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LOPEZ LEGEND (PHIL AND BETTY HASTIN) 1992 By John Goekler

The First White Family on Lopez (DAVIS FAMILY) 1993 By John Goekler

John Bartlett Pioneer 1907

[Mother Brown and Her Family](#)

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## FAMILY LETTERS CONCERNING LOPEZ ISLAND HISTORY:

Newspaper "The Daily Intelligencer" Seattle, June 1, 1878: San Francisco, May 30. - The following is a list of passengers by the steamer Dakota, which sailed today: For Port Townsend - Mrs L S Allen, Mrs Emma Darcy, Miss L Daley, Jas Stewart, T H Bradshaw, wife and child, S Hubbard, Miss Charlotte Roeder, Jas Darcy, Mrs Mills, Martin Phillips and wife, Thomas Graham and wife, John Graham, Thomas Graham, William Graham, wife, five children and infant, R Lawson, A K Wallace, John Vincent, J J Riffle, wife and son.

Letter written by James and William Cousins to Pearson Hodgson 1947

Letter written by PEARSON HODGSON to Gertrude Hodgson Lovejoy 1945

# LOPEZ: AGRICULTURAL ISLAND OF THE SAN JUAN ARCHIPELAGO

## Almost every farmer on this prosperous Isle also is a commercial fisherman

By Lucile McDonald NEWSPAPER ARTICLE IN "THE SEATTLE TIME" Sunday, October 19, 1958

Lopez is the agricultural island of the San Juans and the residents prefer to have it stay that way if the proliferating rabbits of the archipelago just will leave it alone. The bunnies nipped squashes and cucumbers in gardens in the past summer.

The island, third largest of the San Juans, is 29 square miles in area. It has three tiny towns, two restaurants, one hotel (with six bedrooms), a fishing fleet, an airport, a new golf course, several resorts and the Henderson camps for boys and girls.

In winter, the 600 inhabitants of Lopez Island tend their broad acres and lead a pastoral existence. They eat the products of gardens and orchards, home-grown beef slaughtered on the island and home-hunted venison.

One cannot starve on Lopez. If all its farm bounty were removed there still would be butter clams, crabs, rock cod, ling cod, red snapper and salmon to be had along its sprawling bay-indented shore and rainbow trout from its solitary lake.



THE "CENTER CHURCH," in South Central Lopez Island, is the island's oldest church. Willie Cousins, a nearby resident, remembers the start of construction in September, 1887, and the dedication in 1889. The building was erected by the Presbyterians but now is owned by the Congregational Church and rented by the Episcopal Church. The first pastor, the Rev. T. J. Weeks, had been chaplain of the American Army Camp on San Juan Island.

"What do I like best about Lopez?" said one resident. The answer is, "No bums." It's uncommercialized," declared another.

There never was a greater period of prosperity than prevails on the island today. Whereas it once had entirely a farming population, only a handful of persons now depends on raising produce for a living. A few have gone into dairying and some are retired on pensions.

Lopez Island is full of fishermen. Almost every "farmer" spends part of each year with a commercial fishing boat. When the salmon run is over he goes back home to milk cows or put up feed for his beef cattle.

In the salmon season a fleet of reef-netters is visible from the Lopez store. Purse-seiners and gill-netters crowd Mackaye Harbor, where fish-buyers maintain stations.

There used to be two canneries at Richardson, but these have closed and the catch is shipped from the island.

Richardson formerly was the port where mail vessels called. At the turn of the century it was the most important trading center in San Juan County.

The port was founded about 1870 by George Richardson and owed its prosperity to a wharf and warehouse built by William Graham, a Canadian who settled nearby in 1877.

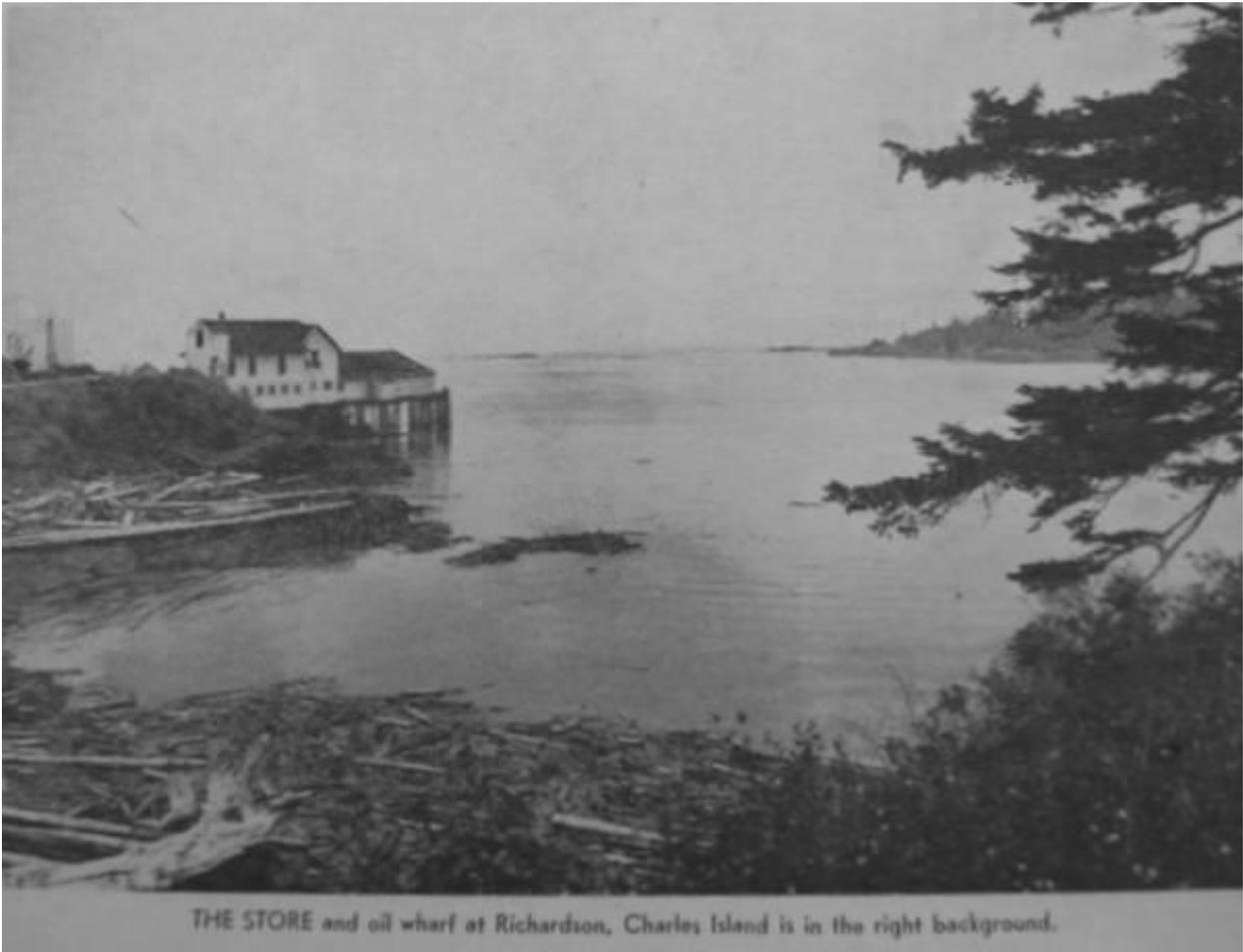


The island attracted settlers as early as 1852 when William R. Pattle, a British subject, built two log huts and prepared to trade with the Indians. The British authorities persuaded him to transfer his operations to other shores. He moved to Bellingham Bay to cut timber and soon was identified with the discovery of coal.

The next year R. W. Cousins and several companions took possession of Pattle's huts and were logging when the British interrupted the summer's work. By fall Gov. James Douglas of Victoria was able to report that he had got rid of both Pattle and Cousins "without creating a disturbance."

After the "Pig War" episode in 1859 resulted in joint occupation of the islands by Britain and the United States, James Nelson, a sailor and Charles Brown, a Swede who carried mail to soldiers at American Camp on San Juan, settled on land adjacent to each other near Port Stanley.

Other arrivals were Hiram F. Hutchinson, who later opened a store at Lopez, and Sam Hinton, who said in later years that deerskins were the only island commodity a man could trade long ago when he settled there.



THE STORE and oil wharf at Richardson, Charles Island is in the right background.

Miss Addie (Ellen Adelia) Chadwick, who was born 79 years ago in the house where she lives near Watmough Bight, recalls that when her father arrived on the island in the 1870's the Davis, Brown, Barlow, Bartlett, and Weeks families already were there.

An 1876 issue of West Shore Magazine placed the number of families at seven or eight and made a plea for the island's bachelors. Who were in the majority and needed "queens" for their log cabins.

"We don't know how my father, Sampson Chadwick, got interested in Lopez Island," said Miss Chadwick. "When he died we found a box of his papers in the attic going back to 1871, so we know he was on the Coast that early.

"He became acquainted with John Keddy, a settler on San Juan Island who sold mutton to both the English and American camps during the occupation. My father obtained 200 sheep from him and ran them on the south end of Lopez."

Chadwick, a Canadian, was attached sentimentally to the islands and wrote verses about them which were published in territorial newspapers and signed only "Lopez, W. T."

In 1877, Chadwick married Adelia Bradshaw, daughter of a Port Townsend attorney and a Clallam Indian woman. Adelia was 18 and was working for the Hezekiah Davis family on Long Island, southwest of Richardson.

Chadwick took his bride to her new home in a canoe. He had built a small house on the south side of Watmough Head, but it was exposed to storms and he moved to a less windy location on the present house site. Gradually he added to the cabin, building a living room with broad windows through which he could watch vessels passing in Rosario Strait.



MRS. SUSIE M. ARNETT of Port Stanley, a resident of the island since 1884, called on Willie Cousins of Hunter Bay, who arrived on the island in 1883. Mrs. Arnett's father, Edmund Cochran, was a schoolteacher and farmer. —Photos by Parker McAlister.

Old settlers had a saying "They had to kill a man in order to start a cemetery on Lopez." The first one buried was John Anderson, shot by his neighbor, John Kay, in May 1882. The two men lived on opposite sides of Sperry Point, near Lopez Pass, on the property where Frank Henderson has his camps. Kay's old house, erected in 1878, is one of the camp showplaces. Kay, a Norwegian, and Anderson, a Swede, disliked each other. One day Anderson, looking for his cow, discovered that at low tide it had gone around a dividing fence between the two homesteads and into Kay's oat field. Heated words were exchanged by the men, ending with Anderson's giving Kay and his Indian wife a beating. As Anderson set out for home Kay went into his house, picked up a musket and called out to his assailant. When Anderson turned around Kay fired, hitting him below the heart. Kay paid for his victory by serving a short term in the penitentiary. Kay just had been released and was on Decatur Island when Willie Cousins' family settled on Lopez.

Willie, aged 84, recalls landing on the island April 13, 1883. "My parents were Irish," Cousins said. "I was the youngest in the family, born in Harden County, Iowa. My father, James Cousins, was a brother of Robert Cousins. Some of our relatives were living at the Graham and McCauley places.

"Father took 160 acres as a homestead and bought 80 acres more. He planted an orchard in 1885 on a hill and set out additional fruit trees on the tract where I live on Hunter Bay, in 1892. He moved his original house down here and added to it." Cousins spoke of the time when the orchard grew quantities of apples which sold at 75 to 85 cents a box. He and his brothers continued to live on the property after their parents died, but the boys were bachelors. Willie is the last survivor. His closest relatives are cousins on the Washington mainland. Willie lives alone in the old house.

Mrs. Susie M. Arnett of Port Stanley has resided on the island only one year less than Cousins. She arrived in 1884, when she was 4 years old. Her father, Edmund Cochran, a graduate of Ypsilanti University, expected to make a fortune in farming.

"Father didn't know the resistance of green timber," Mrs. Arnett said. "Everything you put a hand to, first you had to take an ax and clear the land." Cochran taught the island school in 1884, 1885 and 1887. The first two terms were in a rough log building reputed the poorest school in the county. The superintendent described it as so "thoroughly ventilated by numerous cracks and crevices in the chinking that both pupils and teacher were almost constantly taking colds."

By contrast, Lopez now has a six-room modern school in the center of the island, served by busses.

Like everything else on Lopez, transportation has changed. Steamboats no longer call daily for passengers at Richardson and Port Stanley. The ferry lands near Upright Head and residents drive home in automobiles.

Port Stanley flourished in 1892 under the stimulus of the Port Stanley Townsite & Development Co. In the First World War it had a kelp-processing plant for extraction of iodine and soap ingredients.

Richardson and Lopez always have been supply points for fishermen. Lopez sits at the entrance to picturesque Fisherman Bay, where purse-seiners sometimes winter. The bay is separated from San Juan Channel by a narrow sandspit, traversed by a county road leading to summer cottages on a pretty peninsula.

The upper end of the bay is a lagoon fringed with tall marsh grass. At its end is William McCauley's slaughterhouse, to which farmers on the other islands take their cattle. Some of the meat goes back to butcher shops in the islands and the surplus is shipped to Seattle.

Each year a few more outsiders learn of Lopez' lovely beaches and little islands tied to it by spits. They drive over its good roads and peer at its orchards and cottages. The island still has the peace and plenty that charmed the planners.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE: Seattle Post Intelligencer August 10, 1946

## ONE HUNDRED DAYS IN THE SAN JUANS

BY JUNE BURN

Still on Fisherman Bay there is a small shipbuilder works where Chris Sebelin lives alone now, his partner brother lately gone where all men eventually go. There is an unfinished boat here which the two brothers had started together and which is for sale now.

This shop (Sebelins') is so full of machines that no fat man could work here. They are arranged expertly so that the piece of timber or metal can be taken from one machine to the other with hardly more than the movement of an arm. The oar-making machine is a Sebelin invention.

(She visited the Cousins and this is what was told...)

Hiram F. Hutchinson was the first white man on Lopez Island --- at least the first one who stayed and settled here. He had the first store where the Lopez store is now located. He came in the 1850s, sometime. Mr. Hutchinsons' sister, Mrs. Weeks, was the first postmistress.

Mrs. Davis was the first white woman on the island. She came in 1869, her son Ernest, the first all-white child born on the island, in 1871. This was an aunt of the Mrs. Davis still living on San Juan Island.

The Charles Browns and the James Nelsons came in the 60s, the Nelsons in 1862, the Browns in '69. Mrs. Mary Eaton, now 79, has lived on Lopez for 77 years. She is the oldest pioneer still living on the island. The Browns and Nelsons took claims together, seem to have farmed together. It is their farm which servicemen just back from the war are now running. Of them later.

"I remember hearing that Joe Merrill came here after the Mexican War, hunting. That was in 1857. He hunted deer. He'd sell them to the soldier garrison in San Juan and in B. C. it was heaven here, then..."

The minute one Cousins remembers a date, the other remembers another.



Mrs. Mary Eaton standing beside the one-room log cabin where she lived when she homesteaded 40 acres by herself

"I remember hearing that Arthur Barlow came here in 1858. Barlow Bay is named after him. You knew Sam Barlow, the ferry captain? You used to write about him, I remember."

I did remember quiet, friendly Sam Barlow who is now dead. I miss him from the ferries.

"I remember hearing that Red Charlie came in the early 1860s..." "Red Charlie had the reddest face I ever saw. He homesteaded the place where Mrs. Erisman lives now... on Fisherman Bay it was." "I remember when your C(u?)ther came, Ray... it was in '86. I was 12 years old, then. We came in '83 from Iowa. There were 150 people here then. The Chadwicks

came in '75."

The older brother will say, "When we first came we lived on the hill but we couldn't get water so we moved down here..."

"I remember hearing that the Swifts came in 1862. Swifts Bay is named for him. He came up from the California gold rush. Jack Ballam, an Englishman, was here in 1870 but he later moved away." (He moved

to Stuart Island and Dad Chevalier now lives on his old place.) "Humphrey came in 1877. Humphrey Head is named for him."

"I remember hearing that Sam Barlow was born here in 1871."

(That was the year when Ernest Davis was born. The fact that Sam Barlow had an Indian mother does not make him any less a child of a settler. Isn't it equally important to know who was the very first child of any permanent settler? Especially one who himself became a settler? Might that have been the Hutchinson boy?)

The first school was held about the year 1872, taught by a Mrs. Thompson, an English lady whose pupils were: Mary Brown (Mrs. Eaton), and her sisters, Maggie and Maria. Later other schools were taught by women of the neighborhoods and still later a schoolhouse was built by donations.

Before 1900 there were other stores on the island, notably the one at Richardson begun by R. C. Kinleyside and now run by the Lundys. There was a Richardson Hotel, also, in 1890, boom days on Lopez and from all the island. Fish canneries were later built, still later burned or abandoned. Indians used to come in great numbers to Lopez, now hardly come at all...and so the old order changeth...but the Cousins still remember the days when.

Last winter when I sent out appeals for help with the story of the islands, I had an interesting letter from Annie Warner Eaves, now living in Seattle. Poet, woman with a good memory, these recollections are highlighted with bits that will take you back.

"My parents, Wesley and Mary Warner, were among the first settlers at Lopez.

My early recollections of it date from 1879, when as a child of some years, my mother, older sister Mary and myself landed at Lopez from New York State. Father and two brothers had preceded us by some time.

It was a long, hard journey by rail to San Francisco, then by small steamship to Port Townsend where we waited several days for a boat to Lopez, which came once a week. At the small landing we were met by father and brothers, Joe and Dell.

We rode about three miles on a home-made sled drawn by a horse through a deep forest which had been blackened by many fires, as land must be cleared. Our home was a log cabin for a number of years. Work was done in the hardest way as there were no conveniences.

Water was drawn from the well by a long rope. ... Land was very productive. Our nearest neighbor was a half mile away and there were a few others further away. They always welcomed newcomers and helped each other whenever needed.

At first there were only three months of school during the year, but conditions gradually improved. They held dances to raise more money for school funds. We were not scolded if late as we walked about three miles, sometimes in the rain, boating low(?) the wet ferns along the way; and when we arrived at the small schoolhouse, sat around the stove and dried our shoes. In summer at the noon hour we picked wild strawberries and crabapples --- and enjoyed them, too.

Within the first few years, two more sisters were born, namely: Minnie Rutledge and Frances Johnson, now of Seattle.

A Presbyterian minister, Mr. Weeks, held services in the schoolhouse once in two weeks and at other times my father conducted Sunday school and officiated at funerals and as justice of the peace, performed marriage ceremonies.

We did not live on the main road through the island and seldom saw a team pass. Once a week we went to the landing to get the mail and hear the general news.

If it was stormy, the boat could not get through so it meant another trip down through the woods. But gradually conditions improved, more seaworthy ships were put upon the route and ran oftener.

We looked forward to Sundays as it brought the neighbors together and the 4th of July was always a pleasant occasion as the neighbors all met together for a celebration and picnic.

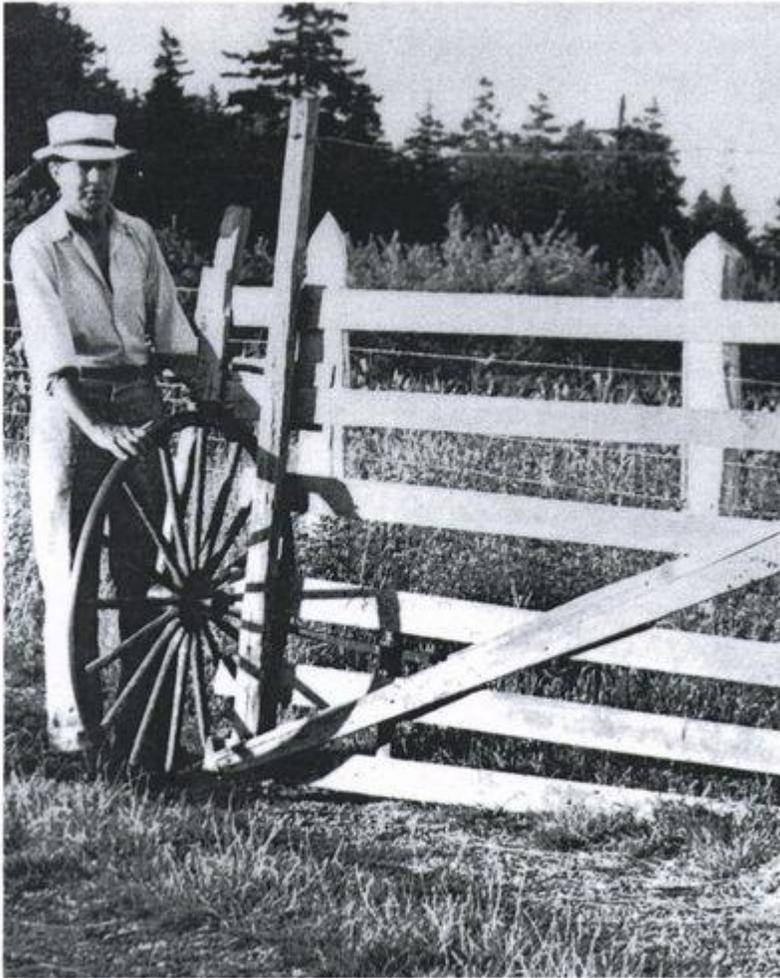
There was no doctor nearer than Port Townsend in those years, though at times medical aid was badly needed.

Soil was productive and we raised lots of berries and vegetables and planted an apple orchard that later bore fine fruit. Wild geese and duck were plentiful, also deer.

Of the latter, we had several around as pets at different times. One, especially, was very tame and upon one occasion came in the open door unnoticed and curried up on the bed, which startled mother to see a full-grown deer making himself so much at home.

It was rather dreary in winter for women and children as the mud was deep and we did not get out much. Although I have been in Seattle for many years, I enjoy going back to renew old acquaintances."

There was a man named Spencer who came to Lopez Island in 1886. He homestead 160 acres on the eastern side of the island, including a long sand spit that all but stretched across to Frost Island. On all the charts, that spit now bears his name.



Ray Spencer at the gate that runs on a wheel on Lopez Island

There was also an island. A wild, big, heavily wooded island where the trees grew tall, where the bluffs were steep, where two big lakes hung high up between the hills where a cranberry bog yielded fruit and one single solitary shallow harbor made a safe anchorage for a dock and boats. It was Blakely (or Blakeley) Island, named by Wilkes in 1841 for Johnston Blakely who once commanded the Wasp.

In the 90's this first Spencer took his family over to Blakely. William Viereck started the first sawmill there and Mr. Spencer later took it over, settled on what is now Thatcher.

That sawmill grew. The trees were all but inexhaustible and many of them were so flawless that fine boat lumber was sawn from them. The Spencers went into boat building.

The first Spencers lived and died. Two of the sons stayed on Blakely, one of them, became a doctor in Tacoma, I think it was. Of the two who stayed on Blakely, Ross ran the sawmill end of things, and Ray ran the business end meeting the people.

Ray Spencer married Kate Hipkoe, sister of the University's purchasing agent, sister of Bellingham's Hipkoe, a regally tall, beautiful girl who still looks that way. Ray and Kate have become a

sort of legend, what with their endless hospitality to people from all over the world. I don't know the people I have met whose first question would be: "Do you know the Spencers of Blakely Island?"

Kate and Ray adopted Kate's sister's two children when they were babies, brought them up on Blakely. Ross Spencer's son, Jim, was like a brother to these two. And Dr. Spencer's two sons spent all their summers on Blakely. So the third generation of Spencers is made up of four boys and one girl (there may be more).

Ross Spencer's son, Jim, and Dr. Spencer's son, John, are the boys who have bought the farm. Ray and Kate's adopted son, Paul, also plans to settle on Lopez and go into business with a school and war chum who also spent most of his summers on Blakely and is as much an island fan as if he had been born here. The other nephew, Ted Spencer, is building on Shoal Bay, planning a small resort there. Shirley Plummer, the adopted Spencer daughter, now living with Ray and Kate, says her husband came to Blakely one summer, fell in love with it, married her and plans that they will live in the islands.

International Camp for Boys and Girls began 10 years ago because a doctor's son had sort of come to himself under the campfire tutelage of Frank Henderson. "If you can do that for my son, I want you to have the chance to do it for other boys," the doctor said and subscribed \$1,000 as a loan to get a boys' camp under way in the Islands.

Addie Chadwick was born here in the 80s of a man from one of the fine families of England and Canada and a half-Indian woman, daughter of Judge Bradshaw of Port Townsend.

Pretty, gentle Louella says they never married probably because they loved this place so much.

“We went away to school over on Mud Bay, two and a half miles away, and we couldn’t come home until Friday night. We were so glad to get home every week we couldn’t bear to leave on Monday – oh yes, our mother was with us. She was homesick too...then we went up to Lopez school, still further, and then to Friday Harbor High School. I guess we were always so glad to get back home we were afraid to marry for fear we’d have to go away.”

The village of Richardson is made up of the Lundy store, dock, oil tanks for passing boats, the Lundy House, whose walls are windows, and a few other houses. The store is well stocked with fresh things, including meat and staples. There is a post office. Mrs. Lundy gave the paper which her students had prepared during the school session and we returned along the dramatic country road to Watmough Head again.

Lopez has an area of nearly 19,000 acres covering 29 ½ square miles. Much more level than Orcas, there is more rich land here forged of deep glacial drift. The highest hill I see on the chart is only 480 feet. The body of the island is around 100 feet high, a rolling plateau of meadowy farms.

Lopez is one of the San Juans which drew Spanish name. It was mapped in 1791 by the Spaniards, but the name of Lopez is said by many to have been given it in 1847 by Kellet of the British navy. Lopez was one of the names of Lopez Gonzales de Haro, who is said to have been the first discoverer of the San Juans.

There are 147 families living here now --- a population of around 500.

# **LOPEZ ISLAND TOWN**

## **ONCE A BUSY PORT**

### **Richardson Center for Fishing**

**By David Richardson**

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: TACOMA NEWS TRIBUNE AND SUNDAY LEDGER ... DATE UNKNOWN (late 60's?)

Editor's Note: David Richardson is a free-lance writer who lives at Eastsound, on Orcas Island in the San Juans.

Looking at the sleepy little village of Richardson on Lopez Island's southern shore, it's hard to imagine the bustling port and active community which once stood there. Yet this was for a time the center of a great fishing industry and, as the county's nearest port to Seattle, one of the San Juans' busiest spots.

Today Richardson is a picture of serenity. A small general store nestles close to the water: nearby stands a pretty but unpretentious dock. Across the way in the storekeeper's neat home, and in the background half a dozen scattered farmhouses make up the rest of the "town." Yet for those who know, the stuff of history permeates the scene.

Not far away the Spanish explorers Galiano and Valdes landed in June 1792, thinking they were the first representatives of white civilization to set foot on these virgin shores. They did not know George Vancouver had beaten them there by a fortnight, having stopped to bask in the spring sun on Flat Point a few miles to the north.

### **SITE OF CLASH**

Though rarely mentioned in the numerous accounts of the San Juan "Pig War" the first British-American boundary clash occurred on Lopez. In 1852 a British citizen named William Pattle built two log huts on the island's southwestern tip, intending to carry on trade with the Indians. But before long he left these diggings to go coal prospecting at Bellingham Bay and an American, Richard W. Cousins, settled into Pattle's abandoned cabins. Cousins was driven off by British authorities the following year, and the American lodged a stiff protest with a passing U. S. Army survey vessel which reported the incident to Washington. It was largely the Cousins affair which made the British to strengthen their own claim by establishing a sheep ranch on the islands, which they did in December of that year.

San Juan Island was chosen for the purpose because it was nearer Victoria and a small Hudson's Bay Co. fishing station was already operating there. The sheep ranch was placed in charge of Charles Griffin, owner of the famous pig which, by letting itself killed in an American settlers potato patch, brought matters to a dramatic head several years later.

### **FEW SETTLERS ON LOPEZ**

With the focus of events thus given to San Juan Island, most newcomers to the area settled elsewhere so that when the boundary was finally decided by arbitration in 1872 only a handful of homes had been established on Lopez. These were scattered along the coastline – no one had yet settled inland where dark and ancient forests still largely prevailed.

One of the earlier pioneers was George Richardson (no relations of this writer) about whom little is remembered except that about 1870 he settled on the spot which now bears his name, cleared several acres of land and built a farm. Ruins of Richardson's log barn are still standing.

Richardson sold his farm to Charlie and Mary Mann in 1884 and the Manns sold out in turn to William Graham three years later.

Graham, who had lived on Lopez since 1877, always "thought big" and was already on his way to becoming the islands most prominent citizen—school board director, county commissioner, and all that. Graham decided the first thing that was needed was a post office on the south part of the island. The only one on Lopez then was at Fisherman's Harbor, now called Fisherman's Bay, five miles to the north. That was a long way to hike, just to mail a letter. (William's brother, Tommy Graham, recalled in later years that there was only one horse on Lopez in the early days and "he was absolutely no good. They kept him there to look at.")

## TUG CARRIES MAIL

Mail was carried once or twice a week on the little steam tug "Libby" at the time. About July 1889, a pioneer neighbor, James Davis—began rowing out into the bay to meet the "Libby" and receive mail destined for the lower end of the island. The Davis home served as post office for the first month or two. Then the postmaster's appointment was given to "Maggie" Carr, whose husband, Hamilton, built a small building with a shed roof, which became both post office and home for the Carrs. The community's first dock was built this same autumn.

It was about the first of May the next year when a newcomer showed up, introducing himself as Robert E. Kindleyside, and announcing his intention of starting a store. Graham and other neighbors turned out to help him build one. They had the spot picked and cleared, and a building put up in about two weeks. Shelves were in place a day or two after that, and the first load of goods arrived from Seattle on May 20. Kindleyside and his partner, Jarret T. Lewis opened for business the same day.

## LEAVES FOR HAWAII

Lewis left to become a coffee planter in Hawaii not long afterward and in January 1898 Kindleyside sold out to two partners named Wage and McDonald. The following year William Graham bought the store



*The Rosalie, shown tied up at the Richardson wharf in about 1913, was the San Juan Islands' principal freight and passenger boat in the early 1900s; Richardson was her first stop in the islands*

himself, turning it over to a relative, Norman P. Hodgson to operate. Another Hodgson, Thomas P. became postmaster. The Hodgson brothers were universally referred to as "N.P." and "T.P."

In January 1897 community spirit was brightly burning and the people of Richardson decided to build a public hall for dances and other occasions. Money was raised by popular subscription and much of the labor and materials was donated. The structure measured 40 by 80 feet and had two stories: characteristically it took only a month to build, and the first dance and supper were held in it on February 4. Just about everyone on Lopez and many people from surrounding islands attended this outstanding social event. For many years Richardson Hall was the pride of the island and found use as a schoolhouse and for church services.

## MILLION FISH CAUGHT

By the century's turn Richardson had become the principal port in the San Juans, especially during the fishing season when the waters around Lopez were thronged with boats and its shores lined with fishermen's temporary dwellings. Over 400 men fished the 1901 season. A local paper proclaimed that the

season's catch came to over a million fish, of which, many thousands were dumped because of the lack of markets for such a bumper crop.

Fish traps were springing up everywhere; one cannery was in operation and another about to be built; T.P. Hodgson had a hastily set-up salting and barreling concern going full blast until he ran out of both salt and barrels and found these items unobtainable anywhere on the Sound. No one lacked work, even if it was just cutting wood for the hungry steam vessels which came and went in great numbers. There was even talk of putting in a "steel manufacturing plant" and other industries.

But such talk was too high-flown. Times were never much better and were frequently worse. Richardson, like the rest of San Juan County, saw its rising wave of prosperity break upon the rocks of successive business recessions and increasing transportation charges. Yet, Richardson always did relatively well – as long as the fish runs held up.

## **N. P. QUILTS THE STORE**

In 1916 N.P. decided to retire from storekeeping and devote himself to dairying. The Hodgson and Graham partnership was followed by Ira and Mary Lundy whose son, Oliver and his wife are the present operators of the store and wharf. When she was 90, Mary Lundy wrote down her recollections of that first year's storekeeping. She mentioned with nostalgia the dancing lights of the harbor's myriad boats of an evening and the songs of these crews floating across on the night air. She also paralled(?) wrestling with jaw breaking names of the fishermen, many of whom came from ....., as she carried out her duties in the little post office.



*The harbor and cannery at Richardson in about 1913*

1916 was also the year of the big fire at Richardson. It was a peaceful Indian summer evening when the big oil company supply boat

"Petroleum II" tied up to the wharf, connected its hoses and began filling two huge storage tanks next to the dock. There was a small leak somewhere and a bit of oil slick began to show up on the water. As the Petroleum's crew finished its job, a purse-seiner from Seattle, the "Saga" angled into the dock. Its captain-owner, Fred Anderson, threw the line onto the dock himself. The crew of the 11-ton vessel were all below.

## **A SHEET OF FLAME**

The oil slick had just about encircled the 45-foot Saga when the explosion occurred. Instantly the water was a sheet of flame all around. Anderson managed to jump to safety on the dock. Crewmen Charles Clausen and Isaac Nyland dove overboard on the offshore side, swimming under water for some distance. Nylund's wind gave out too soon; he surfaced just at the edge of the flames, instantly receiving serious burns about the face and arms.

Engineer Emil Lungren, not a strong swimmer, was unable to dive. Holding his head above water the whole way he struggled through the inferno and reached shore, horribly burned, more dead than alive.

The wharf, warehouse, and purse-seiner were all destroyed. Except for an offshore wind blowing, the rest of the town would probably have gone up with them.

## **NEW WHARF BUILT**

The Lundy's built a new wharf—a two-story affair with an elevator (home-made) connecting the floors. Feed, seed, flour and other staples were sold on the lower floor, where there was also a mill for grinding

grain. This was replaced in the mid-30s by the present, smaller store building. The Oliver Lundys' comfortable, modern home now stands on the earlier store site.

The Richardson store of today has two levels, the upper one reached by walking up a ramp. The general store atmosphere is still there: groceries, dry goods, sundries, hardware – all the essentials of rural life and arrayed on its crowded shelves and tables, Mrs. Lundy's roll-top desk stands in the corner, comfortably littered with “--- counts” and those little pads for recordings charge account sales, cash with a customer's name penciled boldly across one end.

It's a friendly kind of store, one where barefoot youngsters can still get whopping ice cream cones, scooped up from an old-fashioned bulk freezer. Too bad there aren't more like it.

# Newspaper article

## The Seattle Times, August 6, 1961.

### By Lucille McDonald

From two to four days of every week during the summer months, a hidden bay on the south side of Lopez Island is full of sleeping fishermen. They are gillnetters who spend their nights drifting over a reef near Iceberg Point. One of the best known spots for commercial fishing, its yield of sockeyes prior to 1921 supported two canneries at Richardson and made it the most important trading center in San Juan County at the turn of the century.

Times have changed, and today's catch is delivered to packers, large company boats calling early each morning at Mackaye Harbor (\*), more than half a mile to the southeast.

After the fish are unloaded, sorted and tallied, the fishermen move off, usually to solitary anchorages where their slumber is least likely to be interrupted. Those who moor at wharves risk being wakened by gossiping oldsters swapping yarns about their haul or tramping heavy-footed along the planks with loads of groceries brought from parked cars.

Three crude landings consisting of catwalks terminating in a series of floats are maintained by the canneries. Two also have fish buyers' barges, where ice can be obtained or a phone call placed.

This season nine canneries are receiving the catch from Iceberg Point and approximately 100 gillnetters are operating out of Mackaye Harbor. As many as 114 vessels have worked out of there in a season, with 14 buyers represented.

The harbor is at its liveliest between 4 and 4:30 a.m. (or somewhat later as the days shorten). Fishing hours for gillnets are from 6 p.m. to 8 a.m. standard time, but daylight is the governing factor. This fish are unlikely to "gill" when they can see the 1,000-foot nets.

Some gillnetters operate in the vicinity during the entire season until October 1. Purse seiners, who are allowed to fish from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. have a more flexible schedule. Many arrive after Alaska runs have ended. However, at least 40 of the big craft were fishing off Iceberg early in July.

Fishermen were counting upon 1961 as a heavy year in the four-year sockeye cycle. Early in June gillnetters at Mackaye Harbor (\*) were gloating over catches of 160 salmon in a single set of the gill net or 1,000 pounds of fish in a night – not bad for a man unaided except by his wife or young son.

A good many are residents of Lopez and can climb into their cars and drive home to do their sleeping. Others are from Shaw Island and more distant places.

"I wasted 20 years of my life until I moved here," observed one Lopez Islander.

Among the gillnetters invariably are to be found some teachers. The season opened with the tragic death of a young educator, James Bottoms of Lopez, who just had completed five years of university study and was to have taught this fall. On the foggy windy night of June 25 he fell overboard while putting out his net.

Life on a packer is something like a merry-go-round. The vessel picks up fish from purse seiners and gillnetters in four or five buys and makes a quick round trip to leave the load in Bellingham or Anacortes and return in time to receive the next haul at 8 p.m.

Only one cannery is operating this season in the San Juans, Jackson's at Argyle on San Juan Island.

The first cannery in the archipelago opened at Friday Harbor in 1891, and that same year Lopez Island became an important supplier of salmon with two traps, one near Fisherman Bay and the other on Long Island, southwest of Richardson.

Eventually five traps were constructed in the immediate vicinity and some record catches of sockeyes were taken at Iceberg Point and Long Island.

Prior to this, Richardson (named for George S. Richardson who founded the community in 1874) boasted a salmon saltery started by T.P. Hodgson, who arrived seven years after the pioneer settler and was extremely successful in attracting Indians to trade fish at his store. Because of the small but wonderfully productive reef close by, passing tribesmen had been camping in the cove each summer for centuries.

After the traps and commercial fishermen moved in, more than a million fish were caught near Richardson in 1901, and the industry employed 400 fishermen. Thousands of fish that year had to be dumped because of insufficient means of preserving them.

Hodgson, who had formed a partnership with William Graham, salted 600 barrels of salmon before the supply of salt and cooperage materials was exhausted.

Soon afterward the partners erected the Salmon Bank cannery on the point at the pass between Lopez and Charles Islands. The Hidden Inlet Packing Co., owned by Fred Comieu, built a second cannery in a small cove directly opposite Hodgson's store.

During this period of activity, which reached its high point in 1913, Mackaye Harbor became the base of trap operations for the Astoria and Puget Sound Canning Co., which kept its pile drivers and net years at this inner bay.

One of the problems in canning fish at Richardson was the lack of an ample water supply. Six wells were on the Hodgson and Graham property, yet the company had to bring barge-loads of water from Blakely Island.

Salmon Bank cannery and the other Hodgson enterprises were purchased in 191(6?) by Ira D. Lundy, Seattle councilman. In anticipation of a tremendous run of sockeyes expected the following year.

It did not materialize because the 1913 slide at Hells Gate on the Fraser River interrupted the spawning cycle. This was a calamity for fish packing in the San Juans and many ventures collapsed.

Salmon Bank cannery struggled on until 1921 when a terrific fire consumed the entire installation. Hidden Inlet was discontinued soon thereafter and, in 1925, the regular freight boat ceased to call at Richardson.

With fish traps outlawed in 1932, salmon canning gradually was centralized in the hands of large mainland companies and methods of receiving the fish were modernized.

Richardson's busy canneries were gone and, with them, the picturesque Chinese crews.

No longer did farms drive in to exchange their produce on the dock.

The hotel was torn down, the bakery, creamer, slaughterhouse, barbershop and pool hall disappeared.

Only the mercantile company was left.

Oliver Lundy, who took over this establishment from his father, probably does his biggest business today at the oil dock, supplying fuel for the boats in the harbor of sleeping fishermen.

BELOW A PICTURE OF RICHARDSON: Richardson, a village on the southern shore of Lopez Island, was an active commercial fishing base early in the century when this rare photograph was taken. In the upper center of the picture can be seen the old Hidden Inlet Packing Co. At the upper left, the sprawling white building is the Salmon Bank cannery. Today, nothing remains of the Hidden Inlet buildings, and only a flat expanse of concrete marks where the Salmon Bank cannery once operated. The present day oil dock, Lundy's store and Mackaye Harbor would be at the right of the picture. Photo courtesy of Miss Adelia Chadwick.

(\*Transcribers note: Not Mackaye Harbor, but Barlow Bay. Also, note that canneries weren't built until 1913!).

# REMEMBERING RICHARDSON

By John Goekler, LIHS President

The Lopez Island Historical Society & Museum Newsletter Autumn 2003



*The steamer Mohawk docked at Richardson, probably in the early-1920s. Mohawk was built in Friday Harbor in 1921, and worked the islands—Seattle run. She was skippered by the legendary Captain Sam Barlow, and sported a steam-powered Barlow marine elevator to lift vehicles from the hold to the deck.*

Somewhere around 1870, George Stillman Richardson decided the south end of Lopez, between Jones and Davis bays, was a pretty good place to settle. [He was] originally from Maine.

Richardson worked as a cabin boy on a square-rigger, and came to the Northwest via Cape Horn. He homesteaded with his family on Lopez, from which he commuted to Whidbey for his "cash" job as a lighthouse keeper. A few years later, he left the islands to homestead near Port Hadlock on the Kitsap Peninsula.

Richardson's farm passed through several hands before being acquired by William Graham, an expatriate Canadian. Graham was a canny businessman who knew how to get things done—he served as a school board director and county commissioner—and he clearly recognized the potential of Richardson. It was the southernmost deep water port in the county, was accessible by road and convenient to local farmers who needed to sell their products, and was adjacent to huge seasonal runs of migrating salmon.

Graham set to work to make Richardson the trading center of the island. He got a post office established in 1887, and in 1889 he built a dock capable of handling the larger streamers that were beginning to provide regular service to the islands. He added a warehouse to store goods, then helped a newcomer named Robert Kindleyside build a store across the road. In addition to general goods, Kindleyside did a brisk business selling cordwood to feed the steamer fireboxes.

Lopez was a veritable market basket in those days, producing field crops such as hay, oats, barley, wheat, rye, potatoes, and peas. Gardens grew everything from greens, to beets, to melons. Farmers raised sheep, cattle, hogs, and poultry, and sold meat, wool, eggs, cream, and butter. Local orchards produced bushels of apples, pears, cherries, and plums. Much of this bounty flowed through Richardson, via steamer, to growing markets down-sound, while trade goods came to the island in return.

By 1897 Richardson was such a going concern that Graham built a 40 X 80 public hall, which hosted everything from the local school to political events, Friday night dances, and Sunday church services. Two daily steamers hauled freight and passengers on a circuit from Seattle to Port Townsend, Richardson,

Lopez, Argyle, Friday Harbor, Deer Harbor, Westsound, Orcas, Eastsound, Rosario, Olga, Bellingham, and back.

The local economy got a boost in the late-1890s when fish traps were built off the south end. By 1900, Graham and his partner, N.P. Hodgson, opened a fish packing plant, salting salmon and loading them into barrels for shipment. The attraction of a ready market was such that in salmon season, hundreds of fishermen lived on their boats in the bay or in a tent camp that blanketed the shoreline.

Richardson became a gathering place for locals and visitors, with a hotel, a bakery, a barber shop, a creamery, a slaughterhouse, and a pool hall. And, of course, there was the store, where, according to the San Juan Islander, shoppers could choose from an array of, "dry goods and notions, boots and shoes, ladies and gents furnishing, tin-ware, glassware, all kinds of domestic articles of household utility, fancy and staple groceries, provisions, flour, food, fruit, candies, tobacco, cigars, etc., and all goods of a general nature."

By 1913, there were five fish traps off the south end, and three canneries had sprung up to process the catch. The Hidden Inlet Cannery stood on the north shore across the bay from the store, while the Salmon Bank cannery was located where the Davis Head dock now stands. Another floating cannery was sometimes anchored in the bay. The summer population was estimated to be as high as 5,000, including a fair number of Chinese cannery crews. A "China House" workers' dormitory stood behind Hidden Inlet.

Things began to slow down at Richardson after the Hell's Gate Slide in 1913 blocked a major portion of the Fraser River, and disrupted the salmon runs. A fuel leak from a boat at the dock resulted in a blaze that burned down the warehouse in 1916. Another fire in 1921 – a common hazard in steam-powered canneries – consumed the Salmon Bank facility. Hidden Inlet discontinued operations soon thereafter and its machinery was moved to Alaska. Without the big salmon runs and the canneries, the fishers and packers moved on. Freight began arriving on island by car ferry in 1924, and the regular freight boats ceased calling at Richardson by 1925.

As Seattle turned from horse power to automobiles and the railroads opened the markets of Puget Sound to the vast farms east of the Cascades, island export markets for farm products disappeared. The

Great Depression finished off Richardson, and everything but the store and the Community Hall fell or was torn down. The store kept going through a series of owners until October of 1990, when it too went up in smoke. Lucky, the resident cat, escaped. But Richardson, as an island center, was gone.

# RICHARDSON IS SLEEPING REFLECTION OF LOPEZ PAST

By Matt Pranger

ARTICLE FOUND IN "The Journal" pamphlet "Reflections about 1998.

At Richardson – a sleepy collection of homes, pastures, pier and fuel docks on the south end of Lopez Island – Clark Lovejoy gestures away from his waterfront property. He points to the bay where hundreds of fishing boats once bobbed, and then points upland to former locations of canneries, a hotel, bakery, slaughterhouse, barbershop, pool hall and the fire-razed Richardson General Store. The 77-year-old, from his childhood memories and ancestors' stories, knows a much less-snoozy hamlet.

Clark's grandfather N.P. Hodgson contributed considerably to the centuries-old tribal fishing camp's growth. Hodgson arrived at the bay seven years after the port's namesake, George S. Richardson, founded the community in 1874. Hodgson started a salmon saltery, buying fish from Indians working the nearby reefs. Hodgson established a store upland of Richardson's main wharf in the late 1800s. A 1901 supplement to the San Juan Islander described Hodgson's venture: "The progress of the various parts of this country is evidenced by the trading posts therein. A mercantile establishment than which there is no more comprehensive in this county, is operated by Mr. N. P. Hodgson at Richardson."

Hodgson supplied farmers with provisions but capitalized considerably on the fish trap operators and commercial fishermen who began frequenting the area. More than 1 million fish were caught in 1901. Hodgson, who partnered with William Graham, salted 600 barrels, but without enough salt and barrels, thousands of fish were tossed back into the bay.

To net more profits from the tremendous catch, the two entrepreneurs built the Salmon Bank cannery on a point on the pass between Lopez and Charles Islands.

Competition followed in the Hidden Inlet Packing Co. cannery, constructed directly opposite Hodgson's store.

"My granddad went to Ballard and talked to the fishermen. He promised Seattle prices on all the supplies," Clark explains.

While the men toiled on fishing and farming, the women operated the store, taking orders, stocking merchandise and even baking bread for the fishers. "My mother grew up in the store," Clark says of Gertrude (Hodgson) Lovejoy.

Her son recalls his mother's stories of frustration with co-workers, including her sister Rita, who flirted with the fishermen instead of working. "She was very much business," Clark says.

His mother also remembers dealing with "drummers" salesmen and many Indians who would purchase only one item at a time.

Gertrude married Lowell Lovejoy, a machinist. "He was working in the cannery and married the boss' daughter," the younger Lovejoy recounts.

The canneries, which were crewed with Chinese, sought sockeye salmon. Which they bought for 10 cents, but also had to take pinks off the fishermen. Cannery tenders paid two cents for the low quality salmon, but often dumped them overboard. "This bay was full of dead humpies," Clark says.

Once in awhile a red would be inadvertently tossed with the pinks. "They would pay my Uncle (Norman Hodgson Jr.) to swim though and get the sockeye," Clark explains.

Richardson's fish commerce peaked in the early teens, the same period Mackaye Harbor served as the base for fish trap operations. Piles, which were pulled each season, and nets were stored on shore there.

The store, cannery and other Hodgson enterprises were sold to Ira D. Lundy, a Seattle councilman who also cultivated a large loganberry patch at Richardson. The sale in 1916 proved wise for the Hodgsons – a much-anticipated massive run of sockeye never appeared because the Hell's Gate slide on the Fraser River in 1913 disrupted the salmon cycle. The fish drought caused many canning operations to go belly-up in the San Juans.

N.P. Hodgson bought the bald-headed schooner Azalea and packed fish near Kodiak Island. "I can remember seeing her go by under town," Clark says of the ship. The 156-foot, three masted schooner was originally built for hauling lumber. Azalea came to its end in 1946 in Sausalito. Lowell Lovejoy, who had been working as a meat cutter at Port Ludlow's lumber operation, ran the family's farm while his father in-law processed fish in Alaska.

Richardson, with the store moved closer to the water, continued as a vital hub, though, where steamers unloaded supplies and took on produce, livestock and passengers. The Rosalie, skippered by Capt. Sam Barlow and crewed by many islanders, made most of these stops.

"He was kind of a legend," Clark says of Barlow. In navigating Richardson's treacherous currents, "all he had was his whistle and his instincts."

Salmon Bank, which also often lacked adequate water, labor and equipment, was razed by fire in 1921. Hidden Inlet ceased operations soon after.

"That was the lifeblood of Richardson – salmon," Clark declares.

Freight boats, including the steam Rosalie, ceased making scheduled stops at Richardson in 1925. Rail and roads linking the fertile Skagit Valley to major mainland cities added to the hub's demise and contributed to a drop in demand for fresh agricultural products from all the islands.

Cream became the Lovejoys endeavor. "Dairy was the big thing," Clark confirms.

"There was a local creamery ... I can remember, as a little kid, there was a big wooden churn." Later, members of the San Juan Dairymen's Association --- supplied cream to the creamery on Spring Street in Friday Harbor.

"Three times a week we'd ship cream in 10-gallon cans on flatbed truck," he says.

More stable crops replaced fresh produce. "Seed peas. That was the big crop here," Clark explains.

Sheep also grazed on many farms. "A lot of wool went off in those days, but I think there are more sheep on the islands now," Clark says.

Farmers later switched from milking cows to the less labor intensive beef cattle, but fishing continued. "My uncle Norman traded two heifers for an interest in a reef net at Iceberg Point," Clark says with a chuckle.

Camping reservations weren't required for the Lovejoys' outings. Clark remembers spending several days floating around Lopez in a rowboat and camping in blankets on shore at night. "The hay was all in the barn and dad got somebody to milk the cows," Clark says. One evening a farmer came down, possibly mistaking the campers for indigents, offered food and shelter.

"In those days you could pull up to the beach. Today you'd end up in somebody's front yard," Clark comments.

N.P. Hodgson bought part of hidden Inlet's property for back taxes and Clark recalls playing in the building.

"We had skating parties. Every once in awhile somebody comes up and mentions, "I roller skated in your cannery."

The Lovejoys went between living at Richardson and Lopez in the late 1920s and '30s. Clark consistently returned to Richardson store, which Oliver Lundy took over from his father.

"Mrs. Craig ran the store for Oliver. He ran the oil truck."

Clark remembers signing charge slips, neatly tucked in the wooden register (now on display in the Lopez Historical Museum), and pulling bananas from a hook, and other childhood delights. "It was unique," he says.

Clark graduated from Friday Harbor High School and worked for the Civilian Conservation Corps, including on Moran State Park on Orcas Island. As conflicts in Europe and the Pacific intensified, he went to work in a shipyard in Long Beach, Calif. "I started in the Coast Guard a day after Pearl Harbor was attacked."

While on leave, he met Phyllis Vogt, who was visiting relatives. The two became more acquainted on the ferry ride back to mainland and corresponded during the war. Settling in Seattle, Clark married his sweetest pen pal.

Clark became a ship wright for the Washington State Ferries Eagle Harbor maintenance yard. They had three children: Steve, Dan, and John – who all became involved in fishing in some way.

Clark's mother, who attended Bellingham Normal (now Western Washington University) and taught one year at Roche Harbor, retiring in 1965 from the Renton School District. Gertrude returned to her Richardson land, and substituted at Lopez School for quite a few years.

Gertrude gave her three children Al, Mary and Clark property. Clark and Phyllis built a home close to the location where the Salmon Banks cannery stood. They watched the number of fish boats stopping at Richardson decline as the number of tourists increased. Clark notes Richardson Store owner Ken Shaw would "sell potatoes by the piece," fish, hot dogs and ice cream from the quaint store by the sea.

"I watched a seaplane tie up one day and talked to Shaw about it. He said they got three ice creams," Clark recalls.

Richardson Store, named to the National Registry of Historic Places in 1985, burned to the ground on the windy evening of Oct. 27, 1990. Clark remembers seeing clouds of fire drift away from the fuel storage tanks as they vented vapor.

Without the store, few fishermen and locals visit the area. "Now all you see is pleasure boats," Clark states. "When I was a kid you'd rarely see a pleasure boat."

The salmon runs that brought his ancestors to Richardson's shore have all but disappeared, and the store that helped sustain the area is gone. Clark doesn't mind living at his childhood homestead. "I don't miss being in Seattle at all," he concludes.

# NEWSPAPER ARTICLE:

## Friday Harbor Journal, March 27, 1947

The Journal is in receipt of the following interesting letter from Miss Florence Allyn, a former Lopez island school teacher. The letter is self-explanatory:

Fifty years ago, April 1, 1897, I began my work as a teacher at Lake Balantine, Minnesota. I remember well, the first day of school. I had sardines with my lunch. One little fellow promptly announced (Jay Mullen) that "teacher was eating dead minnow," and so through the years I have shared the joys and sorrows of the 1,500 children in the communities in which I taught. I heard about the quarrels in the houses, the new babies, the pets that were killed, even one little fellow announced that he was sick and in trying to find out what was the trouble, he was sure he was going to have kittens as he had a stomach ache.

The mothers, many brought their domestic problems, sweethearts confided their secrets, visiting in the homes, found many an answer to why children did not get along in their work, sleeping in the cold, clammy spare rooms, but did rebel when a boiled egg was served after the mother hen had set on it for about two weeks. Working in the church and Sunday Schools, trying in every way possible to make good citizens of my charges. Yes, in retrospect these are happy memories.

Now as I look back, I feel that I would be made very happy if I could hear from all that can be reached, telling me of their lives and of their schoolmates as the first week of April rolls around.

I taught on Lopez from 1901 to 1905 and am out of contact with all Lopez, but would be delighted to hear from any of my former pupils.

Following is a list of my Lopez island pupils:

### LOPEZ 1901-1904

Pearl Butler  
Earl Butler  
Eva Rhodes  
Nettie Litchenberg  
Regina Davies  
Roland Davies  
Ada Kent  
Charity Kent  
Tot Biggs  
Alma Biggs  
Nellie Blake  
Roy Blake  
Lillie Blake  
Eva Snyder  
Roy Snyder  
Bert Snyder  
Ruth Snyder  
Sylvia Muscott  
Sarah McNallie  
Dutton McNallie  
Willie McNallie  
Elinor McNallie  
Harold McNallie  
Lloyd McNallie  
Earl Shirley  
Bessie Larabee  
Hallie Larabee

Chas. Graham  
Lillian Andrews  
John Coffin  
Stella Groll  
Wallace Craig  
Luella Craig  
Eva Thornton  
Marion Johnson  
Cyrus Johnson  
Edna Snow  
Ethel Bruns  
Edgar Orcutt  
Leslie Orcutt  
Stephen Orcutt  
Minerva Orcutt  
Pearl Orcutt  
Elmer Long  
Erma Long  
Ina Long  
Neva Long  
Doris King

### RICHARDSON 1904-1905

Mary Graham  
Freda Graham  
Elmer Graham  
Mary Oliver  
Leora Oliver

Wallace Burt  
Rita Hodgson  
Gertrude Hodgson  
Frank Hodgson  
Hazel Wilson  
Grace Wilson  
Sebastian Downie  
Margaret Downie  
Victor Downie  
Gene Butts  
Howard Keeley  
Addie Dwight  
May Higgins  
Corine Buchanan  
Cora Buchanan  
Gertrude Towell  
John King  
Aubry King  
Walter Gallanger  
George Gallanger  
Sadie Gallanger  
Bessie Gallanger  
Otho Stevens

Although I am not in active teaching now, I am interested in all. My home address is Florence Allyn, Monroe, Washington.

# PIONEER PERSONALITIES: SAMPSON CHADWICK

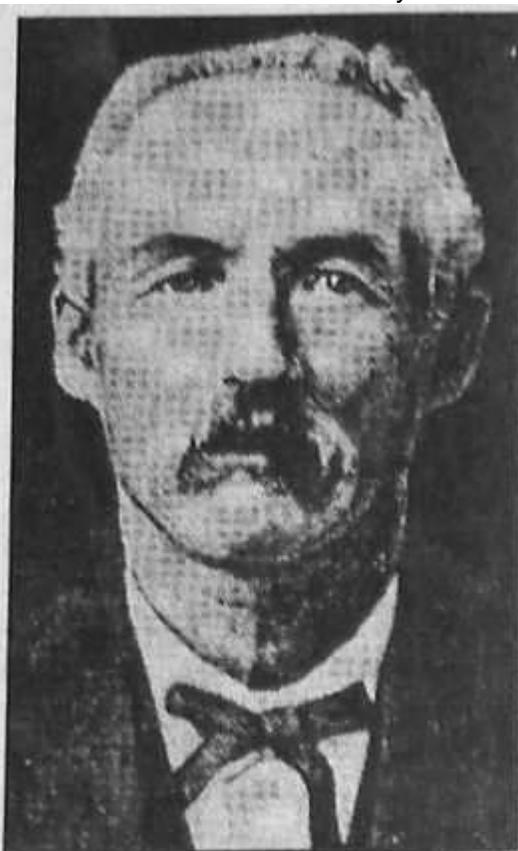
*Article in The ISLANDS WEEKLY Aug22-Aug 29, 1995*

**By John Goekler**

Lopez pioneer Sampson Chadwick was, in many ways, a soldier and hunter, woodsman and boat handler, author and poet. By all accounts he worked hard to be a good father and a good neighbor, and could wrest a living from the wild, tend a sick animal, administer an estate or graft a fruit tree.

Chadwick was born in 1847, near Toronto, Canada, to a family of English settlers from Yorkshire. His father abandoned the family soon after Sampson's birth, and his mother died when he was 10, leaving the youngster to be brought up and educated by an uncle in New York.

The Civil War interrupted Chadwick's budding career as a watch repairman, when he enlisted in the Union army at age 17, arriving in the ranks just in time to join the army of William Tecumseh Sherman on the famous "march to the sea." While he emerged from battle unscathed, Chadwick was among the many soldiers who suffered from scurvy on the long march.



**Sampson Chadwick**  
photo courtesy of Lopez Island  
Historical Museum



**Adelia Bradshaw Chadwick**  
photo courtesy of Lopez Island  
Historical Museum

By the time the Yankees reached the coast of South Carolina, they were so hungry that they dug holes in the sand at low tide to trap shrimp, recounts "Uncle Phil" Hastin, a long-time neighbor of the Chadwick clan, who remembers Sampson telling stories, "sitting in front of the fire with his pipe and his crutches." After the high tide, the soldiers fished out the shrimp and ate them raw.

Despite the hardships, army life apparently appealed to Chadwick, because he re-enlisted after the war and came west. There are a lot of stories about

his arrival in the Northwest – including the oft-told tales that he came in search of his father in the Fraser gold fields, and that he worked as a waiter in San Francisco before being fired for dropping a tray of food – but the real reason for Chadwick's arrival in the islands may have been less mysterious.

"He was with Pickett's Army," Hastin says, referring to the name locals gave to the occupying American forces during the Pig War. (Pickett himself was long gone, of course, have left San Juan to join the Confederacy in 1861, where he is remembered as the leader of the ill-fated "Pickett's Charge" at

Gettysburg.) When a commission appointed by German Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm settled the Pig War in 1871 by ruling that the San Juans were American territory, the garrison was disbanded, and Chadwick was out of a job.

Regardless of who claimed the islands, however, an energetic and resourceful fellow was always in demand, and Chadwick was soon employed. A British sheep farmer named John Keddy recruited him to tend his flock, and shortly after, Sampson moved across to Lopez, where Keddy's brother William also had sheep. His arrival gave the population of white settlers on the island a significant boost, Hastin says. "He was the sixth or seventh guy on Lopez Island."

Chadwick's arrangement with the Keddys was simple. He agreed to look after the sheep for two years, during which time he would receive half the wool produced, and half of all the lambs, after deducting any losses to the flock. To supplement that meager income, he hunted deer.

Other than cutting cord wood for the steamers which plied local waters, deer hunting was about as much of an industry as existed on Lopez in those days, and deer hides were a much more common currency than cash money. Like Orcas pioneer Louis Cayou – whose hunting of deer for the Hudson's Bay Company gave Deer Harbor its name – Chadwick traded hides and venison for staples.

Chadwick established a homestead on the extreme southwest end of the island, on Watmough Bight, so named by Lieutenant Charles Wilkes when he explored the San Juans in 1841. He built a rough cabin facing south on the Strait – on the site of a Samish summer camp – and claimed possession by chasing away the local Indians with his rifle when they arrived to fish.



**Sampson Chadwick and son George in the clinker-built boat he received for helping deserting British sailors flee their ship**  
photo courtesy of Lopez Island Historical Museum

On trading day he shouldered his Wurflein Plains Rifle – a black powder muzzle-loader for which he molded his own bullets – and set off for Hiram Hutchinson's trading post at the mouth of Fisherman Bay. Along the way, he shot a number of deer, dressed them out, and bundled the hides and as much of the venison as he could carry for barter. "Old Chadwick was a hell of a shot with that Kentucky rifle," Hastin remembers.

Once at the trading post, he did his business – collecting such staples as flour, sugar, coffee, gunpowder and tobacco in trade – picked up any mail which had arrived by steamer or canoe,

and caught up on the local gossip. Then he shouldered his goods, and made the return hike – likely picking up the extra venison he'd been unable to carry, and had cached on the way up-island – covering perhaps 20 to 25 miles, round trip.

Women were in short supply on Lopez in those days, and when Sampson encountered pretty young Adelia Bradshaw on near-by Long Island, he immediately set off to woo her. "Adie" was half Clallum Indian, and the daughter of prominent Port Townsend attorney, territorial politician and judge, Charles Bradshaw. Since a "breed" child was an embarrassment to her ambitious father and his new white wife, Addie had been sent off to Long Island to care for the invalid wife of settler Hezekiah Davis.

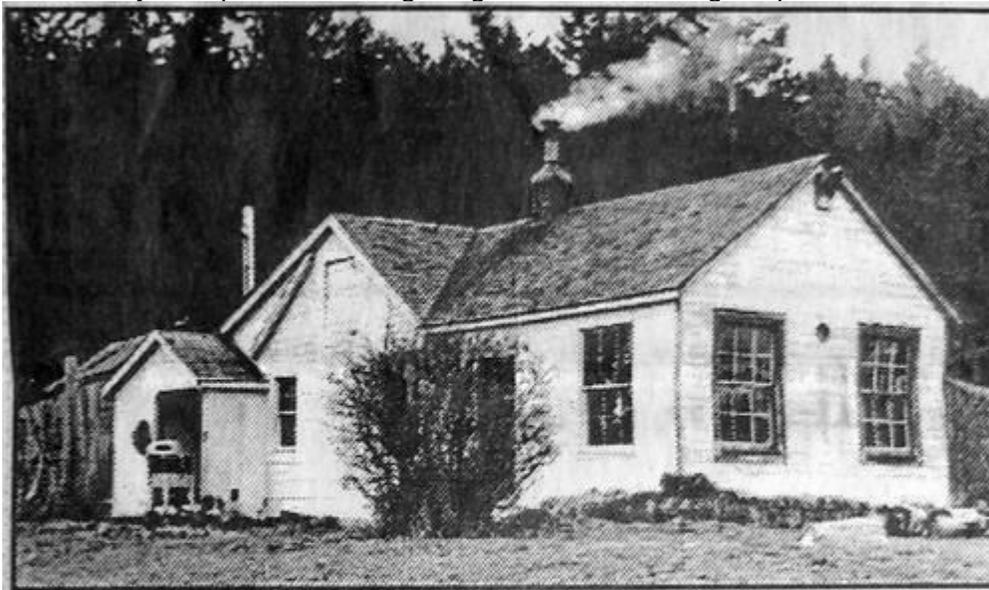
When Mrs. Davis died, Addie agreed to wed Chadwick, and the couple were soon ensconced in a new home near the tip of the bight, which was less exposed to the fierce sou'westers than Sampson's original cabin, and from which they could watch the vessel traffic in the Straits. Over the years the little house grew

to accommodate their expanding family. "Every time they had a kid or two, they built on to that," Hastin says. Ultimately the couple had six children, but one died in infancy, one at age 11, and another in his twenties of a lingering childhood injury.

The Chadwick clan prospered, planting a garden and orchard, tending sheep in partnership with "Old Man Sperry," for whom Sperry Peninsula is named, gathering seafood from near-by waters, and perhaps bartering mutton and venison for salmon from the fish trap which was established just offshore in later years.

In 1879, as the island became more organized, Chadwick was appointed Road Supervisor for District 2, which entitled him to collect four dollars in cash or labor (at two dollars a day) from every male inhabitant of the district. In 1880, he journeyed to Port Townsend with a pair of witnesses, to become a US citizen – perhaps rowing across the Strait in the clinker-built life boat he received in exchange for guiding a group of British seamen across the island to safety after they jumped ship.

When Chadwick's neighbor, John Anderson, was murdered – giving rise to the old joke that Lopez was such a healthy place to live they had to shoot a man to start a cemetery – it was Sampson who built the coffin, painted it with shoe blacking, and helped carry it by hand to the new Union Cemetery when the rudimentary road proved too rough to get a horse and wagon up it.



**The Chadwick house on Watmough Bight. Note the "12 pane" windows and the mound at left front, where the kids were told to empty their pockets after coming in from collecting on the surrounding beaches.**  
photo courtesy of Lopez Island Historical Museum

By 1884, Sampson had become such a notable citizen that he was asked to make a Fourth of July speech at Point Lookout (Lopez Hill). While the family rode north in the hay wagon, the Samish got at least some satisfaction for being run off their traditional land by looting Chadwick's homestead. When the family returned home after a festive fourth, their house was empty. "The Indians cleaned us out," Chadwick's daughter Ellen Adelia recalled in a later interview. "They even took the kitten."

Ironically, Chadwick's biggest problems in later years came not from the Indians, but from the purse-seiners who began fishing local waters around the turn of the century, and loved to steal his sheep. When the salmon were running, Sampson and Sperry spent many a sleepless night prowling the shoreline with rifles to deny the wily fishers' a taste of their mutton.

A relatively educated man for his day, Chadwick was a dedicated reader, subscribing to territorial newspapers which arrived by steamer. He also wrote poetry and articles which he submitted to regional newspapers and magazines with only, "Lopez W.T." To bring music into their home, the family purchased a Montgomery Ward pump organ in 1905, and often gathered around it to sing and play. When the San Juan County Cooperative Telephone Company offered service in 1906, Chadwick welcomed that progress and strung the wire himself from the end of the county road to the house.

As he got older, Sampson had a hard time getting around, and the kids did most of the work. "When he got later on in years, he done the bossin'," Hastin recalls. The kids were assisted with the heavy work by Valentine, the family ox, who gained his name from being born on February 14.

A life-long collector, Chadwick left behind boxes of mementos when he died in 1924, including Civil War medals, Hudson's Bay trade trinkets, old tax receipts and railroad folders so old they listed Oklahoma as

“Indian Territory.” He also left a sizeable collection of Indian artifacts he gathered around the homestead, many of which are now in the Lopez Island Historical Museum.

Today Sampson Chadwick is mostly remembered as the fellow for whom Chadwick Hill is named. That might get a laugh out of Sampson, however, since he knew that hill across Watmough Bay from his place as Merk’s Mountain, named for “Old Man” Merks, a fisherman who homesteaded on the beach at the foot of it. “Chadwick’s Hill is on the other side,” Hastin says.

Much of the material for this article was gathered from archives at the Lopez Island Historical Museum, through the assistance of curator Nancy McCoy. The Islands Weekly extends special thanks to her, and museum trustee, “Uncle Phil” Hastin.

# THE PIONEER DAVIS FAMILY OF LOPEZ ISLAND, DUNGENESS

More than 100 years ago the earliest members of this  
many-branched clan came to the N. W.

By Lucile McDonald

The Seattle Times, Sunday, March 6, 1960

At least 100 years have passed since the many-branched Davis family of Dungeness and Lopez Island migrated to Northwest Washington.



THE FIRST HOUSE built on Lopez Island by a member of Hezekiah Davis' family was near Davis Bay, at the southwest side of the island. In this photo, taken about 1902, the adults were, from left, Mrs. George Mead, James Ernest Davis; Mrs. Lois Davis Middleton, sister of Davis; George Mead and Mrs. Davis. Two of the children were Russell and Leonard Davis. The Meads were friends of the Davises.—Courtesy of Mrs. Lincoln Weeks.

When members of the family got together in 1958 for a reunion at the old farm on Davis Bay, on the southwest side of Lopez Island, 104 descendants of Hezekiah Davis were present. Ten reside outside the state, some 73 live in Seattle and most of the others live in nearby counties.

Lopez Island boasts not only a Davis Bay, but a Davis Point, on its northwest side. The latter is a military reserve, known to the Davises as Jack Shearer's Point, for John Shearer, an Englishman nicknamed "Panama Jack," who squatted there for a quarter of a century.

It is a mystery how the name Davis Bay got on the English Admiralty chart of 1859. American

coast surveyors had discovered the anchorage in 1854 and called it Shoal Bight, a name soon forgotten.

The Davises did not establish homes in Washington until 1860, but there may have been another man of the same surname ahead of them.

The 1870 census listed Benjamin Davis, farmer from Massachusetts, on Lopez.

Benjamin, who was no relation of Hezekiah and his offspring, probably was the American who tangled with military authorities on San Juan Island in 1865. He had been living on Lopez, running livestock there for several years, an account says, and went to San Juan to farm a seven-acre tract on shares.

After working three months, Davis visited Lopez, to see how his cattle were getting along. On his return to San Juan, he spied a goat, which he said was his property, in the possession of the military officers.

The commander of the postpaid Davis a \$5 greenback for the animal. Ben demanded gold instead of devaluated currency. Captain Gray, annoyed, asked Davis how long he had been on San Juan and if he did not know that he needed permission to remain there. Davis professed ignorance of the military occupation rules. He said he wanted to stay. Gray told him the request was too late; Davis must settle his affairs within a week and depart.

The settler returned to Lopez. If he was indeed Benjamin Davis, he was still there in 1870, with his Indian wife and child.



CLARK DAVIS of Mount Vernon, standing at left, and Arthur Davis of Friday Harbor talked over old times, at a reunion in 1958 of the descendants of Hezekiah Davis. They were standing on the beach at the farm established by James L. Davis on Davis Bay, Lopez Island. (These aerial photos on Page 7.)

Meanwhile, James L. Davis, a son of Hezekiah, had taken his family to Lopez and built a log house near Davis Bay. None of his descendants ever heard of Benjamin Davis, who must have gone soon after Hezekiah's arrival. Ben was not around when the 1880 census was enumerated.

The Davis clan in the past year became interested in its lineage and several members have pieced bits together. They traced their genealogy back to 1777, when an ancestor received a crown grant of timberland in Eastern Ontario, Canada.

Hezekiah, born in 1802 within four miles of Niagara Falls, was taking care of the sawmill and logging business on the family tract when two of his five

sons caught the gold-rush fever. It is thought that two were Clark and Alonzo Davis. They came west by ox team from Independence, Mo, in 1849.

Only Alonzo, who later settled at Dungeness, in Clallam County, left a history of his wanderings. He stopped to mine in Nevada and at the Yuba, Pitt, Feather and Sacramento River diggings in California. In 1853 he returned to Canada and the family lumber business.

At least one of the Davis brothers, maybe two, moved north up the Coast across Oregon and Washington and into the Cariboo area of Canada, thence overland to Ontario.

The wanderers told their father about the dense forests they had seen on Puget Sound and urged him to sell out and move west. They proposed Dungeness as a likely place for a lumberman, but, when Hezekiah made the journey in 1860, he found a large mill already operating at Port Discovery, a dozen or so miles to the east.

"Grandfather would not open up in competition," said Mrs. Eunice E. Troxell of Oak Harbor, Whidbey Island, who has been assembling some of the Davis history. "But he did get a farm at Dungeness and one for his son, Hall, who had come west with him.

"After seven years and much persuasion, my father, James L., and mother sold their home and came west, also. They were at Dungeness and Port Discovery two years before going to Lopez Island, which still was considered British territory."

James, with his wife and three children and 9-year-old nephew, Rowland, moved to the island in September 1869. Some members of the family think that his brother, Clark, may have located land at the bay before Jams went there.

Mrs. Amelia Davis, James' wife, was the first white woman on Lopez. It was a lonely place for her. The 22 other settlers were bachelors or had Indian wives.

James shipped in cattle from Texas by way of San Francisco and contracted to supply meat to the British garrison on San Juan. He hired Indians to clear land for him and, after the international boundary dispute in the San Juans ended three years later, he raised matched teams of Percheron horses and branched into dairying.

Within sight of James' hose and directly south of Davis Bay lay 58-acre Long Island, which had been the soldier's homestead of J. J. Culpepper. In 1874 the veteran sold his squatter's rights to Robert First of San Juan for \$20, less than half the value of a cow.

Hezekiah Davis bought the claim from Firth, moved to Long Island and completed proving up, receiving his patent in 1878. His wife died in 1877.

Hezekiah stayed on Long Island for some years before returning to Dungeness, where he died in 1890.

Alonzo Davis had made a final move to the West in 1862 and, after a jaunt to the Cariboo, he took up dairy farming. Hezekiah deeded Long Island to Alonzo in 1884.

Both Alonzo and Hall Davis made names for themselves as pioneer dairymen in Clallam County. Alonzo took the first Jersey cows to Dungeness in 1875 and Hall built up the initial Holstein herd in the area. The brothers made butter for the Seattle grocery trade.

Meanwhile, the Davises on Lopez Island multiplied. James and Amelia had ten children. The first born on the island was James Ernest, to whom his father sold the homestead in 1902. His son-in-law and daughter Lenore (Mr. And Mrs. Lincoln Weeks) live there now.

James L. had increased his holdings to 210 acres, a portion of which went to another son, Herbert, who died 30 years ago. Herbert's widow, Mrs. Mary Davis of Garrison Bay, San Juan Island, was killed in an automobile accident last December, closing one chapter of the ----.

# CAPTAIN SAM THE STEAMBOAT MAN

By \_\_\_\_\_

**THE ISLANDS' WEEKLY, OCT 3-OCT 10, 1995**

Of all the men who guided steamers through the treacherous waters of the San Juans and Puget Sound, none was more skillful, nor more fondly remembered, than Captain Sam Barlow. A man who commanded everything from schooners to steamers, he was a master mariner, as well as a good friend and neighbor.

Taking to the sea was only natural for Sam Barlow and his brothers. Their father, Arthur "Billie" Barlow, was a seafaring man, who like many early white settlers, jumped ship to make Lopez his home.

The elder Barlow was born in Ireland, but left at an early age to serve with British forces in the Crimean War. Whether his departure was due to legal difficulties, as some tales indicate, or simply to escape the grinding poverty and hunger of his native land is unknown, but he survived the war and came to the Northwest on the British steam corvette *Satellite* in 1858.

Billie Barlow was assigned to a survey crew, and his first encounter with Lopez was in that capacity. He was apparently so taken by the beauty of the place that he blazed a mark on a prominent tree on the south end and vowed to return and make the area his home.

His opportunity came when *Satellite* was ordered home after the Pig War. During a stop in Victoria, Barlow and three others departed the Queen's service by slipping over the side during the night. He and shipmates Aleck Graham and Tom Smith made their way to Lopez, where Barlow settled on what we now know as Barlow Bay, and Graham took up residence across the neck of the peninsula leading to Iceberg Point, on Aleck Bay.

Billie Barlow carved out a homestead – sometimes apparently leaving to work in lumber camps around the Sound to raise a little cash – but homesteading by himself must have worn a little thin, and he soon set off in search of a wife.

There were no white women on the islands in those days, and the other settlers – many of who were also "retired" sailors – were either bachelors, or had klooitchman, as Indian wives were known. According to old accounts, Billie's matrimonial opportunity came one day in the form of a Haida trading party.

The Haida landed their war canoe near Jack Shears' Point, and offered their goods – a young Indian woman they had apparently captured. Shears was also in need of a wife, and he agreed to buy her. But when he left to get his money, Barlow stepped forward and made his own deal, swapping his brightly colored British military jacket for the young woman.

Shears' comments aren't recorded – he disappeared from the island not too long after – but Barlow must have felt he made a good deal. He and his new bride, who took the name Lucinda, or Lucy, promptly set to work rearing 11 children, of who Sam was the third. A somewhat romantic version of this story holds that Lucinda was an "Indian Princess," and the daughter of a local chief, but Karen Jones Lamb, in her book, *Native American Wives of San Juan Settlers*, notes that she was most likely Stikine Tlingit, which would account for her being a Haida captive. The "princess" story may have had some basis fact, however, as Jones Lamb speculates that she was related to Chief Shakes of Wrangell.

At any rate, Billie Barlow settled down to building and operating trade schooners along the coast and up to Alaska. Sam took up voyaging at the tender age of three, when he and older brother Dan set off to sail around the world in a leaky canoe with no provisions and only one paddle. Fortunately Billie's schooner *Henrietta* showed up in time to take the intrepid voyagers aboard before they vanished in Davy Jones' Locker.

Undaunted by his circumnavigation setback, Sam grew up working on his father's boats. But he also did a bit of independent contracting. While still a young boy, he was approached by a stranger who offered him \$20 to transport him from Oak Bay on Vancouver Island, to Whidbey Island. Since \$20 was a fortune to a young boy – and a month's work for a grown man – Sam agreed.



The voyage went smoothly, and Sam was \$20 to the good. So when the stranger approached him again and offered the same deal – albeit with a mysterious package thrown in – young Barlow assented. Unfortunately, a storm blew in, and they found themselves in a battle for survival, as the boat was swamped by heavy seas. While Sam struggled to save the boat, the stranger seemed concerned only with his package, which he refused to throw overboard even though their lives were at stake.

When they finally did make it to shore – with the boat completely awash, and afloat only because Sam had the presence of mind to jettison all the other materials aboard, and lower the mast and lash it and the booms across the hull for buoyancy – the young skipper deduced that the cargo was opium, and his mysterious passenger a smuggler.

Sam went on the command his father's 60 ton schooner Port Admiral while still in his teens, then moved on to the Puget Sound Navigation Company as Captain of the steamer Dode. Over his career, he skippered such locally famous steamers as

Lydia Thompson, Bellingham, Rosalie, City of Angeles and Flyer. Later, with the emergence of the Black Ball Line, he skippered the motor ferry Rosario.

Sam Barlow was a legend on Puget Sound, and a local hero in the San Juans. "I think everybody in San Juan County knew Captain Barlow," says San Juan historian Etta Egeland. "He was a man everybody liked."

Not only did folks like Captain Sam, they quite literally trusted him with their lives. Accidents were not uncommon in those days, as skippers had to work through treacherous reefs, rocks and currents, and loss of life – such as the 50-plus passengers who drowned when the Clallam went down in 1904 – was always a possibility. "They always felt very safe, and they didn't worry when the fog was deep," Egeland recalls. "He knew every rock in Puget Sound."

Captain Sam possessed uncommon navigation skills, remembers Lopezian Oscar Anderson, whose first job was as a crewman on Barlow's last command, the ferry Rosario. In those days, Anderson points out, the only navigation aids were, "a compass, a lead line, a whistle and a clock."

When the weather got thick, Barlow checked his instruments, but relied on his senses. In fog, he shed his Captain's cap, and pulled on an old, black felt hat with a wide brim, which he turned down over his ears. "It picked up the echoes better," Anderson explains. Then, with the engines stilled, he listened for his landmarks – the bark of a particular dog, the clucking of chickens at a given farm, the wash of waves against a rock or shore, and the reflection of the whistle blast.

Sometimes, he even used his own voice, speaking into the fog, and counting the time it took for the echo to return. "He could always tell from the sound of a voice how far the shore was," Egeland says. Along with gauging distance by noting the time it took for an echo, Barlow could also tell from the strength of the echo what typed of shoreline he was facing; rocky cliffs, trees or open space.

Barlow also relied on his incredibly keen sense of smell to locate his position in fog. Once on a voyage from Port Townsend to Richardson on Lopez, he was called to the pilothouse when a pea soup fog

developed. He ordered the engines stopped, stepped outside, and sniffed the air. "He smelled the kelp and knew right where he was," Anderson remembers. "He set a course, and a few minutes later they were in Richardson."

Beyond his senses, Captain Sam also relied on a father unusual navigation aid. "In those days, the skipper had a bottle of whiskey in his cabin when he was off watch," Anderson notes. "He'd get so drunk he could hardly walk, and the crew had to help him to the pilothouse. They knew once they got him there, he'd do his job." His passengers also knew of Barlow's affinity for whiskey, and apparently approved, since the more he drank, the more acute his navigational skills became.

While he liked his liquor, Barlow was in every sense a gentleman. While other colorful skippers – such as "Hell-Roaring Jack," who rarely shaved, often stood his watch in shoes and shirt, and cussed a blue streak – maintained the rough and tumble manners of frontier days, Barlow was the picture of decorum. "I can't ever remember Captain Barlow using foul language," Egeland says.

He was an active Mason and a supporter of his lodge's good works, and a mentor to younger men working their way up the ladder of the maritime industry. A patient and gentle teacher, Barlow was later credited by many skippers as having helped them become captains of their own vessels.

Decades after his death in 1936, Sam Barlow was still remembered fondly by people all around Puget Sound. In an annual event maintained at least through the early 1970's, Masons from the Anacortes and Saanitch (BC) lodges used to meet to ride the ferry to Lopez. There, the vessel hove to in a moment of silence, and a floral wreath was laid upon the water to honor the man who not only helped found those lodges, but also made more than 20,000 trips through Puget Sound without a single stranding or mishap.

# HISTORIC LOPEZ BUILDING IS DESTROYED FIRE RUINS RICHARDSON STORE

by Lesley Reed

**“The Islands’ Sounder” Wednesday, October 31, 1990**

Lopez Island lost a member of the community Saturday night. And San Juan County lost one of its most famous historical landmarks. Richardson Store, which celebrated its 100th year in business this year, burned to the ground with nary a chance to save it.

By the time the call came, at 8:40 p.m., it was already too late. Amy Goodrow, out on Davis Head, spotted the flames beating against the back windows and called the fire department. When Ken and Sue Shaw, the store’s owners for the past 11 years, arrived a few minutes later, the flames were reaching out the windows.

“The building was gone by the time anyone got there; said Lopez Fire Commissioner Steve Adams. Firefighters allowed the building to burn to the ground, but put up a curtain of water between the store and six fuel tanks some 20 feet away.

A westerly wind at 30 knots blew the blaze directly toward the tanks. Tongues of flame lapped against

the metal sides and wisps of fuel vented and burst into fire; but everyone’s greatest fear — that the tanks would blow — never happened. “The tanks did exactly what the engineer said they would do,” said Lopez Fire Chief Larry Schulze. When the tanks get



RICHARDSON STORE, a National Historic Landmark (insert), burned to its pilings Saturday night, leaving the Lopez community stunned.

Photo by Lesley Reed

hot, fuel turns to vapor and is released through the vents, igniting as it leaves. For the tanks to explode, they would have had to “superheat,” building up the gas so fast that there’s no other way out, said Schulze.

The building collapsed at around 1 a.m. The blaze was down by about 2, although firefighters were there “mopping up” through Sunday. Schulze didn’t go home until 3:30 that afternoon.

Deputy State Fire Marshal Larry R. Micheau arrived on the scene Sunday, surveyed the wreckage and interviewed witnesses. At press time, the cause of fire was still unknown. It was the first structure fire on Lopez in five years. No one was hurt, though Lucky, the resident cat, hasn’t been seen since. “The fire department did a fantastic job,” said an overwhelmed Ken Shaw. “We’re trying to get things under control in addition to looking toward the future.” Shaw couldn’t say yet whether he will rebuild.

Some 18 firefighters responded to the call. Police directed traffic and ran back and forth between the village station and the scene with air tanks for the firefighters. Water was hauled from a source on Davis Head and from as far away as the school. There were stretches of time when there was no water at all. “It was frightening,” admitted Schulze.



The flames could be seen for miles and the sad and the curious gathered at the intersection of Richardson and Vista Roads to watch billows of orange smoke and pray the fuel tanks would hold.

The next day, a steady stream of mourners came to see the rubble of twisted metal, black ash, and a hole through the floorboards leading straight down to the ocean. Soda cans littered the road and the banks (the sounds of exploding cans and propane tanks could be heard from Vista Rd.), the road was scorched, a Chevron sign and lamp post opposite the store and adjacent to the fuel tanks charred black.

And stories were told. Perhaps this one is the most remarkable: The fire chief and all three fire commissioners attended the Washington State Fire Commissioners Conference in Vancouver on Saturday. Driving home, commissioner Ron Meng and Schulze fell into a conversation about what would be the worst case scenario for Lopez —Richardson store and fuel tanks. "A few hours later the call came in," said Schulze.

**The Richardson General Store on the south end of Lopez Island was destroyed in a fire over the weekend. Nearby fuel tanks were saved.**

## **LOPEZ ISLAND LOSES RICHARDSON STORE TO FIRE Seattle PI Oct 25-31 or Nov 1-5 1990**

Richardson General Store on Lopez Island, one of the San Juan Islands' landmark buildings, burned to the ground Saturday night in a wind-whipped fire that is still under investigation.

Fire crews continued working on hot spots yesterday after the first major fire on Lopez in five years.

"The store is totally gone," said Larry Schulze, Lopez Island fire chief. "It will be a real loss. But no one was injured, and we did save the fuel tanks."

Historic Richardson Store, located at the south end of the island three miles east of McKay Harbor, was a favorite stop for bicyclists and local residents. But the store also had six fuel tanks that held the island's main supply of heating oil, diesel and regular automobile gasoline and fuel for commercial fishing boats.

As 30-knot winds fanned the store fire, firemen fought to keep the tanks from blowing up, Schulze said.

The fire department was called at 8:55 p.m. By the time fire fighters arrived, the store was completely consumed and "our whole job was to protect the fuel tanks and nearby homes," Schulze said.

Ken and Sue Shaw, who have owned and operated the store for the last 12 years, said it was too early to say whether they will rebuild. "We haven't crossed that bridge yet," Ken Shaw said.

Neither Shaw or fire officials had damage estimates. "It was a total loss," he said.

Built in 1917, the store was on the national register of historic places.

Fire Destroys Lopez Island Landmark

## Richardson Store Catered To Fishermen, Farmers, Tourists

By Marla Williams

**SEATTLE TIMES Monday, October 29, 1990**

Ash and smoldering timber are all that's left today of historic Richardson General Store on Lopez Island in the San Juans. An explosive fire, fanned by 30-knot winds, destroyed the store Saturday night.

The fire was reported at 8:55 p.m. Saturday. By the time fire crews arrived at 9:11 p.m., the white clapboard walls of the store were collapsing into the flames.

Storm-driven southwest wind carried burning debris into a nearby bulk-fuel depot, and sparks and cinders fell onto nearby residences.

"The winds were pushing the flames right up against the fuel tanks," said Schulze. "And so our first priority was to throw up a wall of water, cool those tanks and drive back the fire. I knew if we didn't get that situation under control fast, those tanks would blow and take off the south end of this island."

Three engines, a water tanker, and 19 members of the all-volunteer fire department struggled for more than six hours against the blaze before bringing it under control. Crews remained at the scene through yesterday to watch for flare-ups as state and county fire marshals sifted through the debris in an effort to determine the cause.

It was the first major structural fire on the island in five years.

Ken and Sue Shaw of Lopez Island, who have owned and operated the store for the past 12 years, said they're not sure of their exact dollar loss. Ken Shaw said whatever it is, he's thankful no one was hurt.

"All I can tell you right now is that it was a terrible, absolutely terrible fire, and we're very lucky no one was injured. I give tremendous credit to the super effort made by our volunteer firefighters," he said.

Richardson General Store was on the register of historic places. The old building, standing on pilings over the water, was a welcome sight to generations of fishermen and sailors.

At the turn of the century, Richardson was a major port of the islands and the general store a favorite meeting place. Farmers needing to ship produce to Puget Sound markets via steamship would gather at the store. Fishermen would unload their catches at the wharf, then stop in to buy supplies and swap news with cannery workers.

Old-timers and yellowing newspapers describe the San Juan Channel choked with salmon, the wharf loud with activity and the general store a place with standing room only.

In more recent years, Richardson General Store continued to be crowded during summer months. A favorite tourist stop on Lopez Island, the store was as scenic inside as out. All manner of sundries could be found stacked floor to ceiling: feed for farm animals, baby diapers and blue jeans, kerosene lanterns and work shoes, housewares, beer, wine and groceries. And Fishermen continued to stop for fuel at the adjacent depot.

Ken Shaw said he is not sure whether he will rebuild, and said insurance will cover some of the loss. He said he plans to continue operating the fuel stop for the gill-net fleet.

# LOPEZ LEGEND, WIFE ARE GRAND MARSHALS

by John Goekler

**"The Islands' Sounder" Wednesday, July 1, 1992**

'You got to have fun as long as you can.' That's how "Uncle" Phil Hastin views life, and for fun this weekend, he and his wife Betty will serve as Grand Marshals for the 4th of July parade on Lopez. It's an appropriate honor for the Only native-born Lopez couple to celebrate more than 50 years of marriage.

Phil's grandfather moved to the island in 1885 and homesteaded 160 acres on Lopez Hill. Betty's granddad, who changed his name from Jorgensen to Norman, followed a few years later, after the Seattle fire.

Growing up on Lopez was great fun, but a lot like work, Phil says. He milked the cows in the morning, then drove them up the road to pasture before running back to catch the Model T school bus. There was always plenty of work at harvest time too. When he was 13, Phil discovered baseball. He was 4 feet 8 inches tall, but "fast as the dickens." He got walked a lot, he says, because he was too short for the pitchers to find the strike zone. Once on base his speed allowed him to steal on a regular basis. He liked the game so much that he played and coached for 51 years.

The 4th of July has always been lucky for Phil. In 1933 he put on his new pair of tennis shoes, "Cost me \$1.75 or something," he laughs, and entered the holiday race in Friday Harbor. He beat the local hero, a track star at Bellingham Normal College, and collected the \$5 prize. Two years later he won both the dash and the mile races at the Lopez 4th of July run, collecting \$10 in the process. "That was a month's wage," says Betty.



-----"I was just a kid  
and I had my eye on her."  
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After finishing high school in Friday Harbor (Lopez then wasn't accredited), Phil took on many local jobs. "I was the highest paid farm hand on Lopez," he says, "\$20 a month for milking and 27 cents an hour for driving a truck in the pea harvest."

Later, he went to work for Betty's dad, who was skipper of the fish tender, Fenwick. Asked if that's where he met Betty, Phil just laughs. "I met her when she was born," he says. "I was just a kid and I had my eye on her. She had hers on me, too."

Phil fished Alaska in his early twenties, and made skipper at 24. In the winter he worked as a shipwright, building trollers in the yard at MacKaye Harbor. When the war came, he was assigned to a shipyard in Seattle and spent five years building minesweepers, tugs and patrol boats. 'That's wooden, too," he says. "None of that plastic stuff."

He worked with so many Scandinavians that he says, "I spelled my name three or four different ways. Hanstin, Hasten, Hanston, depending on whether the crew was Swedes, Danes or Norwegians."

After the war Phil and Betty came back to Lopez where he helped build Camp Nor'wester. He dug the lake, built the dam, put in the water system and used teams for logging. He also worked on the ferries briefly as a seaman, and learned to witch wells.

Then he and Betty started to farm. They ran dairy cattle, selling the cream in Friday Harbor. Sometimes the creamery ran short of money, and they got paid with chickens, vegetables and ice cream. 'You haven't had ice cream 'til you ate ours," Betty says.

When the dairy went broke, they moved into the beef business, raising steers and selling them on the mainland. They're still at it today. "Hell, I'm the last complete farmer in San Juan County," Uncle Phil says. "We got pigs, sheep, cattle, chickens and," he adds with a cackling laugh, "one duck."

LOPEZ LEGEND PHIL HASTINS and his wife Betty will serve as grand marshals for Lopez's July 4 parade.

Phil and Betty have always had a strong sense of community. He's served on the school board, the Agriculture Stabilization Board and the Soil Conservation Board. He's still a member of the Grange and the Historical Society and is serving his 27th year on the Parks Board.

Phil's personal philosophy is simple. "No matter how mad they are at you, treat 'em with kindness." Maybe that's why he can say, "I got nieces and nephews all over the world. I get letters from England, Germany, all over the place, just addressed to "Uncle Phil, Lopez, WA."

# MAGIC ISLANDS

By David Richardson 1964  
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## LOPEZ

The first ferry stop out of Anacortes is at Upright Head, Lopez Island. Unlike the other island landings, this one has no cluster of stores around it. The only building in evidence is a restaurant, Upright House, where one can also get ferry tickets and, of course, tourist information. Even this structure is a relative newcomer to the scene; tickets used to be dispensed from a nondescript warehouse on the dock.

The nearest "community," Port Stanley, has a brisk commerce entirely consisting of Harold Ogden's machine shop. Landing on Lopez is a little like being put ashore on a desert island. Except for a few evidences of civilization, such as the road and a few telephone wires, Lopez at first seems hardly touched by human hands. One almost wonders if there are inhabitants.

Actually there are about half-a-thousand people living the year around on Lopez. There are no industries to speak of, few stores, no payrolls. There are several excellent resorts, and the Henderson Camps for boys and girls, but these only operate during the summer season. How, then, do people live?

The answer is that Lopez Islanders live much the same as their pioneer fathers and grandfathers did. An astonishingly high percentage of the Lopez population, as a matter of fact, is descended from the first hardy families who settled here nearly a century ago. And now, as then, the best way to make a living on Lopez is to wrest it from the soil, or from the sea.

Farming and fishing are the mainstays of the island. Many residents follow both occupations, operating family-owned gill-net or reef-net boats when the salmon are running, otherwise tending home gardens and raising meat animals.

Lopez is easily the most suitable of the islands for agriculture. The soil is good and the island is fairly level, more so than any of the other large islands in the archipelago. In former years, when it was possible to farm for profit, many prosperous, well-kept farms were operated here. Fruit trees thrive phenomenally: in 1900 one 6-year-old orchard produced 300 boxes of apples, half a ton of cherries, 1500 pounds of prunes, half a ton of plums, and 40 cases of strawberries, all shipped to city markets to command excellent prices.

The same year another orchardist complained his 300 trees were so overloaded with fruit he was kept busy propping up the limbs to keep them from breaking.

Dairying was also profitable on Lopez in former years. The island got its own creamery in 1908 and was sending 1500 pounds of butter a month to Seattle, Bellingham, and Anacortes, the same year.

By 1930 Lopez was shipping 15,000 pounds of cream, along with substantial quantities of eggs, poultry, and other products. There were 134 farms on the island, which was said to have the lowest tax rate in the state, in spite of the high rate of production.

The fishing industry, too, was in high gear during the early part of the century. Some of the catches recorded, even in ordinary years, seem unbelievable today. In an average season forty or fifty outfits, employing more than 400 men, filled the entire bay off the southern coast of Lopez with every conceivable type of craft and took a million to a million and a half fish from the sea. Most of the catch was taken to the mainland for canning. A few companies tried salting and barreling the fish on Lopez, but most found this an unsatisfactory arrangement: the fish invariably came in faster than they could be barreled, which caused thousands of fish to be lost through spoilage.

Old-timers tell of salmon running so thick one could almost walk across San Juan Channel on their backs. Purse seiners occasionally found their nets so heavily loaded the catches could not be lifted into the boats. In 1901, half a million fish spoiled when the industry ran out of salt, barrels, and transportation.

Most of this activity centered around Richardson Bay, where the little village of Richardson became, in season, the busiest port in the San Juans. It was the first landing for many steamers coming from Seattle, and the wharf was always loaded with stacks of cordwood for the puffers' fires. The town was named for George Richardson, who settled there in 1871. Lopez' first post office was at Richardson, as was the island's earliest public hall— a combination church and social center.

Lopez' second post office was established at the head of Mud Bay on an acre or two of ground donated by a Friday Harbor storekeeper known as "Cap" Edwards. Edwards willed the land, part of his farm, to a man by the name of Hess, who put in a store and succeeded in having a post office established there in 1893. The store did not prosper but the post office remained for some years. Today Edwards has all but vanished, with only a few rotted pilings to mark the location of the former wharf, store and post office.

Port Stanley, at Swift Bay on the northeast shoulder of the island, was established around the turn of the century mainly to provide a post office for residents of the island's north end. The post office and store building still exists, and has recently been remodeled into a summer home by Neta and Louis Thomas.

The chief community on the island today is the village of Lopez, located on Fisherman Bay on the island's west coast. Lopez has a post office, grocery store, church, inn, service station, and telephone office—complete with a party line switchboard and "number, please" central operator reminiscent of an era that, for most of us, has long since passed.

Lopez and Shaw Islands are among the few communities in the United States where the old hand-crank telephones have not been replaced with more modern instruments. In fact, quite a few homes are still equipped with the original phones installed when the system was inaugurated back in 1907. At that time it cost each subscriber \$15 to get hooked up, including the cost of the instrument, which became his permanent property. The "bill" for service was \$6 a year.

Lopez got into trouble with Uncle Sam over their community phone system in 1905. The cable from Orcas and San Juan came by way of Shaw and Canoe Islands, and the area opposite Canoe was at that time a military reservation. The company applied to the U. S. Engineers' office in Seattle for permission to cross the reservation with their lines, and assuming the permission would be granted, set about to place the poles and string wires while the request was still going through channels.

When the government found out what had been done, they refused to take action on the request until the phone company took down the wires, removed the poles, and filled the holes where the poles had been. When this was done, the government promptly approved the request, and poles and lines had to be erected all over again.

One of the most successful farming operations was carried on north of Lopez by I. J. Lichtenberg, whose farm, including 500 acres of orchards and 800 acres of cultivated land, was known as "Gem Farm." Judge Lichtenberg was wounded in the Civil War battle of the Wilderness, and carried the lead in his legs for years. He settled in Seattle in 1887, and was the first Superior Court Judge of King County when the Territory became a state. He retired to Lopez and established Gem Farm there in 1897.

Lichtenberg's son, Ben, sailed the San Juan waters in a naphtha-burning launch which everyone thought was bound, sooner or later, to roast him alive, but never did. Later, in Prohibition days, Ben joined the Revenue Service and commanded the venerable launch Scout, which, as has already been noted, was too slow for its purpose and which rum-runners periodically and gleefully punctured with bullet holes to show their contempt.

Today the waters around Lopez are navigated by other kinds of craft. In the summertime Mud Bay and Lopez Sound ring with the voices of youngsters from the Henderson camps, located on the island's "big toe" at Lopez Pass. The camps go in strong for Indian lore, with expert counselors to make sure it is all done with as much authenticity as possible. Colorful "potlatches" are held in an Indian house, a careful replica of the ceremonial houses built by the Kwakiutls of British Columbia.

# POST OFFICE EXHIBIT DEPICTS ISLAND'S PAST

by John Goekier

**"The Islands' Sounder" Wednesday, July 14, 1993**

The new Lopez Island Post Office was dedicated last week, and with it came the unveiling of an historical exhibit depicting the island's postal past. Displayed in the Post Office lobby and sponsored by the Lopez Historical Society, the exhibit traces the course of the mail service which was often the only link to news from the outside world.

The first post office on Lopez was opened in 1873 by storekeeper Hiram Hutchinson, one of the island's earliest white settlers. His trading post at the entrance to Fisherman Bay had long been a way point for correspondence, but only after Kaiser Wilhelm declared the San Juans to be U.S. territory -thus ending the infamous Pig War was an official post office franchise granted.

Hutchinson's sister, Irene Weeks, who arrived on the island with her husband Lyman after their gold claim in Calaveras, Cal. played-out, soon took over as postmistress. As the population of the island expanded, the post office and store moved into new quarters at the head of a long pier which extended out toward San Juan Channel from what is now the parking lot of the Bay Cafe.

At about the same time, the south end population had increased to the point that a post office was opened at McKay (MacKaye Harbor), but it closed just a year later, and the franchise was transferred to Argyle, across the way on San Juan Island. By 1887, the growing population of Richardson had earned a post office, but because the dock had not yet been built, steamers delivered the mail to a float in Jones Bay. There was apparently no office then the mail was sorted and dispersed from the houses of the first two postmasters but it soon acquired an official location in the hotel that Hamilton Carr had constructed to house visiting salesmen or "drummers."

Port Stanley was the next site to receive mail, gaining its charter in 1892, perhaps because the long pier extending into Swifts Bay could accommodate steamers. It was briefly closed in 1901 when the Thatcher Post Office on Blakely took over, but resumed operation in 1902, and also handled the mail for Decatur. The office was quartered in a succession of stores along the waterfront, one of which still stands.

In 1894 the Edwards post office was opened at the head of Mud Bay. It served the Sperry, Cape St. Mary area, and the grateful settlers' mail was collected by horseback once a week from Richardson. The name was soon changed to Otis, because the address was often confused with Edmonds. But weekly service ultimately proved insufficient for the citizens, and the office closed in 1905.

Islandale received a post office in 1910, in anticipation of the great Lopez land boom. Believing that the island would become a weekend playground for hoards of visitors arriving by steamer from Seattle, hundreds of lots were platted in the area. But the boom never materialized, and the post office folded in 1917.

The combination of improved roads, a proliferation of automobiles, and Rural Free Delivery marked the beginning of the end of satellite facilities, and, one by one, the neighborhood post offices closed. Port Stanley's routes were transferred to the main Lopez office in 1940, and Richardson followed in 1953.

# Another chapter in the early history of the San Juan Islands THE FIRST WHITE FAMILY ON LOPEZ

by John Goekler

“The Islands’ Sounder” Wednesday July 21, 1993

When early settlers came to the San Juans, many did so as British subjects. They considered this British Territory and themselves English by tradition. They celebrated British holidays, and honored their sovereign, Queen Victoria. Lopez settlers James and Amelia Davis were descended from a long line of such loyalists. Thadeus Davis, James’ great-grandfather, fought for the Crown in the French and Indian Wars, and was taken prisoner by the Colonials in the American Revolution. That war was an economic disaster for the Davis family, because after America was declared a sovereign nation, Thadeus and all other Loyalists were dispossessed of their land. The family migrated to Ontario, near Niagara Falls, to pick up the pieces of their lives.



JAMES AND AMALIA DAVIS, with their three children Rowland, Arthur and Lindley.

*Photo courtesy Lopez Historical Museum*

Two generations later, seeking a new life, Hezekiah Davis came to the Northwest, planning to settle in Dungeness. Deciding that he liked the area, he returned to Ontario in 1868 to persuade his son James, along with his wife Amelia and their three children, to move west with him.

They agreed and arrived in Dungeness, where James worked in a local mill and Amelia taught school. But the call of land drew them onward, and in 1869, James Davis hired a native boatman to transport him and his family across the Straits to Lopez Island.

They made the journey in a large canoe, bringing with them a cow, a pig, some chickens, a few planks to build a rudimentary shelter and 40 cents, their total remaining capital. When they stepped onto the shore

of Lopez, they were the first native family on the Island. There were some - 20 other settlers on Lopez, but they were either bachelors or had native wives.

Life on their 600-acre homestead was hard - the land being either swamp or spruce forest - - and the family struggled to clear and drain year they shot 238 bucks from the ridge pole of the barn, letting all the does pass by. James owned one suit of "store bought" clothes, which he donned to paddle over to Victoria in his canoe to trade. Later, when Rowland, the oldest son; took over the trading duties, he wore that same suit to town. For normal occasions, the men folk wore deerskin trousers and jackets sewn.

Despite all their efforts to remain British subjects, they were required to become US citizens after the 1873 political settlement was reached which declared the San Juans to be U.S. territory. The family had re-file for homestead rights, ending up with only some 220 acres from the American government.

Along with work – Amelia was noted for sleeping only four hours a night plus taking a one hour nap each day at noon - the family strove to support their island community. At various times, the Davis home served as the south end post office, Sunday school, library, hotel and dispensary. Amelia was the Sunday school superintendent, and James, who had two years of medical training, served as the local doctor.

He was also the children's tutor, reading to them each night from books he brought back from Victoria. In fact, the family loved reading so much that James typically spent half of his proceeds from trade on books, magazines and papers, which were carefully scrutinized for every scrap of information they contained, then loaned out to neighbors through their library.

As the island population grew, and their ranch flourished partly from the Texas Longhorn cattle which James imported and sold as beef in Victoria - the Davis homestead served as a social center for neighbors. When Amelia purchased the first Singer sewing machine in the area, local women walked over to stitch their families' clothing. Later, they gathered in the parlor on Saturday nights to sing because Amelia possessed the only organ on the island.

While James worked raising cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, horses, along with crops of fruit, berries, potatoes, vegetables, hay and grains, Amelia carded, spun, knitted and dyed wool, made the family's clothes, and produced butter of such a high quality that it routinely brought 10 cents more than any other brand when shipped off to market. The kids – 11 in all – helped with ranch and chores.

Amelia made horseback visits to neighbors' homes for tea. She also welcomed new arrivals into the community, and recruited members for one of her prime causes, the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Her religious faith helped sustain the family through the loss of two children to diphtheria, another to drowning, and another to disease in Alaska, where she had gone to work as a missionary.

Amelia kept a detailed diary, and among the memories she recorded were natives dancing on the beach in front of the house, James rescuing a group of Chinese immigrants from a reef off the south end after they were abandoned by smugglers, the arrival of a new threshing machine, and the purchase of a stylish four-seat phaeton, perhaps to be drawn by a team of the family's renowned Percheron draft horses.

As seems suitable for children raised on an island, or perhaps because they worked so hard on the ranch, most of the Davis children took to the sea. Rowlan became a ship's captain, hauling lime from Roche Harbor to Tacoma. Arthur skippered tugboats, and Lindley, the youngest, formed Cary Davis Tug and Barge, a predecessor to Puget Sound Tug and Barge. Eunice married John Troxell, the locally famous fish trap builder, while young James married Troxell's sister Mabel, and continued to work the ranch.

James Davis always remained loyal to England, claiming he never set out to change countries. But years later, when he and Amelia moved briefly back to Canada, he decided that he was, after all, pretty good American. They returned to their island home, and spent the rest of their lives in the community they helped to build.

Editor's note: Davis is an old name on Lopez. Admiralty charts dating from 1859 list Davis Bay and Davis Point, (known locally as Jack Shear's Point.) But these places were apparently named for another settler, not the James Davis family which subsequently homesteaded the area around Davis Bay.

# "All the Old Familiar Places"

## Lopez Center Church

by John Goekler

The Islands Weekly Feb 28, 1995

Of all the historic structures on Lopez Island, none is more beautiful, nor more beloved, than Center Church. Now a candidate for the National Historic Registry, the old building serves as a focal point for the community, and stands as a reminder of the past,



Center Church in the early days. Note the lack of trees and the small number of graves in Union Cemetery..  
photo courtesy of the Lopez Historical Museum

Center Church was begun in 1887 on a small hilltop overlooking Center Valley, adjoining the Union Cemetery. The construction work was done by volunteers, and the lumber was brought in by Dan Barlow on the schooner Henrietta, owned by his father, Captain Billy Barlow.

It took almost two years to complete the building, but even before it was finished, the church began to serve the community. A social to raise money for an organ was held over a year before the building was completed, and the first funeral was held there in early 1888, with the Reverend T. J. Weeks preaching the sermon. Weeks, an Englishman who arrived on San Juan in the early 1870's and served the US soldiers at American Camp, was the first resident clergyman in

the islands. Sporting huge, mutton chop, sideburns and a clerical collar, he presided over the Presbyterian Church on San Juan, but traveled wherever he was called to perform weddings, funerals or baptisms.

Weeks also presided over the ceremony when Center Church was dedicated in 1889 an event of sufficient magnitude that a large crowd gathered, including many visitors from Orcas and San Juan. Even the members of the Coast Survey crew, then camping at Shoal Bay while they charted the islands, showed up for the occasion.

Drawn by the ringing of the bell in the Gothic tower, parishioners beaded for the church for regular services and special occasions, usually on foot. "Everybody walked in those days," says historian Nancy McCoy of the Lopez Historical Museum, "and they thought nothing of it to walk across the island to visit someone, or to go to church." In fact, it created something of a stir when James and Amelia Davis and their family arrived one Sunday in a splendid four seat phaeton wagon, drawn by a team of Percheron draft horses.

The Church stood as a symbol of joy hosting weddings and baptisms and also of sorrow, on the somber occasions of funerals. When John Hall died of gunshot wounds inflicted during the locally infamous "shivaree shooting" - just weeks after the dedication of the Church - 12 of the island's young men carried the body two miles from the family home, working in shifts of four. After reaching the Church at midnight, they stayed until morning, as custom dictated, to mourn their lost Mend. As the island grew and prospered shipping fruit, hay and grain to Whatcom, Seattle and beyond the congregation of Center Church also grew. Reverend Weeks (who was, by the way, no relation to the Weeks family on Lopez) preached his last sermon there in 1891, and was followed by a series of resident ministers.

None seemed to stay long, however. Despite the boom in farming, Lopez was still a backwater. "This wasn't an attractive place to work," McCoy says. "The pay was extremely low, it was isolated, and the people were poor." The job was also sometimes hazardous. Dr. Isaac Dillon, a Methodist preacher who

arrived around the turn of the century, apparently drowned in Upright Channel when the skiff he regularly rowed from Port Stanley to Newhall (Rosario) to conduct services, capsized in a storm. The empty vessel was discovered, still floating, in the Channel, but no sign of the Reverend Dr. Dillon was ever found.

Trying to find a way to attract and keep preachers, the congregation which by now had reorganized as the Congregational Church, and added a Sunday school built a parsonage on the hill overlooking Richardson. They managed to recruit the Reverend Edwin Ireland in 1903, but he departed in 1908, perhaps worn down by a schedule which included preaching at Center Church, the Church in the Village, and the Mud Bay Schoolhouse every Sunday, plus once a month on Shaw.

Over a dozen ministers followed Ireland, some lasting less than a year, despite an agreement between the Methodist and Congregational churches which provided for shared duties and an annual salary of not less than \$700.

In 1932, as the island's population declined in the hard times of the Great Depression, the Methodists withdrew from the agreement. The Congregationalists pressed on, but were soon forced to sell the parsonage to a local farmer for the sum of \$123. By the Second World War, the Church was dependent on a minister from Friday Harbor, who flew over to hold services. In order to make it more convenient for him, the services were held in the Village, and old Center Church was reduced to holding occasional weddings and funerals.

It stayed that way until 1965, when the Lopez Cemetery Association acquired the deed to the Church, and slowly began to improve the old building. A new carpet was installed, along with a new roof and the large, stained glass window donated by Robert Reese and Charlotte Paul.

In the early 80's, under the direction of Nikki Giard and Barbara Pickering, the Lopez Island Cookbook was created as a fund-raiser, and the sale of over 10,000 copies helped pay for a well, new pews, cupboards, carpet and the restoration of the original woodwork.

Today, Center Church once again serves the community as the site of church services, weddings, funerals, choral concerts and Christmas caroling.

# JOHN BARTLETT, PIONEER REMINISCENCES OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF THE SAILOR SETTLERS OF PUGET SOUND

**SAN JUAN ISLANDER (Newspaper)**

**June 8. 1907 Friday Harbor, Washington**

**(Transcribed in WHATCOM GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN Vol 35 No 4)**

The Islander is pleased to be able to add to its series of pioneer sketches the following authentic account of the life and experiences of John Bartlett, of Richardson, who is not only one of the oldest, best known and most highly respected citizens of this county, but is also one of the early pioneers of Puget Sound. He is an American from "away back", his ancestors having come to the "New World" early in the 17th century. "We have dates," he says, "as far back as 1634." He comes of a long-lived race, his father having lived 90 years old, his grandfather, 77 and his great-grandfather 84. "John" has been the name of the eldest son in the family for many generations.

The subject of this sketch was born in Washington, D.C., Jan. 7, 1835. His father was at that time in the employ of Judge Levi Woodbury, then secretary of the Treasury. From Washington the family moved to Kennebunk, Maine, where the father had purchased a small farm of 33 acres upon which he built a house and barn and made other improvements which exhausted his means and made it necessary for the eldest boy to early become a breadwinner. He was able to go to school only two or three months a year before he was thirteen years old when he had an opportunity to attend an academy for one term. Securing his parents' permission to go to sea he shipped, in 1849, with Capt. Wm. Nason on board the ship Waban, 800 tons, for a voyage from New York to San Francisco. After a long and at times tempestuous voyage the ship arrived at the golden Gate about the middle of February, 1850, having been six months out of sight of land and six weeks beating against strong westerly gales off Cape Horn.

At San Francisco, then a motley collection of tents and cheap frame buildings scattered over the sandy hills, the young adventurer, then only fifteen years old, made up his mind to leave the ship, having a strong dislike for the brutish black mate. After first securing a job in a bowling alley he ran away from the ship about midnight and the next morning began his new work, setting up tenpins for which he was paid \$35.00 a month. After remaining there two months he shipped as steward's assistant on the Steamer Sea Gull bound for Portland. "On the return trip," he says in his diary, "we landed a party of nine settlers at Port Orfer. I heard afterward they were all killed by the Indians. I had the pleasure of seeing General Scott in San Francisco and soon after voted for him for president, although I was under age."

The young sailor then made a voyage to Humbolt bay in the old steamer Chesapeake. It was her last voyage, for she was badly crippled crossing the bar, the crew deserted her and she was condemned. "I stood at the vessel's helm eight hours at a time in a gale of wind, and was not sorry to get out of her," Mr. Bartlett says in his reminiscences. After two trips in the big Colorado he joined a party of six home-seekers who came to Puget Sound to take up land. The party included, besides Mr. Bartlett, Eli Hathaway, R.B. Holbrook, Capt. Diggs, Geo. Bell and Capt. Ben Mitchell. Mr. Bartlett says: "All are now dead except Mr. Holbrook and myself. After purchasing farming tools and provisions and supplies for six months we took passage on the big John Davis, Capt. Plummer, and after a ten days' voyage reached Port Townsend in April 1852. This was about the first settlement in Port Townsend. Messrs. Hastings and Pettygrove had just arrived with their families. A few other settlers came about that time, or soon after, including Mr. Plummer, Chas. Bachelder, Judge Briggs, Mr. Hammond and Henry Wilson. A log building used as a store was the only building then standing where the city of Port Townsend now is. There were about 600 Indians there then. Our party was not of the right material for farmers and soon broke up. Diggs and Mitchell returned to San Francisco and continued to follow the sea. Hathaway and Holbrook took up land on Whidbey Island and remained there. Bell and I also took up some land, built a log house and planted some potatoes, but as it was late in the season we did not get our seed back. I had brought from San Francisco two sheep, two pigs and two chickens. Finding farming under the conditions then existing unprofitable I sold my stock and again went to sea. The principal settlement on Whidbey Island at that time was at Eby's landing, named for Col. Eby, who was one of the first collectors of customs for the district of Puget sound and was killed by the Indians.

"After cruising about the Sound in the schooner Mary Taylor for a few months I went into the hotel business in Port Townsend. The building, called the 'Clam Hotel,' was made of cedar shakes and was the first structure of this kind erected there. The following winter 1853 was a hard one. Provisions of all kinds were scarce. Flour cost \$60 a barrel. Our diet consisted principally of fish, clams and potatoes. I was not doing much in the hotel business and concluded to go to sea again. After a few coastwise voyages to and from San Francisco I went to Melbourne, Australia, in the ship Rowena, loaded with lumber, and from there to Newcastle and thence back to Melbourne. I then shipped on the barque Burnharn for Hong Kong and San Francisco. The master, Capt. Kinney, was a very capable seaman and one of the best men I ever sailed with. At San Francisco I shipped for Puget Sound on the revenue cutter Jefferson Davis, for a seven months' cruise. This was in 1856 and the Indian war was still in progress, though the trouble was soon over. After returning to San Francisco I made up my mind to go home, I shipped on the clipper ship Competitor for Shanghai for a cargo of tea and thence to London, where I spent two weeks sightseeing. The 'Great Eastern,' used in laying the first Atlantic cable, was then building there. She looked like a big mountain. From London I went to New York as a passenger in the fine packet ship 'Amazon'. From there I went to my old home in Maine, where I remained until fall when I got the California fever again. Finding no ships bound for San Francisco either at Boston or New York, I shipped as second mate on the barque Virginia for Trinidad. After one other voyage to West India ports I shipped for San Francisco on the ship 'Granite'. I made several coastwise trips to Puget Sound and one voyage to Honolulu and then concluded to get married and quit the sea. Deciding to locate on Puget Sound my wife and I came to Port Townsend. I worked as a pilot and stevedore for about two years and made one more trip to San Francisco as a master of the schooner 'Potter'.

"In 1864 I got the appointment of first assistant keeper of the Smith's island light station and six months later was appointed keeper at a salary of \$1000 a year. I held the position for ten years. It was lonely and the night work wore heavily upon me. While living there we had the misfortune to lose our eldest son. While keeper of the light I had several narrow escapes, one time being lost in a dense fog on the straits and at another time being capsized off Point Wilson. The Indians at that time were quite troublesome and I came near losing my scalp by them.

"About 1875 I located a homestead on Lopez Island, paying \$800 for the improvement already made on it. I leased it for a year and had considerable trouble to get rid of the lessee, but finally I got possession and began making improvements and this same farm has now been my home for more than thirty years.

## OAKEN INSULATOR RECALLS EARLY TELEGRAPH LINE

By David Richardson

Seattle Times, Sunday, December \_\_\_\_\_

A PRIMITIVE oaken insulator which turned up on Lopez Island recently recalled an early-day telegraph line which once linked the San Juan Islands with the mainland. By chance, the find coincides with the 100th anniversary of the line's construction.



Owen Higgins of Lopez Island held the old insulator.

Owen Higgins, who lives near the village of Richardson, found the relic in the woods near his home. It is a wooden block about 3 by 4 by 5 inches and was fixed to an old-growth tree by hand-forged iron spikes. Protruding from the bottom is an iron double hook for "sagging in" a single strand of solid wire. Higgins, who has lived on Lopez for 70 years, recalled seeing insulators like this one in his youth.

The line was built during 1865 and 1866 to connect Victoria, B. C., with the American Western states. The British Columbia Parliament authorized its construction in 1864, giving exclusive right to build and operate the line to the California State Telegraph Co., an energetic outfit then engaged in extending its lines through the wilderness to Portland, Olympia and Seattle. But just as a shipload of copper wire for the Victoria end arrived there from San Francisco, the home government in England vetoed the plan; in case of hostilities, London did not wish to have its communications at the mercy of the Yankees.

A NEW authorization was drawn up hastily with a Canadian firm, the Collins Overland Telegraph Co., the owner of which was pushing the grandiose scheme of wiring the New and Old Worlds together by way of Alaska and Siberia. Collins, in the meantime, had gained control of the California firm and its West Coast lines.

Submarine cable for the underwater portions of the Victoria line was ordered from England but was submerged prematurely — and permanently when the ship carrying it foundered while rounding Cape Horn.

More cable was sent for and by the time it arrived safely at San Francisco in October 1865, construction of the land-line portions was about complete. The following March the cable arrived in Victoria, where the gunboat Forward was rigged for laying cable. The Lopez-Fidalgo section was laid first, then the long stretch between San Juan and Vancouver Islands.

As the Forward reached Canadian soil and the shore end of the cable was connected to the waiting Victoria wire, three cheers went up from a cluster of dignitaries gathered for the occasion. Someone opened a bottle of champagne, and an American assistant superintendent, R. R. Haines, responded by whipping a portable telegraph key from his pocket and tapping the first message: "April 23, 5:29 p. m. To operator, Victoria. Cable all O. K."

The next day a short length of cable was put down between San Juan and Lopez Islands, completing the circuit to the mainland. It was a dramatic success for the day, and joy was unbounded in Victoria, which now considered itself "connected with the rest of mankind."

Haines sent the first wire to his boss in Oakland, Calif.: "Have wired the tail of the British Lion to the left wing of the American Eagle." The Eagle replied to the Lion, "I only hope it will be a stronger bond of friendship between two great nations whose feelings ought always to be in harmony."

Island residents were hired to help maintain the line. On Lopez one of these men was Sampson Chadwick, whose daughter Ellen, now 85, still lives within sight of Telegraph Bay. She recalled as a girl often finding pieces of discarded cable, which she remembers as being a little more than an inch thick, with

insulation around the copper conductor, and jute cords wrapped around the outside. The bits of cable were prized highly by children who cut out chunks of the gutta percha — similar to chicle and used it for chewing gum.

Once a band of Indians landed on Lopez, Miss Chadwick recalled, and, while digging for clams at low tide, accidentally cut into the shore end of the cable.

Seeing the bright copper which became exposed, they supposed they had discovered gold and were busy cutting out chunks of the wire when the operator, whose cabin was nearby, ran toward them excitedly. The Indians thought he was trying to steal their “claim” and threatened to kill him, whereupon he retreated to the Chadwick farm for help.

Soon a party of whites returned to the scene in time to see the Indians, with their “gold,” paddling rapidly toward the mainland and the assay office.

After quickly repairing the mutilated section of cable, the operator telegraphed the Fidalgo side, telling them what had happened. When the Indians landed there, they were dumbfounded to discover the news of their “strike” had reached there ahead of them! Meekly they gave up the shiny metal that looked like gold and wasn’t, but somehow could carry a message faster than the fastest canoe.

TECHNICAL difficulties plagued the line, particularly breaks in the submarine parts. Within a few years, the direct nine-mile cable between Victoria and San Juan was abandoned and a new one constructed by way of James and Sidney Islands to the north. By 1875 cable breaks were occurring almost faster than they could be repaired. In another three years, the Canadians were proposing to scrap the line altogether and build a new one across the Gulf of Georgia and the British Columbia mainland.

British Columbia acquired the company’s line north of the border. But with the San Juan dispute settled in favor of the United States, islands involved became Yankee territory. The line was expensive to maintain and brought in so little revenue the company ordered it taken down.

Owen Higgins believes the oaken insulator found near his farm may be the last remaining trace of the century-old line. He has donated it to the museum at Eastsound, Orcas Island where it is on display.

# 1887 R. L. POLK & CO PUGET SOUND DIRECTORY

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SAN JUAN COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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## SAN JUAN COUNTY LOPEZ ISLAND

Anderson Charles A, f 8780. L I.  
Barlow John, f \$100. L I.  
Barlow Lucy, £ 81649, L I.  
Bartlett C M, blacksmith, L I.  
Bartlett J H, £ \$2715, L I.  
Batie Wm, t \$600. L I.  
Biggs Wm, f \$250, L I.  
Blake James, f 8200, L I.  
Britt Samuel, f \$35t), L I.  
Brown Charles, f \$1000, L I.  
Buchanan J A, t \$736, L I.  
Buckner A, t \$200, M.  
Cadwell W H jr, t 8200, L I.  
Cary Carr, painter 8957. L I.  
Chadwick S G, f \$550, L I.  
Cochran E, teacher \$150. L I.  
Coffelt Jasper, f \$627, L I.  
Coffelt John, f \$200, L I.  
Cousins James, f \$284. L I.  
Cousins John, f \$494, L I.  
Cousins Robert, f \$1000, L I.  
Culpen James, t 8277, L I.  
Davis J L, f \$1394, L I.  
Davis R E, engineer \$125, L I.  
Deem Adam, f \$840, L I.  
Duffy Wm, f \$850. L I.  
Enright Denas, f \$826, L I.  
Flint Margaret, f 8132, L I.  
Fosnot P H, t \$300, L I.  
Gifford John, f 8175, L I.

Gillett E C, Co School Supt \$385, L I.  
Graham John, t \$451, L I.  
Graham Thomas Sr, f \$545, L I.  
Graham Thomas jr. f 8549, L I.  
Graham Wm, f \$1032, L I.  
Hinton Samuel, f \$430, L I.  
Huggins Thomas, f. \$720, L I.  
Hummell E H, f 8589, L I.  
Hummell B J, f \$574, L I.  
Humphrey W, f \$431, L I.  
Jones Robert, t \$767, L I.  
Kent C A, f \$200, L I.  
Knight John, f \$275, L I.  
McComb F. f \$904, L I.  
Merrill J A, f 8262, L I.  
Miller John, f \$300, L I.  
Nelson James, Co Comr \$1835, L I.  
Osgoodby John, f \$150, L I.  
Philip M, f \$586, L I.  
Reed J P. f \$1018 L I.  
Riche G W, f \$251, L I.  
Schroder J H. 18125, L I.  
Sperry John, f \$747, L I.  
Swift C A, f 3563, L I.  
Upston Thomas, 181070, L I.  
Warner A W, f \$300, L I.  
Warner Wesley, f 8385, L I.  
Weeks Irene, f \$1401, L I.  
Weeks Lyman, f \$769, L I.

# **The Center Church of Lopez Island - HISTORY**

## **1887 - 1987**

**Frances McBarron**

**August 1, 1986**

**(Copy at Lopez Island Library)**

A birthday is a very special occasion, particularly a one-hundredth birthday!

It was in September one hundred years ago that construction began for our Center Church. On a quiet wooded hill a group of pioneers gathered to begin their work of Love and devotion. Little did they know that the beautiful country church with its beckoning bell tower and lovely gothic windows and doors, which they used their talents to build, would become truly a center of our Island for years to come.

The land for the Church was given by the W. T. Graham family. William Graham was the stone mason, assisted by James Cousins Sr., who mixed the mortar. Dan Barlow hauled the lumber on his father's schooner, the Henrietta. James Buchanan and Charles Kent did the carpenter work, completing their work in two months. It took almost two years, however, before the interior of the church was plastered William Lampard, assisted by James Cousins and Tom Upson. Later in June, 1889, it was painted by Mr. Cary and his son, Harry.

One can imagine that each one took great pride in their handiwork - - this little Church on the hilltop with it's wonderful acoustical qualities.

Reverend T. J. Weeks dedicated Center Church on August 14, 1889. On this occasion a large crowd attended, many coming from San Juan and Orcas Islands. Among the guests were Captain and Mrs. Gelbert and his entire Coast Survey crew, who had camped at Shoal Bay on the old Humphrey Farm.

The first funeral was held in the Church before it was completely finished on February 24, 1888. It was for Mrs. Martin Phillips, the mother of Mrs. Edith Krieg, and officiated over by Rev. T. J. Weeks.

It was almost 15 years after time Church was built that a group of over thirty people met with the Rev. W. W. Scudder of the Congregational Home Missionary Society and Rev. Samuel Greene, Superintendent of Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society in order to discuss the organization of a Congregational Church. After a morning Church service and a basket dinner, those present voted in favor of this action, but with determination to carry on the work as requested and began by the Presbyterian Church.

There were eleven members who signed as Charter Members and the following were elected officers of this newly organized Congregational Church: Mrs. S. Kent, Clerk; V J. Bruns, deacon; Mrs. Reinmuth, treasurer. There was a Sunday School formed with 30 members. V. J. Bruns served as Superintendent of Sunday School until 1904. The Rev. Ireland was called to be the first permanent minister in 1903 and remained until 1908.

In December, 1916 an agreement was made between the Methodist Church and the Congregational Church to unite in order, to promote more harmony. A Methodist minister would serve for two years and the Congregational minister would serve for two years. Both Churches would contribute the same amount per annum, making the pastor's salary not less than \$700. 00. In 1917 tine San Juan County Auditor presented a Letter stating that the transfer of the Center Church property had been transferred from the Presbyterian to the Congregational Board - this transfer having been made in New York the previous year of 1916.

In 1932 the Methodist Church withdrew from the field and left the Congregational Church in full charge. Down through tine years Church Services continued in Center Church until the second world war. At this time student ministers filled the pulpits at both San 4luan and Lopez Is lands. The minister flew over to Lopez after a morning service on San Juan, but at this time, in order to make it easier for the minister, the services were transferred to the Lopez Community Church.

However, Center Church became a special place for both weddings and funerals, with many coming from off-Island for these special occasions.

Even in the earlier days Lopezians showed their independent spirit! They also had their disputes and misunderstandings even then, but usually with great dispatch and diplomacy kept everyone happy. One incident which took place March, 1924 proves this point.

A special meeting was held at Center Church, called by Mrs. M. Dwight, chairman. The purpose was to settle a dispute regarding tine sum of \$48. 65 which the Ladies guild claimed the Cemetery Association owed them. It

seemed the ladies gave this amount to the Association's treasurer, Mr. P. Towell to keep for them until they needed it. When the day came and they found a need, the money was not returned - or so they claimed.

Present at this meeting to discuss the return of the funds were Mrs. May Buchanan, Mrs. Kreig, Mrs. J. McCaully, Jim Cousins, Ed Blowers, Mr. L. Kreig, Jesse Coffelt, Frank Crawford, and Mrs. Dwight. Supposed to be present was former Secretary Ed Nelson since he was in office when the \$48.65 was presented, but he failed to come. After both sides had presented their grievances, Mrs. Kreig made a motion that the Ladies Guild would accept on-half the sum to settle the matter. This accomplished, everyone left the meeting in a much happier mood with the Church still standing!

It was in 1959, the year Eva Higgins was elected trustee and chairman for the Cemetery Association Board, that discussion began for the consideration of purchasing Center Church by the Association. At this particular time, however, it was voted against acquiring the Church.

Time passed until 1965 when under the guidance of Eva Higgins and Malcolm MacLeod the Church accepted the Deed to the Church. Each year following saw improvements and preservation continue.

Eva Higgins resigned in 1971 and Frances McBarron was elected trustee and chairman of the Board. Howard Cole was elected trustee and secretary, and Hazel Lundy was elected trustee and treasurer. Violet Norman and Romyne Ritchie were trustees to complete the Board.

It was only a short time later the Board of Trustees instructed Howard Cole as Secretary to apply to the Internal Revenue Service for an exempt status. It was also decided the Church needed, after so many years, a new carpet. After the carpeting was installed, a gift of a beautiful stained glass window was received from Robert and Charlotte Reese, and a new roof was installed by Paul Hayward.

In 1982 the Lopez Island Cookbook had its first printing. Funds from sales were to be used for expenses and preservation of Center Church and Union Cemetery, both held in trust for Lopez by the Lopez Cemetery Association. The cookbook was edited by Nikki Giard, Barbara Pickering and their committee.

1983 was a most eventful year with the drilling of a well, giving the Church running water for the very first time. This year also saw other changes. The "back room" was remodeled by the removal of the ancient stove and the tearing down of the very old brick chimney, including the Starling's nest. New cupboards were built by Gregg Abbott, and the old pump organ was donated to a community auction sale.

In 1985 some additional landscaping was added to the church yard. Frances McBarron planted a special cedar, *Obtusa hinoki*, in the memory of Eva Higgins, and Mary Ritchie planted three rhododendrons.

Once again, in 1986, the cookbook supplied the resources necessary for the refurbishing of the Church. Both Nikki Giard and Barbara Pickering coordinated the new color scheme, the original woodwork was restored, beautiful padded pews and new carpet to harmonize were installed.

Now Center Church glistens in pristine beauty - a lovely peaceful country church on a quiet hilltop.

**END BY FRANCES MC BARRON**

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## **HISTORY OF CENTER CHURCH**

**(Taken from Gertrude Boede notes. One note states the following information was found among Willie Cousin's letters, although not in his handwriting. On another, card she states the information is taken from the Friday Harbor Journal dated 6/10/190 the clipping loaned to her by Nora Fagerhoim, March 1975.**

Center Church's foundation was laid in September 1887. William Graham, Gertrude's grandfather was the mason, assisted by James Cousins (Willie's father) who mixed the mortar for him & helped him handle the rock.

Dan Barlow hauled the lumber on his father's (Capt. Arthur "Billy") schooner, the "Henrietta", in September or early October 1887.

Charles Kent and James Buchanan Sr. did the carpenter work, starting it in October 1887, and finishing in November.

The building was plastered by William Lampard Sr. in Feb. 1889. James Cousins Sr. (Willie's father) mixed the mortar for him, with Tom Upston assisting. It was painted by Carl Cary and his son Harry in June 1889.

Center Church was dedicated August 4, 1889 by Rev. T.J. Weeks. (No relation to the Weeks family on Lopez.) Rev. T.J. Weeks lived at American Camp on San Juan Island and was the Chaplin for the American soldiers. He was English and a Presbyterian. He came to Lopez to conduct funerals and weddings, before Lopez had any ministers. He preached on Lopez until May 1891.

Those from San Juan Island that Willie Cousins recognized were Alfred Douglas, John W. Firth, John Wold, George Lawson, Albert Jensen, Frank Jensen, Mrs. G.B. Driggs, Mrs. Caines, and Miss Douglas. There were many from San Juan attending he did not know.

Orcas people also attended. Mr. & Mrs. Ed Kokow of Orcas were married that day by Rev. Eugene Stockwell who was the Methodist minister at Lopez (Village), at the Stockwell home near J.L. Davises. Hey. & Mrs. Stockwell were at the dedication also. They first came to Lopez about February 1st, 1889.

Capt. & Mrs. Gilbert and many of his survey crew attended. They had their camp on School Bay on the old Humphrey farm. Capt. Peter Perry was also present. (He looked very much like E.M. Bartlet, Mrs. Wm. Gallenger's father.)

August 23, 188(8?) a social was held at Center Church to raise money to buy the organ. It was used until the new one was purchased.

**HISTORY OF LOPEZ ISLAND**  
**Compiled by Nancy McCoy,**  
**Curator, Lopez Island Historical Museum. 1990's**  
**Copy from Lopez Island Library**

- Samish and Lummi Indians historically occupied the San Juan Islands. Lummi occupied the north and west shores of Lopez Island; Samish the south and east.
- 1780- Devastating raids by Haidas and epidemics of measles, small pox and ague diminish western Washington 1855 Indian population by 90%.
- 1790 Spaniard Manuel Quimper led expedition to Strait of Juan de Fuca and San Juan island, with his pilot Gonzalo Lopez de Haro.
- 1792 Capt. George Vancouver traveled through San Juan Islands looking for the northwest passage.
- 1841 U.S. Captain Charles Wilkes named Lopez Island: Chauncey's Island.
- 1843 Hudson Bay Co. established headquarters at Victoria.
- 1845 Hudson Bay Co. posted a notice of possession on San Juan Island.
- 1846 British Captain Henry Kellett restored island to Spanish name of Lopez after Gonzalo Lopez de Haro.
- 1848- As the story has been handed down, Hiram E. Hutchinson established a trading post on Fisherman Bay early mouth
- 1850 Hudson Bay Co. established salting salmon station on S.E. San Juan Island.
- 1852 Hudson Bay employee, Wm. Pattle granted license to cut timber & trade with Indians on S.W. Lopez. He built 2 log huts and began cutting spars for San Francisco export. He left same year to mine Bellingham coal.
- 1853 March. Washington Territory created, attaching San Juan Islands to Whatcom County.
- 1853 American Richard W. Cussans (or Cousins), after taking over Pattle's camp, was asked to leave by Victoria Gov. Douglas. Cussans retorted he was British & so was issued a license until end of year. Cussan, upon expiration, departed and Gov. Douglas unsuccessfully attempted to find British subjects to settle on Lopez.
- 1853 December. Charles Griffin with 1300 sheep and Hawaiian shepherds disembarked from steam side—wheeler Beaver to south San Juan Island and established Bellevue Farm for Hudson Bay Co.
- 1855 Pt. Elliot Treaty signed by Wa. Territory Gov. Isaac Stevens and about 630 Puget Sound Indians. In return for giving up land and moving onto reservations, Indians are guaranteed right to fish in common with citizens of WA.
- 1855 Arthur "Billy" Barlow, with 3 other sailors, jump ship from British warship H.M.S. Satellite. Late settled on S. Lopez with Indian wife Lucy.
- 1857 Fraser River gold rush. Many disappointed miners later settled in San Juan Islands.
- 1857 Joseph Merrill, Lopez deer hunter, sold deer at Esquimalt and San Juan Island garrisons via his 40' canoe. He owned 600-700 sheep with H. Hutchinson.
- 1859 American Lyman Cutler shot Hudson Bay pig, resulting in 12-year joint U.S./British military occupation of San Juan Island.
- 1862 Danish James Nelson settled just south of Port Stanley; Charles A. Swift at north Lopez; and Charles Brown near Bakerview Road area. Brown was first mail carrier in S.J. Islands, transporting mail from Pt. Townsend to American Camp soldiers. Married Indian Mary Jane in 1870 at American Camp.
- 1865 Civil War ends.
- 1866 Telegraph line built across Lopez, connecting it with Victoria and the mainland.
- 1869 James Davis family, Charles Anderson, 3 Flint brothers and John Shearer settled on Lopez. Shearer was first coroner and probate judge in San Juan County.
- 1870 Lopez census: 80 people, including 10 families.
- 1871 O. Boyce visited Lopez. "Nothing there, no fields or cleared land. Mr. Hutchinson had small store on beach,"
- 1872 Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany ruled in favor of U.S., establishing boundary line through Haro Strait.
- 1872 First Lopez school taught by English Mrs. Thompson. Pupils were sisters Mary, Maggie & Maria Brown.
- 1873 Sampson Chadwick contracted with John Keddy, San Juan Island, to run 200 sheep on Lopez for two years.
- 1873 Hiram Hutchinson established first Lopez post office at Fisherman Bay.

- 1873 John Cousins family settled on Lopez.
- 1874 Irene Hutchinson Weeks and husband arrived to help brother Hiram operate store. George S. Richardson & John Bartlett families also arrived.
- 1875 3 Carr brothers, Andrew Manns, Fred Hanson, Wesley Warners (S .J. Co. commissioner), & Hezekiah Davis family (father of James Davis) settled on Lopez.
- 1876 John Coffelts & Wm. Humphreys settled on Lopez.
- 1876 John Bartlett brought 1st threshing machine to Lopez, a sweepstake 8HP. Crew had to hew roads to move it across island.
- 1877 The Grahams, Hodgsons & Phillips settled at Richardson. Sam Hinton, a sailor, settled on Lopez.
- 1878 Edwin H. Hummel family located at Lopez lake.
- 1880 Lopez census: 180 people. John Sperry, painter Carr Cary, James Cousin Sr., Edmund Cochran, George Washington Richey, Benjamin Franklin Wood, Theodore Spencer, Franklin Troxell, Buchanan, Biggs, Kent, Lemaister, Blowers, Carrothers, Jasper, Jensen, Jones, Hastin, and 3 brothers who changed their last name to get visas: Norman, Jorgenson & Schroeder, were some of the families who settled on Lopez in the 1880's.
- 1880 Joseph Merrill established post office at McKay for 1 year. 2 school districts have been formed.
- 1882 Lopez Islanders used to say their climate was so good they had to kill a man to start a cemetery.
- 1882 1st murder on Lopez. John Kay shot neighbor John Anderson on Sperry peninsula.
- 1887 Mrs. Mary Mann 1st postmistress at Richardson.
- 1887 Center church built.
- 1890's Fagerholm, Dr. Muscott, Ender, Bolton, Bruns, Davies, Butler, Cantine, Bell, Blake, Gallanger, Kilpatrick, Towell, Orcutt, Kjargaard, Higgins & Lichtenberg families settled on Lopez.
- 1890 Robert E. Kindleyside built store at Richardson. Richardson Hotel built by Hamilton Carr.
- 1891 San Juan Islander newspaper founded on San Juan Island.
- 1892 Pt. Stanley Townsite & Development Co. platted 25' lots over lagoon and beach on Swift's Bay.
- 1892 Pt. Stanley post office established.
- 1894 First cannery opened in Friday Harbor. Two fishtraps near Lopez, at Fisherman Bay & Long Island.
- 1894 Edwards post office established by Mrs. Elisa Sperry at Mud Bay. Name changed in 1899 to Otis to end confusion with Edmonds, WA.
- 1896 J. Groll arrived, established sawmill & planing mill on Fisherman Bay.
- 1897 Oceanic Canning Co. in operation near Richardson.
- 1897 Richardson Community Hall built for social events, schoolhouse and church services.
- 1900's Woodman Hall built at Fisherman Bay. Later known as American Legion Hall.
- 1900 Burt, McCauley, Mead, Oliver families settled on Lopez.
- 1901 Over 1 million fish caught near Richardson.
- 1904 Lopez Congregational Church built.
- 1906 Friday Harbor Journal founded. Lopez Creamery started.
- 1907 150,000 boxes of fruit were shipped from San Juan County.
- 1908 Farmer's phone system organized. Subscribers installed poles, wire and bought own phones. No long distance calls.
- 1909 Lopez Improvement Co. sets up Islandale tract & sells lots for \$50. Same co. established Islandale II at McKay Harbor in 1911. Islandale was described as "the finest part of the best island of the loveliest group of islands in the world."
- 1910's Greenwood, Evans, Lowery, Lee, Weir families settled on Lopez.
- 1910 Islandale post office established.
- 1913 Salmon Bank Cannery built by Hodgson & Graham. Hidden Inlet Cannery built by Fred Comieu at Bay at Richardson. Chinese laborers brought in from Seattle. Richardson also boasted a bakery, barbershop, creamery & poolroom.
- 1913 Kelp plant built at Pt. Stanley to extract chemicals for WWI.
- 1916 Al Douglas of S . J. Island established Long Distance Telephone Co. Some islanders had 2 phones, one for each company.
- 1916 Hodgson & Graham's partnership, store, cannery, etc., sold to Ira Lundy.
- 1916 Richardson dock fire destroyed wharf, warehouse & purse seiner "Saga".
- 1922 Salmon Bank Cannery burned. Hidden Inlet Cannery closed shortly after.
- 1926 Car ferry service began at Upright Head. Charlie Coffelt, manager.
- 1928 New store built by Lundys at Richardson.
- 1934 Fish traps outlawed.

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# “SAN JUAN COUNTY: (SAN JUAN, ORCAS, AND) LOPEZ ISLES”

“THE COAST” – WILHELMS MAGAZINE 1903

VOL VI AUGUST 1903 NO 2 PAGES 91-101

Lopez Island has an area of forty square miles, exclusive of government reserves, and of all the islands of San Juan County presents the largest proportion of tillable soil. The valleys of this island



THE STEAMER LYDIA THOMPSON.

embrace acre after acre of the most fertile land under the sun and charm and delight the eye with their beautiful fields and well-kept attractive orchards. The island is comparatively level and there are no waste lands of any consequence. Most excellent roads cover it from end to end and lead in all directions. The development of the island and its growth has been phenomenal. From north to south it is one grand valley, and were it all cleared up the view would be one of a large garden. The land in most instances is a rich loam, with clay subsoil, but many tracts are of the renowned alder bottom soil, and some are marsh lands which when cleared make the finest farms in the world for fertility and productiveness.

The people of Lopez are most hospitable and entertaining. It is a saying that no one on Lopez, be he stranger or friend, knocks in vain when seeking food or shelter, and of all the islands the residents of this island appear to be prosperous and well off. The finest and largest homes and residences in the county are found on Lopez. Religious and educational facilities are of the best here, and it is no vain boast of the residents that when the country is cleared up on this Island it will be the most favored of the islands of this group. In addition to agriculture and fruit raising, the best fishing in the state for salmon is along this island's borders, of which especial mention will be made elsewhere. The water here is abundant, and because of the lack of limestone, is not tinged with that quality. The island has the service of two boats daily and has every advantage to ship its products to the markets. The principal places are Lopez, Richardson and Port Stanley. Lopez is situated on the western shores of the northern part of the island. It is a lively trade center and has the accommodations of a wharf and warehouse, with steamboat service daily to the north, east and south. It is surrounded by a most excellent farming country, which is undergoing the process of being settled and cleared. Extensive and profitable fruit farms ship from this point to Seattle and Whatcom and some of the beet hay and grain ranches in the state lie to the south. Beautiful homes, well-kept orchards, fine horses and vehicles, bicycles, and other characteristic possessions tell the tale of prosperity here better than words.

Excellent roads, kept up in the best of repair, extend in all directions and make riding, driving and hauling to all parts of the Island a pleasure as well as a duty. James Nelson, the oldest settler on the Island, resides near this place, and came here in 1862. He still lives on the ranch where he settled. The same year Charles Brown located here. The first town which one approaches in going to San Juan County upon the steamer Lydia Thompson from Seattle is Richardson. The rugged and unpropitious shores which rise before the eye from the water's edge give little evidence of the fertile and productive acres of land which lay immediately inland, and which constitute an agricultural district than which the heart could desire no better in the world. Thus, the unfavorable conditions which upon arrival seem to fill the mind are swept away in admiration for the opportunities and scenes of progress which are seen upon all sides within the forbidding pale.



VIEW OF WHARF AT RICHARDSON, SHOWING FISH PACKED READY FOR SHIPMENT.

Richardson is situated at the southern extremity of Lopez Island upon Richardson Bay. The first settlement was made here thirty years ago by George Richardson, after whom the place was named. The post-office was established twelve years ago, William Graham being instrumental in its location. Six years ago, the people of this

place and vicinity desired to have a public hall and at once money was raised by popular subscription and a fine two-story structure 40x80 feet in size was built, in which the privilege was given to the church people to hold religious services. The first thresher on the island was brought here by Mr. J. K. Bartlett, who now resides a few miles north of this place. It was a sweepstake ten-horse power affair.

The leading industry at the town of Richardson is salmon fishing, which is conducted in Richardson Bay in front of the place. In the fishing season the entire bay is filled with all kinds of fishing craft and the shores are lined with tents and huts of the fishermen. There never was a year when fish were not plentiful and of the finest varieties. During the past summer over 300 men were here, engaged in this industry with from forty to fifty outfits: The fish running into Puget Sound through the Strait of Juan de Fuca strike this point first, and when fish are caught in no other locality they are caught here.

The islands have connection by boat through the "Lydia Thompson" with Seattle and Whatcom, and through the "Buckeye" with Whatcom and Anacortes. The trip is a continuous revelation of beauty and pleasure. No one should visit the State of Washington without making a trip through these parts. For those who would go a-summering, they afford a series of delightful nooks where the languid sleepy days can be pleasantly idled away in delectable rest and restoring solitude. The romantic isles!

# THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT TO THE SAN JUAN ISLANDER 1901 (Pages 33-41)

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LOPEZ SCHOOLHOUSE

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LOPEZ ISLAND VALLEY CHURCH

## LOPEZ

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LOPEZ METHODIST CHURCH

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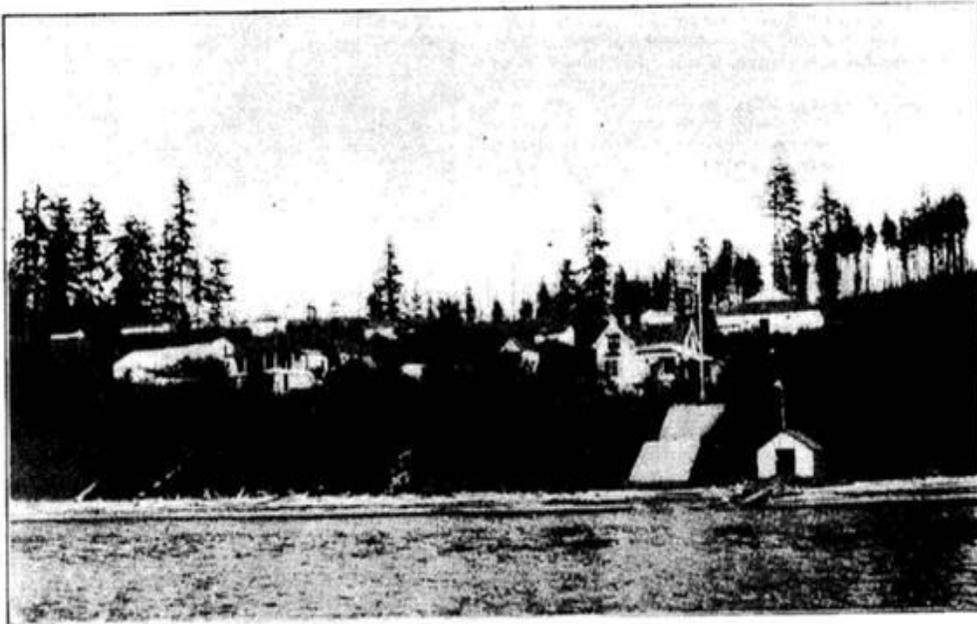
here. That one may form a more complete idea of the business and occupations of those here, we give sketches of the prominent and progressive residents.

### **“GEM FARM,” Poultry and Fruit Ranch. Ben Lichtenberg, Propr.**



LOPEZ POSTOFFICE AND STORE

An institution of magnificent proportions and of wide importance in the commercial and industrial circles of this county is the “Gem Farm,” which is situated two miles north of Lopez and is a town all n itself. Here is embraced a ranch of over 800 acres, under cultivation and in grazing lands, than which there is no finer in the State. An orchard of 500 prolific fruit trees of the choicest selections of apples, pears, plums, cherries, etc., is one of the orincipal features of the place. However, especial attention is called to the chicken industry, where only the best breeds are raised, and care is taken to



VIEW OF BUILDINGS ON “GEM FARM” NEAR LOPEZ

have them all full-blooded and of select varieties. One breeding house 20x125 feet is incubators, with a capacity of 500 eggs at one time, are used, also brooder houses and fine outdoor brooders, everything being according to the latest improved methods. They have now on hand from 700 to 1,000 chickens. They have sold Plymouth Rock

cockerels for from \$2.50 to \$20 and hens \$6 apiece for breeding purposes, and maintain the only breeding houses in this State. They also keep two magnificent White Holland turkey gobblers for breeding purposes—the only ones known in the Northwest.



C. T. BUTLER'S HOME, LOPEZ

At the Gem Farm Is also kept a fine drove of Jersey cows—full-blooded—and much attention is paid to dairying. The one aim at this institution is to have the best of the best and only deal in blooded cattle and chickens, and the products of this place are fast becoming recognized for their superiority. Mr. Ben Lichtenberg, the proprietor, is the son of Judge I. J. Lichtenberg, who established this place in 1897. Judge Lichtenberg is a native of New York City, born in 1845, attended the Academy of New York, now the College of New York, until the war broke out, when he enlisted in Company B, Fifth New York Cavalry. He was wounded in 1864 in the battle of the Wilderness and carried the lead until 1889, when

his leg was amputated. He was admitted to practice law in Pennsylvania in 1874 and came west to Washington in 1887, settling in Seattle. He was the first superior court Judge of King County when the Territory became a State, holding the office from 1889 to 1894. He married Miss Emmat Barr of Pottsville, Pa., in 1872, and with his wife is now living retired with his only child.

### **C. T. BUTLER, General Merchandise and Postmaster at Lopez.**

As the San Juan Islands are composed of numerous separate and distinct territories, the office of the general store has become one of much importance. Hence we find almost all the business of this county carried on in general stores. Among the commercial and trade establishments of San Juan County we notice the institution conducted by Mr. C. T. Butler at Lopez, where he occupies a roomy, capacious building, warehouses, etc., and operates the wharf. A stock of general wares and merchandise is carried, including dry goods and notions, boots and shoes, hats and furnishings, glassware, crockery, paints, oils, etc., fancy and staple groceries, flour, feed and provisions—in fact, all kinds and every character of useful article for home and domestic use. He also deals in butter, eggs, chickens and country produce; also, hay, grain, wool, etc. He also conducts a sheep ranch, where he has 200 head of sheep. In 1898 Mr. Butler was appointed postmaster and in the conduct of the office utilizes 102 boxes. This is a money order office. Mr. Butler came to Lopez in 1891. Mr. Butler has been quite successful and has built up a large custom through his fair, square



HOME OF C. A. KENT, LOPEZ

### **C. A. KENT**

A most charming and desirable home to have is that of Mr. C. A. Kent, adjoining Lopez. Here is twenty acres of exceedingly rich and fertile soil, all of which is under a high state of cultivation, fruit, oats, peas, produce, hay and chickens being successfully raised. The land is the black alder bottom land, than which there is no better. Mr. Kent also has excellent water in abundance. Mr. Kent is a native of Wisconsin. He was raised in Minnesota and came west to Lopez eighteen years ago. He wedded Miss Sarah Gray, of Minnesota, in 1876, and has a family of five children. What Mr. Kent has accomplished here is typical of the island and shows the large

possibilities in store for those locating here. We present a view of his home. Anyone desiring information of chances to locate here will do well to write to Mr. Kent, at Lopez.



RESIDENCE OF J. A. PAINE, LOPEZ

### **J. A. PAINE**

We call especial attention to Mr. J. P. Paine, the contractor and builder at Lopez. He is a Vermonter and came to the Coast in 1886 and located on Lopez Island in 1893. In 1876 he married Miss Emma Prescott, also of Vermont. Mr. Paine learned his trade in his native state and is one of the best men in his line in this county. He built the Lopez church, finished Mr. Peterson's house on San Juan Island and is now engaged in completing a home for himself, of which we give a view.



C. E. CANTINE'S HOME, NEAR LOPEZ

### **C. E. CANTINE**

Mr. Cantine is a native of Michigan, and was born in 1838. In 1868 he emigrated west to the state of Illinois, where he resided until 1889, when he came to the State of Washington. Here he first located at Ellensburg for one year. Then he moved to Kirkland, where he lived for two and one-half years and engaged in contracting and building, and erected the Congregational Church at that place and several store buildings. In 1893 he moved to this county and settled at Lopez, where he has since remained. When he came on the island the forest extended down to the water in a dense labyrinth of trees standing so thick on the ground that it was almost impossible for a person to penetrate it. By hard labor and

indefatigable efforts, he has turned the wilderness from a waste of trees to acres of fruit-bearing orchard. Here he has 1200 thrifty and productive trees embracing varieties of apples, cherries, prunes and pears, which he ships to the city markets. Last year, which was not a very good year for fruit, he shipped 300 boxes of apples, one-half ton of cherries, 1,500 pounds of prunes, one-half ton of plums and forty cases of strawberries, all of which came from a six-year old orchard. Mr. Cantine was first married in 1860, and to his present wife in 1880. Mrs. Cantine's maiden name was Matilda, Schooner, of Cumberland, Ohio.

## **GEORGE BOLTON**

The subject of this sketch is a native of the state of Presidents and was born in the year 1837. He left Virginia when eighteen years of age and emigrated west to the state of Iowa, where he engaged in farming near Cedar Falls. When the War of the Rebellion broke out he enlisted his services in the aid of his country and joined the 32nd Iowa Volunteer Infantry, becoming a member of Company B. He served from 1862 until the close of hostilities, when he returned to Iowa. He came to the coast eleven years ago and settled on Lopez Island in this county, near Lopez, where he resides at the present time. Here he has a magnificently arranged ranch of 25 acres facing Fisherman's Bay. In 1862 he married Miss Fannie Dove of New Hartford, Iowa. At the present time Father Dove, Mrs. Bolton's father, lives with them at the advanced age of 86 years. The principal crop Mr. Bolton raises is large and small fruits, including cherries, apples, pears, plumes, etc., and it can be truthfully said that he has as finely cared for ranch as there is in this part of the country. He is numbered among the substantial citizens of this county, and has been school director now for the past seven years. He has a family of fine children.

## **WM. HUMPHREY**

The first settler to locate in the north end of Lopez Island was Wm. Humphrey, who located here twenty-three years ago. Humphrey's Head is named for him. He has most admirable grazing lands at Upright Point on Shoalwater bay, this island, which can be bought at reasonable figures, He is a native of Canada and came to the United States in 1862, when he located at Estherville, Iowa, and engaged at his trade of cooperine. There in 1866 he married Miss Annie Graham, whose mother and brothers now live in the southern part of this island. Mr. Humphrey's home place consists of 166 acres, of which 50 acres are cleared. He has an orchard of 600 trees, mainly apples and plums. He raises wheat, hay and chickens and operates a hay press on his place. The soil is a sandy loam with clay subsoil and is very fertile.

## **H. L. COFFIN**

We herewith present a view of the home of Mr. H. L. Coffin, who has been located here for a short time. It is one of the representative homes and shows what a person with determination and pluck can do in this place. When he first came the land was covered with a dense, almost impenetrable wilderness. Now he has a handsome and attractive home.

## **DR. B. MUSCOTT, Physician and Surgeon.**

Among the professional men of this county is the estimable physician and surgeon, Dr. B. Muscott, of Lopez. Dr. Muscott is a new man in the community, but he is not a new man in his profession. He is a native of the state of Iowa and after completing a thorough academic



RESIDENCE OF JOHN COUSINS

education at San Bardina High school, he took up the study of medicine. He graduated from the medical department of the University of California, than which there is no better institution in this western country, and began the active duties of practicing in 1896. He is a thorough and competent practitioner and is proving very successful in the treatment of the ills of man, He has been located on Lopez Island for the last eight months and is fast becoming well and favorably known and is enjoying a liberal and increasing practice. He married Miss Gertrude Masters, of Vallejo, Cal., in 1898. Prior to coming here for one year he was intern or house surgeon at the county hospital a San Francisco and later practical at the Soldiers' Home at Yountville, near Napa, Cal.

### **JAMES BLAKE, SR.**

Surrounded by lands which there, is no fairer and better in the world with his children living near him on ranches of their own, we find Mr. James Blake, Sr., one of the first settlers in the northern part of Lopez Island. Mr. Blake is a native of Ireland, and was born in 1827, emigrated to Canada with his parents in 1830, and came to the United States in 1883 and settled on Lopez Island. Here he had originally 250 acres, but has sold and given to his children until he now has only 118. He raises wheat, oats, potatoes, hay, etc., and has an orchard of 300 trees so overloaded with fruit that he has been propping the limbs up to keep them from breaking. His land is alder bottom. His first wife was Miss Elizabeth A. Shannon, of Ireland, whom he married in 1851. He married his second wife, Miss Hannah Lee, of Canada, in 1879. Both of them are now deceased. He has a family of eleven children. He is one of the prosperous and successful men of the island.

### **CHARLES BROWN**

A pioneer of Lopez Island is Mr. Charles Brown, who was born in Sweden in 1828. When a boy he left his native land and followed the sea until 1859, when he settled in Washington, then a territory. In 1862 he located on Lopez. During the few years prior to coming here he carried the mail from Port Townsend to the soldiers at American Camp. His family consists of eight children. Much of the early history of this country has his personality connected with it, and the fine farm upon which he is now living attests to his heroic and indefatigable efforts to make for himself a good and beautiful home. His son-in-law, Mr. E. O. Eaton, has charge of the place and as active management. It consists of 160 acres, of which 130 are under the plow. Large crops of wheat, oats, hay, etc., are raised. Forty head of sheep find pasture and a magnificent orchard of 400 fruit trees is here found. The soil is marsh bottom land and rich loam on hillsides with clay subsoil. It is two miles from Lopez.

### **JOHN COUSINS**

Half way between Lopez and Richardson lies the magnificent ranch of John Cousins, consisting of 464 acres upon which is built the largest and finest farmhouse in the county. Mr. Cousins' land is of the characteristic peat marshlands and the black, rich loam with clay subsoil and produces immense crops. He raises grain, bay, cattle and sheep and has a fine orchard of 400 trees, including apples, plums, cherries, etc. He keeps 135 sheep and 27 head



J. S. GROLL'S MILL, LOPEZ

of cattle. He also owns a farm of 38 acres all cleared a few miles from Richardson with a pure, living spring upon it. Mr. Cousins is a native of Canada. He came to the United States in 1866 and located in Ohio. Two years later he moved to Iowa, and in 1871 homesteaded a place on Lopez Island, where he lived until three years ago, when he moved into the present magnificent home of which we print a very good picture. He married Miss Helen Burt of Iowa in 1880, and has a family of four hale and hearty children. He is one of San Juan County's substantial men.

### **J. S. GROLL, County Commissioner and Proprietor Lopez Sawmill**

Closely identified with the growth and development of Lopez Island and San Juan County is Mr. J. S. Groll, who operates the sawmill at Lopez and is the present county commissioner. He is a public spirited and enterprising man and stands foremost in the ranks of those working to advance this county's importance and develop its reacquiring a liberal education in the schools of his native city be began life as a builder and contractor and came West in 1898 to Snohomish County. He had charge of the construction of the paper mill at Lowell, Wash., also of the sulphide mill. He was bridge constructor on the Great Northern Railway in 1892. In 1896 Mr. Groll came to Lopez and established the saw and planing mill here in connection with Mr. Gallanger. In 1897 he bought his partner's interest and has operated the mill since. The plant has a capacity of twelve thousand feet of lumber daily and caters principally to the local trade. Last year Mr. Groll built the steam tug "Arthur O" to enable him to deliver lumber to any of the islands, and he is now enjoying a trade exceeding his capacity to supply. In 1900 Mr. Groll was elected county commissioner of this county. In 1894 he married Mrs. Alice Kromer of Everett and has a family of three bright and intelligent children. In addition to other important work, he has done Mr. Groll built the concentrator at Monte Cristo in 1893.

## **RICHARDSON**

The first town which one approaches in going to San Juan County upon the steamer Lydia Thompson from Seattle is Richardson. The rugged and unpropitious shores which rise before



VIEW OF WHARF AT RICHARDSON, SHOWING FISH READY FOR SHIPMENT

the eye from the water's edge give little evidence of the fertile and productive acres of land which lay immediately inland, and which constitute an agricultural district than which heart could desire no better in the world. Thus, the unfavorable conditions which upon arrival seem to fill the mind are swept away in admiration for the opportunities and scenes of progress which are seen upon all sides within the forbidding pale.

## Historical

Richardson is situated at the southern extremity of Lopez Island upon Richardson Bay. The first settlement was made here thirty years ago by George Richardson, after whom the place was named. The post office was established twelve years ago, William Graham being instrumental in its location. Six years ago, the people of this place and vicinity desired to have a public hall and at once money was raised by popular subscription and a fine two-story structure 40x80 feet in size was built, in which the privilege was given to the church people to hold religious services. The first thresher on the island was brought here by Mr. J. H. Bartlett, who now lives a few miles north of this place. It was a sweepstake ten-horse power affair.

## Fishing Industry

The leading industry at the town of Richardson is salmon fishing, which are conducted in Richardson Bay in front of the place. In the fishing season the entire bay is filled with all kinds of fishing craft and the shores are lined with tents and huts of the fishermen, there never was a year when fish were not plentiful and of the finest varieties. During the past summer over 400 men were here engaged in this industry with from forty to fifty outfits. The fish running into Puget Sound through the Strait of Juan de Fuca strike this point first, and when fish are caught in no other locality they are caught here. During the past summer when a phenomenally large run was experienced in all places one of the purseine outfits caught so many fish in one haul that they were unable to lift the net and were compelled to let the fish go. A close estimate gives the approximate catch at this place for 1901 at over one million fish, not including many thousands of fish which were caught, and because of no market for them were dumped back into the sea, which would bring the total to about one million and a half. Geo. T. Myers & Co., of Seattle, of which company R. E. Davis is resident manager, operates four traps in this vicinity.

## Salting and Packing Fish.

So great a catch was experienced this year that individuals awake to the opportunities at hand, secured thousands of salmon and began salting and packing them in barrels. Over 600 barrels were packed and more would have been accomplished in this line had not the supply of salt and barrels been consumed, with no more available.



THE RICHARDSON STORE AND POST OFFICE

## Prospective Improvements.

Because of the speedy growth of Seattle and the possible crowding out of the cannery location of Geo. T. Myers at that city and because of the close proximity of the Myers Cannery trap and fishing grounds to Richardson a cannery is in contemplation to be built here very likely within a year which will materially add to the importance and business interests of this place. Talk is also heard of building a steel manufacturing plant here. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the town of Richardson is one of the best located in San Juan County and with its large agricultural

pursuits in the vicinity to keep it up will continue and grow to be a place of large importance.

## Business interests

The commercial interests here are represented by N. O. Hodgson, who runs the general merchandise store and operates the wharf and deals in wood for the steamboats, T. O. Hodgson, the postmaster, who is interested in the fishing and packing of salmon, Mr. Graham, who has been and is the town's patron, and Myers and Davis, who operate the cannery at this place. A blacksmith shop is located near Richardson on the road leading to Lopez. Excellent roads lead in all directions from Richardson and as a trading point it equals in importance any other place in the county.

## WILLIAM GRAHAM

Mr. William Graham is a native of Canada and came to the United States in 1865, where he settled in Iowa. He came to the coast in 1877 and settled on Lopez Island, where he preempted 160 acres of land. He moved into his present magnificent residence three years ago. He was the prime mover and the one largest interested in the building of the town hail at this place. He is interested in fishing and built the wharf and warehouse at this place. Twenty years ago, he was elected county commissioner, which office he held for four years and has since held two terms of service in that office of six years. He is at present a school director in his district. He married Miss Mary Wilson of Canada in 1873 and has a family of five children now living. He is one of the esteemed residents of this country. His ranch now embraces 484 acres of the best kind of farming land and he raises bay, grain and country produce and has a drove of 300 fine sheep. His name is closely allied with the growth of this place and all efforts to promote the growth and prosperity of Lopez Island and San Juan County receives his hearty support.



WILLIAM GRAHAM'S HOME, RICHARDSON

## N. P. HODGSON, Dealer in General Merchandise



VIEW OF RICHARDSON, FROM STORE

The progress of the various parts of this country is evidenced by the trading posts located therein. A mercantile establishment than which there is no more comprehensive in this county, is that operated by Mr. N. P. Hodgson at Richardson. Here is carried a large and well-assorted stock of dry goods and notions, boots and shoes, ladies and gents' furnishings, tin ware, glassware, all kinds of domestic articles of household utility, fancy and staple groceries, provisions, flour, food, fruit, candles, tobacco, cigars, etc., and all goods of a general nature. Special attention is paid to catering to the wants of the people living in the vicinity. The highest

prices are paid for wool, butter, eggs, country produce and fruit. Mr. Hodgson established himself here in 1899. He is a native of Canada and came to the United States in 1869. He first located in Iowa and came to Lopez Island twenty-three years ago. He married Miss

Charlotte Schmaling of San Francisco in 1894, and has a family of two children. His long residence in this vicinity has gained for Mr. Hodgson a host of friends which accounts in a measure for his marked success.

## J. A. BUCHANAN

Another resident of the Island Center Valley is Mr. J. A. Buchanan, who lives near Mr. Towell and who is recognized as a leading rancher in this island. He is not only engaged in farming, but also keeps some very fine stallions renowned for superior excellence and in partnership with Mr. J. T.

Wright operates a steam traction engine anti thresher. His ranch embraces 160 acres of most excellent land of which 55 acres are under a high state of cultivation. He raises hay, grain and all kinds country produce. We present a view of one of his hay fields. In his barns he keeps some of the finest pedigreed horses in the Northwest "Captain" is a



HAY FIELD ON J. A. BUCHANAN'S RANCH

four-year-old Clyde. "Dipple," a magnificent Clyde stallion, and "Pride" a two-year-old Belgian.

All of these horses are full blooded and have reputations throughout this entire district as first-class colt-getters and superior stock. In his threshing business he has built up a large range of business and travels to all the larger islands of this county. Mr. Wright owns and operates the thresher which is a G. I. Case improved separator and can be used in threshing wheat, oats, peas, flax and all kinds of grain, while Mr. Buchanan owns and operates the steam traction engine—a 10-horse power Massilin traction engine. We present a view of the outfit at work threshing peas at the home of Chris Johnson. Mr. Buchanan is a native of Canada and came to this country in 1867, where he located in California. Seventeen years ago he came to Lopez Island. He was first married in 1875 to Miss Mary Shewan of Nevada, who died in 1883. His present wife was Miss Jennie Hudson of Canada, whom he married in 1885. He has a family of six children—three by his first wife and three by his second. His address is Richardson.



BUCHANAN & WRIGHT THRESHING AT CHRIS JONSON'S

## J. T. WRIGHT

The subject of this article is a native of Canada and came to this country twenty years ago. He has lived in San Juan County for the past ten years and on this island seven years. He engages in logging and teaming and owns the only steam thresher of this island in partnership with Mr. James Buchanan. He uses four fine horses and is prepared to do all kinds of hauling at a moment's notice. His post office address is Richardson. The thresher and steam traction engine which he, with Mr. Buchanan, operate, is the only machine of its

kind in the county and is taken from one to the other of the islands of the county and does the largest portion of the threshing of the archipelago.

### **T. P. HODGSON, Postmaster**

The subject of this sketch is a native of Canada and came to this country in 1869 when a boy and was reared in Iowa. He came to Lopez Island with his brother twenty-three years ago and has been identified with Richardson since that time. He was married in 1894 to Miss Gertrude A. Ridley of Seattle and has a family of one child. He was appointed postmaster of

Richardson in 1898. He has given universal satisfaction in his conduct of the office and is esteemed and honored by the residents of the community.



JOHN GRAHAM'S OAT FIELD

### **JOHN GRAHAM**

Located upon a farm, a veritable garden spot, about a mile and a half from Richardson lives Mr. John Graham, one of the prominent residents of this county. We publish a view of one of Mr. Graham's oat fields which gives a fair idea of the fertility of the soil of this island. We also print a picture of the homestead. This place embraces about 200 acres upon which immense yields of hay, wheat, oats, peas and potatoes have been had. With Mr. Graham lives Mrs. Jane Graham, his mother. There is first-class water on the place and good roads leading both to Richardson and Lopez. Mr. Graham is a brother to William Graham of Richardson and like his brother numbered among the progressive and enterprising residents of Lopez Island, His faith in the superiority of Lopez Island is unbounded and every effort to promote its welfare receives his



THE GRAHAM HOMESTEAD

hearty co-operation and support.

### **HARRY TOWELL**

The southern portion of Lopez Island is beyond doubt the fairest, finest and most beautiful of all. It is regretted that we have not space and opportunity to describe and illustrate it as we desire. Here we find a community of farms rich in, wealth and opportunity. Among those prominently identified here are Mr. Harry Towell, whose farm is among the best. It embraces 80 acres all under cultivation. He raises hay, grain and cattle. We present a view of Island Center Valley, with his farm in the distance. Mr. Towell is a native of England. He came to the United, States in 1882, when he located in Minneapolis. Attracted by the climate of this district he came here in 1898 and is among San Juan County's most loyal and enthusiastic residents. No place pleases him so much as the Island Center Valley of Lopez Island. Ho married Miss May Stevens of Minnesota in 1888 and has a family of three children. His address is Richardson.

## JOHN H. BARTLETT

The subject of this sketch was born in 1835 in Maine. He followed the sea until 1862, when he married Miss Ellen Clancy of San Francisco, a native of Ireland. In that year he located at Port Townsend, where he remained a year and a half, when he was appointed keeper of the



JOHN H. BARTLETT'S HOME

lighthouse on Smith's Island, which position he held for about ten years. About 1874 he came to Lopez Island and took up a homestead in the Island Center Valley. He brought, in 1876, the first threshing machine to the island—a sweepstake, eight horse-power. He now has one of the finest ranches on Lopez Island, consisting of 143 acres, of which over 100 acres are under the best of cultivation. He also has about 1,000 fruit trees and engages in raising hay, grain, produce and cattle. His soil is loam, with clay subsoil, and his bottom land is a rich peat marsh. We present a view of the Bartlett residence. Mr. Bartlett's family consists of two children—Henry and Mary Kate.

## THOMAS UPSTON

Identified with the residents of the Island Center Valley and the owner of as fine a ranch as can be found on the face of the earth is Mr. Thomas Upston, who lives adjoining Mr. Bartlett on the one side and Mr. Cousins on the other. Here he has 160 acres, of which sixty-five acres are under the plow. He raises hay, grain, produce, sheep and cattle, and is one of the successful ranchers of this county. He keeps thirty-five sheep and would have had many more had not some stray dogs found out their excellence and killed them. He, also, has a herd of thirteen fat and well-kept cattle. He is one of the esteemed and honored men of the county and is at present a member of the school board of this district and has been for a number of years. He is a native of Canada and crossed the line into this country in 1880, at which time he settled on Lopez Island. In 1883 he was united in marriage to Miss Ella Cousins of this island and has a family of two excellent children. As all who live on Lopez Island, Mr. Upston is hearty in his loyalty and support of the excellence of this island and is numbered among its prosperous residents.

## PORT STANLEY

For the convenience of those living at the north end of Lopez Island the government has established a post office at Port Stanley, with a daily service by steamer. Surrounding it is a fine grazing and fruit-raising country, which only awaits the proper people to make it as prosperous and thrifty as any place in this part of the State. A community of 11 most excellent houses and thriving and hardy orchards of prolific trees already exists here, but a wharf is needed and a trading post is desired in order to facilitate the development of natural resources which are so very abundant here. Now, under rather adverse conditions, one of the most beautiful and productive fruit farms on the island with level areas, large barns, fine trees, a handsome residence and all conveniences to grow and ship fruit is here located. The bay and harbor here is an excellent one and the water advantages superior to other places which have more improvements. Perhaps the good roads leading front here to Lopez and other parts of the island have been the reason for its slow growth. The Buckeye touches here every day.

Among the residents of Port Stanley, we notice:

### **William Biggs**

Mr. Biggs is a native of New Brunswick, was born in 1828, came to the United States to San Francisco in 1875, remained in California until 1885, when he came to Lopez Island and settled at Port Stanley, where he took up a homestead. He now owns twenty-two acres. We present a view of his home. He is a carpenter and millwright by trade, having received his instruction in this line of pursuit in New Brunswick. He has been one of the school directors of this district and \_\_\_\_\_ Christian gentleman in every respect. He wedded Miss Permelia Bateman of New Brunswick in 1864 and has four children—three sons and one daughter.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM BIGGS, PORT STANLEY

**LETTER: [Letter written by James and William Cousins to their friend, Pearson Hodgson, concerning family history of the Graham, Cousins, and Hodgson family of Ireland, Ontario, and many later to Lopez Island, Washington. Contains very valuable family information.]:**

Lopez, Wash  
Aug 16, 1947

Dear friend Pearson

We received your letter several days ago. We were glad to hear from you. We are both well and hope you are the same. We had a good time at the Old Timers pioneer picnic at Cornwall Park. I was at it in 1945. We were both at it in 1946. Saw people I hadn't seen for years. Ate some fine picnic dinners there.

I think we can answer some of the questions anyway. We will try and give you all the information we can. Father [James Cousins] was born May 12, 1834 in Kilmore, County Armaugh, Ireland. Robert Cousins was born at Kilmore March 31, 1818. William was born at Kilmore in 1824. John was born in 1832. Jane was born June 15, 1821. Ellen was born, I think, about 1814. Mary was born, I think, about 1816. Betty about 1829 or 1830, I think. That was the names of fathers brothers and sisters. Robert Cousins died Nov 5, 1888. Jane died June 5, 1904. John died the spring of 1905. Father died May 8, 1921. I don't know when the others died. William never left Ireland. He was living yet about 1901 or 1902. Mary married a man named Henry Haddock. They were living in Ontario, Canada the last I heard of them. Ellen married a man named John Bunton. They never left Ireland. Betty married a man named John Withers. They never left Ireland. That I know. They all moved to Dollingston, County Down, when father was a small boy, maybe three years old.

Thomas Graham and Jane Cousins were married in 1838. Robert Cousins and Ellen Graham were married shortly before they left Ireland, I think. I don't know her age. She was Thomas Graham's youngest sister. I think she might have been born about 1822 or 1823, I am not sure. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham and William Graham, his father, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cousins, and William Graham, Thomas Graham's 15 month old son (your step father), and Mr and Mrs John Wilson left Ireland together in May 1841 for Canada. Your mother was born, so I heard them say, Aug 22, 1841. Thomas had two other sisters. One named Sally. She married a man in Canada named Long. The other sister I don't know her name or anything about her. I forgot what year Betty Wilson died. I heard them say she was 92 when she died. I never heard of Thomas Graham or his wife ever living in Belfast. Dollingstown was about 17 miles from Belfast. It was about a mile from Lurgan, largest inland city in Ireland.

Father and mother were married Feb 30, 1860. They were both Linen weavers. My mothers folks were all weavers. Father left Ireland June 29, 1863--he was 29 then. He came over to New York on a Sailing vessel the Universe, an old East India ----. He landed in New York without any money. He got his pocket picked aboard the Ship. That was the time Lincoln had the draft. A man met and told him a friend of his had just drafted and his friend would give \$1500 to pay one that would go in his place. So father went and got examined by the doctor. He stood medical examination all right, the doctor passed him. But as he was going out, the doctor took notice of his hand. He had got shot through hand in 1854 in a riot in Lurgan. He was not one the rioters, but he happened to go to town that day. The doctor looked at his hand. He asked him if he ever had any military training. He told he had not. If he had military training they would have taken him. He got a job from a business man in New York City named Miller. He lived in New Jersey. He had a small farm. He worked for Miller for 11 months then went to Canada. I think he went to Canada about June 1864. He was there to the middle of

April 1865. He was a weaver in Canada. The Grahams, Robert Cousins and family, and himself went April 1865 to Ohio. They lived there two years. Father worked in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. They all went to Iowa about 1867 to Iowa Falls.

My grandfather, fathers father, was John Cousins. He died of a stroke paralysis at the age of 63 in 1854. His mother died in 1857. When the Grahams, Cousins, and Wilsons came to Canada in 1841 they landed at Singhamton, Gray county, Ontario. Robert Cousins and his wife Ellen were the only Cousins that came then. John Cousins came to America in 1861, I think. He lived at Singhamton. His wife name was Hester Green. They had a large family. He died at Singhamton from a horse kick early in 1905. William Cousins had a large family. He was married at 18. He never left Ireland. My mothers maiden name was Margeret Heron. She was born near Dollingstown, County Down, Ireland Sept 9, 1835. She lived in Ireland till July 11, 1871, when her and my oldest brother John and sister, Ella, left Ireland for Iowa. John was born Aug 6, 1861. Ella was born Aug 5, 1863. John was drowned Sept 1, 1872. Ella died June 6, 1943. Mother died March 31, 1891 of pneumonia at age of 55 years and nearly seven months. Ellen Graham was born about 1843, I think. She married George Kennaird about the summer of 1865, I think, in Ohio. They had five sons. George. Joe. Tommy. Jimmy, and Johnney. Joe died of typhoid fever in Tacoma in 1882, I think. George died years ago, I forget, but think he has been dead at least forty years. Jimmy died in February 1933 of diabetes. I don't know anything about John.

George Kennard lived in Iowa when he was first married. He came to Tacoma the summer of 1878. He lived in Tacoma for a number of years. Jimmy was born there in October 1884. He went back to Iowa again and lived there a number of years before he died. After Jane Cousins married Alf Nicolson, they moved to Alabama. I guess they had a large family. Willie Nicholson was the[ir] oldest boy, I think. John Nicholson. Joe West. Robert Burt, and a man named William Gray came out with John Cousins when he came back from Iowa in 1902. They got back about March 10th. John Nicholson worked for Tom Upston and Jim Davis that summer 1902. He fell overboard off the Steamer Garland on the night of Dec 24, 1902 while coming from Bellingham to Lopez between Doe Bay and Olga, Orcas Island. His body was never found. He was drunk at the time he fell overboard. He was the only Nicholson I ever knew. He was the only one of the family that ever was on Lopez. The old folks are both dead now. I don't know how many of the family is alive now or where they are, where they all in Alabama, or other states.

I think we have all the questions you asked answered. We will be glad to answer if possibly can any questions you ask us. Write any time we will be glad to answer any questions we can. Hoping to find you well.

We will bring this letter to a close.

From James and William Cousins

Lopez, San Juan Co, Wash

Box 39

[TYPIST NOTE: James Cousins was born July 19, 1872 in Estherville, Iowa and came to Lopez at the age of 10. He died June 12, 1950 at Laurel Beach, Washington. William Cousins was born in 1874 and died in 1965.]

**LETTER: [Letter written by PEARSON HODGSON to Gertrude Hodgson Lovejoy. Contains valuable information concerning the Graham and Hodgson family trip from Iowa to Lopez Island, Washington in 1877 {TYPISTS NOTE: ACTUALLY 1878}]:**

Dec 18, 1945

Dear Niece,

Just received your newsy letter yesterday, and as I was just going to send you a card for XMAS, will write you now.

Was awful sorry to hear of Annie Woods death. Of course, after Dora was up there last year and she was so sick I really expected of her death before. She was a hard worker. She should have left the ranch after Dave, her husband, died. Clark sent us all a letter. It was sent to Dora Grace and me. We was glad to hear from him and I am glad the war is over. It always made me shudder when I heard of the boys losing their lives.

Well, you want to know when we came to Lopez Island. We left Iowa about the first of March 1877. There was quite a lot of us came all at once. Uncle William Humphrey and aunt Annie came out to Lopez about a year before the rest of us came out. They told us what a fine church there was out there and all the government land that was available. All you had to do was fix a homestead rite on it for 160 acres, and one could catch all the fish you wanted out of the salt water and shoot a deer for your meat.

So we started from Estherville, Iowa. We was about 40 miles from the railroad station, so two of our neighbors loaded up their farm wagons without trunks, clothing and bedding, and we had a large lunch trunks with enough of things to eat till we got to San Francisco. We drove all that day and got into Windom, a town in Dakota. Then we took the Emigrant train. We had a cook stove on the train and we cook our coffee and whatever things we had to cook. Then we had our own blankets and at night we made our own beds down in the seats we set in the daytime. The train did not go very fast them days. Sometimes when the train was going uphill, some of the men would get out and run alongside the train while they were going up grade. After several days we arrived in San Francisco. On the way out to San Francisco there was nothing much to see except Indians and once in awhile a small town of white people. Omaha and Salt Lake was the two largest towns then.

Them days the only railroad to the west coast was the Union Pacific, and that was only to San Francisco. After we got there we had to wait 3 days for a boat to Puget Sound. Then when we got to Frisco, we found out, our boat was the old side wheeler boat with a beam engine, the same as they have on the ferry in Frisco Bay. After about 5 days we arrived at Victoria, and it happened to be Sunday so we stayed there all day Sunday, and Monday we came over to Port Townsend.

There we met Uncle William Humphrey with a two masted schooner. We moved aboard the schooner that afternoon and stayed on the schooner that night. The next morning, we started to sail to Lopez Island. It was a fine morning. We sailed all day and got in to Lopez about 6 PM. We all stayed there at Uncle William Humphreys for about 2 months. You see, there was quite a lot of us.

There was about 11 of us:

Grandpa Graham and grandma (Thomas Graham and wife Janny)

Tommy Graham

Johny Graham

Martin Philips and wife Ellie (mothers' sister)

William Graham and wife Mary

Norman Hodgson and brother Pearson (me)[author of this letter]

The only road there was on the way through the center of the Island, around Fisherman Bay and up past John Bartletts place, then down to Charley Anderson.

I was about 12 years old then. We had a Fourth of July celebration at Lopez. There used to be a nice Maple grove where Dr Muscot used to live, and there was a large crowd there that day--but as near as I can figure out, I am about the only one alive now. I was 80 my last birthday, the 26 of November. Well, I think that is about all of the history I can give you now. If there is anything else you want to know I will gladly give it.

I am getting ready to take a trip with Frank and Perl to go hunting down to Mexico. There is lots of Geese and ducks down there. We go by auto down there. They have a camp there and a speed boat. It is driven by an airplane engine with the propeller in the air instead of the water. She makes about 20 miles an hour. When I get back I will let you know how I enjoyed the trip. I have been sticking pretty close to the ranch since I came out here with Dora. Dora's sister Jenny & her daughter was down here from Alaska for about 10 days. they went back to Wyreka to stay. He is going to work in the Logging camp there.

Well, I think that is about all I can think of now.

Your Uncle Pearson.

P.S. I forgot to tell you the Northern Pacific Railroad did not get in to Seattle for about 2 years after we got there. Everything came to Seattle by boat or Prairie Schooner. The only boat we had carrying mail and passenger was the --- Enterprise. Just a little steamer with no sleeping accommodations.

Just a small cabin and one stove on Lopez and we had a canoe that we used to go to Friday Harbor in. If there is anything besides what I have mentioned here, let me know and if I remember about it I will let you know.

Good by

Pearson

[TYPIST NOTE: Pearson Hodgson was born Nov 26, 1865 in Shelburne, Dufferin Co, Ontario and died in California. He married to Gertrude Alice Ridley, and had a son Frank William]

# LOPEZ ISLAND TEACHERS to 1930

MRS. THOMPSON	1872 (First School) (Pupils: Mary, Maggie, Maria Brown) 1879 (DIST 3)
H. J. CARR	
JULIA WEIR	1880 (DIST 3)
MARY E. BARTLETT	1880 (DIST 4), 1881 (#6)
MRS. RACHEL GLASCOCK	1881 (DIST 3)
ELLA COUSINS	1882, 1883 (D3), 1884 (D3), 1888, 1889
EDMUND COCHRAN	1884 (D.4), 1885, 1887
C. C. GILLETT	1887-1890 County Superintendent
MISS LILLIAN PHELPS	1886 (D.3), 1887 (D3)
JAMES RADER	1886 (D4)
KATE BOYCE (WITH ELLA COUSINS)	1887, 1888, 1889
MISS MORSE	1888 (D3)
LES PHELPS	1889
HARVEY BUTLER	1894-1895 (Lopez)
LOU E. WARREN (Miss)	1894-1895 (Lopez)
FLORENCE JOHNSON	1894-1896 (Richardson)
MARY MCINTYRE	1900
GEORGE BOLTON	1900
FLORENCE ALLYN	1901-1905 (Richardson)
LOUISE WAKEFIELD	1905 (Richardson)
INA MORRIS	1910
RAYMOND RYDER	1910
CORA RYDER (MD. Ray)	1910
MYRTLE HICKS (MD. Frank)	1910
CORA SCRIBNER	1910 (about) Mud Bay School House
LYDIA MILLER (music teacher)	1910, 1920, 1930
JAMES BOLEY	1920
MARTHA ANDERSON	1920
COMAY CRAVER	1920
GERTRUDE HODGSON	1920
ARMIDA FJELLMA	1920
EMMA OLIVER (Mrs. Alick)	1920
MARY FARNSWORTH (md. Charles)	1920
D. ELEANOR OLSON	1927 (D17) PORT S.
DAISY ECKENBERG	1927 (D17) PORT S.
VIRGIL H. MILLER	1927 (D134) PORT S. (5, 6, 7, 8)
ROSE M. GIBERSON	1927 (D134) PORT S. (1, 2, 3, 4)
RICHARD BELL	1927 (D3), 1930 (D134) PORT S.
IRA BEHAM (High School)	1927, 1930 (D134) PORT S. PRINCIPAL H.S.
LAURA DAVIS (MRS.)	1930
ADA CARR (md. Leland)	1930
ELNORE (?) TODD	1930
WILLIE WOOD	1930
WILLIAM CLULOW	1930 (D17) PORT S. PRINCIPAL
JEANETTE TORPEY (MISS)	1930 (D17) PORT S.
BERNICE JOHNSON	1930 (D134) PORT S.
EDNA HAY	1930
ALMA WAHL (MISS)	1930 (D2) PORT S.

Mud Bay School (abt 1885/abt 1893) Addie Chadwick.

Lopez School (abt 1895 - ) Addie Chadwick.

District 3 : South Half.

Port Stanley Schoolhouse: Joseph Coffle Ranch. (Built 1917).

## **MOTHER BROWN AND HER FAMILY— COMMUNITY LEADERS, BOAT BUILDERS, FARMERS**

**Written by Mother Brown's great-great-granddaughter, Mary Jane Reece.  
In: Newsletter: The Lopez Island Historical Society & Museum Fall 2006**

Charles Brown moved to Lopez Island in 1870. In town were his wife, Conna (K-naugh), young daughters Ella (b. 1858), Maggie (b. 1863), Mariah (b. 1865), and Mary Jane (b. 1867). He homesteaded 167 acres adjacent to James Nelson's property and Charles Swift's near Port Stanley. Many fruit trees in the beautiful orchard he planted still stand and bear fruit, due south of the Port Stanley school.

Born in Sweden on August 1, 1828, Charles (whose surname may have originally been Christianson) learned carpentry skills from his father, Erik, who was considered a master carpenter in his village. When Charles was fifteen, he left Sweden on a British merchant ship. He spent ten years traveling from port to port in Europe, the East Indies, around Cape Horn, and eventually to San Francisco. From there he was believed to have sailed to the Hawaiian Islands on an American vessel. He arrived in Victoria, British Columbia in 1853, where he left the ship. Soon he hired a couple of Indians to paddle him across the straits to Port Townsend in a canoe, for which he paid them \$40 (Rev. H.K. Hines, 1893.)

His first job was at the mill in Port Ludlow. There he built his first schooner, Eclipse, in 1855. In May of that year, there had been an eclipse visible in the area, likely the inspiration for the name. He continued building, sailing, and selling his ships through 1865, transporting mail, apples, potatoes, and such from Olympia to Victoria, according to customs records. The Eclipse was sold to Edward Barrington. Customs agent Isaac Ebey had the vessel seized for transporting whiskey to Indians (A History of Whidbey's Island, 1934). The 1K. Thorndyke was bought by William Winsor, who chauffeured James Swan aboard her to Neah Bay. Swan mentions his trip aboard the 1K. Thorndyke in his book, Almost out of this World. The Surprise was the largest of his ship, about 57'. She was sold in Victoria, and later used in the sealing trade. Charles built the Restless in 1858 at Port Ludlow as well. He carried flour aboard the Restless from Crosby's mill in Tumwater, to Yesler's store in Seattle. He homesteaded 157 acres on Mystery Bay on Marrowstone Island (1863), where he built his first home and planted many fruit trees. There he built the 32' schooner Messenger, and a 29' sloop, Mystery, named for the bay in which he built her. In 1870, Charles sold his property on Marrowstone Island to J.R. Williamson, for \$400 in gold coin.

In 1872, Charles and Conna were officially married in American Camp on San Juan Island. Her name became Mary Jane. She was born in the Prince Rupert area of British Columbia, known as Metlakatla. She was a Coast Tsimshian. It is still unclear how Charles met her. There were many marriages between white settlers and Metlakatla women in the San Juans. Northern Indians came all the way down to this area on hunting and gathering trips, as well as raiding attacks, and taking slaves. One story has her family leaving her behind on one such trip. It was believed that she was caught stealing food at the construction site of a lighthouse. Supposedly, the lighthouse keeper was a friend of Charles' and he (Charles) took her in. Mary, or Mother Brown, as locals later called her, became a sort of liaison between the natives and settlers on the island. She learned Chinook Jargon and English.

Charles' family grew during their years on Lopez. Ten children Ella, Maggie, Maria (pronounced "Mariah"), Mary Jane, Sarah, Catherine (Kitty), Emily, Henry, Willie, and Nettie, all spent their childhood on the island. An eleventh baby was said to have been washed out

of Mary Brown's arms while on board one of the boats near Cattle Point, and drowned. We have found no record of it. Charles' daughter Mary recalled her father churning butter to sell in Victoria, so that he could buy shoes for his children. He sailed his small boat from Swift's Bay to conduct business. Charles continued farming until his health failed, and Mary Eaton and her husband managed his farm. Charles died in 1908—Mary in 1920.

Ella married Charles Anderson; Maggie was married to LeMaister, Mitchell, and Bauer; Maria married John Hackwell, later Ben Korman; Mary Jane married Erwin Eaton; Kitty married Andrews, she and Sarah each eventually moved to Alaska; Emily married Johnson Williams, who was a teacher in the Indian Schools in Taholah, and Neah Bay; Willie became a steam ship engineer, and lived on Vashon Island for a time. Nettie and Henry each died unexpectedly in their twenties, and are buried with their parents. Charles and Mary Brown, daughters Ella, Maggie (Marguerite), Maria, Mary Jane, are all buried in the Lopez Union Cemetery, along with many of their families.

# TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE ON LOPEZ ISLAND

## Children See Parents Cremated in Burning Home

**SOURCE: March 26, 1905 The Morning Leader, Port Townsend newspaper**

I. D, O'Neill returned yesterday from a trip through Lopez island in the in the transaction of his business and while there learned the details of the awful death of Mr. and Mrs. Ansalom Andrews, who were burned to death Thursday night at their farm home, about half way between Lopez and Richardson. The Place was near the old Bartlett farm on the island.

The household had retired about 9 o'clock in the evening, Mr. And Mrs. Andrews sleeping on the ground floor, while upstairs were the three children aged 7, 9, and two hired men. About 11 o'clock at night one of the men was awakened by what seemed to be a falling timber. He jumped from the bed to find the room filled with smoke. Without delay he awakened his partner and rushing to the room of the children carried them to a place of safety. The other man got out as soon as possible and they proceeded to the outside and to the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, but on breaking in the door found the room filled with a dense smoke just ready to break into a blaze. The occupants were overcome and not able to help themselves. One of the men rushed in and endeavored to drag the unfortunates from the room, but was himself overcome by the smoke and came near losing his life in the attempt. He finally dragged out and resuscitated but it was impossible to reach Andrews and his wife whose piteous groans were heard by the children before they were overcome by the flames.

The oldest girl was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the flames and had to be pulled away several times. The scene way terrible to behold and the piteous cries of the children heartrending, but every effort of the men was unavailing and their parents perished almost within their reach.

The cause of the tire is attributed to an incubator which was in the cellar of the building and in which there was a coal oil lamp. The lamp is supposed to have exploded. Mr. And Mrs. Andrews were about 45 years of age and were well to do, being respected citizens of the community. As a result of the terrible tragedy, the whole of the island is in mourning and a great sympathy is going out to the three little orphans.

# WILLIAM GRAHAM HOME

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William Graham was one of many Irish Lopezians who came to the island by way of Canada. Born in 1840 near Kilmore in County Armagh, Graham moved with his parents to Ontario in 1841. As a young man, he moved to Ohio, and then to Estherville, Iowa. He came to Lopez in 1877 because relatives who had settled here (the Humphrey family, of Humphrey Head) wrote him about the availability of fish and game. On arrival, Graham bought the homestead originally patented by George Richardson.

Graham was a canny businessman. He recognized the potential of Richardson as the southernmost deep water port in the islands, and set out to make it a trading center. He secured a post office franchise in 1887 and built a dock in 1889 to serve larger steamers. He added a warehouse, then helped Robert Kindleside build a store.



In 1897 Graham built a public hall (still standing to the south) which hosted everything from the local school to political events, dances, and church services. His home was built in 1898.

At the turn of the century, Richardson sported a hotel, bakery, barber shop, creamery, slaughterhouse, and pool hall. Graham and his step-son, N. P. Hodgson, also opened a fish packing plant about that time. Graham moved to Bellingham in 1904, but traveled back and forth to Lopez until his death in 1928. In 1913, he and Hodgson built the Hodgson-Graham cannery.

After Graham's departure to Bellingham, the home was owned by N. P. Hodgson, a former skipper of square-riggers on the Orient run who furnished part of it with Asian art and furniture. His son Norman William, a county commissioner like his father and grandfather, inherited it. Norman William and his wife, Anna, in the interest of ease of maintenance and conserving heat, lowered the ceilings, blocked off an internal stairway, removed bay windows and porches on the north and south sides, and replaced the flat "widow's walk" with a peaked roof.

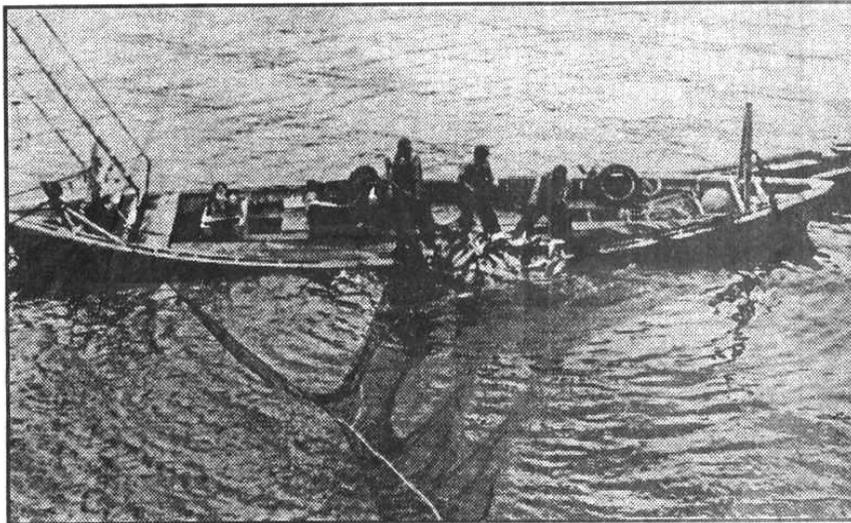
# REEF NETS: A NORTHWEST ORIGINAL

By John Goekler  
THE ISLANDERS WEEKLY (1990'S)

Reef netting, believed to be the oldest form of net fishing in the world, is unique to the Pacific Northwest. In the San Juans, this ancient art was the primary salmon harvesting method for local tribes, and the techniques employed date back hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of years. Even today, most modern reef nets sit on traditional sites which have been fished for hundreds of years.

In their heyday, native reef nets stretched from the southwest coast of Vancouver Island, up through the San Juans, and on to the mouth of the Fraser River. The west side of San Juan Island, the Southern shore of Shaw and the west side of Orcas, and Iceberg Point, Flat Point and the mouth of Fisherman Bay on Lopez were all home to native' reef net gears.

A least four local tribes worked reef nets in their territories: the Songish on San Juan, the Saanich on Haro Strait, Stuart Island and Point Roberts, the Samish on southern Lopez, and the Lummi on Orcas, Shaw and northwest Lopez. Summer villages were established near the sites to support the fishers, and a great deal of ritual and ceremony accompanied the start of each season's fishing.



A good haul at the Four Way Reef Net gear outside Fisherman Bay. The record for a single pull is some 800 salmon, and both the Four Way gear and the Iceberg Point gear have posted records of some 3,400 sockeye in a single day.

photo courtesy of Ted Richey Jr.

The technique used by native peoples varied little from that used by modern reefnetters. The gears were set to face the prevailing current, along which the salmon swim, and a pair of special canoes, with wide bows and flat sterns, were anchored parallel to each other, sterns facing the current. A net made of willow bark twine, measuring approximately 40 feet long by 30 feet wide, and dyed black to blend with the water, was suspended between the boats, and stones were used to weight the open end of the

net facing the current.

Reefnets were often set in kelp beds, where a channel could be cleared through the kelp to funnel the salmon toward the net. The kelp was also cleared to make room for "head anchor" lines made of twisted cedar withe, which ran out from the sterns of the canoes in a vee. If there was no kelp to channel the fish, "lead lines," were added from the canoes to a "head buoy," of carved cedar, which was then attached to the head anchor.

To create the illusion of a kelp bed, or "reef," side lines were run from the lead lines down to the head anchor lines, which resulted in an artificial channel to direct the salmon into the net. If the water was deep, an artificial floor was created by adding horizontal lines between the head anchor 'lines' to bring the' salmon up to the proper depth to enter the net. To

complete the illusion, enterprising fishers sometimes' wove clumps of beach grass into the floor lines. A "jump line," or peeled cedar pole near the net entry, spooked the fish as they funneled in, causing them to dive for the apparent safety created by the dark hole of the net.

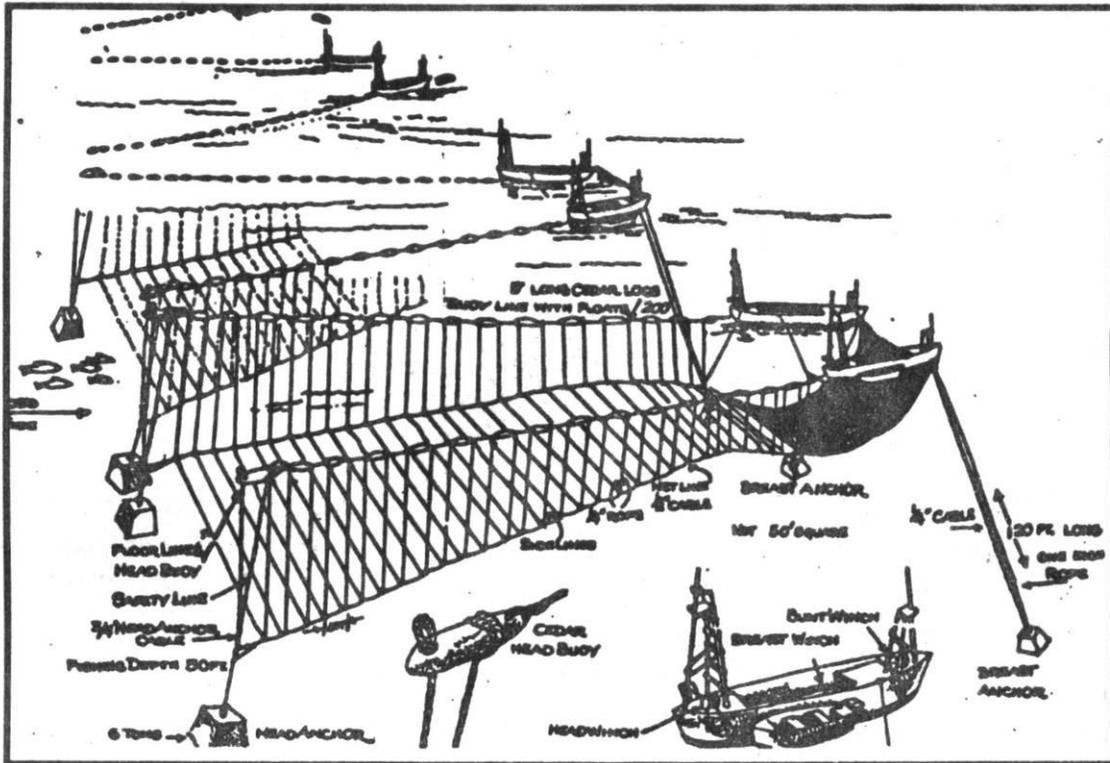
Native reefnets were set on hereditary sites, and manned by crews of six to 12 men, with a watchman in the stern, of each canoe. The watchman in the offshore canoe was the Captain, easily identified by his wide-brim cedar root hat, and deer tallow, or red ochre on his face to cut the glare. Prior to the arrival of the whites, Captains apparently wore a special headdress as a symbol of authority.

The Captain watched the fish enter the net, then gave the command to pull the net weights and the side lines suspending the net. When the net was full, a pin was pulled to give slack. In the anchor' lines, and the 'canoes were allowed to swing together. The net was pulled into the inshore boat, and the salmon were rolled into the offshore boat. After the fish were removed for transport to the beach, where they were dried on racks by, wind and sun, or over slow fires, the canoes were separated, the net reset, and the process begun again.

Fishing the reefnets required particular conditions, including daylight, calm water, and reasonable clear weather, since darkness, surface chop or heavy overcast made it impossible to see the salmon enter the net. Since all reefnets fish only on a given tide, they were manned only when the currents ran the proper direction. Different gears were also fished during different salmon runs. One set might work well for Chinook, for example, but not for sockeye. Another might be particularly effective only on cohos, pinks, or chums.

With the coming of the white settlers, native populations, and therefore native fishing, declined. But the thing which almost wiped out reefnetting for good was the introduction of fish traps in the early 1890's. Those devices, huge enclosures built on pilings up to 120 feet deep, often extended their solid "leads," up to half a mile out from the shore. Since they relied on the same currents as reefnets, they built upstream of the reefnet sites, and blocked, or "corked" the traditional gears. The US Attorney sued on behalf of the natives in 1897, claiming the interception of the salmon by the traps was a treaty violation, but the courts ruled in favor of the traps, and the reefnets disappeared.

Traps dominated the industry until they were outlawed in 1934, due to pressure from the growing purse seine fleet, and decreasing salmon runs, after which the reefnets began to make a comeback.



A typical reefnet operation. At the most productive sites, the gears were often stacked one outside the other.

drawing courtesy of Jack Giard

Even though the most of the reefnets in the islands were worked by white fishers after the demise of the fish traps, most gears were set on traditional sites, and the techniques remained largely unchanged. Manual winches were introduced, which speeded up the process of pulling the nets and reduced the need for crewmen, and observation towers were added to the boats to improve visibility. But the boats were still, essentially big canoes, and the set up and techniques remained intact despite using modern materials

While these improvements made the process more efficient it was still grueling work. The season ran four or five months as different salmon runs came through the islands, and openings often lasted five or six days a week. Keeping the gear clear of kelp, working the big winches, and rolling the fish into the bolts was exhausting, but it was a good living for many islanders.

By the 1950's, there were some 90 reef net operations in the San Juans and on Lummi Island, says Lopezian Jack Giard, who headed the Washington Reefnet Owners Association, and who began working on the gears in the late 1950's. But due to declining numbers of fish, a preference by most fishers for mobile techniques such as purse seining or gillnetting, and the infamous Boldt Decision, only 50 reefnets remain today, with just 14 in the San Juans

And despite a resurgence in Salmon runs—some 31 million sockeye expected to return to the Fraser River this year, a number higher than at any time since 1913—reefnets will be allowed only some 60,000 fish. That low catch is especially ironic in light of the fact that this most ancient of fishing techniques seems so well suited to modern times.

Citing the "environmentally friendly" aspect of his industry, Giard notes that reefnets don't trap birds, such as the endangered Marbled Murrelet, and also allow safe release of "by-catch," or endangered fish species. As a fixed gear, they're easily monitored, and don't

pollute, since they use no engines. "I think those things in today's fishing mode, give us a better chance of surviving what we're going through than any other (net fishing) industry, period," he says.

Today, the canoes have been augmented by rafts, which are more stable and can hold more fish in live tanks, and manual winches have been replaced by electric models, which pull the net more quickly and easily. Anchors are heavier, which allows the gears to work deeper sites and in swifter currents, and the nets are slightly larger and made of nylon. But even though the watchers have forsaken deer tallow in favor of Polaroid sunglasses, the essence of the art remains true to its ancient heritage "You still depend on your wits," Giard says "You still depend on your eyes."

# LUMMI ISLAND IS SYNONYMOUS WITH REEF-NETTING

Fishermen “homestead” their salmon sites on Legoe Bay

The Seattle Sunday Times Magazine, June 25, 1961



This week the reef-net boats are in the water at Legoe Bay on Lummi Island and fishing will begin at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning.

All winter long, slender craft, which are anchored in pairs to support the nets, have remained ashore, safe from storms. Some are drawn out of the water in cradles resting on rails and stored in yards. Others were dragged high on the beaches.

The owners, most of whom live on Lummi Island or nearby on the Whatcom County mainland, kept the hulls well drained so that collected rain water would not freeze in them. In March the plugs were put back in place.

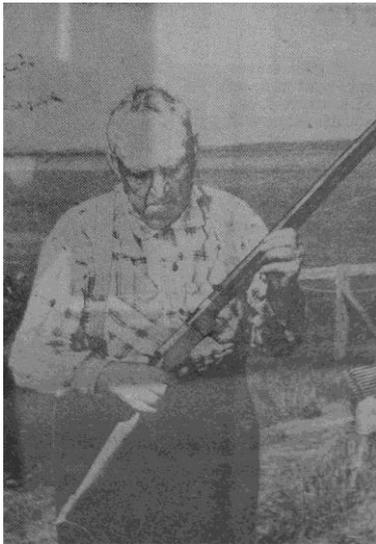
The owners busied themselves with other jobs, as shown in the water color on today's cover by Parker McAllister.

There were buoys to paint, lines and nets to repair. Before the double-ender boats, each equipped with a ladder and platform, were ready to be anchored in their customary positions, the buoyed ropes supporting the nets were subjected to peculiar treatment.

Fishermen brought loads of salmon grass and poked strands through the ropes at regular intervals so that they hung like streamers. In the past couple of years some fishermen have saved themselves the trouble of gathering the grass at Birch Bay or on the Skagit River flats and have threaded strips of green plastic through the twists of the rope. Anything that will deceive a salmon into believing it is approaching a reef shrouded with sea vegetation will do.

Reef-net fishing is the principal attraction for visitors on Lummi Island. More than half of the reef-nets in the Puget Sound area are in operation here and can be viewed readily from the road along Legoe Bay. At the height of a good season, 45 to 50 sites are occupied, each acquired by "homesteading." If a fisherman remains on a given spot year after year, he acquires a right to it.

Indians were netting salmon on the west and north sides of Lummi Island in 1853, when American coastal surveyors charted these waters. Village Point on Lummi acquired its name because a collection of split-board huts was there and Indian women each summer worked at slitting salmon and hanging them to dry on wooden racks. Their men folk caught the fish in the same places along shore where white fishermen today anchor pairs of reef-net boats.



The island had been christened Pacheco by Spanish explorers and McLoughlin by the Wilkes expedition. The Coast Survey regarded it as more fittingly Indian, and renamed it for the tribe which owned it.

For years after Indian treaties were made, the Lummis could not believe that the island was excluded from their reservation.

ART GRANGER, 84, oldest resident of Lummi Island, inspected the rifle his father carried as he came westward by wagon train.

Art Granger, 84, who lives between Point Migley and Lummi Point and is the oldest resident, remembers when he was a boy the Indians insisted to his father it was their land and asked why white men were there.

First to take up residence was Christian Tuttle, born in Michigan in 1827, the same year that five employees of the Hudson's Bay Co. were killed on Lummi Island while camping en route between Forts Langley and Vancouver.

Tuttle never saw the island until after he had spent many years whale-hunting and following gold rushes. He made seven voyages on a New Bedford vessel around Cape Horn to Bering Sea before discovery of the precious metal led him to desert ship in California. His partner in a mining venture was an Englishman named Shrewsbury, whose wife was a Modoc Indian.

"They were my grandparents," said Hi Tuttle, one of the two brothers living on Lummi Island. "My Dad and the Shrewsburys got involved in an Indian war. They were corralled among some sand dunes and had to be rescued by troops. The Shrewsburys were killed, but my mother, who was their only child, was saved."

Art Granger supplied another chapter of the story. "I understand Clara Shrewsbury was 2 years old. Mr. Tuttle didn't know what to do with here, so he took her to a convent, to be reared by the sisters."

Tuttle went off to other gold camps in Oregon, Idaho and British Columbia. He is reported to have made a last whaling voyage to Bering Sea and to have been the sole survivor of a shipwreck. Hi Tuttle says no, that his father settled somewhere on a valley farm and was flooded out. He wanted land where this could not happen again.

As for the oft-told tale that Tuttle paddled from Bering Sea to Lummi Island, one biography says that he paddled only from Whatcom, where he had paused while contemplating another jaunt to Alaska. He saw the Indians reef-netting, but salmon did not interest white men in 1871; they were worth no more than a few cents apiece.

What attracted Tuttle was the gently sloping land beyond the pebbly beach at Legoe Bay. It was the kind of place he desired for raising cattle and sheep. He homesteaded 160 acres and preempted another tract about the same size, set out an orchard and planted a garden.

He led a lone bachelor's existence until the nuns with whom he had left Clara Shrewsbury wrote that she was now 18 and too old for a convent, unless she entered the order. What did her guardian wish to do about it?

Tuttle answered by going to California and marrying Clara. He erected a comfortable house for her, with leaded glass windowpanes, fireplace and bookcases. Clara had been well educated and was a skilled needlewoman. She made a good home for her husband and their six children.

The next settler was Frederick F. Lane, who had attended Yale University before going to the California mines in 1849. Later he drifted to Portland, Ore., heard of the Caribou gold rush and was on his way to it when he stopped in Whatcom and filled out a term as sheriff in 1859-60.

The Caribou excitement was over, so Lane did some prospecting in the Cascades, made a voyage to Shanghai and around the world, and returned to Whatcom for another term as sheriff (and coroner) in 1866.

Two years later, he took Nellie Howen of the Sumas Tribe as his wife. Lane became county school superintendent, resigning in 1875. He lived at Marietta a while and in 1880 moved to the vicinity of Lane's Spit on Lummi Island, where he and his wife reared their 12 children.

Near him was John Beach, who settled in 1882 with his Indian wife near the present ferry landing.

Melzer Granger and his family were the next arrivals. Art Granger said they moved from Michigan by wagon, because his mother had tuberculosis and it was thought her health might improve in the West. Granger gave up his creamery business and proposed going to Arizona, where he had been an Army scout. Mrs. Granger thought it sounded like too dangerous country.

"Father's uncle," Art Granger related, "was Gen. Gordon Granger, postmaster-general. He said he'd get father an island, as he heard of such places through his position. That's how we headed for Lummi."

They arrived by Indian canoe from Bellingham in March, 1888, landing in a cove south of the present store at Beach.

"Mother threw up her hands where she saw what we had come to," Granger recalled. "We lived in a tent, except that Father put up a shake house for Mother to sleep in that first winter. We had no shoes to wear; Father made us buckskin moccasins. We ate venison and fish.

"Father selected land and built a house, cutting the materials from the big firs and cedars. When the boards dried, our dog could almost have gone through the cracks between them.

“Mother lasted only two years after we arrived. We darned near starved to death for seven years after she died. Father (the Rev. J. B. A.) Brouillet, the priest who came over from the reservation to see the Indian fishermen, insisted on staying with us. He taught us kids to cook, dry venison, and clean our clothes. He showed us where to gather gull eggs for eating and how to roast salmon Indian style.”

British Columbia Indians raided the Granger home and the children hid in the woods. Their father, Tuttle and a Mr. Harper pursued the attackers, overtook them on Gabriola Island in Canada, killed several and brought back a 34-foot cedar canoe belonging to the fugitives. This was the Grangers' principal means of transportation for years.

Granger said the earliest salmon purchases commercially on Lummi brought three cents apiece. A vessel anchored in Legoe Bay and received the fish, caught and cleaned by the Indians. They were salted down in the hold.

When the first fish trap in the area went in at Point Roberts on the mainland in 1893, the Grangers drove the piling for it with a hand pulley.

Art, who was then about 16, and his brother were taught to knit cotton web for the fish traps. It rubbed against the piling, wore out quickly and had to be mended often.

When the Alsop went in south of Village Point, wire mesh was used. It wore better and the next year web men were not needed because the other traps followed suit.

The Alsop trap, built by Bellingham men on property rented from Tuttle, was the most successful and productive in the United States. One day in 1899, it caught 13,350 salmon.

Other traps nearby did nearly as well as their famous neighbor. In 1895 the record catch at a Lummi trap was 15,000 fish in a 24-hour period.

By 1896 as many as 28 traps were operated at one time in the vicinity of Lummi Island. While some were not in productive spots, the take was enormous and the salmon runs were seriously depleted by these huge fixed nets.

Hi Tuttle recalled, “We used to hat summer because the island shore was strewn with smelly dead fish thrown out by the canneries when they received more than they could pack.

“When I was a kid, we had 14 or 15 traps on the west side from Lummi Rock to Point Migley. Each had about eight men assigned to it, with a bunkhouse and camp shore. In later years, the traps were staffed only with a watchman. A crew would come from Eliza Island with a boat and scow, using a steam-powered boom to brail the trap.”

Granger contributed the information that when salmon became more scarce and their value went to 18 cents apiece, fish pirates would raid the traps, tie up the watchman and lift his catch.

A cannery was built at Village Point in 1896 by the Lummi Island Packing Co. and later was sold to Frank and Charles Wright. They in turn sold it to the Carlisle Canning Co., Frank Wright remaining as superintendent.

Two other canneries were opened to take care of the tremendous catch, the Beach Packing Co. and the Nooksack Packing Co. Village Point continued to be the center of activity and had a post office called Carlisle.

The present post office is Beach, near the ferry dock. Canneries closed long ago and fish caught by reef-netters generally are purchased by buyers representing the Columbia River Packers' cannery at Bellingham and the Whiz Fish Co. of Seattle and La Conner.

Lummi Island had a resort period between the two world wars and attracted Canadian vacationers. Art Granger's stepmother opened The Grange and Mr. and Mrs. Chan Granger built Loganita Inn. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taft enlarged their home, The Willows, and it became popular. It is today the only overnight stopping place, operating as the Island Air Colony Beach Club, part of a realty development.

The most extensive new subdivision on the island is near Carter Point on the south end, where Lummi Island Scenic Estates is being developed by Eastvold & Smith at the foot of Lummi Peak, a 1,740-foot promontory which occupies about a third of the nine-mile-long island.

Art Granger erected a cabin on the summit 60 years ago as quarters for a shepherd. Both he and Frank Wright grazed flocks of several hundred sheep on the mountain. They suffered serious losses from rustlers, who butchered the animals and carried away the meat. It was planned that the man on the mountaintop would spy on the thieves and forestall them, but this was not successful.

Tuttle also complained of similar thefts of sheep, kept on his home farm.

When Mrs. Taft arrived on the island in 1903, logging was an important industry. Her husband and her father, Col. Lon Blizard, sold enough logs from their property to pay for building The Willows.

Logging continued spasmodically here and there, but the small size of the ferry made it difficult to truck timbers to mainland mills. Late this year, Whatcom County will have a larger craft on the hourly run across Hale Passage.

The only industry at present, aside from fishing, is chicken-raising. Some members of Lummi's 83 year around families commute to Bellingham to jobs and their children above the sixth grade travel to Ferndale to attend junior- and senior-high schools.

In summer the population expands. Rows of small cabins along Legoe Bay fill with fishermen and vacation homes are tenanted. Two restaurants and several resorts open for the season.

When fishing ends, the reef-net boats will be pulled out of the water to spend another eight months on the beach. Vacation visitors will depart and the tight little community again will be dependent largely on its own resources.

The residents have surprisingly varied interests outside of their Grange, community church, Volunteer Fire Department, card parties and dances. Among them are an artist, silversmith, instrument-maker, binoculars expert, wood-turner, ham radio operator and a scissors artist.

Not a few residents have spent almost their entire lives on Lummi. There's something about it that holds them-maybe the beauty of its sunsets, one woman suggested.

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## 1889 MARTIN PHILLIPS CHARIVARI KILLS JOHN HALL

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. [Wash.] 1888-1914, December 15, 1889

Mr. Martin Phillips, of Lopez Island, and Miss Susan Acton, of Port Townsend were married in this city by Rev. D. T. Carnahan, last Tuesday, Dec. 10.

The Seattle post-intelligencer. [volume] (Seattle, Wash. Terr. [Wash.]) 1888-1914, May 15, 1890, Image 1

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Port Townsend. May 11.—The celebrated Martin Phillips charivari case from Lopez island, now on trial in the superior court here, is attracting much attention. The trial began Tuesday, and will not be completed before Friday. About half of the witnesses for the state have testified, and a strong case is being made out for the prosecution. The testimony shows that when Phillips returned to his home on Lopez inland on the night of December 16, with his bride, a party of eight young men went to give them a charivari. The party fired a gun when within a short distance of the house, when Phillips came out on the porch with a shotgun in his hand and ordered them away. As they ran he shot into the crowd, wounding two of the boys, John Graham and John Hall. Hall died five days after wards. Phillips was indicted for the murder of Hall and for assault with intent to kill Graham, the latter being Phillips' nephew. This is the first case of the kind ever brought to trial in the Northwest, and every point is being stubbornly contested.

Pullman herald. (Pullman, W.T. [Wash.]) 1888-1989, May 24, 1890

Also: The Mason County journal. (Shelton, W.T.) 1886-1927, May 23, 1890

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Acquitted in Five Minutes.

Port Townsend, May 17.—

The celebrated charivari case from Lopez island, which has been on trial here the past four days, ended last night in the acquittal of the defendant. This is the most important case of the kind that has ever been in the courts of Washington. The outcome of it should forever put a stop to the wild and barbarous charivari. The prosecution could not have made a stronger case. The evidence showed that the defendant, Martin Phillips, took his bride to their home on Lopez Island on December 10, arriving there about 8:30 o'clock in the evening. Half an hour later the charivari party came. The party was made up of eight young men, all friends and neighbors of the defendant, Phillips, and one of them his nephew. The boys fired a shot and began beating their cans when in the lane in front of Phillips' house. This lane ran through his place, but was used as a public highway by the neighbors. Four of the boys went inside the yard. When the shot was fired, Phillips grabbed his shotgun and ran outside, ordering the boys to leave. The night was very dark but the boys, knowing from his tone of voice that Phillips was mad, turned and ran down the lane. The noise made in dropping the cans was mistaken by Phillips for another attack and he fired in the direction of it. But aiming to strike the ground, thinking to scare the intruders and frighten them away. The shot struck Johnny Graham, a nephew of Phillips., and John Hall. Hall died six days later from the effects of these wounds. Phillips was indicted for murder, and was granted a change of venue from San Juan county, on account of the bitter feeling against him there. The jury retired at 11 o'clock last night, and returned just five minutes later with a verdict of acquittal.

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## **1882 JOHN ANDERSON MURDER** **BY JOHN KAY**

**Northwest enterprise. (Anacortes, Wash. Ter.) 1882-1887, May 27, 1882, Image 3**

Another murder has been committed in this county -- Lopez is the scene instead of Orcas island. Both parties are Scandinavians in this case whilst Lars Brown the murderer of J'Affrett was of the same nationality. The murdered man's name is John Anderson, a boot and shoe maker formerly of Pt. Ludlow, but for a few years back has farmed on the east side of Lopez island, having an Indian woman for a wife, and two children by her. John Kay, the murderer's place joins Anderson's. It seems from Kay's story that Anderson had a breachy cow, and Kay had her shut up in his coral; when Anderson came after her, he asking Kay if he intended to shut up his cow all the time; Kay answering yes, when he says Anderson attacked him, and although a much smaller man, got Kay down. When Kay called to his Indian woman to come and help him, which she did as she says on evidence before the coroner's inquest, helped Kay to get on top of Anderson. Several parts of Anderson's beard were pulled out, she said, by Kay. She says she sat down and cried, and while she had her handkerchief to her eyes she heard a shot, and looking up saw the gun in Kay's hands and saw John Anderson reel backwards and fall over. She saw his clothing on fire, and she got a pan of water and put it out. The coroner's inquest was held by Justice A. O. Carr, of Lopez precinct, who summoned six good and lawful men as follows; William Graham, foreman; Thomas Graham, John Graham, John Carr and A. P. Mann. A verdict was rendered after examining the Indian woman Eliza Jane, who was present; and the wound, which was about two and a half inches below and a little on one side of the right nipple of left breast, passing out under and a little back of the right arm, the ball passing through or near the heart. Where the ball entered the body, the clothes set on fire, and the skin was burned around the bullet hole a distance of about four inches. The circumstances show; that the muzzle of the gun must have been very close to the body of Anderson to cause these results, as shown by the Indian woman Eliza Jane, The jury returned the following verdict: We the jury summoned to deliberate upon the cause of the death of John Anderson, of Lopez island, San Juan county, W. T., having examined the body and heard the testimony of the witnesses find that John Anderson came to his death by a gunshot wound; that the gun was fired by the hand of John Kay, on Tuesday, May 15th, 1883, between twelve and one o'clock P.M.

(Signed) William Graham, foreman; and others before mentioned, O. A. Carr, Justice of the Peace and acting coroner.

Kay was committed to stand his trial at the next term of the district court, and is now-in Sheriff Kelly's hands waiting for the steamer to take him to the Port Townsend jail.

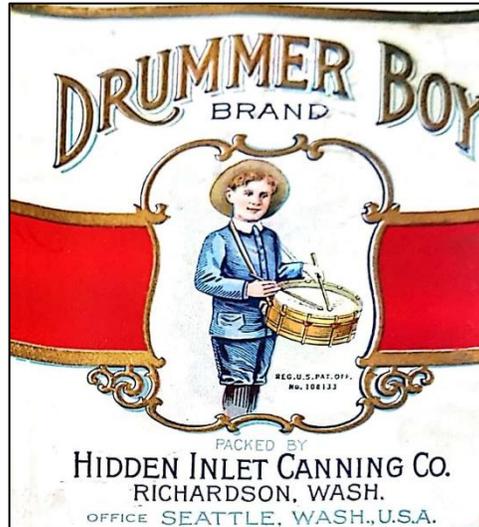
# HIDDEN INLET CANNING COMPANY RICHARDSON, WASHINGTON DRUMMER BOY BRAND SEAFOOD

**FROM FACEBOOK:**

[Lopez Island Historical Society & Museum](#)

[August 18 at 9:39am](#) ·

The Hidden Inlet Cannery at Richardson (center of pic, c. 1918) was founded and operated by Frederick and Ella Comeau. Their "Drummer Boy Brand" canned salmon label featured a painting of their 6-year old son Lloyd [Lloyd Bennett Reginald Comeau], with a snare-drum dressed in a blue uniform of jacket and knickerbockers.



Note from the Comeau's great-nephew who sent us the Drummer Boy label pic: "The Comeaus were natives of New Brunswick; his family name is attached to Val-Comeau, a small French Canadian fishing village on the "Acadian Shore". Aunt Nell was a direct descendant of William Davidson who was granted a King's charter to settle British colonists in NB in 1765 in the aftermath of the French and Indian War. Uncle Fred was a successful business man several times over. Aunt Nell was vivacious, adventurous, and unconventional. {Photo copyright 2017 by Douglas D. Attwood "Drummer Boy Brand" All rights reserved.

{NOTE: Hidden Inlet Canning Company found in Ketchikan, Alaska [1911] and on Lopez island [1911-1913]. John Burt took the photo. (Robert's grandfather)

Hidden Inlet Canning Company: A Washington corporation with its principal office at Seattle, and, prior to 1918, was engaged in the salmon-packing business at Richardson, Wash.

<<https://www.courtlistener.com/opinion/4708243/hidden-inlet-canning-co-v-commissioner/>> During 1917 petitioner packed 17,994 cases of salmon and during that year sold 12,960 cases. On December 31, 1917, it had on hand 5,012 cases which had been packed during 1917 and which were entered on the books at the value of \$28,900.55, which purported to be cost. The 5,012 cases were sold during 1918 for \$44,347.27.

The ledger of the petitioner shows the following cost of packing salmon for 1917:

Fish acct.	\$119,421.63	Nets	\$376.70
Misc costs	9,860.79	Labeling	217.33
White labor	7,969.29	Water	44.00
Cool. House exp	1,075.85	Tools lost	87.34
Laundry & Sco. Exp	5,783.89	Taxes	<u>242.75</u>
Bonus to fishermen	1,100.00		151,639.67
Fares to Philippines	182.00		
Canning supplies	5,278.10		

### San Juan Islander July 25, 1913

Manager F. J. Comeau. of the Hidden Inlet Canning Co., of Richardson, went to Vancouver Tuesday evening on the Hidden Inlet, returning Wednesday night.