

# WAGON WHEEL

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Duvall Historical Society PO Box 385, Duvall, WA 98019 [www.duvallhistoricalsociety.org](http://www.duvallhistoricalsociety.org)

## 'Shiver me Timbers' – It's Duvall's Haunted Walking Tour

By Lisa Allen

From scary ghost stories to true crime tales, Bob Antone's Haunting Walking Tours are guaranteed to send chills up your spine. The North Bend musician, wood carver and artist expertly blends local history and lore with tales of the netherworld, designed to appeal to the "morbidly curious," as he likes to say.

But for Bob, the events are just as much about rekindling the old-fashioned art of storytelling, which he grew up with, listening to grandparents, aunts, uncles and neighbors who shared family histories and stories with each other. "These stories and others like them are oral histories that you can't find on the internet," he says. "It's like what we did sitting around the campfire."

On the June 23<sup>rd</sup> Duvall Haunted Walking Tour – the second one this year held due to the popularity of the first one in the spring - the group gathered under a steady drizzle on the Snoqualmie Valley Trail, then continued on through Historic Duvall, finally ending up at the pioneer cemetery next to the Dougherty Farmstead.

As the walk began, Bob pointed out local plants growing along the pathway such as the wild rose (a connection to his wife Laura's native DENE heritage), and licorice root, a fern-like epiphyte that grows on the sides of maple trees that was used by native people as chewing gum to treat sore throat and the common cold.

Expanding further on native history, he noted that the Tolt indigenous people believed that the source of water was sacred. "Kanim Lake, for instance, is the source for North Fork Snoqualmie and named after the Kanim family of the 1855 treaty," he said. "The crater and lake at the summit of the mountain were said to endow powers to anyone who swam in its waters. The Salish religious ceremony



*Bob on the violin, and Laura on the drum, play a Salish song in the parlor of the historic Dougherty House. (Photo*

involves 5-7 spirit doctors standing in a row facing the west. A patient, with a piece of soul kidnapped by malevolent 'hungry ghosts' is aided by a team of spiritual workers who travel in a spirit canoe to the 'land of the dead' located to the west."

Over time, Bob has accumulated a wealth of historical knowledge and tales, plus an impressive list of strange sightings which include



Bob Antone on the Snoqualmie Valley Trail with part of the tour group. (Photo by Sean Allen).

Bigfoot and other odd or paranormal apparitions reportedly seen by one or several people (such as what appeared to be a person by the side of the road, but when it turned around had a face of a possum – which Bob told the group he actually saw on Paradise Lake Road).

And of course, a haunted tour can't be complete without adding some true crime stories, including a couple that included local ties to infamous murderers such as Ted Bundy and the Green River Killer.

All of which led to a discussion of the concept of “evil.”

To European/American culture, the concept of evil, he said, goes back to the earliest Judeo-Christian holy texts. “But to Native Americans, including the Snoqualmie, the concept of evil can be described as ‘hungry ghosts,’ using the concept of a bear kept in a cage, without food or water ... taunted ... forgotten ...

... then you invite that bear to dinner!” It’s the “negative residue of serial killers ...” he said.

“Strange but true” tales of “Old Duvall” followed, as Bob and his entourage arrived on Main Street where he pointed out the tall wood plank carvings on the street corners, which were installed 10 years ago as part of the downtown renovation project. Bob had worked with some Hmong artists and tribal members to create the pieces next to the Duvall Church. One of the carvings shows canoes and riders plunging to their deaths over Snoqualmie Falls. “This is from the famous legend of Chief Patkanim tricking his enemies into paddling over the Falls,” he explained. “Sadly, in 2011, one of the carvers, Kee Cha, inexplicably drove head-on into the Snoqualmie River. His knife marks are seen in that plank carving.”

Bob then explained the history of the other side of the piece that shows a young woman. The carving was complete and installed when the then-mayor decided the breasts on the woman were too large and wanted them reduced. “It seemed that someone had commented that the art looked ‘like the mudflap girls on a redneck truck,’” he said. “The mayor said the breasts were a size ‘D’ and he wanted them an ‘A’ size. I told him I would meet him in the middle and make them a ‘B’ size,” he laughed.

Then there was the tale of the talking crow. The crow first appeared in January 1954 and was first observed tapping on the windows and begging for food all over town, he said. The crow soon became a local celebrity. It was noted that the animal had a large vocabulary (including dirty words and phrases). The crow was thought to have been owned by someone in a nearby logging camp, which would explain his colorful language.

The final destination was the old pioneer cemetery on Cherry Valley Road where many of the early settlers had been buried but had to be moved over the years because of poor drainage. Bob said that although most of the bodies there had been relocated, it was thought that more may still remain that are unidentified. There have

been reports of people seeing lights and hearing voices, accompanied by a “feeling of unrest,” Bob said.

Following the official part of the tour, which lasted over three hours, Bob and Laura (who had created a magnificent salmon lunch in McCormick Park for the guests to enjoy) played a Salish song inside the Dougherty home in honor of Annie Duvall (James’ Native American wife) who, when she passed, had to be interred in a separate part of the cemetery just because she was Indian.

## The Many Versions of the Silver Spoon Restaurant

*Published in the Wagon Wheel with permission from Denny Redman and Donna Beeson Waddington, the cookbook author and longtime owner of the Silver*

The Silver Spoon Restaurant and Bakery began its long history in Duvall, Washington in 1970. The Spoon existed in several buildings in Duvall and was owned by many people. Although its fame made it a destination for restaurant goers from far outside the Duvall area, it belonged to the vivid local color that made this town their home.

It began on the north end of Main Street. The building was divided into two parts. The north side housed the local rednecks’ barbershop. The south side was the local hippies’ new hangout and café.

In 1973 the Silver Spoon was sold and moved across the street to the old Cherry Valley Grange building. In 1977, Donna Waddington and her then husband, Ed Beeson, bought the Silver Spoon Restaurant and Bakery. It served fine food in an atmosphere of a funky array of mismatched tables, chairs and utensils. Local artists sold pottery and art in the dining room.

Their restaurant also became a concert venue, attracting sellout crowds,

attracting big name national entertainers as well as local talent. People flocked to the Silver Spoon from as far away as the big city of Seattle.

Its success seemed to demand a move out of the Grange Hall into a larger building. In 1982, the Beesons moved the Spoon from Main Street to the hillside north of town. There, they had a new building, lots of space, ample parking and a beautiful view of the Valley. But, the regulars missed the cozy old digs and they were too far away from the center of town. In 1984, the Spoon was closed.

But, in 1987, the Spoon was born again when it moved back onto Main Street in what for many years was called the Duvall Truckstop. Donna Beeson Waddington was now the sole proprietor. They were home again with coffee cinnamon rolls, music and even yoga. It was a condensed version of the Grange Hall with a space of only 700 square feet. After four years, it was time for everyone to move on and the Spoon was closed for good.

### The Original Silver Spoon

**By Denny Redman as a foreword to the Silver Spoon Restaurant Cookbook**

The week the original Silver Spoon opened for business, I showed up in Duvall and after that I tried to be involved, at least in some small way, in



in every incarnation of its existence.

I was an early employee, washing dishes and, for awhile, I personally selected the weekly food supplies and hauled them back from Seattle with the help of my '48 Chevy pickup with chrome grill. At one time, I was also married to one of its best bakers. For a few years, I was partners in a small guitar store called Melody Ranch in the back of a later version of the Spoon. And throughout most of the Spoon years I provided cut flowers for the tables.

Life in and around the Silver Spoon was a fascinating chronology of events and circumstances. There were times of high hopes and of disappointments, of ribald merriment and plain ol' scrub-em up hard work.

Like an Alice's Restaurant West, the Silver Spoon was opened by a group that consisted mostly of long hairs—vintage Johnny Yuma/Lassie Come Home TV rebs from tract homes of the suburban'50s (a pink ranch-house next to a chartreuse rambler might help anybody rebel without knowing why). These alternative lifestylers had washed up on the west coast for one reason or another and had bounced away from the Big Town in the corner to land in Duvall as easily as they might have landed in Roslyn or LaConner.

As with many restaurants, the Spoon was the focal point or social center for its congregation. Undeniably, it was an attraction to many to come to Duvall. It was a "scene" perhaps or a place with "like minds" at least.

The original Silver Spoon structure was a tired old thing, with a lot of sway in its walls. It had once been a blacksmith shop, but just prior to the Spoon, a restaurant, Lay's Café. The Spoon shared space with a barbershop in one corner of the building, but the good-natured barber reopened across the street from the "long-hair saloon" as soon as space was available.

The Spoon in those early days was run largely by Patty, one soft-hearted tough gal who was an excellent cook and a lousy bookkeeper. Often times the language that expelled from her kitchen was less delicate than her food, especially when hot grease splattered on Patty's genteel wrist. Nearly all the waitresses and bakers were visually stimulating, a standard practice in successful eateries, of course. That fact also helped lure in some of Duvall's older

gents—for a hot cup of coffee on a brisk morning. I especially remember two men for their twinkling, winking eyes. One, Brownie, had a winsome flair for tall cow tales and silk cowboy shirts. The other, Jim, could sing beautiful Scottish ballads with such sentiment it would make your eyes well up with tears.

After the barber departed, his area was given over to two Spoon patrons who claimed to be cheap-labor custom interior design experts. They set out to construct a music room for the restaurant. One man had a collection of dead Hudsons and the other was a musical instrument maker. After at least a half-hour of consideration they began to construct an impractical long bench with two rear seats from old Hudsons. They added two very fat, velvet-lined rear Hudson doors at each end of the bench to complete their backseat-boudoir fantasy. All that was needed after that, they said, was a piano.

It wasn't long before two other well-meaning patrons came up with a plan for a piano. Early one cold morning, they "borrowed" an old Ford pickup, and roll-started it down Stewart Street. They would save an "abandoned piano" from a recently deserted rental over on Ring Hill. After loading the piano, the two, with discernible ocular glaze and large smiles, soon headed back to Duvall with their newly acquired booty.

But a shudder travelled up their backbones that A.M. when through the steamy windows of the Silver Spoon they eye-balled two King County policemen hunched over a table. Moving pianos requires all the help you can get of course, and the two long-hairs weren't inclined to go it alone, so they shuffled into the Spoon discreetly asking for volunteers. On that particular day, however, one of the officers was feeling unusually helpful. His keen ear caught the hushed requests and he stood up, boldly volunteering both he and his partner for the job, even though his consort made a distinct effort to constrain him.

The helpful officer swung open the Spoon door, leapt out into the chilly sunshine, climbed up into the back of the double-parked pickup and opened the piano to sing as he played, "Let's have another cup of coffee, yes let's have a cup of

Nescafe.” His partner looked helplessly on.

At that point the uncomfortable fog began to lift for the two musical magicians. It appeared that they weren't the only ones buzzing along that bright beautiful morning. So they got into the swing and soon the piano was unloaded by the four of them and brought into the music room

There were many great moments in Spoon history. Like the time that long-haired born-again cowboy tied up his new free sway-back old gelding in front of the place and proudly swaggered in. Or the time the crewcut new bank manager in an overture to the Spoon's bank account, bravely dropped in for lunch but chose a chair that collapsed when he leaned back. He, of course, didn't find it as amusing as many of the other patrons and departed, red-faced, never to return.

The ambiance had everything: fancy fare, home spun aesthetics, pantry bantering and if you were lucky, even live music. It was the glorious grub however, especially the pastries, that will never be forgotten. Like bears around a honeypot, munch time

around the Silver Spoon was a picnic of pleasure for its patrons and even though the Spoon changed hands a number of times, the recipes generously went along. The recipes you'll find in Donna's cookbook are not simply those of one individual but culinary combinations that have brought legions of hungry travelers to Duvall for two decades. People who took the right fork to the Silver Spoon went home satisfied and smiling.

Denny Redman  
June 1994

*Published in the Wagon Wheel with permission from Denny Redman and Donna Beeson Waddington, the cookbook author and longtime owner of the Silver Spoon Restaurant*

## Upcoming Events

**The Conestoga Wagon Pioneers Program** will take place at the Duvall Library on Tuesday, September 17<sup>th</sup> starting at 7:00 PM.

**The Twilight Novelty Cemetery Tour** will take place at the Novelty Cemetery at Saturday, September 28<sup>th</sup> starting at 6:00 PM.

**Not Forgetting the Forgotten War: Korean War: Our Local Veterans Visit the 38th Parallel** will perform on Tuesday, November 5<sup>th</sup> at the Visitors Centers starting at 7:30 PM.