

The C/DPHS is an association of individuals dedicated to the preservation of the history of our community. To the preservation of the region's oral history, literary history, social history, graphic and pictorial history, and our history as represented by the region's artifacts and structures. To the preservation of this history for future generations. To the art of making this common heritage accessible to the public. And to the act of collaborating with other individuals and organizations sharing similar goals.

THE
CLAYTON/DEER PARK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Mortarboard

All Rights To This Material Reserved By C/DPHS

**The Collected Memories of the Children of
Loren Devol Boyd and Aldora Kilpatrick**

— by —

— Sharon Boyd-Clark —

My grandparents, L. D. Boyd and Dora Kilpatrick-Boyd, had seven children. Five of them wrote recollections of growing up in and around the Deer Park area. These stories are collected here.

Loren and Dora met while he was teaching bookkeeping and other business classes at Dora's North Dakota high school. This was probably in 1902, when Dora was 17 and Loren 26. Later, after Dora graduated and was a teacher herself, they met again.

The Boyd and Kilpatrick families had both

emigrated from County Londonderry in the north of Ireland. Both families were part of the Plantation of Scots⁽¹⁾ to the Ulster Province in Northern Ireland during the early reign of King James the 1st of England — which started in 1603. When I went to Ireland to research my Boyd ancestors, I found members of the Kilpatrick family living in the same area — as close as Clayton is to Deer Park.

Loren Boyd and Aldora Kilpatrick were married on December 27th, 1905, at the Kilpatrick home in Josephine, North Dakota. Loren's brother

Plantation of Ulster

⁽¹⁾ For the last approximately 840 years, the English crown has attempted to dominate the island of Ireland. Christianity in the form of the Catholic Church had largely replaced Celtic Druid traditions by the 6th century. Viking incursions occurred from the 9th into the 12th centuries. And the Norman invasions began in 1169. In less than a century, Norman — then English — control of Ireland began to slip away and Celtic domination returned — helped by the arrival of the Black Death in 1348 which decimated many of the towns where Norman and English populations were concentrated. This condition of Celtic control continued well into the 16th century.

In 1536 Henry the 8th decided to reestablish English control — in part out of fear that European influences in Ireland could threaten England militarily. By the time of Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603, Ireland was under complete political and military domination by the English. The lynchpin of that political control was a policy, known as 'Plantation', in which colonies of English and Scottish Protestants were settled in Ireland with the intent that they should become the land-holding ruling class — with loyalties to the British Crown and the state religion of England.

An Irish Catholic rebellion in 1608 gave excuse to greatly expand the Plantations. Among these were those in County Londonderry, Province of Ulster, settled by Protestants from Scotland.

The injustices inherent in using religion as a political instrument of state power, and the state as a legal instrument to impose religious doctrine — as manifested in the Irish issue — was one of the historic elements that suggested to the founding fathers of the United States the importance of separating the influence of religious doctrine from the authority of government to impose.

Free — Take One



Loren and Dora Boyd with daughter Ve, being held, and daughters May and Brownie, standing. Photo taken about 1911 in Minneapolis.

Elbert was his best man while Dora's sister Gertrude was maid of honor. Elbert and the groom's sisters Annie and Lily accompanied the newlyweds on the train ride to the Boyd family home in Warren, Minnesota, where Dora met Loren's parents. The couple set up housekeeping in Minnesota.

Their first child, Mary Lucetta was born premature on November 24th, 1906 at Akeley, Minnesota. Because she could easily fit in a shoebox at birth, she was called Dolly. Later on she was nicknamed May.

Gladys was born in Warren Minnesota, on the 15th of March, 1908. Gladys was known to the family as Brownie

Brownie: *At that time we rented a house owned by a Doctor Frank. Years later, when I was pregnant with my oldest child, Jean, I found out I*

had a navel rupture. Our mom said she'd had a doctor when I was born — this Doctor Frank. (Apparently indicating that the navel wasn't Dora's fault.)

We moved into Minneapolis and lived in a white house with a big front porch. In those days little girls wore flannel dresses, bloomers, and long stockings. The floors were cold. Mom made May a blue outfit and me a brown one. Dad said, "She's a brownie for sure now," and started calling me Brownie. When we moved west, Dad thought I should be called by my right name, but he couldn't break the habit either. So that's still my nickname in the family.

Two more children were born in Minneapolis. Vivian — nicknamed Ve — was born on March 9th, 1911, and William Dwight — who went by Dwight — arrived on August 24th, 1912.

Loren had several jobs in the Minneapolis area. The 1910 census listed him as working in a lumber yard as a sorter. He also worked as a painter — earning seventy dollars a month — as well as at the Bemis Brothers Bag Company.

*Mary and William Kilpatrick.
Date and place unknown.*



Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008

Dora's parents and younger siblings had moved to Washington State not long after Dora married Loren. That was the likely source of news about the construction of Spokane's Davenport Hotel — which seemed an opportunity for Loren to work, as well as a reason to move closer to his wife's family. It's quite possible that the Kilpatrick elders were urging the move. Regardless, Loren took the train to Spokane and was hired on at the Davenport site.

The Boyd's four children ranged between six years and six months when Dora brought them west. Loren met the train at Post Falls and escorted his family to the Kilpatrick farm near Rockford.

Brownie: *Another passenger asked Dad if he was a minister, because he was so good to help with the baby.*

There were pigs on the farm. One day Uncle Harry asked me if I wanted to ride one. I was game, so he put me on the back of one. The pig took off and Uncle Harry couldn't run as fast as the pig so I landed in the mud. In later years he always reminded me of this.

About the Rockford farm ...

May: *Mother's youngest sister, Mildred, was a little more than four years older than I. She needed help in braiding her long hair, and as Grandma was busy with all our family, in addition to her own, my mother offered to braid it, but her way of doing it didn't suit Millie and led to tears.*

I remember going with Millie when she took the cow out to pasture along the road.

Brownie: *We moved to Dalkena⁽²⁾ where Dad worked in a sawmill, and we lived in one of the*

mill houses. May was afraid to walk up the hill to school alone so Mom asked if I could go with her until she got used to it. There weren't many in the first grade, so the teacher said I could go all the time. May had started in Minneapolis so she was soon put in the second grade. This is why I started school when I was five years old.

Dad soon got horses and logging equipment, so we moved to the Crandall place — which was close to a logging job he had. We walked to Dalkena to school. On June 27th, 1914, Vera was born there. A few days after Dad had paid the woman who had helped at this time, she came back and told Dad that he had given her a twenty-dollar gold piece by mistake. Dad didn't even know he had one, so I'm sure Dad was glad she was honest.

Ve: *I remember the pond on the Crandall Place. It seemed big, but it probably wasn't.*

Brownie: *We lived on the Deiter place for the next logging job. Cecil was born there on the 11th of October, 1916. We were walking home from school and met Dad on horseback going to a telephone to call a doctor. He told us to hurry home and see our new brother. When the doctor came, he also looked at our other brother, Dwight. Dwight had been climbing and had fallen astride the handle of the separator, rupturing himself.*

Ve: *I do remember some about the Deiter place. There was a red barn with a creek down slope from it. And in another direction a slope down to the house. The floors in the house were bare, and if we were told to brush up the floor, that meant sweep just where you saw crumbs. There were five*

Dalkena

⁽²⁾ Dalkena is located twenty miles northeast of Deer Park along the west bank of the Pend Oreille River. Faith M^cClenny of the Pend Oreille County Historical Society reports that "There was a small community in that area known a Glencoe in 1900 or before, but we have very little information on it. It's believed there was a sawmill, blacksmith shop, and some residents."

According to Faith, two gentlemen, Henry Dalton and Hugh Kennedy, appeared in Glencoe about 1902 and started the D. K. Mill Company — the Dalton and Kennedy sawmill. "They developed a mill town that appeared to take in most, if not all of old Glencoe," Faith wrote.

In December of 1908, Dalton and Kennedy, backed by a group of investors, formed the Dalkena Lumber Company — a name derived by combining the founders last names. The original mill was destroyed by fire in 1910 and rebuilt. The mill and village, now known as Dalkena, prospered until a forest fire burned the sawmill down in 1936. Probably due to timber depletion from years of cutting old-growth from the area's forest, the sawmill was never rebuilt.

Faith M^cClenny wrote, "I grew up in the area, so I remember the mill, piles of lumber, the wood-burner, bunkhouses, and bustling town. Our Newport museum has more information."

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008



Vivian and Dwight at the Deiter place.

of us kids, and probably plenty of crumbs after a meal.

In the winter we could walk on top of the snow's crust and go diagonally across the fields and over the fences to school. The snow was so deep we could coast down the hill and over the fencepost.

Brownie: If Dad was late getting home, Mom would keep going to the back door and listening for the horses. If it got too late, she would feed us kids and we would go to bed.

The next move was to the Priest place near Davis Lake. We lived in two different houses there, one of which, on April 19th, 1918, Fern was born in.

May, Vivian, and I rode a horse to school in Dalkena. We had an adult saddle. I rode in front and drove. Vivian sat behind me and May sat behind the saddle. We were told not to race with the other kids, but sometimes we did. We went up a hill before we got home so we could get the horse slowed down. Sometimes I would go for a ride at noon — until someone told Dad and he put a stop to it. One warm day we were going along in a leisurely manner, and I kicked the horse to speed him up. He did, but May slid over the tail of the horse to the ground.

Ve: I remember our collie dog, Jack, racing from the barn to the house with Brownie. Jack was the dog that swallowed a string of popcorn that we were threading together for the Christmas tree — swallowed it needle and all.

When Cecil was born, I remember Dad racing home and running into the house.

Lila Strong was working for Mom and Dad. She would say "Shall I bake a pie today?" Then she would answer her own question, "Yes" or

"No".

Dwight had whooping cough and would sit up on a high stool and cough.

I don't remember the Priest place where Fern was born, but I do remember the Davis place and Davis Lake where Dad would take us for a boat ride in the evening. We had to take turns because there were too many of us for a small rowboat. Sometimes we would go to a sandy beach on the lake to play in the water. There were little water snakes that swam around. I didn't like them.

At the auction we had before leaving Davis Lake I remember lot of ladies sitting in a row, and Brownie passing a plate of food with me following. They all took from Brownie's plate until one lady said, "I'll take some from this little girl's plate."

It was on the 11th of November, 1918, when we moved to Newport by wagon. Fern was about six months old, and May would turn 12 on the 24th of that month. I remember a neighbor lady asking Mother if she'd like May to take the baby to the neighbor's house during unloading.

Brownie told me that after the move, while we were trying to get the beds set up and something to eat, all at once the bells began to ring and whistles started to blow. Dad walked uptown to see what had happened. The Armistice had just been signed. (The Armistice ending World War I.)

Brownie: Our house in Newport was on Main Street. We had a cow and, I think, chickens. We played across the street in the evening with the

Fern, Cecil, and the dog Jack.



The Influenza Pandemic of 1918

⁽³⁾ According to material published by the Center for Disease Control, 1918 suffered three distinct pandemic waves. These occurred in the northern hemisphere in a spring to summer, summer to fall, and then a final winter sequence that continued well into 1919 in many countries. The three wave sequence was in itself unusual, but the fact that the second wave was so much more virulent than the other two still continues to puzzle. It's likely that one third of the world's population — 500 million out of 1.5 billion — had the flu that year. An estimated 50 million people worldwide died of it.

The second wave influenza arrived in Washington State late — in the third week of September. It was carried by recruits from Philadelphia arriving at the Puget Sound Naval Yard. By September 20th almost 200 cases had been reported at Fort Lewis. By September 25th the flu was epidemic in Seattle. By the third week of October state officials “reluctantly admitted” what everyone else knew, “the disease (was) epidemic (in) Seattle and Spokane.” Peaking during early winter, the second wave pandemic lingered on into the spring of 1919.

The CDC reports that there was a very un-flulike design to the pandemic's epidemiology. Normally those most injured by the flu can be charted by the victim's age on a ‘U’ shaped graph — most fatalities found on each end of the graph, among the very youngest and the very oldest. The unique signature of the second wave flu was a ‘W’ shaped graph. As expected, the youngest and oldest were well represented on each end, but there was a large spike in the very center of the population — among the twenty to forty year olds. Traditionally this was considered the age group most resistant to flu fatalities — the age group with the strongest immune system.

The National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases reports that the flu caused death, often within hours of infection, by drowning the victims in their own lung secretions. It appears that the virility of the second wave flu occurred because the flu wasn't acting alone, rather that most victims died from a massive pneumonia caused by a secondary bacterial infection. The route to massive lung infection was opened by the flu virus when the virus attacked and destroyed the ciliated cells that line the entire respiratory system. Without the mechanical clearing action of the ciliated cells' hair-like projections, bacteria from the nose and throat had easy access to the virally damaged tissues lining the deepest parts of the lungs.

neighbor kids. There was no traffic. May generally stayed in the house and darned socks or read a book.

Ve: *We lived next to the Nunnery. Across the street and closer to town were the Braddock's. Right across the street was where little “even little Clara can sew on buttons” lived. Her mother had sent a spool of basting thread with short lengths over to Mother (Possibly a hint regarding missing buttons on the Boyd's kid's clothes?) — which Mother didn't appreciate at all.*

Dad logged down the Pend Oreille River and would ride in the train's caboose to get home. He was just home Saturday nights and Sundays.

Brownie: (Recalling the famous 1918 flu pandemic⁽³⁾) *We all got sick during the epidemic. Mom finally called a doctor to the house. He prescribed a dose of calomel for each of us. He said Mom was the sickest one of us all. It was said she had the flu on her feet. The minister traveled down the river to get Dad.*

Another time, someone told Dad about some really good land around Deer Park. I don't know how he found out about any particular piece, but he bought a piece sight unseen. It was north of Deer Park, and quite sandy.

(It's believed that the 25 acres purchased sight unseen was on the northwest corner of the intersection of Montgomery and Sherman Roads — several miles north of Deer Park.)

Ve: *We moved to Deer Park in May, 1920 — just before school was out for the year. I remember mother telling us to follow Miss Eastland so we could find the school — she was a teacher who lived next door. It must have been Dwight and I because Vera wasn't six until that June. May and Brownie had been promoted before we left Newport. The house where we lived was across Crawford and a little east of the high school. I remember a group of girls were brought to our yard — or Miss Eastland's yard — to practice May Pole dancing. I thought that*

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008



**Dwight, Fern, Vera, and Cecil with the barn cats.
The Lewis place.**

was grand, how they could wind those colored streamers around that pole and all to the music on a record. Cecil and Vera also remember Miss Eastland. Cecil says they used to call her “the lady”.

I also remember riding the train to Hillyard to visit our grandparents.

Vera: At that time Grandma and Grandpa Kilpatrick were living outside of Hillyard. They had a detached cookhouse out back where they heated water, did the washing, and also cooked in the summertime to keep the house cooler.

Aunt Winnie lived with them — she sold books — and they would walk to the stores in Hillyard. On Sundays they would take the streetcar to church.

Once I got a blister on my heel that bled, and when we got back Grandpa scraped the dried blood off with his jackknife.

The only outstanding thing about Mother’s brothers and sisters was Uncle Fred and Aunt Myrtle. She always fussed about the dust on the road and would roll up the car windows.

Grandpa and Grandma had a little radio with earphones that I thought was out of this world. Mother and Dad didn’t have a radio until we all gave them one on their 25th wedding anniversary.

Ve: My family moved to the Lewis Place about two and a half miles northwest of Deer Park. This move brought us a square, two-story house to live in, and a near-by creek to play in.

(This property was believed to have been located where Enoch Road dead-ends — near the creek about a half mile west of Short Road. It was assumed to have been rented.)

Brownie: There was a pond there where

we tried to swim in the summer and skate in winter. Mom would try to catch fish there also.

I was still the family chore-boy, but Dwight was big enough now to help.

Ve: Brownie and I would go to find a log to sit on and eat our piece of fried chicken that each had saved from Sunday dinner. Mother saved a piece to eat on Monday while she did the washing — she said it tasted better then.

We tried to learn to swim in the creek. We used one-gallon lard pails with tight lids and connected them with strings to use as water wings. We thought it was fun, but I don’t know that we learned to swim.

Then there was what we called the “jungle” — a wooded, swampy area below the house where a lot of ferns grew. It was really cool in summer.

May: I was able to keep up scholastically, but was socially behind my classmates — graduating from high school at age sixteen and a half. When I started teaching — after two years at Cheney Normal School — I still wasn’t eighteen, and had to teach on a temporary certificate until my 18th birthday in November.

I met my husband, Ray Ball, while teaching near Reardan. He was the uncle of one of my students. Ray was taking a barbering course in Spokane at that time. Whenever Ray was visiting his family, I didn’t have to walk the mile to school, and the children had a rhyme to chant — “Ray and May in the Chevrolet.”

Vera: Living on the Lewis place, our main pastime was playing with the Port kids halfway between their place and ours. When school was out we went barefooted — except when we went to Sunday school or somewhere like that. We got a new pair of shoes each fall just before the start of school.

I remember us having so much snow, and Dad driving the horses and sled by following the line of fence posts — as the snow was so deep he couldn’t tell where the road was.

I think it was Fern and I who learned to ride the bike in the barnyard — learned to ride by pushing off from a box and going until we tumbled off. Then we’d get up and try again.

Mother and Dad had gotten the bike (a frame and two wheels without fenders) so Dwight could ride to the place on the Fan Lake Road to tend to the cattle kept there. He did that every day after

**Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008**

school.

(Fan Lake Road is assumed to be Sherman Road. The property in question was believed to have been the 25 acres purchased sight unseen when the family was still living in Newport.)

There was a time when Brownie and Cecil were kept in isolation in the upstairs bedroom because Doctor Slater thought they might have diphtheria. There was a register in the floor just above the heater in the front room that we could talk through. It makes me think of the beads or earring that was sent up for them to see. Mother tried to sterilize the article by putting it in the oven — where it melted.

Cecil: *Dad worked in the timber in and around Newport and Deer Park — those were lumber towns then — as well as working the Deer Park farm. Dad would haul logs for the sawmills in the winter, and cut cord wood, clear land, and farm the rest of the time. This was the 1930s, the time of the Great Depression, so you worked whenever you could.*

Logging involved cutting down trees large enough to make lumber. This was done with a hand powered crosscut saw. Next an axe was used to trim off the limbs, and the fallen tree sawed — again with the crosscut — into lengths. The logs were skidded by teams of horses to a loading area. At that point they were loaded — again with the aid of horses — onto sleds and hauled to the mill.

Sawmills would contract with individual teamsters. As I recall, Dad preferred not to take a contract that called for skidding the logs out of the winter woods because there was a danger of the horses injuring themselves — calking themselves.

By calking I mean — snow wasn't plowed off the roads. As the snow packed down, sleds could be easily pulled over the surface. In order to keep the horses from slipping on the icy roads, the horses were shod with shoes faced with calks — sharp projections pointing downward. If a horse would accidentally step one foot on the other, these calks could puncture the foot and lame the horse for a considerable period. If you only had two horses, as Dad did, you were out of business for weeks.

Logging was dangerous business, and accidents were common. As Brownie indicated in her account of our family, Mom would worry if Dad was late — and would go to the door to listen. The jingle of harness chains can be heard a long ways on

a cold winter's night.

After the saw timber was removed, the smaller trees were cut so they could be fed into a furnace — cut into four foot cordwood lengths and split. Dad had a contract to supply the Deer Park schools for a number of years. He also shipped cordwood by rail to the Spokane fuel yards.

When clearing land for farming — after the small trees were cut, the brush was chopped out with a grub hoe. This was a pick-like tool, except it had a flat blade on one end for cutting and digging out roots.

A lot of land was covered with what we called buckbrush. This was a low growing bush. Each plant covered a large area, though it originated from a single taproot. When the taproot was cut, the entire bush could be pulled away.

After the brush and tree branches were piled, the small stumps were pulled out of the ground with a team of horses. Our team was named Prince and Duke. We used them for logging, land clearing, farming, and to drive to church on Sunday.

When pulling stumps, Dad always cautioned us to not let the team pull more than twice. If the stump didn't come out in two tries, leave it. Don't let them hit it a third time.

These horses were trained. They hit it really easy the first time. The second time they would back up a step and lunge into the harness. You could hear the collars snap into their shoulders. The third time something was going to break — either the stump or the harness. Stumps too big to pull were left.

Harnesses we had to keep in repair — and more often than not were repaired with baling wire off of hay bales. Harnesses and equipment repaired with baling wire led to the term "a haywire outfit" — which our outfit was much of the time.

In the fall, after a rain or two reduced the danger of the fire getting away, the brush piles and stumps were burned. Every fall the entire community would have a pall of overhanging smoke from all the burning brush piles. Big stumps often wouldn't burn out in one season. They would be burned again the next fall — and so on until they had either burned away or rotted enough to be removed. We never used explosives.

In the meantime, we farmed around the stumps. We turned the ground with a one-furrow walking plow, disked, harrowed, and planted —

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008

usually a grain crop — all with a team of horses. Working around the stumps, that's where the term "stump ranch" came from.

No one seems to have recorded just when we moved from the Lewis place to the house on Fan Lake Road. We must have made this move in 1926 or shortly thereafter, because it was after my accident. I recall being told that Dad bought 25 acres of the Fan Lake Road property while we were still living in Newport. Most, if not all of that, was still in timber and brush. The saw logs were gone, but there were still trees suitable for cordwood standing.

Sometime after moving to Deer Park and the Lewis place, Dad bought the 55 acres adjoining our Fan Lake Road property. This land had a house, barn, and so on — and some of it was already cleared.

It was an encounter with a big stump that caused my accident. Dad had planted some land on the Fan Lake Road property in winter wheat, but a late spring frost froze the wheat flowers and no grain formed. To salvage the crop, Dad mowed it down, raked it into windrows, and then shocked it — piled it into heaps so it would cure and he could use it for hay.

We were gathering this hay, piling it loose inside the wagon's racks. My brother, Dwight, and I were on the wagon — I was ten at the time, Dwight would have been fourteen. With a hay fork, Dad was pitching from the ground. Dwight was spreading the hay around the wagon bed and I was standing at the front of the bed, driving.

There wasn't any hay where I'd been standing. Dad said we would pick up a couple of more shocks and then go in to unload, but Dwight should fill the hole where I'd been standing first. I moved, and Dwight started piling hay forward. As I drove the team toward the next shock, the hay piled above the top of the trailer's front rack slipped for-

ward and both it and I fell down behind the horses. Scared, the horses ran.

They came around in a tight circle, tipping both the load and Dwight off the wagon. Encountering a big stump, one horse went on each side. Somewhere in all this, I got caught between the horses, stump, and wagon.

Dad grabbed the bridle of one horse and pulled the team to a stop.

A neighbor, putting up hay in a field north of us, saw the horses run. He said he saw "someone fly about twenty feet into the air". He ran to his house, got his car, and drove to our property.

Dwight dug himself out from under the hay and Dad had him hold the horses as he picked me up and put me in the wagon. The neighbor met us at the farm buildings, and drove us the three miles to Doctor Slater's in Deer Park.

The last I remember was the horses running and me hanging on for dear life. The next thing I remember was Mother arriving at the doctor's office, maybe an hour later.

Doctor H. H. Slater ⁽⁴⁾ had been a surgeon in WWI France. He had lots of experience putting people back together. His office was in his home, and his wife was his assistant.

When I woke up, the doctor was cleaning my wounds, and mother was asking him if he shouldn't give me something to kill the pain. I had a big tear under my left arm, a gash down the middle of my back, and a cracked collar bone. Slater said "No" to the pain medication. He explained that I was in shock and couldn't feel anything, but that he would give me something when he started to sew me up.

I didn't have any underwear on because, when you were working in the hay, underwear was just someplace for chaff to collect and make you itch. We just wore bib overalls and shirts. Mother

Doctor H. H. Slater

⁽⁴⁾ H. H. Slater was born in England in 1869. His family immigrated to America — to Illinois — about 1874. He taught school and married, and then entered the University of Illinois and graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1892 — with honors.

That same year he purchased the Deer Park practice of Doctor W. M. Neman and moved his family to the community — where he continued to practice for the next forty-two years.

While serving with the medical corps during World War I, Doctor Slater was exposed to the very best of European art. In his later years he was reported to have become a "skillful painter" himself.

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008

was embarrassed, thinking that the doctor might think we couldn't afford underwear — which was probably true.

They cleaned me up as best they could, then put a mask over my face and gave me some ether. Then they sewed me up — forty stitches under my left arm and about 10 in my back. The collar bone they didn't worry about.

After this, considering that the closest hospital was in Spokane, Mom and Dad took me home.

I recovered without any infection. I think the doctor used carbolic acid as a disinfectant — as there weren't any antibiotics in those days.

Ve: When Doctor Slater came to the house to dress Cecil's cuts, he asked a riddle. "How do you take tape off a boy and not start him crying? The answer, "Pull it off when he's already crying."

Cecil: I could have killed him. But he did a remarkable job of getting me well again.

Brownie was working for a family in Spokane that summer, taking care of their kids and helping with the housework. After the accident, they brought her out one weekend to see me.

The man was an engineer for the power company in Spokane. He had balloon tires on his car. These were bigger than the ordinary tires, and softer. He complained to Dad about the holes in the road, saying they would ruin his tires. He said Dad should "grade the road" to fill them up. As I recall, Dad wasn't much impressed.

There's a family story about why, after we came to Deer Park, the folks chose the Congregational Church. It's said the family visited a number of Protestant churches, but Dad liked the Congregational best because there were cushions on the seats — so he could sleep better.

My reading seems to indicate that there wasn't a Presbyterian Church in Deer Park at that time. The Congregational was probably closer to the Presbyterian than the other Protestant churches, and this no doubt also factored in their decision. Anyway, sleep Dad did.

Dad was, among other things, a church usher for many years. The Boyd's all sat together in the same pew. Dad sat next to the center aisle so he could carry out his usher duties. Then came Fern — the baby — and Mom, and me — as the next to the youngest — then Vera, Dwight, Ve, Brownie and May. Sorted according to age and size.

Time after time Dad's head would bob, and Mother would reach over, poke him in the ribs, and whisper, "Dad, wake up."

Sleep or not, he could usually tell you what the sermon was about.

We got a car in 1926. Before that we rode to church every Sunday in a two seated buggy drawn by the same team we used for farming. One was a bay named Prince, the other a white-gray horse named Duke. In the spring, when the horses were shedding, hair would fly off onto us. When we got to town, we often had to brush off all the gray horse-hair — so we wouldn't look like a bunch of "hay seeds".

Talking about going barefoot in the summer, at night we couldn't go to bed until we had washed our feet. Hot water wasn't very plentiful — it had to be pumped by hand, carried into the house, and heated on a wood burning stove. So, we all washed in the same water.

We had a ritual. Mom or Dad would call us in to get ready for bed. Immediately someone would holler out "I'm first." Some else would holler "I'm second." And so on. The one who was first had to get the wash pan, water, and towels — but they also got to wash in the warmest, cleanest water. The last one had the coldest, dirtiest water, and also had to put all the stuff away after.

We only took baths once a week — on Saturday night.

To start school in the fall, we always got a new pair of shoes. After going barefoot all summer, those new shoes were tight, stiff, and — for a while — uncomfortable. Dwight and I always wanted high top shoes or boots. That way we didn't have to wear overshoes. One year I got a pair that had a pocket on the side that I could put a jackknife in. I thought that was great.

We were still living on the Lewis place when we got our first car — a Model T Ford touring. Roads were not maintained for cars. Also, there wasn't any antifreeze. You had to drain the radiator all the time in the winter to keep it from freezing. I remember we put blankets over the engine and in front of the radiator to keep things from freezing while driving. No self-starter, so in winter we also heated the water before filling the radiator, which made the car easier to crank — as did jacking it up so the back wheels were off the ground.

There was no spare tire. The Model T



A Friend in Need!

LAST tube punctured—patches won't stick—you're ready to start home on the rim. Then along comes a helpful friend and shows you how to vulcanize that puncture for good in five minutes. He will tell you that he would not take ten dollars for the feeling of security his Shaler Vulcanizer gives him and advise you to get one at the next garage or accessory store you pass. You'll do it, and next time the emergency comes you will thank your lucky star that you were prepared.

Cost only \$1.50

Slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada. Vulcanizes boots, rubbers, gloves, coats, etc. No gasoline. Each Patch-&-Heat Unit contains its own fuel. A match is all you need.

**SHALER
5 MINUTE
VULCANIZER**

The outfit includes the Vulcanizer—12 Patch-&-Heat Units (6 round for punctures and 6 oblong for cuts). Extra Patch-&-Heat Units, 75 cents a dozen.

C. A. SHALER COMPANY, 165 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis., U.S.A.

came equipped with a jack, a set of tire irons, a package of tire-tube patching material, and a hand pump for air. All tires back then had inner-tubes. Tubeless tires were unheard of. Flat tires were fixed on the road.

Brownie: We finally moved off the Lewis place and onto our own land. I wonder why we didn't go there in the beginning. The folks raised chickens for fryers and sold cream. One winter the well went dry and Dad hauled water from a stream two miles away. He would dip it up and empty it into barrels on a sled. There had to be enough for

animals, the house, laundry, baths, and so on.

Cecil: To get the water out of the barrel we tipped it over the side of the sled box. One time the barrel got away from me. My finger got smashed between the barrel of water and the edge of the watering trough. I still have the scar.

One winter Dad got a sinus infection and was pretty well laid up with bad headaches for a long time. There wasn't much to do about it — no antibiotics. One day in the spring all the neighbors showed up with their equipment and put a crop in for him.

Our road was one they trailed sheep to summer pasture on. One spring, after the herd had gone by, we heard a lamb bleating in the corner of a fence. The band of sheep was long gone, so we bottle fed the lamb and it became a real pet—and at times a nuisance. That fall it got into a field of green alfalfa, bloated, and died. A sad time.

We walked to school. If there was a basketball game at night, we'd walk back to school again. The shortest route went past a graveyard. Dwight wouldn't go that way after dark. He took the long way around. I teased him for being afraid, even though I walked a bit faster when I went by it myself.

Ve: Once on a cold evening walk by the graveyard — I remember there was snow on the ground — Brownie and I saw the Fancher Beacon⁽⁵⁾, northeast of Spokane. We wondered what in the world that light was.

The house on the Old Colville Road (the Fan Lake Road) was a two story house. It had a big upstairs porch on the back and a big porch at ground level on the front — facing east.

Mother's turkeys roamed the barnyard -- and they were never allowed to get their feet wet when it rained.

Dad put up a barbed wire fence between the house and the road. Fern forgot about the fence when running out to the roadside mailbox. She had quite a gash in her neck.

Our *Delco System gave us electric lights

Fancher Memorial Airway Beacon

⁽⁵⁾ A revolving searchlight located due north of Felts Field on the 2591 foot summit of Beacon Hill. The beacon was named after Major John Fancher, the first commander of the 116th Observation Squadron, 41st Division Air Services, of the National Guard. The unit was formed in 1924. Major Fancher was killed in an aircraft mishap in 1928.

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008



The Boyd Family
Back row: May, Ve, Dwight, Vera, and Brownie
Front row: Cecil, Dora, Loren, and Fern.

and an electric water pump. That was quite an improvement. Before, Dad pumped water by hand for the cattle and horses.

*(For a description of a Delco electric generation system see Mortarboard #6, page 65, column two. Mortarboard #6 can be found in Volume 2 of the Collected Newsletters.)

Vera: My kitty would climb up the Mountain Ash, onto the roof of the front porch, and through my bedroom window to sleep on my bed. One night he had been fighting in the manure pile before coming — which was not appreciated by mother.

I marvel at how the seven of us always had our needs met with little extras on birthdays and so forth with the lack of money and conveniences we had.

Cecil: Dad built a big chicken house and raised white leghorn chickens for their eggs. The eggs had to be cleaned with sand paper. If you wash an egg with water, the water takes off the natural seal and the egg doesn't keep as well. Cleaning eggs was a constant job. After being cleaned and graded, they were packed into crates that held thirty

dozen. Dad would haul a load of eggs to the Cooperative Marketing Association in Spokane, and bring back a load of feed — all in the back seat of our Model T Ford. It got to be more of a truck than a car.

Eggs were worth 10 cents a dozen, at one time during the depression.

He also got into the turkey business. But turkeys and chickens don't mix. The chickens gave the turkeys a fatal disease called 'black-head', so we had to keep the two separated.

Turkeys were holiday birds in those days — only available for Thanksgiving and Christmas. A neighbor also raised them. A few days before the holiday were spent dressing them. They were killed, plucked, and the entrails removed — all at the farm. Then they were sold as "dressed" turkeys.

Chickens were prepared the same way. At one time, Mother had a number of customers in Deer Park for farm made butter, cream, eggs, and dressed chickens. We made deliveries once a week.

May: On August 22nd, 1928, Ray Ball and I were married in the old farmhouse. Ray was born and raised in Helena. He bought a barber shop in Saint Ignatius, Montana, just before we were married. The purchase also included a house. We lived in Montana for 17 years, and our four children, Donald, Dorothy, Eleanor, and Esther were born there.

Ve: Then there was the time when our dog snapped at Donald while they were visiting from Montana. Dad decided we couldn't have that, so he took the dog out back of the barn and shot it. Mother had me play the organ really loud so that no one could hear the shot.

Cecil: Dad lost the place during the "Bank Holiday" ⁽⁶⁾ of the Roosevelt Administration in March of 1933. He didn't own another farm until Dwight and him bought the Westby place in 1940 — the farm on the northwest corner of the intersection of Montgomery and Spotted Roads. He was sixty-four or sixty-five years old at the time. Most of his

Banking Holiday — 1933

⁽⁶⁾ Franklin Roosevelt took office on March 4th, 1933. On March 6th he issued a proclamation closing all banks for at least 4 days. All bank transactions, including the transfer of gold bullion to foreign banks, was to cease. On the 10th, Congress passed the first of a series of emergency banking measures — including a rule that all banks must be federally certified before reopening. By the 15th of March, banks controlling about 90 percent of the nation's remaining wealth had reopened.

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008

life he'd been a 'Stump Rancher' — transforming timberland into farmland.

Brownie and Roy Hazard were married August 31st, 1935. Brownie was teaching at the Wild Rose School, and rooming across the road at the Losh home. Roy, the son of Wild Rose pioneers Rowland Hazard and Della Losh, was a local farmer. Most likely Roy was a frequent visitor to the Losh family home — where Brownie was staying.

Roy and Brownie (Gladys) raised three children at their home on Wild Rose — Jean, born in 1938, Mary, born in 1940, and George, born in 1943.

Vera married Leslie Osborne on the same day — August 31st, 1935. Les was the son of a Methodist minister that served for a time in Deer Park. Les and Vera had two children — Lloyd, born in 1937, and Bill, born in 1943. Les was a bus driver for the city of Spokane. Lloyd worked his high school summers for his uncle, Dwight Boyd, at the farm on Spotted Road.

Cecil: *I graduated from high school in 1935. One of Roosevelt's depression recovery programs was the National Youth Administration (NYA). This was intended to help young people go to college — the first government assistance program for higher education in this country. Dad wrote to someone about it. I was working for Lloyd Losh on Wild Rose Prairie that summer, so one weekend when I was home Dad had me fill out an application. I wasn't all that good a student, and wasn't sure I'd be accepted by the college at Pullman, but I was — along with being accepted by the assistance program.*

Ve was teaching school and said she would help, but she also said I would have to tend to business — no fooling around.

The NYA program allowed me to work 40 hours a month at 37½¢ an hour. This gave me \$15.00 a month. The work was supposed to be something that the college wouldn't do anyway. So the first job I had was laying sod on a golf course they were building. That winter I worked feeding beef cattle for the Animal Science Department.

The beef barn where I fed cattle in 1935 was, at some point, taken over by the Washington State University Alumni Association, and is now their Alumni Center. Helen and I visited it when we went back in 1989 for the 50th anniversary of my graduation from college.

The second year I got a job milking cows

for the dairy department — and milked cows the rest of my college days.

One advantage to milking was you got to live in the 'dairy shack' — a small house where the dairy barn workers batched. I worked early morning shift, and there were times it was so cold we had to warm up the milking machine parts in a tub of hot water so they wouldn't stick to our fingers.

Brownie: *Dad and Dwight bought a baler and did custom work. Then they bought the Westby place in the Clayton area — due west of where we had been. They had a grade-A dairy there. And Dwight drove a school bus.*

On July 24th, 1940, Dwight married Betty Tarbert. She was born and raised just west of Wild Rose Prairie, in Stevens County. Her grandparents, Joseph and Nancy Tarbert were early settlers in Wild Rose.

Dwight and Betty had four children. Sharon (the author of this article) was born in 1941, Dorthy in 1942, Joan in 1946, and William in 1949.

Fern married Burke Spake on June 25th, 1941, at the farm on Spotted Road. Burke and Dwight met in the Civil Conservation Corps at Fort Lewis when they played on the same baseball team. They hung out, mined and logged in the Okanogan after the CCC. Burke came to Deer Park with Dwight to help with the harvest and was introduced to Fern. Fern and Burke went to Chelan to live, because Burke's parents owned apple orchards there.

They had two daughters — Sally Jo and Marsha, born in 1945 and '49.

After the marriage failed in the 1960s, Fern went back to teaching and died of cancer in 1968.

May: *When World War II started, Ray went of Farragut to work, and then to what is now Fairchild Air Base.*

The Ball family moved to Washington, first to Moran Prairie south of Spokane, and then to Deer Park — where my folks were living. Ray bought a barber shop in Deer Park, so I came back to where I'd lived while going to high school.

Ve: *While the folks were living on the Spotted Road farm — a place known as the old Westby place — Mother had a gas motor on her washing machine. One morning Dad was carrying a kerosene lantern when he went to the garage to get gas for the washer. Somehow he spilled some gas on his hand and the flame from the lantern ignited it.*

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008

His hand was burned severely. Doctor Slater tended it. The hand healed, but Dad never had normal use of it from then on.

I taught in the elementary grades for six and a half years — all in Spokane County. On December 17, 1943, when Lester — called Bud by his family — returned from overseas, we were married at the Open Door Congregational Church in Deer Park. We lived in Texas for a year while he was in the service. We've lived in the Spokane area ever since.

Ann was born in 1945, and Lynn in 1948. We had a small house built in Dishman on the 'tomato patch' of Bud's folk's place, and lived there while he and his Dad built the house we've lived in ever since. We've been zoned commercial for many years — but we still live there.

Cecil married Marianne Davidson on March 10th, 1946, in Seattle. Loren and Dora went over with Phillip Frey who was best man, and Roy and Brownie (Gladys) Hazard flew over to attend their wedding.

Marianne and Cecil had three children. Carolyn was born in 1946, James was born in 1950, and Barbara in 1953.

While teaching at the University of Idaho, Cecil took a sabbatical to attend and receive a doctorate in Dairy Science from the University of Michigan. He then accepted a position as a department head in the College of Agriculture at Montana State University in Montana.

Unfortunately Marianne developed and endured multiple sclerosis until her death in 1976. Cecil married again — Helen McCarthy of Townsend, Montana.

Brownie: *When the partnership between Dad and Dwight was dissolved, the farm was divided into two 80 acre plots. Dad's parcel was all land. Dwight got the part with the buildings.*

The folks moved a little house from the farm into Deer Park, setting it on a lot along 'B' Street. They lived in a rental while building on. Mom had her first heart attack in this rental.

Dwight and Betty continued to run the dairy until they sold their share of the farm in 1955. They moved to Deer Park, where Dwight later became the Shell Oil Distributor. Betty worked for Mary DePaola-Hopkins in the store, and later for Doctor Christofferson.

Brownie: *The folks later sold their share*

of the farm to Donald Ball, a grandson. When Dad was ready to quit driving, they sold the house on 'B' Street and bought a house on Main Street. Mom could walk to the store, post office, and church. Because of poor circulation in his legs, Dad walked with two crutches.

Mom had rheumatic fever as a child, and had a leaky heart valve. Eventually the valve quit completely, but she still lived on a month as a bed-ridden patient in the hospital.

Aldora Boyd died on March 23rd, 1963.

Brownie: *The Balls bought a trailer and put it in their back yard. Dad sold his house and moved into this as a rental. He ate one hot meal with the Balls each day, and otherwise took care of himself. May went over to check on his heat one night. He walked a few steps to his bed, took a deep breath, and that was it.*

Mom lived to be 78, Dad to 96. The folks kept active minds all during their lives, and it was always a joy to be around them.

Loren Boyd died December 14th, 1972.

Ve: *I returned to teaching in 1962. We both, Bud and I, retired in 1972 — Bud from the postal service. We took our first overseas trip that summer. Our son Lynn was stationed near Frankfurt, Germany. After a bus tour through Western Europe, we visited Lynn before coming home.*

We drove to Alaska and back in a Shasta motor home the next summer, and went on a tour of Israel in 1974. In 1975 it was Great Britain and Scandinavia. And in the fall of 1976 we started taking the motor home south every winter.

Those were enjoyable times, but in 1981 a string of surgeries was scheduled for Bud's hand, feet, and knees to correct damage from rheumatoid arthritis. We stayed close to home after that.

Over the years we have lost more of this generation. Ray Ball in 1977. Roy Hazard in 1986. Dwight Boyd in 1987. Bud Burton in 1991. Les Osborne and Gladys (Brownie) Hazard in 1993. Betty Boyd, Dwight's wife, in 1999. Passing away in their nineties were May Ball, in 2003, and Ve Burton, in 2006.

Vera Osborne lives in a nursing home near Portland, Oregon. Cecil and Helen Boyd live in Bozeman, Montana.

Cecil: *Vera says she marvels at how, with so little, we got along as kids. I guess we didn't know any different and were happy with what we*

**Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008**

had. I don't remember feeling like I was poor. But I'm sure other people probably thought we were. Everyone was poor in those days, but we always had enough to eat and clothes to wear. We were exposed to a good religious climate and had an opportunity to get a higher education. And as far as I know, everyone stayed out of jail. In many ways we were pretty rich.

Author's Note: The following items, incorporated into this article, were used by permission. "My Memories", by Gladys (Brownie) Boyd-Hazard. "Recollections", by Vera Marine Boyd-Osborne. "Thinking Back Over the Years", by Vivian (Ve) Boyd-Burton. "Additional Recollections", by May Boyd-Ball. And two items by James Cecil Boyd — "Timberland into Farm Land" and "My Period of Time".

Thanks to my aunts and uncle for writing these remembrances and allowing me to share them with you. And thanks to all my cousins for their support and permission to use this material where applicable. We are so lucky to have these writings to share with our family and friends.

Editor's Note: Sharon Clark faced the daunting task of taking material drawn from five written sources, adding her own knowledge of her family's history, and blending it all together along a chronological timeline suggestive of story continuity.

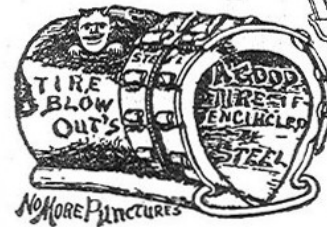
In the editing process much of the original text she supplied has been altered. This was done to condense the article, to clarify certain passages, and, hopefully, round and smooth the transitions between the separate voices used in the text. The changes to the source text has largely been by my suggestion or at my keyboard. The final changes I've made to the original — especially that text drawn from the original accounts of the five Boyd children — is a matter of my editorial judgment. Since my judgment can often be disputed, any fault found in that regard is mine, and not that of the author.

The editor, as well as the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society, invites comments and corrections to this or any other material found in C/DPHS publications. Recollections from other families regarding events similar to those described here — such as the 1918 pandemic, the use of Delco electric generation systems, farming techniques and the like — are always invited. After all, such is all part

of this community's shared history, and the reason for the existence of this historical society.

ANTI-SKID CHAIN

Can be put on in a jiffy with one hand while standing on the run board.



Try 2 or 3 sections over any old blowout. Can't have blow-outs, punctures; neither can the rubber wear off.

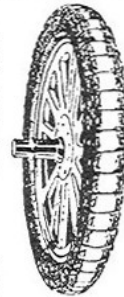
STEEL TIRE PROTECTORS

Tires can't wear out if covered with Steel. Try a few sections over any old blow-out. Tires are as flexible as ever.

Can't Skid.

Special Inducements to Those in New Territory.

KIMBALL TIRE CASE CO.
166 Broadway Council Bluffs, Ia.



*Advertisements
February 1921*



NEVILLE "MORE-ROOM" STEERING WHEEL

The steady demand for Neville "More-Room" Steering Wheels means year-round profits for motor and accessory dealers.

Your jobber can supply you.

Descriptive literature on request.

There is a Neville Wheel for every make of car

NEVILLE STEERING WHEEL & MFG. CO.
137 BEAUBIEN ST. DETROIT, MICH.

Society Minutes — November, 2008

The November meeting of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society was called to order by President Bill Sebright at 09:03 AM. Those present at the November 8th meeting — being held at our usual venue in the Clayton Drive In — were Mark Wagner, Patricia Parker, Wally Lee Parker, Rob Higgins, Bob Clouse, Marilyn Reilly, Betty Burdette, Sharon Clark, Bob Gibson, Etta May Bennett, Jack Thayer, Elizabeth Thayer, Lorraine Ball, Don Ball, Warren Nord, Lorraine Nord, and Evelyn Tilson.

Treasurer Mark Wagner reported on the current status of the Society's finances. All was found in order and appropriate.

Editor of Print Publications, Wally Parker, delivered and distributed print copies of issue #7 of the Society's newsletter, the Mortarboard. It was also stated that issue #7 had been posted as a PDF file on the Society's website — available for viewing and download.

Wally is attempting to calculate the cost of laser printing the Mortarboards and other Society publications. The current estimate places the cost of each sheet of legal size material, printed both sides, at 16¢ for printing and 2¢ for paper. Each such sheet would contain 4 pages of Mortarboards, Collected Newsletter, or Reports.

The above would place the estimated cost of a 12 page Mortarboard at 54 cents and the cost of the standard 75 free copies printed at \$40.50. Each 48 page volume of the reports, including the paper cost and printing of the cover, comes to \$2.32. That gives us 68¢ profit for each volume sold at \$3.00. Since the Collected Newsletters have one more sheet, they cost \$2.50 to produce — which leaves a 50¢ margin.

Both the Reports and Collected Newsletters, due to the type of printing used on the thicker card-stock covers, requires a coating of acrylic spray to stabilize the ink. Wally expects it may be costing as much as 12¢ for each cover, but will have to count the number of sheets covered by a couple of more cans of acrylic before that's confirmed.

Though there continues to be steady sales of our charge items, the Reports and Collected Newsletters, deducting the expense of the free Newsletters from the actual profits means that our publications are operating at a loss. We expect that

to continue until the volume of written material available for sale expands substantially.

It was reported that the Prestini Project's by invitation only showing of Leno Prestini paintings was held at the Colville museum of the Stevens County Historical Society in late October. Ten area artists took advantage of the invitations, including Chewelah's David Govedare, Loon Lake's Eve DuBois, and Valley's Sharon "Shane" Wayson. The attending artist will critique and interpret Leno's art for the Project.

A 1957 issue of the Deer Park newspaper stated that the brick for the Kelly building located on the northwest corner of Deer Park's Main and Crawford were fired at one or more brick kilns in the Denison area south of Deer Park. The kilns were located near Bill Agar's home on the north side of Denison. The Society is attempting to look further into this matter.

Webmaster Bob Clouse indicated that Shirley (Gettman) Griswell sent a number of photos of the family's dairy farm, and of the winter of 1949-'50. Those are on page 9 of the website's Clayton section.

Under the menu heading 'A Star is Born' are pictures of Eva Marie Sebright and her cousins.

Gordon Grove and Eve Dubois told Bill Sebright they were sorry they had to miss the November meeting, but plan to make December's.

Jack Thayer told the society that he was born in Chewelah 89 years ago in October. He and Elizabeth have been married 65 years. Elizabeth's sister is married to Jack's brother. Jack's dad, Eugene Aloysius, came to Chewelah from Indiana in 1900. He built a lot of local buildings, including Scottie's Service Station and house, Ed Kootz's garage, Calicoat's garage, and Carl Knapp's brick house — all in Clayton.

Bob Gibson said that several issues back there was an article in *Nostalgia Magazine* about a "Junior Church" gathering. Carolyn and Jim Mason were pictured. Jim Mason was Bob's best friend in the first grade, and lived in the superintendent's house just east of the Clayton school. Jim's father, also named Jim, was a Washington Brick, Lime, & Manufacturing Company superintendent. Bob's family moved to Coeur d' Alene after the first grade and the two boys lost touch.

**Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
Newsletter — Issue # 8 (December) — 2008**

Bill Sebright reported that Trudy Lasell had contacted him regarding a picture she had seen in the Zimmerer album on the website. She had some questions about the identification in the photo of her relatives, William and Erie Edington. Bill talked to Mary Zimmerer, who had gone to school with one of the Edingtons. With permission, Bill passed Mary's phone number to Trudy.

Yvonne (Spaulding) Hendrickson emailed Bill regarding Clayton's George Spaulding, which was Yvonne's grandfather's name. She had seen George's photo on our website. She wanted to find out if there was some kind of relationship between her and Clayton's Spaulding family. Bill forwarded the inquiry to Gayle Dwyer, George's sister.

Bill talked to Mary Jo Reiter about the ongoing search for Deer Park's oldest cemetery — as mentioned in the last several Mortarboards. Mary Jo agrees with Bob Gibson's thoughts regarding the location — north of Deer Park and east of Highway

395. She said this with a sly smile, since she recalled the old cemetery as being one of the local kid's favorite parking spots when she was in high school.

Evelyn Tilson gave the society information on her connection with the Klawunder and Kelso families. More on that will follow in future editions of the Mortarboard.

The society wants to thank Marilyn Reilly for helping to get so many people to the meetings.

The meeting was officially adjourned at 10:03. And absolutely no one rushed for the door. Several members however were seen rushing the door from the outside, having read that the meeting was to begin at 10:00 AM.

The next meeting will be on December 13th at the usual time, 09:00 AM — regardless, our president emphatically points out, what the local newspaper says.

Special thanks to proofreaders Paul Erickson, Sharon Clark, Pat Parker, Florene Moore, and Sue Newell.

Society Want Ads

Desperately Needed: information as to the date when Burton Stewart and Leno Prestini climbed the big smokestack at the Clayton brick yard. Estimates so far submitted range from before to after World War II. The date, as close as possible, would be useful in upcoming articles planned for the Mortarboard. Email or mail us at the address supplied below, or tell

any member of the society and the message will get to us.

Artistic Viewpoints Wanted: Would like to speak to any artists, art students, or art historians regarding the techniques and methodology of Leno Prestini's artwork. Please contact the editor of print publications through the email address below.

Wanted — Old Deer Park High School Annuals For Copying: Bill Sebright is attempting to create scans of as many years of the Deer Park annuals as possible for research purposes. Please write Bill at the email address below, or leave a message with any society member.

Society Contacts

Bill Sebright, society President — (president@claytondeerparkhistoricalsociety.com)

Bob Clouse, webmaster — (webmaster@claytondeerparkhistoricalsociety.com)

**Wally Lee Parker, editor of print publications — (print_publications@claytondeerparkhistoricalsociety.com)
C/DPHS, Box 293, Clayton, WA 99110**

Coming Soon

Volume II of the Collected Newsletters should be available this month at the usual outlets — the Clayton Drive In at Clayton, and the Old School House at Loon Lake. Volume II will contain Mortarboard issues five through eight.

If all goes well, the January issue will contain part one of an article titled 'Tuffy's War'.

This will follow the life of former Clayton, Deer Park, and Loon Lake resident Alvin 'Tuffy' Luhr.

Also in the January issue, Charles Stewart's history of "The Ed Kelso Family of Big Foot Valley".

We're going to start the New Year well.