THE FOGHORN

**Newsletter of**
**The New Dungeness Light Station Association**
A non-profit Historical Organization

**VOLUME XXV**
**NUMBER 3**
**December 2018**

*Inside this issue:*



## President's Remarks

An update to the status of the Beach Access Road Repair Saga is included later in this edition of the Foghorn, so I will not repeat those comments here. However, I must acknowledge that the road repair has taken a lot of time over the last seven or so months, and a heck of a lot more of Chad's time, too. I never would have imagined that it would take us almost seven months to get our repair design completed and submitted to Clallam County for approval, but think we are there now, and am relieved and excited that the actual road repairs may begin soon. In thinking back about how this happened and has evolved, several things come to mind I'd like to note:

- I am proud of how everyone on the BOD rallied together and worked to make quick decisions and support recommended actions such as buying the two UTVs (Utility Task Vehicles—think six passenger All Terrain Vehicles.).
- I'm very appreciative of the double effort required and provided by Chad and Al, and John and all of the drivers, for the extra time and effort required to do the transfers using our "Paradigm" landing craft boat, initially, and then UTVs, later, as compared to our trucks.
- I am particularly proud of the relationship that the NDLSA (prior to my involvement) has established and maintained with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) over the years. Without that relationship, I can't imagine how or why the USFWS could have or would have given us unprecedented cooperation to enable us to stage our UTVs in their yard and have permission to have co-use of their pedestrian trail for our UTVs. Without that, I do not believe we could have possibly continued to perform our mission and obligation to operate and maintain the NDLS, and am deeply grateful to the USFWS for all they did to enable us to continue.
- Lastly, but certainly not least, I am grateful to all of the keepers and volunteers that were so supportive of us and our efforts to transport them and their provisions in sardine quarters, then act as if it was part of some sort of enhanced adventure experience.

Respectfully,

Tom Sinton

The official newsletter of the
**New Dungeness Light Station Association**
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## Editor's Comments

Three years ago my wife Helen and I, new to the Olympic Peninsula, volunteered to do "some maintenance" work at the lighthouse. Little did we know what we were signing up for. I'm sure that many of you reading this probably have the same thought; offer to help with a little painting, do some yard work, clean some rooms, repair a light or two and pretty soon you are hooked. *Our* lighthouse has had that effect on so many of the people we have met through the NDLSA. Some have been *Keepers* many times—one recent couple we met were making their *seventeenth trip*—and others have never had the opportunity to enjoy that experience but have made the round-trip hike regularly and participated in two or three day work parties, just as we had.

Regardless of how much fun driving with the transport crew, cooking for work week volunteers, or staffing the tent at various fairs and festivals is, what is really amazing is the opportunity to work with individuals who are so committed and so dedicated to insuring that the iconic and historically significant NDLS remains viable and functioning. Nowhere is this clearer than the way the Board has responded during the "*year of the road*." By now most of you know this story and later in this issue there will be an update. But as the newest member of the BOD I can assure you that the NDLSA has one of the finest groups of volunteers I have ever had the privilege of working with. When the road washout occurred it would have been easy to simply say, "I guess that's it" and close the lighthouse and end the *Keeper* program. However, the planning and work performed by previous board members helped to assure that this board had the resources—at least in the short run—to continue the program, make the necessary repairs and carry on the tradition. This holiday season I hope you will consider joining us and making a gift to the NDLSA so that our reserves may be replenished and the important work of maintaining *YOUR* lighthouse will not be lost for future generations.

Greg MacDonald

**NDLSA Beach Access Road Washout Saga Update Report**

**(By Popular Demand, Soon to be a Sequel Movie.)**

As I sit here composing this update on our Beach Access Road Repair Saga, I find myself in a bit of an awkward situation, kind of like Chevy Chase in his Christmas Movie where he had worked and worked to get all of the season decorations and lights installed on his house, and he was ready to switch the power on hoping to impress his family and neighbors, but very apprehensive too.

After about seven months of planning and uncountable delays, including a literally last minute Friday afternoon re-design, it is with great trepidation and hope that we are pleased to announce that the repair plans were completed by NTI and delivered to the County Planning Department last month for their review and, hopefully, approval. In an earlier coordination meeting with the plan reviewer, he had indicated that he would only need about 30 days to review the plans. (How is that for positive thinking? So, what could go wrong there?)

1. We have solicited and received responsive bids from capable local contractors for the piling Installation, the earthwork and associated landscape remediation, and have selected Eden Excavating to be the General Contractor to the NDLSA for the road repair. They will perform and coordinate the grading and placement of the "free draining" backfill with the Pile King, the installer of the pilings. NTI, the designer, will provide inspections and testing to assure the work is done in compliance with the County approved design plans. Once we have the approved construction permit from the County, that will allow the following activities to start and proceed for the Road Repair:
2. We will call for a "Utility Locate" to assure we have identified all utilities that may be encountered by our excavating. We are confident there are no buried utilities, but then we have heard too many stories of way too many other contractors who also "knew" there were no other utilities, too.
3. Pile King will order the piles and tie-backs and have them hot dipped galvanized plated. That takes a week to ten days to accomplish and then deliver to the job site.
4. While that is happening, Eden Valley will be working with Pile King to create an access path and initial first "work platform" to start the process of importing the "free draining" gravel fill. That should be completed by the time the newly galvanized piling and tiebacks have been delivered to the job site.
5. Pile King will proceed with the installation of the piles and associated treated wood cribbing. Eden Valley will be importing and placing the gravel fill as the piles, tiebacks and cribbing are completed. Eden Excavating will be importing and placing the gravel in close coordination with Pile King.
6. When the new retaining wall is completed, Eden Valley will do cleanup grading of the roadway, including placing a road gravel base and the establishment of ditch drainage along side the new roadway, and at the top of the road.
7. When Eden Valley is completed, the areas disturbed by the road washout and repair, will be replanted as shown on the approved final design drawings. Once that work is completed we hope to return to our normal Keeper transport direct from the NDLSA Transfer Station.

Tom Sinton
President


2018 Treasurer's Report and 2019 Budget Forecast

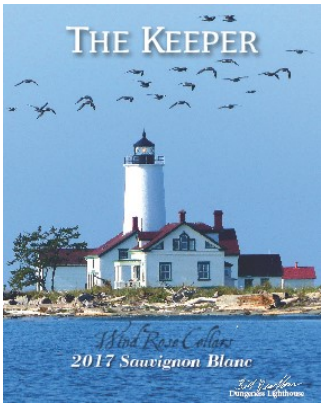
Prepared by Sarah Miller. NDLSA Treasurer

2018 has been a year filled with challenges that brought associated financial impacts. Through it all, the NDLSA remains solvent. We are able to meet all of our financial commitments and maintain liquid assets (savings, cash, and investments) but with a seven percent decrease from 2017.

The largest contributing factor to our increased costs is related to the road failure, with the expense of purchase of alternative means of transportation (two Utility Task Vehicles and trailers), as well as costs for design of the repair of the roadway to meet our unique transportation needs. Both of these were unplanned, and we expect to be fully reimbursed for these costs once the financial settlement from the insurance company is complete.

It is not clear exactly how long the financial settlement will take or when the road will be repaired, so some of our increased costs continue to appear in our draft budget for 2019, contributing to our projected spending increasing by approximately 9% as compared to 2018. Beyond the costs associated with the road failure, our 'cost of living' type expenses have also gone up slightly.

Our Keeper reservations, which is our primary source of funding, remain fully booked for 2019. The Board of Directors will vote on our draft budget at the December Board Meeting.




Congratulations to Bill Newblom whose photograph was selected as the featured art for the 2nd Annual *Wind Rose Cellars* wine release of "***The Keeper.***" Bill's photo was selected from more than 50 entries that included photographs and paintings of the New Dungeness Lighthouse. "The Keeper" is a joint effort of Wind Rose and the NDLSA. Fifteen percent of all sales go directly to the NDLSA to help defray the maintenance costs of the Lighthouse. A release party for the new vintage will be announced soon. Special thanks to David and Jennifer Volmut, owners and winemakers at *Wind Rose Cellars* and Jim McCauley, owner of *InsideOut Solutions,* for handling the overall design of the labels.

NDLSA will continue to have "The Keeper" available for Keepers headed out to the Lighthouse. Remember to e-mail or call to place your order at least a few days prior to your departure. The first run of "The Keeper" is nearly sold out, so if you want to have a complete set of these beautiful labels/wines, be sure to get the initial offering soon.

Wind Rose Cellars
Producer of premium Italian style wines grown in Washington state!

INSIDEOUT SOLUTIONS

# NEW DUNGENESS LIGHTHOUSE MEMORIES OF JAMES CORRIE
## As told to David McKee in April 2009

### CAREER OF VIVIAN R. CORRIE

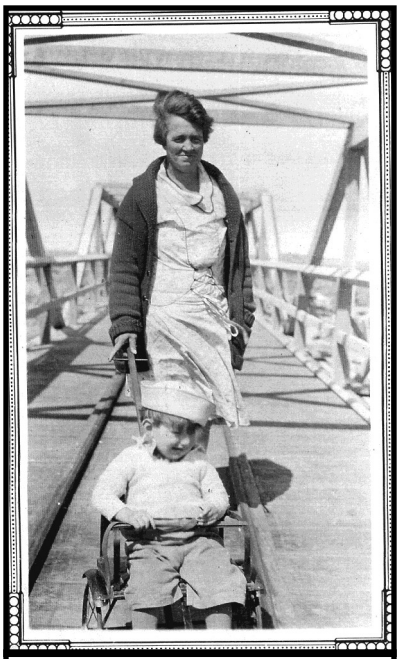
My father, Vivian R. (Jack) Corrie, was born in Fargo, North Dakota in 1895 and moved with his family to the Tacoma area when he was a boy. As a young man he worked on towboats in south Puget Sound, fished in Alaska, and operated small boats on mail, passenger and freight runs that served McNeill, Fox, Anderson and other islands of South Puget Sound. Mother was a petite Irish woman named Louise. She was born in Belfast. Her father had worked as a coal stoker on the Titanic's trial runs but missed the maiden voyage when he got drunk in the bars of Belfast.

**Vivian Corrie—1927**

Vivian Corrie started his career as a lighthouse keeper at the New Dungeness Light Station (NDLS) in early 1928 when I was about 18 months old. Two daughters, Jennie Louise and Mildred Francis, and a son, Clifford David, were born while Dad was stationed at NDLS

Dad was the Second Assistant Keeper during his first tour at NDLS and we lived in the western apartment of the lighthouse building. The First Assistant Keeper, Ole Rasmussen, occupied the eastern apartment with his wife. Ole Rasmussen was transferred to Tatoosh Island, where he drowned during a storm in 1934. His wife lived to be over 100 in the Ballard area. They had a son who was a few years older than me who had been at NDLS too.

The Head Keeper was a man named George Smith who had replaced Edward A. Brooks after his 23 years at Dungeness. George's wife Effie Smith was a niece of Captain John Smith, the Master of the Titanic. George Smith was originally George Schmidt. When they got married, instead of her changing her name, he changed his name to Smith. They thought it would be better due to the anti-German feelings at the time. The Smith family had two boys that boarded in the town of Dungeness so they could go to school.



**Mrs. Karl Lien & Joey**

Mr. Smith was replaced as Head Keeper by Karl Lien and his wife Abbie sometime during Dad's stay at Dungeness. The Liens had grown children. A daughter, Gertrude I think, and a grandson, Joey, sometimes stayed at the Light Station.

In 1934 Dad was transferred and promoted to First Assistant Keeper at the Mukilteo Light Station. It was a two-man station. There he worked under Edward A. Brooks who subsequently retired in 1937 and was replaced by a Mr. Dunson.

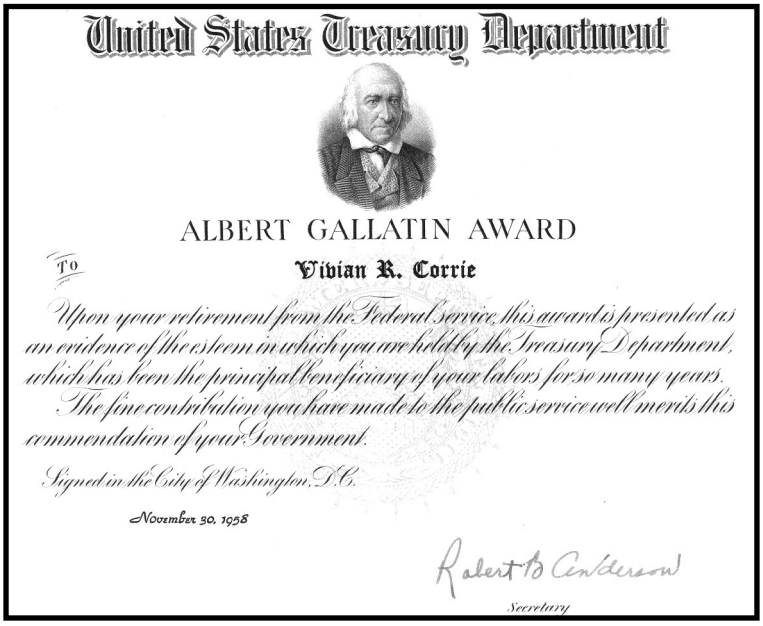
About the time of Mr. Brooks' retirement, Dad was destined to go to the light station on Tatoosh Island, Cape Flattery, but at the last minute the Lighthouse Service changed its mind and sent him back to Dungeness instead. Dad became the Head Keeper and there was just one assistant keeper at that time. His name was Undemstock and he lived in the same quarters that Rasmussens had lived in. I believe he was single.

After less than two years my folks moved to the lighthouse on Marrowstone Point near Fort Flagler. I started the sixth grade at Nordland, the small community in the middle of the island. I left home to join the Navy while the family was still at Marrowstone Point. The family left there during WWII and Dad spent two years at the Coast Guard Station in Seattle. Following in the footsteps of Edward Brooks, Dad was stationed at the Mukilteo Lighthouse in June 1946 and served his final 12 or 13 years in the lighthouse service there. He was the Head Keeper and there were two assistant keepers at Mukilteo.

Even though the Coast Guard took over the Lighthouse Service in 1939, Dad remained a civilian and civil service employee. The Coast Guard wanted all the keepers to join and gave them the opportunity, but my Dad did not. He liked the old Lighthouse Service and he was not very happy when the Coast Guard took over. He was one of the last keepers from the old Lighthouse Service days who were not in the Coast Guard. I have the first bulletin that the Coast Guard issued when they took over the lighthouses.

Dad retired from the Lighthouse Service on November 30, 1958 after 31 years. Several years before he retired The Everett Herald newspaper ran a nice story and photo about my father and the Mukilteo lighthouse. Not long after his retirement, the 13th District Coast Guard Commander presented my father with the U.S. Treasury Albert Gallatin Award for his service.

Vivian Corrie receiving Gallatin Award



United States Treasury Department

ALBERT GALLATIN AWARD

To Vivian R. Corrie

Upon your retirement from the Federal service, this award is presented as an evidence of the esteem in which you are held by the Treasury Department, which has been the principal beneficiary of your labors for so many years. The fine contribution you have made to the public service well merits this commendation of your Government.

Signed in the City of Washington, D.C.

November 30, 1958

Robert B. Anderson

Secretary

**Light up time**: As a boy I went with my father as he performed his duties at Dungeness. At light up time we would go up in the tower and he would light the Fresnel lens and time it. It was just like a clock with all the works in a glass case below the light. The brass gears were beautiful.

It looked like it had just come out of a jewelry shop. The weights operated the clock and also rotated the lens. The keepers would crank the weights up in the tower. The lens would turn and Dad would time the lens. It set on a polished brass ring with a steel plug or indent mark for timing the light. He would time it with a stop watch to make sure the light was flashing at the right intervals. If it wasn't he would adjust the flyball governor to either speed it up or slow it down. This Fresnel lens from Dungeness is now displayed at the Coast Guard Museum on the Seattle waterfront.

**Other duties:** The three keepers took turns standing watches all night to make sure the light was operating and the weather was clear. If it got foggy, they would have to turn on the fog siren.

The tower windows were kept very clean and highly polished. They were cleaned with alcohol and polished with crumpled up newspaper. In certain weather conditions the inside of the windows were wiped down with glycerin because the unvented flame in the lamp created moisture and then the windows would steam up.

Dad's other responsibilities included general repairs and taking care of the launch that we used to go to the mainland.

**The foghorn**: The foghorn had a coal oil engine that ran the air compressor. It was a horizontal engine that was kind of a forerunner to the diesel engine. There was a cast iron dome on the end of the cylinder head. To get it going they would light a coal oil torch and place the flame under the dome. When the dome got cherry red they would start cranking over the big fly wheel. They would just walk the fly wheel until they got it spinning and then would turn the fuel oil on. That was the glow plug of the early days.

There was a clock face about 6" to 8" in diameter with a blank graph chart that was attached to the face. When the pressure built up in the tank to a certain point, the horn would begin to blow. When the pressure dropped to a certain point in the tank, the horn would shut off. This was recorded on the chart that was placed in the clock. There was an arm with a red ink fount on the end that would indicate each time the horn would blow. The same type of clock and chart were in the tower to record the rotation of the light. These charts were replaced daily and every thirty days they had to be sent to the Lighthouse Department in Portland for record keeping in case someone questioned the timeliness of the fog horn.

One of the things that really hurt me was that the Coast Guard just blew up the old fog siren station at Dungeness. They removed and destroyed the old coal oil engine and other engines. It was really too bad. They could have been preserved. The same thing happened in Mukilteo. The engines and all of that machinery is what made the lighthouse. Now they are just empty buildings.

**Whitewash and paints**: Today the tower is painted, but then it was whitewashed with a mixture of lime and other ingredients. Staging was hung from the tower that could be raised or lowered. I don't know how often they did this, but I can remember at least once while we were there

because I remember when they added the unslacked lime to the water, it boiled like crazy. Slacked lime is treated somehow so it doesn't react with water.

They also mixed their own paints. The lighthouse tender delivered the materials for mixing paint every year. They'd get whiting and red lead in powder form and mixed it either with raw linseed oil for exterior or boiled linseed oil for interior. They would put a little bit of Prussian blue in the white paint for outside. In the sunshine the blue faded out and you would get a pure white.

**Calibrating station**: In later years the lighthouse had a calibrating station located in the fog signal building. It was used to help ships calibrate their direction finders. It was all pretty much automatic. All they had was dot and dash – Morse code. Every station had its own signal. Smith Island would have a signal, and Dungeness would have a signal. The ships would receive those and a take a bearing on them to get their location.

It was the same principle as taking a bearing visually. The passing ships would pick up signals and plot them out. Three signals made a good fix. You could do it with two signals if the stations were in the right position. Where those signals crossed is where the ship was. Most ships off Dungeness Spit also used signals from Ediz Hook near Port Angeles and Smith Island station which is out in the middle of the straits off Whidbey Island.

The keepers' only responsibility was to make sure the calibrating station was constantly sending a signal. Maybe it only transmitted certain hours. I don't really know. But no one had to man it all the time.

Maya & Jim Corrie with iron and oil can

**Lighthouse artifacts**: After they removed the coal oil engine, the blow torch wasn't needed. It was just junk at that point, but we saved it. It had been at the Station for many years and Edward Brooks would have used it during his time there. After the Station was electrified, the oil cans used to fill the oil lamps were no longer needed and would have gone in the garbage, but we salvaged them too.

We kept the gas-powered clothes iron used by my mother at Dungeness. It used white gas and had to be pumped like a Coleman lantern. I think I still have some of the old pumps they used. You lit it down around the bottom where the vapors came out and that heated the ironing surface.

**Coal**: During Dad's first tour at NDLS, we lived in the west apartment in the tower building. For heating and cooking we used coal. Each house received eight tons of coal delivered by the lighthouse tender once a year.

When the tender arrived at the Station, the coal would be loaded into its lifeboat which was like a whaleboat and rowed ashore. The dock wasn't used because it was too far away and there was no way to lift the coal from the boats onto the dock. It was easiest to land on the beach. There was a group of sailors wearing hip boots who carried the 100-pound sacks of coal up the beach and

stacked them next to the tram tracks that ran near the beach. The lighthouse keepers then loaded the sacks of coal onto the tram carts and pushed them to the station where the sacks of coal would be dropped down chutes into coal bins in each house.

The gunny sacks were saved. They were real heavy duty burlap sacks that would be hung up on the clothesline where all the coal dust was knocked out of them. Then they were folded so they could go back to the Lighthouse Department for the next year.

**Wood**: The eight tons of coal that each family got at Dungeness wasn't enough, especially if you had a bad winter. I think it was equivalent to eight cords of wood. In Mukilteo and also at Marrowstone we used wood instead of coal, and we got eight cords. So I suppose a cord of wood is equal to a ton of coal. At Marrowstone someone on the island contracted to cut the wood, deliver it to the Lighthouse, stack and measure it.

At Dungeness my Dad owned a drag saw and we found logs on the beach to saw up. The saw had a seven foot blade and you had to find a log small enough that you could cut it. If the log was eight foot in diameter, you couldn't cut it. You had to find one that was no bigger than six feet. That seems real strange now, but in those days the logs were coming from out on the peninsula, Neah Bay or Clallam Bay, and they were huge logs from old growth timber.

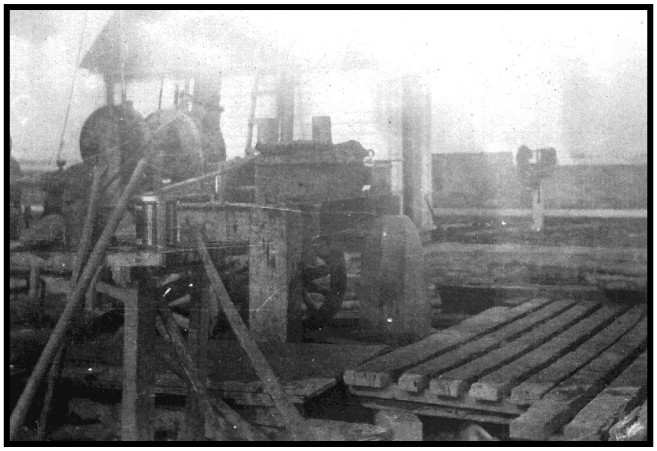
They would start the saw and cut down a ways. Then they had what they called a "dog". They would drive it into the main part of the log right up on top. It looked like a big horseshoe only it was square so it would go across the round and back into the block. . They would do that so when they cut through to the bottom, the block wouldn't tip over because if it tipped over there was no way you could lift it up. They would keep it right side up so the three keepers could roll it up the beach like a wheel. They would get the block above high tide and split it. If it fell over, they would have to split it down on the beach and carry all the blocks up.

The blocks were 16 or 18 inch thick, the size of stove wood. They never split the wood to the center like we do today. They would work their way around the outside cutting slabs off. They'd go in about four inches and split another slab off and keep going around till there was no block. Once they got close to the center they would split it. We used the wheelbarrow to move the slabs to the tram.

**Kitchen stove**: The more wood you used, the more you could save coal. The woodstove in the kitchen was pretty hard to start with coal, so you used wood at first. Of course you had to split it pretty fine to use in the kitchen stove. We used that stove for heating and cooking both. Inside the stove were grates that could be turned for coal and turned the other way they were for wood. The grates were wide open for wood, and tighter for coal so it wouldn't fall through into the ash pan. There was a crank that you could put on the end of the grate to turn it. Once in a while the grates would burn out and have to be replaced. The salt in the wood may have had something to do with it.

We had a big stove in one of the rooms. In that we would use bark, wood, coal or anything we could get. When the wood was burned, the salt would come off, not destroyed. During the summer when the heater wasn't used, if the salt and ashes were left in the stove, the salt would rust the metal on the stove. If the stove had been cleaned out, it wouldn't hurt it.

**Water**: Rainwater was the only water we had. The rain was collected from a rain shed located toward the end of the spit from the old fog signal building. The water ran off the roof and into the cisterns for storage. If enough rain did not fall to fill the cisterns, a vessel would bring water. There was a pipeline that ran from the lighthouse dock to the cisterns and the water would be pumped from the dock.



In 1930 while we were at Dungeness, the artesian well was drilled The crew out drilling the well, and had a big hole dug in the ground filled with clay. They mixed clay and water together. Instead of pipe they put this clay and water down the hole to line the walls with clay because they were drilling in sand. I don't remember how long it took. We have photos in our album of the well being drilled and the first water gushing out. My mother got the first drink from the well using a Hills Brothers coffee can.

**Lighthouse tender and inspections**: Once a year, the lighthouse tender, *The Heather,* brought all the supplies required to operate the lighthouse: coal, coal oil, bundles of wicks for lanterns and lamps, paint, and everything needed to operate the Station. This tender serviced all of the lighthouses in Puget Sound from Tatoosh Island to Brown's Point in Tacoma. She would only stay long enough to unload the supplies.

Occasionally a lighthouse inspector would come out with the tender to inspect the station. The inspector for many years was a Mr. Tinkham. He would check the houses and make sure there was no dust and that the brass was polished. My mother kept the place spotless and I never saw a mop in a lighthouse. It was always down on your hands and knees with a scrub brush. That's how you took care of the floors. I believe Mr. Tinkham inspected Marrowstone and Mukilteo when my father was there also, at least until 1939 when the lighthouses were turned over to the Coast Guard.

**Food and trips to town**: The keepers had to obtain their own food. We ordered from Augustin and Kyer in Seattle. The supplies would be delivered by one of the old freighters, either the Iroquois or the Comanche, to the end of the mile-long Dungeness dock at the town of Dungeness where they unloaded the order. The lighthouse had warehouse space in town and the keepers moved the supplies there for storage.

The three keepers took turns taking the lighthouse launch into town once a day if the weather permitted to get the mail, groceries and pick up other supplies that were needed. Even as a small child I would go along.

When we first moved to Dungeness, we did not own a car so Dad would carry me on his back up that long dock and return to the launch with the groceries and mail and me still on his back. Eventually we bought a car, a Willys-Knight. There was a large warehouse and a small garage at the end of the dock and we kept the car in that garage.

The town of Dungeness was pretty good sized at that time. There was Munson Hardware and Knight's General Store, a great big store with all kinds of farm equipment. There was a large creamery, a barber shop and many other small businesses. Now (2009), the only thing there is the Three Crabs Restaurant (2018—the Three Crabs Restaurant is gone).

If the coal oil supply ran low and it wasn't time for the lighthouse tender to come out, the Lighthouse Department would send a couple of barrels via the freight boat to the long Dungeness dock where the keepers would go to pick them up. They would roll them off the dock into the bay to tow over to the lighthouse. There they would roll the barrels up the beach, put them on the tram cart and push them to the oil shed.

**Lighthouse launches**: The first launch we had at Dungeness was a 21-footer with a double end. It had a canvas cover almost like an old whaleboat that came up from the bow and the stern and met in the middle. That is where you steered from. It was rope steering. There was just a thwart that came across with a stick and you moved the stick back and forth to steer. The stick was made fast at the bottom next to the seat at midship. About halfway to the thwart, ropes were attached to the stick that was the steering handle. The ropes ran along either side of the boat to work the rudder.

The second launch we had was Number 70, according to a postcard sent by Karl Lien. It was a 26-foot double end, but it had a regular pilot house with an after cabin.

It could get pretty stormy in those times. Coming home in heavy seas, this launch would make a pass at the dock and Mr. Undemstock would reach down and grab one of the kids, lifting them out and onto the dock. One time when it became my Mom's turn to get off, as the boat was approaching the dock my little five year old brother Cliff in a very loud voice yelled, "Jesus Christ! Save the cook!"

**The lighthouse dock:** This is the lighthouse dock in 1962. There used to be 20 or 30 feet of water around the dock. By the time of this picture the spit had built out so there was no more water under the dock. There used to be a

warehouse out there too, but it is all gone. What remains of the dock is now 50 yards from the shore, the spit has built out so much.

The lighthouse launch used to run in under the dock and was hoisted up out of the water by two big hand operated steel winches, one for each end. There was a hole in the deck of the dock to lift the boat through. There were hooks that would drop down and attach to each end of the boat so it could be cranked out of the water. They were pretty big boats to raise by hand, and so there was a lot of gearing. All the gearing was kind of a block and tackle arrangement, except cable from the winch was used.

**Tugboats**: In those days a lot of steam tugs anchored in Dungeness Bay in bad weather. They had rafts of logs that they were bringing in from the straits. These were Davis rafts, the long cigar shaped ones. They were huge, just like a ship upside down with a double end and round on top.

One of my favorite things was when we went to the mainland we would pick up a newspaper or fresh vegetables and stop by on the way back and tie up at the tug to deliver whatever we bought. The cook would always have a piece of pie or cake for me. My great-uncle, Patty Craig, was a tugboat captain with Olson Towboat Co. out of Tacoma. He and my Dad were good friends and he used to visit at the lighthouse.


When I got out of the Navy I planned to get a job on a tugboat, but ended up taking a job on the Washington State ferries. My younger brother Cliff became a tugboat skipper, and our son Dave is a tugboat skipper for Foss. He has been with them since he was 19 years old. That makes 31 years.

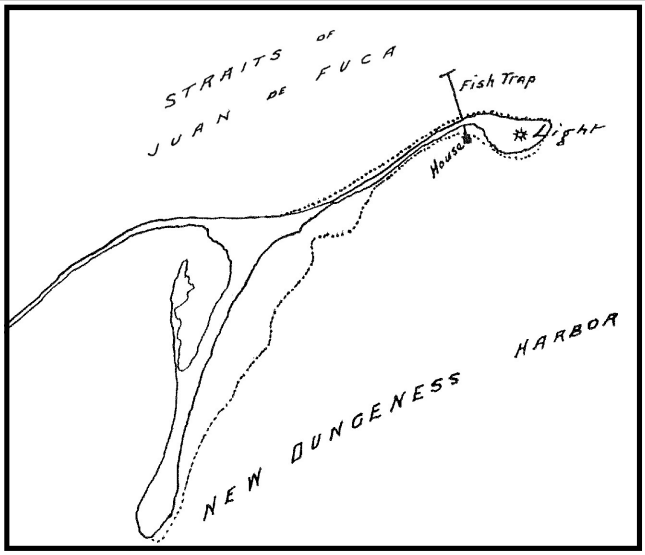
**The bulkhead**: In a 1930 storm the spit breached. In 1934, they brought in a pile driver and drove rows of piling to make a revetment or bulkhead on the inside of the spit, hoping that the sand would build up again. The photo shows the storm with the oil house and dock surrounded by water

The back of post card dated Nov 1934 states in part:

"Manson Pile Driving Co. is driving 6 wings out from the beach trying to stop the washing away. Also putting in 200 yards of rock where it washes over.

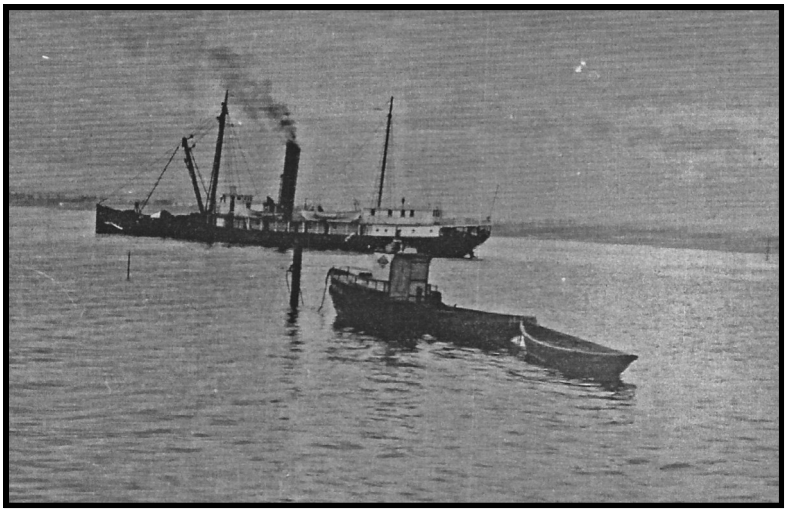
Signed C. Lien

and breakers rolling in. Below is a postcard picture of the pile driver repairing the bulkhead in 1934 following another storm that caused the spit to breach. The dock is still surrounded by water. We were already in Mukilteo and Carl Lien sent us the postcard and a note about it.




**Fish trap:** The fish trap was on the outside of the spit maybe three quarters of a mile from the end. As far as I know it was rebuilt every spring. The fish trap crew had a bunkhouse down on the spit and they lived there every summer. In the fall it closed up. The cannery tender would lie at anchor in Dungeness Bay inside the spit. In the mornings they would lift the trap and load the fish into the fish hole of the tender.

The fish trap and tender belonged to Booth Fisheries Co. and the tender was named Boofisco. She was only 40 to 50 feet long and hauled the fish to Seattle every day. If they had too many fish for her, then they would have a pot scow or little barge they would tow loaded with fish. One of the old photos shows just the sloping bow of a vessel. That would have been the pot scow.



I remember being taken out to the trap and standing on the platform and looking into the spillway. You could see all the fish swimming around before they lifted it. Every morning the fish trap crew would bring a wheel barrow loaded with fish to the lighthouse. We could take our pick if we wanted salmon, or black bass, or codfish. We canned lots of fish in jars for winter using the wood and coal burning kitchen ranges.

The crew had a lot of spare time sitting on the sand spit. The cook carved a rattle for my baby sister out of a piece of driftwood. It was a ball inside a cage with a handle. He made it out of a single piece of wood.

**Seal hunting**: The fish trap crew had guns to shoot at the seals to keep them away from the trap. In those days there was a bounty on seals. They used to pay two bits (25 cents), I believe it

was, for the nose and ears of a seal. The bounty eventually went to five dollars before they finally started protecting them.

It was before my time, but I used to hear stories about how the keepers would catch the seals. I believe Mr. Brooks may have been in on it. At low tide they would take four by twelve boards and fasten them into the beach by driving stakes. Then they would put big hooks on them. At high tide the seals would swim in over the top of them to pools of water on the beach to sun themselves. Someone would scare them by firing a shotgun and the seals would all run down the beach and get impaled on the hooks. I never witnessed this; it is a story I was told by my father who had heard it from other keepers. That was in the early days when there were huge numbers of seals, thousands of them. Even when I was at Dungeness, the beach used to be covered with seals. We would sometimes go shoot at them just to scare them away. We never collected any bounties.

**The radio station**: There was a radio station located on the spit and a crew that ran it. It had something to do with ships. Other than that I don't know much about what they did. I do remember that the radioman was kind of a cripple. His back was a little bit hunched. He had a wife named Doddy. They were civilians, and whatever they did had nothing to do directly with lighthouse operations. There was just that couple and possibly one or two other men.

**Holidays, leisure and social life**: I remember Christmas, where the tree stood and how it was decorated. Since we did not have electric power, the tree was lit with candles. There were small trays with fluted edges about 2" to 3" in diameter. The bottom of each tray had a small alligator clip which attached the tray to the tree limbs. You had to be very careful where they were placed so as not to catch an overhanging limb on fire.

I recall Carl Lien the head keeper coming to the house and bring a puppet about a foot tall with loose-hanging arms and legs. He would sit in a chair and make the puppet dance a jig to the music from our old wind-up Victrola. We also had a radio that required two batteries: one wet cell like a car battery and one dry cell. We had to use it sparingly because the wet cell had to be taken into town to be charged every week or so.

When Mom's Uncle Patty, the tugboat captain visited, he and Dad would tie knots and sew canvas. I still have the sail needles, beeswax and left-handed palm. Dad was left-handed. He would make items such as a bag to carry the mail to keep it dry, a bag to carry bottles of milk, a clothes pin apron, and it was all done by hand but looked like it was made in a factory.

**School**: I started school when I was eight years old, so I was one year late. That's because we were at Dungeness, and I didn't start school until we got to Mukilteo. When I was in the fourth grade at Mukilteo we were transferred back to Dungeness. Since there was not a school real handy, I went to stay with my grandparents in Tacoma. I finished the fourth grade in Tacoma, spent the summer at the lighthouse, finished the fifth grade in Tacoma and returned to Dungeness. Before the summer was over we were transferred to the Marrowstone Point lighthouse. That was around 1938.

On Marrowstone I mowed the lawn and split wood for the kitchen stove to earn my allowance. Of course you had to push those big old cast iron lawnmowers around and it was a big yard.

Marrowstone was a one man station. If my folks had to go to Port Townsend for the day I would stay home from school and tend the lighthouse. I knew how to do it all. I would make sure the weather was clear. At Marrowstone there really wasn't a tower to climb. It was just a building with a steel post on top and a light.

On Marrowstone Island, the community of Nordland was near the center and that is where the post office and grocery store were located. All eight grades were taught in the one room schoolhouse when I started sixth grade there. When you finished the eighth grade you had to go to Chimacum to continue in school. By then World War II was on. From the lighthouse you had to go through Fort Flagler to get into civilian territory again. To get to school we would walk from the lighthouse to the fort on the top the hill which is about a half mile. There we would be taken by an army truck to the main gate to be picked up by a school bus which would take us the length of the island to the ferry landing. We would board the ferry Nordland, which was operated by the county, and go across the canal. On the other side we would be picked up by a school bus from Chimacum High School. The only time we would see our place in the daylight was on weekends.

In high school I skipped a grade. Because I would have been drafted and I wanted to join the Navy, I did my last two years in one graduating from Chimacum High School in 1944. There were 13 in my graduating class, 3 boys and 10 girls. Most of the local boys were drafted or had joined by then but I wanted to get my diploma. I think I was minus one credit, but after six months in the service, they gave me my diploma.

**James Corrie's career**: When I left Marrowstone Point my parents were still there. I went to Tacoma and joined the Navy. I went through boot camp in Farragut, Idaho and then to Treasure Island, California and from there on to a ship. I spent the rest of my two Navy years traveling. We didn't see any action, except that a couple of Japanese planes made a pass over us, but we didn't have to fire at them. I was in the Pacific and Atlantic. Our first trip was to take a load of troops to New Guinea. We sailed around the Pacific Islands moving troops around and to bringing back some wounded. Later we went to France and back to Boston and then to Italy picking up troops. The last trip we made was to pick up a load of troops in Europe and take them through the Panama Canal to northern Luzon in the Philippines where a big invasion force was being assembled to invade Japan. When we were right abeam of Christmas Island in the Pacific it was announced that Japan had surrendered.

Our ship was one of the C4 hulls built in Richmond, California by Kaiser shipyards. She was called the General R.M. Blatchford and was an AP 153.

When I got out of the Navy I wanted to go to work on a tugboat, so I put my application in to the American Towboat Company in Everett. Within a couple of weeks after I had placed that application, they needed a deckhand on the ferryboat. I applied and took that job instead and 38 years later I retired. At first I was a deckhand working on the runs out of Mukilteo and Edmonds and moving vessels around from one run to the next. Then I was asked to get a skipper's license and I took three months off to study for the exam which I passed. They shipped me to the San Juan Islands for the Anacortes to Sidney run, and 30 years later I retired. We've lived on San Juan Island for 50 years and in this old farmhouse for 42 of them.

I got to know Edward Brooks (Great Grandfather of David McKee) when I was just a young boy at the Mukilteo lighthouse from 1934 to 1937. He would sometimes walk by with a newspaper under his arm and whistle. I knew what that meant and I would join him. They had a chicken coop and he had the newspaper to wrap the chicken in and bring it back. He would catch the chicken, behead it, and I got to watch it run around without a head.

He would go for long walks on the beach and sometimes I would join him. We would walk down the beach past Green's Resort where there were cabins. In those days there was a swamp or lagoon in the area where the parking lot is now. It had been a baseball field but the sea broke through and flooded it. He liked baseball and would always listen to the games on the radio. He liked to throw the baseball around with Art Losvar whose family owned the marina next door.

Mrs. Brooks was a great friend to my mother. We used to visit her at the Bethany Home in Everett.

**Louise Corrie: Lighthouse Keeper's Wife and Jim's mother -** (as told by Maya Corrie , wife of Jim Corrie) I never lived at the lighthouse but I heard Jim's mother talk about it. I liken her to a little banty hen. I respected her so much for what she went through as the wife of a lighthouse keeper. They had to keep the lighthouse ship shape constantly because they never knew when the inspector, Mr. Tinkham, might pop. Apparently he followed the white glove test. He would run his finger across the top of the molding on the door frames and the window frames to check for dust.

Also, I don't know how she dealt with the isolation. She was a young woman when they first moved out there with Jim, her firstborn child only 18 months old. She had three more kids after that in this isolated place, and, at least to me, she never ever complained about what her life had been like or about loneliness. She was always busy and would only say what a clean and wonderful life it had been for her children. She never liked the water, but the only way you could go to town, go shopping, or go to Tacoma was to cross in that launch. From what Jim tells, they had some harrowing rides in the storms.

Then, every few years, they had to pack up all their belongings and move from lighthouse to lighthouse. Apparently they were all similar in terms of the number of rooms, but still it was a hardship. How she could have had this difficult life and yet been such a good wife and a good mother I don't really understand. It was a different generation. I don't think I could have done it. I would ask her how did she did it, how did she manage all that, and she would say, "That was just my life. I married this man. He became a lighthouse keeper, and I was a lighthouse keeper's wife."

Louise was her name, but we called her Diamond Louie, because she loved jewelry but she had very, very little of it. She was so excited to get just a small piece of jewelry. She was an Irish lady born in Belfast. When she and her sisters got together, it was almost like a foreign language to hear those ladies chirp, chirp, chirping. Her sisters may have visited her at the lighthouse at times but mostly she had to go to Tacoma to see her relatives.

Jim tells how one time his mother was very sick and it was real stormy. A large Coast Guard cutter anchored in Dungeness Bay ready to take her to the hospital if necessary. They waited all night in case they had to evacuate her, but it wasn't necessary. Louise went to Tacoma when she was ready to have the three kids born during their stay at Dungeness. She stayed there for awhile and returned to Dungeness with the new baby when the time was right.

# Easter at the Lighthouse

For years our granddaughters kept asking "when can we go to the lighthouse?" So after years of planning, our goal of taking our granddaughters, Maddy and Sarah, ages 10 and 8, out for a week finally became a reality. Also joined by our daughter Anne, we scheduled the week during the kids' Easter break. Our long time friends, Art and Es Bonneville, brought their two granddaughters, India and Nyla, so there were nine of us total. With large closets in the upstairs bedrooms, the kids had their own special nook to camp in.

We arrived the day before Easter and the kids hit the beach first thing. Many treasures were found exploring the beach and tide pools. Our daughter Anne was immediately challenged to a "stick fight" with light saber pieces of driftwood. On Easter Sunday it was raining so we decided to postpone the egg hunt until the next day. Over 150 plastic eggs with candy or money inside were hidden over the light station grounds by Grandma Bacher. With rules established, the "Go" was announced and the four girls ran with bags in hand to find the eggs. What a great large space to hide eggs!! Four of the eggs had a $2.00 bill inside, one for each girl. One of the eggs accidently opened and the $2.00 bill blew out of the yard never to be found again! Maybe a lucky seagull found it and used it in nest making. It was the best Easter egg hunt ever.

The girls collected small driftwood and shells to make mobiles and rocks for painting. Several puzzles were completed during the slow visitor times. One special treat was to take the girls up to the tower at night to see all the surrounding lights and stars. There's a special feeling to be in the tower at night. Our evenings were filled with game playing and reading.

Of course meal times were always special. India made nests out of rice krispies and Easter basket grass. She added cute little birds with small eggs. The best part was getting to eat these cute little creations. Es, our master chef, keep us well fed on comfort food. As we always say "we are behind in our eating!!" Always lots of leftovers to take home.

We love our lighthouse and it was wonderful to have our granddaughters have this unique experience. Hopefully we have instilled in them a love for this beautiful place and they will continue the tradition of being Keepers at NDLH.

Julie Bacher

**CONGRATULATIONS**

**Linda Schultz of Sequim won the 2018 Raffle for a one week stay for two at the Lighthouse. Tickets for the 2019 Raffle will be available after the first of the year from board members and at the Irrigation, Lavender and Crab Festivals and the Air Affaire.**

# September Work Party

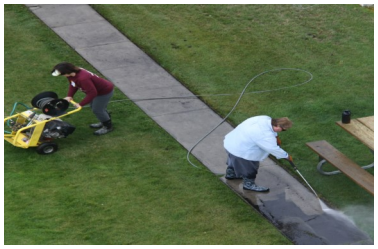
NDLSA devotes one week each September to a "work party" where volunteers tackle the major repair projects needing attention. As you can imagine, any 161 year–old structure needs a lot of TLC, but especially one that sits at the end of a sand spit in salt and sea air. Here are some of the projects completed by this year's party of thirteen "highly paid crafts persons."

## 9/8 to 9/14 2018 Work Week Completed Jobs List

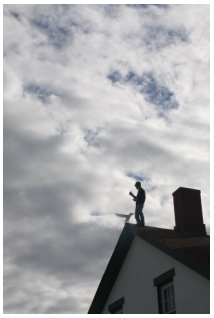
- Replace Fence Rails and Fix Fence Latch
- Fix Bird Wires and remove bird nests on Lighthouse
- Clean & Organize the Oil House; Run and Test the Generator
- Keepers' Quarters (KQ)—Replace Smoke Detectors and mount Fire Extinguisher in KQ Library
- Change Batteries in KQ Heater Controls
- Repair Upstairs Toilet in KQ (does not Flush Solids Well)
- Repair Light in Upstairs bathroom (flickers and buzzes)
- Sink in Downstairs Bathroom, Replace or Fix Leaking Drain
- Rearrange furnishings to keep KQ Couches away from the Wall and Heaters
- Mount New (old style) porch light on north porch of KQ
- Install New Window Shades in Baker Room
- Check Baker Room bed for Excess Noise
- Fix or Replace Dining Room Chairs in KQ
- Install Window Pulls on KQ Windows
- Clean Closets in the KQ Upstairs Bedrooms
- Touch Up Paint in KQ
- Scrub the KQ Basement and Vacuum the Couches
- Place Sump Pump in Crate in KQ Basement and test
- Clean KQ Kitchen Floor
- Move Wood Stove from KQ to Lighthouse
- Remove Faux Stove from Lighthouse Museum
- Repair or replace Museum Track Lights
- Grind and Edge Sidewalks (grinder + head)
- Grind Sharp Square Fence Foundation, NW Corner of Yard
- Power Wash Sidewalks (power washer + attachment + fuel)
- Organize the Barn (upstairs and downstairs)
- Upgrade Barn Lights to LED
- Dig Up & Cut Pipe on the West Side of the Barn
- Mow Lawn, Spread & Rake in Grass Seed and move clippings area
- Clean Web Camera Lenses (2)
- Evaluate and repair Picnic Tables and Replace Boards and Paint Carts
- Move Shingles from the West Apartment to the Barry Cave
- Use Snake to Open the West Utility Sink Drain (snake)
- Secure the Discharge Hose to the Washer in the West Apartment
- Paint Wellhead and Clean Cistern
- Sweep & Vacuum Basements in Lighthouse

# NDLSA Work Week 2018


(Back) Sarah, Kath, Denis, Greg, Diana (Middle) Kathryn, Chad, Al, John (Front) Julie, Richard, JoAnn, Marsha

Photos Courtesy of Julie Bacher and Diana Sorus



## 2020 Reservations

**We will begin accepting reservations by email on January 2nd at 12:01 AM PST. For available dates visit:**

**www.newdungenesslighthouse.com/documents/Availability.pdf**

The Keeper's Quarters has three main bedrooms, each with a queen size bed. There is also an additional bedroom with two twin beds. **Capacity of the house is 8 People.** If you are eligible to stay at the Light Station, and see available dates that interest you, please email Scheduling Services at scheduling@newdungenesslighthouse.com or

Call us at **360-683-6638**

**Please Note: Keeper exchanges take place on Friday night or Saturday. The exchange times are dictated by the tides.**

For planning purposes; arrive at the NDLSA Transport Station in Sequim, at 288 Carlsborg Rd. at least 30 min prior to the listed departure time, and expect to arrive back in Sequim about 45 min after the departure time at the end of your week.

Membership in the New Dungeness Light Station Association is required to be a Keeper.

The Official Newsletter of
The New Dungeness Light Station Association
P.O. Box 1283, Sequim, WA 98382-1283

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