

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.*

***A Time Out To Serve:  
Across the Pacific and on to Tokyo***

by  
**Wey Simpson**

***(Part One)***

When I think about it, it seems as though it was in another lifetime or maybe two. So many things have happened, so much has changed and I've tacked on more years than I ever expected since then. Yet, it was an important episode in my life, one I've never talked a lot about, at least until about 10 years ago when I decided to put my life on paper. I wrote my story for my family and close friends. In the end there was about 450 pages. Another 10 years have passed, I hope to chronicle those years too, but that's for another time and place. Of the nearly 450 pages, 45 are devoted to the period I've chronicled. What you'll read is a digest from that.

Having spent my professional life in communications, one of the rules that was always emphasized was, don't apologize. I begin by breaking that rule. I know that this newsletter has offered stories of other experiences in wartime, especially World War II. When I offered to share mine, I stated that my experience in the service was not very much

rooted in combat, but more in the aftermath. We are all prisoners of the world into which we are born, and the time in which our life occurs.

I graduated from Deer Park High School in May of 1944, the war was still on, D-Day in Europe was just about ready to flash across the pages of history. By the time I made it through Infantry basic training and landed in the Philippines, the fighting in Europe was over and our focus was on Japan. I would see combat, but the fighting on Luzon was also winding down. The invasion of Japan loomed. Fortunately we did not have to fight our way into Japan. I did spend about a year in Tokyo in the occupation forces. With that in mind, I offered to share my experiences, adding that given I was sort of a 'tail ender' it may be a bit arrogant to suggest doing so. However, the idea was embraced, and this is the result.

A bit less than a month after graduation I turned 18 and, as required, registered for

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

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

*Society contact information can be found  
on page 1064 of this issue.*

the draft. I spent my summer in limbo, wondering what might be.

I spent that summer in the hayfield with my Dad and two of our neighbors, Frank Kline and Bruce Marshall. We put up the hay from all three farms.

When that was done I was still at loose ends. Our neighbors across the road, Elmer and Isabell Holcomb, were remodeling their house. Howard Reiter and I were hired to help put on a new roof. I can still recall the strange feeling when on the first day of school I sat on the roof of their house and watched the school bus go down the road.

The uncertainty didn't last much longer. In September I was helping my folks build a new milk house and install a new water system for our cows. On September 11<sup>th</sup> I heard from the Draft Board. I was to appear for a physical on the 20<sup>th</sup>. On the 29<sup>th</sup> the word was to report for induction on the 14<sup>th</sup> of October. I did a lot of touching base with family and friends for the last time in who knew how long. I recall with pleasure that on the eve of my departure a group of my school friends gave me a farewell party at the Gardenspot Grange Hall.

I started to keep a diary, this continued into 1945, and from that much of the first part of this tale will be drawn. Since my Mother stashed away the letters I wrote home, I will draw upon them to fill out the story that follows.

### *And So it Begins*

October 14<sup>th</sup> was a Saturday. At 6:30 that morning Dad drove me to Spokane. I went to the Induction Center. I got a quick physical check up, which left me most of the day to kill. Dad drove me to visit my uncle and aunt, Sherm and Ruth Simpson on Spokane's north side. Later I spent some time with my aunt, Olive and her husband Dr. C. Hale Kimble. That evening I was sworn into the "Army of the United States," which is how inductees were designated. Volunteers were part of the "United States Army."



Photo courtesy of Paul Erickson — from his mother's collection.

**Weymeth Simpson**  
*A high school photo.*

Shortly after 6:30 that evening we boarded a train, destination: Fort Lewis. We didn't leave Spokane until about 10:45. The sleeping arrangements were two men in the lower bunk and one in the top. Needless to say, I shared a bottom bunk which prompted me to observe, "establish a beachhead and set up your defenses." At 5 a.m. we had breakfast in the diner. We reached Tacoma about 9 and were transferred to Fort Lewis, arriving there at about 11 a.m. We were tagged and assigned to barracks. That afternoon I wrote my first letter home, noting that we would go to the mess hall and then begin processing.

The memories of those first days are still vivid. One image that lingers is that of going from the barracks to the mess hall in the

dark of early morning, surrounded by thick fog that seemed to cling to everything. It only deepened the feeling of depression. Some of our time was spent in orientation lectures and viewing movies designed to acquaint us with our new lives. Some of the presentation, such as how to avoid sexually transmitted diseases, made me aware of how naive I was about life.

Homesick? Well, yes, I believe most of us were. This late in the war we were a mix of 'not dry behind the ears' kids and older men who had not been drafted, but were now needed — many of whom were fathers. One was a 26 year-old husband and father who sort of took me under his wing. I was grateful for his friendship because he was more mature and talked me through some difficult times.

Uniforms were issued along with all of the paraphernalia of soldiering. We could sign up for life insurance. We also went through a battery of tests. In my second letter home I wrote, "One of the Sergeants in the interview we had after the tests said that in two of the tests (the most important) I came out in the highest possible bracket." In retrospect it was nice to know but didn't change anything. At this point in the conflict most draftees were headed to the Infantry, only those few with badly needed skills would go elsewhere. Driving a tractor, knowing how to milk a cow and load a wagon with hay didn't count for much. And yes! From all the vaccinations and inoculations that we received, I must have been immune to almost anything that existed by the time I went overseas.

Still, there was time to 'kill.' The Army always found a way to fill it. We scrubbed the barracks, dug ditches and once a group of us ended up in the motor pool doing 'grunt work.' I'm sure it was meant to keep us occupied. You know what they say about an idle mind.

One personal note seems appropriate here. All through high school I had been involved in music, most of it vocal. I had thoughts of perhaps doing so professionally, so I would jump at any opportunity to perform. The sergeant who had interviewed me

after our tests had advised the special services officer that I would like to perform. On the 19<sup>th</sup> there was an entertainment night. As a result of that conversation I was called out of formation so I could practice. I ended up singing three songs popular in the day — "Stardust," "It Had to Be You," and an encore "Too Late." I wrote home, "sergeant Paul Brader, the special service officer at the Reception Center, said my singing was the highlight of the show." In retrospect I wonder if that was true, or if he was just trying to raise the moral of a rather depressed draftee. Just for the record, I tried this several more times in the months that followed. But I never got assigned to Special Services, and perhaps for a good reason.

One thing that most of us quickly grasped and honed to a fine edge was the art of griping. In many of my letters I would vent my frustrations. In later years I recognized that much of it was just a way to voice such feelings.

A week after our induction we hit the rails again. At about noon on Saturday, the 21<sup>st</sup> of October, we left Fort Lewis, heading south. Needless to say, rumors ran rampant for most of the trip. "What was our destination?"

We stopped in Portland for two hours. One car was switched from the train and then we headed east. Until then the rumor was we were bound for California.

Two Spokane area fellows would become my closest friends throughout basic training. Luther Roecks was from the Rockford area. Bob Stoddard was from Pleasant Prairie north of Spokane. (Bob would be killed in a battle in the Philippines.) The three of us were assigned two bunks. We all went to sleep in The Dalles and woke up in Baker, Oregon.

Occasionally, when the train stopped at a station, we were allowed off. We could stretch our legs and get some fresh air; though they kept a close eye on us. We made one such stop at Huntington, Oregon, and again, after crossing into Idaho, at Glens Ferry.

At Pocatello we were treated to doughnuts and other goodies.

Monday we crossed what to me was the barren landscape of Wyoming. We were allowed out of our car again in Laramie.

By now the rumor was "we're headed to Texas," which turned out to be true. But there would be more rumors before this one became reality. We arrived in Denver about sundown. I was rather impressed with the area. Of Kansas, which came next, I wrote "it is green and looks quite prosperous ... primarily flat, but rolling ...they are still haying here." We then switched from the Union Pacific tracks and headed south through Wichita on the Rock Island Line.

Our fourth day on the train — Wednesday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of October — our destination appeared just outside of Mineral Wells, Texas. \*(Some may remember Crazy Water Crystals. This was the home of these fizzy crystals that were supposed to cure a myriad of health problems.) We would spend some interesting days at nearby Camp Wolters. We were told we'd be there for the next 17 weeks. Well, men plan and events change things, as we would learn.

I had never been far away from home. Suddenly, I was half a continent east and a full country south of what had been my home base for the previous 12 years.

### The Camp Wolters Experience

So, Private Weymeth Simpson had an address and an Army serial number ... Company D, Battalion 60, Camp Wolters, Texas ... 39 524 156.

Most of us were homesick, many had never been far from home, certainly not under

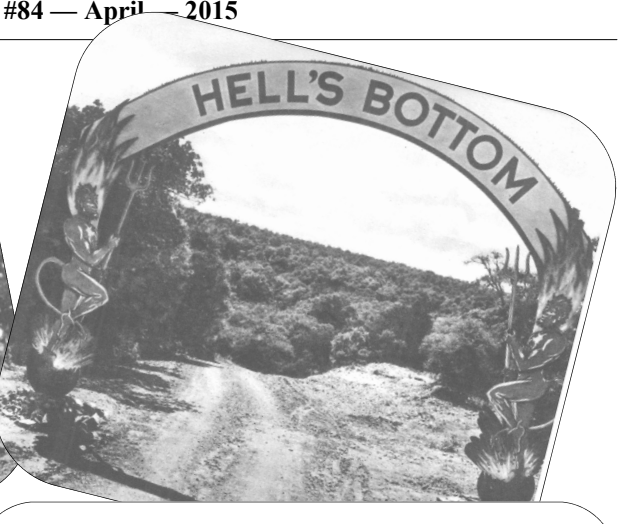
*\*In 1881, the town of Mineral Wells, Texas, was founded — being constructed around a group of heavily mineralized wells, with said minerals purportedly having miraculous medicinal powers. One of these wells, supposedly having cured a mentally disturbed woman — was dubbed the "Crazy Well." Eventually a company began selling the crystalized minerals obtained by evaporating this well's water. In retrospect, the only documentable health benefit of Crazy Water Crystals is as a purgative.*

**BEGINS BASIC TRAINING**  
**Pvt. Weymeth M. Simpson, 18,**  
**son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Simpson of Route 3, Deer Park, has arrived at the infantry replacement training center at Camp Wolters, Texas, to begin his basic training as an infantryman. He has been assigned to a battalion stressing rifle training.**

**An unusual coincidence in the foregoing report from the public relations office at Camp Wolters, Texas, is that it was postmarked Deer Park, Wisconsin. Ye Editor would like to have Weymeth explain that, if he can.**

*From the Deer Park Union,  
December 14, 1944.  
(page one, column six)  
See page 1056 for Wey's reply.*

circumstances like this. All through my notes on my time in the service there are references to mail. Mail Call was a time of hope, but for too many it was also a time of disappointment. Apparently I wasn't going to let that happen to me. I corresponded with most of my aunts and uncles, my grandparents, a couple of cousins, a few of my high school classmates and a



*Upon arrival at the basic training camp, each inductee received a 32-page booklet titled "A Camera Trip Through Camp Wolters: A Picture Book of the Camp and its Activities." According to the book's introduction, it was intended to be "a photo-record of the faces and places to hold for you the memory of your first days in our Army at this infantry replacement training center." The photos were supplied by the Camp Wolters Public Relations Branch.*





**Wey Simpson in his dress uniform,  
outside his barracks at Camp Wolters.**

plethora of young ladies. Throughout my years in the service I would exchange letters with about 14 different young women, most I knew from High School, but a few I added along the way. At any rate my buddies in Basic Training referred to them as *'my harem.'* So, I did get mail. I was kept busy answering. Less time for griping. I shall be eternally grateful for those who took time to keep me happy at Mail Call.

A lot of the griping in my letters was

sort of *"tongue in cheek."* Many of the narratives had light-hearted elements. How else do I explain writing this home — *"We're assigned our barracks, issued our rifles, really going to hit the groove tomorrow. Yeah man! It's a great life."* Well, there could be some sarcasm.

There would be more 'shots.' Hair was cut shorter. We got more exercise than I had ever imagined. (*Wait ... what about putting up hay?*) And I put on weight.

Why, the weight? Well, I supplemented my diet by going to the Post Exchange — the PX — and buying a pint of ice cream, priced at 15 cents, which I would then consume. And maybe top it off with a candy bar. In a letter to the *Deer Park Union*, I noted that I had gained 14 pounds. That, however, was not all bad. I weighed about 130 pounds in high school.

The kitchen's siren call came to all of us. My first chore would be as table waiter. Later we'd answer the call to KP. If you pulled full-fledged KP it began at 5 in the morning and you were there until about 8.45 at night. Dishwashing, by hand, was a great recipe for *"dishpan hands"*

Inevitably, we'd develop a cadre of 'buddies.' Besides the two I've already mentioned, I would add Chuck Smith of Spokane. There were also other friends, but these made up the core group. We spent a lot of our 'spare' time together.

I wrote home about going to Chapel for the first time on November 5<sup>th</sup>. We also visited the Service Club from time to time. It offered entertainment on occasion, dances occasionally, a juke box, a radio, a place to write letters and even a telephone facility that made it possible to call home. That required planning because we would not have a telephone at home until after WWII. I would have to arrange for my folks to be some place there was a telephone at a certain time. I would provide the number and in time the operator would place the call and we could talk 3 minutes for \$3.50.

One time I appeared in a talent offer-

ing, singing of course. As I observed, *"well, I escaped with my life."*

Now I'll disabuse you of the idea that we didn't do any training.

There were lectures and training films. Add hikes and exercises. And they threw in medical and dental check ups.

In my letters I referred to a 5 to 6 mile hike, two and half hours of physical training, another time it was a 10 to 15 mile hike, and of course there were many hours of training with the weapons used by the Infantry.

This bit which I wrote home may be helpful: *"Tuesday night we were out until 1 a.m., slept until 8 Wednesday morning. Then we GI'd the barracks (i.e. scrubbed everything). In the evening we marched 3 miles to Pinto Ridge and set up camp where we spent the night, ate breakfast, had a course on patrols and returned to our barracks. It was after 11 (Thanksgiving Day) when we got in. We then cleaned the barracks for an 'open house.' We ate about 2:15 and had more than plenty. Tomorrow we have another night problem. Sunday we go to the Firing Range. We'll have Saturday afternoon and evening free. On our little hike last night we carried full field packs, weighing about 25 pounds."*

We had to pass a written exam before we could get a pass to go into Mineral Wells. We could go in any night we were free. Not too many of those. I did go in a few times, there wasn't a lot to do, but visiting one of two USO's in town was a great place to relax, write letters, listen to music and read — among other things.

Of course we had to qualify with the Infantry's basic weapon, the Garand M1 rifle. We were allocated 42 rounds and fired from 200, 300 and 500 yards from kneeling, squatting, sitting, prone and standing positions. (*I add here, I had never fired a gun in my life.*) We'd get 5 points for a bulls eye and one point less for each ring away from the bulls eye. A score of 140 was needed to qualify. The first time around, I was two points shy. The next time I had 168 points — and was a *"sharp shooter."* The Firing Range routine had half



**Wey Simpson in battle gear,  
outside his barracks at Camp Wolters.**

of us pulling the targets, the other half firing. Then we'd switch. We would pull the targets and mark the scores. If the soldier failed to hit the target, we'd wave a red flag which was dubbed *"Maggie's drawers."*

Of course we had to learn to break down, clean and reassemble all of the weapons we might be called upon to use. Including doing it in the dark.

————— *Text continues on page 1058* —————

*From the Deer Park Union,  
January 11, 1945.  
(beginning on page one, column five)*

## W. Simpson Tells of Training

The following letter was received this week from Weymeth Simpson who is stationed at the Infantry training center at Camp Wolters, Texas:

Dear Mr. Miles:

Since my arrival here at Camp Wolters my folks have been sending me their copy of The Union. In a recent issue I noted the article sent you by our P. R. O. here. I also noted the fact the letter bore the postmark of Deer Park, Wisconsin, and your request that I explain the coincidence if I could. I regret that I have no knowledge of what did occur. I was aware of the fact that there were several Deer Parks in the U. S. but I don't recall hearing of one in Wisconsin. About the only explanation I can think of is that the mail clerks sent it the wrong direction. I do know that the Public Relations releases from Wolters on my bud-

dies appeared in their hometown papers long before you received the one concerning my arrival here.

Camp Wolters is located in northern Texas about four miles from the small city of Mineral Wells, which is incidentally, the home of the famous "Crazy Crystals." Fort Worth and Dallas are about 40 and 80 miles from here, respectively. The country around here is quite different from the wooded hills and valleys of the Great Northwest. The soil is predominately sand and red clay which washes down into all the water ways when it rains. What trees there are are mostly scrub oak or mesquite. The land is rolling and rocky in formation which makes the country well suited for infantry training.

The weather is pretty cold in the winter even though we've had no snow as yet and the sun is shining today. The rain here is something to behold. When it rains it pours down in lakes full on the clay soil. You can imagine the condition of our shoes after a day's training in

this red Texas mud.

The training here is plenty tough. This is considered one of the best infantry replacement training centers in the United States. Most training cycles are estimated to contain about 1700 miles of marching. And that doesn't include all of the tactical problems we go through on our feet. Among the weapons we are taught to use are the 30 calibre Garand rifle, the 30 calibre carbine, the Browning auto-

(Continued on back page,

## MORE SIMPSON

(Continued from page one)  
matic rifle, the light machine gun and the mortar. Right now we are finishing up on the LMG and going full force on the bayonet.

Just to prove that the training will build muscle I weighed 140 when I arrived. This morning I weighed 158 and it's not fat either. So you see it's good for a guy I guess to take all of this torture they call basic training.

In most cases when we finish our cycle we will go overseas to replace battle casualties. It isn't at all an uncommon occurrence for men of a preceding cycle to go into combat and be back in

the states due to wounds before the next is finished. Our cycle is scheduled to end sometime in February. We will go out in the field on the 21st and spend two weeks in as near battle conditions as is possible without going over. Our final problems take place at Hells Bottom where problems are run with live ammunition. So all in all I would say we should be well equipped when we leave here.

Well I guess I've about covered everything of interest. I would like to say that I enjoy immensely reading The Union and always look forward to its arrival. It helps me keep up with the home front.

That's about all I have to say except to wish you and all your readers a Happy New Year. We shall do our best to win final victory in '45. How about you?

In closing I want to say keep up the good work. I will be glad to hear from any of my friends who would care to write. Best wishes to all.

Pvt. Weymeth M. Simpson  
39524156  
Co. D, 3rd Pl.,  
60th Inf. Training Bn.  
Camp Wolters, Texas.

— Text continued from page 1055 —

A letter written on December 2<sup>nd</sup> included the following: “I don’t know what is up, but something is in the wind. We are to take a 20-mile hike at the end of next week, which normally marks the end of a six week cycle. Also, usually, people who don’t qualify at the Firing Range (called Bolos) have to wait until the 15<sup>th</sup> or 16<sup>th</sup> week to try to qualify. This time we did it all on the same day. We will also be on alert status next week and some of the guys are being reclassified.” We did not yet know what was happening in Europe. The Battle of the Bulge brought us very close to being shipped to Europe. It did cut our training session two weeks short. But, the crisis passed and our destination would be the other side of the world.

Among the weapons with which we were to become familiar were the 30-calibre carbine, the Browning Automatic Rifle — BAR, the light machine gun, the bazooka, the mortar and we also needed to be proficient in using grenades and bayonets. We had training that dealt with gas attacks, we studied map reading, how to negotiate a mine field ... and many other things that might be called “fun.”

A December 21<sup>st</sup> letter astonishes me when I read it today. “Yesterday we got up at 4:30, pulled ‘table waiter’ duty until time to fall out for our training. We put on full packs, with rifle and took off for the obstacle course ... went through it twice with full equipment. It consists of a hurdle, a wooden wall, culverts, ditches of water to jump over, a rock wall to climb, a barbed wire obstacle of about 15 yards under which we had to crawl, logs to walk across, ladders to climb, ropes by which we swung across deep gullies, trenches to go through, etc.” But wait ... we did our table waiting chore again, then took a speed hike and got in before 8:00.

***I can’t believe I ever did that!***

Near the end of our training there were field maneuvers. This began on Sunday

the 21<sup>st</sup> of January and we were not back in our barracks until the 26<sup>th</sup>. I noted in a letter home that it was great to be able to get clean and change our clothes. Needless to say the PX was busy.

Every training area had a name, among those remembered are Dry Valley, Pinto Ridge, Hell’s Bottom, Penitentiary Hollow, Casino Hill, Albert’s Range and Area B. Camp Wolters had something of a reputation for toughness. Gabriel Heater, who was a radio newscaster on the Mutual Broadcasting System, once said: “Germany has her concentration camps, the US has Camp Wolters.” I also recall seeing some graffiti near the rifle range that read, “Don’t kill Hitler, send him to Camp Wolters for 17 weeks.” Really, I didn’t think it was that bad. Daunting, yes, impossible, no.

There are many more tales that could be told. I think the Army tried to prepare a group of raw civilians for the challenges of combat about as well as it could.

I wrote on February 6<sup>th</sup> that we were scheduled to leave Camp Wolters on the following Monday, Feb. 12<sup>th</sup>. I should be home by Friday, and hoped to have at least 8 days before I’d be on another train en route to Fort Ord, California. My train ticket to Spokane cost \$49.80. I was to leave camp at 10:30 a.m., arrive Fort Worth at 12:30 and depart on the Streamliner Denver at 2:30. We had what was termed a “delay en route.” We had 15 days to get from Camp Wolters to Fort Ord. This meant I could detour by way of home.

I actually arrived home on the morning of Thursday the 15<sup>th</sup> of February and would not have to leave until the 25<sup>th</sup>. Almost 10 days at home. During that time we were invited to many homes for meals. I reconnected with people I knew, and generally tried to soak up as much of home as I could. Then off on another journey, this one loaded with possibly major consequences.

Next step: we took the train to Portland, had a few hours layover, then on the rails again to California. Next stop: Oakland, where I was met by one of Dad’s sisters and

her husband. A sightseeing tour around Oakland. I spent the night with them. In the morning back on the train to San Jose, another

train to the final stop Salinas. Next: Fort Ord.

... to be continued ...

## The Arcadia Chicken Ranch

by

Peter Coffin

The Arcadia Chicken Ranch was well established prior to late 1913. In February of 1914<sup>(1)</sup>, both the Deer Park and Spokane newspapers reported that 1500 pounds of dressed poultry had been shipped to the Spokane markets. The operation was reported to cover 20 acres on Crawford Street and housed from 15,000 to 18,000 French White Leghorn chickens. The name “French Leghorn Chicken Ranch” also appears as the name of this business.

Who owned this business is confusing. Newspaper articles infer that Louis Davenport supported the operation<sup>(2,3)</sup> so that the Davenport Hotel restaurants could have a supply of both fresh chicken meat and eggs. Another source indicated that the operation was “maintained” by Louis M. Davenport to produce 2400 eggs per day for his restaurant<sup>(4)</sup>. In 1914 O.L. Olsen was reported as the owner<sup>(5)</sup> and apparently sold the operation to a man named Landeck by June 1915. A still later

newspaper article reported that O.L. Olsen and F.E. Parks were the owners<sup>(6)</sup>.

Two pictures of the operation show the size of the ranch. Image #1 shows most of the operation including the circular chicken coops and the smaller rectangular coop buildings behind them.

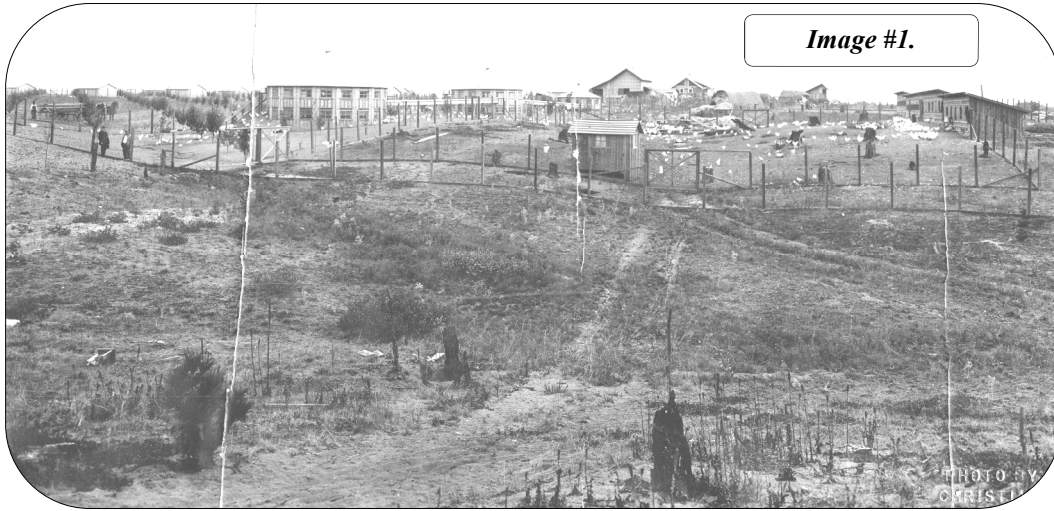
Felix Veran was the supervisor of the operation. He had emigrated from France as an expert chicken fancier and had brought a new strain of white leghorn chickens to the United States. Mr. Veran and his wife were also Arcadia Orchard tract owners.

Images #1 and #2 must have been taken prior to 1915 since both the Deer Park Union and Spokesman-Review articles describe a 700 foot long concrete building built by the Deer Park Artificial Stone Company<sup>(2,3)</sup>. The building was heated and arranged for winter laying. These articles also describe eight round breeder houses capable of hatching 2200 eggs at one time.

### Notes:

1. “Ships Poultry to Spokane” *Spokane Dailey Chronicle, February 17, 1914 page 3: “First Shipment of Poultry” Deer Park Union, February 13, 1914, front page.*
2. “Davenport Supports 15,000 Classy Chickens in Luxurious Style” *Spokesman-Review, September 19, 1915, page 3. (This is a large article that goes into flowery language describing Mr. Davenport’s and Felix Veran’s involvement with the chickens.)*
3. “Davenport Supports 15,000 Classy Chickens in Luxurious Style” *Reprinted in Deer Park Union, October 8, 1915, page 3. (A copy of the article noted in #2 above.)*
4. *Fahey, John, 199?, Selling the Watered West, Arcadia Orchard: Spokane Public Library Manuscript, page 23.*
6. “Costly Blaze and Deer Park” *Spokane Daily Chronicle August 8, 1927, front page.*

Image #1.



*Above:*

*This photograph, probably looking southeasterly, shows the circular chicken barns. These barns were supposed to keep the chickens from smothering one another in a corner. (Lawrence Zimmerer Photograph Collection, #334)*

*Below:*

*A photograph of the chicken ranch taken from the east toward the large groupings of rectangular coop buildings. Mr. Felix Veran and his wife stand in their Arcadia Orchard tract. (Lawrence Zimmerer Photograph Collection, #335)*

Image #2.



Image #3.



*The concrete, three story chicken house building built by Landeck<sup>7</sup>. Where this building was precisely located and what became of the building blocks in it after demolition is unknown. (Photograph courtesy Museum of Arts and Culture, #L87-1, 12801X-16)*

The end of the business came before late summer 1927. A newspaper article reported that fire "... burned over a 20 acre orchard and destroyed a deserted barn and two chicken houses on the Parks-Olson chicken farm ..."<sup>(6)</sup>

The house shown in the upper center of image #1 burned in January, 1932<sup>(8)</sup>. At that time the "Arcadia Chicken Ranch dwelling house" was owned by one H. C. Fields, and could not be reached by firemen because of deep snow.

With no precise location given in any of the newspaper sources, only speculation can locate the ranch beyond being somewhere on

Crawford Street. In image #1, the land seems to slope towards the camera position. Image #1 also shows a group of smaller rectangular buildings on the left. Image #2 shows these rectangular buildings on a fairly flat area with the vaguely seen mountains west and north-west of Deer Park. From these pieces of evidence, the chicken ranch could have been located immediately north of Crawford, between Forest Avenue on the west and Reiper on the east. The ranch could possibly have extended beyond Reiper Avenue to the east.

— end —

*Notes:*

- 7. "New Chicken Houses" *Deer Park Union* June 9, 1915, front page.
- 8. "Morning Fire Destroyed Well Known Landmark" *Deer Park Union*, January 28, 1932, front page.

## Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — March 14, 2015 —

In attendance: Sue Rehms, Wally Parker, Pat Parker, Kay Parkin, Don Reiter, Cassie Hill, Mary Jo Reiter, Mike Reiter, Betty Burdette, Mark Wagner, Bill Sebright, Bob Gibson, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Marilyn Reilly, Grace Hubal, Roxanne Camp, and Lorraine Nord.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:03 AM. He reported: 1) He scanned Reiter's 1954 DPHS Antler, and three 50<sup>th</sup> reunion books, as well as Sue Rehms' 1927 Farm Annual. Bill is working with Wally to try to get them printed. Discs are available by request. We now have a copy of all the DPHS annuals from 1942 to 1963. 2) March 16<sup>th</sup> will be the first Heritage Network meeting of the year at the Stevens County Historical Society in Colville.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported: The ending balance for the main checking account as of Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> was \$6,768.60. A check was written to Wally Parker for \$116.30 for printing supplies and to Bill Sebright for \$19.98 for postage. Deposits were a total of \$196.00. The web hosting account stands at \$989.67 with the usual monthly withdrawal of \$10.95. The memorial fund is at \$2,365. The Brickyard Day fund is at \$1,029.17.

Society Secretary Grace Hubal reported: 1) She sent out one thank you note for donations. 2) She is working with Shelly Reiter at Deer Park Printing to come up with Clayton School post cards to help celebrate its 100th anniversary. 3) We are still looking for a Secretary. Contact Grace or Bill if you are interested.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin reported: 1) He has written a short biography of Louis Olson, Sr. and will give it to Editor Parker for possible inclusion in a future *Mor-*

*tarboard*. 2) He has been reviewing Herbert Mason's diary and listing entries about the Williams Valley Telephone Company. This has developed into a substantial exchange of published information with Kenneth Westby and Editor Parker. 3) He has been acquiring reprints of the "*History of the City of Spokane and Spokane County, Washington: From Its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time*" by Nelson Wayne Durham. This book is primarily a collection of short biographies of the Spokane area's most substantial citizens. It is available on the Internet (*Google*) but is somewhat difficult to use. The books will be at the meeting.

Print editor Wally Parker reported 1) One hundred twenty-five copies of the March, 2015, *Mortarboard* have been printed and are in the process of being distributed. An online version will soon be forwarded for posting. 2) On November 29, 1918, an article appeared on the front page of the *Deer Park Union* listing what was believed to have been all the local boys who had served during the First World War. The *Union's* editor took pains to point out that the list was likely incomplete and quite possibly contained errors. Among the names listed were seven young men that had died while a state of war was in effect. The lead article in *Mortarboard* #83, "*Shadows of the Great War*," is an attempt to trace the actual fate of the seven lost soldiers. Also in this issue is a photo essay by Roxanne Camp and Peter Coffin outlining the history of the Leonard Todd shingle mill that once stood near Horse Shoe Lake. Then too, in the "*Letters/Brickbats*" segment are pictures from Bill and Anni Sebright's recent excursion to the remains of the former Washington Brick, Lime & Sewer Pipe Company's lime kilns at Bayview, Idaho. 3) For those caring to share

recollections of the old Clayton School for inclusion in future issues of the *Mortarboard*, please contact anyone listed in the "*Society Contacts*" box found on the last page of this issue – or send a letter directly to the Society (Box 293, Clayton, WA 99110).

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported by email that: 1) The March newsletter is now on the web site. She was home with pneumonia.

Wednesday, March 11<sup>th</sup>, was the 2<sup>nd</sup> planning committee meeting for this year's Brickyard Day. We have started getting advertising for the Brickyard Day flyer. We are still looking for ideas and volunteers for the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Clayton School and 100 year reunion. The Clayton Grange will have a craft fair instead of the usual quilt show. Also the Clayton Community Fair will have their first annual "Everything But the Bricks" sale on August 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup>. The planning committee's next meeting will be on April 8<sup>th</sup> at 6PM at the Real Estate Marketplace.

The terra cotta eagle's maintenance was discussed. No one has come forward with ideas for maintaining the Eagle. We are still looking for someone to help us repair the weather related damage to the eagle.

Increasing the number of *Mortarboards* printed each month was discussed. For the foreseeable future that number is being set 125. Any left over are sure to be picked up at this summer's various events.

Mike Reiter told us about the fabulous event center that was built and donated to the City of Priest River by the Merritt Brothers. He says if you get a chance you ought to take a drive up there and check it out.

Anyone able to volunteer to help with Deer Park's Settlers Day is urged to contact Betty Burdette at 276-6709. Details regarding the results of the event's recent fund raiser had yet to be released at the date of the historical society's meeting. The next Settlers Day planning meeting will be Monday, March 16<sup>th</sup>, at 4:30 PM at the Deer Park Ambulance building.

Next historical society meeting: Saturday, April 11, 2015, at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 9:50 AM.

The meeting minutes submitted by Grace Hubal, Secretary.

— end —

## Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

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

... a warning from the west ...

Dateline "Clayton, Washington, March 21, 1907," the following letter to the editor appeared in that April's issue of *Brick Magazine*. Though difficult to follow in places, the overall intent is pretty clear.

"Editor 'Brick': — As a constant reader of your valued journal, I should like to sound a warning through your columns to all superintendents and others contemplating

taking up positions in the West. The conditions here are such that an up-to-date man, who wishes to push ahead, has very little chance of so doing, for the idea out here still prevails that if you have the engine and machinery that is all you want and it will run itself. I might also add that the salaries here are no better than those East when the cost of living is considered. The brick manufacturer here will promise anything while you are in the East; but once get here and it is far differ-



ent than you were led to believe, for he will use you only as a 'straw boss' until he has gotten out of you what he wants, and then when you send your resignation in will discredit you by a summary dismissal. That seems to be a general thing out here and besides he accepted you to act entirely under his orders and have no individuality of your own. But out here is the practical man's chance of either mud or press brick, but he must have a command of enough capital to start him independently, for the prices at the factory are: common, \$10.00; press brick, \$35.00; fire brick, \$40.00, and you know how much of that should be profit. Take my advice and don't accept a position out here until you have personally inspected the place, for these people are 'boosting' this country at a tremendous rate when most of it rests in their expansive imaginations. This country simply has three seasons, those of snow, mud and dust and every extreme to be met with. Beware of the West and investigate."

The letter is signed by R. H. West.

Prior to his distasteful detour to Clayton's brick plant, it appears Mr. West had been

employed by the Ohio Pressed Brick Company of Zanesville. He indicated he was returning to Ohio to take up with the Ohio Hydraulic Company — also of Zanesville.

If this gentleman were still among the living, the *Mortarboard's* editor would assure him that, as a side effect of global warming, the three seasons he berated — snow, mud, and dust — appear to be winnowing down to just two. Mud and dust. And if the chronic drought continues to move north, possibly even less than that. As to whether this new paradigm would be more to Mister West's liking, due to the antiquity of his postmark it appears we'll never know.

... *the inside track* ...

If you would like to know what's going to be published next, what's being researched for future editions, and have a voice in all of it, join the *Mortarboard's* Editorial Group. Society membership is not required. Email the editor (address below) for details.

———— *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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Peter Coffin, Vice-President — peffn@q.com

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———— C/DPHS ————

*Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Pete Coffin, Wey Simpson, Lina Swain, and Charles Stewart.*