A Growing Archive.

As assured in our mission statement, the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society is “dedicated to the preservation of the history of our community,” and specifically “to the art of making this common heritage accessible to the public.” Our publications, both print and online, are currently the primary manifestation of that part of our mission. All prior editions of our newsletter — the Mortarboard — are available online without charge. All prior editions of the Mortarboard are also available as bound editions in a print-on-demand format for a small donation — said donation intended to cover our print cost. We also have four volumes of earlier archival material in a print-only set titled “The Reports.” For further information on our print titles, contact anyone in the “Society Contacts” box found on the last numbered page of this issue.

———  the Editor
Above: Edna Olson and the distressed doe. The photo is looking in an eastwardly direction. The hill rising behind the building appears to be Loon Lake Mountain. The hill rising to the left side of the frame is believed to be the lower reaches of Deer Lake Mountain. The house seems to be sited on Loon Lake Island, a small prominence under 100 feet in diameter located roughly 150 feet from Loon Lake’s western shore. Note Edna’s ice skates.

Below: Jim Stelting and Edna Olson attempting to slide the deer toward shore with a board. (Photos on this page from the Art Stelting collection.)

Weather records for Deer Park, nine miles southeast of the lake, and the nearest location with currently available records, indicate a low of 5° Fahrenheit — well below freezing and likely obtained during the pre-dawn hours of February 10th — and a high of 40°, probably achieved that sunny afternoon. At an elevation of around 2,380 feet, Loon Lake’s surface is just over two hundred and fifty feet higher than the streets of downtown Deer Park. Altitude considered, it’s arguable whether the temperatures at the two locations would have been that different.

The three photos pictured here are from the C/PHS’s Art Stelting photo collection. The photographer is unknown, though assumed to be a family member. Jim Stelting, pictured on the facing page, is Art Stelting’s father. Regarding the location on the roughly two mile long by one mile wide lake where the photos may have been snapped, society member and Mortarboard contributor Charles Stewart wrote, “The photos were taken next to the island on the west side of the lake, directly across the lake from our family home on Sunnyside Beach. On a solo skate in the late 1950s or early ‘60s, I found a dead deer frozen on the ice near there — but farther from shore.” The roughly circular island Chuck refers to is identified on Google’s satellite map as “Loon Lake Island.” Using Google’s on-screen distance function, the prominence appears to vary between 80 and 100 feet in diameter, depending on the direction of the measurement. It also appears to be about 150 feet off the lake’s western shoreline, and about 800 feet south by southwest of “Silver Point.” Chuck elaborated, “In my recollection, the island is almost entirely occupied by the stone house (seen in the photographs) — which, except in winter, always appeared occupied when we lived there. Between the island and the shore is a shallow channel with a sand bottom just deep enough for a powerboat to navigate dead slow without digging the prop into the sand.” Chuck has identified the hill seen in several of the photos — and a relatively mild temperature, at least from mid-day into the afternoon, as suggested by the day’s high and low temperatures recorded at nearby Deer Park.
rising behind the stone house as Loon Lake Mountain, which would be to the east by northeast when viewed from the island. The peak to the left of the image — best seen in the photo on page 1405 — is believed to be Deer Lake Mountain, which would be to the north by northeast when viewed from the island.

All this suggests that the photos were taken in the channel between Loon Lake Island and the lake’s nearby western shore.

Both wild and domestic animals often have problems that prove fatal on the icy surfaces of lakes and rivers — as Chuck Stewart’s recollection of a dead deer frozen to the ice in roughly the same location a quarter of a century later tends to demonstrate. Considering that an animal finding itself in a state of distress was not all that unusual during harsh winter weather, it would appear that there’s little here other than a local story of passing interest. But this didn’t stay a local story. It was sent across the country by a national wire-service, and we have evidence that at least one out-of-state newspaper picked the story up.

The photo reproduced to the left appeared in the March 1st, 1935, edition of the Stanford Daily, Stanford, California. Under the headline “Exhausted Doe Freezes To Ice,” the Stanford Daily’s text spun a slightly different tale than the Deer Park Union’s version. The university newspaper reported, “Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Olson of Spangle, Wash., saw a full-grown deer resting on the ice of Loon Lake, and when they approached her she did not move, but struggled when they attempted to pet her. They discovered the deer was frozen fast. It was believed she had exhausted herself trying to gain solid footing, and then fell. The Olsons freed the animal. The doe ran away as they reached shore with her.”

There has been a story circulating about a hole in the bottom of Deer Lake that had been draining that lake into Loon Lake. As Clifford Meyer had lived in the area since the middle 1940s, I asked him whom I could call for more information about the event. Cliff recommended that I call Ms. Ivy Shaw and ask her about the hole in the bottom of Deer Lake. On Friday November 4, 2011, I called her and the following is an attempt to write up what she remembered.

Andy Anderson, who owned Anderson’s Resort on West Bay, was trying to make the West Bay deeper by dredging the bottom. After some of the hardpan on the bottom of the bay had been dredged up, a whirlpool developed, and it was obvious that the lake was being emptied into a very permeable gravel aquifer below the hardpan. The water draining through the lake bottom was gushing out in the bottom of the old Arcadia Orchards irrigation ditch that connected Deer Lake and Loon Lake in the 1910-1920 period.

To begin with, dirt was dumped onto the whirlpool, but that didn’t seal the leak. Then hay and straw were hauled in and dumped into the dredged area. After that clay (and possibly concrete) was hauled in and dumped into the area. That finally sealed the leak.

The worry was that Deer Lake was draining away through the subsurface aquifer and then by the surface ditch into Loon Lake, thereby raising the water level of that lake.

Both Loon Lake and Deer Lake are primarily spring fed, with Deer Lake’s average surface elevation of about 2474 feet above sea level, and with Loon Lake’s average elevation about 2380 feet. This 100 foot elevation difference would seem to support the idea that one could drain into the other. The biggest immediate problems with the hole in the lake bottom would be that the level of Deer Lake would drop and many of the beaches and docks would be left high and dry, and that the drain would wash out more and become a bigger and bigger problem over time. A review of contour maps would make the conjecture of one lake draining into the other as somewhat unlikely as the most likely path of the water draining from Deer Lake would be to go into the Sheep Creek drainage about one and one half miles west of Deer Lake’s West Bay. Ms. Shaw was very, very uncertain when this had happened. She thought perhaps in the late 1940s or early 1960s (certainly before the assassination of President John Kennedy), but when, she wasn’t exactly certain.

Ms. Shaw indicated that part of this information had come from a cousin. I asked her who the cousin was and she said Marshall —— Text continued on page 1412 ——
Above:
Photograph of the site of Anderson’s resort across from the Public Access area on Deer Lake’s West Bay. The grass and the snow on the beach show how shallow the bay is in this area.

(Peter Coffin Photo, taken January 29, 2015)

Facing Page
Map of the Deer Lake-Loon Lake area.
The hole in Deer Lake’s bottom was dredged on West Bay near the arrow head pointing to Anderson’s Resort location. The map was traced from a USGS contour map and the Arcadia Canal does not drain directly into Sheep Creek. Grouse Creek is off the map to the north.
Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

—or—

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

... washing the eagle ...

On page 1383 of the November issue (#103) we printed the results of Pioneer Waterproofing’s first annual inspection of the elastomer skin covering Clayton’s terracotta eagle. One of that company’s recommendations was a yearly washing with a dilute cleanser and a soft brush. The problem foreseen was how to reach the elevated statue without leaning anything potentially damaging against its relatively fragile skin. As regards such, these thoughts were forwarded by editorial group member Rick Hodges.

“It seems to me we could rent a bucket truck for maybe $200 a day, and then a couple of younger, more agile volunteers could tackle the cleaning. Spray on the Simple Green solution using a medlar garden tank sprayer, scrub gently with car wash brush on an extension handle, and rins with plain water from a garden hose. It could all be done in a few hours.”

The society would like to thank Rick and the several others that have brought ideas forward. As of the moment it appears the eventual washing will have to wait until next spring. But we’ll see.

... regarding lights for Perrins Field ...

A piece discussing the history of Deer Park’s Perrins Field appeared in last month’s Letters/Brickbats column. In response we received the two following notes from members of the Mortarboard’s editorial group.

Mike Reiter wrote, “I remember going down as a little squirt with my dad and watching as he and the other Jaycees worked on assembling the lights. I’m sure Paul’s dad would have been there also. My dad climbed the poles when he worked for Bonneville, and I guess that came in handy for the installation.”

Paul Erickson added, “I remember there was lots of excitement about the beginning of the new lights down on the field, and I knew the Jaycees were involved. I don’t recall details, but I feel pretty sure that Bill Cox was active in the group about that time, and probably Dean Snook too.

“I remember my dad and Dean dressing up in carnival gear to help run a number of the Jaycees’ annual carnivals in the old fairgrounds building. Those carnivals were some of the best fun I ever had as a kid. Terific!”

Paul reminded us that he had donated a couple of boxes of Jaycee related material on the society, among those items were membership contact lists and flyers for events — dances and such. He also thought there might be some meeting notes, but can’t say for sure.

Finding out what we have in our archives, and then developing a system for organizing, cataloging, preserving, and retrieving this growing mass of documents and artifacts, is just another example of the kinds of jobs waiting for an expanded society membership.

... statistics from our webmaster ...

If you ever want to see society member Marie Morrill’s eyes glaze over, refer to her as our webmaster. It’s the “master” part that tends to flummox her. She has on occasion implied that the operative part of the word website is web — which most tech-savvy users view as an eagle. As construction of sticky threads nearly, if not impossible to unreave, yet incredibly easy to become irretrievably entangled within. As one who has himself suffered hours of stroke-inducing hypertension while enraging at an intractable line of hypertext, I know of whence I speak.

On the other hand, Marie approaches her job with a degree of fatalistic humor that somewhat relieves the rest of the membership from the guilt we feel at having foisted the widely feared job off on her unwary self. (Don’t tell her — this being our little secret.)

Committed to trudging on, Marie, as part of her November report to the society, printed out a graphic summary of the website’s usage statistics for the last year. The statistics break down usage on a monthly basis. Since each month presents its own unique data, we’ve randomly chosen to extract only the data from January of 2016 for use in this discussion.

Referring to the website’s hosting company as “a search engine spider,” the amount of data outgoing from our website in the one selected month was given as 6,230,649 kilobytes. That can be rounded to 6.231 gigabytes. To give some sense of size, the standard, single layer DVD most disk burning computers write to stores about 4.7 gigabytes of data. Another way of looking at the amount of data sent from our website in January of last year is to consider that the downloadable PDFs of our monthly newsletters have a file size that usually falls somewhere between 4 and 10 megabytes each. If we settled on an average of 7.5 megabytes for each Mortarboard, the above noted 6.231 gigabytes would represent around 624 copies of the newsletter. In other words, though Mortarboard openings likely represent only a fraction of the items rummaged through on the website, we are in fact sending a respectable amount of data to downstream computer screens each month.

The question then becomes, who’s looking? That’s the rub. There are lots of inhuman things lurking around the web — and I’m not just talking about the troll like provocateurs who have proven themselves so helpful in lowering the internet’s cumulative IQ to that of a rotting stump. Rather I’m talking about “search engine spiders” and other robotic programs that poke around inside webpages. A good portion of these robots serve a useful purpose — they crawl around the web, gathering information as to what and where things are, and then they take that data back to the various indexing systems. This data is then fed to you to type an inquiry about something into your search engine — say the fruit bat population of Belize — and the engine will almost instantly present you with a prioritized list of web pages that “may” be able to answer your question.
Because these machines give the illusion of being intuitive, we sometimes forget they're still just machines. There's not much point in getting mad at them for misunderstanding. Their human programmers are a different matter — meaning with them, there's a point.

The same is true when it comes to explaining to the non-initiated the esoteric workings of websites. Our website's simplified usage graph and separate page of bare-bone definitions leave much to be guessed at. I'm sure you're thinking — or at least I think they understand — the underlying mechanisms of cyberspace will take exception to the following assumptions. If they can put their understanding down to a few points of relief and easy-to-understood form of English — something heretofore proven elusive — such would be welcome.

So, this is what the data suggests to your editor.

In February of 2016, the society's website received 2,063 "hits." This only means that 2,063 request or queries were made to the site by the internet's various search engines. It should be clear by now that far from all of these queries had a human at the other end.

Four hundred and forty eight pages were visited in the month. These visits are also referred to as "page views." That would almost seem simple enough. But then the explanatory material begins defining the term "page" as the summoning up of various kinds of files with various kinds of extension names. It then compounds this irresolution by noting that the definition of a page "tends to vary by server" — apparently meaning different service providers sometimes interpret commonly used terms as meaning something different.

One thousand, nine hundred, and sixty three files were downloaded from the website. Included would likely be any photos (robotic programs collect quite a few of these — likely in search of explicit images), or any PDFs such as the online Mortarboards and so on.

And lastly, the statistics list 165 "visits" — also called "sessions" — for the month of February. This is defined as the number of individually identified addresses visiting the site during the month.

What our website wanted to make very clear was that the visits/sessions from any given address, if separated from each other by thirty minutes, would be counted as separate visits. Meaning, if you sign out, then sign back in an hour later, the statistics count your address' second visit as a separate instance — though not nearly as much as we'd like.

On the other hand, considering the relatively low cost of the exposure the website provides the society, it's still a pretty good deal.

The little strip of names running vertically outside the margin of the final page of each issue of this magazine should clarify, producing the Mortarboard is a collaborative effort. The above referenced line of script begins, "...as the summoning up of various kinds of files with various kinds of extension names. It then compounds this irresolution by noting that the "page" tends to vary by server" — apparently meaning different service providers sometimes interpret commonly used terms as meaning something different.

Sixteen people are currently members of the Mortarboard's editorial group. Approximately two weeks prior to an upcoming issue's due date, each group member receives a proofing facsimile of the impending issue. To ease the proofer's task, all the text from the proofing facsimile is copied and pasted into an accompanying Word file. The proofers' job, time and energy permitting, is to go through either or both these formats in spelling, punctuation, word usage, comprehensibility, story continuity, the arrangement of print objects — aligning and so forth, or any of the multitude of other things that can and do go wrong in any publication. They can make a list or highlight — whichever works best for them — everything that seems to be out of order, and return such to the editor.

With a fresh eye, their job is to criticize and correct — those being necessary for the creation of a crisper, cleaner, more professional looking publication. Once they've done so, my job is to evaluate then implement their suggestions — the element of judgment inherent in that process the reason the back always stops with the editor.

Last month's issue closed my third year as the Mortarboard's editor — that is to say, my third year in my current iteration, the year I started the job once before, back at the beginning. During these last three years I've depended heavily on my proofers. This last issue (#104) was especially troublesome. Once I inserted the corrections suggested by my proofers, I wrote a letter of appreciation to those returning corrections for that month. But in truth, this note is for all the people in my editorial group. With a typical splash of what the Mortarboard's current editor assumes to be humor, the letter began, "So — another about-to-be-printed issue of historical speculation, rumination, and documentation waits in anticipation of the coffee rings, the fire starts, and the dank recycle bins that a certain portion of the Mortarboard's paper copies are foreordained to suffer. This may seem a bit harsh. But when leaving the society meeting at which print copies of Mortarboard #1 were distributed — way back in May 2008 — I noticed one of my freshly passed out magazines acting as a member's coffee coaster, with the typical brownish stain at that moment was surely the kind of lions of offspring with full knowledge that only one or two have any real chance of surviving (more than a little poetic latitude regarding an oyster's cognitive capabilities requested here)."

"But unlike oysters, the society has a backup plan — such having been in place from the very beginning. Since the survival potential of any given paper issue of the magazine is so low, we disseminate our brood into alternate oceans. We deposit copies in cyberspace. We embed our little creations in our archival Collected Newsletters, thereby making sure they always remain in print. We constantly update and burn DVDs containing printable masters of every one of our past issues, then distribute said DVDs to select members. Assuming Western civilization survives (or any civilization for that matter), a hundred years from now some researcher is going to stumble on — let's say — issue #104 of the Mortarboard. And here's what he or she isn’t going to find."

"He or she isn't going to find that at least four of the ten or so times I thought I wrote 'Congregational Church,' what appeared on the page was 'Congressional Church.' The first amendment's admonishment regarding the government's ability to establish religion aside, this isn't what I intended to say. Editorial group member Rick Deuber suggested they be streamlined. Some very convoluted paragraphs won't be noticed because group member Betty Deuber suggested they be streamlined. Bill Sebright not only caught a few typos, he also — knowing my tendency toward age-induced melancholy — offered some much needed encouragement. Lina Swain, meticulous as ever, spun out page after page of very accurate corrections. And yes, I hadn't noticed the difference between 'time elapsed' and 'time-lapse.' And now, at least for a time, I won't have to..."

Page 1414
know how much time will need to time-lapse before I totally forget. Or is that simply lapse? Damn, I need my proofers.

And then there’s Charles Stewart. Chuck pointed out that in the detailed history of Reverend Rice found in the gymnastics gym, it seems like there might be a standalone article. And that’s true. I suppose the pace of the gymnastics story’s journey to some sort of point could have been quickened by moving the bulk of the reverend’s detailed history to a sidebar or some such, and replacing it with a minimalist sketch sufficient to provide Reverend Rice’s part in the larger story. (I do have a tendency to drift off topic.) But the major rewriting and reformatting necessary to do such a restructuring just a week before deadline would have been overwhelming to the point of missing said deadline.

The thing is, some things, some errors, some typos, some bad editorial decisions will inevitably make it in. And since writing, editing, and formatting for publication eventually distills down into what is very much a public performance, some degree of public embarrassment is inevitable.

That said, the show must go on. I would just like to remind all my proofers that to a very great extent it’s the diligence of the Mortarboard’s editorial group that keeps the error-related embarrassments to a minimum, thereby making the show at the very least a respectable performance — and every once in a while, a very good one as well.

The editor would like to remind everyone that membership in the Mortarboard’s editorial group is open to anyone interested in this aspect of the society’s work. Membership in the society itself is not required. Only a willingness to look over the early drafts of each month’s issue and voice concerns or forward corrections. To join, send me a note via the email address supplied on the last page of this issue.

Also note that each of the people involved with the CDPHS in any capacity does so for a reason. Most of those reasons have something to do with their own history in the region. Reasons aside, what they are doing within the group fits very much within the category of a community service — but only if one considers working to preserve a community’s history a service.

... remembering Pearl Harbor ...

The minutes for the society’s December 10th meeting (posted in this issue) include the following from Bill Sebright. “The (December 7th) Spokesman-Review had an article on the 75th Anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Ray Harshman’s name was on the list for this area. His family lived in the Kap Westby house across the parking lot in the Casselman School. Ray was Scout Master of the Clayton Boy Scout Troop 108 after Orin McBeth. Does anyone know of others from the Clayton/Deer Park area that were at Pearl Harbor on December 7th, 1941?”

Regarding the same Spokesman-Review newspaper, society member Mike Reiter noted it included a story about former Deer Park resident Ray Daves, another survivor of the Pearl Harbor attack who went on to other actions in the Pacific theater. Mike added that some of this gentleman’s history is included in a book called ‘Radioman.’ Favorably reviewed on Amazon, Radioman: An Eyewitness Account of Pearl Harbor and World War II in the Pacific was authored by C. E. Hipperson — original hometown, Coulee City, Washington.

Mike stated, “Ray was a great guy who passed a few years back. He was one of the regular members of Mike Wolfe’s hardware store coffee club, along with others such as John Wagner, Howard Whorle, Mark Jones, Jim Guenther, and Mike Burdette — to name a few. Some really great stories there!”

... vintage phone numbers ...

This email thread began with a request for the telephone number used by old Clayton brick plant (see society minutes, this issue) around the time of its closing — which, it turns out, the society doesn’t have. The request did bring this comment from editorial group member Gary Ross. “As a 1949 wall calendar that my grandmother hung in her Deer Park home. The calendar was a give-away from ‘Fred’s Quality Meats’ (A. F. Bettefune). Deer Park. The telephone number for his store was 425. Just three numbers.”

In a second email Gary added, “I came across some old phone numbers for various people and businesses in Deer Park. E. C. Weber Hardware, 625; C. G. ‘Ol’’ decker, City Meat Market, 1391; Floyd’s Store (formerly Mix’s), 71; Doctor Glen E. Snyder, 6-2189 or 6-2140; Ground Observer Post Supervisor John Johnson, 6-6361. And Chief Observer Paul W. Hodges, 6-6738.”

Gary was curious about the different number of digits used at different times. Society member Mike Reiter responded, “When I was a kid our phone number was 6-6892. If I called Spokane — a long distance call at the time — I had to add the BR (Broadway) prefix, or what amounted to 276-6892. I think Clayton was part of the Broadway prefix. So, in the mid to late 1950s the brickyard probably had a BR prefix.”

“At a lot of the (local) ads in the old Deer Park Union had neither phone number nor address. I guess they just figured everyone knew where they were.”

That last point — the lack of accompanying addresses — is proving a real problem for historians when it comes to researching locations. At this point editorial group member Ken Westby, whom, along with society vice-president Pete Coffin, authored the Mortarboard article “Telephone Service Comes to Deer Park,” clarified the issue. “As of October 27, 1951, all the telephones in the Deer Park exchange were replaced with a manual switchboard. ... Human operators made the requested connections using plug-ended cords and jacks. When there were fewer than 100 telephones in the Deer Park exchange, each phone could have a unique two-digit phone number. When the local system expanded to more than 100 telephones, phone numbers increased to three digits, which could accommodate up to 1,000 numbers. Call requests would sometimes be given verbally to the operator — for example, ‘625 please’, or ‘Weber Hardware, please’. Operators quickly memorized frequently called numbers.

“On September 9, 1951, the manual switchboard in Deer Park was replaced with an automatic dialing system that allowed callers to dial directly to residences and businesses within the Deer Park Exchange (long-distance calls still required an operator). At that time the Deer Park exchange expanded to four digits, which began with the digit ‘2’ or the digit ‘6’, allowing for up to 2,000 unique telephone numbers.”

“Not long after, a leading ‘6’ was added to the four-digit number as a prefix and later yet the prefix was expanded to BR6 — or, as noted, 276.”

“Starting with the large cities, these changes in telephone numbering were taking place across the entire country. Accompanied by significant technological changes in the size and complexity of the nation’s massive
telephone infrastructure, all of this was aimed at enabling the nationwide direct-distance calling with little or no operator assistance we enjoy today.

“All of which is to say that the various telephone numbers cited in Gary’s examples may be viewed from a historical perspective, noting that as the telephone grew in popularity over the years, and the subscriber base rapidly expanded, the local numbering system grew along with it — from two digits in the early 1900s, to the current ten.”

In the complete story, we refer you to the two part article “Telephone Service Comes to Deer Park.” For directions to the article, check the “Further Reading” box at the bottom of the previous page.

...a lack of factual recognition...

I sometimes think our historical society’s existence is a closely guarded secret. If so, that has never been our intent.

The degree of relative inconsequentialness our group seems to suffer was recently suggested by a comment appearing in the newsletter of another historical society — this group both well established and respected. Referencing our group, their publication stated, "The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — what have they done into the Deer Park Historical Society?” Having first joined the Clayton Historical Society in December of 2003 — and being in attendance when, several years later, the name was changed to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — this is news to me.

I debated whether or not to send a corrective email to said publication, but concluded there was no long-term benefit to our group in doing so. If we were more deeply impressed within the region’s awareness, either that publication’s editor would have known the facts, or have felt it wise to check his/her assumptions before printing.

Looking at this from a commercial point of view, a lack of recognition is suggestive of a problem we need to own, not the other group’s newsletter. And this does appear to be an ongoing problem — one that our society’s vice-president, Pete Coffin, brought forward during several recent meetings.

We aren’t receiving enough feedback from the local community to be able to gauge the public’s awareness of the society and its mission, but it does appear to be less than we might hope for after this many years. Pete’s been asking if some form of active distribution, and the online version submitted for posting. This twenty page edition begins with an article investigating the early days of Deer Park’s recently demolished Crawford Street gymnasium. The edition’s Letters/Brickbats segment discusses the recent relocation of the Perrins Field plaque honoring the playground’s namesake, legendary Deer Park High School teacher M. S. “Sam” Perrins — said move also related to the gym’s demolition. 2) Going forward, the Mortarboard hopes to feature an article displaying a set of 1935 photos of a living deer stuck to the ice on Loon Lake. Also under construct is an article built around three recently obtained photos of the Great Clayton Fire of 1908. All of which is to say that the various telephone numbers cited in Gary’s examples may be viewed from a historical perspective, noting that as the telephone grew in popularity over the years, and the subscriber base rapidly expanded, the local numbering system grew along with it — from two digits in the early 1900s, to the current ten.

(letter continued next page)...
could determine what kind of requirements we have as we decide what kind of storage we need. (c) When it comes time to get a building, we need to consider environment, size of building, what kind of access we want to have to it, not to mention cost.

In January, C/DPHS dues are due. Penny Hutten reported by email that the Westerners Spokane Corral’s meeting will be Dec. 15, 2016, at the Airport Holiday Inn. Contact Pat Holien by Dec. 12, for reservations at 509-951-2090. Stephanie Plosman will give a talk about The Bing Crosby Collection and other interesting Collections of Gonzaga University. Stephanie is the archivist for Gonzaga University. She is in charge of the Bing Crosby House, Digital Collections, Gonzaga University History, Japanese Americans in the Inland Empire, and the Manuscript Collection.

Pete contacted Jeff Clark of the Deer Park Magazine about the C/DPHS having an ad in the publication. The costs range from $400 for a full page ad to $100 for a 1/2 and a half inch by 5 inch ad. Do we need to advertise here? Would it be worth $100? There was considerable discussion, but no motion. It can be brought up again later.

Mike Reiter was called in early this morning to plow Deer Park streets, so had nothing to report. He does have a paper written by Jeff Albin in the 1980s about the Nike Missile Site he wants to get in the archives.

After the November meeting Mike Reiter, Wally Parker, and Bill Sebright found a couple bubbles on the ochre colored base of the terracotta Eagle. Bill emailed Doug Flewellen at Pioneer Waterproofing. Doug called and emailed Bill. Doug’s email read as follows: "Those bubbles were not present during my visit. October was an extremely wet month. My opinion is that the moisture came up through the bottom of the base. I am not concerned with these bubbles. We will address them in the spring. We will remove the coating in these areas and recoat. Again there is nothing to worry about at this time.”

Next meeting: Saturday, January 14, 2017, at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 10:03 AM. The Society meeting minutes submitted by Mark Wagner, acting Secretary.

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.

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Bill Sebright, President — sebrightba@gmail.com — (509) 276-2693
Peter Coffin, Vice-President — peffis@q.com
Wally Lee Parker, Editor of Print Publications — bogwen100@msn.com — (509) 467-9433

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C/DPHS

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Betty Deuber, Rick Flowers, Mike Reiter, Bill Sebright, Chuck Stewart, Linda Smith.

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

Ask about “Collected Newsletters: Volume Twenty-Nine.”