

BENN'S BULLETIN

A Publication of The Friends of the Aberdeen Museum
Spring 2019

Market & K St (K St Entrance)

(360) 533-1976

Tues & Thurs 1-4 pm

WILLIAM H. HERREN

Adventurer and Big Game Hunter

Written by Ruth Hamilton

Did you know that Aberdeen was home to an adventurer and big game hunter? William H. Herren, born in Montague, Michigan in 1885, made his home in Aberdeen. He married Francis May Jones in 1910 and they lived at 417 W. 2nd Street. In the census of 1930,



his trade was listed as bridge and road contractor. In 1922 his firm, Herren and Ewart, held a

contract to build 5.7 miles of roadway from Prairie Creek to Lunch Creek in Grays Harbor for \$88,595.50. In 1931, William and May travelled to Africa on safari, to photograph big game and to acquire live specimens for the University of Washington, University of California (Los Angeles) and the Cincinnati Zoo. The Cincinnati Zoo had requested a male gorilla as a mate for their female gorilla, Suzie, and provided letters of introduction to the American ambassador in London. East Africa was under British rule at that time, so proper introductions were made through the London office. The safari stopped in Cairo before heading in-country and captured images of local culture and wildlife. Deciding to take a 2-day detour, the team went

to Tanganyika (now Tanzania) to do some hunting. Along with the usual hunting gear, they carried film equipment to record footage of wildlife. Food traps were set and they succeeded in drawing a lion and lioness into range. William shot the lion in the shoulder and asked his associate, Gus Peret to film the lion as it charged him, hoping for a dramatic scene. He failed to get off a second shot and the lion lunged at him, badly mauling his leg. Shoving his hands in the lion's mouth, he held it off until Gus could drop the camera, grab a rifle and kill the animal. In a nearby village, Herren's right leg was amputated below the knee, and they set out overland by truck to Musoma (150km), where they boarded a boat to the hospital in Mwanza (220km). Sadly, gangrene set in and William died half an hour before arrival

on October 23, 1931. His body was cremated and a brief



funeral was held on the shores of Lake Victoria. May flew with his ashes from Nairobi to London and then returned to New York aboard ship, and finally home to Aberdeen. Reports of Herren's death appeared in newspapers around the country.

May lived until 1961 and both are interred at the Fern Hill Cemetery in Aberdeen.

A collection of photo prints from Herren's safari were given to his friends in Ocosta, WA. A relative brought these prints to the Friends of the Aberdeen Museum and are now held by the Aberdeen Museum of History. The photos captured images of life along the Nile River in Egypt, Masai villagers in Tanzania and a variety of

animals brought down by the hunters. Although pictures of dead wildlife are no longer considered appropriate in our society today, they reflect a fascination with the exotic life of other cultures prevalent at that time.

You may remember the award-winning film "Out of Africa" (1985)

relating the real life story of Karen Blixen.

It took place in 1931 about



400km east of Mr. Herren's adventures and can provide a bit of context and a picture of societal attitudes of the time. Even then, interest in preservation of wildlife and ecosystems was growing and a large portion of this region formed what is now Serengeti National Park.

Information for this article was drawn from internet searches, newspaper articles and Aberdeen city directories.

Aberdeen Herald

October 23, 1890

What can't a woman do? A passenger for Cosmopolis on the boat down Monday was a woman and five children. They were Russian-Finn and could not speak a word of English; yet the woman had piloted them all from the old country to the extreme West to join the husband and father, who had come on before to make a home. Because of her ignorance of English,, they had frequently gone astray, and were six weeks coming from New York. The only English word the woman could say was "Cosmopolis," and on that clew they had been helped from Olympia to Montesano by our townsman J. W. Maxwell. At Montesano, they met the father, and were on the high tide of happiness coming down in the boat.

February 9, 1899

The run of steelhead salmon is very light so far this season. This valuable fish has been caught so extensively on the Harbor of late years as to cause a fear of extinction in these waters. A state hatchery should be established on the Humptulips River for propagation.

We seek to tell the stories of those who came before us. If you have photos of people and events of historic significance to Aberdeen and greater Grays Harbor, the Friends of the Aberdeen Museum of History would love to have a copy for our records.

Note: Donations of original artifacts or photographs should be made to the Aberdeen Museum of History. Call Stacie Barnum 360-537-3229 for more information.

A donation was received
in the memory of
James "Jim" Leggett

CASCARA BARK

By Nancy Cnyle

I remember, as I am sure many Harborites do, making spending money peeling cascara bark with a homemade spud.

To make a spud, my Dad (Len Airhart) would take a metal file, heat the end, put it on the anvil, and pound



with a big hammer until it rounded & came to a sharp edge. One side would bulge out to make a cutting edge, which he would file to razor sharpness. The advantage for us was that it was very sharp but not as dangerous as a knife for a child to handle. If there was time, it could also be bent slightly round, to follow the shape of the tree.

To use a spud, we would push the sharp bulge into the bark, press down hard, and run lengthwise down the tree. Then at intervals, we would “ring” the tree bark, cutting around its circumference. The goal was to try for long sections between “rings” but to be successful you would have to cut around where branches came off the main trunk. After the initial cuts, we would insert the spud under the edge of the bark, run it along the cuts while lifting and off it would peel! Of course, this was done when the sap was up in the tree so the bark would "slip" due to the layer of moisture under the bark. Preferably, all the bark sections would be at least 10 inches long so they would hang over a drying rope, but the best result was a section several feet long to minimize drying work. The harvested bark was bent with the 'wet' side out and hung until dry. We would test it for dryness by breaking a piece to see if it was dry enough to snap into pieces. It must snap and not just bend to be sold as dried bark. When sufficiently dry, the bark would be broken into small pieces and loaded into

a burlap "gunny sack.” It was important to know that the buyer would reach deep into the gunnysack for samples and test to see if they broke properly. If it was not dry enough they would only pay the wet price per pound which was about half of the dry price – so we learned not to try to hide not quite dry bark in the bottom of the sack!

There are stories from the old timers about making a living from bark peeling, usually by contracting with a landowner for rights to the cascara on their land. They would camp out in the woods for the summer with their families and maybe even the household cat to be close to the cascara trees. A makeshift cabin could be quickly made from split cedar with powder boxes used for furniture. Bark would be spread on the sword fern clumps to dry.

Many Harbor families can remember cascara bark hanging to dry in garages or out on shed roofs. One story I have been told is of an upstairs bedroom with the chimney going up the middle for some heat and around the chimney and stairs were ropes strung for drying bark.

Whether a source of family income from the wooded hills surrounding the Harbor or just as a way for neighborhood kids to make a few bucks, peeling cascara bark is a memory shared by most long time Harborites.



Sam Benn Park Wading Pool until 19__

Friends of Aberdeen Museum Board

Monthly Meeting

First Tuesday of each month

6:00 pm

Market & K (K Street Entrance)

Board Members

Patti Walden - Acting President

Ruth Hamilton - Secretary

Nancy Cuyle - Treasurer

Jennifer Bennefeld

Amy Herring

Douglas Orr

Pete Schave

LAW ENFORCEMENT: HUNTING

By Nancy Cuyle

This story may not have a broad historical significance, as it is from just my own family. Nevertheless, it gives an insight into pioneer life and how local law enforcement might give a hardworking backwoods family a break.

My great-grandfather, Antoni Malinowski, had a large family to feed. Life on the upper Wishkah valley was not always easy and the roving herds of elk were an easy way to feed his clan. The Malinowski boys became accomplished hunters and each summer many jars of elk meat were canned as winter supplies. Of course, the drawback to this plan was that there were elk seasons and bag limits that did not always line up with the family's needs.

One summer day grandma was busy canning elk meat. As the pieces were cut to put into the jars, the small end

pieces were put aside, as they would be dinner for the family that night. There were no motels or restaurants in the valley and if a traveler came by, you fed them and usually put them up for the night. It was the way it was done and would have been suspicious not to do so. Today's visitor arriving at the door was one Mr. Haggerty, the game warden. However, with Grandpa's usual guts and pride, as the story goes, he just looked Mr. Haggerty in the eye and invited him to dinner. Mr. Haggerty sat down to a delicious dinner, ate without comment, and simply thanked them for the meal.

In the Malinowski clan, the small end cuts of meat left as an animal is butchered are a family favorite. My mother would fry them up and stick toothpicks in them for snacking on while butchering. They are known to us as Haggerty Steak, honoring a good man who knew when to enjoy a wild meat dinner and simply look the other way!

Do You Know...

What the name Aberdeen means in Scottish?

Look for the answer in this newsletter

THE BIG SIX

Ben Weathermax (1909-1956) founded KBKW radio. One of its features was his "Hometown Scrapbook" with stories from the 1880s forward. What follows is an excerpt from show #131

There have been fabulous characters in Grays Harbor's tumultuous past. Men who stood above the crowd, some literally, and many figuratively, but few stood above the average like the big six.

In the days of iron men and logging teams, when a strong back and a peavey did the work of a donkey

engine, Grays Harbor folks compared a job well done with the accomplishments of the Caldwell brothers.

Now, the little town of Montesano was homeport for the Caldwell family before the turn of the century. It was in 1886 that the Scotch Canadian family uprooted itself and moved from Riceville, Ontario down to the Montesano in the Washington Territory. There were eight of them.

A widowed mother, her only daughter Lucy, and six of the strappingest boys who ever stood, shoulder to shoulder. There was Jack, who in his prime stood, 6 feet 6-inches in height and tipped the beam at 205 pounds. He was the big boy of the biggest big family in local history. There was George, who rose to 6 feet and 5 inches and tilted the beam around to 240 pounds. Henry was 6 feet four and weighed 235 and Byron was 6 feet 3 and weighed an even 220. The small boys of the family were Oliver and William. They each stood 6 feet two; William weighed 235 pounds and his brother Oliver 210.

Washington was becoming the biggest timber producing state in the nation, and at the top of the list was Grays Harbor County

In the day when logging men were rugged individualists-

and physical brawn was a measure of a man's value, the Caldwell boys represented the biggest collective batch of manpower on foot in the Grays Harbor country. The little town of Montesano marveled at them.

Of course, the youngest of the six brothers was just a lad when their wagon moved into Montesano in '86 and they jumped down into the dust of the frontier hamlet. As Montesano grew, they grew. They matured in the turbulent stage of our country's growth before Washington achieved statehood.

The boys wanted to log on their own. They felt that with a team such as they had, they could snag the big stuff out of the woods and compete with any outfit in the tall timber shows. Their mother, Frances Blaney Caldwell, did not approve. Just two years short of the 20th century, they finally won her approval and the Caldwell brothers logging company went into business. Logging in Washington was growing up, or should we say, coming of age, for Washington logging was always the biggest thing in the big tree business. Now it was taking on the guise of a profession. It had more new wrinkles than yesterday's newspaper. Ox teams that had hauled the logs over the well-greased skid roads were now giving way to donkey engines. Washington was becoming the biggest timber producing state in the nation, and at the top of the list was Grays Harbor County where the biggest trees, the biggest piles of lumber were sawn and the biggest men toiled with the peavey and biggest of them all were the Caldwells.

It was 1898 when the Caldwells started their show on the East Hoquiam River. Logging fir and spruce, the big six cut their spar tree teeth on this operation, and after three years, they were ready to move the bunk houses and try a new show. This time, they landed in the cedar forests between Grayland and Markham, and cut one of the finest stands of shingle logs that ever grew. They kept the cedar rafts coming down the Elk and Johns Rivers to tidewater until 1913 with their operations, meanwhile expanding their operation to log some Douglas fir in the Satsop valley.

By this time, the individuality of Grays Harbor's biggest team of brothers was beginning to display itself and they were splitting up into their separate ventures.

There was the affair of the cruiser Kennewick. It was 1910 that George Caldwell began to take a hankering to

boats. Late in 1910, he and Henry moved to Seattle, bought the Cruiser Kennewick, an 82-foot, 42-ton vessel, and started a passenger service run to Bainbridge Island. After two years of it, they decided to come back to the Harbor where they had enjoyed their first business success. This time they would come back by boat.

To bring the little cruiser around from the Sound, they hired Captain Ralph Matt Peasley. Matt agreed to sail their cruiser down for them, and the Kennewick crossed the Harbor bar one day and changed its homeport to Grays Harbor. The two brothers put it onto the Westport run, and as a passenger and excursion vessel, it made the trip for a couple of years. They also took some tow jobs with the gasoline-powered ship. In 1915, they were ready to dispose of their marine venture, and while it was not readily salable, it was good for a trade with M. M. Stewart, the Aberdeen automobile dealer. In a swap with Stewart, they obtained two Aberdeen residential lots and an Overland car.

From this venture, George and Henry went into the stage business, operating the first automobile stage line over the old road to Westport. They carried the mail to the beach community at a time when the Harbor's picturesque riverboats were losing out to automobiles. But the Caldwell brothers, most of them still stayed with the logging business with William as general manager, log scaler, timber cruiser, and bookkeeper. Jack was, the genius for running the woods show and his inventive ability is credited with the snubbing drum still used in modern logging, and the design and construction of the sluice dam used in the big six operations.

When the Caldwells started logging, donkey engines were bolted down to the logging sleds and had only one

drum. For a haulback, most of the loggers used a horse. And the Caldwells had a horse who is still famous in the legends of the big-woods days. He was old Prince, one of the most intelligent line horses of the Harbor's early woods history. As much a part of the Andrews creek operation, when the Caldwells were logging down near Grayland as the camp foreman, Prince operated without much assistance. He learned to return the yarding cable from the donkey to the woods without command, and while the log was, being hitched for its slide to the donkey, old Prince would amble down the skid road to the donkey for the next haulback, arriving in time to pick-up another line.

The family recalls well the stories of Old Prince. Among them, that the horse would never do a minute's work after the evening whistle had called the loggers in from work.

Newcomers to the country figured, they must be children of Paul Bunyan himself.

Yes, when the Caldwells were logging a show together, and

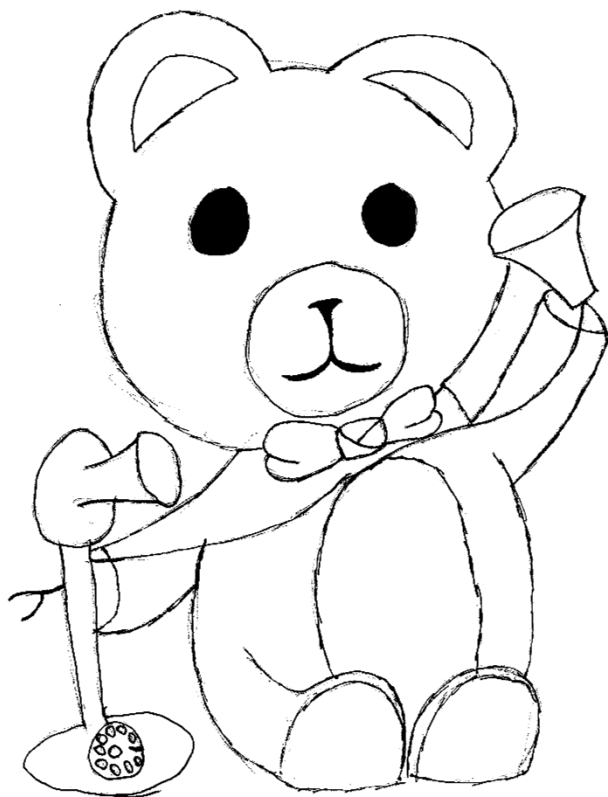
newcomers to the country figured, they must be children of Paul Bunyan himself. Moreover, their reputation for veracity was such that many of their rafts were sold without a check-scale of the footage. The big six brand on the, logs, was enough to assure a buyer, that the raft was what they said it was.

Yes, in a time when loggers were wild men in tin-pants and caulks, when they got loose in town---the Caldwells were remarkably suited to the more sedate life. They differed from the free-spending, hard-drinking bulls of the woods, as much as they differed from the average of men physically. To the big six, such conduct was a waste of time.

We have spoken of the big six, yet each of these big men were individuals in their own right, and their accomplishments alone were something to tell of.

The big men, of the big timber country of Grays Harbor called the big six, as hulking, and picturesque as god-fearing and hard working as a team as ever made a page in the hometown scrapbook.

Question: What does the name Aberdeen mean in Scottish? Answer: The meeting of two rivers



Children's Color Corner

Volunteers - There's nothing can top them!

The Friends of the Aberdeen Museum operates and survives with volunteers who come forward to dedicate their time preserving our history. It is gratifying to say these volunteers include some who have long family histories on the harbor and those who have lived here a much shorter time. All are taken with Grays Harbor's past, whether they are just learning about it or grew up with its tales. Some give a remarkable amount of time and others come by when needed. We are grateful to all and excited by the challenges and projects ahead. The Board wants to acknowledge the appreciation we have for them all.

We would love to see your name added to the list!

Our volunteers to start 2019

(listed in alphabetical order)

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| Kristi Ayres | Ruth Caldwell | Leah Morrill |
| Carol Bear | Becky Carossino | |
| Skooter Scherieble | Tristann Brown | |
| Barb Goheen | | |

Aberdeen Train Station



Aberdeen Train Station Ticket Booth on display at the Aberdeen Museum of History



Friends of the Phoenix

Rising from the Ashes



Membership funds go towards preserving and celebrating history in our community.

Membership Application and Record

Date _____ Member/Business

Name _____

Phone number(s) _____

Email _____

I would like to receive the quarterly newsletter. Mail _____ email _____

I choose the following Membership:

Family/household - \$50 per year Youth/Student - \$5 per year

Individual - \$25 per year Senior 65+ - \$20 per year

Business - \$100 per year Sustaining Individual/Business - \$300/\$500 per year

Memberships start from date of payment and last one year.

I wish for my name to remain anonymous, not to be displayed in person or in any Friends of the Aberdeen Museum, or Aberdeen Museum publications.

Would you like to be contacted about volunteer opportunities? Yes No

If so, please list areas you have interest in (i.e. event volunteer, office volunteer, data entry, fundraising, board member, etc.)

I am interested in the volunteer waiver program.

I understand that I can earn my membership after completion of 10 volunteer hours. This waiver can be requested again once my membership year ends.

Heavy Rains Cause Floods

Aberdeen Herald

January 6, 1914

One of the most severe rain and wind storms Aberdeen in Grays Harbor have experienced in several years was still on last night. The downpour has been almost continuous since Saturday morning, and in that time, up to 5 o'clock last night, 5.92 inches of rain had fallen. The wind at times reached a velocity estimated at close to 50 mph.



Up to last night practically no damage except to railway lines, power, and telephone

wires had occurred. The rains on Grays Harbor and lower Sound railways have caused a number of landslides, which greatly interfere with traffic. On the northern Pacific, between Gate and Olympia, a big landslide occurred shutting off traffic and another slide is reported between Roy and South Tacoma. A small washout is reported between Montesano and Elma and a number of trees have fallen dangerously near the track in many places. It is believed by railroad men that train service will be resumed between Gate and Olympia on Wednesday and on the main line at noon today. The roadbed has been weakened in many places, which necessitates slow running orders, thus delaying trains for several hours. An unauthenticated report comes that the storm of Saturday and Saturday night did considerable damage at Sunset and Moclips, the heavy seas washing away much of the shore land, destroying bridges and highways and putting railway, telegraph,

and telephone lines out of commission. The highway from Moclips to the Quinault Indian agency has been almost irreparably damaged; the Moclips river bridge is gone at the north end and there is no mail service and no wire communication to the outside world. The high seas have done some damage to both the north and south jetties, and a number of vessels are bar bound and cannot enter port until the storm subsides.

The high water is causing trouble along the northern Pacific line between Hoquiam and Moclips. The tracks been underwater in many places with culverts out, bridges injured, and roadbed damage to such an extent as to make it impossible to run trains. The big skating rink tent, on West Heron street suffered the greatest damage. It was blown down Saturday night, and the skating

floor is probably damaged beyond repair.



The rivers are high a report for Montesano last evening says the rivers are still rising and it was still storming, if anything, worse than at any time during the last 50 hours, during which it has rained almost continuously. The water is getting close to the high watermark and old-timers are expecting that mark to be reached at high tide tonight or in the morning. Even if it should stop raining now, they say the rivers will continue to rise for the next 12 or 15 hours.

Come and see all the pictures of "Decades of Aberdeen Floods" on First Fridays or during regular hours at the Friends of the Aberdeen Museum Office, 2nd & K. New topic and display every month.

**We are always looking for people who
have a passion for Aberdeen's history.**

Join us today!

FRIENDS OF THE ABERDEEN MUSEUM

Market & K St (K St Entrance)

PO BOX 722.

Aberdeen, WA 98520

(360) 533-1976

Email: friends98520@gmail.com

and

Visit our website at

www.aberdeenmuseumfriends.org

Save the Date

Myrtle Street Dance

August 10, 2019

Presented by: Friends of Aberdeen Museum

& Polson Museum

Celebrate the cooperation of our two

communities

Free Admission

First Friday Photo display

First Friday of Every Month

Friends of the Aberdeen Museum office

5 – 8 p.m.

Market & K (K Street Entrance)

FRIENDS OF THE ABERDEEN MUSEUM.

PO BOX 722.

Aberdeen, WA 98520