



Newsletter

Fall & Winter 2008



Criss with Gene and Donna Osborn
Quarter Size Violin

This quarter size violin was made by Joe Kestner in the late 1950's as a gift for his neighbor, Mary Lee Osborn (Kabus). The young Mary Lee, (7 years old) spent many hours watching Mr. Kestner make his violins.

Mr. Kestner lived on the South Shore of Lake Quinault, near the Chevron gas station and the Wallace and Agnes Osborn family. His violins were made from local hardwoods in several sizes and shapes. One was a small octagon shaped violin made for Mary Lee's mother, Agnes Osborn. This unusual violin is now with Mary Osborn Kabus, who lives in Germany. Agnes Osborn played violin for many years on a full size instrument purchased from Joe Kestner. That violin is now owned and enjoyed by Lowell Paull.



PIONEER ADVENTURE - By Wallace B. Osborn

Reprinted from the Quinault Rain Barrel

The setting of this story in time is the latter end of the pioneer era, about August 1916; the place: the Upper Quinault River Valley. At this time, a majority of the homesteaders had sold to the timber companies and moved. There were only three families in what was known as the Big Creek Settlement; Clarks, Petersons, Voorhies and a bachelor, Tom Fox. Over the hill, on the river side, were families: Beebe and Osborn, and bachelor cousins, John and Jasper Bunch. Communication with the outside world was a trail on the North side, passable to horses and pedestrians, ending at the upper end of the lake. A so-called "road" on the South side, which was passable to wagons only in the summer, connected with the road to the harbor – thus, traffic in the winter was all either afoot or horseback.

Life was a bit rugged, but not too bad. The one main thing wrong with this picture: When access to the outside was cut off by the flooding river, and aching tooth just had to ache till it quit aching; if one became ill, he either got well or he died. Everyone raised gardens for fresh produce in season and root vegetables to store for winter. Most had orchards and berry patches, also kept cows for milk products, raised hogs to be processed into hams and bacon. Elk from the woods furnished the beef to be smoked, canned and salted. A full nine-months school had just been established.

The men earned their cash income in winter with seasonal work for the Bureau of Fisheries; in summer, for the U.S. Forest Service, and most ran a trap-line. Some worked part time in logging camps or mills. Two or three hundred dollars a year took care of cash needs quite well.

Rather than go into too much detail on my accident, (age 8) I will just say that when this ten-gauge shotgun in the hands of a couple of inexperienced boys discharged at close range, it neatly removed the four small toes on my right foot, blasting away the side of the foot well back toward the ankle. My mother was not home at the time, and my father was cooking for a road crew in a camp at Cook Creek. The situation called for much running to and fro over the trails to organize a rescue. Luther Clark, about eleven years old, was dispatched over the North Side Trail to the nearest telephone, a cast-iron contraption nailed to Frank Hulten's porch. Luther had never even seen a telephone, but he ran all the way, about four miles, without stopping, and managed to get through to Ernest Paull, District Forest Ranger; and, he, in turn, called Humptulips and had the once-a-day motor stage turned back to meet me. Incidentally, the stage was a Hupmobile touring car. Meanwhile, I rode piggy-back on my neighbor, Mr. Beebe's back, to the canoe landing. Tom Fox ferried me in a dug-out canoe about a mile down stream to the original John Olson homestead. There I was met by my uncle, Ernest Voorhies, who put me on a pile of straw in the back of a light wagon for the journey of another four or five miles to the end of the motor road, which was about the location of the present Ernest Olson place. From here, it is roughly sixty miles to the Aberdeen General Hospital, located at that time on the second floor of a frame building that housed the Broadway Pharmacy downstairs.

Early in the game, my mother had come on the scene, and being quite a practical first-aid-er, she took care of the bleeding. All this complicated trip lasted from ten o'clock in the morning, until nine in the evening. I can remember being

quite thrilled with a speedometer reading of fifty mph in that Hupmobile – Some speed for those days!!!

I have had reason all these years, to bless old Dr. Chamberlain for a fine job he did in repairing my lacerated foot. I was in the hospital for a week, stayed in Aberdeen another week, and walked on that foot without pain in just six weeks. Remarkably, the whole time, I had very little pain. I've been walking around on that foot successfully for all these fifty eight years, and most of my friends don't know that I have such a foot unless they catch me with my shoes off.

I think this accident hurt my brother, Doug, worse than it did me. I know that he carried around a guilt complex for years, because the gun was in his hands when it discharged.

PIONEER CHRISTMAS – UPPER QUINAULT - by Wallace Osborn

Since entertainment of any kind was scarce in this pioneer area, I think we built up to the big Christmas party at school with more enthusiasm than we do now. Skits and plays were rehearsed, a huge tree was trimmed with paper chains, popcorn strings, live candles, and a smattering of bright, glass ornaments. I suspect that the Christmas candles and other goodies that filled the little stockings on the tree were paid for by the teacher.

On the evening of the last day before the holiday everyone from far and near assembled, carrying lanterns or miners' carbide lamps to find the trails. We had no roads.

The program consisted of vocal music interspersed with the plays and skits, instrumental music on the only portable instrument in the valley; a German accordion, played by one of the local bachelors. We had gift exchange and much merry-making. Altogether a very fine party.

The year I remember best, I was in the third grade. There were enrolled four Petersons, three Osborns, one Voorhies, one Clark and one Beebe. Helen Higley Sparks, Orlo Higley's sister, was our teacher and all of us little people had a love affair with her. I think that this was the first year that we had a full nine-month term.

Christmas in the homes was very much the same as in the schools. Gifts under the tree ran very much to home-made items such as hand-knitted socks, mitten, caps and scarves, doll cradles, sled, etc. Any manufactured gift no doubt came by mail from Sears, Roebuck, as did also holiday candy and other goodies. I remember one outstanding gift; a little alcohol-fired steam engine. It worked fine until we let the boiler run dry, and we discovered to our great sorrow, that it was held together with ordinary solder.

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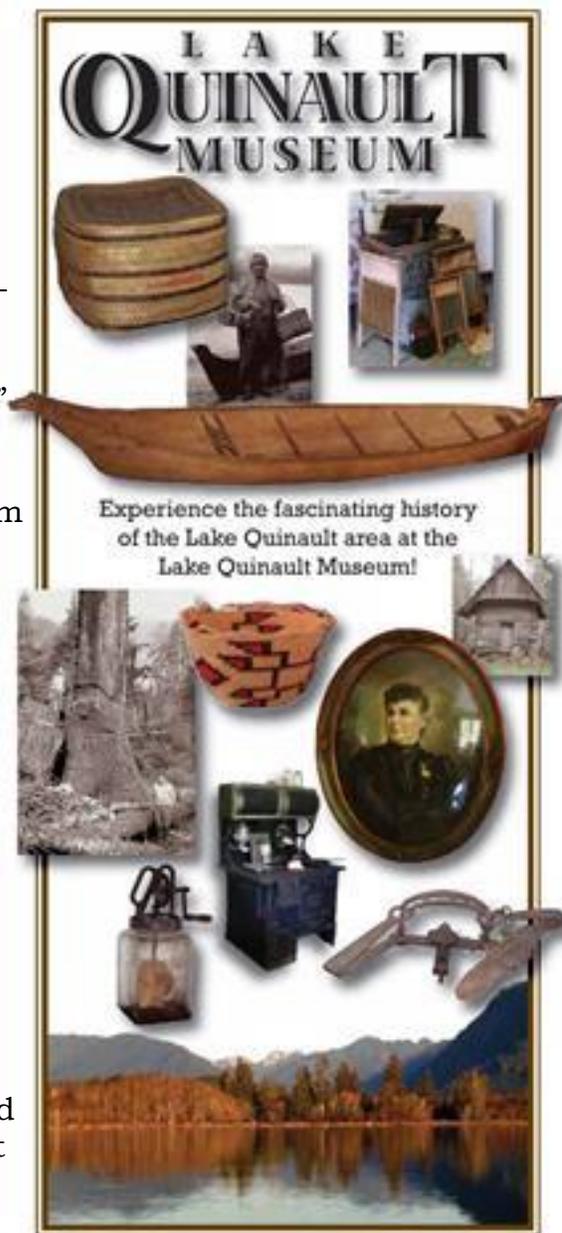
Wally worked for Asa Fishel (his brother-in-law) driving a log truck with hard rubber tires for a time and then worked for Polson Logging as a log scaler and speeder driver until WWII was over. It was in 1945 that he and Agnes bought the Quinault Garage where he worked until retirement. Wallace Osborn passed away in 1979 and his wife, Agnes, passed away in 1999. Their son, Gene and his wife, Donna, live in Scottsdale, Arizona. Their daughter, Mary (Osborn) Kabus, has spent most of her adult life in Germany but does return to Quinault for occasional visits.

Hey, Look us Over....

We ♥ Our Brochure!

Our brochure has finally arrived! What do you think, folks? Is it classy or what?! We originally considered a tri-fold but at the recommendation of our graphic artist, we chose this standard 2-sided 4"x9" brochure.

The Museum hosts numerous factions from the late 1880's and early 1990's, to present time and through our brochure, we tried to represent each. Our Native American heritage is shown through our authentic baskets and pictures which also represents our Dell Mulkey photo collection. Early day logging is featured in our picture of the old growth spruce, stabbed with springboards that support the fallers who are ready to get back to the job at hand, as soon as the photographer has finished his assignment. The pioneer, those sturdy folk who worked their piece of land for eventual ownership and who helped make our community what it is today, is shown through their epic tools, the washboards, the wood cook stove, John Olson's bear trap and Jigger Davis's hand-cranked butter churn. Also presented is the earliest picture of the Quinault Post Office building, circa 1918, our Little Quinault Maid sheet music copyrighted 1912 and a late 1800's portrait of one of our first settlers. Combined with our outstanding narrative, this brochure beckons you to visit beautiful Lake Quinault and the Quinault Museum.



Explore the Lake Quinault Museum and discover the fascinating history of the Lake Quinault area. Learn about the native Quinaults and the early pioneers who carved a life out of the beautiful, but remote wilderness.

The museum is housed in the former Quinault Post Office building on South Shore Road, built in 1918, and in use as the post office through 1961. Two Quinault 24 foot cedar dugout racing canoes are part of the collection as well as exhibits of Dell Mulkey and Dale Northup photos documenting the area from the 1910's to the 1960's.

In 2002, the Lake Quinault Historical Society acquired the building for use as the Lake Quinault Museum. The museum is staffed and maintained by volunteers and relies on donations and memberships to sustain its operation and continue with renovations and acquisitions.

We encourage you to visit the Lake Quinault Museum and learn more about the unique past of the beautiful Quinault Valley.

Mission Statement: In viewing the past, we look to the future. The rich histories of the proud communities surrounding Lake Quinault deserve safekeeping. Our goals are the preservation and display of these objects of historical and educational value.

Open daily Memorial Day through Labor Day, 12 pm - 5 pm.
Closed Mondays. Winter schedule varies; will open by appointment.
Admission by donation.

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