A New Moon Rises
August 31 – December 1, 2019

Fifty years after the Apollo Moon landings, get ready to see the Moon as you’ve never seen it before.

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A New Moon Rises was created by the National Air and Space Museum and the Arizona State University, and is organized for travel by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service. Above image: The South Pole, Summer Mosaic. Image courtesy NASA/GSFC/Arizona State University.
Ferry County: Blazing Courtrooms by David Chapman ............... 14
Ferry County courthouse was often the site of heated debate, and sometimes, just plain heat.

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Uniting the Salish Coast through cross-cultural marriages, in this book excerpt from WSU Press.

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ONLINE
COLUMBIA magazine is a portal to a growing online presence of archival materials and other content from the Washington State Historical Society. Visit washingtonhistory.org for more features, including a searchable database of photos, ephemera and artifacts, and a link to the podcast COLUMBIA Conversations.

ON THE COVER
Seattle Rainiers baseball player Len Gabrielson leaps to catch a fly ball at Sicks Stadium, which is also featured in the montage. Both images are from 1938. Washington State Historical Society Catalog Numbers 1999.63.2.20 and 1999.63.2.23.
Welcome to the Summer 2019 edition of COLUMBIA!

If summertime means baseball, road trips, festivals and compelling stories, then reading this issue should be a perfect way to spend some quiet moments with Pacific Northwest history.

We’re proud to showcase first-time COLUMBIA writer André Peñalver’s story about labor leader Dave Beck, brewer Emil Sick, and the early glory years of professional baseball in Seattle. When Mr. Peñalver’s story was chosen for this issue, the Mariners were on a record-breaking winning streak at the start of their season. As we go to press, the club is barely holding steady above .500 . . . but such is the rollercoaster (or house of horrors) that is being a Mariners fan, lo these many years.

If baseball gets you down, you’ll get a boost from David Chapman’s story about Ferry County that looks at history in this part of the Evergreen State through the lens of that grand tradition of civic life and civic infrastructure, the county courthouse, and our book excerpt is from Candace Wellman’s Peace Weavers, examining the community-changing aspects of cross-cultural marriages in the early 20th century.

Our Washington Gallery feature takes us, courtesy of the Anacortes Museum, to that community’s late, great Marineer’s Festival. This iconic summer celebration was last held in 1957, but, as I can personally attest after a recent visit, it is still remembered fondly on Fidalgo Island and its principal city. Fidalgo Island is also quite near one of three heritage sites highlighted, with help from Washington State Parks, in this issue’s installment of Maps & Legends.

And for those long summer road trips, what better way to pass the time than by listening to history podcasts? We review three in this issue, but we also highly recommend our own COLUMBIA Conversations, as well as a recent KNKX production called Forgotten Prison, all about the history of McNeil Island, which was produced in partnership with the Washington State Historical Society.

As always, we love to hear from you with your questions, story ideas or suggestions. Please send email to editor.columbia@gmail.com.

Thanks for supporting COLUMBIA… and play ball!
MANIS MASTODON
AN EXCITING NEW GIFT TO THE WSHS COLLECTION

Imagine standing beside a mucky pit in your yard on the Olympic Peninsula and hearing “This is the most important archaeological study in the world today.”

Those words were spoken by Washington State University professor and researcher Dr. Richard Daugherty to Clare and Emanuel Manis on a sweltering Sequim afternoon more than 40 years ago.

It was a Monday in August of 1977. Emanuel Manis was digging with a backhoe on his farm, endeavoring to build a pond. Lifting a load of boggy soil, he dumped aside what appeared to be an old curved log. With the next scoop, another large curved piece came up, this time with a freshly fractured white end.

Emanuel climbed down from the backhoe to get a closer look. He smoothed away the wet earthy coating and revealed a pair of ancient tusks. He whistled for Clare, who trudged down the hill through the afternoon heat, thinking “This better be good!”

“I found a couple of mammoth tusks,” Emanuel told her. “Don’t you dare dig another inch!” Clare urged, as she dashed back up the hill to the house to begin making calls.

Within 24 hours, Clare’s calls yielded the local paper; a WSU grad student; archaeologist Jeanne Welch from the Washington State Office of Archaeology and Historic Preservation; and Dr. Daugherty, who was working that summer at the nearby Ozette Indian Village Archeological Site. Daugherty phoned WSU’s Dr. Carl Gustafson, advising him to bring a crew and equipment.

The team initially thought that Emanuel had uncovered mammoth remains, which made for a noteworthy discovery, but which had also been found previously in the area. The story became more exciting, though, when Dr. Gustafson made a fascinating find: he wiped the mud from a rib bone and exposed what appeared to be an embedded spear point. When a sizeable and severely worn tooth came up, Daugherty and the others knew right away that this was something even more thrilling; the remains were not a mammoth but an American mastodon.

A mastodon, and a spear point...at that moment, what’s become known as the Manis Mastodon Site was on its way to upending North American history.

It was a major discovery. Why?

The Washington State Historical Society is deeply grateful to Clare Manis Hatler for entrusting us with the Manis Mastodon Collection. We look forward to revealing more of the story in a future issue and in an upcoming episode of the COLUMBIA Conversations podcast.
BREWING UP

A STORY of LABOR, BEER, and the ALL-AMERICAN PASTIME

by André Peñalver

Washington’s Beer: Older than Washington’s Government

During the 170 years since European settlement began in what is now Washington, beer—and the people who brew it, sell it, deliver it, and drink it—have made a sizable impact on regional culture, labor, economics, and politics. This impact is perhaps sharpest in the field of baseball. This is a story of labor, beer, and baseball.
Some of the earliest settlers to arrive in the Old Oregon Country brought aboard their “Prairie Schooners” their loved ones, their tools for survival, and their brewing equipment. For those new arrivals with plans to brew, the Pacific Northwest offered one important raw ingredient—“It’s the water”—as the old slogan of Olympia Beer says. And it offered ready ice from the nearby Cascades, critical for the cold-fermenting yeasts of Bavarian-style pilsners.

The early brewers of the Pacific Northwest were largely of German descent. There was Henry Weinhard, a brewer’s apprentice from Württemberg who opened the Vancouver Brewery in 1859. There was Gerlinger, Freiwald, Betz and Boehme, Dunkel and Dampfhofer, Hieber, Hiebner, and Hofstetter, Schmidt, Schmig, Schipps, Scholl and Schwarz, and Rumpf and Ripstein (who were actually Swiss).

The brewers fanned out across what is now Oregon and Washington, on both sides of the Columbia River and both sides of the Cascade mountains, setting up large breweries that became icons in their communities. These included the Old Brewery in Tumwater, Bay View Brewery in Seattle’s Georgetown neighborhood, the Columbia Brewery in Tacoma, and so many more. But even as these early brewers were putting the finishing touches on their earliest batches, opposition to their product was also beginning to bubble up.


ABOVE: Emil Sick holding several photographs, including an image of Fred Hutchinson in a Seattle Rainiers uniform, circa 1937. Washington State Historical Society Catalog Number 1999.63.2.80.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Interior view of Seattle Brewing & Malting Company, circa 1895–1910. In the foreground, women workers wrap bottles as they come off a conveyor belt. In the background, men are packing bottles into crates marked “Rainier Beer.” Washington State Historical Society Catalog Number 1999.63.2.3.


Interior view of the cooper shop of Rainier Brewing and Malting Company, 1914. Washington State Historical Society Catalog Number 1999.63.2.64.

Washington Prohibition: A Step Ahead of the Nation

On most issues of the Progressive Era—women’s suffrage, a graduated income tax, the initiative process—Washington was ahead of the nation. The same was true for banning the production, sale, and consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Since 1889, the very year Washington entered the Union, voters in the Evergreen State had been weighing in on Prohibition. In 1909, Washington adopted a “local option” law, permitting cities and counties to choose for themselves whether or not to prohibit alcohol. Then, in 1912, Washington adopted the initiative process, and in short order, teetotaling proponents secured enough signatures to put a Prohibition initiative on the 1914 ballot. A little more than 52 percent of voters approved the initiative, which went into effect on January 1, 1916. The law closed bars and shuttered breweries in the state four years ahead of the Eighteenth Amendment, which made Prohibition the law of the entire United States on January 17, 1920.

When the homegrown ban on alcohol took effect in 1916, most Washington breweries closed, though some were converted to legal enterprises. Olympia Brewing Company became the Olympia Beverage Company and made soft drinks and juice. Others made so-called “near beer” (beer with 0.5% percent or less alcohol content) or carbonated soft drinks. Henry Weinhard started making root beer, a recipe the brewery still makes and sells today. Spokane’s Inland Brewing became a pickle factory. The company secretary, Harry Crosby, moved from Tacoma to Spokane to organize the transition. His talented son, Bing, rolled barrels of cucumbers for two weeks before quitting (another few years would follow before he got a job in Hollywood).

The Seattle Labor Movement

In the same era that Washington was leading the way in restricting alcohol, tensions were also rising between labor and management in the region’s rough and tumble logging camps, mines and shipyards. In 1916, violence erupted along the waterfront in Everett, with “Wobblies,” members of the International Workers of the World, clashing with law enforcement. When it was all over, five Wobblies and two sheriff’s deputies were dead from gunshot wounds.

A few years later, in February 1919, Seattle was the scene of the first “general strike” in the United States, when tens of thousands of workers shut down the city for nearly a week in support of increased wages and better working conditions.

In February 1919, Seattle became the scene of the first "general strike" in the United States. Tens of thousands of workers shut down the city for nearly a week…

Radicals saw in their strike the end of capitalism. So did conservatives, who called on Mayor Ole Hanson to shut down the strike and get the city back to work. American Federation of Labor International officers declared the strike illegal, and Mayor Hanson threatened to call in the National Guard. The strike fizzled soon after. While the strikers could not point to any concrete wage gains, they believed they had shown the nation a bit of labor’s peaceful might. Mayor Hanson received praise for staring down the Bolsheviks, but he resigned from City Hall, got a book deal, went on a national speaking tour and moved to California.

Among those who walked out during Seattle General Strike was a laundry truck driver named Dave Beck. Beck was 24 years old, and had just returned from serving with the U.S. Army in the First World War. He had grown up in an impoverished family in Seattle’s Belltown neighborhood, and his first job was shooting wharf rats for the Health Department. They paid him $5 for every specimen he killed that showed symptoms of plague.

Returning from the war, Beck got a job with Mutual Laundry, quickly rose through the ranks of the Laundry Drivers Union, and then did the same with the Teamsters.
In 1926, he got a lucky break when David Tobin, the Teamsters’ President, appointed Beck as organizer for the Pacific Northwest, which included Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and British Columbia. In 1937, Beck leveraged that position into founding the Western Conference of Teamsters. The Conference, the first of its kind and a model for other unions, consolidated the Teamsters “locals” along the entire West Coast, from Washington to California, into a single body. Arranged thus, the locals had more stability and organizing power, particularly in any jurisdictional fights with other unions. Following the enactment of the National Labor Relations Act in 1935, the federal government now encouraged organized labor, causing a tidal wave of union growth and an increase in fights, too.

In these fights, Beck was relentless in flexing the muscles of the Teamsters. “Perhaps more than anyone else,” TIME magazine later wrote, Beck “understood the immense power of the Teamsters in an industrial nation that transports its vital supplies on the wheels of some 10 million trucks.” By refusing to deliver supplies—a tactic that Beck would return to frequently—“the Teamsters could strangle a business.” It could also exert similar influence over other unions, too.

Dave Beck’s Beer War

By 1933, the United States and much of the world were in the depths of the Great Depression, and a period of unprecedented social and political change was underway. In March, President Franklin D. Roosevelt took office. By December, the failed experiment of Prohibition was over, as the United States adopted the 21st Amendment. In Washington, breweries scrambled to remake themselves after 18 dry years. FDR, who had run on a repeal platform, reportedly said: “What America needs now is a drink.”

Ready to serve a thirsty America, enterprising businessmen poured back into shuttered breweries.

As breweries reopened or re-converted, as brewers went back to work, and as brewery truck drivers went back to their rounds, there was a crucial question to be answered. And after all the struggles of the labor movement, it was an important jurisdictional question: Into what union should brewery truck drivers fall?

On the one hand, there was the United Brewery, Flour, Cereal, and Soft Drink Workers of America, commonly
known as the Brewery Workers Union (BWU), which represented the workers inside the brewery. On the other hand, there were the Teamsters, which usually represented truck drivers and other delivery workers. The brewery truck drivers had some of the attributes of both unions, and so the question posed quite a quandry: did the driver of a brewery truck work in brewing or in hauling?

Pursuant to the constitution and laws of the American Federation of Labor (AFL), the AFL’s General Executive Council was responsible for determining which union had jurisdiction over the brewery truck driver. In 1933, the General Executive Council decided in favor of the Teamsters. The BWU appealed that decision in 1934, 1935, and 1936, but to no avail. Giving up on legal process, the BWU simply defied the AFL and continued to operate all brewery trucks with BWU drivers, and members of the BWU boycotted all breweries that employed Teamsters.

The Teamsters, in turn, refused to haul any product or provide any service to any retailer who sold beer delivered by BWU drivers. Washington State’s Teamsters locals—under Beck’s leadership—were better organized than the rest of the country and so took the matter one step further: Teamsters seized control of the operation of the breweries themselves. In Beck’s domain, the Teamsters, according to Justice William Steinert of the Washington Supreme Court, “engaged not only in the delivery, but also in the brewing and bottling, of beer.” Thus began the so-called “Beer War”: Teamster-brewed and Teamster-delivered beer in the state of Washington; BWU-brewed and BWU-delivered beer everywhere else.

Flexing its economic muscles, the Teamsters’ strategy was to isolate anyone supporting a brewery employing BWU members.

Leo Delorme, owner of Delorme’s Tavern in Yakima, had the misfortune of buying Old Empire Beer, which was BWU-brewed in Walla Walla. Representatives of the Teamsters, allied with the Bartenders’ Union, paid Delorme a visit. They told him to stop selling the beer or he would lose his work force. But Delorme ignored the Teamsters and kept selling Old Empire Beer, and his workers walked out.

Then, the Teamsters prohibited any member from delivering anything to Delorme’s Tavern. Teamsters paid a similar visit to the Green Hotel in Hoquiam, threatening to end all deliveries there if hotel management kept selling Old Empire Beer. The Teamsters could, and did, go even one step further: a Bellingham ice supplier was caught delivering ice to the Marine Tavern, which sold BWU beer. A Teamsters officer visited the ice supplier and threatened to take away all of his customers unless he stopped supplying the tavern.

When economic pressure didn’t work, there was always property damage and even physical violence. Restaurants and taverns that served BWU beer had their windows smashed in. Seattle’s Little Red Hen and Madison Square Beer Garden each suffered that fate. And on a few occasions in Seattle, Tacoma, and Everett, Teamsters resorted to physical violence, as when they shot up a BWU truck (with the driver inside) while he made his deliveries in Snohomish County. One BWU worker who was delivering beer to Andy’s Tavern in Seattle came under attack from two carloads of Teamsters. They knocked the worker unconscious and only left him alone when another BWU worker appeared and pulled a gun.

On another occasion, twenty-five One BWU worker who was delivering beer to Andy’s Tavern in Seattle came under attack from two carloads of Teamsters. They knocked the worker unconscious.
Teamsters armed with lead pipes and bricks pulled several BWU drivers from their trucks and beat them outside Tacoma’s Marinoff Brewery.

The BWU response was to place armed guards with its drivers, a development that sometimes led to indiscriminate shooting, and—on one occasion—death. On May 24, 1935, armed guards working for the BWU accompanied BWU drivers as they drove around Tacoma. At the intersection of Pacific and East 26th Street, a carload of these BWU guards came under attack from a carload of Teamsters. The Teamsters threw missiles at the BWU car, shattering the windows on the driver’s side of the vehicle. The BWU guards responded with shots from a rifle and a .38-caliber revolver. A round from the revolver hit William Usatalo, one of the Teamsters, squarely in the middle of his forehead. Usatalo died shortly after.

As violence swirled around BWU beer, BWU counsel John Dore complained that Beck was “engaged in building up a beer monopoly in Seattle.” The numbers bear this out, not only in Seattle, but throughout the Pacific Northwest. By September 1934, the BWU was locked out of every brewery in Washington and Oregon, save the one exception of Old Empire Beer in Walla Walla.

In contrast, outside of Washington and Oregon, 99 percent of all breweries were under BWU control. In Beck’s words, the Teamsters would permit “not a single goddam drop” of BWU beer to enter the Pacific Northwest from California or the East. Beck’s beer monopoly, as with any monopoly, served to both exclude beer from outside the Pacific Northwest and to raise beer prices within the Pacific Northwest.

**Emil Sick Makes His Fortune**

If there was one person to benefit from higher beer prices and a violent boycott of all California, Midwest, and East Coast beer, it would be the owner of a Washington (and thus Teamster-organized) brewery. A man like Emil Sick.

Emil Sick was, like many brewers, of German extraction. Unlike many other brewers, he was German by way of Canada, where his immigrant father, Fritz Sick, had established the family brewing business in Lethbridge, Alberta. Prior to settling in Canada, Fritz travelled up and down the West Coast of the United States, working at breweries from San Francisco to Tacoma, where Emil was born in 1894.

Fritz Sick finally settled in southwest Alberta, where he started the Lethbridge Brewery in 1902. With his oldest son Emil alongside, Fritz expanded aggressively, building breweries in Regina and Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and in Edmonton, Alberta, before consolidating them all in 1928 as the Associated Breweries of Canada.

In 1933, as Prohibition ended and the American market reopened, Fritz Sick helped Emil purchase his first brewery at Hemrich’s Georgetown plant, where Hemrich had been brewing Rainier Beer since 1878.

In entering the American beer market in Washington, the Sick family was also entering the Beer War. And early in the dispute between the Teamsters and Brewers, Emil chose the Teamsters. Although the plant the family had purchased from Hemrich had already been organized by the BWU, Emil agreed to “turn the whole of our work force over to the Teamsters’ Union.” In so doing, Emil avoided the same retaliation and threats that other BWU breweries faced—of pickets, boycotts, smashed windows and assaulted drivers.

It was not a bad decision.

Emil Sick, in fact, became the “chief beneficiary” of the Beer War, capturing the Seattle beer market at inflated prices and deflated competition. This is perhaps why, between 1935 and 1940, Beck had invested over $5,000 in Emil Sick’s company, an amount worth more than $80,000 in 2019 dollars.

**ABOVE:** Seattle brewer and Seattle Rainiers baseball team owner Emil Sick, circa 1938, the year that Sick’s Stadium opened. Courtesy MOHAI, PEMCO Webster & Stevens Photograph Collection, 1983.10.4849.2.

**FACING PAGE, LEFT:** Souvenir pennant for the Seattle Pilots baseball team, 1969. Washington State Historical Society Catalog Number 2015.36.3.

**FACING PAGE, RIGHT:** Baseball scorecard with moveable inset wheels for keeping score and tallying runs, hits, and errors for home and visiting teams, circa 1900. Washington State Historical Society Catalog Number 2002.42.1.5.
And it is not surprising, then, that in 1952, when a group of citizens wanted to honor Beck for his achievements, they turned to Emil Sick as the master of ceremony. Sick said of Beck: “We respect you as a labor leader—the greatest in the U.S.”

**Sicks Stadium:**
**Selling Lots of Beer**

In 1937, the Beer War was over. After several injunctions, the Teamsters negotiated with the BWU, which resumed brewing the beer that the Teamsters transported to market. But by now, Sick and Beck were reaping their rewards, and their thoughts turned to baseball.

Seattle had been experimenting with minor league baseball since the 1920s, and it was a bust. The Seattle Indians had one of the worst records in the Pacific Coast League. They were cash-strapped and debt-ridden, playing in the decrepit Civic Stadium at what is now Seattle Center. For the entire 1937 season, the Indians drew a total of 144,866 fans in 88 home games, which amounted to filling only 11 percent of the seats.

The team hit rock bottom on September 19, 1937, when separate parties of federal agents and the Washington State Patrol arrived at the same time for the same purpose: to seize whatever cash might satisfy the team’s tax debts. With their tills empty and attendance flat, the Indians needed a large investment if Seattle baseball was to survive the winter.

But 1937 was a tough time for anybody to survive. The Great Depression was dragging on. Unemployment was still at 26 percent, and with a Hooverville and other less famous homeless encampments around the city, who could afford to bail out Seattle baseball?

Emil Sick could.

He purchased the team, paid off its debt of $80,000 and committed to building a new stadium. In 1937 and 1938, Sick invested $650,000 in the team, which would be the equivalent of more than $11 million in 2019.

But Sick had no reputation as a lover of baseball. Those who knew him joked that he didn’t know the difference between baseball and football. Then why buy a team? Who could convince a brewer from Canada to put up a fortune to rebuild a crummy baseball team in the middle of the Depression? Dave Beck, a baseball fanatic, that’s who.

Beck convinced Sick that it was his civic duty to build the stadium, and—less nobly—Beck told Emil Sick: “You will be a big man in this city and you will sell lots of beer.”

Sick built his stadium, renamed the team the Seattle Rainiers after his beer, and did indeed sell a lot of his brewery’s product. By 1944, Sick’s breweries in the United States and Canada were producing more than one million barrels a year and bringing in $20 million in annual revenue.

At the same time, Sick assembled a talented management team for his Rainiers. He recruited away the manager of the Los Angeles Angels, Jack Lelivelt, who enlisted promising players with colorful monikers such as Bill Schuster “the Rooster,” “Coffee Joe” Coscarart, and, the best of the lot, Seattle’s Franklin High School star pitcher “Iceman” Fred Hutchinson.

The Rainiers brought home a number of titles in the Pacific Coast League, winning the PCL pennant from 1940 to 1943 and again in 1951 and 1955.

Young Seattleites, such as future governor Daniel J. Evans, explained the feeling these wins gave the fans: “When Sick came along, that was like the Major Leagues,” Evans said. “He sold a lot of beer, but it created a lot of kids who suddenly said, ‘We’re winners.’”

While Sick and the Rainiers were winning and losing, but always selling plenty of beer, Dave Beck’s winning streak came to an end.
By 1957, the McClellan Rackets Hearings of the United States Senate were underway, looking into corruption in the nation’s labor unions. The committee’s ambitious legal counsel, Robert F. Kennedy, had sharpened his focus on the Teamsters.

Dave Beck appeared before the committee on March 25, 1957, and Kennedy was relentless in his questioning. Beck invoked the Fifth Amendment 142 times. Audits of union records and Beck’s finances turned up much more beyond what Beck said in his Senate testimony. Beck, it turned out, had filed fraudulent tax returns for the Teamsters. He had also pocketed some of the Teamsters’ money in what he claimed, unsuccessfully, as a “bookkeeping blooper.”

Beck was indicted with seven federal charges, including four counts of tax evasion and three counts of fraudulent tax returns. On November 10, 1958, he went to trial on six of the counts. The jury returned a guilty verdict on each one. On June 20, 1962, Beck began a five-year sentence at the McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary in south Puget Sound.

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By the early 1960s, the same television cameras that broadcast Senate hearings were also broadcasting professional baseball, and Seattle was getting a hankering for the real Major Leagues. In 1964, the Cleveland Indians flirted with relocating to Seattle, and provisional season tickets were sold by the thousands to demonstrate local interest. But the Indians stayed put. Seattle had been used by the team to get a better lease agreement on their home stadium.

In 1967, the Supersonics of the National Basketball Association began their inaugural season, but Seattle still hungered for Major League Baseball.

Finally, after years of petitions to the American League, and after King County voters approved funding for a new stadium (which would ultimately become the Kingdome) as one of the Forward Thrust ballot measures, Seattle secured its second major league professional sports team.

In 1969, the Seattle Pilots (a name that narrowly beat out the Rainiers) debuted in a temporary home at Sicks Stadium. It was the same vintage facility that Emil Sick had built for the Seattle Rainiers, and the stadium—and its plumbing—was now more than 30 years old.

By Major League standards, Sicks Stadium was tiny, and its Depression-era infrastructure was showing its age. Whenever attendance at a Pilots game surpassed 10,000, the toilets stopped flushing.

The team didn’t function so well, either.

The expansion-year Pilots finished their inaugural season with a dismal record of 64–98, last in the American League’s Western Division. At spring training in Arizona in 1970, the team went through the motions while a battle raged for the Pilots’ future. In a series of backroom shenanigans, the team declared bankruptcy, and new owners moved the Pilots to Milwaukee and changed the team’s name to the Brewers.

Seattle’s elected officials and civic leaders, with the taste of Major League Baseball on their lips, had no choice but to finish building the Kingdome. The concrete-domed stadium opened in 1976 playing host to an appearance by evangelist Billy Graham. A Sounders soccer match followed not long after that, and the debut of the NFL Seahawks that summer.

In 1977, thanks to a successful lawsuit by King County in the wake of the Pilots’ abrupt departure and those backroom shenanigans, Major League Baseball returned to Seattle: The Mariners played their first regular season game in the Kingdome on April 6. They may have lost to the Angels, 0–7, but it didn’t matter. At least it was the big leagues.

The team struggled during the late 1970s and throughout the 1980s. The original ownership group, led by radio station owner Les Smith and entertainer Danny Kaye, sold to out-of-town owners, and the off-the-field drama often rivaled anything taking place on the artificial turf in the Kingdome.

Stability would come in 1994 with a local ownership group backed by Nintendo, whose American headquarters was in nearby Redmond.

But it was before that, on December 26, 1993, just a few months after Randy Johnson set a Seattle Mariners’ record with 308 strikeouts, and less than two years before the team would finally make it to the playoffs, when Dave Beck died.

Beck was 99, having lived long enough to obtain both state and presidential pardons, and long enough to outlast most of his many adversaries. But his feuds, his passions, and his timely influence over Emil Sick all lived on in baseball, and still do to this day. Thanks to one man, his ambition and his victory in the long ago Beer War, Seattle had its Mariners. Meanwhile, The Rainiers name lives on in Sick’s birthplace of Tacoma, where the local Pacific Coast League team has sported the beer and mountain-inspired name since 1995.
To Think Like a Mountain
Environmental Challenges in the American West
Niels S. Nokkentved
Shortsighted self-interest can cause devastating environmental loss. These insightful essays take a fresh look at challenges affecting the Northwest—resource extraction, wolf recovery, livestock grazing, and more. They encourage people to think like a mountain and consider long-term consequences. Available in September 2019.
Paperback • ISBN 978-0-87422-368-2 • $28.95

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Edited by Steve A. Anderson
Introduction by Jerry V. Ramsey, Ph.D.
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Waterlogged
Examples and Procedures for Northwest Coast Archaeologists
Edited by Kathryn Bernick
Waterlogged presents previously unpublished original research spanning the past ten thousand years of human presence on the Northwest Coast. Seventeen experienced wet-site archaeologists offer guidance and share their expertise.
Paperback • ISBN 978-0-87422-366-8 • $32.95
FERRY COUNTY: blazing courtrooms
Each of Washington’s 39 counties is home to a courthouse, where official business may be tended to and where legal matters large and small may be settled within the boundaries of the county seat. Author David Chapman has researched the origins of Washington’s county seats and courthouses, including this look at the earliest days—and earliest structures—of Ferry County.

By David Chapman

John Welty spent the winter of 1896 wandering over the pine-clad mountains of western Stevens County, in the northeast corner of Washington, searching for the veins of gold that he was certain ran beneath the rough terrain. It was a hard season and dangerous country for a lone prospector, but these were only a few of the troubles Welty had to contend with. At the time, the land that he roamed was within the Colville Indian Reservation, so the miner had to keep away from the authorities who would have chased him off the federally-administered lands had they found him. The Native Americans might have viewed his trespasses with even less tolerance.

Luck was with him, however, and on February 20 the prospector hit pay dirt. The next day, the federal government caved in to public pressure and declared the northern section of the Colville lands open to mineral development. Since Welty had sneaked onto the reservation before he was legally permitted, he was ready to file his claim and get on with the work of extracting the precious metal before any other rivals were able to get in ahead of him. Welty named his find the Black Tail Mine, and it soon became the first in a series of workings that were to dot the hillsides and valleys of the Okanogan Highlands. Other miners were quickly drawn to the golden riches that nature had hidden in the region, and the newcomers soon swarmed over the land like ants at a picnic. A group of these later argonauts joined forces with John Welty, and they trailed up Granite Creek where they staked another claim on March 5, 1896. The men decided to call their workings “The Republic.”

When the prospectors drove a tunnel into the hard mountain soil, they were surprised at the richness of the ore. The miners discovered a vein of gold 15 feet wide that ran as far as they could dig. It was a find that justified the months of
TOP: Republic as it appeared in 1897, when it was known as Eureka. From History of North Washington by Richard F. Steele and Arthur P. Rose. Published by Western Historical Publishing Company, Spokane, Washington, 1904. Public domain.


FACING PAGE: Colville Indians, 1908. Photo by Frank Palmer, Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture.
hard work and deadly danger, and it laid the golden foundations of the community that would quickly sprout up around the mine. Soon, others heard of the magnificent prize that had been found, and men began rushing into Republic Camp, as it had come to be called. By mid-April of 1897, there were 64 men in the camp, and just one month later the first merchant pitched his tent and began selling the necessities of mining life.

The first permanent structure in the new town was a log cabin erected by Harry Kaufman in 1896. By early July of the next year, the burgeoning community had added a two-story frame hotel. Newspapers, legal offices, saloons, and other signs of civilized life quickly sprang up in the muddy streets of Republic. Everyone seemed dazed by the speed of it all. “Where else on the face of the globe,” wondered a contemporary visitor to the town, “could so much development have been done in so short a time?”

Gold was the fuel for this hasty proliferation of building as more and more people rushed to the once virgin wilderness. Three thousand claims would eventually be filed around the region, and Republic Camp had sprung up to meet the needs of this influx. In March 1897, Spokane’s most flamboyant mining millionaire, Patrick “Patsy” Clark became interested in the mine, and set to work developing the region in earnest. When the Republic Gold Mining and Milling Company was organized, everyone knew that this was the place to be.

As the northern portion of the Colville Indian Reservation filled up with miners and other new inhabitants, there was continued lobbying in the nation’s capital to throw open the southern section, too. On the evening of June 30, 1898 the word came by way of the newfangled telephone: The south half was open.

The Republic Pioneer reported that this long-awaited news was rapidly passed around the excited camp, reaching “five hundred ears within five minutes.” The headlong rush for El Dorado had begun once more. Livery stables and horse corrals were emptied quickly as the would-be claimants attempted to get a mount before their neighbors. By two o’clock in the morning, the race had begun, as 60 or more men sped south leaving behind little but dust. “It mattered not what sort of a cayuse was offered; it was plenty good for the emergency,” confirmed the Pioneer. “The sound of horses’ feet and the loud voices of the riders kept many drowsy people awake, and curiosity brought not a few to the street with a realizing sense that something unusual was in the air.”

Within a week, there were upwards of 5,000 mining claims in the south half of the reservation, and at least 400 men populated the area from Republic Camp alone. But in the mad dash to stake claims, little thought was given to the Native inhabitants of the reservation. Their wishes, if they were even known in the first place, were virtually disregarded in the crazy search for the yellow metal. Soon the miners were grabbing what they wanted, disregarding federal prohibitions, bringing in liquor at an alarming rate, and causing an equal growth in riots, disturbances, and debauches. An 1898 federal court ruling with the colorful name of United States vs. Four Bottles of Sour Mash Whiskey, attempted to settle the issue by decreeing that if the whites were on ground covered by genuine mining claims, they were legally “off the reservation.” Armed with this decision, the miners could, generally speaking, live and carry on pretty much as they pleased. And carry on they did.

With the rich mines helping to finance their hijinks, there was always plenty of mischief afoot in Republic Camp. Sheriff Fenny of Stevens County was at his wits’ end when it came to keeping order in the rough-and-tumble mining
The main problem was that Colville, the county seat, was just too far away and the terrain too rough for easy communication. So in early 1899, a group of citizens held a meeting in Republic to decide on some way to keep law and order. Rapid unrestrained growth had turned a remote wilderness into one of Washington’s principal mining centers, but the price of that expansion had been fraught with social problems. The committee’s solution was to form a new county. They would name their new creation “Eureka,” after Republic’s surrounding mining region. The men in the executive committee raised enough money to send a pair of lobbyists to Olympia where they could present the matter to the legislature.

There must have been very little opposition to the measure since it passed through the halls of government quickly. One of the men in the Republic delegation, a young lawyer named Wyle C. Morris, thought that Eureka was not an appropriate name for the new county, so he suggested that the area be called “Ferry,” in honor of the state’s first governor, who had also earlier served as Territorial Governor, Elisha P. Ferry. This was approved, and on February 18, 1899 Governor John Rogers signed the bill carving Ferry County from Stevens County.

Development and population increases had moved quickly in the region, and this swiftness convinced many local entrepreneurs that the area’s brisk development would sweep in prosperity along with self-government. In October 1899, just eight months after Ferry County was created, The Republic Record promised its readers that rapid growth was on the way. “There is a ‘feeling in the air’ that indicates the approach of a boom as surely as the leaves on the birch trees tell of coming winter.” The paper solemnly promised that Republic would soon be one of the most important cities in the state. In preparation for that time, the new county commissioners decided that it was time to put up a decent courthouse. Shortly after the county was formed, the leaders had met in a building which had been used by the justice of the peace. Civic pride ran high, and when the Delaware Mining Company donated a site on a slight rise northeast of the town’s main business district, the commissioners gratefully accepted. On May 15, Thomas L. Grant was awarded the contract to build a modest courthouse for the sum of $3,974.

However, a little over two weeks later, on the morning of June 3, 1899, Republic suffered a disastrous fire. The conflagration roared through the mountain town, destroying everything in its path. Unfortunately, the temporary courthouse was instantly consumed by the flames, with the commissioners’ papers helping to fuel the fire. Luckily, most
of the records were still in Colville at the time, since the officials there had been slow in transcribing them. The embers of the fire had barely cooled before work began on a more substantial replacement, but in the meantime the harried commissioners had a flimsy shed constructed and put to use as a makeshift auditor’s office. This was only a temporary solution, and work to build the new courthouse took on new urgency.

One slight change in design that can be ascribed to the fire was the addition of a fireproof vault. This improvement cost the citizens of Ferry County another $1,120. News of the new courthouse was celebrated as far away as San Francisco where a special edition of The Wave newspaper announced, “Whoever visits Republic a few months hence will find a striking feature of the town’s improvement in the new Court House, which Messrs. Yeargin, Percy, and Wilmot, the County Commissioners, are arranging to build. The public business is now conducted in board shacks, the accommodations of which it has already outgrown.”

Builder Thomas Grant and his men worked all that summer of 1899 to provide the public business to a more suitable home, and on October 5, the new courthouse was completed and quickly accepted by the officials of Ferry County. The structure itself was neither elaborate nor ostentatious. It consisted of a simple two-story wood frame building with a little balcony on the second floor forming a covered porch over the front entrance. The courthouse stood a short distance from the center of town, and considering the frequency of fires that periodically swept through the community, this relative isolation afforded some degree of protection. The building’s lack of elegance was hardly important since Ferry County government was in such dire need of a new home.

Despite being formally accepted in October, there were still a few items remaining on the punchlist for the clapboard structure. The Pioneer of January 13, 1900 reported that furniture for the courthouse had only just that week been ordered, and would not be installed until early spring. The newspaper hinted that the wait would probably be worth it because the courthouse would soon possess state-of-the-art amenities. The reporter wrote that the new building would house “the latest devices for filing documents and records of all kinds. When a paper is filed, it can be turned to instantly.” It hardly mattered that this modern contraption, whatever it was, would cost an additional $400.

Money was never very scarce in Republic. From the very moment of its conception, Ferry County and its bustling seat had never faltered in its breathless dash toward prosperity. Stages arrived daily loaded with passengers, and hotels and lodging houses were often beyond capacity. Real estate prices were equally bullish. Choice lots on Clark Avenue—the town’s main artery—which had originally sold for $200 apiece went as high as $2,500 just a year later. First-class housing, with walls, doors and windows, was difficult to find, and tents began springing up around town. Soon, even these were filled to overflowing.

When the Great Northern Railroad ran a branch line into Republic shortly after the turn of the century, ever larger hordes of hopeful emigrants were regularly disgorged from passenger trains and onto the city’s teeming streets.

The mad desire to pry the minerals out of the stubborn soil had created an unprecedented rush in the area, and mining fever was running a dangerously high temperature. As it turned out, the boom (much like the fires that periodically devastated the county seat) had been too hot and too fast. Starting sometime in 1901, the rumbles of a coming bust were clearly audible. The troubles ahead were first obvious around the county seat, where the original veins of easily worked ore had played out quickly. The gold that remained was plentiful, but so much expense and trouble had to be expended in extracting it from the surrounding rocks that it eventually became unprofitable. All attempts to trick the metal out of the nearby stones proved futile. “How quickly nature falls into revolt,” as Shakespeare had once confirmed, “when gold becomes her object!”

Because of this trouble, Republic’s boom days wound down as quickly as they had wound up. By the end of 1904, a majority of the mines in the area had shut down, and most of the town’s populace had moved on to other places. For the first time in Republic’s short history, its buildings stood vacant, businesses went bankrupt, and unemployment was rife. Even the town’s drinking and gambling establishments felt the pinch. Originally, there had been around 20 saloons in town, some of which served fancy, imported whiskeys and liqueurs;
within a year, there were only 10 bars left. Things were equally dismal among the bordello of Keane Street and many of the prostitutes moved elsewhere.

Life was definitely quieter in Republic once the miners, hucksters and gin mills had departed, but the little town suddenly looked forlorn and bedraggled. Both its boom and bust had come with such amazing speed that no one seemed to know what to do next. It was in this state that the county and its principal town limped along for another ten years until the economy began to pick up again around 1910, when technical advancements in mining made the activity marginally profitable once more. Eventually, ranching, logging, and sawmilling also helped pull Ferry County out of its slump.

Throughout it all, the modest little courthouse stood steadfast as a redoubt of American bureaucracy. In 1907, the county added a sturdy brick jail and another vault to the rear of the existing building. Aside from these improvements, little changed in the original design since the county was almost constantly broke. The first three decades of the twentieth century were not easy ones, and the repairs and upkeep on the wooden structure were not as thorough as they might have been.

Despite its general ramshackle appearance, the Ferry County courthouse could serve its purpose admirably when the need arose. In March 1934 the clapboard structure was the site of the Roy Johnson murder case, described by the Republic NewsMiner as “one of the most sensational murder trials in the history of the county.” Many citizens would have agreed as they were drawn to the little courtroom in enormous numbers. The crowds eventually caused Judge William C. Brown to restrict entrance to the trial because the room was so packed with spectators it interfered with court business.

The case that all these people had come to hear was a simple but brutal one. On Halloween night in 1933, 29-year-old Roy Johnson was intoxicated when he drove to an isolated cabin belonging to Peter Huber, a 72-year-old mill worker. Authorities said that Johnson’s original aim was to rob the old man, but Johnson was accused of bludgeoning his elderly victim over the head with the barrel of a 32-20 Marlin rifle. Johnson, charging papers said, then grabbed up a few items of value, including a gold watch and a diamond stickpin, and fled the scene in his automobile. When he was later apprehended by the police, the stolen items were still in the back seat of his car. It only took the Ferry County deputies a short while before they had three separate, signed confessions.

In the course of the trial, Roy Johnson’s wily defense lawyer, Henry N. Martin, brought out several salient points. First, he claimed that his client had merely been the driver for another shadowy person; it was this man who actually committed the murder. Second, Johnson had been too drunk to commit the crime. And third, during his “interrogation,” two overzealous state patrolmen—J.E. McAuley and Charles Woodard—had brutally beaten the young man and threatened to kill him if he did not sign the confessions. By the time the defense rested, Martin had done his best to give the jury something to mull over in their deliberations.

After the closing arguments, it took the jury a little more than eight hours to reach a decision. When the verdict was read, there was hardly any room left in the hushed and crowded courtroom. The jury found the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree and recommended that he spend the rest of his life behind bars. When the prisoner heard the decision, he began to weep, and when he was led off to begin serving his term at Walla Walla, he nearly collapsed. Unfortunately, the convicted murderer was not the only thing in danger of collapse in 1934.

The old courthouse was growing weaker with each passing year, and it was only a matter of time before it fell to the ground. The Great Depression was in full swing, and money was tighter than ever. Several local politicians were reportedly looking into the possibility of getting some federal funding to help restore the old courthouse, but before anyone could follow up on this, fate took a hand in the affairs of Ferry County. Early on the morning of February 16, 1935, a fire broke out in the basement of the old brick jail and quickly spread into the adjoining rickety wooden structure. By the time the fire department arrived on the scene, the conflagration had already consumed most of the building and all efforts to quench the fire were in vain. The only thing the firemen could do was to pour a constant stream of water onto the two brick vaults in an attempt to save the precious legal records stored within.

When the day dawned, Republic’s citizens could only stare in dumb amazement at the blackened, smoldering ruins. The old wooden building that had served the needs of the county three decades was gone, and despite its modest appearance, the courthouse would be missed.

The old wooden building that had served the needs of the county for three decades was gone, and despite its modest appearance, the courthouse would be missed.
By that summer, a flurry of fast work and even faster talking had assured Ferry County of a brand-new courthouse. A delegation from Republic went to Olympia, and there they spoke to the regional head of the Public Works Administration, one of Roosevelt’s New Deal agencies. A new courthouse was estimated to cost about $50,000. The PWA was willing to supply 45 percent of the cost of building and furniture for the new courthouse, leaving a balance of $28,000. The next stop was at the office of Governor Clarence D. Martin who promised that he would match the county 50-50 on the balance. This left a gap of $14,000, but since the insurance on the old courthouse had paid $16,000, it meant that there was actually a surplus of $2,000. The structure represented a triumph of public funding since it was the only courthouse in the state that was subsidized to this extent. As one historian confirmed, the financing was “evidence of how far into the nation’s hinterlands the relief programs reached.”

The whole business of securing funds to replace the courthouse had been ridiculously easy, and many back in Republic were beginning to grow suspicious. Rumors began circulating around town that the commissioners somehow had a hand in the fire that destroyed the old courthouse. If this was, indeed, the case, then no one in town made much to do about it. After all, the need was certainly there for a new county home, and most Depression-era voters had no great desire to shell out more of their hard-earned dollars. They were content to let the “New Dealers” in Washington, DC do that.

Despite the quick financial work, it took well over a year for actual building to get underway. On February 12, 1936, bids for the construction of the Ferry County Court House were opened in the Spokane office of architect George M. Rasque. A construction firm from Walla Walla—Schreiner and Harding—was awarded the contract, and work was to begin at once.

Architect Rasque designed a severe building in the Art Deco style (sometimes called the PWA Moderne style). There was little decoration in the new structure, perhaps in order to befit the seriousness of the business to be transacted inside. The sum total of adornments to the stark, white plaster facade consisted of the recessed, vertical strips that run to the top of the structure creating a simple, shallow porch. A bas-relief lozenge floated between the entrance and the large window over the door, and bronze block capitals announced that this is the “Ferry County Court House.” Inside, the building was even more Spartan in design. There had been no attempt at elegance or comfort. This structure was deadly earnest, and no one who entered could fail to feel the icy logic of the law or the cold comfort of incarceration.

Work proceeded quickly, and on August 15, 1936, the new courthouse was close enough to completion so that Governor Martin himself was able to speak at the building’s dedication. The News-Miner was unrestrained in its jubilation at the ceremonies. “This will properly be a day of rejoicing for the generous gifts from federal and state funds which made possible this beautiful new structure in whose archives the records of Ferry County will be kept.”

Nearly 60 years after that dedication, the little town of Republic can still boast of its courthouse on the hill. The rough-and-ready boomtown has long since disappeared and its population has declined to half of what it was in 1900. The area’s gold production has likewise diminished considerably, but no one can take away the county’s golden heritage.

This is one commodity, however abstract, that is even richer now than it was when John Welty roamed the piney hills more than a century ago.
Caroline Davis Kavanaugh in 1913, pictured with a man believed to be her grandson. She holds her husband James Kavanaugh's old gun. Photo was taken at the time of her Anacortes American interview, but never published. Photo courtesy of Jeff Haner.
Sometime during World War I Caroline Kavanaugh, one of Skagit County’s indigenous founding mothers, walked slowly along the six miles of country road between Swinomish Reservation’s Catholic Church and her aged cedar cabin on Shais-quiil, by then called March Point. Caroline’s brown skin was deeply wrinkled but her eyes still shone. She had spent nearly her entire life on the three-mile long peninsula south of Bellingham Bay, her homeland, her illahee. Shais-quiil held the story of her childhood, most of her married life with two men, and thirty years of widowhood.

Caroline Kavanaugh was one of countless Native women in Washington Territory and across the West who married non-Native colonizers, forming important alliances that often benefitted both parties. Women like Caroline played a crucial role in mid-1800s regional settlement, and helped to spare Puget Sound’s upper corner from tragic conflicts. Their contributions have been largely ignored.

Writers told the life of Caroline within accepted stereotypes. More than one called her a “princess” to fit American beliefs about Native women when no such term existed in Coast Salish culture. In his time, her first husband Robert Davis was the victim of regional assumptions about his famous family, though he aspired to a much different life. Her Coast Salish parents came from neighboring Swinomish (Swidabish) and Samish (Sam’sh) villages south of Bellingham Bay. Daily life in those communities was nearly identical, yet less than 10 miles of land and water formed an invisible line between two language groups who identified most with others who spoke their own. Their home and resource territories overlapped and as a child Caroline frequented both of her parents’ winter villages. She was at minimum bilingual and probably spoke other dialects. Unlike most Coast Salish wives who lived in villages distant from their birth families, her mother’s family home was just a short canoe pull away from her husband’s home.

Caroline said in a 1913 newspaper interview that her father had led a major Samish winter village named for the blue camas flower. The site of his and Caroline’s birth was located on Shais-quiil peninsula on Spanish-named Fidalgo Island, separated from the mainland only by the winding slough of her mother’s home. Camas abounded on the peninsula between the shallow tidal flats of two bountiful river-fed bays. By the time of Caroline’s birth, the village was used only during seasonal harvests.

In her time, the Samish seem to have occupied winter villages only on Samish Island (the cultural seat on Padilla Bay) and Guemes to the west, as epidemic-driven...
consolidation continued. Many astonished visitors in the 1850s described longhouses over 1,200 feet long.

Caroline’s mother probably came from Snee-oosh, the Swinomish village on their slough. The waterway provided a calm detour when storms brought gale-force winds to the open waters and village residents welcomed strangers who sought shelter. It was nearly the last inhabited Swinomish village after epidemics forced abandonments (as they had in the nearby villages of the Nuwhaha, who also moved to Samish Island). Most important, the village was hidden from passing hostile parties.

Rich Swinomish and Samish resource territories overlapped on Shais-quihl, where women cultivated camas and potatoes. As an adult, Caroline would share Shais-quihl plots with her mother and inherit rights to them. Her Samish father had access to his own family’s fields on the western side of the peninsula around his old village.

Documents place Caroline’s birth between 1836 and 1845. Based on Coast Salish average age at marriage and known facts, the most likely period was 1840 to 1843. She would have been 14 to 17 at the time of her marriage to Robert Davis. She owned four names, but her grandchildren referred to her affectionately as “Stoly,” short for Tol-asth (Swinomish), and Tol Stola (Samish).

Caroline never clearly identified which winter village she called home during her childhood. Her parents probably joined one of the large houses on nearby Samish Island at some point after her birth. There, the water from four springs supported both the Samish and the Nuwhaha.

Circumstances in the 1840s led to major changes in Caroline’s life. First, Catholic missionaries converted most of the villagers of the northern Sound. Their adoption of Catholicism cemented the influence of Euro-American culture in the region. Second, the Laichwilta ("unkillable ones") from Quadra Island, B.C. and other Northerners increased their seasonal raids after Fort Victoria was built. Despite their defenses, the Samish and Swinomish lost many people to the raids. Third, measles spread to the Northwest from California in 1848 and ravaged villages for 10 months, killing thousands. It swept through Caroline’s homeland in April when villagers were most physically vulnerable after a long winter. In later interviews, Caroline mentioned only her father and one sister who were alive at the time of her marriage in the mid-1850s, so family members may have died in 1848 or during the smallpox epidemic of 1852–53. The Samish population, estimated at around 2,000 in the early 1840s, dropped to 200.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT HUGH DAVIS belonged to the most famous extended family in Mississippi. By the 1850s, his uncle Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War and his uncle Joseph was a wealthy and influential planter and lawyer. Robert seems to be the most obscure (perhaps even deliberately so) member of the Davis family. The extensive official genealogy only records his birth and death years.

Robert’s father Samuel A. Davis migrated with his parents’ large family after the Revolutionary War to the “Dixie Frontier.” They settled in Woodville, Mississippi, to pursue an unwelcome toehold in the Choctaw and Chickasaw homeland. Sam later staked a claim 100 miles upriver at a junction of indigenous trade routes that became Vicksburg. Robert Hugh was born there to Sam and Lucinda Throckmorton Davis in 1824.
When Robert was seven, his father died, leaving Lucinda at Vicksburg with four children under the age of 12 and large debts. Also, under state law, Joseph Davis (Samuel's eldest brother) had legal control of the family's affairs. Until the 1850s, Vicksburg featured only unpainted storefronts, dirt streets, roaming hogs, scavenger dogs, roaches, and no public schools. Religion played little part in the community, and riverboats brought in gamblers and other miscreants. A distinctive local feature was a fascination with dueling, supported by the Davis clan. Robert took the custom to Bellingham Bay.

Twenty-two when the Mexican War began, Robert served as a private in his uncle Jefferson Davis's company of the First Mississippi Volunteers. Declared disabled after the Battle of Monterrey, Robert returned home with his uncle, soon elected U.S. Senator.

Robert's older brother Benjamin Davis left for the California Gold Rush in 1849. By 1855, he co-owned a pack train business in the new southern Oregon gold rush boontown of Jacksonville. Evidence suggests that Robert visited to see if he wanted to join his brother in the West. The intriguing signature of witness “Robert Davis” appears on the January 22, 1855, Treaty of Point Elliott. There is no evidence of any “Robert Davis” in western Washington at that time, except perhaps the Secretary of War’s nephew.

Caroline’s Samish people believed that Shais-quihl would be their reservation because the treaty named it specifically. However, Article 7 permitted the government to remove residents from a reservation in order to consolidate or sell the land to homesteaders, making the reserved lands permanent only at the government’s discretion. The Senate took four years to ratify the treaty, giving settlers time to move unimpeded across the proposed boundaries as had the “old settlers” from the beginning of American movement west. During the Civil War and Reconstruction, Shais-quihl received nothing that would develop it as a reservation and was ignored as if it had never been in the treaty at all.

Jefferson Davis’ deep interest in the Pacific Northwest led him to promote Senate bills that supported the region’s development, and he did more after he became Secretary of War in 1853. He established two new infantry regiments for Washington in 1855 in response to entreaties for more defense in the face of resistance to the new treaties, possible conflict with the British 40 years after the War of 1812, and Northern raiders at Bellingham Bay. If Robert attended the treaty signing, it may have been at his uncle’s request.

It should not be surprising that Jefferson Davis saw an opportunity to indulge his interest in the Northwest and at the same time give his directionless 31-year-old nephew a chance at one of the few professions acceptable to planter society. Of the officers he selected for the regiments, half were political appointments. Jefferson appointed Robert as First Lieutenant (over a West Pointer) under Captain George E. Pickett in his first command.

Robert did not report to the new regiment in March, possibly on his way back from the Northwest. In May, he met with Jefferson who advised him to take advantage of the career opportunity he had provided. Jefferson wrote to his brother Joseph that “Robert arrived here this morning...I gave him the new tactics, the text book of his regiment, giving him some ‘good advice.’ He has many high soldierly qualities and as he has never studied enough to test his mental power, I hope for more than you probably expect, if he can be stimulated to earnest exertion.”

Robert commanded his company on the long trip to Washington Territory’s Fort Steilacoom because Captain Pickett was on court martial duty. After his arrival at Bellingham Bay to build the new fort, he tolerated disrespect from fellow officers and enlisted men because of his lack of a West Point education or experience in the West, in addition to the usual frustrations. He taught riflery to the city boys and immigrants.
parties would also mediate and transmit her father’s point of view to the authorities. The show of force by the heavily-armed competing authority in the area would have alerted area headmen to the implications of conflict.

Caroline said family and settlers attended her wedding. Justice of the Peace Edward Eldridge was empowered to conduct a civil wedding though, as with Captain Pickett’s and Lt. James Forsyth’s (future commander of the Wounded Knee massacre) weddings to indigenous women, documenting that he united a cross-cultural couple would have brought an overwhelming fine

from territorial officials. At the time, the territorial marriage law included a race-based amendment which made it illegal for anyone to preside over intermarriage ceremonies. Officials appeared to have left no paper records behind when they presided and Caroline’s word is the only evidence that Eldridge conducted a ceremony in addition to the tribal custom one.

Robert Davis’ unlikely marriage to a non-white woman had its precedent in his own family. Young Jefferson Davis had a tribal custom marriage with a Menominee woman when he was an army officer in Wisconsin. He probably never intended a permanent relationship, though the young woman’s family certainly expected the alliance to be a real marriage. Davis fathered a son, Joseph who, during the Civil War, fought in a Menominee Union infantry unit. After the war, one of Davis’ prison guards, on leave in Wisconsin, checked on the well-being of “Mrs. Davis” as everyone knew her there. Joseph Davis became the last living Civil War veteran in his county where whites and Menominee alike publicly recognized him as the Confederate president’s son.

Caroline and Robert moved into the officers’ quarters at Fort Bellingham. In addition to the company laundresses, off-duty enlisted men (“strikers”) often made fires, cleaned homes, and sometimes cooked. Fifty years later, she still remembered the strikers who helped in her home.

Caroline was young and pretty, with a lively personality. She found a teacher in missionary priest Father Casimir Chirouse, who taught her to read and write English during his periodic visits. She enjoyed newspapers and magazines until her death. Reading her Bible regularly contributed to her lifelong devotion to the Catholic Church.

For Southern men, gambling was a ritualized way to best rivals without violence. Less than a year after Robert arrived, he challenged the Sehome Coal Mine manager to a duel after being accused of cheating in a whiskey-fueled card game. Duelling was strictly against U.S. Army rules and Captain Pickett intervened. Feeling personally insulted, Robert resigned on August 1, 1857.

Perhaps to the surprise of everyone but Caroline, Robert did not leave town. He stayed with his wife, but their privileged lifestyle ended. Robert obtained an army contract to hunt and furnish meat to the Northwest Boundary Survey Commission and its military escort.

Robert then bought half-interest in a store, saloon, three lots, and a house. His business partner left the county commission in June 1858 to take over sheriff duties in the midst of the Fraser River gold rush chaos and Robert served as deputy. He had invaluable frontiersman and military skills to deal with thousands of drunken miners.

Caroline gave birth to baby Samuel in 1858. For a planter-class Southerner, using that hereditary name for his son signaled Robert’s intention to make the newborn his legal heir. Whatcom County men who kept their options open to desert their native family used non-family names.

Caroline probably used her homemaking skills, like other wives did, to make money from the miners camped on the beach. Most homes had boarders and women’s ability to cook, launder, sew, and heal were in high demand. A new opportunity soon opened for the couple with the intersection of the treaty ratification, Robert’s acquaintance with others open to new ventures, and Caroline’s birthplace.

Government negligence allowed land-hungry men to encroach on the peninsula once reserved for the Samish. Hunting on Shäisqálh with some newcomers, Robert admired its fern prairie above the crab and clam beaches, with uplands where deer roamed. The extensive Samish potato and camas fields and a copious spring behind the old village site make it attractive for agriculture. Robert Davis and Charles Beale marked out “squatter” claims on the peninsula’s west side and built a cedar
COLUMBIA 29 | NORTHWEST HISTORY

THE CIVIL WAR DISRUPTED the life Caroline and Robert were building with little Sam on Shais’quihl. Robert could not avoid the vitriolic attacks on his uncle, now the Confederate president. Eyewitness accounts say that Robert’s family began a concerted effort to get him to go home, join the war, and abandon his “unsuitable” wife. Also, if Robert were to die in the war, little Sam’s existence as an heir in Washington might cause a legal fuss in Mississippi. Such interference was said to have made the couple so angry they had another, Catholic, wedding ceremony.

The Puget Sound Herald printed an eastern item that a Davis cousin joined the Union army and hoped to “put a ball through his traitorous relative.” In a paraphrase of Caroline’s words, her husband explained that honor called him to defend his homeland, which she could understand. She told her Anacortes American interviewer that she and Sam went with Robert to Port Townsend to say goodbye. He gave her two $20 gold coins (about $1,000 today) for support until he returned.

Caroline said that Robert’s family wrote that he died during the 1863 Vicksburg campaign. His life had taken an abrupt turn, but she never knew what really happened. Sam remained the legal heir of a living Robert Davis, perhaps even after her remarriage. Because the probate court could not establish what happened to his father, it did not appoint a white male guardian for little Sam. Caroline retained control of her boy’s future, something other indigenous wives lost if their husband left or died.

Whatever Robert’s intentions were, they didn’t last long once he was immersed in home, family, and war. He joined other relatives who took army leadership roles. He organized the 24th Mississippi Infantry’s “Brierfield Defenders,” named for Jefferson’s home. As captain, he would walk into the guns with his men.

Before Robert left for duty, he married nineteen-year-old Katherine Auter, daughter of a prosperous riverboat owner-captain. He became a bigamist, in ethical truth if not in documentation.

Possibly scouting, Captain Davis was captured alone on May 18, 1863, in the lead-up to the Siege of Vicksburg. It probably did not take officers long to realize that their prisoner was not just any Davis, but a Davis who could be a valuable pawn. Robert became both a military and political prisoner at the miserable Johnson’s Island prison camp for officers in Lake Erie, Ohio. He spent most of the next eighteen months in solitary and in shackles, and at the end, on a diet of mostly bread.

In January 1865, General Grant ordered the release of the sickest prisoners held the longest, among them Robert, still in irons and solitary. The army officials sent him to a hospital, then transported him south by train. After Appomattox, an army officer signed Robert’s “parole of honor” at Meridian, Mississippi. The small railroad junction, nearly destroyed, served as a hospital and cemetery center for thousands of wounded Confederates. He died there in December, too sick to use his parole to go home. Kate Davis buried him in Vicksburg and probably never knew that he left behind a son in Washington Territory.

Believing for several years that she was a widow, by the time of Robert’s actual death Caroline had married Irish immigrant Sheriff James Kavanaugh, started a new family, and after a short time in Sehome would live the rest of her life on Shais’quihl.

Caroline and Robert’s son, Sam Davis, died at eighteen while working as a fireman on the regional steamer Josephine. The boiler exploded while under way in Port Susan Bay near Everett and the Tulalip Reservation.
NATIONAL HERITAGE AREAS

Two new National Heritage Areas were created by Congress earlier this year. One is in the I-90 corridor, known as the Mountains to Sound Greenway, the other encompasses the Washington coast and shores of Puget Sound. While neither designation changes any land ownership or imposes new restrictions, each area has new potential for creating public-private partnerships and interpretive programs, as well as innovative ways to connect visitors with experiences and share stories about history and culture.

Washington National Maritime Heritage Area

The not-for-profit Washington Trust for Historic Preservation (WTHP) has been named coordinating entity for the new Washington National Maritime Heritage Area, which stretches “along Washington’s saltwater coastline from Grays Harbor County to the Canadian border,” according to the WTHP.

Multiple cultural groups, heritage organizations, Native American tribes and public agencies joined together for a grassroots campaign to create the new heritage area and work for the federal legislation to pass.

In a press release, the WTHP, a statewide organization best known for its historic preservation advocacy and technical assistance, said that it will now lead the efforts going forward to tell “a bigger story—one that brings together old and new, the Pacific and Puget Sound, large craft and small... [and] engages more of the public and better share[s] the history, drama and excitement of our maritime stories.”

It’s hard to overstate the role that waterways have played for millennia in what is now Washington, and so much of the area’s development in the 19th and 20th centuries was directly tied to rivers and harbors. Patterns of settlement and economic development that still affect how people live, work, and play are a direct result of the community’s centuries of dependence on, and its reaction to, the area’s maritime geography and maritime heritage.

For more information: https://www.preservewa.org/programs/national-maritime-heritage-area/

Mountains To Sound Greenway National Heritage Area

A decade of organizing by the not-for-profit Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust has come to fruition with creation of the Mountains to Sound Greenway National Heritage Area.

The Greenway is a 1.5 million acre landscape between Ellensburg and Seattle, from the Cascades to Puget Sound. Multiple public agencies own and manage land and recreation areas within the Greenway, and several not-for-profit cultural and heritage organizations offer programming at museums, libraries and historical societies. The new National Heritage Area (NHA) designation for the Greenway will provide a framework for developing more partnerships to create programs and improve public lands, and to communicate about recreation and interpretation opportunities to visitors and potential visitors.

“NHA designation is an opportunity for communities of the Greenway to preserve what is most important amid the ongoing growth and development in our region,” said Jon Hoekstra, executive director of Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust, in a press release announcing the designation. “The Greenway’s complex history and cultural diversity tell important stories that current and future generations can learn from and embrace together,” Hoekstra said.

For more information: https://mtsgreenway.org/learn/national-heritage-area/
THE MARINEERS’ PAGEANT
OF ANACORTES

Bret Lunsford, Director, Anacortes Museum

In the midst of the Great Depression, the movers and shakers in Anacortes set on the ambitious task of inventing and producing a citywide water-themed festival called the Mariners’ Pageant. Beginning in 1937, the town hosted thousands of tourists who were attracted by parades, water-ski stunts, canoe races, and zany contests like The Cat Putter-Outer Derby.

Paul Luvera, Anacortes grocer, described the genesis:

“Okay, we have the theme of our celebration, outboard motor races... floats, bands, and now what about an attractive name for our big show? Then a newcomer said, ‘How about this: “Marineers’ Pageant,” not “Mariner,” but “Marineer?”’ And that clicked immediately! The Marineers’ Pageant became the most successful of any previous celebration.”

The pageant was a hit from the start, but was suspended during World War II. Over a 20-year span, a total of nine pageants were held, with the final edition taking place in 1957.

While few would deny that Anacortes is a watersports Utopia, that alone couldn’t keep the pageant going. One theory about the demise of the Mariners’ Pageant is that it grew to a size that was simply too much cost and too much effort for Anacortes to handle. Seattle’s Seafair, launched in 1950, was arguably inspired by the Anacortes Festival, and is marking its 70th year this summer.

TOP: Water events, such as these hydro speedboats waiting for race time, were viewed from the Marine Stadium on the east side of Cap Sante. Benches were constructed of rock in 1938 by Works Progress Administration and volunteer crews, and held an audience of hundreds of people. Photo by Cornelius Root.

MIDDLE: In this 1949 photo, two girls ride bicycles decorated as seahorses and pull a clamshell float on 11th Street past an overgrown vacant lot, now a rarity in Anacortes.

BOTTOM: The Luvera Grocery float in the 1937 pageant suggests a gondola with a man sitting in the back playing a guitar. The float is traveling north on Commercial Avenue at the intersection of 5th Street. Photo by Ferd Brady.

All photographs on this page courtesy of the Anacortes Museum’s Wallie Funk Collection.
FRANCES FULLER VICTOR'S
ALL OVER OREGON AND WASHINGTON

“New as the country is, people seem to live well, dress well, talk well; and are planning a new empire—and all without any great or exhausting effort.”
—Frances Fuller Victor, All Over Oregon and Washington

Frances Fuller Victor is one of the most accomplished Northwest writers and most credible 19th-century historians of the western United States.

Though she wasn’t credited for it anywhere within their pages, Victor is nowadays known and appreciated for the research and writing she did in the 1880s on Hubert Howe Bancroft’s monumental series of histories of the West. Bancroft’s volumes covering Oregon, Idaho and Washington, as well as California, Wyoming, Colorado and Nevada, are all thought to be largely the work of Frances Fuller Victor.

Under her own name, she also published several history titles, including River of the West: The Adventures of Joe Meek (1870) and, at the behest of the Oregon Legislature, The Early Indian Wars of Oregon (1894).


Fortunately, Victor’s own voice as a writer is strong throughout All Over Oregon and Washington. This voice, with its glowing descriptions of both the abundant scenery and ample opportunity of her newly adopted homeland, gives a clear sense of her identity as a writer and as a person.

In the aptly titled book, Victor travels mostly by boat and by stage throughout the settled portions of Oregon and of Washington Territory. She paints vivid and enthusiastic portraits of many parts of the Northwest, and peppers her account with period details that make that long ago era, as well as the author, seem just a little bit closer.

Steaming from Port Townsend to Bellingham
“We might go on endlessly, describing the many islands that dot the Sound, and the lovely little bays, with their small rivers and fertile valleys opening into them; but it would be only to repeat the same general features: agreeable scenery, mild climate, prolific soil, with a recapitulation of natural resources—animal, vegetable, and mineral—that are nowhere lacking in this immense region of Puget Sound.”

Riding by stage from Monticello to Olympia
“What strikes us most in this drive, are the magnificence of the timber on the mountain, and the roughness of the country for a highway. In this July weather it is well enough, jolting through the forest, over roots of giant trees, and into hollows between them; but, in the rainy season, it is a different undertaking. However, the North (sic) Pacific Railroad is to cure this evil, in another year, perhaps. We are glad that for once we had to come this way. Such a forest as this is something to remember having seen; and fills completely our conception of solemn and stupendous grandeur.”

Observing scenery on the outskirts of Walla Walla
“A ride through the Walla Walla Valley, along the line of the stage-road, shows us the most cultivated portions, and a great deal of delightful country that is in its natural state. The face of the country is undulating—covered with grass and flowers. Fat, sleek-hided cattle feed in herds on a hundred hills. As we jog easily along over smooth roads, we enjoy the clear, bracing air, the cloudless sky, the glimpses of cultivation in wayside nooks, the flowers, the birds—the whole breezy, peaceful, harmonious landscape.”

Frances Fuller Victor died at age 76 on November 14, 1902 in Portland, Oregon and is buried at River View Cemetery there. Clearly, she deserves to be remembered All Over Oregon and Washington.

LEFT: Frances Fuller Victor’s All Over Oregon and Washington captures the flavor of the Northwest and the author’s distinctive voice. Courtesy Felix H. Banel.

ABOVE: Frances Fuller Victor, circa 1900. Public domain.
AURAL HISTORY: A NEW WAY TO HEAR “OLD” STORIES
By Feliks Banel

The podcast phenomenon of the past few years has brought unprecedented amounts of free audio content to the web. One category that has been particularly rich with possibilities is history, with some history-focused radio programs now also available as podcasts, as well as entirely new initiatives emerging as original productions.

Here’s a selection of history podcasts that have caught our ears lately. Most are available from iTunes and other popular podcast platforms.

UNCOVER: BOMB ON BOARD
Why did Canadian Pacific Flight 21 from Vancouver, BC to Whitehorse, Yukon explode in midair over the British Columbia interior in July 1965? This six-episode podcast tries to answer that question, and to identify who might have been to blame for the deaths of 52 passengers and crew aboard the DC-6 airliner. Bomb on Board was produced by CBC Vancouver meteorologist and science correspondent Johanna Wagstaffe along with Ian Hanomansing, host of CBC TV’s newcast The National. The research is top-notch, and the team uncovers a lot of surprising backstory.

COLD
The disappearance of Susan Powell from her West Valley, Utah home in December 2009, and the subsequent suicide in Puyallup, Washington of her husband Josh Powell—who murdered the couple’s two children before killing himself—is one of the most bizarre criminal cases in recent memory, stretching from the Rocky Mountains to Puget Sound. Dave Cawley, investigative journalist for Salt Lake City’s KSL radio and television, produced this 18-episode series called Cold. Cawley gained access to never-before-heard audio recordings of Josh Powell and to Susan Powell’s journals, and conducted in-depth interviews with law enforcement and others involved in this sad story of family dysfunction and violence.

WITNESS HISTORY
Long before podcasts went mainstream, the World Service of the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) was producing episodes of a feature called Witness for its global radio and web-based audio news programming. Now known as Witness History, the podcast uses contemporary and archival interviews to explore large and small moments in social, political and cultural history from the viewpoints of those who were actually there.

BREWING UP BASEBALL IN SEATTLE


FERRY COUNTY: BLAZING COURTROOMS

PEACE WEavers


USED BOOKS: FRANCES FULLER VICTOR


The Early Indian Wars of Oregon, by Frances Fuller Victor. Salem, Oregon: Frank C. Baker, State Printer, 1894.


MAPS & LEGENDS: WASHINGTON STATE PARKS
The Conquest of the Coeur d’Alenes, Spokanes and Palouses; The Expeditions of Colonels E. J. Steptoe and George Wright Against the Northern Indians in 1858, by Benjamin Franklin Manring. Spokane: John W. Graham & Company, 1912.


ALL ROADS LEAD TO HERITAGE
AROUND THE EVERGREEN STATE

By Sam Wotipka, Exhibit Development Coordinator, Washington Parks and Recreation Commission

Pacific Northwest heritage can be experienced up close and in person throughout Washington state parks. Among the more than 120 parks in the system, there are over 50 Heritage Sites that have been designated for their natural, cultural or historic qualities.

Here are three places to visit, or revisit, with friends and family this summer.

One of the more notable engagements between Native Americans and U.S. Army troops in the Pacific Northwest is commemorated at Steptoe Battlefield State Park Heritage Site in Rosalia, 30 miles south of Spokane in Whitman County. Here, on May 17, 1858, U.S. Army Colonel Edward J. Steptoe and approximately 160 troops found themselves surrounded by an estimated 600 to 1,000 warriors from the Spokane, Yakama, Palouse, and Coeur d’Alene tribes. The troops escaped under cover of night; how, exactly, remains a mystery to this day. A granite obelisk dedicated by the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1914 offers its own theory that was popular at the time: that the soldiers were aided by Chief Timothy of the Nez Perce. Contemporary historians have dismissed this explanation as improbable at best.

At Jackson House State Park Heritage Site, just south of Chehalis in Lewis County, a small, unassuming log cabin had outsized influence in the early days of the Washington Territory. When John R. Jackson built a small cabin here in 1845, he became one of the first Euro-American settlers north of the Columbia River. Jackson had many roles in the developing region, serving as sheriff, census taker, probate judge and as a member of the first territorial legislature. The home’s location along the Cowlitz Trail, the overland portion of the route between Oregon City and Puget Sound, spurred use of the site as a post office, grocery store, hotel, tavern and, famously, as a U.S. District Court. The cabin’s 1915 restoration, spearheaded by a local women’s club, is thought to have been the first historic preservation project in the Evergreen State. It’s a peaceful spot to picnic along the Jackson Highway, and tours of the cabin are available by reservation.

Kukutali Preserve in La Conner in Skagit County provides a glimpse into pre-contact life for Coast Salish people. Located on the Swinomish Reservation, this 84-acre park is made up of two islands, Kiket and Flagstaff, that are connected to Fidalgo Island by “tombolos,” or land bridges formed by ocean currents. Kukutali, the traditional name for the site, means “place of the cattail mat,” referring to mats that Swinomish people would erect into temporary shelters while clam digging and beach seineing in summer months. Kukutali Preserve is co-owned and co-managed by Washington State Parks and the Swinomish Indian Tribal Community, and offers gentle forested trails, several beaches and sweeping views of the surrounding islands and waterways. Interpretive panels throughout the site feature artwork by Swinomish artist Cecelia LaPointe Gorman and descriptive text in the Lushootseed language.

For more information about these parks and other heritage sites throughout Washington’s state park system, please visit www.parks.state.wa.us.

Is there a geographic name you’d like to know more about? Or a great story about a unique Northwest place that you’d like to share with COLUMBIA readers? Please send email to editor.columbia@gmail.com.
“On the baseball diamond, if nowhere else, America was truly a classless society. DiMaggio’s grace embodied the democracy of our dreams.”
—David Halberstam, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and historian.

Share Washington history with people you care about by giving them a Historical Society membership. Member benefits include free museum admission and a COLUMBIA subscription. Call 253-798-5894.
Robin Lovelace (Tlingit)
Predator Cannibal, 2011
Stainless steel, abalone
6" x 14", 27 lbs.