



THE CONFLUENCE

\$2.00

Quarterly Publication of
NORTH CENTRAL WASHINGTON MUSEUM

Vol. 13, No. 2

"Preserving the Past for the Future"

Summer, 1996



— Mike Schrepp photo

Snow Lakes — Twin gems in the Enchantment Basin. First seen in 1896-1898 by George E. Hyde, I. C. Russell and George D. Smith. Officially accepted and approved by the U. S. Board on Geographic Names within the October-December 1966 list #6604.



A. H. Sylvester

- A Remarkable Legacyp. 592
- Place-Names in the Northwestp. 593

Trinidad Gold: Fact or Fiction.....p. 600

Hal Sylvester — A remarkable legacy . . .

by Mary Thomsen

Today, many people hike the trails and enjoy the scenic beauty of North Central Washington without giving more than a passing thought as to the origin the names which identify specific landscape features. It would astonish most visitors to the area if they knew that more than 3,000 lakes, streams, ridges, mountain peaks, and trails in the Wenatchee National Forest were mapped and identified by one man. Albert Hale (Hal) Sylvester, who first came to the area in 1908, left us a remarkable legacy. The accompanying article by Sylvester, titled "Place-Naming in the Northwest" gives us a delightful picture of just how his mind worked. "He blended wit and sentiment with science and history in his nomenclature," said Fred W. Cleator of the National Forest Service.

Born in California in 1871, Sylvester majored in Civil Engineering, graduating from the University of California at Berkeley. His professional career with the United States Geological Survey spanned twelve years. "Northwestern quadrangle maps with which we are all so familiar were in the main due to his skill and work," reported D. A. Shiner, a long-time Wenatchee attorney, outdoorsman and friend.

Transferred to the Forestry Department by the United States Department of Agriculture in 1908, Sylvester served as Supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest until his retirement in 1931. He explored the vast area under his jurisdiction, becoming familiar with the trails and geographic features through first hand experience. His knowledge was complete, said Shiner, and his information valuable to himself as an administrator. "The rangers, lookouts, and forest employees alike all trusted him, all loved him, all called him 'Hal.'" Described by his contemporaries as a modest individual who never sought acclaim for his accomplishments, Sylvester had the distinction of being elected as a Fellow of the American Geographical Society in 1942.

The key to his success seemed to be in his attitude toward people. Noting that he was more interested in human relationships than in trees alone, Sylvester moved his key personnel to

the towns and cities within his jurisdiction. He encouraged his employees to become acquainted with the people who would be using the forest — the sheepmen, cattlemen, sawmill operators, timber purchasers, and homesteaders.

Sylvester was a man of many interests. An avid golfer, he was a member of the Wenatchee Golf and Country Club. His interest in the cultural heritage of the native population led him to become a member of the Columbia River Archaeological Society (forerunner of the NCW Museum). He studied law at the University of Washington, took courses at the Colorado School of Mines, and presented lectures on forestry at the University of Washington. He was an advocate of fish conservation in connection with the construction of dams on the Columbia.

Active in community affairs, Sylvester was a member of the Wenatchee Park Board, served on the NCW Museum board of trustees, and was an active member of the Wenatchee Rotary Club.

Although he retired from the Forest Service in 1931, said a colleague, Sylvester's heart remained in the hills. He enjoyed retracing the trails, sharing the splendor of the mountains with friends. Sylvester and a group of friends were visiting one of his most favorite areas — the group of mountain lakes named for the immediate members of his family. "He had just pointed out one of the most spectacular rock formations of the West by shouting 'See the Old Man of the Mountains,' when the accident befell him." Thrown from his horse, he fell headfirst down the steep rocky trail, suffering serious internal injuries. The accident occurred in the vicinity of Lake Mary, one of the many lakes he had named during his time with the Forest Service. Although 14 miles



— NCW Museum archives

Albert Hale "Hal" Sylvester
1871 — 1944

from the end of the road, J. A. Scaman, a member of Sylvester's party hiked to the ranger station for help. A rescue party, accompanied by Dr. R. S. Mitchell, went to the scene. The steep terrain hampered rescue efforts and it was more than 12 hours before the injured man reached a hospital. It is a tragic irony that Hal Sylvester, a skilled horseman, died from the injuries received as a result of the fall from his horse.

Said his friend D.A. Shiner, quoting the poet Edward Markham,

" he went down

As when a lordly cedar, green with bough,

Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

My thanks to Paul Hart, U. S. Forest Service for sharing the eulogy prepared and delivered by D.A. Shiner, on September 16, 1944.

Place-Naming in the Northwest*

—by Albert Hale Sylvester—

I was a topographer of the USGS (United States Geological Survey) for about thirteen years; my field activities confined to Arizona and the three Pacific Coast states. Following my transfer to the Forest Service in the spring of 1908, I was assigned as supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest and remained in that position until my retirement in 1931. I am giving you this sketchy outline that you may get the sphere of my activities in place-naming.

I didn't contract the habit very intensely in the Survey, though a considerable number of my names are scattered up and down the Coast. Coming into the Forest Service and finding that in fire protection work it was very desirable, even imperative, that natural features capable of being named should have names as an aid in locating fires and sending in crews to combat them, I began place-naming more diligently.

In the Survey, topographers did not ordinarily introduce new names. They only endeavored to secure and place on their maps such names as were already in use at the time of their survey. It followed, therefore, that topographic sheets of this western country and particularly the mountain sections, where settlement and other activities were to a considerable extent missing, showed relatively few place names.

I was more fortunate than many supervisors in that my forest was covered by the Survey's topographic maps, but it took a period of several years before an adequate map of the whole forest was compiled from the material at hand. The first forest maps were not too good, but every winter we prepared revisions of them, and every two or three years new editions were printed including the corrections submitted since the previous edition. All the forests now have maps which are very good and quite complete.

New place names were submitted with each map revision. I seldom went on a field trip without coming back with some new names to add to the map. As the years went on, the rangers and other forest officers began to help with the good work. Many names were added in the office while

getting the map revision report ready to submit to the regional headquarters.

One name that puzzled me for a considerable time but which I later got a great kick out of was "Pomas Creek," submitted by Ranger Jim McKenzie. "Apple?" I pondered. There are no apples up in that territory, even though Wenatchee is one of the great apple growing districts of the world. Finally I got it. What Jim meant was "Pumice Creek." There is an area of possibly a thousand square miles in the northern end of the Wenatchee Forest and extending across Lake Chelan into the Chelan Forest that is covered with a blanket of pumice from 50 to 100 feet thick blown out from Glacier Peak in what was probably its last eruption. This little creek runs through a great bed of it. I am not changing Jim's name, however. It is too rich.

Each succeeding map revision showed more names, until now there are few features unchristened. My activity along this line spurred other supervisors to the same endeavor, so that the forest maps of today are literally alive with names.

Coming to the Forest and the

Forest Service rather late in the spring of 1908, I was too busy that year in getting acquainted with my new job to get out very much over the rougher parts of the area or give thought to names. I did, however, get in two memorable trips late in the fall. Good soakings, too, both trips. At the head of the Entiat River I saw a brilliant evening display of Aurora Borealis, and that night got a soaking to remember. The Aurora and the storm gave a little creek entering the river near my camp the name of Aurora, and the ridge to the north of it became Borealis. The Buck Creek Pass area is, I think, the most beautiful place in the Cascade Mountains. The two heights that guard the pass to north and south I named Helmet Butte and Liberty Cap. A mile and a half northwest of the pass there is a round-topped, unscarred, grass and flower-covered hill which looks down into the mile deep canyon of Suiattle River and across it to glacier-crowned and scarred Glacier Peak. Helmet Butte and Liberty Cap are well enough, but I am glad I had the wit to give the name Flower Dome to the hill.

Nineteen-nine was a bad fire year,



Sunrise on Liberty Cap, Just south of Buck Creek Pass in the Chiuawa River drainage.

— Betty Bell 1971 photo

but rather late in its fall Ranger Burne Canby and I made a trip into the high country of the Icicle Creek Watershed. Trails were very sketchy affairs or there weren't any. Rather late one evening we camped in a little meadow well up toward the top of Icicle Ridge. It was cold. We didn't realize how cold until the next morning when we found our meadow heavily covered with white frost. I hadn't been giving any names thus far on this trip but called the meadow Frosty and the little creek that ran through it Frosty Creek. Packing up we rode to the summit of Icicle Ridge (named so later) to a fairly low pass which I called Frosty Pass. We turned east along the ridge and hadn't gone far when we saw below us in a glacial pocket a beautiful lake of perhaps sixty acres. I had with me a copy of the Chiwaukum Quadrangle which covers the area through which we were traveling and turned to it to find the name of the lake, but lo and behold, it was not shown. The topographers had missed it. I sketched it in and asked Burne what we should call it. He had two sisters, Margaret and Mary. I said, "We will call it Margaret." We had ridden but a little more than a quarter of a mile further when another lake showed up not very far below us but draining down to Margaret. This promptly became Mary.

We were in the mountain-meadow type of country now, than which there is none more beautiful. Somewhat tired from several previous hard days, we made camp here for a rest and to let our horses fill up on the best grass we had encountered. The next morning we continued eastward along Icicle Ridge, which shadows Icicle Creek from its head to its junction with Wenatchee River. We climbed over a slippery shoulder and hadn't gone far when before us, sheltered under a timbered cliff and glittering in the morning sun, was another lake likewise unmapped and unnamed. Margaret and Mary had a friend, so this became Lake Florence.

This was getting interesting and I said to Burne, "If we find another we will name it for Mrs. Sylvester." We rode on past Florence and rounded the shoulder of a little ridge making down from Icicle Ridge and looking across a wide grassy slope, an ancient glacial cirque at the head of a small branch of the Icicle later called Spanish Camp Creek from a Spaniard who once ran sheep there, we saw



— Mike Shrenn 1980 photo

Lake Mary in the high country of the Icicle watershed, southeast of Ladies Pass. This and Lake Margaret were named for sisters of Ranger Burne Canby on a 1909 late fall trip with Sylvester.

glittering through Alpine fir and hemlock the fourth lake already by agreement christened "Alice." We were doing pretty well and getting our mettle. We decided that if we discovered another lake, Flora, the wife of Ranger Green, should have it. Our trail led us up through a pass in the main ridge at the head of Spanish Camp Creek where we looked down on the north slope, and there was "Lake Flora" on a bench breaking over into one of the forks of Chiwaukum Creek. I have seen this lake on other occasions and from other angles, when its waters were as blue as the other mountain lakes in the region, but that morning looking down on it from above because of the angle of observation of peculiar atmospheric conditions, it was a deep emerald green — very proper under the circumstances.

Eastward from the pass whence we saw Flora, a high sharp peak (I called it Cape Horn) stood in the way of our progress, but looking closely I discovered a trail climbing steep and narrow up and to the right. Somewhat scared we took it, and it led us around the mountain to where we got a view of mountain meadows in the head of another branch of Chiwaukum Creek where nestled in a hollow in a field of barren rock was our sixth lake, "Edna," from Burne's best girl. We made camp in the meadows and thought we had a pretty good day.

The next day there was considerable difficulty with the trail, but we found a way through and found three more lakes. Two of these were shown on the topographic map but one incorrectly as to size. I named these two "Augusta" and "Ida" from my mother and my wife's sister. The third was the largest we saw on the trip. It lies in a deep glacial cirque on the north side of Cashmere Mountain at an elevation of about 5,500 feet. I do not wonder the topographers missed it. The point from which we saw it is a high peak on the Icicle Ridge, from which we looked straight up the canyon in which it lies. I doubt if it can be seen from any other vantage point. I named it "Victoria" from England's queen.

That ended the lake-finding and naming for that trip. I have gone into it at such length because it marked the beginning of a practice we followed on the Forest for years. There are approximately 150 lakes and ponds on the Forest, some of the smaller ones not yet named. The numbers of ladies' lakes grew until practically all rangers' and other Forest Service men's wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers, and daughters had lakes named for them. There is a good story on me in connection with the group of lakes into the naming of which I have just gone into detail. After the names got on the Forest

map and began to be known, a group of men from Cashmere, game enthusiasts, went out to plant the lakes with trout fry. Near Lake Flora they found still another lake which I and other forest officers had missed and which was neither named nor shown on the map. "Huh!" said Jack Gonser, "This must be Lake Brigham." When they returned, they told me of it with great glee. I told them, "Fine, it shall be Lake Brigham." And now Brigham is on the map surrounded by his harem.

You asked me if I had any system in naming. The naming of lakes, as I have told above, was the nearest to systematic naming that I came. I did plan a system for naming the principal ridges or ranges. The main waterways were already named, in great measure by the Indians. The ranges and ridges between them were now. My system was all right in theory, but it bogged down in practice. I would call the ridges, range, or divide to the left looking upstream by the same name as the waterway.

This worked with the Chelan Mountains lying to the left of Lake Chelan, the Entiat Mountains to the left of the Entiat and Columbia Rivers, and the Chiwawa Ridge to the left of Chiwawa River, the Biff! I got White Mountain between the two forks of White River, and by the time I reached the ridge between White River and Little Wenatchee River, I had switched my stance and Wenatchee Ridge lay to the right of Little Wenatchee River looking upstream.

The name "Wenatchee Mountains" was applied by the topographers or someone who preceded them, possibly the Army in the days when there was a post at Fort Simcoe, to the eastern end of the divide separating the two master valleys of the region, the Wenatchee and Yakima, but I have extended it to include the whole length of this divide extending from the Columbia River on the east to the crest of the Cascade Mountains on the west.

In the Kittitas County part of the Forest, that part in the Yakima River drainage area, I have continued naming the main ridges from the waterway to the left looking upstream, that is the west, Teanaway Ridge, Kachess Ridge and Keechelus Ridge, and have just now discovered or realized that what should have been named the Cle Elum Mountains or Range, has never been named at all. I have taken steps to correct that by recommending it to

my present successor in the office of forest supervisor.

Name Sources

Indian: Surviving names from the original inhabitants. Larger streams and lakes.

Chinook: A few existing names, that is, existing at the time when settlement was beginning by the whites. I have drawn on this source for some of my own naming.

Early Settlers: Mostly names of small streams and canyons, occasional mountains or peaks.

Miners and Prospectors: Lakes, peaks, streams. Some of these named by themselves, some by my men or myself.

Sheepmen: Some names, not very many, contributed by them, but mostly their surnames or given names have served as a handle for me.

Forest Service Men: Rangers and officers attached to my office aided me greatly in the lengthening lists.

Railroads: The Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway companies named all their stations.

Indian Names: Many Indian names survive in the Northwest, primarily in stream names, some lakes and the great volcanic snow- and glacier-capped peaks. That is, they survive in history and story, but all too many are lost to common use and general knowledge. In fact very few of the

Indian names for mountains and peaks are now in use. Streams and lakes have fared better. Here on the Wenatchee Forest most of the larger streams and some of the creeks retain their Indian names. We have Wenatchee, Entiat(qua), Chiwawa, Peshastin, Nahahum, Swakane, Stemilt, Naneum, Swauk, Teanaway, Cle Elum, Colockum, Tarpiscan, Quilomene, stream names, and Lakes Chelan, Keechelus, Kachess, and Waptua. There are Lakes Wenatchee and Cle Elum, but the streams of the same names were probably the Indian names, the whites attaching the names to the lakes. There are also Kachess and Waptus Rivers, but in these cases the lakes are the more important features and probably were the ones named by the Indians.

It is interesting that the Indians of different tribes and geographic areas used different endings for their stream names. In the Puget Sound area it was *mish*, as witness Snohomish, Duwamish, Skykomish. Snoqualmie was undoubtedly first Snoqualmish. The Yakima tribes used the ending *um* or *eum* as in Nameum, Umptanum, Taneum, Cle Elum. In the Wenatchee district the ending was *qua*, and early maps show Entiat as Entiatqua, "grassy water," and the Columbia was Umpqua, "big water." Our present White River, which flows into Lake Wenatchee and with the



Lake Augusta, named in 1909 for Sylvester's mother. It is a lovely tarn on a bench under the south shoulder of Big Jim Mountain — nine miles by steep trail above the head of Tumwater Canyon.

Little Wenatchee furnishes the larger part of the water for the Wenatchee River, was called by the Indians Napequa, "white or muddy water." Last year the Board of Geographic Names approved my recommendation to change the North Fork of White River, a considerable stream in its own right, to Napequa, thus re-establishing the old name. Both branches are glacier-fed and in hot weather very milky.

Wenatchee means "great opening out of the mountains" (or "river issuing from a canyon," which amounts to the same thing), as the river debouches into the head of the Wenatchee Valley directly from a deep and rugged canyon, now called Tumwater, a Chinook word meaning "rough water." Other tribes called the Wenatchees the *Wenatchee-pams*, that is, the people living on the Wenatchee.

The first tributary of the Wenatchee River, after it issues from Wenatchee Lake, is Nason Creek. It gets its name from Charley Nason, a Wenatchee Indian, who had a squatter claim in its lower valley during early settlement days. I resent the name. His Indian name was Mow-no-mash-et. He boasted in his old age (of course he might have been a liar) that he and another Wenatchee Indian killed two white men on Umptanum Creek in about 1855, one of the killings that brought on the Yakima Indian War of that year. The Indian name for Nason Creek was Na-ta'poc. I did not learn its meaning. I have preserved the name, however, by giving it to a mountain lying between the creek and the Wenatchee River.

Four miles below the mouth of Nason Creek, the Wenatchee is joined by the Chiwawa River from the east, which occupies a fine glacial valley extending approximately thirty miles southeastward from the Cascade Mountains summit. The *wawa* part of this word is good Chinook, and I had presumed it was a Chinook word, but was told by my Wenatchee Indian informant, Louis Judd, that it is old Indian and means "last canyon next to the mountains." The next considerable stream emptying into the Wenatchee below the Chiwawa is Chiwaukum Creek. This is good Indian without any question and means "Many little creeks running into big one," which well describes the actual situation. Five branches of approximately equal size unite reason-



— Betty Bell 1960 photo

Kodak Peak in left foreground, with Glacier Peak in the distance. Photo taken just north of Dishpan Gap and Meander Meadow on the trail to Indian Pass in the Little Wenatchee River headwaters.

ably close together to make up the main stream.

At the head of the Wenatchee Valley and but little below where the river issues from its canyon, it is joined by Icicle Creek. This word is a corruption or more properly a derogation of its Indian name which was Na'sik-elt. Place an 'N' at the beginning of Icicle and a 'T' at its end and you practically have the Indian word. I can imagine an early white asking an Indian the name of this stream. The Indian gutturally replied "Nasikelt" and, the white taking it as "Icicle." It has been taken that way ever since. The original word means "narrow bottom canyon, or gorge." And that is a very good description of the stream, though it does not give an adequate idea of its depth and grandeur.

Going on down the Wenatchee River about four miles, we come to Peshastin Creek. It is on the route used by U. S. troops traveling from the Fort Simcoe Indian Reservation, in the southern Yakima country, to the Wenatchee valley in search of hostiles or to remove the Indians to the reservation. The records of early commanders speak of this as Pish Pish Astin Creek, which gives the same sound effect as the present spelling. The word means "broad bottom canyon," a very good description of the first eight or nine miles of it, the antithesis of Nasikelt.

I gather that the Indians had the ability to put into a word meanings, pictures, and descriptions that it takes our more complicated civilization sentences, even paragraphs and pages to convey.

Chinook Jargon: Chinook is a jargon devised by the Hudson Bay Company for the use of its factors and trappers in their dealings with the Northwest Indians and served, too, for communication between the tribes, each of which had at least to a certain extent its own language. It has a dictionary but no grammar. Inflection plays a considerable part in conveying varying meanings of the same word.

There are but few place names in Chinook in this district of a date prior to my entering the picture, and I have added relatively few. Chumstick Creek is a small stream entering the Wenatchee River just east of Leavenworth from the north. It means "mark on a tree."

Chikamin Creek is a tributary of the Chiwawa River. The earlier issues of the USGS Chiwaukum Quadrangle showed this stream as Chickerman Creek. I was unable to find any record of anyone known as Chickerman. The valley of the Chiwawa widens at the mouth of this stream into a flat of several hundred acres which was a favorite camping site for Indians and probably before the horse a village



— Mike Sheen/Photo

Klone Peak (el. 6,820') was used as a fire lookout station until abandoned in 1953. Named by Sylvester for a three-dollar dog, the peak is in the Mad River-Entiat watershed just east of the Mad Lakes.

site. It was undoubtedly a place where the traders came to meet the Indians and buy their furs. Chikamin is Chinook for "money or price." "Concha chikamin" (What is your price, or Count your money) were words so often used and heard that the name became attached to the place and then to the stream. It is not surprising that the topographers unfamiliar with Chinook or the early history of the region wrote the word "Chickerman," presuming it was a man's name. Of course, I could not take oath to all this, but the Board of Geographic Names accepted "Chickamin," and the stream is now shown with that name on later issues of the quadrangle.

Squillchuck, the name of a small stream entering the Columbia at Wenatchee, is Chinook. The word means "brown or muddy." Olallie is Chinook for "berry," primarily the service (often called service) berry but also used for the huckleberry.

I have used Chinook words in some of my naming. An Indian creek in the Entiat watershed has two branches. One I called Tillicum, "friend," and the other Kloochman, which usually means "wife," though it may sometimes mean "women" generally. A ridge between two important streams needed a name. It is of sandstone formation. Chinook has no word for

sandstone, but sand is "polallie," so my ridge became Polallie Ridge.

In counting, three is "klone." Up near the Cascade Summit in the Icicle watershed lie three lakes with a common outlet. I called them Klonaqua Lakes. You may say I was mixing Indian and Latin, a gross error, but in the Wenatchee tongue *qua* is "water," so I feel all right about it with just a mixture of Chinook and Wenatchee.

Klone Peak does not mean Three Peaks, for I named it from a dog of mine for which I paid three dollars and called him Klone. His full name was Klone Pesitkim, "three and a half," for I hadn't had him long until he killed a chicken for which I had to pay half a dollar.

Early Settlers' Names: The fur trappers and traders were the first outlanders to visit and make use of the Wenatchee and Yakima watersheds. They were probably in and out of the region from about 1812 to 1840 or 1845. It is not likely that their use was very intensive. They certainly left little that remains in the way of names or monuments to tell of their vagrant occupancy.

There is a site on the Cle Elum River, a tributary of the Yakima, called Salmon la Sac, which smacks of the French voyageur. About 1910 or 1912 a ranger and I were cruising out a new trail route well up toward the

head of the Little Wenatchee, following more or less a very dim old trail. We cut out an old blaze tree which had grown over. By counting the growth rings on the new wood that had grown over the old blaze we estimated that the blaze had been made between 1830 and 1840. Undoubtedly the work of the old fur trappers.

C. J. Conover, my assistant supervisor for a number of years, was daffy about Indian relics, artifacts and the like. At one time he dug into an old Indian house site on the banks of the Wenatchee River a few miles below Lake Wenatchee. Among other things, he found copper kettles, which were favorite trade goods with fur traders. A pine tree estimated to be about a hundred years old had grown up through the house site since its abandonment, which again gave us a reasonable guess on the date of the traders' activities. Chumstick and Squillchuck Creeks, already mentioned herein, may well have been trader names.

A Catholic mission was established in the Wenatchee valley, at what is now called Cashmere, in 1863 by Father Raspari. Eventually a little town grew up there, which for many years, was called Mission but was changed to Cashmere in 1904. Judge J. A. Chase, a Cashmere citizen who had visited the Vale of Kashmir, plugged for the new name and won. The name "Mission" survives in Mission Peak and Creek, the creek descending from high mountains to the south and joining the Wenatchee River at the town. The creek undoubtedly had an Indian name originally, but it has been completely lost.

The real settlement of the Wenatchee area by whites from "back East" began in 1871 and continued through the [18]80s. The Great Northern railroad was built through in 1892. While new people continued to come for another ten years or more, the period of early settlement may be considered to have stopped with the coming of the railroad.

The names of many of the settlers are kept alive in the names of creeks and canyons. Nearly all such place names seem to be a natural sequence rather than a deliberate naming. Bobby Burns lives beside a little branch of the Entiat until he checks out, but Burns Creek goes babbling on forever. Joe Moe lives in a certain canyon, and the world gives his name to it. A fine mountain rises from the

confluence of the Wenatchee and Columbia Rivers. A family of Burches lived on or under it. The Burches have passed on but Burch Mountain remains, a monument to their living. I do not know how many such place names we have here, but they must run into hundreds, undoubtedly the most prolific source of place names we have in the area.

Miners and Prospectors: These words may seem synonymous when it comes to place naming. Actually they are not. I think no prospector who did nothing but prospect ever got his name on a map, but if when prospecting, he found something that looked good to him and settled down to develop it, ran some tunnel, maybe not over a hundred feet, maybe two hundred, then he became a miner even though his mine never proved of value. It is from such men that we get some place names, their own perhaps, if bestowed by fellows like you and me, some charming or happy ones if the result of their own caprice or whimsy. Some we have in the latter

class are Sprite Lake, Paddy-go-easy Pass, Cathedral Rock, Massie Lake, Leland Creek, Van Epps Creek, Lynch Glacier, Koppen Mountain are the names of old timers whom I elected to honor.

Sheepmen: This includes owners, herders and packers or camp-tenders. The east slopes of the Cascade Range in both Washington and Oregon have been used by sheepmen for summer pasturage for their flocks for forty to fifty years. When much of this area was included in the national forests some 35 to 45 years ago, the Forest Service took over the supervision of the range and issued permits for a specified number of sheep to approved applicants on definitely described allotments.

This led to a rather close relationship between sheepmen and forest officers. The details are interesting but not particularly pertinent to the present discussion. Allotments were named and definitely described, which made necessary names for such landmarks as streams, ridges, and moun-

tains. Even before this sheepmen had themselves given names to certain salient features, like Duncan Hill, for instance. Duncan was an early owner who used the range on Duncan Hill. We owe the herders for such names as Medicine Ridge, Mosquito Ridge, Garland Peak. I got more names, however, for my own lists by appropriating surnames and given names of owners and herders. Billy Creek and Billy Ridge were for Billy Knox, from him, too, Knox Lake; Malcolm Mountain from an owner; Vincent Creek from a Spanish herder. One of the most fascinating names on the Forest is "Butterfly Butte," so named by French herders of owner Paul Lauzier.

Railroads: The Great Northern Railway Company furnished such names as Drury, Winton, Dardanelles, Merritt, Gaynor, and Berne for their stations. The Drury station is now abandoned, but the name lives in the beautiful Drury Falls in Fall Creek, which joins the Wenatchee River opposite the site of the discontinued



Pear Lake in the Wenatchee Mountains northwest of Stevens Pass and Grizzly Peak on the Pacific Crest Trail. This view is looking back SE from Frozen Finger Gap on the way to the Fortune Ponds.

Drury. The Northern Pacific gave us Upham and Martin, the Milwaukee, Hyak. They took Hyak, however, from my Hyak Creek and Lake, a Chinook name.

Names of my own choosing followed no definite plan but were often the result of some incident of the trail, fancied resemblances, happy or unhappy whimsies, and what you will. An assistant lost a new camera on a mountain. I called it Kodak Peak. The top of another mountain had a fancied resemblance to an Indian head-dress, and became Indian Head. Two peaks stand close together on the south side of one of our Indian Creek canyons. I named them David and Jonathan. David now has a trail to its top and a fire lookout on its head. A gloomy peak stands across the canyon from them, glowering, I fancied, and that became Mount Saul.

My friend Emile Matthes, who mapped the Colorado Grand Canyon, brought down on his head the wrath of Amerophiles by using Hindu temple names for its temples. I avoided such displeasure by creating an American Poet group on the range north of the Little Wenatchee River. Irving, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier stand guard over the realm of the panther and the ibex. A big mountain stands across the Little Wenatchee from the poets' corner. I had wanted a name for it, but the old bean hadn't clicked. Then one day I was studying it on the topographic map. There are two lakes nearly at its top and some steep cliffs. The contour lines crowded so close together that even with a glass it was almost impossible to decipher them. A perfect maze, I thought. Then the name I wanted came, Labyrinth Mountain, and the lakes were Theseus and Minotaur.

Another name that I felt was a happy one came on a trip I made on foot, the only way, into the head of Snow Creek in the Mount Stuart Range. There are two fine lakes, large for high mountain lakes, near the head of Snow Creek, called Snow Lakes. I camped between them overnight and the next morning went on up the creek to see what I could see. There I found five or six most beautiful small lakes grouped in a wonderful little glacial valley all ringed with Alpine larch. From the highest up over an entrancing fall tumbled the water it received from a small glacier. It was an enchanting scene. I named the group

Enchantment Lakes. I must presume they had been seen before by some goathunter or seeker of water for irrigation, but the topographer had overlooked them in mapping the Mount Stuart Quadrangle.

Before I stop talking about my own names I want to tell you of three more. One day on the Mount Adams Quadrangle, an Indian came to me as I was working over the plane table. He showed me some roots he had been gathering and gave me a piece to chew. It was ginseng. He told me that as a young man he gathered quantities of these roots and took them to the Sioux country to trade for buffalo robes. The Indians were greater travelers and traders than we ordinarily give them credit for. He told me his name was Cloudy Camiacca. I didn't use that name at the time but remembered it, and later when mapping a part of the Yosemite National Park I applied it to a rather fine peak there. I thought I was playing quite a joke of Californians and at the same time giving Camiacca a final trip. I am sure he would have enjoyed the joke, too.

On another day that same summer another Yakima Indian came to me on a plane-table station. I was set up on the rim of a deep crater-like canyon in the bottom of which was a lake some two to three miles long and a mile or so wide. I asked the Indian what its name was. It was something of a mystery lake. I had not heard of it, nor was it shown on any old maps of the regions. He waved his arm as though including the whole region, said "Walupt," and told me this story. Once long long ago a great Yakima hunter chased a mighty deer with great spreading antlers for many days.

He wasted some arrows but could never get close enough to make a kill. Finally the deer led him to this canyon and down to the lake, where he plunged in, swam around for a while, then disappeared. Ever since then some hunter whose chase leads him to this lake sees the great deer appear out of the water, his great antlers held high, and swimming around for a while disappear again into the depths. I named the lake Walupt, but the name evidently applies to the whole region about and tells the whole story to the initiated.

This is but another version of a very old legend which is applied by one tribe or another to lakes of the region. In some cases it is a great fish, or a giant beaver, and a sea serpent, which even the whites have been privileged to see in Lake Okanogan. The legend may be much wider spread, I do not know, but I like Walupt the best of all.

One day on the Mt. Aix Quadrangle, I think I rather outdid the fellows who make period furniture from Grand Rapids originals. I made a perfectly good Indian out of two braw Scots. Toward the summit of the Cascades in the Carlton Pass area there stands a fine example of a volcanic cinder cone rising some 1,500 feet above the general level of the terrain. I asked a sheepherder its name. He said, "Oh, it hasn't any real name," then rather hesitantly, "We call it the 'Two Mac's Mountain.'" He then told of two Scotch sheepherders, McDuff and McAdam, who used to race their bands to try and be first to get the pasturage on this mountain. I spelled two "Tu" and added the "mac" to it for Tumac, which makes a fine looking Indian name as I will ask you to find anywhere. My guess is that it takes humor as well as whimsy to name names. ■



**This article is somewhat abridged from a letter written by Mr. Sylvester to Professor George R. Stewart, of the University of California, in January of this year [1943]. The editors of American Speech are grateful for the opportunity of presenting it to our readers. It is easy to make conjectures about the origins of place names, but it is only rarely that we have a first-hand account such as this one.*