

Something to Crow About!
The Tenth Anniversary Issue of the Mortarboard.

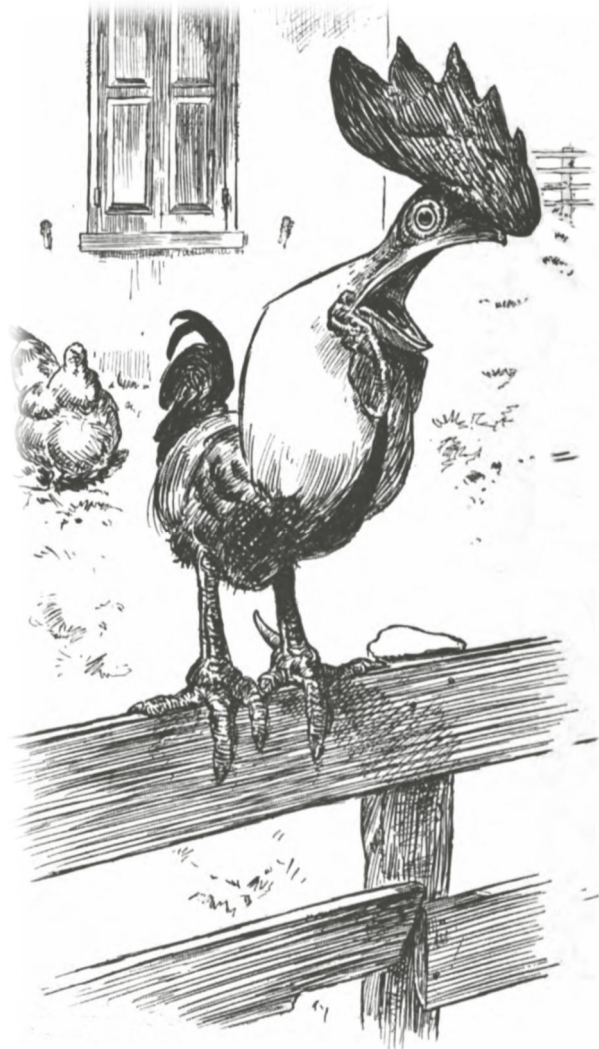


Illustration from the December 1st, 1911 edition of Life Magazine.

**Join the
Clayton / Deer Park Historical Society.
History is Waiting.**

Free — Take One

NOTICE: CHANGE OF LOCATION FOR THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S MEETINGS.

**Second Saturday of each month, beginning at 9:00 a.m.,
basement of the Clayton Grange Hall, 4478 Railroad Avenue, Clayton, Washington.**

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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**The Hodges Family:
— Early 20th Century Settlers —**

by
Rick Hodges

The history of the Hodges family was outlined in a note written by my father, Paul Hodges in the fall of 1992. The note was intended, in part, to describe where a family heirloom quilt had been assembled. From that note, and a collection of family pictures, this manuscript has been written to describe when and where the Hodges family settled in the Williams Valley area and Deer Park.

Paul's father, Joseph, was born on November 24, 1867 in Macoupin, Illinois to William and Elizabeth (Ross) Hodges who farmed raw, unbroken prairie land. In 1871, four years after Joseph was born the family of 8 children loaded their belongings into two covered wagons and moved to Sterling, Nebraska, where a relative had taken a homestead. Two more children were born to the family bringing the total to ten with one dying as an infant. Records indicate that William and Elizabeth purchased a farm near Adams, Nebraska where Joseph stayed with his parents to help with the farm. Records do not detail the date of the sale of the Adams farm. Joseph stayed there and rented a good farm



Image #1.

The Joseph Hodges Family.
In back from left, Merwyn (Pat) and Paul.
In front from left, Joseph, Lois, and Hattie.
(A Hodges family photograph.)

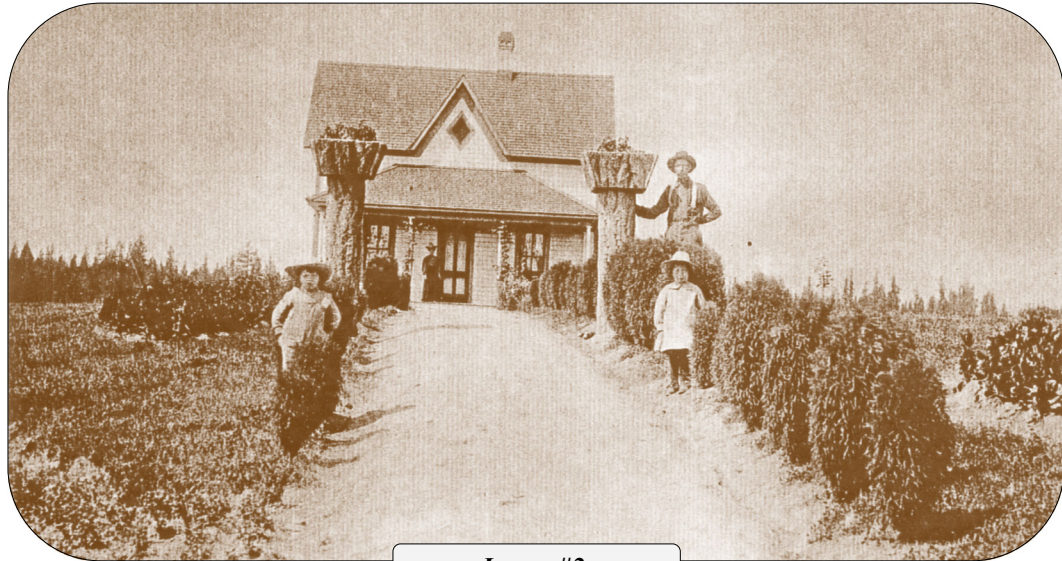


Image #2.

Above: The Hodges family home — August, 1907. From left, Merwyn, Hattie (on the porch), Joseph and Paul. This house burned in 1940.

Below: Paul Hodges on a load of logs located 1 ½ mile southwest of the Williams Valley school house. Note the method of rolling logs onto the load.

Image #3.



All photos on this page courtesy of the Hodges family.



This photo courtesy of the Hodges family.

Image #4.

The Williams Valley School — June, 1908.

Back row from left: Luther Irish, Ruby Doaen (sp?), Vern Edwards, Edith Oor, Esther Irish, ? Schoenwald, and Alice James (Teacher).

Front row from left: Gottfried Schoenwald, Dewey Irish, Amy Imy, Ralph Krick, Helen Doaen (sp?), Harry Imy, Tommy Irish, Marion Staley, Estella Throop, Rachel Imy, and Melville Throop.

(Names taken from handwriting on back of photo. Some interpretations are tentative.)

near Fairmont, Nebraska and married Hattie Roberts on September 12, 1900. Hattie was the third child of Omar and Mary (Strong) Roberts in a large family of twelve children.

Joseph and Hattie began a family and by 1906 it was composed of Merwyn (1902-1983) and Paul W. (1904-1995). In 1907 Joseph and his family moved from Nebraska to Williams Valley where their last child Lois N. was born.

At approximately the same time Hattie's father, Omar Griffith Roberts and the rest of his family moved to the area settling on a farm west of the Wild Rose school house.

Joseph took a job with the Arcadia Orchards Company and moved his family into a house owned by that company in Stevens County on the northwest quarter of Section 12 Township 28 North Range 41 West just northeast of the Williams Valley School House.



This photo courtesy of the Hodges family.

Image #5.

**The Joseph Hodges home on East A Street,
just south of the old high school (present Deer Park City Hall).**

According to the family the Section 12 tract had been purchased by the Arcadia Orchards Company in April of 1907. Paul Hodges said the land "...around the house was prepared with lawn, flower beds and shrubbery, all in the shape of a large heart to promote sales. After the land was cleared of stumps and brush using manpower and blasting powder the land west of the house was surveyed, cultivated and planted with apple trees. The creek was dammed, and a flume was laid for irrigation." It is not clear what Joseph's position with the Arcadia Company was. He has been mentioned as an agent or representative or care taker. The company wanted him to use his house and plot as a model to show to prospective investors. Herbert Mason describes

dynamiting stumps, cutting poles, using a Fresno to level the land and planting trees on the West Arcadia lands in his March 1910 entries to his "Memoranda"⁽¹⁾.

The Arcadia Orchards Company land maps of 1911 do not show this tract. There are other Arcadia tracts mapped south and southeast of this tract. Unfortunately, land ownership maps dated 1905 and 1912 such as those drawn for Spokane County just east of this township do not seem to have been made for Stevens County.

During the years the family lived in Williams Valley Joseph Hodges worked at clearing land and logging along with some subsistence farming. Log transport generally took place during the winter months when

Footnote.

⁽¹⁾Mason, H., 1906-1937, *Memoranda: Daily diary kept on his farm, individually paginated books.*

snow allowed sledding the logs to a saw mill. There were several small sawmills located in Williams Valley as well as the large Standard Lumber Mill in Deer Park.

The Hodges family attended school at the Williams Valley school located less than a mile southwest of their home.

Paul Hodges said that the family moved to Deer Park in 1917 so that he could start high school there. The house they moved into still stands at the corner of Margaret Avenue and A Street.

— end —

In Search of Mattie Canfield

by

Wally Lee Parker

— a C/DPHS reprint —

This story first appeared in the November 1st, 2006 issue of the Deer Park Tribune. It was then reprinted in the Reports to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society, Volume III, 2007.

There's a grave in the Williams Valley cemetery marked by a flat stone, a stone chiseled with the name "Mattie Canfield," and then the years "1850 — 1956." Whether the man who lies beneath was actually one hundred and six years old when he passed (see *obituary, page 1649*) is a mystery. But those well acquainted with Mattie knew he liked nothing better than a good story. And the one hundred and six years he claimed for himself were chalked with lots of good stories.

Deer Park's Mike Burdette knew Mattie better than most, having been his friend from the first to the last of his time in this area. As Mike recalled, "He claimed he was already ninety years old when he moved into Williams Valley, and that was in 1940. He'd been living in the Mountain View area west of Valley for a few years, and before that on the coast at Renton.

"I became acquainted with him when I bought forty acres on the north side of Bittrich-Antler road — forty acres in the middle of the mile just west of Williams Valley road. There was a little shack on the west end

of the property, and Mattie was living in it. He'd been cutting wood for a neighbor, and, since the shack was vacant, he'd just moved in.

"When he found I'd bought the place, he said he'd move out. At the time I was working for Dale Milner — and living at Milner's place. I saw no reason why Mattie should move. So Mattie stayed. He stayed there all through the war —while I was away with the Army.

"When I came back," Mike continued, "Mattie bought an acre of land just a few hundred feet to the east of the little shack, but on the south side, the opposite side, of the road."

In December of 1947, my family, the Owen Parker family, moved onto the hundred and six acre farm just across the road from Mike Burdette's land. The pine and birch scattered acre Mattie had bought several years before had been cut from the northeast corner of our farm some years before.

Mattie's log cabin sat a few dozen feet back from the road. There was a small

*From left:
Emil Koehler & Mattie Canfield.
Spring — 1954.*



Photo courtesy of Lillian Koehler.

utility shed to the southwest. To the south was his garden — a patch of tilled ground surrounded by a deer-fence made from thin tamarack saplings tied and nailed into a ridged, net-like structure at least eight feet high and perhaps thirty feet on a side.

There was no power on the property — so no lights and no water pump. He used a bucket on the end of a rope to lift water for his garden from a shallow, hand-dug plank lined well. Water from the spring-fed well tended to be turbid and gritty, but still safe to drink.

The cabin itself was about ten by twenty feet. Bare logs outside and in, with mortar daubed between the logs to cut the wind, and a roof shingled over with narrow tamarack shakes.

Canfield didn't own horse or car —

at least not after we moved into the area. He walked wherever he wanted to go. If he had something to carry, he had a small, two-wheel pull-wagon — with thin, wood spoke wheels about four foot in diameter. Mike Burdette said Mattie had gotten the wheels and axle from Lorraine and Luella Milner's grandfather, either Arthur Milner or Ed Kratzer, and built the cart himself. Mike said, "*It was surprising how much you could get on that thing, and how easy it was to push or pull if you had a decent trail. Mattie would bring his winter's wood home on it. And the wood he needed year around for cooking, too.*"

Most everybody offered Mattie rides, but on those occasions that he preferred to walk to Deer Park or Clayton for his groceries, he could be seen pulling his cart down the

Photo from the Wally Lee Parker collection.

*Peeling logs for an addition to the Owen Parker family's Williams Valley farmhouse.
— Circa 1948 —*

*From the left: Mattie Canfield, Lillie Mae Parker, Wally Lee Parker,
and in the shadows, Wanda Joyce Parker.*



road.

For entertainment, Mattie had a violin. When visiting us, he'd sometimes bring it along and offer to play for the family. My eldest sister, Wanda, recalls, "He'd say he was going to play 'Turkey in the Straw'. I could never hear a tune of any kind in the noise his violin was making. But we'd just smile and listen. Then he'd say he was going to play something else, 'Camptown Races' for example. And it sounded just like 'Turkey In The Straw' — which didn't sound like anything. I don't know if he'd lost his ear for music, or just never had one."

"For relaxation," Mike said, "Mattie would buy a 'hand' of tobacco — tobacco still in the leaf — and grind it himself. He said if he had a choice between three meals a day, or two meals and his tobacco, he'd take the two meals and his smokes. That was the only 'vice', as some people might call it, that I remember him having."

In 1948, during the Parker family's first summer on the Williams Valley farm, my dad set to building a large, peeled log addition to the front of our two-room house. Mattie, having had quite a bit of experience building with logs, helped with the peeling and construction. Then too, my grandfather, Alfred Wallace Parker, something of a story spinner himself, had driven up from California to help with the building. Alfred and Mattie spent quite a few hours swapping tall tales while they worked.

Within a year, Mattie decided he didn't like living so close to a bunch of kids — meaning us. When he told my dad he was thinking of selling his acre, dad offered to buy — mostly because my dad didn't want someone else moving into the cabin and living that close to us either.

Mike Burdette recalls, "Louis Staf-



Photo by Bob Lemley.

Mattie Canfield's Violin.

Lillian Koehler brought Mattie Canfield's violin to the C/DPHS's June, 2008 meeting. Written or printed inside the violin's case are a number of signatures, including Mattie's — with the notation Winslow, Arizona, added below Mattie's name. The violin was gifted to Bob & Lillian Koehler's family several years before Mattie's death.

fanson owned the wooded acreage running east from the edge of both Mattie's acre and Owen Parker's farm, and then all the way to the Williams Valley road. There was a little log cabin along Bittrich-Antler — a cabin far enough back in the trees that it was hidden from the road. Louis let Mattie move in rent-

Further Reading.

"Mattie Canfield's Violin" by Wally Lee Parker.

Mortarboard #3, July, 2008 — page 32 — Collected Newsletters, Volume 1.
http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_03_downsizedsinglepageweb.pdf

free. The only thing Mattie had to do was watch the timber for Louis — watch and make sure no one who shouldn't came on the property to cut the trees."

The road back to the cabin was not well defined. And the ditch on the side of the main road was so shallow it didn't need bridging to drive a car or cart over it and back to the cabin. There was no power to the cabin, so no wires led back from the utility lines. It was so well hidden that you almost had to guess when to leave the road when you went to visit.

The homesite was laid out with the well on the north and garden on the south. The same style of sapling deer-fence surrounded the garden, and the garden occupied the only clearing in the woods around the cabin. A few dozen yards away, an outhouse sat between the trees. And all around was the thick carpet of pine and tamarack needles the changing seasons had laid across the forest floor.

That's where Mattie was living when

Bob Reed, a writer for the *Spokesman-Review*, found him. Bob's interview with Mattie appeared in the September 24, 1950 issue of the "Inland Empire Magazine" — the Sunday supplement to the *Spokesman-Review* — under the title, "101 Year Old Hunter".

Bob writes, "Mattie Canfield sets the date of his birth at April 29, 1849. He was born in southern Arizona, the son of an Indian mother and white father. His mother was killed in a raid when he was about 16 months old. For the next 18 years of his life, he reports, he was reared and educated by an uncle, famous in history, Geronimo."

Mattie told the reporter that as an Apache warrior he was present at the Battle of the Little Big Horn — when General George Custer made his fatal error. After that, Mattie recounted that he left the Indian life behind, and lived as a cowboy, wandering all over the frontier. At some point in his wanderings, he taught himself to read and write. He tried his

Clipping from the March 8, 1956 edition of the Tri-County Tribune.

Note: according to the dates given in the Tribune article below, Mattie would have been 106 years, 10 months, and 14 days old at time of death.

105 Year Old Resident Dies

Mattie Canfield, a resident of Williams Valley since 1940, passed away March 5 in St. Joseph's hospital in Chewelah.

He was born April 29, 1849 in southern Arizona, the son of an Apache Indian mother and a white father. When his mother was killed in a raid his famous uncle, Chief Geronimo, raised him. In 1878 Mattie served as an Indian scout during the battle with General Custer in Montana. Later he went to Arizona to herd cattle. He was a Texas ranger for 12

years. Mattie had traveled all over the world, spending some time in Alaska panning gold. When he joined the Army in 1917 he was sent to Siberia. He settled in Renton and became a gun smith. He was twice married.

Mattie has made many friends during his lifetime. During late years he has spent a simple life close to nature, in a log cabin among the pine trees. He has told many stories of his interesting life to his friends.

The funeral will be held in the Lauer Chapel Sunday, March 11 at 2 p.m. with Rev. Donald Kaelin officiating. Burial will be in Williams Valley cemetery.

hand at lawman, stating that he rode with the Texas Rangers for twelve years. With America's entry into World War I, Mattie joined the Army — though sixty-eight years old at the time — and served in Alaska and Siberia. After discharge he settled down in Renton, living there until moving to the east side of the state in the late nineteen thirties.

Mattie told Bob that it was after moving to Williams Valley that he took up playing the violin — which may explain my sister's recollection of his skill with the fiddle bow.

Bob Reed indicated that Mattie's stories seemed "fabulous", but went on to say, "He gives the impression of being honest and sincere in reporting them."

While I can't recall any of Mattie's stories, I do remember that one room log cabin in Staffanson's woods. I'd been there often enough, accompanying my mother when she'd stop by to check on Mattie — as many of the neighbors did. And to a little kid, that place could be both fascinating and scary.

The wood stove — a kitchen range — sat near the east wall. The entry door was also on the east wall. When coming in you'd walk right by the stove.

Mike Burdette's wife, Betty, remembered the stove. "We'd go to visit him in the winter time. Between the logs of his cabin there were cracks wide enough to see sky. But as long as you sat right next to the stove, you were warm."

At other times of the year, Mattie often had to have a small fire burning — to cook food or drive off the early morning chill. Sometimes, when we'd visit, the oven door would be down, the wire racks pulled out, and row after row of mushrooms laid across them to dry in the oven's heat.

Looking up we'd see the exposed pole rafters, and the undersides of the narrow tamarack shingles covering the roof. Mattie would thread his dried mushrooms onto strings and stretch the strings along those rafters. In the dim light of the cabin — only a few small windows — I imagined those shriveled morels as scalps hanging from the poles in a

tepee — just like in the movies.

To help the illusion, Mattie had his rifles and spears — metal pointed spears — hanging on the walls.

His bed was a narrow cot made of wooden slats. No mattress, just a few layers of blanket for cushion.

The furniture, what there was of it, was hand made by Mattie. His favorite way seemed to be to find gnarled limbs or roots that suggested a chair, table, or whatever he had in mind to make. A few nails and store-bought planks, and a sparse swipe or two of whatever paint he had on hand — usually something basic like black or vermilion — to finish the job.

Coal oil lamps to work by, or read by, through those long winter nights, and Mattie's life was complete.

We never knew if Mattie had ever been married. He never mentioned having children of his own. And his temperance for other people's children did have its limits.

One day in 1951 or '52 — I would have been a first or second grader at the time — I walked the quarter mile through the Staffanson woods to visit Mattie. When my mother and I went to visit him, we'd usually walk the road. But this time I braved the timbered shadows.

I don't think Mattie was all that pleased to have me there. Of our conversation, I only remember one thing. "You've got to be careful walking through the woods," he said. "There's all kinds of hungry things — red and black things — that'll jump out and eat little kids walking by themselves."

Try to think of all the red and black things a person can see in the woods. The reddish hue of a well rotted stump. The dull black of a shadowed snag or fallen limb. The sunlight falling through gently swaying trees — its moving dapples giving animation to everything that seems to be reaching up from the woodland's floor, or down from its needled canopy.

And all this in the whispered silence of a thinly populated rural area. So silent that

when the wind dies down in the mid-day heat and the forest animals fall quiet, the loudest noise heard is the static hiss rising from the nerve roots inside your own inner ears.

I walked home down the middle of the road, while keeping a careful eye on the woods.

It was about four years later when Canfield finally left. One late winter day Mike Burdette stopped by to check on Mattie and found him very sick. "I called the hospital at Chewelah and told them he needed help," Mike said. "They sent an ambulance down to pick him up."

"A couple of days later Betty and I went up to see him. He was so weak he couldn't hold a water glass. Betty tried to give him

a sip, but he couldn't swallow. So, she just held him, and he slipped into sleep. That night he died.

"Mattie didn't have any money. I guess the county would have buried him someplace. They asked me what I wanted done, and I told them to send him down to us. We'd put him to rest in the Williams Valley cemetery.

"I covered the expenses — the plot, coffin, and headstone. A few of us moved the snow and dug the grave. After all, Mattie Canfield thought of Williams Valley as home, and bringing him home again seemed the right thing to do."

———— end ————

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

Bits of Chatter, Trivia, & Notices — all strung together.

... 10th anniversary issue ...

This issue is something of a milestone. The *Mortarboard* has been in continuous publication for 10 years — meaning we've printed and distributed our society's newsletter for 120 consecutive months. And as originally promised, each and every issue continues to be available in both print and online formats. The last 120 months can be found free of charge on the society webpage, and in a series of print-on-demand booklets — each in the series available for a small donation.

The society's move toward desktop publishing was made possible by the availability of reasonably priced LaserJet printers capable of duplexing — of automatically printing both sides of each sheet of paper — when connected to a computer containing a virtual rendition of the intended newsletter. Using such

machines, multipage issues could be easily printed, then saddle stitched (*center stapled*) and folded by hand. The idea was a more-or-less digest size newsletter created from legal size paper (8½ x 14 inch) in the simplest way possible. And that idea has worked well for the last ten years.

But from the start, the *Mortarboard* was intended to be something more than just a newsletter. It is in fact a magazine. It is in fact an archive of articles and photos detailing bits of history relevant to our area. And because of that intention, it was decided to run the page count consecutively from issue to issue — making it much easier to reference and retrieve information from back issues. As for how deep this well of historical data has become in the last decade, you only need to refer to the page number below.

Since print is immune to hacking and

computer crashes and is also often preferred when it comes to reading by those old enough to be a piece of history ourselves, our primary print archive is created by bundling sequential issues into booklet format. These *Collected Newsletters*, constantly in print, now number 33 volumes.

Doubtless many find our magazine's name something of a puzzle. Most people understand a mortarboard to be a hat associated with graduation. But in this case, the word is a homage to a very practical handheld tool — the board on which brick masons carry their fresh mortar.

The idea is simple. Our magazine is intended to carry the mortar — the glue — that is slowly binding the diverse elements of our common history together as an accessible set of stories.

Where we go from here is an open question. Our intention is to keep going forward as long as there's enough energy, enthusiasm, and volunteer talent within the community to support this historical society and its mission (see the society's mission statement, upper left corner of the first page of each issue). As for the historical society itself, it's hope is to expand its reach and influence within the community, using both the tried and true media of print, but also by utilizing whatever new methods become available.

In the last few months the society has invaded YouTube with a video about the remains of Loon Lake's legendary drowned boat. We're hoping to continue exploiting that popular outlet with even more video reports. We're also hoping to push even deeper into the region's past, with reports — both print and video — on the area's geologic and natural history. We're also hoping to look much deeper into the history of the region's First

Nations.

To do all the above we're going to have to continue expanding our energy and enthusiasm through an ever growing and energetic membership.

But if at some point the supporting community runs out of energy, and our LaserJet spins out the very last *Mortarboard*, one thing is certain. This small, local society has already amassed a unique print and video archive (the latter includes the refreshed *Arcadia Orchards* film) — an archive that may be of some value to future citizens of this region, whomever they may be.

... regarding Evan Morgan's park ...

This last winter your editor sent the following note — specific to the postcard illustration reproduced on the top of the next page — to the Loon Lake Historical Society.

"I'm trying to positively identify the two large structures seen in the attached postcard photo. I believe the building to the right is the dance pavilion (upper level) and boat-house (lower level). My understanding is that this building was destroyed by fire in late 1918. The problem is, I don't know the proper designation for the large structure on the left. It appears to be some type of hotel. I'm assuming it no longer exists. If so, having an idea of when the building was lost would aid in my research into it. I also need to know if the building to the left was also part of Morgan's park."

"I'm tentatively dating this photo as between 1905 and 1910 for no other reason than a few other photo postcards of similar appearance (both front and back) have been dated to that era."

"Looking carefully on the right side of

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.



Evan Morgan's Loon Lake Resort — circa 1905.
Image taken from a postcard likely commissioned by Evan Morgan.

the image, a short distance away from the shoreline, you can just make out what is very likely the steam launch Gwen."

In mid-February I received this from Mary Jo Lovell, recently installed president of the Loon Lake group.

"I apologize for the delay in getting back to you. The historical society is in transition, and I'm trying to respond to all the emails received."

"I am aware you came to the Old School House and reviewed materials on Morgan Park and the Gwen this past summer. If you are still looking for help, I have lots of information on the buildings in the photo (reproduced above) in a Morgan Park history book in the Old Loon Lake School House."

"We aren't open yet, but we will be beginning May 3, 2018. We plan to be open on Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., depending on the availability of staffing."

"Please let me know if I can be of further help with your history project."

The following was sent in reply.

"Thank you for your email of the 13th. There's a lot going on now, so I'm a bit behind on all my correspondence. But one thing I'd like to do while I'm thinking about it is request permission to reprint your email, or portions thereof, in the 'Letters' segment of an upcoming issue of the Mortarboard. It'll give our readers a good idea of the type of things

available in your archive, as well as when your building will be accessible this spring."

"As you may know, several of our members dived on Loon Lake's drowned boat last September. They've now posted a video of that adventure on YouTube. (Just type 'In Search of the Gwen' into the YouTube search box.) It's an interesting take on the artifact, and likely the first attempt at an informative look at the subject using that type of media (other videos have been posted, but little attempt at analysis were made)."

"Regarding your archive; as you noted, I did make several visits to the school house before you closed for the season. Enough data was obtained during those visits to complete the two-part article appearing in the November and December issues of the Mortarboard — both now posted on the C/DPHS's website. I believe you'll find the article of interest since it strikes toward the two questions central to Loon Lake's drowned boat. Is it in fact the remains of Evan Morgan's steam powered launch, the Gwen, and if not, what happened to the original Gwen? And then, what is the actual origin and identity of the drowned boat generally believed to be the Gwen?"

"Our research suggest that the Gwen was destroyed during the winter of 1916 — in the late fall or early winter of 1916, or sometime in the first several months of 1917. The

boat had been drawn onto shore (out of the water) for the coming winter. The boat's caretaker allowed water (assumedly rain and/or snowmelt) to accumulate inside the hull, and when that water froze and expanded, it broke the hull apart. That according to state documents contemporary to the event.

"As for the identity of the drowned boat; in 1922 Evan Morgan constructed a second large excursion boat for use on the lake — this time likely gasoline powered (the horsepower for the engine is given, and it fits nicely with what might be expected of a four or six-cylinder gasoline engine of that period). The boat was called the Loon. We have no data as to when it was lost, but some of the material in your archives suggest it may have been 1926 or thereabouts.

"While our research gives us an extremely probable answer to both the above questions, certainty is a bit more elusive. The article also gives the sources of our research, so anyone interested can reconstruct our train of evidence, then come to their own conclusions.

"To my mind this doesn't end the puzzle of the drowned boat, nor lessen its value as an historic artifact. The high probability is that this artifact is the only surviving example of Evan Morgan's boat building technique. As such, I believe a much more detailed (though completely noninvasive) examination should be undertaken to ascertain whatever can be learned about the artifact's structure and so forth. It'll be interesting to see if any movement in that direction can be stimulated and undertaken before it's too late.

"As for further research into the history of the buildings at Evan Morgan's park, and Loon Lake's history in general, that is certainly something I'd like to see more of in the Mortarboard. I do hope to do some follow-up to the postcard image in question. From what I've seen, the Loon Lake Historical Society is an excellent research source. I'll definitely be keeping that in mind going forward, and also do my best to remind everyone else in the community of the fact."

... printer status ...

Beginning in January, 2014, your current editor assumed the helm of Print Publications from then editor Sharon Clark. Initially I was using my own Brother HL-6180DW printer for the Mortarboards and related copy. Several months into my editorship, it was decided the society should purchase its own dedicated printer — that being the best means of tracking actual print cost. On the 16th of April, 2014, a second HL-6180DW was purchased. That machine has been in use exclusively for society materials ever since.

The only actual maintenance required on the machine in the last four years has been a print-drum replacement — that in January of 2017. Drum replacements are an anticipated part of the machine's life, though the first drum lasted significantly longer than the manufacturer's specifications suggested it would.

Outside of that, the only problems weren't with the machine, but rather with the print cartridges used in the machine. Of the 14 cartridges installed so far, one failed due to a toner leak, and another due to a toner pickup problem inside the cartridge.

In the next several years advances in Eco-Tank and related printer technologies will hopefully make large scale color printing both practical and economical — though I don't recommend anyone hold their breath. That said, our aging LaserJet seems to be holding up well — meaning its inevitable failure will very likely still come as a surprise.

... Volunteer Opportunities ...

Just a reminder that a number of local organizations are looking for volunteers for this summer's activities, not only in the Clayton, Deer Park, and Loon Lake communities, but in neighboring areas as well. Volunteering is a good way to get to know your neighbors, something often lacking in today's world.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — March 10, 2018 —

In attendance (Grange Hall): Marilyn Reilly, Bill Sebright, Pat Parker, Wally Parker, Mark Wagner, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Christina Burris, Mary Jo Reiter, Rick Brodrick, Lorraine Nord, Ella Jenkins, Sue Rehms, Marie Morrill, Don Ball, Roxanne Camp, and Betty Burdette

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported that: 1) Marie Morrill received an email from Mary Jo Lovell (I received a copy), President of the Loon Lake Historical Society. Mary Jo asked Marie to help with their website or give her the name of someone who could help. We hope that we can continue to work together.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported the main checking account ended the month at \$6,556.24. There were deposits of \$145.00. One check was written for \$86.50 for Wally for supplies. The web hosting account ended the month at \$591.27 with a withdrawal of \$10.95 for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at \$1177.48.

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

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) One hundred and ten copies of the March Mortarboard (#119) have been printed for distribution, and the online version has been submitted for posting. This 12-page issue features two classic articles reprinted from the earlier Reports to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — "Growing in Williams Val-

ley: An Interview with Mike & Betty Burdette," by your editor, and "The Big Blizzard: In the



Settler's Day — 2018

Above is this year's annual button for Deer Park's Settler's Day.

The first Settler's Day picnic was held on the 16th of September, 1922 at the former Wild Rose Tourist Park, just south of the Wild Rose School.

June 21st, 1923, marked the second Settler's Day, with the picnic held at the new Deer Park Tourist Park — now Mix Park. That continues to be the picnic's location.

Further Reading — Settler's Day.

"The Early Days of Deer Park's Settlers Association," by Wally Lee Parker. Mortarboard #93, January, 2016 — page 1197 — Collected Newsletters, Volume 25. http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_issue_93_doublepage_web.pdf

Winter of 1923-'24,” by Harold Larue Dutcher. The Letters/Brickbats segment contains some notes about the society’s change of venue, an online link to Mike Reiter and Rick Brodrick’s video about their dive to Loon Lake’s drowned boat, and a short musing on that boat’s eventual fate. 2) Tentative plans for the April issue include an outline of the Hodges family’s settlement into the area in the early 20th century — that by Rick Hodges — and a classic reprint from the *Reports* titled “*In Search of Mattie Canfield.*” The Email/Brickbats column will contain some reflection on the fact that the April issue will be the 120th edition of our little magazine – ten continuous years of *Mortarboards*. For those keeping count, that’s one thousand, six hundred and fifty-six pages of often unique stories, photos, and in-depth research related to the history of this area.

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported that she has uploaded the March *Mortarboard*. She is thinking about putting together an arti-

cle regarding Deer Park High School and the Rose Bowl Parade — what would the members think of it? She will contact Mary Jo Lovell about possible web site help.

Roxanne Camp brought a box of *Nostalgia Magazines* that go back to 2003.

Marilyn Reilly provided Wally with contact information for LaRae Wiley and Chris Parkin, regarding the Salish language.

Betty announced that Settlers Days meeting are every third Monday at the City Hall, 7:00 PM.

March 14 will be the 2nd planning meeting for the 35th Brickyard Day, Real Estate Marketplace, 6 PM. The Grange Hall is the theme this year.

Next meeting: Saturday, April 14, 2017, at 9 AM at the Clayton Grange Hall.

Meeting adjourned at 9:50 AM.

The Society meeting minutes submitted by Mark Wagner, acting Secretary.

———— end ————

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Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Rick Hodges, Charles 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 and Copyright Policy” dialog box found on page 1,628 of 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 ————

New Venue for Society Meetings:

On the Second Saturday of each month, at 9 a.m., the Clayton / Deer Park Historical Society will be meeting in the basement of the Clayton Grange Hall, the south side of Railroad Avenue, Clayton, Washington. Our meetings are open to any who wish to attend.