

JIST COGITATIN'

(Stories of Duvall's Past)



by

DON FUNK

JIST COGITATIN'

(Stories of Old Duvall)

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DON FUNK

The Duvall Historical Society Dedicates this book to Don's wife, Joyce.

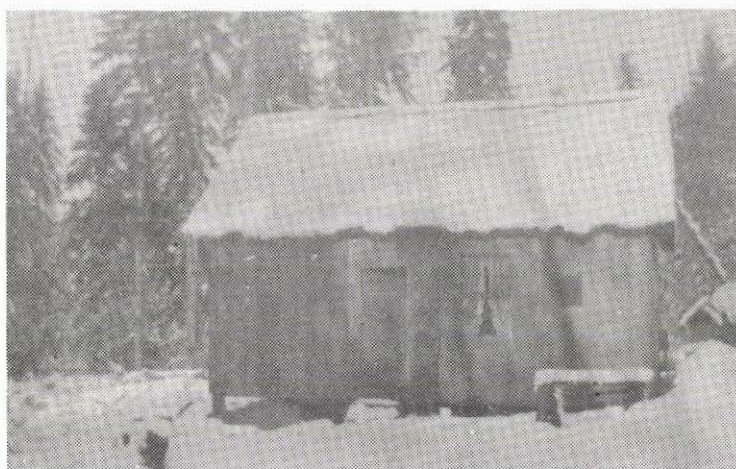
DON FUNK

It has been the aim of the Duvall Historical Society to collect and publish historical writings, old photographs, and oral histories of the Snoqualmie Valley. This book contains the series of articles written by Mr. Don Funk in 1957 for the local newspaper of that era, the Carnavall Reporter. Don was a self-taught writer with a fascinating style. The articles were so well received and created so much interest that they were reprinted by that paper in 1962.

Many people in the area remember Don, who was born in the Valley in 1912, about the time that the town of Duvall was incorporated. His mother taught school and his father was once mayor of Duvall. They stimulated his interest in the events of the past; this, and his talks with many of the old timers as he grew up, led him to collect information and pass it along to others in his writings. He requested anonymity and signed his articles merely "The Old Timer."

Now, with newcomers and other generation of Valleyites who were not privileged to know Don, it is our hope that they will receive as much enjoyment reading these articles as we did when they were first published some thirty years ago.

—Bob Kusters



DON FUNK'S BIRTHPLACE, DUVALL



DON'S PARENTS AND FAMILY

Carnavall



Reporter

PUBLISHED WEEKLY FOR CARNATION, DUVALL,

FALL CITY & THE LOWER SNOQUALMIE VALLEY

Fifth Year, 20th Week

"ALL the NEWS in the VALLEY"

Thursday, October 31, 1957

About the first of June, 1952, the local residents began to notice a lot of action around the old Franke shoe store building, and it wasn't long before it was learned that a man by the name of Gilbert Hackenbruch and his wife Liz would soon publish a weekly paper. Mr. Franke had built the building, one of the first erected in Duvall, and it was to be his shoe store for many years. The north end of the building had been used as a bank while the present bank was being constructed. The building was used in the 1940's as Judge Wright's law office, and now the building and the floor were being strengthened for the heavy presses Gil was bringing in.

Over the years, local news items had appeared in the "Snoqualmie Valley Record" or in the "Monroe Monitor," but Duvall had not had a paper of its own since "The Duvall Citizen" had made its short run from 1911 to 1916. So it was that in June of 1952 we received our first issue of the "Carnavall Reporter" and for the next twelve years each week would bring another issue. Gil ran the paper for ten years and then sold out to the "Snoqualmie Valley Record" who kept it for two years before shutting it down.

It wasn't long before Gil and Don Funk got together, and the historical articles written by Don were being enjoyed by the subscribers to the "Carnavall Reporter." It was fortunate indeed that after all the years the Duvall area had been without a local paper, the Hackenbruches came along about the same time that Don Funk took the time and effort to write these articles that the community found so interesting. Don Funk and the "Carnavall Reporter" will long be remembered in the Snoqualmie Valley for their contribution to preserving its history.

— Bob Kosters

Photos loaned by Joyce Funk, Bob and Mae Kosters, and Allen Miller.

1957 Carnavall Reporter copies—Duvall Library Archives.

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JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in what we hope will be a long series of old-time articles describing life in the Lower Snoqualmie Valley many years ago. The author of these articles prefers to remain anonymous.)

As the great Bank Robbery of October 15, 1956 takes its place in Duvall history, and the stranger's inquiry, "Have they caught the bank robber yet?" comes further and further apart — we thought back to another day, another bank robbery.

A daily record calendar of 1915 which belonged to Frank Owen, a valley pioneer, contains these entries: December 16th — A light snowfall today. Dec. 17th — Snow melted, warming up. Dec. 18th — Duvall Bank was held up at 6:30 pm., robbed of \$435. by four men; Gainer & Johnston shot leader as he jumped in the river.

....And so begins our story about Duvall's first bank robbery.....

It was a warm, misty moonlight Saturday night. The millworkers and loggers were arriving in town with their pay checks.

Up to that particular evening the Duvall Bank's Saturday night hours were 7:00 to 10:00 p.m.

As the calendar mentions, at 6:30 p.m. a series of shots rang out. From out of nowhere, four men charged the bank, all four with pistols blazing. Three entered the bank, one remained at the door, revolver in hand.

Inside the bank, Mr. C. Beadon Hall and Mrs. Hall were standing behind the counter. At that time, and until quite recently in fact, a tall, leaded glass screen extended around the teller's cage.

In came the robbers, emptying their guns, reloading — holes in glass screen and ceiling — and thrusting a pillow slip into Mr. Hall's hands, demanding gold, gold, gold.

AND QUICK!

Outside, the then resident minister, Charles A. Owen (no kin to Frank Owen) had decided to walk down town for a minute and had arrived just at the telephone pole south of the (present) Carnival Reporter building.

The lone robber at the bank door spotted the Reverend trying to draw his 4x4 person behind said pole.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!

(One mighty scared minister!)

Inside the bank the tension felt by the robbers, plus the noise of the shooting, encouraged Mr. Hall, who was slipping rolls of silver dollars, half dollars and two-bit pieces into the sack, to say abruptly (this was before the days of Federal Deposit Insurance, mind you, so his bravery wasn't as foolhardy as it might seem) "That's all there is — I don't have any more 'gold'." The bandits rushed out the door, clutching the bag in their hot little hands.

Meanwhile — in the Manion Hardware store, things were a-poppin. Clerks Adolph Knoke and Walter Johnston were doing a brisk trade in pistols, rifles, shotguns and ammunition.

("Nothing down — take it out and see how you like it.")

One leading citizen, the more cautious type, dashed in with his own personal 30-30 Savage saying (and killing a perfectly good sale), "I've got a wife and two kids, and I'M not going out after any bandits — but here's my rifle, somebody."

Bert Gainer, town marshal, came running down the street just as the bandits ran down the hill between Boyd's Grocery and Manion's Hardware (now MacDougall's and Joneses, respectively). Bill Lierley crouched behind the telephone pole on the corner and emptied a Manion revolver at the four men. And from the bottom of the hill came five flashes in return, in the ebbing light of an otherwise tranquil dusk.

Down the hill pounded the aroused citizenry, Gainer and Johnston in the lead. Everyone was shooting.

Up the railroad track the battle raged. At the present power line, near what is now the John Freeman home, three of the bandits kept on toward Novelty, but the leader (holding the bag of booty) struck out for the river bank. (This guy had a real penchant for banks!)

The posse followed the leader. At the river bank they caught up with him and he took cover.

"Come out or we're coming on down", were the brave summons. Five shots from behind a cottonwood tree indicated that the bandit was in no mood to compromise.

A splash was heard — he was swimming for the other side!

"Come BACK", yelled the posse, or we'll SHOOT!"

He didn't — and they did.

Silence along the river. The pillow case (still containing the loot), an empty .32 automatic pistol — that was all — found at the dark water's edge.

Bert Gainer held up the objects for all to see. "What'll we do with it boys? Divide 'er up?"

And that's how it went, that grim night of December 18, 1915.

There were a few aftermaths as a result of the event. No more 7-10 p.m. bank nights; reports during the weeks that followed telling of strange lights being seen flickering up and down the river; loaded guns behind the door in every household.

And now it's all just local history, forgotten even by many who took part in that wild melee.

Have even the three surviving bandits forgotten? Were they the ones whose lights were seen later on, down along the river? Did they find the body of their comrade? — or were they interested only in recovering their sack of "gold"?

Who will ever know?

JIST COGITATIN'

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THE OLD-TIMER

The valley will never again see the sight preserved (somewhat dimly) in the accompanying photo taken in 1907.

The pier in the right foreground is part of the original swing bridge which crossed the Snoqualmie River at the present site of the Glacier Mineral Farm dehydrating plant just north of Duvall.

Although this same pier saw several log jams such as pictured here, the jam of '07 was by far the giant of them all.

Joe Dougherty recalls walking up the river well past the Hanisch farm — three miles as the river flows — his feet touching nothing but four to six foot logs all the way. (That's diameter, friends, not length!)

Joe said there were all sorts of things included in the jam — a dead mule, several cows, huge stumps and roots, and telephone poles en route to market via the river. The great mass ground and cracked its way along day after day, inch by inch. Sometimes the tremendous pressure would actually throw some of the telephone poles clear up onto the river bank.

At this time — 1907 — the river was the only avenue of transportation in the valley. All up and down the river, logging companies were dumping, chuting or fluming logs into the Snoqualmie. Among the biggest operators was the Stillwater Logging Co., which had a log dump at the present DeRycke farm.

In the Great Log Jam of 1907, two weeks were spent trying to dynamite it loose. A large donkey engine also was tried, its "tail" anchored to a big maple tree near the Ward Roney farm. Finally, the key logs gave way, and the great mass went crashing and grinding down the river to the Snohomish mill. The bridge was out of commission for a time, the logs having taken out the western approach, cutting Duvall off from the other side of the valley.

The men who worked on this log jam were recruited from the surrounding logging camps and they were experienced woodsmen. Most of them were experts and thought nothing of balancing themselves on a single log over the swift, deep water, pike pole in hand.

One story they tell about the foreman of the Great Northern construction crew is worth repeating here.

The late Billy Brennan, a Duvall resident for many years, was driving the piling for the railroad as it was being built up the valley. The railroad crew was working on what is now the Herman Zylstra farm, when word came telling of the big log jam.

The foreman, Black-Jack McCarty, who had been boasting on the job of his jam-breaking experience and prowess on the rivers of Minnesota, ordered six of his men to grab peavies — "and let's go up and show them how it's done!"

Brennan, who was standing by, remarked dryly: "They won't be gone long — they don't fight Minnesota toothpicks here!"

And they weren't gone long. One look at the tangle of logs, most of them from four to six feet in diameter, made a peavy appear about as effective as a pair of manicure tweezers. The railroaders returned to the job they knew something about.

Speaking of logging — many thousands of these logs dumped into the river came from the hillsides by way of giant chutes. Sometimes these chutes were extended considerable distances to

reach the retreating logging operations further back in the hills.

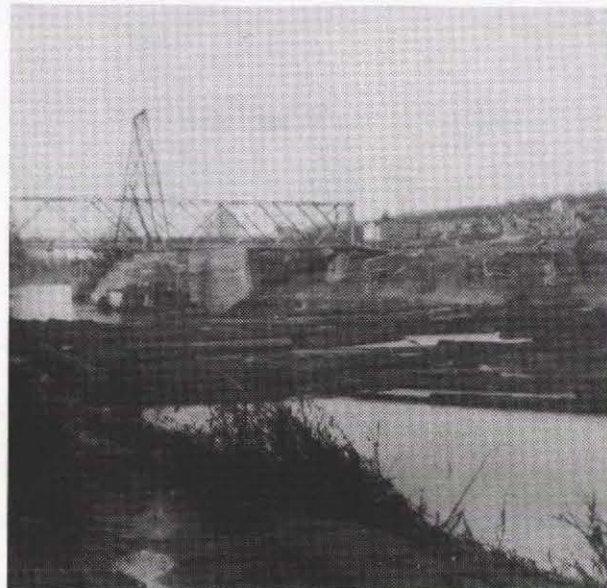
One of these chutes was located in the Vincent area, crossing the present valley road at the John Busch farm.

Coming down from the top of the hill where the Hulburt Logging Co. was in operation, the logs made an awe-inspiring sight. Down they would come with a thunderous roar which could be heard clear down to Cherry Valley, bark flying, a trail of white smoke going up as a result of the great speed and friction in the chute. At the up-turned lower end of the chute, the logs would hurtle fifty yards into the air, landing in the water with a huge splash. Sometimes they would coast for a quarter of a mile before coming to a halt, completely debarked and ready for the journey down to the Snohomish boom.

Another of these chutes came through the present Novelty Hill intersection above the Wallace farm, and was used by the Crow Logging Co. The Peterson Bros. Logging Co. had a chute at the present Ralph Davis farm, and Ed Peterson (no relation) and Thorsten Edstam worked on this operation.

Logging trucks and the railroad have relieved the river of its colorful, noisy traffic, but many are the memories it holds in its dark waters as it continues to wind its way to the Sound.

And no doubt it will still be flowing along generations hence, after trucks, trains, and even the forests themselves are no more.



JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

The accompanying photograph, taken from the road in front of the Judge Roney farm about the turn of the century, should be of interest to the present generation. In the foreground is Hix's store (which was moved to its present site in 1910). On the hill to the right is the original school house (now at the rear of the present Cherry Valley Grade School), soon to be torn down on completion of the new building now being constructed. Up the sidehill is the first Methodist Church in the valley, which was also moved to its present site in 1910, then torn down to make room for the present church. At the right of the church is the parsonage, torn down in 1910.

Behind the church are several fir trees, still there, below the Dougherty house. These marked the east boundary of the church yard — the first cemetery in the valley.

Early in the 1880's, an old pioneer, James O'Leary, owned what is now the Coy Bros. and the Dougherty farms, plus other properties. Down about where the Paul Coy house now stands, Mr. O'Leary (who claimed to be "a infidel") owned a saloon

operated by a Mr. Bradberry.

In order to stop any arguments, as Mr. O'Leary was reported to have said, he deeded one acre of ground to the church for a building site and cemetery, seen in this photograph.

Some day, as you are driving up toward Cherry Valley School and have time to stop, walk down across the road from the Trulson home and into the tangle of underbrush and maples. There you will find one remaining headstone, marking the last resting place of one Eliza McKay, died 1889. A total of eleven bodies are still there the rest having been moved to Novelty Cemetery. The first person buried at Duvall was a man from Tolt, of all places. The second was Mrs. Duvall, wife of the founder of the town.

In 1900 a committee consisting of Horatio Allen, Alexander Adair, Daniel McKay, John Dougherty, Sr., Milo Clark, Alfred Pickering and Andrew Peterson began to search for a plot of dry ground more suitable for a cemetery.

The reason for the proposed change was water, plus limited space at the Duvall site.

The late Robert Perkins, one-time custodian of the old cemetery, told of the procedure of funeral services: the minister and custodian would arrange the time for the procession to leave the church, giving Perkins time to bail out the grave before the pro-

cession arrived. Timing was "of the essence", as one pinoer said, for the cemetery was the "wettest spot in the world!"

Well, the committee searched high and low; suggestions, investigations, test holes — but always a trickle of water appeared, as if to say "Not here!"

Then a strange thing happened — Andrew Peterson had a dream. He saw a huge windfall, and the stump hole where a cedar had once stood was pure dry gravel.

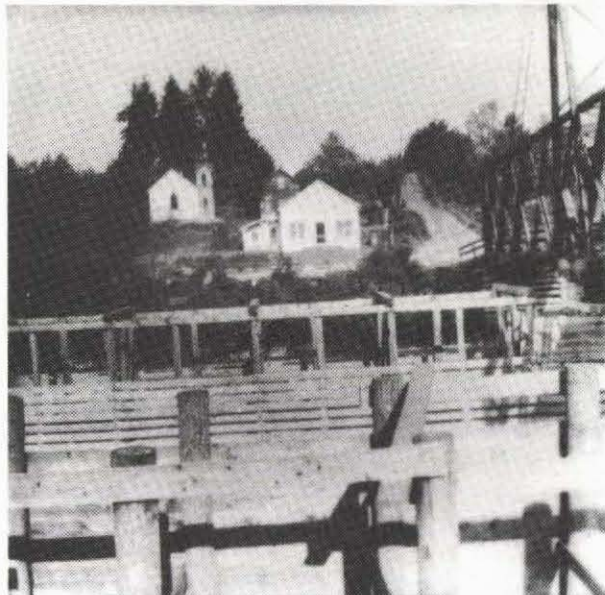
The dream was so vivid that the next morning after chores he struck out through the woods, up Novelty hill, looking, looking, looking. And suddenly, there it was — the same spot he had seen in his dream!

The committee was summoned, a test hole put down. Sand and gravel, gravel and sand — but no water. The quest had ended on the site of the present Novelty Cemetery.

Today there are some 150 graves at Novelty, and the present committee, consisting of John Clark, Ed Peterson, Eric Adolfsen, Sid and Harry Allen and Mrs. Fred Quaal are negotiating for additional land whereby to enlarge the cemetery, for obviously five acres will never hold all of us.

So — if a stranger asks "Why did they ever put a cemetery way back on the hill?", you can now tell him the true story.

Kind of sad — but true.



JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

Ring Hill is a name that has kept well through the years. In fact, it goes back to the period from 1908 to 1914, when Tom Ring had his logging camp (some of the buildings are still there) east of Bailey's ranch across the valley from Duvall on the Duvall-Woodinville Highway.

The large house with the stone fireplace was the Ring dwelling. The blacksmith shop and most of the other buildings have disappeared.

Ring's logging railroad ran from the river in front of Pat Sadlier's and the James Wallace, Jr. farms across "Long Lake" (the pilings may still be seen), and followed the present cross-valley highway up the hill. There — at the top of Ring Hill — the railroad branched north and south. But the rest we will leave for another week and another story.

* * * * *

Between Emil Hanisch's barn and the William McCormick residence south of Duvall was the site of the Coe & Clemons logging camp.

The old barn, built of split cedar boards, was used to house oxen and it was still standing until a few years ago.

If you hear an old-timer speak of "Coe & Clemons Creek", you will know that he is referring to the little stream that flows under the highway just south of Duvall.

* * * * *

A favorite place to go for a hike or picnic many years ago — with a touch of mountain climbing thrown into the bargain — was McCaulley Falls.

Driving toward Monroe a mile or so out of Duvall, you will see the falls on the red hill to your right. When the trees are bare, during a heavy run-off, you can trace the waterfall to the foot of the hill, where it joins Cherry Creek.

The falls were named after an early circuit rider, a Father McCaulley, who homesteaded what is now the Herman Zylstra farm.

The old McCaulley house which stood near the bottom of the falls was built in 1892.

* * * * *

The first Post Office in the valley was located at what is now the Schefer farm, occupied by Clarence Zylstra.

A box fastened to the wall in the kitchen of the Lucius Day home was the official Post Office. Day was the postmaster.

The big question of the hour, when the location was granted by the Postal Department, was: "What shall we call the place?"

Lucius Day reportedly looked out of his window at his two blooming cherry trees and said, "Let's call it 'Cherry Valley'".

And that's how it was — right from the story book of life itself.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1957

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

Looking over the front page of our "Reporter" of three weeks ago, in the "From Our Files" column, we noted the following item:

"Cliff Pinkerton, Harvey Funk and Jud Conkle had a narrow escape Saturday (March 9, 1914) while loading gravel at the Leiper pit —"

I wonder just how many local people today would know where the boys were working when they narrowly escaped being crushed by a slide of gravel, and what would we call the pit now? In addition, how did some roads and various places get their names, and why did the names change?

Well, to begin with, the Leiper family once lived on what is now the Teegarden farm across the valley from Duvall. The little "L"-shaped lake below the barn was always called Leiper's Lake until not too long ago.

Leiper's gravel pit is located between Anton Marty's farm and Teegarden's farm, along the road. Today there is little evidence that this pit supplied a great deal of

gravel for local roads and farms.

And speaking of disappearing names, we no longer hear the hill above the Wallace farm at Novelty called "Finken Hill", as it was in the old days. When did it start to be known as "Novelty Hill"?

Speaking of Finken Hill reminds us of Fred Finken himself, an early pioneer in the valley.

Mr. Finken came to the valley in the late 1800's homesteading what is now the Hi Wallace farm. Coming from the Rhine Valley in Germany where the growing of fruits was the main occupation, Fred Finken cleared land and set out prune and plum trees. (The Wallaces were pulling out these trees for years after they acquired the farm, both above and below the road).

Anyway, Mr. Finken built a dry kiln, and, after the fruit trees grew to bearing age, harvested the crop, dried it, and transported it to Seattle where it was sold — at 3 cents per lb.

Later Finken took in a partner by the name of Olson. Olson had friends in Sweden who desired to come to America, and many of these people came and were housed in a camp which was set up above the road, across from the farm.

While the men logged off the side hill, the women milked the cows. Finken & Olson prospered for a time.

Fred Finken and Alexander Adair were the pioneers who laid out the route for the present Novelty ("Finken"?) Hill road. There were those, of course, who said that Finken and Adair chose the steepest part of the hill for the road, which leads to Redmond, but today, with the timber gone and the route clearly visible from across the valley, we can see that they took the only possible way up to the top, via the long, deep ravine.

JUST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

Back in 1908, the lake below the Edd Trim farm in Cherry Gardens did not have a name. It was a good fishing spot, however, and made a good overnight camping place.

This lake didn't have a name until a group of young people decided to take a trip to Lake Hanna, which at that time was another favorite hiking goal at the end of the Cherry Valley Logging Co. tracks.

Well, this happy group caught a ride on a logging car (the track ran about a hundred feet behind the present Allen farm, on the north side of Cherry Valley), and

were transported by the puffing, wood-burning locomotive up the valley. The route lay through the tall timber, always winding, always climbing, passing by the Cherry Creek falls, two miles to the east of the present Otness Mink Farm.

At the end of the line the group of young people left the train and set off on foot for Lake Hanna.

To our present-day readers, the hikers would have presented a somewhat amusing sight. The girls wore ankle length skirts, frilly blouses and flower-bedecked hats of considerable size. Doctor Filkins, a member of the party and at that time owner of the present Marty farm, wore a derby hat and a dark suit of clothes. He was an ardent fisherman, even though his "outing" costume reminded one more of

Main Street than the deep woods.

Anyway, they made their way to Lake Hanna, remained for the night (properly chaperoned, you may be sure) and early the next day they started back, stopping off at the above-mentioned unnamed lake, where the doctor immediately began to assemble his fishing gear.

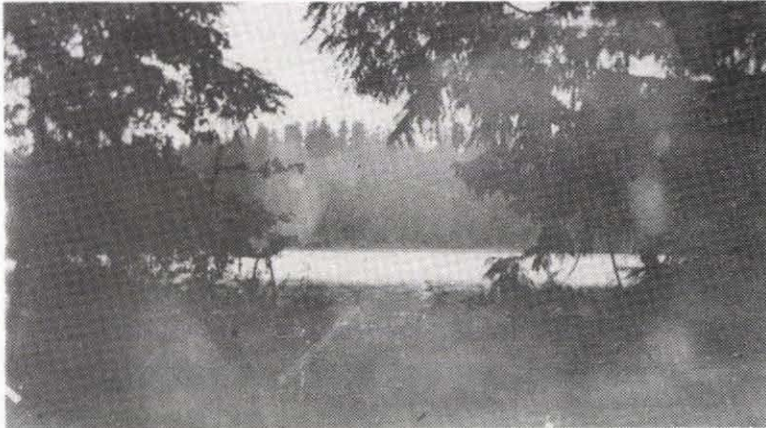
We might mention here that the lake gave a much different appearance than it does today. Tall timber fringed the shores, which were nothing but moss-covered bogs.

While everyone was scurrying here and there, one of the young ladies spied an old raft drifting close to shore, and decided to go for a short cruise. This temptation led to disaster, however, for she suddenly found herself with one foot on the swampy shore and one on the rapidly departing raft.

Sidney Allen, another member of the group, was the hero of the day and managed to pull Miss Margaret Johns back onto terra firma. Miss Johns was a Duvall school teacher at the time, and later became Mrs. Chesley Funk.

But from that day forward, the "lake without a name" became known as Lake Margaret.

The lake shores are now being developed into a residential district, and within a few years a large number of homes will ring the long silent waters that once echoed to the laughter of this merry group of young people, one of whom lent her name so that future generations would not be obliged to refer to the place as "the lake without a name".



JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

We were talking to Bill Carlson last week about the early days in Cherry Gardens, and he showed us an old brochure put out by the Heckenkamp-Germain Co., realtors, who developed the garden tracts in 1915-16.

We think it will give the pioneers up there a smile, and the late comers an uplift, to describe that brochure here.

On the outside cover of the now dog-eared leaflet is the picture of The Common Man chained to a post labeled "Drudgery of City Life". Around his feet rises the smoke from innumerable factory chimneys, but in the distance the light from the setting (rising?) sun casts an enticing glow over a cozy cottage, shade trees, a barn and orchard. In the sunburst are written these slogans: "Low Cost of Living; Ideal Family Life; Health and Happiness; Your Own Boss; No Factory Hours." And, as we turn the folder over, leaving the chained, smoke encircled and woe-begone Common Man gazing at the idyllic, far-off rural scene, we read a footnote: "A good home, a good living, and a good investment await you in Cherry Gardens!"

And what are these pictures at top and bottom, inside the brochure? The top one appears to have been taken on what is now the James Wallace, Jr. farm, with lush pasture and several fat cows in the foreground. But the picture at the bottom, with a mansion in the background, a luxurious growth of rhubarb covering many acres, and the owner standing by, plain as plain can be, his arms loaded with stalks of pie plant and a wide smile on his face — can this be Cherry Gardens?

All this and heaven too — \$30 to \$60 per acre. Liberal Terms.

The brochure goes on to give all the pleasant details concerning Cherry Gardens.

Location: On the mainland in King County, 18 miles N.E. of Seattle — easily accessible from the city via good roads.

Soil: Rich, deep, perfectly balanced clay loam, from three to seven feet in depth, underlaid with a moisture-holding clay subsoil.

Crops: All grains, vegetables and grasses native to the Pacific slope grow here in great profusion; plus raspberries, strawberries, loganberries, grapes — and nuts.

Opportunities: For hog-dairy-fruit-poultry and market gardening and diversified farming, these lands are unexcelled.

Water: During the driest time of year these lands are always green with plant life, owing to the Sub-Irrigation.

Markets: Seattle, with her population of 325,000, the greatest market in the Northwest, and her sister cities of Tacoma and Everett, offer many avenues for the sale of farm produce at good prices.

Schools & Stores: Duvall, the nearest Post Office, offers good trading and educational facilities. Here is situated an excellent high school, with manual training department.

The District: There are many big, thriving farms in the area, including the 400-acre ranch of H. L. Allen, a resident for 35 years, and the new 400-acre stock farm belonging to the Carnation Milk Co. Both farms adjoin Cherry Gardens.

Free Auto Trips — Our automobile will take you to Cherry Gardens at any time — etc., etc.

We give up! We can't stand any more of this!

What was that noise? — We just dropped our old Underwood and we're pulling out for Cherry Gardens (Wonder Spot of the Pacific Slope) IMMEDIATELY!

CHERRY GARDENS

\$30 to \$60 an Acre— Liberal Terms

Heckenkamp-Germain Co., Owners

1020 Green Blar. Fourth and Pike, Seattle, Wash. Phone Elliott 1965

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

The picture you see here, my children, is the **ONLY** picture ever taken of Duvall's namesake, James Duvall.

Jim Duvall had just come out from Seattle the day this photo was taken, to show his friends his new buggy, new horse, new suit and new hat. When Edith Allen Trulson took this picture at the Harry Allen farm, Mr. Duvall remarked, "This is the only time I have had my picture taken."

Jim Duvall came to the valley in 1871, homesteading Section 13, a part of which is now the Town of Duvall. He built a split cedar house on what is now the site of the Boyd Miles home, behind MacDougall's Store. His skill at building skid roads rated as the best in the valley, and he started to log off the hillside.

Mr. Duvall extended his operations to the north section line, now the road in front of the Cherry Valley School. Many a grownup living hereabouts will recall hurrying to and from the old school up the path that at this time ran below the present James Wallace house, past the old Jones Hardware powder house and up the present Wainscott driveway to the schoolyard. And many were the youthful feet that tripped over the old cross skids placed there years before by Jim Duvall.

The skid road turned at what is now the Trulson front yard, and wound up along the top of the hill behind the present town. As you drive up Bruett Road at the Al Ferguson home, try to envision ten yoke of oxen coming down the hill, straining against a long string of cedar logs, many of them higher than the backs of the animals. The "greaser" walked ahead, swabbing the cross skids with skidgrease — heavy, black stuff brought by boat up

the river.

There was a skidroad intersection where the Landers home now stands, near the bridge, and there the logs were branded and rolled into the river.

The ox hovel and blacksmith shop were located just behind the Lander's house, and here the patient oxen were shod and fed and housed. Most of these animals were of the Durham breed, weighing as much as 1800 pounds.

Jim Duvall and his Indian wife raised four children; two boys, George and James, Jr.; and two girls, Lena and Olive. Mrs. Duvall died in 1880 and is buried in the old cemetery below the Dougherty farm. Mr. Duvall remained a widower the rest of his days.

Dick Murdock, another early settler, was said to have predicted that there would be a town here some day. Possibly he was ridiculed for his rash prophecy, but today the Town of Duvall proudly occupies the site first cleared of virgin timber by its namesake, James Duvall.



THE FOUNDER OF A TOWN — MR. JAMES DUVALL

JIST COGITATIN'

by

Bill Carlson, Guest Columnist

Inasmuch as my name was mentioned in a recent "Jist Cogitatin'" article, I sort of got the writing itch myself and decided to send in some of my own experiences, hardships and fun as recalled from my early days in Cherry Gardens.

I shall skip my very first impressions and experiences because they would hardly be suitable for a LOCAL paper to print. So — we skip ahead to the record snowfall of January and February, 1916, at which time I am sure I would have departed this life had it not been for the diligent and tender care of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Englebrech — store keepers in Cherry Gardens two different times. (They were burned out the first time).

Anyway — I had a severe case of inflammatory rheumatism and was sinking rapidly each day. We were snowbound, and the worry I caused those dear people that they might have a dead man in the house is something vividly remembered.

After some days or weeks, the snow had melted down somewhat and there comes our Mr. Hartman (first horse-owner in the Gardens), with his starved and staggering steed. The animal was just about unable to do any pulling, but luckily for me I was not exactly broke and I told Mr. Englebrech to give that horse his fill of rolled breakfast oats from his store. The horse gained in strength enough so as to pull me on a sled two or three miles, at which point we met the late Sam Hible driving a team of well-fed horses.

From there on into the railroad depot at Duvall went like a dance, and I eventually arrived at a Seattle hospital where I recovered. Or did I?

For three or four years after this episode I was away, spending about 18 months with "Uncle" on the east coast. In 1920 I returned, a family man now, and found things humming in the Gardens. Our Mr. and Mrs. Englebrech were keeping store here again to a greatly increased com-

munity, and there was a Mr. Oscar Neustream or Nystrom or Niestream or Newstrom (the spelling was different at different times) operating a shingle mill and employing some of the settlers to cut down the giant old cedar stumps (by hand—no chain saws then!) for shingle bolts.

The cost of living in those days was terrific, believe it or not. Sugar was 25 to 27 cents per pound; potatoes were 10 cents per pound — and they weren't "new" ones, either! Bacon, butter and eggs were similarly high, so all the settlers found it advisable to clear land to grow potatoes and beans. I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing for presentday calamity-howlers to live through a period such as this.

(ED. NOTE: Mr. Carlson's description of the "good old days" in Cherry Gardens will be concluded next week).

JIST COGITATIN'

by

Bill Carlson, Guest Columnist

Cherry Gardens Memoirs
(Continued from Last Week)

To continue — what really gave the "Gardens" a shot in the arm, so to say, was the logging camp run by Stephens & Bird in those days (the early 1920's) in the vicinity of Cherry Gardens. This High Rock camp was later run by a highball logger named William Hobson.

At this time the camps hired teen-age boys, old men of three score and ten, and anyone in between. Some of these men worked in the camps, some in the woods, and some on the logging railroad track. Wages were \$5.50 per day, later cut to \$4.00. The \$5.50 rate was considered to be very good, and the men were satisfied. No union bickering or strike threats in those days.

Now back to the "Gardens" again. One of the developers, a Mr. Heckencamp, was an ardent "preacher" about planting nut trees, particularly chestnuts. He himself was preparing to set out a plantation of chestnut trees, and I must admit that he had me going "nuts" too, for I lent a willing ear and became very

interested in the idea. And what greenhorn wouldn't? According to Heckencamp, in about seven years a 2-3 acre plantation was supposed to be able to take care of one for the rest of his life.

This nut tree idea was at its peak about 1915-16. However, when I returned to the Gardens in early 1920 and rarin' to go, I failed to discover any chestnut plantations around, nor any other nuts except the human variety in Cherry Gardens. And so ended a dream of easy riches.

It would hardly be fair to end this scribbling without mentioning a few of the oldtimers in the district — the Pitzingers, Arthur Dunton (an honest and hard-working gentleman if there ever was one), and Pete Opdahl.

Good old Pete! He was a little loud and boisterous at times, and with his broken Norwegian-English speech he was often the cause of merriment among the smoother and educated folk around him — but what an expert maker of home brew he was!

This writer never wanted to offend Pete when a glass of this beverage was offered, and I must say it was really far superior and tastier than most commercial products.

Pete passed on only a few short years ago, nearly 100 years old.

And what happened to those high-powered promoters who first started developing the Gardens and selling land? Well, the writer knows only what he has seen in the papers: one of the men made his stake here and then became an apartment-house owner (in the city of drudgery), and later got himself into some sort of difficulty with the local, state or federal laws, which, he discovered to his sorrow, were a more complicated business than selling land.

The other promoter only recently celebrated his 60th wedding anniversary with his wife (also in the city of drudgery), so land selling in the Gardens must have been a very healthy job.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Carlson evidently decided to "play it safe" since he took off for a three-months trip to Sweden just after we started to publish his story last week! He arranged to have the Reporter forwarded to him at Skruv, however, and we take this opportunity to thank him for letting us print his Cherry Gardens "Memoirs".

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

CHERRY VALLEY LOGGING & "THE VALLEY HOUSE"

The scene pictured here was photographed in the early 1900's across the river from the Rupard farm, in the northeast corner of the Hampson farm, about a mile north of Duvall. Here the first railroad and highway in the valley intersected, as can be seen in the photo. But let's turn time back in its flight, to a period ten or fifteen years before this photo was taken - - -

In the year 1890, a young man of 18 named William T Hatton (know him?) and a companion applied for work at Crawford's Employment Agency in Seattle. Yes, they were told, there was an opening out in the Snoqualmie Valley at the Milete and McKay Logging Co., clearing right-of-ways. The two young men said they would take the job.

They ferried across Lake Washington to Kirkland, and with bed rolls over their shoulders hiked through the woods, down over the Hill past the present Teegarden farm, and crossed the river on logs caught against some fallen trees. Then they hiked down the valley to the mouth of Cherry Creek, at the present Herman Zylstra farm.

There, on the river bank, was a split cedar bunkhouse, 100 feet long and 25 feet wide. In one end was the mess hall and kitchen: the rest of the building consisting of one long room lined with shelf-like bunks covered with cedar boughs.

These were the living quarters; the job was to fall the trees from the point where this photo was taken, across the valley to the hill behind the present Allen ranch. The pile-driver, operated by the late Billy Brennon, followed the fallers as they sawed and chopped their way through the green jungle.

The pilings for this logging railroad were still to be seen up until a year or two ago, when the rotted posts were bulldozed out of the way to make room for more pasture and dairy cows.



This trestle over the flatlands had barely reached the bottom of the hill, however, when the logging firm went broke, and it was bought up by Mosier and McDonald, who carried on the work and laid track as far as the present Gus Nordstrom (formerly the Gorman) home in Cherry Gardens. A car shed and round house were located just above the hair-pin turn, going up into Cherry Gardens, near the present Rogers place. All of the equipment used, remember, from table salt to the locomotive, was barged from Seattle up the Snohomish and Snoqualmie rivers.

The scene at the mouth of Cherry Creek changed rapidly, at this time. Robert Crossman, a pioneer businessman, had a boatload of lumber landed on the riverbank about 100 feet to your left, in the photo, and in no time at all a two-story building, the "Valley House", was open for trade. Saloon and living quarters below, hotel room above.

A livery stable was built just to the right, in the photo, so the early-day traveler found good lodgings here for the night — a "home away from home" for man and beast. The Valley House was completed in 1892, and the road running from Snohomish to Fall City in 1900. Freight teams and wagons soon began to make inroads on the river boat traffic and freighting business.

We are a little ahead of our story now, however. Mosier &

McKay's logging operation prospered from 1891 to 1896, when the depression of that year caught them with a river full of logs all boomed up — and no market to go to. They moved out two donkey engines on a barge that year, leaving everything else behind, and a few months later a group of investors took over, setting up the Cherry Valley Logging Co.

An expansion program was begun, and from 1896 to 1912 they set up camps — No. 1 Camp at the present Rogers place in Cherry Gardens; No. 2 at the present Otness Mink Ranch; No. 3 at Cherry Creek Falls; No. 4 at the present Crumpler home site — employing from five to six hundred men.

The loggers, bringing their pay checks down to the Valley House each weekend, made for a hot time in the old town many a night. The staid citizens of the valley looked with censure at the "goings on" at the Valley House, and the story is told of one local (and highly respectable) rancher who one day borrowed a pickup wagon and team from a man who just couldn't get by the saloon without stopping. As Respectable Citizen drove up the valley road, he dozed in the wagon seat, letting the rein dangle — and suddenly, to his horror, discovered the team had, from long-standing habit, stopped right in

front of the saloon with the wagon tongue nudging the flagpole seen in the photo. The patrons inside the saloon saw a very red-faced driver frantically back up the team and take off down the road on the double.

Mr. Crossman owned the Valley House until 1906, and then it was operated successively by James Wallace the elder, Hugo Steffen, and, lastly, a James Clark, who closed it down in 1912.

That same year, the Cherry Valley Logging Co. moved its equipment to Stillwater, becoming the Stillwater Logging Co. The company's payroll at one time reached a figure of nearly 1,000 men.

The Carnation Milk Co. purchased the present Hampson farm and did extensive land clearing. The old Valley House was used to quarter the Japanese laborers employed there.

It was a hot August day in 1914 when Joe Dougherty and Sam Hible were busy grading road.

"Take a last look at the Valley House!" said Sam suddenly.

"Are they tearing it down?", asked Joe, who was unable to look at that moment.

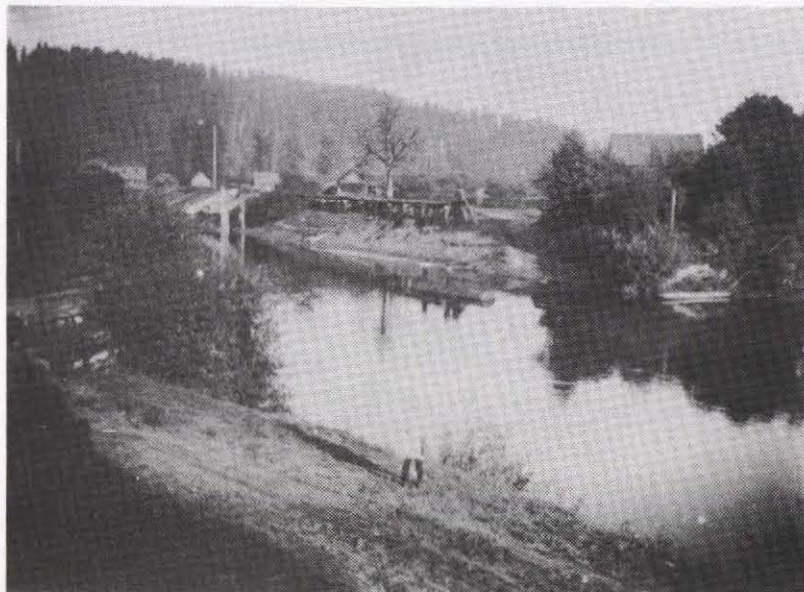
"No", replied Sam. "They're sending it up!"

Joe came around and looked across the valley. There, plain for all to see, was a billowing burst of orange flame and a rising column of white smoke issuing from the Valley House.

Maybe the workmen's rice had boiled dry and caught fire on the stove; maybe a lurid past had at last caught up with the old building. In any case, the crackling flames soon eased the Valley House into limbo, to be seen no more and soon to be all but forgotten.

On a summer evening stroll down along the river, you may still see a few rotting pilings, an old log dump, and a mouldering heap of rubble marking the last resting place of the Cherry Valley Logging Co. and the Valley House.

Another whisper from the past, those "Good Old Days" that are gone forever.



JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

DEEP RIVER REVERIE

No, my dear children, the picture you see here is not a scene on the levee along the Mississippi — it is directly across the Snoqualmie River from the present Everett DeJong farm below Duvall, "shot" about 1900-05. The cable you see stretched overhead in the photo was used to guide the ferry boat (right foreground) back and forth across the water. The barge and sternwheeler were common sights on the river in the early days, bringing supplies, groceries and mail to the settlers, and carrying their produce to Puget Sound markets.

The first steamer to make regular trips up and down the river was the "Mamie", owned by Fred Pinkerton in 1884. Seattle had a population of 5,000 at that time.

The Mamie would leave Snohomish at 8 o'clock in the morning, and reach Fall City by 6 p.m., if all went well. She lay over for the night in Fall City and returned the next day, stopping frequently for freight, mail or passengers, or to take on cord wood for the boilers.

One way to give the family budget a boost in those days was to get a contract to furnish wood

As the boat came nearer, the clang of bells could be heard and a rumble of machinery. Then silence, as, engine idling, the boat swung in toward the bank where a great pile of wood awaited her. A deck hand would leap ashore and make fast a line to the nearest tree, and all hands would pitch in, throwing the four-foot lengths of wood down a chute into the boiler room.

Leo Leyde tells of hauling half-cord sled-loads of wood down the then county road, running from the present John Freeman place (south of Duvall) to the river bank, where the steamer "Echo" had a landing. The Echo was the smallest steamer on the river — only 50 feet in length. The Mamie was 85 feet long, and the big "Black Prince" was 90 feet.

The "Nellie" and the "Cascade" were in-betweeners for size. The "Skagit Chief" came up the river from Snohomish periodically to pull out "deadheads" — not defunct, non-fare-paying former passengers, but logs with one end sunk fast in the river bottom, a menace to navigation.

Potatoes, hay and booms of logs comprised most of the cargoes picked up on downriver trips.

Delivered upstream were groceries, logging supplies and machinery, steel rails and logging locomotives, and lumber for early buildings along the river.

Before the advent of roads in the valley, the people would per-

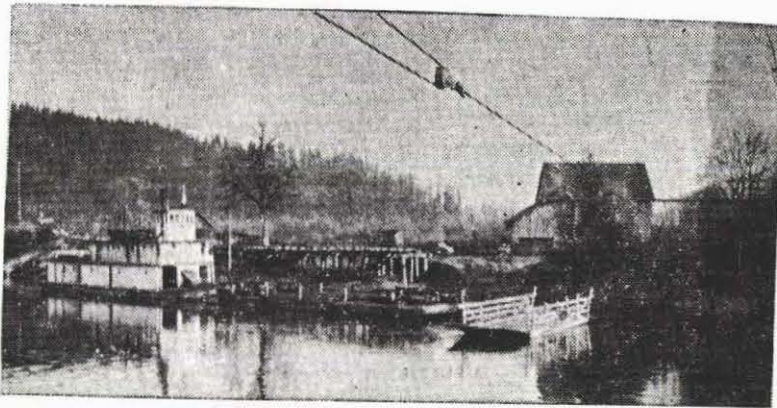
be seen in this district. The last boat to make the trip upstream was the "Lucerne", which was used to ferry potatoes across the river from the Carnation Milk Farms to the railroad near Stillwater. That was in 1917.

Mrs. Nellie Evenson of Duvall was at one time the cook aboard the Black Prince. For 16 months (1902-03) she fed the five-man crew — fifty pounds of flour per week, pounds and pounds of steak (18c per lb. in those days), everything cooked in a 6x8 foot galley right above the boiler room. And "how those men could eat!"

The Prince was owned by three partners: C. W. Wright, Charles Elwell, and Mrs. Evenson's brother, Vic Pinkerton.

Before ending these cogitatin's about river boat traffic in the good old days, we might recall that at one time some of the largest hop fields in the world were located up the river in the Meadowbrook area. At certain times of the year great numbers of Canadian Indians would make their way upstream in long lines of canoes, and would work the season out picking hops.

Now all are gone — the boats, most of their crews, the logs, many of the early settlers, most of the steamboat landings, the Indians and the hops — everything, in fact, but dat Old Man River himself, who jes' keeps rolling along.



for the steamboat.

On the scheduled day, here she would come around the bend, frothy white waves streaming out from her prow, sloshing against the banks on both sides; smoke pouring from the stack, and at the stern the big paddle wheel churning up a solid cylinder of water with a loud slapping sound that could be heard some ways off.

iodically hike to Kirkland, ferry across the lake to Seattle, and leave their grocery orders with Cooper & Levi, to be delivered the next trip up the river.

Arthur Hix kept his store well stocked in the early days with groceries brought here by boat, but as roads were built the river traffic declined, and by 1914 few of the old sternwheelers were to

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

RESIDENTS OF DAYS GONE BY

"Tempora mutantur" — the times are changed — is one way of referring to the number of men and women living in and around the valley. There was a time, mind you, when the balance dipped heavily in favor of the menfolk.

Noting an old news item from the Duvall Citizen of 1914 (see Page 7. — Ed.) concerning one "Charlie the Bear" Venstrom, recalled to mind memories of the shacks that once stood here and there, and their (usually) elderly male occupants. Sometimes these men were to be seen with tools over their shoulders, walking out to a day job somewhere in the valley. Or (more frequently) standing out on the old bridge, just a-looking and a-thinking, occasionally shifting a cud and spitting into the brown swirling waters below.

Then, too, there were times when C₂H₂OH would enter the picture, and two of the old fellows would be seen trying to help a friend home — one who had yet to learn that alcohol and walking do not mix.

But, before too many eyebrows are raised, let us hasten to say that John Barleycorn wasn't always a part of the valley scene. Not by a long shot. Take E. B. Evins, who once lived up on the hill behind the water storage tanks, on the present Dan Pilling place. Mr. Evins was an early Seattle settler; purchased property; the city grew; so did the value of the land; and, in the late "teens" (about 1917) he sold out and came to Duvall. Here he sold berries and fruit in season, and gave violin lessons in and out of season to young'uns whose parents had fond hopes. Many a local resident, now grown, remembers the pound cans of tobacco and the spit bucket; the Grims Golden apple for a lesson well done. Mr. Evins' stories of old Kentucky, his high moral standards, and his renditions of violin solos at various social events will long be remembered.

Jack Sullivan, who lived on what is now the John Fisher place, came to Duvall to settle a grudge with a fellow who was working for the Cherry Valley Logging Co.

A wrong had been done to Jack while the two lived in Minnesota, and Jack had followed his foe's trail all the way to Duvall — only to discover, alas, that Fate (in the form of a flying choker, falling snag, or rolling log) had done the job for him, and most efficiently.

Fire and vengeance gone, Jack went to work for the logging company (who had revenge on whom?) and moved to Stillwater with the company, finally retiring "up on the hill". He was a great friend of the children, and many a "Come here, kid" brought with it a nickel, or, if the need was evident, a trip to Franke's Shoe Store (in the present Reporter building) or to Moody's Dry Goods. Many a child from large Duvall families was sent up the hill later to say "Thank you, Mr. Sullivan".

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

RESIDENTS OF DAYS GONE BY

(Continued from Last Week)

Time and space do not suffice here for all the amusing stories connected with the various men who at one time lived in solitary splendor in Duvall. Many of these stories, in fact, should be left untold — just as almost all of these men had left the earlier parts of their lives buried, known to no-one but themselves. And, of course, frequently for very good reasons.

John (Society Red) Quigley was open and above-board about his past, because he was still gloating over a victory won in a battle with The Bottle. An expert telegrapher in Omaha at one time, Society Red lost his job and was blackballed by ALL railroads — because of w - - - - y.

Under an alias he would do relief work, but always old John Barleycorn was there to send him down the lonesome road which led to Duvall. It was here that he made the iron resolve to stop

drinking, and he stuck to it. How many times we heard him tell of the lonely hours, the "Dee-Tees", and the hard fight back.

Society Red's speech and genteel manners betrayed an educated past. His "Black Hole of Calcutta" was located about half way between the Minaglia and Redmond homes. He spent his time doing odd jobs, spinning yarns on the street, and fiddling away on an old violin.

Charlie the Bear Venstrom inhabited the Carl Smith house before it was remodeled, and he was an expert at building landings in logging operations.

Charlie the Bear worked for the logging company at Stillwater, but it wasn't still water that eventually was his undoing. His competition with the big distilleries got the best of him, and he was found dead in his wood box, one day, by a neighbor.

James Dolen lived up across from the old Axel Christiansen house above Pole Line Road, and his past was shrouded in mystery.

Dolen was always a gentleman, however, and dressed well — for a bachelor. His philosophical manner of speaking showed that he had had a bit of learning at one time or another.

Two other men — their last names forgotten lo, these many years, were 1) "The Rattler", who lived above Unnopulos's, and "Two Sticks", whose house had a dirt floor and was located on the site of the present Davies residence.

Other old-timers were Mike Joyce, who lived in a small house across from the present Schram home; Steve Hope, who lived across the street from the present Phil Bowe home; Frank Tuttle, whose shack stood next to the Minaglia home, and "French Looie" who lived on the Pole Line Road.

The shacks and their oddly-assorted occupants are gone now, and more single women than men live in Duvall these days — according to the latest census figures.

And so ends another era.

Close his eyes, the work is done;
Rise of moon or set of sun —
What to him is friend or foe man,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

— from an Old Dirge

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

Who was the first mayor of Duvall? Well, I'll tell you a real story about this early citizen, name of Lon Brown.

Lon was born in Snohomish — wish I could give you the date, but it's written in stone in the south-east corner of the old Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Monroe, if you really want to look it up.

After young Lon left school in Snohomish he went to work in the mines at Silverton, east of Granite Falls. Here he met Miss Petra Lind, a young Norwegian girl working in a store. Lon's humorous (but constructive) remarks about her broken English helped her to get her Y's and J's in the right places, and in a short time you'd never have guessed she was fresh over from the Old Country. Wedding bells were heard in the land, and the young couple honeymooned in Canada, where Lon worked for a short time in a mine until he lost one eye in an accident.

Back to Snohomish came the Browns, there to meet Mr. Jack Bird (we'll have a story on him, too, one of these days), one of the founders of the Duvall Town-site.

Bird encouraged Lon and the missus to come to Duvall, town of opportunity. They arrived here with a wagon loaded with household goods and a wallet bulging with the considerable sum of \$50. Cash.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown moved into a tent until a one-room house was built on Stella St., just across from the present home of Mr. Chesley Funk. (The two old cherry trees still standing in the upper corner of Mr. George Anderson, Sr.'s property are all that remain of Lon and Petra's orchard).

With Bird's financial backing, Brown's Confectionary & Pool Hall was built on the present site of Jones Hardware. We might mention that Lon possessed a combination of abilities, foresight, congenial personality, and was a great promoter of community spirit and activities. He had an overwhelming sense of

THE CARNAVALL REPORTER

humor and was a prodigious worker.

The latter quality was made evident during that first winter in Duvall — as well as the following summer, for that matter.

A succession of hard freezes had shut down all work in the valley, so Lon gathered up all available manpower and built an ice house just south of the present Grange Hall. They sawed and hauled ice from Long Lake and Round Lake, in the valley, stored it deep under cedar sawdust, and all during that next summer Lon sold ice — 50c per chunk — delivering it in a wheelbarrow all over town. Petra, of course, ran the Confectionary store while Lon was out making deliveries.

The ice also fostered Lon's ice cream business, in the basement of his store. First by hand crank, then by put-put gasoline engine, he made the thickest and sweetest ice cream in the valley, produced by way of Sid Boshaw's Jersey cows, and labeled "White Lily Ice Cream"

Now Lon's foresight, ability and ambition for a growing metropolis began to produce. He said that a town was no good unless it had a band, ball team and a home-talented Fourth of July celebration — including popcorn, lemonade, and "White Lily" ice cream. LOTS of ice cream.

So — first he purchased three lots on Main St. (14, 15 & 16, Block 10), now occupied by the Hugh Pfeffer home and the Duvall Exchange. Excavating got under way, and the community was encouraged to help put up a large building to be used for the "Snoqualmie Valley Fair". The band was organized, the ball team recruited, dates set and committees appointed for parades, exhibits, races, games, concerts and — er — refreshments.

The big day arrived, and the affair went over with a bang — but soon friction developed and there were some who said that Mr. Lon Brown was getting just a bit too big for his britches. (They'll do it every time). So the fair was moved up to the school grounds the next year, and there it promptly died after another run or two.

The large building on Main St. stood empty for one year. Then carpenters moved in, and

soon Duvall had a theatre — Lon Brown, Prop. Main feature for Opening Night: "Tillie's Punctured Romance". In Two Reels yet.

World War I was getting nicely under way in Europe about this time, and Lon startled Seattle's film row by renting (at an outrageous price) the film classic "Birth Of A Nation". For one month!

That Lon — he had it all figured out, of course. He not only ran the film in the Duvall Theatre, but in halls and schools all over the county. The net proceeds bought seats for the theatre house and a new projector and other equipment.

Meanwhile, not to be caught standing still, Lon inspired the town fathers to build what was then known as the Athletic Pavilion, a long frame structure, between what is now Duvall Motors and the Jones Hardware store.

On a Saturday night everyone would turn out for the movie, and, after the show, while the folks were enjoying White Lily at the Confectionary, four of Duvall's finest would carry the theatre piano over to the pavilion for a dance. Lon's business finally spread to four towns: Tolt, Redmond, Granite Falls, and, at last, to Snohomish, where he built Browns Theatre, still in being. He built the present Pfeffer house in Duvall and lived in it for some time before selling out here and moving to Snohomish.

Shortly after moving to Snohomish, Petra passed away, and Lon was not long in following her.

Much more could be written about Lon's life in Duvall, but time and space are limited, alas! We are sure, however, that none of the old-timers in the valley have ever forgotten the Fourth of July picnics held in Leak's Grove, still marked by a few trees at one corner of the Ward Roney farm, or the fireworks stand, the iced pink lemonade, and, naturally, LOTS of "White Lily" — all the result of Lon's endless enthusiasm and energy. His sense of humor and the pranks he played have been remembered down through the years.

Lon will also be remembered for his business slogan which pretty well summed up the reason for his success in Duvall:

"We lost a customer once — he died."

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

The month of June draws to a close, and with it the memory of the model airplane meet of June 2nd, held in the yard of the Tolt High School.

The Old-timer stood there that Sunday afternoon and watched the gas models whine through the air. Some went out of control, others exploded, sending the spectators scurrying for cover at frequent intervals. But it was a good show, and the sponsors deserve a rising vote of thanks for giving the boys (and their fathers) a chance to show what their creations could do.

But the Old-timer's mind kept going back to the time that one George Abbott tried to land his "Buhl Airpup" in the school yard. George's father was a preacher, serving as alternate pastor between Duvall and Carnation at that time. He "built" Duvall's present Methodist Church in 1923, dedicating it debt free, and later took up residence in Carnation. Then the Abbotts went to Renton where young George graduated from school and took up flying, opening a flying service company at Bryn Mawr.

It was during the early 30's that George decided to drop in, literally, on his old friends at Tolt, now Carnation. After circling the valley several times, he determined that he would be the very first pilot ever to land in Tolt.

George throttled down his 3-cylinder, 35-hp. Airpup and came in low, low, low over the river, settling down in the school yard. Then a wingtip caught an unseen stump, and George's arrival became history. No-one was hurt, but the plane went back to Bryn Mawr in disgrace, on a lowly truck.

There was another plane that landed in the valley, however, and that stayed for good.

It was a balmy summer's day, about eight years ago, and about the time of day when farmers were looking at their watches and glancing toward the cow

barns. Overhead, a large formation of planes wended it way from Spokane to Sand Point.

Suddenly one of the flight began to have motor trouble. The engine sputtered, then stopped, and like a tired bird it started to glide downwards toward the green land below. A white parachute billowed out against the blue — the plane continuing its descent, nosing straight downward at the last moment or two. Apparently the vertical tilt of the plane caused the gasoline in the tank to reach the starved motor, and it came to with a rear and burst of speed that only hastened its doom. It crashed on what was then the Joyce farm, recently purchased by Rany Rupard.

All they did later was to fill in the hole.

The pilot landed near by, and Duvall made Frank Lynch's column in the Pee-Eye — along with a corny photo of the pilot sitting in a pasture amid the cows, surrounded by the yokel citizenry. (That Frankie!)

The first airplane ever to land SUCCESSFULLY in the valley was piloted by a daring aviator named Ward Roney, in the mid-twenties.

Those were the days when Billy Mitchell was telling Congress what could best be summed up by George Abbot's flying school slogan: "When the whole world is up in the air, where will you be?"

So it was that Ward Roney and one of his friends in the Army Air Corps took off from Sand Point Air Station — which was then just an overgrown pasture — in an old Curtiss JN4D, or "Jenny", as they were called with mixed feelings in those days. The plane was a large two-seater biplane, built of wood, wire and canvas, and powered with an imported French engine. This was the type of World War I relic with which the struggling Air Corps was still training its young recruits.

Ward wanted to show his dad's farm to his friend, so, while the populace of the valley watched, they came in for a landing in a field nearby.

Successful, did we say? Alas, not quite. When the plane hit the soft, fertile loam for which our valley is noted, the wheels stuck tight and the plane did a sensational ground-loop. Again, however, no-one was hurt, but once again a plane returned to its home base via a truck.

To our knowledge, the only REALLY successful landings (and takeoffs) in the valley came years later — including last year's helicopter landing at the bridge, but which, of course, doesn't count.

And about here the Old-timer's dreams were broken by an announcement over a public address system, saying that the next model airplane event of the June 2nd, 1957 meet would now take place.

And so Airpups, Jennies and derring-do landings were forgotten once more — perhaps until another time, another generation, and another "Old-timer" takes to reminiscing about the days of yore. We suggest you consult an edition of the Carnavall Reporter sometime along about 1987 to see.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1957

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

LOCAL PARKS

Behind Jones Hardware store in Duvall there is a small triangle of land covered with wild plum and seedling cherry trees, designated on the Plat of the Town of Duvall as a "Park".

The triangle is formed by the intersecting of Riverside and Railroad avenues, and the three-sided plot is just about of a size to hold a statue of James Duvall, founder of the town, as was (perhaps facetiously) suggested recently by one of Main Street's leading citizens.

What the town fathers had in mind when the letters P-A-R-K were written in that blank space on the map, we'll probably never know — except that the "park" does exist, a challenge to any civic-minded person who might want to make something of it.

In 1924, just south of town, at the instigation of Lon Brown, (our first mayor), and through the benevolence of Frank Hanisch, the community slashed out its first official park. A stove and shelter were provided for the wayfarer who wanted to set up camp for the night, or for Sunday school picnics or Fourth of July celebrations.

There was an added attraction that nature had provided here for those who would hike the quarter of a mile up the canyon — a huge rock (we think it's still there), about the size of a five-room house.

Know, my dear children that until only recently the term "Big Rock" was taken to mean this boulder in the park. It rests down in the ravine on "Coe & Clements Creek", directly south of the Horace Chipman property. The creek runs under the highway, south of town.

Following a well-worn trail (now grown over) the hiker of many years ago would suddenly come upon the tremendous round rock. Here, in 1912, on top of the rock, the Duvall Band gave a concert to an enthralled audience seated on stumps and logs below. Here, too, the frequent visitor would stand, listening to

the brook that prattled its way toward the river, wondering how the mass of granite ever found its way to Duvall.

The park was a popular retreat until the Lazarus Logging Co. put a railroad track right through this bosky dell, and the place soon reverted to jungle.

Of course, the Big Rock about a mile south of here has since become a point of pride for the Lower Valley community, but this is not so much because of the size of that "Big Rock" but because it, along with a handkerchief-sized bit of ground and two magnificent Redwood trees, constitute the smallest county park in the State of Washington — and probably on the West Coast.

The Memorial Park at Carnation, which was established and sponsored by the Valley Men's Club some years ago, is another source of pride and joy to Lower Valley residents. This park is beautifully maintained, offers excellent facilities for picnicking, and is secluded from highway hustle and bustle — a good place to take a case of jangled nerves, to stretch out on the grass and relax.

And that's just what you and I need right now.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1957

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

Have I ever told you, Children, of the time when a locomotive ran from Woodinville to Duvall — on the highway, at that?

Well, it was in the early Teens, and the Peterson Brothers had logged off the hill above the present Teegarden farm just across the valley from Duvall. The Petersons' operation required more modern methods of getting logs to the river, and a railroad system was planned.

Yes, the Great Northern and the Milwaukee railroads were already running on the east side of the valley, but the narrow-gauge Shay locomotive the Peterson boys had in mind could not be brought to Duvall from Woodinville over standard-gauge track.

The situation called for some Yankee ingenuity, which they possessed in abundance in those early days.

The Petersons used ten tough Swedes, 60 feet of track, 120 railroad ties and three weeks' time, and ran the "loco" up over the hills from Woodinville to our fair valley, right on the existing highway. The Shay would run to the end of the 60-foot track, then the crew would carry track ahead and prepare another 60 foot run. Three weeks of this and the "loco" was on location, ready to go to work.

Tomorrow morning some of you chilluns will whisk off to Woodinville along the same old route, and cover the same distance in 15 minutes.

My, my—how times do change!

Incidentally, as you cross the valley headed toward Woodinville, and just before you get up speed to climb Ring Hill, glance quickly to the right at the bottom of the hill.

Here was the scene of much activity down through the years. Here, in 1889-91, Tuck and Allen Logging Co. established a camp. Barns for the oxen, bunk houses and cookshack for the men, were located alongside the tumbling creek. The logs were pulled by the oxen to Long Lake — it's still there in the valley — and then floated to the river. A flood gate was located at the south end of the lake, and when the lake was filled with water and logs, the gate was lifted. With a mighty rush the logs then sped their way to the river.

This same location, at the present crossroads, has been the site of two shingle mills, a lumber mill and a creamery down through the years.

Now, if you are looking for buried treasure in the form of old oxen shoes to nail over the door of that new ranch house — and providing you have a shovel and plenty of ambition (plus the permission of the present owner) — all you have to do is start digging through a 70-year overburden of debris and clay, and you'll strike it rich.

That's what I've been told, in any case, by old old-timers!

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

A summer's walk is always pleasant, and so today let's go up Stephens Street in Duvall, then turn south on First Avenue, and here, just at Leo Leyde's front gate, we'll pause to look toward the new home being constructed by the Orvises. Right there, in the early days, stood Duvall's Free Methodist Church.

It was a large building and was well filled, in the days when the town was surrounded by logging camps and Sunday was still a day of rest.

The distant sound of revival singing comes out of the dim past as we meander on along First Avenue. Now, that house where Mr. Bill Parris lives was once Duvall's first shoe store — built by Joseph Franke before he enlarged into what is now the Carnavall Reporter building.

Where Cora Roney's house now stands was a two-story building containing a meat market operated by Jeff Kohler, who lived upstairs. In the Ed Norman house, across the street, was located Dr. Pinkerton's office and his home.

Another block north, still on First Avenue, across from the Wiederrecht home, stood the old Skittrell house. Here was the scene of one of Duvall's early tragedies.

Early one morning — the year was 1912 — the house caught fire and burned to the ground.

Little Goldie Skittrell stood in the road, watching the flames — and suddenly she remembered a favorite doll. Before the entranced bystanders could move, Goldie disappeared into the red inferno — just as the upper floor and roof collapsed - - .

But to get on with our walk — the telephone exchange office was located in the present Ridge home, while the Myer house was a bicycle shop operated by the Chipman brothers. Then it became a barber shop, and finally the residence of Charles Rhem, who ran a meat market in what is now Fern's tavern. On the corner of First and Virginia stood the Duvall Hotel, offering meals and lodging to one and all. First Avenue was, in many ways, as important a street as Main St. a block west, in those days.

On Main Street, across from the Landers house, once stood Clausen's Drug Store and Soda Fountain; where the new bridge now crosses the river was the beautiful, rustic Forest Inn, serving as hotel, restaurant and saloon. Where Westman's Garage now stands was a hardware store — which, like the Inn, burned to the ground — and the old Duvall Theatre stood just across the street from Duvall Motors' present location.

South of Duvall Motors was the large Athletic Pavilion where all school events, sports activities and other affairs took place — a community center built by the Town Site Company. Next to it stood the Duvall Dry Goods Store operated by Mr. Sherman Moody, Brown's Confectionary.

and Manion's Hardware Store — the Odd Fellows Hall upstairs.

The present Grange Hall site was once occupied by Duvall's first restaurant. A board walk from the wooden sidewalk led back about 25 feet to Elsie Duvall's eatery, which also burned down many a long year ago.

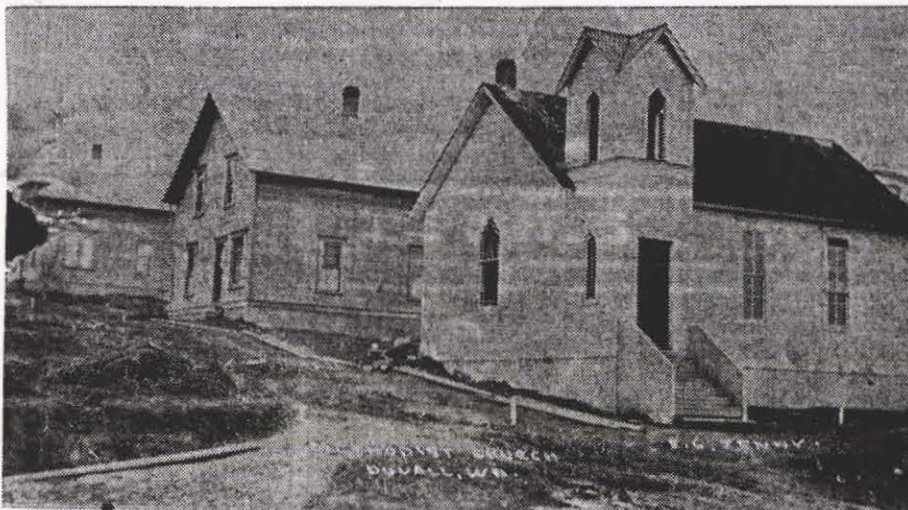
In 1923 the present Methodist Church was built, replacing the old church building which had been moved to town from the Dehydrating Plant site in 1910. The roads at this time were not much to brag about, as you can see in the accompanying photo!

Just back of the present Duvall Clinic building (once the Fire Hall) stood the Duvall Jail. Local people were proud that it had never been overcrowded.

South of the church was the small building of the old Duvall Citizen, and across the street was a large blacksmith shop and, at one time, the first Chevrolet agency in the valley. It burned in the early 20's.

It's getting late — time to go home. We might remind our readers that a creamery once stood facing Stella Street, and between it and the present Miles house was a livery barn — horse and rig available for outings — U-Drive. And a lumber yard was doing business on the site of the Gremmert Brothers' Mill, below town.

And there's Duvall as it used to be, and quite a few gallons of water have gone under the bridge since.



JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

A stranger in the valley will eventually ask the old question, "Why are the houses along the river so high off the ground?" Then comes the terse, two-word answer: "High water." And, if the person questioned is a long-time resident, he will add a few illustrative incidents he has experienced, or those he has heard about, by way of further explanation.

A high water always brings with it a mixture of excitement, apprehension and fear, and repeated queries concerning temperatures and snow depth in the mountains. With the fall rains comes snow in the mountains, and valley residents can be heard to say, "We could get some real water if the temperature gets any higher." The stranger will ask how warm does it have to get, and the answer is usually something like: "Well, when she gets over 50 with a south wind and a warm rain, look out! In about 12 hours the river will start to come up, and that's when the farmers start tying things down, getting the livestock inside, and driving cars and tractors to high ground!"

Some of the older barns in the valley had the floors built on huge cedar logs that floated the livestock high and dry within the barn walls. Some houses were built with an upstairs, refuge for flood time, and some families simply moved into the hay loft until the waters subsided.

Some fathers sent their families to friends on the hill, while the men stayed behind to rescue the household goods and animals.

When Harry Miller tore down the old Murdock house on his farm some time back, it was interesting to note the different high water marks on the old newspapers nailed between the walls. When the John McCormick family lived there, Mr. McCormick recalls, he cooked breakfast in his hip boots for the rest of the family, upstairs. The muddy water swirled about just below the firebox in the stove.

Mrs. Adair of Vincent tells how the family played Parchese by lamplight, and the water beginning to come up over the floor boards. The men had on high boots, but the girls had to keep their feet up on sticks of stove wood to keep their shoes dry!

The highest water the valley has seen was in 1921. The Wm. Funk family was living on what is now the T. J. Roetcisoender

farm, and the house was built right on the ground. The family embarked in a dugout canoe from the upstairs windows that time. Logs were floating "upstream" — the valley being flooded more than a mile wide, and the wind and tide from Everett-way pushing the water back toward the mountains.

High waters are not entirely bad, however despite the inconveniences and the frequent loss of livestock and other property. Each flood brings a deposit of rich, fertile soil to the farms, making our valley the lush green paradise it is.

So, when the farmer falls into bed after long grueling hours of wrestling frightened animals to safety, and he closes his eyes to the sound of swirling waters beneath his window, his dreams can be sweet with visions of greener grass next spring, thanks to zealous, dependable Old Man River!



Thar she flows! —



FLOOD AT NOVELTY — 1921

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

If the walls could only talk, some of the buildings on Duvall's Main St. would tell us quite a story — of fond hopes, careful plans, and, in some cases, frustrated dreams.

For example, the Duvall Motors building was originally intended to be a Moose Lodge hall in the early days here. The framework was put up by enthusiastic Moose (Meece? Mice?) — and there it stood for several years. The place was a favorite play site for all local children, until George Anderson, Sr. saw its possibilities and bought the property from the Lodge. The building was completed and it has been a garage ever since.

Some local buildings, however, have not served the original (nor even the secondary) purpose for which they were built. The Duvall Coffee Shop was built by a Mr. Hoffmann, a tailor by trade. He saw a great future demand for his talents in the new little town, and he and his wife lived in a small house across the alley from the Hix-Hill home while the shop was being constructed. Later, Mr. Hoffmann would hike out to the logging camps, taking orders and measurements for some real classy suits, and the customers would drop in Saturday night for a final fitting.

The tailor shop was successful,

but Mr. Hoffmann took cold out on one of his business trips. He soon contracted pneumonia — and was dead in a matter of days. Since that time the building has housed restaurants. The little home across the alley was then used for a blacksmith shop and was later torn down.

The Valley Restaurant building was constructed by Mr. Fred Martel, and it housed a grocery store for several years. Across the street, Fern Colett's rooming house was, at that time, a butcher shop run by Charles Rehms. A slaughter house was located just east from the Coy Brother's barn, below the Cherry Valley road.

Fern's Tavern was originally a restaurant and was at one time a sewing shop. My, my, how times do change.

The house south of the present Bark building, now the Don Funk residence, was one of the first buildings on Main St. It was built by Dr. Gherkin and was his office in the early 1900's. Other successive doctors used the building also, until the late Dr. Joe Yowell built his home and office on the next corner, south of the Carnavall Reporter building.

One of the businesses that have grown with the town is Hix's Market. The original store was located just east of the Dehydrator Plant, and was moved to its present site in 1910 by the railroad when the hill was cut down for a right-of-way. Later the building was expanded to its present size. "Here first all the time" was Mr. Arthur Hix's motto those days.

At the time the railroad came through, the old community hall

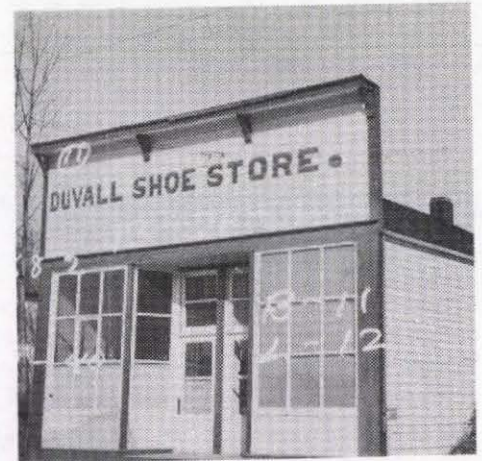
(now at the south end of town) was located beyond Hix's Market north of town. The building was used for many years as a town meeting place.

MacDougall's Mercantile building has been a grocery store ever since it was built, the only real change being that the present cold storage lockers were once a bakery. This was before the day of the bread truck, of course.

But now, before we close, we don't want to forget the Carnavall Reporter building and printing plant!

This building was originally a shoe store, built by Mr. Joseph Franke, and later housed (on one side) a restaurant, and then the law offices of the late Judge Wright.

Now, of course, and for the past four or more years, it has been the home of our favorite newspaper.



Main Street, Duvall, 1916 — The Year of The Big Snow

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

As the Old-Timer left the Cherry Valley School alumni reunion of June 30th, he glanced from the old school building, now deserted, to the new building being readied for the fall term. He thought of the levy voted by the taxpayers for the modern structure, and how the pain of paying will give way through the years to the pride and enjoyment and utility of our new school. What a parade of development in school buildings (and the costs thereof!) this valley has seen.

The first school in this area was a community project, in 1875. The land was donated by Mr. McDonald, across the river from the present Harry Miller farm. A large cedar log furnished all the boards and shakes. Only the nails, window glass, hinges and lock had to be purchased.

Strong hands, splitting wedges, froes, and a few community get-togethers (picnic lunches provided by the ladies) — and there you are: a new school. What remained of the big log was used as a seat by the children at lunch hour, reminisced Mrs. Nellie Evenson.

The little white schoolhouse built in 1893, just south of the first building, cost the community exactly \$714.50. The work was done by Mr. Bancroft, and many are the local residents who learned their "three R's" here.

The one-acre schoolyard and the white schoolhouse were traded for two acres adjoining the four acres on the hill donated earlier by Mr. James Duvall, making up the present school yard and site. The "high school building", as we old-timers always called it — and some still do — was built in 1907 and cost \$3700. The large two-story building in front was constructed in 1911 at a cost of \$10,000.

Several times during the recent reunion, one of the visitors gave the old bell rope a hearty pull, and what a flood of memories the sound brought to mind.

Mrs. Maxine Main Scott, who now lives in Tacoma, told us the sound of the bell reminded her of a certain spot along the road which represented a "mean" — that is, at that point the bell's tolling informed them whether they were early, on time or late, depending on how far they were from the spot. The Mains lived on what is now the Harry Miller farm, BSB (before school buses), and Mr. Main was a member of the school board at this time.

The old building fades into the past, along with many of the familiar faces that once gazed out the windows, day-dreaming across the fairest valley this side of heaven.

What is to happen to the old school bell? — that morning tyrant and afternoon friend that we hated and loved so well? If a memorial of any kind is desired or planned to commemorate these "Good Old Days", what a fitting monument it would make!



The old Cherry Valley School, now destined to be converted into an apartment house or demolished, was the scene of a very happy reunion a week ago

last Sunday. More than 200 people, many of them former CV students, enjoyed a day of visiting, reminiscing and picnicking on the school grounds.



Shown here at the recent Cherry Valley School reunion are Mr. Hi Wallace and Mrs. Howard Gainer, former teacher in Duvall. Hi is presenting a framed photo

of the old school building to Mrs. Gainer. A second photo was given to Mr. Ed Harrington, who attended from Santa Rosa, California.



Pictured above are a group of people who at one time were students in the old Cherry Valley School on the river bank — prior to the building of a school at the present hilltop site about 1912.

Left to right, they are: Mrs. Harry Miller, Percy Taylor, Vincent Dougherty, John Allen, Mrs. Pearl Funk, Lloyd Leake, Mrs. Edith Trulson, Mrs. Main and Robert Main.

JIST COGITATIN'

by

THE OLD-TIMER

Last March, while reminiscing in a former article concerning famous names that have left their mark in the Lower Valley, we mentioned Ring Hill, named after the Tom Ring logging operations here. At the time we promised a little more on that story, and here it is:

It all started back in 1906-07 when Tom Ring came to the valley with some \$45,000 he had inherited. His first venture in logging was on the hillside south of what is now Marenakos' farm, formerly called the Cherry Valley Stock Ranch. Ring had two steam donkeys, one to yard the logs down the hill to a landing on what is now Tom Roorda's farm. The second donkey was used to pull the logs to the river and it stood where the James Wallace Packing Co., stands today. This road engine, as they were called, had two miles of haul-back cable on one drum, and one mile of main line on the other drum. The haul-back line ran to the hill, through a block, then back to the river.

The haul-back line pulled the main line back to the hill for another load of ten logs, as soon as the previous load had been dumped at the river. The logs were dragged by the main line down the muddy ditch just north of the present slaughter house, to the river.

Finishing this operation, Tom Ring moved to the hillside west of Duvall and built his headquarters along the present highway at what is now the Bailey ranch. Some of the buildings are still there.

The Ring family lived in the house with the stone fireplace, which may be seen today from the road, and his superintendent, Mr. Richerson, lived in the other house. There were also a large bunk house, cook house, blacksmithy and shop. The cookhouse had a wood range with a 10-foot grill that was usually loaded with hot cakes, bacon, eggs, potatoes — everything to make the 200 hungry loggers happy! It was said that the best-fed family in the valley was Tom Ring's pigs — which in turn ended up on the table to help feed the always-hungry horde of loggers.

Logs were hauled to the river by a railroad, which branched out on the hill, coming down the present highway route and over to the river. The piling for the

railroad bridge may still be seen at "Long Lake", part ways across the valley from Duvall, to the left. Some parts of the old log dump also remain on the river bank, in front of the Ches Funk farm.

The Rings and the Richersens fitted in well with the rest of the community, taking part in all social gatherings. They were always well dressed and well mannered. Tom Ring was interested in sports, and today he would have been called a real hot-rodder. He rode a motorcycle much of the time, and on occasion was known to differ with the Law concerning speed limits.

The logging operations completed, the equipment was removed by barge down the river. The Rings left the valley, and Tom later enlisted in the Air Force as an aviator. It is said that he bagged several German planes over France in 1918.

Several years ago, the valley received word that Tom Ring had been drowned while on a hunting trip in Arizona.

He died as he had lived — a daring go-getter. His death came as the result of the recoil from a shotgun, fired from a standing position in a duck skiff. Tom went overboard and was gone before help could arrive.

His memory will linger on, however, perhaps forever, in the name Ring Hill.



"I REMEMBER"

BY THE OLD TIMERS

Do YOU believe in ferries? Looking at this picture taken 50 years ago in the Lower Valley, we see that early settlers did! And how else were they to get across the Snoqualmie River? There were no bridges then, and, in fact, no real roads. Only trails from clearing to clearing.

The ferry shown here was operated by Mr. Maine, who lived on the (present) Harry Miller farm about this time.

The overhead cable crossed the river high enough so that boats could pass by safely. Two huge "blocks" ran on this cable, as can be seen (dimly) in the photo, and from these blocks ran shorter cables attached to each end of the ferry. A windlass provided the necessary power to nose the craft into the current — just enough for the current to pull (push?) the ferry across to the other side. The ferry was a scow, with a deck, railings, and gang-way ends to allow passengers and teams to come aboard or go ashore easily.

The only road to the valley in those days came across the hill from Redmond. It descended the hill near the Teegarden farm and then headed east across the valley at the Marty house, to the river, then past the Owen farm, Sadlier farm, Wallace farm, around the bend in the river just opposite the present site of Duvall, past the Art Herman farm and down to the ferry landing and out the River Road.

The first ferry in this vicinity was located where the new bridge crosses the river at Duvall. The old approach can still be seen, cut into the hardpan on the east bank. This ferry was in operation in the late 1800's.

A team of mules drowned here at this ferry when they ran off one end of the craft, dragging a wagon behind them.

A few years later, Leo Leyde owned and operated a ferry just below the present John Freeman place, south of town. The county road at that time ran along the present power line across the valley, to the Marty homesite on the hill. Mr. Leyde's rates for crossing the river were:

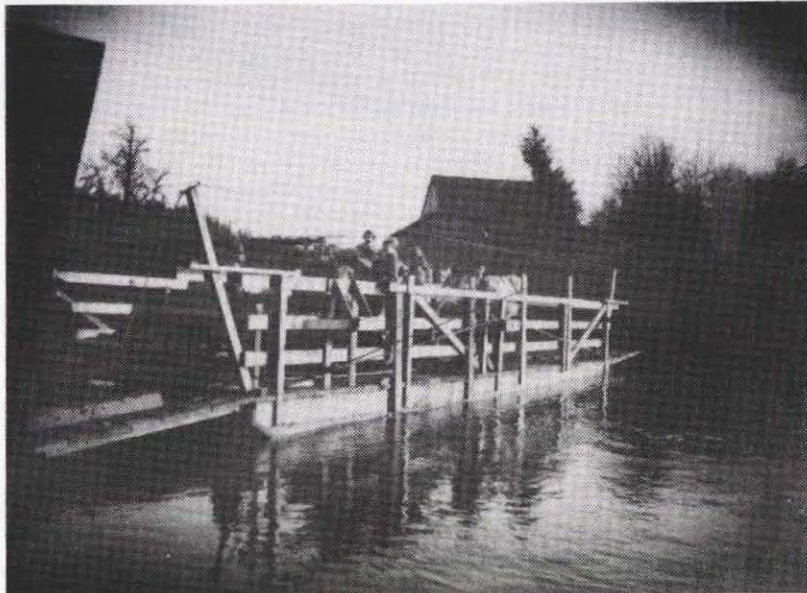
- 15c per person
- 25c for horse & rider
- 50c for team, wagon and driver

He later sold this thriving business to Herb Leake, who lived on what is now the Judge Roney farm. Mr. Leake moved the ferry down to the spot just below the present Dehydrator Plant — to save commuting to the job, no doubt.

The settlers living down at the end of the West River Road used a ferry operated by Tom Hopkins, who lived on the present H. J. Roetsisoender farm. This ferry crossed the river to the mouth of Cherry Creek, on the north side.

The ferry crossing the Skykomish River for north-south bound travelers was located below the hill back of the present Reformatory, where the Snoqualmie and Skykomish rivers meet to form the Snohomish River.

In a matter of a few years, roads were built and, along with them, bridges - - - and the old ferries were soon a thing of the past.



"I REMEMBER"

BY THE OLD TIMERS

On November 11th, 1925, the Monroe Monitor published the following story, which we think will be of interest to our readers:

DUVALL IS SWEEPED BY FIRE Three Business Houses Wiped Out — Property Loss \$25,000

The little city of Duvall, our neighbor to the south, ten miles away, in King County, was badly fireswept Thursday night, November 5, entailing a loss of about \$25,000. The business places destroyed were the hardware store of Gilbert M. Jones, which carried about the finest stock of hardware in eastern King County; the postoffice, located in the hardware store; the drygoods store in the same building; the building to the west, the property of Lon C. Brown, in which Gibbons Bros. conducted a restaurant and pool hall; and the vacant building to the west, the property of Roy Comegys of Snohomish. All were swept by fire and are a total loss.

According to reports, the fire originated in the second floor of the hardware store, where there was the lodge quarters for the various civic bodies of the community, and was not discovered until a little past midnight, and so terrifically under way that the mightiest efforts of the community upon the scene could not stay its progress.

There was a pretty good water pressure from the city mains and an abundance of water, but under the circumstances 'twas well that the fire was confined to the limits destroyed.

The Monroe fire department answered a call for help, went there with the motor fire truck and a complement of men, namely Leslie Main, asst. fire chief; Taggart Vanasdlen, F. W. Thedinga, and M. C. Reardon, but the call was received too late for getting the truck into action with any hope of accomplishing anything, 'twas well past midnight before the truck left Monroe. *

The fire was a hot one while it lasted, so hot that the glass in several of the store fronts across the wide street were shattered by the heat. Mr. Jones is the very heavy loser of the burned-out group, which will foot up close to \$20,000 with but partial insurance. Mr. Jones had recently acquired title to the buildings wherein were his merchandise stocks, he has also been recently appointed postmaster of the town and is functioning as such in the bank room across the way. Lon C. Brown is partly insured. Gibbons Bros. not insured, and the Comegys building vacant, probably no insurance. What the plans are for reconstruction have not been announced. Later statements about the origin of the fire are that it was from other sources than the lodge room store, unknown however.

* And whoever 'twas that wrote this horrible mess should have been fired the next day. —Ed.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1957

"I REMEMBER"

BY THE OLD TIMER

The autumnal hiker or hunter in the Lower Valley area is often amazed when he suddenly comes across moss-bearded fruit orchards deep in the evergreen jungles of our surrounding hills. Long neglected, the trees are gray with moss and the fruit gnarled and stunted. The question is, of course, how did these trees get here in the first place?

In the late 1800's, the valley land along the river was subject to periodic floods, and the vegetation was so thick that the early settlers found it easier to establish themselves on the uplands. Here the timber was larger — and that was the important thing in those days. For, with a little clearing and building, they could "prove up" on a homestead claim and later sell the timber to the big logging companies that followed the settler.

But the homesteader felt that planting an orchard came second only to building his house and barn. After all, there were no roads, no cars, and no big stores offering fresh fruit the year around. If you wanted apples, peaches, pears or plums, you first planted the trees and then waited five or six years!

These old orchards, long since abandoned to the deer and the bear, contain a great variety of apple trees. Baldwins, Russets, Greenings and Wolf River — to name but a few — were popular "winter" varieties because they kept well in the root cellar. By spring, as the last apples were used up, it was only a matter of a few weeks before the first yellow transparents or red Askertons were ready for pies.

The early fall apples were the Yellow Pippins, Gravensteins, Wealthy, King, Northern Spy, and many others. The traveling nursery salesman was a common sight in these early days, and his order book and catalogues were filled (then as now!) with pictures of luscious fruit that made the farmer's mouth water as the vendor wrote down the order.

Speaking of apple trees, we notice as we drive between Carnation and Duvall, apple trees growing along the railroad track.

Most of these trees are seedling apples — living monuments to lunches enjoyed by passengers or brakemen of a generation past, their apple cores tossed out the windows of the train and the seeds taking root to mark the little event. Northern Spy apples predominate among these wild seedlings, of course, because they were sold for years by the train conductors to the passengers. Seedlings are usually inferior to grafted trees, although it is through seedling varieties that improved kinds have been discovered.

So — if you are hiking back up Stossel Creek or over on Ring Hill one of these days, and you run across a scattering of fruit trees in a clearing, you'll know now how and why they got there.

"I REMEMBER"

BY THE OLD TIMER

Section 13 of Township 26 N, Range 6 EWM, King County, State of Washington, U.S.A. was obviously destined to be used for something better than growing trees or as pasture land for cows. Homesteaded by James Duvall and his brother Francis in the late 1800's, this section extended from the road in front of today's Cherry Valley School south to the power line between the present Freeman-Owens homes, and it was bounded on the west by the river, extending east beyond the present Pole Line.

Brother Francis sold out his share of the homestead to James, who logged it off. Later business reverses caused James to mortgage his holdings to a Seattle firm, and in the contract they failed to note that James was married and had four children.

Blow followed blow, when Mrs. Duvall died and was buried in the old cemetery below the present Dougherty farm. The children inherited her share of the homestead. And then, unable to pay off his various debts, James and a son went to Cripple Creek, Arizona, to prospect for gold. In the meantime, the mortgage-holders foreclosed — only to have the heirs manifest themselves with a court contest — the upshot of which was that James remained in control of Section 13 as administrator of his children's estate.

The Duvall estate donated the land for the district school site when the school was moved from the river bank up onto the hill. The north section line became a road and later extended over to the other side of the valley, first via ferry, then by a wooden swing bridge. Section 13 was divided into 40-acre tracts and sold, and the Duvalls left the valley.

.. Horatio Allen and son Harry went into partnership and purchased the north forty, extending from the section line to what is now platted as "Bird Street" — an as-yet unopened road coming

downhill near the James Wallace residence. The Allens foresaw the potential value of the timber covering the hillside and valley, and so for three months a surveyor named Bradfield worked on the tract, platting streets and lots for a future town — to be named "Cherry Valley". The lots were large — 60 by 120 feet.

Meanwhile, Jack Bird purchased the adjoining forty acres extending from Bird Street south to Stella Street, and Dan Barry bought the forty acres between Stella Street and Coe & Clemons Creek (south of the present town of Duvall). Bird bought out Barry, and took in brother Tom Bird and Roy Comyges as partners. In selling this land to Jack Bird originally, James Duvall knew what was afoot and had it put in writing that any future town on this site should be named after himself. The price Bird paid was \$9,000 for the first forty and \$6,000 for the second.

The coming of the railroad helped pay off some of the expense of platting the townsite, and Bird then bought the Allen holdings to the north and hired Reitze, Storey and Duffy — engineers from Seattle — to plat the entire townsite. Bird felt

that the more lots laid out the better, so the town was laid out in 25 by 100 foot lots with the exception of a few corner locations.

Milton Stephens later joined in partnership with Bird, forming the Townsite Company. An office was maintained in the Forest Inn, built by Wallace and Speaker in 1911, and board walks were built up and down the hill, with wooden gutters alongside.

Several houses were built to encourage people to settle in the raw, new "town", and these are still known by local old-timers as "Townsite houses" — despite the years and numerous remodelings.

The next thing the Townsite Company did was to get a payroll started to give the town a much-needed boost. How they accomplished this, of course, is another story. But the town did grow and prosper, and Don Owens recalls how the gleam of new lumber could be seen from across the river, accompanied by the sound of many hammers, as homes and stores were erected in the boom years of 1911 to 1914.

And that's how it came about that we live in a town named "Duvall" and not "Cherry Valley" — you lucky, lucky people.



"I REMEMBER"
BY THE OLD TIMER

LOCAL "SPECTACULAR"

The recent apprehension of the man suspected to be the recent Duvall Bank robber (see "Low-down Corner", Page 1) along with the old saying "Crime doesn't pay", recalls to mind the Carnation Bank robbery of some 30 years ago.

A young fellow of 20 years of age walked into the bank one day and confidentially told the bank officials that a robbery was "in the cards" for a certain day. He asked that this information not be revealed, for his own protection.

The informant said that his companions had planned the robbery, but his heart wasn't in it and so he had decided to help thwart them. But, for the sake of appearances, he would accompany the bandits when they tried to pull the job. (Don't shoot me — I'll be wearing a checkered cap!)

So — King County Matt Starwich set up a swarm of deputies around the bank on the day indicated. A state of excitement prevailed as local citizens "in the

know" (and who wasn't?) prepared themselves for a real show. "Better get off the street", was the word passed to new-comers. "Bank's goin' ter be held up in a few minutes!"

A big Studebaker touring car drove slowly through town about ten minutes later. It pulled up in front of the bank, and the three occupants sat there talking.

One of the girls inside the bank left the building and went to the Post Office. A second girl stayed in the bank, as scheduled. Behind every window on Main Street half the population of Carnation held its breath.

Across the street three deputy sheriffs crouched in an old building, and two more were in back of the bank.

The door of the Studie opened and two of the men stepped out. One elderly, the other our friend with the checkered cap (the latest thing for motoring).

The older man, obviously the ringleader (for shame!) jumped over the counter as they entered the bank. Miss Isadore Hall, who had been elected to remain in the bank, lucky girl, dashed into the vault.

The three deputies across the street opened fire forthwith, in the best tradition of the Old West. The deputies behind the bank also opened fire. The elderly bandit fired back through

the window, and one deputy fell, a bullet in his leg. One of the deputies at the rear of the building crawled forward along the side wall.

Meanwhile, down at the Bar-S Ranch, the boys were — whoops! Who put that in the copy?!

Meanwhile, inside the bank, the bandit, old Eagle-Eye Fleagle (as we like to think of him) took note that his young companion was taking no part in the fray. The spectators outside saw Fleagle stand up, level his rod at the checkered cap, and fire. The youth went down, a Luger slug in his bread basket.

The deputy outside the window (it was a long crawl) raised up, leveled his sawed-off shotgun at Fleagle, and fired. The fight was over.

Fleagle was dead, hit by several slugs. Lester Landers and another citizen present picked up the injured youth and rushed him to the Snoqualmie hospital. The get-away driver surrendered.

The young man at the hospital asked repeatedly, "Why did they shoot me?" Until the very end he thought that he had been betrayed and had been shot by the deputies. The two men tried to tell him that his partner had done the job — but he lapsed into a coma and never woke up.



"I REMEMBER" BY THE OLD TIMER

Many early residents came to the Lower Valley in order to work in the Duvall Shingle Mill. The mill was located across the river from the present Arthur Herman farm, just north of today's metropolis. The site is now occupied partly by the town well and pumphouse. While the mill was in operation the town's water system was run by steam from the mill's boilers, but later an electric pump took over the job of sending water up the hill to the storage tanks.

The mill was built by a man named Smith (not Smyth), who sold out both the site and operation to Roy Comegys, one of the Townsite fathers. The Comegys family built and lived in what is now known as the Goodwill home two blocks up from the bridge.

The mill was expanded and it gave employment to many local family men who were the backbone of the town back in 1910-11.

The railroad put a spur track into the mill yard, bringing in logs and hauling away the carloads of shingles to market. As you drive across the new bridge and look north, the old log dump is still to be seen, defying time and the river. It was down this dump the logs rolled as they left the flatcars, and their thunder could be heard a long way off. A log boom held the logs until they were drawn up a chute into the mill, there to be sawed and cut into shingles. A large dry-kiln stood nearby the dump, and here the shingles were placed to dry as the intensely hot steam drove out the moisture from the green wood.

The mill not only pumped the water for the town, but furnished electricity as well.

We have noted in the "From Our File" column recently, some of the announcements common in those days to the effect that "electric iron day will be changed

from Monday to Wednesday this week." The amount of juice the mill generated had to be rationed out: as darkness fell and lights went on all over town, the generator engine would begin to bear down to keep up with the demand, and it would gasp and puff and wheeze until about 10 p.m., when all respectable people retired.

In 1915 the dry-kiln burned to the ground, causing a lot of excitement and destroying quantities of shingles. Another kiln was soon built and in operation, however.

A shortage of timber, plus the competition of larger mills, at last made the Duvall mill close. The boiler and generator were moved to the then young Carnation Milk Farms, where they still furnish steam for the farm and electricity in case of power-line failure.

The old mill site stood vacant, and Nature took over, as She will, and today the area is a mass of brush and trees, looking much as it did when only Indians lived here generations ago.



"I REMEMBER" BY THE OLD TIMER

On the Clarence Zylstra farm near the mouth of Cherry Creek stands a large concrete foundation, once the site of a busy shingle mill. The business was owned by two men, O'Neil and Gowen, who came to the valley from the Great Lakes country, and who saw great possibilities in using Cherry Creek to transport cedar down to the mill.

Shingle bolts were sawed out as far back as Cherry Falls, and then dumped into the creek. A huge flood gate, built near the present Otness Mink Ranch, was used to dam up the creek until a good-sized lake had formed. Then the ponderous gate was raised, and with a mighty rush the shingle bolts raced down the narrow ravine and valley to a log boom at the mill.

The Great Northern put a spur track in to the mill, built on piling. After several years, however, the supply of good cedar along the creek was exhausted, and the mill shut down in the early teens and was dismantled.

About this same time a man by the name of Bacus had a lumber mill back of the present Zylstra house, above the stream that crosses the road there.

Bacus logged off the whole side of the hill, running the logs through the mill and shipping the lumber by rail. His siding is still on most maps of this area, although the name 'Bacus' means nothing to present-day residents.

Below the Waymon Miller farm (at what is called 'Rocky Point', about a mile north of the county line) once stood the C & B Shingle Mill.

Built right on the river (which almost touches the hillside at that place) the mill received its daily quota of cedar bolts via a large flume which extended far back into the hills. Don Owen recalls riding to Monroe with a team and wagon, and always hurrying the horses up at the point where the flume crossed over the road. A slow-poke was sure to get drenched from the water leaking down through the wooden flume.

The bolts shot out into the river here, and were caught and held by a boom, then hauled up into the mill and cut into shingles and shipped.

These were but three of the countless mills that dotted the valley, county and the state, and they all contributed to the building of our great Northwest.



"I REMEMBER"
BY THE OLD TIMER

Another local pioneer passed away a week ago last Sunday, and we are reminded once again of how these early settlers developed this valley and through a lifetime of hard work made a mark in the world. We are speaking, of course, of Harry L. Allen, who died suddenly at his Duvall home October 20, at the age of 72.

Mr. Allen was born April 27, 1885, on the present Ches Funk-Don Owen farms across the river from Duvall. His first teacher at the old school on the river bank was the late Mrs. Sena Clark.

Harry's father, Horatio Lysander Allen, was born in Wisconsin and came west from Minnesota in 1883. From San Francisco he traveled north to Seattle by sail boat, and two years later he sent for his wife and two children, now deceased, settling across the river from Duvall. Following Harry came Sid, John, Edith and Doris, all living.

Horatio Allen's first job, on arriving in the Puget Sound country was running logs down "Squawk Slough" (now called the Sammamish River) to a mill at the mouth, where Kenmore stands today. He also cut timber at the present site of Occidental and Jackson streets and on Queen Anne Hill, in Seattle. The elder Mr. Allen recalled that he landed here with the sum of \$2 in his pocket—and a wife and two children waiting to be sent for back East.

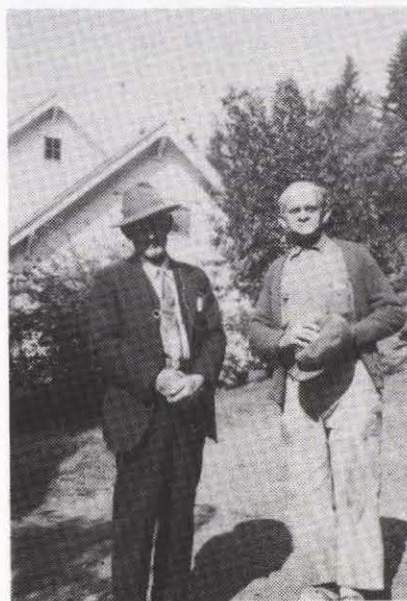
The Allens lived on the river farm until 1902, then moved to the H. L. Allen farm on Cherry Creek. Harry Allen spent most of his life here, and in 1952 the place was leased out and the large herd of purebred Jersey cattle sold. Harry worked for the Milwaukee Road when it first put track up the valley. He ran levels for the trestle work over which most of the track was laid. He also did a little logging, but his primary interest was always dairy cattle. The Allen herd was the longest, continuously tested herd in the U.S. — from 1916 to 1952. In 1948 Harry sent to the Isle of Jersey for additional purebred stock to improve the herd.

Harry was a charter member of the Cherry Valley Grange, and a longtime member of the American Jersey Cattle Association.

The broad expanse of lush pastures, the big white barns and home on Cherry Creek bear full witness to a lifetime of hard work on the part of the elder Mr. Allen, Harry and his brothers and sisters.



HAYING ON THE ALLEN FARM



HARRY ALLEN ON RIGHT

Early History of Duvall

This article marks the sixteenth of a series of articles written by Don Funk, relating to the early history of the Lower Snoqualmie Valley, its growth spurts, trials and tribulations.

This will be the second printing of these articles. They were originally printed in the Carnavall REPORTER in 1957, but because of numerous and repeated requests we are glad to re-print them, through the courtesy of Mr. Funk.

By Don Funk

Old man river had played his part in the transportation of the Valley and could retire to just keep rollin' along when the railroads came to the Valley in the years 1910-11. It was in the first part of July 1910 that The Great Northern was laying track below Duvall. By the following year there was regular service from Everett to Tolt where the track terminated. The old grade can still be seen west of Carnation. The majority of the road bed was on piling over the soft Valley land.

The original Methodist church, Hix's store and the old community hall at the south end of Main Street in Duvall were located on the hillside above the present dehydrating plant to the north. The Big G moved these buildings to their present sites and built the parsonage as part of the right of way payments. A narrow cut was made through the hill at that time just wide enough for the track to run through. The present highway to Monroe with a few exceptions follows the original Big G railroad grade as far as the Hirock crossing.

The longest straight piece of track in the Valley ran from where the present Monroe highway bends below Doughertys to Cherry Creek bridge. Where the highway is now was a log trestle with the ties being covered with sheet iron to keep the wooden part dry. The daring bicycle riders had good going between the tracks on this stretch, that is, if they could make it before the train came along. The Great Northern Depot (as shown on the Duvall Plat) was located below the present Landers home; the section foreman Burroughs lived in a company house below the present Boy Miles house.

The competition was on its way in the Valley with the Milwaukee railroad running down the Valley from Cedar Falls to Everett. There were hard feelings between the higher-ups which were reflected in the rival section gangs in the forms of fist-fights whenever two workmen crossed each other's paths. Below the Biderbost farm the Big G had made its cut in the hillside right on the bank of the river, consequently the Milwaukee had to run its trestle out into the river to get by. The Milwaukee depot stood along the present track below the south side of the bridge, later purchased and moved to its present site.

By 1917 The Great Northern abandoned the rail service in this part of the Valley, and in the form of a buried hatchet the Milwaukee pulled up their tracks from Monroe to Everett in 1926, using the Big G's road instead, which they still do. The maintenance of the trestle down the Valley was eliminated when the Milwaukee dug out the hillside below the Hirock crossing and made a fill around the piling as we see it now.

One of the streets of Duvall is named after the man who purchased the right of way for the Great Northern. The folks in the Valley thought that a trolley line was coming through, so to speak, and signed over the land before they realized that it was a major railroad line. That is, most of them with one exception, an old Scotsman by the name of Canack who lived on the upper Westman place near Stillwater. He held out and collected \$5000 which was "dough" in those days. The Milwaukee had a tougher time of it, you can be sure. One owner sold

out just before the railroad came through — the next owner collected the price of the farm. One land owner in the Valley received enough from a logging right-of-way to purchase a 40-acre tract of land, built his fine house and barn, only to have the Milwaukee come through. Thus the railroads cut up some of the good farm lands but the owners did get other improvements from the funds collected.

The Milwaukee passenger train made four trips a day in the Valley, the first arriving at Duvall at 8:30 a.m., returning up the Valley at 11 p.m. Coming down the Valley it stopped at Duvall at 3 p.m. and going up at 7:30 in the evening. The fare to Monroe was 25 cents one way. Don Owen recalls walking along the track on his way to Monroe, when it began to rain. The engineer pulled up along side asking if he would like to ride, adding it would only cost 10 cents from there on in. Looking at the sky, Don took him up on the deal. Of course more than 10 cents brake lining was involved to make the stop, but it illustrates the service to the Valley residents.

The arrival of the train, particularly in the evening, was an event "It's about time," and "Here she comes," were common phrases to be heard. There was the brisk walk down the hill to the depot platform where W. S. Lane's horse-drawn dray was standing alongside waiting for the salesman and his sample bags or freight to go up town. So a simple pleasure of days gone by brings a wistful twinge within to us now: Let's go down and watch the train come in.

