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Historical Society.***

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Deer Park City Hall Complex — 300 Block East 'A' Street — Look for the Sign.
(website) www.cdphs.org
(mailing address) Box 293, Clayton, Washington 99110
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Illustration from "Collier's Weekly," April 22nd, 1905..

Free — Take One

**NEW VENUE FOR MEETINGS — EVERYONE'S WELCOME.
Second Saturday of each month, beginning at 10:00 a.m.,
Deer Park City Hall Complex — 300 Block East 'A' Street — Look for the Sign.**

#161

September

2021

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

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Memoirs of Clara McDonald 1892 — 1935

as extracted from Clara McDonald's handwritten journals by

———— Loretta E. Hall ————

*Reprinted from Loretta's Book,
History of Wild Rose Prairie.*

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Last autumn, society member Peter Coffin drew the Mortarboard's attention to Loretta E. Hall's rendering of Clara McDonald's story as drawn from Clara's handwritten journals — said journals preserved in the archives of the North Spokane Farm Museum. Pete contacted Loretta and obtained her written permission allowing the society to reprint this story. Our thanks to Pete for following through on this, and for transcribing the story as a Word document. Our thanks to Loretta for revealing these unique pieces of the history of Wild Rose Prairie, Scott's Valley, and Tum Tum as recorded by the pioneer homesteader, Clara H. McDonald.

Unless otherwise noted, all textbox data has been added by the Mortarboard's editor.

... as Clara recalled ...

My husband came to the State of Washington March 19, 1892, and a month later my boys and I arrived.

My husband was afflicted with asthma all of his life, and as he grew older it steadily worsened until the doctors said they could

do no more for him. They suggested a change of climate. He chose the State of Washington on the advice of his friends. I also had a sister who had homesteaded on Wild Rose Prairie five years before.

After being in Spokane a week, my husband became so homesick he decided to return to Chicago. When he went to the depot

to buy a ticket, the agent suggested he stay a few more weeks as he was sure he would change his mind. My husband took the agent's advice, but after staying a few weeks his funds ran so low he was unable to return had he wanted to.

A friend in Chicago said when he went west he took a sample case of silverware in case work was not available and he did very well with it. He advised my husband to do likewise. Taking the silverware along was the easiest part of it. My husband had never sold a thing in his life. When he ran out of money he started out with his case. He walked up and down the streets but was never able to get up enough courage to enter a home. Fortunately, his brother-in-law, Frank Newell, located him and insisted he come to his place on Wild Rose Prairie where he had a homestead of 160 acres. At the time there were about 20 families on the prairie.

My journey from Chicago was made easy. My friends telegraphed ahead and had the porters meet me at St. Paul. I had our two children with me. We had a boy of 6 and one that was 3. I came on a faster train than my husband had taken and arrived a day earlier than expected. There was no one to meet me. It was raining hard that day and there I was with two children and twenty cents. I sat in the depot until nearly dark, wondering what I

The Commercial Hotel.

This ad was clipped from the May 6th, 1891 issue of the Spokane Chronicle.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL
(CORNER LINCOLN--
--AND RIVERSIDE.)
SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON
W. H. BELL, Proprietor.

Vinther & Nelson.
The new and second hand store conducted by Messrs. Vinther and Nelson at 607 and 609 Monroe street, was established four years ago and has attained much popularity. The premises occupied are spacious and well arranged for the accommodation of the stock carried. The assortment includes crockery, hardware, furniture and every description of second hand goods of all kinds. Second hand goods of all kinds are purchased, the best prices being paid for the same. This firm is composed of Messrs. S. H. Vinther and N. M. Nelson. Both are young men. They have by good management built up a large business and fully merit their success.

Vinther and Nelson Hardware.
The Spokane Chronicle, January 27, 1896.
In 1905 the company moved a block north to a new building at 706 North Monroe.
That brick structure is now on the Historic Register.

should do. Finally, I asked the agent where there was a quiet hotel and he directed me to the Commercial Hotel. Leaving my baggage, except the necessities, I found the hotel and asked to speak to the manager. I explained my plight and offered my rings until my husband arrived. He refused the rings, but gave me a good meal and a nice big room. In the morning, after breakfast, the children and I set out to see the town. It took about 15 minutes. There were only a few old buildings across the Monroe Street Bridge, which was a ramshackle one. The only businesses on the other side were a secondhand store (*Vinther & Nelson's* — *L. H.*) and a blacksmith shop.

What amazed me was that here in this little town they had electric lights, electric street cars, and even a cable car up the South Monroe hill. This was removed soon after we arrived. In Chicago, we didn't have electrici-

ty. The streets and houses were lit with gas, and most modern streetcars were cable. Some horses were still used.

My brother-in-law remarked that he would borrow neighbor Carter's hack to meet me. My husband wondered how Mr. Carter could afford a hack. A hack in Chicago was a closed carriage. However, Mr. Carter's hack turned out to be just a light wagon.

In the early days there was no money to improve the roads. None of the homesteaders paid taxes until their land was proved up on. So, a poll tax was levied, six dollars for every man, and he had to pay it in cash or work it out on the roads. My husband had been on Wild Rose Prairie just three days when they asked him for his poll tax. He was inclined to ignore it, but when he saw them load up a group of men to take to the justice, he decided he'd best work it out.

My husband knew that he would have to find work immediately. There were neighbors, Jerry and Jule Delope, who lived a half a mile from my brother-in-law's place. They ran a small sawmill as well as their ranch. My husband succeeded in getting a job at the sawmill, taking green lumber from the saw and piling it. This was quite a change for a man who nearly died a few weeks before with asthma. Fortunately, his asthma left him completely, and he never had another touch of it after arriving in Spokane.

One of our first concerns was to find a place to live. The homesteads were well taken up, but there was railroad land that had not yet been put on the market. At that time it was understood that anyone taking such land would have the first right to purchase it when it did become available. We found such a place just two and one-half miles from my sister's place and adjoining the homestead of Mary and Dan Trolan. They were well known throughout the county. The place we selected belonged to two brothers who were leaving the country and it had a fair house on it for the times. Most of the pioneer houses consisted of one room log cabins with big fireplaces that served as heat and light. I have heard my

brother-in-law say the first years on the homestead kerosene was unknown. In addition to the fireplace light, they would put some grease in a dish and use a rag for a wick. This made a makeshift lamp.

Old Jerry only ran his sawmill for a short time each year, so my husband got work as a lineman for the Washington Water Power in Spokane. He would walk home every Saturday Night and go back again on Sunday — perhaps 15 miles either way. I waited up for him one Saturday until daylight. He did not get home until 6 a.m. because he had to wait for daylight to find the road. He had to start back early the next afternoon to get there before dark.

While I was waiting for him this one night, I climbed up on a chair to pull down a shade — I had brought shades from Chicago — and the home-made chair, which was neither strong nor level, tipped over with me. I was quite shaken, but I did not seem to be hurt. The next day, I did not feel very well, so I sent my six-year-old after my sister. She came as quickly as possible, but before she arrived I had given birth to a baby boy. My baby lived but a few hours, having been injured when I fell from the chair. Soon after my accident my husband got a job as a night watchman at the Buckley Lumber Company. It was situated where the town of Denison is now. He worked there until nearly Christmas, walking to work in the afternoon and back in the morning.

In our first autumn on the Prairie, my husband could not cut enough wood on Sundays to last the week, so we had to manage as best we could. One day after New Years, my husband went out to cut wood. He tried to cut down a tree. It was the first he had ever attempted. The timber was frozen and the axe slipped and cut his foot, making a three-inch cut. There was about 3 feet of snow, and the roads were impassible. Something had to be done. I sent to R. R. Hazard's store for some silk thread. I took several stitches in his foot and it healed nicely.

In our days on the Prairie people

were fine neighbors. One in particular was John Dunn, a bachelor. He lived on Wild Rose many years and died at Deer Park at the age of ninety. The morning after my husband cut his foot he came over to our house before we were up. He built the fire and got the children up and dressed. Then he looked around the house to see what he could do to make the house warmer. We had a downstairs bedroom, but were sleeping upstairs as it was warmer there. Mr. Dunn nailed up the bedroom door. Then he called for some rags and a knife and stuffed the windows where the cold air came in. He then gathered the neighbors for a wood-cutting bee. They cut enough wood to last the rest of the winter.

While fruit was very low in price in the pioneer days, it was also very scarce. Some orchards had been planted, but none had started to bear. We cooked Oregon Grapes, service berries, and any other wild fruit we could find. When we had enough money, we bought dried apples, peaches, and apricots.

Deer were plentiful and the season lasted from September until the first of the year. The younger men used to go up to 'Old Baldy,' or Mount Spokane as it is called now, and bring down a wagon load of them which they sold for two dollars each. One spring when the snow was about four feet deep, John Dunn drove two deer home. He kept them until spring and let them loose.

The second spring my husband got a job as an engineer at the Buckeye Lumber Company for \$2.50 a day. That seemed like a fortune to me. There was also misfortune that spring. My mother passed away in Chicago. Receiving the news of my mother's death was a great shock to me. I could not go home for the funeral. The children were small, and we didn't have the money. At that time, when the wind would blow and moan through the trees, it seemed that I would die of loneliness. At this time I still had my father and one sister living in Chicago. I was the baby of the family and had never been away from home until I got married. Even then I lived close to home. My mother still combed my hair after I was

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Dr. H. R. ELDERKIN.
Residence corner Tenth and Walnut.
Office: Rooms 37 and 38, third floor of
Granite block, Spokane.

Dr. H. R. Elderkin.

The above professional card has been clipped from the May 12th, 1892 edition of the Spokane Review. Barely legible, the address reads, "Office: Rooms 37 and 38, third floor of Granite Block, Spokane."

"Dr. Elderkin is Found Dead," was the lead for an article found in the November 18th, 1909 Spokesman-Review. Datelined "Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Nov. 17.," the article reads, "Tonight Dr. H. R. Elderkin was found dead in his chair in his office over the Coeur d'Alene drug store. He was about 78 years old and had resided here for about 15 years, and at this point and Spokane about 25 years. He was absent from his home since last night. His daughter, Miss Anna, made a search and found him in the office."

married. My hair was naturally curly and I still wore it in long curls, so it was hard to comb. The following year my sister in Chicago also died. Those were lonesome days.

On the 3rd of April that same year I became very sick. In two hours there were fifteen women at the house ready to do what they could. After a few days it was evident that I had to have a doctor. The neighbors all stood ready to help. The question came up as to who would go for the doctor. The women were gathered around my bed and the men were in the kitchen sitting around the wall on the floor. The roads were terrible, and Dan Trolan asked who would go. None answered, as they all hesitated to put their teams on the

road. Finally Mr. Trolan said, "Well, my team just came from town, but it can go back." He started out for town about 9 o'clock, driving most of the night, and he got back with the doctor about noon the next day. It was none too soon. He brought an old doctor, Dr. Elderkin. That night Mrs. A. Smith sat up with me.

In those days when people needed help, they helped one another. Babies were born at home, and people died without a doctor. The homes were the funeral parlors.

Most of my children were brought into this world without the aid of doctors. One child, my oldest, was born with just the help of my husband and the Family Doctor Book.

In the fall, a man named Freize came to us and wanted to sell a relinquishment on a homestead he owned (*Must have been about 1895 — L. H.*) on the Spokane River. We were interested because on the river we could raise squash, tomatoes, melon etc. We could not do so on the Prairie, where the frost came

Barney Kolker Hill & Canyon.

This is what we've found regarding Barney and Emma Kolker. Bernard was born in Iowa on August 6th, 1856. He passed away at Spokane's Sacred Heart Hospital on July 1st, 1935. Emma (Guter) was born in Alabama on the 21st of November, 1872. She also died at Sacred Heart, that on October 11th, 1929. 1910's federal census places the family in Stevens County's Riverside Precinct. The document lists Barney, age 48, Emma, age 39, Margarette, age 10, Hazel, age 8, and Pricilla, age 6. Obituaries indicate that all three girls outlived their parents.

On October 6th, 1897, the Spokesman-Review reported that "Barney Kolker, whose place below the mouth of the Little Spokane is headquarters for all the salmon fisherman, is in the city with a fine exhibit at the fruit fair." That interlaces quite well with the 1910 census for the Riverside Precinct in which he lists his occupation as "fruit farmer." The thing is, a trace of the Kolker family's name remains in the area — but not quite. On your way from Spokane to Long Lake's Suncrest development, the roadway turns north, away from the lake, to immediately rise up a steep hill. It appears most present-day residents of the area know that climb as Big Sandy Hill. And at least a few know that beginning along the east side of that hill there's a geologic feature trending to the northeast officially named Barney Coker Canyon. Then too, there's a 1979 environmental impact statement prepared by HUD and the Stevens County Planning Department for an intended Suncrest expansion. Said document states, "According to the Stevens County Road Engineer, that portion of Corkscrew Canyon Road known as Barney Coker Hill is considered hazardous due to ten percent grades and sharp curves ..." Tying this all together is a Geographic Name Application to the Washington State Department of Natural Resources dated July 28th, 2019. Submitted by Iain Ashley of Spokane, said application suggests changing the name of Coker Canyon to Kolker Canyon. The application stipulates that Big Sandy Hill was previously known as Kolker Grade. The evidence presented is complete and compelling and can be accessed via the two links provided below.

https://www.dnr.wa.gov/publications/bc_geog_barney_kolker_canyon.pdf
Suncrest Farms Northwest, Stevens County: Environmental Impact Statement - Google Books

Old Blind Alex and Chief Enoch.

Alex Able, 1857—1942 (also known as Blind Alex) is interred at the Hubert Cemetery, just under a mile north of Ford, Washington. According to an article appearing in the December 16th, 1942, issue of the Spokane Chronicle, Alex had passed away the week prior at his home near Ford. “Blind since a baby,” the newspaper reported, “The totally blind man was a very familiar figure to people all over the surrounding country as they often met him riding horseback or walking through the woody trails or along the Chamokane Creek, perfectly able to look after himself.”

Chief Enoch likely refers to Enoch Silliquowya, aka Louis Enoch. This First Nations gentleman was prominent in the early history of Spokane Falls and the negotiations between the Spokane Tribe and the federal government. There appear to be a number of spellings of the above Silliquowya, this version extracted from a book published in 1891 under the titled “Decisions of the Department of the Interior and General Land Office in Cases Relating to the Public Lands — June 30, 1890, to December 31, 1890.”

earlier and lasted longer in the spring. We found this out from Barney Kolker, known to everyone as Barney. He lived on the river about three miles from what is now known as Nine Mile Falls. The hill near his place is still called the Barney or Kolker Hill.

We borrowed a horse and buggy to go down and see the place on the river. When going down the hill to the river the horse's breeching broke and away went the horse. My husband hung unto the lines and he was pulled right out of the buggy. The buggy struck a log at the side of the road and turned over. My oldest girl was only three months old. I gathered her in my skirts as the buggy upset and we were thrown out. The baby rolled out of my lap without a scratch, but I was thrown on my back and did not escape so easily.

We finally got down to the ranch and my husband went to the nearest neighbors for help, which was two miles away. The neighbor, Lew Stone, came and took us to his house. He had no box on his wagon and he had been hauling lumber, so we rode on a couple of boards on the running gear. It took me six weeks to recover from this trip.

In October we bought and moved to the Freize Ranch. Our nearest neighbors were Indians. Old Blind Alex and Chief Enoch. I was rather nervous when they first came to our

place, but I soon learned they were harmless. Other Indians came along frequently, wanting to trade moccasins for sugar, coffee, etc. We had to be careful about giving them much as they would pester us for more.

There were also Indians on the place later known as the Chris _____. They were known as George and Maggie. While they had a small house on their place, they lived most of the time in a teepee beside the house. You could often find them barefooted in the cold winter weather. If you stopped to visit them, they would stand on first one foot and then the other in the snow. After selling their place to Mr. Whitmore, they would often camp along the river. On one visit Maggie had purchased some new high-top shoes. She was so proud of them.

Soon after moving to the river, we discovered we had a good neighbor up the river by the name of Pat Cannon. He has been dead for many years, but his family is still well known to many. He had a son, Johnny, and two girls, Josephine and Martha. If anyone had the blues, Pat Cannon was good medicine, as he had a great Irish wit.

U. S. Staley, who had been a neighbor on Wild Rose, came to the river and located 4 miles below us. About at that time Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith came and located on a

U. S. Staley

*Ulysses S.: June 2, 1866 — October 6, 1957.
Iva M. (Farris): September 6, 1869 — April 11, 1939.*

The death announcement found in the Spokane Chronicle's October 7th, 1957 issue, noted that “Mr. Staley, a retired saw filer for the Deer Park Lumber Company, had lived in Spokane 68 years. He was a native of Iowa.” Regarding Iva, her obituary in the April 12, 1939 issue of the Spokesman-Review reported she “was born near Centerville, Iowa, in 1869, and was married to Mr. Staley in 1888. They came to Spokane in 1890, and afterwards located on a homestead in Scott's Valley near Tum Tum, subsequently living at Buckeye, Wild Rose Prairie, Deer Park and Veradale.”

A. J. Smith

*Adam Jewett: March 16, 1858 — April 12, 1934.
Maria “Mary” Jane (Prather): June 19, 1867 — September 3, 1935.*

From the April 19th, 1934, Deer Park Union. “Thursday morning, April 12, A. J. Smith passed at his home near Tum Tum after an illness of about two years. He was one of the oldest settlers of that section, having lived at his present home over forty years. He was well and favorably known for his honest dealings with his fellow men ...”

hill a short distance from the river. They came to Wild Rose the same spring we did. Mr. Smith had a blacksmith shop next to the Hazard Store. Their son Phil still lives on the old home place.

Mr. R. R. Hazard ran the General

Store and the Post Office in Wild Rose. It is understood that he brought his first groceries in a wheelbarrow. Mr. Hazard was a great character and is well remembered by the old timers. His sons may still farm the place. (Roy Hazard is on the place and his son

Daniel and Mary Ann Trolan.

*Daniel: August 15, 1845 — June 13, 1916.
Mary Ann (Quigley): April 12, 1842 — June 17, 1914.
(Obit from June 16th, 1916, Deer Park Union.)*

Obituary

Daniel Trolan, one of the best known settlers in this section of the state, died at his home Tuesday afternoon, death resulting from heart failure. Mr. Trolan was born in Drapertown, Cahore, County Dery, Ireland, August 15, 1849, where he lived until about twenty years of age, when he

came to America. In 1882 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Anne Quigley at Minersville, Penn. Four children were born of this marriage, all of whom survive — Mrs. J. R. Meeker, of Bonner's Ferry, Ida.; Sister Dolorosa of the Society of Holy Name; Daniel Trolan, of Ashwood, Ore., and James Trolan, of Leadville, Col. In March 1887, Mr. Trolan and his family came west and settled on Wild Rose prairie, where he lived up to the time of his death. Mr. Trolan was a devout member of the Presentation Catholic church and a man well liked by all who knew him. The funeral services will be held Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock and interment made in the family lot in the Wild Rose cemetery, beside his wife, who passed away two years ago.

More Data on a Few of the Pioneer Families Mentioned.

Walter E. Strong
February 6, 1854 — October 22, 1921.

From the Deer Park Union, October 27th, 1921: “W. E. Strong, for 37 years a resident of Wild Rose, and one of the real pioneer settlers of that district, passed away Saturday evening ... He came to the state in 1884, settling on Wild Rose Prairie on April 21 of that year ... he was married July 3, 1876 ...”

Jennie L. (Newman) Strong
December 12, 1859 — May 1, 1934

From the Deer Park Union, May 10, 1934: “Mrs. Jennie Strong ... died on the homestead which she and her husband made their first and only home in this county ... During the early days she was very helpful as a nurse and her skill in many cases saved many ill folks from suffering and possible death before a physician could arrive from Spokane. She ... is survived by six children.”

Richard Martin Cline
November 24, 1862 — July 19, 1943

Mr. Cline was born in Jasper County, Iowa. According to the July 22nd, 1943 issue of the Deer Park Union, he had lived “on Wild Rose Prairie for the last 42 years.” He left behind his second wife, Grace, five sons, three daughters, 10 grandchildren and 31 great-grandchildren.

Etta Caroline (Henry) Cline
May 15, 1868 — July 20, 1911

From the Deer Park Union, July 28, 1911: “Etta Cline was born in Japer County, Iowa ... married ... R. M. Cline, December 16, 1884. ... Mrs. Cline leaves ... her husband and six children.”

Grace Ruby (Strong) Cline
October 6, 1880 — October 25, 1960

From the Tri-County Tribune, October 27th, 1960: “Mrs. Cline was born ... in Olean, New York, and moved to this vicinity in 1884 ... Survivors include two sons ... four daughters ... 22 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren, and five stepchildren.”

George and grandson Lyle live there as well. It is a sixth-generation farm, which remains relatively intact. — L. H.)

Mary Ann and Dan Trolan were the first good friends we made on the Prairie. They came to the Prairie in 1885 from the coal fields of Pennsylvania. They took up a homestead of 160 acres. The land was heavily tim-

bered. They cleared an area and used the timber to build a large cabin. They had four children. Jimmy, Danny, Margaret and Alice. The Trolan Family were successful farmers, and they were our lifelong friends. Dan and Mary are buried in the Wild Rose Cemetery.

Walt Strong and family were also friends and neighbors, and were among the

Regarding the Scott Family

Edward Warren Scott
January 9, 1842 — June 21, 1917

From the Deer Park Union, June 22nd, 1917: “Warren Scott, one of the oldest settlers in Scott’s Valley, died Thursday evening ... lived in Washington 28 years ... his wife, one son (Byron), and two daughters (Ida Belle and Florence) survive him.”

Ida Francella (Babb) Scott
October 12, 1852 — June 1, 1947

From the Spokane Chronicle, June 4th, 1947: She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. William Newell of Deer Park and Mrs. Belle Clark of Spokane ...”

Byron James Scott
August 29, 1865 — June 22, 1927

From the Deer Park Union, June 23rd, 1927: “During the heavy electric storm that swept the section west of Deer Park yesterday afternoon, Byron Scott, pioneer farmer of Scott’s Valley, was instantly killed by lightening while at work in his hay field on the home farm ... when the storm came up and (he) started for shelter with the fork over his shoulder. The bolt of lightening struck the end of the fork and went through his body, causing instant death. ... The deceased was one of the well-known pioneer farmers of this part of the state. He had lived for over thirty years on the farm in the valley that bore his name and had been successful in his vocation. About two and one -half years ago his wife died ...”

Clara Blanche (Babb) Scott
January 18, 1880 — December 29, 1925

Other than her death certificate that gives B. J. Scott as her husband and Tum Tum as her place of burial, little information has been found to date.

first to come to the Prairie. Two of their daughters married Cline boys, another early pioneer family to Wild Rose.

There was romance in those days, just like today. About the time we came, there were two elopements on the Prairie. One was Jewell Walters and his wife Emma. The other was Carol Newman and Belle Madden.

When we first came to the river it was being settled at a fast pace. My husband’s brother, John H. Mitchell, joined our place on one side and Wallace Newell on the other. The Scott’s were already settled in Scott’s Valley. There was Jake Scott and his brother Wilber, and also Warren and Byron Scott.

Across the river was the Dan Miller Family. They were all very fine neighbors.

After moving to the river, my husband still worked for the Buckeye Lumber Company as an engineer. He worked there for the next 15 years. He would come home Saturday nights and go back on Sunday night. Many times he would walk and at other times I would take him in the wagon. When my second daughter was a tiny baby, (*Clara now has the two boys she brought with her from Chicago and two daughters. One little boy was born and died shortly after birth — L. H.*). we would get up at two o’clock in the morning. I would get the baby ready and take my

husband to the mill. The Mill was at least ten miles. He had to be there at 6 o'clock to blow the whistle for work. It would be 11 o'clock before I would get home, but my two older boys would have all the work done.

At this time we acquired a large Newfoundland Dog we named Brutus. He was a most unusual dog. In those days communication was always a problem and mail was slow. We found that Brutus had a special talent as a mail carrier. When I wanted to send a special message to the mill where my husband worked, I would tie a note around Brutus's neck and tell him to take it to the mill. He would travel at night and have the note to the mill in the morning. My husband would send him home with an answer, or if a small package were needed he would send it back as well.

The dog would come directly to me and lay down until I took the note or package. If I were not in the house he would hunt for me. We never had to worry about the children when Brutus was with them. My oldest boy rode him until he was seven years old.

While we had plenty of hardships, we also had some very good times. There was always someone who could play a violin or a fiddle, as it was commonly called. A dance would be announced in someone's house and a crowd would always gather. It was often remarked that one could drive along the road and get the impression that no one lived in the vicinity, but when a dance was called they would come from all directions. The women would furnish refreshments and the men would take up a collection to pay for the music. Dancing would go on until daylight. The families all brought their children who also enjoyed the dances. However, they would soon tire and be put to bed in a warm corner.

We would always have picnics on holidays such as Memorial Day and Fourth of July. Often families would get together on Sundays. Then, as new houses were built, there would be house warmings. Memorial or Decoration Day would be spent at the Wild Rose Cemetery. There were nice grounds near

the cemetery for the occasion. After the dinner we generally had a speaker and the soldier's graves would be decorated many times with wildflowers. The prairie abounded in wild roses. In the spring of the year the air was fragrant with the scent of wild roses.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were family times for us. Times were hard and we never had much money, but we always managed to give the children a good Christmas. There was usually a Christmas program at the school, and we would bundle the whole family into a sleigh and go. In those days it seemed like there was more snow than today. Possibly because there was so much timber and so people stayed home more. The long winter evenings when families were together were wonderful times. Family ties were much closer, and we never had the worries of where the children were or what they were doing. In the fall we always laid in a good supply of groceries and clothing because we never knew how long the winter would last.

Tragedies were all too common in our time. My brother-in-law's brother, Wallace Newell, had the misfortune of losing their baby. While crawling on the floor he picked up something, we never knew what, and cut his intestines. He was rushed to the doctor, but there was nothing the doctor could do for him, and he soon died. The following March their four-year-old boy was playing out in the yard, and, as was the custom, he had on a flannel dress. They had been burning rubbish the day before and they thought the fire was out. As the little fellow ran through the ashes a breeze fanned the flames and set his dress on fire. The mother looked out and saw him in flames, grabbed him and set her own clothing on fire. She ran into the house for a quilt and on getting the quilt set the house on fire. She ran into the river and extinguished the flames on herself and her child. She then tried to carry water in a five-gallon can to put the fire in the house out. Her fingers were burned to the bone. Seeing she could not put the fire out in the house, she put on some clothes, her own were burned off her, and ran a quarter of a

The Wallace L. Newell Family

Wallace L. Newell

November 15, 1867 — February 1, 1949

Lillie (McCallum) Newell

March 27, 1866 — April 2, 1898

Wallace Newell

June 27, 1896 — March 8, 1897

Bernard Laherty Newell

June 5, 1895 — March 26, 1898

The Spokane Chronicle and Spokesman-Review printed somewhat different versions of the deaths of Lillie and her only surviving child, Bernard. But viewing both clippings leave me believing Clara's recollection is the most accurate. The March 31st issue of the Spokesman-Review reported, "Mr. and Mrs. Newell have resided near wayside for nine years. ... During the past winter, Mr. Newell has been in the employ of the Buckeye Lumber Company and was away from home all of the time except Sundays, Mrs. Newell holding down the ranch." 1910's census places Wallace Newell in King County — as were some other family members. In 1949 he passed away there. The family brought his body back to rest with his long-lost family in the Wayside Cemetery. I've yet to find any mention of him marrying again after Lillie's death.

mile to our house for help. I was not at home. I had gone to the mill for my husband, but my father-in-law was there. My oldest boy, Archie, was nine years old. He got on a horse and went for Mr. Newell. He made such a fast trip that he almost killed the horse. My father-in-law put out the fire in the house and then rushed for a doctor. Dr. Clayson (*Probably Spokane's Dr. Rollo S. Clason — W. L. P.*) came but there wasn't much he could do. The little boy died that night and Mrs. Newell lived for a week, suffering terrible agony.

In those early days we did not run to the doctor for every little ailment. I nursed two of my children through typhoid fever, three of them through scarlet fever, and all of them through measles and whooping cough. Our doctor was the Family Doctor Book in most cases.

We had some narrow escapes from tragedy also. One morning as we were on our way to the mill we had a narrow miss. As the

road wound down Little Sandy Hill there was a large bushy tree with heavy branches. The branches extended over the road. It was not quite daylight, but I did notice something on the overhanging limb. We were driving rather fast, and I did not recognize the object. A second after we passed under the branch we heard something hit the ground. Looking back, we saw a large cougar. It had sprung at us and missed. I had our baby on my lap and that added to my concern. We could often hear cougars, also known as Mountain Lions, and coyotes were everywhere. Their barking was not a pleasant sound when I was alone.

When we first moved to the river our children had to walk six miles to school. We bought a pony for the oldest boy. Later the school was moved a mile and a half closer, but it was still a long walk for small children. We got a two wheeled cart for them, but it was hard to find safe horses. One horse we got bucked at the least provocation. Another

balked and nothing could move him if he was not in the mood to move. On the short days of fall and winter it would be dark before the children came home. On days when we would have a blizzard or extreme cold we would keep them home.

In 1908, after proving up on our first homestead on the river (*One hundred and seven acres — L. H.*) we took an additional forty acres down the river several miles. The children then had to cross the river in a boat. The river was swift and dangerous there and it was necessary to row upstream a short distance along the shore before crossing. If you did not do so you would not end up at the proper landing. In the spring during high water, it was especially dangerous to cross due to the logs and driftwood. Often it would be dark when they would get to the crossing. With two to five children in the Tum Tum school for 25 years, we had many worrisome times along the river.

When we first came to the river there were only a few farmers who raised enough grain to thresh. One of these was in Scott's Valley. It was customary for the neighbors to gather for the threshing. The men did the work and the women helped with the cooking. One time when my husband was away I went up to do my part and there I met some of the new neighbors. Among them was a young man by the name of Johnny Fackenthall. He also lived on the river near Kolker Hill. I was very much surprised at the conversation at the dinner table. As far removed as were the people from the outside world, the men were well up on national affairs. I was very much impressed with Mr. Fackenthall and his way of expressing his views.

Adjoining the Fackenthall Place was the Blumenauer Place. They had two very intelligent daughters. One of them was the teacher at the Tum Tum School. Johnny Fackenthall married Hilda Blumenauer and they raised a family of five boys and two girls. The Fackenthall children were fine children, and they were always active in community affairs in the Nine Mile Area. Johnny Facken-

thall passed away in the prime of his life, but his widow lived many years. The Fackenthalls were people always given to hospitality and always willing to help others.

A trip to Spokane was quite an event in our day. We would get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and leave at four. We would be on the road from five to seven hours, depending on road conditions. On return we would leave town about 5 p.m. and get home around midnight. Mrs. A. Smith and I made many eventful trips to town. On one occasion we made a trip in March when there was still lots of snow and we could use a sled. Our sled consisted of the front end of a bobsled, and we had a small team of horses. At that time there were few homes between Mallon and Monroe. In fact, it was considered to be prairie country. There was a wagon road out what is now Northwest Boulevard. Due to the heavy snow that winter, the road was full of water holes where the snow had melted. Mrs. Smith drove too close to one of these holes and the sled tipped over, throwing her into two feet of water. I clung to the seat and did not fall out. Fortunately, the horses stopped, or we would have been in much worse trouble. The water was ice cold and Mrs. Smith was wet through. We still managed to see the humorous side of it.

It happened not too far from people we knew, so we went over their house. They were not at home, so we forced open a window, got in, and built a fire. When the owners came home they found us warming ourselves with Mrs. Smith wearing some of their clothing and drying hers at their fire. They wanted us to stay all night, but we knew our families would be waiting for us. It was dark when we started for home at 7 p.m., and it was midnight when we got home.

On another occasion when Mrs. Smith and I were on our way home from Spokane, it began to snow. When we got to Barney Kolker Hill it was so dark we could not see to drive. Our solution was for one to drive and the other to walk ahead with a lantern. In severe weather we would carry heated rocks to

John and Hilda Fackenthall

John Meyer Fackenthall

November 13, 1868 — January 20, 1921

Hilda G. (Blumenauer) Fackenthall/Bridgefamer

August 13, 1878 — November 4, 1970

On June 22nd, 1902, J. M. Fackenthall, a 33-year-old resident of Spokane, County of Spokane, married Hilda Blumenauer, a 22-year-old resident of Spokane. According to Hilda's obituary, that appearing in the November 6th, 1970 issue of the Spokane Chronicle, she was "an early day schoolteacher" who had "lived in the area since 1894." At the time of John Fackenthall's death in 1921, it appears the couple was living in Tensed, Idaho — roughly 40 miles southeast of Spokane. John's body was returned for burial at the Wild Rose Cemetery. On January 1st, 1940, Hilda married Cowlitz County resident David Solomon Bridgefamer, the ceremony performed in Ellensburg. David passed away in 1958. At the time of her death, Hilda was living in Seattle. She was returned to rest beside her first husband at Wild Rose's Cemetery. As noted in the above-mentioned obituary, "She is survived by four sons, Warren Fackenthall in New Mexico, Robert Fackenthall, Colville, Wash., Wilson Fackenthall, Hunters, Wash., and Allen Fackenthall, Deer Park; two daughters, Mrs. Ruth Smelcer, Priest River, Idaho, and Mrs. Leoti Harke, Nine Mile Falls, Wash.; 25 grandchildren, and 43 great-grandchildren."

put under our feet. We also would wear as many coats as we could, with plenty of quilts over our laps.

I could tell many more incidents, such as runaways, serious sicknesses, and problems in general that occurred during our first few years in the West.

During our years on the river, we acquired considerable land for those days, and also cattle and horses. On our first homestead we built a good house large enough for our growing family. Much of our land was under cultivation, and we sold the timber for a good price. On the second forty acres we bought, which was heavily timbered, we built a nice house and it made us a fine home.

There was very good pasture for our livestock, and it was a beautiful place. We owned still another place on the river, but when the Washington Water Power Company bought up all the land along the river, we were forced to sell or take damages on it. We were paid \$9,662.00 for all our holdings which were

at Tum Tum Point, where Mr. Hendricks had the store, post office, and nursery. He was forced to sell as well. He had a beautiful place, and it was a shame to see it inundated. The Hendricks family moved to Oregon and my husband was asked to take over the vacated post office position. We ran the store and the post office until 1935, when my husband's health forced him to resign, and my son, Donald, was appointed postmaster. Washington Water Power Company raised the water in 1914, and eventually raised it two more times, creating Long Lake, with a backwater of 30 miles.

My husband died of a heart attack on May 21, 1936, and the business was turned over to my son Donald. As I write this I am 72 years old and I will soon follow my husband, William J. McDonald, often called the "Mayor of Tum Tum" by his friends. We leave behind four sons, five daughters, many grandchildren, and several great grandchildren. Our home here was a pioneer venture.

William and Clara McDonald

William Joseph McDonald
March 19, 1862 — May 21, 1936

Clara H. (Boutwell) McDonald
November 22, 1867 — July 5, 1947

Her obituary, this from the July 7th, 1947 edition of the Spokane Chronicle, noted that after homesteading on Wild Rose Prairie, the McDonald family “moved to a farm near Tum Tum, and in 1912 took over the post office and store there. Mrs. McDonald held a wide acquaintance with Indians of the district and had received many gifts of Indian handcraft. After the death of her husband in 1936, she continued operation of the store and post office, which has been run by the family for 35 years.” The obituary continued, “Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. Vera Colins, Mrs. Flora Kennedy, and Mrs. Alice Strong, all of Spokane; Mrs. Margaret Mills, Tum Tum, and Mrs. Lois Parkhurst, Deer Park; four sons, Archie McDonald, Seattle, Newton and George McDonald, Spokane, and Donald McDonald, Tum Tum; 14 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.”

It was unimproved land and rather sandy when we bought it. Now we have electric lights, hot and cold running water, a nice lawn and garden. All that goes to make a nice home. The big poplar trees planted along the shore of the

lake were planted by my husband. They stand as a monument to his memory.

— end —

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

Bits of Chatter, Trivia, & Notices All Strung Together.

... more on the Frank Bittrick family ...

The *Mortarboard's* August issue (#160) included a piece I wrote titled “Regarding Some of the Names Mentioned in Mr. Irish’s Letters.” Said letters, also printed in that issue, were penned by Williams Valley pioneer Thomas Edward Irish, and first printed in the April 1st and 15th issues of 1920’s *Deer Park Union*. In the above noted piece, your editor voiced his struggle to understand certain bits of puzzling data regarding the family of pioneers August and Hulda Bittrick. *Mortarboard* proofreader Ken Westby settled my

confusion with the following email.

“I have found additional information that will resolve the riddle about Minnie and Lizzie, the two daughters of August & Hulda Bittrick. Minnie and Lizzie are sisters, but not twins. Minnie was born in Germany on October 4, 1881, and Lizzie was born in Wisconsin on June 19, 1884. From this we can infer that the August Bittrick family immigrated to the US sometime between 1881 and 1884, and this is seen in a record of Hulda’s arrival with 6 children in New York City on 22 April, 1884. Two months later Lizzie was born in Wisconsin. Presumably, August immigrated

earlier in 1883-84, and made preparations for the family’s arrival.

“That must have been a grueling voyage for the 34-year-old Hulda — 7 months pregnant, with 6 kids in tow, accommodated in what basically amounts to a steamship’s cargo hold. T. E. Irish hit the nail on the head when he wrote, ‘There is another class I wish to speak a word of praise for — the mothers who left civilization and endured the privations and hardships of a pioneer life. Take off your hats to them. They are entitled to every consideration.’

“Minnie (a.k.a. Minna) was married to Nickolas Schuster at the age of 18 — that at Spokane on June 3, 1900. Her birthplace is listed on the marriage certificate as Germany. Lizzie (a.k.a. Louise) was married at the age of 17 on Sep 8, 1901, at Spokane, to William H. Myers, although the marriage certificate states her age to be 18. Her birthplace is listed on the marriage certificate as Wisconsin, and her death certificate also lists her birthplace as Wisconsin.

“Minnie died young, on Oct 3, 1908, one day before her 27th birthday. Quite often young women who died in those years succumbed from complications of childbirth, although I could find nothing to confirm or refute whether that was the cause of Minnie’s death.

“Several members of the Bittrick family and their spouses were interred at Greenwood Memorial Terrace in Spokane.”

... dynamite, moonshine, and Dan Jewell ...

Under the headline “Farmer Mined Road — Wind Caused Explosion,” the April 7th, 1927 issue of the *Deer Park Union* reported, “The district east of Denison was badly shaken by an explosion on Tuesday, and a hurry-up call was sent to the sheriff’s office in Spokane to investigate the cause. When the officers arrived, they found a hole several feet deep blasted into the road adjacent to the Dan Jewell place at a point near where the road goes to Chattaroy. Jewell, on being questioned, said that people had been stealing

from his place for some time, and to get even with them he had planted 35 sticks of dynamite and so wired it that contact could be made by driving over it in an auto. The whipping of branches in the high wind then blowing caused the contact and the explosion took place. No one was near at the time, and no great amount of damage was done, but the charge was so placed that anyone exploding it by driving on the wires would have been killed. The officers searched the house and found a still, some mash and moonshine, and a quantity of caps and fuse. He was taken to Spokane, charged with manufacturing liquor, but it was intimated that other charges might be filed. Jewell is 70 years of age and lived alone on the place.”

Though I’ve yet to uncover any further mention of Mr. Jewell in *Deer Park’s* newspaper, 16 days after the explosion this appeared in the April 21st edition of the *Spokane Chronicle*, under the headline “Let Jewell Off, Suspended Term.” The *Chronicle* stated “Dan Jewell ... was found guilty today of a charge of liquor in possession and was released by Justice Hinkle with a suspended sentence of 90 days to the county jail.” Due to the 18th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, beginning in January of 1920 and continuing until December of 1933, the manufacture, sale, and transportation of alcoholic beverages was prohibited.

As for the explosive device, the *Chronicle* reported that “Jewell told the officers he prepared the dynamite charge in the road to frighten away thieves who had molested him in the past. A still and small quantity of liquor were found at the house, but he denied having any intention of keeping officers away by use of dynamite.

“Deputy Sheriffs and Deputy Prosecutor Foley entered pleas of leniency for the old man.”

If the Deputy Prosecutor’s name seems familiar, it is. Research reveals that one of the district’s deputy prosecutors at that time was Ralph E. Foley, father of Eastern Washington’s long serving United States Congress-

man and 49th Speaker of the House, Thomas S. Foley.

Regarding the mysterious Mr. Jewell, an individual that might be him was mentioned in a *Spokane Chronicle* article listing Washington residents requesting marriage licenses in Coeur d' Alene. Dated June 30th, 1909, the report stated such had been obtained by "Danford Jewell, aged 53 years, and Helen Oldham, aged 25 years, both of Hillyard, Wash."

Listed as a resident of Spokane, one Danford Jewell crops up in 1910's census. The document records that he was 54 years old and worked as a "tank man" for the railroad. The next line notes Helen Jewell as his then 26-year-old wife. As for the occupation of his wife — some 28 years his junior — the census taker wrote, "none."

Which brings us to another clipping, this from the December 23rd, 1910 edition of the *Chronicle*. To quote, "Divorce from Ellen (as spelled) Jewell was granted to Danford Jewell. The couple were married at Coeur d' Alene in July, 1909. Jewell told the court that his wife had refused to take care of her home."

Domestic bliss aside, seventeen years later Mr. Jewell and his lethal explosive device makes the *Union's* front page — though it should be reiterated that I can't absolutely certify 1910's Danford Jewell and 1927's Dan Jewell as one and the same. Nor can I certify that either or neither of these gentlemen were connected with the following clipping from the September 1st, 1929 edition of the *Spokesman-Review*. "Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, August 31. — Dan Jewell was bound over to federal court under \$1,000 bonds. Jewell is alleged to

have had a 20-gallon still and a quantity of mash in his possession."

And as a follow-up, this from the November 20th, 1929 *Chronicle*. "Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, November 20. — Ten indictments were returned by the federal grand jury today. Six contained charges of violation of the prohibition laws." Among those "indicted by the grand jury for liquor law violations ... Dan Jewell of St. Maries."

St. Maries is a good 55 miles south and one state line east of the road Dan had land-mined several years earlier. That said, we can place Dan back in Washington — assuming he ever left, of course — just two and half years later. An article published in the *Spokesman-Review* on June 24th, 1932, states, "Dan Jewell, aged woodcutter of the Chat-taroy District, told the sheriff that someone had stolen the 10-pound sledge he had been using in woodcutting work near Bear Creek."

My assumption is Mr. Jewell's colorful life ended on the 29th of November, 1941 — this hypothesis drawn from the records of Spokane's Fairmount Memorial Park. A gentleman of that name is interred there, and the data from Fairmount states he was born in 1856, then estimates his age at passing as either 84 or 85. Applying those dates to what little we know, it certainly would be possible for him to have been 1909 and 1910's Danford Jewell, as well as 1927's Dan Jewell.

If all this does somehow fit together, it would suggest Dan Jewell was an interesting character. Even without his very short-term marriage to someone literally half his age, or his out-of-state bootlegging enterprise, he would be someone worthy of a story — some-

All 160 prior issues of the Mortarboard

are available

as free PDFs on the Society's website.

<http://www.cdphs.org/mortarboard-newsletters.html>

For print editions of archival issues, contact the society.



one that deserves to be remembered. Because of that, the *Mortarboard* would be interested in hearing from anyone able to add more to Mr. Jewell's somewhat notorious history.

... Farm Museum needs classic farm frig ...

In an email to the *Mortarboard's* editor posted July 18th, 2021, society member Chuck Lyons mentioned that the North Spokane Farm Museum's 1940s kitchen display is in need of "a period rural brand refrigerator like International Harvester (IH), Unico, Co-Op, Crosley, one of the old Amanas, etc., to make the appliances look more appropriate. We can easily get all the city brand fridges we want — Hotpoint, Frigidaire, GE, Cold-spot (Sears before Kenmore) — but the rural brands are hard to come by. If you run across a decent and working one, please let us know."

Chuck adds, "Helpful folks can call me directly — (509) 939-3999. Evenings are best."

If you have such an item acting as a beer cooler in your shop or garage, maybe now's the time to move to something more energy efficient and donate your classic to a good cause.

... Doctor Slater's garage ...

And speaking of garages, under the headline "How One Man Successfully Solved the Question of Housing His Car," the following appeared in the August 1914 issue of *Carette & American Cyclecar* magazine.

"A standard sized automobile garage may be adapted to the use of a small car by an inexpensive addition as shown in the accompanying illustration. This particular garage, which is owned by H. H. Slater of Deer Park,



Doctor Slater's Garage.

The above image was taken from the August 1914 issue of *Carette & American Cyclecar* magazine. It shows the doctor's garage with a 6½ x 16-foot addition fixed to the left side to accommodate the cyclecar used in his practice.

Washington, was originally built to accommodate a large car and the overall dimensions of it are 11 by 16 feet. The small addition, which measures 6½ by 16 feet, was built onto the former in such a manner that the continuity of the design was kept. It is the intention of the owner to house a cyclecar having a 42-inch tread, thus ample room is provided in the addition and the doors are wide enough to give easy ingress and egress. It will be noted that electric lighting wires are run from the residence and afford added convenience. The roofing is an asbestos composition insuring protection from fire.

"As the snow in the state of Washington often reaches a considerable depth, Mr. Slater figures that the 42-inch tread cyclecar will be the thing to use because the sleds used throughout that part of the country are 42 inches wide. He has had experience with four narrow gauge cars and found them fully capable of negotiating the snow and icy roads

Further Reading: Dr. Slater's Mobilette.

"Vintage Deer Park Automobile ... at ... Henry Ford Museum," by Wally Lee Parker. *Mortarboard* #125, September, 2018 — page 1725 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 36.

http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_125_web_.pdf

without any apparent danger of skidding. Mr. Slater will, however, keep his touring car and use it when desiring to take out his family, reserving the cyclecar for winter use and for making hurried business calls. Thus, the cyclecar will serve as a sort of tender."

As for the car Dr. Slater intended to

park in his extended garage, it's now housed in one of the nation's most prestigious museums. Follow the link provided on the bottom of the prior page of this issue to read how that all came about.

———— *Wally Lee Parker* ————

Help Wanted!



The society has a number of positions that need to be filled by creative ladies and gentlemen — those duties being that of Vice-President, Secretary, Publicist, Director of Fundraising, Curator, Archivist, and Subscriptions Coordinator. If you'd be interested in any of these positions, contact the society.

Minutes of the Clayton ♦ Deer Park Historical Society ———— August 14, 2021 ————

In attendance at the society's meeting hall, 300 Block 'A' Street, Deer Park: Marilyn Reilly, Bill Sebright, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Bill Phipps, Mike Wolfe, Jessie Tennant, Damon Smathers, Chuck Lyons, Tom Costigan, Wally Parker, Dick Purdy, Larry Bowen, Karol Saito, and Judy Gross.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 10:00 AM. He reported that: 1) He provided Sharon Losh Bower with digital files of the 1922 Losh Grove picture and the 1924 North Spokane-South Stevens County Settlers Association Picnic picture. 2) Pat Cox called saying she had Everett Herald papers for important days like Neil Armstrong walking on the moon. She brought

the papers to the museum. 3) Sue Kelsch donated 2006-2008 and 2010 DPHS annuals and some historic pictures. We didn't have any of the annuals. 4) Susan Simpson sent 3 archaically sound boxes of Wind family artifacts. Paul Erickson delivered them to Mike Reiter during their 50-year class reunion. Pete has already digitized some of them. Many pictures were passed around. Many wondered what the story was behind the Girl Scout dress and moccasins. Bill will ask Susan. 5) Jeff Clark emailed Bill that Denise Simpson, Wey's daughter, dropped off a box of Wey Simpson's family artifacts. Jeff wasn't able to bring them to the meeting. 6) The Brickyard Day parade went really well. There were lots of people in attendance and more entrants than usual.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported by text: 1) The main checking account ended the month at \$15,388.53. There were deposits of \$7,010. Two checks were written, \$188.31 for printing supplies and \$32.43 for Brickyard Day Honored Citizen signs. The web hosting account ended the month at \$722.79 with a withdrawal of \$12.92 for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at \$691.25. The Eagle fund account, \$7,450. 2) Mark took Mortarboards to Gardenspot Health Foods and Odyński's Accounting.

Society Vice President- No one has stepped forward to become Vice President.

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) One hundred and twenty copies of the August 2021 Mortarboard (#160) have been delivered to the Society's clubhouse for distribution. PDF versions have been emailed to the Loon Lake Library, The Heritage Network, and the Society's webmaster for further print and electronic distribution. Any other institutions or organizations wishing to receive printable PDFs should contact the Society. 2) The lead story for August is a reprint of two letters penned by Williams Valley pioneer Thomas Edward Irish, said letters published in the April 1st and April 15th issues of 1920's Deer Park Union. Following that is a series of short biographies on many of the names mentioned by Mr. Irish. The Letters/Brickbats column contains a link to a YouTube video on Chat-taroy's history, links to all past Mortarboards containing significant bits of data on the history of Loon Lake's drowned boat, and a discussion hopefully puzzling out the identity of Deer Park's first postmaster. 3) Ten copies of volume 47 of our Collected Newsletters have been printed. This volume combines Mortarboards #158, #159, and #160. 4) On the first day of August, 1990, an attempt was made to raise Loon Lake's iconic drowned boat - believed in local legend to be the hull of Evan Morgan's 1901 steam powered launch, the Gwen. Anyone there on the Wednesday the hull was brought to the surface, or the following day when it was loosed to resettle somewhat further out in Moose Bay, is requested to

record their recollections in an email and forward the same to the Mortarboard's editor.

Webmaster Damon Smathers reported: 1) The August issue of the Mortarboard has been uploaded. 2) A new feature on the website is being developed where visitors can fill out a form to request information. The form will automatically be sent to the Webmaster for review. We all thought it was a good idea. 3) Damon explained that we can Google Mortarboard topics by putting in the subject and adding "Mortarboard Deer Park" after it.

Pete Coffin reported: 1) Provided some data on a Williams Valley tract owned by a Society member as well as a copy of the Mortarboard describing A. Williams as the Valley's namesake. 2) Provided the Fish Garage manuscript and some supporting newspaper clippings for a Fish family member. 3) Gave President Sebright and Editor Parker a manuscript describing the possible connection between the May Mortarboard subject John Hofer and the possibility his early store in Deer Park was sold to Peter Kelley. 4) Burned a DVD during the last meeting with Wild Rose Prairie Metsker historic ownership maps, the Wild Rose portion of the book "Pioneer Days Reviewed" and a 1955 Deer Park High School annual for a Society member. 5) Prepared a manuscript documenting the location of the Forrester Post Office using some material that Editor Parker gave me. 6) As the result of a Settlers Day request, burned a CD with a copy of the 1967 Deer Park High School Annual, and mailed to the requestor. 7) After a request that was expressed at the Settlers Day, I printed a Gordon Daggett 1908 picture that had the house at 822 N. North for the owner and printed blown up versions to try to better show the front of the house. 8) Digitized the 1915 Senior Cycle (High School Yearbook), The 1916 Klahowyah (High School Yearbook), and the 1923 Evergreen (High School Yearbook). These books are a rich source of historical information in the sponsor listings at the end of the yearbooks. 9) Have been scanning selected pictures that Su-

san Simpson sent from Colorado with Paul Erickson. The 1926 photograph of Main Street is a prize.

Mike Reiter reported that: 1) Doug Knight thought it would be better to build the cover for the Eagle first. We don't want to drop a 2x6 and break off a wing. Bill talked to Micah Birky. They build pavilions but are too busy to build one this summer. Chuck Lyons passed around a possible Eagle cover that he designed. The estimated cost was \$10,000 to \$12,000. 2) Mike was given a large aerial view picture of Deer Park showing water and sewer lines and their sizes. 3) Mike also reported that he had a great 50-year class reunion. They were lucky enough to have 6 of their teachers attend; Mary Lou Bunn, Don Fries, Curtis Frunz, Rex Schimke, Bob Schroeder,

and Estel Harvey.

Marilyn Meyer Reilly, Pearl Welch Bryan, Jack Brazington, Ellen Wiltse Lewis, Verna Yingst Wagner and others got together for their Class of 1955 reunion (A year late because of COVID-19).

Our next meeting is scheduled for Saturday, September 11, 2021, at 10:00 AM at our building.

Meeting adjourned at 10:55.

Minutes submitted by Bill Sebright acting as secretary.

Editor's Note — We'd be very appreciative of someone stepping forward to fill the very necessary position of secretary. The society's president should be concentrating on other things.

— end —

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Comments Policy

We encourage anyone with observations, concerns, corrections, divergent opinions or additional materials relating to the contents of these newsletters to write the society or contact one or more of the individuals listed in the "Society Contacts" box found in each issue. Resultant conversations can remain confidential if so desired.

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From "The Coast" magazine,
April, 1907



See Yourself in Print.

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society's department of Print Publications is always looking for original writings, classic photos, properly aged documents and the like that may be of interest to our readers. These materials should be rooted within, though not limited to, northern Spokane County, southeastern Stevens County, and southern Pend Oreille County. As for types of materials, family or personal remembrances are always considered. Articles of general historical interest — including pieces on natural history, archeology, geology and such — are likely to prove useful. In other words, we are always searching for things that will increase our readers' understanding and appreciation of this region's past. As for historical perspective; to us history begins whenever the past is dusty enough to have become noteworthy — which is always open to interpretation. From there it extends back as deep as we can see, can research, or even speculate upon.

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— the editor —

About our Group:

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society was incorporated as a nonprofit association in the winter of 2002 under the title Clayton Historical Society. Our mission statement is found on the first page (upper left corner) of each issue of our newsletter, the Mortarboard.

Our yearly dues are \$20 dollars per family/household.

We are open to any and all that share an interest in the history of our region — said region, in both a geographic and historic sense, not limited to the communities in our group's name.

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Rick Hodges, Florene (Eickmeyer) Moore, Bill Sebright, Chuck Stewart, Linda Swain, and Ken Westby.