

Duvall Immigrant

Revised by Duvall Historical Society - 2004

By
RALPH S. TAYLOR

Duvall Immigrant was originally published and copyrighted by Ralph Taylor, and printed by Carnation Printing, Inc. at Duvall, Washington in 1977.

Ralph gave the master plates and all material relative to his publication of the book to Ray Burhen for safe keeping and permission to reprint was given to Duvall Historical Society in 1984.

This reprinting with an additional section is published by the Duvall Historical Society and printed by Snohomish Publishing Company, Snohomish, Washington, 2004.

The preparation of the reprint for publication with the added picture section and the coordination with the printing company has been by Tove Burhen, member of the Duvall Historical Society.

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COVER ILLUSTRATION

One of the best early photographs made of Duvall, this picture was taken from the Stewart Street bridge (no longer standing) in 1918. The Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad depot is in the foreground with steps leading to the station master's house on the river bank. The depot has been moved twice and is now located in Depot Park, 2004.

INTRODUCTION - 2004

Ralph Taylor, beloved citizen of Duvall, gave much to his community both as mayor and as an active member of the Duvall Historical Society. People who knew him describe him as kind, modest, always a gentleman, and very interested in Duvall's history.

An example of his lack of self-aggrandizement is his account in this book of how he tenaciously kept at the project of getting a boat ramp, an access to the river for Duvall. He tells of the work involved but he doesn't mention that he paid for the land, not keeping it for himself but giving it to the city, for which he held in high regard.

His book *Duvall Immigrant*, published in 1977, was as he described it "The story of one family's journey to America in the early 1900's." But it was more. After some very interesting pages about his family and life in England, the story becomes a fascinating look at Duvall from 1913 to the 1980's in print and in photos.

In addition to his history in print, he also chronicled Duvall's past in his paintings. In this reprinting of his book, the Duvall Historical Society has added a section to the original book that includes photos of his paintings and the description or explanation that he wrote on the back of each painting. Ralph reconstructed the events and places depicted in his paintings from his actual experiences or through photographs or words from others.

His self-taught style has been described as "folk art." Local art teacher Diane Brudnicki aptly described his work as very reminiscent of Grandma Moses' art. She said, "His Americana style with its primitive, self-taught, perspective depicting the American landscape, has a unique character with a lot of charm."

Many of the original paintings now hang in the City's Rose Room, the lower level of the Duvall King County Library. Some are in private collections. Ralph's album of photographs of his paintings is the source of most of the reproductions found in the final section of this book.

New residents of Duvall, those born and raised here, and the members of the Duvall Historical Society, all will be happy to read or reread Ralph's book that has been out of print for two decades and to enjoy the history found in his paintings.

This is the sixth book published by the Duvall Historical Society. The reader who enjoys this book may wish to read the other publications:

Jist Cogitatin'

Digging Duvall's Past

Wagon Wheel, First Volume

Wagon Wheel, Second Volume

HI Times



SECTION I
THE REPRINT OF DUVALL IMMIGRANT





DUVALL IMMIGRANT

by
Ralph S. Taylor

The story of one family's journey
to America in the early 1900's.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In writing this story, I am aware of the thousands of stories which could be written of coming to a new land. As the late President John F. Kennedy once said, "We are a nation of immigrants."

The writer is indebted to many sources other than his own memory. Old records and photos which have survived the many years, I have had the privilege to use. I am especially grateful to my nephew, Cyril T. Taylor, for his extensive research of the family geneology. Many relations, home and abroad, have contributed information.

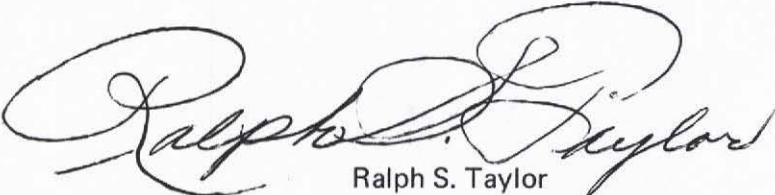
My wife Selma has provided her loving support, gentle suggestions and many hours in proofreading.

I cannot fail to express my appreciation to the townspeople of Poole in England for their warm welcome during my return trip to my old home in 1953: Mayor Bellam who allowed me to view and hold in my hands the ancient town charters of 1248 to the charter granted in 1568 by Queen Elizabeth I for the gallantry of Poole men in helping to disperse the Spanish Armada.

My association with Fred Wells of the Port of Poole and the Society of Poole Men, of which I am an overseas member, contributed much to this story.

Historical data was derived from "Smugglers of Poole and Bournemouth" by Bernard C. Short; "I Call to Mind" by Herbert S. Carter; and "History of the Borough and County of Poole" by H. P. Smith. Mr. Short was Poole's archivist and was quite helpful in showing me the town's documents and artifacts.

I wish to thank the staff of Carnation Printing, Inc., in Duvall, and especially the devoted interest of Melinda Wetzel.



Ralph S. Taylor

Taken from the Living Bible, Ecclesiastes I:

“Generations come and go but it makes no difference. The sun rises and sets and hurries around to rise again. The wind blows south and north, here and there, twisting back and forth, getting nowhere.

“The rivers run into the sea, but the sea is never full, and the waters return again to the rivers, and again flow to the sea.

“Everything is unutterably weary and tiresome. No matter how much we see, we are never satisfied, no matter how much we hear, we are not content.

“History merely repeats itself. Nothing is truly new. It all has been said or done before. What can you point to that is new? How do you know it didn't exist long ages ago?

“We don't remember what happened in those former times and in future generations, no one will remember what we have done back here.”

AN OCEAN AWAY

The year 1903 is the beginning of this story and my beginning. That year was the beginning of many things including the invention of the airplane by Wilbur and Orville Wright. The "flying machine" it was called. Flights across the English Channel later became quite a feat. In this era the wireless was being perfected by Marconi, and the telephone by Alexander Graham Bell. The popular new gadget of the time was the Edison Gramophone, which used cylindrical records. Queen Victoria had died in 1901. It was the end of an era and the birth of another.

However, at this time, all communications by this writer were conveyed by loud shrieks and cries. This was the first form of wireless known to me. In a small villa called Glenroy, Canford Road, Heckford Park, Poole, Dorsetshire, England, these first cries were heard.

I was not interested in statistics or new inventions at that time, only that I got nourishment on time. I did not know it then, but I was born in a town with a very rich historical background. I should tell you something of Poole, my birthplace, and later to be the birthplace of two brothers and two sisters.

Poole, being a very ancient town, has a varied and interesting history dating back to the Neolithic herdsman: round-headed men from the Bronze Age, who buried their dead in round barrows or graves. Excavations have unearthed evidence of an early Iron Age, and later Roman potteries. Roman coins of the Third Century, about one thousand in all, have been found at Sterte, within the boundaries of Poole.

In Saxon days, the main port of the area was Wareham, and a favorite residence of the Saxon kings. All this came into prominence when King Alfred defeated the Danish fleet in Swanage Bay, driving one hundred and twenty vessels ashore, assisted by a great mist at sea. In 1015-1016, King Canute of the Danes, ravaged the coast and countries of Dorset, Wiltshire and Somerset.

More of Wareham is mentioned in early history. Domesday Book 1086 mentions Canford and Hamworthy, both within the area of Poole, but does not mention Poole itself.

During the first half of the Twelfth Century came change and the small town rose to exceed the importance of Wareham. The large lagoon-like harbor was called "LaPole" by the Normans, as the harbor had silted at Wareham by the waters of the river Frome. Poole more and more became the chief seaport of the area and is included in a 1224 list of chief seaports. In 1248 the burgesses purchased the town from William Longspee, the "crusading lord of Canford Manor."

The first charter of liberties allowed citizens the right to the election of a head officer, or Port Reeve, and to hold their courts in Poole instead of Canford. A century later the Port Reeve assumed the title of Mayor. The title of Mayor encompassed the same duties as Port Reeve, so the office actually dates back to the Longspee Charter of 1248.

The town sent four ships and ninety-four mariners to the Siege of Cal-

ais. In return, the town was nearly burned down by the French under their admiral, John DeVienne. In 1364, the Mayor and barons of Winchelsea issued a certificate to the Mayor and burgesses of Poole, confirming the limits of the admiralty jurisdiction.

The text of this document, which is still preserved in the borough archives, is read by the Mayor as Admiral of the Port, during the annual ceremony of "Beating the Bounds". Other privileges were granted by William Montecute, Earl of Salisbury and Lord of the Manor of Danford.

In 1405, Poole again suffered at the hands of the French and Spanish forces, in ships fitted out by Charles the Sixth of France and Henrique the Third of Castille. They were sent in revenge for the alarming depredations of the famous Poole Corsair and King's Admiral, Harry Page, who brought home to Poole no less than 120 prizes taken on the coast of Britagne.

In the year 1433, Poole was raised to the dignified position of Port of the Staple, and twenty years later, the King gave Poole the right to hold a market on Thursdays and a fair twice a year.

According to old records, King Richard the Third "began a pece of a town waulled at one end of the Kay" and promised large things to the town of "Pole".

The greatest of all royal honors was the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1568, in which Poole was created an entire county, corporated in deed and name, distinct and separate from the County of Dorset with its own sheriff, recorder, justice of the peace, town clerk and coroner. Poole shares with eighteen other cities and towns this coveted honor of being a county coporate with power to elect its own sheriff.

In medieval days, the Fraternity of St. George was an outstanding organization in the town, possessing the almshouses of St. George, Independents and Dissenters, Baptists and Quakers. It was in Poole that Thomas Hancock, a leading light among the reformers, became rector of St. James. It is stated in his records that his Poole flock were the first ones "thatt in thatt part of England were called Prostestants."

There is a plaque to Reverend John Wesley, the grandfather of the founder of Methodism, and minister to an independent congregation in Charles the Second's reign, who was "placed in gaol for infringement of the Five Mile Act."

In the late 1800's, King Edward the Seventh opened the beautiful Poole Park with its lovely gardens and inland salt water pond, where graceful swans glide and are fed by the public with pieces of bread. The Duke of Windsor visited the park in 1927 to decorate a memorial to Poole's war dead.

During World War II, hundreds of bombs were dropped on Poole, but the city escaped the camagedone to other coastal cities such as Southampton, Portsmouth and Plymouth.

It was from Poole that American and British forces left in landing craft made in Poole for the beaches of Normandy on D-Day. General Eisenhower and General Montgomery visited Poole many times during the course of the war.

This being merely an outline of Poole's colorful history, does not go into detail, and if done, would make up several books.

TAYLORS IN ENGLAND

In this chapter, I must go back and pick up a few years of my life with that of the family.

Brother Cyril was born eighteen months after myself at Canford Road, then Enid and Clifford at North Road Parkstone, in the vicinity of Poole. Clifford was very ill at North Road, and it all made an impression on me as we were so worried and in the same year (1910) Halley's Comet appeared quite clear each night in the sky. The rumor was that if the tail touched the earth we would all burn up.

In the few years at North Road, I had started to school at St. Peter's School in Parkstone. In England, one started school at the age of four years. I remember carrying a small bread and butter sandwich as the butter often melted through. The first day or so I was lost on the return home and a distant relative found me and brought me safely to North Road.

While at this school, I remember the marriage of Lord Baden Powell at St. Peter's Church. He was Lieutenant General in the South African Wars, and organized the South African Constabulary in 1900-1903. In the year 1908, he founded the Boy Scout movement. In 1910, his sister, Miss Agnes Baden Powell formed the Girl Scouts. Both movements spread to nearly all the countries in the world.

The first scouting activities were carried out on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbor, and on my return to England in 1963, they were honoring some members of the first troop who were then nearing their seventieth birthdays.

It was at St. Peter's School that I learned my catechism, as each day in English schools have some period for religion. Later I attended Longfleet School, and we marched across to Longfleet St. Mary's for our weekly religious training. These were national schools, and connected with the Church of England.

We had moved to St. Margarette's Road to be near "lotments", which was a small tract of land set aside for villagers to grow a small garden outside the town proper. It seemed about 25 feet by 100 feet, where one could grow vegetables or flowers for a small rental per year.

Life then was modest but comfortable. My father, Edwin George Taylor, was a painter and decorator after a seven year apprenticeship in Scotland and he had married my mother, Edith Joy, a farm girl, at a fairly youthful age.

My younger sister, Freda, was born there at St. Margarette's Road, and that accounts for all five of the children in our family.

From our house we could see Longfleet Church and the spire high on the

hill overlooking the harbor of Poole. As a boy I remember the heavy gales on the Channel. The high seas lashed at the cliffs off Swanage. Large drifts of foam were carried over the housetops from the Channel storms.

Sight of the spire prompted me to write the following poem years later. Grandmother Taylor used to say that her captain-husband could always get his bearings and landfalls from the old spire in good weather as he came into Poole harbor from the Channel.

THE SPIRES OF LONGFLEET

*The sails were set for the homeward run
As Channel waves ran high.
In from Newfoundland with a salty load
The Captain heaved a sigh.
"Boys," he said, "on yonder hill
A spire you soon shall see.
As it's guided me, let it guide you
Through calm and stormy seas."*

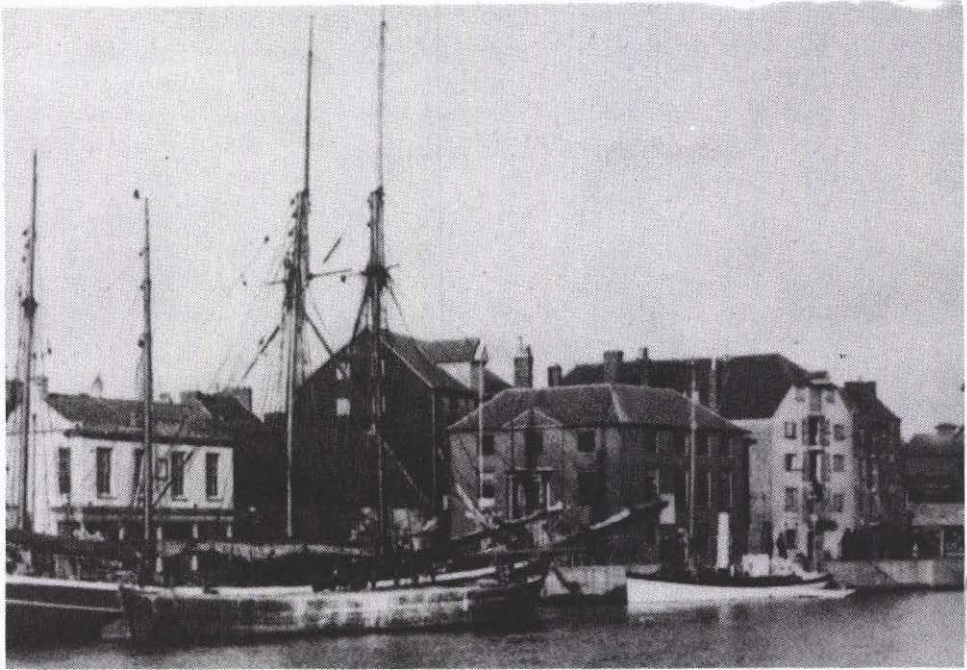
*In days far past from the day of sail,
I returned to my native plot.
I had not braved the Channel gales,
But my mind was deep in thought.
The sturdy spire arose as then.
It pointed still aloft.
It offered guidance for my feet
Down streets in boyhood trod.*

*Through peace and war and Channel storm,
The passing of the years.
As the captain slept upon the hill,
The sails are furled and anchors rest,
And yet this ancient spire remains,
Reminding of abiding trusts.
The bells rang out to mark the hour,
And seemed to say, "All hail the power."*

The churchyard at Longfleet contain the graves of many men of prominence in Poole's history. Businessmen, city officials, and navigators rest there. My grandfather, Captain Henry Richard Taylor, was buried in Poole Cemetery a mile or so away. Monuments were beautifully sculptured in both cemeteries to show where men of the sea had been laid to rest. There were replicas in stone of anchors, ropes and guiding angels, with prosaic epitaphs in verse. .

Back across the road is Longfleet School, another historical landmark. Its history dates over 200 years. Small leaded windows, mostly diamond shaped, look out onto a walled, gravel courtyard.

Between church and school is Longfleet Road where once the clay and produce carts traveled to High Street, Poole's main thoroughfare. Grand-



Poole, Quay and Harbor. The rigged schooners of my youth carried more respectable cargoes than the ships of 100 years ago which often held pirates' and smugglers' booty. The ancient little town has witnessed many exciting events in England's history.

Captain Taylor's ship docked here on many occasions when in the Newfoundland trade.



father would bring produce into Poole and tie up at the George Inn.

My early connections with Longfleet School came with moving to St. Margarette's Road. It was the only school within distance. The girls' school was separated from the boys' by a high brick wall with jagged glass imbedded in the mortar at the top. My sister, Enid, attended on one side and Cyril and I the other.

The school was very strict. The boys had men teachers and discipline was kept; not just talked about. In more serious offences, a policeman or "bobby" was brought in to impress on us a deeper regard for the law.

The school had a boys' choir and when I was given a voice test, I was chosen for the choir at the age of nine years. Cyril and I also belonged to a "Band of Hope" group; a temperance organization which tried to educate the youth against the use of intoxicants. It met in the evenings once a week at the school. Longfleet was the center of most of our activities from marbles to lessons.

Going home from school or church, we would have our hoops and truckled them over the hard asphalt and cobblestone roads, with their ring being the melody of youth enjoying the simple things of life. The older boys had their bicycles. As bikes have been the most common type of transportation in Europe up to the present time, English lanes and paths were made for them. It is my thought that one shouldn't travel to fast and take the chance of missing the sound of birds and the scent in the hedges of mayflower, honeysuckle and lilac. The smell of petrol doesn't seem to fit along a country lane, but modern times have changed it all. Two wars have seen English roads loaded with military vehicles.

Trunks of trees were ringed with white paint to show the edge of the road because no light dared show in blacked-out Britain during those terrible years. But I am years ahead now and must go back to my story.

As a lad I was interested in Poole Quay and harbor. French influence was great here due to its proximity to the French coast and French trade not to mention, Norman invasions. In fact, Poole is derived from the French "La Pole" or pool.

There still seems to be a close connection to the French. For many years an onion boat would come in from France at regular intervals, and the crew would carry braids of onions on poles to sell to the local housewives. I remember that we called them "Johnnie Onions". They would cry out "onion very cheap" as they went up and down the streets of Poole.

The memory of a lad of ten years is keen but memory deserts one as the years pass on. But I will never forget the sights of the sailing ships tied up at the Quay. My father would take Cyril and I down to the water on most Sundays. It was from here that my grandfather first sailed as a boy and then later as a captain in the Newfoundland trade: the trade which brought Poole to its prominence in the world.

Of course, most of my time was spent at Longfleet School, a 200-year-old structure of stone, leaded windows, very little heat, an open fireplace and a small playground. We had forms to sit upon, or rather, a bench with no back before a desk-like form to place books upon. Our hands were clasped behind our backs and only released to turn the pages of a book.

The master walked behind the rows with a cane to see that all rules were obeyed. Any infractions of the rules were dealt with by the student holding out a hand for a whack. Every time a boy withdrew his hand, he received a double dose of the punishment. The teachers were generally of a military type and salutes were required of the students. What may appear as severe discipline to those in the present-day, was merely typical for a country just emerging from the Victorian Era.

“ To Mr. Read, Headmaster, Longfleet School”

*Mr. Read was a very good man.
Tries to teach us all he can.
Read, write and 'rithmetic;
He didn't forget to use the stick.
When he did he made us dance
Out of England into France,
Out of France into Spain,
Over the hills and back again.*

Longfleet, being a Church of England school, required that students attend church one day a week and so we marched over to Longfleet Church across the road. There we learned our catechisms, Psalms and sang our hymns. Those of other faiths were allowed to go to their respective churches for services.

There was a lighter side to a boy's life than a strict school. Our favorite games were marbles and truckling our hoops. Longfleet did not have a large playfield for soccer as some schools did, but we did have our street games. Some streets had dead ends. A street may run a mile without interruption with alleys at the back. The house roofs are in a saw-tooth arrangement with scores of chimney pots pointing skyward. Beyond the dead end on St. Margarete's Road were the community gardens.

In my days as a youth, it was my duty to supply the fertilizer for my father's "lotment". Father built me a small, two-wheel cart so that I could follow behind horse drawn carriages and carts and shovel up the droppings. I would always go into the most horse-traveled roads. Poole was a good clay and pottery town, so there were several of these well-used roads. Competition was keen for the droppings. Sometimes warfare nearly broke out when rival gangs claimed fresh droppings from huge Clydesdale horses.

There seemed in those days, an ardent desire on the part of boys, to hitchhike. The bakery, parafine and milk carts, all had a pedal or step on the back to enable the driver to climb up to open the cart's rear doors. We boys would wait until the driver started his horse, then hop up on this pedal. Of course, our weight would raise the cart shafts and the driver would know we were there. Other ruffians on the pavement would yell out, "whip be'ind mister", and the driver would lash back with his long whip which generally knocked a cap off or stung hands and face painfully. So, a free ride wasn't always worth it. But a boy must always try it.

In our days, gas was used in lighting the streets. It was a common sight to see the lamp lighter with his long staff reaching up and igniting each gas

lamp. He also carried a ladder in case he had to replace a mantel. We had a gas light in front of each of the homes we lived in except one. The smaller children cried their eyes out and would not sleep. They cried, "light gone out", and would not subside until Mother lit candles, and finally were weaned into total darkness for sleeping. Poole had been late in converting to electricity.

The corporation's first source of water was on John Taylor's property at Tatnam. John Taylor was my grandfather Captain Henry R. Taylor's brother who owned and operated butcher shops in Poole, Bournemouth and Parkstone. In a recent "Poole and Dorset Herald", Oct. 16, 1971, it is said that Tatnam Farm in Tatnam Road was one of the most important buildings in the district. Before 1835 it was not even in the borough of Poole but in Longfleet. On the farm, was the well where the town's people drew their water since the time of Elizabeth I. There was considerable protest from the citizens when it was decided to fill this in but some of the pipes from the well are now in Poole Museum.

In the distance, just off Poole Harbor, lay Brownsea Island. It was here that Sir Robert Baden Powell founded the first troop of Boy Scouts in 1907. It is now maintained by the National Trust with the Dorset Naturalist Trust caring for the many species of wild life in this nature reserve. A close friend, Mr. Fred Wills, takes excursions on and around the island on his boat, "The White Heather". On the island, one can visit Brownsea Castle or just stroll through the heather and observe the many species of wildlife. Brownsea Island is the home of the International Boy Scout Camp. Historically, the island was used as a first line of defense for Poole during World War II.

Poole has always been a shipbuilding town, making small boats and yachts of world renown. Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, which is not far off, has been noted for yachting for centuries. The crowned heads of Europe generally had an entry in races around the island.

Wareham, another ancient town, was a vital port for centuries and was also besieged by Saxons and Danes. Two rivers, however, silted the harbor and only small craft can now navigate at high tide. It was here, in more recent times, where we saw the effigy of Lawrence of Arabia and visited his grave close by at Moreton.

Corfe Castle can be seen from Poole. It lays in an indentation of the hills. From the castle ruins there is a commanding view across the heathlands to Poole Harbor. One grim story from the castle's long history is of Edward the Martyr who was stabbed in the back on orders of his stepmother, to make succession to the throne for her own children.

The castle was strengthened by Henry II and Edward the First. The last siege was in 1646 when the castle was defended by Lady Bankes.. Even mighty Cromwell, with all his gunpowder, could not destroy this castle fortress. It is said that intrigue within the castle caused its downfall. Lady Bankes ordered molten lead to be poured over invading soldiers on many attacks. Tourists now clamber over Corfe's ruins with little thought of the grim scenes which must have occurred in the past.

There are lighter sides of life in the beautiful Dorset countryside with its hedges and birdsongs. There are walks in the many parks and forests and the

sands of the seashore. As a family we did all these in a leisurely fashion. Our greatest enjoyment was to spend our holidays at Woolsbridge Farm, our grandparents' farm near Ringwood, away from the hard paved streets of Poole and Parkstone. It was generally August, when school was out and the harvesting was in full swing when we packed up and made the trip. Living in an old thatch cottage was a thrill with the birds nesting in the window thatch; especially swallows. There we saw our first bird nests, picked the wild flowers, helped the uncles as they dipped the sheep and watched them erect the hurdles to enclose the sheep. A hurdle was a woven fence-like section of hazel or willow boughs that could be transported in sections.

We children carried the shackles that fastened the hurdles in place and collected eggs from the hayricks where the hens had hidden their nests during the summer days. On other occasions the family would go to Sandbanks near Poole and enjoy a swim in the salt water of the Channel. Ships passing out in the Channel gave us a thrill as we built castles of sand and dreamed of adventures to come.

Father worked as a decorator and painter at Bournemouth, a younger town than Poole. Where Poole was a commercial town with its shipping, pottery, feeds, timber and shipbuilding, Bournemouth seemed more of an aristocrat with beautiful parks, pleasure boats and thousands of hotels, large and small. Poole unashamedly did the work. There has always been rivalry between the two towns, but Poole can always boast its seniority.

Transportation between both towns, even with the early "Trams" was efficient, but with sea-side resorts the holiday makers from all parts of the British Isles and elsewhere, tax the capacity of many hotels and beaches. Modern buildings, apartments or "flats" as they are called, along with supermarkets and parking areas have changed the pace of many old towns. The duel between ancient and modern goes on.

Now, between the waters of Poole and Bournemouth, a Hovercraft offers tours while overhead flies the Concorde on trial flights. Just in one lifetime has come drastic change with so many inventions and new speed in travel.

Riding the Hovercraft from Bournemouth on a recent visit, my wife, myself and a niece took the trip to my birthplace. On arriving at Poole Quay, I met Fred Wills. I said, "What would my old grandfather of sailing days say? Perhaps he would disown me."

Fred, who is from an old sailing family himself and still operates boats from Poole to Brownsea Island, said to me, "Well, we all have to change and be modern in this day."

I remember my grandfather was upset because my father left his sailing ship in St. John's, Newfoundland and beat his father back to Greenock, Scotland. The feeling that the son of a sailing captain should resort to a steam packet and depart and return weeks ahead of the captain was unthinkable.



Woolsbridge Farm, named for the small bridge and stream that are nearby. On the bridge is an ancient plaque which reads, "Anyone wilfully injuring any part of this bridge will be guilty of felony and upon conviction will liable to be transported for life by the court." This meant exile to the penal colonies in Australia. But for the Taylor family, Woolsbridge was the scene of our August holidays with the happy companionship of grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins. It was from this farm, after a large family gathering, that we departed for Liverpool and our Atlantic crossing. Shown here are Aunt Emmie, Grandmother Joy and Aunt Elsie.

SAILOR OF THE SALTY SEAS

Being a grandson of a sailing captain, the reason is clear to me that adventure, no matter what the cost, is embedded in the following story. It was in the bloodstream of the Taylors.

In the life of Captain Henry Taylor, it is clearly seen that he was born to the sea. He was born at Parkstone, Dorset, England in 1834. He signed on the barque, "Henry Duncan" registered to Poole, in January of 1850 as a cabin boy. In 1851 he was entered in the books of HMS Victory (headquarters ship in Portsmouth Harbor) as boy second class and joined for general service.

He was on short stay with HMS Victory, this being Nelson's flag ship at Trafalgar in 1805. He was transferred to HMS Cumberland and traveled to Halifax, Bermuda and Jamaica. In 1854, HMS Cumberland went out of commission and Henry Taylor returned to HMS Victory. Granted leave on Oct. 28, 1854, on the condition that he return and volunteer for future service. He returned as able seaman in the time of the Crimean War and transferred to HMS Ajax. He joined with the Ajax on January 3 in Portsmouth Harbor where she was fitted for sea, with the first stop at Kiel, Germany.

He then sailed to Scandinavian, Scottish and Baltic ports and returned to Plymouth, England on May 3. The ship paid off there on May 26, 1856, and Henry Taylor was discharged. He was five foot and seven inches tall with hazel eyes, brown hair and no marks upon his body. Therefore his conduct was good and he had never been flogged. He had charges of six shillings and nine pence for tobacco and soap. He was entitled to the Baltic War Medal and left the service.

Henry Taylor then joined the brig "Standley" of Poole and later the schooner "Mountaineer", also of Poole. In 1858 he received his certificate of competency as second mate from the Marine Board, Port of Poole. In 1859 he received his certificate of only mate. In 1862 he received his ordinary captain certificate at Poole. Captain Henry Taylor then signed on the "Cora" in the service of Baine and Johnston out of Greenock, Scotland from 1871 to 1873. She was a rigged schooner and took him to many distant ports.

In 1873 the captain took command of the "Hebe" another rigged schooner. In 1882 he was the master of the "Constance". All his ships were from Greenock and under the flag of Baine and Johnston.

In 1887 my grandfather purchased his own ship, the "Mabel" which was a rigged schooner built in 1882. Records show her home port as Greenock and as being lost at sea on March 5, 1897.

I have heard my father tell tales of the sea as he sailed as well as his two brothers along with Captain Taylor at the helm. Ports of call were mainly St. John's, Newfoundland for the codfish trade and Cadiz, Spain to load salt on return to Newfoundland for salting the fish. They traveled to Barbados and Demarara for wines and sugar as well as Pernambuco in South America.

On one occasion in Cadiz, the Captain and his crew fled for their lives as they were loading salt from lighters in the bay. Water supply on the Mabel



Captain Henry R. Taylor

was low. Only enough was stored below-decks for the return trip. An epidemic of typhoid had broken out in Cadiz. Men loading the salt had demanded water from the ship's meager supply and attempted to force the ship's crew to supply them at the point of a knife. The captain, knowing his supply would not last until he arrived in England, fought off the Spaniards and cutting the hawsers from the lighters, made out to sea, leaving the lighter drifting.

Captain Taylor was awarded a medal from the Italian government as when he was captain of the "Constance" and entering the Port of Livorno (Leghorn) he saved the lives of an Italian pilot and two sailors in 1884. His medal was presented by the Italian government in behalf of the Minister of Marine at Livorno.

My grandfather my times took his wife on ocean crossings. Sometimes they were at sea for three months at a stretch. This was not to the liking of the seamen as they viewed having a woman on board with some superstition. However, my grandfather was a hard taskmaster. Even his own sons jumped ship in several ports and returned home by other ships. But his navigation was to be admired. In the days of few instruments he could be at sea for months and forecast seeing the light of a particular lighthouse ahead on a certain day. I remember that he told my father that of all the waters of the oceans, the English Channel could be the most treacherous and roughest.

In crossing on the Queen Mary in 1953 I noticed that the big ship was rigging up for a gale. Tables were fastened to the floor and awning covered the windows on the bridge to prevent smashing. I said to an officer that my grandfather had crossed these seas in ships of sail about 100 tons without the instruments available today. He answered in his Scottish brogue, "There's many a day I admire those old masters."

Reminders of the Captain in our family's possession is a codfish lure in the shape of a lead herring with two large hooks in its mouth. This was used in "jigging" to supply fresh fish enroute to and from Newfoundland. We have two tobacco cannisters from Java and a stuffed Marmoset monkey called Joey from South America.

Joey had accompanied the sailors on many trips in warm climes but easily caught cold and pneumonia and in colder zones would snuggle into the sailors underwear. He would light the pipes of the sailors when given a box of matches. When the Captain and his sons were going on a long trip to the "Banks" of Newfoundland, they left Joey home with Grandmother Taylor. This proved to be Joey's undoing as one day Grandma smelled smoke and couldn't find Joey. To her astonishment, he flew out from under her long skirts. Joey was lighting an imaginary pipe and had set fire to her clothes. She immediately ran to the scullery and threw water over the the smoking remains. Joey had climbed up to the mantle to get a better view. I don't think Joey lived to die of pneumonia. To tell the truth, I think he may have been prematurely stuffed. Through all the years he has been deteriorating. He was once covered with a glass case but now the sawdust stuffing is working its way out. His little sarcastic smile is still there. Perhaps he died happy in the success of giving Grandmother a fright.



“Joey” was a pet monkey brought back to England by my seafaring grandfather. Unfortunately, the bright little animal succumbed to pneumonia, but the family couldn’t bear to part with him and he is still in my possession.



My maternal grandparents, John and Mary Joy. Grandfather was a Dorset farmer and market gardener. The family lived at Woolsbridge Farm on the edge of the New Forest. They had four sons, five daughters.

The mother of Grandmother Taylor, Mrs. Margarette Kelly, died at the age of 102. Notwithstanding her great age, she was able to converse freely and was able to tell in a vivacious manner her recollections of the celebration after the Battle of Waterloo and about the bread riots. She was born in Wareham in 1791.





Aunt Bessie Taylor Robertson came to Washington direct from Poole about five years before we did. Her husband, Rankin, a Scotsman, and other members of her family worked at the condensory in Monroe for many years before moving to Marysville. Part of the family still resides there.



Walter R. Taylor and Mother. This photo was taken in England on a return to visit his Mother about 1911. He served with his father at sea and later joined the Royal Horse Artillery. He came to the U.S. via Canada and went north to the Klondyke gold rush, then returned and married Gladys Ratcliff, a pioneer's daughter. They settled near the mouth of Cherry Creek on river road and had 3 girls 8 boys. He was one of the directors of Duvall State Bank. The 7.2 acres of Taylor Park named in his honor is his donation to the new townsite of Duvall before 1913.

Harry & Bertha Taylor, early pioneers. He sailed under his father but left for steam driven ships on the Pacific such as the "Dollar Lines" that sailed from Pacific ports to the Orient. He, too, felt the call to the Klondyke gold rush, but did not "strike it" and settled back to farming, instead. His wife Bertha helped to organize the Cherry Valley Grange in 1909 and she was its first master. The Grange was the headquarters of the social life of the community in those days. They had two daughters, Nellie and Dorothy.



On my mother's side of the family, the Joys, there seemed to be a love of hearth and home for they have tilled the countryside of Dorset for ages. They walked the hedgerows, built sheep folds, gathered faggots, thatched their cottages and feared their God. No one can forget their love. The agony of leaving them remains in my mind for the old farm still brings back pleasant memories. They lived "Far From the Madding Crowd" as Thomas Hardy wrote in his book. This is his country and the one he loved and wrote so much about with William Barnes carrying the Dorset dialect in so many of his rustic poems. One sees the simplicity of living so much with nature at its best in Dorset. Life could have gone on for us with this background, but there was still inherited restlessness imbedded in the Taylor soul.

A CALL FROM THE WEST

Early in February of 1913, came a letter from the United States. We were always eager to hear of that land beyond the broad Atlantic as, one by one, three members of my father's family had migrated there; one sister and two brothers. Many letters had been received and spoke enthusiastically of life in the still-young country, and were encouraging to us.

Stories of streams swollen with migrating salmon, plenty of wood and lumber for home building materials in near-by forested areas made us eager to see this land.

Uncle Walter who had been in the Royal Horse Artillery at Aldershot, England, had served his time and migrated to the Washington Territory in the West. He had married and located on a farm in Cherry Valley in the Snoqualmie Valley, about 25 miles east of Seattle. His large family of boys and girls ranged in age from 18 years downward. Those capable of work, each had a chore to do on the farm after school which was a three-mile walk from their home.

I well remember hearing my father reading the letters which said, "Be prepared to leave 'Old England' with your wife and family. I have arranged with the White Star Dominion Line for you to sail from Liverpool, March 8, so bring heavy woolen clothing and necessary articles for the long voyage. It is cold in the North Atlantic at that time of year."

We could well imagine the cold, as in February and March there were many storms in the English Channel. Waves lashed the high chalk cliffs of the Dorsetshire coast and for many days one could not see the Isle of Wight or the Needles? strong sentinels of Channel storms. Sometimes the spray of a winter storm would lash inland and large masses of foam were carried up St. Margarettes Road over the chimney tops. But Poole and its quay have weathered many a storm. Poole was famous for its men and ships in the reign of Elizabeth I in helping to disperse the Spanish Armada. It was the haunt of smugglers. So much so, that in 1720, the mayor of Poole, Burgeses and Commonality decided to take drastic action, as smuggling was



LEAVING ENGLAND, 1913

Aunt Emmie

Ralph Clifford Father Enid

Cyril

Freda

Mother

denying the country of much revenue.

It is easy to see the restlessness of the sailors of this port who, like my grandfather, Henry Richard Taylor, must command a ship. The yearning to see other shores was bred in him, I think. Names in his stories of cities and places like St. John's, Pernambuco, Cadiz, Jamaica, Greenock and Swansea, made geography an easy subject for his three sons Edwin, Harry and Walter.

From the day the letter arrived, there was much excitement and anticipation in the Taylor household. On Poole's High Street, there was a theater called "The Amity Hall" where Cyril and I had seen many silent movies of cowboys and Indians. My father had actually seen that famous American, Buffalo Bill, on a tour of England with a performing troop of trick riders and real live Indians. We were eager to see more on our trip to the West. I must say that our two sisters Enid and Freda and our young brother, Clifford were too young to share in our dreams. Mother was taking it all too seriously as she was of rural stock and not given to the promises of a new land and home.

She was of a large Dorset farming family which had deep roots in the beautiful countryside of Dorset with its thatch cottages, abundant flowers and the song of the birds. Mother didn't want to be a hindrance to Dad's ventures, yet the thought of breaking home ties saddened her.

I was around the age of ten years with the other children following at 18 month intervals. All but my sister, Freda, were attending school, as we started at the age of four. I told the headmaster of Longfleet School that I was leaving and that my Longfleet cap with its familiar design would soon be worn in foreign lands. Later I found out the hard way that school caps were not worn in the backwoods of America.

Soon our dreams became reality and we really began preparations for departure in earnest. We began to dispose of our various household effects to friends and relatives. Things such as sideboards, dressers, and the perambulator used by most of the children, had to remain behind. Even Dad's top hat was sold to the local undertaker. There would be no use for that in rugged western America, we were told.

We gathered in the gold pounds, sometimes called sovereigns, from the sale of our things and went to Tommy Travers' shop on High Street to be fitted out with the warm clothing mentioned in the letter as requirements for our new home.

The family also made a stop at the local photographer's to have a group picture taken. This had been a request made by the relatives we were leaving behind. While posing us, the photographer decided Father needed a little more elevation so he put a large, rough block of wood under him. Father seemed uneasy. The photographer remarked, "Things will be much rougher than that in the U.S.A." I have never forgotten that statement. Father and Mother remarked about it years later as to its hitting the nail on the head.

Finally the day came when we were to leave and there only remained the final "goodbyes" to our friends and relatives around Poole. It was a sad thought to be leaving all the dear ones and "Old England" where our family roots had been set for generations. We had taken leave of Grandmother, then well into her 80's, in Weymouth. Father and I had taken a boat from

Bournemouth. This was the last of her sons to go abroad and now all of her immediate family would be in America. She blessed us all. Being the wife of a sea captain she seemed to understand the sailing breed and our desire to try out a new land.

THE JOURNEY

And then our journey began with the necessary articles for traveling overseas stuffed into Uncle Steve's cart. Uncle Steve was Mother's brother and a market gardener. He had already taken his produce to Poole and was returning to Three Legged Cross near Ringwood, Hampshire to his farm on the edge of the New Forest. We would be let out at Woolsbridge Farm, now the Old Barn Farm. There we would spend our last night before taking the train at Ringwood.

We spent that evening with Mother's family. We spent most of the time singing songs and hymns dear to the hearts of all Englishmen. One cousin had brought a gramophone and as it played "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again", there seemed to be a tear in every eye. One of our aunts was so upset that she threatened to tear up our tickets.

Next morning, Grandfather Joy hitched up the horse and trap and we left for the railroad station at Ringwood: enroute to London. Several relatives followed us; especially aunts on bicycles. One of them carried an enamel teapot which we had forgotten to pack, on her handle-bars. Another, had an enamel bedroom, or chamber pot, dangling from the bars. These would definitely be essential on a long trip. We arrived at the station and in no time it seemed that the train's shrill whistle sounded and we had to clamber aboard. Moist eyes and heartaches soon followed. Scenes like this made me promise myself that I would return.

Brother Cyril told an aunt that he would be back in his aeroplane. There was great talk of the possibilities of the aeroplane as its invention had only been ten years earlier. In 1913, however, talk of traveling very far in one of the machines was rather presumptuous and daring.

After the hundred miles or more to London had been covered, we left the train at Euston Station, where Father went out to buy straps for our luggage. In the meantime, we boys tried to find a restroom. A man who happened to overhear our need, offered to take us. We had never seen him. He tried to lead us in another direction. Cyril, on the alert, told the man that we hadn't come that way. The man had bought us a bag of oranges but as soon as Father returned, he hurried away. After that first adventure, the family made preparation to take the boat-train to Liverpool.

That night, as the train rolled along, we spent the time in taking catnaps or rambling through the corridors of the train. We were obliged to step over the forms of sleeping sailors who were stretched out on the floors of the cars, evidently sleeping off the effects of a night ashore. My younger sister, Freda, and Clifford, aged four, shared a pacifier or "dummy" as they were

called by the English. One "dummy" had been lost in the shuffle of leaving so Mother spent much of the journey in sneaking the remaining one back and forth from Clifford to Freda and from Freda to Clifford as they became restless on the train. One time, as Mother was not successful in easing the object out of Clifford's mouth, he yelled out so that all could hear, "Hey, you've got my dummy!"

In all it was not a restful night but we did manage to get a few winks of sleep. When we arrived at Liverpool, the next morning, we found it to be crowded with migrants of many nationalities, all bound for the United States and Canada. Strange languages and strange costumes, together with the comings and goings and the press of the crowds, combined to make our little family fearful of being separated from one another and lost at a crucial time with schedules to meet.

Father's first chore was to change our English pounds into American dollars. While we waited for him, we all held hands but Cliff, always inquisitive, and active, slipped away into the crowd. We had to wait for Father to return before we could begin to search for Cliff or Father would never know where we were or what had happened to us. We were all frantic when he did return. After a terrifying half-hour search, and fearing the worst from our encounter with the strange man at Euston Station, we were greatly relieved to see a ship's steward approaching our distraught group with Clifford in tow. My little brother, none the worse for his adventure, insisted that he knew where he was all the time. "It was Mother who was lost," he said.

Still fairly well shaken up from that episode, we went immediately for our medical examinations. Our vaccination papers were all in order, but Father was so upset by the recent incident, and the hectic time that Cliff had given us that his blood pressure was up and examining medical officer was inclined to refuse him clearance. However, knowing that we were going to relatives, the officer signed the papers.

We were assigned our cabins, no more than bunks with side attachments for sea-sickness (buckets more or less). After several procedures we were sailing from the Princess Street docks down the Mersey River on the Royal Mail Ship Canada. (This ship had been used as a transport in the Boer War.) We were soon out in the Irish Sea, passing the coast of Ireland and bound for America by way of Halifax, Nova Scotia and Portland, Maine where we were to disembark.

It was a rough and windy day along the coast as the ship made for the open sea. We knew it was a day like many in Poole when the Channel was rough and sea foam blew up the streets. We were getting our sea legs.

The first day found us skirting the green shores of Ireland. From here on we were on the high seas and living the life of immigrants. Not all aboard enjoyed their sea voyage. Many were confined to their cabins with just the strength to use the containers for vomiting which were emptied and filled nearly every day after any attempt to eat. Mother and my sisters Freda and Enid were among those afflicted and spent most of the nine days at sea in the cabin. Cyril and I made a good many pennies and ha' pennies by carrying ship's biscuits and cheese to the sick ones at supper time. The sea-faring blood of the Taylors stood us boys in good stead and we enjoyed the trip

immensely. With Mother unable to watch over us, we had pretty much free run of the ship and we took full advantage. Questing into every nook and cranny of the ship, we found sea-going cows in the deep hold. Their purpose was to supply fresh milk for babies and children. Their hoofs had grown like skis since they never wore them out as they naturally would on land. This was before the days of refrigeration.

Days at sea were not always clear. There were continuous dense fogs for long periods. Now and then a break would occur, especially if we ran into a gale. Then we could see the open water for miles and even an occasional trans-Atlantic vessel. On one occasion, we spotted whales. It was at this time that I met one of my first Americans. The man had gold, false teeth and was watching the whales through binoculars. He must have been chewing tobacco, as now and then, he would spit out a stream of a dark-colored liquid. I had never seen anything like it before, and in my own mind I decided that the man must be very ill and that his insides were rusting away. It was my childish way of accounting for the rusty-looking teeth and the tobacco juice. I became more interested in waiting for the next mouthful of tobacco juice than in watching the whales spouting water.

During the voyage, we spent our time in such amusements as watching the sea gulls devour the garbage dumped overboard. As the mattresses in the steerage class were made of straw, they were dumped and refilled on certain days. There was miniature livestock in the mattresses which was tolerated by the voyagers as part of the temporary hardships to be endured.

We joined the evening sing-song around the piano in the state-room. The tunes of the day included "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Turkey in the Straw" "I'm a Lassie from Lancashire" (sung by real Lancashire lassies), "When You Wore a Tulip" and "Everybody's Doing It".

Cyril and I proved to be real seafarers as we were into everything which included drinking our first cup of coffee.

Icebergs became more prevalent as we neared the grave of the ill-fated Titanic which had gone down nearly a year previous after it collided with a huge iceberg. Cyril, Dad and I were present at the ship's rail for a small ceremony. The ship slowed down and we all doffed our caps as a wreath was dropped near the spot where the Titanic had gone down. We had difficulty in undoing our caps as they were tied under our chins. Our caps had a peak on each end such as seen in Sherlock Holmes mysteries. They could not be easily blown off. We were much subdued by the solemnity of the occasion.

As we drew closer to the shores of North America, the fog horns seemed to become louder and more monotonous. It began to tell on one's nerves as they seemed more incessant, but then blue sky and water appeared. To the West we saw many sail boats with their white canvas to the breeze. Dad said they were cod fishers off the Banks of Newfoundland out of Gloucester, Mass. or St. John's, Newfoundland and some might even be Portugese. He knew all about it from his trips with his father and brothers in earlier years, when they had sailed from Greenock to St. John's and back in the "Mabel" as captain and crew. Our father's seagoing background was a help on this trip as he had pointed out many interesting facts which added to the enjoyment

of our trip.

In the early morning of March 17, 1913, our ship docked at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The beautiful, but cold St. Patrick's Day dawn gave light to our first view of North America. The "wearing of the green" was much in evidence in the caps of dockers or longshoremen who wore shamrocks or something green.

Passengers destined for all parts of Canada disembarked here. We watched from the ship's deck as the winches groaned in the unloading of baggage from the holds of the ship. I well remember the sights of a weakly constructed trunk having all its contents squeezed out, including a pair of men's long underwear with its empty arms and legs flapping helplessly in the cold breeze. It had collapsed due to excessive weight of heavier constructed trunks. I wondered whose luggage it was. Nobody seemed concerned at the time.

We stayed aboard the ship at Halifax as our port of debarkation was at Portland, Maine. This time was spent in rehabilitating sea-sick passengers. Some were very weak and needed the ship's nurses attention. Mother and the girls were among them. After nine days at sea we were trying to reorganize for the 3,000 mile train journey to the West Coast and for us, an untried land.

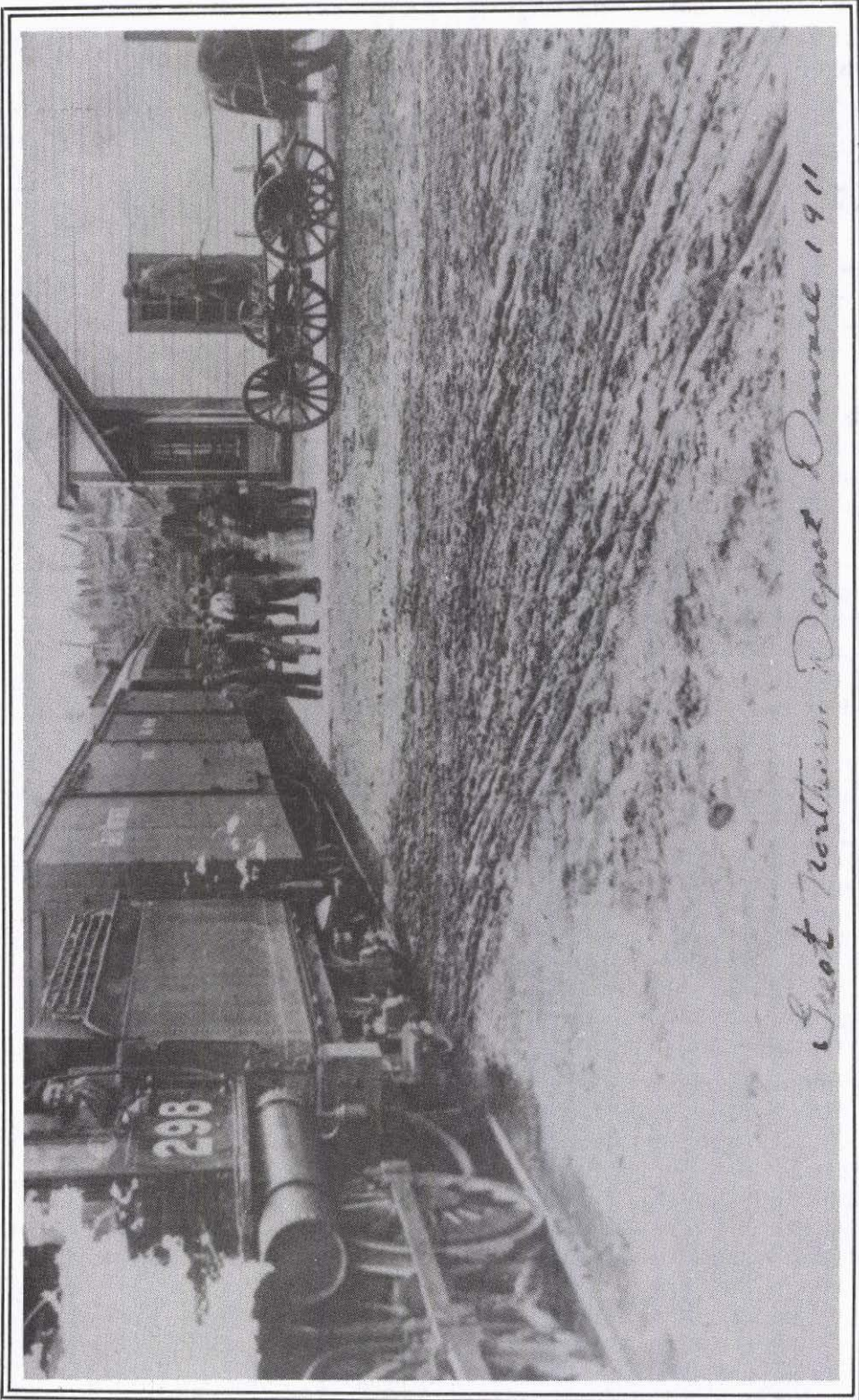
Following entry formalities and a short jaunt down the coast, we retrieved our baggage and went to the railroad station in Portland, Maine where we were to leave for Chicago. At the station, my mother hearing the train bells remarked, "What a church-going town this must be." It was not until another train passed us with its bells clanging that Mother realized American trains have bells instead of the shrill, penny-whistle sound of English trains.

Soon we were aboard the Canadian Grand Trunk Line. The train rolled over a countryside gripped in a cold and icy winter. Icicles three feet long hung down the train's windows as we passed over the frozen St. Lawrence River and through snowy hills and plains.

At Chicago, we changed to a train bound for the West Coast. As we continued on our journey, we became more in awe of the vastness of this new country. One could travel the entire length of the British Isles in one day, while here, for many days we clacked over the mountains and prairies without seeing a coastline.

The trip in those days did not offer many luxuries for those on an immigrant ticket, such as a dining car. We had brought along food; mainly corned beef in tins, but some of it spoiled in the overheated passenger cars. Father took advantage of long stops at various large stations and ran out to a baker or grocer. Many times he was nearly left behind. It was a hard way to feed a family, considering the warning he was given on boarding the ship at Liverpool.

At a city in Montana, I picked up a newspaper called "The Butte Miner". On the train, orders were given to reduce the number of our passenger cars as from here on, the elevation was lower. In the confusion and hurry from car to car, part of the family was already established in the forepart of the train and began to pull out. Father and we boys were still retrieving



Great Northern Depot Duval 1911

luggage from our original car. The brakeman signalled the engineer to stop by considerable arm waving. Outside, we were nearly freezing in the thin mountain air, but at last we were reunited.

A trip through the mountains was an arduous task for railroaders and travellers alike. Avalanches were always a threat. The many wood, snow sheds along the track reminded us of that. We were much better off than the early pioneer who crossed the mountains and prairies in covered wagons. The suffering and hardships of the men who pushed the first rails through to the coast should not be forgotten either. Going through the mountain tunnels, the cars became very stuffy as they were closed fairly tight. Yet somehow the smoke from the engine filtered in to cover faces, clothing and upholstery. We were soon very dirty and grimey and in much need of a bath.

The height of the mountains and snow drifts overwhelmed us. In comparison, the highest mountain in the British Isles was lower in elevation than some of the mountain passes. The month of March was not ideal for mountain travel and snow plows were added ahead of the train. On curves, one could see their action. If we had been allowed to open our windows, we could have touched the high walls of snow. It seemed that we traveled through a tunnel of snow. We did not know that on March 1, 1910, after a heavy snow storm followed by a quick thaw, two Great Northern passenger trains on a siding at Wellington, Washington waiting for snowplows to remove an unprecedented fall of snow, were caught by an avalanche. The two trains and a quarter mile of track were hurtled 800 feet down the mountain-side into a jumbled tangle of wreckage, bodies, boulders and trees. Rescue operations resumed on March 2 and the death toll reached 96. Three bodies were never identified or claimed and one trainman's body was not found until spring. A million dollars worth of railroad equipment was reduced to junk in seconds along with the terrible loss of life. It is just as well that we did not know of this incident during our own train ride.

After leaving Butte, we seemed much closer to the Pacific Northwest. The trees became more plentiful. We had been following the mighty Yellowstone River for miles and the Custer Country in Montana. We boys kept a sharp lookout for cowboys and Indians, such as we had seen in silent pictures at the Amity Hall in Poole. We tantalized our senses by imagining a cowboy and Indian behind each rock and there were plenty of rocks.

Our idea of seeing monkeys and parrots, which soon faded, was an offshoot of learning about Captain Taylor's exploits. So our geography was rather mixed up from hearing sailor's tales.

After crossing the States of Montana and Idaho, we entered eastern Washington and soon the Cascade Mountains which divide the state, making a great difference in climates in the two sections. After crossing the Cascades, we had our last stop on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. Here we changed to the branch line train for Duvall, down in the Snoqualmie Valley. This was Cedar Falls. As we de-trained to do so, we found the snow deep and Cliff, eager to get out, said to the conductor, "Hey mister, lift me down!" The conductor, by now well acquainted with his inquisitive little passenger, complied with his wish. Clifford, dressed in short , English trousers and low socks, sank to his knees in the deep snow.

The surprise was evident on his face and we laughed.

The branch line train had a much smaller engine and fewer coaches. On side spurs were big logs loaded onto flat cars. We also passed several small platforms and depots loaded with milk cans destined for a condensory in Monroe, Washington. To us city dwellers, they were the biggest milk cans we had ever seen. They are called "churns" in England today.

Finally we rounded a bend along the river and slowed to a stop in Duvall. The river was sort of a greenish color. Father said, "This is the river that your Uncle Walter lives near on his farm." We remembered seeing pictures of him and his family in a canoe on the river.

WE ARRIVE

The train came to a squealing stop. A sign on the depot in big letters said, "DUVALL". It was March 24, 1913 and we had arrived at our new home. There was just a sprinkle of snow on the ground but Spring had already brought a thaw which had left the little town deep in mud.

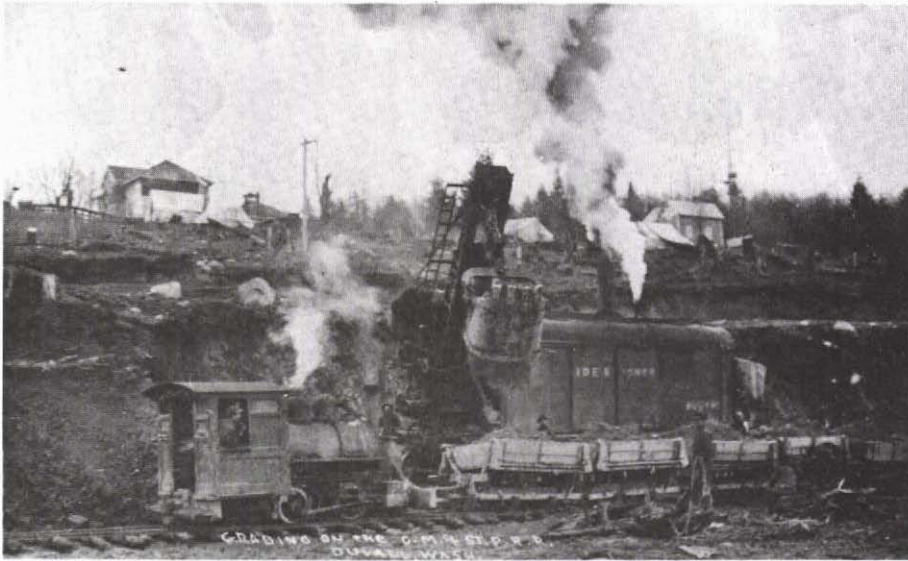
After 16 days and approximately 6,000 miles of travel over sea and land, we stepped wearily off the train. We were greeted by Uncle Walter, Aunt Bessie and many of both their families. Aunt Bessie was Father's only sister, who, like her brother Walter, had migrated to America years ahead of us. The depot agent honored us by greeting our arrival on behalf of the town. He told us that he had read of our coming in the local "Duvall Citizen" which reported our home as Southampton, England. Southampton was the nearest port to Poole in Hampshire. Of course we actually sailed from Liverpool. We found out that we were one of the first, as an entire family, to migrate to Duvall.

Our trip had been interesting but tiresome and dirty. Our legs were filthy from rubbing on the sooty train seats and we had been sweaty from riding in poorly ventilated cars over the mountains. Needless to say, we were all anxious for a good bath and bed. More than anything, we longed for a hot meal.

After collecting our luggage, we loaded it on a local dray or freight wagon.

The wheels churned the mud as the horses tugged and pulled up the steep hill to what was to be our home directly up from the depot. We walked in single file up a trail through huge, blackened stumps, and past staked out lots and streets which were platted but not graded at the time. As we walked along, we saw teams of overworked horses pulling dragging implements or stumps. They were urged to seemingly impossible tasks through the deep mud by sweating, swearing teamsters. We were not accustomed to that kind of language. Perhaps the hard work and general hardship of living here brought out the worst of the language.

All around us on both sides of the valley were forests of tall fir trees and my first thought was what masts they would make for ships. In England, very few trees grew to that height. We had seen oaks in the New Forest in Dorset and Hampshire which were large in diameter, but very gnarly. Oak was used in the days of "iron men and wooden ships."



1910-- The railroads were pushing their cuts through to the little townsite on the hill. Big stumps and mud were everywhere. Cherry Valley School, which can be seen on the top left of the above picture, was first occupied in 1911. It is now the site of the Cherry Hill Apartments. The ditched road in the lower picture leads into Duvall's Main Street. Two blackened stumps hide the Great Northern depot. Joseph Dougherty, a son of the late Kate Dougherty, fired the shovels that made the cuts through the clay banks.





An engineer's eye-view of the northern end of Duvall in 1918. The railroad is gone now but the view hasn't changed much. The Cherry Valley Shingle Mill is to the right of the track, the town to the left.

This town-to-be, Duvall, was a far cry from the orderly and ancient town we had left. Poole had received its limits or bounds by the Winchelsea Charter of 1364 when the mayor of Poole was also admiral of the port. In recent years, it is the custom of the town folk to travel the boundaries of their jurisdiction in rejoicing and ceremony.

Duvall had just been incorporated in 1913. The roads here looked utterly impassable compared with the hard streets and Roman roads of England. But that was to be expected in a town only recently emerged from the forests. Father did see hope for future employment in the prospect of painting the unadorned houses. He had been apprenticed to the painting and decorating trade for seven years and had worked in the better mansions and homes of England. He had worked with gold leaf and did graining which made doors resemble any grain of wood such as oak, mahogany, walnut, beech, maple, and many others. We had brought some of the "combs" he used to the United States, but they rusted away for lack of use. Unfortunately there was little need for Father's talents in Duvall. I know it was very disheartening to him.

We found our new home to be a two-story wooden structure with a wide veranda on three sides. The house had been only recently built and still smelled of pitch from the fir lumber. The last time we had smelled pitch or tar was on ropes of the sailing ships in Poole Harbor.

As soon as we entered the house, we children scattered to look it over and to investigate its possibilities for our activities. Of course, Mother, tired though she was, tried to fix a meal for us but relatives quickly joined in and helped her with our first wholesome meal in three weeks.

We ate on granite plates, a rough western product that could stand a lot of abuse. They would chip but not break. The edges of the plates turned up about an inch. I wondered why they had not been used at sea. They would be handy in a gale and contain the food better in a rolling ship.

Later on in the day, Father went "downtown" to take a look around. His brother, Harry, had arrived at the house. Uncle Harry had not been at the depot to meet us because of some confusion about the train's arrival time. So Uncle Harry went to town to find Father. Seeing his brother on the street, he decided to pass him to see if he could be recognized. To Uncle Harry's amusement, Father did not seem to know him from the other although there were few on the street at that time. Uncle Harry soon made himself known and they walked back to the house together, discussing what we could expect in our new homeland.

EARLY YEARS IN DUVALL

The hours covered many years as Father, Uncle Harry, Uncle Walter and Aunt Bessie reminisced of the days passed, or mostly of their childhood in England and Scotland or their boyhood days before the mast on their father's sailing ships. They talked about the value of American money and

the meaning of several phrases used here.

Mother's first trip downtown was for groceries and incidentals. The proprietor of the hardware store, (called "ironmonger" in England) Mr. Manion, asked her, "What do you think of Duvall?" Mother replied, "Why, I haven't seen all of it yet." To her amazement, he answered, "This is all there is!"

All there was of Duvall then, was a townsite laid out some thirty miles east of Seattle in a lumbering area known to the pioneer as Cherry Valley and which was a part of the lower Snoqualmie Valley. I have always wondered why they called it Cherry Valley. I did see some planted cherry trees on my uncle's farm but the biggest orchard of cherries were on what they called "The Priest's Place". An early Catholic priest, Father McCauley, had bought up quite an area of land near McCauley Falls on the hillside three miles north of Duvall near the Cherry Creek bridge. His neighbor was Carson Boren, one of the pioneer Seattle Borens.

Talking to an old pioneer, he said that both Boren and Father McCauley were in the valley by about 1860 and he supposed that Cherry Valley was named after the many wild cherry trees in the area. They are not too productive and the fruit is small.

In the conversation with Leo Dougherty, the pioneer who was in his 80's at the time of this writing, he said that there were post offices in valley homes in the early days. His mother was the postmistress. Her only revenue was from the sale of stamps. These home offices were done away with after the coming of the R.F.D., "Rural Free Delivery."

In the year 1913, Duvall had quite a different look than that of today. Everything was built of wood except the bank. Wooden sidewalks of some of the best lumber of the time went up each street to the city limits.

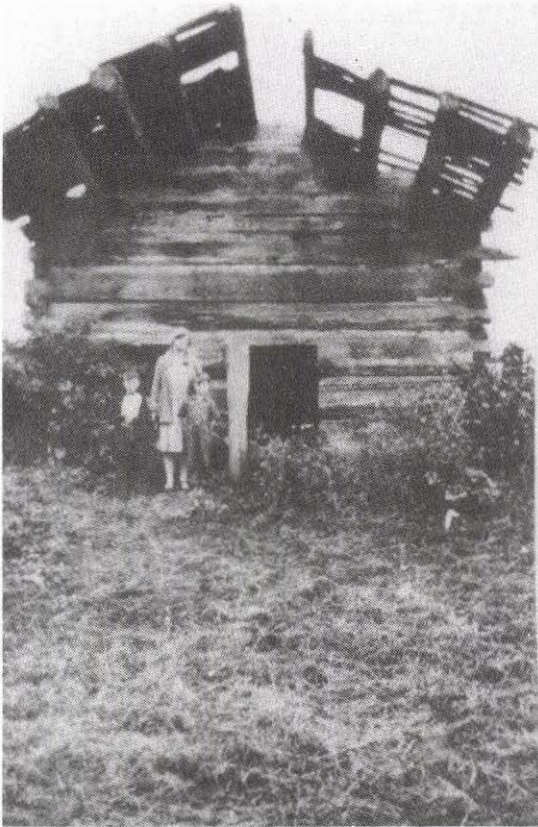
There were wooden gutters along the sidewalks and wood crossings. There were very few streets that didn't have a sidewalk except the avenues. Second Avenue was a skid-road with diagonal skid-roads connecting and crossing it to the river and to Cherry Valley School.

The location of the old school is not on school property today. The basements of the present Cherry Hill Apartments are a part of the old high school. Along these skid-roads James Duvall, for whom the town was named, hauled his logs by oxen.

The main street of Duvall was a sea of mud in winter and dusty in the summer. Every block had a hitching post and a drinking trough for horses. Business thrived. There were stores shops, a livery stable, and a jail made of two-by-fours laid flat. Tiny windows had bars set in them. They were just adequate for air and light during a short stay. Generally the offender was an occasional drunk or chicken thief. The more dangerous characters were incarcerated but later moved to Seattle.

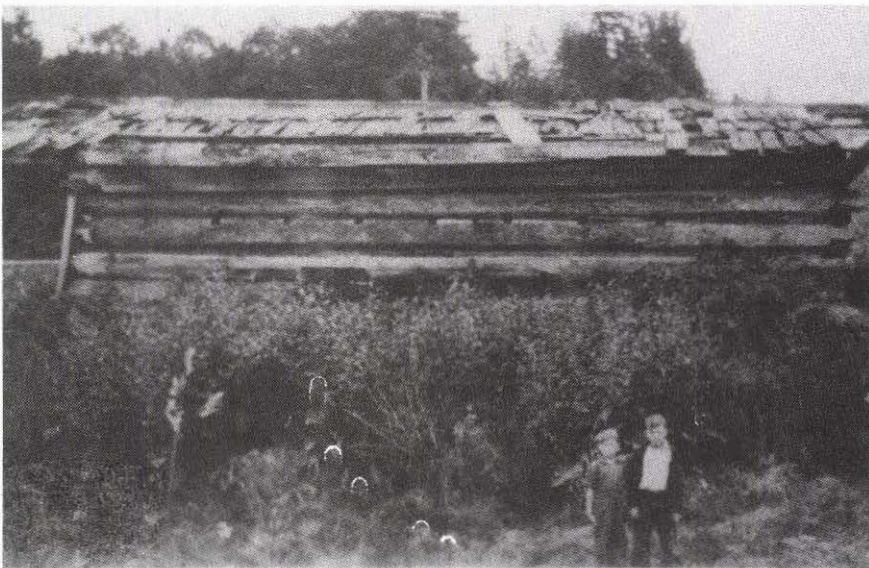
Stores stood on many levels before the streets were graded. Warehouses and stores had platforms to facilitate loading of hay or other heavy items into wagons. Change did not come until about the time of World War I and when motor driven vehicles appeared.

Large areas of the valley were cleared but dotted with brushed areas, evergreens, blackberry bushes and stumps so mammoth that they were left to rot. They were blown later by dynamite, and years after, bulldozers finished



The Duvall log cabin as it looked in 1930.

Bertha Mae Duvall Gibson was born here in 1892. Her father, Francis Dickinson Duvall was the nephew of James Duvall. Mrs. Gibson is shown with sons William and Leonard.





James Duvall, one of the first loggers in Cherry Valley, was out for a lieisurely buggy ride when he posed for a photograph.

the job.

There was a granite rock on Virginia St. where we lived. It must have weighed 40 tons. As the street was graded, it had to be removed. It was about 30 feet from the house. The workmen would drill holes down into the stone with chisels and hammer about a foot, put in a stick of dynamite, cover the rock with evergreen boughs and give us notice to leave the house. Our windows were boarded up to prevent breakage. The family would hide behind stumps some distance away, the powder man yelled "fire!" and after the deafening explosion we were allowed to go back to the house. Sometimes Cyril had to be hunted and coaxed to return. This went on for a month or so, until the rock was leveled. Some parts of the rock are probably still imbedded in the street in front of Mr. Don Funk's residence, whose home was built on the basement of our family's first home on Virginia St.

As I said before, skid-roads formed a network throughout the town. This was mainly James Duvall's venture in hauling logs to the river. The skid-roads were black with grease which made it easier for oxen to pull logs to the river.

In order to get more information on Mr. Duvall, I discovered in 1969 that he still had a living daughter, Mrs. Olive Christopher, in Seattle. She was 80 years old at that time. She carried the features of her Indian mother as James Duvall was married at Tulalup Mission near Marysville to Stephanie Dyer, a member of the Snohomish tribe. To this union came two daughters, Lena and Olive, sons, James and George. It is said that Mrs. Duvall was buried in the old pioneer cemetery west of the Dougherty farm near the railroad embankment. The county road to Cherry Valley has in some places cut into the cemetery. In more recent years it has suffered at the hands of vandals. The burial place of James Duvall is not known.

Mrs. Christopher said that her father constructed the first ferry across the river about a quarter mile north of the present city limits on the old Leake place.

Most of his backing came from financiers in Kansas City and St. Louis, Missouri. He was an enterprising man but had several misfortunes in his different business ventures. He was in court a good deal over stumpage. A flood in the Snoqualmie River washed his logs out to sea, causing considerable loss.

Mrs. Christopher gave me a photo of her father which I had copied. The man gives the appearance of being too delicate to carry on the work of a backwoods logger which he did. He was the son of a Parisian Frenchman and I just can't seem to connect him with his rough enterprises.

A CHILD'S VIEW

To the children of the Taylor family, more intimate knowledge of the town of Duvall came later. Our primary interest was school.

Cyril, Enid and I were registered at Cherry Valley School and Washington School District 14. I was placed in the third grade and the others in the second and first grades. Our cousins, from a large family of mostly boys

who lived at the lower end of the Cherry Valley area, were a great help to us. Our initiation to the strange land and customs would have been considerably more difficult without their friendly assistance. We soon discovered that the logger boots and overalls which our cousins wore, were more practical than our Norfolk suits and celluloid Eton collars.

We thought it quite primitive to walk to school over the greasy skid-roads. Its logs showed the marks of sled runners and caulked shoes. Jumping each skid was a new venture to us.

Cherry Valley School was a source of astonishment as it was in so many ways completely opposite from staid old Longfleet and other English schools. At Cherry Valley, the boys and girls were in the same classroom. It took only a few weeks to become accustomed to studying with girls in the near vicinity. In fact, we became so accustomed to it, that we gave in to temptation and boldly dipped pit-tails in inkwells.

The school was a new, two-story wood structure with a cemented basement which held the wood and coal furnace and lavatories. Later, manual training and domestic science were taught in the basement rooms. The school was built in 1910 of the finest lumber available.

The playground consisted of about four acres. It was landscaped and horse chestnut trees ringed the race track. The track was used in meets with other schools in the Snoqualmie Valley and for horseracing during the Valley Fairs.

The size of the playfield seemed to us in keeping with the vastness of America. At Longfleet, we had played marbles with our playmates on a postage-stamp-sized piece of ground, and reveled in the one piece of playground equipment, a swing.

We boys were happy to see something familiar-- the monkey puzzle tree which grew in front of the school. We were well acquainted with this kind of tree, having seen them in English parks. Many of the old-time valley residents leaped over this tree years ago as part of the athletic requirements. The same tree can now be seen looming 50 feet high or more.

World War I had started in Europe but little effect was felt here in 1914. My youngest brother, Clifford, was called "Kaiser" by the other children to irritate him. We picked up nicknames such as "King George" and "Limey". Cyril was dubbed "Si" or "Zero".

We were learning the American marble games. We lost our English marbles almost immediately. They were mixed up into the marble bags of the experts and we never did win them back.

Cyril and I had to fight the usual playground battles. With talk of the war overseas among the adults, our schoolmates began to blame us Taylors for the Revolutionary War. Referring the Boston Tea Party which we had never read about in English school books, one lad, showing me his fist said, "We gave you your tea party and I'll give you your dinner anytime."

The American children asked us to speak English. We told them that we were but they insisted that since we were foreigners we should have a different language to demonstrate.

I was held back in my first year of school here because of my lack of understanding of American currency. The pound, shilling and pence; sums I

had learned at Longfleet, did not help me in the land of the dollar. After I had mastered the dollars and cents problems in arithmetic, my other studies learned abroad qualified me to be advanced to the fifth grade.

I became well accustomed to the school in most ways, but was in conflict much of the time because of the song, "America". Its tune was the same as "God Save the King," England's national anthem.

If I inadvertently began a word of "God Save the King," I was sure to feel the toe of someone's boot, or receive a husky punch from a well-known school-mate of mine. (I later made this same friend back up his loyalty by going with me as a witness when I received my citizenship papers.)

We enjoyed the greater freedom in school here. I felt an immediate sense of release when I saw that in our American school we would have desks instead of the backless "forms" or benches on which we had sat at Longfleet. We were also allowed a reasonable amount of movement here, rather than being required to sit with our hands clasped behind our backs at all times when not turning pages or raising the hand to ask a question. Nor did we have to worry any more about being disciplined with a cane.

We did have to get used to having women teachers. At Longfleet, all the teachers were men except for those teaching the first standard.

Small in stature as I was, I entered the track meets held in competition with valley schools from North Bend to the Snohomish County line. I ran the mile, but was out-paced by the longer-legged contestants.

Duvall generally did well in sports. We won the basketball championship in 1920 in spite of the fact that we had no gymnasium except the Athletic Hall on Main St. which was not regulation. The hall was on the west side of Main St., midway between Cherry and Stewart Streets. The hall had been used as a dance hall, community hall, funeral hall (during the flu epidemic) and as an exhibition hall during the fairs.

Its size and facilities were often criticized by visiting teams, for they did not know how to loop the ball over the rafters as the Duvall team did. There was only one shower for use after the games, and the hot water for it came from a coil heated in the pot-bellied stove. The first two or three players in got hot showers, and the others had to endure cold water. Our politeness in who was first depended on who won the game. It became a vicious affair at times; one would get kicked by those standing in the sidelines if he got too close.

We played and won a game at Issaquah and it didn't make the hometown folks too happy. In those days, Issaquah was a mining town. There was a strike on and perhaps that added to their anger. They, like us, had no place for the players to dress or undress but a church basement.

They did not give us time to dress. We were practically run out of town and we struggled to put on our clothes in a big, Pierce-Arrow bus which was used as a stage run between Duvall and Seattle, chartered for the occasion.

In Duvall, the people finally voted for a gymnasium, but some of the farmers, who were the biggest taxpayers, frowned on the idea. They thought that their boys could be getting their exercise on the farm. Moneys could be derived from timber or school lands in those days, but it still was a struggle to get a favorable vote for a gym.

As time went on, I felt more loyal to the Duvall school, because I was more a part of things without being a victim of strictness and rigid rules. I even began to like girls. It was a big step from the monastic type of schooling in England.

I have often thought that it was a waste of time for a rural school to carry subjects accrediting pupils for a university when perhaps 90 percent of the pupils went back to farming or logging. Of course, in this age things are different and all the education that one can get will be needed.

All in all, I think that the community can be proud of its school and the pupils sent out from it. Over the years they have become lawyers, singers, and athletes of noteworthy acclaim. I thank the school and its pupils for my first impressions of a new country. Friendships made there have lasted over the years.

THRIVING CENTER

In its early days, Duvall was a thriving logging and lumbering center. A shingle mill, in operation 24 hours a day, supplied electricity to the town and pumped the water.

There were logging camps at Cherry Valley along Cherry Creek, also on Ring's Hill, about four miles west of town, and at Stillwater, about seven miles southeast of the town. Stillwater became the biggest in the war demand for lumber.

From Ring's camp, the logs were brought across the valley by a logging railroad. Pilings were driven for the tracks across many small lakes. Seventy years later the old piling is still in evidence, especially on what we called Long Lake. The logs were dumped into the river across from the old swimming hole at the bend of the river visible from Duvall.

Stillwater camp was a more sophisticated camp and had a larger area to log, therefore, had more equipment and more "sides" as they called places where a spar tree was rigged to yard logs from a certain section where they waited to be loaded on railroad cars.

The man who rigged the spar tree was a professional. He used climbers such as used by the telephone or electric companies of today. The "high rigger" climbed a tree and sawed off the limbs and the top. In some cases he used dynamite to blow off the top with a long fuse lit at the bottom. A clearer cut was made by sawing and was the most often used method. High-rigging was a highly dangerous occupation as some trees were 150 feet high. To the spar tree, a bull-block was attached for yarding in the logs to a central area as mentioned before.

Loggers were of all nationalities, but were mostly Scandinavian or French-Canadian with Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin loggers mixed in. As the war came, so came the Carolinians who logged the spruce for airplanes. They were a part of the U.S. Army, the Forestry Division, and wore uniforms as any soldier.



Hix's store which saw a brisk trade from the townspeople finally closed in 1976. In its earlier years, the store was a meeting place for residents who talked farming, logging and politics around the congenial warmth of the stove.

Many bachelors lived in Duvall in rough shacks and cabins which were soon tanned by the weather. Years of wind and rain finally tumbled the crude abodes and turned them into brush-covered derelicts.

We boys were thoroughly disgusted at finding no cowboys or wild Indians around Duvall and held onto that hope until the last. However, the characters who inhabited the logging camps, and others who came to Duvall for fishing, hunting, and selling, proved to be quite satisfactory substitutes. We had many fascinating adventures which caused us to forget our disappointment about the cowboys and Indians. I might say that some of our adventures and experiences could be described as hair-raising, quite as much so as any we had seen in the Westerns at Amity Hall in Poole. There were hold-ups, floods and fights in our daily existence.

Duvall had a theater too, owned and operated by Lon C. Brown. He chose quite a spectacular way to advertise. He mounted a calliope on his Model T, hired a player, and drove around the country roads displaying bill boards of his current show, be it "Birth of a Nation" or the latest of Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart or Mary Pickford.

After the movie, Lon would hire several husky men to carry the piano across the muddy street to his confectionery. Their pay was in ice cream.

You see, Lon had a monopoly on Duvall's night life. Lon's slogan was, "I lost a customer once--he died."

There was a pool hall with the confectionery, and it was the cherished ambition of some Duvall boys to go in and learn how to shoot pool. If any managed to get in, they were put out and told to wait for their 18th birthday. Older men played cards and the one-armed bandits. The returns always seemed to be in favor of Lon who wore a green visor.

The blacksmith shop was always a place of interest. There was generally a team of horses being led in to be shod, tied outside awaiting their turn while L.D. Smith worked at shoeing other horses or mending an old wagon or plowshare. He made sled runners in quick order when snow began to fall. The flying sparks from the forge fascinated the passing school children and the ringing of the anvil echoed up Main Street. It was a scene that truly typified Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith". L. D. Smith was always kind to the children who stopped to watch him at his work. He was one of the first to have a Model T Ford in Duvall. He would load it up with kiddies and attempt to drive up the last remaining portions of skid-roads.

If we were looking for the latest in political reactions, war news or local news, we would wander up to Hix's Pioneer General Store. It was always interesting to listen to the conversations that went on around the old pot-bellied stove. Folks sat around among the feed barrels, talking over problems of the day. Many a solution was found which probably would have saved the world if they had gone beyond the store doors.

At Hix's, one could buy anything from oil for lamps, hay for the horse to a spool of thread and a button to hold your pants up.

Occasionally we would run down to the river when we heard the whistle of the "Black Prince" summoning the Dougherty brothers to turn the bridge with the winch and allow the passage of the sternwheeler.

The boats would come from Everett or Seattle when the river was high.

The riverboat, "Black Prince" was one of the last of its kind to make a call here in my time. They were all sternwheelers, bringing in logging supplies and groceries in bulk. The lumber for the First Methodist Church was brought up this way.

I have recently seen a picture of the "May Queen" capsized in the river above Fall City. The picture belonged to Sophie Herzog's relatives and it was also a river boat in the early days.

We children had adapted quickly to our new life, but my parents, having lived all their days in England, found the adjustment difficult. Father was 44 years old on arrival here and Mother was 42.

The wooden houses here were as strange as a thatch cottage such as my grandparents' would be to a native of Duvall. It is a known saying that an Englishman's home is his castle, and no matter how close they build their houses, they always encourage privacy with a hedge or brick wall between them. Each home has its name besides a street number. Naturally, such practices were non-existent in Duvall, where only the barest essentials in housing were to be found. Of course, these changes were more of a trial to our parents than to us children. We looked on them as adventures, rather than troubles.

Words and phrases here were different in meaning and intent sometimes. In short, we did have to learn a new sort of language. Our relatives and schoolmates tutored us but we had some embarrassing moments in the learning process. For instance, Mother told a woman, "My husband said that you are a very homely woman." What was intended as a compliment was received with reverse effect. My poor mother had to discover the hard way that what meant "home-loving" in England, meant "ugly" in America. On the other hand, words that were innocent here would have been thought obscene in England. We boys learned slang phrases such as "betcha life" and "doggone it". There had been slang phrases in England too, but none of them worked in here with any understanding.

Some of our relatives had been born here and some had migrated from England. Those who were British-born had retained much of their accent and idiom, but had otherwise adapted well, as the British do, not forming clans of their own, but mingling in their reserved way with the people of the country where they located.

Father plied his trade as painter on Duvall's rough board buildings. He often spoke of his "mates" on the job in England. He brought notes of recommendation from his employers but was disappointed in the lack of interest shown by Duvall people in having their homes painted. In most cases, the homes didn't warrant painting. They were only temporary, makeshift structures. We didn't understand the "boom and bust" of western lumber towns. Father found the town a far cry from the gold leaf and fancy decorations of England just emerging from the Victorian age.

I once helped my father carry a 12-foot ladder and 50 pounds of white lead three miles to paint a barn. I'm sure he often wondered whether or not he had made a mistake by moving his family to America, but he would say "It's better for the children here." At any rate, there was no class distinction here. There was no, "Yes my lord" or "no your ladyship". It was seldom

that a man was even called "Mister" in Duvall.

Mother's hardships came in other ways. She learned that the corner shop was a thing of the past and that she must do for herself many things that she had never dreamed of. The neighbor ladies taught her how to bake bread and preserve food. In England, bread-baking was not a household task. In fact, most English stoves were not designed for baking. That was done by a baker and one would simply run to the bakeshop for bread or cakes.

At first, American cooking was a real trial for Mother. She had been accustomed to coal burning stoves, but here she must learn how to use quick, hot-burning wood. She had to cook with ingredients and foodstuffs she had never heard of while seafoods, cheeses, spices and the like which she had always used in England, were not to be found. Our whole family had to get used to the taste of American food. Corn (or maize as it was called in England) was considered fit only for chicken feed back home. But Freda nibbled on an ear and liked it and we all followed suit, satisfying ourselves that it was good, after all, for human consumption.

Most of the women in Duvall had a knowledge of home nursing and fundamental medicines or herb extracts, so Mother learned from them how to carry on in emergencies until the doctor could come.

I know that Mother suffered a good deal from loneliness, for she would go out on moonlit nights and walk the skid-road in tears. I remember her saying, "My one consolation is that this moon also shines over England."

It is perhaps hard to understand now the feeling of complete isolation she must have experienced in those days before the rapid communication and travel we have today.

We all seemed to want and encourage the companionship of neighbors. They were always there to help in sickness and trouble, and showed their friendship in many ways. For instance, if Father went to work in their homes, they would invite Mother to come with him and visit; so in this way she became better acquainted.

As for us boys, I have indicated that time did not lie heavily on our hands. It was our nature to be inquisitive and we often went exploring, always wondering what was over that hill...any bears or cougars? We exchanged the civilization of England for spearing salmon or fishing for trout in the creeks, and hunting grouse in the hills. We picked and ate wild berries--anything that looked red. True to form, Clifford overdid it once and became terribly ill. Neighbors came to our aid with advice and a cure.

Everything was scarce. Foods were rationed in World War I and the local blackberries came into use. On one berry-picking expedition, I had an experience I will never forget.

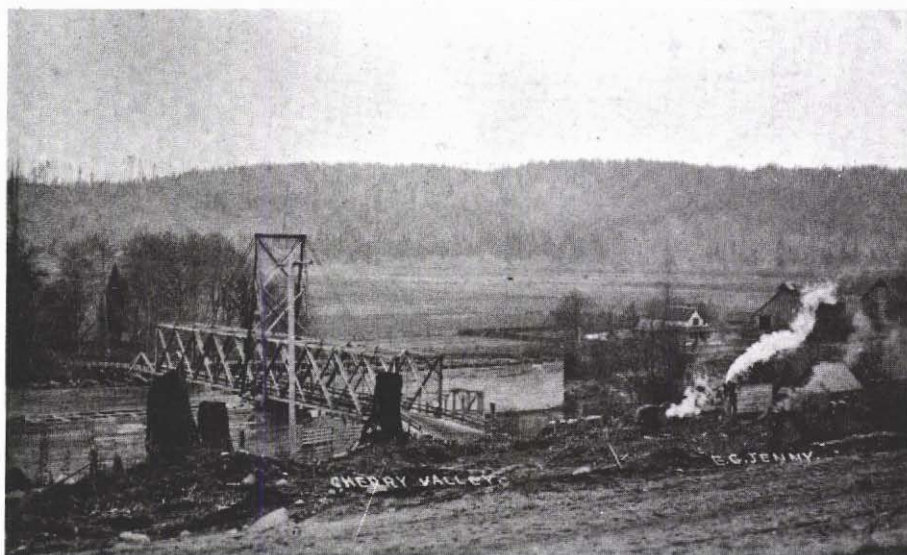
During World War I, the large evergreen blackberries were in demand and I frequently went picking after school to help add to the family income. One day I was working in a field where cattle were grazing, when I noticed that the thorny vines were being pulled from the opposite direction. I thought, "That cow must have a tough tongue." I went to investigate and found myself face-to-face with a black bear. He had been cramming ripe blackberries into his mouth until he looked like a bad boy at his mother's jam jar.

I quickly decided that I would let him have my picking spot and even the



The ladies of Duvall often had a rough go of it crossing the sea of mud which was the usual state of Main Street. The wooden sidewalks were scarred and pitted from the loggers' caulked boots.

A new bridge spans the river just north of the first construction. Time has healed the scars left by early logging and Cherry Valley now offers more gentle farm scenes to the appreciative viewer.



berries already in the pail. In fact, I was ready to will him the entire patch.

He backed up and so did I, both staring all the while at one another as though fascinated. As soon as it seemed safe, I took off at top speed for the farmhouse nearby and told the farmer that there was a bear in his pasture. He said, "We'll go see if we can get him." He gave me a twenty-two rifle, took a twelve-gauge shotgun for himself, and we started off for my recently abandoned berry patch.

The old, collie cow-dog romped along beside us. As we neared the berry patch, we saw the bear sitting on the ground near the edge of a wooded plot. On seeing us, he took off for the woods. We took a cow-path and followed him in among the trees. A grouse flew up and the farmer shot at the bird over my shoulder. It was too close for me. The farmer and I turned back but the dog went off in the direction the bear had taken. He returned home later, bearing evidence of having taken a cuffing. This was the real West to me now!

I always view the bend of the river near Duvall with a little feeling of nostalgia. It was from the train that I saw the river first. It was the swimming hole for the townspeople on hot days. Being of glacial origin, it never did get warm, but it had a spacious sandbar. The dressing and undressing was done behind bushes. One qualified as a swimmer if he could swim to the opposite shore and back. A swimmer could consider himself lucky if he did not return to find his clothing tied in knots by joking friends.

The Taylor boys thoroughly enjoyed good American mud. We didn't miss England's neat cobbled streets, but "fell right in" and got as dirty as any of Duvall's young natives.

Main Street was a sea of deep mud during construction, and planks had been laid down at intersections for pedestrians to walk across on. It was not uncommon to see someone doing a balancing act, or in nautical terms, trying to "walk the plank" across the street without going over the side and into the mire.

On one occasion, I saw a young belle of the town standing on one leg like a stork on one of the planks. She was contorting herself like a tight-rope walker, trying to keep her balance. On closer observation, I saw that one of her patent leather pumps was stuck in the liquid terra firma beside the plank. She was apparently trying to avoid putting her dainty, unprotected foot down.

Before long, a very gallant Sir Walter Raleigh of the timber came to her assistance. His high logging boots allowed him to wade out to retrieve the slipper, and he placed it back on her foot. Not only was this a feat of galantry, but getting the shoe back on the girl's foot was something like pinning the tail on the donkey, what with long skirts, mud, and the girl's wobbling attempts to keep from falling into the mud herself. Such incidents could have provided a foundation for romance, but I don't know if it ever happened that way.

In the way of work, we boys had plenty to do. We ran messages for bachelors who were more than under the influence of "demon rum" as well as the usual fetching from the stores for our family. We would walk downtown over the wooden sidewalks, which seemed so crude after the cobblestoned avenues of England, and go to A. P. Manion's Hardware Store, Hix's Store or

A.H. Boyd and Sons Grocery and Feed.

We would buy kerosene (parafine in England) for the lamps at home, or go to the butcher shop for a cut of such meat as was available. This could very well be venison or bear meat, shot by the butcher himself and hung up on display in his shop. It was always my errand to pick up the mail, which I usually did on the way home from school.

We made makeshift lanterns from a can laid horizontal with a hole for a candle and a wire handle. Many a night in the deepest woods, the candle would blow out and in the dark, one could imagine he saw the eyes of glaring animals.

My aunt once sent me up to get some medicine from a Mrs. Leyde who lived on what is now the Big Rock Road. Mrs. Leyde was a wonderful woman, very gracious in giving good religious advice with her medicines. She and her husband were a typical pioneer couple living in the backwoods of Duvall. Many of her descendants still live here, and her teachings had a wide effect.

My brothers and I became real woodsmen. It was my chore to keep wood in the shed for the household fires. I became very adept with axes and saws which had been discarded by the loggers. We became so handy at falling trees that we once put an entire section of the town in darkness by falling a tree over a power line. But everyone has to learn.

Sometimes I would reflect back to England and the August holidays at Woolsbridge Farm with grandparents, uncles and aunts. There was the harvesting, the little sweet apple tree at the bottom of the garden, and the stream used for sheep-dipping which ran through well-kept fields. The old thatched farm house never left my memories or the sheep folds that were easily transported to a new grassy area. Here, in the Snoqualmie Valley, the cattle grazed around stumps, berry bushes and rocks.

We all missed the hedges and song birds and the beautifully kept parks and flower gardens of England. Here we had the romance of the wild goose flying down from Canada, the howl of the coyote and the chorus of the frogs in the swamp lands in the springtime. The geese flying vaguely reminded us of the swans in Poole Park.

What a rude change then, was the November night in Duvall when we heard Canadian geese honking as they flew low over the town on a windy evening. A 'Chinook' wind was blowing and the leader of the flock apparently mistook the reflection of the wet Main Street for a lake. In their confusion, the geese flew helplessly against buildings and light poles and were stunned. Many local residents, hastily armed with clubs, obtained a goose dinner that night.

I quite remember the sight of the village blacksmith clumping down the wooden sidewalks in pursuit of a big, squawking gander. I wonder how the Queen's graceful white swans in their elegant surroundings, would have felt had they seen their American cousins, who belonged to nobody, having their necks wrung by very unregal personages in the middle of a muddy street.

As for holidays, the one we missed the most was "Guy Fawkes Day", November 5. This is the patriotic holiday in England which is celebrated by burning an effigy of Guy Fawkes who attempted to burn down the Houses

of Parliament in 1604. No loyal Briton would miss this celebration.

However, it did not take us long to fall into the spirit of America's patriotic holiday, the Fourth of July. It was clearly explained to us that this was "the day we licked England". I had never read of this in our English history books.

We had celebrated Thanksgiving and Christmas and Boxing Day, but in England, Thanksgiving was called "Harvest Home", a celebration of the gathering of the harvest. The churches would display and be decorated with the produce of the field.

In England, Grandfather would supply us with a Christmas tree every year as they lived near the New Forest. He would usually send down a fowl or rabbit that he had shot. We would hang up our stockings for Christmas and delighted at the orange which would be stuck in the toes in the morning. It was more often than not, the only orange we would get all year since most oranges were imported to England from Spain. There was always carol singing under the old gas lamps in England. We missed all that out here.

Our relatives here in Duvall helped to make our first American Christmas. Uncle Walt sent to Seattle for a crate of oranges, so we all had an abundance of the fruit. He did the same thing during the years following, always furnishing us with a crate of fruit or a stalk of bananas, so that our American Christmases were marked by plenty of good food.

We hung up our stockings here too, but the younger children could not understand how Santa Claus was to come down our small stove pipe. There had been no such difficulty with the huge brick chimneys of old England. We had a Christmas tree too, but made our own decorations, such as paper chains.

There was no Boxing Day following Christmas in America. This was the day when the postman, dustman (garbage collector), and servants in the stately homes of England received their presents.

Longfleet School was a church school, and so had more religious holidays than we did here, but their summer holiday was a month shorter. Religious holidays other than Thanksgiving and Christmas were not taken very seriously here, as holidays only meant another working day. The land still had to be cleared, stock milked and fed.

We had always been used to a change for our best clothes on Sunday, but here overalls, workshirts and loggers' boots were worn seven days a week. The days of pirates and smugglers around Poole and the Dorset Coast were long gone by the time I arrived on the scene, so I was born too late for that excitement although relics of the past still existed in the caves on the coast; long tunnels inland, and marks on the church belfrys where contraband was hoisted up for hiding. The Hawkhurst gang and Harry Paye were notable outlaws in those days, although the local populace was involved in activities against the King's officers. On one tombstone in Dorset is this inscription:

"To the Memory of Robert Trotman. (According to the stone he was barbarously murdered near Poole on March 24, 1765.) A little tea, one leaf I did not steal, For guiltless blood shed, I to God appeal, Put tea in one hand, human blood in tother, Think what it is to slay thy harmless brethern."



Duvall in 1911, just emerging from its tent city days. The picture was probably taken from Virginia Street. The streets visible are Main and Stewart.

EARLY DUVALL

*In the early days of Duvall
Two tracks ran into town.
The mud was deep,
The timber tall.
The pioneers had been installed,
All up the river to the Falls.
The river boats no longer called.
Duvall boasted church and store.
The Forest Inn made a dancing floor.
A bank and theatre in World War I
Where patriotic songs were sung.
Valley Fair's success was blessed
By produce from the valley's breast.
Law and order were in the Marshall's hands.
Townsmen formed a local band.
The logger walked with his heavy pack
Towards his weatherbeaten shack.
My memory leads down a lonesome lane.
All this and more my mind recalls
In the early days of old Duvall.*

WESTERN ADVENTURE

In Duvall, there was also excitement and adventure. The stores and bank stayed open until 8 p.m. for the loggers. Mother and I went to town to buy our groceries when, no sooner had we arrived on the wooden sidewalks of Main Street than we heard what we thought to be fireworks. Lon Brown, in his enterprising way, had a contest going whereby one had to guess and identify a local citizen by a photo with only the eyes showing. We assumed that fireworks were announcing the end of the contest and selection of the winner. But this was not the case. As we neared the shopping area, we saw the Methodist minister, Mr. Owen, emerge from behind a telephone pole.

The sounds we had heard were gunshots. Bandits had held up the bank and were taking pot shots at the minister and others. Mother and I found ourselves in the line of fire! The banker, Mr. Beadon Hall, had unwillingly given the bandits \$400 in silver.

They had placed the money in a pillow case and were trying to leave on foot as that was the quickest way out of town over the muddy, almost impassable roads and streets. As they ran, the Manion Hardware Store clerk emptied his gun at the bandits, but missed. The townspeople who owned guns, followed in pursuit and cornered the outlaws in a large, brushy area, near the river's bend. The railroad track became the line of defense. The robbers and townspeople exchanged gunfire all night, but in the morning, the robbers were gone. The money was retrieved on the river bank and a German luger pistol was found lying nearby.

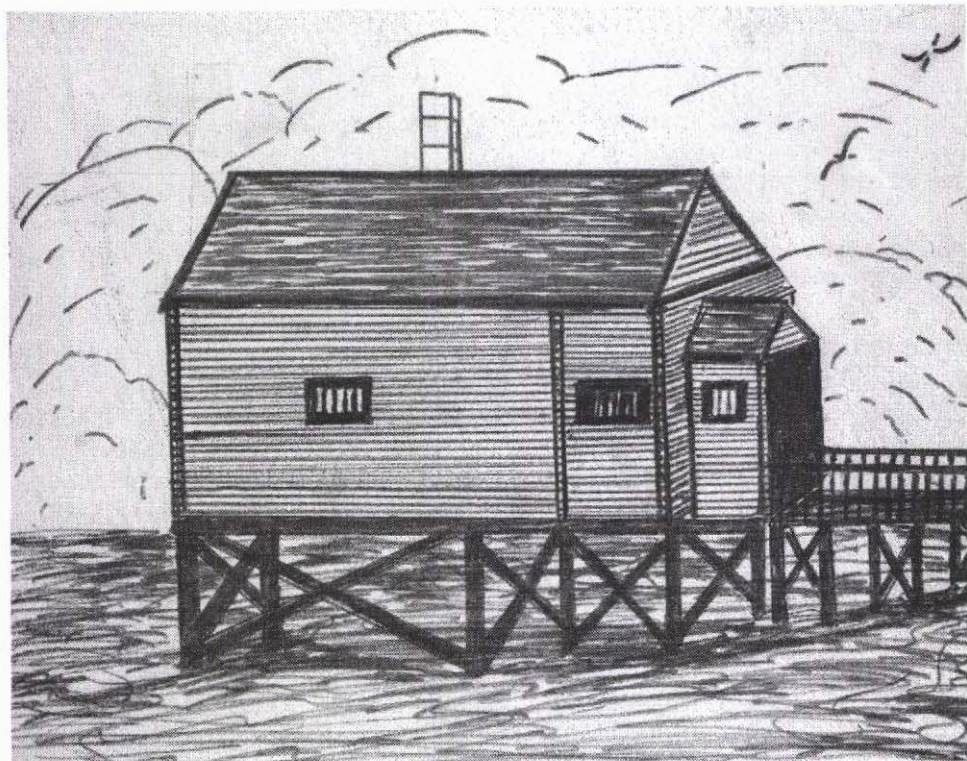
Bert Gainer, the local marshall, hotel owner and a good marksman, brought the money back to town. As he arrived in town with the white pillow case over his shoulder, his daughter fainted away as she thought it was a bandage. The local vigilantes received a good deal of praise from the Seattle papers. A later report said that a body had been recovered from the river near Snohomish, and people speculated that it was one of the bandits.

This type of lawbreaking did not happen too frequently in Duvall. Doors were never locked and in spite of all the rough characters around, no one was bothered much. Women received the respect they were due.

We did have characters such as Charley the Bear, Steve Hope, sometimes referred to as Esperance which means hope in French. There was French Louie, Jack Sullivan, Jim Dolan, Three Fingers Jack, and Society Red. Each in his own particular way had made drastic changes in their lives. Some were well educated, starting off as lawyers, telegraphers, businessmen of all types who had followed the trail of John Barleycorn. Now they were working in the woods, digging ditches, and wielding sledge hammers for the railroad.

French Louie dressed like a Parisian. He worked for the Potlatch Match Company in Idaho and would return to Duvall once a year, "loaded" with his earnings. His local friends gleefully awaited his return annually. French Louie would make a grand entrance dressed in a tuxedo and bow tie. After a month of revelry, his suit was all wrinkled and dirty, his money gone, reducing him to drinking home brew. He would finally have to borrow money to return to Idaho for another year.

Society Red had once been a telegrapher. It was said that his neglect



The old town jail, built of heavy lumber, is no longer in existence. Having no photographs, I tried to capture the style of the building with oil paints.

through drinking caused a train wreck. To the disgust of the local depot master in Duvall, Red would hide behind the signal posts and pick up messages. One day he got the results of a fight. Jack Dempsey was in and Red had the news spread up-town before the station master arrived with the mail and the news. The station master was disappointed to find that everyone already knew his big news.

Extremes in lawbreaking were not common in the valley. Maybe it was due to the meagre existence that everyone lived. Most seemed to only have the bare essentials to live with. Even the hobos, and there were many, were polite and offered to work for a meal. They were often seen with their bundles, walking the railroad tracks or riding the empty box cars. They would work a short time and then move on to the wheat fields of Eastern Washington.

There was a small jail in Duvall which was only used occasionally. Once, the mayor, who was authorized to jail offenders, incarcerated two men who had broken a window. He put the lock on in a hap-hazard fashion in hopes that they would break out. They did. "Now I've got you, you so and so's. You've broke jail," said the mayor. They were put back in and during the night smoke was seen coming out of the vents. The mayor had to let the culprits out again as they had caught the mattress on fire.

After living a year in the large, verandahed house we occupied on our arrival, the family moved a short distance south onto a small holding of four lots of stumps which Father had purchased. We intended to improve the property as time went by. There was a small shack on the place, but Father had a house partly built for us to move into.

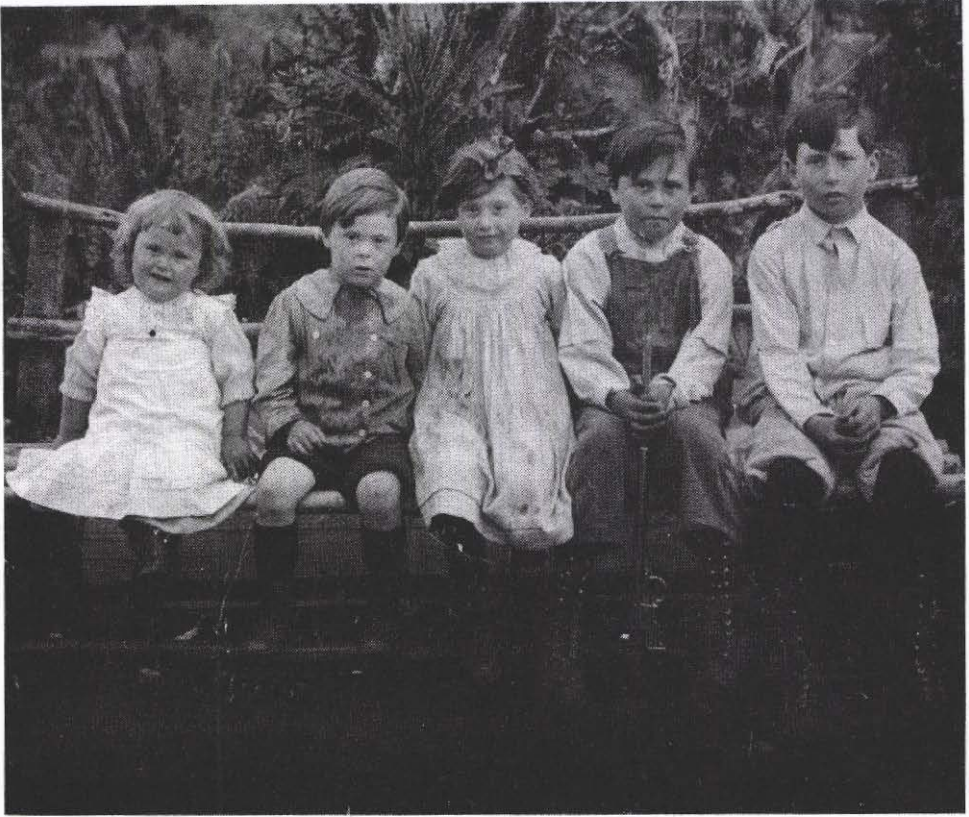
The work of pioneering began in earnest. There were no foundation blocks, so we used the ones provided by nature, the largest rocks on our property. Clearing the land was a slow and arduous process. Trees nine to eleven feet in diameter were quite common. Some of the forest giants had been uprooted by storm and erosion, and they lay with their eight-foot long roots pointing skyward. Father and Mr. Peacock, a neighbor, went to work to cut the big trees into lengths which could be more easily moved.

Mr. Peacock, printer of the town's small newspaper, was a Scotsman and an immigrant. His wife had arrived from England only the year before. They had purchased the few lots adjoining ours.

Father and Mr. Peacock, two Britishers with no knack for a woodsman's work, would sweat it out, each on one end of a six-foot cross-cut saw. An axe to them was still the "chopper" of old England. At least the clearing operations provided us with plenty of wood to burn in the household stoves, as the trees were cut up.

Removing the stumps was another task which took much time and heavy work. They had to be dynamited, often requiring as many as 20 or 30 sticks of the explosive. Cables were then attached and run through pulleys on high lead trees. Horses pulling on the cables and exerting all their strength, could just barely dislodge portions of the main root systems. Dynamiting brought up the poor undersoil so this method of stump removal was not ideal.

The cabin progressed and the framed rooms appeared. There was a large-sized porch in addition to the four main rooms. The plumbing was a three-



DUVALL – 1916

In three years, a change of garb. A sprinkling of American and English styles. No cowboys, no Indians, but an air-gun. The background is an uprooted tree. Note high-laced logger shoes and Cliff holding fast to short pants. Pinafores for the girls. The seat is made of boughs from a local vine-maple by Father.

Left to right: Freda, Clifford, Enid, Cyril, Ralph

quarter inch standing pipe with one faucet outside our only supply of water. We moved in before 1916 and even then the building was not complete as battens had to be nailed on to cover the cracks where the joints met. The summer months seasoned the lumber and made wider cracks.

A clearing was finally made for a small garden. Later we made room for small fruit trees, but it took quite a few years for them to become producers.

Lumbering operations were going on in the hills immediately surrounding Duvall, and we were close to the slashing fires set by the loggers in their work. At one time, Mrs. Peacock became so frightened of the fires that she told her husband she was ready to pack her belongings and leave for England.

SNOW, FLOOD, AND FAMINE

Early in 1916, one of the worst snow storms on record struck the Pacific Northwest. Over three feet of the powdered white stuff covered everything. We found that our brand new cabin was lacking in many respects. The snow would drift in from the outside and some mornings we awoke to find our bedclothes heavier under a fresh blanket of snow! We heated bricks in the fire and mother wrapped them in paper to place at our feet at bedtime. Icicles, looking like deadly, frozen daggers, hung three feet long from the eaves. To get to the woodshed and out house, we had to dig tunnels. The poor little fruit trees which we had just planted were almost totally covered with only an occasional branch appearing above the surface. The water faucet froze and a long icicle hung to a frozen pool below. Even on the stove, water froze overnight. In the town, the snow became too deep and heavy for the lightly constructed roofs and the men could be seen out shovelling them off.

In Seattle, the traffic became a hopeless snarl and the dome of the St. James Cathedral collapsed. I was about 13 years old by then, and being light in stature, I was boosted up onto the roof with a rope tied to both my waist and the brick chimney. Anyone with a greater weight, trying to shovel off the snow, would have added dangerously to the already sagging ceiling joists. It was a slippery job but a six-foot snow bank would have cushioned me in case of a fall.

It was a winter to remember. The wild life came to our very doors. Many of them starved to death during the uncommonly cold winter. We felt that we were not far from expiration ourselves as the larder emptied fast with seven hungry humans to feed each day. Depending on Father's trade that year for provisions would have been folly. We connived a game trap out of a washtub and managed to snare quail, pheasant and even an occasional robin. We attached a string to the tub which was propped up and watched as birds entered to feed on the bread crumbs. The string led to a small window in the house so we would not be seen. A pull of the string brought us a variety of winged species to dress our dinner table. It may be that conservationists of this day might groan in horror at what we ate but with our empty stomachs they could have groaned to high Heaven and we wouldn't have

cared. We were not the only ones hard hit by the freak weather, but we had been used to better things. Promises of streams loaded with salmon and trees burdened with fruit seemed as far away as spring and that appeared to be forever.

The town was more or less isolated by the weather. People could be seen on the street with burlap wrapped around their legs for added protection from the cold. The mill shut down and so there was no electricity. It was a common sight to spot a citizen traveling down the skid roads with his kerosene can, a potato stuck on the spout to prevent spillage. We children eyed those potatoes hungrily but they probably would have had an oily taste.

While we still had electricity, we had cut a hole in kitchen wall to get more light from our one electric bulb in the ceiling. The other rooms were lit by candles. The cabin, far from being well-built, was not at its best in this weather. The floor boards had seasoned and were cracking. The following summer, forest ferns began sprouting up through them. It was a shocking transition, especially for Mother, from our stolid brick home with all its conveniences. We often thought of Aunt Rose's threat to tear up our tickets when she was told we were leaving for America. Father said then that it would add years to Mother's life but that winter we most sincerely doubted it.

In the 60 years that I have been acquainted with the valley, this was the only time when there was six inches of ice on the local lakes. Lon Brown hired a few Easterners who had had experience in ice sawing and they hurriedly built an ice house. They insulated it with sawdust from the mill and cut tons of ice which was stored there and in the basement of the Forest Inn. It was used for two years in making ice cream and cooling drinks.

In mid-March of 1916, there was still considerable snow on the ground. We walked to school through two feet of snow. There was a frozen crust and we cut our knees in walking the half mile. Most of the students had to dry out in the basement of the school before going to class.

Then suddenly, the warm winds came to the valley and we had floods, the like of which I haven't seen since. The water level in the river raised one foot per hour and soon covered the valley floor from hill to hill. Much livestock was lost and some of the farmers put their cattle up on hay mows. People would bring their canoes inside and tied them to the door going upstairs.

It took many days for the valley residents to clean up the mess. Fences had been washed away as debris hung up on them and rafts of logs had broken loose only to lay, heavy and wet in the middle of a farmer's field. Whole buildings had been washed down the river and roads were washed out.

The town was isolated for six weeks as the only link to Seattle was a road that was as low as the fields in the valley. Those who were sick or injured in the logging camps had to be rowed across the valley to a waiting vehicle there.

The local shingle mill which was the town's source of electricity was shut down since three feet of water had extinguished the fires under the boilers. Bundles of shingles that had been readied for market were floating everywhere. People in the lower part of the valley rowed their families up to Duvall to stay with friends. It took a long time for the valley to get back to

A LUCKY ESCAPE

As a Ford car was coming down Novelty Hill last Monday afternoon, the driver attempted to slow down. The brake refused to act, and the car left the roadway, coming into collision with the bank.

One of the occupants was thrown out over the windshield, breaking it to pieces. Although he weighed 250 pounds, he was fortunate to escape without the least injury. Spectators who saw the damaged car later wondered at his good fortune. The driver of the car managed to keep his seat.

The car was not badly damaged, a broken wheel being the worst, and was soon fixed up at the Duvall Garage.

"Phoney Fanny" will be presented by the Duvall high school pupils at the Duvall Theatre on Saturday evening next. Admission will be 25c and 15c.

P.R. McDonald has quit ranching and has sold his cow to Mr. J.W. Blake.

Alex Gardiner of North Bend was a Lower Valley visitor last Saturday. He is enthusiastic about the market for Foxglove leaves and believes that school children might spend profitable vacations collecting the plant.

Jack McNeill, a logger who formerly lived at Duvall, was stabbed in a quarrel at Monroe last Sunday.

C. Beadon Hall has purchased a Buick automobile.

Before Justice of the Peace L. D. Smith on Saturday, Mr. A.E. Retan summoned Guy Bailey for assault. Both parties hail from Tolt, and the dispute arose over an unpaid board bill. The defendant asked for a change of venue to Tolt, which the judge agreed to.

Mr. Smith has installed a gas station in front of his shop.

D.C. Brown has sold his confectionary business in Snoqualmie and is enjoying a vacation in Duvall before going East to visit his mother in Pennsylvania.

Elmer Sorensen of Tolt was a Duvall visitor on Tuesday.

The old McDermott Drug Store at Tolt, rent by Tommy Weed as a pool room, was destroyed by fire Monday morning. The building and contents were a total loss.

Frank Stossel of Tolt was a Duvall visitor last Monday.

D.S. Miller and family of Fall City have moved onto the Shadrach place, recently purchased by Mr. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Leake and Mary autoed to Houghton on Sunday.

Peter Kirk, the founder of the town of Kirkland, died in Seattle on Monday. He was 72.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets, \$1.00 to \$3.00 at Duvall Trading Co.

Ralph Taylor was successful in capturing a swarm of bees last Sunday.

normal that spring.

To supplement our income, we obtained a cow from Uncle Walter. It had a double teat and was hard to milk. Mother, Cyril and I went three miles down the valley with a rope to bring the cow home. It had never been tied with a rope in all its short life and we had much difficulty in even getting her out of the barn. This was the cowboy experience we had been looking for. The cow dragged the three of us around and around until we finally got it out of the barn and onto the road. It would move in spurts and kept trying to turn around to go home. Halfway home we were all scratched and torn. Many times our cow would run down the river bank and back up again to the road. It finally got away from us completely, and, with rope dragging, hightailed it for home. Later she was brought up the valley to us, safely secured behind a horse and buggy.

At last we had our own milk and sometimes Mother churned butter. The cream was a special treat over strawberries. In order to pasture the cow, we would stake it out or lead it to where grass was plentiful on undeveloped lots and roadsides. We had to carry water to her and untangle the line when she got herself wound around stumps and brush. Gradually we were learning to be our own providers.

If an immigrant complained about his lot, he received little sympathy and was usually told to return where he came from. But for us, going back would entail moving a family of seven, 6,000 miles... a financial impossibility. There was no such thing as Welfare, unemployment insurance or medical assistance. It was "sink or swim" and the Taylors were determined to swim.

Medical care was sadly lacking here. Most people had to rely on pioneer methods used by the earlier settlers. Herbs, salves and medicines were created from materials immediately at hand.

The one professional healer, a Dr. Gerken, left the valley when the logging activities decreased and went overseas during the war.

When Father sprained a ligament in his leg and traveling to the hospital in Seattle was out of the question, a local farmer's wife told Mother to apply fresh cow manure as a poultice. To our amazement it brought Father great relief and a final cure.

WAR TIME

Duvall began, more and more, to feel the effects of the much talked about war against Germany. The young men, mostly farmers and loggers were called into the Army. For a time they could claim exemption in defense work as both farm produce and timber were essential to the war effort. When more organization came to the country, men were drafted into the Forestry Divisions. They were uniformed and stationed primarily at local logging camps.

As I grew to high school age I began to take more interest in geography and history. I could have, at that age, been tempted to find the source of

the Nile River if it hadn't already been discovered. It was in my blood to venture, but my first priority was a trip back to England. I suppose my sentiments were often showing. I often compared our old home with the hardships that were here for all of us. Being the oldest son, I had a keen memory of the life we had left and I could see the discouragement on Mother's and Father's faces many a time. I wrote to schoolmates and relatives in England but I never let on that we were anything but happy.

At school, the older boys were enlisting. Some even tried at the age of 15 years. I was much too young but followed the war news day by day. On weekends I had been carrying the Sunday newspaper to an older, Swiss-German immigrant who lived on the northeast boundary of Duvall. His home was a shingled shack on four lots similar to ours. He and his cats, his maps and flower garden were of interest to me. I could have easily given up the ten-cent errand but the knowledge I gained from it was beyond price to me.

Walking to the shack took one through the flower garden. Little paths led to different kinds of flowers which could all be recited by Mr. Stienman with their botanical names. I was familiar with their common names as I had developed a love of flowers from the well-kept gardens of England and the hedgerows and copses of my grandparents' farm.

In Mr. Stienman's garden, peace seemed to reign, but inside the maps on the wall spoke of war. Fritz, as he was called in town, had once been a gas plant engineer in Switzerland and Germany. His mother still lived in Halle, Germany. In Duvall, he did unskilled labor for valley farmers such as slashing brush. The work was hard and poorly paid. It meant cutting into thickets as dense as any African jungle.

Each week, the paper I brought to him had maps of the progress of the European war. On his wall he had pinpointed each move on the battle front. We were like two generals, I taking the Allied side and he, the German. I was getting first hand information as he was familiar with even the terrain along the battle front. I heard names I had never heard of such as Liege in Belgium, Arras in France... Lille, Cambrai, Strassbourg and Alsace Lorraine.

On a European tour in 1953, the names came to life for me. I could picture my old friend, Fritz, as I stood amidst the rubble of the still war-torn towns.

Fritz, from his knowledge and interest in war maps, was suspected of being a spy and was fingerprinted and catalogued. This was unknown to me when, as usual, I carried the newspaper there one Sunday and found him gone. His cats had disappeared and the flower beds already showed neglect and were in need of watering. I felt sad for I had known Fritz as a man of patience, politeness, knowledge and with a love of beauty.

I later heard that his body had been found in the Columbia River. Perhaps he had become disheartened over the treatment he was beginning to suffer in the community he loved. For many years the sign, "Come in" remained on his garden gate but the flowers had died and only a few fruit trees struggled for existence. Nature eventually reclaimed the once tended garden with grass and weeds.

Trophy trains came to Duvall to bolster the sale of war bonds and war sa-

vings stamps. The trains carried captured German tanks, guns and helmets and a speaker would encourage his audience to buy stamps and bonds. The stamps cost 25 cents. When a book was filled, it could be exchanged for a Liberty Bond.

We also had Victory Gardens on the school grounds. Each pupil in the higher grades had his own plot to till. Our agriculture teacher supervised the project and each in his own way contributed to the war effort for food.

We were all rationed in our food supplies such as sugar, flour and staple foods as they were necessary to be sent overseas for the troops.

Germany was attempting to bring England to her knees by starvation which was close to possible since my homeland reportedly only had enough reserves for six weeks.

We had corn flour and corn sugar and housewives desperately tried to make a palatable bread from graham and corn flour but the loaves were heavy even with yeast. But we never suffered for food as did our European allies.

In 1920 we moved again, this time to a 15-acre place which was half timber and half in pasture, garden and fruit trees. It was across a canyon with a small creek running through it. We attempted farming on a small scale with three cows, a pig and some chickens. We also raised strawberries which we sold in town or to the construction crews who were putting in the first narrow strip of concrete road from Duvall's north city limits to the Big Rock Road.

The Taylor children supplemented the family income by peeling cascara bark in the woods and selling it for medicinal purposes. We also gathered fox glove leaves which were used in the making of digitalis.

When the Chinook winds whistled through the tall firs along the canyon rim, it was the signal the creeks were rising, and we would go down into the canyon to spear salmon, an action that is now outlawed. Our fish spear had been brought over from England, once used by Grandfather and his crew on the Banks of Newfoundland. It had ten sharp tines and would nearly cut a salmon in two. We spent a good deal of time at the creek. It would roar with white water after heavy rains or after a warm Chinook if there was snow on the ground to melt.

In the summertime we used the creek for swimming. It was cool, down along the fir trees. As it was small, we enlarged a pool. We carried rocks to build a dam during one Saturday. After swimming, I said, "Maybe we better tear it down now so the salmon can get through."

The next morning, a local creamery owner came and knocked on our door. My father answered. "Have you two boys?" he asked and he was given an affirmative answer. "Well, they have put me out of business. I have a franchise on that creek for water and they have destroyed my dam and all my tanks used to cool the cream are full of mud." The man threatened us with reform school but when he learned that our destructive Saturday was not malicious, he calmed down a bit.

Besides working on our little farm, Cyril and I hired out for 80 cents a day to hoe corn or cut thistles. We both saved up five dollars in gold each and wanted a bicycle badly. We knew a farm lad who had grown too big for his



My father and younger brother, Cliff, were photographed almost 60 years ago at Carnation Farms, where Father was employed as a painter.

bike and wanted 10 dollars for it so we went to try it out. I could reach the pedals but Cyril could not. The seller insisted that we could fasten blocks on the pedals for him. I was all for that. Unfortunately, Cyril had a nasty spill and ran into a pile of gravel after coasting down a long hill. He wasn't able to control the brakes. He hurt himself and the front wheel of our new bike looked like a figure eight.

WORK AROUND DUVALL

The hitching posts and drinking troughs for horses began to disappear as the automobile became more common. The blacksmith turned his shop into a Ford dealership. The vehicles cost about \$400. At that time, Ford Motors was paying the unheard of wages of six dollars per day. The shipyards in Seattle were paying about the same, so a good many farm workers then moved into the city.

In those days, there were about 50 farm families in the valley, with herds of 20 to 25 cows. All the cows had to be milked by hand, which meant early rising, so many farm lads left the country life for an eight-hour-day.

Anyone living in Duvall in the early years had a choice of three or four occupations. None fit me. You could become a logger, farmer, section hand or mill worker. During World War I men were scarce and the women and teenagers had to take on the work load. I was employed by the railroad as a section hand, laying ties and steel rails. The government had taken over the railroads and was spending huge amounts of money to renovate the roadbed in order to facilitate the movement of timber cut out of the valley and hills.

Quite a few high school boys applied for work on the railroad for about \$2.80 per day. I worked for the railroad on many occasions and it was almost my downfall. One day I became very ill and it was not until late in the day that I was able to get home since our crew had been working near Monroe some eight or nine miles away. I later found out that I had a burst appendix but stayed in bed for two days without a doctor's attention.

When the doctor arrived he had me taken to a hospital 18 miles away where I thought the appendix was removed. The railroad did not cover my care since I was under age and working without a release from my parents so I had to sell a 200-pound pig that I had been raising to pay my bill. The proceeds came to nine dollars.

Although I returned to work, I still seemed very ill. However I just did not have the kind of money required by the hospital for further care so I resorted to pain pills. Finally friends and relatives and townspeople who knew me, decided to take more drastic action. I was taken to Snoqualmie Falls Hospital where my appendix was removed in a life or death decision. The doctor told me, "Kid, the only thing that saved your life was your youth."

Father worked at the Carnation Farm as a sort of resident painter, but the pay was very low. There soon arose a question in our family as to whether or

not I could continue my schooling, or if I would have to leave school and take a job to help out. It was decided that I should stay in school, but I did all I could at night, working in mills or at other jobs. Every summer meant working in the woods, on the railroad or on a farm. It was hard for me to find work as family men vied for each job.

I had had some preparation for farm work. Shortly after we came to Duvall, I went to stay with my Uncle Harry to help relieve the burden on my parents as they got settled in their new home.

The farm was small but there were plenty of chores. I was afraid of horses when I saw what large teeth they had. When leading a horse, I would walk so far in front of it that the reins did not allow me to control the animal. But Uncle Harry saw to it that I was soon doing it right. Part of my responsibilities was delivering produce to the small towns in the surrounding areas so it was necessary that I be able to lead a horse!

I was not used to doing farm work and it was hard for me. However, by the time I returned home, I had learned some good, disciplined ways of doing things from my uncle. My rewards for my farm work were a one-dollar Ingersoll watch, and later on, a pair of loggers' boots which I needed, as my English footwear was about worn out.

During the flu epidemic of 1918, I was hired by Carnation Farms to help the showman dress the cattle for agricultural and cattle shows. We would trim the animals to perfection, oil up hoofs and horns until they shone, and wash the cows' tails. On one occasion, a cow lashed me across the eyes with a well-soaped tail. It stung my eyes for at least an hour.

Everything in Duvall seemed to center around the logging industry. One could hear the whistles of the donkey engines up and down the valley. Logs, brought by rail to the river west of town, were dumped into the water with a rumble and terrific splash. On the hills behind the town, logged-off areas blazed as the slashings were burned away, and the smoke cast up a pall that obliterated the sky, allowing only the sight of a strange, orange-colored sun.

We were amazed at the wastefulness of the lumbering operations. We remembered the scarcity of timber in England, and how every twig was gathered and tied into bundles or faggots to be used for fuel. Grandmother used such faggots to heat the bricks for baking in her oven at Woolsbridge Farm.

Bunkhouses at the logging camps were interesting spots. They generally stood in long rows, with wooden sidewalks all chewed up into splinters by caulked boots. At night the loggers greased and waterproofed their boots, and during the winter months, the smell of drying clothes was everywhere.

It seemed to us that we were completely surrounded by logging. High-Rock Logging Company worked out the timber between Lake Margarete and Lake Fontall, and Hannon above the hill to Monroe. Cherry Valley Company logged all lands between Lake Margarete and the Tolt River. Rings logged the land on the west hill on the Seattle road. The camp was at about the location of Alder Springs now.

Local mills used shingle bolts and cedar logs for making shingles. Cherry Valley "Rite-Grade" shingles were produced in the Duvall mill near the river, about 1,000 feet from the present bridge and the well-site where Duvall obtained water for 50 years before the Seattle-Tolt supply.



I worked very hard but finally had to admit that the logger's life was not for me. It was rare to find an Englishman in the Pacific Northwest logging camps for some strange reason. Maybe because the mighty oak forests of England were already long gone.

From skid road to steel rails, from oxen to locomotives; railroading became part of the logging industry, and one could see the little Shay locomotives pulling the cars up and down the hillsides of the valley. Every effort and pound of steam were needed on some of the inclines. These little engines became known as "puffing billies".

Heavier locomotives came when larger stands of timber were reached and taller trees required longer load-space. The branded logs were transported by rail across the valley to the bend of the river where the old swimming hole used to be. There the logs were dumped and floated down river or taken by rail to the Everett mills.

Sometimes the piers of the bridge would stop the flow of logs and cause a jam. Then the loggers must go out and break up the jam with hooked tools called peevees. If that didn't work, they would have to use dynamite to blast the logs apart. At one time there was a jam that stretched for over a mile up the river.

It was very rare to find an Englishman in a logging camp, but I made several attempts at logging when I was a lad. My first experience was just after the war when I went with three ex-servicemen to haul shingle-bolts out of logged off lands. Shingle-bolts were cedar logs cut to lengths that could be handled more easily. At that time cedar was not in demand for lumber.

I was whistle-punk for this other lumber operation. I would stand on a large stump and signal to the donkey engine driver when to start and stop. At first I waved my arms, but later I graduated to a whistle which I operated by pulling a wire.

At one place, the donkey engine pulled the logs a half-mile overhead on a trolley-type hookup, to a pond. I was stationed quite a distance from the whistle, so the long wire had to be strung from tree to tree like a clothesline. I was to pull the wire once to signal "go" and one whistle meant "stop" also. A wind came up, and each gust would give the wire a slight tug, just enough to make the whistle give out short blasts, in no particular pattern.

Later that evening as I was washing up at the bunkhouse, the donkey-engine driver came in complaining that he had logged in many states and even in Australia, but never had he heard a whistle operated like this one. I was standing with my face over the wash bowl and when I heard this, I ducked further down and stood there wondering whether I should take my face out of the water and show it, or not.

As my high school years came along, I went into the woods as a scaler for the fallers and buckers. It was my job to measure up the fallen logs as they were cut into sections. This was the only means of computing the daily wages of the men.

There was many an argument as bark was not considered to be part of the measured diameter. Some trees had as much as nine inches of bark, which could make quite a difference.

I had many a close call with falling trees. The Scandinavian fallers would yell, "going Nort" or "going Sout." In the woods, north, south, east and west meant no exact direction to me, so I usually didn't know which way to go to avoid the trees as they fell. I was not happy in my role as a woodsman and had no desire to remain at the work. I left it as soon as I could find a job elsewhere.

FIRE!

When the photographer who took our family picture back in England predicted rough times for us in America, he could not have imagined how accurately his words would be fulfilled. Mother Nature herself contributed a big share toward our troubles in the way of snow, freezing weather and floods.

However, it was a real disaster if a forest fire started. I was called out many times to help fight the blazes. It was hard, dirty and dangerous work. The fire would often jump the fire trail and encircle the firefighters. Large snags would throw fire from their tops for hundreds of feet in a stiff breeze.

Fires in dwellings or other buildings in Duvall were fought by volunteers. The signal for alarm was beaten on a metal triangle with an iron bar by the first volunteer to reach it.

The hose cart was kept in a small shack. On reaching the location of the fire, it was not uncommon to find that the hose had been put up on the cart backwards after the last use. When we would finally get the right end free, a volunteer would thump along the wooden sidewalks in a spectacular run to the nearest hydrant. Those at the other end of the hose would often be unable to get the nozzle on before the water came through, and it was a wild, damp, frustrating struggle to get the nozzle on over the spurting water. Duvall's water system had good pressure due to the location of the well and the storage tanks on the hill.

When the hardware store burned down, we had to aim the hoses from behind telephone poles, as ammunition stores fell into pots of burning paint. We were hard put to dodge the wildly flying rifle and shotgun slugs.

Sometimes there were fires in the farming or wooded areas. We would jump into any handy Model T and after reaching the scene, would form a bucket brigade from the nearest hole with water in it. It was usually impossible to save these buildings once they caught fire. One time a farmhouse roof caught fire and while the structure gradually burned down, we removed everything in it, from the curtains in the upstairs bedroom to the fruit stored in the basement.

After World War I, the wooded areas around the Snoqualmie Valley had many forest fires. The big cuts during the war had left acres and acres of slash piles and debris which would lay drying in the summer sun. A spark from a logging locomotive or donkey engine would easily kindle a fire that could quickly burn thousands of acres.

During 1918 there were many logging camps which suffered severe fires. In August the smoke hid the sun for weeks and one could only see a red ball in the sky when it did appear. Ashes fell on everything and the townspeople all had red, tearing eyes. The heat created thermals or drafts and our porch was covered with ash.

Animals of all kinds could be seen in their common fright, fleeing from the fires. They were hard to combat due to the winds created by the heat.

Forest fires have been known to burn out many lumber settlements and there were many families living on the outskirts of Duvall who were forced to be constantly ready to abandon their homes.

Severe timber fires on the Olympic Peninsula created smoke that could be seen 1,000 miles away at sea. Many times men were conscripted from the streets of Duvall to fight fires. It was against the law to refuse unless you had a pretty good excuse.

DUVALL SOCIETY

Most of my family was surprised to find all people in our adopted hometown on the same level as we were accustomed to class distinction, even among relatives, in England. We felt the ease of having no class problems. Yet, we could not lose our polite English customs all at once and they often seemed uncalled for here in the West where politeness came from the heart. If I, from habit, would happen to say "Yes, Sir" or "No, Sir" to some local man, he would think I was panhandling, and say he didn't have any money. In one case I said, "Good morning, Mr.——." He replied, "I haven't got a cent."

In England the center of social life was the inns or pubs. People gathered in the evenings almost as a ritual, for their pint of beer. They sat together at small tables, more for sociability than for drinking.

How different was Duvall's Forest Inn Hotel! I was greatly impressed by this rustic building. It was well-named as its main timbers were 12" by 12" lengths of choice lumber with hardly a knot. The spacious lobby with its huge overhead beams and high, stained wainscoting, together with hunting trophies displayed on the plastered walls, made it seem to me, an exciting place to stay overnight.

There was a bar, 30 feet long, which was backed with fancy, imported mirrors, and had a brass footrail running its length.

The Inn was managed by Wallace and Speaker and was the center of many activities in Duvall, since it functioned as a hotel, bar and restaurant. Business offices of the shingle mill were in the basement.

The Forest Inn was a haven for loggers, and the register also showed names of fishermen, school teachers and show people from the Chautauqua. Salesmen in horsedrawn vehicles would stay there after leaving their horses at the Duvall Livery Stable. The brass rail at the bar supported the restless feet of seekers of wealth and the despondent, who in those days dreamed of the tall and uncut. Since Duvall was surrounded by the tall and uncut, it attracted many of those types, including those who had failed to make it in the Klondike some years before. The Forest Inn was there to take all comers.

The inn remained the town's center of interest up until the days of Prohibition. The automobile came along and people could drive to Seattle for diversion. It almost seemed like the town lost a front tooth when the inn burned down some years later.

Entertainment in Duvall was provided in various ways. The Ellison-White Chautauqua came in town each year. County and local fairs, dancing, horse-racing and athletic events all contributed to the diversions needed in a pio-



Enjoying the sun over 50 years ago on the porch of our Duvall home between 1st and 2nd Avenues on Stevens Street. Several years later, one of the family's largest gatherings at the house would be after the death of my uncle, Walter R. Taylor. Taylor Park at the end of 2nd Avenue was donated to the city by him.

neer's life.

The Chautauqua included Duvall on its regular itinerary, bringing a touch of culture in its programs which were held in pitched tents. I was fascinated by the name "Chautauqua" because of its Indian origin. Local children were so influenced by the music and instrumental renditions, that many of them took up music lessons. Clifford decided to learn how to play the violin. But my brother, not being the type to endure the unexciting practice sessions, which he didn't realize at first were part of becoming an accomplished violinist, soon found other means to occupy his time.

County fairs were a part of life on both sides of the Atlantic. This was one form of entertainment with which we were familiar. The Snoqualmie Valley Fair was held each year on the Cherry Valley School grounds and on Main Street. We enjoyed the exhibits of produce that grew so luxuriously in the valley. The livestock won many a blue ribbon, and the school displayed class work done by the pupils. Horse racing and athletic events kept up a busy pace for three days every September.

Dances were held in the Odd Fellows Hall above the hardware store. One had to be very anxious to dance there, as the building was so shaky that there was a very real danger of falling through on the pitchforks in the store below.

If one tired of the recreation offered in Duvall, it was possible to go to Seattle by auto stage. Mike Lutz and Charles Smith drove a Pierce-Arrow, bringing passengers to Duvall and Carnation and delivering the Seattle daily papers. The Pierce-Arrow was a regular passenger car, equipped with jump-seats to add to its capacity. On holidays, another car could be hired if necessary.

A TIME OF CHANGE

Immediately after the war, came the terrible influenza epidemic of 1919, which had started in Europe and spread to America.

Everyone was required to wear a gauze mask on going downtown, or when coming in contact with other people. It was a rare family that did not lose some member to the flu. The theater, dance hall and the church were converted into funeral parlors, as there were often many deaths in one day.

Our family was not touched by the disease, for which we were grateful. Some people said that it was due to the hardiness of our existence, as the flu germ seemed to thrive in well-heated homes. So we had at least one good reason to be thankful, even though life in America seemed very hard to us at times.

As time went on, Father's health began to fail. After spending many years in the United States in an area that lacked good, local medical care, he had neglected himself when providing for his large family seemed more important than anything else. His work as a painter had never paid well. We struggled along with each one playing his part.



Young and enterprising, I sat for this portrait during the family's sojourn in Seattle. We were all busy trying to make ends meet during the Depression but I still had high hopes and hadn't forgotten the feelings for adventure.

Enid was employed as a grocery clerk in town and Freda labored as a night operator for the Duvall branch of the Independent Telephone Company. I worked for the town's water department, running a pump and reading the meters. Cyril worked for Puget Sound, Power and Light with a tree-topping crew. For all of us, the wages were poor but combined they helped to keep our family going.

Father's illness was long suffering and he had to be kept under the influence of morphine a good deal of the time. We had to travel to Monroe for prescriptions where the druggist made us account for every pill and powder to make sure that none of it was being used illegally. His passing in November of 1927 was a release for him and for us. We seemed to have lost a desire to continue on in Duvall as bright spots were now few, and there did not appear to be any more future for us here.

In graduation from Cherry Valley School in 1922, my class motto was "Climb though the rocks be rugged."

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

If there was any climbing to do, it didn't appear to be in Duvall and to add to that feeling, came the Depression which began in 1929. We knew that things were tough in Seattle. Cyril had married and was living there. His home became the family headquarters for our endeavors in moving to the city. We convinced ourselves that looking for work would be easier on paved roads than on gravel and perhaps offer more in the long run.

It was hard to leave our old home and all the wonderful people. For all its ups and downs, the community felt dear to us, as it was our beginning in America. We felt that we had pioneered, and now it was our chance to try city life as well.

I got a job at the Seattle-Renton Lumber Company. This was a business that had once operated at Cottage Lake near Duvall. It had run out of timber and was building a new mill at Bryn Mawr near Renton on the southern shore of Lake Washington. I helped in the construction of the new mill and was later given a job there. I gathered scrap lumber, logs, and debris off the lake and towed it in to a pond from where it was carried to fire the boilers. After generating the steam, I was allowed to blow the first whistle. The mill was not long in operation, as Boeing and the government decided to build a plant there along with an airport.

Enid and Freda obtained jobs at the gas company and dime stores. Some jobs were only part time. Cliff went to work as a bill pedlar and later, meter reader for the gas company. Slowly, life began improving for Mother and we all felt that she well deserved it.

Many people, including the Taylors, severely felt the depression days. There were people with fur coats standing in the bread lines. There was little money spent by the government on human welfare. The whole nation was suffering and the banks closed.

I got a job helping an auctioneer dispose of bankrupt stock. The pay was 25 cents per hour. I earned \$13 for one week's work.

The family nucleus began to grow smaller as Enid, Freda and Cyril were married. Mother, Cliff and I moved to Rainier Beach in 1938 and bought a modest home there. It was, at the time, an unimproved area of Seattle, but good transportation was supplied by the Rainier Valley Railroad that ran from Renton to Seattle. We three lived there several years and enjoyed the relatively quiet interlude.

And then suddenly, Hitler was moving his goose-stepping troops and World War II was in the making. The U.S. began closely watching all the events taking place in Europe and preparations began for any eventuality that might arise. Boeing's plant at Renton was under construction as were many other defense plants.

As I was still not a citizen at that time, I made application and went to naturalization classes. On their completion I took the examination and passed with flying colors. My friend from Cherry Valley School who had impressed me not to sing, "God Save the King" worked then at the County-City Building. He and another friend served as my witnesses.

Armed with my new citizenship papers, I applied for a job at Boeing as a bench mechanic. I was later promoted to instructor of those being newly hired.

In the meantime, Cliff had volunteered for the Army and was sent to Camp Roberts in California. Before ever leaving the United States he was stationed in Texas, Colorado and Louisiana. He was finally sent to Livorno (Leghorn), Italy. It was a strange coincidence that over 60 years before, his grandfather had received the medal from the Italian government for saving Italian sailors, in that same port. He later received the Bronze Star and was lucky to come out of the war alive.

I was called to the Army, but was then turned down by the medical examiner in Tacoma. It would have left Mother alone, if I had gone to war too, so I felt that it was just as well I was rejected.

After Pearl Harbor, Seattle looked like an armed camp with the military having taken over its defense. Huge barrage balloons floated overhead as at that time, Japan was making bold moves on our coast and had shelled areas of the coast near the Columbia River. Blackouts were enforced and I remember standing on a hill overlooking Seattle and not seeing one light.

I was proud of my English countrymen for the stand they took. Their hardships were much more real than ours.

The war ended, as wars eventually do. With all the brains available, it is a pity that we haven't learned to live in the goodness that is offered to us, even though it may be just our daily bread and butter.

I COME HOME

I met my lovely wife, Selma, through mutual friends and church affiliation, and we were married in 1950. She and I were both the eldest in our re-



Newlyweds Ralph and Selma Taylor

spective families and had responsibilities. She was a teacher who had taught classes in one-room school houses in Iowa. For the small pay of about \$75 per month, she instructed all grades and did her own janitorial work.

The Seattle schools were a little more generous in regards to salary and Selma refreshed her own education at the Washington State and Central State Colleges. We made our home at Rainier Beach, and Mother, then in her 80's, lived there with us. Selma taught at the Emerson School there. We made an agreement early in our marriage. She would take a sabbatical leave for six months and we would visit England and the Continent. It would be our honeymoon and a dream come true for me.

In 1953, the year of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, we took a train east to New York where we were to leave on the "Brittanica" to Liverpool. We had planned ahead but reservations were hard to get.

It was quite a strange feeling to dock at the Princess Street Docks from where I had left England with my family 40 years before. We took a train to Wimborne in Dorsetshire where we were met by an uncle I had never seen as he and my aunt had been married after we had gone to America. Uncle Fred picked up our big trunk and carried it on his back. He was over six feet tall and had been in charge of the local home defense unit during the war.

We enjoyed our first days in England, especially in the beautiful countryside of Dorset with its oak trees and hedges. We attended the old churches and met people who remembered my mother. Selma was asked to officiate at the Three Cross Congregational Church. She was made chairman of their sale of work which netted 50 pounds for the church.

We visited cousins and made short excursions into the New Forest. When at last I was able to visit Poole and Bournemouth again, I would ask Selma to walk ahead and I would try to name the street. In most cases my memory served me well, with Selma testifying to my accuracy. We visited the Captain's grave and scraped off the moss to read the inscription on his stone.

Poole Quay had not changed too much although the merchant sailing ships had been replaced by more modern craft.

I joined the "Society of Poole Men" as a life member. My only qualifications actually were that my family for generations had been citizens of Poole and Dorsetshire. I was asked by the mayor of Poole to attend one of the council meetings. I presented him with a plaque of a covered wagon of the American Old West. I was asked to walk in behind the column of dignitaries including the mayor, mace bearer, high sheriff and solicitor who were all in their robes of office. I felt a little self-conscious, being from a small town hardly on the map in western Washington, but I was introduced by the mayor to a full assembly in the Municipal Chambers.

In 1960 Selma and I returned to Duvall and Mother came with us. We built a little house very near to where the old house still stood, its veranda posts now falling away. The song of the kiddies on the porch was long silent and old relatives had long ago passed away. How nature grasps back her own after man has struggled to clear out a place for himself. A few familiar faces still remained in town however.

We settled well in Duvall. Mother wasn't well but she enjoyed her friends and the family came often to visit. The memories of the struggles of earlier

years must have faded from her mind or perhaps the biting edge of her hardships had been smoothed down. She would sit on the sundeck of the house, shading her eyes with her hand, and would gaze out over the scene below in the beautiful Snoqualmie Valley. Now it was a clear, green expanse with the stumps replaced by grazing cattle. A new bridge spanned the river and there were many new farms.

Perhaps in memory, as she looked, she could see Dad, herself and her little troop of kiddies trudging up the hill from the train to the new home in America such as it was in 1913.

Mother's greatest delight was always her children. Next came the flowers which she had painstakingly cultivated among the stumps and clearings in early Duvall.

Her last stay in Duvall was short, but I know with some satisfaction that she enjoyed old scenes and old friends, and always the garden. Her eyes began to fail and her steps became feeble but she always asked upon arising in the morning, "Is the sun shining today?"

We discovered that my brother Cyril was suffering from Hotchkins Disease and knew what the outcome would be although it was kept from both him and Mother.

After a very lovely family Christmas, Mother passed away in January of 1962 and Cyril died in April of the same year.

Selma and I took another trip to England in 1963. I thought rather sadly that it was not Cyril but I who was returning in an "aeroplane."

Since our return to Duvall in 1960, I had been first a councilman and then elected mayor of the town.

During my term as mayor, I was continually surprised at the strange things that were expected to be attended to by a small-town official. I was called into bathrooms to watch the flow of toilet bowls, ("Something is wrong with my water pressure, Mayor").

On one occasion a complaint was made about a resident who kept parking his old jalopies on a narrow street. The town maintenance man and I drove up and found the offender milking a cow in the pasture. As we approached the fire whistle sounded and he being a fireman, instantly responded. Handing me the pail, he ordered, "Finish the cow". He ran to his row of old cars, none of which would start and then asked us to take him to the fire station. We did, but we lectured him all the way.

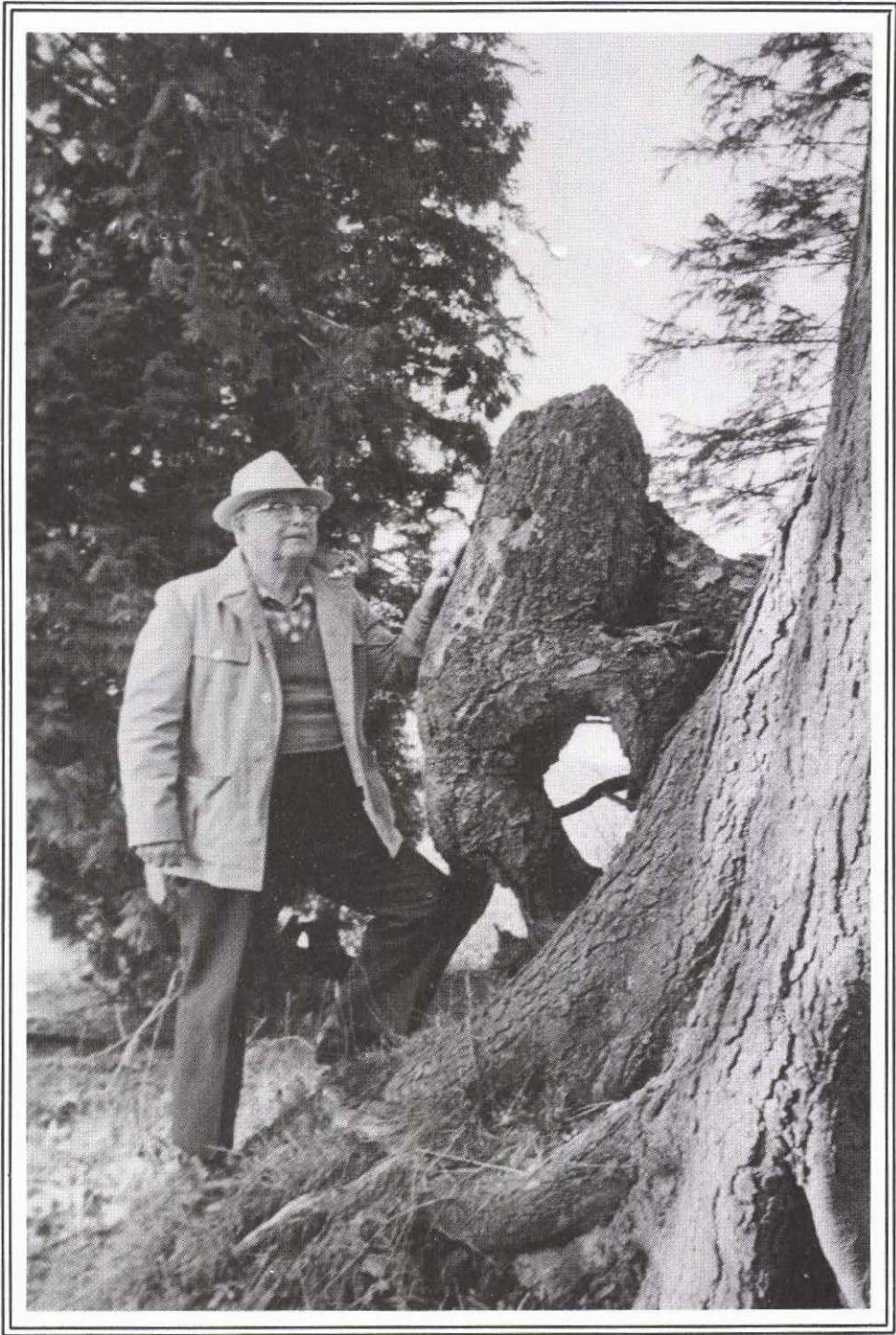
Fifty years have wrought many changes in the world and in our little town. Many faces have come and gone. Mother and Father suffered many hardships in the new land, but as they always said, it was all for the best of the children.

Memories remain with the inscription on an old steamer trunk in my possession:

MR. & MRS. E. G. TAYLOR AND FAMILY
Royal Mail Ship CANADA
Duvall, Wash.
King County, Washington
U.S.A.
Settlers Effects

Among the attics and basements of the Valley people, perhaps there are many such reminders of the tide of immigration. We hope the memories of these people will not fade in the history of the great United States, and especially, the Pacific Northwest.

THE END



I was photographed with this parasite which fastened itself to a hemlock tree along the Duvall school trail. The rapidly deteriorating monstrosity resembles a prehistoric animal. The photo was carried by Associated Press.

RAMBLINGS IN RETROSPECT

Looking back over three-score years, I might ask, "How green is my valley now?" The answer would have to be, "much greener". Modern means of fertilization and new farming methods have made our pastures green practically the year 'round.

It is far different from other valleys in Washington's King County as industry is gradually taking over the Duwamish, Sammamish, Green and White River Valleys. We are the last unindustrialized valley in King County with only a visible stack at Monroe Reformatory and the Weyerhaeuser Mill in Snoqualmie. I hope it stays that way. I also hope that some sort of compromise can be made between the ecologists and the farmers to curtail the floods and still enjoy the naturalism of our valley. Without food production we all perish.

A view of the valley is vastly different than 60 or 70 years ago. Acres that once wore a jungle of wild crab apple, blackberry vine, vine maple and an occasional big spruce or cedar, are cleared and ditched. They were not cleared by bulldozer or donkey engine, but by men who slashed and burned and ditched by hand. Fencing was of the crudest kind of zig-zag cedar palings with no nails, each fence self-supported as barbed wire was not massed produced until 1875.

According to the older settlers it did not reach the valley until about 1910 and was a scarce commodity out West. I suppose the railroads must have had a monopoly on obtaining the wire as both sides of the track were fenced to prevent wandering cattle from getting on the tracks. There were cattle guards as well, every so often, to turn cattle back if they strayed.

It was a common sight to see gangs of section hands constantly repairing the tracks, pumping the hand-cars as the means of transportation for men, tools and ties. The once well-kept railroad stations and warehouses are gone, along with their platforms and signal towers. The Great Northern left the valley in 1917. Over the years, the other lines have gradually left the tracks as well.

Heavy duty trucks and trailers now carry the freight on roads paralleling the tracks. The railroads played such a valiant part in the making of this country, I would like to see their revival, especially with the crowded conditions on our highways.

One cannot realize that on a day not so very long ago, one could buy a rail ticket to Monroe, or Cedar Falls, or Carnation, from a station in Duvall. Even milk to the condensery in Monroe was shipped by a special car. Now it seems that the romance of the rails is gone, but it was the railroad that brought life to the valley. Farmers were paid for the right-of-way through their land, as much as \$5,000, which in those early days was considered a large sum. The railroads moved Hix's Store, the Grange Hall and the Methodist Church to their present sites. The second hand store to the south of town was the original Grange Hall. In 1972-73, when we negotiated for a crossing over the railroad tracks, we heard rumors of abandonment as the daily freight runs up and down the valley ceased.

For years, mainly after World War I, the town and railroad prospered and

for some time after as lumber was in great demand. The shingle mill ran three shifts and logging camps prospered. Lack of timber in mass finally slowed the logging down. The mill suffered from a lack of wood sources for red cedar, the ideal material for shingles. On the shingle mill hinged the main payroll, source of water and electricity for the town. It was a typical Western mill town. Even the sale of town lots was connected with the Cherry Valley Townsite Company, run by the mill owners.

Can you imagine Duvall with wooden sidewalks and gutters up every street in town? Main Street walks were made of eight-foot long planks. I was surprised to come back to Duvall after many years and find this all gone. In some areas, whole blocks were joined as pasture areas with no identifying streets. I could not imagine that the town had regressed to this extent. When as a lad in high school, I had taken care of the town's water pump after the mill shut down and I knew all the corners of the community with its streets and alleys. But now it was just a little dairy town and the Depression of the 30's had dealt all the country a sad blow.

I had left Duvall in 1929 to fight the Depression on paved streets but it was the same as on gravel streets or country roads. There was little to do, but the ups and downs in economics did not seem to drastically affect Duvall. It had a steady economy of "just getting by". One could work six months and lay off six months, grow a garden and raise a steer or milk cows and chickens and get by. Work was generally unsteady on woods or farms.

We swam or sank in those days. No assistance from Welfare, no unemployment checks or medical plans. Even the bank robbers had it bad when they held up the Duvall State Bank in 1916.

In 1972 the bank was held up as it has been in other times. The bandits got around \$26,000, got away on good roads by car, burned the car, made an escape on Novelty Hill, and shot a sheriff as many law officers and Duvall volunteer firemen took chase. They were shadowed by a helicopter and still escaped. A King County Sheriff, during a town meeting told the citizens, "I expected to see the bandit lying full of holes outside the bank on my arrival, knowing the caliber of you people to take care of yourselves."

Roads to Seattle were of field level, at the mercy of floods and sometimes we were isolated for weeks when the rains came.

The roads to Seattle were of field level, at the mercy of floods, and sometimes we were isolated for weeks when the rains came. Now it is far different for the farmers. They fought for good roads and rural mail delivery. The Grange should be given credit for that. Roads are the best and electricity has made farming a big and prosperous industry. It is quite different from the few acres, some in stumps, and the 25 cows of an earlier family farm. Now 150-200 or more cows on a farm are machine-milked. The milk is transported without touch of human hands starting with the flow of milk from the cow to tank and truck except for the application of the milking machine to the animal. The old barns have passed with their manure covered ramps as most barns were on stilts and many still are, but loafing sheds and sanitary methods have advanced the dairy farmer.

As our valley is not the ideal hay-making region, due to unpredictable weather at haying time, more and more farmers are buying up hay fields

in eastern Washington. Modern machinery in all its different capacities has made farm work easier. The farmer's son who is not enticed to the city finds that his father plowed a long furrow to get where he is today.

A trip down the River Road impresses on me the progress that has been made in farming and country roads. In 1913 I made my first journey down the River Road in all seasons. In the winter it was wagon-hub deep in mud. The flooding river had at times covered the entire road. In the summer months the thick dust was reverse of the mud but just as deep.

The first school wagon rolled up from the county line and looked like a covered wagon as it was driven along by Harvey Funk. Novelty School consolidated with Cherry Valley. When the roads improved, school buses appeared on the scene. Before all this, each farmer would row his children across the river to the Monroe-Duvall Road. The boats were tricky as they were mostly dugout canoes and when logs floated by the boat, one had to dodge them cleverly, along with other debris.

There were many schools in Cherry Valley from a shake, one-room building to a one-room boarded school about one mile south of town. About 1911, a two-story building was put up near Duvall across from the Dougherty farm. The little, white, one-room school was abandoned. Being near the railroad, it was frequented by hobos and smoke could be seen coming from the chimney when they were in residence.

In 1911 and for many years into the late 1930's, Cherry Valley and the Novelty District supported an accredited high school and grade school, provided all the transportation and upkeep. Duvall had a champion basketball team for Snoqualmie Valley in 1920 and the finest girls' team in 1922. Now, in the 1970's, gradually all is slipping away to Carnation through consolidation of a sort. The Duvall and Cherry Valley districts vote for the levies needed to support the Carnation system. I am wondering which is more efficient. I am inclined to believe that the schools make a community as I have witnessed the loyalty and community spirit created by a local school. Without this spirit we are just a crossroad. I believe Duvall has a grand future as a residential area. In the modern day we wonder where our community is going. We need the children in our midst and a school in our midst. We are a residential area and need a school to represent our region.

Fine roads seem to somehow neutralize a community. But as I have been told, we must keep up with progress.

The greatest change in the valley and the region has been in the logging industry. It was the life blood of the Pacific Northwest for years and is now carried out on a smaller scale.

On a recent trip to the tree farm area east of the valley, owned by the Weyerhaeuser Company, I have seen thousands of acres planted for our future forests. Small trees of about six to eight inches are planted between the stumps of the once great forest. The land has been semi-cleared to allow for their growth and fertilized by helicopter. The undergrowth has been stunted by chemicals to allow the young fir trees a chance at the sunlight. At a certain height they will shadow all competition. In one spot I saw a Douglas fir, standing aloof with a 12 to 14 foot diameter. Trees of this size count centuries of growth.

Weyerhaeuser has a grove of ancient forest giants protected to show future generations the size and quality of timber that once stood in our lands. One can't forget the hardship of the early logger, working high on a spring-board pulling an eight-foot saw back and forth until the giant tree was wedged taking down smaller trees in its falling. One could hear the donkey engines as they pulled the logs to a landing. There are no longer 50 car loads of logs (sometimes only three to a car) straining the puffing steam locomotives as they pulled their loads to Everett. During World War I, as many as three train loads a day would pass through Duvall.

Both passenger and log trains were a source of entertainment for the local folk who would schedule the time of train arrivals and be on the station platform. Today the radio and television may be more sophisticated in entertainment, but they haven't added much to our peace of mind. In past days the simple things were well appreciated.

I would say there is one improvement in the logging industry as it carries more stringent safety regulations. The early logger wore a soft hat, had "tin pants", a very heavy duck canvas that, when the pants were taken off, would literally stand up by themselves. The tin pants were water repellent. Logger boots were of special make and expensive. They had nails or caulks in the soles with the spike end out to enable a logger to keep a good footing on the slippery logs. A logger wore heavy underwear and often no shirt over it. Life was rugged. They lived in portable barracks like sheds, which could be transported to another logging area.

As a boy I spent some time in the woods, but the utter devastation of the land after it was logged off was not in tune with my ecological mind. No wonder so many old time loggers could be found in the bars and on the skid-road in Seattle.

Duvall was not without its skid-roads. One came down by the now, Taylor Park and all along Second Avenue to Cherry Valley School and then to the river. Another went diagonally from the same source across town to Bird Street to the river.

All of our valley towns had their quota of pioneers. Things were crude perhaps but a happier band could not be found. The box socials, barn dances, Grange, literary clubs, and ladies' clubs were all home spun. The people often exchanged labor as money was a scarce commodity. A barn on the Dougherty farm was built in 1884 of cedar hewn from local trees. The barn was about 50 by 60 by 50 feet. The builder supplied the nails (square and spike) and the contract was let for \$64. In 1971 the barn was torn down and its cedar and poles were sold for \$100 to remake another barn on Vashon Island. I wonder if our modern structures are that durable.

We have always been proud of our local fire departments and especially the volunteer group of fine men we have had through the years. We can only hope that in the near future that will be allowed something for their unselfish services as they are called out at all hours of the day or night.

We were always lucky to have water pressure with a good gravity flow. Our simple fire alarm was a piece of railroad rail twisted into the shape of a triangle and beat with another piece of iron by the first to sound the alarm. We had an old-fashioned hose cart with the hose coiled around a drum affair

and nozzles on a spike. We would run up or down the wooden sidewalks, attach the hydrant end and aim our stream of water on the flames. We did not gain any awards for our actions, but we did our best. Our best was not good enough in one incident. Fighting a fire in Jones Hardware, we knocked ammunition down on burning paint and the bullets really flew. When it came to fires in the rural areas, we would form bucket brigades from water in blown stump holes.

One sign of culture in recent years is our affiliation with the King County Library System. What started as a W.P.A. project in the Depression era has now grown, with the help of local citizens, into an efficient operation.

The "Duvall Citizen" was the first locally owned newspaper in town. It was started by Mable Dufford and after a few issues was taken over by David Peacock. The paper dutifully printed all the corporation notices and ordinances of the newly incorporated town. Also there was news from Cottage Lake, Novelty, Vincent and Duvall. Local merchants had their ads in it each week.

During Prohibition, the effects were felt by the Forest Inn. It was a solid landmark for the town. The inn changed hands many times, each owner trying legally and sometimes illegally to make a go of it. Hard cider was sold and bootlegging entered the scene. Sometimes solid citizens were involved. The old Inn was well built by Wallace and Speaker of the finest grade of lumber. It housed the offices of the town, boarded the teachers, salesmen, hunters, fishermen and speculators and quenched the thirst of the loggers. It went up in smoke in the 1930's and the front tooth seemed to be gone from the face of the town. Today there is not even a motel to take its place.

I remember cords of 4 foot wood were stacked around Cherry Valley School each year for fuel. The school had a big wood-burning furnace and bids were let each year to supply the school for winter. The early riverboats were refueled from cords of wood stacked on the river banks. At Hix's, a big wood-burning stove heated the store: there was a crack in the lid and a hole in the air vent where tobacco chewers would aim to spit, sometimes without success.

Frank Hanisch, a German farmer, walked many miles along the track to Duvall, always carrying an umbrella. One day in 1918 Frank Hanisch came into Hix's and said, "Artur," (Arthur Hix) "Artur, dat Voodrow Vilson is going to take our poys. Vilson is going to give dem to the Pritish." The draft did not take his two sons after all, as they were in agricultural pursuits.

Arthur Hix, as was the usual case, hummed, whistled and sang his way around the store. He was a kindly person, as was his wife Pauline, and should get more recognition for his civic activities from Mayor to singing in the choir. As a member of the early Fire Department, and owner of the only fire extinguisher in town, Arthur was often seen running to help the bucket brigades. His daughter Velma and her husband Cliff Hill have perpetuated the store's name through another generation and have operated the Post Office inside the store: in 1976, however, because of Mr. Hill's illness, the Post Office changed to another location at Second and Stella, and added a rural route.

The church has the longest history in the Valley. A new structure, in-

cluding an education unit and carillons, was dedicated in 1972. Small panes of glass from the pioneer church were installed in the entry way of the new church, and three frames from the old church's windows were saved. Many missionaries have been sent out from this church to serve.

Bus lines once served the Valley from Index to Seattle. They carried most of the men who built the eight-mile tunnel through the mountains at Scenic. Previous to this, many disasters had occurred, one particularly tragic in 1911 when a whole train was rolled down the mountain by avalanche. Many small operators attempted to run busses to Seattle via Tolt and Duvall. Charles Smith was one who drove a Pierce Arrow. He was chartered to haul Duvall basketball teams to their various contests from Issaquah to North Bend. Now we are part of King County Metro Plan, drawing closer and closer to metropolitan Seattle. Although we pay a higher sales tax for this privilege, one appreciates the conveniences as one gets older and the traffic gets more hectic.

The taxes on property have skyrocketed through the years. In 1917 I remember that my father paid \$3.50 tax on a cabin and four city lots in Duvall. In my school years in Duvall taxes paid for a grade school, high school, a gym and play shed, and provided all the transportation and maintenance for the Duvall and Novelty precincts. Now levies fail and school vandalism is rampant, but apathy seems to rule. School lands have been depleted of their wealth and resources, and everywhere, it seems, youthful hours are spent riding busses to and fro for the sake of consolidation.

Many men and boys in Duvall had trap lines in early years, and some made a living by trapping muskrat, skunk, mink, and an occasional bobcat. Earlier tales speak of eleven-foot cougars following the early settlers, but today only the crows, coyotes and seagulls seem to inhabit the Valley and a few mallards haunt the protected lakes and waterways. Salmon once frequented the smallest of streams when chinooks blew and water was high, but now stream mouths have been diverted in flood control. The cutting of timber makes a quick run-off and very few salmon spawn where once thousands did. Salmon came up as far as the rock in Taylor Park, and as a boy I speared them there. The one remaining call I hear each Spring is that of the frogs. There is no more sure sign of Spring than the song of the frogs from the ditches and swamps.

For years it bothered me that Duvall had no outlet to the river which played such an important part of Valley history. In 1960, when I returned to build a retirement home, boating was becoming very popular, and the new types of boats and boat trailers made it possible for easy transportation of boats. Others, and I, thought we should have a boat ramp to the river. I had worked at the Cherry Valley shingle mill as a young man, and was well acquainted with the mill and its site. This seemed to me to be the ideal boat launching site. I was under the impression that the 1.92 acres on which the old mill was situated belonged to the town, but investigation proved that the town owned only the well-site proper and a long strip of land 15 feet wide as a pipeline easement. On the map this looked like an ax with a long handle, and in no way would suffice for a boat ramp.

I inquired further as to its availability for purchase and learned that about

\$13.00 in taxes were against it. The Assessor's Office said if I asked for it to be auctioned off, we could take our chances with others on the bidding. If the town's attorney would state the town's needs and priority, the County Commissioners would release the land and the town could purchase it for back taxes and documentary stamps amounting to about \$15.00. The County Commissioners and King County Park Board were slow to release their hold on the property, saying the town did not have funds to expand in a recreational way, but after several trips into town with the Town Secretary, Marilyn Herzog, we had the land released and at the next meeting paid the back taxes. The land was deeded to the Town on August 4, 1966, during the Mayoralty of James Wallace and Council President Ralph Taylor. The deed was filed.

We contacted the Game Department and several land acquirers for the Washington State Game and Wildlife Department to see the possibilities of a boat ramp area. Their one big demand was a legal crossing of the CM & St. Paul and Pacific Railroad tracks, and this proved to be our most difficult accomplishment. It was a crossing which had been used during the time of the shingle mill and was, in fact, an extension of Virginia Street. The piers of the Seattle-Duvall bridge obstructed the visibility and for boat and trailer travel it was dangerous and unacceptable by all. All suggestions were unacceptable until the Railroad suggested a crossing 300 feet north of the North City limits in the area of an abandoned dehydrator plant. Three railroad documents were written, during which course of time inflation added to costs. Game Department engineers doubted the possibility of a ramp due to the steep river bank and narrow area, but persistence in complying with every request was made, even to signing a third document of agreement with the Railroad whose legal headquarters were in Chicago. Weeks of delay ensued. The Town was asked to insure the crossing during construction and each year of use for over one million dollars; this alarmed all concerned, but since we had gotten the land so reasonably, this added cost of a little over \$100 per year did not deter our efforts. I once said, "We will have a man on the moon before we have a boat on the ramp." This proved to be so.

Then the last resort of "contacting your Congressman" came to mind. Lloyd Meeds from our District arrived in Duvall on an electioneering campaign, and I drove him to our new projects including Taylor Park and the airport. I told him of our efforts with the boat ramp construction and the lack of being placed in the Game Department budget. Mr. Meeds contacted the Director of the Department of Game in Olympia, Carl Crouse. I wrote all the requirements with which we had complied and asked what could we do next. In a reply of February 3, 1972, and later in agreement with the Washington State Game Department, the town budgeted \$800 as their part of the agreement. Carl Crouse signed for the State, and Mayor Judd for Duvall.

Many months passed; one day, to the surprise of all, a truck carrying a "wide load" sign came into Duvall, and asked to be directed to the ramp area. Mr. Wilson, in charge, stated they were starting to work with caterpillar, bulldozer and clam-shell. The work commenced on January 22, 1973, seven years after acquiring the land. I felt relieved as work started and I



The town of Duvall's contribution to the Nation's Bicentennial was the dedication of the park and boat landing in my honor. The landing, on the Snoqualmie River, is just 300 feet north of where the Taylor family first arrived in Duvall in 1913. During my years of activity with the town's government as councilman and mayor, I helped Duvall to acquire the two acres of tax delinquent land. The monument above, set into a concrete base, is made of a boat anchor and a lumber mill saw, commemorative of the two main occupations of the early days of the town. In my hands are the Masters' papers for my grandfather, Capt. Henry Taylor.

thanked the Mayor and Council and Mrs. Butler for their cooperation.

The monument at Taylor's Landing on the river is an addition of several yards of concrete on the old shingle mill motor mount. The planning commission and Bert Eggstom produced a saw used in the shingle mills and engraved with a cutting torch the design. I designed the monument and produced the anchor and flag base. We imprinted a caulked boot of Leo Dougherty's, then 83, and the caulk marks can be seen faintly in the cement which set quickly. The year 1913 is inlaid on the block below the anchor. In the dedication of Taylor's Landing I mentioned that the saw represents the industry of the early pioneers and the anchor his steadfastness.

The dedication was held on May 15, 1976. In conclusion I wish to thank the many mayors and their councils and secretaries for their cooperation, and particularly Scott Wallace, then County Commissioner, for releasing the property. First and foremost in this was the cooperation of my wife, and also of Marilyn Herzog, who not only helped promote the venture, but also wound it up by directing its dedication in a Bicentennial year with a well-rounded program which included the participation of the Tolt High School band and chorus, and many other valley organizations of which we were proud.

There were speeches from Jesse Ramey and M. Sanders of the Seattle Water Department, Mr. Stockman from Olympia of the Washington State Game Department, ex-mayor Judd and Mr. William Shea who said, "Mr. Taylor sent so many letters, we decided to weigh them instead of count them."



SECTION II

PHOTOS OF RALPH TAYLOR'S PAINTINGS

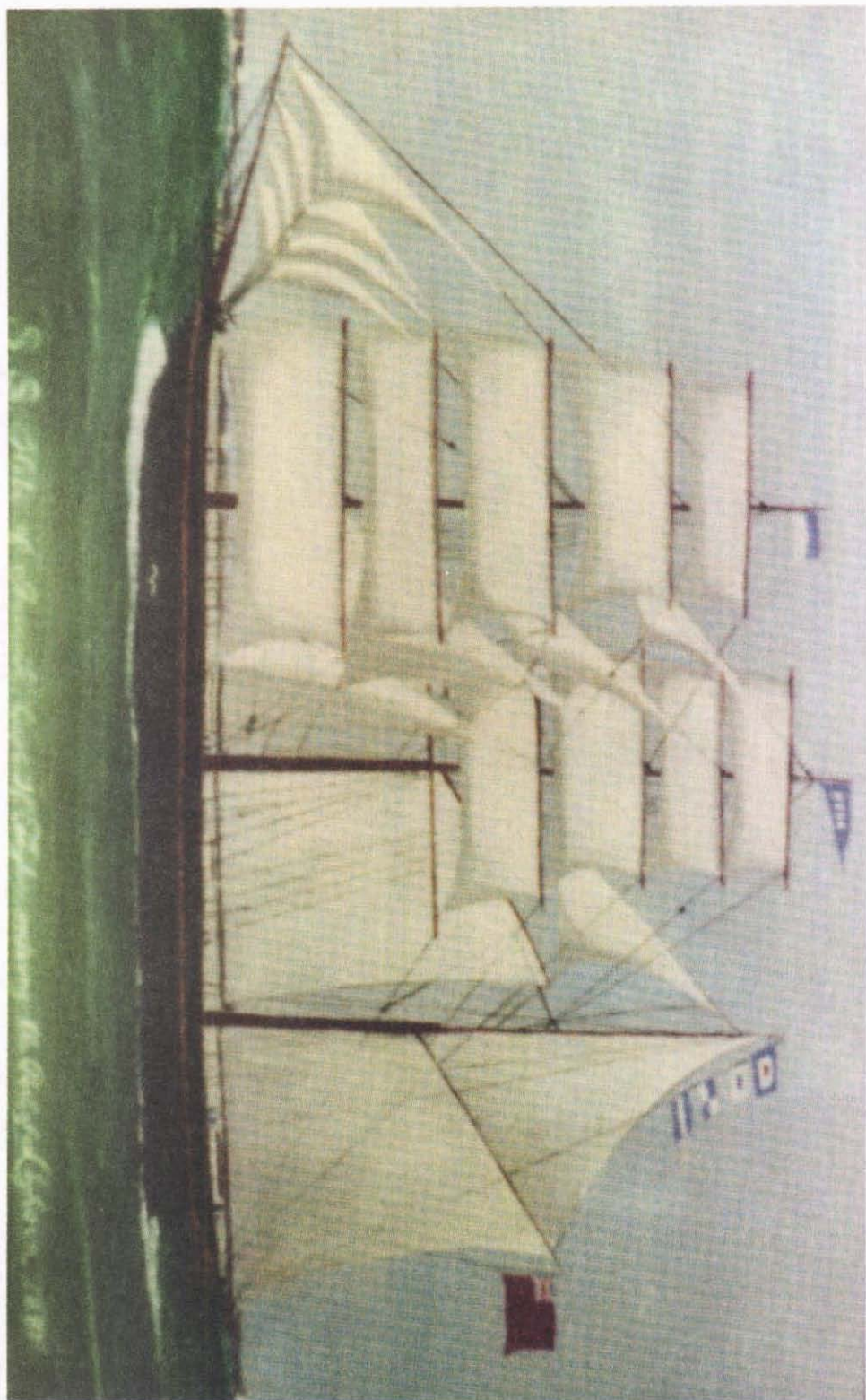
and his explanatory commentaries (picture captions).



"Sailing Ship Hebe
Capt. Henry R. Taylor
Of Poole, Dorset, England

Grandfather's ship that sailed from England to Nova Scotia in 1875.
Painted by Ralph Taylor 1976

This painting won a prize
Evergreen State Fair
Monroe Wn. 1980"



“Camp built by James or Francis Duvall about where Wm. McCormick property lies near the creek that comes down from Taylor park. As early as 1875 the Duvalls and others used bulls to log with, especially across the townsite of Duvall on down-hill pulls. Skid roads were laid and a skid-greaser greased the skid ahead of the bulls. Front of (picture) frame is of old growth cedar.’



“Dougherty Barn built in the 1880’s.

Cost of building - \$64.00 labor and material. Timber found on the Dougherty farm was used. Some timbers over 60’ were used as beams. It was solid to the day in 1971 when the building was torn down and lumber sold for \$100, more than original cost. Lumber used to build another barn on Vashon Island. I wonder if our modern structures are that durable.

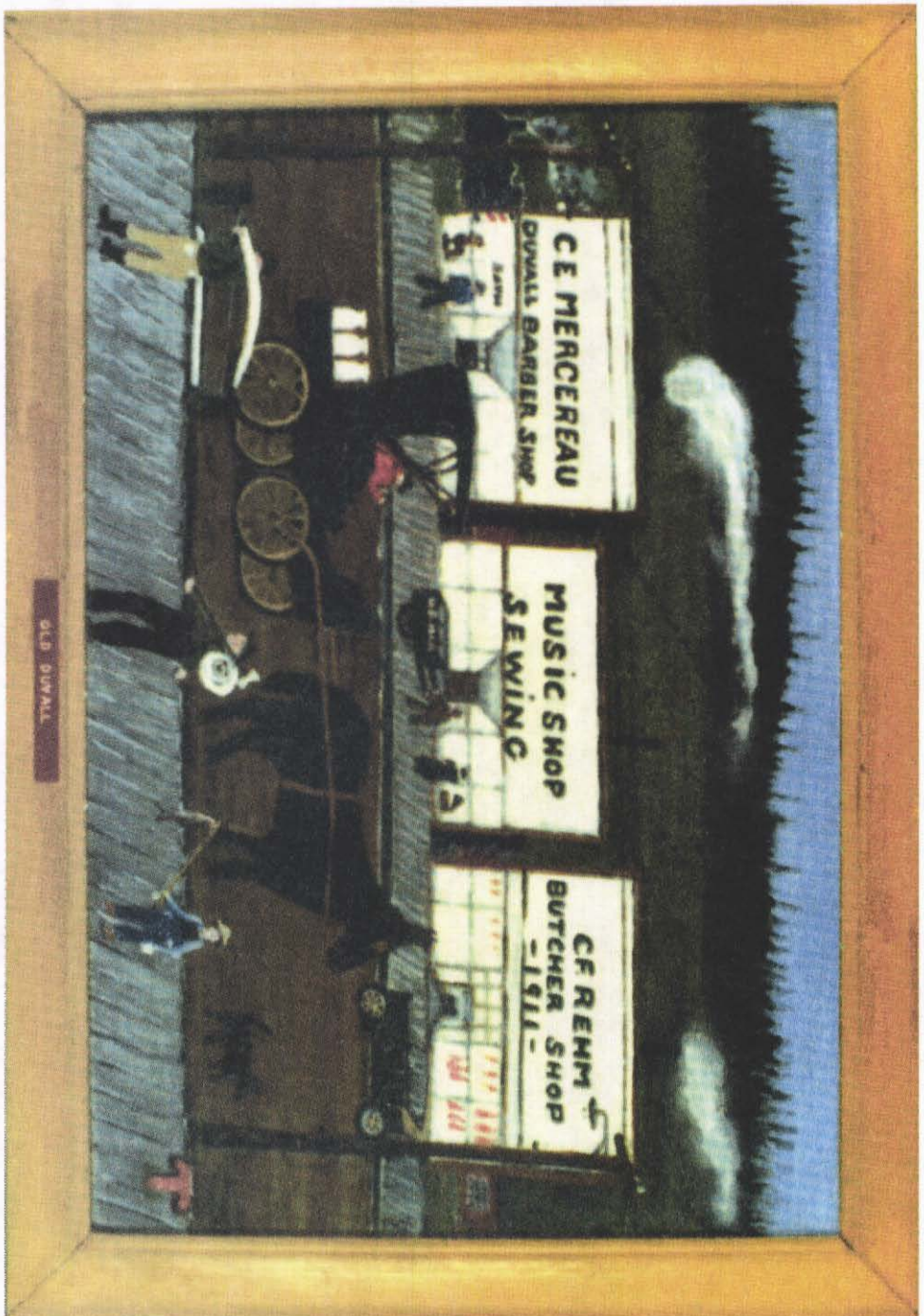
(The picture) Frame made of barn lumber with original square nails used in 1884. 3 of trees in painting fell in windstorm of 1979. They were 120 years old.”



“Cherry Valley (precursor to Duvall) and Riverboat
Early Cherry Valley with river boat and swing bridge and early M.E. Church
and Hix’s store about 1905. Grange Hall, Church and school.”



“Downtown Duvall
3 shops, buggy, and wooden sidewalks and gutters.”



OLD DUVAL

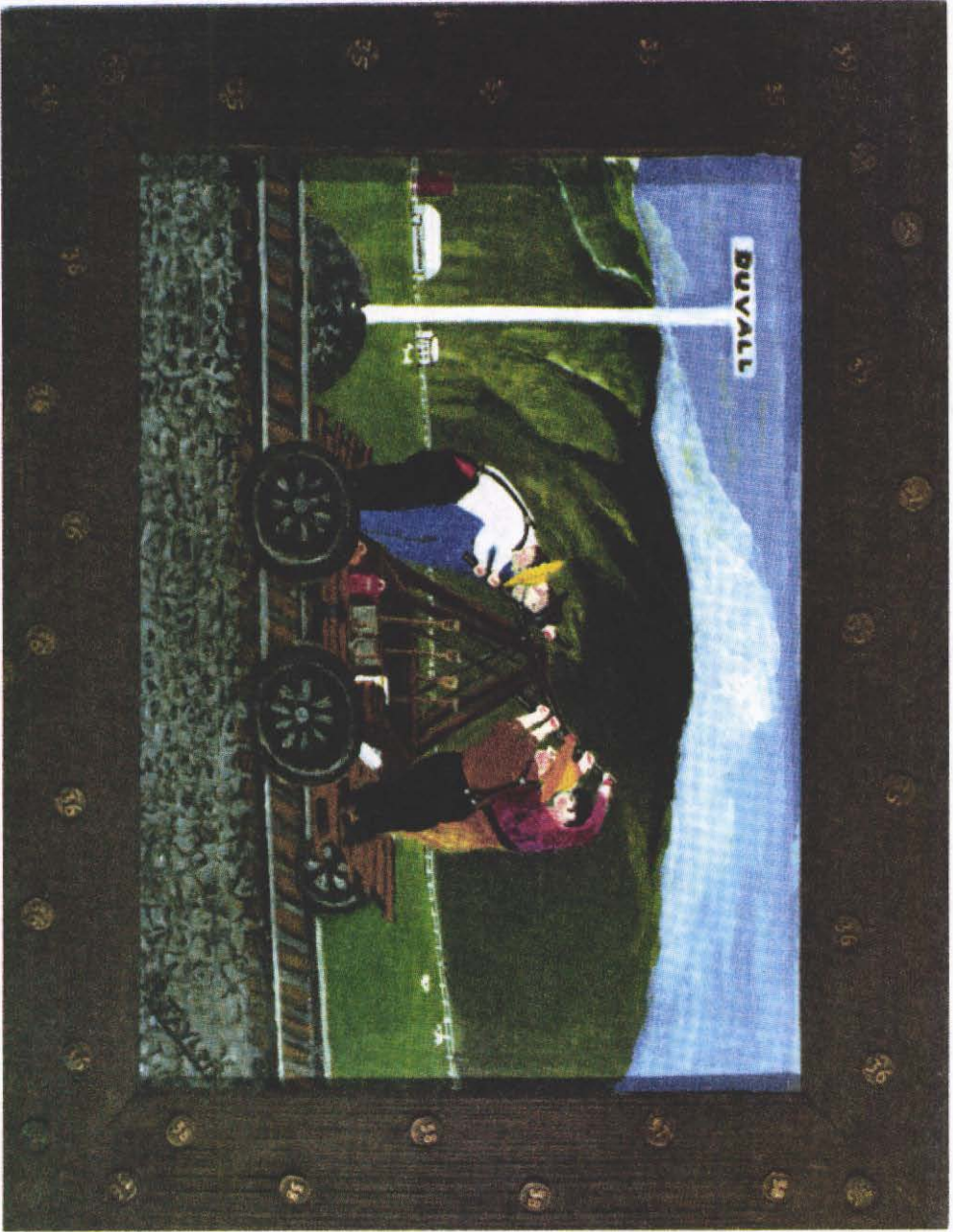
“Cherry Valley School built in 1911 at a cost of \$15,000. About 1950’s Duvall consolidated with Carnation, or Tolt as it was earlier called. The last school reunion I attended was here in 1957. Was an accredited school. (Top floor removed, lower floors) still used by Cherry Hill apartments.”



“The Forest Inn – a structure that would grace any National Park (with) its stained timbers as a support. A huge lobby for entertaining guests with huge fireplace, a bar and cafeteria. Sportsmen - hunters and fishermen - came out from Seattle. Also lumbermen and salesmen. The Inn burned down somewhere in the 1930's.”



"The most polite occupation. Everyone bows to one another. The Gandy Dancers, section crew, on the Milwaukee Road that ran through Duvall since 1911. I worked as a section hand during world War I. This was a much used R.R. during the transportation of the big timber off the Cascade foothills. Trees 9-12 ft, in diam. were not uncommon. 2 railroads came to Duvall - The Great Northern and Milwaukee. The G.N. up to Tolt but ended the run in 1917. The Milwaukee remained till 1973 or 74. The studs used on this frame were copper tie markers. We arrived on the Milwaukee in 1913."



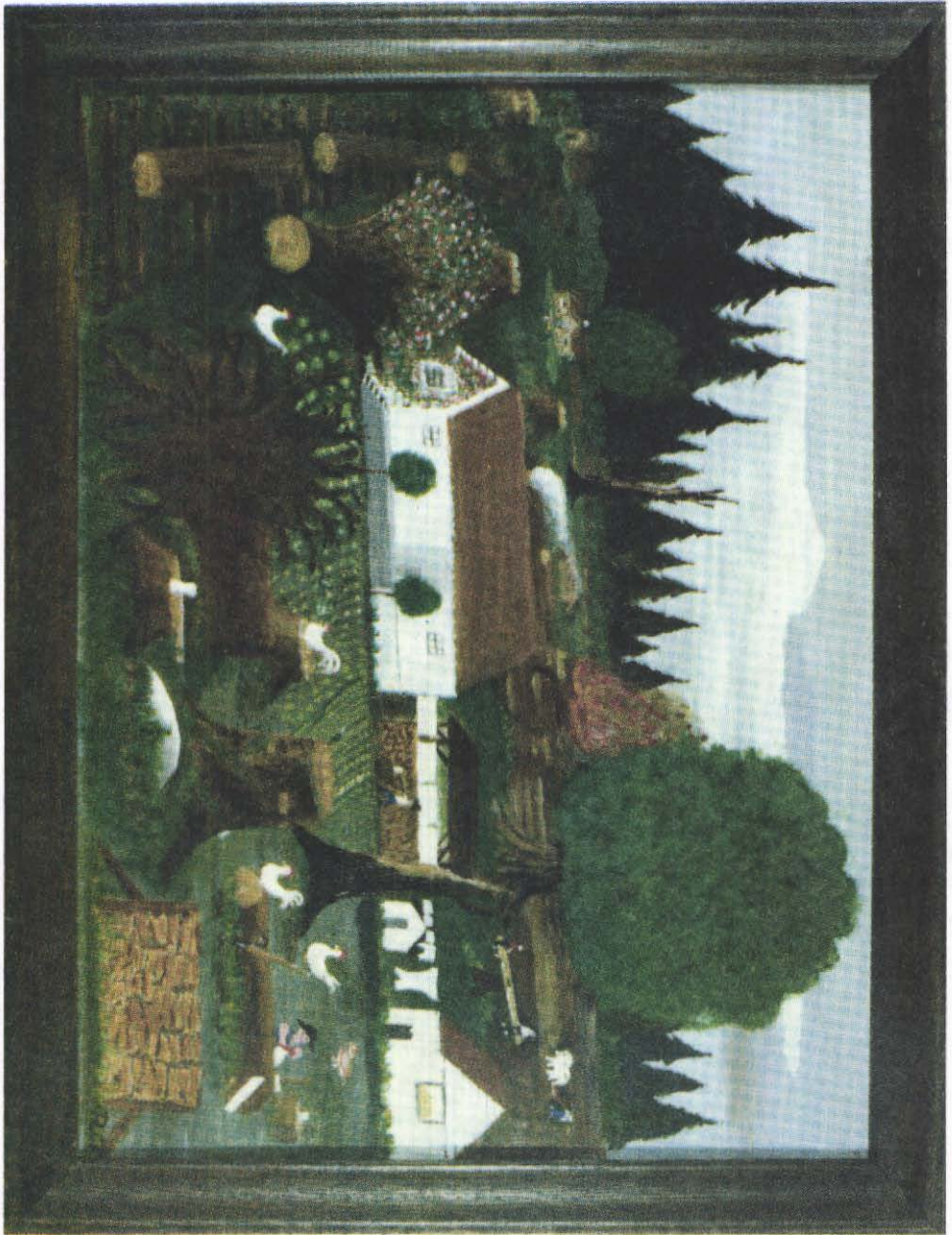
“Country Store - Early ‘Supermarket’

A country store similar to Boyd's general store that operated in Duvall as a local Post Office in 1912. They also sold general goods and hay and grain. It was called A.H. Boyd & Sons. Through this P.O. the men got their enlistment notices in World War I.”



"Taylor Home

When Second Ave. was a skidroad, we bought 4 lots on Second and Richardson about 1913 and built a cabin. The lots 1-2-3-4, Block 6, Div. 3 sold for the sum of \$368.00 with a load of lumber to the value of \$68 to build a 4-room cabin and large porch, in total a cabin about 25'X50'. In the agreement a \$20.00 down payment was paid and the balance in monthly of \$10.00 per month (taxes \$3.85 per year). There was no pouring of cement as the foundation was set on convenient stumps or rocks available in the land clearing. Clearing land was a monstrous job as most stumps were still solid and pitch soaked. Blasting stumps was an every day job here and there in townsite and logging camp. When the powder monkey yelled 'fire' we all left home for at least a ¼ of a mile. Blasting only splintered the stumps. Horses and later donkey engines pulled and tugged. Blasting brought up the poorer soils. Living along a skid road brought back to mind James Duvall's husky bulls and the skid greaser, whose marks of grease still remained in grease soaked skids. The village blacksmith lived near us and owned a Model T Ford. One could see him in his bouncing car driving up the road. Mother, with her English love of flowers, decorated old windfalls with roses and we made a garden between the huge stumps."



"Duvall's One and Only Jail - built about 1913 on the incorporation of the town. Built of 2X5's laid on 2" side. Was located at back of present town hall office on Stella St. Had very little use, only for intoxicated loggers and chicken thieves. Town had town marshal for awhile. Doors were never locked here. Real offenders sent to Seattle."



“Fire on Main Street

Our simple fire alarm was a piece of railroad rail twisted into the shape of a triangle and beat with another piece of iron by the first to sound the alarm. We had an old-fashioned hose cart with the hose coiled around a drum affair and nozzles on a spike. We would run up or down the wooden sidewalks, attach the hydrant end and aim our stream of water on the flames.”



"3 Foot of Snow of 1916

On the right side - Duvall State Bank, Hix's Store, Hoffman Tailor shop, L.D. Smith blacksmith shop, Duvall Theater, Allan's Garage, Marlett's Hotel, Clausen's Drug Store.

L. side - Boyd's Grocery (partially shown), A.P. Manion (upper story used by IOOF Lodge and later by Grange). Next stores connected were: Lon C Brown Confectionery, Sherman Moody Dry Goods. Next: Athletic Hall, Mercereau's Barber Shop, Rehm's Butcher Shop, Verna Werzer Music Shop, the Forest Inn (large building).

I was a boy of 13. The family had moved from England in 1913 and we had just completed a shack on 2nd and Richardson but had not completed putting the battens over the cracks on the 1X12 boards that made up the walls to protect us from the weather. We had just moved in and it started to snow. The year was 1916 and we had been over from England 3 years. It snowed till 3 feet of it lay on the ground and 3 feet on the roofs of the shacks around town. I, being the lightest able to shovel snow, was put on the roof. I felt the roof sag with my weight and the snow. One had to shovel it again as it piled up about 5 feet all around the house. We could not go to school for 2 weeks. The shingle mill, the only means of work was shut down and the logs in the river pond were frozen hard. The mill was the source of electricity so no lights were had for the town. So people got out their kerosene lamps. People were seen going to Hix's store to buy their kerosene. The snow laid on the ground and houses from the last week in February till the second week in March."



"Duvall's First Rock Band
4th of July Celebration at Taylor Park - 1916



"A funeral train of logs going to saw mills, passing their own monuments. In the early 1900's there were many logging camps around Cherry Valley and later Duvall. It was a common sight to look out the Cherry Valley School window and see this sight of trainloads of as much as 50 cars sometimes 2 and 3 times a day, coming from the Stillwater and Cherry Valley Logging Co. Especially in World War I when Forestry troops were sent to speed up the program as lumber was in great demand for Army barracks here and overseas. The big camps here were Cherry Valley, High Rock and Ring's across the valley. Ring's R.R. was on pilings in spots and the logs dumped into the river at the bend at Duvall. At times log jams were 2 ½ miles in length as the old swing bridge piers stopped the logs. High Rock logged the hills around Lakes Fontel and Hannon and brought the logs down to High Rock Crossing where the Milwaukee R.R. added them to the Cherry Valley cars. Sometimes there were only 3 logs to a car. Bark 9 or 10 inches thick."



"Taylor Landing 1976

Approximately 2 acres of Riverside property, where the shingle mill had been, was acquired by the town of Duvall in 1966, after months of negotiations with King Co. The property was sold by Treasurer's Deed No. 39383 - Aug - 1966, for the sum of \$12.29. After 7 years of negotiations with the Railroad for a crossing and Game Dept. for funds for development, work finally commenced early in 1973 and finished in the same year that the R.R. was abandoned."



POSTSCRIPT

Summing up his life in Duvall, looking at the present but hinting at the future, Ralph jotted these lines in the mid 1970's:

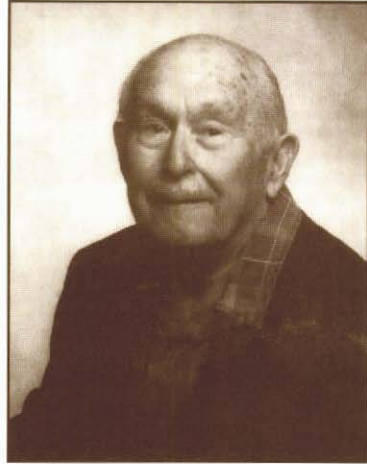
NOW

Part of metropolitan King Co.
In our foothills, Seattle's water supply
Power hidden in the river
Fresh milk and produce whisked away to market
New sanitation system second to none coming
Rails being removed for a hiking trail
Paid \$15 for a place for a boat ramp
Where once was the shingle mill
Shedding the crust of mud, smoldering slash burnings,
Rotting stumps, skid roads and shacks
Forecast is for the march of population toward
Our foothills and green valley.



RALPH TAYLOR
1903-1989

DUVALL'S
CHERISHED
CITIZEN



What was Duval like in 1913 when the Taylor family arrived in Duvall, Washington, from Poole, England?

For over seventy years Ralph Taylor chronicled life in Duvall in writings and paintings.

Read *Duvall Immigrant* to find out what life was like here in "the good old days"!

