



Newsletter

Fall & Winter, 2014

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The Lake Quinault Museum experienced its most successful season to date in 2014. Beginning with our third annual Armed Forces Day Open House in May and running through mid-September, we hosted more than 2,000 visitors and received nearly \$4000 in donations. Guests came from 48 states (we evidently need to do some recruiting in Delaware and New Hampshire), 24 countries on all six inhabited continents (we're still waiting for our first penguins to round out the list) and one Caribbean island nation. Countries represented include: Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Chile, China, Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, India, Ireland, Japan, The Netherlands, New Zealand, The Philippines, Singapore, South Korea, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, Trinidad and Tobago, and United Kingdom. We're pleased that many of our guests cited our new website, lakequinaultmuseum.org, as their source of information about us and were very complimentary about our website design.

The Museum Board of Directors would like to thank our volunteer hosts/hostesses for another great job of welcoming our guests and providing answers to an incredible variety of questions. Returning hosts are Elizabeth Carlyle, Carol Miller, Kathy Clayton, Willa Jones, Elizabeth Tarbox, Tobie Knaack, Dorothy Davis, Kathleen Praxel, Tom Northup and Phyllis Miller. New to us this year are Ginger McElwee, Jigger Davis, Alison Carlyle and Boaz Klappholz. The dedication of these special people allowed us to be open every day, noon to 5:00 from Memorial Day through Labor Day. A special thanks goes to Brooke Edwards for revamping our logging display – it's terrific! We continue to upgrade and reorganize our displays to enhance presentation and make the most efficient possible use of limited space. We expect some significant improvements for 2015, so be sure to plan a visit (and remember that we will open by appointment during the off-season).

By Tom Northup



"Fade away girl"

Tracie, our beautiful and delightful friend of the museum that willingly models historic clothes for us, was given the assignment of representing the hippie era. This came about due to a wonderful donation from Laura (O'Connor) Sugden of a 1960's era "crazy quilt" robe. After researching the robe on the web we found that most likely, the "crazy quilt" part of the robe was indeed, historic and probably made around the very early 1900's. Then, in the 60's it was repurposed into this colorful robe. There is no actual history on the robe itself.

The photograph was taken to purposely have the robe and quilts blend into each other, thus, "fade away." You can see Tracie's photograph upstairs in the museum.

Photography, display and history by Kathleen Praxel

Logging displays

When the museum opened this past spring, visitors were greeted with new displays in the logging room. The extensive diorama, created by Brooke Edwards, gives the viewer an idea of the various aspects of the early days of logging. The



“donkeys” and the tower made by Lowell Paull were exhibited for years at the museum. Brooke “revamped” these pieces and fitted them with working gears and guides, strung the cables and anchored them to “stumps”. Besides the cable show, other features depicted are: a loaded logging truck on a muddy puncheon road; two loggers on



springboards using the long crosscut saw, more affectionately known as a “miser whip”; lots of detail around the cook’s tent too including the crew’s lunch simmering on the campfire and a triangle to clang announcing that “chow’s on”.

Brooke recognized the contributions made by some of the homesteading families by denoting their names on the claim marker.

In a separate display, Brooke pays tribute to the shake block cutter. After working all day to produce a sling load of blocks, this fellow can be seen relaxing near his efforts and drinking a cold beer. Check out the caulked boots on this guy!



Brooke spent time researching logging to get the detail as accurate as possible. The ¼ inch scale of the diorama was a challenge. She is more used to working at the 1 inch scale which is that used for the block cutter exhibit.



Dioramas are of great interest to Brooke because she can use her skills in many mediums— painting, sculpting, leatherwork, fine metals, fabric, etc. She also has designed and made miniature footwear for dollhouse enthusiasts.

At home, Brooke is constructing a Medieval Village diorama. She has completed a castle that stands 3’ tall and is 3’ wide which was supposed to be at the

center of the display but she doesn’t have enough space to complete her vision at that scale. Other completed projects include: log cabins, farm house, chicken coop and a 4 tower castle – all at a 1 inch scale.



Brooke Edwards

The museum board is very grateful to Brooke for all the hours of effort involved in commemorating an important part of the history of this community. Her work will be enjoyed by visitors for years to come.

By Dorothy Davis

Here's Johnny....

Featured in our last Newsletter, were our three full-size lady mannequins. We had our "guy" on backorder for several months and would accept no other.

Here's Johnny, our logger: In memory of Johnny Northup who lost his life in a logging accident in September, 1958, our Johnny is outfitted in typical logger clothing of the era; wool long-johns, roomy jeans, hickory shirt, red suspenders, tin hat and caulk boots. The faded red handkerchief has wiped many a sweaty brow in its day.

Born in 1912 to Ray & Annie Reed Northup, John grew up in the family home on the Clearwater. After graduating from Quinault High School, he spent the next 10 years as a logger in the Clearwater area. In January of 1941 John joined the US Navy and in May of that same year he and Fern Carlyle were married. While in the Navy he served on the USS Grant, first in Alaska and later at Pearl Harbor. Their family came along in the 1940's, first the twins, Reed and Carol, then Lois and a couple of years later they had Rita.

Johnny spent most of his adult life working as a logger for various local logging companies. He could do any job in logging but was employed primarily as a timber faller, one of the more dangerous positions in the industry. On the day that he was killed he was working as a "Single Jack" whereby the logger is working

alone, felling the tree and then bucking it to specific lengths. Although a "Single Jack" is working by himself there are usually other loggers working in the area. From our accounts, as Johnny was bucking the felled tree into logs, one of the sections broke free and rolled over on top of him, killing him instantly.



The last picture taken of Johnny. It was snapped as he was taking a break from fighting a forest fire in August, 1958.



The beautiful Northup family: Reed, Johnny, Lois, Fern, Rita and Carol. Circa 1951

Since Johnny has joined our family of exhibits, he has become the object of numerous photos. Taken with cell phones or digital cameras, guests gather around Johnny for the "photo-shoot" of their vacation. *"Oh, yes...this was at that little museum at Lake Quinault."* We will be remembered!

It took all of us to do the job right! Nevaeh, Phyllis, Dave Morrison (peeking out under Johnny's arm), Johnny is center stage, Danielle and Tobie.

Nevaeh helps out....





Jason Perry



Branch of Service/Rank **US Army Airborne - Major**
Dates of Service **2010 - present**
Duty Station **Landstuhl Medical Center, Germany**

MAJ Jason Perry completed medical school at the University of Washington Medical School in 2004 and then finished his residency in General Surgery at Madigan Army Medical Center in 2010.

He deployed to Afghanistan in support of **Operation Enduring Freedom** with the 67th Forward Surgical Team (Airborne) from Nov 2011 to Nov 2012. He is pictured here with Anileh, a 3 year old Afghan girl who

came to the Forward Surgical Team in respiratory distress from complicated pneumonia. Six weeks later, after drainage of the pus in her chest and a prolonged course of antibiotics, she is back to good health.

Jason is a 1992 graduate of Lake Quinault, valedictorian. He graduated from UPS with honors and a BA in biology. He joined the Army his freshman year of college. When he was ready for medical school he applied for a scholarship through the Army and was awarded a full tuition scholarship to UW.

Right now he is still active duty and will retire from the service if he can get a better deal civilian wise. For the last four years he has been in Germany at Landstuhl Medical Center. He and his family will leave there the first of June and he will then start his vascular fellowship in Charlottesville, VA at the University of Virginia in August. This is a two year program.

As written by Charlotte and Debby Perry

Compiled 20 May 2014



LeRoy Jolibois

Branch of Service/Rank	Army/Corporal - Merchant Marines
Dates of Service	1943 - 1945 - 1950's
Basic Training	Camp Maxey, Texas
Discharged	Ft. Lewis, Washington

I had just turned 18 and wanted to go into the Navy or Marine Corps like my brothers. At Ft. Snelling they put us in a long building and told us "all you guys 21 and over stand on this side and all of you 21 and under stand on that side." Everyone that was over 21 got to have their pick of the service they wanted to go in - I got to go in the

Army! Right after this I was trying to get myself organized with where to put my clothes and where to go. A Colonel came along and asked me how I liked the Army. I said, "I don't!" He said, "You'll grow into it" and it did turn out o.k.

After my basic training at Camp Maxey, Texas I came home on leave and then went back to Maxey for 6 more weeks of training. The war ended at that time. I was sent to Japan by ship and landed in Yokohama. From there I went to "Teteyama" Japan. There were so many troops there right after the war that there was no organization. To keep us occupied baseball teams were formed and I played baseball for 6-8 months. Then I was sent to an engineering company attached to the 7th Cavalry to repair roads in Japan. We lived in tents while I was in Japan and the camp had a long mess hall and when it came time to eat the lines to the mess tent could be 1/4 mile long. This one time I got tired of standing in line and said to my buddy, "Let's sneak into the mess tent and pretend we're on kp(kitchen police) duty." We did this and were standing there when a cook saw us and told us to pick up a pot and move it to another place. It was a large pot and was full of whole chickens cooking in the water for soup. We stole a chicken out of the pot and ran back to our tents but ended up sharing the chicken with some other guys.

At times a General from the 7th Cavalry would come around inspecting the troops and riding a large horse with a dog running beside him. The company broke up and I was then sent to a signal company for a short time. By then I had enough points to come home where I was discharged at Ft. Lewis, Washington.

In the 1950's I decided I wanted to see what Japan was like again so I joined the Merchant Marines and made seven trips back and forth to Japan transporting military dependents and supplies.

A lot of kids can't find jobs now days and the service is one way to make money and have a job.

I enjoyed my time in both services.



*Ken Carlyle, U.S. Army
Vietnam*

Kenneth W. Carlyle

Branch of Service/Rank	Army/E-5
Dates of Service	1966 - 1968
Basic Training	Ft. Lewis/Ft. Polk, Louisiana
Discharged	Ft. Benning, Georgia

I did basic training at Ft. Lewis and advanced infantry training at Ft. Polk, Louisiana. From there I went directly to Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam. I spent all my time in Chi Lai. We went out on ambush patrols, OP's (observation points) and sometimes we'd stay out two or three weeks at a time. A squad was 8 guys but one time our whole company of about 80 or 90 went out on a recon and we stayed out about a month. We encountered VC (Viet Cong). There were 6 companies that included, the "25th Infantry, 1st Cavalry, the 197th Light Infantry (my outfit) and I don't remember the other two. The "Big Red One" (1st Infantry Division, U.S. Army) was down in the bottom of a "hole" that was surrounded by mountains. All of us went in to assist Big Red One as they were in trouble. By the time we reached them there were only 10 left alive out of 110 men. We had to bag the bodies and put them on choppers to take out. After that I went on R&R (Rest and Recreation).

Mostly I went on patrols and one time we went to a village and were told to burn all the "hooches" (huts) and kill all the livestock. We put all the people into choppers and they were sent to Saigon. About two weeks later we went back to the same village and they were rebuilding so this time we let them stay. When we'd come back in from patrol we'd have 2 days off - we'd party. There were some good guys in the outfit.

While my good buddy, Carl Orcutt and I were always together nothing ever happened to us. We went on R&R one time and when we came back the "XO" Executive Officer, wanted me to take some orders back to the Captain. I went by chopper but there was no room for Carl. I got there in the evening and the next morning we ran into a bunch of VC. I got shrapnel in both legs and I went to a field hospital. In 2 weeks I was back out in the field!

One thing that really got me was when we first got to Chi Lai we had to call back to battalion before we could fire back on anyone who fired on us. That lasted about a month and then we could fire when fired on. "That really burned me up."



One of the funny things we did was toward the end I would go into Chi Lai and get beer, pop, etc. for the officer's club. We found these "cherry bomb" fireworks in an ammo dump one day and we'd light them and throw them at the buses that went by. Pretty soon the busses knew who was in the deuce and a half and they would stop and let us go by. The civilians complained and we had to stop.

The jungle was hot - sweat all the time. We'd drink lots of water and the iodine pills we put in the water made it taste bad. When we were way up in the hills we would drink the cold water without the pills. We figured we had so many shots in us that we'd be safe. Lots of times there were trails but then you'd have to watch for booby traps. We'd blow up any gates with mines, and then go around. One time we were on a hill in the middle of the rice paddies. We set up on the top to take a break when one of the guys tripped a wire but it

didn't go off. We found a 500 lb. bomb and several 200 pounders, land mines and more. We called in the Air Force and they bombed it.

We would find tunnels but I only went into the front of them. Some went for hundreds of miles. The Hoh Chi Minh Trail had tunnels that went clear into South Vietnam. One time we found a hospital in one of the tunnels that was 4 stories high underground.

Stars & Stripes, the military newspaper did a story and said that 500 U.S. soldiers had been killed but over a 1000 VC were also killed. We did the body count and there were only 25 VC dead.

One guy in my outfit I felt really bad for was very religious and his father was a preacher. After about two months he was drinking and smoking right along with the rest of us. Another kid came in when I was getting ready to go home. He liked to take "point" and would set his gun on automatic and shoot at anything. I asked him if he was related to Al Capone.

My buddy Carl Orcutt, and I were always together but I went home and he was sent to DaNang. He ended up losing one eye by a mortar round. Sometimes I think that if Kennedy had still been president then we would have just gone in, done what we were supposed to do and gotten out.

After all of that I still had fun over there.



Over the years we have had the opportunity to gather and record bits and pieces of history of the early settlers in the Quinault Valley. From family diaries, booklets, manuscripts, photos, newspaper articles or just stories passed down throughout the ages, we get a vision of what life was really like for these rugged pioneers who settled what one might refer to as "The Last Frontier".

What we have here is a short recount of Ernest Olson's first trip to Quinault. Oma Olson Logue, Ernest's daughter, starts out with the beginning of the adventure, describing the story as it had been passed down to her. From there Ernest continues with his memories. We have printed it just as it was presented to us.

Ernest and his wife, Anna, also settled in the Quinault Valley where they raised their family. Their daughter, May Olson Torres, is one of the museums charter board members and served as museum hostess for a good many years. She had also been the Quinault postmistress at one time, residing in the old Quinault post office which now houses the Lake Quinault Museum.

ERNEST OLSON'S FIRST TRIP TO QUINAULT circa 1893

Oma:

John Olson (Dad's dad) and Frank Peterson were cousins and came west together. John Olson came from Minnesota and located a homestead and built himself a cabin and stayed all winter. He went back to Minnesota and sent out his eldest son, Alfred (Clarence and Bobbie Olson's dad). Alfred came with three cows and a pair of steers, after he had them broken as a team to use to clear land. Also, he brought a bull. Alfred brought them by train to Hoquiam, then from Hoquiam to New London, on a little boat. Then on foot, a day to Humptulips and another two days to Quinault Lake, plus another day to upper Quinault to the Olson cabin. Alfred did not like it out here so he told Frank Peterson he would have to take care of the cattle till either Dad Olson came back or Ernest (our dad). Then John Olson sent his youngest son, Ernest, 19 years old and from a prairie country, to a land of timber and no roads, just paths. Elk Paths. Just think of Ernest, who had never made a pot of coffee or cooked before. Just a green-horn in a new world. Then he had to hunt his way to the upper Quinault. Mr. Ingram, the store-keeper, got him started from Quinault on the trail, and he got as far as the Ewell place 3 ½ miles from Quinault Lake. Jack Ewell got him started on the crooked trail to John Olson's cabin. Ernest got lost and went back to the Ewell place. Jack Ewell said, "Kid, you had better take to the river. The first two cabins are the Borden brothers, following the river. The third on is your dad's." Jack told him to follow the blazes and Ernest didn't know what blazes were. That was what Mr. Ingram had told him. He was told a blaze was a piece of bark chopped off a tree with an ax. Ernest said, "Blazes, where I come from, is swearing or slang." Mr. Ingram laughed. Ernest followed the river...all the logs, blackberry canes, old stumps...he went through. Many times he sat on a log and cried and wondered what he had done to his dad to send him to such a forsaken country. Never being in timber country before, he thought a cougar or bear might charge him at any time, but he kept going, wondering if it would get dark before he could find his father's cabin. Was he ever glad when he came to the Borden brother's cabins. Then hope started to come to his mind and he knew he was on the right road. On and on he went and sure enough there loomed his dad's cabin, with a block of wood from a sawed-off tree for a step to step up into the cabin. Ernest went in and it sure didn't look like anyone was living there. He looked around and found a 10# lard bucket with something in it and oh, how filthy and dirty smelling it came to his face.

Ernest:

"I was sure that could not be my father's cabin." He sat down on the block of wood outside and had a good cry. Frank Peterson was supposed to be living there but he was working on his own place. "After a while I thought there might be something upstairs to eat but there were no stairs." On the inside he had poles and split out lumber by hand and made it nice inside. But for the stairs, just two poles with ladder rounds made out of poles and nailed to the wall. "I crawled

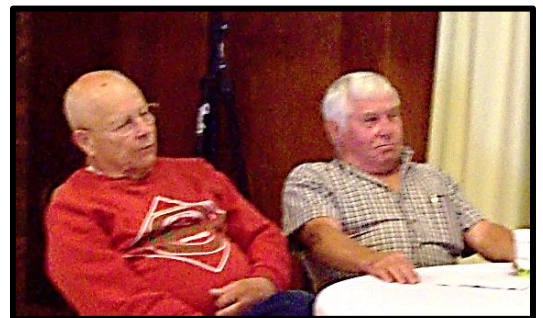
up there and all I found was quite old dried- up stuff. I pulled off a hunk of it and the string broke and it fell on my feet. Then I had my doubts of anyone living there. That chunk of something was hard as a rock. Then I thought I had better get out of that place if the owner should come and catch me inside. Then there would be something doing. Then I crawled down that funny ladder, went outside and walked down to the river. I heard a noise like splashing and here came a man in a boat. I thought now I can ask him where my father's cabin was. I was overjoyed, it was my father's cousin who he had left on the place. He had located a homestead on the other side of the river and was working on a cabin there so he could get his family out from the east. I just felt like holding him in my arms so he would not get away. I was hungry and the more he asked questions from the folks at home in Minnesota, the hungrier I got. I could have eaten a skunk. Bye and bye, he said, 'Are you hungry?' and I said, 'Nearly starved.' So he went to work beside the homemade table. There was a little door he opened and hauled out some flour and sat it on the table and for the life of me I could not imagine anyone finding anything to eat in that place. He kept right on. Next he went to that lard kettle I had smelled, that nearly knocked me down. He took it, put in some water and flour, beat it good, then poured that mixture into another pan, added sugar and salt and one egg and a teaspoon of soda. That sugar, salt and egg, he brought out of another door and was I surprised to see him open these small doors to these cupboards. Then he had another cupboard that had a box with a screen tacked on it on the outside of the box to keep out the flies, chipmunks, squirrels and birds which all seemed to be tame there. You could not pick them up with your hands but they were not afraid of you. Gee, I was getting more hungry by the minute and when Frank Peterson put that dough in the oven I thought I could never eat that stuff but, after it started to bake it sure smelled good. It made a real good loaf of bread. He also made coffee. Then he sent me upstairs to get a chunk of that stuff that fell on the floor for me. I said, 'You sure don't eat that stuff, do you?' He laughed and said, 'You just wait. I'll show you how good that is. Just bring it down and I'll fix it.' He had a piece of wood with a blade of a plane in it. He sat down, took that piece of dried elk meat in his hands and started to shave off real thin pieces. He handed me a piece and said, 'Here kid, eat that.' and by gosh, it tasted good so he put it in a pan with a little bacon grease and browned it, poured some milk over it and, oh, was it good on these spuds he cooked...and the bread and coffee. I never had anything taste so good in my life. I came in the spring and stayed a whole year with Mr. Peterson. I helped him clear land and finish his cabin. We lived together in father's place until my father and mother, brothers and sisters came the following spring.

I met them in Humptulips, a trail only to Humptulips. Two days and all walked. We borrowed a horse from Evans at Humptulips to pack bedding and food. The twins, Nellie and Sellie were only 6 weeks old when they started from Minnesota. Herbert, Fritzoff, Richard, Constance, Ignar, Elma and the twins. Mavie, Grace, Teander, Elvin and Mildred were born out here. Mrs. Jack Ewell was a midwife. There was no doctor or nurses.

Ernest lived with the family and helped his dad get in some late garden that year. "My 21st year I then went to the logging camp to work. I wanted to learn to canoe up the river. Mr. A.V. Higley told me that an old Indian at the foot of Quinault Lake could build a boat for me so I visited him."

In Memory

Terrance (Terry) O'Connor passed away on October 30, 2014. Born January 14, 1936 to Irene and Bill O'Connor, Terry and his sister, Laura O'Connor Sugden were raised in Amanda Park, both graduating from Lake Quinault High School. Over the years, Terry has been a strong supporter of the museum and our efforts. He, with the company of his daughter Jeanne, spent many hours participating in our "Recollections" programs, contributing invaluable history, stories and remembrances.

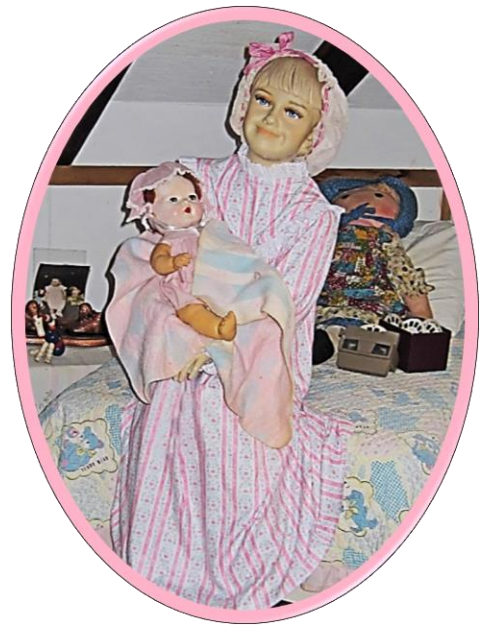


Terry and Jim Northup at "Recollections"

Upstairs Loft/Child's Bedroom

A few changes have been made upstairs in the child's bedroom. It appears that it must belong to a little girl and...there she is. Sitting on the end of her bed, still in her flannel nightie, she's lovingly holding her little baby doll. That little doll got a lot of love in her day. A 1949 Christmas present from Mom & Dad, directly out of the Montgomery Ward Christmas catalog, I took this little cherub into my heart, dressing her, changing her wet diaper (Yes, when she had her bottle she also wet her diaper.) and cared for her for 65 years. A Dy-Dee doll by Effanbee,

she has all of her original clothing and blanket, except for her shoes. I could never keep shoes on that kid! Now that our little girl has taken the baby out of her cradle we are looking for two more "baby" dolls, one for the cradle and the other for the pram. The cradle is also very special with this inscription on the underside, "Marian Locke, Sept. 24 - '35. Presented by Carl S. Weatherwax." The bedroom is in the loft, to the left as you go up the stairs. If you have a vintage baby doll, a doll house or other toys to donate please contact us at 360-288-2317 or 288-2417. Her brother would like a few things also.



By Phyllis

Mulkey Camera

Les Morgan, a longtime professional photographer, and close friend of Dell Mulkey, donated one of Dell's first cameras to the museum this summer. Called an "Auto Graflex", it is an early model 4x5 sheet film camera. Les owned and operated Leslie's Studio in Aberdeen from 1960 to his retirement in 1990. In 2002, Les and Rich Short, of Rich's Studio, formerly the Dell Mulkey Studio, were

able to rescue the Dell Mulkey photo collection from imminent ruin. The collection was sorted, assembled and, with the approval of loan from the Mulkey family, presented to the relevant museums which included Aberdeen Museum, the Westport Museum and Lake Quinalt Museum. The camera is on display in the Lake Quinalt Museum.

The Lake Quinalt Museum is featuring a video collection of the Dell Mulkey photos. Set to soft background music, it is a visual tribute to this great photographer and friend.



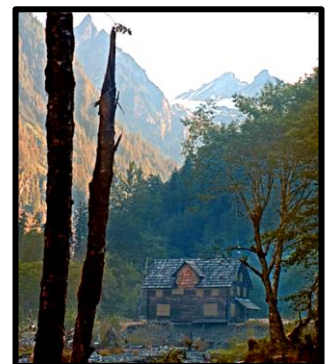
Les Morgan and the "Auto Graflex" camera



Dell Mulkey, 1980
Photo by The Daily World

2015 Community Birthday Calendar

The calendar is now available for purchase with the proceeds going toward our scholarship program. It's still \$7.00 and if you would like it mailed please send an additional \$1.50. This year's picture is of the Enchanted Valley Chalet which was successfully moved to safer ground this summer. It might not be the permanent move but for the present time, the chalet is out of harm's way.



Enchanted Valley Chalet