

THE  
CLAYTON/DEER PARK  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# Mortarboard

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*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.*

## *Growing Up On A "Stump Ranch"*

by

*Wey Simpson*

*(Part One)*

My earliest memories revolve around a farm and farm animals and all the work it took to live life on a farm as the 1920s morphed into the Depression 30s and the 'World at War' 40s.

I was born in Pullman, to Murrel and Neva (Johnson) Simpson in 1926, and lived the first 3 years of my life on a rented wheat farm in the Palouse. We moved to a farm near Elk in the watershed year of 1929. The finances of many were challenged to the point of desperation in the decade that followed. It was a bad year to buy a farm and by 1932 we were at the point of losing it. Had it not been for a gentleman who liked my dad, I have often wondered where we might have ended up. He was kind enough to loan my Dad \$2,000 so that we could buy an 80 acre tract of land that was mostly timber. (*An aside is probably ap-*

*propriate here: The only proviso on the loan was "pay as you can, but at least pay the interest every year." It wasn't until the years of World War II that we were able to pay off the full loan.) That acreage was located north and west of Deer Park on Montgomery Rd. There the Simpson family would hang their hats, bend their backs, cut down trees and turn forest land into farm land.*

Although Dad grew up and farmed in his early years in the grain fields of the Palouse, he had a love for dairy cows, and that was where we began to turn our agricultural focus after the move to Elk. The Simpson family would keep their hands and hearts in the dairy industry until about 1994. Three generations would follow that path. That however is a story for another time.

Memories begin at the farm near Elk

*Note: A graduate of Deer Park High School, Wey Simpson is best known for his radio and television farm reports — particularly for his many years as "Farm Director" at Spokane's KHQ. Wey retired from broadcasting in 2003, and recently became a member of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society.*

**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>*

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

*Ask about  
"Collected Newsletters: Volume Twenty-One."*

*Society contact information can be found  
on page 1000.*



Photo from the Wey Simpson Collection.

*Wey and his dad, Murrel, harvesting wheat and vetch hay on the farm near Elk in 1930 or '31. Wey said, "Riding the horse while Dad was haying wasn't normal. It was probably just for the photo."*

where I remember being with Dad as he harvested forage to feed our small herd of cows during the times when pasture was not available. Of course cows were milked by hand and both my Mom and Dad did that and the other chores that seemed to be endless.

Being an only child, if there were chores that I could handle, I did them; there was no one else with which to share the fun.

I started school in the fall of 1932 in a little one room school perhaps a mile or more from our house. On the first day, my Mom walked me to the top of a hill that was between us and the school, and from there on I was on my own. This part of my schooling was short however as we were in the process of leaving Elk and moving to Deer Park.

The Principal of the Grade School in Deer Park was the son-in-law of a neighbor who lived to the north of the farm at Elk. On the day that we moved, Dale Harmon picked me up from our house and took me to the school in Deer Park and got me enrolled in the

first grade. That evening I got on a school bus and made the trip to our new home.

A few words about how the move was accomplished may be of interest.

Life was much simpler and in some ways a lot harder in 1932. Most of our household goods were loaded in a wagon drawn by our team of draft horses. The cows were herded onto the road and driven all the way from one farm to the next. By today's means of travel it wasn't far, but I can imagine it must have been a real challenge for my folks. Somehow the job was managed, and we began another chapter of life. Recognizing that the memory of a six-year-old is not infallible, I suspect that we made several trips before moving day, hauling what we could in the Model T we owned.

Maybe a few words about the house we would live in.

The main part of the house was divided down the middle with the part toward the road serving as a living room; the other

side was a combination kitchen and dining room. There was an unfinished upstairs which we never used except for storage. One of the first things Dad did was remove the stairway to make more living space. To the west end of the house was a lean-to that was divided in half, these two rooms served as bedrooms. There was a shed attached to the back of the house. (*More about it later.*) The barn was a rather rudimentary structure, the larger part for storing hay with a lean-to in which we could milk cows. Over the years the house would be expanded and changed a lot, the barn would eventually be replaced, and the milking area completely changed.

It was a time when nearly all of the work required human power or horse power. One of the critical times of the year for us was the summer and getting the hay in the barn so we could make it through the winter with enough cow feed. Of course, the horses required forage too. We did have to buy grain to feed the livestock that was an ongoing expense, one that was necessary in order to produce the milk that paid the bills. Whatever we did had an additional focus — to put food on our table.

As I have looked back on these times I realize that by today's standards we were living in poverty. But, we didn't know it. We had so much company. I often wore 'hand-me-down' clothes given to my folks by one or another of my aunts and uncles. At other times I recall putting cardboard into the bottom of my shoes to cover a hole in the sole. We could also, when we could afford it, buy a rubber sole that could be cemented over the hole in our shoes. It never occurred to me to think I was underprivileged. There were so many of us and as children we didn't realize how difficult it was to survive. After all, as a kid I looked at the world through an entirely different prism than the adults.

Still, living on a farm assured us of food. Everybody had a garden and we preserved as much of what we produced as we could. My Mom would spend countless hours in the kitchen canning fruits and vegetables so



*Neva and Murrel Simpson in a snapshot taken outside the original house. The woodshed in the immediate background was built of lumber salvaged from the abandoned Acadia Orchards flume. Photo likely from the mid 1930s.*

that we'd have food to carry us as far as we could get toward another harvest. And we had a root cellar where fruits and vegetables could be stored. My mother's brother and sisters lived in the fruit area around Wenatchee. And they would bring us fresh fruit that could be canned, or stored for a time. And of course fruit was also canned so it was available in the winter ahead.

Photo from the Wey Simpson Collection.



*Wey at around age 10. The original barn is in the background. After the barn's hay storage area — the center area — had been filled, any extra hay was stacked outside (as seen near the corner of the barn in this photo). Being exposed to the ongoing effects of weather, this outside hay was always fed first. The milking area is the lean-to part of the barn.*

Since we milked cows and sold the cream to a creamery, we needed a hand operated apparatus called a separator. The raw milk was poured into a big metal bowl at the top and it ran down into the separator as we turned the handle. The revolution of the machinery inside caused the cream to come out of one outlet and the skim milk out of another. So, the name of the machine made sense. We would store the cream in metal cans, keep them in cold water until the milk truck came and hauled the product to town. We had all the dairy products we needed for personal use,

churning our own butter, making cottage cheese, and of course milk for cooking and drinking.

In time we would become members of the Inland Empire Dairy Association, which was a cooperative. We then shipped whole milk to Spokane where it was bottled and processed into butter, cheese, cottage cheese, ice cream and other dairy products. That was a major change that would necessitate changes in the way we milked our cows. Needless to say through the early years we milked the cows by hand. Something I learned to do fairly early in my life. I'd pick up a stool, grab a bucket, sit down at the cow's right flank, press my head into her flank, put the bucket between my legs and begin to squeeze away. Once the milk was in the bucket, I'd take it into the milk house we'd built next to the milking barn and pour the milk into a strainer that sat atop a 10 gallon milk can. Then the milk was held in a pool of cold water until the milk truck would arrive to haul the milk into the plant in Spokane. As technologies changed and health requirements became more stringent, new methods had to be adopted. In time we'd graduate from milk cans, to electrically cooled milk tanks. Our milk would be picked up and delivered to the plant in Spokane in a refrigerated tank truck. Later, beginning during WWII, we'd milk with a milking machine and do a lot of other jobs with the help of machinery.

The dairy was our living, so when it came to the priorities used in deciding where to spend our resources, the cows came first. There was a saying among many farmers of the time, "The barn will build the house." Unfortunately that was sometimes carried to an extreme.

We had a lot of skim milk in the early years of dairying since we only marketed the cream. As a result we always kept pigs to which we could feed the skim milk. The benefit of raising hogs was that we could butcher a pig every fall and make bacon and ham by preserving it with salty compounds that we could purchase at the grocery store. Many

*Photo from the Wey Simpson Collection.*



*Photo from the Wey Simpson Collection.*

*Murrel, Neva, and Wey Simpson  
Photo likely taken in the mid 1930's*

farms also had smoke houses where cuts of pork could be preserved. We also ate a lot of pork before it turned bad. In time, the Deer Park Creamery built a facility in which one could rent a locker and freeze foodstuffs, we were then able to preserve such things as pork and beef and have them available any time.

Another autumn routine involved the

wood that had been salvaged from the timber that was cut down so we could have more land to farm. We had a neighbor who possessed a saw that was powered by a gasoline engine. A log could be put on a sliding platform and the log could be sawed into lengths that would fit

————— *Text continues on page 992* —————



**Deer Park  
Grade School  
1932 — '33**

*(All of 1<sup>st</sup> grade and part of the 2<sup>nd</sup>.)  
(all left to right)*

**Front Row:**

— Bobby Lansing —  
— Harry Packer —  
— Charles Wolfe — Peter ? —  
— George Turrell — ? Crosby —  
— Aaron Olson — Robert Neswick —  
— Bob Bolen — Bob Warner —

**Second Row:**

— (?) Crosby — Wey Simpson —  
— Don Larson — Omer Craig —  
— Howard Reiter — Leroy Woods —  
— Billy Rock — Warren Olson —  
— Jimmy Olson —

**Back Row:**

— Earl Friels — Jeanette Pakker —  
— Eva Bugenhagen —  
— Mary Verdell —  
— Marcheta Russell —  
— Evelyn Bender —  
— Mary Jane Allen —  
— Dorothy Jane Seebloom —  
— Ruth Thexton — ? —  
— Evelyn Kephart (sp) —  
— Juanita Lewis — Alvin Hutson —

**Teacher:**

Miss Loyles

*(Photo from the Wey Simpson Collection)*

— Text continued from page 989 —

into the kitchen stove and the heater in the living room. That's where I came in. We had a shed attached to the back of the house, and it was my job to move the wood from the pile where it was sawed to length and stack it in the shed. A practical plan, but for a pre-teen it seemed like a terrible punishment. I spent many a Saturday hour picking wood from the pile and neatly stacking it in the shed. Of course, at that age I didn't translate what I was doing to the comfortable heat I enjoyed during the winter.

As I think about that shed, I recall the lumber from which it was constructed. The flume that carried water to the Arcadia Orchard, east of Deer Park, had run past our farm. When the flume was no longer used, many farmers acquired the lumber from which it was built and also some of the iron rods that had held it together. The wood shed was constructed of lumber that had rust colored lines across it, indicating where the rods had been when the flume was in use. It was of such lumber that the woodshed had been built. For many years we would find remnants of that lumber around the farm.

Speaking of the so-called woodshed, I recall it served at least one other purpose. It proved a shelter at the back door of the house, and there was space where Mom had her wash tub and other laundry paraphernalia. Early on, the washing was done on the old washboard, more hand labor. Eventually we had a gas motor driven washing machine and later an electric.

One of the essential focuses of dairy farming was providing enough feed for the cows. As we increased the acreage that could be farmed, we could raise more hay and thus feed more cows. Summer was pretty much dedicated to the harvesting and storage of hay.

In the early years a lot of hard physical labor was necessary. The truth is, it still requires a lot of labor, but with today's modern equipment one man or woman can do a lot more. But, it is still hard work, just different.

In the early years on the farm everything was done by human and horse power. My early memories of haying are like this:

We had a mowing machine that was drawn by our team of horses, and the machine was powered by the turning of the wheels. So, the hay was mowed and allowed to dry some. Next the horses would pull what we called a dump rake around the field, making it possible to create what was termed windrows across the field. The hay would dry some more, then horse power graduated to people power. As soon as the hay was dry enough, we'd go into the field, pitchfork in hand and begin to make small stacks of hay, which were referred to as 'shocks'. The hay was left to dry some more. When the hay was cured enough, we'd hitch the horses to a wagon and with one person on the wagon to place the hay, we'd have one or two people on the ground pitching the shocks onto the bed of the wagon. When loaded, the wagon would be driven to the barn and the process was reversed. We threw the hay off the wagon and it was then stacked in the barn. Horses and people doing the work so the cows could eat, produce milk, and provide an income. Usually, if we grew alfalfa, we'd get two crops of hay. (Except on dry years. The second crop could be little more than pasture.) We also had to feed the cows twice a day, so the process was more or less reversed and the hay would be removed from the barn and placed in a manger so the cows could dine.

In the ensuing years the process changed. In time Dad installed a track that ran the full length of the barn at the peak of the roof. Then we could put rope slings in the wagon, pile hay on the sling, doing so in two layers. Then we'd drive up to the end of the barn where the roof had been extended far enough so that the end of track would be over the wagon. We'd fasten the two ends of the sling into an apparatus that would then draw the sling up to the roof, where wheels would trip and the horses, working from the other end of the barn, would pull the hay to the desired position and the slings were released and the hay would drop into the barn. Then some

hand labor was required to place the hay so that all of the space in the barn was utilized. Easier, but still a lot of work.

Later we would go another route. We had a neighbor, Frank Kline, who invested in one of the early portable hay balers. So, for a few years we worked together with him. The baler was towed by a tractor and powered by the power take off. It required at least four people to operate it. The tractor driver and someone standing on a platform at the top of the conveyor that picked up the hay from the windrow to fork the hay into the bale chamber. There also needed to be a person riding on a bench on either side of the bale chamber. Their job involved one person putting baling wires through the blocks that separated the bales and a person on the other side hooking the ends of the wires together so that when the bale popped out of the chamber and expanded, it would be an actual bale of hay. We not only baled our hay and Frank Kline's, we often baled hay for other farmers in the area. It was usually my job to deal with one side of the baling wire routine.

Still later we hired a neighbor to chop our hay and blow it into the barn. We would haul it in from the field and then run it through a stationary chopper. One year the hay went in too wet. One night we noticed fire at the end of the hay barn. Neighbors came from all around; they tore off the boards from the end of the barn and pulled out the hot hay. The barn was saved, but we lost a lot of forage. Tons of hay literally turned to charcoal.

This event triggers a thought about the farm culture of the time. We were neighbors in the true sense of the word. If one suffered an illness or an injury and couldn't do their work, neighbors weighed in to help. I recall one year my Dad was seriously ill. Mom and I kept the dairy going, but there was field work going undone. A group of neighbors came with their machinery and their strong backs and the work was done. No one asked for anything in return, because we all knew that if we were in need the favor would be returned. People cared for their neighbors

and showed it.

Not only that, neighbors worked together, helping each other do jobs that were too big for one person. It was a community of neighbors in the best sense of the word.

Speaking of neighbors, I think a few should be mentioned. My earliest memories of the neighbors directly west of us were of the Westin family. They had a boy, some years younger than me, but Junior and I would play together occasionally. Across the road from them was the Cuff family. Mrs. Weston was a daughter of the Cuffs. One thing I remember about the Cuffs was that over several years they would have their hay baled using a stationary baler. It was a huge machine that was powered by horses going around a circular track. Several wagons and teams of men were involved in bringing the hay in from the field, the bales were then stored away later, and, as I recall, they sold most of their hay, providing a source of income.

To the east of us were Louis and Edith Reiter and their family. Socially, we were probably closer to them than most of our neighbors. They also had several children. I recall, Walt, Eleanor, Eileen, Howard, Tommy, Gordon and Terry. Howard and I were about the same age and so we did spend quite a bit of time together.

They had a Shetland pony named Sammy that Howard and I would ride in tandem. I remember one time when we were riding Sammy, the Shetland pony started up a sharp incline. I was riding in the rear, suddenly I wasn't riding any more, I was sitting on the ground. A rapid dismount. Another memorable embarrassment.

I've already mentioned Frank Kline, he and his wife Pearl lived across the road from Reiter's farm. However, when we first moved to Deer Park, Walt and Edna Sargent and their family lived there. They had several children, all of whom were older than me; still our two families visited back and forth a lot. The Sargent family later moved to Half Moon Prairie. We kept in touch with them even after that.



Photo from the Wey Simpson Collection.

**Wey, Howard Reiter, and Sammy the Shetland pony. Howard is sitting in front. In the background is the Hudson Terraplane, which replaced the Model T Ford sitting in the rudimentary garage. The farmhouse is to the right of this picture. One of the few toys Wey remembers is the tricycle, a portion of which is visible at the lower edge of the photo.**

There was a forty acre farm across the road from us. A bachelor named Rudy Hartick (sp) lived on the property when we arrived, later a family named Weems would live there for a few years. They had two boys, but we never had much contact with either.

A further note about neighbors: Our social life mostly involved neighbors. We would visit each other and on occasion several families would converge on one household and we would enjoy a meal together and fellowship. I especially recall the “Oyster Suppers”. The main course as a soup-like product made of milk and oysters. I never cared much for oysters, per se, but I did like the product that came out of the pot.

The Simpsons were active members of the Gardenspot Grange. Dad served as Master for several years and later also was Master of the Excelsior Pomona Grange,

which represented the next degree of the farm fraternity. Mom held the Secretary’s job for a long time. I became involved in what was then termed the Juvenile Grange. We would meet in an adjacent room while the adults were meeting in the main hall. We also were members of the Deer Park Methodist Church. My folks were active in the Community Fair that for many years was held in Deer Park. And of course there were dairy organizations in which we were involved. Both parents were 4-H Club leaders and Mom was involved in the Lost Spring Home Economics Club. Dad also served as Clerk of the Deer Park Township until the demise of the township program. Personally, I would be involved in the church, 4-H, exhibited animals at the fair and was around on the periphery of the adult group activities. The Grange provided a social center, meetings were held twice a month, on

Saturdays, and on many of the intervening Saturdays there would be dances or card parties.

During the years that they actively farmed, both of my parents were fully involved in every aspect of farm life. In the early years Dad and Mom worked side by side

clearing land so it could be converted into productive farm land that could produce crops to support the dairy. Mom helped with the milking as well. It was a joint effort in which I played a supportive part from an early age.

... to be continued in issue # 81 ...

## Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — November 8, 2014 —

In attendance: Sue Rehms, Wally Parker, Pat Parker, Don Reiter, Mary Jo Reiter, Mike Reiter, Kay Parkin, Betty Burdette, Lorraine Nord, Mark Wagner, Bill Sebright, Marie Morrill, Bob Gibson, Bob’s daughter Dianne Allert, Marilyn Reilly, Tom Costigan, Lonnie Jenkins, Ella Jenkins, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Grace Hubal, Lynn F. Wells, and Don Ball.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported: 1) Lisa Jordan, a local barber, asked Bill if the “dog trot” log barn on Cleveland Road just north of Burroughs was once a stage coach station. Pete Coffin said, “Up until the building of the Spokane Falls and Northern, the stage road was the old Cottonwood Road east and south of Deer Park. That barn wasn’t even close to the main road between Deer Park and Spokane.” 2) Wey Simpson’s pictures are scanned and returned. One Deer Park Elementary group picture from the 1930s shows Miss Stowe’s class. She later became Mrs. Culkin and was a teacher and librarian into the 1960s. (Pictures were passed around.) 3) A book with color photos has been put together compiling the research results of the 2-year project to trace the route of the Fort Walla Walla to Fort Colville Military Road. They cost \$55. Some people have asked if the information is online. The project administrators

want to control the publication and will not put it online in the near future. 4) The Heritage Network meeting at the Clayton School was well attended. The next Heritage Network meeting will be on November 17 in Colville. There won’t be any meetings in December 2014, January and February 2015. The March 2015 meeting location will be decided at the November meeting. 5) Roxanne Camp and Mike Reiter both found the Sam Perrins sign at his field in good shape. (Picture was passed around.)

Society Treasurer, Mark Wagner reported: The ending balance for the main checking account as of October 31<sup>st</sup> was \$6,314.82. Checks written were to Bill Sebright, \$5 for postage and to Grace Hubal for flowers, \$30. Deposits were a total of \$50.00. The web hosting account stands at \$1,050.42 and a withdrawal of \$10.95. The memorial fund is at \$2,080.00. The Brickyard Day fund is at \$874.17.

Society Secretary Grace Hubal reported: 1) Sent out sympathy cards to the Fackenthall family. 2) Sent a thank you to Marilyn Lindh for donating the Leno Prestini painting to the Society. 3) Sent out a thank-you card for a donation in memory of Allan Fackenthall.

We are still looking for a Secretary. Contact Grace or Bill if you are interested.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin reported that he: 1) Digitized the Blaylock Drag Race scrap book and will give Bill Sebright a copy. 2) Spent too much time on a wild goose chase concerning the location of the outlaw Harry Tracy who lived for a period of time on the shores of Loon Lake in the 1890s. An incorrect newspaper article indicated he was in jail during almost all of the 1890s.

Society print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) Ninety copies of the November Mortarboard have been printed for free distribution. Among other things, said issue contains an article outlining Dr. Charles Mutschler's identification of the various Spokane streetcars seen in the Society's Arcadia Orchards film. 2) Ten copies of the latest issue of the "Collected Newsletters" have been printed. Contact Society president Bill Sebright for your copy of "Volume Twenty." As always, more copies of this and all other "Collected Newsletters" will be printed whenever demand dictates. 3) And lastly, the Mortarboard is about to pass the 1,000 page mark. If you have a favorite article out of all those pages, drop a note to anyone on the Society's contact list (printed in each issue of the Mortarboard) stating the article's page number and why you found that particular article so memorable. Comments will be published in a future "Letters" column.

Marie Morrill reported that: She uploaded the October and November Mortarboards to the Website.

Penny Hutten reported by email: 1) The Westerners meeting will be on November 20, 2014 on "Controversy, Scandal and Social Change in Early Spokane." The story of the

two Fassetts, Zitella Fassett the Social Activist and Lillian Fassett the Active Socialite, by Richard Sola will be the program at the Airport Holiday Inn, 1616 South Windsor Drive, Spokane, WA 99224. Contact Pat Holien by November 13<sup>th</sup> for reservations. Pat's email address is patholien@comcast.net. Her phone number is 466-2439. For more information call Penny at 276-5454. 2) The Spokane Valley Heritage Museum is having its 10th Annual Heritage Program & Luncheon. The program will be "The Heritage of Felts Field." It will be on Saturday, November 15, 2014, from 11 AM to 1 PM. Tickets are \$20. RSVP to 922-4570.

Bill Sebright entertained a motion to purchase a Ft. Walla to Ft. Colville Military Road book for the Society for \$55. Mark Wagner moved to purchase the book and Bob Gibson seconded it. Lynn Wells brought in a draft, which was passed around. Discussion followed. The motion was unanimously passed.

We are still looking for ideas and volunteers for the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Clayton School. The first meeting will be in February 2015.

Lorraine Nord brought in a donation from Marilyn Lyndh, which was two Deer Park High School Antler annuals from 1950 and 1952.

Next meeting: Saturday, December 13, 2014 at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In. Meeting adjourned at 10:00 AM.

The meeting minutes submitted by Grace Hubal, Secretary.

— end —

DON'T WAIT  
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Big variety of useful presents  
and beautiful gifts.  
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Nothing carried over in the Christmas line. Call and see what we have.  
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## Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

### Bits of Chatter, Trivia & Notices All Strung Together

#### ... bowling and a barber shop ...

An article appeared in the October 30, 1952 issue of the *Deer Park Union* announcing that "Deer Park will soon have a bowling alley." The article went on to explain that Vern Haines and Normi (Spud) Zucchetto had leased the basement underneath the De Paola building in downtown Deer Park with the intention of installing "three alleys for bowling, two shuffleboards and two billiard tables." What made this "front page" news was the fact that "Not since the war (WWII) has there been a place for youngsters and oldsters alike for such entertainment."

An additional notation stated that "Another portion of the basement will be used for Spud's barber shop."

I emailed a copy of the above article to my Editorial Group — said group being a hodgepodge of society members and associates that serve as editorial advisors. In a sense, they're the literary equivalent of the Baker Street Irregulars. And like the Irregulars, anyone who would care to join is welcome — being a society member is not a requirement. (If you're interested in participating in the group's online behind-the-scenes conversations, just find the Society Contacts list on the last page of this issue and drop the editor a note.)

In reply, Paul Erickson wrote, "I remember going to the subterranean bowling alley — taking the stairs down from the Main Street sidewalk. It all seemed very unique at the time. Nice memories."

Paul went on to say, "Spud Zucchetto was my barber throughout the time I grew up in Deer Park — though the business I remem-

ber was then located at street level. Spud once lived on a few acres near the access road to the sawmill, and my mom would take me there at various times to ride Spud's Shetland ponies.

"Does anyone remember the pink colored Butch Wax," Paul asked the online group?

Mike Reiter chimed in, "I remember going down to the bowling alley with my Grandpa Keiser. He wasn't bowling, but there were a couple of rows of fold-up theater type seats in the back. I felt pretty special sitting with all the 'old' guys — them smoking their cigars and pipes and watching the bowling.

"I too sat in Spud's chair. Besides the Butch Wax, I remember a cartoon on the wall. In the cartoon, the barber is shaving his client with a straight razor. He asks his customer, 'You didn't have ketchup for lunch? Then I'm afraid I've cut your throat!' That always made me a little nervous when I was little."

Charles Stewart contributed, "It should be noted that the 'ketchup for lunch' drawing was by Leno Prestini. The name of the patron whose throat was being cut was Herman."

As for who the above "Herman" caricature was in real life — if anybody other than a wisp from Leno's imagination — that appears to remain a mystery.

Ken Westby wrote, "Like Mike and Paul, I had my hair cut at Spud's street level shop. I also remember the Butch Wax and razor cartoon." Then Ken added, "I think Spud abandoned any plans to move his shop to the basement.

The  
Deer Park Union  
December 24, 1915

*“As I recall, the bowling alley ended up with four lanes rather than the three mentioned in the article. The first job I had was setting pins for 10 cents a game on evenings and weekends. I did that along with several of my school chums — among them Herb Roll and Ron Lane. It was tedious work, but on a good day one could earn three or four dollars. The proprietor at that time was Omer West.”*

Spud Zucchetto and Verne Haines weren't in the bowling alley business long. An article in the December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1955 issue of the *Deer Park Tribune* headlines, “Bowling Alley Sold Effective Dec. 1.” The article went on to say that the new owner — the above noted Omer West of Bellingham — “has had experience in the care and maintenance of bowling alleys.”

*“I was in the Deer Park High School bowling league in 1964,”* Charles Stewart wrote. *“It wasn't a school sponsored team — we never bowled any other schools, and it's not mentioned in the high school annuals. At that time the alley was managed by Ray Bezdicek. His son, Gary, was in the league with me, Rick Hodges, Marcia Cox, and several others — that I hope someone else is able to recall.”*

Rick Hodges responded, *“I remember the bowling league — or more precisely our bowling team. Besides Chuck Stewart, Marcia Cox and myself, there was Christina Arriola.*

*“It's odd, but I can't remember much about who we played against. We bowled on Saturday mornings, and there must have been at least three other teams or it wouldn't have been much of a contest.*

*“I think the four in my team were all taking high school Spanish at the time. When we had to come up with a name for our team, someone suggested ‘The Atascaderos.’ We all thought, ‘Hey, that's a great name.’ A bit exotic sounding, but it rolls off the tongue easily. So that was it. None of us gave any thought as to what it really meant. Only later — after the name was made official — did we learn it meant a bog, mire, or mud hole.*

*“I also put in a couple of years set-*

*ting pins. I used to work on league nights — three or four times a week — when there were two shifts of league bowlers. Each team with five members bowled three games — so five bowlers times two teams times three games times two shifts netted out to sixty games a night. At ten cents a game, that was \$6.00. Not bad for a 14 year old. I also remember that a not insignificant portion of that ended up in the pinball or pop machine and never got out of the building. When I left town to see the world — courtesy of the United States Navy — the pin setting was still manual. I don't think they ever converted to the automatics despite the promise of every new proprietor in turn.*

*“Being a kid in Deer Park was not a bad deal. As a town kid there were always opportunities to earn a few dollars. Paper routes, setting pins, mowing lawns, bagging groceries, and occasional jobs picking up hay bales kept me in spending money. I just wish such opportunities were still available for kids today.”*

As for the barber shop — as noted, that never quite made it into the basement of the De Paola building. And regarding the shop's owner, an obituary in the December 17<sup>th</sup>, 1970 edition of the *Spokane Chronicle* — an obituary datelined “*Deer Park, Wash.*” — stated, “*Normi (Spud) Zucchetto, 57, a long-time barber here, died at Tri-County Hospital yesterday following a lingering illness. Born at Greenwood, B.C., he came to this area when he was 6 years old. At one time he was Deer Park's only barber.*”

The above is just about all we have at this time regarding Spud Zucchetto, his barber shop, or Deer Park's Main Street bowling alley. Any photos, recollections, or memorabilia expanding the same would be much appreciated.

#### ... 1,000 pages of Mortarboards ...

Desktop publishing — the creation of books, magazines, and newsletters on computer screens with the intent of transferring them

to paper — is one of those magical things made possible by computer technology. Computer programs are available that, with practice, give anyone the ability to lay out acceptable looking publications. And modern laser printers allow anyone to print them. This is a far cry from the way things used to be.

My first brush with publishing occurred in 1979. Spokane's Holy Family Hospital was having its 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary and my immediate boss “volunteered” me to be on the celebration committee. Tasked with coming up with some kind of historical retrospective to distribute during the festivities, I decided to publish a four page tabloid size commemorative newspaper. The chosen printer provided a 10 minute crash course in setting up camera-ready paste-ups for offset printing. He also furnished “mechanical” sheets to do the paste-ups on, and a “non-repro blue” pen for writing extra instructions on the sheets — instructions that would be invisible to the camera.

I made full use of the hospital's resources to do my paste-up. A cadre of secretary/typists — all excellent spellers — turned the mostly hand-written scripts provided by the hospital staff into pages of print set to a specific column width. I took those typewritten pages, reduced them in size using the “percentage” function on the hospital's massive Xerox machines, then trimmed and glued the resulting columns onto the paste-up sheets. As for the photos — those I just left space for. The publisher took care of the photos since a special filter material had to be pasted over each so the camera would see them as a pattern of dots. Those dots allowed the photos to be printed on the off-set press.

It all worked. As best I can recall, it cost us about two-hundred 1979 dollars to print 1,000 copies. It would have cost almost that much to print just a single copy — and not much more to print 2,000. Print was and is one area of commerce where the economics of mass production are clearly evident.

A few years later I created the text and photos for a book on setting up orthopedic tractions. That was published by an affiliate

of Holy Family Hospital and seemed to do quite well in the larger market. In that case I didn't get to see the actual printing process — since that was done in a factory on the other side of the country.

Several years after the orthopedic project I had a local firm print 200 copies of a book of my poetry. The process was similar to that used for the commemorative newspaper — paste-ups and photo offsets. Two things I learned from that. First, low volume “vanity” publishing was frightfully expensive. And secondly, I'm not Robert Frost.

And speaking of poets — before the advent of movable type, making paper copies of Sappho's classic verse would have been unimaginably labor intensive. Everything had to be recreated by hand. After the advent of Johannes Gutenberg's moveable-type printing press, making multiple volumes became both relatively easy and relatively economical.

In the last quarter of the 19<sup>th</sup> century Thomas Edison invented the stencil duplicator — a forerunner of the classic mimeograph machine. Of course, not all duplicators were mimeograph machines. I remember my first grade teacher at Clayton, Mrs. Gardner, using a ditto machine. Also known as spirit duplicators, these devices were developed in the 1920s. The copies were crude, blue in color, and they faded rather quickly. And the number of copies you could duplicate from each master, extremely limited. On the other hand, the solvent mixture smelled delightful. One whiff of anything similar and most people my age are transported back to some otherwise dimly recalled classroom. As far as I know, that solvent (unlike most everything else in the modern world) has never been proven to be carcinogenic — and, according to the Material Safety Data Sheet, only mildly explosive if used in a large enough room.

Mimeograph machines — stencil duplicators — were above my pay grade when I was in high school. You had to be pulling in much better than a “D” average to even get near one of those. The mimeograph's shortcoming as a medium for publication was ap-



parent with every issue of the school's newspaper. Creating perfect stencils was nearly impossible. And the stencil's life-expectancy was just a few hundred copies.

Introduced in 1959, Xerox copy machines — using the same underlying technology now used in the society's laser printer — did away with these mechanical duplicators. And in turn, computer based printers have since relegated most of those hulking Xerox machines to the dark corner of the office.

When it came to creating a newsletter for the society, my first decision was that it wasn't going to be a newsletter — it was in fact going to be a small magazine. A magazine that would be easy to archive by reformatting it into 48 page booklets. We were already using the booklet format in the society's prior publication, the *Reports to the Clayton Historical Society*. Unlike the "free" newsletters, these booklets would carry a small charge — enough to cover the cost of printing the booklets, with enough left over to at least defray the cost of the free newsletters.

As for the name of the newsletter — since the first incarnation of the society was

simply the Clayton Historical Society, we wanted something that could tie into Clayton's history without excluding the surrounding communities. The reason for Clayton's creation was its brick plant. Bricks are small objects glued together to make larger structures. The glue — the mortar — is carried to the work area on a board — a mortarboard. So in a sense the C/DPHS's *Mortarboard* is the glue intended to bind the region's history together — to consolidate it and make it readily accessible. It seemed a perfect name.

Regarding the use of consecutive page numbers in these *Mortarboards*, it makes archiving much easier and more accurate.

And how well has all of the above worked out. We're crossing 1,000 pages in print. That entire mass is viewable online. It's also available in our bound reprints — the "*Collected Newsletters*." Those reprints have found their way into many homes, as well as the archives of a number of libraries and museums. All considered, I'd say we're doing quite well.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

### 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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———— C/DPHS ————

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