Dorothy Starr Oral History Interview

Interviewer: Solveig Lee

Ballard Mapping Material Culture Project

Bio

Full name: Dorothy Eleanor (Dawley) Starr

Born August 28, 1912, Seattle, WA

Died August 8, 2007, Snohomish County, WA

Father: William Curtis Dawley, b. St. Paul, MN (1881-1955)

Mother: Phillipa Bertha (Allingham) Dawley, b. Ontario, Canada (1893-1985)

Spouse: Vladamir Walter Joseph Swaigsne (Starr), b. Russia (1910-2007)

Child: Coral Jean ("Corky") Dawley Starr Hayes (1932-2010)

SL: I am here with Dorothy Starr at 357 NW 77th in Seattle. We're here to reminisce over memorable days in Ballard. You said that you were born here in Ballard?

DS: Mm-hmm.

SL: And that was quite some years ago?

DS: August 28th, 1912. I'd say it was a few years ago.

SL: Yeah. August 28th, 1912. And then you lived someplace close to this area when you were…

DS: Well, as near as I can remember from the description, it was either on 9th or Dibble, and about 75th or what's now 76th, in that area, just of 8th Avenue. It wasn't really a developed area at all. There weren't streets cut through, or anything. It was just simply a wooded area. But there was enough traffic that I guess they had a gravel road, and whatever, but there was no paving, or anything, and no sidewalks.

SL: Was it kind of like coming up 8th Avenue… was that the main drag, or was it some other street?

DS: No, I really don't know. That part, I don't know, because I only remember what mom would say, going down… You know. Going to Ballard, down through the woods, and taking the path, and part of a gravel road, and winding their way down through. So, I really have no idea. I don't think there was any kind of a direct area, because there were very few cars, and there were no city limits in those days that came any further than about probably 50th, or whatever.

SL: So, this was out beyond the city limits at that time.

DS: Yeah. at that time, I'm sure it was, because I can remember when the city limits was only at 65th, and that's why, from 70th to 75th, if you'll notice on 8th Avenue, all the homes have back doors.

SL: Yes, I have noticed that.

DS: Okay, that was an alley, because from 65th on, that's where the main street ended, and it wasn't until they incorporated and went as far as 85th that they paved that wide street, and took in all those backyards. People lost big backyards.

SL: Oh, I bet they did.

DS: Because it was nothing but just an alley. The streetcar used to come up to 65th and turn around and go back down. They had streetcar tracks as far as 65th, and then they'd go back downtown. I guess they went a little bit further, but there was no paving and no sidewalks, and it was just kind of a dirt road. When I was a kid, we used to take the streetcar from about Market Street, and go all the way up 20th or 22nd. Maybe it was 17th; I forget. 20th. And go up to 85th, and across 85th. Then I'd spend the weekend with my cousin in Greenwood. [Laughs] It was easier then to go by the streetcar than any other way. Otherwise, I'd have had to walk, and that's kind of a hike from Ballard.

SL: And that would have been through the woods, I imagine?

DS: No.

SL: Oh, it wasn't, then?

DS: No, not at that time. I was in school then. I was in grammar school by that time. At one time, when my father first came out here to live with his grandmother, there was no bridge across the canal. They used to have to row across, and then they would take the streetcar from what's the south end of Ballard Bridge now, and ride into town. Then they'd have to row back again and anchor their rowboats across on the other side, and then row back again. Ballard had its own mayor. I don't know who he was, but they had their own mayor, and they were a city in themselves, apart from Seattle. Magnolia Bluff was an island, because that was a swamp. Where you cross the bridge to go over to Fremont and over to Magnolia Bluff, there was nothing more than just a boardwalk across the swamp at one time until they filled it in with the garbage dump.

SL: That's how it got filled in.

DS: Yeah. It was filled in by garbage. It was quite an area, a swampy area through there. I can remember the cattails and the red-wing or yellow…

SL: Blackbirds?

DS: Blackbirds. And all the songs. It was just absolutely beautiful. Of course, when they filled that all in, the birds disappeared. No more red-wing blackbirds.

SL: They're such a beautiful bird.

DS: I used to just love to hike out through that area, and hike out to Golden Gardens.

SL: Were there lots of birds in those days?

DS: Oh, we had birds all over. The robins never left the yard, from year in and year out. We had them all around. It was birds all over. It just seems like such a shame that the starlings have taken over, and the crows. They're so big, they probably peck you away.

SL: Were there blue herons, and some of those kinds of birds, do you know?

DS: No, unless they were down on the beach, but the beaches out here… Ballard Beach, where the breakwall is now, and the moorage—that was just a beach. At one time, the train trestles went through there and out into the water. They weren't on the land at all. The train tracks where on the trestles in the water. Once in a while, you can still see some of the old pilings down there, or you used to be able to. You can't anymore, because they filled it all in, and it's all a parking lot now.

SL: Is that close to… what is the name of that Mexican restaurant? Is it near there?

DS: Oh, yeah. It was from Golden Gardens all the way down… The tracks came… They cut off Edmonds. It seemed like they came… Instead of conforming to the land, they came straight down through and crossed through the water. Like the curve here, and instead of that, they came straight down through. Part of that was… And then they picked up on land again, and crossed over that bridge where it goes on the canal. They had wooden tracks going across the canal. But that was before the Locks were even built, or shortly… somewhere around in there. When we were kids, the tracks were gone, but the trestle was still there, and we used to play around it.

SL: I bet that was fun.

DS: By that time, they had built the tracks where they are now, and it was all… the paving was in, and everything. When we were kids, we used to go down to Ballard Beach, and play around, and Golden Gardens. I wish I had a dollar for every footprint I put on that beach, both of them. [Laughs] I'd be a millionaire.

SL: I was reading something about Golden Gardens. Were there lots of bridges around there at one time, kind of attractive bridges, or something?

DS: Bridges?

SL: At Golden Gardens.

DS: No, not that I'm aware of. There would be no need for a bridge of any kind.

SL: Kind of an ornamental bridge to walk on, it must have been. Was there anything…

DS: The only bridge that I know of… No, not around Golden Gardens. The only bridge I know of now is the one up at Carkeek Park that gets you up and crosses the railroad tracks. But there was nothing at Golden Gardens or Ballard Beach, because we used to walk across the tracks just the way they are right now.

SL: This might have been something that was planned, and never got to be.

DS: Probably, because I don't believe I ever saw, or heard of it.

SL: Was there any kind of a café, or anything down there at that time?

DS: Not at that time, no. There was nothing. There was the bait place for fishing, and of course Ray's Boathouse has been there for a number of years. There was the Tregoning Boathouse that was there when we were kids, just about where the Elks built their home a few years ago. That was the Tregoning Boatworks. They built the first… let me see if I can get this right. They built the first warship or Navy ship that was commissioned for the First World War, or something. I don't really remember all the details. But their first ship has become, or was, a famous… I don't know, a merchant ship, or a military ship, or something. I really don't remember. I remember reading about it at one time, and I heard my dad talk about it. I don't remember exactly what it was, but they had quite a reputation for boatbuilding, I do know that. North Beach, where we lived—we had a summer home out there. In the summertime, we'd pitch a tent before we built a cabin. We used to go out and pitch a tent out there. It was all wild blackberries. And I mean the little bitty wild blackberries.

SL: Oh, my.

DS: And we could go out and fill a bucket in nothing flat. My mother used to can them and make the most delicious pies. I still drool when I think about those little blackberries.

SL: Oh, I bet.

DS: But there was an old German… Mueller was his name, that had a fish trap and a fishing weir off of Ballard, off North Beach. He didn't like kids too well, but we used to kind of tease him once in a while, you know. He'd swear at us in German. He had a shack on the weir, and I don't know what type of fish he was catching, whether it was for bait, or just for eating, or what. I don't know. It was a small affair. It wasn't any big, commercial, or anything like that. And we used to walk the tracks out to Carkeek Park, where they used to have an old brick kiln, where they made bricks for houses.

SL: Isn't that interesting? Do you know who the person was who made those bricks?

DS: I haven't the slightest idea. It was all broken down, and all abandoned when I was old enough to be able to walk the tracks by myself. I was probably about 12 or 13 years old. That was our playground. We used to go out there and walk the tracks out to Carkeek Park, and play around the old brick kiln. If anybody would come along in a wheelbarrow, they could have packed up enough bricks to build a house. They were just laying there for anybody to pick up or do whatever they wanted with. It was completely abandoned. I have no idea who, what, or why. The, of course, when they cleared up Carkeek Park and made the picnic tables, and the parking lot, that all disappeared. That was many, many years later.

SL: Oh, yes.

DS: That's only been probably the last 30 years or so that it's been like that. Other than that, I don't know.

SL: Well, let's get back to where you grew up. Were you an only child?

DS: No.

SL: You had brothers and sisters?

DS: I had two brothers and two sisters. My brother next to me (I being the oldest) was Fred. And then there was my sister Phyllis, and then Frances, and then my youngest brother, Bill, who was named after my dad, William. But they called dad "Curt," and my brother was Bill. I never heard my dad called Bill—only once in my life, I think. Everybody called him Curt, which was his middle name—Curtis.

SL: Perhaps he liked that name better.

DS: Well, I suppose. I don't know how it ever got started. That's the only thing I ever knew him by, was Curt. It was a long time before I realized that his first name was William, and it wasn't Curt. He did all kinds of things. When was a little baby, we lived out by Piper's Canyon, right out here above Carkeek. He raised ducks and chickens for the Pike Market, and would take eggs and stuff down there. My mother used to have to walk down the hill and get buckets of water out of Carkeek, out of the creek of Carkeek there, Piper's Canyon, and haul the water back up to use for washing clothes, and drinking water… Well, wash clothes. I don't know if we drank it. She had to haul the water up whenever there was nobody around to help her. I guess I was about… this is hearsay, but I was probably about 18 months old, or a little more, maybe, but one day I came in, and I had one of the baby ducks squeezed in my little hand. I was loving it to death. My dad just about had a fit, and he went out, and I had loved to death four or five baby ducks that he was raising.

SL: They were so soft, I bet.

DS: Yeah. Right. And I didn't know any different. But he just about had a fit. And he had a big strawberry patch. One afternoon, they hunted and hunted for me. After about two or three hours of going up and down, they thought I'd wandered down the path to the canyon, and they found me sound asleep among the strawberries. I had red strawberry juice all down my face.

SL: Oh, I can just imagine.

DS: And here I was, sound asleep in the row of the strawberries. They thought with all that red strawberry juice that I was hurt, and I don't know what. [Laughs]

SL: Wouldn't that have been a picture to have taken.

DS: Yeah, it really would. So, I used to go down to… Mom would sit there and sell eggs, and I would be in the buggy down at the Pike Market. I would be sitting there in the buggy, and everybody would come along and give me that little pinch on the cheek. "Oh, isn't she cute," and talk baby talk to me. I was quite the hit. Of course, that meant they would be buying eggs, and chickens all cleaned, and ducks all cleaned that dad had fixed up for the Pike Market. That's always been one of my favorite spots.

SL: Wouldn't that have been fun to be part of the Pike Street Market?

DS: Right. That's why I've always had a soft spot for the Pike Market. I have enjoyed going down there. As long as I can remember, I have spent weekends, days at a time. During the Depression, my husband and I used to go down with a market bag and come home with four or five market bags full of groceries for practically nothing, because the farmers didn't want to bring home their produce. So, they'd give you the lettuce, just to get rid of it, and not have to take it back.

SL: Were most of the farmers from the north end of town or the south end of town?

DS: The big truck farmers were from the south end, down around Kent and Puyallup, and through there. They had the Japanese truck farmers, and the Italian truck farmers. They had the big… they were the ones that brough in the big produce.

SL: And down near Georgetown, too?

DS: Yeah, I imagine. But a lot of them were mostly from the Kent area. But there were an awful lot of small truck farms up here on the north end, because the Licton Springs that starts out here above Green Lake on about 100th and Ashworth, or wherever—anyway, it used to come down through this Greenwood area here. And all those houses through

there never had to water because of the spring action underneath the ground. In fact, if you go out here, just south of Art's Plaza—you know where Holman Road is?

SL: Yes.

DS: Okay, there's a couple houses just this way that have pools running through. That's the Licton Springs coming down through the culverts. And now it's all underground. But that used to come down and feed out into—

SL: Is that where the people have the geese?

DS: Uh-huh. That's Licton Springs. It comes clear down through 100th… Oh, there's a park out here. The Licton Springs Park, or something.

SL: Maybe. I don't know the name of the park.

DS: It's just out here on the north end somewhere.

SL: I know there's one back… It's between Phinney Ridge and Crown Hill, down on 5th?

DS: No, this is further over.

SL: This is further east?

DS: Yeah. this is further… Yeah.

SL: Oh, I think I have seen it.

DS: This is further out, and east a little bit. It's just a couple of blocks. There is a creek running through that, and picnic tables. There is also a comfort station. There is a fancy

little wooden bridge across the creek. It's kind of a little sanctuary for birds, and stuff. But that's Licton Springs that used to come down through. When we lived on 58th, after we came back down to Seattle in 1921, and I started… I went to school. Living on 58th, it was a Sunday drive to come out here and pick up corn and vegetables for dinner on Sunday. Yeah, we used to come out. They had all kinds of truck garden around here.

SL: All along this Licton Springs.

DS: Just right out 3rd Avenue.

SL: Right out here.

DS: Yeah. Right on 3rd Avenue, and 6th Avenue. All those homes on 3rd Avenue from about 85th North to Holman Road, all had to have subplots put in because of the underground water action from the springs. They never had to water their lawns.

SL: And that's why they've always been concerned about the water level there.

DS: The drainage. Right.

SL: I know they have.

DS: Yeah. That's where the springs came in. it was all in that area. It came through at an angle down there. We left Seattle and came back in 1921, living out at Pinehurst, where I went to school.

SL: Is that near Northgate?

DS: Yeah. And dad worked in Ballard. I don't know exactly if that was where he started working for Johansson the druggist. He used to commute and come home on weekends. He'd take the Interurban out. Believe it or not, it was quite a trip.

SL: Oh, I imagine.

DS: Mom and us kids were alone during the week. Our house was on the road where the Interurban would pass. I walked a mile down the gravel road to go to school.

SL: And that was Pinehurst.

DS: Pinehurst.

SL: You started at Pinehurst?

DS: Well, I actually started in Lynden.

SL: Oh, Lynden, Washington?

DS: Lynden, Washington is where I first went to school. Dad was up there working in… he went all over. He did all kinds of things. I think he worked in a hardware store when we first moved up there.

SL: A department store?

DS: Hardware store. We were up there for probably… maybe a year and a half, two years. Then… oh, boy. My memory is kind of faulty at times. But that's where I started school. Then I went to Pinehurst. Then I went to this one up here by Northgate, the one that sits up on the hill, the brick one. Now I've forgotten the name of it.

SL: Is that Olympic?

DS: No. It's just off of 5th Avenue as you're heading north. It's up on the hill. Oh, I could have told you… I can't remember it now.

SL: That's all right, anyway.

DS: Then we came from out there at Pinehurst… In 1921, we came back to Ballard on 58th.

SL: Where you had lived originally?

DS: No. I don't know where we lived in Ballard. We didn't live in Ballard before. When we moved from Dibble, or whatever it was over here, as a baby, we lived down in Des Moines. We moved down there. Dad was taking care of a cattle ranch for Leif Erikson, the County Commissioner at that time. I think I was probably four or five years old. We were there a few years, and then maybe from there we moved to Lynden, because I wasn't much older than that—six or seven, when we lived in Lynden.

SL: He seems to have been very versatile.

DS: He was. There wasn't much he couldn't put his hand to. Being on his own, more or less from the time he was about 13 made him a kind of jack-of-all-trades.

SL: Where was he from?

DS: He was from Crookston, Minnesota. When he came out here, he was about 13 or 14 years old. He came out here to live with his grandmother.

SL: Where was that?

DS: They had a home, or what he called a homestead, down on Tallman Avenue.

SL: Oh, that's right in the heart of Ballard.

DS: Right. Right in the heart of Ballard. In fact, it's only been the last few years that the house has been torn down. I believe there's an apartment there now. That house has stayed there all those years.

SL: Oh, my.

DS: His grandmother, at that time… I'm not sure if I can remember exactly the connection, whether she was a widow… I think she was a widow when she lived here, or shortly after. His grandfather and grandmother lived here, and I guess his grandfather died, and then she remarried a few years later. But while his grandfather was still alive and his grandmother, he came out here to live with them, she was a midwife in Ballard.

SL: Oh.

DS: He would get up whenever there was a call and saddle the horse for her and hitch up the buggy, and drive her to wherever she would go to deliver a baby. He stood out there with the buggy, waiting for her in all kinds of weather, no matter the day or the night.

SL: What patience he learned.

DS: [Laughs] Right. And it was through her that he learned a lot of business abilities and being capable to do things. He just had to be self-sufficient. Whenever my mother was ill at anytime, he'd take over and do the cooking. He was a very good cook. He'd take over, and take care of us kids, and do the washing and ironing, and whatever.

SL: This is your father.

DS: Yes.

SL: What was your father's name?

DS: William Curtis Dawley. D-A-W-L-E-Y. His grandfather also had a big strawberry ranch over by Green Lake. There was an area over there; he must have had three or four acres in strawberries. Other than that, I don't know anything about the gentleman, because that was long before my time. All I know is he is buried here at Crown Hill.

SL: At the cemetery.

DS: Yeah, at the cemetery.

SL: Is that where all of the people were buried in those days?

DS: At that time, that was the only cemetery in the area. Uh-huh. Then, of course, I guess there was Washelli and Evergreen. But for the locals, that was the only one, at Crown Hill. Anybody that was anybody was buried there, I guess. A lot of it, I'm sure, has been burial on top of burial. I know the road going through there now covered graves, and we can't find my grandfather's grave.

SL: That's so…

DS: Yeah. Well, there was a fire back in about 19… Oh, boy. In the early 1900s. And a lot of the records were destroyed from the cemetery. And the books… I don't think they can go back any further than 1932, or 1923, or something like that. Because Mama tried to get some of the records at one time, and there just wasn't anything available.

SL: And there weren't always markers, either, were there?

DS: No, there wasn't.

SL: Because I know some other cemeteries—

DS: People would just get a wooden cross, or something, or whatever. Of course, they deteriorated through the years. It wasn't…

SL: Do you know about what time that cemetery was begun, or anything about the background?

DS: I haven't any idea. No. It just seemed like it's been there forever. As long as I can ever remember, it was there. When we came back to Seattle, by that time, I think I was in the third grade, and I went to Salmon Bay School. I had Miss Allender for a teacher. I was there for probably one semester. In those days, our grade schools were divided into what they called A and B, or first and second semester. Each grade was divided in two. If you were in the high grade of the class… Like say, the lower part of the third, then when you went into the higher part of the third, then you went into the next class with the fourth grade. But each class was divided in half.

SL: Don't you think that's kind of good in a way?

DS: I do.

SL: Because then, if you got to be at the age to start school in January, you could begin, isn't that right?

DS: Yeah. If your birthday was during the summer, you got to start in the September, and that put you in the beginning. But if your birthday didn't come until after the first of the year, then you had to go into the next semester. You didn't get to go into that same class. I can't remember how they defined the two classes now. That escapes me.

SL: But you know, it seems like if you had to repeat the grade, you'd only have a half of a year. Wouldn't that be so? Or if they wanted to skip a grade partway through, it wouldn't be quite so much you'd be missing.

DS: Well, the only… No. You had to go through the whole thing. If you started in September, you went through until June. You have the whole year. And then you went into the next grade. But if you started in January, then you went back in September, and then you went into the next grade in January, you see.

SL: Oh, I see.

DS: They had from January to January, or from September to June.

SL: So, at Salmon Bay School the grades were what?

DS: They had all of them there. But see, where we lived, I really wasn't in the Salmon Bay area.

SL: I was wondering about that.

DS: Because… Well, Washington Irving is where I went to school, where I graduated from grammar school, where the Ballard Hospital is now. That's where the Ballard Hospital… that was the Washington Irving School. When we came back in 1921, school had already started. So consequently, the classes were full. So, I had to go for one semester up at the Salmon Bay School, where they had room for me. Then I had to go to another semester down at what they called the Peanut College, over on 14th and about 51st or 52nd, somewhere in through there. We called it the Peanut College, because they had classes of kids who were not IQ enough to be in the regular classes. They were slightly… well… they weren't really retarded, but some of them were. That was special schools, for kids who needed special learning. But they did have a 4th grade there, which I attended until I could get back the following September into Washington Irving. So, from 4th grade on, I went to Washington Irving. I graduated from 8th grade with an all-8th grade class. We had regular graduation exercises and everything. We made our own graduation dresses, and the whole thing.

SL: Were they all one color, or were they different colors?

DS: No. Our sewing teacher, if I remember right, her name was Miss Mills.

SL: She wasn't Agnes Mills, was she?

DS: I don't… That doesn't sound familiar. Florence or Helen. Something on that order. I really don't remember. It could be that if I was to ever find my graduation picture… I don't know if I've even got it yet. The class picture—she's in it. She was the first… We started sewing and cooking in the 5th grade, and she was the first… She was the one that got permission from the School Board so that our 8th grade class didn't have to wear uniforms to graduate. We could make our own dresses.

SL: You were the first class.

DS: The first class to make our own dresses. We all wore pastel boil. We had made our dresses in class at school, or our mothers had to make them, whichever. But I made mine in my class at school.

SL: Oh, I bet that was soft and lovely.

DS: Beautiful. Of course, we bought all our material at Penney's in Ballard. I can remember the clerk's name was Moore. I can't remember her first name, but mom knew her real well. Her first name was Moore. We all bought our pattern, the same pattern. They had little puff sleeves, and they were kind of a blouse. The top was a blouse, and we lined the top, because it was sheer.

SL: You had to be kind of accomplished sewers to be able to do that.

DS: Well, by the time we were in the 8th grade, we were accomplished sewers, because we had three years of sewing with Miss Mills. And believe me, you learned how to sew in her class. Besides that, my mother was quite a seamstress, so I learned a lot from her, too. I still do a lot of sewing. I think I've had a sewing machine growing out from the end of my arm for as long as I can remember.

SL: So, you used to sew on an old treadle, I suppose?

DS: No. Well, Mama might have. When I was starting school and going to school, we had… I think we had some of the treadles at school. But mom, by the time I can remember, where we lived in Ballard anyway, after we came back, she had a white electric. A rotary. One

of the first electrics. I used to stand at the end of the machine and watch her sew. She made all our dresses. We were the best dressed kids in Ballard. [Laughs]

SL: That's nice, though.

DS: Yeah. She'd stay up until two or three o'clock in the morning and finish our dresses for Sunday school, for Easter Sunday. We'd go down to the Presbyterian Church right down 17th, and go to church, and listen to Wilhelm preach.

SL: Oh. When you went to school, did you walk every day?

DS: Oh, yeah.

SL: Of course, when you were at Washington Irving…

DS: Oh, sure. That was just about across the street. We lived on 58th, and Washington Irving was just down below Market Street, which is no more than about six blocks away.

SL: So, most of the children walked.

DS: Well, everybody… Oh, yeah. you didn't have bus service in those days. They walked. In fact, when I started high school, and we lived… We still lived on 58th, and I used to walk to Ballard. Then, we moved to North Beach, after we lost our business and our home. My dad said he started the Depression, because he lost his music business that he had, and his partner ran away with the funds. My dad was one of those kinds of people that trusted people.

SL: That happened to many people.

DS: Your handshake was your bond, he trusted. And if you said you were going to do something, he trusted you to do it.

SL: Was this music store in Ballard?

DS: Ballard, right after… He was the first music store in the new Ballard Eagles building, right next to the Baghdad Theater. And he sold phonographs and sheet music, and records, and guitar strings, and violin strings. After school, I used to go down and mind the store while he went to the bank.

SL: Wasn't that fun?

DS: Oh, it was fun.

SL: I bet you played instruments, too, then, didn't you?

DS: No. Uh-uh. No. the only thing I played was the phonograph and the radio. [Laughs] But we had one of the first radios to come along. It was an old… At that time, it was a Graybar. It was called a Graybar. I would sit and listen to all that beautiful band music from the Top of the Mark in San Francisco, while I'd sit and do my homework.

SL: Oh, how nice.

DS: It was wonderful. Imagine getting San Francisco at that time on that. It was a long radio, shaped like a breadbox, almost.

SL: Would this be a battery-operated radio, or electric?

DS: I don't think we had batteries in those days. It almost had to be electric.

SL: What year are we talking about now?

DS: Well, let's see. That would probably be about 1924, 1925 maybe. 1923. Something in that area. I'm not too sure. But it seemed like we always had music. We had a phonograph for as long as I can remember. The old Brunswick.

SL: Your whole family loved music?

DS: Oh, yeah. Mom could kind of… She had a little bit of piano. When we lived out at Lynden, I took piano lessons, but after we moved from there, we didn't have a piano, so that went by the board. She could kind of chord on the accordion. But in those days, with five kids to raise, the money went for shoes.

SL: You were busy.

DS: Yeah. The money went for shoes. She didn't have… She just didn't have the time to spend doing the things she would have liked to, I'm sure. But she lived to be 93 years old.

SL: Oh, my. Did you like to dance?

DS: Oh, dance… I'd rather dance than eat. I went to every dance that ever came along. I think I learned to dance when I learned to walk, when my cousin and I could walk under the table. He and I would dance together.

SL: Well, you must have rhythm.

DS: Oh, I loved it. There wasn't a dance that came along that I didn't learn to do. And when we were kids, we used to go to the dance. They had the upper floor at the City Hall in Ballard, above the police station. We'd have a live, seven-piece orchestra up there, and we used to go every Friday night and dance.

SL: Isn't that something.

DS: When I was 15, I had a girlfriend whose mother let her go out to Everstate out here by Bitter Lake. She talked me into it. I must have begged for a month, because my dad had the impression that it was a roadhouse, or something. I finally convinced him, begged him, wore him down. I said, "If you don't believe it, you come with me." So, he did. He took me out there with my girlfriend, Marjorie Bojinsky. He saw that it was nothing more than a great big open pavilion with a live orchestra, and the place was packed with teenagers. And you couldn't go out. You couldn't leave the dance floor. So, after that, I was able to go on my own anytime I wanted. By that time, we were living out at North Beach after dad had lost his business. I was in high school. I went out there Friday, Saturday and Sunday to dance. If it wasn't there, it was out at Dick Parker's, after Dick Parker's became a dance hall. And we'd go out to Burt Wheeler's, clear out to Bothell. Bob Wheeler's, halfway out there. If there was a dance around, I went to it. I'd rather dance than… In fact, I met my husband at a dance, the one in Ballard, up above the police station. They tore the city hall down and put in that little triangle park just below Market Street, where Ballard Avenue and 22nd come together.

SL: That's where the city hall was?

DS: That's where the city hall was.

SL: There were many things that took place at that city hall, weren't there?

DS: There were doctor's offices in there, and… Oh, yeah. The unions used to have their meetings in that hall. I'm sure it was rented out for various… maybe wedding occasions, or whatever.

SL: It must have been a large room, then, up there.

DS: It was. It was the whole… Oh, boy. Well, technically the whole top floor of the city hall. Because I can remember that triangle. They had built a kind of a stand across one end of it and in front of that, because that was kind of a useless area. But somehow or other, they had the orchestra going across the end so that the widest part was the dance, from 22nd Avenue to Ballard Avenue. That width of the building was the dance floor. I don't know how wide it was going from north to south, but it was plenty packed, believe me.

[TAPE BREAK]

SL: Where were we? We were down at the old city hall.

DS: Right.

SL: I was wondering… it seems like I read something, if there was any trouble at the dance hall, was it kind of… you didn't have to worry, because the jail was downstairs. Was there something like that?

DS: That part… I don't remember there being any jail there.

SL: It was just the police?

DS: Yeah. it was just the police. Anybody that needed to be jailed I'm sure were taken down to Seattle.

SL: Oh, I see.

DS: I don't believe there was a jail there. It was just a precinct. That's all it was.

SL: Maybe somebody just said that.

DS: Yeah. I don't remember there being any jail there. There wasn't room for one that I'm aware of. Dad, of course, being in business there and belonging to the Commercial Club… He was secretary of the Ballard Commercial Club.

SL: Oh, was he?

DS: Uh-huh. In fact, I've to the who's who book over there. He's in it.

SL: I'd like to look at that.

DS: He knew all the policemen. They'd all run around the patrol cars. I probably shouldn't say this, but when we lived on 58th, my folks were very well known for their poker crab parties on Saturday night. Dad would probably… There was a fish market. I think there still is one just below Market Street on that angle alley there.

SL: Yes.

DS: Well, at one time, that was his cousin's fish market.

SL: Your father's cousin?

DS: Uh-huh. So, he'd go down there and load up on fresh crab, and then bring it home. All our friend would come and play poker and eat crab.

SL: Oh, that would be fun.

DS: And potato salad. I used to have to help Mama make potato salad. Most of them were Catholic, because we lived within a half a block of the St. Alphonsus School, or church. They would leave our house and 11:00, and go to midnight mass, and then come back, and they would all eat cracked crab and potato salad.

SL: Oh, isn't that something?

DS: And they'd still be playing poker at six o'clock in the morning. They'd play all night there. The neighbors would complain of the noise. What noise, I don't know, because all they did was just talk and play cards. There was no big… Us kids slept upstairs, and it didn't disturb us. But anyway, the neighbors would complain. During the course of the evening, there'd be a knock on the door, and dad would go to the door, and here would be one of the policemen. They'd say, "Well, Curt, I'm sorry, but your neighbors are complaining again." Dad said, "Oh, come on in." And they would come in and sit and

play poker. And there was the call box about a block from our house on the telephone pole. They never had deals in their cars in those days. They had to go into the call box.

SL: The police did?

DS: Uh-huh. To call in to the precinct, to let them know where they were and what they were doing, and so on. About once an hour, they would leave the house, and go down to the corner, and call in, and then come back and play poker. [Laughter] My dad was friends with all of them. So, anytime my kid brother… When he was three years old or so, and he'd turn up missing, the policemen all knew my little brother. They would bring him home and say, "Does this belong to you?" They'd find him down at the Locks. He'd wander off all over the place. Halfway up to Woodland Park.

SL: When you went to the dance, did you have to pay to go?

DS: As I remember, we paid… oh, boy… fifty cents to get in. Then, after the Depression… Fifty cents was earlier, in the late 1920s. But in the early 1930s, during the Depression, there was a time when if the women got there before nine o'clock, they could get in by bringing an empty milk bottle or a can of food. In those days, our milk was all in glass bottles, and they would turn them back in to the dairy. I mentioned you'd probably get two cents or four cents or whatever it was for the bottle, and that paid for maybe a milk fund or something for someone who was on welfare. At that time, welfare was kind of a disgrace, and you only went on it when you had to.

SL: This is coming out of the Depression, when they would have been many people who could do nothing about that.

DS: Right. It was right in the middle of the Depression. My folks… My dad had lost his business. Like I say, his partner had absconded with his funds, and left him holding the bag. So, he had to file bankruptcy, and pay off… We lost our home. The only thing we managed to salvage was our cottage or cabin out at North Beach, and we lived out there.

SL: But what a nice place to be.

DS: Oh, yeah. I didn't mind a bit. We must have lived there for a good three, four years, all the time I was in high school. Then they moved, and I quit high school to go to work to help, because dad still hadn't gotten work. Mama went to work. To get back to the dance, they had live music, live orchestras. I danced to Vic Meyers' band downtown at the Trianon and Ingraham's Dance Hall downtown. When I went to work at Frederick's, I got acquainted with a group of girls. There were five of us all together. We used to go down to the Trianon and Tuesdays and Thursdays. We went to McElroy on Mondays and Wednesdays. And then out to Everstate Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. That was our week, our dancing.

SL: You must have been in wonderful shape from all that dancing.

DS: Well, I was at one time. [Laughs] We haven't danced for years. But oh, I loved to go. Even square-dancing. There was a place down in Ballard, about a block below… About 53rd and 17th. There was a hall down there where they used to have square-dancing. Walt and I used to go down and square-dance. I even met Bob Crosby, Bing Crosby's brother, who had the orchestra.

SL: Down there?

DS: He came in that night, and we were sitting, having coffee, and he sat down at our table.

SL: It must have been a very popular place.

DS: It was. There was a woman accordionist, and I cannot remember her name. she used to play the schottisches and polkas. That was another thing that we used to do a lot of. Anytime there was a schottische or a polka, or a hambo, or anything, we were the first ones up on the floor, I'm sure. Oh, I used to love it.

SL: Did you learn the dances a lot at home?

DS: No.

SL: Where did you learn them?

DS: I just learned by watching, and by having whoever was my dance partner… I will have to admit, I could follow. I had the music rhythm. It spoke to me. I just knew what I had to do. I don't know how or why, but I just did it. It only took about twice around the floor, and I had learned the steps if I didn't know them ahead of time. I used to sit and watch… When I first went out to Everstate, after my dad let me go, I used to watch them. That's when I learned how to do the two-step, and the one-step, and the foxtrot, and the waltzes, and the dips. Then there was a time when I'd go clear out to… One of my boyfriends played in an orchestra. He played the saxophone. And we used to go all the way out to Bryn-Mawr, and go down to what they called Garlic Gulch, down in Renton. While he played in the orchestra, I danced. That was a lot of fun. [Laughs] So, I got to learn how to do a lot of the—

SL: Were most of these orchestras local people?

DS: No.

SL: Were they people they brought in?

DS: Big band names. Vic Meyers.

SL: Was Ballard a place where people would flock to dance in town?

DS: Oh, yeah. Between Greenwood and Ballard, there must have been at least eight or ten places you could dance. The Sunset Community Hall, or the Norway Hall up there, the one that's almost ground-level, over here on…

SL: Near Loyal Heights?

DS: Yeah. That was a dance hall.

SL: Oh, was it?

DS: And when I belonged to the Rainbow Girls, that's where we used to go and train for our drill team. We were the first… I belonged to the first women's drill team in Seattle. We went all over, and taught women's drill team. We'd go as far… We'd hire a big coach, and go as far as Anacortes, and put on a drill team for the Eagles, the Auxiliary Club. We were the first ones. They didn't even have a Women's Auxiliary Drill Team at the Ballard Eagles until we started it. We had a Colonel Merritt who was our drillmaster. He put us through the paces, believe me. I enjoyed every bit of it. Every bit of it. I just thought that was the greatest. But I was only there for probably a year and a half, and then we moved. That was my last…

SL: This was one of the dance halls. What were some of the others?

DS: There was one further on down into Ballard, which was later. By that time, I think I was probably no longer in circulation. Then there was one here in Greenwood in the Moose Hall, or the I.O.O.F. There was and I.O.O.F hall in Ballard where they had a dance hall.

SL: This was about 19—

DS: Oh, it was in the middle-1920s, late 1920s, early 1930s, whatever. Then… let's see, where was the other one? Then that one, like I say, kitty-corner across from the Ballard Hospital down there. Just a kind of community club. Then, of course, there was Everstate, which is out here by Bitter Lake. 125th.

SL: And you'd usually go around on the streetcar to get to these places?

DS: We had to take the Interurban to get out to Bitter Lake, out to Everstate. I'm not too sure where we caught it, even. All I can remember is being on there, and going out… If a girl got out to Everstate before 9:00, she got in for nothing. That attracted the boys in, and they had to pay 75 cents. But if you went as a couple, then it cost you a dollar to get in out at Everstate. And you danced the evening away. You could dance to heart's content. They had a balcony that ran out on two sides. In the summertime, during intermission, they opened up to doors, and we'd go out and sit on the balcony and do a little smooching on the side, maybe, you know. Or a little hug and kiss here and there. [Laughs] Sneak a few, and then go back in. You weren't allowed… Some of the kids probably sneaked out, but you weren't allowed to go out to the cars. They had matrons. And they had matrons at

the Trianon, and they had a matron at… What was the other one I mentioned? Just up from there, a block or two up… McElroy's. They had a matron there. One time, I remember when we girls from Frederick's and a couple of sisters… Anyway, there were five of us. It was in the summertime, and we had dressed very casually, in cotton dresses and low heels. Very little makeup, and everything. When we walked in, the matron stopped us, and we were all underage. There was only one girl that was over 18 that could get in there. She wouldn't let us come in. we had to leave. So, we all left. The next night, we came back in our dressy dresses, our high heels, our jewelry and makeup, and walked right past her, and she never blinked an eye. The one and only time I ever got kicked out of a dance hall. But it just shows you the difference. And we were all under 18.

SL: There was another thing that I heard about up in this area, a little bit north of here. I understood they had horse stables.

DS: They had… where the Olympic Golf Course is… It's Olympic Manor now. Okay. There was a big golf course. But prior to that, there was what they called the Olympic Stables. And it was a horse stables. You could go and rent a horse for I think about 75 cents an hour. One time, this same girl that talked me into going to the dances, she talked me into playing hooky, and skipping a class at school, when we were in high school. And she treated me to horseback ride. My first and only time up on a horse.

SL: Oh, really?

DS: There had been many a time that I wish I could have kept it up.

SL: Did you use a saddle, or was it bareback?

DS: Yeah. It was saddle. Being short like I am, short legs… I wasn't chubby then, but I was stocky. I think my feet stood straight out instead of conforming to the horse. I wasn't very comfortable on that big saddle. It kind of rubbed a blister on my back end. [Laughs] It just wasn't the right time for me to be going horseback-riding, that's all.

SL: At one time, I believe 85th was the city limits.

DS: It was the city limits.

SL: And I heard that there were quite a few taverns when you got beyond the city limits?

DS: I guess there were, but because… It was all prohibition, as far as I can remember, until… oh, gosh, it was in the 30's, I think, when they repealed. But I don't remember any taverns. If there were, they were further out. I wasn't inclined… I didn't need any stimulant to get me to have a good time. It wasn't until many years later, long after prohibition was repealed… of course, my dad, in later years, worked at the liquor store down in Seattle.

SL: Downtown?

DS: Uh-huh. Of course, there was always something at home. He taught me to mix all kinds of different drinks. But this was long after I was married and had a family. In the early days, I didn't like the taste of any of that. Dad would make home brew, and we could have had some of it, if we wanted to. And he made wine. But we never had much of it. I don't remember that they ever had what you'd call drinking parties.

SL: They were so busy, I think.

DS: Yeah. Too much fun playing cards. And my folks were good sports. They played games with us kids. I can't complain a bit about my childhood.

SL: What kind of games did you play?

DS: We played card games a lot. When we lived out at Lynden, we played Annie-I-Over. We had a big enough lot that we could play baseball. My aunt and uncle used to take the Interurban out and spend the weekend. They would play ball with us kids. We'd line up and have ballgames. We'd have sides. We'd play Annie-I-Over. A big three-story farmhouse. We would play Pit. That was our favorite card game. And of course, Old Maid. I learned to play Poker, I think, when I was ten years old.

SL: I bet you're a good player. Did you play Rook?

DS: Well, I think they did later on. But our favorite game was Pit.

SL: That's a loud one. [Laughs]

DS: Loud, yes. Oh, we'd scream our heads off. My mom and dad were just as bad as us kids were. Of course, that's Wall Street… That's the game where you sell your wheat and rye, the bear and the bull, and the whole bit. I couldn't tell you now how to play it. The other thing we played a lot of was Rummy and Whist. I can remember one summer, we were down at Sumner, and we picked raspberries, and we would play Whist in the evening for berries, and see who would have to do the picking the next day.

SL: You mean you would get the day off if you won? Oh, my.

DS: Uh-huh. I can remember one day, my cousin or my brother, I don't remember which, had to pick berries for me. [Laughs]

SL: I think that's kind of a good idea.

DS: Mom would feed us kids… Some of the older people that were in the fields had to quit, because oh, the sun would beat on your head. And they would have to quit picking at about 2:00 in the afternoon. But mom would feed us… We would have salt crackers and tea for lunch. So, we had the salt in our system without having to take salt tablets. The heat didn't seem to bother us, so we'd still be picking at 3:00, 4:00 in the afternoon. Of course, dad was fast. He would pick two crates to maybe our one.

SL: Would you go down there and stay in a bunkhouse, or something?

DS: Uh-huh. We stayed right there in Puyallup and Sumner the whole summer, the whole season of raspberries.

SL: Were they cabins?

DS: Yeah, they were cabins. Completely furnished, although I think the folks had their own bedding and dishes. They were furnished with two or three bedrooms. I don't really remember, except I shared the bedroom with my sisters. After we left there, I lived with an aunt and uncle in… I went to work then at Frederick's, and they moved. They went up to Everson and picked beans up there. Near Lynden, and back up into that territory. Then I lived with my aunt and uncle in the University District.

SL: But all this time, you were living in North Beach?

DS: Huh?

SL: Was that when you were living in North Beach?

DS: No. After we left North Beach, we moved to Sequim. And we lived in Sequim for maybe a couple years. When I left Ballard, I was a sophomore, and when I went to Sequim, I went to high school there for one semester. So, I was just half a junior when we moved back to Seattle. All these years… they're all so mixed up.

SL: You really got around.

DS: Oh, yeah.

SL: You saw Washington State.

DS: Everything. The only part we didn't move to was on the east side. But anything from the north to the south, I was there.

SL: That might have been true of many people, particularly during the time of the Depression.

DS: Oh, yeah. right. You got work wherever you could find it.

SL: There were how many of you, again?

DS: Five.

SL: Five of you. That's a lot to feed.

DS: Right. Mama was capable. I can remember a time when things were a little bit tough. And they were tough earlier for us, because I heard her tell stories… We lived down around Des Moines when my brother was a baby. He was allergic to potatoes.

SL: Oh, how sad, because that's a main thing to eat.

DS: I know. There was a time when dad would be working in Seattle or Ballard, or wherever—I don't know where, and stuck out there with just us kids in that godforsaken area. All she had to give him was potatoes, and he would vomit and get rid of them. But there were a couple of days that was all there was to eat until dad got back with groceries, you know. In those days, it was probably a two or three-hour trip, where now you can get down there in half an hour. It was a lot of times when she did a lot of doing-without. I can remember a time, for lunch or dinner, she opened a can of Campbells vegetable soup, and made dumplings and fed all five of us with that one can of soup. She made do. She was a very capable person.

SL: Did you have a cow, or chickens or anything? You had chickens when you were up north.

DS: We had chickens out there. Yeah. and of course, I imagine a lot of places where we lived, like up at Lynden—we lived in an old, abandoned flour mill—the house that was connected with this old, abandoned flour mill, right on the river, where it went through. I think that little bridge is still there, crossing that slough.

SL: On the Guide Meridian?

DS: No.

SL: Further north?

DS: Just before you get into Lynden proper, right on the highway.

SL: Yes, there is a little bridge.

DS: A little bridge there. And the creek that runs past the flour mill where they used to get their power and run their mill… It was a pretty good sized river, rather than a creek, but we called it a creek. In the summertime, it was low enough that we'd play in it. Anyway, it ran through, and the slough joined that and ran under that bridge. And my mother caught the biggest salmon that was ever caught out of that. Her one and only time she ever went fishing.

SL: Isn't that something?

DS: And she caught the biggest salmon that was ever caught off of that bridge.

SL: Getting back to Ballard and the schools here—did you have any kind of prayers, or anything in the school, proper?

DS: Yes, we did. Every morning we would say the Lord's Prayer.

SL: This was at Salmon Bay?

DS: The one I can remember is Irving. Before that, I don't… That isn't clear. But at Irving, I know we did. We'd all recite the Lord's Prayer. Another time, we had a little deal on Memorial Day—we had one minute of silence at 11:00 on that day.

SL: That's nice.

DS: Yes, it was real nice. We also were taught calisthenics. We were taught how to write. The Palmer Method was the method of writing. We were taught reading and spelling. And we were taught music. Each one of those was a separate teacher. And I can remember just about all of them. Miss Shorgy was the name of our calisthenics teacher, the one that taught us our jump-up, and this kind of stuff. McNulty was our eighth grade teacher. No, Belle McIntosh was our eighth grade teacher. McNulty was one of our fifth or sixth grade. And then there was Montague. When my dad went to school at what we called the old peanut college, was the first Seattle high school—or the first high school in the area, before Ballard was built. And he went to school there. Miss Montague taught him at that school when he went to school there, when he moved out here to be with his grandmother. That was the only school in that area at that time.

SL: So, she was still—

DS: She was still teaching, and had transferred from the old Seattle high school, to the Irving School when it was built. And it was a fairly new school when I went there. I don't remember exactly when it was built. It couldn't have been much more than ten years old.

SL: Did you go to school on Good Friday, do you remember?

DS: Well, yes, I'm sure we did. I don't think the Catholic schools did, but I think we did. I don't remember being off.

SL: Sometimes, I know… I don't know about areas around here. Sometimes businesses will shut down on Good Friday afternoon. Did they do that in Ballard?

DS: It's very possible, however, I don't remember specifically that that was an occasion. I don't remember that Good Friday was any special occasion at home. Easter was. Us kids went to church on Easter. Mama didn't go, and dad didn't go to church. However, Dad, back in Crookston, had been raised a Methodist. He didn't go while he was out here. What he did when he moved out here with his grandmother, I don't know. But when we were kids, he didn't go. My mother, when she was still a child, was raised by her aunt. Her own mother had died when she was a baby, about three years old. Her aunt was… it was a divided Catholic-Irish, Scotch-Irish… The Irish were Catholics, and the Scotch were Calvinistic Presbyterian. So, my aunt decided that my aunt was going to become a

Catholic, and she made her go to Catholic church and school while she was there. But when she came out here with her cousin and her husband (or her cousin and his wife, whichever cousin it was)—she was on her own, and she didn't like the Catholic Church. She didn't like to go. She'd play hooky whenever she had the chance. But anyway, we had an awful lot of Catholic friends. Just about everybody in that part of Ballard went to the Catholic Church. Our neighbors next door were Catholic. Pretty near all their friends went to St. Alphonsus. Even today, my brother and his wife are Catholic. And my youngest brother, his wife is Catholic.

SL: What did they do at Christmastime in the public school?

DS: We got off. It seems to me we got off the day or two before Christmas, and then we didn't have to go back to school until after New Year's.

SL: Did you have a Christmas program?

DS: Well, we probably did, but I don't remember. We probably…

SL: Did you ever go caroling as groups, like from your church, perhaps?

DS: No, not that I… If they did, I never was in any of it. I think we had learned the carols at school, but I don't think we did anything with it, other than just the music class at school.

SL: You said the Pledge of Allegiance, did you, in the morning? And did you sometimes sing the *Star-Spangled Banner*, or *America,* or something?

DS: Oh, yeah. Well, we learned the *Star-Spangled Banner.* However, I don't know that we sang that as part of our morning opening. All I do remember is the Pledge of Allegiance and the Lord's Prayer. We learned the *Star-Spangled Banner* in the music class. And we learned music appreciation. We had to listen to records, and be able to distinguish and name the different instruments in the records. We had to learn the composer and the title of the song—classical, and everything. At that time, they had what they called Music Appreciation Week downtown. We had to go down and take some kind of a test. If we got a good grade on that test, we received a certificate for our music appreciation—being

able to identify the composer, and the different songs, and the instruments. And I got a certificate.

SL: Well, that's wonderful.

DS: Yeah. So, for a long time, I knew who Grieg was, and *The House of the Mountain King*. [Laughs]

SL: Well, you're in the right area for that—Ballard.

DS: Yeah. I can't remember any of it anymore.

SL: I'm sure it would come back.

DS: The minute I hear one of those songs, though, it does bring back memories. Some of those old classics, I really enjoyed them.

SL: Did you have… You took home ec at school. Did the boys have something comparable?

DS: They had shop.

SL: They had shop.

DS: They had shop. Woodshop, and I think later on in high school, they had car shop, or whatever it was. Mechanics, they called it. But they had woodshop, and they learned to make cribbage boards, and in fact, my husband still has his nut bowl with the little mallet that they used.

SL: Was this at Ballard High School?

DS: He went to Queen Anne. But yeah, at Ballard they had the same thing. They made footstools. In fact, there's the footstool right there that was made by… oh, gosh. Some member of the family. I don't remember.

SL: I think that's nice.

DS: The first boy that ever came into a cooking class was when I went to Ballard High School. I took cooking class then. I didn't take sewing, because they couldn't teach me anything that I hadn't already learned in grammar school. But cooking, I took a couple semesters. The last semester there, we had a boy join our class, and he got teased so unmercifully, you couldn't believe it. But he stuck it out.

SL: Well, some of them are very good chefs.

DS: Right.

SL: Did they teach foreign languages?

DS: They did at high school, but we didn't in grammar school, which I think is a mistake, myself. They should have taught them in grammar school.

SL: What languages did they teach?

DS: They taught French, as I remember. Oh, it seems like Spanish. I never took any of them.

SL: German?

DS: Possibly. Possibly German. I really don't remember all the classes that they taught.

SL: Were there a lot of children who came who did not speak English? Did you go to school with any of those children?

DS: There were a few of them in grammar school, because in the east section of Ballard, on the other side of 14th, and between 56th and about 48th, and between 11th and 15th, it was what we called "Pollacktown." There were quite a few Polish people in there. The Brasavich boys, who later became policemen, came. They were there, and went to school with us. They had a wee bit of an accent. However, I don't remember…

SL: What about Yugoslavians?

DS: Well, that I couldn't tell you. But I did have a Jewish boyfriend in the eighth grade.

SL: This was what school? Washington Irving?

DS: Washington Irving. Uh-huh. He later became a musician. And he and his brother had a jewelry store down around Admiral, in West Seattle someplace. Then his brother joined Ben Bridge in Seattle. I ran into him one time. Walt and I were on our way to go to the theater. We were walking down to Ballard one Friday night, and mom was babysitting. This was just before Germany had taken over, starting the Second World War, back in about… oh, dear, I don't remember. Anyway, he had been over there, learning the violin.

SL: Very good.

DS: Yeah. In Germany. And he had to leave. Being Jewish, he had to get out of Germany or be incarcerated. That was long before any of the war started, or anything. That was probably… oh dear. It was in the early 1930s, anyway. I only had the two kids then. The second girl was born in 1933. I don't remember if that was just before or just after she was born that we ran into him. So, old Hitler had a good start long before anybody even knew what he was up to.

SL: Did you ever know of any Portuguese in Seattle, in Ballard?

DS: No, but I did know… It turned out to be my sister-in-law—her aunt and my mother were very good friends. She originally was from Canada, but she was Czechoslovakian. My sister-in-law was Czechoslovakian, but I didn't meet her until many years afterwards. But

I knew her aunt here in Seattle. She and my mother were very good friends. Let's see… most of the friends… It seemed like folks were Norwegian, or German, or Swedish. Most of our friends were, in this area. Acquaintances, and whoever had businesses in Ballard, and everything. I did know an Italian family, the Furito brothers. And Frank Paduana was a very good friend of ours. They went to Catholic school. See, we knew an awful lot of Catholic kids, living so close, and everything. And most of our friends were Catholic.

SL: When you were school, were most of the teachers men, or women?

DS: About half and half. I had both.

SL: Could married women teach then?

DS: I think at Ballard there were.

SL: But probably not—

DS: I think there was one at Irving, but I'm not too sure. I think our physical education teacher was a Mrs.— Mrs. Shorgy. I'm not real sure, but I think there was one of them. I know for sure that at Ballard there were a couple.

SL: But this is getting later now, too.

DS: Oh, yeah. this was in the late 1920s. Yeah. This is the late 1920s.

SL: How many children were in your elementary school classes, about? Twenty, thirty, or more?

DS: Oh, no, I don't think there were more than 30. The classes were pretty small compared to what we had when we got to high school, and compared to what they have now. I'd probably say closer to 25, maybe. And not all classes were completely filled. A lot of times, there'd be one row with maybe two or three—

SL: So, you sat in rows.

DS: Yeah. Alphabetically.

SL: Were these rows with desks?

DS: Yes. Every seat had a desk.

SL: Did they have runners under the desks to keep the desks… Or were they nailed to the floor?

DS: They were attached. They were nailed to the floor. You had a bar across there where you could put your feet. And you had your inkwell. They were the metal scroll sides. You could tip your seat up, and you raised your lid, and your books and all your papers were underneath the lid on the top of the desk.

SL: And there was the hole for the inkwell.

DS: Uh-huh. A hole for the inkwell. They were beautiful desks.

SL: When you were going to use this ink, and you had your pen, I heard something about how you had to put saliva on the pen before, as a new pen.

DS: Yeah. We used to, what we called "spit on it." [Laughs] Yeah, we did. We put it in our mouth and wet it.

SL: And it would make the ink stick better?

DS: Well, what it did, when you put the nib into… that's what they were called, the nibs—into the container of your pen, there was a slot there. In order to make that go in easy,

that's when you wet the deal, and that sort of helped to also break down whatever was on that nib, because they were metal, like a piece of stainless steel, or what would be stainless steel now… I don't know, sterling silver, or whatever they were, piece of tin, probably. But anyway, that brought the ink up. That's what we wrote with. Yeah.

SL: Some good writers from those years, too.

DS: Yeah. Absolutely. I remember how we used to have to sit hour after hour, and use this Palmer Method of using your hand.

[TAPE ENDS]