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FROM THE EDITOR

A Westerner’s Vantage

I hope you, the readers of COLUMBIA Magazine, have enjoyed the series of staff perspectives that we have run in this space for the last year and a half. It was my intention, in commissioning these small vignettes, to give the members and friends of the Washington State Historical Society some degree of insight into what I know well—the tremendous skill, care, and commitment to mission that the staff of this organization bring to their areas of stewardship.

Speaking of perspective, I had occasion earlier this spring to visit the “North Country” of upstate New York and, specifically, my alma mater, the State University of New York at Plattsburgh, for the first time in 35 years. I was invited back as a visiting alumnus, and it was great fun seeing some of my old professors who did so much to mold my outlook on the study and value of history, and visiting several classes talking about my career in public history.

But as I reflect back on that trip, and all that has transpired since I graduated from Plattsburgh in 1970, I’m struck most of all by how much better I am now able to “read” a landscape than “back in the day.” Perhaps this is a simple function of maturity, and to a degree I’m sure that is the case. But more to the point, I think that having lived in the state of Washington for my whole adult life I have developed a Westerner’s ability to look at place.

This realization came to me while driving to and from Plattsburgh from my brother’s house in Massena, about 90 miles distant. As a relative youth I had driven that route dozens of times, but on this trip it was as if I beheld the North Country for the first time. I “saw” things that had never made an impression on me before—for example, the sequence and shape of the few watersheds one crosses in a traverse over New York State’s northern tier. Understanding watersheds is vital to understanding the West, particularly the grand ones—like Puget Sound or the Columbia River.

As I told the students at my alma mater, a fundamental element in the appreciation of history’s values is discerning perspective. Discerning perspectives are also what we attempt to bring to you with each issue of COLUMBIA.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
We come to our monsters young," wrote the naturalist Robert Michael Pyle in 1995, and he was right: the bogeymen of our youth never quite leave us. Sometimes, however, they do more than just frighten—they inspire. They motivate us as human beings toward art, science, exploration—what John Gardner called "dashing across chasms on spider webs"—providing, by way of contrast, a means of defining ourselves.

I first became aware of Grover Krantz as a child, when he was interviewed for a segment of director Robert Guenette's sensational documentary, The Mysterious Monsters (Schick Sun Classic Pictures, 1975). Krantz impressed me, even at that young age, with his informed observations and bold conclusions—especially regarding the famous Patterson-Gimlin film of 1967 (which depicts what appears to be a large, bipedal hominid moving across a dry riverbed in Bluff Creek, California). Particularly compelling were the arguments Krantz used to counter those of Geoffrey Bourne of the prestigious Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta, Georgia.

While Bourne had the easier task (analyzing a loop of shaky, grainy Super 8mm film, the poor quality of which could mask any number of frauds), it was his arguments, not Krantz's, that seemed weak. One example was Bourne's characterization of the creature's "sagital crest," the cone shape atop the skull, as being distinctive of a male primate—thus creating a paradox, as the creature depicted in Patterson's film appears to have pendulous breasts.

Krantz, however, characterizes this crest as an indicator of size, not gender. "Beyond a certain size," he explains, "the jaw muscles must find attachment on a special crest, and it happens that only male gorillas and orangutans get that big. If there were a female primate of the 500 pound body size... it would have a crest as well."

If "the search for hidden animals is a skirmish in our continuing war against the death of wonder," as Peter Steinhart contends in Audubon, then it should be no surprise that for us, the wonder-starved children of the 1970s, Grover had us at "hello."

Grover Sanders Krantz was born November 5, 1931, in Salt Lake City but lived in Rockford, Illinois, until the age of 10 when he traveled with his family back to Utah. He earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Utah in 1955 and a master's degree from the University of California in 1958. Though already a professor of anthropology at Washington State University by 1968, he earned his doctorate from the University of Minnesota in 1971, by which time he was already hip-deep in his study of the Sasquatch phenomenon.
The following decades were years of furious productivity for Krantz, as his Bigfoot findings were published widely. Chief among these were these books: The Scientist Looks at the Sasquatch (1977), The Scientist Looks at the Sasquatch II (1979), The Sasquatch and Other Unknown Hominoids (1984), Big Footprints: A Scientific Inquiry into the Reality of Sasquatch (1992), and Bigfoot Sasquatch Evidence (1999).


It was Krantz's appearance in a variety of sensational documentaries that introduced him to America and cemented his future as a Northwest icon. As the first serious academic to study Bigfoot and a defender of the Patterson-Gimlin film, it is easy to see why filmmakers sought him out. But Krantz was no calculating opportunist; indeed, he avoided publicity unless he thought it might advance the search. Aware that such publicity could cause his career to suffer, Krantz once wrote: "Anything that suggests association with the lunatic fringe, and Sasquatch is a classic, can certainly retard one's professional career. Finding proof of the Sasquatch would mean that almost all anthropologists and primatologists would have to admit they were wrong about something." Other times he was less circumspect: "The close-minded bastards want to run me out of the profession."

In their 1990 book, Other Origins: The Search for the Giant Ape in Human Prehistory, Russell Ciochon, John Olsen, and Jamie James rejected Krantz's theories outright, dismissing him as "a fervent believer," who had "stepped outside the bounds of science." Others disagreed. Jeffrey Kline, a former pupil of Krantz's, told the Seattle Times, "He was the quintessential scientist.... For him, the world was a hypothesis. He wasn't politically correct. He wanted to know why things were the way they are [sic]."

Krantz himself said more than once: "I don't believe in Bigfoot. I have certain knowledge that causes me to conclude." One can't help but find such a statement suspect. After all, this was a man who once sported prosthetic brow ridges for six months to ascertain their usefulness to

TOP: Grover Krantz measures a large footprint in the snow. Krantz's Sasquatch theories were respected by some and rejected by others.

BOTTOM: Map of Sasquatch sightings in Washington and Oregon. Washington leads the nation in Sasquatch sightings, with Oregon a distant second.
Homo erectus. People stared in disbelief, even fear. Krantz’s conclusion: the brow ridges were some sort of signaling device.

This was also the man who had spent countless hours assembling a kit helicopter with the aim of soaring over the rainforests of the Pacific Northwest in search of a bigfoot’s remains—with a rifle lashed to the strut, presumably. Krantz was unapologetic regarding his belief that if a dead Bigfoot could not be found, one should be made. His wife would not allow him to try out the contraption, but it is unlikely it could have flown anyway.

Robert Michael Pyle wrote in reference to Krantz: “If there is one common trait among this odd bunch (the Bigfoot hunters), it is that they all belong to the species Roger Patterson called ‘the eternal individualist... each one full of foibles and crotchets and more or less obsessed—probably as it should be for seekers of grails’”—or, at least, for seekers of new frontiers in the heart of a conquered one. In this context, Krantz and his ilk may be seen as epitomizing the Western mind-set.

One thing is certain: Krantz repeatedly risked his name and tenure by stating an unpopular position and defending it. John Green (On the Track of the Sasquatch and Sasquatch: The Ape Among Us) wrote of Krantz, in memoriam, “His courageous example did much to stimulate participation in the study by both scientists and laymen, and for that he deserves the respect and gratitude of everyone involved.” Some of those involved have included Myra Shackley (Still Living?: Yeti, Sasquatch, and the Neanderthal Enigma), lecturer in archaeological science at the University of Leicester, and John Napier (Bigfoot: The Yeti and Sasquatch in Myth and Reality), the late former director of the Primate Biology Program at the Smithsonian Institution.

Krantz’s similarity to other professional scientists who have studied the phenomenon has its limits, however. For in allowing himself to become synonymous with the subject (one of what enthusiasts call the “Four Horsemen of Sasquatchery,” along with John Green, Rene Dahinden, and Peter Byrne), he perhaps went where no other trained scientist had before—whether he intended to or not.

In doing so he captured the imagination of millions—including some stringy-haired 1970s kids at Spokane’s Garland Theater—and helped pave the way for future researchers, such as Idaho State University’s Jeffrey Meldrum, author of Sasquatch: Legend Meets Science. Paved or not, it hasn’t been an easy road. A tenured professor, Meldrum—like Krantz—has been derided by colleagues for his interest in the phenomenon, despite an endorsement from no less a figure than Jane Goodall.

Grover Krantz died at his home in Port Angeles, Washington, on February 14, 2002, of pancreatic cancer. His wife of 20 years, Diane Horton, whom he had met at a Sasquatch conference, remained with him to the end. Though his body was donated to the “Body Farm” at the University of Tennessee and his bones and academic materials were sent to the Smithsonian Institution, Krantz nonetheless failed in his last wish to have his own skeleton mounted for public viewing. Such a request was only natural for someone like Krantz, the man who for six months had hunched over his plaster casts with discriminating eye but simian brow; who had constructed his own helicopter with the hope of flying the fog roads of Cascadia; who had scrutinized the dark between trees through perhaps clouded eyeglasses; Krantz the martyr and zealot, crop duster of dreams over the Pacific Northwest wilds—our own Ichabod Crane.

Robert Pyle dedicates his book to “the searchers and dreamers. For the ones who walk in mystery.” Krantz was all three. A man who may or may not have fervently believed but personified the notion that every theory begins with a question, every question with wonder, and wonder with a mystery. If Bigfoot is proven a farce, and Krantz may not be included among those who helped “fill in the blank spaces” on our map, he should be credited still, in this age of shrinking frontiers, for doing something extraordinary—putting some of those blank spaces back.

Wayne K. Spitzer is an author, actor, and independent filmmaker who grew up in Spokane. His focus has been on the science fiction and horror genres.
Ten Years on the Auto Racing Circuit

Cars once screeched around corners at breakneck speed on a South Sound raceway that rivaled the biggest and best in the world. All the big-name racers of the day came to Tacoma to compete when the town was booming early in the 20th century. Cigar-smoking Barney Oldfield, the first man to drive a mile in a minute, was among the giants of auto racing who left rubber on the Tacoma Speedway. For a brief span of time, 1912 to 1922, nationally known racers vied against locals in front of enthusiastic Tacoma crowds. After the grandstands closed for good, the land was converted to other, tamer uses. The site later became an airport and a naval station. Now it is home to Clover Park Technical College in Lakewood, a suburb just south of Tacoma.

"It was the most nationally known thing to happen to Lakewood, and now no one knows about it," commented speedway historian Wayne Herstad, who has collected items relating to Tacoma Speedway for the last 25 years and is still gathering material for a book about the track's history. He has binders brimming with photos and programs organized year by year. "It was a great track," said Herstad. "Everyone got into the act."

The track opened in 1912 after a group of Tacoma businessmen led by Arthur Pitchard, president of the Tacoma Automobile Association, collected backers and built a five-mile, all-dirt track. The course ran around what is now Lakeview Avenue, where the grandstands stood, to Steilacoom Boulevard to Gravelly Lake Drive to 112th Street. The first races were held July 5 and 6, 1912.

"Terrible" Teddy Tetzlaff, a well-known racer of the day, was set to headline the initial race, but he was kidnapped just days before the contest and held for ransom. It was rumored that he was confined in a Tacoma brothel, recalled Herstad with a grin: "When his bosses came to pick him up, he didn't want to leave."

The track changed quickly in those first years, shrinking to a three-and-a-half-mile course in 1913, then to a two-mile track in 1914. The shorter course more or less ran through what is now Steilacoom Boulevard and Gravelly Lake Drive to 100th, then back to Lakeview.

Renowned racer Earl Cooper won at Tacoma Speedway in 1913 and 1914. In 1915 he placed second; had he won that year, he would have been able to keep the revolving "Mountamathon" trophy, which featured Mount Tacoma with race cars etched into its...
side. But after his 1915 loss, he was obliged to return it. The trophy came back to him, though, when he returned to Tacoma in 1929—long after his retirement—for a promotional event. The defunct race track's organizers still had the trophy and honored him with it during a banquet dinner. It now resides in the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Hall of Fame Museum, to which Cooper donated it in 1955.

The grandstand shifted to Steilacoom Boulevard in 1914. A split-board track replaced the dirt in 1915. The two-by-four-inch planking was placed end to end, with the narrow side facing the ground. Gaps between each board were stuffed with gravel to economize on lumber. The track required 15 tons of 20-penny nails and two million board feet. Its corners were banked 18 feet from the track, and the narrow side facing the inside of the course and crashed two train engines together. The Seattle train stayed on the track and so was deemed the winner.

"Grudge matches were big back then," noted Herstad. But that crash wasn't what people had come to see. Many of them wanted their money back because they came to see race cars, not trains. Race organizer Garrett Fisher's solution was to schedule a rematch between Parsons and Aubry for August. But the race was not to be. Aubry died in a race in Rose City, Oregon, in late July.

With a crowd of some 7,000 spectators, famed driver Eddie Rickenbacker dodged around cars in his Maxwell to a first-place finish in a race on August 5, 1916. It was a disappointing turnout since the grandstands were built to handle three times that many. Rickenbacker then vacationed, along with some 30 of his closest friends, at Oregon's plush Crown Point Chalet to rest after the race and celebrate his victory. He later became known as the "Ace of Aces," for shooting down 25 German planes during World War I. Rickenbacker returned to the Tacoma track after the war to serve as a referee in 1919 and 1921.

The open-air cars did not have seat belts. Franzen was tossed from the car; he hit a stump and died instantly. Carlson died the following day. The only other driver fatality in the track's career occurred in 1917 when Conrad Hanson, racing his Hudson around the track, crashed after also blowing a tire.

T here were three races in 1916. The first was on June 4. Seattle Stutz dealer and noted race car driver Jim Parsons had just bought Earl Cooper's famous car, the Stutz No. 8, the "most win­ningest" car in racing. Parsons wasn't so lucky with the car—it suffered a cracked piston when he drove it in Tacoma during an Independence Day race against the son of machinist and business owner J. E. Aubry of Aubry Wagon and Auto Works. Ulysses Aubry won the race in his custom-built "Tacoma Special." Herstad has the design specifications for the car that raced an airplane later that day in an exhibition event.

Also on the race card in Tacoma that July were: a "fat man" race, where men over 200 pounds ran a 100-yard dash, then sped around the track in cars; a women's race; and a well-publicized grudge match between Tacoma and Seattle involving trains. The race organizers laid a mile of railroad track between the boards in the track. "That car went airborne," said Herstad.

Barney Oldfield at Tacoma Speedway in his "front drive Christy," c. 1917.
The track went patriotic during the war years of 1918-1919. The famous Indianapolis race track shut down because of World War I patriotism, but the Tacoma course stayed open and ran “Liberty sweepstakes,” with cars flying all the flags of the forces united against Germany.

The grand days of the Tacoma Speedway were short-lived after that. It was the only Class A track besides the one in Indianapolis, and when the stands burned down in 1920—the fire was ruled arson—its owners had no insurance.

“They thought that was the end of the races,” Herstad said, “but they somehow pulled together enough money and started again.” The new grandstands partially covered the seats following a $100,000 fund-raiser, but the track was losing money.

Over May 30-31, 1922, Wells Bennett set a new 24-hour motorcycle endurance record during a publicity event at the track. He rode 1,562.54 miles, averaging 65.1 mph on a stock Henderson Deluxe, only stopping for fuel, oil checks, and brief rests, according to a history of engine maker Excelsior Motor Manufacturing & Supply Company.

The last car race at the track was held July 4, 1922. The first multiple Indianapolis 500 winner, Tommy Milton, had won on Tacoma’s track in 1920 and 1921, and came in second in 1922 to Jimmy Murphy. Milton did pretty well for a man with only one eye. He had been blind in one eye since childhood. “It’s kind of a hidden story of racing, but it’s a fact,” said Herstad.

The waving of the checkered flag that day marked the end of racing at Tacoma Speedway. The track officially shut down at the end of the year, a victim of falling gate receipts. Airplanes found that the grassy oval inside the racetrack made for a great landing field. The massive four-by-inch posts used to frame the grandstands were later incorporated into a Pierce County barn, noted Herstad. He has sections of the grandstands in his basement. They are easily identifiable by the tell-tale V-shaped notches on their ends, which match perfectly with the V-shaped notches shown in photos of the grandstands in his collection.

The flat grassland eventually was built out as part of the Mueller-Harkins Airport. Herstad has the actual letter signing over the Tacoma Speedway site to the airport backer and calling for a $250 down payment. The City of Tacoma used the airstrip, called Tacoma Municipal Airport, as its commercial field for a time, and national air shows were held at the site until World War II. The federal government then seized the property for use in the war effort. The seizure dispute wasn’t settled until 1944. The site served as the navy’s Pacific Naval Advance Base before shifting over to the State of Washington for use as an industrial park, according to Tacoma News Tribune articles of the time. The property was approved for use as a technical school in 1962. Some of the track area around what is now the corner of Lakewood Drive and Steilacoom Boulevard have become part of the hangar for the Clover Park Technical College’s airfield test strip.

Steve Dunkelberger is editor of the Business Examiner newspaper, a founding member of the Lakewood Historical Society, and coauthor of Images of America: Lakewood.
By Terrence M. Cole

LASKAN LITERATURE IS RICH with infamous falsehoods, frauds, and forgeries. This is not because no one in Alaska knows how to tell the truth, though admittedly the region has long had a reputation for a liberal, almost postmodernist attitude toward prevarication. During the Klondike gold rush at the turn of the 19th century, the Seattle Times reported that “there were more liars to the square inch in Alaska than any place in the world.”

Whether or not Alaska did in fact have the world’s highest population density of liars, frontier conditions dictated that

A direct relationship between a drop in temperature and a decline in truthfulness has never been scientifically proven, but the topic of Alaska has always been a ripe field for authors with an elastic sense of reality and a good imagination.

The Mad Rush for Truth in the Frozen North
the whole truth was generally not the normal bill of fare in the far north. Wilson Mizner lived in Alaska for more than five years, from 1897 to 1902, and later went on to fame, fortune, and bankruptcy as one of America's most notorious bon vivants and literary wits of both Broadway and Hollywood, and one of the developers, with his brother Addison, of Boca Raton in Miami during the Florida land boom of the mid 1920s. Mizner is one of most often-quoted Americans in history; some contend that it was he who first coined the phrase, "Never give a sucker an even break," and likened Hollywood to a tour through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat. He was himself described by Damon Runyon as "the greatest man-about-town that any town ever had."

Mizner provided one of the harshest assessments of Alaska's pioneer literary production, concluding that virtually everything ever written about the gold rush was nonsense. His biographer, Alva Johnston, claimed that Mizner had a "lifelong contempt for Arctic fiction, with its supermen and its superdogs," and a special hatred—inspired in part by honest jealousy—for the works of Jack London. "Fifteen years after the death of Jack London," Johnston wrote, "Mizner still got indignant at hearing him praised." Rather than Jack London's hardy frontiersmen of tooth and claw, Mizner said the reality of early Alaska was that most men were greedy but timid weaklings who couldn't shoot straight. He recalled one memorable evening in the Yukon Valley when a saloon-full of gold miners were boasting about their shooting prowess, and suddenly a rabid husky dog charged through the door. "Everybody began shooting at it," Mizner recalled. "They hid behind the bar and made barricades of chairs and tables, took careful aim, and blazed away. The floor, walls, and ceiling were peppered with bullets." When the smoke finally cleared, according to Mizner, not a single one of the storied frontier sharpshooters had even come close to hitting the mad dog, which was still standing in the middle of the saloon; in the end it was the bartender who resolved matters by clobbering the poor brute on the head.

Of course Mizner's "true story" is about as realistic as a scene from one of his Broadway comedies; it sounds as lifelike as a sketch from Mel Brooks's Blazing Saddles. "Like most men who make laughter the main object in life," his biographer admitted, "Mizner was somewhat given to exaggeration."

The tendency to improve the truth may simply be part of the storyteller's craft because life is infinitely complicated and stories, no matter how complex or sophisticated, are relatively simple, pared down from the multitude of messy details that a raconteur must eliminate to hold the audience. Unless the tale occasionally wags the truth, a story is unlikely to be either memorable or even comprehensible.

Since the United States purchased Alaska in 1867, one of the simplest and most enduring story lines of social and political commentary in Alaska has been the charge of the federal government's neglect of the territory, which has allowed undue outside domination by absentee corporate interests. To an extent this was just a local manifestation of a national campaign for enlightened government that emerged in the late 19th century during the Progressive Era. The battle against government neglect was a central thrust of the progressive movement. Reformers and public-minded citizens charged that government malfeasance, corruption, and inaction in the face of corporate mischief by a wide assortment of robber barons—meatpackers, drug manufacturers, transportation companies, sweatshops, oil companies, etc.—were destroying the American dream of justice and democracy for all. In the same way that Upton Sinclair exposed the meatpacking industry in The Jungle and Frank Norris tackled the railways in The Octopus, Alaskan author Rex Beach wrote The Looting of Alaska and The Spoilers, about the judicial corruption that plagued the Nome gold camp.

The first formal and systematic articulation of the wholesale federal abuse of Alaska was by progressive historian Jeanette Paddock Nichols in her 1923 political history of the territory, while the fullest elaboration came 30 years later from Alaska's brilliant New Deal governor, Ernest Gruening, who wrote a provocatively titled volume, The State of Alaska, in 1954. Gruening's history of the territory was the scholarly front in his campaign for Alaska statehood, which was finally achieved in 1959.

Alaska gained incalculable benefits, power, and resources with statehood, including a state constitution that generally emphasizes the primacy of local control and self-determination above competing interests. It also received a disproportionate share of the federal budget pie and federal power—far more than its citizens have ever paid into the national treasury—thanks particularly to the influence and longevity of Alaska's senator Ted Stevens. Even so, the "neglect thesis" is one of the staples of Alaskan history, popular culture, and political campaign rhetoric.

Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that Alaskans are so used to telling this story about themselves, and so expert at complaining—like most Westerners—about how they have been abused by outsiders, that in this age of victim
The decline in the propensity for telling the truth at high latitudes—particularly among those with a high level of alcohol consumption—can perhaps be deduced from this undoctored gold rush-era photograph of a "typical" Alaskan barroom. The horse had no comment.

glorification and the popularity of the so-called "new Western history," the Alaskan neglect myth is still simply irresistible even in the 21st century.

A corollary to the well-worn neglect thesis is what I would call the "igloo thesis," the notion that Alaska's real problem is the ignorance of outsiders about actual conditions in the state—the "we don't live in igloos" refrain. Alaska's Governor Scott C. Bone wrote in 1923 that trying to showcase the real Alaska to the world was his highest priority.

"Inherently, Alaska is all right," Bone wrote in his 1923 annual report. "Its paramount need is and ever has been to be known and understood. Popular misconception has been its heaviest handicap. Climatic fallacies are now being eradicated. Truth is at least implanting itself." According to Bone, Alaska had a mild and almost temperate climate. The territory was "blessed with ideal summers," though he conceded that winters in the interior were "no more bleak and forbidding" than places like Montana, Wyoming, or North Dakota.

Whether one accepts Governor Bone's rosy depiction of Alaska's climate or not, his contention is representative of one of the two basic types into which most Alaskan literature seems to fall. Authors typically take great delight in either debunking common wisdom about the far north or reveling in it. They either reject what we think we know about this faraway land or re-affirm our preconceptions in gory detail.

One of the greatest northern debunkers was explorer, scientist, lecturer, and kontroversiast Vilhjalmur Stefansson, author of The Friendly Arctic (he said he particularly enjoyed the title simply because it made people so angry) and numerous other works. Stefansson's provocative essay, "The North That Never Was," had a simple thesis: 90 percent of what the average, well-educated person "knew" about the Arctic was wrong. The Far North, he said, was surrounded by a great "wall of ignorance" much more impenetrable than anything ever built by man.

Probably the most preposterous book in the history of publishing, and a favorite target of Stefansson's, was Thirty Years in the Golden North, the alleged memoir of a Czech miner named Jan Welzl. Thirty Years is so outrageous that it is hard to imagine why anyone with a shred of common sense could not have been able to see through the fraud.

Consider, for instance, his experiences as a dog musher. Not in the 10,000 years or more that humans have been driving dogs in the Arctic has anyone ever done what Welzl claimed he did routinely: deliver the mail with a team of 350
dogs. Supposedly this massive canine corps, stretched out over half-a-mile, would pull a train of 24 sledges with a total load approaching nearly 50 tons. This dog express train, he claimed, like a fast freight on the main line, never stopped once it started, so pick ups and deliveries were made on the fly. In cold weather, he wrote, apparently without a trace of humor, mail drivers would use nitroglycerin cartridges to blow up the ice and create sleeping caves for shelter in the storm. “This has happened to me,” he wrote, “heaps and heaps of times.”

Even someone who was just remotely familiar with basic human biology should have realized that the book was a fake after reading Welzl’s section on medicine. The author alleged that he once saw a badly frostbitten man pull off his own nose. Fortunately, an Eskimo doctor later arrived and grafted the nose of a young child in its place; supposedly, Eskimo parents were perfectly willing to give up their children’s noses whenever necessary.

Frostbitten fingers were even easier to remove. “When the hand or the fingers are frostbitten,” Welzl maintained, “the patient has to bang the limb against the edge of a table and the frostbitten parts drop off.” Dentistry was rather crude as well. According to Welzl, he once solved a man’s toothache by tying a rope to a team of five dogs, hooked to a pincers wedged on the sore tooth. When he fired a shot the dogs took off and supposedly the tooth came clean out of the man’s mouth, without even breaking.

But nothing in the entire book was more bizarre or ridiculous than his rendition of Eskimo sexual practices and child-rearing habits.

On our island Eskimo girls are mature as a rule at the age of six. As soon as the first signs of maturity appear, the child lives with all the men in the family, her brothers, father, in fact, all of them. She generally has her first child between six and eight…. After the child is born, the mother’s breasts swell and from that time onwards the Eskimo woman has milk all her life. That is why she will nurse at any time and anybody, other adults actually come and feed on her milk. Sometimes I have arrived at an Eskimo hole, poked my head in and seen two women lying on the ground feeding each other. Sometimes they feed dogs, too.

Instead of dismissing Welzl’s book as the hogwash that it obviously was, many critics gave it high praise for insightfulness and originality. The north was apparently so far away and so strange, readers were more than willing to accept sheer nonsense. Unbelievably, Thirty Years in the Golden North sold at least 150,000 copies in 1932 and was a selection of the Book of the Month Club. Stefansson shared the same publisher, the Macmillan Company, and to his horror, instead of pulling the book from circulation after he pointed out some of its most obvious errors, the publisher actually released a sequel called The Quest for Polar Treasures the following year.

While Welzl’s book is clearly the most egregious example imaginable of a pure fraud, it has not had the long-term impact of two other works that are almost equally brazen in their distortion of the truth.

Though first published nearly 120 years ago, Hubert Howe Bancroft’s History of Alaska, 1730-1885 is still the most comprehensive work about the Russian period of Alaskan history, and it set a low standard for truthfulness. Bancroft’s research assistant and writer, Ivan Petroff, holds the distinction of probably telling more lies about Alaska that were believed for more years than any other person in history.

Not much is known for certain about the Ivan Petroff’s background, but it is clear that he was a world-class liar, cheat and forger. He was ostensibly a Russian émigré, though some scholars say he was probably not Russian at all. With careful detective work, Richard A. Pierce, the esteemed scholar of Russian America, has tried to follow Petroff’s tracks in search of the truth about this elusive character. Pierce discovered that Petroff proudly served three tours of duty in the United States Army during the American Civil War; He became a three-time veteran because he deserted to earn additional signing bonuses.

Petroff first came to Alaska on a fact-finding trip and research tour for Bancroft in 1878. He evidently found facts about Alaska to be in short supply, and so he fabricated a dozen manuscripts, totaling some 200 pages—still housed reverently in the Bancroft Library at the University of California in Berkeley—which Petroff claimed were original Russian documents he had translated. The only original thing about these documents was that they had originated with him. Some have suggested that Petroff could hardly write the Russian language, but apparently that never hindered his skill as a “translator” of imaginary documents.

Petroff invented a sizable portion of Bancroft’s History of Alaska, including a notorious story of the seduction and murder of Father Juvenal, a respected Russian Orthodox missionary and martyr. This is probably the single most famous incident in Bancroft’s entire 775-page history. It is certainly true that Father Juvenal was a Russian Orthodox martyr, but the scandalous details Petroff invented of how and why he was killed have no relationship to reality. The seduction
of Juvenal by a young native girl is one of the most famous events in all of Russian American history, and like Parson Weems's famed account of George Washington and the cherry tree, it never occurred.

According to Petroff's nearly pornographic depiction, while preaching in a village on the Alaska Peninsula in the summer of 1796, Father Juvenal told the local natives they must "put away their secondary wives." In revenge, the local chief supposedly sent a young native woman to seduce the priest, and that night he succumbed to her alluring charms. As Bancroft's history discreetly put it, "In the dead of night, according to his own confession, an Ilyamna damsel captured him by storm." The evidence was Juvenal's supposed diary—actually written by Petroff—in which the Russian priest both confessed his sin and explained the details of his indiscretion. To prove the story, Petroff dutifully included the entire fake diary entry in a long footnote in Bancroft's history. Juvenal is supposed to have written:

> With trembling hand I write the sad occurrences of the past day and night. Much rather I would leave the disgraceful story untold, but I must overcome my own shame and mortification, and write it down as a warning to other missionaries who may come after me. In the middle of the night I awoke to find myself in the arms of a woman whose fiery embraces excited me to such an extent that I fell a victim to lust, and a grievous sin was committed before I could extricate myself. As soon as I regained my senses I drove the woman out, but I felt too guilty to be very harsh with her. How can I hold up my head among the people, who, of course, will hear of this affair? I am not sure, even, that the boys in the adjoining room were not awakened by the noise.

Inexplicably, except for the fact that Petroff invented the story, Father Juvenal then supposedly swore that his highly embarrassing confession was true. "God is my witness that I have set down the truth here in the face of anything that may be said about it hereafter." In the days that followed, Petroff explained how Juvenal was wracked by guilt and shame. "My disgrace has become public already," his alleged diary continues, "and I am laughed at wherever I go, especially by the women. Of course, they do not understand the sin but rather look upon it as a good joke." For his penance, Juvenal sentenced himself to a cold winter without heat. "I have vowed to burn no fuel in my bedroom during the whole winter, in order to chastise my body—a mild punishment, indeed, compared to the blackness of my sin."

Despite his remorse, Juvenal continued to insist that the local chief with three wives abandon his polygamous relationship, which was allegedly the reason why the chief had the priest killed some time later. The purported journal stops short in the middle of a sentence; the martyred priest's last words were purportedly,

> "My wound pains me so that I can scarcely...."

> "Here the manuscript journal breaks off," Bancroft's history concludes, "and probably the moment after the last
line was penned his assassins entered and completed their work by stabbing him to the heart.”

Once the notorious story of Father Juvenal’s seduction made it into print, like all such published lies, it took on a life of its own. Due to the story’s salacious nature, however, most writers using the book as a reference only referred to it in passing. For instance, in her 1919 travel account, writer Agnes Burr said delicately that Father Juvenal was “a man undoubtedly of high ideals, earnest, and conscientious in his beliefs, but weak in practice.”

Perhaps historians are a more skeptical lot, because over the years most generally distrusted the Juvenal seduction story, or at the very least were too discreet to mention it, except in a footnote. One notable exception was popular historian Hector Chevigny. In his 1943 book, Lord of Alaska: Baranov and the Russian Adventure, he devoted an entire chapter to “The Sin of Father Juvenal,” though he admitted in his bibliography that the diary manuscript, which Petroff claimed to have translated, was of “doubtful authenticity.” In later years Chevigny clearly realized the spurious nature of the story and included no mention of it in his more comprehensive 1965 history of Russian America.

Although most historians have long been wary of Petroff, other writers in desperate need of written sources—particularly anthropologists—proved to be far more gullible and eagerly swallowed the bait, as anthropologist Lydia Black pointed out in a 1981 essay in Ethnohistory. Black criticized many prominent anthropologists who used the Juvenal diary simply because no other sources were available. On the other hand, she pointed out, historians had generally recognized that “archival materials associated with the name of Ivan Petroff cannot be automatically taken at face value,” even if such experts had to “admire the man for (his) sheer audacity and richness of imagination.”

While Ivan Petroff’s fabrications have been exposed, the handiwork of a gold rush participant named Arthur A. Dietz has never received any recognition as the purported author of the greatest fake gold rush memoir ever written. In 1914 Arthur Arnold Dietz published one of the most memorable books about the 1897-98 Klondike Stampedes, Mad Rush for Gold in Frozen North.

Dietz’s shocking memoir tells a horrific tale unmatched by any other Klondike account for its volume of death and starvation, hardship, and suffering. Men drop dead, disappear into glacial crevasses, freeze their limbs, or suffer snow blind-

“Imagine that great army of misguided humanity—the very flower of America’s best physical manhood—going down to death for mere gold...."
One can crossover on the crusted snow in the spring of the year in fancied security, not realizing the chasms, caverns, and crevasses of unknown depths beneath him, unless he has traveled across there in summer. We measured one crevasse that...was estimated to be 1,800 feet deep. Men have been known to have fallen in those refrigerating chasms and their bodies were never recovered. How many have lost their lives there will never be known.

Powell claimed that crossing the Valdez Glacier was more dangerous than traversing a war zone. “Of all the noises made about the war with Spain,” he wrote, “the Valdez glacier has caused more death than did the whole Spanish navy.”

Fewer people died on the Malaspina only because far fewer—no more than several hundred at most—attempted it. As anyone can testify who has ever seen the huge glacier up close, climbing up the Malaspina Glacier was like walking across a minefield the size of Rhode Island. A prospector loaded with a ton of supplies might as well have charted a route over the top of Mount Everest as to navigate the dangerous crevasses and ice falls for hundreds of miles on a moving river of ice.

The first mystery about Dietz’s memoir is who wrote it. Though Arthur Arnold Dietz is listed as both the author and the copyright holder, the preface is attributed only to “Author” and written in the third person. “During the time he was away,” the preface explains, “Mr. Dietz kept a diary in which he recorded his adventures up until the time when he lost all record of time in the great Arctic night, but he kept a record of every incident for the two years and two months that he was away.” Mad Rush may have been written by a friend or colleague of Dietz’s, but based on the quality of the writing, it was probably scripted by a professional ghostwriter or perhaps a Los Angeles journalist looking for some extra money. Whoever wrote it did so with simple, sharp sentences and a refreshing clarity that makes the book seem convincing. For instance, upon his arrival in Seattle, Dietz looked in awe at the con men and hucksters fleecing the men bound for the Klondike. He said Seattle “was more wicked than Sodom; the devil reigned supreme.” He had never seen anything like the evil he witnessed in Seattle. “Previous to that time I thought that nothing could surprise a New Yorker.”

Little is known about Arthur Dietz except what is in the book itself. Seattle newspaper accounts at the time of the gold rush list his name on the passenger manifest of the brigantine Blakeley, the ship on which he sailed north in February 1898 (though the book mistakenly states that the voyage took place in 1897). The book claims that Dietz was the physical education director of the New York City YMCA when he caught gold fever.

For a book that is supposedly based on a diary, however, the author’s memoir is both unbelievably vague and inaccurate, almost as if it was written in an alcoholic stupor or perhaps one of the blinding snowstorms that he frequently describes. Monstrous factual mistakes are spread throughout every chapter, and these are major blunders—like the freshman geography student who mistakes Africa for Australia—not the occasional misspelled name or incorrect date upon which some critics instinctively pounce with such delight.

LEFT: Arthur Arnold Dietz, the supposed author of Mad Rush for Gold in Frozen North. The 1914 book was “based on a true story,” but this preposterous tale is one of the great fabrications of Alaskan history, long accepted as factual by journalists and historians.

BELOW: As Dietz and his fellow treasure hunters prepared to set sail for Yakutat in February 1898, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer launched news of the expedition with grandiose hyperbole well suited to a voyage to a place where the truth was in short supply.
For instance, Dietz makes the nonsensical claim that when his party landed on March 24 at Yakutat near the foot of the glacier the sun was doing the impossible—shining almost all night long just days after the spring equinox: “The absence of night appealed to us as being very peculiar.” There is no place on the planet that can receive more than 12 hours of sunlight around the time of the equinox. What is truly peculiar, however, is that they also claimed to have seen the Northern Lights at Yakutat, a difficult feat under the brightness of the Midnight Sun. At one point the author claims “the Aurora Borealis was so brilliant that it was almost as bright as day and it was difficult to sleep at any time.”

Further on, the author tells of one member of the party dying from typhoid fever, which his companions believed he contracted by digesting too many mosquitoes with his food. Dietz also states that, while carrying a 50-pound bag of beans, he stumbled and broke his right wrist in two places. “From that time on,” he noted, “for several weeks, I was compelled to use my left hand for everything, and I became left handed.” They consumed so many beans on the trip, commented Dietz, that for 15 years after his return he could not eat them.

By his own admission, Dietz’s party had only the faintest idea where they were going. He claimed that originally they were not even going to stop at Dawson City but were instead bound for an unnamed spot hundreds of miles north of Dawson on the “lower Mackenzie River.” After they had somehow mysteriously learned of a “wonderful supply of gold along the Tanana River, we changed our minds.” He further admitted that he and his companions “were the only ones who attempted to enter the goldfields by the route we took.” Their absolutely unerring faulty sense of geography meant that they never knew exactly where they were at any time, and his repeated statements of losing all track of time—again, and again, and again—meant that they had no bearings in either space or time, and these are two of the most consistent indicators that the narrative is completely fabricated. “As I look back now,” he said in one typical passage, “this portion of my life seems clouded in an almost impenetrable maze. I had no definite idea of the passing of time.”

In the end, Dietz or whoever wrote the book probably crafted the story as a cautionary moral tale about the dangers of greed. When fear replaced greed, he had a life-changing experience; his road to Damascus was across the Malaspina Glacier:

The fact that we were in all probability hopelessly lost, many miles from civilization, impressed itself upon us. For the first time since we left New York City we were thoroughly frightened. Life even with its terrible hardships had never seemed so sweet, and that we had been so foolish as to imperil it to seek gold now appeared to be unthinkable. GOLD! We detested it; we hated it, and from that day on we did not spend a minute looking for it. Our ambition was demoralized. Our single and only thought was to save ourselves and try to get out of the country.

Looking back on his youthful adventures in Alaska more than a dozen years later, Dietz was philosophical about what he had endured. “Behold, the power of gold!” he warned. “Imagine that great army of misguided humanity—the very flower of America’s best physical manhood—going down to death for mere gold, which after all is a minor consideration in the affairs of men.” Dietz claimed that he had spent nearly two years, by his reckoning, wandering the wilderness of Alaska, searching for gold, but in the end it was an easy choice to leave his money belt and his small stash of gold behind:

When after untold hardships I made my way into the heart of Alaska, and it came to be a question of life or death, I left behind the gold I took along without great regret as I would leave behind a worthless burden. I have learned the value of gold as compared with life. But in 1896 I did not realize that or this story would never have been written—or experienced.

For nearly 100 years Dietz’s harrowing memoir has been accepted as a reputable work of nonfiction, as a reliable memoir of a gold rush stamperede. The real lesson of Mad Rush for Gold in Frozen North, however, is to be careful of what you choose to believe. That was true during the gold rush, and it is equally true for literary explorers who venture into the uncertain terrain of Alaska’s historical literature.

Terrence M. Cole is former editor of the Alaska Journal and author of four books and dozens of articles about Alaska and northern history. He is a professor of history and director of the Office of Public History at the University of Alaska Fairbanks.
During the Great Depression local girls in “woody” bathing suits enlivened civic events and parades in Hoquiam, Washington. The teenagers volunteered to promote the plywood industry by wearing bathing suits made from thin strips of spruce. In 1931 Movietone news sent reporters to document Mrs. J. A. Martin, the designer, sewing suits near stacks of lumber on the Hoquiam dock. The story of the spruce belles was shown in movie houses across the country. In this photo teenagers Maxine Martin, Eleanor Eddy, Theta Steen, and Tralice Steen pose in their spruce togs in front of the Movietone truck.

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To the **BRINK** and **BACK**

The Bannock War
Pounds at the Door to Washington Territory

A photograph of Chief Moses on horseback is juxtaposed over a present-day photo of Rattlesnake Springs where the bodies of two settlers were found by friends in July 1878 after the couple went missing. Some accused Moses of the crime even though it was clear he had nothing to do with it.

BY MICHAEL MCKENZIE
REPORTER: What Indians are engaged in this late uprising?

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK: The Bannocks, Paiutes, and some of the Shoshones....

REPORTER: Is it not rather hard that men and officers should be sent out there to be killed by the Indians, when all the trouble has been brought about by thieving agents?

GENERAL CROOK: That is not the hardest thing. A harder thing is to be forced to kill the Indians when they are clearly in the right.... I do not wonder, and you would not either, that when these Indians see their wives and children starving, and their last source of supplies cut off, that they go to war.

REPORTER: It seems to me that it would be cheaper to treat the Indians justly.

GENERAL CROOK: Of course it would be cheaper.... Our treatment of the Indian is an outrage.

—Interview with General George Crook, Omaha Herald, June 21, 1878 (reprinted in the Pendleton East Oregonian, July 13, 1878)

More than any other armed conflict between the United States and the indigenous peoples of the Northwest, the so-called “Bannock War” of 1878 left a lasting impact on all who lived in the region, an impact far exceeding its modest casualty figures and its relatively brief duration. This was especially true in the eastern portion of Washington Territory, a locale where there were no formal campaigns or battles. Panic and fear were at fever pitch on both sides, and the area came within a hair’s breadth of being engulfed in a conflagration that might have forever changed the development of the territory and the state.

In that season of fear there were two tragic confrontations in the eastern part of the territory, each pushing the region closer to the edge of catastrophe. Both occurred in July and involved unprovoked attacks against noncombatants—bands of Columbia River Indians mind ing their own business, and a rancher and his wife heading for Yakima to visit relatives. Due to their horrendous nature, both attacks were seared into the memory of their respective peoples, and the accounts were passed down to later generations. These confrontations came at one of the many flash points of the war, when the situation was so dire that the governors from both the state of Oregon and Washington Territory visited the front lines to assess the situation, call for more arms, and confer with the commander, the famous “Praying General,” Oliver Otis Howard.

The Bannock Indians lived near Fort Hall in southeastern Idaho. They had suffered through the near extinction of the northern buffalo herd, administrations of mediocre Indian agents, and woefully inadequate government food rations. Frustration gave way to anger, then desperation. The final straw came in May 1878 when whites took to raising livestock on Camas Prairie, “reasonable portions” of which had been set aside by treaty for the Bannocks 10 years earlier. Ranchers had brought their hogs onto the Bannocks’ root grounds, destroying yet one more vital food source. The Bannocks shot and wounded three of the ranchers, and the war was on.

A Climate of Fear

People who did not experience that Indian war do not realize the terror and bloodshed and loss it incurred. There is a lot of misinformation about the Bannack [sic] War, and much of it has gotten into print.

—Darius H. Smith, 1929, Harney County Pioneer

There are a number of reasons why this particular war created a palpable climate of fear. Unlike the Nez Perce War of 1877, which began in the region but left fairly quickly, the Bannock War was first and last a Northwest conflict, with its swath of destruction and terror swirling around the region’s interior like a resident tornado. First of all, neither local settlers nor native villagers could ever feel at ease, fearing that hostile warriors, unfriendly cavalry, or mounted volunteers could appear at any moment. This attitude of dread was exacerbated by the fact that, unlike the Modoc War of 1873, the Bannock War was not a static campaign, contained in a relatively small geographical area, but rather a series of brief but violent fights conducted over a wide area in a five-month time period. Although it began in a faraway corner of Idaho in late May, the war quickly escalated into a fast-moving, intense guerilla campaign that exploded into eastern Oregon, then galloped northward toward the Columbia River and Washington Territory. After a battle the Bannocks and their allies would melt away into the landscape like ghosts, only to appear miles away, often when and where they were least expected.

Second, unlike the more famous Nez Perce War, this conflict brought out the worst in humanity, with both sides resorting at times to mutilating their enemies’ bodies and attacking civilians. Farmers, ranchers, peaceful natives, women, and children were all targeted at one time or another. In fact, out of the 40 American citizens reported killed, only 9 were soldiers. On the other hand, army gunboats on the Columbia had no qualms about firing artillery and Gatling guns indiscriminately into groups of natives without provocation, undertaking their own campaign of terror and slaughter.

Third, the flames of panic and fear were fed by a mode of journalism that favored sensationalism over reporting the truth. Frontier newspapers played a critical role in communities lucky enough to have one, but papers often became an official sanction of the worst of social mores and beliefs—exacerbating panics and hardening intolerant attitudes. The Dayton News had set the tone with its vitriol during 1876 and 1877, taking every opportunity to lambaste the government for its weak Indian policy, claiming that it was time to quit
coddling the local natives. Indians were termed "pests" and "squirrels," and the paper did not hesitate to state that even the "meanest" of the whites killed by the Nez Perce "was of more value to the world than a hundred Indians like Joseph." Pendleton's East Oregonian was not far behind the News, sermonizing that "Indian agents may cry peace, peace, but there can be no peace until the last one of the red demons [dies]... and every time one of them bites the dust every good citizen will say Amen; so be it; bless the Lord; hallelujah!"

In fact, such invective-laden journalism had even come to be known as the "Oregon Style," a genre of reporting that specialized in personal attack, mirroring the situation of the times. Editors also published material they could easily lay their hands on, printing pieces from other papers, rumors and hearsay from friends, freighters, and unknown travelers, with little patience to check on the story's accuracy. A Lakeview, Oregon, attorney, Chandler B. Watson, spoke of the newspapers' unreliability during the summer of 1878, complaining that citizens "were subjected to floating rumors and the tales of adventurous souls... and much that they told we put down to fiction." Thus, newspapers were both a blessing and curse, providing information to news-starved settlers but often proving to be conduits of mere fiction when truth was most needed.

Fear feeds off the unknown, and the great unknown that summer was the disposition of the last remaining Northwest native leader who had not been either killed or relegated to a reservation: Chief Moses, who had assumed his father's name, Sulktalthscosum, or "Half-Sun." Would the chief stay out of this fight as he had the Nez Perce War the year before, or would this be the year that he would finally lead a vast federation of warriors against the settlers? The residents of eastern Washington had faint hopes for the former, but were deathly afraid of the latter—and for good reason.

Moses was the acknowledged leader of many of the Columbia Salish or Sinkius peoples, and called much of modern-day central Washington home. He had martial and family ties to numerous tribes and bands throughout the region, and his camps in the eastern part of Washington Territory were magnets for growing numbers of disaffected warriors and their families, products of wars and failed governmental policies. By 1878, Moses had achieved significant renown amongst both natives and whites, and there can be little doubt that there were many warriors who would willingly fight under his leadership. Thus, as the region baked in the July sun, all eyes were on the Columbia River: it was common knowledge that the Bannocks and their allies would sooner or later attempt to cross, trying to link up with Moses.

**War Comes to the Territory**

Standing on the north bank of the now-placid waters behind McNary Dam, some six miles upstream from Umatilla, this place looks anything but menacing. Water laps gently against moss-covered rocks and puffs of breeze flutter the small, sage-colored leaves of the Russian Olive trees that line the bank. It is hard to believe that this peaceful setting was once the scene of stark terror and the spot where the Bannock War arrived at the door of Washington Territory on July 8, 1878. But we need to peel back the layers of modernity—the sounds of the Burlington Northern Santa Fe trains and the images of river tugs pushing slow water. Buried far beneath the reservoir, the basalt cliffs themselves would tell a story that is just as turbulent as the river they once guarded.

The cliffs had provided pockets of shelter for numerous native fishing villages at this location, but these same rocks would show the deep scars and pock marks of artillery and Gatling guns, the forerunner of the modern-day machine gun. The scars came from a torrent of shells unleashed by the gunboat Northwest on peaceful natives who were drying their catch of eels and summer-run salmon in the July sun. That is what the land tells us; as to why, the human witnesses tell sharply conflicting stories. The act of firing on non-aggressive Indians here and elsewhere in the vicinity was called
“heroic” by the army, “cowardly” by the natives. What is not in dispute is that these encounters supplied potent fuel for revenge.

In early July numerous reports stated that the Bannocks and their allies were indeed heading north and would at last try to cross the river to join Moses. This scenario of a Sinkiuse-Bannock alliance worried General Howard more than any other possibility, and he directed Colonel Frank Wheaton to obtain steamboats outfitted with artillery to patrol the Columbia River and “intercept the hostiles.” Wheaton in turn hired the steamboats Northwest and Spokane, the former to patrol between Wallula and Umatilla Landing under the command of Lieutenant Melville C. Wilkinson, and the latter vessel covering the river below Umatilla under the command of Captain John Kress. In this region the Columbia flows mostly through low hills cut by numerous draws leading to the river; the terrain supplies numerous crossing points for both people and animals. Old maps show trails fanning out to the north, and the old wagon road from Umatilla to Seattle roughly parallels present-day Interstate 82 on its way to Kennewick.

According to the army's version of events, the patrol boats were a great success, preventing large-scale crossings of hostile natives. In fact, these engagements were apparently the stuff of which heroes are made, prompting the army to award Kress the Distinguished Service Cross in 1925 for “extraordinary heroism in action near Umatilla, Oregon, July 8, 1878,” and for his “gallant and fearless leadership in frustrating the [Bannock’s] plan of spreading the war among the Indians to the North.” General Howard also expressed his public approval with the actions of both gunboats, stating that it would be “necessary” to treat combative Umatillas “just as Kress and Wilkinson are doing.” Kress himself reported two “very lively skirmishes” with the natives, and in his official report praises his crew “for standing firm at their posts under fire.” Andrew D. Pambrun, a former Hudson's Bay Company employee who reported being on the Spokane during one of these expeditions, describes the rifle fire of the Indians as “almost riddling the Pilot House.”

Even at the time, though, there were whispers that perhaps some of the gunboats' actions were far from heroic and that the fights may not have been as fierce as Kress and others led the public to believe. Upon examining the Spokane just two days after the battles, an Oregonian reporter wondered why gunboats were firing on Indians who had “offered no violence to any one,” and was also surprised to find just two holes made by bullets, surmising that rumor had augmented the combat. Also, according to Kress's official reports, he himself initiated these fights, firing artillery and Gatling guns at people whose only hostile action was either to cross the river or to ride away. Such actions seem far from being extraordinarily heroic. Even Kress's reported skirmishes on land lack that level of bravery.

If there are reasons to be suspicious of Kress's “heroism,” there is even less support for the actions of Lieutenant Wilkinson on board the Northwest. Steaming down from Wallula, he fired his artillery and Gatling gun without the slightest provocation into a group of peaceful natives camped there, killing at least two men and one woman, wounding others, and laying waste to the entire camp. Even some of the settlers of the period reacted to his action with distaste, Pambrun calling it a “massacre” and stating flatly that “there was no excuse” for what Wilkinson had done. The following month the Walla...
Walla Union heaped scorn on the lieutenant's action, sarcastically predicting that Wilkinson's new post would likely prove a more difficult venue in which to garner the same sort of "honors" that he did on board the Northwest.

Beyond the dubious ethics of these expeditions there were undeniable and dangerous results from the gunboats' tactics. The Baker City Bedrock and Democrat had its doubts about "Wilkinson's wild raid up the Columbia" and opined that it would cause the very opposite of its intended result, driving Moses into the arms of the hostiles. Oregon Governor Stephen Chadwick grieved those whom the army could not protect and the Baker City Democrat predicted that Wilkinson's new post would likely cause the very result he intended to prevent.

If the gunboat attacks made some whites uneasy, they infuriated and grieved those whom the army could least afford to antagonize. The Reverend James Wilbur, a long-time Indian agent at Fort Simcoe, used his friendship with Moses to reassure the chief that such attacks were "mistakes" and not part of any larger plan.

The white people from The Dales, they all organized and got guns and got a steamboat and went up to the village and they killed all the old people, [who] don't do nothing, all the old ladies and all the old men and before these Indians got back to their home they were all dead so part of them went up to the Umatilla River and then part of them went up the Columbia River and crossed the Columbia River...and they came there to a white man and his wife and the Reverend James Wilbur, a long-time Indian agent at Fort Simcoe, used his friendship with Moses to reassure the chief that such attacks were "mistakes" and not part of any larger plan.

A steamboat came on the Columbia River, and fired on a camp of Indians at a place called Now-wow-wee, but none were hurt. On the same day a band of Indians crossed the Columbia River at Oom-i-tal-lum (Umatilla language), and pitched camp on the Washington shore. There were women and children in this camp, all peaceable, the men not having many arms. A steamboat came down the river, and without any warning opened fire on us with what seemed like a machine gun. A man named Wah-lal-loue, belonging at La-qua, on the Columbia, was shot in the arm, and fell dead....

They fired at me at where I lay hid but did not reach me.... Some of the Indians fleeing north came upon the white man and woman in the Rattlesnake Mountain, and killed them. This was to even up for their people being killed by the steamboat men.

—Mrs. Caesar Williams, 1916
(as told to L. V. McWhorter)

The white people from The Dales, they all organized and got guns and got a steamboat and went up to the village and they killed all the old people, [who] don't do nothing, all the old ladies and all the old men and before these Indians got back to their home they were all dead so part of them went up to the Umatilla River and then part of them went up the Columbia River and crossed the Columbia River...and they came there to a white man and his wife and the Reverend James Wilbur, a long-time Indian agent at Fort Simcoe, used his friendship with Moses to reassure the chief that such attacks were "mistakes" and not part of any larger plan.

A steamboat came on the Columbia River, and fired on a camp of Indians at a place called Now-wow-wee, but none were hurt. On the same day a band of Indians crossed the Columbia River at Oom-i-tal-lum (Umatilla language), and pitched camp on the Washington shore. There were women and children in this camp, all peaceable, the men not having many arms. A steamboat came down the river, and without any warning opened fire on us with what seemed like a machine gun. A man named Wah-lal-loue, belonging at La-qua, on the Columbia, was shot in the arm, and fell dead....

They fired at me at where I lay hid but did not reach me.... Some of the Indians fleeing north came upon the white man and woman in the Rattlesnake Mountain, and killed them. This was to even up for their people being killed by the steamboat men.

—Jim Sch-yowit, 1917, Louis Mann, interpreter (as told to L. V. McWhorter)

While these actions of the gunboats may have discouraged the Bannocks from a large-scale Columbia River crossing, they also created groups of angry warriors, some bent on revenge. One group proceeded north across the Horse Heaven Hills and was reported to have crossed the lower Yakima River at "Rocky Ford," just south of present-day Grandview. Old maps show numerous trails leading north from this point across the Yakima Valley and over the Rattlesnake Hills, with one leading directly to Rattlesnake Springs. When this group of angry men arrived at the springs they saw a white couple eating their lunch, and they had no way of knowing that their plans for revenge would have far-reaching repercussions.

**Murder at the Springs**

The Perkins Murder was one of the cruellest events in all the long and cruel history of Indian warfare.

—W. D. Lyman, History of the Yakima Valley, 1919

**Rattlesnake Springs** lies on the southern fringes of the Hanford Reach National Monument, its waters nourishing black willow and wild rose and the surrounding hills carpeted by waving stands of bluebunch wheatgrass. The very word "monument" comes from a Latin root meaning "to remind," so it is fitting that we let this place remind us of the tragedy that took place here. Unlike the Columbia near Umatilla, the physical environment around the springs has changed relatively little since 1878. There are no dams, trains, or barges, and virtually the only sound is the afternoon wind sighing in the grass.

Heading west around a nearby hill are the well-defined traces of the old wagon road between White Bluffs and Yakima. Etched into this same small hill are the deep ruts of an even earlier pack road used by miners heading to the mines of...
Canada and Montana. Important native trails also converged here, including a route that went south up the canyon through what is now called Snively Basin and over the Rattlesnake Hills toward the distant Columbia River. The springs were the intersection of great trading and migration routes for a variety of peoples and cultures, and by the late 19th century its dependable water had made it a popular camping spot for stockmen, natives, and travelers.

Today, a close look reveals a long-hidden reminder that this spot was not always so quiet and this once-important crossroads was marred by a profound tragedy. About 200 yards north of the main springs, a six-foot steel rod has been driven deep into the rocky ground, marking the spot where the bodies of Lorenzo and Blanche Perkins were found in late July 1878 by Stick Joe (a Yakama from Fort Simcoe) and John Edwards. The location was marked by Edwards and historian L. V. McWhorter in 1922.

In June 1878 Edwards and a group of friends had accompanied the Perkinses to look for land and stock in the rich Palouse country. Worried about the spreading Bannock War, they had urged the couple to return to Yakima City with them. Lorenzo Perkins, however, wanted to look after his stock at their ranch in White Bluffs, so the couple detoured to the ranch, telling Edwards they would see him in Yakima City for the Fourth of July. After the couple was overdue, an extensive search conducted near the springs discovered the bodies buried in separate piles of rocks. The horrible news was carried back to Yakima City by one of the searchers.

Well there is a terrible excitement about the Indians, there are thousands of reports flying; One is that the Bannac Indians are coming for Yakima and Kittitas and going to clear the valley's and maybe here tonight or tomorrow night, nothing certain. Purdy, Mr. York, Correl and Niburn have started down the river to see about it; signal fires were out last night, we are really in danger, everyone admits that this valley could easily [be] swept of every thing, I may never write in this again. However, I am willing to say, "God's will be done." If he choses to save us why all right, if not, all right, I am ready and not afraid to die.

—Journal of 14-year-old Hettie M. Flint, Yakima City, July 10, 1878

The murders threw an already panicky Yakima region into an uproar. The Perkinses were a popular couple (it was said that Blanche was pregnant), and these killings confirmed every settler's nightmare about the terrors of the Bannock War. Sod forts were hurriedly constructed or improved west of Yakima City in the Wenas and the Ahtanum Valleys, and many of the settlers in the Lower Valley fled to Yakima City, taking refuge in Centennial and Schanno.
Halls. Volunteer militia assembled and drilled in both Klickitat and Yakima counties, farmers worried about mysterious signal fires on the summits of the Horse Heaven Hills and Rattlesnake Hills, and posses were raised to hunt for the killers. Stark panic filled the air, and it was a common belief that the Bannocks, Paiutes, Sinkiuse, and Wanapums were uniting to sweep the valleys clean of settlers. As one writer put it, “the whole country was in the throes of a wild excitement.”

The murder investigation began promisingly: two Indians were arrested fairly quickly, and one of them gave Edwards a full account of the murders as well as the names of five others who were involved. The trial grew cold, however, and as summer gave way to fall, the settlers focused their frustration on one man as the target for their fear and rage—Chief Moses. Surely, this man who claimed to be chief of so much of the country either was behind the killings or, at the very least, sheltering the murderers. Unlike Kamiakin or Joseph, Moses had managed to avoid leading a full-scale war against the army, but dark rumors persisted of miners and cowboys disappearing on lonely trails. Moses himself admitted that in his early years he had been “up to his elbows in blood.”

The Perkins murders, like the attacks on the peaceful natives near Umatilla, brought the cruelty of the Bannock War to Central Washington—the war was here now, people could feel it—and both settlers and natives had reached their limits. Never mind that late summer saw the Bannocks and their allies begin to dissolve as a cohesive fighting force and slip out of Oregon to the east; the damage had been done and the sparks were already smoldering in Washington Territory. The only question remaining was what new event would set them off.

The Chief and the Preacher

The situation is one of great peril, and it is now looked upon as almost certain that war with Moses and the other tribes is inevitable.

—The Willamette Farmer, quoted in the Pacific Christian Advocate, March 13, 1879

Now, this day I have a hard knot given to me to untie.

—Chief Moses, letter to General O. O. Howard, written at Fort Simcoe, February 19, 1879

The region was marching inexorably toward war. With the unprovoked attacks near Umatilla and at Rattlesnake Springs hanging over the area like a pall, each camp had radicals wanting to settle things once and for all: anti-Moses groups and factions had organized in Yakima City and Kittitas, and the number of frustrated and angry warriors was growing around the chief’s own fires. Since there was not yet even the semblance of an official organ for news in Yakima City, wild and outlandish rumors completely took over the town, and it was a rare day when strident voices did not blast from saloons and stores about the latest Indian depredations or government weakness and failures. Citizens were further enraged in mid September when they learned that Moses had had the temerity to request an even a larger reservation from General Howard than he had the year before.

At his winter camp on lower Crab Creek, Moses fared no better. Settlers had long overestimated the amount of control he exercised over the large numbers of diverse natives now residing in the region, and the chief continually worried that one or more of them would commit some act for which he would be held personally responsible. He knew full well there were many who wanted him dead, and Yakima City hotheads apparently had planned at least one attempt to waylay him. Agent Wilbur knew that Moses’ life was at risk, and that “there were those who would kill him [at] the first opportunity.” This hatred and disrespect for the chief only provided fodder to those warriors in Moses’ camp who wanted action against the whites, not words; and some of the bolder ones even dared to call Moses “an old woman” for his reticence to fight.
As 1878 wound down it was apparent that matters had finally reached an impasse and that if war was somehow to be avoided the government needed to take a stronger role in crafting some proactive solution. If General Howard represented the sword of the government, it was Agent Wilbur who was its ambassador to natives in the region, and he would have to take a leading part in the delicate maneuvering that was needed.

Beginning in the fall of 1878, the interplay between Wilbur and Moses became a fascinating study in the flawed but important world of frontier diplomacy. There were many missteps along the way—one of them nearly fatal—but it was this strange pairing that helped nudge the region along the bumpy road toward peace. Wilbur had just gotten back from talking to his superiors in Washington, D.C., about how to resolve this very issue, and in October the Indian Bureau, desiring to hear Moses' side of the matter, requested that the agent ask Moses to come to Simcoe.

This conference, held on December 7, went well enough to prompt Wilbur to play a risky gambit: Would Moses accompany him to Centennial Hall in Yakima City, both to reassure the local population and to lend assistance in finding the remaining Perkins murderers? Moses matched Wilbur's boldness, agreeing to go, and there was reason for hope when the pair traveled to the very heart of the opposition—one of the actual buildings used to shelter settlers during the recent panics. Although it is doubtful the chief made many converts amongst the skeptical audience, he did offer to lend some of his own warriors to help find the Perkins murderers, and it was agreed that Moses and some of his own men would meet a party of volunteers near the mouth of Crab Creek.

In hindsight, there were reasons for guarded optimism. One was Moses' strong desire to have his own reservation. He knew full well that any hostile movement on his part now would forever extinguish his dreams of a "Moses Reservation." Thus, whatever his feelings or motives, it was certainly in his best interest to remain peaceful.

Another reason for hope was the good relations demonstrated between Moses and Agent Wilbur at Simcoe. The latter looked at his job as a religious calling and duty. Wilbur was one of the longest tenured agents in the entire service, and his incredible work ethic and willingness to labor amongst the Yakamas had found admirers in the tribe, army, government, and local citizenry. His long experience had also given him some clout and a sense of how the Indian Service operated. He was currently working with his fourth presidential administration, outlasting countless functionaries and bureaucrats. Like the majority of his fellow Methodists, he was paternalistic and legalistic, but he also had a consistent track record of putting his duty and adherence to the laws above his own self-interest.

Finally, the government was taking an active interest in this specific case, partly because of Wilbur's recent visit to the capital and partly because of the spate of worrisome headlines coming out of Washington Territory. The bureaucrats were motivated to solve the "Moses problem," and perhaps a new reservation, far from the troublemakers in Yakima City, might be a good way to defuse the situation while giving both sides something to celebrate.

However, any nascent trust evaporated instantly after a confrontation just south of Saddle Mountain Gap on December 11. Moses and approximately 90
of his men faced a contingent of Yakama Tribal Police and some 40 citizens led by William Splawn. Through what was in all probability a miscommunication on where the two groups were to link up to begin their search for the murderers, the situation deteriorated into a standoff that resembled a Western movie. Splawn and Moses were only a few feet apart—the match was at the fuse—but the restraint of both men carried the day, and war was averted once more. Both sides, however, suspected the other of treachery, and Splawn’s group took Moses as a temporary hostage to ensure his good intentions.

On hearing this latest report, Wilbur reacted hastily. Reasoning that the safest place for Moses was back in Yakima City and perhaps hoping that he could now convince Moses to accept the Yakama Reservation as his home, he wrote Splawn in the field, requesting that the volunteers bring Moses back to town.

The next day Wilbur rethought this stance; realizing that having Moses arrested might actually push his tribesmen to attack the settlers, he wrote Splawn again, countermanding his earlier letter. The second missive arrived too late, however, and Moses found himself headed back to Yakima City as a captive.

Wilbur still had an ace to play. Incurring the wrath of those who wanted Moses locked up in the local jail, the agent negotiated Moses’ release to his own custody at the agency, and thus began one of the most remarkable sagas of the period. For the next two months, Wilbur and Moses became the original “Odd Couple” of Fort Simcoe, with Moses being confined in the fort’s guardhouse only when the agent was entertaining local visitors. Wilbur spent much of this period trying to convince Moses to call the Yakama Reservation home, but the chief was equal to this verbal assault, keeping his replies flattering and amenable, yet vague. An army lieutenant who happened to be present during some of these exchanges was amazed at the level of shrewdness and calculation exhibited by both men.

His failure to convince the chief to live on the Yakama Reservation left Wilbur concerned for Moses’ safety. When word of Wilbur’s lenient treatment of the chief leaked out to the radicals in Yakima City, they repeatedly sent the sheriff to arrest Moses and return him to the Yakima jail—even threatening Wilbur with arrest. The Methodist-preacher-turned-Indian-agent was a former deputy sheriff himself and refused to budge. At last, on February 18, 1879, a telegram arrived that changed the entire complexion of the case: Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz instructed Wilbur to invite Moses to join a delegation that would travel to Washington and meet with the president to discuss the issue of a new “Moses Reservation.”

Surmising that if Moses traveled east to meet Schurz and President Hayes it would be all the more difficult to treat him as a common criminal, the anti-Moses clique played its last card. The group arrested Moses yet again for complicity in the Perkins murders, hoping that new
evidence would prevent his departure. But the redoubtable Wilbur was up to the task—he paid for counsel, waived examination, and posted bond for the chief. In a letter to Commissioner of Indian Affairs E. A. Hayt, Wilbur clearly divined the sinister motives of the group and foresaw that Moses "would have been left in prison from March to October (if he had not been killed before)." His enemies' efforts finally thwarted, Moses began the first leg of his journey to Washington on March 17, 1879, replete with a new suit of clothes and Wilbur's letter of introduction, which referred to the chief as "a man of good sense."

The Verdict of History

The Yakima Hotheads' prediction turned out to be right. After returning from his trip to the nation's capital, Moses was indeed a celebrity, and even the homegrown Yakima City grand jury did not indict him. The chief did obtain his reservation, but the Moses or "Columbia" Reservation was short-lived. Within a few years Moses and other native leaders were being pressured to cede it to the government and move to the Colville Reservation, which they did in 1883.

Agent Wilbur returned to the Simcoe Agency where he retired in 1882, one of the longest-tenured Indian agents in the history of the service. Often held up as proving the worth of the government's model of assimilation, the Methodist preacher was worn out from struggles with eager Catholic priests, bookish government inspectors, angry settlers who thought he "coddled" his charges, and traditional Yakamas who refused to adopt Wilbur's strict way of the "Gospel and Plow." The events of the Bannock War took their toll on the 67-year-old preacher and added more names to the list of settlers who wanted him out. It is hardly surprising that Wilbur left the Yakima Valley upon retirement and took up residence in Walla Walla where he died in 1887, one of the old guard of Methodist missionaries who had come to the Northwest with such high hopes.

It is ironic that the very lack of a newspaper in Yakima City during the crisis no doubt benefited the cause of peace in the long run, given the journalistic tendency to use each and every incident to ratchet up the tension between natives and settlers. The Perkins murders indeed made headlines in several papers, but the delay in getting the news from Yakima City had the effect of dulling the immediacy of the tragedy. The last of the Perkins murderers, said to be Umatilla men whose relatives were among those shot and killed by the Northwest's Gatling gun, was finally executed in 1882.

Despite the dire threats and crises that hammered the territory almost weekly, there was no grand battle or general massacre to mark the climax of the Bannock War north of the Columbia River. Unlike so many conflicts elsewhere between Indians and the U.S. Army, there was no "last stand," no romanticized charge, no poignant surrender to find its way into dime novels. Due to skilful maneuvering and parrying by Agent James Wilbur and the restraint exercised by Chief Moses and William Splawn, enough time was gained to allow the government to intervene and diffuse the situation, precisely when the outlook seemed bleakest.

 Sadly, the Colville Reservation proved to be neither panacea nor paradise for Moses, and his last years ebbed away in the midst of staving off trespassers and trying to collect rents due him from ranchers. Moses, who had once been the master of a seemingly endless domain that stretched across the vast steppes of Washington Territory, never did adapt well to the more sedentary life required by agriculture on a reservation. He loved attending and participating in horse races, and he demonstrated an over-fondness for alcohol. But the sadness of Moses' last years cannot efface his accomplishments of that frenzied summer in 1878. During this period Half-Sun was a man to be reckoned with, a respected leader who commanded forces more powerful and numerous than any of the volunteer forces that could be mustered by the isolated ranchers and farmers of central Washington. Those early settlers understood this disparity well enough, but they largely misjudged the motives and intentions of Half-Sun. General Howard, who knew Moses as well as any white leader, was right when he attributed part of the chief's greatness to his knowing "when not to fight."

Moses' restraint and leadership had more long-term benefits as well, no doubt influencing modern-day political boundaries and retaining at least a semblance of a homeland for his people. By 1878 the Colville Reservation had been in existence for some six years, but its survival was precarious; miners and ranchers banded together to protect their herds and crops. Wilbur, in the name of peace, encouraged the establishment of a school at Colville but was only partly successful.
EXCLUSION ORDER

By Vernon D. Bashaw

In 1942 the United States made the decision to forcibly remove Japanese nationals, Japanese resident aliens, and American citizens of Japanese descent from the West Coast of the United States.* While some West Coast Japanese who previously had been identified as suspect were arrested as early as December 1941, Civilian Exclusion Order No. 1 applied to Bainbridge Island. Published accounts of the time suggest that the Japanese were removed because of their proximity to the Bremerton Naval Station; it appears they were actually removed because of the presence on Bainbridge Island of "Station S," one in a chain of radio intercept stations that collected vital information on Japan. The naval leadership of the 13th Naval District pressed for their evacuation in order to protect Station S, probably without truly understanding the activities being conducted there or knowing whether there was a legitimate threat.

In order to appreciate the decision-making process in Seattle, however, it is necessary to examine the organizational structure of the pre-war navy, the outside influences affecting decision-making, and the tools personnel possessed for processing intelligence and assessing risk.

The 13th Naval District, headquartered in Seattle, was responsible for naval activities throughout the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Roughly analogous in function to the naval regions in use today, the naval districts operated bases, controlled shore commands, and most importantly, were responsible for the security of naval facilities. In the absence of any formal naval intelligence service, the navy relied on line officers to perform intelligence and counterintelligence duties. Beginning in 1916, the navy assigned officers at each naval district to perform information and security duties. Originally called Aid [sic] for Information, the position was subsequently retitled District Intelligence Officer (DIO). DIOS were generally captains, the majority of whom had no previous intelligence experience. They would have been supported by small staffs, which also had limited experience in the intelligence field.

*First generation Japanese immigrants (who were primarily resident aliens) were referred to as Issei. Second generation Japanese who were born in the U.S. (and were therefore American citizens) were referred to as Nisei. Reference to the "Japanese" in this paper refers to both groups.

The Japanese Americans of Bainbridge Island were the first to be relocated away from the West Coast after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Here they await the ferry that will take them on the first leg of their journey to an internment camp, March 1942.
The Navy's Role in the Japanese Relocation from Bainbridge Island
A summer 1938 review of the district intelligence system by the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) was extremely damning. The district intelligence staffs as a whole were “not appreciated” by either the district commandants or the ONI itself. They reportedly conducted no efficient liaison, and DIOs had “been assigned without proper consideration of their suitability.” Efforts were made to expand the district intelligence staffs at the time of a presidential declaration of limited emergency in 1939. A letter of September 8, 1939, from the chief of naval operations (CNO) proposed a new standard mobilization structure for district intelligence offices and directed DIOs to make use of their assigned reserve intelligence officers.

Despite the informal and ad hoc nature of the district intelligence establishments, ill-defined intelligence agency missions and loose oversight (compared with what it is today) left wide latitude for DIO activities in the counterintelligence mission. In June 1939 President Roosevelt ordered the army intelligence service and the ONI to coordinate antisabotage and anti-espionage cases with the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). A year later, ONI was assigned the role of watching over Japanese Americans. In some cases, DIOs took what would now be considered extreme measures to carry out their mission. Lieutenant Commander Kenneth Ring, the assistant DIO in Los Angeles, made extensive contacts with the Japanese American community while at the same time breaking into the Japanese consulate and stealing lists of Japanese agents. In Hawaii the 14th Naval District intelligence officer, Capt. Irving Mayfield, was responsible for tapping phone lines in and out and monitoring telegrams sent by the Japanese consulate. He also had Nisei personnel on his staff who reported on the Japanese community and translated Japanese documents.

At the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the office responsible for judging the Japanese espionage threat in Seattle and the greater 13th Naval District was extremely limited in both numbers and experience, and there is no evidence that they undertook aggressive measures to improve their knowledge. This may have allowed more informal sources of information to influence decision-making within the naval district.

Miller Freeman was a prominent publisher in the Pacific Northwest on topics dealing with the fishing industry. He was the founder of the Anti-Japanese League of Seattle and a proponent of limitations on Japanese immigration and business activities in the United States. He also was a naval reservist. Immediately prior to the Pearl Harbor attack, for example, Freeman wrote to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox (sending a copy to the commandant of 13th Naval District) proposing that in the event of war all Japanese-owned fishing boats should be seized and their crews interned. American-born Japanese (therefore American citizens) on the boats should be required to prove that they had been “expatriated” by Japan or be subject to the same treatment as Japanese nationals.

There is no way of knowing how much sway Freeman exercised over the views of the 13th Naval District’s leadership, but there is one telling item in the National Archives’ Seattle facility. In March 1942, Freeman forwarded a copy of a letter he
had written Captain Giles to Rear Admiral Charles Freeman (no known relation to Miller Freeman), commandant of 13th Naval District. In the letter, Miller Freeman states that Giles had “called me on the carpet,” in the belief that letters Freeman had written resulted in Giles’s forced retirement. While it’s not clear to what degree Freeman’s anti-Japanese views influenced the admiral, his views were considered significant enough that the DIO, a captain with almost 40 years of service, would believe that Freeman could have him fired.

While the District Intelligence Office represented the older, more traditional form of naval intelligence, the future lay just across Puget Sound. At Naval Radio Station Bainbridge, sensitive Japanese messages were intercepted as part of the most important pre-war intelligence collection effort. Radio intelligence was a relatively new field, but by the late 1930s the United States Navy had established a chain of top secret intercept stations including Station HYPO in Hawaii; Station ABLE in China; Station CAST in the Philippines; Station NEGAT in Washington D.C.; Station BAKER in Guam; and Station S on Bainbridge Island.

The intelligence intercepted by Bainbridge and the other stations was of vital national importance in the United States’ dealings with Japan. In the late 1930s Japan began to distribute a new type of code machine. They called it 97-shiki 0-bun In-ji-ki; the American code breakers simply called it “Purple.” The Japanese considered the device to be highly secure and used it to transmit their most secret diplomatic information. By August 1940, however, a brilliant effort by Army cryptanalysts led to the first decipherment of a “Purple” coded message. Purple messages, sometimes referred to by their classification as “Magic,” were key parts of national level decision-making. Decrypted Purple messages were hand-delivered to the White House, and only three naval officers were authorized recipients.

Station S on Bainbridge was tasked primarily with intercepting Japanese diplomatic messages to Latin America and Southeast Asia. Unlike Station CAST in Corregidor or Station NEGAT in Washington, D.C., Station S was solely an intercept site. It did not perform message decryption; it merely intercepted coded transmissions, recoded them in an American code, and then forwarded them to Washington, D.C., for processing.

Despite its location, Station S was assigned to the 13th Naval District only in an administrative capacity. Operational control of the site came from OP-20-G, in the Division of Naval Communications (DNC), Office of the Chief of Naval Operations. Due to the classification of the intercepted traffic, officials at the 13th Naval District did not know the actual contents of the messages. Even the intercept operators at Station S were not allowed to know the results of their efforts. One veteran reported that trainees were told not to even look at the building where intercept work was performed. It is important to note that there was no concept at the time that a local station should use locally intercepted messages to support local decision-making. “Purple” intercepts were considered to be national level strategic intelligence only. In fact, the Pacific Fleet intelligence officer, Edwin Layton, who was familiar with the Magic intercepts from previous assignments, requested access to them and was informed by ONI that “forces afloat should...confine themselves to the estimates of the strategic and tactical situations” and stay away from political issues.

While not knowing that Station S was intercepting the most significant intelligence of the time, district leadership would have known secret work was performed there and that it dealt with intercepting Japanese communications. For example, on January 16, 1941, Rear Admiral Freeman forwarded an order from the CNO to the commanding officer at the Bainbridge Island Naval Radio Station directing the station to monitor certain frequencies for an unencrypted broadcast from Tokyo as a “research assignment.” Similarly, an April 1942 directive to NRS Bainbridge from

**At a 1949 ceremony marking the removal of tolls from the Lake Washington floating bridge, Miller Freeman (right) pays Governor Arthur Langlie the last toll. A powerful businessman with anti-Japanese views, Freeman may well have been involved in the decision to remove the Japanese population from Bainbridge Island.**
the 13th Naval District reiterated a 1940 directive that radio intelligence work was never to be discussed outside the confines of “Radio Bainbridge” as a “patriotic duty... now and forever.”

Like similar events in 2001, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor raised issues of how to prepare for war overseas while defending the homeland. As early as August 1940, President Roosevelt had raised the subject of “concentration camps” in case of war with Japan. Following December 7, 1941, the day of the attack, there were increasing calls for the physical removal of Japanese nationals from the West Coast to prevent sabotage and intelligence collection.

On December 8, 1941, Rear Admiral Freeman told the Seattle Star newspaper:

The immediate problem for the civilian population is to be on guard for possible sabotage. The navy will appreciate any information regarding suspicious actions on the part of individuals who may seek to do harm locally. I realize that the very great majority of our people, including Japanese residents, are loyal to our country and it therefore is important to avoid unjust or unfounded suspicion. However, all information submitted will be investigated by the proper federal authorities.

Despite his public comments, the admiral was actively pushing for the evacuation of all Japanese from the West Coast. According to the official army history of the evacuation, General DeWitt, who would be responsible for the relocation of the Japanese, had to delay his definition of restricted areas on the West Coast until January 21, 1942, because he was having difficulty reconciling the demands of the commandants of the 12th and 13th naval districts that American-born Japanese be evacuated along with enemy aliens unless they could show “actual severance of all allegiance to the Japanese Government,” a formulation which seems to mirror Miller Freeman’s view.

During the critical period in early 1942 when the scope of the evacuation was being planned, Rear Admiral Freeman pressed for relocation of American citizens of Japanese descent, citing the danger of mass sabotage as his justification. Particularly notable is that the admiral speaks of the need to overcome the traditional American preoccupation with civil rights. He also recognizes that many of those who will be interned are “good Americans” but recommends that their rights be sacrificed for the greater good, since it is “wholly impractical to differentiate between the loyal and the disloyal.”

As these events developed, there appears to have been a near simultaneous attempt to improve the intelligence capability of the 13th Naval District. As noted above, Captain Giles was retired in February 1942. His replacement (on paper at least) was possibly the navy officer most qualified for the job. Hartwell C. Davis was one of the navy’s earliest Japanese language officers. He later served in Hawaii on the intelligence staff in the 14th Naval District. Immediately prior to Pearl Harbor, Davis was head of the Japanese desk in ONI’s Domestic Division. In that capacity he had access to intercepts of Japanese diplomatic communications and would have had an understanding of any Japanese espionage or sabotage efforts in the United States. Davis’s branch (OP-16 B-7-J) issued an extended summary on December 4, 1941, of Japanese intelligence and propaganda in the United States. Some of this material is clearly taken from sanitized decryptions of Japanese diplomatic communications.
It is not clear exactly when Davis reported to Seattle, but it was apparently some time between Miller Freeman's March 6 letter and March 25, when Davis drafted a memo on the status of personnel in the 13th Naval District's Intelligence Office. Freeman's letter also specifically cites the particularly pressing need to remove all Japanese "of any sort" from Bainbridge Island. Rear Admiral Freeman was in charge of a district that stretched from the California border to Alaska, and yet the only specific location he chose to highlight was Bainbridge Island.

Various rationales have been put forward through the years to explain the 13th Naval District's preoccupation with Bainbridge Island. A 1943 summary of Japanese evacuation and relocation in the 13th district lists sites of strategic importance there. Bainbridge Island is listed first (without explanation) followed by "the vicinity of all naval establishments" and the Boeing Aircraft plant. A separate survey of Bainbridge Island from later in 1943 states that Bainbridge's importance lay in the presence of eight naval facilities being located within three miles of the island, including the Puget Sound shipyard in Bremerton, the Keyport Torpedo Station, and Naval Radio Station Bainbridge. The island also offers close views of ships entering and departing Bremerton, though it is worth noting that the remainder of Kitsap County, of which both Bremerton and Bainbridge Island are a part, was not evacuated until May 1942.

All of these explanations are suspect. It seems clear that the protection of Station S against sabotage was the actual motivation for the navy's interest in the removal of Japanese-Americans from Bainbridge. Rear Admiral Freeman's letter of February 1942 mentioned nothing about possible Japanese observation of United States ships. Instead, he highlighted the fact that FBI raids on Japanese-American farms on Bainbridge had discovered explosives, and that the "threat to our national war effort in this District is real."

On March 25, 1942, persons of Japanese ancestry—American citizens and resident aliens—were ordered to leave Bainbridge Island under Exclusion Order No. 1. On March 30, 227 individuals departed for Seattle by ferry, and then by train to the Manzanar internment camp near Lone Pine, California.

The issue of whether the Japanese evacuation in general and Bainbridge in particular was justified has recently reemerged. A Bainbridge Island middle school curriculum addressing the Japanese internment was criticized for failing to discuss possible justifications for the internment. A recent sensationalistic book by Michelle Malkin, In Defense of Internment, has added to the renewed debate. In the narrow case of Bainbridge Island, there is no evidence available that suggests there was any threat posed by the Japanese residents of the island. A review of all messages to and from the Seattle Consulate in The Magic Background of Pearl Harbor shows no reference to Bainbridge or reports on naval activity that can be definitively tied to the island.

Prior to the general evacuation of Japanese from Bainbridge, a small number of individuals was arrested because of a perceived security risk. Thirteen to fifteen individuals were taken into custody based on information provided by the naval district, though only four remained in detention by July 31, 1943, the remainder having been paroled or released. Most individuals described as suspect were said to have contributed to the "Japanese War Fund" and to have possessed contraband (dynamite, shortwave radios, etc.). These arrests need to be placed in context. Thirteen persons represent just 5 percent of Bainbridge Island Japanese, and only 1 percent of the total Japanese population remained in custodial detention two years later. At the same time, the 13th Naval District reported over 50 suspects (Nazi sympathizers, Communists, newspaper publishers, and "militant economic theorist[s]") living on the island, 29 suspect individuals working at the shipyard on the island and 130 Filipinos who were suspect because they lived on farms vacated by Bainbridge Japanese and were believed to be friendly toward the internees. None of these "suspects" appear to have been evacuated or taken into custody.

In a larger sense, the 13th Naval District does not appear to have had the organization to produce an honest local assessment of an actual or perceived threat. To some degree they were hampered by the common misconception that all
Japanese were inherently suspect. One of the duties of district intelligence offices was to compile index cards on noted suspects. The ONI history of World War II says these suspect files were to be divided into categories for Nazis, Fascists, Communists, Japanese, and miscellaneous.

There is no evidence that Seattle's district intelligence office made aggressive efforts similar to those undertaken by Kenneth Ringle in Los Angeles or Irving Mayfield in Hawaii to build a deeper understanding of the district residents. Had it done so, the 13th Naval District might have held different views on internment. Kenneth Ringle, who was described by the ONI director as one of two district intelligence officers "whose field was particularly concerned with the Japanese," drafted an extended memo based on his understanding of the Japanese community in the 11th Naval District. Ringle's estimate was that, at most, 3 percent of the Japanese might act as saboteurs or agents for Japan, amounting to no more than 3,500 persons within the United States as a whole, and many of these potential threats were already in custody by January 1942 when Ringle's report was drafted.

While Hartwell Davis was familiar with the scope of Japanese intelligence collection in the country as a whole, based on his work at ONI, this probably had little effect on decision-making in the district. As noted above, Davis apparently arrived in late February or early March 1942. Rear Admiral Freeman had already been in contact with the Western Defense Command in January concerning evacuation, and his February 28, 1942, letter to the CNO concerning the need to evacuate the Japanese seems to refer to previous communications.

Frankly, Davis seems to be an unlikely candidate to produce a more moderate or nuanced view of the Japanese. Ironically, his very experience looking at the nationwide Japanese espionage issue at ONI probably generated a greater sense of paranoia than was warranted by the actual individuals and activities within the 13th Naval District. In March 1943 he produced a history of the Japanese relocation from the district that continued to justify the relocation, reported on activities of individuals within the internment camps (including information from letters intercepted by the censor's office) and blamed Quakers, Jehovah's Witnesses, and the American Civil Liberties Union for fomenting loss of faith in the government among the Japanese. This report would have been produced after Rear Admiral Freeman, Captain Giles, and Louis Libenow had all departed from the district, so their views were unlikely to have influenced the report.

Could it have been different? Could forthright action by 13th Naval District personnel have prevented the evacuation? The answer is an unqualified no. The decision was made at the national level by President Roosevelt himself, who was aware of Kenneth Ringle's report (and other similar reports) on the Japanese and chose to go forward with the evacuation anyway. A more nuanced view of the situation might have prevented the Bainbridge Island Japanese from being the first evacuees but would not have prevented their evacuation.

The actual lesson from the navy's involvement is that commanders at every level—military and political—must be given the informational tools necessary to carry out their missions. Within the homeland defense framework, decision makers who lack the tools to properly assess risk will be forced into a position of, "You can't be too careful," and may be forced to rely on the whims of public opinion rather than facts. The deprivation of rights from American citizens who posed no threat demonstrates that you can be too careful.

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Early Washington Nursery Catalogs

Agriculture has always played a significant role in Washington's economy. The early pioneers often brought seeds with them, but nursery stock was far more problematic because of the uncertainties of a lengthy desert crossing and a scarcity of water. Some of the earliest nurseries were established in Oregon's Willamette Valley, but the demand in Washington Territory soon created a need for local nurseries.

The nursery established by Philip Ritz near Walla Walla in 1863 served eastern Washington for many years. The Puyallup Nursery, established by J. M. Ogle sometime around 1880, supplied western Washington with seeds and nursery stock. Both catalogs contained varieties of apples, peaches, pears, and other fruits and berries that are no longer grown, except by specialized “heirloom” producers.

The Washington State Historical Society's Special Collections Division holds a wide range of fruit, vegetable, and flower catalogs dating from the 1890s to the present. Researchers use them for a variety of purposes, one of which is to help determine between native and invasive plant species by studying nursery catalogs from around the country.
Rival Nations Vie for Nootka Sound

Rising Tides of Empire

By Barry Gough

n the latter half of the 18th century, a time when the Russians seemingly had no foreign rivals in North Pacific waters and sailed unopposed to the Aleutians and the Gulf of Alaska, the Spanish watched with growing anxiety for any and all potential intruders into what they perceived to be their territory. As early as 1750 the Spanish were aware of Russians in the North Pacific. French mapmakers, Jesuits, Russian voyage accounts, and Spanish ambassadors' reports from St. Petersburg all gave early warning. Although Sebastián Vizcaíno had explored the California coast in 1602, it was not until 1768 that Monterey was sent ashore for a Northwest Coast cruise, and in 1770, with instruction from Viceroy Bucareli to sail from San Blas, Mexico, Pérez, a pilot in the Spanish navy, received orders in 1774 from Viceroy Bucareli to sail from San Blas, Mexico. Pérez had trouble finding a suitable vessel for a Northwest Coast cruise, and in the end he had to settle for the Santiago, a 225-ton frigate somewhat unsuitable for close coastal reconnaissance. Pérez had instructions to locate foreign— that is, Russian—trading factories and settlements. To deter any Muscovite advance, he was to put down markers claiming the coastline for the Spanish Crown. He also carried more pious orders to attract aboriginal people to the faith and spread the gospel.

Santiago cleared San Blas on January 25, 1774, and sighted Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Islands, on July 18. Two days later, at 55°45' north latitude, the Spanish made contact with some Haidas near Langara Island. Then Pérez, short on potable water and worried about the weather, shaped a course south, to Nootka Island. Once off the southern entrance of Nootka Sound, he ordered a launch to find a safe approach to a suitable anchorage. Foiled by a fresh wind that threatened to put the frigate on the dangerous lee shore, he gave up on his attempt to find anchorage. Instead he lay off Nootka while the Mowachahts canoed out to the vessel and offered pelts in trade. Neither Pérez nor Esteban Martínez, there with him as a junior officer, realized the commercial prospects of this encounter. Trade was not their business. That was for others who legislated the Spanish world of commerce. But Martínez, seeing around him fine harbors and timber, waxed ecstatic in his report: "It is certain that if with time this land is conquered and populated and some ports are discovered in it, our Catholic Majesty will be able to say, I have another world of Spaniards and of land as rich and luxuriant as Spain, since thousands of ships and perhaps even more can be constructed."

Pérez found no Russians, the reconnaissance was incomplete and unsuccessful, and thus ended the first, fruitless attempt by the Spanish out of San Blas to find the Russians. On March 16, 1775, two mariners, Bruno de Hezeta and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, were sent in the Santiago and the tender Sonora, respectively, to search for the Russians. In particular, they were ordered to reach at least 65° north latitude, locate Russian or other foreign settlements (while avoiding contact with the foreigners), claim all the land for Spain, and contact and maintain friendly relations with the indigenous people. Once again the Spanish had difficulty with long-range voyaging. They also suffered from scurvy. When a boat crew from the Sonora was sent ashore for water near present-day Point Grenville, about halfway down the Washington coast, it landed in heavy surf and seven men were murdered by native inhabitants. Bodega y Quadra opened fire but withdrew the ships. He might have lost more men had he persisted and may even have had to abandon the mission.

Hezeta sailed north to about 48°26' north latitude and then drifted south in the current. On August 17, 1775, at 46°16' north latitude, he noticed strong offshore currents, which led him to believe the mouth of some great river could be emptying into the ocean there. He named the entrance Asunción Bay but did not take a closer look. Scurvy and fatigue necessitated a quick turn to the south for relief. But Hezeta had put this entrance on the map, and the various names for the mystery river—Río San Roque (or Roc), the Bahía de Asunción, the Entrada de Hezeta—lured mariners who came to test the hypothesis of the River of the West, known today as the Columbia River.

Bodega y Quadra zealously carried on to 57°2' north, near Mount Edgecumbe, where he landed and took possession for the king of Spain. Then he steered south. At Kruzoff Island in the Alexander Archipelago of southeast Alaska, the Tlingit demanded items in exchange for wood and water, and they menaced the Spanish with implements of war. Once again the Russians proved to be phantoms. The Spanish might have found the Muscovites had they gone as far north as the Gulf of Alaska or west toward Kodiak Island, and they might have had enough military force to send the Russians a clear message or to oust them altogether.

The next year, 1776, Viceroy Bucareli learned that Captain Cook intended a third voyage to the Pacific, one that, if carried out, could seriously encroach on Spanish ownership. Bucareli feared that if Cook traced the shore and found a northwest passage, it would endanger consolidation and protection were watchwords of the Spanish imperial state, and these guided every action of ministers of the crown and their subordinates.
Spain’s sovereignty over the coast of California. Bucareli knew that Cook was on an exploring expedition, but he classified Cook as a poacher masked by science and sent orders to authorities in California to be vigilant and foil the British mariner as best they could without resorting to force. Bucareli did not want an altercation between his vessels and those commanded by the illustrious Cook. Bucareli’s superior, José de Galvez, alarmed at the viceroy’s seeming timidity, sent explicit orders: According to the Laws of the Indies, officials of the viceroy’s office were to seize foreign vessels entering Spanish colonial ports.

True to his instructions, Cook arrived on the coast of Oregon in March 1778. Cook sailed into Nootka Sound on March 30, 1778, remaining there until April 26, unnoticed by the Spanish. Then the British warships steered north to Bering Strait and thence to Hawaii long before the Spanish were aware of the British presence.

Next Bucareli sent the frigates Princesa and Favorita, commanded by Ignacio Arteaga and Bodega y Quadra, respectively. These vessels sailed to high latitudes, landing at Bucareli Bay in early May 1779. Again native resistance deterred the Spanish. And once again they came away empty-handed, finding neither British nor Russian interlopers.

On February 24, 1786, in Chile, the Frenchman Lapérouse gave Spanish officials an early hint that Russia had ships on American shores. Lapérouse was then en route to Alaska, but he knew of Russian advances from diplomatic intelligence. One of the four Russian posts that Lapérouse gave notice of was at Nootka. This was false intelligence, though clearly indicative of the pursuits of the British sea otter traders using that port.

Two years later, in the summer of 1788, Esteban Martínez sailed to the Gulf of Alaska for a reconnaissance. Martínez had been with Pérez on the voyage in 1774 and had since studied accounts of Cook’s explorations. Unlike his fellow Spanish navigators, Martínez was energetic and resourceful, with a strength of will to carry out imperial purposes. He may have been rash and impulsive, prone to heavy drinking and unstable behavior (he was quite capable of high-handed conduct with his junior officers), but he was also dutiful, strict, and patriotic altogether a volatile combination.

From various intelligence sources at his disposal—including the hard-working pilot José Narváez, who was the first Spaniard to encounter the Russians, and Lapérouse in Monterey after the Frenchman’s sojourn on the Alaska shore in 1786—Martínez confirmed the double fear that the Russians were heading south to Nootka Sound and that British merchant ships were already there, using it as a locus of operations.

Martínez or his officers encountered Russians who Revealed that there were 462 Russians on that coast at the time, at seven posts and watchtowers. In Cook Inlet, then the most important settlement, there were 70 Russians and a galliot (sailing vessel); at Unalaska Island, 120 Russians and two galliots; and there were other locations at least as active.

The enterprising Russians were sending hunting parties south to Nootka Sound. The Russians informed Martínez that the British had an eye on Nootka Sound and that the Russians, never to be outdone, intended to get there first.

From his inquiries in high latitudes, Martínez concluded that the Russians intended to garrison Nootka. He took this news in stride, as it suited his purposes. He told the viceroy, now Manuel Antonio Flóres, that the British were about to take Nootka Sound, it would provide all the requirements for a naval base. Moreover, such a conquest would give Spain full dominion over the land between Nootka Sound and San Francisco and over a multitude of aboriginals. The window of opportunity was narrow. The Spanish needed to take Nootka Sound by May 1789, according to Martínez.

He worked up a grand scheme that called for a fortified garrison at Friendly Cove (to be called San Miguel), a fur-trading company to be established and working from Nootka Sound, a victualing post to be set up in the Hawaiian Islands, and settlements at Nootka and Clayoquot sounds—bullwarks, as it were, against foreign encroachment. Martínez’s design resembled what Alexander Mackenzie or John Meares, the British sea otter trader, would have proposed.

The viceroy might have thought it attractive, but although the Spanish did ship sea otter pelts out of Nootka Sound to California and freighted some in American vessels, they took no permanent measures. Martínez got no support from the merchant community of Mexico, and the only real transpacific trade link for Spain’s North American colonies remained the Acapulco-Manila galleon.

In any event, on the basis of the firm advice he had at hand, Flóres ordered Martínez to Nootka to protect Spain’s interests, and the latter set sail from San Blas in February 1789. Martínez, flush with power and authority, arrived on May 5 at what Pérez had named San Lorenzo de Nutka. He did not find the Russians. Instead, he found three vessels—one English and two...
American—in Cala de los Amigos (Friendly Cove).

About eight months earlier, on September 17, 1788, the Boston sloop Lady Washington, then commanded by Robert Gray, had arrived at Nootka Sound. Seven days later, the flagship of the enterprise, the Columbia Rediviva, commanded by John Kendrick, joined the tender at anchor. Kendrick loved ceremony and was in a festive mood. On October 1, the anniversary of the day the vessels had sailed from Boston, he ordered a suspension of routine duties, the striking of eight bells, a federal salute of 13 guns—one for each state in the union—and a sumptuous feast. This was a grand plan of celebration, and the salute was repeated by the Lady Washington.

There was an English ship there at the time, the Iphigenia Nubiana under Captain William Douglas, which was sailing for the firm headed by John Meares, and another Meares schooner, the North West America, built at Friendly Cove, was then making ready for coastwise trading. Meares had constructed a sort of house-fort in the northern corner of the cove at Yuquot, and so that the Mowachahts might not have it when the mariners departed, Kendrick and Douglas had agreed to divide the dried timbers for firewood. The English vessels, which sailed under the Portuguese flag in order to circumvent the dreaded East India Company monopoly, quit the harbor by the end of October, leaving the Americans in solitary and quiet possession.

The Yankees spent that unusual winter in confinement, even exile. They traded with the Mowachahts, hunted when necessary, and brewed some lovely spruce beer. They also kept a sharp lookout against the depredations of stealthy aboriginal thieves. As was his style, Kendrick proved to be heavy-handed when attempting to recover articles apparently stolen, but he could not arrange for their return, even by force. And so the Americans passed that winter in splendid, melancholic isolation. The Mowachahts departed their summer village of Yuquot and returned the next spring. The crews beefed up their armament and defenses, and in the spring the Lady Washington made sail for coastal trade, now under Kendrick’s command.

The Columbia and the Iphigenia lay undisturbed in Nootka Sound when Martínez arrived in command of the Princesa early in May 1789. Martínez naturally wanted to know what Gray was doing there, for that port was claimed as a Spanish possession. Gray hedged on a reply. But Meares later wrote that Gray told Martínez the American expedition was “equipped under the patronage of Congress, to examine the Coast of America, and to open up a fur-trade between New England and this part of the American Continent, in order to provide funds for their China ships, to enable them to return home teas and China goods.” If Gray had orders and authorization from President Washington, none are extant. He may have lied to Meares, or the latter may have made up the details.

At this juncture, Kendrick returned in the Lady Washington from a successful cruise to the Queen Charlotte Islands, and he, too, was asked by Martínez why he had been there that past winter. He replied that he’d had to put in to port for repairs, having sprung the mizen mast and damaged his rudder and sternpost in a gale. Scurvy had made savage inroads. Kendrick wanted no complications. In any event, he told Martínez, the Columbia and Lady Washington would soon be departing.

Relations with the Americans and English were good for a time. On June 21, 1789, a Sunday, Martínez ordered all work stopped, and he invited Kendrick, Gray, and Thomas Hudson, captain of the Princess Royal, and all their officers, and those of the packet boat San Carlos as well, to a magnificent banquet.

That evening the commandant sent the schooner Santa Gertrudis, commanded by Narváez, south to 48°20' to find a creek that Martínez said he had located in 1774 and to survey in the vicinity. Narváez sailed into the sunset, and in subsequent days he worked south, entering the Strait of Juan de Fuca, to that point only the subject of rumor and speculation. When

Martínez] may have been rash and impulsive, prone to drinking and unstable behavior, but he was also dutiful, strict, and patriotic—altogether a volatile combination.

Narváez returned to Nootka two weeks later, on July 5, he told Martínez about the great waterway:

From side to side it measured 21 miles, continued on land for almost the same width as far as one could see, no horizon being visible in the east-southeast, and is the strait which they call Juan de Fuca. Inside is a port called San Juan [Port Renfrew, Vancouver Island] which is a good place to anchor in, to take water and wood, and to provide oneself with timber for planks and masts. It is at the farthest north and west point.
Meanwhile, the Spanish had built the fort of San Miguel on Hog, later Lighthouse, Island and were putting finishing touches to the entrenchment for 10 pieces of artillery. Ashore, a parapet was being erected where cannon would be mounted.

On June 24, 1789, the day having dawned clear and serene, and everything being ready, as Martínez recorded in his journal, he landed from his vessel on the shore of this port of Santa Cruz, as they called it, situated at the entrance to San Lorenzo de Nutka, accompanied by officers and men of the two Spanish ships. With them went four monks—Franciscan missionaries from the Colegio of San Fernando in Mexico—and the Catalan soldiers of the garrison, marching with all due solemnity and pomp.

Once ashore, Martínez, as commander, took possession of the port, coast, and adjacent islands in the name of the king. He did so, he wrote, "with the usual ceremonies." The Holy Cross was erected, the Holy Gospel heard, and a sermon preached by the Very Reverend Brother Severo Patero. Many Englishmen and Americans took part in the event. "We left carved on the cross the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that of August Sovereign Carlos III, and the years when I had visited this port, 1774 and 1789."

The troops fired a salute; the Princess returned a reply of 15 guns, as did the San Carlos and the cannon of Fort San Miguel. The party returned to the flagship for further festivities, and, once aboard, the salutes were repeated all round. Seven vivas were made to the king. A magnificent banquet was served, accompanied by many more vivas and toasts. And how was this locale to be claimed as a permanent Spanish anchor of empire? Martínez says: "The Document of Possession was placed in a bottle, carefully closed with pitch, and buried at the foot of a little pile of stones on the shore, from which place the bearings of Sta. Clara Point were N.E. 1/4 E. those of S. Ignacio to the N.N.E. and those of S. Francisco to the N.E. 1/4 N all by the Compass."

As for the Franciscans, they lacked any knowledge of the indigenous language. The spiritual conquest of the Mowachahts, "these miserable idolaters" as Brother Severo called them, seemed impossible given the scant chance of raising grain or stock in the forested, mountainous terrain. Those men and women they did convert—17 by 1791—they did by purchase.

That spring and early summer, a number of English ships had come and gone from Nootka Sound, and although Martínez had issued demands and claims of ownership, he had not yet played a hand likely to cause an incident. However, when Captain James Colnett arrived on July 2, 1789, in the ship Argonaut, sailing for the Meares syndicate, Martínez met his match. Colnett resented Martínez's demands and imperious demeanor. In any event, said Colnett, the coast belonged to Great Britain, and Captain Cook had discovered it. Martínez countered by saying that he had been there three years before Cook, which was true. These two antagonists make a curiously well-matched pair of agents provocateurs. Both were unbridled patriots. Both possessed a boundless attachment to duty in the name of their respective kings and countries. Both had a tendency to be heavy-handed. Colnett was plagued by an inclination toward mental instability under stress. For his part, Martínez had orders to follow, and although at first he hesitated, in the end, fearing censure from superiors, he took action.

We now know that Martínez detained Colnett as a poacher and seized the Argonaut. Colnett, angered beyond reason, insulted Martínez by calling him a "God-damned Spaniard." It is said that on one occasion Colnett attempted to jump overboard; on another he climbed through the cabin window and dove into the icy water. He was fished out, half-drowned, but safe enough to be shipped to a Spanish prison in pestilence-ridden San Blas. Colnett was eventually released and crossed Mexico to return to London, all the while grumbling about the nasty treatment he had received at the hands of the dons. Many other English sailors captured by Martínez did not survive the voyage to the fetid tropics or incarceration at the disease-infested naval base.

Meares, who followed the altercation with the petty Colnett from a distance, recorded most of the prominent details. Later he prepared a memorandum for government and testified before the Privy Council in London, confirming what the British ministry began to call high-handed Spanish action.

Rumors of these events at remote Nootka Sound circulated around the world, for those who gossiped about the details knew that sooner or later this Anglo-Spanish dispute would involve other powers. For the moment, the Russians took no action; had they ships or a garrison at Nootka, their implication in the proceedings would have led to many complications, possibly war. The American vessels were largely bystanders, but the United States would be hard-pressed to remain neutral should Spain and Britain go to war. Spain and France were bound by the Bourbon family alliance of mutual aid and assistance; thus, if Spain were in need, France was supposed to provide assistance.

As news of the episode at Nootka drifted into London, press and parliament
treated it as a cause célèbre of victimization at the hands of the Spanish dons. Cartoonists had a field day, and a pantomime on the subject proved all the rage in Drury Lane. Anti-Spanish sentiment rose and became more strident. Bellicosity was not in short supply. From London in 1790, John Rutledge Jr., described to Jefferson in Paris the burgeoning war spirit in the House of Commons:

As soon as the house rose, I went amongst the members I was acquainted with, afterwards dined in company with others, and in my life I do not remember to have been amongst such insolent bullies. They were all for war, talked much of Old England and the British Lion, laughed at the idea of drubbing the Dons, began to calculate the millions of dollars they would be obliged to pay for having insulted the first power on Earth, and seemed uneasy lest the Spaniards should be alarmed at the British strength, ask pardon for what they have done and come immediately to terms.

The British government of Prime Minister William Pitt took a strong diplomatic position against the Spanish and used Meares's sworn evidence as proof. The Admiralty began to prepare what is now called "the Spanish armament." By hugely bolstering the fleet and number of seamen, the government intended to make it clear, through brinkmanship, that it had every intention of checking Spanish pretensions at Nootka. The British hated any interference with their shipping, and Martinez's seizure of two British-owned vessels was all that was needed for them to issue a clear warning: unless the Spanish admitted their error and made compensation, the British would make war.

As part of the war preparations, the British government made plans to strike at Spanish dominions in North America. The cabinet made unofficial representation to the government of the United States, inquiring about the possibility of obtaining permission for British troops to cross American territory and strike New Spain's garrisons and forces in the Louisiana Territory from the rear, as it were. The representation came through a Major George Beckwith, who was under orders from Lord Dorchester, governor of lower Canada. The major visited New York, where he made contact with an intermediary, detailed the sensitive aspects of the imbroglio with Spain, and assured the American that England's cause ought to be joined by the United States.

President Washington, who heard about the proposal via Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton, brought the matter to the cabinet for discussion. He asked the cabinet members for their advice in the event that the British should attack and conquer Louisiana, which was at that time a Spanish possession. Hamilton had no objection; in fact, he encouraged the idea of the passage.

But Jefferson remained wary of obligations and commitments, and he wanted to pursue strict neutrality. He prepared a memorandum, "Heads of a Consideration on the Conduct we are to Observe in the War between Spain and Great Britain, and particularly should the latter Attempt the Conquest of Louisiana"...
Jefferson feared the possibility of further foreign encroachment on North American lands, lands that he as a continentalist and expansionist believed the United States, of necessity, ought to possess. The Nootka Sound crisis, therefore, prompted discussions among the principal officers of government about ways and means of continental security—and freedom from further encroachment. In Jefferson’s responses we see the statement of principles that later became the Monroe Doctrine.

As for President Washington, he held the view that “having so formidable and enterprising a people as the British on both our flanks and rear” would be alarming. His views accorded perfectly with those of Jefferson.

As the crisis unfolded, the French, invariably self-interested, did not uphold their obligation to help Spain in a fight against Britain. They had good reason, for the French Revolution was in full flower and the world seemed turned upside-down in Paris and the provinces. Spain, isolated and abandoned, could not face the British navy and, in consequence, was obliged to admit British claims to rights of trade and navigation in the Pacific Ocean. Nootka Sound was a mere symbol of these rights. The Spanish agreed to pay compensation for the loss of Colnett’s vessel and much else besides.

Despite this setback, Spain remained extraordinarily active in its political and scientific pursuits on the Northwest Coast in the early 1790s and continued to send vessels of discovery to Nootka Sound and the Northwest Coast as high as the Gulf of Alaska. Salvador Fidalgo sailed in the San Carlos to Prince William Sound. Manuel Quimper examined the Strait of Juan de Fuca in the Princesa Real. Alejandro Malaspina searched for the fabled Strait of Anian, mentioned by Ferrer Maldonado, in the Descubierta and Anedia. Francisco de Eliza continued this search, and so did Francisco Antonio Mourelle. In 1792 the Sutil, under Dionisio Alcala Galiano, and the Mexicana, under Cayetano Valdés, explored the upper reaches of Juan de Fuca Strait, the Strait of Georgia and beyond, circumnavigating Vancouver Island.

In 1791 Captain George Vancouver sailed for Nootka as British commissioner to receive from his Spanish counterpart, Bodega y Quadra, the lands and establishments that Martinez had seized. En route, Vancouver’s two vessels, Discovery and Chatham, encountered two small Spanish warships under Galiano and Valdez, and the four ships sailed through the inner passage between Vancouver Island and the mainland for a time during the summer of 1792, carrying out shared duties of hydrographic assignments and adding noteworthy scientific detail to the chart while they put to rest the speculation of the old closet geographers and mapmakers. Vancouver
also had orders to look one last time for the entrance to the Northwest Passage between 30° and 60° north latitude.

Vancouver arrived at Nootka Sound in August 1792. Bodega y Quadra, taking advice from the Yankee trader Joseph Ingraham, decided not to return all the houses, gardens, and occupied premises as they stood. When the Spaniard showed him the acreage he could receive, Vancouver wisely declined and wrote home for new instructions. “Can Iard showed him the acreage he could take advice from the entrance to the Northwest Passage wrote home for new instructions. “Can Iard showed him the acreage he could receive, Vancouver wisely declined and wrote home for new instructions. “Can Iard showed him the acreage he could receive, Vancouver wisely declined and wrote home for new instructions. “Can

The two Crowns were also to maintain as such by an agreement of mutual exclusion.

Nonetheless, the nagging problem of restoring the lands and buildings at San Miguel to Britain still remained. The third convention specified that the two governments would send new commissioners to Friendly Cove, where the Spanish officer would convey “the Buildings and Districts of Land” to the British officer. Subsequently, the British officer would raise the Union Jack as a token sign of possession. Then the officers of the two Crowns would withdraw their subjects from Nootka Sound.

As soon as possible, the two commissioners made their way to Vancouver Island. In March 1795, a youthful British lieutenant of marines, Thomas Pearce, arrived in Nootka Sound and there undertook with his opposite commissioner, Brigadier-General José Manuel de Alava, the hitherto all-powerful governor of Nootka, to stand down from all imperial holdings ashore. The Spaniard did likewise, and the five-year-old Spanish possession at San Lorenzo came to a crashing end.

Even so, Pearce’s mission had a decided imperial intent. He explained to the great local chief Maquinna that the British government had received many good reports of his people from Captain Cook and from British traders. The British Crown, Pearce confided to Maquinna, had decided to take the Mowachahts under its protective wing. “With this Account they all seemed much pleased,” the lieutenant reported to London in self-congratulatory tones, “observing that the English had ever been their good Friends—but were now very anxious to know if the Spaniards would return, whether they were to be friends with them, from which I inferred that they had not been treated very kindly by them.” After the Spanish

Meanwhile, the Spanish fort was dismantled on Alava’s orders, its guns and moveable property stored aboard Spanish ships there at the time, and the Spanish thus abandoned this northernmost post of their North American empire. The commissioners exchanged documents verifying the restitution and mutual abandonment of Nootka. Then they sailed away, leaving this port of dreams, and tragedy in the peaceful possession of Maquinna and his people.

The Mowachahts soon demolished the village, carrying away everything of value to them, particularly nails and other pieces of metal that could be fashioned into implements or ornaments.

Barry Gough has written extensively on the Royal Navy and the Northwest Coast in the 18th and 19th centuries. He is professor emeritus of Wilfrid Laurier University, and lives in Victoria, British Columbia. This article is drawn from his most recent work, Fortune’s A River: Collision of Empires in Northwest America (Madeira Park, B.C., Harbour Publishing) and appears by permission.
"It is doubtful whether there is a more delicately balanced relationship than that of island life to its environment," wrote Rachel Carson, author of *Silent Spring*. No other writer understood this better than Hazel Heckman, whose two landmark books, *Island in the Sound* (1967) and *Island Year* (1972), offer a meditation on the natural and human history of Anderson Island in Puget Sound.

Upon moving from her native Kansas to Washington in 1946, Hazel Heckman (1904-1997) and her husband immediately began visiting the small island she described as "[shaped vaguely like a head done by Picasso]." Its picturesque setting and quiet lifestyle appealed to them, and eventually they purchased an old farmhouse not far from the ferry dock. For the next 20 years they maintained their status as "summer people," until 1970 when they lay full claim to "their little autonomy in the water" and became permanent island residents.

By this time, Hazel Heckman's first book, *Island in the Sound*, had already been proclaimed a regional classic. The work, which won the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award, is a clear and caring evocation of life on the island stretching back to the "kitchen middens" of local tribes and the way-station stops by European explorers. For much of the island's history, Heckman turned to the 25-volume diary of Michael Lurie, who came to the island in 1854, and the oral history of pioneer daughter and lifelong resident Betsy Johnson Cannon, who published her own personal history of Anderson and McNeil islands, *Island Memoir*, in 1969.

From woodcutters supplying Puget Sound stern-wheelers with cord wood to brush pickers harvesting wild greens for shipment to the nation's florists, Heckman details the island's economic history, a great portion of which, of course, depended on boats, including ferries such as the beloved *Tahoma*, that connected islanders to the mainland, and the "store boats" that offered groceries and dry goods in exchange for island-grown produce. Heckman also recounts the island's social life, which in the early days was closely tied to McNeil Island, where the territorial jail was opened in 1873. As Anderson's population grew, island residents became more self-reliant. "All island affairs," as one resident told Heckman, "are run and ruled by the Anderson Island Sewing Society and Cemetery Association," and indeed funerals brought early islanders together like no other event. In 1930 the Anderson Island Community Club was founded to promote civic projects such as installing telephone lines and maintaining an island polling place—and to this day the club remains a vital community center on the island.

The great charm of *Island in the Sound*, however, is Heckman's portrayal of the island's kind and occasionally eccentric inhabitants, beginning with Bill Basket, who "remained the right to live out his remaining years in the middle feed room of one of the poultry sheds" on the Heckman's property. The author recounts numerous examples of neighbor helping neighbor and observes how islanders regard "self-reliant living as a game and a challenge." She also recognizes that this self-reliance could often lead to a certain ornerness, especially in regard to interloping mainlanders. Even island doyenne Bessie Cannon admits that "the way we feel detached here on the Island from whatever is going on on the outside is not altogether to our credit."

Perhaps Hazel Heckman's greatest enthusiasm, though, lies with the island's natural abundance. From the deep woods to the ebb tide beaches, Heckman has a field guide's knowledge of the island's flora and fauna. Among the island's plant life, she takes equal interest in edibles and "escapes"—what today we call "invasives"—and as a Northwest gardener she finds herself joining the eternal battle with slugs and deer.

Yet it's not until her second book, *Island Year*, that Heckman fully pursues her passion for observing—and reflecting upon—the natural wonders of the island. Combining the scrutiny of a naturalist and the clarity of a poet, she guides readers through an entire year on the island, noting the seasonal changes and commenting on each month: "In January, the earth shows promise but no anxiety; "May is a month to be trusted"; "August is a strange month, a maverick on the calendar", and so on. She avoids fanciful descriptions of plant and animal life, preferring instead to give straightforward taxonomic accounts of each species. "Skunk cabbage," she informs us, for example, "is an Arum, as are calla lily and philodendron. Unless the plant is crushed, the sweet civet odor
is only mildly apparent and not offensive.” She pairs common names with scientific names and regularly provides an overview of species’ uses andlore. She also enlivens her field observations with personal anecdotes, such as the time she glimpsed an albino doe or tasted pickleweed.

Written during the advent of the environmental movement, Island Year, which is beautifully illustrated by Laurie Olin, promotes a subtle ecological awareness. As someone who finds intrinsic value in nature, Heckman honors nature through her ongoing study and appreciation of it. The book’s final chapter, titled “Rape,” is the only time at which she reveals her fear of the “creeping destruction” taking place on the island. With each new subdivision, she notes how “great losses are made up of small losses.”

After publication of the two Anderson Island books, Hazel Heckman continued to write. Her articles and short stories appeared regularly in national magazines, and in 1973 she published Boots and Forces, about her brother’s career as a veterinarian. She was active in a local writers group and befriended many Northwest writers, including Murray Morgan and Riga Kramer McCary. At the time of her death, she was at work on a book about her parents’ life in the Midwest.

It will be Island in the Sound and Island Year, however, for which readers will most remember Hazel Heckman—two remarkable books that, according to Liane Heckman, her daughter-in-law, continue to sell well at the Anderson Island general store.


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

Tacoma Speedway

Klondike Literature

To the Brink and Back
Famous Indian Chiefs I have Known, by O. O. Howard. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1989.
Life Among the Pueblos (Their Wrongs and Claims), by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. Bishop, California: Sierra Media Reprint, 1969.

Exclusion Order No. 1

Rising Tides of Empire
Kayaking Alone
900 Miles from Idaho's Mountains to the Pacific Ocean
By Mike Barenti. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2008; 244 pp., $24.95.
Reviewed by Dawn Maureen Burns.

Numerous adventurers have paddled west from Idaho to the Pacific Ocean and lived to write their tale in either book form or as an article in a boating journal. What makes the story of writer-journalist Mike Barenti's journey any different? Not a lot. But that does not mean this retelling of a story that began with the Corps of Discovery and became a near national obsession during the Lewis and Clark bicentennial lacks enjoyment. Barenti has an invigorating writing style and takes great pains to check the accuracy of his information on landmarks, sights, and citizens he encounters along the way. He probably learned to check his facts when he was a reporter for the Yakima Herald-Republic or the Idaho Falls Post Register.

As usual in books of this ilk, the narrative is heavily weighted toward explaining the predicament of salmon in today's Western streams. Barenti's moment of enlightenment came in the autumn of 2000 when he watched hundreds of salmon that had straddled themselves in a Yakima River irrigation ditch. He decided then and there to quit his job and the next year take a long river journey, presumably to be one with the salmon. He chose to start at Redfish Lake in Idaho and navigate the Salmon, Snake, and Columbia rivers to Cape Disappointment.

In books of this genre the narrative is secondarily about dams and thirdly about environment-lust. Barenti fits the pattern. A sensitive man, he relates how he once laid wild roses on the gravestone of a miner who had drowned in 1884. He wonders how the miner would look in a year, a decade, a century. Would people still work on the land, salmon still swim in the river that carried their name? Would the most important history remain what didn't happen? By chapter four Barenti has taken his readers to Salmon, Idaho; by chapter seven we are on the Snake River. Although Barenti treats the blending of the Salmon into the Snake at Hells Canyon as a non-event, it is, in fact, a dramatic confluence.

The next five chapters are a recital of what it is like to encounter eight dams at water level. Two final chapters bring Barenti to the Pacific Ocean. A single map of the Columbia River basin the size of a five-by-eight-inch index card and a complete dearth of illustrations makes it difficult for the reader to get very involved in Barenti's quest.

This is the second book in the University of Nebraska Press's Outdoor Lives Series. The series does not require notes but it does include a two-page list of "Selected Sources."

Dawn Burns, an Oregon native with wide-ranging outdoor experiences, is a retired elementary school teacher.

The Irish General
Thomas Francis Meagher
Reviewed by Rory T. Cornish.

The Irish General Thomas Francis Meagher has cast a long shadow as a lost Irish leader and a tragic hero. An Irish national orator of note, a political exile, commander of the Irish Brigade in the Army of the Potomac, and occasional acting governor of Montana Territory between 1865 to 1867, Meagher's mysterious drowning death in the Missouri River in July 1867 has only added, over time, to our fascination with his mercurial career. To the five Victorian biographies that followed his death can be added this new work, the fourth such biographical study since 2004, written by a retired Montana attorney who predicts that his new monograph constitutes "the definitive story of Meagher's life."

Well written and attractively illustrated, The Irish General falls into three almost-equal sections: Meagher the revolutionary idealist and exile, Meagher the Union soldier, and Meagher the Western adventurer in the Pacific Northwest. The biography is held together by a general underlying theme: Meagher the Irish nationalist and Fenian, dedicated to the overthrow of British rule in Ireland. Despite numerous setbacks, Meagher managed to maintain a positive attitude toward life, and this characteristic held him in good stead as he was repeatedly forced to start his life anew. The experience of the American Civil War deeply affected Meagher, and he, like George Armstrong Custer, hoped the West could regenerate his flagging career. Wylie correctly suggests that by 1867 "drink, recklessness, and politics had seemingly brought him to a dead end." The treacherous dynamics of post-Civil War Montana only embroiled Meagher in further controversy. The author's treatment of this last phase of Meagher's life is well done and will prove of great value to readers interested in Pacific Northwest history. New interpretations are offered of Meagher's interactions with colleagues such as General Albert Sidney Edgerton, as well as the Irishman's relationship with the territorial legislature. Wylie also develops an interesting perspective on Meagher's role in the tragic death of James Daniels.

Unfortunately, irritating mistakes earlier in the book—regarding Meagher's earlier life in Ireland, his family, his role in the Young Ireland movement, and his Civil War career—distract from the strength of the last section of this book. For example, Meagher's Fenian attachments did not spur his wish to volunteer for the Union army, nor did he fight at First Bull Run as a colonel, nor was he wounded at Fredericksburg. Overall, Wylie's Meagher emerges as something of a constant, one-dimensional figure; but Meagher was much more than that. Until a new biographer grasps the essential fact that Meagher had many faces and that he came to embody the protean spirit of the Irish diaspora and what it meant to be Irish-American, we will, despite this welcome new work, await the definitive biography.

A professor of history at Winthrop University, Rory Cornish was co-editor of The Irish American: An Encyclopedia (2005).
William Clark
Indian Diplomat
By Jay H. Buckley, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2008; 320 pp., $29.95.
Reviewed by Robert M. Carriker.

For a number of years during the run-up to the Lewis and Clark bicentennial, it was rumored that the next project for James Ronda, author of the groundbreaking Lewis and Clark among the Indians (1984), was to write a biography of William Clark. Historians gave Ronda a wide berth. Even Stephen Ambrose concentrated on the remaining two of the great triumvirate of Western exploration in his Undaunted Courage: Meriwether Lewis, and Thomas Jefferson and the Opening of the American West (1996). Somewhere along the line Ronda lost interest. As a result, the only biographies on Clark remained Jerome Stoffen’s William Clark: Jeffersonian Man on the Frontier (1977) and a 1953 doctoral dissertation by John Loos.

Thus, the field was still open when Jay Buckley used the abundant resources on the Lewis and Clark expedition assembled at the University of Nebraska and wrote his 2001 dissertation on Clark’s tenure as superintendent of Indian Affairs. During the Lewis and Clark bicentennial, interest in Clark blossomed. James Holberg expertly edited and annotated 45 of Clark’s letters in Dear Brother: Letters of William Clark (2002). Two new biographies appeared: a serious work of scholarship by William Foley, Wilderness Journey: The Life of William Clark (2004), and the less academic work by Landon Jones, William Clark and the Shaping of the West (2004). Now comes William Clark: Indian Diplomat, by Jay Buckley.

Buckley has been hanging around the subject of William Clark for at least a dozen years and it shows in his grasp of sources. His bibliography, for example, is more than twice that of Jones’.

The main shifts in his judgments, an important attribute because Clark is a complex person whose actions can be variously interpreted as sympathetic, deceptive, contradictory, or manipulative. Clark served both as a territorial governor and as an administrator of Indian Affairs from his office in St. Louis, and his impact on Indian-white relations reverberated across the trans-Mississippi West for three decades.

Both Judge Thomas Oaks and surveyor Richard Bard, Graham adds research gleaned from the post's monthly reports. Unlike The People’s History of Stevens County, Graham’s Military Fort Colville does not include notes to sources used.

Current & Noteworthy
By Robert C. Carriker, Book Review Editor

Patrick J. Graham’s interest in north-eastern Washington grew with each issue of The Statesman-Examiner, Colville’s weekly newspaper, published by his family from 1947 to 1992. Graham supported the Stevens County Historical Society as it prepared The People’s History of Stevens County and his newspaper serialized the volume. The idea took shape in 1980 when the historical society decided to undertake an oral history project and the Washington Commission for the Humanities (now Humanities Washington) provided funding. Ten volunteers interviewed 96 individuals and engineered some 225 hours of tape recordings. The paperback book that resulted from this endeavor is notable for its quality. For example, after transcripts and an index were complete, two professional historians, Fred Bohm and Craig Holstine, wrote a narrative.

Buckley hones his project and subsequently became director of the Michigan State University Press. Holstine, a Washington native like Bohm, joined the Archaeological and Historical Services at Eastern Washington University after first writing several monographs for the United States Forest Service and is now a cultural resources manager for the Washington Department of Transportation. The historical society also consulted with Washington State University (WSU) professors Alan Smith, David Stratton, and Susan Armitage. Over time the book of 9 chapters, 50 illustrations, and 127 pages went out of print. That is no longer the case. In 2006 the Northeast Washington Genealogical Society authorized a second printing. (newsgs.org/publications.htm, $19.95) By the way, the book’s front cover has a pen-and-ink drawing of Isaac Stevens by Randall Johnson, who, as a WSU student prior to a long career with Washington Water Power (now Avista), designed the now famous WSU Cougar logo.

The genealogical society, one of the most active in the state, has similarly published or republished 20 books dealing with Stevens and Ferry counties. Among the most recent is Colville Collection, Book Two: Military Fort Colville, 1859 to 1882, compiled by Patrick J. Graham. ($22.95) Building on the earlier investigations of both Judge Thomas Oakshott and surveyor Richard Bard, Graham adds research gleaned from the post’s monthly reports. Unlike The People’s History of Stevens County, Graham’s Military Fort Colville does not include notes to sources used.

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President John F. Kennedy at the White House with African American leaders, June 21, 1963. Tacoma's Jack Tanner stands behind Kennedy, his hands on a chair. (Washington State Historical Society)


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