



LAKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUINAULT AND MUSEUM

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Newsletter

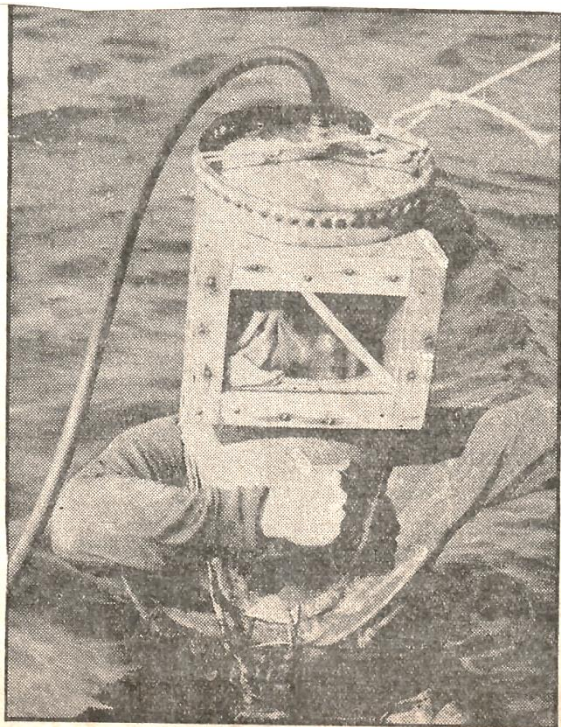
Fall & Winter, 2019

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QUINAULT YOUTHS BUILD OWN DEEP-WATER DIVING OUTFIT

Two Quinault cousins have found a new use for discarded hot water tanks, and a lot of spare time.

The suggestion comes from Arthur Olson and August Streater, both 19, and both members of pio-

neer Quinault families. The secret is to get an old tank before someone converts it into a flower box. With a blow torch whack off one end, cut a hole for a window, shape to fit over the shoulders, fasten on an air hose and —it's definitely not “presto”—you have a diving helmet. The wearer can go down about 30 feet, but the cousins have not figured out yet what for. All they have found on the Quinault lake floor is an old rusty peavey and dozens of beer bottles.

JUST FOR FUN

For a descent the youths hang on 40 pounds of window weights, two forward, two aft. An ordinary automobile pump supplies air to the diver. The length of a dive depends upon how soon the pumper tires. It is usually five to 10 minutes.

The youths have rigged up a two-way communication system between the diver and surface attendant. They use a two-tube studio amplifier, with earphones and “mikes.”

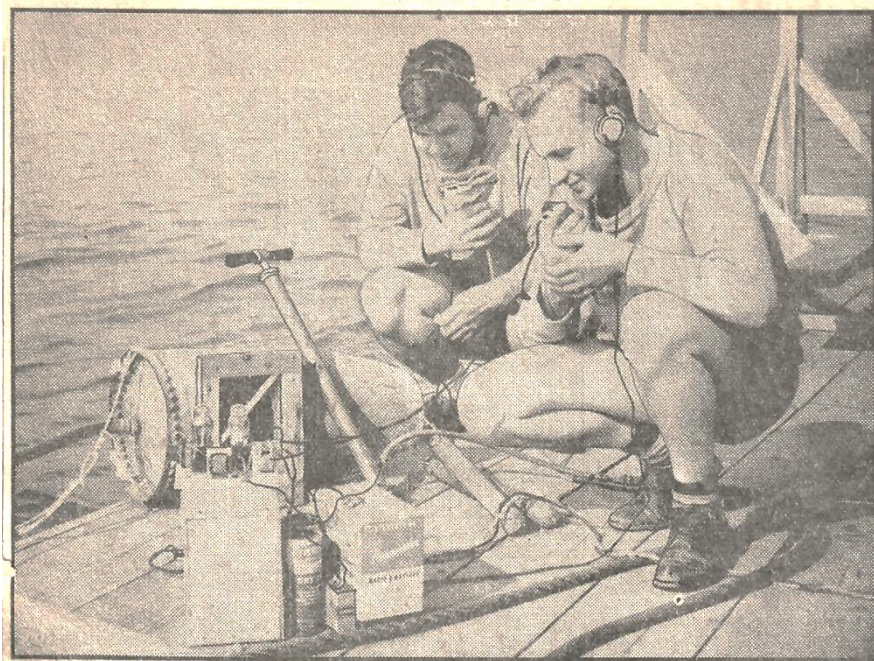
Going down, the diver makes three stops to adjust himself to the increase in pressure. Even down 30 feet there is a terrific weight upon the body, and the diver yawns and goes through other facial acrobatics to make his ears stop popping.

LIKE TO TINKER

When the youths are not diving, which is most of the time, they tinker with a single wire communications system between their homes, a half-mile apart, play phonograph records over a loud speaker system for Quinault valley residents, and stage programs for the Grange hall. They have a line to the hall and can put on musical programs in their homes to be carried over the hall's loud speaker system.

The lower photograph shows **Arthur Olson** (left) and **August Streater**, Quinault cousins, testing out the communication system of their home-made diving apparatus. The other photo has Olson submerging in the cool--Br-r-r waters of Lake Quinault. Circa 1940.

READY TO MEET NEPTUNE



(Photos by Dell Mulkey)

STRICTLY G-I

HERBERT (HERBIE) OLSON

First Class Radio Technician Herbert Olson received his discharge from the Navy December 1, 1945, after over four years of service.

Right after entering the service he was sent to Los Angeles where he went to school about four months and then to Canada for more schooling. From Canada he was sent to San Diego where he spent three years installing radios and radar in planes. He was then transferred to Minneapolis to learn how to install superchargers in planes. From Minneapolis he was sent back to San Diego and spent about six months at various places in southern California and then to Deerborn, Michigan for two months of school. From Deerborn he was sent back to San Francisco and then transferred to Bremerton where he was discharged.

AUGUST (AUGGIE) STREATER

Chief Petty Officer August Streater returned home in November after nearly four years of service in the Navy.

After he got in the service he went to radio school in San Francisco for about eight months. He was then sent to Alabama to help install radios in the ship he sailed for Europe on, after getting supplies in New York. He was up and down the coast of Europe between England and Africa and returned to New York after about a year.

Just before Christmas, 1943 he left New York again and went through the canal and on to Honolulu. From Honolulu he was sent to Saipan and then to Okinawa from which he returned to the States after nearly two years in the Pacific. He was recommended for the Bronze Star and received a letter from Secretary-of-the-Navy, Forrestal, thanking him for his services.

HENRY (HANK) THOMAS

Corporal Henry Allen Thomas has returned to the United States after 3 ½ years of confinement in a Japanese prison camp. He was in Manilla at the time of the “Jap” attack in December, 1941, and was captured shortly afterward. He took part in the infamous march to Bataan and was imprisoned at Cabanatuan. Later he was transferred to Formosa and Hong Kong, then to one of the camps at Fukuoka on Honshu. Cpl. Thomas recalls counting 423 “super forts” flying over en masse. Hopes went “sky high.” He knew it wouldn’t be long before the “Japs” left the prison to the prisoners. A party of twelve Americans released them. They were taken through the town that had been Nagasaki. He saw the extent of the destruction wrought by the atomic bomb.

On his release from the prison camp, Cpl. Thomas plans to enter college soon---perhaps Seattle College. Henry (“Hank!”) wears the medical combat badge, the Philippine defense, the National defense ribbons, the Asiatic-Pacific theater ribbon with two stars, and the Presidential citation with two clusters.

The Skookum WaWa is the high school newspaper put out by the students. It was originally stenciled (via typewriter) onto mimeograph paper which was then wrapped around an ink drum and printed with the mimeograph machine. We still have the Skookum WaWa today. However, it’s typed up on a computer, pictures added, font selected and with a push of a button, it’s printed in living color.

Skookum is a Chinook Jargon word that has historical use in the Pacific Northwest. It has a range of meanings, commonly associated with an English translation of "strong" or "monstrous". The word can mean "strong", "greatest", "powerful", "ultimate" or "brave. **WaWa** is also from the Chinook, meaning “talk”. Our Skookum WaWa newspaper is therefore “strong talk” or “powerful words.”

“AS I REMEMBER” by Leigh Ingram

My mother, Ida Locke, was the first schoolteacher in Quinault. The one-room log cabin school was near the site of the present Grange Hall. The Locke family came in over the mountains from Montesano and settled on the North side of the upper Quinault River.



“This is James A and Jane Knudsen Ingram. She is his second wife, and raised Leigh. James 1st wife Ida Locke died 6 weeks after Leigh was born.”

My father, James A. Ingram, came in the 1880’s. In 1900, my father homesteaded the land where the present Quinault Lodge Annex is located. Dad had a combination hotel, post-office and trading post. An area development plan formulated by my father, Mr. Higley and Mr. Ewell, caused the government to invalidate Dad’s homestead in 1910.

My father purchased one-half of the Ziegler homestead in 1905. Mother died in 1908. In 1908, age 6 months, I arrived from Neilton on the side of a packhorse in an old kerosene can. The wife of “Humptulips Jimmie” was my babysitter.

In 1912, two smoking, noisy, monsters (cars) arrived from Aberdeen and camped at the meadow at Falls Creek. I took over behind a woman’s large skirt. This is my first vivid recollection of terror.

The “Puncheon” (plank road) came through the swamps from Humptulips to Quinault. Small boats and canoes

were used from the Quinault Lake Hotel to “Parks’ Landing” near the site of the Grandey home. This was the start of the Queets Trail. Cattle drives of 30 or more head started in Queets and ended at the Polson R.R. Camp near Humptulips. The “Red Poles” cattle at that time were used for milk and beef. The local families hunted elk, deer and bear for food. Fish was plentiful. The family cow was saved as a last resort for meat.

During World War I, Neilton became the site of a Sitka Spruce camp. Neilton and N.A. Jones’ store mushroomed overnight. The spruce was used for World War I fighter airplanes. Beware the Red Baron as Neilton spruce flies over the battlefields of France!

Mr. Emerson, a local timber baron, built the present lodge for \$300,000 in 1926. In 1927, a two-lane gravel road known as Highway 101 was completed.

During the depression, the farmers lived off the land and earned cash working on roads for the county. Farmers were getting \$3.00 per acre for their land.

1937 and the R.E.A. brought electricity to Quinault, with a hydro plant at Ewells Canyon. Later, the water power was replaced by a diesel engine and the dam was left to nature.

World War II had little effect on the country side here. I drove an old 1936 Ford truck until 1949 for the phone company. Over a million miles without causing an accident.

1964 was the year of the big snow. All electricity was off. The R.E.A.’s one local employee needed help. The P.U.D. was used to restore power. This signaled the end for the R.E.A. I retired in 1970, after 35 years with the phone company. I have seen many changes in my years of service from Humptulips to Queets. Family shake mills, a phenomenon of the sixties, have become commonplace. The average man can become his own boss with very little investment.



*Settlers pose with the first automobile driven into Quinault. Left to right, back row: Bothilda Olson, Mrs. Ewell, **Jack Ewell** (seated in doorway) J.T. Quigg, Mrs. E.H. Adams, E.H. Adams, Anton Haas, Buddy Adams, Dora Adams, Chester Wilson, Louis Haas, Louisa Haas. Children seated in auto, left to right: Linnie Paul, Orpha Paul, Mildred Olson, Henry Haas. (courtesy M. Doug Osborn)*

Floyd W. Halonen

~ In Memorium ~

Branch of Service/Rank **Army Air Force/2nd Lt. AC**
Dates of Service **1941 - 1945**

Free At Last

By Agnes Osborn - late 1980's

"Your son is missing" -- This was the message relayed to me on January 20th 1945 as my husband Wallace and I were attending a school function at Quinalt, 18 miles from our home in Humptulips. We left immediately, hoping there would be further and better news. The only additional word was that he was on a flight from Kelly Field in Texas to Davis-Monthan Air Field in Tucson. He did not arrive and they would keep me informed.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Floyd, who was enrolled at the University of Washington enlisted in the Army Air Force and was sent to Texas in January 1942 for training. He became a pilot and was commissioned a 2nd Lt.

On February 4, 1945 the plane was found; no survivors, in a very remote and mountainous area in the Rincon Mountains in Arizona. There were five men aboard. We received word that they were shipping his body to Hoquiam so we had to make arrangements for the funeral. All this waiting time - hoping and praying that the plane might have landed safely and they'd be found alive. All this time I walked around like a zombie. I did not or could not discuss, but I did a lot of reflecting. I must have coped and did my household duties - I had 2 children at home, an 8 years old (Gene) and the other 2 years old (Mary) and busied myself with their care.

Floyd and I were very close. I was only 18 years old when he was born - his father died when he was 13 years old, so I was both mother and father to him. His father was in and out of veterans hospitals for several years - a World War I



2nd Lt. Floyd Halonen



*Wallace Osborn, Floyd Halonen
Gene, Mary and Agnes Osborn*

Connected illness. Floyd and I were left with a small farm in Humptulips. I drove school bus for the Quinault School District from 1933 to 1943. We did a lot of fishing and camping out and during hunting season I had to get a hunting license (deer) in order for him to carry a gun. Deer hunting season is such a lovely time of the year - such lovely fall colors. We didn't necessarily go alone, our neighbors were so good to us and included us in their activities.

Floyd had many talents. He was musical, played the piano beautifully, played the trombone in the school band and orchestra, sang in the boys chorus. He was also athletic - played on the basket ball team for Quinault High School and was a top runner in the track team, especially in the 100 yard dash. He was artistic with pen and ink or pencil. He really was someone very special. He made or whittled airplanes which were hanging in his bedroom from the ceiling, so he must also have had an affinity for flying. Floyd graduated from Quinault High School in 1939. He attended Grays Harbor College for 2 years and from there to the U of W.

His body finally arrived in Hoquiam on February 9th accompanied by military escort. That was the time I should have been asking questions but I couldn't do it. My husband Wallace must have discussed and questioned the escort but I didn't want to hear. My husband died in 1979 and we never talked about it.

Another phone call - again relayed from Humptulips; (we had moved to Quinault to be nearer the school and also, we bought the Quinault Garage.) William May called the Humptulips Post Master inquiring if there was someone there by name of Halonen. This phone call was in November 1985. She had no knowledge of anyone by that name but said she would make inquiry. The result was I was given a number to call in Arizona. (collect)

Naturally, I was most curious. Who would be calling me from Arizona? However, I did call; Mr May told me he was seeking relatives of the 5 men that were on that B-25. I thought possibly with his accumulation that some writings, maybe a book, could be compiled. He told me he did quite a bit of flying (he works for Lear Jet) and all of these planes wrecks were sighted and it piqued his curiosity. But, I was the only relative he'd been able to trace. In total amazement I said, "After 40 years I'm speechless" but I was so wrong! He had furnished me a much more detailed account than the Army Air Corps. He sent me clippings from the Tucson newspaper; also snapshots of the wreckage area.

The last communication from Mr. May was in October 1986, enclosing an article from the Tucson paper telling of the naming officially of the peak as "Airmen Peak" in memory of the dozens of planes and at least 70 service men who had perished there. I am most grateful to Mr. May. He made it possible for me to talk about it.

To quote Martin Luther King - *"Thank God Almighty, I'm free At Last."*



Friend & Floyd Halonen

Compiled February 4, 2012

Bothilda's Fainting Couch

This beautiful couch, aka a "fainting couch" or more precisely "Bothilda's Fainting Couch", will soon be part of our collection. We are honored that Bothilda's great-granddaughter, Patricia La Rue, has chosen us to care for this wonderful piece of Quinault history.

Bothilda and John August Olson left Parkers Prairie, Minnesota in 1894 and homesteaded on the upper Quinault River. At this time, John had four grown children by his first wife and he and Bothilda had eight. Five more would be born to them, the youngest being Mildred, Patricia's grandmother. Patricia La Rue has been a member of the Lake Quinault Museum since 2004, that being the year that we moved into the "Old Quinault Post Office."



Patricia provided a little history of the couch: *"About the couch. You probably know that Bothilda came from Parker's Prairie Minnesota. This little village is strongly Swedish and about 4 hours from where I live now. Bothilda's Mother was Sissa Hansen. Whether the couch ever belonged to Sissa, I don't know. But Grandma Mildred talked about Bothilda bringing the couch with her from Parkers Prairie to Quinault, first by train then packed in, once 'Pa' had a proper home constructed. Grandma Mildred was the youngest of Bothilda's live born children. When Grandma married and herself had a proper home, Bothilda gave the couch to Grandma. Sometime in the late 1940's, Grandma owned and operated her own fabric and wallpaper shop. She described the newly arrived fainting couch as 'worn and in tatters.' Grandma then reupholstered the piece. Because she wanted to protect the couch from again becoming 'worn and in tatters' us grandchildren were forbidden from playing on Grandma's fainting couch. It was a special place if you weren't feeling well. As Grandma aged, my father took over her finances. Dad would laugh, telling stories of the many times Grandma would want to send a relative or friend some money. When Dad reminded Grandma to keep within her budget she would respond, 'I'll just have to sell my fainting couch.' Dad would then 'buy' the fainting couch from Grandma. Dad lost count of how many times he bought that fainting couch. After Grandma's death on December 26, 1996, we took the couch to an appraiser. He confirmed that the workmanship was definitely mid-1800's and Swedish. That would put it at about the time Sissa would have come to America. However, again, I have no information whether Sissa's family brought it over or if this Swedish settlement of Parker's Prairie had a furniture maker. "*

"The couch remained at Grandma's house in Indianapolis until Dad passed it on to me. Dad died on July, 12, 2015. I would love to have this couch, cherished by all, to find a home at the Quinault Museum. It is my belief that the fainting couch represented something of a 'comfort of sophistication' to Bothilda as she moved from Minnesota to Quinault and raised her family. I don't get the sense that Bothilda was ever a prideful woman, but we all like nice things."

"Thank you for accepting this piece of The Bothilda Olson family and Quinault history."

Patricia La Rue

A Fainting Couch is a couch with a back that is traditionally raised at one end. The back may be situated completely at one side of the couch, or may wrap around and extend the entire length of the piece much like a traditional couch. However, fainting couches are easily differentiated from more traditional couches, having one end of the back raised. One theory for the predominance of fainting couches is that women were actually fainting because their corsets were laced too tightly, thus restricting blood flow. Fainting couches were popular in the 19th century, and were particularly used by women.

A Fainting Room was a private room, of which its main furniture were fainting couches, used during the Victorian era, to make women more comfortable during the home treatment of female hysteria through manual pelvic massage by home visiting doctors and midwives.

1947/1948 WAPITI

DEDICATION



Words and verbalizations are miserably inadequate and lacking when utilized in expressing the genuine regret and sorrow that were manifested upon the death of Bothilda Olson.

Knowing and understanding friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Olson realize that immeasurable is the loss to our community. She was an individual that radiated unwavering goodness and all the niceties of life. To come into contact with this grand lady was, indeed, a boost morally and mentally to all those exposed.

She was known by everyone as an affectionate and loving mother, a kind friend, and a generous neighbor. No hospitality was too great for her to extend to friend or stranger and her door was always unlatched to passers-by. An extra chair at the table, an empty bed, a word of comfort and a helping hand were always extended by her. Kindness in words and deeds were her outstanding attributes.

The **WAPITI** is the name of the first Quinault High School yearbooks.

The museum has three issues of Wapiti. The two earlier issues are 1937 and 1939. We are proud to share the dedication of Bothilda Olson from our 1948 Wapiti.

It is unknown to us if there are any other years of Wapiti. The graduating class of 1947 didn't have a yearbook due to the World War II efforts and that may have been the case for previous years as well.

To the best of our knowledge the following yearbooks after 1948 became the "Timberline." We have no idea why the name-change.

The **Native American Indians** referred to the **elk** as the "wapiti". More specifically, the **word** wapiti came from the Shawnee **Indians**, who eventually landed in the Midwest after migrating from the East.

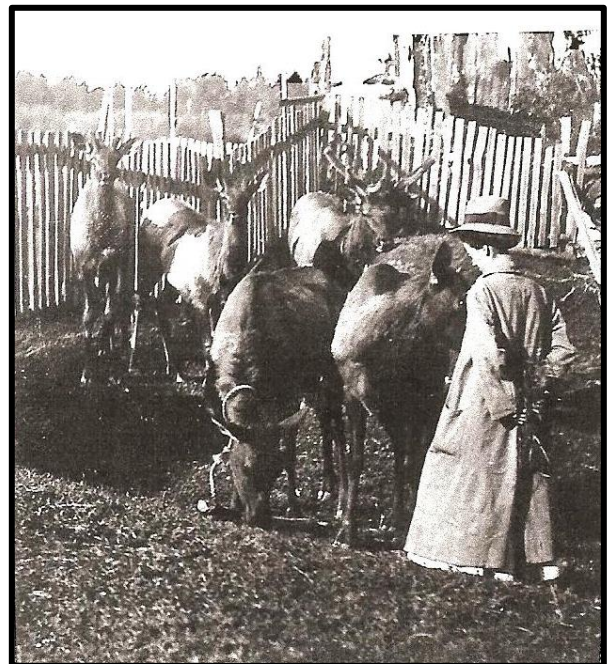
Our school has always been known as "The Quinault Elks." So now you know...

Oregonian, December 3, 1909
Elk herded with cattle

Hoquiam, Wash. December 2, 1909

Five elk raised on E. Olson's elk farm at Lake Quinault were driven into this city today with a band of cattle. The elk are for the park at Seattle and are valued at \$1000. Shipment will be made as soon as equipment can be obtained.

The picture on the right shows five elk at the Olson Elk Farm. Do you suppose these are the five that went to the Seattle park?



2019 Lake Quinault Museum Summary

As president of our museum board of directors (and chief procrastinator) I realized that I should summarize our 2019 activities before we find ourselves in the 2020 season, which will be on us before we know it. Last year was our twentieth, following a very modest start in a room at the Forest service building in 2000.

Thanks to a slow start in early June, our estimated visitation in 2019 was down slightly to about 3300, still a healthy number compared to most of the museums in Grays Harbor County. We did greet visitors from every state in the union plus Washington D.C., Guam and Puerto Rico. The list of foreign countries includes: Australia, Austria, Bolivia, Canada, China, Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Russia, South Korea, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, Thailand, Ukraine and United Kingdom.

Our annual scholarship was awarded to Celisha Ralston who was valedictorian of her class at Taholah High School. Celisha is currently attending Grays Harbor College and her goal is to become a teacher, hopefully back home in Taholah, where I'm sure she will excel.



Celisha Ralston

Our usual Armed Forces Day event featured retired Army Master Sergeant Carl Isom, a Lake Quinault High graduate from Humptulips. Carl entertained with a riveting description of long and varied career that took him to many locations around the world. Carl is a 1978 graduate from Quinault High School.

Many thanks again to our volunteer hosts: Kathy Clayton, Jen Moran, Jigger Davis, Jac Crater, Erica Waggoner, Jann Castleberry, Brooke Edwards, Marlice Gulacsik, and Julie Reese. Without their support we wouldn't have a museum. Our Board of Directors do multiple duties, from being hosts or sub hosts, to carpenter, janitor, gardener, or whatever needs arrive. The Board of Directors are Tobie Knaack (treasurer), Bo Klappholz, Ruby & Gary Bolich, Phyllis Miller (Secretary), Harry Creviston (vice president), Mary Lou McDonald and myself, Tom Northup (president). The Museum is comprised of all volunteers.

We once again enjoyed a visit by the combined eighth-grade classes from Lake Quinault and Lakeside of Seattle schools. It's great to share a bit of our history with them and thanks to Mike Kenney for putting together this annual program.

Also, a huge thank you to Steve and Nan Rutledge of Quinault Woodcrafts for donating a beautiful jewelry box that we will raffle off this coming summer. The lid of the box represents the peaks and ridgeline visible from the North Shore. Nan's photo of this same landscape will be included. Tickets will go on sale at the museum when we open for the summer on Memorial Day weekend. Steve is also at work building a display case for Betty Miller's parachute silk wedding gown. The fragile material is an irresistible magnet for busy hands in spite of a prominent "Please Don't Touch" sign.

Thanks also to volunteer Jann Castleberry who is working with Ralph Larson of Duffy's Restaurant in Aberdeen to re-publish "Tales and Trials of the Pioneers" which has been out of print and much in demand.

Our book store has several copies of **The River Pioneers** by Edwin Van Syckle for a \$12.50 donation each and the **2000 Lake Quinault Circle Community Cookbook**, 8th Edition for a minimum donation of \$10.00 We have good cooks in Quinault so this cookbook is worth its weight in gold!

Looking forward to seeing you at the museum this summer!