

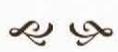
WAGON WHEEL

SECOND VOLUME

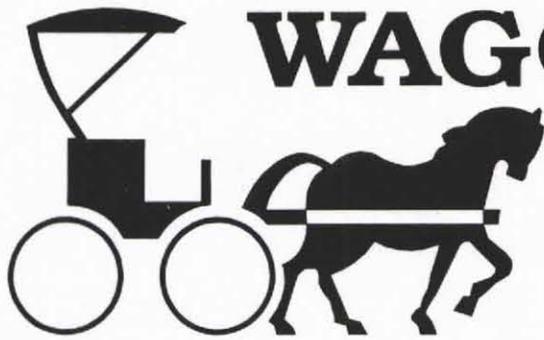
VIGNETTES of DUVALL'S HISTORICAL PAST



Published by the
DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY







WAGON WHEEL

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Published by
THE DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
July, 2001



Photos:

Front cover – Haying at Koster’s farm

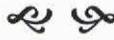
Inside front cover – Koster’s farm in the Snoqualmie River Valley

Back cover – 1946 view of Duvall from *Seattle Sunday Times*

Inside back cover – Adolph and Emil Hanisch mowing hay

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INTRODUCTION

The Duvall Historical Society is pleased to present our publication of the *Wagon Wheel, Second Volume*. This book is a compilation of the Duvall Historical Society's monthly publication of 69 articles over the last nine years.

The Wagon Wheel articles were initiated in 1981 and the first volume was published in 1992. Now, twenty years later, due to our dedicated, persevering, community spirited, untiring editors and co-editors (we have had only three over this long period), the monthly Wagon Wheels are still being published, preserving as much of our local history as we can.

In 1981, with the printing of the first "Wagon Wheel" article by Dolores Schroeder, our first editor, we had hopes that the Historical Society could print more articles preserving our local history, but we never really imagined that the articles would continue for eleven years, culminating in the publication of the first volume.

After the first volume was published we had hopes and a goal to publish a second volume. This goal would never have been attained if it were not for the devotion and dedication to this task by Mary Lampson and Bob Kusters. Unfortunately, and to our sorrow, Bob passed away last year. Mary has continued on in ensuring that the monthly publications continued. We now have a goal and hope that the Historical Society in another ten years, will be able to publish a third volume.

Your purchase of the Duvall Historical Society's historical publications: *Jist Cogitatin'*, *Digging Duvall's Past*, *Hi Times*, *Wagon Wheel, First Volume*, and now *Wagon Wheel, Second Volume*, ensure that we can continue to publish additional books. All proceeds from the sale of these books go towards the printing costs of additional books.

We appreciate your support and hope that you find these publications pleasant reading and also informative.



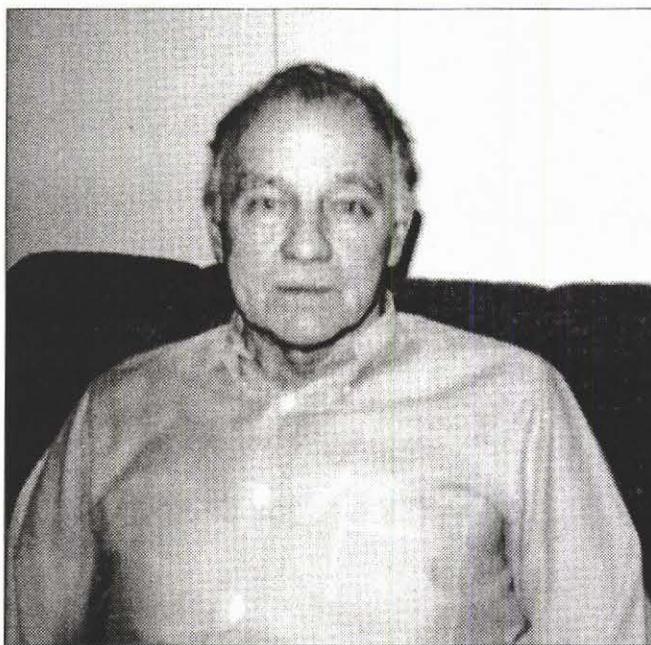
DEDICATION

Though Bob Kusters did not move to the Snoqualmie Valley or even in the state of Washington until he was a teenager, he developed a passionate attachment to the people, land, and history of the valley. He devoted much of the last three decades of his life to preserving its history through his research, historic collections, and writings. He began writing articles for the *Wagon Wheel*, a regular publication by the Duvall Historical Society, in 1986. He continued writing right up until his death on February 4, 2000. Most of the articles in this book resulted from Bob's work. Whenever researchers approached the Historical Society for historical information, they were referred to Bob and his wife, Mae, a lifelong Valley resident, who shared Bob's interest in historic preservation of pictures and stories.

Bob insisted on accuracy in recording historic events. He knew many of the valley "old-timers" and established a priceless collection of historic photos and memorabilia. He spent countless hours reading, researching, and talking to his friends in order to insure that his facts were correct. Now, he has become a part of the history he loved. He cannot be replaced, but the Historical Society is determined to carry on his work as he would have wished.

This book, a compilation of articles published in the *Wagon Wheel* since 1992 is dedicated to Bob Kusters.

– Mary Lampson



Bob Kusters



Certificate of Recognition

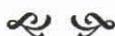
Presented to

Bob Kusters

On this Twenty-Fifth Day of May, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety Nine

For Outstanding Contributions to King County Heritage
Through His Long-Term Service to the Duvall Historical Society

Dick Wagner, AKCHO President



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Duvall Historical Society is grateful to Bob Kusters and Mary Lampson for the years of dedication in creating the monthly "Wagon Wheel" articles.

Mary Lampson, a Minnesota native, came to Redmond with her husband Denny in 1974 after living in California and Holland. In 1976 they moved to a log house in the Duvall area which they have renovated. Mary soon joined the Duvall Historical Society and not only took part in the general activities but also edited articles for the Wagon Wheel newsletters.

When ten years of articles were collected and entered on her computer, the Society printed the book *Wagon Wheel, Volume I*. Another ten years passed while Mary edited, interviewed and researched articles as well as printing those written by Bob Kusters and others. These articles form this *Wagon Wheel, Volume II*.

The Duvall Historical Society is proud of their literary accomplishments in saving local history and commend Mary for all of her dedicated work to see that a second volume has become a new book for the community to enjoy.

This Volume II also would not have been possible if it had not been for the continuing efforts of Bob Kusters in researching and writing many of the articles. Please refer to page iv and page 121 for additional information on Bob. Bob will be greatly missed. There just are not enough words to express our gratitude for his support and work that he did for the Historical Society and in preserving our local history.

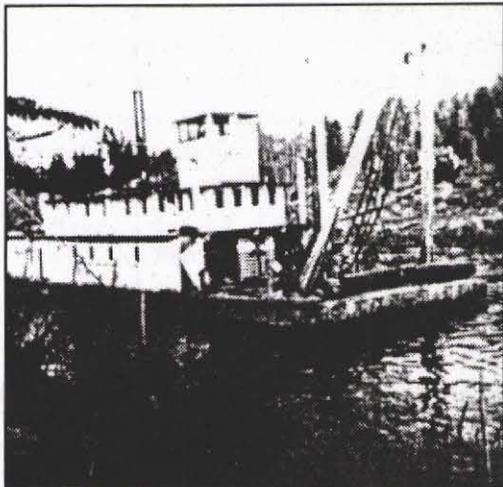
We also acknowledge the people of the area who wrote about their families and the ones who agreed to be interviewed for their stories.

A big thank you goes to Mae Kusters for loaning her photos to be selected to accompany the articles as they were printed for the monthly paper, again for this book, as well as the additional scenes used for the covers.

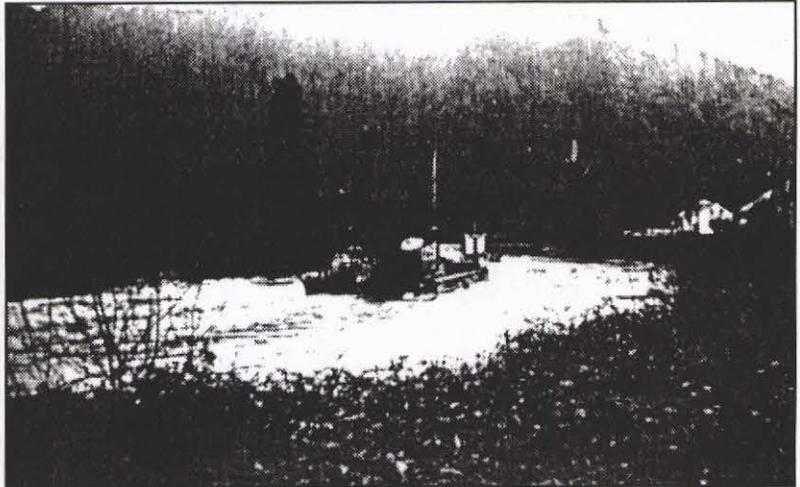
We recognize the efforts of Ray and Tove Burhen for proofreading and for completing the introductory pages for this book. Also, they were instrumental in the communications and the trips to the publisher.

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"The Skagit"—Early days snapshot.



The snag boat going up stream. Taken from Kusters' lawn (1961).

SNOQUALMIE RIVER HISTORY

By Bob Kusters

Living on the banks of the Snoqualmie River for the past 50 years, and with my wife, Mae, our three sons, and grandchildren having lived on the river all their lives, we have had the opportunity to observe the river, its changes, and its traffic for quite some time. We have seen a large increase in the numbers of canoes, kayaks, motor boats, and such, using the river for pleasure. There have also been a number of accidents involving cars or boats that we have seen. The latest of these taking place about a year ago when a small boat with three adults and two children were in a great deal of trouble when their boat overturned while the river was very high. All were saved, to try again some other day with a bigger boat, a lower river, and older kids.

Looking back, we see the canoe or dugout were the only means of travel on the river for centuries. This was much harder work and dangerous, so the prayer of the pioneer was, "Lord, bless the man who will give us steamboat service". One of the early settlers in this area, Mr. C. Stackpole, who with his wife, came up river February, 1870, with all their goods. The canoe was propelled by an Indian and his klooch. They settled near the county line on what is now the West Valley Road. Because

of the trees and heavy brush, Mr. Stackpole said he feared walking to any settlement as he would surely have gotten lost. When they homesteaded, he said the nearest white woman was at Snohomish, and up river his nearest neighbor was a Mr. Duvall, so they were not troubled by the neighbors' chickens.

In April of 1870, a Mr. Reeves settled about a mile north of the Stackpoles near what is now Highbridge. Old records tell us that the Reeves and their goods came on the first riverboat to plow the waters of the Snoqualmie River. This boat, it is written, was the "Black Diamond". In 1871 the "Chehalis" went up river as far as the Elwells' logging camp with supplies. Before the steamers came, and long after, the canoes were used. Old timers left some records of the cold, wet trips, they had made and of some who tried once too often. Jim Hays, who helped Stackpole build a log cabin in 1870, and had lived downstream, probably on the Snohomish, came in 1861, and told of high water the winter of 1862, which then froze.

Hays and Billy Hawkins had to go for supplies and took their canoe as far as Fiddlers Bluff, but had to haul the canoe over the ice until they found open water at steamboat slough. They then walked to Mukilteo, got their whiskey, flour, tobacco, and

syrup, went back to the canoe, and loaded up.

The ice cut up their canoe and dumped them in the water. They camped at Lowell that night and the next night at Cadysville (now Snohomish). When they got home, they had lost the flour, most of the tobacco, and all three gallons of whiskey, so they had to go right back for more supplies.

Mr. I. Peer, who preempted land just north of Stackpole, drowned at Fiddlers Bluff on December 19, 1885. A Mrs. Walters drowned at the same time. Daniel O'Neil drowned at forks of the Skykomish and Snoqualmie December 31, 1885. Thus, the river claimed three lives in 12 days.

Several years ago, Historical Society member, George Taylor, told of his Uncle Jesse Dutcher and one or two others going down the river with a load of potatoes when Jesse was sixteen years old. The boat overturned at the forks and Jesse lost his life on the 30th of March, 1887. His body was never recovered. Jesse's family lived in a log house where we now live. Jesse's stepfather, William Ratcliff, homesteaded and built a log house on this place. For some reason, this house, it seems, was called Uncle Billy's "Robinhood's castle" by at least some old time records.

We can see by these old news clippings of a hundred years ago, why these early settlers were happy to see these first riverboats on the Snoqualmie. One old timer wrote in 1901 that the up river settlers were happy to hear in the early 1870's that some men by the names of Robins, Wright, and Stretch, had built the "Nellie". Her first trip took her all the way to Fall City, tooting her whistle at every house along the way. Her captain was Jim Hays.

It was a great day for the settlers who now had other means of travel and getting supplies. The "Miss Nellie" went aground on her first trip and many times after that. Her pilot, Jim Hayes, who dragged his canoe through the ice in 1862, and probably the same one who settled near or with John Pike near the forks of the rivers.

Jim Hayes said the next boat was the "Alki". It was said it took so long to build, the first plans were rotten by the time the last ones were laid. Once it had been built, it was a great help for many years. McCall was her captain and W.F. Brown was the mate on its first trip up river. It was said she burned up all the rail fences up to Stackpoles

landing. Mate Brown asked Stackpole for wood, but was told he didn't have enough to cook breakfast, even though he had several cords of dry wood in a shed. The Alki was a freighter and when loaded with hay, all you could see was a haystack floating on the river. It seems in the early days hay was imported for logging oxen and later when land was cleared, hay was sent to Seattle from this area.

It seems that of all the Snoqualmie river steamers, the stern wheeler, "Eagle", built at Fall City, took the cake with a chain drive, a six-foot beam, and 40 feet long. Her captain was a man named Reese of Fall City and it was from this boat that a Mr. D. O'Neal fell overboard and was another Snoqualmie River victim. Pioneers claimed that the endless chain drive was so noisy she didn't need a whistle and could be heard from Snohomish to Fall City when she started to move. Others felt that the name "Eagle" may have been a slur on that noble bird. We will make a list of other river boats that Mr. Hays remembered having hauled freight and passengers on the river.

We have already mentioned the "Black Diamond", the "Chehalis", the "Nellie", the "Alki", and the "Eagle". There also were the "Mame", an 85 foot boat, the "Echo", a 50 foot boat, the "Glide", the "Bob Irwin", the "Zephyr", the "Edith", the "Cascade", and possible "Yakima".

The "Black Prince", a 90 foot boat seems to have been a well-known boat. She was owned by C.W. Wright, Charles Elwell, and Victor Pinkerton, whose sister, Mrs. Nellie Evenson, was the cook for sixteen months around 1902. Mrs. Evenson died on May 2, 1967 at the age of 97.

The "Skagit Chief" was a snag boat on the river for many years. The "Monte Cristo" ran up the Skykomish as far as Monroe, freighting for the Great Northern railroad during its construction. I'm sure there were other boats, especially on the Snohomish, but this will be enough for now.

In finishing this article, I would like to tell of one boat that I recall, which was a snag boat that was towed up river by a tug in November of 1961. There are probably others that remember this boat, as it worked its way up and down the river, pulling up the snags and piling them on the bank. It's difficult to separate the boats from the people they served, so I will attempt to write some about them in another article.

TRAGEDIES AND ADVENTURES

By Bob Kusters

Editors note: In a recent article, we have written of early day river travel and now, we'll write of some events that took place before the highways, telephones, or ambulance services were available. We are always grateful to those early settlers, who took the time to keep a record or tell of their experiences, so that the people of today and tomorrow can get a glimpse of what life was like for the pioneer.

Jim Hays, who lived near the forks of the rivers in 1861 and later was a riverboat pilot, seems to have known most of the people that lived on the Snohomish and Snoqualmie Rivers. He and others told of slashing brush and then planting potatoes as an early means of earning a few dollars. Charles Harriman, who bought rights to the land of John Cochran in 1864 and lived on the Snohomish River for many years, later told of his and his neighbor, Johnson's brush with the Indians.

They had heard that the Indians were going to clean them out, and as there were Indians on every sand bar along the river all the way to Lowell, it seemed that this could happen. One night, a shot rang out and they knew their time had come. Their women wanted the men to go into a cellar under the house through a trap door. The men refused. After a time, the Indians gave up and went down river where they killed a man named Carter across the river from Snohomish. A Kloochooman got very sick and was dying, so she told of three Indians, two brothers and a son, who had killed three white men on Wapeto Prairie above Tolt. They had buried the bodies and later dug them up and sank them in a deep hole in the river. Sometime later, the bodies were found and the Indians (named Stelman) were killed soon afterward.

The Indians gave the settlers some problems early on, as we have also read how James Duvall, when coming up river, had to put down a strike his Indian crew had started. Duvall used some heavy-handed methods and he was able to continue his trip. It may have helped that his wife, Annie, was

also an Indian.

Another early settler near the forks was John Pike and son, Harvey. Pike Street in Seattle was later named after John Pike. He also wanted to start a stage line from Seattle to Pikestown, but this venture never materialized. Names that were familiar in the 1870's from Highbridge to Duvall, were Reeves, Stackpole, Peer, William Daniels, Brewster, Spurrell, Frazer brothers, Day, Ratcliffe, F. Duvall, James Duvall, John Sellecks and others. Mr. Sellecks lived on the present day Neilsen farm. He bought out an old Hungarian who owned the place. Sellecks lived there until he sold it to the Catholic Church and Father Michael McCauley. The creek, running through this farm, was known as "Sellecks Creek" for a number of years, but later, for some reason, became Cherry Creek. Lucius Day, in his application for a post office in 1878, calls the nearest creek one-half mile to the south of the post office "Sellecks Creek".

Where there are pioneers living in rugged conditions, there are bound to be accidents, and we will write of a few I have heard or read about. The first event has to do with Tom, the son of Francis Duvall. No doubt the family celebrated July 4th at a picnic someplace down river, which was to be the last full day of his life. On July 5th, Tom was falling a large cedar tree for shingles, and somehow, when the tree started to fall, he fell off his springboard (chopping board). The butt of the tree fell on Tom, almost cutting his body in two. There, on the hill where Brother Mac would, a few years later, build the Methodist Church, is where he was found. Tom was born in Oregon in 1860, and appears on the 1870 Snohomish census, and also at Cherry Valley in 1870.

Lake Fontal, across the river and up the hill from where I live, was the place of a bear hunting accident on a Tuesday in October of 1900. In this case, a life may have been saved from today's services. Martin Brown, 22 years and two weeks old, from Pennsylvania, was shot that day by William Johnson. A party of four, John Johnson,

William Johnson, Martin Brown, and Henry Dennis, were bear hunting and the party split up with Henry, Dennis, and William Johnson going one way around the lake, and John Johnson and Martin Brown going the other way around. Young Martin got separated from his partner and somehow got ahead of him. As he walked along on a big log, the party from the opposite direction, saw him as did his own partner. All three persons thought he was a bear, so the party of two yelled at Martin's partner, and it was decided that William's gun was larger, so he should shoot, which he did. Why Martin did not let the others know it was him or take some other action is not understood, as he could hear both parties. Of course, you can guess, it was not a bear they found behind the log. Martin was alive and his partners helped him back to camp one half mile away. One went for Dr. Ball, but Martin Brown had died by the time they got back. Martin Brown lived for three or four hours and told the others not to blame themselves as they were not at fault. The body was taken down to the Johnson ranch the next day, where a coroner, Dr. Stafford, looked at it and cleared the hunters of blame.

Another event that shocked the Valley took place in January of 1904. Minnie Murdock, born in 1884, had lived most of her life on the place where my son, Robert Kusters, now lives, and long known as the Miller place. Her parents, Richard and Carrie Murdock, homesteaded on the Miller place the same year that Minnie was born, so it is likely Millie was born on the River Road or very young when they came. In 1904, when Minnie was twenty years old, she took the steamer "Clallam" to Victoria, B.C. to visit her good friend, Annie Crossman. While crossing the Sound, the Clallam began to sink and Minnie was able to get on the first lifeboat. This boat, too, sank immediately. Minnie's body was found in the Sound and her purse and watch were found in the partly submerged lifeboat, indicating that she had escaped from the sinking Clallam. Her body was brought back to Monroe where her family had been living for a year or two, and services were held at the

Methodist Church with a very large crowd attending.

While reading the obituary of Minnie visiting Annie Crossman, it came to mind that Robert Crossman had built the Valley House across the river from the Murdocks in 1892. Could it be, that the Annie Crossman in Victoria was a daughter of Robert? Looking at the 1900 census records, I found that Robert Crossman did indeed have a daughter, Annie, about one year older than Minnie Murdock. There is little doubt that Minnie and Annie had been friends in Cherry Valley for at least ten years.

The sad times were not all that the pioneers remembered or wrote about. There were also celebrations such as Independence Day, that were important to them. That homesteader near Highbridge, Mr. Reeves, on July 4, 1873 read the Declaration of Independence and/or a poem written by his wife at a Snohomish celebration. Mr. Stackpole was orator at the point of the rocks near Highbridge in 1877. The Cherry Valley settlers were also at these picnics. At that picnic, the steamer "Nellie" was to give free rides to Snohomish and return the next day, but as the river was low, it could only bring them back as far as Stretch's Riffles, so the picknickers had to walk back to their canoes.

By 1885, the same crowd seemed to be holding the big celebrations in Cherry Valley. One or more of these events took place at the Frazer farm as there were two Frazer farms—James Frazer on the Felix Biderbost place and George Frazer, directly across the river from James. It was probably on George's farm at the end of the River Road where the picnics were held. Mr. Stackpole and George Boyce were the orators on these occasions. Mr. Boyce was an early settler at Novelty and had the first post office there in 1879. The name, Novelty, came from his old hometown of Novelty, Missouri. The picnickers came from as far away as Tualco and Novelty. The event would end with a big dance in the Frazer barn. By 1885 many of these pioneers had lived in the area for ten or fifteen years.

THE HAYNES FAMILY

By Bob Kusters

Some time ago, we received a letter from Beverly Leach of Bothell, WA. This letter contained copies of letters written by the members of the Haynes family in 1913 from Duvall to the newspaper in North Dakota where the Haynes family had once lived. The paper was called the "McKenzie County Journal" of Charlson, N.D. Items from this paper were being published in book form and, thanks to Beverly Leach, the letters relating to Duvall were sent to us. The letters from the Haynes family were in Journal #2, and the author, Esther Larson, is now working on Journal #4, she told me when I called her recently.

Esther, the author, also gave me the name of Don Tank in Minot, North Dakota, who furnished us with more Haynes family information and is related to them. Mr. Tank also sent Carol Walen of Issaquah my name. She then called me and told me she was a daughter of the Helen Haynes that had lived on the River Road in 1913. A few days later, we went to see her. About that time, we spoke with John Martin of Duvall, who then told his mother, Genevieve Joyce Martin about the Helen Haynes who had lived on the River Road so long ago.

Mrs. Martin remembered Helen very well as Helen had left high school and worked for the Joyce family, helping with cooking for the farm hands. About this time, some friends of the Joyce family came to visit from California, bringing along a young fellow by the name of Henry Hamilton who stayed on as a hired hand on the Joyce farm.

Helen and Henry Hamilton soon took a liking to one another and were married in Duvall. The couple lived at Duvall for a year or two and moved to Fall City where they lived the rest of their lives.

Daughter, Carol Walen, born at Fall City in 1917 told me her mother had been in school with Judge Roney, though not in the same grade. She had also known the Sato family very well when they lived on the River road and as the Sato's later moved to Fall City, Carol Walen had been in school with all the Sato kids and still sees Sid and Mits on rare occasions. When the Haynes family came to

the valley, they stayed with relatives by the name of Hardman until they rented a house from Runkles on the River Road. These places were both beyond where the Chapman's now reside. The Hardman's ran the Duvall Hotel sometime later. Daughter, Helen Haynes wrote two letters, father H.L. Haynes wrote one letter, and mother, M. Haynes wrote one letter back to their old home town in North Dakota.

Carol Walen also told us, when her mother saw Socialist signs, she believed that this meant that the people of the area were interested in having a good time as she was not of that political persuasion.

We feel these letters about Duvall should be printed in the "Wagon Wheel" because of what the valley was like eighty years ago.



Duvall, Wash
March 25, 1913

To the Journal:

Starting from home Thursday, the 20th, we arrived in Ray nearly frozen and too cramped to stand up, at 6 p.m. We had supper at the Smith Hotel and took the 8:30 train for Williston. Here we had to lay over until 8:30 Friday evening.

We took a tourist to Everett, and arrived there Easter Sunday at 11:30. Stayed at the Bay View Hotel till 5:30, then took train back to Duvall and phoned out to where we are staying at present. We certainly saw some lovely scenery on the way. It was snowing in the mountains and we saw quite a number of deer and coyotes.

Things look far different than in North Dakota. At present the trees are all budded and the grass is green. A great many have gardens and potatoes in.

The boss is out looking for land; the rest of us are busy setting incubators. Happy was riding horses and playing hide-and-seek with the dog, while Steamboat and Ralph are watching the folk cross the river—the Snoqualmie, a branch of the Snohomish.

We are starting to school Monday; they have

fine graded schools here and teach all kinds of manual training, music and sewing.

They have a large saw mill at Duvall. And, best of all, there is a large number of Socialists. Near Monroe we passed a large rock on which was painted in large letters, "Are You a Socialist?"

At Everett, there was a large steamboat taking on logs, enroute for Mexico, and about 3:30 to 5 p.m. there were some 14 to 18 launches on the river.

The G.N. and Milwaukee tracks are about 25 rods from the door.

There is a 40-acre lot near by to be sold and the owner wants \$11,000 for it. Apple orchards near Wenatchee sold for \$3,000 an acre last fall. We have just returned from a boat ride and found some pretty flowers.

Helen Haynes



Duvall, Wash.
April 6, 1913

Editor Journal:

As there were quite a few wanted to hear from me, I will write a few lines.

We are settled in the Snoqualmie Valley, 1½ miles from Duvall, which is a town of 500 inhabitants, has a school employing six teachers, and a large saw mill employing 150-200 men, and also a shingle mill. Wages are \$2.50 a day.

There are four logging trains daily, besides they dump a lot into the river every day. The farming is mostly dairying. Some sell the milk to the condensers and some sell the cream. It is worth 45 cents.

The G.N. and the Milwaukee roads are just across the river from where we live, not over 30 rods. They run "side by each." Every day there are four passenger, two mixed and four freight trains, besides the logging trains, so you see it is a little different than McKenzie county.

Land is worth from \$75 to \$300 per acre; the timber is composed of cedar, spruce, fir, alder and soft maple. We are seven miles from the foot of the

Cascade mountains and twenty-five miles from some of the peaks. We can see some of them plainly, their tops covered with snow. All kinds of small fruits and some apples are raised. It was a poor apple year, but they get them from over between the Rocky and the Cascade mountains. My niece has over a hundred quarts of fruit left of all varieties, and I surely sample them. Apples are only 80 cents a box; groceries are about the same as there; eggs are 20 cents per dozen and butter 25 cents per pound.

The people are from all states and some foreigners. Quite a lot of Italians work on the section.

Cows are worth from \$60 to \$125 and are mostly Jerseys and Holsteins. They claim a good cow brings from \$10 to \$12 per month while milking. Horses are about the same as in North Dakota, good, big horses being in demand.

It has been raining quite a lot since we came here, but looks though it might clear up. I suppose we will get used to it—we surely like the climate, aside from the rain.

I forgot to mention that the name Snoqualmie is an Indian word meaning silent water. It is surely some different that the "Old Muddy".

Other letters from the Haynes family will be included in future articles.



DOUGHERTY HOUSE

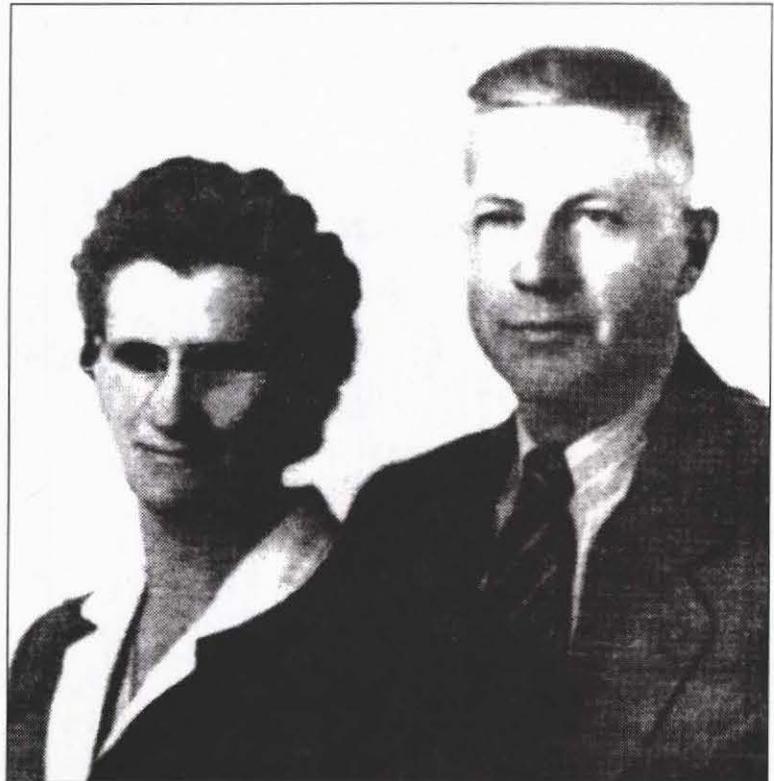
Brian Derdowski, King County Councilman, met with a group of area residents interested in the future of the Dougherty house to discuss options for the property. A task force was formed to assess possible uses and their feasibility. \$100,000 has been set aside in the Parks Department budget for the acquisition of this property if it is determined that the project will have community support. Anyone with any ideas should contact Don Williams, Ray Burhen, or Brian Derdowski.

THE HAYNES FAMILY (Part 2)

By Bob Kusters

*Helen & Henry Hamilton
Fall City, WA*

*Below are letters written by
the Haynes family in 1913 to
the newspaper in North Dakota
where the family had once lived.
This is a continuation from the
April, 1992, Wagon Wheel.*



FROM WASHINGTON STATE

Duvall, Wash.
May 9, 1913

To the Journal:

Hello! Well, here I am again. The weather is fine and spring is well on its way. Gardens are planted and the fruit trees are all blossoming and by the prospects we are going to have a fine crop. Very nearly all the farmers around here have from 12 to 15 cows and some have more.

A man and a team on the road get \$5 a day.

The schoolhouse is located on a hill. We have six acres for playground and one acre is used for agriculture. We have 200 scholars enrolled and have from the first to the tenth grade.

We are located in a valley, running north and

south, 20 miles due east of Seattle. The country is being rapidly denuded of its great resources of timber and as rapidly taken up by settlers.

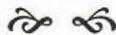
To the east of the valley, the area of the timber cut is very small, and at present logging is being extensively developed. The timber between the valley and the reserve is owned by companies. When this timber is exhausted the matured timber on the forest reserve may be purchased from the government at its market value, which will insure our mills a steady run for many generations to come. We have two shingle mills in town. A mill is now being built which will have a capacity of 125,000 feet of lumber, 300,000 shingles and an immense amount of lath. The mill is 300 feet long, 125 feet wide and two stories high and will employ 150 men. It will be in running order about the first of July.

Butter is 80 cents for a 2 pound brick and has

not been lower than 60 cents. Everything in the vegetable line is high. There are all kinds of cherries, prunes, pears, plums, quinces, and apples, the flavor of the very finest. Everything in that line indicates a fine and large crop. Out of the early garden we have had lettuce, radish, onions, asparagus, and rhubarb. Can you beat it?

We are going to have the county fair in Duvall October 18, 19, and 20. Come to the dance at the Athletic Hall and have a good time.

Helen Haynes



FROM WASHINGTON STATE

Duvall, Wash.

Here we come again from Washington. It is lovely weather here and we are well and happy. The ranch where we live has a nice bungalow built of cedar with porches all around the house. They don't have cellars here but have screened boxes hanging on wires on the porch. These boxes swing so the air keeps them cool; there is no ice here except artificial. It is lovely and cool around the house, so many spruce and fir trees. From a partly covered log in the front yard 5 trees have grown to a height of 75 feet.

The people here milk 65 cows and have a lot of hogs and fowls. The hogs are fattened entirely on separated milk. The overseer gets \$50 per month and the helpers \$35 and board.

Everything here is earlier than in North Dakota. The fruit looks promising and there will be loads of blackberries, raspberries and cherries that will not be picked, there is so much of them. Pear trees are loaded too. We have all kinds of vegetables and potatoes 6 inches high.

One who comes here to buy has the same

chance as in N. Dak., only property is higher, but one can get any kind of terms and lower interest.

This is a healthy place, I think, but don't suppose it will be so nice when the rainy season comes on, but they never stop work for the rain.

There are millions of cords of wood piled and burned here. Enough down wood on this place for years, mostly cedar.

Girls working out here get \$30 per month and are scarce at that.

We have hardly any wind, lightning, or thunder here.

The big saw mills are about to start and then the population of this burg will increase considerably.

Preparations are being made for a county fair in September. There will be a great display of fruits and vegetables.

Hope this will reach all our friends and neighbors and that it will serve the purpose of personal letters, and with best wishes to one and all.

M. Haynes



DUVALL DAYS

Paintings by former Duvall Mayor and local historian, Ralph Taylor, will be the feature of a Duvall Days historical exhibit at the Rose Room in the library. Copies of the Historical Society's latest book, Wagon Wheel, Vignettes of Duvall's Historical Past will also be for sale. This event will take place May 16.

DUVALL CEMETERY

A big thank you to Bill Trulson and Eleanor Zarembo for the donation of the historic Duvall Cemetery site to the Historical Society. The Society will clean, fence, and mark the gravesites in an effort to preserve this sacred piece of history.

AIRPLANE LANDINGS IN THE VALLEY

In June of 1957, Mr. Don Funk wrote in the "Carnavall Reporter" of airplane landings that had taken place in the valley. Some of these were planned and some unplanned.

We remember the crash of the plane on what is now the Rupard farm. Don wrote about this crash and we will add what we remember about it. A flight of weekend warriors (as they were called) was headed from Spokane to Sandpoint and was over the Valley when one of them ran into trouble. The pilot knew his only chance was to bail out, and promptly did so. It was getting on toward milking time when we heard the news, so my wife and I took the pickup and drove to the Wallace farm (now Zylstras'). We walked across the pasture and crossed the fence onto the Joyce farm (now Rupards') to the hole where the plane had crashed. The plane, if I remember, was an F4V, and had left a hole about 10 or 12 feet deep. The wings were on the side of the hole with pieces of the propeller scattered nearby; the rest of it was buried in the mushy clay. The Navy soon had men out there to keep the local farmers away, and said they were going to salvage the wreck. Upon further study, they decided it was hopeless, so brought in a bulldozer the next day and covered the hole. I suppose now the plane belongs to Sam Rupard.

Another plane crash with more tragic results, took place when a young man of 19 years could not pull his rented plane out of a spin, and crashed a few feet from the Hilke Roetcisoender house, where son, Jim, now lives. The pilot was Fred Oliver Taylor, known to many Valley residents, as he was the son of Truman Taylor whose grandparents had homesteaded the place. This accident took place in 1949, and was all the more tragic, as Fred's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Truman Taylor, had, a few months before, taken off from Cle Elum in rather heavy weather to fly to Seattle. Their plane went down in the mountains, and was not found till many years later. Truman Taylor was raised in the Valley, and was a brother of George Taylor, Historical Society member, who died recently.

Fred was married and lived in Bellevue at the

time of his death. After the crash, he was taken to Harborview hospital, but was dead on arrival. We knew him slightly, as he would drive his Knudson car out to the Roetcisoender farm, where his ancestors had lived for so many years.

Another forced landing we remember took place about 1968. We were working near the barn when we looked up and saw a small plane in one of our pastures $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away.

Upon looking closer, we saw a man walking toward the buildings. When he got near us, we could see he was rather upset. He asked if he could use our phone. We took him to the house where he called Paine Field for help. He then explained that his plane had just been overhauled, and it seemed a loose spark plug or two was part of the problem. We offered to take him back to the plane and take some tools along to tighten up the plugs, while a trouble-shooter was flying in.

When the man opened the motor cover, we could see spark plugs hanging by the wire, others loose, and about to fall. He found a socket wrench, put the plugs back in, and tightened the rest. Sure enough, the motor started and ran like a clock. While working, he made several comments about the shop that had done the work. About that time, another small plane landed in the pasture, and the two pilots were talking, and words that we had never heard before were being exchanged. The pilots soon climbed into their planes, taking off for Paine Field. No land strip fees were offered.

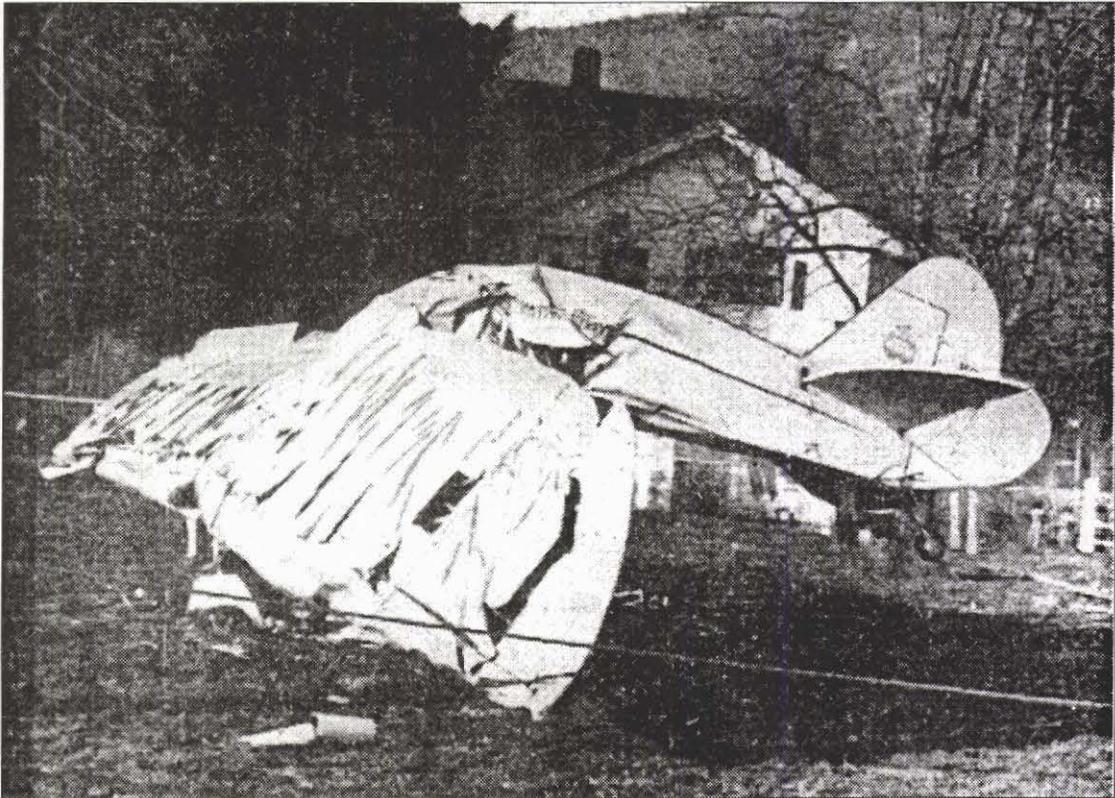
One more incident involving aircraft took place four or five years ago. It was a rather noisy affair, but no serious damage was done. An Army Reserve Huey helicopter came over the hill and dropped rapidly, as it came over the buildings. The rotor blades were making more noise than usual, it seemed. It landed in a pasture on the DeJong farm a few feet from our fields. My son drove out next to the fence where the pilot and a trainee came over to explain the problem. They came into the house to make a call. They had radioed a nearby Chinook helicopter, as they were landing, but were not sure the message had been received because of the hills.

The pilot of the Chinook had heard and landed with a number of reservists. They soon had called in another Huey copter with mechanics aboard, who were at work repairing the downed copter in no time at all. The men carved away on the propeller blade, then wrapped it up with duct tape, and were

on their way to Paine Field in a few hours.

Through the years, during World War II, and after, when so many planes and pilots have trained and maneuvered above the Valley, it is surprising so few accidents have occurred.

Son of Couple Long Missing In Plane Dies in Another Plane



FATAL VISIT: This little airplane lay wrecked in the yard of the Hilkie Roetscisoender farm near Duvall today, after crashing yesterday afternoon and fatally injuring its pilot, 19-year-old Fred O. Taylor of Bellevue, a distant relative of the Roetscisoenders.—Photo by Dick Barden.

Fred Oliver Taylor, 19 years old, who was injured fatally in the crash of a light airplane near Duvall yesterday afternoon, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Truman Taylor, who have been missing since they took off for Seattle from Cle Elum last August in their own airplane, it was learned today.

Fred Taylor crashed in a rented airplane in the yard of the farm home of distant relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Hilkie Roetscisoender, four miles north of Duvall.

The elder Taylors took off August 24 in thick weather, on the last leg of a flight from Ogden, Utah, to Seattle. They

disappeared into the haze of the Cascades and never were heard of again, although extensive searches were conducted.

Taylor's wife of 14 months, Elaine, said the valley in which her husband died was his favorite flying haunt.

"He loved to fly in that valley," Mrs. Taylor said, sobbing. "It was such nice flying there, and all his relatives lived there."

Taylor lived for a little while after the crash of the plane, owned by the Puget Sound Air Service, Bellevue. But he was dead when he arrived at Harborview County Hospital.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration began an investigation.

Young Taylor, who lived at Bellevue, was employed by the Boeing Airplane Company, as his father had been. His parents moved to Bellevue from Utah last summer. His father, 46 years old, was an Air Force veteran of the Second World War.

The younger Taylors came here from Townsend, Mont., last December.

Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock Thursday in Green's Funeral Home, Kirkland.

Surviving, besides the widow, are a sister, Edna Anna Taylor, 11 years old, who has made her home with the Taylors; and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver T. Hungerford, Redmond.

HECKENCAMP AND CHERRY GARDENS SCHOOLS

By Bob Kusters

After several years of seeking information on schools in the Cherry Gardens area, we have decided to write about the information we have been collecting. Starting with the idea that only one school building had been in that area, our minds were changed on that score when Ruth Minaglia drew a picture of the school. She remembered calling it (the Cherry Gardens School). However, before we learned of this, we had information and a picture from Edna Wallace and Margaret McCormick about a school in Cherry Gardens called "The Heckencamp School". When the Heckencamp picture was sent to me, the mail carrier drove into the river with it, leaving it somewhat fuzzy. About this time, I learned that a friend, Maurice Drumm, had some photography expertise and he consented to help enlarge and make negatives of some pictures we had.

The picture of the second school (the Cherry Gardens School) came to us July 7, 1992 when Carol Walen of Issaquah, a lady we had written about last year, visited with her cousin, Verna Hardman Baird, of Anacortes.

Verna's family, the Hardmans, had lived in the Cherry Gardens area for many years, so she found some old pictures and sent them to me. One of these pictures was the Cherry Gardens School. It was also in this Hardman family home where school was held for a year between the Heckencamp's existence and the Cherry Gardens School construction around 1920. (After the Heckencamp School was gone and before the Cherry Gardens School was built).

In 1914 a company by the name of Heckencamp-Germain, located at Fourth and Pike in Seattle, began promoting Cherry Gardens as the best place in the world to live. This company just happened to have 4,000 acres they had split up into five and ten acre tracts which they sold for \$30 to \$60 an acre. This land was located near "the old Bolt Works". A crew of ten was sent out to survey the area, and by April of 1916, lumber was being sent in to build twelve houses. As there were others

living in the area, the County Superintendent of Schools decided a school should have to be built in the area. By January of 1916, the Heckencamp School opened with seventeen students. Lumber for the school was furnished by the district, with the parents and kids erecting the building in a very short time.

The Heckencamp School seems to have had a rather short life—probably around two or three years. We have not been able to learn what happened to this school, but it may have burned down. Also proof of where the building stood is lacking. The two schools may have stood on the same spot. (Any information on this is welcome).

Ruth Minaglia recalls that school was held in two different homes between the loss of the first school and the opening of Cherry Gardens School. The Dunton home and the Hardman home were likely used during that period. Ruth also gave us class pictures of the students who attended class in 1920-21. The teacher was Martha Rosen, a local girl from Novelty. Though Ruth was not in school at that time, she was able to name the teacher and nine of the sixteen students. The picture of the 1921-22 class includes Ruth, who was visiting school the day the picture was taken. The teacher that year was Irene Riese. There were nineteen students. We also have a picture of the 1922-23 student body. The teacher was Miss Godwin and Ruth Minaglia is a first grader. Mrs. Krause was the custodian. Of the thirteen students that year, Ruth named eleven. This was the first year for the Cherry Gardens School.

The students of 1920-221 and 1921-22 attended school in the homes we mentioned earlier. The Cherry Gardens School closed its doors and the students attended Cherry Valley School in the fall of 1926.

The Cherry Gardens School was located on the Lena Lankins place near Tom Norenberg's property. The building stood for years and was used as a community meeting place where many parties were held.

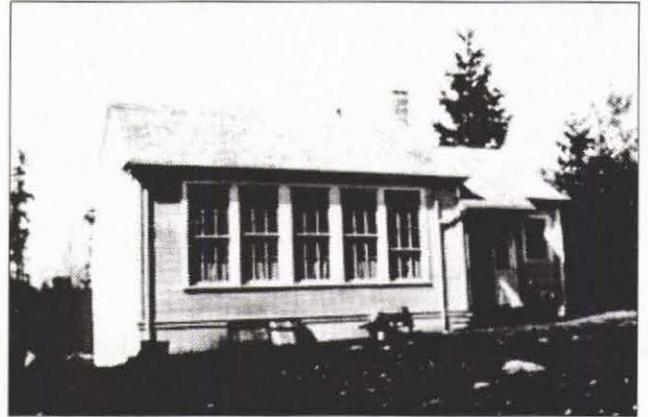
I believe it was 1943 when Harry Miller and sons tore down the old school, using some of the lumber to build frozen food lockers in the back of McDougal's store (now the used book store). With the remaining lumber, Harry built the house on the farm where my son, Robert, now lives. Chunks of

concrete from the building were still around the old site when Tom Norenberg showed us around a few years ago.

Since it has been said a picture is worth a thousand words, I will save myself the trouble of writing another 3000 words and print three pictures.



1921—22 year. Ruth Minaglia, front row, 4th from left visiting school. Teacher is Irene Riese



Cherry Gardens School: May 20, 1921



Heckencamp School, opened in January, 1916

DUVALL'S EARLY DAY DOCTORS

By Bob Kusters

In reading many accounts of Cherry Valley and Duvall's pioneer residents, one is constantly reminded of the many crushed bones, sawed off fingers, and illnesses suffered by the local loggers, mill workers, and farmers. When the census was taken in 1910, Cherry Valley precinct which covered from the county line to just south of Duvall, had listed 500 people of which 230 were saw mill and logging camp workers. There were also a good many farmers who were engaged in the hazardous work of blasting stumps and clearing land.

Into this community of high risk jobs came Dr. Henry Gherkin. He probably arrived in late 1909 or early 1910. The census records have him listed in May 1910, as a single man, 25 years of age, born in Georgia. The doctor built a house with an office on Main Street just south of the present day Seafirst Bank. It was one of the first buildings on Main Street, and was later occupied by the Don Funk family. The house has been gone now for a number

of years. Dr. Gherkin resigned as Duvall health officer in November of 1915 and left town to go back east for more schooling. Many were the stories he probably could have told of his five year stay in this new western town.

The same day that Dr. Gherkin resigned as health officer, Dr. Roy Pinkerton was appointed to that position. Dr. Pinkerton was in town and advertising in the Duvall Citizen in 1914. He, too, had a house with office and living quarters. This house was located on the up hill corner of the same block as the Methodist Church with the Methodist parsonage between the two. This house appears in the background of several pictures taken of the church. I was well acquainted with this house, having owned it for a number of years in the 1950's.

The house was removed when the church used the area for a parking lot. We talked by phone recently with Dr. Pinkerton's son, Volney. He told us he was born across the river from town in April



Dr. Roy Pinkerton house – upper house above parsonage. Picture taken 1923 of new church foundation.

of 1914, in what was then the Benham house, and some time later the Ches Funk farm, and today, is a part of the Benthem farm. Like the many other Pinkertons in this area, Dr. Pinkerton also came from Minnesota. He was first an attorney in Everett for a time, and decided to become a doctor. He then went to medical school in Iowa for a time, returning to Duvall as a doctor. The doctor had many relatives in this area including Fred Pinkerton, who was captain of the riverboat, "Mayme", the first boat to make regular trips up the valley in 1884 or 1885.

Fred's brother, Vic, also a riverboat captain, took the "Forrester" and the "Black Prince" up and down the Snoqualmie River. Mabel Dufford, who started the town's first newspaper, the "Duvall Citizen", seems to have married a Pinkerton, as records show her name as Mabel Dufford Pinkerton, when she sold the paper. The Benhams, Leydes, and Owens families, among others, were also related to the Pinkertons in one way or another. Ardle Pinkerton, a civil war veteran and grandfather of Dr. Pinkerton, is buried in the old Cherry Valley Cemetery. Dr. Pinkerton was married to Lela Leyde and they had three children including Juanita, who married the son of A. S. Bartlett. A. S. Bartlett was at one time superintendent-principal of the Duvall School. Juanita passed away about five years ago. Son, Donald died in 1934 at the age of 22 years. Of

the doctor's family, only Volney remains and lives in Seattle. Dr. Pinkerton decided to homestead at Vanderhoof, British Columbia, and left Duvall in the spring of 1916. A few months later the doctor died, so the family returned to Duvall. After a few years, Mrs. Pinkerton took the family to Seattle.

In his short life span of 40 years, Roy Pinkerton had been a scholar, attorney, doctor, and homesteader. He seems, indeed, to have led an interesting life.

Editor's note: My thanks to Volney Pinkerton for helping me with information.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS

The Duvall Historical Society meets on the first Monday of the month at the Depot. Visitors and new members are welcome. The Historical Society is involved in many historic preservation projects, including the cemetery restoration, book publications, and oral history.

THANK YOU

We greatly appreciate the generous donation of copying facilities for the "Wagon Wheel" by the Valley Community Bank.

*Season's
Greetings*

DUVALL'S TALKING CROW

by Bob Kusters

While watching some crows behind our barn recently, I saw that some would fly into the building where the corn silage was stored, but always a few would stand guard while the rest would be picking out corn. After a while those that had eaten would fly out and the guards would take their turn. As I watched, the crows reminded me of a crow that stirred up the town about forty years ago. Though talking crows are not unusual, when one flies in out of the blue and starts making comments to the locals, it is, to say the least, surprising. This is what happened in January of 1954 and some of Duvall's finest were rather shocked.

The crow first appeared tapping at windows waking up late risers at kitchen windows, begging food. As he became bolder, windows would be opened and the bird would step in for a bite to eat, but always avoided capture.

The crow was never a nuisance until one

morning Cliff Peerman was out puttering around the yard, when he heard some one calling "come here". Cliff looked around the place and finally decided some one had fallen into the ditch beside the road. Why Cliff thought someone had fallen in the ditch would be mere speculation. As he was looking in the ditch, a voice called, "hi, there".

Cliff looked up and saw the talking crow on top of a neighbor's house. Other folks around town, including Mac, the grocer, said the bird had quite a large vocabulary, most of which could not be printed in the newspaper articles that covered the story.

The crow seems also to have ranged outside the city limits as some farmers, including us, saw a crow about that time that acted rather uncrowlike. The big bird must have been somebody's pet that had been taught the language and then escaped. We have never heard who his trainer was or if he ever returned to his owner.

Cliff Perman as a young man. He is with Charles Pinkerton, who adopted him.



THE RUNAWAY COLT

by Bob Kusters

This story was told to me many years ago by an old timer in the Monroe area, and have since then read about it. This took place between Monroe and Tualco, but involved some Cherry Valley old timers. It happened around 1902.

A colt was being harnessed in Monroe when it broke away with a single tree dragging behind it and hitting it in the heels every few steps. Charles Day, thirty-year old son of Lucius Day, was the first to encounter the runaway. He had just crossed the bridge into Monroe when he saw the colt coming. Charles managed to get his buggy out of the way when the colt roared by, followed by a rider trying to catch him before he crossed the bridge.

He failed. The runaway crossed the bridge and on the south approach to the bridge, rear ended a buggy with James Gowan and a friend headed for Cherry Valley. This was the Gowan who later was part owner of the O'Neal-Gowan Mill on Cherry Creek. Both men were thrown from their rig and their horse started running.

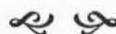
The next victim was Robert Smallman, a one legged old-timer. His buggy was also crashed into, throwing him onto the road and his horses running away. Since Mr. Smallman had had his leg amputated in 1891, and used a crutch, which remained in the buggy with his rig on the run toward Tualco, he was sitting helpless in the road.

The other Cherry Valley folks running after their horses soon came up to Mr. Smallman and were sure the man had lost his leg in the accident, as they did not recognize him. The group finally collected the horses and smashed buggies and

followed the colt to the Tualco School, where they found him without a scratch.

I must add a line here about Robert Smallman, who was quite an elderly man by the time of this wreck. He was a private in the U.S. Army in 1855 when his unit was sent up the Snoqualmie River to establish forts by order of Territorial Governor, Isaac Stevens. Forts Tilton, Alden, Smalley, and Patterson were erected. Robert Smallman settled in the upper valley after the forts were built. He lived there for a short time and later settled down river near Monroe.

Mr. Smallman, Frank Dolan-Entwhistle, and Henry McClurg were the first white men to scale a mountain, later known as Mount Si, and plant the American flag on top. Mr. Smallman hurt his leg logging and went to Port Townsend to have it amputated, but it is said he logged on one leg and a crutch for many years. This tough old timer died in 1903 about a year after the run away.



THANK YOU

To the Valley Community Bank for providing copying services for the "Wagon Wheel".

MEETINGS

Meetings of the Duvall Historical Society are held on the first Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Depot. Visitors are most welcome.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

ALL THE ROADS LEADING TO DUVALL (Part 1)

by Bob Kusters

It sometimes comes as a surprise when we hear the younger generation speak of our present day roads and bridges, as if they were always of the same quality and in the same place.

First, let me write a few words about the road on which we live. The River Road or Dutchman's Road, as it is sometimes called, started out as a dirt trail along the river.

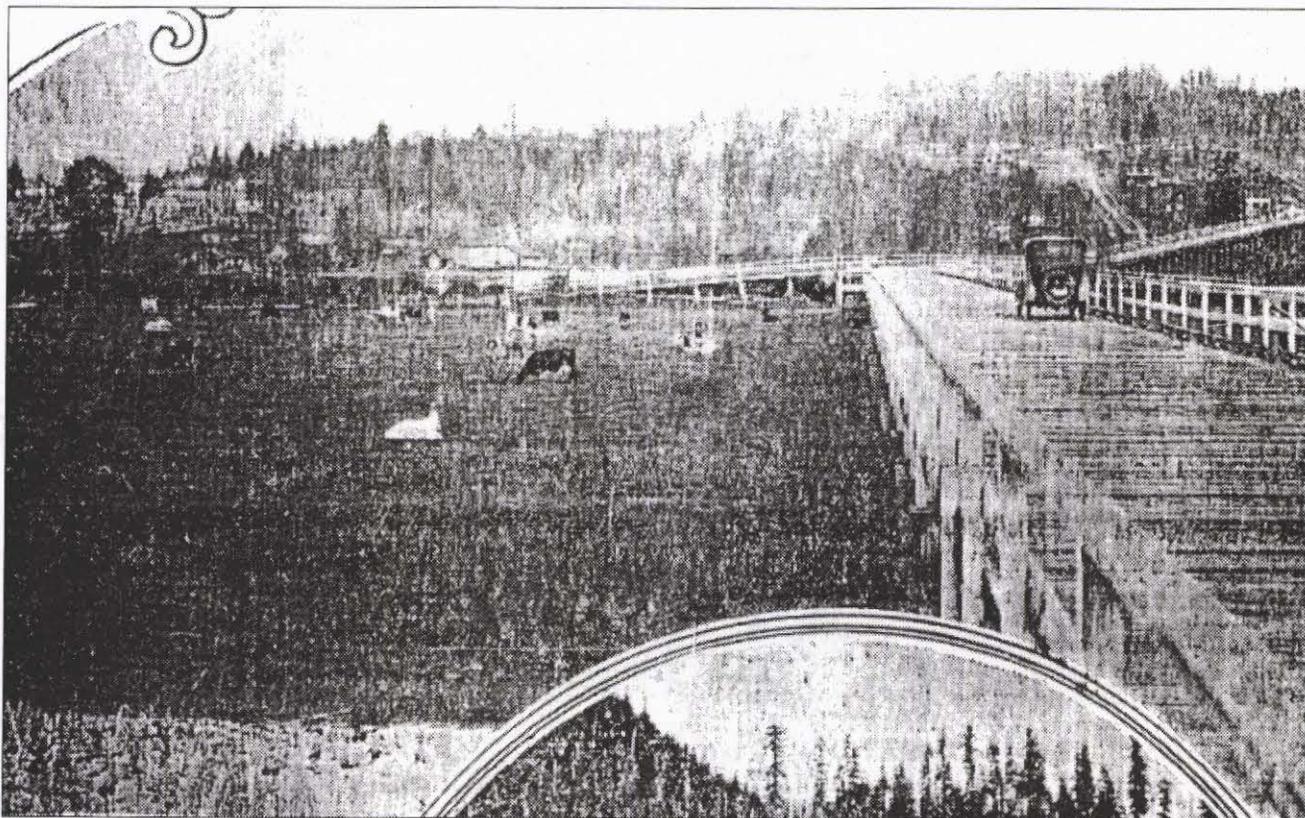
After some time, wood bridges were built to cross the creeks and gullies. When bridges were built across the river and the railroads came to the Valley, farmers would take their teams and wagons, loaded with milk, from one or more farms and haul it to the train station. On the return trip, they might carry goods for the farmers that had come in by rail. No matter how deep the mud, this trip would be made every day and would start from the very far

end of the trail.

When my wife's relatives moved in, near the end of the road in 1916, they kept their car in a garage across the river near the Biderbost farm. They would take a boat across the river, then walk to the hill and take the automobile to wherever they wished to go. This was done while carrying babies, groceries etc.

When the road would dry up in the spring, the car would finally be brought home. I read an old letter recently which told of the neighbors going to a meeting in Duvall, June 5, 1916 where it was decided to gravel the River Road.

During the 1930's the wood bridges were replaced with concrete. Mr. Sam Hible was road boss at the time. At the same meeting in 1916, a new bridge across the river at Duvall, replacing the



A Sunday "Seattle Times" front page picture of Duvall. 5/11/1924

old swing bridge, was discussed.

THE DUVALL NOVELTY ROAD (1914)

It was in January of 1914 that right-of-way agents met with Duvall, Cherry Valley, and Novelty citizens to discuss a better road from Duvall to Novelty. Then, in February, 1914, a group of business people went to the county officials to shake them up, telling them that because of mud, the road was now impassable. The group was told that most of the right-of-ways had been purchased and work on the road would soon begin.

By June of 1914, the contract for the road, including a bridge between the Unger and Clark farms had been let for \$10,000, the work to be completed in sixty days. The Clark barn was also to be moved. In July of 1914, a camp on Clark Creek had been set up for the crew, and by August, the pile driver had arrived at the bridge site.

When the bridge had been built, a road was left on each side of the bridge going down the sides of the gully and meeting at the bottom, on the east side, then turning west, going under the bridge to

those farms in the valley.

This little loop road became sort of a lovers' lane, for those so inclined. The bridge was quite high, and I remember the first time I took a team and wagon across it in 1940.

The team only recently from the flatlands, was rather skittish of all the noise they were making on the wood, and were as happy as I was to reach the other side. Though the bridge had wood railings, they seemed rather flimsy at the time.

Getting back to the road construction, it was soon graveled, the bridge built, and traffic was once again able to move between Novelty and Duvall.

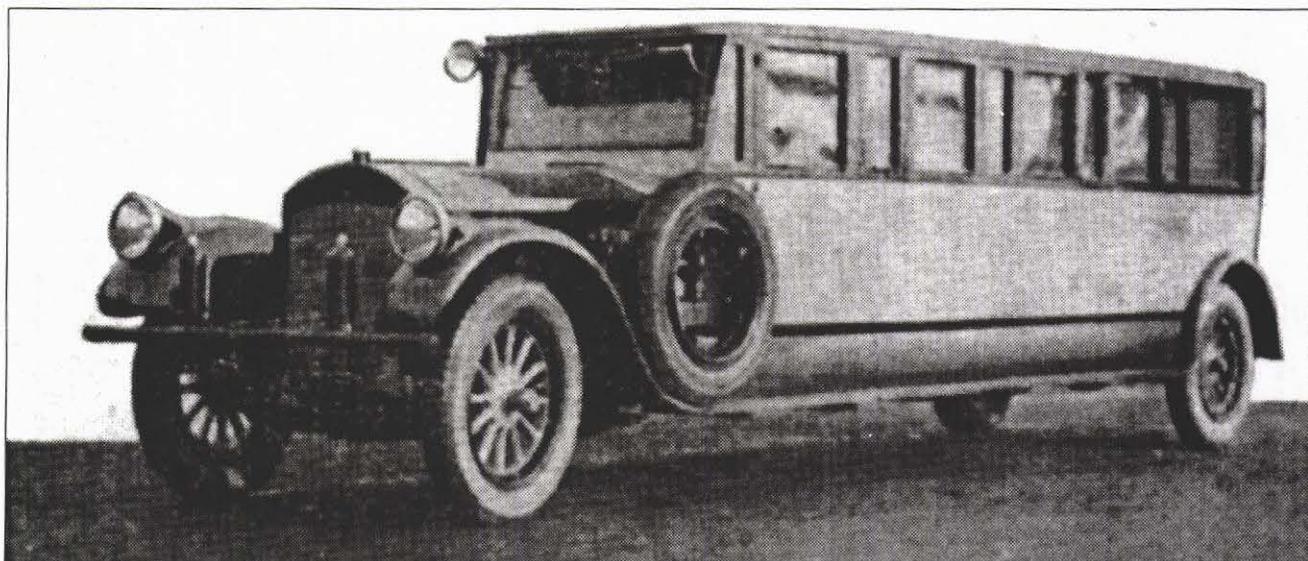
It should be noted here that a bridge across the river at Novelty had been constructed about six years before the swing bridge at Duvall. The cost of the first Novelty Bridge was \$6000 and opened November 2, 1899.

The first Novelty Bridge was replaced with a new bridge and opened in August of 1914.

Editor's note: Our next article will cover the roads from Duvall to Monroe and Woodinville.



SEATTLE-DUVALL-MONROE-INDEX SHORTLINE STAGE



SEATTLE TERMINAL, Third and Pine. PHONE ELLIOTT 3249

MONROE TERMINAL, Union Stage Depot. PHONE 1191

INDEX TERMINAL, Optimus Pharmacy. PHONE 141

One of the first buses on the Index stage line.

DUVALL-WOODINVILLE ROAD

by Bob Kusters

Condemnation proceedings were underway in January 1916 to obtain right-of-ways for the road from the west side of the valley to Woodinville. It was sometime in 1915 that \$128,000 had been voted to construct a road suitable for cars in all kinds of weather. By June of 1916 this road was usable, but not finished. Big slides of dirt and trees one and a half miles from Duvall had slowed down its completion in the Ring Hill area. The unusually heavy snows earlier in the year, along with an abundance of rain, was blamed for the delay. In October 1916, it was announced that the road was usable except for Ring Hill where the old road would have to be used for a time. The road in those days until the early 1930's went past the old county gravel pit, later called the county dump road. On this garbage dump road, there was for a time, an old log gas station near the recently closed garbage dump. This station no longer was in operation after the main highway went directly over the hill and the dump road became a secondary road.

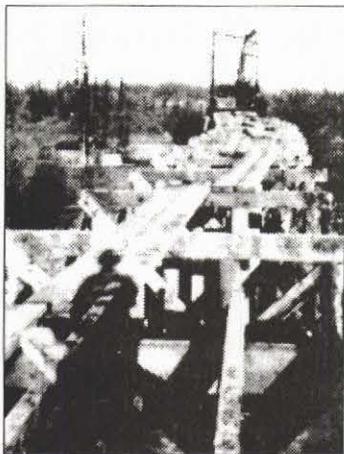
In February, 1915, it was decided to use the old road across the valley. This road went directly from the swing bridge near Duvall to the west valley road and can still be seen today in the southern edge of the Roney farm.

In February, 1914, a new bridge across the river was planned near the old ferry landing south of town to hook up with another old road that crossed the valley at the Marty farm, but a survey made by a group of engineers decided the site was not the place for a bridge.

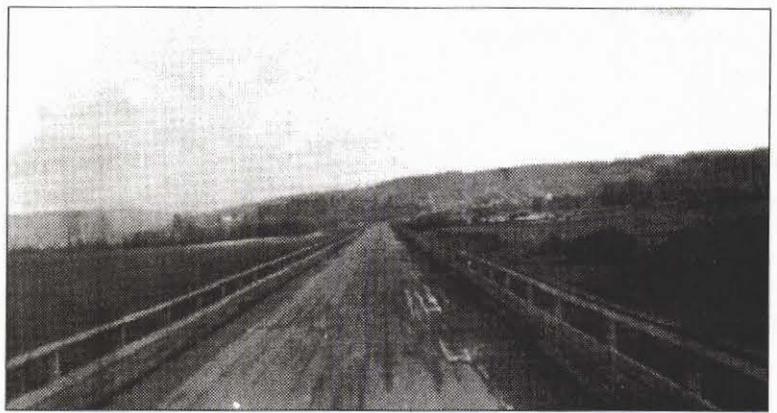
In 1918 the new bridge was built across the river from the foot of Stewart Street. This bridge on the west side connected to a wood trestle that extended all the way across the valley to the new highway up Ring Hill. This trestle had a deck with the planks running crossways, but was noisy and slippery, so in the mid 1930's a new deck with the planks running lengthwise was installed. With this new deck, however, an automobile or truck would tend to weave as it moved from one plank to an-



Post Intelligencer photo in 1950 showing second Duvall bridge and present bridge.



Old photo showing construction of West approach to second bridge. Taken 1918.



1941 picture of old wood trestle into Duvall

other. The trestle, still remembered by many old timers, was torn down in 1950 and replaced with a New concrete bridge and fill gravel taken from the Joyce pit where the telephone company now has its building. This fill was tied to another new bridge that was dedicated in August, 1951, and is the one we use today.

So we see that with the coming of the automobile, all the roads leading to Duvall, including the road past the school, were improved during the years 1914, 1915, and 1916.

THE TRAIL TO MONROE

The Duvall-Monroe highway that we use today has had many changes over the years and we will try to write of some of those changes that we have read about or seen.

The old dirt road followed the east bank of the Snoqualmie River to the present day Nielsen farm where it went under the railroad and crossed a bridge over Cherry Creek, then followed the hillside to the honor farm. There, the road crossed the railroad tracks, went past the honor farm buildings, joining up with the west valley road and continuing on through the Tualco Valley.

The Duvall Citizen of October, 1916 reported the road between Duvall and Monroe, although not finished, is open for travel. It stated further that as several men and teams are now busy graveling the road, it should be finished in a few weeks. The Snohomish County portion of the road will also be paved in 1917.

It was around 1930 when it was decided the King County part of the road would be moved from the river bank to the old abandoned railroad grade. This grade would have to be widened and raised for a two-lane road, so a considerable amount of fill

would be needed. A system of cars was used to get fill dirt from the hill below the school. This, however, was not sufficient, so a sand pump was installed on a sand bar in the river across from the old Rupard place.

My brother-in-law, Ted Spoelstra, remembered when this project was underway and told how the sand was being pumped to the future highway and things were working quite well until the sand bar was gone. The pumping continued and soon was cutting into the landowner's field. This of course brought a stop to that method of obtaining fill dirt.

The rest of the material needed was then taken from the hill at the foot of Clarence Zylstras driveway. That scar is still visible today. The wood bridges on this stretch of road were removed and replaced with the concrete bridges in 1945, and more fill added. Later, when the fill settled, still more fill was added to bring the road up to the level of the bridges.

About 1957, the Snohomish County section of the highway was rebuilt. The Biderbost house was moved up the hill a ways, so the road could be made wider. This area gave some trouble for some time as the clay kept sliding onto the road. The biggest improvement at that time was removing the many curves and taking a direct course from the honor farm to the Monroe Bridge, so the traffic no longer had to curve around through the Tualco Valley.

For a number of years before this highway was improved a lot of the traffic used the West Valley Road, then over Highbridge and through Tualco Valley. For the last 35 years, little has changed in the highway to Monroe, so it is easy to forget the work of all the men, horses, and machinery that has gone on before.

MORE ON THE NEW AUTO AGE

by Bob Kusters

In August of 1914, while Duvall's main street was still in rather rough condition, Mr. Manion, owner of Manion's Hardware store, could see that the automobile was fast becoming a popular means of transportation, so he decided to install the first gasoline pump in town.

Meanwhile, the town council, still dealing with a lot of horse traffic, decided to install a watering trough and two long hitching racks on Main Street. These were completed in February of 1915.

A year after Manion put in his gas pump, L. D. Smith figured he could pick up a little of the gas trade, so installed a gas pump at his blacksmith shop. The blacksmith shop (located where Bud Masterjohn later had his new T.V. shop and more recent the thyme shop) was built in 1909 by Mr. Aimers and sold to L. D. Smith a few years later. This building was just north of the old tailor shop, which still stands north of Hix's market, now the auto parts store.

In March of 1916, blacksmith L.D. Smith bought the Seager machine shop on the west side of Main Street at the foot of Stephens street and made it into an auto repair shop and gas station. At this late date, we have been unable to find anyone who remembers this station. The old Manion pump probably burned when the hardware store burned in 1925.

The gas pump across the street at the blacksmith shop seems to have been around at least until May of 1941 as Bill Sinn, the barber who had his shop in the old tailor building, was still running ads for haircuts, confections and Texaco gas.

In July of 1916, Duvall had a local agent for the "Oakland six" automobile. The price was \$895 for a three-passenger roadster or a five passenger touring car.

Another item of interest in the early days of automobile traffic,

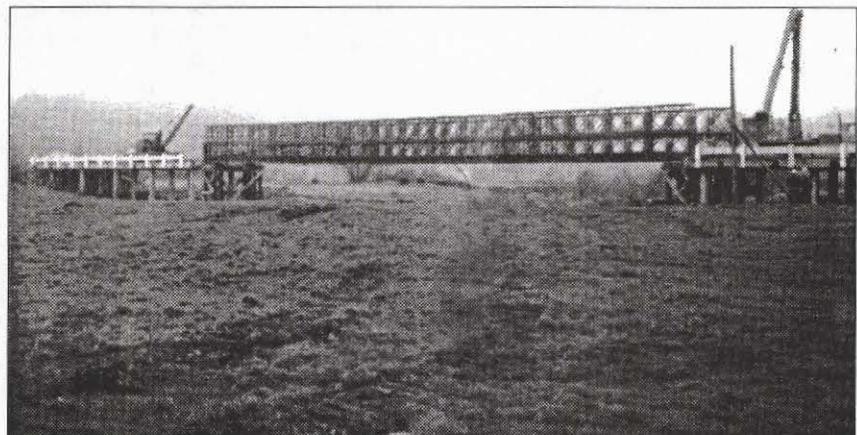
was the paving of Duvall's Main street. In December of 1916, with backing of the town businessmen and town officers, a surveying team was put to work on the stretch that was to be hard surfaced. The paving, to be done in 1917, was to extend from the north end of town one mile to the south.

We also have some memories of the fill across the valley west of town. When this fill was constructed in 1950, the engineers were warned by some old timers, that not enough bridging was being built to allow big flood waters to escape downstream. This became a reality with the big flood of February 1951.

During the night of the eleventh, water piled up behind the fill and washed out a section about three or four hundred feet west of the river road turnoff. This area was refilled prior to the opening of the new bridge across the river in August 1951.

Disaster struck again in December 1959, when a large flood rolled down the valley. A concrete bridge and a portion of the fill, probably already weakened by a similar flood a month earlier in November 1959, washed away. This was near the site of the 1951 washout.

A Bailey bridge was put across this gap a while later and used until the following year, when that washout was spanned with a longer concrete bridge. If I remember, the Bailey bridge was one-way



Bailey bridge spanning 1959 fill washout west of Duvall.

traffic with stop and go lights on either end, and served the area quite well.

We have one last item that may be of interest to some. A few of us remember a gas station on the Kelly road. This station, I believe, was located between the Lake Joy road and the Big Rock road. We recall seeing it in the early 1940's. Roy Funk seems to remember a man by the name of Blacky owning or running it. If anyone remembers more about it, we would like the information.

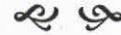
Editors' note: We hope that these road articles may bring back some memories to old timers and also be of interest to those who came later.

MEETINGS

The Duvall Historical Society meets on the first Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the depot. Anyone interested is welcome to attend.

THANK YOU

To the Valley Community Bank for providing copying services.



Aimers blacksmith shop around 1911 where L. D. Smith installed Duvall's second gas pump in 1915.

NATURE'S VIOLENCE

by Bob Kusters

With all the recent warnings in the media, and predictions of earthquakes for the Northwest, we thought it might be the time to remind folks that the big shakers have been around since the days of the pioneers and long before they arrived.

The first big quake experienced by old timers in this area took place on December 12, 1872, soon after the first homesteaders came to this part of the valley. Early day residents on the river near Snohomish tell of houses shaken to the ground. They also told of a three-acre pond, three hundred feet from a bluff and about a hundred feet above the Sound, whose banks were cracked so badly by the quake that the water all drained out. When the pond's water was gone, the black mud from the bottom seeped out and could be seen on the face of the bluff for many years.

Although there were many earthquakes between 1872 and my arrival in 1940, we do not have a record of them. The first fair sized quake that I remember took place around 7 p.m. on Feb. 14, 1946. The date sticks in my mind, as I was getting ready to attend the wedding of brother-in-law, John Spoelstra.

The next quake was the largest we have experienced and the largest recorded for many years and probably the largest ever measured in this area. It was 7.1 on the Richter scale. I was hauling gravel to the Black farm where Ray Burhen now lives. It was my last load before lunch on April Fool's day in 1949. We were graveling a lane below the hill. With five or six yards of gravel on a sixteen-foot flatbed with six wheel drive, we had just raised the bed when the quake struck. The truck was on very soft ground when we noticed the fence on the lane move in front of the truck, while it seemed to be tipping over. As I jumped from the truck, the fence moved over again, giving me little room to get out. Standing in front of the truck, I watched as the fence and a small tree continued to move about, and the truck wheels began to sink. The quake lasted about a minute, but it took at least an hour to get the gravel off the bed and the truck out of the mud. The quake

did little damage in our area, but several buildings in Seattle were damaged including the south end Sears store.

The second largest quake since 1949 took place in 1965 also in the month of April, if I remember right. This was rated as a 6.5 quake on the Richter scale. The earth began to shake about 8 a.m. and rattled the buildings and their occupants rather severely. The quake knocked down a few chimneys and emptied a few dish cupboards that we heard about later. One chimney, on this farm, shed the top three feet, and a few bricks dislodged from another. This quake, we were told, was centered south of Seattle a short ways, and once again, several buildings were damaged in Seattle and outlying areas.

Through the years, we have experienced several small quakes. One of these we remember because of what was printed the following day in some Seattle newspapers. An expert was quoted as saying this quake had taken place somewhere on the Paradise Lake fault line.

There must be many stories and first hand accounts that could be written of earthquake experiences, but it seems that records of these events are few.

While writing about the earthquake of 1872, we ran across an article written about an early day flood, which was said to be the largest flood the old timers had experienced. How this flood compared to some of our recent floods, we do not know, but it did make the pioneers respect the Snoqualmie and Snohomish Rivers. The flood of November 1871, is the first flood we have any record of in this area. Mr. Reeves, who lived on what is now the West Valley road, had built his house in the valley while his neighbors, the Stackpoles had built on higher ground. As the river was the only means of transportation, it seemed logical to build close to that waterway. Mr. Reeves lost two cows in that flood, and as he had 29 inches of water in his cabin, decided to move in with the Stackpoles. Mr. Riley also lost a number of cattle in that flood while

living on a farm later owned by Frank Phelps. This farm was located near the present day honor farm. The Riverside Hotel in Snohomish had two feet of water on the floor, but as long as canoes could get in the door, the bar stayed open.

This flood of 1871 seems to have encouraged a few pioneers to move their houses to higher ground or build a few feet off the ground. Even today, we along the river are trying to decide how high is high enough.

NOTE: January 28, 1995, at 11 minutes after 7:00 p.m., we had an earthquake measuring 5.0 on the Richter scale.

MEETINGS:

Duvall Historical Society meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Depot. We welcome guests and new members. If interested, please call President Ray Burhen at 788-1266. Wagon Wheel subscriptions are available for \$5. Please call Mary Lampson at 788-2984 if you wish to subscribe to this newsletter of old events.

THANK YOU

To Valley Community Bank for providing copying services for the "Wagon Wheel".



Koster's house in the flood.



THE HOPKINS FERRY

by Bob Kusters

There was, at one time, soon after the turn of the century, a small ferry used to cross the river at the mouth of Cherry Creek. Cherry Creek, at that time, entered the Snoqualmie River across from the sand bar on the Jim Roetcisoender farm. The county later moved the creek south a few hundred feet. This move was made about 1960 or 1965.

Until the creek was moved, it meandered through the southern part of the Clarence Zylstra farm, and now is located on the boundary of the Zylstra-Neilson farms.

Descendants of T. R. Hopkins, who now operate the Hopkins Nursery in Bothell, told me recently

that T. R. Hopkins came from England to New Brunswick many years ago. T. R. then came to Seattle soon after the big fire, while the city was still smoking. He then started a small nursery and flower shop. Mr. Hopkins came to Cherry Valley soon after 1900 and started the Hopkins Nursery with his wife, Ella Goff whom he married while he was in Seattle.

This nursery was on the Ratcliffe homestead, later owned by the Walter Taylor family, and now owned by Jim Roetcisoender. Mr. Hopkins planted many trees in the area and old timers will remember the long row of cherry trees planted along the road.

The stumps of these trees still remain. We believe he also planted Gravenstein apple, cherry, and holly trees on the farm where we live.

Most of us have seen the redwood trees in the little park at the end of Big Rock Road, and we were told that T. R. Hopkins was the man who planted them there. We do not know how many trees still exist in the valley that were planted by Mr. Hopkins, but no doubt, there are a few.

We will always remember driving down the road when the long row of cherry trees on the Roetcisoender farm was in bloom, and later when the branches were loaded with cherries.

Some years after the Hopkins Nursery on the James Roetcisoender farm ceased to be, another nursery was started on the River Road, on what is now a part of the Stan Chapman farm. This nursery was operated by sons of T. R. Hopkins, and was used to grow nursery stock. The sons were Harold and Edward Hopkins. Edward was married to Margaret Chipman, a sister of Verle Bowe. Harold's wife is still active at the Bothell nursery. This nursery was located just beyond the Chapman house, beside the river on the corner. We believe this nursery was started in the 1930's and the last trees and shrubs removed about 1951. The nursery in Bothell was started in 1924, and is still operating. Now we return to the Hopkins ferry.

A few local farmers had known that the ferry had spent its last days on the sand bar, and the remaining parts were long ago buried in the sand. Occasionally, through the years, when the river was low, and the swimming was good, a square nail

would be found. When this happened, the older ones would explain that this was a part of the old Hopkins ferry.

On Labor Day, 1988, we met Allan Miller and his nephew, Jim, at the Monroe fair and told them that the remains of the old ferry were partly free of sand and out of the water. That evening, Allan and Jim came to the sand bar, and we did some digging, so we could measure it up. All that remained were the bottom ribs and some timbers. The total length was 37 feet. It seemed to have an offset on one side of about three feet. We decided that a winch may have been used that was placed on this three foot offset.

This year, again, the old ferry appeared, and again, we called Allen and took some pictures of the remains. We called the Hopkins at the Bothell nursery and were told by Mrs. Harold Hopkins that T. R. Hopkins had built the ferry soon after 1900, and used it for a few years until around 1910.

Since T. R. Hopkins does not appear on the 1900 or 1910 census, it seems the family came and left during that period. We were told that son, Harold, was born in the old log house on the place in 1905. The railings on the ferry must have floated away and the rest of it buried in the sand by 1920, as it had disappeared by the time my wife's relatives had moved to the area.

The ferry was large enough to carry a team and wagon, and was winched across the river on an overhead cable. We were told that a picture of this ferry may yet exist, with members of the Hopkins family in Oregon.



The Hopkins Nursery in Bothell was founded in 1924 by T. R. Hopkins, and is still operated today by Don Hopkins, a grandson of T. R.

We have, for so many years, heard of the Hopkins Nursery, or the Hopkins ferry. Having gathered a little information on the man who made his mark on the valley so long ago, we can now pass on what we have learned. When next you pass by the Redwood trees in the park on Big Rock Road, give a thought to the man who planted those Redwoods.

THE HANISCH FAMILY

by Bob Kusters

Emil Frank Hanisch was born at Posen, Germany on April 22, 1861, the son of Gustav and Pauline Hanisch. Gustav Hanisch was a miller and tavern owner. Looking for more opportunities in life, Frank left Germany when he was 17 years old, and upon landing in New York, went directly to Grand Island, Nebraska, where his brother, Oscar, was a flour mill owner. Frank worked at his brother's flour mill for a year, but having heard of big changes farther west, he left Nebraska and came to Seattle in 1881 or 1882. He found work with a Mr. Keene, who owned a saw mill near Snoqualmie Falls.

Sometime later, Mr. Hanisch bought two hundred acres of railroad land about a mile south of present day Duvall. He later purchased tracts of forty acres and twenty acres, making a total of two hundred sixty acres.

Since the river was the only means of transportation, he built a one room cabin on his property near the river. His supplies were brought to him by canoe or riverboat and his produce went out by the same means.

Frank married Paulina Fruehauf in Seattle in 1897. She also was a native of Germany. They had two sons, neither of whom ever married. Son, Adolph, was born in 1898, and Emil was born in 1906.

The family spent their lives in the Valley clearing the land on their farm and making it the productive farm it is today. They spent many years in falling the big trees and sending merchantable timber to the mills. Then came the still larger task of clearing the brush and huge stumps from the land, and the endless work of picking up sticks and roots.

In 1927 the family built a set of buildings on the hill next to the highway, out of the way of the Snoqualmie's flooding. By that time, Frank was sixty-six years old, so he turned over the management of the farm to son, Adolph.

It was 1941 when I first became acquainted with the Hanisch family, when Adolph would have



Mr. & Mrs. Frank Hanisch.

me help with the milking when his regular help would not be there. Though Frank Hanisch was eighty years old at that time, he would still come down to the barn to see how things were going.

Son, Emil, had a small farm just south of where the Valley Community Bank now stands, and milked a small herd of cattle there during the 1940's and 1950's.

Frank Hanisch was well thought of by people of the Valley and spent many hours chatting with his neighbors, Chris Unger and others, around the old wood heater in Hix's store. He was also an original stockholder of the new Duvall State Bank, as recorded in the *Duvall Citizen* of May, 1912.

After sixty-five years in the Valley, Frank

Hanisch died May 9, 1951. His good wife died the following year in 1952. Youngest son, Emil, passed on in 1964, and Adolph, the oldest son and last of this pioneer family, died in 1971.



Sons Adolph and Emil.

During the time of their retirement, Frank and Paulina spent many hours taking care of the lawns and flowers around their big house on the hill. Many old timers, myself included, remember these pioneers when they drive past the place where the Hanisch family lived so long.

Note: As Paulina Hanisch was the aunt of Art Herman, we were pleased that Art and Letha could help us with both pictures and information the Hanisch family.



HELP PRESERVE OUR LOCAL HISTORY

JOIN DUVALL'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**Meetings are held on the first Monday of
each month at the Depot at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors welcome!**

Call President Ray Burhen at 788-1266
for more information



Hanisch house.

THE BOSHAW FAMILY

by Bob Kusters

As so many of the old time Cherry Valley residents, Sidney and Lucy Boshaw came from different states, but somehow they met and their paths led to this area.

Sidney Boshaw was born in Canada in 1882, and the family moved to Port Huron, Michigan. After Sidney grew up, he left Michigan for Snohomish, Washington, where friends of his had already migrated. He met Lucy Funk in Snohomish and they were married in 1908. Lucy, four brothers and four sisters, had moved from Nebraska with their parents to Snohomish in 1897. Her father was Solomon Funk, and her mother's name was Ellen Nora. Many of Lucy's brothers and sisters lived in Cherry Valley at one time and many Funk descendants still live in the area. Lucy was born in 1883, and was fourteen years old when they left Nebraska.

After Sidney and Lucy were married, they lived for a time at Three Lakes near Snohomish and came to Cherry Valley in 1910. Their first home was near the Valley House across the river from where the DeJongs and Millers lived later on.

Their next home was on the Frazier homestead at the end of the River Road in Snohomish County. This place later became a part of the Tennis Roetcisoender farm. It was there that son, Murle, was born in 1911.

They next moved to a place on the hill above Novelty where daughter, Letha (now Mrs. Art Herman) was born in 1913.

The family then moved to a house on Valley Street in Duvall. It was probably at this time that Sidney worked on the construction of the second bridge into Duvall, as the old swing bridge had served its purpose of allowing river boats to use the river and also allow road traffic to cross.

One day, while Sidney was working on construction of one of the big concrete piers, he was struck by a big timber or plank, and was injured. The big pier still stands today as a reminder of a bridge that once was, but has now been gone for over forty years.

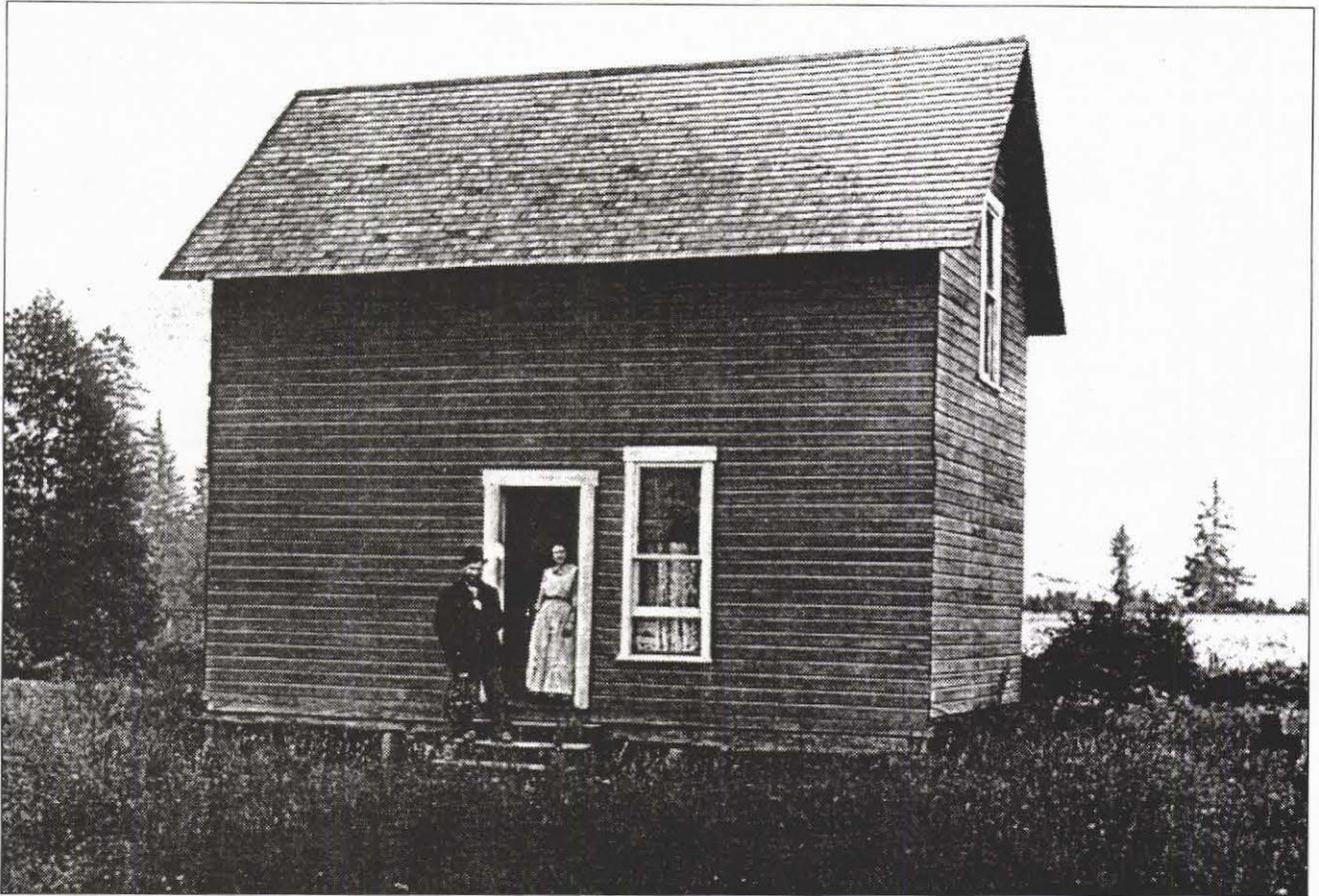


The Boshaw Family: Parents Sidney & Lucy; Children Murle & Letha

The family then moved to Marshland, near Lowell, where Sidney worked for a relative for a time, but soon packed up and went to his old home state of Michigan, where they stayed about a year in 1918-1919. They returned to Duvall, where they rented a home on Virginia Street, living there until moving on to the farm on the River Road in 1921.

This farm, where Art and Letha Herman now live, had been rented by the Ches Funk family, who were now moving across the highway to a farm just beyond the Jim Wallace or Bentham farm.

This was the land that the Boshaws farmed until Sidney died in 1943. This was also the place



1910 photo shows Sidney and Lucy Boshaw at home near the Valley House.

where their children, Murle and Letha lived until Letha married Art Herman and Murle married Ethel Smedsrud.

In 1943, after Sidney's death, Art and Letha Herman purchased the Boshaw farm and have lived there ever since.

Murle and Ethel raised four children on the hill above Novelty, while Art and Letha raised three children on the farm.

After Sidney's death, Lucy moved to Duvall, where she spent her remaining years, and passed away in 1951 at sixty-eight years of age. Murle and Ethel also passed on a few years ago.

While writing this article, my wife, Mae, took an apron from a drawer which I had seen her wear many times in the past fifty years, and she told me of the times she and her sister, Kathryn, went to the

Boshaw house in the 1930's where Lucy would teach homemaking to a class of 4-H girls. There are at least two aprons still existing that prove to us today that for all the moves and hardships the old timers had, they still took time to do community work and pass along some of the skills they had mastered.

Editor's note: Once again, we wish to thank Art and Letha Herman for taking the time to dig up old photographs and help with information.

SPECIAL THANKS to the **Valley Community Bank** for providing copying services for the *Wagon Wheel*.

RING HILL STORY (Part 1)

The Kain Family

Editor's note: Elsie Kain Schweitzer is a writer, artist, and poet who grew up on Ring Hill just west of Duvall in an impoverished family during the Depression. The following is an excerpt from her reminiscences in letters. Elsie now lives in Cottonwood, Idaho.

It was sometime in 1929 when my father bought the ten acre "stump ranch" on Ring Hill. Then, about ten places were occupied along the narrow gravel road that curved and dipped, to end in two worn ruts that led to the power line trail. Siler Logging Company was still logging in that back country area. My father bought stumpage rights from Siler for something like a nickel an acre, it seems.

When we moved to Ring Hill, except for a few tall straggling giants left by the loggers, most of the growth was fairly young—fir trees intermingled with alder, vine maple, wild cherry, cedar, and hemlock. From our place we had a panoramic view from Mt. Baker in the north down to Mt. Rainier in the south. The Cascades raised their scenic ramparts across the eastern horizon, and we watched them swept by blizzards or ablaze with forest fires. There had been a house on the property that burned down before Dad bought it. I can remember my step-mom surveying the ashes and the soot smeared foundation blocks, muttering "it's bad luck to build on a fire." But my father prevailed and built our first home on the same foundation stones and in the same spot.

For awhile, while I was in third grade, Mom, Jim, and I lived in a small house in my grandmother's yard in town in order to receive surplus commodities. Meanwhile, back at "the ranch", Dad and Grandpa batched, fed the flock of chickens and numerous cats, and a dog that had belonged to Gene Baily, the chicken farmer across the road. "Wasepi", the black and white Border Collie abandoned Gene when us kids moved into the neighborhood, and no one could change his mind.

Dad and his step-father cut wood and shingle

bolts to sell in Seattle during the week and came into town on the weekends to join us. One summer day, the old Willys Truck (formerly Grandpa's car which Dad had revamped so he could haul wood) came lumbering in, rocking from side to side in and out huge chuck holes down the alley behind Grandma's house. I was surprised to see Dad and Grandpa because it was still early in the week.

Then, as we children crowded around the vehicle, I noticed a disagreeable, acrid odor of smoke. In the back were a few odds and ends of our belongings including two cotton mattresses with burned holes in their edges.

Both Dad and Grandpa look begrimed, red-eyed, and sad faced. They finally told everyone the house at the ranch was gone. Burned to the ground with most everything in it as well.

It seems Grandpa, who was not well at times, had built a picky wood fire that morning, while Dad was out feeding the chickens. The hot fire overheated the chimney, and since the house was constructed of cedar shake siding and roofing, it went up in almost instant flames. Gene Baily tried to help, but it was impossible to save anything except a few belongings handy to the doors.

The next summer when school was out Dad moved us out to the "Walker shack", which was a one room lean-to type building with no floor. It was located just south of "the Ranch". It had a loft under the eaves on the high side, a door and one window. There was an old mossy well and slant-sided shake privy in among willows, behind the shack. Jim and I slept on one of the scorched cotton mattresses laid on the floor of the loft—access to which was made by a leaning hand made ladder. Shoes were left at the bottom of the ladder each night, and one had to crawl over to the mattress. Even as just a kid, I hated the move to the Walker place. It was much more fun at Grandma's house with the cousins. But, Dad and Grandpa wanted to plant gardens and begin work on a new house for us. They needed all extra hands, even "little ones" like mine and my brother's.

For years we used the "Walker shack" and land

as an extension of our place. Others lived in it from time to time, and a baby was born there. Dad put a floor in it one fall when his mother with a young girl cousin moved out to "the Ranch" and needed quarters. Today, the original structure, I believe, is incorporated in the white house that resides just on the south side of and beyond Holts' house. It was a haven for those who had no place to live during the "Depression". When unoccupied, we used the house for storage. I believe Dad knew the people who I think inherited the land. Dad grew gardens, raised cattle feed (rye grass and clover), and pastured our milk cows over there. He also, with the help of us kids, put up the fencing. He used the lean-to shed attached to the shack as a place to file his saws and store tools, tires, chains etc. A fine grove of firs separated the two places. A number of those trees, which were three to four feet high when we first moved to the place, now tower in beautiful stately greenery where several sheep, goats, geese, chickens, etc. now browse. The remains of "Kain's sawmill" stand at their west edge as you drive into the driveway leading to the Holt's house.

It took quite awhile to rebuild on the rocks used for foundation stones, the second time, for money was very scarce. Dad only managed to get the floor constructed. To prevent it from warping in the rain, he covered it with crankcase oil. Even after years of wear and tear, that darn stuff barely wore off in spots. It formed a hard, tough bond to that flooring. How my step-mom and I labored with brooms and mops trying to clean that awful floor! And the odor seemed to me to be ever faintly existent in the house.

I am not sure just what summer we built the barn. It was soon after we moved to the property.

All the timber building materials came from around the ten acres and was shaped, split, and cut by hand. The bark was skinned off the logs and boards cut with the use of a draw knife, wedges, and a sledge. Whole trees and poles were used for corner posts and the main cross pillars. Hand split shakes were used for the roof.

It took us all summer and into fall to get it built, and even later, Dad made the doors and put on the roof ventilators. My step-mom, brother, and myself were Dad's crew. Occasionally a neighbor or friend helped with the heavy lift and setting of the cross pillars and beams. Dad rigged up block and tackle, using the old Maxwell car as power, to raise the big skinned poles in place.

The second house received a roof, walls, and a sturdy concrete block chimney, thanks to President Roosevelt and his "baby bonds" for veterans. We

never did have inside finished walls, so I grew up to womanhood looking at tarpaper and studs. Dad put in a partition between the front room stove and kitchen range, and another between what was my cubby hole bedroom and his and Mom's.

Since the fire had destroyed all Mom's nice oak furniture, we had odds and ends from the family for furnishings. The table in the kitchen had benches and was hinged to the wall table Dad made. Mom hoped for fancier furniture, but by now all Dad's thoughts were centered on building his sawmill. The house served its purpose for eating and sleeping. As far as my father was concerned, enough time had been spent on it. So it was on to the sawmill and cutting lumber for him.

In March, 1940, I was married by Martha Wright's grandfather, to Henry Ziegler. I'd known "Grandpa Judge" Wright (as Martha called him) since Martha started grade school and sat next to me. It was about a year later that I received word that this second family home on "the Ranch" had been destroyed by fire. Once again, the Kains moved into the "Walker shack".

My Dad and I worked the sawmill and cut lumber in the 1950's and built a small place for the three children and myself. This little house is still on the property. There was also another house that had been moved from Queen Anne Hill in Seattle and set nearby. I am told it was moved there by Norma Zimmer, Champagne lady on Lawrence Welk's show, who owned the property briefly. Dad owned the property from 1929 to 1954 or 1955.

VIEWS

By Elsie Schweitzer

As I have traveled the road of life
Reflected about the years
I can remember a mother's voice
"Please, wash behind your ears!"

This was one of life's lessons
Which I learned, when I could march
Into the washroom to stand on stool
And my face and ears to wash.

"It's not so important," she would say
"What is a person's view in front
For you'll always look that way".

But what is hidden yet from view
Can cause some one to stare
For we do not always face the world
And sometimes forget to care.

THE RING HILL STORY (Part 2)

Early Settlers

Editor's note: The following are excerpts from the memories of Sid and June Seims and Elsie Kain Schweitzer, early Ring Hill residents, about their neighbors in the 1930's when Ring Hill was known as "Poverty Hill" and 232nd Ave. NE was known as Meyer's Road.

PETE PICKARSKY

(From Elsie Schweitzer)

"Just off to the right, near the end of Meyer's Road (the main road on Ring Hill), a set of deep rutted tracks led off into the woods. They led to Pete Pickarsky's place. He was a strange, skinny-legged, dark, solitary man, who I don't believe, spoke much English. He kept to himself and raised chickens which ran wild in the surrounding woods. His place was a shambles with chicken manure and feathers everywhere. The noise was overpowering and added to the confusion and mystery of Pete's place.

He had an old Model T Ford pickup which was covered with dirt, chicken feathers and droppings. Chickens roosted in it and on it. Once a month or so, he'd crank up the Model T and head out, leaving dust, feathers, and squawking chickens in his wake. Since the truck was full of cans, boxes, and other miscellaney, it made quite a racket, as he drove, bouncing and bumbling out of the brush-sided driveway. We assumed he went to town on those infrequent excursions.

Pete let out a screaming holler every day at 3 p.m. The shriek sent a chill up my spine. After that blood curdling yell, there was squawking and cackling intermingled with flapping wings, as chickens came from all quarters of his acreage to get their feed. Sometimes a dog's howl added to the din!

My father, on hearing the yell, would reach in the bib of his overalls and extract a big turnip watch.

"Yup, 3 o'clock on the nose," my father muttered. Then he'd remove brown papers and Bull

Durham tobacco and proceed to roll himself a smoke "Ole" Pete was never late with his yell.

Pete spoke broken English and was not a real sociable person. There was something strange about "ole" Pete, and he didn't like visitors, so we were warned not to go on his property. My brother and I never went to his place unless forced to run an errand there—all the while, expecting to be met by a blast from a shotgun. "

(From Sid and June Seims)

"Pete Pickarsky added a little life to the neighborhood. When a hot-headed, domineering fireman named Holmberg moved in and decided to put up a fence, Pete, who felt strongly that right was right and wrong was wrong mentioned to Holmberg that the fence was on Pickarsky's property, not Holmberg's. Holmberg just kept on fencing, so Pete went home, got his shotgun, and blew Holmberg's leg off. Pete was never seen on the hill again."

"OLD MAN LARSEN"

(From Elsie Schweitzer)

The first farm along Ring Hill Road in those days was a place belonging to an "old man Larsen". His house burned down, so he moved into his chicken house with his goats. He was a strange, bent little man, who was always dressed in a long, black rusty coat and suit. A peaked old black hat covered his head.

He'd come up the road twice a day with his goats, selling their milk. He milked his goats on the spot, and handed it to you in a small, tin bucket.

I was afraid of Mr. Larsen's place, as he looked like an old witch's picture I'd seen in a book. His place was overgrown with weeds, so only the top of the chicken coop and the mailbox at the road's edge, revealed someone lived at that spot. I usually ran by his place, for it gave me the shivers.

One day somebody noticed he hadn't been seen for awhile, so decided to check. Of course,

they found the poor old man dead with his goats.

SAM JOHNSON

(June and Sid Seims)

Sam Johnson lived in the old house on the present Bauer place. There was a huge fire on the hill in 1935. Rumor was that Sam started it, as he said many times it needed to be burned off. At that time the hill was full of slash from the logging of the early 1900's. He sold moonshine and was a turkey farmer. He got caught for his moonshining, and bragged many times about his time in the "pokey". Back off the road in the swampy area of Sam's place was a cranberry bog where there was lots of brush and trees between his place and the George Meyers place

GEORGE MEYERS

George Meyers was one of the first settlers on Ring Hill in 1917. Meyers' Road was named after him. He, Mark Trafton, Mr. Moss and other settlers pitched in to build the first trail for a horse and wagon. He lived next to Sam Johnson and across the street from the Traftons in the house now owned by the White family. Mr. Meyers helped transport the neighborhood children with his Model T pickup. He sold his place to Adolph and Borghild Pederson. Adolph was a commercial fisherman.

RINGS/TRAFTONS

(From Mary Lampson, editor)

After Ring Hill was logged for the second time in the early 1900's, the section that had been designated as school property was sold to C.X. Nicoulin, who divided it into ten acre parcels called Bear Creek Garden tracts. Joseph Ring walked into the area, like what he saw, and purchased the first three lots in 1916. With him came his wife, Clara, two Jersey cows, a horse, and a dog. He was quickly followed by other settlers.

Frank Toyer, of Duvall, helped construct the simple Trafton house which was ready for occupancy in May, 1917. The hen house was the first building to be completed in 1922. Joseph Ring worked for ten years, clearing, building, and fencing before being killed while dynamiting a stump in

1927. Mrs. Ring left that day to spend the rest of her days with her daughter, Ada Trafton, in Seattle. The Redmond family occupied the Trafton house for the next four years and took care of the horse, cows, and chickens.

By 1931 the house was in need of repairs, so the Redmonds were asked to move, and Mark Trafton, Ada's husband, worked weekends maintaining and improving the property. During that time, he was a clerk on a mail train between Seattle and Spokane. In 1940, Mark retired, and he, Ada, and their adopted daughter, Virginia, moved to Ring Hill. Mark started building a garage, but couldn't get beyond the foundation because no nails were available due to the war. It never was completed.

The Traftons planted many fruit trees, including an acre of Montmorency cherries, which they sold. They also sold strawberries. Mark had fourteen beehives, whose honey sales helped the family's finances. But, they had a competitor—a honey loving black bear, who not only stole the honey, but ruined the supers. Mark hung a lantern in the tree to scare the bear away. Next day they found the lantern smashed to smithereens and more honey missing. Sam Johnson offered to solve the problem with his shotgun, so he stood guard in the dark, smoking cigarettes as he whiled away the time. It surprised Sam that the bear never showed up when he was around. It never occurred to him that bears have a keen sense of smell. Mark finally outwitted the bear by building a fourteen wire high barbed wire fence.

One of the logging railroads that criss-crossed Ring Hill passed through the Trafton place. The barn (still standing) is build of old ties from these Siler Logging Company tracks.

MR. FAGAN

(Elsie Schweitzer)

Mr. Fagan was a skinny bachelor, who lived on the edge of the gully (next to the Lampson's present driveway) in a little house. He, like other neighbors, came to our house for haircuts. My mother was a barber, and charged 25 cents for a haircut.

(Sid and June Seims)

An old bachelor, named Fagan, who was either slightly crazy or senile was sent out here to live by his son-in-law and daughter. He is said to have spent a great deal of time talking to the birds.

THE RING HILL STORY (Part 3)

Early Settlers (cont.)

Editor's note: The following is a continuation of excerpts from the memories of Elsie Kain Schweitzer, Ada Trafton, and Sid and June Seims about their neighbors on Ring Hill (now 232nd Ave.) in the 1930's.

RINGS/TRAFTONS

(From Ada Trafton)

After Ring Hill was logged for the second time in the early 1900's, the section that had been designated as school property was sold to C.X. Nicoulin, who divided it into ten acre parcels called Bear Creek Garden tracts. Joseph Ring walked into the area, liked what he saw, and purchased the first three lots in 1916. With him came his wife, Clara, two Jersey cows, a horse, and a dog. He was quickly followed by other settlers, including Mr. Moss, Sam Johnson, and George Meyers. The settlers pitched in to build a trail for a horse and wagon. This trail later became Meyers' Road, and later, 232nd Avenue NE.

Frank Toyer, of Duvall, helped construct the simple Trafton house which was ready for occupancy in May, 1917. The hen house was built next. Joseph Ring worked ten years, clearing, building, and fencing before being killed while dynamiting a stump in 1927. Mrs. Ring left that day to spend the rest of her days with her daughter, Ada Trafton, in Seattle. The Redmond family occupied the Trafton house for the next four years, and took care of the horse, cows, and chickens.

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beehives whose honey sales helped the family's finances. But, they had a competitor—a honey loving black bear, who not only stole the honey, but ruined the supers. Mark hung a lantern in the tree to scare the bear away. Next day, they found the lantern smashed to smithereens and more honey missing. Sam Johnson offered to solve the problem with his shotgun, so he stood guard in the dark and smoked cigarettes to while away the time. The bear never showed up when Sam was around. It never occurred to Sam that a bear had a good sense of smell. Mark eventually outwitted the bear by building a fourteen wire high barbed fence.

One of the logging railroads that criss-crossed Ring Hill passed through the Trafton place. The barn is built of old ties from those Siler Logging Company tracks.

JUNE AND SID SEIMS

(From June and Sid)

June and Sid Seims bought their house and ten acres from W. W. Tevis for \$750 in 1935, the height of the Depression. The fire that raged across the hill was still smoldering behind their house. They borrowed \$100 from their future neighbors, Adolph and Borghild Pederson, who gladly loaned them the money so they would have nice neighbors. The Seims never had to pay any interest to either the Pedersons or Tevis, who carried the remaining \$650. The original tax bill for the Seims was \$4.25 a year.

Sid's parents lived nearby in the present Lindell house. Sid was only working six months out of the year as a fish wholesaler at the time. They felt they could raise some pigs and cattle on their land to help make ends meet. June, who was born in Ballard, was unhappy at the thought of moving so far out and away from shopping. Sid figured her family probably had some unkind words to say about him at the time.

The house was small—two rooms, so the Seims added on. It took them four years (1937-1942) to finish the addition. The trees were few and small at this time as the hill had been completely logged in

the early 1900's by the Merrill and Ring Logging Company. Most of the people who lived on the hill at the time were retired, and many could be considered eccentric.

The Seims' chief entertainment was getting together with neighbors or going to Monroe to a movie or to Kenmore to dances. New Year's eves as being particularly gala affairs. The neighbors got together and went from one place to the next, drinking and dancing to tunes on the radio.

They did most of their shopping in Redmond and Bothell, but occasionally patronized Jones Hardware in Duvall. Mrs. Jones had a dry goods store at the same location. They purchased their store at the same location. They purchased their groceries either at Hix store, which also contained the Post Office or at McDougal's down the street.

Their oldest son attended first grade at the Duvall school before the boundaries were changed and Ring Hill became part of the Woodinville school district (later joined to Bothell to form the Northshore district).

An excellent doctor, Dr. Yowell, was practicing in Duvall at the time. He made house calls until he died.

Sid remembers the last logging train ever to run in this area. He had to stop for it, as it crossed the Woodinville-Duvall intersection between here and Duvall around 1940.

RABOINS

(Elsie Kain Schweitzer)

The Raboins were an older couple who had one son in the Navy in the Far East. He met and married a White Russian girl, a refugee from the Russian revolution. They also had a younger son, who came home later.

(Sid and June Seims)

The Raboins lived in the present-day Thompson house. Mrs. Raboin (Mary) was Russian. His father lived in the chicken coop. A Russian fellow lived in a shack nearby.

THE JOHNSON FAMILY

(Elsie Kain Schweitzer)

The Johnson's were a nice couple with two grandsons, Ervin Stokes and Bill Lupo, teasing boys that walked to the stage for school with Elsie Kain. Ervin always wanted to be a sailor. He was on the "Arizona" when it was sunk in Pearl Harbor. He survived, but like his father, Ervin Sr., was addicted

to alcohol. Bill Lupo was the son of Mrs. Johnson's daughter, Louise. The Johnsons had an "Erskine" car.

GENE BAILY

(Elsie Kain Schweitzer)

Gene Baily, a bachelor, who lived across the road, grew "skinny, white-livered" (My Dad's words) white chickens—hundreds of them. Since they were very skittish, every noise set the hen house into a wild screeching melee. This became especially fearsome when my Dad decided to set off a stick or two of dynamite to blow out a stubborn stump.

There was a fine spring on the hillside behind his place, where we packed water in buckets along a path from that spring for the house in dry summers.

NEWS NOTES

NEW OFFICERS: The Historical Society elected its new officers at the April meeting. Ray Burhen will continue as president; Don Williams, as vice president; Tove Burhen, as secretary, and Kathleen Williams as Treasurer.

NOVELTY CEMETERY: The Novelty cemetery association has requested the assistance of the Historical Society in compiling an inventory for a gravesite map. More information will be presented at the May meeting.

HISTORICAL TAPES: Velma Hix Hill and Verle Chipman Bowe taped their memories of life in Duvall during the first half of this century. Their tape will be added to other tapes in the Historical Society files.

SCHOOL NEWSPAPERS: The Historical Society is exploring the feasibility of producing a book of old Cherry Valley School newspapers.

CONDOLENCES: The Historical Society extends its sympathies to Ray and Tove Burhen and their family on the death of Ray's brother, Dr. William Burhen.

DUVALL DAYS: The Historical Society's Duvall Days exhibit will feature "Women's Work" in the lower level of the library. Kitchen items and antiques relating to washday will be among historical items of interest.

AKCHO AWARDS: Bob Kusters, Mary Lampson, and Delores Schroeder, *Wagon Wheels* editors, will be honored by the Association of King County Historical Societies at the AKCHO awards program May 31 at the Stimson House.

THE NIGHT RING HILL WAS ELECTRIFIED

by Elsie Kain Schweitzer

The wind had been gusting all day! As evening approached it seemed to shake the grove of trees in even more furious blasts. Rain swept across the yard and pelted the windows. An evening fire gave out a cozy sound.

The wind had kept Dad from the woods, so he had spent the day finishing up the wiring in the house. Tonight we would at last have "electric lights"! Yes, tonight Dad would throw the switch to light up the glass globes he was now turning into the sockets, he'd just installed.

My brother and I were consumed with excitement at the prospect. For, not only would it mean lights at the turn of a knob, but, the old radio, now sitting on a nearby shelf would come to life! How Great! Now at last we could hear "Tarzan of the Apes", (us kids favorite) "One Man's Family", "Jack Armstrong the all American Boy", "Amos and Andy", and "Jack Benny". Dad would have his news and weather while Mom had her programs during the day time.

Anxiously, Jim and I helped Mom clean up the sawdust and shavings from Dad's final installations. He, meanwhile, screwed in the last screws and checked the wires that ran along the ceiling joist down to the switch. He was finished! Nearly bursting with joy, we watched him go out to the electrical box to throw the main switch. Suddenly a brilliant radiance filled the house and Mom and Jim and I let out shouts of Hurray! Jumping up and down, as kids will, at a great new event in our lives! Mom laughed and called to our father, "Tom, all the lights are on and working beautifully!"

Dad joined in the small celebration, turning knobs and pushing switches to watch the lights flash on and off. Mom, remembering the kerosene lamps, blew them out. As the smelly smoke curled up to be lost in the ceiling rafters, we all agreed we were glad to put those lamps away. At long last, we were electrified.

Other neighbors already had their lights working so we were about the last ones to enjoy the

wonders of electricity. For it had taken Dad a bit longer to get the final work accomplished. Mom decided to make hot cocoa to celebrate and Dad sat down to fiddle with the radio. I reached to the cupboard to get down the crockery cups for the hot drink—slipping odd saucers under each cup. I put sugar cookies on a plate.

While Mom stirred the sweet smelling beverage, I peered out of the window into the black night at blasting winds and a swish of rain. Only by slipping the window aside, could I look down the road to the north and make out the faint lights of our neighbors. Quickly I drew back and slid the window shut. A slight shiver crawled up my back as I felt a new onslaught from the wind shake the house. I had glimpsed the dark shape of the trees, bent and shaking by the angry storm, as I'd looked out into the night. Oh, I was glad to be inside and about to have hot cocoa!

A screech! A roar! A cough and wheeze emanated from the radio speaker. Dad was working the dials trying to zero in on some voices, but the wind storm was causing a great deal of static interruption that night.

We sat about, sipping our drinks and straining our ears to hear a word here and a phrase there. Thus it was, with some disappointment and reluctance, we at last received Dad's words, "sorry, kids, but it's time to get ready for bed, school tomorrow, you know."

"Oh heck," Jim muttered, heading towards the kitchen, while I turned to my cubby hole bedroom to the right of the front entry.

Slowly, I began undressing and had just gotten down to my cotton panties when a terrible roar and loud buzzing hum filled the house.

Terrified, I sprang out into the front room, to be met by a chaotic flashing and popping as the light bulbs exploded. Fire shot out of the light fixtures; flames ran along the wires and acrid, choking smoke began to fill the rooms.

"GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUTSIDE!" Dad was yelling, as he tried to yank the radio plug free.

We dashed for the door and into the yard, pell mell. Terror filled my mind as I saw flames flashing through the windows, but outside was worse. Fire raced down the power lines from pole to pole. The flames caused eruptions and explosions with glittering sparks and burning, falling debris.

The dry grass, though rain wet, burned furiously along the route of the fire. Windy gusts picked up the bits of burning rubbish, whirling it about in flaming pinwheels. Dear heaven, I thought, everything is ablaze. The whole country is burning. Where can I run? The ground tingled hotly beneath my bare feet. Suddenly I realized I had only my panties on and the rain stung as it hit my bare skin.

"Daddy! Daddy!" I yelled. Smoke was billowing out the open front door and flashes of fire welled up in the windows. I danced around, yelling for my mom. Faintly, I heard her voice. Tom, my father, was nowhere in sight. I screamed again and again, "Daddy, where are you?" Then a voice, followed by a disheveled smoke-blackened figure stumbled out of the front doorway. "I am here," it hollered in my father's voice.

My half-dressed brother ran up. "Everything's burning and wires falling," he managed between jumps. "My feet feel funny and hot. I stepped on some fire," he cried. I shivered with cold as the wind whipped me around.

I realized there were distant screams and voices calling from the direction of the neighbors. The flames were slowly burning out in the slashing rain. It seemed forever before Dad yelled it was time to come into the house. The house was filled with the terrible stench of burned electrical wires and scorched wood, but it was warmed by the wood stove and I huddled close trying to stop from shaking. Dad was pulling a still smoking wire down and throwing it outside. The radio had also gone out the door—a total loss of smoldering metal, tubes, and wires. Dad's hands were scorched, but he still drove down to check on Mr. Meyers, a neighbor.

When George Meyers' radio burst into flames, he grabbed it and ran out the door to his rain barrel. He tripped over the wires and plunged head first into the barrel. Fortunately, the water was low, as he got stuck and nearly drowned. Dad saw his feet sticking out and managed to yank him out of the heavy steel drum. Another neighbor dashed to his window, threw up the sash, grabbed his flaming radio and heaved it out into the night. But, he had forgotten to unhook its wires. Like a ball on a rubber band, it burned on the sill and smashed to

the floor, setting the curtains ablaze and burning a hole in his carpet. In his mad scramble to put out the flames, he fell over an object and broke his leg. Another neighbor also heaved his radio out the window, but forgot to open the window first. Except for some burns, no one was injured badly. All, however, had suffered extreme fright as well as a loss of electrical facilities.

Everyone wondered what on earth had happened. It wasn't until the next day that they found out.

It had been through the Roosevelt administration that electricity was being brought to the rural areas in the 1930's. For our area of Ring Hill, it meant running the lines down from the main power line that crossed the countryside about a mile south of our tiny community. It took time for poles to be installed, then wires strung from pole to pole from the high tension power lines running across the hills toward Seattle.

Eventually, this was accomplished. The next step was hooking up the pole wires to each home. The home owner supplied poles for stringing the wires to each house. From there the home owner did the necessary installation of light fixtures or perhaps hired someone to do the job.

The day my father was finishing our wiring had started up with overcast light, misting showers and a bit of wind. Early that morning, we had watched the big, dark green power truck with its crew of hard hats, rumble up the hill by our house heading for the main power line up in the woods.

It was about 2 p.m. when we heard the truck come rumbling back. By this time the wind had increased to a fierce roar with gusts that bent the trees nearly double. The misting rain turned into a hard driving downpour. The power linemen had been busy on the high tension wires, replacing lines and stringing new ones. The wind became so fierce they had to quit and tie down a heavy voltage cross country wire. This heavy wire, was later torn loose by the winds, and was swung across the lighter voltage wires, creating a humongous electrical outage. A tremendous surge of sixty thousand volts of electricity shot down the newly installed lines to the Ring Hill area. Lines burst into flames and melted; transformers blew up; insulators melted, and falling flaming debris set fire to trees, grass and poles. The great gusts of wind whipped the sparking downed lines about like the angry dragon's tail. It could not have been more spectacular or frightening to those involved in this unscheduled fireworks display.

REMINISCENCES

By Elsie Kain Schweitzer

GETTING TO SCHOOL

I was eight years old when we moved from Alki in Seattle out to what became known as "The Ranch", and, much later, "Kain's Mill" by our family. Thus I started Cherry Valley School in second grade—a bit late for my age, since my mother had refused to start me in school, insisting she needed me to help her at home with my little brother. It was my step-mother who eventually saw that I got into school.

Once we moved to the country and Ring Hill, getting to school required walking a mile north to the Woodinville/Duvall highway junction with Meyers Road. It was traveled down to the bridge trestle at that time. Once I got to the intersection, I'd wait with those two pesky boys, Ervin Stokes and his cousin, Bill Lupo, for the old lumbering stage from Seattle. The stage picked us up and deposited us in Duvall at the gas station.

Then we'd scamper like mad up the long pathway to school.

We were always let out of class early in the afternoon, so we could run downtown to catch the stage now returning to Seattle from Monroe. It would grind its way slowly up the hill to let us off at the intersecting road on Ring Hill, for the long hike home. At least it seemed long to one with short legs and two ornery boys who loved to tease.

One blessed morning, when the first day of school arrived, my father called me to the window to view the arrival of a shiny yellow school bus at my gate. I was nearly speechless with joy and excitement. No more long hikes in the rain or snow. Joe Dougherty was the driver, I believe. He was followed by others—Duke Thayer, Phil Bowe, and Shorty Landers are some I can remember.

An apple tree stood next to the River Road in the valley. In the fall, it was loaded with golden sweet fruit, which fell on the road. After delivering the children down both sides of the road, and coming back, the driver, Duke Thayer, I believe, would stop by the apple tree and everyone would

fill their pockets, lunch pails, or sacks with the wonderful fruit. A lot of munching filled the bus, as it continued on its way to unload the youngsters on each road, running north and south along the base of the hill. The Marty children were the last to get off as the bus stopped at their farm to turn around.

After leaving the Marty farm, the bus would return to the Woodinville road, which at one time was extended around the hill top and paved. Now the bus headed up Ring Hill to deposit the few remaining students, who were the Lyon's (Betty, Bud, and Jeanie), Ervin Stokes, Phyllis Thayer and her siblings, and several Roger children, my brother and I. It was about five o'clock by the time we arrived home. This was the second run for our bus, which first picked up the Carlson family and ran them out north of town. It then returned for us all, who were waiting at school.

At times, we who lived on the "hill", had errands to run in town after school—a trip to Mr. Hix's store or the library. We would quickly run down the school pathway as soon as the bell rang at the end of classes, to take care of those errands. Then, clutching our groceries or library books, we'd hurry across the bridge down to the "approaches" to catch the school bus on its return from the River Road stops.

Many times my step-mother sent eggs to school with me to be delivered to Mr. Hix, and in turn, traded for stew meat, sugar, store bread, etc. to be brought home that evening.

One time, because of interrupting circumstances, we forgot the groceries we were to bring home. My father, being a short-tempered Irishman, and feeling we needed a lesson in responsibility, sent us back down the road with a lighted lantern to walk to Duvall and get what we'd forgotten.

I can still hear the "thunk, thunk" rattle of the wooden bridge across the valley as one rode over its length to Duvall. The gurgle and frightening rush of the muddy flood waters, with pieces of trees, buildings and other debris afloat on its crest are still

vivid in my memory. I remember the huge teams breasting the low spots still flooded, to pull a hay wagon, with youngsters clinging to its rails as it approached to bridge. There, we waited in the idling school bus for these passengers. Then, in the afternoon, the horses, wet up to their shoulders, would be stamping and snorting, impatiently awaiting the return of the school bus to unload the riders onto the hay rack for the trip down along the River Road.

There was a small shack that sat on stilts about halfway across the valley right next to the wooden trestle roadway. On its sides were the faded letters, "HATTON'S for HATS, and a picture of a man's Derby or Fedora. I was told an old man named "Hatton" lived in that tiny house, and I used to wonder about him, and how he got in and out.

In the winter, when it froze, large puddles several feet in diameter formed in the fields, creating skating rinks for us who walked down after school and await the return of the school bus from the River Road. Of course, no one had ice skates, but the soles of our shoes served the purpose.

One morning, halfway across the trestle to Duvall, there was a funny sound in the school bus engine. The driver got out and examined the engine. Something had broken loose. One of the boys sat on the front fender and held the broken apparatus together. Thus, with the hood cocked upwards, and a youngster clinging to the fender, we crawled slowly and noisily across the bridge into Duvall. It was with a deep sigh of relief that I jumped off the bus with the other kids at Anderson's Garage and hit running pell mell up the hill to school.

MARY, THE COW

All our animals had names from Molly, the pig to High Pockets, the rooster. A pair of banties were called Maggie and Joe. Our favorite was Mary, our Guernsey cow. She was a gentle soul and our very first—a prolific milking machine with cream so rich we sold it to a dairy for butter and still had plenty left for our own homemade butter. It was my job generally to do the churning. My step-mother was the only person who could milk her properly, and she and Mary truly were kindred souls—both gentle ladies.

Mrs. Walsh lived at the end of the road. She was a widow lady with two Cocker dogs, who barked a lot.

One morning we took old Mary up to Mrs.

Walsh's to stake her in her front grass. From time to time, we'd walk up to move her, as she grazed in a circle. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we heard a racket and here came Mary, wild-eyed down the road, like lickety cut with those two yelling Cockers at her heels. Her chain and stake flying through the air, beatin' her over her back. The poor cow was terrified of those dogs. We all took out the driveway to catch up with the wild uproar of bawling cow and barking dogs. My dad was yelling and cussing at those two dogs, so they made a wide ark through a field and slunk for home. Catching up with the terrified cow, we discovered her splattered with blood where the metal stake had hit her and broken off what we called her "spare" toe just above the hoof. For the rest of her life, Mary walked with a limp in her right rear hip area. One day, when she was old, Mary disappeared. Two days later, as our school bus rattled over the bridge toward school, there came Mary, clippety, clopping along, heading toward home. My brother missed school as he hopped off the bus and accompanied her on her trip home. However, I think she'd have made it on her own, as she was going in the right direction.

She had ended up on the Duvall bridge by following her own instincts, for a number of months later, the old girl presented us with a handsome, tan bull calf with a white crescent in the middle of his forehead. The aged, shameless hussy had gone to visit her bull sweetie at Red Joyce's farm. My father, because of her advanced age, had ignored her pleas, so she took matters "into her own hooves"!

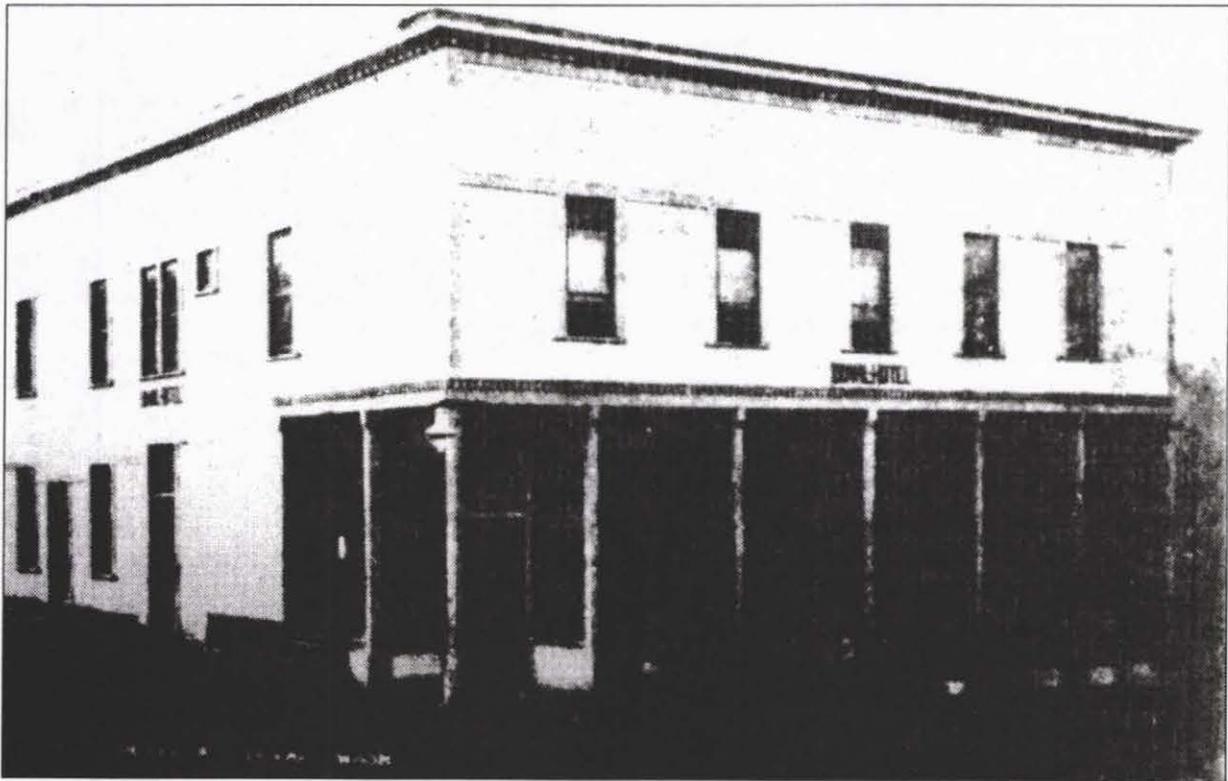
Note: Elsie Kain Schweitzer lived on Ring Hill just across the valley from Duvall in the '30's and '40's.

NEWS NOTES

CEMETERY: A huge thank you goes to Ken Best, Eagle Scout with American Legion sponsored troop #411, who led a massive cleanup project on the Cherry Valley Pioneer Cemetery. He was assisted by scoutmaster, Mark Beier, his troop, parents, and some cub scouts. Their work has enhanced the dignity of the resting place of some of Duvall's earliest pioneers. Soon a new marble marker will be in place to designate this historic burial ground.

EARLY DAY HOTELS

By Bob Kusters



The Duvall Hotel located below the used book store.

Looking at old time pictures of Cherry Valley and Duvall, it seems remarkable that such a small area would have so many hotels. By the time the town was incorporated there were four hotels and a few rooming houses. With so many single loggers and outside businessmen seeking their fortunes in the new town, these hotels were much appreciated.

In 1882 Robert Crossman built the first hotel in the area a short distance up river from the mouth of Cherry Creek. Lumber for the hotel and livery stable were brought to Cherry Valley by river boat. The Valley House (as it was named) had a saloon and living quarters on the first floor with rooms upstairs for the guests. Along this stretch of river were also the sites of the first school, the log dump, and the main ferry. There is little left to be seen of these things today except a cable or two hanging down the river bank. Walking along the river bank

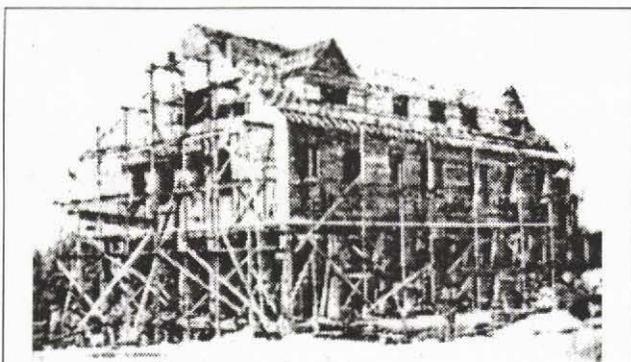
there is some indication at one spot that a little fill dirt may have been hauled in.

The first three hotels in Duvall were probably built between 1910-1911. These were the Hardy House, also known as the Joyce Hotel. This two story building was located on Virginia Street just above where Irv Harder's lumber yard is today. Fred Martel built his hotel-grocery store building on Main Street where the Duvall Market now stands. The bottom floor was a grocery store, while the top floor had guest rooms. As I remember this building from 1940 until it was taken down to make room for the present day store, was a restaurant operated by people who are fondly remembered by many old timers. Though the big sign in front said "Valley Restaurant", local people called it "Blossoms" or later on "Lucies". Another hotel that existed for many years was the Duvall Hotel, built in 1910 or 1911. We have a picture given us by Jim

Wallace, a descendant of the original owner, Mr. Gainer, that has the date 1910 written on it, but have also heard that it opened in 1911. Mr. Gainer seems to have been a "Jack of all trades", as an ad in the *Duvall Citizen* of February, 1912, tells us that rooms are 50 and 75 cents and meals 35 and 50 cents with lower prices for board by the week. "Will also do watch repairing and taxidermy work".

The years after hotel rooms were no longer needed, the hotel became a home for several different families at one time or another, and was a beauty parlor for awhile. The last family that lived in it as I recall was Boyd and Grace Miles around 1960. The old hotel came down some years later.

The last of these four hotels to be erected was the "Forest Inn", granddaddy of them all. This building was owned by Jim Wallace whose great grandson still lives here in town, and Wallace's brother-in-law, Mr. Speaker. The building was located just south of the present day bridge on Main Street. Mr. Wallace had some hotel experience as he had purchased the Valley House, down by Cherry Creek, with a partner, Mr. Steffens around 1905. The first floor of the Forest Inn had a dining room, kitchen, bar, and a lobby with a fireplace. The second floor had 18 guest rooms with hot and cold water with restrooms at the end of the hallway. On



DUVALL'S NEW \$10,000.00 HOTEL GOING UP!

There is already one hotel of medium size completed in DUVALL and the big TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR HOTEL is going up with a run. The town is on the HUM—MILLS are running, the railroads are doing business, and the farmers of Cherry Valley are pouring into the town for supplies. Go to DUVALL. There are opportunities there most every day. Invest in DUVALL property. Do it now, while prices are low.

LOTS NEAR THE BUSINESS CENTER \$25 EACH. INCLUDES STREET IMPROVEMENTS AND WATER MAINS

Small farms near the new city of DUVALL, and in the heart of rich Cherry Valley at rock-bottom prices and on easy terms.

OREGON & WASHINGTON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

EVERETT OFFICE.
3009 HEWITT AVE.

1133-1134 HENRY BLDG.
SEATTLE, WASH.

Forest Inn under construction.

**IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW THIS NEW
TOWN IS GROWING YOU WOULD**

**BUY
LOTS
TODAY**



No. 1 DUVALL'S main street.
No. 2 One of DUVALL'S FOUR HOTELS.
No. 3 DUVALL'S new \$10,000 HOTEL under construction.
DUVALL is located in the heart of Cherry Valley where two railroads recently built new lines, establishing this new city. DUVALL is backed up by a great farming section and a vast wealth of standing timber.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
3009 Hewitt Ave.,
EVERETT, WASH.

1133-1134 Henry Bldg.,
SEATTLE, WASH.

this floor was also a balcony overlooking the river.

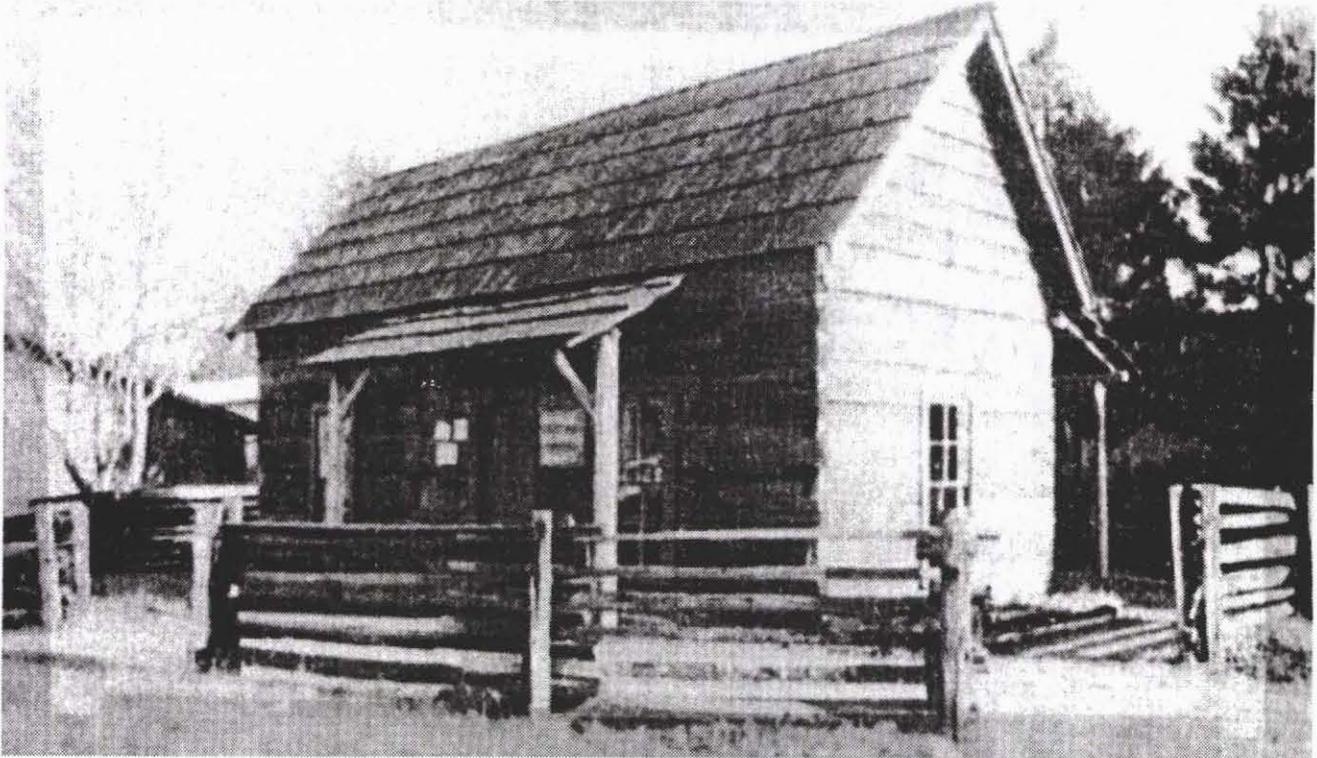
The third floor had living quarters for the Wallace and Speaker families and also a suite of rooms for the Manion family. Other businesses and local merchants also made the hotel their headquarters over the years. Mr. Wallace sold his share of the hotel to Mr. Speaker early in 1916 and later that spring they moved to a farm by Novelty, which is still in the Wallace family today.

Business dwindled when the liquor laws changed and the country went "dry" from 1920 to 1933. The hotel was idle for a time and early on a morning in 1930 the building burned to the ground. The hotel had opened its doors in October, 1911, or as some say early 1912. However short lived, it made its mark on the town during the time it was here. Sad to say, but by the time 1930 rolled around, the hotels in Duvall outlived their usefulness. The mills had closed and the loggers had moved to where the big trees still grew, and another era had come to a close.

LIFE IN EARLY DUVALL will be the topic of a program sponsored by the Duvall Historical Society on Sunday, Oct. 23 at 2 p.m. at the Depot. Velma Hill will share her memories of life in a primitive pioneer town. Her father, Arthur Hix, owned Duvall's first general store. Velma was a long-time Duvall postmaster.

THE SHANNAHAN CABIN

By Bob Kusters



The Shannahan cabin at the Monroe Fairgrounds. Photo from the Monroe Monitor.

Now that the Evergreen State Fair is over for another year, it probably is a good time to mention the one attraction that has been a part of the area for so many years. This attraction is, of course, the old Shannahan log cabin. This building was built in Snohomish County near the county line and west of the river.

In 1887, young John Shannahan took his broad ax and began construction of his log house in what is now the Mount Forest area. He was fortunate to choose an area where his neighbors already had been pretty well-established, having arrived about 1870 or 1871.

Mr. Shannahan was twenty-three years old when he became a neighbor of the Reeves and Stackpoles, and they all helped each other out when an extra hand was needed.

John Shannahan married Elizabeth Smallman in 1889 and the first five of their children were born

there with the help of midwife, Mrs. Stackpole.

Wallace "Wally" was the last one born in the cabin overlooking Cherry Valley and was very well-known in the Valley from Fall City to Sultan, as he went around white washing the old dairy barns and spraying the orchards. He also had a threshing machine and did some custom threshing when I first knew him in the early 1940's.

One incident I recall, happened in 1951. A group of three or four farmers had decided to get rid of ten gallon milk cans and buy big refrigerated milk tanks which had just come into being. We had toured with a gentleman from Sunset Electric, who was to have our tanks built, and finally he took us to lunch. It was then he asked us if we knew any Shannahans, as he, Carl Larson, was married to Shannahan daughter, Elizabeth. A few years later, the Larsons went to Minnesota to sell bulk milk tanks in that market.

The Shannahans had added two rooms to the cabin as the family grew, and in 1904, moved to the Tualco Valley, and sold the cabin to Shrum and Stephens.

Three more children were born to the Shannahans after they moved to Tualco.

The Shrums and others used the cabin until 1912 when it was abandoned. There, the old cabin stood for another twenty-four years until 1936 when oldest daughter, Blanche, who was by now a Seattle teacher, decided to save the old house where she was born. She then had it moved to the Shannahan farm about a half mile south of the Monroe bridge. After forty-nine years overlooking Cherry Valley and another thirty years on the Shannahan farm by Monroe, the Shannahan family donated the cabin to the Evergreen Fair in Monroe. We have mentioned two of Shannahan's early neighbors, Reeves and Stackpole. They, along with Mr. Boyce of Novelty, were noted for their speaking ability and were often called on to speak or read patriotic documents at celebrations from Snohomish to Cherry Valley.

It also can be noted that in 1887, Mr. Stackpole purchased a steel mill from Pennsylvania, which he and his neighbors used to grind their wheat into flour.

Next time you attend the fair at Monroe, take a few minutes to walk through the cabin and give a thought to the man who built it, and the family who lived in it. Think of all the changes that took place in this valley while the cabin stood on the hill overlooking the whole area for forty-nine years.



NEWS NOTES

TAPES OF DUVALL'S HISTORY

Kathleen Williams and Mary Lampson have completed brief transcripts of the contents of the Duvall Historical Society's tape library of historic interviews. These tapes can be borrowed by researchers, who may contact Ray Burhen, Historical Society president.



DOUGHERTY HOUSE

At long last, the Historical Society's dream of preserving the historic Dougherty House as a museum looks like it will become reality. King County

and the City of Duvall have reached agreement to purchase the house and twenty acres of surrounding property from the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle. It is anticipated that the transaction will close by the end of the year.

CEMETERY PRESERVATION

The stone monument designating the old Cherry Valley Pioneer Cemetery as a historic site is finished and ready to be installed. Ken Best and the Eagle Scouts of troop #411 spent the summer doing renovation and maintenance of the site.

The cemetery is located on property adjacent to the Dougherty House on Cherry Valley Road.

BOOKS

The Historical Society has published two books, *Vignettes of Duvall's Historical Past*, a collection of *Wagon Wheels* from 1981 through 1992, and *Jist Cogitatin'*, stories of Duvall's past, by Don Funk. These books can be purchased from members of the Duvall Historical Society and are available at the Duvall Used Book Store and other local outlets.

Happy Thanksgiving



HELP PRESERVE OUR LOCAL HISTORY

JOIN DUVALL'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Meetings are held on the first Monday of
each month at the Depot at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors welcome!

Call President Ray Burhen at 788-1266
for more information

CHERERIAN

First Annual - 1931 - Duvall High School

Note: We have a few records of Duvall High School graduates going back sixty years or more, and would like to publish some of these in the *Wagon Wheel* from time to time. This class is the first page of the 1931 annual, given to us by Dolores Schroeder.



DEDICATION

To Cherry Valley High School we dedicate the first Annual.

We also wish to express our appreciation for the service and loyal cooperation of the Junior Class in making the publication of this Annual's success.

HISTORY

Cherry Valley School was opened 29 years ago with one teacher and five students. Later, the enrollment increased so that it was necessary to have two teachers, who held school in a little two room school building close to the river. In 1907 the people in the Valley built a grade school building on the site of the present high school building. In this school building there were ten grades with two teachers, and later, two upper grades, junior and senior, were added to complete the high school course. Then, in 1910, the present grade school students moved into the new building. Later still, the enrollment of the students increased to such proportions that it became necessary for the high school students to move back into the building which is known as the high school building. At the present time, we have eight teachers, with an enrollment of one hundred and twenty in the grade school and forty-four in the high school.



SENIOR CLASS of 1931

ELEANORE TRULSON

Senior Pres.; Glee Club 4; Declam. 4; Debate 4; Annual Staff; Play 2; Senior Play.



EVERETTE TRIM

Vice-Pres. 4; Basketball 2, 4; Football 1; Annual Editor; Track 4; Senior Play

JAMES VANHULLE

Senior Play; Major Science



ETHEL CARLSON

Class Prophet 4; Debate 3; Glee Club 2, 4; Play 1; Declam. 3; Gym 1.

MARGARET CHIPMAN

Class History; Play 2; Glee Club; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Annual Staff.



DONALD FUNK

Pres. 3; Debate 4; Basketball 2, 4; Pres. Athletic Assn. 4; Annual Staff; Orchestra 1, 2, 3.

HELEN LARSEN

Valedictorian; Sec.-Treas. 4; Declam. 4; Glee Club 4; Pres. 2; Senior Play.



GWENDOLYN DAVIS

Salutatorian; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Senior Play.

Adviser, MR. CRAWFORD

CENSUS INFORMATION

By Bob Kusters

We have all seen the growth of the area's population in recent years, so it is interesting to go back 125 years and examine the census records for those years. There are today four voting precincts in Duvall, one in Cherry Valley and one in Novelty, covering the population from Novelty to the Snohomish County line. In 1870 there was a precinct at Squak (Issaquah) and one at Cadyville (Snohomish). Squak covered the North Bend, Fall City and Issaquah area, and Cadyville covered the Snohomish area.

Some county records recorded a few isolated settlers at Woods Creek near Monroe and along the Snohomish River etc. In 1870 a man named Bryon

took the census for Squak precinct and most of these names we recognize, as they have appeared in local history writings of the upper Snoqualmie Valley. In this precinct in 1870 are listed thirty white males, ten white women and twenty-three dwellings.

Mr. Pickering of Issaquah had the most assets of any listed in that precinct. His real estate holdings were valued at fifteen hundred dollars and his personal property at four hundred dollars. Total value of real estate for the precinct was \$5,500,000 and total value of personal property at \$7,085.

The Cadyville (Snohomish) precinct had seventeen dwellings, two white females, twenty-one



Early day logging camp, believed to have been located somewhere in the area. Notice locomotive.

white males and sixteen families. In these totals the number of native wives are not listed.

Francis Duvall, age 34, his wife, Sarah, age 33, two children, (born in Oregon), ages 10 and 3, are listed in the Snohomish census, as is James Duvall, age 27. Both were listed as farmers, but in 1870 none in Squak or Snohomish were called loggers.

We have other records that tell us that Francis Duvall lived in Cherry Valley in 1870, but he may have moved here after the census was taken by Edward Eldridge on July 11, 1870.

In 1880 the precinct from Vincent to Snohomish County was called Duvall and most of those listed are familiar names that have been written about over the years. Mr. William Seymour took the census on July 1, 2, 3, 4 of 1880. Mr. Seymour was listed in this record as a merchant, but of what, we do not know. We have no census records of 1890, as many of these were destroyed, yet we have heard that some may be available of certain locations.

By the time the 1900 census was taken, there was no longer a Duvall precinct. The Cherry Valley and Novelty precincts had been created due to a large increase in population. Mr. John P. Ronnei, an uncle of Ole Ronnei of Novelty, took the census for both of the precincts on several days, the first part of June, 1900.

Most of those listed were farmers and housewives, however some loggers and mill workers were also listed. I believe many of these farmers were also logging their land, but were clearing their farms and were listed as farmers.

We now come to the last census records we have. These 1910 records were taken by James McKay of Novelty. There were still only Cherry Valley and Novelty precincts. Mr. McKay worked most of April, 1910, getting the listings and on each sheet he writes "work done under Difficult Circumstances".

As there were many mills and logging camps all over the area, he probably spent many days traveling the muddy trails to these camps. On some sheets there may be fifty loggers listed in a row, so it seems there were some fairly large camps in the area.

The 1920 census records have been released recently, but we have not collected them as yet. Census records can be used in many ways and are a valuable aid to any researcher of history. The census records we have obtained were found at the Federal Archives near the Sandpoint Naval Station.



NEWS NOTES

AWARD NOMINEES

The Duvall Historical Society will nominate several local people for the annual service award for outstanding service to the preservation of King County history.

Bill Trulson and his sister, Eleanor Zarimba will be nominated for their work in preserving and maintaining the Cherry Valley Pioneer Cemetery. Bill owned and cared for the plot for many years. When he was no longer able to maintain it, he, with the encouragement of his sister, Eleanor, decided to donate the property to the Duvall Historical Society.

Ken Best, and his fellow Eagle Scouts of troop #411, and the Church of the Latter Day Saints volunteered to assist the Historical Society in the work of renovating the Cemetery. They will be nominated for their extensive efforts.

Brian Derdowski, Metropolitan King County council member will be nominated for his successful efforts in obtaining funding to purchase the Dougherty House and surrounding property.

BOOKS

The Historical Society has published three books, *Digging Duvall's Past* by Allen Miller, a collection of *Wagon Wheels* (the Historical Society newsletter) from 1981 through 1992, and *Jist Cogitatin'*, stories of Duvall's past, by Don Funk. These books can be purchased from members of the Duvall Historical Society and are available at the Duvall Used Book Store and other local outlets.

SALMON CEREMONY

Jamie Cunningham, ethnomusicologist and expert on American Indian song and dance traditions, will present a program featuring the First Salmon Ceremony at Tulalip in the Rose Room of the Duvall library on Sunday, February 12 at 2 p.m. This ceremony commemorates the beginning of the salmon run and is a ritual of great significance for the indigenous peoples.

The program is free to the public and is co-sponsored by the Duvall Historical Society and the Washington Commission for the Humanities.

CAPTAIN FRED PINKERTON'S HOMESTEAD DAYS IN B.C.

By Bob Kusters

Probably most people interested in Cherry Valley history and the river boats that played such a large part in the pioneer's life will remember reading about Capt. Pinkerton and the river boat, "Mame".

Captain and Mrs. Pinkerton had lived in Cherry Valley for thirty years when a Sept., 1915 issue of the *Duvall Citizen* announced that the Pinkertons were leaving for their homestead west of Vanderhoof, British Columbia. A year later Dr. Roy Pinkerton, a relative, left Duvall to settle in the same B.C. area. The doctor died soon after he arrived in B.C. and was buried at Vanderhoof. His wife and young son, Volney, returned to Seattle where Volney still resides. I spoke with Volney, who believes his relative, Fred, also returned to the states and may be buried at Port Angeles.

When we came across an article by Capt. Pinkerton in an October, 1915 issue of the *Duvall Citizen*, I called my cousin, Stan Likkel, who has owned a cattle ranch for many years in the very area that the Pinkertons homesteaded in 1915, thinking he may have known of the Pinkerton homestead.

Though Stan still lives up there and knows the area well, he had not heard of the Pinkerton's homestead. We will print a copy of the letter Capt. Fred Pinkerton sent to the *Duvall Citizen* of October, 1915.

LIFE IN B.C. FRED PINKERTON TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCES

Editor, "The Citizen." —Sir: We have now got located at last. The claims we filed on first did not go through, so we went across Francois Lake, four miles back, and took up land that is far ahead of the land on the lake. In regard to this country it is the most beautiful place that I ever saw, and the land cannot be beat anywhere. The clearing is very easy,

what timber there is, is very small and no underbrush—twenty five acres can be cleared here for less money than it takes to clear one acre around Duvall.

But this country has also its drawbacks, and they are bad ones too. The country is very poorly watered, there are lots of lakes but very few streams. They are nearly all dry at the present time. There are a few springs, and when you find one it is a good one. The country has an elevation of 2200 feet and is very healthy.

What is keeping this country back is the land that is held for sale. It is the best land of course and has the most open land on it. There are places where a man could buy a quarter section all clear. If a man could get here with three or four thousand dollars he would have the world right where he wanted it. He would have enough to buy a piece of land and get a start in stock, and that is all he wants—the money will make itself. There was a bunch of steers sold here a few days ago for \$80 a head and that was for beef.

A poor man coming in here will have to start over. He will have to live in a log house and put up with many hardships. This country, so far as I can see now, is good enough for me, but would say to men that are thinking of coming here not to come this fall, as it is too late to get settled before winter. There is plenty of land here and will be for some time.

The trip from Seattle here is well worth what it costs whether you stay or not, and includes some of the most beautiful scenery that a man ever looked on. This country lies in the foothills, and the good land lies in the valleys between the hills, dotted with lakes large and small, with plenty of fish for the catching. There is quite a lot of game, but not so much as I expected to find. We have had fourteen grouse and a lot of fish and have seen five deer, when we had no gun, of course. We have not been

hunting yet, to make a business of it, but expect to take a day off pretty soon and get a deer.

The cost of living, with the exception of flour, sugar and coal oil, is about the same as in Duvall, and clothing is cheaper, except shoes. We miss the telephone and wagon. When you go to the post office or store, it means walk, and if you can't borrow a horse it means pack your grub in on your back, but I do not mind that. It is easy to fall back to the old pioneer day of thirty years ago.

There is a great future for this country, not very far distant, if we can get the right class of people here, and there is a good class coming. One man has purchased 1400 acres a few miles from here to start a big stock ranch. There will soon be roads to get things in and out. The boat on the lake will be running this fall which will be a great convenience. Will write again soon.

F. PINKERTON



NEWS NOTES

CEMETERY DEDICATION

A dedication ceremony will be held Saturday, April 22 at 2 p.m. for the Cherry Valley Pioneer Cemetery. The cemetery was donated to the Historical Society by Bill Trulson and his sister, Eleanor Zarembo. A permanent marker will be installed in memory of the pioneer citizens who remain interred there.

The cemetery was located behind the original Methodist Church, which was moved when the railroads came through town, and the town was moved. The remains of most of the pioneers were removed to the Novelty Cemetery.

FIRST SALMON CEREMONY

Members of the Historical Society and community enjoyed a very informative presentation of the First Salmon Ceremony of the Tulalip by Jamie

Cunningham March 26. Mr. Cunningham, an ethnomusicologist showed a video of portions of the ceremony and explained beliefs of the Tulalip tribe regarding the relationship between people and salmon.

GET WELL

Best wishes to Tove Burhen for a speedy recovery from her ankle injury.

THANK YOU

Thank you to the Valley Community Bank for providing copying services for the *Wagon Wheel*.



HELP PRESERVE OUR LOCAL HISTORY

JOIN DUVALL'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at the Depot at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors welcome!

Call President Ray Burhen at 788-1266
for more information

A TRAIN RUNS THROUGH IT

By Lee Taylor Johnson

Editor's note: Lee (known as Lilly Taylor until 1941) was born to a family whose roots go back to William Ratcliff, an early pioneer homesteader in Cherry Valley, attended Cherry Valley Grade School, and graduated from Duvall High School.

My relationship with railroads are a part of my earliest recollections. The Chicago Milwaukee St. Paul and Pacific ran northwesterly from the mouth of the tunnel west of Yakima in the Cascades. It followed the Snoqualmie River until the Snoqualmie merged with other streams and became the Snohomish and emptied into Puget Sound at Everett.

At the time the railroad was built, railroads could claim every other section of otherwise unclaimed land on each side of the right of way. This was a good reason for rails to be found in valleys, despite the need for high berms to be built to keep them above possible floods.

My grandfather Ratcliff had homesteaded on the banks of the Snoqualmie River following his Civil War soldiering. However, the farm on the hillside, now a part of the town of Duvall, had been part of the railroad's claim land. The railroad retained all mineral rights when they parceled it out

to farmers and homeowners. We could sell gravel from our pit, because at that time gravel had not been declared the state's most abundant mineral.

Our hillside farm, reached by a long driveway, now called Kennedy Drive, overlooked the mile wide valley just south of Duvall. A deep timbered, creek-riven gully separated us from the town as it existed in the 1920's and '30's, when I was a school girl.

Our view was of farmer's fields, the Milwaukee road at the top of its wide berm or fill, fields beyond the rails, the wooded river banks, more farm fields, and finally farm buildings bordering the western farm road, flanking the timbered hill at the far side of the valley.

To accommodate the movement of livestock and farm equipment to either side of the railroad, there were many small farm underpasses.

The valley, then called Cherry Valley, from Novelty to the Snohomish County line, periodically flooded, but the tracks were always above water. Some determined students used the family skiff or dugout canoe to get to the railroad tracks for the mile or two walk to school. The rail line was straight and cut the distance considerably.

When a warm Chinook wind came after snow-



fall in the Cascades, we could be sure the river would rise. Sometimes students were sent home early if reports indicated a possibility of buses being unable to get to riverfront farm homes and out of the valley safely.

The train whistles sounded different when the valley floor was covered with water. The engines of my school days were all steam. There were always two men in the cab. If we were near the tracks when a train came, we always waved at the train men and were delighted to get a response. Likewise, the men who rode in the cabs of these huge iron monsters seemed to take an interest in what we did within their view.

Sometimes in winter, cold freezing weather followed a chinook wind. The result would be safe ice skating over farmer's fields. We might be skating, sliding or sledding as trains puffed through the valley. In summer a favorite teen gathering place was Clark's Lake, a deep pond right against the railroad berm, about a mile and a half south of Duvall.

I worked for the Johnny Clark family the summer of 1935. Since the lake was only a short walk from the house, I was able to join in the water fun. The young folks had built themselves a float and a diving board. The lake had no beach. The sides went down sharply to what I assume was a muddy bottom. Willows grew against the base of the railroad embankment. The trainmen appeared to enjoy watching us frolic at the lake...or was it that we had no dressing rooms and boys used the bushes in one area and the girls used another clump?

Not all my life had I been on such friendly trusting terms with trains and trainmen. As a four year old, living on the hillside with a view of passing trains, I thought that the trains could see me too. Furthermore, I had the notion that if the train "saw" me, it wanted to "get" me. I was convinced that it was capable of leaving the tracks and chasing me. Therefore, I recall a period of time when I hid my face when a train passed by. Somehow I reasoned, that if my face were hidden, I was hidden and free from the danger of being chased.

Before 1928 I recall that a passenger car was included in at least one daily train passing through Duvall. I had a hard time crossing the track in front of this gigantic puffing engine halted at the station when we were sent to the depot to see if my Aunt Bessie was a passenger.

When the passenger coach was pulled from

these rails, a bus made the daily run from Cedar Falls to Everett. It, too, disappeared within ten years.

In the late 1920's a small logging company put its own small logging railroad through the town park, up the edge of the ravine between our farm and town, and came through the timbered part of our farm. The Lazarus logging road continued south past a pole line and a switchback that took it north on the ridge east of Duvall. They logged out pockets of old growth and some large second growth timber. I walked along a portion of this logging track daily to school.

Some long trains came through our valley. The principal freight was logs. Some were so huge, two cars were required for a single log. The usual full load was only three logs. As logs became smaller, we began to see more and more logs travel down the valley on trucks. I was not living in the valley when trucks took over and the rails were taken away.

My childhood memories will always have the sights and sounds of the steam trains interwoven, with the "Waay-o, Waay-o, Way. Waay-o" of the train signaling by two long blasts, a short and a long blast of its whistle for the Novelty crossing and the crossing by the depot at Duvall. I recall the sharp, short blast which warned us of impending departure. A song that was popular at that time was called "The Wreck of the Old 97". It was about a railroad man trying to break a speed record. Some of the words went like this, "He was going downgrade making 90 miles an hour when his whistle broke into a scream. He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle, scalded to death in the steam. Now ladies you must take warning from this time now and on. Never speak harsh words to your true, loving husband. He may leave you and never return." I assumed that it meant that he could be killed on the job as this engineer was.

I would like to relate one last incident that haunted me for many years. At Duvall the beginning of the mile long road across the valley began with a short fill west of Main Street at Stewart (one block south of its present location). When Duvall was my home, the valley was crossed by bridging the Snoqualmie River and extending a wooden trestle on each end to meet the sides of the valley, well above any high water.

One bright day I was sent to dump a small sack of empty tin cans into the river where they were

meant to rust into nothingness at the bottom. (There was no garbage service at that time, in fact, even the school left discarded books on the riverbank.)

As I reached a point over the railroad tracks, a northbound train hissed to a stop at the depot next to the trestle. On impulse, I withdrew an empty can from the sack and dropped it down on the train.

Horrors! The can went down the smokestack neatly. I couldn't have done it had I aimed. What effect would it have? Was the engine going to explode?

Not daring to dally around the scene of my misdeed with incriminating evidence, I ran, panic stricken, to the bridge over the middle of the river where I hastily cast away the remaining cans.

I remained on the bridge, eyeing the train which had come to a complete stop shortly after the can entered its stack. To my immense relief, the train sat there, doing its thing, hissing and gurgling, until, after a short blast of its whistle, it chugged on toward Monroe.

Slowly, I retraced my steps and went home without telling anyone what I had done...until now.



NEWS NOTES

The Historical Society will have a display at the Rose Room of the Duvall Library for Duvall Days, Saturday, May 20. Please visit us!

Happy Mother's Day!

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THE HOUSEMOVER, GILBERT NIELSEN

By Bob Kusters

While talking with a friend, Bert Eggstrom, at the recent annual Cherry Valley school reunion picnic, he told me of the death of his brother-in-law, Gilbert Nielsen a few weeks before. He told me how as a young man, Gilbert had moved a house to its present location in Duvall. I thought the story of this young fellow worth repeating in this age of soft living.

Gilbert lived on the Big Rock Road with his parents and brothers. When not in school, he helped in clearing the place of trees and stumps, so he had some experience in hard labor. "Gib" as he was called, graduated from high school in 1934, and a year or two later, with his two brothers, contracted to move the house where the Hillier family had lived from its location just east of the present day school, to a lot on Stewart Street. The house still stands today and is the first house on the left after leaving Main Street going up Stewart Street.

The brothers raised the house, put skids under it, and then without the help of horses or tractors began to move the building with a hand powered stump puller, multiplying the power with a series of pulleys and cables.

Gib's two brothers soon left the job for other work, but Gilbert, only nineteen or twenty years old, continued the task of fulfilling the contract. Taking the old stump puller or windlass, anchoring it to trees or stumps, he would start pushing on one of four ten foot poles built into the top of the stump puller for leverage. Very slowly the cables would tighten up on the drum, dragging the house forward an inch at a time. He would then reset the winch, cables and pulleys, starting the process all over again.

Gilbert never gave up, and without benefit of minimum wage, overtime, or a host of government permits and inspections, overcame many obstacles. He pulled the house with his own muscle power up the hill from Cherry Gardens Road to the upper end of Bird Street, then down hill until it was a block from Main Street, then south two blocks to Stewart Street.

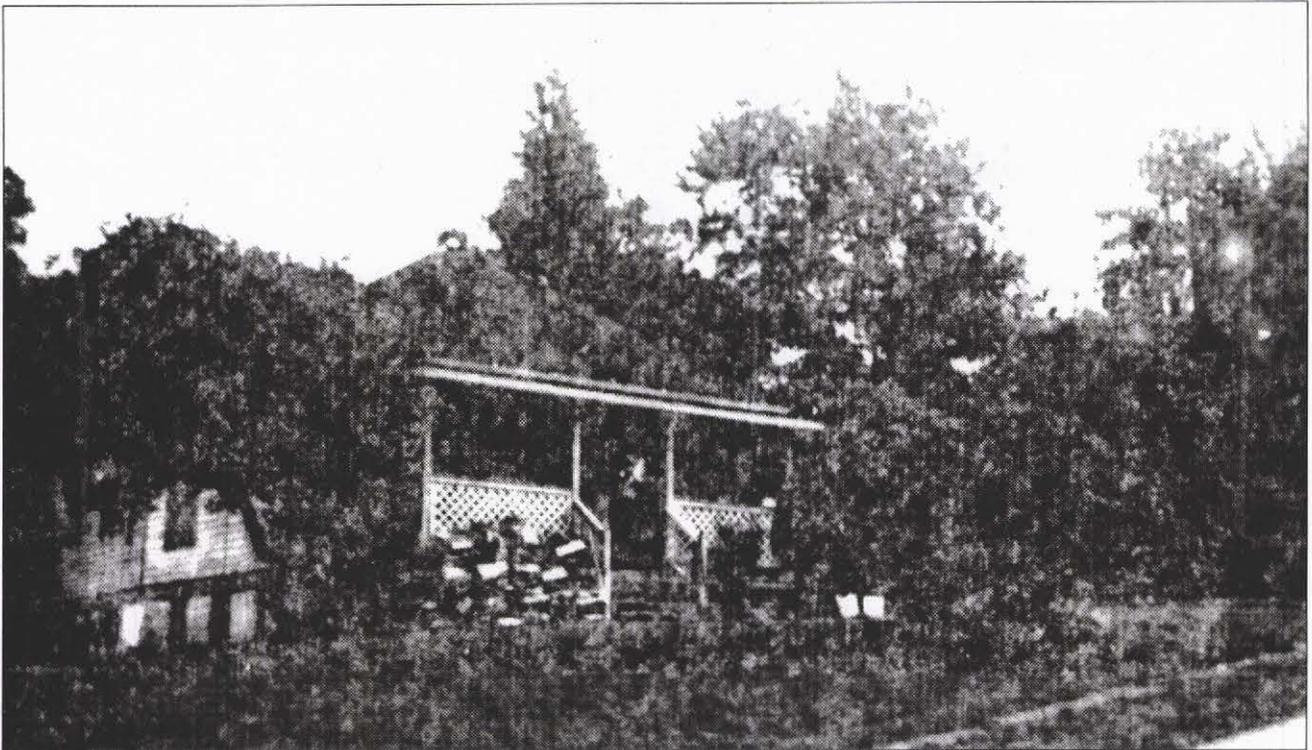


Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Nielsen.

Again, he jacked up the house, took the skids from under it, and set it on its foundation. It seems N.A. Brown had bought the house and had Gilbert move it to a lot he had on Stewart Street.

"Brownie", as he was known, added on to the house, and he, his wife and children lived there for many years. After Mrs. Brown passed away and children, Noah and Jenny, left home, Brownie continued living there and kept horses in a corral behind the house for a hobby. He rode his horse in many parades, and I well remember when he sold me his last horse, Ginger.

As for Gib, he became a man of many talents and my brother-in-law, Ted Spoelstra, told of some of Gilbert's exploits, and of meeting his old school



The house Gilbert moved 60 years ago as it looks today with a basement and other changes

mate in Seattle many years later at his place of work.

My wife and I, on a recent Sunday afternoon, while visiting the Eggstroms, were shown pieces of mammoth tusk ivory that Gib had found while working on a gold dredge crew in Alaska many years ago. He had done scrimshaw work on this ivory that to our untrained eyes seemed perfect. We also saw on the walls of the Eggstrom house, a sailing ship that Gib had made from metal. It was about two feet high, two inches thick and in a circular frame. With all its metal sails, it was a beautiful piece of work that no doubt took many hours to make.

In this information generation, it may pay us to look back a generation when dollars were scarce and hard work was abundant and take note of Gilbert Nielsen and his house moving project.

I have been told that the house, before being moved, stood next to the road on school property,

and may have been built by the school as a janitor's home, as the Hilliers were at one time the caretakers of the school.

While visiting the Eggstroms, we were told a bit about how Bert's grandfather came to America, but will leave that for another time.



NEWS NOTES

WALLACE TO SPEAK

Mark your calendars for Sunday, Oct. 15 at 2 p.m. Edna Wallace, retired Cherry Valley School teacher and wife of the late Hi Wallace, a valley pioneer, will speak on the history of Cherry Valley schools. See next month's newsletter for location.

THE HOKAN OLSON HOUSE

By Bob Kusters

In a recent conversation with Bert Eggstrom, we asked him why his ancestors had chosen Duvall as the place to live. The reason Bert's grandfather came to this area was one we had not heard before.

Hokan Olson was born in Sweden in 1851, had been married and had five children.

In 1905 Mr. Olson decided to come to America with two of his children, daughter, Olivia, and son, Chjell. The other three children remained in Sweden including the oldest child, Bert's mother, Anna, who was then 30 years old.

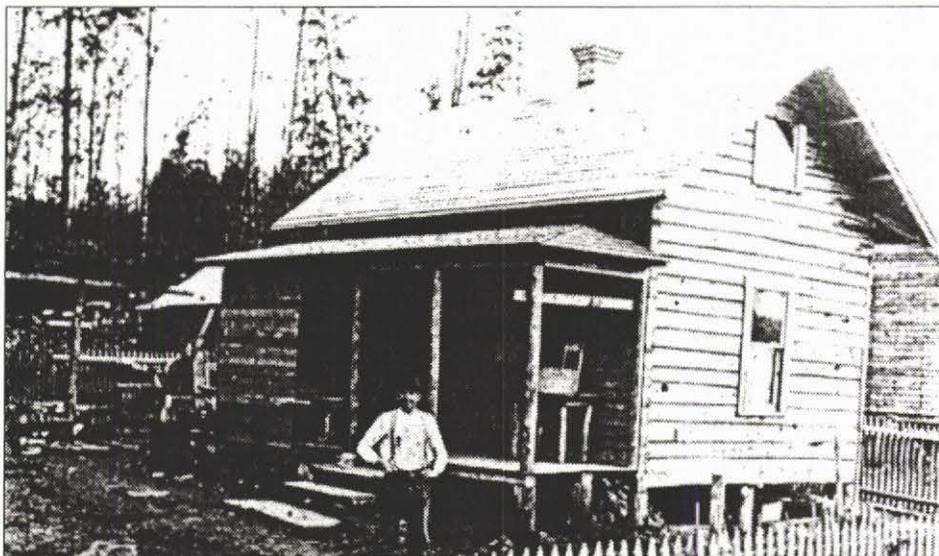
As Mr. Olson knew little about the U.S., he had to decide where he wanted to go after the ship landed. While waiting at the station in Sweden to buy his ticket, he met a man who was leaving for America, and this man said he was going to a place where it didn't get real hot or cold, nor was there much snow in the winter and work was available. So, when Mr. Olson went to buy his ticket he told the agent he wanted to go to the same place as the man just ahead of him. This is how it came about that Hokan Olson landed in Preston, Washington. Bert did not know when his grandfather came to this area, but Joe Dougherty remembered that Mr. Olson was buying milk at their farm in 1908.



Hokan Olson

Bert also knew that his grandfather lived in a stump before there was a town, and that stump may have been located at First Avenue and Virginia Street according to Bert's memory.

The family lived in the stump until Mr. Olson purchased 8 acres on the hillside south of the school. Mr. Olson built a log cabin on this property which still exists today. Over the years the logs had been covered both inside and outside. Additions were also made so that the original cabin was hidden from view. Duvall old timers may remember that this was the place the Bill Funks moved to in 1942



Hokan Olson and cabin he built.

when they left the River Road farm.

The John Webster family has owned the house the past 13 years and spent a lot of time and elbow grease uncovering and restoring the log cabin to what it must have looked like when Hokan Olson got through wielding his broad ax.

The Websters uncovered the logs and then fumigated the cabin in case some stray termite had entered a log. They also removed the attic floor so that now the log ceiling joists and rafters are all visible. *Seattle Times* newspapers were put down on the attic floor and sawdust for insulation on top of these 1910 papers. The cabin may have been built a year before the insulation was put in the attic.

The Websters graciously allowed my wife and me to see the old cabin recently and the Eggstroms had shown us the old broad ax used by Hokan Olson in building the cabin and squaring the logs.

The people of this area can be very grateful that a family such as the Websters purchased the place and preserved it so that maybe a future generation may get a glimpse of Hokan's handiwork.

In 1920, fifteen long years after arriving in the U.S.A. Olivia went back to Sweden for a visit with her sisters Anna and Selena and brother Ole. The following year Anna and her four year old son,

Bert, came to America for a visit. In 1926 Anna and Bert came back to the U.S. to stay, having crossed the wide Atlantic three times in a period of five years.

Bert then attended school for two years in Seattle and spent the rest of his school years in Duvall, graduating from high school in 1936. Hokan's daughter, Olivia, was married in 1907 and son, Chjell was married in 1936. Bert's mother, Anna Marta, continued to live in Duvall in a house just down the street from where Bert lives. Hokan Olson, at 54 years of age, pulled up roots and emigrated to a new country.

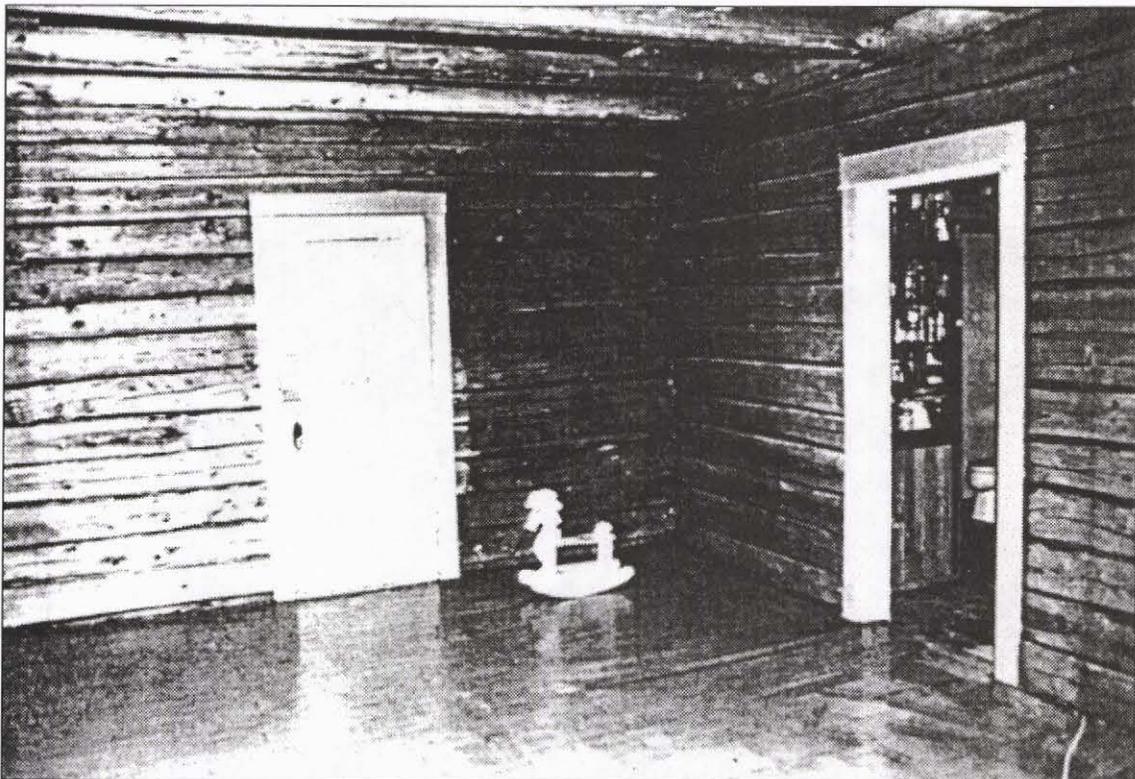
True pioneer spirit!



NEWS NOTES

WALLACE TO SPEAK

Edna Wallace, Duvall pioneer will speak on the history of Cherry Valley Schools Sunday, Oct. 15 at 2 p.m. at the Cherry Valley Elementary School.



Recent Webster photo.

THE RONNEI FAMILY

By Bob Kosters

On Oct. 27 of this year, it was 94 years ago that Ole Ronnei was born in Norway to Christopher and Christina Ronnei, and it is 93 years ago that the Ronnei family settled in the Novelty area. All but a few of those years were spent on the farm where Ole and wife, Marie, live today. The first two years the family lived on the farm next door where, later on, Henry Rosen lived. It was purchased by the Jim Cains family in 1940 and is today owned by the Cook family. In his younger days, Ole worked for a time as a logger and at other jobs, but never strayed far from the Novelty farm.

Ole started school in the old school located on the hill above the McKay place which is owned by the Gertsma's today.

After the first grade he attended the school on the hill above the old Novelty store. This larger school burned down in 1922.

The Ronnei family also attended the old Lutheran Church at Novelty where others of Norwegian background in the Novelty-Vincent area were members.

Ole's parents brought their family to the valley at the urging of John and Andrew Ronnei who were

brothers of Christopher. We know by census records that John Ronnei had been in the area since 1881, and that John Ronnei had taken the census of the Novelty and Cherry Valley precincts in 1900. These two precincts covered all the area from the county line to beyond Novelty in those early years.

Christopher and Christina arrived in the valley with five children—Gertie, born 1893 who died quite young and is buried in Acacia cemetery, John, born 1895, Inga, born 1897, Ingre, born 1899, and Ole, born Oct. 27, 1901.

After the family came to America, daughter Nellie and son, Christopher were born. Of these children, Ole and Nellie survive. We believe that Ole has lived in the valley longer than any other person living today.

Before Ole started farming on his own, he did other jobs. One was working on a crew in 1918 building the concrete pillars that were to hold up the new Novelty bridge being constructed. Carloads of sand and gravel were brought by rail to the siding at Novelty. His crew shoveled this material from the car into a large bunker. Trucks then drove under the bunker, a chute opened, and the loaded



*RONNEI FAMILY
(1910): Inga, Ole,
Mother Christina
holding baby Chris,
John, Martha,
Father Christopher,
Nellie and Ingre.*

truck went on its way to the bridge site. Next time you drive over the bridge, remember the heavy work those crews did. Seventy-seven years later their work still stands., probably carrying more traffic today in an hour than it did in a week when first built.

Ole doesn't remember much of the old Cherry Valley settlement or the beginnings of Duvall as they didn't get around as much as the people of today. He does, however, remember the old creamery at the foot of Finken hill near the road that goes over the hill to Redmond across the valley from Novelty.

He also recalls residents of the area riding horses or walking the muddy roads to Novelty where a row of mail boxes had been nailed to a post, one for each local farmer's mail.

The main road in those days wasn't in the valley, but made its way over the hill. Sometime later it followed the foot of the hill just above the Ronnei farm and still later was placed where it is today.

Ole and Marie Abrahamsen were married in 1939 and have always lived on the farm which was purchased from his father. Marie was born in South Dakota on the Iowa border about forty miles from

where I was born. She well remembers the hot summers, the cold winters, the tornadoes, and the times they spent in an underground storm cellar, because every bad sky could mean trouble in those days before daily weather forecasts were available.

Ole and Marie have been married fifty-six years and have four children—Bonnie, Jerry, Lois, and Duane. Ole's father, Christopher, died in 1941 and his mother, Christina, died in 1961 at the age of ninety-four.

Ole was here when Novelty came and went, when the railroads were built, and later left, when the riverboats were used to haul milk, cream, and other goods until railroads and highways came along. Through all those years of change the Ronneis stayed on the farm, seeing farming methods change, their friends and neighbors pass from the scene. Until now Ole and sister, Nellie are the only surviving members of the original Ronnei family that came from Norway so many years ago.

The Ronneis have many friends up and down the valley that wish them well on Ole's ninety-fourth birthday.



The Ronnei Family (1910). Note road above farm buildings; also new railroad on left side of buildings.

THE BURNS FAMILY

By Bob Kosters

Duvall was a hotbed of logging activity in 1890 and attracted many immigrants. Among those early settlers were Henry and Maria Bergqvist and their two oldest daughters, Anna and Jenny.

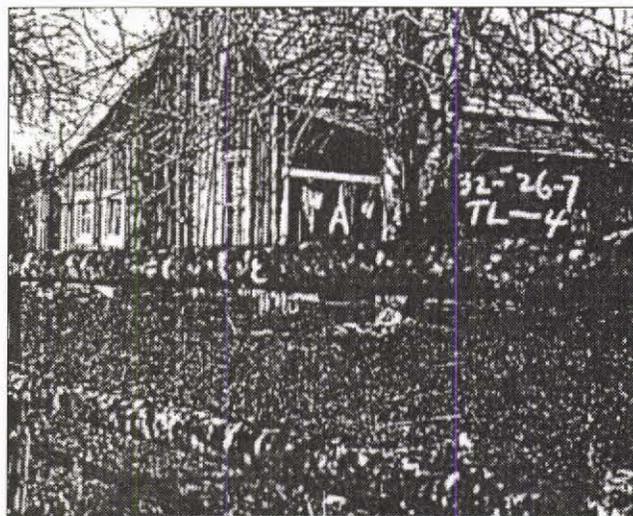
Henry Bergqvist had been a logger in Sweden and headed straight for Seattle when he arrived in the United States. A year later, Maria's mother, Stina, arrived.

Almost immediately, the Bergqvists bought forty acres southeast of Duvall off Fay Road. The family lived in a small house in Duvall until Henry got the family's two-story house built. He paid \$100 for the lumber.

Henry worked in several logging camps in the area. There was a superintendent in one camp who couldn't pronounce Bergqvist's name, so he re-named him Burns. The name stuck.

The farm provided the family with food. Maria traded eggs for coffee, sugar, and flour at the Stillwater store. Granddaughter, Mildred, remembers a small stream near the house where they kept their butter and cream cool.

Maria was a small woman (less than five feet



The Burns House in 1940

tall, and weighed less than a hundred pounds). She was a mid-wife and served as the neighborhood nurse. She had a doctor for only one of her children, Axel, who died as a baby and is buried on the Burns property.

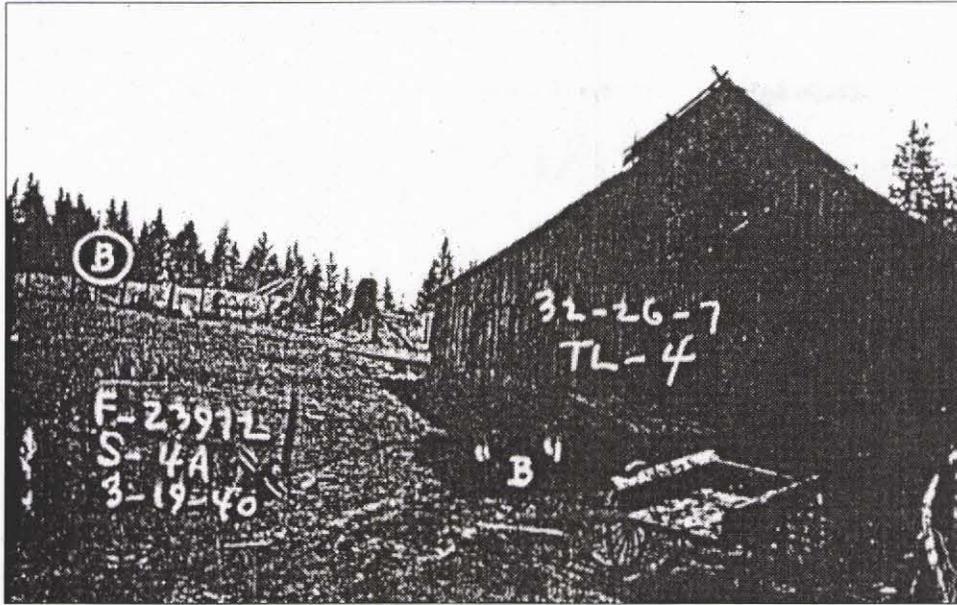
The Burns had eight children, a small family in those days. Anna Maria and Jenny Louisa were born in Sweden. Henry (Hank), Victor, Effie, Bertha, Alex, and Robert were all born in the house that Henry built.

Maria's mother, Stina, lived with the family, along with a niece, Beda, whom Henry and Maria raised.

Hank was marvelous violinist and played at local barn dances. Unfortunately, his music career was cut short when he got angry about something,



*The Burns Family: Front, l-r: Henry C., Robert, Maria.
Back: Effie, Jenny, Henry (Hank),
Victor, Ann and Bertha.*



per that had been used to paper the walls. The first layer contained papers dating to the 1850's. Part of the original barn still stands.

Maria died June 5, 1935. Henry passed away October 17, 1940.

Editor's note: Special thanks to Roberta Foster, Frances O'Connor, and Mildred Rogland, all grandchildren of Henry and Maria Burns. Thank you also to Jerry Shively, who now occupies the

jammed the gun he was holding down on the floor, and blew his hand off.

Hank and Victor both served in the Spruce Division logging camps during World War I. Hank, Victor, and Robert were all loggers, and Hank worked as a trapper. He also had a job removing bark from cascara trees, which was used as a pharmaceutical product. The Burns boys also had a side occupation as bootleggers. They had a still back in the hills. Hank often got drunk and ended up in jail; then his sister, Effie, would get him out and it would start all over again.

On September 24, 1926, Victor and Hank were walking along the railroad tracks in Tolt in an intoxicated condition, when Victor was struck by a train and killed. Hank felt tremendous guilt and stopped drinking, gave up chewing snoose, and joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church. He led an exemplary life. While young, Jenny worked as a waitress in logging camps. Later, she worked in a coffee retail shop in the Pike Place Market and later the Hanson Baking company. She was a great cook, noted for her lemon meringue pies.

Anna was a cook in logging camps and later worked at Seattle General Hospital as a seamstress until her marriage.

Effie baked pies at Frederick and Nelson for four years prior to her marriage.

Henry and Maria sold their farm to "Blackie" Andre sometime between 1913 and 1920. They then moved to Tolt. Their farm is now owned by Jerry Shively. During a remodeling of the original house, the Shivelys peeled off the layers of newspa-

original Burns residence for the information they all contributed.



THANK YOU to the *Valley Community Bank* for providing copying services for the *Wagon Wheel*.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

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THE SHIGEO TANABE FAMILY

By Irene Larsen Granger

I was only five years old when Shigeo Tanabe made an impression on me. He has also made a significant mark on this world. The reason that he impressed me then was the fact that he was Japanese. Duvall was so remote no Asians, Negroes, or any race settled there. (Although it is rumored that James Duvall, for whom the town was named, did have an Indian wife).

Mr. and Mrs. Tanabe and their three young sons settled in Duvall about 1914 and bought a farm out by Cherry Creek. Mr. Tanabe had been a baker in Seattle, but he thought country life would be healthier and best for his family.

One day my father, Chris Larsen, went fishing out on Cherry Creek where he was always sure of good salmon fishing. Shigeo wandered down to the creek. Since Shigeo and I were the same age and both started first grade together, my father asked him "do you know an Irene Larsen?" Shigeo re-

plied, "oh yes, I know she". It wasn't long before Shigeo was the smartest one in class. He was always so modest, kind and apologetic.

In those days fifth and sixth graders had spelling bees. We were in Edna Wallace's class. We chose sides, and if we misspelled a word, we were eliminated. Usually Shigeo and I were the only ones left standing. Should I miss and Shigeo win, he always came over to me and apologized saying "so sorry".

When World War I ended and the flu epidemic broke out so many people died. Among them were Shigeo's two younger brothers. They are buried at Novelty Cemetery and, later, Shigeo's parents' ashes are buried with them. Shigeo will never forget the kindness and thoughtfulness the people of Duvall showed his family. He said they sent out baskets of food and even sent a nurse out to care for them for two weeks.

Soon after that, Shigeo's parents moved back to Seattle and Shigeo made his home with the Clarence Platts. They had two boys, Wilbur and Glenwood, who were about Shigeo's age, so Shigeo finished high school in Duvall.

We were active in the Methodist Church and we especially enjoyed our "waffle" parties Sunday evenings at C. Beadon Hall's after Epworth League. We were fortunate to have such a wonderful Christian minister at that time—Rev. George Abbott. Shigeo and I were baptized and confirmed under his leadership.

C.B. Hall, our Sunday school teacher, was Duvall's local banker and had a great influence on us. To this day, I shall never forget what a saint he was.

After graduation, Shigeo left to go fishing in Alaska. We young people always attended evening services. Rev. Abbott asked Shigeo if he would like to say farewell the evening before he was to leave. He gave such a moving farewell there was not a dry eye in the congregation.

I did not graduate from Cherry Valley High School, but attended Lincoln High School in Seattle



for my Junior and Senior years. I became very friendly with a girl who often asked me to go home to dinner with her. Imagine my surprise when I saw a fair sized photograph of Shigeo on their mantle. Apparently, their home was the Catherine Blaine home for Japanese children, so my friends knew Shigeo real well since he visited often.

During the second war, after Pearl Harbor, all Japanese were interned in various concentration camps in parts of the U.S. Shigeo was no exception. He spent time in Idaho. It was shameful when many Japanese were such loyal citizens. It was only their color that set them apart.

Shigeo received a Master of Education degree from Wayne State University when he and his wife, Haru lived in Detroit. He also earned a Doctor of Divinity degree from the University of Puget Sound.

In his own modest way Shigeo gives the Clarence Platt family credit for finding his way into the ministry at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma. There he met Haru Somba, who he married in 1934. They had one son, Gilford, who is Professor of Psychology at the University of Hawaii.

After Shigeo graduated from Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, he and Haru served churches in California, Michigan, Minnesota, Oregon, and Hawaii for a total of forty-one years.

He always had a good following because of his sincerity. Since my daughter and my former home were in Portland, I went to Rose City Portland church, where he was pastor. He was surprised almost to the point of being shocked to see me. He said he only felt like that once before when C. Beadon Hall sat in the front row of the Japanese American Church in Honolulu where he was preaching.

Once, when my husband and I visited Hilo, I phoned Shigeo, but he said he could not meet with us that particular day since his Methodist Supervisor was to be in town. But he arranged for us to have a rental car. We were lucky enough to have Gladys Myers along. She is a careful and experienced driver, so we toured the island of Hawaii. Our plane left Hilo for Seattle at 11 p.m. As late as it was, Shigeo and Haru were there with orchid leis for us all. Haru raised her own leis and those leis were hand made by her.



I am certain all of the Duvallites who remember Shigeo will agree with me. He certainly is deserving of a chapter in the *Wagon Wheel* after forty-one years of faithful ministry. I am proud to say "I know he".



THANK YOU

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THE MILO & SENA CLARK FAMILY

By Delores Schroeder & Mary Lampson

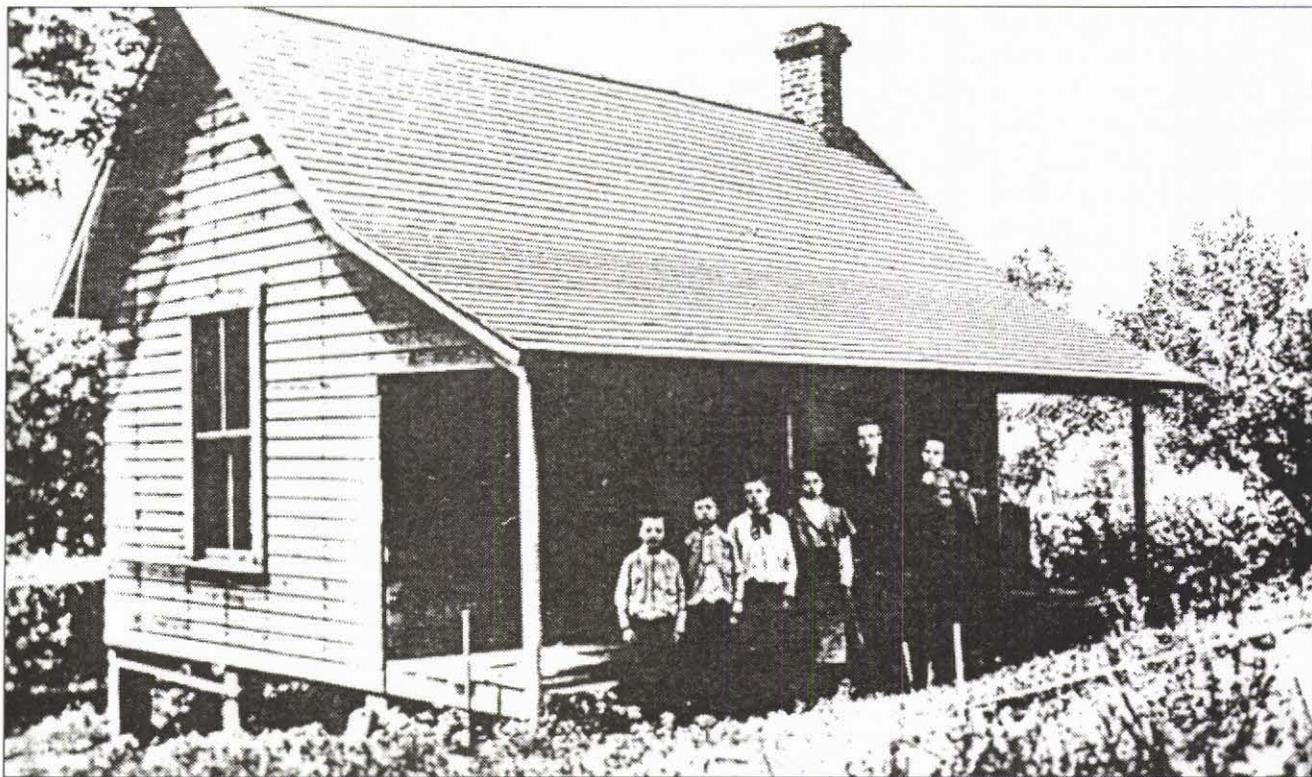
Milo Curtis Clark was born in 1863 and he died in 1918. He married Sena Virginia Ballard on January 24, 1895. Sena was born on June 8, 1860 in Knoxville (Marion County), Iowa. she came west by rail to Seattle in 1891 to join her brother, Clinton Ballard and worked in a Seattle laundry. In 1892 she began her teaching career at Novelty and taught there for four years. The school house was a single room building at the time, but soon an addition was added to make two rooms. Sena died February 2, 1957.

Milo came from Ohio by wagon to the Northwest and purchased the 160 acre "Clark place" from a homesteader. He lived in a split cedar shack under three cherry trees which later became the site of the big "Clark barn" and milk house. Milo paid \$500 for the place. There is a land grant signed by

Ulysses S. Grant who was President of the United States from 1869-1877. The property went from near the Novelty School (existing Seattle Water Dept. Right of Way) over to where the Ray Burhens live, which is north of the creek. The land went back toward the pole line including the Cris Loutsis place, then down to the Snoqualmie River.

Milo was the fiddle player for the local social gatherings; and as fate would have it, he took the schoolteacher for his wife. Together, Sena and Milo had a two story house built. It was moved in the 40's with log skids up the hill, and it is still standing. Milo and Sena had four children born in that house.

In 1902 Milo built a workshop and had a plank floor. He later lowered it onto a concrete floor and used it for a garage. there was also a chicken house



Milo Clark's first house (close to where the Novelty School was built). Pictured: Sena, Milo, Mary, John, Harry and Burrell.

on the place.

The Clarks (Milo and sons) and other valley residents also built the large Clark barn in the early 1900's. It was located across the road from their home on the site of the original homestead shack. The barn was well known for its size. It was built with some 48 foot cedar beams and with less than a 2 inch variance of width from one end to the other. It was a good example of the virgin timber of the area.

The barn had a milk house in front facing the road. John Clark milked 20-28 head of cattle by hand. The milk was then sold in ten gallon cans to the Christopherson Dairy which sent a truck from Seattle to pick up the milk. Dairygold from Issaquah was the last purchaser around the 1920's. In 1916, the family built a second and bigger house which still stands. This is just south of the creek. The clarks paid a contractor \$1900 to build the 3-story new house. After the new house was completed, the smaller one was moved south and across the road from the new watershed near some tall trees. It was then rented to a school teacher.

The children born to them in their first house were: Mary Louise Clark (born January 30, 1896 and died April 28, 1973), John Ballard Clark (born July 11, 1897 and died January 13, 1980), Harrison (Harry) Franklin Clark (born October 30, 1898 and died Dec. 4, 1971), and Burrell Milo Clark (born April 12, 1901 and died December 23, 1968).

Mary had a son, born November 28, 1927, and he was named Curtis Milo Clark Ryder. His father was George Ryder.

John married Winnifred Wingfield on August 20, 1918. Winnifred was born in Tolt. she was born in 1899 and died in 1938. John and Winnifred had three children. They were Milo Wingfield Clark (born October 20, 1919 and died in 1984), Gene Robert Clark (born September 25, 1921 and died on April 4, 1983), and Wayne Allison Clark (born May 11, 1926 and died October 28, 1971). It says on his tombstone: "Wayne Allison Clark, Washington, MOMMS, U.S. Navy World War II"

All three of John and Winnifred's children

served in World War II.

Gene married Evelyne Herzog. They had 13 children. They are Winifred Lucinda (7/5/47), John Robert (7/11/48-10/48), Bonnita Susan (7/29/49), Rosilee Ann (7/28/51), Lawrence Gene (11/10/52), Mary Joanne (5/8/54), Karen Louise (10/12/55), Virginia Marie (5/15/57), David Allen (8/12/58), Gregory Steven (4/19/60), James Andrew (5/23/62), Patricia Elizabeth (2/13/64) and Helen Teresa (5/18/66).

Wayne married Nellie Palmer and had three children. They are Sandra Lynn (5/17/50), Barbara (11/23/51), and Lisa Ann (6/27/68).

Many of the Clarks are buried at the Novelty Cemetery where there is a family plot.

Notes from the editors:

Thank you to Karen Louise Clark Tipton for her information on the Clark family. Her father was John's second son, Gene, who married Evelyne L. Herzog. Karen was number seven of their thirteen children. At the present time she is the cook for the Senior's luncheons and a very good one. She has one daughter and three sons. Delores Schroeder worked one summer in her high school years in the late 40's for John and his second wife, Betty, in the big, old second Clark house, which is known by many as Johnny Clark's house. Betty was born November 30, 1898, and died March 2, 1979. Delores is privileged to have been in the old barn before it burned down and remembers the big silver sleigh bells on the heavy horse harness. The barn was right across the road from the house. Another thing she remembers is seeing the spawning of salmon in the creek. We also want to thank Larry and Barbara Clark for their help in writing this story and for the picture of the first Clark house. Much of the information for this story came from notes found in the attic of the second Clark house by its present occupant, Carol Tyler. We do not know the name of the author, but we appreciate Carol's sharing of this valuable historic information.

THE MURDOCK FAMILY

By Bob Kusters

While reading the abstract of the farm that son, Robert, now owns, we intended to give a short history of the people who have owned or rented this farm since it began. As more information was found on the Murdock family, we decided to focus on them with but brief sketches of the others. The Addleman family bought the place from the Murdocks. Their daughter, Pearl, lived with her parents on the farm a short time before marrying Bill Funk in 1905. After Addlemans left the place, Bill and Pearl Funk moved onto this farm for a few years in the 1920's. The Robert Main family lived on this farm.

The Harry Miller family purchased the farm, living there from the late 1920's to the 1970's when my son, Robert, bought the remaining 17 acres and lived there since.

We had known the farm when the Millers lived in the old log house before removing it in 1942. The barn and silo across the ditch were taken down some years later. Mr. Miller had told us some things he had heard about some early day tragedies that happened to the homesteaders, but was not sure when or to whom these events had happened.

The 62 1/2 acre farm was first homesteaded in May of 1876 by Mr. George Plumb, but was not proved up, so was turned back in April of 1883. Mr. William Ladd then took the homestead in October of 1886, but this was canceled in February of 1889. Richard Murdock then filed on the property in February of 1889, but other records show that his family had been living there from 1885.

Richard and his wife, Cassie Murdock came from Nova Scotia, were married in Seattle in 1882. They lived in Georgetown for a few years before coming to Cherry Valley. Their oldest child, Minnie, was born in Seattle.

Richard was a logger and was away most of the time, but returned home often enough to keep the family growing. They had eight children, the last two born in Monroe after leaving the River Road in 1904. Of these children, four met untimely deaths and two of these deaths aroused my curiosity

enough to search a little further.

Talking with Mr. Miller many years ago, I asked why his north property line angled off toward the south. He told me that in the early days the Murdocks had lost a son who drowned in the river. The next door neighbor who lived on what is now the DeJong farm had helped a great deal in finding the boy's body. High ground for building in the valley is near the river and the farm next door had very little high land. The Murdocks gave the neighbor .8 acre, a triangular piece of land with its wide point on the river bank.

Bennie Murdock was nine and a half years old when he drowned in the Snoqualmie River Aug. 14, 1894.

The Murdocks oldest child, Minnie, met a



The old homestead house taken 1936. Lady is Henry Miller's mother.



Cassie Murdock, pioneer woman.

similar fate Jan. 8, 1904. She had lived most of her life on the homestead before moving to Monroe a short time before she died. (Minnie, her brothers, and sisters, no doubt took a boat

across the river to attend the first Cherry Valley school .25 mile downstream, and after the second school was built in 1893, they still had to cross the river to attend.)

In 1892 the Murdocks could look across the river and observe the Valley House being erected by Robert Crossman. The Crossmans had a daughter, Annie, about a year older than Minnie Murdock and these girls became good friends. Annie had left the valley for Victoria B.C., and Minnie decided to pay a visit to her old friend. She took the steamer, Clallam, on Jan. 8, 1904. The ship sank (probably near Victoria, as that's where the bodies were taken). Minnie was aboard the first life boat when it also was swamped. Her purse and watch were found on the lifeboat. It seems likely that Annie Crossman would have been waiting for her friend and identified her body. Services were held in the Monroe Methodist Church. Minnie was buried in the Monroe Cemetery ninety-two years ago.

Another Murdock daughter, Velma, born shortly before her sister, Minnie, died, came to a tragic end Nov. 7, 1919 when she fell into an elevator shaft in the Smith Tower in Seattle. She was sixteen years old and was born August 9, 1903.

Velma's brother, David, born in Nov., 1891, was killed in the woods in a logging accident April 17, 1917.

The four remaining Murdock children were Martha, born November, 1888, Elmer, born April 1, 1895 (died Mar. 20, 1966), Otis, born Dec. 19, 1904 (died Aug. 14, 1983), and Arthur, born Jan. 1, 1885 (died July 12, 1958). Arthur must have been Bennie's twin.

When I began my search for Murdock history, the first call we made was to a man we knew some years ago, Mr. Art Murdock, who then worked in Larry's Food Market in Monroe. Art then informed me that he was a son of Arthur Murdock and a

grandson of Richard and Cassie. He told me of recent visits to Nova Scotia and finding the place where his grandparents, Richard Murdock Cassie (White) originated. His sister, Agnes Funk, had more family history, so we twice visited her at her home in Monroe, and spoke with her on the phone a few times. By pooling information we have a clear understanding of the events that took place on that old homestead in Cherry Valley.

Because Mr. Murdock was away logging most of the time, it took a strong woman to tend the farm and raise the family. Cassie Inez White Murdock seems to have filled that spot. After moving to Monroe, she worked at Scotts laundry for a time.

Cassie died in Monroe Feb. 5, 1923 and was buried in the I.O.O.F. cemetery in Snohomish next to her son, Bennie. Richard Murdock lived another ten years after his wife and died Dec. 7, 1933 in Harborview Hospital. Mr. Murdock is buried in the Monroe Cemetery near the grave of his daughter, Minnie.

We wish to thank Eleanora Trim, Alta Wainscott, Art Murdock and Edna Funk for their helpful information.



My father Arthur Murdock and mother Amy Farrell (George) Murdock's Sept 17, 1919 wedding photo.

BOOTLEGGING DAYS at DUVALL

By Lee Johnson

Prohibition of alcohol was the law of the land in the 1920's. These were my childhood days. My mother was busy with the restaurant, "Traveler's Cafe" near Hix's on Main Street. At age ten, I had lots of freedom to roam once my obligatory gallon of potatoes were peeled.

Whisky, hard cider, and wine seemed to be obtainable for those who wanted them. Some women seemed to use a lot of Lydia Pinkham's Compound, largely comprised of alcohol. There were lots of sheltered creeks such as Bear Creek and Cherry Creek where the nearby residents were big consumers of grain, malt, and sugar. One day a sheriff's car stood on Main Street with a large alcohol still tied to its bumper. That close-up still of a still proved useful to me later.

It took little time for us kids with any amount of avarice in our make-up to hone in on which drunks were free with their money when they were drinking. All a kid had to do was greet them in a friendly manner to be rewarded with a coin. Even one cent in the 1920's could buy some candy at Lon Brown's confectionery or at Hix's General Store. A nickel could buy a candy bar, package of gum, or even an ice cream cone.

We knew that men walked up town, that is in a southerly direction from the area of the Forest Inn or Mrs. Wilder's Boarding House with an unsteady gait. We would rush hopefully toward our possible benefactor with a "Good afternoon, Mr. Godlin", (or "Mr. Sullivan" as the case might be). Happy to be greeted by smiling kids after a lonely week at a logging camp or mine, our mark would cheerfully dole out coins to willing recipients. We would rush off with hasty thanks to spend our craftily conned coins.

I had a chance to examine the still at close range. I used that knowledge to escape deserved punishment for being gone too long one day some months later.

I took off to play with the kids on the south side of Duvall with my two nieces, Wilma and Louelle Taylor, who were just two and four and a half years

younger than I. We played with the Vickary girls and then went off into the woods, playing in the creek, then picking and eating wild huckleberries, thimbleberries, and luscious small blackberries.

Time sped by until the lowering sun warned us that we'd probably been gone six or eight hours, long enough to be missed. We knew we were in for a possible whipping with a razor strap. This wasn't a pleasant prospect, so we devised a story about discovering a still in a shack by the creek in a vague area south of the pole line by Pat Judge's place. We claimed to have heard chopping and followed the sound to this ill-defined location. We truly had heard chopping and sounds of a wedge being pounded, but the rest was pure fabrication. We claimed to have crept up to this location and hung around until we were sure everyone had gone. Then we described the still as being inside this imaginary shed. Our ruse worked! We not only weren't punished, but I heard later that some lawmen spent some futile hours trying to find the still we had described!



YOUNG JOHN CLARK

By Mary Lampson

John "Johnny" Clark was the son of Milo and Sena Clark (featured in the February, 1996 issue of the *Wagon Wheel*). He was a long-time valley resident.

Johnny was a sporting young man, so he went to the grade school at Novelty which was newer than the one in which his mother taught. It was built on the Clark property near where the Seattle Water District is now located. The school later consolidated with Carnation and he went to Cherry Valley to school.

In his high school years, Johnny and his brother would take a train Sunday evening to Monroe from

Duvall and not return until Friday. They spent too much time playing checkers one night and nearly missed the train to Monroe, but their frantic banging on the door was finally heard by the conductor, who stopped the already moving train.

On Fridays they had to wait until evening for the train, and therefore would have to look for a ride or walk most of the way from the train station home. Once they sought a ride from a milk truck that was going their way. The driver refused their request, so when the truck slowly began to pick up momentum on its hard rubber wheels, they climbed aboard with their suitcase. When it stopped, they got off and hid underneath. The driver saw the suitcase on the truck, and cursing the kids, set the case on the loading dock. The boys walked home.

John dated the young ladies of the valley. On one occasion he was out too late "biting the neck" of a lady across the river. His dad had locked the doors and retired to his room downstairs and his mother slept upstairs. She had a lady friend over who chose to sleep on the balcony upstairs. When John finally returned home, he was locked out. After failing to rouse his dad, he decided to climb the post to the balcony and his mother's room. Once over the rail he was face to face with another set of frightened eyes and some very loud screams to match. It didn't take long to reach the ground again. Mother heard and let him in.

John got married to Winnifred Wingfield August 20, 1918, and moved with his wife into the mother-in-law house up on the hill. (John's dad, Milo, died the same year.)

John's wife gave birth to a son, Gene, in 1919 and the little mother-in-law house was too small, so they asked the school teacher to move and John moved his little family across the road to the old family home.

One evening in the spring of 1919, while John and his wife were eating supper and baby was enjoying himself in a swinging jumper, a passing milkman burst through the door announcing the house was on fire.

He carried the baby, still in his jumper, outside, and John called the Duvall Fire Department. There

was no way to get help fast enough to save the house which was burning from the roof down. They quickly moved what they could out (which was most everything they had except for the important cemetery records which John kept in his attic office.)

The Clark family moved into the big house with his mother and sister. Another comfortable large bungalow styled house was built where the burned house had stood. John's mother and sister moved into it. John tended the dairy across the road and logged the rest of the day. He bought a logging outfit at one time because its owner couldn't pay him for the timber he had taken and sold. They got their logs to the river, then canoed to Snohomish guiding the logs to the mill.

During the hard depression years the family lived entirely on the food they raised. One year Johnny took ten acres in the valley and planted potatoes. At the end of the season the market was not as good as he was told they would be. He had to ship them by box car as far as Texas and sold them for almost cost.

Editor's Note: Information on Johnny Clark came from records found in the attic of the Clark house by its present occupant, Carol Tyler.



THANK YOU to the Valley Community Bank for providing copying services for the *Wagon Wheel*.



DOOR TO DOOR SALESMEN

By Bob Kusters

In the days when roads were poor, towns far apart on the Dakota prairie where we lived, and unreliable cars or horses the means of transportation, the traveling salesman was a welcome sight, especially for the kids. Several agents representing many companies such as Watkins, Raleigh, McNess, Zanol, and Fuller Brush had routes that they covered every month or two. These products had salesmen all over the country, but I doubt they made as great an impression on most folks as they did on those who lived fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest small town. When the Watkins or Raleigh salesman came to our door with signs on the sides of their Model T Fords or, even at times, a horse and buggy, they and their sample cases were always welcome—at least by the kids. Their heavy sample cases had many layers when they were opened up on the table or the floor for the family to inspect.

Their products were many and varied, such as spices of all sorts, vanilla extract, needles, thread, salves, bandages, iodine, cough syrup, different flavored nectars for soft drinks, shoe soles, heels, polish, and all sorts of home remedies, which included the ingredients for mustard or flaxseed poultices. There was an abundant supply of cod liver oil and castor oil. These items and many more were in the sample case or in boxes in his car. He also carried the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues, which played a big part in the lives of many families before and during the great depression.

Though anti-depressants were not available in those days, we did hear rumors now and then of some old timer using more of a certain brand of cough medicine or vanilla extract than was absolutely necessary.

Before the days of Social Security or health insurance selling these products provided a means of livelihood for many who could no longer do heavy work because of illness or injury.

A group that came by our Dakota farm every year or two were more like traders than salesmen. These were roving bands of gypsies. They always

stopped at our farm, but I do not remember more than one caravan a year, always in the summer.

We could see the covered, horse drawn wagons a long ways off. There would be five or six wagons, a cow, or horses tied behind. Pots and pans, tubs etc. were tied to the outside of the wagons, and the people sat inside the wagons.

We heard them as they came down the hot, dusty dirt road, harnesses jingling and wagons squeaking. By the time they pulled into our yard, we would have collected the shovels, tools, tubs, etc., put them near the house and gathered the chickens into the coop. The children were assigned stations so they could report any mischief going on.

Looking back, there wasn't that much they could make off with, but since the men folk were all in the fields, we knew that Ma could handle the situation. Rumor had it that chickens, pigs, horse harnesses and bridles, and even kids were vulnerable when the gypsies were around, but Ma seemed more concerned about the material things.

When the group came to a stop, everyone would climb out of the wagons and go off in all directions while a couple of the men would go to the house and ask to water their horses at the big round wooden stock tank which was always full from an artesian well. I now believe they may have had maps that showed the farms with a good water supply as water was scarce on most farms. They would ask about trading a horse or a cow, even old copper wash boilers, but the only thing they got from us were a few young roosters that Ma sold them.

After an hour the horses were again hitched to the wagons, and everybody would climb aboard and the band would head north a few miles and set up camp on some open prairie for a day or two.

The gypsies wore colorful clothes, laughed a lot and seemed to live a carefree life. I believe their lifestyle was envied by a few Dakota dirt farmers.

It was 1932 when we were last visited by gypsies, but saw a caravan once in Idaho during the 1930's. Cor Sinnema also told me recently of a

gypsy caravan stopping at the Frank Felder farm in Stillwater about 1930. So these caravans of gypsies seemed to have roamed nationwide.

When we came to this area in 1940, a few door to door salesmen were still around, but when the war came along with gas rationing, the salesmen were less frequent. After the war only a McNess man and Fuller brush man ever came to our door.

There was, however, another type of salesman in this area that we had not seen in the midwest, who came around once a week selling bread, meat, and dry cleaning. Smith Cleaners from Monroe came around once a week, picking up clothes to be cleaned and delivered the following week. They had this route for many years—probably to the mid 1950's.

Hi Wallace had a meat route when we arrived in 1940 and I remember seeing him for the first time on his route. He came around once a week, selling all kinds of fresh and cured meats door to door in a panel delivery truck. In those days the Wallace's had a butcher shop on their farm near the road where Hi would load up his panel truck, or where customers could buy meat. When Hi pulled up to the door, he always had a smile and a kind word for young and old alike. Around 1942, his brother, Jim, bought the farm on the River Road and built a meat shop which he operated for many years. This shop is still operating today under the ownership of the Giulianis.

Many people would call this article incomplete if Frank Waugaman's Golden Rule bakery route was not included. Mr. Waugaman was born in Eddyville, Iowa, in 1886 on a farm where his family raised produce and sold it in nearby towns. The family business was doing well, but Frank decided to go west. He stayed in Portland for a time in 1904, then went to Bellingham, working for Bloedel-Donovan logging Co., and in 1906 lived in Lewiston, Idaho.

Frank returned to Iowa and married hometown girl, Hazel, then in 1908 took up a homestead in Hermiston, Oregon. For seventeen years, they struggled on the homestead, then in 1925 they bought a dairy farm near Everson, Washington, near where he had logged twenty years earlier.

After a few years their oldest daughter died while in college, then the barn burned down and Frank's son, who was working for Golden Rule bakery found a job for his father at Golden Rule Dairy in Snoqualmie. In 1932 Frank talked the company into letting him start a bakery delivery route. This route was a success and lasted until around 1948 when he retired.

Frank seemed to know everyone and had a host of customers that he saw each week, even in the days when many of the roads were bad.

Pink Marty remembers when the West Valley road was muddy in the early 1930's and Mr. Waugaman's delivery truck needed a pull to get it back on the road, so Pink's Dad hitched up a team of horses and put the truck back on solid footing. The Marty family was given a nice cake by Frank for pulling the truck out of the mud and Mr. Waugaman continued on his way.

He traveled many miles every week, and knew many people, blowing the horn at houses to let customers know of his arrival, or putting loaves of bread in the mailbox to fill a standing order.

Frank was involved in another venture—a gold mine in Gold Bar. His partner was Hector Brown, a gold miner from Idaho. Frank and Hector leased the Wilbur Gold mine in the hills near Gold Bar which was operated under the name of Lake Serene Mining Company until the Klondike gold rush. They shipped a few loads of ore to Tacoma in 1949, but the mine was not a success, so they closed it down in the fall of 1949. Frank wrote a book, *All in a Lifetime*, when he was 88 years old.

THRESHING

By Bob Kusters

Many of my age or younger have never experienced the excitement of a huge iron wheeled tractor pulling a thresher, rumbling into the farm yard to thresh out the crops that were raised that summer. A week or two before the threshing crew arrived, the oats, wheat, or barley would have been cut and bound by a grain binder to which three or four horses were hitched to pull it around the grain field. The binder had a sickle eight or ten feet long which cut the grain stalks well below the heads. The grain then was pulled onto a platform that had a moving canvas called a draper which moved the grain to another canvas that carried the grain up at an angle into the binder where it was packed into a bundle which was then tied and knotted and

dropped onto a carrier which held several bundles until they were dropped in a windrow by the driver. Above the sickle bar and platform was a large reel with six blades that reached into the standing grain stalks, pulling them gently on to the moving canvas on the platform as the stalks were being cut off at the bottom.

After the grain was bundled a shocking crew would come in, and taking two bundles, set them up leaning against each other, and then take eight, ten, or more bundles and lean them up against the first two, making a shock with all the stalks standing with the heads up so they could dry to ripen. The shocks would be kept far enough apart so a team and wagon could get between them at threshing



Picture of threshing machine taken in 1995 at Tualco Valley Threshing Show by Maurice Drumm

time. The shocks would be left in the field for a few days or more to cure, depending on the weather and the arrival of the thresher.

A threshing ring would have been formed by a few neighbors so they could help each other with the threshing as it took quite a few men, horses and hay wagons to keep the separator or thresher busy. This also kept the cost down by not having to hire so many men and wagon teams. There were also some variables as to the size of the crew depending on the size of the thresher and the distance the bundles had to be hauled.

Trailing behind the huge tractor as it came huffing and puffing down the road were several bundle racks, a grain wagon, and usually a Model T touring car with the top down carrying milk cans full of water, oil, tools, belt dressing, or whatever else it took to keep the engine and separator going.

While the owner/operator parked the thresher and anchored it, the long belt would be put on the tractor and perfectly aligned with the thresher so it would stay on the pulleys. The bundle wagons would head for the field to get their first load of bundles.

Once in the field two or more men would pitch the bundles onto the hayracks while the teamster placed the bundles so they wouldn't slide off.

In Dakota the men in the field were called spike pitchers or other titles would be given to them if they happened to jab the man on the load with their forks. These men stayed in the field until noon when they would ride in on the last rack they had loaded.

When the teamster brought his load in, they would drive close to the machine and pitch the bundles head first into the separator. On the larger threshers they would unload from both sides at the same time. Some horses would be a bit skittish about getting close to all the noisy machinery and the long belt, but would usually adjust after a time.

There were times when the bundles would be put into a stack before time, then when the thresher came, bundle wagons were not needed so the thresher would be pulled in next to the stack or between two stacks and the bundles pitched into the machine directly from the stack. Old pictures show a long belt running from the tractor to the separator. I am told this distance was needed to keep sparks

from the tractors away from the straw so it would not start a fire, while it also gave the teams and wagons a bit more room to maneuver into position. There may have been other reasons for the lengthy belt of which I am not aware. The belt would have to be tightened as it warmed up and stretched with use. Then, after they shut down for the day, the tractor would be moved forward, the belt loosened and sometimes taken off and rolled up for the night to shrink as it cooled off.

The operator, who usually wore an engineer's striped cap, spent his time oiling and greasing the engine and separator or watering the big tractor. If the belt began to slip, he would get his ever handy belt dressing and hold it against the inside of the belt, leaving a layer of "stickum" on it to keep the belt from spinning on the pulleys. I have also seen Fels Naptha soap used when belt dressing was in short supply.

Old timers could tell many stories about accidents or pranks by the threshing crew. One accident happened to my mother's uncle whose arm was caught in the big tractor pulley when he was putting dressing on the belt. As his arm went around the pulley, he was thrown into the air and he came down minus his arm. In his later years he became well known as a salesman for Watkins Products.

After the grain was threshed out, it came through a pipe or chute directly into a grain wagon which, when filled, would be driven to a granary and unloaded with scoop shovels. The grain could also be put into sacks as it came from the machine. A sack sewer would then sew the sacks closed and stack the grain to be hauled to a grain elevator at a later date. The straw was blown out of a big pipe at the rear of the machine onto a huge pile. This pipe could be moved in order to make a wider or higher stack.

Many farmers in the colder climates would build a woven wire pen, enclosed on all sides and the top, before the threshing crew came. When the thresher came it would be moved in close to this pen and blow the straw on top and around it. After threshing the opening would be cleared and a warm shelter for the livestock would be formed.

**Story to be continued in next month's
*Wagon Wheel***

THRESHING (Cont.)

By Bob Kusters

The weather could be hot and the crops poor, but one thing was sure. Come noon, the crew would have a meal to remember. I guess that you haven't really lived until you've eaten with a Midwest threshing crew. At noon, after the engine had been shut down, the horses fed and watered, the crew would gather around a wash bench outdoors to clean up before eating. There would be a bucket of water with a dipper, a wash basin, and plenty of soap and towels. After each one washed, they would dump the basin of water on the ground so it was ready for the next grimy worker.

While the crew washed up, the family and a few neighbor ladies would be carrying the food from the kitchen to a long table set up out of doors. A two or three burner kerosene stove would sometimes be set up to keep some things hot while the kitchen range would be loaded with pots and pans cooking other foods.

All this cooking of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, salads, cakes, pies etc. was done by these ladies in starched aprons without benefit of refrigerators, ice boxes, mixers, electricity or many

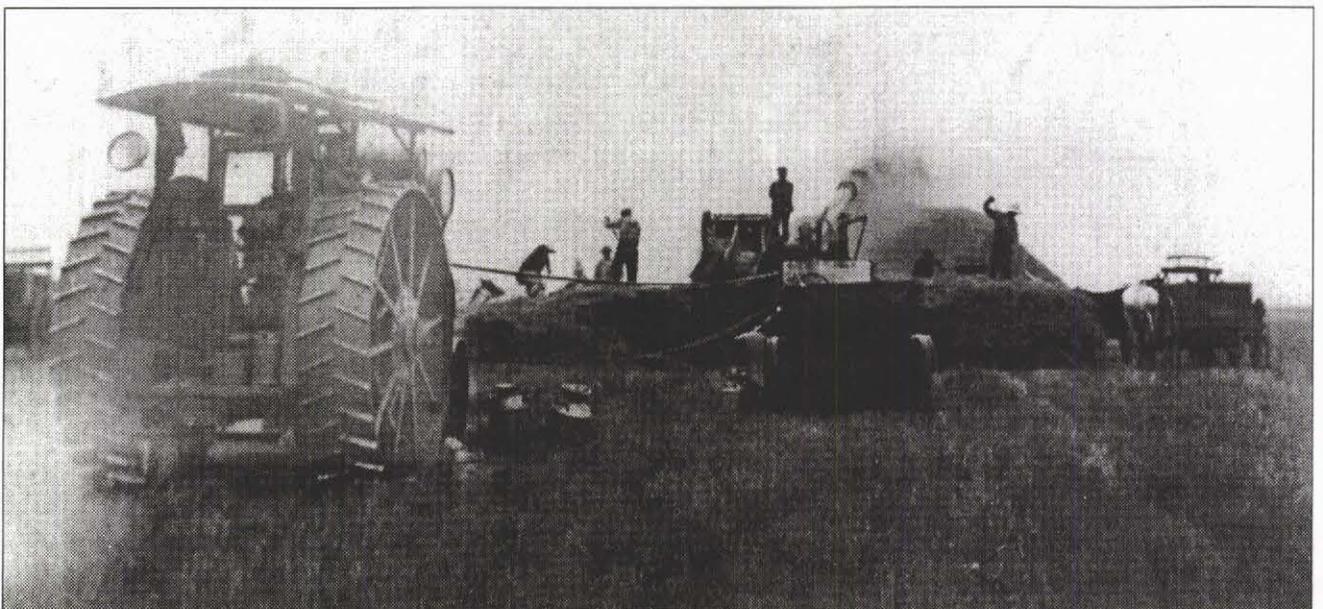
things considered necessities today. Everything was made from scratch—cakes and bread included, not to forget the huge enameled coffee pot used for picnics or threshing crew.

About ten a.m. and again at four p.m. cake, coffee, lemonade etc. would be carried to the crew and the crew would all take their turn as they came in with the loaded bundle racks.

This was threshing as I remember it as a youngster in the Midwest. By the time we arrived in the Valley in 1940 threshing had dwindled to almost nothing. Some northern counties still grew some small grain and I remember working for a few days on a threshing crew in Whatcom County in 1941.

In earlier years, many local farmers had raised some grain, but often by harvest time the rains came or heavy fog kept the grain too damp for threshing.

Another problem I have been told was crops growing so rank and heavy in this climate that a slight wind or rain would make the crop lay down, so much of the grain would be passed over when the binder tried to cut it. This was also a somewhat lesser problem in other parts of the country.



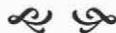
Threshing rig of Bob Koster's uncle, John Van Der Pol circa 1925.

Sixty years ago grain grew much taller, but new varieties were developed over time that are much shorter and not as likely to lay down under bad conditions.

Before the days of fertilizers and irrigation, this area could grow huge crops if the weather cooperated. Whidbey Island farmers, for many years held the United States records of bushels per acre on some grains. The records may still stand today, but I am not sure.

During the 1940's and 1950's when trucks and roads became better, grain was hauled from Eastern Washington directly to some farms where it was ground up and mixed for their cattle. This, too, has given way to bulk feed tanks and pelleted grain in use today.

Thus we see many changes in this valley which was once covered with large trees and brush. Then the land was cleared and covered with many farms raising cattle, hay, and grain. Today, farms and cattle are being sold because of poor governmental policies. How long will it be before the information generation gets the information that they cannot survive without food and the land to produce it on? What does the future hold for this productive valley after the farmers are gone? Watch for the next big change which is coming soon.



MY EARLY DAYS

by Bob Koters



I have lived in this valley for almost fifty-seven years, but I was born in South Dakota and spent my earliest years there in Douglas County about twenty miles east of the Missouri River. Later our family moved to a farm near Grangeville, Idaho.

Born at home in the hard blizzard of January, 1924, I was later told how my dad, unable to use the car, went by train and bobsled to get my grandmother for help. Then he went after a doctor who

was fifteen miles away. The doctor came part of the way and was met by my dad with the sled and brought to the house.

Along with my brothers and sisters, I attended a one room schoolhouse which was called Koters School. It was about a mile from where I lived. As the old school had burned down shortly after I was born, a new and more modern school had been erected in its place. The largest number of students in the eight grades at one time was 15 while I attended, however in earlier times the attendance was larger. My mother had attended the same school.

The school had two cloak rooms, one classroom heated by a coal furnace while outside were two outhouses with doors that would close if there wasn't too much snow. There also was a concrete cistern with a pump, a flag pole, and a giant stride for playground equipment installed around 1931. The school had a basement for the furnace where we would go at recess if the weather was bad or a bad storm was coming and those living farther off couldn't make it home in time. There were a few times when our family was the only one at school.

When snow was on the ground we played "Fox and Geese." Other times we played "Dare Base" or sometimes baseball if we had a ball and bat.

I started first grade the fall of 1929 at five years of age, but as we lived closest to school, I was able to make the trip. The school was built on part of our farm. When we left in March of 1933, the children of our family were all promoted to the next grade and I remember handing the teacher in Idaho those credentials.

GOOD NEWS!!

The Dougherty house now belongs to the City of Duvall, so a historical museum may soon become a reality.



MY EARLY DAYS (Cont.)

By Bob Kusters

We left South Dakota March 27, 1933 following the old Oregon Trail to Boise, Idaho. Then on April 1 we traveled north along the Salmon River arriving in Grangeville that night. As there were no motels in those days we stayed nights in wayside cabins that had a stove on which the cooking was done and had a sandwich along the road at noon.

Though it was early in the year, we saw many other cars and trucks loaded down with families and goods going west. We, in our 1928 Chev, would recognize these rigs as they passed us or we passed them from day to day. Some of them camped along the road, putting up a tent at night.

With a jump seat in the back, luggage carriers in the rear, and on the running boards, the trip was made without so much as a flat tire, though loaded with my seven brothers, sisters, and parents.

Soon after arriving in Idaho, we rented a small wheat farm of one hundred acres and my dad and older brothers and sisters found work—my dad as a carpenter, brother Bill as a farm worker, and my sister as an undertaker's assistant.

In the fall of 1933 three of us started school in town with all twelve grades and thirty or more students in each grade. I started sixth grade and squeaked by gradually adjusting to a large school where each one had to buy their own books, paper etc. We went on through the seventh and eighth grades. Somehow we managed the ninth, but missed quite a bit due to farm work. Starting my sophomore year the weather was good, so we did the fall plowing and did not return to school.

My mother's relatives and most of our South Dakota neighbors followed us to Idaho, but as most small farms were being swallowed up by larger ones, most of these people went on to Washington or California.

In the fall of 1939 my parents were out here for a trip, renting a dairy farm by Novelty, so in February of 1940 we had a farm auction, selling what cattle, horses, and machinery we had accumulated, and moved west again.



Bob Kusters

Once more, the older ones found work while the younger ones helped milk about thirty cows by hand. Between making hay and silage at home, I found work on other farms. The summer of 1941 we raised sweet corn and beans for the Reichman Cannery in Carnation, my first non farm job. The younger brothers and sisters attended Novelty School, so with three born in Idaho, all had something to do.

I met my good wife, Mae Spoelstra soon after arriving in Washington. We attended the same church (later the firehall) where we were married in 1944. We have celebrated fifty-two years together. My parents moved on to Lynden in 1945 with younger members of the family, while five older ones stayed in this area.

We started farming in 1948 and oldest son, Ken, took over in 1969. We have two other sons, Ted and Robert, all living in the area. We still live on the Spoelstra farm and am the only one of my family that stayed on the farm. Of eleven children, all except one sister are still alive. Others live in Michigan, Alaska, California etc., but I alone

remained in this area, probably because my wife wants to stay on the farm where she was born.

Editor's note: The roof of Ken Koster's barn caved in during the recent great snowstorm of 1996. Ken is the son of Bob and Mae Koster. This barn was the original Spoelstra barn built in 1916. Mae Koster remembers learning to skate by hanging on to the stanchions, playing basketball and riding tricycles in the building as well as work memories. It's fate has not yet been determined.



NEWS BITS

The King County Council has approved funds for an inventory of historic sites in Duvall. The Historical Society will work with an inventory expert on this project.

A \$25,000 grant has been awarded to the City of Duvall for beginning renovations of the Dougherty house.

The City of Duvall has submitted a grant proposal for funds to complete the work on the Dougherty House by the turn of the century.



The Bob & Mae Koster farm before the snowstorm.

BITS OF GERALD FUNK'S DUVALL MEMORIES

By Bob Kusters

Editor's Note: Over a period of several years we have exchanged letters with Gerald Funk and his wife, Esther in which he talked about growing up on his parents' farm across the river from Duvall. With his permission we are publishing part of one of these letters in the "Wagon Wheel".

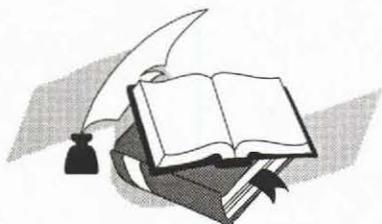
Gerald was born on the farm where Art and Letha Herman now live, and later moved onto a farm that his parents, Ches and Margaret Funk, purchased when Gerald was quite young. This farm is now a part of the Benthem farm, making up the southern and western part of that farm.

Gerald grew up on that farm, attending school in Duvall and graduating from high school in 1937. In February, 1940, he went to work in California where he remained until he retired, then moved to Paonia, Colorado, where they now live.

His parents and brother, Don, stayed on the farm a year or two before moving to Duvall. His mother, Margaret, had been a teacher in earlier times and died in a tragic accident in 1942, soon after the move to town. Lake Margaret was given its name after she fell into the lake on a picnic many years ago.

Ches Funk ran a cafe in Duvall for a time, becoming the town's mayor around 1950. Gerald's older brother, Don, became historian for the area, writing many articles for the *Carnavall Reporter*, Duvall's weekly paper during the 1950's.

Gerald has strong ties to this area where he grew up. He and Esther still attend the annual Duvall School reunion picnic frequently.



From Gerald's letters:

"I remember seeing the Al Fausset "capsule" sitting on a trailer parked on the sidewalk in front of the Forest Inn. I was on my way home from school. The "Inn" burned in 1930 (quote from *Wagon Wheel* book), so I must have been 7 or 8 years old. The capsule seemed to be hewn from a solid log and had a trap door."



"I've probably told you this before. I feel bad that there were never any pictures taken of the logging operation in front of our house by the river. The log dump and trestle along the river bank. Also the rail line across the valley and Long Lake. The woodwork by the river was in pretty good shape when I was a child. Dad snagged one or two logs that were loose off of the dump and we sawed them for firewood (when the river was high)."



"In 1938 Don and I helped Dad build the barn (only one left). The whole bottom frame was made from round timbers. It was quite a job to shim and level up for the flooring due to the tapers. Clyde Fortman also helped set up the bottom timbers.

"We watched Ward Roney circling the valley in the old "Jenny" airplane. The first airplane I can remember seeing in flight. Cousin Myrtle O'dell and I watched it circle and then glide down beyond the bridge and not come up again. John O'dell drove us down there in their 1926 Model "T" coupe. We walked over to the plane and it was still upright. There were deep muddy ruts where the wheels had dug in. I remember taking the prop in my hand and trying to move it.

I remember the pre-Model "T" days too. Riding in the buggy and the hitching posts and pipes in town. Also the watering troughs. I don't think our buggy went much further than down the river road

or to Frank Thayer's. All distance travel to Monroe or Seattle was by stage.

When we had to go to Mother's family in Tacoma, we took the stage to Seattle, then a passenger boat to Tacoma. That was a big treat!"



"We got electric power to our farm in 1928. Dad had our house wired and I remember our family turned all the lights on that night and going outside to see the new miracle. It was a big improvement over the kerosene lamps and lanterns."



Another memory I have that left a lasting impression was a terrible wreck that occurred just north of Duvall about 1925 or 1926. I'm not sure.

There used to be a wooden trestle that went west from near the top of the school hill road and curved around north and went down to the old gravel road that used to follow the river. A large notch might still be cut out of the bluff where the trestle rested.

A family – man and wife and two children in a nearly new Willys Knight sedan from Utah or Colorado turned left onto the bridge about dusk. It was wet. The car skidded sideways and went through the south railing and landed on its top 50 (??) feet below.

We walked up there, and I remember seeing them taking the bodies (covered) to the hearse. We were standing on the bridge looking down.

The mother had been sleeping in the back and survived with a broken leg. I recall seeing the car in Anderson's garage with the top flattened.

NEWS BITS

HERITAGE CORRIDOR

Julie Koler from the King County Office of Historic Preservation spoke at the last Historical Society meeting about the Heritage Corridor program funded by the Transportation Department. This program provides funds for publicity and preservation of important sites along certain historically significant highways. She is encouraging people in the Snoqualmie Valley to think about designating Highway 203 from the upper valley to Monroe as one of these historic highways.

Julie is looking for local volunteers to work on this project. If you are interested, call Don Williams at 788-6209.

AKCHO MEETING

The February meeting of the Association of King County Historical Organizations will be held at the Wooden Boat Center in Seattle on Tues., Feb. 25 at 9:30 a.m. Historical Society members are invited to attend.

CULTURAL RESOURCES BOARD

The Duvall Cultural Resources Board viewed a video on historic preservation, restoration, rehabilitation, and reconstruction at their last meeting. The importance of knowing the differences and defining the purpose for a project was emphasized. This information will be helpful for our museum.



FIRST GRADUATE

By Bob Kusters

Having heard or read several different versions of when and where the high school was established in Cherry Valley, we began looking for any information that high school classes were held in School #2.

This building was on the east bank of the Snoqualmie as was School #1. School #3 was built in 1904 near the present day Cherry Valley school and was to have high school classes along with the lower grades.

Finding in Martha Barnett's book on Duvall history that Edith Allen had graduated from Cherry Valley High School in 1906, I wondered how it could be if the school was built in 1904. My wife and I decided to visit Eleanor Zaremba and Bill Trulson on a recent Sunday afternoon to see if they knew more of their mother's graduation. They told

us that their mother, Edith Allen, had finished high school in two years, making her, we believe, the first person to graduate from Cherry Valley High School.

We know that other Cherry Valley and Novelty students had graduated from high school before 1904, but attended school in Seattle or other high schools to get their diplomas.

For more recent valley residents, we remind you that the 3 story school built in 1910 was built directly in front of School #3 and the buildings were connected. This building was used until the present day Cherry Valley School was built in 1957 and Building #4 was turned into apartments.

We are pleased that Eleanor and Bill gave us a copy of their mother's graduation program to use with this article.

Commencement Exercises

Cherry Valley High School
Friday Evening, May 25th, 1906

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

H. S. ALLEN R. E. FUNK H. W. LEAK

FACULTY

J. N. McELVAIN, Principal
MARGARET JOHNS, Assistant

GRADUATES

HIGH SCHOOL

Edith Allen

EIGHTH GRADE

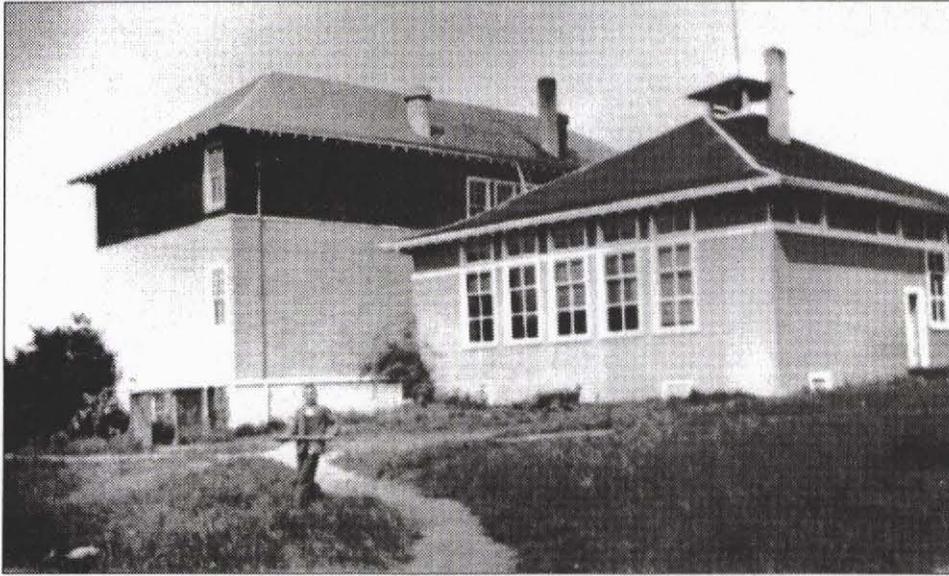
Mabel Lyons Kathaline Dougherty Mary Dougherty

ATTENDANCE

Beda Johnson Loyd Leak
Mary Leak Emma Addleman
Flossie Pickering

PROGRAM

1. Instrumental Music.
2. Recitation, Beda Johnson
3. Essay, "The Red Man of America," Mary Dougherty
4. Song, Quartette
5. Recitation, Mary Leak
6. Essay, "Joan of Arc," Mabel Lyons
7. Recitation, Flossie Pickering
8. Solo, Mrs. Lula Elwell
9. Recitation, Emma Addleman
10. Essay, "Exile of the Acadians," Kathaline Dougherty
11. Recitation, Loyd Leak
12. Duet.
13. Recitation, Mamie Knutson
14. Essay, "Influence of Ideals," Edith Allen
15. Recitation, Mabel Lyons
16. Class Prophecy, Merl McMillan
17. Solo, Bessie Lloyd
18. Address to Class, Prof. O. W. Colgate
19. Presentation of Diplomas.



School #3 (small bldg.); School #4 (large bldg.)

MRS. LEAK'S SALVE

by Bob Kusters

Early day medicines and home cures have been around for a long time, coming to this country by immigrants from many countries or from those living here before the white man came. Today, many Americans seem to be going back to some of those old cures. The one I want to mention was a salve used on me soon after coming to Washington.

It was in the hot summertime of 1943. After we had been putting in hay for many days, I developed two big sores under my belt. This probably happened because pitching hay with my shirt off, the sweat and hay seeds created an irritation.

A lady down the road who later became my wife, heard of my suffering and said she could fix it up for me. This was the first I had heard of "Mrs. Leak's salve".

Some reddish salve was put on these rather large sores, then bandaged and before long, was completely healed. I have heard of this salve being used by many different people in those days and it had high ratings amongst the locals.

THE LARGE TIMBER

(From *History of King County*
by Clarence Bagley)

Clarence Bagley writes of a large squared timber brought down from the Snoqualmie Valley at some earlier time. This timber had been cut from a

441 year old Douglas fir tree and was 51" x 53" by 111' long. This huge block was loaded onto three flat cars and taken to New York and other cities where it was on display for public viewing. It contained 25,000 board feet and ended up being a large lunch counter in a Chicago beer saloon. This timber has been written about in at least one other historical record.



NEWS BITS

GRANTS!!!

Another grant for the restoration of the Dougherty House has been approved. This gives us \$47,000 to use for restoration. Our dream of a museum will soon be a reality.

Duvall has also received a grant to do an inventory of historic places. A search is now being made to find an expert to lead us in carrying out this project.

PHOTO DISPLAY

Members of the Tolt and Duvall Historical societies viewed the photo exhibit at Lk. Wa. Technical College which contains several Snoqualmie Valley pictures.



THE SINN FAMILY

By Bob Kusters

Editors' note: We felt a letter from Loren Sinn, a former Novelty resident, around Christmas time in 1996, would be of interest to our Wagon Wheel readers.

Loren lived on the banks of the Snoqualmie River with a brother and a sister on the farm owned by Harry Sinn and Ethel Benham Sinn, their parents. This farm is located a half mile south of Novelty and then another half mile west on a gravel road. This farm is midway between the present day Cook farm to the south and the Westman farm to the north.

Loren's mother, Ethel Benham, was born on what is now the Benthem farm across the river from Duvall. She married Harry Sinn, who was born in a cabin on the Chris Unger homestead where Ray and Tove Burhen now reside.

Soon after Harry was born the family moved up the hill a short distance to a house near the creek south of the lake on the Loutsis farm. This farm was known as the Leyde place. Chris Loutsis tells us that the foundation of that Sinn place still remains.

Many years ago when Harry Sinn died, Ethel married Elmer Pazer. After Elmer died, Ethel moved to Carnation where she now lives. Loren, their oldest child, lives in Independence, Missouri. He attended schools at Novelty, Cherry Valley, and Tolt High School. It was very thoughtful of Loren to send us a copy of his aunt Helen's letter written in 1969. Helen never married and lived in eastern Washington. Her letter to Loren and now shared by others makes us realize how important it is to leave a picture or write a few words so those that follow may get a glimpse of an earlier way of life. Helen Sinn died in 1979.

10-11-69

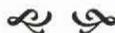
Dear Loren-

You stated you were saving my letter regarding what I said about life in the woods. Had I known you were going to do that I would have given you a more complete account. Sometime I am going to put these things all down in a note book as I think of them and with grandma's help. You know in those days we didn't live like people do now. We didn't know what an ice box or a refrigerator was—yet you never heard of ptomaine poisoning. Here's another thing. When there was a death in the neighborhood, they held a "wake" which was a mystery to me in those days. Why all they did was to watch the corpse. Yet it was what was known as a custom.

There was no Duvall as we know it now. Arthur Hix owned the only "general" store. He never seemed to have a worry and was well known for his cheerful "humming". His store was down by the old bridge and you may know about the location.

Another thing in those days (when I went to school I didn't know much about the English language), the two room school was run by a couple who I referred to as "Mama and Papa teacher". Grandma said at first I didn't know what this business was all about so I set out to find out for myself. I went to the room where the bigger kids were and sat down. Papa teacher left me there, since I didn't bother any one.

Another thing I remember, we had a scrawny plum tree. I put a small ladder along side and proceeded on my way up. The old pig had an itch and decided to relieve his problem by using the ladder as a rubbing post. Of course, you know what happened. I was down in a hurry.



LIFE IN THE WEST

by Helen Sinn

Along about 1901 a young woman, Amanda Sinn, and a very small girl (Helen), left New Liberty, Iowa (the home of her parents) to come west. The trip was made by train which took about 4 days and nites. What a tiresome trip it was for a young mother. In those days a dining car had not been heard of. All passengers brought provisions with them—things that wouldn't spoil. In those days the trains were smoky and dusty and when you went thru a tunnel one could smell smoke.

It must have seemed like an endless trip, but finally we reached Seattle. Father took us out to what was to be our new home which in time it became known as the "Unger place". Mother had not been prepared for this. She knew no one and was extremely "homesick". The house which I do not remember, I suppose was enuf (sic) to accommodate us, probably 2 rooms—one to cook and eat in and the other as a bedroom. In time brother Harry joined us. For a young woman who had never been compelled to "rough it" she certainly did a wonderful job in adjusting.

Our next move was to a home in the woods. We had neighbors but we never saw them. To us children we were never afraid. It was here where father went to work "in the woods". Accidents will happen and it did to him. One day he was brought home with a broken leg. That meant a long siege in the hospital in Monroe. He was brought there by buggy—(not sitting up), but a back seat was removed and a mattress put down before the journey (some ambulance). A Dr. had been summoned to get him ready and now to our poor mother fell the lot to make the living—she did a wonderful job of it. She had the janitor job at the 2 room school, also laundry by way of a washboard. We had a grand strawberry patch on this place.

Sometimes when mother came home from her day's toil, Harry and I were nowhere around. We had become acquainted with grandma and grandpa

Leyde. Grandma begged mother not to punish us for running away (as though she would).

After a time father was home again, leg all healed. We had visitors from the East and they thought the woods was full of Indians. Any how when brother and I saw these folks we beat it for the woods. They (the visitors) were fearful lest the Indians would get us. Mother assured them that we kids would be back when we got hungry. We were.

We had no such thing as "auto" freight. A neighbor known as "Alf Pickering" took care of any freight hauling to be done. He took our orders and left it on the road on our stand which was generally at nite. And of course regardless of the time we went after it. We did have a wheel barrow and I think a horse. In those days people could be trusted—no stealing.

The only grocery store was "Hix's". It was down where the "old bridge" used to be. I will always remember Mr. Hix by his humming. By this time we were in a "Depression" during the Cleveland administration. We had no money but mother was resourceful. She sold eggs and had customers for the butter she made. Father made a yoke (Dutch style). Eggs were carried in buckets attached to this yoke. When mother returned home she was never empty handed. For the eggs and butter she sold at Hix's she got groceries. We also had a root cellar where we kept potatoes and other vegetables as well as canned fruit and meat. Canned fruit was mostly wild blackberries.

There was a creek (crick) running thru the place with cold water. This was also our water supply. Father made a small shed where a crock was put. It was here that we kept our eggs, milk, and butter.

By now I was started on my educational career in the 2 room school and the teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Colgate, "Mama and Papa teacher". I spoke very little English. It must have seemed tiresome to me because I couldn't understand what others were doing and the books. One day I strayed. "Mama teacher" started looking for me and sure enuf I was in the room with "Papa teacher" and the rest of the gang.

RESEARCHING VALLEY FAMILIES

By Bob Kosters

For several years we have tried to dig up history of families that have at one time lived in Cherry Valley or Duvall. These requests usually came from descendants who believe their relatives once lived in this area. These requests come to me by way of the library, bookstore, the annual school reunion picnic or the Duvall Historical Society. Those who ask for information are not always sure when the person or family lived in the area or what work they were engaged in while they lived here. The first thing we do to begin the search is to look at the census records, then voter registration records, paper clippings, obituaries, etc. Then we talk to local long time residents. Quite often we can answer their questions and at times they give us bits of information that help us to understand the past a little bit better.

Two years ago a lady from Lake Stevens contacted us. She believed her ancestor had at one time been mayor of Duvall and hauled down Main Street in an outhouse. We could not verify that the man had been mayor or taken down the street in such an undignified manner, but with help from Velma Hill, we found that the family had lived up the hill on Virginia Street where the Trims live today.

This Meyers family had children, Orville, Eva, and Annie, who attended school in 1920. Other requests for information have come from relatives whose ancestors split up when the father or husband had trouble finding his way home from the logging camp. Family members now living in other states are hoping some light can be shed on their errant relatives past.

Since the beginning of the year we have worked with Kay Winslow from California on the Quaale family tree as her father was Joe Quaale, baptized in the Vincent school where church services were held before the Novelty Church was organized. The Quaale family spelled their name many different ways, but Bill Quaale from Vincent helped out with an old copy of the family tree. Ole Ronnei remembered where the Quaales first lived upon arrival

from Norway.

We met with the Winslows once and still exchange letters. In this way she sends us information while we help in her search. From Kay we have received copies of her father's report cards for his eight years in Novelty School and the beginnings of the Novelty Lutheran Church in Vincent School.

Another letter we recently received was from James Duvall who came to town recently and wanted to know something about our own James Duvall. We answered his letter, sent him a book, and told him what we knew of James and Francis Duvall. They were named in the 1870 census records in Snohomish with records showing at least ten years in Oregon before that. They were born in Illinois of parents who were born in West Virginia. We sent him the names of James and Francis' children. We noted that the first names in his family



Eugene Flemming (born 1912) standing next to Kohler Meat Market.

are often the same as those of our Duvalls. We may hear from him again as he searches for history in Illinois and Indiana.

We want to mention one search in particular that shows how bits of Duvall's past may be hidden in closets and albums in far away places.

In 1993 we received from the Historical Society, a letter by Mrs. Alyce Beaty of Salem, Oregon. She wrote that her family had lived above a store in Duvall and that her brother was born in 1912 and she was born in 1915 either there or in a house that burned down a short time later.

We could find little to help her in our records. In a later letter she wrote how her father, early one morning, had dashed into a burning house where a little girl died. When I answered her letter a short time later, I told her the girl was Goldie Skitrell and sent her a copy of the story of her death. I also told her that Goldie was buried in Monroe Cemetery as was her father four years later.



Alyce Flemming Beaty (born in Duvall in 1915). Meat Market in background with Alyce facing Methodist Church.

We wrote back and forth a few years, but could not determine what store they had lived over. Two years ago, she sent copies of pictures of herself and brother when they were young and also several pictures of her family when they lived in town. In them are Alyce's parents, Glen and Della Fleming and her grand-parents, John and Martha Harrison, and their houses, which we cannot place. However, we easily recognized the store Alyce and her brother talk about, though we had never seen a picture of it nor had it been described to us. Seeing the picture with the Catholic Church on the hill, we knew it was the Kohler Meat Market which was located south across the street from the present day fire department.

The Roney house was built on this spot some time later. In Don Funk's *Jist Cogitatin*, the old meat market is mentioned, but we believe this picture of it is the only one existing.

One of Alyce's relatives, who remembered Duvall, came back here in 1963, and had his picture taken in front of Hix's Market and in front of the Duvall Coffee Shop next to Hix's Market, buildings he remembered from earlier years. They also sent me copies of those.

It pays to answer these letters as you may learn something interesting of old time Duvall in the process.

HELP PRESERVE OUR LOCAL HISTORY

JOIN DUVALL'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at the Depot at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors welcome!

Call President Tove Burhen at 788-1266 for more information

DOUGHERTY HOUSE

We've gotten some grants to get started on maintenance and improvements and are working toward our long awaited museum. Watch for more details!!!

THE OLD SCHOOL TRAIL

By Ella Goodwill

Editor's note: Recently we found a poem written for Jessie Goodwill by her mother when Jessie graduated from grade school in 1949. The Goodwill house was the first house the children came to on the Duvall end of the trail. The house stands on the corner of 2nd Ave. and Virginia St. on the uphill side of the end of the trail. Rev. Pitcher built a house beyond the Goodwill house some years after the poem was written.

The school trail was hacked out about 1905 soon after the first school was built on the hill and its use was discontinued about four years ago. The large, well-known Goodwill family left Duvall many years ago, but daughter, Jessie, is living near Monroe on the old Owen Road. Jessie met with Delores Schroeder and other classmates a few years ago and gave her a copy of the "School Trail" at that time. Delores donated it for our use.

I knew son, Floyd, the best of the Goodwill family, as he worked for farmers in the area. Floyd started church services in the Duvall Hotel behind the present day Duvall Used Book Store.

Jessie has been Jessie Goodwill Armstrong now for many years, and was happy to let us use the poem written for her almost fifty years ago. Many who traveled that trail for years will be reminded of their trail experiences.

Spelling errors have been corrected and the format has been changed from prose to poetry by the editors of the "Wagon Wheel".

Bob Kusters

The Old School Trail

There's a neck of woods below our house
With a school trail running through it.
I wish each one here could know the trail
As I know it.
I have watched it for years,
It has brought laughter
It has brought tears.
Watching children with their doubts and fears.
If you will only listen,

I'll explain some of the fun you're missing,
And through its ins and outs.
There are some boys and girls here
That know what I'm talking about.

One evening I was watching down the trail,
When all at once,
I heard the most unearthly wail.
I saw two girls come flying.
Eyes were wide and they were crying.
They threw their caps and coats.
Such screams they issued from their throats,
And then I saw on mischievous bent,
What down the old trail,
These terror struck little girls had sent—
Two innocent little boys.
My sakes, for by the tail,
Each held a little snake.
One boy stubbed his toe and down he fell,
The other, Lord of all now,
Let out a wild Comanche yell—
Waving the snake and I'm telling you,
Little girls feet took wings and how they flew.
But when the boy knew I was watching him,
He threw the snake and just grinned.
"Some fun", he said,
And I laughed with him.

Another time,
While watching the old school trail—
There's always some fun, without fail—
Down the trail came the yell of a banshee,
And I saw a girl running straight at me.
She stubbed her toe, down she fell.
If you listened, you could hear her yell,
"I'll tell the teacher on you".
She threw her books.
From her coat, she was freed,
For right behind her was a boy
With a handful of itching weed.

The mister was down in the woods one day,
Cutting the trees and shrubbery away,
When school was out.

It was so with him
That he was up in a tree, cutting a limb.
Down the trail came a bunch of little girls
In their frilly dresses and dancing curls.
One little girl was down on hands and feet,
Showing the others what a bear would look like,
If one they would chance to meet.
From his perch high up in the tree,
Each little girl, he could plainly see.
He let out a growl like a grizzly bear,
And each little girl froze in the spot right there.
The would be bear jumped to her feet,
Eyes were wide, face as white as a sheet.
They looked over the logs
And then up the tree,
And there, Mr. Goodwill, they did see.
The "ohs" and "ahs", they were kinda sweet,
But after that, all the bears we saw,
Walked on two feet.

One time I heard the awfulest commotionish.
You kids get the queerest notionings,
Because eighth grade girls and boys,
They know how to fight,
For they were having a battle royal this night.
I saw a cap sail high to the sky.
A scarf was snatched by a boy king,
And the race was on to rescue the thing.
They laughed and yelled.
Now how on earth,
They never yelled so loud
Since the day of their birth.

I have a little chicken house
By the old school trail.
I was there one evening cleaning it out,
And by the yells and laughter,
I knew school was out.
I heard yak, yak, angry words.
I peeked through a crack
To see what it was all about,
And just in time to see a bigger boy
Smack a smaller boy right on the snout.
"I'll teach you," he shouted, "to tell lies on me."
"I'll black both eyes, so you can't see".
"Look out!" another boy cried,
"Mrs. Goodwill may be watching
And she'll tell the teacher on you and me.
We'll both be in trouble, wait and see."
But the fighter wouldn't listen,
And his fist flew swift and fast.
I knew the little feller couldn't last.
He didn't have a chance to defend himself,

So I decided to be an elf.
I uttered a moan, like a long lost soul.
Fists were stopped and eyes were rolled.
"What was that?" in hushed tones.
They looked at each other, fight all gone.
They grabbed their hats and books
And ran for home.
For days we watched the same three little boys,
As they passed the chicken house,
And without fail, gave wings to their feet,
Down the old school trail.

Last night I knew school was out,
By yelling, hollering, and an angry shout.
Two little boys ran down the trail,
And right behind them, without fail,
Came one little girl,
Defended by two little boy friends.
I was standing in the garden just above their heads,
And as I listened, this is what she said.
"I'll tell my mother on you,
You'll be in trouble, see if you do,
My mother will tell my daddy.
She can tell him, so she can.
When he gets mad, he's the world's meanest man."
My stars, I exclaimed, Are you having a tiff,
And what would your mother say, If she heard of it.
Little girls are to be ladies, it seems to me.
Not yelling such things, like a wild banshee.
They all looked at me with a silly little grin.
As if to say, "Having fun ain't no sin".

Ten years is a long time
To share laughter and tears.
Brave little boys, little girls' fears.
For there is something about each little elf,
That's so sweet and jolly in spite of theirself.
Some have passed on to another place,
To study hard in this life race.
But they all look back without fail,
And think of the fun they had on the old school trail.
The teachers that are here—
And those that are gone—
Will not forget this place ever so long.
The faculty of this school
Are cornerstones in each young life,
Teaching them how to meet failure and strife.
I have lived in lots of places,
But none can compare.
I'd rather live by the old school trail
Than any old where.

By Ella Goodwill

NEWS NOTES

Hi Times of the 1930's, a new book containing copies of old school newspapers, has just been published by the Duvall Historical Society. Contact Tove Burhen at 788-1266 if you are interested in a copy.

* * *

Grant funds to begin work on the **Dougherty house** are now available. We are commencing the beginning of the final design phase and will begin actual work soon.

THE MERRY FISHERMEN

By Ruth Peterson

Printed in the Monroe Monitor 1/26/1950

*Good morning, you fishers,
And liars, and boasters;
Just how many steelhead
Have you caught today?
Some folks may be jealous,
But come on and tell us
About those big fellas
That, well,—got away.*

*On yon bank, so bulky
Like bears, figures hulky—
But do they act sulky?
They're all full of vim!
In parkas are Thorsten,
And neighbors, Fritz Colsen,
And Johnnie, and Hogel;
They're pulling them in.*

*At four in the morning,
Calls Ed, without warning:
"Hey, Ruth, quit your snoring.
And fix me a bite."
And times without number,
She walks round in slumber,
And sleepily murmurs:
"It's not even light."*

*On banks of the river,
Snoqualmie's cold river.
They sit and they shiver
Upon a big stone.
On morns, fair or fou-l,
While coyotes still how-l,
Comes Doctor J. Yow-ell;
He'll fish all alone.*

*The first fish, the strong ones,
Oh, none take the "wrong" ones,—
They all want the long ones—
That is their first wish.
For me, a bed cozy,
Neath quilts warm and rosy;
I'm comfy and dozy,
While hardy folks fish.*

Once again, it's the time of year when the great steelhead makes its way up the Snoqualmie past the lines and lures put in their way by many fishermen such as those mentioned in Ruth Peterson's poem. We watched these very fishermen when first we arrived in the valley in 1940. We wondered why they didn't fish in the summer time when the weather was good like folks did back where we came from. We didn't know about the steelhead.

Since then, we have, for more than 50 years, lived by the river and can see a favorite fishing spot from the house. Year after year, early in the mornings, cold or rain, snow and sleet, we have watched them cast in a line and start a bonfire or set fire to a bucket of sawdust.

How nice it would be to once again chat for a minute with one of these old fishermen, proudly carrying a big steelhead, or maybe two, back to his home in the evening. There will, I suppose, always be steelheaders and today's group is like the last. Yet, those of fifty years ago seem sort of special.

Dr. Yowell, mentioned in the poem, died Sept. 21, 1951. Vic Hogel died on the river bank after catching a steelhead in Jan., 1953. Ed Peterson lived for many years and attended a Historical Society party before he died a few years ago in Portland, Oregon.

Bob Kusters



ALL RELATED

“Harken!” Lo the voice of the wind’s song.
Captured on the “Tides of Time” –
Singing tales about the “ancients”
Whispering drums and mystic rhymes.
“Walks among” the secret canyons
Where shadows creep or hushed is time –
Echoing calls, chanting voices –
Curling smokes, amidst the pines –
Lo! there steals a husky mur-mur –
Listen! you can hear their cries!
Caught upon the river’s waters
Where ghost canoes are swiftly plied.
Rising wondrous with the “night mists” –
Return the “Sun Dance” sacred ways.
Dancing feet tell out the stories –
For here once more the “vision” strays.
We “the people” hold the knowledge –
“All related” – the spirits call –
Held within life’s singing cycles –
The endless mysteries, touch us all!

– Elsie Schweitzer
9-16-94

NEWS NOTES

Dougherty House

Don Williams has written another grant application to obtain money for projects that our current funds do not cover.

Among items on our wish list are materials and labor for a picket fence, ADA outdoor bathroom, repair of doors and windows, new steps and railings, as well as interior improvements.

Books Available

Copies of our latest book, *Hi Times* are now available. This book is a compilation of school papers from Cherry Valley High School in the 30’s. It gives a wonderful perspective on being young at a time when our country was going through some big struggles. Cost of the book is \$20 and is available from Historical Society members. Call Tove Burhen at 788-1266 for more information.

Appreciation

Copies of our latest book, *Hi Times* are now available. This book is a compilation of school papers from Cherry Valley High School in the 30’

**Happy
Holidays!**



A TRIP THROUGH CHERRY GARDENS

By W. Spicer (Stumprancher)

For 4th of July Community Picnic in 1922

If you want to meet a real live bunch
You must to the country go;
So come with me, on a visiting spree
And meet some of the folks I know.

The name of the place is Cherry Gardens-
It was named in a joke, I fear-
Although we've all got splendid gardens,
The cherries are scarce this year.

At the foot of the hill lives Oscar
And Esther, his charming wife,
With Walter, their son and Dick, the dog,
Who will scare you out of your life.

This family's name is Newstream
But I think the stream's gone dry,
For he was digging a well, when I saw him last;
To get a drink or die.

Now come and meet my old friend George-
Not George of hatchet fame-
But a mighty man at clearing land;
Johnston is his name.

Now old G.J. is as straight as a line;
Just as true as the George of old;
And his dear little wife, you can bet your life,
Bakes all the beans he can hold.

On the South of him lives Hardgraves
With a family large and small;
Who make life seem worth living,
When you hear them playing ball.

There is Varner, Cecil and Jimmy,
Dolly and little June;
And you'll always find Esther helping
To swell the joyful tune.

Then, over the way, lives Thompson;
He stays in town, they say;
Making lots of money,
To spend out here some day.

Now you must meet the Fire Chief,
Jud Gould-and his lovely spouse;
Who are always ready to help one,
Or make you a guest at their house.

Then, further on, lives Horton-
More commonly known as Dave-
He can tell you how it happened
From the cradle to the grave.

Now we'll cut across the lots,
And meet my old friend Paul.
There's Hopkins' tent, but it ain't for rent;
For Wesley and he needs it all.

Further on across-we don't need roads-
Away in the corner yon
Live the Pitzinger folks; 3 girls-one boy;
And their daddy's name is John.

We will tarry a moment; while you rest,
You'll see Mr. Petticord,
Pulling up stumps with his "Lizzie"-
It's a tractor on a Ford.

Now, if you're ready, we'll take a walk
And meet Mr. Englebrecht
If ever we grow to a city,
He'll be our first mayor you bet.

Oh! there goes Mr. Updahl:
He lives around near here
He now calls butter "butter"
But he used to call it smear.

We must not pass the schoolhouse;
Mr. Jenks-he gave the ground
And, I think, if we all go together,
We should clear up and seed grass around.

Put in swings, and bars and Flagstaff;
I would help to dig the hole
For the stick to hoist the flag upon;
If you'll haul it down the knoll.

Over there lives Mr. Crouse
You can see his garden fine;
He has also got some chicks,
So has fresh eggs all the time.

That used to be the Morris place
But he has gone away.
He cleared quite a bit, but couldn't stick
He'll wish he was back some day.

Along with him went his partner Betz,
Who had some cherry trees
Where are they now, did I hear you say
Oh! do not ask me, please.

We must not forget Bill Carlson,
Joe Scramm and Mrs. Best.
We'll too, shake hands with Sarah
Then on to meet the rest.

Then there is Enstrum, Frank and Andy,
While Bowers has a shack
Though now I hear that he sold out,
So I guess he won't be back.

What did you say-
Who lives there, in the house among the trees?
Why, that is known as Bob's place;
His name is Pettipeace.
Now, Bob is a bachelor bold;
As bold as they make 'em, I'll swear,
And you can bet your bottom dollar
He's there with the ladies fair.

Just above him is the Larson place,
Where you see that berry stand;
And, beyond that, you see their winter wheat;
The finest in the land.

There goes Mrs. Larson now;
She hails from 'way down South;
She can make the finest salad,
A man ever put in his mouth.

On the knoll lives Charlie Carlson,
A mighty man with saw and axe
But you want to watch Charlie at poker,
As he's likely to hold five jacks.

Now you must meet Mr. Patterson;
He sure is a grand old man;
For at 76, he is still in the sticks,
And in the Civil War made his stand.

On the top of the hill lives Spicer;
Makes you think of nutmeg and mace;
You will know his wife, when you meet her,
By the freckles on her face.

Now we'll skip over East and see a real farm;
It's run by Dick Kagle; About chickens we'll learn;
He's a real man with birds, and it's always been said
That he makes each bird lay daily an egg.

We'll go on through the Roger place;
Over the old burnt bridge;
And say "Hello" to Campbell and Smith,
Then meet Mr. Breckenridge.

Down below is the bungalow:
Mr. Bicking lives there, I hear;
Then look out for the bees at Tom Summers';
We'll get stung if we venture near.

We must see Mr. Bell and his garden grand;
The berries he grows are the best in the land;
Perhaps Mrs. Bell-you never can tell-
Will play us a tune; and we'll see Bonny Bell.

There may be some folks who're not mentioned here;
Please don't take offence, for to us you are dear
And at the very next dance, if we only have time,
We will have you all down in our little rhyme.

Now we must leave these folks on the hill
As McFadden is going to call a quadrille;
So Good-bye, Good-luck; God bless you all;
May you have a good time at the stumpranchers' ball.



Editors' note: This poem was given to us by Ruth Minaglia. She remembers attending this picnic and many of her neighbors mentioned in the poem. For many it was more convenient to walk down the hill and catch a train to Monroe, than to walk or take a team and wagon to shop in Duvall, so Monroe became the major shopping center for many in this community.

NOVELTY SCHOOL #1

It was one hundred five years ago in January that Novelty residents were invited to a school program put on by the students. It is difficult to visualize today, the old timers we knew fifty years ago, such as Bill Adair and Leo Leyde, in a school program over a hundred years ago. We have a copy of the program that shows they had a part in it. Though the copy is faded, we hope *Wagon Wheel* readers will be able to enjoy it along with a copy of a report card of Joseph Quall sent to me by his daughter, Kay Winslow, of Carmel, California.

With the recent passing of Ole Ronnei, we are reminded that he attended the old Novelty School #1 and was probably in the same grade with Joseph Quall. Ole told us he attended School #1 for only a year, as the big new school #2 was built by the time he was in the second grade.

Kay Winslow visited a year ago, and told us her father, Joseph, was baptized in the Vincent School which was used as a church on Sundays for about four years before the Novelty Church was built. That Quall family was related to the present day family in Vincent which can be traced on a family tree that Bill Quale gave to Kay Winslow.

Last fall, Kay sent me nine years of report cards for the years her father spent in Novelty schools. Joseph left school during his ninth grade, though I believe the school had eleventh graders at that time in 1915. We were happy to receive copies of those report cards, as they tell us who the teachers were

for the different grades.

Also, a bit of speculation—I read many years ago that an old river boat passenger or captain told of an old log school house at Novelty, which would have been used before what we now call School #1. We have pictures of the School #1 we know and it is made of sawed and planed lumber. If anyone has more information on this please let us know.



News Notes

Treasure Boxes

The Historical Society is putting together boxes containing artifacts of the past to loan to schools so they can turn history lessons into hands-on experiences.

So far, we have collected tools, household items, clothing, hats, personal items, and toys. We are looking for more—especially toys, children's clothing, personal items, and hats. If anyone has items they would like to donate, please call Mary Lampson at 788-2984. The items must be safe for children to handle and not too large or heavy.

We plan to provide teachers with information about how to use these items in the classroom and hope to have them available by autumn of this year.

more information on this please let us know.

	REPORT										REMARKS	
	First Month	Second Month	Third Month	Fourth Month	Fifth Month	Sixth Month	Seventh Month	Eighth Month	Ninth Month	Tenth Month		
Days of School			52			54				58		
Days Present			51			51				55		
Days Absent			1			3				3		
Times Tardy												
Department		85				88				87		
Industry		88				90				89		
Reading		85				88				89		
Spelling		75				70				65		
Writing		65				60				60		
Arithmetic		90				92				92		
Language		89				90				90		
Geography												
Music												
Drawing										65		
History						90						
Physiology												

King County Schools

TEACHER'S REPORT
TO PARENTS.

Report of *Joseph Quall*

Grade *9*

Novelty School, Dist. No. *10*

Term beginning *Sept. 14* 19*08*

and ending *May 26* 19*09*

Emma L. Colgate teacher

BRIDGE PROBLEMS – PAST AND FUTURE

By Don Williams

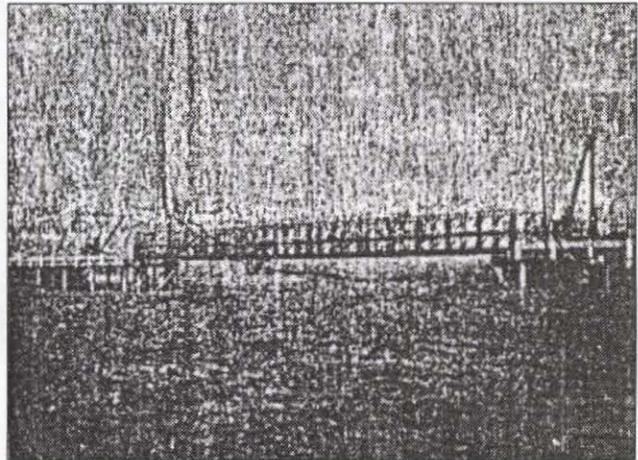
We people here in Duvall in 1998 have our challenges. One that worries us a lot these days is the pending closure of the Novelty bridge. We worry about the traffic jams that await us, and our businessmen worry about the loss of customers.

It may not help us to any great degree, but Duvall has faced this problem before. In a project on which I am currently working at the Duvall Library, I have learned of one such instance that occurred between 1959 and 1961. One of those inevitable floods hit the Valley and knocked out the viaduct approaching the main bridge coming into Duvall from Woodinville. In that instance, of course, the Duvall population was much smaller (339 in 1960). One lane traffic was able to flow, but still problems arose, and businessmen worried.

As recorded in the Thursday, December 17, 1959 *Carnaval Reporter*, "(a)pproximately sixty feet of concrete viaduct just west of the approach to the Duvall bridge collapsed at 11:30 p.m. Monday, presumably after swirling flood waters reaching almost to road level had weakened the piling underneath." "Rumor has it," the story continued, "that it may be many weeks before this major break is repaired." In the meantime drivers would have to use the Novelty bridge.

Happily, the County in this instance came to the rescue. A photo and story in the January 7, 1960 issue of the paper indicated that one-way traffic was now possible across a Bailey bridge that the County had installed five days earlier. Load limits were set at twenty tons, however, and three weeks later, authorities had to cut that back to ten after "some steel bolts or pins were discovered sheared off." (*Carnaval Reporter*, 1/28/60) (City leaders inquired in 1998 about the availability of a Bailey bridge, only to learn that the nearest available such structure was somewhere in Texas.)

At a June 16, 1960 town hall meeting County Commissioner Scott Wallace and Engineer Walter Winters assured a crowd of some forty interested parties that work on the viaduct would start in August. When that work started, however, the



Duvall bridge re-opened to traffic

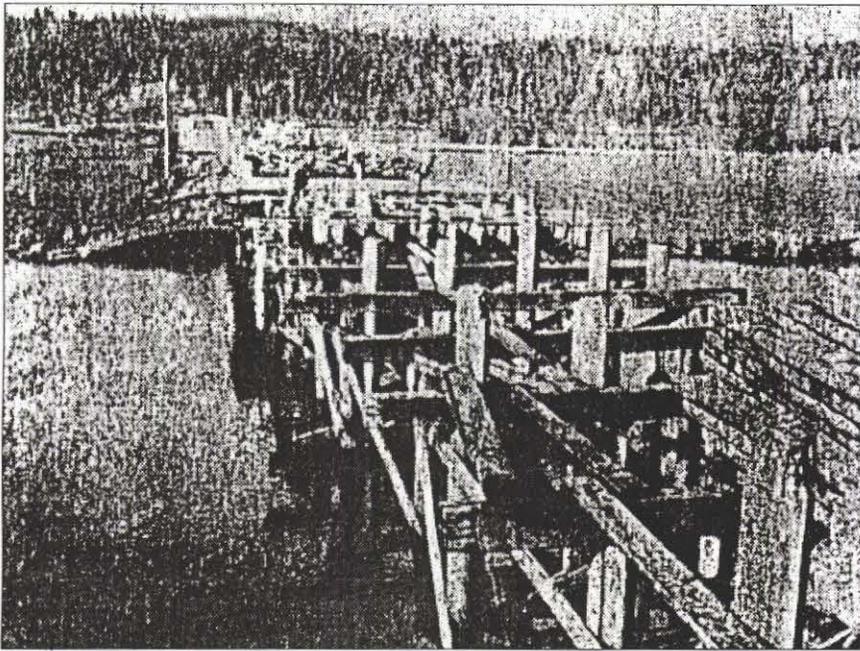
(photo from *Carnaval Reporter*)

Bailey bridge would close, and drivers would have only the Novelty bridge for direct access to Duvall. Extra traffic during the closure would also require strengthening the Novelty bridge and improving its approaches on both sides. "Everyone was pleased," the newspaper indicated, with the plans underway. (*Carnaval Reporter*, June 23, 1960)

By November, however, some of the local people had begun to worry. The November 13, 1960 edition of the *Carnaval Reporter* told of the newly organized Duvall Commercial Club and of the concerns businessmen were expressing "about the ill effects the bridge closure may have here, especially during the coming holiday season." These concerns must only have deepened when both Seattle daily newspapers reported late in December that work on Duvall's bridge had bogged down and that completion of the task might not occur much before 1962. (*Carnaval Reporter*, January 5, 1961)

Happily, these rumors proved false. Work continued on schedule, and a photo in the February 23, 1961 edition of the paper showed the pilings in place and frames being constructed for the pouring of concrete. The bridge would re-open, engineers promised, in April.

Sure enough, Commissioner Wallace announced

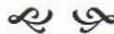


Duvall Bridge Repairs –

Bridge repairs at Duvall have caused much speculation up and down the valley. Here is a photo taken last Friday, showing all the permanent concrete piling in place, and the crew installing wooden forms for the pouring of the “deck” about March 1. The bridge will be re-opened to traffic, good as new, sometime in April. (Carnavall Reporter, Thursday, February 23, 1961)

the re-opening for Saturday, April 15. Sixteen months had passed since the flood had washed away the viaduct. No “formal opening ceremony” was scheduled, but Editor Gil Hackenbruch anticipated that “most Duvallites will enjoy a ride or two across the valley and back, just to see how it feels not to have to make a 6-mile detour.” (*Carnavall Reporter*, April 13, 1961)

Sometime early in the next millennium, all going well, today’s Duvallites will have occasion for “a ride or two across the valley and back.” Only this time they’ll be crossing the new Novelty bridge, not the one a few miles north that washed out in 1959.



Treasure Boxes

The Historical Society is looking for artifacts of the past to lend to schools for hands on history lessons.

Among our special wish list items are toys, children’s clothing, personal items, and hats. If anyone has items they would like to donate, please call Mary Lampson at 788-2984. The items must be safe for children to handle and not too large or heavy.

These artifacts will greatly enrich the appreciation of history by our young people. We will give teachers suggestions on how to use these items in their classrooms

Old Time Games

Remember the fun we used to have out on the playground at recess? (Do kids even have recess

any more?) We were in charge of our own activities – no organized PE curriculum. I especially remember playing Red Light, Green Light, Prisoner’s Base, Red Rover, Statue, and Annie Einie Over the schoolhouse roof. Do you remember the “chinning” bars and jump rope rhymes? What a learning experience it was to choose up teams, resolve our own conflicts, and decide what to do for fun each day. In spite of all the toys and equipment, today’s kids lives seem much more structured and adult-directed.



The trouble is I have forgotten how to play many of those old time favorites. We are looking for help from our members and friends to help dredge up the rules for those old-time favorites. Tell us about your favorites and try to recall how to play them. Let us share your memories. Give Tove a call

if you have some games to donate to our game collection. Don't forget those indoor games for bad weather days.

Duvall Days

We are hoping for good weather on May 16 and 17, when the Historical Society will join in celebrating Duvall Days. Velma Hill and Verle Bowe will occupy the rumble seat of Bill and Helen Losleben's Model A Ford. Velma Hix Hill and Verle Chipman Bowe were both from well-known pioneer Duvall families.



Dougherty House Update

Progress is the word of the month on the Dougherty House. Volunteers are working like beavers fixing windows and doors. Bill Losleben is drawing up a contract with the City of Duvall to define maintenance responsibilities. The City's Public Works department has been mowing the yard and has plans to fix up the parking area. Gene McJunkin is leading another crew to prune, weed, and spruce up the outdoor area. We are very grateful for the donations of skill, time, and energy on the part of all these helpers.

There is still much work to be done and we need more volunteers—especially for the yardwork. Anyone interested in helping can contact Tove Burhen at 788-1266.

A SNOQUALMIE VALLEY LOVE STORY

By Suzanne Pickering Siko

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

*I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host, of golden daffodil;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.*

—William Wordsworth



Wedding picture of Mildred King and Vern Pickering.

Distance is No Object

When the dancing daffodils bloom like trumpets announcing spring, they remind one long time Snoqualmie Valley resident of tender and joyful memories. Although she loves many flowers, the daffodil is Mildred Pickering's favorite. Most everyone knows Mildred as "Mickey", and quite a few as their first grade teacher from Cherry Valley Elementary, "Mrs. Pickering". Mickey learned this Wordsworth poem in elementary school when she was around ten years old and living in Kamloops, British Columbia. At the time she did not know how special that flower and that poem would be to her. Now, at a very healthy 90 years of age, she looks back and sees the reflection of her lifetime love. This is their story.

If you remember the community dances held at the Duvall, Novelty, and Carnation dance halls on

Saturday nights during the nineteen twenties, then you probably knew Vern and Mickey Pickering. It was at the Novelty dance hall that they first met. Mickey explains the chance encounter.

"My sister and brother were going to this dance over at Novelty, and I didn't want to go. I had no idea of going, but my mother thought it would work better if I went along too. So they kind of forced me into going. Well, my sister—she was a very full of fun person—she says, 'Oh, I know somebody I'll bring over and introduce to you.' So she brought Vernie over and introduced him to me. And of course I was very young. I was just a sophomore in high school. So then, the next time we came over, I was willing to come. He (Vernie) wanted to take me home, and I said, 'Oh, I live a long way from here. I live way over in Redmond.' And he said, 'Distance is no object.' So he took me home, and then we kept

going together. We went together then all through high school. Then I went to Bellingham Normal. We went together while I was up there for three years and then we were married just before I graduated.”

A Daffodil Wedding

While the daffodils bloomed in the spring of 1928, Mildred King married Vern Pickering of Novelty. It was March 24th. They were the first couple to be married in the Redmond United Methodist Church, which still stands next to the old Redmond School, where Mickey had just graduated three years earlier. It was to be a very simple wedding, and there was no money for flowers. Their friends and family secretly had something else in mind. Mickey and Vern were surprised as they entered the church to find flowers—lots of yellow daffodils. If there was one thing that everyone had growing, it was daffodils. Daffodils decorated the altar. The linen covered tables at the reception were covered with them too. It was a wonderful surprise.

The two made their home on the Pickering farm which still stands today next to the site of the town of Novelty. They raised four children, Jeanette, John, Larry, and Earl. They were married 45 years when Vern passed on in a farming accident. There is a treasury of tales to tell about the years on the farm, but they are for another day.

If Vernie, as Mickey always called him, were alive today, he would certainly agree with this song, from which Mildred acquired the nickname “Mickey” as a young girl.

*Mickey, pretty Mickey
With your hair of raven hue
And your smiling so beguiling
Can you blame anyone
For falling in love with you?*

*Childhood in the wildwood
Like a mountain flower you grew, Mickey,
pretty Mickey
Can you blame anyone
For falling in love with you?*

— Show tune from the silent movie Mickey
(around 1917)

Mildred's Early Years

(Information from an article by Stephanie Pickering for a Tolt Middle School project)

Mildred (Mickey) Pickering was born in Eastsound on Orcas Island where she lived until she was two years old. Her family then moved to Kamloops where she spent the next 14 years of her life. She attended a one room schoolhouse and had to walk three miles to get to school. Because of the severe winters, Mildred and her brother could only attend school until October, then returned to school when spring came (around May). After they got a horse (four years later), they could attend school a little longer. When she was in seventh grade, a school was built only a mile and a half away and Mildred began attending school full time.

Mickey had to pass state exams to qualify for high school. She passed these tests, but there wasn't a high school close to where she lived, so she moved to Mt. Vernon to live with her aunt while she attended school there. During her first year in high school, she worked for her room and board. Then her folks moved to Redmond, and she was able to live with her family again for her sophomore, junior, and senior years.

After graduating from high school, she attended Bellingham Normal for two years and earned her teaching certificate. Her first teaching job was in a two room school house in Stillwater where she taught fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Later, when the sixth through eighth grades were moved to Carnation, she taught the first five grades at Stillwater.

Summer Meetings

Due to all the work we have to do on the Dougherty House, the Historical Society will hold meetings through the summer this year on the first Monday of each month.

Thank You

The generosity of the Vally Community Bank makes possible the publication of the *Wagon Wheel*. Thanks!!!!

ALVA MILLER

By Ruth Bellamy

Alva LeRoy Miller was born January 21, 1892 at Fall City, WA. His parents, David Sylvester Miller and Ardilla Huffman, came to Fall City from Nebraska in 1890. Alve returned to Nebraska with his parents where he started school. It was only a short while before the family returned to Fall City.

The Dave Miller family, including Alve, moved to Durkee, Oregon in 1908. Dave Miller was planning to go to Nampa, Idaho to look for farm land. He stoped in Durkee to visit friends and bought hill land there instead. They stayed in Durkee seven years.

Alva attended a one room school with eight grades. He and his brothers and sisters rode horses four miles to school each way all through the school year. Sometimes it would be so stormy they had to stay in Durkee overnight. Other times they had to saddle their horses and ride them around to prepare them for the four mile ride.

After eighth grade Alva worked with a team of horses, making hay and hauling freight. He worked at the lime mill in a nearby community.

Dave Miller suffered a nervous breakdown from the trying times at Durkee and returned to Fall City in 1915. Alva and brother, Harry, were left behind to sell the property and bring the family belongings to Fall City. They loaded the wagon with their cook stove and all the possessions they could haul and, drawn by a team of horses, set out for Fall City. At Cle Elum, WA, the wagon was loaded on a train rather than driving the team over Snoqualmie pass. Here they lost their Australian Shepherd dog, "Rowdy", as he took up with other travelers.

Alva, brother Harry, sisters Minnie, May, Ava and parents, Dave and Dilla Miller moved to Duvall in 1916. They bought twenty acres and the Shadrach home south of Duvall. This property is part of the Duvall Tech Center today. The house is on the east side of Highway 203.

In 1917, during World War I, Alva served in France as a cook. After the Armistice, he returned to Duvall where he farmed for a short time at the end of the Snoqualmie River Road.

Alva married Celia "Teal" Burke on October 14, 1919. Teal had a horse, "Captain", who was slow but dependable. Hitched to a wagon, he took them to Monroe to the dentist or whatever.

In 1927 Alva and Teal moved up on the Pole Line Road east of Duvall to a twelve acre farm. He built a two-story chicken house and bought baby white Leghorn chicks, all pullets, and raised them for laying hens.

The day-old chicks came by Parcel Post from Winlock, WA, several hundred at once. At about six



Alva Miller holds a new-fangled scythe in his right hand and the 1916 version in the other hand.

(SV News photo by Oscar Roloff)



Alva Miller, 85, shown above with the picturesque 3-story tower he constructed in 1936.

(Photo from an article by Oscar Roloff in 1977)

months of age, they began laying eggs. Eggs were gathered daily from the individual nests. The eggs were buffed clean and graded, placed in crates of thirty-six dozen, and delivered to a co-op and then to the grocery store.

One year Alva tried raising the pullets outside on the range. They started laying eggs and he had to climb the big stumps or search for his eggs under brushy branches. They soon were moved back to the inside chicken house.

Farming was done with teams of horses and, later, mules. At one time, he had a team of one horse, "Tony", and one mule, "Tom". Alva built his barn and was finishing it when a neighbor came with the news Charles Lindbergh had crossed the Atlantic. This was May 21, 1927.

Loose hay was loaded on a wagon and brought to the barn. Here, a big fork was thrust into the load of hay and raised into the barn by a mule pulling the

cable. Nieces and nephews often led the mule back and forth.

Alva constructed a picturesque water tower on his farm in 1936. Water was pumped from a spring below the house using a ram for pumping power. This water supply watered the chickens and other animals. It also supplied the household needs.

They milked four cows twice daily and the milk was run through the cream separator which was located on the first floor of the tower. Rich cream came from one spout and milk from the other. The cream was churned for tasty butter and zesty buttermilk. The remaining milk was used to feed pigs and calves.

Alva was active in the Cherry Garden Community Club, serving as president. He was also a member of the Cherry Valley Grange. He was auctioneer for the Sno-Valley Senior Citizen's fundraising events. In September, 1976, he took part in Duvall's Heritage "76" celebration.

Alva and Teal had no children, but a niece, Helen Weber, stayed with them through her high school years. A cousin, Robert Huffman, also stayed with them. He later lived and raised his family on the Miller farm.

Teal died in the early 40's. Alva later married Blanche Bowie, an old friend from San Jose, CA. She died a few years later. The he married Grace Howe, a local resident of Cherry Gardens, whom he also outlived. Esther Arnold was his partner-friend in later years.

Alva passed away Sept. 9, 1979 at the farm on Pole Line Road. He was eighty-seven years old. Many changes took place in his lifetime.



Duvall-Tolt Historical Society Picnic

The Mullin family of the Snoqualmie Tribe entertained members of the Duvall and Tolt Historical Societies with drums and singing at a joint picnic held at Taylor Landing on August 23.

Commemorative envelopes celebrating Duvall's 85th birthday were cancelled by Sue Johnson of the Duvall Post Office. As of publication, some are still available for sale.

Dougherty House Update

Work continues on the Dougherty house. The bathroom is in the process of being renovated and yard maintenance continues. Next step is determination of the type of heating system to be used.

LIFE ON THE PLATT RANCH (Part 1)

By Martha Fleming as told to Julia Belden

Mother and Daddy (Fanny and Steve Platt) were married September 1, 1909. Daddy and Uncle John Platt had bought 160 acres in Washington state, extending from the middle of the Snoqualmie Valley to the Snoqualmie River on the West. This was upriver from Duvall, midway between there and Novelty.

I was born in 1911. I don't have many memories of life with Uncle John and Aunt Effie, or Aunt Effie, or Aunt Sophia but Howard must have been born at Uncle John's in 1909. I only remember one thing down there. Aunt Sophia used to care for me quite a bit when I was little and I remember saying, "When I grow up, I want to have big legs just like Aunt Sophia. (She was quite obese.)"

Evidently, our daddy and Uncle John had bought the land together and Mother and Daddy, with us two children, moved down there, but it wasn't until Daddy got a house built and fences up that I was really happy. I must have been two or three years old when we moved onto our half. Daddy had asked for the half with the five acre lake

on it, and I'm so glad he did, because I've had many happy memories on that lake.

My first memory on the ranch was when I decided to walk over to Uncle John's, but they caught me and gave me one of the two spankings I think I ever had! That ranch was where we spent our young years.

Mother had a baby boy, George Harlan, who died when he was two weeks old, bleeding to death from the navel. His cord had been cut too closely. Then Stephen Alexander came along, a very sweet, pretty little boy, who at the age of eight drowned in the lake, fishing with just a string, a hook and a worm, out of our old dugout canoe.

My hair was long then, as was proper for little girls at that time, until about five years old when I remember sitting on a chair on our side porch and having my braids cut off. From then on I had a Dutch Bob.

Howard and I went to Novelty School, across Hannische's woods, through McKay's pasture and up to the little school on the hill. It was quite a trek



for a six year old in her button shoes, and high top, black cotton stockings.

Sometimes, the snow was up to my knees and sometimes big brother didn't have patience with his slow-pokey little sister. All us girls used to have a muff of fur to keep our hands warm. Weather in those days was very cold in the winter time. We used to have to wear a supporter and something like garters to hold our socks above the knees and long cotton underwear, tucked well into the stockings, clear down to the ankles. It was so hot we could hardly wait for summer, and Mother heard constantly, "Can I go barefoot now, Mother?"

Daddy had a big red barn built out of big, hand-split half logs that were set on cement blocks. The barn was built so that it set about 12 feet off the ground. In one corner were the horse stalls for 3 horses then there were stanchions for cows on both sides. The center was a work area, and at the back a ladder going up to the second floor with a hay mow up above and a square hole to throw the hay through. On the back side was a big porch, and next to that, an approach for the cows to come up into the barn. The approach was made out of those split logs, and flat side up, with railings on the side.

We had a silo next to the barn and an elevated walk between them to wheel the manure out on.

Daddy wrote the names of all the cows on boards above their stanchions. He wanted each cow in its own place and always swore that the day he finally got their names up, they all went right to their own proper stanchions.

I remember some of their names. There was Dianna, Dill Pickles, named by Daddy, much to my mother's chagrin. She was a beautiful cream colored Jersey heifer that was given to Mother and grew up to be a fine milk cow. Although Daddy named her Dill Pickles, the name above her stanchion was just "Pickles". There was also Molly with a stubby tail because one time Daddy tied a calf to it while it was nursing and somehow the rope broke off, leaving just a tight ring around her tail. In time the bottom part of her tail fell off, since circulation was cut off. That stub tail was a mean weapon when you had your head tucked in her

flank, milking her and she tried to swish her tail.

Daddy had grade Jersey cows, and always had a thoroughbred black stock Jersey bull running with the herd. He kept upgrading the on-coming young stock by using the bull for breeding purposes and the bulls were notably bad tempered. There was one bull that, any chance he got, would come up near the house and put on a show for us. He'd bawl and snort, and dig up dirt, throwing it over his back. It was frightening and really dangerous but we had fences all around our house so he couldn't get too close. We always had a good herd dog, too, of some kind, usually a shepherd, and they loved to chase the bull. We had one dog that would even swing on the bull's tail as he beat a hasty retreat. I remember one time the dog going after the bull and grabbing his tail as he ran. Mr. Bull made a flying leap over the barn gate with the dog still attached, swinging after him. It was very funny.

The dogs sure enough knew, "Siccum", and I think the bull knew it too, because if he heard that, he'd make a hasty exit.

One day Daddy had the bull tied in an angle of the fence and was taking water to him. When he poured the water into a container in front of him, Mr. Bull decided here was his chance and tried to hook him with his horns, but Daddy hollered for the dog and he was there so quickly Mr. Bull changed his mind.

Another time I went into the pasture for some reason and thought I was safe because the herd was way over in the other end of the pasture, but the bull spotted me and headed my way, bawling as he loped across the field. There was a big stump near and I climbed up onto it quickly, but then was a captive, for that guy hung around, digging up the ground, and snorting and bawling. How I wished I had the dog with me, and then I got an idea and started yelling "Siccum, Shep, siccum". It worked! When I started hollering the bull turned tail and trotted back to the herd and I was able to walk on home in safety.

Editor's note: This story will be continued in subsequent issues of the Wagon Wheel.

LIFE ON THE PLATT RANCH (Part 2 Cont.)

By Martha Fleming as told to Julia Belden

The dogs also loved to go 'get the cows'. We never had to go after them. All we had to do was stand on the platform at the back of the barn and say, "Go get the cows," and he would run down there, bark around the back of the herd and they'd start moving, but not too fast. It wasn't good for the cows we milked to run. We also had another fabulous golden and white dog Daddy had named 'Bats'. What a name for such a super dog!

We ran about 20 cows and then there were also the calves, horses, pigs, chickens, ducks, geese, cats and dogs.

Our house was square with four rooms; two bedrooms with closets in the corners, a kitchen with a pantry and a front room. There was a porch running on two sides of the house. It was also built up five feet off the ground. There was an enclosed cellar dug under the front room that we used for potatoes, squash, apples, or whatever.

We had a fenced garden on the north side of the house, and off the back porch was the wood shed that we could run the old truck into. There was always a good husky chopping block, an ax, plenty of wood to chop and cedar for kindling.

On the west side of the house was the 5 acre lake which was crescent shaped. Across the lake we found a big maple grove that had old trees with curly maple burls on them.

There was a canal from the river to the lake filled with water and one day it brought a boat to the lake. It was an old dugout canoe made out of a half log: Daddy's hand snagged it out of the river during a time of high water. We spent many happy hours in that canoe, swimming and fishing. If the water was too high and running past the house like a river, the boat took Daddy to the barn to do the chores and us to school.

When the water started rising, all our stock was put into their stalls and stanchions. Daddy would milk the cows and take the cans of milk in the boat out to meet the milk truck. He would then paddle back and pile us kids into the canoe and take us up to higher ground where we could walk to school.

The flooding happened about every four years. If the water was only a couple of feet deep, we didn't worry about the canoe, but all of us would pile on our old plow horse, Dolly, and she would plod through the water until we came to where we could start walking. We'd dismount, turn Dolly around, give her a slap on the rump and she'd plod back through the water to the barn. Good old Dolly.

Usually, following a flood, as the water receded, it would turn bitter cold, and we would have a sheet of ice all over the water before it went clear down. As the water receded it would tear down the fences because of the weight of the ice. It was fun to play ice hockey with sticks and a piece of wood or frozen dirt. We were never frightened by high water. We knew the Chinook winds would eventually come, melting the snow in the mountains.

Grandma Alexander lived at Fall City and we were downstream about 15 miles from them, so she would phone us (we had five rings) and keep us posted on what the river was doing. She'd say "the river rose one foot an hour", etc.

Before a storm we were always busy with chores. It was our job to carry wood up onto the porch, and then Daddy would tie it up into piles. Then we had to get the stock in. Us kids had to catch the chickens and put them in the barn and close all the doors.

I remember our neighbor, Mr. Liske, down river 3 or 4 miles, calling one time to tell us he was standing in the kitchen with hip boots on because there was water all over the floor. We never missed a day of school, come snow or high water.

We had several kerosene lamps for light that we carried from room to room, and we always studied by lamp light. In later years, we used Aladdin lamps with mantles. Later still, our folks heard of a powder that made a gas you could light, so they ran a bunch of small pipes that had little valves we could open and hold a match to and get a nice flame. In the basement was a large bin with the powder into which water dripped, creating gas which was routed into the house through pipes.

Sounds a bit dangerous now!

When I was in the fourth grade, we were in the schoolhouse up on the hill. We had two big rooms. The first 4 grades were on the right and the fifth through eight grades in the room on the left. Whenever a person had to use the outhouse, they would hold up 2 fingers. One day, Donald Pinkerton, one of our 'bad boys', held up 2 fingers. When he was given permission to leave, he returned suddenly, shouting "the school house is on fire!"

On the day of the fire we all marched out as we had practiced in the fire drills. When we were outside, we saw there was a fire about 3 feet across, burning a hole in the roof. There was no ladder because a farmer had borrowed it. There was no way to carry water anyway, as he had borrowed the buckets too. We made repeated trips in and out of the building to save all the books. We even took out the desks.

It happened to be Friday the 13th (and Donald's birthday). The day before he had made a wish that the school house would burn.

We finished that year out in the Novelty store warehouse and the Catholic church. Then a new grade school was built on the back of Clark's place.

Our lake was about 12 feet deep in the center and we swam in it a lot in the summer after it warmed up. We would push the canoe out from shore and rock it harder and harder until, over it went and then we could climb on and dive off the rounded bottom or stand on it and see who could dump the others off. The ones who couldn't swim, the 'waders', stayed along the edge.

The bottom of the lake was mud. There were patches of water lilies here and there. It was so pretty. There were lots of dragon flies flitting around. We were told they would drone up your ears and we believed it. There were also what we

called little 'crazy bugs'. They circled round and round on the pond surface. Once in awhile you could see a swirl of water where the fish were going after one of those bugs.

There were big mouth bass, perch, croppies, catfish, and trout in the lake. Daddy had a special big nail to hang the catfish on when he skinned them. They were our favorite fish to eat; smooth-skinned with big, long whiskers. They liked to hang around on the bottom of the lake in the mud and they were really ugly fellows.

One day I was amazed when I saw a school of about 50 tiny black catfish babies, swimming in a circle near the shore close to the boat and then out farther a parent catfish guarding the babies. She swam back and forth. Then further out yet, I saw a big bass trying to cut in. It would have torn the little fish to pieces, but it never got by mom or dad catfish.

As spring arrived, the early frogs were a thrill to me. First you would hear one start singing here and then another would answer somewhere else. Then 3 or 4 more. Suddenly there was a whole chorus of frogs, never ending, never sleeping. We have seen the little black specks of frogs eggs in a mass of jelly-like material along the edges of the lake. The eggs turned into little black pollywogs with just tails and heads. Before too long, the tail had shrunk or dropped off and 4 little legs appeared. Then one day they could walk out of the water. At the end of the lake there was a flat, low area of baked mud covered with tiny frogs. One could hardly walk there without crushing 20 or 30 with each step.

This story will be continued in the next issue of the Wagon Wheel.

LIFE ON THE PLATT RANCH (Final part)

By Martha Fleming as told to Julia Belden

Our dad used to get up about 5 a.m. to let the cows in, feed them hay and start milking. I could hear him singing his favorite hymn at the top of his voice.

We kids, when we turned 7 years old, had to then be out there and help with the milking. Sometimes I milked 10 or 12 cows before school. We milked by hand first and then Daddy bought a big iron motorized milking machine. He would start it with a crank.

Later on, we had a Separator and separated the milk and cream. Daddy sold most of the cream to the creamery in Monroe. We always saved back enough to churn butter and put on our cereal. We used the sour cream to make cottage cheese by straining out the whey through a cloth bag, which we hung out on the porch.

Whenever they decided to butcher a cow, Uncle John came over to help. I, being a chicken, would hurry to the house and hide my head in my blankets so I couldn't hear the gun go off. Later I'd go out and bring in all the goodies; heart, brains, sweet breads, tongue. We always shared the liver with Uncle John and Aunt Effie.

Daddy would skin the cow after cutting off the head, even skinning the tail. Everything was rolled up in the hide and sold to a company that tanned hides for shoe leather. Then Daddy would cut the beef into sections and we'd take a hunk in, lay it on the kitchen table and Mother would cut the meat into small chunks, clean the bones and then can the meat in quart jars. Oh, I remember how good was a jar of this when it was opened, and how good the gravy was we made from it.

We had a grinder that we'd screw onto the edge of the table and we'd make heaps of hamburger and form it into balls the size of golf balls. Seems like Mother used to preserve these in a big can of lard.

Daddy was always trying new things. One year he planted 600 Montmorency cherry trees. At the other end of the cherry orchard there were about 10 peach trees. One year Daddy planted about two

acres of loganberries and evergreen blackberries, all strung on a wire. Mother had her raspberry patch and a few currants on the other side of the fence. Across the fence was a row of bee hives.

After awhile we moved to Duvall where Pearl was born in 1918. Daddy worked in the Cedar Shingle Mill there.

While we lived there, we school kids all marched down the street to the depot, carrying American flags to see what they call the "Trophy Train". There were dummies dressed in German soldier's uniforms, guns, shells, and mementoes collected during the war.

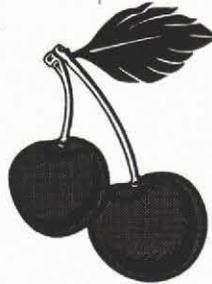
During war days we couldn't buy sugar, so we used honey instead. My mother used to knit socks for the soldiers to wear 'over there', as all good wives did.

Later, we moved back to the farm again. We raised enough chickens for eggs for the family. At one time, the thing to do was put eggs up in something called water-glass. We also raised turkeys, geese and ducks. We used duck eggs for cakes and picked the down off the geese and ducks for our pillows.

We had cats outside, but Grandma Cat came in when she could. Most of them liked to be in the barn at milking time. We would squirt milk in their direction, purposefully aiming above their heads. They would stand up, catch the stream in their paws and drink. They always expected a pan of nice warm milk afterwards. We kids also enjoyed warm milk and had our own cups for that very purpose.

Keeping the house supplied with water was a big job. First we had to pump it by hand, then carry it to the house in a ten gallon bucket. We dumped it in the reservoir which was on the side of our old wood-burning stove. Thus, we always had a good supply of hot water for baths and washing dishes.

Dish towels were of flour or sugar sacks Mother had hemmed on her Singer treadle sewing machine. We made shirts, dresses, and aprons out of flour sacks which came in a variety of prints. Mother



usually sent an order to Sears before school and at Christmastime.

I played basketball a lot in high school with boys and girls. The Davis girls were very athletic. We wore homemade dark blue pleated serge bloomers which came just below the knees. They were very comfortable, with plenty of looseness.

I fondly look back to hearing my father, up early in the morning, starting the fire in each stove. I could hear the crinkling of the paper and the snapping of the kindling as the fire took off. After that he'd light the lantern, pull on his rubber boots, and clomp out to the barn. He'd throw a bunch of hay down from the hay mow and give each cow a broad fork full of silage.

We had a large patch of Canadian thistles on the place. When they went to seed, Daddy would light the seed and fire would lash across the tops of the patch quickly, then burn out. When the plants were younger he hired us to hoe them up and paid us a penny for each.

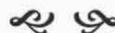
The soil on our place was very rich because of the flooding of the Snoqualmie River. Every four years or so it would cover fences and be up four feet on our house. We were always ready, though, and never afraid!

HELP PRESERVE OUR LOCAL HISTORY

JOIN *DUVALL'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

**Meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at the Depot at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors welcome!**

Call President Tove Burhen at 788-1266
for more information



Thanks to the **Valley Community Bank** for providing copy services for the *Wagon Wheel!*

JOSEPH FRANKE (1870-1943)

By Bob Kosters & Daisy Franke Sterling

Each year, as July rolls around, we look forward to meeting people we know and some we seldom see, who attended Cherry Valley or Duvall schools many years ago. This year, we had the good fortune to meet Daisy Franke Sterling, who was born and raised in Duvall. After living in other states, she now lives on the Olympic Peninsula, and was able to come to the picnic and meet old friends. She also took the time before she came to gather a packet of pictures, newspaper clippings, and several 1912-13 *Duvall Citizen* papers her father had saved. These papers included meetings and signatures of all those who signed a petition to King County for the incorporation of Duvall.

The house and shoe shop Joe Franke built in Duvall eighty-six years ago are still in use. The following was written by daughter, Daisy.

Joseph Franke was born April 29, 1870, in Glocou, Silesia, an area of east Germany. He was apprenticed at a very early age with a shoemaker. The date of his immigration to the United States

was 1904. He homesteaded in Brainard, Minnesota, and had a shoe shop there. In 1908 he married Meta O. Wohlfeil in Minnesota and their first child, Helen R. (Soper) was born there.

In 1911 he purchased nine lots in Duvall and opened a shoe store in his house. Three more children were born: Harold J., Velma P. (Van Duren), and Alice L. (Klanke). Meta died in 1920.

In 1923 he married Eva E. Vogt and one child was born to this union: Daisy (Sterling).

A shoe store was built on Main Street where Mr. Franke sold new shoes and did repair work for thirty-one years. As the business slowed and people went to Seattle for their shoe purchases, he rented out half of the 1936 building. (Dr. Pfeifer had his office there for a number of years.) During the second World War he was viewed by some townspeople with suspicion because he was of German extract. His business fell off drastically. He finally made the decision to retire in the early summer of 1943. He was then past 73.



**Inside Duvall
Shoe Store**

*Helen Franke,
Meta Franke
holding Harold.
Unidentified woman
holding Velma Franke,
Joseph Franke*

With a lifetime of very hard work, both in the store and maintaining a large garden and orchard, his life of ease was not to be. On August 29, 1943, he suffered a severe stroke and died on September 16. Mr. Franke was very active physically and enjoyed excellent health all his life. He especially liked to walk, and with many friends located in the Novelty area, he would walk there to visit, while family members rode the train.

In the summer a very large garden was grown and a large orchard on the hill below third Avenue was planted. The house was continually being improved also. Of course, wood and coal were used for cooking and heating. Once a large tree (old growth size) was delivered in the alley and sawed by hand into slabs which were then chopped to stove size. In the summers there were wild black-berry gathering picnics in the woods north of Duvall, and in the fall it was hazel nut gathering.

He was a charter member of the IOOF Duvall Lodge #311 which was set up in November, 1914. He was also a member of the Cherry Valley Grange and served as a councilman in Duvall for a number of years.

Mr. Franke was a reserved, quiet-spoken man who was ready to help someone out with shoes or repairs when they could not pay. He was robbed once by a group of young men who also robbed several places in the area. He had some very close friends who played pinochle weekly. (Chris Larson was one). In general, he led a quiet and unassuming life. His second wife (Eva) began boarding school teachers in the Depression years of the 1930's, continuing on for eleven years. This meant a lot of extra work, both in preparing and maintaining the house for boarders and growing more produce. About 1500 quarts of vegetables and fruit were canned each year. Jellies and jams were prepared, eggs were preserved, and crocks of sauerkraut were put up.

My Lantern

by Elsie Schweitzer



The Lantern is seldom seen these days,
To shed its softly, flickering rays.

But with its warmth and golden glow, How many
times it helped a soul.

To find the pathway to the barn,
Or light a traveler safe from harm.

To guide a ship off treacherous rocks,
For its flashing light was seen for blocks.

No matter how alone you were—

A lantern was a friend for sure.

Its warmth caressed your chilly hand

In winter when you had to stand

To hold it high to light the way,

While Dad filled the manger up with hay.

Now driving down a dark country road,

Its bobbing light from buggy showed

The way for horse and human too—

Though dark the night, it pierced the gloom.

It often sputtered, an oily mess

Which drifted up and fouled the glass,

But trim the wick and fill the pan

With Kerosene from an old tin can.

And brightly again, it sent us light

To do your studies, or show the sights

In Sears and Roebuck Book of Charms

With the lantern close beside your arm.

I hold the memory of the years

It lighted the night—dispelled my fears—

Warmed my hand and filled my heart

With thankfulness to have its spark.

Electric lights are grand, you bet!

No pan to fill, no smell to fret,

But I could have never done without

That old lantern to get about!

From Memories on the "Ranch" on Ring Hill 8-'73

THE WESTMAN FAMILY (Novelty Homesteaders)

By Bob Kusters

Antone and Anna Westman arrived in the valley with five children in 1892. After the long trip from Sweden, they took up a homestead on the banks of the Snoqualmie River about one mile south of what would some day be Novelty store. Their five children were Hannah, born 1883; Maria, born 1885; Carl, born 1886; Peter, born 1889; and August. Six children were born after they arrived in America. They were Ada, born 1893; twins, Lillie and Albert, born 1895; Sophia, born 1897; Edward, born 1901; and Clarence, born in 1905. A son, George, was born in 1903, but died in 1905.

Clarence became well-known in Duvall, as he purchased and operated a filling station located at the corner of Main and Stewart streets. He ran the station for about fifteen years until his death in 1960.

When we first met the Westmans in 1940, mother Anna, sons Peter, August, Clarence, and Ed, one daughter, Sophia, her daughter, Patsy, and son, Henry, lived on the homestead. They had a dairy herd and a few work horses to do the farm work.

The Rosen farm, which later became the Rothschild place, was at one time a part of the Westman homestead, but was sold to the Rosens in the early 1900's. The oldest Westman son, Carl, had a dairy farm across the river in the Vincent area in the 1940's. I do not remember any others of the family living in the valley in 1940.

I recently found out that Antone Westman was a founder and on the first church board of the Novelty Lutheran Church. The Westman family contributed much to the building of the Novelty community, I have been told. Now, a hundred years later, only a few remember the family and their homestead in the valley.

Father, Antone Westman, died in 1920 at the age of 65. Mother, Anna, died in 1945 at the age of 85.

Treasure Boxes

Jill and Mary are collecting items for school history treasury boxes. These boxes will be filled with historical artifacts and suggestions for how the teacher can use these artifacts in his/her classroom instruction. They have selected the theme of "A Day in School" as the subject of the first treasure box. It will include old readers, a slate, a picture from a one-room school house, and instructions for old time games. We are looking for a school bell, an old lunch bucket, an old Sears catalog, a fountain pen and ink well, old maps, slide rule, and anything else that you can think of that would have applied to a school day in the "olden" times. Search your attics, ask your friends, and look in area second-hand stores. We appreciate your help and so will the students. We hope to have at least one box ready when school starts in the fall.

Help!

Your *Wagon Wheel* editors are getting tired. We need your help with articles and ideas. If you have something to contribute, it would be most appreciated. The articles can be about a family, an event, occupation, recreation, adventure – just about anything of historical interest. I'm sure some of you have some nuggets of information you would be willing to share. Any names and phone numbers of potential interviewees would also be appreciated. Thanks!

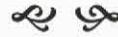
Florence Rupard Dies

Duvall lost another of its pioneers when Florence Rupard passed away on March 31. She was 89 years old. Florence was just two years old when her father, Robert Stromgren, brought her to Duvall after her mother died. Here she was raised by her father's sister, Mrs. Sam Hible, who lived on a farm now known as the Van Hulle farm. In 1921, they moved to a farm a mile south of Duvall. Some might still remember her as a young girl delivering milk and cream to residents in Duvall with the help of a former circus pony and wagon.

In 1929, she married Ranie Rupard. They lived for about two years in a logging camp in Aberdeen before they moved to a small farm on the River Road in Duvall. After her husband's death, she returned to the Hible residence where she spent her

remaining years.

Services were held at the Duvall Methodist and she was buried at the Monroe IOOF cemetery.



Dougherty House

Historical Society president, Tove Burhen, reports that we have reached an agreement with a contractor to do electrical work on the Dougherty House. We have received grant funds to pay for this. This is a giant step forward, as this work needed to be completed before many other things could be done.



THAYER/LOSLEBEN HOUSE

By Bob Kusters

Most of our readers are familiar with the stately house that stands just east of Highway 203 just south of Duvall. The home, now owned by Bill and Helen Losleben, was built by the Thayer family. The following is from an article in the Monroe newspaper on March 5, 1909.

F. H. Thayer, one of the well-to-do farmers of Novelty, will soon have one of the nicest residences along the river road completed and ready for occupancy. The main part of the building is 20x42 feet 2 1/2 stories high with a central extension 16 feet wide running back from the main part 20 feet. There will be a fine large porch in front and two porches, one on each side of the central extension, running its entire length and coming out even with the sides of the body of the house. It will

contain 14 rooms besides closets and will be finished and furnished with all the conveniences of a modern city residence. On the lower floor there will be two bedrooms, sitting room, dining room, kitchen, pantry and wash room. On the second floor there will be six bedrooms and a bathroom and toilet. Mercer Bros. who reside on a farm nearby, are doing the carpenter work, while Will and George Farmer of Monroe did the mason work and plastering. Mr. Thayer will install his own water works and sewer system erecting an elevated water tank for this purpose. Later on this season he will erect a fine large barn to the rear of the house, and when everything is completed will have as pleasant home surrounding as he could well desire. He expects to move into his new house early in August.



Photo taken in 1917 in front of the Thayer house. Left to right, back: Delph Huffman, Minnie Huffman, Lela Thayer (daughter of Frank & Lottie), Dilla Miller, Dave Miller, Frank & Lottie Thayer. Front: Mary Miller, Ava Miller, and either Raymond or Otis Thayer

The following article was written recently by Helen Losleben, documenting the history of the house since her family has owned it.

When Otis Thayer retired from dairy farming, he sold the eighty acres east of Highway 203 to a developer, who had it platted into two and five acre parcels. In June of 1968 we bought the five acres that was the original home site. The house is now ninety-one years old and it has been home to us for thirty years. In 1972 serious renovation began when the house was raised for a new foundation, rewiring, plumbing, and doing necessary restructure of worn wood supports.

The house had changed very little since Frank and Lottie Thayer had lived here and in the renovation, we were always interested to find signs of life as lived in those days. We found that much of the carpentry was done on the place and because of this, it was difficult to find windows and frames of the same dimensions. The door stoops were all hand hewn. The built-in cupboard in the dining room has drawers made from the wood packing in which the original glass for windows was shipped. The walls downstairs are lath and plaster—upstairs had board with felt paper covering and wallpaper. The upstairs bedrooms showed beautiful old wallpaper designs which unfortunately, had been ruined by roof leakage.

When the house was raised for the new foundation, two small porches were removed from the kitchen annex and the one on the south was enclosed to become a bathroom and mud room. The one on the north was enclosed to become part of the kitchen eating area. Two chimneys were dismantled; the bricks were saved, and the fireplace and brickwork in the house were done with these original bricks.

The bricks were probably a product of the valley as there was a kiln operating here in the early days. The woodwork in the house had accumulated several layers of paint over the years. All of the woodwork was removed, numbered, and stripped, then returned to the original wood. This was done in "spare time" over the years. All of the walls and ceilings have been redone. The staircase to the upstairs had been boarded up and was reopened, continuing on to the third floor, which was formerly an unfinished attic. It had been reached by a ladder in the back room. The back room, which is now the master bedroom, has the original tongue and groove wood walls. This was never used as a bedroom in the "old days", but was a

combination upstairs sitting room and storage area. Two additional bathrooms and a sun room have been added upstairs.

I don't know if a house like this is ever "finished", but after raising all of our six children here, (all of whom have survived the restoration, and, as we tell them, have learned to do useful things to enrich their own lives), Bill and I found we were the "old" people in the big house. We solved that by opening our home as a bed and breakfast.

The house is furnished with antiques and collectibles and inherited family pieces. There is a percussion cap rifle in the kitchen, dated 1860, and made in London. A bugle from the Spanish American War hangs over the doorway. A German-made clock, with Westminster chimes, hangs in the parlor. It came from the Great Northern Hotel in a Montana cattle town at the turn of the century. The linens, laces, and afghans are all family pieces.

There are several outside buildings on the place. A concrete cellar, the outside wash house (which is now a garden house), and a quaint little well house that has a door that closes with a wooden spool. The little red barn in back was a horse barn and we were told it was built due to the fact that there was a little money left over after the house was completed. It was seated on logs and needed a lot of structuring. Bill and our sons did this by jacking the barn up and pouring a concrete foundation and flooring. For several years, we farmed out of it by selling whole milk fed veal to A & J Meats on Queen Anne Hill in Seattle (just like the old days).

The water system, envisioned by Mr. Thayer, never materialized, but he did get a tank into the attic. He planned to pump the water up into the tank, then use gravity to supply the house with water. When we purchased the house, we discovered a huge tank in the attic, and were mystified as to what its purpose could have been. We had to cut it in four pieces to get it out.

The Valley has changed far more than we anticipated when we bought the old farm. We have found living here both educational and enjoyable. Our goal was to make a comfortable home, while respecting and keeping the feeling of the homestead. In reading the newspaper article about the plans of Frank and Lottie Thayer, I have to say, he was not able to complete all of his dreams for this house. That is understandable. We are grateful for the ones that he realized and we will keep working on it.

MEMORY LANE REVISITED, Duvall, 1927

By Lee Johnson

Some of my favorite memories of childhood relate to hikes with my father. I remember, especially, one in the spring of 1927, when I was nine.

My father cooked stew meat in the morning on our "Round Oak Chief" wood stove. Before we left, we restoked the firebox with lengths of Douglas fir. He added vegetables to the stew pot and closed the stove's dampers to give a longer lasting, cooler fire. We left our 38-acre farm just south of Duvall, and hiked down into the steep ravine that separated "Holly Lodge", our farm, from the residences of the small town.

Duvall supplied most of the local needs in days of poorer roads and slower modes of transportation. The town, in the nineteen twenties, had the Grange store, which sold groceries, grain, and feed. Hix's sold newspapers, candy, groceries, grain, and kerosene. Jones' Hardware and Dry Goods carried a surprising number of items of hardware and dry goods. One corner of the store was set aside as the Duvall Post Office. Anderson's Garage did auto repairs and sold gasoline. James Barrigan sold gasoline in the town's first service station.

Sharing the intersection where gasoline was sold was Mr. Merceau's barbershop and Lon Brown's theatre, which was open only on weekends. A boarding house was operated across from the Forest Inn, a massively timbered three-story hotel. The Forest Inn housed a dining room, bar of sorts (prohibition was on the law books), a card-room, and a pool room. There were a dozen or more hotel rooms upstairs.

My mother, H. Gladys Taylor, ran the Traveler's Cafe' near Hix's Store. Next to it, was a blacksmith shop whose former owner, L.D. Smith, had gone to a new location in Alhambra, California.

Mr. Clayton, whose son married a local Larson girl, was one of several blacksmiths who plied his trade in that shop on Main Street.

Mr. Franke operated a shoe store that turned out craftsmanlike shoe repairs. We, children, all loved to get the advertising give-aways that called

attention to the Poll Parrot brand of shoes his store carried. Also in the block having the shoe store was a house that served as a doctor's office for several physicians. Dr. Strang and Dr. McKibbon were among them. The Duvall State Bank occupied the corner of Cherry and Main Street across from Hix's Store. The bank boasted the first stretch of paved sidewalk in town. The other walks were planked.

The Catholic Church was located on Stella, two and a half blocks up the hill from Main Street. The Methodist Church stood at Stella and Main Street. Near Stella was the county garage where local pranksters usually put Sam Risen's buggy each Halloween. Next to it, was the two-story IOOF Hall which later became the Grange Hall.

In the early 20's, a garage on the down hill side of Main Street and Stephens burned. The old Community Hall still stood nearby due to heavy timbers shoring it up from the inside after it had been once condemned.

The town's tiny jail was on the downhill side of Stella, across from the county garage. Few people were ever kept there for more than long enough to sleep off a drunk.

In the 20's, before Hix's remodeled so as to have refrigerated cases, our meat was dispensed two doors down from the barbershop, on the west side of the street.

The store between the barber shop and meat market was half restaurant and half living quarters for a succession of families. Among them were Louis Marvold and the Harry Zartmans.

With these various businesses operating, those living in the area could have most of their needs met. Even dynamite was available. It was kept in a locked shed on the outskirts of town. The merchant would accompany his customer out of town to his shed, then walk back with the order of dynamite and caps. No one was concerned about the explosives being used for anything other than blowing stumps or other legitimate uses.

On the morning of our hike, we entered the town from the south. We passed through town

where we were joined by Mr. Jones' ten-year old stepson, then call "Junior" Jones.

At Anderson's Garage where three generations of Andersons eventually worked, we made a left turn onto the mile-long trestle that stretched across the valley, including the steel bridge over the Snoqualmie River.

We crossed the Snoqualmie River down a slope past two off-ramps about one third mile from town. They led to farms along the west side of the river. Fifty gallon rain barrels lined the railings to keep the trestle's 3x12 wood planks from rattling so loudly when cars passed. The huge spikes anchoring the planks were not sufficient.

We crossed over a narrow lake, known as Long Lake. We passed Bob Perkins small house standing on pilings out of reach of any known high water. Because Bob's house was up to the height of the trestle, he'd been able to get it painted free by allowing it to advertise some Seattle clothier, who sold suits with two pairs of trousers. Hence, Bob earned the nickname of "Two Pants Perkins".

Nearby, stood a larger house of Lem Perkins, also on pilings, but not as close to the bridge. Lem lived there with his wife and three daughters, Rosalie, Harriet, and Viola.

At the west side of the valley, we turned south, passing several farms, among them the Sanvans, Teagardens, Herzogs and others. I could see the Davis farm just across the river. When we came in sight of the Wallace place near the foot of Novelty Hill, we turned east and trudged back across the valley, crossing the Milwaukee tracks near the Novelty Store with its social hall on the upper level. At that time, Victor Hegel was still operating the store which sold groceries, gas, and grain. Then we headed a mile and a half back north to Duvall.

We passed the Pickering farm, MacKay's house with its bay window, and the old Novelty grade school, which stood opposite Grandma Clark's place. Grandma Clark had taught my mother and at

least one or two of my older brothers. Then we passed Johnny Clark's place where he lived with his wife and two small sons. We crossed a bridge over a narrow draw with a graveled road beneath it. This road crossed the valley to the Steve Platt and the Davis farms. By the railroad berm was a swimming hole, known as "Clark's Lake".

Across this short bridge, the Unger house stood on an embankment to our right, while a large, unpainted barn stood on our left. After passing Unger's orchard and vineyard, we arrived at the Big Rock Road turn off and the beginning of the mile of paved roadway into Duvall.

Cap Salsberry's place was to our right and Hanish's farm on our left. Next we passed between Thayer's two-story Midwestern style house and large gambrel-roofed barn.

A lane ran up the hill to Alva Miller's place and down, near the road was a small place belonging to the Dave Millers. Sam Hible's place was next with its large house and circular drive. The Senn place was next with its barn on the valley side of the road. Three hours after we started, we turned right and followed our rutted driveway with its border of hawthorn trees. The fire had gone out, but the stew was still fragrant and warm.



Picnic Fun

The Duvall and Tolt Historical Societies held their annual summer picnic at MacDonald park in Carnation on Sunday, Aug. 8. Approximately twenty-five people from the two organizations came together for the occasion and enjoyed a good time sharing conversations about life in the lower Snoqualmie Valley.



A CENTURY OF NOVELTY BRIDGES

By Bob Kusters

This year marks one hundred years since the first bridge to span the Snoqualmie River at Novelty was constructed for the modest price of \$6000. In March of the year 2000, when a new bridge will replace the present one, it will be exactly eighty years since the second bridge was built and the first one dismantled. A lot of water has passed under the bridge since the present one was erected. Latest reports tell us that the new bridge will cost us between 6.9 and 7.2 million dollars.

A few weeks ago, I was able to obtain thirty-four pages of records from King County Archives. In them we found the names of those who worked building the 1920 bridge, wages paid, and jobs performed. A crew of eight or ten men were brought in to work from start to finish. They were paid \$8 per day.

This crew started in March of 1920 to build a pile driver and remove the old bridge. By the latter part of April, some local men were being hired at the rate of \$6 for an eight hour day. Two local men were hired as carpenters for \$8 per day.

C. Schuler and Horace Chipman, the local workers were experienced bridge builders. They had worked on the new bridge built at Duvall two years before with Mr. Chipman being head carpenter on that project.

Mr. H. Funk, D. Miller, and H. Leak were hired with their teams when horse power was needed. They were paid \$12 for an eight hour day. Mr. A. Pickering, C. Schuler, and Mr. Samzelius, who was owner of the Novelty store at the time, worked a few days with their trucks. They were paid up to \$28 for eight hours.

A special crew of ten to twenty steel workers was brought in for the steel construction work. They worked from ten to twenty days. This crew was paid \$9 a day. One V.I.P. was paid \$12 a day for a short time.

It seems hard to believe that the highest paid person in that project only received \$1.50 per hour.

We find only one record of steel being delivered to the site. In September, \$2041.23 worth of steel

was delivered for the bridge. Many local men were hired to take down the old bridge, build forms for concrete work, haul sand and gravel from the railroad, pour concrete piers etc.

The work started in March 1920 and was completed in November, 1920— taking approximately the same amount of time to build as the new bridge in the year 2000.

This old span first carried teams and wagons along with a few old cars, then a few more cars. Fifty years ago, when the wood trestle on the Woodinville-Duvall Road was to be replaced with a new bridge at Duvall, traffic had to be detoured to the Novelty Bridge. Some said, at the time, that the Novelty bridge would not hold up for the heavier use. Signs were put up warning that the load limit was ten tons, but you know how those truckers are! Yet, the bridge survived.

With more traffic now in a day than in a week when it was first built, we can give credit to those men so long ago who knew how to build a bridge. These men have all left us now. I believe Ole Ronnei may have been the last one, but we'll remember them when the bridge is taken down next year.

We will list the names of local people who worked on this bridge. There may be a few more local men whose names we do not recognize, but we'll do our best.

Bridge Builders of 1920

L. Dougherty	J. Ronnei
K. Wissel	O. Ronnei
H. Day	T. Edstam
D. Miller	H. Funk
S. Wallace	H. Leak
C. Shuler	R. Adolfson
V. Dougherty	J. Quall
H. Chipman	G. Spaulding
A. Pickering	E. Samzelius
H. Gainer	H. Tuttle

Dougherty House Update

Thanks to the help of volunteers, much has been accomplished at the Dougherty House in recent weeks.

Volunteers from the Duvall Ward of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints installed a picket fence along Cherry Valley Road and the west side of the house. Twenty teenagers and eight to ten adults were involved in this work. Another group will do the painting. Thanks to Patty Andrus , Jim Byer, and Jeffrey Keyes for coordinating this project.

Meanwhile, on the inside, another crew worked on the bathroom, where a vinyl floor

was installed and the walls were painted. Special thanks to Cherry Valley Plumbing who donated the plumbing labor and to Bill and Helen Losleben who did the painting.

History Tour

Students at the Cherry Valley Multi-age School, under the guidance of teacher Karen Jackson, enjoyed a historic tour of Duvall this month. Verle Bowe, Velma Hill, Tove Burhen, Mae Kusters, Ruth Bellamy, and Bill and Helen Losleben of the Historical Society enjoyed being the tour guides as they walked around town telling stories and pointing out historic sites.



Old bridge at Novelty which was replaced in 2000.

HOLY INNOCENTS CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Helen Losleben

In the late 1880's, Snoqualmie Valley was part of the Snohomish parish, whose boundaries extended from Snohomish to the summit of Snoqualmie Pass. About once a month, the priest from Snohomish would travel up the Snoqualmie River, stopping at Monroe, Duvall, Tolt (Carnation), and continue to the towns of Snoqualmie and Issaquah.

The first priest to celebrate Mass in Duvall was Fr. Peter Van Holderbeke for Catholics who gathered at the Dougherty home.

Vincent Dougherty was baptized there in the fall of 1900. The Dougherty family furnished the

only two religious to come out of the Valley. Son, John, became a priest, and daughter, Kathleen, became a nun.

In 1913, when Monroe became a separate parish, Duvall and Tolt were included in its boundaries. Fr. Daniel Kelly began celebrating Mass one Sunday a month in the Cherry Valley School house. By August of 1913, Fr. Kelly and the Catholic people of Duvall felt the school was no longer adequate for a place of worship.

Life was not easy for the early settlers, but religion was important to them and they were generous and anxious to have established ways of



Duvall Catholic Church.

life. The Catholic Extension Society gave \$500 toward the future church and Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, contributed money and labor. Construction began in October of 1913 on the corner of Stella and Broadway. The total cost was \$1700, and on April 5, 1914, Fr. Kelly presided at the first Mass at Holy Innocents. On Sept. 11, 1913, Bishop O'Dea of Seattle, dedicated the church on his first visit to the Duvall area.

Holy Innocents has since been a mission church attached to Bothell or Monroe, and at present is part of Lady of Sorrows of Snoqualmie under Fr. Jan Larsen.

In 1961, the church was raised up and a basement was built under it at a cost of \$8500. \$3000 was borrowed from the Archdiocese.

Archbishop Connelly wrote, "I am pleased to authorize you to proceed with the installation of a basement if you feel that it would be a good investment and that you would not be throwing good money after bad.

I mention this because when the new Lake Bridge is completed, there will be an increase in parishioners and we should be prepared to meet it.

Much of the money for improvements in the parish was raised by the yearly Silver Tea, put on by the ladies of the parish. It was a year-long effort of making many handmade goods, and the Silver Tea was put on with much style and good fellowship. It was the social event for the entire valley.

In 1979 Fr. Richard Stohr, Director of Catholic Detention Ministry, volunteered to be the pastoral priest for Holy Innocents. He became the first resident priest of Duvall. The parish purchased a mobile home for him, and he was very much a part of the community of Duvall. Fr. Stohr retired in 1988 and since that time, Mass has been celebrated on a regular basis by Jesuits and priests from the Archdiocese of Seattle.

Over the years, additional land was purchased for parking and in 1991, a parish hall was added, making five class rooms, kitchen facilities, and meeting hall. It is currently used by several community groups and the Grace Episcopal Church has Sunday services in the church.

At this time, in 1999, the parish is still considered a mission. However, the growth that Archbishop Connelly envisioned has shown up in the three Sunday morning Masses, and an additional fourth Mass offered on Sunday evening.

The church was built to serve about one hundred people. As the year 2000 approaches, plans for a church on the Dougherty property are on the drawing board, and the membership stands at 422 families or about 1377 persons. With a church planned for five to six hundred people on the Dougherty property, the parish will have come full circle to its roots, but a long way from the few families that gathered at the hospitality of Kate Dougherty to worship in her home.

Making History 2000 Style

Where were you New Year's Day 2000?

We hope you took a picture because the Duvall Historical Society is collecting them to show folks of the future what Duvall residents did and what things looked like in the year 2000.

Someday we'll be history too!

Strategic Planning

As we enter a new millennium, it is time to remember the past and reflect upon our vision and goals for the future. Thus, the Duvall Historical Society plans to develop a strategic plan in the year 2000. We ask our members to consider what we would like to accomplish in the next thousand years!

Happy New Millenium

DANIEL AND ELIZA McKAY

By Bob Kusters

Dan and Eliza McKay were Novelty area homesteaders and, like others of those bygone days, are gone, but not yet completely forgotten. Therefore, a short article on this well-known pioneer family is long overdue.

The *Duvall Citizen* informed its readers on Jan. 8, 1915 that Daniel McKay was ailing, and on Jan. 22, 1915, that he had died on Jan. 20th. The old homesteader was born in Nova Scotia to Scottish immigrants, Anna Isabel and David McKay in 1836. He married Eliza Cochran in 1865 and with the family came to Novelty in 1877. He was survived by three children—James, who remained on the homestead, Marian, also known as Anna, who married a Mr. Leeper and may have been related to the Leepers who homesteaded the old Teegarden farm, and another daughter, who married a Mr. Stewart.

Daniel's wife, Eliza, died on Jan. 15, 1889, twenty-six years before her husband, Dan. She was buried in the old Duvall Cemetery where her tombstone was the last standing until it, too, was stolen. Her body was removed and reburied in the Novelty Cemetery, where Daniel was also buried in a family plot with a large "McKay" stone marking the spot.

The McKay homestead was near Novelty on the north boundary of the Pickering farm. James McKay farmed the place for a number of years. Some others who have farmed it since 1940 have been the Ridges, Werkhovens, Martin Geertsemas. The last to farm it was George Geertsema. There were others before 1940, but I did not know them. Mr. McKay seems to have been one of those old settlers that Novelty was fortunate to have always ready to be of help to the community. He and his neighbors built the first school at Novelty, a log

building on the side hill above his farm, and he was the first school teacher in that school.

I have also heard and read about a time when he was in Spokane and walked all the way back to his farm, nearly starving along the way.

Daniel was blind the last seven years of his life and had other ailments in later years, which he bore without complaint. When he died in 1915, a service was held at the Novelty Lutheran Church.

After Daniel died, it was but six months until another tragedy hit the family. It was a pleasant day, July 4, 1915, when James and Mildred McKay's son, Donald, went to swim in the river by the Novelty Bridge with some neighbor boys.

The boys swam across the river and later, when they returned, they saw Donald was in trouble floating downstream. Some went after him, while others went for help, but the body sank before they got to him.

After searching and diving the rest of the afternoon, it was decided that the body was trapped under some logs and brush, creating a small jam. The searchers then took powder and blew up the brush pile, but did not find him. All day Monday and Tuesday, the search went on until, finally, on Tuesday evening at 6 p.m., Mr. Mallott from Snohomish found the body in eighteen feet of water about two hundred feet from where he was last seen.

Donald McKay's funeral service was also held in Novelty Lutheran Church and he was buried near his grandfather.

The McKay family was well-known in the valley, but they, like so many who came to this wilderness to find a home, are today remembered by only a few.

Duvall Loses a Historical Hero

By Mary Lampson

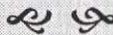
We just received the sad news that Duvall has lost a wonderful man and local historian with the death of Bob Kusters.

Bob was not born in the Snoqualmie Valley like his wife, Mae, but he lived here for most of his adult life and loved it like an adopted son. He and Mae farmed on the West Snoqualmie Valley Road and knew most of the pioneer farm families.

When Bob retired from farming, he was able to indulge his passion for history and put his knowledge of the valley to good use. He and Ralph Taylor did more than anyone else I know to combine valley connections, research skills and a knack for collecting and writing to preserve our local heritage. His work has provided the material for nearly seventeen years of the *Wagon Wheel*.

Though Bob could have written books from his own memories, he insisted on doing extensive research before committing to an article. If he couldn't prove it, he wouldn't write it. Many times, yours truly was scolded for misspelling a name. He usually had photos from his personal collection to add interest to his articles. Researchers were always directed to Bob and Mae for information about the valley.

It is now Bob's turn to be remembered. Bob, your days among us may be gone, but you will be remembered. Your life and your contributions to our community's history will never be forgotten. We are grateful for the treasures you have shared.



A Memorial was held by the family at the historic Duval Depot on February 19, 2000 for:

Gerrit "Bob" Kusters

Born January 9, 1924; died February 4, 2000

Born in Douglas County, South Dakota, on a farm near Harrison, where his grandparents had homesteaded in 1882. Passed away at his home of 52 years on the farm near Duvall, Washington, where his wife, Mae Spoelstra, was born.

Survived by his wife of 56 years, Mae; sons Ken, Ted and Bob; four grandsons, two granddaughters and one great granddaughter. Brothers Bill, Tony, Leroy and Kurtis; sisters Dorothy Phyllis, Mae Rose, Joyce and Patty. Preceded in death by his parents, one brother and one sister.

Bob's family moved from South Dakota to Grangeville, Idaho, in 1933, where he worked for different farmers. In 1940 the family moved to the Rosen farm at Novelty, Washington. Bob worked for several farmers in the Duvall area and also at the Carnation Cannery and Kirkland shipyards. In October, 1944, Bob and Mae began dairy farming on the Spoelstra farm, where they raised their family. While farming, Bob belonged to several

dairy organizations and raised registered Holsteins. He also served many years as a school board member of the Lower Snoqualmie Valley District #407.

In the late 1960's he and many other farmers in the Snoqualmie Valley formed the Valley Greenbelt Association. Their first major accomplishment was to prevent sewage from being discharged into the Snoqualmie River, in order to preserve this area for the future. It also helped in initiation of the farmlands preservation program.

In the 1970's, Bob began to collect and write articles about this area's history. He spent countless hours reading, researching and talking to his friends in order to be accurate in his writings. Now, he has become a part of the history that he loved.

We want to thank all of his friends and community for the good times and conversations you had with him.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST

By Ethel M. Benham (Sinn) Pazer

Bill was quite a tease. He especially enjoyed teasing me, his little sister. I would react in a way he liked best. That is, I would burst into tears and put on a real show. He couldn't get such a reaction from the other kids. They would fight back. No fun there.

Bill was moderately tall, of slender build, and quite strong—a wiry strength. He was nice appearing with brown hair and blue eyes. He strongly resembled his dad. He had a good sense of humor and was definitely a free spirit. William Henry Benham was born to parents, Minnie and Henry James Benham at their sixty acre farm at Cherry Valley, May 22, 1904.

This was the farm where Smith Philander Benham and Hannah (Allen) Benham settled when they came to Cherry Valley from the Midwest. The aforementioned Henry James was their youngest child, being only four years of age, when they arrived in Washington. There were other children, too, that came west with them.

Henry James and Minnie had a daughter named Myrl, who was only thirteen months old when Willis Henry was born. Myrl called her baby brother "Wiss" and he was called by that nickname often by loving family members. Willis and Myrl were very close companions during their childhood. A brother, Earl, joined the family in 1906, and a sister, Ethel, in 1907.

The Benham farm was situated very close to the Snoqualmie River. With four small children, this river was a constant source of concern. One day Willis disappeared. A frantic search for him was made. Everyone was almost certain that the toddler had drowned, but he was finally located unharmed. He had wandered off into the tall corn field. However, the river ever remained a terrible threat to the children's safety, because it was so close to their dwelling. This river was also prone to over-flow periodically, even coming into the house. At such times, Henry would take Minnie and the children by rowboat across the valley to his Uncle Horatio Allen's home, which was up on a hillside, and

remain there until the water receded. Upon returning home, much work was necessary to restore the home to a livable condition. Dirt, sand, and silt covered the floors, lower parts of the walls, and the furniture. Henry and Minnie decided that they must move to higher ground as soon as possible. Eventually, the ideal location was found and purchased. As soon as they found suitable renters for the farm, they moved. A tent was set up for temporary family shelter while the land was cleared for the large five bedroom house to be built. It was a very nice house and was ready for occupancy by that fall.

It was not long after this that a small town started to develop. It was directly east of the original Benham farm. Only the river separated the farm and the town properties. The town, on elevated ground, consisted only of a grocery store and a small church at first. It had dirt streets, rutted by horse drawn wagons and buggies, wooden sidewalks and hitching posts. Very primitive conditions, to say the least. They named the town 'Duvall'. The school was, and still is, north of town.

Minnie gave birth to two more sons after moving to the new home, Oliver, born in 1910 and Jessie in 1911. Jesse passed away at eight months of age following a measles epidemic.

When Willis was in school, his friends called him 'Bill'. He liked that and the name seemed to suit him. Soon he became 'Bill' to family and friends. From now on, I shall refer to him as Bill, as that is what I always called him. He was an active boy. He liked to trap and as he grew older, he took up hunting. He liked outdoor activities. He and brother, Earl, had chores to do daily. Dad had a few cows that they milked. They split wood and kindling for the house and fed the chickens. Dad believed that busy kids didn't get into so much mischief.

Bill loved sports. When in school, he was on the basketball team, competing with neighboring teams. He especially enjoyed playing baseball. It was a common sight to see a group of boys in our lower field playing ball with Bill and Earl. Later, all

came trouping into the house for some of Mother's homemade bread and jelly and molasses cookies

When in school, Bill took manual shop training. Among other things, he built himself a canoe which he loved. I recall once he went as far down river as the County Line. I'm sure it was pleasurable going downstream, but coming back was another story. He had to buck the current and consequently, he was very late getting home for the evening chores.

He met a girl, named Mabel Ren, in Monroe. They later married. Bill was then nineteen years old. Bill and Mabel had three children, Betty Jane, Willis Henry Jr., and Raymond Oliver. It was extremely hard in those years to make a living. Bill worked at various jobs, including logging. It was not long after their wedding that the entire country was in the grips of the Great Depression. It became very difficult to obtain work – especially for young people who were not yet established. In time, Bill and Mabel separated. After the separation, Bill worked mostly in the logging industry. In winter when logging operations shut down, Bill would come to our farm and remain until spring. He was good company and assisted with the farm chores in exchange for room and board. Harry, my husband, and Bill would sometimes go up to our hillside acreage and cut wood to supply our needs at the farmhouse. He always gave Bill a portion of this wood to sell, so he would have sufficient funds to seek employment in the spring.

It was during this trying period that Bill found logging work in Darrington. While working there, he had a fatal accident. Mother, Oliver, and I were at the hospital with him at the last, but he was unconscious during the whole time before he passed away. When my husband, Harry heard that Bill had died, he took it very hard as Bill was like a brother to him. Our Bill, at age 34, was laid to rest at Novelty Cemetery beside his little brother, Jesse.



Editors Note:

By Bob Kusters

On a recent visit with Ethel Pazer, we were happy to learn that she had written a short history of her family in the early days of Cherry Valley and would be glad to give us a copy to use in the Wagon Wheel.

After growing up in the Duvall area when the town was born, Ethel married Harry Sinn and moved onto a farm about a mile south of Novelty. They had two sons, Loren and Stanley, and a daughter. After Harry died, she married Elmer Pazer and lived in Duvall for a number of years. Later, upon Elmer's death, she moved to Carnation, where at 92 years of age, she lives in her own home as chipper as ever.

Visiting her again, a few weeks later, she surprised us with an article written by Frank Lynch of the Seattle Post Intelligencer, telling of triplet girls who had come to Seattle years earlier. These girls, named Minnie, Mae, and Myrtle were born in Oregon in 1884 and came to Seattle when they were seven with their mother, who needed work.

A Mrs. Doty recalled sixty years later how a photographer took the triplet's picture and Mrs. Doty sold pictures of the girls on the streets of Seattle. The girls' mother, Mrs. Hall, had Minnie go to live in the Snoqualmie Valley with the Leeper family, who had homesteaded the farm on the hill just south of the Marty farm. 1900 census records show Robert Leeper, 63 years old and his wife, Pauline, 53 years old, lived on the old Teagarden farm with a son, an adopted son, Freddie, and Minnie as a sixteen year old boarder, who was born in Oregon to a father from Ireland and a mother from Wisconsin. It is easily understood how Minnie may have met her future husband, Henry James Benham, who lived in the valley nearby.

DON BROWN'S ROSARY COLLECTION

By Mary Lampson

The world's greatest collection of rosaries once belonged to a former Duvall resident and is now housed in the Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center in Stevenson, Washington. Don Brown spent his life collecting nearly 4000 rosaries and other priceless religious artifacts.

Included in this magnificent collection are the rosaries of many famous people, including Father Flanagan of Boys Town, Lawrence Welk, Al Smith (the presidential candidate), and Robert Kennedy. Perhaps the most significant is the small wood bead rosary John F. Kennedy carried throughout World War II.

Don's parents were Hattie and Alva Curtis Brown, who built a house across from Taylor Park around 1911. They were members of the Duvall Methodist Church where daughter, Ency taught Sunday school. Hattie and A.C. Brown had three children, Don, Ency, and Colin. Ency was born in 1887 and Don on April 27, 1895.

Don was named Dorris by his parents, but changed his name to Donald, then took the name Dominic when he converted to the Catholic faith and became a Dominican brother.

Hattie and A.C. lived in Duvall until they moved to a twenty acre tract they homesteaded in North Bonneville, Washington. Don eventually managed the "Brown Trust" real estate interests in North Bonneville.

When the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers activated the Second Powerhouse project at Bonneville Dam, the entire town of North Bonneville was purchased and excavated to permit the flow of water from the new facility. The Columbia River was widened and it inundated the site of the town, the Brown Tract, and the home which once housed his collection.

A.C. Brown died in 1931 and Hattie in 1954. They are buried in the Pioneer Cemetery in North Bonneville.

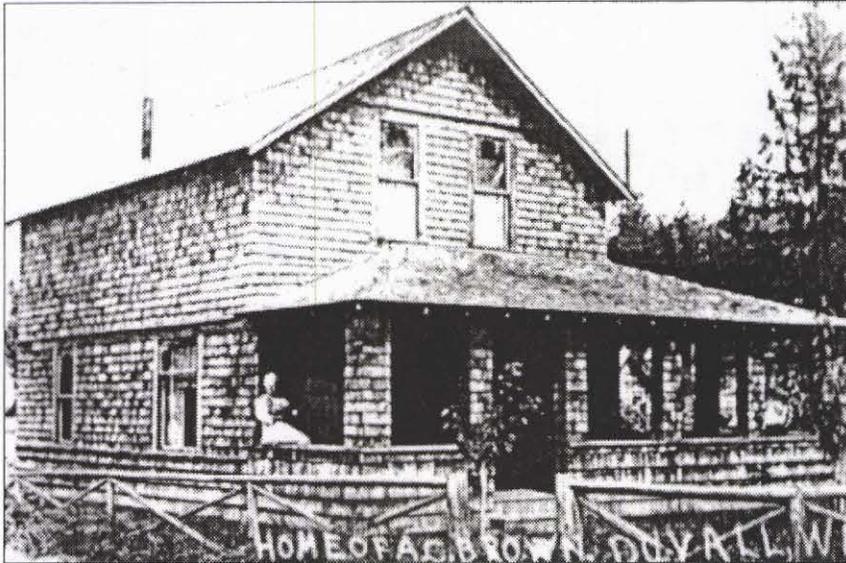
Ency married R.W. Collard. Loren, their son, was a water color artist and had a career in advertising as art director with some of the largest agencies in New York, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and Dallas.

Don spent much of his life in Skamania County and, along with his father, were instrumental in founding the Skamania County Historical Society in 1926.

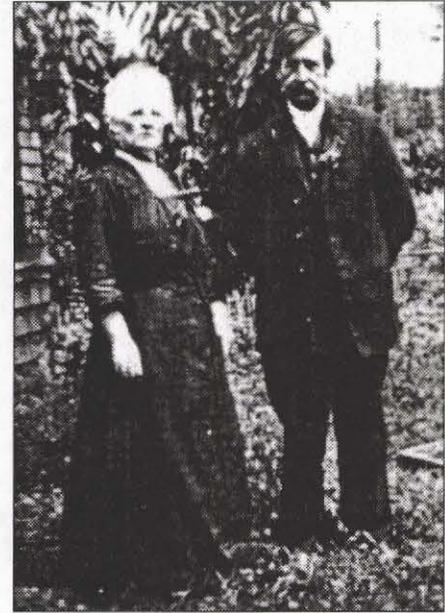
Don (Dominick) Brown was just recovering from a near fatal illness when he was hit by an automobile while being pushed across a Eugene, Oregon street intersection in his wheelchair. He died Dec. 14, 1975 at the age of eighty. He is buried next to his parents in North Bonneville.



Don Brown (in Dominican vestments) presenting his rosaries to the Skamania County Museum.



Home of A.C. Brown in Duvall, WA



Mr. & Mrs. A.C. Brown



Photo from Loren Collard
The Brown Family –
Back: Ency and Hattie; front: Colin, A.C. and Don

Rosaries

In the western world, the rosary is used in Roman Catholic devotions and in eastern religions, similar prayer beads are employed as an aid to pious meditation by Islam, Buddhist, and other religious groups.

It is said perhaps three-quarters of the human race use beads as a means of counting the number of times a repetitive prayer has been recited. The Catholic tradition was probably adapted from the Jew long before the time the Catholic priest, Dominic, first propagated the rosary as it is now used.

Contributors

Thanks to Velma Hill for the research and photos behind this story. She even took a trip to the museum to view the collection. Thank you also to Loren Collard and Alan Miller for their contributions of facts and photos. Other information for this story was gathered from the Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center and from *Skamania County Pioneer*.

Kosters Memorial

Thanks to all of Bob Kosters friends who have contributed to the publication of another book of *Wagon Wheel* articles in his memory.

MISS POYHONEN

By Lee Johnson

Poyhonen". Poy was pronounced as the Hawaiian food "poi". Her name was Finnish, but when anyone asked her about her nationality, she announced with a straight face. "I'm an Algerian."

She was nearly as tall as I am, then the tallest girl in our small town. She was slender with honey blonde hair, blue eyes and over all freckles. Perhaps freckles were her reason for the long, full sleeves that she was fond of wearing.

This seventh and eighth grade classroom in Cherry Valley School at Duvall had been a problem room for several years.

In 1929, a Mr. Adamson had to be replaced before the school year was over. Fifteen-year-old boys who were compelled to stay in school until age sixteen or through the eighth grade heckled him to such a state of nerves that he couldn't continue.

Miss Padden, a former teacher at the reform school was no doubt selected because of her ability to handle difficult boys. She soon had an orderly, pleasant classroom. Guessing accurately that disruptive students might be poor readers, Miss Padden, a matronly red head, began the day and the afternoon with ten minutes of reading a lively story to the class.

Miss Padden's effect lasted for awhile into the next year when Thomas Lieb taught the room. Mr. Lieb was not as tall as several of the students were. The boys tested him severely.

Mr. Lieb became incensed by one of the nearly sixteen-year-olds still in seventh grade. Ed, the boy, refused to come forward as requested. Mr. Lieb strode purposefully down the aisle toward Edward who, by then, had a firm grasp on his desk.

One last request for Ed to stand up and then Mr. Lieb took a firm grasp on Ed and pulled him to his feet. The desk came up with him as the boy ahead of him scrambled to his feet. His seat was attached to Ed's desk. Another time, Si, another over-aged boy, stood in the back of the room and made saucy remarks to Mr. Lieb. Mr. Lieb was annoyed, as expected, and advanced toward the back, also as anticipated. Midway, he stopped. There was a

copper wire stretched across the room at that point.

I was just as surprised as our teacher was. I hadn't noticed when the boys put up the wire, but they got their kicks out of the teacher's consternation.

These were the kind of students that Miss Poyhonen was expected to teach. Toward the end of her first day, she announced, "When I start a school year, I expect to be tested by my students. They will act up, cheat, and try to mislead me and see if I mean what I say. You have been different. You've done all these things the first day."

We knew where we stood; she was on to us. She had put her desk at the rear of the room. If we wanted to see if she was watching, we had to turn. Passing notes was nearly impossible. If we tried to watch her, she began watching us. Because we were in a rural school, we had to pass a state examination to graduate.

The challenge, Miss Poyhonen felt, was to eliminate the fears associated with tests. She set about making testing fun. For example, one day, as we entered the classroom, she ordered us to clear our desks except for a pencil and a sheet of paper. Then she ordered us to keep our eyes on the desk. Our assignment was to describe everything on the walls of our classroom from the door in a clockwise fashion. Many students didn't remember the flag that we saluted every Monday.

I think I can recall the angels picture at the back of the room, the three horses' heads at the front, the flag, and the picture of George Washington.

We had pop quizzes daily and we exchanged papers for correcting them. We reported our scores and she made a distribution curve on the blackboard. The most prevalent scores were "C's" and the low and highs were "D's" and "A's". The shape of the curves varied and occasionally there were no D's or A's. These were for our information only and many students were relieved when grades were not recorded. We began to regard these tests as a fun thing apart from the drudgery of regular class work.

Miss Poyhonen was the first to admit that we

had individual differences and we could be individuals. She demanded respect for herself and respect between the students. She had us memorize bits of wisdom called "Memory Gems". She also had us memorize poems, preamble to the Constitution, and accustomed us to stand before the class to recite them.

The school year ended in May, 1932. We couldn't afford to pay to go to a resort for a picnic to celebrate the last day of school. We walked a mile or two on a country road to Cherry Creek. We played in the water with our clothes on. We lunched and some boys were encouraged to spill their cigarettes into the creek when Miss Poyhonen discovered them.

After the picnic, we marched en masse back to Cherry Valley School, Washington State Dist. # 14. There, Miss Poyhonen gave us our Certificates of Graduation. All of us passed!

Epilogue

Miss Poyhonen retired from teaching five years later when our school dropped its high school and joined the Tolt district.

Miss Poyhonen became the wife of Norm Dahlgren and moved to Ballard. She worked in the Seattle Public Library for many years. I had several visits with her and she was always encouraging. In my autograph album back in 1932, she had inscribed, "With your bright and inquiring mind, you should find the world an interesting place." Sixty plus years later, I can concur with her conclusion. The world is, indeed, an interesting place.



Help!

Your editor is always looking for articles of historic interest or ideas of people to contact. If you can help, please call Mary Lampson.

News Bits

Audio Tape Grant

King County has tentatively approved a grant of \$4000 to transcribe our audio tape collection. We have been greatly concerned about the decay of these tapes and the transcriptions will greatly enhance the ability of researchers to access this information

Flagpole Placement

King County's Landmarks Commission is being asked to determine whether the flagpole at the Dougherty property should be located near the house or near the historic cemetery. The flagpole is an Eagle Scout project of Matt Akers.



Dougherty House Progress

Members of the Duvall Historical Society have been busy working on the inside of the Dougherty house this summer. After several work parties, the house has had a thorough cleaning. Bill and Helen Losleben are almost finished papering the parlor. We now need to think about furnishings.

Outdoors, Matt Waddington is moving forward on the bunkhouse restoration.

DUVALL GAS STATIONS IN 1940

Bob Kosters In a Letter to Mr. Gilbert

The Anderson Garage was operating in 1940 and had been since he purchased the large floor that the Moose Lodge had built, but were unable to build the walls or roof for some reason or other. The building in 1940 under Mr. Anderson had a mechanic in the shop area in the rear.

Mr. Anderson worked in front where parts and the books were kept. There was a smaller room south of the grease rack where tires were changed and a large area where cars were greased and a three pump bay where one could drive on either side. The pumps and grease hoist were all under a large section of roof that extended out from the main building.

Mr. Anderson had some young helper pumping gas or greasing cars while he was the world's best troubleshooter on the old time cars.

Mrs. Anderson would come in and do the books for the station when most of us had charge accounts and were billed once a month.

After the war, Mr. Anderson sold to his son, George Jr. and a friend Emmit Minaglia. After a year or two, Mr. Minaglia became sole owner in 1945.

An addition to the building was added after a few years and International Equipment was a part of the business until it all burned down in January of 1977.

The fire happened as I was gassing up my pick-up, so I was the last to get gas after all those years that the station existed.

This was the most prominent of Duvall's gas stations.

Another long time station was located on the east side of Main Street and the north corner of Stewart Street. A Mr. Gustafson built it in 1928. The station was old in 1940 and had two Mobil gas pumps operated by hand with the gallon glass tanks on top. I don't remember who ran the station in 1940, but remember the shop man in the two bay garage part.

In the early 1940's a farmer named Clarence Westman took over the business and operated it

until he died in 1960. A man named Doug Walker then had the business for a year or two until Glenn and Jean Grove ran the place with their sons until the place was torn down to make way for a mini-market.

One more gas pump was on Main Street in 1940, but I do not believe it was a thriving business. It was nearly a block south of the Westman Station on the east side of Main Street. Mr. Bill Sinn was the local barber, who also sold candy and cigarettes. He placed an old Fire Chief gas pump on the side walk. This business probably closed by 1942.

SEPARATING MILK

By Bob Kosters

I suppose the number of people who have cranked up a milk separator is getting rather small by now. A separator is a machine for separating liquids of different specific gravities. I don't know what there was about it or why we wanted to be the one to start the heavy bowl spinning. You had to attain a certain height in order to stay with the crank handle at the top of the turn. Once the bowl was spinning at the proper speed, a stronger person would take over the job and keep the bowl spinning with that peculiar hum one will never forget.

When everything was in place—the cream can under the cream spout, the milk can under the skim milk spout, the milk tank for holding the whole milk placed on top, so the faucet was directly over the control float and the bowl spinning up to speed, the faucet would be opened and the float would control the flow of milk.

While we turned the handle to keep the bowl turning at the right speed, the skim milk and cream would start coming. As kids, we would then take turns taking a long drink of the warm skim milk as it came from the separator, leaving a foam ring around our mouths.

In South Dakota , where my parents farmed, they milked around twenty head of cattle, so separating the milk took some time.

The separator was housed in a small milk house attached to the south side of the barn. This separator was a DeLaval, a very common brand in those days. Later on, in Idaho, we used a Mellotte. Both were floor models, but some farmers with one or two head would have a table model.

After the milk had been run through the separator, the lid would be put on the cream can and the skim milk would be fed to the calves and pigs.

I remember times when we had quite a number of calves, as some would be shipped in from Minnesota or Wisconsin to upgrade the home grown herd.

When the separating was done, the machine had to be taken apart and washed. The bowl would be taken apart and about thirty thin, cone-shaped metal discs, which fit into each other, would be taken out of the bowl. These discs had to remain in the same order and were sometimes numbered. To make it easier, the discs all had a small hole drilled through them and a holder shaped like a foot-long safety pin would be opened and a straight rod on the bottom of the pin would be put through the holes in the disc and lifted off a shaft in the bowl and the pin closed. Thus the discs could be sloshed around in a bucket of cold water and then be brushed off with warm, soapy water.

News

Our Houses

Tove Burhen has put together a s collection of stories by Historical Society members about



houses where they have lived. These interesting stories are in a binder and will be available for purchase by other members at the October meeting. The folder has room to expand, so it is not too late for anyone who hasn't yet submitted their stories to do so. Pictures are also welcome.

Dougherty House

The Duvall City Council is taking action on a contract with King County to restore the bunk house on the Dougherty property.

County Grant

The Duvall Historical Society was awarded a \$1000 sustaining grant from King County. The money must be spent by December 15, 2000, so members are asked to bring ideas about how it should be used.

ENTERTAINMENT

By Bob Kosters

In those long gone days before television, when everyone I knew seemed to put in many hours of hard work every day, one would think that play time would be held to a minimum. The opposite is probably true, with many evenings spent in different activities. We will now attempt to put down in writing, some of the things I remember of these events.

Two or three times a year, on a summer evening, a group of us would meet at the Aurora Speedway and watch the races for a couple of hours and then drive the short distance to Playland Amusement Park to see the sights and take some of the rides. The speedway and Playland have long ago ceased to exist, but were quite popular places in the 1940's. They were located on the west side of Aurora at about 135th.

Picnics and swim parties took place most often in the evening at Cottage Lake at the main resort just off the Avondale Road. This was before Norm started his resort. Swim parties usually ended up with a wiener roast.

On summer evenings, most of the population had their radios tuned to the Rainiers and a few times each summer, a group would go down to Sick's stadium to see the ball game in person. Most people knew who the players were and what place the Seattle Rainiers held in the Pacific Coast Conference. The voice of Leo Lassen was familiar to anyone who had a radio.

We also managed to have a few games of cow pasture baseball every summer. Girls and boys of all different ages would participate, and if enough were present, we would have teams, but a game of "work up" could be organized if we had a smaller number of players. In cow pasture baseball, we were all amateurs, but soon learned to slide into base whether we wanted to or not

I remember one family in particular, who had enough kids, and along with their parents seemed to play baseball every night. This Ricci family lived on the Cathcart Road, and in 1946, we would often go over to their pasture for an evening.

Roller skating parties were common in those days, and a group would go about once a month. Most of these were at Silver Lake, but we also went to a rink about 90th and Aurora Avenue in Seattle. There was also a rink at Vasa Park on Lake Sammamish, and a rink near Broadway in Everett.

Other things that we went to every year were the Ice Capades at the Civic Ice Arena in Seattle, ice hockey games at the same place, and the Aqua Follies at Green Lake. On occasion, we went to the motorcycle races at Memorial Stadium, the Showboat Theater on the canal at the University, the Minstrel shows at the reformatory in Monroe, and a football game at Husky Stadium.

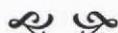
If the weather got cold and the ice was thick enough, we would find a fair-sized pond in someone's pasture and ice skate for awhile during the daytime and go back in the evening, start a big bonfire, and skate for a time and then roast wieners and marshmallows. These ponds were sometimes quite large, but seldom deep enough to be dangerous. There were times when an older car or two was taken out on the ice and a few times one would break through, and a good deal of time and work went into salvaging the unlucky car.

Looking back at the things we did for entertainment, and the places we went, one must bear in mind that the automobiles we used were all early 1930 models, not the reliable cars we have today. Flat tires and breakdowns were common, but helping each other was the rule.

One activity in which some of our age participated, and in an earlier time was quite common, but is seldom heard of today, was the charivari (pronounced "shivaree") A charivari, it seems, would take place when a couple got married in private by a preacher or judge and their local friends and neighbors would miss the wedding and reception. A day or two later, someone would suggest a charivari. Plans would be made and at the appointed time, the group would gather some place so we would all arrive at the newlyweds house at the same time. Each one brought noisemakers of some sort, such as

pots, pans, wash tubs, firecrackers, sirens etc. Then the noise would start and continue until such time as the newlyweds would come to the door (sometimes in a rather surly mood) and invite the group in for a party, or as happened at the last one we attended, a sum of money would be given to the group, if we would go someplace and have our good time some place else.

This group of about thirty decided to go to the Smith Bakery in Kirkland and spend the wad on hamburgers, banana splits, and milkshakes. The last couple of dollars was used for candy bars.



News

The Historical Society will sponsor a program on the history of railroads in the Snoqualmie Valley in January. The program will

include a video and narration by Allan Miller, a local railroad expert. The program will be open to the public and held in the Rose Room of the Library. The date has not yet been set.

Kid's Clothing of Yesteryear

By Bob Kusters

It seemed to me that the clothes we wore depended a lot on the kind of climate we were raised in, the financial condition of the family, and whether you had older brothers and sisters whose clothes could be handed down.

The few kids we associated with on the South Dakota prairie and in our one room school all wore about the same kind of clothes. For the boys, in summer it was barefoot, bib overalls, and a home-made short sleeved shirt. In the winter, we wore stocking caps, mackinaw-type coats, bib overalls, long sleeved homemade shirts, long johns, shoes, and four buckle rubber overshoes.

These overshoes were made to pull over your regular shoes and were supposed to keep your feet and legs warm and dry. Overshoes were heavy, cumbersome things, but also could be worn in such a manner as to show you were worldly and an independent sort. (You may well ask how wearing a pair of overshoes could show a certain status.) It was really quite simple and yet complicated. It was a matter of buckling up your overshoes. The last thing you heard before heading to school was "Buckle your overshoes and keep them buckled."

This was good, sound advice, as it kept your legs and feet warmer, the buckles from tearing off when you let them flop, and easier walking. So, in order for you to understand what we were up against, the style for the kids of that time and place was never to appear at school with your overshoes buckled.

The real problem for those innocent-looking kids of that era was when was it safe to open the buckles and let your overshoes flop and go directly against orders from the high command. The problem seemed to ease somewhat in the later 1930's when some of the upper crust started showing up with zippers on their overshoes and other places. As we didn't travel much in those days, we never knew for sure if this was nationwide or just a local hang-up.

THE DOUGHERTY FAMILY AND FARM (Part 1)

By Bob Kusters

It was my good fortune to become rather well-acquainted with the Dougherty brothers soon after my family's arrival in the Valley in the spring of 1940. Our hay was in the barn when Joe Dougherty came over one day saying their mower was broken down, and since my dad had a new mower and a large team of horses, would he come over to help with their crop?

My dad was willing to send me over for a few days, and in this way, I met James, Joe, and Leo Dougherty when I was sixteen years old.

The Dougherty brothers were still farming about one hundred sixty acres, which at that time included all the land south of the Duvall-Monroe Highway that the Coy family now farms. The buildings on the Coy farm were built some years later.

The next day, when we came with the team and mower, Joe and Leo took me to the hay field, and helped me in the hay, while James did the cooking, cleaning, gardening, and helped with the milking. Jim also would walk out to the field with a white enameled bucket of the best lemonade I ever tasted to help us cool down a bit.

By the time the haying was done, we all knew each other quite well, so in future years, I felt free to stop in and talk to them about their years in the Valley. A few years went by before I met Vincent, the youngest of the Dougherty family, and the only one born on the farm where the family lived so long.

In later years, Joe, Leo, and Vincent would drop by to do some duck hunting. The brothers were all great for hunting and fishing.

The boys father, John Dougherty was born in Dubuque, Iowa, in April of 1853, and his wife, Kate, was born in Ireland in April, 1857. She taught school in Ireland for a short time, and in 1882, John and Kate were married in Seattle. Both were strong Irish Catholics, and in time, they and their children became the foundation of the Duvall Catholic Church.

After their marriage, John and Kate moved to

Utsaladdy where John was a tallyman or accountant for what was then said to be the largest mill in the world. Their first five children were born in Utsaladdy—James in October, 1884; Joe, in March, 1886; Mary, in January, 1888; Kathleen, in April, 1890; and John, in November, 1891.

When Mr. Dougherty lost his job in the panic of 1893, the family moved to Seattle, where daughter, Margaret, was born in November of 1893. The family had been in Seattle about three months when a Catholic priest, Michael McCauley, suggested that the Dougherty family move out to a farm he had in Cherry Valley.

Father McCauley had, in 1886, been appointed



Leo Dougherty leans on the gate of the family home near Duvall. It is now a county landmark.

the first resident pastor of Snohomish City, and it was there, that he tore down a chicken house and built the first Catholic Church. Father McCauley's parish extended from Seattle to the Skagit County line. It seems likely that he first met the Doughertys when he toured the parish.

After a few years and many difficulties, Father McCauley left Snohomish and purchased a farm in Cherry Valley from John Selleck. The farm is now the Neilsen farm. The creek that ran through the farm was Selleck's Creek, but was later named Cherry Creek. The house on this farm was at the foot of those water falls we see on the hillside soon after leaving Duvall for Monroe. This farm was known as the Priest's Place and even today, one may still hear it called that by some old timer.

The Dougherty family, late in 1893, moved onto this farm in Cherry Valley, and it was here, in May of 1895, that son, Leo, was born.

The Dougherty family would take a trip to remember when they left Seattle on the "Mabel", a rather large boat and landed in Snohomish, then boarded the "Echo", which took them to Cherry Valley. The Echo and another steamer traveled the Snoqualmie on alternate days at that time.

In late 1898, Mr. Dougherty purchased the farm that had been homesteaded by William Long in 1876. In the mid 1880's, James O'Leary purchased the place from Hannah Dodds for \$725. James O'Leary and his brother, Dan, were logger farmers and lived in a log cabin in 1888 on a spot where the railroad tracks would be laid twenty-four years later.

A new house was built for James' intended bride, but as some girls will, she changed her mind, and James never lived in the new house.

In early 1899, when the Dougherty family moved in, the cleared land had already been planted

with eight hundred apple and prune trees. In those days there were several large orchards in the area. We read in Snohomish County history that Lucius Day, of Cherry Valley, was the second largest fruit farmer in the Snoqualmie/Skykomish River Valleys, with an orchard in Sultan being the largest.

Mr. Finken, who homesteaded the Wallace farm at Novelty, also had a large prune orchard. During the eleven years that the Dougherty family lived near the river, before the house was moved to its present site, a number of events took place that would change the lives of the family.

Son, Vincent, was born in 1900. In 1902, Mr. Dougherty made a deal with O.R.A. Stephenson, stating that Mr. Stephenson would be given the right to build a logging camp on the Dougherty property in Cherry Valley, as a good part of his land still remained forested. Then, in 1903, John Dougherty died at the age of fifty, leaving Kate and the children (the oldest being James, nineteen and Joe, seventeen) to keep the farm operating and to clear more of the land.

*Editor's note: This story will be continued in the next issue of the **Wagon Wheel**.*

DOUGHERTY HOUSE UPDATE

The fainting couch for the parlor now sports new upholstery, thanks to a grant from King County in honor of the Sesquicentennial. Rebecca Van Ess, who did the upholstery work, also donated a folding screen for display in the house. The county grant of \$1000 also paid for the moving of the piano from its storage area to the parlor.

THE DOUGHERTY FAMILY AND FARM (Part 2)

By Bob Kosters

In 1906, the swing bridge was built across the river, and the Dougherty family would turn the bridge for each riverboat as it churned its way up or down the river. They would hear the whistle of the boat and go to the bridge, crank it open, then crank it shut after the boat had passed through.

The old timers on both sides of the river were getting restless as bridges had already been constructed at Novelty in 1899, and also one a little downstream from where High Bridge is today, so everyone was happy with the new bridge.

Since Leo and Vincent were still quite young, it was likely that James and Joe were the ones to turn the bridge in its earlier years. Joe said that the bridge would usually turn quite readily, but at times, it would hang up, but they soon learned how to take care of that problem.

While James O'Leary owned the Dougherty farm, he donated an acre of the land to the Cherry Valley Methodist Episcopal Church in 1885, and was a large contributor when the church was constructed in 1886 by Rev. A.J. McNeme. The old cemetery was located on a part of that acre of land. A parsonage was built near the church and the old Grange Hall and Hix's store were erected about that time. These buildings made up the little community before the Great Northern Railway came in 1910.

The tracks would make it necessary to cut away the hillside, and Great Northern would move these buildings, including the Dougherty house to new locations.

Kate Dougherty had, in 1893, taken over the duties as postmaster for Cherry Valley from her neighbor, Charles Wilson. Mr. Wilson had the post office at his house from 1899, and had in turn, taken it over from Lucius Day. Mr. Day had the post office from 1878, first on the river bank near the county line, and later, on the side hill where Clarence Zylstra now lives. Kate had the post office about eight years when the house was near the river, and for about a year after the house was moved to its present location.

An old newspaper account tells us that on April

15, 1910 "Mr. Bird has commenced moving the Dougherty house". The other buildings of the little community had, by that time, been moved or were being moved. The parsonage floor fell out when Great Northern was trying to move it, so it never made the trip to Duvall.

A few months after the Dougherty house was in place, on August 4, 1910, construction was started on school number four—between the road and school number three. These two schools would be connected and would be the grade and high schools many of the older generations remember attending, while the Doughertys ran the farm across the road.

Around 1921, famous photographer, Darius Kinsey, put his camera on the Dougherty front lawn and took a photo of the old school with all the students lined up in front of it.

The Dougherty House had been moved, a new school built, and Duvall was in its early stages with many new buildings going up, when daughter, Mary Dougherty died in 1911. She was twenty-two years old, having spent seventeen of those years in Cherry Valley, and as Leo once said, "it was a sad time for our family".

A few more years went by and Leo went back to his father's hometown of Dubuque, Iowa, and worked on a farm while attending a Catholic school for a time. He was probably there for less than a year.

When the hillside was cut down for Great Northern, Joe fired the steam for the shovel, and when another slice of the hill was taken by the Milwaukee Railroad, he once again, fired on the steam shovel.

In February, 1909, when the Grange started, Kate Dougherty and six of her children became members. At the age of twenty-three, in 1911, Joe became Grange Master, and again forty years later, in 1952, Joe was Master. James was also Grange Master at one time. The family was always active in Grange functions, playing a big part in organizing the Duvall Street Fair in 1917. Joe was a member of the Literary Society and early photos show James as

a member of the Duvall Brass Band.

Through all these years, the family kept a herd of milk cows and, until fresh milk was picked up for the Seattle market, the milk was run through a separator, and the cream sent to Everett.

Leo was in the Army in World War I and was overseas for a time. He spent his time aboard ship cleaning up after seasick soldiers. He also may have been in a National Guard unit for a time during World War II, as he attended meetings at Snohomish occasionally.

Joe once took me on a little tour of the house to show me his mother's furniture that had come around the Horn and up the river by boat. Several years later, Leo again showed me the furniture, which seemed not to have changed much through those years.

At the time when Joe took me to see the house, a bear skin rug with the head still on it, was on the floor. When I showed interest in it, Joe told me how he met the bear before it was a rug.

At a time, many years before, while the land had brush and stumps on it, Joe was in the pasture when a bear came from the brush and started for him. Joe had a gun with him, but knowing that bears are sometimes hard to kill, he started for the buildings at a pretty good clip. The bear, however, kept coming, and was gaining, so Joe turned around and fired one shot, killing the bear and getting his rug.

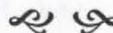
When the Doughertys moved to the McCauley place late in 1893, the second school, which was built in 1893, was in session three months a year—or more if money was available, and the older Dougherty children attended this one. The school was located on the river bank about a mile north of Duvall.

There was a Dougherty that appears in the 1900 census records, of whom little is known. I had not heard of him, and no one that we have contacted knew of him. In the 1900 census, he is listed as Bernard Dougherty, born March of 1855, single and a farmer. He is not listed in the 1910 census, yet when he died in 1922, he was buried next to John and later, Kate Dougherty. Since he was born at the same place as John Dougherty, it seems likely that he was John's younger brother.

Kate Dougherty lived for thirty-three years after her husband's death, saw the farm prosper, the town of Duvall begin, and the railroads and highways taking the place of oxen and riverboats. Mother, Kate, died in 1936. She was a highly respected woman in the Grange, her church, and by her neighbors as well as her family.

Oldest son, James, stayed on the farm, and died in 1955.

Note: To be continued in the next Wagon Wheel.



Railroad History



A video of early railroads in the valley, "Life Along the Tracks: the Milwaukee Railroad in the Snoqualmie Valley", will be shown Sunday, Feb. 18 at 2 p.m. at the parish hall of Holy Innocents Catholic Church. Alan Miller, local railroad historian will be guest speaker. This program is sponsored by the Duvall Historical Society.

THE DOUGHERTY FAMILY AND FARM (Part 3)

By Bob Kosters

Joe Dougherty held many different jobs and helped on the farm. He was a dapper sort of guy and did not miss a dance if he could help it. He tended bar at the old Valley House from time to time, worked in logging camps, and fired steam engines in his younger days. Joe was the first school bus driver after the school district took over the transportation of students. Earlier transportation was contracted out with drivers furnishing the bus. Joe worked for the State Highway Department for years, and ran for County Commissioner in 1936, but lost in a crowded primary election.

Joe once told me that, while living on the McCauley farm, he carried Leo (about 3 years old) on his shoulders from the farm to Lucius Day's post office to get the mail, and almost mired down on the muddy trail.

Joe died in 1967 and is buried in Novelty Cemetery as are James, Leo, Vincent, and Vincent's wife.

Mary, as we have mentioned, died in 1911. Kathleen became Sister Mary Edna, a nurse and a

nun. She lived well into her nineties.

Son, John, was a brilliant student, especially in languages. According to an article in the June 25, 1915 *Duvall Citizen*, "he was chosen from this state to take the Oxford examination for the Rhodes scholarship. In this he acquitted himself creditably, passing the exam with a high standard, but lost his chance for the scholarship by failing to obtain sufficient backing from Washington senators."

John was a splendid athlete in college until injury barred him from further participation in all athletic sports. He also won many medals as a public speaker during his college days. He became a Jesuit priest and died in 1946.

Daughter, Margaret, married Dwight Ross, lived in Seattle, and had two children. She died in 1973.

After a large part of the farm was sold to the Coy brothers, the Doughertys built a small milking barn to meet new regulations and milked a smaller herd for a number of years. Later, these cattle were sold and they raised a few heifers. The acreage was next rented out to local farmers.



*Members of the
Dougherty Family:
left to right, Leo,
Kathleen (Sr. Mary
Edna, S.P.), and
Vincent*

Leo Dougherty kept busy for many years doing odd jobs, and helping farmers put in underground ditches, and building miles of cedar boxes used in these ditches before plastic tile became popular. He was a master ditcher, as I am sure many older farmers would agree.

One afternoon, when we were talking by his kitchen table, the subject of the Civil War came up. It was then I realized that, though he was soft-spoken and had done many hard jobs in his lifetime, his knowledge of the battles, the strategy used, the generals of both North and South, were all things that had taken a great deal of study to be so well informed.

Leo was the last to live on the old home place and died in 1983.

Son, Vincent, lived near Avondale Road and managed a lumberyard in Redmond for many years. He and his wife, Virginia, had one son. Vincent always attended the old Duvall school reunion picnics each year in July, and was well known in the area. His wife died in 1986 and Vincent died the following year.

Knowing that four sons were buried in Novelty Cemetery, we began a search for the burial spot of parents, John and Kate. After checking church and cemetery records in the nearby towns, we found that they had been buried in the Mount Carmel Cemetery near Fobes, which is between Snohomish and Everett, about a mile south of the Bickford Motors. We drove to the cemetery on a sunny day in February and found three stones. One said "Kate Mother", the middle stone said "John Father, and the third said "Bernard Uncle. There was a large stone at the head which said "Dougherty".

We had expected to find daughter, Mary, in that cemetery, but that was not to be. The search goes on.

Many years have passed since Mr. Dougherty was buried in the little cemetery near Fobes. The paddle wheelers are no longer seen on the river nor are dugout canoes the means of local transportation. The big timber on his farm, as on his neighbors farms, has been harvested. Grass now grows where the big stumps stood. The oxen gave way to the steam engine and the skid road replaced by a highway. A town never seen by Mr. Dougherty now stands where Mr. Duvall's oxen once plodded along, dragging the huge logs to the river. The railroads have come and gone, and the ever widening highways can no longer accommodate the

traffic. Three bridges have been built at various times, spanning the river near the old farmstead. We hope that John and Kate Dougherty would appreciate their old wilderness home being saved to preserve some articles and memories of the way things were when first they came to Cherry Valley.

New Bits



PRESERVING ORAL HISTORY

The Historical Society has completed transferring its collection of audio tapes to CD's to better preserve the voices of our past. Many of the tapes had already deteriorated. The next step is to transcribe them on paper.

MUSEUMS 101

On Saturday, March 17, there will be an all day program entitled "Museums 101, Back to Basics" in Monroe. It is targeted to people who are involved in historical museum work. It should be of great value and interest to members of the Duvall Historical Society since our museum is in its early stages of development. Anyone interested in attending may call the Heritage Resource Center at (360) 586-0219. Cost is \$15 and includes a box lunch.

THANK YOU to the *Valley Community Bank* for providing copying services for the *Wagon Wheel*.

HELP PRESERVE OUR LOCAL HISTORY

JOIN *DUVALL'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

**Meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at the Depot at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors welcome!**

Call President Don Williams at (425) 788-6209 for more information

THE LONG, TENUOUS SAGA OF SAVING THE DOUGHERTY HOUSE

By Ray Burhen

In the late 1970's, Ralph Taylor was responsible in getting the plaque that is on the front of the Dougherty House, that states that the Dougherty House has been registered on the National Historic Registry. Actually, it is not listed on the National Registry. Ralph had been mailed literature from someone stating that if he filled out the papers and bought the plaque that the house would be put on the National Registry. Ralph was a good friend of Leo Dougherty's and had Leo's agreement to get the plaque. He sent in the money and information. He got the plaque and mounted it on the house, thinking that it now was on the National Registry. It was not until quite awhile later that it became known that Ralph was "sold a bill of goods"; however, he did get an impressive looking plaque. Ralph always had the best of intentions.

About this same time Leo sold the house and farm to the Seattle Catholic Archdiocese. They were looking for a future site for a church and the Dougherty property was an ideal location. It was not uncommon for the Archdiocese to buy a larger piece of property, sell part of it after a few years for close to the original purchase price, leaving them with a good future church site for a very reasonable price. The Archdiocese had no immediate plans for the house and the farm, so they had an agreement that Leo could live on the place as long as he wished. The farm had been his long time home and he had no desire to leave. Leo died in 1983.

After Leo died, his relatives, who were the beneficiaries of his will, removed most of the contents from the house, including the gas-electric light chandelier that was in the living room. The Duvall Historical Society was given permission to keep anything else that had been left in the house. This included old letters and correspondence and most of the old kitchen ware.

The Dougherty Farmstead was nominated for King County Landmarks designation and hearings were held in 1983 to determine whether it was an

appropriate candidate and whether it should be designated. It received formal landmark designation on June 9, 1983. The original request was for the house and outbuildings and up to five acres be designated. The Archdiocese Administrators supported a one acre designation, as did the City and Historical Society.

The Landmark Commission hearings were attended by Irv Harder, who was Mayor of Duvall, a large delegation from the Duvall Historical Society, and the real estate agent and legal consultant for the Archdiocese.

Bob Smith, the real estate agent for the Archdiocese, was not in favor of any Landmark designation. Bob's job was to purchase property for the Archdiocese and have it turn out to be a good deal for them. With the Landmark designation of the one acre and house, the use of that part of the property was definitely restricted and had not been in Bob's plans and projected use of the property. To say the least, Bob made the Landmark Commission meetings, and other contacts with him, spirited, lively, and interesting. Bob suggested to me on several occasions that possibly they should bulldoze the house down, or we could move it over by the cemetery or somewhere else.

After the property was designated a Landmark, Bob Weller and I started a dialogue with the Archdiocese to come up with a plan or strategy to save the Dougherty House. Bob and Evelyn Weller lived at Lake Margaret and were very active members in the Historical Society as long as they lived in this area. Bob was President of the Historical Society when the lease was signed.

The Business Administrator for the Archdiocese was Mr. Pat Pleas. Bob Weller and I met with Mr. Pleas on several occasions. He was very cooperative and a pleasure to work with. There was no question in Pat's mind that the house should be preserved and that they had no intention to bulldoze it down. We all had a good chuckle over Bob

Smith's antics during the landmark designation negotiations.

A seven year lease, for one dollar a year payment, was negotiated between the Archdiocese and the Historical Society for the house and one acre, commencing on December 1, 1984. Bob Weller and I felt that we had a gentleman's agreement with Pat Pleas that if we continued upgrading and stabilizing the house that we would have a long-term, friendly and cooperative landlord as long as we held up our end of the bargain by continuing to work on the house and property. The Historical Society was not in a strong bargaining position to get a long term agreement in writing. The Historical Society obtained a \$12,000 grant to stabilize the house exterior and porches, repair the chimneys (making the kitchen chimney useable again), repair all of the windows, install a new shake roof, redo the gutters and downspouts, and give it a complete paint job, including the trim. We had difficulty in getting contractors to bid on the job for the grant money that we had available. We started looking locally for someone that we might get interested in the job for the money that was available. We were able to get Ole Haug, a local carpenter to take the bid and we sorted through the pile of paper requirements of the grant with him, so he could spend his efforts on the job and not on the paper.

The County people were also very helpful on the paper requirements. We all wanted to see the house stabilized. Ole did a good job and I'm sure that he and his wife spent a lot more hours on the renovation than what they were paid. Also, a lot of other volunteer activities were going on at the same time. The grant was completed and was under budget (had an under run) for about fifty dollars. Most grant jobs on this type of project end with pretty large overruns.

At this time, the overall picture for the Dougherty House looked good and there was room for optimism. The Historical Society had an excellent relationship with the landlord (Pat Pleas and the Archdiocese). Volunteers were cleaning, painting and removing large quantities of broken plaster. The exterior renovation and stabilization of the house had been completed, we were looking forward to starting the major interior project, and we had received another grant to stabilize and renovate the milk barn. Things were really looking good for the overall restoration of the house and grounds, and we were all looking forward to opening the

house as planned as a museum in the next few years, but then, about the middle of 1986, to use an old cliché, "the wheels fell off the wagon."

When we finished up on the grant for the exterior of the house renovation and stabilization, we were ready to move over to the milk house renovation as those approved grant funds came available on July 1, 1986. The funds had been reduced from our original request but by adding in more volunteer help and also Ole Haug, as before, agreeing to do the job for the money available, we were still going to accomplish the job on a very limited budget. I must add, we had searched high and low for contractors to bid on the job, but no one else would even consider the job for the money available. We owed Ole and his wife a big thank you for their work on the house. We take our hats off to Ole.

The milk barn funds had been approved by the County Council and signed off by the County Executive. They were allocated to our job. For some reason, unknown to us to this day, The King County Office of Historical Preservation put a hold on the funds. They said we needed to do more work on the interior of the house before they would release the funding for the barn. The barn money had nothing to do with the house but it was in their bureaucratic power to put a hold on the funding. The interior house work was being done by a devoted group of elderly women members who did not have anything to do with the barn renovation.

We made a work plan for the interior of the house that satisfied the Office of Historical Preservation and the work was completed in December. Several major things happened between July 1 and December, and none of them were good or favorable for the Dougherty house and barn renovation. We had planned on Ole starting the barn renovation on July 1 and it would have been completed — foundation stabilized, siding repaired, re-roofed, painted, windows repaired—before winter's bad weather set in. We had done some barn foundation stabilization earlier in the spring. Earl Engbaum and Craig Cleaveland of All-American Asphalt donated their trucks to haul the rock that was donated by Cadmans (Butch McIntyre) for the foundation stabilization. Bob Weller, myself and Craig pushed, spread and tamped rock around and under the barn and also made a dry work pad around the barn.

When Ole couldn't start the job in July, he started working another large concrete job. Some-

time during the fall he suffered a heart attack. When the funds became available in December during bad rainy weather, Ole was not able to take on the job, and by that time issues changed with the Archdiocese. They reconsidered their policy of having King County grant money spent on their property because of use restrictions that would be imposed. The historical community and the area in general really missed out when we were not able to work the barn when everyone was ready and available. Even though efforts were made by the Historical Society to save the barn, it became so damaged that it has fallen down and is currently a pile of rubble.

After we had been into the lease with the Archdiocese for a year or so, our friendly landlord, Mr. Pat Pleas, died very unexpectedly. Also, about this time, the King County land use regulations were changing and as time went on, the more restrictive land use regulations had a negative effect on the long term outlook for the preservation of the Dougherty House.

The new business administration for the Archdiocese, after reviewing the use restrictions that were attached to the grant money for restoring and renovating the buildings, decided that they would not support the Historical Society on any future grant applications.. Since the house and property were owned by the Archdiocese, without their approval we could not apply for any more grants. Our primary funding source for any major projects was shut off. Our restoration plans were in limbo, our lease would expire in about two years, and it would only be renewed on a yearly basis. As the Archdiocese had no interest or plans for the restoration of the landmark at that time, the property could potentially be sold to an unfriendly purchaser.

We continued to honor our lease, keeping the yard mowed, keeping the building secured to minimize vandalism, maintaining the insurance and the electricity etc. During this time we were always looking for a friendly purchaser that would want to preserve the landmark. Due to the newly implemented King County land use regulations, it appeared to us that a public agency would be our best solution for a friendly landlord.

King County was in the process of running a bond issue for the purchase of park properties. We contacted the bond preparers and proposed the Dougherty landmark for purchase by King County Parks. Parks did not want the liability and responsibility for a landmark property, therefore they would

not put it on the bond issue. They were interested in parks where you could run, kick or throw or hit a ball, etc. The bond issue passed. We found out later that Parks probably would have been interested in the Dougherty property if they had known that the Historical Society would have been responsible for the restoration, preservation and establishment and operation of the museum in the house. We lost out on that one. We struck out.

In several years another bond issue came up and this time our contact for the bond issue was able to get the purchase of the Dougherty property on the bond issue. Unfortunately, that bond issue failed. While we were working to get the house on the bond issue, we were unaware that a private group was negotiating on the purchase of the property. One of the prime parties was also involved with the County, and when they found out that the property was on the bond issue, they withdrew from any further negotiations because they felt that they had a conflict of interest. This group told me what their plans had been after the dust settled on the failed bond issue. They would have been a friendly purchaser. We struck out twice this time. Once on the failed bond and once by losing our friendly purchaser.

Duvall was looking for more public works shop space and possibly a future site for a new city hall. A meeting was arranged with Mayor Irv Harder, members of the Historical Society, and our King County Council member Brian Derdowski. Irv was in agreement that the City could possibly use 5 to 10 acres, we were aware that the Archdiocese wanted to keep at least 10 acres, so Irv and the Historical Society proposed to Brian that possibly the County would be interested in 15 or more acres that would include the house and outbuildings. The thought behind this arrangement was that the cost burden was spread over several purchasers. Brian appeared to be somewhat interested but he was adamant that he didn't want to see any City shops or buildings on the property. We struck out again.

The situation was looking pretty bleak at this time. The lease was about to expire and it would only be extended on a yearly basis, which offered no long term stability. The Historical Society had made an offer to purchase the one acre landmark to no avail. The house had been stabilized and looked quite attractive with the new roof, gutters and being freshly painted, all of which added to the value of the house. As a result of the Society's work, the

price more than doubled. The Society reluctantly ceased all activity on the premises, even stopped mowing the yard and turned off the electricity, because it appeared that all of our efforts were in vain. Indeed, we had hit rock bottom. But hope springs eternal. We continued to look for solutions, the bottom line was to find a friendly purchaser who could and would keep the property maintained in perpetuity.

About a year after our meeting with County Council member Derdowski, we contacted him and asked if he would get money allocated in the county budget for the purchase of the one acre and house. He was amenable to the request and with no fanfare, he got the money appropriated for the purchase and he also initiated negotiations with the Archdiocese. Brian had to keep the request in the budget for three years before negotiations were completed with the Archdiocese. Once Brian had money in the budget for the purchase of the house and one acre, the City prepared a grant application for the purchase of the remaining property that the Archdiocese did not wish to keep.

These actions by King County and the City definitely provided a glimmer of hope and optimism, but all work by the Historical Society remained in limbo for several years until the purchases were completed. Negotiations covered a period of three years, and the property did not look too good with no maintenance or upkeep during the period of being in limbo.

With approval of the King County grant for the purchase of the approximately 26 acres for Open Space, the Society's spirits were buoyed. Money was now available to purchase the Dougherty Landmark and the remainder of the property that the Archdiocese had not intended on keeping. Through negotiations with the County and City, the Archdiocese was able to get assurances that they could build their church on the property that they kept. It appeared that things were working out well for the Archdiocese, too. Once the City became the owner of the property in 1996, they entered into a long term lease arrangement with the Historical Society. This lease ensures that the Dougherty Farmstead Landmark will continue on in perpetuity and it provides a long term stability for the Historical Society to know that all of its efforts in restoration and maintenance of the Farmstead can continue and the House can be available to the public to view and enjoy, and they can see how people lived in a

bygone period.

In conclusion, this article would not be complete without a listing of acknowledgments. You may only read a name, but hopefully you will realize behind each name, the contribution that each person has made in finally bringing this activity to fruition:

Irv Harder, past mayor of Duvall, who provided support in the early days of this effort: Sarah Barry, Duvall City Administrator, who always gave her support and was instrumental in the preparation of the Open Space Grants and also worked on our current restoration grants;

The current Director of King County Parks and Recreation, Craig Larson, who is supportive of this project;

The current director of the King County Office of Historical Preservation, Julie Koler and her staff, Clo Copass, Kate Kraft, and Charles Payton, who have under Julie's tenure, been very supportive;

Bob Weller, President of the Historical Society when we were working with Mr. Pat Pleas of the Archdiocese in obtaining the original lease. Bob gave 100% in the early restoration effort. (To our sorrow, Bob died several years ago.)

Pat Pleas of the Seattle Catholic Archdiocese for his early support.

Daphne Gahn, Business Administrator for the Seattle Catholic Archdiocese for her support and part in the making it possible for the City to obtain the properties.

King County District 3 Council member Bill Reams for his support on our first restoration grant in 1985-86.

Louise Miller, King County District 3 Council member for her support of the grant submitted by the City for the Open Space Property purchase and other ongoing restoration grants;

Current Mayor Glen Kuntz, who has always been supportive of this effort, and the City which also became the friendly landlord/owner that the Historical Society for these many years had been searching for;

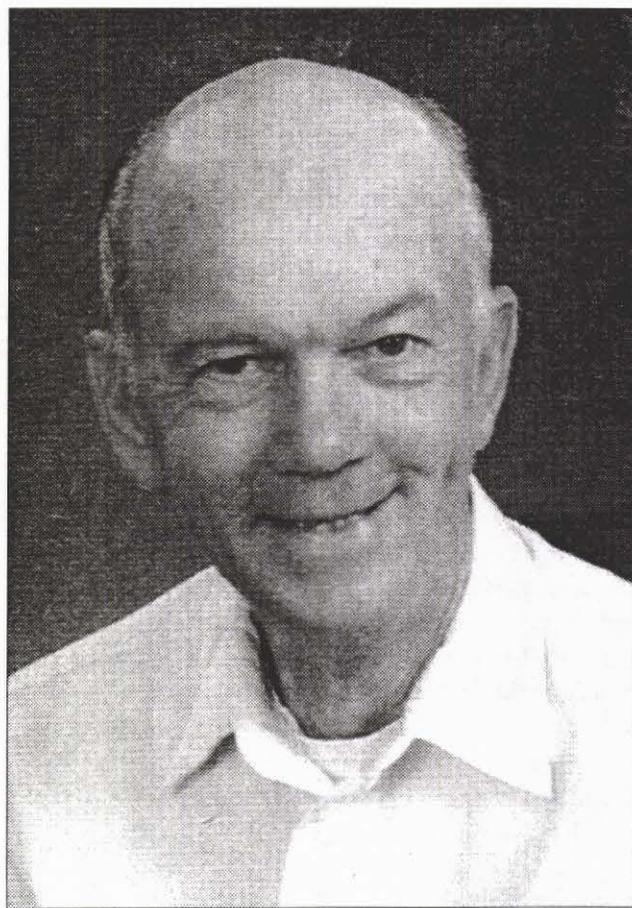
Presidents of the Historical Society during this time— Bob Weller, Craig Cleaveland, Ray Burhen, Tove Burhen, and current President Don Williams. Ray and Don have had multiple terms. All of these presidents had a role in this long, drawn-out effort.

The person that we owe the biggest "Thank you" to is ex-King County District 3 Council member, Brian Derdowski. It was probably about

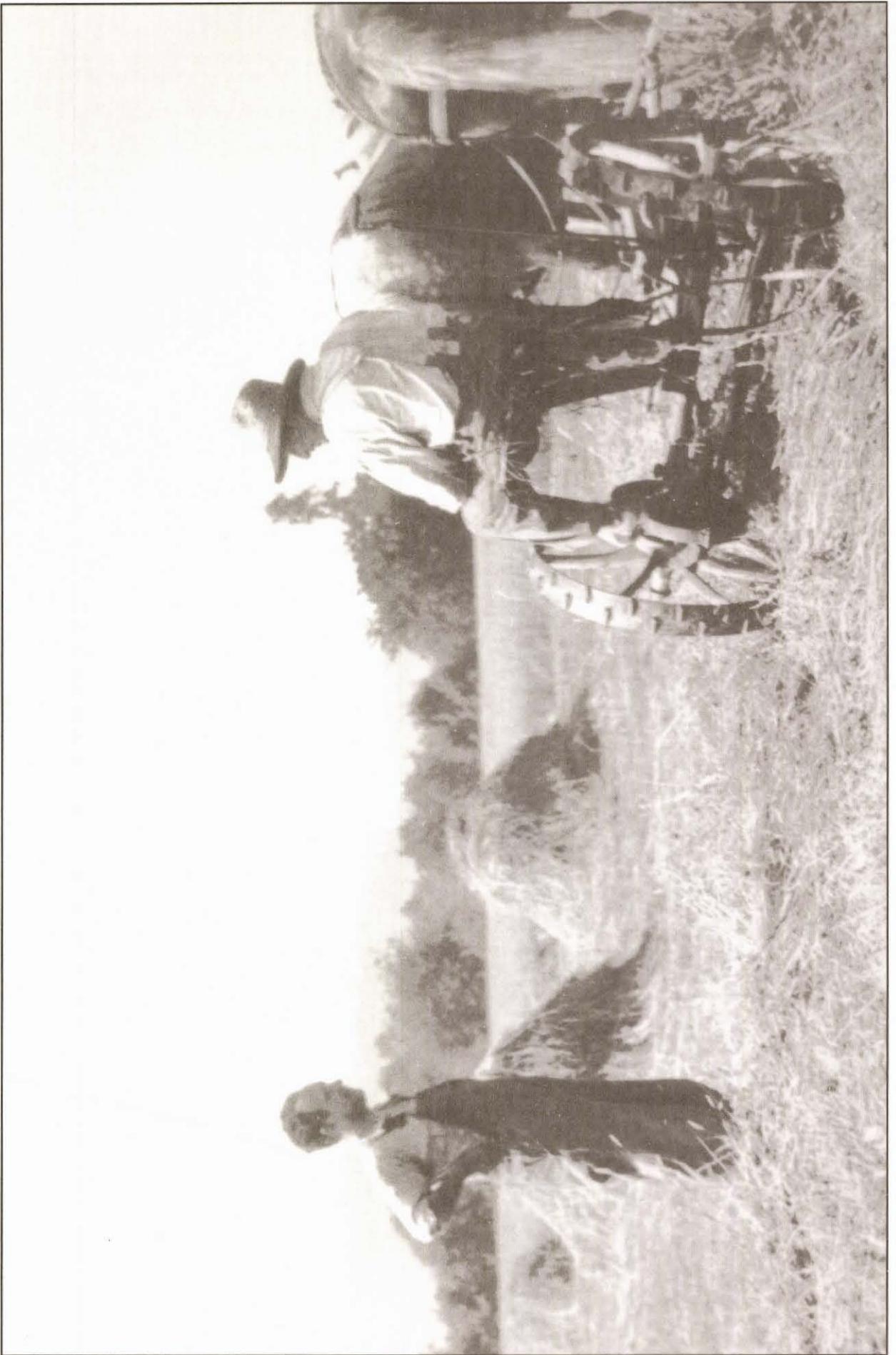
our darkest hour when Brian offered his hand and money in support. He even kept the money in the budget after he left this district and represented County Council District 12. He saw the purchase through to the end. With his unfailing support for purchase of the house, the rest of the pieces fell into place.

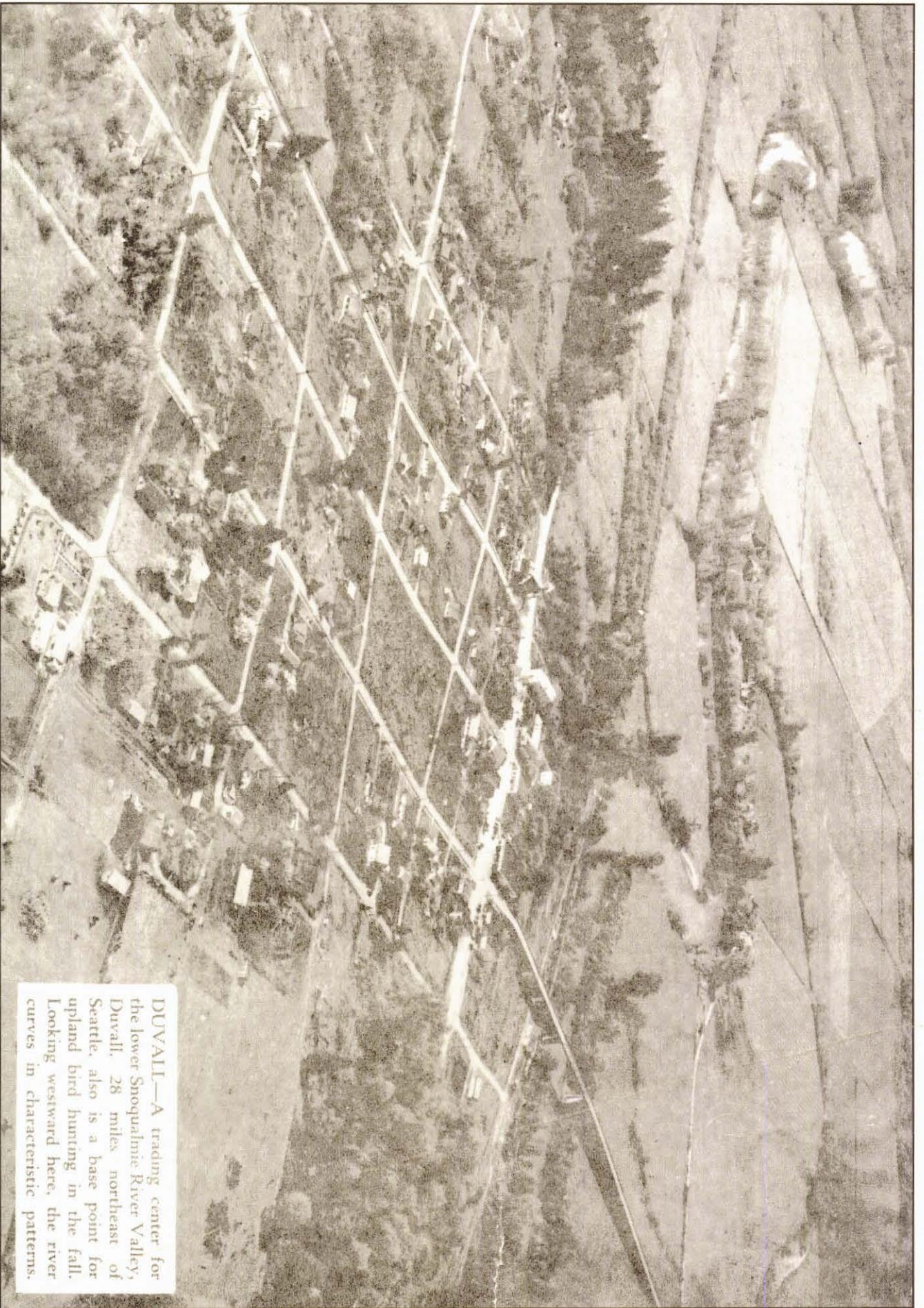
The Historical Society is steadily working on the renovation and restoration of the house and outbuildings. Major funding is being provided by grants from King County and many, many hours of labor are being provided by dedicated volunteers from the Historical Society and community. We hope that the house will be open for public viewing and tours later this year. Again, a big "Thank you!" to all of the people, groups, and organizations who gave their support and who made the saving of this community and area landmark a reality.

Editor's Note: Actually, the person that I think deserves the biggest credit for turning the dream of this museum into a reality is the author of this article, Ray Burhen. He was asked to write this article because there is nobody else that knows as much as he does about this subject. The source of his knowledge is all the blood, sweat, and tears, he has put into this project over many, many years. Thank you, Ray.



Ray Burhen





DUVALL—A trading center for the lower Snoqualmie River Valley, Duvall, 28 miles northeast of Seattle, also is a base point for upland bird hunting in the fall. Looking westward here, the river curves in characteristic patterns.