

The Dowd Family of the Flathead Reservation, Montana

In The Pacific Northwest before 1881

Chalk Courchane

The Dowd family carried the mail on horseback pony express style, and operated the post office in St. Ignatius as postmasters and postmistresses for nearly 100 years.

William J. Dowd carried the mail from Arlee to Demersville which was a hundred mile run.

He was born 1838, in San Francisco, California, the son of William Dowd and Margaret McNarny. He married Mary Sullivan, born 1878 at Hamilton, Montana, the daughter of John J. Sullivan and Theresa Kane, on November 30, 1898

William Dowd
to
Mary Sullivan

Filed for Record the 3rd day of November
A. D. 1898, at 11⁵⁶ o'clock A. M.
By *Geo. P. Shaw* Clerk.
By *Wm. H. Evans* Deputy.

STATE OF MONTANA, }
COUNTY OF MISSOULA. } ss. MARRIAGE LICENSE

These Presents are to authorize any Justice of the Supreme Court, Judge of the District Court, Justice of the Peace within the said County, or the Mayor of any city, any Priest or Minister of the Gospel of any denomination, or any Religious Society, according to the usages of said Society, to solemnize, within said county, the marriage of *William Dowd* a *white* man, aged *29* years, born at *San Francisco*, in the County of *San Francisco*, State of *California*, and now residing at *St. Ignatius*, in the County of *Missoula*, State of *Montana*, and son of *William Dowd* and *Margaret McNarny*, with *Mary Sullivan*, a *white* woman, aged *20* years, born at *Hamilton*, in the County of *Flathead*, State of *Montana*, and now residing at *Missoula*, in the County of *Missoula*, State of *Montana*, and daughter of *John J. Sullivan* and *Theresa Kane*.

Said parties being of sufficient age to be capable of contracting marriage, and there being no legal impediment thereto.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, this *30th* day of *November*, A. D. 1898.

By *Geo. P. Shaw* Clerk.
Deputy.

STATE OF MONTANA, }
COUNTY OF MISSOULA. } ss. CERTIFICATE.

This is to Certify, That the undersigned, a *Catholic Priest* did, on the *30th* day of *November*, A. D. 1898, join in lawful wedlock *William Dowd* and *Mary Sullivan* with their mutual consent, in the presence of *William McNarny* and *Eney O' Reilly* witnesses.

From Al Yerbury

1900 U.S. Census Montana

William Dowd, age 27, born in July 1873 in California, lives on Flathead Reservation. He married in 1898, father born in Ireland. Mother's name is Margaret.

Margaret Dowd age 60 mother

William Dowd age 27 son

Sarah A. Dowd age 24 daughter

Elizabeth J. Dowd age 23 daughter

Agnes A. Dowd age 22 daughter

David J. Dowd age 19 son

Mary S. Dowd age 20 daughter?

440	Sept 4/83		
188	✓ To Caribby		
	Do Candles	50	
25	✓ To J. Demers		
	Do 1 Bridle	2 50	
16	✓ Michel Chip		
	Do Rope	25	
11	✓ Louis Larose		
	Do 1/2 Byle or calls	50	
	shirt	1 00	
17	✓ By Cash	have 2 200	1 000
26	✓ Archie McDonald		
	Do 1 Bridle	2 00	
21	✓ B. J. Pulnam		
	Do By powder 100 lb Bacon 24	4 00	
22	✓ Picrist. Asselin		
	By melons all settled		7 00
	Do Bacon or B.H.	4 00	
	Do 1/2 fork	1 50	
27	✓ W. L. Lows		
	Do 1/2 25 cactus 25	2 50	
	Do 1/2 25 stamps 45	25	
28	✓ To 2 B.C. 25		
		2 00	

The Alex Demers Store in St. Ignatius Ledger for 1881-82 pages 411, 424 & 440





From Al Yerbury <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=113922739>

“Ten year old Joe Allard was visiting his grandparents Louis and Emily Brown who were living about three miles from Arlee on the far side of the Jocko River.

The Jocko River was deep and swift. Near the Brown home the current undercut the bank where a large tree stood. The tree had fallen into the river with its top downstream.

The rushing water ran a channel near the west bank, and had washed a deep hole in the loose gravel at the river bottom, between the tree roots and the bank.

Grandpa and Joe walked along beside the river every morning to see what other damage had been done.

This day they followed the fence line north and were busy fixing fences. Grandpa had gone into the timber to cut fence posts when Joe heard Grandma telling. He knew something was wrong and ran to tell his grandfather.

The two hurried toward the house. Grandma had been working in the garden about a hundred yards from the river but now she was standing in the water where the river was wide and shallow.

Very excited she came to meet them and told them that Mr. Dowd, the mail carrier, had drowned.

Mr. William Dowd, Sr., carried the mail between Arlee and Demersville, pony express style, a distance of about a hundred miles.

Mr. Dowd waved to Grandma as he rode by. Grandma sensed the danger of crossing at the usual place. She had run toward the mail carrier calling and motioning with her hands to direct him downstream where crossing was safer. Mr. Dowd simply waved as he reached the river.

The horse must have felt the ground move underfoot for it turned back. As it turned the ground gave way and the horse and rider tipped backward into the river. That was the last time she saw Mr. Dowd.

Grandma ran downstream to where the river was wide and shallow. She waded out in the water thinking to help Mr. Dowd but his body was washed away by the swift water.

The horse swam to shallow water and went ashore. Now Grandma waded across the river, caught the horse and rode it back. The mail bag was still on the saddle.

Grandpa took the horse, rode back across the river and on to Arlee with the mail. Here he told what had happened. Men hurried to look for Mr. Dowd's body, which was never found.

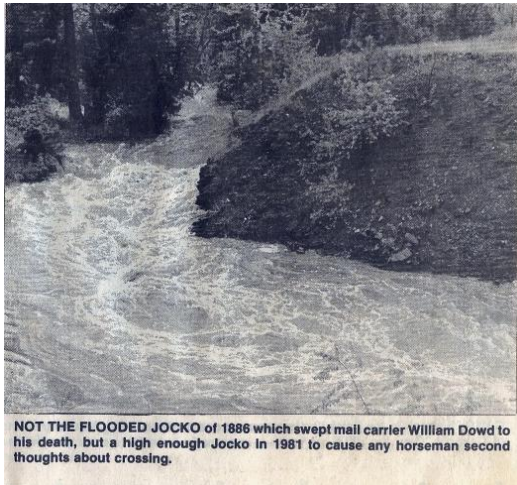
Mr. Dowd's family must be informed and there was mail to go north. Grandpa took the mail and riding the same horse crossed the Jocko River again. At Saint Ignatius he informed Mr. Dowd's wife and five children of his death.

The oldest child, William Dowd, Jr., was not yet sixteen. He took over his father's responsibility of carrying the mail, crossing the Jocko safely every time.

Joe Allard saw Billy Dowd at the Easter services in Saint Ignatius. He admired the young man who carried the mail.

Billy Dowd carried the mail for three years. He was then asked to take over the first post office in the territory. Since he was not yet 21 he served in his mother's name. This first post office was in Alex Demer's store.

Even when he was an old man, Joe Allard never forgot the tragic circumstances that led to Billy Dowd's appointment as the very first postmaster in the whole territory." "Early Days by Miss Beaver, The mail carrier who lost his life to the Jocko, Mission Valley News, St. Ignatius, Montana



"Early Days by Miss Beaver, The mail carrier who lost his life to the Jocko," Mission Valley News, St. Ignatius, Montana

It was actually in 1884.



William Dowd, Sr. "Early Days by Miss Beaver, The mail carrier who lost his life to the Jocko," Mission Valley News, St. Ignatius, Montana

“A post office [in St. Ignatius, Montana] was established February 20, 1872, with Isadore Cohn first postmaster. Margaret Dowd became postmistress in 1895, and was followed by Lizzie Dowd in 1915.”

In the Official Register of the United States Commission, United States Civil Service Commission, 1901, Post Offices and Postmasters, page 216:

“Margaret Dowd - Saint Ignatius, Missoula County, Montana compensation was \$305.55.”

“Pioneer Woman Dies.

Mrs. Margaret Dowd, a pioneer of the northwest, died at St. Ignatius yesterday of old age. Death came quietly and without pain. Since 1889 Mrs. Dowd has been a resident of St. Ignatius, coming here from Oregon, where she and her husband went in 1874. She was born in New York city in 1839.

William Dowd, the dead woman's husband, was drowned in the Jocko in 1885 while carrying United States mail. Mrs. Dowd has reared, unaided her five children, all of whom are living. They are William, David, Lizzie, Mrs. Fred Marin and Mrs. D. A. McCormick. The funeral was held in the Mission church at 9 o'clock Monday morning.”

The Ronan Pioneer, December 25, 1914

We will deal with the children of William and Margaret Dowd except William, Dowd, Jr. at this point. William will be dealt with after his siblings.

2. Sarah A. Dowd

Born December 1875 in California or Oregon and died April 18, 1940 in St, Ignatius, Montana. She married Frank Roy Marin (Morin) on August 5, 1901 in Missoula, Montana. Frank was born in 1879 in Portland, Oregon and died July 4, 1943 in Lake County, Montana. They had two daughters Frances Marin and Loretta Yvonne Marin.

i. Frances Marin was born on July 4, 1909 in Spokane, Washington and died March 9, 1996 in Spokane. She married Theodore Leonard Stinger on December 13, 1929 in Kalispell, Montana. Theodore was born January 5, 1909 in Missoula and died April 21, 1972 in San Francisco, California. They had two sons: Leonard Lionel Stinger (1929-1983) who married Mary L Klar (abt. 1937-) on August 25, 1963 in San Francisco. And Dennis Michael Stinger (1939-) who married Jacketta E. McCune (1939-1997) on November 14, 1959 in SN Francisco, California. They had a son Dennis McCune Stinger born March 7, 1962 in California and died on March 25, 1983 in Butte Glenn, California.

ii. Loretta Yvonne Marin was born August 31, 1913 in St. Ignatius, Montana and died May 17, 2003 in San Mateo, California. She married on January 12, 1933 in Kalispel, Montana to Charles Coulter McDonough who was born April 3, 1903 in Ontario, Canada. Charles died December 25, 1939 in Lake County, Montana. She also married on February 9, 1944 in Missoula to Adriano Bazzali born July 2, 1910 in Italy and died October 15, 1989 San Francisco County, California.

3. Elizabeth J. Dowd

“Elizabeth Dowd, was St. Ignatius postmaster for ten years until her death in 1952.” Sister Doreen.
Became postmistress in 1915?

4. Agnes A. Dowd

Born March 1880 and died September 13, 1938 in Missoula, Montana. She married Vincent Anthony McCormack, who was born June 19, 1874 in San Diego, California, on November 24, 1910 in Missoula. Vincent died June 29, 1944 in Lake County, Montana.

They had a daughter Mary E. McCormack born May 25, 1916 in St. Ignatius, Montana and died May 15, 1990 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She married a Rigdon (1912-). They had a son named Elmer Scott Rigdon born January 25, 1911 in Cambria, California and died in May, 1991 in San Francisco, California.

5. David John Dowd

Born June 29, 1879 in St. Ignatius, Montana and died January 12, 1930 in Lake County, Montana.

“David Dowd, the Mission liveryman, was in Ronan this week. He brought Mrs. Marshall up from Ravalli and accompanied her on her visit to the different schools near Ronan.” The Ronan Pioneer, December 1, 1911

“Lizzie and David Down [Dowd] have recovered from injuries received while returning from Missoula this week. Fred Normandin's car, in which they were riding, was struck by a street car; overturned and badly wrecked. Mr. Dowd was taken immediately to a hospital, but Miss Dowd was able to return home.” The Daily Missoulian, Dec. 18, 1918, page 8, "St. Ignatius (from Bob Bigart)

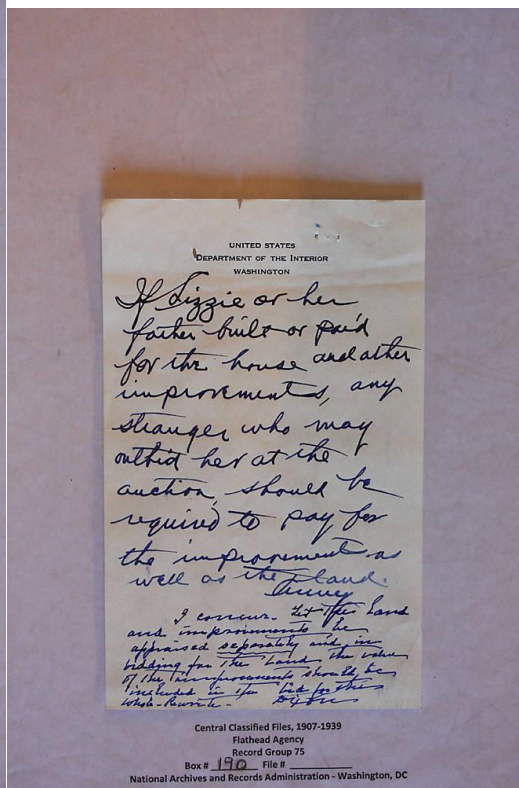
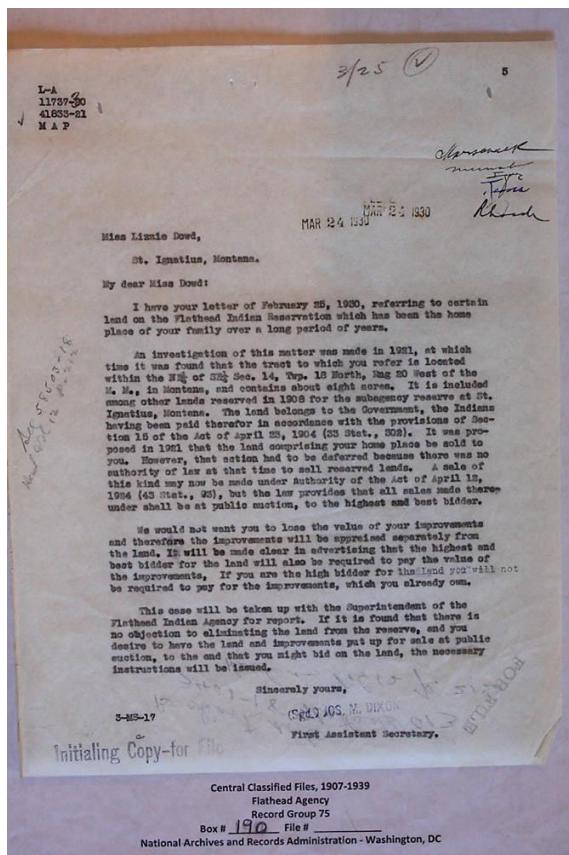
Children of David John Dowd: ?

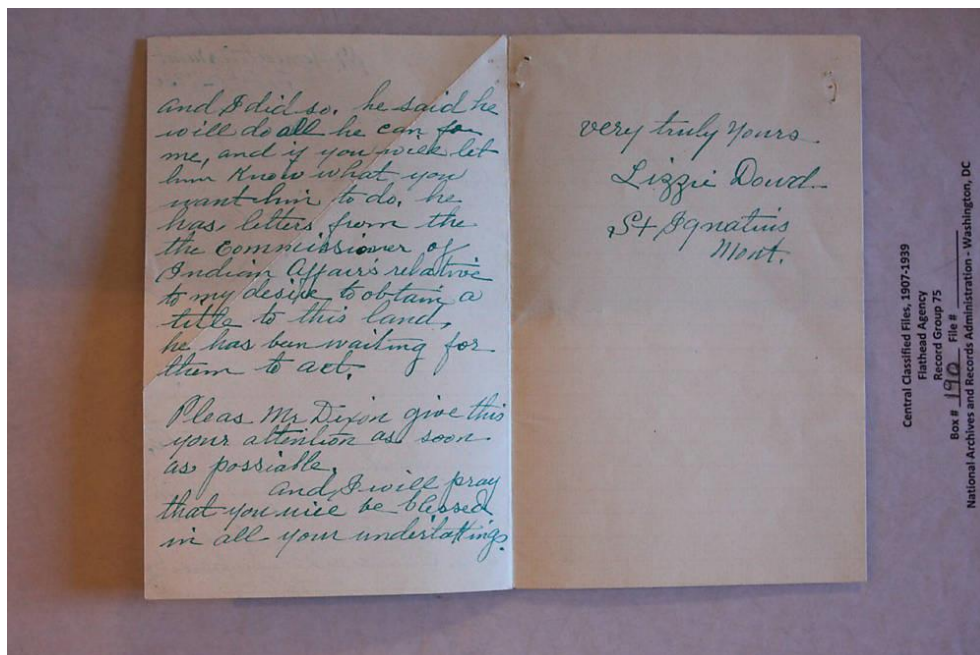
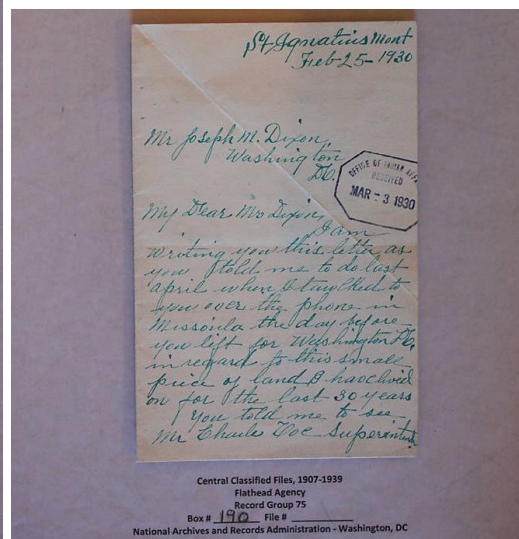
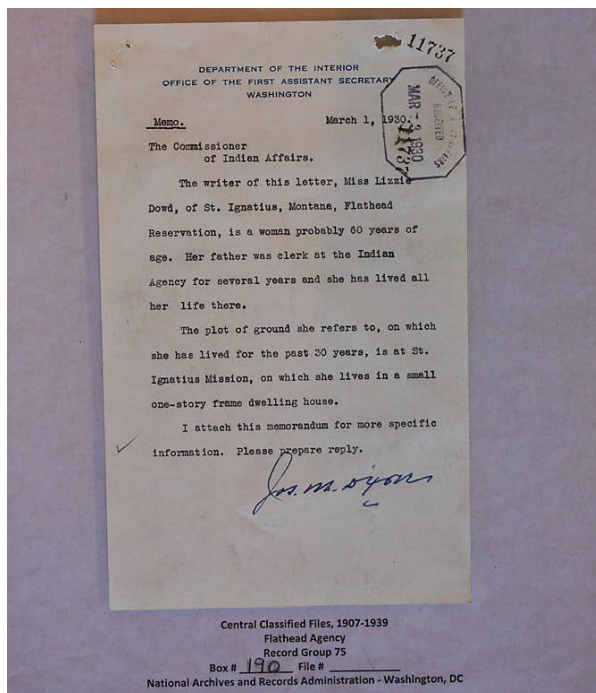
a. Lizzy Dowd Born 1875 and died 1944

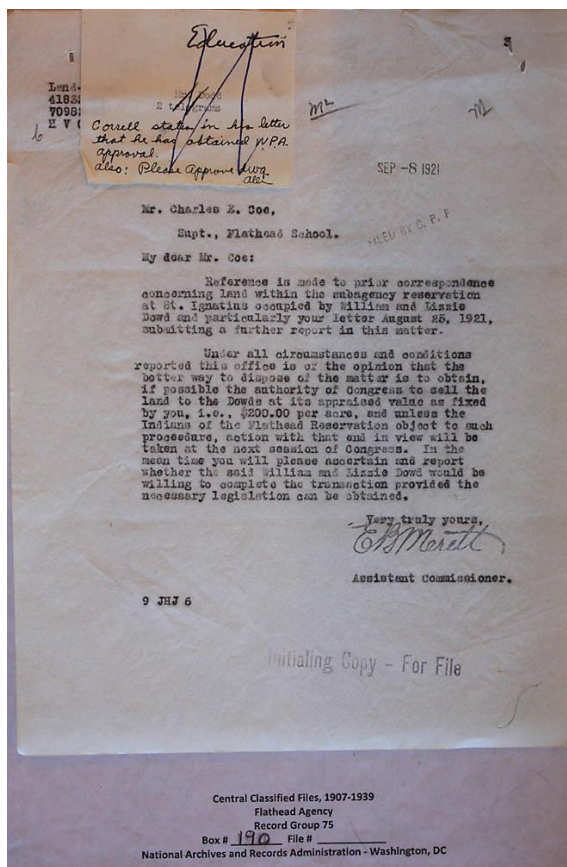
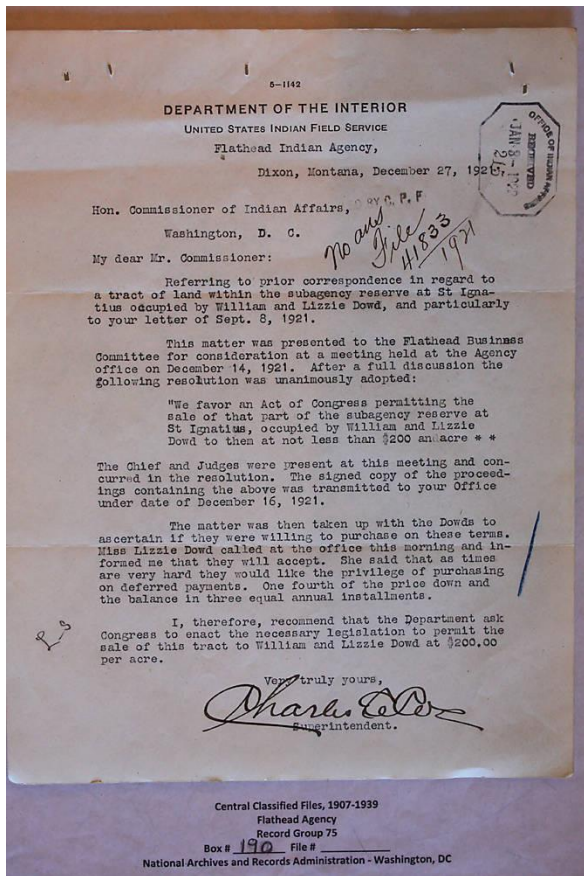
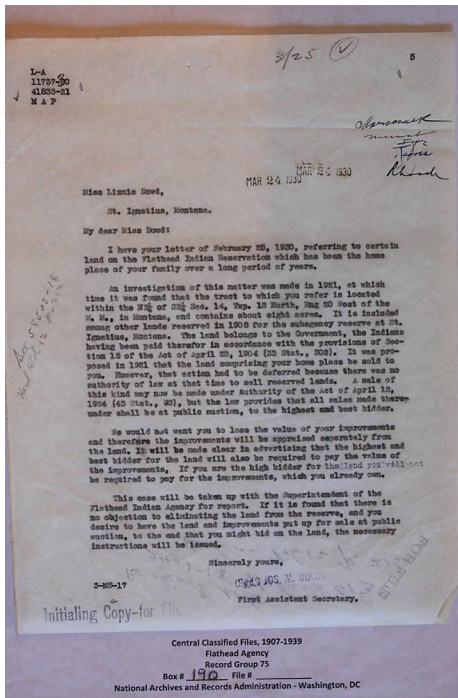
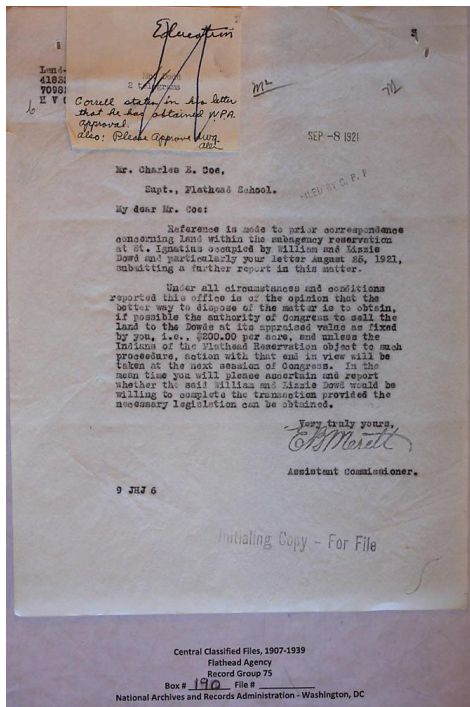
Lizzie Dowd was the daughter of David John Dowd. She was described in David John Dowd's draft registration document of 1918 as his nearest relative thusly: Miss Lizzie Dowd; lives in St.

Ignatius; short; stout; eyes blue; hair brown. With the 'Miss' in front of her name, it is assumed she was his daughter. She died in 1944 at age 69 and apparently never married.

“Miss Lizzie Dowd, the popular postmistress at St. Ignatius, was a visitor the first of the week.”
The Lake Shore Sentinel, May 20, 1910, page 3







Land-Allot.
53703-21

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE

Flathead Indian Agency,
Dixon, Montana, August 25, 1921.

FILED BY C. P. F.

Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs,

Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Commissioner:

I have your letter of July 30th requesting a further report upon the occupancy of a portion of the sub-agency reserve at St. Ignatius, Montana, by William and Lizzie Dowd.

The occupancy of this tract by the Dowds dates back to 1831 or 1832. At that time their father, William Dowd, Sr. was a mail contractor on the Star Route from Arlee to Kalispell and carried the mail in person from Arlee to St. Ignatius. He desired a place to establish his headquarters and obtained permission from an Indian who was living on this land at the time to build a cabin and stables and soon afterward purchased a log cabin and a few fruit trees on a small tract adjoining from another Indian. He occupied the land until the time he was drowned in the Jocko River in 1883 and his family have been on it ever since. His son the present William Dowd, was a mail carrier from 1884 to 1900, Postmaster at Ravalli 1907 and 08 and has been employed by the U. S. Reclamation Service at St. Ignatius for the past 9 years. His home is on this tract at the present time. Margaret Dowd, the widow of William Dowd, Sr., lived on this tract and was Postmistress at St. Ignatius from 1890 to 1914. She maintained the post office on this tract. Lizzie Dowd conducts a rooming house on the tract.

The Dowds are white and claim no tribal rights. There seems never to have been any official authority granted for them to occupy this land and they have never paid any rental for its use.

So far as I have been able to ascertain the Indians have never raised any objection to them being on this land, and they probably would not object to them acquiring title, provided there is proper compensation.

Central Classified Files, 1907-1939
Flathead Agency

Record Group 75

Box # 190 File #

National Archives and Records Administration - Washington, DC

53703-21

The Beckwith Mercantile Company paid \$300 an acre for the land across the street. It was all level and suitable for business and residence uses. The front of the tract used by the Dowds is just as good but the rear has no outlet and part of the land is swampy. I would appraise the tract at \$200 per acre.

I will report further on the disposition of the balance of the sub-agency reserve not needed for administrative purposes in a separate letter.

Very truly yours,

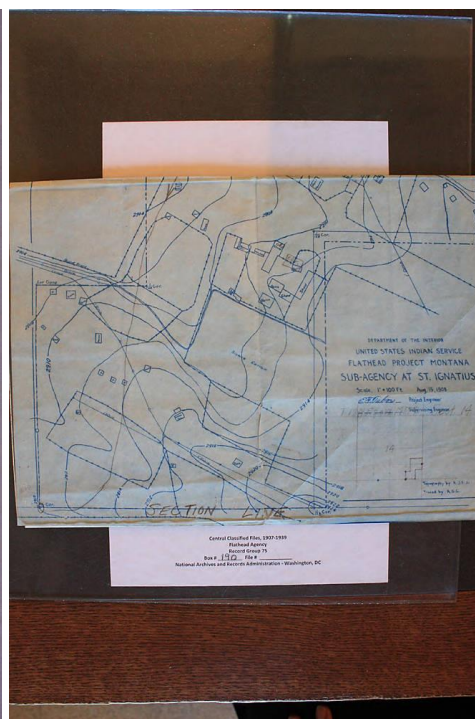
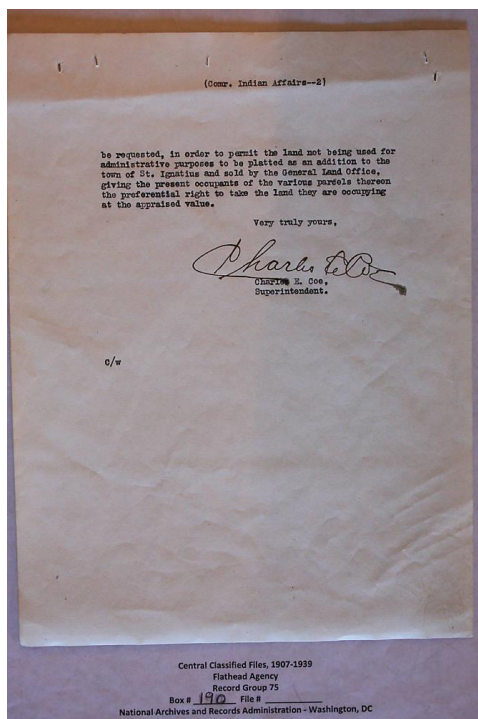
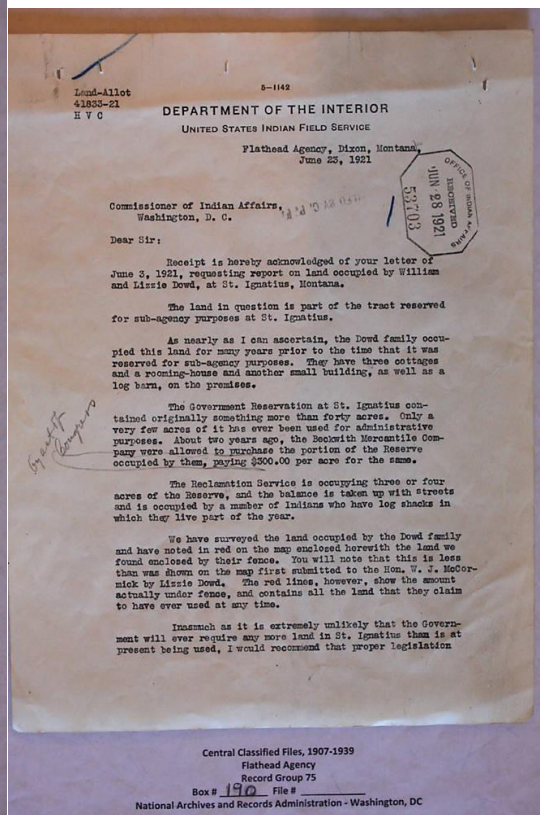
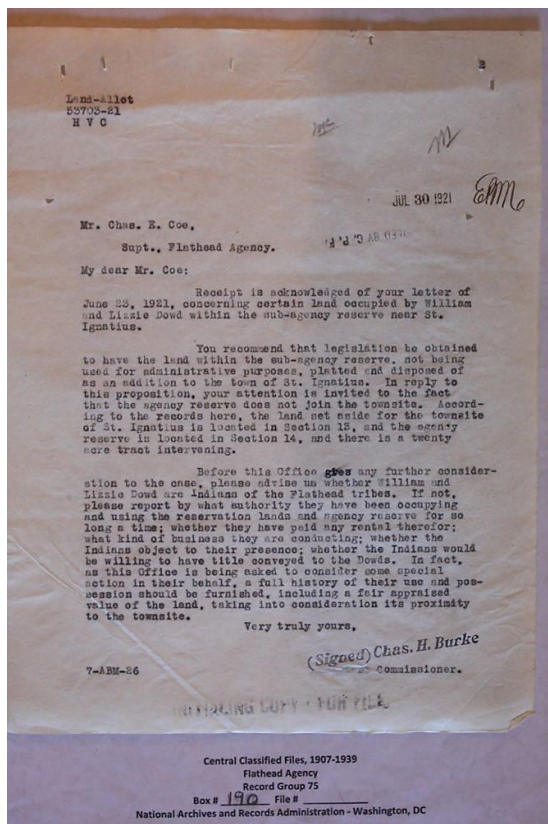
Charles Alder
Superintendent.

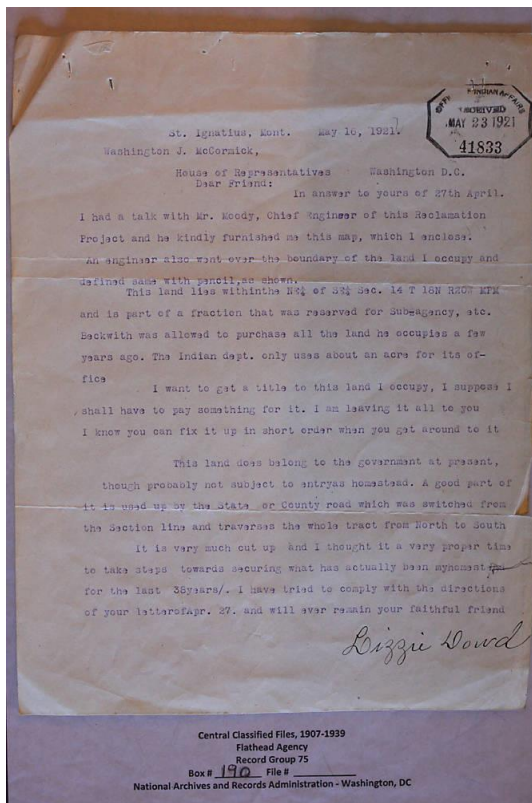
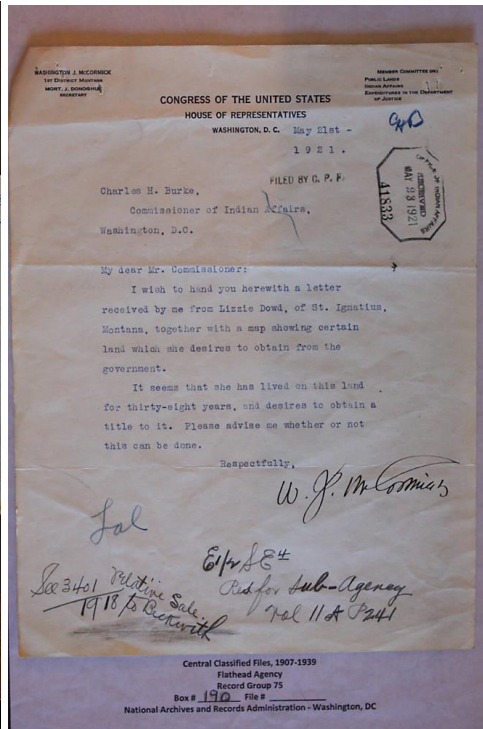
Central Classified Files, 1907-1939
Flathead Agency

Record Group 75

Box # 190 File #

National Archives and Records Administration - Washington, DC





I never collected all of these.



St. Ignatius Catholic Cemetery, Lake County, Montana

b. Sarah Dowd

“My grandmother was Sarah Dowd, married Frank Marin, 2 daughters, Loretta and Frances. They lived in St. Ignatius, Montana. Sarah had sisters, only name I know is Lizzy Dowd. Sarah died in Montana. Please contact me.” Adriana Green, 22 Jan 2003



St. Ignatius Catholic Cemetery, Lake County, Montana <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=pv&GRid=114367065&PIpi=85227233> Jan Bennett

?

RESERVATION SMALLPOX.

The Number of Cases Is Not Decreasing.

From late reports from the Flathead reservation, the epidemic of smallpox that has prevailed there for the past two months shows no signs of abating, but on the contrary the disease is on the increase. At the present time there are between fifty and sixty cases of the dread disease besides a number of suspects detained in quarantine. The agency officials receive news of new cases and occasional deaths at frequent intervals. One of the late victims is William Dowd, a well known stockman of the reservation who is quite sick. Reports have been given out from time to time that the spread of the disease has been checked and that the agency physician is master of the situation, but the late reports prove the rumors to be erroneous.” The Kalispell bee, July 23, 1901

i. William James Dowd, Jr.

Born July 4, 1868 in San Francisco, California.

Died April 12, 1942 in Montana.

Married on November 7, 1898 in Missoula to May Ellen Sullivan, born June 19, 1879 and died August 24, 1947 in St. Ignatius, Montana.

After his father's death he took over the mail route at age 15 for three years. About 1887 he became the first postmaster in the area at Alex Demers' Store.

"Early Mail Service Proved Hazardous

One of the first Pony Express mail carriers in this area was William Dowd, Sr. He was born in Ireland in 1838. [Actually in San Francisco, California] As a young man he came to America and made his way to Monterey, Calif. Where he joined the United States Army. Later he was transferred to Fort Colville where he remained until he was discharged in 1882. [Hard to figure out if its William father or him that is being spoken f at this point.]

Mr. Dowd moved his family to St. Ignatius Aug. 1, 1882. He carried the mail on horseback from Arlee to Kalispell.

Mr. Dowd came to the Jocko late one June afternoon; and the Jocko was in flood. Rider and horse were tired but Uncle Sam's mail must go through and the end of the trip was less than five miles away. The attempt to ford the stream was made but the waters were too swift and thus another life was lost in the taming of the West; another entry on the debit side for all who followed.

The crossing where Mr. William Dowd lost his life is still discernible about one fourth a mile north of the present highway bridge across the Jocko.

Mr. Dowd left, besides his wife, five children. The oldest, William J. Dowd, Jr. was not quite sixteen years old. He was given his father's responsibility and his father's task. He carried the mail until he was nineteen.

His trips were similar to those of his father. He carried the mail from Demersville, near what is now Somers, to Arlee. The homes were far apart. Many times, in a severe blizzard, he would lose his way and only when he had given his pony his head, would he arrive at his destination safely.

When William was nineteen, he was asked to take over the first post office in this part of the country. Since he was not twenty-one, he served in his mother's name."

"A son was born yesterday at St. Patrick's hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. William Dowd of St. Ignatius." The Daily Missoulian, February 6, 1912, Morning, Page 2

"Mrs. William Dowd expects today to return to her home in St. Ignatius after being for two weeks a patient in St. Patrick's hospital." The Daily Missoulian, February 15, 1912, Morning

"At a Glance – Brief Bits of News from Western Montana St. Ignatius

The infant child of William Dowd died Saturday at the Sisters' hospital. It was three days old." The Daily Missoulian, December 12, 1917, Page 8

1920 United States Census, Montana, Lake County

William J. Dowd 49

Lived in St. Ignatius, Montana south of Mission Creek and west of Mission road.

Father's birthplace: Ireland Mother's birthplace: New York

Mary E. Dowd 40 wife

Margarita Dowd 19

Dorothea Dowd 18

Kathleene Dowd 16

Edgar A. Dowd 13

Gertrude Dowd 12

Ambrose Dowd 7

1930 United States Census, Montana, Lake County

William Dowd age 60 born in California and parents born in New York

Mary Dowd age 50 born in Montana father born in Northern Ireland and mother born in Iowa

Ambrose Dowd age 18 born Montana

Theresa Dowd age 8 born in Montana

Y. S. 2.4.7M 2-41
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

Duplicate for Clerk and Recorder
STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
STATE OF MONTANA

State File No.
2189
Bureau of Vital Statistics

Registrar's No. _____

1. PLACE OF DEATH:
(a) County Lake
(b) City or town St. Ignace
(c) Name of hospital or institution Holy Family Hospital
(d) Length of stay: In hospital or institution _____
In this community 53 years

2. USUAL RESIDENCE OF DECEASED:
(a) State Montana (b) County Lake
(c) City or town St. Ignace
(d) Street No. _____
(e) If foreign born, how long in U. S. A. ? _____ years

3 (a) FULL NAME William James Dowd
(b) If veteran, name war MC (c) Social Security No. NONE

4. Sex Male 5. Color or race W. 6. (a) Single, widowed, mar. Married
(b) Name of husband or wife Mary S. Dowd (c) Age of husband or wife 64 years
7. Birth date of deceased July 4th 1867
8. Age: Years 74 Months 8 Days 8 If less than one day _____ hr. _____ min.

9. Birthplace Ferris, California
10. Usual occupation Common Laborer
11. Industry or business _____
12. Name Wm. Dowd
13. Birthplace Ton Ireland
14. Maiden name Margaret McMorney
15. Birthplace New York City New York
16 (a) Informant's own signature Elizabeth Dowd
(b) Address St. Ignace, Montana
17 (a) Burial (b) Date thereof April 16/42
(c) Place, burial or cremation St. Ignace, Mont.
18 (a) Signature of funeral director M. H. Twichel
(b) Address St. Ignace, Montana
19 (a) 4/14/42 (b) M. H. Twichel

MEDICAL CERTIFICATION
20. Date of death Month April day 12th year 1942 hour _____ minute PM
21. I hereby certify that I attended the deceased from April 7th 1942 to April 12 1942
that I last saw him alive on April 12 1942
and that death occurred on the date and hour stated above
Immediate cause of death Valvular heart disease DURATION 2 yrs.
Due to Rheumatism 60th yrs
Due to _____
Other conditions (Include pregnancy within 3 months of death) _____
Major findings: _____
Of operations _____
Of autopsy _____
22. If death was due to external causes, fill in the following:
(a) Accident, suicide, or homicide (specify) _____
(b) Date of occurrence _____
(c) Where did injury occur? _____
(d) Did injury occur in or about home, on farm, in industrial place, in public place? _____
While at work? _____ (e) Means of injury _____
23. Signature GEO. E. ARMOUR (M. D. or other) M.D.
Address St. Ignace, Montana Date signed 4/16/42

THE COMMERCIAL LITHOGRAPH, BOZEMAN.

Margin Reserved for Binding
WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK

From Al Yerbury



St. Ignatius Catholic Cemetery, Lake County, Montana

<http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=pv&GRid=113937549&PIpi=84568504> Jan Bennett

Children of William James Dowd, Jr. and Mary Sullivan

1. Marguerite Dowd

Born August 31, 1901 in Missoula, Montana and died March 6, 1952 in Los Angeles, California. She married on May 3, 1922 to Rollin Taggart Kimberlin born March 5, 1890 in Orville, Wayne County, Ohio. Rollin died June 14, 1944 in Los Angeles, California.

2. Dorothea "Dorothy" Dowd

Born 1902 in Montana and died July 22, 1984 in Seattle, King County, Washington.

"The well known U. S. Post Office slogan-"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night, stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds -has been a way of life for the Dowd family of St. Ignatius, Montana for well over a hundred years. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, when William Dowd became postmaster at St. Ignatius there has been an unbroken chain of descendants fulfilling the same position. Following in the family footsteps is Sister Doreen, the former Dorothy Dowd, who has been postmaster at Providence Heights since the college was established in 1961.

"My grandfather was one of the first two white men to settle in St. Ignatius, an Indian mission," Sister Doreen explained. "The government asked the two pioneers to establish a post office in the city. In those days there were no mailboxes on the corner, so the postmaster used to go out and personally gather all the mail. My grandfather held the position for many years until he, and the mail he was carrying, were lost while crossing the Jacko River."

Sister Doreen's father, who was only 19 at the time, was asked by the government to be the new postmaster. William Dowd, Jr., held the position at St. Ignatius until 1942 when he passed away at 70. Once again a member of the Dowd family was petitioned to fill the job.

Elizabeth Dowd, Sister Doreen's aunt, accepted and was St. Ignatius postmaster for ten years until her death in 1952. "That was the year the position became a civil service job," Sister Doreen said.

"My brother-in-law, Jess Simkins, Jr., took a competitive exam along with others interested in the postmaster's job. He received the highest marks and was given the appointment. Jess has been the St. Ignatius postmaster for the past 15 years and if he wants, he can have the job for life."

When Providence Heights was established in 1961, Post Office officials suggested to the Providence Sisters that they open a rural sub-station to handle the projected increase in mail to

Issaquah, Washington. It was only natural that Sister Doreen be asked to serve as postmaster. "How could I refuse," she recalled.

Sister Doreen, prior to her work at the Heights, spent many years as a teacher. She taught the first grade for 19 years at schools in Walla Walla, Burbank, Seattle, Olympia, Vancouver, Yakima, and Des Plaines, Illinois. An accomplished musician Sister also taught piano for a few years. The small post office at Providence Heights handles a surprisingly large volume of incoming and outgoing mail. Since Sister Doreen has been postmaster almost 1,000,000 pieces of mail have crossed her desk.

Every day Sister personally delivers the outgoing mail, locked securely in large canvas mail bags, to the Issaquah Post Office. The incoming mail receives the same personal and careful attention. A typical Dowd, Sister takes her work very seriously. "I never let anyone visit in our post office when I am handling the mail," she says.

Besides her work as postmaster, for which she received a small monthly salary from the U. S. Government, Sister Doreen is also a Notary Public. She is frequently called upon to notarize documents emanating at Providence Heights, which is also the headquarters for the entire Sacred Heart Province.

For relaxation Sister Doreen enjoys long walks and classical music. "I'm interested in cooking too," she says, "but I have only been able to make one good cake, and that took me from 10:00 a.m. one Saturday morning until 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon." Baking may be difficult and time consuming for Sister Doreen, but her daily work as postmaster meets with accurate and swift completion."

The Providence Sister, Vol. IV, No. 3, Winter 1967

3. Kathleen Agnes Dowd aka Sister Agnes Loretta

Born January 1, 1903 in St. Ignatius, Montana and died January 10, 1936 in Wallace, Idaho.



St. Mary Cemetery, Missoula, Montana

<http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=pv&GRid=88712584&PIpi=89979637>

MARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING
N. E.—WRITE PLAINLY, WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should state cause of death. Place and date of burial should be stated. This is very important. See instruction on back of certificate.

PLACE OF DEATH		STATE OF IDAHO DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS CERTIFICATE OF DEATH		DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE	
County of <u>Shoshone</u>	City of <u>Wallace</u>	Registration District No. <u>70</u>	Primary Registration District No. <u>1011</u>	State File No. <u>97160</u>	Local Registrar's No. <u>5</u>
FEB 6 1936 RECEIVED (If death occurred in hospital or institution, give its name instead of street and number) <u>Corvulene Hospital</u>					
2. FULL NAME <u>Agnes Loretta Dowd</u>					
(a) Residence, No. <u>St.</u> (If nonresident give city or town and state)					
Length of residence in city or town where death occurred. yrs. mos. da. How long in U. S., if of foreign birth? yrs. mos. da.					
PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS			MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH		
3. SEX <u>Female</u>	4. Color or Race <u>White</u>	5. Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced (write the word) <u>Single</u>	21. DATE OF DEATH (month, day and year) <u>Jan 10 1936</u>		
5a. If married, widowed, or divorced HUSBAND of (or) WIFE of			22. I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from 193 to 193		
6. DATE OF BIRTH (month, day, and year) <u>Jan 14 1893</u>			I last saw him alive on 193 death is said to have occurred on the date stated above, at <u>4:30 a.m.</u>		
7. AGE Yrs. <u>32</u> Mos. <u>0</u> Days <u>9</u>	If LESS than 1 day hrs. or min.		The principal cause of death and related causes of importance were as follows: <u>Edema pulmonary</u> Date of onset <u>1-8-36</u>		
8. Trade, profession, or particular kind of work done, as splasher, Sawyer, bookkeeper, etc. <u>Sister of family</u>			Other contributory causes of importance:		
9. Industry or business in which work was done, as silk mill, saw mill, bank, etc. <u>same as above</u>					
10. Date deceased last worked at this occupation (mo. and yr.)			11. Total time (years) spent in this occupation		
12. BIRTHPLACE (city or town) (State or country) <u>St Ignace Mont.</u>			Name of operation. Date of.		
13. NAME <u>W. E. Dowd</u>			What test confirmed diagnosis? Was there an autopsy?		
14. BIRTHPLACE (city or town) (State or country) <u>Id.</u>			23. If death was due to external causes (violence) fill in also the following: Accident, suicide, or homicide? Date of injury, 193		
15. MAIDEN NAME <u>Mary Sullivan</u>			Where did injury occur? (Specify city or town, county, and state)		
16. BIRTHPLACE (city or town) (State or country) <u>Id.</u>			Specify whether injury occurred in industry, in home, or in public place.		
17. INFORMANT <u>Robert J. Dowd</u> (Address) <u>Wallace Idaho</u>			Manner of injury		
18. BURIAL, CREMATION OR REMOVAL Place <u>Missoula Mont.</u> Date <u>Jan 11, 1936</u>			Nature of injury		
19. UNDERTAKER <u>L. B. Brown</u> (Address) <u>Wallace Idaho</u>			24. Was disease or injury in any way related to occupation of deceased? If so, specify (Signed) <u>Ed. W. Walsh, M.D.</u> (Address) <u>Wallace Idaho</u>		
20. FILED <u>Jan 11, 1936</u> <u>John Brown</u> Registrar.					

From Al Yerbury

4. Edgar A. Dowd 1904-1986

He married Iola Martin

1910 lived in St. Ignatius

1920 lived in St. Ignatius

1930 lived in St. Ignatius

"Edgar Dowd, S. J., and Robert Robinson, S.J. who have spent the last two months at the Jesuit Fathers, left Saturday for Spokane. From there Mr. Dowd will go to DeSmet Mission in Idaho, and Mr. Robinson to Mount Saint Michels at Hillyard, Washington, where they will be stationed during the coming year." *The Ronan Pioneer*, August 27, 1936, p4.

"Dear Mr. Courchane,

Our records here regarding Edgar Dowd are also scant, as he became a member of the newly-formed Oregon Province in 1932. In addition to the personnel assignments already supplied by David Kingma, I could only come up with the following information:

"Edgar Dowd was born at St. Ignatius, Montana, June 7, 1906 of Mary [maiden name not recorded] and William Dowd, both living, always Catholic and not in financial need. He was baptized and confirmed. He has a brother and five sisters, three of whom are older. He completed high school at Loyola High School, Missoula, where he studied Latin for four years and French for one. He was admitted to the Society by Father Provincial Joseph Piet and entered the novitiate at Los Gatos on September 3, 1926."

Translated from the Latin entry in the ledger of novices, 1923-1927

"In mid-year, Mr. Edgar Dowd, theologian, returned to the Oregon Province and shortly afterwards left the Society."

From the Latin text of the Alma College House History, 1940-1941.

An entry in the Minister's daily log gives the date of leaving Alma as December 21, 1940.

Sorry I could not be more helpful.

Sincerely,

Bro. Daniel Peterson, S.J. Province Archivist"

From: kingma@gonzaga.edu
To: Chcourchane@aol.com
Sent: 2/24/2016 3:35:37 P.M. Pacific Standard Time
Subj: RE: Edgar Dowd

“Mr. Courchane,

Our biographical records for Mr. Dowd are scant, because he left the Jesuits in 1941. Apparently he was not approved for ordination to the priesthood, when the time came for that in summer, 1940. I attach a brief overview of his personnel assignments while in the Society of Jesus. Unfortunately that is all I can offer.

I noticed that another Dowd also joined the Jesuits about the same time Edgar D joined, and that fellow remained with the Jesuit California Province following the formation of the Oregon Province (split off from the California Province in 1932; at the time Edgar D entered, in 1926, the California Province included the entire US West Coast). So it's very possible that both Dowds were native Californians. To probe that possibility, I encourage you to contact my colleague, Br. Dan Peterson, S.J., at Los Gatos, CA.” dpeterson@jesuits.org

“Dowd, Edgar Collection”

Inclusive dates: 1935-1990, n.d.

Volume: Several photographs

Description: Selected images online include

- A. Sacred Heart Mission and School, De Smet, Coeur d'Alene Reservation, Idaho with Coeur d'Alene Indians, Jesuits and Sisters of Charity of Providence
- B. St. Ignatius Mission, St. Ignatius, Flathead Reservation, Montana with Salish Indians and Jesuits
- C. St. Mary Mission and School, Omak, Colville Reservation, Washington with Chelan, Entiat, Methow, Nespelim, Nez Perce, Okanogan, Paloos, Sanpoil, Senijextee, and Wenatchi Indians, Jesuits, Lady Missionaries of Mary [“The Madams”], and Sisters of the Third Order of Penance of St. Dominic, Immaculate Heart of Mary Province (Kettle Falls, Washington) [Guide to Catholic-Related Records in the West about Native Americans](#) Marquette University

October, 1939, Pg. 8, “Way Back When A Sick Call,” Reverend Edgar Dowd, S.J., Marquette League For Catholic Indian Missions

Dowd Discourses on the Real Character of the Jesuit Brothers

It was inevitable that our Iowa correspondent, Edgar Dowd, would be heard from sooner or later; and sure enough, here he is back straightening out the record on the Jesuit brothers whom we may have been guilty of maligning in a series of Down Memory Lane photos showing them at play. Ed.

By Edgar Dowd

The 68-year old DOWN MEMORY LANE photos of Lake McDonald and of the vacationing Jesuit Brothers stirred memories of the scenic Mission Range and of a galaxy of interesting gentlemen: the Coadjutors of the Society of Jesus.

Following a few remarks about the Jesuit Brothers, I'd like to fix attention on Brother Joe Giraudi and Brother John Sorisio, both of whom were included in your 1909 Memory Lane shots.

Before Vatican II, Jesuit Brothers followed a de rigueur regime. They rose at 5 a.m. had dinner at 6 p.m. and in between they worked their tails off, believing that *LABORARE EST ORARE*. They worked six days of the week, every week of the year. However, on Oct. 31, the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, they enjoyed their official holiday. But even on their annual holiday, they still hit the deck at 5 a.m. No effort was made to provide for them any educational advantages. When they joined the Jesuits, they knew that they would never become priests, but be, so to speak, "hewers of wood and drawers of water." (Some were quite perceptive. See below remarks about Brother John Sorisio).

Although the Brothers were generally cooks and/or gardeners, they were at the ready for any other designated chore, such as hauling the school boys to McDonald's Lake for a picnic.

Run From The Roses

The spectacular event to which I now refer was not triggered by the Mission school boys, packed into a large lumber wagon, but rather by some rose bush thorns that irritated the bellies of a span of grey horses pulling the wagon as they emerged from the timber and brush fringing Lake McDonald.

Homeward bound, I was luckily in the first wagon that cleared the timbered area. We were suddenly startled by a kaleidoscope barrage of yells, bangs, and assorted snorts. The driver of our wagon wisely pulled off the road and stopped. The big wagon, drawn by a team of husky,

on the reins.

Once the greys and the wagon were out of the timber, the road lay straight ahead, and, unfortunately, it was all downhill. Enroute, the kids dropped from the rear of the wagon. I don't know how often they deserted the amuk wagon, but after it left the road and veered toward a flanking barbed-wire fence, I would estimate that the kids jumped out about every time the hubs of the vehicle connected with a fence post, sending it cart-wheeling into the air.

Swerving from the road probably proved to be a blessing, because when that ill-fated wagon, the beautiful greys, little Brother Giraudi, and the four remaining kids, hit the bottom of the hill, everything and everybody missed the small bridge that spanned a creek, whose riparian fringes were enhanced with gobs of Silly Putty mud.

It took a bit of doing to pry Brother Giraudi's hands from the reins. For a day or so following this joyful outing, the local medics thought that Brother had arthritis in his mitts, you know, the kind that Red Foxxy always has on his TV show, but after Brother's hands returned to normal, the high mucky-mucks of the AMA decreed in solemn 3-Star secret conclave that Brother had only a mild case of terminal rheumatism. (It could have been 3-Star Hennessey or merely 3-Feathers. I remember the three).

And so, soon, my good friend, Brother Giraudi, was ticketed for Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, where all Northwest Jesuits are buried. However, the Father Superior of St. Ignatius Mission checked with the N.P. agent and learned that it would cost more to send Brother to the Mount in a coffin than it would were Brother to travel vertically and on the hoof. The year was 1924. (Brother Joe lived another 15 years).

Brother Knew Roots and Roots

Another of my good friends from the good old Italia sod was Brother John Sorisio, who yearly endangered his life because he wore a long, white duster when climbing the crags and precipices enschrining exotically lovely Lake McDonald. In his younger days he often scaled the fringes of the Alps along the Northern Italian border, but he loved the challenge of Montana's most beautiful mountains, the Mission Range.

I was never worried about Brother John's mountain-climbing prowess, but it was the white duster he wore that bothered me. I figured that some St. Alphonsus Rodriguez

and gaze upon the beauty of the Mission Range, meanwhile chatting interminably.

Although he had no formal education he was abreast of all international and national news, plus the juicy Flathead Valley gossip. He knew the ancestry of all the Indians, even of second cousins twice removed. His most glaring deficiency, however, was his inability to handle gender. For example, if he were talking about Joe Smith, Brother would say: "Joe is a good man. She lives over on Post Creek." Commenting on Catherine Dirty Dog, Brother John remarked: "He is a good woman with many children and he is a good housekeeper."

The mention of Catherine reminds me of my plump, loved, and lovable Mother, who often proclaimed that she would eat off the floor of Catherine's house, Mom's way of saying that Catherine was a meticulous housekeeper.

Spy Grass, Anyone?

During a three-month period in the 1920's, my mother cooked for the Jesuit Fathers, their farm hands, and about fifty school boys. My mother and Brother Sorisio experienced a communication gap. Mom couldn't handle Brother's pronunciation and Brother John was unable to fathom Mom's cooking.

The Superior of the Mission, the renowned Father George

de la Motte, S.J., inquired my mother never served asparagus.

Mom said, "Brother no brings me any for me to co

When Father de la M confronted Brother, Bro explained, "Every mornin ask Mrs. Dowd if she w any spy grass, but she alv says she has plenty on ha

A Run On Toothpicks

In those days (1920 - 1930) the Mission still operated ancient flour mills. Bes MISSION BEST flour, the also turned out pancake f and cream of wheat. Altho the flour was white, the o two products seemed to fav beige persuasion. One fat morning, probably while h ming an Irish lullaby, mother got into the w sack, and instead of creat wheat, she cooked up a b of pancake flour for community, the workmen the school boys.

Brother Sorisio viewed culinary catastrophe philosophically: "The taste was same, but I thought somet was wrong because I pi my teeth all day."

And so, along with intering people like Brotl Giraudi and Sorisio, I'll inc my dear mother, Mary F Sullivan Dowd, who cou distinguish cream of w from pancake flour asparagus from spy grass



Brother John Sorisio, S.J. Photo by the author.

The driver of our wagon wisely pulled off the road and stopped. The big wagon, drawn by a team of husky, exotic greys, completely berserk, stormed past us. They were not only galloping completely out of control, but their rear hoofs seemed to be striking the fore part of the wagon. But that was a misconception because had the horses been kicking the wagon, they would have shattered the front part of it, along with little Brother Joe Giraudi, who was on his knees vainly straining

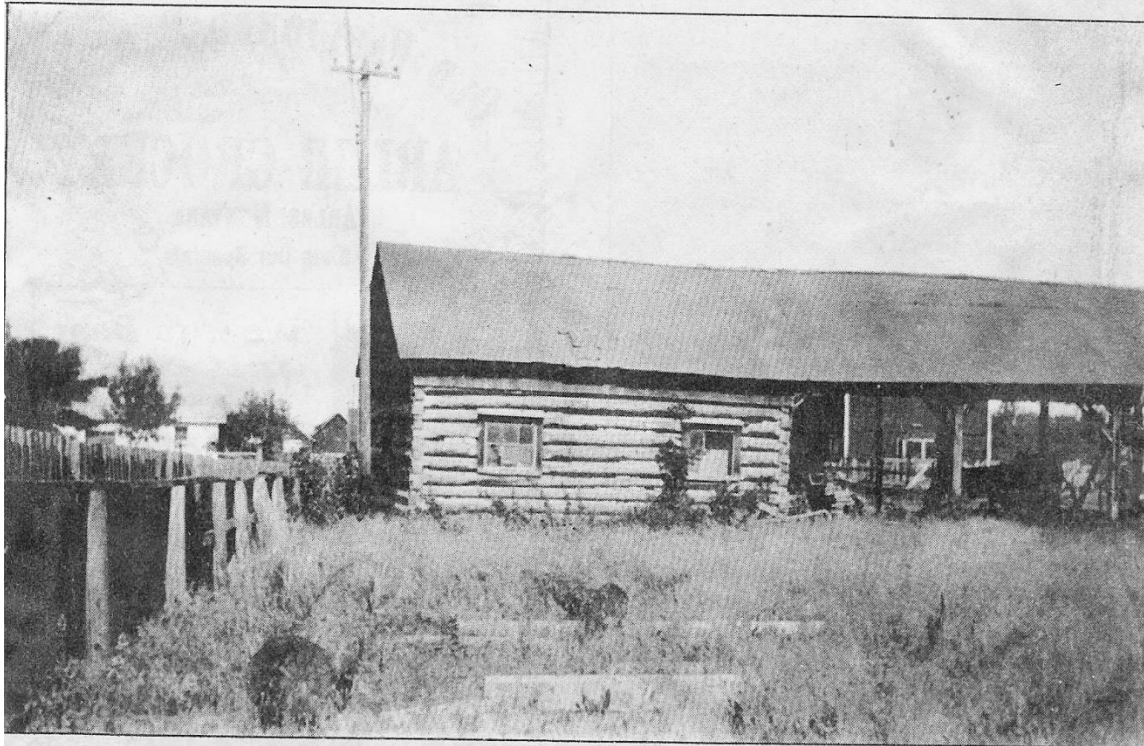
Brother John's mountain-climbing prowess, but it was the white duster he wore that bothered me. I figured that some St. Alphonsus Rodriguez holiday, when he was halfway up to McDonald's Peak, some joker with a rifle and scope sight might mistake good Brother for a mountain goat and let fly.

Briefly, Brother John was possessed of a few diverting idiosyncrasies. For example, after he warmly greeted a person, he would execute a 90-degree turn, fold his arms,

Mission Valley News, no date

MISSION VALLEY NEWS September 8, 1982 Page 10

Down Memory Lane



FISHING AROUND in a file of pictures taken years ago around St. Ignatius by Edgar Dowd, to go along with a current story by the photographer-writer, we came up

with this unusual shot. It's the first residence of the Jesuit Fathers in St. Ignatius, apparently built in 1854, and photographed here in 1934 by Dowd.

Dowd's gentle recollections of the Mission

Just in time for the upcoming celebration of the St. Ignatius Mission's 125th anniversary on Sunday, our Iowa correspondent, the infamous Edgar Dowd, reappears in print this week with some predictably unusual recollections of the Mission in earlier days.

—Ed
by Edgar Dowd

The log cabin shown here, reputedly the first residence of the Jesuit Fathers when St. Ignatius Mission was founded on September 24, 1854, always reminds me of Hector McLeod, who, in 1920, was the recipient of four .38 slugs in his left elbow. At the time I was a flunky for the summer at the Holy Family Hospital,

and for sweeping corridors, washing bathtub, and scouring surgical instruments following operations, I received 75 cents a day, which was good wages in those days.

One morning nurse Miss Goodings directed my attention to a window sill in the surgery. "Be sure to scrub up Hector's ring." Hector's ring was on his finger, his finger was attached to his hand, his hand was attached to his forearm, but his forearm wasn't attached to Hector. (At a later day, I'll tell you more about friend Hector).

Later that morning, when I was sweeping the corridors, Hector yelled, "Hey, kid, get

me some smokes."

"I don't smoke."

"Then jump across the fence and tell the Fathers' workmen that I want a cigarette."

I climbed the fence and found some Fathers' alleged workmen puttering around a wagon shed that adjoined the 1854 cabin. (California reveres — and commercializes — its 21 Franciscan Missions; whereas this historic structure was used as a receptacle for junk).

Later, I was wading through tall grass nearby the cabin and stumbled over two millstones, each being about 26" in diameter and about 6" thick. They had been shipped from Europe, via Cape Horn, and then up the Pacific to the mouth of the Columbia. The millstones were the essentials for a grist and flour mill for St. Ignatius Mission. The date was about 1865.

The Jesuit Brothers, assisted by the Indian boys, turned out a good product, a high-grade flour labeled MISSION BEST. It was good and everybody bought it. It was packaged in 50-pound fabric sacks and that sort of reminds me...

When the Sisters of Charity of Providence residence and school burned in 1919, the Sisters had a lot of MISSION BEST flour stored on the third floor. In those days, a fire was akin to a runaway team of horses, the only available excitement, and everyone turned out for the events.

Vic Cordier was there, of course, but he had borrowed a gas mask from one of the Felsman boys who had returned from World War I. Vic donned the mask and then high-tailed it to the third deck to save the MISSION BEST flour. Vic was always a capable fellow, but in this situation he was as valuable as a third crutch. I can see him yet. Disguised with that gas mask, he tossed out those 50-pound sacks of flour; and,

of course, upon hitting the ground, the sacks split and the flour splattered. Cyril Van Haverbeke, Sr., yowled, "Vic, throw the flour on the fire. It's like a dust storm down here." What with the fire and confusion, Vic was unable to heed Cyril's advice.

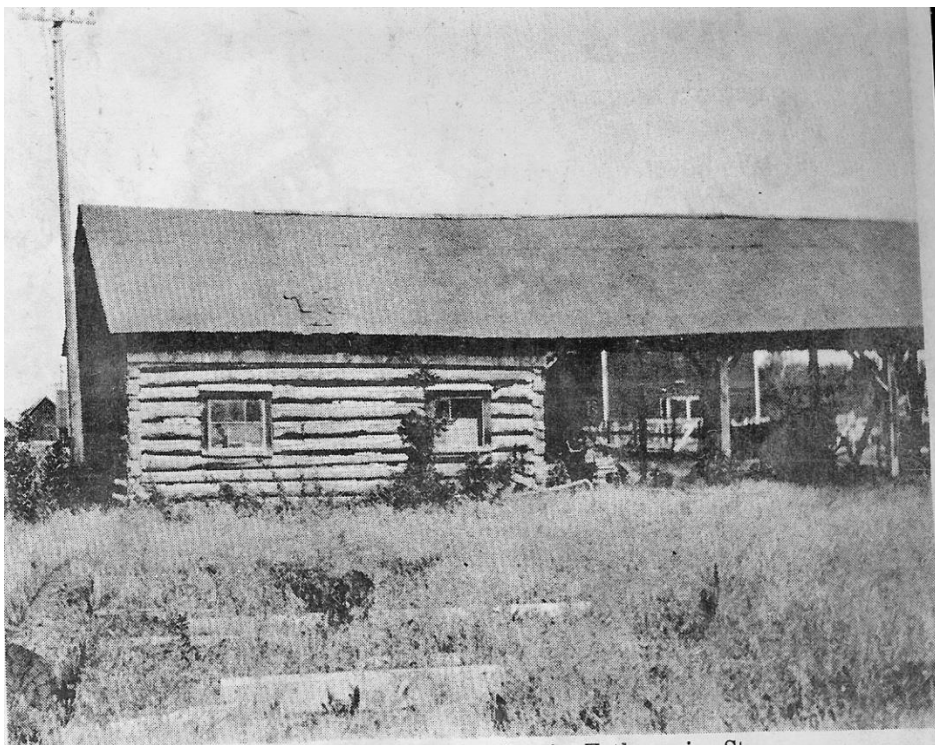
It was during this fire that Father George de la Motte, S.J., instilled concern into all of us. He hurried over to remove the Blessed Sacrament from the Sisters' chapel. Ignoring advice from the folks that the fire was too far advanced, he entered the burning structure, rescued the Blessed Sacrament. He emerged a bit singed, but unscathed.

When I was in the sixth grade, Father de la Motte taught us jokers a half hour of catechism every day. Little did we know at the time he was one of the four most intellectual members of the Jesuit Order in its 400 year history. He had successfully completed the Grand Act at the University of Paris, brilliantly defending all the theses of philosophy and theology, and all in Latin. Offered a chair in either subject at the Sorbonne, he elected to become a missionary to the Rocky Mountain Flathead Indians.

He was a handsome man, and, it was reported, that he was a noble man. He said that his head lay in Italy and his heart lay in France.

Father may have been an intellectual, but he had a poor choice of saddle horses. He had his own horse, and it was one of the meanest critters on four kicking hoofs. It was a spirited horse and Father liked it.

When Father de la Motte preached in the steeple-less brick church in St. Ignatius, people from all parts of Northwestern Montana came to hear him. (P.S. the priest who promoted the building of the church was transferred before the steeple was erected. The church, began in the



FIRST RESIDENCE of the Jesuit Fathers in St. Ignatius, as photographed by Edgar Dowd in 1934. Building was then used for storage, "of junk," Dowd indignantly reports.

1891 and completed in 1893 sans steeple, consisted of over a million bricks and cost a cool \$45,000).

Of course, I was too stupid to appreciate Father de la Motte's eloquence, but I squirmed in the pews when he'd preach 40 minutes in Indian and then switch over for another 40 minutes in English. Some of the Indians claimed that he could speak better Salish than they could.

Defending philosophy and theology is a great feat, but I like the encounter between Father George de la Motte and an alleged Indian chief, who was not a chief and known by all Indians and palefaces as a crook or, at least, a con artist.

"George," the alleged chief led off, "Do you believe in dreams?" (Indians never used surnames in addressing the missionaries).

"I believe in good dreams but not in bad dreams."

"Is receiving Holy Communion a good dream?"

"Of course."

"I dreamed you was coming down the communion rail and when you got to me one of the angels beside you said that you shouldn't give communion to me because I don't pay my bills. I said I couldn't pay my bills because I was broke and the angel told me to ask George for money."

"Don't worry. It probably won't happen again."

"Oh, no. It's happened three times already. And that beautiful angel tells me every time to ask George for money to pay my bills."

"You think you'll see that angel again?"

"You bet I will!"

"If you see the angel again, tell that stupid angel that

George is broke, too."

P.S.: To get under the deadline, I have omitted the following:

1. How Pete Blood was tagged out at first when he was in the intensive unit of Holy Family Hospital. Vic Cordier tagged him.

2. The story of the first printing press in St. Ignatius, MT. Fr. Alexander Diomedes, S.J., bought it in St. Louis, Missouri, for \$591.81, rather \$591.18. Its first edition was the KALISPELL DICTIONARY, consisting of three volumes and 1156 pages. It took three years to get it on the streets. That's worse than the efficiency of the MVN, ain't it?

Satis. (In Latin means: enough.)
E.D.

Our spasmodic correspondent from Olympia, Wash., has re-surfaced this week with more hilarious memories of growing up in the Mission Valley. The subject this time is his mother — obviously a woman of great patience - Ed.)

by Edgar Dowd

In 1899, my father and mother married, hardly a newsworthy event; the process by which they achieved their union, however, is possessed of some curious curlicues.

Much travail could have been avoided if my Father had placed a ladder against the side of the house and effected an elopement. But my mother, Mary Ellen Sullivan, was living in Sacred Heart Academy, having just completed her high school studies; and a ladder against the brick walls of the academy might have stirred questions in the minds of Missoulians.

WOOLING WOES

CUT TO: The sparking area, euphemistically called the mush room. It was a palatial glassed-in parlor, enhanced with four black, leather chairs, one in each corner. My Mother sat on the chair in the Northwest corner and my Dad sat on the chair in the Southeast corner. Sister Joseph, a good Sister of Charity, sat on a chair in one of the other corners, and she was always knitting, fast and efficiently. She could probably out do faithful Penelope, who knitted furiously for 20 years while awaiting the return of Ulysses from the Trojan War.

Unlike Penelope, Sister Joseph relied on only one eye; her other eye was engaged in chaperoning my Mom and Dad. The chaperoning eye was fraught with outstanding peripheral vision.

But even in those days the Nuns were realistic; and, as they didn't believe in being half safe, Sr. John of the Crib was detailed to pace up and down the corridor flanking the parlor. Her job was not to

chaperone my folks, but to chaperone the chaperone, Sr. Joseph. It might be noted that Sr. John of the Crib was also blessed with good eyesight, far better than 20/20 vision. O'Henry might have described her as "having an eyelike a cherry in a Manhattan cocktail."

Despite the jeopardy and double chaperonage, love found a way, a love so firm that it dimmed my Father's instinct for self-preservation.

The Sisters taught my Mother a lot of useless subjects like English, math, history and social sciences; but forgot all about the useful disciplines like zoology, flash dancing and archery. (Yep, archery is taught in some Southern California high schools. I wouldn't mention the matter to Gen. George A. Custer.)

ASCENT TO AMBROSIA

Mom's culinary ineptitude blossomed during the first haying season of her married life. In those days it was customary for folks to mow

tolerated. I couldn't eat anything that was even the slightest tainted with butter. My fodder had to be cooked with lard. Pancakes couldn't be cooked ahead and stacked. Each one had to be delivered singly and direct from the griddle, etc.

Following the supper Mom was free to repair to the living room, where she could relax in her rocking chair, confident that she had provided the physical nourishment for the brood and that her husband would supply some intellectual nourishment.

TALL TARZAN TALES

After the oil cloth on the oblong kitchen table was swabbed, five days a week we kids had to belly up to the table for an hour's homework. A galley slave chained to an oar had a better chance of escaping than we had to avoid homework sessions. My Dad supervised the ordeal. He had a tough job because he had gone only to the sixth grade, and at Mission H. S. in St. Ignatius, everyone had to take two years of Latin. (Not a bad

. . . a love so firm it dimmed my father's instinct for self preservation

hay in the Molese area, free of charge and unhampered by fences or irrigation ditches. Mom prepared good roast beef sandwiches for the noon lunch; but recalled years later that she couldn't keep the hay seeds out of the sandwiches. Neither could my Dad detect the difference between hay seeds and fly blows.

With the passing of the years Mother became virtually an ambrosial artist around her wood-burning Majestic range; but she wasn't cooking for the ancient Greek gods, but for a finicky lot. As Dad didn't eat chocolate cake, Mom had to cook a small white one for him. Also, he didn't relish pork or chicken; only medium rare T-bone steaks were

idea because even today 70 percent of English words are derived from Latin.)

Dad didn't know anything about Mother Goose jazz, but he liked stories of Tarzan and the apes by Edgar Rice Burroughs. So, we had to trade Mother Goose for Jane, which was ok by me.

In fact, we kids became so interested in the You-Jane Me-Tarzan that we hurried our homework assignments to learn more about that swinging couple. (I don't know about Jane, but Tarzan was a swinger).

I hope that my mention of the word homework does not offend the sensibilities of modern parents; but in those days Mission H. S. required that all of us jokers take two years of Latin, even the athletes.

MORE COYOTE THAN CANARY

Despite her customary benignity, my dear Mother was responsible for two sorrows that cloud my happiness even to this day. First, she had the mistaken idea that I could sing. Whenever we had visitors, I was called upon to stand next to the piano and let go with "It's Only A Face in the Firelight." The next line went "A beautiful face to see." It might have been pleasant to see, but it was horrible to hear. The guests applauded my vocal efforts, but only after they had recovered from terminal nausea aggravated by paroxysms of justifiable and repeated regurgitations.

GORE GALORE

The second event to emphasize my Mother's imperfectability occurred during the winter on a snow-packed bridge spanning Mission Creek when I provoked a fight with LaVern Brossiot, who was much smaller than I. It was a barefisted, no-holds contest. The fight was brutal and bloody, at least from my point of view. Unfortunately, the Red Cross didn't have a blood bank standing nearby, otherwise I could have filled it. The U.S. Navy said my blood type was O, but on that occasion my blood type suddenly changed to Type K-O.

Fully convinced that I was approaching direst calamity, I yelled, "I quit! But I'll see you again." As I turned from the fray, I heard a soft voice say: "You better see LaVern right now." As it was my dear Mother's voice, I returned to a lost battle, but it didn't do any good. With my life in ruins, my Mother mercifully sounded the tocsin of surrender: "That will be enough."

My Mother never again mentioned the massacre; but my eldest sister, Marguerite, who viewed the slaughter from our front porch, thought everything was very funny. I wasn't surprised that she later became a surgical nurse tending those who bleed and hurt. I think her favorite colors were black and blue.

PACIFIC PASSING

Many years later my Mom told Marguerite and me that she wanted to visit us, especially because she wanted to wade in the Pacific Ocean. We were both delighted to hear of the proposed visit, but Marguerite hoped that Mom had

It takes a fine woman to raise an Edgar

Feb 22, 1984

Our spasmodic correspondent from Olympia, Wash., has re-surfaced this week with more hilarious memories of growing up in the Mission Valley. The subject this time is his mother — obviously a woman of great patience. (Ed.)

by Edgar Dowd

In 1899, my father and mother married, hardly a newsworthy event; the process by which they achieved their union, however, is possessed of some curious curlicues.

Much travail could have been avoided if my Father had placed a ladder against the side of the house and effected an elopement. But my mother, Mary Ellen Sullivan, was living in Sacred Heart Academy, having just completed her high school studies; and a ladder against the brick walls of the academy might have stirred questions in the minds of Missoulians.

WOING WOES

CUT TO: The sparking area, euphemistically called the mush room. It was a palatial glassed-in parlor, enhanced with four black, leather chairs, one in each corner. My Mother sat on the chair in the Northwest corner and my Dad sat on the chair in the Southeast corner. Sister Joseph, a good Sister of Charity, sat on a chair in one of the other corners, and she was always knitting, fast and efficiently. She could probably out do faithful Penelope, who knitted furiously for 20 years while awaiting the return of Ulysses from the Trojan War.

Unlike Penelope, Sister Joseph relied on only one eye; her other eye was engaged in chaperoning my Mom and Dad. The chaperoning eye was fraught with outstanding peripheral vision.

But even in those days the Nuns were realistic; and, as they didn't believe in being half safe, Sr. John of the Crib was detailed to pace up and down the corridor flanking the parlor. Her job was not to

chaperone my folks, but to chaperone the chaperone, Sr. Joseph. It might be noted that Sr. John of the Crib was also blessed with good eyesight, far better than 20/20 vision. O'Henry might have described her as "having an eye like a cherry in a Manhattan cocktail."

Despite the jeopardy and double chaperonage, love found a way, a love so firm that it dimmed my Father's instinct for self-preservation.

The Sisters taught my Mother a lot of useless subjects like English, math, history and social sciences; but forgot all about the useful disciplines like zoology, flash dancing and archery. (Yep, archery is taught in some Southern California high schools. I wouldn't mention the matter to Gen. George A. Custer.)

ASCENT TO AMBROSIA

Mom's culinary ineptitude blossomed during the first haying season of her married life. In those days it was customary for folks to mow

tolerated. I couldn't eat anything that was even the slightest tainted with butter. My fodder had to be cooked with lard. Pancakes couldn't be cooked ahead and stacked. Each one had to be delivered singly and direct from the griddle, etc.

Following the supper Mom was free to repair to the living room, where she could relax in her rocking chair, confident that she had provided the physical nourishment for the brood and that her husband would supply some intellectual nourishment.

TALL TARZAN TALES

After the oil cloth on the oblong kitchen table was swabbed, five days a week we kids had to belly up to the table for an hour's homework. A galley slave chained to an oar had a better chance of escaping than we had to avoid homework sessions. My Dad supervised the ordeal. He had a tough job because he had gone only to the sixth grade, and at Mission H. S. in St. Ignatius, everyone had to take two years of Latin. (Not a bad

. . . a love so firm it dimmed my father's instinct for self preservation

idea because even today 70 percent of English words are derived from Latin.)

Dad didn't know anything about Mother Goose jazz, but he liked stories of Tarzan and the apes by Edgar Rice Burroughs. So, we had to trade Mother Goose for Jane, which was ok by me.

In fact, we kids became so interested in the You-Jane Me-Tarzan that we hurried our homework assignments to learn more about that swinging couple. (I don't know about Jane, but Tarzan was a swinger.)

I hope that my mention of the word homework does not offend the sensibilities of modern parents; but in those days Mission H. S. required that all of us jokers take two years of Latin, even the athletes.

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MORE COYOTE

THAN CANARY

Despite her customary benignity, my dear Mother was responsible for two sorrows that cloud my happiness even to this day. First, she had the mistaken idea that I could sing. Whenever we had visitors, I was called upon to stand next to the piano and let go with "It's Only A Face in the Firelight." The next line went "A beautiful face to see." It might have been pleasant to see, but it was horrible to hear. The guests applauded my vocal efforts, but only after they had recovered from terminal nausea aggravated by paroxysms of justifiable and repeated regurgitations.

GORE GALORE

The second event to emphasize my Mother's imperfectability occurred during the winter on a snow-packed bridge spanning Mission Creek when I provoked a fight with LaVern Brossiot, who was much smaller than I. It was a barefisted, no-holds contest. The fight was brutal and bloody, at least from my point of view. Unfortunately, the Red Cross didn't have a blood bank standing nearby, otherwise I could have filled it. The U.S. Navy said my blood type was O, but on that occasion my blood type suddenly changed to Type K-O.

Fully convinced that I was approaching direst calamity, I yelled, "I quit! But I'll see you again." As I turned from the fray, I heard a soft voice say: "You better see LaVern right now." As it was my dear Mother's voice, I returned to a lost battle, but it didn't do any good. With my life in ruins, my Mother mercifully sounded the tocsin of surrender: "That will be enough."

My Mother never again mentioned the massacre; but my eldest sister, Marguerite, who viewed the slaughter from our front porch, thought everything was very funny. I wasn't surprised that she later became a surgical nurse tending those who bled and hurt. I think her favorite colors were black and blue.

PACIFIC PASSING

Many years later my Mom told Marguerite and me that she wanted to visit us, especially because she wanted to wade in the Pacific Ocean. We were both delighted to hear of the proposed visit, but Marguerite hoped that Mom had

Mission Valley News, February 22, 1984

https://jesuitswest.org/Assets/Publications/File/mission_2012_fall.pdf Mission Jesuits of the California Province, fall 2012

Photographs by Edgar Dowd 1930-1940.

Spokane Chronicle and WSU Digital Collections: Edgar Dowd

Edgar Dowd has 46 photographs of Skitwish Indians in:

<http://digitalcollections.lib.washington.edu/cdm/search/collection/loc/field/collec/searchterm/Dowd>



Spokane Chronicle, February 14, 1937 Spokane Chronicle February 5, 1937 Spokane Chronicle February 4, 1937



<http://fimo.wsulibs.wsu.edu/html/ppp/display.php?cid=4&pgst=0&fid=428>

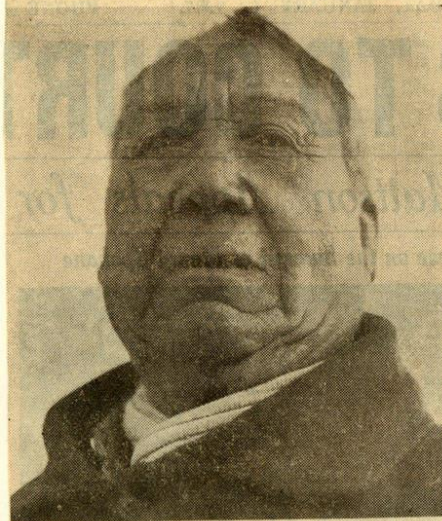
Coeur d'Alene Tribe Honors Washington



Speeches, music and a colonial pageant made up the program for the celebration of Washington's birthday, staged Sunday evening at the Sacred Heart mission, DeSmet, Idaho, by Indians of the Coeur d'Alene tribe. This scene from the pageant includes, from left to right: Herman Zachary, as a slave; Loren Swan, as Washington; Milton Burns, as the cherry tree; Felix Aripa as Washington's father, and Carl Maxie, as a slave. (Photo by Edgar Dowd, S. J.)

Spokane Chronicle February 22, 1937

Prayer Chief of Coeur d'Alene Indians



"Prayer Chief" is the title of Louis Sam of the Coeur d'Alene

Spokane Chronicle January 6, 1937



Skitswish women of the Kateri Club, Desmet Idaho, 1937

Note from unidentified source: L-R :

Front row-Nancy SiJohn, ?

2nd row-Agnes Bazil, Rose Mullen, Elvina (Bingo) SiJohn, ?

3rd row-Agnes LaSarte Bluff, Mary Skannen, Margaret Mullen (holding baby), Edward (sitting right), Sarah Bazil .

4th row-Christine SiJohn (standing far left), Jessie Vincent (holding Romona Vincent),

?, Carmelita Teresa Gua Campbell (holding Rose, sitting far right)

5th row-Clara Covington, ?, Celina Garry Goulsley

back row-Sarah SiJohn Tonasket, Grace Peone Juneau, Josephine Perry, Lucy Cherapkin George



1.

1. Spokane/Skitswish woman named Madeline Paine Charley, Spokane Washington, 1936



2.

2. Second residence of the Fathers at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana



3.

3. Photograph from the Edgar Dowd Collection. Father C. Byrne, May 14, 1940 standing near crosses of Desmet's Honored Dead Missionaries; Skitswish Sacred Heart Mission missionary graveyard in Desmet, Idaho.



4.

4. Skitswish boy named Jim Hawk poses with guitar, Desmet Idaho, 1936



5.



6.



7.



8.

5. Skitswish boarding school dormitory room Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho ca. 1935

6. Skitswish boarding school room Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho ca. 1935

7. Skitswish boys boarding school Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho ca. 1936

8. Skitswish boys dressed for a play pose at Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho



Skitswish boys in humanities class Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho 1937



Skitswish children dressed for a play pose with priest at Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet Idaho, 1937. Rev. Willie Ryan, S. J. is the priest.



Skitswish children in procession Sisters of Providence school, Desmet, Idaho 1937



Skitswish girls in ceremonial dress Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho ca. 1936



1.

2.

3.

4.

1. Skitswish girls in communion dresses pose on steps Sisters of Providence school, Desmet, Idaho ca. 1936

2. Skitswish girls in sewing class Desmet, Idaho 1937

3. Skitswish girls in their classroom Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho ca.1935

4. Skitswish girls pose on grass with Sister Seraphina Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho 1937



5.

5. Skitswish girls pose on steps Sisters of Providence school Desmet, Idaho ca. 1936



6.

6. Skitswish young women pose in aprons_ caps Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho



S. Ignatius Mission, Montana



Father Louis Taelman



Catherine Dirty Dog



Loren "Buddy" Swan



Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho

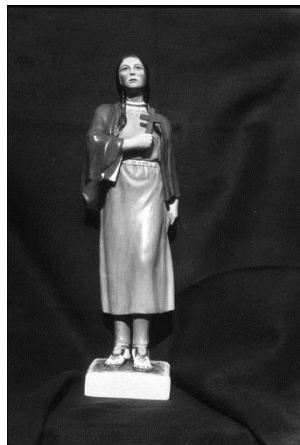


Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho Dormitory



Buckskin jacket from the Kateri Club Desmet, Idaho 1937

Kateri Club members Celina Garry, Sara SiJohn, Marceline Seltice Kevis, Desmet
Idaho



Rev John Post, Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho 1937

Statue of Kateri Tekakwitha, Desmet, Idaho ca 1937



Patience Gertrude

Kateri Club, Desmet, Idaho

Sabine Polotkin & Maryann Gates Sacred Heart Mission Desmet Idaho 1937



MVN

EDGAR DOWD

4 June 1986

OLYMPIA, Wa. — Edgar Dowd, 79, of Olympia, died Thursday May 22 in a Seattle hospital of natural causes. He was born June 7, 1906 in Missoula and moved at an early age to St. Ignatius.

He graduated from Loyola High School in Missoula and earned a bachelor's and master's degree from Gonzaga University in Spokane. He later received another master's degree from

the University of California at Los Angeles.

Mr. Dowd taught English and creative writing for 25 years at Montebello High School in California. After his retirement he contributed a number of humorous historical pieces to the Mission Valley News as well as vintage photographs. He will be remembered for his droll humor and lively literary style.

He served in the United

States Navy in Samoa where he operated the "only little grass hut barbershop in the world" charging the sailors 25 cents for a hair cut and the generals 75 cents.

Preceding him in death were his wife Iola Martin and two sisters. Survivors include two sisters, Gertrude Simkins, St. Ignatius and Teresa Hellier, Olympia; seven nieces, nephews and grandnieces.

A memorial service was held May 24 in Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Lacey, Wa. with Fr. Kevin Myles officiating. Fr. Joseph Retzel, assisted by Mr. Dowd's friend of many years, Fr. Louis Gries, said a Memorial Mass for him on May 30 at the St. Ignatius Catholic Church.



Name: Edgar Dowd

Birth Date: 7 Jun 1906

Death Date: 22 May 1986

Death Place: Montana, USA

Cemetery: Pleasant View Cemetery

Burial or Cremation Place: Saint Ignatius, Lake County, Montana, USA

From Al Yerbury 2/26/2016

5. Gertrude Elizabeth Dowd

Born in 1908 and died October 18, 1988. She married on August 11, 1937 in Missoula, Montana to Jess Bert Simkins born May 31, 1909 in Missoula, Montana and died April 18, 1977 in St. Ignatius, Montana. Jess was the son of Jess and Flora Simkins. They had a son Terence Joseph Simkins born about 1938 in St. Ignatius, Montana. And a daughter named Judy Simkins (Ayers). He married on October 14, 1963 in Santa Clara, California to Karen I. Winnett born about 1939.

Cec Brown of St. Ignatius remembered this about Jess Simkins:

“He worked the night shift at Allard's when I was younger. He'd put up with us drunk kids eating hotdogs and popcorn in there, late at night. Always patient, always kind.”

Jo Harris Phillips of St. Ignatius recalled “Gertie taught religious education classes on Sundays and in the summer at the Ursulines for years.”

IN Complete
25 May 2021

Recalling what used to be

Feb 15, 1984
MUN

Editor:

As I walk through the streets of our fair city, and see so many empty buildings it makes one sad to think how many changes have taken place. For instance when I look at the former Cold Creek Saloon I can never picture that location without thinking of Buckhouse Meat Market. I remember entering that meat market so many times I can still see it in my mind's eye. It wasn't too large a place. It always had sawdust on the

floor. And what wonderful meat they had. I'll always see Bob Stewart standing behind the big butcher block. In all the years we traded at Buckhouses I never remember seeing Bob with a hat on his head. Bob was quite a rotund man and always had a white apron. Then Joe Buckhouse was also there too. His brother George Buckhouse also helped. Then Al Thompson was always at the hamburger machine, grinding out the hamburger. And it

was real hamburger, no fat like you buy now, no such thing as packaged meat. You ordered what you wanted and if there was nothing in the counter you liked they would always go in the back room and cut any kind of meat you wanted. That was the only meat market for years.

Then I remember Clyde Suller had a shoe shop on the same block. I don't remember how long Clyde had his shoe shop, but quite a while. Oh, yes, there was a freezer plant, next to the Cold Creek Saloon. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess operated it for a long time. We always had a locker, was sorry when that freezer plant went out of business. Then further down on the same block Kenny Brown had a jewelry shop. As I recall he did a very good business. He had his shop for at least 10 years or more. Dorothy Olsen had her beauty shop somewhere around there. Also as long as I can remember we had Dubay's Market. There were always two grocery stores. And another old landmark was Rudy Still's bakery where the Malt Shop is located. Rudy had a wonderful bakery. He also had canned goods to sell. He did a very good business for many years. Then right next to Rudy's was Holbert's Hotel and the barbershop. I remember visiting with Mrs. Holbert. It was a very small lobby and Mr. Holbert did a good business. My dad patronized him every Saturday for a shave and haircut and was 75¢. Oh! I almost forgot, Ray Ball had a barbershop also near Dorothy Olsen's Beauty Shop. He and his family lived here for many years. Of course across town Beckwith's Store was a wonderful grocery store, clothing store, hardware store, shoe store. Mr. George Beckwith was a good businessman. My family traded there all our lives. It was located where the Day Care Center is now.

The Beckwith store stayed in business for years. It was a wonderful store. Phil Beckwith ran the store for many years after his Dad died. His brother Jack had a gas station, right across the street from the store. Then they had grain elevators a little way from the store. Mr. VanHaverbeke ran the elevators for years. The farmers would all bring their wheat there. As children my brother Ambrose and I used to roam all through the elevators and in the back yard of the elevators were some old cars, junk cars, and my brother and I used to play in those cars for

(Continued on next page)

Recalling (Continued from Page 5)

hours pretending we were in racing cars. He loved cars - course we never owned a car. I also remember as a child the Beckwith's house. It was a beautiful place. It reminded me of a colonial mansion. Oh, yes, Beckwith's Hotel was right next to the store. It was a two story building, where the employees stayed. Then the old Reclamation building up the road a ways. My dad worked there for many years. It was not the modern building it is now. I remember my dad had to go early every morning to start the fires in about eight offices. No central heating then.

There were no electric lawn mowers either. He used to mow that big yard with the push mower. I can't forget to mention Dr. and Mrs. Armour who lived next to Beckwith's. How well I knew that place. Mrs. Rose Armour was a wonderful teacher. I was in her 8th class at the Villa Ursula school. Doctor George Armour had his office next to their house. What a kind, good man he was. He was our only local doctor for years. You could go to his office and tell him your aches and pains. He would grab some medicine from the shelves, give you the directions or I should say have the office girl write them down. Dr. Armour's patients came first and he would never refuse to see a patient because he had no money. He was a real family physician. I cannot conclude my lengthy article on places that used to be, without mentioning the Villa Ursula school, where I attended school and so many of my friends. What wonderful teachers the good Sisters were. You really learned English and reading and all the basic subjects that were taught then. Maybe somebody will read my article that used to live here and remember the places I've mentioned. Hope we'll always have our Jesuit Mission and the hospital.

Gertrude Simkins
St. Ignatius

P.S. I would be remiss if I didn't mention the Mission Inn in the places that used to be. It was a small cafe next to my Aunt Lizzie's house. It was the first or maybe the second Post Office in St. Ignatius. My Aunt Lizzie rented the building to Mr. and Mrs. Dad Stewart, who ran a very popular and successful cafe for many years. I'll always remember the Mission Inn because it was a most popular place to dine out. Mrs. Stewart was a wonderful cook who served delicious home cooked meals. I worked as a waitress there for a while. Her Sunday dinners were famous. A home cooked chicken dinner complete with soup and dessert for sixty five cents. People used to come from all over the valley for her Sunday dinners. The clerks at Beckwith's store ate there every day. It was a real homey place, nothing fancy. Mrs. Stewart showed me the art of waiting on tables the correct way. I wonder how many people here now remember the Mission Inn. It was such a good place to enjoy a good home cooked meal. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are now gone, but I'll always remember the good people they were. That era of the Mission was a lot different era than now.

APRIL 27, 1977

Memories of Mission's Postmaster-Fisherman

["Give it plenty of space in the paper," Edgar Dowd wrote this week from Iowa. Edgar's brother-in-law, Jesse Simkins died last week. Edgar writes, "Yes, Jesse, I remember...."]

by Edgar Dowd

Before you became postmaster, I wrote to the Postmaster General in your behalf. Replying, Postmaster General Walker snapped: "Your brother-in-law, Jess Simkins, must take a competitive examination, and come out on top if he is to be the postmaster of St. Ignatius, Montana."

You came out on top, Jess, and you were No. 1. I was proud of you.

Years later, I arrived in town about 2:30 p.m., went to the post office to pay my regards, and casually asked: "How's fishing?"

You said, "Let's find out." You closed the shop and away we went. Later, between 9 and 11:30 p.m., you bounced (but deliberately) out of bed a dozen times to open the post office

for the citizens clamoring for their mail, junk or otherwise. Frankly, I was amazed that you were so unperturbed.

I imagine you were always unperturbed. Yes, Jess, I remember an occasion when my beautiful sister, Gertrude, served your breakfast an hour and a half earlier than usual. You were, understandably, shocked, and asked: "Say, Gert., what is this? A midnight snack?"

Of course, the early-breakfast routine didn't do any good. Despite the heavy suggestions of the U.S. Postal Inspectors, that you open the post office at 8 a.m. However, instead of the 9:30 a.m. opening, you wisely compromised and opened at nine. Like any good Montana man, you didn't scare easily.

(I knew what you were thinking about, but you never used vulgar terms.)

All my memories of you, Jess, are not tinted with that "moonlight and roses" jazz. Once I was provoked. Thoroughly fatigued, after two days and two nights aboard a bus, I arrived in St. Ignatius, and you immediately suggested a fishing trip to the Mission Dam, or that pond collecting the run-off of Elizabeth Falls. As the fish weren't biting, along about midnight, you conceded that the fish had won the decision. With a sigh of relief on my part, we headed for home and the sack.

But we had hardly moved more than fifty feet from the pond, when a stupid fish jumped. From the sound of the splash, you concluded that the fish was large; but, I concluded that any fish, large or small, that leaped at that time of night, particularly with Jess Simkins around, must be mentally retarded.

Immediately, a fanatical light flashed off and on in your otherwise calm eyes, as you high-tailed it back to the water. I watched you from a distance, as I was completely corked, slumped against the shins of a pine tree, tolerant of all the sundry ants and woodticks that were crawling over me.

Fortunately, you caught the critter, otherwise we might still be there. It was a big fish. Without benefit of hyperbole it would qualify for the American cousin of the Loch Ness Monster.

If you have time, Jess, you might look up my good friend, Steve Veres, who hired me to weed sugar beets sixty years ago, at 10 cents a row, but the rows extended from the Holy Family Hospital to the alkaline fastness of Moiese. About twenty-six years ago, I arrived in the Mission and paid a call to Steve.

After a short chat Steve said: "Ve go up town." I don't recall the exact time when Steve and I took off for uptown, but the liquor dispensing facilities were operating.

Steve ordered whiskey, wine, beer, and a few soft drinks.

I asked Steve: "What now?" "Ve go down to see Jess." "Isn't it a bit late?" "Don't worry I know, Jess, nothing bothers him."

So we vent down to see Jess.

Yes, Jess, I remember that you and Gert graciously interrupted your slumbers to help Steve and me celebrate. You weren't much of a drinker, Gert had a soft drink or so, but Steve tied into whiskey, wine and beer, as any good guy of 75 should do.

The next morning at breakfast, you were in, as the poet wrote: "a pensive mood."

I asked: "Jess, do you have a hangover?"

You said: "No, I was just thinking."

"What were you thinking about?"

"I was just thinking how lucky I am not to have the kind of hangover old Steve has this morning."

That's about it, Jess. All of us feel sad because you left us....except the Montana trout. They are celebrating, but not with a fish fry.

MONTANA
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH009885
Serial File Number

Local File Number		DECEDENT'S NAME (First) 1. GERTRUDE		(Middle) ELIZABETH	(Last) SIMKINS	SEX 2. F	DATE OF DEATH (Month, Day, Year) 3. 10/18/88
RACE—American Indian, Black, White, etc. (Specify) 4. WHITE		AGE—Last Birthday (Year) 5a. 79	UNDER 1 YEAR Months 5b.	UNDER 1 DAY Hours 5c.	DATE OF BIRTH (Month, Day, Year) 6. 11/19/08	COUNTY OF DEATH 7a. LAKE	
7b. PLACE OF DEATH (check only one) <input type="checkbox"/> HOSPITAL <input type="checkbox"/> Inpatient <input type="checkbox"/> Outpatient <input type="checkbox"/> DCA <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Nursing Home <input type="checkbox"/> Residence <input type="checkbox"/> Other (Specify)							
FACILITY NAME (if not institution, give street and number) 7c. MISSION VALLEY NURSING HOME						CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION OF DEATH 7d. ST. IGNATIUS, MONTANA	
BIRTHPLACE (City and State or Foreign Country)		MARITAL STATUS <input type="checkbox"/> Never Married <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Widowed <input type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> Divorced		SURVIVING SPOUSE (if wife, give maiden surname)			
8. ST. IGNATIUS, MT.		9. ST. IGNATIUS, MT.		10. NO			
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 11. 517-01-7219		DECEDENT'S USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life. Do not use retired.) 12a. HOMEMAKER		KIND OF BUSINESS/INDUSTRY 12b. DOMESTIC		WAS DECEDENT EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (Yes or no) 13. NO	
RESIDENCE—STATE 14a. MONTANA		COUNTY 14b. LAKE	CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION 14c. ST. IGNATIUS		STREET NUMBER 14d. 462 1st. AVENUE NORTH		
INSIDE CITY LIMITS? (Yes or no) 14e. YES		ZIP CODE 14f. 59865	ANCESTRY—Mexican, Puerto Rican, Cuban, African, English, Irish, German, Hmong, etc. (Specify) 15. IRISH		16. DECEDENT'S EDUCATION (Specify only highest grade completed) Elementary (Secondary (5-12) College (14 or 5+) 17. 12 2		
FATHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Last) 17. WILLIAM DOWD				MOTHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Maiden Surname) 18. MARY SULLIVAN			
INFORMANT'S NAME (Type/print) 19a. JUDY MYRES				MAILING ADDRESS (Street and Number or Rural Route Number, City or Town, State, Zip Code) 19b. BOX 173, ST. IGNATIUS, MT. 59865			
METHOD OF DISPOSITION <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Burial <input type="checkbox"/> Cremation <input type="checkbox"/> Removal from State <input type="checkbox"/> Other (Specify) 20a. CATHOLIC CEMETERY				LOCATION—City or Town, State 20c. ST. IGNATIUS, MT.			
SIGNATURE OF FUNERAL SERVICE LICENSEE OR OTHER PERSON IN CHARGE OF DISPOSITION W.E. RIDDLE III				MONTANA LICENSE NUMBER (of Licensee) 21b. 387			
NAME AND ADDRESS OF FACILITY 22. ST. IGNATIUS, MT. 59865				NAME AND ADDRESS OF FACILITY 22. ST. IGNATIUS, MT. 59865			
23. PART I. Enter the diseases, injuries, or complications that caused the death. Do not enter the mode of dying, such as cardiac or respiratory arrest, shock, or heart failure. List only one cause on each line. (See instructions on other side) IMMEDIATE CAUSE (final disease or condition resulting in death) a. METASTATIC SMALL CELL CARCINOMA OF LUNG				Approximate Interval Between Onset and Death 9 MONTHS			
Sequentially list conditions if any leading to immediate cause. Enter Underlying Cause (Disease or injury that initiated events resulting in death) Last b. DUE TO (OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF):				c. DUE TO (OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF):			
CAUSE OF DEATH PART II. Other significant conditions contributing to death but not resulting in the underlying cause given in Part I. 24. NO				WAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED? (Yes or no) 24a. NO			
25. NO				WAS CASE REFERRED TO CORONER? (Yes or no) 25. NO			
26. MANNER OF DEATH <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Natural <input type="checkbox"/> Pending Investigation <input type="checkbox"/> Accident <input type="checkbox"/> Could not be Determined <input type="checkbox"/> Suicide <input type="checkbox"/> Homicide		DATE OF INJURY (Month, Day, Year) 27a.		TIME OF INJURY (Hour or no) 27b. M 27c.		INJURY AT WORK? (Yes or no) 27d.	
28a. TO BE COMPLETED BY CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN ONLY: To the best of my knowledge, death occurred at the time, date and place and due to the cause(s) stated. (Signature and Title) 10/24/88		DATE SIGNED (Month, Day, Year) 28b. 10/24/88		HOUR OF DEATH 28c. 7:40 AM		DATE SIGNED (Month, Day, Year) 28d.	
NAME OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN IF OTHER THAN CERTIFIER (Type or Print) 28a. VICTOR M. DAVIS III, BOX 310, ST. IGNATIUS, MT. 59865		DATE PRONOUNCED DEAD (Month, Day, Year) 29a.		PRONOUNCED DEAD (Hour) 29b. M		HOUR OF DEATH 29c. M	
LOCAL REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE 31a. [Signature]				DATE FILED (Month, Day, Year) 31b. Oct 27, 1988			

CLERK & RECORDER

7465

MONTANA
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
DUPLICATE FOR CLERK AND RECORDER

STATE FILE NUMBER

DECEASED

NAME OF DECEASED - FIRST MIDDLE NAME LAST NAME SEX DATE OF DEATH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR)

1A. Jess 1B. B. 1C. Simkins 1D. M. 1E. 4-18-77

RACE WHITE, NEGRO, AMERICAN INDIAN, ETC. (SPECIFY) AGE - LAST BIRTHDAY (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) UNDER 1 YEAR UNDER 1 DAY DATE OF BIRTH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) COUNTY OF DEATH

2. White 3. 68 4. 11-24-11 5. Lake

CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION OF DEATH HOSPITAL OR OTHER INSTITUTION - NAME (IF NOT IN EITHER, GIVE STREET AND NUMBER)

6. St. Ignatius 7. Yes 8. Community Hosp.

STATE OF BIRTH (IF NOT IN U.S.A., NAME COUNTRY) CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED (SPECIFY) SURVIVING SPOUSE (IF WIFE, GIVE MAIDEN NAME)

9. Mont. 10. U.S. 11. Gertrude Dowd

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER USUAL OCCUPATION (GIVE KIND OF WORK DONE DURING MOST OF WORKING LIFE, EVEN IF RETIRED) KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY

12. 516-14-1481 13. Postmaster 14. Govt. Retired

RESIDENCE - STATE COUNTY CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION STREET AND NUMBER (SPECIFY YES OR NO)

15. Mont. 16. Lake 17. St. Ignatius 18. Yes 19. City

PARENTS

FATHER - NAME FIRST MIDDLE LAST MOTHER - MAIDEN NAME FIRST MIDDLE LAST

20. Jess C. Simkins 21. Flora Brooks

INFORMANT - NAME MAILING ADDRESS (STREET OR R.F.D. NO., CITY OR TOWN, STATE, ZIP)

22. Judy Miller 23. Spokane, Wash. Gen Del.

CAUSE

PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY: (ENTER ONLY ONE CAUSE PER LINE FOR (a), (b), AND (c)) APPROXIMATE INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH

24. (a) Cardiac Arrest 25. 45 min.

26. (b) Acute Myocardial infarction 27. 1 hr.

28. (c) Diffus Arteriosclerotic disease

PART II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS: CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH BUT NOT RELATED TO CAUSE GIVEN IN PART I (100) AUTOPSY (YES OR NO) IF YES, WERE FINDINGS CONSIDERED IN DETERMINING CAUSE OF DEATH

29. NO 30. NO

ACCIDENT, SUICIDE, HOMICIDE, OR UNDETERMINED (SPECIFY) DATE OF INJURY (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) HOUR HOW INJURY OCCURRED (ENTER NATURE OF INJURY IN PART I OR PART II, ITEM 18)

31. NO 32. NO 33. NO 34. NO

CERTIFIER

CERTIFICATION - PHYSICIAN: MONTH DAY YEAR TO MONTH DAY YEAR AND LAST SAW HIM/HER ALIVE ON BODY AFTER DEATH I DID/DID NOT VIEW THE BODY DATE, AND, TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, DUE TO THE CAUSES STATED

35. 4-1-77 36. 4-18-77 37. 4-18-77 38. Did 39. 5:15AM

CERTIFICATION - CORONER: ON THE BASIS OF THE EXAMINATION OF THE BODY AND/OR THE INVESTIGATION, IN MY OPINION, DEATH OCCURRED ON THE DATE AND DUE TO THE CAUSES STATED

40. 5:15 A.M. 41. 4 42. 18 43. 77 44. 226:15AM

CERTIFIER - NAME (TYPE OR PRINT) SIGNATURE (DEGREE OR TITLE) DATE SIGNED (MONTH, DAY, YEAR)

45. J. Michael Wise M.D. 46. J. Michael Wise M.D. 47. 4-19-77

MAILING ADDRESS - CERTIFIER CITY OR TOWN STATE ZIP

48. St. Ign. Mont. 59865 49. St. Ign. Mont. 59865

BURIAL

TURF, CREMATION, REMOVAL (SPECIFY) CEMETERY OR CREMATORY - NAME LOCATION CITY OR TOWN STATE

50. Burial 51. Pleasantview 52. St. Ign. Mont.

DATE (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) MORTUARY - NAME AND ADDRESS (STREET OR R.F.D. NO., CITY OR TOWN, STATE, ZIP)

53. 4-21-77 54. Fearon Chapel, Bx. 237, St. Ign. Mont. 59865

FUNERAL DIRECTOR OR MORTICIAN - SIGNATURE LOCAL REGISTRAR - SIGNATURE DATE RECEIVED BY LOCAL REGISTRAR

55. Joe Fearon 56. Joe Fearon 57. 4-19-77

JESSE SIMKINS

ST. IGNATIUS—One of Mission's most familiar residents died on Monday, Jesse Simkins, 64.

A retired postmaster here, and postal employee since he began as clerk in 1930, Mr. Simkins was known as an athlete in his earlier years, the arch enemy of local trout later on. He started many local children on the angling trail and was the acknowledged expert on area reservoirs.

He was born November 24, 1912, in Missoula and attended schools in St. Ignatius, going

on afterward to Dillon Normal College.

He was a member of Masonic Lodge #112 and a past master of the lodge.

His wife Gertrude, whom he married in 1937, two years after his appointment as postmaster, survives. Also surviving are a daughter, Judy of Spokane, Wash.; a son Terry of St. Ignatius; two brothers, Jack and Roy, both of Oregon; and four grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Thursday, April 21, at 2 p.m. in Fearon Chapel. Burial will be in Pleasantview Cemetery.



Mission Valley News
20 Apr. 1977

6. Ambrose Dowd

Born February 4, 1911



Ambrose Dodd & unidentified child.
For many years the Dodd Family were the
mail men & Postmasters of St. Ignatius &
Surrounding area.

DOUBLE FUNERAL GIVEN TWO BOYS KILLED IN CRASH

Peter Owens, A. Dowd
Victims of Accident
Near St. Ignatius.

ST. IGNATIUS, Aug. 1.—(Special)—Double funeral services for Peter Owens and Ambrose Dowd were held at the Catholic church in St. Ignatius, with Rev. Father Tachman officiating this week.

The boys were instantly killed in an auto accident nine miles north of St. Ignatius Sunday.

Native of Shelby.

Peter Owens, 23, was born at Shelby, August 1, 1913, and spent most of his life here. He spent four years at Loyola, one year at Gonzaga university in Spokane, after graduating from the St. Ignatius high school in 1931.

He is survived by his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owens; five sisters, Margaret, Helen Marie, Ioleen, Betty Lou and Patricia Ann Owens; one brother, Morris Owens, all of St. Ignatius, and his grandmother, Mrs. Kathryn Owens, Missoula.

The body was taken to the Catholic cemetery in Missoula for burial.

Born in Missoula.

Ambrose Dowd, 24, was born in Missoula February 4, 1911, and had spent most of his life in St. Ignatius.

He attended school at Loyola in Missoula in 1927-28, after graduating from the St. Ignatius high school in 1931. He also attended Gonzaga university in Spokane one year.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Dowd; four sisters, Gertrude and Theresa Dowd of St. Ignatius; Sister Doreen of St. Vincent academy at Walla Walla, Wash.; Mrs. Rollina Kimberline of Los Angeles, Cal.; one brother, Edgar Dowd, S. J., of Seattle; an uncle, John Sullivan, of Yakima and three aunts, Miss Lizzie Dowd, Mrs. Vincent McCormack and Mrs. Frank Morin, all of St. Ignatius.

Many Pallbearers.

Pallbearers for Peter Owens were: William Phillips, Jess Simkins, LeRoy Cope, George Burke, Elmo Cure and John Morin. For Ambrose Dowd pallbearers were: John Thill, Tom Brooks, Irving Ball, Phillip Hamel, John McGrath and Victor Papp.

Form V. S. 4-11-4M-1-36.

Duplicate for Clerk and Recorder

STATE OF MONTANA
Bureau of Vital Statistics
Standard Certificate of Death

1402 Do not write in this space

1. PLACE OF DEATH
County Lake Registered No. _____
Township Mission or Village _____
City St. Ignatius, No. _____ St. _____ Ward _____
(If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number)
Length of residence in city or town where death occurred _____ yrs. _____ mos. _____ days How long in U. S. if of foreign birth? _____ yrs. _____ mos. _____ days

2. FULL NAME Ambrose Dowd
(a) Residence: No. _____ St. _____ Ward _____
(Usual place of abode) (If nonresident give city or town and State)

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

3. SEX Male 4. COLOR OR RACE White 5. SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED, OR DIVORCED (write the word) Single

6a. If married, widowed, or divorced HUSBAND of (or) WIFE of _____

6. DATE OF BIRTH (month, day, and year) Feb. 4th 1911

7. AGE Years 25 Months 5 Days 22 If LESS than 1 day, _____ hrs. _____ min.

8. Trade, profession, or particular kind of work done, as spinner, sawyer, bookkeeper, etc. Reclamation

9. Industry or business in which work was done, as silk mill, saw mill, bank, etc. employee

10. Date deceased last worked at this occupation (month and year) _____ 11. If at time (years) pent in this occupation _____

12. BIRTHPLACE (city or town). Missoula, Mont. (State or country)

13. NAME William Dowd.

14. BIRTHPLACE (city or town). San Francisco, Calif. (State or country)

15. MAIDEN NAME Mary Sullivan

16. BIRTHPLACE (city or town). Hamilton, Montana. (State or country)

17. INFORMANT Mrs. Wm. Dowd (Address) St. Ignatius, Montana.

18. BURIAL, CREMATION, OR REMOVAL Place St. Ignatius. Date July 28 1936

19. UNDERTAKER M.M. Twichel, (Address) St. Ignatius, Montana.

20. FILED Aug. 5 1936 M.M. Twichel, Registrar

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

21. DATE OF DEATH (month, day, and year) July 26 /36, 19

22. I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from _____ to _____, 19____, to _____, 19____.

I last saw him Dead July 26/36, 19____, death is said to have occurred on the date stated above, at _____ m.

The principal cause of death and related causes of importance in order of onset were as follows: Fractured skull and many contusions received in an Automobile accident & Wreck. Date of onset _____

Contributory causes of importance not related to principal cause: _____

Name of operation _____ Date of _____

What test confirmed diagnosis? _____ Was there an autopsy? _____

23. If death was due to external causes (violence) fill in also the following: Accident, suicide, or homicide Accident Date of injury 7/26/36

Where did injury occur? Highway No. 93 (Specify city or town, county, and State)

Specify whether injury occurred in industry, in home, or in public place. Four miles south of Roman, Mont.

Manner of injury. Automobile Wreck

Nature of injury. Crushing.

24. Was disease or injury in any way related to occupation of deceased? _____

If so, specify _____

(Signed) John Dimon Coroner M. D. (Address) Polson, Montana.

MARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING

N. B.—WRITE PLAINLY, WITH UNFADING INK.—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should state CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms, so that it may be properly classified. Exact statement of OCCUPATION is very important. See instructions on back of certificate.

U. S. No. 98

From Al Yerbury