



# 2022 Newsletter

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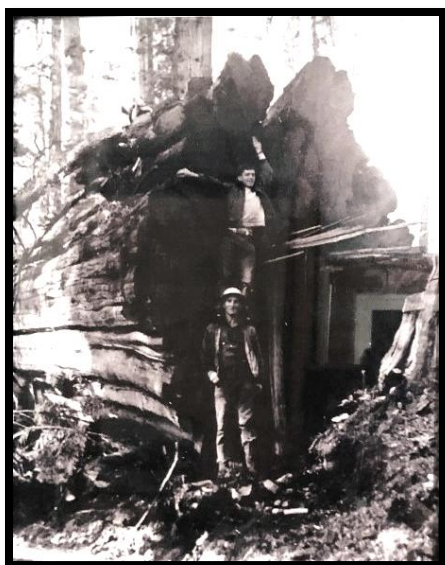
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## BUTT SWELL By Jigger

A man from Virginia came into the museum with a lot of questions. Because I’m old and know almost everything, I did my best to fill him in and quench his curiosity. He and his wife were staying in Forks and drove down for the day. He asked me why, in the clear cuts along the highway, were the really old stumps so tall?

At first, I was just dumb-founded. I thought the answer was obvious. But he was sincere, so I explained that cutting down a tree that is ten or twelve feet in diameter, with a ten foot misery whip, was no easy task. I showed him the misery whip mounted on the wall, took him in the logging room and showed him the spring boards and explained how the fallers notched the tree, stuck the boards in the notches, then stood on the boards to make the under-cut, switch sides to saw through from the back side and down the tree.

The tree widens out at the bottom and if they could get up past the “butt swell” it saved hours of hard work and the resulting log was more uniform in size and easier to manage in the woods. Also, the wood in the butt swell is of poor quality for milling.



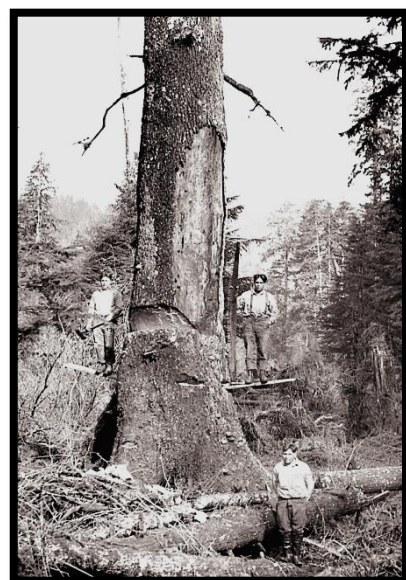
Auguste and Dave Northup

I showed him the picture of Auguste Northup and his son Dave by the cedar he and his partner fell. It was so big they couldn’t move it in the timber, so they stuck a stick of dynamite in the center hole and blew it into three slabs. They were then able to move the wood out.

As I was talking to him, I was struck by the enormity of the task. Being on a spring board, twelve to fifteen feet off the ground, falling a huge tree with a cross-cut saw and trying to get out of the way? It makes my gut clench to think about it! Loggers of virgin timber were a breed apart.



Quinalt Rainforest



## THE SWANS OF LAKE QUINAULT By Rick Trudeau

Reprinted from the Quinault Rain Barrel, February 25, 1982 issue.

Those large white birds you see floating on the lake during the winter are a rare bird indeed. They are the Trumpeter Swans. In 1932, there were only 69 known Trumpeter Swans in the United States. Today there are 4,000 in North America, 45 of which live here on Lake Quinault during the winter months.

Trumpeter Swans are the worlds largest swan. They are 5 to 6 feet long with a wingspan of up to 8 feet and weigh between 20 and 30 pounds.

To become airborne, they run along the water flapping their wings very forcefully. The sound of a whole flock taking off at once, echoing across the lake, sounds much like rifles cracking on a cold frosty morning.

Trumpeter Swans are intelligent birds. They mate for life and have very strong family ties. The two adult birds are a bright white in color and the young, called cygnets, stay dark gray for up to two years. Families of swans, with up to 4 young, are on the lake between late October and March. After that they fly off to Alaska and start another family.

The swans seem to do very well on Lake Quinault. They are only bothered by an occasional motorboat, chasing them around, trying to get them to fly, which can be harmful to the birds. They use an enormous amount of energy getting themselves up into flight, and during the winter when the food supply is already low, this can be detrimental to their health.

The swans do not spend all of their time on the lake. During some of the larger winter storms, they seek shelter up the river in the beaver ponds at Bunch Field or in the large marsh at the east end of the lake. They also range out onto the Quinault Indian Reservation to the west, seeking the larger variety of foods that grow on the prairie marshes.



Photo by Dell Mulkey Circa 1920's



Photo by Gary Marsh Circa 2020

### Authors Comments:

Many an enjoyable hour has been spent in my canoe observing these timid, beautiful birds; they seem to know I mean them no harm. They go about their business of cleaning their feathers with their long flexible necks or "tipping up" to feed on vegetation that grows along the shallow edges of the lake as if I wasn't even there. They seem to know me on sight now and their usual "honk" warning sign is less frequent when I come around them. It makes me happy that such a rare and exotic friend lives half its life right here at our back doors.

Rick Trudeau



# 1962

## Lake Quinault Graduating Class



"...It was a very good year"



Delbert Milbourn



Bob Hicks †



Mary Kay Becker



Lucy Rae Paull †



Viki Rightmire



Carolyn Gravatt



Phyllis Marston



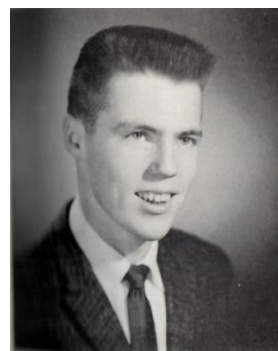
George (Toby) Johnson



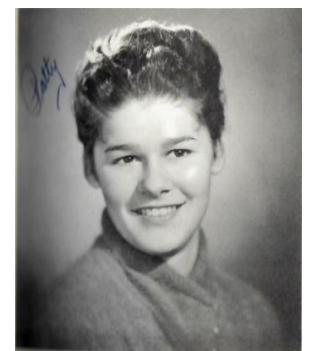
Lynn Hanchett



Judy Vallier



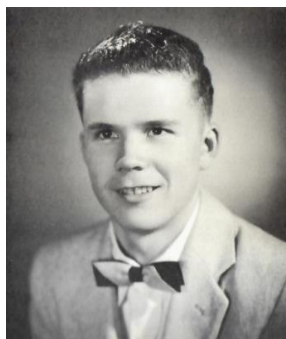
Jack Adams



Patty Torres



Judith Perry †



Robert Slimp †



Carolyn Fishel



Joyce Wike †





A special milestone for 2022 was the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the construction of the old Post Office building which has housed the museum since 2002.

#### 2022 Chairman's report: Tom Northup

I would like to begin with a couple of huge shout-outs! First, to the Grays Harbor Community Foundation (GHCF) for awarding the grant that allowed us to pursue replacement of the seriously compromised second-story roof. Second, to John Lupo Construction of Aberdeen for working with us through the entire planning and implementation process, through a very challenging time (read "worst spring ever"!!) Their advice, flexibility and performance are much appreciated.

As 2022 began, our first item of business was to apply for the grant that allowed us to replace the roof. A hot, dry and windy summer of 2021 had resulted in a rain of old shingles littering the ground in front and back of the building. Not a good sign! Thankfully, in February GHCF awarded \$35,000 toward the replacement which was estimated to cost about \$55,000.



**Lupo Crew: Work in Progress**



**Our New Roof!  
Thank You, Lupo Construction**

We then contracted with Lupo Construction of Aberdeen to do the job, hopefully prior to our scheduled opening for the season in late May. We lost 5 days of our early season because of safety concerns while overhead work was proceeding. Fortunately this occurred prior to our busiest times after schools let out for the summer. And our new shake roof is beautiful! Our next project will be replacing old damaged white plastic gutters with something sturdier and more attractive.

Visitation for the Memorial Day – Labor Day season was close to normal at about 3,000 people although it seemed that tourism for the summer was the busiest ever. A recent survey about America’s National Parks ranked Olympic

overall the best in the nation, for a combination of factors including scenery, hiking, wildlife, access (and possibly others that I’ve forgotten). Anyway, don’t expect summertime traffic to slack off anytime soon.

Visitors came from 48 states (all except New Hampshire and West Virginia) and D.C. Foreign visitors who found their way to Quinault came from 25 countries including: Australia, Belarus, Belgium, Brazil, Canada (B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario), China, Colombia, Czech Republic, Finland, France, Germany, Israel, Italy, Japan, Lithuania, Mexico, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Poland\*, Singapore, Spain, Sweden, Taiwan and the United Kingdom (England and Northern Ireland).

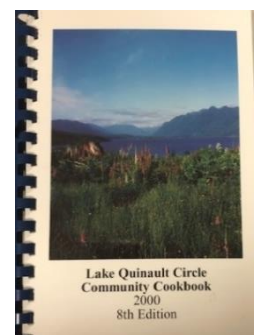
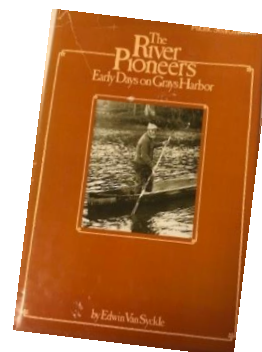
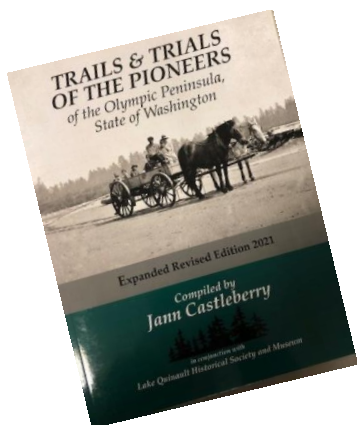
\*I was curious about an entry in the visitors’ register that read simply “Nidek PL”. On a hunch I engaged the magic of Google to discover that Nidek, Poland is a village of 1339 people, 28 miles west of Krakow. I wish I could find out the planning process and sequence of events that led to residents of a small village in Poland finding their way to Quinault. Maybe we should explore a “Sister City” partnership with Nidek.

A reminder: We continue to have books for sale at budget-friendly prices, The ever-popular Quinault Community Circle Cookbook (2000) for \$10, The River Pioneers by Edwin VanSyckle (\$25), and Trails and Trials of the Pioneers of the Olympic Peninsula, Revised Edition by Jann Castleberry (\$20 softcover and \$35 hardcover).

A big “Thank you” to my fellow Board of Directors members who worked diligently through the monumental task of keeping me on track and within shouting distance of sanity through a challenging year: Harry Creviston, Phyllis Miller, Jigger Davis and Ian Strait. (I’m not saying they were successful but they did work hard at it.) Also to our volunteer hosts/hostesses: Kathy Clayton, Jac Crater, Jann Castleberry, Julie Reese, Carrie Hughes, Julie Olsen, Eileen and Frank Johnson, Jerri Shrader, as well as our board members; Jigger, Harry, Ian, and Phyllis.

BOOKS AVAILABLE

- \*The River Pioneers \$25.00
- \*Lake Quinault Community Cookbook 8<sup>th</sup> Edition \$10.00
- \*Trails and Trials:  
Softcover \$20.00  
Hardcover \$35.00  
\*All Plus Postage





## THE KESTNER AND HAAS FAMILIES

Excerpts from *Trails and Trials of the Pioneers of the Olympic Peninsula 1959*

### The Kestners

Two sisters, Louisia and Josepha were born and raised in Stein-Bomerwald, Austria. Louisia married Louis Haas and became the parents of Louis, Jr.

Anton Kestner, also Austrian, migrated to Texas. Josepha later took a ship for New Orleans, made her way to San Antonio where she met and married Anton. There a son, Joseph, was born. After they moved to California another son, Otto, arrived.

In 1891 Anton Kestner took a homestead at Quinault. The following year, 1892, Josepha with their two sons joined him. They landed at Oyehut, followed the beach to Taholah, and took a canoe up the Quinault River. The journey to their claim on the north side of the valley above the lake consumed about a week.



Anton and Josepha Kestner



The Kestners: A Sunday afternoon outing?

spring. While most of these women stayed a short time in the valley, Mrs. Kestner was a permanent settler, living on the homestead for 46 years or until her death. Her daughter, Josie Dickey, still farms a portion of the claim. Mrs. Kestner was physically strong and worked outdoors with the men. She always made a big garden.

That first winter, the Kestners lost practically everything in the high water of the Quinault. They did salvage a pig that was floating on some debris. Mrs. Kestner once shot a cougar. In telling of it, she said, "The first time I missed him, the second time I hit him in the same place, but the third time I got him."

Robert Locks refers to Mrs. Kestner as "the first white woman settler." Joe Kestner says his mother was the third white woman in the area. Her obituary states she was the sixth. Orte Higley says, "Mrs. Cheney was the first white woman in Quinault, Mrs. Julius Locke, the second; Mrs. Laurence Slover, third." Belle Fairbairn, Mrs. Slover's sister, says "Mrs. Wright came at the same time, 1890." Mrs. Joe Norwood also arrived in 1890 and Mrs. Jack Ewell in 1891. During the winter of 1890-91 Mrs. Albert Merriman and daughter, Mrs. Webster lived alone on the claim at Merriman Falls. They left in the



Haying on the Kestner Homestead.

During the next few years, she bore Anton five more children: John, Josie, Carrie, Clara and Rose. According to Bud Loomis, when Mrs. Kestner was about to have a baby, Mr. Kestner came to Phil Locke's and got Ida to go up and help them through it. Josie was born about three or four in the afternoon. Kestners were milking seven cows. But Anton couldn't milk so he drove the seven cows from the barn to the house and Mrs. Kestner got up out of bed and milked them. However, Anton Kestner built one of the nicest and most substantial houses in the area.



**The Kestners, Working the Land**

Merriman Creek was a dangerous spot for the Kestner children. Not only were ferocious bulls pastured there, but the children also had to cross the creek on a foot-log as well. Occasionally high water would wash out the log and another tree had to be felled. Then they would have to crawl (or coon it) across between the branches that hadn't been trimmed off.

In December 1918, due to floods in both the Quinault and Humptulips valleys, Mrs. Kestner, who was seriously ill, had to endure a terrible trip to the hospital. Too sick to sit up, she was placed on a bed in the bottom of a lumber wagon. Then she was carried and laid in the bottom of a canoe, which later had to be pulled out of the water, dragged over rough ground, and put into the water again. After getting through the flooded countryside, they reached the lake. From there a launch towed them to the Olson hotel, about four miles. Next, a cot was placed in Herb Olson's school stage and the patient was driven to Copalis Crossing, where a railroad speeder with a trailer brought her into Hoquiam. They arrived at the hospital at 6:00 P.M. The trip of approximately fifty-five miles had taken ten hours, without time being taken to eat or rest.



**Josepha Haas Kestner**

When Mrs. Kestner was about to leave the hospital, following a major operation, the nurse said to her, "Well, Mrs. Kestner, I guess you're glad to go home." "By golly, no!" she said. "Never had such a good time in my life. I've been waited on just like a queen."

### **Joe and Louis Haas Families**

As the years passed Louisia Haas, in Austria, could not bear the thought of her sister and family living in the wilderness so far from relatives. Finally, she persuaded her husband to join them and take a homestead. Accompanied by his brother Joe, Louis Haas came to Quinault in 1898. Three months later, in July, Louisia and her son, Louis arrived.

Louis Jr. describes the trip: "We came on a small steam mail-boat, steerage. It took three weeks on the ocean and two weeks to cross the United States. We came by rail to Monte, then by the "Harbor Queen" to Hoquiam. From New London to Humptulips we rode with the mail-carrier over puncheon road – partly on the Carlisle Logging Co. road. Mother walked from Humptulips to Quinault. Since I was not quite seven, I rode a mule. At Humptulips Mother was forced to abandon her trunk which she had brought from Austria. It was eighteen years before she brought it to Quinault. My dad and Uncle Joe Haas were the first to take a wagon and ox-team over the road from Humptulips. It took two days. They had to unload and dismantle the wagon several times, reassemble them and load again. "

Dad came out to work in logging camps around Hoquiam during the first few winters. The wages were \$40 per month with board for a ten-hour day, six days a week. Mother and I stayed on the claim alone.

William Moore, a big, fat fellow, for whom Moore Mountain is named, came over and taught Mother to read and write English. She taught me German, and we spent a lot of time on our books. As soon as Dad had raised two or three-year-olds to sell, he never worked away from home again.

Living was cheap those days. We had a cow, and the grass was so lush that she ate so much we had to milk her three times a day. Such rich cream on the pan! Mother had a little room where she kept the milk. For several nights there had been a lot of noise in that room that disturbed us, Mother called it our ghosts. One night Mother had me hold the light, she grabbed the broom, and we went in there to see what was going on. She saw a woodrat sitting overhead and wacked at him with the broom handle and knocked him dead. He dropped down into a big pan of milk and cream.

Mother and I had a shepherd dog, black and brown. He was barking in the middle of the night, and he kept on barking and barking. Mother said, "Must be something out there." We opened the door and had the lamp right beside it. Parks Creek went right across to the back of the house. There was a big cedar stump near the house. "Look at those big eyes," Mother said. "Wait! Hold the door open, and you hold the lamp." Then she decided, we better go to the side porch, so we shut the door. The dog kept barking. As soon as the door shut, he let out a yell of terror. But, he made it to his box and escaped. The next day a man came to deliver a sack of sugar. "Gosh," he said, "Those are the biggest cougar tracks I ever saw!"

When we arrived in Quinault in 1898, Clark Peeler was in Alaska. Uncle Joe Kestner thought Peeler would lose his homestead right, so we moved there. After about a year, Clark Peeler came back. Then we moved up to the Bosley place, which was also deserted. We lived in Bosley's shack while Dad and Uncle Joe built a house of logs, squared with a broad ax. It was finished and we were going to move into it the next day. That night a violent storm broke off the top of a tree which came straight through the roof and into the floor of the new house.

Mother said, "We must never move up there. This is a warning." And it was because soon thereafter Bosley came back, and we had to move again. Al Pruce had no house, just a shack. So, my Uncle Joe and Dad gave him the squared logs to build his house.

We moved to the Parks place, where the store is now. We stayed there for a year when the Government made a timber claim of it.

"Three times was enough." Mother said. "We'll leave the country." But Jack Ewell, storekeeper, said "Tell you what. I'll sell you half of my homestead in the valley if you'll stay." Mother didn't want to go back to the wilderness. Instead, Dad rented forty acres from Bud Loomis (Later, the Jasper Bunch place.) After he got enough land cleared so he could build a barn and a house, we moved up there.

During these hectic years two more boys, Anton and Henry, were added to the Haas family. Louis Haas, Sr. hauled the logs for Ewell's hotel. Ewell got diabetes and died of gangrene four years later. Then Olson's took over.

Louis Haas, Anton Kestner, Joe Haas, Bud Loomis and others built the schoolhouse. Louis, Jr. was chased by a bull elk and might have been killed had not Katie Knack, the teacher, beat the animal off with a club.





**Aerial Achievement medal**  
For completion of 10 combat missions during Desert Storm

## Carl A. Isom

Branch of Service/Rank **US Air Force/M/Sgt./Crew Chief**  
Dates of Service **1981 - 2005**  
Basic Training **Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, TX**  
Duty Stations **Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, AK;  
Clark Air Base, Angeles City, Philippines; Little Rock Air  
Force Base, Arkansas; Yakota Air Base, Japan; Travis Air  
Force Base, Fairfield, California**

During **Desert Storm**, after the Patriot missile batteries arrived we got a little cocky. One night the Iraqis launched a scud missile at our base and we decided to take a picture of four of us guys playing a hand of cards in full chem. gear while under attack, to show that we weren't afraid of them. Right after somebody snapped the picture the missile hit about 5 miles from our tent. The noise and the shock wave from the explosion REALLY got our attention. After everyone dove for cover we checked to make sure everyone was o.k. Next time they fired a missile our way we went to the bunkers. No more macho BS!

During **Operation Enduring Freedom** (Afghanistan) I helped open the first US controlled airfield in Afghanistan after 9/11 at Mazar-e-Sharif. I also did four months in Kandahar as a civilian, military contractor. We were having mortars lobbed at us but we couldn't carry a gun to defend ourselves because of the rules of engagement, civilians were NOT allowed to carry a gun.

In **Operation Iraqi Freedom** I helped open Kirkuk Air Base in northern Iraq. When we landed, the Army's **Big Red 1** was there patrolling the base perimeter in Abrams tanks and Bradley fighting vehicles. I remember thinking, "if the enemy gets past the tanks and the Bradleys' all my little M-16 is going to do is piss them off." I also did four months at Balad, Air Base, Iraq. It was attacked so frequently the Army nicknamed it, "Mortaritaville." One mortar landed about 25 feet from where I was sleeping and blew me out of my bunk. That is a REALLY RUDE way to get woken up.

I really enjoyed the feeling I got when we would do humanitarian relief missions after the earthquake in Kobe, Japan, or the volcanic eruption of Mt. Pinatubo in the Philippines. These people had lost EVERYTHING and they would never know my name and I would never know their names but it was deeply satisfying to know that I had helped bring tents, cots, and blankets so the people in Kobe could stop sleeping in the streets in freezing temperatures without even a blanket to help stay warm.

After Mt. Pinatubo blew up I helped evacuate the service people and their families from Clark Air Base to Yokota, Japan. Once again, these people had lost everything and it felt good just to be able to offer them clean water to drink and an MRE (Meal Ready to Eat) and I know they were glad to finally get food and clean water.

It was my privilege to have been able to serve my country for 23 years and now my son Adam, is serving his country in the Air Force as an avionics technician in the squadron I retired from at Travis Air Force Base. The people I served with were some of the smartest, hardest working, and most honorable people I have ever had the honor to know. When you have been to war with a group of people there is a bond formed between those people that will last a lifetime.

**Carl is a 1978 graduate of Lake Quinault High School**

**Compiled 19 August 2012**

# LAKE QUINAULT HISTORICAL SOCIETY & MUSEUM

OUR 37th ISSUE

## Community Birthday Calendar

### PRIMAL ANGLER



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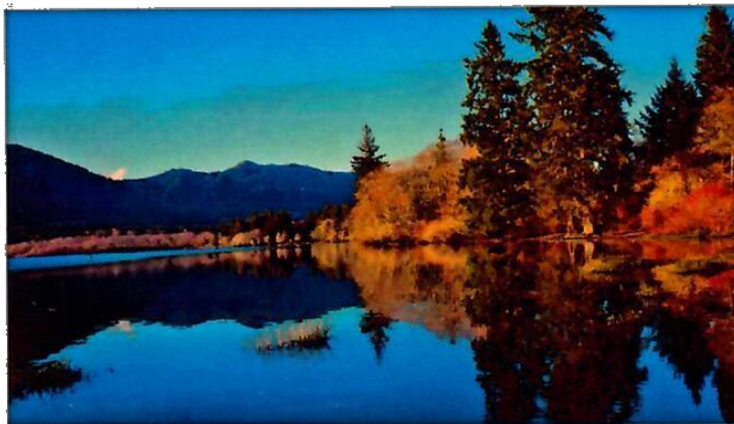


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LAKE QUINAULT

Photo by Gary Marsh

Picture Compliments of Amanda Park Mercantile

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Hours: Memorial Day - Labor Day  
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## Our 2023 Community Birthday Calendar and Dedicated Sponsors

**Missing:** In the 22 years of operation the Museum has been fortunate to not experience any pilfering. Our artifacts are here for all to enjoy and obviously they are not all under lock and key. In August we lost this hat which was made by Criss Osborn. Criss was a charter board member who's dedication and effort were unsurpassed. After her passing we had a cabinet made just for her pieces, many of which were lovingly made by her. Here are a few of her works: Large basket, a small basket and pouch, her bent-wood box (this one is something else!), drum and drumstick and, of course, the intricate hat which we no longer have. It's a real loss to us. In making the drum, Criss not only assembled and did the art work, but she also tanned the hide. The drum is a hands-on favorite with the children. Our hosts show them how to hold it and how to "beat the drum". Fun for all!



By Phyllis