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WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
COLUMBIA

THE MAGAZINE OF NORTHWEST HISTORY • WINTER 2011–12

History Commentary 2
Remembering 25 years of COLUMBIA.
By Robert Carriker

Mountain of Shell 3
The lives of Japanese American laborers in the oyster industry, reflected in their poetry.
By Lyn De Danaan

From the Collection 9
Poster stamps.

Under the Apple Orchard 10
A remarkable Clovis site discovery in eastern Washington.
By Ruth Kirk and Richard D. Daugherty

Image Collections Online 14
Depression-era dolly.

Booth Gardner 15
While battling Parkinson’s Disease, Washington’s popular 19th governor (1985–1993) has championed education and “death with dignity.”
By John Hughes

History in the News 20
Fifty years go, Washington was home to the Century 21 Exposition, the second of three world’s fairs held in this state.
By Paul Creighton

Deconstructing Chapman 22
Solving the mysteries surrounding an old map of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s land claims around Fort Nisqually.
By Steve A. Anderson

Columbia Reviews 28

Retrospective Reviews 30
Edwin Parker’s Timber.
By Peter Donahue

Additional Reading 31

COVER: Designed and built for the 1962 Seattle World’s Fair, which celebrates its 50th anniversary in 2012, the Space Needle has become an icon of the city and the state. It endures as but one of the many elements that form the legacy of Washington’s three world’s fairs: the 1909 Alaska–Yukon–Pacific Exposition, the 1962 Century 21 Exposition, and Spokane’s Expo ’74. See related story beginning on page 20. (Washington State Historical Society, #2001.75.2.3.)
Remembering 25 Years of COLUMBIA

By Robert Carriker

The idea of publishing a quarterly magazine of Pacific Northwest history did not meet with huzzahs of approval when John McClelland Jr. floated the idea to the Washington State Historical Society's governing board in 1986. “It has been small efforts—many of them—that have built Washington and the Northwest,” McClelland said, and then added, “This is one more.” Nay-sayers lined up against the proposal. Starting a magazine involved considerable risk and investment. Some board members forecast that such a publication would offend the scholarly community that patronized the Pacific Northwest Quarterly, a peer-reviewed journal that has been edited since 1906 by the University of Washington's History Department. Others balked at the workload the project would entail, noting that the Society had recently, in quick succession, retired a director, hired a new one (who left after a brief period), and appointed an acting director. No one even wanted to talk about the cost, which would be considerable.

Fortunately for McClelland, board members in the publishing business—Wilfred Woods (Wenatchee), Art Dwelley (Tenino), and Bruce Wilson (Omak)—gave him strong support. McClelland himself had been associated with the Longview Daily News since 1939, serving as editor, publisher, and president before he retired in 1975. A year later he started the Bellevue Journal-American, which he owned and operated for 10 years before selling. In 1986, again retired, McClelland wanted to launch a popular history magazine. While the newspapermen were in favor of the venture, the professors on the board—G. Thomas Edwards and Robert Skotheim (Whitman College), and Hal Simonson and Lewis Saum (University of Washington) among them—took a wait-and-see attitude. Lawyers on the board answered questions directed at them with the traditional “…that depends,” and the two state senators wanted to make it clear, for the record, that the legislature would not pay for such a venture.

The magazine McClelland envisioned would appeal to armchair historians and public historians as much as academics. He promised it would be “history attractively packaged and interestingly written.” The models McClelland held up were The Beaver, published by Canada’s National History Society, and Montana, The Magazine of Western History, published by the Montana Historical Society.

In an effort to broaden support for the idea, McClelland sponsored a working luncheon where interested board members could meet and hear a presentation by William Lang, a past editor of Montana. As Lang laid out what it would take to launch a history magazine, the prospect fairly overwhelmed the attendees. He said later he feared he had unintentionally killed the idea. The reverse turned out to be true. The board not only warmed to the challenge, it became enthusiastic. Next, McClelland gave his creation a name: COLUMBIA, the name the first secessionist residents of Oregon Territory preferred when they established settlements north of the Columbia River and asked to be recognized as a territory. Congress had a different idea—Washington—but John McClelland restored the original name to prominence with his magazine.

McClelland overcame the last hurdle by personally guaranteeing funding for any difference between subscription income and expenses until COLUMBIA became self-supporting. The board approved the magazine and work began on the March 1987 issue. New issues kept appearing regularly under the guidance of McClelland, who assumed the duties and title of “interim editor.” The Fall 1987 issue introduced readers to David Nicandri, the new director of the Washington State Historical Society. Beginning with Fall 1988 issue, Nicandri became executive editor and McClelland stepped back. Since then McClelland, who passed away in 2010, has been listed on the masthead as “Founding Editor.”

Nicandri, to John McClelland’s appreciative delight, made COLUMBIA the publication it was intended to be. He presided over technical changes mandated by the digital age, engaged potential authors, served as the editor of last resort before every issue was sent to bed, and in time brought Christina Orange Dubois onto the staff as managing editor. During his tenure, Nicandri hired and worked with 55 staff members whose assigned duties included researcher, assistant editor, consulting editor, copy editor, advisory board member, and graphic designer; and he edited the work of 490 contributing authors. The list would be even longer if it included the writers of book reviews for the past 25 years.

Alas, this is Executive Editor David Nicandri’s final issue of COLUMBIA. He will continue to write articles and submit book reviews, but he has retired from day-to-day operations. How can we not wish him well after all he has done for the magazine—but, oh, how we will miss him. Beginning with the Spring 2012 issue, other staff members will usher COLUMBIA to publication. May they always be mindful of John McClelland’s vision and ambition.

Robert Carriker has been COLUMBIA’s book review editor since the very first issue. He is in his 45th year of teaching at Gonzaga University.
The Senryu Poetry of Miyoko Sato and Yukiko Abo

By LLyn De Danaan

“We learn from senryu that life is brief, our faults many, and the ways we deceive ourselves innumerable. Senryu teaches us to be patient, to smile, to know the wisdom of humility, and to be generous...in spirit.” —Koyo (Susumu) Sato

The senryu poems of Miyoko Sato and Yukiko Abo open a window to the lives of Japanese laborers in the western Washington oyster industry. Both women were born in Washington in the first quarter of the 20th century and both spent most of their lives working on Oyster Bay, in Totten Inlet on Puget Sound, as members of a community of Japanese and Japanese Americans who labored for commercial growers, planting seed oysters imported from Japan, and harvesting and culling them. Senryu, their graceful art, is a Japanese poetic tradition. Related to haiku in form, its topics concern everyday life and often sparkle with wit and humor.

ABOVE: A float house on Mud Bay, c. early 1900s. Yukiko Abo was born on a float house like this, if not this one. The Abos and their cousins, the Yoshiharas, were working for the Brenner Oyster Company.

BELOW: Oyster shell drawing from the front cover of a collection of Yukiko Abo's senryu.
Sliding from their box,  
Seed oysters gleam in the sun  
Of a foreign land  
—Yukiko Abo

Japanese workers first came to Oyster Bay in the early 20th century. In 1900 there were at least three Japanese laborers—single men in their late 20s to mid 30s—working side-by-side with a dozen or more Chinese in a community of English, Irish, Canadians, Germans, Swedes, and Americans. By that time, few Indians worked in the tidelands on Oyster Bay: the Slocum and Simmons families were still in the business, and the Tobins, who had beds in Oyster Bay, had long since taken a homestead on Mud Bay.

LEFT: Susumu and Miyoko Sato working on Oyster Bay.

BELOW: A wooden crate used by the Olympia Oyster Company to ship oysters and clams. Hired workers over the past century have included Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese, and Central Americans.

FACING PAGE: As early as 1901, the Mason County Journal reported that the oyster industry was, “becoming the...most important business in this part of the United States.”
Census records from 1910 list nearly 20 individuals “working at oystering” who were born in Japan. They had immigrated between 1900 and 1907, a few years after the many Chinese oyster workers in the Kamilche/Oyster Bay area. Several of the Japanese were members of small families in which both spouses or other relatives also worked the oyster beds. In Shelton two young Japanese men were servants and oyster openers at the “oyster house” in the downtown district.

Some of the oyster workers in the early 1900s were part-timers. E. N. Steele notes, “Two young Japanese men, by name of J. Emy Tsukimato and Joe Miyagi,” graduated from public schools in Olympia and earned their way by acting as “house boys,” opening oysters for J. J. Brenner, or working on the oyster beds during summer vacations.

“Can’t say “no”
So I am overworked
—Yukiko Abo

here is very little in the literature of the oyster industry about these essential Japanese laborers and their contributions. T. R. Ingham’s history notes that Tadayasu (Tada) Abo was among those who showed him how to use an oyster fork. He was impressed if somewhat condescending: “Many people little realize how hard the ‘blue-collar men’ work, and how much they understand what they are doing, with good suggestions helpful to management.”

According to historical sources, oyster growers established families in float houses moored to “good producing beds.” The families were usually Japanese, and the float houses were linked to a top float and a sink float. The high-sided sink float held harvested oysters below water level when the tide came in. The float house itself had a flat bottom so that it could settle on the tidelflats when the tide went out. It was equipped with sleeping quarters, food, and cooking equipment. The cabin-like living quarters were built on “six logs with a diameter of six or seven feet” bound together and chained to pillars sunk into the mud flats. A History of Japanese Immigrants in North America notes that through the late 1910s and 1920s there were “six Japanese families on Mud Bay and thirteen or fourteen at Oyster Bay.” Japanese families continued to work and live on Oyster Bay through the 1930s.

How many families are supported
By this Mountain of shells
—Yukiko Abo

Periodically, articles appeared in the Mason County Journal that mentioned this hearty community of immigrants. These notes were often somber. In October 1917 the Journal, in its “Oyster Bay Odd Bits of News” column, reported that “the Japanese of the community are plunged in gloom which was cast upon them by the death of three of their number recently.” John Hyamo drowned in an attempt to save his small son. The death records show that, “Chiyonia Lou Hayami” from Japan was 45 years old when he was declared dead of “accidental drowning.” The boy was 4 years old. Years later, Tadayasu Abo remembered that the Hayami boy “floated under the house,” and could not be retrieved before he died. Another version of the story says that “John Hyama” and his son were washed away by the “strong current from outgoing tide.” Such tragedies or near tragedies were not uncommon. And they were long remembered.

A storm of snow
I wait for him to come home, while the kettle boils
—Miyoko Sato

In 1909, a month-old boy, Asuo Matsumoto, died of pneumonia and bronchitis. In 1912, a month-old girl, Tsuyu Oyama, died of gastroenteritis. Intestinal hemorrhage was listed as the cause of death in the case of two-day-old “M. Tsurutomi” in 1914. In 1917, a nearly eight-month-old baby of the Yoshihara family died of gastroenteritis. Baby Ikiyi Sabata was stillborn in November 1917. Minoru Osako, a two-month-old boy, died of “acute indigestion.”

A special 1905 edition of the Mason County Journal notes that Japanese and Chinese are “employed in gathering and culling” in the big business of oyster growing. Mason County was producing and shipping “an average of 20,000 sacks of oysters a year.” The return, the article reports, was almost $75,000. The grower’s gross return was $3.25 per sack, of which the laborers received $1 to $1.25 for gathering and culling. This would have included the Japanese workers living in an oyster opening and shipping house at Kamilche Point when it burned to the ground after some locals “camped” in vacant rooms had set off fire crackers on July 4, 1915.

Anxiously waiting
At the beach for his return
Sad sound of foghorns!
—Yukiko Abo

Eventually, the Japanese workers replaced the Chinese who, in turn, had displaced most of the Indian oyster bed workers. However, in February 1904 the Journal noted that many Japanese oyster workers returned to Japan with the outbreak of the Japanese–Russian war. Other records of the community appear occasionally. Mosa Yoshahara is among the youngers pictured in a 1920 class photo from the Oyster Bay school. In 1929 the Journal noted that “the Japanese colony of employees” was well represented at the funeral services in Olympia of well-known grower Joseph Waldrip.

The Yoshihara family, cousins of the Abo family, were sometimes the subject of Mason County news. Originally working for J. J. Brenner on Mud Bay in the 1920s, along with the Abos, the Yoshiharas acquired their own beds in Oakland.
Bay near Shelton and incorporated as the West Coast Oyster Company in 1935. The Mason County Journal called them “energetic and progressive Japanese who have been quite successful in their business under many handicaps.”

Even on a snowy night
He goes to work with his lantern
—Yukiko Abo

A memoir by local resident Georgia Ann Burgh notes that there were several families living on float houses on Oyster Bay through the 1930s. “Mr. and Mrs. Motamatu lived in two small float houses anchored to the shore...accessed by a long wooden plank.” The Hisata family lived on a “floating barge with a small rectangle house built on top...opposite Burns Point.” People living on the shore heard the sound of children laughing or sometimes a flute. Families maintained small gardens on the decks of their floating homes, and in the summer they pulled their houses up on shore and leveled them, and planted large, lush vegetable gardens above the beach.

During harvest season, people worked long hours, sometimes through the night and in rough weather with high winds and waves. Oil lanterns provided the only markers for workers on the dark low tides of winter. “If the tide was right in the middle of the night, dark figures could be seen in the soft circlet of light cast by their lanterns...raking with slow strokes using their long handled oyster rakes,” wrote Burgh. “They were visions of dependability, ingenuity, and industry.”

Tadayasu Abo said that in the “busiest season before Thanksgiving and Christmas” he “worked as long as one week without taking off his boots.” The weather could be nasty; the waves and currents rough. Pay was “enough for food,” Yukiko Abo remembered. “Not very much,” another former opener said. When her husband Kay broke his leg, Irene Nagai, who did not drive, walked a mile and a half each way to catch a ride to and from work. The pay may have been meager, but it was essential.

There were few amenities and no benefits. Until the mid 1970s, women’s pay was lower than men’s. Women, mostly openers and cullers, were paid by piece work and men were paid by the hour. There was no health care although accidents on the job were covered through Washington’s Department of Labor and Industries. There was no extra pay for Saturday work. There was company housing, but workers paid rent and were reluctant to ask for needed repairs on the old floating houses.

The Imperial Government of Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Life on Oyster Bay changed for everyone that day. First there were rumors, then fear. The Mason County Journal announced on February 6, 1942: “Enemy Aliens Get To Monday to Re-Register.”

Oyster Bay was in trouble even before the war. Sulfite from the Shelton pulp mills that opened in 1927 had begun to take its toll on the waters that fed the tiny Olympia oyster, the mainstay of production on the bay. Growers filed a damage suit against Rainier Pulp and Paper in 1930, but not until the mid 1940s did the Washington State Fisheries Department launch a survey to study the effects of pollution and the decline of the native oysters.

With the commencement of World War II, the oyster beds also suffered from the absence of workers. A newspaper article in April 1942 noted, “The problem of the oyster industry is complicated by the lack of men to work the beds because of the Japanese evacuation.” Growers were concerned. “There is some difference of opinion as to what harm may be done the oyster beds by letting them lie idle because white help will not work the beds,” the paper reported. It had been the Japanese laborers who moved seed oysters to fattening grounds, laid shell on beds to catch seed oysters, or spat, and repaired “dikes, boats, scows, and floats.” In short, the Japanese did almost all of the work.

Gentle voices come with the wind
From the opposite shore
—Yukiko Abo

Yukiko Abo was born in a float house on Mud Bay in 1919. Her mother Yuri was born in Hiroshima around 1900. Her father, Tomitaro Abo, was born around 1887 and immigrated to the United States in 1903. In 1920 the family worked on oyster beds alongside the Yamada family and the Yoshiharas. Yukiko’s brother became ill with tuberculosis and Yuri took both children to Japan. Yukiko, an American citizen, attended the Mukaishima Koto Shogakko (upper division elementary) school in Mitsugai district of Hiroshima until 1932, then went to a girl’s school (jogakko) in the same town until 1936. She studied sewing,
arithmetic, reading, and geography, “similar to American schools.”

Yukiko became what is known as Kibei, American-born educated in Japan, once she returned to the United States. Kibei were suspect when World War II began because of their ties to Japan. Tule Lake internees counted many Kibei among their population. In 1936, Tadayasu, who was born in a lumber camp in Selleck, Washington, in 1911, and was also Kibei, went back to Japan and married Yukiko. It was, Yukiko says, a marriage arranged by their families. The couple stayed in Japan for three months, then booked return passage from Kobe on the Hiye Maru.

Yukiko was 16 when she came back to Puget Sound with her new husband. The couple returned to work for the Olympia Oyster Company on Oyster Bay, where Tada had begun working in 1934.

In 1940, Tadayasu Abo registered for the draft. After the attack on Pearl Harbor the federal government moved quickly to contain “enemy aliens.” He was officially classified 4C, an “enemy alien” ineligible for military service. In February 1942, Executive Order 9066 required the evacuation from the West Coast of “all persons of Japanese Ancestry.” Two months later, assembly centers had been set up as containment areas until camps could be constructed. Executive Order 9102 established the War Relocation Authority. The Abos boarded a train for Tule Lake with their two-year-old son Joe in June 1942. There they remained until February 1945.

Tule Lake became a camp of “disloyals.” In 1943 a loyalty oath had been given to internees in all the camps, and those who did not sign became the majority population at Tule. Yukiko wrote, “I thought that...I would be forced to relocate during time of war to unfriendly communities. I didn’t want to be separated from my husband and son. Mr. K____ (another internee) said if I didn’t refuse to answer or didn’t give negative answers I would be separated from my brother who was sick. I couldn’t think of relocating with my son and without my husband, especially after the experience of how Japanese could be treated by white persons who hated us because of the war.” Yukiko had been kicked by a white woman while walking in town one day before the evacuation. On the other hand, “Short” Barrick, a non-Japanese friend, worked side by side with Tada on the mud flats and not only provided firewood and friendship but offered to keep all of the Abo belongings safe when the family was evacuated.

Camp life itself fueled fear. After Congress passed a constitutionally questionable “denaturalization” bill that allowed Japanese Americans to renounce their citizenship, organizations at camp, including Sokujiki Kikuoku Hoshi-Dan and Hokoku Seinen-Dan (a young men’s association)—both pro-Japan groups advocating return to Japan—stepped up their efforts to recruit others. “I was always in fear of my [family being] harmed by...the Hoshi Dan and the Seinen Dan. I was always hearing how they beat people that were not deciding for renunciation.”

There were threats. Some who had decided to renounce shunned others. Tada Abo was afraid there might be retaliations against his parents, now in Japan, if he said he would be willing to serve in the United States military. And he was certain that the family would be deported no matter what they did and face trouble in Japan if they signed loyalty oaths in the United States. Finally Yukiko followed her husband’s decision and renounced citizenship. They and many others were young adults with small children, torn by family loyalties, fearful, and not yet proficient in English. Over 5,000 eventually came forward after the war to tell their stories. Yukiko and Tada sent letters in 1945 asking to have the applications for renunciation cancelled.

Wayne Collins, a San Francisco attorney, took up the case of the renunciants and filed two mass class equity lawsuits, including Tadayasu Abo v. Clark, No. 25294, in the San Francisco U.S. District Court on November 13, 1945. It became a 24-year struggle as the case moved through the courts, affidavits were collected from individual renunciants, and rulings made case by case.

After the war Tada and Yukiko, with their daughter Nancy (born in camp) and son Joe, lived briefly in Red Bluff, California, where Tada worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Then a letter came from Tamotsu “Tom” Nagai, the first family to return to Oyster Bay, asking them to come back to work for the Olympia Oyster Company. A meeting had been held regarding whether the Nikkei would be welcomed. The Abo, Marikawa, Yoshihima, Kanda, and Kajihara families returned. Others, including the Satos, followed.

The lawsuits were successful and affirmed that the whole renunciation process was filled with missteps. A final order restoring citizenship to the Abos was issued on February 7, 1957. That was the year Yukiko began to write poetry with other Nikkei oyster workers on Oyster Bay.

You’ve returned
Happy to see you with your catch of smelt
—Yukiko Abo

Miyoko Sato, her husband Susumu Sato, and Irene Nagai were members of the group. Their teacher was Takeji Minegishi, who had immigrated at age 16 with his father. He studied and wrote senryu most of his life, first as a member of a group in Longview, where his
father worked. He spent the war years in Japan, then returned to the bay in 1951, and in 1957, after becoming a citizen, brought his wife and children. His Oyster Bay students met monthly, in his home at first, writing on topics that were close to their experiences and sharing their poetry with one another. They published a monthly senryu journal, *Hokubei Senryu*.

Miyoko Mabel Sato was born Miyoko Sazaka in 1920. The birth took place in Bellevue where her parents had arranged for a midwife. Mitse and Fusaye (née Fujiwara) Sazaka, both born in Japan, immigrated from Nagano-ken. Fusaye was born in 1890 and arrived in the United States in 1918 after completing eight years of school in Japan. Fusaye and Mitse worked for Grand Union Laundry in Seattle. When Miyoko was seven, her grandfather took her and her siblings to Japan. Miyoko attended elementary and girls’ high school there.

As a young man, Susumu was a summer oyster employee of the Washington Oyster Company in South Bend where his father was an oyster laborer. He was in school the rest of the year. Also born in the United States, Susumu attended school in Japan for nine years. He returned to the United States in 1936, sailing from Yokohama on the *Hiye Maru*. In 1938, after 10 years of school in Japan, 17-year-old Miyoko returned to the United States with her brother. Their traveling companions from Japan included many U.S. citizens: students, farm laborers, missionaries, and even a hotel owner.

Unlike Yukiko Abo’s, Miyoko’s marriage was not arranged by their parents. A friend of Miyoko’s brother’s, Susumu, frequently came to their home to visit and help with chores. And he sang. A mutual attraction grew between Miyoko and Susumu, and the two began to exchange love letters. They were married in Seattle in August 1941 at the Buddhist Church on King Street and moved to Bay Center where they both worked for an oyster company. Within six months they received notice that they were to be evacuated to Tule Lake. The newlyweds left a houseful of gifts behind and boarded a train in Olympia. Miyoko, just 21, was pregnant with her daughter Dorothy, born in July 1942. Miyoko’s family members in Seattle were interned at Minidoka.

After the war, Susumu worked for three years as a member of a section gang for the Southern Pacific Railroad. The young couple took notice when Miyoko’s father in Seattle saw a piece in the newspaper: “Employees Wanted by Oyster Company.” They arrived on Oyster Bay in 1948 and never left.

Gloves are good things
Rough hands may hide
—Yukiko Abo

Over six decades later, Miyoko’s fingers are bent from years of tedious work culling oysters and scraping barnacles from their shells. She recalls the *Hokubei Senryu* with pleasure. When Miyoko took over as publisher in 1980, she used “steel pens, stencils, and mimeographs” and an “almost antique” printer to produce the monthly journal. Few people now subscribe. Many of those who participated in the Oyster Bay senryu circle have died.

You think you know your body
But not really
—Miyoko Sato

On a grey day in February 2010, a senryu reunion took place. Oyster Bay families gathered to share poetry, sushi, hot tea, and a large cake. “Oyster Bay Senryu and Friends” was emblazoned on it with thick, daffodil yellow frosting. After many years of vacancy and vandalism, the Minegishi house had been remodeled and was ready to be occupied. Sue Kikuchi, daughter of their former senryu master Takeji Minegishi, hosted the afternoon tea for the families, many of whom had not seen each other since they were young.

Abos from across the bay came, including Yukiko. Harry Sato represented the Sato family—Miyoko was not feeling up to it. Also in attendance were Aki Motomatsu, a long-time Oyster Bay resident and shellfish laborer, and others involved in the Mountain of Shell project, an ongoing effort to record and archive the history of Oyster Bay Japanese and Japanese American laborers. The “reunion” called to mind the senryu gatherings and parties held on these grounds so many years ago. People shared stories, studied photographs, and then, at the urging of Mary Abo, the poems came out and the readings began.

Without any applause
The curtain comes down
—Miyoko Sato

Llyn De Danaan is an anthropologist, writer, and photographer. She is an emerita faculty member of *The Evergreen State College*, and a former Fulbright recipient. Her field experience includes work in Malaysia, Romania, Rajasthan, and the Pacific Northwest.

AUTHOR’S NOTE
Sadly, Yukiko Abo died in the spring of 2011. The author wishes to thank the Abo, Sato, Motomatsu, Minegishi, and Kikuchi families for their collaboration and enthusiasm. Shirley Erhart at the Mason County Historic Society has provided invaluable assistance on this project for 10 years. Katsu Young helped with some translation.
Poster Stamps

"Virtually anything resembling a postage stamp, but not issued for postal purposes by a government postal administration.” Thus, James Mackay defines poster stamps in his *Philatelic Terms Illustrated*. Once the rage among collectors from the late 19th century until World War II, interest waned as fewer organizations produced the stamps, although Easter Seals and Christmas Seals continued to be issued as fund-raisers. Recently, though, there has been a resurgence of collector interest in these miniature posters that reflected the larger culture. Poster stamps were issued by railroads, shipping lines, department stores, chambers of commerce, and every manner of business for use as advertising on envelopes. When the new Washington State History Museum opened in 1996, the Historical Society issued a sheet of poster stamps depicting Washington-related imagery.

Shown here are poster stamps issued by (clockwise) Hoquiam’s 1939 Paul Bunyan Festival (WSHS #2008.6.138); the Great Northern Railway, part of a series depicting animals of Glacier National Park (WSHS #1994.1.3.37); Spokane’s Crescent Department Store (WSHS #1996.36.15); one of a mid-1930s series promoting Washington industries (WSHS #2004.69.128); and an example of the 1996 Washington State History Museum grand opening stamps (WSHS #2011.0.311).

To see more stamps like these, visit [http://Collections.WashingtonHistory.org](http://Collections.WashingtonHistory.org) and type in the search term “poster stamp.”
Two to three feet below the surface of an East Wenatchee apple orchard lay long, thin stone points, grooved—or “fluted”—at the base. The largest measures nine and a half inches long. These are Clovis points, an ancient type found at sites scattered throughout much of North America and long believed to have been produced by the first people to reach this continent. Often such points are associated with the bones of mammoths and other extinct animals.

Archaeological Wonders Unearthed at the Richey–Roberts Clovis Site in Eastern Washington

By Ruth Kirk and Richard D. Daugherty
O
n the first day of the investigation modern technology was used to locate relics of ancient technology by exploring the subsurface with ground-penetrating radar. About the size of an apple crate, this device works by transmitting electromagnetic waves into the ground. Their return reflections register densities differing from the overall matrix, and archaeologists’ judgment and available time then decide which readings they want to follow up. One anomaly turned out to be a rubber boot. Others were rodent burrows filled with moist silt, which stood out from the overall sandy matrix. But the radar also located a cluster of seven large Clovis points still lying close together, just as they had been placed or dropped thousands of years ago—points twice the size of any found elsewhere in association with animal

For a thousand years, beginning almost 14,000 years ago as the Ice Age was ending, Clovis people left scattered across the continent stone implements including spearpoints of a distinctive style. The first discoveries of these came in the 1930s near Clovis, New Mexico: remarkably thin points, superbly fashioned of beautiful stone, and with a characteristic channel flake struck from the base of each face. Over the years more such points were found in Arizona at the Lehner site, in one instance associated with the bones of young mammoths possibly from a single matriarchal herd. At the Naco site nearby, five points were discovered inside the rib cage of a lone mammoth.

Some archaeologists and experts on past environments believe that hunting by Clovis people is responsible for the disappearance of many large mammals from North America—mammoths, mastodons, ground sloths, beavers much larger than those alive today, small native horses and camels, huge short-faced bears (larger than grizzlies), saber-toothed cats, dire wolves, and so on. Others say it was changes in climate and therefore in vegetation that drove this extinction; or that pathogens carried by peoples’ dogs or new kinds of vermin acted as a critical factor. Quite possibly it was a combination of causes.

Where did these Clovis people come from? And how did they rather suddenly appear over the entirety of such a vast landscape with diverse environments? No one really knows. Artifacts like theirs have not been found in the Old World. Nor is it clear whether another culture evolved from the Clovis culture. What is known is that for a thousand years many of the people of this continent appear to have relied on a single type of spearpoint, along with certain other implements, for their subsistence.

Several large Clovis points lay in a single excavation square and extended into the next one. The makers of such points—long thought to be America’s most ancient ancestors—now appear to have had predecessors.
bones. Smaller points lay nearby, as did bifaces, a term for blades flaked on both sides to be used as tools or as blanks for fashioning into something else. In addition, there were a few cutting tools, some small broken and reworked points, and a bone rod about 10 inches long that was beveled at one end and ringed with eleven carefully incised lines. The items ranged from simple ones typical of early hunters’ tool kits to points of spectacular beauty and technological sophistication.

The undersides of some points had sandy crusts cemented by silica from the ash, aesthetically a blemish at odds with the translucence of the stone and the awesome craftsmanship of the flaking. But these crusts also helped determine an approximate date for the site. WSU geologist Nick Foit identified the silica as being from a Glacier Peak eruption about 13,000 years ago. Ash must have still mantled the terrace when the Clovis people left the points—and its crusts permitted an estimate of the points’ age. Because they lay on top of the ash, they must be younger than it, but the 13,000-year-old ash was still fresh enough to form the crusts.

Within the first three days of excavation the pace and significance of discovery and the potential of the site led landowners and scientists to agree on exposing and documenting what already had been discovered, take sediment samples and peels of the excavation walls, and close the site. “What we were finding,” Mehringer wrote, “was too remarkable to disturb without additional time and planning.” First, the discoveries made so far had to be analyzed. WSU zoologist Carl Gustafson studied the bone artifacts. Bruce Huckle and Bruce Bradley, lithic specialists, studied the stone artifacts, measuring them and painstakingly recording the sequence in which flakes had

ICE AGE FLOODS

In eastern Washington, floods of varying magnitude occurred repeatedly, spanning a 4,000-year period that began about 17,000 years ago. Some ravaged the land; some were more gentle. The biggest came from Glacial Lake Missoula, which formed when a lobe of the continental ice sheet plugged a canyon near the Idaho–Montana border and dammed the Clark Fork River (a branch of the Columbia). Again and again the ice dam formed, and again and again the pressure and depth of the water impounded behind it floated and collapsed the dam, unleashing the lake. The most colossal flood raced westward and southward about 15,000 years ago. The lake—almost 200 miles long and half a mile deep—emptied in just two or three days, a volume of water equal to today’s Lakes Erie and Ontario combined. In places its flow measured 400 feet deep, rushing at more than 60 miles an hour. It swept rock rubble and enormous ice chunks from eastern Washington toward the Pacific Ocean. Existing drainage patterns were overwhelmed; vast areas of the land were stripped to bare rock, trenched with coulees, speckled with lakes, and left with gravel bars 300 feet high.

Much of what had been eastern Washington’s landscape of fertile hills blanketed with grass lay suddenly barren.

A momentous flood from an entirely different source also affected Washington. It burst from Glacial Lake Bonneville in Utah about 14,500 years ago and reached the Columbia River via the Snake River. Predecessor of today’s Great Salt Lake, the glacial lake covered 20,000 square miles before overflowing and cutting down through Red Rock Pass (south of Pocatello, Idaho). It then raced north and west, ripping out great blocks of basalt, leaving in its wake gravel beds and conspicuous boulders, many of them rounded like gigantic melons. Water from this lake apparently poured across the land only once. Glacial Lake Missoula floods occurred at least 100 times. If people were present at the time of these floods or had lived on the Columbia Plateau prior to them, evidence of camps that were above the coulees and river valleys may remain.

For years geologists have studied these layered deposits near Walla Walla, which were accidentally cross-sectioned in 1926 when tumbleweeds blocking an irrigation ditch diverted water.
been removed to create the showy points. Margaret Newman of the University of Calgary checked blade surfaces for traces of blood or other animal protein. One large biface and one large point tested positive for bison, and the point also tested positive for deer. This does not necessarily prove hunting. Residual proteins have many sources. They can come from the leather of a storage pouch, the leather protecting the toolmaker’s hands, from sinew used for hafting, or from blood, hair, or hoof glue in the hafting mastic.

No single study could answer all questions. Was this a cache intended for later retrieval, or were the showy points placed as a ritual offering? Faint traces of red-ocher pigment remained on one point. Even under a scanning electron microscope, no pattern of wear indicated use. As for size, only the Anzick site in Montana—a burial—has yielded points even approaching the size of those at East Wenatchee.

Questions regarding the bone rods also persisted. More than a dozen had been found, the exact count difficult to determine. Beveled rods are common at Clovis sites, but what are they? Ideas include projectile points, wedges, chisels, flensing tools, ceremonial wands that could be fitted together, and foreshafts for joining spearpoints onto main shafts. Studies by replication specialists Jeffrey Flenniken and Philip Wilke indicated a different likelihood. The bone rods they produced proved impossible to use as foreshafts because points could not be attached to the bevel in such a way as to stay parallel with the weapon shaft. Nor would a rod function well as a projectile point. It might pierce an animal’s hide but would cause little bleeding, an essential element of most aboriginal hunting. What did work—and worked well—was to tip the rods with bits made from antler and use them as flaking tools. Flenniken even found that cross-hatching at the rods’ beveled ends was crucial to prevent slippage of the sinew binding the antler bit to the handle. No bits have ever been found with Clovis bone rods, but they would be less likely to survive than the handles because the bits probably would lack oil from human hands, which aids preservation.

To better understand the environment of the people who made these tools, Mehringer called for test pits and a backhoe trench in a field adjacent to the orchard, which is situated about 600 feet above the Columbia River. The walls of these excavations cross-sectioned time. The site is on a giant terrace formed about 15,000 years ago by flooding from Montana’s Glacial Lake Missoula—a flood so stupendous it brought boulders six feet in diameter from outcrops 15 to 20 miles up the valley. Also present are angular cobbles and pebbles of basalt that point to a separate flood, one that rampaged down Moses Coulee and back-flooded up the Columbia Valley. On top of these deposits lie wind-blown silt, fine sand, and volcanic ash.

Michael Gramly of the Buffalo Museum of Science took over direction of the project in 1990. A month’s work resulted in recovery of 44 stone and bone artifacts before excavation ceased. The crew put copper cutouts into the ground to mark where the artifacts had lain. They added a sheet of protective geofabric and covered it with soil so that apple trees could be replanted. Without knowing the exact location, no one now would recognize that particular section of the orchard as an important archaeological site. There may be more showpiece Clovis points still within the earth. Or an array of tools. Or the bones of prey. Or the postholes of houses. Or charcoal and fire-cracked rocks from hearths where food was cooked. Or burials. Such discoveries may be made if excavation resumes. The Richeys sold excavation rights to the State of Washington for a quarter million dollars and donated the artifacts—a total of 117 items—to the Washington State Historical Society.

Despite all the care taken, certain risks to the site remain. How will orchard chemicals and irrigation water affect bone still in the ground? And what about ongoing bioturbation, the disturbance caused by roots and rodents? The site in the orchard was essentially undisturbed when its window to the past was opened, albeit slightly. It has been sampled but not fully excavated. Enigma remains.

Ruth Kirk is the author and photographer of many acclaimed natural and human history books about the Northwest. Richard D. Daugherty, emeritus professor of anthropology at Washington State University, was a presidential appointee to the National Advisory Council on Historic Preservation. Both are coauthors of Archaeology in Washington. Both are coauthors of Archaeology in Washington (University of Washington Press), from which this article is excerpted with the publisher’s permission.
Little Curly Top

This Shirley Temple doll from the Historical Society’s collection was made by the Ideal Toy Corporation at the height of the Great Depression, between 1934 and 1939. The owner received it as a childhood gift from her sister, who earned points to obtain the doll by selling magazines.

The image of Shirley Temple was a popular one in the 1930s; the child actress appeared in over 40 films during this time period. As an icon of American youth and innocence, she offered a tangible source of inspiration for many across the nation, on screen and through personifications such as the doll pictured here. One can see the resemblance to “Little Curly Top” captured in the doll’s hair, round rosy cheeks, smiling face, colored hair ribbons, and signature ruffled dress.

The toy company—originally called the Ideal Novelty and Toy Company—began making dolls with its initial start in 1907 and produced over 200 variations of composition-type dolls, such as the Shirley Temple doll, notable for both the durable quality of the finished product and the inexpensive nature of the composition materials: sawdust and glue. A number of Depression-era toys are included in the new “Hope in Hard Times” exhibition on view at the Washington History Museum February 20 through November 4.

The Historical Society’s permanent collection includes over 1,300 dolls. For more information, please see our Collections Catalog home page at http://Collections.WashingtonHistory.org.

—Fred Poyner IV, Digital Collections Curator
If you go to see Booth Gardner, never arrive empty-handed. You must stop by Frisko Freeze, a classic 1950s drive-in just a few blocks from his condo in Tacoma. You order him a Doubleburger and a medium Coke, hold the cheese, lots of mustard—$5.25 worth of gourmet fast food. If it’s a drizzly day, noontime customers huddle under the eaves as they wait, savoring the aromas wafting from inside—patties sizzling on an old short-order grill, french fries burbling in their baskets, mustard and relish being slathered on buns. One day in the winter of 2009, a writer on an important errand encountered a burly young man in a Seattle Mariners jacket. They struck up a conversation about baseball and burgers:

"You know who really likes Frisko Freeze?" the young man asked.
"No. Who?"
"The governor."
"Chris Gregoire?"
"No! Booth Gardner."

It’s been 17 years since he was Washington’s governor, but everyone still knows his name. In 1983, however, when he decided to challenge a sitting governor, he was little known outside Pierce County where he grew up. His brain trust put “Booth Who?” on a button and it became the catchiest campaign slogan in state history. He was handily elected twice and could have had a third term—maybe more—or a seat in the United States Senate. In terms of sheer popularity, his only rival

"Hi! I work for the state!" said Booth Gardner (right), greeting Puyallup resident Tim Miller when he stopped for gas at a local filling station.
to date is the late Henry M. “Scoop” Jackson, who served in Congress for 42 years. From his first campaign—an upset victory for the state senate in 1970—to his last—a 2008 landslide that saw Washington become the second state in the nation to allow “Death With Dignity”—Booth Gardner has been a relentlessly analyzed collection of contradictions.

Actually, it all began much earlier. Exceptionally bright, Booth was also puckishly charming and an excellent athlete. He quickly became a big man on campus when he enrolled at the University of Washington in 1954. Curiously, he didn’t quite fit at the frat house and soon moved in with his aunt and uncle. His beloved Aunt Lou promptly sent him to the Parks Department for a part-time job because he was underfoot. First assigned to Yesler Terrace, a housing project, he began filling in at the other playfields in Seattle’s largely African-American Central Area. To the surprise of many, especially the handful of people who knew he was from a wealthy family, the new white guy was a huge hit with the black kids. There was something about him—his boyish smile, the way he looked you in the eye and listened so intently. His squeaky voice was even engaging.

The Central Area was an epiphany for Booth: “I realized I could make a difference in people’s lives.” Coaching and supervising led to tutoring and impromptu field trips. He often brought a carload of kids home to Aunt Lou’s for macaroni and cheese. If a kid didn’t have football shoes, Booth bought them, along with a lot of bats, balls, and jerseys. When he heard that Ernie Rose’s athletic equipment store was for sale in the wake of the owner’s death, he decided to buy it. One of the salesmen, Stan Dray, was running the business for Rose’s widow. When Booth’s lawyer contacted him, Dray insisted on meeting the prospective buyer. A fresh-faced college kid walked in. Dray was flabbergasted—more so when Booth casually wrote a check for the down payment. Dray called the bank to make sure it wouldn’t bounce. The banker just laughed. “Jeez, Stan, you could add a couple more zeroes and we’d still honor it!” Booth recalls:

The kids would all pile into my yellow Chevy station wagon with big fins and off we’d go to some part of the city to play a game. If some kid had an appointment at the dentist, I’d take him to that. Prejudice just went right over my head. Then when we started traveling to games, and getting outside the Central Area, my education accelerated. While all my peers were at the U-Dub taking sociology I was out in the community learning it. And I still think to this day that I had a better education. I learned about disabled people. I learned about the underprivileged. I settled down in school and started to work hard because I realized I couldn’t get to my goal if I didn’t get out of college. I wanted to make a difference.

His goal was to become governor.

Booth Gardner is a man of paradoxes. He has an MBA from Harvard and was president of a huge company. He is confident and insecure; wealthy and unpretentious; generous and tight-fisted; at turns self-effacing and self-absorbed. He likes to be liked and loves attention, yet he has “trouble getting close to people.” While he was busy being a coach and award-winning mentor, he was a workaholic, absentee father to his own son and daughter. Public life took its toll on his family.

No public figure in Washington history has been written about so intensely for so long. Other politicians and the press corps had never seen his like. They couldn’t resist playing armchair shrink. Dubbing him “Prince Faintheart,” one columnist said Gardner was a governor who would rather schmooze through photo ops with school kids than play hardball with the legislature. A lawmaker called him “The Cabbage Patch Governor.” Others, however, saw him as “a phenom” and “a visionary.” He was inspiring, exasperating, and endlessly fascinating, all at once. A Democrat who easily could have been a Republican, he was rated one of the top three governors in America in 1991 and mentioned as vice-presidential material.
Who Booth Gardner is is complicated. There are days now when even he isn't sure. Like a million other Americans, notably Michael J. Fox and Muhammad Ali, he is fighting Parkinson’s. It’s a nasty disease that deprives the brain of dopamine, the chemical that coordinates your muscles. Parkinson’s can give you tremors and make you feel slow as a slug and stiff as a board. Depression is a frequent side effect. When he first realized something was wrong, Booth says, he felt like the Tin Man in The Wizard of Oz.

Two deep-brain surgeries gave him a reprieve, but Parkinson’s is stealthy. It finds new ways to short-circuit neurotransmitters. Nearly 20 years on, it has taken the sparkle from his eyes and given his wonderfully expressive face a mask-like countenance. He is intensely competitive—absolutely hates to lose, but he accepts that this is one battle he’s not going to win, so he tries to make the most of every day and “stay useful.” In 2000 he helped found the Booth Gardner Parkinson’s Care Center at Kirkland, which offers specialists, physical therapy, and many other forms of assistance to patients and family members.

Parkinson’s is the last challenge in a life filled with exultant highs and tragic lows. An avid baseball fan since childhood, he calls the lows “curve balls.” They’ve been coming his way for as long as he can remember. “Oliver Twist was a piker compared to Booth,” says Mari Clack of Spokane, who first met him when they were teenagers in Seattle. “He overcame so much in childhood” but still has bouts of depression and guilt “that really weigh on him.”

He carries the names of two of the state’s most enterprising pioneer families—Booth and Gardner. When he was four and a half, his parents’ society marriage collapsed all over the front page. A beautiful socialite, his mother Evelyn Booth Gardner divorced his father to marry Norton Clapp, a powerful scion of the Weyerhaeuser Company. Bryson R. “Brick” Gardner, Booth’s father, was a wild-hare redhead with a weakness for alcohol and Cadillacs. Booth’s younger sister went with Evelyn to live among the Clapps, but Brick finagled custody of Booth and took out his bitterness on the sensitive boy. Booth seldom saw his mother and sister.

When he was 14, tragedy struck—his mother and sister died in a plane crash. As a result, Booth inherited a fortune. Money can’t buy you happiness or mend an insecure boy’s broken heart, but when Clapp told the teenager he’d always be there for him, Booth felt empowered. Governor Al Rosellini had a summer home not far from the Gardner getaway on Vashon Island. Booth saw him arrive in a National Guard helicopter one Friday night and decided that being governor would be the best job there ever was. Be careful what you wish for.

Gardner campaigned for governor boasting that he was “the real manager” of the state, not the “real manager.” He started by running as a maverick against the establishment, then realized it was the establishment he was running against. He lost the primary to his opponent, Jay Inslee, a Democrat. He’s running against Inslee in November. But Gardner says he’ll run again in 2012. As he says to those who say he’s not in it for the race, “I’m in it for the victory.”

Gardner campaigned for governor boasting that he was “the real manager”
When [Gardner] championed early childhood education and “First Steps” programs for needy kids, his mantra was, “You can pay me now or you can pay me later—and later will cost a lot more.”

Most of the reporters who couldn’t get over how much he liked to be liked will tell you how much they like him. “Give my best to Booth,” they all say.

His former staffers and cabinet members have regular reunions. They’re extremely proud to have been part of his team. That includes Governor Chris Gregoire. She was a young assistant attorney general working on a landmark pay-equity settlement when Booth spotted her as someone special. He’d call and say, “Hey, how are you doing, kid?” The first time it happened, she recognized his voice but was incredulous. “Governor?” And he said, “Yeah. I’m heading your way. Let’s get a cheeseburger.” “It was amazingly disarming,” Gregoire says. “But that was Booth.”

At home and nationally, when he became president of the National Governors’ Association, Gardner campaigned for health care reform. “Health care is a right,” he insisted in the 1980s. The Washington Basic Health Care program he launched in 1987 to assist the “working poor” was the first of its kind in the nation. He also played a leading role in the push for standards-based education. Later, however, when the Washington Assessment of Student Learning—the controversial WASL—emerged as the litmus test for high school graduation, Booth insisted that there had to be alternatives. If he had learned only one thing in his 40 years of working with minorities and other disadvantaged kids, Gardner said, it was that one size doesn’t fit all “and every kid counts.”

When he championed early childhood education and “First Steps” programs for needy kids, his mantra was, “You can pay me now or you can pay me later—and later will cost a lot more.”

Gardner appointed the first ethnic minority to the Washington State Supreme Court, the sagacious Charles Z. Smith, and a number of other judges who went on to have distinguished careers. Gerberding notes that Booth also took great care in picking high quality college regents and trustees. He strived to promote women and minorities and championed gay rights. He banned smoking in state workplaces. Indian tribes hailed him for a landmark accord that recognized their sovereignty. He helped usher in modern growth management and environmental regulations to rein in sprawl, clean up waterways, and protect farms, wetlands, and wildlife. In timber towns he is remembered as someone who worked tirelessly to assist workers displaced by the spotted owl set-asides when big-city environmentalists didn’t give a hoot.

Gardner readily admits, though, that his checkered record of working with the legislature, especially in his first term, thwarted major portions of his agenda and frustrated him to no end. All that infighting and horse-trading—“I hated it!”—Booth says. “It was so distasteful to me. I almost wish I could do it all over again. It was a missed opportunity. I should have been better at it.”

That MBA of his became so much red meat for his political opponents and disappointed pundits. Jim Dolliver, a Supreme Court justice who had been chief of staff to three-term Governor Dan Evans, had this assessment of Gardner in a 1999 oral history:

Booth was a charming young man who got along with everyone just fine. He came to the governor’s office with some legislative experience, and I admired some of his ideas. He might have been a great governor, but he was not willing or able to risk any of his political capital to achieve greatness. He just sort of sat there, being nice to everybody, never making anybody angry. For two terms. He was very lucky.

The fact is, Gardner’s aversion to legislative politicking and gumption on key issues—tax reform and standards-based education, to name two—made a lot of people angry, notably the Washington Education Association and leading lawmakers in his own party. Some Olympia
Booth likes grades. Tossing out Adele’s F, a measured assessment 17 years on is a C+ at worst, a B at best. Sid Snyder, who worked his way up from elevator operator to senate majority leader, observed governors and would-be governors up close for half a century. A street outside the capitol bears his name. Says Snyder:

Booth started slow, but he grew into a good governor—and he worked hard at it. During session there’s always two or three events a night—a reception for the nurses’ association, a banquet for the accountants, the loggers, you name it. In the beginning, Booth was going to try to win every one of them he could. I saw him everywhere. But he wasn’t up at the head table; he was out in the crowd, talking to people. I told him, “Booth, you’re going to kill yourself.” And he said, “Isn’t this what I’m supposed to be doing?” He really cared. I give him a B.

Booth believes that’s what he deserves. It’s just that he’d hoped to be great—“like Al Rosellini and Dan Evans.” What would it have taken to get an A? “This will sound strange,” he says, “but I didn’t think it was worth the price to go for an A.” He’s alluding to the fact that after six years he was burned out from 16-hour days. In retrospect, he realizes he was also showing the early symptoms of Parkinson’s.

When his whole body of work in public life is examined—from the Central Area in 1958 to “Death With Dignity” 50 years later—Gardner’s accomplishments snap into focus. He could have been a Palm Springs playboy. He chose civic involvement. Facing the ultimate curve ball, a debilitating illness, he chose to try to inspire and help other victims of Parkinson’s.

Laird Harris, Booth’s policy adviser during his first term and friend of 28 years, says the answer to “Who is Booth?” is remarkably complex:

He is a survivor of a traumatic childhood but never immobilized by it. He cares deeply about people he does not know, particularly the underprivileged, but is often emotionally distant from people he knows and loves. He is fiercely independent, wanting to be his own man, but he was helped along at critical times by a powerful and demanding stepfather. He suffers from Attention Deficit Disorder, but his eight years as governor were marked by a consistent focus on his lifelong passion for education. He is a noted pinch-penny in his own affairs, but an easy mark for friends who need help. He wanted to be governor and ride in helicopters, but when he got there he wanted to drive his car alone and hated the trappings of the office. He was “Prince Faintheart” at times but also a national leader among his peer governors on education, health care, and trade issues. I remember his response to a question about how he could stay so calm. He said he was like a duck, calm and graceful to the naked eye but paddling like hell beneath the water. I think this is part of him, too.

John C. Hughes joined The Daily World in Aberdeen as a reporter and photographer in 1966, moved through the chairs to managing editor 10 years later, and in 2003 became the newspaper’s editor and publisher. He has written widely about Northwest history, recently completing a biography of former U.S. Senator Slade Gorton. This article is excerpted from Booth Who? A Biography of Booth Gardner (Washington State Legacy Project, Office of the Secretary of State, 2010) with permission of the publisher.
Washington, Blessed with Three World’s Fairs

By Paul Creighton

When President Taft pressed a gold telegraph key in the White House on June 1, 1909, the Alaska–Yukon–Pacific Exposition (AYPE) opened its wonders to the public. When it closed on October 16, 1909, after a continuous run of 138 days, attendance had reached 3.7 million, which translates into 26,812 visitors per day. The fair cost around $10 million to put on and almost ran out of money during its construction, but a number of wealthy individuals stepped forward to keep it from closing before it opened.

One of the measurements of success for a world-class exposition is rarely mentioned—the legacy that such an event creates for the surrounding community. In the case of the AYPE, its chief legacy was the beginning development of the University of Washington campus. In general, one of the primary goals of fair management centers on “going out of business” successfully. Therefore, most buildings are temporary in nature and constructed to last little more than six months. Such was the case regarding the AYPE’s residual value to the university. The buildings were only used for a short time before they had to be replaced with more permanent and long-lasting structures, but the location and layout of the campus could not be improved upon. It is a magnificent setting for a major university, and as buildings were replaced one by one, it became a major “educational jewel” in Washington’s crown.

The opening of the “Klondike Gold Rush” was a featured event. The exposition certainly contributed to a continuing positive relationship with Alaska. Billed as the “Wonder of Wonders,” the AYPE took its rightful place in the history of world’s fairs and placed Seattle and the state of Washington on the map. At the conclusion of the historic event, even the critics had to agree that it was successful in moving Seattle into the 20th century.

In the mid 1950s a Seattle city councilman named Al Rochester gave voice to a dream of his—that Seattle would host another world’s fair. At the age of 14, Rochester had worked in a tearoom at the 1909 event. The tearoom went broke shortly after it opened, but young Rochester kept his employee pass and happily used it to attend the fair every day. The great event left a lasting impression, and almost 50 years later his idea of another world’s fair in Seattle began to catch people’s attention and gather support. Surely it was time for Seattle to return to its position on the world stage by hosting the 1962 world’s fair. Its official banner headlined the event as “The Century 21 Exposition.”

Business executive and civic leader Eddie Carlson—referred to in his high school yearbook as a “pint of dynamite”—took on the task of organizing the fair with a full head of steam. The fair development commission, of which he was chairman, found the best site at the foot of Queen Anne Hill. The 28-acre site, owned by the City of Seattle, contained the Civic Auditorium, a sports complex and the National Guard Armory. All of this ground could be used for the event, and the City cooperated with the purchase of surrounding properties, allowing the fair to place 78 acres within its gates.

Meanwhile, in Germany on a business trip, Carlson and his wife were dining with friends at the top of a 400-foot-high television tower restaurant in Stuttgart. Eddie marveled that people would pay to ride to the top of the tower and, once there, pay a premium price for dinner. He began doodling on a napkin and came up with the idea that became the Space Needle. He thought the restaurant should be named the “Flying Saucer.” Of course, this became Seattle’s icon and rightfully takes it place among famous municipal signatures such as the Eiffel Tower in Paris; the Sydney Opera House in Australia; Toronto Tower in Canada; and the beautiful arch, “Gateway to the West,” in St. Louis.

Joe Gandy, prominent Ford dealer and salesman extraordinaire, succeeded Carlson on the world’s fair commission. It fell to him to secure official designation for the Seattle event, which required a trip to Paris and a visit to the Bureau of International Expositions (BIE). Gandy was met with a great deal of skepticism as to whether this little city out in the West could successfully host an exposition. When Gandy found out that New York was competing for the same dates, he turned on the salesmanship. In the end, New York was forced to settle for dates in 1964.

The BIE’s blessing does not guarantee foreign participation, but it opens up the diplomatic channels. In all, 35 countries participated in the fair. When President Kennedy pushed a button on April 21, 1962, the U.S.A. Pavilion lights came on and the fair was under way. Attendance topped 9,610,000—an average of 51,613 visitors per day. When it closed on October 21 the exposition was decidedly an outstanding success, especially when judged in terms of legacy—the Space Needle, Pacific Science Center, Coliseum, Opera House, and other structures have all served Seattle—and Washington—well. It should be noted that the Seattle Center is fourth in the nation in terms of annual visits. Disney World in Florida is first, Disneyland in California is second, Pier 49 in San Francisco is...
When the fair opened you can bet Al Rochester was pretty proud; it was rumored that he had a free pass and went to the fair nearly every day.

Margaret Leonard, the first female member of the Spokane City Council, was an active opponent of staging a world-class exposition in Spokane. Given enough time, she probably would have killed the whole idea. However, a new player showed up on the Spokane scene. King Cole was Joe Gandy, Eddie Carlson and Al Rochester all rolled into one. What King was selling, Spokane was buying. If Margaret Leonard was leader of the “Spokcan’ts,” King Cole was the leader of the “Spokcans.” Other community leaders bought into the idea, found the money, met the challenges, and produced Expo ’74, a world’s fair with “Man and His Environment” as its theme.

The BIE sanctioned the fair and proclaimed that Spokane was the smallest city ever granted a sanction to host a world-class exposition. The New York Times and Wall Street Journal certainly did not help. The word went out on a national scale: “Where is Spokane? When you find it, let us know.” Of course, the fair marketing people listened to all the negatives and then made a most important decision relative to promoting and selling the event. The small marketing department, that the big boys said was kind of a joke, came up with the following. “Visit the wonders of the Pacific Northwest. Be sure and visit Mount Rainier and Grand Coulee Dam. By the way, Spokane, the largest city between Seattle and Minneapolis, is hosting a world’s fair. Stop by and have a look. You will be impressed.” It worked. Everyone in the state of Washington started promoting the fair. The marketing theme became, “Why not have your family reunion in Washington State?” The fair realized 5.4 million visits—way beyond the 4.8 million that were projected. The little city that could, did.

When you have only 900 first class hotel rooms and you are serious about staging a world-class exposition, you have a major problem. The gas shortage in early 1974 added another layer of difficulty. The board of directors and staff came up with two solutions. Winnebago Industries was sitting in Forest City, Iowa, with a huge inventory of recreational vehicles—the market had disappeared due to the gas shortage. The fair organizers struck a deal with Winnebago to have 100 RVs, painted in expo colors, make the trek to Spokane and become the “Winnebago Village.” This strategy was an outstanding success. The village was filled with families every night. The national press began printing stories about the “Winnebago Wagon Train To Spokane”—not the most positive publicity, but at least it was publicity.

Since the majority of out-of-town visitors were certain to arrive by car, the gas shortage created a major difficulty. Senator Warren Magnuson managed to arrange for a million gallons of gasoline from Canada. He may or may not have had a season pass.

The three world fairs held in Washington, each so different and spanning 65 years, had one thing in common: they were all very successful and left substantial residuals that served as valuable resources long after the fairs were over—a blessing indeed. 

Paul Creighton, president of Creighton Management, Inc., traveled the world as a consultant in 26 countries. He served in the senior management of world’s fairs in Seattle; Spokane; Vancouver, B.C.; Knoxville; Vienna, Austria; and Hungary.
Historic maps can be fascinating, graphically pleasing, technically complex, or whimsically absurd. Moreover, they speak a language that is uniquely their own, revealing vanished historical landscapes and details of the human experience that are not easily conveyed through words. However, maps can also deceive, be aggravatingly vague, contradictory, or in some instances, perfectly imperfect. Consider the case of an oft-cited map that purportedly depicts the Hudson’s Bay and Puget’s Sound Agricultural Company’s (HBC/PSAC) possessions in mid-19th-century Pierce County, Washington. Commonly referred to as the “Tilton Map of 1855,” it was created at a time when the HBC/PSAC’s land claims throughout the Oregon Territory were being assailed by American land speculators, openly defiant trespassers, and well-armed squatters. The provenance of this particular map, as well as its various renditions, has never been documented nor its creator identified—until now.

JOHN BUTLER CHAPMAN (1797–1877) spent most of his childhood in Virginia and West Virginia, where he apprenticed under his millwright/brick mason father. Though the army rejected him for the War of 1812, his schooling advanced him to the point where he could study medicine. Eventually, he was accepted as a medical doctor and began treating patients. Margaret McCoy caught his eye in 1819, and the couple soon wed. Six boys, including sons John Jr., Charles, and William, and one daughter filled their small house.

By 1822 Chapman had passed the bar and was practicing law. Then, in the 1840s, he migrated to the Oregon Territory with John Jr. Once he reached the lower Columbia River, the elder Chapman discovered that he could make money in the fast-paced world of land speculation. Apparently, he had also become somewhat adept at using surveying equipment. Author Dennis Weber notes in The Creation of Washington, “Chapman, whose brother had helped develop Portland, tried to create Chehalis City on Grays Harbor and, failing to attract any settlers, moved [in 1851] to Port Steilacoom….” In his 1853 book Eminent Americans author John Livingston notes that Chapman “determined at once to make a location; he marked out the section of land to which he was entitled, and laid out a town on the handsomest site in all Oregon Territory, naming it Steilacoom City.”

There is no doubt that John B. Chapman had set out to make a name for himself. His now famous Independence Day speech of 1851 brought the following observation to print nearly 50 years after the fact: “One feature of the celebration of the national holiday at Olympia was an address by John B. Chapman, who touched a popular chord by a happy reference to ‘the future State of Columbia.’” Steilacoom historian Joan Curtis observed that this speech “set in motion the agitation to form a new government for the Oregon Territory north of the Columbia River.” According to Weber, it also set into motion Chapman’s “becoming the first lawyer admitted to the bar from north of the Columbia [River].” On the heels of this success, Chapman was elected judge of Lewis County.

Now wheeling and dealing on Puget Sound, he infuriated fellow squatter Lafayette Balch (whose Port Steilacoom comprised the northeastern portions of today’s town) by setting up his own plat just west of Balch’s claim. The two towns were now divided by ownership as well as opposing street grids, which mix and merge along today’s Union Avenue.

Despite the fact that “Old Chapman” was himself a trespasser on lands belonging to the HBC/PSAC (as stipulated in the Treaty of 1846), Dr. William Tolmie, HBC chief trader of nearby Fort Nisqually, approached him to do a survey of the company’s claim between the Nisqually and Puyallup Rivers. Warning off squatters had become a full-time job for Tolmie and his assistant, Edward Huggins. Tolmie’s superiors felt that a professionally surveyed map would not only strengthen the HBC/PSAC’s claims in the Oregon Territory courts but also...
prove useful when an international court took up the claims of the British firm at a later date.

No stranger to the value of a good map, the Scottish physician and fur trader had already mapped out the PSAC’s primary farming operations at Muck (near Roy), Spanueh (near Spanaway), Tithlow (Madigan Hospital at Joint Base Lewis–McChord), Sustuc (McChord Field at Joint Base Lewis–McChord), and the fort (in Dupont) in 1847. His local amateur efforts produced highly detailed maps which now reside in the Hudson’s Bay Company Archives in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Presumably strapped for cash because of his failed Chehalis City undertaking, Chapman accepted Tolmie’s “Memorandum of Agreement,” the original of which can be found in the University of Washington Libraries collections. Dated April 19, 1852, the agreement stipulates that Chapman was to “Survey, Mark, locate and plat The Land Claim of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company in pursuance of the following instructions…” The agreement set a start date, a “point of beginning” north of today’s Chambers Creek, and general instruction on how to proceed around the company’s lands. It also enjoined Chapman “to keep a field Book with accurate notes of the several different courses…and to note all natural Topographical Objects and the bearings of Mountain Rainier….” “The said Field notes, plat and Topographical account of land” stated Tolmie, are “to be the property of the [HBC/PSAC].” No such notebook has been identified in any archive.

In terms of payment, Chapman was to receive $10 to start work and $3 for every mile completed. The chief trader also

FACING PAGE: John B. Chapman.

Chapman’s original map, with notations by William Tolmie and Edward Huggins, of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s possessions at Fort Nisqually, 1852.
promised to “…furnish all necessary hands, provisions, pack horses & Camp equipment to consist of two able Chain-carriers; Two Axmen; Cook & Packer all who are to be under the direction and control of the Surveyor. One Axman is to blaze and Mark the line of Survey, make Stakes and drive at Corners; The other to open the way ahead for Compass and Chains.”

It was overcast in the early morning hours of April 19, 1852, when the 55-year-old Chapman, 23-year-old Huggins, laborers Henry Barnes and George Dean, and six Indian assistants set off from Steilacoom City with pen and paper, transit, and chains. According to later evidence, the party began work at the northwest corner of the company’s claim, just below Bill Bolton’s shipyard (today’s Lemmons Beach). Crossing what is now known as Chamber’s Creek while buffeted by a strong southwest wind and rain, the party first mapped out the southernmost portions of present-day University Place. This included Bolton’s Prairie (aka, Chambers Bay Golf Course and New Tacoma Cemetery), the Paleilah Plain (aka, the old Holroyd gravel pit), and the Puyallup Swamp (aka, the Leech Creek watershed).

Coursing northeast from where the Fircrest Golf Course now invites duffers to try their luck, the survey party took in all of the grass-covered tablelands and forested hillsides encompassing today’s north Tacoma and across to the Hilltop area, referring to the whole swath as the Puyallup Plain. Pushing southeast from the Puyallup Indian village situated near to where that tribe’s casino now stands, the party most likely canvassed the eastern hills overshadowing the Puyallup River across to the western shores abutting Puget Sound. Huggins returned to the fort on April 24 and reported to Tolmie that he had completed 30 square miles of the survey.

As the survey party worked its way south and the east-west distances widened, the task became increasingly “arduous and fatiguing.” This was especially true when they encountered the heavily wooded areas to the east. Beehives could erupt from nowhere; line-of-sight views had to be hacked out of the native firs and brush; wildlife
wandered across their path; and then it began to rain. From April 26 through 30, hard gales and downpours dampened spirits and retarded efforts. Huggins, now realizing that his group was running low on provisions, sent a runner to the fort to restock.

Anticipating some push-back by the squatters if the survey party was discovered, Tolmie had inched a clause into Chapman’s contract that read: “It is hereby understood that should the Surveying Operation be stopped by force & Strong hand, [Chapman] is to be paid for the time & work as far as remitted until he returns.” John’s payday came on May 1.

Working across that portion of Muck Plain illegally fenced in by squatters, Chapman, Huggins, and the others were blocked by an armed party consisting of John McLeod, Peter Wilson, Charles Wren, Lathrop “Sandy” Smith, Henry Smith, and Henry Murry, all of whom “threatened to annihilate our party if we didn’t stop,” recalled Huggins. Having previously served all of them with trespass notices, Huggins knew their threats were genuine, so “the surveying party came home,” Tolmie noted.

According to the agreement, the actual creation of the map was to be accomplished at Fort Nisqually, in the Tyee House—Tolmie’s private residence. Chapman would receive “Ten Dollars per day to work the usual Office hours” while at this task. On Monday, May 3, he rode up to the fort with his field notes and therein “commenced making a plan of the portion of the Company’s lands he has lately surveyed,” reported the doctor. Drawing the map’s key on a large piece of linen paper, John began coloring in swamps, trees, creeks, lakes, and prairie lands accordingly. Identifying the company’s various agricultural stations and its wide-ranging sheep parks fell to Tolmie or Huggins, for Chapman had not had the time to become familiar with all of the PSAC’s operations by name. Where necessary, a bold “Boundary Line” was conspicuously ruled in dark ink. This was especially needed through areas to the east of the Puyallup, Elk, and Muck plains.

Satisfied that the squatters’ wrath had dissipated, Chapman, Huggins, and a new chain gang quietly ventured into the field on May 5. Starting near the mouth of the Nisqually River, they surveyed eight miles northward along the shoreline to within a mile of Chapman’s “Steilacoom City” plat. Taking to the field again on the 17th, Huggins indicated that his chain gang started “at the corner 1 mile below Steilacoom City and [in pushing east we ended up] finishing at the point where Chapman was interrupted…. All field work was completed on May 22—the party commencing from Chapman’s claim and ending near Bolton’s shipyard, the beginning point of the survey. That work, Huggins noted, was completed without further disruption.

Given the map’s complexity and size, it supposedly took until around May 25 for Chapman to render his drawing complete, a map that bore the name “Plan of the Puget’s Sound Agricultural Company’s Land Claim at Nisqually.” The level of detail portrayed within the map’s boundaries is impressive. All the HBC/PSAC outstations and farms were listed, as well as many of the smaller sheep parks and huts. The lakes were all there, some bearing Indian names, and “Kittson’s Island” (though spelled incorrectly) had yet to yield to a near-sighted cartographer’s gaffe and become “Ketron’s Island.”

Drawing a second copy of the map for himself, Chapman must have realized the possible consequences of his actions.
The map has largely been attributed to James Tilton, for his was the prominent name shown in the key. Some thought Tolmie had drawn it. Even Edward Lander, the last person to use Huggins’ cartoonish knock-off in an official capacity, has been cited as its creator. Knowledge of the true roles of Tolmie and Huggins as annotators and delineators was also lost. Even today, inconsistencies abound concerning the map’s citation when it is used in publications or exhibitions.

George Dickey, a civilian forester for the United States Army at Fort Lewis and a consummate researcher of the HBC’s Nisqually Plains outstations, helpfully transcribed many of the Fort Nisqually journals. In the mid 1980s, he also took up the challenge of making the map’s notations much more readable. However, he did not, could not, deal with one of the map’s most formidable challenges—its warped cartography.

In Chapman’s hand, the area’s streams, creeks, lakes, and wetlands had turned into organic blobs. Except for Puget Sound’s shoreline (perhaps lifted from Charles Wilkes’s published maps of 1841), Chapman’s drawing refused to align with other representations of Pierce County. Like the disorienting mirrors in a Puyallup Fair fun house, a perfectly formed silhouette of Pierce County had (in Chapman’s map) been pulled here and compressed there. West bent northward, south leaned to the right, the north collapsed to the middle, and its underbelly squeezed up—but only within certain parts. Rhyme, reason, and reality gradually dissipated eastward from Puget Sound.

One can only speculate about the map’s incongruities. The most obvious explanation is that “Jack of all trades but master of none” John Chapman was a marginal surveyor—and perhaps an even poorer cartographer. Then there is the
possibility that self-serving motives were at play. Since Chapman's primary means of income involved land speculation—i.e., selling real estate—he may not have wanted to produce an accurately drawn map in the first place, for such would have given American squatters little leeway when defending their illegitimate claims.

The map's warped perspective may also have been caused by the surveying equipment Chapman used. The Willamette Prime Meridian (a standard used today by surveyors) had yet to be established, so all of Chapman's measurements were either based on Puget Sound's shoreline or from astronomical readings gathered with a sextant. The potential for utilizing damaged compasses or transits increased once the survey crew encountered the armed squatters.

One other explanation could be at play—in Chapman's earnest desire not to get shot, his field notes may have been inked in haste, producing errors which, when later translated, generated a topographically defective map.

Ultimately, one can only make sense of Chapman's work by “deconstructing” his map. Stylistic markers that appear in all three versions cannot be excused as coincidence. By viewing them as a kind of encryption, one can begin to read embedded clues about the true shape of the land in 1852—information that contains hundreds of unique bits of historical data and information about landforms of differing shapes. Employing this deconstruction process, all three maps, when successfully overlaid with other period surveys and guided by modern USGS topographic maps, produced an accurately drawn clone worth its historic weight in gold.

A close examination of each hill, valley, lake, creek, swamp, and prairie drawn on Chapman's map revealed many hidden clues. Topographical maps at the close perspective of 1,000 feet per inch (obtained on the Internet at http://weather.gladstonefamily.net/site/C4411) provided a modern-day version of the area in question. A moderate level of interpretation was involved in the deconstruction process because groundwater management systems had altered riverbeds; drained, rerouted, or diminished swamplands; and generally brought about changes to the landscape. Forest encroachment also proved challenging since most of western Pierce County was once dominated by grasslands.

Even so, the ever-increasing topographic evidence suggested that Chapman and Huggins noted vegetation as it occurred on rising or sinking landforms. Small hills held trees above the annual prairie fires. Rents or gullies with streams and creeks both protected and nourished plant life. By applying Huggins and Chapman's 1852 landforms to computer-generated survey maps, their markers began to dovetail with the topography, one section at a time.

This process gave rise to: "An Accurate Map Of British Possessions Bounded by the Puyallup and Nisqually Rivers, Oregon Territory, as Occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company and Puget's Sound Agricultural Company in the Year of Our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-two Showing In Different Manner all the Prairies, Rivers, Swamps, Marshes, Bays, Creeks, Harbors, With Roads and Indian Villages and Paths as well as Sheep and Cattle Stations and Parks, the Boundary Lines, the whole delineated from Actual Surveys by John B. Chapman, William Tolmie, Edwards Huggins and Others." Unlike its predecessors, this fourth map combines the observations of Chapman, Tolmie, and others, and overlays them with modern topography, making it one of the most accurate maps available for defining the HBC/PSAC's boundaries in 1852.

In terms of historical interpretation, this new map raises more questions than it answers. Perhaps it will challenge and intrigue students of history and spur new inquiries into the lands previously cited as unclaimed by the British in 1846. If so, a more credible history is bound to emerge as old myths suffer a much belated passing.

Steve A. Anderson is a Pacific Northwest historian and author presently living in North Carolina. His most recent work is Angus McDonald of the Great Divide: The Uncommon Life of a Fur Trader, 1816–1889 (Museum of North Idaho, 2011).
Pitchers of Beer
The Story of the Seattle Rainiers
Reviewed by Matthew Taylor Rafferty.

By focusing on the Seattle Rainiers, the city’s beloved minor league baseball franchise, longtime Seattle sports writer Dan Raley captures a team and a city on a path from the Great Depression in the 1930s to emergence as a “big league town.” The book begins with the collapse of the Indians, an “unhappy, cash-strapped outfit,” in baseball’s Pacific Coast League (PCL) as federal and state agents descended on the park on the same day in 1937. Beginning the following season, brewer Emil Sick bought the struggling team, renamed them the Rainiers after his flagship brew, built a new stadium, and helmed what rapidly became the most successful franchise in the PCL and an important piece of civic identity for a city that went from an isolated West Coast Depression-era town to a manufacturing boomtown by the 1960s. As he gave the struggling city a winner around which it could rally in the late days of the Depression, Emil Sick looms large in Raley’s telling of Seattle’s story. Although the book is full of colorful on- and off-field characters, Sick sits squarely at the heart of both the team’s and the city’s story, and he was, in the end, “a man who had quenched the city’s thirst in many different ways.”

Seattle’s hosting of the Century 21 Exposition in 1962 marked both its coming of age as a major city and the end of its glory days for minor league baseball. With major league franchises on the West Coast in San Francisco and Los Angeles, Seattle looked to a future beyond the old PCL. As the Space Needle rose next to the spot where the Rainiers’ precursor, the Indians, had played, “anything less than a big-league attitude in Seattle, in any endeavor, wouldn’t cut it.” Sick passed away in 1964, the same year his former team played its final game. Only five years later, however, Seattle became a major league baseball city with the arrival first of the short-lived Pilots and then the modern-day Mariners.

Raley presents a history rich in the two things baseball fans love: statistics and lore. More than 150 interviews went into the project, and he spoke to everyone from on-field greats to bat boys, executives, and fans. Raley is a consummate sportswriter and knows his craft well. The book is awash with the kind of cheeky anecdotes of players’ pranks, assignments, and bad behavior that has been a staple of baseball tales since Jim Bouton’s Ball Four defined the genre. It is also full of the sort of heart-tugging human drama of great promise cut short by injury, illness, or personal demons that has paid the bills for men like Raley since sportswriter Grantland Rice. What sets Pitchers of Beer apart from mere sports nostalgia, however, is Raley’s deep personal connection to his subject and the boyhood joy of a younger Raley who turned to the Rainiers for comfort after the loss of his father.

Academic readers will see Pitchers of Beer as a fun read but also a missed opportunity. Raley’s analysis of the links between the city’s identity and its near-major league franchise is fascinating but ultimately underdeveloped. That said, this is at its core a fan’s tale and a celebration of a team and its city, and to ask for too much analytical distance misses the point. Like the game of baseball itself, parsing the facts from the legends too closely in Pitchers of Beer would make the whole thing less fun.

Matthew Taylor Rafferty is an associate professor of history at the University of Redlands, where he teaches United States, public, and sports history.

The Remarkable Voyage of HMS Racoon, 1813-14
Mission: Capture Fort Astoria on the Columbia River
Transcribed by Mike Rees. Seattle: University Bookstore Press, 2011; 87 pp., $12.95 paper.
Reviewed by Robert M. Carriker.

It is often said that good things come in small packages. That is the case with the book under review. Although fewer than 100 pages in length, it tells a big story. Mike Rees’s unabridged transcription of the official, handwritten “remark book” of the HMS Racoon is highly informative. How does a remark book differ from the ship’s log? Is this narrative substantially different from the account given by Washington Irving in Astoria (1836) or The Voyage of the Racoon: A “Secret” Journal of a Visit to Oregon, which was edited by John Hussey for the Book Club of California–San Francisco in 1958? Considering that the remark books in the British Admiralty Hydrographic Office fill 114 volumes just up to 1853, how is it that this particular manuscript finally came to publication? Indeed, this is a big story.

Alas, the book lacks annotation. Rees wanted to keep the story simple and unadorned—a transcription rather than an edited manuscript—so the story unfolds just the way Captain William Black wrote it during the War of 1812. Likewise, Rees limits his explanatory notes to four topics, none of them comprehensive: early
exploration of the Columbia River, the history of Fort Astoria, the War of 1812, and Indian communities at the mouth of the Columbia. Happily, the entries by Captain Black give readers enough to ponder and inspire them to do the research for themselves. Thanks to Rees, readers do not have to transport themselves to the British Admiralty's Hydrographic Office at Taunton, England, to see the Racoon's remark book.

The HMS Racoon departed Rio de Janeiro on July 9, 1813, and returned to Brazil on December 23, 1814. In between those dates the ship's captain and crew traveled widely—Cape Horn, Hawaii, Tahiti, Peru—before dedicating themselves to their mission, which was to capture and/or destroy the Pacific Fur Company's Fort Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River. When the ship arrived in the estuary of the Columbia River in November 1813, Captain Black learned the disappointing news that the fort had already been sold to the Northwest Company, a Montreal-based fur trading company already affiliated with Great Britain. The best Black could do was conduct official ceremonies of transfer and rename the post Fort George. Exiting the Columbia River became so difficult, however, that the Racoon lost part of her keel on the bar—it washed ashore in 1973 and rests today in a display case at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria.

In many ways, the story of the Racoon in Pacific Northwest history is anticlimactic. It lacks impact. Still, being able to read the personal asides of Captain Black, a set of observations separate from the ship's technical record in the log, is the stuff of which history is made...and rewritten. In the future the episodes involving Fort Astoria, the Racoon, and the Northwest Company at the mouth of the Columbia will be revisited and Mike Rees has provided a fresh starting point.

Robert M. Carriker is a versatile historian, having written on several Pacific Northwest topics. His most recent book is Urban Farming in the West (University of Arizona Press, 2010).

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

Just months before she died in 1987, Barbara Cochran finished writing her manuscript about influential women during the foundation era of Spokane. As a longtime member of the Eastern Washington State Historical Society Board of Trustees and chairwoman of the organization's library committee, she was a practicing historian, her master's degree in speech therapy from the University of Wisconsin notwithstanding. Cochran's attention to detail can be seen in the notes and sources section following each of her chapters in Seven Frontier Women and the Founding of Spokane Falls (Tornado Creek Publications, 2011; 304 pp., $24.95). Determined to tell the story accurately, Cochran lamented, "Newspapers have been the greatest perpetrators of misinformation by reprinting, over and over, generation after generation, articles written decades after an event. These old stories containing myths and legends rather than facts serve to obscure what actually happened."

Editors Tony and Suzanne Bamonte have brought Cochran's long dormant manuscript to light. Editing a manuscript post-humously, the Bamontes admit, presents challenges. But the Bamontes have extensive experience in writing, editing, and publishing local history, mostly on Spokane, and they also have a wide-ranging photographic collection of their own with which to enhance books. So the combination of author and editors, separated as they are in life by several decades, works.

One might think of this volume, in the words of Suzanne Bamonte, as the story of Spokane from the perspective of some of the "founding mothers." (Similarly, Cochran refers to her subjects as "petticoated pioneers.") Bamonte promises that Cochran's book provides an entirely new appreciation of Spokane's history. She is correct. Though not invisible in early Spokane, women were principally identified by their relationships to men. For the first several decades, city directories listed unmarried women, but the names of divorcees remained attached to their former husbands, even if the man had remarried. Married women were not listed at all until the 20th century, unless they operated a business.

Cochran gives an overview of what Spokane was like in three chapters: one on the 1870s, another on the 1880s and the third centered on rebuilding efforts after the Great Fire of 1889, the year Washington became a state. The remaining seven chapters are biographies of women, some with names associated with schools and neighborhoods in Spokane and some unfamiliar to even local historians. In the former group are Susan Glover, Anna Browne, and Jennie Cannon. In the latter group are Clara Gray, Alice Houghton, Mary Latham, and Carrie Strahorn. Each biography approaches the subject from the viewpoint of the city and region as well as the person of interest. The strategic placement of 154 historic photographs helps to bind the chapters together. There is also a useful index.

To this reviewer, the most interesting biography is the one on Dr. Mary Latham, Spokane's first female doctor. Barbara Cochran would have been pleased to know that her chapter on Latham, written in 1987, ultimately started the ball rolling 20 years later for the placement of a monument honoring the doctor. Latham, who died in 1917, had divorced her husband in 1899; but until 2007 the cemetery headstone inscription read: "Edward H. Latham and Mary his wife." Thanks to Cochran and the Bamontes, the accomplishments of some of Spokane's frontier women have been uncovered and given the respect they deserve.
Street protests against the widening disparity of wealth in America gain momentum. Protestors, including union members and the unemployed, insist on their right to free speech. When police attempt to break up the rallies, violent skirmishes break out, and numerous protesters are arrested, some beaten badly. Is this the 2011 Occupy Movement? Zuccotti Park near Wall Street? Westlake Park in Seattle? No, it’s Everett, Washington, 1916, in the weeks leading up to the Everett Massacre. Six people were killed and 50 wounded that day—known as Bloody Sunday—when roughly 300 members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), in support of the local shingle weavers strike, boarded a boat from Seattle to Everett and were met by armed and untrained “special deputies” intent on turning them away.

The Everett Massacre, and the circumstances leading up to it, is the subject of Edwin Parker’s 1963 novel Timber. In the tradition of novelists John Dos Passos, Robert Cantwell, and John Steinbeck, Edwin Parker (1888–1978) depicts in gritty detail the plight of America’s working class, displaced men and women forced to seek jobs that at best exploit and at worst maim and kill those who undertake them. His main characters are Jack Tracy and Carl Steen. Jack is a smart and savvy drifter who takes Carl, an earnest and hardworking Swedish immigrant, under his care. Together they ride the rails from Duluth, Minnesota, to Edmonton, Alberta, and then, broke and half-starved, to the farming community of Arlington in Snohomish County.

Eventually they make their way to Everett, where “there are twenty-eight mills and forty-two saloons.” After winning at cards, Jack buys into the co-op mill, where the only way to make a profit is through “overweights”—selling lighter-weight dry shingles at the rate of heavier, wet shingles. Meanwhile, after being fired from a job for attending a soapbox speech by an IWW speaker, Carl heads into the woods and the logging camps, where, even though he loves “the freedom of the work, the rhythmic whipping of the saw, the slicing of the axe,” the living conditions are sickening.

Both men soon learn that the city is ruled by the business interests of the Commercial Club, which aims to suppress the mounting protests over wages and working conditions in the mills and preserve an open-shop policy. The Commercial Club, with the backing of city officials, gives control of the city’s law enforcement to the drunken county sheriff who immediately recruits a battalion of vigilante “special deputies.”

Before long, Carl is warned not to wear his working clothes into town because “they’re beating up about every working-man they catch after dark. There ain’t no one safe on the streets no more.”

Thus, the author of Timber sets the scene for the deadly confrontation at the Everett wharves on November 5, 1916. Parker, who drew on personal interviews with surviving witnesses, stays true to the historical record throughout his novel. Most of the characters are based on historical figures, including Sheriff Donald McRae and IWW organizer James Rowan, who square off when Rowan comes to town as part of the IWW’s solidarity campaign. Labor politics are rarely simple, yet Parker deftly portrays the uneasy alliance between IWW campaigners, who arrived from Seattle and the union’s Midwest headquarters, and local American Federation of Labor (AFL) officials, who formally represented the striking mill workers. Whereas the AFL mainly wanted to recover lost wages, improve working conditions, and secure the right to organize, the IWW wished to make Everett a touchstone in its “free speech fight,” as it had with Spokane in 1908–09. It was Sheriff McRae’s brutal response to both groups that ultimately unified them.

Following the shoot-out in Everett when the IWW members attempted to dock, the boat sailed back to Seattle, where nearly all the men aboard were arrested, resulting in murder charges being brought against 72 in all. One man, Thomas Tracy (the model for Parker’s character Jack Tracy), was brought to trial first and defended by Seattle attorney George F. Vanderveer, whom Parker likens to Clarence Darrow.
for his advocacy of the little guy. Parker also gives Seattle Mayor Hiram C. Gill considerable credit for supporting the accused, suggesting that Gill ensured that sympathetic Judge J. T. Ronald would preside over the trial, which ended in an acquittal and the remaining charges being dropped. Parker was so taken by the drama of this famous trial that he wrote a play based on it, titled City in Judgment, which was staged in 1970 at Eastern Washington State College in Cheney.

By profession, Edwin Parker was an architectural engineer. He was also a skilled boat builder and talented painter of Northwest landscapes. He arrived in Washington, via California and Massachusetts, in 1944. He purchased 26 acres, which he called “Timber Top,” outside of Marysville, and built his own house (and much of the furniture in it) from lumber that he felled on his property and had milled locally. Throughout his years in Washington he was active in his community, helping to establish the Everett Unitarian Fellowship and serving as president of the Everett Art League. He also regularly contributed opinion pieces to local newspapers. As evidenced in the novel, Parker was especially concerned with issues of economic injustice. In one opinion piece from the early 1970s, when the United States was in a recession, he decried the government’s response to the collapse of the nation’s “top heavy economy.” “We are talking about the unemployed millions,” he wrote. “It is said we cannot afford the money to put them to work on public works. Yet we raised billions for the war and there was no complaint.”

Edwin Parker, who in Timber brings to life the circumstances surrounding the Everett Massacre, would appreciate the remarks of Jack Burden, in Robert Penn Warren’s All the King’s Men, when Burden says, “And all times are one time, and all those dead in the past never lived before our definition gives them life, and out of the shadow their eyes implore us.”

__Peter Donahue teaches English at Wenatchee Valley College at Omak in the Okanagan Valley.__

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**Additional Reading**

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

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**Mountain of Shells**


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**Under the Apple Orchard**


*“The Great Columbia Flood: An Epic Geologic Event that Shaped Landforms and Ideas,”* by Tom Mullen. COLUMBIA 19 (Spring 2005).

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**Booth Gardner**


*The Last Campaign of Booth Gardner*, dir. by Daniel Junge. Produced by Just Media and HBO, 2009; DVD.


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**Deconstructing Chapman**


*“The Creation of Washington,”* by Dennis Weber. COLUMBIA 16 (Fall 2003).


Made in Hanford
The Bomb that Changed the World
Hill Williams

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