

TRINIDAD MUSEUM SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER

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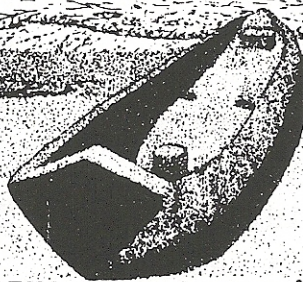
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'EXPLORING OUR HISTORY'

1992 JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER 1992

THE WAY IT WAS
By Axel Lindgren

For me, this time of the year the atmosphere is loaded to capacity with nostalgia. J-u-n-e always spelled v-a-c-a-t-i-o-n, a time when we were free to roam the cut-over forest lands east of Trinidad; to fish & dry fish on Luffenholtz Beach; to swim & play on 'Old Home Beach,' weed carrots, pitch hay, and pick and sell blackberries for cash which would be spent at the Carnival in Eureka on the 4th of July!

Each day was a holiday during summer vacation but the 'Big Holiday' was the 4th of July. From mid-June until the 4th, we worked hard at jobs mentioned above, earning spending money for firecrackers, rides and other skin-games at the Carnival. From the 4th to mid-August, money was earned to buy school supplies and clothes. Time passed fast.

While working outdoors, pleasant sounds heard in the early morning were Robins singing sweet beautiful notes or chirping a warning that she had a nest nearby; the cry of the Mourning Dove, Hey-ya-poo-poo-poo, and the high flying Redtail Hawk flying circular patterns & whistling pssso, pssso.

While at the beach, we heard the constant pounding of the waves; the grunts of the disgruntled Sea Lion, the belches from the Harbor Seals; the lonesome cry of the single flying seagull, or a group of seagulls on shore or a nearby rock screeching a 'thank you' for a good fish feed.

On a foggy day (which was 50% of the time) you'd hear the navigational aid, a huge bronze bell, located on Trinidad Head (known to old-timers as the "Point.") The bell, the bell-house & the 30-ft high derrick were 100-or-so feet above the high-water mark. The bell, a mechanical warning device, was set into action by the Lighthouse Keeper when dense fog shrouded the Bay entrance. The warning was a 'bong' heard every thirty seconds, a solid undisturbing sound as if it was produced by nature.

Another fog-related sound was the sound-off of the steamship. We thought the ship was lost and we'd say "A steamer lost at sea." It was most likely the whale-hunting ship. These sounds were heard over a 3 or 4-mile radius, so if we were picking berries at Camp 13 or Camp 10 or 21, or on "Deadman Flat," when we heard the clear distinct "bong," we knew it was foggy in Trinidad.

The explosions of firecrackers and streaking rockets, the colored flares from Roman Candles, and the passing autos decorated with red-white-&-blue crepepaper streamers with 5 or 6 miniature fluttering flags attached to the radiator-cap said ... "Today is July 4th."

The man-made sounds are lost & gone forever, but the wonderful sounds of nature will forever remain out where the action is!

A.L.

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By Glenn Saunders

The attic storage room of the museum has been enlarged and a retractable stairway has been installed. This affords greatly needed storage space that is now readily accessible.

Mickey, Ashley & David Fleschner are now busy pressure-washing the exterior of the museum building and the fence surrounding it. A new paint-job, by them, will follow.

Many "thanks" to **101 True Value Hardware** for their donation of materials - and to **Bill Voss** for donating his services to repair the museum's lighting system.

Our "thanks" to **Jim Fassio, Randy Stevens, Rick Hill and Dave Turner** for transporting a huge whalebone from **Donna Hanke's** yard to the museum. Also, "thanks, **Jim Fassio**" for donating a unique termite nest for display.

FOR SALE:

Bound volumes of the "Trinidad News & Views" are now on sale at half-price, \$5.00, to museum members only. Each volume contains a full year's publication, 24-issues. We have volumes for the 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th years available. (The price for these volumes remains at \$10.00 each to the general public.)

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Members: Please **LOOK** at the date on your mailing label ... Are you **due** for renewal in July, August or September? An envelope is enclosed for your convenience. If you are **past-due** and renew your membership at this time, your new renewal date will be **7/'93**. Thank you.

As you looked out over Trinidad Bay during the busy commercial salmon season, you would see 50 to 100 salmon trollers at anchor. The boats would fish north, south and west of Trinidad Harbor; many would stay out for 2-3 days, then come back into the harbor for groceries, gas & ice. My Dad had a delivery truck and would haul the fishermen back-and-forth with their groceries, plus a plentiful supply of beer!

Two fish companies kept large receiving barges at anchor in Trinidad Bay to buy the salmon from the fishermen & to manufacture ice for the boats. When the barges were loaded with salmon, they would be towed to Eureka, as there were no facilities to unload in Trinidad at that time. The present dock was built in 1944 by Earl Hallmark.

In those old fishing days, the fishermen didn't talk about their daily catch in the numbers of salmon caught -- 20, 30 or 40; it was always in pounds: 1,000, 2,000, etc.

There were lots of large salmon, "splitters," big Chinook weighing 20-to-40-lbs, but the prices were very low. Also, for whatever reason, there were very few people who went out sport fishing. Nobody seemed to be interested. (I guess everyone was trying to scratch-out a living during those tough depression days.)

The fishermen were a close-knit group who enjoyed their hard work and the risks of fighting the elements of the weather and sea. Many of them were hard drinkers, and always "livened-up" Trinidad at the local bar.

This was a very colorful and interesting chapter of Trinidad's history, and I am happy to have those memories.

G.S.

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