

Spindrift Two

50¢

Volume 6

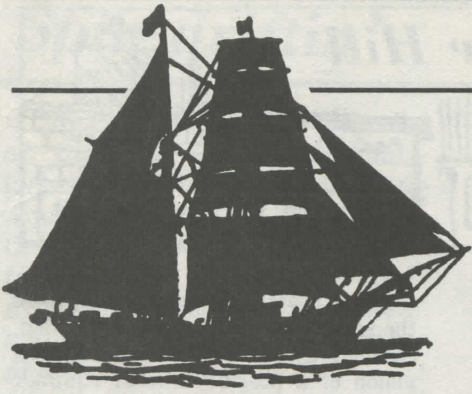
Number 2

Fall 1982

Whidbey Island's Own Magazine



'Ben Ure's Spit' . . .



Snuggled close to Whidbey Island near Cornet Bay, is a small island named "Ben Ure's Island." And on the northeastern part of Whidbey Island there is a spot known as "Ben Ure's Spit."

Early records show that this Scottish pioneer who spoke with a Scottish "burr," tried farming of a sort on Whidbey, before he took to his island home. His cattle were reportedly stolen by rustlers from nearby LaConner sometime in the late 1850s or early 1860s.

Research shows that the name Ure is pronounced either "ouray" or "oureh," but Whidbey Island usage rhymes it with "your."

Ben Ure was on San Juan Island during the joint occupation by the U.S.

and Britain, from 1860 to 1872, and surely was familiar with the "Pig War," an incident concerning a pig that brought the two countries to the brink of war.

It was thought that he may have had connections with the Hudson's Bay Company as he operated a small boat in Canadian waters, from which he furnished rum to both the American and British soldiers. At any rate, what Ben Ure used as cargo, besides the rum, may have been of a very different sort. Many Chinese on Vancouver Island were anxious to evade the U.S. Exclusion Act of 1882, and smuggling of aliens was a lucrative business. Ure was also employed for a time by the United States Customs Bureau!

Ure made enough money so he could invest in property in Anacortes when that city was experiencing a boom, but his investments were swept away in the panic of 1893. Ben Ure then turned his sailing sloop toward Deception Pass and his previously homesteaded island.

The log cabin on his island was in bad shape, but he soon brought enough lumber from Utsaladdy to not only fix up his old house but to build a good-sized house with a little dock extending into the deep channel. The big house became the area's first dance hall and saloon!

Ure had found an Indian woman who was willing to share his bed and board, but with the opening of the dance hall, it was found she was spending most of her time out on isolated little Strawberry Island, in the middle of Deception Pass channel.

She kept a steady fire burning, the wood supplied by Ure. Only when the tide rushed through the Pass so swiftly that no boat could have survived did she remain at home. She just shrugged when anyone asked her why she put in so much time on Strawberry.



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Early Day Smuggler's Haven

Everyone suspected that Ure's setup on his island was used by smugglers and the revenue cutters were alerted, but they could get no evidence. While the patrol boats were helpless, the noisy partying and rowdiness in the saloon went on. However, a small notice in a Seattle paper, dated May 29, 1902, carried this item:

"White haired Benjy Ure, accused of harboring smugglers and pirates, is now under arrest, formally charged with receiving stolen goods."

Several cases of contraband cigars, whiskey and opium had been found on Ben Ure's Island. When the trial came up the defendant insisted that his only guilt lay in giving shelter to smugglers in fear of reprisal. When asked who the smugglers were, he named Henry Ferguson, "The Flying Dutchman," and "Pirate Kelly," the king of all Puget Sound smugglers.

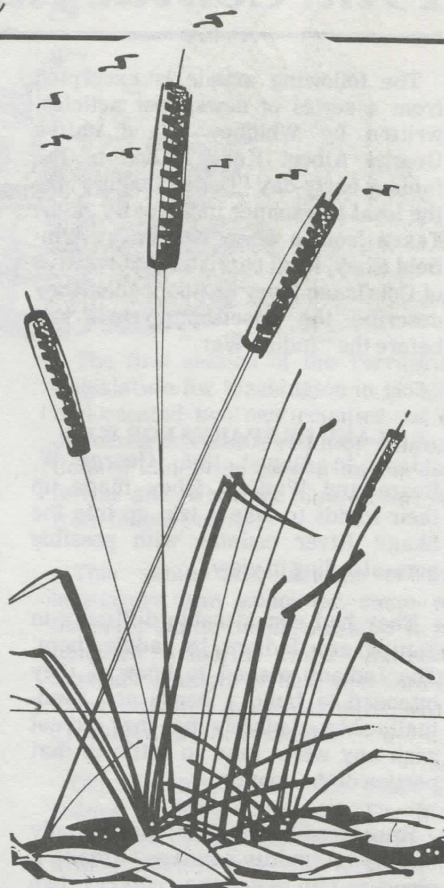
His answer to why his wife spent so much time on Strawberry Island was "She sits behind the fire when the patrol boats are around, and in front of

the fire when it is safe for the fellows to come through the Pass."

Ure spent only five days in jail before being released on bail bond. He was 72, and shortly after he made a will disposing of all his property, real and personal, but made no mention of his rights to the island.

Uncle Sam took it over and built a small lighthouse there, operated by a keeper. Ure continued to live on his island and spent the few remaining years of his life quietly. He died Nov. 19, 1908. There is no record of his burial place, but he was probably laid to rest alongside his wife, who had died some years previously.

Only remnants of foundation logs of his buildings remain on the island that bears his name, but few visit the site. All of the loggers and fishermen who made the dance hall and saloon a success are long dead. Ure left no children, and early records show nothing of his activities in those exciting days of exploration in Puget Sound. This lack of facts contributes to the local "Mystery of Ben Ure."



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The American pattern dates to the days of covered wagons, which were drawn by teams of horses and mules. The drover, or lead man, walked to the left of the team while holding the bridle of one of the lead horses with his strong right hand. As teams approached from the opposite direction or the rear, the drover led his team to the right with his right hand.

Evidently, no one expected a drover in those days to be left-handed.

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19th Century Settlers Unsettled

The following article is excerpted from a series of newspaper articles, written by Whidbey Island native George Albert Kellogg, son of the famous early-day "Canoe Doctor," for the local newspaper in the early 1930s. Taken from a diary written by Winfield Ebey, local barrister and relative of Col. Isaac Ebey of Coupeville, they describe the unsettling years just before the "Indian War."

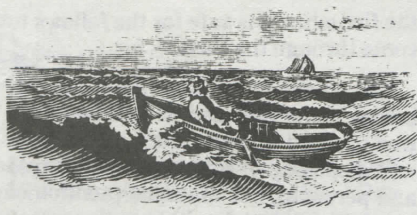
ISLAND PREPARES FOR WAR

Late in August 1855, George W. Beam and Winfield Ebey made up their minds to take a trip up into the Skagit River country with possible homesteading in view.

They had considerable difficulty in getting any Indians to paddle them. The Indians wished to know if they intended to build a house and eventually showed plainly that they did not wish any white man to settle in that portion of the country.

Reassured that this party only wished to "cultus nannage" (make a pleasure trip to see the country), two red men finally consented to go with them.

Though favorably impressed with the country, they were gone but three days. Winfield Ebey was back in Port Townsend on August 26th where, he wrote, the Clallum Indians were not allowing the northern Sticki Indians to land as they passed up the Sound.



The gold fever had spread to the Island from up the Sound by September. The rush to the Colville mines east of the Cascades interested Sam Hancock, who came over to talk to George Beam on the subject. However, Winfield Ebey found time that week to read "The Wandering Jew," and John Kineth and John Condra each had a barn raising just a week apart.

On the 16th, the Reverend Mr. Morse preached to a congregation at Jacob Ebey's home. On this day John and Charles Crockett, along with Messrs. Alexander and Hancock, decided they would not go to the Colville mines for a few weeks anyway. Something unusual seemed to be in the air.

On Sept. 22nd, word came to the Island from Seattle that two men had been killed by Indians in eastern Washington (probably Walker and Jamieson). This announced the beginning of what was to become a real Indian War.

Governor Stevens had completed treaties with the Indian tribes the preceding winter, but these treaties served among some of the eastern tribes as mere incentives to a serious

resistance to further encroachment by white men.

On Sept. 23rd, Winfield Ebey was at Mr. Crockett's for the regular church service. He sat throughout the service meditating upon the differences between the Island congregation and what he had been accustomed to at home.

"It seems to me that it would be a great thing if I could but see one of the Assemblies I have seen on Sundays in Missouri or Illinois," he wrote. "Then the house was filled to overflowing and a goodly number of them being Young Single Ladies. Here a person sees an Assemblage of perhaps a Dozen and all the Ladies present are married ones. In fact, the Congregation is made up of married persons and a few Old Bachelors who seem to be decaying before their time . . . One can see their eyes roam round the apartment as if in Search of something that should be there but that, Alas!, exists only in their own Imaginations."

The ensuing week found Isaac N. Ebey going to the Cove to get clam shells to burn into lime. Along the western shore of Penn's Cove these clam shells lie to a depth of several feet. An archeological expedition from the East has done some digging for Indian relics there in recent years. For



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By Threats Of Indian Uprisings

centuries, Indian tribes had gathered at these clam beds and the piles of shells remain as mute evidence of many a night's aboriginal banquet.

Young Winfield Ebey, alone on a moonlit night, wrote:

"But who was She that by my side

With lingering hand in mine,
Still listened to my earnest vows

While looking I am thine.
That gentle form is full of grace,

And that dark eye of fire;

That voice is melody from lips

That deepest love inspire.

Those raven ringlets dark as night

My foolish heart's enslaving,

The least of which I know would set

Ten poets madly raving."

All was not clams and sections of land in the pioneer community. It was the eve of the Indian outbreak and young men were writing love poems!

ISLAND HAD CLOSE TIES WITH PORT TOWNSEND

Mr. and Mrs. Corliss arrived Sept. 30th in Port Townsend. Mr. Corliss had just been appointed United States Marshall of the Territory, succeeding Col. Patten Anderson.



They came on the schooner "R. B. Potter," and the United States cutter "Jefferson David" was also in port, her "gentlemanly officers" about the town.

The Ebey's Landing side of "Whidby's" Island was very much a part of Port Townsend, and the reverse. Life centered between the stores, the Custom House and the District Court of Port Townsend on the mainland, and the farms and District Court at Coveland on the Island.

Court convened on the first Mondays of April and October at Port Townsend and on the second Mondays of April and October at Coveland.

The first session of the Territorial Legislature for Washington in 1853-54, had created two new counties out of Jefferson and Island counties. Clallam County had been carved out of Jefferson and Whatcom County set off from Island County.

This same first session of the legislature had appointed some officers for Island County: Auditor R. H. Lansdale; Sheriff Hugh Crockett; Assessor Humphrey Hill; and County Commissioners John Alexander, John Crockett and I. J. Powers.

Oct. 3, 1855, found the court in session in Port Townsend. Dr. McCurdy was fined \$100 for selling liquor without a license, probably a charge on a technicality, but nevertheless something "which the Dr. took to heart considerably."



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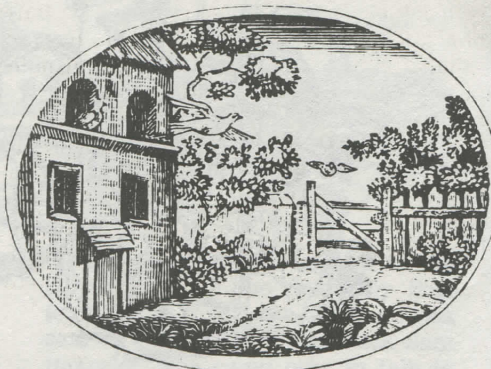
Member F.D.I.C.

Early Day Justice Swift If Informal

Judge Monroe was at court and moved that Winfield Ebey be admitted to the bar. The newly-made barrister confesses in his diary, "It was said by Judge Monroe that the Committee appointed to examine me — Mr. Evans, Judge Monroe and Frank Clark — had examined me and found me fully competent. Now, the only examination I passed consisted of a single question from Mr. Clark who asked me if I had any Good Brandy in the Custom House. I was also appointed by Marshall Corliss his deputy and duly sworn."

Young Winfield's surprise at the shortness of his examination, the one question which was answered in the affirmative, was the product of his times. In the recent years of the Great Drought, a young man who could answer that question as did he, furnishing sufficient and frequent proofs of his assertion, would have been thought not alone worthy to pass the bar but marked for important political preferment.

Winfield notes on the 10th that Judge Chenoweth's Court "does not do much." This was probably a Justice Court and, as such, heard cases which resulted in the fining of George Allen and a Mr. Grubb five dollars each for assault and battery, come up for hearing.



The court did not settle everything, however, for Ebey remarks that after court Captain Robinson had a fight with someone and D. Hill had a battle with Major Show, "but they did not amount to much," he wrote.

The Olympia Columbian carried advertisements calling for cranberries in large quantities. The following day young Ebey went over to the Cove to Alexander's Landing where he helped load on board a ship some barrels of cranberries which Jacob Ebey was hauling for Captain Barrington.

On the 29th of October, more news reaches the Island concerning Indian trouble in the eastern part of the territory . . . also news that Acting Governor Mason has issued a proclamation calling for six companies of volunteers. One company is to be raised in the counties of King, Jefferson, Clallam and Whatcom.

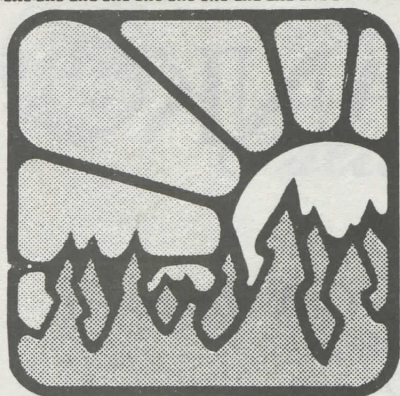
The next day the schooner "Emilie Parker" came into Port Townsend with the news of the White River Massacre. Much excitement ensued. Four days later, while a good many objected, some 25 signed their names to the orders of the Territorial Executive. This mustering-in took place on Whidby Island. The "R.B. Potter" carried the men from Port Townsend back to their homes.

As early as Oct. 18, 1855, official reports show that Acting Governor Mason had given Captain Pease of the "Jefferson Davis" an order to make his cruising ground from Port Townsend. Writing from Steilacoom on the 31st, Captain Pease informed Adjutant General Tilton that he considered it necessary to raise volunteer troops from the lower part of the Sound and that he thought 30 or more good men could be gotten on the Island.

As a result, a company of volunteers was organized on Nov. 3. Official records record a letter from then Captain Isaac Ebey, dated Nov. 5, in which he informs Adjutant General Tilton that he had organized a company of 50 volunteers at his place the Saturday previous.

The Island was gearing up for war.

(Editor's note: We will continue this exciting chapter in Island history next issue.)



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Wallace Family Settled Crescent Harbor

Crescent Harbor, like San de Fuca, in the "early days" of Whidbey Island, was a busy pioneer place. It may be that pioneers chose Crescent Harbor because Oak Harbor had been preempted by the first three settlers: Taftson, Sumner and Freund.

Crescent Harbor was named by Dr. Richard Lansdale who came to Whidbey Island in an Indian dugout canoe in 1851. Dr. Lansdale became a noted figure among the pioneers for his exploration of the area around Snoqualmie Falls, accompanied only by an Indian guide.

From the Falls, Lansdale went on and finally reached the top of the Divide separating Puget Sound from the Upper Columbia Basin. The Olympia newspaper *Columbian* gave high praise to the doctor's explorations and hailed him as the discoverer of a new route over the Cascades.

Later, Dr. Lansdale returned to Whidbey Island where he settled at the head of Penn's Cove.

By the 1870s, all the Crescent Harbor lands were taken, but timber wolves continued to roam in packs and were not only a menace to the settlers, but also to their livestock. Whidbey Island was far from being tamed, even though there were plentiful crops of potatoes, hay, grain and berries, with high prices for everything they could grow.



Trails were cut between homesteads and fences erected to corral the livestock, but it was still a day's journey by horseback or on foot to the trading center at Oak Harbor, and a long journey by canoe to any of the other nearby settlements such as Coupeville, Utsaladdy on the mainland, or Port Townsend on the peninsula.

Early settlers found wild animals in abundance, including wolves, black bear, mink, fox, deer and many kinds of wild fowl. Salmon was so plentiful that the Indians sold large ones to the settlers for 25 cents each and one early-day housewife is said to have complained that she was tired of eating fish and wished she could have a good chunk of beef to cook.

On April 20, 1852, Whidbey Island's first white child was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace of Crescent Harbor. She was named Polowna, but later records show that she went by the name of Mary. Whether Polowna was an Indian name or not is not known. The Indians were very curious about white children, and usually gave them names from their own language.

The Wallaces had crossed the plain in 1845 with a party of immigrants and wintered at the Whitman Mission near Walla Walla. They didn't arrive on the west coast until the fall of 1846, thereby escaping the massacre of all at the Whitman Mission.



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On 640 Acre Donation Claim

Wallace had heard of the Donation Claim Act, entitling any settler to 640 acres of land. He gathered his few possessions and his family and set out for Puget Sound. When they arrived at what was then the village of Smithfield, later to become Olympia, they were the only white family there.

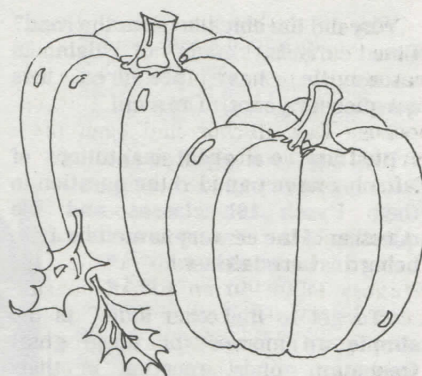
Wallace met Isaac N. Ebey who had just located a Whidbey Island claim on what is still known as Ebey's Prairie, and through Ebey Wallace's ambition for free land was further fired. Without delay the family set out by Indian canoe and a small scow for Crescent Harbor.

Bessie Wallace, who was only 3 years old when she came with her parents to Whidbey Island, told later of overhearing her parents discuss their visit to the Indian village on Elliott Bay where Seattle now stands. They said the Indian Chief had been so kind and hospitable to the travelers, and offered them all the land they would take on Elliott Bay if they would only remain there.

Bessie Wallace later wrote that she regretted that her father had refused the offer of Chief Seattle as he was called, and had persisted in taking his family so far from a main settlement where the family was deprived of church, school, and a social life.

Living so far from other people in the wilderness of a rocky island in Northern Puget Sound must have been very trying to Mrs. Wallace, who was of the opinion that the family could have settled nearer other pioneers. Her husband, trying to keep harmony in the family, offered half of his land to any man who would bring his family and settle there. James Buzby was the man who located on the east half of Wallace's claim.

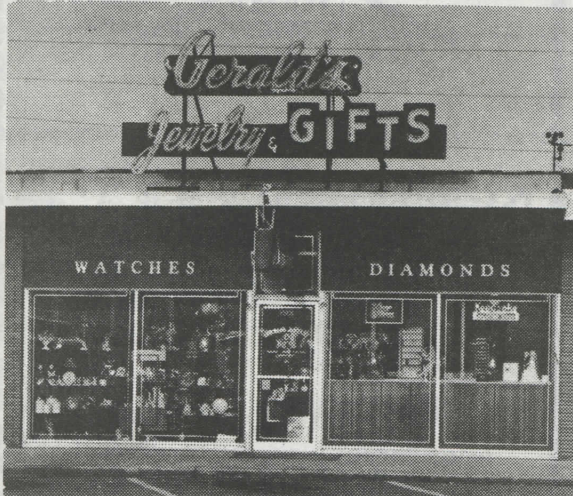
Buzby, a native of New Jersey, was ambitious and saw the need for a sawmill on the Island where there were so many trees, and the need for homes. He brought in machinery and planks to build the mill, but the site he chose for his mill was refused, so he used the lumber to build himself a home in Crescent Harbor. Later in 1868 Buzby did erect a grist mill at the head of Penn's Cove.



Mrs. Wallace's two brothers, known as "The Mounts Brothers," settled for a time in Crescent Harbor, but had no wives or families, and finally left for South America. No mention is made of them in later writings.

The last mention of these young men in Crescent Harbor is found in the written description of a New Year's Eve all-night dance held at their cabin, to which young people from as far away as Coupeville came. Neighbors in Crescent Harbor walked to the dance which culminated in breakfast at dawn when the weary dancers trudged back across the frozen fields to their own homes.





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'Back Then, It Was Such

by Eileen Cushway

Some old buildings seem to retain the personality of a former owner, proudly clinging to a grander past in spite of today's dilapidated state of disgrace. It's like watching a dear friend slip away, and a little sad.

Then you stumble upon a place that fairly bristles with life, even though its doors have been locked and lamps darkened within for years, a place such as Rosario School in Anacortes, pictured on these pages. Listening as quiet winds rustle nearby leaves in a farewell to summer, one can almost hear the belfry come to life, calling children of Septembers past to their one-room country school.

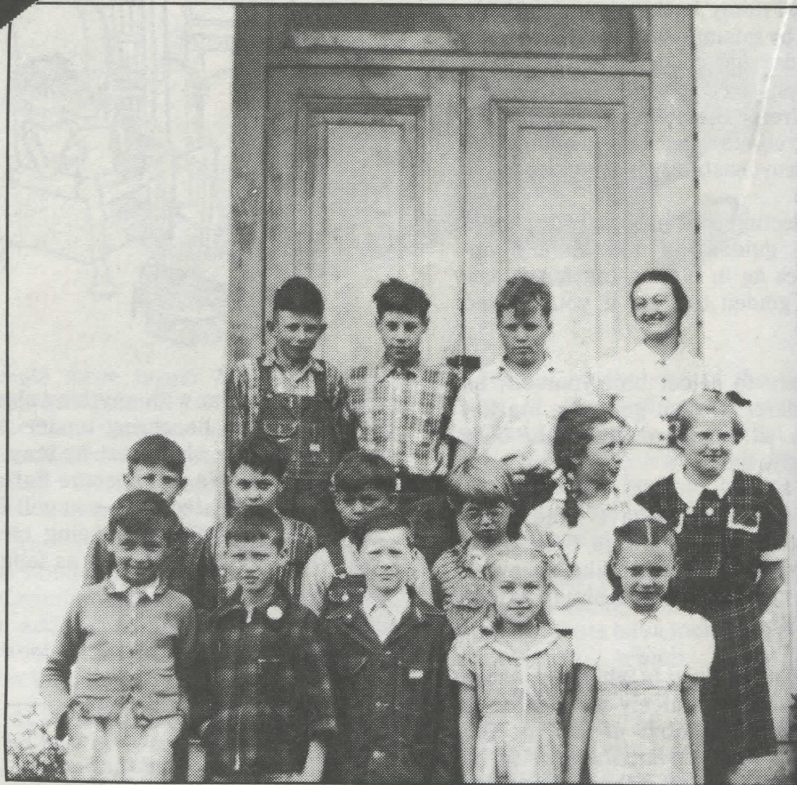
Frances Swapp taught at Rosario School for several years in the 1930s and '40s. One of the early "working mothers," she started teaching when her youngest was two years old, often earning extra money by coming in before school to take care of janitorial chores, building a fire in the old furnace to take away the morning chill, and carrying jugs of water from home for the children to drink.

"Modern schools have offices to keep attendance records," she said. "I was principal and janitor. I even scrubbed our outdoor toilets, and I never saw any of the 'itch' or lice, impetigo or ringworm you see today in schools."

Swapp taught first through eighth grades in the white school house on Sharpe Lane in Anacortes, a total of 14 to 17 boys and girls, and almost always in all grades. Each child had his own level of reading and math to work at, making steady progress at a rate of speed suited to him.

Discipline wasn't a problem, said the teacher of over 35 years. "They were all pretty good kids. You can't get into much trouble when you're under your mother's feet all the time, and families were a lot closer back then."

"We were all pretty hard up, and there were no luxuries. Life was enjoyed for the simple pleasures," she recalled, noting she'd often find tokens such as apples or flowers on her desk, sometimes picked along the walk to school.



School days, 1940-style...Rosario students strike shy poses for the camera. Pictured are (from left, back) Bill Merrifield, Vern Tingley, Wayne Steadman, teacher Frances Swapp; (middle) Jack Merrifield, Vivien Tingley, Doc Knight, Walter Croy, Faith Gaunt, and Valerie Trafton; (front) Bob Kellerman, Billie Gaunt, Chuck Trafton, Doris Jorgenson, and Patty (last name unknown).

Swapp said she was lucky to have the job, because in those days, "If they found out you were married, you got 'laid off.'" She remembers being paid around \$100 a month, plus a little extra for fire-building and janitor work.

Swapp and her students must have surely pioneered today's hot lunch programs with one of their own: a canning kettle filled with water, set on a hot plate, into which went jars of homemade soups and stews, warming until lunchtime. "We ate wholesome foods, and didn't have pop or candy machines around. On nice days, some of the children would climb into the lower limbs of nearby trees to eat."

With so few children, on days when the weather simply begged to be enjoyed, they'd take nature walks, exploring such nearby oddities as a forgotten shovel with a tree growing around it, and the burned out peat bog on the Goodier homestead with plenty of birds and animals to observe.

"I remember when the Jorgenson sisters, Doris and Gardena, were frightened by a 'big white thing' on the road, and they just plain would walk by it on their way home. So the whole class went down the road to help them to find a sign the road department had put up during school. It was a little thing, but we all looked out for each other."

Bill Merrifield, whose dog shared the double desk with him, remembered how kids would come to school carrying hammers. "Reports of cougars were rumored, but none were ever found. Coyotes had yet arrived on Fidalgo either, and the meanest four-legged beasts around were hungry deer gently grazing outside the school door."



A Lovely World,' Teacher Recalls



At a September 1982, school reunion, seven original classmates assemble. Pictured are (back) Jack Merrifield, Bill Merrifield, Vern Tingley, Mrs. Swapp; (front) Bob Kellerman, Chuck Trafton, Vivien Tingley, and Valerie Trafton.

Halloween was a major event back then, and all the children had parts in a special show to entertain folks and relatives from "out of town" places such as Lake Campbell, Lake Erie and other communities.

"The room was so small, they were practically in the audience's laps," laughed Swapp, recalling how every word whispered behind the makeshift curtain could be heard in the last seat. Tubs of red apples and handmade sweets completed Halloween night, before trick or treating became the vogue.

Christmas plays were simple and the message as old as humanity itself, the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. "We had no controversy over the Nativity scene in those days," said Swapp. Each child had several parts to act, and all would sing in their best voices to the delight of parents, aunts and uncles, as Swapp played the old organ.

"I remember one play where Walter Croy played the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood, so chosen because he could growl the best. He was a big boy, and he came right through the side of one of my old flannel nightgowns!" According to Swapp, the audience howled themselves, and the star's coming out brought the house down.

On snowy days, a special magic surrounded Rosario School. "What the heck," said Swapp with a twinkle in her eye, "we could always study!" Children would play outside revelling in the whiteness until they got soaked, come inside to dry their clothes by the stove, and head out again. "I think that's what they remember most about those school days," she added wistfully.

One Christmas, Swapp sent Merrifield, Wayne Stedman, Verne Tingley, and Leonard Clark out to the woods to chop down a tree. "I figured they'd be gone about an hour," she said.

The boys figured otherwise, and got into a serious fight. They spent most of the day slugging it out, coming back cut up and muddy to an anxious, upset teacher.

"Every teacher should have a family. Today, I'd never send them out, knowing what kids can do, cut their legs with an axe or something."

Then, of course, there were days when horse-play meant just that, and history, geography, and writing were pre-empted by "local emergencies."

"Mr. Croy's horse got away during school one day," she recalled. "On the first trip past our windows, he was dragging the cultivator with Croy yelling after him. Next trip past us, the cultivator was gone. On the third trip, Croy was after him in his truck with a 2 x 4 on his bumper to slow the horse down. That was a lot of excitement for us, and we stayed at the windows watching the scene for what seemed like hours."

Swapp also remembered the time the boys didn't want girls playing softball, until one girl protested to her father, a member of the school board. Well, she was allowed to play, but got hit by a stray fast ball; "purely by accident," one of the players insisted. So much for co-educational sports; the girl dropped off the team.

"I loved that school," Swapp reminisced. "I used to dream of having rugs and new desks, desks that the kids could fit into." Swapp told of how the old fir floor would be washed in the summer and receive a fresh coat of oil. "If a kid fell down in the fall, he'd be a mess. But they'd be mostly muddy on rainy days, anyway."

In between her 35 years of teaching, a job she retired from in 1976, Swapp raised three daughters and two sons. She is now a grandmother to three, and lives quietly in her Anacortes home tucked into the trees, protected by numerous cats who have adopted her.

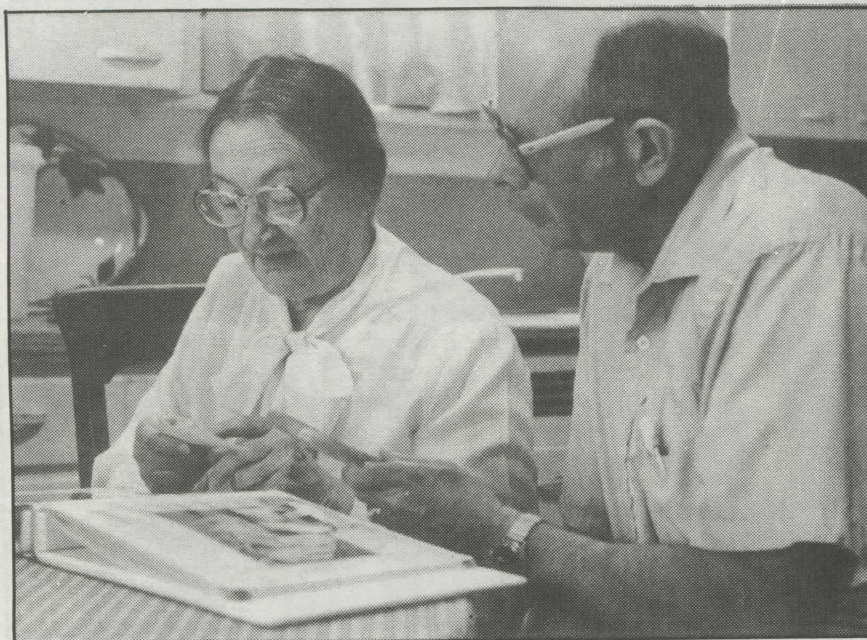
Even though the belfry is quiet and no flag waves gaily from the proud little school house, Swapp feels no sense of melancholy.

"It was a nice life for the kids. If I could, I'd like my grandchildren to go to a school like that. Today we worry about our children coming to harm from too much freedom.

"Back then," she smiled, "it was such a lovely world."



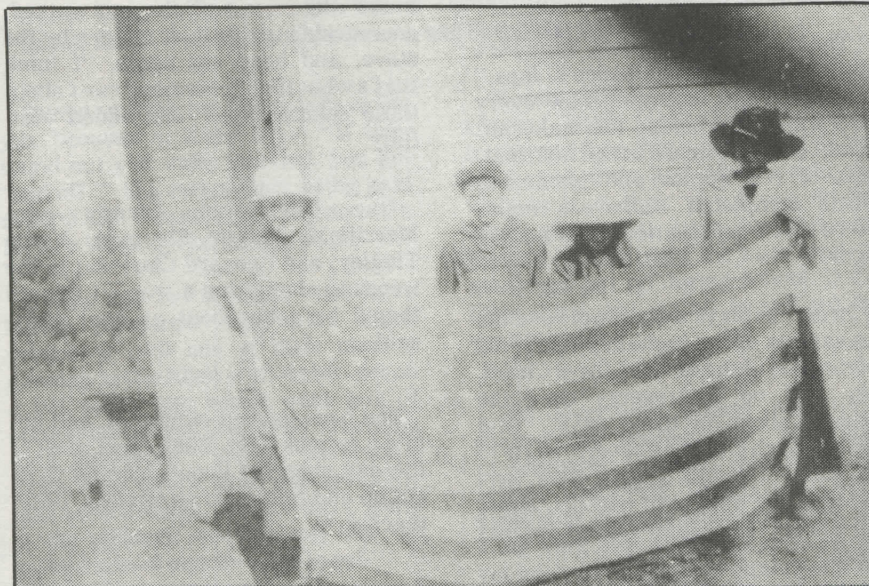
Hard Times Held Them Together



Frances Swapp and former student Bill Merrifield sort through old school pictures around her kitchen table. Merrifield, who lives at the far end of Sharpe Lane, just a stone's throw from Rosario School, is an electrical shop planner for Public Works at the Whidbey Island Naval Air Station.



Frances Swapp's retirement years are active with caring for grandchildren, her tiny but tidy Anacortes home, and serving as adoptive human mother to assorted neighborhood cats.



Rosario School gets a new flag, circa 1915, as (from left) Evelyn Johnson, teacher Myrtle Thompson, Marie Johnson, and Gladys Breese unfurl the colors.

(Photos by Eileen Cushway)



George Long Writes About Life On

Dugualla Bay in 1919



The following was excerpted from an autobiography of George Long, cousin of Mrs. Dale Johnson of Oak Harbor and Mrs. Jack Metcalf of Langley. The Long family moved to Dugualla Bay in 1919 and the incidents will give the reader a small idea of what life was like in the early part of the century on Whidbey Island. The names mentioned in the story are various members of the George Long family.

LIFE ON DUGUALLA IN 1919

by George Long

My father thought we should get out of Montana so we traded all our property for 250 acres of diked land in Dugualla Bay. It was 7 miles north of Oak Harbor on Whidbey Island.

Back in Valier (Montana) we loaded all the stock and household goods onto two 40-foot boxcars of the Great Northern Railroad. It was Sept. 20, 1919, and we got the "emigrant rate" as we were going West.

We loaded eight head of horses, four colts, two cows, the household goods for three families, and the machinery we thought we would need for farming on Whidbey. We also took a wagon-load of oat hay for the stock, wheat and barley for the crate of turkeys and chickens, and barrels of water for the horses. We put four mares, three colts and the cow in the boxcar with Harold Henneman.

It was 10 days before we stopped at Whitney, about halfway between Mount Vernon and Anacortes, and about 20 miles from our new farm on Whidbey Island. We loaded up the stock on wagons and headed for the ferry, which was a scow pushed by a small boat across Cornet Bay from Dewey.

The deck hand didn't know where our land was. We finally made it to the farm which was all woods and not enough cleared land to turn around in. We unloaded the animals, turned the horses loose. The chickens stayed close to their crates, and we had a new little house on the property I got, but no fences.

I worked so hard clearing land, blasting stumps and burning roots, milking cows and raising chickens, that I got sciatica so bad I couldn't sit down. We had a good doctor in Oak Harbor, Dr. Carskadden, and he sent me to a dentist to tell him I was looking for a source of my sciatica. He pulled my gold crowns off and found the infection and in a few days my pain had left me.

My father had come West to look at the dikeland and got me to trade my 120 acres of dry land and 120 acres of irrigated land and his 40 acres, for the Island property. We had to widen the trail to Dugualla Bay so we could drive our cars through.

Harold went to Mount Vernon and got a job in the Carnation milk condensery at 25 cents an hour and found a place to eat and sleep. It was hard times; banks went broke, crops failed, and the stores had let so much credit that when the crops failed, the stores failed too.

On Whidbey Island the dike land wasn't ready to farm as there was too much salt from the bay waters. I planted some red top, good for hay, and the rye grew high but with little grain. I had my little feed mill and ground some into flour. The neighbors

liked our homemade rye bread so well they had me grind some for them.

I had brought two gas engines from Montana and used the three horses to saw wood with a buzz saw.

In 1920 on Dugualla Bay my father and I split the 100 acres we got. There was not much chance for work on the Island, so Inez and Bill moved to the mainland and rented a large dairy ranch. My father slept in their little new house until we moved to Anacortes so we could get our children in school.

After Mae's husband and little girl died in Bellingham she moved to Oak Harbor and ran the bread store. She lived in a tent in back of the store, served lunches on Oak Harbor's one street and sold bread that came everyday by boat from Everett.

She found this work too slow so she rented a large house on Garden Street in Bellingham and took in 12 students from Bellingham Normal School to board.

At Dugualla Bay I had 500 laying hens, six cows and calves. At the close of a typical trip to the mainland, I returned by ferry from Dewey to the Island and it was dark when I got home. My cows and horses would be up at the barn waiting for me, and I would build fires in both stoves as the house was very cold.

We always had a bin of potatoes, smoked meats, baked our own bread, and had lots of milk and cream, so we lived well.



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Army 'Lassies' Still Fight

More than 60 years ago, women of a special U.S. army came under fire in France in 1917. But they did not respond in kind; their weapons were rolling pins and Bibles.

That army was the Salvation Army, and the women were the famous Army Lassies, as they were known by the doughboys of the American Expeditionary Force. The United States had not been in World War I very long before the first Lassies arrived at the front. Lacking supplies, except for some lard, flour and iron kettles, they came up with their famous doughnut which has been their trademark for more than half a century.

Cooking was only one of the Lassies' duties. They wrote letters home for the boys, prayed with the wounded, mended torn and tattered uniforms, played checkers or dominoes, operated a canteen where the men could make small purchases, and brought a bit of home to the hell of the front lines.

The men of WW I who remembered those Lassies of 1917 are dwindling in numbers, but there are hundreds of thousands from the wars since who have fond memories of that other U.S. force—the Salvation Army.



Invasion Canteen

Salvation Army Lassies serve coffee and doughnuts to World War I soldiers.

It is not commonly known that in the larger amphibious landings of World War II, and many of the smaller ones, mobile "invasion canteens" rolled down the ramps of LSTs along with equipment of war. In France alone, 23 Salvation Army mobile units were attached to the Allied invading forces and in World War II the Salvation Army also suffered casualties.

America is at peace today, but the Salvation Army fights on. Its enemies are disasters, cold, hunger, disease, ignorance, loneliness—and all of the human ills. As one Salvation Army guide

expresses it, "The Salvation Army is a religious and charitable movement, finding its expression in a desire to alleviate human distress wherever found."

In many nations of the free world, the Salvation Army carries on its battle. Its traditional kettle at Christmas and the street-corner band do not come near telling the entire story of the Salvation Army, which numbers among its victories the abolishment of the French penal colony at Devil's Island, the alleviation of the misery of countless disasters,—and the dispensing of millions of doughnuts.

Earth-Shaking Events Of 1906 On



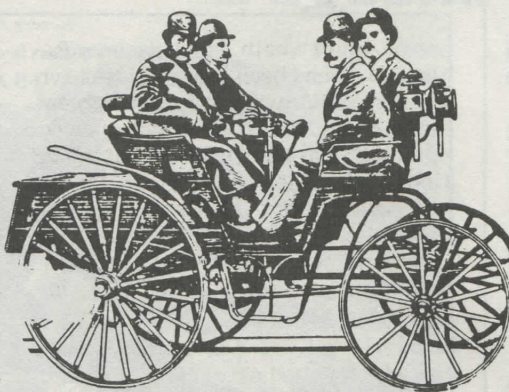
The year 1906 was a year of great happenings and expectations. Italy's Mt. Vesuvius erupted, and the San Francisco earthquake and resulting fire shook up the entire U.S.

And Whidbey Island became the focal point of a group of wealthy Pennsylvania men who were interested in building a canal from the head of Penn Cove to the west side of Whidbey; a canal big enough to accommodate ocean-going ships on their way to dockside in Everett.

The "Northwest" was almost unknown, but it was certain that logging, railroads and shipping were among the money-makers, and wealthy men in the east recognized that fact.

As one drives today on the highway that leads through the pleasant fields of what was Coveland, then San de Fuca, and now is only a site, it is difficult to imagine that in the 1890s the settlers held a wild-eyed hope for the location of a Northwest "metropolis" on the shores of Penn's Cove.

Old timers remembered when the trees were cut down along what is now Libbey Road as a preliminary to actually digging the canal. The facility was to save ships many miles and days on their voyages from Victoria and Seattle to the fast-growing small seaports of LaConner, Oak Harbor and Coupeville, all served by water transportation.



People had no way of knowing that steam would replace sails, that coal would replace wood for fuel, that automobiles would replace the horse and wagon, and that railroads would take over the hauling of freight; all within a few years.

San de Fuca's golden bubble grew with the developers, the dreamers and the exploiters, only to burst into a thousand fragments, leaving only empty lots and empty dreams of what had begun to take on the shape of a "boom town."

The canal project no sooner was announced than real estate operators moved in on the rumour that a railroad was to be built from Keystone to Deception Pass, and the town of San de Fuca was platted for lots as far north as Hastie Lake.

Whidbey Island

The railroad would run from Keystone to Coupeville, where cars would be barged across Penn Cove to Oak Harbor. Herman Keister, whose property was located on 300 Ave. West adjacent to what is now the new post office building, said he was approached for a railroad right-of-way through his property for tracks that were to extend northward from City Beach.


He added that he had no idea where it was "going" but the promoters sold quite a lot of stock in it.

Property on North Whidbey was sold to many persons who never saw their purchases. One "old timer" who came west to make his home in Oak Harbor said he bought a lot, sight unseen, which he found to be atop Mt. Erie, on Fidalgo Island! Whether this was his joke or not, it illustrated the wide-open opportunities for investment in the Northwest.

San de Fuca was the site of several sawmills when the "boom" began, and soon a starch factory was built, to use potatoes grown in the area. With the growth frenzy a proposal was made to the state legislature to locate a new Normal School at San de Fuca. Bellingham in Whatcom Co. was finally chosen for the school, which became Western Washington University, but the promoters made the most of the possibility!

Streets named on the plats for the expected city of San de Fuca included the names of Oliver, Nunan, Morris, Lansdale, Kinnear, Junction, Island, Forest, West Beach Ave., Hoyer, Water (or Beach) St., Edwards, Dunbar, Barstow, Arnold, Gillespie, Clark, Main and Oak Harbor Ave., which became the present day highway to Oak Harbor.

Had the Island Co. courthouse remained in Coveland, the street in front of it might have been named Cranney, to honor its first postmaster, county auditor, commissioner, probate judge, justice of the peace, superintendent of schools, county clerk and county treasurer, as well as representative to the Territorial Legislature. It would have been an honor well-placed!



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