



**LAKE
QUINALT**
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
AND MUSEUM

P.O. Box 35
354 South Shore Road
Quinalt, WA 98575

Newsletter
Fall & Winter 2006

To:

We've Got Flowers!



Board member, John Clayton with Bob Seward of Seward's Greenhouse.

To all of you that have helped to make the museum what it is today.... Thank You!



Thanks to the generosity of Seward's Greenhouse and Nursery we have again enjoyed beautiful flower baskets and pots all summer. Needless to say, there were many "ah's" heard from our guests and locals alike. You can visit Seward's at 730 Ocean Beach Road, Hoquiam. See you there!

Early History of Lake Quinault

The only temperate rain forest in the northern hemisphere includes the glacial carved Quinault Valley. The Native Americans who inhabited the area had few physical wants because the climate was moderate and the land and the sea were so abundant. “The people were surrounded by a large variety of sea, land and plant foods, many sources of clothing, and many woods for huge longhouses, trees to carve into sea and river-going canoes, or natural tools to engrave a cedar box, fell a 1,000 year old tree, or ladle food.” The Lake Quinault area and the upper Quinault Valley were used seasonally to gather materials and foods such as berries, fish and meat. The Quinault River was the main transportation route into the valley.

The first white settler to come into the valley was Alfred Noyes who came up the river with the Indians in 1888. He built a cabin at what is now “Lockes Landing” and spent the winter of 1888-1889 trapping. In July of 1889, Joseph N. Locke came overland from Montesano, where a friend had told him of the “Wonderful Quinault Valley,” a nine day trek. He built a cabin and posted notice of a “claim” on August 8, 1889. Phil Locke related that various others began to settle on claims at the head of the lake at this same time including Jack and Albert Pruce, Jim Kelly,

Alfred Noyes, Jack Ewell and Harry West.

The Seattle Press-Times Expedition straggled into the Quinault Valley in May 1890 and a special edition of the paper covering the exploration stimulated considerable interest in the area. The next Government Expedition came over the mountains from Hoodspport, and was led by Lieutenant O’Neil. Alfred V. Higley and Orte L. Higley followed the O’Neil party’s trail from Hoodspport and arrived in the Quinault Valley in the fall of 1890.

The Quinault Townsite was platted in July 1890 by O.G. Chase and Ogden. The first Hotel was built in 1891 and was operated by O.L. Higley in a building built by the Quinault Townsite Company (about where the current U.S. Forest Service maintenance buildings are located).

“In 1891, Anton Kestner took a homestead at Quinault. The following year,1892, Josepha with their two sons joined him. They landed at Oyehut, followed the beach to Taholah, and took a canoe up the Quinault River. The journey to their claim on the north side of the valley above the lake, consumed about a week.” Mrs. Chesney was the first white woman in Quinault, Mrs. Julius Locke, the second, and Mrs. Laurence Slover the third. John and Bothilda Olson settled 8 miles above the Lake in 1895.

With them were two of John's older children from his first wife and seven of the 13 children that Bothilda would bear: Fritchiof, Richard, Constance, Elma, Ignar and the 2 month old twins, Petranella (Nellie) and Rosella (Sellie).

"The public school in Quinault opened for a six month term with Miss Ida Locke as the teacher. The school cannot run in winter on account of the children not being able to go through the winter storms" "In January 1893, we got our first big snow. Frank Ziegler was carrying the mail, ...it took four days to make the trip."

The fortitude and resourcefulness of all the original settlers in the Valley defy modern imagination. The dense forest, the ferocious weather, the tumultuous river as a highway and the long muddy primitive trails that led into the area were daunting. How these sturdy folk carved out a homestead, built a home, beat down the brush to scratch out a garden and a field for their animals is astonishing and **THEY DID IT!** Today there are many descendants of these Pioneers still here in the Quinault Valley and the surrounding communities.

Excerpted from: Trails and Trials of the Pioneers of the Olympic Peninsula; Land of the Quinault; and Land of the Trees.

by S. Criss Osborn

HOLIDAY BAZAAR

It's soon that time again, the spooks and goblins have come and gone and the Thanksgiving turkey is history. It's time now to decorate your front porch or gate with one of our famous Noble Fir Swags. Join us at the annual Holiday Bazaar at the school or if you prefer, give us a call and we'll do our best to make one up "special" for you. 288-2317, 2583 or 2417.



Here you see John (in elf hat) holding up one of our terrific swags at last years bazaar. Besides the noble fir boughs we also add other local greens such as spruce, cedar, hemlock, pine, salal and holly. The size is up to you, anywhere from 1 ft. to 5 ft.

Be the first in your neighborhood...Give us a call today!
(Sorry, hat not included)

Excerpts From The Fishel Family Diary

Written by Elizabeth (Lizzy) Fishel for her children

Ernest E. Fishel married Mary Elizabeth Egan (known as Lizzy) on September 25, 1885. Their eldest child, little Ernest, died at the age of 18 months, and shortly after that they came West, arriving in Humptulips in 1902 with two of their children, Asa, and Paul.

Ernest took a contract to carry the mail from Humptulips to Lake Quinault.

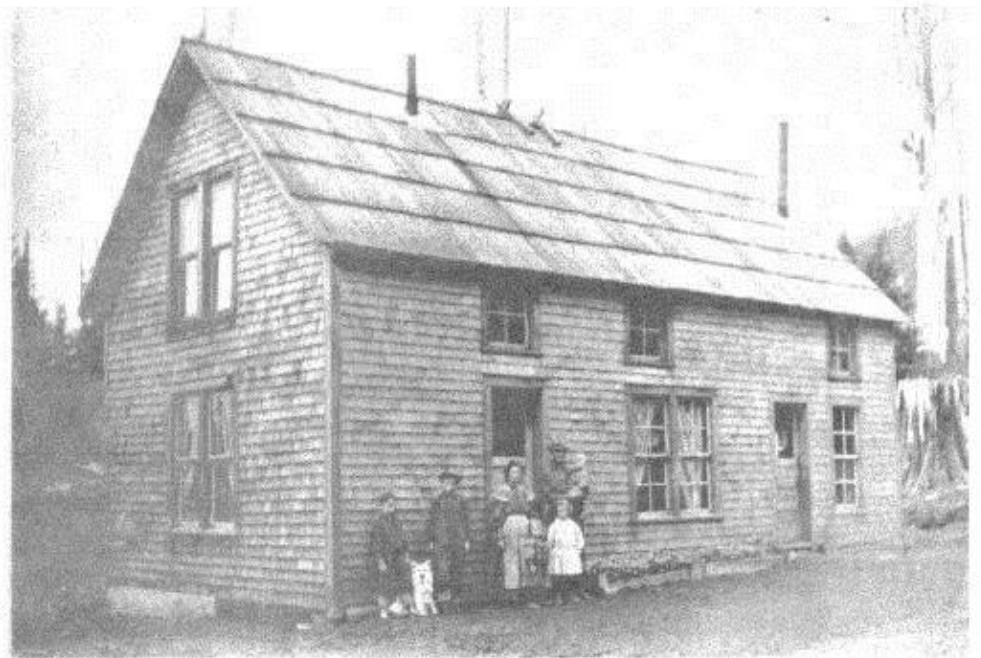
"1902 was an exciting time. One morning around 9 A.M. a neighbor came riding up like mad with the news that all of the land was open for settlement and for everyone to get his land posted as there were crowds coming in to stake their claims. Almost all the men were gone as they were working on the road between Humptulips and Quinault. The women decided to put up the notices for the men. Another lady and I ran up as far as what is now known as the Ernest Olson place and posted some notices for other families but I couldn't get to where we wanted to post. When it was found that I couldn't get there, a neighbor offered to take care of my boys and she gave me some bread and matches and her husband then rowed me to the lower end of Lake Quinault. There he left me and returned home to take care of the children until I came back.

At this place there was an old barn where Ernest Olson kept his pack ponies, so there was plenty of hay to sleep on but everything was damp and the fire was hard to start. However, I worked fast and got it started before dark. Just about dusk I heard tramping of feet and in a

few minutes around the bend in the road came all the valley men who had heard the news and were rushing to get ahead of the crowd. When I told them what was already done they were glad. One man had a little burro he asked to leave with me and that was all the company I had. However, he proved to be very good company and I shared part of my bread with him. I remained there until the next evening when Ernest came in with the mail and found out that this was not the land that was opened but it was another place. It was all a big mistake"!

Ernest was appointed Deputy Supervisor of the U.S. Forest Service in 1909 and later filed a homestead at Neilton, known as "The Burn", where the family lived until 1948. He was also elected "County Commissioner" for the 3rd District. During his term of office the road was built from Humptulips to Quinault. He also served on the Quinault School Board and was instrumental in obtaining accreditation for the Lake Quinault High School.

The Ernest Fishel Home Neilton, Washington



This house burned down in 1935 or 1936. With the help of family and friends, it was rebuilt within two weeks and is now the home of Wendell and Karen Stallard on Burn Road.

Standing in front of the house is Ernest and Elizabeth Fishel with five of their children, Paul, Asa, Alta, Esther, and Ralph, in his father's arms.

THANK YOU'S" ARE IN ORDER

Dear Members,

We've had another good year here at the museum. Lots of visitors have stopped in to enjoy our displays and history. Not only do we get the out-of-towners but our locals quite often drop in to say "hi", occasionally joining one of us for lunch.

We would like to give a special thanks to all of our hosts who, not only greeted our guests with warmth, wit and information, but also dusted, swept floors, watered plants and anything else that caught their attention. Repeat hosts include Mack McElwee, Ginger Robertson, Liz Tarbox, MiLee and Leroy Jolibois, Elizabeth Carlyle, Becky Hanson, Willa Jones, May Torres, Tom Northup, and Criss Osborn. Two new volunteers, Carol Miller and Alfreda (James) LaBonte, joined our staff with new ideas and enthusiasm. For forever and a day, Carol's family has had a summer home on the south shore. Now she and her husband, Ted, come here and share our beautiful summer days. During the long drizzly winter, like birds of a feather, they fly south to warmer climes. Carol is a great one to clean-up and reorganize and actually, we're still looking for her hidee-holes. On the other hand, Alfreda has been here as long as she can remember. If you don't know her, she goes way back.....her Native American ancestors were here before the early settlers arrived in the late 1880's. Her mother and father, the late Thelma (Capoeman) and Davy James, were among our many historical figures, living here for over forty years and raising their family of eleven. Alfreda has done a great job this year, volunteering every Tuesday. Our only problem with her is, she tends to sell our flower vases....for a dollar. "But the lady wanted it sooooo bad," she laments.

Thanks goes again to Brooke and Brian for all of their yard work, planting a new section of lawn and doing our planters and flower beds. Also, Tom LaForest for the topsoil, Mark Rice for the dump truck and Roger Blain for moving the dirt from point A to point B. The cedar shingles for the back wall were donated by Jose Recondo of A O Shingle and Seward's Greenhouse for all of our lovely potted flowers.

Last, but certainly not least, a great big THANK YOU to all of you, our membership, who's yearly dues give us the financial support necessary to operate in the fashion we have become accustomed.....pun intended.

Gracias.