



LAKE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
**Q U I N A U L T**  
AND MUSEUM

P.O. Box 35  
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**Newsletter**

**Fall & Winter 2009**

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### **Memorial by Queets/Clearwater Pioneers**

**A heartfelt thank you to the Queets/Clearwater pioneers for their generous donation to the Museum.**

Only occasionally is there an individual who makes such a profound impact on a community as did our own Criss Osborn. In honor of this grand lady, the Queets/Clearwater pioneers awarded a memorial of \$500.00 to the museum. These pioneers and their descendents have had annual "Pioneer Reunion/Picnics" for the last 32 years, where old-timers would come to share memories and pass on to their families and friends the history and camaraderie of settling this frontier a century ago. Criss first started going to this weekend event with her husband, Doug and soon after, she introduced it to her son and family. This was one of the things that she would look forward to and plan around each year. Stories have been told on how she would pulled her trailer out onto the bumpy river bar, pick out her spot of landing and, taking no notice of the offers and suggestions from the watching men, whip that puppy right where she wanted it.

It was our wish that this special donation be put toward something that would live on in her memory so, after much thought, we chose a display case for her many creations and artifacts. The unit is being designed and built by local craftsman, Steve Rutledge. Steve made our admission donation box and also a large wall display unit showing the many varieties of wood of our area in both their natural and varnished state.

Criss had yellow cedar boards saved from a tree that had fallen in her yard many years ago. When her health became very poor, she had Steve make a yellow cedar urn for her final resting place. We will have a piece of that same yellow cedar as part of our memorial case in honor of this wonderful lady.

By Phyllis

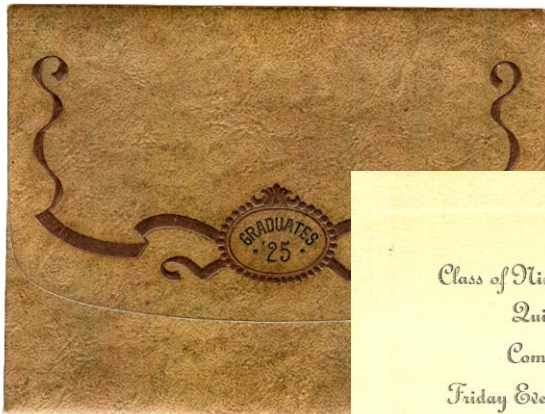
Update: Dell Mulkey photo of “The Egg and I”

**Oops!** Guess we’ve got egg on our face! In our last newsletter we featured this Dell Mulkey photo as being one of Betty MacDonald, author of the very well known book, “The Egg and I.” Understandably, the book is displayed here as well as eggs-in-hand. We asked our readers for information on the rest of the ladies and happily got quick response. Edie Locke called and said, “I can identify everyone in that picture!” and well she could. Our “Betty” is none other than her mother-in-law, Marie (Mulkey) Locke and from left to right are Marie’s sisters, Gladys (Mulkey) Davis and Mimi (Mulkey) Rinta. In center is their mother, Martha Mulkey and standing is Dell Mulkey’s wife, Lillian. The only one left out of this happy family gathering is Dell, and he’s the one taking the picture! Martha Mulkey was our first postmistress/switch board operator, living right here in what is now the Quinault Museum. Marie and her husband Clarence Locke operated Lockaerie, the resort on the North Shore, where they raised their two children, Mernie (Locke) Mathews and Clarence S. Locke Jr. AKA “Googie” and/or “Ormy Gumfudgin.” Googie was renown as the “World’s Only Living Bazooka Player!” He passed away May 15<sup>th</sup> of this year.




**Proudly** displayed in our pioneer kitchen is the book “The Egg and I,” our Dell Mulkey photo, complete with identification, and....of course, a basket of eggs. It’s a must-see exhibit, folks!

**Interesting enough,** Gladys Mulkey, along with Wallace Osborn and Douglas Marston, graduated from Quinault High School in 1925. Gladys only had to cross the street to get to school. For years my father, Doug Marston, would brag to me about being 3rd highest in his class. I was so impressed and it wasn’t until years later when I found his graduation announcement in Grandpa’s effects, that I discovered that there were three in his class!



By Phyllis....

CLASS MOTTO:



CLASS COLORS:  
Rose and White.

CLASS FLOWER:  
Narcissus.

CLASS ROLL:  
Gladys Maxiene Mulkey  
Wallace Buel Osborn  
Douglas Edward Marston

Principal, Vesta King.  
Superintendent, Frank H. Bowen.

Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-five  
Quinault High School  
Commencement Exercises  
Friday Evening, May Twenty-second  
at eight o'clock  
School Auditorium

Douglas E. Marston

## Criss's Phone Booth

**And just** how many volunteers can we get into a phone booth? Here you see Bob and Laura Sugden at left, Sharon Bouscher hunkered down in center, Don Morrison is in the booth and Dave Morrison's holding up the wall. They all helped in moving it in here last June. For many years Criss had talked about getting her phone booth to the museum but never got around to doing it. We did it.



## Be Careful of What You Offer!

**We might** take you up on it! Poor ol' Harry Creviston is learning the hard way as you can see here. In early spring Harry came to a Museum meeting and offered to put up a pole building, replacing the carport that was damaged by the December, 2007 storm. A week later he was hard-at-it, drawing up plans, cleaning up the site, and getting any and all necessary approvals and permits. Fortunately, the

existing concrete floor was intact and makes an excellent base. If you happen to drive past the museum you'll see a large blue plastic tarp draped over the rafters as protection until we are able to install the roof. It's our plan to get hold of some cedar and make our own taper shakes.

When completed the building will hold large logging equipment and other outdoor pieces, some of which are shown here in the foreground.

## Bits and Pieces:

**We opened** to the public on Memorial weekend and continued Tuesdays through Sundays until Labor Day weekend. Dan Chandler was able to have our back display room, which was injured in the December 2007 storm, ready to go for this season. It's actually better than ever except for a few nicks on our tile floor. The floor, installed by Criss's son, Ryan Aigner, amazingly withstood a fallen tree and 3 months of standing water with damage of only a few minor spots which little rugs can easily cover. Most everything in that room, except for the floor, had to be replaced.

**Our kitchen** is coming right along. The cabinets, countertops and sink are installed and with just a few odds and ends to tie up, will be finished and ready for use. In the meantime, some generous soul snuck a beautiful table and 4 matching armchairs into the kitchen. No note or word explaining from where they came but, "We think we know who you are!" "Thanks, Kathy."

**"Thank you,"** to all of our dedicated hosts and subs: Carol Miller, Elizabeth Carlyle, Tobie Knaack, Willa Jones, Kathy Clayton, MilLee Jolibois, Gwen Wilson, Liz Tarbox, Alfreda LaBonte, and Nancy Erben. Also to Brian (Muddy) Edwards for yard work and Quinault Merc for lawn mowing, Quinault horticulture class for plants, Dan Chandler for renovations, Rodney Miller for plumbing, Harry Creviston for building-in-progress, the Museum board members who are faithfully here for everything, and most importantly, our appreciation to the Museum membership for your financial contributions. You make this all possible. Thank you.



**Aberdeen News Item dateline Dec. 1, 1927**

## **BATTLES WITH ENRAGED COUGAR**

**Ignar Olson, Mountaineer Guide has Terrific Struggle with Animal Reared as Pet.**

Last Saturday evening, at his father's homestead at Quinault Lake, Ignar Olson, widely known mountaineer and guide, had a battle with a pet cougar that might have ended fatally for the young giant guide, had it not been for his own great strength, knowledge of the big cats, and the timely aid of his father.

A year ago, Ignar killed a large female cougar and captured one of the kittens. This he took to his father's home to be reared as a pet. The animal has been well fed, and has grown rapidly, so that it is now as large as the average two-year-old. During the summer many visitors at the lake went out to see the cougar and the teasing it received by children and grown-ups has caused it to hate the sight of man. The cougar had been kept chained but, desiring to give the animal more freedom, Ignar had turned it loose in the barn that it might roam about.

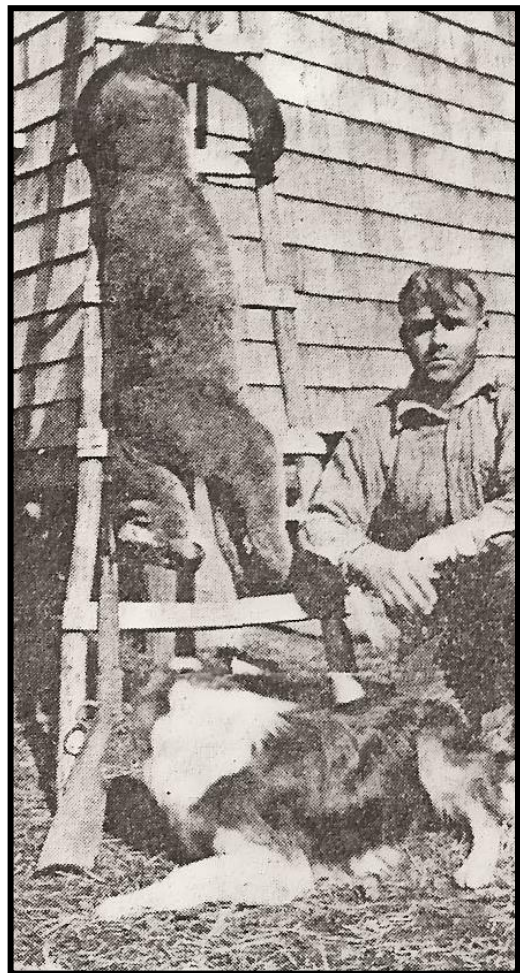
It was hog-killing day at the Olson homestead last Saturday and the work was done near the barn where the cougar was kept. The animal had not been fed and, toward twilight, Ignar approached the door with some of the fresh entrails from the hogs to feed the cougar. As he opened the door a short distance, the cougar made a rush, reared to its full height and, extending a claw over Ignar's shoulder, caught him by his hunting shirt in the back, attempting to pull him down. Ignar could have closed the door but confident of his own strength he pushed it open and entered into a combat with the enraged beast. The cougar circled him and suddenly it sprang upon his shoulders attempting to get a hold onto his throat with its teeth. Knowing the habits of the big cat, Ignar threw his left forearm across his throat to protect it while he attempted to crowd the beast with his right. He was bitten on both sides of the head and the cougar attempted, with his nose, to shove back Ignar's forearm to grasp his throat.

Suddenly it switched, and seizing Ignar's right hand in its jaws, it sprang backward to the ground, closing down on the hand until the jaws met.

Telling the story to a representative of the Post at the General Hospital, Monday morning, Ignar said, "When the cougar fastened on my right hand and sprang from my shoulder to the ground and attempted to pull me down I figured that the hand was gone for he crushed down on it until his jaws were met and he pulled back as a bulldog will with an enemy. I called for father, who was working in another part of the barn, and he came to help. He got the cougar by the tail and pulled but the animal would not let loose of my hand. I bent over and crushed the beast into the soft ground and struck him with my heavy shoes above the heart but he would not let loose. We then bent his body nearly double backward until I felt almost ashamed of the scandalous treatment we were giving him and yet he hung on. Finally I secured a piece of vine-maple and struck him over the head with my left hand until

he let loose. He then attempted to run toward the canyon but I headed him and we ran him again into the barn. I had always thought that a good man could fight a cougar if it came to close quarters but I learned my lesson with this one – it simply can't be done."

Ignar was brought to Aberdeen immediately after the fight was ended and Dr. O.R. Austin cauterized the wounds and patched up the torn places on his body. Ignar remained in bed at the hospital until ten O'clock Monday, then he decided that he wanted to get back on his trap lines in the mountains and left again for the lake. His back was severely wrenched in his struggle with the cougar and though badly torn he laughed at the whole incident, and is ready again to face the big cats in the wilds. He has killed over 30 of them in his career as a mountaineer and once on a trip in the mountains with the writer of this paragraph, when a huge 10-foot cougar leaped from a crag at one of the dogs and landed close to the hunting party, Ignar, who had no rifle, struck the huge cat in the face with his black felt hat. The cougar was killed a few moments later by a member of the party.



The home of Ignar Olson was in the upper Quinault valley with the mountains rising on both sides. This photo was taken the day after Mr. Olson had returned from a hunt in the mountains. He killed one of a pair of cougars and then trailed the mate two days, returning with the second big cat shown in the picture.