

A CHRONICLE OF INDIANOLA

By EVA PICKRELL MEACHAM



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To

Jim and Keith

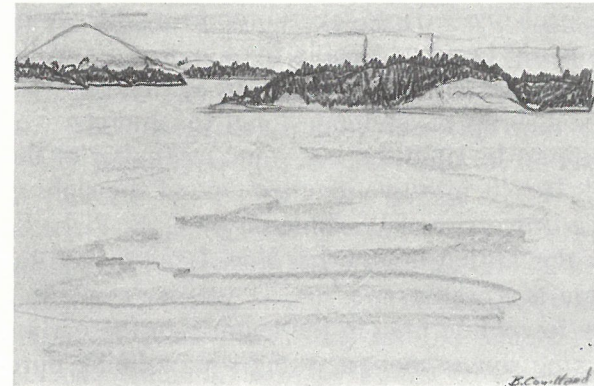
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Chapter I

This is a story of the birth and development of Indianola, written as a remembrance of the earlier village and the people who played a part in its inception.

Indianola history starts before the arrival of white men upon the shores of the Whulge, or Puget Sound. The origin of the Sound Indians is not fully known. When Vancouver sailed into the Sound in the Bird Ship in 1792, his was the first ship and he the first white man seen by the Salish Indians.

The early coastline of the Pacific Ocean had been explored by Europeans, leaving this sheltered inland sea well hidden by its narrow and winding water approaches and the Indian inhabitants of this area undisturbed by discovery and white invasion. The Russians were established far to the north, and the Spanish to the south, before the waters of the Sound felt the ripple of an anchor cast from the side of a ship. So delayed was water discovery of this inland sea that expeditions on foot, working their way slowly across plains and mountains, were here almost simultaneously with the navigators. Securely hidden by almost impenetrable mountains, forests and concealed waterways, this redman's paradise of bountiful natural foods and mild winters remained untouched until the press of progress could no longer circumvent its discovery.



The Sound Indian, in his somewhat nomadic existence, was never free from the fear that a fleet of enemy canoes might suddenly sweep from behind the point to terrorize the inhabitants of his camp. The children were early taught the necessity for furtive watchfulness and to conceal themselves in the forests when such raids occurred. A lookout was ever maintained to report the approach of hostile parties. Had the tribes been able to agree among themselves, they might have developed a unification that could have built a sound defense against marauding Indians, but unfortunately they preyed upon each other. It was not until the end of primitive life that the idea of an alliance of tribes was conceived.

The birthplace of Sealth, or Seattle, son of Schweabe, in 1786 is supposed to have been Blake Island, but he spent his life mostly at Old Man House on Agate Pass. It was off the shores of this island that Vancouver anchored when first he met Puget Sound Indians. Sealth remembered Vancouver's voyage into the Sound in 1792. The impression of the white men he received at that time so influenced him that in later life his friendliness was a great asset to the early settlers.

Previous to this happening, Kitsap of the Suquamish tribe was born and had become Chief of his tribe. When Vancouver had left, Chief Kitsap thought that his tribe should have a large, central council building that would house the chiefs, subchiefs, and their families; also, to impress the white people when they returned. He selected a site on Agate Pass in a strategic view spot. The squaws were put to work with clam shells as implements, to fashion a huge excavation in which the men set mammoth timbers for uprights. They had to literally wear down the trees, with only stone chisels for tools, and it is believed that it took several years to construct. Conjecture says it was built about 1815 but no one knows for sure. It measured over 900 feet long, and 60 feet wide. It contained 40 "apartments," each divided into several rooms by mats hung as partitions. At one time several hundred people lived within its walls, and councils sat there many generations. In 1870 the U. S. Government ordered it demolished after a series of epidemics, and the Indians were moved into separate dwellings. In 1906 the last standing timber of the structure fell to the ground. It split into two lengths. One of the slabs was sent to the museum at the University of Washington by C. B. Pickrell, Indian Agent at the Reservation at that time. It has since been moved to the State Historical Museum at Tacoma.

There were few white men in the country in the early days, and they generally became squaw men, a young squaw being purchased for two

blankets and an old squaw for one blanket. In 1882 a law was passed that all white men must marry their squaws, so the county sheriff covered the territory by skiff and performed the ceremonies. At a much later date the Indian Agent at Tulalip came to Indianola to check on the marital status of our local Indians.

An estimate of the Suquamish tribe on the peninsula given in 1844 numbered them as 158 men, 102 women, 113 boys, 97 girls, 64 slaves, a total of 525 people, with 5 horses, 160 canoes, and 63 guns.

In the treaty of 1855 between Isaac Stevens, Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Governor of Washington Territory, and chiefs of certain Indian tribes, the Port Madison Indian Reservation was formed of 1280 acres. This was enlarged in 1864 and again in 1872 to include 7284 acres, or thirteen sections. Each family might select an allotment of forty acres or more, to be lived on and improved. They would eventually receive a patent after proper residence had been established and improvements made, the restrictions making it tax free and controlling the Indian's power to sell the property.

The Puget Sound Indian was a creature of tribal habits. He lived and moved in bands, taking his living from the sea and along the shore. Attempts to make farmers out of them did not work, they were not agriculturally inclined. They ate fish and flesh and easily obtained herbs before the white men came, and saw no reason for being isolated on widely scattered tracts. Threats to make them move were not pressed, and their village along the shore became a picturesque Indian settlement. But none of them became farmers. They were afraid to live on their isolated allotments because of northern tribes who invaded and kidnapped young natives for slaves. Nomadic by nature, they moved about, following seasonal occupations, in the hop field, the berry harvests, the salmon canneries in summer, and logging and shinglebolt camps during winter.

But the day of the reservation as it had been known was nearing the end. Some of the older Indians were having a sorry time. Enfeebled and poverty-stricken, they possessed waterfront property that with the growth of white population and its proximity to the city of Seattle, became of great value. C. B. Pickrell, the Indian Agent, realized their plight and knew that, if their allotments were ever to bring them any benefit, it would not be through farming, and action should be taken soon.

With the help of J. B. Metcalfe, an able Seattle attorney who had a summer home adjoining the reservation, they briefed material in regard to the critical state of affairs among the older Indians which aided in the pass-

ing of the Indigent Indian Act. This empowered the Indian—the U. S. Government acting for him—to sell his allotment through sealed bid, the money to be held in trust by the Government at interest and paid to the Indian in installments of thirty dollars monthly. Several allotments along the Suquamish waterfront were immediately sold. Ole Hanson, realtor in Seattle and later mayor, bought the tract in the center of where the town of Suquamish is now located.

Chapter II

It was in the selection of these allotments that Indianola's roots lie buried. On October 1, 1886, President Grover Cleveland approved allotments submitted by members of the Port Madison band of Indians. Among them was the Indian KaKue, or Beedee, and wife Tu Tue Tue, who chose 80 acres of the South half of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, and the North half of the Northeast quarter, and Lots 1 and 2 of Section 15, consisting of 92.80 acres. This 172 acres is the present site of Indianola proper.

In December of 1886 Beedee died, leaving no will and his wife Tu Tue Tue sole heir. Four years later Tu Tue Tue died, leaving a brother and sister and a daughter Katie by a prior union to that of Beedee. The sister (Tar-de-blu) upon her demise left as heir Chief Jacob, her son. The brother also had relatives by the name of Contraro. But when the estate was settled in 1909, Chief Jacob was named sole heir.

Tu Tue Tue's daughter Katie married Alpheus Loughrey and when Katie died in 1896, without issue, Loughrey, her husband, was sole heir. He had four sons by a previous marriage. This brought a conflict of ownership, but through litigation and indirect lineage (Mary Jacob lost by default), the property descended to the sons of Alpheus Loughrey. One of these sons, Ernest A. Loughrey (Sr.) became the permanent resident of Indianola.

One of the colorful characters who came to the Old Man House Indians in the early days was Mrs. Loughrey's father, William DeShaw, trader at Agate Point. His store was known as The Bonanza and was directly across from Old Man House. DeShaw had married into Sealth's tribe, his first wife being Mary, a daughter of Angeline, Sealth's child. Wm. DeShaw, by two subsequent wives, had two daughters, Alice and Carrie. Carrie, the younger half-sister, married E. A. Loughrey, who had come to the Port Madison vicinity very young and remained here throughout his life. He and his wife were established citizens of the Indianola community and

raised ten children: Ada, Myrtle, Ernest, Roy, Lee (Manny), Woody, Mac, Hazel, Mary, and Rose.

By virtue of his proximity to the reservation, Wm. DeShaw had a strong hand in governmental affairs as they developed in the steadily changing territory. His position was perhaps that not only of sheriff in many cases, but also self-appointed judge and jury. To his ability to compromise is accredited the reconciling of the Suquamish tribe to the demolition of Old Man House. He built the first frame house in Suquamish.

A deed dated July 15, 1915, from the Loughreys to the Northern Bank and Trust shows them to be the owners in fee simple. The Indianola Beach Land Company was formed in 1916 by W. L. Gazzam, and a Mr. Ray Bouillette appeared on the premises as their first salesman.



Chapter III

The first store in Indianola was installed by Geo. Hall in a building (at the foot of the hill) on the corner of Madrona and Shore Drive. Mr. Hall also took care of the mail problem by putting in some boxes to distribute the mail he brought over from Suquamish by a small boat. This was in the year 1916. In 1917 Mr. George Rodgers operated a store and Post Office in the Beachcomber (on the present site of the new Post Office building). In 1920 C. B. Pickrell and sons came over from Suquamish and constructed a store across the street. The Post Office had been discontinued by the Rodgers, so one was included in the Pickrell building.

During the early 1920's life dragged for the small community, especially in the winter time. There was no electricity and practically no entertainment of any kind. About the only diversion was books, and there was no library nearby. So Mrs. Godman and Mrs. Cyrus Pickrell worked on the idea of starting a local library. Others became interested and the idea grew to consideration of erecting a building for a small library. That sounded good, but why not make it larger and include a library room in the plan, and thus have a meeting place owned by the community itself. The summer population was enlarging and they were very interested. All hands chipped in to earn money towards their goal. Some wonderful carnivals were put on in the summers of 1927 and 1928, even though they had to be held in a roped-off area of the main street. An auction was held in the spring of 1927, and many lots were sold cheaply.

In order to raise more building money, the leaders deemed it necessary to be an incorporated club. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Grunden lived here at that time, and Mr. Grunden, president pro tem, had a friend who was an attorney. He drew up the papers, and the Indianola Beach Improvement

Club was officially born. The groundwork laid, the civic minded officers of the Club began looking around for available property. Mr. Gazzam had two lots which he offered, but, after acquiring it, dissension arose over its location, which was a couple of blocks from the center of town. Differences of opinions led to the forming of sides and a controversy raged over where would be the most convenient place for the building. Mr. Clifford Rogers was chairman of the building committee. They finally decided to raffle off the two back lots they had for \$1.00 per chance and use the proceeds toward purchasing some property owned by a Mr. Bliss. The clubhouse still stands on this site, and time has proven it was a wise decision. The building was built in 1930, encompassing a library room. Miss Karen Olson donated many fine books and served as librarian for several years. When the county Bookmobile started coming in, the library was discontinued.

In 1928 Mr. Ambrose Richards was elected president of the Club, and he ably continued the good work started by his predecessor. The carnivals became a regular summer event and various other affairs were given. Our famous Stunt Night, held for so many years, was born about this time. Mrs. Chas. Young, experienced in such entertainment, took charge with the aid of another pro, Scott Hill, who was a wonderful emcee. The Pickrell family was represented by some member every year. Amos was always asked to perform. Every one knew him and he was always good for a big laugh. Last year (1967) when Stunt Night was revived, the fourth generation of the family took part, Amos' grandchildren, Jimmy and Brian.

The womenfolk were working hard to do their share. A Women's Auxiliary to the Improvement Club came into being and held afternoon affairs. Their Silver Teas and bridge parties contributed immensely. And let's not forget the contributions the young folks have made. A group of teen-agers held dances on Saturday evenings and provided some gymnasium equipment for their own use. There were clambakes, crab feeds, and contributions from other allied clubs which were being formed. The Beach Life, a little magazine published by the Edgewater Beach District, shows pictures of a very successful salmon derby. They mention different activities taking place, which shows the place was humming in 1937. Summer's end was climaxed with a gala occasion, an Officers' Ball and supper. Practically everyone was there.

More people were arriving and living here. One summer our colony included two mayors, Arthur Langlie of Seattle and J. Kaufman of Ta-

coma.

It was opined that the winter folks needed entertainment of some kind also. Two of the ladies, Mrs. Walter King and Mrs. Otis Hancock, gathered together ten more available neighbors and started a Wednesday Sewing Club in 1933. This met around at the homes. As one of their projects they made a beautiful quilt and raffled it off. As more women were included, sewing faded out of the picture, but they have always had something on the fire to benefit the community. After the Otto Grays arrived, Mrs. Gray became their official president.

Mrs. Young and some of the younger women were meeting and playing bridge, so they formed the Tuesday Club with her as its first president. Both clubs are still very active, and often go together to put on functions jointly with the purpose of making money for the community.

The Seattle Orthopedic Hospital was stretching out and forming guilds in outlying communities. Poulsbo, Indianola and Suquamish combined and formed one of these guilds. After awhile it grew unwieldy so they separated and Suquamish and Indianola formed a guild of their own.

The Indianola Garden Club was started in the middle 1950's. Mrs. Wilbur Hall did considerable groundwork to put it in growing condition. Garden sales and teas with interesting speakers are the basis of many of our fine yards. One year a clean-up campaign directed by Will Creech yielded old cars and miscellany blemishing the roadsides. Mrs. Sylvia Lester should be mentioned as a faithful worker and the instigator of many plans for the general improvement of our town.

In the very young days of the community some of the first inhabitants even had a baseball team. A picture taken in 1877 proves that the Indians had a team in existence then. They are shown without uniforms and playing barehanded with bats shaped by hand from tree limbs. An Indian team, comprised of local members, went to Japan and competed.

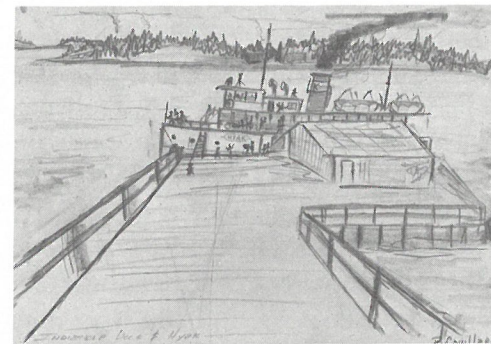
I wonder how many folks there are around today who would remember the square dance classes we had during the war. Couples came from as far away as Erland Point to participate. Mr. Anthony, our teacher, was paid by a government agency through a grant for Aid to Underprivileged Areas. We never could quite figure out how Indianola landed in *that* category, but it was great fun anyway.

An incident happening many moons ago but of some interest occurred during Prohibition days. Our local representative of the law was Ernie Gardner, Deputy Sheriff. One night about Midnight he went down the dock as was his wont, to hang up the red lantern at the end. As he pro-

ceeded down, he saw a couple of men handling sacks of something or other, doing so with the wheelbarrow kept there to haul freight up the dock. He bent back his coat to display his badge of authority and informed them they were under arrest. He noticed then that they were loading the filled sacks onto a small boat tied up to the float. They saw he had no arms so, offering him some of their loot, continued with their work. Bristling, he blew his police whistle. They thought it best to discontinue their activity, so called to helpers on the beach and all took off in a boat.

Telling loudly of his experience in the store next day, two of our adventurous young men decided to go down on the beach that night and take a look at low tide. So, equipped with gunnysacks and a flashlight, they started walking east from the dock. Speck Charlesworth took his .38 automatic and Elliott Pickrell carried an old .44. Sure enough, they found a sack with eight bottles of whiskey in it. Speck toted it up and hid it behind a log. But he just couldn't resist sampling his find, and by the time he rejoined Elliott to continue the search, he was pretty slap-happy.

As they walked along, they found the ebbing tide disclosed a whole field of filled sacks in piles of two dozen or so. Speck was busy slitting open the sacks to see the brands when Elliott happened to look up and see a dull light glowing on the point, signalling to an anchored boat. Just as he looked around again, he saw behind a big stump the barrel of a gun pointing straight at them. A voice demanded that they hold up their hands and drop their guns. Speck was in a haggling mood and argued about dropping his gun on the wet sand! The man with the voice confiscated their arms and claimed he was a Federal man. The next day the Harbor Patrol appeared with grappling hooks and retrieved the treasure, but not before a good part of the town had slipped down and hidden away a bottle or two.



Chapter IV

The development of Indianola transportation was always linked with the service to Suquamish; consequently it had its beginnings there.

Before the time of a dock, the Government landed a steamer on the beach of Agate Pass with provisions for the Indians: food, cloth, tools, blankets, and so forth. The Indians would gather and have a big time of it. As early as 1887 steamers, called "fire ships" by the Indians, were running to Poulsbo, stopping at floats en route. To accommodate the travel from the Reservation, a floating wharf was anchored to piling out in the channel of Agate Pass. Mail and passengers were rowed out to the float and loaded onto the steamer. Early in the fall of 1906 the float at Old Man House village partly washed away making it unsafe for use. The Indian Reservation had been served for several years by the little steamers KITSAP, RELIANCE and BURTON, operating from Poulsbo and way points to Seattle. The steamer MONTICELLO was also on the run in competition. About 1907 the old floating dock was sold for \$400. to Jones Pile Driver for piling a new dock at Suquamish. The Indians logged the piles and donations were received for the other materials. The well-known Indian, H. S. Alfred, was to work out a fine by building an approach to the dock, but by the time he finally completed the job he owed three fines!

This dock served the Reservation and outlying area for more than three years when it fell into disrepair. For a time the mail and passengers crossed the Pass to a dock at Agate Point. Real estate promoters built a temporary dock half way from Suquamish to Miller's Bay. Then the Kitsap County Transportation Company built a dock farther south, and had as its terminal Pier 3 at the foot of Madison Street. W. L. Gazzam, who owned considerable property hereabout, bought the RELIANCE, which had

been running to the east side of Bainbridge Island, and this formed the nucleus of the Kitsap County Transportation Company's fleet.

The steamer KITSAP, built in 1904; the HYAK in 1909; and the SUQUAMISH, built in 1915, comprised the Transportation Company's White Collar Line. The flagship of the little mosquito fleet was the HYAK, built for the AYP Exposition in Seattle. This fine ship operated on the Poulsbo run for thirty years, when it was retired at the inauguration of ferry service. When the Atlantic Fleet visited the Pacific Coast the HYAK was the flagship of the convoy sent to usher the Fleet as it entered the Sound.

One of the early steamers to serve this area was the AUGUSTA, which made trips twice a week and charged \$1.00 fare each way.

About 1916 a dock was built at Indianola Beach by the Land Company to transport prospective buyers. In 1918 a steamer was landing here weekends. The folks who had bought property here and were commuting to work had to walk up to the Spit to Charlesworth's place, and take a small boat to Suquamish, where they caught the steamer to Seattle. The next year Carl Hendrix instigated a move to pay in advance for a year, and twelve passengers chipped in and daily trips were established to the city.

For several years a trip to Seattle meant a day's journey. That is, one must go in on the early morning boat and come out at night (about 6:30) along with freight, mail, and a growing list of passengers. I remember taking my small children in to the doctor for periodic check-ups and carrying clam nectar in a vacuum bottle to assuage their hunger during the long day.

By 1929 we had three trips a day into Seattle by passenger boat. Suquamish had ferry service to Ballard—established in 1925.

In 1937 a new Colman Dock Terminal was built and the Puget Sound Navigation Company ran a ferry named SEATTLE to Indianola. But we were still unable to drive cars on the ferry from this dock. It was due to the hard work and influence of Gail Huhn, our Club President at this time, that Captain Peabody of the Black Ball Line was coerced into enlarging the dock, installing dolphins and doing the necessary remodeling of our dock for the accommodation of autos. They also assumed the responsibility for the upkeep of the dock, no small item due to its extreme length. It was quite an advance when we could board the ferry in our cars, practically at our doorsteps. Our service grew with the times, and it is hard to picture now but we had ferries leaving here for Seattle every two hours.

Agitation was afoot for State ownership of the ferry system and the Agate Pass bridge was built between Bainbridge Island and the mainland. It was dedicated on October 7, 1950, and by the fall of 1951 all boat service to our port was discontinued by the State Ferry System which now owned the service. A local Port Commission was formed for the maintenance of the dock and float so that the community might have the continued use of the facilities for a small boat landing and other purposes. Mr. Ambrose Richards has been the guiding hand in this capacity. Mr. Alfred Oleson served on the Port Commission from the time of its organization until his death in 1966. Present Commissioners serving with Mr. Richards are Cart Dillingham and Bill Mackay. The job of moving the float to protected water each fall, repairing and returning it for summer use, is a task in itself.

To reminisce a bit:

The big deep toot of the early morning steamer approaching the dock was the signal for our village to come to life. It was vital for the heads of families to catch the "in" boat as it was their only chance to get to work that day. Frequently the heavy sleepers did not rouse until the signal was heard. It was not unusual to see someone charging down the dock carrying coat, tie, and even shoes. The crews those days were magnanimous, and I daresay the commuters became spoiled. The boat seemed to always have to wait for some straggler. But in those Good Old Days they *would* wait if one got as much as a foot on the dock. Commuters already on board cried encouragement as the tardy one arrived breathless and hatless and the boat could shove off.

No narrative of Indianola boat service would be complete without the saga of the Daybreak Excursion, remembered and chuckled over by our oldest and hardest commuters. It was told by Elliott Pickrell, a victim of the happening.

In 1920 the little SUQUAMISH ("Squeaky" to her fond passengers) finished her run and tied up for the night at the Indianola dock as usual. Her skipper was a Captain Hanson who slept aboard. Her First Mate, sleeping at home, woke up suddenly one morning, glanced quickly at his clock and rushed for the boat. Finding the Captain still asleep, he wakened him and blew the five-minute warning whistle. Captain Hanson hurried to the bridge, and although only one or two commuters appeared, managed to get the boat under way on time. Elliott, wakened by the whistle, jumped from bed to trousers and went flying down the dock, a shirt in one hand and shoes in the other. When he boarded the boat he saw only

one other passenger. As they approached Suquamish they tooted to land and no one was on the dock! Captain Hanson tied up and tooted three times, but still no one showed up. Sensing something was wrong by this time, he made for the cabin—looked at the clock—lo and behold! the engineer had got them off fully an hour too early! They sneaked back to Indianola to start over again. By that time people were gathering on the Indianola dock at the regular time and wondering what was going on. Derision met little SQUEAKY as her riders called to the Captain, “What’s the idea of this daybreak excursion?” Needless to say, he was a long time living that down!

The dock played an important part in the friendliness and sociability of our small community. When the boats disgorged their load of passengers, visitors and suburbanites returning for the week-end, people seemed to pour up the dock like ants scurrying about their business. Come Sunday evening, everyone sauntered down the dock to wave Goodbye to guests, to chat with neighbors, or just to take their evening constitutional walk and enjoy the panoramic view of water, mountains and homes nestled among the trees. They strolled back up the dock content with the thought that they enjoyed country life at its best.

Chapter V

The old Indian trail meandered along the cliff above the beach and had been used for perhaps centuries. It followed the shore line from Suquamish to Miller’s Bay, where it had been interrupted by the early white settlement which located there after the reservation was originally withdrawn from public lands. It was picked up again on the north side of the Bay, proceeding through what is now Indianola and onward as far as Jefferson Head. Traces of the trail still show in places along the bank’s edge. Up near the point it bent inland through the woods, from Miss Olson’s and Mr. Godman’s places, down the steep hill to the cove. Some of the Indians still own the property and one of them especially, blind Virgil Temple, lived on the other side of the cove for quite some time. Because of its isolation and accessibility from Seattle by small boat, this cove was for many years a hangout for some real shady characters. In the 1930’s Mr. Ernie Bryson, our Deputy, went up there with his trusty. 44 and single-handedly picked up a murderer who was hiding out there.

When Indianola was opened for settlement it had to be logged off and simple roads cleared so customers could locate their plots of ground. Mr. Loughrey logged and dumped them into the bay by means of a spill in front of Dr. Gilbert’s place. Amos Pickrell used to tell of firing a donkey engine for a logging crew in 1914. Old growth stumps are still visible hereabouts.

The first roads wound around many of these big stumps and enhanced the picturesqueness of the little village to such an extent that, when talk started of extending the road to Kingston, quite a little opposition reared its head. Many of the people were from Seattle and had summer homes here. They enjoyed our rustic beauty, loved the boat ride, and discouraged cars. But as there was no electricity, oil for lamps and cooking had to be brought in, as well as ice and other commodities. An oil truck dumped barrels of oil off three miles out that had to be picked up and brought in from there by the local store. The need became very apparent, and gradually, by means of axes and shovels and cooperation from the Kingston

end, a road grew.

Heading out of Indianola, it originally wended west from the main corner, over a pretty little rustic bridge hanging over the stream just a half block from this corner, thence to Loughrey's corner where it turned north. In 1935 the County began surveys for a road leading to Miller's Bay and Suquamish, and the pretty little bridge had vanished in place of a fill by 1939.

In the meantime a local road committee was busy planning improvements. The members took up a collection from the townspeople and bought oil which the County agreed to apply. Amos Pickrell and Jug Barrow worked many hours accomplishing this. By 1937 the county road had progressed from the Suquamish end to Miller's Bay, but difficulties were encountered in the shape of underground springs so it grew more slowly from this end. By attending numerous road meetings in all sorts of inclement weather, the current road committee attained the cooperation of the County Commissioners, and then a paved road was evolved. The First and Second Additions, west and east of town, were opened up for sale as the roads were extended each way. We have always had an active road committee and they have accomplished much in meeting the requirements of the community. Four sets of steps leading to the community tidelands were put in and are maintained by the Club to this day for our use.

Indianola in her maidenhood held a wealth of charm for nature lovers. Her trails and unimproved roads led one through an abundance of natural beauty. The old road to Godman's through the Lilly tract, and the path on down to the cove was a veritable bower of mock orange and spirea in the springtime. And there were other unforgettable ones, such as the old Belmont trail, through the deep woods. The ravine beyond Otto Gray's with its maidenhair fern, trilliums and johnny-jump-ups. The Christmas Tree trail. The path through Nachant's to the Spit. And the bountiful yield of the delectable wild blackberry! The road to the Meacham place and beyond was a favorite hunting spot for this treasure. Remember the eagle's nest on the point? We will never forget seeing mama eagle flying nestward with a salmon or wild duck in her talons. My son Jim knew the exact tall stump housing their nest, and the Audubon Society planned a trip to see it. Once, one of the fledglings stumbled across our yard, exhausted with his efforts to fly. Dr. Gilbert, donning leather gloves, secured him and he was installed in the Woodland Park Zoo. Of course there has always been our unusually fine beach, which clearing and logging have been unable to disrupt, and we may still enjoy its harvest of interest.

Chapter VI

As an outgrowth of the extension of the road around the bay to Suquamish, our local school faded into the past. In 1919 there were several year-round children in the community in need of education facilities. So, due very much to the efforts of Mr. Carl Hendrix, and especially with the help of Mrs. Hendrix, our first school board was formed. Serving on it were Mr. E. Loughrey, Mr. Carl Armstrong of Miller's Bay, and C. B. Pickrell. They obtained the use of the L. Sizer house, located on the waterfront at the end of Madrona Street, for the use of a school the first year. Miss Cleo Campbell was the first teacher. The next year they decided to have a real school building so land was acquired from the County and a carpenter hired to erect the building. It was in the trees and the facilities were back-woodsly indeed according to our present standards for schools. In 1926 and 1927 when I taught, there was no electricity, there were outdoor toilets, and a wood stove to battle with. We had eighteen pupils of all grades with some in every grade. Three of the children were pure blood Indians still living in this vicinity. The local school board gradually improved and modernized the building until about the time of consolidation and abandonment it was in really pretty good shape. It closed as a school in the spring of 1941 and has since been remodeled into a very nice little chapel.

Mary Barrick, Alfred Anderson and Dene Hendrix had been attending Poulsbo High, traveling there by private car. This list grew to include Ruth and Ellen Hendrix, Dick Meacham and Richard Waterman, so the school board at Poulsbo agreed to send in a bus to transport them there. School bus service was established which later included the elementary grades.

Religious services have accompanied the development of the little town from the beginning. How well we old timers recall the meetings held on the beach, around tremendous beach fires. Aided by the dulcet tones of a little hand organ. Worshippers were attracted from surrounding communities, rowing in sometimes by boat to attend the services. Different

pastors from various churches in Seattle came out and preached the sermons, and church was held on every Sunday evening in the summertime. Mr. Walter King was very instrumental in these services, as was also C. B. Pickrell. Mr. King took the collection and played the organ, and C. B. led the singing. As the old hymns resounded over the quiet water, it gave one something to remember, you may be sure.

After the Clubhouse was built, services were held there on and off. Sunday School has been more constant, several of us who had children helping out in the teaching. Mrs. Reine Enschede has been most faithful in this task. Forrest Bush came out from town and supervised Sunday School in the summers of the early 1940's. Dr. Ohrenstein of the United Church of Christ held church services here for a few summers.

Mrs. Martha Chew and some other willing workers fixed up the schoolhouse into the chapel and Sunday School and worship services are being held there now, with a Mr. Priest from Bremerton officiating. Other folks attend St. Peter's Catholic Church in Suquamish; also the United Church of Christ.

Chapter VII

Our Fire Department started with very primitive apparatus. The equipment was at first merely a hose cart, which could be hauled behind a car. The firemen were anybody and everybody who showed up to help. As we had never had a home burn, the need was scarcely realized. It had been worked on, though, and by 1937 the Department boasted a hose cart, fire station, and twenty-five hydrants which they had installed. Amos and Jug Barrow had bought a lot from the County for one dollar which is now used for a parking lot.

In 1939 our log cabin on the beach burned down, and the volunteer firemen found their equipment most inadequate. When they unreeled the hose and attempted to couple it up they found it impossible and, besides, it was rotten and full of holes. Mr. Henry Johnson, to remedy the situation, spent both hours and money remodeling a panel truck into a small version of a fire truck. With some financial aid from the Club, he equipped it with a good hose, axes, and even hard hats! But eventually this outfit became outmoded, as the need was growing for an automatic siren system and a real honest-to-goodness fire truck. Doug Roney lived here at the time and worked for a company associated with such equipment, so he and Dene Hendrix and Cart Dillingham purchased a genuine fire truck for the community and Dene installed a siren system. This set-up proved adequate for years, but progress required that we have firemen with the correct "know-how" so a Fire District was formed, the men were trained, and our insurance rates dropped as the result. We had arrived!

At one time in the late 1950's when our daytime manpower dropped, some of the young wives and mothers formed a crew and drilled each week with Chief Charles Brickell giving them expert training. Today we have fifteen trained and insured volunteers, seven of whom recently received certificates for taking an advanced course sponsored by the State Board of Vocational Education. We can all rest easily, knowing efficient help is available in a crisis. The Fire District has acquired another lot and one of these days we will see a new fire station erected. Present Fire Commissioners are H. I. Gilbert, H. E. Gray and C. A. Brickell.

Chapter VIII

Ernest Gardner operated the first water system, installed by the Land Company. Mr. E. Bryson continued it for several years, making improvements all along the line. In 1934 the Edgewater Beach District was handling the real estate business and Mr. Otto Gray came here. He managed the water system and sold property for the Company. They built an office for him on the corner of Seaview Avenue and Beach Way. This later was remodeled into a house, sold and moved to the waterfront.

Mr. Gray needed a telephone to conduct his business. Kingston had had phones since 1906, when their line was installed connecting it with Port Gamble. They obtained a franchise with the Sunset Telephone Company of Seattle. Mr. Gray ran a line in to his office from Kingston in 1934 and the stores were connected. Many were the jaunts made delivering messages, calling parties to the phone, be it night or day, by the holders of these phones. The Olympic Telephone Company bought and operated the service later and in the course of time just about everyone had a phone. They installed a pay phone on the main corner for the use of the public.

After much water pipe digging and many efforts at improvement, Mr. Gray finally found the load of caring for the water system too much for him to handle, and he sold it to Mr. Calhoun of Olalla, Washington. This management lasted until January 1 of 1967 when it was sold to Indianola and a Water District was formed with Mr. Martin Enschede, Mr. Harold Eddy and Dr. Howard Gilbert as Commissioners.

Meanwhile, electricity was working its way Indianola-ward. The main line had been strung before 1930 but our houses were not wired until 1931. This was really a gigantic step forward. While gas lamps are fine in an emergency, they do not refrigerate our food or do our washings. Mothers of small children felt it a great boon indeed. An added advantage was the installation of street lights which soon appeared. For several years a line was strung down the dock from our store. Eventually a box with a switch was hooked up to the main line and the Club then paid for the lights.

Chapter IX

Our Post Office started its career as a fourth-class office. It was first established August 8, 1917, with Alan Rodgers as Postmaster. After a short time it was discontinued, but was reestablished July 15, 1920, with C. B. Pickrell as Postmaster in conjunction with his store.

Postmaster General A. S. Burleson of President Woodrow Wilson's administration would not allow the double name of Indianola Beach to be used, and suggested that since Indianola had been part of the old Port Madison Indian Reservation, plus the fact that it was the original home of Chief Kitsap, the name should be Kitsap, Washington, and would be designated as such by the Postal authorities. Thus it was for a long time.

In the younger days of one-a-day boat service, the Post Office Inspector had to come in by early boat and remain all day until the evening boat. Inspection was quickly completed and on one occasion the Inspector and Postmaster Pickrell played checkers to while away the intervening time. An assiduous patron, taking note of the game, wrote a letter of complaint to the Postmaster General in Washington! Another time, someone saw a full mail pouch being sent in to Seattle on the late boat and reported it, thinking the Postmaster was tardy in getting the mail off, not knowing it was only full of empty mail sacks. The Boat Company had requested they be returned on a run when they were not so busy as on the regular trip. In those days the Postmaster had to get up early and send the regular mail out on the 6:30 A.M. boat, and the incoming mail arrived on the supper boat, along with commuters, freight, and so forth. The store would be a busy place, many folks standing around waiting for the letters to be distributed before they went on to their homes. At this time the yearly report to the District Auditor was sent in the first day of the new year. The Cash Book could not be balanced until the close of business on the last day, after the last stamp was sold. If any error had been made in the sale of stamps and other supplies during that time, the whole year's business had to be refigured to locate the flaw. Often the night of New Year's Eve was spent going over the entire business, copying each figure neatly

and having it perfect before sending it in by the next day's mail. Properly, the system was later changed to quarterly reports which included balancing the Cash Book every two weeks and three months, and any difference would be caught then.

C. B. Pickrell passed away in 1936 and on February 17, 1937, Amos E. Pickrell was appointed to continue the position of Postmaster, which he held until April 22, 1957, the date of his demise.

At first, the Postmaster's pay was based on the daily cancellation of stamps. When the Department placed its employees on a salary basis, our Post Office took a cut. But retirement and insurance features made it more lucrative.

During the war years of the 1940's, the Post Office business greatly increased. Due to the reactivation of the President Point Degaussing Station, their volume of registered mail, and also that of the enlisted men centered there, dispensing mail daily, a considerable increase in the mail we handled was being noted. The population became inflated with men working at Bangor, Keyport and Bremerton. The Kitsap Post Office became third class in 1954 because of this influx of mail.

Succeeding Amos was Edward Fitzgerald as Postmaster. During his term the Government reconsidered its earlier opinion about the name of Kitsap. There was so much confusion with the name of the County being Kitsap too that they capitulated and the name was finally changed to Indianola, Washington.

Mr. Fitzgerald passed away on December 23, 1965, Lucy Currie was appointed Postmaster. The little old Post Office by this time had outgrown its habitation, and the town fathers began looking around for a suitable site which would be more of a credit to the expanding community. They called meetings, figured finances, and worked out a plan. With the help of the Government, they erected a new building on the opposite corner from the old building. As usual, the citizens cooperated and the combined efforts resulted in a shiny new Post Office which was dedicated in a proper ceremony January 20, 1968. The cost was \$15,500.00 and at present writing it has already been about half paid for.

The early life of the Post Office was inevitably entwined with the store which embraced it. The statement was made in the Bremerton Sun at the time of Amos' passing that "it was the center for nearly everything said and done in Indianola for over twenty-five years." Its Postmaster served the public well, putting in twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for those many years. Well do I remember some person would come to the house

late, when the office had finally closed, to ask for a stamp so he could mail an important letter in town on his way to work in the morning. Sometimes he had just sat down to hoist up his tired feet, but back he would plod to open the safe and supply their wants. Or another person would arrive by late boat and wish to get in and pick up his mail on the way home. He was a friend to everyone, and everyone was his friend.

In the store he financed and fed more than one family. He was a particular pal of the younger generation. His good humor was displayed in many ways. He would make a sort of caricature of a child's name, and such child, realizing it was a joke, felt important with this special designation. The salesmen all liked to come in the store, whether he bought from them or not. And I'm sure some of the customers must remember the slips of paper placed on the floor to help them reach a too-high item!

Any teenager who at one time or another has lounged on the steps in the doorway, blocking the passageway, can remember the trickle of water creeping upon them from the rear — poured from a pop bottle by an unknown (?) hand. And the guffaw that met them when they remonstrated at the sudden wetness. But it moved them out of the way fast!

Incidents too numerous to mention could be related, but each of us has his own little chapter of poignant memories of the times around the old stove and the many things which took place there. This is my sentimental journey into the past and I'm sure the future will hold many features which will add to this growing community.

