



LAKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
QUINAULT AND MUSEUM  
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98575

[www.lakequinaultmuseum.org](http://www.lakequinaultmuseum.org)

# Newsletter

## Spring & Summer, 2015

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### A SPECTACULAR NEW ARRIVAL

The iconic representative of the animal kingdom in the Lake Quinault area is undoubtedly the magnificent Roosevelt's elk. We have long wanted a striking set of antlers in the museum to recognize the local cultural importance of Lake Quinault High School's mascot and the source of innumerable tales about fighting bulls, hunt-busting spooked cows, romping calves, piercing bugles and hunting adventures – ranging from the successful (FULL FREEZER!!) to "oh so close" to complete fiascos. Photography has helped; we have many in various formats. Legions of locals and tourists have their own stories of the shot of a lifetime, the just-missed, the shaky, fuzzy barely-recognizable-as-an-animal or the "I can't believe it – the first time I left the camera home in 20 years" (my own admission). But a tangible display has eluded us – until this spring.

In 2004 Dick Jacobs, a renowned big game hunter from Montesano, purchased through auction the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife's "Governor's Tag" which allowed him a special opportunity to harvest a bull elk. The proceeds of the auction (in this case \$12,000) were dedicated to support various wildlife conservation programs.

Guided by Quinault resident Bruce Lutz, Mr. Jacobs concluded his successful hunt by taking the bull that is now the trophy that hangs in the northeast corner of the museum. Mr. Jacobs passed away in 2013 and his son-in-law, Gordy Bagnell, offered the mounted head to Bruce Lutz. Bruce has trophies of his own, so he generously offered this one for museum display. Interestingly, the mounted head is turned slightly to the left, perfectly oriented toward the center of the room, and just barely fits into the only open wall space of sufficient size on the ground floor (and we were NOT going to try to wrangle it up our narrow stairway). If the head had been turned the opposite way, this location wouldn't have worked and hanging the trophy would have entailed a major reorganization of displays.

Examination of a tooth revealed that the big bull was 16 ½ years in age, quite old for an elk and indicating that he was probably past his prime. The "rack" is a very large 6X5-point, and lacks one eye-guard, another indication of old age.

We're fortunate to have acquired this mount, since evidently most of Mr. Jacobs' extensive trophy collection now graces a new Cabela's store in Idaho. We are indebted to the late Mr. Jacobs, to Mr. Bagnell and especially to Bruce Lutz for this welcome addition to the museum's displays.



**Tom and Bo vs "elk-on-wall."  
The elk almost won.**

By Tom Northup

## Latest Artifact: We never know what might be arriving next.....

Last fall a lovely lady and her husband visited the museum with gift in hand and a story to tell. On a child's wire clothes hanger was a little yellow blouse, a black tie and a yellow hat. She also had a small violin case which, when opened, revealed a child's violin. (Imagine that!!) Several years earlier we had been given a folder with individual photos of students wearing a uniform of shirt, tie and hat and holding a violin. The photos were not in color and there was no history with them other than the names of each child. They were obviously from Humptulips. So, even though we acquired these things from several sources it was apparent that they belonged together.

It was now up to us to prepare a proper display for these items of historical value.

## Humptulips Violin Orchestra Circa 1942-1946

*Mrs. Jane Sandberg was the teacher of grades 1 through 5 at the Humptulips Elementary School in the 1940's. She was a creative teacher and bestowed the gift of music appreciation to her students. Music in the classroom was generally singing, starting the day with the flag salute and then singing "America, My Country Tis of Thee." Stephen Foster songs were a favorite in those days. Jane had visions beyond song and introduced her charges to the violin. An orchestra was born, made up of students grades 3 through 5. She made the uniforms; yellow shirts, a yellow cap and a black tie. A delight for family and friends, the orchestra played for numerous parties, celebrations and holidays.*

*Jeanne "Brim" Weese was a Humptulips student from 1940-1945 and one of Jane's violinists. Over the years Jeanne would allow her children and grandchildren to play with her violin, cautioning them that it was a delicate instrument. She had also packed away her little yellow uniform which had lovingly been made by her teacher, Mrs. Sandberg.*

*Memories of those pleasant years are shared in this display of her violin - the teacher, Mrs. Sandberg – the "performers" in 1944 – and Jeanne, today.*



**Mrs. Jane Sandberg, Humptulips teacher. Circa 1940's**



**Jeanne "Brim" Weese sharing her memories**

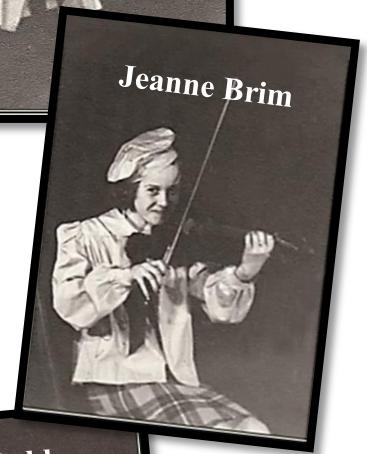
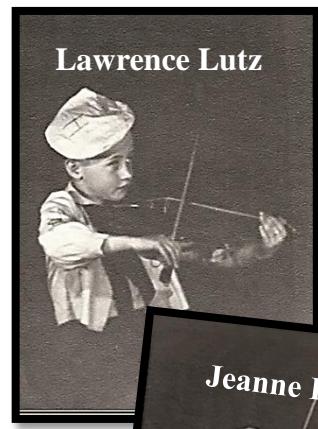
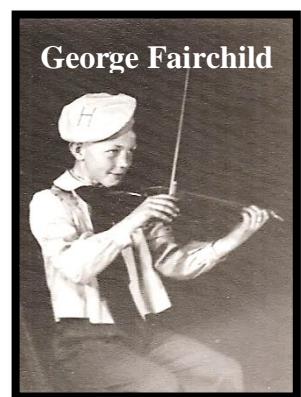
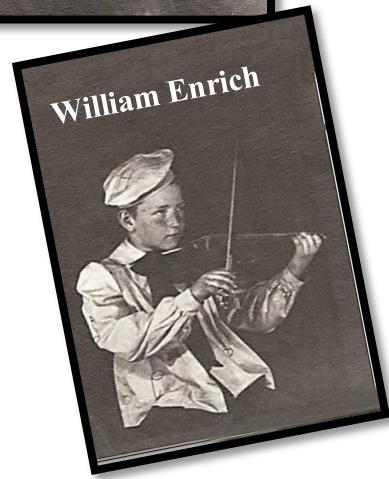
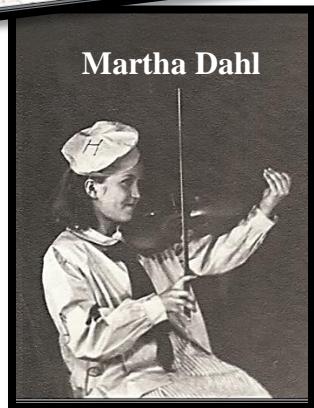
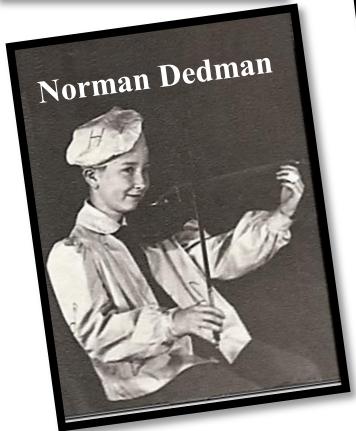
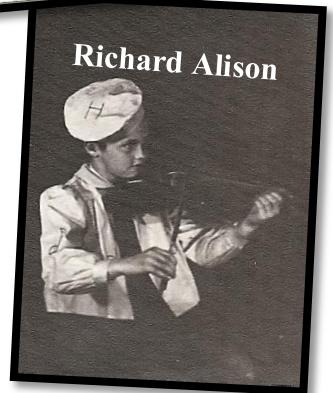
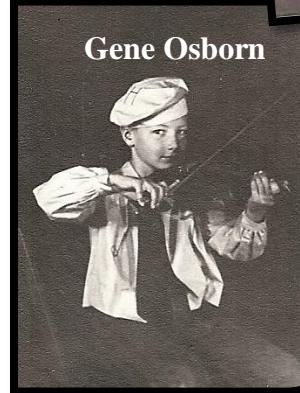
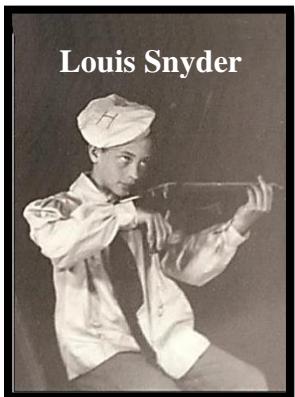
Above is the caption in our violin display. The display, designed and constructed by Scott Olsen, is a small stage with purple velvet side curtains and tiny lights above adding vitality to the scene. Operated by a remote control, the lights can be of a specific color or, by putting on a timer, we have the ability of presenting any color sequence we might desire. Although we had the photos of the students we didn't have one of Mrs. Sandberg. A call to her daughter, Vicki Fenton of Hoquiam, brought us this marvelous picture of Jane, with pencil in hand, sitting at her school desk. She's now in a prominent spot on the back wall of the stage, overlooking her students and the orchestra which she created.

Remembrances by Jeanne; "Mrs. Sandberg was wonderful. She was a kind and gentle person and did so many things with us beyond just being our teacher. I was a shy, quiet child with feelings that would easily be hurt. Mrs. Sandberg was always there for me with encouragement and understanding."

By Phyllis Miller



**Jeanne Weese with her husband, Merle, admiring the violin orchestra display during our Armed Forces Day open house.** Inside the case, standing upright, center stage is her violin and off to the right of it are two pictures of Jeanne, the smaller one of her in uniform with violin-in-hand in 1945 and the other of her donating this violin, her uniform and her memories. Scattered around the stage floor and above the stage are her classmates and fellow violinists.





Galen Elders

## Galen Elders

Branch of Service/Rank **Army/E5**

Dates of Service **1968-1971**

Basic Training

Discharge

**Army/E5**

**1968-1971**

**Ft. Lewis, Washington**

**Ft. Lewis, WA**

I did my basic at Ft. Lewis, Washington and was then sent to Ft. Eustice, Virginia to Helicopter Maintenance and Repair school. I finished that in September 1968 and came home on leave until October 15th, 1968.

On October 19, 1968, I landed in Bien Hoa, (Ben Wah) Vietnam where I went to the 135th Assault Helicopter Company at "Blackhorse" Base Camp. Right before Thanksgiving 1968 the whole company moved to a huge base camp called "Bear Cat." The 135th was comprised of half Americans and half Australians. I worked in maintenance a couple of months and one day I was asked if I wanted to be a "door gunner." Working in maintenance I had an idea of what it might be like.

I was shot down February 13, 1969. Both pilots broke their backs. I wanted to get away from the helicopter quickly as I'd spotted a small fire starting on my side. I jumped out and as I came around to the front I saw that one of the pilots was still in his seat. I got him out, slung him over my back and started out for the LZ - (landing zone.) The pilot kept yelling, "Get lower" as we were being shot at. By the time I was at the LZ I was crawling on all four's. The other gunner had packed the other pilot. We were picked up in about 10 minutes.

The helicopter (gun ship) I was flying in had a 4- man crew. It was a UH1C **"Charley model."** Part of our job was to fly support into the LZ's for the "slicks" which had two door gunners with M60's. The "slicks" carried the troops and we would put cover fire down for protection at the LZ.

I was lucky enough to be with one of the best pilots in Vietnam, David Samuels. One night we did "<sup>\*</sup>countermortar fire" when the base camp was taking rockets and mortar hits. We'd go weeks without any rockets and then lots of them would come in. The camp had an outdoor movie screen (like a drive-in movie) and it was full of shrapnel.

We were called out one night to a Thai outpost that was being overrun. We had an American advisor on the ground to direct fire, and that night we were the cavalry that saved the day. The pilots were awarded the **Silver Star** and the other door gunner and myself were awarded the **DFC (Distinguished Flying Cross.)** By the time the night was over there were two helicopter crews protecting the Thai base. This was in March of 1969. I turned 21 in July 1969 while in Vietnam.



**Distinguished Flying Cross**



**135th "Taipan"**

In October of 2009, I did a trip back to Vietnam as I had been invited to go with a group from North Carolina called the “Bridge Back.” There were about 17 of us and we went to an orphanage for the blind and hearing impaired in Phu Loc. In 1968, there were three million people in Saigon and now named Ho Chi Minh City - today there are ten million.

We took all kinds of things for them. We each had one bag for our clothes and the rest of our bags were for the kids. We went to another orphanage for poor kids and donated 60 bicycles to that orphanage. We’d asked the Catholic nuns at the orphanage ahead of time what they really needed and they said, “bikes” for the kids to get back and forth to school. Another place we went to was a school for kids with high IQ’s. There were about 60 or 70 kids in that school. The kids from several schools in North Carolina had put together small gift packets and we handed these out. The “Bridge Back” organization is run by Bob Matthews, a high school teacher who implemented the history of Vietnam into North Carolina curriculum so that kids know about Vietnam.

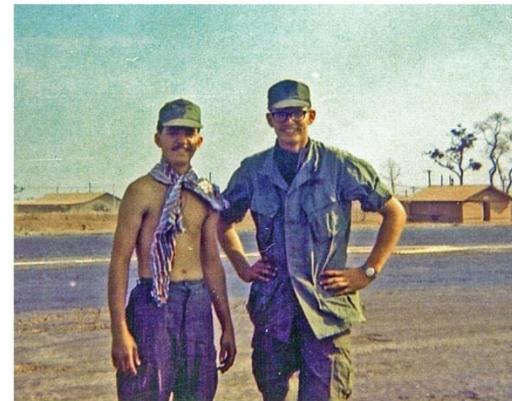
After I got back, I felt pretty good about going to Vietnam, but the tranquil feeling wore off after awhile and it wasn’t as healing as I thought.

I grew up here in Lake Quinault and I didn’t know about Vietnam before I went there.

The Army can be a great experience for a person but I wouldn’t tell my kids to go into the service today.



**Galen, Vietnam**



**Friend and Galen**



**Minigun and rocket pod**

\* **“Slicks”** Helicopters, primarily UH-1 “Iroquois” B, C, D, H or M model “Huey” (Bell) helicopters, configured as troop carriers with two M-60, 7.62 mm, machine guns mounted one on each side.

\* **countermortar fire** - mortar fire intended to destroy or neutralize enemy weapons.

## Edward Curtis Photo Additions

A new display upstairs features three photos of local Native Americans taken by Edward Curtis. The pictures are a sampling of the work done by this prolific photographer. People are probably more familiar with Asahel Curtis, Edward's younger brother, for his photos of stunning, natural landscapes. The elder Curtis made a profound contribution to the documentation of customs, language, dress and way of Native American life.

In 1895, Edward who had a studio in Seattle, took pictures of Chief Sealth's daughter, Princess Angeline. Not long after, two portraits of her were selected for an exhibit in the National Photographic Society. From that starting point he signed on to an expedition in 1900 to photograph Montana's Blackfoot Tribe. In 1906, with financial backing from J.P. Morgan, Curtis began what would be his life's passion - filling 20 volumes with pictures and text of Native American culture that he feared would be lost as time passed. The first volume was published in 1907. More than twenty years went by as he took more than 40,000 pictures, recorded vocabularies and pronunciation guides for 75 languages and transcribed innumerable myths, rituals and religious stories from oral histories as well as recording 10,000 songs. Money always seemed to be an issue. In the deal with Morgan, he wouldn't be paid a salary. Fieldwork costs would be covered but that left writing, editing and publishing expenses needing to be paid by other means. By the time the twentieth volume had been completed in 1930, public interest in the project had waned, his marriage had disintegrated and Curtis was broke. The J.P. Morgan estate sold the rights and unpublished material for \$1000. Unsold copies and photos languished in a basement until 1972.

In the ensuing years since the discovery of the Curtis materials, there has been a renewed appreciation for Edward's efforts from some Native Americans as well as historians. Researchers have referenced Edward's work – not bad for a man who had little formal education.

The final line in Tim Egan's biography of Edward Curtis, Short Nights of the Shadow Catcher, the photographer ..." found his calling in the faces of a continent's forgotten people, and in so doing, he not only saw history, but made it."

The museum would like to thank Carol Peltier Whan for the donation of the beautifully framed photos of a young Quinault woman, a Quilcene boy and a Makah whaler. The frames were hand-crafted by Carol and adds a distinctive touch to these classic photos.

By Dorothy Davis



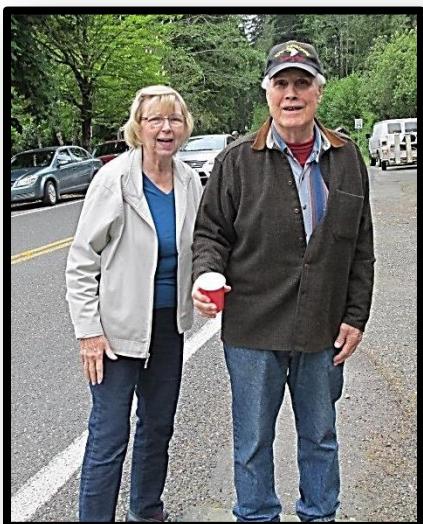
**The upstairs arrangement of our Edward Curtis pictures displayed in elaborate Native American frames. The shelf was designed and made by our local craftsman, Steve Rutledge. Directly below is a drawing table on which we have our corporate seal stamp of the Olympic Chalet Company. Squares of paper are provided for anyone who might like to make an embossment to take home.**

## 2015 Armed Forces Day Open House

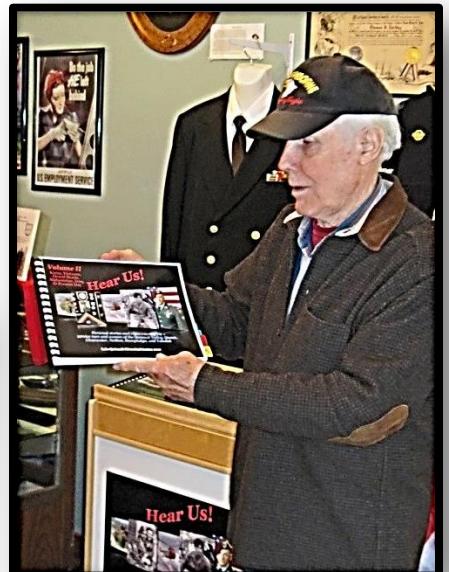
The Lake Quinault Museum on the Olympic Peninsula in rural Quinault, Washington held its 4<sup>th</sup> annual Armed Forces Day Open House on Saturday, May 16, 2015.

One of the museum's features is a Veteran's display which includes the book, "Hear Us!" – narratives of veterans from the local communities surrounding Lake Quinault. Over 60 veterans and/or their families, have contributed personal experiences, stories, pictures and medals. The book is an ongoing compilation and includes a time line from the Civil War to present day conflicts.

*Elizabeth Carlyle with her cousin, Tony Watters. Tony served in the US Army in Heidelberg, Germany. 1963-1966*



*Willa and Jerry Jones*

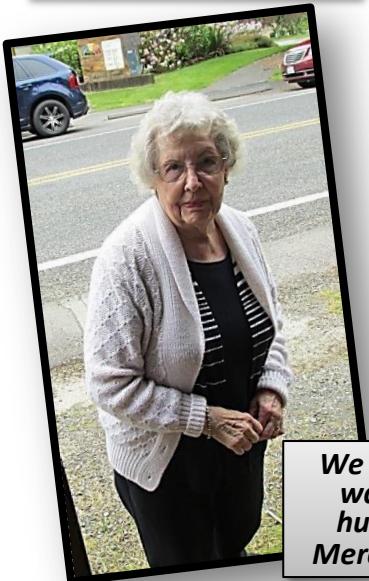


*Jerry Jones, a Korean War veteran views the book "Hear Us!" during the 2015 Armed Forces Day Open House.*

*Here with her daughter, Glenis Stamon, our own "Rosie the Riveter", Elizabeth (Streater) Tarbox, worked in the Boeing Defense Plants in Aberdeen and Hoquiam where she was a riveter on the "tail turret" assembly line of the B-17 bombers. 1943-1945*



*A 1955 Quinault graduate and now retired local logger, Harold Brunstad served in the US Navy. 1960-1968. His late brother, David, was in the US Marines from 1961-1991.*



*We caught Vivian Snow just as she was leaving the event. Her late husband, Kenneth, served in the Merchant Marines from 1944-1947.*



## **2015 Museum Scholarship Award**

There were 9 applicants for the \$500 museum scholarship award – 2 college students and 7 high school students. Tracie Barry was selected to receive this year's award. She is a biology major who is currently attending Grays's Harbor College.

An essay on the importance of learning the history of where you live is one of the requirements of the application. With Tracie's permission, here is what she wrote:

*"I find that we often forget what an extraordinary place we live in. People dream of vacations to rainforests, reefs, ancient temples, fossil sites, and treasure mines. However, if we stop to look around, we are surrounded by exotic and magnificent flora and fauna, hidden homesteads and the remains of the wild boomtowns that lay hidden among our day to day lives. I feel incredibly grateful that I am surrounded by people who can share with me the adventures of 100, 50, or even just 20 years ago. We lose our history as buildings are demolished, and roads are gated; it is more important than ever to share the significance of our relics with the world. Being able to explain a steam donkey, or know who built the Anderson shelter, means that I can share our history with those that may not have access to those who lived in the wild Northwest. I find no greater joy than helping those who do not know how magical their home is, discover it. From the agates of Damon Point, the fossils of Brooklyn, the smelt of Kalaloch, the giant trees and raging rivers of the Rainforest, the libraries of Dale Carnegie, and the decaying logging camps and homesteads, the history of this place is cloaked in the rain-soaked days that made it.*

*If we stop to listen, to look, and to learn, our hearts swell with pride for the heritage of this place. From the grotesque, Billy Ghoul, to the silly Mr. Higley's elk, to the courageous Press Expedition, this place is rich as much as any gold rush town. Our riches are born from rain. Our rivers and their fish: the lifeblood of native culture. Our forests and their trees have built warships and cities. The reasons our ancestors settled here are as alive and vivid now as ever. If we stop to appreciate what drew us here in the first place, we can share in the glory of heritage. By respecting our own history, we also learn to respect the small towns, the circumstances, and the majesty and people of other communities. If we don't know where we came from, how are we ever to know where we can go?*

*I am incredibly proud to come from such a place of intention; this place of courage, discovery, and ingenuity. I am also grateful for the lives I get to touch with my knowledge, and my inherited sense of adventure. I wake up every single day thankful that I get to live here, and encouraged that I get to carry on the glory of this boundless place."*

The Lake Quinault Museum Scholarship program is funded through the sales of the Community Birthday Calendar.

By Dorothy Davis

# In Memory

## May Torres

Charter board member of the Lake Quinault Museum, May Torres, 97, died peacefully in her sleep on July 2, 2015. Born on May 25, 1918 to an early Quinault pioneer family, Ernest and Anna Olson, MayBelle Charlotte Olson was raised and spent most of her years living and working in the Lake Quinault Valley. During her growing up years she lived and worked on her parents homestead. After graduating from Lake Quinault High School in 1936 she moved to Hoquiam where she completed a two year Business School course.

While in Hoquiam she met and married on February 27, 1943, Louis Albert "Al" Torres. When Al returned from WWII they set up house in the Quinault Valley where they raised their two children, Patricia and Louis and became dedicated community members.

May became the Postmaster at Lake Quinault where she served her community for 26 ½ years, retiring in 1980. When, in April 5, 2000, a Quinault Museum Committee was formed with the goal of establishing a museum in the Quinault area, May was in attendance and subsequently became one of our charter board members. Loving every minute of it, she devoted a great deal of her time as a museum host in what had been her home for 26 years, "The Old Quinault Post Office." She spent many summer hours hosting, telling stories of the history of the area and just enjoying all of the people.



**"Who, me? I didn't say that!"**

true..." Then she gave us her winning smile and that was that! She was invaluable to us in those early years and it was truly difficult (and still is) to find replacements when she could no longer be a working member.

When talking with Pat earlier today she mentioned, "Mom saw the doctor last week and he said, 'You've lost your feisty. You need to get your feisty back!'" That was May - outspoken, tells it as she sees it, supportive, helpful, kind and considerate and....feisty. A true friend and wonderful lady..... We are honored to have known her. She will be remembered with loving thoughts mixed in with a little "May humor."



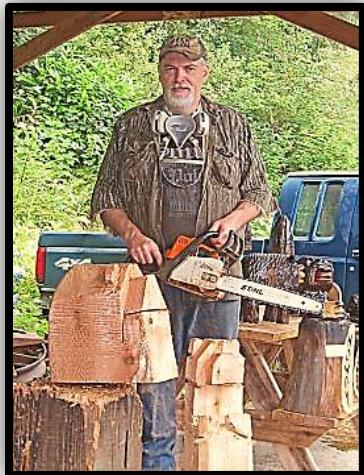
**Happily married for 55 years.**



**May & Pat at our 2014 Armed Forces Day open house.**

By Phyllis

We are now well into our 2015 summer season with a record attendance. This is partly due to our unusually dry months of May and June encouraging visitors to walk the trails taking them right by the museum. Where many museums are a “destination” point only, we here at the Lake Quinault Museum are one of the many popular visitor attractions in the area. Visiting the Quinault Rain Forest, walking is one of the more popular activities with many trails of various levels of skill to enjoy. Making the 32-mile drive around the lake and upper Quinault River, enjoying the waterfalls, wildlife and birds, the lush fern and moss and checking out our world’s largest trees are all within a day’s visit. Whether staying in one of our lovely resorts, roughing it in one of the campgrounds or just visiting on a day tour, the museum is right there in the center of it all.



Last year we featured local chainsaw artist, Dan Sassaman who set up shop in our open pole-shed Saturday and Sundays in July & August. Daniel will do custom orders as well as selling his inventory of chainsaw sculptures. To contact Dan or view his work you will find him at Olympic Wood Sculpting Art Gallery via Google.

We are fortunate this year to enjoy the company of Quinault Historian, Harvest Moon. Located in our pole-shed, she brings together her two loves – traditional basket weaving and storytelling. Much like her baskets, Harvest’s stories are carefully woven with words that hold a sprinkle of wisdom. The stories are captivating and entertaining to people of all ages. Speaking about morals, history and respect, Harvest tells stories such as “The Creation of the Mosquitoes” and “Why it Rains so Much.”

Harvest Moon has been weaving baskets for 31 years and has spent the last 21 years telling stories and teaching, offering the rich cultural history of the Coastal Salish people. She has a keen ability to adapt the legends and lectures to each individual audience. She has presented to one-quarter of a million people of all ages and woven more than a thousand baskets. She has conducted around 500 cattail projects in schools, camps and museum field trips. Harvest Moon shines as bright as a golden moon for her delighted listeners with audiences frequently saying, “I could listen to you all day!”

Visit Harvest on her website: [iamharvestmoon.com](http://iamharvestmoon.com)

By Phyllis Miller

