



LAKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUINALT
AND MUSEUM

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

Newsletter

Fall & Winter 2010

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DOWNSTAIRS IS COMPLETED -or- THREE ROOMS AND GROWING...

We're proud to have three rooms finished and open to the public, each presenting its own theme and individuality. The back storage-junk room was completed for this season's opening day and displays most of our smaller logging items. The "big" stuff will eventually be out in the new shed that Harry built. Kathy Clayton has several vintage logging pictures expertly framed and up for viewing. Our photo gallery has been in need of change so Kathy has taken on the task with a free hand to, "Do what she wants." It's her "baby" now!

With the logging now in its own area, we're enjoying a little more space and openness in the Great Room. We've been able to expand some of the exhibits and rearrange others without having to "...borrow from Peter to pay Paul..."

In the Great Room we added a few bales of straw to support our farming implements.



Logging displays: Center stage is the logging show built and donated by Lowell Paull. Left to right: Puncheon board and large fry pan, misc. equipment under table, pack saddle on stand

(sorry, no horse available), springboard, cedar block with mallet and froe, canvas water bag, logger with his tin hat, caulk boots and the requisite red suspenders, a bundle of cedar shingles, complete with certified label, from the old Crane Creek Shingle Mill on the North Shore, plus numerous items not shown including many vintage pictures (Dale Northup and Dell Mulkey's).

Without the daily vigilance of Raleigh Wilson and his "trap line," the straw could very well become our "resident mouse-house." Our master-carpenter, Dan, is finishing up the back outside wall and hopefully any tiny entrances into the building will be permanently removed.

Looking closely, you can see John Olson's bear trap, a 2nd pack saddle, Nettie Kestner's apple press, the double hay-hook, a small milk can, the "Olson" branding iron, a tire pump and a buck-saw for cutting the firewood that's on the sawhorse.

OPEN HOUSE CELEBRATION

In recognition of our 10th Anniversary and the transfer of the deed to the “Old Quinault Post Office” building to the Lake Quinault Historical Society.



And...

Honoring Aramark, Inc. and Lake Quinault Lodge for their generosity to the Lake Quinault Historical Society and Museum.

The event was held on Saturday, September 11th, from 12:00 to 5:00. With friends and neighbors from far and near, we all had an enjoyable afternoon, basking in the late summer sun, nibbling on cake and cookies and listening to the lively music of Brian (Muddy Shoes) Edwards and friends.



Mary Christiansen, assisted by Lucille Stott, as she makes up one of the five outstanding floral arrangements. *“There’s no flowers left on the South Shore road,”* Mary quips.



The sisters, two...

Elizabeth Carlyle and Betty Miller. For many years Elizabeth has volunteered as one of our weekly hosts and, of course, Betty is the one responsible for the formation of the Historical Society and Museum.

We would like to thank Hiedi Olson and the Quinault Lodge for supplying the coffee and cookies and lending us the banquet table. Unfortunately the guests of honor were unable to attend.



Bruce and Nancy (Willett) Jackson, both QHS class of 1959, arrived from Allyn.



Let the music begin....Muddy Shoes & Friends.

OPEN HOUSE Continued...

by Phyllis

Brooke Pederson, our new librarian with charter-board member, Kathleen Praxel.



"..and your phone number is?..."
Elizabeth and Mernie.



Kathy Clayton and Ginger McElwee in the Great Room.



Work-a-holic board member, Tobie Knaack with Dorothy Davis. Dorothy also helps as host.

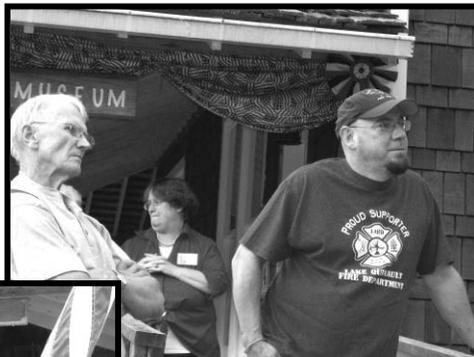


Someone grabbed my camera and... Me (Phyllis) and Brooke.



1962 QHS graduate and museum member, Robert Slimp visits from Brinnon.

Board members, Chuck Coble and Tobie Knaack, enjoying the music with Mike Kenney.



All museum members: Dave and Mernie (Locke) Matthews visit with Laura (O'Connor) Sugden.

Has anyone noticed that almost everybody is outside? It was a beautiful day!



The three musketeers + one... Lucille Stott, Liz (Streater) Tarbox, Elizabeth Carlyle and Betty Miller.

AND HE DIDN'T COME HOME...

by Phyllis

It was graduation time at Quinault High School, 1947. For those six graduates it was time to leave the nest, go out into the world and follow their dreams. Inis (Ashenbrenner) Paull, Dorothy (Marston) Esses, George Carlyle, John Sandberg, Stillman Sawyer and Carl West were the happy graduates. Each went his own way, jobs, marriage, further education, careers... For Carl, he joined the military, the Marines, and went off to war. The Korean War. He didn't return. It was 1950 when word got back that he had been killed. When reminiscing with my sister, Dorothy, she would occasionally say, "...and Carl fought in the Korean War and never came back."



Carl Amos West

Marine Missing From Korean War Is Identified.

September 14, 2007: The long journey of Private First Class Carl A. West, a U.S. Marine killed at age 23 in the Korean War, is finally over. It took more than 56 years to identify the remains of the young man from Grays Harbor County. He died in the Battle of Chosin, in which 120,000 Chinese soldiers launched an attack on 19,000 U.S. troops. West was buried by his fellow Marines in a temporary United Nations cemetery in Hungnam, which fell to the North Koreans. In 1954, his remains were among the 2,944 soldiers repatriated by the North Korean government during "Operation Glory."

West, however, was among 416 "unknowns" buried at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific (The Punchbowl) in Hawaii.

In May 2006 the remains were again exhumed, and this time he was positively identified.

On Thursday, October 4, 2007, U.S. Marine Corps Pfc. Carl A. West was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery.



WEST, CARL A
PFC US MARINE
CORPS
KOREA
DATE OF BIRTH:
06/05/1927
DATE OF DEATH:
12/08/1950
BURIED AT: SECTION
38 SITE 2496
ARLINGTON
NATIONAL
CEMETERY

Carl was the oldest of three children, a sister Arlene and brother Raymond, born to Amos and Bessie West. They lived in Amanda Park.

20 September 2007:

Jo Ann Miles didn't know much about her father's brother except that he had been in the Korean War and was missing in action.

The Hoquiam woman knew her uncle's name was Carl West and that her younger brother, Raymond Carl, had been named after her father, Raymond, and her uncle.

The 45-year-old had never even seen a picture of her uncle — until she got The Daily World on Tuesday and saw a story about how Private First Class Carl West's remains had been identified nearly 57 years after he died.

"I just heard a little bit of it (on the news over the weekend) to draw my attention but I didn't get it all, then I saw it in yesterday's paper," Miles said Wednesday. "I found out about it by reading the paper. It's exciting."

For more information on Carl go to:

www.arlingtoncemetery.net/cawest.htm

A Rain Forest

Mildred Olson LaRue

I have written of the rain forest of western Washington, second only to the vaster rain forest of Brazil. It must not be compared with the dry eastern Washington - "Over the mountains," we'd say - and the home of the Apple and the Wild Horse.

My Swedish father, John August Olson, came to the Washington Territory in 1890. In all his wanderings he had seen nothing so beautiful as the Quinault Valley, with its beautiful lake, rushing rivers and gigantic trees. Quinault, named from the Quinault Indians, a couple of years ago on television, but much diminished from when we knew them.

He returned to Minnesota and over the next several seasons of good weather, he brought his cousins, the *Peterson boys, to help clear the land, fell the great spruce, fir and hemlock, saw them into convenient lengths, split them with an auger and wedges, and saw them again for burning. Now there was room to build houses and barns for families and stock, and enough food for all, and my father brought my mother Bathilde, with six children of their own, and three step-children who had fallen in love with her at the Minnesota State Fair.

It was now 1895.

At approximately this time a distinguished old American family – the Higleys – came, the eldest A.V. Higley having been a drummer boy in the Civil War, with many medals for bravery. They built a log hotel on the high bank of beautiful Quinault Lake, with fourteen bedrooms and a bath, with a balcony and one room for women only – a measure of respect for women in this far-off land.

Why was there a need for a hotel at the end of poor roads on this unblemished green forest? Because, there was land to homestead, and many men and even families came hoping to complete government requirements and own their own homes with one hundred-sixty acres of land, here at Quinault or farther to the Queets, or even farther yet to the Hoh. Always on rivers for transportation.

Now across the Atlantic, in Austria, a tall handsome army officer, Louis Haas, was anxious to get out of so many wars. An army officer was a cut above farm fold but he heard that *Mrs. Anton Kistner and her sister Louise had inherited the family farm and planned to sell it for money to come to America.

As he later told my mother, Louis Haas was going with a well-born Austrian girl, "But she no had a farm or any way to get to America!" So he wooed and married Louise and the four of them came to America and found their way to Quinault.

Busy as my mother was she was lonely for her eldest sister, Ellen Hultine, and eventually the Hultines sold up in Minnesota and located just three miles from the Olson Home.

Now there were two Swedish families, the Olsons and the Hultines; two Austrian families, the Kistners and the Haases; and old American family, the Higleys; and many bachelors after land to settle. Later, the Ewels.

The bachelors were as different as the families. There was Tom Bolyn, dark haired, blue-eyed, well educated and most sociable; Tom Fox, struggling mightily with a lame leg; good looking and with an eye for the girls, *Ovid Milbourn, and so on.

The bachelors were important to the social life of the valley for they had time to organize dances, parlor games or song fests. As for dancing, only the Olsons and the Kistners had large enough families to need large enough living rooms that became suitable for dancing. Parlor games could be Pin the Tail on the Donkey or Find the Handkerchief. With this, one would be "it" and stand in at the center of a ring of players who would keep touching the hand of a neighbor to get the handkerchief with the left

hand, exchanging it to the right for the next neighbor. The one who was caught must come to the center to find the handkerchief. Even as this was going on there were others playing cards, Pedro, Rummy, 500.

The song fests would begin with some song everyone knew well, such as:

On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from a courtin' too slow.
For courtin's a pleasure and losing is grief
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

Frequently the Olsons and Hultines were asked to sing Swedish songs. Most were stirring ballads of wars across the Baltic Sea. Loveliest of all came at Christmas when Mrs. Anton Kistner and Mrs. Louis Haas sang in harmony and with reverent bowed heads, "Holy Night." It was so much like church that there was silence for a long moment. Then everyone rose and there was such a tumult it was beyond what any other living room had known.

These were religious people, especially the women. The Austrians were devout Catholics, the Swedish were Lutherans, equally devout. The Higleys were Episcopalians. Except for trust in Our Lord, how else could women have babies without doctors? For from these forebears came doctors lawyers, judges and the strong men such arduous work always brings.

Many will not believe, but that is how the frontier was won.

* We recently received this letter and the accompanying documents from Audrey Worledge of Gold Beach, Oregon: *"I have copies of the entire records of my grandparents, James and Christin Peterson Homestead Records on the South Quinalt that I would be happy to give to the Museum. It includes the signatures of Daniel Peterson, John A Olson, Philip Locke and Albert Pruce, as witnesses to Christin "proving up", along with many other pages of interesting information about the claim. One page includes in John Olson's own hand, explaining his information as to what the Peterson's had done to improve their place."* She also sent a picture of her grandparents, James and Christin Peterson and a picture of his brother and wife, (Daniel Peterson) who homesteaded on the north side of the river about the same time. Circa 1895.

* I had confusion on the spelling of Anton Kistner. Looking in our manuscript, *"As it was in Grandma's Time,"* by March Morris who is the daughter of Anton Kestner, the German spelling is Kostner and it's pronounced like a short "i" ("kis"). The Kestner boys didn't like this sound so they changed the "o" to an "e". Therefore, "Kestner."

* Every once in a while I run across the mention of Ovid Milbourn. According to this story it sounds like he was a good lookin' guy in his day. I remember him as an elderly fellow, jiggling me on his knee and reading me stories out of my "Golden Books". AKA Uncle Ovid.

By Phyllis...



Men in back, left to right:

Roy Streater, Chet Wilson, John Olson,
(Unknown)

Ladies, left to right:

(Unknown: checkered dress), Marian (Streater)
Danielson, Bothilda Olson, (Unknown),
Constance (Olson) Streater, (Unknown)