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The act of hosting a world’s fair was a kind of coming-of-age for Seattle. In honor of the event, enterprising songwriters produced a slew of tunes like “The Pay Streak March and Two Step,” by Alfred V. Peterson, depicted here in sheet music form. See related story beginning on page 14. (#1994.1.2.524, Special Collections, Washington State Historical Society)
Going to Seattle

By Janet Grimes

When I was growing up in Mount Vernon, Washington, in the 1940s and 1950s, Interstate 5 was no more than an idea, and driving the 60 miles south to Seattle took two hours. Highway 99 ran through town as a two-lane street; passed through Marysville and Everett with a string of traffic lights; and negotiated a seemingly endless stretch of billboards, real estate offices, gas stations, restaurants, motels, and older “auto courts” from Lynnwood to downtown Seattle. Two or three times a year, from the time I was four or five until I graduated from high school, my family made all-day shopping excursions. Taken altogether, they form a series of impressions of a small-town girl’s Saturday trips to the big city.

We started early—my parents, aunt and uncle, and myself. My father and Uncle Ralph sat up front while I sat between my mother and Aunt Claire in the back. Sometimes Aunt Claire applied nail polish in the car, then splayed her fingers and shook them to dry. We passed through rural countryside until Marysville, chatting about plans for the day and watching for landmarks as we made our way south. One such landmark was the bridge that spanned the Snohomish River between Marysville and Everett. I had called it the “Upside-Down Bridge” ever since the time when I was quite small that we had taken a train trip to Seattle—from our position on the train trestle, which ran underneath the roadbed, the bridge had looked upside-down. South of Everett the highway widened to four lanes as we approached the “rhubarbs” (the word for suburbs in the family lexicon).

Moving along wide Aurora Avenue, we passed the Evergreen-Washelli cemetery with row upon row of white grave markers, the Twin T-Ps Restaurant, Green Lake, the Aqua Theater, and the pedestrian overpasses near Woodland Park. When we spotted the big globe, around which revolved the neon words, “It’s in the P-I,” I knew we were almost downtown. Our usual parking lot was near the ultimate department store—Frederick and Nelson. Underneath the parking lot were public restrooms floored with tiny white octagonal tiles.

The streets bustled with Saturday shoppers, most still empty-handed and eager. I stared at a blind man sitting on the sidewalk playing an accordion and at clusters of black people—both unfamiliar sights in my hometown. Since we had about an hour until lunchtime, we separated briefly. With my mother and Aunt Claire, I waited for the “walk” sign and moved with a human wave as it surged across the street, met halfway by another wave coming toward us. We spent our time on the first floor of Frederick and Nelson looking at the counter displays of perfumes, gloves, scarves, and handbags. The time before lunch was spent looking and planning. We reserved serious shopping for the afternoon. If we had time, we might take the escalator up a flight or two. I loved escalators—something else Mount Vernon lacked—and gazed admiringly at the stylishly dressed manikins with their long eyelashes and bright red lips. Secretly, I wished my mother and aunt looked like them.

For lunch we rejoined the men at Ben Paris’s Restaurant, just down the block from Sherman Clay, where my father had gone to admire the Hammond organs he could not afford. To reach the restaurant from street level, we descended a long flight of wide stairs. A pool populated with live trout awaited us at the base of the stairs, its bottom scattered with coins. On the left stood the entrance to the sporting goods store, with its guns, fishing gear, camping equipment, and—mounted on the support pillars—trophy heads of moose, elk, deer, and other game animals. After lunch, Uncle Ralph would browse there for fishing tackle.

A right at the trout pool took us into the restaurant with its wooden booths varnished dark brown. The menu listed something pleasing to each of us; for me it was usually a hot turkey sandwich. After lunch we separated again. When I was small I went along with my mother and aunt. First we made another restroom stop, this time in the family lounge on Frederick and Nelson’s sixth floor, taking a side trip through the alcove displaying Steuben glass. I could have lingered there for hours admiring the figures and landscapes etched in glass prisms and mounds, or molded figures such as a leaping trout on the verge of catching a bright gold insect—all displayed against dark blue velvet.
The family lounge, adjacent to the women's restroom, contained a row of telephone booths and telephone directories from cities all over the country. Once I tried to look up my hero, actor Guy Madison (who played Wild Bill Hickok on television), in the Los Angeles directory, but without success. When my best friend Sharon moved to Bellevue, I could call her for 10 cents from one of those telephones. Almost as exciting as talking to Sharon was using the dial phone. In Mount Vernon we did not have dial phones until I was in seventh grade; when we lifted the receiver we had to wait for an operator to ask, "Number, please?"

The afternoon shopping itinerary included The Bon Marche and Rhodes, and sometimes Penney's, Nordstrom's (which then was a high-class shoe store), and Best's Apparel. If there was time, the women went to the Public Market. None of this appealed to me, especially the market, which was smelly and confusing. I hated shopping there and felt dragged along. One day, when Uncle Ralph had not come to Seattle, my father invited me to spend the afternoon with him. Thus I gained entrance to a world infinitely more fascinating to me. We spent the afternoon going, seeing, doing.

One time we went down to Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe on the waterfront, where a stuffed mermaid—supposedly fished out of some distant sea—adorned one wall. We watched a passenger ship depart for the Orient while people on board waved to those left behind on the pier—just like in the movies. Another time, my father guided me along First Avenue, past bums and beggars, to Smith Tower, the tallest building west of the Mississippi. We took the elevator to the Chinese Room on the top floor and watched the tiny cars and people below and saw what looked like a miniature fire engine leave its station house, siren faintly wailing, and wind its way through traffic.

If the weather was disagreeable, we went to a movie. We saw Mogambo, Pandora and the Flying Dutchman, Marty, and The Rose Tattoo, all first-run films at big downtown theaters. Mount Vernon's two theaters showed only second-run films, sometimes almost a year after they were first released. I vividly recall seeing The Day the Earth Stood Still—one of the best science fiction films of the 1950s—at the Coliseum. The huge theater's acoustics were so good, my father said later, that when the flying saucer landed he felt as if it were coming down on top of us. As much as I enjoyed that movie, I was even more impressed with the theater. Constructed during the heyday of filmmaking, it was a true movie palace—the gaudiest, largest, most extravagant theater I had ever seen. Its walls appeared to be made of marble, and it boasted three balconies (neither of Mount Vernon's theaters had even one). When the deep pink curtain rose, the bottom edge gathered into elegant scallops.

Emerging from movie wonderland in the late afternoon, we found that the downtown streets had changed. People rushed to catch buses, parking lots spewed cars. I noticed street vendors selling popcorn or unshelled hot roasted peanuts in paper bags. Newsboys hawked the evening edition. (One time the headlines ominously declared that President Eisenhower had suffered a heart attack.) When we rendezvoused with my mother and aunt near the Frederick and Nelson's candy counter, Aunt Claire

**LEFT:** The author at five years of age, dressed up for a family car trip to Seattle.

**BELOW:** The Seattle Post-Intelligencer building, just north of Seattle's downtown shopping district.
was laden with purchases: new shoes, leather gloves, lacy undies, sometimes a new suit. She was a working woman and could justify such extravagance. My mother also had packages, most of which were quickly packed away in the car's trunk and forgotten until they reappeared as Christmas or birthday presents.

In the dusk, our car's interior lighted by neon signs and headlights, we joined the slow procession moving out of the city and chatted in spurts about the day's events. Viewed from the Aurora Bridge, the big "Grandma's Cookies" sign at the north end of Lake Union dominated the twinkling lights below. We drove north and then stopped for dinner somewhere along Aurora Avenue or closer to Everett. One place where we sometimes ate had a television set behind the counter. Before the hostess led us to our booth I caught a glimpse of the Lone Ranger astride Silver, chasing the bad guys on a screen about eight inches wide. It was the first television I had ever seen.

Driving on after dinner, my mother, with some rustling sounds, produced several white paper bags containing an assortment of Frederick and Nelson's chocolates. There were quarter-sized nonpareils, chocolate-covered raisins, peanut clusters, and chocolate stars (droplets with ridges that swirled to a peak). We chose two or three apiece; then the bags of candy disappeared, saved for parties and holiday gatherings. As we continued north, conversation dwindled. Lights flashed past less frequently. Thoughts turned inward, and the day's events began shaping themselves into stories for family members awaiting us at home, later to be recalled among ourselves as family lore, and now to form this composite tale. North of Marysville, we pushed homeward in silent darkness, soothed by the engine's steady hum, our own thoughts, and each other's presence.

Janet Grimes is a retired Tacoma Community College librarian and English instructor. Since 1996 she has been a volunteer at the Washington State History Research Center. She was born in Mount Vernon.
By Mavis Amundson

SOMETHING JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF his Brooklyn apartment awakened Edward W. “Eddie” Bentz. The 41-year-old career criminal from Tacoma figured the apartment would be a safe haven until police relaxed their manhunt. But something was amiss on the morning of March 13, 1936. Bentz heard a man in the hallway shout, “Open that door! We’re federal officers.” He scanned the apartment, desperate for escape routes, and spotted a dumbwaiter that led to an empty unit upstairs. Bentz hid in the shaft intending to hoist himself to safety as FBI agents lobbed tear gas canisters into his apartment. Agents caught him upstairs.

Later, in a federal building overlooking New York’s East River, Bentz told an FBI agent: “I hope they send me to Alcatraz Prison. All my friends are there.” Indeed, they were. Eddie Bentz masterminded numerous bank robberies in the 1930s and was the state of Washington’s most notorious contribution to the violent gangster years of the Great Depression.

Bentz ran with some of the most prominent and feared hoodlums of the time, including George F. Barnes Jr., known as “Machine Gun” Kelly, and Lester Joseph Gillis, a particularly ruthless thug also known as “Baby Face Nelson.” Bentz even knew John Dillinger, dubbed “Public Enemy No. 1” in 1934.

Criminals and police alike respected Bentz for his intellect and resourcefulness in casing banks, researching their financials, and finding the best getaway routes. When FBI director J. Edgar Hoover wrote Persons in Hiding, about the gangster years of the 1930s, he devoted an entire chapter to

“Big Time Hoodlum Nabbed – Eddie Bentz Arrested in Chicago,” read the headline accompanying this newspaper photo.
Bentz, noting: "Bentz was a superman even to his own kind. Hardened criminals looked to him for advice. Often they would pay him a consultant's fee for examining their plans for a holdup and deciding whether or not the robbery should be carried out."

Bentz knocked off banks all over the country. In Washington, Bentz and his accomplices were suspected of pulling off brazen, daytime bank heists in Bremerton and Colfax. When he was not busy with his criminal activities, he was said to indulge in more refined pursuits, such as collecting rare books and coins.

Tacoma was his hometown. He grew up in the city and returned often. In the early 1930s he lived on South Grant Avenue, and in 1932 he married his teenage girlfriend, Verna Freimark, in Tacoma. When Bentz was paroled for the last time in 1963, he retired there.

For all of his exploits, however, Bentz kept a low profile. While Dillinger flaunted his gangster career, Bentz often portrayed himself as a law-abiding citizen. He used several aliases and at various times called himself a machinist, engineer, or salesman. As a result, Washington's most prolific gangster of the 1930s is now largely forgotten. But a review of court and prison records, newspaper accounts, city directories, and other public documents reveals the story of a career criminal who reached the highest level in his profession.

Edward Wilhelm Bentz was born June 2, 1894, in Pipestone, Minnesota, the fifth of eleven children born to German immigrants George and Rose Bentz. After an accident killed George Bentz around 1907, Rose and her children moved to Tacoma. It is unlikely that the entire Bentz brood came with her, but records show that young Eddie and at least seven of his siblings lived in the Pacific Northwest.

Bentz later told prison officials his family ran a boardinghouse and that he had a middle-class upbringing. That may have been the case when he was a...
by swearing he wanted to enlist in the Canadian army and turn his life around. He even enlisted, but within two months he was AWOL.

Bentz spent most of the 1920s in and out of prison in Washington, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, serving sentences for various crimes, including burglary and car theft. For the most part, people like Bentz operated anonymously in the 1920s Prohibition era. They looted banks throughout the Midwest without drawing the police response or banner headlines that big Chicago mobsters like Al Capone or George "Bugs" Moran typically elicited. Bootleggers held the spotlight.

By the 1930s the nation had changed and so had the nature of crime. The country was struggling with the economic calamity of the Great Depression. Criminals flourished with the aid of an effective new tool. Automobiles had become more reliable and readily available. It was now possible for hoodlums to stage brazen daylight heists and flee in fast cars, outrunning local authorities whose jurisdiction often stopped at the state line. Bentz was different, too. He was a more accomplished and ambitious criminal with a prestigious specialty—bank robbery.

Some suspect Bentz of masterminding the sensational armed robbery of the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1930. Police accounts say the robbers made off with about $2.5 million in cash and securities, which would be worth about $30.8 million today. Bentz's confirmed stickups had less extravagant payoffs. During the noon hour of July 29, 1932, two armed men walked into the First State Bank of Bremerton, in the old Charleston neighborhood. "This is a holdup," one man said. When bank president H. A. Bruner resisted, one of the robbers knocked him unconscious with a blackjack. The gunmen grabbed about $7,000 and rolls of silver dollars.

When they sped off in their getaway car they had about $77,000 worth of cash and securities—about 1.1 million in today's dollars.

Within weeks authorities were searching for two suspects in the Colfax heist: Eddie Bentz and Albert L. Bates, an ex-con with a 16-year record for burglary and theft. They also wanted to question an additional suspect, bootlegger and would-be bank robber Machine Gun Kelly, whom witnesses in Colfax identified as an accomplice. Police suspected that Kelly, Bates, and Bentz were part of a gang that held up banks from Washington state to Texas in the early 1930s.

In June 1933, Bentz's criminal career turned a corner when a visitor appeared at his Lake Michigan vacation cottage in Long Beach, Indiana—unstable, trigger-happy Baby Face Nelson. Making a fateful decision, Bentz agreed to become his partner.

On the Friday afternoon of August 18, 1933, Bentz, Nelson, and four other gunmen pulled up to the
Peoples Savings Bank of Grand Haven, Michigan, in a Buick sedan. The driver stayed with the car in a back alley while another man guarded the door. Bentz, Nelson, and the other two men went inside and stole at gunpoint $14,000, plus checks and bonds.

The robbers grabbed bank employees as human shields and pushed their hostages out the door. But the Buick getaway car was gone. Their driver had panicked and driven away. With the hostages still in tow, the gunmen fired into the street. Nelson, hoisting a Thompson submachine gun, sprayed bullets in several directions while onlookers ran for cover.

Bentz, brandishing a pistol, ran into the street and flagged down a woman driving a Chevrolet. Four of the robbers piled into the car and drove away, leaving one man behind to face arrest. The fugitives ditched the car several miles out of town and stole two others to make their escape.

The bungled getaway and heavy use of gunfire was far from a signature Bentz robbery, and police responded in a big way. Barely a month passed before authorities started rounding up suspects. Baby Face Nelson eluded officers, although he died 15 months later in a Skokie, Illinois, shootout. Bentz somehow escaped the dragnet. He fled to Portland, Maine, where he and Verna bought a big house. Bentz then tried to go straight and stay under cover by starting a toy business.

While Bentz was on the road selling toys in New England, lawmakers in Washington, D.C., were debating laws that ultimately ended his bank robbery career. Early in 1934 Congress passed a series of anticrime bills, and on May 18, 1934, President Franklin Roosevelt signed six of them into law. One of the bills made bank robbery a federal crime. Bentz and other bank robbers had readily outrun local authorities by fleeing from state to state. Now, however, bank robbers would be pursued by a national force called the Bureau of Investigation, later called the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). With a stroke of his pen Roosevelt dramatically changed the rules.

Meanwhile, Bentz was apparently getting bored with the law-abiding life in Maine. While on the road in Vermont, he spotted a bank in the small town of Danville and saw it as an opportunity to raise capital for his toy business. On the afternoon of June 4, 1934, Bentz and an accomplice robbed Danville’s Caledonia National Bank of about $7,600 in cash, plus bonds, checks, and securities. No one was hurt, but one cashier was forced to the floor and another was threatened at gunpoint to open the vault.

After scooping up their loot, the two gunmen climbed into a Ford V-8 and sped away. This time, however, federal agents pursued them and no state line could interfere. Bentz soon adopted the precarious lifestyle of a federal fugitive. He and Verna left their home in Maine and split up. Bentz moved from place to place, one step ahead of his pursuers. He changed his habits, apparently fearful of any slip that would signal his whereabouts to federal agents. He avoided bookstores and coin shops, gave up golf, and stayed away from fancy restaurants and nightclubs.

Figuring to lose himself in the big city, Bentz moved to Brooklyn. Verna accidentally revealed his location. The pursuit ended when Bentz climbed out of the apartment dumbwaiter and into the hands of waiting FBI agents. He pleaded guilty to the Vermont bank robbery and received a 20-year sentence. Authorities booked him into the U.S. penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, on March 26, 1936, and transferred him


BELOW: This corner building housed the First State Bank in Bremerton’s old Charleston neighborhood, 1927–1937. Two gunmen robbed the bank on July 29, 1932, making it one in a lengthy string of similar robberies in the early 1930s.
to the federal prison on Alcatraz Island two months later.

Alcatraz opened in 1934 as a maximum security prison to hold dangerous criminals convicted of violating federal laws. The island prison in San Francisco Bay was considered nearly escape-proof. Bentz spent 12 years there. His fellow inmates included Albert Bates and Machine Gun Kelly, who were serving time for kidnapping an Oklahoma oilman. Although Bentz was clearly involved in the Bremerton and Colfax holdups, and Bates and Kelly were suspected accomplices in the Colfax heist, none of them was prosecuted for the Washington robberies. It hardly mattered, though, because all three had been sentenced to long prison terms for other crimes.

When Bentz was released from Alcatraz, the State of Massachusetts was waiting to prosecute him for a prior larceny offense. In October 1948 federal marshals escorted him directly to Boston, where he was sentenced to five to six years in the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown.

Massachusetts released Bentz in the spring of 1953. He immediately reuni-

the straight life was difficult for Bentz, who promptly got himself into debt. He bought a 1948 black Buick, financed through monthly payments, and owed money on a television set. After buying a coat, clothes, and a wristwatch for Jeannette, he was broke. When a friend from Wisconsin tried to interest him in robbing a bank, Bentz declined, saying he would be too easily identified by the FBI. Nonetheless, in May 1954 Bentz and his friend drove around Green Bay, Wisconsin, scouting out possible heists. Late in the afternoon on May 18, 1954, Bentz, now nearly 60, walked into the Pulaski-Chase Co-op, a farm and home supply store near Green Bay. Brandishing a gun, he robbed the store of about $1,500 while his friend waited outside in the black Buick.

Wisconsin released Bentz in February 1962 after he had served eight years at Waupun. Freedom eluded Bentz even then. His Wisconsin conviction violated the parole terms on his federal sentence for the Vermont bank robbery. As a result, federal authorities promptly threw him in the Federal Correctional Institution in Sandstone, Minnesota, for a year.

At age 69, Bentz was finally a free man. He returned to Tacoma and retired from crime. From the mid 1960s on, he apparently lived a quiet life on South Thompson Avenue, about two miles east of Interstate 5 and the Tacoma Mall. A brother and sister of his also lived in the area. Once robust, Bentz became a diminished man with a heart condition in his later years. He was 85 when he died of heart failure on October 31, 1979.

Bentz once boasted of having robbed 50 to 100 banks in his lifetime. His rap sheet shows dozens of allegations and offenses from Washington to Vermont. He embraced the criminal lifestyle for most of his adult life and served about 40 years behind bars—almost half his lifetime—in some of the United States' more formidable prisons. But unlike Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and other notorious gangsters of the 1930s, Eddie Bentz never became a household name. This was largely intentional. J. Edgar Hoover wrote that Bentz preferred a low profile and held publicity seekers in contempt: "He regarded Pretty Boy Floyd as a cheap thug and John Dillinger as an upstart. They were publicized outlaws of the moment."

Bentz tried to keep his cover until the very end. On the old bank robber's death certificate, the line for "usual occupation" contains a single typed word: "salesman."
IN THE SHADOW of Seattle's monorail stands a tiny, triangular concrete island surrounded by ribbons of asphalt and rushing automobiles. It might seem like one of dozens throughout the city but for the fact that it is home to a life-sized statue atop a marble and granite pedestal. Set at the bewildering intersection of Stewart Street, Westlake Avenue, Fifth Avenue, and Olive Way, the island's bronze occupant faces southeast with his right hand resting on a table and an overcoat draped over his left arm. An inscription on the pedestal's front face reveals the subject: "John Harte McGraw." Who was this man, and why is he honored by one of the few statues that adorn the city of Seattle?

Born October 4, 1850, in Penobscot County, Maine, John McGraw spent his youth in poverty, raised until age eight by his widowed mother. Strong disagreement with his stepfather spurred him to leave home at age fourteen and make his own way. In 1876, deciding to start a new life in the West, he traveled to San Francisco and worked for a short time as a horse-car driver before relocating to Seattle in December of that year.

McGraw landed his first Seattle job at the Occidental Hotel. Before long he became proprietor of the American House, a small hotel near Yesler's Wharf. When the hotel burned down in 1878, he took a chance on a new career, becoming a police officer with Seattle's fledgling four-man force. The people of the city elected him to the position of city marshal in July 1879, which prompted the city council to also appoint him chief of police. In February 1882 he was appointed King County sheriff when Sheriff Lewis V. Wykoff suddenly died of a heart attack. McGraw won election to the post that fall and again in 1884.

In February 1886 Sheriff McGraw intervened when a number of Seattle's citizens, convinced that the local Chinese immigrants were taking jobs away from American workers, tried to run the Chinese out of town. By all accounts, McGraw risked his
life to defend the rights of the Chinese, aggressively protecting them from further riotous violence and helping many to escape deportation. With passions at feverishly high levels, McGraw's actions generated extreme public disapproval. He and many of his fellow elected Republican officials were swept from office in the fall elections.

As TODAY'S RIDERS of Seattle's South Lake Union streetcar line stand at its southern terminus they can gaze across Westlake Avenue and see McGraw's bronze image facing them, framed by two Austrian black pine trees growing from a planter box behind the statue. The trees obscure the monument from the view of Monorail riders and passing traffic on Fifth Avenue. Park benches extend outward from either side of the statue's base.

Behind McGraw Square, across Fifth Avenue, stands the historic, triangular-shaped Times Square Building, which opened in 1916 and housed offices of the Seattle Times until 1930. People often referred to the area around this intersection and McGraw's statue as Times Square.

For a man of such humble beginnings and only a brief country school education, McGraw's swift rise to the position of sheriff was a notable achievement. He sought to be well-informed, nurturing an appreciation for literature, history, and the overall acquisition of knowledge—perhaps to compensate for his earlier truncated schooling. While serving as sheriff he studied law in his spare time (there were few law schools in existence at the time) and passed the Washington State Bar exam in 1886. Upon his return to private life, he practiced law with two former judges. His reputation for modesty and humility, especially with regard to his personal achievements, was well-known and constantly reflected in his words and deeds.

His 1886 electoral defeat did not end his public service. He ran for sheriff again in 1888 and won an overwhelming victory, which his friends and supporters hailed as a vindication of his previous service in office. During this new term Seattle experienced disaster when, in June 1889, the city center burned to the ground. Later that year Washington Territory was admitted to the union.

McGraw declined to run for reelection in 1890. Instead, he returned to private life and accepted a position as president of First National Bank. During that time he continued to be active in state politics as a leading and influential figure in the Republican Party.

The Republicans' respect for him was such that the party convinced him to run for public office once again, gaining him the 1892 Republican gubernatorial nomination. He won the election and became the state's second governor. During his term the state legislature approved construction of a new state capitol building.

McGraw championed development of the University of Washington and tirelessly promoted the idea of a ship canal to connect Lake Washington and Puget Sound. Unfortunately, his term in office coincided with the economic Panic of 1893, which crippled business activity all over the nation. McGraw resisted calls for the fledgling state government to interfere in the private marketplace or to take on unmanageable debt. The depressed economic situation contributed to Republican losses statewide in the 1896 election, including Governor McGraw's.

After his term expired in 1897, the new incumbent party alleged financial mismanagement within the sheriff's office during McGraw's tenure. He was forced to liquidate his property to pay $10,000 in restitution, though no personal wrongdoing was proved. Nearly broke, he traveled north, together with thousands of others, to seek his fortune in the newly discovered Alaska...
goldfields. He returned two years later having made just enough money to settle his debts and enter into the real estate and insurance businesses in Seattle.

McGraw served as president of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce from 1905 through 1907, and became the first president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Pacific Coast Cities in 1908-09. He also functioned as an executive committee member and vice president for the 1909 Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition, Seattle's first world's fair, which took place on what became the University of Washington campus. He served in numerous other business and civic leadership capacities, undoubtedly sought out because of his well-known reputation for hard work, intellect, and past service to the community.

After leaving office, McGraw continued to be a steadfast ship canal advocate. To that end, he often traveled to the nation’s capital to lobby Congress for project funding. This effort eventually led, after his death, to construction of the Chittenden Locks and the Lake Washington Ship Canal. The inscription on the front face of his statue's pedestal is testimony to the importance of his contribution to the project:

This commemorates the services of an energetic and wise leader in many enterprises undertaken for the general welfare, especially the project for connecting Lake Washington with the Tide Water by a Ship Canal.

On June 23, 1910, John McGraw died of typhoid fever. For many days beforehand the local papers included grim stories of his deteriorating condition. He is buried in Seattle's Mount Pleasant Cemetery with a tombstone marking his grave that inexplicably shows the month of his death incorrectly as July.

Dignitaries and hundreds of citizens gathered together on July 22, 1913, to witness the unveiling of the bronze tribute to John McGraw, the work of New York sculptor Richard Brooks. A group of prominent Seattleites—close acquaintances and admirers of the former governor’s—raised private funds for the statue. The Seattle Parks Commission provided the small parcel of land, now known as McGraw Square, on which it was erected. J. M. Frink, president of the parks commission, remarked at the new statue’s unveiling: “The city owes more to John H. McGraw than to any man for its advancement and prosperity. Every citizen should now recognize the devotion given by this self-made man. May it be an incentive to the young men of all future generations to put state and country above personal pleasure and profit.”

At 1,190 square feet, McGraw Square is among the smallest parcels in Seattle's park system. Because of the busy, confused traffic flow around it, many drivers pass right by without realizing that the small triangle of land is home to a statue depicting one of Seattle’s most influential though little-known city fathers.

Steven E. Houchin is currently working on two historical fiction book manuscripts, one of which won the Pacific Northwest Writers Association’s 2007 Zola Award. He is also a principal with Forest Park Lab, a Seattle-area consulting firm.
The images shown here and many others in the Washington State Historical Society's collection can be viewed and ordered online at WashingtonHistory.org. Just click on Research WA and select Image Collections or Collections Catalog, then type in a search word or term.
Soon after the official opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition (AYPE) in early June 1909, the horse-drawn ambulance, with its bells clanging, sped out on a "hurry up call." From the garage next to the Emergency Hospital, the ambulance raced through the fairground crowds to the Live Game Exhibition. The ambulance crew found a uniformed man lying bloody on the ground—a keeper who had been attacked by a timber wolf while attempting to move it into its new cage. The medical staff at the fair had to be ready for anything, and with that idea in mind, preparations for medical emergencies had begun well in advance of opening day.

The AYPE broke ground in June 1907. East Coast reporters dispatched to cover this frontier town fair sent back astonished reports about Seattle
By the exposition’s opening day Seattle claimed to be the cleanest and the healthiest city in the nation—a title it continued to claim for several decades.

and its achievements. Some called the AYPE the most beautiful fair ever held. It was also called the most successful for two reasons: it was actually ready for visitors on opening day, and it finished in the black. The Emergency Hospital—the second building completed—opened a year ahead of the fair.

In March 1909 Seattle officials launched a “Clean Up” campaign. The plan was for every property owner or tenant to see that their premises were in the best possible condition for the coming summer. Citizens were encouraged to clean their cellars to keep rats out and to make sure doors and windows were screened to keep out flies. Downtown streets were to be sluiced three times daily during the exposition. The city health commissioner worked hard to clean up long-neglected health issues. By the exposition’s opening day Seattle claimed to be the cleanest and the healthiest city in the nation—a title it continued to claim for several decades.

Municipal leaders regarded each out-of-town visitor to the fair as a potential immigrant or investor, but they struggled to manage the growth they solicited. Seattle’s population, which numbered 80,000 in 1900, would reach 237,000 in 1910. Settled between steep hills on one side and tidewater on the other, the city lacked adequate water supplies for its population and suffered the ill effects of an inefficient sewer system, substandard trash disposal, and inadequate provisions for public health.

Public Health in a Boomtown

The City of Seattle Board of Health was created by the 1890 municipal charter. At that time the general concern was for improved public sanitation and smallpox quarantine. In 1901 the custom of quarantining a private home for scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, and other contagious diseases called for posting a guard in front of the home day and night. Follow-up methods included vaccination and fumigation.

In October 1907 the bubonic plague broke out in Seattle, precipitating a crisis that demonstrated the board of health was inadequate to the task. In spring 1908 the charter was amended to abolish the board of health and create the position of commissioner of health with a greatly enlarged staff including more inspectors and quarantine officers. This big change in the health department came just in time to handle the increased workload required to prepare the city for the AYPE and the problems that would come with an influx of out-of-town visitors.

When bubonic plague appeared in Seattle it was thought to have traveled up the coast from San Francisco, carried by rats on coastal shipping. Several people died of the plague in Seattle, prompting Seattle’s health commissioner, Dr. J. E. Crichton, to adopt an eradication program patterned after the one developed in the Bay Area. Between January and November 1908 a total of 57,299 rodents were brought in by trappers on the city payroll or by bounty hunters who were paid ten cents per rat. Autopsies performed on 49,000 of them found that some carried the disease. Dr. F. S. Bourns, the city’s chief medical inspector, explained the “need of continuing our vigilance especially in this year of the Fair and the need of continuing the study of rats brought in for autopsies since the disease among the rodents preceded the disease among the citizens.” The practice of trapping and doing autopsies on rats continued for many years.

Garbage disposal was an ongoing problem. The city purchased an incinerator in 1906, but the volume of garbage Seattle produced was beyond its capacity. Refuse, consisting of dead animals, manure, ash, street-sweepings and other debris, was frequently thrown in streets, alleys, empty lots, or in the bay to be returned with the tide. Dr. Elmer Heg, state health commissioner, spoke at a meeting of “Know Your City,” a civic institute at the YMCA, and condemned Seattle’s inadequate garbage collection system as a serious menace to public health. “It is barbaric. If the city cannot afford to burn it all, it should haul it far enough out to the Pacific Ocean so it won’t come back, and then dump it.”

It was general knowledge that public expectoration was a public health menace capable of spreading disease, particularly tuberculosis (TB)—also called the “white plague.” TB was another disease the city feared and actively fought through quarantine and public health regulations. In 1899 the health department had passed an ordinance forbidding spitting on sidewalks and in streetcars and public places, but expectorators generally ignored this rule. In 1908 a second ordinance amended the earlier one, placing enforcement in the hands of the city’s police department. As a result, the practice was soon brought under control. “We have arrested, within this time,” remarked Dr. Bourns, “something like four hundred men and will continue this work until our city will be as clean as it is possible to make it.”

Other items listed in the 1908 medical inspector’s report reflect more areas of concern. Privy vaults, buildings, meat markets, water sources, vessels, dairies, defective plumbing, and stables—places that were likely to attract flies—were inspected in large numbers that year. Flies were a perennial nuisance for Seattle households, and the health department developed programs for that as well. A health department poster declared, “If you are careless or indifferent about flies, and your children die, don’t blame the Health Department. Clean up” (see page 17).

Changes in Health Care

New understandings of public health were accompanied by a revolution in medical science. The relationship between certain bacteria and disease was beginning to be understood.
TOP: The AYP Exposition was held at a time when tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in Seattle.

BOTTOM: In an effort to clean up the city prior to the exposition and boost the health department’s efforts to curb the spread of TB, the city council strengthened the “no spitting” law. In 1908, with higher penalties and better enforcement, the practice was greatly reduced.

Experimentation with the organisms that caused cholera, anthrax, tuberculosis, syphilis, and typhoid fever changed the whole field of preventive medicine and public health. Laboratory findings became increasingly important to the diagnosis and treatment of illness. For instance, scientists developed diagnostic tests to confirm typhoid fever and tuberculosis. By 1906 there was a test for syphilis. The idea of germs as the cause of illness, rather than miasma or “bad vapors,” gradually gained acceptance.

At the turn of the century the invention of x-ray technology gave medical diagnosis another tool. Medical journals reported that the device could help surgeons find foreign bodies and see tuberculosis lesions in the lungs. Many Washington physicians and hospitals rushed to use the x-ray machine before the dangers of its overuse could be fully understood.

Hospitals in the Northwest, and the kind of care they provided, evolved rapidly in the first decade of the new century. Most hospitals had been founded as charitable institutions designed as a place for the poor to receive limited care. By the early 1900s, however, medicine was becoming more scientific and the resulting changes in medical practice were broadening the role of hospitals. People who could afford private care had once viewed institutional care as inferior and only for the poor. They preferred to be attended in their own homes or treated in a small infirmary run by their doctor.

However, with the development of x-ray technology and laboratories, and a greater understanding of sterile surgical procedures, the number of surgery cases increased and new facilities were needed to offer all these sophisticated medical assets in one place. Physicians encouraged their more prosperous patients to be admitted to the hospital. Hospital-centered medicine was born.

At the Fair

In 1908, on a quiet corner of the busy AYPE grounds, workmen constructed the Emergency Hospital along with an adjacent stable for the horse-drawn ambulance service. The buildings were completed by May 1908, ready to serve the many people working on the grounds as well as the thousands who visited while the fairground was under construction. The first patient, someone with a crushed thumb, appeared before the hospital’s formal dedication.

When the fair opened, an article in the Seattle Times assured fairgoers of the best medical care should they fall ill or become injured. The hospital consisted of a surgery, private rooms, an emergency ward, and quarters for the force in charge. A resident physician and nurses were always in attendance. Dr. E. M. Rininger, the hospital’s medical director, stated confidently, “With my efficient staff consisting of Dr. W. C. Kanter and Dr. M. W. McKinney and Miss B. F. Wiese and Miss Mary Anderson, the nurses, I believe we will be able
In 1909, on a quiet corner of the busy AYPE grounds, workmen constructed the Emergency Hospital along with an adjacent stable for the horse-drawn ambulance service.

to take care of the most difficult case that presents itself. An ambulance service has been established by Butterworth & Sons and will aid in the hospital work."

There are no existing records of the AYPE hospital that detail the specific cases they dealt with on a daily basis, but local newspaper accounts occasionally provide insight into its activities. The animal keeper who was attacked by the wolf at the Live Game Exhibition, for example, was hurried off in the ambulance to the hospital where, according to the Seattle Times, the "attending physicians had to put two cords clear through the wounds to cauterize them to stop blood loss and prevent danger of blood poisoning."

By June 28 the largest number of patients seen in one day had reached 25. Nothing very serious—most cases involved complaints of the stomach (probably from contaminated food) and back (likely from a Pay Streak ride). A new diagnosis was coined: the AYPE headache, "discovered and named by Dr. Kanter and seems popular among the visitors on the grounds, coming from no particular cause, but giving the patient considerable uneasiness while it lasts." There was some concern that lake water in the basins around the grounds was being used by visitors for drinking purposes, but that diagnosis was never confirmed. Nevertheless, they recommended that no water be taken on the grounds unless plainly designated "Cedar River Water, for Drinking Purposes."

Other AYPE-related medical emergencies were reported in the newspaper: a man fell 25 feet from a tree trying to get a better view of the fireworks on the lake, "knocking him senseless;" an unfortunate 18-year-old girl dropped dead; and a man was shot in the sometimes rowdy "Streets of Cairo." But the most horrific incident, which certainly must have been a great challenge to the hospital staff, was a trolley accident in which the car jumped the track and crashed into a cafe just outside the fairgrounds. Scores of injured were taken by taxicab, ambulance, and vegetable wagon to the Emergency Hospital and overwhelmed the staff. From the exposition's administrative headquarters a call went out for physicians, but medical help was not forthcoming. The common reply was that office hours kept the majority of them busy. In the meantime, Dr. Kanter and the nurse corps at the Emergency Hospital were accomplishing splendid results. Some of the less seriously injured were moved to downtown hospitals while the more serious were given further attention at the hospital. The accident killed one person and seriously injured 50 others.

On the Pay Streak

While the hospital was well used during the course of the fair, there were some who reportedly did not use it in times of illness. Members of the Eskimo Village who lived on the grounds during the fair had their own way of addressing illness. The newspapers reported that McGinty, called the most distinguished member of the group, was feeling ill one day. The Eskimos, they said, had no religion but possessed a great fear of a devil, to whom they attributed all physical ills; when one of them was sick, the medicine man would "tom-tom" it out of him or use other mysterious means of dispelling the evil. The Post-Intelligencer reported that McGinty "picked up his tom-tom and chanted the horrid demon out of his personal domain. In a half hour he was back to work on his sled."

In its effort to clean up Seattle in 1909, the city's Public Health Department issued posters to remind residents of the possible consequences of relaxing their vigilance against these pernicious pests.
The newspapers, though always happy to expound on the activities of this ethnic troupe of performers, were doubtless inaccurate in some of their cultural commentary.

On the Pay Streak, among all the varied and exciting amusements, was an attraction called the “The Tickler.” An advertisement for the ride claimed the Tickler gave riders cause to rend the air with exclamations of laughter. It was said to be an experience that could also cure one’s ills. “The trip appears fraught with discomfort but the sensation is really delightful, and physicians are united on the proposition that it is a panacea for many ills not curable by medical treatment.” If the ride failed to live up to this claim, there was a booth next to the ride that sold “headache powders” for 10 cents.

BELLOW: Visitors came to the Pay Streak midway to be entertained by amusements and to view the Incubator Babies. Admission price was fifty cents. The company assured the public that the babies were under constant care of trained nurses and physicians.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Attendants fed, weighed, and changed the babies every two hours. The company promoted the exhibit as educational and life saving. It claimed that 85 percent of premature babies survived when placed in their incubators.

BOTTOM LEFT: The Emergency Hospital’s exam room was fully equipped with modern medical equipment capable of handling medical situations from exhaustion and headache to wolf attacks and streetcar accidents.
"The opponents of the White Plague are the doctor, sunlight, outdoor air, good food, and rest. A world where no one would spit would mean a world without tuberculosis."

Another attraction that stood out on the Pay Streak was the Incubator Babies exhibit. The incubator, invented in France in 1894, showed up at numerous expositions and fairs into the early 20th century. In that era premature babies of less than seven months gestation were not expected to survive. The invention of a device in which a premature baby could be placed that would allow it to thrive and grow was a curiosity if not a downright sensation.

The temperature in the incubator was kept between 85 and 100 degrees. The babies were removed every two hours to be fed by wet nurses, weighed, and changed. The incubator company assured the public that the babies were under the constant care of trained nurses and physicians and that the infants came from private homes and orphanages or foundling homes where they had no chance of survival outside the incubator.

An ad for the AYPE exhibit assured patrons that "the babies are not dolls but genuine mites of humanity born before they are ready for exposure and digesting food as ordinary babies do. There is nothing fake or make believe about this concession."

Other promotional material claimed that the exhibit was not only life-saving but educational. "The purpose of the concession on the Pay Streak is to show the public what can be done, and the liberal patronage shows that the public is interested and has learned much of the wonderful invention. The knowledge that is imparted to mothers and the information that is gained by a visitor is well worth going miles to hear and learn."

Informative it may have been, but promoters also turned the incubator babies into a sensational money-making sideshow, charging 50 cents admission to the exhibit.

On Exhibit

The United States Government Building had many impressive exhibits. One of these demonstrated the progress in scientific medicine and public health administration accomplished by Seattle's Public Health Department and Marine-Hospital Service. A section of that exhibit contained a model operating room with life-sized wax surgeons conducting a surgical procedure. The room had the most modern of sterilizers, instrument cases, bottles, and other appurtenances of a fully equipped, up-to-date operating room. Attendants demonstrated an x-ray machine several times daily to show the public how it could aid surgery and the treatment of skin and nervous disorders.

A laboratory exhibit contained samples of germs growing in tubes and on glass plates. One table, which attracted much attention, contained specimens that showed in natural colors the changes bubonic plague caused in the organs and tissues of rodents. Close by was a model of a house and stable showing what measures could be taken to reduce vermin infestation and lower the risk of bubonic plague.

On the second floor of the Washington State Forestry Building were displays addressing two great public health fears of the time—tuberculosis and typhoid fever. The TB exhibit consisted of placards and charts listing TB statistics and photos of large sanatoriums, including a model of the Seattle Pulmonary Hospital. The entire exhibit, installed by Washington's Board of Health, was designed to impress upon the public the fact that TB was avoidable through healthy living and avoiding contact with sputum of infected persons.

One display counseled: "The opponents of the White Plague are the doctor, sunlight, outdoor air, good food, and rest. A world where no one would spit would mean a world without tuberculosis."

Treatment suggestions included admonitions against alcohol and sexual activity.

Despite laws requiring that all cases of TB be reported, this was usually only done via death certificate reports to the health department. By 1908 over 1,000 TB deaths had been reported in the state. Seattle alone experienced 218 TB-related deaths. In 1909 the Anti-Tuberculosis League of King County canvassed the population and estimated that approximately 1,000 people needed treatment. The city then launched a campaign against TB that culminated in the establishment of Firlands Sanitorium north of Seattle in the Richmond Highlands area of Shoreline.

Typhoid Outbreak

Before the exposition started, the AYPE Division of Exploitation wanted to give potential visitors the impression they were coming to a healthy climate and a healthy city. Promoting the healthy drinking water was one step in that campaign. Physical comfort and well-being were likewise considered.

"Throughout the fair grounds are rest stations where the weary may find seats, shade, and abundant drinking water from a glacier fed lake high in the mountains," declared an AYPE brochure. Signs were placed on the drinking fountains declaring "Pure Cedar Mountain Water." The fountains were the bubbling type principally, although faucets with drinking cups were placed in out-of-the-way places. Someone suggested that devices be installed whereby drinking water could be dispensed when the thirsty visitor dropped a penny into a slot, but that idea was turned down. Director General J. Nadeau stated, "The grounds will have ample facilities for dispensing water without a charge. There is probably no city in the world that has a purer supply of water than Seattle, and we shall see that our visitors will have all they want."

Typhoid fever is caused by water and food contaminated with human fecal matter. Common belief held that it was carried from place to place by flies. Prior to 1901 the city had drawn most of its water from Lake Washington and Lake Union, both of which were being polluted with raw sewage. The incidence of typhoid fever was greatly reduced in 1901, once the city's first water system was
connected to Cedar River. Rapid population growth soon exceeded the new system's capacity, and there were still parts of the city where sewage ran in open ditches into the lakes and lake water was used for domestic purposes.

In 1908 the city government authorized a second Cedar River pipeline. AYPE officials were concerned that it would not be completed in time for the fair. When the fair opened a special contract was in place that provided the fairground with drinking water from the Cedar River, and water for irrigation and fire protection from Lake Washington. The fair greatly stressed the city's water system, causing city reservoirs to run dry on occasion.

On June 29, 1909, the city's Department of Health and Sanitation issued three citations that claimed lake water was being used for domestic purposes, a circumstance that was both "offensive and dangerous to health." The citations—for the state forestry education, and dairy buildings—ordered that all fixtures used for domestic purposes be connected to Cedar River service pipes within 15 days. The response to those citations came 22 days later in a letter stating that the matter was referred to Dr. Elmer Heg, director of Washington's Board of Health. What remedial action was taken, if any, is unknown.

Seattle health officials reported an outbreak of typhoid fever on September 12, 1909. They did not attach a cause to the outbreak until after the exposition ended in mid October. Fingers pointed at a Hillman City dairy in Rainier Valley (family members had attended the fair and later came down with typhoid), doctors accused of not reporting cases, and visitors who possibly brought the disease into the city with them. Toward the end of the year the city's health commissioner, Dr. J. E. Crichton, publicly acknowledged that the cases originated from contaminated drinking water at the fair. All told, 511 people—including 200 fairgoers—had been taken ill by the disease in 1909; 61 died. This was the last significant outbreak of typhoid fever in Seattle—the health department had by then acquired new understandings of the disease and how to contain it.

Special Days
Almost every day of the fair was a "special day," ranging from HooHoo Day to Polish Day. These were designed to boost attendance and give recognition. Associations could visit Seattle to conduct their annual conventions and attend the fair as well. The assorted health professions were well represented. These groups met to elect officers and reach consensus on pressing occupational issues of the day.

The Washington State Graduate Nurses Association had decided on state registration of its members (soon they would be called "registered nurses") and announced they would not take sides on religion or politics—including suffrage. Opticians were to take the first optometry exams in 1909. Osteopaths charged medical examiners with unlawful discrimination in their licensing practices. Homeopaths conducted their very first annual meeting. Pharmacists discussed whether they should sell liquor only to patients who had a physician's prescription or also sell it to those they knew to be of good moral character. Physicians heard arguments in favor of caring for the insane as sick patients rather than criminals.

Health Care Revolution
The Progressive Era—the first two decades of the 20th century—was known for its social reforms. Progressives saw society as a rational, perfectible system and tried to create a better society by improving public health. A healthy city meant an efficient city, and efficiency, they felt, resulted in economic well-being. Seattle was living up to its progressive reputation in the medical fields. New, modern hospitals were being built, and medical specialties were emerging along with new diagnostic techniques. In 1911, thanks in part to proceeds donated from the AYPE, the expanded Firlands Sanatorium opened to treat TB patients in a residential setting. The City Emergency Hospital, which opened in 1909, reflected the kind of specialization that was occurring in the health field. It had medical, surgical, obstetric, psychological, genitourinary, skin, and dental departments. Dr. Nils Johansson, a young Swedish surgeon, arrived in Seattle in 1908 with a aim of building a first-class ultra-modern hospital. Supporters operated the Swedish Building at the AYPE as a fund-raiser for the hospital. Swedish Hospital opened in 1910 with the first Seattle physician to specialize in internal medicine on its staff.

Seattle's newspapers in 1909 had many ads calling out to those suffering from various ailments. Most of these targeted men reading the sports section, assuring them that there was a quick, inexpensive cure for what ailed them. "Men—Now Visiting the City—come and get a complete, safe, and lasting cure in the quickest possible time," proclaimed a large ad for the State Medical Institute. Although it was never directly stated, many of these so-called "men's cures" were aimed at venereal disease sufferers. Quackery practices and patent medicines were still commonly advertised and used.

At the same time, work began in downtown Seattle on the Cobb Building, inspired by East Coast architecture and constructed and designed specifically for use by medical practitioners. It was the first of its kind west of the Mississippi.

Health care in 1909 was a blend of the old—including patent medicines and quackery—and the new—including Progressive Era improvements in procedures, medicines, and facilities. Part of the AYPE's legacy was its financial contribution to the Firlands Tuberculosis Sanatorium and its instructive public health exhibits. Once the fair ended, the public health display was taken on the road across the state to continue educating citizens about health concerns of the day. Unwittingly, the 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition juxtaposed old and new medical practices and provided the perfect showcase for the convergence of emerging ideas in health and medicine.

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SCHRAG AND ELMER’S GENERAL STORE

Schrag, Washington, was granted a post office just a few months before this photograph was taken in late 1911. Northwest of Lind on a Northern Pacific Railway spur constructed to gain access to a grain elevator in the area, the Schrag and Elmer store housed a post office and stocked general merchandise for the surrounding farms. Given away as a 1912 holiday keepsake, the photograph shows the store decorated with a large banner advertising, “Headquarters for Holiday Goods.” When the store closed in 1934, so did the post office, with mail service going to Ritzville. The automobile spelled eventual doom for many of these small country stores as customers sought the variety offered in nearby, larger communities. Although there are a few grain-related structures there today, Schrag is little more than an off ramp sign on Interstate 90 between Seattle and Spokane.
Bryher Herak came to Seattle in 1972 from Montana when she was 25. “There’s a lot of cowboy hats there,” she would tell an interviewer two decades later, “cowboy boots and big trucks.” “Bars are where people hung out,” she added, “so that didn’t change for me [when I moved]. I just had to find a lesbian bar.”

Jane Meyerding arrived the same year, when she was 22. She was from Chicago, college-trained and already soaked in political activism, the daughter of Quaker activists who had taken her to Vienna to work with Hungarian refugees, a protestor against the Vietnam war, a volunteer for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference headed by Martin Luther King.

When they arrived in Seattle, theirs was the usual search to discover a place where they could belong. In a previous decade they might have followed the footsteps of women who had gone down a stairway into an underground bar in the city’s rundown Pioneer Square district. But what is revealing about both of their journeys is something that Herak said next in her interview. “What did I do? There was a bookstore—a women’s bookstore, It’s About Time—there in the U-district. So I went to It’s About Time. I heard there was a lesbian party the first week I was in town. That’s how you do it. You do it word of mouth. You call the women’s bookstore, you call the YWCA. It’s actually pretty easy.”

For Meyerding, it was a similar story. “I cannot remember the first occasion on which I made contact with lesbians,” she said, “but it must have been... on the Ave in the University District, upstairs, over a typewriter repair place.” That was the YWCA.

By the time Meyerding and Herak arrived in Seattle in the 1970s a geographic and political shift had begun to occur for the city’s lesbians. Bars for women were still operating in Pioneer Square, particularly on South Jackson Street where one called the Silver Slipper had opened in 1969. Out in the University District, though, a new place of arrival was forming, one that was going to have as historic an impact on the development of the city’s homosexual community as had the old underground bars.

Gay women had always been more invisible in Seattle than gay men. When the Seattle Times published a 1966 story about the city’s homosexual “problem,” only gay men had been mentioned, not lesbians. When the police threatened gay bar licenses and the city council held its first public hearing about homosexuals, the targets were male bars. When the health department blamed homosexuals for spreading venereal disease, the doctors focused on men. Arguably, the police had tacitly reinforced the lesser importance, or perhaps lesser offensiveness, of lesbians by their decision to extort fewer dollars from the women-frequented bars than they demanded at the male bars. One of the women’s bars had even adopted the name of the Annex, as if bars catering to women were some type of add-on to the gay male space in Pioneer Square. Within the invisible homosexual culture in the city, then, there was a kind of doubled public invisibility for homosexual women.

By the 1970s lesbian communication and identity were changing, and the saloons on the mudflat with their methods of dancing, dishing, and butch-femme drag—however pleasurable, traditional, and valuable in previous decades—were simply not big enough to accommodate the new gay woman. A change in geography would be part
of the shift, and the selection of the University District had much to do with how that neighborhood had developed and what it, like the mudflat, had come to represent in the city's history.

The University of Washington had first been housed in downtown Seattle. Once it became apparent that the university's land was needed if the city's retail and office district was to expand, the professors relocated northward to a broadly forested slope overlooking Lake Washington. In 1905 Professor Edmond S. Meany hit on a clever way to secure more support for the infant university. He proposed that the lightly developed slope host the world's fair that was then being planned for Seattle, knowing that the school would afterward inherit buildings and landscaping paid for by the fair's promoters. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition took place in 1909, just where Meany had envisioned it. Both a university and a neighborhood were born on the back of passionate intellectualism combined with unbridled boosterism, two factors that would influence the style of the lesbian community later formed there.

Among the exhibition buildings was one representing the achievements of the Northwest's women. Seattle's Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA) sponsored a restaurant there as well as a gallery of women's arts and a nursery for many of the fairgoers' weary children. Once the AYPE closed, the women who had been volunteering decided to form a neighborhood YWCA, eventually nesting—in tidy auxiliary fashion—with their male counterpart, the YMCA, on the university's tree-lined fraternity row. That neighborly arrangement lasted for several decades. By 1968, however, with the national feminist movement burgeoning, that locale among men—fraternity men at that—seemed at odds with the new identity many younger women hoped to forge. A new University YWCA director hired that year, Ann Schwiesow, took a single look at the men's landscaped building and the women's auxiliary office and saw a symbolism she wanted no part of. "It was a traditional male-female relationship," she told a Seattle Times reporter in 1972. "Just what we're fighting against," adding, "We knew from the beginning we would be concerned first and foremost with women's liberation."

In 1970, then, the YWCA relocated into a second-story office suite on busy

The Ladder, published nationally by former Seattle residents Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, became a forum for lesbians in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Lesbian self-imagery at the time was usually far less sexually oriented than that portraying gay men.
University Way, the core of the retail district adjacent to the university, "The Ave," as it was called, bustled with pizza shops, real estate developers, used-book vendors, and tables of anti-war literature. Schwiesow moved the YWCA next to a fast-food shop called Sandwich a Go Go.

Then she issued a brochure describing the YWCA's mission in terms surprising to anyone with a traditional view of the organization. None of the usual swimming, cooking, and socializing. The YWCA women, the brochure asserted, were not just "volunteers" as they had been in past years, but "workers" who "describe their commitment as one of creating alternatives to those institutions which degrade or humiliate women, institutions which are inhuman, 'overprofessionalized' or unreasonably expensive."

Soon, the small cluster of otherwise indistinct offices physically embodied the new rhetoric, advertising a fount of possibilities. Notices about feminist events, women's services, jobs, and housing jammed bulletin boards. T-shirts flashed, "Women are Changing the World." An abortion law reform group that had been ordered off the university campus was invited to set up a new office at the YWCA; soon its referral service was fielding about 7,000 calls a year. A Northwest Women's Law Center opened in the suite to pursue legal challenges. A local chapter of the National Organization for Women arrived. A rape counseling service began. Women formed a weekly co-op garage to learn how to repair their own cars. Women's works of art hung in a room devoted to a cultural center. Workers, not volunteers, remodeled a storeroom into a women's health clinic named Aradia. A Women's Divorce Cooperative started giving advice about inexpensive ends to unpleasant marriages. Women's studies classes burgeoned. A newspaper named Pandora was added, its name chosen deliberately to challenge male control of storytelling. Women, the newspaper asserted, had opened a box of blessings in mythic times, not the box of troubles that appeared in the male interpretations.

Pandora became one of the new media of communication among the city's women, including its lesbians. In 1976 it would be followed by Out and About, a newsletter published solely by lesbians. In Pandora's very first issue, in December 1970, a writer named Rachel daSilva described a historic gathering for gay women that had occurred in Seattle just a few weeks earlier on November 19. Women from the Gay Liberation Front (GLF) in Seattle had called a meeting "to allow us to meet other lesbians and get to know each other, [and to express] our feelings about GLF, the gay scene in general, sexual politics, the gay bars, and hopefully, what we wanted out of GLF or any other organization we might want to start." Forty-five women had showed up, "a surprisingly large turnout."

The idea of starting a separate lesbian group had been discussed:

The consensus was that at this point there is nothing bad about this kind of split. GLF is not on a "power trip," the majority of the men feel no antagonism toward women who want to work apart from the larger organization, and in fact they encourage women to do so if unable to relate to GLF as it now exists. It is hoped that, in the event a gay women's group does begin, there will be no hostility between it and GLF. In fact, something on the warm side of indifference might be more in line with our goals.

The gay women wasted no time. Two weeks later Pandora announced the start of the Gay Women's Alliance. In just a few hundred words, the announcement set the three-part mission for a new lesbian movement in Seattle. First, it created a rationale:

For as long as women have been struggling against the male-domination prevalent in our society, lesbians have been the niggers of the women's movement. Women's liberation has been running scared in fear of the labels "lesbian" and "dyke" hurled by men trying to quell the
rise of self-determination among women. And, for the most part, women have reacted defensively, and have put down their gay sisters in order to appear valid in men's eyes. But our common goal, as women, must be to write our own definition of womanhood; in order to do this, all women, gay and straight, must work together without fear of one another. To rid ourselves of this fear, we must learn more about our various lives and life styles and by learning, come to accept each other as individuals.

Then it proposed a way for women to communicate: in small affinity groups "in which women can feel more at ease about discussing personal problems and to communicate; in small affinity groups achieving political changes: "As they begin to get acquainted defensively, and have put down the rise of men's eyes. But our work among women, gay and straight, must work together without fear of one another. To rid ourselves of this fear, we must learn more about our various lives and life styles and by learning, come to accept each other as individuals.

Finally, it laid out a strategy for achieving political changes: building coalitions. "As they begin to get

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By the mid 1970s the feminist movement had taken hold in Seattle as in other parts of the country, attracting many different types of women to a common cause.

Below: Pandora, an independent weekly published in the 1970s, covered topics and issues of significance to Seattle women, including lesbians.

Socialize and be together, but it's not a meat rack, and it doesn't have the pickup atmosphere of most heterosexual bars. It was a conflict that was going to grow deeper and more public over the next five years. For example, the "Gay Women's Resource Center" would soon become the "Lesbian Resource Center," as women decided the word "gay" was too closely associated with male homosexuality.

Housing the city's first lesbian center in a YWCA caused controversy, but not as much as might have been expected. Redbook, for example, in an article written in 1975, said that most other YWCAs would rather have merged "with the DAR than admit there might be someone in their midst." But Schwiesow dismissed the differences. "Nobody knows who is gay and who is straight here," she told the Seattle Times. "The Gay Women's Resource Center is just a part of the University YW." Downtown, the better-known Seattle YWCA felt occasional criticism because the two branches were often confused, but even its executive director, Dorothy Miller, papered over the differences. "I admire their dedication and commitment," she said. "I don't agree with everything they do, but I don't have to." Even the national executive director, ever respectful of a long tradition of independence among the different branches, publicly tempered any reservations she might have had. "They may be a little ahead of the rest of us," she said tactfully to the Redbook reporter, "but maybe we have a lot to learn from associations like theirs."

It wasn't easy walking in that door. Diane Winslow remembered her first visit to the Lesbian Resource Center (LRC) about four years after it opened. Winslow wrote about her visit in Pandora:

I was a housewife and mother of teenagers, and some of these women were lesbians. I concentrated on being as inconspicuous as possible, but I soon began to peer out of my turtle's shell of aloofness at the other women in the small pillow-lined room. They looked like strong, independent women—delightful, real women. I was soon caught up in the discussions and expressed thoughts that had always raised eyebrows and frozen expressions with others, but these women simply nodded and smiled. I told them that I just wanted a woman friend to hold me. Every counselor I'd ever talked to—and there had been several—had told me that this was "inappropriate" behavior in our society and that I was just going to have to adjust. Short hugs were acceptable, but, in my fantasy of a hug, I was a shriveled, dry sponge, absorbing until I was full. One woman... commented, "That's what it's all about!"

Something new began to happen in these "rap groups" at the Lesbian Center—something transformative, simply as a result of talking. Winslow, who had been married for 16 years, found that she didn't want to be a useful appendage to someone else's life. I wanted to be a
complete and productive person in my own right. I was troubled to see women with dynamic personalities compromising their individuality, entering into heterosexual relationships out of sexual need and little more.

Her attitude about sex with women changed:

I came into the LRC rap group very much afraid of even the word 'sex.' I accepted my sensuality but believed I could forego passion if a woman would be my affectionate friend, entering into the giving and receiving of lovingness. There was another inquirer in the group who had a history remarkably similar to mine. Between us, we had produced nine children, had spent a decade apiece in religious involvement, and had emerged exhausted from long, unfulfilling marriages. So one night, we got together at my house and talked freely, shared poetry, prose, and copies of letters—memories of our despair. As this woman and I parted, I reached out my arms and said, 'Let's hug—it's obvious we've both been as hungry as hell.' These words seemed to open both of our confined spirits and, like two entombed prisoners, we stumbled into the light. We knew through our womaness what the other felt.

The CR (consciousness-raising) groups that arose from the women's movement were a new outlet for discovery and communication. Part quilting bee, part therapy, part caucus meeting, they solidified a form of small group communication for Seattle's lesbians different from that which occurred in bars or private homes. It was a structured way of talking about new imaginings. Best understood as a kind of personalized chautauqua that could also serve as a base for political action, the excitement of the CR groups lay in the chorus of voices that suddenly began setting a course for lesbians joining the journey out. What happened was an exposition.

In such gatherings, perhaps five or ten individuals agreed to meet regularly to wander through certain themes in their lives and then to make decisions about actions, either individual or collective. Importantly, the CR or "rap" group was not a club that passed motions according to Robert's Rules or undertook service work as did traditional women's auxiliaries. Instead, it was intended as a safe place to learn to support one another emotionally and then, from personal experiences, analyze the causes of suffering and create ways of changing that.

Robert's Rules would come in for particular blasts from women who found the traditional and "respectable" styles of making organizational decisions in to be inappropriate for those whose voices had been so silent in the past. Betty Johanna, for example, an activist in Seattle during much of the 1970s, once wrote a letter to Out and About, saying that she viewed "Robert's Rules of Order as oppressive and [...] do not wish to give them credibility via my participation. I want to resist the classicism that requires one to know a specified terminology in order to participate in meetings. I do not want to be told that the only way I can relate to others is in a highly structured, non-flowing, non-human way." Lesbians were raising questions that the men in the Dorian Society, at least to judge from their minutes, had never considered.

In the CR groups, each woman would speak "her own truth." Indeed, the power of this particular form of group communication lay in its insistence that individuals speak from personal experience, as an "I." Yet, from the individual stories arose a common narrative about what "we" shared together—the demands to conform to gender roles, the pain of hiding sexual attractions in high school, the early crushes not understood, the movement into marriages, the release when the obvious truth about sexual attraction became a revelation, the striving for a genuine life, even if others felt such a life was not respectable.

It encouraged something else too. In the democratic environment of the CR group, it was the willingness to tell and blend individual stories that was important, not the submission to any single leader. Insistence that any one person or group knew the truth about where gays and lesbians were headed, what identity should be claimed, or what single path should be pursued quickly became suspect. A new political value about leadership was emerging that would become a distinctive characteristic of the 1970s in Seattle. It would eventually be a serious point of political division within Seattle's gay and lesbian community.

In our rap group, we share our fears... and the terror of every woman who contemplates stepping outside of tradition. We discuss the implications of keeping one's lesbian identity hidden or 'closeted.' We talk about radical lesbians, their political clout, and their public image, and we realize we can place ourselves anywhere on the continuum from sexually independent to social anarchist according to our wishes.

As we dare to be honest, the rap group I participate in is learning to laugh and cry together... There is a world to be explored here and I am pleased with what I'm finding.

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FORT WALLA WALLA
Early History and Development
of a U.S. Army Post

By Steve Charles Plucker

In late summer of 1847 a measles epidemic began to spread among the eastern Oregon tribes, causing many deaths among the Indians, who had no immunity to this disease that overland immigrants had brought with them from the United States. The tribes believed the epidemic was a plot by the whites to kill off the Indians and thus make occupation of their lands an easier proposition.

Protestant missionaries Marcus and Narcissa Whitman tried but could not make them understand that the measles were killing both Indians and whites. The Whittmans had lost credibility with the tribes. This was especially so after an unfortunate incident in which some tribal members became very sick after they found and ate some arsenic-laced meat the missionaries had left out to poison wolves who were scavenging near the mission. Some of the Indians were soon accusing Whitman of trying to poison them.

On November 29, 1847, a group of tribesmen carried out a plan to kill the Whitmans and others at the mission. Word of the murders soon reached the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia River. By December 5 the news had reached Fort Vancouver. The Whitman affair was effectively the opening volley of the Cayuse War. Leaving Portland on January 8, 1848, a group of armed immigrants called the Oregon Mounted Volunteers—most of them from the Willamette River valley—went into the Walla Walla valley under the command of Colonel Cornelius Gilliam to apprehend the perpetrators. The militiamen took part in several skirmishes east of the Cascade Mountains but failed to apprehend the individuals responsible.

By August 1849 news of the Whitman tragedy had reached Washington, D.C., and President James Polk signed a bill creating Oregon Territory, formally incorporating the jurisdiction into the United States. This development facilitated the arrival of federal troops in the region and set the stage for a decade's worth of conflicts between civilian militiamen and the regular army regarding the management of Indian affairs. In October of that year a regiment of U.S. Mounted Rifles under the command of Major Osborne Cross arrived at Oregon City from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The Mounted Rifles could ride into any skirmish at full gallop, then dismount and continue fighting on foot. With orders to stand guard over the Oregon Trail, theirs was the first military unit to traverse the route.

No sooner had these soldiers arrived in the Pacific Northwest than they were ordered to establish posts along the Oregon Trail. The first one they built was Vancouver Barracks, just north of the...
Hudson’s Bay Company’s Fort Vancouver. Oregon Territory governor Joseph Lane then ordered the Mounted Rifles to apprehend those responsible for the murder of the Whitmans and 12 others at Waiilatpu. In December 1849 the unit arrested the Indian suspects in the Blue Mountains, but all managed to escape.

In March 1850 the army’s Pacific Division headquarters at Benecia, California, issued orders for a second post to be established, this time at The Dalles, 65 miles east of Portland. The Mounted Rifles built and manned Camp Drum there, so named for Captain Simon H. Drum, Fourth U.S. Artillery, who was killed in action during the assault on Mexico City in 1847. The post opened on May 20, 1850, about two weeks after the recaptured Whitman murder suspects—five Cayuse men—were brought to Oregon City to stand trial. The post’s ostensible purpose was to encourage peaceful behavior among the Indians of the Northwest interior.

In spring 1851 a detachment of the First U.S. Light Artillery arrived at Camp Drum to replace the regiment of Mounted Rifles, which had been reassigned elsewhere. This was a temporary assignment for the Light Artillery, whose usual job was the swift transport of 12-pound mountain howitzers, Napoleon cannons, and the like—weapons with an effective range of up to 1,000 yards—in support of infantry battalions.

Company K of the Fourth U.S. Army Infantry arrived in September 1852 to replace the artillerists. As foot soldiers, infantry moved from place to place by marching. In battle they fought on foot using rifles or smoothbore muskets with attachable sword bayonets.

With each passing year, ever-increasing numbers of immigrants traveled through Native American homelands on the Oregon Trail. In spring 1853 newspapers reported that whites threatened to settle in Yakama and Cayuse country. This would change the pattern of settlement from the western valleys to the plateau country east of the Cascades. That same year Camp Drum was officially renamed Fort Drum, only to switch names again in January 1854 to Fort Dalles.

After having surveyed the northern west for a railway in 1853, Isaac Stevens, first governor of the new Washington Territory, wrote Secretary of War Jefferson Davis in December 1854 to suggest that “the Walla Walla valley was a great point for a post, the Dalles and Vancouver being mainly depots held by a single company each.”

In May 1855 Stevens commenced the first Walla Walla Treaty Council, the most famous and most tumultuous of his dozen or so parleys. The principal tribes attending were the Yakama, Nez Perce, Cayuse, Walla Walla, and Umatilla. The council ended on June 9, 1855, when the tribes reluctantly signed their individual treaties. For hundreds if not thousands of years before, the Indians had lived, hunted, and worshipped on their ancestral homelands, moving seasonally between summer and winter camps. The 1855 treaties stipulated that the tribes be confined to specific reservations. This disturbed tribal equilibrium and set the stage for much of the conflict that occurred in the area over the next three years.

When gold was discovered near Colville in June 1855, a “rush” ensued. To reach Colville from the valleys and lowlands west of the Cascade Mountains, prospectors had to pass through the Yakama homelands. In response to the reported slaying of several miners, Indian Agent Andrew Bolon left Fort Dalles in August to investigate. When Bolon encountered several Indians camped near present-day Goldendale, Washington, he too was killed.
On October 3 Major Granville Haller, Fourth U.S. Army Infantry out of Fort Dalles, received orders to lead a party into Yakima country to find those responsible for killing Bolon and the miners. As Haller came off Toppenish Ridge into the Yakima valley, a large force of Yakama Indians barred his way. A battle ensued and continued for two days on Toppenish Creek. Once Haller realized he was outnumbered, he and his men returned to the fort. Major Gabriel Rains, commanding officer at Fort Dalles, then called upon the Washington and Oregon territorial governors to form volunteer units to assist the army with its campaign.

Set on avenging Haller's defeat, Rains entered the Yakima valley in November with a sizeable force of soldiers and volunteers. They clashed with the Yakamas near today's Union Gap on the Yakima River. The running fight went through the gap and upriver before turning west up Ahtanum Creek to the St. Joseph Mission. When Rains found the mission grounds to be deserted, he withdrew his forces back to Fort Dalles.

With hostilities on the rise, General John Wool, at Pacific Division headquarters in California, determined that at least one regiment of troops (10 companies of 75 or more enlisted men each) was needed to curb the conflict in the Pacific Northwest. On November 3, 1855, just before he left San Francisco for Vancouver, Wool sent an account of Haller's defeat in the Yakima valley to his superiors in Washington, D.C., warning them that more troops would be needed should the conflict extend to other tribes in the region. Wool received his answer on December 1—the Ninth U.S. Army Infantry would be sent from Fort Monroe, Virginia, to reinforce his command in Washington and Oregon territories.

The Ninth Infantry arrived at Fort Vancouver in January 1856 with orders to establish a presence on both sides of the Cascade Mountains so as to protect miners and emigrants from the Indian uprisings. This was to be done by establishing military posts in the Walla Walla valley and near the Selah fishery on the Yakima River.

The Ninth Infantry's commanding officer was the infamous Colonel George Wright. In March 1856 he and six companies of troops were ordered up the Columbia River from Fort Vancouver to Fort Dalles and eventually to the Walla Walla country to establish a post in the vicinity of the Walla Walla River and Mill Creek. Only five miles into his march after leaving Fort Dalles on March 25, he learned of an Indian attack on the settlement at the Cascades portage, downstream from his position. Colonel Wright reversed course, but by the time his men arrived along with troops from Fort Vancouver, 15 whites had been killed.

Wright immediately ordered two new blockhouses to be built on the upper and lower landings on the Cascades of the Columbia. At the end of March he proceeded to Fort Dalles as originally planned, with the intention of then turning to the Yakama country to establish a post at the Selah fishery.

While Wright was in the Yakama country, Governor Stevens was planning his own trip to the Walla Walla valley. He notified Secretary of War Jefferson Davis of his plan on May 23, 1856, declaring that the Walla Walla country must be held from the influence of hostile Indians. Stevens believed that one large winter campaign could end the war. In June, Stevens ordered 200 Washington Territorial Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Benjamin Franklin Shaw, to march into the area and “take command of the whole valley.”

By mid July 1856 Colonel Wright still had not selected a site for the Yakima valley post. In his message to department headquarters on July 18, 1856, he reported, “I have examined this country pretty thoroughly and I am somewhat at a loss to fix upon a position for a permanent military post.” He expressed the opinion that the Indian conflict east of the Cascades was at an end.

Unbeknownst to Wright, the Washington volunteers had arrived in the Walla Walla valley. Their commanding officer, Colonel Shaw, decided to attack the large force of Palouse, Walla Walla, and Cayuse Indians he found encamped on the Grande Ronde River in northeastern Oregon, reasoning that “the volunteers must make a fight before going out of service.”

Some of the participants in the drama that played out on the Columbia Plateau in the summer of 1856 (left to right): Colonels George Wright and Edward Steptoe, Governor Isaac Stevens, and Yakama chiefs Kamiakin and Owhi.

Special Collections, Washington State Historical Society
In August, Wright received orders from Major W. W. Mackall, acting assistant adjutant general for the Pacific Division, to establish two posts in the Yakima valley, one to be garrisoned by three companies of soldiers and the other by one company. Once these posts were completed Wright was to proceed to the Walla Walla valley and establish a post there as well. He was instructed to inform all newly arrived white settlers that “no emigrants or other whites, except the Hudson Bay Company, or persons having ceded rights from the Indians, will be permitted to settle or remain in the Indian country, or on land not ceded by treaty, confirmed by the Senate and approved by the President of the United States.” Mackall further stipulated, “These orders are not, however, to apply to the miners engaged in collecting gold at the Colville mines. The miners will, however, be notified that should they interfere with the Indians, they will be punished and sent out of the country.”

When he learned of Colonel Wright’s orders, Governor Stevens decided to hold a second Walla Walla Treaty Council. He sent a message to Wright, who was still in the Yakima valley, asking him to join the council, reasserting the need for a permanent garrison in the Walla Walla valley.

On August 6, 1856, one of Colonel Wright’s men, Sergeant William Kohlhouff, Company B, Ninth Infantry, came across a “pleasant shade of oak trees and two immense springs.” The Indians called this place Mool-Mool because of the bubbling action of one of its springs. This became the site of a four-company post, Fort Simcoe, which was to be commanded by Major Robert S. Garnett. A detachment led by Captain Frederick Dent, Company B, Ninth Infantry, constructed a 67-mile wagon road between Fort Dalles and Fort Simcoe to supply the new fort. (See “Lessons from an Old Road,” COLUMBIA, Fall 2002.)

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ith everything seemingly in place in the Yakima valley, Wright ordered Colonel Edward Steptoe, who was camped on Toppenish Creek, to proceed to Fort Dalles. Steptoe was to organize a supply train and proceed immediately to the Walla Walla country with a company of “heavy cavalry.” These dragoons, who had joined Wright’s Fort Dalles detachment in May, were among the first cavalry regiments in the U.S. Army. Two advance companies of infantry and one of artillery were to march down the Yakima River and on to the Walla Walla country and meet up with Steptoe and the dragoons once they had arrived in the valley.

Governor Stevens wasted no time getting the word out to the Columbia Plateau Indians about his planned treaty council. On August 14, 1856, he notified the Nez Perce, Yakama, Cayuse, Walla Walla, Spokane, Umatilla, John Day, and Des Chutes Indians of the second council. The message invited and informed the Indians to meet him in council in the Walla Walla valley on August 25. He was anxious, he said, to talk to them about their future welfare. The note went on to say, “The Governor wishes to renew his friendship with the Nez Perces and Spokanes and other friends, and says that he will continue to war with those who are at war, until they surrender unconditionally to the Government.”

Stevens reported to Davis, “I push forward in person to Walla Walla to-morrow to meet the Indians, and establish relations of friendship with the tribes.” Four days later, on August 18, Stevens’s supply train, which carried provisions for the Washington Mounted Volunteers, left Fort Dalles followed by the governor, his son Hazard, and Andrew Pambrun, a Hudson’s Bay Company manager. Pambrun worked for Stevens twice—first as interpreter and the seventh signer of the 1855 Walla Walla treaty and then as a guide and interpreter at the 1856 Walla Walla Treaty Council.

General Wool was livid with rage when he read in the Oregon newspapers of Stevens’s activities in the Walla Walla valley. In several letters to his adjutant, Lieutenant Colonel L. Thomas, Wool indicated that he felt Governor Stevens’s idea of employing the volunteers in the Walla Walla valley was a tactic intended to plunder the Indians of their horses and cattle and provoke a continuance of the war.

On August 21 Steptoe, the dragoons, and a supply train consisting of 30 to 40 wagons, 80 to 90 oxen, 200 loose animals, and 82 men left Fort Dalles along the old Oregon Trail, heading eastward to present-day Pendleton, Oregon, then north into the Walla Walla valley. Governor Stevens and his party arrived in the valley on August 23 and set up camp precisely where he had camped for the first treaty council. He wanted the Indians to move to their designated reservations as soon as possible in order to allow white settlers access on their homelands, notwithstanding the fact that the United States Senate had yet to ratify the treaties. Stevens stipulated that those who had killed Bolon and the miners were to be delivered up for trial and punishment. The council, he said, was intended to strengthen the bonds of friendship with the tribes that had remained friendly to the United States government.

The governor’s pack train, commanded by John Scott, entered the Walla Walla valley on August 29, whereupon it was attacked by Indians who had concealed themselves in the hills. The attack took place about 12 miles south of the Mill Creek valley campsite, between present-day Walla Walla and Milton-
Freewater, Oregon. After the Indians set fire to the grass and conducted a small skirmish, the packers broke free and rode into the camp. No lives were lost, but the Indians captured 33 packs of provisions intended for the volunteers. This event humiliated the volunteers, especially since the attack occurred within sight of the governor's camp. Colonel Shaw led a party in pursuit of the attackers but turned back when he saw that there were at least 6,000 Indians in the vicinity of the campsite.

By the end of August, Indians were streaming into the valley for the upcoming council. Governor Stevens estimated that there were at least 6,000 Indians in the vicinity of the campsite. In a report to Jefferson Davis he expressed confidence that the second council would succeed where the first one had failed in its goal of putting the Indians on reservations.

On September 2, 1856, Captain D. A. Russell, Fourth Infantry, commanding the three companies from the Yakama campaign, reached the Columbia across from its confluence with the Walla Walla River. Governor Stevens sent a wagon boat for the river crossing. Three days later Colonel Steptoe finally arrived in the valley and encamped near the site of the Whitman Mission with his four companies of regulars. Captain A. H. Robie, Washington Territorial Volunteers, arrived at the governor's camp on September 7 with a second pack train and a large wagon train of Indian supplies, having left Fort Dalles on August 26.

On September 10, after taking a week to scout the country for a better campsite, Colonel Steptoe and his command moved to a point up Mill Creek, past the governor's camp, about six miles east of present-day downtown Walla Walla. According to Stevens, when he had discussed the matter with Colonel Wright at Fort Vancouver, the governor was given to understand that he would have the full cooperation of Steptoe's force. Stevens soon learned, however, that Steptoe's orders from General Wool "did not allow him to comply with my request" to stand guard over the council.

Stevens opened his second treaty council on September 11. As the council continued throughout the week, it soon became apparent that peace between the hostile tribes and the government would be difficult to achieve. The hostiles would not agree to any of Stevens's terms. Even some of the generally friendly Nez Perce wanted their treaty of the previous year to be done away with.

On the morning of September 13 Stevens once again asked Steptoe for a company of troops to stand guard over his council. The governor apparently felt that things were getting out of hand and wanted protection for the Indian Department supplies that were being promised to the tribes should they come in and settle on reservations. He wrote that "one half of the Nez Perce were unquestionably hostile... that the other tribes were hostile, with very few exceptions, and that a company of troops was essential to the security of my camp." The colonel again declined, citing General Wool's strict orders not to participate in the council, and advising the governor to move his council closer to the army camp.

The next day Stevens moved his council grounds up Mill Creek to a spot about a quarter mile below Colonel Steptoe's camp. As the governor's force moved up the valley, Yakama chiefs Kamiakin and Owhi and a party of about 100 warriors followed and taunted them but made no further disturbance.

The council reopened on September 16. Rumors circulated that the hostile Indians wanted to kill Stevens and his party. The governor therefore informed the Indians that "the next day, the council would terminate." Accordingly, Stevens called all the chiefs together on September 17 to hear them speak their minds. All attended the meeting except Kamiakin who, according to the October 10, 1856, Pioneer and Democrat (an Olympia weekly), said, "It is useless to talk.... Governor Stevens knows my heart.... I am for war." The chiefs said they wished the governor to do away with all past treaties, the whites to give them back their lands, and every settler to leave the country. At the conclusion, in a brief address, Governor Stevens expressed regret that they had not agreed to his propositions. He went on to say, "Follow your own hearts: those who wish to go to war, go." The second Walla Walla Treaty Council thus officially ended with nothing accomplished, leaving Governor Stevens more frustrated than before.

The next day, in a separate council, Colonel Steptoe informed the tribes that he was there to establish a military post and did not want to cause any trouble. He reported to Colonel Wright that Stevens had done no good by assembling the tribes, privately maintaining that the governor's action was premature, that he should have waited until the post was built and its influence felt before convening a second treaty council.

In his report to Jefferson Davis, Stevens admitted failure but assigned the blame elsewhere, "I have failed, therefore, in making the desired arrangements with the Indians in the Walla Walla, and the failure, to be attributed in part the want of co-operation with me as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, on the part of the

The council reopened on September 16, but it was evident not much could be accomplished as rumors circulated that the hostile Indians wanted to kill Stevens and his party.

In 1856 the army built Fort Simcoe in the Yakima valley on a site 27 miles west of present-day Toppenish. This blockhouse, photographed in 2002, is one of the fort's original structures.
regular troops, has its causes also in the whole plan of operations of the troops since Col. Wright assumed command." Stevens strongly chastised both Colonel Wright and General Wool for not striking a harder blow against the Indians when Wright was in the Yakama country.

Colonel Wright's views were such that "I must express my decided opposition to the treaty of Walla Walla, and pray it may never be confirmed. All the chiefs in this and the Yakama country whom I have seen are violently opposed to it. All they want is quiet and protection. Give them back those treaties and no cause of war exists. They proclaim that unfair means were used, whether so or not, they will not be contented until these treaties are restored." Stevens never forgave Wright for his actions; he felt Wright had made concessions to the Indians that he had no right to make and that he abandoned his duty, which was to reduce the Indians to submission.

On September 19, 1856, Governor Stevens and the territorial volunteers left the Mill Creek camp en route to Fort Dalles. The train, under Captain Robie's command, consisted of 28 wagons drawn by 80 oxen supplemented by about 200 loose cattle and horses. A contingent of 68 volunteers formed an escort.

The governor and his party could see many Indians on the hills as they passed through the gap in the bluffs south of Mill Creek. Just as the party was emerging from the hills three miles from Steptoe's camp, the hostile Indians began harassing Stevens's train. After traveling another mile, the volunteers reached a small stream where they circled their wagons and secured the stock, which the attackers were attempting to stampede. The governor's position was in a low, open basin, some 500 to 600 yards across, where three small valleys met. The Indians soon had the train surrounded, and the ensuing battle continued through the afternoon.

Unaware that Stevens was under attack, Steptoe addressed the Cayuse and Walla Walla chiefs. When warriors began to burn the grass on the hills above his camp, Steptoe told the chiefs that this was an act of hostility and discontinued the talks.

That evening Stevens sent Steptoe a note informing him that he was engaged in a fight with the Indians and in need of assistance. Stevens declared: "My party was attacked by the Indians.... I am now halted on a little stream.... We have killed and wounded several Indians.... The Indians number about 250.... The attack was commenced by the Indians.... I think your dragoons could do good service, and will suggest that you dispatch them."

Steptoe sent the following reply: "I have just received your note.... The Cayuses have burned all the grass near me.... I shall have to send my animals quite a distance for grass...if I send the dragoons to you...the company could not return for some time, and the Indians would probably turn all their attention to me.... I have no block house and shall expect to be annoyed much. What do you think of returning to this camp tonight or in the morning?" Stevens replied about 9:30 that night: "We have around us over 300 Indians. Send your dragoons as soon as possible, and I will go back to your camp."

Steptoe sent detachments from the dragoon and artillery companies, along with a mountain howitzer, to assist Stevens. They arrived at the battle site at about one in the morning. Believing that nothing would be gained by waiting for morning, the whole force hitched up the wagons and retraced their steps to Steptoe's camp. They arrived at the Mill Creek camp
at about four in the morning, conducting a running fight with the Indians all along the way. Toward sunrise the Indians began to fire shots into the camp under cover of brush on the surrounding hills. The regulars dislodged them with shots of their own plus a few rounds from the howitzer.

When the Indians had retreated Stevens urged Steptoe to build a blockhouse at once and leave a company of troops to defend it. Steptoe agreed, and the blockhouse was finished in a little over two days, including a storeroom in one corner of the stockade for the Indian supplies.

On September 20, unaware of the events of the past few days, Colonel Wright sent the following request from his Fort Vancouver headquarters to Major W. W. Mackall at Pacific Division headquarters: “It is respectfully suggested that the post established by Colonel Steptoe be called ‘Fort Walla Walla’ and that of Major Garnett in the Yakama country, ‘Fort Simcoe.’”

With the completion of the first, hastily built Fort Walla Walla, Colonel Steptoe and Governor Stevens, along with the Third Artillery, Company L, and the First Dragoons, Company E, started for Fort Dalles the morning of September 23. Company K of the Ninth Infantry, commanded by Captain Fletcher, plus a detail from the Third Artillery and one mountain howitzer, remained behind.

On October 1 Major Mackall sent Colonel Wright the following message: “It is the wish of Major General Wool that Fort Dalles, not Fort Vancouver, be the most important Post and Headquarters of the District.” He also acknowledged, “The posts at Simcoe and Walla Walla will be known by the names you suggest.”

A

s soon as Steptoe returned to Fort Dalles he was ordered back to the Walla Walla valley with Colonel Wright to survey a better site for the new fort. When they reached their destination on October 16, Wright wrote Major Mackall that with their presence and a large body of troops in the region, he doubted the Indians would continue to fight. He went on to say, “Tomorrow, I shall move on to Mill Creek and select a site for a winter station, probably a few miles lower down than the Blockhouse, where the grass is good and the view over the country is more extensive.” In a letter dated October 27, Steptoe wrote his sister that he was “erecting a post”—what could be called the second Fort Walla Walla. This post was situated at what is now the southeast corner of First and Main streets in the town of Walla Walla. Colonel Wright described the fort as having a blockhouse, storehouse, hospital, bakery, company huts, and corrals for the quartermasters and dragoons. By the end of 1856 the officers and men had moved into their new quarters.

With winter upon them, Steptoe could see that even this second Fort Walla Walla could be improved upon. On January 18, 1857, he wrote to Lieutenant Philip A. Owen, Colonel Wright’s adjutant at Fort Dalles, asking him to ascertain Wright’s views regarding construction of a still more permanent post on the plateau. There were three matters to be considered: 1) of what material shall it be built; 2) of what dimensions (for how many companies); and 3) where shall it be located. Instead of lumber he wanted to use adobe bricks. In his own words to Owen, “I decidedly give my judgment in favor of adobe brick as the cheapest and best material. Less labor, less time, and no machinery will be required if it is used.... The quarters will be more comfortable in all seasons than if built of lumber.”

He thought the post should be built to house four companies of troops and that it should be near the Columbia River so the army could send supplies by boat.

Colonel Wright agreed to this notion and wrote Major Mackall in reference to the need. In May 1857 soldiers newly arrived from Fort Dalles camped on a high hill west of the second fort. Steptoe liked this location and chose it as the site of the third Fort Walla Walla. This spot provided an excellent defensive position in case of attack. Steptoe changed his mind about establishing the fort on the Columbia River, reasoning that bountiful grasslands for the livestock, which the Walla Walla valley could provide, took precedence. There was also a wealth of timber just a few miles east in the Blue Mountains. This could be used in conjunction with adobe in the fort’s construction. Finally, there was abundant water available for troops and stock from springs at the base of the hill.

By the spring of 1858 the Ninth Infantry moved to its permanent quarters. The third and last U.S. Army Fort Walla Walla was now established. It remained active until September 1910, when the War Department decided to abandon it. In the fall of 1917 the First Battalion of Washington Field Artillery used the grounds as a training and assembly area throughout World War I. In 1922 it became a veteran’s hospital, known today as the Jonathan Wainwright Veterans Memorial Hospital.

A marker stands on Mill Creek to commemorate the army’s first Fort Walla Walla and the site of the second Walla Walla Treaty Council. The site of the second fort is also marked in downtown Walla Walla. Fort Simcoe, 27 miles west of Toppenish on the Yakama Indian Reservation, is now a unit of the Washington State Parks system. Five of the original buildings still stand, including the commandant’s house, three captain’s houses, and a blockhouse. Two more blockhouses, one barrack, and the guardhouse have been reconstructed and an interpretive museum added. The other two major army forts, Fort Vancouver and Fort Dalles, also are identified with historic markers and still have original 1858 buildings on their premises.

A native of Touchet, Washington, local historian Steve Plucker carries on the tradition of working the farm that has been in his family since 1874. His great-grandfather, Charles Plucker, was a private in the Ninth U.S. Army Infantry, Company C, stationed at Fort Simcoe from May 1857 through June 1859. The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Robert Utech, Bruce Day, Sam Pambrun, and Sam’s great-grandfather, Andrew Pambrun.
Mount Rainier and the San Juan Islands are probably western Washington's two most iconic features. Accordingly, a sizable literature has grown around both. So it only makes sense that another Washington icon, Floyd Schmoe, should have contributed to this body of work.

Long before he became renowned as a peace advocate, Floyd Schmoe (1895-2001) worked as a caretaker at Paradise Inn on Mount Rainier and later as a mountain guide and park naturalist. After serving with the Red Cross as a conscientious objector in World War I, he returned home and moved with his wife, Ruth, to the Northwest, where, as a farm boy from Kansas, he was instantly struck by the dramatic landscape. He enrolled in the College of Forestry at the University of Washington and soon after received the opportunity that would result in *A Year in Paradise* (1959), which put Floyd Schmoe in the company of Edmond S. Meany, Martha Hardy, Aubrey Haines, and Bob and Ira Spring in writing notable books about Mount Rainier.

*A Year in Paradise* opens with Floyd and Ruth trudging on snowshoes up the Longmire-Paradise Trail, desperate to reach the inn by nightfall. The inn is cold and vacant when they arrive, and they quickly set about lighting Coleman lanterns, starting a fire in the dining room hearth, raiding the kitchen stores, and exploring the inn's many rooms. They soon find contentment in their snowbound isolation, and as Ruth plays piano and adjusts to high-altitude cooking, Floyd does chores about the inn and begins a study of the birds, mammals, and trees on the mountain as well as its geology, glaciers, and weather. In the tradition of Thoreau, his observations often lead to more general musings. "There is still a vast amount that we do not know," he remarks in regard to nature's complex web of life. "Search for the knowable unknown may well be one of the reasons for our existence."

Schmoe also reviews the mountain's human history: the tribal people who viewed the mountain as sacred and harvested blueberries on its slopes; the first European-Americans who attempted to scale the peak, including Army Lieutenant A. V. Kautz (in 1857), after whom Kautz Glacier is named; John Muir; and the mountain's national park designation in 1899, under President William McKinley. Schmoe also introduces readers to the denizens of the mountain, among them: Ben and Len Longmire, sons of homesteader James Longmire; Gus and Olga Anderson, the inn keepers at Longmire Springs; and Hans and Heinie Fuhrer, the Swiss mountain guides who "each made more than 150 summit trips and guided some three thousand climbers to the top and back."

After recounting many of his own excursions on Mount Rainier, Schmoe narrates a trip he, Ruth, and their young son make by packhorse around its base on the Wonderland Trail, concluding, after their time on the mountain, that "for the three of us life would never be the same again."

Schmoe returned to Seattle, earned his degree, and began teaching as an instructor at the University of Washington. In 1930, working toward an advanced degree, he began his study of marine biology under Professor Trevor Kincaid, founder of the oceanographic laboratories at Friday Harbor. *For Love of Some Islands* (1964), which won the Washington State Governor's Award, is partly Schmoe's account of his early acquaintance with the San Juan Islands, including his construction of an underwater observation post and his effort to homestead Flower Island via squatters' rights. Primarily, though, the book recounts his return to the islands some 30 years later to build a cabin on an old scow, which he anchors in a cove near Friday Harbor and uses as his base for further study of the islands' natural history. The work, however, is also a family memoir in that their many children and grandchildren visit him and Ruth throughout their sojourn to accompany them on their personal discovery of the islands.

While Schmoe says this is not a "scientific book," his scientific knowledge is abundant, and like the best nature writers, he is acutely attentive to and appreciative of the natural world he sets about observing. And when science cannot account for a particular phenomenon, he freely speculates. In respect to the hermaphroditic barnacle, for example, which has no clear need for others and yet forms vast colonies, he suggests that it "may simply be the lack of Lebensraum that brings them together in such numbers." He reserves a special awe, however, for the octopus, that
chromatic cephalopod that “grows larger in [Puget Sound] waters than any other place in the world” and has an eye comparable in complexity to the human eye.

Schmoe becomes even more philosophical in For Love of Some Islands than he had been in A Year in Paradise, perhaps reflecting an older man’s experience of the world. Like E. O. Wilson, he uses scientific knowledge to further our understanding of humanity’s place in nature and what nature can teach us. “Man’s laws are not always wise,” he says, “but nature’s laws are good—as good, as right, and as much the ‘laws of God’ as are the written biblical Commandments.”

Schmoe’s search for broader meaning stemmed from his strong Quaker faith, which led in turn to his commitment to aid victims of the atomic bomb in Japan, creating the Peace Park in Seattle’s University District, and doing innumerable good deeds on behalf of peace throughout the world. Though Floyd Schmoe published several books over the course of his long life, it is these two companion memoirs, A Year in Paradise and For Love of Some Islands, illustrated with his own drawings and photographs, that bring his passion for western Washington most alive—and make an experience of Mount Rainier and the San Juan Islands, in person or through the pages of a book, that much more meaningful.


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

Eddie Bentz

McGraw Square

Modern Medicine Comes of Age
Saddlebags to Scanners: The First 100 Years of Medicine in Washington State, ed. by Nancy Rockafellar and James W. Haviland, M.D. Seattle: Washington State Medical Association, 1989.

A Women’s Place

Fort Walla Walla
Robert Ficken will recognize several signature features in his latest book: impressive research (especially in newspaper sources), a narrative built around quotations from primary sources, and a sardonic awareness of human foibles. A worthy sequel to Ficken’s earlier works, Washington State is comprehensive and richly detailed, yet the reader must work hard to discern the logic of the book’s organization. But the story line is there, and it’s a plausible and important one. In essence, the book is a study of an economic roller coaster and an ineffective state government, as recorded by newspaper opinion.

Ficken starts with a brief introduction about railroads. That point established, the first chapter details various speculative booms during the initial years of statehood, two of which took place in Spokane and Seattle after famous fires. Such local real estate booms benefited from the spreading rail connections that, according to chapter two, also opened a nationwide and international market to Pacific Northwest resources. Ficken observes that as rails replaced water transport, mill towns on the east shore of Puget Sound outstripped earlier boom towns across the water. In eastern Washington, agriculture—dominated by wheat—advanced as stock grazing retreated and irrigation projects began. A boomlet in mining prompted labor organizing. The third chapter segues into the political landscape of these early 1890s boom years. Ficken is not complimentary. Narrowing the focus from statewide to municipal governments, chapter four explains how local officials tried to cope with the economic boom and corresponding population growth. Municipalities resorted to bonded debt to pay for services and transit. Crime increased, occasionally giving rise to vigilante action. Despite the problems, leisure opportunities flourished, as did venues for cultural refinement.

Next comes the decade’s hinge point. With the railroad-driven boom of a resource-based economy in full swing, and politicians mired in mediocrity, disaster hit. Credit and cash dried up in the Panic of 1893, irrigation companies went bankrupt, lumbering collapsed, unemployment rose, and an expected bumper wheat harvest fell short. State and local governments—their overextended indebtedness and corruption revealed—were forced to retrench. Unionism grew: strikes hit mines, then railroads. Ficken next portrays a state hunkering down during the ensuing mid-1890s depression. Politics got complicated due to the growing strength of a new Populist party and the national silver issue. This political revolution, though short-lived, had long-term implications, Ficken explains, as a hopeful but sometimes troublesome dependency on the federal government emerged. Better times return in chapter seven, but the idea that the Klondike Gold Rush ended the depression is more of a dramatic fable than economic reality, notes Ficken.

The emerging economic and accompanying emotional recovery gives Ficken his finale. As a new century loomed, Washington looked toward the Pacific. Railroads pursued overseas connections. Hawaii, annexed in 1898, became a preoccupation. The Washington National Guard was sent to the Philippines. A second Alaska gold rush—to the Nome area—began. Immigrants started flooding in again. Cities prospered, especially Seattle. Then came the mother of all capital inflows. Frederick Weyerhaeuser invested in Washington trees, buying nearly a million acres from the Northern Pacific Railroad. Marking the precise turn of the century, this stunning purchase symbolized the great sense of energy and expectation that again pervaded the Evergreen State, says Ficken. The 1900 census figures validate that optimism: the state had grown by nearly 50 percent in its first decade. That simple fact somewhat abruptly concludes Ficken’s account; no summation or reflection on the boom-bust decade brings the book to a soft and satisfying landing.

If Ficken’s organizational logic is somewhat obscured, his commitment to the whole state is clear. Throughout the work, Ficken necessarily focuses on Washington’s three urban centers, but he doesn’t ignore smaller communities. Boasting two of the Big Three cities, plus the state capital, Puget Sound looms large, but Ficken still manages satisfactorily to balance coverage of eastern and western Washington.

But what of the larger picture? To provide essential background for focused accounts imposes a difficult choice on both author and editor. Ficken (or his editors) have decided we should look elsewhere, if we have need, to learn about the national and international context for regional developments. To be fair, certain key explanations are at least briefly offered, including a lucid if concise overview of the “free silver” crusade. The academic apparatus confirms, unobtrusively, the depth and range of Ficken’s research. Notes, gathered at the end of chapters, often with additional comment, confirm his reliance on newspaper sources, especially for the contentious commentary of an opinionated press. The bibliography lists over 150 newspapers. Some may criticize this as Ficken’s limitation; this reviewer commends it as his contribution. Yet I wonder if Ficken regards his newspaper sources as primary evidence or merely illustrations of viewpoints of the day? Is he really writing a history of contemporary commentary on events of Washington’s first decade? At least the bibliography reveals reliance on a reassuring range of manuscript and published sources.
Period photos dot the text, but there are only three maps, none of the state as a whole, all borrowed from another WSU Press book. A list of illustrations is, sadly, also absent. And a work that will serve as a reference requires a detailed index. Most of the entries here are proper names. That's good as far as it goes. But key topics do not appear as such, a publisher's failure. Washington State is a solid work, even a necessary work, with enduring usefulness, but it is not a narrative one reads easily from beginning to end. Rather, it rewards close study. Encyclopedic, thematic, subtly coherent, often engaging, Washington State takes its place with Ficken's previous corpus as essential references on Washington's early history.

William Woodward is a professor of history at Seattle Pacific University where he has taught since 1974.

S'abadeb, The Gifts
Pacific Coast Salish Art and Artists
Reviewed by Maria Pascualy.

Seven years ago Seattle Art Museum curator Barbara Brotherton came up with the idea to mount an exhibit on local Indian art. A student of Northwest Coast art expert Bill Holm in the 1980s, Brotherton worked with an Indian advisory board as well as University of Washington anthropologists like Jay Miller and Carolyn Marr to put together both an exhibit and a book. S'abadeb, the exhibit, opened in 2008 accompanied by a generously illustrated 279-page companion volume. The book performs the valuable service of raising awareness about the less "showy" artistic work of indigenous people in present-day Washington.

Collectors have long preferred the highly stylized art of Northern Coast tribes to that of Washington tribes. Museums, too, covet totem poles, bent wood boxes, and Chilkat blankets, all of them Northern art objects not produced by Washington tribes. Seattle's 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition celebrated Seattle's relationship with Alaska, but it also created a public perception that Northern art, poles, and boxes were indigenous to Washington. A focus on Northern art continued in Washington's schools and probably helped recodify the totem pole into an iconic Washington symbol. S'abadeb documents this quiet, long-term neglect of the history and art of Washington tribes.

Brotherton uses the term "Pacific Coast Salish" to identify the people who inhabited (and still inhabit) an area loosely described as encompassing present-day Seattle, Vancouver, and Victoria. This old-school "culture area" designation weighs the book down, disguising the economic, political, religious, psychological, and biological diversity that existed from village to village—all of which had deep significance for the local people. The many tribes scattered throughout village groups in southern British Columbia and western Washington self-identify as being different each from the other. Although Brotherton describes both the Snoqualmie and the Nisqually as "Pacific Coast Salish," the Nisqually, even today, prefer not to be lumped with their historic enemies.

The Washington State Arts Commission's traditional arts program takes a different approach to talking about Indian people and their traditional art. The commission juxtaposes Puyallup basket weavers beside needle workers from Palestine and Norwegian rosemakers. This shared "folk artist" designation underscores the extraordinary sameness of Indians within the world of artistic production and emphasizes that Indian people have long lived in community as Washingtonians. S'abadeb sometimes seems to avoid acknowledging the everyday rootedness of Indian people in ordinary lives as similar and as different as those of other Washingtonians. Absent this broader perspective, the reader may see only a mythologized Indian in the pages of S'abadeb.

Indian art as commodity is largely absent from the volume as well, although in our region, during remembered times, baskets and beadwork have more often been made for sale than for ritual or everyday use. The advent of the art market has provided an incentive for Indian artists to learn Indian history. Gallery artist Susan Point candidly admits in S'abadeb that she turned to the library and consulted art historians for a visual education on her own Indian roots. Point's work is authentic "Pacific Coast Salish" art. Is it too prickly to ask whether blood quantum makes something Pacific Coast Salish? Another artist featured in S'abadeb, Susan Pavel, has no Indian bloodline, yet her weaving is in this book. Pavel is married to a Skokomish man, resides in a Skokomish community, and was trained by a respected Skokomish weaver, Bruce Miller. Can a non-Indian become a "Pacific Coast Salish" artist? Today most museums would say no—indeed, tribal affiliation is always part of gallery labels.

Brotherton must have thoughts on whether outsiders can produce authentic Indian art, or whether heritage and artistic production are two different things. I wish she had shared her thoughts on what makes some Indian art good enough to be displayed in the Seattle Art Museum while other work is relegated to curio shops. Why are curators, experts, and scholars of Indian art for the most part non-Indians? If outsiders are the aesthetic experts, then why does the Seattle Art Museum need a committee of Indian representatives to help curate an exhibit? Younger scholars tell us these are questions that pop up when the artistic production of colonized peoples is discussed.

S'abadeb is held back from being a completely satisfying book because it too closely reflects the concerns of students educated 20 years ago and does not address new questions and current issues. Nevertheless, I enjoyed this book and look forward to reading Brotherton's further explorations.

Maria Pascualy is a curator at the Washington State History Museum in Tacoma and associate editor of COLUMBIA.

ADDRESS ALL REVIEW COPIES
AND RELATED COMMUNICATIONS TO:
Robert C. Carriker, Columbia Reviews Editor
Department of History, Gonzaga University,
Spokane, WA 99258
Rekindled Memories

While going through our stack of past COLUMBIA issues I started browsing through the Summer 2007 issue and found a treasure trove of articles that rekindled fond memories of my early years in the Pacific Northwest.

The article on "Galloping Gertie" reminded me that in early September 1940 I drove across that bridge during a lull in its brief life span. The article on "Boardheads" reminded me of the time I took Kodachrome slides in the late 1940s of the Indians fishing off platforms extending precariously over the water's edge at Celilo Falls. The article on the German POWs at Fort Lewis reminded me of Colleen's experience with Italian POWs at a camp near Pasco where as a teenager she had worked in the Pasco Theater's ticket booth. Occasionally, Italian prisoners were allowed to wander the town under control of American officers. As she sold them tickets through her GI interpreter, she recalls them as sweet, innocent victims of Mussolini's war, some with families back home. On one occasion Italian prisoners were allowed to help her widowed mother by mowing the lawn and chopping firewood. They were then invited to a home-cooked dinner, after which her mother played the piano while Colleen sang arias from Italian operas, with the Italians correcting some of her mispronunciations.

We're glad we've retained copies of your magazine, and we congratulate your staff for doing such a great job in covering the state's fascinating history.

—Dee Molinaar, Burley

Corrections to Spring Issue

The photo caption on page 11 states that the Hutton Settlement "opened its doors in 1910." Actually, they did not open until 1919.

The text on page 3 states that two days of the four-day trial were spent in hearing testimony. It should have said that testimony was heard for one and a half days.

COLUMBIA Online

The Historical Society has spent many months revamping its Web site, which now has much to offer anyone interested in Washington history. The COLUMBIA section alone sports links to: 1) COLUMBIA tables of contents and a smattering of articles going back to the very first issue; 2) an anthology or reader of selected COLUMBIA articles, organized by theme; and 3) the current edition of our new interactive, electronic COLUMBIAKids magazine.

The Web site as a whole contains a wealth of Washington history resources, information about the Washington State History Museum and its satellite facilities, and details of the Historical Society's inner workings.

Researchers will find an electronic catalog, digital image collections, and finding aids. Teachers will find lesson plans and information on field trips, training programs, and History Day. Families can access information about museum hours, admission rates, program offerings, and exhibit schedules. There's also material of particular interest to members and donors, volunteers, heritage organizations, and the history community at large.

WashingtonHistory.org gets you to the home page; COLUMBIA.WashingtonHistory.org takes you right to the magazine section. Please check it out and let us know what you think.

—The Editor
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