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Illustration from Collier's Magazine, October 21, 1905.

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#164	*December*	*2021*

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Mortarboard

Immigrating from Alberta: The Journey of the Lyons Family.

As Told to Nancy (Lyons) Liner

by

Theodora Edmona (Lyons) Collins, Herbert George Lyons, and Edna Gladys (Lyons) Yingst.

edits and annotations by
Tracy Strong, Verna Jean (Yingst) Wagner, and Wally Lee Parker

Introduction

In the spring of 1915, Alva "Ted" Edmond Lyons, then 35 years old, and his wife Grace Violet (Smith) Lyons, 31, undertook moving their family and selected possessions from Alberta, Canada, to Washington State by horse-drawn wagons. They brought their three children, Lillian, barely 8 years old, Herbert, 6½, and Theodora, almost 5. Theodora was better known by her nickname, "Mona" — that drawn from her middle name, Edmona. Also along was Alva's sister, Edna Gladys (Lyons) Yingst — then 19½ years old and single. In the script from which this story was drawn, Edna is often referred to as "Aunt Edna."

Regarding the story told here, Aunt Edna's youngest daughter, Verna Jean (Yingst) Wagner, recalls, "The original manuscript was given to me by Herbert Lyons' daughter, Nancy (Lyons) Liner. Nancy passed away in 2015. I thought Nancy said that she was the writer, taking notes while Herbert and his sister Mona were reminiscing — that at Mona's fruit farm near Zillah in Yakima County."

The story told here is based on an undated manuscript handprinted on lined paper and some 2,300 words in length. Herb and Mona's memories, as recorded in the script, were doubtless augmented by the stories told and retold over the years by the family's elders. Recorded as they came to mind during the above noted visit at Zillah, we've reassembled them into what we hope is a more accurate sequential timeline. That resequencing is primarily derived from the locations mentioned and how those locations fell along the path of travel from Edmonton,

Alberta, to Bonners Ferry, Idaho — Bonners Ferry being the last specific location mentioned in this script.

For clarity, passages from the manuscript have occasionally been rewritten. All passages drawn from the script, or our editorial reworkings of such, are displayed here in italics bordered by quotation marks. Additional materials — discussions and explanations added by the editors — are displayed in regular typeface outside of quotes.

It should be noted that distances between named locations are usually given here as straight-line measurements taken off maps. The rationale for this is simple. The straight-line distance between Edmonton and Bonners Ferry is 357 miles. Using the modern-day highway system, the shortest route between these communities is 505 miles.

Following the placenames found in the manuscript Nancy (Lyons) Liner derived from Mona and Herbert's conversations, it appears the path traveled 106 years ago is similar to the shortest modern-day highway route. That said, we're assuming the Lyons trekked over mostly primitive roads and occasionally across the open prairie, which leaves the actual milage unknowable, except to say it was doubtless greater than that encountered by modern-day highway travelers.

To the casual eye, the Great Plains of Alberta are mostly gently rolling hills displayed against a fairly flat horizon — fairly flat until one is confronted by the imposing wall of the Rocky Mountains. But that vast prairie is often cut with creeks and rivers that have, over ages of seasonal floods, eroded significant breaks in the landscape. Also, ice age glaciers have gouged cliffs, bluffs, and other novel features into the mix. All that considered, finding the shortest wagon route often required skirting those cliffs and bluffs and finding places to ford those creeks and rivers — considerations modern highways often discount with explosives and earthmovers, or by bridging over with steel.

A simpler way to travel in that era was by train. But for those that couldn't afford the freightage for their selves, possessions, and livestock, overland travel by horse-drawn wagon was an undertaking not much changed since the advent of the wheel. It was filled with an unrelenting exposure to the elements, backbreaking labor, and constant hazards — everything from catastrophic equipment breakdowns, flashfloods, wagons being dragged behind runway teams, and medical emergencies days away from help. All suggesting it was far less romantic than novels and movies often portray.

Though the script on which this article is based essentially ends with the family's arriving at Bonners Ferry, Idaho, the people and their lives continued on.

On the 27th of September, 1916, Edna Lyons — according to her Spokane County marriage certificate then being a resident of Priest River, Idaho — married David Martin Yingst of Wild Rose Prairie. The wedding took place at Wayside, Washington.

As Edna's daughter, Verna Jean (Yingst) Wagner, said, "The story is that my father, David Martin Yingst — 'Mart' for short — was working on Wild Rose Prairie when he was asked to go to Bonners Ferry and bring back a team of recently purchased horses. At the time my mother was working for a family at Bonners Ferry. That family just happened to own the horses Dad was after. And that's how my mom and dad met."

Edna's husband passed away in 1956. Edna followed in 1976.

Washington State's 1920 census indicates that the Alva and Grace Lyon's family had settled near Zillah in Yakima County. The elders lived there the rest of their lives, as did Mona. Alva passed in 1949. Grace followed in 1968. Mona died in 1981, after being twice widowed. Her older sister Lillian passed in 1992, her home at the time, Lynnwood, Washington. Herbert's marriage license, dated September 25th, 1937, gives his home as Deer Park. His 1995 obituary states he'd lived in the Deer Park area for a total of 55 years, moving to the Wellpinit area of Stevens County in later years.

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——— *The Story* ———

PLEASE NOTE:

When reading this story, something likely to generate a bit of confusion are the names Herbert and Lillian. There are two individuals named Herbert, and two named Lillian. The first Herbert and Lillian are Alva Lyons' siblings, both of whom passed within a few years of arriving in Alberta. The next Herbert and Lillian are Alva's children — doubtless namesakes of his brother and sister.

… from Michigan to Alberta ...

What follows is a small slice of history drawn from the oral traditions of the Lyons family as recalled by Theodora (Lyons) Collins — better known as Mona — her brother Herbert Lyons, and their father's sister, Edna (Lyons) Yingst. It involves a journey from the Canadian Province of Alberta to the State of Idaho, and then on to Washington. This adventure began in the spring of 1915. The travelers were the above noted Herbert and Mona, their parents, Alva and Grace, their sister Lillian, and their Aunt Edna.

But to tell this tale — and possibly hint at the reason the family decided to immigrate — we need to backtrack a bit and relate how the elders of the family found themselves in Alberta.

According to the Lyons family's collection of documents, Herb and Mona's grandfather, Thomas Edmond Lyons Jr., was born at Armada, Michigan, on November 15th, 1845. On July 4th, 1871, Thomas married Sarah Elizabeth Wilson. Sarah was also born at Armada, that on May 2nd, 1848.

Thomas and Sarah's second son, Alva Edmond Lyons, usually called Ted, was Herb and Mona's father, and Aunt Edna's brother. He was born at Wilkesport, Ontario, on July 16th, 1879. This is an assumption, since all of Thomas and Sarah's prior children (including a son who died in infancy) were born at Wilkesport — that being a barely existent Canadian town just six miles east of Ontario's boarder with Michigan, and some 45 miles northeast of Detroit.

Alva's wife, Grace Violet (Smith) Lyons, is listed on her death certificate as having been born in the Province of Ontario on April 4th, 1884 — the town or community not noted. The couple were married in 1906. And once again, the location of their marriage is not recorded in the family's notes, though it occurred after the Lyons family had moved to Alberta. But it is noted that Alva had become acquainted with Grace while the family was still living in Michigan.

Regarding that, according to Aunt Edna's writings, Thomas, Sarah, and their children were living in Clare, Michigan, as of the early 1880s. Clare was, and still is, a small town some 135 miles northwest of Detroit. In late March of 1901, the elders gather up their five surviving children — Herbert Nelson, Alva Edmond, Lillian Jane, Ethel Maud, and Edna Gladys (who, for whatever reason, couldn't abide her actual first name of Therese) — and boarded a train for the Didsbury area of Alberta.

Didsbury was, and still is, a small community approximately 40 miles north of Calgary, and roughly the same distance south of Red Deer. Didsbury is also 1,450 miles west by northwest of Clare, Michigan.

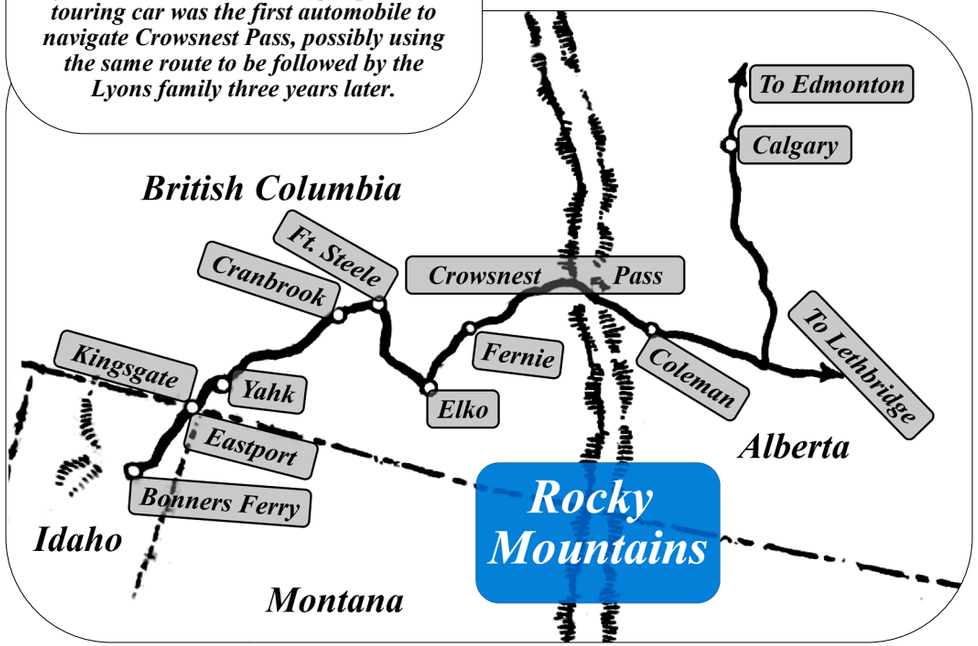
Regarding that train ride, Edna remembered that the brothers, Herbert and Alva, rode in the train car — possibly meaning a boxcar — that their father had "*chartered*" to transport the family's "*machinery, household things, three horses and two cows*." Soon after reaching their destination, Thomas and his sons filed for a homestead some 18 miles east of Didsbury.

According to Edna, the family moved onto the homestead in early May of that year and lived in tents until they could get enough lumber to build a small house.

An Approximation of the Route.

This is the highway route from Edmonton to Bonners Ferry as mapped in the May 1st, 1921, edition of American Motorist magazine. The Kingsgate-Eastport Border Crossing connecting Yahk, British Columbia with Bonners Ferry, Idaho, was established in 1906, that to connect into British Columbia's rich mining district.

We're assuming the Lyons family crossed through Crowsnest Pass on a primitive wagon road. Accounts state that two gentlemen, Thomas Wilby and Jack Haney, drove an automobile across Canada in the late summer and early fall of 1912. It's claimed their gas-powered touring car was the first automobile to navigate Crowsnest Pass, possibly using the same route to be followed by the Lyons family three years later.



Edna said the family obtained coal for fuel by digging it out of the banks of Kneehill Creek. That creek is a deep gouge in the prairie several dozen miles to the southeast of the family's homestead. It flows east into the Red Deer River, the confluence a few miles north of Drumheller. Commercial coal mining began at Drumheller in 1911, with the town at one point being Alberta's main coal producer, though that industry went into decline after World War II. Today the town's primary claim to fame is the world-class Royal Tyrrell Museum of Paleontology, that the direct result of 1884's discovery of dinosaur fossils embedded in the banks of the area's water-erosion channels and associated badlands.

Edna notes that in those early days there were few roads, no fences, and ranches were few and far between. So, when traveling, they would simply pick their way in a more or less straight line across the plains.

The branded cattle they saw freely roaming everywhere on the prairie — being

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essentially wild and rather mean in temperament — were dangerous to approach on foot. But the onslaught of homesteaders stringing barbed wire was quickly bringing the area's open range to an end.

This flood of incoming homesteaders started breaking the prairie grass and raising grain. Edna recalls that her father brought in the area's first threshing machine — a small four-team rig — and for several years did all the threshing for the farmers miles around.

The prairie's hardships seemed to take its toll on the family. Alva and Edna's sister, Lillian, passed away on January 22nd, 1904. Their brother Herbert died of tuberculosis on May 15th, 1905. According to the family's notes, the family's patriarch, Thomas Edmond, suffered a fatal accident in the late spring of 1910. Alva's wife, Grace, was having trouble birthing her third child — that being Mona. Thomas was hitching the horses to the wagon, his intent, to drive to Didsbury and bring back the doctor. The story says he had a seizure, the horses bolted, and the wagon ran over him.

A year after Thomas died, the family sold the homestead. Sarah and Edna moved to Didsbury. Alva bought a store in Neapolis — that essentially a crossroads some 11 miles east of Didsbury. The notes describe Neapolis as "*a store, post office and creamery, all in one building*."

On February 22nd, 1913, Alva and Edna's last sister, Ethel died, leaving behind a husband and one child. Later that year the family sold the homestead, and Edna, Sarah, and Alva and his family moved to Edmonton, where, in October of 1914, Mother Sarah died.

Of the original family arriving from Clare in 1901, only Alva and Edna were left.

… getting ready to leave …

The story began, "*With a covered wagon, a hack, a top buggy and five head of horses, we left Edmonton, Alberta, on Thursday, April 15th, 1915. Our dad, Alva, drove the wagon, Aunt Edna the hack, and our mother, Grace, drove the buggy. Mother was so sick she could only travel a half day at a time*."

Regarding the terms wagon, hack, and buggy as used back then, the first usually refers to a wagon with four wheels intended for hauling freight or produce. It can be covered by canvas — usually oiled or waxed for waterproofing — stretched over bowed staves in the manner of a prairie schooner. Wagons were normally pulled by two or more horses, mules, or oxen — the number of pairs in a team depending on the wagon's size and loaded weight. When it comes to wagons, the word hack is a broad term, though in this instance it likely refers to a lighter four-wheel wagon designed to haul passengers or freight. Also, it might have had some type of weather deflecting shell or covering. The word buggy was almost always applied to a small, two-wheeled wagon with a single seat for two or three passengers. Often these had a canvas or leather top — as indicated when Mona later notes, "*the hack had bows and a cover of canvas*." Buggies were normally pulled by one horse.

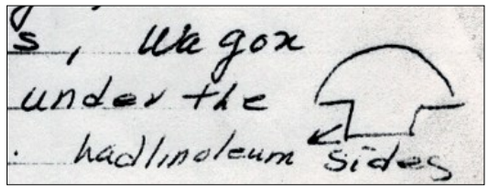
The manuscript continued, "*The wagon was a double box and bottom. Under the beds it was filled with trunks*."

We'll have to speculate here, said speculation based on the common practices of commercial wagon builders. While doing so, we should keep in mind that farmers, then as now, often modified equipment to meet their own needs. Reportedly boxes on farm wagons had a bottom of tongue-and-groove boards, leaving no open seams through which loose grains of wheat and the like could trickle. Boards up to 20 inches wide were used to form the sides and ends of the box. If more depth were wanted, a second box, without a floor, was attached to the top of the first. Thus, the term double-box.

Normally the box on a farm wagon would have been around 40 inches wide and, if double-boxed, 36 or more inches deep.

When Mona noted, "*Under the beds it was filled with trunks*," it appears she was

indicating the family slept in the covered wagon, but above the box's cargo of trunks. The drawing, added at that point in the manuscript's margin, appears to be a length-on view of the covered wagon ***(see clipping right column)***. If so, it suggests that the sleeping beds extended out over the sides of the double-box, and that the canopy rose from there, that apparently confirmed when Mona stated that the "*beds were crossways on the wagon bed*." Since any extension of the wagon's width beyond the box would have to be higher than the wheels, what we seem to be seeing in the drawing is a deck built on top of the double-box. As for the drawing's notation indicating the wagon's box "*had linoleum sides*" — such



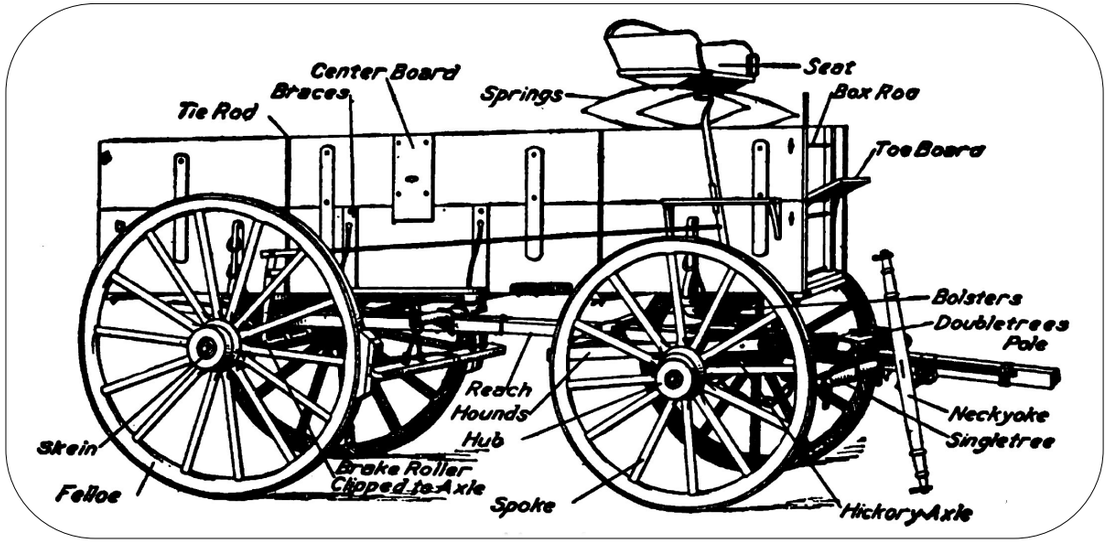
a material may have been tacked on to provide additional waterproofing for the contents.

"*The team on the wagon was Roy, a dark brown gelding* (a neutered horse)*, and Doll, a bay with stocking feet. On the hack was Fred, a bright bay, and Keeno, his color brown. Both were geldings. On the top buggy was Barney, a black stallion, around 1300 pounds.*

A Typical Double-Box Wagon.

Illustration from the 1918 edition of Farm Knowledge, Vol. 3, edited by E. L. D. Seymour: Article, Horse-Drawn Work Vehicles for the Farm, by E. W. Lehmann, Professor of Agricultural Engineering, University of Missouri.

Take special note of the "Pole," also known as the wagon's tongue, and the item termed "Neckyoke." The Neckyoke, while a part of the wagon's assembly, is actually mounted on the far end, the terminal end, of the wagon's tongue pole.



"*In the front of the covered wagon was a commode with a pot, so it was self-contained. The water-can was behind the wagon seat. The sewing machine was in the back*."

At that time, the term commode, or night commode, meant a wooden cabinet in which a bedroom's chamber pot was kept. A water pitcher, washbowl, and towel were usually placed on top.

"*On the back of the hack was the bureau — a set of drawers — that was our cupboard for food and utensils. In stocking the wagon, Dad bought 25 loaves of bread for one dollar*.

"*The camp stove was in the box on the top buggy. Also in the top buggy — because it was padded — was all the glass and China*."

One explanation for the comment "*because it was padded*" was to suggest the buggy had shock damping metal springs — that feature commonly added to buggies for the comfort of the passengers.

As for the "*camp stove*" mentioned, it appears the primary difference between a camp stove and a regular stove was size and weight. At that time collapsible woodburning stoves made of light sheet metal were available. We can't say if that's what Mona meant.

… on the trail …

Though no mention was made of Edmonton other than as a point a departure, it was a reasonable sized city of some 59,000 souls in 1915.

The manuscript indicates the family spent their first night on the trail "*camped on Mill Creek*." From its source around ten miles south of the east-flowing North Saskatchewan River, the modern-day bed of Mill Creek meanders — sometimes diverted into underground channels — in a northeasterly direction through what is now the east side of Edmonton — the community's metropolitan population now measured at one and a half million.

Explaining the usual ritual when it came to setting up an evening's camp, the story goes, "*We stopped Saturday afternoons by water, and never traveled on Sunday. We would set up our 8 by 10-foot tent, bathe, and do the washing. We had ropes to tie the wagon down to keep it from blowing over, and chains to tie the wheels so they couldn't roll*."

Due to the extended height of its canvas canopy, and the wagon's narrow width, when the often-significant winds scouring across the grasslands of the Great Plains blustered against the wagon's sides, tipping over was a definite possibility. Canada's portion of the Great Plains began in southern Manitoba, crossed all of southern Saskatchewan, then consumed most of southern Alberta until the grasslands splash against the east side of the Rocky Mountains. Unless camping in a protected area, wind would continue being a major concern until the Lyon's party approached the breach in the Rockies at Crowsnest Pass and left the Great Plains behind.

As for bringing the wagons to a stop, a wagon's brake was typically a curved iron shoe that pressed against the metal surface — the metal tire — of one or more of the wagon's wheels. This was accomplished by means of a hand lever beside the driver's seat and a set of connecting rods.

Regarding brakes, "*The hack had brakes, but the wagon didn't, and the only brake we had for it was an iron shoe that was fastened under the wagon to the reach and the wheel would* (undecipherable) *in and act like a runner going downhill*."

When the script says, "*fastened under the wagon to the reach*," it means the wooden beam running between and connecting the front and rear wheel assemblies **(see illustration facing page)**. The reach, sometimes called a coupling pole, is normally made of a strong, straight grained wood such as white oak. This very dense wood helps absorb the twisting as each end of the wagon's solid axles rise and fall unevenly when rolling over the ground.

The best we can do here is guess the meaning when the script states that the "*wheel*

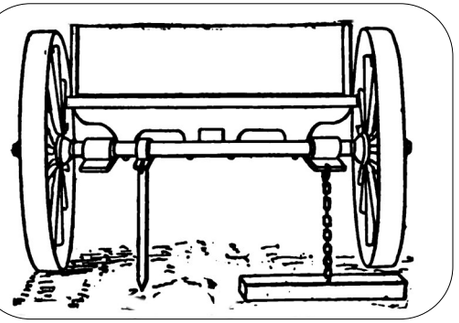
would," something undecipherable, "in," that followed by, "*and act like a runner going downhill*." In this case the term "*runner*" might be an allusion to the skids or skis used on wintertime sleds — those also known as runners. Could this passage suggest that the above "*iron shoe*" was maneuvered under then fixed to one of the wheels, with said iron shoe also being chained to the reach to prevent the wheel from turning? We just don't know.

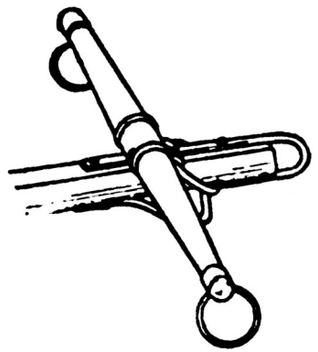
The next line in the manuscript states, "*On a bad hill, Dad put a team on the back with the neckyoke chained to the wagon and they would hold back, helping the team in front*."

For this to work, the team in back needed to be in full harness — the most important piece of that harness being the breeching strap fitted around the back of each horse's thighs to prevent the harness from sliding forward as the animals slowed or drew to a stop. A neckyoke **(*see illustration facing page*)** was hooked into the front of said harness, then chains run forward from the neckyoke's end-rings to the back of the wagon ahead. Since the person working the team behind would either be on foot or astride one of the horses, if the wagon being eased downgrade became a runaway despite all efforts to hold it back, all the animals and people working both wagons would be in severe jeopardy.

Creating Drag When Going Downhill:

Professor Lehmann's article in Vol. 3 of 1918's Farm Knowledge noted two other means of slowing a wagon on a steep downhill. One involved a spike cutting into the earth beneath the wagon, the other a weight dragged behind the wagon by a chain. Either, when attached at the rear of a wagon, had the advantage of keeping the wagon moving in line with the horses — in other words, retarding any tendency to slide sideways against the direction of travel and jackknife.





Neckyoke Mounted on the Pole Cap:

With work wagons, the horses are attached to the wagon by the flexible webbings of their leather harnesses — their pulling power transmitted back to the wagon by thick leather straps called traces. The neckyoke, the crosspiece seen above, is secured to the forward end of the wagon's tongue — said tongue also called a pole. The harnesses hold this crosspiece forward of and at chest height to the horses. Each horse's harness is tied onto the neckyoke via the metal ring on that side. This allows the flexible harnesses to transmit a backward pressure on the wagon's tongue whenever the team is slowed or drawn to a stop — or when held back while descending a grade. That backward pressure begins at the opposite end of the harness with the breeching strap around the horse's thighs — below the tail, but just high enough that it won't interfere with the movement of the animal's back legs.

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… Didsbury and Neapolis …

After noting the first-day's camp at Mill Creek, the script stated, "*We left Edmonton and went to Didsbury and visited, then on to Neapolis*."

Didsbury is about 130 miles south and slight west of Edmonton. It was Lillian's — Alva and Grace's eldest child's — place of birth. At the time of their journey, Didsbury was a small prairie town of around a thousand souls. It's currently home to something over 4,000 residents.

In the family's notes, Neapolis is described as "*a store, post office and creamery, all in one building*." That seems reasonable, since today it's nothing more than a forlorn crossroads, scattered around by a few homes, barns, and one privately owned Budweiser Beer Museum. The death certificate for Alva and Grace's second child, Herbert — Herb being one of the kids relating this story — lists Neapolis as his place of birth.

Neapolis was also the site of the journey's first casualty. As the manuscript records, the brown gelding Keeno, the horse teamed to pull the family's hack from Edmonton, died at Neapolis. Regarding such, the family record states, "*Keeno was the best livery horse in the Province of Alberta — so they claimed. He was a Hambletonian Cayuse and known everywhere. He got his shoe caught in the halter. Dad had just turned down $400 for him*."

… over the Red Deer River …

The next segment in the story mentions the Red Deer River. Just over 40 miles to the east of Neapolis, it's a good size river, prone to flooding, which has eroded the river's bed well down into the prairie, making it one of the prime locations in Alberta for hunting dinosaur fossils.

As the kids told it, "*Dad and Aunt Edna took the hack and went out across the Red Deer River. Dad was collecting money — bills owed to the store*." We're assuming the store to which the bills were owed was the one at Neapolis that Alva and Grace purchased in 1911. If so, since the store was reportedly sold in 1913, those debts were a bit overdue

"*From some people Dad took horses. He got a Pinto named Baldy. That became Aunt Edna's horse. Baldy had two colts, a two-year-old and a baby. Actress, the two-year-old, was a chestnut, and Mighty was a pinto colt. Dad got a Bochy Black mare named Topsy, with a nursing colt named Pat. The three colts just followed along*."

Regarding the above "*Bochy Black mare named Topsy*," we're not quite sure what to make of this. It's possible the word Bochy in the term Bochy Black was a spelling drawn from a mispronunciation of the slang name for German soldiers — Boche. Such slang would have been in common use at the time, since Canada, still part of the British Empire, followed England in declaring war against Germany on August 4th, 1914. If so, those telling the story may have been referring to a breed of light draft horse that originated in the Black

United States Geologic Survey Reports on the Great Plains:

https://pubs.usgs.gov/bul/1493/report.pdf
https://www.fs.usda.gov/rmrs/publications/wind-bounded-grasslands-north-america

Forest region of Germany — and subsequently, sometimes called a German Black. Otherwise, we're at a loss.

The list of horses gathered continued with, "*He also got a bay mare named Shorty. And Sandy, a sorrel and good saddle horse. There were two more horses* (names not recalled)."

… Swalwell …

Next the handprinted script recounts, "*We went from Neapolis to Swalwell and visited Bill and Nellie (Defoe) Henderson — Nellie being Dad's cousin and a schoolteacher. Herb has a book she gave our dad titled 'Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette*.'"

Translated from the French, this book was first published in English in 1873. The author — born in 1829, date of death unknown — was Elizabeth Martineau Chesney. With an intended audience of young people, the book related the adventures of a poor country boy, Jean Paul, who trained two performing mice with which he hoped to earn money for his family — the two mice being Lady Green Satin and Rosette.

As for Swalwell, that place still exists as a small hamlet 13 miles west of the Red Deer River and some 25 miles east by southeast of the former Neapolis. In the larger view, Swalwell is just over 50 miles southeast of Red Deer and just under 50 miles northeast of Calgary.

The script continued, "*At Swalwell it was so wet we couldn't travel, so Dad took a job discing for a Russian named Grif. Dad worked through May to June*.

"*After we left Swalwell we had a trap wagon. Mother drove it and our sister Lillian, who'd turned 8 just before, drove the buggy. The horses Nell and Sandy were on the trap wagon. Shorty and Fred were on the hack. Doll and Ray on the wagon, and Barney was on the buggy*.

A dictionary from 1895 defines a trap wagon as an open four-wheel carriage on springs — open suggesting without a top covering, while having springs to make it more comfortable for passengers.

"*Topsy was so balky we had to chain her to Doll's hame ring, and then whip her to make her go*."

The hame is a two-part curved metal attachment that fits on each side of a horse's collar. One fitment on the hame is a metal ring called a terret, through which the reins moving forward to the horse's bridle are threaded. This might be the ring the script has in mind.

The script continued, "*One place Topsy saved us from going over the side of an uphill grade. It was a sandy hill that was planked on a curve*," — that likely meaning the curve was paved over with sawn timbers to present a stable surface. "*The horses had shoes on and couldn't stand up. Doll fell down and Ray stayed on his feet. At this point Topsy turned around and sat down in the road. She braced herself with her front feet and kept the wagon from going over till Dad could get out of the wagon and block it. Then he put more horses on and pulled the wagon up the hill*."

... to Calgary, Cayley, and the open prairie …

"*Next we went to Calgary, and then to Cayley*." Cayley is 20 miles south by southeast of Calgary. "For a few weeks *Dad and Mom shocked oats for the Brewster family — three bachelor brothers. They wanted Dad to stay there with them and raise horses. One rainy day Herbert* (about six and a half years old then) *went with Dad over to the Brewster's house. Herb remembered the Brewster boys were playing cards with three other men. He saw $20 gold pieces stacked about three inches high in front of each player*."

On the roads south of Calgary, modern day travelers are often stunned by the sight of the Rocky Mountains' hazy blue mass off to the west. One can only wonder what the early pioneers headed for British Columbia thought when seeing that sheer and seemingly solid wall blocking the entire western edge of the Great Plains. Second thoughts, perhaps?

"*Out on the prairie, we kids watched for grain elevators. Then we knew we were coming to a town. As soon as we came into a town, all our horses started whinnying — talking to all the horses in the town. We hated that*.

"*Before we got into the mountains, we camped a few days by a big slew. Another family by the name of Sumner camped there too. Part of our trunks were filled with dry goods Dad had gotten from Sheldon's in Edmonton — shirts, buttons, thread and bolts of cloth and such*."

Two comments regarding the above paragraph. The first is to define the meaning of "*slew*." Editor Parker's eleven-pound *Random House Dictionary* regards "*slew*" as a variation of the word "*slough*," when said usage is specific to Canada and the northern parts of the United States. Said variation includes spellings such as "*slew*" and "*slue*," both of which are pronounced "*slōō*." As used here, the word indicates a marsh, or a reed filled pond, backwater, inlet, or the like. This second comment is to confirm the nature of the above mentioned "*Sheldon's in Edmonton*." In 1915 Sheldon's large and impressive dry goods store was located at the intersection of Edmonton's Jasper Avenue & First Street.

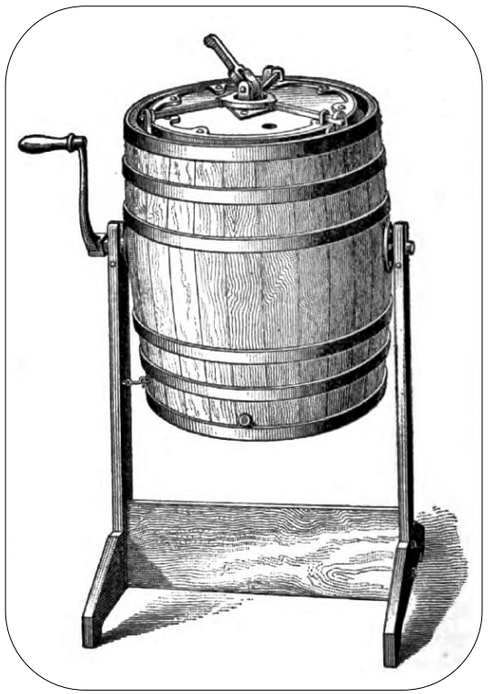
"*The Sumners had five or six kids — girls and boys. Mom got out the sewing machine and made clothes for all the kids. When Mr. Sumner decided to leave Alberta, he had hogs he couldn't sell, so he butchered and smoked and cured them. He was loaded with hams, bacon, and flour. He was feeding his horses flour because he didn't have oats. Dad traded dry goods for pork and flour. Then we had lots of ham, bacon, and flour*.

"*The next time Herbert saw the Summers was about 17 years later at Edgemere in Idaho*.

"*The next place Herbert remembers stopping was Cowley*."

The small town of Cowley is 60 miles south by southwest of Cayley, and about a hundred miles south of Calgary. Fifty-five miles to the east of this village is Lethbridge — with a population of just over 9,000 in 1915. Crowsnest Pass, the breach through the Rocky Mountains and into British Columbia, lies about 30 miles to the west of Cowley. By the time you reach Cowley, the Great Plains are clearly breaking up as foothills.

Just a few miles to the east of Cowley, the up-to-that-point south trending Old Man River begins to change direction toward the east. Just before this turn, the Old Man gathers in the waters of the Crowsnest River, which passes just two miles north of Cowley as it rushes down Alberta's side of the Conti-



Barrel Butter Churn.

From the International Library of Technology's correspondence course on "Farm Butter Making." Circa 1911.

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nental Divide.

Describing the happenings at Cowley, the script said, "*Dad and Mom shocked wheat for the Slaters, while Aunt Edna worked in the house and churned butter in a barrel churn. The folks took part of their pay in butter*.

"*Herbert helped an orphan boy named Ray herd cows, keeping them out of the wheat. All the boy had for shoes was a pair of women's high-tops with high heels. The boy had a four-year-old sister. The Slaters were going to keep his sister but take him back to Sand Point* (Idaho?).

On October 7th, 1915, Herbert turned seven. The script says, "*He* (Ray*) had dinner with Herb on his birthday. Herb wanted our family to adopt Ray*."

The notes have nothing more to add about Ray.

And then the script recounts one of the hazards people living on the Great Plains occasionally encounter even today — flash floods.

"*We stayed too late at Cowley. It got to raining and the Old Man River was so high it almost swept us off the ford. We almost lost our wagons. The colts were afraid and stayed on the other side. Their mothers called them, and they finally went in, but were swept off the ford and had to swim across."*

… into the mountains ...

At just over 4,400 feet above sea level, Crowsnest Pass is considered one of the lower passes through the Continental Divide. The pass was breached by the Canadian Pacific Railroad in 1897. We're unsure of any road through the pass suitable for wagons prior to that date, though there was a pack trail cut in 1879. According to an article in the September 27th, 1897 edition of the *Spokesman-Review*, the Canadian Pacific did "*build a wagon road ahead of the railroad through the Crow's Nest Pass and have shipped supplies ahead*." Whether any or all of this route was available to the Lyons family in 1915, we don't know.

Below is an in-order accounting of the coal mining villages strung beside the railroad's right-of-way as the tracks rise from Cowley toward Alberta's border with British Columbia — that some 28 miles to the west. All these villages were associated with nearby mines, and at that point the only reason for their existence.

Lundbreck, was founded in 1907. The town probably supported around a thousand souls when the Lyons family passed through. Its current population is just over 200.

Burmis was founded in 1910. We couldn't find anything regarding its population around 1915, other than mention of some 75 families living there early on. Of said community, it appears nothing remains.

Bellevue was founded in 1905. No data was found on its population in 1915, though something over a thousand seems likely. Today, around 800 people inhabit the village.

Hillcrest was also founded in 1905. Its population in 1915, again likely over a thousand. Today, around 400.

Frank, founded 1901, is the site of the infamous 1903 mountain collapse known as Frank Slide, after which the community went into a steep decline. In 1916, 622 people lived there. In 2016, the census recorded only 85 citizens.

Blairmore's history began prior to 1898 — then simply as a stop along the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It received its current name that year, and its coal mine was developed several years after. In 1915 its population was around 1,200. The most recent records found, those for 2011, place the number of residents at 1,723.

Coleman was founded in 1903. Beginning in 1906, the most notable thing about the community were the 100 plus coke ovens burning on the edge of town — something the script took particular note of. The town's population in 1915 was around 1,500. The 2006 census placed it at 1,065. The last remaining

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coal mine among all these villages was at Coleman. It closed in 1983.

Because of Herbert's birthday party, we know it was mid-October or later when the family left Cowley. Today's average October snowfall in the Crowsnest area is 3½ inches. That increases to 8 inches in November, and about the same for December. Global warming considered; it was doubtless significantly more back then.

Another consideration, on the British Columbia side of the pass the first town that would have been encountered was Sparwood. At an elevation of 3,740 feet, the town's present-day average snowfall for October is 4½ inches, November, 18½ inches, and December, 21 inches. Currently the town's yearly accumulation adds up to 104 inches.

All this suggests it would be a good idea to not get caught crossing the pass in the depth of winter.

The script acknowledges a worry regarding the lateness of the season when it states, "*Winter was coming*."

The notice people were taking of a caravan of three wagons and one buggy as they pushed higher into the foothills was archived within this sentence. "*As we were going through one mining town, the school kids all came over the top of the stile because they thought we were a circus coming to town*."

The word "*stile*" is defined an arrangement of steps, usually of wood in the form of sawn lumber or poles, that allows people, but few farm animals, to climb over a fence or wall.

The script continued, "*They ran for the wagons. Our colt, Mighty, took after them with her mouth open, and the kids all tumbled over themselves getting back over the stile. They thought Mighty was a trained circus horse*."

Regarding the number of horses with the group, the script notes, "*Until we left Alberta, the mounted policemen* (probably meaning Royal Canadian Mounted Police) *checked us regularly to see we had no stolen horses*.

"*We went through Frank, where the whole town had been buried by a slide. The road was built over the top of it*.

"*Near Coleman, a hearse was in front of us, and the driver turned around — just letting his horses go while he talked for the next three or four miles. Herb says everyone was laughing at us and all our outfits with a hearse in front*.

"*We camped by a coal mine and could see the coke ovens burning all night. We saw the miners come out of the mines. The mules and miners were all black with coal-dust*.

"*On the day before we crossed the summit, we had to double up the horses and take one rig at a time to the top. It was evening when we got everything up. We camped right on top*.

"*We were eating supper — soup — after dark. Dad said to Aunt Edna, 'How come you put so much pepper in the soup?' Aunty replied, 'I didn't put pepper in the soup.' So, Dad got the lantern and looked in his dish. It was full of little flying ants. That was the end of the soup*."

… into British Columbia …

"*The next morning, we left the summit and began dropping 500 feet to the mile. We started seeing signs saying so far to Swansey. We'd go a long way, then see another sign saying so far to Swansey. We never did get to Swansey or know what happened to it*.

"*One place in the mountains — far away from everyplace — a mare with a colt started following us. They followed us for a long way. The last time we saw them she was standing on a rock. No idea what happened to them*.

One of the kids said, *"I remember Aunt Edna cooking cornmeal hot cakes over a campfire while it was raining and snowing. Dad held an umbrella over her while she cooked. Our shoes and socks got so wet they froze. Dad had to thaw them out over the fire so we could put them on*.

"*On the way through the mountains,*

Dad couldn't get Topsy, the balky horse, to pull the buggy. So, he took her off and had taken all her harness off except the collar. She ran, jumped off the grade, and wouldn't come back. Dad tied her colt, Pat, to the wagon, thinking she would come back for the colt, but even though the colt called all night, Topsy didn't come back. Next morning Dad went out and found her on top of a big pile of brush, dead.

"*On another evening we wanted to get down into a valley to camp by a creek. It was a long, winding hill down. Dad told Mom to wait at the top of the hill till he and Aunt Edna got the other outfits down, then he would bring the horses back up to help take the trap wagon down.*

"*I remember Mom telling me she waited till the others were far enough down the hill to be out of the way, then she told Herb to hold on to the seat. She wrapped the lines around her hand and let the horses go. They were at a dead run — their collars pushed clean out on their necks. No brakes. No britching. All the stuff in the wagon was rattling and clattering as she pulled in right behind the others. The Cayuses knew what they were doing. And Herb wasn't scared. He had confidence in Mom.*"

The term "*britching*," as used above, appears to be an alternate name for the breeching strap ***(see "neckyoke" sidebar page 2432)*** that circles behind a horse's thighs.

… into the United States …

It's 80 miles as the bird flies between the Rocky Mountain's Crowsnest Pass and the village of Yahk, and another seven to the international border. On modern roads that distance increases to 130 miles to Yahk, and 14 miles further to the border. What those distances might have been in 1915, the only thing we can say for certain is that most every foot of any road found was likely primitive in nature.

The script continues, "*The next thing Herb recalled is that we camped close to Yahk and met up with Charlie Webster, a bachelor. Charlie talked Dad into helping him build a log home. They also put-up hay. Charlie wanted Dad to stay and homestead some land. But an Indian talked to Mom and told her how deep the snow got. Mom decided we'd better winter at Bonners Ferry.*

"*We went down to the Kingsgate border crossing — called Eastport on the U. S. side. Before we could cross, we had to wait for a veterinarian to come from Spokane to check our horses. It snowed while we were waiting. We only had to pay duty on the stallion and the colts. We entered the United States on the 18th of November.*

It's just over 30 miles from Kingsgate to Bonners Ferry on the modern road. Regarding the journey, the script relates, "*We met some people, the Hupps, at the line, and from there they traveled with us. It took us about ten days to get to Bonner's Ferry because it was snowing. We made about six miles a day. When we got there, we were pulling the wagons through 15 inches of snow.*

"*The horses were tired. It was hard to get feed. We left Barney and Pat at the farm* (possibly the above noted Hupps' farm) *and left the trap wagon sitting beside the road. We didn't go back for it till the next April. The people we left the horses with sent word they both died. But we heard afterwards that Pat had lived, and they just kept him. The wagon was still there, but most of the stuff was gone.*"

And with that, the script ends.

… a closing thought …

Though this story took place at the end of the pioneering era, it's still a remarkable record of a willingness to face hardships we today could barely imagine in pursuit of a better life for themselves and their families — a pursuit that drove generations of settlers ever westward. Our historical society is proud to have been given the opportunity to make this tale part of our archive, and by that a part of the wider community's collective memory.

——— ***end*** ———

The Alva & Grace Lyons Family:

Alva Edmond Lyons, July 16, 1879 — September 23, 1949.
(Born Wilkesport(?), Canada. Interred at Zillah Cemetery, Yakima County.)

Grace Violet (Smith) Lyons, April 4, 1884 — February 19, 1968.
Born Ontario, Canada. Interred Zillah Cemetery, Yakima County.

Children:

Lillian Gardeth Violet (Lyons) Swartz, April 9, 1907 — November 27, 1992.
Born Red Deer, Alberta, Canada. Passed away in Seattle, disposition unknown.

Herbert George Lyons, October 7, 1908 — May 13, 1995.
Born Neapolis, Alberta, Canada. Interred, Chief Lot Cemetery, Stevens County.

Theodora Edmona (Lyons) Collins/Oswald, May 31, 1910 — November 25, 1981.
Born Didsbury, Canada. Interred, West Hills Memorial Park, Yakima County.

Two more children were added to Alva and Grace's family after the family settled in Zillah; Lee in 1923 and Geraldine in 1925.

Alva's Sister — aka "Aunty."

Therese Edna Gladys (Lyons) Yingst, November 15, 1895 — October 9, 1976.
Born Clare, Michigan. Interred, Wild Rose Cemetery, Spokane County.

David Martin Yingst, December 17, 1882 — May 19, 1956.
Born Salina, Kansas. Interred, Wild Rose Cemetery. Spokane County.

Questions — With a Chance of Answers!

Recently our webmaster, Damon, installed an application on the home page of the historical society's website. Under the heading "Contact the Society,' the application allows anyone to type questions, comments, and so forth onto a virtual page, then forward that page to Damon. Our webmaster assesses the messages and, whenever warranted, sends them on to whomever seems the most appropriate recipient.

A lot of questions we probably can't answer. Others might take more time and/or resources than we have available. But we'll look carefully at them all, and at least give an acknowledgment of some sort.

We won't quote any messages without permission. But, when such seems of general interest, we will outline the nature of the question and what our research has revealed. From the questions already received, we expect this new venture to be fun.

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As Pete Recalls:
—— The Art of Being a Kid ——

by

Peter Coffin

Playing with Fire.

Land clearing was active in the Deer Park area in the late 1940s. Crawler tractors with toothed blades dug up the stumps and piled them with slash and limbs left after the logs were taken to the sawmill. This waste material was usually heaped up in long linear rows to dry and finally be burned to clear the land for cultivation. This had been done one summer in the field south of the present day BiMart and between Roz's Hot Shot Café and Fir Avenue.

One clear, warm, summer morning I went out to play and a neighbor boy said he had something to show me. He had a hand full of strike-anywhere matches and led me out to a pile of land clearing trash. We knelt down on the south side of the pile, and he lit a match to show me how the dry wooden material burned. It didn't take long for the small fire he had started to become a roaring inferno and both he and I ran home.

Before long the whole block long pile of logging trash was ablaze with a huge column of smoke rising. Sirens wailed and fire trucks arrived to contain the fire and protect nearby houses. Of course, I was asked by my mother about what had happened, and I admitted that I had been there at the start of the fire. I think that the boy who started the fire admitted that he had. As I didn't have access to matches and was just an observer, I wasn't punished but sharply warned by both the fire department and my mother about playing with fire.

I have tried to find some Deer Park Union newspaper notice or article about this fire but have been unable to do so. No damage was done other than having the volunteer fire department called out to monitor the fire until it burned out.

———

A Town in the Backyard.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s wooden fruit boxes were used to transport apples, pears, tomatoes and other fruits from the farm to the grocery store. After the fruit was sold the boxes sometimes piled up behind the store. I would periodically make a trip to the back of the area's grocery stores (Wards IGA and Yokes) and collect these waste boxes. The sides and bottoms of these boxes were about one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch thick and ends about three-fourths of an inch thick. The boxes were generally composed of soft pine wood and a boy could easily take them apart and cut the pieces into parts to construct small model buildings. My back yard became a small model town with small wooden houses and store buildings located along dirt roads cut into the sandy soil.

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At about the same time my father had purchased a truck load of box factory trimmings to be used as kindling to start fires in the wood stoves in our house. These small, smoothly planed blocks were just the thing to be cut to a desired shape and nailed together to create logging trucks and trailers, cranes, crawler tractors and other items to fill the town with vehicles. My mother had purchased a small jig saw that allowed me to cut the wheels for my machines.

I had a fascination with logging and four-wheel drive trucks and built several. At that time Guy Davis was logging parts of my grandparent's farm and rigged up a gin pole log loading operation so he could load his logging truck by himself. A log (the pole) long enough to have the end over a logging truck's racks was set into the ground at an angle over the road with pulleys lashed to it at ground level and at the upper end. A cable was run through the pullies with one end having log tongs and the other attached to his crawler tractor. He had pulled logs into a pile parallel with his access road opposite the gin pole. After he had parked the truck between the log pile and the gin pole, he could pull logs up on ramps of smaller logs onto the truck. Of course, I had to model one of these.

In addition to the model logging operation, I built farming implements for hay farming as my father was farming the property in Big Foot Valley he had grown up on. Tractors, mowers, side delivery rakes, balers, and trailers were fashioned from the box wood. Bare soil was cleared of grass and other cover to create a field to be farmed by the wooden toys. Thus, sand could be pushed into windrows of pretend hay and baled with a pretend baler depositing small wooden blocks as bales to be picked up with a tractor and trailer and carried to a pile near a barn.

Many hours of play were spent with local friends in my backyard empire.

———

Road Construction.

In the 1940s and the early 1950s Highway 395 passed through downtown Deer Park. From the south city limits near present day H Street, the highway went due north on Main Street to the corner of Fourth southwest of the then grade school. From this corner the highway went west and crossed the Great Northern Railroad tracks and then went northwest east of Mix Park to Dahl Road and crossed Spring and Dragoon creeks before it curved north towards Clayton.

In the early 1950s a highway improvement program was begun to bypass Deer Park that started at the present south roundabout and continued north to where the Dahl Road Highway 395 connection is today.

During this construction large earth movers ran back and forth on this new roadway building up the new roadbed and cutting ditches on both sides. A friend and I had walked over from our houses to the construction operation to watch the action. These large earthmovers moved very slow as they dug up the earth in the ditch areas, and the operator could not see the very rear end of the machine. This fact provided an invitation for me and my friend to run up to the back of the machine, grab a part of it, and let it drag us along.

Unfortunately for me, my father was in town and had become curious as to where I was. He found out and I was in trouble!

———

A Large Form in the Dark.

After dark one evening my brother looked out the front door of the house and shouted out "*Big some sing*" when he saw a large dark form moving across the lawn. Badly frightened, he told Mother about what he had seen. She looked out and without hesita-

tion went down the front steps into the yard. She began shouting and slapping her hands at the shadowy form. We boys were astonished at our mother's bravery.

It turns out that the shadowy form was one of Anton Rasmussen's yearling calves that had broken through his field's fence. Mother had lived on a farm for quite some time so herding a calf was no challenge.

The next day the calf was back to where it belonged.

———

… more of "As Pete Recalls" to come in a later issue …

Minutes of the
Clayton ◊ Deer Park Historical Society
—— November 13, 2021 ——

In attendance at the society's meeting hall, 300 Block 'A' Street: Mark Wagner, Marilyn Reilly, Bill Sebright, Bill Phipps, Tom Costigan, Wally Parker, Dick Purdy, Larry Bowen, Erin Balentine, Tracy Strong, Judy Coffin, Pete Coffin, Steve Moore, Christina Burris, Mary Jo Reiter, Jackie Strong, Laurie Strong, Warren Strong, Eleanor Ball, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Elaine Ball, Don Ball, Mike Wolfe, and Winnie Moore.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:58 AM. He reported that: 1) He received an email from Rick Ziehnert with 2 pictures and information about the Hut Tavern. His dad Fritz Ziehnert and Stan Forsberg were the owners.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported by text: 1) The main checking account ended the month at $16,467.53. There was a deposit of $40. One check was written to the Chamber of Commerce for $100.00. The web hosting account ended the month at $684.03. There was the usual withdrawal of $12.92 for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at $1,130.10. The Eagle fund account, $7,450. 2) Mark took Mortarboards to Gardenspot Health Foods and Odynski's Accounting. He has begun to deliver mortarboards to several of the coffee houses in Deer Park. Also, he has submitted our federal taxes. They were approved and accepted by the IRS.

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

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) 120 copies of the November Mortarboard (#163) have been printed for distribution. Printable PDF files have been forwarded to the Loon Lake Library and The Heritage Network. The online version has been sent to the society's webmaster for uploading. This issue completes the story of Ray Hunt's adventures at Spokane's Walkathons of 1931. We also have a short photo-essay of the society's participation in this year's Clayton Community Fair. The abbreviated Letters/Brickbats column features a 1923 Deer Park Union article about Wesley Holcomb, one of the brothers in Clayton's famous rodeo family. 2) Ten copies of Collected Newsletters Volume 48 have been printed. This volume combines Mortarboards #161, #162, and #163 in an archival edition.

Webmaster Damon Smathers reported by email: 1) The November issue of the Mortarboard has been uploaded to the website. 2) Our new "*Contact Us*" section is live and on the front page. We have already had 2-3 inquiries so far. 3) The hosting company for our CDPHS.ORG website (ipage.com) offers a full backup/restore service for $42.14

Photo by Mike Reiter.

A New Foundation for Clayton's Eagle.

Dylan Horlacher, son of Sven Horlacher, owner of Precision Concrete LLC, is seen here finishing the just poured base of the eagle's new perch — that on the campus of the Clayton Community Fair.

annually. We opted in for this service and it will bill at the end of November each year. 4) Austin Noelle Smathers was born on October 17. She weighed 6lbs 9oz.

Historian Pete Coffin reported: 1) Digitized the 1946 Deer Park High School annual, the North Farm Museum's History of Wild Rose Prairie, an Abstract of Title for a lot in the Hopkins Addition and the Great Northern Railway Kettle Falls Branch book. 2) Working on a story about Otho Peters, his Deer Park Ford dealership and his farm which now contains the Deer Park Mall. 3) The Webmaster posted a page for visitors to ask questions that perhaps could be answered by a member. The first question to come in was about the "*Pruffer*" barn in the Rustler's Gulch area. In attempting to answer, I assumed the A. J. Prufer barn in Williams Valley was the one in question, because at that time I didn't know exactly where Rustler's Gulch was. In reply I gave a wrong answer, which I've since corrected.

Mike Reiter reported that: 1) Warren Strong found a ticket for an air show originally scheduled for July 5, 1948, and rescheduled for August 29, in a wall in his house. This ticket says that Swede Ralston is a featured attraction. Editor Wally Parker has unearthed some clippings from the Spokane paper reporting on the event. Warren talked about and showed post cards from 1908 that were also found in the house. 2) After a three-week bout with Covid, Sven of Concrete Plus got the slab for the eagle poured at the fairgrounds on Thursday. The concrete needs to cure for a

couple of weeks before the move, and Doug Knight wants to insure the Eagle before Knight Construction moves it. The slab is 10' x 10' x 1' thick and is located on the east side of the fairgrounds in a spot the fair board deems appropriate. 3) Mike also visited Taffy Long, owner of the Clayton Drive-In Friday and spoke with her about doing an interview with Don Ball, previous owner, about the Drive-In. She declined the offer for an interview but did give him some information and suggested he talk to Don. She said they would be closing in 5-6 weeks and will be closing things up for several weeks afterwards, and that we would have plenty of time to gather our items out of the display case. The Drive-In opened around 1968, one of the longest running businesses in the area. The Christoffersen dentist office, Knight's Construction, and the Tribune are a few other long-lasting businesses in the area. Any other ideas?

Winnie Moore read a genealogy report written and typed by her third-grade great granddaughter as a school assignment. It will be published in a future Mortarboard. She said we should suggest that Deer Park Schools make this an assignment for their students.

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

Meeting adjourned at 10:56.

Minutes submitted by Mark Wagner acting as secretary.

——— *end* ———

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Comments Policy

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

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: Rick Hodges, Florene Eickmeyer Moore, Mike Reiter, Bill Sebright, Tracy Strong, Lina Swain, Verna Wagner, 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.