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Foreword by William Cronon

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Mission Accomplished: Teaching Pacific Northwest History

By Robert Keller

For nearly three decades I have taught a university correspondence class, “The History of the Pacific Northwest,” to hundreds of young men and women across the United States but mostly living here in Washington. An obvious goal in this course has been for students to gain basic general information about our region. Additionally, as in all historical inquiry, careful study of the past must also address how a person thinks about the world.

I define “history” as everything that has ever happened, about 2 percent of which (at most) remains as some form of evidence. The study of history is the attempt (key word) to understand and reexperience the past. To do so completely is impossible, but the effort and even minimal success is essential to knowing who and where we are in space and time. Major aids in this effort are artifacts, primary documents, memories of people who lived through events, museums, imaginative fiction, and being there—actually going to places where things happened, now changed or unchanged—e.g., the Columbia River, Hanford, Grand Coulee, Canal Flats, the Yakama Reservation, Astoria, the Columbia bar via boat. Studying history involves active engagement with historical evidence—finding, sorting and organizing information, and interpreting and comprehending the past in the context of the present.

My version of Western Washington University’s History 391 begins by requiring students to construct a Pacific Northwest map indicating topographical features and natural resources that have influenced human affairs. This requires them to define “Pacific Northwest”—there being at least a half-dozen feasible definitions. Then students must indicate resources ranging from fish, forests, and furs to mountain passes, seaports, and hydro sites. Unstated assumption: geography is integral to history; land serves not just as a stage on which we humans act, but as an active player in our dramas.

Lesson two asks students to read Carlos Schwantes’ The Pacific Northwest: An Interpretive History. For years lesson three was Schwantes and G. Thomas Edwards’s Experiences in a Promised Land, a well-edited collection of 23 scholarly essays that unfortunately has fallen out of print. I replaced Promised Land with Terra Pacifica: People and Place in the Northwest States and Western Canada, edited by Paul Hirt, until it too disappeared, and then with David Stratton’s Terra Northwest. Please observe that all three book titles refer to land.

For these lessons students submit critical reviews indicating that they have acquired basic information, engaged the authors, and reflected on what history means. Alert students notice, among other things, that knowledge of the past depends greatly on who writes about or edits the past, namely different historians—in this case, over a dozen of the mavericks.

Lesson four requires reading any three past issues of both Columbia and the Pacific Northwest Quarterly (PNQ) and then writing an essay comparing the two journals with regard to their purpose, scope, content, authors, audience, style, format, documentation, funding, aids to research, and ease of reading. Next, lesson five requests what I seldom require in a classroom course—asking students to read and critique my own publications. A correspondence or distance course merits this exception to the rule because plowing through six of my articles in the PNQ, Columbia, and Western Historical Quarterly allows students to directly encounter a remote, silent, faceless professor in print if not in person. For lessons six through eight they are on their own, expected to submit comparative essays on two books for each assignment.

When teaching, and especially when teaching history, an instructor seldom knows exactly what he or she has actually accomplished, especially while the student is still in school. Like many teachers, I have received letters from graduates saying how much their lives have been changed or enriched by a class they took years ago. The following segment from a paper written almost 10 years ago by a young woman enrolled in History 391 offered immediate feedback that precisely...
embodied what I seek to achieve as a historian. She concluded an excellent review of Experiences in a Promised Land by explaining:

[These] individuals and their stories had a tremendous impact on me. Until recently, I didn’t really think about how young this area of the country actually was. To read about the conflicts of yesterday and acknowledge that many still exist today makes me realize that yesterday wasn’t really that long ago and that we have so much further to go. Taking this class, I thought it might be interesting but I didn’t think it would change my thinking and beliefs as strongly and profoundly as it has.

For example, last week I drove [from Bellingham] down to Seattle to watch a Mariners baseball game. I’ve made that drive many times, but this trip was different. Driving through the Marysville-Everett area and seeing the piles of lumber on the side of the freeway made me realize that these stories from the distant past were not that distant after all. I thought about the blood and the sweat lumber workers left on the land. I thought about the Wobblies and the Everett Massacre, realizing that maybe no one will ever know who really fired that first shot, which led to so many deaths.

Upon watching the ball game and seeing so many Japanese fans who were there in support of their heroes Sasaki and Ichiro, I came to realize how ugly racism really is and how forgiving the Japanese-Americans in the Pacific Northwest were following World War II.

The knowledge bestowed on me after reading Schwantes’ two books has encouraged me to be more sympathetic and respectful to differences between people. The books reaffirmed my belief that individuals can make a difference in this world; they do every day. It is very hard for me to explain how I have changed but I feel very different indeed. Throughout my life I have been very future oriented. I truly believed that the past wasn’t important to where we were headed in the future, but now I know it is. I now see that the past is also the present and that the present is also the past. I really didn’t think I would get as much out of these books as I have. And because of what I have learned, I feel a strong new attraction to history.

This student’s powerful feelings describe exactly what I—and Columbia, the Washington State Historical Society, and the Washington History Museum—try to achieve. She now sees even the most commonplace things through a different lens—one that provides greater depth. After reading good books, in her everyday life she experienced the past as well as the present, and she knows that the two can never be separated. She grasped that the past is always with us, always shaping us as we reshape it. She learned to change some of her strongest mind sets, and she learned that previous human struggles and injustices give our lives today an ethical dimension—we are in some way indebted to those who left their blood and sweat on the land. She came to realize that even unjust, destructive human experiences can be overcome and forgiven. Finally, through her own efforts, she now feels a “strong attraction to history.”

Mission accomplished.

Robert Keller, professor emeritus, has been teaching history at Western Washington University for well over 30 years. After retiring from full-time teaching in 1994, he has continued to offer his distance learning course in Pacific Northwest History.
Tacoma's First Modern-Day Mayor

"Hurry" CAIN

M ost Washingtonians have never heard of Harry P. Cain. Although his name is now little more than a footnote in the state's history, for 20 years he lit up the political landscape of both Washingtons and left an example of independent thinking and commitment to one's ideals rarely found in today's public servants. He spent six years of his political career as the acknowledged public face of Tacoma, even though he was absent for two and a half of them.

A fervent supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the early New Deal, president of the Pierce County Young Democrats, commercial banker, director of the immensely successful Washington State Golden Jubilee Celebration, arguably Tacoma's most popular mayor, legitimate war hero, conservative Republican U.S. senator, dissident member of President Eisenhower's Subversive Activities Control Board, and acclaimed civil libertarian, Harry Cain was impossible to categorize or contain. Trim and athletic, he projected a personal magnetism, a certain boyish enthusiasm, and a rich speaking voice that could not be ignored. Beyond his colorful prose and booming oratory, Harry Cain was a man who cared deeply for his country and the rights of others, and fervently believed in defending both.

Named after his maternal uncle, Harry Pulliam Cain was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on January 10, 1906, to George William Cain and Grace Elizabeth Pulliam. His twin brother, usually called Bill or Willie, was named George William after their father. Of Scots-Irish descent, the family migrated to Nashville from Virginia, Kentucky, and Alabama. In 1910 the Cains moved to Tacoma where the senior George Wil, liam Cain joined a respected trade publication called the West Coast Lumberman, eventually becoming its president and manager. The Cains quickly became active in Tacoma literary and social circles, but Grace increasingly suffered from depression and committed suicide in 1917, when the twins were only 11 years old. Her death devastated Harry, who had been particularly devoted to her.

Shortly after his mother's death, Harry contracted Bell's palsy, which left him with partially paralyzed facial muscles. For months he could not speak at all, and then only with difficulty. He later told an interviewer that in order to regain his ability to speak he drove himself "relentlessly—speaking with pebbles in my mouth, practicing in front of mirrors to control my facial muscles, going off where I could talk loudly and shout." That he later became one of the best speakers of his era is testimony to his efforts.

George Cain made exceptional efforts to ensure that his now motherless sons grew up with an understanding and appreciation of their southern heritage and experienced the influence of female family members. He accomplished both by taking the boys on an annual Christmas pilgrimage to the 2,500-acre cotton plantation in southern Tennessee owned by one of his sisters.

In their high school years Harry and Bill attended Hill Military Academy in Portland, where both brothers excelled. Harry was considered the class athlete while his brother was considered the class brain. Bill made the school's honor roll every year. Harry made it sometimes but managed to win nine varsity letters in athletics. He was associate editor of the school's yearbook and editor of the Cadet student newspaper for two years. In his senior year Harry was named cadet captain and president of the "H" Club for student athletes. Bill was named cadet major, the highest honor at the academy. After graduation Harry remained in Portland to take post-graduate courses in English and Spanish and to study practical journalism as a police reporter for the now-defunct Portland News-Telegram while Bill went on to Oregon State College (now Oregon State University) where he studied engineering.

In 1925, after consulting with his father, Harry decided to enroll at the prestigious, liberal arts-oriented University of the South, in Sewanee, Tennessee. The lofty physical location of the campus—situated atop the Cumberland Plateau, 900 feet above the valley below—added to its remoteness; and this, along with its sometimes quaint traditions and personal honor code, provided an ideal opportunity for students to become fully immersed in academics and campus social life. At Sewanee, Cain studied history, literature, German and classical languages, was a varsity athlete in four sports, a member of the school's drama society, a varsity debater, and editor of the
school's newspaper. His work at the school paper, *The Purple*, was good enough to occasion an offer of employment as a reporter for the *New York Times*. He graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in June 1929.

Returning home to Tacoma after graduation for what he thought would be a short visit, Cain learned that his father was ill and planned to retire. Turning down the *Times* offer, he moved back to Tacoma. Within a month Cain found a position as clerk with the Tacoma branch of the Bank of California, where many of his new customers were local Filipino and Japanese-American truck farmers and small business owners. The stock market crash occurred four months later. "I ran from bank to bank with checks that were by that time no good, and I learned an awful lot about the personalities of those in the banking business and the misery and sorrow that was so much a part of the business in 1929." Over the next 10 years Cain was promoted to ever more responsible positions and ultimately worked in the trust department and as the bank's director of business development.

Though he had not been politically active beforehand, Cain worked "like the demon" for Franklin Roosevelt's presidential campaign in 1932 and quickly became the vocal and active president of the Pierce County Young Democrats, making new community contacts along the way. He was also active in the large and politically active Tacoma Young Men's Business Club. Cain actively supported FDR and the New Deal during Roosevelt's first two terms but became disillusioned with what he considered the intrusive and centralized nature of the president's "second" New Deal.

During the 1930s, Cain became increasingly well-known in Tacoma. He was an avid "joiner" and developed an unusually wide circle of friends as a result of his local banking relationships, involvement with local theater groups, membership in various civic organizations, and as a talented local golfer. In September 1934 he married Marjorie Dils of Seattle, director of one of the rival local theaters, after a whirlwind romance.

In 1936 Cain took a leave of absence from the bank while he and Marjorie went on a decidedly low-budget but experience-filled trip to England and continental Europe. He studied European banking methods at the London School of Economics during the day and went with his wife to the theater at night. He listened with great interest to the debates in the House of Commons and at London's Hyde Park regarding the British government's policy of appeasement toward Nazi Germany.

During a side trip to the Continent, the Cains heard Hitler and other Nazi leaders speak to a crowd of 150,000 at a Munich rally. Cain talked about what he had heard with Western reporters and came home convinced of the need to spread the alarm about Hitler's Germany. He began by talking to local groups, then to statewide audiences. Although some felt he was an alarmist, many thought he was an engaging and entertaining speaker. Because he was always "good copy," Cain...
Because he was always "good copy," Cain managed to establish close ties to the local media. It was said that he never met a camera or a microphone he didn't like.

managed to establish close ties to the local media. It was said that he never met a camera or a microphone he didn't like.

In 1939 33-year-old Harry Cain was chosen to head the state's upcoming Golden Jubilee Celebration, much of which would take place in Tacoma. Cain proved to be a tireless and enthusiastic promoter for the city, assembling a team of other well-connected young men who created an unforgettable extravaganza. The week-long celebration included air shows, a 14-mile-long parade watched by an estimated 250,000 people, a water carnival, golf tournament, rodeo, and visits from six United States Navy battleships. The highlight of the celebration was the extravagant theatrical "Saga of the West" pageant covering the history of the state, performed in Tacoma's Stadium Bowl before sell-out audiences. Cain encouraged everyone's participation in the festival, including minority groups, and suggested changing Tacoma's nickname from "City of Destiny" to "City of Nations" to reflect its ethnic diversity.

As community awareness of Cain's capabilities grew, friends began to suggest that he run for mayor. When the previously elected mayor, J. C. Siegle, died in office in April 1939, the city commissioners had appointed a respected furniture merchant, J. J. Kaufman, to serve as interim mayor until a special election could be held in 1940. Cain worked for him as an unofficial advisor and speechwriter. Because Kaufman harbored deep concerns about the viability of Tacoma's commission form of government, he decided not to seek election.

On November 1, 1939, Cain announced his candidacy for mayor. His 11-point platform called for more industrial jobs; better marketing of the city; a new civic auditorium and additional parks; better cooperation among Tacoma, Seattle, and Olympia; a more effective planning commission; and greater governmental transparency.

By the end of January there were five candidates in the special primary election race, but the top three were Cain—said to be supported by local business leaders—liberal state senator Dr. G. B. Kerstetter, and former two-term mayor Melvin G. Tennent. Kerstetter won the primary with 12,937 votes, followed by Tennent with 9,342 and Cain came in third with less than 1,000 votes. A devastated Cain threw his support to Kerstetter.

Four days before the general election the two finalists squared off at a candidate's forum sponsored by the Young Men's Business Club. Tennent launched a vicious attack on Kerstetter's legislative record. Kerstetter defended it, thanked the audience, and suddenly dropped dead of a heart attack. Cain's supporters went to court the next day to ask that his name replace Kerstetter's on the ballot. Two days later their request was approved by a local superior court judge. Most of the liberal Kerstetter's supporters decided to back Cain. On election day, to everyone's surprise, he beat Tennent by 1,800 votes. "This is the dirtiest deal ever pulled in the City of Tacoma," declared a bitter Mel Tennent, who appealed the judge's ruling all the way to the state supreme court and lost.

Harry Cain was sworn in as Tacoma's 23rd mayor on June 3, 1940. The energetic young politician had little experience but lots of ideas and an infectious belief in Tacoma's future. "Hurry" Cain, as he was nicknamed, was somehow a little larger than life—a born promoter who understood the importance of a public leader's personality and image. Cain may have been elected mayor, but under Tacoma's commission form
of government his formal responsibilities were limited to running the Sanitation Department. He was one of five officially equal city executives, each with his own power base and his own responsibilities. For the brash young newcomer to accomplish anything, he needed their support. If he was going to have a power base, it would have to come directly from the people.

The new mayor was everywhere—welcoming the former Miss Tacoma and Miss Washington back from the Miss America Pageant, breaking ground for the new Student Union Building at the College of Puget Sound, launching ships at local shipyards, broadcasting a local golf tournament on the radio, or working closely with Seattle’s mayor, Arthur Langlie, to develop an airport halfway between the two cities.

Cain’s speaking schedule commonly included three or four formal speeches a week. In great demand as a witty and entertaining master of ceremonies, there was no group he considered too remote or unimportant to turn down. On November 18, 1940, he began a weekly 15-minute radio program on station KMO that continued until he left office. He wrote and typed all 128 of the scripts himself.

Cain’s years as mayor were unusually eventful. Only a month after he took office both the Tacoma Narrows Bridge and the new army airbase at McChord Field were dedicated in a giant community celebration scheduled around the Independence Day holiday. In October, Cain staged a series of events to celebrate the three-theater premier of Tugboat Annie Sails Again, which was held in Tacoma as a result of Cain’s personal request to studio head Jack Warner. Some of Hollywood’s best-known movie stars were on hand for the opening, including Marjorie Rambeau, Ronald Reagan, Donald Crisp, and Alan Hale. Even Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper was in town for the event.

On November 7, 1940, the Narrows Bridge fell into Puget Sound. Financed by more than $6 million in New Deal Public Works Administration grant funds and an anticipated $1.6 million in tolls, the structure had been built on the cheap. Known for its tendency to sway in even moderate winds, “Galloping Gertie” collapsed in a relatively mild winter windstorm.

n Army Reserve officer, Cain became an active supporter of the area’s rapidly growing defense establishment. He socialized freely with the senior officers at Fort Lewis, where he met men like Kenyon Joyce, Mark Clark, and Dwight Eisenhower, whom he would later serve with during World War II. By the time Cain became mayor, several Tacoma shipyards were producing navy ships as quickly as possible. The shipyards alone employed 30,000 workers, and many other local companies with defense contracts employed additional workers. In October, President Roosevelt signed the Selective Training and Service Act, paving the way for 45,000 new draftees to be stationed at Fort Lewis by the end of the year. In 1940, Tacoma’s population was barely 109,000, an increase of less than 3,000 over the previous decade. Now it appeared to grow that much in a single month.

Such rapid growth put significant strains on the Tacoma’s public infrastructure and administrative management capability. Cain promoted many then-unusual city initiatives, such as seeking broad-based citizen participation in the city government’s decision-making process, long-range community planning, and community and economic development. His normal response to an issue was to create a citizen advisory committee or hire a consultant to study the problem and then try to get the
were less than impressed with this approach to government and with what they perceived as his encroachment on their turf. At a time when Tacoma faced city workers demanding a pension plan, an inadequate municipally-owned power generating capacity, and a critical shortage of housing for both defense workers and the military, its commission form of government only worked to stymie coordination and cooperation between departments.

As mayor, Cain managed to push through a new pension plan. He created the city's first public housing authority and sought federal funding for new housing projects. He supported efforts to build new hydroelectric dams on the Nisqually River and to attract federal funding for numerous public works projects. A strong proponent of long-range community planning, Cain realized that Tacoma's recent growth was a forerunner of the growth that would follow the end of the war and that the time to plan for it was now. He appointed the Long-Range Planning Council and provided the group with a wish list of projects—many of which he had first proposed during his mayoral campaign—and then invited 500 individuals and groups to participate in the process. Ultimately, the effort dissolved into multiple sets of recommendations by well-meaning groups and succumbed to other wartime funding needs and the uncooperative city commission, but the region's elected officials thought so highly of Cain's efforts that they elected him chair of the Puget Sound Regional Planning Commission.

Now, with much of the world at war, Tacoma was at the forefront of America's struggle to build up its defenses, but the influx of soldiers and defense workers created new problems as well. Like many wide-open port towns, Tacoma was a hotbed of gambling and prostitution, particularly after the expansion of the nearby military bases. Traditionally, the police and the general public had taken an understanding view of these activities, but rates of venereal disease increased dramatically and military authorities threatened to place Tacoma "off limits."

Unable to obtain cooperation from the commissioner of public safety or the chief of police, Cain took matters into his own hands. He arranged for the base commander at Fort Lewis to send him an ultimatum threatening to place Tacoma off-limits if something wasn't done immediately to address the issue. Cain then summoned the local madams to his office, ultimatum in hand, and offered them a deal—if they closed down the brothels and the venereal disease rate did not drop significantly within six months, they could reopen. The rate did drop and the brothels remained closed, at least for the time being.

Gambling and unlicensed drinking establishments presented serious problems as well. After a series of personal late-night investigations and an appeal to newly-elected Governor Arthur Langlie to use the Washington State Patrol and agents of the state's Liquor Control Board, Cain orchestrated raids on dozens of local gambling dens and speakeasies. The process brought Cain a great deal of national publicity and the appreciation of local military leaders, but his efforts to oust two successive public safety commissioners and to clean up the police force ended in defeat and inaction at the hands of his fellow city commissioners.

Japan attacked the American naval base at Pearl Harbor on Sunday, December 7, 1941. Later that evening, in a special radio broadcast to Tacoma citizens, Cain appealed to his listeners to "stay calm," and "not to surrender reason to racial intolerance." He announced the creation of a Tacoma Municipal Defense Council, which would meet in his office at eight o'clock the next morning. Almost immediately, local Japanese nationals and Japanese-Americans began to experience discrimination. Japanese merchants bought newspaper ads defending their loyalty. Cain had signs printed that said, "This business is operated by American-born Japanese and is under the protection of the mayor."

On December 13, First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt arrived at Cain's city hall office on a previously scheduled West Coast tour promoting civil defense. During her partial day in Tacoma she and Cain did something remarkable. He arranged for her to meet with four Japanese-American students who were attending the College of Puget Sound. He also encouraged the Tacoma News Tribune to run an editorial recommending "No Blackout of Tolerance." By February, however, President Roosevelt had approved Executive Order 9066, paving the way for the evacuation and internment of almost 120,000 Japanese living on the West Coast. Cain, along with
U.S. Attorney General Nicolas Biddle and Senator Sheridan Downey of California, was one of the few elected officials in the nation to protest the internment of Japanese-American citizens for the remainder of the war.

In 1942 Cain ran for mayor, seeking his first four-year term. In a reversal of their policy against early endorsements, the January 28 Tacoma News Tribune stated, "Harry Cain has made a good mayor for Tacoma...[the city] is indeed fortunate that it has a mayor of this caliber at the helm in these trying times." He won the February 24 primary in a landslide, receiving 19,838 votes to his closest opponent's 5,339 votes. It was the largest plurality ever recorded in a Tacoma municipal election, making a general election contest unnecessary.

Cain's second term was much different from his first, although the issues of vice and public housing remained to be resolved. Now there was a war on. Cain had set up a nationally-recognized Home Defense Council that mobilized citizens for Tacoma's defense in 1940. He created a new Municipal Defense Council that mobilized air-raid wardens, auto mechanics (including his wife), and security guards at the port and other sensitive installations. The emphasis was now on opening new USOs and YMCAs; on collecting scrap metal and rubber; and on selling war bonds.

Though Cain enjoyed being mayor of Tacoma, he knew that after the attack on Pearl Harbor and America's entry into World War II the real action was elsewhere. In May 1943, after efforts to remove public safety commissioner Einar Langseth had failed, Cain arranged a leave of absence from his duties—Mayor Cain of Tacoma became Major Cain of the United States Army. Cain was the first sitting mayor in America recruited to attend the army's new School of Military Government at the University of Virginia. The four-month course was patterned on an earlier British model. Students were immersed in a broad range of military and civil affairs subjects, including foreign languages, taught by some of the greatest experts in the country. Cain, anticipating the future direction of the war, studied Japanese.

Upon graduation Cain received orders to report to the 15th Army Group headquarters in Algiers, commanded by British General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander. After a short orientation there, he was sent to Sicily. Within weeks he contracted malaria (a common occurrence for U.S. troops in that country) and was confined to a field hospital in Palermo.

The invasion of mainland Italy began on September 3 when British General Bernard Montgomery began moving his Eighth Army across the narrow Strait of Messina to the Italian mainland. This was followed on September 8 with an amphibious assault by the U.S. Fifth Army, led by Lieutenant General Mark Clark at Salerno, southwest of Naples. Massive German counterattacks that endangered the beachhead required Clark to call on his strategic reserve, the 82nd Airborne Division stationed in Sicily, which deployed on only a few hours' notice. Because there was inadequate airlift capacity to transport the entire division to the invasion beaches, the 325th Glider Infantry Regiment, with Harry Cain plucked from his field hospital in Palermo, arrived by ship and landed behind the British sector on September 15.

As the Allies moved forward through the mountains between Salerno and Naples, Cain moved with them, often under fire. Upon his arrival in Italy, Cain had been transferred to the Allied Military Government for Occupied Territories (AMGOT). With a small staff, he served as a field administrator in charge of the Northwest District of Salerno—a mountainous region inland from the beachhead—consisting of 29 towns and cities, much of it still being contested by the Germans. His duties included finding food to feed the displaced civilian population and trying to restore basic services in communities that had largely been destroyed.

In mid November, Cain was called from his administrative duties in the field and reassigned to the skeleton headquarters of the newly-created Allied Control Commission (ACC) for Italy in the southeastern port city of Brindisi, along with the barest nucleus of the Italian government awaiting the expected fall of Rome. Cain's responsibilities included public relations, staffing, and civil administration of the new organization. His boss was none other than his old friend and acquaintance Major General Kenyon A. Joyce, who had commanded the IX Corps at Fort Lewis between 1940 and 1942.

In a letter written home soon after he joined the ACC, Cain described something of his new assignment, starting with, "Whoever said my staff job was likely to be a quiet one has my permission to change his mind. I have had enough unexpected items in the last three weeks to last a lifetime." His letters home indicate that his ACC tour included a near mid-sea airplane crash, the bombing of the hotel in Bari where he was attending a conference with senior Allied commanders, and a "convoy crash" that required a short stay in a British field hospital.
McSherry served as chief of staff to British Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Edward Grasett, the chief civil military government and civil affairs officers who were preparing for the invasion of Normandy. Cain attempted to secure an assignment with a field command, but his efforts were intercepted by Brigadier General Frank McSherry, the former military commander of Naples and Cain’s immediate commanding officer at AMGOT. McSherry served as chief of staff to British Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Edward Grasett, the chief civil affairs officer on General Dwight Eisenhower’s staff at SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force). Cain would be responsible for the psychological warfare and public relations division, reporting directly to Grasett.

In January 1944, Cain was transferred from ACC to the headquarters of Mark Clark’s Fifth Army at Caserta, where he was assigned to be the public affairs and public relations advisor to the Rome area commander, “responsible for every word which goes out of (this) headquarters.” His duties allowed him to view two of the major battles of the Italian campaign—the assault on the German Gustav Line (a series of fortifications that protected the route to Rome) and Monte Cassino and the near-disastrous Allied landing at Anzio.

At the end of February he was called to England to join other military government and civil affairs officers who were preparing for the invasion of Normandy. Cain attempted to secure an assignment with a field command, but his efforts were intercepted by Brigadier General Frank McSherry, the former military commander of Naples and Cain’s immediate commanding officer at AMGOT. McSherry served as chief of staff to British Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Edward Grasett, the chief civil affairs officer on General Dwight Eisenhower’s staff at SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force). Cain would be responsible for the psychological warfare and public relations division, reporting directly to Grasett.

Cain was contacted at this point by Governor Arthur Langlie and other supporters, urging him to run for Washington’s vacant U.S. Senate seat as a Republican. The idea appealed to Cain’s ego, but it could hardly have come at a worse time. He later remembered, “I had long hoped that were I to be successful in politics, I might someday aspire to, and be elected to, the United States Senate. At a time when I was giving the subject no thought at all, it was suggested to me by a variety of friends that I run in absentia on the Republican ticket in 1944....I had never heard of a suggestion which had so little to recommend it.”

He worried that most of the people back home thought of him as a Democrat, but even in the late 1930s Cain had begun a political transformation. Being mayor of Tacoma did not require a political affiliation and, indeed, in his case it was probably better not to have one. But he had enjoyed the support of prominent local Republicans and become increasingly close to Arthur Langlie. Cain cabled his supporters that he would be a candidate, but only on his terms: 1) he would answer no political questions while he remained in the army; 2) if nominated, he would not leave the army to campaign; and 3) if elected, he would not serve until the war was over. A curious campaign ensued in which four-term Democratic Congressman Warren G. Magnuson, just out of the navy and campaigning vigorously, contested Republican—and by now Lieutenant Colonel—Harry P. Cain, stationed 7,000 miles away and vowing not to campaign at all.

Cain soon became something of a curiosity on Eisenhower’s staff, with fellow officers and some of the most famous newspaper and radio reporters in the country following his progress with good-natured interest. He was careful not to make political comments or mix his current day job with the far-off Senate race.

Meanwhile, the Allies had invaded Normandy in June. Cain was clearly frustrated at being in England, "still seeking answers to seemingly insoluble problems," when the action was in Normandy. He was tired of the war and, perhaps, uneasy about what lay ahead. "Days here haven’t any pattern any more. The Doodle Bugs (the self-propelled V-1 rocket-propelled bombs the Germans began deploying against London on June 13) have turned day into night and the other way round."

Back in August, anticipating large-scale airborne operations into Germany, the First Allied Airborne Army had been created, consisting of massive air transport wings and two tactical corps commands, the British First Airborne Corps and the American XVIII Corps (Airborne), the latter consisting of the 82nd, 101st, and 17th Airborne Divisions under the overall command of Major General Matthew B. Ridgway.

In September, the 82nd and 101st Divisions—then the only U.S. airborne troops available—participated in Operation Market Garden. General Bernard Montgomery’s audacious plan for a multi-division airborne assault on key bridges spanning three branches of the lower Rhine River, which, if taken and held, would allow British armored forces to outflank the well-defended Siegfried Line and establish a bridgehead across the Rhine into northern Germany. The British-led operation, made famous in the 1977 film A Bridge Too Far, was met by fierce German resistance and heavy Allied casualties. The corps was rebuilding its strength at its bases in France when Harry Cain was told to report to Ridgway.

One issue Ridgway wanted to resolve immediately with Cain was his political status. Cain assured Ridgway that until
"It was suggested to me by a variety of friends that I run in absentia on the Republican ticket in 1944.... I had never heard of a suggestion which had so little to recommend it."

he was either elected to the Senate or until the war was won, his place was with the XVIII Airborne Corps. Nothing more was said about the matter. As it turned out, Cain beat 11 other Republicans candidates in the primary but lost the general election to Magnuson by more than 86,000 votes.

Cain's lack of parachute or glider training—a must for service on Ridgway's staff—was another potential problem. Cain later remembered that Ridgway asked him, "What do you know about gliders and parachute-jumping?" "Not a thing," I responded. Two hours later I was up in a glider with a young second lieutenant. When we came down, he referred me to a captain who had made more than 50 parachute jumps and who assured me that he would show me how to do it.

When Cain reported to Ridgway, the XVIII Airborne Corps was in reserve near Rheims, still rebuilding after their operations in Holland. The Ardennes sector of the front, with its heavy forests, broken ground, narrow valleys, steep hills, and numerous streams, served as the dividing line between the U.S. First and Third armies and was considered an unlikely place for an attack. In the early morning of December 16, 1944, the area was stormed by the German Fifth and Sixth Panzer armies across a 60-mile front. The American defenses quickly crumbled under the weight of the German attack.

Ridgway's divisions were ordered to help plug the gap. Unfortunately, Ridgway and much of his staff were in England reviewing the newly-arrived 17th Airborne Division. Within the hour, Ridgway and his staff, including Lieutenant Colonel Harry Cain, were airborne in 55 troop transports bound for the front.

Two days later, Cain wrote in a letter to his wife, "I moved in today on a Belgian family of seven, and their living room is my office, dining room, and bed. Some of my men are packed about four deep on the kitchen floor and others are deeper than that in the hay loft. The family, all seven, are listening to the 9 o'clock news. They wonder if the rumor that Jerry will overrun us tonight is based on fact."

The next several days were some of the most eventful in Harry Cain's life. At one point he and his staff were pinned down for more than a day with only the contents of a nearby disabled train full of champagne available. At other times he found himself trying to find food and shelter for thousands of freezing, displaced civilians trapped between the two armies. In a note home on December 20, as the Germans were starting to withdraw, he wrote, "This business is anything but gay, but I couldn't wish to be anywhere else. Living
During Cain’s time in the mayor’s office he challenged civic leaders to address a long-neglected public infrastructure and undertake long-term community planning.

is simple. I don’t shave very often, or eat very much, or sleep on a bed, but, I am well and vitally interested in living.” His efforts in the Battle of the Bulge earned Cain a battlefield promotion to full Colonel—for “outlasting everyone else,” as he later put it.

In the final months of the war he was involved in the planning for Operation Varsity, the last major airborne effort of the war, crossing the Rhine with Ridgway and his staff to strike out through “no man’s land” to the Allied drop zone on the east side of the Rhine. He participated in the operation to eliminate the Ruhr Pocket, which resulted in the surrender of 300,000 German troops. According to one of his medal citations, Cain, at great personal risk, assumed control of a German city in the face of, “40,000 drunken and disorderly displaced persons who were looting, murdering, and raping indiscriminately throughout the city of 500,000 persons.” He also carried out a complete reorganization of the XVIII Airborne Corps’ G5 (civil and military cooperation) staffs, developing recommendations, presenting them personally to officials at SHAEF, and achieving the requested increases. He then found and trained the additional civil affairs personnel required for the four divisions assigned to the corps.

He ended the war in the town of Hagenow, near the Elbe River in northern Germany. There, upon discovering the bodies of more than 200 victims at a nearby concentration camp, he gathered all the available German prisoners and townspeople and paraded them past the bodies, making what General Ridgway called in his memoirs, “one of the most effective [speeches] I have ever heard.” Cain was also credited with rescuing 10,000 American prisoners of war who were trapped in a nearby Russian-controlled camp.

Cain’s war ended with a bang, literally. On May 7, 1945, just two days before the official end of the war, he was wounded in the arm by shrapnel in a fire fight with German troops. At the end of hostilities Cain was reassigned back to SHAEF where he became a field inspector responsible for reviewing military government procedures used by the Allied occupation forces. This included a special assignment as chief inspector for the Western District of Bavaria where General George Patton got into trouble over his use of former Nazi officials. Cain reported directly to General Lucius D. Clay, military governor of Germany and to General Eisenhower personally.

In the course of the war, Cain received five Battle Stars, three Bronze Stars, the Legion of Merit, and both the French and Belgian Croix de Guerre medals. In December a now highly-decorated Colonel Harry P. Cain returned to Tacoma to complete his term as mayor. He faced an almost immediate decision. The upcoming municipal elections were scheduled for the following June. If he decided to run again, he would have to compete in the primary election set for March. Val Fawcett, who had done a good job as acting mayor, wanted the job. Cain really didn’t. He had decided to seek the Republican nomination for the Senate in 1946.

He could not resist the temptation, however, to engage in one last Tacoma battle. Fawcett’s opponent for mayor, Paul Olson, had been the longtime secretary to Tacoma Congressman John M. Coffee. In 1941 a Fort Lewis contractor had written a check, made out to Olson but meant for Coffee. Olson claimed it was an unreported campaign contribution. Cain claimed it was a bribe. In a piece of great political theater, the two faced off in front of 1,300 citizens at Tacoma’s Jason Lee Junior High School to debate the issue. Olson lost the debate and the election.

Harry Cain was in many ways Tacoma’s first modern mayor. His years as mayor helped redefine the city. During his time in office he challenged civic leaders to address a long-neglected public infrastructure and undertake long-term community planning. Cain used his strong communication skills to shape public opinion; supported community involvement and public diversity; and confronted the “business as usual” approach of the outdated commission form of government, tackling long-standing issues of crime and public corruption. He helped prepare the city for World War II, and when it came he attempted to protect the rights of its Japanese-American citizens.

Harry Cain’s war service helped him redefine himself. He had early recognized the evil of Hitler’s Germany and fought against it firsthand. Had he gone on to West Point after Hill Military Academy, he might well have been an outstanding—even famous—career army officer. As it was, he provided exceptional service to military leaders like Kenyon Joyce, Mark Clark, Dwight Eisenhower, and Matthew Ridgway. In the process he came to believe that there were new and even greater enemies—both foreign and domestic—that constituted an even greater threat to the nation than those recently vanquished and that they needed to be confronted. In so doing, he eventually came to realize that the methods his nation used to confront its enemies were even more dangerous than the threat itself.

Cain went on to serve a controversial term in the U.S. Senate and become a dissident member of President Eisenhower’s Subversive Activities Control Board. He relocated to Florida in 1957, where he served as a highly respected community leader and Miami-Dade County commissioner, and was known and respected as a civil libertarian. But those are stories for another time.

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COLUMBIA 12 SUMMER 2010
Caroline Burke stands at the back door of “Illahee,” her summer home. The log home was built on the shores of Lake Washington in what is now the Madison Park neighborhood of Seattle. The October 1900 issue of the *Ladies Home Journal* noted the Douglas fir log construction “with the bark left on,” as well as the rough twig railings. Photographs emphasized the interior layout, which highlighted Burke’s extensive Indian artifact collection. The design of Illahee, the Chinook word for home, was distinctly American in its references to the local Indian culture and the natural setting. Caroline Burke was married to Judge Thomas Burke, and only wore her buckskin dress for staged photographs. In town she was known for her charity work and her preference for French fashion. This photograph is one of a set of glass plate negatives taken of Illahee by photographer Asahel Curtis.

—Maria Pascualy
Seattle's 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition (AYPE) was promoted as a gateway to the rich resources of Alaska, the Yukon, and Asia. Henry E. Reed, one of the exposition's directors, stated that the plan was to "bring the shores of the Pacific together in trade." Europe was doing far more trade with Asia than the United States could then muster, and the fair organizers hoped to correct this imbalance. If Americans could see Asian products and people up close at the exhibition, argued the organizers, then they could figure out how to sell more American goods in the overseas Asian market.

Besides promoting Asian trade—something that would be beneficial for all—leaders of Seattle's Chinese community were anxious to participate in the fair for another reason. After decades of anti-Chinese sentiment in the latter half of the 19th century and the vigilante expulsion of entire Chinese communities on the West Coast—including Seattle—the fair provided an opportunity for the Chinese to gain acceptance in the broader community.

In the preceding decades the United States and China had signed several treaties that opened the door to Chinese immigration. The U.S. wanted cheap labor and the Chinese were willing to provide it. Although many American laborers were recent immigrants themselves, they railed against the Chinese for taking jobs away from white workers. Anti-Chinese agitation on the West Coast reached a frenzied peak in 1885-86. In February 1886, 350 Chinese workers in Seattle were rounded up and taken down to the waterfront to be sent out on the next ship. The Chinese merchants who remained behind helped to gradually rebuild the community; these were the men who supported Chinese participation in the AYPE.

The Chinese business community viewed the exposition as an opportunity to help the United States government see the wisdom of easing immigration laws. The Chinese and non-Chinese business communities both agreed that Asian trade was a boon to Seattle. While most working people still harbored negative feelings about Chinese laborers, there appeared to be a growing interest in Chinese holiday celebrations, tong wars, and elaborate funerals and parades. During the first decade of 1900s Seattle newspaper headlines began to take on a more positive tone—e.g., "party of distinguished Chinese given a Royal Welcome to the United States" and "Advent of Chinese Baby Causes Feasting: More than Two Hundred Attend Dinners Given in Honor of Chin Lung Ying, son and Heir of Chin Keay. (Chin Keay was the secretary of the Chinese Consulate and a strong AYPE supporter.) The Chinese were making social and financial progress in Seattle.

Two particular merchants—Ah King and Goon Dip—were instrumental in organizing the Chinese Village and China Day for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Ah King had arrived in San Francisco in 1877 and soon moved to the Pacific Northwest to work in the logging camps. In 1897 Ah King opened a restaurant in Seattle. By 1906 he had founded the King Chong Lung Company, a wholesale and retail business selling Chinese groceries and dry goods at 217 Washington Street in Seattle. Ah King sponsored the exposition's Chinese Village pavilion and directed construction of buildings to house the Chinese exhibits and amusements on the exposition grounds. He supplied many of the Chinese curios exhibited at the fair.

By Trish Hackett Nicola
In December 1908 Ah King traveled to China to select goods for the exhibit and recruited workers for the fair—concession workers, actors, and acrobats. He paid their passage, put up the money guarantees, obtained the necessary bonds, and paid each of the workers a salary of about $50 a month in Chinese currency. All workers were required to return to China within 30 days after the close of the fair. Ah King also negotiated a financial agreement with exposition officials to pay a flat rate of $3,000 plus 25 percent of the Chinese Village gate receipts. The admission fee to enter the village is unknown, but visitors were charged 10 cents to enter the Chinese temple and theatre.

The Chinese Village was situated in the Pay Streak between the Ferris wheel to the north and the Arena to the south. Its three buildings contained a bazaar, a Chinese temple, Ah King's restaurant, and a tearoom. The exhibits and curios were set up on the village grounds behind the main building. It cost about $15,000 to construct the buildings. The cost to bring the theatrical troupe and approximately 20 workers to the exposition, return them to China, and pay them totaled some $5,000. Other costs pushed the total cost of building and operating the village past $25,000. Every piece of furniture, every drapery and curtain was imported from China.

The Temple of Confucius brought from China by Ah King was insured with a $10,000 bond and had to be returned after the fair. A separate building housed displays of Chinese carvings, rich draperies, laces, and silks. One piece of silk was embroidered by schoolchildren under the age of 12 with the portraits of President Taft and Vice President Sherman. The piece was given to Taft during his visit to the AYPE in October.

Ah King's restaurant in the Chinese Village was a popular attraction. Tourists were encouraged to order Chinese dishes and use chopsticks in true Oriental fashion.

The Chinese Theatre, a favorite attraction at the Chinese Village, featured the Tin Yung Qui Troupe in performances that changed daily. These jugglers, magicians, and acrobats wowed the crowds. One of the magicians was a woman—not particularly unusual for a Chinese performance in 1909, but most unusual for an American performance. When the acrobats arrived in Canada in early June, several of them had trouble getting across the border. Chee Yu San was held over in Vancouver because he had trachoma, a bacterial infection of the eye. J. E. Chilberg, president of the AYPE, wired authorities in Washington, D.C., and negotiated his release, the terms of which required the exposition official to obtain affidavits from physicians in Vancouver, B.C., stating that there was nothing physically or mentally wrong with Chee Yu San. Chilberg suggested that Chee was the victim of overzealous border guards. The Seattle Times reported that Chin How, local manager of the Chinese Village, was “tearing his hair out and using his most expressive English in telling what he thinks of the United States immigration officials.” After 10 long days of conciliation, Chee Yu San and his wife finally arrived at the fairground on June 20.

In July, at Ah King's invitation, the Tin Yung Qui Troupe of imperial Chinese performers entertained 26 representatives of local newspapers and their guests. According to the Seattle Times, “the performers tossed monster blocks of stone about and toyed with 150-pound spears as if they were feathers. Spinning diminutive plates on the ends of two bamboo canes, a performer at
A Seattle crowd looks on as an enormous dragon winds its way down the street at the head of the China Day Parade.

Children and adults in traditional Chinese garb ride on a festive horse-drawn float in the parade.

the same time went through an amazing series of contortions." The highlight of the evening was furnished by two magicians whose act started with several huge bowls of water containing goldfish and ended with one bowl filled to the brim with water and all of the fish. "The performance was followed by a dinner served by winsome little Chinese maidens clad in silken garments at the Chinese Village." The evening ended with a ride on the Ferris wheel.

Chinese AYPE organizer Goon Dip was one of the wealthiest members of Portland's Chinese colony. He immigrated to Portland at the age of 14 and worked there and in Tacoma before going back to China to marry. When he returned with his bride to the Northwest, the McBride family employed him as a houseboy, taught him English, and introduced him to American culture. Goon Dip eventually found work with Moy Bok-Hin, a Chinese labor contractor, and they became partners. Dip initiated a program to retrain disabled Chinese workers as hem-stitchers and helped establish the garment industry in Portland. He expanded his activities to include supplying laborers for Alaska canning operations. Goon Dip raised money for the exposition on his own initiative and obtained many of the fair's exhibits from his Chinese contacts living in Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco.

September 13, 1909, was declared China Day at the exposition. Lew Kay, son of a pioneer Chinese merchant in Seattle, was program chair for the event. Goon Dip was parade chair. The celebration began with a procession through the streets of downtown Seattle. To the delight of the huge crowd, an enormous dragon puppet led the way. The 150-foot-long dragon sat on the shoulders of 50 men, their legs resembled those of a centipede. Footmen kept the dragon's "spirit subdued by threatening it with war clubs and spears."
With J. E. Chilberg, Goon Dip—dressed in flowing silken robes—followed the dragon. Then came the AYPE marching band, followed by four Chinese bands playing Chinese music while riding on floats decorated with Chinese and American colors. The parade wound its way from Quong Tuck's teahouse to Washington Street. A Seattle Times article on the parade included the following details:

Chinese horsemen in full military regalia, with their armored suits and helmets, led detachments of footmen representing the Imperial Infantry, whose silken uniforms were a riot of color.

Interspersed in the line were squads of small boys and girls bearing banners and emblems. Alongside the young group, adult Chinese carried huge, heavy banners with Chinese inscribed on them.

Fifty children from the Seattle Chinese Imperial School dressed in Chinese attire were in another float. White women held up their children to see them to the delight of all.

In front of grave mandarins marched small boys, swinging incense lamps.

Following the dragon were 30 automobiles bearing local Chinese merchants and their visiting brethren from Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Portland, Everett, Bellingham, and other cities.

At the head of the motorcade rode Goon Dip and his assistant Ah Kee, Rev. Fong Chack, Judge Thomas Burke, Consul Moy Pack-Hin, of Portland, and other dignitaries.

In one automobile a Chinese quartet from Portland sang popular American airs.

The fair ended on October 16, 1909. When the figures were tallied, the receipts for 3,740,551 admissions totaled $1,096,475. The AYPE finished with a surplus of $62,676. Ah King said shortly before the exposition began that he did not expect to make a profit from the Chinese Village and in fact anticipated a loss. He was right: The village brought in total revenues of $21,451, and that was before the AYPE got its cut ($4,863). Ah King remained in Seattle all his life. Goon Dip resided in Portland while operating several businesses in Seattle. Both men continued to advance the interest of trade between the Pacific Northwest and Asia.

Patricia "Trish" Hackett Nicola is a certified genealogist and family historian. She volunteers at the National Archives, indexing the Chinese Exclusion Act records.
In recent years we have witnessed a huge wave of bank failures and near-failures. This is not a new or isolated phenomenon. Major woes in the banking business have arisen throughout American history, including the Great Depression, the 1980s savings and loan crisis, and, of course, the current subprime mortgage debacle. However, bank failures occur more often than one might imagine. In fact, 2005 and 2006 were the only two years since 1934 in which a bank did not fail in the United States. A toll of human misery accompanies every bank collapse. A recent case in point is Freddie Mac chief financial officer David Kellermann, who in April 2009 hanged himself in an apparent suicide over financial woes and stress related to his job.

Naturally, when a bank fails, the finger is pointed at the people in charge. This was just as true a century ago, when there was a bank at the heart of every small town in America. If the one and only bank in town collapsed, it could take the community with it. Many lives were affected when scandal broke out at the First National Bank of Vancouver in 1901, but the community survived. The person at the root of the scandal, bank president Charles Brown, was affected most of all.

Charles Brown was born into privilege and pedigree on July 23, 1850, in Knox County, Illinois, to Sam and Harriet Brown. Sam Brown was a great friend of President Abraham Lincoln’s and served in the Illinois state legislature. In 1861, when Lincoln had to appoint a new land agent for distant Washington Territory, Sam Brown was his number one choice. Later that year the Brown family ventured to the Pacific Northwest via the Isthmus of Panama.

Eleven-year-old Charles took his family’s move in stride. He attended school in Vancouver and then moved to San Francisco, where he worked in the printing business. After a brief sojourn he returned to Vancouver to contemplate his future. Shortly after his return, Charles met Rebecca Alice Slocum. Six years his senior, she came from the distinguished New England Slocum family, many of whom had recently immigrated west. The two were married on September 10, 1874, and lived in a distinctive French Second Empire house.

After his marriage, Brown became involved in city government. Over time he held the positions of mayor, city councilman, and county auditor, the latter of which he retained for four consecutive terms. His signature can be found on many of Vancouver’s old land records and deeds. In 1891, at age 41, Brown was elected president of Vancouver’s First National Bank. This career change marks the beginning of the last chapter in Brown’s otherwise successful life.

The bank's problems began during the boom years of 1889 and 1890. Brown went to work for the bank in 1891. He and E. L. Canby, the bank’s cashier (an elected position at that time) soon began making false entries in the books to cover up bad transactions. Both men continued this practice over the next decade, keeping the state of the bank a tightly held secret. As the cover-up progressed, Brown’s emotional state spiraled downward into depression. Though he struggled to mask his emotions and uphold the family’s good name, such an act was hard to sustain. Family and friends began to notice that something was wrong, but Brown’s façade made it hard to identify what was troubling him.

It was not until April 1901 that bank inspector J. W. Maxwell—who turns out to be a maternal great-grandfather of Microsoft founder Bill Gates—uncovered Brown and Canby’s secret. The following account of his confrontation with the two men appeared in the local newspaper:

“Well, what is it?” asked the inspector, turning around.

“May as well own up, old man,” replied Canby. “You’ve caught us. You’ve got onto this thing. No other man ever did, but you have learned it all. There’s nothing left but for me to blow my brains out.”

Saying this, Canby picked up a revolver, which was on another table in the room and dallied with it for a moment. Maxwell made a leap for him to take the gun away, but Canby ran out of the room into a passageway and held the door fast after him. Maxwell hurried into the main room of the bank where Brown was and exclaimed:

“For God sake, go in there: that man is going to kill himself!”
Brown was perfectly self-possessed. Not a muscle flinched as Maxwell made the astounding statement. He walked quickly back into the rear room and out into the passageway, where he and Canby remained alone for several moments. Every instant the examiner expected to hear the pistol shot that would send Canby into eternity, but it did not come. After a few moments waiting, the two bank officers came back into the rear room where Maxwell was. Canby still held the revolver.

"It isn't my fault that I'm not dead," he told Maxwell. "This gun wouldn't go off."

"Let me look at it," requested Maxwell, and Canby passed it over. Mr. Maxwell promptly put it in his pocket.

"Mr. Brown," queried Maxwell, "Are you a party to the condition of this bank? Have you been in this thing, too?"

"Yes," replied Brown coolly. "I'm equally guilty. I have known all about it all the time."

Maxwell mistakenly assumed this was the end of the incident. Following the encounter, Brown and Canby left the bank, apparently racked with guilt. In local newspaper accounts of the day, eyewitnesses recalled seeing them come out of the bank and walk north along the street. One claimed to have seen Brown stop by his house and peek through the windows, possibly for a last glimpse of his family. Those were the last known sightings of the two men alive.

The newspaper account has Brown and Canby continuing their walk to a nearby field on the edge of town, where they both committed suicide with the same pistol. Their bodies were found facing each other no more than two feet apart—Canby up against a stump and Brown against a thicket. The gun was still clenched in Brown's hand, proving that Canby shot himself in Brown's presence. Once he knew Canby's shot had proved fatal, Brown took the gun from his friend's lifeless hand and shot himself in the mouth.

The authorities found in Brown's possession 10 cents in loose change, a note to his wife, and $25 wrapped in a piece of paper addressed to his daughter Harriet Carpenter. After the shocking double suicide, Maxwell was criticized for failure to notify officials of Canby's botched suicide attempt and the emotional state of both men as they left the bank that day. Town residents speculated that the outcome would have been much different had Maxwell done so.

A subsequent investigation into the bank's difficulties found that the institution was not in as much danger as both men evidently assumed. Newspaper reports at the time presumed the bank might have recovered if proper steps had been taken to correct the pecuniary state of affairs.

With the conclusion of the initial investigation into its financial condition, the bank was temporarily placed in Maxwell's hands before being turned over to a larger organization. A committee of several depositors looked after the personal interests of other depositors. With only one other small financial institution in town, most people in Vancouver lost money. However, the majority of them had only kind words for Brown and Canby and were saddened by the misfortune. Only one man—a well-known politician named Scott Sweland—seemed overjoyed by the bank's collapse and publicly expressed his elation after the tragic news broke. Apparently he had owned stock in the First National Bank until recently, having sold it because of a squabble he had with Canby.

The bank's logbook at the time of the suicides was off by $10,000. Brown and Canby being of such prominent families, it was thought that they would have had little difficulty raising the money to put the troubled bank back on a sound footing but they appeared to have let their pride cloud their judgment. Townsfolk were not angry with the bank officials—only saddened by a situation most thought could easily have been averted.

The heaviest individual loss was that of County Clerk S. P. Gaither, who was out $11,300. Skamania County took the second biggest loss, totaling $10,000. The Vancouver and Yakima Railway, the Knights of Pythias, and numerous small businesses and individuals suffered smaller though significant losses. However, the Morning Oregonian mentioned one family that lost everything:

The case of one depositor is pathetic in the extreme. He is an old man named Potter. He and his wife had been tilling a farm near Vancouver for years and years, and by toil and hardship had saved up $1,800, which was deposited in the bank. It represented the labor of a lifetime. This morning the old man's wife died. He will probably follow her soon.

The death of Mrs. Potter and the suicides of Canby and Brown a century ago are prime examples of how financial strain can affect one's emotional state. The passage of time has not altered this element of human nature.

Vincent Roman became interested in the historic Charles Brown House, where Stahancyk, Kerst, Johnson & Hook, the law firm for which he works, has its offices. His research uncovered the tragic story of the house's former owner.
HE TRAVERSE OF the Lolo or Nez Perce Trail through the Bitterroot Mountains is a hallowed story in the lore of Lewis and Clark. Perforce, this episode has been subject to considerable exaggeration via theatrical presentations and in print. That the trail was exacting and unusually difficult, there can be no doubt. But the journalists in the expedition writing about this crossing going west and again on the return, with the exception of one short segment, describe the care and control of the horses—not the physical safety of the party itself—as being the greatest risk. On September 15, 1805, William Clark reported that “Several horses Sliped and roled down Steep hills which hurt them very much.” One of these pack animals carried Clark’s portable desk. It is only during Meriwether Lewis’s journal entry for September 19 that we find a description of the road being “excessively dangerous” from which precipice “if either man or horse were precipitated they would inevitably be dashed in pieces.”

However, it is not the danger of the ride but the supply of food along this road that is the source of the Lolo legend. Historians with their own narrative requirements for effective storytelling have inflated a temporary scarcity of game, one both anticipated in advance and recognized by the expedition as transitory, into the Bitterroot Mountains starvation myth. The hyperbole began with Elliott Coues, who suggested that the party had barely avoided freezing or starving to death in the mountains. “The situation was grave,” Coues averred. In modern times authors have used such expressions as the “starving time,” “near starvation,” “severest of threats to existence,” and “nearly starved” to describe a supposedly barely avoided demise of the expedition on the Lolo Trail.

It is true that provisions were in considerably shorter supply than the expedition had been accustomed to on the Missouri plains, which could only have exacerbated the perception of scarcity in the mountains, but those plains were already a month or more distant by the time the expedition hit the Lolo Trail. Though much is made of William Clark’s hunting vanguard once the party was well into the depths of the Bitterroots, riflemen were sent out in advance of the main party from the very first day upon leaving Travelers Rest. In
fact, Clark said the practice was common during the entire course of the expedition.

Studied as an exception and in isolation, Lewis and Clark's travails in present-day northern Idaho appear quite dramatic. However, the circumstances the expedition found itself in during the traverse of the Lolo Trail, though straitened, were hardly unique in the history of western exploration. They certainly pale against the bona fide operation that threatened recourse to cannibalism among the Astorians.

John C. Fremont, during his 1842 expedition to South Pass, after venturing out from the depot at Fort Laramie, observed that his party was “on the threshold of danger.” He told the men they had 10 days’ worth of provisions, but even absent finding some game along the way, he reassured them “we had our horses and mules, which we could eat when other means of subsistence failed.” Crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains south of Lake Tahoe in February 1844, Fremont wandered in terrain and weather not unlike Lewis and Clark’s experience in the Bitterroots, but for an even longer period—18 days. In that instance Fremont sought recourse to horsemeat for the undernourished men. He even butchered his mascot, the dog Tlamath, an extreme measure that Lewis was fortunate to avoid.

For a people of plenty like Americans, the difference between being hungry (feeling discomfort or weakness from want of food) and starving (to die or nearly so) may be indistinct. Historian Stephen Dow Beckham opines that Lewis, despite “nearly starving,” conducted “a remarkable flurry of ornithology.” Sensibly, a man who was actually starving would not take the time or be able to maintain sufficient focus to write a lot about birds. The explanation Beckham put forth—Lewis focused on natural history to stave off “despair and hunger” or was simply “rising to President Jefferson’s expectations”—is unconvincing. If the latter was true, Lewis had chosen an odd time to be faithful to the charge of keeping a daily journal since gaps abounded heretofore and the largest was about to ensue. Rather than starvation, it was the relative uncertainty of where the next meal was coming from and anxiety over the delayed appearance of the Columbia plains that dispirited the
party's outlook. The Shoshones and Nez Perce had warned the captains about the supply of food in the mountains. It wasn't until September 14, the fourth day of the mountainous trek, that there was even a hint of concern about food. Clark had anticipated the need for extra horses—not for drayage, but for food "as the last resort." This day the party killed one of their colts "for the want of meat," as contingency planning had anticipated. The remnant of that carcass also provided the main meal on the following day.

At what would prove to be the halfway point across the mountains, six to eight inches of snow compounded the difficulties of passing over the thickly timbered hillsides. The packs on the horses were constantly rubbing up against the low, snow-burdened limbs of the trees. Though the lore of Lewis and Clark trumpets these privations, they were far from an extraordinary occurrence in wilderness travel. In 1807 David Thompson, during his initial foray across the Rockies into Columbia Country, arrived at Kootenay Lake "extremely hungry & fatigued, so that we were hardly able to paddle."

The next day Thompson's party happened upon a wild horse and made a meal of it. John C. Frémont, four decades after Lewis and Clark, wrote similarly about being forced off ridgelines by heavy snows. The Sierras' slopes "were steep, and slippery...and the tough evergreens of the mountains impeded our way, tore our skins, and exhausted our patience." His men, like Lewis and Clark's earlier, also complained about their moccasins not being able to keep their feet dry and warm.

For Clark and the hunters up ahead, relief came when they stumbled upon a stray horse. This animal was quickly butchered and eagerly eaten for breakfast, a meal "which we thought fine," Clark averred.

The legend of Lewis and Clark's "starving time" is grounded in the events of September 18-19, 1805, the eighth and ninth days of the eleven-day Lolo traverse. Exercising classic leadership skill, Clark ventured forward a second time, joining the hunters. The want of provisions, Clark later explained to Nicholas Biddle, combined with the rough going in the mountains, "dampened the Spirits of the party." Clark's plan was to advance west to the open plains where prospects for finding game were considerably better. Lightened of the burden of conducting baggage across the peaks, Clark's small band of hunters on horseback made 32 miles on the 18th as opposed to the 14 miles the whole detachment had averaged per day.

For Clark and the hunters up ahead, relief came when they stumbled upon a stray horse. This animal was quickly butchered and eagerly eaten for breakfast, a meal "which we thought fine," Clark averred.

This map from the most recent published version of the Lewis and Clark journals shows the entire length of the expedition's route through the Bitterroots along with some modern-day place names.
William Clark's journal entry of September 18-20, 1805, depicts the expedition's route traversing the last leg of the Lolo Trail.

for the previous week. Even Lewis's trailing unit made 18 miles the same day, still higher than average. Lewis said he was "determined to force my march."

Twenty miles into his ride Clark's strategy started to pay dividends. From an elevated vantage he secured "a view of an emence Plain and level Countrcy to the SW. & West." These were the Camas and Nez Perce prairies near today's Grangeville, Idaho. That night Clark and his squad set up camp on a stream he called "Hungery Creek." Drouillard had shot at a deer but could not bag it. Accordingly, in this instance, and for truly the only time during the Bitterroot traverse, some subset of the expedition had nothing to eat. Had the situation merited it, Clark could have killed one of the hunters' horses. He did not because the targeted plains were in view. For this reason the stream the group camped on is not named "Starvation Creek."

The core text for the starvation legend is the party's recourse to the "portable soupe." This substance formed the midday meal and supper on September 18. Although fairly described by Lewis as "skant proportion," the more pressing requirement that day was not meat but water. Though much is made in the Lewis and Clark lore regarding Lewis's short checklist of provisions then on hand—portable soup, bear's oil and "candles"—less noticed is the captain's pointed assertion that the party still had its guns and horses. Lewis nonetheless affirmed that the first of these resources was "but a poor dependance in our present situation," where all they could shoot at were a few pheasants, squirrels, and blue jays. That the horses remained as a last resort went unstated, but the situation did not call for their use.

For Clark and the hunters up ahead relief came early on the 19th when they stumbled upon a stray horse. This animal was quickly butchered and eagerly eaten for breakfast, a meal "which we thought fine," Clark averred. The bulk of the carcass was "hung up" for Lewis's trailing unit.

On September 19 Lewis and the larger detachment came into view of the same prairie Clark had sighted on the 18th, to the former's "inexpressable joy." Old Toby, the expedition's Shoshone guide, had told Lewis that beyond the plain lay "the Columbia river." By this the Shoshone guide meant what we know today as the Clearwater or Snake rivers, but the more important point is that the end of their travail was already in sight the day after the captains split their forces because of a dampened mood. The prairie was merely a day away, Toby said, and its appearance, Lewis stated, "greatly
revived the spirits of the party already reduced and much weakened for the want of food.” For this day the portable soup again had to suffice.

William Clark and the hunters made it out of the woods on September 20, the tenth day since leaving Travelers Rest.

When William Clark returned to Weippe Prairie he “found Capt Lewis & the party Encamped, much fatigued, & hungery, much rejoiced to find something to eate of which They appeared to partake plentifully.”

Around noon this vanguard element of the Expedition for Northwestern Discovery stumbled unexpectedly into a camp of Nez Perce Indians on Weippe Prairie. After Clark quickly distributed presents to allay fears, the Nez Perce conducted the explorers to a lodge where they were fed buffalo meat, dried salmon, and some “berries & roots in different States” and bread made from camas root. Of this meal, Clark wrote, the party ate “hartily.” For Clark and his squad the issue of sustenance was over, but they knew Lewis still needed help, and for that reason the hunters were sent out. Meanwhile, Clark began the process of learning about the geography of this new region.

Lewis initially gave every appearance of not being overly concerned about the state of provender on September 20 because this was the day of his aforementioned ornithological foray. In short order Lewis's detachment came upon the carcass of the stray horse that Clark had left for them. They “made a hearty meal on our horse beef much to the comfort of our hungry stomachs.” At camp that night there was but little grass for the pack horses, “however we obtained as much as served our culinary purposes and suped on our beef.” It is easy to see in this state of provision how Lewis could afford to make botanical and other scientific observations. The expedition members may have been hungry but they were hardly close to starvation.

On September 21 Lewis found one of Clark's earlier campsites and a glade where at last there was forage for the horses. They fixed a meal for themselves consisting of pheasant, coyote, crayfish from a nearby creek, and “the ballance of our horse beef,” meaning that there had been a nominal surplus of provisions from the previous day. Although this was a serviceable diet under the circumstances, it was not entirely satisfactory, causing Lewis to enter a passage in his journal that has been seized upon to sustain the starvation myth. “I find myself growing weak for the want of food and most of the men complain of a similar deficiency and have fallen off very much.”

Surely Lewis and the others were facing the want of nutrition, but it was not his sole, if indeed his principal, preoccupation as reflected in a corresponding journal entry. “I saw several sticks today large enough to form elegant pirogues of at least 45 feet in length,” he wrote. The long-delayed voyage down the Columbia beckoned.

William Clark was also beginning to make plans in this regard, securing from the headman of the Nez Perce village on Weippe Prairie “a Chart of the river & nations below.” Still concerned for Lewis, Clark dispatched Reubin Field back up the Lolo Trail with a “horse load of roots & 3 Sammon.” For his part, Lewis was determined to get out of the mountains on September 22, having ordered the picketing of the horses the night before to allow a quick start on “a forced march” to the open prairie ahead. Despite well-laid plans, “one of the men neglected to comply,” pleading ignorance of Lewis's order, which held back the departure until almost noon. After a short two and a half miles of travel down the trail, Lewis's detachment met Field on his way up the mountain with food. Lewis wrote: “I ordered the party to halt for the purpose of taking some refreshment. I divided the fish, roots and buries,
Capt Lewis & the party Encamped, much fatigued, & hungry, much rejoiced to find something to eat of which They appeared to partake plentifully." Here we find the origin of the corollary to the starvation myth—that the Nez Perce Indians saved the expedition.

The Nez Perce were unquestionably hospitable to the Expedition for Northwestern Discovery, both upon their first emergence from the wilderness in the fall of 1805 and during an even more cordial stay in the spring of 1806. However, one of the foundational elements of Clay Jenkinson's lore of Lewis and Clark typology—that "the expedition would not have survived without the help of American Indians"—is assuredly grounded in the food provided by the Nez Perce in September 1805. That assertion, Jenkinson states, is "hard to establish," and its durability and serviceability has more to do with modern cultural politics—"solidarity with Indian communities through which Lewis and Clark passed"—than reality.

In any event, according to Clark, the party looked "much reduced in flesh as well as Strength," wording that suggests the men had lost weight and their endurance was sapped. Clark learned that the horse he had hung up was well placed for it was found "at a time they were in great want" and that Reubin Field's mission was also deemed to have been well calculated for positive effect.

The Lolo traverse had indeed been difficult, but it is important to keep it in perspective. The expedition always knew where it was going, they were always on the move, always had recourse to some degree of nourishment, and no one was ever close to expiring for want of food. If anything, the expedition members' physical condition worsened after they emerged from the mountains. As William Clark noted at Canoe Camp, many of the men were so debilitated that they were unable to work on constructing the craft intended for their float down the Columbia. The men, Clark reported at that juncture, were still "complaining of their diet."

On September 30, a week after exiting the mountains, Joseph Whitehouse noted, "the party in general are So weak and feeble that we git along Slow with the canoes." Indeed, in a scene reminiscent of the mountain passage just concluded, Clark and the hunters went out on the hills looking for game and returned with "nothing excep a Small Prairie wolf" (coyote). Whitehouse reported "the party are So weak working without any kind of meat, that we concluded to kill a horse ... and we eat the meat with good Stomacks as iver we did fat beef in the States." It was not until October 6, 1805, on the eve of starting their descent by canoe down the Clearwater River, that the Expedition for Northwestern Discovery was again fully healthy, "fit to do their duty" or in "high spirits."

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VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY, George Vancouver's report of his explorations, was first published in 1798, while this map based upon Captain George Vancouver's explorations of the northwest coast of North America is from a later, German printed edition produced in the early 1800s. The map depicts the west coast of North America from northern California to Alaska and includes place names of known geographic features. The map was part of a 2003 Washington State Historical Society donation by Edward W. Allen that included a group of mainly 18th- and 19th-century maps of the Pacific Northwest and North Pacific Ocean, tracing the cartographic development of the area. This map and others may be viewed and ordered online at WashingtonHistory.org. Just click on Research Washington, select Featured Collections or Collections Catalog, and search on the keyword “maps.”
Surrounded by salty ocean breezes, profound silence, and broad vistas of the Atlantic Ocean, John and Catherine MacLeod celebrated the birth of a baby boy in May 1815. Their thatched-roof home on Síthean or "Fairy Knoll" lay at the westernmost edge of Gearrainnan, a seaside village on the Scottish Isle of Lewis in the northern Hebrides. Christened John MacLeod, the baby became known as "Iain 'an 'ic Iain," or "John the son of John the son of John." The baby's father, John MacLeod Sr., a "crofter" or farmer by trade, toiled on acreage leased from others. As the MacLeod's eldest son came of age, he too worked the land, managed the livestock (sheep and cattle), and fished commercially. These activities took precedence over an education. A contemporary referred to him as "a splendid looking man physically [and] ... well behaved." His participation in local sports competitions earned him a reputation for strength and endurance.

But athletic events were not the only thing that gave John standing in the village. Private family whiskey stills were commonplace at the time and, on various occasions, John could be found jugs in hand with "rosy cheeks and a 'spur in the head."

Keeping the stills hidden from the prying eyes and greedy pockets of tax collectors was practically impossible. In early spring of 1837, according to family lore, MacLeod and some other men were at one of the whiskey stills near the village when a stranger appeared whom they immediately took to be an excise man [government tax collector]. A fight broke out, and in the confusion John caused the man to fall into the fire. The stranger... turned out to be a tinker [pot repairman]... John, however, fearing that the man was going to die, immediately packed his belongings and made for Canada.

Fleeing to Stromness in the Orkney Islands, MacLeod needed to distance himself from the law. Once
During his first five-year stint with the HBC, John McLeod worked aboard the SS Beaver, pictured here leaving Fort Simpson, British Columbia. He met Mary S’Ka-ná-wuh, his future wife, on board the steamer in 1843.

at the customs house, where the Hudson’s Bay Company (HBC) recruited employees, the 22-year-old Hebridean contracted his services for £16 per year for a five-year term beginning on May 27, 1837. Also signing that day were neighbors Donald MacDonald and Angus MacPhail. One month later all three set sail for North America aboard the ship Prince Rupert IV. After encountering bad weather in the North Atlantic and numerous delays, the vessel finally anchored off York Factory on Hudson Bay in August. There, the crofter from Lewis shortened his name to “John McLeod.”

Having completed the traverse of goods to Boat Encampment by early October 1838, the brigade found that only two York boats were available for the party’s Columbia River descent. The HBC used these sturdy, clappboard-sided vessels to float some of the more challenging riv-

ers in the region. While four vessels would have allowed the group to descend in relative safety, the decision was made to run the river with two. Chief Trader Tod, the two priests, Angus McPhail, other HBC officers, “and most of the voyageurs and freight” filled the first boat and departed. Seasoned French Canadian steersman André Chaulifoux, who had joined the brigade in Fort Edmonton, took charge of the second boat. John McLeod, several families, single men, and a newlywed couple (totaling 26 people) stowed their luggage tightly between the thwarts and took their seats. With the boat noticeably overloaded, the passengers expressed concern as Chaulifoux pushed off.

The Columbia River’s Rapids of the Dead, near present-day Revelstoke, British Columbia, was a two-tiered stretch of white water. The upper rapid develops quickly, followed by a swift but relatively horizontal section of river. A lower rapid then shifts the water into high gear once again, plummeting the less-prepared into swirling eddies and gaping whirlpools.

Decades before McLeod’s passage, the grim title of Dalles des Mort had been affixed to this gauntlet due largely to its reputation for taking lives. As noted by historian J. A. Stevenson, the river’s spirited pathway presented a challenge to even the most seasoned voyageur:

At the first big rapid... the Columbia narrows to about twenty yards, rushing impetuously round a sharp bend [that is] walled in by high perpendicular rocks. Here, the passengers and part of the freight were put ashore. Even so, the boat was carried away among the great waves along the left bank and swamped. The voyageurs, however, managed to bring it to shore and empty it of water.

Now highly agitated, Chaulifoux’s passengers reentered the boat, but with “great repugnance.” Chaulifoux himself later recalled: “When I came to the head of the [lower] rapids, I found that the other boat... had passed on, [indicating that] the rapids were in a proper state for running them, that is, that the whirlpools were throwing out and not filling, which they do alternately. I therefore went on without stopping, and when in the midst of the rapids, where there was no possibility of stopping the downward course of the boat, I discovered to my dismay that the whirlpools were filling.”

As the dizzying vortex spun the boat’s occupants violently about, water poured freely over the gunwales. Simultaneously urging his oarsmen to free the boat while assuring his passengers that it would float even if fully swamped, Chaulifoux held
his position at the rudder. However, as the icy water climbed up over the boat's thwarts, panic ensued. "The men stood up and started to make their way forward so as to jump ashore," noted a witness, "but [Chaulifoux] roared at them to sit down. The women and children screamed with fright as the waters swirled around them." Passing by a low-lying rock formation, the newlywed couple ignored the steersman's orders, stood, and leapt in tandem from the edge of the boat. When they fell short of the land, white water quickly swallowed the embracing couple. Now displaced by the lovers' leap, the boat capsized, throwing all its remaining contents—including John McLeod—into the icy water.

Observing his clan's motto of "Hold fast," McLeod snagged a boat oar that had remained connected to the craft. Eventually, he and Chaulifoux crawled atop the capsized vessel, which drifted along for several miles before grounding in the shallows of Arrow Lake. Chaulifoux later recalled:

> We thought we heard some noise inside the boat, and [McLeod went underneath] and soon, to my unexpected joy, appeared with my little [infant] daughter who almost miraculously had been preserved by being jammed in among the luggage, and supported by the small quantity of air which had been caught by the boat when she turned over.

When they realized what had happened, neighboring Indians began searching for the "wet, bedraggled survivors and took them into camp to dry out and share a meal," according to McLeod family lore. Having righted the boat and repaired the damage, some returned to the Dalles de Mort to gather the dead. As they struggled into Fort Colvile on November 6, Chief Trader Archibald McDonald labeled the accident "one of the most appalling calamities we have experienced in the Columbia, fertile in disasters as it has ever been." While the remainder of John McLeod's Columbia River adventure went smoothly, the shock of losing a dozen traveling companions to "an untimely grave, beneath the raging waters of the Columbia," as one HBC correspondent put it, must have weighed heavily on the young crofter's mind.

Fort Vancouver's massive gates swung wide upon the brigade's arrival in late November 1838. McLeod soon found himself facing William McNeill, master of the HBC's steamship Beaver. Largely ignorant of the English language, John learned from other Scots that he and several brigade members would work aboard McNeill's steamship, then at anchor in Puget Sound. With the brigade's arrival delayed by "calamitous events," McNeill had grown anxious to get his vessel under way—which meant there would be little time to rest. On hearing that he would chop wood for a steamship's hungry engine, McLeod likely smiled, recalling the Gaelic motto, "I him quilt I se," which means "I burn but I am not consumed." With the Beaver setting off for the Northwest Coast in early December 1838, John's five-year stint in the company's marine service began.

Supervised by Beaver engineer Peter Arthur, McLeod familiarized himself with the company's establishments—particularly Fort Simpson in northern British Columbia, where he spent his first winter. As his English improved and his environment grew more familiar, old habits and the engineer's influence came to bear. Describing Arthur, Chief Trader James Douglas noted, "He is well qualified and attentive to his duty; but his conduct, in other respects, has been improper, and his very intemperate habits detract considerably from his general merits." Though no official record mentions it, McLeod likely tipped more than a few glasses as a Beaver crewman.

On Puget Sound, Fort Nisqually had been established as the steamer's southernmost anchorage. For the next two years, McLeod came ashore at Sequalitchew Creek where he familiarized himself with the Nisqually/Cowlitz Indians who populated the beachfront area. By early spring 1841, Arthur had been replaced by Joseph Carless as the Beaver's engineer. Carless quickly determined that the Beaver's large boilers were about to fail. Subsequently, the vessel was kept indefinitely at Nisqually until repairs could be addressed. During this lengthy delay, McLeod and his shipmates lived both at the fort and on board the Beaver. As the steamer's furnace stood cold, McNeill tasked the crofter and his shipmates with various projects, including erecting a 30-by-60-foot beachfront storehouse for the Beaver's use. Aside from
construction projects, McLeod’s duties took him to Fort Vancouver with mail, and at one point he burned wood on the Nisqually plains to create coal reserves for the steamers’ next voyage.

In May 1841 the arrival of the United States Exploring Expedition, under the leadership of Commander Charles Wilkes, brought a heightened level of activity to the neighborhood. McLeod and his shipmates reveled in the feast given by Wilkes’s men at the famous Independence Day celebration. Weeks and months faded into years, and McLeod agreed to a second five-year contract. The movements of a particular Cowlitz Indian girl may have caught his eye at this time. T’Lal-quo-dote S’Ka-na-wuh was the youngest daughter of the influential Cowlitz Tyee Clapat S’Ka-na-wuh. A man described by the HBC’s North American governor George Simpson as one of the region’s most powerful chiefs, S’Ka-na-wuh lost his life to Snohomish raiders in 1828. His infant daughter,ransomed by her abductors, eventually became a ward of the HBC and thus received the Anglicized name of “Mary” by the mid 1830s. The summer of 1843 found the 16-year-old girl taken in by Joseph and Marie Carless. Mary’s domestic duties of a general laborer/field hand at the rate of £17 per year. The establishment’s workforce faced major challenges as the old fort was slowly dismantled and carted piecemeal one mile inland to a new site. Nisqually’s farming enterprise (field crops and livestock) operated under an agrarian wing of the HBC called the Puget Sound Agricultural Company (PSAC). While his days were occupied with removing everything to the new site, the old fort continued to be his home. A clerk later recalled: “The [apple] seeds [planted in 1834] grew and some of the trees were planted near the [old] fort, and early in the [1840s] several were transplanted into the garden of the

In 1844 McLeod went to work as a laborer and field hand for William Tolmie (right), chief trader at Fort Nisqually (above) on Puget Sound, and worked on the crew that dismantled the fort and reassembled it a mile inland from its original site.
new fort. John McLeod...assisted at the removal of these trees.” He also began actively courting Mary S’Ka-ná-wuh.

Small in stature with long, braided, jet-black hair that covered her aristocratically flattened head, Mary remained active even though one of her shoulders and an arm had been permanently damaged by a fall from a horse earlier in life. Though largely unrecognized by Euro-Americans, Mary’s aristocratic status made her a standout among her tribesmen. As a chief’s daughter, she was said to possessed a healer’s spirit power. Advised by Dr. Tolmie in the ways of Salish Indian culture, McLeod approached Mary’s family with a proposal of marriage in late 1844.

Indian protocol required Mary’s relatives, probably her mother Haidawuh, first cousin Lahate (the local Nisqually chief) and perhaps older half-brother Elac-cac-ca (heir to Chief S’Ka-ná-wuh), to negotiate her bride price. A “simple ceremony” preceded a large feast and celebration.

Joseph Heath, a “gentleman farmer” at Steilacoom Farm, a few miles north of Fort Nisqually, often mentions the McLeods in his diary. Though McLeod’s precise work location from late 1844 through spring 1845 remains uncertain, Fort Nisqually records suggest that he was engaged as a shepherd caring for flocks “parked” near the new fort. Heath affirmed this in March 1845. “I shall not have a white man nearer to me than the Fort,” he bemoaned when neighbor John Edgar moved away for the summer. That same month, however, references to “McLeod’s place” began appearing in the fort’s records, signifying a residence some distance from the fort. By April, Tolmie committed laborers to build a house for McLeod “at the new station.”

A contemporary noted that the crofter “performed the duties of a head shepherd, and was placed in charge of the Company’s station, or little farm, situated at the edge of Wyatchee Lake. The buildings—house, barn, stables—were at the side of the present county road and contiguous to Gravelly or Quoi-quoiatche Lake.” Whyatchie, as McLeod’s home was soon known, stood on the east side of present-day Steilacoom Lake, south of the spring that produces Ponce de Leon Creek and northwest of Clover Park High School.

Now comfortably housed and with crops in the ground, McLeod received a £3 “Gratuity as Assistant overseer Shepherd” for his management of flocks on the Paleilah and Puyallup plains. Four subordinate Indian shepherds cared for “three or four flocks of sheep” numbering about 1,000 head. Paleilah, the westernmost pasture under McLeod’s management, is crossed today by the upper Chambers, Leech, and Plett Creek watersheds. In terms of territory, Paleilah took in the southwest corner of present-day University Place and the Meadow Park, Oakbrook, and Steilacoom golf courses. McLeod’s easternmost herders wandered across the Puyallup Plain, an undulating tableland that arched from above Tacoma’s Old Town and Hilltop areas, down through Nalley Valley, south past Mount Tahoma High School, southeast to Wapato Lake, and to the ridge that overlooks the Puyallup Tribal Casino.

As weeks faded into months, McLeod agreed to a second five-year contract. The movements of a particular Cowlitz Indian girl may have caught his eye at this time.

Mary became pregnant, and as November 1845 arrived she went into labor. Indian custom stipulated that she isolate herself—a cedar-bark and tule-reed mat lodge on Clover Creek had been prepared for this eventuality. Aided only by an elderly woman of the tribe (probably her mother or an older female cousin), Mary gave birth on November 6 to Catherine, or “Kitty,” her only child.

For the next two years the McLeods thrived as their young daughter grew. Mary became accomplished at needlepoint and fashioned “elaborately beaded and fringed” moccasins, jackets, and shirts out of buckskin. Like other laborers within the HBC, John often sought recreation through inebriation. On New Year’s Day in 1847, Heath noted that McLeod and John Montgomery (another PSAC employee) paid him a visit and “left with their eyes sparkling and not sitting very straight upon their horses.” As John’s engagement with the HBC/PSAC expired in February 1847, Heath observed: “Visit in the evening from Edgar and McLeod. The last came to say goodbye, as he is leaving the country.” Departing the next day for Fort Vancouver with all his belongings, John McLeod abandoned his Indian family, apparently with the intention of starting anew elsewhere.

Fidgeting under the judgmental glances of Chief Factors James Douglas and Peter Skene Ogden at Fort Vancouver, the crofter stood, hat in hand, with his simple request to quit the service. Theoretically, this meeting took place on McLeod’s arrival at Vancouver. Chief Factor Douglas had been conducting exit interviews of this sort since the mid-1830s when “it had been resolved, to prevent the departure of any Parent, from the Country, unaccompanied by his children.” Retiring servants with infants (such as daughter Kitty) were routinely “asked” to reengage until their young were old enough to travel. McLeod no doubt had heard that his superiors could be very persuasive, resorting to imprisonment, flogging, or other corporeal punishment when verbal negotiations broke down. Conceding to the inevitable, he accepted his third contract—likely insisting that it only be for two years rather than five—and returned to his wife and child at Fort Nisqually by early April 1847.

As the next few years unfolded, the couple remained at Whyatchie, managing a growing number of Indian and Hawaiian shepherds while producing potatoes and oats. Matthew Nelson was sent out in 1847 to assist McLeod with several of the outlying sheep parks and to act as cook. Together, the McLeods visited the nearby farms of John Edgar and Joseph Heath. Mary’s half-brother Elac-cac-ca (now going by the name of
McLeod presumably had every intention of returning, for while passing through Portland he stopped briefly at the District Court of Clackamas County and declared his intention to become a United States citizen. As the men hoofed it south, Mary and Kitty drew in close to relatives living near the fort. A period of time passed before distressing rumors began filtering back to Puget Sound telling John's alleged death "somewhere in the gold fields." Uncertainty now shrouded Mary's future. A good deal of time having passed without word from her husband, Mary's relatives concluded that he was dead and they quietly arranged her marriage to a wealthy old Indian chief of the Humptulips tribe.

John McLeod was not dead, however. In fact, the crofter's California adventure had turned a profit. According to descendants, whether by digging for others, running a whiskey still, or through some other means, he eventually amassed $1,000 "in gold, and three little Chinese chests for which the Indians would pay a fortune in furs." By early December 1850, McLeod had returned to Oregon and obtained his U.S. citizenship. "The balance of wages (amounting to £86.6.1) due John McLeod "was this afternoon paid into his hands by Dr. Tolmie," noted the fort's journal in early February 1851.

No doubt his arrival caught Mary and her relatives by surprise. However, she had already remarried, so John began living with Kival-a-hu-la, a Flathead Indian woman, on upper Muck Creek Prairie in southeastern Pierce County. There he staked out an illegitimate claim of 320 acres on HBC/PSAC property. Immediately branded a trespasser by Tolmie, McLeod received various warnings outlining the invalid nature of his claim.

McLeod and Kival-a-hu-la, who bore him sons John Jr. and Edwin, quietly farmed their claim in the years prior to the territory's Indian Wars of 1855-56. McLeod's one-room cabin, built on the outer rim of the PSAC's lands, was a primitive affair of logs covered over with cedar shakes. Chickens, ducks, sheep, a milk cow named Blossom, a team of horses, and a wagon occupied his yard. Oats, wheat, and potatoes were his primary crops.

Mary's second husband passed away shortly after McLeod's return, but she did not return to her first husband's side for some time to come. While family oral traditions persist that Mary and Kitty came to live on McLeod's Muck Creek claim just prior to the Indian War, records show that only Kitty returned, joining her father, Kival-a-hu-la and the boys. Mishandled treaty negotiations aroused a warlike response from within the neighboring tribes—including Mary's people. Soon, white settlers were dying, but Euro-Americans with close ties to the Nisqually, Cowlitz, or the HBC carried on business as usual. Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens grew suspicious of Dr. Tolmie, the HBC, McLeod, and his Canadian neighbors—all of whom had Indian or Métis wives. As the newspaper in Olympia put it, "grave...serious—and as is supposed—well-founded suspicions were entertained...that certain persons in the county of Pierce, had been engaged in aiding and abetting the [Indian] enemy, contrary to the rules and articles of war."

Stevens's orders to report to American authorities never reached McLeod at his Muck Creek homestead, nor did he learn that martial law had been declared. Nevertheless, the court of public opinion viewed McLeod and his neighbors as a threat, so militiamen were dispatched to capture the traitors in the interest of "public safety and self-preservation."

Seized unexpectedly on a lonely stretch of road as he hauled "a load of grain and potatoes destined to feed the U.S. Army troops at Fort Steilacoom," McLeod was roughly handled, shackled,
and thrown into Fort Steilacoom's guardhouse, according to PSAC agent Edward Huggins. Kival-a-hu-la and her two sons were likely interned on Squaxin Island, where Mary—according to family lore—had gone to attend a sick Indian. Now, with most of his family in confinement, McLeod fretted over his 11-year-old daughter Catherine, who endured the next 24 hours alone at the farm.

Catherine eventually made it to Fort Nisqually, whence Dr. Tolmie and his wife Jane sent the young girl to Fort Victoria where she came under the protection of Reverend Edward and Mary Cridge. As the war cycled down in May 1856, McLeod and the others were tried for high treason, but legal maneuvering "Oleman." Her shaman's work continued, as did her manufacturing of "frontier" clothing for tourists. McLeod descendant Ruby McAllister explained:

She made [fringed] buckskin coats for many years... mostly to sell to the white men, who liked to have souvenirs of the "Wild West" to send to relatives in the East. She often sold a buckskin suit for $50 or more, and at one time had $1,000 saved in cash for her needlework, part of which was to go for her burial expenses. [She also] had paper patterns for her handwork designs stored in a trunk at the old home on Muck Creek... [and] was such a good craftsman that her work was much in demand.

Catherine McLeod received a good education and spent time with relatives on the newly established Nisqually Indian Reservation, which was then managed by agent Daniel Mounts. The attractive 15-year-old girl eventually married the Indian War veteran in a "custom of the country" ceremony in early May 1860.

By 1862, McLeod had amassed a fairly large herd of sheep and cattle. Mother Nature, unfortunately, dismissed the crofter's labors by plunging the territory into a series of severe snowstorms. His livestock bore the brunt of the storm damage.

In 1889, at the approximate age of 62, Kiyah Mary, daughter of Chief S'Kaná-wuh, Princess T'yal-quo-dote of the Cowichan, passed away. Del McBride, a descendant, captured these memories:

Ruby [McAllister] was a girl of seven at the time and went to the funeral as did all the family...[many] were dressed in black and weeping. The funeral was held in the old house, then they all went out to the little graveyard on the knoll not far from the house. Later they put a picket fence around the grave and Catherine planted some flowers.

John began splitting his time between his daughter's home on Nisqually Bottoms and his own—which he now shared with grandson John Mounts. Surrounded by his grandchild and great-grandchildren, the old crofter became a prominent fixture on the prairies of south-central Pierce County. He died at age 89 on his Muck Creek claim on April 29, 1905.
Slick as a Mitten
Ezra Meeker's Klondike Enterprise
Reviewed by Kelley Rouchka.

As a savvy Puget Sound businessman, Ezra Meeker knew a good opportunity when he saw one. Meeker had recently lost his hops crop to aphids and the onset of the 1898 depression left his status as one of Washington's wealthiest men in shambles. His fortune was swept away "slick as a mitten," in the phrase of the day. Meeker was still the president of Puyallup's bank, and he rescued it from insolvency, but when news of the starving Klondike gold rush miners reached Puyallup, Meeker recognized a profitable opportunity and abandoned all other business commitments. At the age of 67, Ezra Meeker and six of his children opened the Log Cabin Grocery in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. Here from 1898 to 1901 they profitably sold 100 tons of groceries—principal potatoes, vegetables, dried foods such as dehydrated eggs, and canned goods—to miners and area inns and restaurants. In Slick as a Mitten, Meeker's adventures come to life through his letters to his wife, Eliza Jane, who oversaw the growing and canning of produce at their Puyallup home. (Meeker's letters are archived in the Research Center of the Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma.)

Though the bulk of Dennis Larsen's book consists of letters from Meeker to his wife, Larsen's voice is not lost. He provides well-researched commentary, context, and clarification of the people and events mentioned in Meeker's correspondence. For the sake of authenticity, Larsen retains in the letters the original spelling of names and locations, along with nicknames, but he verifies the proper spelling with newspaper and archival research. Insects appear throughout the book containing maps, facts about people mentioned in the letters, and time lines. Several insets or sidebars grant the author the opportunity to analyze questions that arise about Ezra Meeker's business enterprise. Consider that to connect Eliza Jane's efforts with Ezra's store required a transportation network that used ships, wagons, backpacks, scows, and dog teams. Numerous period photographs accompany the text and vividly bring to life the people and places Meeker discusses in his letters.

During his first year in the Yukon, Meeker's letters to his wife were typically business oriented. He provided detailed explanations of routes he took to deliver his products to mining communities, product prices, and the poor quality of the competition's dehydrated vegetables and eggs. In his second year at Dawson City, Meeker purchased land to mine for gold and his correspondence grew to include in-depth descriptions of the land, machinery, and mining techniques. By the third year, Meeker's letters focused on the day-to-day operation of his prosperous Log Cabin Grocery, his new log cabin, and his incompetent competitors. On several occasions Larsen uses Meeker's letters to shed light on the self-sufficient life led by women participating in this turn-of-the-century gold rush. In several letters Meeker's children urge him not to let their mother journey north, as it was "no place for a lady." Slick as a Mitten is a primary source and would make an excellent addition to the library of anyone interested in the Klondike gold rush.

Kelley Rouchka is a graduate student in American history at the University of Northern Iowa.

Eden Within Eden
Oregon's Utopian Heritage
Reviewed by Blake Slonecker.

As a native Oregonian currently living in Iowa, I picked up James Kopp's Eden Within Eden with a twinge of nostalgia. The book's opening chapter explores the various forums—poetry, private letters, promotional literature—folks have used to describe Oregon as Eden. Reading this further spurred me to look homeward. But few panaceas for paradise lost are quite as effective as reading historical accounts of actual communal endeavors.

Kopp's monograph is a localized exploration of all things utopian and advances the national survey of communal endeavors begun by cultural historian Timothy Miller. Spanning the 1850s through the 2000s, Eden Within Eden curiously makes little distinction between functional utopian experiments—the Aurora Colony or the Hoe-dads—and those that never actually existed beyond the rough sketches and propaganda of idealistic dreamers. Kopp cites such "no places" (he culs puns from Thomas More) as the late-19th-century Christian utopia Hopeland to gently remind us of the tenuousness of all communal experiments. Indeed, for every commune that sprouted from Oregon's unusually fertile ground, several others never saw the light of day.

Aspiring scholars worried that Kopp's survey of Oregon communes has cornered the scholarly market should rest easy. Kopp sincerely promotes continued research on Oregon communes and has compiled a remarkable appendix that should be at the desk of any student of Oregon—or even American—communes. Readers curious about Dexter's Lost Valley Educational Center, for instance, will find ten pages of citations to spur their research. Perhaps you are more drawn to lesbian intentional communities. If so, Kopp provides three pages of bibliographic information on the Oregon Woman's Land Trust and its Days Creek farm. Eden Within Eden's scope is encyclopedic, identifying more than 300 communal experiments across.
two centuries. Such vastness obscures any coherent argument that connects Kopp's case studies, but it also provides the raw material for some outlandish fireside stories.

Despite voluminous details about Oregon communalism, Kopp does not lose sight of broader concerns in the history of utopianism and the Pacific Northwest. His survey of how Atlantic explorers described the New World as the Garden of Eden provides a compelling counterpoint to 19th-century boosters who promoted Oregon as the new Garden of Eden. Indeed, Kopp's account suggests that Eden always receded just beyond the Western horizon, just beyond the imagined frontier. Placing Oregon's communal experiments in conversation with broader intellectual developments—the emergence of socialism, the revivals of religion, the advent of sexual liberation—reveals that Oregonians have never been isolated from America's intellectual currents, but have produced a laboratory where ideas can be grounded in the dirt and rainwater of everyday life. Most of Oregon's communal adventures were stillborn. But even its most startling disasters—the Holy Rollers and the Rajneeshpuram—forced Oregonians to explore intellectual diversity, to challenge conventional wisdom, and to dream of Eden. That is the Oregon that inspires my nostalgia.

The tale told by R. Gregory Nokes, a retired editor and reporter for The Oregonian, is a haunting one. After being hidden from public view for almost a century, the story of the cold-blooded murder of some 30-odd Chinese gold miners (the exact number is in dispute) on May 25, 1887, in the deep recesses of Hells Canyon, is told in detail. Nokes first heard the story in 1995 after which he wrote an article about it for Portland newspaper readers. But he could not let go of the questions behind the deed and his curiosity remained so strong that when he retired in 2003 he began to investigate the still unsolved case full time.

Nokes's initial interest in 1995 was piqued by an announcement by Wallowa County, Oregon, officials that they had located in a city government safe certain supposedly long-lost Circuit Court grand jury documents about the tragedy. It seems the documents had been purposely hidden from public view. What happened on the Snake River south of Clarkston, Washington, stayed in Wallowa County, Oregon—until 1983.

Nokes is not the first person to recreate the murky events at what is now called Chinese Massacre Cove. In one chapter in a book Taste of the West: Essays in Honor of Robert G. Athearn (1983), Professor David Stratton of Washington State University used newspaper sources, WPA documents, and material from the National Archives—the Chinese legation in Washington, D.C., was kept informed by the U.S. State Department—to summarize for the first time the events that took place 96 years earlier on the Snake River. Then in 1995 city officials in Wallowa County exposed the 1887 grand jury transcripts to daylight. From then on this became Nokes's story. He first summarized his findings in an article, "A Most Daring Outrage," in the Oregon Historical Quarterly 107 (Fall 2006). Now there is a book.

Nokes's research makes for a good first-person detective story. In 2006 he described the deed; in 2010 he tells how he followed leads to his conclusions. Apparently lots of locals knew who participated in the massacre, but they kept silent. Six men were accused of the crime, and a seventh man turned state's evidence against the others. Yet, no one was ever held accountable—neither the perpetrators of the plot nor the investigating authorities who let justice slip away. In addition to the grand jury, an inconclusive investigation was also conducted by the local justice of the peace. An experienced reporter, Nokes knows how to milk the most from his sources. He also knows how to confirm facts. The event took place 65 miles south of Lewiston, Idaho, for example, not the 150 miles originally reported in newspaper stories of the day. In the end, Nokes found both the killers' motive and opportunity.

This volume will appeal to readers of detective novels as well as to those who just want a quick and easy summer read. There are 29 chapters, averaging about five pages each, so it can be read with interruptions, without losing the train of thought. Unfortunately, neither the one map nor the numerous photographs are equal to the quality of writing.

Robert M. Carriker is a professor of history at the University of Louisiana. His popular course, "History on the Move: The Pacific Northwest," brings students from the Old South to Montana, Idaho, and Washington.
Kurt Cobain would have identified closely with the characters in Robert Cantwell’s novels. He would have recognized their youthful desolation, their urge to flee the sudden, poverty-stricken mill towns in which they live. “I don’t want to be dead any longer,” says William McArdle, the most sensitive, most desperate of Cantwell’s characters, as if reciting the lyrics of a Nirvana song.

Robert Cantwell (1908-1978) was born in Little Falls (now Vader), Washington, a town founded by his grandfather. He grew up in Onalaska, where his father ran a Carlisle lumber mill, and eventually moved with his family to Aberdeen, where he graduated from high school. After one year at the University of Washington, however, Cantwell returned to Gray’s Harbor and went to work in a plywood factory in Hoquiam. Though neither town is named, Aberdeen is generally acknowledged as the setting of Cantwell’s first novel, Laugh and Lie Down (1931), and Hoquiam the setting of his second novel, The Land of Plenty (1934).

The hopelessness of insurmountable debt plagues the lives of the characters in Laugh and Lie Down. Following his father’s death, William McArdle moves with his mother and brother to a new town to escape the family’s debts. William works the night shift at a local factory, hoping to get ahead, but soon realizes he’s on the same path as his father, who “killed himself with overwork, only in an effort to save [his family] from the poverty in which his death left them.” William soon becomes involved with a hustler named Biddle who starts a collection agency to deflect his own enormous debt. “At my present rate,” he tells William, “I’ll be out of debt in about forty-five years,” and then tries to enlist him in various money-making schemes, including robbing two loggers who have come to town to cash their paychecks.

The only person keeping William from total despair is Berenice. He remembers how she first appeared to him through “the gray afternoon, the gritty pavement, the nut-like smell of sawdust in the air,” and how Kenneth, his alcoholic older brother, stole her from him shortly after. From then on, and still in love with her, William can only watch Berenice’s tortured relationship with Kenneth, until one rainy afternoon, listening to the mournful whistles of the mills echo across the harbor, he resolves to leave town. In a final act of magnanimity, he invites Berenice and Kenneth to join him, yet as they drive south through the clear-cut terrain—a hint of wilderness in the bleached stumps and the clusters of firs—he nods off at the wheel and the car careens off the road.

As the critic Merrill Lewis says, “William is the antithesis of the traditional Western hero.” His is not the story of pioneer self-reliance, the kind that’s based on the “spots of historical interest” marked by roadside plaques. Rather, it’s the story of the dehumanizing consequences of the industrialized West—a story given even greater edge in Cantwell’s second novel, The Land of Plenty.

Often classified as “proletarian fiction,” The Land of Plenty offers a subtle, sometimes droll view of relations between workers and management. While Cantwell shared the left-wing politics of literary contemporaries like John Dos Passos, The Land of Plenty resists political dogma as it sorts through the psychological and ideological implications of worker unrest. The novel opens with the line “Suddenly the lights went out,” and for the next 200 pages the factory workers and their supervisors, in Brechtian fashion, grope through the dark trying to figure out what to do next.

The novel is told through multiple perspectives, including Carl, the foreman and “efficiency engineer,” and Hagen, the head machinist. The factory blackout foregrounds the antagonism between the two characters, and Carl’s ultimate firing of Hagen sparks the strike that takes place in the second half of the novel. Other pivotal characters include Winters, an Indian worker whose wife lies dying in the hospital; McMahon, the dim and overwrought superintendent; Walt, a college student working in the factory who sides with Carl; and Johnny, Hagen’s son, who simply wants to do right by his father and fellow workers.

Set prior to passage of the 1935 National Labor Relations Act (or Wagner Act), which encouraged collective bargaining, The Land of Plenty is not a union novel. Long-simmering outrage over their exploitation leads the workers to strike, and while they hope their walk-out will spread to neighboring factories and mills, they lack the organization to bring this about. They also lack the clout to garner local support, as evidenced by the misleading newspaper reports that condemn the strikers as a violent mob.

The Land of Plenty sympathetically depicts the plight of American workers in the early 20th century while recognizing the moral uncertainties—and
mortal danger—of attempting to redress the wrongs done them. As the strike devolves into a riot that results in several deaths, Johnny, seeking reassurance that all has not been lost, "hugged the memory of that first sweet hour when they danced out of the factory; it was a lamp that kept him warm."

Robert Cantwell's writing propelled him out of Aberdeen to New York City, where he worked for nearly half a century as a writer and editor for Time, Newsweek, and Sports Illustrated, and published several works of literary biography, including an important treatment of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In 1972, returning to where his writing career began, he published The Hidden Northwest, an unusual yet insightful study of Northwest history and culture.

The Hidden Northwest reexamines figures such as Alexander McKay, David Thompson, Theodore Winthrop, and Cantwell's own pioneering ancestor Michael Troutman Simmons, who served as an Indian agent for territorial governor Isaac Stevens. The work is rich with such revealing material, underscored by Cantwell's recognition that the Northwest is a region "whose history was shaped by ideology"—a view that also pervades his two remarkable novels, Laugh and Lie Down and The Land of Plenty.

Peter Donahue's new novel, Clara and Merritt, about longshoremen and Teamsters in Seattle in the 1930s and 1940s, was published in June.

### Additional Reading

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

**“Hurry” Cain**


**Day of the Dragon**


**Scandal at the First National Bank of Vancouver**


**Half Starved**


**A Crofter's Tale**


For well over a century the Japanese American community has played a significant role in Washington's history. Until recently our documentation of the community has been sparse. While the Society previously had several manuscript collections and smaller photographic collections, the recent donation of the Yamane family's collection has filled many gaps and provides a strong base for collection growth.

Members of the Yamane family arrived in Washington during the first decade of the 20th century, first stopping in Seattle, then settling in Tacoma, where they made their homes, raised families, and established businesses. Photographs documenting many aspects of the Japanese American community include such topics as: grocery stores, barbershops, laundries, and hotels; funerals, church activities, community events, and picnics; family and individual portraits.

We are grateful to Susan Hirose Anderson, a Yamane family descendant, and hope these photographs will be the foundation for future donations from other Japanese American families. Many of these photographs can be viewed online at WashingtonHistory.org.

To donate, call Ed Nolan, head of Special Collections, at 253/798-5917.
An Election for the Ages
Rossi vs. Gregoire, 2004
Trova Heffernan
Foreword by Secretary of State Sam Reed
Washington State's November 2004 election led to the closest ballot results for any governor's race in American history, and left many questioning the integrity and accuracy of the entire voting process. Written from the perspective of the Office of Secretary of State, An Election for the Ages clarifies and explains interpretations of election statutes, court rulings, and the role of state officials, providing an inside look at how Secretary of State Sam Reed and his key executive and election staff supervised a heated political battle that reached beyond this particular contest and to the rules of democracy itself.

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Only Two were Missionaries

André Peñalver incorrectly reported on page 33 of his article, “Private Republic: The Hudson’s Bay Company in the Pacific Northwest,” in the Spring 2010 issue of COLUMBIA, that “in November 1847 a party of Cayuse Indians overran the Whitman Mission near Walla Walla, killing 14 missionaries and taking 53 prisoners.” In actuality, only two of the 14 dead were missionaries—Marcus and Narcissa Whitman. The remaining victims included John and Francis Sager, eldest brothers of the Sager children who had been so kindly brought to the mission in 1844 by their wagon train after the death of their parents. In addition, 54, not 53, were taken prisoner—mostly women and children, including the remaining Sager orphans (see page 250 of the referenced volume below).

Clifford M. Drury wrote several books about missionary efforts in the Pacific Northwest, including Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and the Opening of Old Oregon, Volumes I and II. The Northwest Interpretive Association has placed his writings online at: http://www.nps.gov/whmi/historyculture/drury-book.htm.

Celista Platz, my mother and a WSHS member for years, corresponded with Dr. Drury many times during her intensive efforts to correct the false accounts of the Sager orphans being abandoned on the Oregon Trail. Catherine Sager was her grandmother and, of course, my great-grandmother.

Peñalver has written an otherwise splendid account, save for this one inconsistency.

—Marian Spath
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