

RECOLLECTIONS

Of the Queets River Valley



*As remembered by
Ann Kelly March Allen*

January of 2006

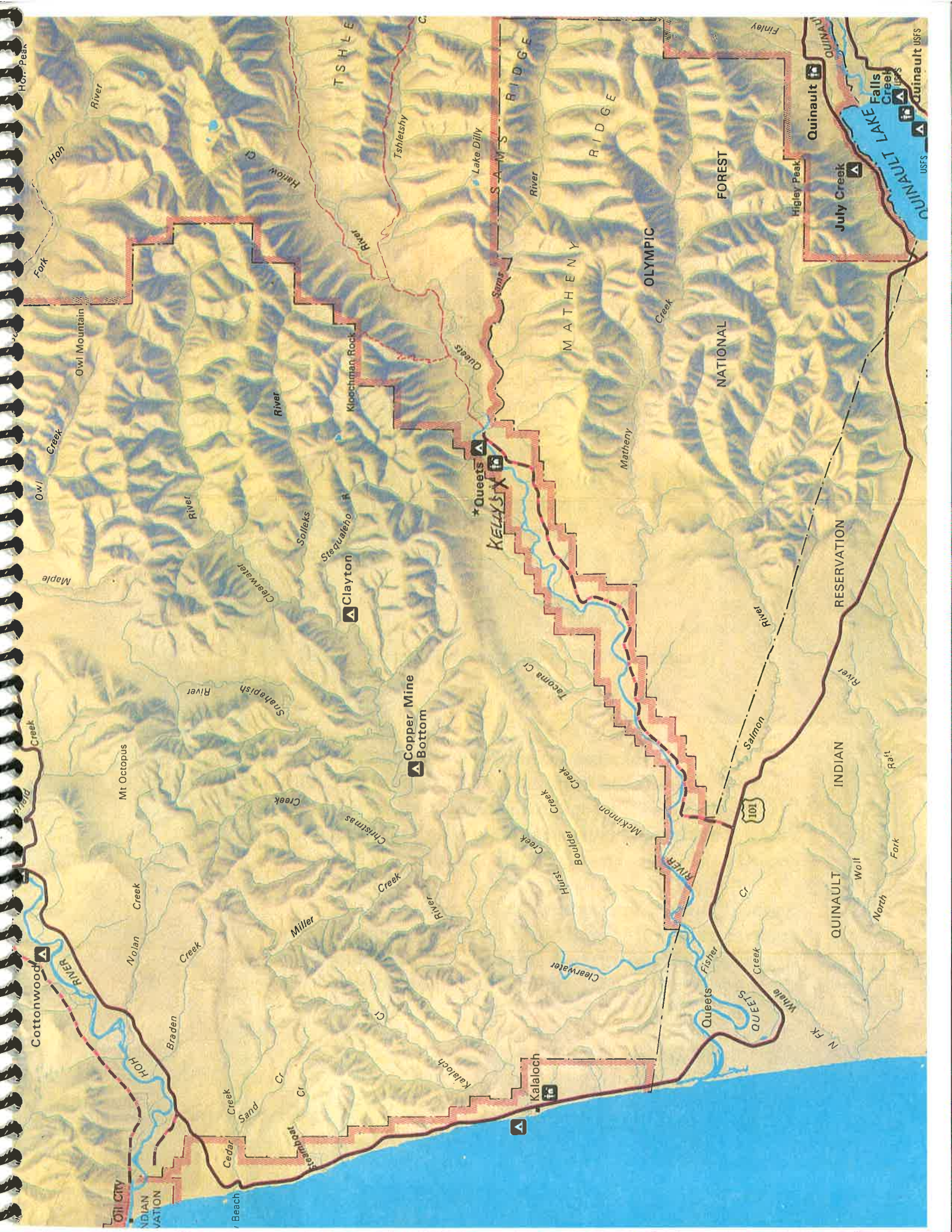
To Edie Morgan,
my dearest and oldest friend,
with love and best wishes.
Ann March Allen

KELLY'S RANCH 1930



ORIGINAL KILLEA HOMESTEAD





QUEETS RIVER
VALLEY

Jefferson County
State of Washington

HARLOW CREEK

TSHLETSHY CREEK

SAMS CREEK

UPSTREAM

QUEETS RIVER

RAFT RIVER

MATHENY CREEK

CLEARWATER
RIVER

DOWNSTREAM

HIWAY 101

PACIFIC
OCEAN

1. Earl Petit homestead
2. Oscar and Meryl Smith homestead
3. George and Alta Shaube homestead
4. John and Jessie Andrews homestead
5. Billy Howard homestead
6. Cowan family homestead
7. Ed North homestead
8. Malcolm and Edna Kelly original homestead
9. Tommy Kilkelly homestead
10. Latimer family homestead
11. Lars Ericksen (across river, nearest neighbor)

Kelly's Ranch (an original Killea homestead)

12. John and Irma Gwin homestead
13. Ted (and brother) Anderson homestead
14. Harry and Maude Kittridge
15. A community of homesteaders developed where the Clearwater River flowed into the Queets River.

The only names I remember are Mason, Cooper, Crippen, Ruby, and Northup. Most were farmers and/or cattle ranchers. George Northup became a Washington State Senator. Two additional names recalled: Donaldson and Streater.

Recollections...

It occurred to me, as a ninety-two year old life-long resident of Washington State, that I had seldom seen any published information about the Queets Valley. There are numerous books describing frontier life in several other river valleys (such as the Quinault and the Hoh), all of which had streams carrying water from the Olympic Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. But strangely, I found few reference books that even mentioned the Queets.

And so I became interested in recording my distant memories of the Queets pioneers and their tiny footholds in the immense rainy wilderness of the Queets Valley. I have tried to write a few sentences about each homesteader who settled either upstream or downstream from my parents' property on the Queets River, which was always spoken of as "Kelly's Ranch" and, indeed, appeared on early maps. It was developed on the original site of the Mart Killea homestead, twelve miles upriver from the Pacific Ocean.

It seems probable that my parents were attracted to the Pacific Northwest by the widespread national publicity concerning Washington and Oregon. Recall the slogan, "Go West, young man, and make your fortune!" Much attention was being centered on the development of the west coast of the United States. At that time, my parents were an adventurous, energetic, childless young couple with a great love for outdoor activities. They had been married in February of 1904, in Enid, Oklahoma. Both were employed, and they purchased a bungalow, apparently with plans to remain there. My mother told me stories about their picnics, hiking trips and canoeing, and ice-skating on a frozen river in Illinois. She often accompanied her husband on grouse-hunting trips, and brought down her share of game with either shotgun or rifle. (When I married in 1933, she gave me her small Smith & Wesson revolver with the admonition that all women should have a means of self-defense. I became quite good at target-shooting.)

Seven years before I was born in 1913, Malcolm Monroe Kelly and his wife Ednah Josephine Strickler made their decision to surrender to the pioneer spirit; leave Oklahoma; move to Seattle, Washington; and establish a home near the Olympic Mountains. When the Government opened the Queets Valley on the Olympic Peninsula to homesteaders, about 1906, they were ready and waiting in Seattle.

As I recall, seven families, including the Kellys, moved into the Queets at about the same time. They helped each other clear land and build cabins. Some developed their property and stayed for years, while others chose to leave after "proving up" on their 160 acres. People were optimistic about the future. The Northern Pacific Railway extended a spur to the beach at Moclips, and at this point settlers could load and send to market whatever they produced for sale. My father's big red Herefords were herded into cattle cars that went to Chicago, I was told. Other ranchers sold grain and horses and smoked hams.

My mother (Ednah) and my father (Malcolm) arrived in Seattle almost a year before they were allowed to homestead in the Queets Valley. My father went to work for the Fisher Flouring Mills, lifting and moving 50-pound sacks of flour all day long. Mother found employment as a private secretary for a judge, and apparently the year passed smoothly. They both developed a deep love for the Pacific Northwest and were overjoyed when the time finally came that they could proceed with their homesteading plans in 1908.

As before mentioned, they chose to move into the Queets along with several other families. It was immensely advantageous to have the help of neighbors in house building, land clearing, and food production, as well as when coping with illness or accident. As described by Western novelists, the Queets pioneers really did have barn-raising, housewarmings, quilting bees, butchering and canning projects, as well as all-night dances when the "orchestra" consisted of one good-natured fiddler! (I remember parties at our house when four or more small children were tucked into my bed while the parents enjoyed the festivities downstairs. None suffered in the least from being transported day or night, depending on their parents' activities. The important thing was that children were seldom left home with baby sitters. It was a different era!)

This Certifies

That on the fourth Day of February

in the year of our LORD 1904,

Mr Malcolm M. Kelly and
Miss Edna J. Strickler

were by me united in

HOLY MATRIMONY

at Enid, Oklahoma

According to the ORDINANCE OF GOD
and the laws of the Territory of Oklahoma

Witnesses.

W. D. Knipe
Chas. M. Kelly

Lloyd C. Walter
Minister of the Gospel



Ednah Strickler + Adaline McKinstry

C. A. SMYTH, (Grandmother) MOROCCO, IND.
1895



ANNA AMERICA KELLY MALCOLM MONROE KELLY

BETTY ANN KELLY-MARCH BARBY MARCH

1935

Kelly Cashed Booth's Checks

Malcolm M. Kelly, proprietor of an "old clothes" resort ranch on the upper Queets river in Jefferson county, believes he cashed checks at Enid, Okla., for John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln in Ford's theatre, Washington, after Booth was supposed to have been slain. To quote Mr. Kelly:

"I was cashier in 1905 at the Garfield Exchange Bank, Enid, Okla. I cashed several small checks for a little old man who had reddish hair and who walked with a limp. He had an account in an Eastern bank. Then this man died. The undertaker in Enid who received the body announced the body was that of Booth, that underneath the dyed red hair was grey, that the measurements (like Bantillon in later years) were identical to the physical contours of Booth. Booth, it will be recalled, was supposed to have been hunted down near Washington and slain in a barn, which was burned, but Booth's body was not found in the ruins.

At any rate, the Enid undertaker kept the body of the little old man embalmed for some time, and exhibited it as Booth. I remember the man very well, and in the light of all the evidence I believe it was Booth, Lincoln's slayer."



DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

No 157015

RECEIPT.

Use COPYING INK only
on this Receipt.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Olympia, Washington,

July 28, 1908

19

RECEIVED of Malcolm M. Kelly

(Name.)

Evergreen, Washington

(Address.)

Thirteen

Dollars and ninety-seven Cents,

in connection with Homestead entry, Serial No. 057, for:

Lot 13, Sec. 1, and Lots 7 and 8

Section 2

Township 24 North, Range 10¹/₂ West, Willamette Meridian,

105.75 acres, at \$ 1.25 per acre

\$

Fees

10 00

Commissions

3 97

Testimony fees words at cts. per 100 words.

Contest " " cts. " " "

Transcripts of Records " cts. " " "

Total

\$

13 97

(Signature.)

Receiver of Public Moneys.

The United States of America,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Olympia, Washington, has been deposited in the General Land Office, whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress of May 20, 1862, "To Secure Homesteads to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Malcolm M. Kelly has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the Lot thirteen of Section one and the Lots seven and eight of Section two in Township twenty-four north of Range ten and one-half west of the Willamette Meridian, Washington, containing one hundred five and seventy-five-hundredths acres,

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the Surveyor-General:

NOW KNOW YE, That there is, therefore, granted by the UNITED STATES unto the said claimant the tract of Land above described; TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said claimant and to the heirs and assigns of the said claimant forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts; and there is reserved from the lands hereby granted, a right of way thereon for ditches or canals constructed by the authority of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, Woodrow Wilson

President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand, at the City of Washington, the THIRTY-FIRST

day of AUGUST In the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and FIFTEEN and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and FORTIETH.

By the President: *Woodrow Wilson*

By *M. K. Gulick*, Assistant Secretary,

L. L. Lamm
Recorder of the General Land Office.

When the Kellys built their first homestead in 1908, it was a mile or so upriver from the site that became Kelly's Guest Ranch in the thirties. I don't know why they chose that particular location, but perhaps it was to take advantage of several important factors. There was a large flowing spring on the property, and a well-drained area for a house; also, a semi-cleared region where a forest fire had burned all the trees on several acres of land. The Queets River was near, but not dangerously so, and had exposed on one bank a wide vein of clean blue clay. This soft clay, when mixed with moss, was an ideal substance for chinking the spaces between logs when building a cabin. At any rate, this was where they built a tidy little farm with the help of neighbors. I believe that they lived here only the four years necessary to "prove up" on their property.

Relatives on my father's side of the family, who were living in Redondo Beach, California, kept urging them to "return to civilization." And so, they did, when my birth was imminent in July of 1913. They traveled down the coast from Seattle on one of the famous Alexander ships and were invited in to the home of Malcolm's older sister, Della Faye, and her husband J. Buell Ferguson, in San Diego. There I was born and there we stayed until I was at least a month old. The Fergusons lived in a beautiful 5-bedroom home near Balboa Park, complete with cook, maid and butler, and apparently were happy to include my family on the premises. Meanwhile, Uncle Buell installed my father as manager of a large orange grove and chicken ranch at Escondido. At one time, he had 2,200 white Leghorn chickens in the pen, which were sold, of course, to a meat packing company. (This was about 1915.)

Uncle Buell and Aunt Della Ferguson were the most important people in my world for many years. Uncle Buell was an entrepreneur with the Midas touch, who amassed an impressive fortune while quite young. He bought land in Oklahoma and leased it to oil producers and received the royalties, and with this he was able to establish a flourishing real estate company, acquire a bank in Enid (in which my father worked), acquire a water company in California where he installed his brother-in-law, Ray Crisler, as manager, and acquire the previously mentioned orange grove and chicken ranch. He also accumulated a Pierce Arrow and a Cadillac, and a spacious home

overlooking the ocean at Redondo Beach, California. It was decided that I should live with them to complete my last two years of high school, so that I could graduate from an accredited school and be eligible to enter Stanford. It was a wonderful experience for me, for the Fergusons lavished affection, time and money on me as if I had been their own daughter. From them I learned about the pleasures of wealth and the attitudes of rich people, as compared to the modest, comfortable life style of my parents. I think it was comforting to Aunt Della to have a youngster in the house, as their son, Donald had married and moved away.

--Back to the Queets Valley and the site where Kelly's Guest Ranch developed by degrees. This was one of the properties bought by my Uncle Buell when the original homesteader, Mart Killea (pronounced *Kill-lay*'), moved away. There was a comfortable attractive two-story log house, a very large split-cedar barn, and a wagon shed for farm equipment. This was the place chosen by my parents to develop their home and cattle ranch when they returned to Washington from Escondido, California in 1917. It was a delightful location with a sweeping view of the Queets River and the Olympic Mountains. It was also the terminus of the road built by the Forest Service, and, therefore, one of the first places to be reached by numerous cars after the Olympic Loop Highway (U.S. 101) was completed in 1931.

My enterprising Uncle Buell believed that there was money to be made in cattle ranching if one could acquire enough grazing land. When the early settlers began to move away, he bought each homestead as it was vacated, built fences and barns, and eventually owned about a thousand acres of land suitable for cattle raising. He employed Malcolm Kelly to take care of details and make practical decisions during all of these activities. For example, my father located and purchased about 200 yearling Herefords to start with, and managed to get them safely to the ranch. Then he obtained Guernsey milk cows, several pigs, Rhode Island Red chickens, and riding horses for our family. He also supervised the building of a long two-story structure called the "bunk house," with a large kitchen in one end, a sitting room and storeroom in the other end, and a huge dining room in the middle. Upstairs were our family bedrooms, and four smaller bedrooms for the hired men, as well as a dry room for winter storage of hams, slabs of bacon, smoked salmon, huge Hubbard squash and

Never Locks His Doors

Queets Country Settler Sees Few Men, But
He Has Learned a Lot About Them

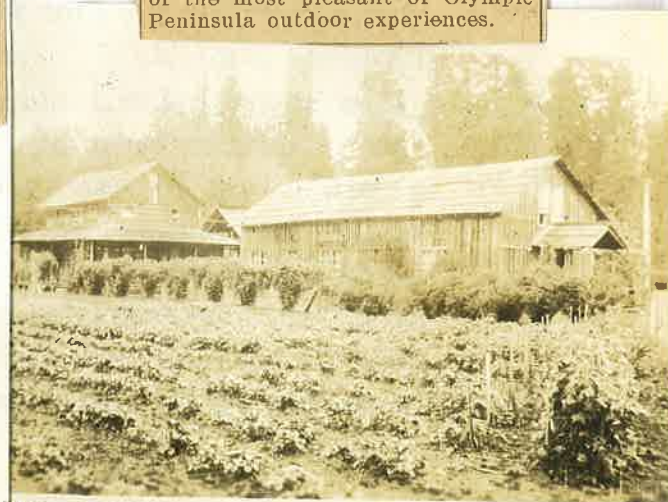
OCT. 12, 1926



HERE'S KELLY. He probably sees as few men as anybody in Washington, yet he's learned a lot about human nature and how to make men honest.

MALCOLM KELLY, who has a guest ranch, attractive to fishermen and outdoor enthusiasts on the upper Queets River, is a firm believer in the production for use principle, but not the same kind that is being used as a political catch phrase today. Kelly came from Oklahoma 28 years ago to have a look at the Puget Sound country that he had heard so much about. Part of the vacation was a fishing trip to the Queets River. He liked it so well that he filed on a homestead. Without highways at that time, supplies were brought to the mouth of the river by small boat and then polled up to the Kelly ranch site by Indians. With Mrs. Kelly, then a young wife, the hardy pioneer changed his life from that of a midwestern bank cashier to a woodsman and farmer. They, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, by their own efforts, carved their home out of the forests. They built their cabin from shakes split out of spruce trees; they planted garden crops and with the addition

of game, then plentiful in the woods, made a most satisfactory and pleasant existence. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly have not been softened by the development of modern conveniences, even though their minds have remained young. They are both firm in the conviction that you never reap anything not traded for an equal amount of labor. The Kellys at the last election cast the only two Republican votes in their precinct, but they announce that many who scoffed at their so-called reactionary attitude have changed their minds. A visit at the Kelly ranch, easily reached by automobile, is good for the soul in addition to providing one of the most pleasant of Olympic Peninsula outdoor experiences.



RANCH HOUSE SHOWING PART OF GARDENS

pumpkins. A special cupboard with strong shelves held the five or six hundred jars of fruits, vegetables, meats and fish that my mother canned each summer.

The kitchen opened onto a wide roofed porch, covering a well with a pitcher-pump and sink. Attached was a woodshed large enough for many cords of split wood, and conveniently near was a two-seater outhouse. My mother managed to have a covered porch outside each entrance, which kept out a great deal of Queets mud from her well-scrubbed wooden floors. A fat black iron stove in both the sitting room and dining room, and a huge wood-burning range in the kitchen, kept the bunkhouse comfortably heated. An astounding amount of fir, alder and cedar had to be sawed, split and hauled to the woodshed several times a year, just to meet the need for heating and cooking. However, aside from the labor involved, this was a minor problem, as the entire surrounding region was heavily forested.

Thus, the ranch existed for many years, remote and isolated, yet in touch with the outside world through weekly mail delivery by pack horse on the Forest Service Road, and a precarious telephone line through the forest, frequently interrupted by falling branches. My father's gardening expertise provided a vast amount of vegetables and fruits, and Mother's amazing knowledge of canning and food preservation ensured that our storeroom was always bulging with a great surplus of food items. The ranch was nearly self-sufficient except for certain "staples," such as coffee, Crisco, flour, sugar, salt and pepper, baking powder and vanilla. Matches, ammunition, emergency medications and kerosene were also basic essentials.

After the completion of Highway 101 in 1931, the Kellys no longer felt isolated because of the increasing stream of hunters and fishermen, and fairly regular visits by family members. Malcolm's youngest sister, Pauline Crisler, and her son Ferguson Crisler, spent many summer and winter vacations in the Queets. Another member of our household was my uncle, Roy J. Strickler, one of my mother's brothers. For many years he lived with us in the summertime, but he spent winters in San Diego with his brother Tracey. He was a large, jovial man who enjoyed people, cocktails and good conversation. With his story-telling talent and good humor, he was very popular with the guests. He took them fishing and hiking, and played cards with them



Grandpa & Grandma Kelly at original homestead 1908

Original Kelly Homestead



Original Kelly Homestead



Front door of Bunk house



OUR Cabin 5-20-33 (Jim and Ann)



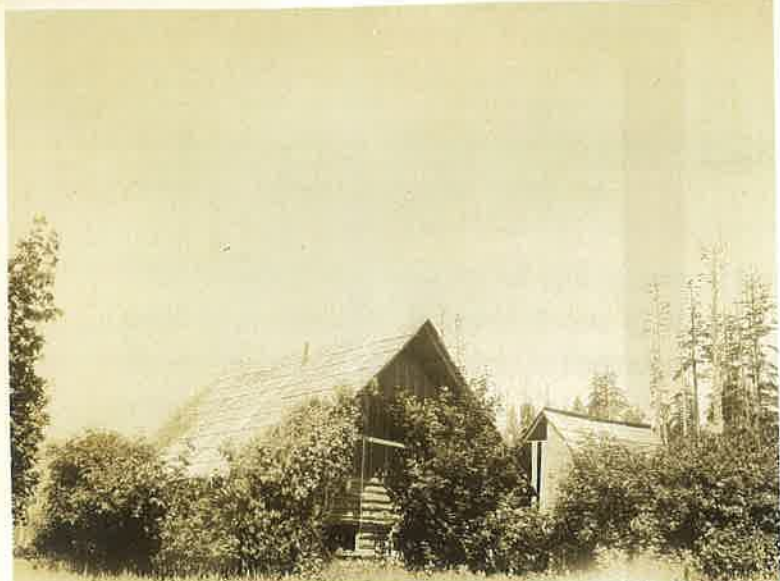
M.M. Kelly



Aug. 1933



The
North's
Homestead



Built same as Killa House - also sold to Kelly

COWAN HOMESTEAD



The Howard
Homestead



FISHING RAPIDS
IN SAMS CREEK



LATIMER HOMESTEAD

in the evenings. Being an excellent cook, he was also able to assist my mother in her popular kitchen.

The teacher for the local one-room school usually boarded at Kelly's, and occasionally friends from Quinault and Aberdeen came visiting. In addition, there were infrequent visits by the bachelor neighbors who lived in the Queets Valley, both upstream and downstream from the Kelly ranch.

Our nearest neighbor was a middle-aged bachelor named Lars Erickson, who lived across the river on a tidy little farm. He was a tall, blond Norwegian with powerful arms and shoulders, for he had to pole a canoe across the Queets each time he came to our house for mail or supplies. His hands were huge, I recall, but he baked delicate pastries and wonderful bread that he presented frequently to my mother, who darned his woolen socks in return. His only income appeared to be from the sale of a few cattle each year.

Earl Petit was our most distant neighbor, upstream. He was a jovial middle-aged man with graying curly hair to his shoulders. He had settled in the area where Harlow Creek and Tshletshy Creek flowed into the Queets River, and built a comfortable log and cedar shake cabin but did not attempt to clear the surrounding land. He was a hunter and trapper, and had several miles of trap-lines in the Valley. He lived in complete isolation, and backpacked all supplies from Kelly's. Undoubtedly, he must have supplemented his diet with salmon, deer and elk. About four times a year, he came to visit for a few days and to have my mother cut his hair. His belongings were obviously few, and Mother always gave him two pairs of my father's socks and some underwear and toothpaste. He was an expert cabinet-maker and was hired by my father whenever possible to build chairs, tables, cupboards, wagons -anything needed. He came to the Queets, we thought, because he was an alcoholic. Here he made delicious blackberry and elderberry wines, but was able to stay away from hard liquor and women.

The Oscar Smiths were latecomers to the Queets Valley and did not build a permanent home. He and his family resided in Hoquiam, where he established the Meadowsweet Dairy, which grew into a tremendous business in Washington State during the 1930's and

1940's. He became a wealthy sportsman who somehow acquired choice property in the Tshletshy Creek area. There he built a luxurious, rustic vacation lodge with lumber and furnishings delivered by pack-train from Kelly's. It was a long and expensive process, which appeared to be a hobby that he greatly enjoyed. Even my father was amazed when hired to transport Beauty-Rest mattresses on pack animals! There he entertained other wealthy businessmen, doctors and bankers from the Grays Harbor area. His activities provided a substantial amount of business for Kelly's Ranch. He and Meryl, his wife, had an only child, Maxine, who was near my age. She died suddenly of appendicitis, devastating her parents. The rustic lodge was seldom used after that.

George Shaube was, to us, a mystery man. He was well-read and well-dressed, with obvious social experience, and appeared to have more money than the neighboring settlers. He married Alta Northup, daughter of a family in the Clearwater Valley, had a son named Lorne, and seemed perfectly happy with a rustic and isolated life. Their homestead was only a mile or so away from Kelly's, and my mother hired Alta as a household helper for many summers. George was hungry for conversation, and often came to our house to visit with my parents. But he never mentioned his past –or why he chose to come to the Queets Valley.

Another upstream neighbor was the John Andrews family. Johnny looked like a thug and I was afraid of him. He had swarthy skin, and tight black curls covered his face and head. I remember that he seldom spoke or smiled, except to my mother who somehow broke through his reserve. His wife was named Jessie, and she had the most careworn, downtrodden appearance of any woman I'd ever seen. They had a daughter, Cassie, age twelve at this time, who wouldn't talk with me. She was like a timid, beautiful, lithe forest animal. She wouldn't come into our house, but sometimes we'd see her watching us from behind a big fir tree at the edge of our clearing. A few years later, her mother left Johnny and took Cassie to live in Hoquiam. Cassie entered school, promptly had a nervous breakdown and attempted suicide. Jessie met and married a gentle, modest businessman who turned out to be quite wealthy, so they traveled widely, had a beautiful home, and lived happily ever after! I often

d. Hoquiam
Oct 5, 1963
(9m)

wonder what happened to Johnny. Cassie died at Steilacoom Hospital for the insane.

Not far upstream from Kelly's was the Howard homestead. Billy Howard I never knew. He was a solitary bachelor, of which there were several in the Queets Valley. He built a cozy three-room cabin with hand-split shakes, and planted a Russet apple tree beside the door, which bore beautiful fruit for sixty years. My father said that Billy Howard had joined in the Alaskan gold rush, where he panned for gold with no success. He then moved to the Queets to "start over" as a homesteader. There he stayed until the frailties of old age made it impossible to live alone. My last memory of this man was that he lived in Hoquiam in a male boarding house, supported by some charitable organization.

The Cowan homestead (a three room house with a large lean-to storeroom) was sturdily built and lasted many years. My father eventually acquired this land, and George Munson, a bachelor-alcoholic, lived on it with Kelly's consent and worked as a farmhand when needed. He often brought my mother pheasants, fish and venison, and always enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner and Christmas with us. The Cowans had moved away by the time I was a teenager. They must have planted one of the first orchards, perhaps eight or ten trees in the corner of their hayfield, and for many years we picked fruit from those gnarled old trees. It was one of my chores to ride horseback to the Cowan place and bring back plums, cherries and apples for the Kelly kitchen.

The Ed North property always impressed me as a model homestead. They built a two-story log house, which was unusual, and a neat barbed wire fence marked the boundaries of their hay field, the barn area and garden area. They also planted a raspberry patch near the house, and it flourished and expanded wildly into the hayfield. Each summer, Mother and I picked gallons of berries for jam and jelly. I recall well the miserable job of picking out the hayseeds that fell into the berries!

On this homestead, a band of 40 to 50 Roosevelt elk constantly invaded the hayfields. They would come out of the forest to graze, pushing through the barbed wire fences without injury. I never saw an elk

with a wire cut --they must have had unusually tough hide-- but the horses often suffered cuts that had to be medicated. Each week our ranch hands had to ride around the fences and make repairs. Needless to say, our supply of elk meat was limitless and easily obtained. Carl Ruby was the Game Warden who patrolled the Queets Valley. He was a good friend and often ate my mother's cooking, but the legality of elk meat was never mentioned at the table! Carl was also an excellent horse-shoer and took regular care of our horses (usually 20 to 30 after Kelly's ranch became a resort and playground for tourists and fishermen).

Not far from the Ed North ranch there lived a wiry little man named Tommy Kilkelly. He may have homesteaded, but I doubt it. He built a small cabin, but made little effort to improve the land around it. He was a loner, and seldom came to our house except to pick up mail or supplies. I remember him because of his name. The fact that *Kelly*, *Kilkelly* and *Killea* all settled near each other in the Queets Valley caused considerable confusion among newcomers and historians.

Another near neighbor was the Latimer family, who built an impressive house out of massive logs. These people cleared very little land and didn't live very long in the Queets. Our families never became well acquainted, and I know very little about them.

Our nearest neighbor downstream was the Gwin family. Irma Gwin came to the Queets as a young schoolteacher and married John who had acquired house and property as a homesteader. She was only five feet tall, very plump and pretty. Her husband was a six-footer with bright red hair and beard. They developed a good productive farm and brought up four fine looking sons. The last time I visited them, Mrs. Gwin was busy at her cook stove, which was in the kitchen end of a large room. As she worked, it was necessary to step over two creeping children and two huge hounds kept for hunting. Above the stove were clotheslines loaded with steaming items of men's wear, and all the windowpanes dripped with moisture! The room had a distinctive odor. In spite of these challenges, she maintained a home, and saw to it that her sons attended the one-room school located one-and-one-half miles away. Later, I heard that the Gwin boys were unusually bright and grew up to be fine solid citizens.

A few miles farther downstream, there lived two bachelor brothers, Ted and George Anderson. They had a comfortable home, quite a lot of cleared land, an impressive garden, and a number of cows and horses. They came occasionally to talk with my father about farming problems, but I was too young to get acquainted with them, and I can't even recall how they looked.

Another family, Harry and Maude Kittredge, lived ten or twelve miles downstream, near the Clearwater community. They had two shy daughters younger than I. They were kind and generous friends who invited our family to rest overnight at their house whenever we were traveling home on horseback after a visit to their vicinity. These strenuous trips were not frequent and were always for a specific purpose. Remember that no car had yet been driven to Kelly's Ranch on the Forest Service road. The first one to arrive in the summer of 1929 (I think), was a model built high enough to drive over the low stumps that had been left in the wagon road. On special occasions, our young employees and I were allowed to ride horseback to Clearwater for a barn-dance, or the Fourth of July community picnic that was an exciting all day-all night affair on the sandbar where the Queets and the Clearwater rivers merged. It took two-and-a-half hours to ride home, and we had danced all night in someone's barn. Somehow we survived the next day; and I cherish wonderful memories of those delightful, exhausting occasions.

A community gradually developed in this region. I don't know when it became a village, or when it acquired its own post office labeled *Clearwater*. Most of the inhabitants continued to be farmers and cattle raisers, although jobs were available in shingle mills and with large logging companies like Simpson's or Polson's. Some other family names that I remember are Cooper, Crippen, Northup and Mason. Some of these people prospered and others didn't. —But some built beautiful barns for the neighborhood dances!

I recall a period of many months when my father was paid by the government to take a pack-horse once a week downriver to the intersection of the Queets Valley road and Highway 101, where the mail was dropped off at a padlocked box as spacious as a large doghouse. The strange assortment of magazines, newspapers, letters and packages was directed to Queets' residents, and had to be taken to

Kelly's Ranch where neighbors came to claim their mail. My father carefully packed it in clean wooden boxes that had contained 5-gallon cans of kerosene. Two boxes were then positioned on either side of a saddled horse, secured with ropes tied in a diamond hitch, covered with canvas, and safely transported to our house. The boxes were placed in our storeroom until someone found time to sort and bundle the mail. I never heard of anything being lost or damaged.

I doubt that my parents would ever have chosen to enter the "tourist trade," but it invaded their life without being invited. Since their ranch was located at the end of the Forest Service road 12 miles up the Queets River, it came to be the destination of all kind of nature-lovers --fishermen, hunters, hikers, campers and photographers. Not infrequently, groups of people would arrive unannounced at nightfall, asking for food and shelter. No one was ever turned away, and I recall my weary mother cooking dinners for strangers at seven or eight o'clock at night. I did the dishes. This became a serious burden for my parents physically, as well as a drain on their food supplies, which were purchased in the fall and calculated to last through the winter. Almost in self-defense they had to post a sign on the road and run an ad in the Hoquiam newspaper stating that tourists were welcome but would be charged for food and lodging. The cost per day was \$3.00 per person, for two meals and a bed. Immediately, we had more guests than we could handle, and it became necessary to require reservations. Financially, this was a good year for Kelly's Ranch.

By this time, 1932, I had completed two years at Stanford University, which had meant winters in Palo Alto and summers at the ranch. My indecision about a future career was really solved by a young man who initially came to the Queets on fishing trips with friends from Aberdeen. His name was James Harold March, and he was a salesman for Shell Oil Company, with a good salary of \$185 per month. We married in May of 1933, and set up housekeeping in an attractive apartment near Wright's Park, in Tacoma. I chose to be married at home at Kelly's Ranch. Our wedding took place in the parlor of the original log house built by the Killeas, which was still in use as a guesthouse at Kelly's Ranch Resort. Jim drove a minister from Aberdeen to perform the ceremony in a room banked with greenery and flowers. Only relatives attended, and I recall that it was a happy and beautiful occasion. My trousseau was limited, and

wedding gifts were practical. These were depression days, and little things meant a lot.

Our daughter, Barbara Josephine, was born in July of 1934. Later that year our fortunes took a turn for the worse —Jim lost his job with Shell Oil. Both my parents had deteriorating health, and felt that a warmer climate would be helpful. They asked if we would live at Kelly's Ranch while they spent a year in California. This suggestion appealed to all of us, and so in the fall we moved to the Queets and found ourselves very busy maintaining the ranch resort. The experience was enjoyable, especially when plans were made for old Tacoma friends to visit us for two weeks in February of 1935. They were Phil and Elsie Helmer, with a baby, Maryanne, the same age as our seven-month old Barbara. They had an old car that they somehow navigated over the still-primitive Forest Service road. We were very congenial with these people and always had a delightful time together. A week after their arrival, a terrible storm blew in, felling dozens of trees across the road, and washing out the bridges crossing Raft River and Matheny River. Their two-week visit lengthened to four months! Fortunately, we all stayed healthy and enjoyed a wonderful, fun-filled vacation together. Elsie and I cooked, baked bread, and cared for the babies; our husbands put in weary days sawing trees and clearing the road. A crew from Clearwater worked from their end, and many weeks were needed to make the road passable. We truly missed our friends when they finally departed for Tacoma.

Jim became very interested in the tourist trade, and decided that the ranch should have more facilities to accommodate more visitors. He therefore added four rustic-appearing two-bedroom guest cabins, including one for us, all facing my father's picturesque garden. Each was furnished with bed frames built from gray-green vine maple, Beauty-Rest mattresses from Sears & Roebuck, colorful braided rugs and cretonne curtains, a sink with spring water almost too icy cold for hand-washing, and a huge tea kettle on a wood-burning stove. The tourists loved them, and reservations steadily increased.

One thing led to another. My mother employed neighbor ladies to make woolen quilts for the cabins. Then it became necessary to hire three young women (and me) as cabin girls and waitresses. Six rustic tables and chairs were added to the dining room, and an assistant chef

helped Mother in the kitchen. My mother's kitchen became famous (as did her pies), and many people from Gray's Harbor regularly drove in for Sunday dinner and a horseback ride. Soon, our crew included three young men as guides and wranglers. We all worked hard with youthful enthusiasm, and accepted the long days and irregular hours without complaint. Our evenings were spent around bonfires by the river, or dancing and singing with a wind-up Victrola using 78 rpm records. Somehow, we learned early the importance of having a job and a steady modest income.

As the Ranch resort grew, both the mail and telephone services had to be upgraded in the Valley. My father bought a Maytag washing machine with a noisy little gas engine. It was installed on the back porch near the kitchen door, and was cause for great rejoicing by my mother and me. We had grown to detest galvanized tubs and washboards. Despite this "mother's helper," we still had the formidable problem of drying and ironing clothing and linen. Before long, someone invented the steam iron, and we welcomed it as a true blessing from heaven.

A year or so later, Jim brought in a generator, and this allowed us to have a few electric light bulbs in strategic spots. But the *best* source of light was the Coleman lamps, which had fragile mantles and had to be pumped up at regular intervals.

Meanwhile, an amazing clientele developed. Most were professional people from the Gray's Harbor area, but some were world travelers who fished for brown trout in Scotland and steelhead in the Queets. Some were writers (Zane Gray came for several vacations), some were photographers (Ansel Adams was well known), and some were horse owners. I'm sure that all of them would have paid much higher rates if my parents had charged them. But everyone enjoyed the arrangement for years, until failing health forced the Kellys to consider a less strenuous way of life.

The U. S. Government really made their decision to leave the Queets. The Olympic National Park was created in 1938, and a vast section of the upper Queets Valley became known as the Queets Corridor to the Olympic Mountains. This included the Kelly's Ranch area, and my parents were notified that all residents in the Valley must give up their

property to the Government, although they would be compensated. They could remain if they wished (for the length of their lifetime) and continue their Guest Ranch business, but would have to *lease* their property from the Government and be governed by many new regulations (as at Mt Rainier). This was not acceptable to my independent father and uncle, and in 1941 they agreed to sell. All the settlers received an astonishing amount of money for their land, and I think most felt that this "loss of property" was a great stroke of luck. For the Kelly family, it was providential. The only other *large* source of income from the Ranch that I recall was through the sale of spruce timber. Many immense spruce trees were scattered among the firs and hemlocks on our land, most with diameters of six to twelve feet. Each tree, when felled, was sawed into lengths that would fit on a logging truck, and each section provided a full load. The Simpson Logging Company sent in surveyors to locate as many trees as possible and to establish logging roads to get the trucks to the trees. I don't know how the value of each spruce tree was determined, but thousands of dollars were involved and thousands of board feet of lumber reached the market. This was the era when an unusual interest in spruce wood developed, and Howard Hughes built his *Spruce Goose* airplane. In Aberdeen, a Mr. Poze' built a small factory to manufacture beautiful wooden plates and bowls, many of which were used in the rustic dining room at Kelly's Ranch.

The Queets River looms large in my memory because it was alternately a valued friend or a threatening enemy. Our log house, bunkhouse, barn and outbuildings stood about one-fourth mile away from the river, across a pasture and on land about 30 feet higher than the average water level. The Queets drained a tremendous area and with 160 inches of rainfall annually, was subject to sudden and drastic flooding. Each winter, the pastureland between our ranch house and the river would be flooded periodically with swift murky water from one foot to ten feet in depth. Old growth fir trees over 100 feet tall were often torn from the riverbanks and swept away across the hay field to pile up in tremendous log-jams. Each spring, the ranch hands had the heavy chore of clearing the pasture of logs and debris, so that hay could be grown and harvested by August. Hay was a valuable crop to ranchers, and essential for cattle feed the next winter. The Queets flood waters never quite reached a height to endanger our home, but I recall several occasions when its swirling, muddy surface

was less than ten feet below the level of our yard and garden. My father stayed fully clothed all night, and went out with a lantern every two hours to keep an eye on the situation, which he called "worrisome." The Queets River did much damage along its course, but compensated by delivering rich silt to the "bottom land" of the valley. The soil was incredibly productive, and our extensive vegetable garden was a wondrously beautiful sight.

My meandering memories of the Queets began to fade with the 1940's. After the sale of Kelly's Ranch, my parents made several attempts to find a small farm with a modern house in the Montesano and Chehalis areas but were unsuccessful. They were past middle-aged, and I believe that a complete change in life style was just more than they could handle. Meanwhile, my husband and I had been able to build a large home near Gravelly Lake, in Lakewood, Washington, and by this time, a son, James Hervey, had been added to our family. We helped to solve my parents' problem by building them a comfortable small bungalow in our back yard. -My father died in 1958 and my mother died in 1974.

A divorce in 1949 changed my life drastically and started me toward a new career. Barbara and son Jim went to live with their father in Hawaii while I went to San Francisco to study medical terminology. There was no longer room in my life for quiet memories of the Queets Valley.

But in the passing years, it still gives me pleasure to contemplate that snow on the Olympic mountains glows with a soft radiance in sunlight, and the glacial water of the Queets River still has a fascinating milky-blue color; and the new needles on young hemlock trees are an intense shining green with the softness of satin. Doubtless, these things will be there for the joy and amazement of future generations.

The Ranch itself, however, will not be. Soon after the departure of the Kellys, the Forest Service, in its inimitable and convoluted wisdom, burned every building that had been erected since the days of the earliest homesteaders. Nothing was left to mark this place where so many dreams and man-hours of labor had been invested. The Forest Ranger stated that it would be dangerous to leave any structure where a careless camper might start a forest fire...



DELLA FAY FERGUSON



Ednah Kelly 1928 Betty Ann Kelly

Betty Ann - Age 16 1929



FERG DELLA FAY GREGAN KELLY BIRBY

1940

VAST EARTH UPIHEAV AL SCARS QUEETS LANDSCAPE

Great Earth Slip Changes River Course, Rears Up New Clay Bank 100 Feet High, Leaves Deep Crevasses and Torn, Twisted Timber in Wake; Scientific Explanation Lacking

By F. W. LINKLATER

If you find a good fishing hole—that's a secret. If something spoils that's too bad. But if you go looking for a hole in which you have fished for years far from the river and high in the air—that's news. Hence the sad story of a mountain climbing fishing hole an overnight change in the upper Queets landscape. M. M. Kelly who mourns the sudden rise to fame of the "best hole on the river."

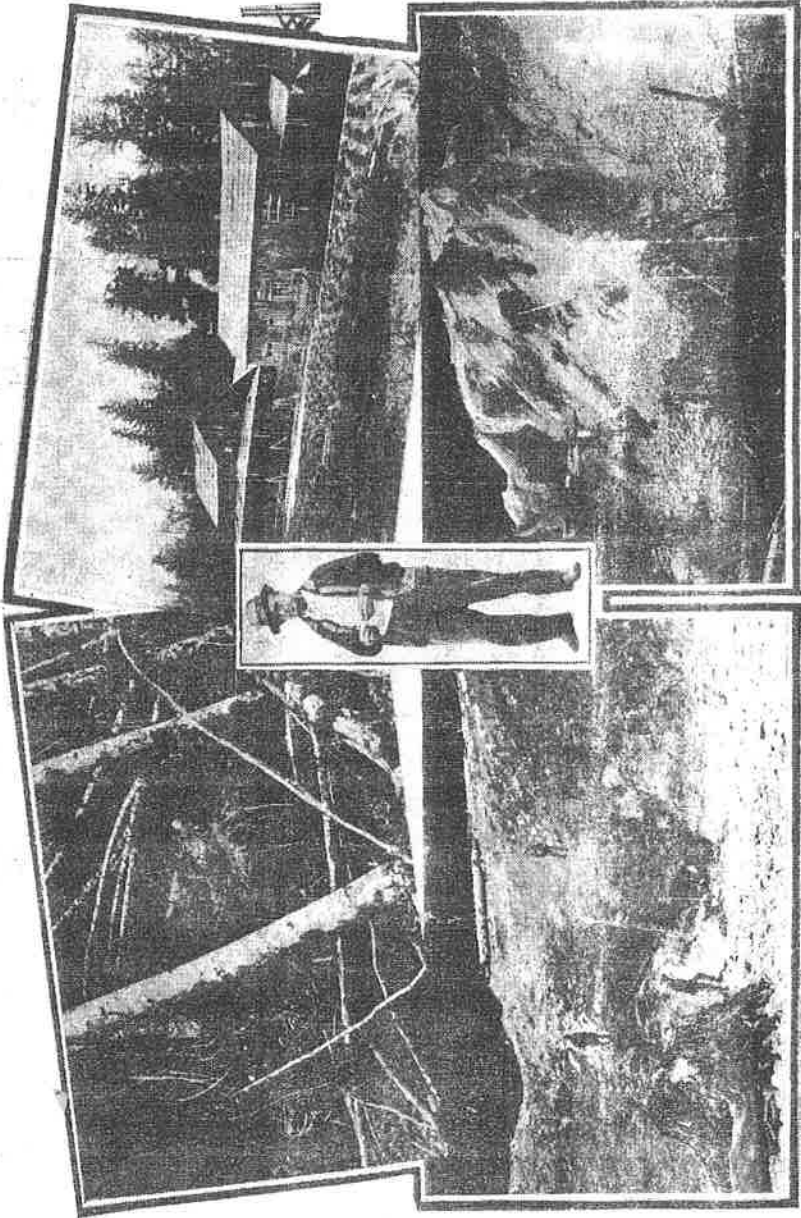
The Queets river ordinarily is a well behaved stream even though it is a wild creature. But it has been as snows melt rapidly upon the peaks which hem its head. And once the glaciers are left behind, the landscape through which it runs is picturesque, peaceful and apparently permanent.

M. M. Kelly, a retired grocery clerk and bend of the river in the years which followed his entry into the frontier life of the upper Queets. Each eddy yielded its share of salmon when his big ranch gave time to turn up trout to the fishing fly. But the "best hole over," a mile downstream from the ranch home was marked by a huge uprooted tree and a little creek.

One morning this long alone Kelly was hunting trout in a mountain canyon and strolled down toward the hole, netting a trout or two on the way with a casual flip of the line. Then he saw that something was amiss. The little creek that fed in from the side. The uprooted tree was in the place. Then he spied the big windfall and the pulpit tree was perched in the air above him. The river for a few days had run in the mouth of the little creek on top of a high bluff which had been there before.

Stories tell a vague rumor of recent landslides and geography in the making reached Grays Harbor. Accompanied by Bert Northrup, Kelly set out for the scene to find that the story had been but half told. The high flying hole, part of the channel and the north bank of the river for more than 1,000 yards had been raised in the air by a sudden uplift into the air by a sudden uplift.

New Ridge Formed
Gravel and clay which formerly were part of the river bed, were found on the ridge. The ridge was the same as the one which had been the main uplift along the ground forms a definite ridge be-



between the river and the hillsides. The uplift was a little less than 100 feet. The hole was a new channel between the ridge and the hill and now runs down to the river a hundred yards from the former mouth of the hole. A smaller ridge, which extends from the main uplift along the river bank through the woods on

A certain area near M. M. Kelly's ranch on the Queets river would have been a good place not to be when this happened. A section of the Queets river bed was hoisted, by some mysterious force, nearly 100 feet into the air. The same time from the upper crevasse appeared the mass of the surface of the blue clay ever seen thereabouts, bared some interesting looking quartz raised and dammed up a creek and formed a number of dark looking lagoons. Upper left shows what the phenomenon did to a stand of alders, formerly on river bottom, now 50 feet above the stream. Upper right shows Kelly's ranch, a haven in the wilderness, near which the upheaval took place. In the center is M. M. Kelly himself, whose favorite fishing hole was left high and dry when the river bed was elevated and the river changed its course. Lower left shows a view of the old river bed running along the top of this heap. Lower right shows a great bank of gravel thrust into the air by the slip.

In upper end not unlike a large thrust was spent in the flat alder bottom, the cracks and ridges grow in size toward the main upheaval. The soft soil of the alder flats shows four to 10 feet in depth and is made by similar ridges and crevasses.

The path of the upheaval through the woods shows the power of the eraser side by a ditch like crack. The thrust. Trees disturbed by the upheaval, at the edge of the alder flat, have been thrown overboard. The upheaval is a great mystery. It is a great mystery. It is a great mystery.

the steep slope down to the river. Except for the unmistakable evidence of the upheaval, the landscape looks like a huge hill for which some hidden source.

Far downstream, where the river bends again to the left, the ridge runs into heavy green timber where a creek has been formed in which smaller trees lean right and left.

Kelly's old fishing hole, near the up-stream end of the major ridge, now has at the bank of the bluff. The huge blowdown still holds its place, the former mouth of the little

MOTHER EARTH'S SILENT FORCES GAMBOLED ROUGHLY HERE ONE NIGHT

cock can be seen beside it and to even an inexperienced angler Kelly's loss is real. Situated at the mouth of the river bend, where the main stream eddied into the bank before striking on the long straightaway, it was a hole in which you have fished for years far from the river and high in the air—that's news. Hence the sad story of a mountain climbing fishing hole an overnight change in the upper Queets landscape. M. M. Kelly who mourns the sudden rise to fame of the "best hole on the river."

The uplift of the fishing hole in itself is but one of the minor items of the phenomenon. Similar and doubtless have taken place along the Queets and in other parts of the western Olympic peninsula and the discovery of other evidences of earth movements may in time make a special study of the geology of the region.

Guesses Vary
Until such time as some geologist of note makes a detailed study of the occurrence, one guess as to its cause is as good as another. That the upheaval was caused by the same skittish was accepted by the scribes and is detailed herewith.

An 80-foot high break on the face of the hillside back from the river and about a half-mile away offers a possible solution of the affair. The dense blue clay which makes up the hillside is found underlying a great area in the same region, also figures in the reconstruction of an affair that apparently occurred within a short period of time and a mile away by those at the ranch.

Given an unstable and partially plastic body of clay underlying the surface of the ground and hundreds of thousands of years ago, it is expected that some redistribution of weight would occur. The bench land between the foot of the slide and the river would be expected for the mass to break upward. The pressure at the scene of the slide forced the clay mass to move. It found the best resistance at the edge of the river where erosion had broken through along an almost straight line to lift earth, rock and trees to the positions they now occupy.

Let it be thought that the rattlesnake is not only for the rattlesnake, but for those with a yen for geologists, it is known that the tractions abound for all. The upheaval clay beds along the river bend around in water formed a shape. A small collection at the Kelly ranch contains the forms of footprints, horsehooves, ducks, jacks and what not. A day spent along the river will convince the listener when Kelly's hole rose to prominence—the trip in to the ranch alone offers thrills galore for anyone going in by canoe.

The Aberdeen party made the trip

trip can be seen beside it and to even an inexperienced angler Kelly's loss is real. Situated at the mouth of the river bend, where the main stream eddied into the bank before striking on the long straightaway, it was a hole in which you have fished for years far from the river and high in the air—that's news. Hence the sad story of a mountain climbing fishing hole an overnight change in the upper Queets landscape. M. M. Kelly who mourns the sudden rise to fame of the "best hole on the river."

The trip downstream in addition to the thrills of high speed on white water, brought an unexpected treat when a band of 11 elk was seen grazing near the water's edge. The canoe, its motor running wide open, caused them to raise their heads and trot to the river bank for a better view. The entire band still stood looking on in curiosity as the raft swept around a bend of the river.

Aside from the beauty of the Queets valley the thrills on the river and interest in the geologic freak, the trip was made memorable by the friendliness and hospitality of the fishermen and Otawa water stokers themselves.

The chief interest among the Queets-Otawa ranchers as in all parts of the peninsula at this time is the long-hoped for construction of a highway through the timber and rich lands which surround their homes. They believe—despite many former disappointments—that the time at last has come when their country will make with the highway.

Their hope for fulfillment of the dream which has caused them to cling to their home-lands in those of their fathers is based upon the appreciation of the beauties which await for development.

Changes in their valleys have been few in the past two-score years and it was only a year ago that they had supplies of lumber. Grays Harbor other than the water by a hazardous journey by water from Taholah. The trip from the Harbor to Hawlow Crossing now can be made in two hours, but except for a brief interval in the summer months the canoe is the only mode of transport.

DANCE

Place the "miser" by the "miser" and the "miser" will be "miser" by the "miser".
Dance - Sunday - at Grays City.



Uncle Roy Strickler
front of Killeen House



The start for Snake River



August 19, 1933 JIM MARCH

Quinnault Lake
House



1920

EDNAH, BETTY ANN, MALCOLM



MR. AND MRS. MALCOLM KELLY

CELEBRATE DAUGHTER'S
BIRTHDAY WITH DELIGHTFUL
LITTLE PARTY

1917

"A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it."

One of the prettiest and happiest social events of the summer took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kelley in the east part of the valley, Thursday afternoon, the occasion being the fourth birthday of their little daughter, "Betty Ann."

About twelve little people experienced, some for the first time, a really truly "birf-day party." The little hostess was the recipient of many flowers and others gifts, which she most graciously received. She was so nearly an Independence Day baby that she was given a patriotic bouquet in the national colors.

A tiny procession presented red, white and blue flowers. Little Miss Virginia Grace Redman led with a vivid bunch of red geraniums; Louis Palmetter Redman came next with white oleanders and asparagus fern, and lastly, Alpheus Paul Redman with the blue jacquaranda blossoms and their fern-like leaves. Betty Ann's arms were filled full with the red, white and blue blossoms and formed a perfect little picture as she held them.

After swinging, games, fairy plays, soap bubbles, etc., the little tables with kindergarten chairs attracted the little ones, and Betty Ann sat down with her guests under the trees for the birthday lunch. Beautiful floral baskets adorned the center of each table. The place cards were kept on the tables by tiny turtles made with the half of a walnut shell with head and feet of chocolate candy. The refreshments were delicious ice cream and sherbet, with angel cake and "pink" icing. The one beautiful cake with four little candles was cut by the little hostess and passed to her guests. Then there were dear little pink cakes, with toy balloons floating over them for the boys, and tiny Kewpies for the girls. Favors? Yes, and still other favors. Little surprise nuts with whistles and chickens in them, but best of all, red, white and blue wind mills. These very happily and naturally broke up the party as the little people one and all danced out in the breezes to see



the wind mills turn.

The little guests were: Violet Scott, Frank Andrean, Doris Symmons, Virginia and Barbara Bandy, Virginia Redman, Alpheus and Louis Redman, and Rose Amra Reed, of San Diego.

Did we say or imply the best thing was the pink icing or the windmills? Well, that was the babies' viewpoint. The really best was that so many grown-ups were asked to participate and to play that time had turned backward for just one afternoon.

Those favored were Mrs. Frank Scott, Mrs. Thomas Bandy, Mrs. Hazelton Redman, Mrs. Charles Palmer; and from out of town, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Ormsby, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Gensman and Mrs. Lowenstein, all excepting Mrs. Ormsby coming over from San Diego in Mrs. Ferguson's car for the happy event.

A GUEST.

POPULAR QUEETS VALLEY
GIRL WEDS SATURDAY
AT HOME CEREMONY

5-20-33

At a pretty home wedding at high noon Saturday Miss Betty Ann Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kelly, and James H. March of Tacoma, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. March of Everett, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Kelly's Ranch in the Upper Queets valley. Rev. T. T. Ove, pastor of Our Saviour's Lutheran church of Aberdeen, read the service before a small group of intimate friends and relatives.

The rooms of the home were simply but effectively decorated with masses of ferns against which bouquets of spring flowers in pastel shades made an attractive contrast.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a traveling ensemble in shades of blue and grey with accessories to match. Her flowers were a corsage of bride's roses and fern. Her cousin, Mrs. Ronald Marble, of Seattle, was her only attendant.

Joharvey Ashby of Aberdeen, attended the groom.

The nuptial music was sung by Mrs. Oscar Foster of Hoquiam and instrumental numbers were played by Mr. Ashby.

Following the ceremony a 1 o'clock luncheon was served for the wedding guests. Ferns and carnations were combined to form the table decorations. Harmonizing place cards and favors were used.

Mr. and Mrs. March will make their home at 701 South Yakima street, Tacoma, and will be at home to their friends after June 1.

Mrs. March is a member of one of the Queets most widely known pioneer families. She attended school at Redondo Beach, Calif., and at Stanford University. She is affiliated with Delta Gamma sorority. Mr. March attended the University of Washington and is a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is associated with the Shell Oil Company.

Out of town guests attending the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Marble, Raymond Catey, Seattle, Mrs. J. Buell Ferguson and Ferguson Crisler, Redondo Beach, Calif.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm M. Kelly
announce the marriage of their daughter

Betty Ann

to

Mr. James H. March

on Saturday, the twentieth of May

nineteen hundred and thirty-three

Quinault, Washington

At Home
after June the first
Tacoma, Washington



BETTY ANN and JIMMY 1943



BETTY ANN & DARBY 1934



BETTY ANN & JIM MARCH

KELLY'S RANCH

A GUEST RANCH IN THE OLYMPICS



TRUE TO THE TRADITIONS OF

Pioneer Hospitality

RATES

Room and Board:

\$3.50 to \$4.00 per day, single

\$6.50 to \$7.00 per day, double

\$22.50 to \$25.00 per week, single

\$40.00 to \$45.00 per week, double

Half price for children under 12.

Saddle Horses:

50c per hour; \$3.00 per day

Pack Horses.....\$2.50 per day

Guides.....\$5.00 per day

For reservations or information,
phone or write

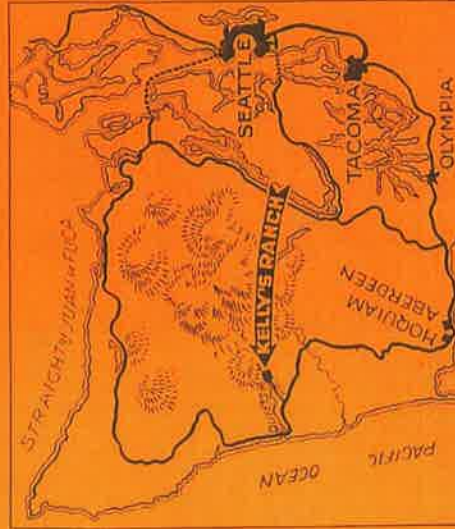
KELLY'S RANCH

HOQUIAM, WASHINGTON

ROUTE 1

UPPER QUEETS

Phone Quinault 7-F-5 Aberdeen, Washington



DISTANCES

The Ranch is approximately 170 miles from Seattle on the famed Olympic Highway, and 11 miles up the Queets River, either via Port Angeles on the north or Hoquiam and Aberdeen on the south. Being so located, Kelly's is the ideal overnight or week-end stopping point for parties driving the Olympic Highway Loop.



The Ranch

IN THE wilderness beauty of the western slopes of the Olympics, well off the beaten path and yet easily accessible the year around by good auto road, is located Kelly's Ranch. It comprises nearly 1,100 acres of land in the Upper Queets Valley, adjoining the Olympic National Forest, and is the starting point for countless miles of horse and foot trails thru vast timberland undisturbed by man. With the beautiful Queets River in its very dooryard, and three other good fishing streams within easy walking or riding distance, this ranch resort is a true paradise for the outdoor enthusiast. Yet its quiet remoteness and home-like, hospitable atmosphere makes it ideally suitable for one seeking a restful retreat from urban life.

Diversions

RIDING: Horseback riding is our main diversion and we specialize in that, maintaining a herd of well-broken saddle horses for the use of our guests. For those to whom this thrilling, healthful sport is new, a competent instructor is available.

For extended, or overnight, camping trips, pack horses, equipment, and experienced guides are furnished by the Ranch. A picturesque shelter camp accessible only to pack train or hikers is maintained eighteen miles farther up the Queets for those who desire this type of outing.



FISHING: The Queets River and its larger tributaries are well-known to anglers. Fly and spinner fishing afford fine catches of Cutthroat and Rainbow trout during spring and summer months. Steelhead fishing is excellent in season, and Black, Silver, and Chum salmon are plentiful during their runs.

HIKING: The Queets Valley offers every opportunity for hiking and exploration. Many miles of well-marked trail lead thru virgin fir and spruce forest, or along rushing mountain streams, to regions of indescribable beauty.

HUNTING: Elk, deer, bear, and upland birds are plentiful in season.

OTHER RECREATIONS: For those wishing simply a quiet, restful, old-clothes vacation, Kelly's is the ideal spot.

Groquet, horse-shoes, and dart-courts are provided, and evening camp fires and song fests are a regular feature.

For the thrill of your life, try a 20-mile canoe trip down the Queets River to the ocean.

The amateur photographer, too, could wish for no better spot to try his camera than the Queets Valley. With its splendid landscapes, herds of stately elk, and many other kinds of wild life, innumerable chances for unique pictures are afforded.

Accommodations

Comfortable sleeping quarters for 38 guests are provided in the Ranch House and adjoining cabins. The Ranch has its own water and light system, and is equipped with shower baths and modern plumbing. Fishing tackle, tobacco, and drugs are carried in a small store for the convenience of guests.

We feature plentiful, home-cooked, appealing meals, served family style. Our own gardens furnish a wide variety of fresh vegetables, and we have our own poultry, rabbits, beef, fresh milk, butter, and dairy foods.

What To Wear

Riding clothes and sports clothes are most appropriate. Too much dress changes a ranch into a resort. You will find the evenings and mornings cool, and a coat or heavy sweater will not be amiss. Simplicity and informality are two essentials to the real enjoyment of ranch life.

The SMART SET MAGAZINE

No "horsing around" about it—It's off for an early morning's ride for these dude ranchers. They are gathered before some of the cabins at Kelly's Dude Ranch at Clearwater on the Olympic Peninsula where they await a few varied days of riding, fishing and enjoying all the charms of the dude ranch life.

"Ride 'em, cow-boy," is the call of the watching ranchers as Miss Alice Martin, with the help of "Squid" stages a little rodeo all her own. Watching from the gate are (left to right) Bill Hein, Miss Adele Martin, Miss Alice Oswald, Miss Helen Durkin and Miss Maya Vandevan.

Relaxing after a day on the trails is Miss Helen Durkin, who has exchanged her saddle for a "ride" in the slings so high.

The lawn in front of the ranch cabins provides an ideal spot for a sun bath or for an afternoon of this game. Concentrating on the progress of this game are (left to right) Miss Alice Martin, Miss Maya Vandevan, Miss Adele Martin, Miss Helen Durkin and Miss Anne Oswald.

A morning's exploration takes the group across the Quetzal River on the ranch premises. They are (left to right) Miss Alice Martin, Miss Anne Oswald, Miss Maya Vandevan, Miss Adele Martin and Miss Helen Durkin.

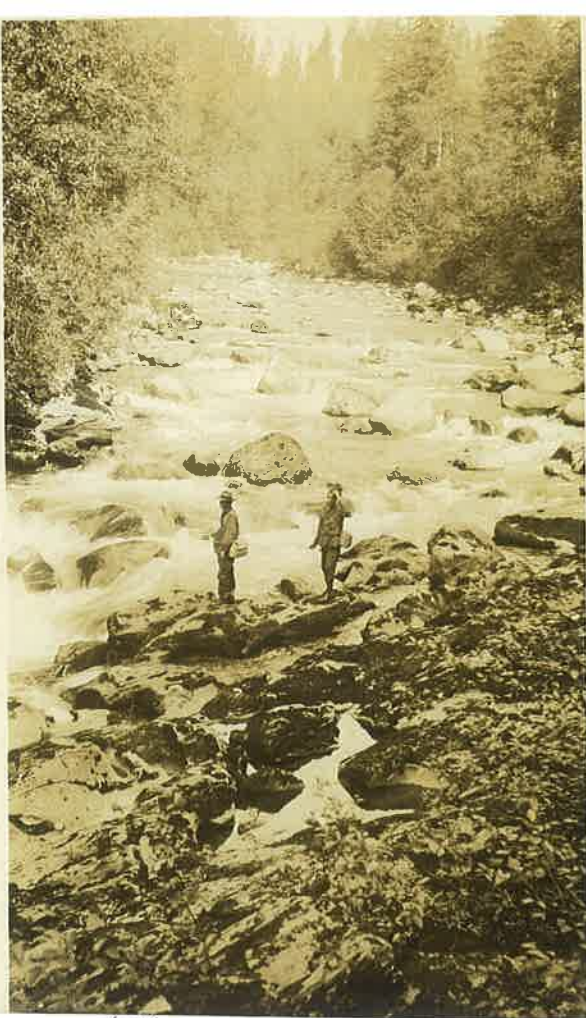
Carnival To Be Held August 9

By Dolly Madison

Balloons and hot dogs; speed boats and treasure hunts; flowers and bridge games—and that is only a sample of the gala plans that are under way for August 9! For it's a summer carnival being planned for that day that in keeping the members of the many active units of the Seattle Visiting Nurse Service very busy these days in preparation for what promises to be one of the most gala events of the entire summer.

Already Mrs. James Berge and Mrs. Roy Campbell, co-chairmen of the carnival, have their heads together with the chairman of the different units to fill the hours between 11:30 and 7 that day, check full of fun.

The song might well be "The End of a Perfect Day" as the dude ranchers gather around an evening camp fire. Noted in the group from left to right are Bill Hein, Arthur McKay, Miss Alice Martin, Walter Brooks (with the accordion), John Carlson (conducting), Miss Adele Martin, Miss Helen Durkin and Miss Anne Oswald.



FISHING MATHENY CREEK



QUEETS RIVER



WILD ELK CROSSING SAMS CREEK



ROAD SCENE, NEAR
KELLY'S RANCH,
QUEETS WASH.



Ke Quinault Hotel

K/115
2820

X KELLY'S WINTER HOME



The Barn yard



BETTY ANN, AGE 15