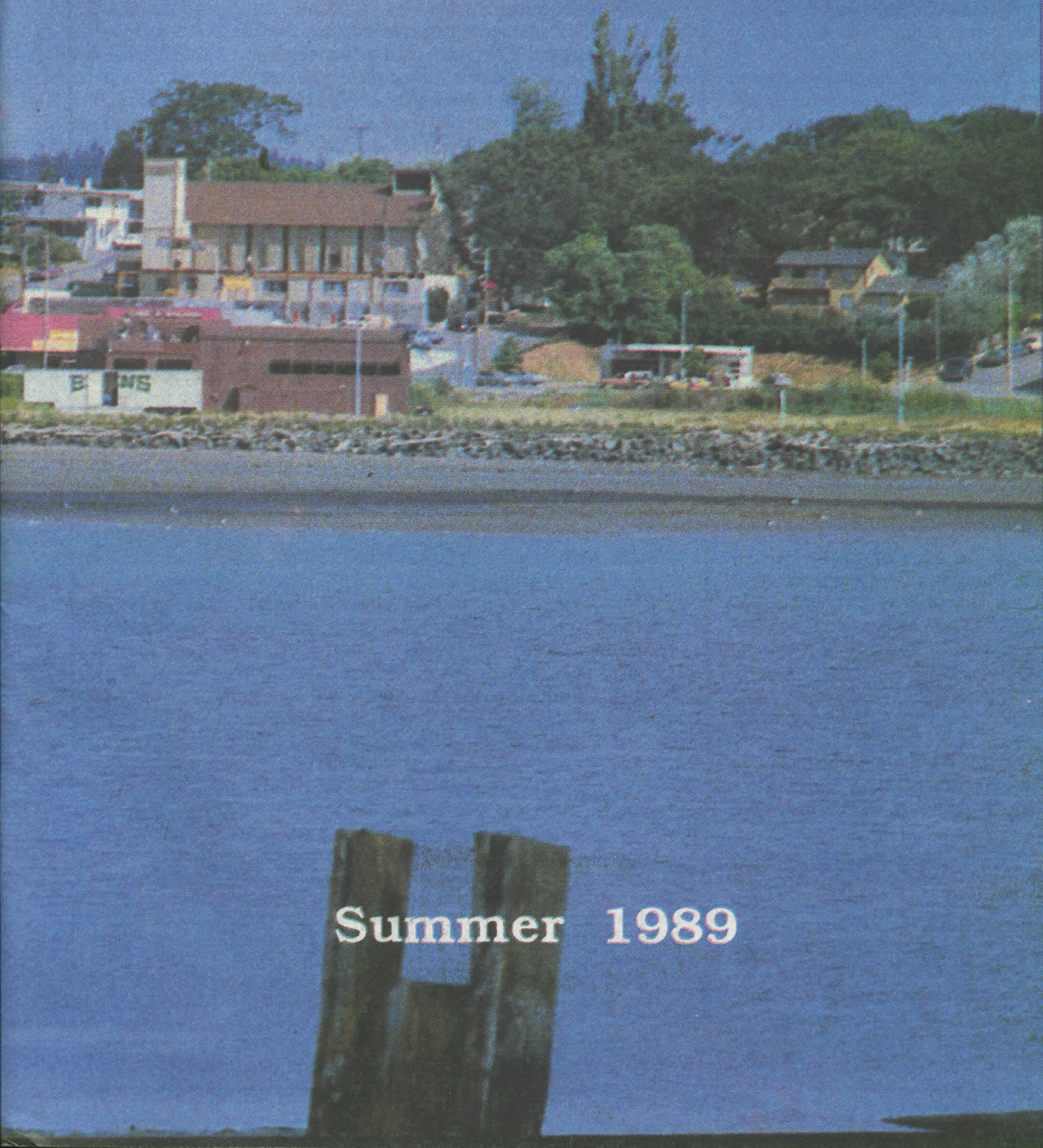


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Whidbey Island's Own Magazine

Volume 13 Number 1



Summer 1989

A Sea Captain, a Woman and a Depression

It took a woman politician and a world-wide depression to bring about the long-awaited dream of a bridge across Deception Pass.

In the summer 1935, at the grand opening of what was to become Whidbey Island's most popular tourist attraction, the Deception Pass Bridge, Pearl Wanamaker, of Coupeville and Olympia, was honored as the person most responsible for getting the money for the bridge. And because of the Depression, most of the work was done with federal money through the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) and the WPA (Works

Progress Administration).

As the bridge opened for traffic, Sadie Morse Davis of Oak Harbor wrote about the long-time dream of her father, Captain George Morse. She noted that when the Deception Pass Bridge was completed, it meant the fulfillment of a dream that dated back as many as 50 years.

Captain Morse, the originator of the move for the bridge, seemed always to know that some day the pass would be spanned. In the early days, as he sailed through the Pass, he took note of the small island located therein and often told his chil-



dren that it was placed there for a pier. He predicted that they would live to cross the bridge, but no one seemed to give much thought to these dreams of the far-sighted sea captain who had traveled and visited every port in the world.

When he was elected as a representative to Olympia in 1907, his fondness for his beloved Island and his home town, Oak Harbor, was expressed through his efforts in getting a bill through the legislature calling for the erection of a bridge over Deception Pass. The next year he obtained an appropriation of \$20,000 for approaches to the bridge. A miniature of the span was displayed at the 1909 Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

On March 19, 1909, George Morse said: "When Whidbey Island is connected by wagon road to the mainland, and transportation is provided on the Island, it will become to Seattle what Long Island is to New York. It will be the country home of wealthy people from the city and prosperous farmers."

Morse's nephew, Joseph M. Snow was State Highway Commissioner. Snow assisted in making the survey and blue prints. Some of the old field notes were used in the survey for the new bridge plan. It was one of the greatest disappointments of Captain Morse's life, when the bill was later thrown out and the money used for other purposes.

In his last days the Captain often spoke to those around him of his great disappointment that his heart's wish had been denied him. At his grave today in Pioneer Cemetery will be seen a mound of rock from old Goose Rock. "Let us hope that he sees it all now - in spirit," his daughter wrote.

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Island's First Government

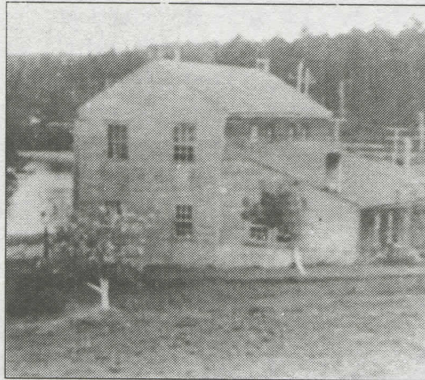
Island County's first county seat was Coveland, the little settlement located at the head of Penn's Cove. The Olympia newspaper of January 22, 1853, said: *"Three cheers for Col. Ebey. Our talented and untiring representative in the House, Col. I. N. Ebey has been wide awake to the interests of his district during the present session of the legislature ... and deserves the warmest thanks ... for the passage of acts for the creation of four new counties from the territory of Thurston..."*

On February 1 of the same year, Rebecca Ebey wrote in her diary, *"Received two letters today from Mr. Ebey ... he has had four counties organized and the county seats stationed. Island is called Island County and Coveland is the county seat. The name is very applicable and I am very glad that we have a county seat of our own."*

At that early date, Island County included all of what is now Snohomish, Skagit, Whatcom and San Juan counties as well as the present Island county.

The first board of county commissioners were Samuel D. Howe, John Alexander and John Crockett. Dr. Richard L. Lansdale was appointed clerk, and George W. Allen sheriff, although he later refused the appointment.

The first commissioners' meeting was at the home of John Alexander in Coveland on April 4, 1853. The board then appointed Hugh Crockett as sheriff.



The old Courthouse at San de Fuca.

The first regular business of this board of the new county was the construction of a road from Ebey's Landing to Coveland. The road was cut through the place where Mrs. F. J. Pratt later lived, through what was formerly known as Rhododendron Park on the scenic road between Oak Harbor and Coupeville, then to Kennedy's Lagoon. The work was all volunteer labor, and only one worker on the job, John Alexander, had the distinction of carrying white bread in his lunch.

William Engle told how his crew were happy to have potatoes and a luckless sand crane for their dinner one day.

In those early days commissioners were allowed 10 cents a mile travel expense, \$3 per meeting, and clerk Lansdale was also allotted \$3 a day for his services. He was also given \$5 to buy pigeon-holes for his desk.

First county assessor was W. B. Morse; first treasurer, Jacob S. Hinebaugh.



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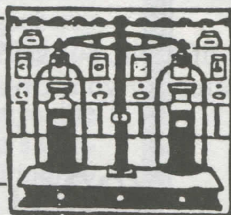
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Coupeville was a booming town at the turn of the century. Most of these buildings are still in use on Front Street, but the dock is gone, as is the Puget Sound Academy on the hill behind the Glenwood Hotel.



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Island Indians Were Friends of the Settlers



The white man attempted to solve the "Indian question" by creating reservations. Most of the native North Whidbey Indians went to live on the Swinomish Reservation at La Conner, but their re-location was not mandatory. Some lived out their lives in Oak Harbor and Coupeville.

In Oak Harbor "old timers" remembered that Billie Barlow, the Chief, and his wife, Katie, lived in a little house near the intersection of Flintstone Freeway, Midway and Pioneer Way, on the waterfront.

Katie's house was clean and shining inside, and she helped the white women with their housework chores. Lillian Maylor Grubb told of Katie: "She wore her hair in two braids down each side, and when asked how old she was, she would turn her brown, wrinkled face to her small questioner and answer, 'many many moons.'"

Lillian said that Katie wanted most of all to have a lovely "blonde" baby who was like the Maylor's little Lorena. She didn't especially care for

Lillian who had dark hair and eyes. All of Katie's children had died in infancy. The Indians of Whidbey Island were greatly affected by the diseases brought by the white settlers.

Charlie Snaklum, after whom Snaklum Point was named, lived all his life on North Whidbey, and was the only person who sheared sheep for the farmers. They thought so highly of Charlie's work that they went to get him and took him home each day during shearing season. The children would take great delight in asking him how old he was and to hear him answer, "Charlie no know, mebbe one hundred years."

Charlie Snaklum's grandfather may have been one of the friendly Indians who met Captain Vancouver's Master Joseph Whidbey when he came to Penn's Cove in 1792.

The "love story" of Charlie Snaklum and Katie Barlow is a highly

poignant tale. Katie and Charlie were sweethearts when growing up, but somehow Katie, who belonged to another tribe, went back "home" and they were separated. Charlie married Mary, an Indian of his own tribe, and when Katie returned to Oak Harbor she married Chief Billie Barlow.

When they were all old, and Billie Barlow died, Charlie wanted to bring Katie to live with him and Mary, but Mary resisted this vigorously. No Indian house was big enough for two *kloochmen*! But when Mary died, Charlie went to "fetch Katie," and they lived out the rest of their lives together.

On the Fourth of July 1894, Oak Harbor held the first public celebration in the little town in 18 years, the last being on July 4, 1876.

The event featured a clam bake and picnic in Oak Park, where Billie Barlow, son of Squi-Squi, Chief of the Skagits, presided over the seafood: baked, fried, boiled, roasted and raw. The settlers came with picnic dishes, and spread cloths on the ground among the buttercups, and a historic note reveals that "the Indians were not forgotten" at the feast.

Chief Billy, the well-loved Skagit, was on the program for this patriotic occasion. "Wearing a coat of many colors, and facing the large crowd without fear or trepidation, and with simple eloquence, Billy gave the *wawa*, which consisted of his ideas on the creation of the universe." It was said that Billy's speech was a strange mixture of Indian tradition and Genesis, to which the speaker added many original observations.

Early in the morning, a bright, calm day for the celebration, many wagons were seen wending their way along dusty roads toward the town, bearing families and picnic dinners. Small boats came from all around the area: Coupeville, Utsalady and even La Conner, although that meant a long journey. By 10:30 a.m., there were several hundred people gathered in the oak grove to celebrate the Declaration of Independence with all

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the home-made efforts they could muster.

Following Billy Barlow's speech, other dignitaries were introduced and heard briefly, and a sophisticated touch included a mandolin orchestra imported from the mainland. A small stage had been erected and covered with evergreens and bunting, and some seats were available.

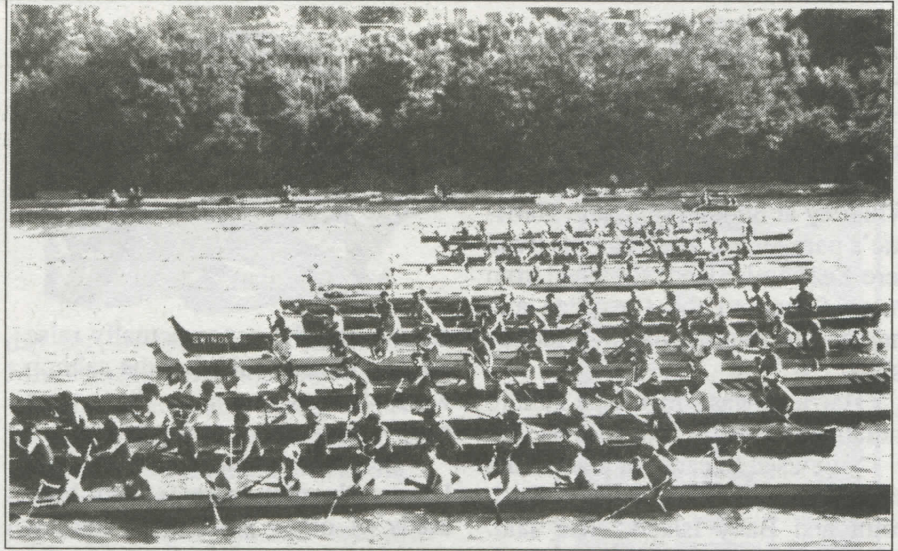
After the speeches, the music and the picnic dinner in the grove, there were water sports. A canoe and boat race between pioneer boatmen. George Nunan and Ned McCrohan were in a canoe, and R. B. Holbrook and Bob Hastie rowed a "double-ender." The double-ender won.

There were foot races, three-legged races, a tug-of-war and horse races. In one horse race John Gillespie's "Jeff Davis" won by a neck against J.F. Hewitt's "Jack" and L. P. Byrne's "Dick."

Two historic Indian canoes are on display in Coupeville next to the Alexander Blockhouse, across from the old Island County Historical Museum. One is the *Telegraph*, made at La Conner by Swinomish Indians Charles and Dick Edwards, in 1910. The *Telegraph*, paddled by 11 men, was one of the first winners in the International Canoe races held at Coupeville from 1929 through the 1930s. The canoe's recorded average over a 3-mile course was 60 strokes per minute for 22 minutes, 30 seconds.

The smaller canoe is the *Tillicum*, which means "old time friends" in Chinook jargon. It was made by Indian Aleck Kettle of Coupeville in 1933 and was a 2-man "tip-over canoe" used in competition when paddlers would stand and use a padded pole to push their competitors into the water.

In 1929, Coupeville held the first International Canoe Races of Canadian and United States Indians. The canoes raced over a 3-mile triangular course beginning and ending at the Coupeville wharf. In 1931 the purse



Indian racing canoes at Coupeville in the 1930s.

of \$110 went to the West Saanich Tribe of Vancouver Island, who won in 20 minutes, 25 seconds.

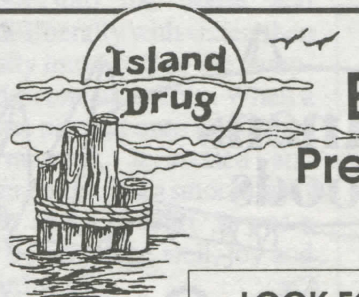
In 1932 the Nooksack Indians beat that time in the *Question Mark*, a canoe borrowed from the Swinomish Indians, in 19 minutes, 50 seconds. The next year the shallow *Question Mark*, along with two other canoes, filled with water on a rough course and West Saanich won again.

The little town of Coupeville made a valiant effort to maintain the races during the Depression years. They gave the City Park over to the visiting Indians, who held their own

celebrations each night, with the result that some were not sober enough to race. The Indians were also given free bread, and, of course, the prize money if they won. The 3-day Water Festivals continued until just before World War II.

In 1975, Harriette Shelton Dover, a Snohomish Indian, daughter of Chief Shelton of the once mighty Snohomish Indian Nation, told of her childhood days when her family used to paddle to Whidbey Island in a great canoe for days of camping, fishing

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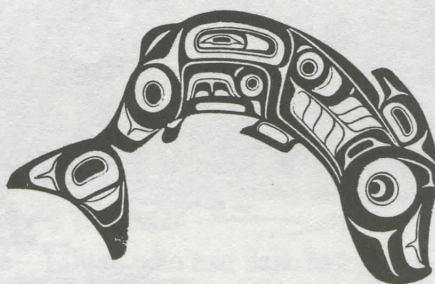
Chief Shelton was born on Whidbey at Sandy Point, and Harriette's parents and grandparents lived here. Snohomish lands stretched from Puget Sound to the Cascades and included the southern half of Whidbey Island.

Harriette was born on the Tulalip Indian Reservation near Marysville.

"We used to camp at places like Sandy Point, Holmes Harbor, Bush Point and Baby Island," she said. "We liked to pick cranberries at Bush Point, where they were growing everywhere."

She remembered Baby Island when it was much larger than it is today. Five or six Indian families would camp on the Island at one time, hunting and fishing.

"My parents told me about the great hunting and fishing available on the Island. The salmon used to come in here by the millions. They said there were times when they would be out in a canoe and run into a school of salmon. The water would ripple all



around and the canoe actually raise up. My mother said that the salmon were dancing because they were happy, they were coming home."

Before the Indian Treaty of 1855, Harriette's grandparents and hundreds of other Snohomish Indians would move to Whidbey for the summer months.

"During the winter they lived in the longhouse located near where Legion Park is now in Everett. But when the wild spirea bloomed in spring my grandparents picked up and moved across to Whidbey Island. They laid everything on top of the spirea flowers in the great long canoes and came across the straits." It was not a "wandering," no Indian ever wandered anyplace, but with a purpose. The Snohomish had been doing this for a thousand years.

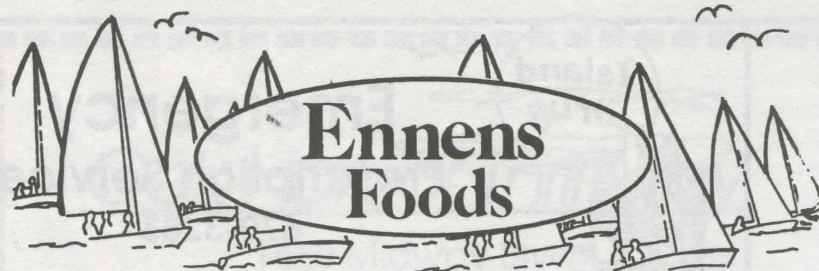
"Governor Stevens told us we could choose anywhere in the tribal lands for our reservation. Some were in favor of taking up the Snohomish river, others the whole of Whidbey Island. Others preferred Tulalip because of the big timber and area's closeness to Whidbey and Camano Islands where they could still camp, hunt and fish."

The Snohomish chose Tulalip, giving up lands that had been part of their culture for thousands of years.

"Our history is not a happy one, it is tragic," said the Chief's daughter. "But the Indians can be a strong happy people if they remember the culture and traditions of their ancestors."

Her grandmother told her how to live the good Indian life: "Don't frown, keep good thoughts, and follow all of what we have told you, then you will grow old gracefully."

Harriette Shelton danced graceful Indian dances at the Indian Water Festivals in Coupeville in the 1930s. She was a most beautiful girl, slim and brown, with long straight hair, and she wore a fringed leather dress that came almost to her ankles. Her dances were mostly movements of the arms and hands.



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The Day the *Calista* Went Down

By Wilbur Sherman

Several years ago, in the *Whidbey News-Times*, Wilbur Sherman of Coupeville shared his memories of "The Day the *Calista* Went Down," in an eye-witness account. We share it now with you.

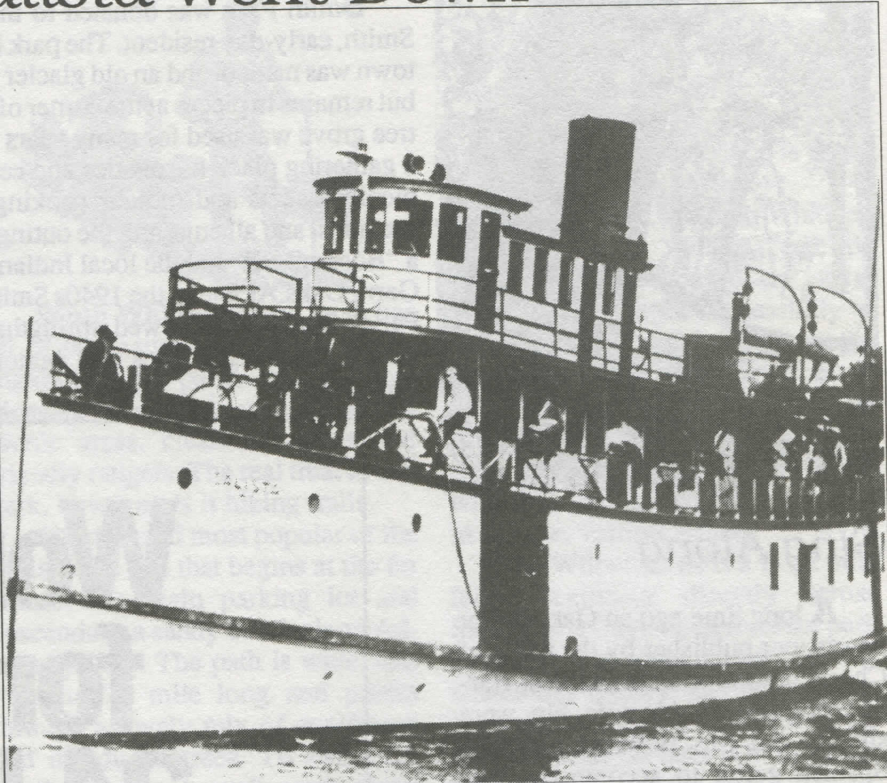
I can see Captain Bart Lovejoy on the after-well deck of the *Hawaii Maru* as if it was yesterday. Tears streaming down his face. He had just lost his father's ship through absolutely no fault of his own.

July 27, 1922 found the steamer *Calista's* day start as usual. Leaving Oak Harbor sometime around 6:30 a.m., proceeding to San de Fuca, Coupeville, Camano City, Saratoga, Langley, and several other South Whidbey towns, gathering passengers and freight before going on to Seattle.

I was aboard that day with my mother, father, sisters Iva and Mary, and my boyhood sweetheart, Alice Powell. We were going to see the "Wayfarer," a big production that was being shown in the University stadium.

I loved this ship. I had gone down into the engine room and found the chief engineer who was willing to talk to a boy. I was thrilled to see the beautiful triple expansion reciprocating steam engine that had been salvaged from the *Whidby*, a steamer that had burned at the Oak Harbor dock in 1911.

While talking to the engineer the bell to slow and stop the ship came down from the wheelhouse, and as I knew that we were still a ways from Seattle, I left to see what was happening. I went up on the boat deck and there to my horror, appearing out of the dense fog, was the bow of the *Hawaii Maru*. It was immediately obvious we were going to be rammed and sunk. We were only a few yards away and there was considerable bow wave which indicated speed. At that point I remember hearing the bell from our Captain for full ahead. The



Wilbur Sherman was aboard the *Calista* the day it sank.

bell was never answered.

Afterward, while talking to the engineer of the *Calista*, I learned that the only thing that saved us from being cut in two was that the bow of the *Hawaii Maru* crashed into the boiler and actually moved it five or six feet to one side of the hull. At this point it would have to be realized that this was the first miracle in any of us surviving the collision. No steam escaped which was bound to have scalded many people and cut off their ability to get to the life boats and over on to the *Hawaii Maru*.

I realized we had to get off *Calista* immediately. I was in the position of being able to run from the boat deck and jump up to the officers quarters and then over to the anchor on the big ship. Three other people were able to join me there. From this vantage point I could see all that took place except what went on between decks, where the crew must have been getting passengers up to the boat deck and to the life boats.

The Japanese sailors put a rope

ladder over the bow and quite a few passengers escaped that way. Ralph McGinnis, purser of the *Calista*, was assisting the passengers up onto the rope ladder. Captain Henry Arnold, a former captain of the *Calista* for many years but a passenger that day, was very involved in getting life jackets on as many people as possible.

The ship was rapidly sinking. The deck of the *Calista* sunk to where no more could get on the ladder. At this point all left on the ship had to get into the life boats. Those people completely filled the ship's two life boats. The life boats were never launched. They simply floated out of their chocks.

My family was in one of the life boats that had not been released from the *Calista*. The life boat was starting go down with the ship. A deckhand sitting on the bow of the life boat with feet hanging outside, as he was unable to get in the life boat, saw what was happening and called, "does anyone have a knife?"

My dad produced a sharp knife

and with one swift slice the boat was released from the *Calista*. It came back up and didn't even take on water. A tug boat in the vicinity backed into position and took one person off. The postmistress from Langley, Mrs. McLeod, was picked up and taken over the stern of the tug. The engineer escaped on the overturned workboat of the *Calista*. It was still upside down as he paddled with his hands to safety.

I was on the bow of the *Hawaii Maru*, watching the life boats clear the *Calista*. As I looked over the port side I could see the *Calista* was completely below water. A few minutes later she was gone.

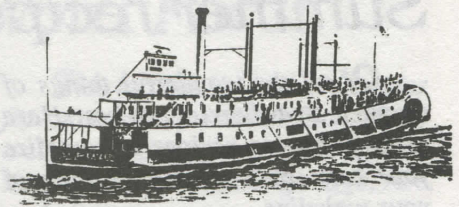
The next harrowing experience for those in the life boats came as the big ship's headway caused the lifeboats to float dangerously close to the stream of water coming from the big ship's condensers. Since speed was so important in getting away from the *Calista*, the oars remained at the bottom of the life boats. The stream of water could have flooded the boats but was diverted when someone in one of the boats got an oar out and

pushed off the side the ship. This was no small task to get an oar out as it was at the bottom of a very crowded life boat.

As I recall it, a couple of Japanese sailors went down the rope ladder and helped get the people up the ladder to safety. You can imagine my relief to see my loved ones safe on deck.

That day a bottle of alcohol was made available by the Japanese ship's doctor to the *Calista* passengers to help calm their nerves and it was very obvious that some people needed their nerves calmed! This was during the prohibition era and to my knowledge no one took any.

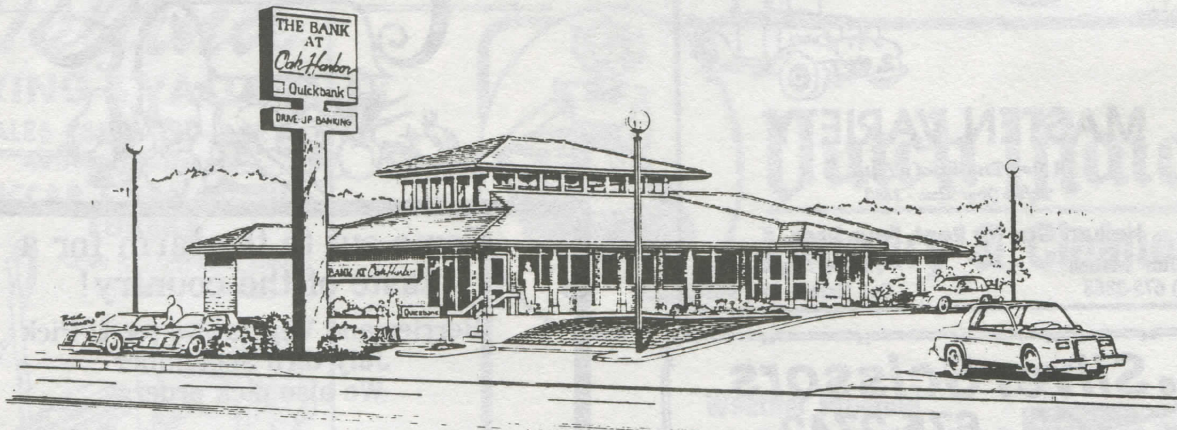
We were only a few minutes on the Japanese ship when a small steamer, the *Hyak* from Seattle, came and took us on board and on to Seattle. By wireless, the Port of Seattle had been informed of the *Calista*'s sinking and the steamer was sent to take the passengers on to their destination. So we arrived, but what a day! We got to see the "Wayfarer" but with the earlier excitement I can't say that I recall too much of the pageant.



Tribute should be paid to the captain, pilot and crew of the *Hawaii Maru*. We just have to realize a masterful job of handling the big ship had to be done to see that the passengers and crew from the *Calista* were all saved in a tragic, no-fault situation. After all this was over and I was in Seattle I went down to the waterfront to see the *Hawaii Maru*, in berth, to see if she had sustained any damage. She had a scratch in her paint across the bow. The difference between a wooden ship and a steel ship! One was in berth and one was at the bottom of the bay.

Location of the ships at the time of sinking was just off West Point in Elliott Bay. Looking at the chart of this area, it is sad to note that either ship had about run its course, and, in only moments, the collision would never have happened.

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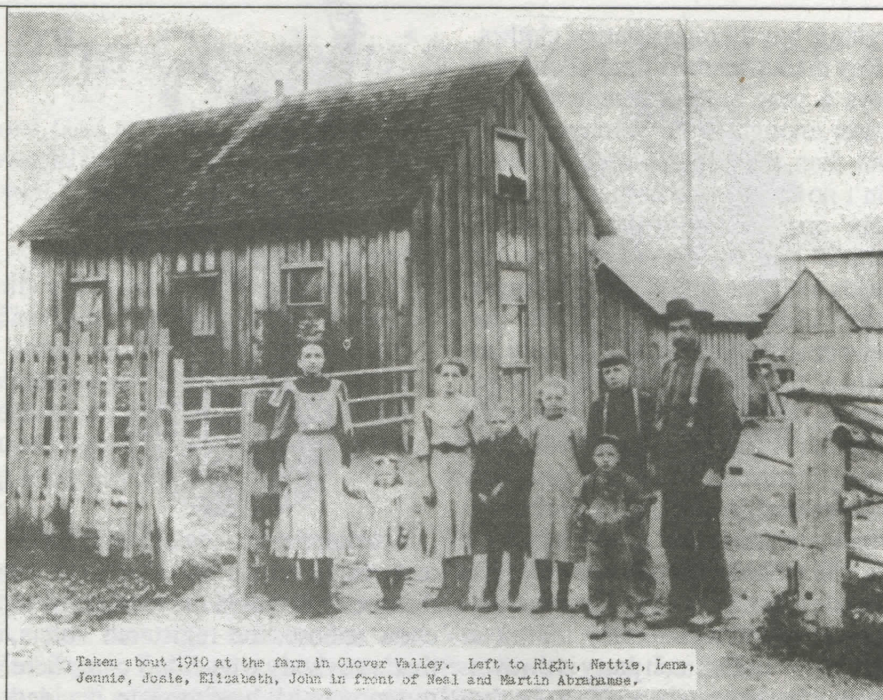


Martin Abrahamse brought his family to Whidbey Island in 1905

Among the early Hollanders to settle on North Whidbey was the family of Martin Abrahamse. Martin was born in the Province of Zeeland in 1874. At an early age he lost his father, and from then until he was eighteen worked to help support his mother, sister and two brothers. About this time he met Cornelia Vander Vate and they became engaged. Cornelia had a brother in America, Peter Vander Vate. The young people discussed the desirability of going to America, made the decision, and left for the New World on May 13, 1893.

A hand-written account of the lives of Martin and Cornelia was written by Martin, detailing the years of their courtship, marriage and early days. Martin and Cornelia were married in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, then traveled with her brother to North Dakota. North Dakota in the 1890s was a difficult place to pioneer, but Martin built a sod house before the harsh winter set in.

There their first child was born, Tannetje, called Nettie. Cornelius Neal was born 15 months later and the following spring the family moved to Montana. It took three days to get to Bismark, North Dakota, and from there they traveled by train. Peter rode in the stock car and Cornelia and the children in the immigrant car, where one could cook meals. They left North Dakota in 1896, the train trip to Montana taking two days.



Taken about 1910 at the farm in Clover Valley. Left to Right, Nettie, Lena, Jennie, Josie, Elizabeth, John in front of Neal and Martin Abrahamse.

The Abrahamse family at their Clover Valley farm home, about 1910.

An even harder life was ahead for the family at Big Timber near the Yellowstone River. Their farm was on Otter Creek, seven miles out of town, where they built a sod house. Pioneering for the little family from Holland included living in a sod house, the lower portion dug into the ground, and the upper of timbers covered with sod. A few years later Martin was able to build a house of wood.

In 1897-98, the building of irrigation ditches from the river to farms furnished work for Martin. He and his team of horses would be gone from Monday to late Saturday, leaving Cornelia with the children. She kept a loaded gun behind the kitchen door. Another child, Jennie, was born and it was a hard life for a woman alone with three small children. It is told how she killed a rattlesnake with a pitchfork and shot rabbits for food.

The couple became disenchanted with Montana. The winters were harsh, there was no church in the vicinity and school for only three months of the year. Others in the settlement were also dissatisfied. Each year more families left, until in 1904

their closest friends, the J. Kamps family, packed up and moved.

The Kamps sent back word that there was a beautiful place in the state of Washington, much like their native Holland. The winters and summers were mild, there was good soil and already quite a settlement of Hollanders. It was too good to be true, but Martin, Cornelia and their six (by that time) children left by train for the Northwest. On May 4, 1905, almost exactly twelve years after leaving Holland, they arrived on Whidbey Island aboard the steamer *Fairhaven*.

The newcomers were met by the Riekele Zylstras, the Ronhaar and Kamps families, who took them into their homes and made them welcome. Martin bought a 20-acre farm in Clover Valley and the children started school in the little Clover Valley one-room schoolhouse. A daughter Lena (Jongsma) and another son, William, were born in 1906 and 1908. Two other children died in their early years.

For 22 years the Abrahamse family farmed in Clover Valley, the years spanning the time from one depression to the beginning of the Great Depression. Raising eight children on 20 acres with five cows,

two horses and some chickens took some doing. Cornelia kept a large garden, and traded strawberries for salmon from the fish traps operating at West Beach. By hard work they survived, as did many of the families who cleared and farmed North Whidbey. Martin's son, John, took over the farm which was later sold to the U.S. Government for Whidbey Naval Air Station's Ault Field.

Martin's work was far from over, however. He and Cornelia lived in Oak Harbor and he went to work for Beach View Farm. In 1937 they bought the little house on the corner of 300 Ave. West and 50th N.W., across the street from what is today the American Legion. He then worked for Columbia Lumber Co. until 1944 when he was 70 years old. That same year Martin and Cornelia celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.

When Cornelia died in 1951 they had been married 57 years.

In 1978, the five Abrahamse sisters, Nettie Hulst, Jenny Van Dam, Elizabeth Ronhaar, Josie Faber and Lena Jongsma got together to reminisce, and the reunion was taped, then transcribed by Lois Jongsma

Tiemersma. "These five sisters had a hilarious time recalling their childhood and growing up days in Clover Valley," Lois said.

Elizabeth recalled the family's arrival at San de Fuca on the steamer *Fairhaven*. "We didn't have any place to stay and Mr. Ronhaar came to town with a white horse and buggy and we rode to their place. They didn't have enough beds but they had one bed so they put three (of us) on one end and three on the other end with our feet touching. ... Nettie and I went to stay with the Kamps for about a week ... it was just a one-room schoolhouse where we went (to school). We had a bucket and dipper for everyone to drink out of ..."

Nettie recalled the days in Montana. "We had a student minister during the summer months and he usually stayed in our home. The other nine months of the year we had no minister but would meet in homes and I remember the people sitting on boxes and chairs, and Neal and I weren't allowed to go to sleep and Mother would put a box in the middle

of the room and put a blanket over it, and we sat there with all eyes on us so we really had to be good and I remember so many of the old hymns we sang ... Pa would read the sermon and it (seemed) to be 5-10 hours long ... but we didn't dare move with all those eyes on us ..."

Nettie also remembered the little Reformed Church on the corner in Oak Harbor when Taapke Zylstra Nienhuis, Barney Nienhuis, Rance and Ann Loers Zylstra formed a quartette...

Josie told about "Papa went to Everett and took John and me by boat, the *Calista*. It left at 6:30 in the morning and as we lived about five miles out of town we had to get up early." Buying shoes for the big family was an event. "Mama would go to Everett and buy a whole bunch of shoes on sale there. If we couldn't get our feet into them we knew we'd better get them in." She told of wearing shoes that were too small to Everett and walking around all day and her feet hurting, but she didn't

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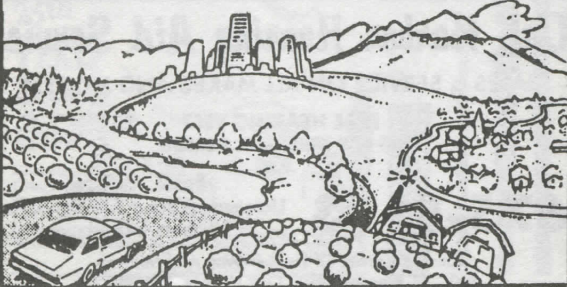
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Abrahamse Family Continued

dare take her shoes off. Later, the toenails on both big toes came off!

Lena remembered her mother telling about having to help with the haying even though she was six months pregnant. They couldn't get any help. She would ride on top of the load and arrange it as it was pitched up to her, then she would go in and rest until the next load.

When she had the baby she would sit up in bed on the second day and bathe the baby, and on the third she was doing the washing on the washboard because she didn't have many baby things.

Lena also recalled one Sunday when they left for church and Cornelia put the umbrella up and it scared the horses and they ran away through the barbed wire fence. The buggy tipped over at a turn in the road and everyone went flying. "Mama hung onto the



Martin and Cornelia Abrahamse on their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1944.

reins, white as a ghost, but Father went flying over the fence."

Work was a must for the whole family, and a crop of peas was cut with a scythe. Lena told about the family sitting around a big table cleaning the peas and the family got \$100 a ton instead of the going \$60 because they were cleaned. "It was a short crop and we worked all day and all night."

Cornelia Abrahamse was a talented seamstress and her girls were always neatly dressed. She would bleach flour sacks then dye them and cut them without a pattern. She sewed them by hand.

Later the family acquired a pump organ, and "Mama learned to play with one finger and we would gather around and sing hymns."

Three of the Abrahamse sisters survive: Lena Jongsma and Elizabeth Ronhaar in Oak Harbor and Nettie Hulst in Salem, Oregon. Elizabeth will be 90 in October (1989) and Nettie will be 95. William is the only one of the three brothers left, and he also lives in Oak Harbor.

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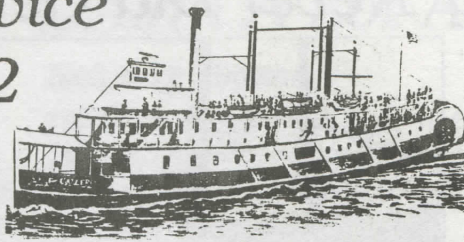
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Int'l Ferry Service Began in 1922

The Anacortes to Vancouver Island ferry run, that most popular for vacationing tourists and Island residents, began in 1922 when Captain Harry Crosby organized the run by way of the San Juan Islands.

Captain Crosby had a 97-foot converted kelp harvesting scow, the *Harvester King*, on which he could carry a dozen cars, and the crossing one way took five hours. The route was popular and he soon added the *Gleaner*, a chartered stern-wheeler, and the ferry service that today links the San Juan Island and Vancouver Island with the mainland was begun.

Boarding and disembarking from those early ferries was quite a different experience from today. The freight, loaded on small narrow flatcars, was pulled off by tractor. Before adjustable slips were built foot passengers and cars used freight elevators which rose



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from deck to dock. Drivers of cars had to cross from the ferry to the elevator on a pair of narrow planks, a bit nerve-wracking for some. Often one of the crewmen performed this chore.

When the Puget Sound Navigation Company and the Washington State Transportation authorities came to a difference of opinion over what the PSN proposed for a fare increase, the state authority bought the system in 1951. Ironically, ferry fares were immediately increased.

Life's A Journey

What seems from the shore a pretty small puddle,
Looks mighty big from out there in the middle.

Life, too, may be big, and a challenge or rout,
Depending on whether you're in it or out!

So don't give me facts on the channel or tide

If the farthest you've been is the shore on this side.

Page Rage

Give us this day
Our daily brood,
Our bleak dismay,
Our shattered mood,
Our rage, our scorn
Too black for rhymes
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....Maureen Cannon
in the *Wall Street Journal*



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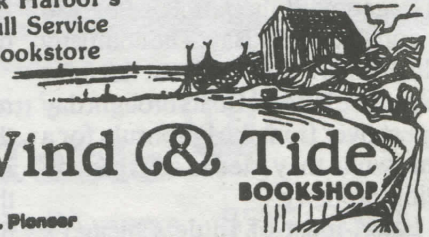
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Coupeville Water Festival Parade and Alexander Blockhouse, about 1930. Indians came from all over the Northwest to participate in the parade and Indian Canoe races. The 30's fete was forerunner of this summer's 25th Annual Arts & Crafts Festival August 11-13.

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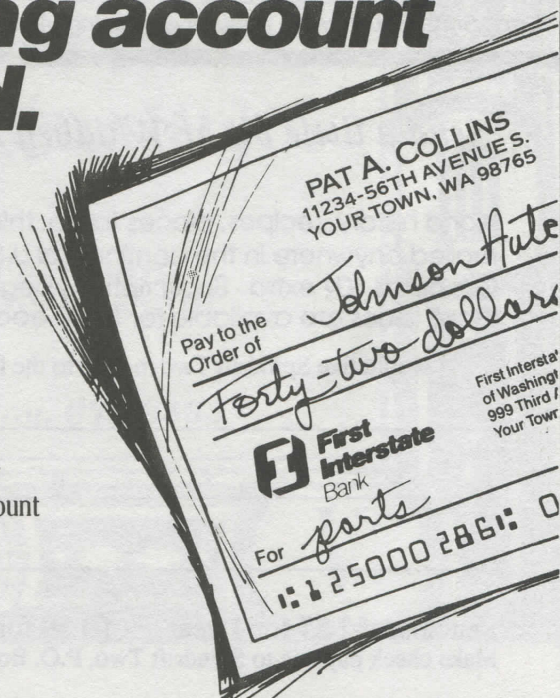
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An end-of-school picnic in Smith (Oak) Park, in May 1910. The Garry oak grove, donated to the city by pioneer "Dad" Smith has been a popular gathering place since the first settlers came and with the Indians before them.

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