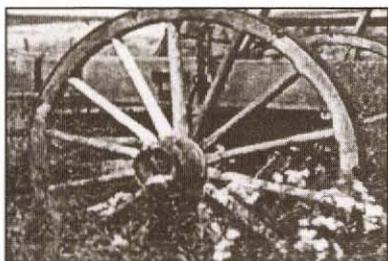


WAGON WHEEL

THIRD VOLUME

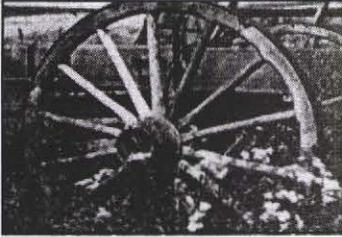
VIGNETTES of DUVALL'S
HISTORICAL PAST



Published by the
DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY







WAGON WHEEL

THIRD VOLUME

VIGNETTES OF DUVALL'S HISTORICAL PAST

Published by
THE DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
December, 2008

Photographs of endangered buildings and artifacts:

Front cover: Thayer/Losleben house

Inside front cover: Thayer barn

Back cover: Unger/Burhen house

Inside back cover: farm and logging machinery

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DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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*Dedicated to all
of our
pioneering ancestors*



The Black Prince

INTRODUCTION

The Duvall Historical Society was begun in 1976, during the United States' Bicentennial, by a small group who were interested in remembering and preserving the history of the early days of the area.

For years they met in the historic Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific train depot, which had been bought and renovated by one of the founding members, Ray Burhen. Other founders or long-time members who are still a part of the Society are Verle Bowe, Velma Hill, Bert Eggstrom, and Mae Kosters. Many others who played an important part in the early activities have died, but left a legacy of volunteerism.

Before Leo Dougherty died in 1983, the Duvall Historical Society had been working with Leo to preserve his home, a house where his pioneer parents and siblings had lived since 1898. In June, 1983, one acre with the house and outbuildings was designated as a King County Landmark. The Duvall Historical Society arranged a lease from the owners, the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle. In 1985 the Society received a County grant to work on preserving the house. They put on a new roof, cleaned the interior and yard and, in general, stabilized the house.

When the Archdiocese planned to sell two-thirds of the property and build a church on the other third, work on the house was suspended until 1996 when the Society interested the County in purchasing the 26 acres with Open Space money and then transferring the ownership to the City of Duvall.

Since that time, the members of the Duvall Historical Society have spent many hours of work to preserve the house, to furnish it to look as it did when the Doughertys lived there, and to care for the yard. In 2006, the one-acre of the Dougherty Farmstead received National Landmark status. Meetings are held there and tours of the Landmark house are given to the public. Society members aid the City in its care of the land and the exterior of the house.

The Society has a "treasure box" of artifacts that is borrowed by schools where members also give talks to children about the early days of Duvall. For tours of "Old Town" they created a brochure with a map of old buildings and houses.

The active Society is open to new members and to visitors at their monthly meetings. They also welcome the public to their annual participation in the popular King County Fall Farm Tour in September.

IN APPRECIATION

The Duvall Historical Society thanks the many contributors to this publication for their written articles, the interviews, the photos, and the ideas for more articles.

The Society also thanks the Duvall Branch of Frontier Bank who make copies of our monthly newsletters that are given to our members and also sent to our subscribers.

After collecting, arranging, enumerating, retrieving computer disk copies, editing, and proof reading, Ray and Tove Burhen met with the staff at Snohomish Publishing Company who have given excellent advice and assistance in creating the finished product.

We want to thank the Duvall Book Store and the Duvall Family Drug Store for offering for sale our many publications of local history. The income from the sale of each book provides for the publication of the next effort. The popularity of the books and praise by our readers are very gratifying.

Finally, we especially thank all of the editors of the monthly Wagon Wheel articles. The newsletter articles, which collectively have become three local history books, have been in continuous publication for over 25 years, since Dolores Schroeder began the articles in 1981. It has been possible due to the devotion and perseverance of these dedicated individuals. Thank you Dolores, Bob Kusters, Mary Lampson, and Tove Burhen. Hopefully, the Wagon Wheel will continue for many more years.



This book, **Wagon Wheel Volume 3**, joins two other volumes consisting of the Duvall Historical Society's newsletters. Each newsletter is about a pioneer family, a memory by someone about the past, an account of an event, or the significance of a place in the Duvall area.

Also published by the Duvall Historical Society and available at the public library, the area schools, or for sale at local businesses, are these books:

Jist Cogitatin' (articles from the "*Carnavall Reporter*" newspaper) by Don Funk

Digging Duvall's Past (articles from the "*Snoqualmie Valley Record*" newspaper) by Allen Miller

Duvall Immigrant (autobiography) by Ralph Taylor

Hi Times, Duvall High School's newsletters from the 1930's

The History of Duvall by Don Williams and Allen Miller

Wagon Wheel, Volume 1

Wagon Wheel, Volume 2

Wagon Wheel, Volume 3

These entertaining books give a real-life look at the area's past and their sale helps the Duvall Historical Society continue their work in preserving the history of an interesting place in the Snoqualmie Valley.

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Duvall Historical Society Picnic – August 5th, 2001

Back row (l-r): Ruth Bellamy, Barbara Fisher, Kathleen Williams, Don Williams, Ray Burhen, Ward Roney, Velma Hill, Greg Giuliani, Mae Kosters, Pearl Bowen, Cyril Heavens, Stafford Morse

Front row (l-r): Ruth Minaglia, Vera Heavens, Jill Giuliani, Tove Burhen, Nancy Stevens, Stafford Morse, Jr. (Nipper)

SNOQUALMIE VALLEY, THEN AND NOW

By Bob Kusters

It was a pleasant day in late February, 1940, as we traveled through eastern Washington on the crooked two-lane highway winding our way to Duvall, where we had rented a small farm near Novelty. With a 1936 Studebaker that carried the family and a 1939 Chev truck carrying four horses, we were half way up the eastern side of Snoqualmie Pass when we reached a point where a sign told us to chain up. As all the family had spent their whole lives in snow and ice in the winter time, chaining up was a usual thing, but not something we particularly enjoyed.

As I was sixteen years old at that time, a pair of coveralls was dug up and I was told to put the chains on that heavily loaded, low slung car. About the time I finished the car, the truck load of horses pulled up and my dad said "As long as you're already wet and dirty, you may as well chain up the truck also."

The Idaho neighbor, who was driving the truck seemed to be in favor of that, so I put the chains on the truck and, though it was easier than the car, I was wet and cold by the time the coveralls came off.

Being unacquainted with the pass, I thought the chains would be on for many miles, but we had hardly started down the west side when, again, I was delegated to remove the chains, which of course, was a much easier job.

I suppose that no one can really understand, if they have lived in this valley all their lives, how, as we drove down that two lane, crooked road to North Bend and saw green grass in the distance, unbelievable it was.

All of our lives, my parents, brothers, and sisters had lived in the dry lands of South Dakota where the grass no longer grew even in the springtime and the last seven years spent in Idaho, not much grass grew until March when the snow would leave in Idaho. We could see the green of winter wheat during the winter on occasion.

After all these years, we barely notice the green grass in winter now, except when the lawn has to be mowed in January or cows grazing in March on

grass that is taller than it ever gets in some Midwest states. Yet, it never leaves our mind completely.

That first trip down the valley through North Bend, Fall City, and Carnation was indeed a memorable time and seeing the many farms from east of North Bend to Novelty was also an eye opener as the farms were much smaller than those that grain farmers had acre wise.

One other thing we learned, as the day turned to evening, was that the barns also had electric lights. Though the town had electric lights in Idaho, as farmers, we had never had that convenience and probably thought of only the houses or stores having electricity.

Another thing we learned in one of the small valley towns was about the P.I. Paper. All through eastern Washington's little dusty towns, we would see signs saying "P.I. on sale here" and always these signs were on drug stores, gas stations etc, so putting two and two together, I decided it was this state's peculiar way of selling pop and ice cream.

In Idaho, we knew of the Spokane paper and the Lewiston paper, but didn't know that Seattle was big enough to have a daily paper. As luck would have it, we finally saw a boy carrying a bag on a bicycle that solved our problem.

After unloading the horses at Novelty, we continued on our way to relatives in and near Everett, where we stayed until the first of March.

In those early days, in the spring of 1940, the town of Duvall, with its places of business, and Novelty, with the store and gas pump, will be in our memories forever. Even more important to us were the many farms with herds of twenty-five to thirty milk cows from beyond North Bend to Monroe. Farmers were making a living on these farms and producing feed for these herds on their own farms.

We soon learned the names of most of the farmers up and down the valley, and upon reflection, it makes one sad to realize that most of them have gone on to greener pastures in the past fifty-nine years.

Soon, the family went from our Idaho-type work of milking a couple of cows, feeding fifty or sixty

hogs, cleaning chicken coops, plowing stubble fields, working summer fallow or planting potatoes to milking (by hand) twenty or thirty cows that we had accumulated soon after our arrival.

That spring of 1940 was busy, as we had to make fence posts, bean poles for two acres of pole beans, fifteen acres to plow with the team of horses on a walking plow for corn silage, and ten cords of wood to make for winter fuel in our spare time in the summer. I worked for two months in the fall for Reichman's Cannery in Carnation, canning green beans and sweet corn.

Through it all, the weather was the best we had ever experienced and though it got drier in the summer, the grass remained green.

What, then, has happened to our valley with its many farms and hard-working farmers in those years since 1940? We will always remember the green river valley with its dairy herds and gardening and the state and local governments telling us that never again would a green valley be lost to agriculture. Yet thirty years later, it is happening once more.

The green hills were lost to development to make room for shopping centers, automobile parking and such, while the Snoqualmie valley has lost ten out of eleven dairy farms since 1940 by government agencies allowing or encouraging wild-eyed environmentalists to set rules and assess fines.

Today, the farmer has an added burden of big brother watching from low-flying aircraft with their cameras in the sky or with government boats plying

the Snoqualmie River to make sure that no stray calf has wandered down to some stream for a drink.

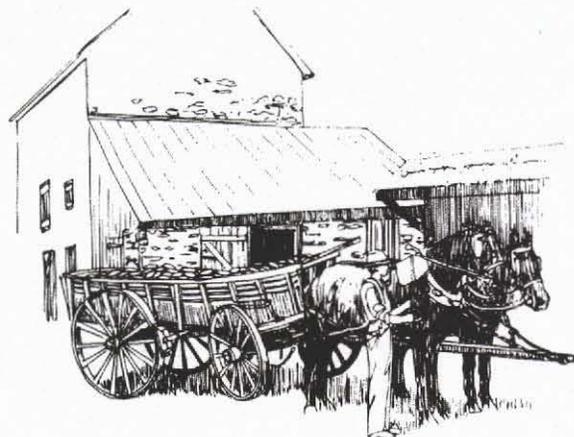
Why can an American farmer be fined thousands of dollars for maybe producing a product that may have contamination, while food is shipped into this country every day from foreign countries that the average American wouldn't touch if they knew the conditions under which the product was produced? Why do people believe themselves to be in touch with nature and yet have so little understanding of nature?

How can it be that there are still farmers alive who have worked with cattle all their lives and eaten meat slaughtered on the farm, and yet I have heard of not one case of E.coli among them? Nor are there any farmers that I know, who are dying like flies from drinking unpasteurized, unhomogenized, no vitamin or mineral added raw milk.

**HELP PRESERVE LOCAL HISTORY
JOIN THE
DUVALL 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 788-6209 for
more information.



A VISIT WITH MARGARET McCORMICK

By Tove Burhen

Today, July 17, 2001, I visited Margaret McCormick at her home. She greeted me at the door and was walking around without a walker, without a cane, and without a limp. This seemed remarkable, since two months ago on her 96th birthday, she slipped on the grass at a friend's house, falling and breaking her hip. Following surgery and recuperation at a convalescent home, Margaret returned home, pleasing her surgeon in making such a good recovery.

The youngest of six sisters, Margaret doesn't remember her father, a longshoreman, who died when she was six years old. Margaret said, "It was a blessing that we could remain in our Everett home that our father had built, as it was paid for." Without relatives in the area, no aunts, uncles, or grandparents, it was always up to the older sisters to care for the family.

"I was the baby," Margaret said, "so by the time I graduated from Everett High School in 1923, my older sisters were all helping the family. Hattie at 18 and then Mabel, who was two years younger, were the first to work. They asked me, 'Would you like to go away to college?'" and I answered, 'I'd love to go. I'd like to be a teacher.' So off I went to Bellingham. It was so beautiful there with the campus on the hill! I worked as a mother's helper for board and room. Actually, I did very little. As the youngest of six girls, I hadn't done more than wash dishes at home."

Margaret has always been responsible and calm. Twice, once at home and once at college, while others were hiding, she was the one who ran some distance to get to a phone and call the police when threatened by evil men trying to break into the house.

By 1925, Margaret was ready to start teaching, and came to her first school, Mount Forest, a one-room school on the west side of the Snoqualmie Valley in Snohomish County. The next year she tried an adventure at a one-room school in La Fleur in the Okanogan country. "I loved that school and the children and the families there. It was cowboy country. The mailman brought groceries in an old Ford

truck. They held old fashioned dances in the school house with no liquor and no smoking. People came bringing their children, often staying overnight, the children sleeping on the benches, as the snow may have been up to the rooftops.

"My mother accompanied me to my teaching jobs, keeping house for me and looking after me as I was so young. And there was always a boyfriend for the new teacher. The one in the small hamlet of La Fleur in the hills of Okanogan County was the most charming. To me, a city girl, it was all a thrilling adventure!"

Margaret and her mother moved to Lisabuela on Vashon Island where Margaret taught in another one-room school. "It was fun there; I went out and played with the students. I traveled on the Virginia V which is now in the news as it has been restored. Mother really liked it there and especially picking the wild blueberries." During the next three years, the La Fleur boyfriend came to visit. Then in 1928, she hadn't heard from him for some time, and when he came, she was on a trip to California with her mother and sister. Later she learned he had married. "He was the kind that the girls always chased. I couldn't depend on him, but I cared about him. You never forget your first real beau." But then there was the Lisabuela boyfriend who assembled a radio for her, one of those earliest radios.

From there, Margaret went to the Highline School District where she taught for seven years. During her high school years, Mabel bought a piano and saw that Margaret took piano lessons at St. Dominic's in Everett, and this led to her teaching music at school, often presenting two operettas a year.

Margaret then spent a year at Bay Center. Her sister, Mary Elizabeth, that they all called Maizie, kept house for her there. Maizie was very small but smart and talented, cooking, sewing, and painting. One sister, Alice, became a Dominican nun. "She was gifted, working in an Aberdeen hospital as a nurse, technician, and treasurer." Millie, the sister just older than Margaret was a secretary. All were

very close and sacrificed to help the family. When Margaret and the younger sisters could take of the family, Mabel, in her thirties, married. Margaret's mother died in 1937.

Following the year at Bay Center, Margaret returned to the Snoqualmie Valley in 1937 to teach in Duvall. She had a third and fourth grade and taught music to seventh and eighth graders. "There were four high school teachers and four in the grade school. The home ec teacher gave banquets, even driving out into the country to pickup people who had no transportation. There was a huge playshed with rings and hop scotch squares and a big shop building with a stage." Her future husband, Bill McCormick, did so much for the school as the maintenance man, even building a tennis court.

"I enjoyed Duvall so much then and I made many friends. There less than 300 people in town and there was no social strata. Everybody knew each other. There were three churches: the Methodist, the Reformed Dutch, and the Catholic. Playing bridge was the big entertainment! Bill was a top notch player, along with Eva Franke, J.I. Miller, and Edna Wallace.

"We women teachers boarded at Mrs. Franke's as she had lost her husband who had the shoe shop in Duvall. Judge Wright was in Franke's building at

that time. It was nice living there with June Larsen and Grace Trompin from Tacoma."

"It was good to marry Bill and have a family. He was my only Catholic boyfriend and it is wise to have one less thing to disagree on in a family. I am so fortunate to have my son, Peter and Alice here with me.

I didn't expect to teach after I was married. In fact, at that time women teachers had to quit when they married. However, several years later, I was hired to set up the first kindergarten. The next year there were problems in the 5th and 6th grade class, so I was asked to teach there. The following year, Peter was to be in the 4th grade and I couldn't resist the opportunity. I continued teaching 3rd and 4th and retired in 1970 after 32 happy years."

Although thirty years have passed since that retirement and Margaret has been widowed, she is still vigorous and very much in charge mentally of the present as well as the past. She plays the piano every day despite arthritic fingers. Her health is great. Her surgeon is amazed at her recovery from hip surgery, as she is walking after only two months instead of his project six months.

Those of us who visit with Margaret are the ones who benefit in conversation with a wise, humorous, and interesting friend.



DUVALL'S MAYORS (PART 1)

By Mary Lampson

Lon C. Brown	1913
A.P. Manion	1913
C.A. Mercereau	1916
E.J. Baker	1923
Arthur Hix	1926
Harvey Funk	1928
Mabel Bourke	1932
N.A. Brown	1934
Kenneth Hix	1944
George Anderson	1947
Ches Funk	1947
Emmitt Minaglia	1955
John E. Fisher	1959
Ralph Taylor	1963
James Q. Wallace	1965
Bill Breen	1968
Lloyd Judd	1969
Erv Harder	1975
Jean Baldwin	1985
Erv Harder	1989
Glen Kuntz	1993

Thank you to Ruth Bellamy, Dave Harder, and the City of Duvall for providing information about the mayors of Duvall.

Duvall was incorporated in 1913. State law required that a town must be incorporated before intoxicating liquor could be sold there. Lon Brown, owner of a confectionary store and pool hall as well as the movie house, was the first and one of the most colorful mayors in Duvall's history. His motto was "I lost a customer once...he died." The fourth ordinance passed and signed by the mayor was for the sale of intoxicating liquor.

On Oct. 13, 1913, A.P. Manion was elected mayor. He lived at Stewart and Broadway and owned a hardware store on Main Street. His motto was "We have it." He is also remembered for an accident when his Model "T" truck slipped its brakes and went into the Snoqualmie River. All that was left sticking out was his sign, "We have it."

Manion was replaced by the town barber, C.A.

Mercereau in December of 1916. His building was next to what is now the Duvall Tavern. He lived in the back of the shop. The Post Office was installed in the A.W. Boyd building during his tenure.

The Post Office was moved into the hardware store which was owned by E.J. Baker during his tenure as mayor which began in 1923.

In 1926 Arthur Hix became mayor. He owned the grocery and feed store. His store had been moved from old Duvall by oxen and skids when the railroad came through. That building is now Duvall Motor Parts.

Harvey Funk, the next mayor owned a trucking freight line that ran between Seattle, Kirkland, Duvall, and Monroe.

In 1932 the town of Duvall voted in an all woman council and Mayor Mabel Bourke. This administration planted trees on the five streets in town



MRS. J. I. MILLER
Councilwoman

MRS. S. A. BOURKE
Mayor

MRS. WILLIAM RONEY
Councilwoman

GOOD COOKS, TOO! Here are three of the four new women officials of Duvall, who baked a cake during their first caucus following their election.—(Post-Intelligencer Photo.)

and put in sidewalks on Stewart and Stella streets. Councilwomen were Mrs. Stapleton, council president; Mrs. George Anderson, Mrs. J.R. Miller, and Mrs. William Roney. A large billboard in town read "Not a moth, not a fly, vote a Miller".

N.A. Brown was elected mayor in 1934. "Brownie" built more sidewalks and was responsible for getting a library in Duvall.

Kenneth Hix, son of Arthur Hix and owner of Hix's Market, succeeded Brown. In 1982 his most vivid memories of his term were related to bridge troubles.

"There were two bridges then; one went halfway across the valley. Then you had to get out and canoe across to the other bridge."

He managed to obtain money from the county commissioners to install the present-day bridge. Duvall's first fire department was also formed during his administration.

George Anderson Jr., co-owner of Anderson Garage (now site of the Shell Station) became mayor in June of 1947. He remembered grading the streets and digging ditches as the priorities of his era. He resigned after three months to take an out of town job.

Ches Funk, a retired farmer who lived on Virginia and Broadway, was appointed the next mayor. He served until 1955 when Emmitt Minaglia was appointed to the position. For a short time, Minaglia served as both mayor and fire chief.

John F. Fisher, owner of a new business called

T&F Canopies at the corner of Virginia and Main Street was elected mayor in 1959. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Walker was the town clerk. Fisher is credited with obtaining a water franchise from the Seattle Water Department and floating bond issues to purchase water and install new water mains.

In 1963 John Fisher resigned as mayor and was replaced by Ralph Taylor, who came to Duvall in 1913 at the age of ten. Ralph served from 1963-1965 when Duvall replaced its old bursting wooden water pipes with cement mains. Taylor also rehabilitated Taylor Park, 7.9 acres donated by his uncle. Ralph lived at 2nd and Stewart.

James Q. Wallace succeeded Ralph Taylor and served until 1968. He built a new home between 1st and Virginia after moving from his farm on the River Road now known as Lampaert Meats.

**Meetings of the
Duvall Historical Society**

**1st Monday of each month
7:30 at the Dougherty House
For information, call 788-1266
Visitors welcome!**

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



DUVALL'S MAYORS (PART 2)

By Mary Lampson

Bill Breen initiated the comprehensive plan for zoning during his 1968-69 term. The Breens built one of the first homes on Kennedy Drive. During his tenure water was extended to Rio Vista.

The Reverend Lloyd Judd, minister of the Duvall Evangelical Methodist Church, was Duvall's mayor between 1969 and 1975. Reverend Judd was also a volunteer fireman.

Erv Harder succeeded Reverend Judd. The new town hall was built during his term and the name was changed from "The Town of Duvall" to The City of Duvall". He served as mayor until 1985 when he was succeeded by Jean Baldwin.

Ms. Baldwin had served two terms on the Duvall Council before being appointed mayor. During her term of office, the police department was reorganized and the fire department merged with Fire Dept. District #45. Also during her term, a new

water tower was built on Duvall Plateau near the Crestview Development.

Erv Harder was reappointed mayor in 1989. During his two terms as mayor, he saw the completion of the sewer treatment plant expansion, the expansion of City Hall, and completion of Duvall's first comprehensive land use plan. He served until 1993, when Glen Kuntz was installed as mayor.

Glen Kuntz served fourteen years on the City Council before becoming mayor. His goal was to see more commercial development and judging by the activity along the highway, he has succeeded. Land for parks was purchased and McCormick Park was developed along the Snoqualmie River. Mayor Kuntz has presided over unprecedented growth—both commercial and residential. Kuntz owns Sno-Valley Glass and Interiors, located at the Tech Center in Duvall.



Photo taken in 1982. Former mayors: George Anderson, Ralph Taylor, Kenneth Hix, John Fisher, Lloyd Judd, Erv Harder Bill Breen.

Excerpts from Gloria Judd's Retirement Speech

When I first started working for the City of Duvall in the spring of 1967, James Q. Wallace was the mayor. I succeeded Marilyn Herzog (Peck) who ran Town Office out of her home on Park Street. The population of Duvall was around 500. The office was in a cement block building in the same place it is now on the southwest corner of Main & Stella. We were only open from 10-4 on Tues. and. 10-12 on Sat. Only one person worked in the office.

I started out as the Town Clerk and worked for about a year, then took some time off to have my third child. Meanwhile, there were a couple of clerks: Nedra Funk and Laura Lee Butler. Eventually, I went on to become the Deputy Clerk-Treas. under Laura Lee. When she resigned, I took the title of Clerk-Treas. As time went on, the town became a city and the finance part of the job became more complex and required the expertise of a finance director, so I became the City Clerk.

In the years I have worked for the city we've had 8 city attorneys and 7 mayors. Council chambers have been in 4 places. For several years, we held municipal court in the Council Chambers. I believe one of our court "clients" got away with the mayor's prize gavel which he accused me of losing. Ever since, we've had to store the gavel in the safe when not in use

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Memorable Events (as recalled by Gloria Judd)

The time when every address in town was changed.

Irate utility customers, including one who accused us of fraud when we cashed his check to the phone company.

Hundreds of phone calls during floods asking when the Woodinville-Duvall Rd. was going to close, so they would know whether to come home from work or not. When we did get the word of a pending closure and told the callers, we would get overwhelmed with irate calls the next day because they came all the way home and the bridge didn't close at all. Finally, we learned to tell them to call the county!

Trying to help the planning director catch a mouse in his office.

Trying to cash my payroll check while on vacation. The check was written by me, signed by me, and signed by my father-in-law, who was the mayor.

The lady from Seattle whose car broke down. The local mechanic told her he would have to keep the car overnight. She had no way to get home, so was asking about a taxi or motel. We said, "sorry, we have neither."

"How do you people live out here without a taxi, no motels, no theaters, no doctors. What do you do?"

And I thought, "You know, you're right, how did we make it all these years without all those conveniences?"



PEARL FUNK

From the Sept. 17, 1970 issue of the Evangelical Methodist Church Newsletter

Written by Mrs. Larry Trim

We are told that in early days in Rome, when marble was the finest building material, certain unscrupulous people carefully covered defective seams in their marble with wax and then sell it as perfect stone. Honest dealers would label their marble sine-cera (sincere) meaning "without wax". They were saying that the piece of marble was exactly as it appeared to be.

Sincerity is a good quality for any Christian and any Evangelical Methodist. But, I want to be more specific and tell you about one special Christian lady, who I and others have observed and found to possess this quality.

Mrs. Pearl Funk has attended the Duvall church since 1903. (The church joined the E.M. movement about 1950.) Although she attended Sunday School and church nearly every Sunday since then and has given many hours of service, she did not become a member until recent years. She has been a Christian as far back as she can remember.

September 5th she celebrated her 83rd birthday, having been born in 1887 in Minnesota. When she was 1 1/2 years old, her family, the James F. Addlemans moved west. Mr. Addleman was employed by the Washington State Prisons. When she was eight years old, her father and a friend sailed to Alaska to join others in the Gold Rush. Tragedy struck. He never arrived and never returned. The ship was wrecked.

In 1905, she married William Allen Funk. They established a home on a dairy farm in the Snoqualmie Valley just below Duvall. They continued farming until his death in 1949.

Mrs. Funk relates an exciting, but dangerous and exasperating experience that took place while living in the Valley. In the spring of 1916, the thaw was particularly quick, and the rainfall of Western Washington particularly heavy. The flood waters rose. The Funks moved what they could of their possessions to the upstairs. Then they moved themselves upstairs! For three or four days they lived inconve-

niently, using an upstairs window as a door and a row boat for transportation. In years that followed, many times the Funks left their home and furnishings to the will of the flood, returning days later to a mud-soaked house. "The mess," she said, "was unbelievable."

Mrs. Funk has shared many interesting stories with her grandchildren over the years. One, that she was heard to tell many times during the experimental teenage years of her grandchildren, concerned the use of liquor. As a young person she had never used liquor and did not intend to do so. One day her rambunctious brother and his friend cornered her and forced whiskey into her mouth. Upon her release she did what any fast thinking abstainer would have done, she spit it right in her brother's face.

In looking at Mrs. Funk's life and the lives of her children, we could confirm the rule that example is the best teacher. The Funks started taking each of their children to church services when they were babes. Mrs. Funk says, "and all are still going."

Three of their four living children are active in the Duvall EMC. Mrs. Alta Wainscott is choir director, Mrs. Elnora Trim is a Sunday School teacher, and Mr. Roy Funk is an usher. There are 17 grandchildren, 54 great-grandchildren and one great-great grandson.

It is estimated that over forty of Mrs. Funk's descendants and their families are active in the EMC. At the Duvall EMC, Sunday mornings will find Stanley Wainscott leading the adult Sunday School opening, Dick Trim teaching a class, and Joanne Funk Benton at the piano. Jerry Wainscott is a member, but because of his location, attends an independent church in Chelan, Washington. Lorraine Wainscott Minshull is pastor's wife at LaGrande, Oregon. Vida Wainscott Laird is wife to a missionary pilot. Larry Trim pastors the Methow EMC and Robert Funk is ordained in the EMC and living in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Funk has always shown a love and concern

for all her grandchildren. One special way is in the giving of notes of advice at the time of their marriages. In one such note, she advises the young couple to "talk things over", "don't want your own way all the time." And then closing with, "...hoping you will have a long happy married life and I know you can if you will both do your part." How can you miss with a faithful Christian grandmother behind you?

In January of 1969 Mrs. Funk fell and broke her hip. Although it would seem a good time to retire or become idle, she still attends church services most every Sunday morning. She is active in the EMW and is a local officer. She finds time for sewing and other projects and is making plans for the future.

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NEWS



KING COUNTY GRANT

The Historical Society is pleased to receive a \$1000 sustaining grant from King County. This money will help us meet our normal operating costs.

MUSEUM DONATION

We want to thank Romni Cash for her donation to the Dougherty House museum of two chairs that will add to its historical character.

MEMORIES WANTED:

History is being made every day by each of us. We encourage all our members and subscribers to jot down or make an oral recording of special memories of people, events, or places in their own lives. We'll leave it to others to write the big histories, but your Wagon Wheel editor believes that these small experiences of ordinary people are a more real documentation of history than the occasional grandiose event. You all have something to say. Let's hear it!



MEMORIES OF DUVALL (1915-1929)

By Irene (Riese) Skurski

My memory of life in Duvall begins on December 7, 1915, my third birthday. My parents, John and Ellen Riese, lived on a 100 acre ranch off the road to Monroe, bordered by the Snoqualmie River and the Dougherty farm. I was the youngest of nine children, seven girls and two boys. My father, as a farmer, might have wished that the ratio had been reversed, but he seemed to enjoy having seven daughters. In 1915 my older brother, Claude, was in college at Pullman, sister, Stella, was teaching in Montana, and Julia was working in Seattle, but we still had a large and lively household.

Our farm was diversified. We had about a dozen cows, three horses, chickens and bees. We raised grains, corn, berries and fruit, with many changes over the years. The County Agent came to visit occasionally and made recommendations which my father often followed. One year he recommended that we plant lots of cucumbers because a cannery would buy them at a good price. It turned out that our soil was not right for cucumbers. They were oddly shaped and not the size the cannery wanted. Such was a gamble a farmer might take. As a result, we canned many oddly shaped pickles that year!

We all pitched in with the chores. Getting the crops to market was a family project: up very early to pick berries and milk the cows, and get the produce, by horse and buggy, to the early train to Monroe.

One year, my father broke his leg during the harvest season. In the country tradition, the friendly farmers in the Valley came to his aid. A group of them came to our farm to harvest hay.

My mother was a very resourceful woman. In the summer the daughters were organized to can huge quantities of fruits and vegetables. We had an assembly line on our back porch where we prepared the food for canning. We had a wood-burning stove in the kitchen on which we had a large boiler, always ready to sterilize jars and milk cans. We canned many hundreds of quarts of fruits and vegetables to tide us over the winter. Mother was fond of saying, "We eat what we can, and what we can't we can."

Someone came up with the saying, "We live in the Land of Milk and Honey, with plenty of food but not much money."

The Snoqualmie River was an important part of our lives. When the Chinook winds began to blow my parents were concerned. Would the flood waters come into our house, as they had in many other houses along the river bank? That never happened while I lived there, although the water came close to our house at times. While my parents were apprehensive, I loved watching the rising water. One year it came so high that my brother, John, put together a raft, and he and I paddled around on it in our front yard.

John remembers shipping milk by river boat, a stern-wheeler. In his words, "We kept a log raft secured to the nearest tree, and put the ten-gallon cans of milk between a couple of the raft's logs, with the cans about three-quarters submerged. That was the refrigeration system. When I would hear the boat whistle signaling its approach I would, if possible, run down the river to watch. I thought that riverboat job must be about the best job of all—traveling up and down the river, and actually getting paid for it. I think that would have been about 1915."

We walked to school and town unless it was necessary to go by horse and buggy for such items as flour and sugar. We had two big brown horses named Maude and Nellie, and a small white horse, Dick, who pulled the buggy.

One year my sister, Helen, taught school in a one-room schoolhouse in Heckencamp. On Sunday afternoon, my brother, John, would saddle the horses and take Helen to Heckencamp where she stayed with a local family during the week. On Friday afternoon John would again saddle the horses and bring Helen home for the weekend.

At some point, I don't remember when, Stella bought a Ford coupe with a rumble seat, and Dad bought a used Model T Ford.

The tires on the old Ford had many problems. One Saturday John and I loaded the Model T with produce, mostly berries that we had picked early in

the morning, and headed towards Bothell to sell to grocers along the way. We sold the produce, but had five flat tires before we arrived home. We became skilled at patching inner tubes.

School was a big part of our lives. Each elementary school had two grades per room.

High school had severe limitations because of the size and range of classes. My class had 12 students, 9 girls and 3 boys. Since the school could afford few teachers, some of them had no knowledge of one or more of the subjects they were required to teach. The shop teacher had to teach shorthand, which was totally unfamiliar to him. Miss Leslie, the delightful French teacher, knew little about typing which she had to teach. Fortunately, math and science were taught by the principal, Mr. Bartlett, who knew his subjects. The library was the size of a closet, with few books. There was no community library.

Dad was active in the Grange, and occasionally there were family events at the Grange Hall with community entertainment. A big summer event was the Chautauqua. As a child, it was exciting with its big tent and entertainment, which I am sure was pretty amateurish. In some events, the townspeople participated, and I remember being in a skit.

Dad, like all farmers, worked long hours, but for occasional entertainment he would go to Lon Brown's card room and play cards. The winner would receive metal chips as a prize. A chip would buy an ice cream cone in Lon Brown's Confectionary. Dad would distribute his winnings to his younger kids, which of course, delighted us.

One summer my sister, Viola, and I had an adventure while picking berries. There was a wire fence between the Dougherty farm and our farm,

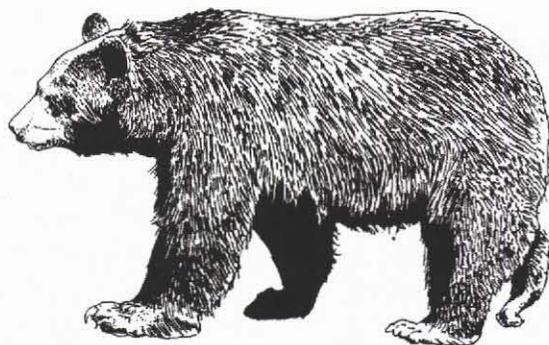
on which there was a huge clump of wild evergreen blackberries. Viola and I took some pails and went out to pick from this berry patch. She was about 12 and I was about 7. As we picked, Vi noticed sounds and movement on the other side of the fence. She said "Someone is picking berries over there. Maybe it's Joe Dougherty." We peered over the fence and to our astonishment, the berry picker was not Joe, but a big bear. We were petrified. To our relief the bear was afraid of us, too, and ran the other direction. Dad alerted the Doughertys that they had a bear on their property. A few days later, Joe told Dad that he had shot the bear and planned to make a bearskin rug.

During the last three years on the ranch I was the only child at home. Each of my sisters had left to work or go to school. Julia and Aleda were married in our farm house in 1926. Helen and Stella were away teaching school. John was working at various jobs to earn money for college. My sisters in Seattle came home on weekends when they could with their new fashions and their portable phonograph. Bertha and Viola taught me the current dance steps, mainly the Charleston. I thought their lives were very glamorous, and was eager to live in Seattle.

My parents left the farm and moved to Seattle in March, 1929. I stayed with Juliet and Howard Gainer until I graduated in May.

I didn't see the ranch again until August, 2001. It was a pleasure to see my old home and the surrounding area beautifully improved, and to see Duvall, an attractive, bustling town.

My brother, John, and I are the only surviving members of our family. He is a retired attorney living in Medina, Washington.



EASTWARD HO!

By Verle Bowe

The two Hudson touring cars rumbled out of Duvall one morning in late spring. Destination was Boyne City, Michigan. The year was 1926. I was ten years old at the time. Mother, Dad, my thirteen year old sister, Margaret, and myself were in one car. My Aunt Beth and Uncle Bert Arnold and my teenage cousin, Evelyn, occupied the other. Persuasive Uncle Bert had enticed my father into this trip to their old home state. To us young ones, this spelled adventure!

This was before the time of motels and good food accommodations. Carpentry was my father's trade, so he had built wooden boxes—firmly attached to the back of each car. These were painted black to match the vehicles, of course. The “door” of these opened down (supported by thin chains) to make a table area where we could prepare food. Several shelves inside carried provisions. Besides our clothes and other necessary articles, our car had to hold a tent, camp cots, some bedding, and a camp stove. Imagine how crowded we must have been. Campgrounds then were usually just a cleared patch of ground, the old wooden outhouse, and if lucky—a water standpipe with faucet. No hot water there! Certainly there must have been camps that we encountered that provided laundry facilities and means for personal cleanliness. To a child those were mundane things indeed!

We traveled long distances between gas and water supplies. I have no memory if they carried extra gas, but the distance was long between “gas pumps” then. All cars traveling for any real distance carried canvas water bags on the outside of the auto. We were always positive that these were checked and filled at any good water source.

Covering Washington State was uneventful, but Idaho and Utah snapped us to attention. We traveled the Old Oregon Trail. I can still see us moving up little “two rut” roads over mountainous country, now and then in bands of sheep. As they went up the hill, so did we. Their speed was our speed. In places we would be clinging to the mountain side on a narrow, one-way road with turn-out spaces here and there.

There were no guard rails and we could look far down upon the tree tops. There were few adventurers like us in those days, so few oncoming cars.

We always stopped briefly for any historic spot on our charted path—hence, “Custer’s last stand”. A granite monument told the story. I still have a snapshot of us standing on the huge natural rock formation at the site.

Great expanses of sagebrush and sand and sweltering heat typified Wyoming and Nebraska. The little prairie dogs popping up and down out of their holes provided entertainment when we camped at night.

One early afternoon brought some excitement to our little troop. The aim of Dad and Uncle Bert was to keep our cars traveling together as closely as possible. That day we were doing well, so both cars were stopped by the roadside so we could eat a snack. Everyone was laughing and talking and enjoying our break. The levity continued while the provisions were being rearranged and the “boxes” fastened up before continuing on. Somehow, Uncle Bert and Aunt Beth got in the car, and in the process of making themselves comfortable, started the car and left—not noticing that they had left Evelyn behind. With much chuckling, we hid her on the floor of the back seat. We followed for some miles before we came upon them. Both parents were waiting for us. Our pretense of knowing naught of Evelyn’s whereabouts was short when we saw their frantic faces.

There are not many memories of hard-surfaced roads or highways—just lots of gravel and dust. Iowa offered changes. The car reached the point of being completely immobile in the “gumbo”, a clay-like mud that was very adhesive. I can’t remember how we got out of that, but it was a struggle!

When we stopped in one small town in Iowa, some people came rushing up and asked if we were from Hawaii. The license plate fascinated them. When we told them that we were from Washington State, they didn’t seem to really know where that was. They asked if we were fighting with the Indi-

ans there. Ah, history!

Our last memory of Iowa was camping on the bank of the Mississippi River. The mosquitoes were enormous and they moved with the speed of today's jets. We were so glad to board the old ferry in the morning. The river was a sluggish brown as we chugged among the many green-foliaged islands. It seemed quite a distance until we reached the eastern bank at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

Wisconsin was such a beautiful, clean state. The highway was like a ribbon running up and down over the lush, green-covered hills. The cities were like sparkling jewels dropped here and there. Their names had great appeal to me—such as Oshkosh and Appleton.

We continued on north into the upper peninsula of Michigan—crossing Lake Michigan at the Straits of Mackinac into the lower part of the state. It was not a great distance then to Boyne City which was located at the end of a beautiful lake.

We spent those summer months camping on the shore of that lake. This was wonderful for my sister and myself, but must have been very trying for my mother. My father's brother and family lived in Boyne City, which I remember as a city of sand. Step off a porch and you were knee deep into it. We left for home toward the end of August for a three-week return trip.

When we came through Idaho—at a little turn right up in the mountains—we had serious car trouble. They told us they would work hard to complete the repairs as fast as possible, because, if it snowed, we would be there until spring!

As we touched into the slopes of Oregon, at Baker City on the state border, we were stopped. My

parents were asked by officials if we had noticed any insects such as they described—some new threat to crops.

My father said that we had not, but always helpful, I piped up from the back seat, "Oh, remember those little black bugs that we saw last night".

Well, out came the tent, the cots, the bedding and all to be opened and shaken out! Nothing was found. I can well imagine that my folks would gladly have left me there forever!

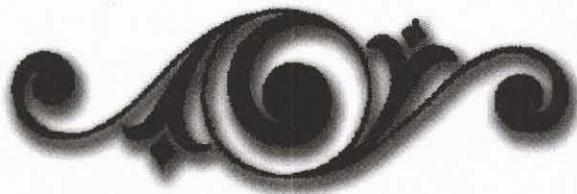


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THOUGHTS OF YESTERYEAR ON A DUVALL FARM (PART 1)

By Pearl Platt Bowen

I was born at the end of World War I, on March 5th, 1918, in a small town (small at that time), Duvall, Washington. I don't know how long we lived in town. I only remember growing up on the 76 acre farm out in the valley just south of town.

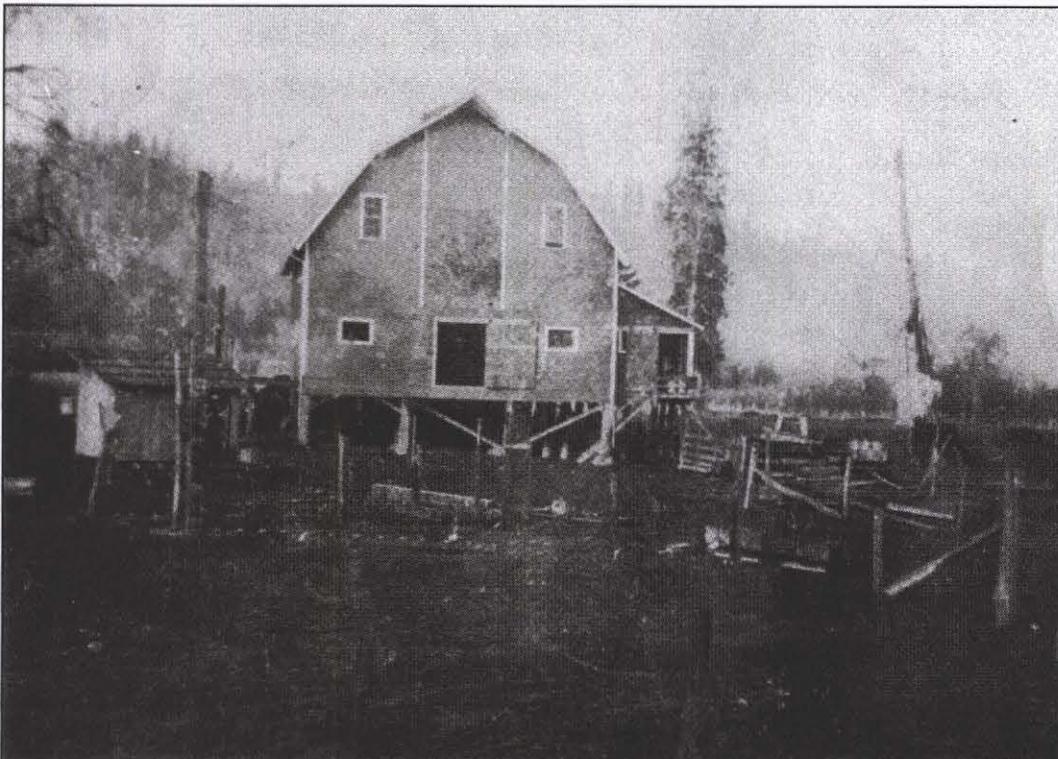
My father, Stephen Frazee Platt, worked many years as a railway mail clerk before he married Mary Francis Alexander, my mother. In those days, marriages were arranged by parents. She was 18 and he was 36. The farm was his dream.

He built a four room house and a big red barn trimmed in white. They were put eight feet off the ground because of floods. There was a covered porch around two sides of the house. We had a well, an outhouse, and a large woodshed. We didn't have rolls of toilet paper; we had the Sears Roebuck catalog!

When mother did the washing, she heated the water in a copper boiler on our large Monarch wood

stove. We had a washboard and three tubs for the wash and rinse tubs, and a wringer we turned by hand as we fed the clothes through. We made sure to lay the buttons flat to go through the wringer or they popped off the clothes. The clothes were rinsed twice, fed through the wringer, then we hung them out on the line. Our clothes line was a cable that fed through a pulley on the back porch out to and through another pulley on a large maple tree by the barn. I remember the sheets blowing and drying on the line. We washed on Mondays and ironed on Tuesdays. The sheets smelled like sunshine at night when we were in bed. So nice!

Mother baked all our bread. We brought flour in 50 pound sacks. She baked six or eight loaves at a time, along with a large pan of cinnamon rolls. Nothing is better than that! The flour sacks were used for dish towels, pillow cases, etc. And the flowered ones for "bloomers" for the girls. You



The barn my dad built

know—elastic at the knees too.

We had kerosene lamps and lanterns. We had a wall phone that was cranked to get the operator (everyone on the line could hear your conversations). I only listened once, and mother told me that wasn't nice.

We lived about five miles from town. Every Sunday, my mom, dad, and we six children walked to Sunday School and church. It was 5 or 6 miles each way. This was real family life, all of us together. Church was always important to us.

Dad had about 30 cows, two horses, some pigs, chickens, geese, turkeys, cats, and a collie. We raised corn and hay and had a large garden. Milking was done by hand. I remember when it was time to milk, we called the dog and told him to get the cows. He would run out into the pasture area, round them up, and herd them into the barn. There were stanchions on each side of the barn, and it always amazed me how each cow knew her own stanchion! I can remember squirting milk at the cats. They were happy to get it.

We children helped at weeding corn, haying, and hand milking the cows. I remember my dad with his head leaning against a cow milking, and singing in time with his milking, "Onward Christian Soldiers" or another favored hymn. I also remember we got lice in our hair from leaning our heads on the cows while we milked. Mother had a special soap she used to wash our hair that killed the lice.

During floods we had to get the milk to market. I don't remember how my dad and the neighbor, together, got their milk out across the valley to the highway. The milk was put on a wagon drawn by two horses. The horses broke through the ice with their hooves and they bled about their fetlocks. I was quite concerned about this.

When the high waters started to come in, we carried firewood up onto the porch. When water crept under the house, mice would climb onto floating wood chips. We children would try to rescue them. The rest of the year we trapped them! I remember mother and daddy discouraged us from these rescues. I think they must have laughed about this.

With our cows we had a mean bull. As teenagers, my brother, Don, and I pretended to be bull fighters. We placed ourselves a distance from the bull—and a large maple tree. We waved some red fabric that was supposed to anger him. Color or not, he pawed the dirt, then chased us. In no time, we were up in that tree with the bull snorting below. We couldn't get down until dad, with our collie dog, Shep, came and chased the bull away. That was a game we played one time only.

There was a five acre lake on our place. We had such fun there, swimming and fishing. There were so many fish, bass, perch, croppie, trout, and suckers. We didn't have money for fishing poles and gear. We used a willow branch for a pole, and a white grocery string for line. Our fish hooks were straight pins, bent hook shaped. Our bait was tiny pieces of white rag on the hook. We would move the line slowly back and forth through the water and we caught fish! I caught a large five pound bass on such a set-up. It had a full grown garter snake in it when it was cleaned. Later, we got real fish hooks.

My sister, Martha, and I tied a line from one side of the lake to the other. We tied short lengths of line down from the main line at intervals. We would cruise along the line and collect the fish. One day we caught 76 fish in an hour, and put them into a tub. Then...mother said we could clean them.

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THOUGHTS OF YESTERYEAR ON A DUVALL FARM (PART 2)

By Pearl Platt Bowen

When I was four, my eight year old brother, Stephen, was in the canoe with a can. He must have swooped for a fish. He drowned. I can still hear my mother calling for him. It was a haunting, frightful sound. She found him in the water under the canoe. Firemen came, but they could not save him. I remember they laid him on a cot in the front room with a sheet over him. Neighbors brought baked goods and food to us for quite awhile.

Some days, early in the morning, we would see deer down at the lake shore. When my dad would go for his gun, we children would chase the deer away. We didn't want him to shoot them.

Across the lake from our house were large old maple trees. Daddy hung a long length of rope to a big limb at the lake's edge. We would hold the rope, run, and jump out over the lake and drop into the water. That was great fun!

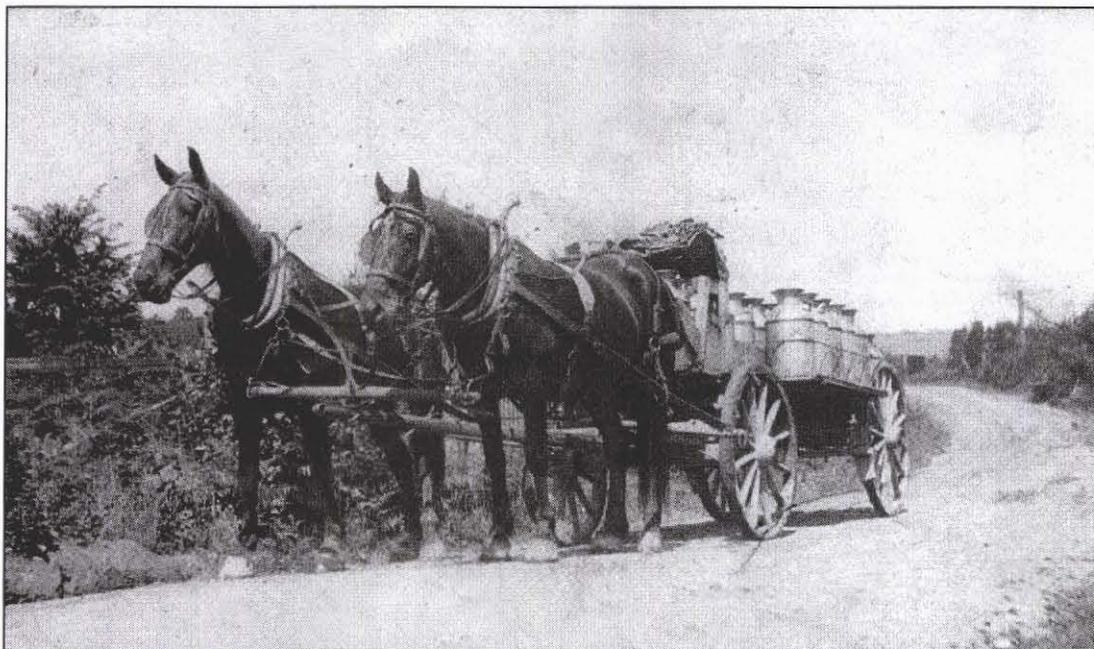
Not far from the swing there was a large, old growth maple tree with a hollow back under the roots where a family of skunks lived. These skunks

ate our chickens. We had long poles, which we pushed back into the hollow. When we felt something soft, we would twist the poles which would then tangle in the hair of the skunks. We would pull young skunks out. The dog would then kill them. It is terrible to think about now, but in those days you did what you could to save what you had.

In the winter time the lake would freeze over and we would ice skate. Some of our school mates from town would come down to play on the ice with us. Our sleds were homemade, and we would slide down the bank out onto the ice. When there was snow on the ice, we would lay on our backs with arms outstretched, swing them up and down, and make snow angels.

There were frogs in the lake. One spring the shore was solid with them. That was an amazing sight. (We couldn't walk without stepping on them. That was awful!)

When I was seven, my brother, David, was born, it was during the night. We were supposed to be



*Taking milk to
the highway
for pickup*

asleep. My dad delivered him. I remember hearing his first cry. I used to look at the baby pictures in the catalog, and I was sure this was the baby that I had ordered.

Our grandparents lived some twenty miles south of us in Fall City. One year, during the Thanksgiving holidays, there was a big flood. Our family, my parents and six children, went by canoe to the railroad tracks across the valley. We all were told to sit very still because the canoe might go over a fence post and we didn't want it to roll over. When we got to the tracks we tied up under the trestle. Then we all climbed up onto the tracks, and started walking to the depot which was about three fourths of a mile away. It was a three-sided shack with one bench. If we didn't get to the depot in time, my dad would flag the train and it would stop. The conductor would say, "Come on aboard, Steve!"

We all climbed on. It was hard for me to climb up on a seat, I was so little, but I remember the beautiful plum colored seats out of velveteen fabric (I think) with black iron hardware.

When we got to the depot in Fall City, my grandfather was there to meet us with his big farm wagon drawn by two horses. We got onto the wagon and were wrapped in bear skins to keep us warm. Grandma and Grandpa's house was a big, two-story house with ivy growing over the front of it. It was fun to go there. It always smelled like roasting turkey or freshly baking bread. One time I was all set to stay with my grandmother, but when it was time for my folks to go home, I started to cry, so I went home with them. Later, I wished I had stayed.

My sister, Maybelle, was two years older than I was. She and I were in another room being very quiet. They said that Mother asked me what I was doing and I replied, "cut'n hair...". I guess I had given Maybelle quite the hair cut! I do remember she wore a stocking cap to church for a long while.

My father and neighbors grew acres of hay for their livestock. If it looked like rain when it came time to put hay into the barns, neighbor helped neighbor to save the crops. The women joined forces with food. It was such a good thing—neighbors and friends.

I went from first through sixth grade at the

Novelty School. This was a one room school. There were six rows of desks on runners, a row for each grade. There were less than 20 students each year. My first teacher's name was Miss Alamandy. She used to visit at our home. Everyone liked her. The school was in the country. We were taught to keep the school grounds clean. We used to have "Thistle Day". We all went out into the yard with a weeding tool of some sort to get rid of all the thistles that we could. There were prizes won by those who got the most thistles. We had teeter totters and swings. The boys played marbles. We played baseball. Once when we were playing, we had a runner on third base. I was pitcher. I got close to the batter so we could get him out. When he swung at the ball, he hit me in the head with the bat. Guess who was out!

I remember on May Day we had a celebration. We decorated a May Pole and had contests and a program for the public.

Christmas was a special time for everyone. We made most of our gifts. At Sunday School we usually drew names. We got a little bag of hard candy and maybe some peanuts. Best of all, we got a small orange or tangerine. That was the only one we got all year! They just don't taste as good today as that once a year treat did back then!

My oldest brother, Howard, was good at electronics and mechanics. He bought a radio kit, Philco, I think. He put it together and when it was time to test it, we all gathered together—anxious to hear the first sound. That was our first radio.

Life was not easy for my folks—so much work and not the equipment to work with in those years. Their first baby was a little boy named George Harlan. The doctor cut his umbilical cord too short and he bled to death in eight days. Then Stephen drowned.

Editor's note: Pearl lives in Sultan and has received many awards for her community service. She has been named Volunteer of the Year by the Sultan Police Department and Artist of the Year by the Sultan Arts Council. In addition, she has been involved in the Grange, Garden Club, Sultan and Gold Bar Historical Societies, Sportsmen's Club, Senior Center, and Snoqualmie Valley Band.

OH, HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

By Ray Burhen

I will confine this article to my earlier days and experiences with explosives (dynamite and TNT), which were considered standard working tools in clearing land for pasture, farming, gardens, cabin/house sites, ditching, etc.

Bulldozers and track hoes have not always been around as good, readily available and economically practical as they are today. They have evolved over the last 40 to 60 years to become the good machines that we have today. Explosives were a prime ingredient in clearing land in this area. In the 1930's practically every hardware store in every town in this area sold black stumping powder (dynamite). They would keep their main supply in a locked powder shed but they would have a case or so in the store if a person was buying it on a regular basis. They also kept the caps and fuses in the store.

When I was thirteen my family purchased a sizeable stump ranch on Union Hill, six miles east of Redmond. There was no cleared land, none – we could not even get off of the one lone gravel road until we grubbed out a small postage stamp spot. I must add, my father felt that the bigger the stumps, the better the ground. My father was a very intelligent person, but I must disagree with him on that subject. That hill ground was nothing to brag about, but, boy, did we ever have the big stumps.

We had fir and cedar. It was not uncommon for the firs to be over six feet in diameter at the stump cut and the stump cut was usually up five to ten feet off the ground. They were big! The only way to clear the ground was to blast the stumps, at least crack them and hope they would dry enough to burn them some and then pull the large root pieces out with a donkey.

My father had no blasting experience, but our old bachelor neighbor across the road knew how to blast, so after a short introductory course of probably twenty minutes we were on our own and in business. We were so far away from civilization, no one would be bothered with what anyone did. Other than our neighbor across the road and another part time neighbor about one quarter mile to the east, our

next nearest neighbor was one mile to the west, and I don't believe there was anyone closer than five miles to the east, or north, or three miles to the south. Needless to say, we were isolated.

As I stated earlier, I was thirteen when we got the stump ranch. When blasting, my job was to dig shot holes with a spoon (blasting tool), pack the powder from where we were keeping it (usually in a large stump house), help load the shot hole, fix one stick with a cap and fuse and cut the fuse to length, (it burns, if everything goes right, one foot to the minute), cover the loaded hole with dirt and tamp it in, and then when you were finished and you got the tools out of the way, the fuse was lit.

Sometimes if you were going to set several shots, you would get them all ready and then go light the fuses. You cut the fuses accordingly, the first one to be lit was the longest on down to the last. You must remember we were still feeling the effects of the depression, nothing was wasted, not even fuse. Many times our last fuse wasn't much over a foot long, giving us about a minute to get clear of the last hole, once you were sure the fuse was burning. We always had respect for the powder and caps and handled them with care.

When I first started carrying powder, one afternoon I started out with about 20 sticks (20 pounds) of powder in my left arm. The ground was rough and had sticks and logs that I had to go over. I stumbled a little bit and one stick fell to the ground. My heart jumped into my throat, I thought I was a goner. I had been told that the powder would go off by concussion. I found out on several occasions that it would not go off by dropping, but we did handle it with care and respect. No one in my family smoked and if anyone came around when we were blasting who did smoke, we unceremoniously requested them to leave and we were in no mind to discuss the subject. I was turned loose by myself with the powder to blast whatever I felt needed to be blown, when I was fifteen years old.

We got our powder at the old, old hardware store in Redmond called the Redmond Trading Company.

It was across the tracks from the old King County shops on Leary Way in one of the original large brick buildings. I believe that a book store is in the building today. The store was about the same as it was at the turn of the century and I believe that the nice old fellow that ran it was one of the original founding partners and was the only one left. His powder magazine was not far up the hill behind the old Redmond grade school. He always had a case of powder and a box of caps at the store when we needed them. Anyone could buy the powder, the only requirement was that he wrote down your name and address but no proof was required. Once we were his customers, no questions were asked, just put the money on the counter. (Remember, this was during a real, big-time war!) There were several experiences that I would not look forward to repeating again. Experience is a great teacher. One was a short fuse experience and the other was damp fuse. Both were good object lessons for me.

One cold, bleak, soggy, damp, foggy February morning my father and I decided to blow about a dozen cedar stumps that were about two to four feet in diameter. This was one of our earlier learning experiences or object lessons. I was fourteen or fifteen years old. We were putting anywhere between five to fifteen sticks of powder under each stump depending on how good a shot hole we had and the size of the stump. We were not trying to blow them out of the ground, we were cracking (splitting) the stumps into about four to six pieces, just enough to get a cable in the crack (choker the section) and pull it out with our double drum donkey. We would pull all the stump pieces or sections, pile them up using a gin pole and then burn them when they dried out.

Back to the blasting, we had about a dozen shots set and I started lighting the fuses. You had to see that the tar fuse cover was burning pretty good and that the fuse started to spew, (the powder cord was lit and burning). Once it spewed, I went to the next nearest stump, and went through the same procedure. When I got to the last stump and had it lit, we were expecting the first one to go, but nothing happened, we waited, waited, and waited. We went to the cabin to warm up and after about 45 minutes to an hour, we decided that we really had a problem. One thing you are afraid of in a situation like this is a hang fire. Do we leave them sit for a day or so or pull the first fuse to see what happened? I wanted to see what the problem was, and due to the damp, soggy weather, did not figure that they were going to go

off. I gingerly went up to the back side of the stump and quickly went around to the front and jerked the fuse out. We cut the cap off the fuse and then started testing the fuse to determine the cause of our problem. We cut off an inch or so of the burned fuse and relit the new cut. It started to burn but only went an inch or so and then went out. We repeated the test several times and had the same results. The fuse had drawn dampness and had dead spots. We had been keeping the fuse in a closed shed where during the damp winter months it could draw dampness. We made the decision right at that time to keep the fuse in the warming oven on the kitchen wood cook stove and the caps were put in a metal cabinet about a foot away from the stove. We were not going through a damp fuse situation again. We nervously pulled all of the fuses and gingerly dug out the tamped dirt in each hole and set one stick with a cap and good fuse back in and retamped the hole. After we reset all of the holes we again went around and lit them. By the time we were lighting the last fuse, the first shot was going off, the way they were supposed to.

We did not blast to blow the stump out of the hole. We blasted to crack the stump. We could pull the cedars, root section by section with the donkey. We blew the firs a little harder because they were really tough. We tried to get them cracked good and also get a good hole under them and then, after drying out some during the summer, get several good fires in it and then pull each big root section.

I really enjoyed watching our neighbor blow his stumps. We did not use any more powder than we felt was necessary. Our neighbor liked to blow his stumps completely out of the ground. He would put anywhere from a half of a case to a full case of powder under a stump. What a blow! Whole cedar stump root sections, eight or more feet long, weighing over 500 pounds, would go over 100 feet in the air, quite a show. The problem with blasting with such heavy shots was that half of the stump was completely out of the hole (that was the good part) but you usually had a hole several feet deep and half of the stump would still be sitting there, probably it didn't even get cracked and all of the dirt had been loosened so it was difficult to get a good shot under the remaining half. I must restate, it was really a show to see our neighbor's stumps go high in the air. My father and I always had a good chuckle. My father and I were glad to watch the show, always speculating whether the next blow would put a bigger chunk up higher in the air than the last one. It

was as good as any 4th of July fireworks, maybe we enjoyed it even a little better than the 4th fireworks as this show lasted longer.

I enlisted in the Navy Air Corps when I was seventeen. When the war was over, we could be discharged if we so desired. I was discharged when I was still eighteen. After the war, the War Assets Administration sold off all sorts and types of equipment and things, i.e. trucks, planes, parts, boats, TNT, etc. All veterans were eligible to purchase these items. I watched the sale brochures and went to those that had things that I was interested in, and that I figured that I had enough money to make a purchase. At times they sold things at auction and other sales were fixed price. I got one brochure that had TNT demolition powder for sale, fixed price, sight unseen. It was at the Umatilla Ordinance Depot. The War Assets Administration Office, where they took the orders, was at Second and Union in Seattle. I placed an order for 1000 pounds (one half-ton) of TNT. The man asked me if I could take more but I thought that was enough. I wanted to try it. The TNT was a lot faster than the black stumping powder. The price was right, it cost more to get it shipped here than I paid for the powder. I was nineteen, no questions were asked as to what I was going to do with it, in talking I said I was clearing land. As long as I had my discharge, money to buy it, and the purchase papers, it was mine. As I said earlier, they had plenty to sell and asked if I could take more.

The powder was shipped rail freight which took several weeks, (like a snail) to come from Umatilla, Oregon, to Seattle. It was supposed to go to Redmond, so they had to send it from Seattle to Redmond on S&S Auto Freight. They did not notify me that the Auto Freight had my 1000 pounds of powder so they were carrying it on the truck for four or five days before I caught up with the truck in Redmond. The driver was told that he couldn't cross Lake Washington on the ferry after the third day and WSDOT told him after the fourth day that he had to get it off his truck or they were going to put him off the road. I caught up with him at the old Union Oil dock in Redmond. He had a load of general freight cargo, hardware goods, plumbing fixtures and supplies, 20 foot sections of galvanized pipe, 50 gallon drums of oil and kerosene, the 1000 pounds of TNT, etc. The driver was a big, gnarly, grizzled, craggy fellow. He was unloading at the Union Oil dock. I asked him if he had my powder. He looked at me and I thought that he was going to explode and maybe even thump

on me. I started to clear out and said maybe I could come back tomorrow if that would be a better day. When he thought that I was going to leave, I thought he was going to grab me and hug and kiss me (remember my description of him), then I thought I really should get out of there. He was so glad to see me and finally get rid of the powder. Now I had to get 1000 pounds of TNT six miles up on Union Hill with a 1938 Chevrolet 2-door sedan. We started loading the 50 pound cases, 20 of them. We filled the trunk, the back seat, back of the back seat by the back window, we filled the front passenger seat and floor. We had nineteen cases in, one to go. I put it in the driver's seat but was unable to shift or drive, it was just too high to sit on. I finally put it on the back top of the driver's seat and held it there with the back of my head. The S&S driver was happy to get the powder out of his truck and I was glad to get it. Needless to say, it was an uneventful trip home with the powder. If it had been eventful, I would not be writing this article.

The TNT was really good stuff. I blew a lot of stumps with it. Things have really changed in 50 years. Can you imagine today, a nineteen year old kid with a thousand pounds of TNT (a complete car full) going through town and down the road; a federal government employee saying, "Can you take anymore TNT?" and "go at it Sonny, do a good job." No papers required and no questions asked and no one worried that you would do anything other than a legal, worthwhile use of it. What has happened to our population today? Today, you would need reams of paper and every city, county, and police agency, Hazmat and SWAT teams, OSHA, WISHA, L and I, EPA, FBI, the Office of Homeland Security, etc. would be out looking for the nineteen year old kid. Oh, how times have changed!



NOTES

Following the Grand Opening on August 18, the Duvall Historical members have opened the Dougherty House on Sunday afternoons for tours. Each Sunday two members show interested guests around the house and tell the history of the house, the Dougherty family and the relevance to the City of Duvall.

The landmark house looks very much as it was when lived in by a family in the early part of the

20th century. Rooms are furnished with pieces donated mostly from other old Snoqualmie Valley homes.

The parlor's wallpaper reflects the turn of the century choice of pretty but very "busy" patterns. The antique chairs next to a table with an old lamp, the upright piano, the clock on the wall, the rocking chairs near the fireplace, and the quaint fainting couch give a cozy, inviting atmosphere to the room.

Especially interesting items in the kitchen receive the most comments. From the old cooking utensils to the wood cookstove, there are memories for the older generation who visit and explanations for those who do not recognize the out-of-date items.

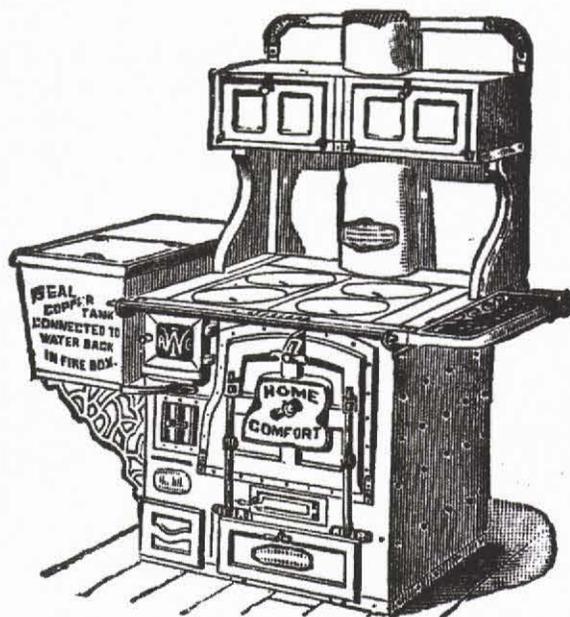
The upstairs bedrooms will benefit from a few more pieces of furniture, but the beds and the coverlets are indicative of a previous era. The baby's room is especially appealing with the old crib, the play table, the doll baby and the clothing on display. The view from the window of the valley and northward to Mount Baker is stunning and recalls many stories of the riverboats, the swing bridge, and the early farming community.

Following the October Sunday afternoon open houses, the house will be opened in the winter months by request by any group, large or small. School classes, too, are invited to tour the renovated house. For reservations, call the Historical Society president, Tove Burhen at (425) 788-1266.

The Duvall Historical Society meets the first Monday of the month at 7:30 p.m. at the Dougherty House. Visitors and prospective new members are welcome.

The publications of the Duvall Historical Society include:
Jist Cogitatin'; Digging Duvall's Past; Hi Times; Wagon Wheel, Volume One; and Wagon Wheel, Volume Two.

These books are for sale at the Duvall Book Store and at the Duvall Family Drug Store.



DEC. 18, 1990: WHEN HIGH TECH WAS NOT ENOUGH

By Mary Lampson

Editor's note: While this is much more recent history than we normally cover, we realize that history is being made now as much as in the past. With the winter months upon us, I share my journal of a day that will remind many of our readers of stories of their own.

The day began in a very ordinary way. The weather forecasters predicted colder temperatures and one to two inches of snow in the evening. Nothing to worry about. My husband, Dennis, had a business engagement in Olympia and I had an important holiday business cruise in the evening.

I spent half of the day working on my computer at home; then headed in to my office in Bellevue around 12:30 p.m. There were spotted areas of snow flurries on the way, increasing as I neared Bellevue. It was enough to make me wonder about the wisdom of an evening engagement in Seattle. When I reached the office, there was much discussion on the same subject. The braver souls left for the boat at 3 p.m. I and the more timid continued to discuss the pros and cons until about 3:30 when I decided it would be prudent to head for home instead.

Thinking that I had made a cautious decision and anticipating no real problems at this time of the day, I headed toward the freeway. Five blocks from the office, as I began to descend the hill at NE 4th, I encountered a strange sight – a young man was standing in front of his stopped car straining to keep it from slipping down the hill. I also noticed a pickup truck that had succeeded in stopping, then began sliding sideways down the hill. Still, I was not concerned. My car was good on snow and I was a Midwesterner familiar with driving in these conditions.

Alas, even for the arrogant, there were to be problems and they did not take long to surface. My four year old battery decided it was time to die--right there in the middle of town, only 6 blocks from my office. For some reason, I had worn boots that

day and had filled the car with gas (premonition, I guess). My first thought was to get someone to jump my car, but no one had cables or would admit they did under these circumstances. Then I decided to call a tow truck. I tried my car phone. It was dead! I walked to an office building and used their phone. To my surprise, I wasn't the only one in this position. There was a 2 to 3 hour wait for a tow. I decided to hike back to my office to wait. Then I called the home of Dennis' boss and traveling companion to tell Dennis that trouble lay ahead and he might be wise to spend the night at their home in Bellevue. Too late, Denny had departed 15 minutes earlier.

Back at the office, I found a few worried stragglers. I began to think it might be wise to spend the night at a local hotel. Alas, I wasn't the first to think of that either. There were no rooms at the inns! Well, I always had the office. I knew I had 2 blankets in the car, and there were restaurants nearby, so that wouldn't be too bad.

My pager went off. It was the tow truck and he was in my area at last--3 hours after I had called! I hiked the 6 blocks back to my car, only to realize that I no longer had my car keys! My car had to be towed with the emergency brake on, but since the streets were so slick, not a lot of damage was likely to be done. It took about 3/4 hour to get the six blocks to a gas station, where I let the tow truck driver dump my car (blocking another parked vehicle).

I hiked a mile back to the office through a foot of snow. The winds were starting to pick up, but I felt very safe as there were lots of others out trudging around. I must have looked pretty awful when I got back to the office, but two of my co-workers were in the lobby to greet me. Our first efforts at using our codes to get the elevators going were fruitless, but at last we got one to take us to our 4th floor offices.

I called my daughter, Laura, who had abandoned her car close to home, to let her know I was safe. I didn't know daughter, Julie's phone number and nobody answered at our own house. It was now 8

p.m. My co-worker, Janee invited another stranded colleague, Cheryl and me to spend the night at her house near Cottage Lake when her husband came to pick her up. Offer accepted. I was worried about our third daughter, Jacquie and husband, Dennis, who should have been home long ago, but I didn't know where they were and they didn't know where I was, so there was nothing I could do.

Janee's husband came at 8:15 p.m. and after a bathroom pit stop along the side of the road, we arrived at Janee's house at 11:05 p.m.--almost a record time I was to find later. Many folks didn't get home until the wee hours of the morning. The streets were totally gridlocked with stalled, wrecked and abandoned vehicles. It was exciting to see so many people walking around at that time of the night. It almost seemed like a festive occasion.

We hadn't eaten since noon and were starved by this time, but all there was to eat at Janee's house were tuna and crackers. The phone and electricity were both out, but we were happy to have a place indoors. Cheryl and I settled down to sleep in front of the fireplace. At midnight, my pager went off. It went off again at 12:30 a.m. I knew somebody was trying to reach me, but who? I had a car phone, pager, voice mail, and telephone and no means of

communicating in an emergency. I still didn't know where any of my family were. The only sensible option I had was to go to sleep—hungry, tired, and cold.

The next day all systems were go again at Janee's house, so I called home again. Still no answer. Her husband took me home about 2:30 p.m. and who to my wondering eyes should appear, but Dennis. He had arrived minutes earlier, but our house was cold and the electricity did not return until about 5 p.m. Jacquie called shortly after to let us know she had frozen windshield wipers and had spent the night with a fellow teacher. Dennis had parked his car in a K-Mart lot in Bellevue and walked back to his manager's house. He was not at all worried about the rest of us!

We were among the lucky ones. A friend of Julie's was riding the bus when the driver announced he couldn't go any further and ordered all the passengers out of the bus. She ended up spending the night in a restaurant among strangers.

The big snow of 1990 surprised everyone with its speed and intensity. It reminded us all about how fragile our infrastructures can be in times of emergency. It reminded me of how technology has changed. Car phones are now a thing of the past.

Territory Sesquicentennial

Ray and Tove Burhen recently attended a Sesquicentennial celebration of the Monticello conventioners' decision to petition for a separate Washington Territory. Tove's great great grandfather, Sidney Ford was one of the original participants in the convention. The Washington Territory was formally formed on March 2, 1853. The Sesquicentennial celebration of this event will be celebrated this year.

Dougherty House Tour



The Cub Scouts will tour the Dougherty House on Jan. 12. Tours of the house are available to groups and classes by appointment. Call Tove Burhen for more information at 788-1266.



DUVALL OLDEN DAYS

By Pauline (Mrs. Arthur) Hix

Editor's note: These reminiscences were written by Pauline Hix when she was 68 years old for a special meeting of the Duvall Civic Club to celebrate old and new times. It was published in the Feb. 6, 1948 edition of the Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Trip from Monroe. Tried to come on stage, but came with Mr. Rule (Methodist Minister in Monroe) in a 2 wheeled cart. Met a wood saw with engine, scared the pony, turned around and broke a tug near where Biederbost now lives. Road muddy and deep. Valley House near the road where it turns to go to Carlsons. Then the school house. Two teachers (McAlvain and Margaret Johns).

The road from Valley house to store ran near the river most of the way. Transportation in those days was by road or river. On the road by vehicle or on foot. However we traveled mostly by foot.

The river was beautiful and the farmers, most all of them had a nice landing with their canoe ready for service. Also, they kept the brush cut and their cattle came down to the river to drink. Today, most all the farmers have water in the barns.

The freight was brought in by wagon or by the boat. When the freight was hauled by wagon, they planned a full day, going before light in the morning and returning after dark in the evening.

The boats that came up the river were the Black Prince, the Cascade, and the Wild Duck, a small boat. The boats came up river when the water raised. We would have orders placed, ready to be delivered. When the river raised, the boat would make a trip, often times the farmers would come when they heard the boat whistle and get their amount off the boat so that the warehouse by the river (for Arthur Hix's store) could store a larger supply to meet demands until high water again.

In 1906 there came the biggest flood making one body of water from the river to the hills across the valley. You could go in boats across the fields to the high lands. The water raised until it was up to the doorknob in Leake's pantry. It also washed their apples into the stream. You could stand and watch

the apples floating down the river.

Mr. Lyons left in the morning to bring his son home from the hospital. He met his wife and son and came as far as the Herzog place (James Joyce's now) and left them and took a canoe and was racing home. From the store you could see the light out in the field. Mr. Leake seemed to sense that it was Mr. Lyons. They watched the light for 2 hours and then it seemed to move on. The next day we were told that Mr. Lyons was sitting out in the field. His boat had caught on the top of a wire fence and he had to wait until the water raised, so he could row the boat on home.

Years afterwards he made his last trip to the valley and called on us. I asked him if he remembered the occasion.

He said "Yes, but that wasn't all of it. When I got home there was 18 inches of water in the house and Byron Addleman and I sat down by the kitchen stove and put our feet on the oven door, and we looked up and a stick of wood floated out of the pantry with a mouse sitting on the wood.

The farmers would take all their stock to high land during floods. After the bridge was built (swinging bridge) it was very interesting to see the row boat with just the cow's head above the water being pulled by halter to approach the bridge. From there they would lead them across to Dougherty's on high land.

Shortly after the store was built, the Community Hall was erected, later becoming the Grange Hall. The Grange was organized and you will notice the white church on the hill had preaching services and Sunday school on Sunday afternoons.

In 1907 the school moved to its new building on top of the hill. There were two teachers, Margaret Johns and Nettie Hanson.

Then came the G.N. Railroad Co. surveying for the railroad. Following this was the plotting of the town site and moving to the new town site of Duvall in 1909. They started moving the building before Thanksgiving and put it on the now lot on New Years Day. Then came the Milwaukee R.R. and depot.

The Church was also moved to its new location, and also the Grange Hall, which was later sold to the Church, now Community Hall. Then, following this, was the location of the Drug Store, Hardware Store (A.P. Manion),. Grocery Store (A.H.

Boyd), Shoe Store (Joseph Franke), Duvall Bank (C.Beadon Hall and Isadore), Dr. Gerkin, The Forest Inn (Wallace and Speaker), the G. N. Depot (Wagner), Shingle Mill (Roy Comegys), Lon Brown's Moving Picture and Confectionary Store.



Civic Club ladies, Feb. 6, 1948.

Top Row, L-R: Flossie Pickering Edstam, Anna Bredenberg, Edna Anderson, Merle Gainer Andrews, Effie Platt, Millie Douglas, Eva Franke, Helen Wallace, Edna Wallace, Lottie Chapman, Lola Proffit Coe, Hortense Myers, Gladys Myers.

2nd Row, L-R: Cora Roney, Mrs. Clifton Farmer, Rose McCormick, Delia Mercereau, Esther Arnold, Ann Shapcott, Olive Minshull, Laura MacKenzie, Ruth Petersen, Ethel Boshaw.

3rd Row (front): Helen Weber Minshull, Martha Weber, Clara Brott, Pauline Hix, Vivian Hendee Nelson, Viola Leckenby, Isa Hendee, ?, Ann Cameron.

Last 3 (dressed as olden days): Mrs. Berg, Betty Clark, Granma (Jeannette) Pickering.

**Vivian Hendee Nelson and Gladys Myers are the only surviving members of this group today.*

FUN TIMES IN DUVALL

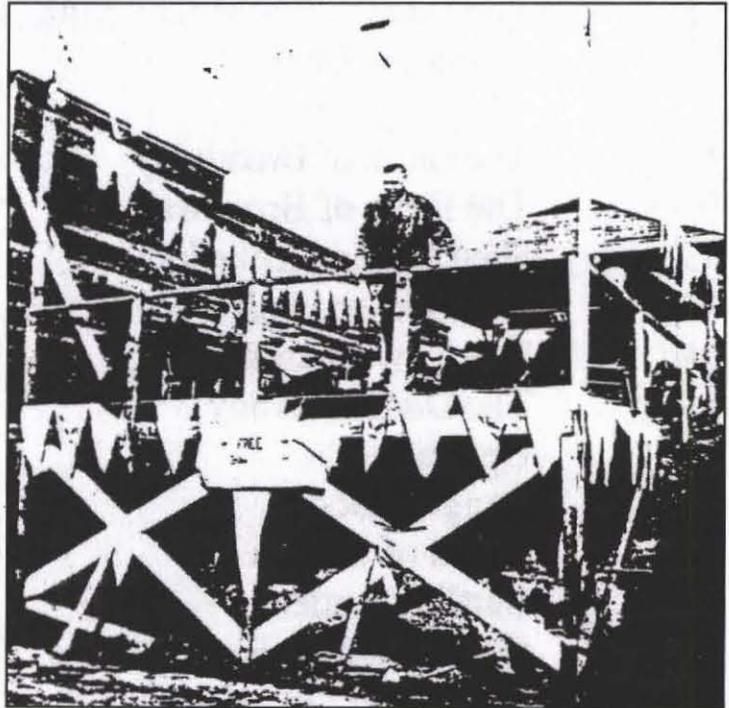
By Mary Lampson

Fun in Duvall may not have begun with Lon Brown, but he was its biggest promoter in the first decades of the twentieth century. Lon's entrepreneurial adventures in Duvall started with a Confectionary and Pool Hall on Main Street. That expanded into an ice cream business, which provided his customers with the thickest and sweetest ice cream in the valley (White Lily Ice Cream).

Lon decided that a town was no good unless it had a band, ball team, and a Fourth of July celebration (with lots of ice cream, of course) He purchased three lots on the other side of Main Street and put up a large building to be used for the "Snoqualmie Valley Fair". The ball game was organized, and there were exhibits, races, games, concerts, refreshments, and a parade. The governor was even invited to speak.

Friction within the community developed and the fair was moved up to the school grounds the next year. It died out after another year or two.

The loss of the fair meant there was a large, va-



Governor Lister speaking at the Snoqualmie Valley Fair in 1915

cant building on Main Street, which Lon converted into a theatre. World War I was just getting under way in Europe, so he rented the movie "Birth of a Nation" and showed it all over the county. He used the proceeds from that movie to purchase seats, a new projector, and other equipment for his Duvall theatre.

Next Lon inspired the city fathers to build the Athletic Pavilion nearby. On Saturday nights everybody would go to the movie, then after the show, four men would carry the theatre piano over to the pavilion for a dance.

Of course, those were the days of silent movies, so a pianist provided the background



Main Street Fair (1915)

music for the show. Mary Hix Tucker (daughter of pioneers, Arthur and Pauline Hix) took over as theatre pianist in 1925 from Hazel Gainer Boyd. Following is the schedule from Mary's account books.

Nov. 17	For Heavens Sake
Nov. 18	For Heavens Sake
Nov. 20	Kosher Kitty Kelly
Nov. 21	Blarney
Nov. 24	Sealed Lips
Nov. 27	Tom and his Pals
Nov. 28	The Gay Deceiver
Dec. 1	The Marshall of Money Mint
Dec. 2	The Marshall of Money Mint
Dec. 4	Going the Limit
Dec. 5	The Magician
Dec. 8	The Belle of Broadway
Dec. 9	The Belle of Broadway
Dec. 11	Bred in Old Kentucky
Dec. 12	The Dessert Toll
Dec. 16	The New Champion
Dec. 18	The Dude Cowboy
Dec. 19	Up Stage
Dec. 22	Range Blood
Dec. 25	Breed of the Sea
Dec. 26	Battling Butler
Jan. 1	One Minute to Play
Jan. 15	Tom Tyler Out of the West
Jan. 22	Collegiate
Jan. 29	The Timid Terror
Feb. 5	The Border Whirlwind

Among the songs that she played were "Bobbette", "Take This Rose", "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose", "In the Garden of Tomorrow", "That Wonderful Mother of Mine", "Magnolia Bloom", "Little Bluebird of My Heart", "In the Heart of the Hills", "Oh Promise Me", "Rose of Picardy", "Old Pal", "Just for Remembering", "The Garden of Your Heart", "By the Water of Minnetonka", "Just a Cottage Small", "When Twilight Comes", "Because I Love You", "Kentucky Lullaby", "Neapolitan Nights", "In the Days of Make Believe", "Siren of a Southern Sea", "The Waltz Dreams", and "The Four Horsemen."

Mary was paid \$2.50 per show for her services.

Thank you to Velma Hix Hill for providing photos and information. Additional information was taken from an article in the June 13, 1957 *Carnavall Reporter*.

**Meetings of the
Duvall Historical Society**

**1st Monday of each month
7:30 at the Dougherty House**

For information, call 788-1266

Visitors welcome!



*Ed Harrington and Kenneth Hix; Theatre is large building on the left.
Photo taken in front of Lon Brown's Confectionary*

WILLIAM EZRA SIKES

Excerpted from the book, *History of King County*

For almost half a century William Ezra Sikes has been a resident of the state of Washington and as a pioneer settler in the region of Tolt has played an important part in the agricultural development of the lower Snoqualmie valley. Since he first took up his homestead in 1882 he has been "fighting brush," as he terms his clearing and cultivating operations, and by years of unremitting effort has become one of the successful farmers of the valley.

W.E. Sikes was born March 26, 1859, near Novelty, Knox county, Missouri, a son of Sylvanus and Evaline A. (Hunsaker) Sikes. The Sikes family originated in England and the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch left the British Isles and settled in America. John Sikes, his son, was born and reared in Syote valley in Ohio, where he married and reared a family, removing to Shelby county, Missouri, when his children were grown. William E. Sikes was reared on his father's farm and attended the rural school in the home district, a typical ungraded country school of an earlier day in the middle west.

Like other members of his family, William felt the urge to go west and in 1880 joined his Uncle Jonathan, who had a farm in California in the Sacramento valley, near the present site of the University of California agricultural school at Davis. For two years he worked for his uncle and in 1882 left for Seattle, sailing from San Francisco on the S.S. "Mississippi". The trip took nine days as contrasted to the three days now required by boat and he was glad to come ashore in Seattle, then a town of modest proportions, much more backward than San Francisco in its development at that time. For two days he stopped at the old Occidental Hotel and saw the limited "sights" of the little community. There was no railroad leading north from Seattle in those days, and the easiest way to reach the lower Snoqualmie valley was by boat to Snohomish, part of which was then called Cadyville. Mr. Sikes made the trip to Snohomish on the steamboat Nellie, with Captain Low as master and from there went to Haggerty's logging camp, where one of the Boyce boys, a

cousin, was working.

Boyce gave up his job and accompanied him to the family place on the river, settled some years before by George P. Boyce, who had married an aunt of Mr. Sikes. (The town of Novelty was named after the place of the same designation in Knox county, Missouri, by Mrs. George Boyce.) In August of 1882 Mr. Sikes arrived at Novelty and took up a homestead near what is now Carnation. He had to go to Olympia, then the nearest land office, to file his claim, and this was a troublesome journey. He walked to Houghton on the east shore of Lake Washington and then paddled across the lake in a canoe to Laurel Shade, now known as Madison Park, and finally reached Olympia in November, 1882, filing on about the fifteenth day of that month. He then returned to his claim to "fight brush", and has been "fighting brush" ever since. He gradually cleared his place and as the years passed was able to raise crops of vegetables and dairy products which found a market in the many logging camps which were established from time to time in the neighboring timbered area.

At first the only transportation on the Snoqualmie River was by canoe, but when steamboats were put on and these crafts occasionally went as far as Fall City, although the river was not always navigable that far, and much depended upon the type of boat, whether round or flat-bottomed. Mr. Sikes added to his one hundred and sixty-acre homestead from time to time until his acreage totaled six hundred and eighty. When the Carnation farm was established he sold five hundred acres to Elbridge A. Stuart, and confines his operations to one hundred and eighty acres. In 1900 he erected on a slight rise in the property a modern home from which he has a fine view of the valley and surrounding hills. He now has thirty head of fine dairy stock and in spring and summer his flower garden and blossoming shrubs afford a pleasant prospect from the road.

On September 18, 1884, Mr. Sikes was united in marriage to Janet A. Adair in the old Adair farmhouse at Novelty. The Adairs are one of the pioneer

families of the lower Snoqualmie valley and through the male line trace their ancestry to the Adairs of Scotland. Alexander Adair, the first of the family to settle in the valley, was born in Glasgow June 4, 1831, and married Mary Noble, also of Scotch stock, born in Frederickton, New Brunswick, Canada. At the age of nine, Alexander Adair came to Canada with his parents and was reared in St. John and Frederickton. He attended the common schools and learned the logging business before he left Canada for the United States.

He arrived in this country September 9, 1868, and came direct to Seattle, where he remained about two years, running the old Occidental Hotel, located between First avenue South and Occidental street. On September 19, 1871, Mr. Adair settled on the Snoqualmie river at Novelty, where he homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres. Later he added a timber claim and then a preemption claim until his acreage aggregated five hundred. His children, besides Mrs. Sikes, were Alexander, Dora, who became the wife of Captain G.C. Spaulding; John, William, who has a farm at Novelty adjoining that of Mr. and Mrs. Sikes; Alonzo, and Christine.

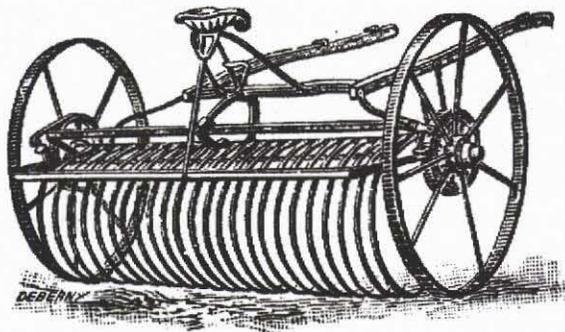
Mr. and Mrs. Sikes became the parents of two sons, Lionel E., born at Novelty September 19, 1891; and Kenneth K., born at the same place August 24, 1908. Lionel took a dairy course at the State Agricultural College at Pullman, Washington, but instead of following farming or dairying became a telegraph operator, and for the last eight years has been stationed at Reliance, in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, while

Kenneth, after being graduated from the Tolt high school attended the University of Washington a short time and then took up a business course and entered a partnership with Kesterson, Fisher, and House, well known Seattle firm of excavators.

In politics Mr. Sikes supports the republican party and for a number of years was a member of the Christian church at Novelty, Missouri. He has maintained fraternal connection with the United Workmen as a member of Houghton Lodge No. 28 with the Masonic Lodge No. 150 of Kirkland, F. & A.M., and Seattle Aerie No. 1 of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Mr. Sikes is one of the outstanding citizens of his community, a broadminded man, a progressive agriculturalist, and a loyal friend. He has always been sympathetic to movements for the improvement of Tolt and vicinity and governs his life by the motto, "Live and let live". Whatever he may possess of this world's goods is his by right of honest toil, and he has never hesitated to extend a helping hand to neighbors less fortunate than he.

**Meetings of the
Duvall Historical Society**

**1st Monday of each month
7:30 at the Dougherty House
For information, call 788-1266
Visitors welcome!**



HOUSES I LIVED IN

By Vera Heavens

I'll have to explain the conditions of my birth. During World War I the government had exacting conditions of drafting – or enlisting. When Dad (William Yorty) went in to volunteer, he was refused because of flat feet. They told him he would be useful in establishing a farm for the war effort. This probably had a dual purpose to drive the Indians out because they suggested he settle in Idaho and gave him a site where he would be the most useful. It was at that time in Blackfoot territory. Dad bought two farms.

I had siblings ahead of me. My sister, Elsie, and then William, Nita, and Jessie Clifford. My sister, Elsie, was 17 years older than I and Clifford was 12 years older.

We lived at the time of my birth in a sod shanty on the first farm. March, Mom (Mary Elsie Whitlatch) started having labor pains. Dad started for town, which was forty miles away, to get a doctor. While on the trip to town, a blizzard came up. Dad got a bottle to keep him and the doctor warm on the way home.

When they got back on the 29th, I had already come. My Aunt Maud, whose husband was my mother's brother, was with Mom. She delivered me. When Dad arrived with the doctor, the doc was drunk. He had constantly nipped at the bottle! He passed out in the middle of the floor and snored. Mom got no sleep that night after the birth. Dad and Mom said that the doctor was aptly named Doctor Bellar.

After the war, Uncle John, who was married to Aunt Maude, died during the flu epidemic.

I remember the shanty how it was furnished and how it was shaped from my crib. It had a kitchen and another room. My crib was next to the door of the "spare" room. The door was covered with a curtain. I could see a chest of drawers, the range, the shelves, and the table from the crib. The outside door was to the right of the crib; across from the crib was a table.

I remember it because I lived there. I learned to walk in the crib because they would not put me

down on the dirt. When I was finally put down on the floor, I could already walk. Mom always said I trained her because I never would endure dirty diapers.

At that time, Dad was building the house on the other farm. When it was built, they moved from farm to farm keeping both of them up. They'd attach the cows to the wagon and move from place to place. Dad said the chickens always roosted on the wagon rather than be caught.

The other farm house was of wood. Wood had to be transported in as there were no trees in the high desert. He got plenty of lumber to cover the irrigation ditches from the sandy soil.

The second house had a kitchen, living room and bedroom. My brother slept in the barn when he was home. Sister stayed with grandma and she stayed with cousins for school. Willie and Nita were dead. Willie died of yellow fever and Nita died of SIDS. The farmer who sold milk to the family in Walla Walla was tried for murder and did time in the prison. At that time it was illegal to sell milk if you had a sick cow or any of the herd.

As to my memories of the shanty, I remember Clifford running in, telling Mom Indians were coming. Mom looked out and said, "They are gypsies, get the gun." When they arrived, she told them to take the eggs, but not a single chicken. By that time, everybody knew Mom was a crack shot. Dad always said she was a better shot than he.

As to memories of the wooden house. We had an outhouse of course. Mom took me outside to go to the bathroom. Coyotes howled. To comfort me, Mom said they were in the Sawtooth. Then I really looked at the mountains. The outhouse was so deep I was afraid Mom would drop me in when she held me.

I also remember Blossom the cow and Lady, my Mom's buggy horse. My parents told me I loved the piglets. They had to keep an eye on me or I'd steal a "baby". They were afraid I'd lose a hand or arm if the pig mom saw me.

The interior of the house had a kitchen, living

room and bedroom that I remember. All the rooms were large in my eyes. I used to sit on the window box and sing to the moon every evening when the moon rose early. The songs I knew were Lazy Moon, If the Man in the Moon Were a Jew, and K-K-Katy.

For more information about Vera's life, see the first edition of Vignettes of Duvall's Historical Past.



Vera Heavens

3/28/1919-4/16/2003

Duvall lost one of its most involved citizens and vocal advocates for historical preservation on April 16 when Vera Heavens passed away. Vera and her husband, Cyril, moved to Duvall from the Echo Lake area of Seattle in 1968. Since then she has been one of our communities most active civic citizens.

It was due to the efforts of Vera and Peggy Breen that the historical society got its start. It was officially called the Duvall Historical and Old Stuff Society and Vera always insisted on it being called by its official name. When folks in Carnation decided to start their historical society, it was Vera they turned to for advice and expertise.

Vera served several terms as president of the Duvall Historical and Old Stuff Society during the early years before turning over the leadership reins to others. During her tenure, she was the moving force in preserving Valley history by taping "old timers". Those tapes are now a valuable part of our historical archives.

Vera's next leading role was with AKCHO (Association of King County Historical Organizations) where she served two terms as president in 1982 and 1983. As a leader in AKCHO she fought and helped win a battle to preserve the

King County Office of Historic Preservation when it was threatened with abolishment. She also was instrumental in getting local communities involved in celebratory activities for Washington State's Centennial. Without her efforts all activities would have been directed from Olympia. She received 2 AKCHO awards for outstanding contributions to local history.

In addition to her role as local historian, Vera was involved in many other local, regional, and even international activities. She served on the Duvall Planning Commission for five years and ran (unsuccessfully) for city council twice. She participated in the Groundwater Study for the Snoqualmie Valley and was very involved in environmental issues. She was also a long time member of the Duvall Civic Club and served as its president. For many years she worked at the polls every election day.

Vera fought diligently for the civil rights of the oppressed with letter writing and her involvement with Amnesty International.

Vera will be remembered as a passionate and uncompromising fighter for historical preservation, the environment, and the oppressed. The world is a better place because of her presence.

MY LIFE IN TWO VALLEYS

By Tove Burhen

My hometown, Centralia, is in the Chehalis Valley about 100 miles south of the Snoqualmie Valley. The first family to settle in the Centralia area were my great great grandparents, Sidney and Nancy Ford and their children. Coming with them in 1845, in covered wagons on the Oregon Trail, was Joseph Borst, a young unmarried man. He married and his home still exists and is operated as a museum by the Ford's Prairie Historical Society.

In studying the history of the Snoqualmie Valley, I found that a Jeremiah Borst was the first permanent settler in this valley. Research by Ken Kosters revealed that the two Borsts were brothers, something that the Chehalis Valley historians found interesting, too. Jeremiah Borst came west to seek gold in California, then arriving in the Snoqualmie Valley in 1858 with \$8,000 he made in the gold fields.

Joseph Borst left his Chehalis Valley land in 1849 and also went to California to look for gold. I wonder if the two brothers met there. However, he returned to the Chehalis Valley, married and added

to his donation claim by buying other farm land there and also east of the Cascades. He raised cattle, horses, pigs, and grew some wheat, doing well with what he undertook.

Jeremiah also raised cattle and hogs and shipped produce to Seattle. In 1882, an association bought Borst's 160 acres of hops. Hops was also an important crop along the Chehalis Valley, especially at Boistfort where Joseph owned some farmland. Due partly to plant disease, both areas ended the days of the hops. Now Yakima and other Eastern Washington areas grow most of the state's hops.

As a child, my mother picked hops in Puyallup. She took me hop picking some summers along the Chehalis River. The season came in August after we had finished picking strawberries. The amount of money we made in both endeavors seems very small now, but helped with Depression Era budgets. The August day breaks were cold and foggy but later the heat made the fields uncomfortable. One morning in the faint foggy light, we were the first to arrive



Puyallup about 1898. My mother, girl on right on sack – her mother, on right, front row.

in the hop field and as we walked down a finished row, a big white ghost crossed our path. I gasped and clutched my mother's arm. Then we laughed as we discerned it was a white horse in the white fog.

Now, the hops that grow each year hanging onto my flowering quince bush are a reminder of those days. They remain from the early days when Chris Unger, the early resident of our place here near Duvall, grew hops to use in his beer making.

Both valleys became dairy country with their river bottom fields of grass. But today both areas are struggling to keep some dairying in competition to huge operations in Eastern Washington and California and in meeting increasing rules and regulations with harsh penalties for noncompliance. Many for-

mer dairy places are looking neglected with weeds and brush replacing the green pastures and hayfields that our ancestors worked so hard to create.

I like to think of the similarities of the two valleys where I have lived, although the pioneers in Lewis County came by covered wagon, turning north from the Columbia River along the Cowlitz and then into the Chehalis Valley. The pioneers of the Snoqualmie arrived mostly by canoe and steam paddlewheel boats from the port of Everett. In both areas, farming and logging were the occupations of the earliest settlers. I like to think that the river bottoms and heavily forested hills could again become main producers of essential goods.



Snoqualmie about 1890. Native Americans. Photo from Marymoor Museum.



1939 with my mother.



Tall baskets to fill



Even bigger sacks to weigh.

TWO MUSICAL FAMILIES

There were most likely many early musical families in the Duvall area. One well known, national star of the musical stage, is Martha Wright, whose schooldays friends keep in touch with her. Her uncle, Warren Wright, played organ and piano for the 5th Avenue Theater in Seattle. Her aunt Cora Coleman Wright, was a concert pianist, and a graduate of the Boston Conservatory.

When the Wrights lived across the street from Velma Hix, Cora Wright became Velma's piano teacher. One of Velma's exciting memories is of playing a duet, the William Tell Overture, with her teacher at a community concert. There were often plays and musicals at the school, grange hall and churches. Velma still plays her 1930's baby grand that she bought from Bert Gainer's hotel, which used to be back of what now is the Book Store. It replaced the upright that was her first piano as a

student. Velma reminisced that Bert Gainer was a husky fellow and he and his friends carried the baby grand in their arms from the hotel the few blocks to the Hix home.



Arthur Hix. Back row on the right.



Left to right: Kenneth Hix (trumpet), Bob Kelly (coronet), Drew Malone (drum), Bess Cheatley (piano), Kenneth Morgan (trombone), Sanford Preston (saxophone), unknown (clarinet).



Warren Wright. As he approached 90, he said, "I hope the harps in Heaven are in tune."

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies of Wagon Wheel editions.

The Landmark Dougherty House on Cherry Valley Road is open to the public for tours on September Sundays from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Groups wishing tours at other times may call 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266 for reservations.

Guests are welcome at Duvall Historical Society meetings, first Monday evenings at 7:30 p.m. at the Dougherty House.

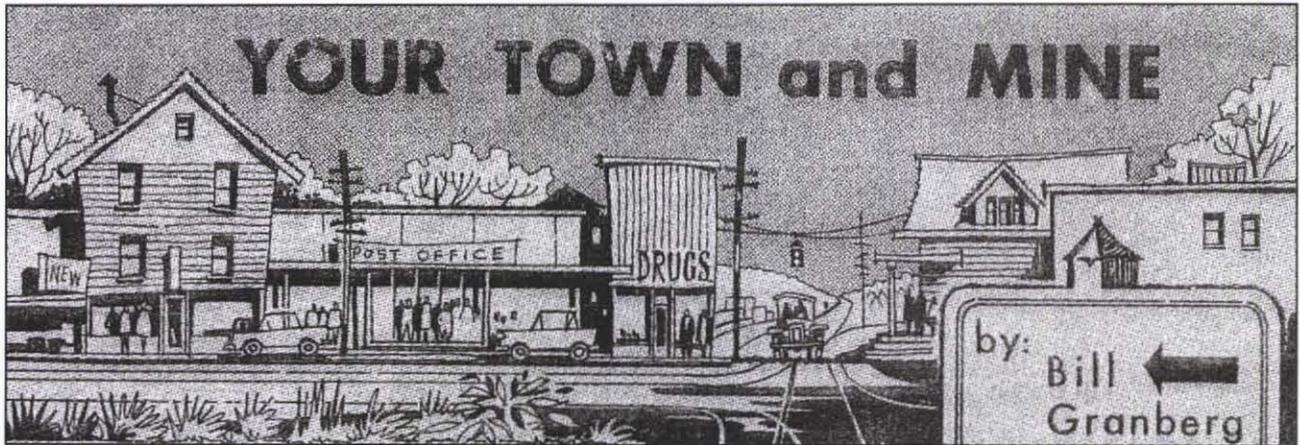
For years Velma played regularly for church services. Her sister Mary also was talented and played piano for the silent movies at the Duvall movie theater that sat where the Feed Store is now. The Hix family was musical, her father playing in a band in Tennessee. He met Pauline Moffett in a church choir, married her and later brought her west to eventually settle in 1905 in the tiny community of Cherry Valley, the precursor to Duvall. Her father wanted to do what he could to further any musical ambitions his children had and saw that all of his children had music lessons.

Mostly, Velma wanted to add to our knowledge of her brother Kenneth and his musical activity. Kenneth had a band that played often in nearby cities. His mother kept records of the band's performances and how much each member was paid, usually seven or eight dollars. She also noted the expenses for his participation, including his tuxedo and the cost of his instruments.

More could be written about Kenneth's participation in Duvall affairs as he served as mayor in 1945-46, as his father had done in 1914. Another time for a Wagon Wheel. Photos were provided by Velma Hix Hill.



FROM THE POST INTELLIGENCER, FEBRUARY 2, 1964



DUVALL — In March of 1914 the weekly paper said two long hitching racks and a watering trough had been installed on Main Street and declared: "These little improvements will greatly add to the convenience of farmers visiting Duvall." And so they did. Also proved town had get-up-and-go spirit that would not be denied. So folks moved to Duvall, which is east of Bothell, until a population of 395.

And there are those who say Manifest Destiny is certain to take charge and boom the town now. All because of the new floating bridge which makes it only 26 miles, or 40 minutes to Seattle. Which is nothing at all for those who must work in the Big City. Certainly Duvall will have at least 3,000 residents before long, what with so much spare land to build on and all.

Among those who think so, Emmitt Minaglia. He has Duvall Motors and is largest employer in town. Seven persons at work in his place, counting missus and self Emmitt came to Duvall from Seattle 18 years ago, as though anticipating boom, and now firmly established selling farm equipment. And a good place to sell same, for dairy farming is main occupation. Oh, a little sweet corn grown for buyers who want to freeze it, but not much. Logging and lumbering long gone, of course.

DUVALL 'Manifest Destiny' is Taking Charge

It was in 1882 that Jim Duvall (1) drifted in and started a logging show. Logging camp was followed by shingle mill in 1910 on flat beside Snoqualmie River at foot of slope where town is scattered out as though folks didn't like crowds. What a chore to reach Seattle in those days! First, across river on swinging bridge turned with hand winch by Joe Dougherty, who still lives here and remembers his old job well. Then it was hike the dark woods to Redmond, 10 miles away, then stage around end of lake. Monroe and Snohomish easier to reach, happen a man wanted brighter lights than Duvall offered. Steamboat always just coming around the bend, and going up as far as Fall City, too.

Everyone wanted boat service so badly all chipped in and built the "May Queen" in 1884, with Duvall citizens giving \$600. Drew but little water, maybe 18 inches, but carried 50 tons of freight. Oh, the romance of the river and its fine but flat boats. To name a few of them, the Black Prince, Elk, Gull, Alki, Cherry Valley, Monte Cristo, Fred Pinkerton, Mamie, and others. And money to be made cutting firewood and stacking same along river for boats to burn on their hungry runs to Snohomish and back.

But roads were cut through and it was in 1914, year of horses, new hitching racks and the railroad, that the Lucerne ended steamboating on the Snoqualmie by making her last run. Ralph Taylor, now mayor, had been here a year then. Over from England with his parents, the E. G. Taylors, and hard sledding for emigrants. They had a four-room cabin on four lots and tax statement in 1917 was for \$2.34, so at least life easier in some respects then.

Ralph is pleased town has had Seattle water since last year, although cost to everyone went up from \$2.75 a month to \$4. Artesian well before then, but progress not to be denied. So town all set for boom with plenty of water. Town originally was a little north of where it now stands, but when the railroad came in and needed track space, all obliged by picking up and moving.

First to move was Arthur Hix from Indiana, who had the store. His daughter, Mrs. Clifford (Velma Hix) Hill, tells of it. She has been postmaster since 1940 and she and her husband have store, where it has stood since 1910. "Here first all the time," Arthur's motto was, and true. He passed away in 1960

at 87, but his widow, **Pauline**, still lives here. **Velma** remembers big shingle mill and how it employed 20 or so men, but went out of business about 1920. Even a jail in those days, what with roistering loggers, but none now. So many towns born with ax in hand, Duvall among them, only to fall back on farming, or city jobs, when timber gone.

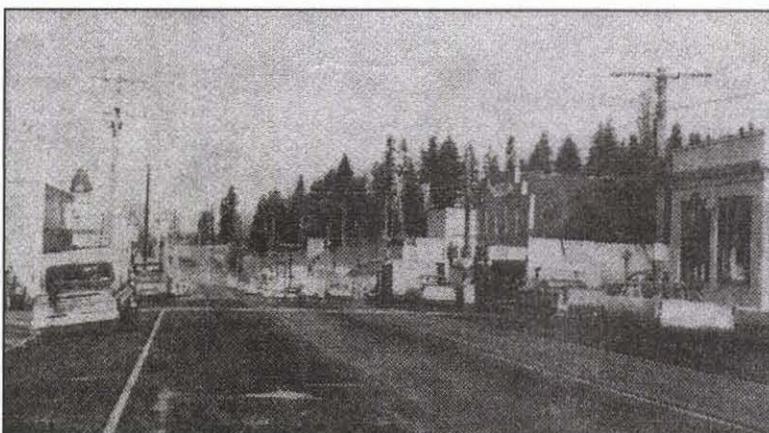
Donald Funk another who remembers olden days. He has the second-hand store and his house is oldest on Main Street, built by a doctor in early 1900s. Don collects history and antiques and has written much down. His mother here early, teaching school in 1910, so comes by history firsthand. What he has written is preserved in town library by **Mrs. Howard (Rose) Norenberg** who as

Librarian can give a good account

of town's past. Of how life was free and easy long ago, when tall men in staggd pants and boots clumped the skidroads that meandered through the stumpland. There was **John (Society Red) Quigley**, the railroad brass-pounder from Omaha, who "beat the bottle" and lived to tell it. And **French Looie**, **Two Sticks**, the **Rattler**, and **Horatius Lysander Allen**, a hard logger, no matter his unlikely name.

When logging tapered off into nothing, things cooled off in town, for man who follows plow is tied to home. His kind stayed and built the town, while **Two Sticks** and those of his ilk drifted on to brighter camps.

MINUTES OF LAST MEETING: Of Duvall's fine pioneer stock have come some notables. **Judge Ward Roney** of our own Superior Court had judicial look even in picture of 1919 high school students. In big 1920 athletic meet he was on track team, as were **Ralph**



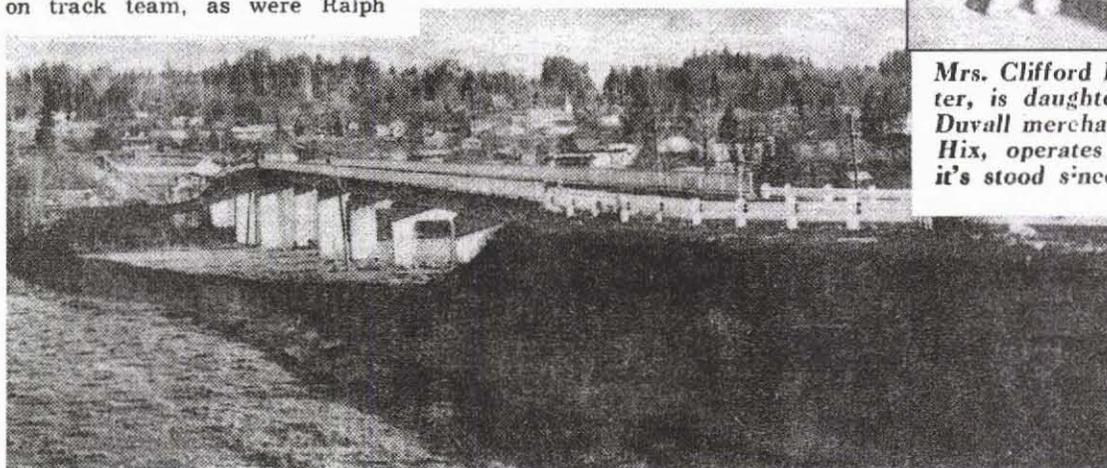
New hitching racks were news on Duvall's Main St. in 1914; but today automobiles and the new floating bridge are counted on to boom the town beyond its population of 395 now.

Taylor and **James Wallace**, uncle of **Scott Wallace**, County Commissioner. **Scott's** grandfather, also **James**, was co-owner of big **Forest Inn**, 40-room hotel. . . **Martha Wright** of stage fame also from here. . . **Mrs. Floyd DeJong** has seeds of big industry in her **Custom Metal Works** which makes power manure spreader invented by her late husband. . . **Al Kaptein** is manager of her shop and his son **Jerry**, foreman with hopes

not to be great. . . **JOHN FISHER** Also a small industrialist, but growing. Makes metal canopies for pick-up trucks. So handymen with ideas are building Duvall, and harder to do than in pioneer days when an ax was enough and no paper work, or tax forms, or permits and all. Come the boom, these blooming industrialists likely will be Men of the Year.



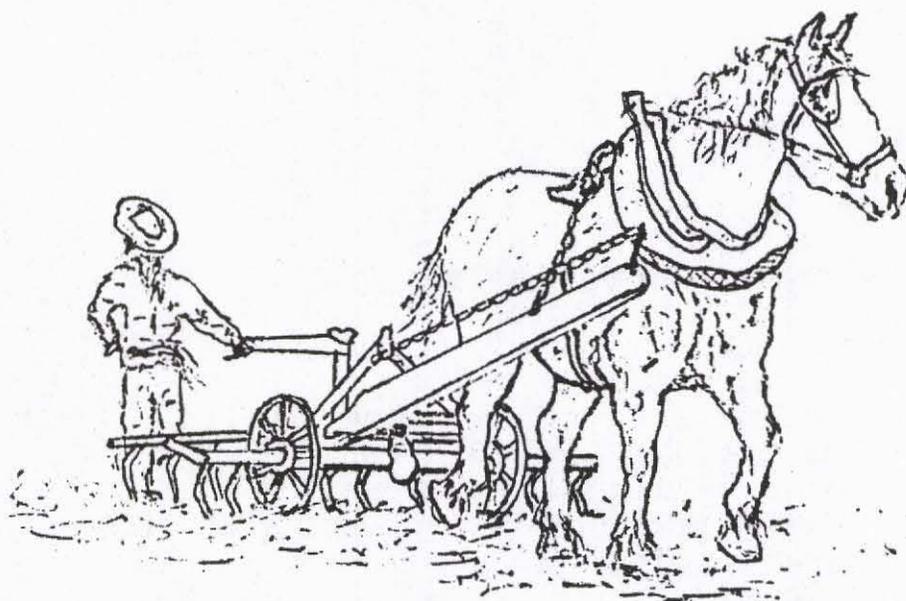
Mrs. Clifford Hill, postmaster, is daughter of pioneer Duvall merchant, **Arthur Hix**, operates store where it's stood since 1910.



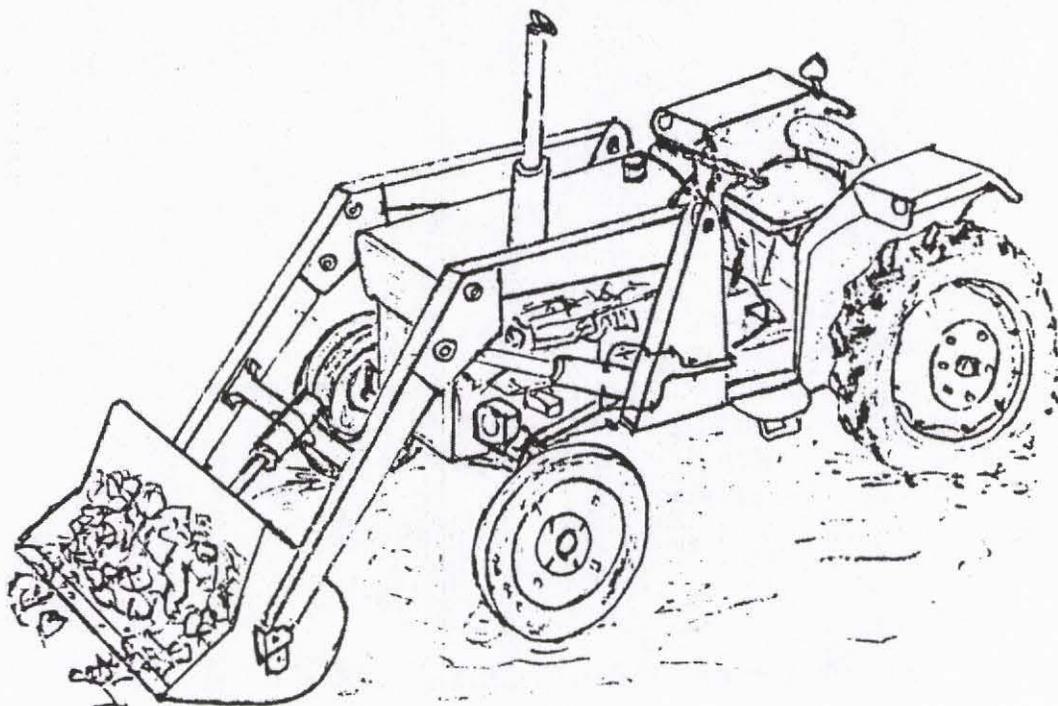
Pastoral Duvall, once a logging town, is located on the slopes above the Snoqualmie River flat, east of Bothell, where riverboat traffic once was heavy. Dairying has replaced singing axes here.

CHERRY VALLEY GRANGE

The Cherry Valley Grange played an important part in the lives of many area residents from its beginning in 1909. In 1984, they celebrated their 75th anniversary; the program cover is reproduced below.



1909 - 1984



Gladys Meyers, who lives on Camano Island now, said she remembers the 1984 celebration very well. In fact, she was in charge of the interesting program, copied below. She and her husband Howard join in 1947 and he was Grange Master for many years, as the list shows. Gladys, who was instrumental in beginning the junior grange program, gave her daughter Cheryl and Dolores Schroeder some things to do. Dolores was in high school at the time and said she remembered that as an assistant steward she led people to their ceremonial stations. Dolores added, "My grandfather Chris Larsen, said if I learned to milk the cow, he would pay my Grange dues. I did, and he did." In his account of the grange's history, Ralph Taylor, a past master and treasurer, wrote, "The lecture programs were outstanding in what talent the valley produced."

PROGRAM

Present Flag
Open Bible
Prayer
Welcome - Worthy Master
History #1 - Dolores Schroeder
Tap Dance
Community Sing
Dance Two Step - Don & Alma Steffen
History #2 -
Community Sing
Dance - Three Step - Don & Alma Steffen
Community Sing
History #3
Community Sing
Dance Anniversary Waltz - Don & Alma Steffen
Dance Twist - Frank & Wilma Baker
Fashion Show
Solo - Donna McJunkin
Introductions
Benediction

SPECIAL THANK YOU'S

Musician - Eunice Anderson
Rob Hazelbrook - Program covers
Liz Cohen - Fashion Show
Dorothy Isackson - Silhouette & Costumes
Dancers - Don & Alma Steffen
Frank & Wilma Baker
Fashion Show Models

Plants Courtesy of RIVERSIDE NURSERY
Carnation, Wash.

Some of our members will remember the past masters listed in the program of 1984. Also listed in the program were the 1909 officers: Master - Bertha Taylor; Overseer - E.C. Gibson; Lecturer - Margaret Johns; Steward - Dorothy Taylor; Asst. Steward - H.R. Taylor; Lady Asst. Steward - Mary Leake; Chaplain - Ethel Leake; Treasurer - Gorge Fowler; Secretary - D.L. Getty; Gatekeeper - Lloyd Leake; Ceres - Pearl Funk; Pomona - Nellie Taylor; Flora - Hattie Getty.

PAST MASTERS

1909	Bertha Taylor	1948	Fred Bruhen
1910	John Reise	1949	Alva Miller
1911	Joseph Doughtery	1950	Alva Miller
1912	Herbert Leake	1951	Gilbert Hays
1913	Robert Main	1952	Joseph Doughert
1914	Robert Main	1953	Howard Myers
1915	Laura Leake	1954	Howard Myers
1916	Laura Leake	1955	Paul Baisden
1917	John Platt	1956	Alva Miller
1918	John Platt	1957	Howard Myers
1919	John Sinn	1958	Doreen Smith
1920	J. W. McCormick	1959	Doreen Smith
1921	Steve Platt	1960	Doreen Smith
1922	John Platt	1961	Doreen Smith
1923	Chesly Funk	1962	Ralph Taylor
1924	William Funk	1963	Howard Myers
1925	John Reise	1964	Howard Myers
1926	Herbert Leake	1965	Howard Myers
1927	Herbert Leake	1966	Howard Myers
1928	William McCormick	1967	Howard Myers
1929	Jack Hultenius	1968	Howard Myers
1930	Cora Roney	1969	Howard Myers
1931	Cora Roney	1970	Howard Myers
1932	Clifford Ashton	1971	Howard Myers
1933	Paul Baisden	1972	Howard Myers
1934	Paul Baisden	1973	Gary Myers
1935	Paul Baisden	1974	Gary Myers
1936	James Doughtery	1975	Cheryl Myers
1937	Paul Baisden	1976	Howard Myers
1938	William McCormick	1977	Howard Myers
1939	Paul Baisden	1978	Howard Myers
1940	Chris Larsen	1979	Howard Myers
1941	Tony Harder	1980	Howard Myers
1942	Tony Harder	1981	Howard Myers
1943	Tony Harder	1982	Howard Myers
1944	Paul Baisden	1983	Howard Myers
1945	Paul Baisden	1984	Howard Myers
1946	Fred Bruhen		
1947	Fred Bruhen		

J.N. Reese and Ralph Taylor each wrote histories of the Cherry Valley Grange. The first meetings were held in a building west of what is now the historic cemetery next to the Dougherty Landmark Property. That building was moved in 1912 by the railroads as they wanted the flat land where Cherry Valley community existed. The building still exists as Alana McCoy's antique store. As the grange membership increased from the early 100 members, they were able to buy the Odd Fellows Hall, now Gardens and Sunspaces.

The main topics that formed the basis of grange activities were good roads, seeds, postal relations, power and light, education, and flood control. Ralph Taylor also remarked "It was the one outlet for social gatherings of a people who were hewing a home in the stump-dotted hills."

In 1917-18 the grange sponsored the Snoqualmie Valley Fairs where produce was exhibited at the school. Very popular in the early days were the

picnics at Leake's Grove. Ralph exclaimed about the cakes with 3 inches of whipped cream on top. Activities included baseball and horseshoe pitching.

There was much enthusiasm for grange activities. The histories reported, "Mr. Dougherty and Mr. Leake hitched up a team and drove to Woodinville and then caught a train to the Midlakes District of Bellevue, then walking some distance to visit other granges. Joe Dougherty walked to Monroe, ten miles, to catch a train to Seattle and then out to White River Grange. The range was taken very serious and was well attended."

There was a hitching post outside the Grange Hall and was needed to tether the buggies, surreys and an occasional pony. Ralph added, "They were then replaced by Model T's, Buicks, Apersons, Paiges, Dodges, Grahams, Saxons and Essex."

Gladys Meyers was judge of a bathing suit contest and loaned her photo of the event as seen below.



Thanks to Mae Kusters for loaning the 1984 program booklet.

Thanks to Gladys Meyers for the histories of the Cherry Valley Grange

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies of our newsletter, the Wagon Wheel.

The Duvall Historical Society meets most first Mondays, 7:30 p.m. at the Dougherty House. 788-6209 or 788-1266 for more information.



KLONDIKE DAYS

(from History of the Cherry Valley Grange)

Fred Bruhn, Grange Master from 1946-48, brought back the days of the Gold Rush, saying, "Thar's gold in them thar hills!"

This fun activity netted \$400-500 per year for several years and helped the Grange buy The Odd Fellows Hall.

The Grange members decorated the hall like a sourdough saloon with sawdust on the floor, brass cuspidors, and old bottles on the bar. Chris Larsen and Joe Dougherty made the bar of slabwood with the bark showing.

Script was sold to revelers, local people who were caught up in the "Spell of the Yukon." Hootch (apple cider) and hamburgers were sold for \$2.50 apiece (in real money 25 cents).

The cast of characters in the first celebration were Fred Bruhn as Dangerous Dan McGraw; Ada Anderson as Queen of the Klondike; Pearl Madigan as Klondike Kate; Rose Norenburg as Nugget Nell; and Chris Larsen as Klondike Pete. Men grew beards and women dressed in 40-year-ago styles. The actors were said to be "as true as those of Robert Service." Gladys Meyers (at right) who was a later Queen said, "My husband thinks it is just fine even though I am supposed to be a hussy."

A local paper covered Duvall's Klondike Days with an article which included this description of Gladys:

"Wife of a Monroe to Seattle stage-driver, Mrs. Meyers was crowned in the Cherry Valley Grange hall by Dr. Paul Baisden, worthy master of the Grange. Mrs. Meyers was dressed to fit her part, complete with rhinestone clasps, an upswept hairdo, a skirt split to one knee, and a wicked-looking red garter installed at an eye catching position.



Another big event that year was also treated by a newspaper:

“A sourdough starter made by Mrs. Ole Lovald of East Anchorage, Alaska, was flown to Boeing

Field where Pearl Madigan, Gladys Meyers, Rose Norenburg, Howard Meyers, and Chris Larsen went to pick it up.”





The sourdough start began a flapjack flipping contest at Cherry Creek.

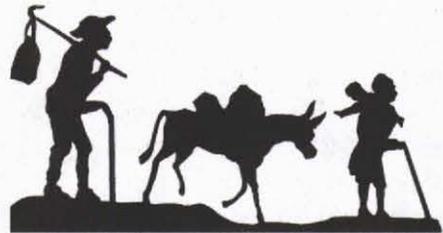
Howard Meyers, concentrating hard, flips a flapjack in The Klondike Days contest.

Winner of that year's contest was Emil Hanisch, It was said that he had singed his arms to the elbows practicing over a campfire.





Here are more photos from Gladys Meyers album of the Cherry Creek Flapjack Flipping Contest. Thank you, Gladys, for sharing.



The Duvall Historical Society thanks Frontier Bank for copies of the Wagon Wheel.

Starting again in January, 2004, the Duvall Historical Society will meet the first Mondays of the month at the Dougherty House at 7:30 p.m. Visitors welcome.



OH, HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED SNOWSTORMS, ROY FUNK, AND SR203

By Ray Burhen

This snow storm that we have had over the last several days made me think of several of the snowstorms that we had in years gone by. It brought back memories of one person's dedication and feeling of responsibility for his job that made it easier for the people in the area to cope with the snow storms.

I'm referring to Roy Funk, who worked for the State Highway Department for quite a few years. Roy appeared to me to be a one-man army. My first experience with Roy's activities was in the first week of March, 1951. This was several years before I had the pleasure to meet Roy.

I was running a small sawmill at Stillwater at the time. I had hauled a truck and pup trailer-load of sawdust to Seattle on Saturday and then went to my folks place to stay Saturday and Sunday. They lived on the Denny regrade just south of the present Seattle Center. That area of Seattle is the "banana belt" of this region. After Sunday dinner I should have headed for Stillwater but I was reading and listening to the radio (before the days of TV) and visiting, so I was not in any hurry to leave. The radio was saying that the weather was bad, getting cold and snowing hard. I would look out the window every now and then and it looked like it was raining a little bit so I did not expect any weather difficulties.

I decided to head for Stillwater about 11:00 pm. I drove down Broad St. towards Alaskan Way and thought that the street might be a little slick. I hit the trailer brakes and I heard a thump. I hit the brakes easy the second time and was watching in the mirrors and heard the thump. The street was so slick that the trailer brakes locked up and the empty trailer was sliding over and hitting the curb. That gave me a wake-up call that I might be in for an interesting ride to Stillwater.

Nothing in Seattle had been sanded. I made it on down to the Atlantic St. tunnel to the Lake Washington floating bridge which was US 10 in those days. There was no snow in Seattle on the west end

of the tunnel. I was beginning to get a little complacent and figured there wasn't much to worry about. Did I get a surprise coming out of the tunnel on the Lake Washington side! There was about a foot of snow and one set of ruts going east bound.

I didn't see another vehicle between Seattle and Preston, except for one truck that was a long way ahead and was making the ruts. When I got to the Preston turn-off the snow was over a foot deep and there were no ruts. Highway 10 was bad enough but now this. I couldn't turn around in the deep snow with the trailer so I figured my only salvation was that it was down hill all the way from Preston to Fall City. It was about midnight and I figured that if I got to Fall City, I could find the Fall City constable making his rounds and I could find someplace inside to keep warm until morning when I hoped that the road from Fall City to Stillwater would get plowed. I was not going to go past Fall City, the roads were just too bad.

I eased up to the stop sign by the Colonial Inn, just to see how bad the road was going north. Did I ever get a pleasant surprise! The road was clean, down to the pavement. I breezed on down the road to Carnation and Stillwater. When I got to Stillwater I ran off onto the shoulder just as fast as I could go to beach the rig in the deep snow. At least I was home and off the highway.

I wondered what kind of a crew was out here on SR 15-B (now SR 203). I thought they must have had an army out here because no work had been done on the main streets of Seattle, nothing was done on National Highway US 10, nothing was done on the county road from Preston to Fall City. They were all to the point of being impassable; but SR 15-B was clean to bare pavement.

The next morning I kept watching for the army that was keeping the highway in such good shape. Was I surprised when I saw one small fellow in a small state five-yard dump truck that was full of sand, had a snow plow on the front, and a yellow

flasher on the roof. There were no radios, before the days of CB's and cell phones. This was Roy's highway and he was going to keep it open no matter what he was faced with. If the road needed plowing, Roy plowed it. If it needed sanding, Roy sanded it.

Several years later, when I was commuting to work to the south end of Seattle, I could always tell in the winter if the roads were going to be bad for the morning commute. Whenever it even started to snow, I would be awakened in the middle of the night by Roy going down the highway with the snowplow. The blade would tick, tick, tick on the highway.

I would leave for work between 4 - 4:30 in the morning. SR 203 would be clean to the pavement, but the Woodinville-Duvall Rd would be anywhere from 2 to 12 inches deep. I would be making the first ruts and the roads into Seattle were not much better. Roy, with a minimum amount of equipment but a huge amount of dedication was a one-man army for the highway department.

Today, the highway department has more manpower, more sophisticated and better equipment but what they do today in the snowstorms doesn't come close to Roy with the one truck. It is too bad we don't have more Roy's.

Roy's daughter and son-in-law, Joanne and Dave Benton still own Roy's house which is just south of Stephens St, about a block and a half up the hill from Main St. The state highway department shop years ago was adjacent to the Shorty Landers home and property north of the bridge; currently that area

is the Park and Ride lot. The state built a new shop facility on Main St. where Roy worked for years. That site and building is currently the location of Harding's Backhoe Co. The state consolidated their Duvall SR 203 facilities with areas to the north. They currently have a large facility at Monroe. With their larger and more sophisticated operation, I still don't think they equal Roy.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! 2004

The Duvall Historical Society meets the first Mondays of the month at 7:30 pm at the Dougherty House. Guests and new members are welcome. Call 425-788-6209 or 42-788-1266 for more information.

The Duvall Historical Society has published five books on local history. They are available for sale at the Duvall Book Store and at Duvall Drugs, or they may be read at the Duvall Library.



OH HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED

“Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.”

Getting Water In Years Gone By – Ray Burhen

In the early 1940's, my family bought a sizable stump ranch on Union Hill, six miles east of Redmond, 10 miles southwest of Duvall. After a year or so of hand grubbing, we had cleared enough space to drive off of the road, build a small cabin and plant some fruit trees.

The whole east end of union Hill had recently burned very badly. There was very little green vegetation to hold any water so it was like the desert in the summer time. If we were ever going to live there, we needed water. This was still in the end of the Depression era, so money was quite tight. In those days, there were two ways to get a well. One was to have it drilled, which was not very common. There weren't many drillers around and drilled wells were very expensive. The second way, which was the standard practice, was to hand dig it. Also, during my younger years there was a saying, “What you don't have in money, you make up for in hard work.” Another saying was, “You have more time than money.”

When I was fourteen years old, I “batched” all summer by myself on the stump ranch. I cut wood, cleared ground, and I knew that the only way we were going to have water, other than hauling it in, was to dig a well. Our old bachelor neighbor across the road, had just quit digging a well the year before. I never saw him dig and it probably was just as well as he had gone down 55 feet and had a dry hole.

The general feeling in this area was that you could hit some water at 20-25 feet. If you wanted a real good well you had to have it drilled because you were looking at a hole over 200 feet deep. Even though there was a 55 foot dry hole across the road, I was optimistic that we possible could get some water in a shallower hole. I also had heard that if you went down a foot a day, it was a good day's work.

I picked out a convenient spot for a well and started digging. I went down two or three feet easily through the top dirt and then hit a reasonably soft brown clay layer. This layer kept getting a little harder. I went down about 8 feet in two days and had to start using a ladder to get in and out. I could no

longer throw dirt out, I had to get a bucket and rope to pull the dirt out.

As I look back on it, I remember that our neighbor thought that if I was going to dig a well that the site should be witched. I didn't believe in water witching and still don't. That weekend my father had come out, and it just so happened that a water witcher visited our neighbor. He brought the witcher over and they had a friendly chat. The witcher did some witching around our clearing. The witcher indicated that I was digging in a dry hole but the probability for water was better about 75 feet to the northwest. I decided that if the witched spot might possibly make the odds any better, then dig at that spot. I filled in the first spot and started on the new hole. It started out like the first hole. At about 8 feet the brown clay became bone cry, blue clay, hard pan. I was lucky to make one foot a day.

As the hole deepened, I needed a longer ladder. Ladders in those days were quite different from the ones we have today. Light aluminum ladders were unheard of. Our ladders were made of two poles with notches for one inch by one and a half inch cross-bars.

Some people used a short handled pick to do the digging, but I used a steel bar as it was better in several ways. You could stand up straight to dig; it was easier on the back to chip away at the blue clay; and you didn't need as big a hole because you only bent over when you shoveled out the blue clay dust. It was also easier to keep a straight hole keeping the side walls chipped straight down. The walls of a tapered hole had to be chipped out and straightened up.

After several days of chipping away, I tried blasting in the hole but it didn't help much. A pocket in the middle of the hole had to be dug for the powder, cover that with mud and tamp it down. You also needed a long fuse so that there was time to climb out and pull the ladder up.

The hole acted just like a big cannon; the clay blew straight up out of the hole and then most of it fell straight back down. The blue clay was so hard

that the blast only made a cone shape that had to be dug out to dig a new pocket for the next blast.

I had heard a story about a professional well digger in the Woodinville area that was in great demand. He had dug down in a well to where it was too deep for a ladder. He made a tripod and had a block and tackle and a helper on the ground to pull the bucket out and he also rode the bucket getting in and out. One time he was blasting in the hole, lit the fuse and then got on the bucket and started out. The rigging broke and he ended up hugging the wall when the blast went off. Fortunately, the blast made a cone so he only had the back side of his clothes a little worse for wear and a skinned up back side. I bet his ears were also ringing a bit! He was chided that he was so conscientious that he didn't even take time to get out of the hole when he blasted.

When I got our hole down about 16-17 feet, it was getting too deep for a ladder so I had to rig a tripod to get the bucket out and also had to ride the bucket getting in and out. This also entailed getting someone to help on the ground. I ended up going down about 23 feet. A very small seam of water was hit around 21 feet. At least it would fill the sump so we had some water.

In 1947, after I was out of the navy, I decided to deepen the well and hoped to hit a better flow. I built a heavy tripod and was able to obtain a gasoline powered winch and an air compressor and jack hammer for a couple of days. With the jack hammer I could make 10-12 feet a day but I needed help on the top. My brother helped me for two days and I managed to go down to over 45 feet. But still no new water!

When you are in a hole that deep, you know you are a long way down. You can't see any direct light and you can see the stars even though it is daytime.

At this point, I figured that the water table was quite a bit deeper than what was feasible to dig so decided not to go any deeper. We sure had a much bigger storage reservoir. We put a deep well hand pump on the well.

By the 1950's well digging became a thing of the past and wells were drilled. The drilled wells in that area hit a good water table at 250-275 feet, which is much deeper than any of the ones dug by hand. Hand dug wells are an activity of the past era.

I learned several things during that era doing jobs like digging the well, cutting lots of 3-foot logs for firewood with a crosscut saw, and cutting hay with a scythe and that was patience and persever-

ance, and also that you could accomplish tasks that first appeared overwhelming. It was a hard lesson but maybe some young people today would be better off in the long run if they had the opportunity for a similar experience.

Books published by the Duvall Historical Society include:

Jist Cogitatin' by Don Funk (historical vignettes of Duvall first printed in The Carnavall Reporter);

Digging Duvall's Past by Allen Miller (first printed in the Snoqualmie Valley Record);

Hi Times (Duvall High School's student newspaper in the 1930's);

Wagon Wheel Vol. 1 (ten years collection of the Historical Society's newsletter); and

Wagon Wheel Vol. 2 (the next ten years of the newsletter).

The Duvall Historical Society meets on the first Monday of each month at 7:30 at the Landmark Dougherty House. Guests and new members are welcome to attend.

Groups may tour the renovated Dougherty Farmstead or Historic Old Town by making appointments.

Call 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266.

The Duvall Historical Society thanks the Duvall Frontier Bank for copies of the Wagon Wheel each month.

THE SILVER SPOON

A conversation between Donna Beeson Waddington and Don Williams

December, 2003

The original site of the Silver Spoon, established by Patty McTigh in 1970 at 15720 Main Street, put Duvall's old, primarily dairying, community in close touch with a newer, "hippy," culture. One door at this site opened to the barbershop where old timers came for haircuts. Immediately adjacent to the door to the barbershop was the door to the Silver Spoon, whose clientele consisted of the newer people. As Donna comments in her historical foreword to *The Silver Spoon Restaurant Cookbook*, the barber could readily see people entering the Silver Spoon who, from the perspective of his culture, needed haircuts.

Some of the separation between the two cultures had declined by 1976 when Donna and her husband, Ed Beeson, moved to Duvall. Tito Galbrith now owned the Silver Spoon and had by this time moved it to the old Grange Hall at 15615 Main Street. In 1977 Donna and Ed bought the restaurant from Tito. The Beesons had been restaurant owners in Seattle, most recently at the "Edibles," a sandwich shop in downtown Seattle, quite near the County Courthouse. The availability of the Silver Spoon fit nicely into their plans, and under their leadership it blossomed into Duvall's most famous restaurant of all time.

One should not call the Silver Spoon simply a restaurant – it served so many other functions. For the people of Duvall, old timers and newcomers alike, it became the place to sit together during the week, to talk, and to find common ground. It provided a place of employment for people from both groups. For people living miles away in every direction it became a popular place to go on weekends, not only for food and conversation but also for a chance to view local art and to share in live music.

Diners, numbering up to 200-225 people at a time, sat at tables on the ground floor, where their food was prepared. On the weekends they would then venture upstairs where artists' studios had existed for some time, and for live music, often pro-

vided by the popular Ginny Reilly and David Maloney. It made for a delightful evening, and the streets of Duvall, otherwise deserted at nighttime in Duvall, filled during weekend evenings with cars belonging to participants in the Silver Spoon adventure.

The food here was delicious and far-ranging. Breakfast meals also attracted crowds of people, many of whom were willing to wait an hour or more for their cinnamon rolls to come from the oven. While waiting their turn, diners would explore the town, sometimes necessitating Donna's rushing down Main Street to find them and to tell them their table was ready, and they could now have their fresh-from-the-oven treats.

The Grange site, while central to the community and well-known to the Silver Spoon clientele, had its failings. Hot in the summer and cold in the winter, it presented problems to diners and servers alike. Its proximity to the local Methodist Church just across the street made it ineligible for a liquor license. These factors led Ed and Donna to move in 1982 to a new site at 26425 Cherry Valley road several blocks north of downtown Duvall. Here they could hope to improve their income, in part because here they could obtain a liquor license. Here room temperatures were right and they had more room for their more extensive kitchens, plus a beautiful view of the Snoqualmie River Valley below. The whole "Grange thing" had found a new home.

Unfortunately, the new setting did not attract customers the way the Grange site had. It lacked the character of the earlier building and was just simply too far from downtown Duvall. Rather than increase their income Ed and Donna began losing money. During this time, too, Ed and Donna separated. In 1984 the Spoon closed.

The spirit of the Silver Spoon continued, however, to "hover over Duvall." Patty McGee, who owned an antique store back in downtown Duvall, had a space next door at 15505 Main Street which offered "a perfect opportunity to get the Spoon going again."



Photo from Donna Waddington. She is third from the right with her daughter Emily who now is an adult living in England. Of interest to the Historical members, Peggy Breen can be seen looking over Donna's right shoulder. Perhaps readers may identify others in this interesting photo of the Silver

In 1987, Donna re-opened, much to the delight of her former customers. At the back of the site, Denny Redman and Stewart Brune operated a guitar shop called "Melody Ranch," and their music added to the character of the new setting. Here, too, was where Donna introduced Duvall to espresso coffee, an introduction that was warmly received.

After four years in this, the fourth setting of Duvall's famous restaurant and meeting place, Donna and her crew decided they had reached the time to stop. They were tired and needed new challenges. The place, so popular for so many years, had reached its final moment. Nevertheless, the memory of the Silver Spoon lingers on, a memory that will continue for years and decades to go.



The Duvall Historical Society meets on the first Monday evenings of the month at the Landmark Dougherty House at 7:30 pm. Guests and new members are always welcome.

Tours of the Dougherty Farmhouse may be scheduled by groups or individuals by calling 788-1266 or 788-6209. Also enquire about historical downtown tours.

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copying the monthly Wagon Wheel and for the display in their lobby of the Society's historical photos of Duvall.



BILL TRULSON AND ELEANOR ZAREMBA

And Their Pioneer Ancestors, the Horatio Allens

(As told by Eleanor's daughter Mary Van Winkle)

Horatio Allen met and married Laura Getty in Howard Lake, Minnesota, February 11, 1881. In two years time, Horatio got the pioneer bug and came to Cherry Valley in 1883, homesteaded a place on the Snoqualmie River, and went back a year later for his wife.

By 1903, they had eight children and purchased 440 acres on Cherry Creek. The six surviving children – Harry, Sidney, John, Doris, Georgia, and Edith – were all a part of clearing the land and starting the farm known even now as the Allen Farm.

In 1909, Harry, Sid and John pastured a neighbor's Jersey cow. It was an easy milker and they were impressed with this St. Maas strain. They researched and went into the breeding business. They had excellent production records and sold out on their calves. The 1920's, 30's and 40's brought blue ribbons from the Monroe fair and writups in the *New Farm News* printed in Bellingham. They became internationally known.

Besides the hard daily life, there were other tragic sides to the farm life. Horatio died in 1916 of cancer. A bull gored Sid who after walked bent. Also, in 1923, the farmhouse and other buildings burned and the family lived that winter in a huge tent loaned them from Carnation Farms. A sidenote from a great-granddaughter tells us that even Santa couldn't come until the cows were milked, which will make other dairy farm people nod in agreement.

The pioneer Allens made sure all of their children went to college at Washington State at Pullman, where the major of choice was animal husbandry. later, John had started an auto shop, but his mother, Laura, formed a corporation with Harry and Sidney; the legal name was the H.L. Allen Corp.

Georgia loved gardening and developed beautiful gardens around the farm house. The showplace was known all over the United States and was feature in the *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine. Jennie wrote and published a book on flowers although she lived in Seattle.

Edith married William Trulson in 1909. Wil-

liam, born in Hayward, Wisconsin, came to this area in 1887 and logged. Their daughter, Eleanor, was born in 1912 in Rollway, Washington, believed to have been a logging camp. Their son, William, was born in 1922. In 1924, when Eleanor was in the sixth grade, the family moved onto the ranch. When she graduated from high school, the family lived in a house across the street from the historic cemetery and next door to the Cherry Valley school. Bill started school there, which was handy for a child with the disabilities he had following his bout with polio when he was just two. His bright mind led him to becoming a graduate of Bothell High. Now in his eighties, Bill resides in Monroe and still loves to read.

In 1995, Eleanor and Bill gave the historic cemetery, that their parents had acquired, to the Duvall Historical Society. For years, Bill had carefully tended the burial grounds across the road from the Trulson home. The Duvall Historical Society now looks after the cemetery with plans for a path and printed material on its history for visitors to see.

Before Eleanor died in 2003, she had written some memories of living on her grandparent's farm. She remembered that during floods, her uncles took her to school in a canoe. Many deer came to the farm and were nuisances, and were finally fenced out of the cow hay and feed. A bear and cubs came to the creek to drink. She was glad when the hayloft was empty so she could roller skate there. She remembered that her uncles had a dog that checked the cow stalls every night. If a cow was missing, the dog went out, found it and herded it in.

Eleanor attended the University of Puget Sound and the University of Washington. When home from college she liked to attend the community dances in Monroe. there, she caught the eye of the young, successful dentist, Alexander Zarembo and they were married in 1935.

Their daughter, Mary VanWinkle of Arlington, also remembers summer days she spent at the farm and said it was an important part of her childhood.

She and an uncle would shake fruit trees in the orchard and then hide to watch the deer come and eat.

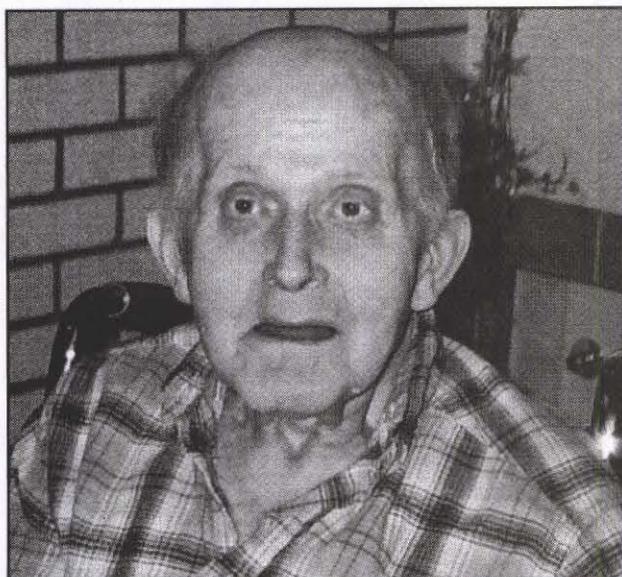
In Mary's eulogy for her mother, she wrote that Eleanor and her husband were both very involved in community organizations. Alexander was busy with the Kiwanis so Eleanor began the Ladies Kiwanis in 1938 and served as their first treasurer. She was also busy with the Hospital Guild, Legion Auxiliary, Civil Defense, Community Chest, and the P.T.A. She served on the Camp Fire Girls Council and became President of the Council in 1948. For her children, Mark and Mary, she was den mother in Cub Scouts and a leader in Blue Birds and Camp Fire Girls.

Eleanor's involvement with the community included volunteering at the Monroe Fair from the 1940's to the 1970's, and in 1986 she joined the Chamber of Commerce. In 1995, she was voted "Member of the Year" and in 1998, she was Grand Marshall of the Fair Parade. In these decades, Eleanor also gave her time, talents, and energies to her church.

The granddaughters, Patricia and Susan were also very close with Eleanor and spent time with her as children and as grown women. They could add their memories for another generation of the Allen descendants.

Thanks to Mary Van Winkle for this information on her mother Eleanor and her uncle Bill. They were good friends of the Duvall Historical Society who appreciate the gift of the Historic cemetery.

The Duvall Historical Society meets at 7:30 pm on the first Mondays of the month at the Landmark Dougherty House. Guests are welcome. Call 425-788-1266 or 788-6209 for information or for tours.



Bill Trulson



Eleanor Zarembo and her cat Heidi



WHY DUVALL BOUGHT A NEW FIRE TRUCK

By Ray Burhen

In the late forties (after the war) I bought a small sawmill at Stillwater. The owner had shut it down and that winter the snow knocked the roof down, so it definitely was defunct. In order to unload the mill on me, he gave me a reasonable lease on the property with a verbal OK that I could extend it, and at a stipulated price, at some time in the future. I got things going; I sawed all day and spent half the night hauling lumber to Seattle. The previous owner had basically gone broke and he figured that I wouldn't make it either. He was surprised as I had a thriving little business. When I wanted to extend the lease or purchase the property, all prices doubled, take it or leave it. I looked up and down the valley and ended up buying the property below Duvall, by the tracks.

My helper and I moved the mill in 1951. Being by the tracks gave me the option that if things worked out, I could ship on the railroad if I wanted to. We had a jungle to clear and also some of the fellows in town had intimated that it might be a little damp and smelly because the septic systems on Main Street were not functioning too well. I knew that there were some wet spots, but I hadn't stirred in the ground, as the jungle covered about everything. The culverts and ditches weren't functioning either; they needed cleaning.

This was in the days before machines were very plentiful and most jobs like this were done by hand, mostly with brush hooks. Also, until the place got drained, I was afraid a cat would have gotten stuck pretty fast.

After a couple of weeks of steady ditching and brushing, we had the brush stacked in several very large stacks, and in the process we also determined that the septic systems weren't working very well. We very quickly made sure we worked the ditches just as fast as we got the brush off. At one time I debated whether I should go to town to a surplus store and get several gas masks, but we just hurried on and got the place dried out.

We were doing this in mid-spring and it was turning quite dry. In those days the only option to

get rid of the brush was to burn it. We had to get it out of the way because we were digging foundation footings and the brush had to go or we would be held up. Before I did anything that I thought anyone in town might be concerned with, I checked with the City Fathers, and they were also all in, or associated with, the Fire Department. They were: Cliff Hill of Hix's Market, Mac McDougal of McDougal's Mercantile, Jim Wallace (who, I believe, may have been mayor at the time), Fire Chief Emmett Minaglia of Duvall Motors, Jim Hunt of Hunt's Barbershop, and the one and only Shorty Landers. I checked with Jim Wallace about getting a building permit. His response was, "Go at it boy, just get going." That was my building permit.

They knew I had to get the brush out of there; so when it drizzled a little bit one Friday evening, everybody agreed that that was probably the best chance I might have in quite a while to have the brush fire. My fire permit was, "Have at it, boy, light 'em up."

The stacks were about 100 feet south of the old bridge, so the fires were visible from the bridge and uptown. The traffic was minimal in those days and no one going over the bridge cared about the fires. We had a real good burn for around four hours. The flames were pretty well down, it was going to be just a bed of coals before long with an uneventful evening.

But no such luck! It was getting close to midnight and it couldn't have been quieter. I looked up on the bank and in the glow I could see this little person. He was there for only a moment and he took off like a streak. It was George Anderson, George's (Mick's)- grandfather. I said, "We're going to see the fire truck." I don't know how he could have gotten up to the fire hall so fast to pull the switch on the siren; he must have had winged feet. When the siren went off at night, you could hear it for several miles from town and every coyote up and down the valley would join in and howl. What a chorus!

The City had a hand hose reel cart at Main and Stella, where the City Hall is now, but that was just for display. The City had a 1917 LeFrance fire truck

that they were using. The old LeFrance came chugging down the hill on Virginia Street, on across the mainline tracks, and in between the sidetrack. It couldn't have been a darker night. They stumbled over the tracks, pulling out the fire hose. Since the fire was nearly down to a bed of coals, I started to tell them not to waste their time; but mild mannered Cliff Hill got me off to the side and said, "Let them do their thing since they got out of bed in the middle of the night and are not in the greatest mood."

By that time I could not have paid admission for a better show. I was about ready to roll on the ground laughing, but in deference to Cliff, I contained my hilarity and moved back further into the darkness. If you can imagine a real-life portrayal of the Keystone Cops, this was it. There were three firemen on the hose, all with their heels dug in braced for the big surge of pressure, when the water was turned on. They hollered, "Turn on the water!" The old LeFrance revved up, the firemen braced for the surge of water, and about two spray cupfuls came out. They could have spit on the fire and done more good. They went through this activity about three times, getting less water out of the hose each time and also becoming more exasperated. It was hilarious, but no one else was laughing. I had to contain my laughter or I would have been crowned. The firemen were not very happy.

The last time they revved the old LeFrance up, instead of any water coming of the hose, what was left in the tank got dumped on the ground. As the old LeFrance quieted down, in the pitch darkness over by the truck, there was a flurry of language. It was a good thing that there were no tender ears around, because they would have been fried, the air was so blue.

By this time the fires had nearly gone out by themselves. The firemen began talking and became serious. They immediately agreed that this had been a good test run and they needed a better truck. The next time it might be a two-story house up in town with a child upstairs. It could be a life-or-death matter.

The old LeFrance had several problems: it had a cracked cylinder and block that leaked lots of water and it overheated. It also had a quirk that ran water from the fire tank to the engine radiator. So with the leaks in the motor, by the time they got to a fire the water was about gone and the motor was overheating. To a bystander it would become just a Keystone Cops show.

As a result of that evening, Duvall got its first

brand new modern fire truck. The City Fathers and the entire community united in raising money. The truck was bought by the donations from the citizens and surrounding farmers at 5, 10,15,20 dollars each. They bought a brand new 6-cylinder, flat head, dual ignition 1951 Diamond T. The truck cost, if I remember right, around \$25,000. It was a real show of community spirit and Duvall had its first new modern fire truck.

The Fire Department retired the Diamond T quite a few years ago. When it was put up for bid/sale, I felt that it deserved to stay in the valley, so I gave it a home.

The Duvall Historical Society meets the first Monday of each month at 7:30 pm at the King County Landmark Dougherty House. Guests and new members are welcome.

Each Sunday from 10 am to 4 pm the Historical Society members have the Dougherty House open for public tours. Members have restored the house to look as it did when it was an active farm and they also relate stories about the Dougherty family and old time Duvall.

Walking tours of historic downtown buildings and older homes, are given during the spring and summer months. For more information on any of these activities, call 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266

The Duvall Historical Society has published five local history books: *Jist Cogitatin* by Don Funk; *Digging Duvall's Past* by Allen Miller; Hi Times (Cherry Valley High School newspapers from the 40's); *Wagon Wheel I* and *Wagon Wheel II* (each a collection of 10 years of the Society's newsletter, each of them a history of a local event, early family, or historic views. They are available from the Society, or at The Duvall Book Store, Duvall Family Drugs, or Pumps and Grinds

The Duvall Historical Society thanks Frontier Bank for the copies of our monthly Wagon Wheels.

People may want to see the historic photos of old time Duvall that Frontier Bank displays.

Other displays of photos of old Duvall from the files of the Duvall Historical Society may be viewed at the Fitness Center and at Snoqualmie Valley Credit Union.

DUVALL DAZE, 2004 FRIDAY

On this beautiful, sunny June 4th Friday, crowds streamed down to McCormick Park where they came upon a little city of tents. "Doctor, dentist, merchant, chief" set up eye-catching displays, music played, and guests strolled the circle of tents or lolled on the grass,

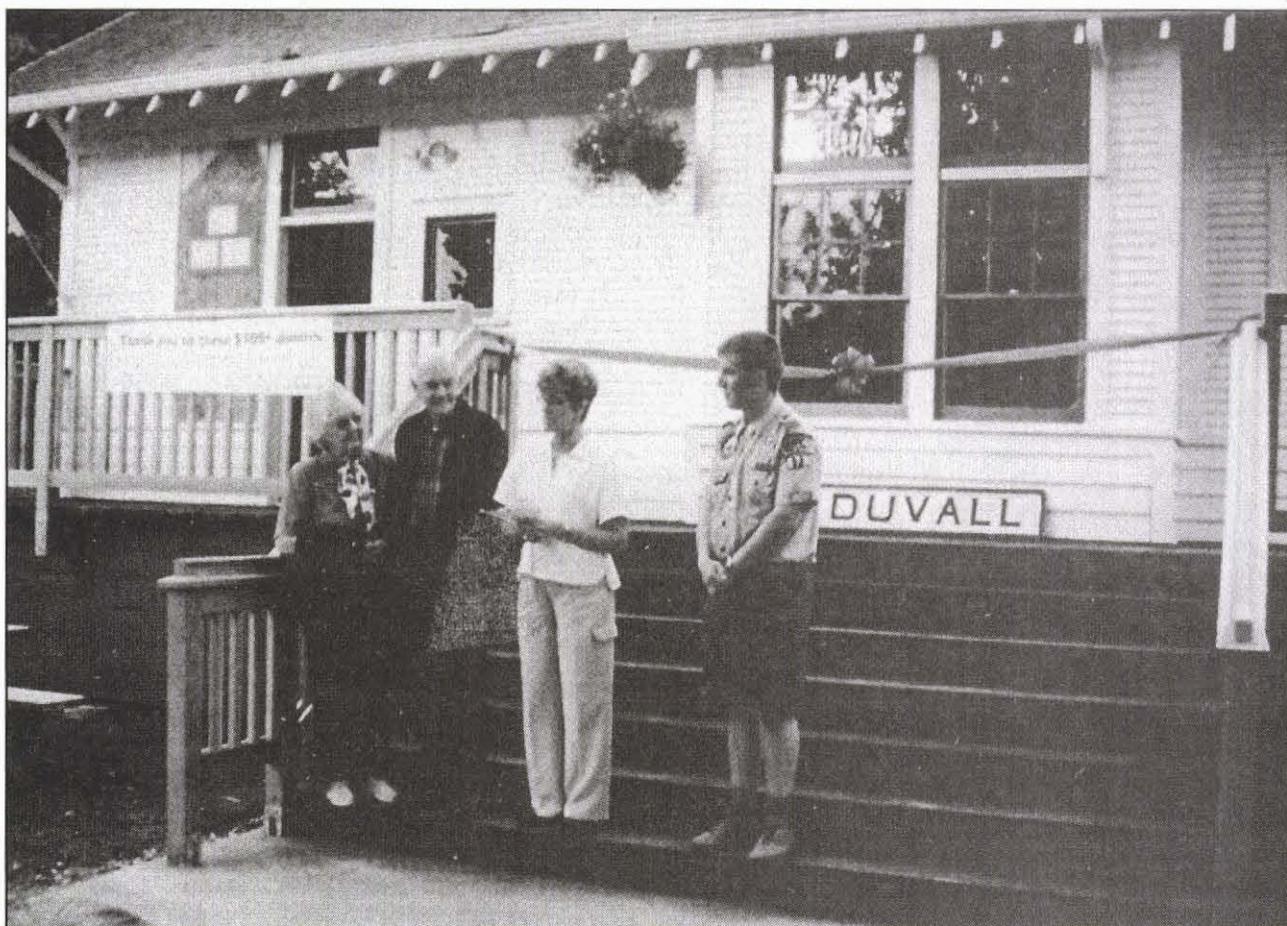
The City and their sponsors had planned some new events, including the Friday night bonfire, potluck, live music, and entertainment.

On the way to the event, people passed the historic Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Depot where the official ribbon cutting for the reopening of the depot took place. Mayor Becky Nixon and Boy Scout Carl Seip led the ceremony

with donors Ray and Tove Burhen present.

In 2001, Ray had given the City the depot that he had rescued from destruction in 1954, carefully restored, and used for Historical Society meetings and other events. The City moved the building onto their property at the foot of Stewart Street in Depot Park.

For his Eagle Scout project, Carl took on the task of building a well-constructed, expansive deck for the depot and picnic tables for its front yard. Many took part in the work parties to create a grand deck of ample proportions and steps to approach the front entrances. This project was an absolute necessity to make the depot usable and accessible in this location. Carl, his parents, volunteer workers, and a good



Tove and Ray Burhen, Mayor Becky Nixon, Carl Seip at the ribbon cutting ceremony June 4, 2004

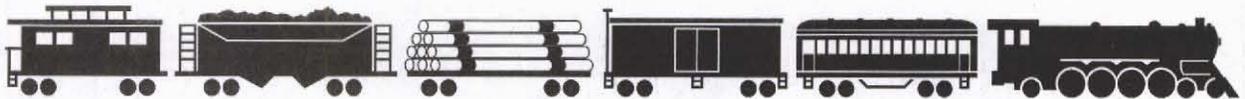
crowd were on hand to take pictures and enjoy the ceremony.

The Historical Society was especially pleased to see the day nearing when the public can again enjoy the historic depot. The Society is planning a public

Railroad Program with photos and exhibits to show the history of railroads and the importance to the City of those days. The establishment of Duvall as a city separate from the riverside village of Cherry Valley, was due to the coming of the railroads.



Steps, deck and picnic tables built by Carl Seip and his volunteers for access to the historic Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Pacific Railroad depot at Depot Park, Duvall



“Duvall Daze, Saturday” next month

SUMMER FESTIVAL

The Duvall Daze 2004 was held Saturday, June 5th, with a parade and a festival. The celebration was organized by Daniel, sponsored by the City and a few local businesses, and with a purpose of bringing the community together to celebrate our uniqueness.

The parade started with Chinese Dancing Lions but consisted mainly of members of the community who were invited to create human powered floats and just join in. Many brought their dogs as there was a dog contest; others pushed their babies in strollers. Horses, marching bands, and antique tractors also came down Main Street, turning on ? street down to McCormick Park.

Since both the SnoValley Senior Center and the Duvall Historical Center had previously depended on motorized floats, they did not participate. However, The Historical Society did take part in the festivities in the Park. Kimberly Engelkes organized and ran old-fashioned games including sack races, fox and chickens, and a centipede race. Helping her were Don and Kathleen Williams. Ruth

Bellamy, Mae Kusters, and Tove Burhen sat at a booth with information about the Historical Society. They also explained the history of the Depot in conjunction with Carl Seip, the Eagle Scout applicant,

who built steps and decks to the Depot and showed visitors through the building.

In McCormick Park festive tents circled the open area with craft, food, and business booths. Pony rides, art projects, Andrew Norman's logging exhibition, and Cow Pie Bingo, music and dancing entertained the large crowd.

Mother Nature closed the Saturday festivities about 4:00 o'clock with a boom and a downpour. Festival goers streamed back up the hill wet with rain but with smiles on their faces.

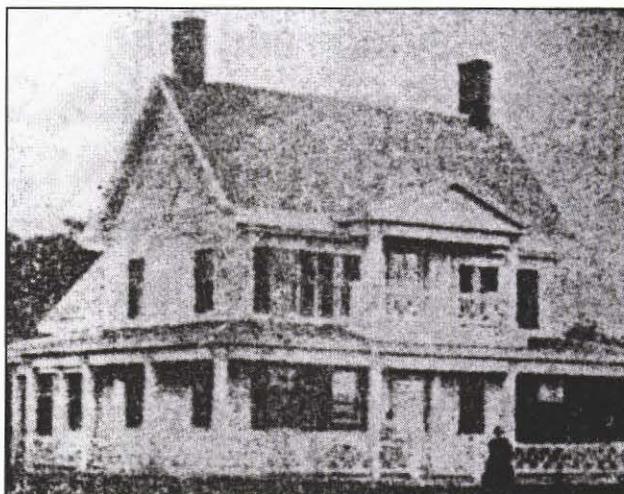
Added to the festivities of the weekend was the Sunday Pancake Breakfast served by the firefighters at the new firestation. Crowds were willing to stand in line to enter and enjoy the big breakfast and the camaraderie at the long tables.



The King County Historic Landmark Dougherty House is open each Sunday from 1:00 to 4:00 pm for tours. Members of the Duvall Historical Society host visitors showing the renovation, the furnishings, and also telling the anecdotes of the early years of the Dougherty family and including stories of Old Duvall.



S.S. Ford, Sr., and his wife Nancy (Shaw) Ford



The historic Ford House

Walking tours of historical downtown Duvall businesses and residences are available by calling 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266.



Five local history books have been published by the Duvall Historical Society: *Jist Cogitatin'* by Don Funk; *Digging Duvall's Past* by Allen Miller; *Wagon Wheel I*, *Wagon Wheel II*, and *Hi Times*. These books can be purchased at the Duvall Book Store, at Duvall Family Drugs, or at the Dougherty House when it is open, or read at the Duvall Library.



Regular meetings of the Duvall Historical society will begin again Monday, September 13, at 7:30 pm at the Dougherty House. Visitors and new

members are welcome. On August 8, they will hold the annual potluck picnic in conjunction with the Carnation Historical Society, at the Hjertoos farm.



The Duvall Historical Society plans to travel to Centralia on July 31 for a tour guided by Tove Burhen of her hometown. Her ancestors, Sidney and Nancy Ford, were the first family to settle in that area and for whom Ford's Prairie is named. The group intends to see the site of Fort Henness, to tour the historic Borst house, to eat lunch at the locally famous Olympic Club, look at the renovated depot, view Centralia's murals, stop by City Park where the statue to fallen soldiers stands and from where a mural to the opposite side can be seen. The college and high school are on the itinerary as well as historic cemeteries.



DUVALL DAZE, 2004, SUNDAY, THE 44TH ANNUAL PANCAKE BREAKFAST

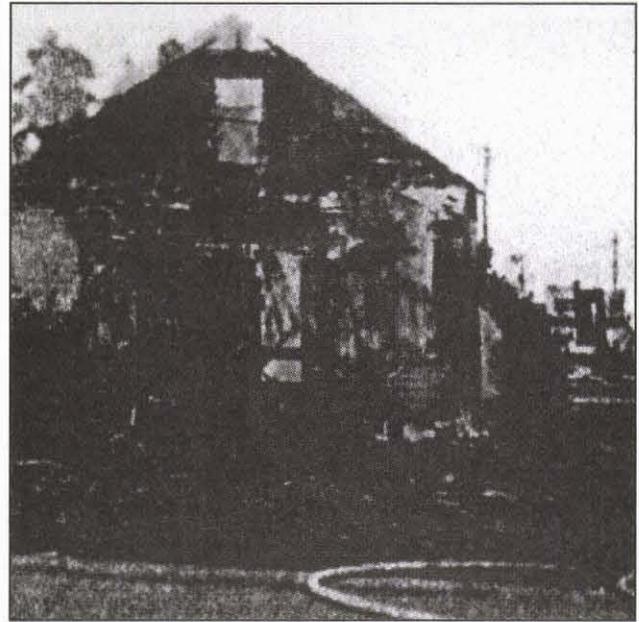
This year's pancake breakfast in the new Fire Hall was a well-attended affair with 1600 served. Attendees didn't mind standing in line stretching across the street and down the block. Visiting and watching the children handling a hose to put out the "fires" in the little house on the street was enough to establish patience while waiting for a tasty breakfast. Adding to pancakes were scrambled eggs, ham, syrup, honey, applesauce, coffee, cocoa, orange juice.

This year I sat across the table from Velma Hill and she was remembering the first pancake breakfasts of 44 years ago. Her husband Cliff belonged to the Fire Department from 1947 until his death in 1977. He donated the ham slicing machine that had been used in their store. Their daughter Paula was in high school in 1971 and helped flip pancakes; other high school girls served the ham, eggs, juice and coffee. Velma's brother Kenneth Hix was mayor from 1945-46 and appointed the first fire chief, Emmett Minaglia.

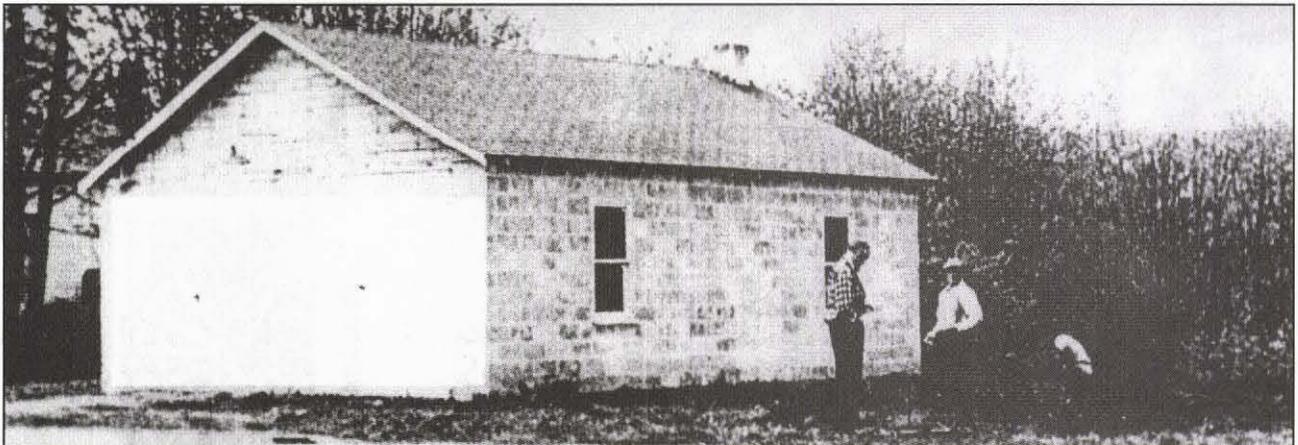
Velma said the first little building that served as a fire department was located behind the Duvall Bank. It had a cart and hose that could be used on Main Street and First Avenue. The phone was at Velma's house and when it announced a fire, they ran across the street and beat an anvil with a metal rod. Later the alarm was electrically connected.

The "new" Fire Department was located where City Hall is now with one bay for the one fire truck, bought from Everett. Later Emil Hanisch bought that truck. For quite a few years after that, the building was used as doctors' offices. Subsequent fire halls included the previous Dutch Reformed Church (now a youth center) and the recent fire hall taken down for the building of the present hall.

(Photos courtesy of Velma Hill)



Nellie Ericson sold to fire department and burned.



First fire Station – now the location of City Hall (2002) – Dr. Yowell, Chris Larsen in 40's.



10/20/1946 *Lined* **MAYOR KEN HIX and DUVALL FIRE ENGINE**
"We say it's just well broken in"

By A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

DUVALL, Oct. 19.—Matches wouldn't light readily here today, even when whisked against pants legs tight to the flesh or rasped against shoe soles.

"Fire has become discouraged in Duvall," said Mayor Ken Hix, 41-year-old ax and ladder man in the Duvall Volunteer Fire Department. "We have swooped down so fast and smothered the last few blazes so completely that even the matches have given up."

Duvall firemen, from Chief Emmett Minaglia on down, glow with pride over the erection of the new town fire station, built out of cement blocks, and the purchase of a pumper truck from the Everett Fire Department.

Extras. Thrown In

"Some might say the truck was an overaged surplus commodity," said Mayor Hix, "but we say it's just well broken in. We got it for \$500 and when the Everett boys learned we were all volunteers working on fires for nothing but the excitement of it they tossed in axes, ladders, hose and even some helmets."

The Duvall truck is a six-cylinder American La France unit, built in 1914. Its fenders are flat and flaring and so heavy a man can stand on them and jump up and down without causing them to waver. The truck has a speedometer which reads up to 60 miles an hour.

Chief Minaglia says it will do better than 60 because he's felt the wind whistle past his cheeks ever so much faster after the speed needle has hit the stop pin at 60.

Mayor Hix said the Fire Department could get insurance rates in Duvall lowered if its coverage was limited to inside the city limits.

"But we've voted to take in the countryside as well," he said. "There have been two country homes lost because no equipment was available. We're going out and fight fires wherever they start and the farmers know it and they're glad."

They Used 'Speed Paint'

The department's 20 members include most of the storekeepers in this town of 325 persons.

Duvall's truck has a fresh new coat of red and its hood has big black lettering, "Duvall Fire Department." The paint was spread on by Larry Burns and Claude Firth.

"We put on speed paint," said Firth. "It's so slick it won't slow the truck down a lick."

Duvall has appropriated \$1,500 of its annual \$3,315 budget for the Fire Department. The Duvall Police Department gets only \$50.

"We have more fires than hold-ups," Mayor Hix explained.

A Klondike Days dance promoted by the Cherry Valley Grange and the Fire Department is to be held here Saturday night, November 2, to raise more funds for the fire hall.

DUVALL AND CARNATION ONCE AGAIN SHARE POLICE SERVICES

By Don Williams

In March of 2004 the Carnation City Council voted to begin sharing services with the Duvall Police Department. In recent times Carnation had looked to the King County Sheriff's Office for this service, but citizen dissatisfaction and a chance to reduce costs while at the same time improving services led to the announcement in the July 12 edition of the Valley View that the change would take place as early as October.

This cooperation brings to mind an earlier effort in 1962 to combine police protection for the two cities. Only in this instance Carnation's police system expanded its efforts to include Duvall. At a meeting of the Duvall Town Council on September 8, 1960, Mayor John Fisher indicated that, because he had not

succeeded in obtaining "the required cooperation" from the town marshal, he saw as his only solution the possibility "to contract with the Town of Carnation for the services of Police Chief Gabby Brazington." (Carnation Reporter, 9/15/60)

No immediate action took place on this initiative, but by August 1 of the following year, Duvall had a new Town Marshall, Sheriff's Deputy Lester J. Landers (CR. 3/15/62). Landers stayed in his position through February of the following year, by which time a new plan for "modernizing" local law enforcement was underway.

On March 8 of 1962 Mayor Fisher announced the tentative selection of Carnation Police Chief Tony Trippy to commence police services in Duvall.



A MILESTONE IN CARNATION-DUVALL COOPERATION: Mayor Merle Simpson (on the left) of Carnation discusses the new law enforcement system in Duvall with Police Chief Tony Trippy and Mayor John E. Fisher.

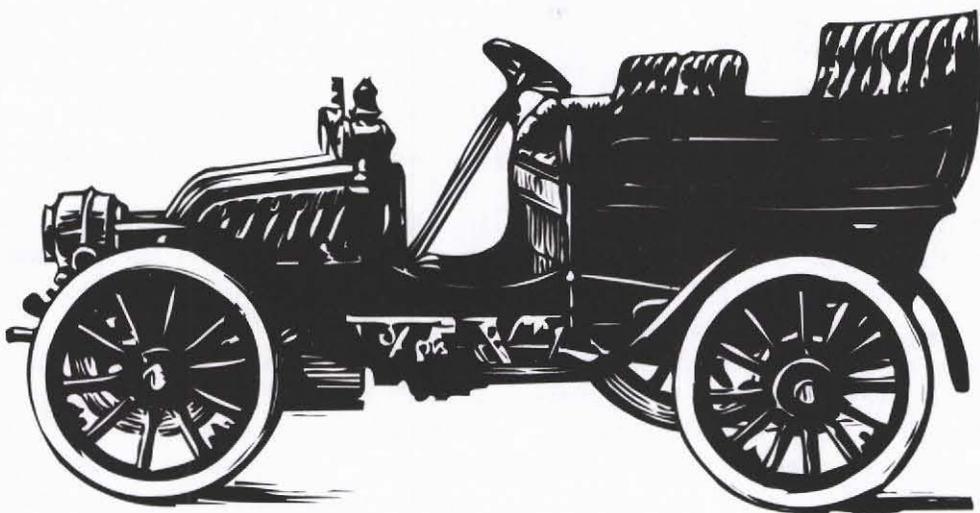
Trippy assured people “that he can patrol both communities effectively and efficiently.” In the Mayor’s words, “Once Chief Trippy takes over his duties here, he will be in complete charge of law enforcement in Duvall.” In making this move the Mayor indicated that he had the support of the business community and local townspeople. (CR. 3/15/62, p.1).

A front page photograph in the March 29, 1962 edition of the Carnavall Reporter showed Chief Trippy in full uniform standing between Carnation Mayor Merle Simpson and Duvall Mayor John E. Fisher. The accompanying article reported that Trippy on April 1 would add Duvall to the duties he already performed in Carnation. “It is felt,” the article stated, “that Chief Trippy can effectively patrol both communities and, with the resultant increase in pay, will be able to devote even more time to the job.” Also, Trippy’s status as a King County Deputy

Sheriff gave him “authority to act outside the town limits of Carnation and Duvall.”

Unfortunately, this arrangement did not prove successful. In a letter dated September 7, 1962, Mayor Fisher announced the release of Chief Trippy. “At this time,” the Mayor indicated in his letter to Trippy, “I find it within the best interest of the town to take this action due to the fact that the services which you can now render are not adequate and therefore do not serve our general needs.” “In addition,” the Mayor continued, “we are faced with a budget problem which prevents us from continuing this particular service.” (CR. 9/20/62). This same edition of the Carnavall Reporter carried the news that Chief Trippy had also resigned his position as Carnation’s Chief of Police.

Every indication suggests that the new plan announced in 2004 has undergone careful study and will serve both communities well.



LOOKING BACK 20 YEARS

Upon finding a news item in the Snoqualmie-North Bend Valley Record dated December 20, 1984, I was reminded of our many friends that are no longer with us. It especially made me think again of the unusually good person, Ralph Taylor, whose biographical book, Duvall Immigrant, the Society soon will have reprinted.

The Wagon Wheel readers who knew those who are mentioned in the following article will remember them well; our newer Society members will be interested in a Christmas reunion of twenty years ago.



EARLY VALLEY MEMORIES SWAPPED AT DUVALL REUNION

By Maryanne Tagney Jones

Duvall's old railroad depot was decked out in Christmas finery to welcome the city's pioneer families on Dec. 8. The reunion of old timers was organized by the Duvall Historical Society, whose members provided the punch and cookies.

A display of old photographs and documents was laid out on the table beside the decorated Christmas tree, and approximately 40 guests chatted and reminisced around the woodstoves.

The depot itself has quite a history. It was barely rescued from demolition 30 years ago by Historical Society member Ray Burhen. He had just come out of the Army, Burhen said, and if he had arrived a week later it would have been too late. He bought the building and moved it across the tracks to his own land below Main Street.

Once it was installed in its new location, Burhen and his friends set about restoring the inside. It had been remodeled by the railroad company to make an apartment for a railroad worker, so there were partitions and false ceilings to be torn down. The original floors and wood-paneled walls are now revealed in their natural state; Burhen said they had not been stained or even oiled. He had to do some work on the chimney for the two back-to-back wood stoves, but on the whole the interior looks the way it did 72 years ago when one of the guests at the party, Ralph Taylor first saw it.

Taylor said he arrived as a ten year old, with his

family, at that very same depot in 1913. That was a year after the Titanic went down, he said, and the year before the start of World War I. He had come from Poole, a town on the south coast of England, and the family settled down the Valley Road near his uncle. Most of the other pioneer families were known to Taylor and he had something to tell about most of them.

Eric Adolfson, at 90, was the oldest guest, and Taylor said he had lived at Novelty and worked for Zan Zelius (ed. note: "Samzelius"), who had a store up there. Jim Carns had lived at Novelty too, and Taylor had also worked on a farm in the area. He recalled the sad times as well as the good times, describing how he had gone to work one day after the farmer's son had drowned and found the grieving father saying he had to drink out of the river his son had drowned in. The river was their water supply in those days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill McCormick were also at the reunion, and Taylor said that family had arrived to settle in Duvall in 1910. James and Myrna Joyce, whose family had once "farmed the whole valley flat," were there and so was Florence Rupard, whose family is featured in the Historical Society newsletter. Mrs. Rupard's step-uncle came to Duvall in 1875 and settled here four years later. His name was Sam Hible and he was eventually appointed by King County as foreman on road construction in the

area. Hible and his men cleared the trees to make Main Street in 1905.

The reunion was held on a Saturday afternoon to make it easier for the elderly residents to get to it, and the policy seemed to have been very successful.

Halfway through the afternoon, the raffle was held for the "Mr.T" doll that had been the center of attention at several local gatherings recently. Nobody present at the party won but someone who lives up in Cherry Valley Road is going to be very happy.

Duvall Historical Society meets the first Mondays of the month at the Dougherty House at 7:30 pm. Guests are welcome. Call 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266 for more information.

We thank our friends at Frontier Bank for copies of these Wagon Wheels and for their display of historic photos.



EVERCHANGING TRANSPORTATION

I'm sure our ancestors walked more than we do today. Even after the invention of the wheel they were walking to get to specific destinations. Now many of us are walking for exercise, just going out and coming back.

The Snoqualmie tribe augmented their transportation with canoeing in addition to walking. Many of the settlers who had come to Northwest by sailboat, found the Snoqualmie River was also the water avenue for travel. Paddlewheel steamboats brought goods to the Cherry Valley settlement and took produce down the river. It was a surprise to learn that one of the most money making products was butter sent downstream to Everett and Seattle.

Besides farming, an important resource was logging the lush forests that surrounded the area. Following the use of oxen or horses to move the logs to the river where they could be floated downstream to the mills at Snohomish or Everett, steam played an important part with the steam donkeys and the steam lokies that plied the side spurs into the logging woods. On the river, logs were often tied into rafts

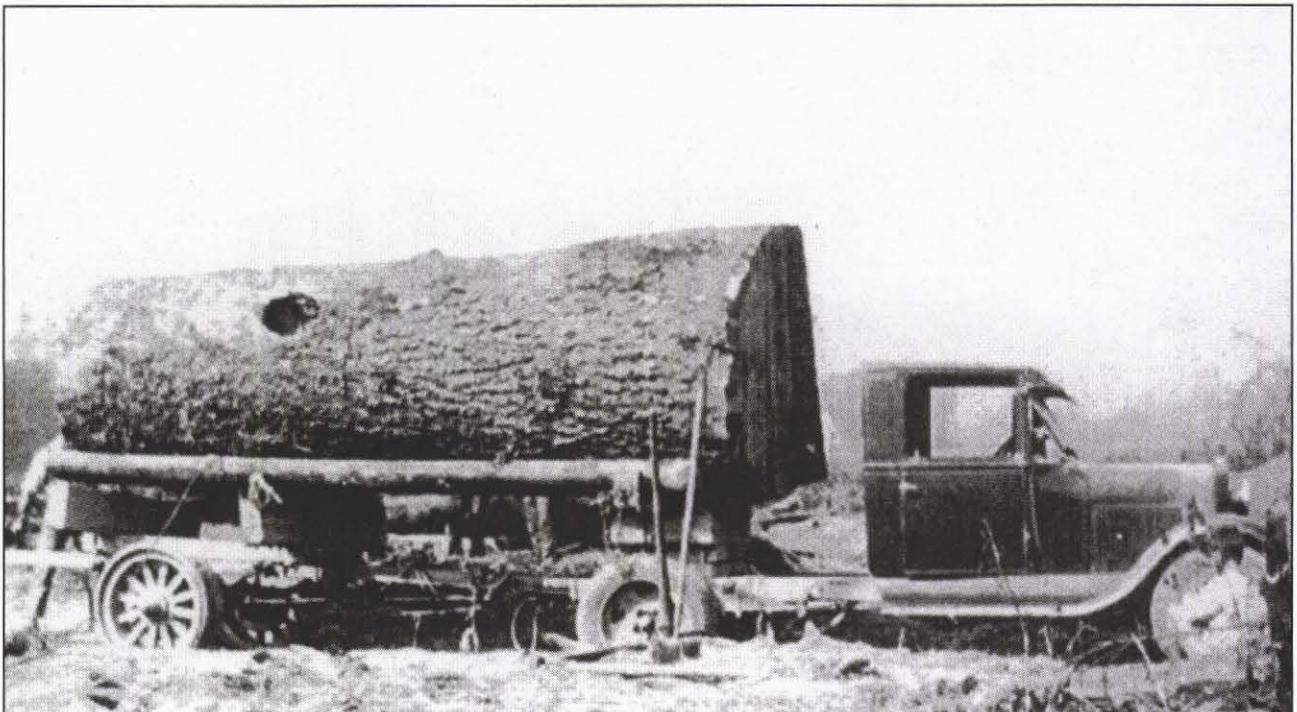
and the little steamboats pulled them to the mills.

Horses played an important role in farming pulling the plows, rakes, and other machinery necessary. Travel for people was also done on or behind a horse. There were the buggies, big and small, and the carts for carrying goods from the general store.

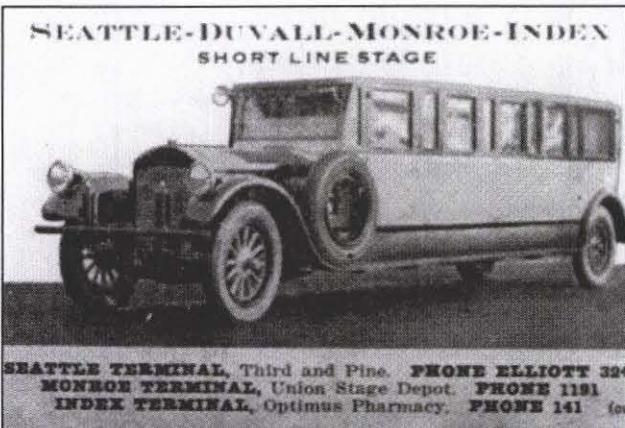
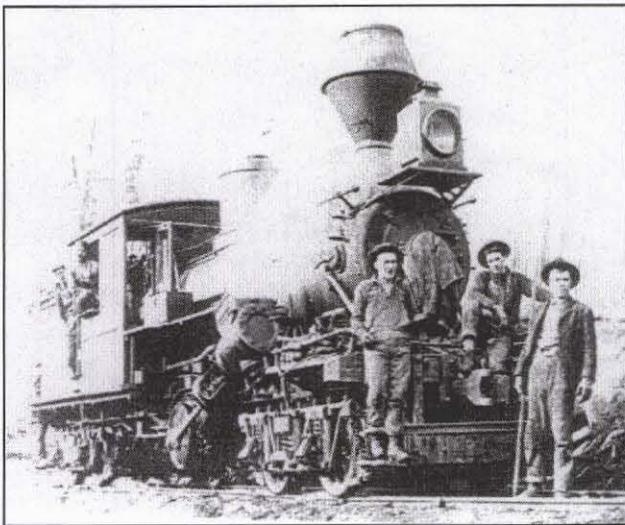
Horseless carriages didn't really start here much with Stanley Steamers as most of them used the new gasoline engines. Now the fields saw tractors and trucks and the logging woods also relied on trucks. People going to work, school, and on trips could use motorized vehicles as well as the diesel trains. Road and bridge building flourished and travel became easier and distances seemed to shorten.

Today's tractors and farm machinery have many improvements, logging trucks and their second trailers haul many logs long distances from forests to mills, much hay also comes long distances in large bales piled high on two trailers, and commuters drive farther to work on highways and freeways.

However, today we still feel the need for improved transportation.



“HORSES, STEAM, & GASOLINE”



Thanks to Mae Kusters for photos

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST

We went to our grandparents' home for Christmas where they had a decorated tree. Somebody dressed up like Santa but we were a little afraid of him. My grandmother made Ole Bol-len, a batter with raisins, deep-fried, and then shook with sugar. She also made Saint Nicholas cookies with nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves. I still make them and the grandchildren like them as well as I did those years ago.

Mae Kusters

When I was a girl, our Christmas tree had little candles in holders on the branches. Since Duvall had no power there were no electric lights. We made chains from red and green paper and also popcorn strings for the tree.

One Christmas my sister and I went with our Dad in his Model T Ford to Mr. Jones hardware and dry goods store. Mother liked special dishes so with my 50 cents I bought a little yellow dish for her. Mother heard us coming home in the noisy car with our excited voices from the shopping trip. I still have that little yellow dish and cherish it as well as my mother did.

Another special Christmas I remember was a trip to Olympia to visit my uncle, who was secretary to the Secretary of State. Again I had 50 cents and bought some colored strings and kept them for the tree for years. A memorable time there was walking to church for a midnight service.

Verle Bowe

The year 1935 Christmas is memorable. It was a tradition in our family of three children to hang our stockings on the mantle Christmas Eve. A young man lived with us and helped with the outside chores. Seeing the individual small stockings hanging on the mantle, he took mother's full length stockings and replaced the little stockings. They had a big orange in the toe and filled with hard candy and mixed nuts. I was surprised Christmas morning and thrilled with the large stocking.

Ruth Herman Bellamy

My father always decorated the trees and shrubs in the front yard for Christmas. One year when we lived on Holly Street in Seattle our yard was a winner for decorated houses and listed in the newspaper.

Later when we lived in Renton I had a sister and two brothers. The Holidays were always exciting times for us although it was World War II and there was rationing. People went to the Fire Hall for the coupons for the things that were rationed. We had a tree but limited present also due to the war. There my dad put small lights all round the large porch when it wasn't black-out restrictions.

Nancy Lou Stevens



Memories of Christmases Past

Don Williams

From the start of this little exercise I need to admit that I have forgotten more than I can ever remember about this particular subject. But that's a problem I have with most subjects these days, so I shall do my best.

Born in 1928 I quickly became a child of the Great Depression. We moved frequently -- from Clallam Bay to Everett to Seattle and elsewhere -- as Dad pursued jobs wherever he could find them. Wherever we celebrated Christmas and no matter what the family's financial situation might be, our parents saw to it that my brother and sister and I had gifts.

Of course, I assumed that Santa Claus took care of supplying the Christmas gifts, which from my perspective saved my parents a considerable sum of money. You can imagine my response when a first grade classmate tried to convince me that Santa does not exist. That's the only fight I have ever fought, and I lost not only the fight but also my conception of Santa. Those were tough times.

By the time I'd reached fourth grade we were living near White Center and I was attending Mt. View Elementary School. I shall always remember that Christmas, because by then Dad had a good job,

making it possible for my parents to buy me a brand new Schwinn bicycle. Oh, I was so excited to receive it. I rode that bike to school every morning.

We had grandparents either living with us or living nearby, and they shared every Christmas with us that I can remember, at least until I left for the Air Force in 1952. The menu featured turkey as the main course and Mother's fabulous fruit cake for dessert. People who have a negative attitude toward fruit cake would have lost it in a second, having tried the one Mother prepared.

Christmas brings to mind religion, and religion had little to do with our Christmas celebrations. A preacher's son, Dad had his fill of religion as a boy, with the result that we didn't go to church very often. My grandfather, the minister, would give a blessing as we sat down to dinner, and that was about it.

While in the Air Force I was fortunate to be stationed for almost three years in London. An English family, the Stewarts, hosted me in their home for two of those Christmases, for which I was most thankful. The other Christmas I spent with some Air Force friends in Paris. That proved a mistake. We were in a strange city and didn't know anybody.

Kathleen and I spent our first Christmas together in Palo Alto. We were not yet married. She lived in a faculty home on campus and I lived in an apartment in town. We have photographs of that event, and it's obvious that we had a beautiful tree and a wonderful time.

Every Christmas since that time we have spent together, and for that I am most thankful. We are a very happy couple -- and she uses Mother's recipe



Christmas Traditions I Remember

by Kathleen Williams

As children, my brother and I believed that Father Christmas would bring us our Christmas tree so the door to our living room was locked on Christmas Eve. My Dad would take us to a movie that afternoon while my mother baked all sorts of treats and wrapped presents, etc. In those days of no TV children were in bed by 7.30 p.m. so my parents could work on the tree. (In the early years of our marriage Don and would carry on this tradition with our own children. We could buy a tree

extremely cheaply on Christmas Eve - one year we bought a gorgeous Noble Fir for \$1.00! Nowadays I don't think the Christmas tree lots are even open on Christmas Eve!)

On Christmas morning we were allowed to go into the living room and see the tree in all its splendour. We were allowed to get into our stockings and play with any little toys in them.

My grandmother and my great aunt & uncle used to come to visit us for Christmas, and they would stay with the neighbors up the block. We had to wait for them to get up and come down to our house before we were allowed to open any presents! Very difficult for two excited children!

Christmas Dinner was always in the middle of the day. We would sometimes have goose rather than turkey - always sage & onion stuffing, roast potatoes, Brussels sprouts and other vegetables. Dessert was Christmas pudding, of course - Mum used to put a sixpence in it when she cooked it, and we always hoped we would have the sixpence in our piece of pudding - that was good luck.

After dinner we kids would play with our new toys or read our new books, while the adults napped. I can still remember our clock ticking loudly as we tried to be quiet! Later in the afternoon we would all go for a walk.

In the evening we would have a huge "tea." We would have sandwiches, trifle, sponge cake with cream and jam in it and a fruit cake with Royal icing. (This was very hard icing made with egg white - my Dad used to joke that he needed a hammer and chisel to get into it!) Also mince tarts which were little individual tarts. Tradition said that if you ate twelve of these between Christmas and Twelfth Night you would have good luck for all twelve months of the new year. Shortly after that meal we children would be tucked in bed and the grown ups could relax with their sherry and port.

The next day, December 26th was Boxing Day, and we would have parties with the neighbours. (We understood that Boxing Day was when the servants in the big houses were given their presents - Christmas Boxes - by their employers.)



Childhood Memories

I grew up in the country, five miles from a small Montana town. My Dad sold box cars of Christmas trees sent by rail to far away cities. When cutting commercial trees, he would mark a special one for us. A few days before Christmas he would cut it and brush the snow from the branches and put it in the parlor. The whole house was fragrant with the smell of fresh cut fir.

Until I was nine years old the rural electrification had not come to our part of Montana. We decorated the tree with candles in little holders, lots of tinsel and a foil star on top. The parlor was very cold, except when a fire was started in the parlor furnace. At night I would push open the door and with the moon beaming thru the windows the tree sparkled like a hundred stars and I would look at it until the cold turned me back to the warm part of the house.

Grade school had a party on the last day before vacation. We drew names and bought a gift limited to ten cents. One year I got a little nurse set with band-aids and red hot candy pills. My brother ate all the pills. On Christmas eve a fire was lit in the parlor and the room was made cozy. The tree candles were lit and for a moment the tree was a blaze of glory. The tree was so fresh cut there was not much danger of fire, but once in a while we would smell a scorched branch and Mother would quickly extinguish the candle.

Any gifts were usually handcrafted or ordered from Montgomery Ward. A sack with each name on it was a much looked forward to occasion. It contained all the wonderful goodies mother had made and the seasonal oranges, apples and nuts. Sometimes a galvanized bucket ordered from the catalog would be full of divided sections each containing ribbon candy, fruit centers and chocolates. A practical purchase as the bucket could later be used in the barn.

As the evening came to a close Mother would read the Christmas story according to St. Luke. Dad would take his harmonica from the shelf and play carols and favorite songs. Then it was time for bed and dreams of Christmas dinner tomorrow.

Helen Losleben



Those early Christmases in the 50's were real exciting to a 5 or 6 year old. The real build up began about a week or two before the 25th when we put our tree up. And my mom began baking cookies and candy. Every day more presents appeared under the tree and everybody was in a jolly mood. One night, my dad decided to play the holiday music he had been listening to real loud out the window so the whole neighborhood could listen along with our family and sing along with Bing Crosby. It never snowed where I lived and we didn't have a fireplace so I was quite concerned about how Santa would bring us our presents. My dad said Santa knew about houses like ours and would let himself in a door or window!

The real neat part of Christmas was my Christmas stocking. After we children went to bed it was next to impossible to fall asleep. It seemed like it had been hours and I was still wide awake. Santa couldn't visit until everyone was asleep. Somehow I was waking up and it was barely morning and there was a heavy lump at my feet. It was my Christmas stocking. Candy, an orange, darling little toys, a manicure kit in a zipper case and a silver dollar! All came tumbling out onto my blanket. This was the very best part of Christmas for little Nancy.

Nancy Mathes



When I was seven years old I remember Christmas as a time when everybody was busy buying gifts and preparing for Christmas dinner. The Christmas tree man would come to a vacant lot with his truck full of green trees. Mom and Dad and us kids would all troop down to pick a perfect tree. We lived on the prairie and the only green trees were those planted in yards. Our local trees were cottonwood along the Milk River. Usually there was snow and we put the tree on a sled and hauled it home.

My Dad was a pharmacist and owned the Valley Drug in a small town in northeastern Montana. The store was an exciting place at Christmas with special merchandise ordered for the holidays. The store was decorated and smelled so good with boxes of candy, Evening in Paris and Cody and special orders of fine china and crystal.

I remember watching the train come thru town blowing its lonely whistle and telling my folks I

would sure like a train. I was reminded that these were depression years and toy trains were expensive so not to expect it, but I thought I might ask Santa Claus anyway.

On Christmas Eve Mom would make egg nog and invite friends, teachers and customers. In the morning my brother and sister and I ran out to see what presents were under the tree. I noticed there was no train but really had not expected one.

After breakfast and church my Dad took my brother and I for a walk. Our boots crunched in the dry prairie snow and little breaths of steam came out of our mouths muffled up in scarfs. We ended up in the basement of the drug store. There on a platform was a wonderful Lionel train with a sound just like the trains that went thru town. I understand my Dad and a good friend had set it up several nights before and had enjoyed playing with it.

I have that train today and treasure the memories. My own children have enjoyed it. It was a good investment. If my Dad thought it was expensive then he should see what it is worth today.

Bill Losleben



At Christmas time our family always went to relatives or friends who lived in the country and had the usual trees on their land. There we searched for the perfect tree to take home and decorate. There were few decorations left over from my grandparents' time but we added paper chains and strings of popcorn. Lacking new red and green paper, we cut up the colored pages from old Montgomery Ward catalogs. My mother made a paste from flour and water. She also grew popcorn in her big vegetable garden which we popped for the decorations as well as eating much of it.

My most vivid recollection of a Christmas morning was one when my brother was three and I was eight years old. Our mother and father woke us and said, "Come see what Santa left." No longer a believer, I humored my brother by hurrying along to the tree. There was the cutest, curly haired, Collie puppy wriggling with happy energy! Believing my parents had not bought a dog, an expensive thing to feed during the depression, I blurted out,

"Did Santa really. . .!" That dog, Nicholas (Nick for short, Nicodemus when bad) was our wonderful companion for thirteen years. He swam in the gravel

pit with us, followed us on our bikes, and went to the ocean beach with us on our family's yearly vacation. Grown, he was a beautiful long haired, red Collie with a dazzling white chest.

Tove Burhen



A CHRISTMAS STORY

Dolores Schroeder

My grandfather was a logger all his life and his language was as rough as a tree trunk, sometimes, but we children knew that he was a kind man. We never knew grandmother; she died young, when his seventh child was only five, and he never married again. No time, I guess. He ploughed his land with his horse, Queenie, and between the two of them and Bossy, a black and white Holstein cow, they kept a pretty nice garden and house, and it was a good thing because there were a lot of mouths to feed - especially during the depression.

Queenie died one day. Grandfather said she died of a broken heart because Bossy was sold and she was alone in the five acres.

One Christmas in the '30's, I remember it being especially cold. We had no money for Christmas presents, so Mother went through the rag bag to find scraps to make doll clothes for my doll. She made a wardrobe - a red dress with lace, a green dress with stripes, a pair of white flannel pajamas, a nice warm wool coat and hat to match - and for a chest to put them in, she covered a wooden orange box. She padded the inside with cotton and covered it with a green print material. The top, unhinged, lifted off. I can't remember what anyone else got, but for me it was the best Christmas ever.

We always had an old-fashioned fir tree set up in the dining room, and it was always cut from our own land. We tried to get one that was as high as the ceiling to put into Grandfather's hand-made stand. We girls did the decorating. One time I put the old clip-on candle holders on the tree just to see the effect, but usually we used a string of lights. It was an old string, the kind with different-shaped lights - a Santa Claus, birds, and the cluster of grapes I remember best. All the old ornaments were from Germany and when we would dig them out of the box (which was kept in the attic 'til Christmas), we had fun rediscovering our favorite fragile shiny ones with different shapes and colors.

Mother did a lot of canning, so we always had plenty of food. We kept the root cellar stored with apples and potatoes and squash. When we had Bossy, we kept big milk pans down there on shelves. Mother would skim off the cream for whipping and churning into butter, which was my usual Saturday job.

On Christmas, there were good smells from our "Big Chief" black wood stove in the kitchen. Once we had a goose in the oven. It was probably the one we had tied to the walnut tree in the front yard all fall, but we never saw the killing. Chickens were another story. We had seen Grandfather chop their heads off one evening, and they would flap around the yard until we could dress them out.

Along with the goose we had a big kettle of mashed potatoe, some of Mom's canned beans, canned applesauce, homemade bread, cinnamon rolls with homemade butter and jam. Dessert would be different kinds of pies - cherry from our own pie cherry tree, or apple with good cheese. Sometimes we had homemade ice cream, but always there were lots of candies - old fashioned chocolate drops and Christmas hard candies.

Of course, since it was the depression, many family members lived with us. When others came, Grandfather took blankets and a lantern to the barn, and we children got to sleep where we could see the stars and moon through the old barn roof.

We had good times playing cards, and even the chores - like doing the dishes together with my aunt or bringing wood up to the wood box from the dark basement- was fun. One time one of us kids forgot to bring wood up for the morning fire and had to get up, get dressed and do it. It was scary late at night to go down there to the bottom of the stairs just in front of the basement of the house. Sometimes a black cat would dart out of the basement door if w had not closed it tight.

When we were all seated around the round-now oval - table because the leaves were in, we made quite a big family, even though Grandmother was not there. Grandfather sat at the head of the table and my mother, his eldest, sat at the other end. I never realized we were poor then, and now, I wish I could go back for just one day to those old times - to the love, laughter, fun, play, holidays - to the old way of life.



I REMEMBER

By Ray Burhen

I remember that our parents had to be creative in explaining Santa Claus and how he came into our house. In the Midwest everyone heated with natural gas so Santa Claus was not able to find a chimney. Our stockings were hung on the backs of dining room chairs placed in a semicircle around the tree. On Christmas morning, as we ran by the front door going to the tree, we could see that the door was ajar, which was proof that Santa had been there and had left the door ajar in his scurrying out to hurry to the next house.

Our main gift was usually a new set of school clothes that had to last for the year. Our Christmases were pretty much traditional with church services on Christmas Eve and opening gifts on Christmas morning.

I was thirteen years old on my first Christmas in the Northwest. Although we had a fireplace, by then Santa getting in was a non-issue. Wool, "Black Bear," plaid shirts were a rare item for us at that time but I got one for Christmas and it was a real treat. I still have it and it is still in good shape.

Our gifts were usually utilitarian. When I was fourteen, my request was for a three to four-foot Simonds "Royal Chinook" cross cut saw. I wanted a saw of my own to cut wood with. My wish was granted. I had picked it out at Chester Coulter's store on 1st Avenue in Seattle. His store was in the block just south of the large Sears store. He had all sorts of good stuff. He was the Ford tractor dealer, also selling the Wade dragsaws, Young Iron Works "blocks" cable, Collins axes and brush hooks, Ducrest water wheels, Willamette Iron Works double drums, and all sizes of hand and horse powered stump pullers.

Another very memorable Christmastime, was when I was seventeen and going to a Navy school south of Denver, Colorado. Leave started three days before Christmas. During the War, if you had any luck at all, you could make better time hitch hiking rather than trying to catch a bus or train. People were generally pretty good about giving GI's a ride and if you made a little extra effort, you could get a ride with a freight truck that would keep you moving all night.

The first night I ended up in Vernal, Utah. The snow was very deep and nothing was moving. Vernal's business area was no bigger than downtown Duvall. By midnight there were six or seven of us

servicemen stuck there. I believe the one and only little restaurant there had the Christmas spirit and stayed open all night for us. We had a place to get in out of the cold and have something to eat. We decided to build a snowman. The bottom ball was as big as all of us could move and it ended up in the center of the main intersection right under the blinker light. It was all we could do to lift the next section to the top of the big ball. Although the police patrolled by once or twice, they ignored our activities.

The next morning we were able to get out of town. After a number of harrowing experiences on slick, cold, snowy roads, I got home in Seattle about 9 o'clock Christmas morning. Getting home for a wonderful Christmas made all of the effort worthwhile.



Christmases of Long Ago and Far Away

Like most kids, Christmas was my favorite holiday when I was growing up on a farm in Minnesota. Our family always opened our gifts on Christmas Eve, which presented some problems for Santa's secret delivery, I'm sure. After supper, us kids were all ushered into a room apart from the tree. When the door was closed, we all began singing Christmas carols as we awaited the signal (ringing bells) that Santa had finished his delivery. When we heard the bells, we rushed through the door and madly began opening our gifts. We had a large family and our parents didn't have a lot of money, so we usually got one toy and a couple of necessities like clothes (which didn't count as gifts).

I remember visiting our wealthier cousins the day after Christmas and seeing the piles of gifts under their tree. I just couldn't believe that Santa had been so generous with them.

One year, shortly after I started to doubt that there really was a Santa, I saw him sneaking past a window. There was no doubt he was the real thing. It took me a couple more years to renew my doubts. This happened when I happened to look under my mother's bed shortly before Christmas, and saw a doll. When I got that doll on Christmas Eve, I knew for sure that Santa was a farce, but I never could understand how I really saw him that one Christmas Eve.

I had another memorable Christmas Eve twenty

years later as an adult. Dennis and I were married and living in Holland with our 1 year old daughter, Jacquie. We spent Christmas Eve, as travelers, in a pension in Rothenberg, Germany, a beautiful medieval town. It was a small, family owned inn and we arrived around 6 p.m. A tiny Christmas tree surrounded by sweet treats and fruit awaited us in our room, but we had to await our dinner until the extended family finished their Christmas Eve family dinner which continued late into the evening. In spite of their hospitality, we felt like great outsiders and I have never felt as lonely as on that Christmas Eve. Since then, I have never wanted to be away from home for Christmas.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

The Duvall Historical Society is very grateful to the Frontier Bank for copying the Wagon Wheel monthly newsletter. The Bank also displays historical photos from our collection and the excellent carving of the Black Prince sternwheeler that once ran the Snoqualmie River.

Classes from Cherry Valley Elementary School recently toured the Dougherty House. Other groups who would like to see the Landmark House and hear the stories of Duvall's past, may call 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266. The Historical Society also has a treasure box of artifacts to lend to classes or will send someone to give a talk on Duvall's history.

Regular meetings of the Duvall Historical Society are held at the Dougherty Farmhouse on the first Mondays at 7:30 pm.

The Society has published 6 books on local history, the latest a reprint of Ralph Taylor's charming autobiography, Duvall Immigrant. New material has been added with photos and writings from Taylor's paintings. Books are available at the Duvall Book Store, Duvall Drug Store, or from Society members. They are also donated to the Duvall library and area schools.

DUVALL IMMIGRANT REPRINTED

Ralph Taylor's autobiographical story was first printed in 1977. His fascinating story of his life in Poole, England, and of the move with his family in 1913 to Duvall by ship and by rail soon sold all copies and was out of print for two decades.

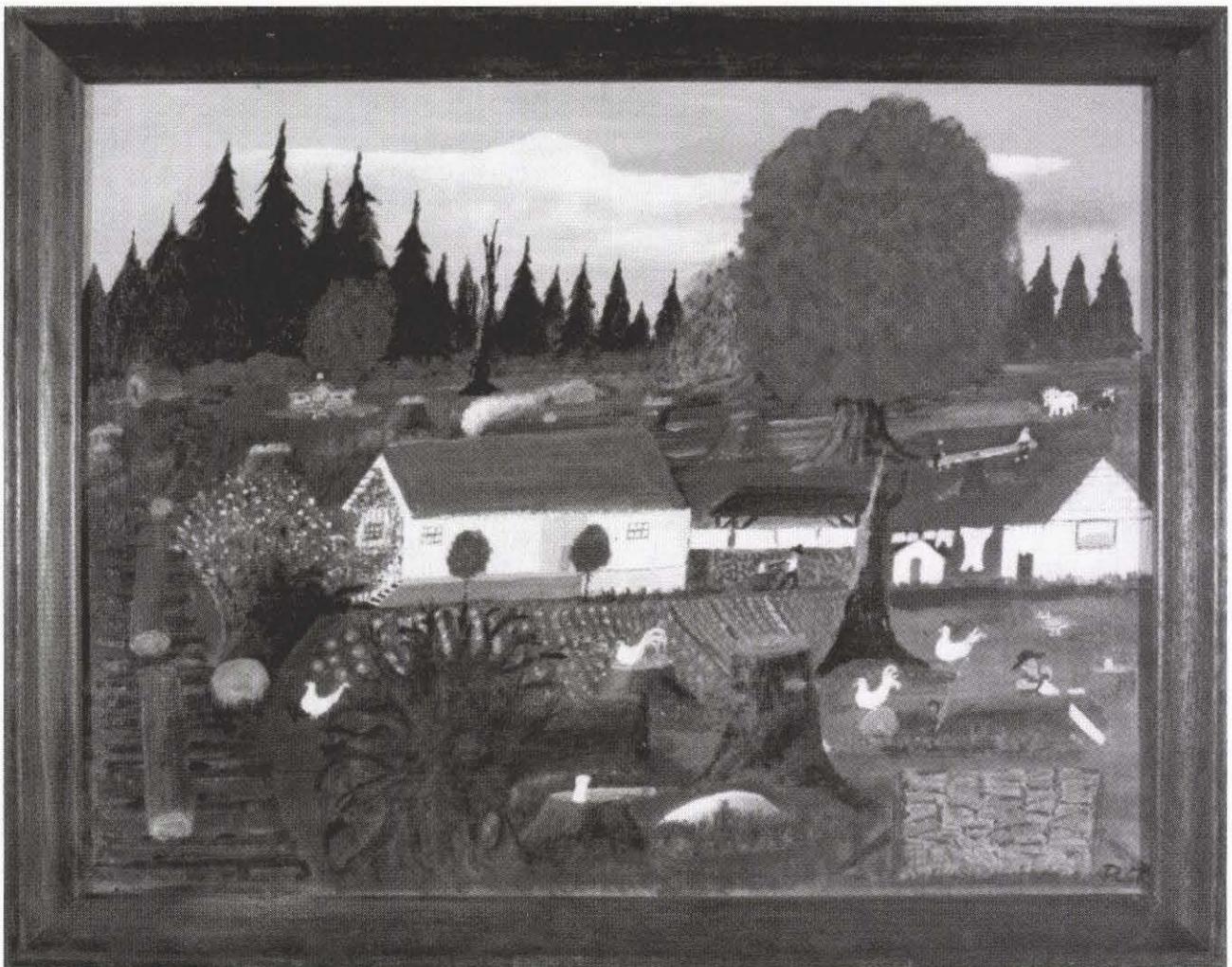
The Duvall Historical Society decided that more people would be interested in reading about life in Duvall from 1913 to 1980 and arranged for a reprinting.

Since Ralph's paintings also show historic Duvall, the Society has added a chapter with photos of his paintings, and includes the descriptive anecdotes he wrote on the back of each painting. Ralph wrote with a good, gentle humor that brings the old days to

life in our imaginations.

For a boy of ten, the trip was a big adventure, his only disappointment was the lack of cowboys and Indians in the "wild west." For his parents it must have been an anxious move with many challenges, even though they were met by relatives already in Duvall. They adapted to their new surroundings and Duvall became the place Ralph always felt was home.

In 1976, Duvall, with the rest of the nation, celebrated the bicentennial of the creation of the United States of America. At that time, Ralph Taylor took part in the beginnings of the Society, at first called Duvall Historical and Old Stuff Society. Although



"Taylor Home"

always bringing a smile to those making acquaintance of the group, the "Old Stuff" was finally dropped from the name.

The members of our group admire and are thankful for the work the original group did both in beginning the Wagon Wheel newsletter publication and for accomplishing the first big steps on the preservation of the Dougherty House. Many of those members are gone but we honor them in our publications and as we do Ralph Taylor, who died in 1989, in this reprint of his *Duvall Immigrant*.

The Duvall Historical Society wishes to thank the Duvall Book Store for their keeping the Society's publications where the public can purchase them. They have helped the Society in funding each new local history book.

The Duvall Frontier Bank has been very generous in making copies of the Duvall Historical Society's newsletter. Members and subscribers enjoy the monthly stories that eventually become a Wagon Wheel local history book.



AN EARLY BIG ROCK ROAD FARM



This photo of the William and Camilla Smith farm on the Big Rock Road in the 1920's shows their three sons, Bill, Ernest, and Jack. The Smiths raised pigs and chickens see here against the backdrop of blackened stumps. At that time, the Big Rock Road, as other local roads, was graveled and led to early stump ranches in the area. Janet Wolfheim of Carnation, daughter of Ernest, loaned the photo to the Duvall Historical society. She said it was difficult to point out the farm site now due to all the new development.



OH, HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED - OR HAVE THEY?

Ray Burhen

In the early 1950's, I had a small sawmill in the area, and naturally I had to haul the lumber out of the Valley. Most of our lumber went to a dry kiln in Seattle that was on the south side of the ship canal on West Nickerson St. The kiln and planing mill are long gone and the site now is the home of the gym for Seattle Pacific College.

I hauled most of the lumber on a G.I. GMC tandem axle truck that I had bought war-surplus after I had been discharged from the Navy after WWII. It was a good truck, but in today's standards it wasn't too great. In comparison to today's standards the trucks had a lot less power, and the brakes were marginal in their braking capacity when heavily loaded, and the loads carried (weight wise), were comparable to those that are carried today. You had to drive accordingly and not get caught in situations where you had to "stop on a dime." Fortunately the traffic was nothing like we have today.

Our standard running time into the dry kiln was right on two hours for the approximately 30-mile run, either going around the north end of Lake Washington, or from Stillwater, going down to old # 10 highway, now I-90, and over the floating bridge. I was pushing hard all the way, no stops. On all the long grades I would be about 20 minutes grinding up the hill, this included Ring Hill pulling out of Duvall, and the hill from Lake Forest Park up to Lake City when going around the north end. On the south end run we would be fairly slow and down in the gears from Fall City to Preston and from Issaquah to Eastgate was a good 20 minute pull.

On several occasions, I would be going out of Duvall about lunch time with a load, and my brother would be going to town in the car. Rather than my stopping for lunch, my brother would go to Blossom Brown's restaurant in Duvall at Main and Virginia Sts., and get hamburgers. He would catch up to me going up Ring Hill and when we came to the first straight stretch near the top he would start around me. I would keep my foot on the throttle but get

out on the running board and reach over to the car and he would hand my lunch to me and then go on around me. You may think that we were foolhardy but that was not the case at all. We never saw another car coming where he had to drop back. Can you imagine doing that today or taking 20 minutes pulling Ring Hill? Today, by the time you got to the top, traffic would be backed up clear to the light at Duvall. As slow as we were pulling from Fall City to Preston, going that slow today traffic would be backed up half way to Fall City by the time we got to Preston.

No. 10 Highway went to 4 lanes west of Issaquah so I didn't back up traffic on to Seattle, but there was hardly any traffic anyway. I have gone from Stillwater to Mercer Island in the middle of the night, which took over an hour, and never had a car pass me, and it wasn't because of my speed! I never saw a car in either direction. That wouldn't happen today.

The Bothell Highway was four-lane to Seattle, the same road as we have today. Many times I would be going up the long hill between Lake Forest Park and Lake City around 7:00 am, during the rush hour and the cars would be going by but there wasn't enough traffic to create any back up.

Duvall, Carnation and Fall City were still bucolic little country towns and the Valley was full of dairies, and also lots of peas were raised for the canneries, and there was a lot of logging still going on. It was a different life style and a different world. Traffic now is about 30 times heavier than it was in the early fifties. Now with the large increase in traffic, what has changed with the roads?

The Woodinville-Duvall Rd. is still basically the same as it was over 50 years ago, until you start down Wellington Hill to Woodinville, close to the White Stallion and the Arco gas station. One small change is that the road was straightened at the White Stallion, taking that big curve out. The only other changes have been to add traffic lights and other safety improvements. Otherwise, it is the same

two-lane road today with no increase in capacity. No wonder that we have traffic congestion and backups.

Old State Highway 15-B now SR-203 has hardly changed between Duvall and Fall City, and the county road between Fall City and Preston is practically the same. The only change there is that they changed the grade and the curve and put in a new bridge at Paradise. The old Paradise Bridge and tavern are just south of where the high railroad trestle crossed the road. The trestle is gone and the old railroad grade is now a trail. The road has been re-black topped, surfacing the old concrete highway but no new capacity added, just much more traffic.

SR 203 between Duvall and Fall City has had a number of safety changes but no new capacity. We

have the new round-about at 124th St., the turn lanes have been added at the Fay Road and at Stillwater, several years ago the curve at Chase Morris' (just north of Carnation) was improved, quite a few years ago a new bridge was put over the Tolt River, the intersection at Fall City was improved when the new bridge across the Snoqualmie River was built, and Fall City, Carnation, and Duvall had to give up their angle parking.

The only major changes to SR-203 in over 50 years was north of Duvall in Snohomish County. In Snohomish County the road ran along the edge of the valley. It was twisty, curvy, tilted, up and down and around. It was pretty bad, it was a slow road at best and with a high load you had to slow down even



The author with his war-surplus Command Car used around the mill. With a winch and a boom, it could move heavy loads.

more. When the road got to the High Rock Road, it went over through the Reformatory Farm and by the old Tualco school hall. From the High Rock Road to Monroe, the turns were all flat and ninety-degrees. It was difficult for trucks pulling trailers to stay on their side of the road on those sharp turns. Also, the old iron bridge over the Skykomish River has been replaced, fortunately. There are stories of log trucks scraping the sides of the old bridge. A Duvall-Carnation area log hauler named "Tiny" Little took the credit for cracking the commemoration plaque on the south end of the bridge. He had a swell-butted log that was loaded butt first and was the first log on the outside. His story was that he got shook a bit when the log hit the end of the bridge but he kept on going. It's a wonder that he didn't spill his load of logs.

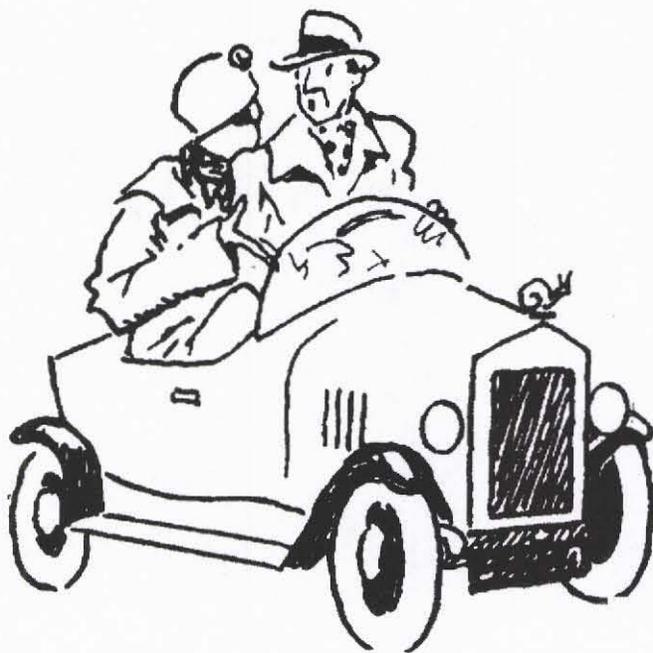
There were some characters over the years! Now the road is a nice, fairly straight, speedy road to Monroe

Now SR-203 and the Woodinville Duvall Road have become by-pass routes for I-405 and 522, only adding to our local increased traffic. Many changes

have occurred over many years. We have changed from bucolic little country towns to semi suburban areas but we have seen no traffic capacity increase to keep pace with the change. No wonder you have to wait in traffic for a long time, especially when coming home to the Valley when it's flooded. Hopefully, things can change in the future for the better so that roads will accommodate the traffic and commuting will be more enjoyable.

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies of our Wagon Wheel Newsletter and exhibiting photographs.

The Duvall Historical Society meets first Mondays of the month at 7:30 pm at the Dougherty House



TWO SPECIAL BIRTHDAYS OF 2005

Two of our well-loved citizens were honored by the City of Duvall with these proclamations read at the March 24th City Council Meeting. The Duvall Historical Society wishes them a very Happy Birthday!

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, 99 years ago on July 3, 1906, Dorothy Worden was born; and

WHEREAS, Dorothy Worden moved to the Duvall in the 1940's; and

WHEREAS, Dorothy Worden, along with her partner, had a nursery on Novelty Hill specializing in native plants, especially rhododendrons and azaleas; and

WHEREAS, Dorothy Worden's business and civic involvement in the Snoqualmie Valley helped make the Valley a wonderful place to live;

NOW THEREFORE, this proclamation is to honor long-time Duvall resident Dorothy Worden who will be celebrating her 99th birthday this year. The City extends its congratulations and best wishes to Dorothy Worden.

Dated this 24th day of March 2005.

Signed:



Jeffrey Possinger, Mayor Pro-Tem

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, 100 years ago on April 30th 1905, Margaret McCormick was born; and

WHEREAS, Mrs. McCormick, the youngest of 4 sisters graduated from Everett High School in 1923 and from Bellingham Normal College in 1925; and

WHEREAS, in 1925 Mrs. McCormick came to the Snoqualmie Valley to first teach at Mount Forest School on the west side of the Snoqualmie Valley; and

WHEREAS, Mrs. McCormick returned to the Snoqualmie Valley in 1937 to teach in Duvall, where she taught for many years, retiring in 1970; and

WHEREAS, Mrs. McCormick married Bill McCormick and had a son, Peter, and a daughter, Alice; and

WHEREAS, Mrs. McCormick was active in the Duvall Civic Club, the Altar Society of the Catholic Church, and served on the board of the Sno Valley Senior Center and still does telephone duty for them; and

WHEREAS, Mrs. McCormick filled a valuable role in the Snoqualmie Valley as a community member through her teaching, her children, and her volunteer efforts; and

WHEREAS, the City of Duvall recognizes Margaret McCormick will be turning 100 years old on April 30, 2005;

NOW THEREFORE, this proclamation is to honor Duvall resident Margaret McCormick who will be celebrating her 100th birthday this year. The City extends its congratulations and best wishes to Margaret McCormick.

Dated this 24th day of March 2005.

Signed:



Jeffrey Possinger, Mayor Pro-Tem

The Duvall Historical Society thanks Frontier Bank for copies of the Wagon Wheel and for displaying our photos and artifacts.

THREE VISITORS

The Duvall Historical Society has especially enjoyed the last three monthly meetings when representatives of other local organizations have come to tell us of the history of their groups.

In February, Lee Green, long time member and former president of the Duvall Civic Club, shared memories of that group. In 1929 a group of women decided the town needed a lending library and began one with donations and books they bought. After holding a library in a downtown building, a small building was built with scrapped lumber and is still a part of the present library. The Civic Club was instrumental in helping the City to create a large addition with the lower level meeting room named after a much admired former librarian, Rose Norenburg. Besides its many activities helping school libraries, special needs at holiday times, yearly scholarships to high school graduates, and many other bequests, the Civic Club sponsors many library activities and is a Friend of the Library organization. The main fundraiser, a spring garden show and sale, has lately been augmented by art and crafts by local artists. Holiday bake sales by the great cooks in the group add to the profits which go to help the library and other local needs.

In March, Laura Ritter spent the evening with us reminiscing about the history of the business associations. She and her husband Ted became involved in creating such a group soon after they came to Duvall. She had researched that the banker C. Beadon Hall had organized a Chamber of Commerce in 1935. In 1960, a Commercial Club was formed. In 1962, Duvall's 50th birthday, they worked at making the boat ramp at Taylor's Landing, so named because Ralph Taylor acquired the land, gave it to the City and worked for years to get permission for the railroad crossing to the park. In 1980, the Duvall Businessmen's Association became active and a few years later held a big gathering of citizens who brainstormed on a comprehensive vision of how the city could preserve, change, or grow in ways to best benefit its citizens. Ray and Tove Burhen remem-

bered that meeting vividly. Ted and Laura have been a great help to the community. Ray remembered the long hours spent by the Planning Commission, on which Laura also served, to take the place of a City Planner when the City couldn't afford to pay one. In 1995, when the Association decided to become an affiliated Chamber of Commerce, Ray and Tove raced the application down to the Secretary of State's office to beat a rump group who wanted to usurp the title.

In April, Rose Brock entertained the Historical Society meeting with stories about the Cherry Gardens Horticultural Club. This group was an offshoot of the Cherry Garden Club which had been formed in 1916 and own the community used building on Cherry Valley Road. This group is also appreciated for bringing in telephone lines. In 1981, Rose's parents Lena and Al Smith attended a flower show in Sultan and wanted to do the same in Duvall. Rose claims she has a "brown thumb" and only wanted the flower show not the horticultural club that she has been associated with all these years. But other members have wanted to garden, share seeds and plants. Their activities have included the Plant Exchange in May, helping with the Dougherty House yard when the Historical Society was first establishing the landmark farmhouse, having farm and garden tours, planting azaleas, rhododendrons, and other plants at the City entrances, garden therapy for seniors, food baskets for Valley residents, interacted with the high school horticultural group, and finally had that flower show Rose waited for. The club has also joined other horticultural organizations: East Lake Washington, Washington Federation, Seattle, Pacific Region, and the National Council of Garden Clubs. The group's annual fundraiser is a quilt raffle. The quilts have been hand pieced and embroidered although today there are only four quilters left to do the work.

We appreciated our visitors and their fond remembrances and laughed at some of the more funny aspects of long time work in volunteer groups.

FLAGS FLY OVER DUVALL

By Ray Burhen

As I was driving through Duvall on a nice, bright sunny day on the Memorial Day weekend, I couldn't help noticing what a nice appearing little city we have. What set it off, that really made it look special were all of the American flags that were gently waving. I remembered how it began. These things usually don't happen by accident. About ten years ago the Chamber of Commerce was looking at ideas to brighten the City. Getting and flying flags for the holidays appeared to be a doable idea so the City was contacted and was interested if the Chamber came up with the flags. It was concluded that the American Legion would be the best source of knowledge for finding out where to get a quantity of flags and prices. We knew that Bill Losleben was active in the Legion so I called him to see if they could help to provide some information on the flag plan. I told him we needed about 28 flags and could they provide us information on where to get them and how much they would cost.

You know that when you do things by committee

that you have to get all the details together, including price, go back to the committee at the next meeting, discuss the details, and after several weeks, something might get accomplished.

The next day Bill called me and said, "Where do you want the flags delivered?" I hadn't gotten approval from the board to buy flags so I thought maybe I was buying 28 flags. I asked Bill what we owed the Legion for the flags and he said they were happy to provide the flags to Duvall to fly on the holidays! The community owes a big thank you to the Chamber, Bill Losleben and the Lower Sno-Valley American Legion for starting this wonderful tradition.

Now we also owe thanks to the City and their maintenance crew for ensuring that this tradition will continue for a long time. After Memorial Day I talked to Jerry Marlette and he said that the original flags were getting pretty faded and were being retired and that this summer they were flying a new set of flags. The tradition carries on!

A SECRET REVEALED OVER A LONG-AGO PARADE

By Ray Burhen

Several days before Duvall Days, we always have a flurry of activity coming up with signs for the Historical Society floats. Some years its quite simple - just go dig out the signs from last year. But a few years ago that was not the case. As we were digging out this year's signs, I got to thinking what we did one parade more than twenty years ago. (I can tell the story now, I think.)

The Society decided to have all the elderly/senior citizens in town ride in the parade. We had six cars and vans in the parade. Each vehicle had a sign three feet wide and as long as the vehicle, with signs on each side with the names of each person in that car. That was a lot of paper. Many times we had used butcher paper, but it really wasn't strong. It

could tear pretty easily, especially if it got wet. We were always looking for something better if possible.

I worked at Boeing at that time and was working on a fairly large weapon system proposal. Computers and related systems in many instances left a lot to be desired. We had to submit the Master Schedule and all related critical activities on a computer generated (printer plotter) functional flow, logic diagram printout. This end product printout was three feet wide and about 15 to 18 feet long. We gave the two computer geeks the input but they were forever in getting a good run. Either their system would have internal errors so the printout was not useable or the printer plotter would belch and we had another 18 feet of junk data. The computer turned out copious

quantities of erroneous paper that was not fit for our proposal submittal. The paper itself was of excellent quality, much better than any of the butcher paper that we normally used for our Duvall Days signs.

Normally we would have garbaged these bad runs but these runs were a little different. This program, and all the generated data, was classified "secret." Normally this working data would have gone to security, every sheet logged and accounted for, entered in the formal hand receipt record system. It was a big pain, but security people themselves could even be a bigger pain to deal with because of having to account for this big deluge of junk paper. This whole baby was mine; I was usually the last to leave at night, my car was normally parked just outside the door, so this junk ended up at home in the fire. Except for one time.

Now for the rest of the story. Gary Kelley, a lifelong resident of the area and Duvall, was an Air Force Officer at the time and was stationed/assigned to Boeing as the Air Force Plant Representative for another very large classified weapon system. Gary had volunteered his van to be in the parade for the



Historical Society. Naturally, his van, along with the other five cars needed big signs. The backside of the computer paper was excellent for this purpose. No one knew where this paper came from, including Gary.

I talked to Gary at this year's Duvall Days and told him that once he had paraded sensitive classified secret military data down Main Street years ago. We conjectured what a juicy story the newspapers could have made of it. Their story could have read: "Gary Kelley, a highly respected and longtime resident of Duvall and also an Air Force Officer, currently stationed at the Boeing Company at Kent, Washington

as the Air Force Plant Representative on a highly classified Air force weapon system, is implicated in a major security breach of highly classified military data. He paraded the Master Program Schedule and all related critical milestones of a proposed major military system down the Main Street of Duvall in broad daylight". I will have to say that the junk paper sure made good parade signs. I guess after nearly 25 years the story of where the paper came from and Gary parading it down Main Street can be told. It was news to Gary; we had a good laugh, and it brought back memories of a past successful Duvall Days.



DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY RIDES AGAIN

Tove Burhen

In this year's Duvall Day's parade, always-reliable Russ Galusha brought his four miniature mules pulling the wagon where four members of the Society rode having a quilting bee. Ruth Bellamy brought her old-fashioned caps for Mary Lampson, Kathleen Williams, Tove Burhen and herself to wear. The members also wore period costumes. Jill Galusha was outrider on her fine black horse. In spite of the cloudy day, there was a large crowd for the great parade which had several bands, floats, horse riders, and bagpipers.

Following the parade, Kimberly Engelkes, Kathleen and Don Williams led children's sack races in McCormick Park where vendors and organizations had tents. Nancy Stevens, Ward Roney, Eric Benjamin, Ray and Tove Burhen hosted a photo exhibit and sold Historical Society books at the Depot. Also at the Depot Ryan Jenkins coordinated a history of churches in Duvall and displayed Ralph Taylor's painting of the Black Prince steamboat passing the old swing bridge.



THE GAINER-HILLIER FAMILY

(From notes left by Gladys Gainer Wallace Cathcart Parker,
shared with the Historical Society by her grandson Jim Wallace)

William Gainer, my grandfather, married Sara Eleanor Buck and they lived in Minden, Ontario, Canada. He was commissioner of Sheffield County, Ontario, and also farmed and had lumber mills. He was quite a politician and when electioneering he rode around in a wagon handing out raw oysters to housewives with his speeches. They moved to Snohomish about 1890 but their son Bert, who was born October 26, 1870, remained in Canada for some time. Grandpa Gainer and the younger boys engaged in lumbering and had tug boats on the Snohomish River and out of Everett. They hauled large booms of logs to the many saw-mills in the area. I've heard that they were a hard fighting and drinking bunch, typical Irish, wonderful friends and tough enemies.

When Bert was 17 he had run away from home and joined a river crew of French Canadian loggers and became an expert riverman. He could do wonders in a canoe and always owned one or two. He could swim like a fish and stay under water for long distances. I think he led a charmed life from the stories he told his sister Eileen.

He did have a near death from drowning and his father and friends had to keep up mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for a long period of time until he could breathe on his own. Later he had a ruptured appendix and the doctor rode horseback 60 miles to operate on him on the large kitchen table. With 11 inches of gangrenous bowel removed he was thought to be a "goner" this time. He did recover slowly but the stitches broke leaving a partially open incision, which he carried for the rest of this life. He refused to have surgery and wore a truss to protect it.

After this episode, his father felt he was too weak for heavy work and sent him to Toronto to the Canadian Horological College where he learned to be a watchmaker and jeweler. He graduated with honors and became a clock and watchmaker for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Watch makers in those days had to hand make all parts and time them to the split second for the railroad.

Bert's father and brothers kept coaxing him to join them in Snohomish. He finally did after the death of his younger brother Raymond. He entered the tug boat business with Stuart, Roland, and Howard. They also ran a hunting and guide service business. Bert's hobbies included card tricks, gambling, and birling (log rolling). He won so many birling contests that he was kept out of the competition so other young men could have a chance. He was known for his excellent marksmanship.

I once asked Dad how he came to meet Mamma. He said, "Her father was doing some work on a mill for my father and I was sent to their home to deliver a message to her father, Mr. Hillier. I tied my horse to the fence and as I heard the Hillier's daughter Myra was sweet and attractive, I wanted to impress her. Although there was a gate, I vaulted over the fence." Evidently she was impressed as they married in 1893 when she was 18 and he was 23.

Myra's parents were Sarah Jane Clark and Thomas Raymond Dodd Hillier. They lived in Minden, Ontario, where Sarah was called the "Jenny Lind of Ontario" as she had a lovely soprano voice and appeared throughout the province in many musical events. In 1889, they moved to Bellingham where he and his brother Will Hillier were carpenters designing as well as building many businesses and homes including the Fairhaven Hotel, quite a showplace in its day. In Duvall, later, they built the Duvall Hotel behind the library.

In 1890 a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever hit the area and hundreds died. Among them was Sarah at 40 years old. Myra was left at 15 years old to raise three little brothers, Norman, Ancil, and Seymor. They all loved their "Mother-Sister" very much and did what they could to make her mother role an easy one. Their father was very stern and did not understand the burden upon them. He thought that anything that was fun was considered evil. A piano was never an instrument for artistic development. It was only an instrument of the devil as it was played in honkytonks and bawdy houses. Our wonder-

ful mother, though, gave up many luxuries so her children could have the music education she herself was denied. She was our inspiration, comforter and dearest friend. Her tender memory lives on.

I remember my Grandpa Tom as he lived in our home for a time. He was a very handsome man with the blue eyes and curly light brown hair of his early French (deHillier) and Welch ancestors. Thomas Hillier was killed in a mill accident in Aberdeen, Washington, while rebuilding a drying kiln about 1920.

My father, Bert, and I were great pals. He was a good companion and had a way of making things interesting and exciting. He always took time to explain about whatever he was doing. I was curious about everything and asked a lot of questions which he always answered sometimes with a joke. We had wonderful camping, canoeing, and hiking trips together. He loved music and could play the organ, harmonica, and sing. He knew many old Irish songs and could dance their happy jigs and step dance. Three of his favorite songs were "Killarney," "Kerry Dancers," and "the Irish Rover." He made up a song, "Oh, George, the Boat's Tipping Over" which he sang to his grand and great grand children in turn. We always laugh when we talk of him; feels good to remember his happy ways. While operating the Duvall Hotel he had his businesses: watch repair, jewelry, taxidermy, etc. in the front portion of the hotel. This section was designed for commercial use and had shops with large store-front windows. When times became tough, he tore the front part of the building off and sold the lumber. He was also Duvall's town marshal for a time and gained notoriety during the Duvall bank robbery of 1915 when he shot one of the robbers swimming the river.

(Jim Wallace adds this about Bert and Myra's five children.)

Hazel May, born 1895, married Charles Boyd of Duvall (Boyd's General Store, located where the Used Book Store is). She became an accomplished pianist and organist and played in many theaters in the Seattle, Bellingham areas for silent films and vaudeville acts. Merle Eileen, born in 1897, played the violin; and Wilbert (Whitey) Manville played the trombone. Raymond Ancil was born in 1901; he died in early childhood. Gladys Roslyn was born in 1904 and married James Q. Wallace from 1922 to 1929 and had one son James W. Wallace. She then

married Darreld W. Cathcart from 1930 to 1939 and had a daughter Carol Ann. She eventually met and married Clifton I. Parker in 1952 and they resided in Mt. Vernon. She received her music diploma from Ellison-White Conservatory in Portland, Oregon, and was a vocal soloist and organist for many churches, clubs, etc. She taught piano theory and harmony for many years and was a member of the Washington State and National Music Teachers Association.

Gladys passed away January 21, 1999, at Skagit Valley Hospital in Mount Vernon, Washington. She is survived by her husband Cliff, son James, grandchildren and great grandchildren.



GLADYS IN 1994 AT AGE 90

JAMES WALLACE L, Q, OW, AND N

(From interviews with James N. Wallace)

In 1889, James L. Wallace went to Skagway during the Klondike Gold Rush. He made a fortune but spent it lavishly so went a second time. He came out on his last trip with \$10,000 in gold. When he returned to Cle Elum in Washington State, he married Ella Sasse. He had known her since childhood and courted her between trips to Alaska. They moved to Monroe in 1901, where James had a saloon and was a dealer for Mitchell cars. About 1906, they built and operated the Valley House, which was along the Snoqualmie River at the mouth of Cherry Creek, just north of present Duvall.

Later when they were farming, Ella was very well known, and it was said that at noon she always set a table for 12, expecting guests who enjoyed her fine cooking.

James and his cousin Louis Speaker, who married Ella's sister Alma, built the Forest Inn in Duvall. In 1910, while it was being built, they lived in tents and built a small building next to it so that they could immediately begin the sale of alcoholic beverages. This little building lasted a long time becoming a meat market. The Forest Inn had a lobby, a restaurant and a saloon on the first floor. Ella managed the kitchen. They kept hunting dogs in the basement and sponsored, with Bert Gainer, hunting expeditions. The second floor was rooms mostly rented by hunters, fishermen, loggers and teachers. The third floor was where Wallace and Speaker both had apartments.

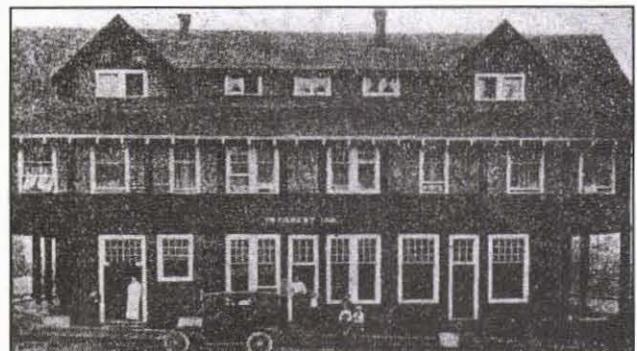
The elegant bar in the saloon first came around the Horn to San Francisco and later was bought for the Forest Inn. During prohibition, the bar and the cash register were moved to Hix's general store. The bar is now in the Logger's Inn in Sultan.

James also built a slaughter house on the River Road that is still used today. James and Ella had two sons, James Q. Wallace, who married Gladys Gainer, and Hiram who married Edna. Hi and Edna are featured in a previous Wagon Wheel article.

James Q. worked in the family slaughterhouse and had several farms around the area including the one at the foot of what was then called Finken



James L. Wallace



Forest Inn about 1916

Hill, on the West Snoqualmie River Rd. This James was a colorful mayor of Duvall. Stories abound on his activities. It's said that when a citizen complained about a dog in his neighborhood, the mayor

responded, "Well, then, shoot it." It is also reported that he entered the tavern when there was a fracas and the town marshal, Shorty Landers, had his gun drawn. The mayor reached over and took the gun

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— STATEMENT —



James Q. Wallace
1904-1974

Sept. 24, 1986

From the Monroe Monitor
Eighty years ago:

Jim Wallace shot by Marshal Moore

Sunday morning about nine o'clock Jim Wallace was shot by Marshal Moore. One shot struck and lodged in the wrist and another lodged in the hip. Five shots were fired, the other three striking the buildings across the street. The shooting occurred on Lewis street, the marshal standing by Dolloff's building and shooting at Wallace as he drove in a two-seated carriage with the sides down. The bullets all penetrated the side of the carriage, which hid Wallace from view.

Wallace came in from Cherry Valley, where he has a saloon, bringing in two men to catch the

morning train west. After the train had gone he drove up to the corner of Main and Lewis and hitched the team. About nine o'clock he got into the carriage and drove up Main street at a gallop, and when he came back, stopped in the street in front of the Pearsall hotel. The marshal stepped out to him and ordered him under arrest. Wallace said, "Why don't you arrest the automobiles?" The marshal said he would telephone for Judge Sawyer, so that he could give bonds and not stay in jail over Sunday, and stepped into Sprau's to telephone, but could not use the telephone there, and started across the street to telephone. Wallace then called to him, "You ———, now arrest me," and whipt up his horses and went down the street on the run.

* Government Inspected Meats *

and teased, "What are you going to do now?"

James Q. was also involved in what is called Duvall's last cattle drive. He brought 3 cattle car loads from Montana, and they were shuttled off the Milwaukee main line at Cedar Falls onto the branch line that ran from Cedar Falls to Everett through Duvall. Here they unloaded into a corral they had built at what now is the boat launch. From there they herded the cattle across the bridge and down the river road.

James and Gladys had one son, James W. who married Virginia Emory and had a dairy farm on the West Snoqualmie Valley Road. There were two big barns and James W. built a loafing shed and a milking parlor. Finally the two old barns had to be torn down and James W. had Roy Miller build a new one. James and Virginia were the parents of Robert who lives in Kirkland, the interviewee James N. and his sister Sharon who lives in Beaverton, Oregon.

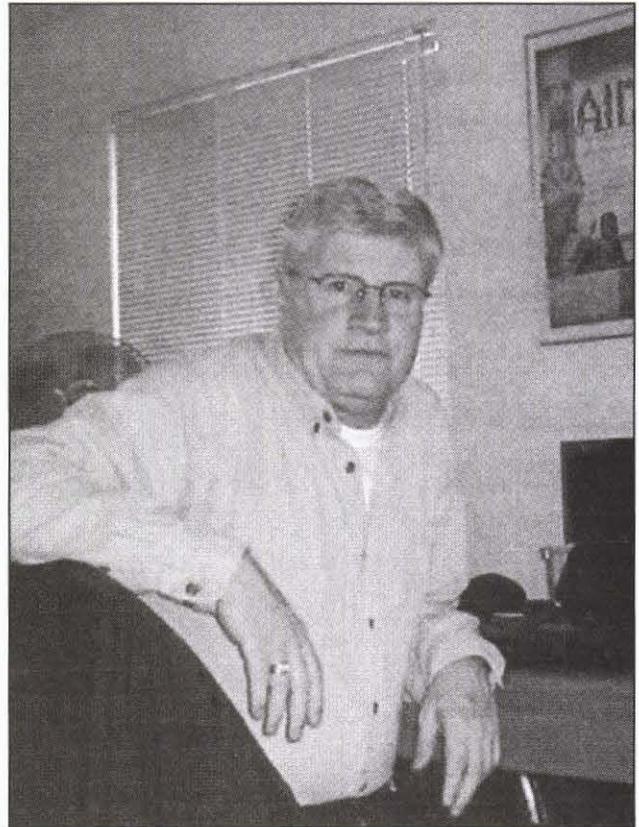
Our present Jim worked for his father, milking cows and doing field work during his high school years and afterward except for six years, then returning until the farm was sold in the 1970's. He was a volunteer fireman in Duvall for four years. He



James W. and Virginia Wallace

moved to Stillwater where he lived above the store with Carl Buse for a year. During that time he served on the Carnation Fire Department.

Jim recently retired from Honeywell after 30 years all through the name changes: United Control, Sunstrand, Delta Control, Allied Signal and finally Honeywell. When modifications were made to products, Jim spent three years flying for the company to San Diego, Boston, Baltimore, and other cities where he took time to investigate historical places. Since retirement, Jim has some hobbies, a new one - painting, an old one - traveling and camping, and a continuing one - an interest in history. He now has time to join the Duvall Historical Society where he is very welcome.



James N. Wallace

ANCESTORS OF THE WALLACE FAMILY

From notes made by Edna Wallace

To add interesting historical background to the last Wagon Wheel stories about James L. Wallace and his three James Wallace descendants, we can read the accounts of James L. Wallace's ancestors and of the ancestors of his wife, Ella Sasse, as researched and written by Edna (Mrs. Hiram Brainard Wallace.) In Edna's words we read:

"Hiram Lester Wallace, was born 1843 in New York State. He was the son of Lester, born 1808, and Cynthia Wallace. Lester was one of seven children of Henry Wallace. They had settled in Kilrea County, Northern Ireland after the Highland clearances in Scotland (1740) when they lost their holdings there. Lester and others of his family emigrated to what was then known as "Lower Canady" and settled there for a time. Some of the men fought in the war of 1812 when the English molested U.S. shipping. The Wallaces sympathized with and fought for the U.S. and met with the disapproval of their Canadian neighbors. For this reason they moved into New England around 1823 and later into Iowa.

"Hiram Lester enlisted in Company E of 27th Iowa Infantry and fought in the Civil War. He told many stories about the war but they were mostly about foraging for food around the countryside. He described the war as a great slaughter but being of a philosophical turn of mind he said "the country was bigger than any part and the rebellion had to be put down.' After the war he came home to Davenport, Iowa, and married Clara Braintree in 1868.

"Clara's grandfather was a Braintree from Staffordshire, England. An Oxford graduate, he was the head of Kirtland Seminary in Ohio for many years. Her mother's family were Ohio pioneers named Sanborn.

"Another branch of the family headed by John

Wallace came into the U.S. in the year 1923. His son, Henry, was the founder of a magazine, The Wallace Farmer, which is still published today in Davenport. One of his sons, Henry C. Wallace and grandson Henry A. Wallace were secretary of agriculture and Henry A. was also vice president for one term under President Roosevelt.

"Hiram Lester and Clara moved to Graham Lakes, Minn. They took up homesteads, built sod houses and became farmers. A daughter Mary had been born in Iowa, a second child and only son, James Lester, born in 1873 and another daughter, Gertrude, were born in Minn.

"They worked hard and prospered at first but when grasshoppers plagued them for five out of seven years Hi gave up. He and other disillusioned homesteaders set out by covered wagon train for Oregon Territory in 1881. Hi settled near Thorpe where he took up a homestead at Peoh Point. It had good water, timber and plenty of wildfowl. He built a stout cabin and developed his land.

"Clara grew restless and dissatisfied with her life in this developing country. She left her family and Thorpe. Her grandson Hi thought that she must have been one of the original liberated women. She was post mistress in Auburn in 1891.

"Daughter Mary married young and Gertrude was enrolled in Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma. By 1890 son Jim had a homestead of his own on Indian John Hill. Jim worked at various jobs including logging and became a good horseman. He got along well with the Indians and learned their language. He bought and sold horses and in 1897 he was contacted by one Humboldt Transportation Co. to deliver horses to the dock in Seattle for shipment to Alaska and to take care of them en route. Jim did some min-



ing between trips to the Yukon and came out with \$10,000 in gold.”

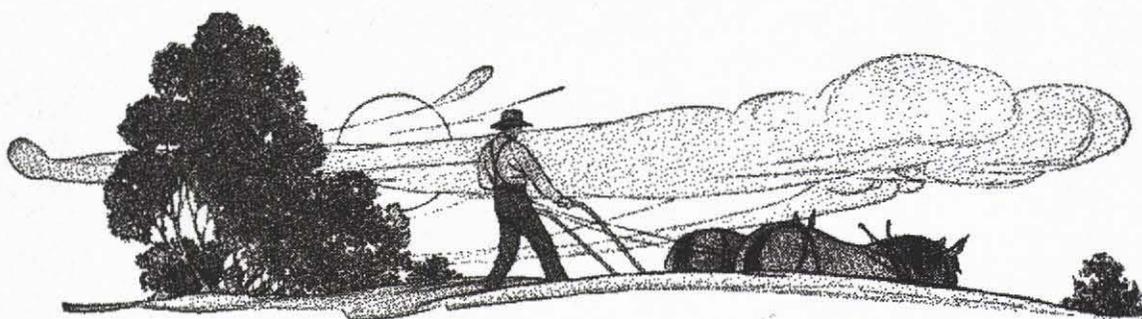
This is the James L. whose story began last month's Wagon Wheel where we learned of his marriage to Ella Sasse in Cle Elum. Edna wrote about Ella's ancestors:

“Ella's parents were August and Alma Sasse. August was a recipient of the Iron Cross of Germany for service in Bismarck's army His war record gave him favor in the marriage to Alma Eisenblatter. The name meant iron leaves in German. Alma's father was an iron worker and did some of the intricate

iron work on the Reichtag. They were Berliners and in their day were considered 'top drawer'. Alma's grandparents were in the good graces of the Kaiser.

“August and Alma came to Jackson, Miss., in 1881 where he was to superintend a sugar mill. They later decided to go west and 1889 found them in Cle Elum where he decided to go into the hotel business, buying the Central Hotel. August built and operated a skating rink on the property.

“August and Alma moved to Kirkland and Alma died there in 1920. August died in Novelty on the farm in early 20's.”



TED SPOELSTRA'S ANTIQUES

Several weeks ago some Historical Society members drove to Forks to see Ted Spoelstra's antique collection. His sister, our Historical Society member, Mae Kusters, had told us we would see four large buildings filled with wonderful things.

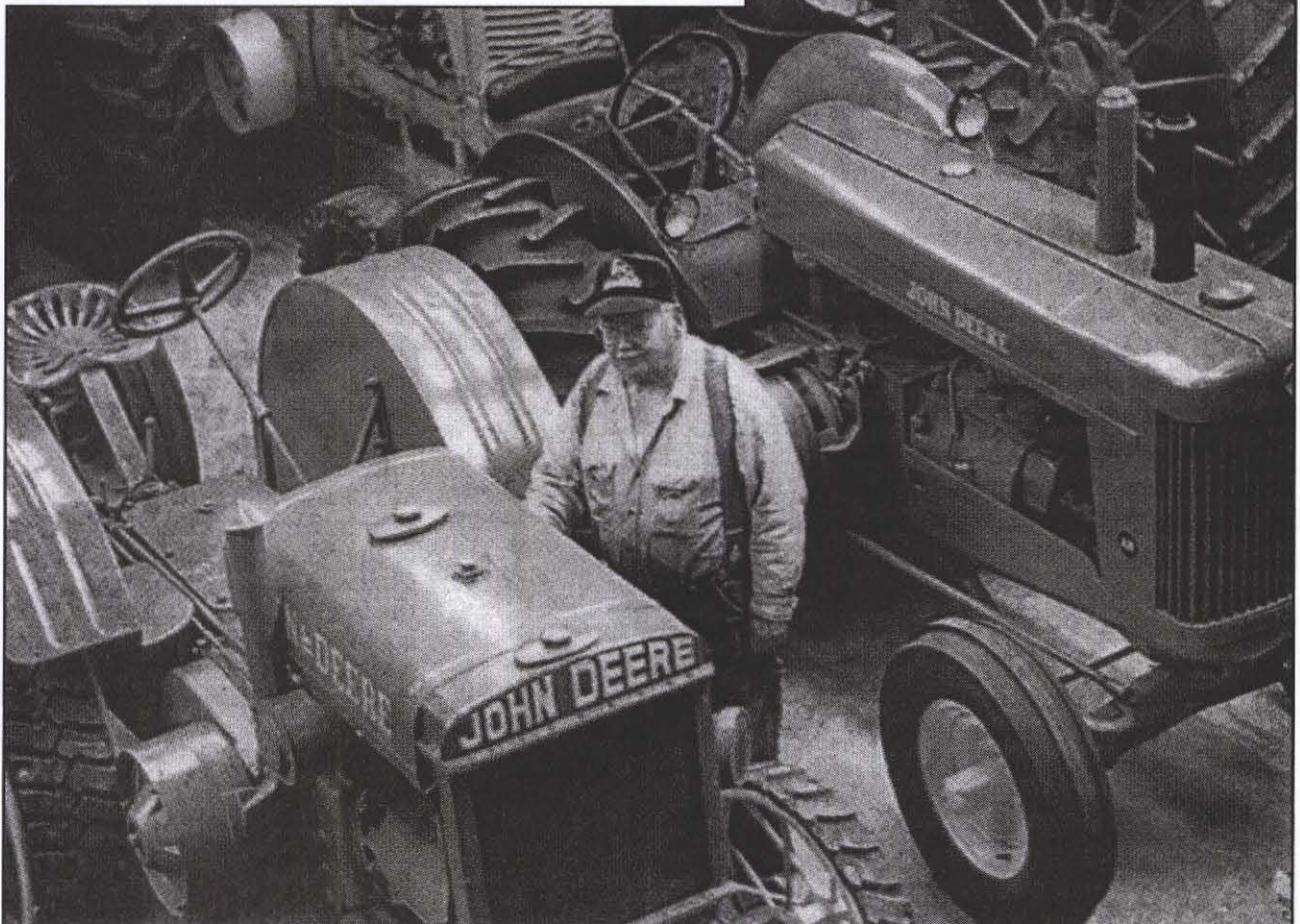
We were all impressed by all the shiny restored tractors, the old trucks, and the fascinating musical contraptions. In addition, there were a myriad of other things from a small child's sled, drag saws, and even the experimental outer-space rocket.

For hours we were awed by the multitude of things, cases of small items like flashlights, whistles and telephones, by the humongous steam tractor, by the calliope and the automatic four-piece band and the big juke-box-like music box. Ted has collected,

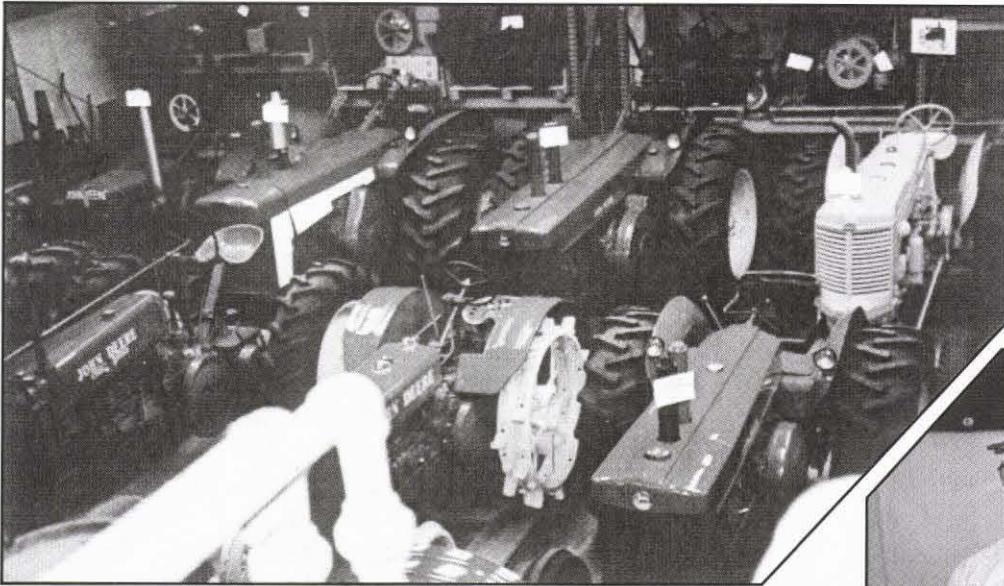
stored, restored and even invented marvelous items.

A May, 2000, article in the Peninsula Daily News on Ted Spoelstra asks him why he chose to collect so many different types of antiques: "My weakness is that I like them all," he replied. The article also mentions the 1923 Lincoln in perfect condition that was built during Prohibition with a backseat cupboard for alcoholic beverages.

At age 87, Ted is vigorous and has the stamina to stand, walk and discuss fully the attributes of every antique. However, he is thinking about the future of

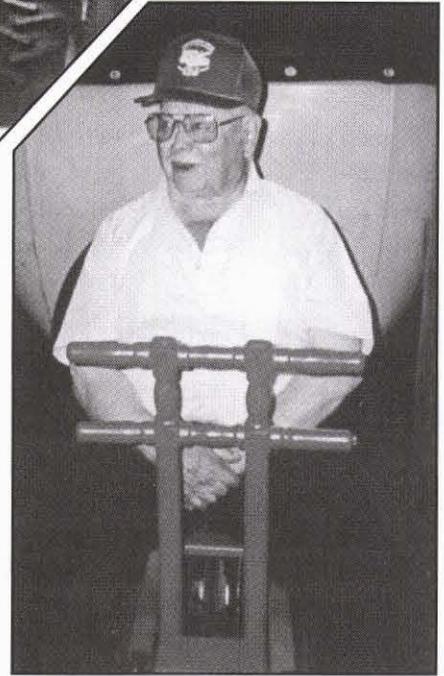


MARK MOREY/PENINSULA DAILY NEWS

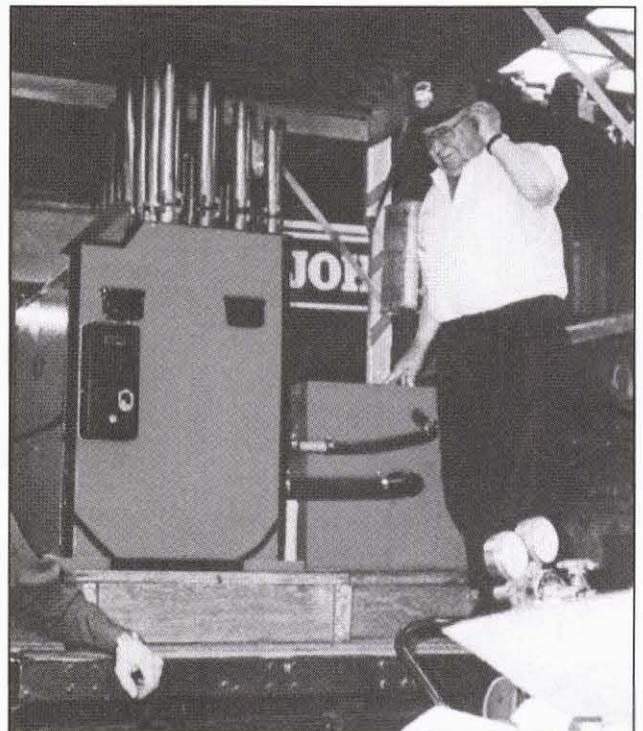


ANTIQUE TRACTORS

HAND PUMPED RAILROAD SPEEDER



DON AND KATHLEEN DANCE
TO CALLIOPE MUSIC

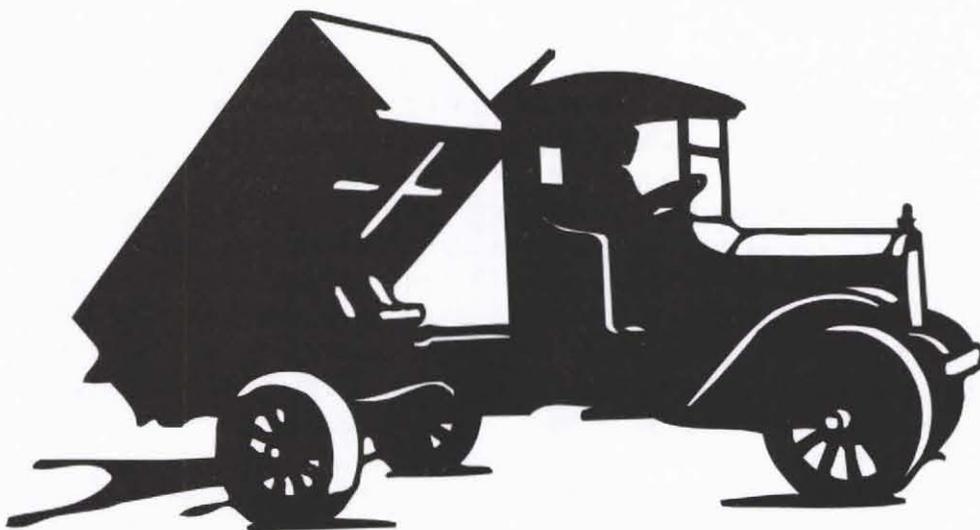


his collection and hoping it can be preserved. How great it would be if some of the relevant items could come home to the Snoqualmie Valley where he and his family have farmed for several generations. There is even a boat built with the help of Mae and her mother and named for them, the "Gracie Mac." It plied the river here and out to the salt water.

In 1947, Ted left our valley to log with his brother John on the Olympic Peninsula. In 1976 a feature article in the "Loggers' World" paper told the story of his and his brother John's successful venture: "At the present time their logging business includes two high lead logging operations and a Skagit GT-3 moveable log getter. . . . The two big yarders, the towers and the engines are the direct result of the designing of John and Ted Spoelstra. . . . In addition they have a full fledged road construction operation that includes a rock crusher. They haul most of their own logs with a fleet of ten logging trucks. They

have a big shop set up in Forks and they do much, most of, their maintenance work, and they improve and fabricate and build many of their own special machines.

"Logging is on contract for and from Rayonier and the logging job is within 30 miles of Forks. Most of the logs are sent to the big Rayonier Log Sorting yard out of Forks but the pulp logs are usually hauled directly to Port Angeles." Out in the woods, jobs in those days included the fellers and buckers, the rigging slinger, the hook tenders, the choker setters, and the whistle punks, the loading crew with the hydraulic tongs, the yarder operator in his high cab. The article concluded with this paragraph: "Ted and John are two loggers who are widely respected for their business activities and their talents in all directions. They are two fine men who are a credit to our industry." We, too, admire Ted as a hard working, inventive entrepreneur.



NOT HANDICAPPED

By Ray Burhen

Reminiscing about some of the people I have known in the past, I thought of several who overcame severe physical impairments and continued to lead productive lives. In spite of their handicaps, they worked at earning a living doing jobs that amazed me. They didn't complain and they were not looking for handouts. There have been major social and cultural changes over the last fifty years; today they would probably be on some government aid program.

The first person that comes to mind is Charlie Bird. When I met him, he was a middle-aged person who lived with his widowed mother on Union Hill on the dead end NE 80th Street. Years ago the street had gone down the hill to the West Snoqualmie Valley Road between the Vincent School and Jerry and Sally Sinema's loafing shed. In the real early years, the lower part of the road had been an oxen logging skid road.

Charlie and his mother had ten acres with a small cabin with no power and no telephone. They raised a garden and chickens and several cows. They shipped cream and that provided some cash. Their place was typical in that area during the Depression and also in the 1940's. Charlie was a "back yard" mechanic, which also brought in a little money.

I was about thirteen years old the first time I saw Charlie. I was at a neighbor's cabin when he was waiting for the mechanic to come to work on his car. Our neighbor always called Charlie if he had ignition or carburetor problems on his cars or tractors, or if there was a drive line/universal joint problem on his 1929 Durant. The Durant had a habit of chewing up universal joints.

I expected to see a sturdy fellow who would need to nearly stand on his head while working under the car hood or could crawl under a car to work on drive lines or change a clutch or transmission. Was I surprised when Charlie drove up and slowly got out and got straightened up. Here was a small fellow, smiling and affable, but shuffling instead of walking, bent over, with his arms held out like kangaroo front legs. His hands looked like bird claws (no pun meant on his

last name). With his scrunched up, claw-like hands and broken up body, how could he even hold a tool or attempt to crawl under a car, much less work on it.

But Charlie did what had to be done: pull spark plugs, check the timing, change and repair distributors or carburetors, crawl under the car and fix drivelines, or change the clutch or the transmission. One thing that he had trouble with was to crank a car or tractor, but he would scrunch up to the crank and pull it up one crank at a time.

Although he was a mild mannered man who spoke without foul language, there was one event that brought out an exclamation that can't be printed here. That was testing the spark of the plugs. All standard ignition systems in those days were 6 volts. The ignition wiring could leak current on a wet, soggy, damp day. If it appeared that by normal testing methods spark was not getting to the spark plug, Charlie would hold the end of the wire in his hand to test how much spark there was. It can be very exhilarating to test the spark that way. Your arm and whole side of your body will stand up and take notice if you have a good spark. That was when he had a very appropriate saying when the spark was adequate. I always think of Charlie when I'm checking the ignition on a motor and especially if I have to check the spark by holding the wire. His saying is still applicable.

Charlie never considered himself an invalid. I finally heard the story of how he had been injured. When he lived in North Dakota, a big hay stacking loader broke and fell on him, breaking most of the bones in his body and nearly killing him.

Charlie was always cheerful, never complaining, but just kept shuffling along overcoming his adversities, earning his keep. He was not going to be a burden; he was still contributing to our society. He was a person to be admired.

The Duvall Historical Society meets at 7:30 pm at the Dougherty House the first Monday of the month. January's program is on the history of the Methodist Church. February on the history of the Catholic Church. Call 425-788-6209 for information

NOT HANDICAPPED (CONTINUED)

By Ray Burhen

Year's ago, up until the 1950's, it was not uncommon in rural areas in western Washington, out of the river valleys, there were many five and ten acre tracts, or stump ranches. People had only a few head of cows and many felt that it was not worth it to keep a bull. As a result there was a niche market for the bull-rental business. This pretty much ended in the late 1940's and early 1950's with the major advent of artificial insemination.

About 1941, when we were still in the Depression mode, our neighbor on Union Hill had enough clearing to keep two or three heifers, which kept the grass down and kept the brush from growing back. These heifers needed to get bred. Our neighbor didn't want to keep a bull so he got in touch with Ted Coutoure, the bull-rental person.

One morning I was at my neighbor's place when I knew Ted was coming and I thought I might be able to help. I hadn't seen Ted before so when this little old, red, one-ton, cattle truck came, I expected to see a big, strong cowboy-type person get out. Was I ever surprised! After he backed the truck up so that the back gate could be lowered to become the unloading ramp, he opened the door and I could see a tall, lean, wiry, middle-aged guy. But when he got out, he had to grab his knees and lift up his legs and swing around to let his legs down to the ground. Then he slid out of the seat, holding on to the truck to steady

himself as he tried to straighten up. Still in a crouch, he shuffled with knees touching and his feet as pigeon toed as they could be. He had big leather pads sewed on the inner side of his pants at the knees as they were always touching and his knees rubbed at every step.

I thought, "He is really going to need some help." I stepped up to help unlatch the heavy ramp and let it down. I was informed quite quickly that he was quite capable and didn't need any help. My neighbor got me off to the side and we just watched. The door was heavy but after a few pet expressions, Ted let the ramp down. I know now why my neighbor hadn't stepped up to help. He knew Ted. Ted did not want pity; he showed the world that he was equal to anyone and he could hold his own in this society even in spite of what we would consider severe disabilities.

Ted was then able to pull himself up into the cattle rack to where the bull was haltered and tied. He had a three-foot long switch as he led the bull down the ramp and out to the pasture. If the bull started to act up or go too fast, Ted would give it a good talking to and several good licks with the switch. The bull would settle down and Ted would keep shuffling along to the pasture.

Back at the truck, Ted would lift the heavy gate back up, a job an ordinary person would find a challenge. In those days he did what he had to to



make ends meet. Ted lived on ten acres on Rose Hill which was all five and ten acre tracts at that time. There wasn't much money passed in this business, but when he had his bulls farmed out, they got free feed and care for several months. After a year or so he had a big animal to sell or he had a lot of hamburger.

In looking back, I marvel at what Ted was doing. Those bulls could have dragged him all over the place, but in the animal kingdom, they knew who was boss. Ted was not going to be intimidated. He was the intimidater.

The last time I saw Ted, years later, he was working as a toll taker on the Evergreen Floating Bridge. I thought that if anyone deserved to have a toll taker's job, it was Ted Coutoure. He was getting up in years and his hips, legs, knees deserved to be in out of the rain and cold. He was able to sit and be warm and still contribute to society. My hat goes off to Ted for persevering under very difficult circumstances.

Repairs scheduled: new cemetery sign for one damaged by vandals; caulking basement seepage; City grant applied for new roof; now tarp over leaky area; renovation of milkhouse; Eagle Scout applicants working on bunk house and on removing berry vines. Plans made for bunk house interior renovation for future tours.

Duvall Historical Society meets first Mondays at 7:30 pm at the Dougherty House. Guests are welcome. The six publications of local history are available at the Duvall Book Store and at the Duvall Drug Store

Christmas ornament sales went well at Tree Lighting, and Senior Center. Thanks to Frontier Bank also for sales and for copies of Wagon Wheel.



HISTORY OF THE DUVALL EVANGELICAL METHODIST CHURCH

From notes by Ruth Bellamy

In 1885, Andrew Jackson McNemee was assigned as circuit preacher to the settlement of Cherry Valley on the Snoqualmie Valley. At Brother Mack's first sermon, the settlers told him they would build a church if he would provide the lumber. James O'Leary offered to donate an acre of land for the site. From a letter from McNemee on the 50th anniversary of the church we read:

Langley, Wash. June 5, 1935

Dear Brother Pastor Newton:

Your invitation to attend the golden jubilee of the Duvall M. E. Church was received yesterday. Many thanks, as it does recall old memories of early days. . . . I had all of King County outside of Seattle and White River Circuit for my circuit and to build church at Duvall fifty years ago when the country was still a wilderness required courage, no roads or bridges, and only a trail to follow to say nothing of the poverty of the early settlers. I bought the lumber in Seattle on my own credit, paid \$75 to take it up Snoqualmie River to Cherry Valley, now Duvall, and then we built the church, but it was like the Greek capture of Troy as Homer says in "Iliad" an "Endless tale of woe." I went to the Hop Ranch, near Snoqualmie, and worked 2 ½ months to pay for the lumber. In your jubilee meeting there is one man - wish you would mention, and that is James O'Leary. He was brought up a Catholic and afterwards claimed to be a follower of Ingersoll, but he did more toward the building of that church than any man in that community. He not only gave the land for the church, but he gave \$5.00 in cash besides one days labor. . . . This was when Cleveland was president, and there was but little money among the river settlers. I often recall the kindness of those settlers to me as I boarded around among them in those early days and pray the Lord to bless them for hospitality to the pastor who traveled afoot on his circuit, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, he always carried a pack on his back as it took three weeks to go around the circuit.

With best wishes,

A. J. McNemee

In 1893, after seven years on a different circuit, Rev. McNemee returned and found that the Ladies' Aid Society was trying to finish the church. With his help it was finished in June of 1894 and dedicated as the Francis E. Willard Methodist Church.

In 1910 the Great Northern Railroad came to the Snoqualmie Valley and the settlement of Cherry Valley was in the way. The church and some other

buildings were moved into what is now known as Duvall. In 1912 a neat, seven-room parsonage was built and furnished. The pastor's salary was \$700 a year. In 1913 city water was installed and this eliminated the Pastor's wife's chore of toting water from the spring. A fundraiser was held on Election Day, Nov. 4, 1914, the Ladies' Aid serving dinner for 50 cents a plate. The menu included chicken, gravy,

biscuits, baked beans, potato salad, pickles, apple and pumpkin pies, coffee and tea.

In 1923, the original church building was torn down and in 1924 a new one built. The first couple married there were William Rosen and Lela Thayer, and the second couple were Albert E Herman and May M. Miller, on January 1, 1926, the parents of Ruth Herman Coy Bellamy.

Pastors of the church included: 1921 - George Abbott; 1925 - Earl McAbee; 1932 - R.Z. Newton; 1939 - Henry Haines; 1942 - Delos Westbrook; 1944 - Wilson Eckles; 1947 - Francis Pitcher; 1951 - Oscar Renberg; 1959 - Lloyd Judd; 1976 - Terry Wilcox; 1980 - Brad Penn; 1985 - Chester Kwait; 2003 - Chris Hill.

Special events during those years included digging a basement in 1949 that provided a social room with a fireplace, four classrooms, rest rooms, a small kitchen and a pastor's study. In 1956 the congregation voted to discontinue membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church and affiliate with the Evangelical Methodist Church. In 1957, the parsonage was moved to Stephens Street and was remodeled. In 1971, the church was expanded and remodeled with the sanctuary turned around. A larger foyer a fellowship hall, kitchen, classrooms, a pastor's study and rest rooms were made on the upper level.

The Duvall church celebrated its 100th anniversary Sunday, August 18, 1985. Longtime members at this event were Meredith Owen, Nellie Miller, Ralph Taylor, Elnora Trim, May Herman, Alta Waincott and Bill Trulson. In 1990, the sanctuary and foyer were enlarged, parking lots were paved, and electrical and plumbing was brought up to code.

In 1995 a preschool was started and in 1998 a Kindergarten was added; then first and second

grades, and each year a grade was added until by 2005 there were six grades. In December, 2004, and again in 2005, a Live Nativity display was opened to the public with live camels, a mule, donkeys, and goats, with many volunteers and actors presenting the Life of Christ. In 2006, a Family Life Center will be built in the block east of the church. There will be six classrooms, offices for the school and a full sized gymnasium area.

More should be said about the work of the Ladies' Aid Society which did so much to help the church maintenance and progress in its building and programs. In 1912, Carrie Evenson read a paper at the Ladies' Aid Day Service. Here she tells about organizing the society in 1892. They met at the homes of the members on Fridays and she remarked that "we were there rain or shine, ladies handling their own canoes." They had auctions, oyster suppers, ice cream and box socials, and made quilts for sale to finish the church. They papered the church, carpeted the floors, and bought items such as chairs and shades for the windows. One summer they could not get a man to mow the yards so decided to do it themselves. She explained, "One morning we shouldered our husbands' scythes, put a lunch in a five pound lard pail, and (although) it was awkward work for some of the ladies who had never used a scythe, we finished the work before night and saved some money by doing it ourselves." \$75 was collected for an organ. The ladies kept the church in repair and paid the greater part of the minister's salary. They also gave suppers to put beds, carpets, screen doors and other articles into the parsonage. Carrie Evenson concluded that "had it not been for the Ladies' Aid, there would be no church in Cherry Valley today."

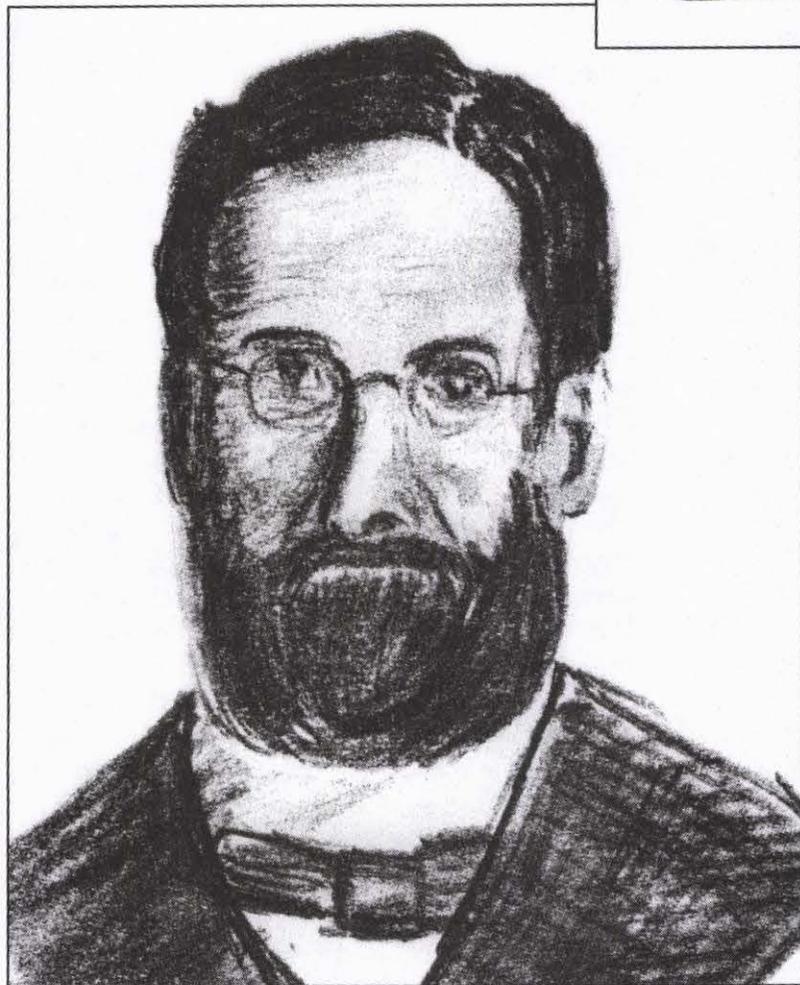
Projects in progress: Boy Scouts are finishing the bunkhouse restoration, building a fence around an area for a summer pea patch, and clearing berry vines. The Society will replace the damaged cemetery sign, the basement walls have been sealed against leaks, window frames will be treated to prevent rot, a new book will be printed this year. The City has a grant to renovate the milk barn and is applying for a grant to replace the leaking house roof.

The Historical Society very much appreciates the fine work done by CDK Construction Company on the bunk house. Members have been giving tours to anyone wishing to see the house and hear about its history. Our local history books may be purchased at the Book Store or the Drug Store. Thanks to Frontier Bank for printing the Wagon Wheel. Meetings are the first Mondays of the month at 7:30. Call 425-788-6209 or 788-1266 for information.

Methodist Church built Cherry Valley, 1885



Church on Main Street Duvall,
1985



A. J. McNamee
as sketched by Harlan Jones,
editor of *Brother Mack The
Frontier Preacher* by A. J.
McNamee
(Book loaned by Mae Ko-
sters)

DUVALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY CELEBRATES 30TH ANNIVERSARY

In 1976, many activities took place in celebration of the Bicentennial of the United States of America. In Duvall, a group of citizens decided that the city should have a historical society. They gathered and gave the group the name Duvall Historical and Old Stuff Society. Original members included Vera Heavens, Verle Bowe, Dolores Schroeder, Peggy Breen, Ruth Subert, Ralph Taylor, Bob and Mae Kusters, Bert Egstrom, Esther Arnold, and Ray Burhen. Today alive and still members of the society are Verle, Dolores, Bert, Mae, and Ray.

Vera Heavens was very active both in the local society and in the county organization, in 1982 serving as president of the Association of King County Historical Organizations. Peggy Breen and Ruth Subert not only took active part in the Society and in the early renovation efforts of the Dougherty House but also served on the Duvall City Council. Dolores Schroeder created the first Wagon Wheel newsletters and later helped start the Tolt Historical Society. Ralph Taylor painted delightful scenes of early life in the area and his paintings now hang in the Library Rose Room. He also wrote a biographical book, *Duvall Immigrant*, reprinted last year by the Society. Ralph also served as mayor of Duvall and bought and donated land to the City where he helped to create the Taylor's Boat Landing Park.

Verle Bowe, born in Duvall, celebrates her 90th birthday this year and is the source of much information on the town's history. Bob Kusters researched local history and wrote for many Wagon Wheel newsletters. Mae Kusters has loaned her extensive historical photo collection, preserved the "Hi Times" student newspapers from the 1930s which became a Society publication. She has worked on every phase of Dougherty House restoration. Ray Burhen served twenty years on the Duvall Planning Commission. He was instrumental in acquiring the Dougherty Farmstead for the City and has been very active in the restoration and maintenance of the Dougherty House. He also bought and restored the depot, opening it for Historical Society meetings for many years, later donating it to the City.

Members who served as president include: Vera Heavens, Ralph Taylor, Allen Miller, Craig Cleveland, Bob Weller, Ray Burhen, Don Williams, and Tove Burhen. Ray and Don have each served numerous times.

Following the beginning of the Wagon Wheel newsletter by Dolores Schroeder, Mary Lampson edited for many years, as did Bob Kusters. At present time Tove Burhen is editing the Wagon Wheel. Copies are given to Society members, to the City staff and council, and mailed to many subscribers. The issues from 1981 to 2001 have been published in two volumes, which are for sale by the Society.

Other local history books published by the Historical Society are:

Jist Cogitatin' (copies of newspaper articles written by Don Funk in 1957); *Digging Duvall's Past* (from newspaper articles written by Allen Miller in 1980); *Wagon Wheel, First Volume* and *Wagon Wheel, Second Volume*; *Hi Times*, Duvall High School newspapers from the 1930s; and the reprinted *Duvall Immigrant* by Ralph Taylor.

Other members contributing much to the success of the Society include: Velma Hill, a long time postmaster of Duvall, a resource for much information on Duvall's past during her 90 years here and during the lives of her parents, Arthur and Pauline Hix, who ran the general store in Cherry Valley and later when the market was moved to early Duvall; Allen Miller who has loaned photos for publications and provided programs on early railroad days; Cyril Heavens who has done repairs and woodwork for the Dougherty House; Ruth Bellamy, as secretary and for the great work on the yard at the Dougherty House; Kathleen Williams, as longtime treasurer and participating in all activities; Don Williams as archivist, researcher and writer, as well as serving several times as president.

The Duvall Historical Society takes part in City activities as well as in the restoration of the Dougherty Farmstead. Since 1978, they have participated in the parade and other events during Duvall Days. In the early 1980s they printed a Business Direc-

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Dolores Schroeder

Vera Heavens

Verle Bowe

Peggy Breen

Ruth Subert



Bob and Mae Koster



Ray Burhen



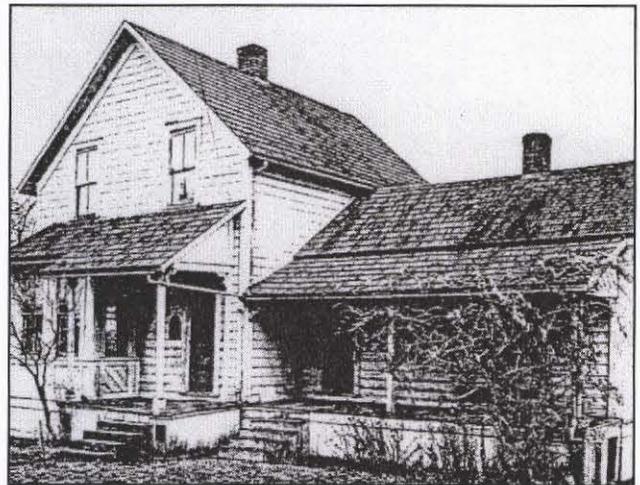
Ralph Taylor



Yardwork



Duvall Days Parade



Dougherty House



Eleanor Zarembo and Bill Trulson donate historic cemetery



See our photo display at City Hall

tory each year. In 1985, they obtained a lease from the Archdiocese, owners of the Dougherty property, and with a grant did extensive exterior renovation. The members also scrubbed and started painting the interior and did yard clean up. The Society obtained County landmark status for the house and lately received National landmarking.

In 1992, with the City, they persuaded the King County Parks Department to set aside \$100,000 to purchase the Dougherty Property and in 1996, the City became the owners. The City and the Society received grants and work continued on creating the Dougherty House for public viewing. Members painted and furnished rooms in a historical style, and now the house and the stories of early days provide interesting tours for visitors.

The Society also gives tours of downtown houses and buildings of historical import to school children and to adult groups. The Society has provided plaques to designated historical business buildings in old Duvall. Treasure boxes and talks are available to schools. Programs on early days are given to the public and to school groups. Over the years many taped interviews have been made of older residents' memories. In 1995, Bill Trulson and Eleanor Zarembo gave the historic cemetery to the Society. The site has been maintained and signs made about its history.

Present members are: Ruth Bellamy, Eric and Julie Benjamin, Verle Bowe, Kieth Breinholt, Ray and Tove Burhen, Alan and Carolyn Butler, Kim

Engelkes, Pat Fulmer, Cyril Heavens, Velma Hill, Mae Kosters, Mary Lampson, Bill and Helen Losleben, Alana McCoy, Ward Roney, Brenda Skinner, Nancy Lou Stevens, Gail Tresize, Jim Wallace, Don and Kathleen Williams, Connie Zimmerman. They are all busy with continuing projects. Following the completion of the bunkhouse renovation, the Society wants to furnish it as it must have been when eight loggers boarded there.

The community can help the Society with some of their future activities. These include furnishing the bunkhouse, donations toward future publications, help with cemetery maintenance, and participation in special events. New members and guests are welcome at monthly meetings.

Duvall Historical Society meets at 7:30 first Mondays at the Dougherty House. Guests are welcome

Publications of local histories are available at the Duvall Book Store and at Duvall Family Drugs.

Tours of the Landmark Dougherty House or of Historical Downtown may be arranged by calling 425-788-6209 or 425-788-1266.

Plans are being made for participation in Duvall Days "Loggers to Bloggers" event.



TIME FOR ANOTHER CHANGE FOR THE IOOF BUILDING

Duvall's historic old IOOF building saw many tenants in the last century. The International Order of Odd Fellows built the big high-ceiling hall that is so noticeable on Main Street. The Washington State Grange owned the building for many years and involved many local families working hard for needed improvements in the area. Klondike Days was a big annual fun event in the building. Later the extremely popular and widely-known Silver Spoon operated there and still has not been forgotten by those who patronized it. These owners and activities have been recorded in previous Wagon Wheel articles.

In 1984, Sunny Ruthchild came to Duvall because it was a quiet little town with many lovely trees. She bought the building, lived upstairs and ran her business of garden design and builder downstairs. "It suited me," she said, "because I could be a stay-at-home mom with my three sons and also run my business." In Seattle, she called it Gardens and Smallspaces but it became Gardens and Sunspaces in Duvall.

Sunny had to jack up the building and put in a new foundation. She was required to put in a sprinkler system, and she added insulation to the walls. However, she has always insisted on keeping the historic attributes in place.

After three years, she bought a house on 4th and remodeled it creating a big sunspace interior. Her downtown business could then use the entire building as activities evolved with a need for garden art and the chance for quarterly art shows that drew three to four hundred people. Hundreds of customers came from outside Duvall as the unique and attractive business became well known. Following a short-time use of the downstairs by Charlie's Pizza, Sunny re-established the vestibule, added mahogany decks, and put in a new floor.

Sunny was a leader in many city activities including "Just Desserts" a fundraiser for Father Stohr's Monroe home for visiting prison families. She was active in the Chamber of Commerce especially with the winter tree lighting. She remembered when TV weatherman Steve Pool visited Duvall and said that it would be distracting for airplane pilots wondering where they were with all

the lights below. Laughing, Steve Carrier claimed, "There are more lights per square person than in any other place." Commenting on her work with the Duvall Planning Commission, Sunny said, "It was an intense, interesting time with economic development at an important City juncture."

Perhaps Sunny's most remembered creation was that of Sandblast. "As I was walking with my dog by the river, before the development of the trail and McCormick Park, I had a vision of a beautiful sand castle. At an art opening that day, I told others of my idea. Huston Barclay and Herb Mueller, Duvall businessmen, said - Why not! I found a woman in Bellingham at the Big Rock Art Gallery there who was a national sand castle builder. It turned out to be a fun community activity funded by the bank, the Chamber of Commerce, our business, and other interested local citizens. We enjoyed the process, camping out there at night protecting the work in progress." This event has continued as an annual Duvall celebration promoted now by the Duvall Foundation for the Arts.

Now Sunny will be returning to her parents' homestead farm in Walnut Grove, Minnesota, where she will grow organic vegetables for U-pick, look after her mother, and finish her doctorate degree in Natural Medicine. This seems to be very large undertakings but by a dynamo personality who surely will be a success at all three endeavors at once.

Friends and customers will miss her. They will welcome Sunny back to Duvall for visits and hopefully someday to stay, as she said, "My family and my friends are here." In the meantime, the old building will once again host a new tenant that citizens anticipate with curiosity.

The Historical Society's celebration for its 30th Anniversary was a success with over 60 people coming to tour the house and to take part in outdoor activities - muledrawn discing, hand sawing, rope making, butter churning, cider pressing and scrub board washing. Guests are welcome at the next meeting on June 5, 7:30 pm at the Dougherty House. Plans will be made for Duvall Days and for Sunday tours starting in May. Thanks to Frontier Bank for printing the Wagon Wheels newsletter.

NOT HANDICAPPED Story # 3

By Ray Burhen

In 1950, the Stillwater Store, run by Ted and Frances Bouma, was a meeting place for many of the area residents. Duvall's population was around 275, and the area on the hills above Stillwater was pretty scattered and sparsely populated. The Stillwater Store was the first sign of major civilization for the people coming down from all of the roads off the hill. These included: the Batten Rd. (at that time it was as close to go to Stillwater as to go to Duvall because the road dead ended about two miles above Duvall), O'Dell Rd., Big Rock Rd., Mountain View Rd., Swan Mill Rd. (now the Stossel Creek Rd), Lake Joy Rd., Lake Margaret and the Kelly Rd. Many times people would drive six or more miles down the hill to the telephone at the Stillwater store and have Ted call the emergency car at Carnation to come to a car wreck or house fire or other emergency.

Ted was a big, very likeable, good natured and kind-hearted Dutchman. After work, people going home would stop at the store for gas and some groceries, and if they weren't in a big hurry, it was the news and information center. I'm digressing; however, Ted and Frances and their store could be a story by itself.

One evening I went over to the store and there was this very soft-spoken, mild-mannered, very polite individual by the name of Buck Melton. He had quite a hobble and limp. He had a wooden peg leg, just like in the old time pirate pictures. He kept his pants leg about normal length so the peg leg wasn't the first thing you noticed about him. My first thoughts were, "What does he do for a living?" The main jobs at the time were to either work in the woods or on a farm, and you didn't normally think that a peg legged person would fit very well in either of these job categories.

Several years earlier, Bob Swan shut down his big steam sawmill, which was up past the end of Swan's Mill Road. He moved most of it to Brookings, Oregon. When he shut down, it created a mini-depression for the whole area above Stillwater, as many of the area men had worked there. Buck had worked as a millwright and all around mechanic and fixer upper at the mill. After that he worked for K.K. Sikes over by Carnation Farms, repairing Kenny Sikes' Mack trucks and Caterpillar cats as

needed. If these jobs weren't bad enough for what we would consider an impaired person, he also took on small logging jobs. He had a two-ton Reo flatbed truck with log bunks that he hauled his logs with and he also had a Reo truck with a double drum donkey with an A frame boom mounted on the back. He did all of the falling and bucking, and he rigged the haul back line so that he could yard the logs into the landing. He tried to get his nephew to set the chokers when they were yarding the logs in, and he would climb down from the donkey and unhook the logs at the landing, and then climb back on the donkey and run the haulback line out to his nephew to set the chokers on another turn of logs to be yarded (pulled) into the landing. If his nephew wasn't available there were times that he even scrambled over the downed timber to go set the chokers, and then come back to the donkey and pull the logs in. This cycle would be repeated until he had a truckload of logs ready to go to the mill. He drove his own hard shifting, loaded truck. Operating the donkey and driving the truck required two hands and two feet, or, in his case, one foot and one peg leg. Needless to say, this was not a high production operation, but he always paid his bills.

The jobs he did would have been difficult enough for a non-impaired person. I knew Buck for quite a few years and I never heard him complain. He would never ever let on or give you any indication that he thought he was handicapped. He may have been falling and bucking trees and scrambling through the brush all day, but if you asked him if he had had a tough day, his reply would be casual, and it was like it was just all in a normal day's work. It's phenomenal and nearly unbelievable the jobs that he did. He had a deep sense of pride, he was not going to be pitied, he was not going to let anyone consider him not equal, and he was going to be a contributing member of our society, which he was.

For "Loggers to Bloggers" Duvall Days parade our entry was big equipment and logs from Cherry Valley Logging and Russ Galusha's mules with antique logging tools. We also ran sack races, had a display at the Depot and demonstrated hand sawing and cedar splitting

UNCLE CLEMENT

By Ward Roney

There have been, for such a small community as Duvall, a lot of characters. Of one I shall tell – my uncle, Clement Joseph Aloysius Donahue.

During World War II he served with the Army Transport Service between Seattle and the Aleutian Islands, supplying Army personnel who were fighting the Japanese on different islands. Whenever he returned to Seattle, Uncle Clem would come off ship on crutches. It was not because he was injured, but he was bringing in Japanese rifles hidden in his pant legs

In 1948, Uncle Clem was paroled to my father, for sundry things. He was to stay on the farm and not leave. Otherwise, he would go back to jail. I had been living with my grandmother as my parents still lived in Seattle. I moved down to the farm to stay with my uncle.

However, we always had horses and on occasion, Uncle Clem would saddle one up and throw a saddle bag behind, the purpose being to go to the Bothell liquor store as there was not one in Duvall at the time. On the way back, he would imbibe in the spirits. On occasion, I would find him passed out under the horse. Fortunately, our horses were trained that when the reins were dropped they would stop and not move.

One afternoon, I came home from school, but no Uncle Clem. All of the horses were there. I went to my neighbors inquiring, but none had seen him. Because of his disappearance, seven warrants for his arrest were issued.

Seven years later, another uncle of mine, a government purchasing agent, happened to be going through Kalispell, Montana. Being the noon hour,

he stopped at a cafe for nourishment. Sitting by himself, he nonchalantly looked around the restaurant. Lo and behold, in the far corner was our missing person, Uncle Clem.

My uncle Ray went back to make sure it was his brother. It was! Uncle Ray called him by his first name but Uncle Clem emphatically told him to call him Joe. On top of all this, he had a marshal's uniform on. The story does not end, but begins.

When Uncle Clem left our farm, he hitchhiked to a small town west of Glacier Park. There he got a job building a water tower for the railroad. In the ensuing years he met an attractive lady and married.

Uncle Clem got itchy as he had not been out of the town of Coram for some time. He decided to go to Kalispell. For no reason explainable, Uncle Clem went to the sheriff's office. No one was there. Assuming the personnel must be out having coffee, he went back to their file room and pulled out the cabinet drawer with his last name's initial. Sure enough, there in the file were the seven warrants for his arrest. You can tell this was before computers. He pulled the warrants out and tore them up and threw them away. He then went out to the reception room and waited for some official to return. When they did, uncle Clem made an application for a marshal's job, which he got. His territory was between Columbia Falls and West Glacier.

The sheriff's department had a mandatory retirement age. However, they made a special dispensation for Uncle Clem as he worked so well with the younger generation in the community. Uncle Clem knew what they were going to do before they did it, as he had already done it



Although there are no regular meetings in July and August, the Historical Society remains active. Members host the Dougherty House for Sunday tours.

On July 29, the Society meets with Tolt Historical Society to celebrate the Hjertoos House centennial hosted by descendant Roger Thorsen.

On August 5, the Society takes part in the Duvall Heritage Festival, and on Oct. 7 they will give tours and demonstrations to the King County Farm Tour.

Regular meetings will begin again in September with Connie Zimmerman presiding as the newly elected president.

The Duvall Historical society, as well as many other groups in Duvall, will miss Don and Kathleen Williams as they are moving to Redmond. Don served so many terms as president, and Kathleen had been made "permanent" treasurer. But they also worked diligently in all historical society endeavors. We hope they will visit often.

Our local history books are selling at the Duvall Book Store and at the Duvall Family Drugs. Two more books are to be printed this year: The History of Duvall from the Beginning to the Present Time, by Don Williams and Allen Miller; and Wagon Wheel, volume 3.

What Will We Do Without You?

By Mary lampson

Don & Kathleen, we're feeling so blue,
Cuz we don't know what we'll
Do without you.

Who will count our money now?
Who will write our history down?
Who will we get to write our grants?
We'll have to run by the seat of our pants.

Don & Kathleen, we're feeling so blue,
How can you leave us?
We can't do without you.

We're losing a president and treasurer too.
Who can we count on to be there like you?
You always see that the house is open.
You do so much that is unspoken.

Don & Kathleen, we're feeling so blue,
We just don't know
What we will do without you.

Emerald Heights is lucky; they're getting two gems.
You'll have a new life & make new friends.
A new chapter will open in the book of your lives.
New adventures await and we're sure that you'll thrive.

But, Don & Kathleen, we're feeling so blue.
What, oh what will your Duvall friends do?

August 12 party for Don and Kathleen Williams at Dennis and Mary Lampson's



*Back row (l-r): Ward Roney, Mary Lampson, Connie Zimmerman, Don Williams, Bill Losleben.
Middle row (l-r): Mae Kusters, Kathleen Williams, Helen Losleben, Nancy Mathes, Wallace Mathes.
Front row (l-r): Velma Hill, Verle Bowe, Ruth Bellamy.*

VERLE BOWE'S PARENTS

From an interview by Don Williams

Two early Duvall families, the Chipmans and Aimers, were well known in the area. Horace Delas Chipman was born in Deerfield, Mecasta County, Michigan, on July 25, 1889, to Alexander Montague and Nina Chipman. There were seven other children, five of them (Julia, Ada, Elizabeth, Isaac and Bert) came west with Horace to the state of Washington. Two brothers, Arthur and Alexander remained in Michigan where they operated a family plumbing business that prospers to this day in Boyne City.

Horace arrived in Duvall in 1910 where, as a carpenter, he became involved in many construction projects in the region - bridges, houses and businesses

Blue eyed, brown haired Mabel Aimer was born in St. Hilaire, Minnesota on January 9, 1891, to Mary

Jane and Robert Aimer, immigrants from Canada of Irish and German stock. In 1909, probably after Mary Jane's death in April, 1909, Mabel and her father moved to Duvall, where he built a blacksmith's shop.

Horace and Mabel were married in Seattle, October 8, 1912. They moved into a cozy house Horace had built for them on Third Avenue in Duvall. Mabel was a gentle, caring and devout homemaker, laboring over scrub board and wood stove. She loved her two daughters, Margaret Luella, born 1913, and Verle Louise, born 1916.

Mabel canned and cooked, lent her talents to the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, and sewed for others. Attesting to her expertise, she made several suits for young men of Cherry Valley. Mabel loved music and flowers, delighting in dahlias. She grew red and white roses and a fine garden of heathers.



Horace Delas Chipman



Mabel Etta Aimer



To this day, a beloved white rosebush grows at her house. Her daughters also recalled her tending the rambunctious livestock they raised for milk and meat. Her daughters imitated their mother's skills by making their own clothes and completing samplers and quilts.

Frequent guests to Mabel's dinners included Miss Claire Niebling, a lonely retired nurse, and Mr. Evans, a violinist. Mabel, her daughter Verle recalls, gave Mr. Evans extreme pleasure by accompanying him on her piano. Mabel and her family treated Miss Niebling as another family member.

Margaret married, was widowed, and raised a daughter on seamstress wages. Her daughter, Judith Murphy, lives in California. Margaret died in 1970.

Verle honed her homemaking skills on her husband Phil Bowe, two sons and a daughter. Gregory

lives in Mukilteo, Susan in Arlington. Verle's son Gary died in 1985.

Mabel's health declined in her forties. At age 52 a final series of strokes confined her to bed. Despite devoted care by Horace and their nearby daughter Verle, Mabel died in her Duvall home on October 12, 1943. Verle's father died on June 21, 1956. Duvall street names, Aimer and Chipman, honor these early residents.

Not long after her father's death, Verle and Phil moved into the house that her father had built, where Verle was born, and where she lives today, celebrating in August her 90th birthday with her family. Verle keeps active in the Duvall Historical Society, Senior Center events, the Lunch Bunch, and in vigorous lawn and garden upkeep.

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies of our newsletter, the Wagon Wheel.



BERT EGGSTROM

In 1920, when Bert Eggstrom was four years old he crossed the Atlantic and the United States three times. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, he came with his mother and aunt. They soon returned to Sweden only to come again across the Atlantic, where he said he was seasick for the first three days, and then again across the United States by train, stopping briefly to visit in Chicago.

Bert's grandfather, Hokan Olson, was already in this area, having left the hard times in Sweden in 1905. He had lined up in a ticket office in Trondheim, Norway, to buy a ticket for the United States but not knowing an exact destination. He heard the man ahead of him getting a ticket to go to a place where the weather was mild, work was available, and everyone spoke Swedish. He asked a ticket to the same place, wherever it was in the United States

Following the sea voyage, he traveled through Canada to Vancouver and then to Preston, the place where everyone spoke Swedish. He was a millwright and found work there. On arriving by train to the station in Woodinville, he exclaimed, "What is so wonderful about this?" From Woodinville, he had to take the speeder to get to Preston.

By 1908, he was in Duvall, first living in a hollow stump on Virginia Street and then building a house now occupied by the Webster family. The house is on the historic list of Duvall residences. He bought several lots and 8 acres reaching down to the Cherry Valley School.

Bert and his mother stayed with Hokan a little while and then his mother found work in Seattle as housekeeper at the Hainsworth mansion. Bert attended first and second grades in Seattle. They moved back to Duvall and he then entered the third grade at Cherry Valley Elementary where his teacher was Mrs. Strang.

Bert's stepfather believed that after the seventh grade, a boy should be on his own. Bert managed to complete high school while working for farmers in the area. His sophomore year he worked for Billy Funk making 59 cents a month and room and board.

Bert continued to work at many occupations through his youth and early adulthood. He picked

apples in Eastern Washington and then he worked for a furniture store in Wenatchee and then in a store in Seattle. One particularly interesting job was as chauffeur and houseboy for E.H Stewart of Carnation Farms. Driving his limousine and traveling to the East Coast were great adventures. But when Bert thought of marriage to his sweetheart, he decided not to follow his employer to California.

He married Jeanette Marrier, and was working in the woods at the time. He worked as a faller and a buckner, dangerous work, and hard work, pulling the hand saw -the old misery whip, and chopping with the falling axe. Jeanette didn't like his working away in the logging camps, so during the 1940-41 winter closing for bad weather, he went to work driving a lumber truck for the Snohomish mill. He remembers that the truck was a two-ton Diamond T, and the trailer was loaded with 40-foot long timbers.

With World War II defense work available, he tried hauling magnesium for bombs in Las Vegas. His wife was pregnant and there was no doctor there, so they came home to Duvall. Fearing complications, Doctor Yowell sent her to Seattle where Ron was born. Ron, who lives in Duvall, was followed by a son Larry who lives at Lake Stevens, and a daughter, Lenette, who lives in Sammamish.

Bert went to night school in 1945 to learn sheet metal work and, except for 2 years, followed that trade the rest of his working life. He first worked in Seattle, for the Argo Blower Company. They made all types of commercial blowers and sheet metal piping. In 1946 and 1947, he drove freight trucks for Los Angeles-Seattle Freight lines, running up and down the coast, with a second driver making 18 hour runs to San Francisco and 32 hours to Los Angeles.

Bert especially remembers the Dunsmuir Canyon in California where the highway used to go up and down, up and down, and where he was always shifting gears. Other troubles included flat tires. These days the tires are better and the gear shifting much easier.

Bert was away from home too much so he returned to the sheet metal industry, making heating and ventilating ducts for high-rise buildings in

Seattle. He worked on design and headed crews at installation.

In 1950, Bert bought his grandfather's house from Mrs. Funk. In 1960 while in Seattle, he designed and built his house. In 1963 he moved back to Duvall and commuted to Seattle until he retired in 1979. In Duvall, Bert was a founding member of the Duvall Historical Society and still attends when he is in the area.

Bert was a member of the active Duvall Grange. He was also a 4-H leader, and besides going hunting and fishing, he started a saddle club at his house with his daughter. In 1967, this became the Cherry Valley Riders and it continues to this day with an original member, Eunice Kosters. He was a member

of the Wildlife Committee of Washington. This sportsman group taught kids how to hunt and to fish and survival skills. They stocked the high alpine Cascades lakes with fish.

Following his retirement in 1979, he began to spend a two-week winter vacation in California; then it lengthened to a month. So in 1983, they bought a house in Cathedral City, a large community next to Palm Springs.

In 1991, Jeanette died. Bert met Betty who had lost her husband and they have now been married 14 years. Again, they are off for the winter to their place in Cathedral City where Bert says he no longer plays golf; but at almost

90 years of age he enjoys swimming laps in the



1936 Graduates Duvall High School - Front row: Vera Ellis, Nellie Trim, Evelyn Larson, Clara Hammerquist, Lillie Taylor, Miss Peterson

Back Row: Ted Spoelstra, Chester Olson, Carl Rosene, Bill McCormick (custodian) Bert Eggstrom, Clarence Somers

pool, drinking lattes, visiting with neighbors and going to parties. He says his hobby is napping, and his goal is to keep breathing. His exercise is mostly holding down a big recliner which, he said, he can do with his eyes closed.

Asked what he remembers about his early days in Duvall, he said that it had been a logging community and then changing to a farming area. The loggers were away all week in the camps, which left the women to run the town. Friday and Saturday nights, with the men back in town, saw a lot of card playing and other activities, some of them rather boisterous.

Bert remembered that as a boy he rode in the engine of the logging train to the Lazarus operation to see the work. Bert said that Sam Rosen wrote in 1911 that there were 23 trains a day in busy Duvall. He didn't mention that they were logging trains bringing logs to the river where they floated downstream to the mills.

Other memories were of the trail that led through

the woods to what is now Taylor Park where there was the big rock that held the performers and logs for spectators to sit on. He remembered playing with a boy who had a toy train set in the attic of the Forest Inn.

There were gravel roads and streets. In 1920 there were plank sidewalks going up and down the steep streets and in the steepest places there were cross slats to keep people from slipping. He remembers riding a bobsled down to the church where there was concrete across the front. They came to a sudden stop there and he says Albert Verschaeve flew off and slid across that concrete. It was especially painful as he had a back pocket full of shingle nails.

Bert feels that it is a different world for his grandchildren and his two great grandchildren but he hopes they will have as many interesting memories of their childhoods as he has.

(More on Hokan Olson in Wagon Wheels Second Volume)

The Duvall Historical Society thanks Frontier Bank for copies of the Wagon Wheels



TRANSPORTATION

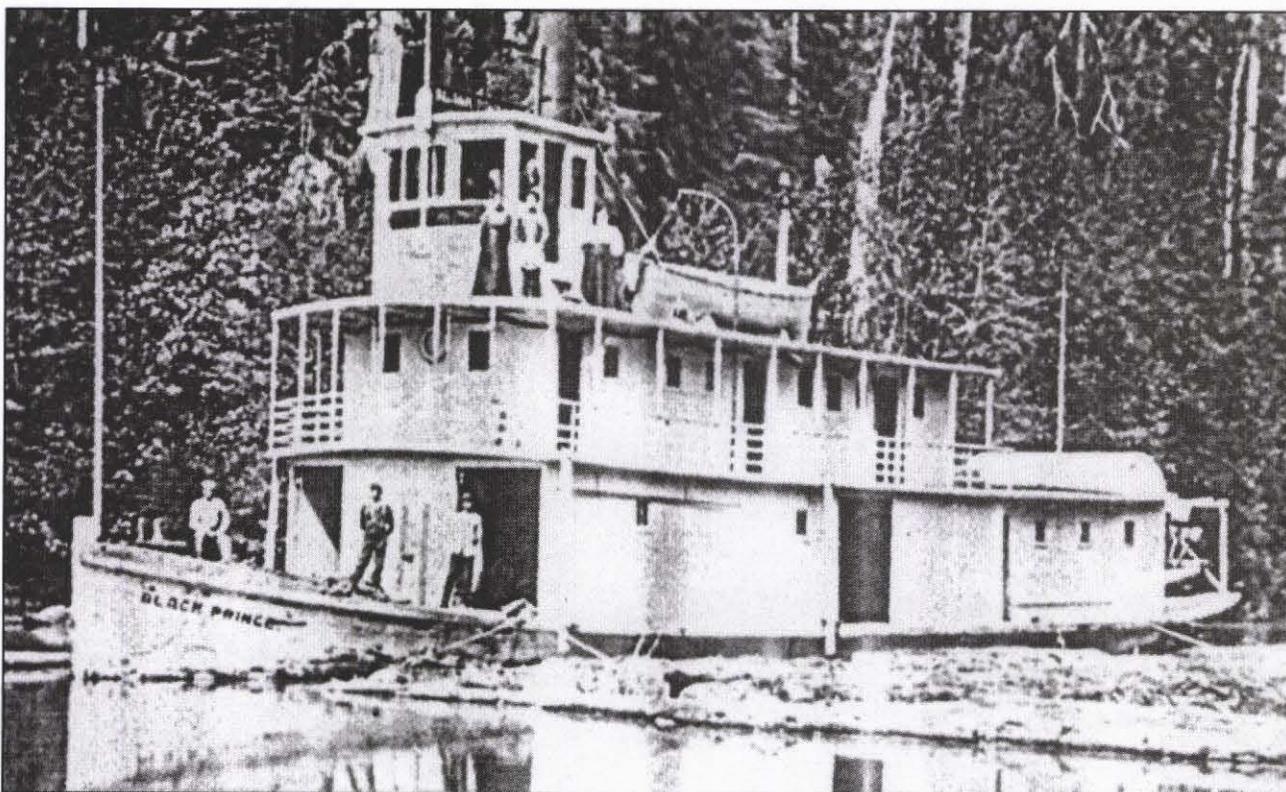
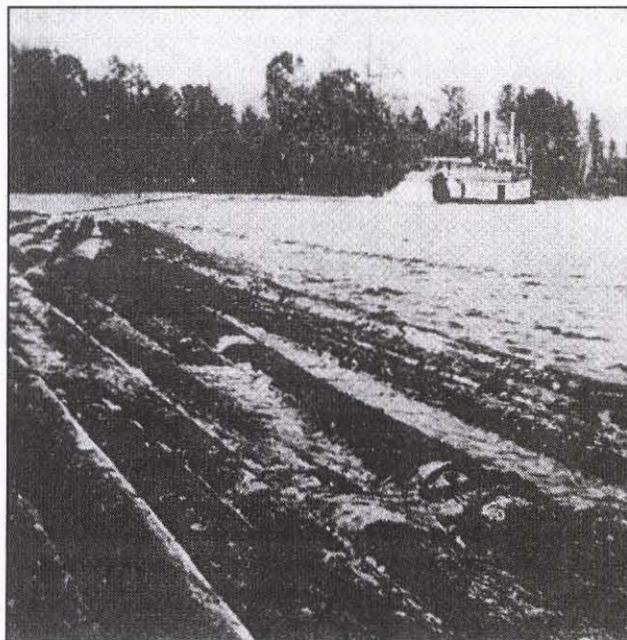
A hundred years ago, Arthur Hix saw an opportunity in the small settlement of Cherry Valley to start a general store. To get supplies, Arthur walked over the hills to Kirkland, and from there would take the ferry across Lake Washington to Seattle. From there he went to Everett by railroad. With the supplies he had purchased, he would board the riverboat, the Black Prince, and return to Cherry Valley.

Today, Bearzabout in the same building that Arthur Hix built, can order supplies by phone or on line; they can travel by automobile on freeways to Seattle to see displays of merchandise. A constant factor in human activities is change. Can any of us imagine the means of transportation in 2106?

For millions of years people moved by walking and carried what they wanted to transport. Creative humans devised ways to ease their burdens and ways to move farther and faster.

Although tribes of Native Americans did not use the wheel, they adopted the horse brought to

the Americas by the Spanish Explorers. Also, early explorers in their wind-powered sailing ships met the natives in this region in their canoes. Canoes brought



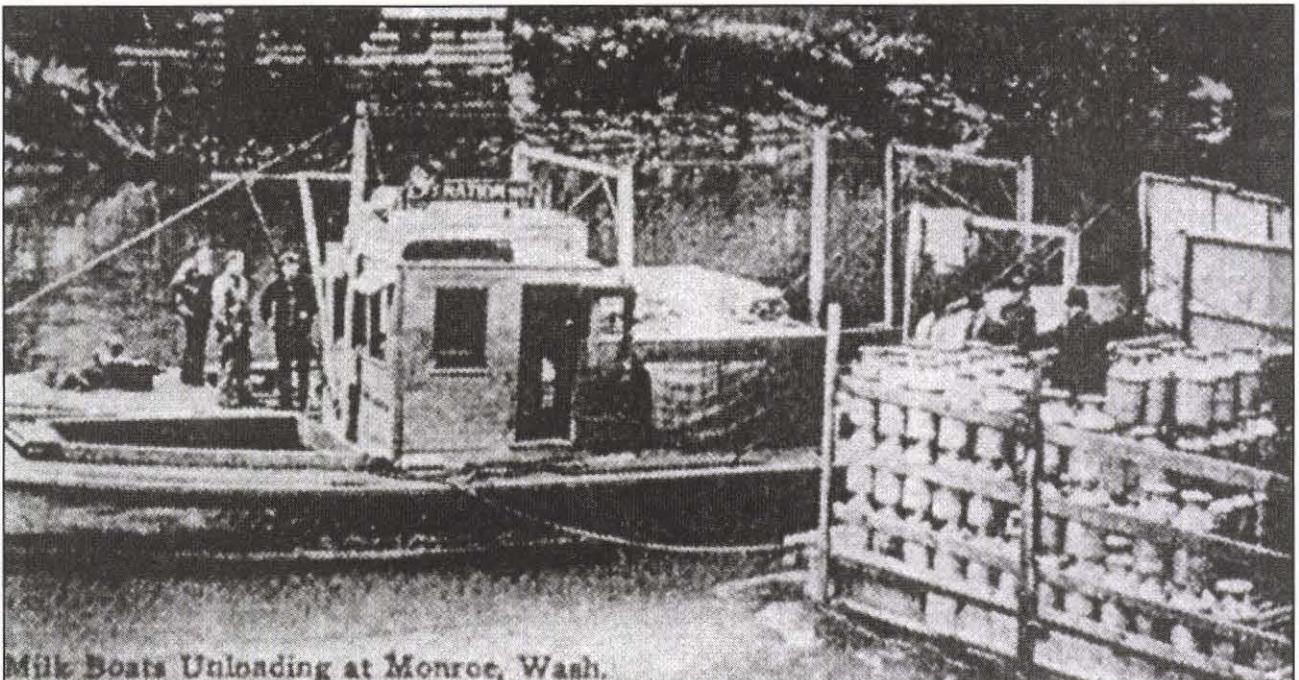
the first explorers, followed by loggers and farmers, to this area on the Snoqualmie River.

One of the early loggers was James Duvall who used oxen to transport the logs to the river, where the river transported the logs to the mills, often in rafts towed by steam powered boats.

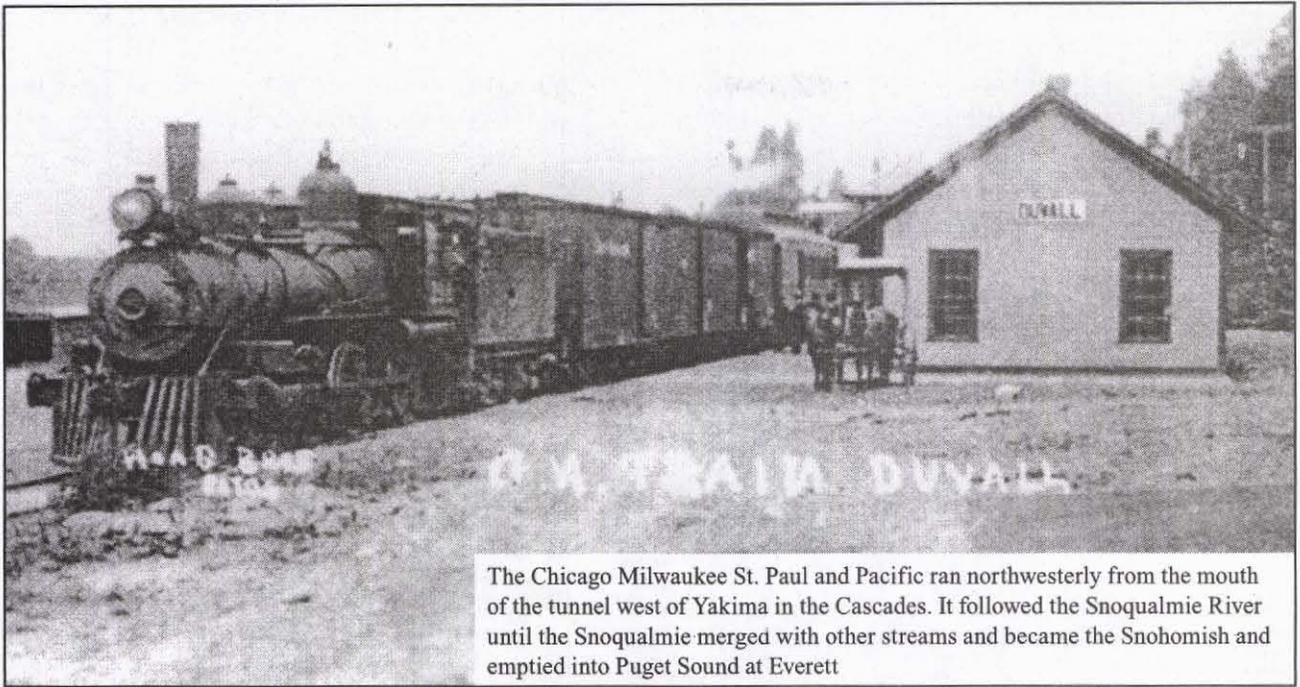
James Duvall and others moved about in their horse-drawn buggies.

The pioneers brought horses not only to pull their carts and buggies, but also to pull farm machinery. Until paved roads made driving easier, almost everything came and went by river - clothes, flour, sugar, tools, anything the settlers couldn't grow or make themselves. Dairies sent their milk downriver for processing.

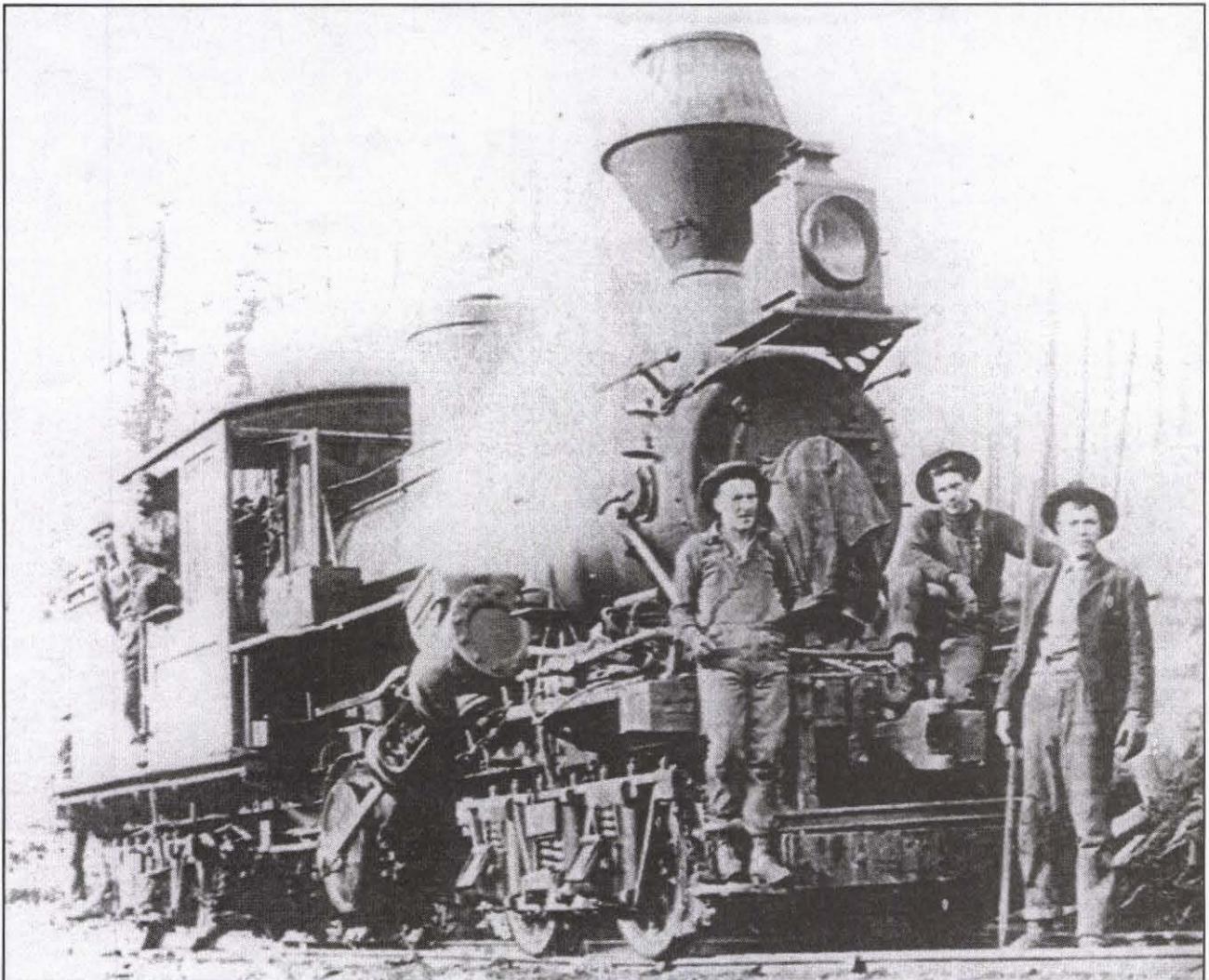
Steam powered the boats and powered the



Milk Boats Unloading at Monroe, Wash.



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

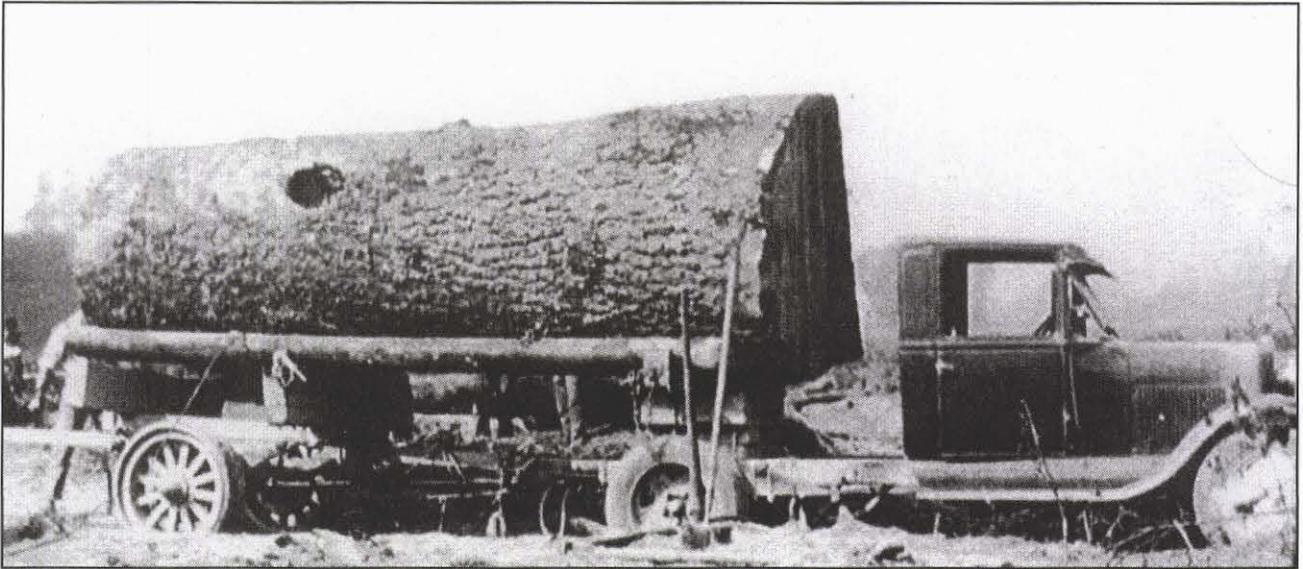


railroad engines that came through Duvall in 1909. Now local people could travel by train to distant places (or just down the line to Carnation). Goods could be sent by rail. Steam engines also ran into the logging woods and moved the logs.

Diesel powered engines moved locomotives and gasoline powered the buggy-replacement cars and trucks. Farmers and loggers made the change to trucks and tractors. People moved by automobiles, either their own or by public transport such as the

stage that ran from Seattle, through Duvall to Monroe and Index.

Wheels continue to change, wheels on our cars, trucks, buses, trains, and even the landing gear on planes. Traffic has increased through what was once the little community of Cherry Valley until it presents a problem, or at least a challenge. The count of daily traffic across the bridge at Duvall was just a hundred or so in 1950, 6,000 in 1980, 19,000 by 2002, and estimated around 25,000 for 2006. Added

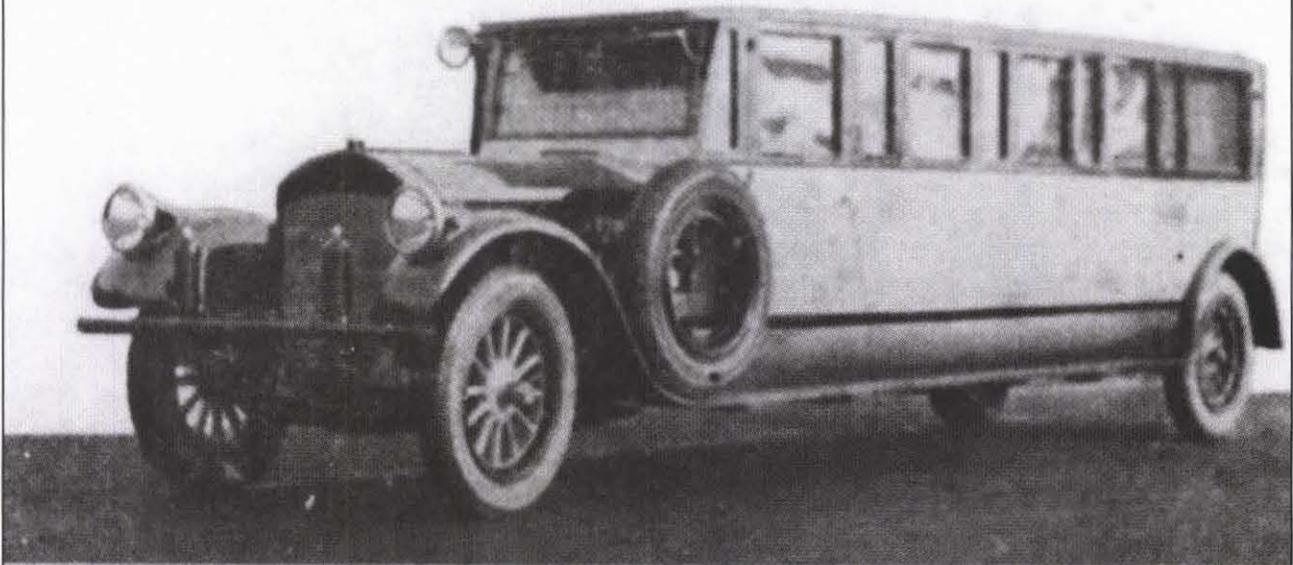


to this are the number of cars and trucks on 203 from north and south.

Among the truck traffic are local sand and gravel trucks, hay trucks from Eastern Washington, logging trucks both local and from the east slopes of the Cascades, apple haulers from the Wenatchee area, and even garbage trucks from Bellingham on their way to the Roosevelt landfill. Could they be

rerouted by a bypass? Could our main street avoid becoming a four-lane highway? Will new inventions solve our gridlocks of transportation? We have been tantalized by hovercraft and personal jet packs, by stay-at-home cyberspace. Change is said to be "inevitable" and the "future is not ours to see." Do we just say "sera, sera" or are the inventors among us already at work on locomotion we can't imagine?

SEATTLE-DUVALL-MONROE-INDEX SHORT LINE STAGE



SEATTLE TERMINAL, Third and Pine. **PHONE ELLIOTT 3244**
MONROE TERMINAL, Union Stage Depot. **PHONE 1191**
INDEX TERMINAL, Optimus Pharmacy. **PHONE 141** (over)

On Sat. Oct 7, the Duvall Historical Society took part in the King County Fall Harvest Farm Tour. Similar tours took place all over the state. 81 people stopped by to see demonstrations of rope making, corn shelling and grinding, scrub board washing, butter churning, canning, and quilting. Members also staffed the Dougherty Farm house for tours. Many visitors were pleased with what they claimed was among the best of the tour.

The Duvall Historical Society gave both downtown and Dougherty House tours to students from Eagle Rock school. A talk on local history was given to a high school history class. The Society has ordered this year's holiday ornament. They will be sold at the City's Treelighting ceremony and at certain businesses in December. The Duvall Historical Society meets the first Monday of the month at 7:30 at the Landmark Dougherty House. Guests are welcome. Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies of the Wagon Wheel newsletter.

RUTH COY BELLAMY

(Following the editor's visit with Ruth, she shared this information about her family)

In 1924, my father, Albert Edward Herman, came to Duvall from Terre Haute, Indiana. He worked on the small Hanisch farm, his mother Emma, his sister Dorothy and Amelia, and his brother Arthur living with him. He met May Marie Miller and they were married January 1, 1926, in the Duvall Methodist Church.

Following his marriage, he went to Stillwater where he milked by hand 25 cows on the Ray Es-sency farm. The barn of that farm still exists at the Stillwater Store. I was born February 4, 1927; later followed by a brother Carl, and two sisters - Nora Jean and Gail.

I remember our days in Redmond and then in Tukwila (then called Renton Junction). I sometimes rode with my father as he delivered bottled milk. Milk cost 9 cents a quart in those Depression Days. I started school in Orillia in the Kent Valley, with many Japanese classmates from the truck gardens. In 1936 our family moved to Lake City, north Seattle, where my father delivered milk.



Albert and May Herman's first house, 1926 (near present Frontier Bank)

My mother May had family in Duvall including her parents David and Ardilla (Huffman) Miller. so she was happy with the move to Duvall in 1938. My father bought 6 ½ acres with a shack house and shed on the Pole Line Rd. (275th St.) from R.H Stapleton for \$650. My mother's brother and his wife, Alva and Teal Miller, lived next door on 13 acres where they raised White Leghorn chickens and sold eggs to the Co-op.

My maternal grandparents, David and Ardella Miller, came to Duvall from Fall City in 1916. They lived on 20 acres split by Hwy. 15B (now hwy. 203, and currently the land occupied by Copperhill Square and, across the highway, the Duvall Tech Center). They had a large garden and berries, milked a few cows and raised hay. David also worked out with his team of large horses, Kate and Lady, on the roads and delivered groceries to Cherry Gardens. Dilla worked in the garden, raised flowers, and churned butter which she sold in Duvall to buy staple groceries. She also sewed garments for the



Dave and Ardilla Miller at their home in 1928 (now Duvall Tech Center)

family and loved quilting with the neighbor ladies.

My father, Albert, continued delivering milk, driving to Redmond to pick up bottled milk, cream, butter, and cottage cheese and then drove door to door in North Seattle. Later he included dressed poultry delivered on order. He brought the live fryer chickens and a few hens home. My mother, with the help of us children, had the chore of dressing 12-15 chickens each week- killing them, scalding them, taking off the feathers, butchering and cutting into pieces, cooling in cold water, and packaging them. My job was plucking the feathers. Adding to the work was hauling water in 10 gallon cans (as there was no running water) and heating it on the stove.

Upon arriving in Duvall in 1938, I entered the 6th grade at Cherry Valley School. I remember my cousins coming to play with me and my sisters and brother. We had great times playing hide and seek, anti eye over, and the long driveway was just right for riding bicycles. When I first learned to ride, I ran into a stump, which really shook me up.

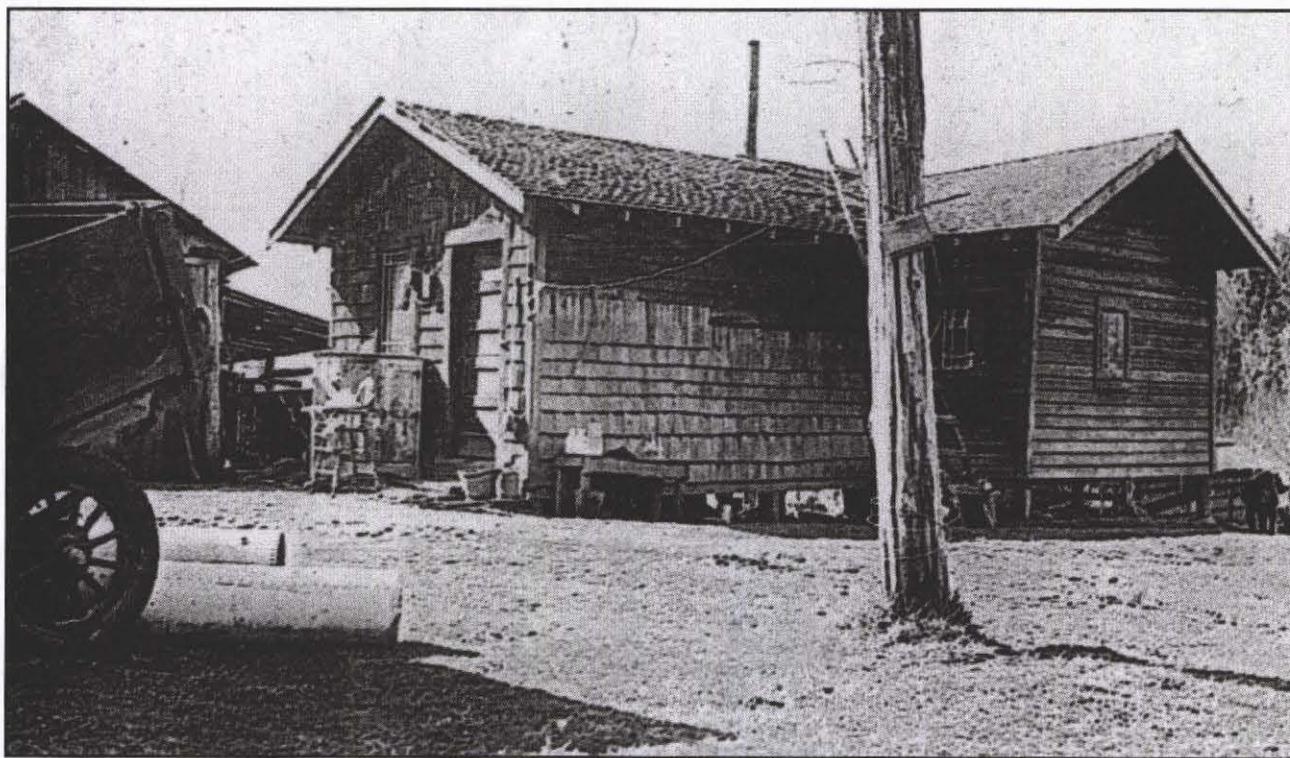
Later bicycles came in handy, as in my senior year of high school my brother Carl and I rode our bikes over a mile to the Snohomish County line where we caught a school bus to Monroe Union High School.

Following high school graduation, I studied

shorthand and bookkeeping at the Griffin-Murphy Business College in Seattle. Ernie Nelson and Daisy Franke and I often rode with William Weber to Seattle. At times we took the Seattle-Index Stage at 6 a.m. From school, I was recruited by Robert Shanahan to work in the office of Far West Garments on 1st Ave. While working, I attended Seattle Pacific College part time for one year.

In 1946, John, Frank M. and Paul Coy purchased 60 acres of land in Cherry Valley from William and Irma McCallum. It was between the Snoqualmie River and Highway 15B. On the 60 acres they had 36 milk cows and 7 heifers. There was a large barn with hay storage, a milk barn, and two big silos. Their parents, Frank C. and Mary Coy, came with them and lived in the historic 1900 house.

In 1948, they bought 80 acres of the Dougherty property with a large milking barn with a hayloft. This barn, built in 1942 by Herman Jerstad for Joe and Leo Dougherty, now is the large yellow barn just east of my house on Cherry Valley Road, and is still being used as a dairy. It is of frame construction on a concrete base, with a gambrel roof with wood shingle roofing and two gable ventilators. It has drop siding and some 6-light casement windows. The Coys had 45 cows and raised about 20 heifers. There was large pasture for summer grazing and the cows



Albert and May's home on the Pole Line Road (275th NE)

were fed Alfalfa hay plus grain during the winter months.

Then John Coy asked William McCallum, "Do you know any good girls in Duvall?" Bill suggested he meet me, and by 1950 we married.

John and his father, Frank C., were building a house on the Dougherty property that became John and my home. Later additions were made to both ends of the house and it is still my home. John and I had four children, Ruth Ann, Neal, Margie and John T. All of our children live in the area.

The cows were milked twice a day with a "Surge" milking machine. The milk was then carried in 5 gallon cans to the milk house where the milk was cooled. The milk was shipped in 10 gallon cans to Seattle Darigold Milk Producers. In 1952, with the coming of refrigerated milk tanks, a pipeline system was installed in the barn. The "Surge" milking machines were connected to the pipeline and milk went to the refrigerated 600 gallon milk tank. A refrigerated milk truck picked up the milk every other day and delivered to Seattle Vitamilk Dairy. There it was processed and delivered to homes or to stores and hospitals.

John and I, with his brothers, increased the size of the herd to 90 cows, which meant two groups of cows in the milk barn. A loafing shed was built adjacent to the barn for shelter in winter months. During the spring and summer months, grass was stored in the wooden bunk silo for winter silage. Several years they grew peas. Combines cut and shelled the peas that then went to the cannery in Snohomish. There they were processed and went to market. The pea vines were stacked for pea silage, a diet the cows liked.

In 1953, we adopted artificial breeding and were regularly tested through the Dairy Herd Improvement Association. In 1960, for the appearance of the farm, the quality of the herd, and its production levels, we were named Dairy Family of the Year by the Northwest Dairy Federation. A tragic accident occurred on the farm in 1969 when my husband was killed by 5 tons of falling silage. John's brother James and I continued to run the dairy with hired help and the help of my children.

The herd grew to 165 milk cows and we built a larger loafing shed with a feed alley in the middle. We also put in a four-on-a-side herringbone milk parlor. When not being milked, the cows were kept in the loafing shed and fed green chop grass and alfalfa hay. We also grew corn for silage which was

chopped and brought from the field and packed in a cement bunk silo.

In 1975, I married Donald Bellamy. I was again widowed in 1990.

In the Federal Government's dairy "buy out" of 1986, a program to reduce milk production and raise prices over a five-year period, we sold our herd and temporarily ceased to dairy. My son, John T, began raising corn for silage and delivered corn silage to local farmers for their herds. As time went by, there were fewer local dairy farmers and my son discontinued farming in 2001.

I continue living in my home, raising large vegetable and Dahlia flower gardens.



Albert and May Herman, 1947

Another Outstanding Farm Family In Lower Valley



DAIRY FAMILY: The Coy family of Duvall gathered around one of the calves that one day will join their herd of Holsteins. (From left, rear) James Coy, Mrs. John Coy, John Coy. (From left, front) The John Coy children, Johnnie, Margie, Ruth Ann and Neal. (Engraving courtesy the Seattle Times).

OH, HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

By Ray Burhen

When we have extreme weather conditions as we have had over the last several months, I reminisce about similar past conditions. It is interesting to reflect how the public and the public agencies handled these adverse weather anomalies forty to seventy years ago, and to compare how the general public and public agencies behaved now concerning record rainfalls, floods and severe windstorms.

As we continue to observe and study and enquire how the public agencies handle the weather anomalies today. It is evident that there has been a major shift in the policies, procedures, and philosophies of 50 years ago.

Years ago the state road crews' task and policy was to keep the National Highways, such as US-10 (now the I-90 freeway), US-2, US-99 (now the I-5 freeway), and the state roads such as state 15-B (now SR 203), the Woodinville-Duvall road (which was a state road) open at nearly any effort. They were constantly working year around doing preventive maintenance. Their policy and philosophy of preventive maintenance was very different from the policy and philosophy of today. The County had the same philosophy as the State but due to the many miles of rural roads, they were not quite as rigorous in accomplishing their objectives.

Years ago trees on the State or National highways rights-of-way were never allowed to get big enough that they could fall on the highway. The only exception was in the very rugged steep mountain areas. Here in the Valley the crews were constantly working on the right-of-way. Even if there were trees off of the right-of-way, they would go to the owner and say that they needed to remove the "danger" trees. Permission was normally granted and the State crew cut the trees and the property owner had some firewood if he wanted it. Also, the power company worked diligently in keeping trees cut and trimmed away from the power lines, which also usually helped keep the trees from the highways. I can't say that the highways never had a tree down but there were not many. Some electric lines would get

knocked down, but rarely were major transmission lines destroyed as they were in our last windstorm.

It was nearly a religion with the road crews years ago to keep the culverts open and the roadside ditches cleaned, open and draining. They strived to get rid of all standing water and keep it running. The standing water otherwise seeps into the roadbed which becomes spongy, and the highway over time gets quite uneven and wavy and develops potholes.

The present philosophy is only to fix the potholes, not prevent them and to take care of emergency problems. Currently, the beavers are doing a good job of plugging some of the culverts. When a tree falls on the highway, the crews will clean it up, and they only clean the ditches and culverts when the water starts running over the highway and is a traffic hazard.

In today's world, the road maintenance crews would like to do better but the agencies figure that it takes too long or is too difficult to get permits for general maintenance work such as tree cutting and ditch and culvert cleaning. It is easier to wait for the problems to become emergencies. They generally can work the emergencies without permits. The highway maintenance people have many stories about starting to remove the danger trees in our area, but they get so many complaints from the public that they are told to quit cutting the trees.

There is a person in the Valley who has made a study and a list of all the danger trees between Monroe and Fall City on SR203. He has periodically given WSDOT an updated list over the last several years and also talks to WSDOT in Olympia asking them to take action. They still only work the problems when they become emergencies, for example, after a Duvall person was killed last summer on SR-203 by a tree falling immediately in front of him. He had no chance to avoid hitting the tree. That tree was on the danger tree list that was provided to WSDOT on several occasions, the last time only three days before the accident. Years ago those danger trees would have been long gone before anyone was killed.

Oh, how times have changed!

LOOKING BACK ON 2006

At the first meeting in 2007, the Duvall Historical Society looked back on the past year, remembering special events. The year began with a Certificate of Appropriateness for restoring the Milk House, and by the end of the year, the little building was on its way to being restored. Eagle Scouts removed blackberry vines in the area and built a fence for a City pea patch.

In February, the Dougherty Farmstead was named to the National Historic Register. At a regular meeting, the Society members toured their new neighbor, the Holy Innocents Church, which sits on the original O'Leary homestead as does the Dougherty House.

On April 20 the Historical Society celebrated their 30th Anniversary with house tours, demonstrations, and hands-on activities at the Dougherty House. Over 60 visitors came to see mule plowing, hand log sawing, rope making, butter churning, scrub-board laundry, cider pressing. Also in April,

the Society displayed photos of their activities in City Hall.

A slate of nominees for offices in the Duvall Historical Society was presented and accepted. Connie Zimmerman will step in as president in September; Tove Burhen will serve as vice president and member of record; Ruth Bellamy will continue as secretary; and Kathleen Williams will continue as treasurer until fall as she and Don are moving to Redmond. Ray Burhen will accept the duty when Kathleen leaves. Board members will be Ward Roney, Nancy Stevens, Mike Reed, and Mary Lampson.

The Society continued their meetings with speakers on the histories of Duvall organizations. Ruth Bellamy spoke on the Methodist Church; Bill and Helen Losleben told the history of the Catholic Church; Dave Harder came in May and reminisced of his days with the Duvall Fire Department.

For the June 3rd Celebration of Duvall Days, the members arranged for a logging truck and log



Flood waters out of the banks of the Snoqualmie River

processor to be in the beginning of the parade, as the theme for 2006 was "Loggers to Bloggers." Velma Hill was Grand Marshall. Two members dressed as loggers walked beside the truck. At the Depot, copies of old logging pictures were displayed and members hosted visitors at the building. The Historical Society also helped at the celebration at McCormick Park with sack races.

A new newspaper, "River Currents" began publication featuring people and activities in Duvall and Carnation. An article emphasized that the big news for the City of Duvall was the new Sewage Treatment Plant which was honored as one of the best environmental projects in the nation. The paper also recognized a Duvall celebrity, Patricia Blair who won the title of Mrs. Washington and participated in the Mrs. America pageant. Amy Tryon of Duvall won first place at the equestrian Galway Downs Eventing Championship in California. Lin McBride was named Citizen of the Year for her community work, especially in the arts.

Other celebrations in Duvall included the Quilt Show in September, the Northwest Art Center's Valley Art Walk, and a Heritage Festival that included activities at the Dougherty House. During the summer, the town again enjoyed the performances of Summerstage in McCormick Park

During the summer months, the Historical Society members met for a joint picnic with the Tolt Historical Society at Roger Thoreson's in Carnation. An added treat was touring Roger's historic house which he has been carefully restoring. As usual, from May through September members opened the Landmark Dougherty House on Sunday afternoons for tours. Many other tours are given whenever interested individuals or groups apply.

As the members drove to the Dougherty House for the first fall meeting, they saw the new, admirable shake roof. The City had received a grant

for its construction, replacing the big tarp that had protected the interior of the house from a leak. The debris from the small barn that had fallen was cleaned up by Boy Scouts who saved artifacts such as the stanchions.

In October, the Historical Society had another open house with outdoor demonstrations for the King County Fall Harvest Tour. Many members took part in setting up and hosting the event, and 81 people on the tour visited and took part in the activities.

With the help of some King County Sustained Grant money, the Society, with help from knowledgeable members, made plans to create a website. Also in November, Verle Bowe's niece presented a quilt sewn in 1926 by a Duvall Campfire group. The quilt features the embroidered signatures of many Duvall women, names known by readers of local history.

December saw the Society involved in the City Treelighting event where the members sold their local books and this year's tree ornament, which featured a logging locomotive.. More ornaments were also sold at the Christmas party and in local businesses, although the selling season was shortened by the severe weather.

In the last half of 2006, Mother Nature sent the area some wild weather. Following the wettest November on record, a severe flood brought unusual amounts of debris floating from one field to another. The Duvall-Woodinville road across the valley was closed for two days, and, of course, the 124th crossing for longer. Then, at the last of November, 6 inches of snow snarled traffic, but lent a beauty to winter landscapes. In December, winds up to 70 mph downed many trees, some on house roofs and many on power lines, and the popular tree plantations were decimated. Stores and homes in the area were without power for 6 to 8 days. Citizens are longing for Spring!

The Duvall Historical Society meets at 7:39 pm at the Landmark Dougherty House on the first Mondays of the month. Guests and new members are welcome.

The Society's local history books are for sale at Duvall Book Store and Duvall Family Drug Store: *Jist Cogitatin'*; *Wagon Wheel 1 and 2*; *Digging Duvall's Past*; *Hi Times*; *Duvall Immigrant*.

Call 425-788-1266 or 425- 844-6161 for more information.

Tours of the National Historic Landmark Farmstead are available by appointment; call 425-788-1266.

The Duvall Historical Society is thankful for the support of the King County's 4Culture program.

We wish to acknowledge the Duvall branch of Frontier Bank for providing the copies of our monthly newsletter, Wagon Wheel.



Our "Loggers", Don Williams and Mike Reid, follow Cherry Valley Logging in Duvall Days Parade



Velma Hill, Grand Marshall



Galusha's mule and wagon in parade for the Duvall Historical Society



GROWING UP IN THE SNOQUALMIE VALLEY

From an interview of Bonnie Anderson

Bonnie Anderson lived most of her life in the Lower Snoqualmie Valley. As a child and a teen-ager she lived where McDonald Park is in Carnation.

Her father, Eugene Tourangeau, logged the west side of the river where they had their log house and barn. They also raised Angus cattle and had to haul water from the river. The road to their house came from the Tolt Hill road and the road often had slides from the cliff there. Her father regularly had to use his TD 18 cat to blade off the sandy dirt.

Gene Tourangeau is remembered by acquaintances as a charming man who dressed well and drove an expensive car. To Bonnie and her twin sister Beverlie he was a strict taskmaster who punished them for mistakes or goofing off. She remembered a time when they didn't check on the cows before they went on dates, and the cows had to find refuge on an island as the river flooded. Once she startled her sister who then bumped her head and the wound needed

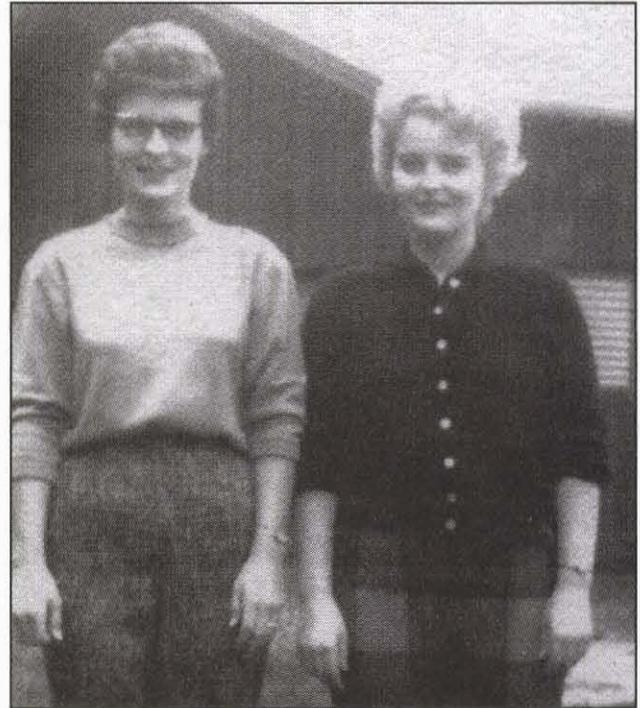
stitches; that incident resulted in rather extreme punishment. The girls worked hard, cleaning machinery and helping with the logging. Bonnie said she drove the cat while her father and Beverlie loaded logs.

Bonnie's mother, Thora Mebust, had come from Minnesota following high school to work for an uncle. During World War II she worked as a welder, then later at the Tacoma bus depot. She attended beauty school and had her own shop in Carnation until she retired. She met and married Gene in the 1930's, when he was loading logs in Duvall for Shorty Landers who drove a locomotive for Lazarus Logging Company.

Gene had come from Grays Harbor and told Bonnie and her sister tales of the Wynoochee including the one about the hairy beast who lived in the forests of the Olympic Mountains. He was a cruiser for the State of Washington and he was the man who laid out highway 18. He walked with a pack on his back from Maple Valley past Tiger Mountain to



Thora and Gene Tourangeau



Bonnie and Beverlie – the building in the background is now a part of McDonald Park

highway 10 (now I-90) scouting out the best route for the new highway. He also logged in several places and owned land in different areas around the State.

Bonnie went to high school with a handsome young man, George Anderson, he graduating in 1957 and she in 1958. They were married 48 years ago. Bonnie said she loved being around George's family, his parents George and Phyllis, and "Grampa" George who had the garage that stood where the Shell station is now. George's family were close, full of hugs, and Bonnie said, "I thought that was so cool!"



Friends of the family by the log house which was on the west side of the river at what is now McDonald Park

The Duvall Historical Society has started the year with 20 members and with the help of others who come to work parties and take part in special events. The collections (photos, artifacts, interviews and papers) keep growing. Furnishing the Dougherty House is essentially finished. The Society has been working from their list of goals and strategies. Since the overall vision, or mission, of the group has been understood but not written, the March meeting will finalize that statement. A new project, with members Kimberly Engelkes and Eric Benjamin's expertise, is to create a website. The Rotary is taking on the work of completing the interior of the bunkhouse. The

Bonnie said that she and George decided they would be strict but fair with their children. They named their children Vicki, George, Todd and Scott. Todd lives in Alaska and Bonnie visited there recently. The other children live and work in this area. George and Bonnie have 16 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. George drives truck for different companies, sometimes with a semi truckload of apples from Wenatchee to the Tacoma docks for export. Bonnie is known to Duvall shoppers as the friendly manager at the Family Grocer.



Bonnie and George's wedding photo

Society is also collecting smaller items to enhance the interior for tour visitors.

Spring flowers have broken ground as the 6 inches of snow is melting. Ruth Bellamy, head groundskeeper for the Society, will be welcoming volunteers to weed, prune and plant. Non-members who would like to be a part of this activity or of other projects at the Landmark Dougherty Farmstead, should come to a meeting held the first Monday evening at 7:30 at the Dougherty House, or call for more information 425-844-6161 or 425-788-1266.

The Duvall Historical Society Thanks Frontier Bank for copies of the monthly Wagon Wheels.

GEORGE "MICK" ANDERSON

From an interview with George

George Anderson is an extraordinarily talented truck driver. Who else do we know who has made 205 hauls to Alaska, often to Prudhoe Bay on the frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean, 5,000 miles round trip, with winter time temperatures down to 50 degrees below zero! George said he slept warm in the truck that ran all night to keep it and the driver from freezing. He hauled heavy equipment for the pipeline construction, and also took machinery to mines and other construction sites all over Alaska.

Looking at the scenery and talking with other drivers, oil pipe workers, and tungsten mine operators, George enjoyed his trips in spite of the dangers. Besides the winter cold, the occasional deep snows, and the icy roads that could cause trucks to slide backwards on steep hills, there were long dark days without diversions. The radio could automatically keep to the same station as the miles went by and



Mick's parents, George and Phyllis Anderson

later it was fed by satellite. George's father accompanied him on one occasion but suffered from the cold.

George began driving truck at an early age and has learned the intricacies of gasoline and diesel engines. He can discuss the flaws and improvements with the manufacturers. He can dismantle or repair or make improvements on his trucks and other equipment. Over the years he has worn out and installed six new engines, first Cummins and now Caterpillar, in the truck he is still running, currently hauling logs.

In his high school years, George worked for Scott Wallace doing mechanic work and feeding cows. He also helped in Scott's campaign for County Commissioner. Following graduation from Tolt High School, George enrolled at Everett Community College and then transferred to the University of Washington where he studied from 1958 to 1960. His long day was evidence of his zeal and energy. At 3:00 am he fed 300 cows, went to school until noon, napped a little at Wallace's office, then worked in the King County engineers department until 4:00. Then he studied at the University library until it closed at 10:30. He was studying sociology and taking advanced credits in business management.

Originally, George had wanted to drive cat up in the big woods making logging roads up in the steep mountains. Some of the local fellows were working up in the mountains and he thought they were "real cool." He drove to a mountain construction site to apply but wasn't hired as he had no experience. He then bought a Ford flathead V8, 85 horsepower dump truck from the City of Carnation and hauled gravel here in the area. He also had a paving outfit, at first working by hand making driveways and other jobs for private individuals. For King County, he drove a garbage truck and a street sweeper for a little while.

George embarked on a logging career. He bought a logging tower and, over the years, logged about 8000 acres all over the area east of Duvall on private property. He also contracted with Burlington Northern and other big outfits working in the moun-

tains until the mid 70's when he started his hauls to Alaska.

Over thirty years later George is still driving truck, hauling containers of apples from the Wenatchee area to the docks in Tacoma for export, hauling logs from the Hancock Lake area to the docks for export or to other yards, hauling machinery wherever it needs to go. When he is not on the road, he regularly attends Duvall City Council meetings to keep abreast of events and changes in regulations.

The Andersons have long taken an interest in city politics. In 1932, George's grandmother, Edna Anderson, served on an all woman council. Later, George's father, George Morton was mayor in 1947. George Morton worked in his family's service station in partnership with Emmett Minaglia, George pumping gas and dealing with the public, and Emmett doing the mechanic work. He then drove truck for Union Oil and then for Inland Petroleum becoming a supervisor and dispatcher until his retirement in the 1960's. Mick's great grandfather Theodore, and his son, Mick's grandfather George Monroe, built the service station about 1920; it burned about

1977. It stood where Bill Minaglia has the present Shell station.

Theodore put up the first street lights and had a radio with large speakers so others could hear broadcasts. Theodore's son, George Monroe had a Whippet car agency. His son, George Morton, remembered riding in the back seat of his father's Whippet open touring car, cold from the lack of windows. To his father's chagrin, George Morton preferred a Ford Model A. George Morton had his house and garden where the old Catholic Church annex is on Broadway Street.

Mick's mother, Phyllis, took an interest in the genealogy of both the Andersons and her side of the family, the Strangs. Although she found the names and stories of many Strangs, she wasn't able to connect them to her father, Bernie Strang. A Norwegian ancestor of the Andersons, Adne Anderson came from Tellemarkn County, Norway, in 1848 and settled in Norway Township, Racine County, Wisconsin. He sent for his family, including his son Knute, age 14, who came with his mother and six other children on a schooner. Knute's son Theodore



In the 1930's, logs ready to be loaded in Duvall where the Park and Ride is now. 2nd from the left is Gene Tourangeau, Bonnie Anderson's father.



Loading logs with a steam donkey

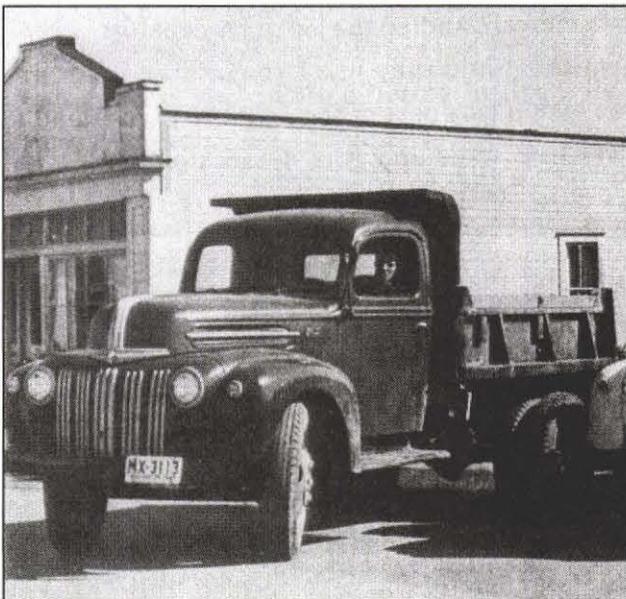
was Mick's great grandfather and the one who came to Duvall.

Mick has seen and been very involved in the evolutionary and very dramatic changes in this mechanical age. He started out running equipment of the World War II era. Those trucks were smaller and had lots less power than the trucks of today, but they carried about as large and heavy loads as the trucks of today. He started out with a 1 and ½ ton Ford dump truck with an 85 horsepower flathead V-8 engine that he bought from the City of Carnation. That was standard equipment at the time. Others were running with Chevrolets, Dodges, and Internationals that were running about the same horsepower. Generally, only the big outfits were running diesels, they were really expensive at that time. The smaller trucks would be beefed up/fishplated and they would carry loads as large and heavy as today's trucks but there was one thing that they didn't have, and that was speed. It was not uncommon to crawl up the

hills at 5 to 15 miles per hour.

What a difference with the Kenworth that he is running today. It is on its 6th engine and it puts out around 500 horsepower and he has lots of gears. Its first engine was a 335 HP Cummins. As you see today as you go down the highway, most of the time the trucks are running right with the cars. What a change from not too many years ago.

The equipment that he started out with has also changed dramatically, going from cable machines to the hydraulic machines of today. The cable operated back hoes and drag lines and loaders did their job at the time but with the advent of all of the advanced hydraulic components, they have revolutionized the heavy equipment industry. George still has his old 1942 Bucyrus Erie 15B dragline/loader cable machine and he also has a long boom 40B that he still uses to clean out manure lagoons and make ponds. George is a master at running the cable machines, but he also is a master with the trucks. He has kept up with the revolutionary changes in the heavy equipment industry. If there is machinery or logs to be hauled, George can do it. George can handle any load, whether it is high, wide, long or especially if it is heavy. He has gone from one era of the old time equipment to the current modernized high tech equipment



George's first truck – a Ford flathead V8 dump truck



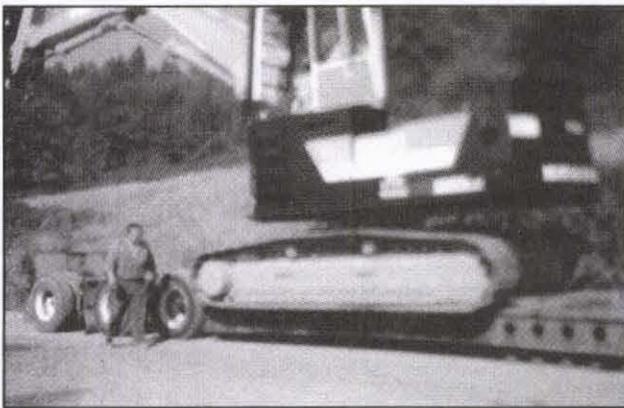
George's same truck hauling logs



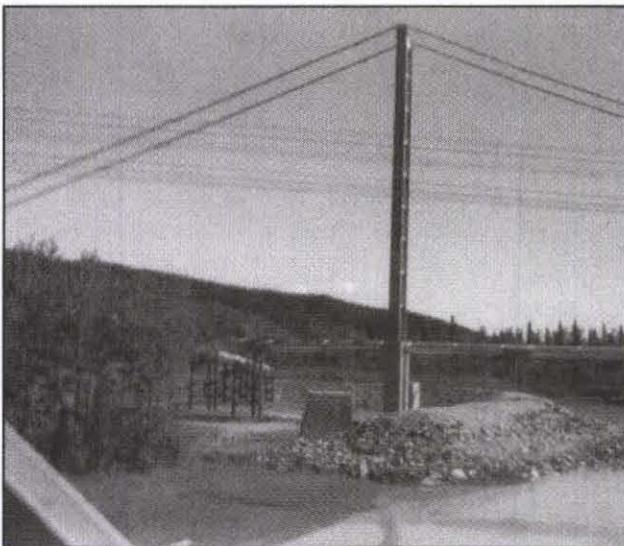
George's first diesel truck



Cable log loading machine



George hauling George Jr.'s late model log loader



Alaska suspended oil pipeline



One of George's early truck coming off of Snoqualmie Pass



George's current truck being loaded with apples in Wenatchee



On the Alcan Highway at the Alaska border

Alaska boundary marker

BOB FUNK

With material from the Express Ranches magazine

Bob Funk, a long-time resident of the Oklahoma City area, grew up in Duvall, son of Roy Funk whose highway work was praised in a former Wagon Wheel article. Bob worked on his cousin's farm, as he wrote, "from sunrise to sunset and on weekends." He attributes his work ethic to his farm experience.

Bob states that his values come from the church and he attained a master's degree in theology from Seattle Pacific University. He also majored in business administration and later, in 1995, the institution awarded him an honorary doctorate degree in public service.

Beginning his career in the personnel industry, Bob spent 17 years moving up in the managerial ranks. When the president of the company died, Bob had to leave. However he started his own business, and many of the staff followed him, and some are still a part of his company, Express

Personnel. Working through some hard times in the 1980's, he set high goals and succeeded, making his company one of the top personnel companies in the nation. Express Personnel franchises are in this area



as well as all over the United States. He still finds helping others is important whether helping a franchise or helping a client; he said he "wants to lend a hand."

Now the owner of Express Ranches with a home near Yukon, Oklahoma, Bob is a top breeder in the United States of both Limousin and Angus cattle. He has fed as many as 50,000 head of cattle and has an alliance with the world's largest cattle feeding company. He has developed a genetics program to better all parts of production. His annual Angus production sale has become an event of importance to breeders from all over the United States, and it also is an entertainment for those who attend.

His scholarship program awards

students who have won in Junior shows, buying and showing animals from Express Ranches. The young students can acquire scholarships for several years of college studies.

Bob and his wife Nedra have a son, Bob Jr., and a daughter, Julie, who live near their parents. Also, Bob's sister Joanne and her husband Dave Benton recently retired and left Duvall to live in that area. Duvall friends who have visited the Funk ranch during the annual sale exclaim that it is fabulous and that Bob and Nedra are kind and generous hosts.



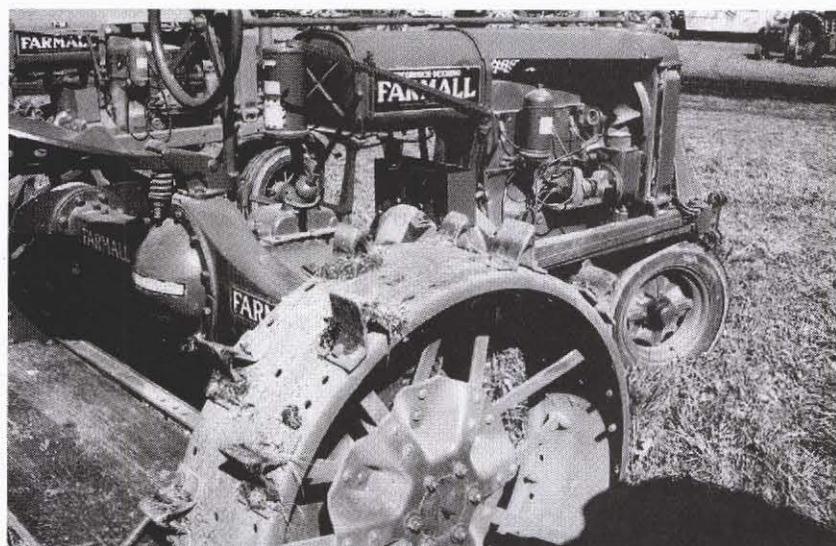
*EXAR Highrose 144 HTR
Amanda Schnoor's many-time champion in 2005-2006;
Senior Champion, 2006 National Western Junior Show*

The newest publication, *The Story of Duvall* by Allen Miller and Don Williams is ready for sale. The authors will be signing their books at the Depot Saturday afternoon June 2, Duvall Days.

Sundays May through September the Historical Society will host tours of the Dougherty House.

Recent visitors were from the Woodinville Senior Center. Plans are being made for a summer picnic, a fall heritage festival, and tours to other historical sites.

For information, call 425-844-6161 or 425-788-1266.



A "PIANO DROP" ANNIVERSARY STUNT

By Ray Burhen

Sometimes, during the springtime, when the weather begins to warm, my mind begins to wander into the past, and certain things will trigger specific thoughts. In reading the latest Duvall Historical Society's publication, *The Story of Duvall*, I saw the story of the Great Piano Drop which happened April 28, 1968, up in Cherry Gardens. This made me think of the "Rock Fest" era (a fertile field for future Wagon Wheel articles.)

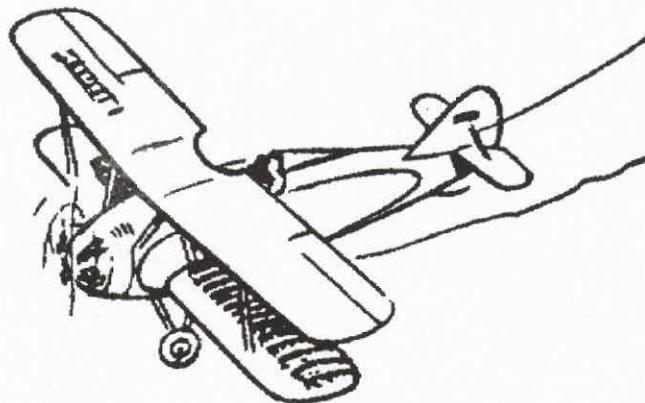
The Piano Drop was held on a postage-stamp size piece of ground up in the woods where several thousand people gathered. The roads were blocked for six miles back to Duvall, and the old logging road going over to the Lake Fontel road also was jammed all the way down to SR 203. Not everyone thought that it was such a wonderful event, especially the neighbors in the area.

For quite a few years after the Piano Drop, on the festival's anniversary, there would be some recognition and small reunion activities.

About 1976, I was working in a four-foot deep drainage ditch along the railroad grade between Stella and Stephen Streets. This was on the Friday before the Piano Drop anniversary weekend. There

was an airplane buzzing around town and the general valley area. In the springtime it is common for people to come in their airplanes to cruise around the valley or for students to practice flying in the area.

I didn't think too much about it except this one seemed more persistent staying in the City area. After quite a few minutes of buzzing around town like a bee, it became annoying. Finally, it came down to about 300 feet going south to north. I thought that it would probably be a last farewell and he would be gone. In several minutes, here he came again, coming much lower down along the river. I worried that he was going to hit the bridge but he pulled up quickly. I was beginning to wonder what the person was up to. Was he wanting to "do himself in" in a spectacular way? Here he came again for the third time. I watched for his numbers on the side as he came again past me, going down to the river at the sand bar of the railroad grade level. His numbers were covered over. He was at eye level with me, which was at the railroad grade level. Under the bridge he went!! pulling up by Art Herman's (now CDK Co) and Taylor Landing Park. I thought it was the most spectacular anniversary performance that anyone could do.



The June 2 celebration of Duvall Days went on under warm sunny skies. In the morning, joining Russ Galusha in his wagon pulled by miniature mules, members Ruth Bellamy, Connie Zimmerman, Nancy Lou Stevens, Andy Weiss, and Tove Burhen were part of this year's Circus theme parade.

Following the parade, the Duvall Historical Society had an open house at the historic depot where they showed 103 visitors the photo displays of old Du-

vall, interpreted the history of the Depot, and sold the new publication: *A Livable Community: The Story of Duvall* by Allen Miller and Don Williams. Don attended and signed the many books sold to visitors. (Allen had to work and could not be with us.) Another fund raiser is some garden art - shovels, some painted by professional artists - Joe Lee Davidson and Hap Berg, others by Diane Brudnicki's art students.



The Duvall Historical Society is hosting tours of the Dougherty Farmstead on Sundays from 1:00 to 4:00 pm.

Other summer plans include the annual picnic. This year we will meet at the Ralph Taylor boat launch park with Tolt Historical Society invited.

Work continues on the milk house and the bunk house and the Society looks forward to including them in the tours.

For more information about the Society or the Dougherty Farmstead, call 425-844-6161 or 425-788-1266.



A LETTER FROM GERALD FUNK

Esther and I enjoy receiving the Wagon Wheel newsletters here in Paonia, Colorado. Thank you for asking about my family. I graduated from Cherry Valley High School in 1937 and I remember Duvall days very well. I hope to visit there again.

One evening in February, 1938, a salesman from Aero Industries Technical Institute came to the Funk's farmhouse across the Snoqualmie River from Duvall. I bought the correspondence course to be followed by a two-month shop course in Glendale, California. I tried over the years to find out who sent the salesman but no one was ever found.

I arrived at Glendale in February, 1940, and stayed at a boarding house with about 20 students. One man at the boarding house had come all the way from Kentucky on a Harley to attend A.T.T.I. When I finished school, I was given a letter to North American Aviation where there were about 4000 employees when I was hired in May, 1940. North American had good contracts building the P-51 Mustang and the B-25 bombers all during World War II.

There were no women working in the factory until 1942. Then hundreds of women were hired.

Esther Jacobs was hired at North American in the fall of 1942. She was one of many "Rosie the Riveters." Esther's boss was my best friend John and he saw to it that we met. We were married in 1943. That was 64 years ago and we are still together. I am now 88 and Esther is 84 and the Lord has blessed us and still does.

Rockwell bought North American in 1964 while we were building the Apollo spacecraft. The Space Shuttle and the B-1 bomber were also built by North American Rockwell. Boeing bought North American Rockwell in 1994 and my pension checks come from Boeing. I worked for the company for 38 years. Esther and I retired in 1978.

We have two daughters, Sandra and Diane, and we have four grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Sandra retired from teaching, with some in Special Ed, after 22 years. Diane now works for another division of the Rockwell Company. Sandra's son Michael Hilton co-founded Concur Technologies on Union Hill Road in Redmond, which now has 400 employees. Michael and his wife Liz and two daughters live in North Seattle. So some of the family is back in King County, Washington.

Editor's note: Gerald says he keeps in contact with another cousin in Oklahoma who reports on his cousin Bob Funk, subject of a previous Wagon Wheel. The Duvall Historical Society has pieced together a partial genealogy of their ancestry. Numbers represent the generations. Our long-time residents of Duvall will remember the later generations. The 9th and 10th generations not listed here. b=born d=died m=married.

1. (Elder) Heinrich Funk married Ann Moyer (Meyer)
2. Christian Funk b. 1731, d. 1811; m. 1757 Barbara Cassel d. Dec. 1792
3. John Funk married Ann Johnson
4. Abraham Funk, Sr. d. June, 1845; m. Susannah Stoner, d. 1865
5. Abraham Funk, Jr. b. Nov. 1821, d. Jan. 1870; m. Mar. 1842 Lucy Ann Farmer
6. Oscar Funk b. Mar. 23, 1851; m. Mar 10, 1871 Catherine Alice McCain, b. Jan 19, 1854
7. Chesley Abram Funk
b. Sept 14, 1884
m. Margaret Johns,
b. Feb 29, 1881, d. Aug 1942
8. Don Funk b. 1912
m. Joyce Burley

Gerald Owen Funk, b. 1919
m. Esther Leona Jacobs b. 1923
7. Alan William Funk
8. Roy Funk m. Dorothy Herman
Alta m. Hansel Wainscott
Eleanora m. Everette Trim
Ruth m. Clyde Fortman
Vivian

Chesley Funk, Longtime Resident

Funeral services were held February 9 for Chesley Abram Funk, a resident of the Duvall area for more than 40 years, who died February 4 in Palm Springs, Calif.

Mr. Funk was born in Illinois on September 14, 1884, the son of Oscar and Alice Funk.

He came to Duvall in 1908, first working for his brother-in-law Frank Thayer, and later for Bill Lierly, who then owned and operated the Duvall creamery situated where the hardware warehouse now stands.

In November 1911 he married Margaret Johns, a teacher in the Cherry Valley School. The

couple built a home on their 15 acres located south of Duvall, now the Duvall Garden tracts.

Later they moved to the Morris farm now owned by Arthur Herman. Here he established himself in the dairy industry and took an active part in church, school and community activities.

In 1921 he purchased the Charley Benham farm where he lived and raised his family, moving to the present home in Duvall in 1940. Two years later his wife Margaret was suddenly taken in death.

Mr. Funk continued his community interests, serving as

mayor and councilman.

The middle son, Dwight, died in 1950 while in Quaymas, Mexico where he is buried.

Mr. Funk married Grace Guinon from Seattle in 1955. The last few years, the Funks spent some of their winter time in the Southwestern part of the country.

He was a charter member of the Cherry Valley Grange and a member for 59 years.

Interment was in the family plot in Novelty Cemetery. Pallbearers were members of the Cherry Valley Grange: Alva Miller, George Shively, Eldon Smith, Clifford Hill, Ralph Taylor and Howard Myers. Auxiliary members were Gil Hays and Charlie Thomson.

He is survived by his wife, Grace, at home; two sons, Donald of Duvall and Gerald of Hawthorne, Calif.; two sisters in Oakland, Nellie Hayes and Anna Manning; a brother, Howard in Brooklyn, N.Y.; a half-brother and sister in Yakima, Oscar Funk Jr. and Helen Larson; five grandchildren, five great-grandchildren.

Nov. 5, 1924.

FORMER BARRY MAN DIED IN WYOMING

Oscar Funk Leaves Wife and Several Children.

Notice of the death of Oscar Funk has been received by friends in this city. Mr. Funk, a former resident of this community, had lived for a number of years in Orin Junction, Wyo., but he will be remembered by many residents of this city and vicinity.

Oscar Funk was born in Illinois, on March 23, 1851. He joined the Baptist church when a young man sixteen years old and was a true christian to the last.

He was married to Alice Catherine McClain in the year of 1871 and to this union, eight children were born, namely, Bert of Ashland, Nebr.; John of Merna, Nebr.; Chesley of Duval, Wash.; Howard of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Lottie Thayer of Duval, Wash.; Mrs. Nellie Hayes of Duval, Wash.; Mrs. Anna Manning of Bridgeport, Nebr. His wife died several years ago.

He moved from Bayard, Nebr., to Orin Junction, Wyo., in the year 1919. In 1920 he was again married to Mrs. Mary E. House. To this union three children were born, two of whom are living, Helen Maxine and Oscar Lynne. Besides his widow and children he leaves three brothers and one sister. They are: Abe of Hannibal, Mo.; Rob of Peoria, Ill.; Dave of Duval, Wash., and Mrs. Mary Cady of Shawnee, Wyo.

His death occurred at his home near Orin, Wyo., on October 21, 1924, at the age of 73 years, 7 months and 29 days. Burial was made in the Douglas, Wyo., cemetery.



A VISIT WITH THE MARTYS

On a beautiful late afternoon in August we met with the Anton (“Pink”) and Dorothy Marty family on the patio of their hillside home to reminisce about life on the farm. The view east across the valley was spectacular - their handsome barn across the West Snoqualmie Valley Road, the green valley with cows grazing, the city of Duvall peeking out from green trees, the forested hills, and rising dark blue against the lighter blue sky were the jagged Cascade Mountains.

This was very like the mountains and valleys of Switzerland where Pink’s father Anton and his mother Marie’s parents lived before coming to the United States. The extended family visited Switzerland in 1998 and the photos from that trip were brought out showing the Swiss Marty house, the steep hillside, the green valley far below and the mountain peaks above. It was an exciting time for them when they were met there by 52 Swiss neighbors and friends.

At our recent visit, four of the five children were

present to tell memories about their past on the Snoqualmie Valley farm. Only Larry was absent as he was in Eastern Washington.

Pink told us that his parents first lived in Auburn where Pink was born. In October, 1929, when Pink was just a small child, they moved to the present place clearing ground to create the dairy farm where Pink and his brothers Vic and Frank learned to milk cows and to do other farm work. In the 1930’s they milked about 35 cows, which was standard for that era. As they cleared more ground for pasture, the herd grew to 90 Holstein and a few Brown Swiss.

Dorothy grew up and went to school in Monroe. Pink attended the Cherry Valley school where Margaret McCormick was his music teacher. Mike, Larry, and Darlene said they also had Margaret McCormick for a teacher. Some of Pink’s classmates were Scott Wallace, Noie Brown, Gordie Sinn, and Roy and Glen Miller. Two neighboring high school girls of the Platt family crossed the river by a cable



Marie, Anton, “Pink”, Vic and Frank – dairy farm 1930’s



Back row (l-r): Mike, Roger and Larry; front row (l-r): Darlene, "Pink", Dorothy and Deb

attached to a boat to the West Snoqualmie Valley Road to catch the school bus. They gave little Anton Jr. his nickname due to a bout of pinkeye he had. Many felt it complemented him due to his red hair.

The 155-acre place wasn't completely cleared until 1962, and that brought tales of continued blasting and grubbing out trees, many of them huge spruce. As he was the one who did the stump blasting, Pink said that he was the "powder monkey." They burned the stump and tree piles most of the time but a few trees were logged and were hauled to the neighbor Teagarden's mill that had been built about 1935 and was powered by a steam tractor.

There were 23 stump piles some as high as 40 feet. As they were built, Pink had to climb up those piles to unhook the choker. He said that to keep him from slipping, he had caulks put on his high top shoes at Franke's shoe shop, now the P&G Speakeasy Café. Burning the stump piles was another challenge. They waited for summer weather so the wood would finally be dry enough to burn. This brought the fire warden who threatened fines as there was a burn ban in the forests. Finally, because he had stumps to burn himself in a damp lakeside property, the warden gave permission as long as the North

Bend Department of Natural Resources was notified. Then the fire lookouts at Haystack south of Sultan and Mt. Snoqualmie would know where the smoke was coming from.

In 1937, Pink's dad grew peas and corn for cash crops, contracting with Hershey's Cannery in Snohomish and using the pea silage themselves for cow feed. Pink also took other jobs away from the farm, once driving truck taking slab wood to Lake City for firewood. Pink's son Mike reminded his father that for about ten years Pink had a hay truck. Pink then talked about the '47 Ford with a full trailer that he drove to haul hay from the Columbia Basin. Pink's friend, Rink deVries was also a local hay hauler and they made numerous trips together hauling from Quincy, Spokane, Goldendale, and other Eastern Washington sites. Rink is still hauling hay at age 86!

While Pink worked away from the farm hauling hay, Mike and Larry worked in the barn. Also helping with the farm work was Vern Frost. He was a man who lived at the Marty's for about 45 years. The Marty kids grew up with Vern and felt he was a part of the family. He is now in a group home, but spends holidays with the Marty's. Mike had a job driving his Dad's hay truck, but following his tour of

duty in Vietnam, Mike returned to work on the farm for seven years. He then worked for Vitamilk for 29 years. He also served in the fire department for 30 years, becoming assistant chief under Dave Harder.

Larry served in the Navy from 1965 to 1967. After driving trucks for Georgia Pacific for several years, he owned a bar in Kirkland and then bought a grill and bar on Whidbey Island where he still lives. He went to auction school and formed Western Auction Co. He later sold his bar and he and Mike are now both professional auctioneers. Deb and Darlene asked Mike about the junker cars that Mike and Larry used to race around the farm. Mike said they got them from the wrecking yard owned by Duvall City Council member Jim Hunt, the Duvall barber who gave Mike and Larry their first hair cut. The cars were used for riprap at the river, a standard practice at the time.

The daughters thought about their work on the farm, learning to drive the stick-shift trucks when they were only 10-11 years old. Darlene teased Deb about the time she ran the tractor into a telephone pole. The girls had many memories about their childhood there, once picking the outside rows of corn and selling the ears for 50 cents a baker's dozen at the crossroads with the Woodinville-Duvall Road. They once made enough to buy some great school clothes. They had fun riding their bikes in the big barn and they and Roger told about jumping from the hay holes in the barn onto some loose hay far below.

Mike also reminded them about rolling down the hill in an innertube into the river at the Novelty bridge picnic area.

At the time of this interview, Roger, a territory manager for Ecolab, was visiting from Bemidji, Minnesota. He had arranged (long distance) a school reunion. Roger reminded us that he spearheaded the creation of the Valley View newspaper and we remembered him as co-chair, with Glen Kuntz, for two years for Duvall Days. He remembered his days at home as a child, fishing for cut-throat trout and big bass in the lake in the valley that divides their place from the neighbors. He said the fish must have got into the lake from the river during floods. When he was 7 years old, he caught his first trout at the Scott Wallace farm and was so excited he rode his bike all the way home with the fish still hooked to his line. He also thought about his parents being very involved with his Little League when Lloyd Baldwin was his coach.

In 1957, Pink started raising peas and corn for Cedargreen and later for Twin Cities Food. Mike and Larry helped with planting and harvesting the crop. The Marty's sold the cows in 1975, and 1976 saw the last of the corn and peas. Although retired, they are busy with their family and friends. In 1938 Anton and Marie Marty were charter members of the Monroe Swiss Colony that meets at Tualco and now has 150 members. Now, the family, including grandchildren and great grandchildren, continue to be very



Clamming at Grayland

active there, getting ready at this time for a September Swiss Dance and Dinner.

The children remembered that when they were very young having 30 cent hamburgers at Lucy's restaurant, and wieners from MacDougal's grocery. A continuing family tradition is having clam feasts

after trips to dig the clams. The day of our meeting, they had been to Camano Island and a large amount of butter clams were waiting for that evening's feast while we concluded our reminiscences and one of the thirteen grandchildren was shooting baskets.

The Duvall Historical Society will resume regular monthly meetings in September and have a full month of activities scheduled. The speaker at the September meeting will be Duvall Police Chief, Glenn Merriman on the history of the police department.

The yard and plantings around the sign and along the apple trees have looked especially beautiful this summer and fall, due to the planning, planting and care by our much appreciated member, Mrs. "Greenthumb" Ruth Bellamy.

The Society is taking part in the Duvall Market, selling their publications and the shovel heads painted for garden art. Don Williams, co-author with Allen Miller, comes to the market to sign for purchasers of the new local history book, *The Story of Duvall*.

On Sept. 22, the Society will again take part in the King County Harvest Celebration Farm Tour, repeating many of the activities that visitors enjoyed last year. This year the Historical Society is joining with the Duvall Cultural Commission sponsored Duvall Heritage Festival. Besides the mule-team plowing, crosscut sawing, cedar shake splitting, rope making, cider pressing, butter churning, scrub board laundry, and the tours of the house, the Society will present blacksmithing. Also, there will be spinning, stories and music of the Northwest, and the Snoqualmie Tribe will present cedar hat weaving and traditional songs.

The following Saturday, Sept. 29, the Society will take part in the annual Quilt Show by presenting "bed turnings." For visitors to the Dougherty House, members will show each of many antique quilts piled on a bed and tell their history, their patterns and materials.

The Duvall Historical Society thanks Frontier Bank for copying the Wagon Wheel.



HARVEST CELEBRATION FARM TOUR

Even with 240 visitors, things at the Farm Tour day went smoothly due to our many volunteers. Busy that day were Connie Zimmerman, David Weinstein, Nancy Stevens, Mike Reid, Alana McCoy, Bill and Helen Losleben, Mary Lampson, Russ - Karen-Jeanette-Gina- Leah-and Byron Galusha, Kimberly Engelkes, Carolyn Butler, Ray and Tove Burhen, and Ruth Bellamy.

Flo Lentz attended from 4Culture and Julie Koler with the Office of Historical Preservation spent time with us, and Kass Holdeman came from the Duvall Cultural Commission. The Cultural Commission co-sponsored the event at the Dougherty Farmstead with the Duvall Historical Society.

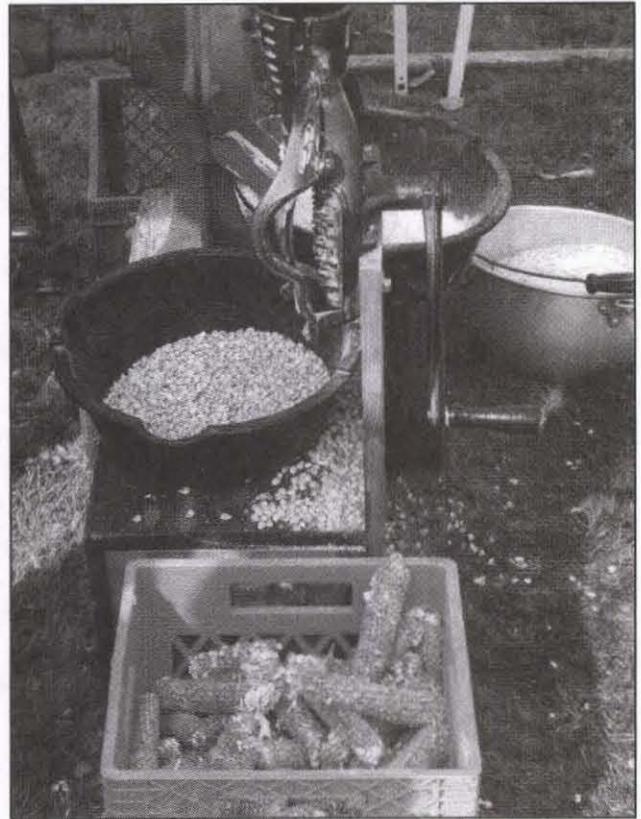
On the next Saturday, September 27, the Duvall Historical Society took part in the annual Duvall Quilt Show with a "bed turning." Mary Lampson, Ruth Bellamy, Mae Kusters, Karen Bergeron, and

Tove Burhen showed eleven quilts of the past, some older and some newer but most made in the 1920's and the 1930's. Visitors enjoyed hearing the stories of the quilts and quilters, the types of fabric, the patterns, and the type of quilting. Several visiting quilters added information on the names of pattern variations.

*240
visitors
enjoy our
activities*



Dougherty Farmstead, King County Harvest Celebration Farm Tour



Red X Collections brought cider making, corn grinding and other fun hands-on activities



Bob Antone plays and sings logging folk songs



Music and stories by the Snoqualmie Tribe



Byron lighting the blacksmith forge



Jeanette plowing with the miniature mules

Photos on this page by Kimberly Engelkes. All other photos by Neil Webster.



Visitors try sawing a log



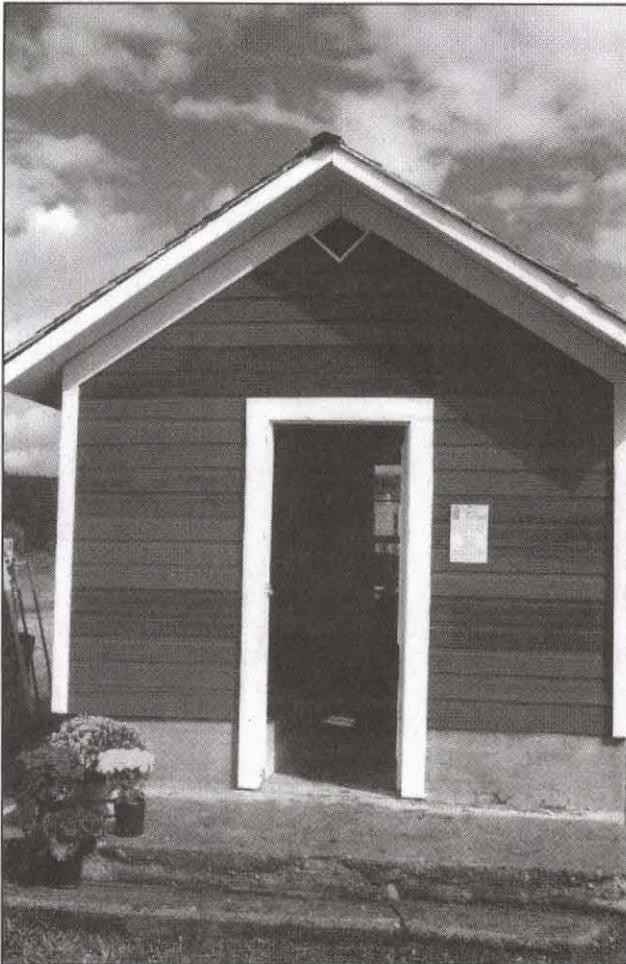
Making a rope is popular



Scrub board laundry and ironing



Spinning wool to yarn

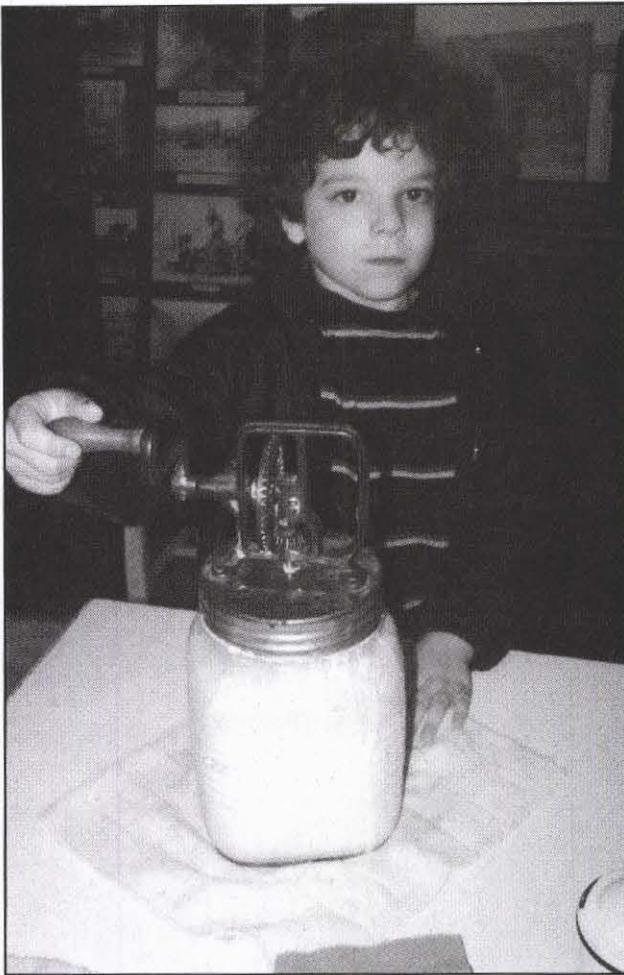


The mayor cut the ribbon for the milk house restored by Eagle Scout Mike Resends.

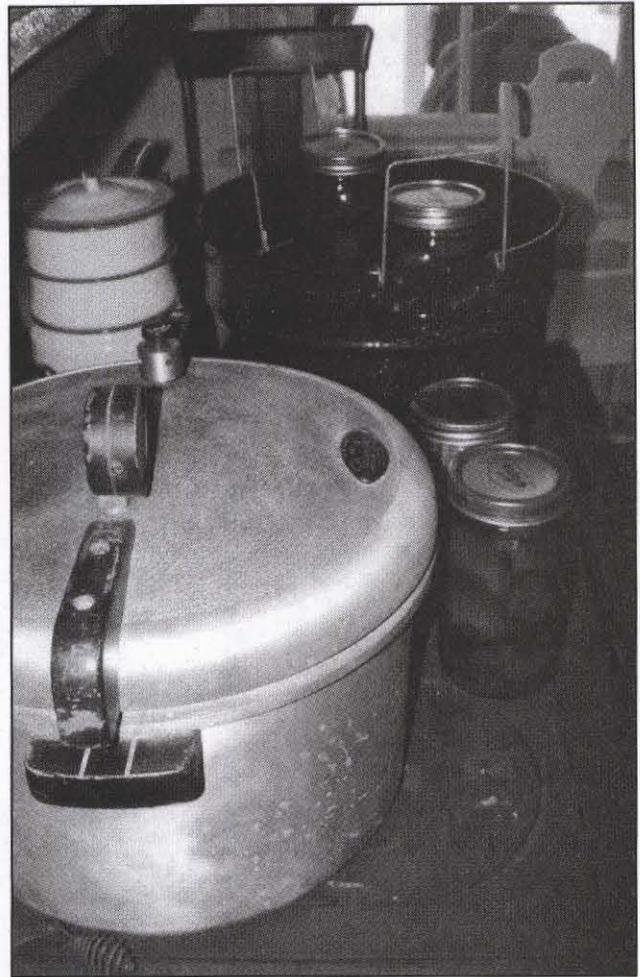


The house tour showed the Victorian parlor and the 1926 Camp Fire Girls quilt





Churning butter



Canning and pickle making



The Duvall Historical Society had the last regular Sunday opening of the Dougherty House with many members taking part in showing the house to visitors. The first fall meeting was held the second Monday of September and the next scheduled meeting for the first Monday in October. President Connie Zimmerman announced our receiving a grant from 4Culture for printing Wagon Wheel Three and for technology to enhance our photo collection and other archival activities.

In September, several members took a trip to Forks to see the wonderful museum that Mae

Koster's brother Ted Spoelstra has. 17 more have signed up to go in Senior Center vans the first week in October. Spoelstra has an exceptional collection of farm machinery, and buildings full of all sorts of antiques. Those of us who have visited before rave about the museum and wish his antiques could be preserved in another place when Ted, who is in his 90's, retires from entertaining visitors with his narrations about his collections. Many of the antiques pertain to the Snoqualmie Valley and it would be great if they could find a home here.

PLATT DAIRY FARM LANDMARKED

On October 25, 2007, the King County Landmarks Commission met at the historic Vincent Schoolhouse to hold a public hearing on the nomination of the Platt Dairy Farm for landmark designation. Julie Koler, King County Historic Preservation Officer presented a slide show of the farm buildings and told the historic importance of the farmstead. Current owners, Andy Weiss and Valerie Borden, told of their continuing efforts at restoration of their house and now the barn and other outbuildings.

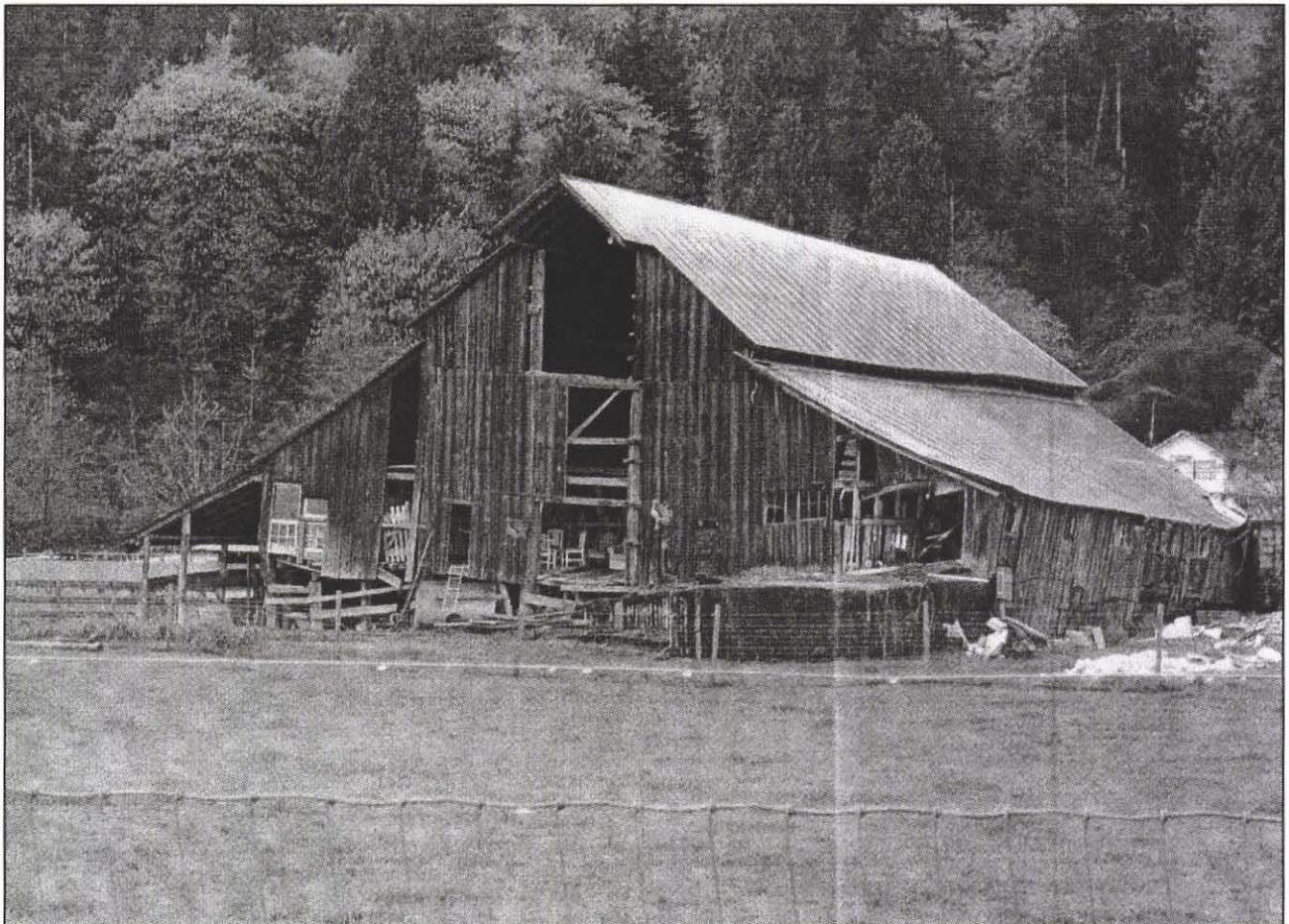
Attending from the Duvall Historical Society were Connie Zimmerman, Ward Roney, and Ray and Tove Burhen who spoke in favor of the request and the support of Andy and Val's historic preservation efforts. They also added anecdotes about the history

of the farm.

Historical Society members may remember the three Wagon Wheel articles included in the book *Wagon Wheel, Second Volume*, "Life on the Platt Ranch." Bob Kusters wrote from the fascinating memories of Martha Platt Fleming about her life there on the farm on the banks of the Snoqualmie River. Her parents and aunt and uncle had bought the land soon after 1900 and each family took half.

The Landmarks Commission considered the application, discussing the eligibility of the farm. It had to meet certain requirements, among them:

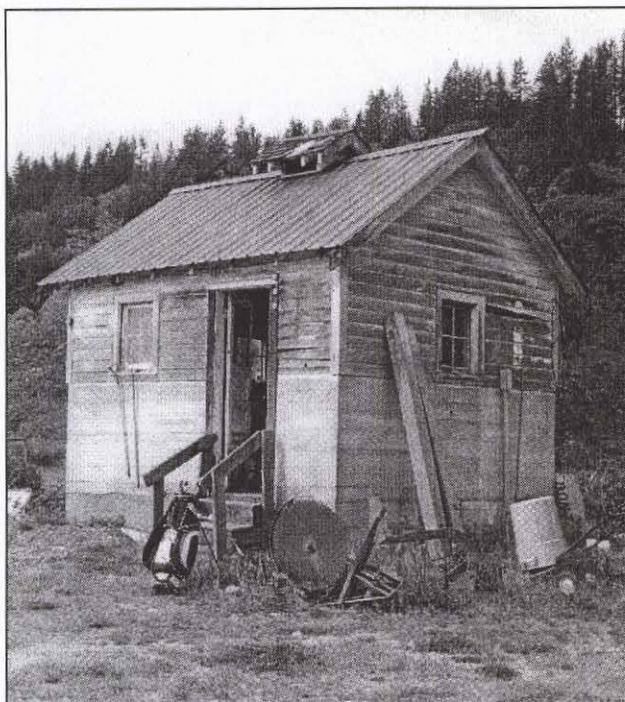
"...a Snoqualmie Valley farmstead must strongly convey its historic character in both physical and associative ways . . . within the historic period (1890-1960) . . . It must retain three of the four basic



Platt dairy farm

components common to every dairy farm of the historic period: a traditional hay barn, a farmhouse, a milk house, and/or open pastureland.... Both the farmhouse and hay barn must be 50 years of age or older. The farmstead acreage must be of sufficient extent to convey the feeling of open pastureland in a rural setting.”

Realizing that Andy and Val’s farmstead filled the requirements, and after questioning them about their restoration plans, the Commission voted unanimously to bestow landmark status on the farm. Thank you Andy and Val for your preservation of an important local landmark.



1920's milk house



Farm house

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

The Duvall Historical Society is enjoying the fall season of meetings and special occasions. At September's King County's Fall Farm Tour the Society entertained 240 visitors with all the activities shown. Soon after that event, the Society took part in the annual quilt show by having a "bed turning" at the Dougherty House. With six quilts borrowed from members, three already on the bed at the Dougherty House, and the interesting Camp Fire quilt from 1926, we entertained visitors at two showings.

At the October meeting, Police chief Glenn Merryman spoke on the history of the Duvall Police Department and brought back both serious and humorous past events in Duvall's crime history.

In October, several members rode the Senior Center van to the AKCHO meeting at the Klondike Museum in Seattle. The museum's recent move to the historic Hotel Cadillac in Pioneer Square and the fascinating collection they display made a very interesting trip for us.

At the November meeting, Andy Weiss regaled us with stories of the Piano Drop and the "Hippy Invasion" days. The way it impacted his teen-age life and how those activities affected those in the audience created a fun meeting.

In November we gave a tour to the Duvall Rotary members who are interested in working on the interior of the Bunk House. The building has looked great since CDK Construction Company and a Boy Scout restored the exterior and the floors and walls of the interior. Now we are looking forward to having bunk beds, back steps, a chimney, and a bench; also the Society plans to furnish the interior with a table, stove, and tools. Then the interesting building can become part of the tours we give to schools and to the general public.

Having enjoyed our visit to Granite Falls Historical Society's historical house and big new additional museum building, the Duvall Historical Society plans more outings. Next month plans are made to have Isabel Jones of the Tolt Historical Society show us their collections, with the new additions, upstairs

at the Sno Valley Senior Center. Other interesting places that the group will visit are nearby museums starting with the Bothell historic house.

Trips to more AKCHO meetings on the SnoValley Senior's van will be interesting as, for the coming months, they have scheduled the Museum of Flight, the Center for Wooden Boats, the Pike Place Market, and MOHAI

Work is beginning on preparing our collection of Wagon Wheels for publication of another local history book, Wagon Wheel, volume three. There are many articles since the last one in Wagon wheel two. Money is available from our last grant for this and for computer programming for photo archiving.

Book sales have continued well at the Duvall Drug Store and the Duvall Book Store; especially popular is our latest, local history publication, The Story of Duvall by Don Williams and Allen Miller. We will sell books at the November 30 City Tree Lighting event, and we will begin our sale of our 2007 tree ornaments featuring the Hix General Store built in 1905. We also have a few ornaments left from 2005 featuring the Dougherty House and from 2006 with the Shay locomotive picture.

Ornaments for our members will be available at the Holiday party at Mary and Dennis Lampson's beautiful log home. We enjoy so much the potluck and visiting by the cheerful fireplace.



PRESERVING FOOD

At the holiday party at Mary and Denny Lampson's home, members of the Duvall Historical Society enjoyed conversation as well as delicious food. Among the topics was preserving food in former years. Mike Reid, who grew up in Grays Harbor, started the topic with descriptions of hunting deer and elk and using the food as a regular part of the family's diet.

Others chimed in with similar stories that hunting wasn't just a sport for antlers. In fact, the oldest animals with the biggest racks of horns were not the most tender for eating. Once home with the heavy animals cut into pieces, Mike described the job of butchering and preserving what was not eaten fresh or given to relatives and friends.

Ray and Tove each remembered canning both wild and domestic animals. Now, Ray's cattle provide a freezer full of beef for them and for sharing with friends and relatives. Not long ago, Ray's helping a friend with his buffalo herd added buffalo to the freezer.

Besides canning venison, Ray and Tove's families raised chickens and, besides the occasional dinner, there was the working day when many were killed, prepared, and canned. The procedure was to cram as many pieces of chicken into a two-quart jar so only a small amount of water was needed. Canning beef was also popular before the days of home freezers. Mike, Ray, and Tove all exclaimed that the canned venison, beef, and chicken were delicious.

Before the days of home freezers, there were commercial walk-in freezers. Ruth Bellamy spoke

of how very cold it was to go into the freezer, find your private cage with a lock, and retrieve the meat, vegetables, or fruit wanted. Duvall's freezer was at McDougal's Mercantile where the Book Store is now. Tove told of going to a commercial freezer for the Camp Fire Camp cooks, always starting off in shorts and a sleeveless blouse as the thought of cooling off on a hot day seemed a good thing. In the freezer, she changed her mind and wished she had worn ski clothes.

May reminded people that there was another canning facility in Carnation where Bob worked as a teenager. With May's big garden and orchard trees, she still cans and freezes.

Mary remembered that in Minnesota as a child they canned and also preserved carrots in sawdust. After many years of canning both with water bath and pressure cooker, she now mostly makes jams.

At special Dougherty House events Connie Zimmerman shows visitors her jars of vegetables, fruits, and pickles. Kimberly Englekes added that in Iceland, where she spent some time as an exchange student, fishing is the big commercial activity and cod, salmon, and herring were preserved.

Mike said that fishing in Grays Harbor has been a livelihood and not just a sport. He said that home canned tuna is the best and he told that an uncle once came from the Hawaiian waters with big Bonita tuna iced and it provided the family with a treat to can.

Everyone present agreed that home preserved food is the best and felt sorry for people who only know food from the grocer.



MARY'S TREE

Denny



Roy



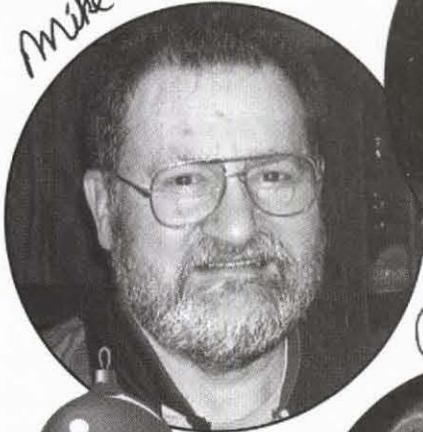
Mae



Ruth



Mike



Kimberly



Connie



Don



Jove



Kathleen



TREE ORNAMENTS

For the third year, the Duvall Historical Society sold tree ornaments with historical photos, the 2007 edition blue with Hix Market featured. Accompanying the ball was a printed note that reads: In 1905, Arthur and Pauline Hix opened the first store in the village of Cherry Valley. In 1910, the Cherry Valley buildings were moved by the incoming railroads to what became Duvall. The Hix Market building, owned by Velma Hix Hill, is now occupied by Bearzabout.

The 2005 ornament was a red ball featuring the Dougherty House. The note read: Built in 1888, this house was the home of the Dougherty family from 1898 until 1983 when Leo Dougherty died. The 26-acre farmstead is owned by the city of Duvall. The Duvall Historical Society restored the house, now a National landmark, and it is open for public tours.

The 2006 ornament was a green ball with a photo of a logging steam lokie. The note read: In the early 1900's a big part of Duvall's economy was dependent on the logging industry. Branch railroad lines led to logging camps in the forests surrounding Duvall. The type of steam engine often used by these railroads, and the engine shown here, was a Shay.

All three ornaments were offered for sale at several local businesses. The Historical Society thanks these businesses for their sales: Duvall Family Drug Store, The Duvall Book Store, Ixtapa, Frontier Bank, Cherry Valley Veterinary, Sno Valley Senior Center, Valley Mailbox, Bank of America, and True Valley Hardware.

The Society also offered ornaments for sale at the Duvall Tree Lighting event. And members bought the balls at the annual party. Velma Hix Hill was especially pleased to see her family market building featured and bought several for family members.

Not many of the three ornaments are left but will be offered again next year. Due to the popularity of the ornaments and the success as a fundraiser for the Society, the color and photo chosen for 2008 are already being considered.

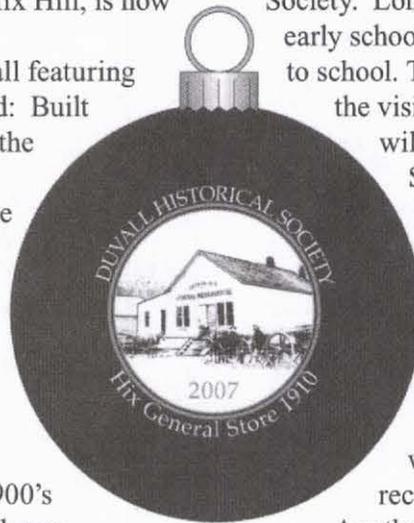
In January, Carol Otness, retired Riverview School District bus transportation officer, spoke to the regular January meeting of the Duvall Historical Society. Long time members remembered their early school days and the many ways they went to school. The members are looking forward to the visit from Mike and Vicki Elledge who will tell the history of the Duvall Book Store.

President Connie Zimmerman and six other members revisited the Granite Falls Historical Museum to discuss their method of electronic archiving. It is our group's aim to store our many historical photos in a like manner and to create and use a website. The Duvall Historical Society received a 4culture grant for this work.

Another project is to prepare the monthly Wagon Wheel, created since the publication of Wagon Wheel Two, for a Wagon Wheel Three book.

A third project is the completion of the Bunk House for inclusion in tours of the Dougherty Farmstead. The Duvall Rotary has a grant to do some inside restoration and then the Historical Society will include smaller items to complete the bunk house where Kate Dougherty boarded eight loggers.

The Duvall Historical Society thanks our friends at the Frontier Bank for the copies of our monthly Wagon Wheels newsletters that are distributed to our members and to other interested friends both in the area and around the country.



THE DUVALL BOOK STORE

By Mike Elledge

After spending four years commuting to Lake Union in Seattle while building our house, and not wanting to spend a good part of the remainder of my life sitting on the Evergreen Point bridge, we decided to find work closer to home. Having paid as-we-go on the house, the door was open for starting our own business. At one time we were interested in the greenhouse business and I got a job in one growing roses. A couple months of spraying poison while wearing a wet suit killed the idea. Then one night while reading the newspaper, I came across an article about starting a bookstore. The article said it was easy, all that was needed was some good books and the customers would find you. This sounded like just what we were looking for, we were both regular readers and had a pretty big collection for starters.

I went back to work as a boat builder and spent weekends buying books wherever they could be found cheap, mostly thrift stores and garage sales. We really had no idea of what we were doing. If you could get a box of books for two dollars it must be worth it. I was stunned to learn that people would read boxes of westerns or romances; these people were addicted, they were book junkies.

One of our main objectives was not to be commuters, therefore the storefront search was limited to local communities. While checking out Duvall we noted that the lady who owned the secondhand store was building a new place next door. We asked if she would rent the old place to us for a used bookstore. Marge Sharp became our new landlady. She wouldn't be ready to move into the new store for a month or two, giving us time to build bookcases and organize the stock. After she got the front half cleaned out, we moved in with the rent set at \$50.00 a month. As she moved out more junk, we could occupy more space and the rent would go up correspondingly. The old building had been one of the first in Duvall and, in fact, had been rolled on logs to its present location from the original town site at Cherry Valley. In moving, the building had become weakened and later developed a distinct list to the

West. When we were there, it was known as the leaning bookstore. People were always asking if it was safe to be inside.

Marge was a great landlady; she took us under her wing like a mother hen and most often had handyman work for me, so I could work off some or all of the rent. I think her optimism made her a good junk dealer. I would look at some piece of junk and think this is totally useless, but she would say, "Oh, Mike, you could fix that," and she really believed it. It wasn't just salesmanship, it was an optimistic attitude.

In order to get a business license, it was necessary to attend a city council meeting and explain your intentions. When I told the council that we were going to open a used bookstore their eyes didn't roll, but a look of incredulity followed by a long silence was the result. Duvall then, 1976, was a real dairy farming cow town. There were still a few loggers around but milk cows probably outnumbered them a hundred to one. Vicky had gone to the local library and found out that it had respectful circulation numbers. Maybe by keeping the overhead low and keeping book prices down, we might have a chance of success.

Of course, the locals were curious about what was going on at Marge's old secondhand store. We had categorized our stash of used books and put them in labeled boxes. Some of the categories were obvious such as history, cookbooks, fiction, etc, but we couldn't come up with a category for books with pictures of half dressed, swooning women on the cover. We later learned to call them romances, but at the time labeled those boxes as "sexy fiction." We took all the boxes to the store and left them in a big stack until the bookcases were moved in. The boxes marked "sexy fiction" ended up right in front of a window and some of the town ladies had spied them. Those "sexy fiction" boxes started a rumor that we were opening a porno shop. Later, when the store was opened and people looked around, the rumor was soon forgotten.

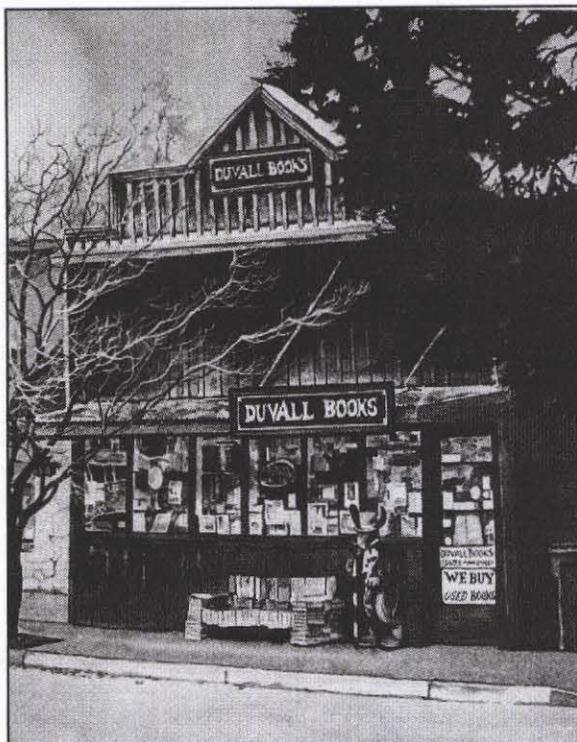
In the process of arranging bookcases and shelv-

ing books, people came in to the store and started poking around. We had previously priced things, therefore our new customers could start shopping right away and they did. We were selling books before we could get them out of the boxes and onto the shelves. It was great! People were buying our product; we were really in business.

Once we got set up and fairly organized, there was free time to do other things. I was still working on our house and there was room between the books and Marge's junk in the back to work on small projects like cabinets and doors. We had a big old overstuffed couch that needed recovering so it ended up in the back of the store where we reupholstered it. Having never done upholstery work before, it took a little research and a book or two; but we figured it out and ended up with a new looking couch. It turns out there is a lot of old furniture in the world that need upholstery work. Before we knew it we had a combination bookstore and upholstery shop. Every time Marge would move out more junk, we would fill the space with additional bookcases and upholstery projects.

To complicate things a little, we made the acquaintance of a guy who installed rugs and wanted us to sell the old ones that he removed. He said some of the old rugs were in pretty good shape. People just wanted a new color or else the rug was worn in one place, which could be cut off and you would end up with a good hunk. Best of all they were free, and as I recall we split the profits 50/50. With the books, upholstery, rugs and Marge's mountain of junk in the back, we projected an image of controlled clutter, an image we have preserved to the present.

We soon found out having a steady flow of new stock was essential; garage sales became or primary way to met that need. At first I was the garage sale guy, but after our kids were old enough to be on their own for a few hours in the morning, Vicki joined me. The ideal situation is to be the first person at a



new sale. It doesn't take long to figure this out when you see someone walking away with a big armload of books and you are just showing up. We were aggressive, but hopefully not pushy and obnoxious. If we got there early and the garage doors were open, we would ask if they had any books. Most likely they would show us a box or two. Not wanting to get bogged down negotiating prices and wasting time, we always settled the price question before we would even look. With just a couple of hours in the morning to get the first pick of books, we had to generally forsake looking at all the other stuff.

With a plasticized map and different colored wipe-off ink pens, we plotted the sales using a particular color to indicate various starting times. By looking at the map with the plotted times, a projected route could be drawn. Knowing the prices before hand allowed us to calculate the total and pay with the correct change and be on our way. People would be standing in their driveways early in the morning with money in their hands wondering what happened as we drove away.

Before the internet, the only way to determine the value of a book was with price guides and auction records. The more reference stuff, the more legitimate the pricing, and you could justify the asking price to customers. Everything is different now, the price is set by what is available on the internet. People are shocked with our low tech persona, but one electronic item we can't live without is a computer.

We got more business wise when Duvall became a tourist attraction. Ed and Donna Beeson took over a floundering local restaurant and really made it go. The combination of entertainment upstairs and food downstairs brought folks from far and wide. In order to get people into the restaurant, Ed would give the entertainers the entire cover charge purse. At the time you could get well known performers for a \$1000 a night. Duvall became a destination and it was good for the book business.

(To be continued next month.)

THE DUVALL BOOK STORE

By Mike Elledge

(Part 2)

Thirty years ago before answering machines and cell phones, when the phone rang you were pretty well obligated to answer it. Vicki and I had both gone into businesses and waited while someone calling on a telephone got priority service; that is why we decided not to have a phone at our store. I also felt it was a bit of a scam to price a \$2.00 item at \$1.99; let's be up front about pricing and call it what it is. Occasionally we will lower the price on a book if it has set around too long, or if it's found to have damage that wasn't considered when it was initially priced, but we've never had a store wide sale. We do pull dead stock off the shelves and either toss it or if it's good enough, give it to the library for their regular book sales. Excluding bookmarks and a want ad for used books in the local paper, we don't advertise. Needless to say, our business plan has been unconventional, but it has worked for thirty-one years.

One of the great advantages of the book business is the type of people who become customers. Basically, there is no worry about shoplifting or bad checks. Regular readers are definitely the cream of the consumer crop. Sometimes there is a bounced check, but it is usually caused by a clerical error and later made good. Many people have a special interest or hobby that they want to tell you all about. No two days are ever the same, every day is a new learning experience.

As the years passed and the business kept getting better, we started thinking about having our own building. The former MacDougal's grocery had been bought by a partnership and partially rented out to various small businesses. One of the partners, because of a divorce was forced to sell his share of the building and property. This was our opportunity to own a good space on Main Street. With a rearrangement of the partnership and money borrowed from our folks, we became Kurt Beardslee's new co-owner, in one of Duvall's first buildings. Duvall Books had a new home in what had been a grocery

and mercantile operation since 1910.

A used bookstore often attracts people who have a special interest, and I learned how important it is to refrain from making judgments when meeting people for the first time. Someone's appearance or mannerisms are not a good indicator of their personal worth. First impressions can be totally misleading as some people keep their virtues hidden. A person's special interest could literally be any thing, from history, technology, to the occult and all things in between. Generally it doesn't take much prompting to hear their stories, sometimes you learn more than you want to know.

There is a class of folks known as book scouts. These are people who buy books to resell to dealers. Being a book scout isn't an easy life. Only a hard working, diligent, knowledgeable person can make a go of it. A good book scout could easily get a regular job in a bookstore, but the thrill of the hunt and an aversion to a steady job, keeps them prowling the garage sales and thrift stores.

As our children got older, they took their turns being bookstore workers. At times one of them would be the only person there and would have to take full responsibility for the stores' well being. I am sure the experience has served them both well in their adult lives. Our daughter Fern being the oldest, was the first to work at the store, she adapted easily and we got many compliments from the customers about our charming daughter. Initially our son Miles said he wasn't going to work at the store. That was all right with us, but if he was going to have any spending money, he would have to earn it. It didn't take much neighborhood yard work to get him to change his mind. Later when the kids went to college, they both had bookstore jobs at one time or another.

Early on from the very beginning, there were times when we needed help, someone to watch the store for a couple hours and get paid in cash or book credit. But after we moved and decided to go

from being open five days a week to seven, then we needed regular employees, who paid taxes and unemployment insurance, social security, etc. Including Vicki and myself there are now eight of us, all working part time. It's a fairly loose system and very adaptable. If someone can't work their regular day, it is their responsibility to find a replacement to take their place. Being an employee has become a life long obligation. The only problem is that we are all getting old together and haven't any young people to take our places. Things have always worked out for us and I am sure a solution will be found.

One of Marge's profound bit of wisdom was the statement, "Everything sells, it's just a matter of time." Even though we periodically clean out dead stock, some books stay on the shelves because they have a special merit and we know some day someone will want them. One book I recall in particular was kept warm and dry for 24 years until it finally sold.

After about 20 years of constant growth, things began to slow down and stabilize. The highest factor to end the boom times was the overall change in the makeup of the town. The moving and subsequent closing of the Silver Spoon Restaurant and of some of the tourist-oriented businesses started a decline in downtown foot traffic. This was followed by the moving of the hardware store, the bank, and the auto parts store all to the south end of town- to new town. Duvall was no longer a quaint farming community, all the loggers were gone and most of the cows. Our end of town looked like an urban renewal project, lots of empty buildings. There were a lot of negative factors to overcome, but we were able to hold our own. We still had a steady and devoted clientele and although our growth turned flat it didn't become negative.

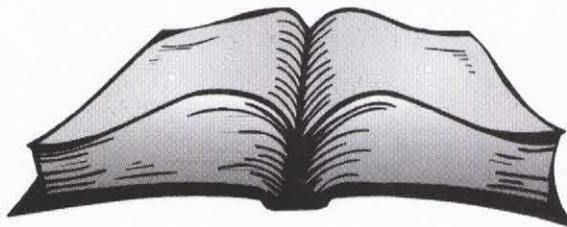
At about this time, something even more disturb-

ing was brewing just below the surface. At first it was barely discernable but then it came on with the force of plate tectonics and changed the entire structure of society as we had known it. Spending time watching videos, playing computer games, surfing the net, and text messaging doesn't leave much time for reading books. Welcome to the digital world and especially the internet. One way or another, all businesses have been affected by this phenomena. Books that were once thought to be scarce can now be found on line by the hundreds. Why own reference books when Google brings the world to your fingertips in seconds? Things are always changing, even the rate of change. Collecting your favorite author is no longer a challenge, just type his or her name in and fill up your shopping basket.

Adapt or die. We research book prices and availability on line. The payroll is all done via e-mail, and thanks to a good friend and book crazed customer, we even have a web site. What's next? I have no idea, but am emotionally ready for just about anything. Talking dogs are just around the corner; the chips for the implants are being developed and should be available soon.

The Duvall Historical Society meets the first Monday of the month at 7:30 pm at the Landmark Dougherty House. Guests are welcome. Regular Sunday tours will start the first of May. Seven local histories may be bought at the Duvall Book Store or at Duvall Family Drug Store.

Thanks to Frontier Bank for copies of the Wagon Wheels.



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

Tove Burhen

Several years ago, Vera Heavens gave me a list of words and sayings that are no longer in general usage, that is, by any but some of us old-timers. Since then, several people have suggested other out-of-date words and phrases. When talking to young people, we are asked, "What does that mean?" And on the other hand, we have to ask them the meaning of the latest techno-speak. I have created some fiction using some of these phrases with a vocabulary following for anyone who may need it.

"I was on shanks mares, carrying my bindle stick, when I heard a hullabaloo like a cat on a hot tin roof. Coming to the railroad crossing, I saw two gandy dancers face-to-face and hot under the collar. One held the maul in his hand and the other held his hand under his armpit. Asking the cause of the caterwauling. I heard the one with the bad paw accuse the other of being a stumble bum who was like a bull in a china shop. The hammer swinger replied that he had a rhythm to his work and wasn't just trying to highball it. He said his partner was a flagger and a laggard and slow as molasses.

"After examining the badly bruised hand, I suggested that it should have some attention and they agreed to take the speeder to the logging camp where the nearest first aid help was available. As this was my destination, I pumped one side while the injured man stood beside me.

"Yonder in the doug fir forest I reported to the bull buck and told him I heard they needed a whistle punk. He was a cantankerous old coot but he agreed to wages the last guy told me he had made, and I reported to the donkey puncher for directions to my partner down in the brush.

"Saturdays, after work, I rode the crummy or the shay with my fellow loggers to town where I checked into the only inn for a bath. Except for one gin house, the town rolled up the sidewalks by ten o'clock; but the saloon was loud and noisy until we ran out of filthy lucre for beer. If things really got out of hand, the marshal would appear and some would even spend the night in the hoosegow. I tried to avoid the brawls and even the worst of morning

afters so I could enjoy a day out and about before getting back to camp. Some of us even managed to make it to church where the other sinners put their snoots in the air at us roughnecks. My mom always observed the Sabbath, but there were always necessary work. The animals needed attention and she always put a good spread on the table especially if company came.

In the town near the camp, no businesses were open on Sunday, but after a stroll along the sidewalks and a little window-shopping at the hardware store and the haberdashery, I usually walked along the banks of the river and wished I had some tackle.

"Back on the farm where my Mom and Pop still lived, we had fished for trout and gaffed salmon. My Mom was busy as a bee but happy as a lark whistling and singing as she redded the house, fed the chickens and cooked and fed us well. She scrubbed our clothes on a washboard and hung them to dry, outside when weather permitted. Looking at the sky for advice, she would see if there was 'enough blue to make a Dutchman's breeches.'

"My Old Man was wise as an owl but I hadn't always accepted the fact when I crossed him. Every challenge to making a living on the farm, my Pop would solve, saying, 'There's more than one way to skin a cat.' He also applied the saying 'make hay while the sun shines' to more than making hay. He also got after me for lallygagging or burning daylight. When I was just a little squirt I occasionally got walloped for my lackadaisical attitude.

"When I decided to go off to make my own way and leave helping on the farm to my younger brother, my Pop advised me, 'Don't take any wooden nickels' and to 'knuckle down and do a full day's work for a fair wage.' When I went to Saturday nights in town, I never took all my money, putting some in a well hidden cubby hole. I saved some for the future and sent some home to the folks. Some guys thought they were the cat's meow in their dandy clothes but I was satisfied to be just me in my old woolies or my overalls.

"I hadn't always been on the right track, and at

first burst of freedom I hung out with some dastardly rounders and like a 'monkey see, monkey do' I was more than once in the soup. But that's water under the bridge and I'm not hanging crepe over it. I intend to advance to faller/bucker and make enough greenbacks to buy my own car, and it won't be just a bucket-of -bolts jalopy.

"I'm trying to be more up-to-date than my parent's day and I am not very superstitious. I don't believe that a broken mirror will bring me 7 years bad luck, or that I need to avoid number 13, or be afraid of black cats crossing in front of me, or of spilling salt. Also, a four-leaf clover won't bring me good luck, nor a rabbit's foot, nor a horse shoe with the ends up. I may pay attention to 'find a penny, pick it up, and all the day have good luck,' but more for the worth of a penny than for the luck. Sometimes I knock on wood but only because its commonly done and I don't walk under ladders just for good sense.

"My Mom didn't believe in such tripe, but she knew a lot of sayings from her mother's day. When my sister dropped something while doing the dishes, grandmother's words were, 'Drop a knife, a man is coming; drop a fork, it is a woman, a spoon indicated a child,' and dropping the dishrag on the floor meant 'someone dirtier than you are is coming.'

"Gramma also worried that if someone got up from a rocker and left it rocking, some friend would die; also if a bird flew in a window and didn't go out the same way, someone in the family would die. The trouble with that superstition is that of course, someone will eventually die and prove it right.

"Grampa had died of consumption and about all that I remember about how he looked was the deep crow's feet around his eyes and when he took his china clippers out. He once got after me for being a fraidy cat when I was chicken to help run the bulls to a new pasture. But he also taught me some things like not spitting into the wind. He showed me how to pitch a ball when I hadn't even been able to hit the side of a barn; and he also showed me how to play marbles and gave me his aggies and steelies. He would have rolled over in his grave if any of us had started gambling with the bones.

"All in all, we are all eagle eyed for getting the best in life but not at other's expense or by foul means. Gee whillikers, take it from the horse's mouth, stay fit as a fiddle, don't put your foot in your mouth, go full steam ahead (pour the coal on), hunker down in the lean times, don't just live on hope, and you will end up right as rain."

VOCABULARY

On shanks' mares = walking
 Bindle stick = possessions bound up perhaps in a bed roll, tied to a stick
 Hullabaloo, or caterwauling = raucous noise
 Gandy dancers = railroad track gang workers
 Stumble bum = worthless, graceless lout = like a bull in a china shop
 Highball it = work fast (a ball high on the mast meant "green light" go)
 Flagger or laggard = one who doesn't work diligently
 Speeder = a small hand-pumped, four-wheeled work cart on the rails
 Doug fir = Douglas fir, the main lumber tree of the Northwest
 Yonder = afar, over there
 Bull buck = logging crew foreman
 Whistle punk = pulls the wire that signals the donkey puncher that the Choker setters have wrapped the logs ready to be hauled in
 Donkey puncher = operates a winch machine with cables to pull logs in
 Crummy = crew bus
 Shay = a type of locomotive used hauling logs
 Gin house = saloon, liquor-available establishment
 Rolled up the sidewalks = no businesses open
 Filthy lucre = money
 Morning afters = headaches after drinking alcohol
 Snoots = noses
 Spread = plenty of food
 Haberdashery = clothing store
 Tackle = fishing equipment; Gaff = hook on a handle for catching fish
 Red = to clean
 Dutchman's breeches = full pants once worn by Hollanders
 Lallygag = waste time = burn daylight
 Squirt = child
 Wallop = hit, spank
 Lackadaisical = lazy, offhand, not paying attention
 Knuckle down = get down to business, try hard
 Cubby hole = small space, sometimes in a desk, or referring to the glove box
 Cat's meow = in the latest style
 Dandy = too fashionable
 Woolies = wool suit
 Dastardly = evil
 Rounder = drunken carouser
 Monkey see, monkey do = follow foolishly what another does
 In the soup = in trouble

Water under the bridge = what's past and over
Hanging crepe = mourning, wearing black for a death
Faller (feller) = tree cutter
Bucker = cuts fallen tree into log lengths
Greenbacks = paper money
Bucket of bolts or jalopy = old car in poor shape
Knock on wood = to keep something good or to avoid bad
Tripe = foolishness
Consumption = tuberculosis, lung disease
Crow's feet = lines by the eyes

China clippers = false teeth
Fraidy cat or chicken = not brave
Aggies and steelies = agate and metal child's marbles
Bones = dice
Take it from the horse's mouth = listen to authority
Put your foot in your mouth = make a foolish mistake while speaking
Full steam ahead = keep on with a project = put the pedal to the metal
Hunker down = pull back on actions or expenditures
Right as rain = correct, everything is good



DISMANTLING THE DOUGHERTY BARN

From an interview with Patty Custer

On a visit to Patty at her home on Vashon Island, I learned of how the big Dougherty barn was removed and reused. She and her former husband KeesVan Den Broek purchased the barn from Leo Dougherty in 1969 for \$100. She said:

“Our purpose was to use the weathered wood to build a house, or decorate a house, on five acres on Vashon Island. To haul the wood, we purchased a

1943 2-ton flat bed GMC orange truck.

“ Each week we would take apart some of the barn, pile it on top of the truck, drive the truck to our home near Northgate in North Seattle. The next week we would drive it to Vashon Island. As we lived in a nicely manicured neighborhood, we always had people staring at us as we drove off. When we returned and left it parked in front of the house until we could take it to Vashon Island the neighbors complained. We moved it forward and backward each day to avoid getting a ticket.

“We purchased the barn the day my daughter was born and came home from the hospital. As we worked, we placed her in a playpen in the barnyard and the cows would entertain her as they looked at her over the fence. Even the horses were curious about our work.

“Since the orange truck was our only transportation, I was stared at as I shopped at Northgate, taking



Pictures on the following page were taken by Kees and Patty of items found in the barn when it was being dismantled. Photos on this page are of the Vashon Island vacation house and one of the surrounding setting.



Heidi and then our next baby, and the stroller, and the wood piled high in the back. I had to park it on a hill as it wouldn't start otherwise.

"With some 47 foot beams sticking out the back of the truck, we always tied a red flag on them. But once, when loaded, we had to stop for gas. As we turned to leave the station, we didn't realize that the beams had smashed a pump. We were stopped a few minutes later to tell us what had happened!

"When my husband and I went to the Dougherty property, with our baby Heidi, and often accompanied by David our 14 year old neighbor boy, we also took our dog, Otis, who enjoyed being chased by the cows and horses in the pasture. This went on for two years every weekend, rain or shine. This was a huge undertaking!

"The work was intense and not easy to plan just how to proceed. When the roof came down. Dave was working there but managed to jump off on its way down.

"The wood was all hand split, nailed together with square nails. Some of the nails we donated to the museum at Marymoor Park in Redmond. The beams were extremely long, some up to 50 feet. We only cut them when absolutely necessary. The cedar ones on the barn floor were up to three to four feet wide. We found them buried deep in hay and manure. With some we made a picnic table and benches. The hand-split cedar shakes were saved and utilized for our Vashon Island cabin's roof and siding. The barn doors were used as gate doors. The split cedar rails were used for fencing. The tall beams were used to hold up the new house.

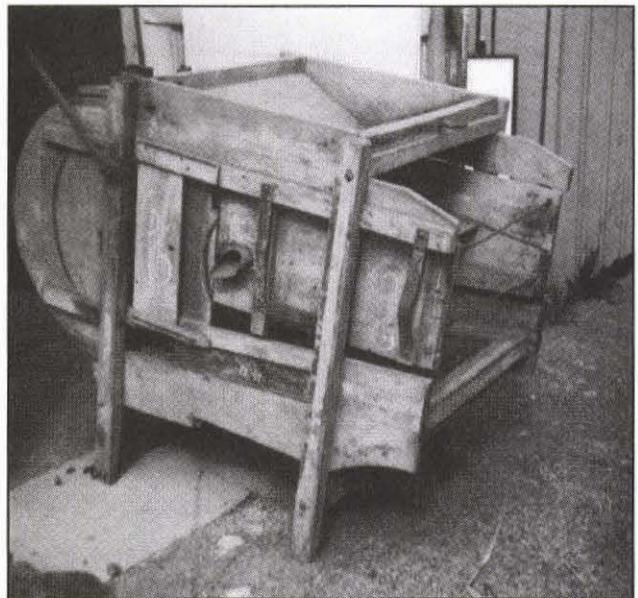
"Other items that we found in the barn were old trunks, farm equipment, tools, rakes, etc. Since we had a window display business, we used them in various department stores' windows and as interior display props in stores such as Olympic Sports, REI, and in buildings on all four corners at 4th and Pike in Seattle.

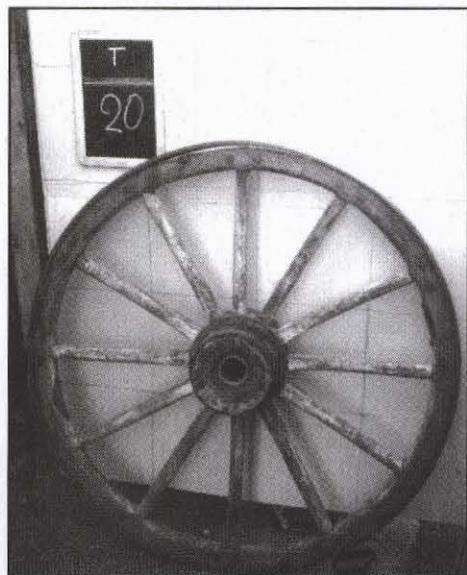
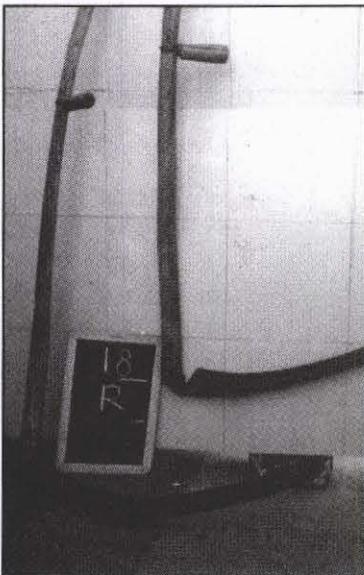
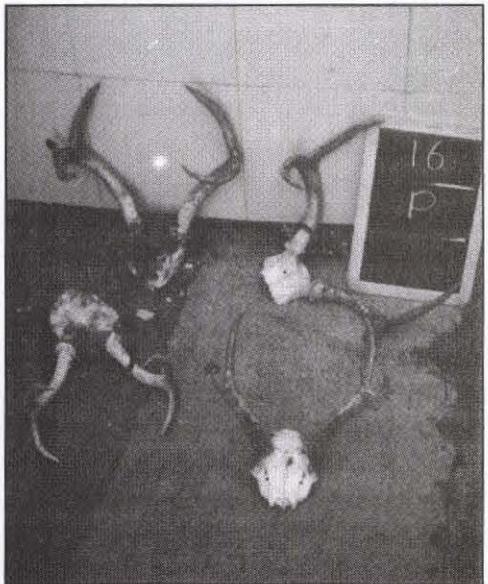
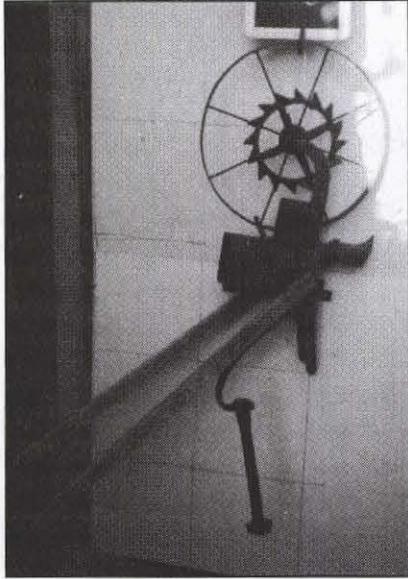
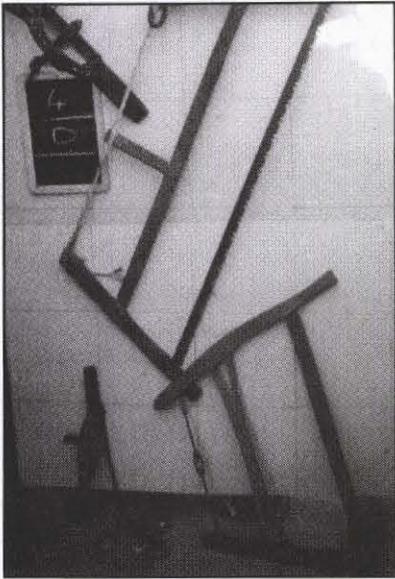
"We had collected from other sources leaded windows, old china, old cobblestones, used bricks, old windows, all of which were used in the two story (with loft) cabin that we built. In addition we added stucco in some places. We built an outhouse, lived with kerosene light, and paid for water borrowed from a neighbor with a hose. We spent weekends in the cabin nestled in the woods. Our daughters, Heidi and Tanne and son Karl enjoyed the place as much as we did. We even had a goat named "Flower" which roamed around the cabin and followed us to the beach.

"People on the Island called our place the Hobbit House. However, we finally had to sell the place and for years it sat in the back yard of a new house."



The Duvall Historical Society will not hold regular meetings in July and August. However, the members will be very busy hosting the landmark Dougherty Farmstead for tours each Sunday from 1:00 to 4:00. The restored bunkhouse and milk house will be added to the tour. Also the historic cemetery has been imaged, sites designated and, as usual, will be of interest to visitors. The Society will take part in Duvall Days. And, this summer, Wagon Wheel volume three will be published and ready for sale.





INVESTIGATION AT THE HISTORIC PIONEER CEMETERY

Ray Burhen

On April 2, 2008, we had Apollo Geophysics ground image the Pioneer Cemetery owned by the Duvall Historical Society and located on Cherry Valley Road just west of the Dougherty Farmstead.

The purpose of the ground imaging was to try to verify or to get a reasonable idea that there are graves still in the cemetery, where they are, and how many. When the Novelty Hill Cemetery was created, over the years the assumption has been that most of the bodies were moved to the new site. We thought we would find around 3 to 11 gravesites still in the Pioneer Cemetery.

Our ground imaging has completely changed our earlier assumption. The imaging does not positively identify or show a picture of a grave but shows a definite anomaly in the ground and shows the depth of the anomaly. The anomalies were fairly consistent and they all were generally in a symmetrical pattern as you would expect for a cemetery. The real surprise was that we found more than 40 potential sites, located all over the cemetery grounds.

The imaging equipment is high-tech radar equipment, a \$50,000 portable machine that is a little larger than a push type lawn mower. It is slowly pushed across the ground in a grid pattern, record-

ing what it sees, and the skilled operator is watching a screen. When they see any changes or anomalies in the earth they will back up the machine to ensure that they have the best information they are capable of getting on what is in the ground. We spent all day with the imager covering the cemetery grounds. The Duvall Rotary organization has generously provided a \$2,000 grant to fund the costs of the imaging.

A side note is that a local resident, Mark Smith, had walked over the ground using two copper wires and had a surprising high percentage of identifying the same location as the imager. I am a complete skeptic of the validity of dowsing, witching, divining, or divine rods, but he did locate many of the same sites as the imager. There are many people who believe in the dowsing technique so it is an item of interest to report.

The surprise of our findings made me think of the idea that an exploration of the known galaxies suddenly found that there was a great unexpected galaxy beyond. At the cemetery we haven't actually answered our questions but opened a new set of questions. One thing for sure, we are preserving a very historic piece of hallowed ground.



