

Get the Latest Historical Gossip!

Illustration from "The Telephone Review," October, 1914.



Join the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society.

*This organization is meant for those with a reverence for the past.
For those believing lives long gone are still important.
For those believing tradition still has a place in the modern world.
For those believing the richness of history can teach.
And for those that believe a community's heart
can be found in its history.*

C/DPHS, Box 293, Clayton, Washington
(509) 276-2693

(Yearly dues: Twenty dollars per household.)

Free — Take One

The C/DPHS meets at 9 a.m. every second Saturday of the month. Join us at the Clayton Drive-In, Clayton, Washington.

Visit our website at <http://www.cdphs.org>

The C/DPHS is an association of individuals dedicated to the preservation of the history of our community. To the preservation of the region's oral history, literary history, social history, graphic and pictorial history, and our history as represented by the region's artifacts and structures. To the preservation of this history for future generations. To the art of making this common heritage accessible to the public. And to the act of collaborating with other individuals and organizations sharing similar goals.

THE CLAYTON/DEER PARK HISTORICAL SOCIETY Mortarboard

© C/DPHS

The Electric Service Station

by Peter Coffin & Ken Westby

On the southwest side of the Burlington Northern-Santa Fe Railroad tracks in Deer Park is a building now housing Eric's Realty. As for the history of that location, in the spring of 1928, the front page of the *Deer Park Union* announced "The old mill south of the railroad crossing on Main Street that has been an eyesore for so long is being wrecked this week, to give way to a new one story brick garage building." (Figure 4, page 1339)

Archie Warner and his brother-in-law Harald Westby were building an automobile garage and service station which they had named the "Electric Service Station". Warner was an electrician at the Deer Park Lumber Mill, and had been doing automotive electric repair work in his spare time. Automotive mechanics was Westby's area of experience.

The outside structure appears little changed today. As the authors of this article recall, during the late 1940s to the early 1960s automobiles entered the service bay through the large overhead door on the north side of the building. Once inside, a hydraulic hoist would lift the vehicle for oil changes, chassis lubrication and other underbody maintenance. Workbenches lined the south and east walls of the work area. A large, very loud air compres-



Figure 1.
Archie Warner
and his son, Arthur — 1928.



Figure 2.

Harald Westby — 1939
(Photo from the Ken Westby collection)

sor was located in the northeast corner flanking the door to the front office. In the front office, ample windows lighted the sales area, which included displays of automotive accessories, a clerk's desk and seating for patrons.

The original gasoline pumps were, for the most part, manually operated — the attendant working a handle alongside the pump forward and back repeatedly until the large glass reservoir atop the pump was filled. (See the advertisement — Figure 5 — on page 1340 for a general idea of what these pumps would look like.) Then the gasoline would be dispensed from this glass container into the customer's fuel tank. The glass reservoir was marked off in gallons to indicate the quantity of gas purchased.

Eventually modern electrically pow-

The photo below, taken sometime in the middle 1940s with a young Bob Warner in front of the station, shows the location of the pumps under the awning behind the car. In the background is the old Great Northern's steam engine water tower, Grove farm implements building, and the top of Lasswell's grain elevator.
(Photo from Robert Warner Collection)

Figure 3.

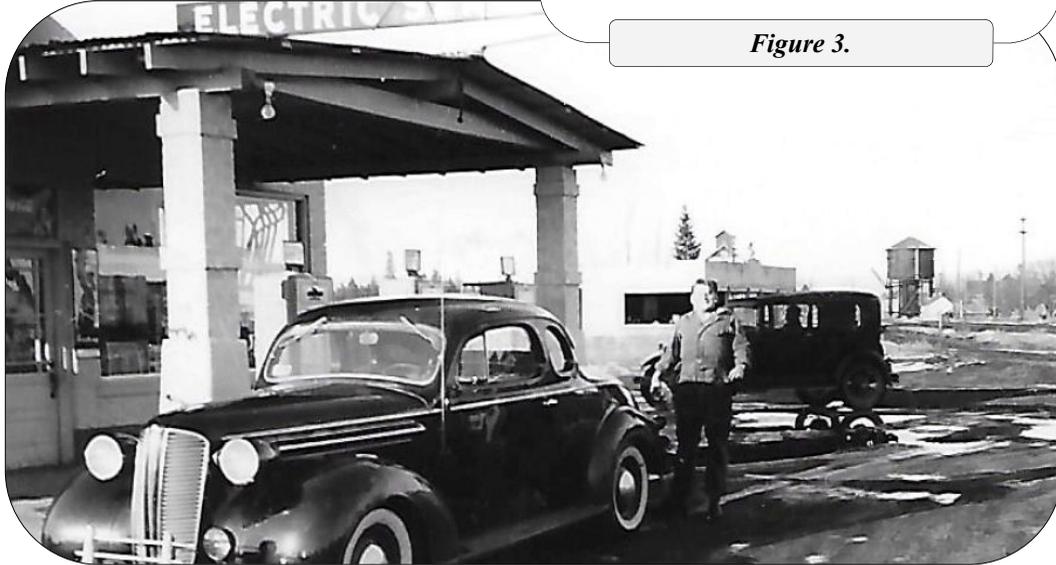


Figure 4.

NEW GARAGE TO BE BUILT AT ONCE

Old Mill Building South of Railroad
Track To Give Way To Modern
Brick Business House

WRECKING WORK BEING RUSHED

The old mill south of the railroad crossing on Main street that has been an eyesore so long, is being wrecked this week, to give way to a new one story brick garage building, 30x0 feet, which will be occupied by Archie Warner and Harold Westby as a garage and service station as soon as it can be built and equipped for business. Mr. Warner has for some time past been doing electrical

repair work on automobiles during his spare time as electrician at the mill and both men are expert mechanics. They plan to specialize in electrical work along with general repairing in their new business. The new firm purchased the property and when the new structure is completed they will have a property worth approximately \$5,000. Citizens are congratulating them on the removal of the old mill building, which has been adverse advertising for Deer Park for so long that threats have been made to burn it, secretly to get rid of the wreck. There is considerable good material in it, which will be used for concrete forms and as building lumber. The new business when opened, will give Deer Park five garages, besides two service stations.

The Deer Park Union, April 5, 1928.

ered and volume metered gas pumps replaced these older glass bowl models.

Together, Archie and Harald operated this service station for a number of years. Archie was employed as an electrician at the Deer Park Lumber Mill while Harald worked at the service station. Harald worked for a short period in 1937 as a mechanic for the Washington Bureau of Public Roads in Vancouver, Washington. However, he was back in Deer Park in 1939 at the Electric Service Station. During this time his sister, Otene Warner (Archie's wife), was a bookkeeper and

helper at the service station. In 1945, Harald was forced to quit because of very serious health problems. After several months of recuperation from major surgery, he went to work as a mechanic for the Deer Park School District until 1967.

Archie developed problems with his hip during the 1940s that ultimately took him to the Mayo Clinic where corrective surgery was performed. Even with this treatment, his ability to work at the service station was severely limited. He retired and turned over operation of the service station to his son Rob-

Figure 5.

These Clear Vision Features Will Build Business For You

CLEAR VISION PUMPS

OFFER your customer the utmost in service—Clear Vision Service. First, give him **VISIBLE PROOF OF ACCURATE MEASURE.** LET HIM SEE THE GASOLINE DRAIN allon by gallon from the Clear Vision box to the tank of his car.

GIVE your customer **SPEEDY** service, and you can with a Clear Vision. The shut-off at the nozzle of the Clear Vision hose saves useless walking back and forth from

CLEAR VISION Dispensers are built in 5-gallon, 10-gallon and 15-gallon sizes. Each size pump is furnished with **hand, air lift or electric.** Hand pumps can be installed in either the air or electric pumps. Air attachments can be installed in any of the hand pumps.

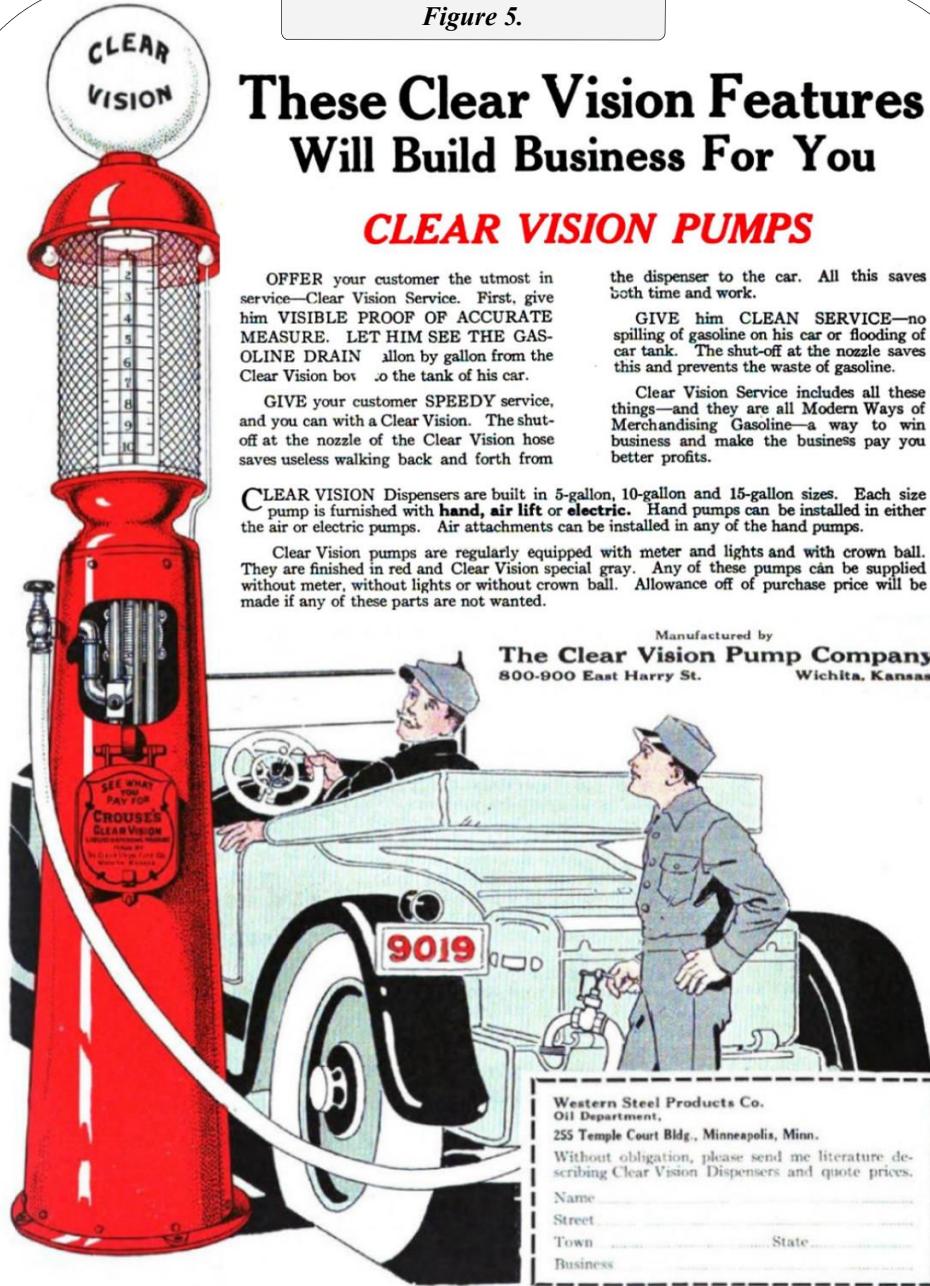
Clear Vision pumps are regularly equipped with meter and lights and with crown ball. They are finished in red and Clear Vision special gray. Any of these pumps can be supplied without meter, without lights or without crown ball. Allowance off of purchase price will be made if any of these parts are not wanted.

the dispenser to the car. All this saves both time and work.

GIVE him **CLEAN SERVICE**—no spilling of gasoline on his car or flooding of car tank. The shut-off at the nozzle saves this and prevents the waste of gasoline.

Clear Vision Service includes all these things—and they are all Modern Ways of Merchandising Gasoline—a way to win business and make the business pay you better profits.

Manufactured by
The Clear Vision Pump Company
 800-900 East Harry St. Wichita, Kansas



Western Steel Products Co.
 Oil Department,
 255 Temple Court Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Without obligation, please send me literature describing Clear Vision Dispensers and quote prices.
 Name _____
 Street _____
 Town _____ State _____
 Business _____

The Garage-Dealer Magazine, July, 1922.

Figure 6.

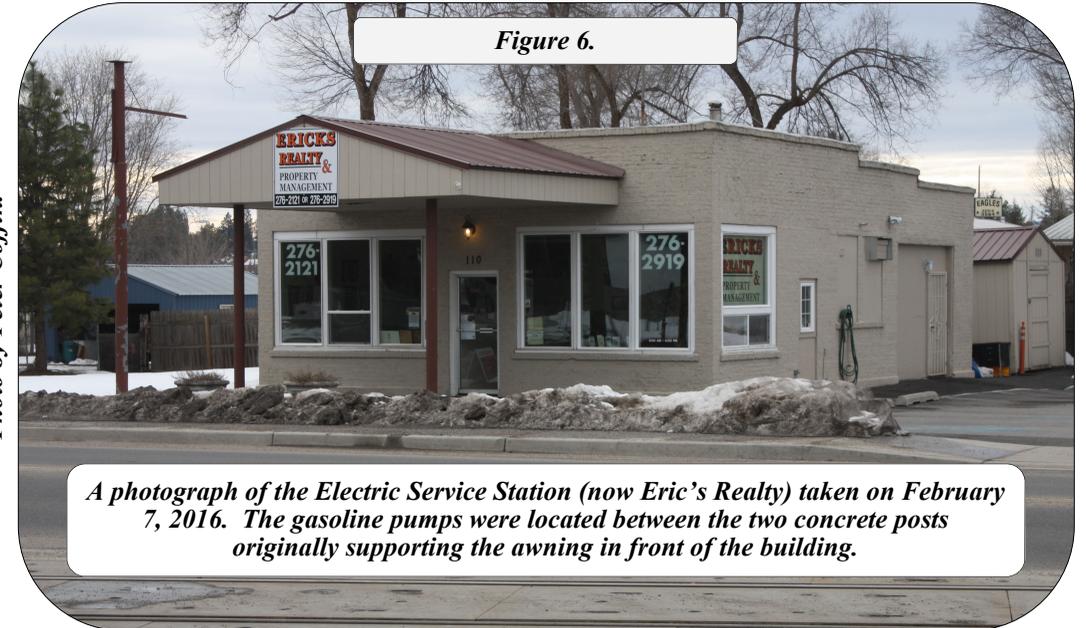


Photo by Peter Coffin.

A photograph of the Electric Service Station (now Eric's Realty) taken on February 7, 2016. The gasoline pumps were located between the two concrete posts originally supporting the awning in front of the building.

Bob Warner (left) and his father Archie Warner taken about at the time Bob took over the station in the late 1940s.

Figure 7.



Photo from the Robert Warner collection.

ert (Bob) Warner in 1949. Otene remained at the station to help their son. Archie then began a successful radio and TV repair business in a shop he had built at his home on the NE corner of 8th and Main Avenue.

Co-author Peter Coffin remembers the older pickup that Bob Warner modified to a snowplow for the winter snows. He had built a snowplow blade from wood planks and a long pole, properly leveraged, placed to raise and lower the blade.

Bob Warner purchased the station from his family in 1949 for \$15,000, and went on to operate it as Bob's Electric Service Station. In 1958 — after replacing Henry Alm as the Chevron Oil Company's bulk plant manager — he leased the station to Willard Church and went on to become the first in a new series of bulk plant operators that included Eugene Lubess, and John Gosnell.

Sometime prior to 1992 the station became vacant. First, GSI Glass rented the station for their business. After GSI a beauty shop occupied the building until 2007 when Mr. Gerry Carpenter purchased the building



Figure 8.

Photo by Peter Coffin.

A photograph taken on February 7, 2016 of the north side of the Electric Service Station showing the outline of the large door that gave access to the hydraulic hoist.

and moved Erick's Realty into it.

Carpenter had been the manager of Deer Park's Century 21 Real Estate Office until, in March of 1989, he purchased Erick's Realty from John Erickson.

The authors wish to acknowledge Paul Erickson, Cassandra Warner Hart, and Susan Warner Spomer for their assistance with this article.

— end —

The Beaverbrook Barn

by
Edward Kingrey

Recently I received some photos from Bill Sebright of the demolition of the old King farm barn just south of the Clayton's Grade School. The removal saddened me because I grew up with that barn.

I was born in the front bedroom of the King farmhouse. My mom, Arlene King-Pulliam, was a month short of 18 years old. Grandma Clara King, who had borne seven

children herself — probably without the assistance of a doctor — delivered me as well. A doctor came in from Spokane the next day and told Grandma King she had "Done a pretty good job." I was raised, for the most part through grade school, on that Clayton Farm by my Grandparents.

Grandfather Walter King Sr. built a new Dutch Gambrel roof barn on the location

of an older, one story barn. The new barn — finished in 1945 — was built during WWII. On the north end of the barn, overlooking Beaver Creek, Grandpa painted the name "Beaverbrook."

On the northeast corner of the property, near the creek, was a small brick building. It was the pump house used for pumping water to the Clayton Brickyard. A small dam, made from brick piled in the stream, was built to back up a small pond from which the water was pumped. Crawdads lived among the bricks, and I captured many of them — using their tails for fish bait.

The barn was Grandpa King's pride and joy. I was seven years old when the barn was completed, and I have mostly fond memories of it.

One of the oldest memories was not so fond. It was during the construction. Most was complete, except that the front of the barn was open above the second floor. There was a cupola on the top center of the roof, with a ladder from the second floor to the cupola. My cousin, John "Dickey" Bailey, and I used to climb the ladder to the cupola — forty feet or more — and sit looking out over the countryside. We envisioned ourselves as fighter or bomber pilots, on a mission over Japan or Germany.

Our uncles, Glenn and Miles King, were in the U.S. Army Air Corps at the time. Glenn was an aerial photographer, flying in B-24s in the South Pacific. Miles completed his training as a B-17 tail gunner just before the war ended.

One day, before completion of construction, I was up in the cupola alone. I decided to come down and stepped onto the ladder in my usual fashion. About two thirds of the way down my foot slipped off a rung and I fell feet-first down the ladder. About a third of the way down, after I had gained quite a bit of speed, one of my feet hit a rung and tipped me upside down. I fell the rest of the way to the hard wooden floor head first, hitting with a resounding "bang."

Grandpa King, working below, heard



The Beaverbrook Barn in 2009.
(Photo from the Ed Kingrey collection.)

the sound. He walked out in front of the barn to see what the commotion was. As I staggered to the open front of the barn, I saw Grandpa King, fists on his hips, standing below, gazing up at me.

Grandma King put me to bed, and made me stay for a couple days. The only injury I remember was a swollen left wrist.

Bob Clouse — may he rest in peace — added a note to the C/DPHS website. "The fact he landed on his head is probably what saved him." This is probably true.

I have many other memories of this barn. Putting hay up in the loft in the summer. The hard, dusty, sweaty work. How "Dickey" Bailey often stayed at the farm in the summer and was more like a brother rather than a cousin.

After we completed the milk delivery route through Clayton in the morning, Grandpa King would give us a quarter each, which we used to buy a sack of candy at Ole Wind's grocery store. Then we'd head back to the farm, hook the tractor up to the trailer, and head for the hay field. Dick and I would trade off driving the tractor while the other helped Grandpa King load the hay. Grandpa King pitchforked the hay onto the wagon while one of us "tromped" the hay down — running back



*The Beaverbrook barn, July, 2016.
(Photos by Bill Sebright.)*



and forth over the load. Then back to the barn, where the wagon was pulled under the front. The tractor was then driven to the back of the barn and hooked up to a cable.

The cable ran from a pulley anchored at the bottom, up to a pulley at the small, diamond shaped window near the peak. The cable then ran along a railing inside the peak of the roof, to the large front door. There another pulley attached to a trip device and a four-pronged fork which dropped to the wagon load of hay. A rope was attached to the trip device. The forks were pushed into the hay. When the signal was given to the tractor driver, the fork load of hay would be lifted up and back into the barn. The person on the trip rope, usually Grandma King, would be given a signal by one of us up above and the load of hay would be dropped into the barn at various locations. A signal when to stop and when to back away would be given to the tractor driver by one of us below. The trip device and the forks would then be pulled to the front of the barn, and dropped down to the wagon. It usually took about four fork-loads to empty the wagon.

That hay was the source of a lot of fun for us kids. In the winter we spent hours, running and jumping from the upper hay piles to the soft, cushiony hay below. Careful, of course, to make sure no loose hay forks were laying around down there.

When the cows were let into the barn for milking, it was Dick's and my job to go upstairs and pitch hay down the chutes at the center of both sides. It could be below zero outside, but I can still feel the warmth inside the barn during milking time. I can still hear the sound of the milking machines over the soft murmuring of cows as they fed on the hay. I can still see the cats sitting, anxiously waiting for any spilled milk.

The winter of 1949-'50 was extremely harsh. One day, Dick, me and Grandma King were standing in the kitchen around the wood burning cook stove. Grandpa King came rushing in, in a panic. He yelled at Dick and me, "Get a shovel and get out to the barn! It's caving in!" We ran out, grabbed shovels,

climbed to the top of the barn and start shoveling. We went up to the cupola, out onto the roof and began shoveling over the side. By the time we had the upper part of the roof cleared, there was heavy, wet snow from the ground nearly to the hip of the roof. We could actually make our way from the roof to the ground on the snow.

Just under the eaves, the center of both walls were bulging outward. As it was later discovered, insufficient bracing had been installed in the roof and walls to support the amount of snowfall experienced that winter. Inside, from the top of both walls, cables were installed — and the walls were pulled back to their original positions. Those cables remained and there were no further problems with the barn during the time I was there.

About four years after the barn was built, baled hay became the norm and loose hay became extinct. In the summer of 1951 Grandpa King had Hayes Lewis come around and bale the hay. Hayes was doing custom baling, and doing pretty well at it.

Grandpa King purchased a 22 Caterpillar and built a sled. We loaded bales onto the sled and hauled them to the barn. Many of the bales were stored at the back of the lower part of the barn. Hayes' son, Larry, was helping him on the three-man baler. Larry was just a grade below me in school. Hayes was a "man" short of the 2-man crew, so he asked Grandpa King if I could work on the baler. He agreed, and I became a "wire poker." Larry sat on the other side tying the wires as the bales headed toward the back of the machine.

In the spring of my 8th grade at Clayton's school, Grandpa King suffered a fatal heart attack on the living room couch while I was huddled at the old radio, listening to one of my favorite evening radio programs. That summer Hayes hired me to work on the baler with Larry, and I did so for the next couple of summers as I entered high school.

The old Beaverbrook barn will always hold a place in my heart.

———— end ————

Clayton Day Portfolio

August 30, 2016

photos by
J. L. Brian

captions by
The C/DPHS Editorial Group

For the third year in a row, the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society has acted as the primary catalyst for Clayton's Brickyard Day. C/DPHS president, Bill Sebright, stated that this year's event, held July 30th, was the best yet under the society's stewardship.

The society is appreciative of all the individuals and organizations taking part in making this year's event a success. And we

hope to do at least as well next year.

The newsletter's editorial group will consider any comments, stories, or photos submitted as regards this or any of the local area's other summertime events for future publication. See the "Society Contacts" box on the final page of this issue for a direct link to the *Mortarboard's* current editor.



A color guard from the Deer Park Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post 3067, leads the Clayton Day parade.



Mike and Teri Sardinia's Clydesdale team, with the Deer Park Congregational Church's float.



Eddy Zimmerer's 1936 Ford Coupe.

Promoting the then upcoming Clayton Community Fair with the theme "Shake, Rattle, & Roll Your Way to the Fair," this novel "Happy Days" float.



Don Ball (second from left), Honored Citizen for 2014's Clayton Brickyard Day event, takes in the shade on the steps of the Clayton's historic grange hall — formerly the town's Moose Hall.



Attached to the side of Peter Coffin's 2016 Camaro, a poster noted the absence of Clayton Day's Honored Citizen, Bob Gibson, who passed away a few weeks before the event.



Deer Park's annual Settler's Day float. This year's theme, "Polynesian Paradise."

A wagon carrying members of Honored Citizen, Bob Gibson's, extended family.



Clayton's Brickyard Day was indeed a daylong family celebration. Kids were especially well served, as the photos above and to the right suggest. As for the older folks, the regional band, Spare Parts, was particularly popular.



One of several pieces of large agricultural machinery in the parade — reminders, perhaps, that Clayton was and still is part of a thriving rural community built on farming and like pursuits.



— end —

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

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

... erratum ...

We recently received a note from Norma (Lindh) Burnette regarding an error in the “Minutes” segment of the July *Mortarboard* — issue #99. On page 1,320 we said, “This year is (Betty Burdette’s) *Deer Park High School Class of 1946’s 70th reunion. Robert Olson and Edith Welch are also in her class.*” In response Norma said, “I really enjoy the *Mortarboard*. Thank you for making it. But I have a correction. I was in the class of 1946. Edith Welch was not in our class. It was the Welch twins, Dora and Doris.”

The editor appreciates those that take the time to correct errors as-to-fact the *Mortarboard* has made. In return, we’ll take the time to make note of such errors in later editions of the *Mortarboard*. Beyond noting the error, when feasible we’ll amend the text of our archival editions to reflect said corrections so that subsequent print editions don’t carry the error.

As to the latter, in part the decision of whether or not to make changes to past issues will depend on the degree of reengineering needed. If making a retroactive correction is so involved it draws an excessive amount of time — time better spent doing research or working on current and future issues — we’ll probably take the less invasive route and simply add an erratum to a later issue.

... a group of librarians and educators ...

On the 8th of August, society webmaster, Marie Morrill, received the following email under the “Subject” line “Your resources were helpful”.

The body of the missive said, “I’m

Elena (McDermott) from *ForeverCurious* (one word). *We are a group of librarians and educators who are curating and creating the best educational resources for kids on the web. Our next piece is a series of lesson plans using genealogy as a way to teach students about history. In doing research for this project, I came across your site. I thought maybe your site might also benefit from some of these resources.*

“Thanks for all you do.”

What I believe is being said is that the organization — <http://forevercurious.org/about/> — is constructing a set of history lesson modules that will be referencing certain materials from genealogical websites. While it’s doubtful our group’s website will be one of the sites directly mentioned, Ms. McDermott wanted to let us know that she appreciates the work our group is doing in collecting and preserving history.

As for what it is in a broader sense that Ms. McDermott and the *ForeverCurious* group are doing — in other words, their mission — the best way to understand that is to open the *ForeverCurious* organization’s about-page (website address above) and prowl around a bit.

... early telephones spark ongoing interest ...

The February (#94) and March (#95) issues of the *Mortarboard* presented a two part article titled “*Telephone Service Comes to Deer Park.*” This has proven a popular article, and the interest continues.

The authors of the piece, society vice-president Pete Coffin and frequent *Mortarboard* contributor Ken Westby have received a fair amount of correspondence related to this

subject. For example, after the publication of the first half of the article, Pete received the following email comments from society member and area resident Chuck Lyons.

“My wife, Barbara Harder-Lyons, and I very much enjoyed part one of the telephone article you and Ken put together for the *Mortarboard*. My wife is retired from Bell and AT&T in Spokane, having begun as a long distance ‘cord-board’ operator/supervisor in the central office at West 401 2nd, downtown Spokane. Later she rose to become a project manager, installing Northern Telecom computerized central office switches in rural communities. *Deer Park* was one of those.”

Doubtless, the above term, “cord-board,” refers to the classic telephone switchboard and its use of a human operator to physically connect and disconnect telephone calls.

Describing the activation of the local area’s new computerized system, Mr. Lyons wrote, “I remember being in the *Deer Park central office building on Crawford (?) Street shortly after the ‘cut-over’ so my wife could show me how they — after several months of installation and testing — did what they did when, in the middle of the night, the big moment arrived.*”

We’re assuming the term “cut-over” describes the actual act of switching the service from the old technology to the new.”

Regarding his wife’s part in all this, Mr. Lyons added, “She prided herself in how few seconds of service were interrupted during the cut.”

Chuck detailed his recollections of the rural phone system he grew up with near the community of Zillah — a small town located about 20 miles southeast of Yakima, Washington. Among those details was the total lack of privacy on a 10 party line.

Chuck’s email went on to note, “One of my fondest childhood memories is having gone to the local junkyard near Sunnyside with my mother — this around 1949 or ‘50. There, in huge piles, lay hundreds of crank phones, most of them still in their wooden cabinets. Being a young, wanna-be engineer, I

managed to talk Mom into buying me a handful of crank phone bits and pieces — my fondest possessions at the time. I think these may still be around home somewhere. I didn’t know how they worked, but I soon figured it out — these probably being one of the contributing factors to my never-ending interest in things electrical and electronic.”

That “never-ending interest” was exposed in a series of technical questions regarding telephone circuitry and such that Chuck included with his missive.

Pete, in his return email, told Mr. Lyons, “I’m not the electrical engineer for our article. All I provided was historical background. I’m going to forward your email to Kenneth Westby, the primary author.

“Ken grew up in *Deer Park*, was the valedictorian of *Deer Park High School’s class of 1959*, a *University of Washington engineering graduate, an electoral engineer for Bonneville Power, and a fine writer. I’m sure he’ll be able to answer your questions.*”

After receiving the forward, Ken sent the following to Chuck. “I’m delighted to know you’re enjoying the telephone article. Your wife worked for the telephone company during some very interesting years, and I’ll bet she has some great memories and has seen many changes during her time there. Obviously you have some fond memories of the old crank-style telephones. And yes, having any sort of private conversation on those multi-party telephone lines was nearly out of the question.”

As for the technical depth of the questions Chuck asked, Ken explained, “The second part of the telephone article, which will appear in the next issue (#95) of the *Mortarboard*, discusses the early ‘farmer lines’ and addresses the question you have raised about one-wire versus two-wire configurations. But we have tried to keep the presentation from becoming overly technical for the majority of our readers, so the differences between the two are touched on very lightly. I’ll explain these differences for you here because I think you’ll understand the concepts

better than most readers.”

Over the next several letters, Ken went deeply into the technical details. And Mr. Lyons expressed a high degree of appreciation at having his questions answered.

And this reminds the *Mortarboard's* editor to remind everyone else that the society will be happy to forward any further questions to Ken — just as we will forward questions intended for any of our featured authors.

... a winnowing away ...

When the Clayton Historical Society was first stitched together back in the fall of 2002, the core of its membership wasn't exactly young. The demographics leaned toward middle-aged and up. There's nothing particularly unusual about this. While there are exceptions, as a general trend younger people aren't particularly interested in local history. It's as if the current moment is just too full of novelty to pay much attention to things that happened tens of thousands of days ago. That observation shouldn't be classified as a criticism of the several younger generations, since the tendency to live in the moment is just a matter of biology, psychology, and physics — and as such, it's just a part of everyday life.

The thing is, life goes on. And one of the side effects of life going on is the winnowing away of older generations. The historical society has been made amply aware of this winnowing process over the last several years as a number of our senior members have passed on — two in just the last several months. Though we do our best to honor them, it begs the question. What is our best?

The highest aspiration of any historical society should be to make history personal. To strip away the anonymity suggested when history is constructed mostly of dates, events, and names — of which the latter, the names of once living people, are treated as little more than strips of identifying typeface.

To be better, we need stories to go with these archived names. Stories that reveal something of the character of the individuals

represented by each of these typeface labels. Stories that remind everyone that the people so labeled were once as real as you or me.

The problem is, collecting these stories, processing them, and getting them embedded in our archives requires effort. And we simply can't keep up with everything that needs saving. We're constantly slipping behind. Then too, we're all getting older and a bit weary at keeping up the pace. The result of being so overwhelmed is that bits of this very personal kind of history are constantly slipping beyond our grasp. Since many of these bits are held in memory and nowhere else. Once gone, they're gone forever.

For this to work — for the historical society to work — more people have to become actively involved. We currently only have a handful of members able to carry out the necessary sorting, documenting and archiving. Almost all of these workers are in their seventies — and a few beyond. Unless the society begins to grow again — begins to add more people willing to take a portion of the load — after this current core begins to winnow away, it's likely that whatever remains of the society will have no choice but to dissolve.

If we do dissolve, the *Collected Newsletters* archived in the region's libraries will preserve most of what we've so far accomplished. But a still living society, ever expanding its place in the larger community, would do a much better job of preserving the work already done.

There are all kinds of benefits to belonging to this group. At the very least members get to spend one morning a month immersed in historical gossip — though the majority of our gossip seems well rooted in fact. Beyond that, our members can become as deeply embroiled in the group's activities as time, health, and interest allows.

Things worth preserving are being lost every day. Our job is to save what we can. For that, we need your help.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — August 13, 2016 —

In attendance: Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Diane Allert, Bill Sebright, Pat Parker, Wally Parker, Marilyn Reilly, Lorraine Nord, Don Ball, Betty Burdette and Mark Wagner.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported: 1) Curtis Mahon emailed me asking about the "Loon Lake Windmill house." I sent him email addresses for Loon Lake Historical Society members. 2) Robert Thomas picked up his 2 Leno Prestini gold pans after Brickyard Day. They have been on display at the Clayton School for the past year. He will bring them back to be displayed for Brickyard Day next summer. 3) Brickyard Day was a big success. Having a band playing at the School was a good addition. 4) There have been \$230 donated in memory of Bob Gibson. 5) Memorial donations came in for Luella Dow and Bob Gibson after the meeting.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported: The main checking account ended the month at \$6,585.57 Checks were written to Wally Parker for \$116.30 for supplies and one for Andre Romberg Insurance for Clayton Day for \$459.45 There were deposits of \$421.50. The web hosting account had a withdrawal of \$10.95 for web hosting and ended the month at \$865.29.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin reported by email: 1) Received a very large book from Greg Fury titled "A History of the Deer Park Drag Strip and its Racers" authored by Gary Hordemann of Spokane. It is an encyclopedic collection of newspaper articles, interesting bits and pieces of drag racing materials as well as a listing of all race winners in the period from 1944 to 1964. I was contacted by Gary Hordemann (who was a

1950/1960s drag racer) for information concerning how much money the City of Deer Park took in after they purchased a radar speed detector unit. Unfortunately, the records are lost in an attic room on the third floor of city hall. It is possible that all of the boxes in this room will be sent to the Washington State Archives in Cheney. Records I did see go back into the 1920s! 2) Gave the Inland Empire Model T club a copy of the Arcadia Movie. They plan to show it during their August pre 1916 Model T. Cruise. 3) I have been invited to give a historical presentation to the Rotary Club of Deer Park in September. I told them I would show the movie about the Arcadia Orchards that the Reiter family gave the Society. 4) I will not be at the August meeting because I will be involved with the Annual Camaro Club open car show in Spokane Valley's Mirabeau Park.

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) In total, 130 copies of the August *Mortarboard* (#100) have been printed for distribution. Also, the online version has been submitted for website posting. This issue features the second and concluding part of Paul Erickson, John and Angela Barbieri, Christina Percoco, and your editor's "*Six Letters: Translating the Luigi & Caterina Prestini Letters of 1919*," as well as Pete Coffin's "*Olaf L. Olsen: Businessman & Politician*." Of special significance is the fact that this issue represents 100 consecutive monthly issues — eight years and four months' worth — of *Mortarboards* produced. Both the print and online versions of the August issue will carry a special, one time only banner at the top of the first page proclaiming such. This banner will not appear in the *Collected Newsletters* version. 2) As ex-

pected, the heavier than usual print load this summer caused us to burn through the LaserJet's toner – with the working cartridge having to be replaced about halfway through printing the August *Mortarboard*. As for how heavy a load this replaced cartridge carried, we managed 30 volumes of the *Collected Newsletters*, and 527 copies of the *Mortarboard* – 300 of those *Mortarboards* 16 page issues, the other 227 issues being 20 pages each. As for the number of pages normally expected from any given cartridge, this is within typical range.

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported by email: I have uploaded the August *Mortarboard*. The site is looking wonky but everything works. I need to find a day when I can "chat" with someone there and find out what I am doing wrong. And then how I can fix the look. I will not be at the meeting. I have an all day meeting I need to attend out in Otis Orchards.

Wednesday, August 17 will be the

last Brickyard Day Committee meeting of the year, 6 PM, at the Real Estate Marketplace. We will discuss what went well and what can be improved for next year's celebration. Someone mentioned that she thought the picnic lunch at the School was potluck. The Grange served a hamburger, potato salad and a drink for \$5.

Betty Burdette said: The Settlers Day Parade had 99 entries this year. Many people attended this year, the event went very well overall.

The Heritage network meeting is Monday, August 15 at the Northport Civic Center.

Next meeting: Saturday, September 10, 2016, at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 9:34 AM.

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

———— end ————

All Prior Editions of the *Mortarboard* Are Available Online:
Go to <http://www.cdphs.org/mortarboard-newsletters.html>.

Society Contacts

We encourage anyone with observations, concerns, corrections, or divergent opinions regarding the contents of these newsletters to write the society or contact one or more of the individuals listed below. Resultant conversations can remain confidential if so desired.

C/DPHS, Box 293, Clayton, WA 99110

Bill Sebright, President — sebrightba@gmail.com — (509) 276-2693

Peter Coffin, Vice-President — pcffn@q.com

Wally Lee Parker, Editor of Print Publications — bogwen100@msn.com — (509) 467-9433

Editorial and Copyright Policy

Those contributing “original” materials to the *Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society* retain copyright to said materials while granting the *Mortarboard* and the *Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society* durable permission to use said materials in electronic and print media — including permission to reprint said materials in future *Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society* publications. Under certain conditions proof of ownership of submitted materials and/or a signed release allowing use may be requested. No compensation for materials submitted is offered or implied. All materials submitted are subject to editorial revision for content, language, legal exposures and so forth. Any material published as an exception to these general understandings will be clearly marked as to the nature of the exception.

———— C/DPHS ————

From “The Coast” magazine,
April, 1907



See Yourself in Print.

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society's department of Print Publications is always looking for original writings, classic photos, properly aged documents and the like that may be of interest to our readers. These materials should be rooted within, though not limited to, northern Spokane County, southeastern Stevens County, and southern Pend Oreille County. As for types of materials, family or personal remembrances are always considered. Articles of general historical interest — including pieces on natural history, archeology, geology and such — are likely to prove useful. In other words, we are always searching for things that will increase our readers' understanding and appreciation of this region's past. As for historical perspective; to us history begins whenever the past is dusty enough to have become noteworthy — which is always open to interpretation. From there it extends back as deep as we can see, can research, or even speculate upon.

Copyright considerations for any materials submitted are stated in the “Editorial and Copyright Policy” dialog box found on page 1,356 of this issue. For any clarifications regarding said policy, or any discussions of possible story ideas or the appropriateness of certain types of material and so on, please contact the editor via the email address supplied on the same page.

———— the editor ————

*A print copy of this issue of the *Mortarboard*
is or soon will be
available in booklet format.*

*Ask about
“Collected Newsletters: Volume Twenty-Eight.”*

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