



Newsletter

Winter, 2020

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www.lakequinaultmuseum.org

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Updates by president, Tom Northup: As expected, the Covid-19 pandemic prevented any opening of the museum in 2020. We're hoping for better times in 2021, especially in light of promising news of vaccines that could restore our lives to some degree of normalcy. The closure was especially unfortunate because vacationers seeking an escape from the "hot spots" resulted in very large numbers of tourists in our area. Olympic National Park officials reported in late summer that visitation in Olympic was double that of the previous year - hard to imagine.

We've been using our "down time" for planning, maintenance, acquisition of a few new exhibits, catching up on projects that have fallen by the wayside and, with the onset of winter, enhanced mouse control is in order. Even though our doors were closed we continued with our little vegetable garden, this year featuring tomatoes and zucchini. Our flower pots and hanging baskets flourished under the care from Carol Priebe and of course, Harry and Karen Creviston kept the yard neatly trimmed.

Our raffle of a jewelry box built and donated by Steve Rutledge was postponed until such time as we can open to something approaching normal visitation. The lid of the box represents the peaks and ridgeline visible from the North Shore. Nan's photo of this same landscape will be included.



Kariana Fowler

We awarded our 2020 scholarship to Lake Quinault H.S. graduate Kariana Fowler who plans on attending Grays Harbor College in the field of social work.

Several years ago we had a recipient who was unable to use the scholarship so this year we awarded a second year's scholarship to Taholah H.S. graduate and current Grays Harbor College student Celisha Ralston.



Celisha Ralston

Jann Castleberry is on the home stretch of producing a new, enhanced version of the classic "Trails and Trials of the Pioneers of the Olympic Peninsula". The book was compiled by Lucile Horr Cleland and originally published in 1959 by the Humptulips Pioneer Association. A facsimile reproduction in 1973 and 1974 was by the Shorey Book Store in Seattle. Jann's dedication has involved re-typing the entire manuscript, adding many historic photographs and adding updated information on many of the pioneer families. A huge amount of work and we can't thank her enough. The cost of the book hasn't been set as yet as well as the date of delivery. Details for ordering copies will be advertised at a later date. You may contact us to reserve books at the phone numbers and emails above.

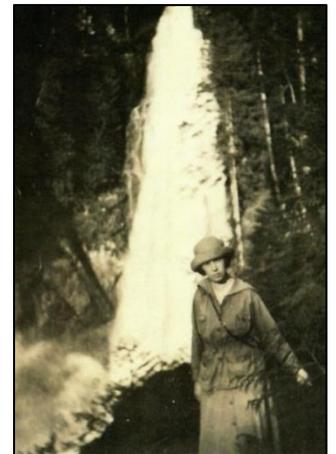
In conclusion, I will chant my usual mantra: "We could sure use a few more board members and hosts."

Mildred Hurd Remembers 1971



**Mildred Hurd
1895-1975**

The little red school house has disappeared from the American scene but even today there are retired teachers who remember them. Miss Mildred Hurd of Dominion Terrace in Sequim is one of these. In farther memories of early days as a teacher she goes back to a time when she taught in a homesteader's cabin and later in an old ranger shack. Mildred was born on San Juan Island and the family moved to Seattle when she was a year old. After graduating from high school she went to Bellingham Normal to prepare for a teaching career. While attending school there she helped pay expenses by playing the pipe organ at church. When she completed the two year Normal course she entered the University of Washington, majoring in public school music. Her minor was applied music. Piano was her instrument but she learned all instruments preparing to teaching music. Mildred taught for 37 years, mainly in Bellingham, Snohomish and Port Angeles. Most of this time she taught music, changing to languages (Spanish and Latin) in later years. "My first teaching assignment transported me to another world," says Mildred. "Here I was a city girl, off to a homestead in the forest at Quinault, on the west side of the Olympics. What an ordeal that trip was! After leaving Hoquiam I went by stage to Lake Quinault; there I crossed the lake in a canoe and walked the rest of the way to the homestead over a trail slashed through virgin forest." The Frank Milbourn homestead was Mildred's destination and her pupils for the three summer months of 1917 were the three Milbourn children, ages 6, 9, and 11. The children had never attended school as there was no school within miles of their home and all efforts to get the State to establish one had failed. The Milbourns, fearful that they would never have a public school, hired Mildred for the summer. "Mr. Milbourn and another homesteader, a big Hungarian bachelor (Joe Haas) met me at the Quinault Hotel. I'll never forget my first sight of those men, especially the Hungarian with his black, handlebar mustache. He looked like a brigand and no doubt he knew my thoughts because as he helped me into the canoe he said to Milbourn: 'Do you think she'll make it?' 'If she doesn't, we'll all drown together.' Later I knew they were joking but at the moment I really believed our chances were only fifty-fifty. The lake was so rough I was sure we were risking our lives when we stepped into that canoe. Once across the lake the most difficult part of the trip was ahead; we had to walk a mile on a foot trail stashed through virgin forest, with vegetation clutching at us and branches slapping us in the face. The men carried my suitcases on their backs and stepped right along. In spite of the difficulty I had keeping up with them, I was entranced with the forest. The lines, 'This is the forest primeval' kept going through my head. That walk through the forest was one of the most wonderful experiences I'd ever had."



In preparation for their children's schooling the Milbourns portioned the tiny living room so Mildred would have a place to sleep — this was also the classroom. Mrs. Milbourn's most cherished possession, a piano, was crowded into the other half of the little room and the children moved to sleeping quarters in the attic. "I gave the little girl (her name was Elizabeth but everyone called her Eudie) piano lessons and we had to sit on the side of the bed to get at the piano. The children detested being desk bound and I didn't blame them. With all that beautiful outdoors to play in, who wanted to stay indoors on a summer day?"



In August, 1971, Mildred had the pleasure of meeting Eudie for the first time since that long ago summer of 1917. You may know Eudie; for more than 35 years she and her husband owned and operated 'Eudie's lunch' at Amanda Park, situated on a part of the old family homestead. You may have read Eudie's book, *Rain Forest*, telling about those days Mildred remembers so well. "It is strange, isn't it, the things that stand out in one's memory? Here I had worried about being drowned in the

Mildred and Eudie, 54 years later

lake, about forest fires and brigands, but the only accident that befell me was certainly unforeseen. One day I was sitting on the threshold at the barn door and the billy goat came at me, knocking me back into the barn, right into the manure pile. What a mess I was! I screamed for help and Mrs. Milbourn came running, with a bar of soap and armload of clean clothes for me and a switch for the billy goat. She pulled me out of the manure pile and sent me to Prairie Creek to clean up. I kept my distance from the barn and the goat from then on."

As her summer at Quinault was nearing its close Mildred accepted a teaching position at Queets. "I had thought the homestead at Quinault primitive but I hadn't seen anything until I made that trip to the Queets homestead where I was to board. The 27 mile trail led through dense forest where the sun never penetrated and the ground was muddy the year around. The trail could be traveled only on foot or horse back. Supplies were transported by Indian canoes on the river and then picked up by the homesteaders, who always said they were 'going out' when they went to meet the canoes and 'going in' when they returned." "At this time Highway 101 north of Forks had been surveyed and the trees slashed but actual construction hadn't begun. On my first trip in I went with the government surveyors and the mule pack train. I had never been on a horse let alone a mule and I'll never forget that experience. My mule stepped in a hornet's nest and bolted. I was jolted and jarred and my hairpins fell out and down came my hair. I fully expected to follow the hairpins but managed to hang on until one of the men caught up with my mule. He put me on the bell-mare (leader of the pack train) and when we forded the river the bell-mare stopped to drink but the pack train went on. The mare galloped off to regain her place, while I hung on for all I was worth. So there I was, a greenhorn on mule back, and there I stayed until I was rescued once again!"



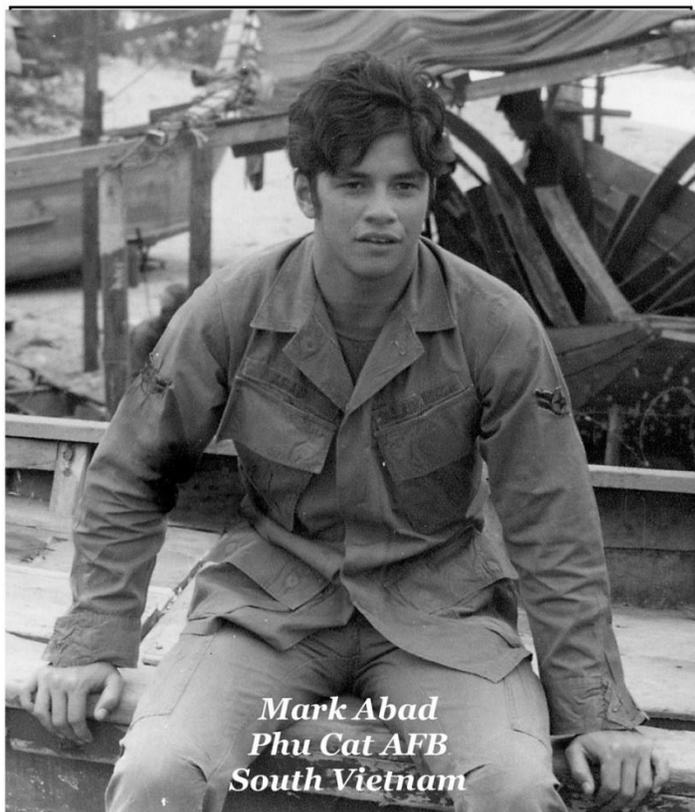
A canoe ride on the Queets River in 1917 was the only way for Mildred Hurd to reach the forest trail which led to her boarding place.

Mildred's schoolhouse at Queets was a primitive affair, an old ranger shack with a horseshoe and antlers over the door. "The cracks between the floorboards were so wide I didn't need a dustpan when I swept," she recalls. "I had five pupils and taught there for two years, enjoying every minute. My most vivid memory of those days is the tremendous spring floods, when great trees were uprooted and swept down river. I never will forget the sight of them being whirled along like chips with their great roots reaching out like arms seeking assistance." "The river had changed its course after the homesteaders where I boarded built their cabin, so it flowed around one side of the cabin and on the other was the original channel all smooth and pebbly. During a flood the homesteaders worried for fear the river would change back to its old course and their cabin swept away. When the flood was especially high they kept canoes tied to the porch so we could get out at a moments notice; needless to say we didn't sleep much those nights. Knowing how frightened I was of floods, the men teased me by telling me to be sure to leave my window open and my feet uncovered when I went to bed and to holler when the water touched my toes so they could rescue me."



Homesteaders were often miles apart those days and when a bachelor finished his crude cabin, families came from miles away to wish him well. "One day the family I boarded with took me with them to a housewarming ten miles away; I walked all the way. We dance all night and started home at daylight. I was so exhausted before I reach the river that I sat right down on the trail with a tree for a backrest. In so sparsely settled a place, you seldom met anyone on the trail so you can imagine my surprise and pleasure when one of the surveyors came and

took me to the canoe landing on the river and stayed with me until the men came across. The river was in flood and the canoe trip down the rapids was the most thrilling experience of those years."



*Mark Abad
Phu Cat AFB
South Vietnam*

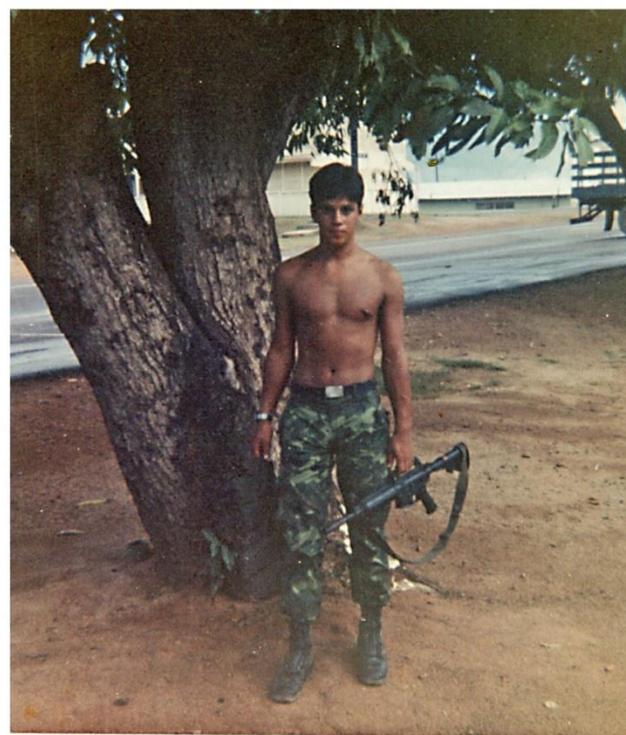
Mark Abad

Branch of Service/Rank **Air Force /Sgt E4**
Dates of Service **1968 - 1973**
Basic Training **Lackland AFB, San Antonio, TX**
Discharged **McGuire, AFB, New Jersey**

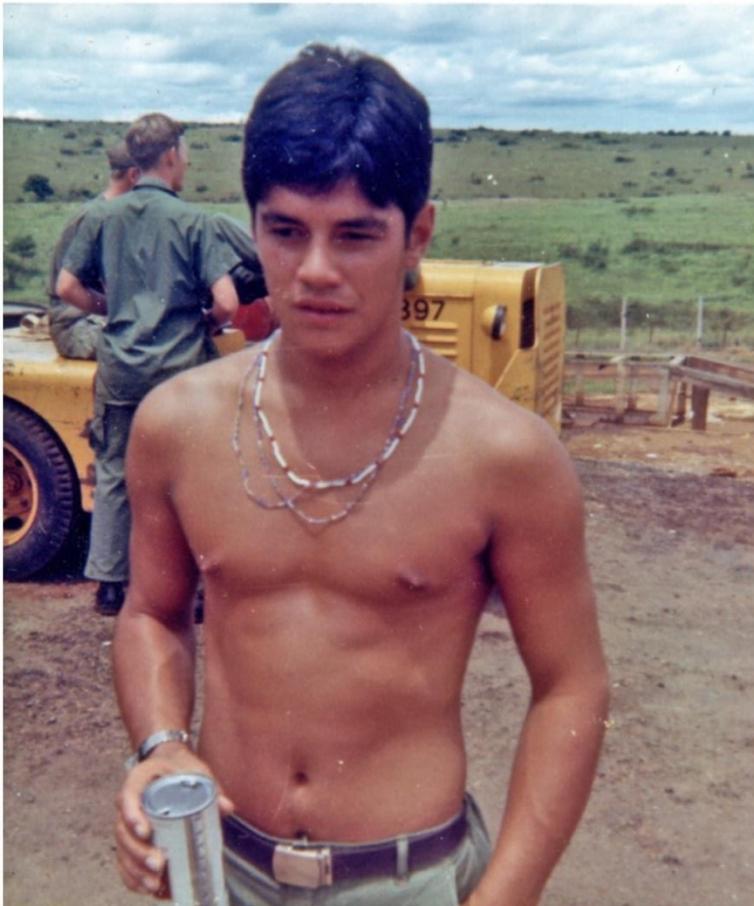
I did basic training at Lackland AFB and was then sent to tech school (computer school) in Denver, Colorado where I worked on the IBM 1050-2 computer. These were the first of the computers and were as large as several rooms in a house. From there I went to Seale AFB in California for jungle training. I thought I would work on logistical problems for the Department of Defense. I didn't think I would go to Vietnam.

I was sent to Phu Cat Air Base and managed avionics/mobile communications. I was part of the 37th Combat Support

Group, led by the 7th Air Force. There were sensitive items on the mobile communications which could be on mountain tops but in other areas too. My day job was working with the sensitive items and I would be sent out to exchange and replace the problem item and then bring it back to either discard or rebuild it. Besides my day job I would go on convoys and was also a perimeter guard at night. I was in both Tet Offensives and up where we were it was continuous explosives every day - like the 4th of July. Being up north was not like being in Saigon. The base felt too close and confining and I would wonder, "where should I stand today." Sticking around Phu Cat was mentally stressful and I volunteered for everything so I wouldn't be on base that much.



*Phu Cat AFB
South Vietnam*



The “hippie” beads weren’t approved attire ...



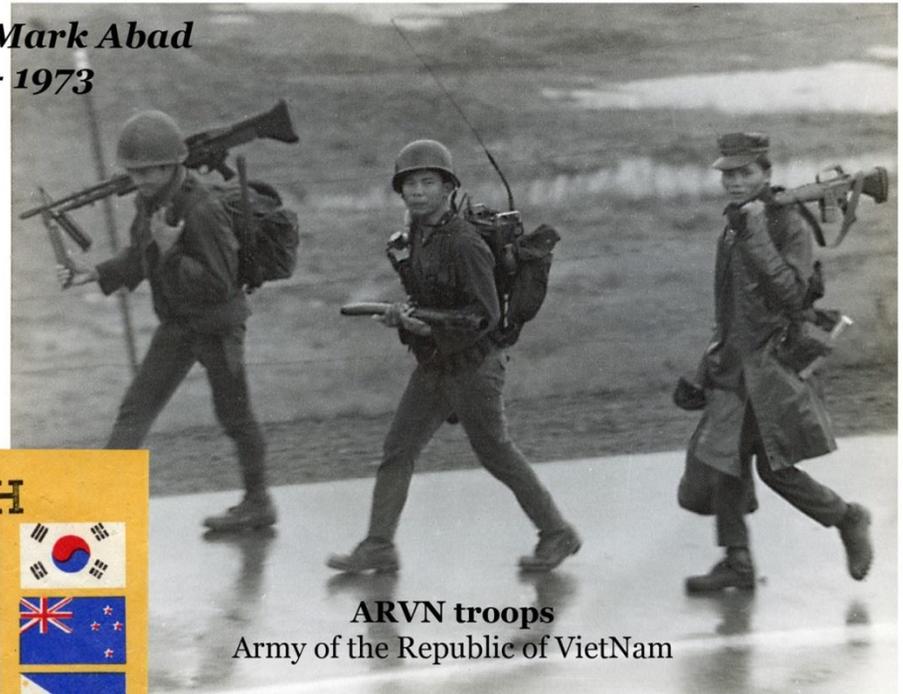
The red Mustang was parked near the flight line at Pleiku AFB. It had been left there by civilians from the states and then passed on to others. I asked the present owner if I could take it for a ride and I then raced it around the Pleiku air strip.

My entire family is military. My father, Saturnino Abad, and seven brothers and two sisters were also in the military. Between us we have 144 years of military service. “I come from a warrior family.”

Photos by Mark Abad
1968 - 1973



Phantom F4-E's



ARVN troops
Army of the Republic of VietNam



Safe Conduct pass

Viet Cong had to hold up one of these yellow passes when surrendering



U.S. Propaganda leaflet

Leaflets were dropped from U.S. Planes over North VietNam



U.S. convoy through Vietnamese village

The small grocery on highway 101 located on the “Kelly Flats” straight-stretch just south of the Queets school. Circa 1930-1960.

Throughout the years, we all knew her as “Ma Wilson”. Ma had this grocery store on the right hand side of highway 101 as you were traveling north toward the Queets village. Because of the location she catered basically to the residences of Clearwater and Queets although loggers, fishermen and tourists were also known to frequent the store.

Like most of the stores during these times, she resided at her place of business. Thinking back through those years other families did likewise, including Jerry and Mary Carroll at the Amanda Park store, the Vic Esses family at the Quinault store, May and Al Torres at the Quinault post office, Eudie and Doug Marston at Eudie’s Lunch, Monohans at the Neilton store, Guy Sansom and later, Ralph Boling at the “Sportsman’s Spot” restaurant in Amanda Park and Bergman’s at their store and resort on the south shore...just to name a few.



Being that this was her home as well as business she was known to have a cow, a couple of pigs and chickens which roamed the yard and occasionally highway 101, to their demise. Also, she had many dogs - her place was often referred to as the “dog ranch.” Those were the years!

Her granddaughter, Janet (Hein) Hurlbut, shared a few memories. “While I was looking for some old school pictures from grade school I came across this picture of Grandma Stratton’s store (Mary Jane Stratton was also known as “MJ” by my parents.) The store was known as Cedar Forest Grocery.”

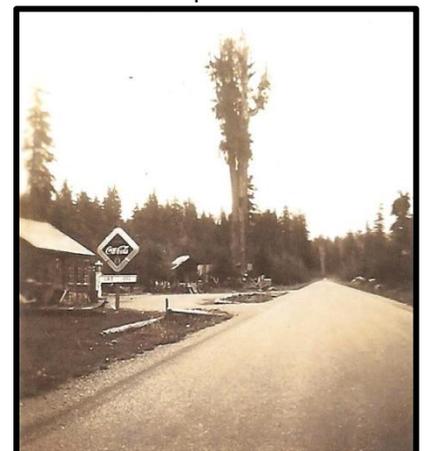
“Grandma Stratton had three (3) boys, my father, Floyd Hein who lived up the Clearwater Valley Road; William ‘Bill’ Hein who lived about ten miles outside of Hoquiam on Hwy 101; and James Wilson who last lived in Bremerton. My dad and both uncles and their spouses are now deceased.”

“Guy Stratton, grandma’s third husband lived to age 83. I believe grandma lived to about 73 or 75. She died on July 27, 1975.”

A tidbit about grandma: “Since grandma had no running water at the store or the trailer that she lived in next to the store, she would hang her red gunny sack out on the mailbox when she wanted my dad to stop and pick up her water cans and fill them for her. Grandma also did not have a telephone. She refused to pay for service so she took the telephone off the wall and put it in a corner. My parents found the phone after she died and Terry refinished it. We have it in our entry way as a conversation piece. It still has her phone number on it of ‘one long, one short,’ Cedar Forest Grocery.”

From the Frank Slater photo collection

Photo on the right: Wilson’s big cedar tree. You see highway 101 traveling south and the store is on the left. Center photo shows two men with springboard putting in undercut, early 1940’s.



According to Frank, it was 3 days work and no pieces larger than fence posts after it was down.

Doctor Lewis Adams, MD

By Phyllis



Dr. Lewis Adams
US Army

For six years the Quinault community had the services of a resident doctor. From 1944 to 1950, Dr. Lewis Adams and his wife Beth, a registered nurse, tended to the health care of our community. With their family of three, Lewis Jr., Susan and Jim, they settled in the south shore home built in 1926 by his father, Dr. O.L. Adams. Born in Spokane, a bit later his family settled in Grays Harbor where he graduated from Hoquiam high school. He attended Stanford University and then Harvard. It was in Providence, Rhode Island, that he met his future wife, Beth. Dr. Adams served as a major in the US Army and was stationed in Germany for a period of time, caring for our servicemen in a German POW Camp. Dr. Adams passed in 1950 at the age of 48 and is buried in the Quinault cemetery. Beth and the children relocated to Montesano where she worked for Dr. Moore and the Grays Harbor County health department as school nurse.



Dr. Lewis Adams with his family on the steps of their home in Quinault.



In August of 2019 we met with Dr. Adams' son, Louis Adams Jr. and wife, Linda. He presented us with his father's medical bag which still contained all of the supplies and tools needed to care for his patients at that point in time. Everything is just like new even though it's over 71 years old. We had a wonderful visit, going down the memory lane of Quinault in the late 1940's and early '50's. I was a small fry at that time but was very much aware of Doctor Adams and the love and respect afforded to him by our community.

*Lewis and Linda Adams with his father's medical bag. It was apparent that this bag was well cared for in the last 70 years.

*Doctor Adams home on the south shore of Lake Quinault.



Over the years I have had a special interest in this house since there are three graves, now unmarked, on the southeast corner of the property or possibly the southwest corner of the adjacent property. Of these three graves, one is my great-grandmother and another belongs to my great-great grandmother.

July 2, 1921 letter to Mr. R.L. Fromme, Forest Supervisor, Quinault District from G.A. (George) Milbourn:

Dear Mr. Fromme,

I am writing you in regard to the three pioneers who are buried on the shores of Lake Quinault. I understand there has been some talk of moving them, if that is so I must say it would be very much against our wishes to have them moved as they are pioneers of this valley and braved the hardships and inconveniences of a frontier country and helped make it possible for other people to live in the country. At the time they were buried, there were no roads in this part of the country and their bodies had to be taken to the grave in canoes. It was not safe to bury our people in the river valley for fear of the river washing them out. So they, with other pioneers of this valley, chose that spot as their final resting place. Harry Lee was buried there in the year 1894 and my grandma Dent was buried in 1898 and my mother in 1905. In the primitive way in which we buried our people of the valley in those days, it would be impossible to move them even if we wished to, as their coffins were built of split cedar

boards and just a single box and after they had been buried a year the depression of the ground showed that the coffin had caved in. So in my opinion, all there is left is the little lot which they were buried on and that is very sacred to us. We are old timers in this country, coming here in the early spring of 1881 from San Francisco. We first settled in Elma and fifteen years later moved to Quinault and have made our home here ever since. We come from a long line of pioneer people who have helped pave the way for civilization throughout this whole western country from the state of Kansas to the Pacific Coast, and we always welcomed strangers to the shelter of our humble home and shared what we had with them without any thought on our part of receiving pay for it. It would be very distasteful to us to have to move our dear relatives out of their graves, simply to satisfy some person who wants that little piece of ground they are buried on. Now Mr. Fromme, what I would like is to have the Forest Department eliminate that lot from the forest reserve as an old cemetery in honor of those pioneers buried there. Trusting you will give this matter your earliest attention and oblige.

Yours respectfully, G. A. Milbourn

We also have a letter dated June 18, 1921 to Mr. Hartsuck, District Ranger, Olson, Washington from R.L. Fromme, Forest Supervisor. (Olson was another Quinault address at that time.) It reads:

Dear Mr. Hartsuck:

In this same mail you will receive a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. G. E. Anderson at Aberdeen, who is renewing applications which he made last year for Lots 88 and 89.

It seems to me that we have delayed long enough in permitting these lots to be used for summer residence purposes, but I should like to make sure before actually granting the permits that no local person is really interested in removing the graves. Mr. Griffins map of the south shore of Quinault Lake indicates that the hill back of these lots is being held for cemetery purposes, and I presume we should accord with that idea. But if it were possible to really get some definite action started by the local people toward forming a cemetery association or at least agreeing on some definite tract of land, we certainly would not care about holding out even the high grounds already considered, unless we can be pretty definitely assured that the people of that region will want to hold it with that idea in view.

If you cannot obtain any definite assurance on this latter point at this time we should, at least, know at once whether anyone wishes to remove the old graves, so if possible we can grant the Anderson permits without further delay.

Very sincerely yours, R. L. Fromme, Forest Supervisor

The three graves remained intact. The Anderson permits were granted. Within a few years the Quinault cemetery was established on the hill behind these properties.

Steve Rutledge has finished this custom display cabinet which he designed specifically to display and protect Betty Miller's wedding dress. The dress, made from parachute silk, is fragile and was an irresistible magnet for



Our new cabinet featuring Betty's wedding dress.

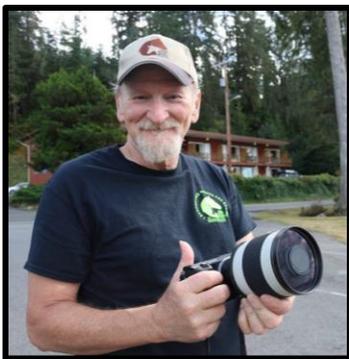
busy hands in spite of a prominent "Please Don't Touch" sign. The cabinet features full length glass on three sides and a full mirror in the back. It was delivered in July. Unfortunately, we have been closed this season so no one has been able to see it and marvel at the excellent craftsmanship that Steve has put into all of his work. This is his third cabinet that he has built for us, the other two being Criss Osborn's cabinet which features so many of her artifacts and the Veteran's display case which holds military uniforms and the memorial flag presented to Agnes and Wallace Osborn in honor of their son, Floyd Halenon, who was killed on January 20, 1945 while serving in the United States Air Force.



Phyllis is accepting Floyd Halenon's memorial flag from his brother, Gene Osborn.

Lake Quinault Historical Society & Museum

Community Birthday Calendar[®]



Gary Marsh

Our 2021 Community Birthday calendar is again featuring a photo by Gary Marsh. Taken from the shores of the Rain Forest Resort Village, it's focused toward the upper end of Lake Quinault where the river flows into the lake. Note the large strip of the fall vine maples and alders which thrive in this damp river bottom. The rainbow and its reflection illustrate the beauty that we enjoy in the land of the Quinault. The 2021 Community Birthday Calendar was available Thursday, December 31st and was sold out in little over a week, the proceeds supporting the Museum's scholarship program. The calendar is now \$10.00. To edit names/dates on future calendars call: Tom [360-288-2361](tel:360-288-2361) or Phyllis [360-288-2317](tel:360-288-2317).

In Memory

Tobie Knaack
11/29/1950 – 5/20/2020

Tobie Knaack passed on Wednesday, May 20th. She was one of the museum's Board of Directors and also Treasurer of the Board of Directors since 2009. She was a dedicated volunteer as well as one of our regular hosts. Her husband, Ron, passed two months earlier, on March 24th. They were both active community members and their passing is a loss to us all.



Tobie & Ron at the museum's volunteer appreciation luncheon last year at the Internet Café.