Bookends Reader

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Welcome to Puget Sound!

This booklet of readings is a tool for introducing you and other new students to the academic community at Puget Sound. All incoming students will read these materials before coming to campus in preparation for the academic portion of Orientation, which we call “Bookends.” At Bookends, you and a group of peers will meet with a faculty member for an introduction to academic conversations at Puget Sound, through common readings, discussion, and writing.

The reader materials are challenging and diverse, so don’t worry if you don’t understand everything that you encounter. We ask that you skim all of the materials to familiarize yourself with key ideas and topics, and that you pick one or two items to read more thoughtfully so you are ready to discuss your own reactions in conversations you will have with peers in our first Bookends session during Orientation in August. We encourage you to take notes on your reactions to the readings, look up words you don’t know, and generally make yourself at home in the pages. You may find it helpful to refer to guidance on reading strategies in our campus writing handbook, Sound Writing, at http://bit.ly/SWreadingstrategies

To prepare for your first Bookends session, we ask that you bring notes on one of the readings or media sources you read thoroughly with 1) about 40 words describing the key things you learned; and 2) two to three questions that the reading raised for you.

Your Puget Sound professors have chosen the readings and media sources in this booklet in order to introduce you to the dynamic place where our campus is located. Your studies at Puget Sound will occur within a particular and shifting local, national, and global context, and critical engagement with these contexts enriches all of our individual and collective learning. This reader offers different perspectives on the Puget Sound region, from different cultural vantage points and historical moments, as well as from different disciplinary perspectives. The readings present the tensions between competing perspectives and interests that underlie what is most promising and troubling about this place. During academic orientation, we welcome you into the practice of developing layered understandings of our sense of physical, social, and political histories and their meanings for our lives and communities.

In each reading, we hope that you find something that intrigues you, that introduces you to new ideas, and that you can use and reflect upon as you engage with Orientation and with the University of Puget Sound in the years ahead. Regardless of whether you have lived in the Puget Sound region for many years or are newly arriving, you are joining a new community at Puget Sound where you will learn new things about yourself and about the people with whom you share this space. How you experience a new place is affected both by attributes of the place itself and who you yourself are. Your sense of belonging and connection to Puget Sound will be textured and shifting as well, arising from the experiences you bring, what you find here, and how you invest in and further transform the community.

Here is a brief description of the material you will find in this reader and your assignment before arriving for Orientation.

Some of the entries in the Bookends Reader appear as they were originally published in written form. Others have been abbreviated, adapted, or formatted for this reader. Some of the texts are in multimedia formats that require you to access them online (e.g., a blog, a video, an interactive website). The materials appear in the following order, but you can read them in whatever order you wish.

The epigram to our collection, “Hiking with My Father,” was written by Ruth Irupé Sanabria and is a poem of hope for recovery after destruction, a reading suggested to the Bookends faculty committee by students of Environmental Policy and Decision Making.

“When Goats Fly: Relocation and Restoration on the Olympic Peninsula” is an article written and published by Erin Stewart ’20 in Puget Sound’s student-run scientific magazine Elements. The article explores the complex political, ethical, practical, cultural, and scientific negotiations that led to mountain goats being helicoptered out of the Olympic Peninsula in the summer of 2018. The article is complemented by an additional figure and table from scholarly sources.
“Camp Harmony” is an excerpt from Jamie Ford’s novel Hotel on the Corner of Bitter and Sweet, in which protagonist Henry Lee narrates his relationship with a girl named Keiko Okabe, who was incarcerated in an internment camp for Japanese Americans during World War II. Henry, as a Chinese American, was not imprisoned in an internment camp, but he nonetheless experienced anti-Asian prejudice. The excerpt here is from one of the chapters set in 1942, in which the young Henry visits Camp Harmony, the internment camp in Puyallup, which is near Tacoma and is on the site of what is now the Puyallup fairgrounds, home of the Washington State Fair.

“Every Person Living In The Northwest Should Know This History” is a post by artist Matika Wilbur from her Project 562 blog, which represents her work to “visit, engage and photograph” the more than 562 Native American sovereign territories in the United States. This particular post focuses on the Coast Salish people (or Mish’s) on whose ancestral lands the University of Puget Sound is located. As Wilbur explains, water is central to the Mish’s, and “The canoe is more than just a vessel to carry our bodies; it carries the hope and resiliency of our people.”

The interactive website “Mapping Inequality: Redlining in New Deal America” was created through a collaboration between researchers at the University of Richmond, Virginia Tech, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Maryland, led by Puget Sound alum Robert Nelson ’95. The website offers insight into how systemic racism is embodied in the literal landscape of our city as the legacy of discriminatory home loan practices that prevailed through much of the 20th century. Before you begin to explore the website, it will help if you watch the short video “Why Cities are Still So Segregated” produced by National Public Radio (NPR).

“Transforming Tacoma: The Struggle for Civil Rights” is a short documentary film featuring interviews with key Tacoma civil rights leaders who reflect upon their experiences of racial discrimination in Tacoma, as well as their work to redress systematic exclusion of people of color in the “City of Destiny.” Puget Sound faculty members Dexter Gordon, Grace Livingston, and Nancy Bristow served as researchers, writers, and producers alongside a team of community members to complete this collaborative production of the Tacoma Civil Rights Project.

The final reading, “An Octopus,” is a long Modernist poem by Marianne Moore that examines themes about people exploring a new environment. You will be taking this poem apart and analyzing it with your classmates and professor in Bookends. Don’t be daunted if it seems incomprehensible at first! While it’s a challenging poem, there are rewards in it for the attentive reader. We hope you’ll make time to read it twice as you conclude your reading of this booklet.

As you read all of these selections, we hope that you’ll read with the big picture in mind, trying to understand what each of these glimpses of Puget Sound offers and considering how they might fit together as you build a multifaceted image of your new home, the University of Puget Sound. That means we want you to find some places where you feel comfortable and can let your guard down, and that the classroom is a place you can bring your authentic self. But feeling at home doesn’t mean you will be comfortable all the time. Even the best communities can irritate and challenge us, or have parts we want to change; that’s okay. In fact, it’s often helpful. Puget Sound is an academic community where we wrestle with ideas, talk, explore, and learn together. We can’t wait to see what you have to add to our conversation.

We look forward to learning together with you in August.

Your Bookends Planning Committee

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Hiking with My Father

Ruth Irupé Sanabria

On the lookout for bears, cougars, hypothermia, starvation, poisonous bugs, trees falling, landslides, avalanches, poisonous berries, snakes, frostbite, cuts, sprains, dehydration, and Confederate flags, through Snoqualmie Falls, the Olympic Mountains, and finally, Mount St. Helens, we now witness patches of miniscule purple petals blooming so soon after the blast, blooming from the sterile dust, blooming from the forest of the standing dead.

We lean forward in the railings toward the burnt saint and her new fringe of purple lupine.

Notice, dad, the Saint’s scars and her new patterns of moving water, of receiving water, of sharing water. This is how to adapt to lack of air, to loss of earth, and to a cooler sun.

Where is the well of courage or is it madness to rise again at the rim of violence?

About the Author

Ruth Irupé Sanabria, author of “Hiking with my Father,” was born in Argentina in 1976 during the “Dirty War” from 1976–84. Both of her parents were kidnapped, tortured, and “disappeared” in clandestine concentration camps. Eventually, her parents were transferred to separate prisons, and Sanabria and her mother were exiled to Seattle in 1979. She works as a high school English teacher in Perth Amboy, N.J.
When Goats Fly: Relocation and Restoration on the Olympic Peninsula

From Elements Magazine, Issue 23, December 6, 2018
by Erin Stewart

Supplemental figure, table, and text edits added by the 2021 Bookends Committee and not included in the original article.

Late this summer, local news was saturated with pictures of blindfolded mountain goats suspended from helicopters. As ridiculous as it looked, it was part of a serious restoration effort. Understanding the rationale for this effort requires knowledge of the history and ecological impacts of mountain goats on the Olympic Peninsula.

A Brief History of Mountain Goats in the Olympics

The Olympic Peninsula is often compared to an island ecosystem due to the fact that it was largely cut off from the Cascade Range during the Pleistocene glaciation (1). This isolation permitted the evolution of multiple endemic species and subspecies, including the Olympic marmot as well as twelve species and varieties of alpine plants (2, 3). The region is also a refuge for rare species: a 1994 report from the National Park Service indicates that although the peninsula only comprises 8% of Washington’s surface area, it contains 27% of its rare vascular plants (4).

Between 1925 and 1929, eleven or twelve mountain goats (Oreamnos americanus) were released into this relatively isolated ecosystem (4). These goats came from British Columbia and Alaska, and were released near Lake Crescent and Baldy Ridge by Washington State wildlife agents, the U.S. Forest Service, and a sportsman’s club (3). While the historical record doesn’t explicitly identify the reason for these introductions, they were intended to establish a population of goats for sport hunting (3). This desire was never realized, however, as hunting became illegal in much of the Olympics following the establishment of the Olympic National Park in 1938 (3).

The goat population grew slowly but steadily, reaching an estimated 1,175 individuals by 1983 (4). Around this time, an Experimental Management Program was implemented by the National Park Service to test the effectiveness of different goat removal strategies - including foot snares, drop nets, sterilization, and chemical immobilization via tranquilizer darts (4) (See Table 1). This program was followed by an Operational Management Program, which aimed to eliminate the goat population in the core of the Olympic National Park (4). As a result of these two efforts, 407 goats were either relocated or shot between 1981 and 1989 (4).

However, the goat population was not completely extirpated, and this allowed it to rebound. Survey data collected in 2016 (See Figure 1) revealed that the goat population continued to increase at an average annual rate of 8% (10). As of September 2018, there were an estimated 725 goats on the peninsula (5). This number was projected to increase by 45% in five years if no control measures were taken (5).

Mountain Goats and Alpine Ecology

So why have goat removal programs been deemed necessary, both historically and currently? One motivation behind these programs is the desire to preserve the unique alpine ecosystems present in the Olympic National Park.

Such alpine ecosystems are inherently vulnerable to disturbance as a result of short growing seasons, shallow soils, and extreme environmental conditions, all of which result in slow rates of plant growth and regeneration (3). In fact, research suggests that alpine meadows may take an entire century to recover after a mere 500 passes by human hikers (3). Mountain goats cause significant disturbances in these ecosystems through grazing, trampling, and wallowing (3). The latter behavior creates “wallows” - 1-3 m² areas in which rocks and vegetation have been eliminated (4). Through these actions, mountain goats leave quite visible marks on their habitats.

Numerous studies have documented the effects of mountain goat presence on alpine vegetative communities in the Olympics. One study examined the relationship between goat density and grazing levels, and found that the percent of plant species grazed upon, as well as the average grazing intensity across all species, was higher in areas with elevated goat densities (4). Photographic comparisons of the same alpine meadows at different times also bear out this negative correlation between goat density and vegetative coverage (4).
Table 1. In 1981 the National Park Service (NPS) launched an Experimental Management Program (EMP). One of the goals of the program was to determine the feasibility of various goat removal techniques. Each of the eight goat removal techniques tested had particular strengths and weaknesses. For example, a drop net used effectively to capture goats on Klahhane Ridge, required animals habituated to accepting bait. Attempts to bait goats elsewhere in the park were generally unsuccessful. Aerial darting (using immobilizing drugs M99 Etorphine and carfentanil) and aerial net-gunning were deemed the capture methods of choice for subsequent "operational Management program" (OMP). Aerial shooting was the least expensive and safest method. Note that costs presented in Table 1 represent start-up costs only; expense per animal captured is expected to rise steeply as goat densities are reduced and survivors become more dispersed and evasive.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Technique</th>
<th>Precapture Requirements</th>
<th>Selectivity</th>
<th>Multiple Capture</th>
<th>Safety of Personnel</th>
<th>Safety of Goats</th>
<th>Relative Efficiency</th>
<th>Cost Per Animal($)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Foot Snare</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>50-100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drop Net</td>
<td>Extensive</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>300-500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Net Gun, Ground</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>300-500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Net Gun, Aerial</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>800-1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ground Darting</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>200-400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aerial Darting</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>600-800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drive Net</td>
<td>Extensive</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>900-1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aerial Shooting</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>30-50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Number of captures per unit effort.  
§ Excludes transportation costs.  
# Data based on collection of biological specimens on Mt. Dana and Appleton and simulated aerial shooting on Mt. Dana.

Figure 1. Map showing sampling strata, units surveyed, and number of mountain goats counted during mountain goat surveys in the Olympic Mountains, northwestern Washington, July 13–24, 2016.

I. **Total Count Areas (TCAs):** We identified eight TCAs that were surveyed in their entirety. Four TCAs were of particular interest to the NPS because they have been included in every survey since 1990. These include survey units on Klahhane Ridge, Mount Olympus, Mount Carrie, and Chimney/Chrysalis Peaks (fig. 1). Four additional TCAs were in the Olympic National Forest where hunting seasons are managed by WDFW. Collectively, these eight survey units comprised a total of 8,232 ha or about 14 percent of the sampling frame.

II. **Known or suspected high-density areas:** Units were assigned to this stratum if we expected to find 10 or more mountain goats per unit based on previous surveys and field observations. We assigned 12 survey units in the high-density stratum, encompassing 5,534 ha and about 9 percent of the sampling frame (fig. 1). We surveyed all units in the high-density stratum.

III. **Known or suspected medium-density areas:** Units were assigned to this stratum if we expected 1–9 mountain goats inhabiting the survey unit. The medium-density stratum consisted of 42 survey units comprising 21,966 ha (about 36 percent of the sampling frame) (fig. 1). We randomly selected 29 survey units for survey in this stratum.

IV. **Known or suspected low-density areas:** Units were assigned to this stratum if we expected no mountain goats. The low-density stratum consisted of 47 survey units comprising 24,486 ha or about 41 percent of the sampling frame (fig. 1). We randomly selected 10 survey units for survey in this stratum.

Figure and framing text taken from Mountain Goats Management in Olympic National Park: A Progress Report. (Houston et al., 1991) (11).
When Goats Fly

Drawing a more causal link, another study found that human-controlled reductions in goat density led to an increase in the coverage of plant species preferred by foraging goats (4). Furthermore, this research indicated that goat presence actually mediates competition between plants: under grazing and wallowing pressures, non-preferred or disturbance-oriented plants dominated, while the removal of this pressure led to the dominance of preferred forage species (4). Overall, these studies show that goats significantly alter the coverage and species composition of alpine vegetative communities.

This is concerning primarily because the plants grazed or otherwise damaged by goats include a number of the peninsula’s endemic plant species (4). Of particular note, goats often trample Olympic Mountain milkvetch (Astragalus australis var. cottonii), an endemic alpine flower that is listed as threatened by the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife (6). While it is unclear whether the injuries to individual plants by grazing and trampling could actually drive any of these species to extinction, they certainly increase the likelihood of extinction by fragmenting populations (4). Therefore, goat removal programs are in part meant to protect rare and endemic plant species.

However, as is often the case with restoration projects, humans aren’t completely selfless in their motivations. Goats in the Olympic Peninsula have become conditioned to seek salt from human urine, and are now considered a nuisance to hikers (6). In addition, worries about the hazardous nature of human-goat interactions have moved to the forefront of conversations following the fatal goring of a hiker by a mountain goat in 2010 (6). Thus, the relocation is as much a response to safety concerns as it is to ecological concerns.

Mountain Goat Management: Planning and Implementation

Over the years, there has been considerable controversy surrounding the prospect of goat removal. Issues have ranged from claims that goats may actually be native to the peninsula, to concerns about the humanity of removal techniques, to questions as to why wolf reintroduction, open public hunting, or sterilization measures aren’t being considered as viable means to reduce the goat population (3, 5, 7, 8). This combination of political, ethical, and logistical considerations has made population control a highly complex issue.

Due to the level of debate surrounding the issue, the National Park Service’s development of the contemporary removal plan involved an “extensive public engagement and environmental impact analysis effort that began in 2014” (9). The public engagement portion of this effort included consultations with other federal and state agencies, tribes possessing federally recognized ties to the Olympic Peninsula, and members of the general public (6). Following this planning period, the National Park Service issued a finalized Environmental Impact Statement in April 2018, in which it outlined four different alternatives for goat management:

A - no action
B - capture and relocation
C - lethal removal
D - capture and relocation followed by lethal removal

For each alternative, the agency analyzed the potential impacts on the park’s wilderness character, wildlife and vegetation (with particular attention paid to threatened and endangered species), acoustic environment, soils, archeological resources, visitor use and experience, and visitor and employee safety (6). Two months later, on June 18th, the National Park Service issued a press release announcing the approval of alternative D (9).

The first relocation took place in mid-September, and by the end of the two-week period a total of 114 goats were relocated (5). For all relocations, goats were first tranquilized using darts or caught using net guns (5). Next, they were carried via helicopters in “specially-made slings customized for mountain goats” to a staging area at Hurricane Ridge, where they were processed by a team of veterinarians (5). Finally, they were transported to a staging area in the North Cascades and released soon thereafter (5). The North Cascades were chosen as the destination because their native goat population has shrunk significantly over the past few decades, and the infusion of new goats is expected to boost the population size and genetic fitness of this resident population (5, 6).

This management project represents a massive culmination of scientific research, assessment and planning, and political decision-making. Using the method above, the National Park Service estimates that it can relocate about half of [the] mountain goat population (325-375 individuals) to the North Cascades, with the remainder to be removed through lethal measures (9). Over the next few years, Washingtonians...
can expect to hear more about relocation efforts as well as their initial ecological effects. So, next time you see an area closure in the Olympics, make sure to go - you might just see a mountain goat in a customized sling flying through the air.

**Citations:**


*These sources were added during the editing process to prepare this content for the Bookends Reader.

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**About the Author**

Erin Stewart is from Seattle and is a 2020 alum of the University of Puget Sound, who majored in Biology and minored in Environmental Policy and Decision Making. While at Puget Sound, Erin served as Editor-in-Chief of Elements Magazine, served as a biology tutor in the Center for Writing, Learning, and Teaching, and did two major research projects with faculty: on eelgrass populations and on the relationship between beavers and wildland fire.
HENRY PRETENDED HE WAS SICK the next day, even refusing to eat. But he knew he could fool his mother only so long, if he was fooling her at all. He probably wasn’t; she was just kind enough to go along with his manufactured symptoms. As well as the excuse he’d employed to explain away his black eye and bruised cheek, courtesy of Chaz. Henry had told her they were from “bumping” into someone in the crowded streets. He hadn’t elaborated further. The ruse was effective only if his mother was a willing accomplice, and he didn’t want to push his luck.

So on Thursday, Henry did what he’d been dreading all week. He started preparing to go back to school, back to Mrs. Walker’s sixth-grade class. Alone.

At the breakfast table, Henry’s mother didn’t ask if he was feeling better. She knew. His father ate a bowl of jook and read the newspaper, fretting over a string of Japanese victories at Bataan, Burma, and the Solomon Islands.

Henry stared at him but didn’t say a word. Even if he’d been allowed to speak to his father in Cantonese, he wouldn’t have said a thing. He wanted to blame him for Keiko’s family being taken away. To blame him for doing nothing. But in the end, he didn’t know what to blame him for. For not caring? How could he blame his own father, when no one else seemed to care either?

His father must have felt his stare. He set his newspaper down and looked at Henry, who stared back, not blinking.

“I have something for you.” His father reached in his shirt pocket and drew out a button. This one read “I’m an American,” in red, white, and blue block lettering. He handed it to Henry, who glared and refused to take it. His father calmly set the new button on the table.

“Your father wants you to wear this. Better now that the Japanese are being evacuated from Seattle,” his mother said, dishing up a bowl of the sticky, plain-tasting rice soup, placing it hot and steaming in front of Henry.

There was that word again. Evacuated. Even when his mother said it in Cantonese, it didn’t make sense. Evacuated from what? Keiko had been taken from him.

Henry snatched the button in his fist and grabbed his book bag, storming out the door. He left the steaming bowl of soup untouched. He didn’t even say good-bye.

On the way to school, the other kids heading to the Chinese school didn’t tease him as they walked by. The look on his face must have carried a warning. Or maybe they too were shocked into silence by the empty, boarded-up buildings of Nihonmachi a few blocks over.

A few blocks from home, Henry found the nearest trash can and threw his new button on the heap of overflowing garbage—broken bottles that couldn’t be recycled for the war effort and hand-painted signs that forty-eight hours earlier were held up by cheering crowds in favor of the evacuation.

AT SCHOOL THAT DAY, Mrs. Walker was absent, so they had a substitute, Mr. Deacons. The other kids seemed too preoccupied with how much they could get away with as the new teacher stumbled through the day’s assignments and left Henry alone in the back of the classroom. He felt as if he might disappear. And maybe he had. No one called on him. No one said a word, and he was grateful.

The cafeteria, though, was an entirely different affair. Mrs. Beatty seemed genuinely annoyed that Keiko was gone. Henry wasn’t sure if her disappointment was because of the unjust circumstances of his friend’s sudden departure or simply because the lunch lady had to help out more with the kitchen cleanup. She cursed under her breath as she brought out the last pan of the day’s lunch meat, calling it “chicken katsu-retsu.” Henry wasn’t sure what that meant, but it looked like Japanese food. American Japanese food anyway. Breaded chicken cutlets in a brown gravy. Lunch actually looked good. Smelled good too.

“Let ‘em try that, see what they have to say about it” was all she grumbled before she wandered off with her cigarettes.

If Henry’s fellow grade-schoolers knew that the main course at lunch was Japanese food, they didn’t notice and didn’t seem to mind. But the irony hit Henry like a hammer. He smiled, realizing there was more to Mrs. Beatty than met the eye.

The other kids, though, they weren’t full of such surprises.

“Look, they forgot one!” A group of fourth graders taunted as they dished their lunches. “Someone call the army; one got away!”

Henry didn’t have his button. Not the old one. Or the new one. Neither would have mattered. How many more days? he thought. Sheldon said the war wouldn’t go on forever. How many more days of this do I have to put up with?

Like a prayer being answered by a cruel and vengeful god, Chaz appeared, sliding his tray in front of Henry. “They take your girlfriend away, Henry? Maybe now you’ll learn not to frater . . . fraten . . . not to hang out with the enemy. Dirty, backstabbing Jap—she probably was poisoning our food.”
Henry scooped up a heaping spoonful of chicken and gravy, cocking his arm, eyeing Chaz’s bony, apelike forehead. That was when he felt thick, sausage fingers wrap around his forearm, holding him back. He looked up, and Mrs. Beatty was standing behind him. She took the serving spoon from his hand and eyeballed Chaz. “Beat it. There’s not enough food left,” she said.

“What do you mean? There’s plenty—”

“Kitchen’s closed to you today. Scram!”

Henry looked up and saw what he could only describe as Mrs. Beatty’s war face. A hard look, like the one you’d see in those Movietone newsreels of soldiers in training, that stony expression of someone whose occupation is killing and maiming.

Chaz looked like a puppy that had been caught making a mess and had just had his nose rubbed in it—slinking off with an empty tray, shoving a little kid out of the way.

“I never liked him anyways,” Mrs. Beatty said as Henry went back to serving the last few kids in line, who looked delighted to see the school bully taken down a peg. “You want to make some money Saturday?” the stout lunch lady asked.


“Yeah, you. You got other work you got to do on Saturday?”

Henry shook his head no, partly confused and scared of the tanklike woman who had just left tread marks on the seat of Chaz’s dungarees.

“I’ve been asked to help set up a mess hall—as a civilian contractor for the army—and I could use someone that works hard and knows how I like things done.” She looked at Henry, who wasn’t sure what he was hearing. “You got a problem with that?”

“No,” he said. And he didn’t. She cooked, Henry set up and served, he broke down and cleaned. It was hard work, but he was used to it. And as hard as she made him work here in the school kitchen, she had never said a mean word to Henry. Of course, she’d never said a kind word either.

“Good. Meet me here at nine o’clock Saturday morning. And don’t be late. I can pay you ten cents an hour.”

Henry knew exactly where it was. He’d gone home and found it on a map. I’ll be there, Saturday morning, nine o’clock sharp, wouldn’t miss it for the world, he wanted to say, but “Thank you” were the only words Henry could muster.

If Mrs. Beatty knew how much this meant to him, she didn’t let it show. “There they are . . .” She grabbed a book of matches and headed out back again with her lunch. “Call me when you’re all done in here.”

WHEN SATURDAY CAME, Henry had one goal. One mission. Find Keiko. After that, who knew? He’d figure that out later.

Henry wasn’t quite sure what to make of Mrs. Beatty’s offer, but he didn’t dare to question it either. She was an intimidating mountain of a woman—and a person of few words. Still, he was grateful. He told his parents she was paying him to help out in the kitchen on Saturdays. His story wasn’t quite the truth, but it wasn’t a lie either. He would be helping her in the kitchen—at Camp Harmony, about forty miles to the south.

Henry was sitting on the stoop outside the kitchen when Mrs. Beatty drove up in a red Plymouth pickup truck. It looked like the old rambler had been recently washed, but its enormous whitewall tires were splattered with mud from the wet streets.

Mrs. Beatty threw a cigarette butt into the nearest puddle, watching it fizzle. “Get in,” she snapped as she rolled up the window, the entire truck rocking with the motion of her meaty arm.

Money was money, Henry thought, still stunned from seeing Chaz walk away with his tail between his legs. “Where are we going to work?”

“Camp Harmony—it’s at the Puyallup Fairgrounds near Tacoma. I’ve got a feeling you’ve heard of it.” She stared at Henry, her face as stonelike as ever.

Henry wasn’t sure if that was a statement or a question. “That’s fine,” he answered. I’m happy just to go. I’d do it for free, in fact.
“The army doesn’t pay me for miles, just tops off my gas tank each way.”

Henry nodded as if this all somehow made sense. Mrs. Beatty was somehow employed in the mess hall, a part-time assignment as far as Henry could tell.

“Were you in the army?” Henry asked.

“Merchant Marines. Daddy was, anyway, even before it was called that by the Maritime Commission. He was head cook on the SS City of Flint—I’d help out whenever he was in port. Procurement lists, menu planning, prep and storage. I even spent two months onboard during a run to Hawaii. He used to call me his ‘little shadow.’”

Henry couldn’t imagine Mrs. Beatty as a little anything.

“I got so good at it, he’d call me to help out whenever his old ship was in port—put me to work for a few days here and there. His best friend, the ship’s steward—he’s practically my uncle, you’d like him—he’s Chinese too. That’s the way it is on those ships, all the cooks are either colored or Chinese, I suppose.”

That caught Henry’s attention. “Do you see them much?”

Mrs. Beatty chewed on her lip for a moment, staring ahead. “He used to send me postcards from Australia. New Guinea. Places like that. I don’t get them anymore.”

“I’m so sorry, Henry thought but didn’t say. Mrs. Beatty had a way of having one-sided conversations, and he was used to being on the quiet end.

She cleared her throat, puffing out her cheeks. Then she tossed a half-smoked cigarette out the window and lit another.

“Anyway, someone down here knew I was handy at cooking for a whole herd, and could portion-control for feeding kids too, so they gave me a call and I couldn’t find it in me to say no.”

She looked at Henry like it somehow was his fault. “So, here we are.”

And there they were. In Mrs. Beatty’s pickup, bouncing down the highway, past dusty miles of tilled farmland south of Tacoma. Henry wondered about Mrs. Beatty and her missing father as he stared at fields of cows and draft horses, larger and more muscular than he had ever seen. These were real working farms, not the victory gardens in front yards and their machine guns. Their dormant searchlights were aiming at the barren ground below. Henry didn’t even need to see the sign above the barbed-wire guard gate. This was Camp Harmony.

HENRY HAD NEVER BEEN TO JAIL. The one time he’d gone to City Hall with his father to pick up a meeting permit, the serious nature of the place had spooked him. The marble facade, the cold granite tiles on the floor. Everything had a weight to it that was inspiring and intimidating at the same time.

Henry felt that way again as they drove inside a holding pen between two large metal gates. Both were covered with new
barbed wire and a row of springy coil with jutting points that looked as sharp as kitchen knives. Henry sat stiff—terrified
was more like it. He didn’t move as the army MP came to the
window to check Mrs. Beatty’s papers. Henry didn’t even
move to make sure his “I am Chinese” button was clearly
visible. This is a place where someone like me goes in but
doesn’t come out, he thought. Just another Japanese prisoner
of war, even if I’m Chinese.

“Who’s the kid?” the soldier asked. Henry looked at the man in
uniform, who didn’t look like a man at all—more of a boy really,
with a fresh, pimply complexion. He didn’t look thrilled to be
stuck in a place like this either.

“He’s a kitchen helper.” If Mrs. Beatty was worried about
Henry getting into Camp Harmony, her concern didn’t show.
“I brought him to be a runner, help switch out serving trays,
stuff like that.”

“You got papers?”

*This is where they take me*, Henry thought, looking at the barbed
wire, wondering which chicken coop he’d be assigned to.

He watched as the barrel-chested lunch lady pulled out a small
file of papers from beneath the driver’s seat. “This is his school
registration, showing him as a kitchen worker. And this is his
shot record.” She looked at Henry. “Everyone here had to have
a typhoid shot first, but I checked and you’re clear.” Henry
didn’t understand completely, but he was suddenly grateful
for being sent to that stupid school in the first place. Grateful
to have been stuck *scholarshipping* in the kitchen all these
months. Without having to work the kitchen, he’d never have
made it this far—this close to Keiko.

The soldier and Mrs. Beatty argued for a moment, but the
stronger man—or in this case, woman—won out, because the
young soldier just waved her through to the next holding area,
where other trucks were unloading.

Mrs. Beatty backed into a loading spot and set the parking
brake. Henry stepped out into ankle-deep mud, which made
hollow, sucking sounds as he stuck and unstuck each foot until
he reached the row of two-by-four boards that had been set
down as a makeshift walkway. Shaking the mud off as best
he could and wiping his feet on the boards as he went, he
followed Mrs. Beatty into the nearest building, his wet socks
and shoes squishing with each step.

On the way, Henry could smell something cooking. Not
something necessarily pleasant but *something*.

“Wait here,” Mrs. Beatty said, entering the cookhouse.
Moments later she reemerged with a uniformed clerk trailing
behind as she untied the tarp to reveal boxes of shoyu, rice
vinegar, and other Japanese cooking staples.

The two of them carried the supplies in, helped by Henry and a
few young men in white aprons and caps—soldiers assigned to
cooking duty. They set up in a mess hall that was maybe forty
feet long, with rows and rows of tables and brown, dented folding
chairs. The planks of the wooden floor were a tapestry of grease
stains mottled by muddy boot prints. Henry was surprised at
how comfortable he felt. The camp was intimidating, but the
kitchen, the kitchen was home. He knew his way around.

He peeked under the lids of rows of steamer trays, twice as
many as back at school. Evidently lunch had already been
prepared. Henry stared at the wet piles, some brown, some
gray—canned sausages, boiled potatoes, and dry stale
bread—the greasy smell alone made him long for the food
back at Rainier Elementary. At least the condiments that Mrs.
Beatty had brought would help in some small way.

Henry watched as she and another young soldier went over
papers and order forms of some kind. He’d been assigned to
serve, along with another aproned soldier, who looked at Henry
and did a double take. Was it Henry’s age or his ethnicity that
carried the young man in uniform to pause? It didn’t matter;
the soldier just shrugged and started serving. He was used to
following orders, Henry supposed.

As the first of the Japanese prisoners were let in single file,
their hair and clothing was dotted with rain. A few chatted
eagerly with one another, although some scowled, and most
frowned when they saw what Henry was putting on their
plate. He felt like apologizing. As the chow line inched forward,
Henry could see young children outside, playing in the mud as
their parents waited.

“Konichiwa . . .,” a young boy said as he slid his tray along the
metal countertop in front of Henry’s serving trays.

Henry just pointed to his button. Again and again. Each time, the
person saying *hello* looked brightly hopeful, then disappointed,
and later confused. Maybe that’s a good thing. Maybe they’ll
talk about me. And maybe Keiko will know where to find me,
Henry thought.

He was sure he’d see Keiko in line. As each young girl entered,
his hopes rose and fell, his heart inflating and deflating like a
balloon—but she never appeared.

“Do you know the Okabes? Keiko Okabe?” Henry asked
occasionally. Mostly, he was met with looks of confusion, or
mistrust; after all, the Chinese were Allies, fighting against
Japan. But one older man smiled and nodded, chatting
excitedly about something. What that something was, Henry
couldn’t tell, since the man spoke only Japanese. The old man
might have known exactly where Keiko was, but he couldn’t
explain it in a way that helped at all.
So Henry kept serving, for two hours, from 11:30 to 1:30. Near the end of his shift he fidgeted, shifting his weight back and forth on the apple crate he was standing on to reach over the serving pans. In that time he never saw any sign of the Okabes. Not a glimmer.

He watched the crowds come in, some looking hopeful, but the food did away with their optimism as the reality of their environment must have been settling in. Even so, no one complained about the food, to him anyway, or to the young man serving next to him. Henry wondered how this white soldier must have felt, now that he was the minority in the lunchroom—but then again, he could leave when his shift was over. And he had a rifle with a long blade on the end.

“Let’s go, we need to set up dinner in the next area.” Mrs. Beatty appeared as he was breaking down the last of the serving dishes and collecting loose trays.

Henry was used to following orders in the kitchen. They drove to another section of Camp Harmony, which had fewer stock buildings and more shade trees and picnic areas that sat vacant. Mrs. Beatty’s map showed an overview of the entire camp, which had been divided up into quarters—each with its own mess hall. There was still a chance to find Keiko, or three chances, as it were.

At the next mess hall, lunch had finished. Mrs. Beatty had him wash and wipe down trays while she coordinated with the kitchen manager on needed supplies and menu planning. “Just hang out if you get done early,” she said. “Don’t go wandering off unless you want to stay here for the rest of the war.” Henry suspected that she wasn’t joking and nodded politely, finishing his work.

By all accounts, the mess hall was off-limits to the Japanese when it wasn’t mealtime. Most were restricted to their chicken shacks, although he did see people occasionally slogging through the mud to and from the latrine.

When he was done, Henry sat on the back step and watched smoke billowing from the stovepipes fitted into the roofs of the makeshift homes—the collective smoky mist filled, the wet, gray sky above the camp. The smell of burning wood lingered in the air.

She’s here. Somewhere. Among how many people? A thousand? Five thousand? Henry didn’t know. He wanted to shout her name, or run door to door, but the guards in the towers didn’t look like they took their jobs lightly. They stood watch, for the protection of the internees—so he’d been told. But if that were so, why were their guns pointed inside the camp?

It didn’t matter. Henry felt better knowing he’d made it this far. There was still a chance he’d find her. Among the sad, shocked faces, maybe he’d find her smile again. But it was getting dark. Maybe it was too late.

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About the Author

Jamie Ford, author of “Camp Harmony,” was born in California but grew up in the Pacific Northwest. His last name was chosen by his great grandfather, Min Chung, who chose “Ford” as a family name after immigrating to the United States from China in 1865. All three of his novels, including Hotel on the Corner of Bitter and Sweet, take place in Seattle.
Every Person Living In The Northwest Should Know This History

*From Project 562 by Matika Wilbur*

Visit this blog [here](#).

**About the Author**

Matika Wilbur, member of the Tulalip and Swinomish tribes of Washington state, wrote this piece as part of her Project 562 work “which reflects her commitment to visit, engage and photograph all 562 plus Native American sovereign territories in the United States.” Her goal is to depict the complexity of experiences of Native Peoples, counteracting the simplistic stereotypes in popular media and textbooks. Her work led her to sell everything in her Seattle apartment and to embark on a trip—mostly in her RV named “Big Girl”—across all 50 states.
Mapping Inequality: Redlining in New Deal America

The interactive website called “Mapping Inequality: Redlining in New Deal America” was created through a collaboration between researchers at the University of Richmond, Virginia Tech, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Maryland, led by Puget Sound alumnus Robert Nelson ’95.

Before you begin to explore the website, it may help you to gain some historical context and basic understanding of these maps by watching the short video Why Cities Are Still So Segregated, produced by National Public Radio (NPR), which you can find here.

We then ask you to explore the website, beginning with a link to a 1929 map of Tacoma: pugetsound.edu/tacoma1929. As you click on particular residential neighborhoods on the Tacoma map, you will view historical documents used by the banking and lending industry—the Federal Home Owners’ Loan Corporation (HOLC)—between 1935 and 1940. The original maps were color coded to indicate which areas of a city lenders and investors considered risky or worthy of investment. The maps served as a foundation for the practice of redlining, refusing loans or insurance to homeowners based on their ethnic and/or racial identity.

We warn you that the historical documents include discriminatory and derogatory language about racial groups, including African Americans, immigrants, and Jews, among others. Please also read the “About” section of the website to learn more about the practice of redlining and its role in creating segregation and wealth inequality that persist in the U.S. today. We encourage you also to explore the website, perhaps looking at maps of places you have lived in or traveled to in the past.

About the Authors

Puget Sound alum Robert Nelson ’95 led a team of researchers at the University of Richmond, Virginia Tech, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Maryland to create Mapping Inequality: Redlining in New Deal America.” When Rob was a first-year student at Puget Sound, he took a course in Japanese history that transformed his idea of what it meant to study history when he realized, “Oh, I’m supposed to be thinking about this, not memorizing.”
Transforming Tacoma: The Struggle for Civil Rights

The documentary film called *Transforming Tacoma: The Struggle for Civil Rights* produced by Sid Lee and the Tacoma Civil Rights Project, a collaboration of community leaders including Puget Sound Professors of African American Studies Dexter Gordon and Grace Livingston, and Professor of History Nancy Bristow.

According to the producers, “The South was not the only place where Americans were denied equal rights. In Washington and other states in the West, North, and East, people could not get jobs or housing because of their color. The national civil rights movement of the 1950s and ’60s helped, but local leaders fought for equal rights in their own way.”

The film features interviews with a dozen participants in Tacoma’s civil rights struggle, including former Tacoma mayor Harold Moss.

The Tacoma Civil Rights Project is grounded in the intellectual foundation of African American studies, a field that stresses the equal importance of rigorous scholarship and responsible social engagement.

Please click on the link below to watch the film (45 minutes).

![Play Video](TacomaCivilRightsProject.png)

**About the Authors**

Puget Sound faculty members Dexter Gordon (African American Studies and Communication Studies), Grace Livingston (African American Studies), and Nancy Bristow (History) served as researchers, writers, and producers alongside a team of community members to create *Transforming Tacoma: The Struggle for Civil Rights*. This work grew out of the Race and Pedagogy Institute’s ongoing work to engage with communities of color in Tacoma.
An Octopus

Marianne Moore (1924)

An Octopus
of ice. Deceptively reserved and flat,
it lies “in grandeur and in mass”
beneath a sea of shifting snow-dunes;
dots of cyclamen-red and maroon on its clearly defined pseudo-podia
made of glass that will bend—a much needed invention—
comprising twenty-eight ice-fields from fifty to five hundred feet thick,
of unimagined delicacy.

“Picking periwinkles from the cracks”
or killing prey with the concentric crushing rigor of the python,
it hovers forward “spider fashion
on its arms” misleading like lace;
its “ghostly pallor changing
to the green metallic tinge of an anemone-starred pool.”
The fir-trees, in “the magnitude of their root systems,”
rise aloof from these maneuvers “creepy to behold,”
austere specimens of our American royal families,
“each like the shadow of the one beside it.
The rock seems frail compared with the dark energy of life,”
its vermilion and onyx and manganese-blue interior expansiveness
left at the mercy of the weather;
“stained transversely by iron where the water drips down,”
recognized by its plants and its animals.
Completing a circle,
you have been deceived into thinking that you have progressed,
under the polite needles of the larches
“hung to filter, not to intercept the sunlight”—
met by tightly wattled spruce-twigs
“conformed to an edge like clipped cypress
as if no branch could penetrate the cold beyond its company”; and dumps of gold and silver ore enclosing The Goat’s Mirror—that lady-fingerlike depression in the shape of the left human foot, which prejudices you in favor of itself before you have had time to see the others;
its indigo, pea-green, blue-green, and turquoise,
from a hundred to two hundred feet deep,
“merging in irregular patches in the middle lake
where, like gusts of a storm obliterating the shadows of the fir-trees, the wind makes lanes of ripples.”

What spot could have merits of equal importance
for bears, elks, deer, wolves, goats, and ducks?
Pre-empted by their ancestors,
this is the property of the exacting porcupine,
and of the rat “slipping along to its burrow in the swamp
or pausing on high ground to smell the heather”; of “thoughtful beavers
making drains which seem the work of careful men with shovels,” and of the bears inspecting unexpectedly ant-hills and berry-bushes.
Composed of calcium gems and alabaster pillars,
topaz, tourmaline crystals and amethyst quartz,
their den is somewhere else, concealed in the confusion
of “blue forests thrown together with marble and jasper and agate
as if whole quarries had been dynamited.”

And farther up, in stag-at-bay position
as a scintillating fragment of these terrible stalagmites,
stands the goat,
its eye fixed on the waterfall which never seems to fall—
an endless skein swayed by the wind,
immune to force of gravity in the perspective of the peaks.
A special antelope
acclimated to “grottoes from which issue penetrating draughts
which make you wonder why you came,”
it stands its ground
on cliffs the color of the clouds, of petrified white vapor—
black feet, eyes, nose, and horns, engraved on dazzling ice-fields,
the ermine body on the crystal peak;
the sun kindling its shoulders to maximum heat like acetylene, dyeing them white—
on this antique pedestal,
“a mountain with those graceful lines which prove it a volcano,”
its top a complete cone like Fujiyama’s
till an explosion blew it off.
Distinguished by a beauty
of which “the visitor dare never fully speak at home
for fear of being stoned as an impostor,”
Big Snow Mountain is the home of a diversity of creatures:
those who “have lived in hotels
but who now live in camps—who prefer to”; the mountain guide evolving from the trapper,
in two pairs of trousers, the outer one older,
wearin slowly away from the feet to the knees”;
“the nine-striped chipmunk
running with unmammal-like agility along a log”; the water ouzel
with “its passion for rapids and high-pressured falls,”
building under the arch of some tiny Niagara;
the white-tailed ptarmigan “in winter solid white,
feeding on heather-bells and alpine buckwheat”; and the eleven eagles of the west,
“fond of the spring fragrance and the winter colors,”
used to the unegoistic action of the glaciers
and “several hours of frost every midsummer night.”
“They make a nice appearance, don’t they,”
happy seeing nothing?
Perched on treacherous lava and pumice—
those unadjusted chimney-pots and cleavers
which stipulate “names and addresses of persons to notify
in case of disaster”—
they hear the roar of ice and supervise the water
winding slowly through the cliffs,
the road “climbing like the thread
which forms the groove around a snail-shell,
doubling back and forth until where snow begins, it ends.”
No “deliberate wide-eyed wistfulness” is here
An Octopus

among the boulders sunk in ripples and white water
where “when you hear the best wild music of the forest
it is sure to be a marmot,”
the victim on some slight observatory,
of “a struggle between curiosity and caution,”
inquiring what has scared it:
a stone from the moraine descending in leaps,
another marmot, or the spotted ponies with glass eyes,
brought up on frosty grass and flowers
and rapid draughts of ice-water.
Instructed none knows how, to climb the mountain,
by businessmen who require for recreation
three hundred and sixty-five holidays in the year,
these conspicuously spotted little horses are peculiar;
hard to discern among the birch-trees, ferns, and lily-pads,
with the original American menagerie of styles
among the white flowers of the rhododendron surmounting rigid leaves
upon which moisture works its alchemy,
transmuting verdure into onyx.
“Like happy souls in Hell,” enjoying mental difficulties, the Greeks
amused themselves with delicate behavior
because it was “so noble and so fair”;
ot practiced in adapting their intelligence
to eagle-traps and snow-shoes,
to alpenstocks and other toys contrived by those
“alive to the advantage of invigorating pleasures.”
Bows, arrows, oars, and paddles, for which trees provide the wood,
in new countries more eloquent than elsewhere—
augmenting the assertion that, essentially humane,
“the forest affords wood for dwellings and by its beauty
stimulates the moral vigor of its citizens.”
The Greeks liked smoothness, distrusting what was back
of what could not be clearly seen,
resolving with benevolent conclusiveness,
“Complexities which still will be complexities
as long as the world lasts”;
ascribing what we clumsily call happiness,
to “an accident or a quality,
a spiritual substance or the soul itself,
an act, a disposition, or a habit,
or a habit infused, to which the soul has been persuaded,
or something distinct from a habit, a power”—
such power as Adam had and we are still devoid of.
“Emotionally sensitive, their hearts were hard”;
their wisdom was remote
from that of these odd oracles of cool official sarcasm,
on this game preserve
where “guns, nets, seines, traps, and explosives,
hired vehicles, gambling and intoxicants are prohibited;
disobedient persons being summarily removed
and not allowed to return without permission in writing."

It is self-evident
that it is frightful to have everything afraid of one;
that one must do as one is told
and eat rice, prunes, dates, raisins, hardtack, and tomatoes

if one would “conquer the main peak of Mount Tacoma”
this fossil flower concise without a shiver,
intact when it is cut,
damned for its sacrosanct remoteness—
like Henry James “damned by the public for decorum”;

not decorum, but restraint;
it is the love of doing hard things
that rebuffed and wore them out—a public out of sympathy with neatness.
Neatness of finish! Neatness of finish!
Relentless accuracy is the nature of this octopus

with its capacity for fact.
“Creeping slowly as with meditated stealth,
its arms seeming to approach from all directions,”
it receives one under winds that “tear the snow to bits
and hurl it like a sandblast

shearing off twigs and loose bark from the trees.”
Is “tree” the word for these things
“flat on the ground like vines”?
some “bent in a half-circle with branches on one side
suggesting dust-brushes, not trees;

some finding strength in union, forming little stunted groves,
their flattened mats of branches shrunk in trying to escape”
from the hard mountain “planed by ice and polished by the wind”—
the white volcano with no weather side;
the lightning flashing at its base,

rain falling in the valleys, and snow falling on the peak—
the glassy octopus symmetrically pointed,
its claw cut by the avalanche
“with a sound like the crack of a rifle,
in a curtain of powdered snow launched like a waterfall."
**An Octopus**

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**Notes**

*glass that will bend:* Sir William Bell of the British Institute of Patentees has made a list of inventions which he says the world needs. The list includes glass that will bend; a smooth road surface that will not be slippery in wet weather; a furnace that will conserve 95 per cent of its heat; a process to make flannel unshrinkable; a noiseless airplane; a motor engine of one pound weight per horse-power; methods to reduce friction; a process to extract phosphorus from vulcanized India rubber so that it can be boiled up and used again; practical ways of utilizing the tides.


"magnitude of their root systems": John Muir.

"creepy to behold": W. P. Pycraft.

"each like the shadow of the one beside it": Ruskin.

"conformed to an edge": W. D. Wilcox, *The Rockies of Canada* (Putnam, 1903).


"blue stone forests": Clifton Johnson, *What to See in America*.

"grottoes": W. D. Wilcox, *The Rockies of Canada*.

"two pairs of trousers": W. D. Wilcox. "My old packer, Bill Peyto. He usually wears two pairs of trousers, one over the other, the outer pair about six months older. Every once in a while, Peyto would give one or two nervous yanks at the fringe and tear off the longer pieces, so that his outer trousers disappeared day by day from below upwards."

"deliberate wide eyed wistfulness": Olivia Howard Dunbar, review of Alice Meynell's prose; *Post Literary Review* (June 16, 1923). "There is no trace here of deliberate wide eyed wistfulness."

marmot: W. P. Taylor, Assistant Biologist, Bureau of Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture. "The clear and penetrating whistle of the hoary marmot is perhaps the best wild music of the mountains"

"glass eyes": W.D. Wilcox. "The Indian pony or cayuse probably owes its origin to a cross between the mustang and the horses introduced by the Spaniards in the conquest of Mexico. Some of them have 'glass eyes' or a colorless condition of the retina supposed to be the result of too much inbreeding."

"business men": W. D. Wilcox. "A crowd of the business men of Banff, who usually take about 365 holidays every year, stands around to offer advice."

"menagerie of styles": W. M., "The Mystery of an Adjective and of Evening Clothes." *London Graphic* (June 21, 1924). "Even in the Parisian menagerie of styles there remains this common feature that evening dress is always evening dress in men's wear. With women there is no saying whether a frock is meant for tea, dinner, or for breakfast in bed."

"bristling, puny, swearing men": Clifton Johnson.

"They make a nice appearance, don't they?": Comment overheard at the circus.

"Like happy souls in hell": Richard Baxter, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*.

"so noble and so fair": Cardinal Newman, *Historical Sketches*.

"complexities... an accident": Richard Baxter.

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*The Greeks were emotionally sensitive*: W. D. Hyde, *The Five Great Philosophies* (Macmillan).

"creeping slowly": Francis Ward.

"tear the snow": "flat on the ground"; "bent in a half circle": Clifton Johnson.

"with a sound like the crack of a rifle": W. D. Wilcox.

Quoted descriptions of scenery and of animals, of which the source is not given, have been taken from government pamphlets on our national parks.

Note: Marianne Moore published several versions of "An Octopus." This version matches that in *The Poems of Marianne Moore* edited by Grace Schulman (Viking, 2003).

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**About the Author**

Marianne Moore, author of "An Octopus," was born in 1887 in Missouri, and she lived in New York for much of her life, visiting the Pacific Northwest on a vacation in 1922 with her mother. She was one of the major poets of the early 20th century and won the Pulitzer Prize for her *Collected Poems* in 1951; in his introduction to the book, T.S. Eliot wrote, "My conviction has remained unchanged for the last 14 years that Miss Moore's poems form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time." She died in 1972.