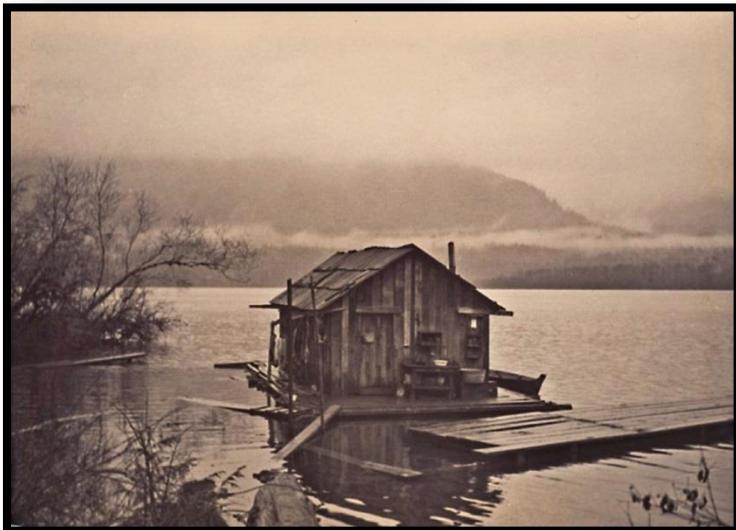




LAKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUINIAULT AND MUSEUM

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

www.lakequinaultmuseum.org



**James home on the South Shore
of Lake Quinault at the mouth
of Gatton Creek.**

Newsletter

Spring & Summer, 2016

Contact us at: 360-288-2317 or 288-2361

lakequinaultmuseum@gmail.com or
phyllisandrodney@hotmail.com

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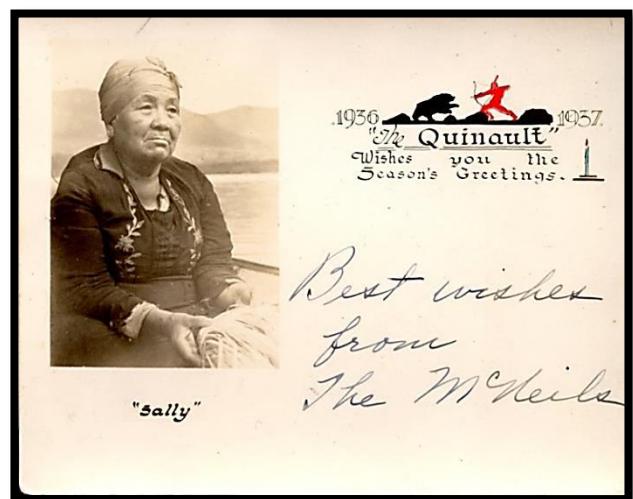
This cabin was built by **Sally Freeman** in 1890 on Lake Quinault at the mouth of Gatton Creek. The David James family lived there.

Every summer (1840's) the Quinaults would move from their winter lodging at Taholah to Mount Olympus where they would pick berries and hunt game, primarily elk which would be dried for winter food. Every creek site going into the lake would have a family camp which was used between the winter and summer lodging. When they would be returning in September they would fish at the mouth of the lake. The oil content in the fish at that time of the year was down and the fish would hold well and not get rancid.

Two adults and 5 children lived in the cabin for a period of time.

The cabin was taken down in 1946 and the family moved into another one at the same site, only this was one on land and built on stilts. It was later replaced by the existing cabin built by Justine James.

Reminiscences of Justine James as told to Phyllis



1936 Christmas Wishes featuring Sally Freeman, from Stella & Frank McNeil and "The Quinault" to my mother & father, Eudie & Doug Marston. The Museum has the Christmas card and postmarked envelope. The McNeils had a son, Steve, who was a writer for many publications, including the Saturday Evening Post.

Phyllis (Marston) Miller

Student Representatives

In a new museum initiative, two Lake Quinault High School seniors have joined the museum as student representatives and assistant hostesses. Initially, Alejandra Arreguin and Espy Silva will be primarily familiarizing themselves with museum procedures and

exhibits, then greeting and guiding visitors. They will also attend board meetings when possible. During the next school year we intend that they facilitate class field trips and promote the museum as a resource for students. Alejandra and Espy attended our Armed Forces Day open house and did a super job of assisting Tobie with the refreshments including setting up and cleaning afterwards.



Alejandra and Museum President, Tom Northup



Alejandra, Tobie with Patricia Murray

2016 Armed Forces Day Open House

Compliments were again extended to our Open House and this year we honored Joseph Moser, a WWII fighter pilot, who on August 13, 1944, was shot down in German occupied France. Mr. Moser grew up in Ferndale, Washington. In high school he dreamed of becoming a fighter pilot and flying the fastest, most advanced fighter plane of that day – the P-38 Lightning. He realized his dream, was sent to Europe and survived 43 missions, earning some of his country's top honors for outstanding skill in dive-bombing missions – missions that contributed measurably to the allied effort before and after D-Day. Unfortunately, on August 13, 1944, on his 44th combat mission he was shot down and was subsequently subjected to some of the worst of Hitler's demonic system. Scheduled for execution as a "terrorflieger," he, along with other captured fliers, was shipped in desperately over-crowded cattle cars to Buchenwald – the infamous Nazi work camp where tens of thousands died of cruelty, medical experiments and starvation. Joe was rescued just four days before he was scheduled for execution, only to spend over six more months in several POW camps.

Preceding the film, "*Lost Airmen of Buchenwald*," Joe's nephew, Steve Martin, gave a summary of his uncle's military career, capture and eventually his survival. The film chronicled the little-known story of Allied airmen imprisoned at the Buchenwald Concentration Camp in the final months of World War II. Through interviews with seven surviving members of the group, including Joe Moser and their commanding officer from New Zealand, "*Lost Airmen of Buchenwald*" tells their harrowing tale, from hiding with the French Resistance, to the darkest days of the Holocaust as Germany collapsed under the weight of the advancing Russian and Allied armies. In addition to being featured in the film



Steve Martin, describing Uncle Joe's military service.



Joe Moser poses with a portrait taken in 1942, when he was a pilot in the United States Army Air Corps.

"*Lost Airmen of Buchenwald*," Joe also wrote the book "*A Fighter Pilot in Buchenwald*," which describes his journey from farm boy to fighter pilot to near starvation in a Nazi concentration camp. The book and film are available for purchase at Amazon.com. Joe Moser died Wednesday, Dec. 2, 2015, at his Ferndale home. He was 94.

5th Annual Open House....

We had an excellent turnout on this cool, spring afternoon. As always, everyone enjoyed our selection of homemade cookies which, this year were served in our Pioneer Kitchen. Brian "Muddy Shoes" Edwards opened the program with a few tunes. Following Steve's presentation our guests found themselves riveted to the documentary film. A short commentary period followed before the close of the event.





*Jerry F. Jones
Ft. Campbell, Kentucky*

Jerry F. Jones

Jerry Jones

Branch of Service/Rank

U.S. Army - 101st Airborne/Sgt. E5

Dates of Service

1958 - 1962

Basic Training

Ft. Ord, California

I had been with the 101st Airborne at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky about 3 months, playing soldier when the 1st Sgt. told me I was to see the company commander. The CO said, "I have paper work on you, Jones, that shows you drove a logging truck before you went in the Army. Tell me a bit about these logging trucks. Are those trucks out west anything like these semis here?" The CO didn't know what the questions were about but he'd gotten a notice for anyone that could drive a large truck to report to the motor pool and they would give a test for truck driving. They gave me a lowboy that hauled tanks and told me to drive it around, back up, do U turns and park, etc. I passed the test easily and about two weeks later I got a notice to report to the honor guard company. I know you have to be 6ft tall to be in the honor guard and I wasn't. I reported to the 1st Sgt. in the honor guard company and he told me, "you won't be doing the honor guarding as you're not tall enough but we have some things going on that will be more interesting than playing soldier in the mud." I was then told I was to report to Oak Ridge, Tennessee and that I was to be a driver. Oak Ridge was where parts of the atomic bomb were assembled.

At Oak Ridge I rode guard in civilian semis such as P.I.E.(Pacific Intermountain Express) and Consolidated Truck Lines where my job was to escort the civilian drivers to the base gate. There the drivers would get out, have a cup of coffee and wait for me while I drove the truck into the base, back it up to a building and wait while others loaded an atomic detonator into the truck. This was similar to a large stainless steel basketball and it was suspended from the inside of the truck by piano wire strung



*101st Airborne insignia
“Screaming Eagles”*

up from the sides of the truck and connecting to the sphere that then hung suspended in the center of the truck. I would then get back in the truck, drive out to the gate where I picked up the civilian drivers. They would then take over driving and I would sit in the cab with them and we would then transport our "cargo" to various Nike missile sites all over the United States. The truck was always escorted by an Army station wagon in front and one in back with Army personnel in each.

On trips out west I would take the truck into desert areas. I'd be driving along and suddenly the sagebrush would open up and huge doors would open. The ground was all camouflaged at the missile sites. I'd back the semi in and personnel would take the "ball" down into the ground and I'd drive back to the main gates.

I would also fly to Europe and points around the world escorting the atomic detonators. We would fly to an island off Canada's eastern coastline where the plane crew would have an 8 hour delay for rest before continuing the flight. My crew would then stand guard around the plane, sometimes in 40 degree below zero weather!

There were also times when we took a freight train to our destination. The "cargo" would have one enclosed car to itself with a flatbed positioned on either end.

Once every 90 days I'd have to do a "pay jump" for the paratroopers so that I could get paid. I was asked what it was like to jump from a plane and this is how we were trained. The first six weeks of training we used a large airplane that was on the ground to learn how to hook up, etc. At the end of that time we then went to a tower that was 200 feet tall and there we practiced jumping, and how to land. After that we could go up in a plane to do the actual parachute jumping. There would be a large group of men (40 to 60) and the back of the plane would open and we would all go out more or less together. The sky would be full of parachutes and men were all around as you fell toward the ground.

I also got to meet General William Westmorland commander of the 101st Airborne, back at Ft. Campbell, KY. He would have parties and would ask for the honor guards to help out. There I'd be dressed in my honor guard uniform and we'd "put on a show" for the guests. I liked Mrs. Westmorland as after the party she would invite us back to the kitchen and give us food and drinks.

As I was drafted, my original time in service was for two years, but it ended up as a four year tour when Castro took over Cuba and the military put a hold on discharges at that time.

Lady Lookout

The article following this feature is a Google digital copy from the [American Magazine, March, 1921 issue](#). It's a feature story of Mavie Olson, daughter of the John August Olson pioneer family. This article was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online. It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the article to enter the public domain. Public domain materials are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover. Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible.

Some time ago Mavie's daughter, Frances Benson Woski, wrote up a short family history which has been shared with us by her daughter, Sharon White.

TERASIA MAVIE OLSON by Frances Woski

My mother, Terasia Mavie Olson, was born to Bothilda and John August Olson on February 21, 1896 at their home above Lake Quinault. Theirs was a very large family. Bothilda, with her three sisters Ellen, Hannah and Christine, had come to Minnesota from Sweden to live with their brother. John Olson was a widower with four small children; Ernest, Hilda, Minerva and Clarence. Bothilda took care of his children and at nineteen, she married John. He was thirty-five. In 1891 John and the two older boys came to Quinault, seeking suitable land to homestead. He took a pre-emption, using his homestead rights in Minnesota, to acquire one hundred and sixty acres in the Quinault Valley. They cleared land, built a house, and returned for the rest of the family. Minerva and Albert stayed in Minnesota, but John and Bothilda came west in 1894 by train with Ernest and Hilda of John's first family, and Herbert, Constance, Richard, Ignar, Elma, Fritz, Nellie and Sellie of his second family. From Hoquiam it was 42 miles by horse and wagon to the Quinault Valley. Mavie was the first white child born in the valley. Then came Grace, Elvin, Teander and Mildred. Remarkably, for that time, all but one (who was stillborn) lived to become elderly adults.



Photos: Mavie & Herbert Olson at the Quinault Lake Hotel.

Herbert and Richard built and ran the first hotel at Quinault. Richard later worked for the State Highway Department and Herbert worked for the County Road Department. Ignar and Herbert built and ran the Enchanted Valley Lodge, reached only by hiking or horseback. Elma

took off to Los Angeles where she worked for United Airlines, making salads for their meals on board. Grace joined her later, met Frank Hall, married and remained in California until she became ill after she was widowed and was brought back to the Harbor. Elma returned to Lake Quinault after her retirement. Constance married Roy Streater who was the Quinault school janitor for many years.

Elvin married Christine and they lived above the lake, where Elvin was in logging. Teander married Eleanor, was a tree scaler in Woodland, Washington, and had one daughter, Beth. Mildred married Bud LaRue and made their home in Indianapolis, where she was an interior decorator for a large furniture store. Nellie married Bill Vallad, a forest ranger and Sellie married Doug Osborn, who at one time worked for Dad, but later became partners in logging with Elvin. Fritz was injured in a logging accident in his early 20's and never married.

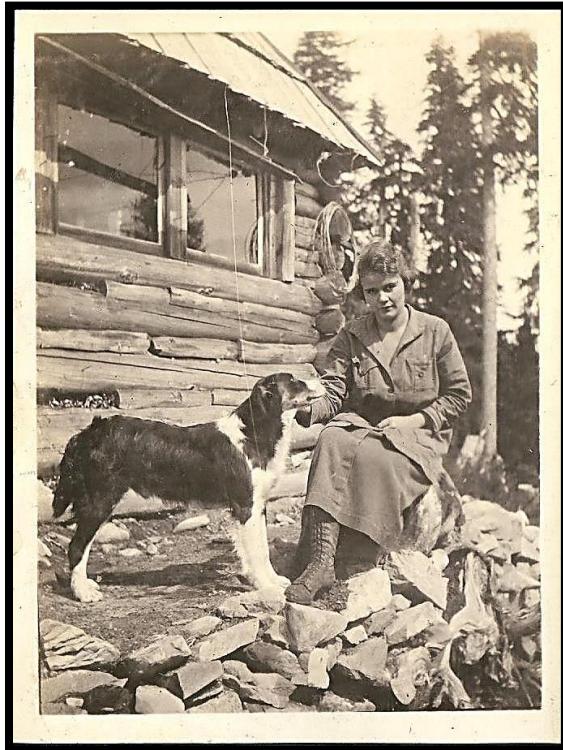




Mavie and Helen (Higley) Grandy

young man, Norbit Megorden, who wanted to go to college but had had no formal schooling. He made it, by the way. Then off to teaching in Prineville, Oregon and to Toppenish, Washington, before returning to the coast. She taught at the Bernard's Creek school four miles north of Hoquiam. She boarded with the Benson family, whose daughter Julia had married Mavie's brother Herbert.

Mavie and Art Benson were married at the Olson home in Quinault on June 6, 1922.



Mavie with her loyal companion, Stormy at Finley lookout.

John and Bothilda wanted their children to have an education, so they hired teachers to live with them and teach their children. One, Laura Haynes, was a much loved one and we kept track of her as long as she lived even after she moved to Ashland, Oregon. Another family teacher was Rebecca Rose Lortie who married Chester Wilson, a cousin of mother's.

After the eighth grade level, Mother worked for her room and board to attend high school in Hoquiam, Washington. She graduated in 1913 after which she and a friend went off to Bellingham Normal School (now Western Washington University) to become teachers. Her first year of teaching was tutoring a



Mavie & Marie at Bellingham Normal School



L to R: Hilda Olson, Roy Streater, Constance (Olson) Streater, Mr. John August Olson and Elvin Olson. Front: Mrs. Bothilda Olson, Mrs. Wilson with baby Lawrence, unknown, Helen Higley and Mavie Olson. Circa 1921

The American Magazine *A Girl Who Lives Very Much Alone*
March, 1921

THOUGH knighthood does not flower in the United States, to the extent of creating titles of "My Lord," and "My Lady," nevertheless, there sits on a throne in the Olympic Mountains, three thousand six hundred feet above sea level, a slip of a sun-tanned girl, Mavie Olson, who enjoys the title of "Lady Lookout." She is constantly on the lookout for forest fires during the danger season, between spring and autumn.

Now, you timid maids who flee from the approach of a mouse, picture Miss Olson, a girl who recently rounded out her twenty-first year, away up on a mountain height, all by her lonely, except for the companionship of two dogs.

Save for the cry of some wild animal, solitude reigns supreme about the girl's cabin, which serves the double purpose of the lookout station and Lady Lookout's home. The place is built of white cedar, the logs rough-hewn, just as they came from the forest depths. Four large plate glass windows are set in each side of the cabin, giving an outlook in every direction of twenty-six miles. Twenty miles distant by pack horse, is Lake Quinault, where Mavie was born on the Olson homestead, and now, on her mountain throne, Lady Lookout has telephone connection with her parents' home, as well as with all the forest stations in the district of her cabin. Each day the forest rangers inquire by telephone if all is well with Lady Lookout, and in case no answer is forthcoming, immediately someone from the valley goes over the steep trail to investigate.

Finley Lookout is but the summer home of Miss Olson, as she teaches school during the winter months. She much prefers her summer work, which consists of first, and most important, the looking out for fires, and, in the event of discovering one, determining its location through use of the fire finder and map, and reporting the result to the district ranger's headquarters at Olson on Lake Quinault. He sends the patrolman to attend to it, and Lady Lookout's responsibility on that score is over for the time being.

Miss Olson has other duties beside those of keeping watch for fires. Every three hours, from six A. M. to six P. M. she must take the weather readings. For this reason the lookout station is not only provided with windows and telescopes but also with scientific instruments. There are such things as the following, for instance: an anemometer for determining the velocity of the wind; a psychrometer for registering the humidity of the air; a thermometer; a barometer, a range gauge, and an anemoscope for showing the direction of the wind. At the end of each month, she is required to send a complete record of the weather readings to the Weather Bureau at Portland, Oregon, and a duplicate copy to the Forest Supervisor, at Olympia.

This courageous girl, the picture of health, grew up in the Quinault settlement, and in typical Western fashion spent a great deal of time with her brothers, fishing, hunting, and on hiking expeditions among the Olympic foothills. She is a graduate of Bellingham State Normal

School, and has taught near Hoquiam, Washington.

Miss Olson is never idle. Sometimes, when the weird cries of wild animals keep her awake during the night, she rises from her bed of cedar boughs, and busies herself about household occupations, such as baking bread, or a batch of biscuit, to pass the time until day dawns.

Miss Olson does her marketing by pack horse, and when it is necessary to replenish her supplies, is given four days' leave of absence.

For pastime, she reads, writes, embroiders, or hikes about, exploring the mountains, when there is no immediate danger of fire, as for instance after a heavy rain. She admits having seen many bears while on hiking expeditions, but as the fur is of no value during the summer period, and the bears are harmless, Lady Lookout has not attempted to kill any of them. Cougars are numerous, but so far they have avoided her path.

She confesses to having learned many valuable lessons while in her mountain home, one in particular—always to carry a compass in the hills, as well as matches and gun. Though cautioned to do so, Lady Lookout one day, disregarding the caution, wandered out after taking the evening weather reading, in search of a lake in which to swim. Without matches, compass or gun, she with her dog went scouting for the swimming hole. After considerable wandering about, she got into a box canyon, and in her attempt to find an easier way out, became confused as to location, and, to her dismay, found that all sides of the canyon looked alike to her. She set about returning the way she came, and to her surprise shortly was back at the point where she had started out to retrace her steps. By this time darkness had fallen, and her dog, Stormy, had deserted her to chase a bear; so the

girl was alone, without matches to build a fire, or a gun to protect herself from prowling wild things.

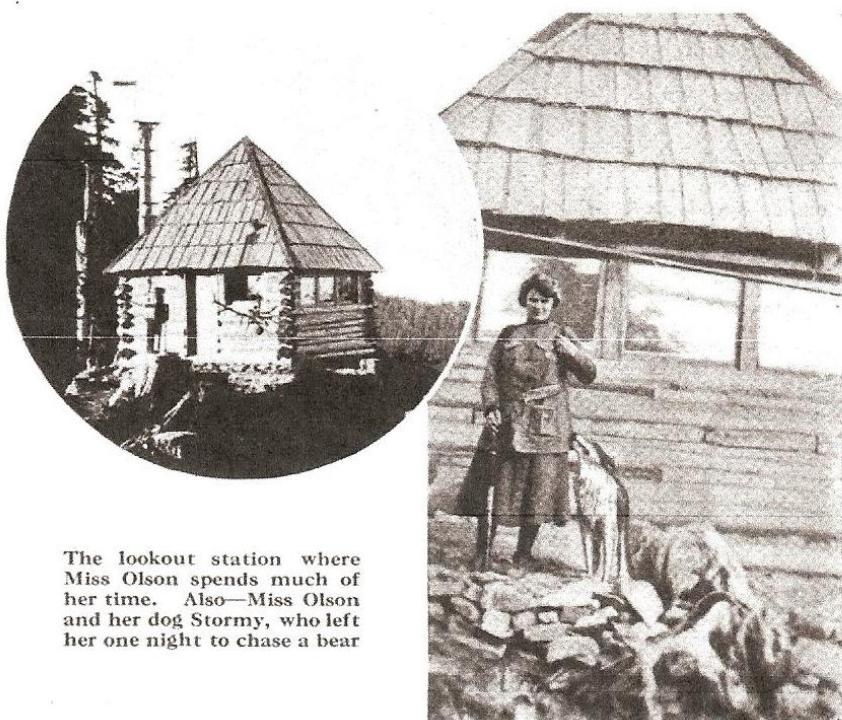
While Miss Olson laughs at fear, she admits that in this predicament she experienced the awful sensation of being lost, far from the haunts of civilization. She found a hollow cedar close by, where she was protected from the wind. But instead of going into it immediately, she sat down, wishing with all her heart that her dog would seek her; which he did about midnight. Then Lady Lookout, to prevent his again wandering, knotted her stockings together and with them tied the dog, and, using him for a pillow, fell asleep. On awakening early in the morning, Miss Olson found that the sun was in the west, instead of in the east, as she had supposed it would be.

Here her dog proved himself invaluable, for he knew the way out though she didn't. It was hard at first for her to consent to follow him, for he seemed to be trying to lead her away from home instead of toward it. At last she surrendered the direction to him. He led her out of the canyon, and once upon the ridge, she had no trouble finding her way. She had to hurry, though, for the day was well broken. She got home just in time to take the six o'clock reading and to save herself the embarrassment of explaining anything to the authorities who called her up at the time. Since then she never ventures forth from the cabin without matches, gun, and compass.

Miss Olson's duties as Lady Lookout end with the close of the fire season, near the wane of September, and her duties as teacher in Alaska begin in October.

While Miss Olson looks forward to her school, she reluctantly bids good-by to her throne in the Olympic Mountains, to which she hopes to return.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES



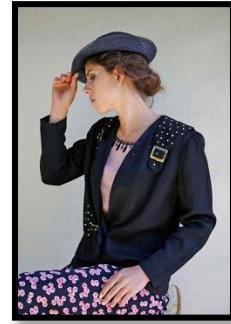
The lookout station where Miss Olson spends much of her time. Also—Miss Olson and her dog Stormy, who left her one night to chase a bear

2016 Museum Scholarship Award

The latest winner of the Lake Quinault Historical Society and Museum's annual scholarship is **Guadalupe Aguilar**, valedictorian of Lake Quinault High School's 2016 graduating class. In addition to earning outstanding scholastic marks at LQHS, Lupe has been an exceptionally active student leader and athletic participant. She intends to attend Grays Harbor College to earn an Associate degree before moving on to an as-yet undetermined four-year program to pursue a degree in creative writing.

On a further scholastic achievement note, the winner of our previous two scholarships, **Tracie Barry**, recently won acclaim as the top-ranked student in Grays Harbor College's 2016 graduating class with an Associate of Science Transfer degree as a biology major. The daughter of Celia Wolfenbarger and Allen Barry, she earned her High School 21+ degree through GHC in 2014 and now plans to attend the School Of Oceanography at the University of Washington eventually to earn her doctorate in fisheries science. She has participated in the UW oceanographic research cruise with GHC instructor Julie Nelson, was Math and Science Student of the Year for 2015 and was the student speaker at the High School Completion ceremony in 2014.

Our museum dresses have been brought to life by Tracie, a Quinault, North Shore resident, who, several years ago, graciously volunteered to model the 1930's/40's era creations. Although Tracie had never modeled before, her interpretations of the dresses were that of a professional model.



Tracie Barry

The Jefferson County Historical Society in Port Townsend is sponsoring an exhibit – *Persistent Vision, Native Art of the Olympic Peninsula* which opened March 3rd in the Courtroom Gallery, Jefferson Museum of Art & History and runs through Sept. 6, 2016. They have on loan from us a vintage Native American basket made by Grandma Beatrice Black. Purchased at Taholah from her by Agnes Osborn, it was used to hold sewing items. Circa 1940. The basket was donated to us by Gene Osborn.



We again enjoyed a group of seniors from Channel Point Village. They visited us in the early afternoon of February 29th having had lunch beforehand at the Internet Café in Amanda Park. Many of the guests were unable to view our upstairs gallery but nonetheless, all were delighted with our accessible displays. We have plenty of "vintage" pieces to pique most everyone's "Memory Lane."

Our water line has finally been installed. It was in November, 2013 that a leak in our access line from the main community water line was discovered. Our water access line crossed under the South Shore road and the large public sewer line runs under and parallel to the road, crossing over our water line. After considering our options it was decided that we would not cut up the road for new installation. Jim and Jan at the Quinault Mercantile, suggested that we tie into their access line both as a temporary fix and also for a permanent

underground line. For 2 years a garden hose ran across the yard from their line to the museum. During that time requests, applications, studies and locators were done and in November of 2015 the Forest Service approved an underground access line. We have water!



This year's tiny garden consists of 2 zucchini, 2 tomatoes and a pumpkin!

And, what do you do when someone "Gives you the boot....?" Why, you fill it full of flowers, of course! LOL



Open Letter to Museum Members:

First, THANK YOU to all who have continued to support the Lake Quinault Historical Society and Museum since its inception in 2000. Your donations of money, labor and items of historical interest have enabled us to develop a facility and assemble a collection that is routinely receiving outstanding compliments from people visiting the Quinault area from literally all over the world.

We are open daily, noon to 5 p.m. from Memorial Day to Labor Day, plus we open for special events such as Armed Forces Day (our "dress rehearsal"), school field trips and by appointment during the off-season. We are financially sound (knock on wood), to the extent that we are able to award an annual scholarship to students with local ties. We have a dedicated crew of volunteer hosts/hostesses and Board of Directors members. We have begun an annual (hopefully) program which includes a Lake Quinault High School student as a member of our Board of Directors with the intent of fostering a stronger connection between the museum and the school and local communities, and as a resource for students involved with history-related projects. It also provides students with opportunities to complete their Senior Project and, by initial appearances, seems to be a great chance to learn local history and meet a diverse assemblage of visitors.

However we are facing some ongoing problems that threaten continued operation of this valuable local institution. The most immediate problem, which seems to be growing each year, is that of maintaining a core group of hosts and hostesses who serve during our daily open hours whether weekly, bi-weekly or by any other arrangement among the volunteers. Additionally we have a shrinking pool of substitutes who fill in on those occasions when the regulars aren't available for any of a variety of reasons. Those who can serve even one day during the summer are valuable to us.

Our Society By-Laws were established in 2000 and amended in 2012. They contain a number of provisions that we haven't been able to meet because of a shortage of participants on our Board of Directors, which is "limited" to 12 members. We recently were joined by a sixth person but sometimes haven't had a quorum (4) at our monthly two-hour meetings (perfect attendance is not required). The Executive Board (President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer) have all served well beyond their nominal three-year terms. Phyllis has served admirably for the entire 16 years as secretary. We are supposed to keep eight standing or temporary committees, but out of necessity operate more like a MASH unit (on the bright side, we seem to be pretty good at it). As President, I find that I am delinquent in a number of areas. I'm a year late in (a) Appointing a Nominating Committee in September to prepare a slate of Executive Board candidates; (b) Presenting that slate of candidates to the general membership in October, and; (c) Conducting a vote on those candidates at an annual general membership meeting (which we've never had) in November. Sounds like grounds for impeachment to me. Incidentally, the only qualification required to be a Board of Directors or Executive Board member is six months as a Museum member. It would be nice to have a real election for the Executive Board positions.

Our current Board members are: Tom Northup (President – 288-2361); Harry Creviston – Vice-President); Phyllis Miller (Secretary – 288-2317); Tobie Knaack – (Treasurer); Bo Klappholz and Ruby Bolich. Please contact any of us if you have an interest in hosting or serving on our board of Directors (or both). We plan to schedule a membership meeting in November and it would be great to have a real election for our Board offices and to collect some new volunteers.

So, to sum up this long-winded message: WE NEED HELP!

Sincerely, and again thank you for your support;



Tom Northup, President, LQHS&M