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Illustration from The Richmond Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Virginia, March 7th, 1915.

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#167

March

2022

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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Leather Postcard Collection — circa 1907 —

by

Florene Eickmeyer Moore
(Postcard photos by Kristy Brown.)

Lizzie DeVoe received 23 leather postcards, at her “Deer Park, Wash.” address, during 1907. The postcards were postmarked both by the sending and receiving post offices, often including the time on the postmark. They were mailed with 1 cent stamps and sometimes 2 cent stamps or larger. A few are marked “Held for Postage.”

Lizzie Eickmeyer DeVoe was the daughter of Washington pioneers Andrew & Louisa Eickmeyer. The Eickmeyers brought their family to Wild Rose Prairie in 1884 — when Lizzie was 3 years old. She was the eighth of twelve children.

After teaching in several different eastern Washington schools for 3 or 4 years, in April of 1904 Lizzie married Francis Earl DeVoe. They lived in Deer Park, where Earl worked as a sawyer at the Deer Park Mill. Their first child, Frances, was born in 1905 and their second child, Hollis, in 1908. When Deer Park became an incorporated city in 1908, Earl was the first Deer Park City Clerk.

The postcards show a great variety of



Lizzie DeVoe — circa 1907.



Image #One.



Image #Two.



Image #Three.



Image #Four.

designs, including one with a peanut shell having hand drawn eyes and long, dark leather ears representing a mule's head tightly glued to the card's picture side (*Image #One*). And the shell and ears are still firmly in place after more than 100 years! This was mailed from Spokane on March 23rd at 4:30 p.m. The mule side says "SKIDOO," with the mule kicking up both heels (*facing page*). Initials M. E. D. indicate the sender was probably Myrtle DeVoe, Earl's sister. This one has a pink stamp with "5" stamped onto it (*Image #2*). The Deer Park postmark says Mar. 24, 11 a.m.

The designs were sometimes painted on the brown leather in bright red or green colors. Wording or drawings were "engraved" into the leather, as with a hot burning instrument.

They were sent from far and wide: Kewanee, Illinois; Eagle River, Wisconsin; Potlatch, Idaho; as well as Washington State's Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham, Republic, Chewelah, Northport, Spokane, Pullman, Mabton, Deer Park, and Colbert. Very few were signed, except with initials.

Earl's younger brother, Ernest sent,



Image #Five.

“I’ve just landed. Pullman, Wash. Ernest” on January 7th, 1907. On March 26th, also from Pullman, he sent “Just Arrived Safe.” On the image side of this card (**Image #Four**) he scribbled, “I am kind of sleepy.” Apparently he was a student at Washington State College — now University.

Lizzie sent this to her husband, Earl, “Meet me on Sunday evening train. Am having a cold.” It (**Image #Three**) was mailed from Chewelah on February 23rd, 1907, and signed L.E.D.

The longest message written on any of the postcards read, “Shampie thinks of ‘her baby’ every day. How is everything? Let us know when you can come. Lovingly, Pearle.” This was sent from Colbert on May 5th, 1907.

A favorite postcard picture (**Image #Five**) shows two fig leaves on a clothesline labeled “The First Wash-Day.” It was sent anonymously from Potlatch, Idaho, on July 10th, 1907. Lizzie no doubt knew who lived in Potlatch.

One postcard has no stamp yet was

delivered to Lizzie. The sender, J. Curtiss, was Jessie Curtiss, Deer Park’s Postmistress. Jessie’s sister, Irene, was married to Lizzie’s brother, Will Eickmeyer.

On June 14th, M. O’Brien sent a philosophical postcard from Bellingham. The preprinted message read, “The Indian with his pipe of peace has slowly passed away, But the Irishman with his piece of pipe has come prepared to stay.”

One postcard is green leather with the words “International Convention July 10 to 15, 1907, Seattle.” There is a white logo of a large C with E inside. Sent anonymously from Seattle on July 11th. Lizzie probably knew who was attending this convention. An internet search located a poster for the Twentieth International Christian Endeavor Convention with the same logo and dates.

The U.S. Post Office banned leather postcards in mid-1907, due to their new processing equipment, which could not handle these heavier-than-paper postcards.

This collection includes some leather

postcards that were never posted. They were probably purchased before the ban, but then, when the ban went into effect, were kept with the collection and later passed on to Lizzie’s descendants.

Lizzie’s daughter, Frances, graduated from Deer Park High School in 1923. Frances’ teaching job was in Boise, Idaho, where she met Frank Cessna Poage. They married in 1930, and their sons Frank and Jim were born in Boise. When Frank was hired by AT&T, the family moved east and lived in Morristown, New Jersey, for the rest of their lives. They maintained their Deer Park family connections. After death, both Frances and

Frank Poage were buried in Deer Park’s Woodland Cemetery.

The younger Frank Poage continued to live in Morristown, New Jersey. In his retirement, Frank was “excavating” drawers. In 2009 he wrote to me — I’m his second cousin — and sent this entire postcard collection to my Deer Park address.

The leather postcards were a unique way to communicate. It’s very interesting to see and feel the difference between leather and paper postcards both in weight and appearance.

— end —

In Search of George Emmerson Crawford.

by

Wally Lee Parker

... in search of G. E. Crawford and family ...

Curiosity regarding the name given Deer Park’s main east/west street prompted me to sift through the society’s archive in search of anything that might have been uncovered regarding George Emmerson Crawford’s personal history. Finding little, I took some time to rummage around the internet a bit.

There’s scant mention of him in the Spokane papers. The first notation so far located is from the *Spokesman-Review*’s November 19th, 1891 edition. All it says is, “The citizens of Deer Park have applied for the appointment of a constable for that district. They have suggested the names of William Short, P. J. Kelley, George Crawford, and Oliver Tufty.”

Next, the February 9th, 1892 *Review*

reports that, “Articles were filed with the county auditor yesterday incorporating the Washington Mill Company, formerly a partnership concern, and the firm of Short & Crawford of Deer Park.

“The corporation will be known as the Washington Mill Company, a name which is well known in business circles in this city and throughout the Pacific northwest. The concern as now organized is the only one in this branch of business in Spokane who operate their own saw and planing mills, turning out lumber from the stump to the finished product, and which includes the manufacturing of lumber, sash, doors, moulding, interior finish, etc.

“The officers of the new company consist of W. H. Short, general superintendent; J. C. Barline, manager and treasurer; and W. H. Acuff, secretary. The capital stock

is \$25,000, a portion of which will be applied to increasing the capacity of the sawmill located at Deer Park on the Spokane & Northern Railroad. One of the improvements which they propose to add as soon as possible is a modern dry kiln, to insure thoroughly seasoned stock.

“The lumber yard and factory are located on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad tracks, corner of Sharp and Walnut Streets, on the north side, and is reached by the Boone Street cars. Connected with both the mill and factory at this company are side-tracks, which give them the best of transportation facilities for meeting the demands of their trade. The company’s office is reached by telephone, 658.”

Then, the August 14th, 1892 *Review* states, “One homestead filing was entered at the land office yesterday by G. E. Crawford of Deer Park on the southwest quarter of section 23, township 28, range 42.”

And lastly, the *Chronicle*’s January 16th, 1895 edition prints a short blip noting that, “George Crawford, the Deer Park blacksmith, is spending the day in Spokane.” From being part of a company called Short & Crawford to the town’s blacksmith, I’m not sure how to interpret that — or even if it’s the same George Crawford.

The next and it currently appears last time we find Mr. Crawford mentioned in the Spokane papers is this from the June 9th, 1912 *Spokesman-Review*. Datelined “Deer Park, Wash., June 8,” it says, “G. E. Crawford has returned to his home in Mankato, Minnesota after visiting relatives and friends for the past two weeks.”

In search of more details, I pulled up the several prior issues of the Deer Park paper. The *Union*’s May 31st, 1912 edition gave a lengthy description that began, “A pretty wedding occurred Wednesday afternoon at 3:45 at the Congregational Church. The fortunate pair were Albert Blake of West Branch, Wash., and Miss Ruth Gertrude Crawford of Deer Park.” By way of background on the couple, a bit later the *Union* added, “The young people

are well known in our city, the bride being a teacher for the past two years, and the groom a young businessman with a bright future in prospect. They will make their home in West Branch.

“After the ceremony the company retired to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, uncle and aunt of the bride.” Among the above noted company of guests attending this reception, “Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Short ... “Miss Agnes Crawford” ... “Mr. G. E. Crawford of Mankato, Minnesota, father of the bride.”

According to Albert and Ruth’s marriage certificate, Albert was 23. He listed his birthplace as Westbranch, Washington. His occupation, merchant. Ruth stated she was 22, and her birthplace Minnesota — the same as her father’s, the above noted George Emmer-son Crawford.

We were able to locate the following data on Ruth. She was born on July 31st, 1889. She passed away on August 21st, 1983. Her place of death, Santa Clara County, California. She’s interred beside her husband, Albert. He passed away in 1964. We know Ruth and Albert had at least one child, a girl born on October 17th, 1914. Neither the *Union* nor her Washington State birth certificate gives the child’s name.

Ruth had a younger sister, Agnes Gertrude Crawford — doubtless the same Miss Crawford attending her marriage. We know that Agnes was one of six young people graduating from Deer Park High School in 1913. According to Agnes’s May, 1917 application to the “Washington State Board of Examiners of Nurses” — said application a request to be certified as a “Registered Nurse” — she was born September 1st, 1892. On the application she gave her “present address” as “Deaconess Hospital, Spokane, Wash.,” and her “permanent address,” as “Deer Park, Wash.”

The last ‘local’ mention of Agnes found so far reports her attendance at the annual banquet for Deaconess Hospital’s School of Nursing alumni, that found in the April 24th,

Graduates at Deer Park



DEER PARK, WASH., June 6.—These are the members of the graduating class at the Deer Park high school. They are, left to right, top row—Leonora Gemmill, Lee Chadbourne, Mont Chadbourne, Gladys Turner; lower row—Zora Kelly and Agnes Crawford.

Clipped from the June 7th, 1913 edition of the *Spokesman-Review*.

1924 edition of the *Spokesman-Review*.

This last document drew us to a satisfying if not complete understanding of the fate of George and Gertrude’s family. Agnes Crawford’s 1892 birth registration doesn’t give the child’s first name. That was added via a “Correction of Record” application forwarded to Washington State from San Francisco County, California, on May 31st, 1960. It requested that Agnes’s birth record be amended to add “Agnes” as her first name. These kinds of things are usually done as a precursor when applying for documents or benefits that require proof of date and place of birth — materials such as passports, Social Security payments, etc. The application gave Agnes’s full name as “Agnes Gertrude Crawford Landry,

R. N.” A quick online search of the “Washington State Digital Archives” drew up the fact that on November 19th, 1938, a justice of the peace in Seattle, Washington joined Agnes G. Crawford and Charles Landry in marriage. All of which seems to suggest that Agnes spent her later years in California, possibly to be closer to her sister Ruth.

Regarding the girls’ parents, their mother, Gertrude (Short) Crawford, was born in New York State on the 8th of November, 1868. She married George E. Crawford at Morristown, Minnesota, on August 29th, 1888. And she passed away in Spokane on the 9th of September, 1892, eight days after Agnes was born.

Gertrude’s death certificate states

“pleuritis” — an inflammation of the fluid-lubricated lining separating the lungs and the chest wall — as the causative factor in her death. One might speculate that this inflammation was in some way a complication of childbirth. Gertrude’s grave-marker stands in the Orchard Prairie Cemetery near Hillyard.

This brings us back to a comment made in the 1912 *Deer Park Union* article describing daughter Ruth’s wedding; said comment being “*After the ceremony the company retired to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, uncle and aunt of the bride.*” To understand that association, we need to look in several places, the first being in Mrs. Sarah R. Short’s obituary as found in the May 8th, 1918 *Spokesman-Review*. Dated “*Deer Park, Wash., May 7,*” the article read, “*Mrs. Sarah Short, age 78, died at the home of her son, W. H. Short, today. Mrs. Short came to Washington 28 years ago from Minnesota. She was born in Gouverneur, New York (a small town in the far northern part of the state, 20-some miles from the Canadian border), and was the mother of four children, two of whom are living here — W. H. Short, president of the Standard Lumber Company, of which Mrs. Short was a director, and Mrs. F. A. Reed, teacher in the public schools.*”

The following lines have been extracted from a more detailed obituary as found in the May 10th, 1918 edition of the *Deer Park Union*. The first states, “*January 1, 1863, she (Sarah R. Hopkins) was married to Mr. Short*” — Mr. Short assumed to be William H. Short. The *Union* continued with the names of all the children born to the couple, “*William H. (Jr.), Emma A. Reed, Gertrude P. Crawford. and George A. Short — the latter two passing away a number of years ago.*”

And there’s our connection. Ruth and Agnes’s mother was the above noted Gertrude P., their aunt the above noted Emma A., while their grandmother and grandfather on their mother’s side were the above noted Sarah R. (Hopkins) Short and William H. Short.

As for Ruth and Agnes’s father, he was born in Morristown, Minnesota on April

30th, 1864, and passed away back in Minnesota — that on June, 29th, 1946. As noted, George Crawford married Ruth and Agnes’s mother at Morristown in 1888, and likely arrived in Deer Park at the same time Sarah and William Short moved here, also from Morristown — that arrival being in the spring of 1890, according to Sarah. In mid-August, 1892, just a few weeks before Gertrude died, George filed a homestead on the southwest quarter of section 2, township 28, range 42. That area would consume a quarter section of land beginning just a few dozen feet to the east of the Society’s present office/museum — which is located just to the south of Deer Park’s current city hall — and covering a square with the north side extending a quarter mile to the west and the east side a quarter mile to the south. As to whether that claim was accepted, we have yet to locate any confirming data.

What we can say is that George remarried on June 18th, 1895. The ceremony was performed in Saint Paul, Minnesota, and it seems quite possible that George remained in Minnesota with his new wife, Mayme Ruth Sprague. They went on to have two children. The first, Mildred J. Crawford, was born in December, 1896, and the second, William H. Crawford, August 12th, 1899. We’ve yet to locate a birthplace for Mildred, but available materials indicate that the second child, William, was born in Morristown, Minnesota — that being the reason for my speculation that once George married Mayme, he continued to live in Minnesota. Considering that of his two prior children, Ruth would have been less than six and Agnes less than three years old, one would ordinarily assume both were taken to Minnesota as well.

As documented above, both Ruth and Agnes have a later history back in the Deer Park area. We found the following piece in the December 31st, 1908 *Spokesman-Review*. Under the dateline “*Deer Park, Wash., Dec. 30,*” the first paragraph reads, “*A party was given to 30 young people at the Congregational Parsonage last night by the Reverend and*

Mrs. Perry Frederick Schrock in honor of the college students home for the holidays — Misses Ruth Crawford and May Lewis, Cheney; Ernest DeVoe and David Lewis, Pullman; and Clair and Miss Glenna Lybrook from Spokane College.” Ruth would have been 19 and a half years old at the time.

We also have a photo, with caption, clipped from the June 7th, 1913 edition of the *Spokesman-Review* picturing that year’s Deer Park High School graduating class. Among them is Agnes Crawford. At that time Agnes would have been about three months shy of turning 21. As to why or when they may have

returned to this area we currently don’t know. Of course, it’s possible they never left, staying here with relatives while their father was away starting a new family.

The above history is scant considering the prominent place the Crawford family’s name holds in early Deer Park. Since we’re working with a significant deficit of data, it’s important to temper the perspective drawn from said data by remembering that some of these conclusions may change if and when more information comes to light.

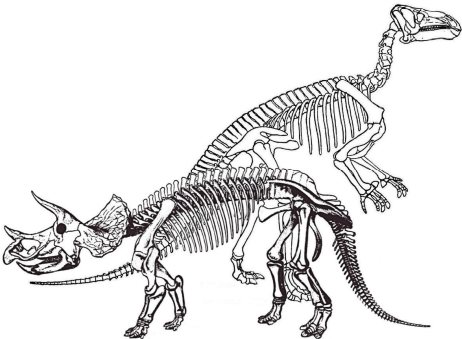
— end —

The Editor Picks a Bone!

Essays on Writing and
Editing for the Mortarboard.

by

Wally Lee Parker



“*How often we recall with regret that Napoleon once shot at a magazine editor and missed him and killed the publisher. But we remember with charity that his intentions were good.*” Samuel Clemens, November 11, 1906.

... it’s a biblical thing ...

Having some time ago reached the biblical lifespan of “*threescore years and ten,*” your editor has concluded that he can rightly refer to himself as old. And since “*to everything there is a season,*” it’s reasonable to assume that my time as editor — due to age and all of the joys that commonly accompany it — is drawing to a close.

Taking under advisement the caveat that even editors are mortal (that being a

shocker to me too), it seems that now would be a good time for me to get in a final word or two — the ability to have such final words being one of those perks editors are generally allowed as part of a literary post-mortem of the print efforts they’ve overseen to date, including those appearing under said editor’s own byline.

In my old age I’ve come to believe that creative writing is the spiritual cousin of standup comedy. If done well, both these arts flow with a subversive spontaneity that leaves

the audience unaware of how difficult they really are. To add an extra dose of misery to those apprenticing in these clearly black arts, at some point honing skills in either of these vocations will require placing yourself in front of a critical audience — placing yourself there either physically, as does a comedian on stage, or via the printed page, as writers do in the *Mortarboard*. Anticipation of such exposure tends to induce a degree of dread at the expectation of utter humiliation, said humiliation possibly punctuated by an occasional flying beer bottle or brickbat — such flights being metaphoric or otherwise, the choice of which determined by the emotional temperament and degree of sociopathology within each critic.

The bitter truth is, these are just the kind of dues you'll have pay when engaging in public performances. And have no doubt, having your writings published is — as the root of the word publish implies — a public performance.

The big difference between writing for publication and working the standup circuit — if your comedy act goes sideways and the patrons of some rural roadhouse start kindling chair-legs into bludgeons, the staff, assuming they're still sober, can usually be trusted to hustle you out the back door — mostly to avoid all the bad publicity a lynching might generate. A couple of hundred miles and a night or two later, you'll be in front of a whole new crowd of drunks, and this time hopefully a bit wiser regarding your presentation. But if you're a writer and something incredibly bad gets into print under your byline, it's likely to lodge itself somewhere in cyberspace for maybe ten or twenty years, then shake loose and drop back into circulation just in time to cause grievous embarrassment for either you or your relatives. For example, as a quote in your obituary. This is possible because — unlike an unrecorded late-night skit in some woebegone comedy club — in this age of searchable electronic databases, published stories deserving of obscurity never entirely disappear.

And that's one of the reasons editors and the editorial process are so important to

writers, and especially important to amateur writers. Editors are the filter through which your work must pass before becoming part of — as my high school teachers loved to say — “*your permanent record.*”

With deserved cynicism and a peppering of sarcasm, you may say, “*How nice that editors are so concerned about a writer's feelings and future reputation.*” I'm sorry to inform, that's generally not what editors are concerned about — at least not me when I'm the editor. While it is true that the long-suppressed novelist still dwelling deep inside most editors does sometimes manage to feel a quiver or two of sympathy when reading novice copy, don't let that fool you. The editor's first and foremost consideration will always be his or her publication — and if a possible violation of copyright is apparent in a submitted script, the additional task of keeping their own name off any resultant subpoenas. After all, the overall quality of any publication is a direct reflection of the editor's skills and discretion in choosing and managing copy and layout — which is to suggest that editors always edit first to preserve and enhance their publication's reputation, and by such to preserve and enhance their own reputation.

... our job is to remember ...

I've never been terribly good with arithmetic. But when confronted with algebra and such in high school, I and the world of numbers abruptly parted ways. Certain mathematical concepts, the ones that can be easily explained without calculations involving formulas composed of letters and symbols, I can almost grasp. For example, I understand that the branch of math involving statistics indicates that passing the three-quarter century mark in age means you've entered a period of ever-growing likelihood that you'll become a statistic yourself — which I believe is the mathematical equivalent of being converted into something called a negative integer.

I'll have to ask Rick Hodges about that. He's my go to guy when something

mathematical comes up.

Like a lot of people who are generally ignored when they try to talk, I've always wanted to be a writer. The problem there, I've suffered lifelong misery when it comes to spelling. But despite that — coupled with my deficit of formal education — I have a fairly good vocabulary. It seems the inability to spell, when dashed against a nagging desire to write, necessitated spending hours looking up words, very often the same words I'd looked up dozens of times before. The ever-present conundrum being, if you don't know how to spell a word, how do you look it up? Well ... you spend an awful lot of time rummaging through the dictionary (at least that's what I did before the advent of practical home computers, spell checkers, and the internet), and in the process I was constantly being exposed to new words — which, if I could remember them, would be added to my ever-growing list of words I couldn't remember how to spell.

I suppose I could give one or more lectures about that. The problem is a lot of my fancy words — the ones I've stumbled across in the dictionary — I've never heard pronounced. Trying to pronounce via the dictionary's pronunciation key — well, all those weird and inexplicable characters look a lot like algebra to me. But as luck would have it, my bad pronunciations have never been too much of a problem since no one listens to me when I talk anyway.

And that draws me around to a recently developed theory about the elemental nature of human language.

There's a scientific debate going on — one that's been going on for at least several centuries now — about the origin of human speech. One of the newer arguments asserts that certain lines of primates — those adjudicated by DNA studies as constituting our nearest still-existent non-human relatives — can use various signs, gestures, and vocalizations to communicate warnings, actions, needs, et cetera. And most importantly, in certain instances these gestures and such can be considered abstract in nature. It's postulated that the

ability of humans to learn and use complex languages is rooted within an area of the human brain identical to the location within the brains of our primate relatives from which their ability to communicate through gestures and so forth arise. If this proves to be true, the implication is that the ability to invent and use complex languages is much older than our own species of humanoids — that being *Homo Sapiens*. Taken from the Latin, the translation of that term is literally “*man the wise.*” History, and most certainly recent history, makes that bit of scientific nomenclature something we might want to reconsider.

After digestion, all this seems to indicate that language may very well predate what we might comfortably consider humans. This hypothesis is hard to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt since the pre-human creatures that would have displayed such a talent are now extinct. If eventually accepted as theory, the above would imply our ability to tell each other stories enhanced with a high degree of abstract nuance is ancient indeed.

Within our own species, if I want to hear a story, I can turn on the television or open a book. One of my somewhat hairier ancestors a hundred thousand or so years ago could have been doing essentially the same when he or she joined the rest of the members of the tribe huddling around the communal fire to listen to the group's elders draw from their catalog of remembered tales. The only problem with these oral histories, they tend to drift in fidelity from teller to teller and as they're passed from lifespan to lifespan.

It would appear the human species has been telling stories long enough that this bit of theater has become a compulsion inherent in our nature. The only thing new — meaning within more or less the last ten thousand years — has been the invention — this invention apparently accomplished many times over — of two-dimensional graphic symbols of various sorts that freeze our spoken words into something akin to permanence. With that craft we began to record the sounds of our stories on various media — clay tablets,

animal hides, woven plant-fiber mats. This gave our species the ability spread our stories over the miles, but also across the centuries.

All of this suggests to me something I believe the archeological record gives credence to. Writing came into existence because we, as a species, want to remember, and even more important, be remembered. These needs have given rise to the vocation of historian.

... the editor's millstone ...

Editors edit manuscripts for all kinds of reasons, among them trimming wordage so the materials fit the amount of space available (something usually unnecessary with the *Mortarboard*); making alterations that create a better fit between the story and the intended audience; correcting spelling errors, and either correcting punctuations or bringing them into compliance with the publication's style; dealing with problematic word choices. And so on.

Then there are considerations arising from the editor's responsibility to navigate a safe course for his or her publication — an obligation that requires being ever mindful of legal considerations. One example being potentially libelous commentary. Another, identifying submissions using materials obtained from found sources in a manner that constitutes a violation of copyright, and impounding such until the material in question is cleared.

Most professional writers understand the above, at least to the point where disagreements are generally nonlethal in resolution. They also accept that publishing is a business, and as such the materials the writer submits can and often will be treated as a product rather than a work of art — this being somewhat harder for writers to forgive. Writing students intending to pursue wordsmithing as a profession are often encouraged by instructors and others to acquaint themselves — via research drawn from sources verifiably knowledgeable in the subject — with the business side of publishing, including its legal aspects. That kind of knowledge should make dealing with publishers, editors, and the reality of the craft as a

vocation less emotionally traumatizing.

Inevitably someone will argue that the *Mortarboard* isn't a business, so all that hooey about regulations and legalities don't apply. This I've found to be the root of perpetual conflict for anyone trying to do the right thing. I could try to explain that I'm aware that the *Mortarboard* is an all-volunteer enterprise, amateur in nature, dedicated to the collection, archiving, and free sharing of local history. In fact, years ago I wrote a mission statement for the society that says essentially the same thing — said statement being posted on most of this magazine's past issues just to the left of the frontpage nameplate. Furthermore, I could try to explain that I understand that few if any of our contributors could be considered professional writers and assure everyone that from the editorial side full allowance must and has been made for that fact. The thing that shouldn't get lost in all this is that the *Mortarboard* is also a publication that anyone anywhere in the world with internet access can open and read — assuming they can read English. And just as the society's certification as a not-for-profit corporation within the State of Washington places a set of legally defined obligations on us, our publication's worldwide outreach should dissolve any delusions — and I assure you they are delusions — that our size, amateur standing, and not-for-profit status means that the legal and ethical boundaries imposed upon larger, mainstream, and/or commercial publications don't apply to us.

Over the years I've found that standing one's ground on this issue is a millstone that whoever accepts the job of editor is cursed to forever be pushing uphill.

... teaching yourself to write ...

What little exposure I've had to formal writing instruction suggests that learning to write requires lots of writing. And then quite a bit more writing. Followed by still more writing.

Now you might ask, "*So, I just write*

things?" To which I would reply, "*Yes. But you have to make it a habit to write things in a specific way.*"

By that I mean write emails using complete sentences. Any fractional sentences you use — such as standalone prepositional phrases (at least that's what we used to call such parts of speech) — being explicable as to meaning. Any garnishments you use must be words chosen not simply for their flavor, but also for their exactitude. Punctuations chosen should enhance rather than obscure meanings. And when you break what you've been taught are the rules, you do so with sufficient force to make a credible argument that you aren't breaking the rules. Which is to say, when breaking the rules, you continue to follow the prime purpose of writing, which is to make yourself understood.

And to the suffrage of all concerned, likewise with text messages.

To immerse yourself even further, find hobbies that require writing. Or better yet, make writing your hobby. Start that family history, and then keep at it — and don't leave out the juicy parts. Quite often the juicy parts — written with at least a little compassion for all concerned — are the most human. And the humanity is what makes the people you're writing about real. It does that by reminding your readers that most everyone's life is a blend of pain and passion, of errors and regrets, of charity and selfishness, of successes and failures. Things that your readers, if honest with themselves, can relate to.

Of course, if you're writing stories about your own family, it's always wise to keep any such manuscripts under lock and key until you're ready to drop them on your kin. Or better yet, until you've safely crossed over to the other side and are well beyond their reach.

Juicy parts aside, here's one of the techniques I find useful when it comes to composing a story. This is drawn from the fact that my first reading of most every script submitted for publication is essentially a cold reading — in the theatrical sense. Which is to

say, all I can see of what the author wanted to say or likely believed they were saying is what ended up being recorded on the page — in some cases leaving me with a suspicion they've suffered a dissonance between their intent and their execution.

When cold-reading writers I consider more experienced, I suspect a skim of transparent errors to be evidence they've neglected one absolute necessity before submitting materials. And that is to rigorously self-edit.

The best way to begin the self-editing process is to set the material aside for a few days or weeks to cool, and by that get some distance between you and the thought processes and creative experimentations you've used to meld the pieces of your story together. When approaching the script again, such cooling will hopefully give you a perspective closer to what your readers will see when first encountering your material — a perspective more revealing of any lingering defects or deficiencies than can be seen when your self-editing ability has been fatigued by familiarity. Once any such problems are identified, you can apply the rewrites necessary to bring the story closer to what you had intended.

When you start recognizing the problems in your writing yourself, you'll be in a better position to develop an aptitude for finding your own solutions rather than passing those problems on to your editor, or far worse, to your readers.

... a body of work ...

Most everything the society publishes is dedicated to the single goal of preserving the region's history. And when it comes to history, I tend to favor the stories about the little people. That being the common people most easily forgotten by history, but in the human sense of being parents, siblings, children, friends, neighbors, co-workers and so forth, being the most important in explaining how life was once lived.

Looking back at my own contributions to the society's body of work, there are a

number of things I'm proud of. Among them my interviews — Tuffy Luhr, Sadie Mae Fischbach, Mike and Betty Burdette, Warren Nord, Eddie Olson, and a scattering of others. In the scripts derived from these interviews I hope I've captured the sense that these individuals were people most anyone coming to know them personally would have become fond of.

Done right, these kinds of interviews are terribly time consuming. But after all the drudgery of transcription from audio to print, and then the additive research needed to shore up the holes in my interviewee's memory and such, the first draft seems to flow onto the pages as if it had a life of its own. Which leads me to believe these kinds of things do. I wish I could have done more of these stories. But as said, stories constructed from interviews — if done right — are voracious consumers of time.

Another thing I'm particularly proud of are my personal essays — at least those I consider a little better than average. A good portion of my essays can be found in the Letters/Brickbats column. That column first appeared in the *Mortarboard's* January 2014 issue — where, under the heading "*what exactly is a brickbat*," I discussed the origin of the word brickbat. That little piece was really fun to research and write, as was the bit longer essay about the final days of Deer Park's sawmill titled "*the last whistle*." The whistle piece was something of a melancholy write, since me, my dad, and lots of others lost our jobs when the mill closed. As often happens with working class people, the fallout from the closing forever changed the course of our lives. Then there were a couple of pieces touching on the subject of flying saucers — me being one of those who really wants to believe, but has to have conclusive evidence first. The one called "*A round loaf of flying fire*" took its title from the description given of an object observed by several members of the Ground Observer Corps unit posted on the top of the local high school (now Deer Park's City Hall) one August evening in 1952. They were

looking for Russian bombers but saw a spectacular meteor instead — that doubtless being the better of those two possibilities.

Then there were the "*In Search of*" bits — my favorite finding the confirmable identity of Loon Lake's drowned boat.

Was all the work needed to capture these chunks of the past worthwhile? Since that depends whether any of it survives the decades to come, we elders will never know.

... the ash of memory ...

The larger part of human history once written on parchment or other perishables has turned to ash — mostly as the result of fires, accidental or otherwise, but sometimes due to the slow flameless burn of decay. Some records incised into stone or clay tablets have been lost because those knowledgeable in reading the symbols are long gone. Meaning without a Rosetta Stone we've no way to re-verbalize whatever those symbols meant.

There are other things we assume have been lost but can't yet certify as such. The first half-decade of Deer Park's vintage newspaper, the *Union*, being one example. Are these first issues lingering in some musty archive waiting to be rediscovered? We can only hope.

Another example is the certifiable loss of most of the military records for World War II's enlisted men — those burned in a fire likely enabled by neglect.

Both these losses could have told us so much. One thing their absence does tell us is that history's survival depends on more than luck. It requires those willing to act as history's caretakers to step forward, collect and archive, then keep everything in a safe place. Without that type of dedication, our history becomes little more than tales told and retold by the community's elders over supper or drinks — told with all the factual drift and entertaining though inaccurate embellishments oral histories are prone to.

— end —

The 1891 Donnybrook at the Kelly Brothers' Store

— and other assorted bits of Kelly history —
(Part One)

by

Wally Lee Parker

... a thumbnail family history ...

On April 30th, 1908, an obituary for Deer Park pioneer Peter J. Kelly appeared in the *Newport Miner*. The first paragraph of that column read, "*At his home in Deer Park on Monday occurred the death of P. J. Kelly, brother of Thomas J. Kelly of Newport.*" The *Miner* noted that "*The Deer Park Union contained an extended notice of the life of the deceased from which we take the following ...*"

The twenty-plus column inches of obituary the *Newport Minter* printed seemed to suggest Peter Kelly was a candidate for sainthood. We can't say whether the alluded to *Deer Park Union* obituary agreed in total with the *Newport Miner's* since the entirety of 1908 is among those early issues of Deer Park's *Union* considered lost. But if there are any misalignments of recollection between the two communities, it might be due to the fact that the above noted Thomas J. Kelly had been among Newport's heavier community shakers since 1903 — said relationship possibly ef-

fecting a softening of what was recorded in print. Then too, as Peter Kelly fell into his final illness, Deer Park was just on the cusp of obtaining the status of an incorporated town — something its early residents had long hoped for. And Peter Kelly certainly deserved recognition for his part in bringing that about.

As for the rough parts of this story, it's often forgotten that the early 1890s as experienced in the Pacific Northwest was still in many ways part of the wild west — where justice, for homesteading families at least, was just another thing homemade by necessity.

There appears to have been two other Kelly brothers living at that time — Michael and Edward. A fifth brother, William, had passed away in 1898 at the village of Camden, some 13 miles northeast of Deer Park. William reportedly had a business there, we've yet to find out what kind.

Three of the brothers — Peter, Thomas, and William — are interred at Deer Park's St. Mary's Cemetery. Michael lays at rest in Colville's Calvary Cemetery. Edward's final

Further Reading: The First Store in Deer Park?

"The 1891 Murder Trial of John C. Hoefer," by Wally Lee Parker.
Mortarboard #158, June, 2021 — page 2309 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 47.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_158_web_.pdf

Letters/Brickbats: "Deer Park's First Store," by Wally Lee Parker.
Mortarboard #162, October, 2021 — page 2395 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 48.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_162_web__1_.pdf

resting place isn't currently known.

Most histories state that Peter and Thomas opened the first store in Deer Park. Recently uncovered data has indicated one John C. Hoefer may be entitled to that accolade (see further reading box below). All that said, what follows are some bits of Peter's history the *Newport Miner's* obit left out.

... an axe handle drives the point home ...

Under the heading "Difficulty at Deer Park," this appeared in *The Spokane Review's* November 17th, 1891 edition.

"The Kelly brothers, who run a general merchandise store and the post office at Deer Park ... came to town (Spokane) yesterday at the request of Sheriff Pugh to answer to a charge of assault preferred by George Smith. Mr. P. J. Kelly, the postmaster, brought a black eye with him as evidence that Smith was not idle himself when the Kelly boys found it necessary to forcibly eject him from their store last Saturday night, and for which he had them arrested. The case will come up for hearing in Justice court today.

"Smith is a member of the firm of Newell, Smith & Archer. The Kelly brothers recently owed this firm a bill, which they paid in full during Smith's absence in the Palouse country. On his return home, Smith demanded his share of the money paid the firm by the Kelly brothers. His partners refused to divide, as they had an old account against him. Saturday night Smith went into the store and wanted a settlement. The Kelly brothers informed him that they had settled with his partners. Smith then became boisterous and very

abusive. He was ordered to behave himself or go out. He said he was in the post office building, and nobody dared eject him. The Kelly boys convinced him that he was wrong by forcibly throwing him out.

"We could do nothing else," said Mr. T. J. Kelly to a Review man last night. "There are no peace officers nearer to us than Spokane, and people doing business there are at the mercy of toughs. The county commissioners should see that peace officers are appointed at Deer Park."

According to the same day's *Spokane Chronicle's* coverage of the incident, the debt in question was for "wood," quite possibly firewood. As for the assault, the *Chronicle* states, "Smith appeared at the defendant's barn one evening and began to abuse the Kelly boys, who claim that they did not wish to create a disturbance, and they proceeded to the store, followed by Smith. After they were inside, Smith again resumed the attack until it was finally terminated by one of the Kelly brothers hitting him on the head with an axe handle."

The next day's *Spokane Review* recounted the prior day's courtroom action as, "The Kelly brothers, merchants at Deer Park, were fined \$5 and cost by Judge Backus for assault on George Smith, whom they ejected from their store last Saturday. A warrant was immediately sworn out by the Kelly brothers for the arrest of Smith, charging him with disturbing the peace." Regarding these countercharges, we found a notice that Smith's appearance before Judge Backus would be the following Friday, but no details regarding the outcome have been located.

Further Reading: Peter J. Kelly

"The Kelly House: A house in the center of Deer Park's history moves," by Peter Coffin. Mortarboard #22, February, 2010 — page 277 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 6.

http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_22_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf

"Peter J. Kelly: Early Deer Park businessman/store owner," by Peter Coffin. Mortarboard #77, September, 2014 — page 937 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 20.

http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_issue_77_web_doublepage.pdf

The November 18th *Chronicle* carried this short blip. "The citizens of Deer Park who want the county commissioners to appoint a constable to preserve the peace have suggested William Short, P. J. Kelly, George Crawford or Oliver Tufty ... any of whom would be satisfactory to the property owners."

Mention of Pete Kelly as a possible peace officer must have been irksome to Mister Smith. It's possible said irksomeness prompted this November 19th letter to the editor, as published in *The Spokane Review*. The writer signed himself "Citizen" — or maybe such was the editorial policy of the paper.

"After reading Mr. T. J. Kelly's account of the recent trouble which occurred at his place of business last Saturday night, of which I know nothing of the particulars, I wish to resent his statement as to his being at the mercy of toughs, as the people living in this vicinity are peaceable and law-abiding citizens, and I know of none rougher than the Kelly brothers. This is not their first offence, and only a week ago they were involved in a similar affair. As for peace officers, they are uncalled for. These sentiments are from one of many of the same."

On the 22nd the *Review* carried this rebuttal, authored by "Citizens."

"We cannot refrain from refuting the charges brought against the Kelly brothers by

the personage who signs himself 'Citizen.' This same 'Citizen' is one of the two followers of Smith, whom they threw out of their place of business. This chum evidently became demented over the probability of their leader getting his just deserts and serving a term in jail, retires to some jungle and uses the term tough in speaking of worthy, upright business men who are friends of everyone about the country."

With that the controversy seems to have faded — if not away, at least out of Spokane's newspapers.

... by handcar to Spokane ...

An article found in the *Spokane Review's* May 18th, 1892 edition begins, "With a gunshot wound through his left thigh, James F. Congleton made a journey of 30 miles on a handcar last night, and now lies in a precarious condition at his home at 312 Bernard Steet.

"Congleton is employed as night clerk by the Spokane Cab Company and left the city yesterday morning to spend a day with P. J. Kelly of Deer Park, 30 miles from the city, on the Spokane & Northern road. The men were hunting all day and while returning home through the woods Kelly let his gun, a 40-60 Colt repeater (see sidebar below), slip

"... a 40-60 Colt repeater ..."

In 1887 Colt began manufacturing a large frame, slide-action multi-cartridge repeating rifle to complement the smaller caliber pump-action style it had introduced in 1884. According to a description in the 1891 issue of Chicago's Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Company catalog, "The hammer is automatically locked and unlocked by a simple device connecting hammer and handle. The rifle may be loaded and discharged with lightning rapidity by using the reciprocating motion of the slide, keeping the trigger constantly pressed back during the operation." The "40-60" model was available in two version, both having 28-inch barrels. The weight of the round barrel version, nine and a quarter pounds. The octagon barrel version, ten pounds. The catalog price for the round barrel rifle, 19 dollars. The octagon barrel, 20 dollars and 50 cents. The 40-60 indicates first the caliber of the bullet, then the weight of the black powder charge — 60 grains. Other sources list the recommended bullet weight for the 40-60 as 260 grains, or just a trifle less than six-tenths of an ounce.

from his hand. The weapon was discharged, and the bullet struck Congleton, who was in advance of his friend, in the left thigh, about two inches below the joint, shattering the bone but luckily missing the femoral artery. The wounded man dropped to the ground, and Kelly, with rare presence of mind, did what he could to staunch the flow of blood, then started for help.

“With the assistance of a man whom he happened to meet, he got Congleton to the railroad and, as there was no other means of conveying him to the city, the now unconscious man was placed upon a handcar and the long journey was begun. Everything went smoothly until the men were in sight of the city, when the car jumped the track and Congleton fell off. The city was reached at midnight, and he was taken at once to his home. Doctors Penfield, Gerlach, and Grove were called, and when they arrived Congleton was almost dead. His wounds were dressed tem-

porarily to give him a chance to recover in a measure from the shock. At 2:30 o'clock this morning the physicians were engaged in administering an anesthetic in order to make a closer examination, should the amputation of the wounded member be considered necessary. Congleton's chances of recovery are but slight, and as it is, his wound is considered a very serious one.”

We can report that Mr. Congleton did survive, and several years later is documented as living at the village of Milan, just under seven miles east of Deer Park. Mr. Congleton was a merchant at that place for some years. As for his wound, it appears the wounded leg healed stiff, and three inches shorter. But all that is another story — and one well worth the telling.

As for the rest of the Peter Kelly story, that will have to wait until next month.

———— to be continued ————

Minutes of the Clayton ♦ Deer Park Historical Society ———— February 12, 2022 ————

In attendance at the society's Deer Park meeting hall, 300 Block 'A' Street: Marilyn Reilly, Bill Sebright, Mary Jo Reiter, Wally Parker, Dick Purdy, Larry Bowen, Judy Coffin, Pete Coffin, Scott Moore, Tracy Strong, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Rick Brodrick, Marie Morrill, Roxanne Camp, Bill Phipps, Rachelle Fletcher, Andrea Evans-Davis, Mike Wolfe, and Winnie Moore.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 10:00 AM. He reported that: 1) He filled out and returned the vendor's contract for the Clayton Fair, August 27, 28, 29. 2) John Scholz called saying that he has a “suitcase full” of old pictures for the Society. He sent 3 scans, one of a 1931 Clay-

ton School class, one of Granite Point, and 1 of a 1914 Deer Park baseball team. 3) He scanned the pictures from Kathy Schmidt Knight's daughter, Lori. He made DVDs to give out. He found 2 more of her photo albums that he will also scan. Kathy's mom is a sister to the Krick boys, Clyde, Bill, etc. She is also related to Mary Jo Reiter. 4) Anni and he went to the MAC to see the Tiffany, Native American, and Flour Sack (Golden Harvest) displays. Sunday was the last day for the Tiffany display. The Native American display goes to August 21, and the Flour Sack display ends October 30. Pearl Welch Bryon's Grandmother, Pearl Christiansen, has a quilt made with flour sacks on display. The quilt was do-

nated by Nancy and James Vocature in memory of Mabel Christiansen Baker. It was quilted in 1937. There are Christiansen family pictures and family history also on display.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported by email: 1) The main checking account ended the month at \$16,688.88. There were deposits of \$510 and a check written to Liberty Insurance for \$250. The web hosting account ended the month at \$603.13 with a \$12.95 withdrawal for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at \$1,130.10. The Eagle fund account, \$7,450. 2) He submitted our incorporation filing for this year.

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

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) 120 copies of the February *Mortarboard* (#166) have been printed for distribution. Printable PDFs have been sent to The Heritage Network and the Loon Lake Library, allowing print reproduction of the issue for their patrons. The online version has been forwarded to the society's webmaster for uploading. 2) Ten copies of the Collected Newsletters, Volume Forty-Nine, have been printed. This volume combines *Mortarboards* #164 through #166. 3) The February *Mortarboard* begins with a continuation of Pete Coffin's prose vignettes under the title “*As Pete Recalls: The Art of Being a Kid.*” Next comes an expanded Letters/Brickbats column discussing topics such as the recent discovery of a ticket to Deer Park's 1948 airshow, a postcard photo of November 11th, 1918's spontaneous Armistice Day celebration in downtown Deer Park, followed by an associated investigation into Deer Park's former City Fountain Square, and lastly some research regarding the J. T. Davie brick plant near Mead. 4) As of this moment, the projected topics for the March *Mortarboard* (#167) include selected images from Florene Eickmeyer Moore's collection of leather postcards, circa 1907, an investigation of George Emmerson Crawford and family and their ties to Deer Park's history, a set of essays on writing and editing for the *Mortarboard* — that presented under the title “*The Editor Picks a*

Bone,” and a Letters/Brickbats column that explores the history of the Clayton Drive-In. 5) The May *Mortarboard* (#169) will be the last issue of the society's newsletter with me as editor. With its completion I will be stepping down and retiring from participation in the group's activities. A continuing decline in health has brought some other projects involving my own family's history to the forefront by reminding me that some things cannot be put off forever.

There was much discussion as to how we will fill the huge shoes of Wally stepping down as Print Editor. Rachelle Fletcher volunteered to print the *Mortarboard*. Marie Morrill said she would be a proofreader.

Webmaster Damon Smathers reported by email: 1) I had a little technical issue this month with the website. Some of the features for editing were not available. We are required to verify (or validate) our website every so often. My email is listed as the contact, but I wasn't receiving any emails. I chatted with their support team and they resolved the issue. I have now uploaded our February *Mortarboard*. I won't be at the meeting as Jessica and I have tested positive for COVID-19. We feel like we have a bad cold. Austin is doing fine.

Historian Pete Coffin reported that: 1) Began digitization of the Owens Museum's February 1st and February 8th at Sue Mauro's house on Pleasant Prairie. After nine hours of removing pictures from frames and digitizing them I have over 200 images. The digitization will continue on Tuesdays and may include a visit to the Museum to copy pictures glued to the walls. There may be items of Deer Park area interest that she may donate to the CDPHS. 2) Melissa Silvio of the Valley Historical Society asked for information on the Great Northern Railroad's Valley tool house and a railroad “Y” south of Valley. I emailed her the Valley pages from Dale Jones's book the Kettle Falls Branch of the Burlington Northern Railroad. I told her of the Great Northern blueprints Bill Sebright and I viewed at the Stevens County Historical

Museum in years past. 3) Copied several *Deer Park Union* newspaper articles on the fountain erected in 1916 in the park on west Crawford and sent them to other Society researchers.

Mike Reiter reported that: Someone dropped off a painting of a Winterfest collage by Marilyn Stern. Bill will see if the Tri-County Art Association would like to have it.

Our next meeting is scheduled for Saturday, March 12, 2022, at 10:00 AM at our building.

Meeting adjourned at 10:58.

Minutes submitted by Bill Sebright, acting as Secretary.

———— end ————

All 166 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.



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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.

Editorial, Copyright, and Reprint Concerns

Those contributing “original” materials to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society normally retain copyright to said materials while granting the Mortarboard and the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society durable permission to use said materials in our electronic and print media — including permission to reprint said materials in future Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society publications. Under certain conditions proof of ownership of submitted materials and/or a signed release may be requested. No compensation for materials submitted is offered or implied. All materials submitted are subject to editorial revision. Any material published as an exception to these general understandings will be clearly marked. When requests to reprint materials are received, such will be granted in almost all instances in which the society has the right to extend such permission. In instances where we don't have that right, we will attempt to place the requester in contact with the owner of the work in question. But in all instances where a request to reprint is made, it should be made to both the society and the author of the piece, and it should be made in writing (letter or email). The society considers the application of common business conventions when dealing with intellectual properties a simple means of avoiding misunderstandings.

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Bill Sebright, Chuck Stewart, Lina Swain, and Ken Westby.

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.

Copyright considerations for any materials submitted are stated in the “Editorial, Copyright, and Reprint Concerns” dialog box found in this issue. For any clarifications regarding said policy, or any discussions of possible story ideas or the appropriateness of certain types of material and so on, please contact the editor via the email address supplied on the same page.

———— 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.