



Newsletter

Spring & Summer 2007

EXPANDING....

And what do two ol' ladies do on a rainy Sunday in May in Lake Quinault? Why, we shanghai two young men to "Help us move just a couple of things" and "Voila!" we're in our new room! So...thanks to the cheerful help of Don Morrison and Butch Kitchner, we're now settled in and ready for visitors.



Don says the bell's heavy... You think?

We are eagerly awaiting the 2007 summer season. Our volunteer hosts are at the ready, each committing to their "days," hoping the weather will be favorable, bringing in cheerful guests rather than cold, soggy stragglers escaping the bowels of the Rain Forest.



Criss, taking a break. Whew!

Our new room...note: the saloon doors in the background, designed, constructed and installed by Jerry Jones. Good job, Jerry. The back wall is covered with the old shingles taken from the back of the building, cleaned up by Phyllis and put on by the skilled hands of Tom Northup. Criss is resting upon a vintage church pew, donated by Kathleen Thompson. Behind the wall is the break room/kitchen. We do have a stove and refrigerator but as yet, don't have the cabinets and sink. Note: the old vintage steamer trunk, circa 1920's. Phyllis recalls, "It was the first piece of furniture that Mom and Dad bought when they were married in 1928. Mom said that everything they had at that time fitted into the trunk...have trunk, will travel..."

\$5,000 GRANT FROM THE QUINAULT INDIAN NATION

On March 2, 2007, the Lake Quinault Historical Society and Museum, Board of Directors, were guests at an excellent dinner hosted by the Quinault Beach Resort and the Quinault Indian Nation. There, we were among several organizations that were awarded grants from the tribe.

We are slowly restoring the “Old Quinault Post Office” as the site of the Museum. With the support of this generous grant we will be able to move and expand our existing Native American display to its own dedicated space. There is extensive work to be done to prepare that area and the grant will be used to facilitate this goal. Many thanks to Kathleen Praxel, our grant-writer.

Restoration Progress

The past two plus years Dan Chandler and the museum volunteers, mostly Board of Directors members, have been working on restoring the kitchen/living room area, in the Old Quinault Post Office. This literally required replacement of the structure from the ground up through and including the roof.

A year ago, Phyllis Miller, single handedly, painted all the interior walls. Criss Osborn was only able to lend moral support and cheers. Then Tom Northup applied the shingles that Phyllis had salvaged, to the faux exterior walls at the east end of the living room. Jerry Jones made saloon-style doors into the kitchen and framed the door and window with stained cedar trim that he also made. The trim really accents “Phyllis’ wall.”

This winter and spring, the finishing touches have been completed. Early in March, Criss’ son, Ryan Aigner and Brian

Fortner, volunteered to install the acrylic tile floor in the newly restored areas. With the finish applied and the stained cedar baseboards made and installed by Jerry, the room is ready for occupancy. John Clayton has assisted Dan, quietly cleaning up our created debris and providing safeguards when needed.

Now it’s time to utilize this new space, relocate some our collections and expand the displays in the “Great room.” We hope to have this well underway if not finished in time for our Memorial Day weekend opening.

Visitor Information at the Museum

The Museum Board of Directors has agreed to host a Visitor Information Center for the South Shore during our hours of operation this summer. Our volunteers will have brochures advertising the businesses and the points of interest in the Quinault area for the visiting public. When the museum is not staffed, the materials will be available on a board that will be constructed on the east end of the porch.

The museum plans to be open Memorial Day weekend, weekends in June, then Tuesday through Sunday in July and August. The hours of operation planned are from 11:00 AM until 4:00 PM. We try to meet any special requests for tours when notified in advance. To schedule a special tour, large or small, call one of the Board members. Criss Osborn at 288-2583, Betty Miller at 288-2308 or Phyllis Miller at 288-2317 can assist in the scheduling.



LITTLE QUINAULT MAID

BY

Lephia B. Larson

We have probably the only copy of this delightful two step sheet music in existence today. It was written by Lephia Bryant Larson, the arrangement was by Will Cortley and the copyright was 1912. How about that! This charming piece tells the story of a Native Quinault lad, whose eyes and heart are longing for this Little Quinault Maid. It goes like this....

"It was out at Moclips Beach that I met her, Little Quinault maid, Pretty Quinault

maid. I have tried to but I never can forget her, Pretty little Quinault maid. She was out in a canoe, And I longed to be there too, But of me she was afraid, So she paddled paddled paddled paddled paddled, Pretty little Quinault maid." "Her canoe flew like a bird across the water, Little Quinault maid, Pretty Quinault maid. She said she was the chieftain's only daughter, Pretty little Quinault maid. I did not care for that, My heart went pit-a-pat, But she was undismayed, I grew addled addled addled addled addled, As I watched that Quinault maid." "O the breakers leaped and sparkled all around her, Little Quinault maid, Pretty Quinault maid. I watched and thought the sea would surely drown her, Pretty little Quinault maid. Then she rode in on a crest, And I clasped her to my breast, She looked demure and staid, A big Indian Indian Indian Indian Indian Indian, Grabbed that little Quinault maid." "My squaw' was what he said as they vanished, Thro' the hemlock glade, Shady hemlock glade. I have tried to but I never yet have banished, The bright eyes of that Quinault maid."

This piece originally belonged to Erma (Ma) Gwin and was given to Eudie Marston sometime in the '50's. Early 1900's sheet music was more often than not, quite large and through the years, would get tattered edges. This was the case with 'Little Quinault Maid' so Eudie got out her scissors and did extensive trimming. Ouch!

WANTED

Now that we have added another room for our collections we find that there is space for some of the things we have wanted but had put on hold. Among our wish list are a treadle sewing machine and an upright piano, preferably a player piano. We are also looking for mannequins for displaying clothing and an old wire dress form would be great. Pictures, history, or stories of area or families are also wanted. Please note that pictures will be scanned and the originals will be returned to you.

A TRIBUTE TO TWO NEIGHBORS, JOHN AND ELNETTA KESTNER

Reprinted from the Quinault Rain Barrel

John Kestner was born at the turn of the century: one of five brothers and sisters born in Quinault to the pioneer couple, Anton and Josephine Kestner. John spent his whole lifetime here, and probably due to inherited instincts and early training, he was on very good terms with hard work all his life.

Elnetta, better known as "Nettie", Olson, first cousin to the numerous local Olsons, appeared on the scene in the early twenties, and not long after, she and John were married and set up housekeeping, to spend the rest of their lives together in a little house on the fringe of the village of Quinault.

Nettie was a graduate nurse, and for many years played Florence Nightingale to the neighbors who came up with sudden health or accident problems. She was a member of long standing in the local Garden Club, and was one of those instrumental in the planting of all those lovely hydrangeas, across the road from her home. She served for years as Sec.-Treas. of the Cemetery Association, and several six-year terms on the Cemetery District Commission. One of her greatest interests, shared with her husband, was the keeping of the little Quinault Cemetery the beautiful place that it is: the two of them spent many unsung and unpaid hours working to that end. Nettie was a long-time member and diligent worker of the local Orthopedic group.

John had three main hobbies. One of the more noticeable was providing himself with fuel. He generally had about five or six years supply of firewood ricked up in his yard. He had a passion for collecting elk pictures. Even after he had hundreds, he still wanted more. Armed with movie and slide cameras, many times with Nettie backing him up with a camera in her hand, they tramped the woods and river bottoms seeking more and better elk pictures. The end result was a fabulous collection, not only of elk, but practically all the wild life that inhabit the local scene. He also collected curly maple slabs from which he fashioned beautiful coffee tables, lamps, picture frames, candle holders, etc.

The Kestners always had a prize garden, and many people were supplied with loganberries and raspberries from their back yard; their front yard was always bright with flowers and shrubs.

John Kestner passed away in May 1972, and Nettie followed him in death in April 1974. They are at rest in the family plot in the place they loved so well.

They were a hardy, thrifty pair; hospitable and kindly; good neighbors and good friends. They will be missed and long remembered.

HIPPIES IN THE RAIN FOREST

Every so often, Jerry will enlighten our day with a remembered story of the past. This time it was about an invasion of hippies around 1965. It seems that summer he began to notice a lot of strange vehicles going by his place. Some were cars or trucks but many were old vans and buses, painted in a myriad of colors, all destined for the old Doug Osborn airstrip on up the North Shore. The hippies had come to Quinault! "As I recollect," he says, "there were five to six hundred of them. It was a hippie commune, a tent city, hippies everywhere. You'd see them walking up and down the road, planting gardens, sitting around campfires or just doing what hippies do." "It was becoming a real concern," he laments. "Why, they had just about doubled the population of Quinault in a matter of a month. I could see all sorts of problems arising. The school, for example, would be hard pressed to absorb all the kids that would be arriving, come September. 'What to do,' we all asked ourselves." Then he chuckled, "You wouldn't believe this but, it started to rain. Not just a shower or two, but a real Quinault downpour. You know, the kind that keeps on and on, until even the hardest of us begins to wonder if it's ever going to stop. Well sir, after about a week or so of this I started seeing rigs heading out and, by golly, in about three days they were all gone. Every last one of them, gone." And now you know the story of When the Hippies Came to Quinault!

Thanks, Jerry for another great story. If any of you have stories to contribute, jot them down or give us a call. Or, if you'd rather, email us at: phyllisandrodney@hotmail.com or crisso13@centurytel.net