

*Whidbey Spindrift*

*April 1968*





## Our Cover Picture

The house pictured on the cover of Whidbey Spindrift was built in 1894 by L. P. Byrne, an enterprising merchant and hotel owner of early-day Oak Harbor.

The house still stands on the corner of Midway and 300 Ave East just above Oak Park.

In the stylish buggy is Mr. and Mrs. Byrne and small daughter. Mrs. Byrne was Katherine Nunan, pioneer daughter of the Tom Nunans.

The "biggest house in town" had a long parlor separated by a hall from a sitting room and bedroom.

A dining room, kitchen, bath and pantry, a washroom and another pantry, and a small room for the toilet completed the first floor.

Upstairs were four bedrooms, one a huge affair with an alcove. An open stairwell connected the two floors. A cellar, an attic and a connected woodshed were also included. The house had its own windmill and well, and was the showpiece of north Whidbey.

Whidbey Spindrift is published and edited by Dorothy Neil, 3102 300 Ave. West, Oak Harbor, Wash. 98277. It may be mailed anywhere in the U. S. for one dollar per year.

## Casually Speaking:

Springtime is Prom Time!

the music begins  
with a Swinging  
**Beats** when you  
see that JUST-right  
**DRESS** for your  
**BIG NIGHT!**

and the Time of Your Life  
With the Guy in Your Life!

The  
**Casual  
House!**



**Gerry's**

**HAIR  
FASHIONS**

High  
Fashion  
Styling

MONDAY thru SATURDAY  
• PERMANENT WAVING •  
SHAPING - STYLING - TINTING  
"WE NEED YOUR HEAD  
IN OUR BUSINESS"



• OAK HARBOR

**OR 5-2742**

Located In Patton Center  
1242 W. PIONEER WAY OAK HARBOR



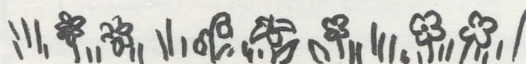
# OAK HARBOR WAS A CHILD'S PARADISE IN EARLY DAYS

This history of early-day Oak Harbor (1910-15) is a condensation of an account written by Lillian Maylor Grubbs, daughter of John Maylor. She was born in a gabled house on the present Pioneer Way, across from Maylor's Store, owned by her father and his brother Joe.

Still within my memory, Oak Harbor is still the little country town on a winding dusty road, buildings scattered here and there, the broad red sides of barns, grazing cattle; a school house white upon the hill, the steeple of the corner church; and a mill on the beach where saw shrieked all day long. A dock went out to meet a quiet bay where boats came in, and I remember watching for the white speck across the bay, rounding the point, the steamer Calista. The clang of her bell as she skimmed past the wharf and circled for a mooring was music sweet to my ears.



The house where I was born had gables and friendly porches, shade trees and velvet lawns. Twin laburnums, roses and honeysuckles framed the door. The big bay window looked down on the one main road, where rumbled wagons on their way to market, and buggies with pink-cheeked farm girls peering out.



About a mile from town, on Papa's little ranch at the portage to the point, lived our Grandma and Grandpa Stroops. A lovely spot with clean sandy beaches and sweeping vistas of mountain and bay. Grandpa kept cows and pigs and chickens and old Frank, the one-time dray horse for our store. Frank pulled grandpa's buggy into town with cream and Grandpa and Grandma in their best, to church on Sunday.



Grandpa was not an ordained minister, but he was called "Reverend" and sometimes preached to the congregation at the Methodist church. There were many who preferred his preaching because it came from the heart, they said. He was the most honest man I have ever known, with the exception of my father. Dishonesty, he said, was taking from another not only material things, but another's rights, his honor or peace of mind.

The "cream check" was their only means of livelihood, but with grandpa's garden and Grandma Stroops' frugality, they managed. She canned fruit and vegetables, cut pumpkin into strips and hung it near the oven door to dry, churned

butter and baked bread, and became noted for her specialty, dried pear cake. She made powdered sugar from white flour and cane sugar; plaited straw for grandpa's hats, and ingeniously made polka dots in bleached flour sacks by tying string around dried peas at measured distances. She then immersed the sacks in dye, the tied areas remaining white. From the sacks she made aprons and house dresses.

Grandpa Stroops was big, handsome and jolly; grandma came barely to his chest, and through their long life together they were always sweethearts.

My dearest companion was my cousin Jeanette, Uncle Joe's little girl. A hedge separated our houses, and we had a special hole in it through which we could slide. We walked the fence tops, "hippity-hopped" to the butcher shop over board sidewalks that spaced the boards just far enough apart to let our pennies and nickles slide through. We made up dances; we played hop scotch in Ely's lane; and on the beach in summer went barefoot, built play houses from driftwood, and paddled on logs. Our bloomer bathing suits filled with air when wet, serving almost as life preservers.

The Maylor dock ran out across the tidelands to a channel for boats. All the stores on one side of the street were on piling. The slough behind them was deep and clean at high tide and here we sat and fished with a piece of string, a bent pin and a can of red earthworms. All the bullheads and perch we caught found a ready market in Uncle Louie, the town druggist's uncle, who owned at least a dozen cats, each named some unlikely name like Elizabeth or Esmeralda. For our fish we received ice cream cones, truly a treat in those days.

In Ely's meadow was a tiny stream that babbled over rocks and miniature waterfalls. My sister Lorene and I sailed paper dolls in little boats here. Wild iris grew all over the meadow, making it a place of wondrous beauty.



# Company I

In 1855 Whidbey Island had its first company of soldiers, composed mostly of Whidbey Islanders. On Nov. 3 of that year, the Northern Rangers, Company I, First Regiment of Washington Territory Volunteers, was organized with Colonel Isaac N. Ebey as captain. S. D. Howe was first lieutenant, also of Whidbey; and J. L. Keymes of Port Discovery, second lieutenant.

The strategy developed by Washington State Governor Isaac I. Stevens was to block the Snohomish River so as to prevent the warring interior Indians coming down river to the coast, and to this duty the Whidbey Volunteers were assigned.

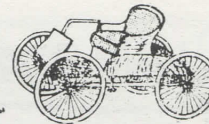
Before the close of the Indian Wars, Company I was called to Whidbey for Protection against the Haidahs. The war ended, however, without Whidbey Island being subject to any but a few small raids by single canoes and with no blood being spilled.

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Snow time was wonder time. "Old Mother Goose is picking her geese," Mamma said. We rolled snowballs and built forts, we had sleds to pull and made snowmen. We made delicious ice cream with sugar, vanilla and cream added to clean snow. Mamma said there was diptheria in it if not freshly fallen. We never minded the cold.

(To be continued)

# SERVICE



BILL'S CHEVRON STATION

Or5-2345

W. Pioneer at Hwy 525

HARBOR TEXACO

1015 W. Pioneer

Or5-6848

OAK HARBOR SHELL

1525 Midway

Or5-6155

BOB'S CHEVRON

1322 Midway

Or5-2551

OSCAR'S UNION SERVICE

1042 W. Pioneer Or5-6333

CHARLIE'S SHELL SERVICE

1171 W. Pioneer

Or5-6542

FOUR CORNER SERVICE

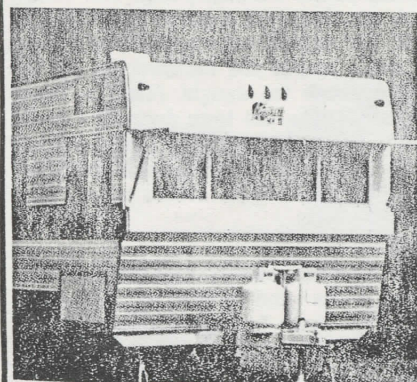
1606 Midway

Or5-4941

THUNDER'S ENCO

1486 Midway

Or5-4936



Come in and see  
the NEW 1968  
KENSkill .  
the  
LEADING QUALITY  
TRAVEL TRAILER

**LARRY'S**



**OR 5-4616**  
EVENINGS - OR 5-3016





The children pictured on the fence were children of the two Maylor brothers, Joe and John who owned the Maylor Store in the early 1890's. Lillian, the author of the "Child's Paradise" story in this issue of Spindrift, was about seven, next to her is her sister Lorene, and cousins Howard and Jeanette Maylor.  
picture courtesy of Jeanette Maylor Grasser

## ..... The Hummingbird, a Whidbey Island Resident...


There are thirteen varieties of hummingbirds of an estimated 600 inhabiting our Western states.

Many times it has been reported that they will peck on the window for a refill when the feeder has become depleted.

The humming bird's feet are so tiny they are unable to walk, but may be observed sitting on branch or twig, or even a wire, fluffing their feathers.

They do not feed wholly on honey, but feed on the tiny insects in the flowers, assisting in pollination by transferring pollen.

The hummingbird feeder is very popular among bird lovers, and is hung where they can observe their little visitors.



FORTY YEARS FITTING

CHILDREN'S SHOES---

GUARANTEED TO FIT!

*Oak Harbor*  
*Bootery*

1139 W. Pioneer

