

1950s to the Present



This is an illustration from a 1950 promotional calendar, printed for Bush Hardware and Furniture Company of Kent WA. It was put out by Dutch Boy Paint.



In 1952, Kent Meridian High School had a band called "The Moonshiners"! The members were Ken Helfenstien, Ken Simon, Wally Burge, Jack Becvar and Bill Ruth!



Cornucopia Days Parade 1954, kids dressed like
Davy Crockett

Thanks to Karin F. we have these great photos of the Allentown Covered Bridge! A bit out of Kent, but still some great history of our area! Not sure of the year, but before 1956 when her Uncle made a painting of it.

(The one with the cow is hilarious for some reason!)



With Danny Pierce—

Piercing Alaska

(This is part of the third letter received by Fred Meadowcroft from Danny Pierce, head of the art department at the University of Alaska. He tells of the rigors of an Alaskan winter, and a winter roast in a snow storm.)

Dear Fred:

Forty degrees below zero! We are feeling the bite of living in the far north country now. In spite of having had the car "winterized," it wouldn't start today. The tow truck tried pushing me for a mile but to no avail.

One of the professors from the university was in the garage when we arrived and took me after water. We ran out of drinking water yesterday and I should have picked up the can full last night after class but put it off.

We are buying or haul our drinking water from Pioneer Wells or the university. Most of the wells in this area have water which isn't very sweet to drink. It tests out bacteria free, but the taste is strong. The weather has been cold but never like this.

A few weeks ago three parties of us went out on a winter hike. Julia and I couldn't believe it but surely went along with the idea. The day before had been right balmy. We

had several days of subzero weather then this day was a warm 20 degrees above zero. Just about the time we were leaving it began snowing and the further we went the harder it snowed. The lead car finally stopped after crossing over a dilapidated bridge onto an open field. Everyone piled in and we soon had a roaring fire going. The snow was coming down in the wettest flakes I've seen here. You know the type, large beautiful flakes that look like feathers from a pillow. I don't know when I've enjoyed an outing more. We would never have thought of going on our own I'm sure.

The roads are peculiar up here to drive on. Snow everywhere and icy in many spots but the roads, the gravel ones, are dusty. I couldn't believe my eyes, but sure enough, when we got out of the car the snow on it was covered with dust. It's so dry and cold I guess the moisture doesn't have a chance to penetrate the soil.

We had a fog come sneaking up the other day. It started about 11:30 a.m., and was gone by 3 p.m. It left the trees and all wires covered with a coating of white frost. It certainly turns the country-side into a ghostly landscape.

We will be having ice fog pretty soon when the temperature has reached 40 degrees below or more. The old timers say "watch out then." It's so cold to be out and the added dangers of not being able to see beyond the windshield makes it worse.

The sunshine even on clear days is mighty short. The sun rises at 9:45 a.m. and goes down at 1:35 p.m. Julia just remarked it felt like 6 p.m. when we were eating. It was only 4 p.m. An artist who worried about north lighting here certainly wouldn't get many hours work completed in a day.

We never quite reach the stage of six months darkness as they do in the higher Arctic, but it doesn't pay to depend upon natural light sources here. This doesn't bother me as long as I have a place to work. I'm accustomed to artificial light for working anyway.

Another winter hazard is having the gas lines freeze up on you. This happened to us one day going into Fairbanks. It was fortunate I had had this happen to me in the Adirondack mountains of New York state when we were there. A little canned heat, (alcohol) does the trick. You just pour it into the gas tank and wait a few minutes and away you go again. To someone who has never experienced this it's really aggravating I'll tell you.

Danny Pierce was a painter that lived right here on East Hill! He has work in the Smithsonian and he painted many of our murals downtown. In the Kent News-Journal on Dec. 16, 1959, a letter he wrote back home when he was in Alaska was printed, describing his experiences there.

True
the whole
world
over



1960s

C & C Produce- Cash &
Carry Fruits and
Vegetables and S.T.
Produce. This was on
Railroad Ave, north of
Smith St. (c.1960's)



A real bird's eye view! That's the Seattle Space Needle that we know and love.

It was described as: "Jewels gleamed from the intellect and imagination from some of the finest minds of America". In the 1962 world fair, It drew over 2.3 million visitors, when nearly 20,000 people a day used its elevators. Now you can eat at the SkyCity restaurant, and really feel like you are on top of the world!



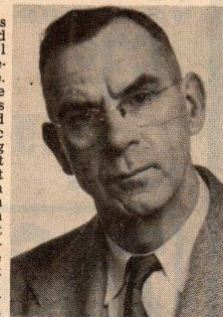
Former Pupil Writes History Of Taylor School

This is a letter recalling Mr. Harry Waid's years at the Taylor School just outside of Kent. It was published in installments and we only have one of them, but it shows what it was like going to school in the early 1900's. It was printed in Aug. 1963.



By HARRY E. WAID

The Taylor School, as it was called, should not be confused with the "Little Red School Houses" of song and story, being neither red nor very little. Organized a few years before the turn of the century, it was somewhat more advanced and progressive than its classic prototype, though retaining some of its best features. It was situated on an acre tract at a convenient cross roads a mile and a half from the then small town of Kent, Washington on what was long since the first paved highway between Seattle and Tacoma, though in those days it was a gravelled dirt road, partly planked and trestled over the swamper portions, being muddy in winter and dusty in summer. Thousands of frogs infested the ponds and swampy acres and set up a thunderous chorus during the summer nights, the



spring and the fall nights. During the day, in season, flock after flock of wild ducks and geese flew over, often alighting nearby.

The school house was about thirty feet wide by sixty feet long, surmounted by a belfry near the front or north end. A front porch led into a corridor, from where the bell was pulled by a rope. To either side were the cloak rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, each provided with tall window of many panes, fronting onto the porch.

The large school room was entered through doors from either cloak room. There were five of these same tall windows on either side of this room, equally spaced, with short black-boards in between. A long black board spanned the windowless south wall and one on the north or front wall, between the two entry doors. Also at the north end was a raised platform, dominated by the teacher's desk. Also, on this wall were roll-up maps and physiological charts. The maps showed the continents, our state and country and a few statistical charts anent populations, industries, political, racial and religious aspects of various regions. The other charts depicted the human body and its functions; the nervous system, skeletal system, digestive, circulatory and muscular systems. One showed the effects of alcohol on the internal organs when taken in varying quantities. A large terrestrial globe and many wooden geometrical solids

Harry E. Waid, now living in Blaine, Wash., was born in Kent, where his father arrived in 1889. Waid attended the old Taylor school and later the Kent schools. He engaged in teaching and coaching in Idaho, Washington and Alaska for a time before entering the Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1929. He retired in 1960 and made trips to the various Hawaiian Islands with Mrs. Waid and their daughter, Margo, now married and living in Seattle. They also visited ten countries in Europe. Waid recently submitted the following article on his recollections of the old Taylor School. The school was located at the intersection of the Taylor Road and West Valley Highway. The article will be published in several installments.



...were, in their turn, despotic, benevolent or maybe intermediate but each and all of them overworked, underpaid and forever beset with the problem of educating and disciplining a rather rugged and somewhat cosmopolitan group of country lads and lasses. By rugged, I mean these pupils had no fancy clothes, no costly habits, entertainment or privileges and no outstanding talents or distinguished manners. They were, however, strong and healthy and for the most part, honest, thrifty, tolerant and considerate. In their overalls, hand-me-down coats, homemade shirts and gingham dresses, they represented young America at the grass roots level. And they were regimented. Patriotism, virtue, industry, charity, temperance, respect for labor, even humility, were practically brainwashed into them in their songs, their copy books, their language lessons and readers. All were used to hard work. The boys had to milk cows, plow, cultivate, chop wood, hoe potatoes, make hay, clean stables and build fences. The girls had their household chores, sewing, darning, mending, churning butter, washing, ironing or otherwise helping an overworked mother and sometimes with the outdoor farm work.

(To be continued next week)

...were contained on a table at one corner of the platform, although geometry, of course, was never included in the limited curriculum of this eight-grade, one-teacher institution.

Cast-Iron Heater

Near the center of the room was the large conventional pot-belly cast iron heater, with the stove pipes suspended from the ceiling, leading to the chimney at the south end. The double seats with desks attached, were of maple, with let-down tops and with book troughs underneath. There were four rows of these, each accommodating two boys or two girls and about six or eight to the row, the smaller desks being near the front. There were two long recitation seats at either side of the room, near the teacher's desk.

A large kerosene lamp, with a shade and a large round wick, was suspended from the ceiling near the center of the room. This was used during some night or evening events, such as a Christmas program, basket social or an election. On the walls, above the blackboards were the usual pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Landing of Columbus, and the likes.

Rugged Pupils

Like a small empire, the Taylor School rose, flourished and fell. Like a small empire, it was ruled by teachers who

Taylor School letter continued. Teacher Mrs. Failor is pictured as is Faye Hart -- the smallest one in the front row.

*A wise man once observed,
"Liberty means responsibility.
This is why most men dread it."
But if you dread it and ignore
it, how long can it last?
Freedom, like a receding hairline,
isn't lost all at once.
It goes gradually.
If you can spend a few
minutes each day using
hair tonic to save your hair,
can't you spend a few minutes
each year at the polls
to save your scalp?*

THIS MESSAGE IS FROM A SPONSOR

This seemed very pertinent to us all these days! It was found on the back of an industry booklet put out by Carnation Milk back in 1964. Remember to Vote!

Not So Many Years Ago

George Whall, 76, told Ron Snow, nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Snow, 24869 132nd Ave. S.E., that the log cabin at the rear of the Snow house was built just after the Seattle fire. Whall ought to know — he was born in the cabin August 15, 1890.

80-Year-Old Log Cabin on East Hill Still Sturdy — So Is Man Born in it

isn't even interested in selling off any of the 20 acres they still have.

"We want to keep the land around us, to keep us busy," he said.

"In the old days, most of the families had dairy farms and those who didn't worked in the sawmills or logging camps. Over where Ky Fox's resort is there was a shingle mill. The area was logged off about 1905, and they used the timber for shingles. Calhoun had a mill where the gravel bunkers are, and Bereiter's mill was over near Berrydale," he continued.

"On the North Road, where the Bergs live, Nordahl had a mill where Gus Johnson worked when he came over from Sweden."

The Whalls have two children, a son, Col. Winston G. Whall, now at Ft. McPherson, Ga., and a daughter, Mrs. James Wright, in Tacoma. There are six grandsons . . . and they like nothing better than to visit Grandma and Grandpa Whall's farm.

George Whall, 76, took time out last week from a repair job on the roof of his home, 25820 140th Ave. S., to make a quick jaunt by car to visit the log cabin in which he was born.

The cabin still stands at the rear of the big farmhouse occupied by the Dale Snow family, 24869 132nd Ave. S.E.

The trip by car took about five minutes. En route, Whall recalled that as a boy, living in the same area, he used to walk a trail from the Whall property (across the road from the Meridian Elementary School) to the Moe farm where the Snows now live.

"There was a trail running diagonally from here to the Tanner School (now a house on the corner of 132nd Avenue and Southeast and South 240th Street)," Whall recalled.

"When we wanted to go into Kent, we walked along that trail to South 240th Street, and then down 240th to Kent," he said.

The log house, still sturdy, serves as a storage place and a playhouse for the Snow children. Roses bloom around the "stoop" and there is a big old stove inside which Mrs. Snow has used in past summers for preserving to keep the mess out of her kitchen.

Whall said the house was built by Hans Moe shortly after the Seattle fire — which caused Moe to move out to the Kent area. The Whall family came to Kent about the same time — both families had lived in Minnesota previously and were friends.

Whall's father, Julius, settled on about 40 acres north of Lake Meridian (then known as Cow Lake). When George was born, his mother went to the Moe house so she wouldn't be alone, and Mrs. Moe served as midwife.

It wasn't long after that the Moes built a larger house, which in turn was replaced by the beautiful, square white farmhouse purchased five years ago by the Snows from Harold Stevens.

The trail which led to the Tanner School later was augmented by the completion of South 256th Street (The Middle

Road). Whall remembers the construction of the roads well, for his father was county road supervisor for many years and George worked on the road crews beginning at the age of 15.

"I helped work on most of the roads built in this area," he said. He also worked in the shipyards, for the Grange Warehouse, and later Pacific Car & Foundry.

He attended the Tanner School and then Meridian High School, which was just north of his present home. There he met his future wife — and they were married 49 years ago this month.

Whall has lived on the same land all of his life. He served as a director for the Meridian School district for 16 years, held various offices in the Meridian Grange, and was superintendent of the Sunday School of Zion Lutheran Church and a teacher for many years.

What does he think about what is happening to the Valley? He's not happy. And he

This is a story that ran in a local newspaper in July 1966, about George Whall and the cabin he was born in on Aug 15, 1890, still standing at that time. It was located on 132nd Ave SE., Kent, WA.



Fireman Saves His Child, Hanging by Root On Cliff

A young Kent fireman, accustomed to rescue operations, found himself called on Monday to save his own 3-year-old son, hanging desperately to a root 20 feet down a steep cliff overlooking Central Avenue.

Little Richard W. Storment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Storment, 520 Guiberson St., was feeling fine again Tuesday, unaware of all the commotion his little trip had caused.

The lad wandered away following his big white dog, Chico, Monday afternoon.

His parents and neighbors had been searching more than an hour when Storment made his way down the canyon from the top of the hill to Central Avenue. In the 600-block of Central Avenue, he looked up and saw the tot clinging to a root part-way down the 100-foot cliff.

Storment made his way up to the boy, used his belt to make a sling through Richard's arms to hook him papoose-style on his own back, and as Patrolman Dan Danielson held a limb down in lieu of a rope, Storment managed to haul the boy to the top.

"I asked him if he was hurt, and he said 'No, but I'm scared,'" Storment said.

Chico, the dog, had stayed near the top of the cliff to watch over his young master, said Mrs. Storment.

A terrifying story that ended well was printed in the Kent News-Journal on March 13, 1968.

1970s

In our collection is a bunch of newspaper articles and photos about the fishing derby that used to be held in downtown Kent for the kids. These ones are all from April/May 1971, from the Kent News Journal.

Hey Kids! Fish, Fish Fish, Fish

Starting at 11 a.m. Saturday, the Kent Jaycees will sponsor an annual fishing derby for Kent youngsters aged 4 to 12.

All the kids need to do is show up in Kent Memorial Park with their poles and hooks. The fish will be there, planted in Mill Creek by the Washington State Game Department from the Soos Creek hatchery.

Johnny Fletcher, Jaycee chairman, said the kids will line up along Mill Creek, which flows on the east border of Memorial Park, and start fishing when the whistle blows. Prizes will be donated by Kent merchants for various categories of fish and fishermen.

Judges for the fishing derby will be Dick Gilbert, incoming JayCee state regional vice-president; police chief Dave McQuerry of Kent; Ted Strain of Strain's Auto; and Bob Barrows, sports editor of the Valley Publishing Company.

Page 12 Kent News-Journal Wednesday, April 28, 1971



Lonely Vigil

Usually, when fishing derbies are held for the kids, it always seems that the parents, especially dad, stand the show. Such was the case Saturday at the Kent JayCee Fishing Derby down by the old Mill Creek. However, this little chap, Keith Jones of Auburn, managed to do his fishing on his own and at the end of the stream where the fish were practically non-existent. Keith's our kind of fisherman.

Staff Photo by Harvey Brown

1946.225.832



Get ready, get wet... GO

200 in 'fishout'

Two hundred youngsters lined up Saturday morning to participate in the annual fishing derby sponsored by the Kent Jaycees. The youngsters, ranging in age from 4 to 12, were lined up along Mill Creek in Kent Memorial Park. The derby was held from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and was a great success. The youngsters had a great time and many caught fish. The derby was a great success and the youngsters had a great time.



Complete with pole

Keith Jones of Auburn, managed to do his fishing on his own and at the end of the stream where the fish were practically non-existent. Keith's our kind of fisherman.

Staff Photo by Harvey Brown

Fishing Derby just for kids

The Kent Junior Chamber of plained chairman Harry How- businessmen will be picked as judges later in the week.

Commerce will again throw ell. Mill Creek open to children 3 through 13 years of age when split into age groups, some- Competition will also be the Jaycees sponsor Kent's thing that wasn't done last parents can help their children annual Fishing Derby on May year. The tentative breakdowns in the 3-7 year old category but are as follows: 3-7, 8-10 and 11-13. once the little tykes have a grasp of the situation, parents will be asked to leave the wa- hours, beginning at 11 a.m. The ter's edge. Last year, photos Kent Jaycees will also have the many parents as children tak- ing up the fishing space. Per- chants and the State Fisheries Department, which will dump haps, the parents own fishing some 500 fish in Mill Creek just hole will solve that problem for the event, "Three prominent this year."

Mill Creek is located to the east of the Kent City Park and was the scene of last year's "kids fishout."

However, the rules have been changed somewhat and it appears that the kids will benefit most. "Parents will have their own fishing hole," ex-

Page 8 Kent News-Journal Friday, May 7, 1971



Twin killing?

Mark, left, and Kent Williams of Kent are typical twins — they share the same way they use the water fishing poles and they figure to catch more than their share tomorrow when the Kent Jaycees stage their annual Fishing Derby with the help of downtown Kent merchants. The four-armed twins will be entered in one of three age-group divisions at Kent's Mill Creek adjacent Memorial Park Saturday with action beginning at 11 a.m. including approximately two hours.

PATRIOT PUP SEZ:



**THE BEST PLACE
TO STAY
IN THE WHOLE
U.S.A.**

**WHERE NO ONE'S COMPLAINING
ABOUT BOARDING AND
TRAINING**

**PLENTY OF BOARDING AND SUPPLIES
WE'RE NOT HOARDING
WITH PEOPLE THAT CARE,
AND A PRICE THAT'S QUITE FAIR**

WE ALSO BOARD PET ROCKS

For all of you pet rock owners, we have the finest boarding facilities around. We keep the dogs and rocks separate because, as everyone knows, they don't get along too well. For the younger rocks we play "hard rock music" but for the older ones we play only

"ROCK OF AGES."

HOLIDAY KENNELS

22211 RUSSELL RD. 852-2405

According to their ad, you
could even board your pet rock
in 1976 at Kent's Holiday
Kennels!

1980s

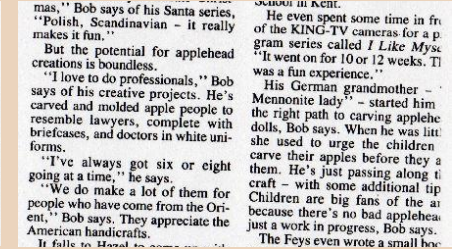
The Spring 1989 Jr.
Achievement Class at
Kent Jr. High



1990s

Boy Scouts visiting the Mayor's
office in 1990.





Who remembers the Apple Barrel Country Store on Meeker? (I know that's where my Mom & I learned how to make Applehead dolls! ~Michelle)

Here is a photo and an article from Oct. 1994 about this charming store.

Don't know what an applehead doll is? Here is a link on what they are and how to make your own! <http://www.crizmac.com/.../index.php/2011/11/24/make-an-appl.../>

or: <https://www.motherearthnews.com/diy/applehead-dolls-zmaz80jazraw>

JULY				AUGUST			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

1991 CHICKEN EGG PRODUCTIONS
 \$75,000,000 in Selling Money Supply
 Plus an additional \$100,000 in Breakout Cup awards
 \$250,000 in Horsemen's Top Yearling for the Southwestern Fair
 First Prize \$100,000

DATE	Name of Race	Conditions	Purse
July 1	1st Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 2	2nd Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 3	3rd Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 4	4th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 5	5th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 6	6th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 7	7th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 8	8th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 9	9th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 10	10th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 11	11th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 12	12th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 13	13th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 14	14th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 15	15th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 16	16th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 17	17th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 18	18th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 19	19th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 20	20th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 21	21st Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 22	22nd Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 23	23rd Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 24	24th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 25	25th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 26	26th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 27	27th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 28	28th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 29	29th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 30	30th Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000
July 31	31st Race	3 year olds and up 100 lbs	\$10,000



Racey Counter Culture
 A RACEY COUNTER CULTURE
 13 YEARS
 be a part of it.



THE DAILY DOUBLE

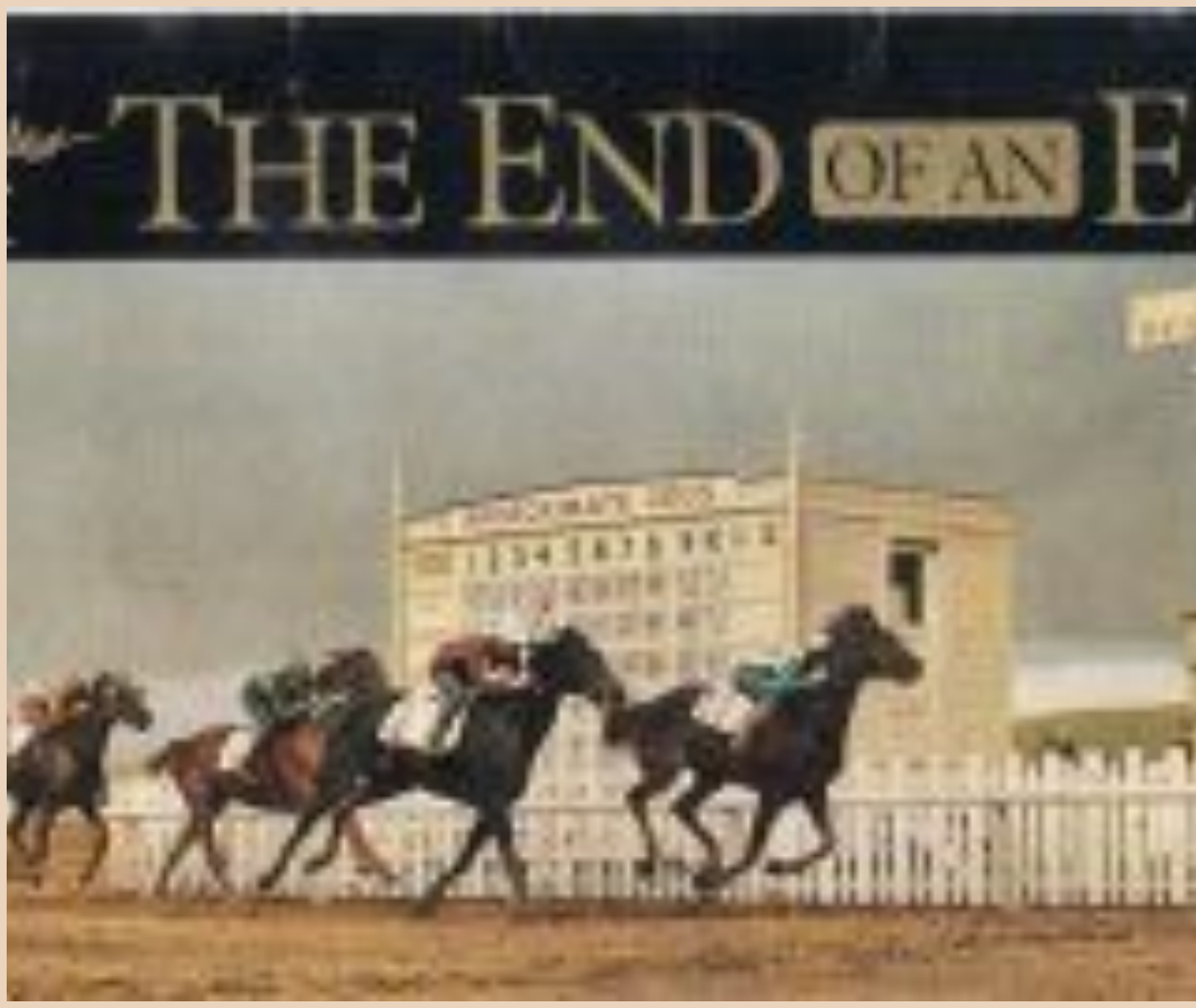




Photo of the original Greater
Kent Historical Society
members: Donna Frio, Rae
Reitan, Audrey Sells, Al Sells,
Dorice Wolfrom, Jim Biggar.
The only one missing is Jack
Becvar. c.1993.



History only looks like it's in black and white

By T.M. SELL
Centennial Editor

History sometimes seems to have happened in black and white.

The reams of old photographs and newspapers are all black and white. Life sometimes doesn't look like it was in color until about the time *The Wizard of Oz* came out, and even then it was only in color intermittently until color television became widespread in the 1960s.

Maybe it's the grim expressions on the faces. Rarely do you see anybody smile in an old photograph; occasionally a child in a picture lets a smile slip through, but anybody over the age of 14 seems to have been permanently grim. Somebody suggested that's because early photographers and their cameras were slow, so that it was tough to keep up a smile, especially if you hadn't been to modeling school.

Maybe it was the times. You can't get through life without some tragedy, and the Valley has had its share. A lot of it seems to have stemmed from the clash of cultures — whites and Native Americans, whites and Asian Americans. I hope that in looking at Kent's history, we can at least learn that there's room for all kinds of people in Kent.

Maybe it's just the photographs. If I have any conclusions to draw from the work of early photographers, it is that they had lousy equipment and questionable perspective. But like their subjects, they were pioneers, and



The mystery photo: who are these people, and where were they?

We're fortunate they took pictures at all. Looking closely at the pictures gives one a clue that history wasn't black and white.

smiles among the stalwart grimaces, the obvious charm and warmth of one teacher and the overwrought dignity of another.

Things tell a colorful story, too: the amazing size of logs, nearby streets and hillsides stripped of most of what sits on them today, modes of transportation that remain now mostly as memories and pictures.

It's too bad those pictures aren't in color. It would be fascinating to see the raw color of hops and hop houses, of wooden shops and homes on boardwalk-lined streets, of everyday people in their finest and in their plainest.

That's part of where the stories come in. Larger stories provide the muscle and bones of Kent's history, and the smaller ones flesh it out.

What usually happens in publications like this is that people race through, reading the shorter pieces and dwelling largely on the photographs. I hope that you will take the time to read some of the longer pieces. I won't pretend that this publication will tell you everything about Kent, but if you read the whole thing you'll get an idea of what happened in at least a broader sense. And although this project relates specifically to Kent, you'll find plenty that tells the story of Renton, Auburn and the rest of South King County, too.

If you spend some time with our tribute to Kent's 100th birthday, maybe you'll discover a little color in our history, too.

B07

History

History . . .

Continued from page A1

together by accident. A lot of work went into this, and a lot of people deserve thanks for providing assistance. It was an effort in which the entire newspaper participated, and to which people from all over the community contributed.

Valley Daily News County Bureau reporter Mike Archibald was the initial editor on the project, and he deserves credit for much of the coverage and content as well as some of the design elements to be found. Even after he was reassigned (and not because of his work on this section; his talents were just needed elsewhere), Mike was a frequent source of advice and encouragement.

The entire reporting staff also contributed to the project, as well as our photographers, numerous freelance writers and the other editors here at Valley Daily News. The advertising staff outdid themselves to sell the project, and advertisers were generous in their support of the section. And our production staff worked extremely hard to put this project together, especially Cathy Blauvelt.

In the community, special thanks goes to Walter Cooke of the White River Historical Society, without whose assistance we would have lacked many of the photographs you see in this publication. Thanks also to the many people who contributed small details, including our "Slice of Life" survey respondents: James Bergsma, who mailed us the copy of the County Commissioners' minutes on their vote on Kent's cityhood; and Stan Flewelling, who provided several fascinating little stories he had discovered during

Thanks also to the many Kent-area students who submitted essays about Kent. If it seems we have published essays from only a few schools, it's because those were the only ones we received. The same is true for the poems that readers also generously contributed.

If you look closely enough, undoubtedly you will find mistakes, or versions of history different from those you have heard before. The details of history can get garbled over the course of 100 years; different sources often say different things about the same event.

The photographs, too, often come incomplete. Frequently, a photograph has survived but its caption has not, so that what and who was in the photo, and when it was taken, was a matter of investigation and guesswork.

Walter Cooke revealed to me, for instance, that one photo I was considering was actually of a business that was in Auburn (the Red Rock Creamery), which meant it was better saved for the Auburn centennial.

Then again, you know you're in trouble when Walter says "I've never seen that picture before," as he did with the farming photo on the preceding page. Who are these people? Where were they? When was this photo taken?

Perhaps one of you knows, and will write in to tell us. I hope that any of you who do find items that need clarification and correction will write letters to the editor, and share that information with the rest of us. The



File photo

Another mystery photo: In the original print, the sign on the building appears to say

A lovely clipping from the Valley Daily News May 20, 1990, their paper in honor of Kent's Centennial.

While researching for the next newsletter, we came upon Tim Noah's name & photo in a Canterbury Faire booklet from 1994! He was THE children's musician when we were kids!

He is still recording, performing, & he transformed a hundred-year-old church into Tim Noah Thumbnail Theater in Snohomish, WA (<http://www.thumbnailtheater.com/>)! You can read all about him here:

<http://timnoah.com/biography.htm>



Tim Noah's show is one-of-a-kind musical extravaganza. An Emmy award-winning songwriter and producer, Tim Noah is known for his colorful, high energy performances. He combines a positive message of self-worth, imagination and the pursuit of one's dreams with outstanding