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FRONT COVER: This “Suffragette Madonna” postcard is a humorous take on one of the perceived consequences of women’s suffrage. Postcards were in their heyday in 1909 and forces for and against giving women the vote utilized this means of communication. This is one of a set of 12 anti-suffrage postcards. See related story beginning on page 30. (#2003.3.53, Special Collections, Washington State Historical Society)
BEHIND THE SCENES

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The mission of the Washington State Historical Society is to tell the stories of our state's past. This is done through exhibits in our two museums, statewide outreach services, educational programs, and collections management by our Exhibits, Outreach, Education, and Collections Departments. The work they do is essential to the success of our organization. It is the charge of the Society’s Member, Donor, Public Relations Department to raise awareness of these important programs through publications, civic events, membership development, and media outreach. Our work is about relationship building and sharing the Society’s many resources with its supporters and the public.

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Member, Donor, Public Relations team members pictured are (clockwise from left): Abigail Azote, Katie Helbling, Mark Vessey, Brenda Hanan, Christina Dubois, and Tasha Holland.
An Adventure on Black River

By Paul Taylor

It is not often that historic events combine with military records to capture our interest and compel us to action. For me, the scene was set for just such a circumstance on July 17, 1841, as the ship Vincennes lay at anchor off Fort Nisqually under the command of Captain Charles Wilkes, commodore of the five-ship United States Exploring Expedition. Wilkes ordered Lieutenant Robert Johnson to form an eight-man party to go over the ancient Black River route in what is now southwestern Washington and survey Gray's Harbor. When Lieutenant Johnson objected to Wilkes's order, he then gave the command to Lieutenant Henry Eld, with Lieutenant George Colvocoresses as second in command. Both were good writers and each kept a written log of the journey. Only Colvocoresses' log remains intact and on file at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., under the title, Four Years of Government Exploration. Eld's journal has been lost to time.

The existence of this headwoman is perplexing. It is not clear that she belonged to any of the tribes of the area. The Squaxin, Chehalis, and Nisqually tribes do not appear to have had any female chiefs. According to another local chief in Colvocoresses' log, "the Sachals are not more than forty in number and live chiefly on the camass root and salmon, which fish they capture in great numbers in the rivers Sachal [Black] and Chickelees." He observed that "they have tents similar to the Indians in Puget Sound, but they appeared more cleanly and industrious than the tribes of the region."

It is probable that the spelling S-a-c-h-a-l is not the best representation of the chief's or the tribe's name. The philology of the sound and spelling is more likely Tsalataxl, Txaltalaatxl or Tsatsal. The Native Americans of that time and place often used the "Ts" sound and many of their spoken words sounded gutural and slurred to nonnatives. It is logical that the survey crews would not be able to get it right and would settle for a simplified spelling.

On or about July 19, 1841, Colvocoresses relays the events surrounding the successful portage:

On the following day we made an early start, and by 8 o'clock we reached the Portage. The chief woman was there awaiting us, with her horses, five in number; they were large fine-looking animals, and in excellent condition, which is not generally the case with Indian horses. She also brought with her ten men, who...
were to assist in carrying the small canoe. The large one, she declared, was too heavy to transport, and if we would let her have it, she would give us a smaller one in return, when we arrived at the Sacheal River, which offer we very thankfully accepted. In less than an hour all the arrangements had been completed, and we proceeded on our journey, the Indians bringing up the rear.

It is due to the Chief Squaw to say, that we owe this dispatch principally to her; though her husband was present, she made all the bargains, and gave the Indians their directions. She is a woman of great energy of character, and exercises greater authority over those around her than any man chief I have met with since I have been in the country. She is about fifty years of age, and dresses very neatly for an Indian woman.

For the next few days the party explored Black Lake and the surrounding terrain. They then entered the Black River and began their journey downstream toward its confluence with the Chehalis River. This is where their destiny merged with the Indian headwoman yet again. Colvocoresses relates their encounter on July 30, 1841:

At length, at 9:30 am we made our entrance into Gray's Harbor. It had been our intention to encamp on the south-eastern shore, that being near the scene of our operations; but the wind, sea, and tide, all three being against us, it was impossible to make any progress. Indeed, my own canoe came very near swamping several times. We therefore bore away for the southwest, or lee shore, where we finally succeeded in effecting a landing, but found it an exceedingly uncomfortable position. It was an extensive bed of brush, roots, and half-decayed logs that had been thrown up by the tides. Notwithstanding this, we would have been compelled to remain there, that night at least, had it not been for the Chief Woman I have before so often mentioned. Knowing all the while which way we were bound, she had for some days past been looking out for us, and now that she beheld us in this pitiable situation, she hastened to our assistance.

Waves building up to four feet swamped the navy canoes. The Indians, with their big seaworthy canoes, rushed over to rescue the surveyors, who likely were well on their way to drowning. "I come," said she, "expressly to convey you to the opposite shore, where you will find a suitable place for encampment, and also be less exposed to the wind." Chief Tsatsal's large canoe then took the survey party's eight men and one boy across the bay to safety, delivering them to a small beach near a spring where they were able to save their guns, bedding, food, and precious instruments. It is unfortunate that a woman of such character has virtually been lost to history. Her deeds are mentioned only in Colvocoresses' and, presumably, Eld's logs.

**THE CHIEF DEBATE**

The existence of "chiefs" in the Pacific Northwest—men or women—has been debated in the academic community for years. Most scholars agree, though, that in times of crisis certain individuals took on leadership roles. Leschi, for example, is said to have taken on the mantle of war chief, under duress, during the treaty wars. Olympia pioneer Caroline Cock Dunlap describes a woman chief in attendance at the Medicine Creek Treaty Council in 1854. Dunlap, who was 14 at the time, writes in her memoirs of a "Tyee Woman" who signed the treaty along with Leschi and his brother Quiemuth:

Her costume consisted of a buckskin garment, cut half low in the neck and reaching to the ankle. It was one mass of exquisite bead embroidery, confined at the waist by a jeweled belt. The sleeves, neck, and bottom of the skirt were fringed with hiqua (Indian money) that represented hundreds of dollars. Ankles and feet were encased in leggings and mocassins, highly ornamented yet trim and dainty.

Nisqually historian Cecelia Carpenter recognizes Colvocoresses' Tsatsal as "Queen," an important Nisqually woman. Carpenter notes that Edward Huggins, identifies her as "the Queen" in his accounts of the Wilkes expedition. Though not a chief in the traditional sense, Queen was an influential and high-status woman. This was not uncommon in Indian country.

Northern women—Tlingit, Haida, and Tsimshian—were described as powerful by white traders, setting prices and driving hard bargains for furs. Trader William Sturgis wrote in 1799: "The females have considerable voice in the sale of the skins, indeed greater than the men; for if the wife disapproves of the husband's bargain, he dares not sell, till he gains her consent, and if she chooses she will sell all his stock whether he likes it or not...." Trader Joseph A. Hoskins describes a deadly confrontation in 1791 with a Haida "Amazon" who boarded the ship, "urged the men on in their attack," and, although wounded, was the last to retreat. This woman was surely a war leader and what we might call a chief.

Although Indian men received a great deal of public acclaim in the aftermath of the "fish wars" of the 1960s and 1970s, the fish-ins were, in fact, largely orchestrated by women. Newspapers of the day are replete with accounts of activists like Ramona Bennett, Janet McCloud, and Suzanne Satiacum who organized protests, published newsletters, and held press conferences. Have there been female chiefs in the Pacific Northwest? The answer seems to be yes, but there is still much research and remembering to be done on this subject.
In 1895 and 1896—some 50 years later—James B. Kirkaldie, then a Chehalis County commissioner and a student of Native American culture, read of her heroism in the published volumes of the Wilkes expedition. He was so taken with the story that in 1902, in an effort to pay tribute to this remarkable woman, he erected a stone cenotaph on his property along the Hoquiam River, detailing and recording the events of July 30, 1841. The stone lay forgotten, covered with brambles, for many years. When I bought the property 53 years ago, I found it while clearing brush. Five years ago I moved the marker to its present location under a protective cover overlooking the river.

The history of the Black River has long been of interest to me. My grandfather, Fred Cline, at the age of 16 in 1887, hewed himself a canoe and traveled to Grays Harbor from Black Lake via the Black River route of the Wilkes expedition. The discovery of this stone lit a spark in me to go back to the Wilkes material myself and try to find out more about Chief Tsatsal and what had inspired my grandfather to make that trip.

After researching Tsatsal and her people and rereading the Black River history, I embarked on my own project—at age 74—to hew my own small cutwater dugout canoe and, with the help of my daughters, reenact the voyage of both my grandfather and the Wilkes expedition and, in the process, pay tribute to this little-known headwoman. On August 21, 2004, my daughters, Karen Bishop and Diane Caress, paddled along the east bank of the Black River and observed several beaches where canoes could have been drawn up at any stage of floodwater.

At one of those beaches, where trees centuries old stood as venerable witnesses, they read aloud the following script:

In honor of Chief Woman Tsatsal and her family, we return respect to the Great Spirit, our Mother, and the Earth, which sustains us. We return thanks to this ancient river and the old trees that have seen canoes loaded with people and bounty from this land for thousands of years. It is good for our souls to honor the greatness and compassion of this woman, who lived most of her life along this river. She deserves a place in history, that the world might remember what took place here so long ago.

Tsatsal, who saved a United States Navy party of nine at Newskah Beach in 1841, must have been the talk of the campfires along this river for years. It is a mystery to us that her importance could be all but forgotten, recorded only in the weathered pages of two old books and a brush-covered stone.

Before his death in February 2007, Paul Taylor was a retired machine operator and former owner-operator of the G. H. Navigation Company. His research focused on the larger historical context surrounding his own family’s history, which goes back several generations in the Hoquiam area. He gratefully acknowledged J. Erika Morgan’s editing assistance.
By J. Kingston Pierce

Looking back now, it seems a most chilling sight—a wooden cross, 40 feet tall and 20 feet wide, lighted by hundreds of electric bulbs. On July 26, 1924, men and (reportedly) a few women milled about the cross at the Pickering field, one mile west of Issaquah. Their heads were exposed, but their bodies were attired in flowing white robes that glowed smartly in the artificial illumination. As that evening wound on, the Ku Klux Klan hosts exchanged smiles, shook hands, distributed pamphlets, and approached any adult within speaking distance with, “Are you enjoying the festivities? Would you like to join the Klan, too?”

A 32-piece brass band drew visitors from all over town—in fact, from all over the valley since in 1924 there were few obstructions to prevent the music’s spread. Issaquah schoolchildren presented a patriotic play. Mayor David Leppert from Kent sat behind a typical wooden school desk of the time, lecturing all comers on the values and ramifications of a Klan-supported education bill that would go before the voters in that fall’s general election. Three Klansmen re-created the Bunker Hill monument’s famous “Spirit of ’76” tableau of haggard Revolutionary War soldiers marching and playing instruments in support of their country. This was the introduction to a speech by Klan elder Walter McDonald on the heady subject of “Americanism.”

Stewart Holbrook, an ex-lumberjack from New England, was a new arrival in the Northwest that year and would go on to become one of the region’s premier historians. In Far Comer: A Personal View of the Pacific Northwest, Holbrook recalled how he came upon the Issaquah rally unexpectedly and was amazed. “An immense field was swarming with white-robed figures,” he wrote, “while over them played floodlights. Loudspeakers gave forth commands and requests. Highway traffic was being directed by robed Klansmen. I was more than two hours getting through the jam.”

The so-called Invisible Empire had promised to “put Issaquah on the map” with this rally and, at least to historians and secret-society watchers, it did just that. No other KKK-sponsored convection (or “konklovation,” as Klansmen preferred to call them) in the state ever exceeded this one in size. In fact, authorities called the Issaquah rally one of the biggest public events ever mounted by the KKK in the greater Pacific Northwest region. Attendance estimates that night vary widely—the lowest being just a few thousand, including a good number of reporters sent to cover the affair. Sheriffs’ deputies and highway patrolmen, on the other hand, counted 11,442 cars on the scene, so early Klan predictions that 20,000 to 30,000 people would be taking part may not have been far off the mark. Presuming that more than one person arrived in each vehicle, the Issaquah Press estimated the turnout at a high of 55,000 Washingtonians who’d been attracted by the KKK’s invitation to “learn first hand the exact nature of the work of the Klan.”

Ida Maude Goode Walimaki, descendant of a five-generation Issaquah...
family, was only 11 years old at the time of the rally, but she forever retained a sharp memory of the immense crowd. “Everybody was milling around,” she recalled seven decades later. “Daddy and my brother George and I walked over in the evening, and there were people like you wouldn’t believe. No uprisings, or anything. Cub Scouts have their own rallies, and this didn’t seem any more violent than those. It was like a church social or a Grange meeting—nothing bloodthirsty about it that I know of. And no one was ashamed of their Klan membership. Meetings had been held for a long time in the Grange Hall. No cloak and dagger.”

Today, a shopping center and park-and-ride bus station occupy the site where Klansmen held this konklave. Nothing on that flat parcel of earth would indicate that it once was lit up by the torches of the White-Robed Knights. The Issaquah Historical Society Museum can muster only a single reference to the 1924 event, the most widely circulated Seattle-area histories don’t mention it, and Seattle newspaper files have almost nothing to show for all the hoopla in Issaquah. Even the Issaquah Press is sketchy on exactly what happened that evening.

Yet it’s worth remembering that this demonstration in Issaquah was no mere aberration in the Northwest. For most of the last century, in fact, newspapers here have editorialized against white supremacist movements. We may not like to think that some of our neighbors have harbored such exclusionary attitudes, but they have. The better we recognize this fact, then the better we might understand why incidents of racist and religious prejudice continue to occur. Perhaps it’s just as important to ask how the 1924 event could have been forgotten as how it could have happened at all. You might say that the Ku Klux Klan represents a page of Washington’s “hidden history.”

Books about the state’s past, when they recount radical elements of any sort, generally concentrate on the Wobblies or other leftists. But what of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan? During the 1920s, the Klan cast itself as a hyperpatriotic body essential to maintaining American values. It gained a substantial following among people who worried that the United States was becoming too liberal and that the government was diluting its duties at home by becoming increasingly involved in international affairs. These concerns were powerful enough in the Northwest to influence state elections.

In the South, the Klan had concentrated its discriminatory efforts against African Americans, but in the Northwest—where blacks represented a very small part of the population until after World War II—the Klan spread its bigotry around elsewhere. The Puget Sound area already had exhibited anti-

Photos of Ku Klux Klan “konklave” are rare. This one took place near Seattle on September 25, 1927. The center construction features the outline of a Klansman on horseback, which may have been lit up during the festivities.
Following closely in the nativist tradition of the Know-Nothing Party of the 1850s and the American Protective Association of the 1890s, although increasing their intolerance, the Ku Klux Klan presented itself as the defender of Americanism and the conservator of Christian ideals. It received a charter in 1916 as a "patrician, secret, social, benevolent order," but found ample occasion to denounce Catholicism, integration, Judaism, immigration, and internationalism as threats to American values.

Jackson explains that the Klan, which recorded more than 2 million members in the United States between 1920 and 1926, "commanded almost as much support as organized labor and was described with considerable accuracy...as 'the most vigorous, active, and effective force in American life, outside business.'"

The original Ku Klux Klan, given life by Confederate veterans in 1866, had carried on a spree of violence against emancipated slaves following the Civil War, but it became less powerful as the signing at Appomattox Courthouse faded further into the national memory. By the early 1920s, however, times were ripe for a Klan revival. The United States was changing rapidly and unsure of its eventual direction. World War I had ended, but America had not yet fully settled into a period of what Warren G. Harding called "normalcy."

The country was experiencing the ramifications of its beginnings as a world power. Women, who went into the workplace during the war to fill the shoes of men sent halfway across the globe, weren't ready to pick up their aprons again and head off cheerfully to the kitchen. They'd been emancipated, and many now were agitating for equality. Male laborers, too, were asking for more rights and protections, which brought forth new union action and protests, such as Seattle's General Strike of February 6, 1919, when 60,000 workers walked off their jobs. Meanwhile, immigrants were pouring into the country and acquiring new Americanized names at Ellis Island before they joined in competition against Americans who'd once thought their jobs secure. Nothing was permanent—not even the traditional family farm, as a new industrial society fed its smokestacks at the expense of America's previous agrarian economy and social order.

"All of these changes would have taken place eventually," opined an article by Malcolm Clark Jr. in the June 1974 Oregon Historical Quarterly (OHQ).

All of them existed in embryo long before war was declared. But the war had accelerated their growth so powerfully that they fruited, as it were, out of season, coming on so rapidly that they brought with them a powerful sense of dislocation of the orderly processes. Reasonable men were perfectly aware it was not possible to turn back into the past. But even reasonable men, bewildered by the new thinking, confused by unaccustomed scenes, battered about by unfamiliar faces, were resentful that it was not.

Instability has always opened a wide door to prejudicial movements, and the early 1920s offered a broad portal indeed.

One factor in the Klan's revival took a most sweeping form—the 1915 release of D. W. Griffith's film, The Birth of a Nation. This first feature-length motion picture in American history showed a trampled South beating back the post-Civil War assault of Northern carpetbaggers and crooked politicos with the help of hard-riding Ku Klux Klan horsemen. Audiences across the South (and elsewhere) cheered the silent black-and-white spectacle. In one theater, male viewes filled a silver screen with bullets as they tried in futility to protect a white heroine from a black villain.

One viewer in particular found inspiration in Griffith's apologia for Reconstruction-era violence. The
spuriously titled “Colonel” William Joseph Simmons of Atlanta was “a tall man with a vacant, senatorial face, a comporte manner, and an unquenchable thirst for bourbon, and a weakness for amenable young women,” explained the OHQ article. “He had been a revivalist [with the Methodist Episcopal Church], a crossroads orator, and on the authority of some of his detractors, an unsuccessful garter salesman.” But here was a man with ambition. Shortly after The Birth of a Nation’s release, Simmons declared himself Grand Imperial Wizard of a new and fraternal Klan. He was less interested in the political possibilities of the Klan than he was in the mummery of a fraternal order (secret handshakes, coded jargon, and all the rest). He was enchanted by the hoary symbols of the hooded order, especially the burning cross, about which he penned this idolatrous bit of doggerel:

Behold, the Fiery Cross still brilliant!  
Combined efforts to defame  
And all the calumny of history  
Fail to quench its hallowed flame.  
It shall burn bright as the morning  
For all decades yet to be  
Held by hearts and hands of manhood  
It shall light from sea to sea.  
We rally around this ancient symbol  
Precious heritage of the past  
And swear our all to home and country  
And to each other to the last.  
In the Fiery Cross I glory  
‘Neath its glow my Oath was made  
It shall live in song and story  
I swear its light shall never fade.

Imperial Wizard Simmons helped spur Klan growth (perhaps even unintentionally), thanks to a particular prejudice he embodied, one that was barely related to the new missions of his order: he hated cities, including maybe even Atlanta, though he had voluntarily settled there after leaving his home state of Alabama. In 1920, Simmons declared, “the great city as at present constructed corrodes the very soul of our American life.” Overgrown cities, especially, “are in themselves a menace,” he asserted.

Until this time, the Klan had been thought of primarily as a rural phenomenon capitalizing on the distrust that small-town residents had for urban folk who did most of America’s governing. City populations commonly were thought to be too sophisticated and even-tempered, and thus lacking the superstitious and ignorant characteristics that could turn a burning wooden cross into a totem of power and magnificence. But as Jackson points out in The Ku Klux Klan in the City, increasing KKK prejudice against urban areas finally led that organization to infiltrate into cities with reform in mind. This change of direction was greatly assisted by a pair of Simmons-supported promoters from Atlanta—former newspaperman Edward Young Clarke and a divorcee with some money socked away, one Elizabeth Tyler.
the sidewalks. Atlanta, Knoxville, Memphis—all soon boasted Kluxer contingents, each working the political machine, generally within the Republican Party. The movement next spread quickly to Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, and then ventured west.

**By the time it had crossed the Mississippi River on its way to Portland and Seattle, the Klan was no longer the secretive, snollygostering, horse-riding order birthed in Old Dixie.**

“Numbers of King Kleagles were trained and sent forth,” Malcolm Clark Jr. recounted in the same OHQ article, “each assigned a territory, and each equipped with a kit which contained a list of prime prospects: Protestant clergymen, police officers, local officials, politicians, and local citizens who had, in the past, been associated with similar hate movements or who might be readily persuaded that personal advantage might flow from this one.” Each new Klansman paid a $10 “gratuity” to enlist with the White Robed Knights, 54 of which found its way to the recruiter’s pocket.

At the same time as the Klan hoped to change things in the cities, of course, urban environments changed the KKK. By the time it had crossed the Mississippi River on its way to Denver, Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle, the Klan was no longer the secretive, snollygostering, horse-riding order birthed in Old Dixie. Its Southern Protestant roots were obvious in the Klan declaration that “America is Protestant and so it must remain,” but the Klan cast itself as a political animal, too. It supported the 18th Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting liquor sales and maintained vehemently that “demon rum” was the root of crime and sexual debasement in America. It also insisted that the United States should remain isolationist and not join with advocates of international cooperation, such as the nascent League of Nations.

As Klansmen might have seen it, they were the exemplars of what it meant to be true Americans. “Masters in the use of such glittering phrases as ‘the tenets of the Christian religion,’ ‘pure womanhood,’ or ‘just laws,’ the professional recruiters preyed upon the fear that the country was endangered from organized elements within,” writes Jackson. “Painting the KKK as the organized good of the community, the kleagles promised to combat these pernicious influences and to return the nation to older values.”

Ostensibly, the “new” Klan also favored a separation of church and state, yet it decreed that the Bible should figure into classroom studies. It even sought to prove a relationship between burglary rates in selected cities and the number of years that Bible study in those places had been an aspect of the public school curriculum.

Its precepts bore a distinct flavor of fundamentalist religion. One Klan paper in Seattle would later pronounce:

> **A Klansman is one who has the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him—one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, mind, soul, and strength. He rejoices evermore, prays without ceasing, and in everything gives thanks... HE KEEPS ALL OF GOD’S COMMANDMENTS, FROM THE LEAST TO THE GREATEST. He follows not the custom of the world, for vice does not lose its nature through becoming fashionable. He fares not sumptuously every day. He cannot lay up treasures upon the earth, nor can he adorn himself with gold or costly apparel. He cannot join in any diversion that has the least tendency to vice.**

The KKK pushed its distinctive platform on anybody who would listen—an agenda the Klan portrayed as no more outlandish than that of the major political parties. It stirred up anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism in Denver, and even moved its people into key positions within that city’s government. In Anaheim, California, too, four Klansmen won seats on the five-member city council in 1924.

Oregon was quite receptive to the Klan. In fact, that state had long been segregationist. One of the reasons Oregon had strived to achieve statehood relatively early (1859) was due to the ramifications from a famous 1857 U.S. Supreme Court decision. In Dred Scott v. Sandford, the high court declared it illegal for a territorial legislature or Congress to prohibit slavery in any federal territory—only a state was allowed to do so. Oregon didn’t just plan to prohibit slavery, however, it wanted to prohibit all blacks—free or slave—from living there. If Oregon were a state, the reasoning went, legislators could rule against African-American incursion. For this ulterior purpose (and granted, for some other more respectable reasons as well), the 1859 vote for statehood was approved by a comfortable two-to-one margin.

These prejudicial sentiments were still omnipresent more than a half-decade later. As Portland historian Dick Pintarich explains in Great Moments in Oregon History, by 1922 it was estimated that active Klan membership in the Beaver State could be counted at 25,000 strong. Thomas C. Hogg, in the Fall 1969 issue of Phylon Quarterly, put it this way: “Capitalizing on post-war tensions, the Klan claimed to have grown from nothing...to control of Oregon politics by 1922.”

Indeed, Oregon’s KKK had enough power to pass legislation that required children between the ages of 8 and 16 to attend only state schools, which the Klan predicted would cut lethally into education revenues that Catholic institutions had so long enjoyed. The Klan also almost single-handedly elected a dark-horse Democratic candidate, rancher Walter Pierce, as governor. The Klan soon regretted this latter effort, though, when Pierce became indifferent to KKK wishes after the inauguration.
In June 1923, in fact, there was even a move among many Oregon Kluxers to recall Pierce. The effort was nixed only after KKK leaders realized it would cause divisiveness within the Klan and cost it any hold it might yet tenuously exercise on the state's highest office.

The Klan portrayed itself as a staunch defender of law and order, yet even Portland’s King Kleagle admitted to the press in 1921: “There are some cases...in which we will have to take everything into our hands. Some crimes are not punishable under existing laws but the criminals must be punished.”

The Klan’s barely closeted vigilantism may have been demonstrated best in the southern Oregon town of Medford, where, according to Malcolm Clark’s account, hooded night riders launched occasional raids during the early 1920s. “It was the particular amusement of this group of sterling citizens,” the article related, “to kidnap an ‘undesirable’ (Kluxer definition), drive him to a remote area, fit him with a hangman’s noose, throw the rope end over a convenient limb, and draw the poor devil up, leaving him to struggle and strangle until he had grasped the true inwardness of Klan justice. Upon which he was cut down and ordered to depart the country forthwith, in at least one case being hurried along by gun shots.”

The first victim of this abuse was a black man. The second was white—a local piano salesman suspected of consorting overly much with a certain young lady in town. After three near-hangings, the salesman nearly died from a heart condition and had to be cut down. Almost immediately upon recovering, he went straight to the local district attorney to identify the attackers. However, Medford’s mayor that year was bucking for Klan support in a coming U.S. Senate race and he managed to sweep the whole matter beneath a very thick rug.

When the editor of Pendleton’s East-Oregonian obtained a copy of his town’s Klan membership roster and began publishing parts of it, he was waylaid in the dark and beaten mercilessly. Even worse, hooded mobsters near the southern Oregon gold-mining town of Jacksonville reportedly lynched a black man after he had allegedly stolen chickens and consorted with a white female. Also, “black women in Klun members—both hooded and not—gather on March 23, 1923, inside the Crystal Pool Natatorium, a favorite downtown Seattle recreation spot and one of architect B. Marcus Priteca’s landmarks, at Second and Lenora.
northeast Portland were branded and warned to leave the city,” Pintarich recalls. Despite these dire actions, Oregon’s minute black population supplied only a minor portion of the KKK’s targets—blacks in Portland numbered less than 1 percent of that city’s population. Instead, Klansmen mainly went after Asians and Catholics.

Crosses burned on Portland’s otherwise scenic Mount Tabor and Mount Scott, automobile “kavalkades” periodically choked the city’s downtown streets, and return engagements of The Birth of a Nation were booked at the Blue Mouse Theater. In 1921 the Klan claimed to have initiated 150 Portland police officers into the Invisible Empire. Mayor George Baker, an old showman who aspired to political heights, might not have been a member of the Klan, but in December 1921 he announced that budgetary difficulties wouldn’t weaken his police force because he’d engaged 100 Portland vigilantes to help keep down crime. These 100 men, of course, were chosen after consultation with the local Klan and most of them were card-carrying acolytes of the Imperial Wizard.

By the fall of 1923, 15,000 Portlanders counted themselves among the Klan’s ranks, which was well over half of all KKK membership in Oregon. There was even a women’s auxiliary, the Ladies of the Invisible Empire (LOTIES), as well as an affiliate body for foreign-born males called the Royal Riders of the Red Robe. (Yes, they donned red garments rather than white sheets for official ceremonies.)

Seattle was slower than Portland in embracing the Klan. Father Wilfred Schoenberg, a Jesuit and noted regional historian who authored an unpublished book about Klan activities, attributed this in large part to the less intense tensions between Protestants and Catholics here than in Oregon. The KKK first had to enhance these prejudices just to get wedges into Washington’s political and social systems.

Klu Klux Klan, who’d made a tidy profit from Kluxing in California before hieing off to Portland and thence north to Seattle, did his best to make up for lost time. Arriving in Seattle in 1922, he organized a 100-man order on the battleship USS Tennessee, anchored in Puget Sound. He launched a slender anti-Catholic weekly, The Watcher on the Tower, which adopted the motto, “The Klan, The Constitution, and The Cross Shall Be Our Faith, Our Hope, Our Creed of Liberty.” Filled with screeds against the pope’s minions and the increased incursion into the United States by “undesirable immigrants,” as well as insulting parables about blacks and reports on Klan activities around the country, The Watcher on the Tower sought a role as counterpoint to William Randolph Hearst’s vehemently anti-Klan Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Powell’s office on the sixth floor of Seattle’s Securities Building, at Third Avenue and Stewart Street, was central command for Washington and Klans headquarters” to hold the expanding membership. In the absence of this grand facility, they often met at a Seattle restaurant called The Palm Cafe, which apparently took up space on Westlake Avenue now overgrown with Westlake Center. The Palm was so frequented by the white-hooded set that it soon began advertising itself as “The Klansmen’s Roost—Where Kozy Komfort and Komrade Kare Kill the Grouch with Viands Rare.” (Klan poetry was often grating, but members were remarkably proficient in working Ks into all their printed statements.)

The Evergreen State may not have provided the Klan with particularly fertile fields of religious tension but it was no stranger to racial sectarianism. The Chinese exclusion decree, passed at a Seattle congress in 1885, ruled that all Chinese should leave the Puget Sound area by November 1 of that year. No responsibility would be taken, said spokesmen of that congress, for “acts of violence which may arrive from non-compliance.” This anti-Chinese agitation had been fomented originally just to unite workers in the state. The results were that vigilantes in Tacoma stormed the homes and businesses of those Chinese remaining after the deadline, and whites rioted in Seattle when a ship bound for San Francisco refused to be overloaded with Chinese. Martial law was declared to calm the streets.

There had been racial and ethnic violence in Issaquah, too, dating back to when that Eastside community was called Squak Valley. It was there, just before Seattle’s anti-Chinese assaults, that one of the worst attacks against Asians in the Northwest occurred. After protesting the employment of 37 Chinese hop pickers on the old Wold brothers’ ranch (near what is now Issaquah Valley Elementary School), an unlikely alliance was struck between five non-Indian and two Indian workers in the valley. One night, the group lined up beside the Wolds’ Chinese tent and emptied their guns into the fabric. By daybreak, three Asians lay dead, three others were wounded, and the remainder had fled the valley.
So why did the Seattle press eventually come down harder on the KKK than on those earlier persecution movements? Perhaps because many of those who fell under the Klan's prejudices were white Americans, people with money, folks who, though they might be called "hyphenated people"—Irish-Americans, Jewish-Americans, or Scandinavian-Americans—had come to Puget Sound long before the Klan raised its clenched fist here. Both the Seattle Times and the P-I opposed any Klan invasion of the Puget Sound area. The P-I, in particular, thought the Klan a menace. The blustering Hearst (who bought the P-I in 1921) had for years spoken and written volumes of disapproval regarding KKK activities. It made good copy, especially in his own expanding chain of newspapers. But news about fairly peaceful Klan events, such as the 1924 Issaquah rally, didn't even win an inch of copy in the fiery broadsheet.

The Times editor and publisher, Clarance B. Blethen, could be just as vilifying as his counterpart across town. A year before the Issaquah rally, Blethen struck at the Klan in a front-page editorial:

*The Ku Klux Klan is the most dangerous thing that has ever come into American life. Washington wants none of it. Seattle wants none of it. Americans live here. They wish to live in peace, but they intend to choose their own neighbors. Any attempt on the part of the Ku Klux Klan to move in without permission will be considered and treated as an invasion of our country and a violation of our homes. And that is all there is to the matter!*

Such fulminating, however, did not stay Klan activities in Washington. A "Klan Directory" published in The Watcher in 1923 listed affiliate orders in Vancouver, Spokane, Walla Walla, Woodland, Castle Rock, Grays Harbor, Tacoma, Bremerton, Bellingham, Port Angeles, Everett, Dayton, Kelso, Olympia, South Bend, Colfax, and Wenatchee, as well as Seattle. Over the
next year, other Klan chapters would open in Renton, Kent, and Issaquah.

In early 1923 planning had begun for Washington's first large-scale Klan convention to be held on Saturday, July 14, in Peoples Park at Renton Junction. Two thousand Seattle and Tacoma residents were expected to attend. King Kleagle Powell observed. When Powell mentioned that one of Starwich's own officers was a KKK member, the sheriff found the man and dismissed him on the spot.

"Kluxers Back Down and Will Obey the Law," the P-J headlined two days later. Other public officials, it seems, had prevailed upon the King Kleagle and the Exalted Cyclops not to push their luck. Rather than the blowout event hoped for, a peaceful picnic was held beginning at 10 a.m. that Saturday, open only to card-carrying Klansmen. Fireworks began at 8 p.m. at Wilson Station, an interurban stop east of Orillia. "Although some from Renton attended the convention," David M. Buergel records in Renton: Where the Water Took Wing, "most residents were indifferent to it, and others had no tolerance for the Klan or other hate groups." Some 5,000 spectators were counted at the event. The King Kleagle insisted that 1,200 people were initiated into the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan that day—although other sources estimated the number at more like 500. Only one figure was spotted wearing a hood over his white robe, sitting atop a horse, and carrying "an illuminated cross." That was the man giving the new members their oath.

"Above a green sloping hill on which stand four large crosses, an endless line of white-robed Klansmen moved[s] in single file and closed ranks," The Watcher reported of the initiation ceremony:

Sharp words of command hurl themselves across the void, ranks open and move into position. The purple twilight deepens into the blue vault of night—one luminous star appears above the green hill, the giant crosses and the group of firs standing like sentinels above the ceremony. Fourteen electric globes on a double T grow into incandescent flame and the white horsemen ride down to their stations. The white lines extend and open till they form a square covering the space of five acres, Klansmen standing shoulder to shoulder. Suddenly a figure appears on the brow of the hill riding a brown horse.

A young voice heralding the stars sings the word, "The Exalted will salute the Imperial Cyclops." Ten thousand hands are raised beyond the ring denoting the presence of Klansmen not taking part in the Ceremonial, thousands of hands over fifty acres of ground from cars packed in solid columns of tens, twenties, and hundreds. A patriotic hymn is being sung. Strong young voices cry out: "Who are you, Sir Knight?" The response is lost amid the murmured appreciation of the multitude.

Never say that the Klan couldn't sing hyperbole with the best of them.

"The primary indicator of Seattle Klan deterioration," writes historian Jackson, "came in October of 1923, when King Kleagle Powell left the city [for Portland again] and The Watcher on the Tower ceased publication." Over the next year, the Klan's reformed reputation started to tarnish badly all over the country, as unsavory incidents were reported at length in the press.

Four men were shot in Massachusetts when "hostile crowds" clashed with Klansmen attending an outdoor initiation ceremony. When attempts were made to stop a Klan parade through Nilesa, Ohio, a riot broke out that left at least one person dead and many more injured. When the Klan attempted to organize in Glens Falls, New York, its members were greeted by "a barrage of stones, clubs, and bottles of ammonia thrown by a mob of nearly 2,000 persons."

The California Klan split up when rival factions vied for leadership. Monetary bickering became common, too, among fragmenting Klan groups. Back in Atlanta, there was even something of a palace revolt brewing, begun after a
Texas dentist tried to push the bibulous Grand Imperial Wizard Simmons into an allegedly higher but ineffectual position. In Tacoma, the husband of a missing woman told police, “he was head of the Ku Klux Klan in the Fern Hill district where he resided and that he intended calling out the Klan throughout the country to aid in the search for his missing wife.” It turned out later that hubby had slayed the missus.

The town of Issaquah in 1924 hardly seemed worth the KKK’s attention. Sure, it was a growing community, but still not much to write home about. There was a hip-roofed schoolhouse, a town hall, and a firehouse sporting a bell tower that rose above the orchards and farms. Prohibition provided some delight for local firefighters, as they often uncovered tubs full of moonshine in gutted buildings. Hepler Motors, hoping to turn every local resident into a car owner, took horses, chickens, and even geese as trade-ins toward the purchase of a new Model T Ford. Corn might grow 10 to 15 feet tall on Roy Pickerling’s farm. Coal was being mined from surrounding hillslopes. It took a whole day to reach Seattle, traveling by train around Lake Washington, but Issaquahans were known to go into the city for weekend entertainment.

The Klan had organized in Issaquah only three months before the great konklovation on July 26. The local Klansmen’s biggest previous showing probably was when they “burned a fiery cross in conjunction with the town’s 4th of July celebration,” in the words of Issaquah writer and history teacher Joe Peterson. The Issaquah Press reported that the Klan erected “a fiery cross and three large K’s were burned on [a] summit northeast of town, and a number of sky rockets, bombs, and star showers set off.” For the 26th, the Klan promised a “display of fireworks, being built specially.”

That big event’s ostensible purpose was to “naturalize” 250 candidates as members of the Ku Klux Klan. The local press did its part by treating the rally as a spectacle and ignored whatever message the hooded Klansmen hoped to impart. In the Press, the rally was described simply as orderly and peaceful. “The big crowd,” it remarked, “was handled without the slightest incident.” The paper commented not at all about Kluxer bigotry. No words recounted the KKK’s violent history. The eastside weekly seemed to look at these Klan goings-on in the same way it might look at a circus.

Nobody was saying so at the time, but it seems as if the Issaquah event was designed partly to help shore up Seattle Klan No. 4’s crumbling foundation. In spite of the remarkable attendance, the evening apparently scored no major victory for the Klan. Either few casual attendees were persuaded to take another (more favorable) look at the KKK, or the local organization by now was so disorganized that it couldn’t make use of whatever political capital it might have gained on that summer night.

Afterward, nothing was quite the same. On November 4, 1924, a Klan-supported initiative in Washington—like the one passed in Oregon two years before that would have prescribed compulsory “public” education for all of the state’s children—was defeated handily at the polls. (The Supreme Court already had ruled that the Oregon school bill was unconstitutional.) Two weeks later, eight ranking officers of Seattle Klan No. 4 launched an open revolt against Klan headquarters in Atlanta, protesting that “Atlanta is bleeding the Klans of the country” for dues. Hundreds of Puget Sound Kluxers met on November 17, 1924, to form a competing order called the International Klan of America, backing the “original” Atlanta Klan leadership. “Other local knights,” Jackson relates in The Ku Klux Klan in the City, “simply turned their backs on the controversy and allowed the Klan to die a quick death in their city.”

There still was enough interest in the Klan, though, that when an Imperial Wizard from Atlanta visited Seattle in 1927, the local chamber of commerce hosted a dinner in his honor. But for the most part, by 1925 the White-Robed Knights had seen the last of their influence in Washington fade. There was a small resurgence of Klanism in the mid-1930s, with Bolsheviks and Jews being the new targets, but the Northwest pretty much ignored this rebirth. Some former Klansmen joined 1930s neofascist groups, too, particularly the Silvershirt Legion of America.

The Klan’s heyday in this area didn’t last long, yet elements of its appeal in 1924 may well survive today, at least for some people who most need to create an identity by blaming and excluding others. Issaquah’s Klan portrayed its members as good, wholesome nationalists—Americans through and through. It’s not surprising, then, that Ida Walraki’s most vivid memory from Issaquah’s mammoth KKK rally is of the fireworks: “One rocket, I remember, showed a beautiful American flag when it burst.”

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A vision can be the basis of change. Perhaps it was a vision that motivated Gustav Sohon (Figure 1) to migrate from Prussia to the United States in 1842 at the tender age of 17. Fear of military conscription apparently fueled the decision to leave his homeland, but of all possible destinations, America was the most attractive to young Sohon. Upon arriving in New York City, he was immediately thrust into an unknown land and a city that was a patchwork of diverse cultures. Having left family security behind, he now faced the challenge of finding work to support himself.

Extant documentation reveals that Sohon worked in the book-binding trade, a job he kept for over 10 years. It does not appear that he had much difficulty finding employment. He must have been reasonably well-educated and already spoke German and French fluently. Learning English, therefore, probably presented no great challenge. Later on, an interest in languages facilitated his work as an interpreter for Isaac Stevens and John Mullan in their communications with Native Americans of the Pacific Northwest and Northern Rockies.

Sohon's ability to adapt made it easy for him to take advantage of new opportunities when they arose. How else would one account for the change of roles as he moved from common soldier to artist, cartographer, interpreter, linguist, and explorer? Education facilitated these changes, but intelligence, curiosity, and daring must also be taken into account. These traits served him admirably as he traveled through the forests, mountains, and rivers of the Far West.

In what appears on the surface to be a startling reversal of his earlier position on military service, Sohon decided to join the United States Army in 1853. It is interesting to speculate about what caused this change of heart. Sohon would most certainly have been aware of and influenced by events unfolding west of the Mississippi within the previous decade. The Manifest Destiny movement was then sweeping the country. The Oregon boundary dispute with Great Britain had been favorably settled. New opportunities were plentiful for those venturesome enough to pursue them. This was evidenced in part by written accounts from people moving west along the Oregon, California, and Santa Fe trails. Many of these reports, which initially were sent east in letters to family and friends, found their way into print. There was news of good land for farming and gold discoveries in California, and of the war with Mexico expanding the American
empire to the Southwest. Altogether, these events formed the foundation upon which many people of that time period built a vision for their future.

When he entered military service at age 27, Sohon traveled by ship from the East Coast to Panama. After crossing the isthmus he joined passengers on a vessel heading to the Oregon Country. Sohon created a pencil sketch, done on tissue paper, of Fort Steilacoom after he disembarked there in the spring of 1853. (Figure 2) The sketch provides a view of Puget Sound into which a pier extends. A sailing ship appears to be moving along the shoreline. A flag waves above the wharf, and numerous structures populate the hillside, including the timbered walls of the fort.

Sohon's artistic interest in the fort later became the basis for Charles Nahl's painting entitled: "Fort Steilacoom, Washington Territory." Created in 1856, this artistic work is now in the collection of Boston's Museum of Fine Art. The oval reproduction is based on a watercolor of the same composition made by Sohon sometime between 1853 and 1856. Nahl's image reveals several small log houses among clusters of stately trees. Employing a common landscape artists' device, he placed human figures among the buildings to provide a sense of scale. The cone of Mount Rainier asserts itself in the
background. As late as 1953 Sohon’s original drawing of the fort was in a New York estate owned by Edward Eberstadt, but its current whereabouts is unknown.

After his assignment to Lieutenant Rufus Saxton’s command, young Sohon began a journey eastward as part of a relief column sent to resupply Isaac Stevens’s Pacific railroad survey expedition in the Northern Rockies. After traveling south to the Columbia River, the group moved eastward through the gorge and then into plateau country. Eventually the party reached Fort Owen, south of present-day Missoula, Montana, and made contact with Stevens’s main party at a site that became known as Cantonment Stevens. Here Sohon was assigned the task of collecting climatic data.

The exact location of the camp remains somewhat of a mystery. An argument has been made that the four-building complex was erected near present-day Hamilton, Montana, and along Willow Creek. Evidence for this exists in maps drawn to show Mullan’s military wagon road between Forts Walla Walla and Benton. Close examination of a lithograph reproduced in Stevens’s Pacific Railroad Reports shows an image based on a Sohon drawing likely created in the early months of 1854. Whereas the foreground is dominated by the Mullan party’s group of dwellings, the background is fixed around another set of buildings, a cluster of Native American teepees, and a few log cabins. This is, presumably, the small trading post run by Hudson’s Bay Company factor John Owen. Debate continues over the exact location to this day, but it was built somewhere in the Bitterroot Valley between Fort Owen and Hamilton, Montana.

Two versions of the Cantonment Stevens image provide an opportunity to assess the accuracy of the final lithographs. These differently colored prints were published in two separate government reports—one by Stevens and the other by Mullan (Figures 3 and 4). For the most part they are very similar, but some of the cultural detail, such as the Native Americans practicing with their bows and arrows, has been deleted in the second image. In the case of Sohon’s lithographs, a number of examples now exist that provide scholars with the opportunity to also compare the original with the
until his contact with Stevens's main party, Sohon had not demonstrated any inclination toward drawing. What is intriguing is that by the early months of 1854 he was creating a mixture of portraits and landscapes. His association with artist John Mix Stanley, in the Stevens party, may have been a strong influence. Stanley had previously traveled into Oregon in 1847, producing native portraits and, secondarily, landscape renditions. One wonders if Sohon observed Stanley at work or if Stanley provided artistic instruction and showed Sohon his depictions of other scenes along the survey's route. No direct evidence exists about the nature of their interaction. Nothing is mentioned in the official reports or in other manuscript records. However, captions on published lithographs sometimes note that Stanley completed or reinterpreted an image based on an original created by Sohon. Several of Sohon's drawings survive showing that he also sketched some of the same subjects recorded by Stanley—e.g., Coeur d'Alene Mission in Idaho.

Recognition of Sohon as a portrait artist begins with his work portraying Native Americans living in the region between Fort Owen and the 49th parallel. Most of his subjects were Flathead and Kootenai Indians, although a few were Iroquois who had traveled westward with the Canadian trading companies in the 1820s and 1830s. These exquisite drawings must have come to the attention of Isaac Stevens who in May 1855 appointed Sohon to accompany him on his treaty-making expedition. During this expedition he became known as "the clever sketcher"—a title conferred on him by Stevens's son Hazard, who later donated many of these Native American portraits to the Washington State Historical Society.

Work on Washington subjects began with two landscapes, the first of which was a view of Fort Vancouver featured in the above-mentioned railroad reports. (Figure 5) In the final lithograph the fort is being viewed from the northwest, from a point above the Columbia River. The foreground depicts assorted structures. Beyond a horse-drawn wagon lies the familiar rectangular layout of Fort Vancouver and a distant Mount Hood rising above the Cascade Range.

While some attribute this scene to Stanley, the work is undoubtedly Sohon's, a point proven by the discovery of a preliminary sketch started by Sohon and never completed. (Figure 6) The sketch was arranged on pre-colored paper—light blue at the top, a neutral midsection, and brownish-tan bottom. Close examination of the drawing reveals precise pencil lines defining a portion of the fort's rectangular shape.
A comparison of this study with the final lithograph does reveal some definite differences. Both have many of the same elements but they are drawn at varying scales and from slightly different reference points. Some of the structures that appear in the study disappear in the lithograph or are rendered in a larger or smaller size.

Both Stanley and Sohon had an interest in Oregon City. Stanley created an oil painting of the settlement complex that has been widely published. The original of this image is now in the collections of the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas. (Figure 7)

As the early capital of Oregon and the territory's primary city in the 1850s, Oregon City was a significant subject. In 1997, as part of a contribution to the Library of Congress, Sohon’s descendents donated a three-sheet panorama of Oregon City. The panorama, drawn in pencil on blue-tinted paper, depicts the settlement from the western side of the Willamette River. (Figure 8) The intimate shape of each building in the complex is executed with precision. The one-point perspective (an image with a single vanishing point) focuses on a singular building near the city’s center. Along the Willamette’s eastern shore industrial buildings dot locations near the falls. Now historians and geographers have access to the very detailed layout of the complex as it existed in the mid 19th century.

Sohon also gives us an interesting view of the Columbia River. When Mullan’s military road project was initiated from Fort Dalles in 1858, Sohon was assigned the task of mapping the Columbia corridor from The Dalles to the river's great bend. He completed his task in several weeks. The map illustrated above shows the river's configuration as it existed in the mid 19th century (Figure 9). The original map was drawn at a scale of 1:250,000, or four miles to the inch, and measures 10 by 26.5 inches. Most of the rendering was done in black ink with some blue watercolor adding definition to the river body. Sohon used hachures, a form of line symbolization (a cartographic technique employed to denote geographic features) to outline the forms of the basaltic cliffs rising above the Columbia’s banks.

Sohon became very familiar with the region’s largest streams in the late 1850s. He not only mapped major sections of the Columbia and Snake rivers but also illustrated them in great detail. A typical Sohon rendition is a magnificent view of the Wallula Bend portrayed from a vantage point near the former site of Old Fort Walla Walla. He again sketched a view using multicolored paper. (Figure 10) Outlines of dramatic lava cliffs line either side of the Columbia. A close look reveals a pack train on the far left, slowly winding its way toward the river from the plateau above. Some of the area rendered in this scene is no longer visible, having been submerged below the placid reservoir formed behind McNary Dam.

Waterfalls naturally attract an artist’s attention. In eastern Washington, Palouse Falls is particularly captivating. Although the Palouse is not an exceptionally large river, it has sufficient volume to form a grandiose drop of 200 feet. Both Sohon and John Mix Stanley were fascinated by this geologic structure. Mullan in his field notes provided an interesting comment in this regard. While his men were busy etching the narrow outline of his wagon road over the countryside, he noted that Sohon spent many hours by himself, studying and sketching the landmark. The lithograph included here is his best-known depiction of the falls. (Figure 11) It accompanied Mullan’s official report of the military wagon road project. Drawn in brown and black, the spectacular cataract plummets downward. For scale and human interest, the artist added a party of men on horseback watching the waterfall from the...
cliff's edge. Sohon also made an oil painting of Palouse Falls, but it is not very impressive. Though he dabbed in oil painting, he was not equally skilled at creating memorable scenes in this medium. The Stanley image of the falls accompanied the Pacific Railroad Reports. (Figure 12)

Missions were major cultural sites in the wilderness, places characterized by trade, education, and worship. Several mission sites were sprinkled across the territory that extended from the Pacific Coast to the Continental Divide in the Rockies. Today the oldest building in Idaho, the Coeur d'Alene, or Cataldo, Mission, lies along the northern shore of the Coeur d'Alene River and the southern shoulder of present-day Interstate 90. Founded by the
Jesuits in 1842, the religious complex was familiar to Isaac Stevens and John Mullan, both of whom used it as a temporary camp. Mullan also used the site as an astronomical observatory. The mission's prominent outline against a background of wooded mountains captivated Sohon. Adding to its simple beauty was the river's quiet flow around the hill upon which the mission was built. The scene exuded serenity. Sohon's fascination accounts for five different illustrations he created of the mission and its setting. Some of these he populated with people doing chores or boating on the tranquil river. One image shows an artist at work on a drawing. This is, perhaps, a characterization of himself or John Mix Stanley. Sohon later placed himself in several other notable images, including those depicting three major treaty council meetings in 1855. This kind of incidental self-portraiture was a common practice among artists in the 19th century.

Sohn also rendered the Coeur d'Alene Mission in an unpublished multicolored pencil and ink drawing. The original, now housed at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., belonged to Sohon's grandson who was a professor there during World War II. Modern technology allows us to see two versions of the scene. First we have the image presented as it appears in color today. (Figure 13) Next, the image is presented after color correction has been employed (Figure 14).

Military forts figured prominently in government efforts to develop the West. A frequent practice of Sohon's was to depict forts lying astride major routes into the West. Mullan followed this practice by including in his report to Congress lithographs of Fort Benton on the Missouri River and Fort Walla Walla east of the Columbia. The new Fort Walla Walla was built in 1857 on land southwest of the present-day city that is now part of a Veterans Administration hospital site. (Figure 15) The army used it as a staging area for two military efforts—Colonel George Wright's 1858 campaign against the inland tribes and Captain John Mullan's military road expedition, 1859-62. Sohon shows the fort from a point northwest of the parade ground. Again, two renderings were made of the fort—a color painting and a lithograph. The artist depicted many small cottages lining the parade ground. Some of these structures still exist. Characteristic of the times, Sohon arranged many of his images within an oval. The line work is either inked or penciled, usually the latter. Sometimes the artist created important lines by scribing—i.e., removing the pigment by scratching the paper's colored surface.

Sohn's work was confined to a mere decade in the mid 19th century. The authors have identified 219 images he created in this short period. Perhaps there are more. In any case, Sohon's renditions are important historical documents. The landscapes convey a view of the terrain before it was modified by heavy settlement and resource use, while the portraits give us characterizations of important persons, especially the Native Americans who played pivotal roles in the history of the Pacific Northwest.

Respected by his peers and by the Native Americans he encountered, Gustav Sohon went quietly about his work, accomplishing many tasks in a short time—1853 to 1863. His talent was not limited to sketching and painting. Scholars are now recognizing his achievements in cartography and linguistics. In addition to his work as an interpreter for both Mullan and Stevens, he created linguistic dictionaries in the Nez Perce, Flathead, and Blackfeet dialects. These important documents are stored in the collections of the Smithsonian Institution. In the end, we owe a debt of gratitude to this humble, many-talented man whose personal vision inspired him to rove the wild landscapes of the Northwest. He contributed much to our knowledge and understanding of early Washington.

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Trading cards have been around since the mid 18th century, although the earliest cards were not particularly graphic, being more like today's business cards. By the mid 1880s, with the introduction to chromolithography in the United States, the cards had become attractive and collectible. Businesses offered them as premiums, and they became popular, especially with children who collected them in scrapbooks. There were many subjects—flowers, birds, flags of nations, popular performers, and sports figures, the latter being the precursor of the current rage for collecting sports cards. In the two decades surrounding the dawn of the 20th century, cards depicting the states and territories became popular. The cards pictured here, printed between 1889 and 1910, were issued by two different coffee companies, a tobacco firm, and The Youth's Companion magazine. In addition to advertising, the obverse included Washington statistics and general information.
Fifty years ago last spring, the United States Army Corps of Engineers declared “down gates” on the Columbia River at the newly completed dam at The Dalles. In a few hours the rising waters of Celilo Reservoir flooded what had been for centuries the region’s most significant salmon fishery. Most people in Washington and Oregon celebrated the remade river as a symbol of progress that would bring wealth to the region’s citizenry. The Indian people who used the fishery—many them from the Yakama, Warm Springs, Umatilla, and Nez Perce reservations—mourned the loss of their traditional and ancient fishing sites after years of protesting the corps’ plans.

The intervening decades have provided time to reflect on what it means to dramatically change a river environment, and many in the Pacific Northwest now view the development of the Columbia River—the artery of our magnificent region—with mixed emotions. History-related organizations in Washington and Oregon, including the Washington State Historical Society (through its partnership with the Center for Columbia River History), commemorated the anniversary of the dam’s completion and the inundation of Celilo Falls in a variety of ways. Outlined here are the activities of the Maryhill Museum of Art, the Confluence Project, and the Center for Columbia River History. A piece by native artist and poet Elizabeth Woody talks about what Celilo meant to the people of the Columbia Plateau tribes.

Our collective efforts to memorialize March 10, 1957, represent more than a desire to remember a single event. The Dalles Dam symbolizes a wholly altered river and a redistribution of resources that started with Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams and continues in contemporary river management decisions. Our observances reflect maturing relationships among the various constituents of the river—representatives from the Army Corps of Engineers and other federal agencies, tribal dignitaries and historians, scholars and students all came together to reflect on their shared histories and ongoing responsibilities to one another.
Celilo Falls was not merely a waterfall on the Columbia River. It was the most important salmon fishing site in the region and a center of cultural exchange, commerce, and connection for all the Columbia Plateau tribes. When The Dalles Dam was completed 50 years ago, it destroyed Celilo Falls, yet it did not sever the tribes' connection with this sacred site.

Memories fade of the ancient harmonious world of Indians and nature that Celilo Falls exemplified for many in the Northwest. Our goal for the Maryhill Museum of Art's exhibit, The Day the Columbia Ran Backward (March 15 - July 8, 2007), was to rekindle those memories and help those who never experienced the falls to imagine the river teeming with fish struggling to reach their birthplace, the thunder of the falls at high water, the fishermen's skill and daring. We wanted to illustrate the central role of salmon in every aspect of the river people's lives. This, we hoped, could foster a connection with the tribal people of the river today and an understanding of the impact their lost self-sufficiency had on those whom the river had sustained for all of their remembered past.

We at Maryhill had access to the best of story-telling tools—from contemporary artists and generous lenders to our own collections. We included the work of an ancient sculptor to establish the antiquity of human life along the river. Lithographers, photographers, and painters of the 19th and early 20th centuries documented the Columbia's power and beauty. Fine Indian bead work and basketry showed the rich artistic heritage as well as the primacy of fish in the lives of the tribal people. Contemporary artists in all mediums added their interpretations of the history, bringing the story through the building of the dam to the present day. Quotations, words of remembrance, and wisdom from tribal elders added context throughout the exhibit.

Our story began with color photographs of The Dalles Dam under construction and, as a counterpoint, Maggie Jim of Celilo and her daughters on the hillside above in ceremonial dress, watching the ancient rocks disappear below the rising water. Mid-1950s photographs depict life in Celilo Village, including the Feast of the First Salmon and Chief Tommy Kuni Thompson who for 70 years or more had overseen all Celilo fishing. Exhibit visitors were especially attracted to scenes showing fishermen lifting giant salmon out of the river from their perches on rough scaffolds hung along the canyon walls.

To illustrate post-1957 life, a model of a Columbia River barge represented the improved navigation made possible by the dam. We were able to find works related to irrigation and hydroelectric power production. Although flood control eluded us, the surprise industry—windsurfers and kite boarders—did become part of the story. Images of net repair and raising nets by boat reminded us that fishing continues on the river—from scaffolds in season and at other times for subsistence or ceremonial use.

The Indians of the Columbia are proud of their tribal leaders who fought hard to prevent construction of the dams. Although their efforts did not succeed, neither did they "sell" their rights to fish in the "usual and accustomed places" now under water. Federal records show that no treaty rights were abrogated. Those fishing places not presently available to the tribes were leased to the Army Corps of Engineers only "for the duration of the project."

Mary Dodds Schlick is an author and artist, a well-known authority on Native American basketry, and curator of The Day the Columbia Ran Backward, an exhibit presented by the Maryhill Museum of Art as part of the Celilo commemoration.
Celilo Stories, A New River Gathering

On a bright, sunny Saturday morning in March 2007 the Columbia Gorge Discovery Center's foyer was filled with over 300 people, some of whom had traveled from Lapwai, Idaho; Boulder, Colorado; and even Williamsburg, Virginia. They were assembled to talk about what they personally knew and remembered about Celilo Falls. Tribal representatives from the Nez Perce, Yakama, Umatilla, and Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs reservations filled the first several rows of seats. Tribal chairmen, hereditary river chiefs, and traditional fishermen peppered the audience that also included students and scholars of the river and others who wanted to learn about the lasting effects of Celilo's inundation.

We gathered for two days (March 17-18, 2007) at a site overlooking the river, listening to the personal recollections of fishermen, the words of poets and artists, and presentations by scholars who study the river and its people. One participant noted, "The wild river came alive in the stories of the elders." The weekend evoked a pre-dam river in which tribal fishermen struggled against rapid currents to reach out-of-the-way scaffolds and women hoisted heavy fish to drying sheds on the river's edge.

The journey to that weekend started in 2005 when the Center for Columbia River History convened a meeting of people interested in the region's native history to develop a multiyear plan for public programming. The Center for Columbia River History drew from its consortium partners—Washington State Historical Society, Washington State University Vancouver, and Portland State University—to build a list of invitees. The center also extended invitations to tribal museums and others who had been engaged in discussing Indian history in Washington and Oregon. The eclectic group charged the center to commemorate the inundation of the falls with programs that would reach public audiences across the Columbia Basin. With that as our goal, we got to work.

The outcome was a teacher workshop and series of library programs focused on four Celilo-related books that culminated in the two-day conference at the Columbia Gorge Discovery Center. These programs were supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities, Washington Humanities, and the Ray Hickey Foundation. Our efforts were enhanced through numerous partnerships: we participated in the educational programs that accompanied the commemorative events at Celilo Village, and conference participants viewed the Maryhill Museum exhibit and attended the Confluence Project's Blessing of the Land Ceremony.

Through all of our programs we hoped to stimulate conversations across the region. We met a multitude of people who expressed their personal connections to the river, its historical uses, and the dams. The conversations we had reconnected us to our shared past in indelible ways.

Katrine Barber is associate professor at Portland State University and director of the Center for Columbia River History.
The sound of silence first attracted artist Maya Lin to Celilo. Visiting Oregon's Celilo Park near The Dalles in 2005, Lin stood for a long time overlooking the water. She imagined the tumbling falls where now there was stillness and heard rushing water where silence now prevailed. She made a decision to honor Celilo's story through the Confluence Project.

The Confluence Project consists of seven public artworks by Lin spanning 450 miles of the Columbia River Basin. Each site is a place where waterways merge or indigenous people gathered, and each marks an encounter between the Lewis and Clark expedition and Native Americans in 1805 and 1806. "Confluence refers not just to the flow of the water itself but also speaks to us of the flow of history, culture, and ecosystems through this region," Lin says.

For generations, until the falls were inundated by the damming of the Columbia River at The Dalles on March 10, 1957, Celilo Falls was a sacred site that supported tribal economies with trading and fishing. Of all seven sites, Celilo's story is arguably the most painful. The silence that reigns where the falls once roared gives mute testimony to the sea change the Lewis and Clark expedition portended two centuries ago.

Although Lewis and Clark encountered dozens of tribes and received invaluable assistance from many Indians, historical interpretation of the expedition has been short on Native American perspectives. Lin, who is renowned for such meditative works as the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., and the Civil Rights Memorial in Montgomery, Alabama, is designing the sites to reflect Native American viewpoints as well as those of the explorers. She selected the sites in consultation with Indians who represent their respective homelands—the Nez Perce, Umatilla, Warm Springs, Cowlitz, and Chinook. Tribal leaders also are helping identify texts and symbols for the installations.

At Celilo Park, Lin is creating a simple wooden arc inspired by the iconic fishing platforms where Indians, using lines, spears, and long-poled dip nets, risked their lives to catch salmon in the turbulent waters of the falls. Inset text will chronicle Celilo's history, including its geologic formation, accounts in mythic and oral histories, Lewis and Clark's journals, and the poignant testimonies of the tribes who protested the dam in front of Congress. The final text, at water's edge, will describe the lost sound of the falls.

On March 18, 2007, nearly 200 people attended a Native American ceremony blessing the site for the artwork. The event was linked to the 50th anniversary commemoration of the flooding of Celilo. Tribal leaders, Maya Lin, and Confluence Project executive director Jane Jacobsen offered remembrances for the falls. Speakers expressed the hope that the Confluence Project's art installation would be the beginning of a more positive legacy for new generations at Celilo.

The Celilo site is expected to be dedicated in early 2009. The first Confluence Project site dedicated was at Washington's Cape Disappointment, on November 18, 2005, exactly 200 years after Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific Ocean. The second, an earth-covered pedestrian bridge over Highway 14 at the confluence of the Klickitat Trail and the Columbia River in Vancouver, Washington, is under construction, slated for a formal dedication in the spring of 2008. Three sites will follow: at the confluences of the Sandy and Columbia rivers near Troutdale, Oregon; the Snake and Columbia near Pasco, Washington; and the Snake and Clearwater near Clarkston, Washington. The final site is at the Port of Ridgefield in Washington.

Many Americans never knew about Celilo. In commemorating something no longer visible, the Confluence Project will help keep the remarkable story alive.

Sylvia Lindman, a writer-editor with Alling Henning Associates, has been involved in research for the Confluence Project since it began. She is a former newspaper reporter and magazine editor who lives in Portland.
Along the mid Columbia River, 90 miles east of Portland, stand Celilo Indian Village and Celilo Park. A peaked-roof longhouse and a large metal building hug the eastbound lanes of Interstate 84. The houses in the village are older and easy to overlook. You can sometimes see nets and boats beside the homes, though some houses are empty. By comparison, the park is frequently filled with lively and colorful windsurfers. Out of sight beneath the shimmering surface of the river lies Celilo Falls, or Wyam. Before 1957 tourists from all over the country would come to Celilo to "watch the Indians catch fish" and purchase fish freshly caught. It was one of the most famous tourist sites in North America. And many long-time Oregonians and Washingtonians have differentiated themselves from newcomers by their fond memories of Celilo Falls. But what happened at Wyam was more significant than tourism.

Wyam means "Echo of Falling Water" or "Sound of Water upon the Rocks." Situated on the fourth-largest North American waterway, it was one of the most significant fisheries of the Columbia River system. The Wyampum lived at Wyam for over 12,000 years. Estimates vary, but Wyam is one of the oldest continuously inhabited communities in North America. The elders tell us we have been here from time immemorial. On March 10, 1957, a great, irreversible change occurred in the mid Columbia as the Celilo site was inundated by The Dalles Dam. The tribal people who gathered there did not believe it possible.

Today we know Celilo Falls as more than a lost landmark. It was a place as revered as one's own mother. The story of Wyam's life is the story of the salmon, and of my own ancestry. But my connections to Celilo are tenuous at best. I was born two years after Celilo drowned in the backwaters of The Dalles Dam. I live with the long absence and silence of Celilo Falls, much as an orphan lives hearing of the kindness and greatness of his or her mother.

The original locations of my ancestral villages on N'ch-iwana (Columbia River) are Celilo Village and the Wishram village that nestled below the petroglyph known as Tsagaglalal (She Who Watches). My grandmother, Elizabeth Thompson Pitt (Wa Soox Site), was a Wasco, Wishram, and Watlala woman. My grandfather, Lewis Pitt (Wa Soox Site), was a Wyampum descendent and a Tygh woman. My grandfather, Lewis Pitt Jr., at a site that a relative or friend permitted, as is their privilege. They fished on scaffolds above the whitewater with dip nets. Since fishing locations are inherited, they probably did not have a spot of their own. They were Wascopum, not Wyampum.

During the day, women cleaned large amounts of finely cut fish and hung the parts to dry in the heat of the arid landscape. So abundant were the fish passing Wyam on their upriver journey that the fish caught there could feed a whole family through the winter. Many families had enough salmon to trade with other tribes or individuals for specialty items. When the fish ran, people were wealthy. No one would starve if they could work. Even those incapable of physical work could share other talents.

It was a dignified existence—peaceful, perhaps due in part to the sound of the water that echoed in people's minds and the negative ions produced by the falls. Research has shown that negative ions generate a feeling of well-being in human beings. How ironic that companies now sell machines that generate negative ions in the homes of those who can afford to purchase this feeling of well-being.

Celilo's Legacy – Tribal Commemorations

Some of the most poignant moments of this year of commemoration occurred during a two-day event hosted by Celilo Village's residents and governing body, the Wyam Board, on March 10-11, 2007. Thousands of visitors came to the Celilo Falls Inundation Memorial to watch a ceremonial canoe landing, feast on salmon and other traditional foods, dance, play stick games, and listen as elders recalled the wild river. Tribal museums marked the anniversary by creating special exhibits and hosting other events. The Yakama Nation Museum and Cultural Heritage Center displayed a collection of never-before-seen Celilo photographs recently donated by a private party. The Museum at Warm Springs developed a commemorative exhibit, Remembering Celilo, while the Tamatskilt Cultural Institute at the Umatilla Indian Reservation likewise launched Pawiyo'lst'aksha Wayamna, Memorializing the Death of the Sound of the Falls. The institute also partnered with the Walla Walla Symphony for the world premier of "The Great River of the West," a percussion concerto by composer Forrest Pierce. Artistic endeavors included a musical production, The Ghosts of Celilo, which premiered in Portland in September 2007. The many events that commemorated the loss of Celilo Falls half a century ago served to bring people together to talk about their memories and hopes for a river transformed.
An elder woman explained that if my generation knew the language, we would have no questions. We would hear the words directly from the teachings and songs. From time immemorial the Creator's instruction was direct and clear. Feasts and worship held to honor the first roots and berries are major events. The head and tail of the first salmon caught at Celilo is returned to N'ch-iwana. The whole community honors that catch: one of our relatives has returned, and we consider the lives we take to care for our communities.

The songs in the "ceremonial response to the Creator" are repeated seven times by seven drummers, a bell ringer, and people gathered in the longhouse. Washat song is an ancient method of worship. By wearing their finest Indian dress, the dancers show respect to the Creator. Men on the south side, women on the north, the dancers begin to move. In a pattern of a complete circle they dance sideways, counterclockwise. This ceremony symbolizes the partnership of men and women, the essential equality and balance within the four directions and the cosmos. We each have our place and our role.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, women prepare the meal. Salmon, venison, edible roots, and the various berries—huckleberries and chokecherries—are the four sacred foods. More common foods are added to these significant four on portable tables. It is an honor to be chosen to gather the roots and berries. Those selected for this task are being recognized as having good hearts and minds. Tribal men experienced at hunting and fishing are likewise acknowledged. One does not gather food without proper training, so as not to disrupt natural systems.

What has happened to Celilo Falls illustrates a story that began long before the falls' submergence with the seeds of ambition to make an Eden where Eden was not needed. The main stem of N'ch-iwana is today broken up by 19 hydroelectric dams, many planned and built without a thought for the fish. Nuclear, agricultural, and industrial pollution, the evaporation of water from the reservoirs impounded behind dams, the clear-cut mountainsides—all are detrimental to the salmon. Since 1855, N'ch-iwana's 14 million wild salmon have dwindled to fewer than 100,000. The lesson is clear: one must learn from the land how to live upon it.

Traditional awareness counsels in a simple, direct way to take only what we need and let the rest grow. How can one learn? My uncle reminded me that we learned about simplicity first: "The stories your grandmother told. Remember when she said her great grandmother, Kah-Nee-Ta, would tell her to go to the river and catch some fish for the day? Your grandmother would catch several fish because she loved to look at them. She would let all but two go. Her grandmother taught her that."

A great sorrow shadows my maternal grandmother's story about the childhood loss of the material and intangible. What if the wild salmon no longer return? I cannot say whether we have the strength necessary to bear this impending loss. The salmon, the tree, and even Celilo Falls (Wyaam) echo within if we become still and listen. Once you have heard, take only what you need and let the rest go.

Author, poet, and artist Elizabeth Woody (Navajo/Warm Springs/Wasco/Yakama) was one of the presenters at the Celilo Stories conference. "Recalling Celilo" is based on her essay in Salmon Nation: People, Fish, and Our Common Home (Portland: Ecotrust, 2003). She is born for Tóch'íání (Bitter Water clan).
members of the Washington Equal Suffrage Association hang posters in 1910. That year, the state's male electorate voted in their favor, making Washington the fifth state in the union to grant women the right to vote.
As the centennial of women's suffrage in the state of Washington draws near, fully 10 years before the centennial of women's suffrage nationwide, it seems appropriate to discuss women's history in terms of heritage tourism. While Washington was not the first state to grant women the right to vote (that honor belongs to Wyoming, where women achieved full suffrage in 1890), it does boast a proud heritage of women's political inclusion. Perhaps most immediately notable is the triumvirate of female leaders in Washington today—Governor Chris Gregoire and Senators Maria Cantwell and Patty Murray.

These achievements are no mean feat in a country where less than 200 years ago women could not own property on their own and where sexual discrimination in hiring was legally abolished only 35 years ago. Despite progress during the 20th century, and most strikingly since the 1960s, women in this country today still earn approximately 75 cents to each dollar earned by men. Not surprisingly, in such sectors as finance and corporate management, that ratio is only 57.5 and 53.5 percent, respectively, of each dollar a man earns. The picture is especially bleak for women of color and poor women, many of whom still cannot find a job that pays enough to support a single-income household. Although women of color typically earn a substantially higher percentage of their male counterparts' earnings (89.9 percent) than do white women (71.7 percent), these numbers are undercut by the fact that minority women and men earn far lower wages than white women and men, and there are more minority women of color living at or below poverty level than white women.

The ballots, babies, and brothels of this article's title provide a model for how heritage organizations might conceptualize women's history by looking at the seen, unseen, and unsightly women of our past. Ballots represent easily seen women, many of whom were women in positions of political power or social prominence. By their very ubiquity in women's lives, babies call to mind mothers, sisters, grandmothers, daughters, midwives, and domestic help, most of whom remain unseen in the past except as statistics and stereotypes. Finally, although women can be found in many walks of life as drug addicts, "bad" mothers, criminals, or prostitutes, most of us prefer to turn a blind eye to these unsightly women. When we're not downplaying their existence, we tend to sensationalize their stories or hold them up as examples of how not to live as a woman in the world.

To recognize women's place in history is neither to glorify nor to complain about how far they have yet to go. If heritage organizations want to provide more nuanced, interesting, and compelling portraits of women in their communities, it seems essential to consider two questions: Why have women been absent from historical depictions in the past and what kinds of women might Washington's heritage audiences find most interesting. If heritage organizations do a better job of bringing women's complex stories to the public, then the heritage tourism industry will benefit.

People are drawn to the stories of others whose lives mirror their own in some way. It stands to reason, then, that exhibits focused on women will attract women. If those exhibits focus on women who are not white and well off, so much the better. Women, people of color, and other marginalized groups are more likely to visit heritage venues that make them feel welcome and that represent their history as being of equal value to that of the dominant culture.

Women of all races and ages are the largest consumers of goods and services in the United States, wielding as much as 85 percent of the country's buying power. It seems safe to assume that they spend some of their money traveling, going to places of cultural interest with friends and family, paying entry fees, and purchasing items available at the parks, museums, or heritage sites they visit. Larger numbers of individuals and families visiting heritage venues translate into more income for the venues and greater awareness among visitors.

**SEEN WOMEN**

Some women fit into only one of the three groups mentioned above—the seen, the unseen, or the unsightly—but most fall into two and some all three. A wealth of information exists at
the idea of women holding public office was still a radical one to most Americans, many of whom still regarded with suspicion women’s decision-making capacity outside the home. Although many Seattleites believed Landes was an effective mayor, they apparently could not quite fathom having a woman in such a position of power for long. Landes did not win reelection.

In 1976, 50 years after Landes’ success in winning a seat on the Seattle city council, Dixy Lee Ray became the first woman governor of Washington and only the second elected female governor in the United States. Even in the 1970s era of “women’s lib” (or maybe as a reaction to the second wave of feminism that decade represented), Ray’s assumption of political power, like that of Landes in the 1920s (another decade in which American women’s social and sexual roles were expanding), was controversial. Public support for Ray soured for reasons ostensibly having nothing to do with gender—her stance on hot-button issues, for example. But she further alienated many women who had supported her bid for governor by refusing to campaign for the Equal Rights Amendment to the United States Constitution and by abolishing the state’s Women’s Commission. As an entry on HistoryLink.org so cogently explains, “Dixy Lee Ray was a highly idiosyncratic woman forced by the particular time in which she lived and held public office to break new ground. During the 1970s, public understanding of women in leadership was still evolving. Ray was judged and often condemned for her personal style, begging the question of whether another politician identical in every way save gender would have fared differently.”

Landes and Ray are unquestionably important figures, but women of color in traditional politics deserve greater mention in our exhibits than they have received. Take, for example, African Americans Peggy Maxie and Marion King Smith, who ran for seats in the state House of Representatives in 1970, and Velma Veloria, who in 1992 became the first Asian American elected to a state legislature. Native American women have also made significant political contributions. In 1972, two of three elected Nisqually tribal officers were women.

Female elected officials are important symbols of women’s progress and, as such, make inspirational exhibits for state or local heritage societies. But there are many other women in Washington politics who do not get the notice they deserve. This is partly because the word “politics” typically brings to mind elected officials, the vast majority of whom are still white males. When considering how to weave women’s history into exhibits, heritage advocates must consider some of the less obvious ways women have participated in the political arena, redefining and expanding the meaning of politics to include the many forms of activism in which women of all races and socioeconomic levels have engaged. Such prominent women’s reform organizations as the Women’s Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) or the suffrage movement are the shining lights in traditional stories of women’s political involvement, but throughout much of the 20th century rural Washington women likely had more association with their local Grange. Agrarian organizations provided rural women with a framework for community activism and political protest. Women were of utmost importance in such community organizations.

Native American women have also played essential political roles. Several Nisqually women were pivotal in the struggle to reassert tribal fishing rights beginning in the 1950s. Like their husbands, Nisqually wives who stepped in to fish their ancestral grounds were arrested and jailed for fishing with traditional nets considered illegal by the state. Janet McCloud was one of the organizers of the ensuing fish-ins that became part of the Indian civil rights movement of the 1960s and 1970s and ultimately led to the landmark 1974 Boldt Decision, which upheld the 1854 treaty granting Northwest Indians the right to fish in “usual and accustomed places.”

UNSEEN WOMEN

Many organizations and individuals in King County are working to provide glimpses into the lives of the unseen women. One curator explained that her organization collects equally from men and women and emphasizes day-to-day life of both genders in community history from the white settlement period through the present day, offering “exhibits and outreach activities [that] focus on common objects used and tasks performed by men and women.” Despite such efforts, however, common women can fall through the cracks of museum and archival collections.

According to maritime historian Joe Follansbee, women with strong roles in economic leadership, such as Berte Olsen, the first female ferry captain on Puget Sound, or Thea Foss, a founder of the Foss Tug Company, dominate the few stories available about women in maritime trades. Follansbee included “a section on the contributions of working-class women ashore in the final preparation and packaging of salt cod” in his recently published history of the schooner Wawona. He was able to find “references to women’s lives ashore while the Wawona’s crew was at sea, such as the practice of wives drawing advances on the men’s wages while the men were away.” But, Follansbee found “precious little documentation, such as letters.”

Although not all women have children, pregnancy and childbirth are very specifically female experiences that a majority of women can relate to. Yet childbirth and pregnancy are often as unseen in history as the women who bore the children. Women’s historians are very interested in how society has viewed sexual behavior, contraception, abortion, pregnancy, delivery, maternal and infant mortality, and even infanticide. The physiological process of pregnancy and childbirth has not changed, but the cultural and technological contexts in which they occur have evolved enormously over time and significantly altered the experience for each subsequent generation of women.

Tracing in heritage exhibits how sexual and childbirth practices have changed over the past two centuries provides an interesting point of entry for historical societies wishing to explore the experiences of everyday women in terms of race, class,
education, and age. Discussion of these issues can reveal the often fine line drawn between unseen and unsightly women.

Often the larger picture of these women's experiences is whitewashed by well-meaning preservationists and community members interested in revitalizing old buildings whose controversial past they either do not know, do not care about, or would rather forget. A good example of this is the Home of the Good Shepherd, built in Seattle's Wallingford neighborhood in 1907 to house delinquent girls, some of whom were orphans. Both the extant National Register nomination and a HistoryLink entry provide good information about the home's history—when it was built, who funded it, what the girls studied there, the on-site commercial laundry, and so on. Glimmers of nuance shine through each narrative, but they mostly avoid the complexities of women's experiences there. And it is in these silences that much of the real story occurred.

The house was split in two, and the residents of each side did not intermingle. The north wing contained an orphan-age. The south wing housed the "penitent" girls—those deemed wayward by society—and rooms for the nuns who worked with them. According to a former resident who lived on the orphan side in the 1920s, "There was a good side and a bad side—the Angel Guardian side on the right as you go in and Sacred Heart side on the left. On the left...they did the laundry and that sort of thing. There could be some real hard girls over there."

Instead of exploring the experiences of "hard girls" (or even the nuns with whom they interacted daily), the narratives available focus on very specific, positive aspects of life inside the home: hot meals, education, recreation, and a safe environment. Unmentioned is the fact that Good Shepherd homes around the country were founded by religious and progressive reformers alike, specifically to keep so-called immoral women off the streets during a period of near-hysteria about "white slavery" or prostitution. Although the girls at the home may have been rebellious or even mildly promiscuous, it is likely that very few of the young women in Good Shepherd homes were prostitutes.

Available narratives about the Home of the Good Shepherd in Washington gloss over concerns about girls' sexuality, which underlay the nuns' constant vigilance to keep them "safe" from male laundry and maintenance workers. Indeed, historical descriptions of providing for the girls' "safety" sound a lot more like imprisonment. In the early days, the constantly surveilled "inmates" could neither leave the facility nor see out of the opaque windows. By 1940 punitive measures had softened around the country, perhaps in response to growing public concerns about the prison-like aspects of such homes, and public relations material for Seattle's Good Shepherd emphasized the girls' freedom to come and go as they pleased.

Moving into the postwar era, the homes served less as virtual prisons for delinquent girls and more as maternity homes for unwed mothers. Silence surrounds this aspect of the Seattle facility in available public documents. Evidence suggests that a number of Washington girls and young women spent their pregnancies secluded within the home's walls, trying to deflect undue attention aimed at themselves, their infants (many of whom were likely put up for adoption), or their families. Investigating this unseen—and to some, unsightly—history of the Home of the Good Shepherd in more detail reveals that the story is more complex than the easily accessible historical resources currently reveal. Important historical threads of class, race, gender issues, and sexuality have been lost that could bring into the historical record social responses to various manifestations of women's sexuality as well as practices surrounding out-of-wedlock pregnancy, childbirth, abortion, and adoption.

UNSIGHTLY WOMEN

Even less visible in the collections and exhibits of historical and heritage organizations are the unsightly women—prostitutes, divorcees, drug addicts, unwed mothers, incest and
domestic violence victims, and criminals. Many of the community members that staff these organizations would probably prefer to exercise the existence of unsightly women in their community histories. However, unsightly women did exist, and they need to be part of the local story.

Joe Follansbee reported that the invisibility of unsightly women in local maritime exhibits, for example, is "ironic" because they "figured highly in the lives of working sailors" and many "were subjects in popular music...sung in the Puget Sound region in the 19th and early 20th centuries." Women's history and heritage in the state is not simply the story of seen women—elite, educated, predominantly white women—struggling to achieve the vote. It is a story of all women, and the stories of unsightly women form a striking contrast to the standard view of seen women's economic and social roles in our society.

Interestingly, most cities had a famous madam long before they had a famous female politician. No exception to the rule, Seattle had Lou Graham (1861–1903), who arrived in 1888 and promptly founded "a sumptuous, lucrative, and expensive house of prostitution" downtown. Seattle's elite business leaders and visitors patronized her business, and Graham's trade made her a wealthy Seattle landowner.

There is little about her story that has not been spun into some kind of hyperbole. Graham is a staple on the Underground Tour in Seattle's Pioneer Square, which is loosely based on Bill Speidel's mostly anecdotal history of Seattle, Sons of the Profits. One tale holds that Graham left her entire estate to the King County public schools after dying of syphilis. Although she did contribute money to the city, especially after the 1889 fire, Graham's estate went to relatives in Germany. This kind of folklore surrounding famous prostitutes has helped grow a lucrative trade around glorifying the lives of high-class madams like Graham who turned out beautiful girls in fantastical brothels replete with red velvet walls and gilded cherubs. Although some brothels fit this bill and some madams became wealthy women, most prostitutes' lives were far from glamorous.

The story to be told through examining prostitution in the past is that these women, like many others, grew up in a world in which women's economic, social, and political options were limited because they were women. They also grew up in a society that objectified and eroticized their bodies and fostered stereotypes about prostitution being a "necessary evil" through which men could vent their sexual passions. Although this stereotype has, of course, changed over time, many people still perceive sex work or pornography in such a way. Except for the highly visible or seen women like Lou Graham, prostitutes have mostly been both unseen and unsightly women. The difference is that they performed a particularly stigmatized type of work, as opposed to, say, cleaning houses, which unseen women also perform.

The historical truth of prostitution cannot be found in glamorized stories generated for public consumption. Few prostitutes have pulled themselves up by their bootstraps and became wealthy like Horatio Alger. Nor did most end up dead or in jail, as many believe. Graham and others like her may provide a strangely compelling American rags-to-riches story, but the experiences of average prostitutes reveal much more truthful narratives about American life over the past 200 years.

Facts about prostitution illuminate both historical and contemporary understandings of society. The geography of prostitution tells us about real estate ownership, zoning laws, and racial and ethnic patterns of settlement. Figuring out who sells and who buys sex speaks to questions of race, class, gender, and sexuality. Determining whether prostitution was criminalized or not and how women (and possibly their customers) were targeted and punished or not reveals how towns approached vice in their midst. Much can be learned about nontraditional politics through prostitution reform or prostitutes' rights movements, such as the 1970s feminist organization COYOTE (Call off Your Old Tired Ethics), which advocated decriminalization. Furthermore, the widespread reoccurrence of prostitute murders, for example the Green River killings, reveals attitudes about crime toward marginal women in American society.

An important consideration that all heritage organizations face is their need to be accessible to the widest range of people available. One curator reported that her organization has "steered away from the 'unsightly' in exhibitions and programs," in part because many in the audience are retirees or schoolchildren. As she put it, her organization tries to "evolve good memories, not bad ones" and to protect children from
main visitors to national parks, which whites also overwhelm-
ingly staff and manage. This has led to park managers’ belief
that low black visitation rates indicate disinterest, which is
in turn used to justify continued lack of race analysis in exhibits
and minimal outreach with communities of color.

PAGE’S CONCLUSIONS resonate with the experiences
of women (of all races and ethnicities) within the
heritage community, whether as historical figures or
contemporary visitors. One might even argue that,
in some instances, women remain less visible than
people of color today. Of the 17 parks considered in Page’s
study, only one has a women’s history theme—the Women’s
Rights National Historic Park in Seneca Falls. The remainder
quite specifically focus on men or manly pursuits. Although
this is likely not a widespread conspiracy to keep women (or
people of color or poor people) out of the historical record,
this strong emphasis of white, upper- and middle-class male
exploits could lead (and has led) women, like blacks, to be­
lieve their history is unimportant unless directly related to
war, politics, or famous inventions.

Just as white dominance in the parks has worked to erase
blacks’ contributions to the history of the areas Page stud­
ied, so too has male bias in heritage collections diminished
women’s stories of the past. Simply put, this lack of attention
to women’s history has stemmed from the fact that, until very
recently and with very few exceptions, men have written
histories, headed historical organizations, and held histori­
societies’ purse strings. Male bias is only one part of the
picture, however. Not until the 1960s and 1970s did interest
in social history lead historians to look past the traditional
“big white men doing big things” model and focus more on
“common” people—laborers, women, and members of vari­
ous racial, ethnic, and immigrant groups.

Because most women living under patriarchy are historically
absent from political, economic, and social processes, there

ROOTS, SOLUTIONS, AND BENEFITS

UNDERSTANDING WHY UNSEEN and unsightly women are so
invisible in heritage organizations today requires a lens that
clarifies the underlying sexism, elitism, and racism that per­
vade American society. Recent race scholarship has pointed
to the fact that whites’ experiences are normalized as being
universal: in other words, when whites (and sometimes even
nonwhites) say “men” they implicitly mean “white men.” The
absence of an adjective like “African American” presumes a
subject’s whiteness. Normalized whiteness has predominated
in both historical narratives and heritage organizations until
very recently. In a study of how 17 New England national
parks deal with race, Helan Page has noted that the historical
preservationist movement “has been prone
to white privilege.” Not only have resources
slated for preservation and protection been
primarily “associated with great events, our
heroes of democracy, and the graceful homes
and churches of the high and mighty,” but
most white preservationists themselves
harked from “the privileged wealthy class,
with time and money to spend championing
the preservation of old buildings to which
they and the elite of their time, had deep
personal connections.”

Presumptions of white universality have
created an atmosphere in which African
Americans generally feel estranged from
northeastern national parks that emphasize
slavery but provide almost no broader context
for or evidence of the historical agency of Af­
rican Americans. Whites are by and large the

inappropriate subjects. “This doesn’t mean that we are blind to
the negative aspects of our community’s history,” the curator
explained. “We do try to prepare exhibits and talks that will
draw in the largest number of people and, therefore, we try to
make everything ‘family-friendly.’”

Curators find themselves in a bind when trying to reach the
widest possible audience without risk of offence. In an ironic
twist, this apparent concern about “respectability,” which is
veiled by claims of not wanting to offend, has led to the veiling
of unsightliness. Bringing the unsightly out into the open could
teach us lessons about sexism, poverty, and racism, and also
about how oppressed people are agents in
making everything ‘family-friend­ly.’”

Despite the negative
views led by
the word “heritage.” But with­out recognizing the
social context of each era and how each generation has its seesn,
unseen, and unsightly women, we cannot move toward making
our society safer and more just for all women, even the most
reviled. Showing the unsightly in our exhibits can be uplifting
even while it reminds us that Americans continue to battle
intolerance, injustice, and discrimination on many fronts.

The picture, howe­ver. Not until the 1960s and 1970s did interest
in social history lead historians to look past the traditional
“big white men doing big things” model and focus more on
“common” people—laborers, women, and members of vari­
ous racial, ethnic, and immigrant groups.

Because most women living under patriarchy are historically
absent from political, economic, and social processes, there
are simply fewer available sources from which to learn about women's experiences, especially for the vast majority of women, most of whom had little or no education and even less time in which to record their experiences or perceptions of the events happening around them. Sometimes the only place to see women in the historical record is through the eyes of men in the role of journalistor judge. Often only brief glimpses emerge of women as they interacted with social structures—through census, marriage and birth records, or divorce and arrest dockets. Such institutional records reveal little about women's experiences; and even public records can be deceiving or turn into dead ends, as genealogists trying to trace maternal lineages often discover. Tracking women's history takes creativity, tenacity, and an ability to read between the lines.

Reserving and interpreting women's history is the only just and equitable thing to do in light of the past overemphasis on men's history. This is not to say that traditional white male history is unimportant. Rather, heritage organizations need to focus more clearly on how the traditional and publicly "male" pursuits of business, politics, and war have come to bear on the other half of society. Aside from the rightness of this effort, some very tangible benefits will arise from such a focus on women.

First, heritage organizations will experience much wider interest and patronage of their collections. Ordinary people are interested in the experiences of ordinary people; women are interested in women. Expanded interest and increased use of heritage venues ultimately means stronger revenue and volunteer support. Stronger revenue and volunteer support will increase heritage organizations' ability to collect and document the experiences of even more ordinary people in their community.

Second, there are public benefits to adding women in greater numbers to our history exhibits and heritage organizations. These are especially important when we consider that limited tax dollars or grant monies are at stake. From a purely dollars-and-cents standpoint, there are the tangible benefits of tax revenues raised through heritage-related tourism. Jobs are created, educational programs and outreach efforts can be added, and again, more people will be attracted to heritage sites.

Perhaps the best reason to undertake the telling of women's history is to contribute to the development of a long-term social perspective and expose as many people as possible to understanding the inequities women have faced in the past and continue to struggle against today. Just as all school-age children learn national stories about the so-called father of democracy, Thomas Jefferson, so too should they learn about Elizabeth Cady Stanton who, along with Frederick Douglass and other tireless advocates for women's and civil rights, was present in Seneca Falls in 1848 and inarguably sparked a revolution to create true democracy in this country. As Jefferson himself said, "Information is the currency of democracy." It is the job of heritage advocates to provide as much full and nuanced information about the past as possible. This requires telling the stories not only of those women who are most visible and whom we most wish to see but also of those unseen...
and unsightly women who have heretofore been swept under the rug, so to speak.

Undertaking this new challenge will first require organizational change. Directors, curators, and archivists must put themselves behind the effort to bring women of all stripes fully into the historical picture. Mission statements must be rewritten to include strong support of such efforts. Knowledgeable staff must be hired and given adequate support to go forth and do this work. It goes without saying that strong, ongoing financial backing for this initiative is essential.

A great stride was made here in Washington with the creation of the Women's History Consortium (WHC) in 2005. The overall goal of the consortium is to "improve the availability of historical information about women's achievements in Washington" and to "promote the preservation of materials related to women's history." The work of the WHC provides useful examples to other heritage organizations and museums on how to collect, interpret, and display materials that illuminate women's past experiences. WHC coordinator Shanna Stevenson has discussed nontraditional sources, which are often the only ones available through which to research, preserve, and document women's history. Cookbooks, meeting minutes, scrapbooks, diaries, handwork, letters, clothing, and textiles have much to reveal to the inquiring mind. Photographs are another great source. Many local historical organizations have begun to gather images of women participating in all manner of activities. Wonderful examples of these efforts can be seen, for example, in the gathered online photo collection known as King County Snapshots, which brings together images from a wide range of King County heritage organizations and historical societies.

The history of women of color can be especially hard to ferret out. It is essential to think outside the box of traditional historical documentation and take ethnic and cultural differences into account. For African American or Native American women, whose traditions are largely oral, collecting oral histories and folklore is essential. The Museum of History and Industry in Seattle (especially Lorraine McConaghy) and, increasingly the WHC under Stevenson's direction, have been actively supporting oral history programs with women.

The trick with oral histories is figuring out which women to interview and then convincing them that they have a story to tell. Women often feel that their stories are unimportant. Again, this is not to say that historians or heritage organizations should downplay men's achievements; indeed, all oral history subjects must be convinced that their stories are worth telling. However, women need to be told again and again that sharing daily seemingly mundane details of their lives provides invaluable and unique glimpses into the world just as important as that of men.

The final piece to putting the puzzle of women's history together in heritage organizations is public outreach. This includes reaching out to possible donors of papers, photographs, and objects, as well as figuring out how to create exhibits that will attract people who have felt estranged from traditional white, male-dominated portrayals of history.

Reaching women and other marginalized groups will require heritage venues to install permanent exhibits that relate those peoples' past experiences. These displays cannot be commemorative tokens brought out during women's history month and mothballed on the first day of April. They must deal in a frank, nuanced manner with the history of all different kinds of women—the seen, the unseen, and even the unsightly. Institutions cannot whitewash racism, sexism, and elitism; nor should they erase women's agency or victimization—not if they want to effectively convey to future generations what past generations have endured and overcome. Sometimes it is only by looking to the past that people get a sense of their place in the present and an idea of how to move wisely into the future.

Heather Lee Miller is an associate historian with Historical Research Associates, Seattle. She is currently working on a book manuscript entitled The Teeming Brothel: Sex Acts, Desires, and Sexual Identities in the United States, 1870-1990. This essay is based on a keynote talk presented at the 2007 Washington State Heritage Conference.
On Sunday, August 14, 1927, hundreds of Ehime Prefecture citizens assembled on a prominent hillside overlooking the town of Yawatahama, in southeastern Japan. While fireworks exploded overhead, youngsters unfurled a draped 40-foot statue. Suddenly, the life-sized likeness of Kyuhachi Nishii appeared. Nishii had created a hotel, restaurant, laundry, and farming empire in the Puget Sound area before retiring to Yawatahama in 1924. As the children pulled the last drape from the statue, the celebrants saw the names of 102 first-generation Japanese immigrants, or Issei, chiseled into the stone base. Among the locals listed were members of the Hamaguchi, Mukai, Nakanishi, Ohashi, Ueda, Wakamatsu, Yamamoto, Yamashita, and Yotsuuye families. Between 1897 and 1905 Kyuhachi Nishii had helped these nine households obtain the first Issei leases on the Puyallup Indian Reservation.

Missing from the monument list, however, was Heishiro Mihara, Nishii's brother-in-law and the earliest Nikkei, or Japanese, farmer to lease reservation land. Mihara had immigrated to Tacoma to work in Nishii's Grand Cafe on Pacific Avenue in 1893. That year Mihara and Nishii had watched the opening of the Tacoma Public Market at 23rd and Adams. Despite high unemployment caused by the Panic of 1893, the city market flourished. Year after year, white farmers failed to fill the huge demand for vegetables and fruit. Consumers even bought soggy Chinese and Italian vegetables sent north by Portland commission agents.

Mihara waited four years for his chance to lease land near the Tacoma Public Market. That opportunity arose when two elderly Puyallup Indians, Mary Charley
The Nakanishi and Yamamoto families of the Puyallup valley, 1912. Nakanishi, seated in center behind young girl, owned the largest Japanese farm in the valley from 1910 to 1929. Yamamoto, seated in center front, wearing a white hat, had the largest Japanese farm from 1930 to 1942. Kyuhachi Nisii, standing behind Yamamoto, brought 143 Japanese farmers from Ehime Prefecture between 1889 and 1919.

Heishiro Mihara and his wife Torno drained marshes, dynamited stumps, and piled rocks. After clearing the land the couple planted potatoes, cabbages, carrots, and other bunch vegetables. Mihara developed a route to sell his crops. First he visited the Tacoma Public Market, then restaurants, and finally the residential districts. The Miharas obtained a labor force from Ehime Prefecture that included Tomo’s brothers Gorimatsu, Heisuke, Toichi, and Tokichi Ohashi. The two families named their farm Washington Gardens. The Mihara-Ohashi farm adjoined the Italian Colonial Gardens where 40 bachelors toiled as one to make a living. Farther down the dirt road the Swiss dynamited stumps, fenced pastureland, and built dairy barns. At the end of the road German farmers cleared acreage and planted produce. The European immigrant families bought their land at Indian auctions, something the Nikkei—Japanese immigrants—were prohibited by law from doing.

Puyallup tribal leader Henry Sicade Sr. and an Irishman named John McAleer fostered the growth of the Fife Japanese community. McAleer employed Japanese, Germans, Italians, and Swiss to milk his dairy cows and farm his vegetable plots. Once an immigrant had a grubstake, he went to Sicade, who served as middleman for leasing or buying Puyallup Reservation acres. The Fife Nikkei settlement grew rapidly. By 1912, 74 Issei leased 1,371 acres from Puyallup tribal members. Fife had emerged as the largest Japanese agricultural community in western Washington.

The determined Issei survived price wars with whites, periodic Puyallup River floods, and a budding rivalry with Tacoma Japanese townspeople. The success of the Fife Nikkei paralleled the growth of Tacoma. The population of the City of Destiny rose from 37,714 to 83,743 between 1900 and 1910.

Nikkei prosperity was celebrated at community-wide New Year’s Day parties in rented halls adorned with paper lanterns and bright bunting. The men dressed in fine suits and the women in store-bought dresses. Speeches and toasts set a happy mood for the occasion. The

From Issei to Yonsei – Counting Generations

The term Issei (sounds like ee-say) refers to first-generation Japanese immigrants to the United States. In Japanese the word “is” means first and the word “sei” means generation. The largest number of Issei lived in the United States in 1908 when there were 103,683. The term did not come into general use in the Japanese American communities until 1935. At that time the Nisei (sounds like nee-say), second generation, were coming of age and the Nikkei (sounds like nee-kay, meaning Japanese) wanted to distinguish between the two generations. By the 1960s the third generation, Sansei, were reaching adulthood. And in the 1990s the fourth generation, the Yonsei, were starting to attain their majority.

WHEN NEWS ARRIVED THAT THE FIRST LETTUCE SHIPMENT HAD REACHED CHICAGO IN GOOD CONDITION, THE JAPANESE FARMERS BEGAN TO DREAM OF SHIPPING THEIR VEGETABLES TO NEW YORK CITY.

farmers also gathered annually for a beach picnic. They rented rowboats, held swimming contests, and indulged in a huge feast topped off with watermelon.

The social occasions evolved in 1907 into Nodankai (the Fife Agricultural Association). At the monthly meetings the men discussed pricing, experimenting with new crops, and buying machinery. Yawatahama immigrants dominated the association. Heishiro Mihara was president until his death from tuberculosis. Shintaro Mukai succeeded Mihara and guided Nodankai for five years. Ruinous Japanese-white price wars led Mukai to persuade Nodankai members to participate in the formation of the Fife Vegetable Growers Association. This mixed-race cooperative fixed prices and set standard sizes for bunched vegetables grown in the southern Puget Sound area.

The Issei sent scouts east in search of more business. Using shaved ice, they transported vegetables as far as Bismarck, North Dakota. In 1917 another major market appeared. As part of its defense preparedness initiative, the United States Army established Camp Lewis. Seven days a week at three in the morning the men drove their vegetable wagons to army mess halls. The military pleaded for lettuce, but pioneer farmers claimed the leafy produce would not grow in Pierce County.

Tokichi Ohashi took a chance and planted lettuce in Fife. He spent 12 hours a day thinning, weeding, irrigating, and cutting a bountiful crop. Puyallup Reservation farmer Soroku Kuramoto devised a method to ship lettuce to Chicago. Instead of packing ice shavings inside the boxes, Kuramoto shoveled ice chips between the cases. When news arrived that the first shipment had reached Chicago in good condition, the Japanese farmers began to dream of shipping their vegetables to New York City. The number of Issei farms in the Puyallup valley jumped to 144 as newcomers leased and cleared land for whites landowners in Orting, Puyallup, and Sumner.

The prosperity of the Puyallup valley Japanese farmers, like that of farmers across the country, evaporated in the summer of 1919. Demobilization ruined the Camp Lewis business and the Tacoma Public Market became glutted. Politicians made Japanese agricultural success an election issue in 1920. United States Congressman Albert Johnson of Tacoma brought his House Immigration Committee to hear complaints that the Japanese were taking over the Puyallup valley. Johnson timed his hearing to help re-elect Governor Louis Hart. The campaign's focus centered on getting the state legislature to stop the Japanese from leasing property.

When Hart was re-elected, Nodankai president Yokichi Nakamichi joined with other Japanese organizations to create Beikaikai. This lobbying group paid white lobbyists $50,000 to “bottle up” anti-Japanese legislation in committee. The main measure, House Bill 79, forbade aliens ineligible to become citizens from purchasing, leasing, or inheriting land. Beikaikai's lobbyists failed. The state house of representatives passed HB 79 by a vote of 71 to 19. Quickly, the senate concurred by a vote of 36 to 2, and Governor Hart signed the bill. An emergency clause to make the law effective with the governor's signature was inadvertently omitted by the printer. Nikkei had six months, from January 2 through June 9, 1921, to save their land.

In Pierce County only one Nisei (an American-born Japanese)—21-year-old Bruce Nakamichi—was able to purchase land. He bought three farms with cash in hand and leased two back to Issei farmers. Another 11 Nikkei bought 177 acres in the names of their children. Since none of these Nisei had reached the age of 21, white friends acted as their legal guardians. In the case of George Yasumura, the entire Sumner Methodist Church congregation signed the legal papers. Henry Matsumoto's white in-laws bought a large Firwood berry field from John McAleer and willed the land to the Matsumoto children.

That left 140 leaseholders in dire circumstances. Contracts would terminate on 866 acres in 1923, 240 in 1924, and 344 in 1925. Leases on the remaining 830 acres would end between 1926 and 1929. Like most of the state's prosecuting attorneys, Pierce County's James W. Selden did not aggressively enforce the Alien Land Act. Over the next 20 years, the number of Nikkei leaseholders dropped to 130 and then rose again to 177. The Alien Land Law drove out only one of the original Japanese farming families, the Yamashitas. There were eight families left.

Persecution of the Japanese continued into 1922. United States Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall informed Japanese associations like Nodankai...
that after March 9, 1922, Indian land leases would only be issued to American citizens. Although federal authorities tried to enforce Fall's dictum as it related to land leased from the Yakima Indian Agency, the local people managed to circumvent the Interior Department's order. After leasing the Yakima Indian land, whites turned around and subleased to the Japanese. In Pierce County, federal officials completely ignored the interior secretary's ruling. The Puyallup Indians continued to lease land directly to Japanese tenants.

The Washington State Alien Land Law was amended in 1923 to prohibit Issei from buying additional land for the Nisei. Prosecutor Selden did not enforce the new law. For their part, Japanese families waited until the eldest child reached 21 before purchasing property.

There was one unusual property transaction that attracted statewide attention. When John McAleer died in 1928 he willed his property to Nisei Ray Yamamoto, the 16-year-old son of Kichigoro Kay Yamamoto. McAleer's brother and sister sued the Yamamotos for undue influence in the preparation of the will. A white jury found McAleer of sound and disposing mind when he prepared the will. Furthermore, the panel noted, the relatives who were suing had refused to help McAleer when he asked them to work his farm.

The education of the Puyallup valley Nisei followed a pattern established by the Issei in 1909. Parents enrolled their children in the Nihongogakko, or Japanese language school, when they turned five. The
FIFE PUBLIC SCHOOL RECORDS FROM 1907 TO 1942 SHOW THAT THE JAPANESE, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SWISS SECOND GENERATION OUTNUMBERED STUDENTS OF AMERICAN-BORN PARENTS.

Nihongogakko met all day, six days a week, eleven months of the year. When children reached the age of six, their fathers registered them in the nearest public elementary school. The Nisei attended public school six hours a day and then went to the language school for two more hours. The Nihongogakko operated a special Saturday session for students who turned out for sports. At age ten, a few Nisei transferred to schools in Japan.

Fife public school records from 1907 to 1942 show that the Japanese, Italian, German, and Swiss second generation outnumbered students of American-born parents. James Mitchell, Fife Elementary School's principal for 25 years, extended the "melting pot" theory to include the Japanese. His idea of fairness went beyond the classroom to the playfield and lunchroom, and he was swift to punish students for fighting, swearing, or using racial slurs.

The eighth grade statewide exam results indicate that only a handful of the Puyallup valley second generation tested below average between 1917 and 1937. Indeed, Masako Martha Sakamoto of Sumner achieved the highest statewide score in 1923. At Fife High School most girls registered for homemaking courses and the boys coupled agricultural sciences with Future Farmers of America activities. The 1930s marked the golden age of Nisei participation in high school sports. During the summer, Puyallup valley boy and girl athletes competed with western Washington teams in leagues sponsored by the Japanese American Courier.

At one of the Courier baseball games, editor James Sakamoto met Manabu Yamamoto, president of the Fife Japanese Boys' and Girls' Club. Sakamoto talked about organizing a coast-wide organization to combat discrimination against Japanese. Because it was harvest season, Yamamoto could not attend the August 29, 1930, meeting to institute the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL). John Fujita, Kiyo Higashi, Ayako Ohashi, Tadao Yoshida, and Juro Yoshioka represented the Puyallup valley.

Before the formation of the JACL, breaking through employment barriers had occurred one profession at a time. Fife High School graduate Katsuko Watanabe was the first Japanese American to receive a registered nurse's degree in 1927. Three years later Clarence Arat of Seattle was the first Nisei to become a licensed attorney. That same year Jack Maki and Henry Tatsumi began teaching at the University of Washington. The drive for equal employment opportunity suffered a major blow when the Great Depression descended in 1929. Only 6 out of 151 Fife male graduates during the 1930s matriculated into universities and colleges. Most went directly from commencement ceremonies to working on the family farm. For some there was no farm. Thirty-four Pierce County Issei went broke during the early 1930s. Among the bankrupt were Yokichi Nakanishi and the Ohashi brothers. There were now six farmers left of the group sponsored by Nishi.

The Nikkei farming families that survived the Depression did so because of the groundwork laid by Soroku Kuramoto and Thomas Tajiro Sakahara. In 1916 the two vegetable contractors shipped 60 railcar loads of vegetables to Midwest commission agents. Fourteen years later the two Issei entrepreneurs sent 500 cars. In 1924 Kuramoto and Sakahara persuaded 100 Japanese and 70 white farmers to incorporate the Puget Sound Produce Association. From its inception, the PSPA was the largest agricultural conglomerate in Pierce County.
PSPA provided the Nikkei on the land a means of surviving the Great Depression and a haven during the boycott scares of the 1930s. According to Nodankai minutes, Issei feared a massive stay-away movement by local whites every time Japan conquered a new Chinese province. Nodankai repeatedly requested that Nisei encourage their parents to support the Japanese cause with their Caucasian friends. To the Issei's frustration, the Puget Sound area pledged cooperation in carrying out evacuation. The Dogen, Fujita, and Kibe families relocated voluntarily to a farm near Klamath Falls, Oregon, but vigilantes drove them back to Fife. All but 2 of 29 Nisei who owned land found white neighbors willing to care for their property. Half of the Issei leaseholders found white farmers willing to work their land. The remaining leases were turned over to Farm Security. The first generation planted crops while stoically awaiting their destiny.

On May 10, 1942, Lieutenant General J. L. DeWitt issued Civilian Exclusion Order Number 58, directing 1,067 Nisei farmers in the Puyallup valley to report to Area C at the Puyallup Fairground Assembly Center immediately after processing on May 14 and 16. While construction contractors lauded Camp Harmony as a record-breaking achievement, inmates contended with non-functional bathroom plumbing and overcrowded mess halls. Camp Minidoka, in Idaho, was not much better.

The day dreaded for 10 years came on Sunday, December 7, 1941. Everyone huddled by their radios, listening to the latest news from Pearl Harbor and Washington, D.C. During the afternoon Federal Bureau of Investigation agents picked up the Nodankai officers and Issei who had served in the Japanese Imperial Army. The Nisei took over responsibility for the community. The Puyallup valley and Tacoma JACLs formed a joint emergency services committee in an abandoned language school.

For the next 74 days the Nikkei were battered by conflicting governmental regulations. United States Attorney General Francis Biddle appointed an alien property custodian. Tacoma Farm Security Administrator Sherwin Blackwell told Nikkei farmers that they must continue to cultivate their crops or the military would seize their land.

On February 20, 1942, a terse page-one bulletin appeared in the Tacoma News Tribune: "President Roosevelt has authorized and directed the secretary of war to set up military areas in the country from which any persons, either alien or citizen, may be barred or removed." The 111 Nisei farmers in the Puyallup valley pledged cooperation in carrying out evacuation. The Dogen, Fujita, and Kibe families relocated voluntarily to a farm near Klamath Falls, Oregon, but vigilantes drove them back to Fife. All but 2 of 29 Nisei who owned land found white neighbors willing to care for their property. Half of the Issei leaseholders found white farmers willing to work their land. The remaining leases were turned over to Farm Security. The first generation planted crops while stoically awaiting their destiny.

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Through the early months the Pierce County Japanese promised each other that they would stick together and return to the land as a body after the war. Over the next three years the rural community gradually broke up and the dream of returning home crumbled. First to leave the concentration camp was a group of seasonal workers. A few asked for and received indefinite leaves. Next to go were the university students, followed by the Nisei who joined the army. Five Puyallup valley Nisei were killed in action. At the invitation of Mayor Elmo Smith of Ontario, Oregon, hundreds of Nisei restarted in the Treasure Valley. Among the new Oregonians were 69 former Pierce County farmers.

One by one, 33 Nikkei farming families came back to Pierce County after the war. Among the returnees were the Mukais and Yotsuuyes, the last of the Ehime Prefecture families sponsored by Kyuhachi Nishii. The returning Japanese Americans were greeted with responses that varied from sincere welcome to outright hostility on the part of white residents.

At first the Nikkei sold their crops to major vegetable processors and the supermarket chain stores. The Nisei recreated the Puyallup valley Japanese American Citizens League, which participated in the national and statewide civil rights struggle. The national JACL's antidiscrimination committee successfully lobbied Congress to eliminate race as a bar to immigration and naturalization. On the local level, after three exhausting tries, the infamous Washington State Alien Land Act was finally repealed in 1966.

Today only a handful of Nikkei still farm in the Puyallup valley. The land is gradually being swallowed by urban expansion. Of all the farming families Kyuhachi Nishii helped come to America, only the determined Yotsuuyes remain. And their time is short. The new State Route 167 extension from Puyallup to Interstate 5 cuts directly through their property. It is an anomaly of history that recognition of the Puyallup valley Issei's great deeds will not be consecrated where they fought prejudice and hatred for the right to farm. That memorial stands where the great adventure started—Yawatahama, Japan.

Ronald Magden is a historian, author, and adjunct faculty member of Tacoma Community College, and former president of the Tacoma Historical Society.
THE INLAND NOVELS OF NARD JONES

By Peter Donahue

I remain unregenerate, a Salmon Eater, an Apple Knocker, a Rain Worshipper, a Sagebrusher, and a Whistle Punk from the Big Woods. In brief, a Pacific Northwesterner," declared Nard Jones in Evergreen Land, his 1947 portrait of Washington, his home state. No writer before or since Jones has had a more thorough grasp of the terrain, history, and people of this region. And no writer has done more to chronicle the Northwest in both fiction and nonfiction.

A historian, journalist, and novelist, Nard Jones (1904-1972) made his greatest contribution to Northwest letters through his fiction, ranging from literary realism in the mode of Sinclair Lewis to dime-store pulp novels. Jones's best works depict the Inland Northwest—the wheat-growing country of the Palouse, the bunchgrass deserts of the Upper Columbia, and the town centers of Spokane and Walla Walla—during the years between World Wars I and II.

A Seattle native, Jones spent his teens east of the Cascades and eventually attended Whitman College before returning to Seattle to launch his writing career. His first novel, Oregon Detour (1930), is set in Weston, Oregon, where he attended high school. Jones portrays the small farming town situated between Walla Walla and Pendleton in the rough, racy manner of the New Realism practiced by many novelists of the period. With the novel's publication, the author caught the attention of reviewers nationwide and stirred up a minor scandal among Weston townsfolk because, as scholar George Venn says, "the events and characters in Oregon Detour were neither genteel nor romantic."

For this very reason, Oregon Detour provides an authentic portrayal of a Northwest wheat-growing community, a focus Jones would only sharpen in his next inland novel, Wheat Women (1933). Like the film Days of Heaven (1978), Wheat Women tells a sweeping, tragic tale of the hardships that farming families—especially wives—endured during harvest when everything hinged on timing, bushels-per-square-acre, and market price. Despite criticizing Jones for the terseness of his prose, one reviewer called Wheat Women a "truly American hook."

Women play a pivotal role throughout Jones's Inland Northwest novels. In All Six Were Lovers (1934), the author brings his characters in from the ranch and sets them in Inland City, where the town priest ends each sermon with "prayers for a bountiful harvest." The novel is comprised of flashback chapters based on six former lovers of a recently deceased townswoman, Leah, at whose funeral all six men serve as pallbearers.

Throughout the inland novels, the distinction between "first families"—those descended from original settlers—and recently arrived residents becomes an important social marker. In All Six Were Lovers, the first families rule Inland City's social life through the all-women's Sunshine Club, yet the newer residents increasingly control the town's politics and commerce. Having staked their claim to Inland City, the new townsfolk must nonetheless flee to Seattle or Portland for relief from the town's snooty provincialism.

Nard Jones next examined the role of the Columbia River in the settlement of the Inland Northwest. Swift Flows the River (1940), his most popular novel, follows Caleb Paige, whose coming-of-age story parallels that of the steamboat trade as the territory moves toward statehood. Like most historical adventure-romance novels, this work's virtues lie in its historical insight and verisimilitude.

The novel opens with the 1856 Indian attacks on white settlements, and recounts the settlers' eagerness for statehood following the Kansas-Nebraska Act. This law opened up the Oregon Territory to slavery, which settlers fiercely opposed. Caleb encounters the prospecting party of Captain E. D. Pierce, which brought about the gold rush on Nez Perce lands, and observes the effects of the 1862 Homestead Act on Steptoeville. When news about the bombardment of Fort Sumter reaches the Northwest, the settlers take little interest in the war between the states and instead ponder "a great Pacific Coast Republic composed of Oregon, California, and a State to be formed out of Washington Territory."

Swift Flows the River also offers a pre-dam record of the Columbia River...
from Celilo Falls into the Big Bend. Caleb logs each set of rapids he navigates—the Umatilla, Hell-Gate, Middle John Day, Upper John Day, Indian, and Four O’clock—as he strives to become the pilot of his own steamboat.

In Still to the West (1946), Jones returns to the Inland Northwest during the Depression era. Ellen O’Malley, whose pioneer grandfather fought Chief Joseph and whose father is a prominent wheat farmer, grows up in Walla Walla and attends Whitman College, an institution viewed as “a paradox in that broad valley of wheat and rye grass.” Yet Ellen is as good a “sack sewer” as any man and can ride a thresher from dawn to dusk. When the farmer she marries prefers to the Inland Northwest during the Depression era. Ellen O’Malley, whose pioneer grandfather fought Chief Joseph and whose father is a prominent wheat farmer, grows up in Walla Walla and attends Whitman College, an institution viewed as “a paradox in that broad valley of wheat and rye grass.” Yet Ellen is as good a “sack sewer” as any man and can ride a thresher from dawn to dusk. When the farmer she marries prefers.

As a teen, she was inspired by the vast Grand Coulee canyons her granddad took her to see. As an adult, she becomes inspired by the proposed construction of the dam—touted as “The Biggest Dam Thing in the World”—and stands among the 20,000 people gathered on the coulee rim in 1934 when President Roosevelt breaks ground on the project, proclaiming, “It shall be the opportunity of still going West.” Even Ellen, however, presciently questions “the old danger of disturbing things of the earth and water and sky that have long been undisturbed.”

Still to the West was Nard Jones’s last Inland Northwest novel. Though he published a popular history of Whitman Mission (The Great Command, 1959), his deep attachment to the region is most fully revealed in his novels. The reader comes away feeling that had Nard Jones lived long enough, he would have found his way to the bleachers at the Combine Demolition Derby in Lind, Washington, to take notes for his next inland novel.

Next issue: “The Coastal Novels of Nard Jones.”


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**Additional Reading**

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

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**Night of the Klan**


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**Early Images of the Northwest**


Reports of Explorations and Surveys, to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, in 1853-54, available at [http://cprr.org/Museum/Pacific_RR_Surveys/index.html](http://cprr.org/Museum/Pacific_RR_Surveys/index.html).

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**Commemorating Celilo Falls**


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**Ballots, Babies, and Brothels**


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**Nikkei on the Land**


National Park, City Playground
Mount Rainier in the 20th Century
Reviewed by Dr. Ken Zontek.

Look, we’re loving this mountain to death,” observed Regan Velasquez, a Seattle REI employee, as he staked down from 9,000 feet on the flanks of Mount Rainier at a mob of alpinists practicing glacier crossing techniques. That Velasquez hailed from Seattle along with three of the other five climbers in his party and that he witnessed a plethora of activity on the mountain illustrates the crux of Theodore Catton’s National Park, City Playground: Mount Rainier in the 20th Century. Catton, a longtime Seattle resident, contends that the park’s development has revolved around competing forms of use from Puget Sound urban dwellers. He supports his argument by documenting the evolution of activities within the park against the backdrop of politics and policy in a dynamic relationship with local interests.

The emphasis on Seattle and Tacoma is obvious in the title of the first chapter, “A Tale of Two Cities,” which explains the push of Puget Sound area mountaineers and businessmen to achieve national park status for Mount Rainier. Catton next describes the machinations and intrigues that resulted in the nation’s fifth national park. While the park’s founders possessed differing visions regarding its recreational uses, development, and aesthetic value, they shared common cause in limiting use by miners, loggers, hunters, and shepherds along with traditional Indian harvesters. Meanwhile, road access played a key role in planning and development.

Catton focuses next on National Park Service (NPS) director Stephen Mather who charted the course for Mount Rainier fairly early in its development and pursued his vision during the Depression and World War II. Mather’s legacy persisted in the form of single concession contracts for parks, which in the case of Mount Rainier highlighted the difference between the desire for concessionaires to attract out-of-region travelers dependent on concession transport and accommodations versus the reality of Mount Rainier where most visitors lived in the region and partook little in park concessions. The intra-region versus inter-region issue became moot, though, during the Great Depression with its infusion of New Deal programs and workers such as the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) whose participants possessed a variety of geographic backgrounds. Along with a discussion of Depression-era development, Catton describes the pseudo-patriotism that spawned discussions of timber and mineral harvesting in the park during World War II. The NPS did not allow the implementation of such development demands.

Catton labels the time period 1945-1965 as the “contentious years.” There were three primary issues. First, the NPS sought to renegotiate the relationship with its ailing concessionaire, Rainier National Park Company. Although the park service bought the concessionaire’s structures and allowed it to subcontract, the company failed as a profitable enterprise. Second, alpine ski area development vexed administrators as they wrestled with interest groups that ranged from detecting to applauding the idea of a ski area within the park. The NPS opted not to develop a chairlift-based alpine facility. Growing visitor circulation loomed as the third issue. The administration chose to keep the road to Paradise open as much as possible while improving campgrounds around the park.

Catton rides the theme of contention along with reinforcement of the Seattle and Tacoma influence throughout the final two chapters. He describes the concept of “recreational carrying capacity” over the last 55 years of the 20th century. The NPS balanced automobile use with public transportation, climbers with waste production, day hikers with erosion, alpine skiing with Nordic skiing and snowshoeing. Catton writes, “The Mount Rainier National Park experience today remains as contested as it is sublime.”

Catton delivers an insightful book with a comprehensive bibliography highlighted by host of manuscript collections. Mount Rainier aficionados will want to add the book to their collections as it answers the interrogative “why” aroused by various elements of the park experience. Why is there no tramway? Why is there limited parking? Why does Paradise Lodge possess its unique architecture? Catton answers these questions and many more and offers an alternate perspective on larger historical developments—e.g., the National Park Service, environmental movement, impact of the automobile, and the CCC to name but a few. His synthesis of these topics into the story of Mount Rainier is both edifying and thorough.

Ken Zontek, an environmental historian and ethnohistorian, teaches at Yakima Valley Community College and at Heritage University on the Yakama Reservation. He is author of Buffalo Nation: The American Indian Effort to Restore the Bison (University of Nebraska Press, 2007.)

Soul of the City
The Pike Place Public Market
Reviewed by Elizabeth W. Lee.

To the average Pacific Northwest resident the words “Pike Place Market” evoke images of fish-throwing, fresh fruits and vegetables, flowers, and local knickknacks. Many people are completely unaware of the struggles the market endured over its century in Seattle. Soul of the City, originally published in 1982, celebrates Pike Place Market’s centennial in this updated edition, describing all of the joys and hardships that this landmark underwent. Authors Alice Shoret and Murray Morgan (1916-2000) have made excellent use of many illustrations (160 in all), interviews, and various primary sources in telling the market’s intriguing story. They truly understand how the spirit of the people made the market the national icon it is today. From the very first farmers wanting to sell their goods directly to the public in the early 20th century to members of organizations making buttons and flyers and poring over...
legal documents to keep it alive in the 1960s and 1970s, Pike Place Market is a product of the people.

The book begins with life in Seattle before the market existed. The city depended on middlemen to sell local produce. Often there were complaints of cheating and unfair practices from farmers and customers alike. Amid this turmoil the idea of a public market, where farmers could sell their products directly to customers, was born. From these humble beginnings, Pike Place Market flourished into the mid-20th century. During World War II the market encountered difficulties when Japanese farmers were relocated and interned, leading to hundreds of empty stalls. There followed a desire of many entrepreneurs to utilize the primemarket real estate for residential, commercial, and recreational projects. However, through it all, the market was able to survive through the passion of many people. Today Pike Place Market is not just a place to purchase produce and other goods; it is also a social outreach hub, with a senior center, clinic, farmer assistance programs, and other services.

Most Seattle residents have fond memories of Pike Place Market, whether it is buying flowers for a birthday, finding the perfect souvenir for a visiting friend, or sampling fresh fruit from a local vendor. For these people, it is hard to imagine life without the market. In reading "Soul of the City," one can truly appreciate how much so many people have put into this Seattle institution over the years. Despite self-promoting undertones, the narrative is well supported by original research. "Soul of the City" does a brilliant job of presenting the history of this landmark in a way that is accessible to every reader. One cannot open the book without seeing a photograph, sketch, or poster from the market. This updated edition marks the centennial anniversary of Pike Street Market.

Lizzi Lee is a native of the Pacific Northwest who currently lives and works in Seattle. She completed her education, including college, in Washington schools.

Native River
The Columbia Remembered

River of Memory
The Everlasting Columbia
By William D. Layman. Wenatchee: Wenatchee Valley Museum & Cultural Center in association with the University of Washington Press, 2006; 160 pages. $40 cloth; $24.95 paper.
Reviewed by Michael Treleaven.

In truth, the Columbia was never an easy river to know," writes William D. Layman in "River of Memory" (xiii), citing David Thompson's long years of exploring. But Layman means this for us, too, because, while possessed of modern maps and satellite photography, learning and seeing the river's tapestry of stories and cultures likely eludes us.

For the modern experience of the Columbia River, we are perhaps at a tipping point when living memories of the great river's past are fewer in number and possibly lesser in quality. The river is the center of the region, and has been for millennia, but as older recollections fade the richness of this place becomes invisible to us.

Layman's two books of remembrance unveil a great deal of what has been lost by the rapid development of the river as a resource. His achievement is to evoke the wealth of cultures, spirituality, topography, and natural beauty present before we radically simplified the Columbia in pursuit of prosperity. Though some sadness comes with such recovery of the past, also offered is Layman's very appealing love of the still tremendous Columbia River landscape.

Both books are rich with photographs and other illustrations depicting the river's scenes as they were in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Simply bringing together these images, often from distant places of deposit, sometimes from forgotten collections, is a wonderful contribution. But Layman goes further by providing the reader with Native American records and spirituality, letters and diary entries of explorers and settlers—with, generally, a sense of the people who lived with the Columbia before it was engineered into a system for commerce.

"Native River" treats of the Columbia from Priest Rapids, Washington to the border with Canada. Layman gives a great deal of attention to the river as native peoples experienced it, with native stories and accounts, images and faith speaking of ties to the life of the Columbia. Also offered are voices of explorers, missionaries, and settlers.

"River of Memory" is a record of the river from the Pacific Ocean to the headwaters in British Columbia. Even if one is accustomed to the river's varied locales, these two books wonderfully startle and engage the reader. "River of Memory" includes contributions from contemporary artists, especially with illustrations of indigenous fish in their ranges in the river. Poets of today's region evoke and illuminate each section of the Columbia. The book is published in conjunction with an exhibition of the same name which will have visited six Northwest museums between 2006 and 2008.

These books have a place with the best scholarship on the Columbia. Together they bring forward voices and times and places hidden from us by time and by engineering achievements. I have likely seen most of the river, haltingly, over my years. To know this river, though, one must know its biography—its life, the life that flourished from it. William Layman and his collaborators have done this region a wonderful, good deed in these two books, and our learning is thus graciously encouraged.

Michael Treleaven earned his Ph.D. at the University of Toronto. He teaches courses on the Pacific Northwest and on environmental politics in the Political Science Department at Gonzaga University.

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