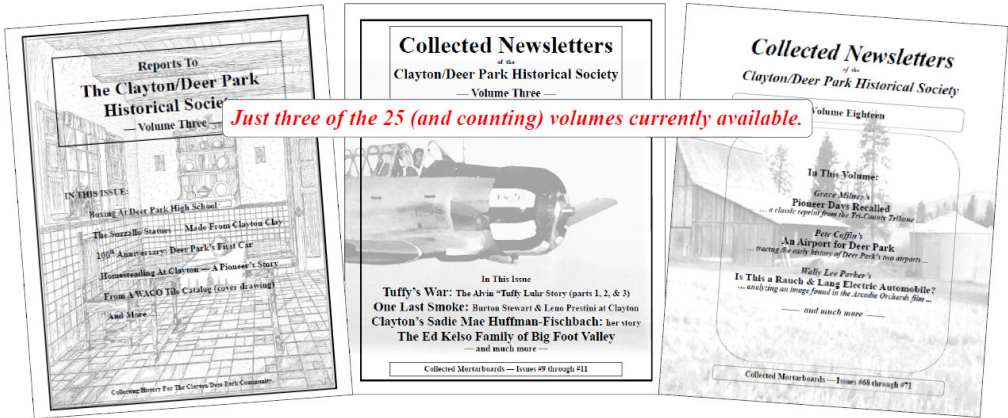


A
Local History
resource of impressive size and scope



The Collected Newsletters
of the
Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society
— & —
The Reports
to the
Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society

Over the last ten years the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society has published over 1,200 pages of articles and photos regarding the history of our community. This material is available in twenty-five (and counting) 48 page booklets. Each booklet can be obtained from the society for a donation of four dollars. You can visit our website at <http://www.cdphs.org> write the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society at Box 293, Clayton, WA 99110 or call (509) 276-2693.

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 Two)

As I write this I find I'm mostly letting my memories flow as they occur. Earlier I noted the impact the change from gas driven to electric powered equipment had on our lives. So, the advent of electricity comes to mind.

A farm about a mile to the south of us had electricity. But the power utility told us that if we wanted to have the electricity they provided, we'd have to pay to have the line built. In the early 1930's, sure we could do that. Wait for the laughter.

My dad was a strong Republican, but when FDR's New Deal came up with the Rural Electrification effort, he was one of the first to go to work signing up others in the area to form a cooperative that, with federal support, would build power lines to serve the farms that did not have the blessings of electricity. And that was most of our neighbors. As a result we had our house wired for electricity quite a while before the power lines were energized. I remember looking at the light fixture in the

ceiling and I would wonder what it would be like when it came to life.

Our only source of illumination at night on the farm had been the kerosene lamp or lantern, or the Coleman lantern or lamp that used gas under pressure to provide the gas in a form that would illuminate a mantle and thus provide a much brighter light. All of the power to operate our equipment was provided by either hand or horse. There was, for example, a lot of pumping of water by hand to meet the various needs of the family and the farm.

I'm uncertain of the year, but it seems to me that it must have happened about 1936. Suddenly one day, the light in the ceiling came on and we had joined the Electricity Age.

I still recall the first appliance we bought. Dad went to Deer Park and came home with a Philco console radio. I was really happy about that. Before that our radio had been powered by batteries. Well, batteries have a way of running down. As a result we listened very selectively. And often when the



Above: Winter, mid-1930s.

After driving a 1920's Ford Model T that was missing its side curtains, that had a factory installed hand operated windshield wiper, and that had to be started with a hand crank, the Simpson's enclosed Hudson Terraplane with powered wipers, with a heater, a radio, and an electric starter, was like a miracle.

Below: The winter of 1936.

Back then the roads were maintained by the township. Only the school bus and mail routes were cleared in heavy snows. Our house was on neither. In this photo Murrel Simpson is using a scoop shovel to make a path wide enough for a team of horses and sled to make the quarter mile to a plowed road.



The winter of 1936:

This photo was taken on the section of Short Road — commonly called Swamp Road back then — in front of Herb Reiter's farm. The snowdrift was estimated at seven feet high. This was the only way into town for groceries and other needs, as well as to deliver our cream — the source of the family's income — to town. The horses offer a clear reference to the magnitude of that winter.

batteries died, the radio remained dead too — since we didn't always have the spare money to afford new batteries. Now we could listen to the radio any time.

The console also included a record player that played the 78 rpm discs that were common at that time. We did have some records that my folks had bought previously. Before this new radio-phonograph we played those records on a spring powered phonograph, which of course required winding by hand in order to drive the turn-table. The spectrum of mechanically reproduced sound was fairly limited. With the Philco's electronic amplification we could hear high and low frequencies in those records that we had never before experienced.

A personal note here: I was fascinated by radio, long before we had electric power. Now that I could listen to it when I was free from the chores of the farm, I was ecstat-

ic. I could hear music, dramas, news, and entertainment and information programs of every type. The more I heard of what radio had to offer, the more enamored I became of the broadcast industry. One day as the three of us were driving into Spokane I simply announced to my folks that I was going to be a radio announcer. To me they were the stars of any broadcast. (I never really strayed from that path. I would spend nearly 60 years in various aspects of broadcasting and I loved nearly every minute of it. However, that's not really part of this story)

There is one radio memory that is still with me. Every evening about milking time there would be a series of 15 minute programs, supposedly aimed at the young. There were such programs as "Little Orphan Annie", "Jack Armstrong" and "Sky King". Adventure stories that were meant to appeal to kids my age. I'd linger in the house as long as I

could, listening to the latest episode before I knew I'd be in trouble if I didn't make to the barn to do my chores.

I mentioned our car. We drove a Model T Ford until it nearly fell apart. But, it met our basic needs, including our rare sojourns to Spokane, which in itself was an adventure for me. Finally in the mid-30s we acquired a Terraplane that had been driven by one of my Mom's sisters. It would carry us through the years of World War II.

I'm guilty of digression here. Back to the impact of electricity on life on the farm.

I recall one time my mother's parents, Charlie and Della Johnson came to visit us. Before they left we had running water in the house. Earlier we had gotten an electric well pump and water system, which would provide water for the livestock. Now, we had running water in the kitchen. In time we had an electric hot water heater, which meant that we no longer had a large container of water sitting on the kitchen stove. Eventually we acquired an electric stove. I recall Mom swore she would never learn to cook on it. It was certainly different than cooking with wood. A refrigerator eventually joined the impact of electricity on our lives. In time we'd have an inside bathroom, no more trips to the out-house, and a tub into which we could run warm water and take a bath. No more filling the round iron tub in the middle of the kitchen and pouring water from the large container on the stove. We were really living. And, of course, electricity would slowly change the way we farmed and it took away some of the back-breaking, arm-wearying physical labor. The change was gradual – only as we could afford to acquire the new technology.

Here I'd like to insert portions of an article that appeared in the Washington Farmer magazine, probably published in the very early 1940s, the article references 8 or 9 years since we had moved to the Deer Park area. It will flesh out some of my memories and give a different aspect to how the farm developed. Not everything is totally accurate, including the spelling of Dad's first name, but the ex-

cerpts provide his views of how our farm started and grew:

“Deer Park Family Worked Up From Depression”

“The true story of the Merle (sic) Simpson's of Deer Park, in Spokane County, would have interested the late Horatio Alger. Mr. Alger's fame came from writing fictional accounts of the rise of worthy individuals from low estate to success. The Simpsons' story is not quite a tale of “Rags to Riches,” a typical Algerian title, for they didn't begin with rags nor end with riches. They did, however, by a fine example of bootstrap aviation, elevate themselves from the status of migratory farm tenants into the ownership of a good farm and a registered herd of Holstein dairy cattle of a quality destined to make local history. And the whole thing was done during the years of deepest depression this country has ever known.

It was about 1932. The Simpsons gave up the business of moving about from small wheat farm to small wheat farm in the Palouse Country, where they were renters. They picked out an 80-acre farm north of Deer Park, moved their household goods and their eight grade dairy cows onto that land and went into business for themselves. Only 16 acres of the 80 were cleared and it was a kind of tight squeeze to make enough out of that much land to meet both the family expenses and the price of the land.

“The first winter hay cost \$30 a ton and butterfat sold for 13 cents a pound,” Mr. Simpson recalled with a wry smile.

There were two practices which the Simpsons have followed from the very start, through thick and thin. One of them was to maintain registered bulls of quality breeding. The other was to test the cows for production.

“The first summer we got seven acres more land cleared,” they said. “Every year after that we worked some more land into cultivation. Now we have 50 acres working and 30 left in timber.”

“Eighty acres is enough land for us,” Mr. Simpson added. “On that much land we can support as many good cows as we can take proper care of. And we don't want so many that we will have to slight any of them.”

Early in the game they acquired a foundation of registered cows, so that by now the transition from grade stock to purebred is well under way. The remaining grades have been improved in quality by constructive breeding to where their production is as high as many purebreds – but their offspring are not eligible to register.

Two of the cows are in the 500 pounds of fat class, and the entire herd of 16 cows averages 390 pounds of butterfat each during the last testing year. They are of the famed Hazelwood breeding; most of the original blood came from the herds of D. B. Logan of Chewelah and Harry Reilly of Waukon (both towns in Washington). While dairy production has been consistently improved on the Simpson place during the eight or nine years they have been there, the crop production has improved correspondingly.

“When we clear a piece of land, the first thing we do now,” Mr. Simpson said, “is to haul out manure – 20 loads to the acre. The first year we plant wheat and vetch or rye and use it for pasture. Then we plant it to alfalfa.”

This article was obviously written for a farm audience, but I think it provides a vital insight to what it was like for us and many other farmers in those days.

There is one story of life during our early years on the farm near Deer Park that I want to tell. Before we moved out of the Palouse Country, Dad had developed the ability to handle the large number of horses that would propel the harvest machinery require to get the grain out of the field and threshed. Money was obviously in short supply. So for several summers Dad would leave Mom and me to run the farm while he went to work in the harvest, earning income that I'm sure we desperately needed. One memory still remains

of that period of time. One year, Dad apparently was hit in the face with something when a horse reared its head up and he was too close. It broke his nose and he bled profusely. He was rushed to the hospital in Colfax where he spent several days. We learned all of this after the fact. Apparently he nearly bled to death. And he was pretty weak for a time afterward. It was an event that would deeply impact a boy who was probably not even 10 years old.

A few personal notes:

As stated earlier, I am an only child. The closest neighbor was nearly a quarter of a mile away. I mostly had to find ways to amuse myself, all by myself. Of course we always had a dog, and there were barn cats to keep down the rodents. The dog would be my frequent companion as I played. The cats were not very people friendly, for the most part, but once in a while one would be open to being petted.

I recall taking a ball, throwing it at the end of the barn and then try to catch it, pretending, of course, that I was a professional baseball player. I would even hold conversations with myself as I would enact some imagined scenario. (Maybe I was a ham, even then). There was room to run, but not much companionship.

I suspect I've always had a vivid imagination. I recall one (rather embarrassing) incident. Acting on a dream I'd had, I convinced my friend Howard Reiter to join me in digging for treasure. Right in the middle of the road. Needless to say, there was no treasure, but there was a hole in the road, which did not please the people who took care of the road. We filled it up.

Our house was a quarter of a mile from the mailbox and the school bus stop. So every day there was a hike to get our mail. I'd have to walk the same path to catch the school bus. On school days, I could check the mailbox when school was out and if there was anything in it, I could take it home. The stop was

————— *Text continues on page 1009* —————

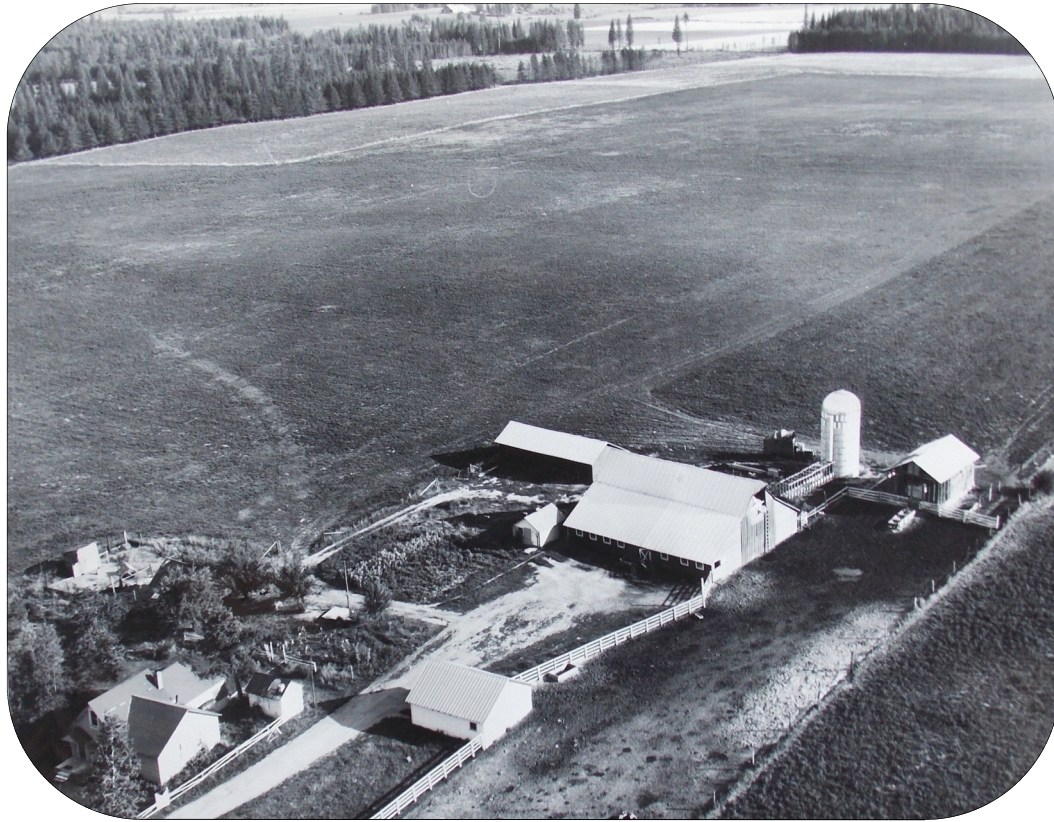


***Deer Park
Grade School
Baseball Team
1939 — '40***

(left to right)

***Front Row:
Milton Whipple
Don Richardson
Harold Welch
Dan Larson
Bill Hauber
Gordon Durrell
Ervin Stolp
Conrad Walth***

***Back Row:
Mr. Cosgrove
Don Gibson
Jim Onstad
Leroy Wood
Art Hunt
Howard Reiter
Howard Ellis
Wey Simpson
Dick Martens
Mr. Lloyd***



The Simpson farm near Deer Park.

An aerial photo of the Simpson farm located approximately 2½ miles northwest of downtown Deer Park (east ½, northeast ¼ of Section 28, Township 29, North Range 42 East Willamette Meridian). The photo was likely taken in the late 1940s or early '50s. The house does not resemble the one Wey grew up in. Near the house is the original milk house where milk was separated and cream produced for sale. The garage sits just across the driveway. The barn with lean-tos on either side dominates the picture. A small hay storage shed sits to the right of the silo, and a feed rack is located between the barn and the silo. The current milk house sits next to the milking barn and a machine shed is located just to the left rear of the barn. Also visible is a large garden area to the left front of the barn area. Besides cows, the Simpsons also maintained a flock of chickens — the pen visible to the left of the building. The chicken house is pretty well obscured by trees. Milk, garden yields, beef and chickens — as well as eggs — were mostly home produced. Even some eggs were sold to a grocery store to supplement the family's income. In the above photo, the 80 acres was essentially cleared. Thinking back to how few acres were farmable in 1932, the effort it took to reach this state is almost unbelievable.

— Text continued from page 1005 —

at the northeast corner of the farm at the intersection of Montgomery Rd., which ran by the house, and Grove Road which ran north from Montgomery. In later years, as more people moved into the area, both the school bus and mailman came by the house.

In those days, thanks to rural mail delivery, what was in the mailbox was often our link to the world beyond. We subscribed to the Spokane Daily Chronicle, an evening newspaper, it would arrive the next day and the news from late the previous day was fresher than reading a day old Spokesman-Review. For me, the arrival of the Christmas catalogs from Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery-Ward was the highlight of the fall. I could pour over the pages, dreaming of having all of the wonderful toys, yet knowing full well that 99% of my dreams were just that--dreams. But, there was joy in dreaming. And, yes Virginia, people actually wrote letters to each other. Not many of us had telephones, for us it didn't happen until World War II was over and military demands had diminished. So the mail could be the highlight of the day.

I alluded to the old Arcadia Orchard irrigation flumes that had in earlier years run in front of our farm. At each road that the flume had to cross, large concrete structures were built to channel the water under the road and then back up above ground level. There were two such structures at this intersection funneling under Grove road. They long stood as reminders of the dream that dried up. In inclement weather they also served utilitarian purpose for me. The size of flume was such that I could stand inside of the concrete form and stay out of the weather while waiting for the school bus. On good days I'd often climb to the top of it and watch for the bus.

A few notes on school busses since I'm on the subject. The first bus I remember must have been built for the school district by local craftsmen. It was a box, mounted on a truck chassis. Benches ran down each side and across the back, and also there was a

bench down the middle. Before long however, school busses, not unlike those in use today came into use. Much more comfortable and practical!

I've spent a number of words on the process of harvesting, storing and feeding hay to sustain our animals. And, as you may have noted, summers were busy, especially for a kid who might have liked to be doing something a bit more pleasurable. But, the children of farmers in those days were part of the survival process, so we all learned to work. But, I assure you, I always looked forward to going back to school. Imagine that!

My dad was a strong supporter of a good education. He had only finished the 8th grade. In his growing-up days many boys were needed on the farm, so school was given a short shrift. Thus he left the classroom and went to work.

There was one brief interruption in my attendance at school in Deer Park. Our farm at that time was actually in another school district. The area was dotted with small one-room schools. Reiters were in the Deer Park School District and we were in the Olson Spur District, the dividing line running down our property line. Somehow, I managed to go to school in Deer Park with no problem, until the 3rd grade. One day I was unceremoniously removed from class and deposited in the one-room Olson Spur school.

I don't know how many trips Dad may have made to the Spokane County School Superintendent's office, but after about six weeks we got sent over into the Deer Park school district. In the meantime, I had quite a hike to school; we lived a good two miles from the school. It was also late in the year, and not the kindest weather to be making that trek. It seems Olson Spur was upset that they were not getting 'the attendance money due the school' because I was attending classes in Deer Park. But, times were changing, and by the time I was in high school most of the small school districts had been consolidated into the Deer Park District.

We are the result of many things, our

genetics, our experiences, our reactions to the events we encounter, the environments in which we have lived, and, I'm sure, the people who have intersected our lives.

Whoever I've come to be, these forming years were the foundation to all that followed. It was not an easy life, and after the passage of so many years I suspect that the memories become less sharp, the challenges more muted and the impact of this life less emphatic. But, much of how I view life, how I react to it and how I live is the result of the embryo that was birthed in these years.

At the time, I didn't recognize that who I would become was being formed by this life. Yet, I realize that these events and experiences have helped make me the person I am. Farming is never an easy life, and it has changed exponentially over the past century.

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

Bits of Chatter, Trivia & Notices All Strung Together

... Dr. Searight & the flu ...

This tidbit regarding Clayton and the early 20th century's Great Influenza Pandemic was found in the November 22nd, 1918, issue of the *Deer Park Union*.

"School commenced again on Monday, and by Wednesday nearly the entire attendance was again on hand. One or two families seem to still be timid about the flu, but it is not certain that Clayton has had a single case of the disease. In fact, this place has been so free from the disease the Dr. Searight left for Trail, B. C., a couple of weeks ago to aid in the trouble there. He was called home several days ago in the reported case of Curtiss Small. He has returned in disgust to Trail, declaring Mr. Small's ailment bronchitis — not the influenza at all. The patient he left behind is now sitting up and on the high

road to recovery."

But, certain facts remain. Hard work, perseverance, dedication, honesty and reliability were necessary then and still valuable today. I've tried to tell the story of growing up on a 'stump ranch' during one of the most difficult periods of the 20th Century. In spite of the hardships that we obviously endured, I look upon it as a good time. My parents tried to shield me from the cares of the time and I never doubted I was loved and cared for. Even so we were all aware that there were friends who had more things, lived in nicer houses, and wore better clothes. But, thankfully, it didn't seem to matter. As a result, my view of life is seen through a prism of optimism, hope and belief that, with God's help, we can each be a contributor to a better world.

— end —

road to recovery."

Reading the above, one would wonder about Dr. Searight. The statement, "*He has returned in disgust to Trail,*" suggests a rather gruff individual not particularly committed to his own community. But would such an assumption be correct?

First there's a first-person recollection of Dr. Searight recorded in the March, 2008, issue of the *Mortarboard*. (That would be Issue #11.) On page 139, within an article titled "*Clayton's Sadie Mae Huffman-Fischbach: Her Story,*" Dr. Searight is recalled as a quintessential county doctor — attentive and compassionate.

Secondly, while Clayton was at the moment reporting few if any cases of influenza, Trail, British Columbia — according to Trail's historical society — was being particularly hard hit. Though we've yet to find any

specific statistics for Trail, we do know that the final death rate for the entire Province of British Columbia was 6.21 per thousand. And that that death rate among the peoples of the First Nations was much higher — reaching 46 deaths per thousand for Canada as a whole.

In the final tally, an estimated 4.5% of Canada's total eight million people died from the flu during 1918-'19's pandemic.

Throughout the world — besides the usual children and elderly — this pandemic caused an unusually high number of fatalities among otherwise healthy adults between 20 and 40 years of age. Those deaths were usually induced by secondary pneumonia — with the patient slowly suffocating on his or her own lung secretions. The peculiarity of this demographic left notable hollows in most every community's business and social heart.

Currently we know very little about Clayton's Dr. Searight — whether he may have had some type of personal connection to the area of British Columbia to our immediate north, for example. However, considering that Deer Park and Spokane appear to have had adequate care available during the pandemic, it seems likely that Dr. Searight — following the highest standards of medical tradition — went where he was most needed. And as he saw it, he was needed in Trail.

... regarding Joshua Luther Wallace ...

Society president Bill Sebright recently received a phone call from Minnie (Westby) Hayworth — a member of Deer Park High School's class of 1949 currently living in California. Minnie said that Margaret (Gibson) Daugherty had recently sent her a bundle of eight prior *Mortarboards*, which she is "*certainly enjoying.*"

When reading the "*Letters/Brickbats*" column in issue #72 she ran across an inclusion regarding former Clayton resident Joshua (or Josiah) Luther Wallace. She noted "*I remember him also, but vaguely. Someone said that he had a sister who lived in the Addy, Chewelah, Valley area. Maybe someone*



*Einer, Madeline, and Minnie Westby.
Date of photo unknown —
but likely early 1940s.*

could check that out."

We're always hoping for more material about Mr. Wallace — one of the few African-Americans known to have lived in the area. Just as we're always hoping to hear comments and additions on any subject from our readers — be that by phone, email, or letters, whichever they prefer.

As for Minnie's bundle of *Mortarboards*, Bill says measures are being taken to insure that Minnie receives her copies in a more timely manner.

... historic Deer Park postal logs ...

Society vice-president Pete Coffin sent the following to the *Mortarboard* for in-

clusion in this month's "Letters" column.

"On November 18, 2014, Bill Sebright asked me to follow up on an offer from Gail (Worhle) Roberts to give the Society a collection of old Deer Park postal logs. Gail was cleaning out her parent's house — prior to sale — and apparently her father, Howard Worhle, had kept these logs recorded in the years before he had become the Postmaster. I contacted her and made arrangements to pick the logs as the Market Place Realty Office on Friday November 21, 2014.

"There was a large box of legal paper sized journals. The largest number of these journals were titled, 'Registers of Domestic Money Orders Issued at the Post-Deer Park.' These money order volumes are dated from 1898 to 1904 (three volumes); from August 1907 to February 1909 (one volume); from March 1911 to March 10, 1912, and also from September 1933 to June 1945 (a total of 27 volumes). These journals list, in cursive handwriting, sequential money order numbers, amount of the money order, the money order fee, the city and state to which the money order was sent, and the money order purchaser.

"Another set of log books donated by Mrs. Roberts are titled, 'Postmasters Cash Book.' This incomplete set of books is a daily accounting of cash handled by the Deer Park Post Office. The bounding dates for these books, in thirteen volumes, are July 1925 to June 1945.

"There are several other minor sets of postal forms including 'Address Change' sheets dated between 1962 and 1969 and 'Non Metered Permit Matter' between March 1945 and September 1948.

"The primary historical use I can envision for the Money Order logs would be as a census supplement and perhaps some sort of economic indicator. I specifically became interested in an H. H. Evans in the period 1939-1940. He was sending out several \$100 money orders to Olympia, Washington nearly weekly throughout 1939. The yearly total of his money orders was over \$11,000 — a significant amount of money in 1939. Going to

the 1940 Census lists, H. H. Evans' profession was druggist and store owner. I am tempted to think that this money was Washington State Liquor Control Board remittances. The only other money order customers who made such large orders were the bulk oil dealers, Associated Oil and Shell Oil. These are daily lists and digging through them is tedious.

"The cash book contains listings of cash disbursements in a listing of names with wages paid or service money paid out for rent or utilities.

"I have scanned examples of some of the pages into my computer if anyone would like to see one. Some of these files are so large that I would have to email them out one at a time."

... an even earlier bowling alley ...

In last month's *Letters/Brickbats* column we had a segment titled "bowling and a barber shop." Said segment outlined several *Union/Tribune* articles from the 1950s and early '60s dealing with Deer Park's Main Street bowling alley, and also with Spud Zucchetto's barber shop.

Threaded throughout that segment were pieces of the discussion between members of our online editorial group — a particularly rich discussion since most of the editorial group recalls the old alley — though with varying degrees of clarity.

Well ... one of those above noted articles made it clear that there had once been an even earlier bowling alley in Deer Park. So we went looking, and found this in the August 1st, 1940 edition of the *Deer Park Union*.

"Frank Pipan, of Spokane, leased the O. A. Peters garage building on Main street next to the Deer Park Union office Wednesday, it was made known by the property owner.

"It is understood that Pipan and his father plan to open a bowling alley as soon as the building can be conditioned for that purpose. It is also stated that later, billiards and pool tables may be installed.

"Two alleys will be built on the north side of the building in the beginning if present plans are carried out. Alterations will begin immediately."

And then this from the September 10th, 1942 issue of the *Union*.

"The Deer Park Bowling Alley will reopen Saturday, September 12, at one p.m., after being closed during the summer months according to the manager, 'Sam' M. S. Perrins.

"The alleys have been reconditioned by Fred Converse and are in A-1 condition, Perrins reported.

"Any man or woman is invited to try his or her skill on the local alleys."

A lot of good memories are associated with Deer Park's bowling alleys. The society would appreciate having a look at any stories, photos, or memorabilia regarding them.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society ———— December 13, 2014 ————

In attendance: Sue Rehms, Wally Parker, Pat Parker, Don Reiter, Mary Jo Reiter, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Betty Burdette, Mark Wagner, Bill Sebright, Sharon Clark, Marilyn Reilly, Lonnie Jenkins, Ella Jenkins, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Grace Hubal, Don Ball, Roxanne Camp, and Lynn F. Wells.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported: 1) He picked up the copy of the Fort Walla Walla to Fort Colville Military Road book. If you are interested in borrowing it, just let Bill know. The book was passed around. 2) January 1, 2015 is time for CDPHS dues. Please give your \$20 (per household) to Mark or mail your check to PO BOX 293, Clayton, WA 99110. 3) In the latest *Silverado Express* there is an article about the Indian Agency Cabin in Chewelah. The cabin is over 130 years old and is located one block east of HWY 395 at 309 - 3rd Street. The article includes information about the archeological dig this fall. 3) We received our yearly insurance packet from ANDRE ROMBERG INSURANCE AGENCY. The yearly premium is \$150. There doesn't seem to be any changes. Mark will also look it over to make sure. 4) Using information from Pete Coffin and Gordon Grove,

Bill went to the City Hall Council Room and looked at the Class of 1926 picture. He found several people in the unknown DPHS group that Marilyn Taylor donated to the Society. Pictures and a list of the names were passed around. Alice Justice Enright and Harvey Coe are 2 who have been identified.

Society Treasurer, Mark Wagner reported: 1) The ending balance for the main checking account as of November 28th was \$6,323.82. A check was written to Stevens County Historical Society for \$55 for the Fort Walla Walla to Fort Colville Road book. Deposits were a total of \$64.00. The web hosting account stands at \$1,039.47 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) On behalf of the Society, I delivered a Thanksgiving flower basket to Taffy and Randy Long for all that they do for us throughout the year. 2) We are still looking for a Secretary. Contact Grace or Bill if you are interested.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin reported: 1) Gail (Worhle) Roberts called President Sebright and offered the Society a large box of early Deer Park Post Office log books. I picked them up, catalogued them,



The society would appreciate help in identifying the individuals in this photo. The photo, taken at the main entrance to Deer Park's Crawford Street high school, is believed to date from the mid 1920s.

and reviewed a couple for their contents. I sent a page of my review results to the board and will pass around my page of notes as well as examples of the log books during this meeting. Editor Parker will put my notes in the "Letters" section of this *Mortarboard* (beginning on page 1011). 2) Mike Layton told me that he had two more books of Herbert Mason's "Memoranda" (his diary) and he let me copy them. Herbert Mason was Mike's grandfather Roy Mason's older brother who lived on the family farm (Keystone Ranch) just west of the Burroughs School house. Over several years I have made digital copies of the books containing his daily notes from 1906 to 1937 (another book of the late 1920s *Memoranda* has yet to be found). These are historical, daily observations of weather, farm work done, and occasional community events in Williams Valley and the Deer Park area. It is interesting that there is nothing scandalous or of a gossip nature recorded in them. 3) I would ask the group if they have any suggestions or thoughts about the naming of farms and ranches. This comes to mind in the Mason farm which was named Keystone Ranch in that they were from Pennsylvania, the Keystone State. Other names that I know of are: Dunrenton Ranch (the Porters), Long Meadow Ranch, and Meadowmere. I don't think Stump Ranch (as used in this month's lead article) is valid and/or unique in that my father called his tract of land such as far back as I can remember.

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) Ninety copies of the December, 2014, *Mortarboard* have been printed and are in the process of being distributed. The lead article in this issue is the first half of newscaster Wey Simpson's recollections of growing up in the Deer Park area. The conclusion of Wey's article will appear in the January, 2015, issue. 2) Six additional copies of *Collected Newsletters* #20 have been printed and are ready for distribution. 3) Just as a random thought from your editor; I took particular note of an article appearing in the November 28th issue of *Entertainment Weekly*. This article touched on the rise of Internet podcasts as a means of disseminating

both entertainment and information. Think old time radio presentations packaged in lengths from a few minutes to a few hours - presentations that can either be listened to over the Internet or downloaded for listening at a more convenient time via any MP3 compatible device. Such programming is often produced by amateurs with access to and at least a fair degree of competence with audio recording equipment. Some talent for scripting for audio and audio editing would also be needed. It should be noted that nothing is being proposed here. It's just interesting that should the Society eventually develop the capability of creating audio or audio/visual presentations, the website would be the perfect venue for connecting anyone that might be interested in such programming with - what *Entertainment Weekly* calls - "*The freshest form of storytelling today.*"

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported by email: 1) November's *Mortarboard* was on the Website before last meeting and she hasn't received this month's yet.

We are still looking for ideas and volunteers for the 100th Anniversary of the

Clayton School. The first meeting will be in February of 2015.

Marilyn Reilly suggested that we take half a dozen copies of the *Mortarboard* to the Deer Park Library.

Our group shared some dynamite stories. Many in the area bought dynamite at E. C. Weber Hardware.

Wally mentioned reading an article stating that 2 Deer Park men, Guy Enman and Byron Roberts, were killed in World War I. He is looking for other Deer Park soldiers who served in WW I.

We discussed the Pioneer Farm on Swenson Road, just north of Staley Road. It was just sold again. The new owner stated that there were no plans to sell off 10 acre plots. According to Lynn Wells, the farm dates back to 1888 and was homesteaded by J. A. Pruffer.

Next meeting: Saturday, January 10, 2015 at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 9:47 AM.

The meeting minutes submitted by Grace Hubal, Secretary.

———— end ————

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Charles Stewart, Bill Sebright, and Wey Simpson.

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 ————

*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 the facing page.*