

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society is a group of individuals dedicated to the preservation of the history of the area just north of Spokane, Washington. The Society collects oral, literary, and pictorial history to publish and otherwise make accessible to the public.

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society meets on the second Saturday of each month at 9 AM. We gather at the Clayton Drive-In, located just off Highway 395 on Railroad Ave.

THE

CLAYTON/DEER PARK  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# Mortarboard

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## Loon Lake's Loonsday Walk

Karen Meyer

Free — Take One

In the March Mortarboard there was an article about the Loon Lake Loon Association, started by a group of walkers who were curious about how Loon Lake got its name and about the bird it was named for.

Earlier, before there was a Loon Lake Loon Association those same walkers talked about walking in the Spokane Bloomsday Walk, but agreed it was too big and just too many people. So they decided that they would hold their own walk and call it Loonsday, kind of a spoof on Bloomsday. When one of the walkers went home and told her husband about the idea, he said “What are you going to do, pay people to come and walk”. Well, he is reminded every year of what he said and just how wrong he was. Once the idea took hold, the planning began. A T-shirt would have to be designed, where would the walk go, when and what time, how long would the course be, would the Fire Department help us, what about the train, many questions.

Eventually all those questions were answered... a shirt was designed, it would be a 5 ½ mile walk, it would be held the first Saturday in June, starting at

7 AM, beginning and ending at the Loon Lake School, through parts of Morgan Park then North-shore and on to Sunset Beach and south, loop around and follow about the same course back. The route was measured and marked, the Fire Department did help, and even had EMT's stationed at different points and directed traffic across Hwy. 231. The railroad agreed to change their schedule a bit so the train didn't cross the crossing into Morgan Park when the people were there. We pulled it off. One of the first years we had 1200 people walk, and now this will be our 30<sup>th</sup> Loonsday Walk. If you have walked each of the previous walks you have walked about 150 miles. Congratulations! The shirts have become collector items, the same as the Bloomsday shirts. You can see all of the shirts, each featuring a Loon, displayed at the Loon gift shop at the Old Schoolhouse. And you can also pick up an entry form there for this year's walk or download the form at [www.Loons.org](http://www.Loons.org). Or call 509-233-2222 and one will be sent to you. And you can bring your dog, on a leash, to walk with you. Some have walked since they were puppies; we look forward to seeing them year after year.



**Some of the 2012 Loonsday walk participants. Photo courtesy of Karen Meyer**

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The money raised from those 29 walks has all gone back into the community. Here is a list of the first ten years, where the money went and the amount, over \$27,000.

1984	EMT Fire Department	1,196.64
1985	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
1986	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
1987	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
1988	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
1989	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
	Village Park	500.00
	NALF oil spill.Exxon	500.00
1990	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
	Village Park	500.00
	Food Pantry	100.00
	Medical Clinic	100.00

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	LLLA	1,972.78
1991	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
	Medical Clinic (sewer)	3,525.45
1992	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
	Govedare Sculpture	500.00
1993	EMT Fire Department	2,000.00
	Govedare Sculpture	500.00

## Recollections By Florence Krick Prologue

By Carolyn (Krick) Scheer, Florence Krick's daughter, Christmas of 2003

Original stories by Florence (Flossie) Krick

A few months ago, my sister, Pat (Krick) Kinyon, handed me a stack of yellowed; tattered papers, with faint writing in ink . I knew my mother's writing immediately, because it resembles hieroglyphics. My sister said "Here's a pile of Mom's stories that we came across when cleaning out her cupboards. Maybe you can translate them."

She knew that I was one of the few people who could even attempt to read mother's writing. I left the pages in a pile, for some time, then came across them again, one day, and decided to try to decipher one of them. It was so interesting, that I began to re-copy it. That taking too long, I enlisted the technical expertise of Brian! After many trials and tribulations of trying to learn to type again, I was able to type them on computer! As everyone knows, this was quite a feat, for a computer illiterate person. We found pictures to go with the stories, and thought they turned out rather well. I hope you, too, will enjoy a trip down memory lane with Flossie's stories!!



## My Life By Florence Krick

My life began on a cold day, in January 1909, on a little wooded farm near Chewelah, Washington. My three older brothers were at

school, and when they arrived home that night, and were informed they had a darling little blue eyed sister, they were all very happy. However, this

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happiness was somewhat short-lived, as my mother was not well for a couple of years, and the boys took care of me a good share of the time. I think I must have led them around by their noses, at least to hear them tell it; and they spoiled me fearfully-so they told me. My youngest brother, Frank, was six years old that winter. It was cold, and the snow was deep, so mother let him stay home the rest of the winter and help her, as much as a willing little six year old could. He insists, even to this day, that he mainly held me and rock-a-byed me. As I finally learned to toddle around the boys gave

me a can of buttons to play with (why I didn't swallow them, I'll never know.) It seems as though I played with them and then, tiring of them, threw the buttons everywhere! I only remember a few things, as we moved away, when I was about 3 years old.

I can plainly remember helping carry water up the hill to our house. The boys had big buckets and gave me a little five-pound syrup pail. I slipped and fell down with it, and cold water ran under me, making me a watery bed. I can remember I screamed and cried, and my brothers stood and laughed at me until they almost spilled their own buckets.

My dad cut cordwood to sell in town. I must have thought I would go meet him, as I ran away through the woods one day and frightened everyone almost out of their wits, as there were many wild animals in the early days. My mother and brothers finally found me, wandering along through the



**Florence (Flossie) Rupp Krick—  
3 yr. old in Chewelah, Washington**

woods, and I told them I was going to find daddy.

About the time I was three years old, my mother's folks both died within a few months of one another and left my mother a little farm at Chesaw, up near the Canadian line. I can remember we stayed with some dear friends over night, in Chewelah. I remember when we all took the train the next morning. I do not remember much about the train ride, but remember when we arrived at the Chesaw ranch. One of my uncles drove us out there with a team and buggy. The ranch house

was just like my grandparents had left it except kind neighbors and relatives had come in to clean. My mother had two brothers living on ranches, not too far away. Uncle Charles was an old bachelor and Uncle Ed was married with a family. Mother was so happy to live near Uncle Ed as he was always her favorite brother. They were both jolly and fun loving. But Uncle Charles was a very serious person. Uncle Ed was married to a happy go lucky girl. She was our Aunt Allie. At the time we moved to Chesaw, they had two boys: Mason about my age, and Ben. Later, they had four more boys, and our family was increased, too. I had a little brother, Charles, and then came sister Jessie, six years younger than me. My dad's name was Jessie Louis and they named her Jessie Lois. Actually, she became my ball and chain for many years. I had to take care of her, much as my brothers had taken care of me. I still remember how I taught her  
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to walk. Mother would say, "Now Flossie (my name Florence eventually came to that), take her by the hand and walk her back and forth across the floor. I can remember how unhappily I sort of drug her back and forth and I guess she learned to walk out of pure self-defense. We had horses to ride and my brothers had taught me to ride a gentle old nag. We called her Skookum, and Skookie for short. We soon took Jessie for rides on her, too, and by the time she was six years old she was an expert rider. Jessie was a wild little child. She had blond hair and blue eyes. Mother tried hard to keep her hair curled but finally gave up and cut her hair short. Jessie would jump on her horse with her long curls flying and when she came home, her hair would be straight as a string. We forbid her to ride anything but the gentler horses. But one day we left Lady (old Skookum's colt) tied at the gate. Lady was a bit on the wild side and could run like a little demon. All at once, we heard hoofbeats, and they were fast ones. Several of us dashed to the road to see who might be travelling at such a lively clip. It was Jessie on Lady, blonde hair out straight in the wind and her small body synchronized with Lady's fast gallop. She turned and came flying back as nonchalant as a little circus rider. We asked her why she disobeyed orders but she said "Well you all talked about how fast Lady could run and I wanted to see if she could really run as fast as you all said she could. After that, she rode Lady, as well, if not better than some of the rest of us. We kept Lady in the family for many years. She loved to race anything: another horse, or even a car!

When I was a little girl, we lived on a farm at

Chesaw, Washington, about seven miles from the Canadian line. Chesaw is now a ghost town, but at the time, it was a thriving little town.

## Lady

By Florence Krick

My three brothers and one sister all went to a little country school. We generally walked to school; but if the weather was too bad we could always ride a horse, as we had plenty of them. We had a gentle old saddle horse we called Skookum. She had a dainty little white colt. In fact she so small and dainty that all we could think of to call her was Lady. My older brother, Frank, taught her to lead when she was tiny, and eventually made a little cart for her to pull around. By the time she was three years old, she was a regular, dyed in the wool, cow pony. The children all thought she was the best little pony ever, as she seemed to know every cow, and where they should go. And could she run! Just like a little deer!



**Lady Courtesy Carolyn (Krick) Scheer**

Later on, I stayed at Molson, went to high school and rode Lady home on Friday nights. Later, we moved to Oroville and took Lady along. We staked her out at the edge of town. We attended the Methodist Church there, and I belonged to Epworth League. They planned a camp trip to Lake

Chelan, the summer I was fifteen. That was 1925. Jobs and money were scarce, and how to raise the

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five dollars to go, I just didn't know. Then came the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. One race was a bareback pony race, one half mile. Day dawned hot. The gun sounded, and Lady passed all the Indians, winning ten dollars!!! The grandstand went wild!!! I think it was mostly for lady, although I was the only girl rider!

## Life on the Ranch

By Florence Krick

We had horses and more horses on our ranch. We had workhorses, driving horses and saddle horses. Everyone would ride or drive, as the case might be. My mother was an excellent driver, and her team of trotters could make it the 10 miles to Molson in less than an hour.

Mother always did very well with her chickens, and often started from Molson to meet the train with a case of eggs for the railroad diner. She got a better price that way and there was quite a big family to feed. With eight of us to feed, a fifty-pound sack of flour didn't last long and it seemed like mother was always pulling huge loaves of bread from the oven. How good a thick crust tasted with a glob of home-made butter!

We had nothing modern. We children carried millions of buckets of water from the well and pumped each one full with a pitcher pump. Some way, mother managed to keep us fed and half-way

clean as she used to say.

I really meant to tell more about the well and pump. Sometimes the horses and cattle would stampede to the huge water trough and that meant we must pump water for dear life. We would take turns and pump until the little old pitcher pump would be red hot. You never could believe a cow or horse could drink so much water until you had to pump water by hand!

Grandfather Rupp, my dad's father, came to live with us when I was about eight years old. He was old, stubborn, and cantankerous and none of the rest of the family would care for him in his old age. This created even more work for all of us!



## School Days

By Florence Krick

I attended the old Meyers Creek country school, for the first 8 years of my life. The school then burned down. My three brothers were way ahead of me in school, and just Frank, my youngest brother, went when I did to grade school. He was 6 years older than me, and was always ripe for a scrap of some kind, so we had some high old times! We always had a good time at school, though. Our mother packed us good lunches, in our little syrup can lunch pails. When weather permitted, we sat out in the shade of a pine tree or on the schoolhouse steps and ate lunch. I will never forget one girl. She had quite a large mouth, and

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could put a whole boiled egg in her mouth at once. Noon hour was lots of fun. We played games we made up, like kick the can, hop scotch, baseball etc. Kick the can and hopscotch were hard on our shoes, and shins, too. So our parents took a dim view of those games. We had a good time, though, walking to school. In the winter, we often waded through deep snow. We never so much as dreamed of being picked up by a school bus.

We did not have a well at our school, and depended on our water from Meyers Creek, some distance away. When a couple of us thought we could get by with it, we would ask the teacher if we could get a fresh pail of water. We often got a little

extra recess and fresh air that way. We had a dipper in the pail and little enameled cups hanging on hooks on the wall, with our names under them. However, we all had to wash our hands in an old wash basin on a bench. All the creek water never seemed to make us sick, but I would hate to drink out of the creek now!

For heat at the school, we had a huge old stove, and we children helped carry in the wood for it. The stovepipe ran the length of the big one room, supported by wires from the ceiling. I think that was probably what finally started the fire that burned down the building.



## Clyde's Clan

### By Florence Krick

Ralph was the first-born, followed closely by Clyde. The only girl, Iva, came to join the two brothers, and then Bud and Bill. Ma (Mattie) reigned over her little brood with a wet dishrag and the dog. When Ma couldn't run fast enough to cuff someone, she resorted to the ever-wet dishrag; it generally caught up somewhere on the luckless culprit. How they all hated that old wet rag, and didn't care to get swatted very soon again!! The way the dog helped was when the kids got in too much trouble; he came to the kitchen door and whined. He sure was a tattletale, the kids thought. But he was a big help to a busy ma.

It was the boys' job, at an early date, to help weed the garden and keep the wood box full for the cook stove in the summer, and both the cook stove and heater in the winter. It was a never-ending job, but was mighty fine to cuddle around a warm stove on winter evenings and eat popcorn and big, juicy apples. I don't think the boys minded the wood so much, but they hated the weeds. But the garden had to be weeded by the 4th of July or no 4th. In those days, the 4th was really celebrated, so it would have been a major catastrophe to lose out on that day. So, as the time drew near, the weeds disappeared faster  
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and faster.

There were no chain saws in those days, so the boys learned the art of using an axe, mall and cross cut saw. While quite young, Pop had two mules with which to farm and haul cordwood to Clayton. Clyde was real good with the mules, and must not have been over ten years old when he was taking loads of wood to sell. One day, he and the mules started out in fine fettle. He got the wood unloaded, but he didn't feel well on the way home. He got sicker by the minute, so he finally tied the lines of the old mules to the front of the wagon and lay down in the wagon bed. He knew the mules would go home. He was a very ill little boy when they all arrived home. As the driver-less mules pulled up to the gate, Ma ran out to see where Clyde was. He was almost too ill to speak. He had a real hard case of the measles, and said that he was sure he would die before the mules got him home.

The kids rode the mules all over the country, and once a bear frightened the one Clyde was riding. He really did some tall stepping that time!!

It seemed as though Clyde was always the one in the most trouble, or having a narrow escape. Once, while up in their big barn, he got to goofing around and lost his balance. He came pitching down, hitting the back of his head on a wagon wheel. Now doctors, at that time, were few and far between, so, after looking over the wound, Ma decided it could be taped up. She hollered for Mrs. McDougal, across the road, to come help her tend the wounded. Now Mrs. McDougal was a big Irish woman, so she grabbed Clyde and imprisoned him

in her lap. This was rank indignity, but she held fast, while Ma swabbed and taped. Clyde carried a big scar on the back of his head, to this day. He is 65 now, and I don't think he has every forgiven the old Irish lady as yet, as he still waxes indignant over the telling.



**Clyde and Flossie's wedding  
August 1927**

When Clyde was 14, the teacher was going to punish him one day, and he slipped under the fence, too fast for her. He always said that was his graduation day!!

He went to the Palouse that summer and drove header box. He was tall and strong, but the hours were long. After that, he was here, there, and everywhere, trying his hand at anything that came along. In the fall, it would be the apple orchards, and he became a top picker. Then, it was up to the woods in Idaho. He and Ralph sawed logs together. They were quite a team, and sawed thousand of feet of lumber with an old crosscut saw. They were artists with an axe and saw.

Clyde also drove a team in the woods, and those loggers sure did baby and care for their horses! It was really wonderful, how they worked for the men. I have seen them holler, "Step!" and they took one step, and no more.

Clyde was hauling logs with an old model T truck, when I met him at a party at my cousins' house, near Deer Park. We were married that same fall, in 1927. We moved to a little cabin on 80 acres that he owned. Outside, it said "Last Cabin in the Valley of the Moon" It was a very lonely place, except for the company of Aunt Pearl and the children.



## Clyde and Ralph's Adventures By Florence Krick



Jim and Martha Shaw were near neighbors. Jim was a great woodcutter. In England, he had worked in the King's gardens. Occasionally, the boys would help them. One time, the boys were there for dinner and Mrs. Shaw heaped their plates with lots of rutabagas on the side. Clyde ate them only because he was too bashful to say that he didn't care for them. He still doesn't care too much for rutabagas.

They often brought Jim's cows home with their own. There weren't many fences in those days, and getting the cows at night often meant a six or seven mile hike. Whenever they could, they brought Jim's cows in too. It always meant two or three bits if Jim was around. But only a dime; if Mrs. Shaw was there alone.

In the spring, the boys could pick up a little cash down in the Palouse. There, Clyde learned to drive a twenty-mule team. They all had to be fed,

harnessed, and hitched up at an early hour, taken care of again at noon and at night. It was a long day a quite a feat to drive twenty of them all day. The lead mules were well broken and the bad ones behind had to go along with the rest. Those days are gone forever.

Sometimes the boys didn't even have a couple of dollars to find a job so they often hopped freight train to get there. They might ride the ca- boose home. Clyde rode a freight clear back to North Dakota one time to work in the harvest. He said he thought that Montana was a never-ending state. He never saw such lightning storms as while he was there. He also worked on a large ranch in Wyoming. One of the hands there was a hole-in-the-wall outlaw.



Ma and Ed Krick *courtesy Carolyn (Krick) Scheer*

## Ma (Mattie) Edwards Krick

By Florence Krick

Ed and Ma's place joined her folks' section. It was a lovely walk of about a mile up to see her folks, through the woods. Clyde's grandma Edwards always had a bed of pansies, and Clyde always picked a few of the purple ones to take home. He still loves purple pansies. The Edwards family was

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a big family, of 13 children: 11 of them boys. Ma (Mattie), was one of the older ones, and really knew what hard times were.

We have since looked at the old Edwards house and wondered how they all managed, in such a small cabin. Some of the woods are still there, at this writing.

Ma said that one Christmas, all she got was an orange. A little girl down the road came to visit that day, and said that she didn't get anything. So, Ma gave her the orange, and said she ran all the way home with it. Ma was just like that.



**Clyde & Flossie 1991**

Clyde and Florence Krick share cake at their 64th wedding anniversary celebration at Mix Park. The surprise party was arranged by their daughters, Patsy Krick-Kinyon of Port Orchard and Carolyn Scheer of Arizona. Mr. Krick has lived in the Deer Park area since his birth 87 years ago and was one of the original settlers at the 1921 picnic.

## Letters to the Editor

May I introduce myself. I'm Wey Simpson, a 1944 grad of DPHS. My family moved to a farm on Montgomery Rd, north of Deer Park and a couple of miles west of Short (Swamp) Rd in 1932 when I was six. The farm remained in the family until about 2000 when I sold off the remainder of the farm to a neighbor.

Deer Park was my home address until 1950 when I graduated from Washington State (then College). Following a stint in the army after I graduated from Deer Park in 1944, I worked for various radio and TV station in Idaho, California and Washington until my family moved back to the family farm in 1963. I remained there, until I married my second wife in 1994 and moved to the Spokane Valley. During that span of my life I continued to work in Spokane radio and TV and spent my 'free' hours operating the farm. That in brief brings you up to date.

I became aware of your organization yesterday when my daughter Denise (who works in NJ) copied me an item from your current newsletter about a quilt that now belongs to Lillie Gibson.

I'd like to add a post script to that item. The quilt came to be because the ladies of the Spring Creek Home Ec. Club made the quilt as a gift to my mother who at the time, I believe 1936, had been very ill. I struggled with giving it up but my mother was gone and I knew that Lillie's mother and grandmother's names were both on the quilt so I relented.

I may be able to provide some information from time to time if you are interested. Although retired I'm still healthy, the mind seems to work fine and I remain physically active. God has been good and many of our roots are still in the Deer Park area. Wey Simpson

## DEER PARK HIGH SCHOOL ALL CLASS REUNION CELEBRATES 100 YEARS

In the year 1913, the first six students graduated from Deer Park High School. Those first Deer Park High School graduates are long gone but the school

district that educated them is still going strong. This year marks 100 years since the first graduation ceremony took place. To celebrate the milestone, past Deer Park High School alumni are organizing a 100 year, all class reunion. The reunion is scheduled to take place during this year's Settler's Day celebration on July 27.

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### Clayton/ Deer Park Historical Society Minutes — April 13, 2013

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In attendance: Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Mark Wagner, Bill Sebright, Sharon Clark, Penny Hutten, Marilyn Reilly, Warren Nord, Roxanne Camp, Bob Gibson, Betty Burdette, Art Stelting, Marc Stelting, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Duane Costa, Kay Parkin, Don Reiter, Mary Jo Reiter and Alan Berg.

Society President, Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:02 AM. He reported: 1) We received a package of pictures from Alexander Pope in Mountlake Terrace, WA. They are pictures of the Brayton Hopkins family. They are related to the Shorts, Enochs and Crawfords, as well as Frank Reed. Camp Reed was named for him. Pete Coffin brought some pages from the book From Whence We Came to the meeting by Williams Hopkins Short. It showed the relationships of the different families mentioned above. Bill scanned the pictures and sent them back with a DVD of the scans. Some of these pictures were passed around. One is a group in front of the Open Door Church before 1908. Alexander Pope is a third cousin to the DP Shorts. 2) He received another release letter for the Reiter family movie. This one credited the Reiters and the CDPHS. Bill signed and returned the release to Bob Lawrence at KSPS. 3) Leonard Farlow called from the Seattle area saying that he has an inkwell from the Wash. Brick, Lime & Sewer Pipe Co. Bill met with Leonard and his Dad, Ken, on Friday. The "inkwell" is white glazed terra cotta 3" high and 7" in diameter. Leonard donated it to the CDPHS. He figures it should be back where it was made. I think it was made before the

Terra Cotta Factory was built. Leonard is with the Skykomish Historical Society. Our thanks to Karen Meyer for sending Leonard our way.

Treasurer, Mark Wagner reported that there is \$3,974.17 in the main checking account. Deposits: \$20. Checks written were \$20.00 for North Spokane Farm Museum and a \$3 check imaging fee. Maintenance Web hosting account had \$112.81 in funds with a \$10.95 in activity monthly hosting fee.

(Since the main checking account is above \$3,000 there is no service charge from the bank).

Grace Hubal, Secretary reported by email: 1) Grace had shoulder surgery April 9. 2) Jason Hubal has been diagnosed with thyroid cancer. He is having it removed June 3. 3) Grace's nephew Cody isn't doing well. 4) All 3 and families need your prayers.

Vice President, Pete Coffin reported: 1) Sent information to Susan Deschant about Ira Rathke. Ira's obit appeared in the April Silverado. Ira's obit was passed around

Print Editor, Sharon Clark: 1) The April 2013 Mortarboard #60 was distributed. Articles include: Lillie's Quilt, RR Grove, and "Deer Park High School Memories by Mont Chadbourne story. Florene Moore edited and annotated this item. We still are looking for class representatives to get the word out about the 100-year DPHS reunion this summer.

Website Director, Penny Hutten reported: 1) No changes on the Website for April. 2) Dan Huffman from Deer Park High School, is in the  
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process of finding a student to take over the Clayton/ Deer Park Website, for her/his Senior Project. I will train the student when he/she becomes available. 3) The Westerners Spokane Corral topic for this month is *Pioneer Picnic Days on Crab Creek*, presented by Stan Wills.

Last month we talked about the Jaycees and their historic raft races around the first of May. Bill gave Bob Gibson a "Jaycees folder" from the

Johnny Ericson family. In 1957 Johnny Ericson was president of the DP JC's.

Next meeting: Saturday, May 11, 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 9:28 AM.

The meeting minutes submitted by Mark Wagner, acting secretary.

### Editorial Policy Regarding Correcting Errors and/or Omissions

Information published here is compiled from many sources, including personal memories. It is often difficult or impossible to verify such recollections through outside documentation. Our editorial policy toward the veracity of personal recollections tends toward the casual – since little harm is normally done by such errors. But our editorial process also invites public review and input regarding the accuracy of the information we publish, and when such review either suggests or reveals errors or items open to dispute our “Letters” department will act as a forum allowing the airing of such disagreements in an effort to ascertain the truth and correct any probable or demonstrated errors. We also believe it’s important that such disagreements be recorded, even if they can’t be settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

We encourage everyone to submit any arguments as to fact to the editor in writing — since the written form reduces the chance of further misunderstandings. As is standard policy, all letters will be edited for spelling, word usage, clarity, and — if necessary — contents. If advisable, the editor will confer directly with the letter writers to insure that everyone’s comments and corrections are submitted in a literate, polite, and compelling manner — as best suits the editorial image of this Society’s publications.

### Society Want Ads

**WANTED:** Information and photos regarding the history of the Brickyard/Ramble In Tavern

**WANTED:** Any stories and photos of your family’s history in connection with their occupations and settlement in the Clayton/Deer Park Area

**WANTED:** Any stories and photos from Williams Valley #452 and Gardenspot Grange78 Contact: Ann Fackenthall, WVG

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**Visit our New Web Site: [cdphs.org](http://cdphs.org)**