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Washington Women Win the Vote

By Debra Stephens

Alice Rossi, author of the Feminist Papers in 1973, observed: “The single most impressive fact about the attempt by American women to obtain the right to vote is how long it took.” One hundred years ago the Washington State Legislature passed the Sixth Amendment to Washington’s constitution, which reads in part: “There shall be no denial of the elective franchise at any election on account of sex.” The all-male electorate ratified the amendment on November 8, 1910, giving Washington women the right to vote a full 10 years before the nation followed suit. As we celebrate this important milestone it might be useful to reflect on why women’s suffrage was such a long-fought battle in the United States and why the work of those who made it their passion continues to inspire us today.

Initially, it is important to remember that women in some states and territories shared the franchise, at least partially (such as in school elections) during the 19th century. Wyoming gave women the vote in 1869 when it was still a territory. Colorado women won suffrage in an 1893 referendum backed by a populist administration. Utah adopted the measure in the 1870s, but it was struck down in the 1880s by Congress in an alleged effort to combat Mormon polygamy by blocking women’s right to vote in the majority-Mormon territory. In January 1896, Utah entered the Union as a state and reintroduced full women’s suffrage in its new state constitution.

The Washington Territorial Legislature passed a law granting full voting rights to women in 1883, but the all-male Territorial Supreme Court overturned it. A subsequent 1888 law was also overturned. Delegates at the 1889 constitutional convention debated the issue. Edward Eldridge, a Bellingham-area delegate and staunch women’s suffragist, repeatedly proposed amendments that would have expanded the franchise to women. He was the only speaker in favor, and though the delegates waived the time limit and allowed him to speak to the subject for over an hour, his efforts failed. In the end, the convention passed a limited provision allowing women to vote only in school elections. Concerned that including an article on women’s suffrage in the constitution itself would threaten ratification, the delegates punt—and pushed the suffrage issue to a separate ballot proposition. The measure was soundly defeated in the face of opposition by, among others, the liquor lobby, which fueled fears that women voters would institute prohibition.

Two states held women’s suffrage referenda in 1896. In Idaho, then a heavily Populist state with a strong labor movement in its mining districts, the measure passed. California Populists supported their state’s suffrage referendum, but Republicans and Democrats did not. Susan B. Anthony spent a lot of time campaigning in California to no avail. The measure there was linked to presidential politics, and a majority of California voters, favoring McKinley over the Populist Bryan, rejected the suffrage referendum. The women’s suffrage movement became increasingly associated with Populism—a point emphasized by the anti-suffragists. Helen Kendrick Johnson, in her widely circulated book Woman and the Republic (1897), associated women’s suffrage with “Free Silver and Populism of the most extravagant type.” She praised California men for choosing “sound money against repudiation,” “authority against anarchy,” and for acting “in defense of national honor” by voting for Republican candidates and against women’s suffrage. The suffrage movement, thus associated with Populism, suffered for a decade after 1896. Only Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho continued to buck national sentiment and extend the franchise to women.

This is where Washington comes in. Leaders of the suffrage movement in the Northwest, including Emma Smith DeVoe in Washington and Abigail Scott Duniway in Oregon, set a different tone. They were sometimes in conflict with the national suffrage and temperance movement leaders. DeVoe rejected the militant tone of other groups, and instead emphasized family issues, notably the welfare of children. Duniway flatly stated that she wanted national organizers to stay out, believing they alienated male supporters because they did not understand local conditions. Both were certainly aware of the growing anti-suffrage rhetoric, which warned of certain calamity should women be allowed to vote: socialism, demagoguery, and worst of all, temperance! Anti-suffragists promoted the view that
suffragists were mentally ill and that the wisest women in society did not really want the franchise. A 1906 article in Life, "While There is Still Life There is Hope," observed:

[The right to vote] will undoubtedly be conferred on women in this country if ever a clear majority of them want it. There is nothing the average American woman wants that the average American man will not give her if he can get it. He can give her the voting privilege, and he will give it to her when she wants it. But, as yet, she does not want it, and he has no mind to force it upon her. He thinks it a pity that the mass of women should be directly concerned with politics. The average woman thinks the same.

Well, either the mind-set of the "average woman" changed or, more likely, the justice of the women's suffrage cause ultimately drowned out the voices in opposition. In 1909 Washington broke a decade-long stalemate when the legislature adopted the Sixth Amendment to the state constitution, which provided that the right to vote shall not be denied on account of gender. The amendment was submitted for voter ratification the following year and passed 52,299 to 29,676.

Though only men voted on the amendment that extended voting rights to women, it would be wrong to suggest that men gave women the vote. The battle for women's suffrage was hard-fought by dedicated women and, yes, a few good men like Edward Eldridge. The accomplishment we celebrate today was decades in the making, achieved only after many heartbreaking setbacks. The lesson I take away from this episode in Washington history is that things worth fighting for take passion, hard work, and time. We celebrate those whose efforts have given us what we enjoy today. Their efforts should inspire us to continue fighting for justice and equality in every corner of the world. In the words of Northwest suffragist Abigail Scott Duniway:

The young women of today, free to study, to speak, to write, to choose their occupation, should remember that every inch of this freedom was bought for them at a great price. It is for them to show their gratitude by helping onward the reforms of their own times, by spreading the light of freedom and of truth still wider. The debt that each generation owes to the past it must pay to the future.

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EDITOR'S NOTE
This essay is based on remarks delivered on March 27, 2009, at the dedication of a women's suffrage historic marker in front of the old state capitol building in Olympia, site of the 1909 legislative act that placed the suffrage proposition before the (all-male) voting public.
ONE HUNDRED YEARS later, it is easy for us to see Seattle’s first world’s fair as a dusty fact of history—a snapshot of the long-dead world of 1909, and maybe the most exuberant episode of the city’s early years—and yet something so remote and so different in its outlook that it has nothing to do with today’s world.

But the world of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is not really so distant. The fair was the product of Washington’s first truly modern public relations and lobbying campaign. A small clique of Seattle businessmen turned a modest proposal for an Alaska-themed carnival into a movement that captured the imagination of a nation. At a time when the Northwest was sparsely settled, when people still got around via horseback and canoe and the oldest pioneers could remember the Indian wars, Seattle’s boosters built an enormous organization, learned how to play politics, and used very modern techniques to plant their message in every newspaper and magazine in the country.

They faced crises they could never have imagined when they started. And when a national recession finally posed a problem that seemed too big for them to solve, and postponement or cancellation seemed the only way out, Seattle found a way to pull it off. The most fascinating thing about this four-year campaign is that the approach was altogether new. Public advocacy and campaign work today is seen almost as a science, but at the turn of the last century Seattle’s boosters had to discover the rules for themselves.

Every campaign starts with an idea, and there is something funny about the one that launched the AYP. The fair was a Seattle enterprise through and through; the city’s businessmen took enormous risks and put it over with all the energy for which they prided themselves. But the idea did not come from Seattle. It came from a village as remote as any on the planet.

In 1905 Nome was an isolated mining settlement on Alaska’s western coast, with a population that ranged between 3,500 and 7,000, depending

A Risky, Modern-Day Marketing Campaign that Worked

BY ERIK SMITH
on the season. Five years earlier the city had been the center of Alaska's second gold rush. But the prospectors had moved on, the big mining interests had moved in, and the world's attention had turned elsewhere. Nome was in danger of being forgotten.

What the town needed was publicity—and the town's businessmen and miners decided that the cheapest way to get it was with an exhibit at the world's fair opening in Portland that June. They raised $3,500, enough to assemble the exhibit, but when they asked the territorial governor to help with shipping, he said no. That would show favoritism, he said.

The town needed help—and in the world of 1905 it was natural that Nome would turn to Seattle. It was hard to imagine any state-side city more linked to the fortunes of Alaska. Seattle merchants and shippers had a lock on the Alaska trade; the city was where wealthy Alaskans wintered—in fact, any traveler heading from Nome to Juneau had to sail 2,000 miles south and change boats in Seattle. There was even an active businessmen's club in Seattle whose main purpose was to encourage Alaska trade.

So the mayor and city council of Nome sent a wire to this Alaska Club, asking for help, and the club's president, John Edward Chilberg, quickly wired acceptance. The problem was solved.

And the most important thing about the story was that one man wintering in Nome happened to read about it in the newspapers. His name was Godfrey Chealander, and he was one of the thousands who had gone north at the news of the gold strike. Unlike so many others, he had stayed. He was a founding member of Alaska's first great fraternal organization, the Arctic Brotherhood, and lately he had been helping to collect the official Alaska exhibit for the Portland fair.

But something about that exhibit was bothering him. It just wasn't going to do Alaska justice, he thought, tucked away in a corner of the U.S. Government Building, alongside every other government department. Homeseekers and investors might never notice.

Chealander had an idea—and now he knew where to write. He sat down in the lobby of Nome's Golden Gate Hotel, picked up a pen, and wrote a letter to Chilberg. This was the letter that started everything. It opened with a bang:

"An Alaskan exposition for Seattle in 1907—how does the idea strike you?"

To understand why the idea caught on, it is important to know a little about the Seattle of 1905. It was a proud city, with skyscrapers, streetcars, telephones, and parks. In just 15 years the Alaska trade had helped it grow from 42,000 people to 206,000; it had shaken off the depression of the early 1890s and left Tacoma

![Image of the U.S. Government Building during the 1909 World's Fair](image_url)
in the dust. It was the most wide-awake city of the coast, the Queen City of the Northwest, the future New York of the West. These were provable facts, or at least the newspapers said so, every day.

And the town's boosters said there was something different about Seattle—they called it "the Seattle spirit." The key ingredient was an energetic business community, perhaps 500 at the outside and 200 at the core. This group never missed a chance to promote the city—during the Klondike gold rush it had even created a publicity bureau that helped cement the idea nationally that Seattle was something different about the world's fair west of the Rockies.

Washington newspapers were dutifully enthusiastic about the benefits of Portland's Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition to the region, but in Seattle the approach of the fair's opening touched off a period of soul-searching. Was Seattle doing enough to promote itself? The closest modern analogy might be the American reaction to the Soviet space program. It was as if Portland had launched its own Sputnik.

Then came Chealander's letter.

Seattle acted quickly. Chealander mailed his letter June 6, and it would have taken nine days to reach Seattle. There would have been time for Chilberg to send a wire, and then it seems Chealander hopped the next boat for Puget Sound.

Meanwhile, the newspapers provide curious hints of activity. In particular, there was a meeting at the Washington Hotel on June 22 to discuss a new advertising program for Seattle—attended by many of the people who would later be active in the fair's development. And the next day, many of them boarded a chartered train for the Portland fair. We can only wonder about the conversation in the club car, but we know for certain that when Chealander reached Seattle the following day, members of the Alaska Club whisked him into a series of meetings. Once they were satisfied that he was on the level, the club's secretary, William Sheffield, marched him to the offices of the Seattle Times, where they called on the paper's city editor, James A. Wood.

Sheffield said, "Jim, do you want to get hold of a good story? I don't know what you may think of it, but I believe I have a first-class one here. It may amount to a whole lot, and it may not."

Wood said, "Let's hear it."

Chealander started explaining, and it didn't take long for Wood to catch the fever. He interrupted Chealander and said, "If Portland can have a successful Lewis and Clark exposition, what's the matter with us? Why can't we have an Alaska exposition which will be even more successful?"

On June 28 the Times ran Chealander's letter as a page-one news story, and the campaign was on. For the next month the fair was a wholly-owned proposition of the Seattle Times. It ran story after story quoting leading Seattle businessmen, Alaskans who stepped off the boats, Easterners lounging in Seattle hotel lobbies—anyone with an opinion, as long as it was favorable.

Finally the fervor grew so intense that that the rival Post-Intelligencer could ignore it no longer and ran a four-paragraph story near the classifieds. The Times reported the news on its front page: "The Times congratulates the Post-Intelligencer on its discovery, however belated, that such an exposition is being planned. Help from any source can do no harm."

Whatever the Times had to say about it, with the P-I on board there was now no doubt about the idea's legitimacy.

Leadership emerged quickly. The Alaska Club took charge, working closely with the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. But there is one man who deserves special mention. John Chilberg, president of the Alaska Club, took a leading role from the start, and ultimately became the fair's president.

Chilberg was the sort of businessman the papers profiled every Sunday—plucky, resourceful, shrewd, popular, and above-average, just like everyone else who mattered in Seattle. His story mirrored the town's development. His family's grocery store burned in the fire of 1889. He started a flour wholesaling business and was wiped out in the Panic of 1893. He traveled to Central America and won export contracts for Washington flour, braving malaria,
bands, and shipwreck. Finally he made his fortune in the North, mining in Alaska. By 1905, at age 38, he was a prominent Seattle banker, developer of the city's first skyscraper, the Alaska Building. He had begun contemplating the massive hotel project that became the New Washington Hotel, still standing at the corner of Second and Stewart. There was no businessman with more to gain from the fair, and none in a better position to make it a reality.

Chilberg used the papers as a sounding board, and it seems clear neither he nor anyone else understood how big the project would become. Chilberg himself told the Times, "Of course, nothing so elaborate as the Lewis and Clark exposition, for instance, could be attempted or is contemplated."

That would change.

Formal exploration started in August, when the Alaska Club sent Chealander on a 9,000-mile trip north to build support for the fair. It was a critical step—if Alaska was not behind the idea, Seattle could hardly have gone any further. Chealander put on his selling shoes, holding meetings in villages and mining camps and explaining that it made sense to hold an Alaska fair in a city more than a thousand miles south. Faint-hearted Easterners could hardly be expected to make the trip north.

The Argus, Seattle's leading alternative weekly, carped that the whole idea was silly—an Alaska fair in Seattle?—and said Chealander was just trying to invent a job for himself. But Chealander did the trick, and returned with a list of enthusiastic Alaskans he had designated as fair "commissioners."

Next the Alaska Club and the chamber appointed an exploratory committee that eventually numbered 50 of Seattle's leading businessmen. It worked quietly for the next six months, expanding the fair to include the Canadian Yukon and delaying it to 1909 to accommodate the Jamestown exposition already planned near Richmond, Virginia, in 1907. And it sought expert advice.

By 1905 so many fairs had been held that there was an enormous pool of people with exposition experience, and none of them was more important to the Seattle effort than Henry Reed. He was really the "idea man" behind the fair, a former newspaperman and Portland Chamber of Commerce president who had served as secretary of the Portland fair. Due in part to his managerial abilities, that fair closed in October a complete success. Some 1.6 million visitors passed through the gates, the fair finished in the black, and—most important to Seattle—it put Reed back on the job market.

He made his first appearance in Seattle a month after the Portland exposition closed, laying out a plan for management and promotion based on what he had done in Portland. The bigger the exposition, he argued, the easier it would be to attract visitors and exhibitors. Why stop at the North? Why not include the Pacific? He said, "You have the Orient to exploit in an exposition, besides the opportunity of displaying Alaska's wealth. The Alaska feature need not be lost sight of, but the scope of the exposition could very easily be elaborated and made a remarkable success."

Seattle took his advice, and its Alaska carnival became the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Reed came aboard as director of publicity and promotion at $400 a month, one of several key staffers drawn from the Portland ranks. But there was still one important position to fill—the man who would manage it all.

That job fell to Ira Nadeau, the Northern Pacific's top man in Seattle, well-regarded and well-connected. Just before the formal campaign kickoff he quit his railroad job and started taking a full-time salary from the chamber—which made it possible for him to work for the fair.

The kickoff came April 11, 1906, a week before the San Francisco earthquake. There was a banquet and a few speeches; then a core group of 20 businessmen stood and drank to the success of the fair. Judge Richard Ballinger, a rising Seattle politician who would soon be appointed to the Taft cabinet,
declared that there was no turning back. "I believe Seattle has gone too far into the matter of the fair not to see it through," he said.

At first everything went smoothly. All the planning fell into place; everything was done with an eye toward generating maximum publicity and public involvement.

For instance, there was the matter of the site. By the time of the kickoff, it was a foregone conclusion that the University of Washington would be selected. Immediately, university boosters, led by history professor Edmond S. Meany, saw an opportunity to develop the school, which had moved to its present campus in 1895 but after 10 years still remained a thickly wooded forest with a handful of buildings. Here fair advocates found another opportunity—an exposition at the school would make it easier to win an appropriation from the Washington State Legislature.

For publicity's sake, though, they went through an elaborate site-selection process that involved and excited the city. Developers offered their property; neighborhoods staged mass meetings. Then the board made its unanimous decision in favor of the University of Washington site. There was just one drawback—state law forbade the sale of alcohol on campus, or anywhere within two miles—and so the fair would have to turn a profit without beer gardens.

Fund-raising came next. All expositions raised money by selling stock to the public, and Seattle planned the most spectacular sale ever. Portland raised $450,000 in 72 hours? Well, Seattle would raise $500,000 in a single day.

Newspapers called it a matter of patriotism: "Find out what kind of a man your neighbor is tomorrow," said a headline in the Times. "Simply ask him if he has bought his A.-Y.-P. stock." It was a massive organizational effort. On October 2 committees fanned out across the city with subscription blanks; boats in the harbor tooted their whistles at noon. And by the end of the day the fair not only hit its goal but exceeded it by $150,000.

This sale wasn't exactly what it seemed. The fair was collecting pledges, not money, and the final payment was not due for another 18 months. About two-thirds of the money came from 140 leading businessmen and corporations, and most of their contributions were lined up in advance. On the other hand, there were more than 3,500 individual purchasers who bought as little as one share of stock, and so the sale might be counted as a genuine show of public support. Most important, it was a brilliant publicity move: the boosters kept expectations low and knocked the ball out of the park.

Then there was the fair's communications strategy—as sophisticated as the times allowed. This was Henry Reed's department, and here his genius showed. First the fair needed to convince government officials to participate. Reed sent commissioners to every state legislature and organized letter-writing campaigns in Seattle. The fair's emissaries spread the word in Asia, Europe, and Latin America.

Next came the American public. The fair's publicity bureau targeted 6,000 newspapers and cranked out hundreds of articles tailored for individual markets. Its mimeograph machine turned thousands of times an hour. The bureau fed a wide variety of publications—magazines, view books, postcards. It also published its own brochures and supplied materials for extensive ad campaigns carried on by the railroads.

In all these communications the fair offered a message so consistent it seemed to come from the same typewriter. It was "the fair that will be different" because it looked forward, not back. It celebrated the wonderful new civilization being built on the shores of the Pacific, in the West, the North, and the magnificent new colonies in Hawaii and the Philippines—not to mention the newly awakening countries of Japan and China.

The fair's publicity became the first important expression of an idea that grew to dominate Pacific Northwest thought by the 1980s—the idea of the "Pacific Rim." And it pointed out that Seattle was the one city in the West with the vision to see the full picture.

There were other elements of the message, too, that turned weaknesses into strengths. For instance, this would be a fair fit for families—because there would be no beer gardens.

The campaign played the opening rounds in a masterful way, but the boosters made a miscalculation that nearly derailed the entire project—they forgot about politics. They prepared an ambitious proposal for the 1907 legislature—$1 million for exhibition halls, some of which would remain as permanent buildings for the university when the fair was over. That was a lot of money at a time when the entire state budget—for two years—was just $4 million. To pay for it the fair's organizers proposed a statewide property tax increase, and they told the press that...
the idea was of such merit it obviously would pass within the opening days of the session. The problem was that their coalition extended no farther than the King County line. They had sent emis-
saries around the world, but they hadn't sent anyone to eastern Washington. And at that particular moment, Spokane was furious with Seattle.

It had to do with a railroad rate case, a long-running and highly technical legal battle between the Spokane Chamber of Commerce and the transcontinental railroads. Basically, railroad freight rates discriminated against inland cities and favored the ports. Seattle had no problem with that, and its merchants even contributed to a railroad legal defense fund. Meanwhile, Spokane boiled. And now Seattle wanted help paying for its fair?

More than a dozen stories appeared in the Spokane papers denouncing Seattle's gall. One typical comment came from James Fitzpatrick, manager of Spokane's Union Iron Works: "Since the Seattle people have taken a stand against us, I do not think we should tax ourselves for their benefit. I believe a policy of retaliation is fully justified. For one, I do not feel like contributing out of my own pocket for a purely Seattle enterprise."

Seattle papers responded in kind. Spokane was a "knocker-town," the Times declared, one of the worst epithets it could have hurled. "All right— make the fight," it said, "and when you have lost, go soak your head—and don't ask for sympathy!"

Spokane backed down after a week of saber-rattling, most likely because it didn't need enemies and because eastern Washington discovered a few things it wanted out of the legislature, too. For public consumption, though, the Spokane chamber announced that it just wanted to show that eastern Washington people were a better class of citizen. Said a spokesman, "Let us show the Seattle people that we are broader than they are."

That episode should have shown Seattle that its proposal was in trouble, but still it was shocked when its bills landed with a thud in the legislature. Small-town senators caucused in a back room and decided Seattle's proposal should be cut in half. Frantic Seattle boosters rushed to Olympia on the afternoon train, but their pleading that evening got them nowhere. The Oregonian reported, "Seattle's mismanagement of her campaign for a $1 million appropriation is becoming almost a joke in the Legislature."

Ultimately Seattle proved creative. After weeks of debate, the boosters invited lawmakers from outlying areas to see the fairgrounds, and they kept them in town by staging an elaborate banquet at the Rainier Club. Meanwhile, a Seattle senator stayed behind and crafted a package of bills raising $1 million without increasing property taxes. The state would sell the so-called "shore

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"The First Pick" GROUND BREAKING A.Y.P. EXPOSITION June 1st, 1907

SEATTLE

HON. JNO. BARNETT REPRESENTING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

GOV. MEAD OF WASHINGTON

HON. J. E. CHILBERG PRESIDENT A.Y.P. EXPOSITION

HON. HARRY WHITE REP. GOV. GILLETTE OF CALIFORNIA

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THOUGH THE MOST IMPORTANT FINANCING ISSUES REMAINED TO BE SOLVED, THE FAIR'S MANAGERS BROKE GROUND ON JUNE 1, 1907.
lands” around Lakes Union and Washington—the strip of land between the high-water and low-water marks. Until the money came in, the state exposition commission would be allowed to sell warrants to the banks. By the time the legislators got back to Olympia, Seattle had the votes lined up, and the bills were railroaded through before anyone realized that they, too, represented a statewide tax increase. Those shore lands would have been sold anyway, and had the money not been earmarked for the fair it would have gone into the state general fund.

There might have been another explanation for Seattle's success—call it a genteel form of bribery. Seattle boosters arranged high-stakes poker games at an Olympia hotel and contrived to lose large sums of money to the lawmakers. The Spokesman-Review called it a scandal. “Stories of gains and losses running into the hundreds have been bandied freely about the corridors of the Capitol,” it said. “The rumor was current last night that several of the exposition lobbyists found their fortunes so low that it was necessary to borrow a few dollars for carfare home,” The Review added, “It has not been intimated in this connection that these games had, or were intended to have, any influence on the pending legislation.”

The state legislature was one problem, Congress was another. Seattle needed federal participation to give the fair legitimacy. Alaska was a ward of the Department of the Interior and could not even send an exhibit without federal approval. And if the U.S. government refused to back the fair, how could Seattle expect to attract support from state and foreign governments?

While doing battle in the legislature, fair organizers asked Congress for another $1 million. The bill passed the Senate, but House leaders blocked it in committee, telling Washington congressmen that 1907 just wasn't Seattle's year. The Jamestown exposition was asking for so much money that Congress was not about to spend any more. Seattle could try again in 1908.

That put the city in a bind. With no assurance from the federal government, efforts to recruit exhibitors stalled. Oregon and California made commitments, but that was to be expected. Other states held back.

Below: While the P-I ran sober editorials, the Seattle Times ran giant headlines and did its best to embarrass those who had yet to contribute.

Facing Page: After the Jamestown debacle, the AYPE had a new message: It was now "the fair that will be ready."
Still, Seattle had enough money to begin work. It broke ground on June 1, 1907, two years before the fair was open, with a ceremony attended by 20,000 people. Teams of men and horses began clearing the site. The Seattle papers ran stories every day about the fair’s progress, and as far as the general public knew, the exposition was a certainty.

Then came a pair of damaging developments that had nothing to do with Seattle—and which nearly did in the fair.

The first was the absolute and total failure of the Jamestown exposition. It had been mismanaged from the beginning; directors squabbled, buildings remained unfinished when the fair opened, transportation was poor, hotels gouged visitors—and the public stayed home. James A. Wood, late of the Seattle Times, was in charge of Seattle’s Jamestown exhibit, and his letters told of windswept fairgrounds with hardly a visitor in sight and of concessionaires who packed up and left in the middle of the night to avoid paying bills. The federal government had lent $1 million to the fair and lost nearly every penny. Critics wondered if the public was tiring of world’s fairs, and Seattle’s chances in Congress appeared to be poor. The AYP boosters responded with a slogan. “The fair that will be different” became “the fair that will be ready.”

The second problem was a national recession—an event we now call the Panic of 1907, but which dragged on the following year. Major banks in New York went under. Money was not just tight—it did not exist, and surviving banks in Seattle and other cities were forced to print their own. Unemployed men marched in Seattle’s streets; charities worried about starvation. And the pinch had a sharp effect on the fair—interest rates went up and banks stopped buying exposition warrants. A large part of the state’s construction effort came to a halt.

Making matters worse, Seattle contractors slashed wages, and unions retaliated by declaring a boycott of the fair. The boosters let the unions complain; they had bigger problems. The economy was so awful that the contractors had no trouble finding workers.

The crisis came just as Seattle was mounting its last-ditch effort in the 1908 Congress. Reed and several other fair officials had gone to D.C. with a pitch aimed to counteract Jamestown. They did not want a dime for the fair—they just wanted the federal government to pay for its own buildings and exhibits. This was a distinction without a difference—it still represented federal sponsorship—but it had the right tone.

While the boosters worked Capitol Hill, the Times dropped a bomb. It ran an editorial on January 12, 1908, calling for the fair’s postponement to 1910. It pointed out the fair’s obvious problems and said, “Under such circumstances, it is going to be a remarkable accomplishment if the exposition director succeeds in opening the fair in June 1909.”

A worried Nadeau wrote to Reed in D.C. that postponement talk was sweeping the town. It seemed the owner of the Seattle Electric Company had gotten to Alden Blethen, publisher of the Times. The fair was forcing the streetcar company to spend $250,000 on fair-related improvements at the worst possible time. But the fair’s board held firm. Nadeau told Reed, “it seems to me singularly unfortunate to urge postponement at this time on account of its possible effect on our bill at Washington.”

The fair had troubles enough in Congress. On one hand, House leaders had to appear tight-fisted, and several had declared opposition to new exposition spending. On the other hand, none of them wanted to make enemies in the Pacific Northwest. So they told Seattle to wait until the final days of the session, when they could pass the fair bill as an amendment to the budget. That way they could avoid a roll-call vote.

The strategy worked: A conference committee cut the fair appropriation down to $600,000 and the budget amendment passed quietly on May 25, 1908.

Nearly six months had been lost. The fair was just a year away, and only a handful of exhibitors had agreed to participate. If Seattle celebrated at the news from Congress, it stopped when it read the fine print. Seattle had to raise $1 million before the federal government would release its money, and state government money could not be counted. Reed and the fair managers made convoluted arguments showing that the fair had already hit the mark, but really all the fair could show was the $650,000 from the stock sale.

On July 10 the board of trustees met at the Lowman Building on Pioneer Square, where the Seattle Chamber of
Commerce had its offices, and finally had the talk they had been putting off for so long. One of the town's leading businessmen rose to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this exposition must not be postponed; it must be abandoned. We need $350,000, and in these hard times it will be impossible to raise even $50,000. We must abandon the fair." At that moment Chilberg jumped to his feet. His face was set and his fist was clenched. "And, gentlemen," he said, "I tell you this fair will not be abandoned. It will not be postponed. We can raise that $350,000, and we will."

He turned to his finance director, Will H. Parry, and he said, "Will, it's up to you."

Two months later, Chilberg stood on the portico of the Manufactures Building and addressed the crowd that had assembled for Stockholders' Day. It was the fair's last chance. The AYP hoped to sell $350,000 in bonds—and to satisfy rattled investors, these would be tied directly to gate receipts, to be paid while the fair was in progress.

Chilberg made a brave speech that windy day. He said the fair had always known it would have to ask the people of Seattle for more money. He said, "I realize the first thing you will say will be that times are hard, and in that you will be right; times are hard, and for that reason the quicker we can open this exposition the better off we will be. Do you realize that during the summer of 1909 more than 500,000 people who live east of the Rocky Mountains will visit Seattle and the exposition and that, incidentally, exclusive of what investments they may make, they will leave more than $50 million in this city, county and state?"

Postponement was out of the question, he said—Seattle had come too far. This time the fair did not stake its success on a 24-hour campaign. The trustees gave themselves two weeks. They went to local businesses and quietly made their case. But this time there was no rush of enthusiasm. A week into the campaign they had raised just $40,000.

The fair's managers took their biggest gamble—they went public. They told the newspapers that if the bond issue failed, the fair would collapse. The P-I ran a few tepid editorials, but the Times pulled out the stops, denouncing skinflints by name and taking up half its front page with headlines like, "Why don't you come through with a little of the wealth Seattle has given you, rich man?"

A frenzied merchant called exposition finance director Parry when the story broke. He shouted, "You're hurting the fair; it will kill it."

Parry looked up from his totals. The subscriptions had doubled. "Hurting the fair?" he asked. "Yes, yes! This is all wrong," the merchant said. "You want to do this quietly."

Parry's reply:

Now, see here. Is it better to tell the people the situation now? Would you have us wait until the end of the week and then put a padlock on the gates? Which would you prefer, a little advance notice or a story of an application for a receiver?

The gamble paid off. The public bought $150,000 of the bond issue; banks and railroads bought the rest. The fair was saved.

There was one major casualty of the financial troubles. Henry Reed announced his resignation in the midst of the bond campaign. Officially it was a salary dispute, but Reed's public statements made it clear he felt unappreciated, and at that point failure was just as likely as success. His name disappeared; few gave him the credit he deserved, and the fair moved on without him.

Once the crisis had passed everything clicked—the thousand remaining elements of the campaign hit their targets—publicity, promotion, construction, recruitment of exhibitors. The federal government released its money, Canada and Japan announced their participation, and banks bought the exposition warrants that allowed the state to finish its buildings. Photos show that many of the structures were surrounded by scaffolding just weeks before the fair opened. It was a rush job, and the fair barely made the June 1 deadline.

When the exposition opened the newspapers called it a world of wonders. But the biggest wonder was that it opened at all.

Erik Smith is a seasoned Washington journalist with a long-standing interest in Washington's world's fairs. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition has been the main focus of his research in that area.
Remembering a Company Town

PILLAR ROCK

By Ray Fadich

Company towns, prevalent across the United States during the last half of the 19th century and much of the 20th century, have now faded into the past. Many industries once favored—and profited by—the establishment of company towns. When it owned all the real estate, structures, and commercial establishments in a remote location, a company could control the activities and demand the loyalty of its employees. Industries like oil, sugar, mining, timber, and fishing made use of this system at times and places where the labor movement was unlikely to disrupt or dilute the company’s power.

Between 1880 and 1930 there were several active company towns built around salmon canneries on the lower Columbia River. The prolific runs of Chinook salmon gave rise to these towns. The runs eventually dwindled until by 1943 there were only two company towns left on the Washington shoreline—Altoona and Pillar Rock.

The community of Pillar Rock was situated 20 miles upriver from the mouth of the Columbia and 15 miles from Astoria. The New England Fish Company (NEFCO) owned the entire town, which included the salmon cannery, a net storage building, and a dock for racking nets and mooring gillnet boats. Some 30 company houses, occupied by gillnet fishermen and their families, dotted the hillside behind the cannery. A long dormitory building that stood near the edge of town housed the migrant Chinese who worked in the cannery each summer.
Housing was free to company employees. While the husbands fished for the company, the wives worked in the cannery. Children 16 or older also worked in the cannery. Fishermen had free use of the net house, dock, and other facilities. It was the fishermen's duty to keep the 29-foot boats operating during the fishing season, which normally lasted from early spring to late fall. The company owned the gillnet boats and kept them painted and maintained during the off-season. Fishermen had company credit to pay for the materials to make and mend their nets. At the end of the season final figures were tallied and the fishermen received payment for gross pounds of fish caught, minus any credit borrowed from the company.

A Mr. Goodrich ran NEFCO's operation at Pillar Rock when I was first introduced to it. As superintendent it was his job to keep the cannery operating efficiently and make a profit for the company. He kept in close communication with the outfit's 25 fishermen to supply them with quality gear and make sure their part of the operation was running smoothly. He supervised the cannery and the fishing fleet as well as the maintenance of the houses and other structures in the town. It was his responsibility to ensure that the cookhouse, which stood near the cannery, was well stocked with the food and other provisions needed to prepare breakfast and lunch for the hungry workers. The cookhouse was the only building, besides the cannery, that had been "electrified." The cannery possessed its own diesel-powered generating plant to run the machinery and lights.

Goodrich and his office staff had to make sure all the necessary supplies were on hand to keep the cannery running. These included cans, salt, oil, diesel fuel, gasoline, and a multitude of other things. They also had to make the necessary arrangements to ship the cases of canned salmon by riverboat. Because the cannery lacked a large storage area, weekly shipouts were necessary during the peak season.

The Pillar Rock operation was a marvel to behold. It started, of course, with the salmon. After living in the Pacific Ocean for three to five years, an adult Chinook—weighing about 25 pounds—returns to the Columbia to swim to its home stream, which may be as much as 1,000 miles upriver. Enter the nocturnal gillnet fishermen who even today lay out their gillnets in the lower Columbia. A gillnet is made of thousands of individual meshes about nine inches across—enough space for an adult Chinook to poke its head and gills into, but too small for its body to pass through. Thus the name "gillnet." Once the Chinook's gills pass through the net, it can neither go forward nor backward to free itself. When the fisherman picks up his net, in come the gilled salmon.

After the night's fishing was over the Pillar Rock fishermen sped for the cannery to deliver their catch. Once unloaded, the salmon awaited the arrival of the day-shift. The team of workers that transformed freshly caught salmon at one end of the operation into canned salmon ready for market at the other end performed a remarkable feat. At eight in the morning the employees arrived at their stations. Near the delivery dock at the front of the cannery, salmon covered much of the floor. Six Chinese workers wielding long, sharp knives moved salmon from floor to table to gut them and remove their heads. From there the salmon were slid across a metal chute to where another Chinese worker operated a 12-bladed knife machine that was pulled down over the whole salmon to cut slices of the same thickness as the depth of the can.

The large slices were then cut to the width of the can and placed on a conveyor belt that ran along a line of packers who put enough salmon in each can to fill it. One line of packers included 20 or more women. A large cannery might employ several lines of packers. Pillar Rock had two lines. A gravity chute from the second floor supplied empty cans to a conveyor belt that ran in front of the packers. After the cans were filled the conveyor took them to a machine that attached a lid to each can.

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A man waiting at the end of the conveyor took the finished cans and placed them on a metal rack. Each rack held 200 cans. When a rack became full, an empty one was placed on top of it. After about two-dozen racks had been stacked and filled, the worker pushed them along the small-gauge track that ran into the retort—basically, a giant-sized pressure cooker. It took several stacks of racks to fill the retort, which was about 30 feet long and 6 feet in diameter and made of thick steel to withstand the high-pressure steam. Pillar Rock residents had two choices for bathing: heat water on the stove and empty it into a large washtub where family members could take turns bathing, or take a shower in an enclosed stall at the rear of the cannery building. The stall became very busy in the evening after work, and a waiting line was common. A shower in the stall was a pleasurable experience. The same boiler that provided steam for the pressure-cooking retorts heated water for the shower. The steamy hot water came out of three showerheads in the stall to accommodate three men—or three women—at a time.

With no road to connect Pillar Rock to the outside world, the community relied on river traffic as its lifeline to civilization. "Dan, the Man," skippered the company launch, Man o' War, a 60-foot boat used mainly to run excess fish from Pillar Rock to NEFCO's larger cannery at Astoria for processing. On the return trip the launch would bring parts or equipment from Astoria, the hub of commerce on the lower Columbia. Dan was an easy-going, likable man who was readily enticed to bring some goodies from the city—like a box of Snickers candy bars, a real treat to the fish and potato crowd. While World War II was in progress, candy bars were hard to come by, which is how Dan got his nickname.

While Dan would pick up something for a person in a pinch, it was the Imperial that brought daily news, mail, and commerce to isolated Pillar Rock. Run by two brothers, Ernie and Harry Foster, the Imperial made stops at company towns and hamlets along the Washington side of the river between Cathlamet and Astoria: Brookfield, Pillar Rock, Carlson's Landing, Elliott's Landing, and Altoona. Only the rare occurrence of ice or fog would keep the Imperial tied up at Cathlamet. Except for Altoona, these communities had no access roads—the river was their only connection to the outside world. The Imperial provided mail and grocery delivery as well as taxi and ambulance service. The boat would leave Cathlamet at eight in the morning and arrive in Astoria at eleven o'clock. After a two-hour layover, the Imperial left Astoria, returning to Cathlamet by four in the afternoon, again making stops at necessary ports. (continued on page 18)
Showdown in the Net House

High stakes poker sessions had undoubtedly occurred in the net house, like the legendary game between Big John and Shadow, a nickname he got from setting up a punching bag and shadow-boxing in the net house to prepare himself for a showdown with a certain other fisherman. This game took place at the Altoona net house, three miles downriver from Pillar Rock. Big John and Shadow, bitter competitors on the fishing grounds, were both top fishermen—what gillnetters call “high liners.” Most of the town’s fishermen were there on a cold, snowy January night. Several games were going on at the tables of the makeshift casino.

The cannery had settled accounts with the fishermen before Christmas and paid them for all the fish they had caught during the fall season—in a lump sum. Whiskey flowed freely as the players opened their wallets.

Up until midnight, winnings had been seesawing between Big John and Shadow. Both players continually upped the betting stakes until, by the standards of the era, they had reached astronomical figures. As play progressed Big John began getting better hands; the cards were falling his way and he was draining Shadow’s wallet. The other three who had been playing at that table dropped out—the stakes were getting too high. Play at the other tables stopped and everyone gathered around as they sensed a showdown nearing.

The tide turned and Shadow won back all the money he had lost. Each had about $2,000 cash in his holding. After a couple more shots of whiskey Big John declared, “Everything in—one hand takes all!” Shadow, envisioning what he could do with $4,000, assessed his $2,000 as he downed a shot of whiskey. Shadow was on a winning streak and felt lucky. “You’re on,” Shadow said and pushed his $2,000 to the center of the table. Big John, taking a drag on his cigar and blowing a cloud of smoke toward his opponent, shoved in his $2,000. The pot contained all the hard-earned money the two fishermen had labored for during the fall season. One would end up on easy street while the other would be looking for a way to survive until the spring fishing season opened.

A neutral dealer was chosen to deal the hand. Five-card stud was the game. First came the down card. Each looked stealthily at his card. Shadow, gnawing on a hook-stemmed briar pipe, looked confident. Big John also seemed satisfied with his down card. The four remaining cards were dealt face up. There was tension in the air as the two players and all the other fishermen eyed the up ones.

Neither player had a pair showing, but Big John had four spades which could lead to a possible flush; his highest spade was a ten. Shadow, on the other hand, had what looked like weak cards, a mixture of suits with a nine high.

Big John, with a rancorous stare at Shadow, declared, “I’ll raise the pot with a $1,000 IOU if you care to lose another grand.” Shadow pondered profoundly at Big John’s four-spade hand. Was Big John bluffing or could the unlikely odds be in his favor?

Shadow knew of Big John’s cunning on the fishing grounds. He knew that Big John would not hesitate to cork another fisherman (lay his gillnet in front of and close by a competitor, thus “stealing” fish from the other fisherman). Shadow wouldn’t trust Big John as far as he could throw him, and at 6’3”, 240 pounds, he was a load of manure. If Big John was going to beat him it would have to be legitimately, not by bluffing.

Shadow inspected Big John’s eyes, searching for a clue; what he saw was a look of confidence—but was it feigned or real? If it was a bluff and he didn’t call, Shadow would never be able to live with the shame. If he called and lost, he reasoned, at least he could live with that—he’d just have to work harder at fishing to make it up.

“I’ll call your $1,000 IOU with my own.”

“Damn it!” Big John spat, slamming his down card on the table. It was a two of diamonds—a ten-high hand. Shadow then turned over his down card—a jack.
(continued from page 16)

The Foster brothers' roles never changed—Harry was at the helm and Ernie was the deckhand and mooring tender. They seemed to enjoy it that way. Ernie was also in charge of procurement—give him a grocery list one day and he'd have the goods on the next day's docking. The Imperial cut its schedule to three days a week during winter—the minimum the brothers' mail contract would allow—but the outside world was accessible year-round.

In the spring, summer, and fall, fishermen and cannery workers were too busy for extra activities. When the cannery shut down during winter, the fishermen had time to work on their nets and boats and the cannery workers had some leisure time. Those who remained through winter welcomed the slower pace. Their top priorities were cutting firewood and hunting. Deer and elk were plentiful in the nearby woods, and the many islands that dotted the lower Columbia harbored abundant duck populations. And if duck and deer became blasé, a fisherman could set a net in the river and catch a sturgeon or two.

In the dead of winter, after nets were made or mended and two or three deer lay on the floor of the cannery's ice locker, the fishermen gathered in the net house. After firing up the old pot-bellied stove, they sat down to play some poker. A large wooden salt barrel made a makeshift table, while smaller barrels or wood chopping blocks served as improvised stools. Betting was generally frugal, with a three-raise, 25-cent limit. Although there were stories of some high-stakes games, the Pillar Rock fishermen were usually careful with their hard-earned money. Some of the Altoona fishermen, on the other hand, were known for their wild ways. They were associated with the Columbia River Packers Association (CRPA), the biggest cannery operation on the Columbia. (See sidebar on page 17.)

There was a three-mile lane for foot traffic between Pillar Rock and Altoona. Along the route were several extended family communities. Each had a dock for mooring gillnet boats and racking gillnets. The Imperial made stops at two of the largest. The towering hills behind these communities and company towns kept the veins of progress from reaching them. Pillar Rock remained frozen in time.

The river of plenty lasted for some 50 years. Bonneville Dam, built in the 1930s—the first of many dams constructed in the Columbia River drainage—created a major obstacle for salmon to negotiate. As the runs declined after the 1930s, the industry diminished. Where there had been many, only one remained. When Pillar Rock cannery shut down in 1947, it was the last of the company towns on the lower Columbia.

As a teenager in the 1940s, I accompanied my parents each summer on our annual sojourn to Pillar Rock. Our stay there was in conjunction with the summer Chinook salmon run. Dad worked as a gillnet fisherman, and mom worked in the cannery. The family roughed it in one of NEFCO'S rustic company cabins—nothing fancy, but it kept the rain out. Compared to life in our hometown of Everett—even then a fair-sized, modern city—our arrival at Pillar Rock was like a leap back in time. The company houses had no electricity—and therefore no radio (television was still in the future). In the evening, after all the chores of the day were done, townsfolk would sit around a kerosene lamp and gossip or tell stories. Some of those who had decades of river drama to reflect upon seemed to have an endless supply of tales. Subjects ranged from moonshine to murder. To a naive adolescent these sometimes bizarre, sometimes humorous anecdotes were fascinating.

For most people a salmon cannery was a noisy, smelly place, but for me it held a certain charm. Seeing people of diverse ethnic origins working together to produce the best canned salmon in the world seemed magical. The fishermen were my heroes. I admired their adventurous lifestyle, working on a river that was sometimes extremely dangerous and always risky. Each evening fishermen would leave in their boats to spend the night on the river. Early the next morning they returned to deliver their catch. Their nocturnal seafaring seemed exciting, and I longed to be a part of it—when I was old enough.

While my parents worked, I led a Huck Finn sort of life, while my parents worked, I led a Huck Finn sort of life, while my parents worked, I led a Huck Finn sort of life, while my parents worked, I led a Huck Finn sort of life. Seeing people of diverse ethnic origins working together to produce the best canned salmon in the world seemed magical. The fishermen were my heroes. I admired their adventurous lifestyle, working on a river that was sometimes extremely dangerous and always risky. Each evening fishermen would leave in their boats to spend the night on the river. Early the next morning they returned to deliver their catch. Their nocturnal seafaring seemed exciting, and I longed to be a part of it—when I was old enough.

While my parents worked, I led a Huck Finn sort of life, but my river was the Columbia, not the Mississippi. Pillar Rock was an idyllic place for a boy to spend his teenage years. Living in a town isolated from the main avenues of progress made it a unique experience and a treasured memory.

A native of Everett, Ray Fadich is now retired and living in Hawaii. He served as a United States Navy photographer, fished commercially on Puget Sound purse-seine boats for 15 seasons, and worked as a general contractor for 25 years.
Modernist photographer Virna Haffer made this portrait of her friend Erna Tilley (1896-1982) in the early 1930s. The multiple images hint at Tilley's various identities. Despite a bohemian sensibility, Tilley was an important player in Tacoma society as a member of the Woodbrook Hunt Club. She was the confidant of eccentric artist and teacher Orre Nelson Nobles, who ran an artist's colony—Olympus Manor—on Hood Canal. Tilley's biography of Nobles describes a culturally edgy Pacific Northwest replete with dance performances by Ruth St. Denis and Martha Graham and challenging theater productions like Eugene O'Neill's The Emperor Jones. Today Tilley is remembered mainly as the author of *A History of the Tacoma Little Theater*.

Printmaker Bill Colby of Tacoma donated this photograph to the Washington State Historical Society in 2001.

—Maria Pascualy
The Story of the Great Bear, the Last and Greatest Yacht Built for Arctic Exploration

The Great Bear's voyage is a remarkable tale of rich men, a peerless ship in the last days of sail, and a continent hidden in the Arctic at the end of the Age of Exploration. The massive yacht was considered "the staunchest wooden vessel ever constructed for Northern waters" when it left Seattle on its maiden voyage in the summer of 1916. That and a shipwreck are the story.

The two main figures are John Borden, 32, the first mate and owner, and Louis L. Lane, 42, the captain. One of America's richest men, Borden hailed from Chicago and was serious about making a name for himself. His wealth alone was enough to put him in the news along with friends who played polo, raised thoroughbred horses, hunted big game, and sailed magnificent yachts. For Captain Lane, posh meant little. Lane was a larger-than-life Seattle character known on waterfronts between Los Angeles and Nome. People read of his many adventures and tight escapes in the daily papers. These two very different men seem unlikely partners, but their common interest in the unfamiliar expanse between Alaska and the North Pole brought them together.

Borden had inherited a fortune in mining money from his grandfather. After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, he shrewdly invested it in the promising enterprise of motor taxis. His fortunate birth, business success, and fine wit made him an admired figure among fellow graduates—admiration he clearly enjoyed. As the taxi business required none of his attention, he looked elsewhere for something on which to focus his interests.

He courted the young and beautiful Ellen Waller, whose mother spirited her off to Europe to escape him. Undaunted, Borden raced to an eastern port and jumped aboard a fast steamer. On arriving the mother and daughter found him waiting at the dock with a limousine, the door flung open and the inside filled with flowers. The wedding took place in 1907. When war erupted in Europe in 1914, Ivy League Americans like Borden were extremely sympathetic to the French cause. Borden again rushed across the Atlantic, this time to volunteer with the Allies in an ambulance corps. When the United States failed to enter the war right away, he returned home disenchanted.

Amid strains in his marriage, he planned for an extended Arctic voyage. Back in 1912 he had built the yacht Adventuress, the same beautiful 102-foot schooner still seen sailing on Puget Sound. When the American Museum of Natural History in New York needed to obtain a whale skeleton for its great gallery, he offered its use. Although the elegant Adventuress was unsuitable, they struck a deal: curator Roy Chapman Andrews would come along to preserve the whale's bones if Borden got to spear it. He would hunt it the old-fashioned
way, throwing a harpoon from a longboat with a crew pulling at the oars. The hunt ended quickly when a humpback whale flipped them all into the sea off Kodiak. Against the curator's wishes, the millionaire called a halt to whaling and turned to hunting bears. Andrews, who today is remembered as the model for the movie character Indiana Jones, swore he'd never again take favors from millionaire sportsmen. Borden, however, returned home with a taste for grander exploits, convinced that he needed a much sturdier vessel.

Although he also came from fabulous mining wealth, "Louie" Lane was not a gentleman adventurer. A restless kid who grew up in the California gold country, he had a revolver and a pet bear before he reached the age of ten. His ambitious father Charles, searching for new riches, went on to establish claims...
Captain Louis Lane, left, and owner John Borden, apparently dressed up for newspaper photos, which were distributed nationally. Lane was a veteran of many trips north, Borden had considerable experience, and both were commonly referred to in newspapers as explorers.

L
ANE'S COURAGE AND seamanship were surpassed only by his yarns. These, unfortunately, could be at someone else's expense, such as the time when in 1915 he came upon the great explorer Vilhjalmar Stefansson, who had been exploring the Arctic shore of Canada. Stefansson had been away for well over two years — so long that many people believed him dead. Lane, aboard the Polar Bear, came across him walking along a beach on Banks Island and charged the explorer the exorbitant charter fee of $1,000 a day to return him to his base camp at Cape Kellett. Being skinned was humiliating enough to Stefansson, but when Lane related the encounter to people back home, it was worse. He made it appear that the explorer was lost and wandering about, somewhat like the well-known fable that ends, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." Everyone had a good laugh on Stefansson, who was actually far from lost. The big question for him was not where he was but where he'd find Crocker Land.

Crocker Land was yet to be discovered, and it was not just another inconsequential island. Some thought it might be an entire continent, an icy El Dorado for adventurers of that era. Locating it was the unstated objective of much Arctic exploration. No one ever set foot on its frigid shores, however, because it does not exist. Many back then believed it did, and their search for Arctic terra firma continued well into the 20th century. American Robert Peary, before he laid claim to being the first to reach the North Pole, gave Crocker Land its name after seeing a mirage of hills towering brilliantly above the western horizon. Norwegian Roald Amundsen, the first to reach the South Pole, spent decades in the Arctic searching for land.

Following the conquest of the poles, attention turned to Crocker Land and the empty white patch at the top of world maps that otherwise were completely filled in. In 1916 there was good, believable evidence for its existence and equally strong evidence against it. Searching for it would require a dangerously long trek out across the ice fields. Another possibility was to go there in the right vessel. Since the ice drifted toward the Atlantic, "going with the flow" might be possible via a strong ship "locked" in the ice — similar things had been done before. Such a discovery would be the crowning event to the Age of Discovery, which had begun five centuries before.

Though Stefansson never sighted the shores of Crocker Land, he had harbored hopes that his supply ship, the Karluk, would. Instead, the ice crumpled the Karluk — as it had many other vessels caught in its grip — in the frozen waters north of the Alaska mainland. After paying Lane's exorbitant "rescue" fee, Stefansson ended up owning the Polar Bear, a fine little schooner the captain had purchased from renowned Seattle shipbuilder Edward Heath. As usual, Heath had not charged enough for it — people said he always put more into his vessels than he got out of them. He had gone bankrupt building his previous commission for timber baron William Boeing.

Also a Yale man, Boeing found out that his good friend Borden was planning to build a heavy-duty exploration vessel and convinced him to engage Heath. Through Heath, and possibly Boeing,
John Borden met up with Captain Louis Lane who was in need of a new boat.

The Great Bear was to be built of wood—only wood. Like many others in 1916, Heath believed it was the best building material for a boat that had to make its way through ice. Heath scaled up the lines everyone admired in Lane’s Polar Bear and made the new vessel far stronger. Everything about the Great Bear seemed to say deep Arctic exploration. It was 137 feet overall with a 32-foot beam and an 11½-foot draft. Beneath the water its lines were well tucked in—like a Gloucester fishing schooner’s—to help resist the pressure of the ice. The Great Bear was massive in every way; one maritime article described its incredible hull as being, in effect, solid wood 28 inches thick. Boeing said “She is practically all frame,” noting the huge 14-inch ribs were placed only 2 inches apart. There was a double hull with heavy planking inside and out. By comparison, the ribs of another vessel built explicitly to find Crocker Land were 6 inches thick and 18 inches apart. In the annals of ice exploration, the stouter-than-stout Great Bear was in a class by itself.

Too big to fit inside the Heath shipyard, the vessel had to take shape outside on a beach across Puget Sound, selected because it was adjacent to a lumber mill. The keel was a single stick, 14 by 16 inches and more than 100 feet long, while the keelson above it was even sturdier. This was exceptional lumber even amongst the tall timber then available. Considered the best protection against ice (with a notorious reputation for knocking teeth off saw blades), “iron bark,” or eucalyptus, from Australia sheathed the outsides four feet above and below the waterline. An iron bar 3½ inches square protected the prow while plates of iron flanked the bow. Borden’s $80,000 (about $1.5 million today) had purchased a schooner that was as much fortress as ship.

Inside “she is a marvel of construction,” Boeing told a friend, “and I do not believe that there has ever been another built to work in the ice that compares with her.” The hull is “through bolted and cross bolted in every conceivable manner.” This must have made storage difficult and hindered the incorporation of bulkheads. As a result, the ship’s usefulness to Lane as a trading schooner was limited. Below the main deck it was all hold space, except for the engine room and fuel tanks. Above were living quarters for up to 35 people. The owner’s quarters aft were “handsomely built and finished,” declared a journal, “and furnished as the very finest yacht.” Borden and Lane would eat in a dining salon, relax in a lounging room, and eventually retire with their guests to separate staterooms all brightly finished in white with mahogany trim.

The accommodations included two very unusual Arctic luxuries—a pair of bathrooms. Electric lights—a welcome addition so far north—supplemented the small portholes. The 5,000-gallon water capacity was small only in comparison to the 10,000 to 12,000 gallons of oil on board. There was enough fuel to run the 160-horsepower Bolinder semi-diesel for 100 days or a stunning 20,000 miles in open water.

Heath had said the ship would be ready to depart Seattle by May 15, 1916, but perfection took time and the schedule slipped again and again. Boats bound for Alaska typically started north in April. After May had passed without even a
launching, Borden and Lane knew they would have to change their plans. The voyage would have to be a mere hunting trip, with a chance for fun and the opportunity to gain experience. Real adventure would have to wait for another season if it truly came to a search for Crocker Land. This year they could resupply Stefansson, whose expedition was still in progress, and bring him back “outside” with them.

Borden was in and out of Seattle. When in town he stayed with Boeing. Though Boeing declined to join the trip, he almost always had a houseful of visitors he called his “Chicago Crowd,” who were curious about this remarkable ship. All the talk caused newspapers around the country to pick up the story of millionaire friends planning “a rare good time.” These stories brought so many requests to join the crew that Borden printed a form letter of refusal. By mid June, not a finished vessel but at least a completed hull stood on the beach at Port Blakely. As time slipped away, so did the friends Borden had recruited to join the trip.

On June 14 the white three-masted schooner finally slid stem-first into the water. Local ladies in their elaborate Edwardian best prepared a abundant table for an abundance of guests. On a platform in front of the prow, Lane’s four-year-old daughter performed the ritual breaking of a ribbon-festooned bottle of real champagne (noteworthy because Washington had recently adopted Prohibition). Lane, who was quite possibly a teetotaler, watched in the company of his family. Boeing now stood on the platform among a throng of well-wishers with a bottle held high. In the sun-dappled shadows below stood Heath. The pleased shipbuilder, not Lane’s daughter, actually sent the vessel down its greased track into Puget Sound. He told the press how proud he was of this vessel—his 94th creation. The following day a Seattle newspaper printed the attendee list. One name was conspicuously absent—Mrs. John Borden.

The remaining work of outfitting the vessel and finishing interiors would be no less perfect than the hull. Stepping the masts, putting up the standing and running rigging, installing the engine, the plumbing and electrical systems, the interior furnishings, and so forth all took time. Heath tried out several propellers and conducted trials that delayed completion even further but raised boat speed to nine knots. Masterly Heath did not buy parts from ship builders if he thought he could do something better himself.

The accumulated delay now meant that the guest list had shrunk to one—a Chicago insurance salesman with little interest in either hunting or sailing. Borden hired two unusual crewmen: a taxidermist to prepare the expected animal trophies and a motion picture photographer. Lane, meanwhile, had put together the remaining crew from university and high school students, supplemented with a few experienced hands. Then, at the last minute, he surprised everyone when he agreed to take along a missionary couple stranded in Seattle. A bigger surprise was that a dozen bunks still lay empty.

With a big send-off celebration, the 23 voyagers departed from a downtown Seattle pier in the late afternoon on July 25, more than a month past midsummer. The diesel engine, drawing in a big gulp of green sea, backed the Great Bear beneath its Borden-Lane ensign into Puget Sound. Lane’s family would be waiting in Nome, but not to join the cruise. Due to the lateness of the season, Lane took the shorter, open water route north rather than through the Inland Passage. There was little mending and tending to occupy the crew since the
vessel was new, but some things had not been quite completed. Moreover, the crew needed to familiarize themselves with a new vessel and the old salts had to teach the youngsters the ways of a ship.

Summer provided favorable winds for an easy, uneventful passage north. At the port of Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands, the missionaries disembarked. There the ship ran into the usual thick summer fog and much of the navigation would now be by dead reckoning. They put in next at St. Paul in the Pribilof Islands where they learned of a ship wrecked on St. Matthew Island to the north and right in the middle of the Bering. Maybe there was someone to rescue there. It sounded interesting—the kind of adventure they wanted—and they decided to give the wreck a look-see since the forlorn island lay right along their route.

While the law of the sea gave them rights to the wreck, the Great Bear hardly wanted for anything. It carried almost everything imaginable. Among the non-essentials was a cache of Charlie Chaplin movies to watch during the long, all-day nights for those wintering over. On board were enough games and books to relieve boredom. They had everything to take them through the long hours of waiting. Surprisingly, the Great Bear lacked a radiotelegraph, something available in 1916 although not yet common. The navigation equipment, like everything else aboard, was the best—sextants, compasses, chronometers, knot meters, charting equipment, etc. Their optical instruments had become useless under a granite overcast that would have been no less transparent if it really was stone. They failed to sight the sun or the stars even once during the next 48 hours after leaving the port of St. Paul. All anyone would see, night and day, and night and day again, was their own rigging and deck. Borden and Lane were old hands with compass, chronometer, and knot meter. They proceeded by dead reckoning, but that method was dicier than usual this far north and needed to be regarded as mainly guesswork, according to some contemporary experts. The statement was certainly true the night of August 10 as the experienced second mate stood watch with inexperienced lookouts. The Bering, however, was almost totally free of “obstacles to navigation.” No one was concerned about their position as they headed north under sail and power in a moderate sea with following swells and mild 10-mile-an-hour winds.

They delayed sounding the bottom until they would be within a few miles of the island since the sea was too deep. A lead line would give no reading. Into a dark amorphous mist at least three miles of the island since the sea was too deep. A lead line would give no reading. A dark amorphous mist at least three miles of the island since the sea was too deep. Inside their hold nor stop the water from entering from below. In the engine room, the collision threw the engineers to the floor and all too soon water began flooding the compartment. Helmsman Weiss recalled Captain Lane taking charge “perfectly cool and collected.” He seemed to recognize that the futility of their situation. “Take in the canvas,” the obvious first order, he followed with “get out rifles, ammunition, provisions and blankets. Make ready the boats. Boys, prepare for the water.” It was all done immediately for they were losing the battle below.

There would be no sunrise that morning—just the parsonimous light from an aluminum-hued dawn. The rising seawater drowned both the main and auxiliary engines which ceased despite every effort of the two engineers shivering in the cold waters. With the engines’ last revolution, the work of the pumps and the electric generators ceased as well. Topsides, the crew pulled back the tarps and jettisoned the deck cargo of oil drums in a futile effort to lighten the vessel. The Great Bear was sinking, not quickly, but inexorably.

Lane, in Phil Weiss’s words, “sat down and rolled a cigarette.” Perhaps it was their captain’s calm example that caused the entire crew to proceed without any sign of confusion. Next, despite his back pain, he “took his place with his men pulling, lifting, and even rowing in a whale boat with four men.” They could see that the schooner had almost passed safely past Pinnacle Rock and scouting the gray monolith told Lane exactly where they were. It was also clear
that Pinnacle Rock offered no beach or place to land. They returned to the ship aware that they could not survive here and needed to look elsewhere.

Into all the whaleboats the crew continued loading gear and more gear for the short trip to barren and uninhabited St. Matthew. Lane, who had been there before, knew how isolated it was in the center of the Bering Sea. Shortly before three in the morning they could see well enough to set off in the whaleboats pulled by the motor launch. The little convoy, after a search of the island's coast, put in at a beach with a freshwater stream. During the next three days, the boats returned to the Great Bear to retrieve more supplies until the crew didn't know what more to take. Among their piles of belongings on the beach were two stoves, four tents, fishing gear, champagne, extra clothing, food, magazines, and cigarettes. There was enough, Borden estimated, for a year's stay. "Never was a shipwrecked party better equipped," he remarked.

The pleasant irony of being castaways in the midst of plenty did not escape his notice; nor did the sour irony that the shipwreck they would find would be their own. Yet to Borden their predicament provided the excitement he had sought in making the trip. He likened their castaway situation to a story out of a boys' adventure book and penned: "Half speed ahead, by guess and lead / For the sun was mostly veiled / By luck and lock, from fog to fog / Sailed we as Bering sailed."

He took the structure and voice of Samuel Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" and a lot of poetic license. The caution described in the first line, of course, had been absent, while the later lines suggest that he and Vitus Bering, the first European to explore the region, shared equal misfortune—a comparison far more literary than literal.

Borden acknowledged giving the orders at 10 o'clock in the evening that put them on a course estimated to reach a reconnoitering point 15 miles off St. Matthew five hours later. Of course, setting the course late in the evening after two days of overcast, Borden had not actually known their position. Overcast now covered the island for another 15 dark days, during which they would see the sun for less than nine hours. Camped on the beach, they felt colzy once they set up tents heated by the two stoves and four tons of coal. Unfortunately, a southeasterly gale came up at one point and collapsed the tents in the middle of the night, leaving all of them miserable once again. Without any trees to provide shelter, they erected their tents a second time in the protection of a shallow valley.

Worse still was the next storm, which threatened to sink the motor launch moored off the beach and leave them stranded on St. Matthew. A crew put out in one of the whaleboats. Borden quickly realized their only hope was for someone to jump into the sea and cut the mooring rope on the launch. He himself performed the deed, and the launch was towed back through the surf, but Borden came close to drowning in the process. By the time he swam back to the beach, his bold actions had raised his standing among the young crewmen who had previously underestimated him. Now, with the immediate dangers past, they had time to compare themselves with other castaways in tales of the far north. Unlike Vitus Bering and the fictional Wolf Larsen—both of whom had been imprisoned on barren sea motes which they would never leave—Borden, Lane, and the 19 others would.

The great ice schooner, never to encounter ice, remained next to Pinnacle Rock for months, unable to sail away or sink, apparently caught between a reef and the rock wall. The waves pounded away at it until they battered it to pieces. On St. Matthew, the hardy young captives explored the verdant, brushy hills. A search of their 32-by-4-mile wilderness turned up no other castaways. The rumor of a wreck that had brought them to St. Matthew turned out to be false. They roamed the pebbly beaches strewn with driftwood and the skeletons of sea mammals and marched about the tundra. The latter held minimal interest, being home to little more than foxes and lemmings. For only rare brief periods had humans ever managed to survive on the island. The new arrivals, like their trapped ship, were unable to stay and unable to leave. Lane and Borden considered taking a boat to Nome, a distance of about 300 miles. Any sea trip would be a very risky undertaking in a small, open vessel, and so they chose to wait.

Meanwhile, the youngsters climbed the 1,000-foot bluffs and erected the tall driftwood poles they dragged up from the beach. On them they hoisted American flags—probably once intended to lay claim to Crocker Land. With nothing better to do, many of them turned to reading old illustrated magazines over and over, while some played with a fox pup. All enjoyed the treasured phonograph brought from the ship. The worst depredation they suffered was emotional, not knowing when they would be rescued. Some of them fished until no fish were left in the streams. Provided for in every way and with time on their hands, most of the survivors roamed the island hunting or trailing after Lane to watch him hunt. The restless captives entertained themselves shooting "sea parrots," sea lions, seals, and whatever else they discovered. The targets were many—three and a half million auklets, common eiders, old-squaw ducks, thick-billed murres, and penguins. Wintering among the birds began to seem a real possibility.

Finally, just as the survivors again contemplated setting out in the launch for the mainland, the Coast Guard cutter McCullough spied them. Searching at the request of the Lane family in Nome, it "sighted [a] signal pole, ensign flying," on the easternmost bluff. The flags had been useful after all. The ship made no attempt to free the Great Bear, which still looked pretty good although low in the water. After midnight, at an hour almost the same as when the Great Bear's voyage ended, a new voyage began. The McCullough took aboard all the castaways plus the four whaleboats and the motor launch. All hands, their clothes showing no signs of any ordeal, stood for a group picture and later wandered about Nome while awaiting their return to Seattle.

Although Borden commented that he was not to blame since the wreck had not
happened on his watch, he also hinted at his culpability. Otherwise, the less said the better—all is not necessarily well that ends well. Lane and Borden had personal reasons to let their failed adventure die, and the few newspapers that gave the rescue coverage soon hurried on to new stories, never mentioning the nagging issue of responsibility. In Seattle, however, when the Great Bear's elderly builder learned the news, he sat down at the shipyard and cried. Edward Heath would believe that he was the source of what the newspapers printed about the accident. Once back home, John Borden purchased the huge 227-foot steamer Kanawha and donated it to the U.S. Navy for his long-awaited American war. Off the coast of France, hunting for U-boats, he too would stride a ship's bridge.

The exhausting struggle of World War I spelled an end to the gilded age and to such private explorations as the Borden-Lane expedition. After the war, times were different and sailing ships as grand as the Great Bear would never again leave for unexplored regions. None, in fact, would be needed. By the 1920s and 1930s a new path—through the air—would reveal the existence or nonexistence of any land in the earth’s last unexplored region. Not ships but airplanes revealed that the white region at the top of the map was white in reality—and landless. The Age of Discovery was over. Everything between Asia and North America was a vast ice-filled basin. There was no land to set foot on and claim. But had the schooner succeeded in drifting across the polar basin, the crew would have surely glimpsed shimmering mountains like those Robert Peary had seen and white shores just beyond the Great Bear's reach.

A retired history professor and Boeing's former corporate historian, Paul G. Spitzer currently serves as president of the Pacific Northwest Historians Guild. His articles have appeared in past issues of COLUMBIA.

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The Spectacular Failure of a New Deal Idea

In the 1930s the United States Forest Service managed five million acres of forestland in Washington’s Cascade and Olympic mountains. But in 1937, flush with New Deal cash and empowered by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s support for conservation, the National Park Service set its sights on a new national park along the Cascade summit from Canada to the Columbia River. The park proposal brought the Park Service and the Forest Service into direct conflict for the first time in Washington’s Cascades, and it attracted the attention of the Washington State Planning Council, a state group charged with resource and land planning. The controversy over the proposed Ice Peaks National Park foreshadowed later disputes between the two federal agencies over land management in the Cascade Range, and shows how local activism influenced land planning.

By Lauren Danner
The Forest Service and Park Service had been at odds since the latter was created in 1916. This stemmed in part from the fact that both competed to manage the same lands and any gain by one meant a loss for the other, leading to what historian Hal Rothman described as "a degree of territoriality rivaled only by medieval despots." But the conflict also had roots in the agencies' different core values.

Created at the height of the Progressive Era, the Forest Service's mission was to conserve the nation's forests, relying on scientific management to ensure the common good. Gifford Pinchot, the first chief of the Forest Service, ran the agency under the guiding utilitarian philosophy of "the greatest good for the greatest number in the long run." Pinchot regarded the national forests as a resource to be used and organized the Forest Service accordingly, although the agency was essentially a caretaker of the resource in the 1930s. He decentralized management so that decisions were made at the local level by foresters hired from the surrounding communities, encouraging close relations between the local Forest Service office and area residents. In contrast, the Park Service was formed to consolidate management of the rapidly increasing number of national monuments and parks and to preserve them for the enjoyment of the American public. Under the leadership of Steve Mather, a businessman who understood the power of advertising, the Park Service used sophisticated promotion and mass marketing campaigns to bring people to the parks and to generate political support. These different fundamental values led the agencies' first leaders to implement starkly contrasting approaches to land management.

At first each bureau targeted different audiences. But after World War I, with the rise of the automobile and the emergence of a leisure-seeking, mobile middle class, the Park Service and Forest Service increasingly found themselves at odds over land use issues. By the mid 1920s the Park Service was the "political equal" of the Forest Service, and the groundwork was laid for more heated land management disputes.

This was the case in the early 1930s, when the Park Service proposed a massive national park in the Cascade Range.

By the early 1930s the Forest Service managed millions of acres of forest in the Cascades. This included several areas of the northern Cascades set aside for wilderness-oriented recreation, such as the 233,600-acre Glacier Peak-Cascade Recreation Unit, and the 172,800-acre Whatcom Primitive Area. The latter unit, near Mount Baker and the Canadian border, had been created in 1931. Established in 1929 as a response to public pressure to acknowledge recreation as a forest resource, a new policy allowed regional foresters to create "primitive areas," an administrative designation requiring that the area be used for recreation, education, and preservation of natural values—and other uses, such as logging and grazing, as determined by the regional forester. The regional office could change or eliminate such areas at will. Nonetheless, primitive area designations gave the Forest Service an effective tool to preempt the Park Service, its most prominent rival in land management.

In 1933, at the beginning of the New Deal, the National Park Service was, in the estimation of author Donald Swain, "expansive, confident, vigorous, and effective"—and influential enough to compete with the Forest Service on conservation issues. At the same time, demand for recreation was growing, and it became clear that the country needed a large-scale, land use planning effort. Three things happened that year that brought the two agencies into closer conflict in the Cascade Range.

First, an executive order created the National Resources Board and mandated a national land planning survey. The resultant 11-volume report included a 280-page treatise on recreation prepared by the National Park Service. Among its recommendations were 22 areas that warranted study for possible inclusion in the national park system, including the Cascade Range in Washington and Oregon, most of which was
The idea for a national park encompassing the peaks of the Cascade Range had been broached before. At about the same time, Mount Rainier National Park superintendent Owen A. Tomlinson was quietly urging his superiors to study the “outstanding snow peaks and certain rugged wilderness” in the Cascades for a “Five Ice Peaks National Park.”

Second, a presidential order mandated that all national monuments not managed by the Park Service were to be transferred immediately. It was a visceral blow to the Forest Service, which managed numerous monuments including Mount Olympus in Washington—nearly 300,000 acres encompassing some of the finest forests in the world.

Third, the Forest Service was completing its own survey of American forests, which recommended that the Whatcom Primitive Area be increased to more than a million acres. But the forester in charge of Region 6 (Washington and Oregon) resisted the idea. Many western regional foresters felt there were enough primitive areas already, but the New Deal expansion of the Park Service and increasing public demand for recreation prompted some to rethink their position.

In 1934 Forest Service recreation report urged, “The Pacific Northwest needs at least one extremely large Primitive Area, which must be of sufficient scope and remonoteness to satisfy the most rigid wilderness qualifications... There is growing sentiment among a considerable portion of the general public which demands the setting aside of primitive areas at all possible points.” By 1935 regional foresters were creating primitive areas partly to preclude Park Service expansion. That July, Whatcom Primitive Area was expanded to 801,000 acres and renamed North Cascade Primitive Area. Finally, the Forest Service was “giving much belated, vigorous attention to forest recreation,” but the Park Service was doing the same thing.

As part of the recreational land planning effort undertaken by the National Resources Board, in 1937 the National Park Service studied an area of the Cascade Range in Washington between Mount Adams and Mount Baker to determine its suitability as a national park. It concluded that an “Ice Peaks” national park stretching from the Columbia River to the Canadian border, including Mount Baker, Glacier Peak, Mount St. Helens, Mount Adams, and Mount Rainier (a national park since 1899), would “outrank in its scenic, recreational, and wildlife values any existing national park and any other possibility for such a park within the United States.” The proposed park excluded almost everything below timberline, leaving the forests open for logging. The report argued that the region’s geology, glaciation, and volcanism made it nationally significant, and suggested that the cachet of a national park would increase tourism and provide economic benefits. But Superintendent Tomlinson, working in the Northwest and intimate with its politics, warned the home office that the North Cascades would be the “most bitterly opposed for park status of any area that is being considered.”

The idea for a national park encompassing the peaks of the Cascade Range had been broached before. In 1889, an Oregon state representative had introduced a memorial to Congress asking that the Cascade Range summit along the entire length of the state be set aside to protect wildlife, scenery, recreation, game, forests, and watersheds. And in 1929 Willard von Name, a prominent conservationist and park activist, published a treatise on the state of the national forests and parks, recommending “at least two or three more national parks in the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington...primarily with the purpose of saving some tracts of the marvelously beautiful fir and hemlock forests of these mountains.” A 1928 federal report had recommended that two million acres in the North Cascades be set aside as a national forest wilderness area; it may have partly inspired the creation of the much smaller Whatcom and Glacier Peak units.

Some Forest Service staff thought the idea of a Cascade summit park “manifestly absurd” and suspected the Park Service was simply trying to stimulate public interest so that smaller parks could be proposed later with greater chance of success. Others felt that a portion of the region, perhaps the scenic country at the head of Lake Chelan, could be offered as a national park, throwing a bone to the Park Service without giving up too much Forest Service timber. And at least one advocate of national forest wilderness urged the Forest Service to set aside even more.

In autumn 1938 the Forest Service's director of recreation and lands, Bob Marshall, traveled to Washington to inspect the North Cascade Primitive Area. Marshall, a longtime wilderness proponent renowned for his hiking abilities—30-mile day hikes were typical—had pushed for the North Cascades to be made a wilderness since the early 1930s, but his voice was one of only a few supporting Forest Service wilderness areas at the time. Marshall worried about what would happen if the National Park Service took over the North Cascades, and wrote as much to Seattle conservationist Irving M. Clark: “I know and you know perfectly well that if this area should be made a park, it would have roads extended into its heart.”

In the meantime, the National Resources Board released its 1938 report on recreation, suggesting that the Cascade volcanoes and adjacent areas that “display at its best the virgin forest of the Pacific Northwest” be studied for possible inclusion in the national park system. Together, the Park Service and Forest Service formed an interdepartmental committee to study the Cascades. Staff members were ordered to refrain from public comment—pro or con—on any proposals for new parks, suggesting that the committee represented an effort to reach agreement without a high-profile fight.

The fact that the federal government was on record as investigating the park potential of the Cascades did not faze the Washington State Planning Council, a group created by legislative directive in 1934 to make recommendations on appropriate use of the state's natural resources. The idea of planning
commissions had roots in the New Deal, and many states had formed such groups by the mid-1930s. Among its other duties, the council provided information on the state's planning activities and resources to the National Resources Board.

Business and resource industry leaders dominated Washington's governor-appointed group. As historian Carsten Lien noted, "The council had always followed the direction given it by the timber industry." In April 1937 the Washington Planning Council voted to study the Cascade proposal "with a view to safeguarding the right to develop natural resources within the boundaries of such a park, if established." But the fight for the rich timber stands on the Olympic Peninsula proved more compelling for the next two years. When the Ice Peaks idea resurfaced, the council was losing a bitter, desperate battle to keep in Forest Service hands the Olympic Peninsula forests that were not part of Mount Olympus National Monument. After Olympic National Park was established in 1938, the council revisited the Ice Peaks proposal with renewed resolve—no one, especially the Park Service, was going to deprive the state of yet more forestland. The council's sentiment reflected the attitude of many in Washington who resented the heavy-handed tactics of Interior Secretary Harold Ickes. Well-known for his acerbic and confrontational style, Ickes had tried unsuccessfully to get the Forest Service transferred to his purview under a new Department of Conservation—a chilling prospect in a state so dependent on timber.

In July 1939 the council appointed a Cascade Ridge Committee to study all the lands within the five national forests that would be affected by the Ice Peaks proposal—an area of about 12,650 square miles, or two and a half times the area of the Park Service study. The Park Service-Forest Service Interdepartmental Committee invited the Washington Planning Council to participate in its study as well. The council accepted but also continued its own, broader investigation. Irving Clark, a key local player in the Olympic fight, wrote Marshall that the council had appointed "loggers and lumber men and Forest Service officials and University of Washington Forestry School professors as a conservation committee." The president of the Central Washington College of Education was named chair, and public hearings were scheduled to discuss the "highest and best uses of the general Cascade Mountain area."

The hearings took place from October to December 1939 in Tacoma, Ellensburg, Wenatchee, Yakima, Bellingham, Everett, and Longview. Seattle, the center of Washington's pro-Olympic Park movement and of most preservation sentiment, was pointedly excluded. Instead, timber-reliant towns on either side of the Cascades hosted the hearings. Representatives from the timber, minerals, game, winter sports, and grazing industries testified repeatedly that the Cascade peaks should not be made a park. Bitterness over Olympic National Park infused the hearings. Again and again witnesses said they were opposed to a park that was imposed, especially by Eastern nature lovers and without input from the state's citizens. The vaunted (if unrealized) mineral potential of the northern Cascades was also noted, with dire warnings about disastrous economic consequences for local communities if the park were to be created. Finally, resource industry officials argued vehemently against the removal of more land to federal management (this despite the fact that the land studied was already under Forest Service jurisdiction).

Newspaper articles dutifully reported the growing opposition. A *Tacoma Journal* article pondered, "Just why Secretary Ickes is so anxious to have the Cascade mountain range created into a national park is hard to understand. Why the entire section should be locked up and millions of dollars of potential natural resources barred from the use of the people of the state is something no one knows." The Wenatchee *World* argued that the park would sequester timber and freeze mineral exploration, and worried about who would have jurisdiction over the new highway through Stevens Pass. Oregon journalist Richard Neuberger, later a United States senator, warned, "Citizens in the timbered Pacific Northwest...gloomily predict this fencing off of raw materials may extend to every forest vista in the region."

The regional Forest Service office, while participating in the joint study, also had orders from Washington, D.C., to fight the proposal by emphasizing the potential loss of resources—an argument echoing that made by local opposition. The resource industries were worried enough by late 1939 to form a new organization, the Washington State Resources Federation, explicitly to fight "the creation of any new National Park, or further additions to any existing National Park in the State of Washington." Unlike national forests, which held timber in trust for later utilization, national parks were supposed to preserve everything within their boundaries for scenic enjoyment—including timber, the lifeblood of Washington's economy.

Meanwhile, Marshall was back in the North Cascades in September 1939—this time with a group that included Senator John Coffee of Washington—still urging the Forest Service to at least double the size of the North Cascade Primitive Area: "[N]o part of the whole United States is so well adapted for a wilderness as the country between Stevens Pass and Harts Pass," he wrote in his report. He recommended that an additional 795,000 acres be added to the existing primitive and recreation areas, creating a new Glacier Peak Wilderness that would have encompassed much of the North Cascades.

About the only group on record as favoring a national park was the Northwest Conservation League, the local branch of a national group that had fought tenaciously for Olympic National Park. Executive secretary Margaret Thompson, a Chelan teacher and writer who was passionate about preserving mountain scenery, took the lead in the Cascades fight, suggesting that an Ice Peaks National Park could allow mining while retaining its important geologic and scenic values. She warned that timber's economic dominance was
waning, that new sources of revenue needed to be developed, and argued that the national park label carried cachet that would guarantee steady income from tourism. For her trouble, Thompson returned home after speaking at an Ellensburg conference to find that a delegation of "mining men" had urged the local school board to fire her (she kept her job).

In March 1940 the National Park Service submitted its report on the Cascades to the Washington State Planning Council, supposedly for use in the council's final report. Noting that the Forest Service had already removed some 1.8 million acres of Washington's national forests from commercial use, the Park Service suggested these areas should be considered for national park status.

In addition, the Park Service believed Mount St. Helens, Mount Stuart, Mount Adams, and the northern end of Lake Chelan and Horseshoe Basin were worthy of national park status. The report suggested that mining be allowed in many of the new park areas and that 25 percent of revenues generated by the parks be returned to adjacent counties. At about the same time, Superintendent Tomlinson wrote privately to Margaret Thompson that he hoped recreational development at Grand Coulee could be a bargaining chip for a summit park. This was a far cry from the original suggestion of a park encompassing the range's summit along the length of the state—although it still encompassed several million acres—and put the Forest Service in the awkward position of having to reject some of its original assessments of areas under its jurisdiction.

Although the Forest Service had set aside several areas ostensibly to preserve scenic and recreational values, it now contended that, except for the volcanoes, "the summit country is scenically dull, uninteresting, and reputedly much inferior to large areas in the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere in the West." Furthermore, the region did not meet national park standards for accessibility: "When considered from a national viewpoint the whole study area is extremely remote, being genuinely convenient to only two million people out of the entire population." And, the Forest Service argued, the proposed parklands contained valuable timber and mineral resources that would become accessible as technology became more sophisticated. Finally, creating new national park areas in the high Cascades would simply cause unnecessary agency overlap: the Forest Service was already managing the areas appropriately, so why add another layer of federal bureaucracy?

In early June 1940 the Washington Planning Council published a summary version of its study in pamphlet form. The brochure began, "The importance of [the Cascades] to the economic well-being of the state is self-evident." The rest of the text praised the Forest Service for its 30-plus years of "broad and careful supervision" and expounded against a park. "The West has progressed too far in the development of multiple use practices to return to the obsolete single use principle, save in quite exceptional cases." The implication was clear: the Cascades was not an exceptional case. In addition to recommending that the Forest Service remain in charge, the council suggested that "the people of the state be consulted and their prevailing sentiment be respected in considering and deciding upon any change in federal control or operation of the reserves.

That the council anticipated a positive reception is evident in its publication plans: 5,000 copies of the pamphlet and at least 2,500 copies of the full 132-page report were printed and mailed to newspapers, chambers of commerce, schoolteachers, county government officials, banks, businesses, logging companies, and granges across the state. Still more were sent to Washington's congressional delegation and to Forest Service staff throughout the state. The council prepared a 14-minute radio script and asked supporters to encourage their local stations to broadcast it; at least a half-dozen stations did.

The Park Service responded frostily to the Cascade Mountains Study, suggesting the council had been unduly influenced by the groundswell of opposition, that the 1939 hearings had been stacked against the park idea, and that Park Service statements were purposely excluded from the report. Park Service acting director Arthur Demaray chided planning council chairman Ben Kizer: "I note your statement that the data supplied by [Park Service] field representatives was of great value to you in compiling this report. At the same time, I am aware of the fact that you included in your report none of that valuable data, and that you did not use the official statement of national park policy... but that you used instead a statement the inadequacy of which the director had called to your attention." The inclusion of thousands of square miles of forestland in the planning council study was another sore spot. "[T]heir study encompassed thousands of square miles of forestland in the planning council study was another sore spot. "[T]heir study encompassed thousands of square miles of forestland in the planning council study was another sore spot. "[T]hey did not use the official statement of national park policy... but that you used instead a statement the inadequacy of which the director had called to your attention." The inclusion of thousands of square miles of forestland in the planning council study was another sore spot. "[T]his report is another gesture against the Park Service."

It was also apparent that the Olympic National Park controversy had soured the council on the prospect of an increased Park Service presence in Washington. When the
Ice Peaks failed in part because of residual anger over the creation of Olympic National Park....

head of the interdepartmental committee met with planning council members, he was told that “the Department of the Interior and Secretary Ickes had erred grievously in not accepting the Planning Council’s recommendation for the Olympic National Park.” In fact, the Cascade Mountains Study specifically warned against a bill then being considered that would have allowed the president to declare national recreation areas. The council’s true feelings toward the Park Service and Ickes were evident in its analysis, sparked in part by the effort to move the Forest Service to a new, Ickes-controlled Department of Conservation: “[W]henever an influential Secretary of the Interior, spurred on by his National Park Service, could persuade a President that all recreational activities of the federal government should be consolidated in the National Park Service, the President with a mere signing of his name...could release vast acreages from the federal forest reserves and the next moment...transfer these vast acreages from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior.” The Park Service later noted that opposition to Ice Peaks was likely “stimulated by the then controversial establishment of Olympic National Park in 1938.”

Regardless of internal politics amongst the Washington State Planning Council, Forest Service, and Park Service, the planning council’s report generated statewide support. Hundreds of letters praising the Cascade Mountains Study poured into the council’s offices; chambers of commerce, school boards, businesses, and local government officials all agreed with the report’s recommendations. Seeking to save face, Interior Secretary Harold Ickes disavowed any knowledge of a proposed national park in the Cascades, stating only that the area was under study to determine its suitability. Considering that Ickes had been receiving updates on Ice Peaks from the director of the Park Service since at least 1938—a draft bill for a park had been floated in early 1939, and Ickes had received an internal memo about public sentiment on the proposal less than a month earlier—this was disingenuous at best. In fact, Tacoma’s News Tribune suggested that Ickes’s “surprise” at learning of the proposal “evidences that political heat has been turned on in Washington, D.C.” Demoralized by public opinion, abandoned by its leader, and trying to resolve administrative issues in

ABOVE: Screened area shows the National Park Service’s proposed boundaries for a Cascade Range national park.

RIGHT: This Washington Planning Council study map was somewhat misleading regarding the area under consideration for national park status.
Olympic National Park, the Park Service backed down.

The Ice Peaks issue did not go away, though. In July 1940, Mining World, a trade magazine published by planning council member and outspoken resource industry booster Miller Freeman, ran a small article titled, “Conservation: Should it Serve—or Only Save?” It skewered the National Park Service and Secretary Ickes for their “ambition” and ongoing competition with the Forest Service, which “for decades have threatened Western states, their cities, their agriculture, and their natural resource industries.” Protests against Olympic National Park were ignored, Freeman wrote, and now the Park Service had its eye on the Cascade Range. Acknowledging that the boundaries of the potential Cascade peaks park were unclear, Freeman nevertheless argued that such a park would decimate mining and other resource industries. Finally, he noted, the planning council—composed of nine “outstanding citizens of the state”—had issued a report whose findings “apply in large degree to all Western states, and directly to those where National Park Service ambitions threaten to close important areas.” The remainder of the article reprinted the council’s brochure.

Secretary Ickes wrote an irate reply, charging that Freeman was “obviously biased.” The council’s study was “a smoke screen...fifty-six pages of nothing new”; it simply supported the council’s preconceived opinion that Forest Service management was superior. By expanding the original study area to include all of Washington’s national forests and their abundant resources, the council had preempted any possibility of recommending a national park. Furthermore, Freeman had “played down” Ickes’s statement that he would recommend that mining and prospecting be allowed in any Cascade peaks park. Finally, Ickes criticized Freeman’s support of the “multiple-use” concept of Forest Service management, saying that it was a “meaningless expression.... The main problem in land planning is to determine the most profitable use or combination of uses to which an area may be put.” If one use promises profitability—be it recreation or logging or watershed protection—that use must be dominant.

Freeman promptly replied, printing his and Ickes’s letters in the September 1940 Mining World: “Frankly, the people of the West have no faith in...the National Park Service.” Westerners preferred Forest Service management, which promoted wise use of public lands, not “dedication solely to recreation.” Freeman then sent all three letters to President Roosevelt, with a cover letter saying that Ickes was trying to undermine the federal-state cooperation in resource planning Roosevelt was trying to encourage. The president responded a month later, supporting Ickes and suggesting that the Washington Planning Council was predisposed against the Park Service even before commencing its study. Freeman elected not to print the president’s reply in Mining World.

With that last dust-up, the Ice Peaks proposal faded. Superintendent Tomlinson, who had headed the interdepartmental committee, met with Freeman and another planning council member, Seattle businessman Nathan Eckstein, in October 1940. Eckstein told Tomlinson that “Secretary Ickes is too ambitious and has included a great deal of unnecessary forested lands in the [Olympic] peninsula.” Freeman was more strident, railing against Ickes in a “tirade.” Several months later, though, Tomlinson wrote a colleague, “My guess is that some time there will be more of the Cascades given national park status.” He was right. In the late 1930s Washington was still largely a one-resource state; its economy was heavily dependent on lumber and any attempt to “lock up” that resource met hostile opposition, as demonstrated by the planning council’s reaction. Ice Peaks failed in part because of residual anger over the creation of Olympic National Park, viewed by many as taking valuable timber out of production, and in part because the Park Service simply could not compete with the Forest Service for the affection of most Washingtonians. As if to underscore the point, after the planning council’s report was released, the Forest Service’s acting chief wrote to the council’s executive officer, “[O]ur respective organizations have so much in common, so many similar objectives and ideals, that any type of relationship other than the friendly and cooperative one which now exists would be quite unthinkable.” While that relationship did remain mutually supportive, public support for the Forest Service would erode over the next two decades, as land use issues put the agency into direct conflict with the Park Service over land use issues in the North Cascades. This time, the Park Service would come out ahead, with the creation of North Cascades National Park in 1968.
Norah Berg’s Lady on the Beach

By Peter Donahue

Even today, with “New Urbanism” developments like Seabrook going up, the Washington coast is a place where those on the edge of society seek out the edge of the continent. This held especially true in 1942, on the heels of the Great Depression, when Norah Berg and her husband came to Copalis Beach (known today as North Beach), hoping to find a modicum of peace and stability in their unhappy lives. The legacy of their search is the Northwest classic *Lady on the Beach* (1952).

The book opens simply and poignantly: “My husband and I are beachcombers, and sometimes when we walk our beach we are all alone there with the seagulls and the sandpipers. Then I feel as though I were holding the sea and all the sky in my arms, but also small enough to hide behind a grain of sand.”

After a brief description of their “poor man’s paradise,” Norah Berg (1897-1958) recounts her troubled youth, beginning in Montana with the death of her parents and first husband and ending with her living alone in a Seattle rooming house, trapped in “the squirrel cage of alcoholism.”

In Seattle she is drawn to taverns for company, but also to the waterfront, where she befriends agirl. g sailors and fishermen. It’s here, on the Salt Dock, where fishing boats take on salt and ice, that she meets Old Sarge Berg, a burly gunnery sergeant about to retire from the marines. Sarge is good at two things: cooking and drinking. Unfortunately, once she and Sarge get together, their drinking only worsens. They are in fast decline when the opportunity to become caretakers at a rundown beach resort in Ocean City presents itself and they take it—venturing, in the recovery parlance of today, on a “geographic” to the coast.

In many respects, *Lady on the Beach* is a sad yet insightful look at the suffering brought on by alcoholism. Despite their hard work in restoring the resort cabins, the teetotaler owner fires them after he learns that they drink. This leads Norah to wonder how any nondrinker could understand “the enormity of our temptation, our overwhelming self-doubts, our soul-destroying sense of guilt, the almost unbearable strain of our attempts at self-discipline.” In desperation they rent one of the mud shacks that make up Ocean City.

It is here that they find a sense of belonging. Life slowly improves for them as they join the community of clam diggers, loggers, fruit tramps (called “bluebills”), immigrants, drifters, ex-cons, and other refugees from modern life that live along the 18-mile stretch of beach from Gray’s Harbor to the Quinault Reservation. She and Sarge get by like many others: scavenging the beach for firewood, picking mushrooms and blackberries in the woods, and corralling salmon in the creek. Friends bring them locally grown fruit and vegetables, and during hunting season they are treated to venison, bear meat, and wildfowl.

However, as Berg asserts, “the talk year round mostly concerned clams,” and once the commercial clamming season starts, people armed with clam guns and burlap sacks crowd the beach to dig for razor clams. She introduces us to champion diggers such as the blind woman who locates clams by using her bare feet to feel the subtle indentations in the sand where the clams burrow, and the buyers for the canneries who wait above the beach for the diggers to cash in their loads. The best diggers collect more than a thousand clams on a single low tide. Yet the Office of Price Administration set prices so low that buyers often weigh the clams without washing the sand off first to allow diggers a few extra cents on each haul.

One of the more intriguing aspects of *Lady on the Beach* is the depiction of the unofficial settlements that dot Copalis Beach during this period—the kind of outsider communities a cultural anthropologist would delight in studying. These include The Old Glory Hole, a cluster of former cannery shacks.
where migrant workers winter between harvests; Big Root and Jetty Camp, abandoned Works Progress Administration work camps where former prison inmates and psychiatric patients find escape from the world; and Oyehut, an isolated colony of Finnish "exiles" made up of "strange men, hard drinking, with their own code of honor."

Near the end of Lady on the Beach, Berg obtains a typewriter and begins writing letters prolifically, telling everyone about the life she and Sarge have made for themselves. She sends one letter to the publisher of Time, who prints it in the magazine, bringing a flurry of public attention to Norah and Sarge. By this time they have not had a drink in a year and their lives are in fairly good order, though she continues to be amazed at how "our beach seems to attract fantastic people embarked on strange adventures."

Norah Berg wrote Lady on the Beach with the help of Charles Samuels, a professional writer assigned by the book's publisher. Along with fame, the book brought its share of trouble for Norah and Sarge, including tourists pestering them at their home and a painful libel suit brought by a person mentioned only once in the book. Norah Berg died at age 61 after attending (of all things) a clam chowder feed, and Sarge passed away a year later. Though out of print for four decades, Lady on the Beach has been reissued twice in limited editions since 1995 by nonprofit organizations in North Beach.

According to literary scholar Donna C. Stanton, women's autobiography often combines "the personal and historico-cultural, the elegiac and the picaresque, the illustrative and reflective." Norah Berg's Lady on the Beach has all these attributes—plus one of the most authentic views of the Washington coast you'll ever find.

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

Selling Seattle's First World's Fair


Pillar Rock


The Gilded Age on Ice


Ice Peaks National Park


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Robert Gray and crew entered and named the Columbia River; Nootka Sound, where he came with instructions to hand the ships, and sea otter furs seized by the Spanish in that same sound.

expert family connections sufficient to get into the Spanish naval academy, George Vancouver entered and charted Puget Sound for Great Britain; and Dionisio Alcala Galiano met and matched Vancouver’s circumnavigation and charting of Vancouver Island while Salvador Fidalgo sailed to Neha Bay and established a temporary Spanish post among the Makah people. The middle months of 1792 were a time of complex comings and goings in the region.

One final actor, Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, came north from New Spain to do diplomatic business. He sailed to Nootka Sound, an international nexus of the region back then, to implement an international agreement meant to resolve a crisis between Britain and Spain, one that originated over British crews, ships, and sea otter furs seized by the Spanish in that same sound two years earlier.

Freeman Tovell’s welcome volume focuses on one character in this crowded stage, Bodega y Quadra, who has long deserved this expert life-and-times treatment. Given the available sources, the story necessarily concentrates on his naval service to Spain and its empire rather than his personal life or private thoughts. But that service was mighty.

Born in 1744 in Lima, Peru, a colonial with Basque ancestors and family connections sufficient to get into the Spanish naval academy, Bodega y Quadra was well trained there to enter a revitalized Spanish navy, serving something of an enlightened monarch, Carlos III. He served in the navy from 1762 to his death in 1794, and in 1775 joined the second Spanish expedition to the North Pacific to explore waters and claim lands. His voyage along the coast of America in the jam-packed 24-foot schooner Sonora—crowded with men, bad food, insects, foul odors, disease, and ambition—is a testament to human will, energy, and endurance.

Subsequent service included an expedition exploring and charting the Alaskan coast; management of the shipbuilding on the Pacific Coast northwest of Mexico City; and organization of additional exploring expeditions. The high point of his career came in 1792 at Nootka Sound, where he came with instructions to hand the establishment over to Captain George Vancouver but decided not to do so. In his view, facts on the ground seemed to overrule the results of negotiations a hemisphere away in Europe. Within about 18 months of his return to New Spain, the years on the edge of empire caught up with him, and he died at age 49. Bodega y Quadra literally spent his life in the service of king and country.

In At the Far Reaches of Empire Freeman Tovell has told the story of an interesting man; opened a window to extensive Spanish-language sources; and shown the Spanish and Mexican connections to the early history of the Pacific Northwest as it evolved from a place exclusively of and for native peoples.

Gary Schalliol is the director of Outreach Services at the Washington State Historical Society.

The Arts and Crafts Movement in the Pacific Northwest

The Arts and Crafts movement developed in England and spread to northern Europe and the United States in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Participants never espoused a single statement of goals, but their work was framed by a shared critique of 19th-century industrialization and opposition to ornate machine-made ornament. Drawing ideas and inspiration from the writings of John Ruskin and the example of William Morris, members generally celebrated handicraft and unpretentious design in architecture and the decorative arts as well as a belief in “hands-on” education. And they hoped to bring together architects, artists, and craft workers.

There was never a single “Arts and Crafts style”; instead, the Arts and Crafts movement offered an ethos, or set of values, that might take on different manifestations in different places. Thus, the recent book, The Arts and Crafts Movement in the Pacific Northwest, by Lawrence Kreisman and Glenn Mason, is particularly welcome as it offers for the first time a comprehensive survey of the movement as it unfolded in Oregon and Washington at the beginning of the 20th century. Kreisman, who serves as program director at Historic Seattle, and Mason, a former museum director and current museum consultant, bring broad knowledge of the movement as it unfolded in Oregon and Washington at the beginning of the 20th century. Kreisman, who serves as program director at Historic Seattle, and Mason, a former museum director and current museum consultant, bring broad knowledge of the period; the depth of their investigation is evident in the 400 pages of text and notes, with 391 color and black-and-white illustrations that document an extraordinarily wide range of buildings and objects from across the two states.

The book is organized thematically. The opening section, “Setting the Pacific Northwest Stage,” focuses on the arrival of the Arts and Crafts movement in the region and presents the influence of a surprising number of publications such as House Beautiful and The Craftsman, the importance of visits by proponents such as
Jeffrey Karl Ochsner is a professor of architecture at the University of Washington. His most recent book is Lionel H. Pries: From Arts and Crafts to Modern Architecture (2007).

Current & Noteworthy
By Robert Carriker, Book Review Editor

Coffee table-style picture books on the Columbia River require not only the good eye of the author but also a depth and breadth of knowledge of the subject matter that rivals the depth and breadth of the river itself. Such books are expensive to produce and therefore do not proliferate in the marketplace. In recent memory Columbia River: Gateway to the West by Carlos Schwantes (Columbia River Maritime Museum, 2000) comes to mind as a volume on the river that is both stylish in format and content. More recently, William Layman’s River of Memory: The Everlasting Columbia (Wenatchee Valley Museum, 2006) sets the standard for interpreting historic photographs of the River of the West. Now add to this collection Wild Beauty: Photographs of the Columbia River Gorge, 1867-1957, by Terry Toedtemeier and John Laursen (Corvallis: Oregon State University Press, 2008; 360 pp., $75).

Wild Beauty is the first volume in the Northwest Photography Series published by the Northwest Photography Archive in collaboration with Oregon State University Press. It sets the bar very high for future volumes in the series. Toedtemeier, curator of photography at the Portland Art Museum, has 30 years of experience in the field of Pacific Northwest photography. His collaborator for the past 15 years is John Laursen, a native of Tacoma living and working in Portland where he owns a studio that designs and produces art-related books. Together they selected 134 historic images of the Columbia River Gorge shot by three-dozen photographers. The use of large-format reproduction is very effective. If you thought Carlton Watkins was the only name you needed to know about Columbia Gorge photographs, think again. Watkins, of course, had a great advantage when he took his camera into the gorge in 1867 and again in the early 1880s, because the Columbia had not yet been engineered into a hydroelectric powerhouse. It looked like a natural watercourse and even the basalt formations on the shore had as yet felt little influence from human presence. But Watkins’s photographic successors also capture some impressive images of the gorge, arguably the most dramatic passage of the river. The book concludes in 1957, the date of completion for The Dalles Dam.

The authors and Oregon State University Press are to be congratulated for their handsome publication. The photographs have been given space to breathe, uncrowded by excessive verbiage. The text for each photograph, placed on the facing page, seldom exceeds three sentences. Not paragraphs, but sentences. Everything you need to know about the technical aspects of the photograph is provided in the caption, plus a few tidbits of human interest or history. Nothing more is required. One cannot help but compare these photographs with the Indian photographs taken by Edward S. Curtis, who sold 722 of his photogravure plates unbound so that they could be individually framed and purchased. But we also know that many of the 1,500 published photographs in his multi-volume set, The North American Indian (20 vols., 1907-1930), have been sliced from their binding and marketed as separates. Let us hope that the same fate does not befall Wild Beauty because it, too, has a format that lends itself to framing.

Wild Beauty is restricted to images from an 88-mile stretch of the Columbia River. Although less an effort than Wild Beauty, readers should also consider Where the Great River Bends: A Natural and Human History of the Columbia at Wallula (Whitman College, 2008; 240 pp., $35). The 200-plus photographs are not as mesmerizing as those in the above-mentioned books, and the subject matter is even more limited in scope, but it is strong in expert commentary. Among its several authors are Bob Carson, who holds an endowed chair in geology at Whitman, and G. Thomas Edwards, also from Whitman, who is the region’s most respected historian.

ADDRESS ALL REVIEW COPIES AND RELATED COMMUNICATIONS TO:
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In 1910, suffragettes finally persuaded Washington men to ratify a state constitutional amendment granting permanent voting rights for women. Their success revitalized the national effort, inspiring activists struggling toward another pivotal goal—passage of the Nineteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. Women’s Votes, Women’s Voices profiles many of the most active regional leaders and provides a comprehensive summary of the Evergreen State’s equal rights movement.

Book:

**Women’s Votes, Women’s Voices**
The Campaign for Equal Rights in Washington
Shanna Stevenson

**Shaper of Seattle**
Reginald Heber Thomson’s Pacific Northwest
William H. Wilson

- "His achievements are woven into Seattle and the surrounding region so deeply that they are taken for granted even as Puget Sound, Lake Washington, and Mount Rainier."—Roy O. Hadley

Despite Seattle’s dismal infrastructure upon his 1881 arrival, a young, ambitious, and educated Reginald Heber Thomson recognized the fledgling city’s potential. Throughout the following decades, his dedicated guidance produced a workable sewage system, a clean, reliable water supply, regraded streets, and more. Shaper of Seattle recounts the life and work of an extraordinary man and his devotion to the Emerald City.

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