

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 Three)

The End Happens

Our first night in Japan was spent in a warehouse. The next day we moved to our first billet. This was immortalized on film by the Army Signal Corps when they shot movies of us leaving Yokohama for our first station.

Our post seemed to be a schoolhouse. The outside appearance was good, inside it had been badly neglected. The maintenance of the country's infrastructure got little attention as the war continued; resources were needed to create The Greater East Asia Sphere of Influence.

The buildings that survived the massive bombings of Japan had solid appearances. The average person on the street was shabbily dressed. The civilian population suffered great deprivation, from the bombings, from our blockade of the islands and from resources going first to the military. The ordinary people at home got the leftovers, and at the end, that wasn't much. Our bombings also took the

lives of many family members and friends.

We first noticed it in Yokohama, and later to an even greater extent in Tokyo. There were huge areas of nothing. Our firebombing of the cities leveled massive areas and killed many people. The devastation, even now, is hard to grasp. I wondered how their war effort had lasted as long as it did.

One of the ironies was that occasionally there would be one or more buildings standing in the midst of total devastation.

Among the first assignments of G Troop was to serve as honor guards in support of released Allied prisoners who arrived by train in Tokyo on their way home to freedom. I described the experience thusly.

"Wednesday night we went to the railroad station just a few blocks away. We set up guard and brought in stretchers and stretcher bearers. We waited for the first trainload of prisoners.

"The Japanese rail system is amazing, operating on electricity, trains flash into

Free — Take One

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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-Three."*

*Society contact information can be found
on page 1096.*



Wey identifies the above photo as, "The gate to our regimental headquarters in Tokyo. The big building I lived in for most of a year is in the background." And, referring to the scaffolding climbing the front of the building, "Work is obviously being done on the exterior."

the station, the doors fly open and departing passengers rush out. Waiting passengers pour into the cars, the doors close and the train is on its way. All of this seemed to take only 30 seconds or so.

"The prisoners came, and when they saw us they broke into wild cheers. We were the first free men they had seen, some in over four years. Those who could poured off the train, threw questions at us, laughing and yell-



Viewed from the roof of the 8th Cavalry building, you can see some of the damage to Tokyo and the random way in which damage occurred.

ing the whole time.

"We pressed the Japanese in the area back. They stood staring at the freed POWs and us. We saw boys from the Dutch Army and Navy, East Indians, Malaysians, Chinese, Brits, Irish, Scots, Aussies and Yankees ... The next day we met three more train loads of prisoners ... You should have heard them sing "God Bless America" in many different languages. Such joy to be on the first leg of their journey home. Many were weak, but happy.

"Most of the US prisoners had not seen our current uniforms or weapons. One British Naval officer remarked that we looked like men from Mars."

An early action by Allied Occupation Authorities was to confiscate all private trucks. Fuel was in extremely short supply. Private trucks had been converted to burn coal — turning the coal into gas and using the resulting gas to drive the engines.

One of our early assignments was to set up a roadblock at a small village outside of Yokohama. On our arrival we were viewed with great suspicion by the adults. After all, their propaganda had painted us as monsters as well. They hung back, peering out of doors and windows. Children, however, were not infected by the lies adults tell themselves, and

Photos from the Wey Simpson collection.



Photo from the Wey Simpson collection.

The First Cavalry in review near the east gate of the Imperial Palace.

in relatively short order the GIs and the children were interacting. Most GIs had soft spots in their hearts for children and we were soon playing with them. The adults decided maybe we weren't as bad as painted. Their normal courtesy and politeness took over. They brought us chairs to sit on. One sergeant wanted to get a haircut. Seven barbers vied for the job. When we left the villagers came out, waving and calling "Goodbye."

Our roadblock was not well located. We were at the bottom of a hill. One time a truck topped the hill, spotted us, stopped and reversed its direction. Lost that one.

Their ingrained respect for authority was amusing, especially when enlisted men and even officers would salute even ordinary GIs.

The First Cavalry Division had a reputation as one of the most 'gung-ho' outfits in the US Army. They had won the race to Manila. Now, we would be the first division to enter the Japanese capital. From that point our motto would be "First in Manila, First in Tokyo."

Most soldiers hated the 'spit and polish' of the Army. But the First Cavalry seemed to carry it to a whole new level —

which may be why we were usually the Division chosen to stand public inspections and parades whenever a dignitary arrived in Tokyo or soldiers were needed for some ceremony. We were useful for "impressing the brass."

By September 10th we were housed at Tokyo University. It was one of several billets we would occupy.

Mail again became a center of the gripe routine. We had moved from the Philippines to Japan and mail languished. On our arrival I got a huge number of letters. Then the flow of mail seemed to dry up.

Another constant issue was "when do we get to go home?" Of course we had men who had spent years in the Pacific going from island to island reclaiming territory from the Japanese. They did deserve to go home. But, installing an occupation force requires a lot of bodies too, so how do both needs get met? Additionally, many short termers had been shipped home from Europe with the plan of sending them to the Pacific. Then the war ended. The Army began releasing them, many with relatively short terms of service while men with 3 or 4 years languished in the Pacific. This issue lent itself to the gripe and rumor network. Because of the calls to send the



Photo from the Wey Simpson collection.

“A group of the ‘G’ Troop boys in our squad room. I’m top left. The fellow stand behind everyone is Verne Thome, with whom I roomed in the latter months of my stay. Unfortunately, at this late date I can’t identify all the guys.

You will note a rifle rack behind our group.

I remember the infirmary was next door to our squad room, and it was manned 24 hours a day. I recall some nights when I was awake I could hear the radio playing — mostly the popular music of the day. There could have been a lot worse things to hear in the middle of the night.”

troops home and the logistics of occupation, most of us who stayed saw very little free time in the early days of peace.

We were next housed in the quarters of the Imperial Guard. Here we actually guarded the palace and went on ‘roving patrols’ in which we drove around designated areas of Tokyo “keeping the peace.” When the American flag was raised over this posting, it was recorded by newsreels and news photos. Of course we never saw it.

We soon moved again, not far from the Palace, into Tokyo proper. I noted that with this move we finally had someplace to

store clothes and belongings — no more living out of a barracks bag. This would be my final move. We were told the building had been the Japanese equivalent of West Point. The 8th Regiments would have this building as permanent headquarters, while “G” Troop would move around some. But I would become a fixture here. That story comes later.

We came to Japan in our tropical uniforms — fine for the Philippines, not quite so for Tokyo. We had moved from 10 degrees above the Equator to 35 degrees north, like moving from Costa Rica to San Francisco. Because Japan was surrounded by water, the

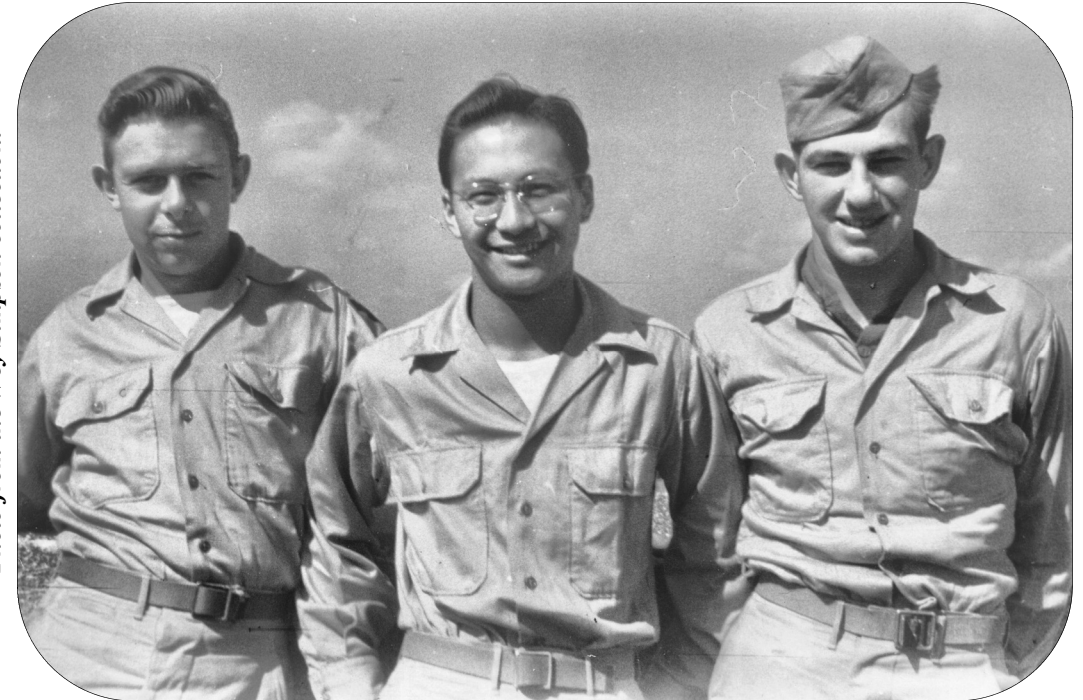


Photo from the Wey Simpson collection.

“Me and two of my friends — Phil Ong from Los Angeles, and Burdette Burley from Iowa.”

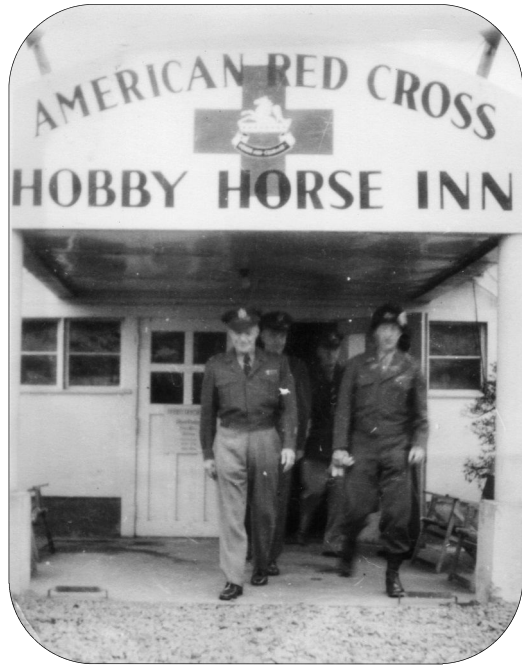
cold was mitigated somewhat, but not totally. Eventually our uniform needs were met. Still, by November we only had part of the clothes we needed. All of the Eisenhower Jackets were too large. The long johns arrived fairly early. They were great when we had to stand guard duty.

Some of the early duties we were assigned included standing guard at a Japanese bank. And another time at Nippon Metal Mills where we guarded some gold, silver and platinum. I recall being stationed in the newsroom of a major Tokyo newspaper. One night while I was sitting there with nothing to do, I picked up a pencil and proceeded to write down my hope for a post-war world. Always the dreamer.

The Armed Forces produced their own newspaper. ‘Stars and Stripes’ appeared in early October. This was a wonderful devel-

opment. I could now indulge my interest in what was going on in the world.

Our first foray into Tokyo's business area occurred while we were guarding the precious metals. We had two hours on guard and then 8 hours off. I and two of my friends — Phil Ong of Los Angeles and Fred (Hedy) LaBarr — ventured into town. The area around the building we were guarding had been leveled, but not too far away there were some buildings that had survived our raids. We stopped in a photography shop and a stationary store. I bought some writing paper only to learn you could not write on it with ink. There were also a number of open air stalls offering hand-made items, belts, pipes, chopsticks, dolls, shoes and so on. We also stopped in a department store. It was a nice building but the shelves held little in merchandise. There was a restroom reserved for Allied



“General Eisenhower and Regimental Commander Bradley exiting the Red Cross center at our base. This followed our passing in review for ‘Ike.’”

soldiers. It was nicely appointed with tables and chairs. We were served green tea. There was also a piano. Phil, Hedy and I had developed into a singing group and so we used the occasion to exhibit our prowess.

Phil and I were in downtown Tokyo another time and went into a different department store. There was an exhibit of some Japanese art which was intriguing. We also saw some beautiful textile work. I would have liked to purchase some, but the prices were too high.

In the Philippines, we were paid in Pesos. In Japan we were to be paid in the new Japanese Yen, at about 15 to the dollar. In late October I was carrying around 2300 Yen, equal to about \$166. I needed to send some home. I sent most of my pay home during my

overseas time, giving me a nice nest egg when I got home.

By late October we finally had a functioning PX; however the stock was pretty sparse in the beginning. Our final billet was a huge, solid concrete structure three stories high. It was oval shaped with another row of rooms intersecting the middle. This gave us two courtyard areas. There was an area that served as a basketball court with movie theater/live theater capabilities. We had movies and live shows — even including some Japanese entertainers. An attempt to relieve the free time boredom.

On the campus of our billet was a structure that had been erected by the Red Cross to provide us with a place to read, write letters or just relax. There was a piano, which I would attack on occasion. Our regimental insignia was a hobby horse, hence the Hobby Horse Inn.

The Regiment got a new Chaplain in early November. He asked me if I'd like to play piano for the services. I did so occasionally, but I'm sure there were fellows who could do better. Later I would be part of the choir, and a smaller singing group as well.

Again, about mail. (*Well, it was our connection to home.*) Packages took a long time. Of course our constant changing of billets hadn't helped. While letters were airlifted to Japan, packages came by sea. As a result Christmas packages had to be sent early — so early in fact that they started arriving in November. Earlier packages were also arriving. In fact, some of my June birthday packages finally arrived. In the end, it really didn't matter. Packages were appreciated whenever they got to us. We would of course share the edibles with our compatriots.

A number of soldiers were re-enlisting. They got a 60-day furlough, with Christmas at home. This elicited, *“I'm not crazy. I won't spend 18-months in the Army at my request. I hope to be home within the year. Once home, I want to stay there.”*

In mid-November our troop clerk asked me if I'd like a job. We had become

Photo from the Wey Simpson collection.



Photo from the Wey Simpson collection.

“A group of Japanese laborers who did work at our camp. Many Japanese civilians were employed by the occupation forces. Ironic that many Japanese families relied on their former enemy for an income.”

good friends and he was on the lookout for a better position for me. I went to Regimental Personnel and worked on a Tuesday night, all day Wednesday and Thursday. The rash of re-enlistments created more record keeping than the regular crew could handle. I typed up discharges, enlistment documents, interviewed men and filled out service records. I actually enjoyed this.

Earlier I had lost an opportunity to become our troop's mail clerk because I had been off on a guard duty assignment.

Speaking of guard duty, shortly after the brief stint in Regimental Personnel, a number of us were assigned to a remote location — the town of Kabkubunji. Our assignment was to guard a Japanese laboratory and proving grounds. There were a lot of our weapons, new Japanese weapons, tanks, radio equipment and such. My post was to guard a stash of narcotics and a radio tower. The narcotics were removed and some of us came back to home base. It was a pretty good assignment;

basically we sat at a desk and checked that only those with a proper pass could enter the area. Then, a few days later some of the guards had to be relieved, so some replacements were to go out. One of the replacements went AWOL, so I was assigned his job. We gathered our gear and went out to the proving grounds again. After I got out there it was decided I wasn't needed, so back I went.

Guard assignments covered a lot of different locations. We stood guard at the Manchurian Embassy one time.

I had friends in the orderly room who were trying to find me a different assignment. One would have been working for a captain in Brigade Headquarters but the Regimental Commander didn't want me to leave the 8th Cavalry, so that was quashed. I put in some stints in the supply room, mostly paperwork. It could be boring, and often the hours were long, but I still enjoyed it. Pulling guard duty was also mostly boring.

I'm not sure why, as we approached

Christmas in Tokyo I was hoping for some snow. On the 22nd it snowed. On the 23rd it was all gone. It was cold. In February into March we finally got our winter 'fix.' It snowed off and on. There was never enough however to cause us any difficulties.

The Chaplain had the chorus preparing to perform at a service two days prior to Christmas. We performed such traditional Christmas songs as "Joy to the World" and "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." The next night we sang for the entire regiment in the auditorium. To our repertoire we added "Silent Night," "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," and "White Christmas." We had worked on these songs for about a week. I even drew a couple of solos. On Christmas night we were due to sing for the 7th Cavalry Regiment. I woke up that morning with a miserable sinus headache. Some pain pills and a hot shower

helped enough that I took part in the presentation. How's that for dedication?

And then I worked KP on December 30th, and stood guard duty on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. Really a great way to celebrate!

— to be continued —

*Please Note:
July's Mortarboard will be a special edition in recognition of the 100th Anniversary of Clayton's historic school. Because of this, the conclusion of Wey Simpson's article will appear in the August issue, rather than the July issue as would normally be expected.*

The Silver Bell Mine

by
Peter Coffin

Early mineral prospectors in the Deer Park, Clayton, and Loon Lake areas located many small deposits of copper, tungsten, and silver. Only one or two of these deposits were of high enough quality to be mined. In scanning the early copies — 1911 to 1920 — of Deer Park's newspaper (then known as the *Union*), a short headline on the front page of 1918's March 8th edition caught my eye. It read, "Rich Ore Found in Silver Bell." No precise location was given, but the mine was described as being seven miles northwest of Deer Park. The *Union* article (see image #1) states that the mine had previously been worked in 1898, and that a rich ore had been shipped from it at that time.

A reference in Dale Jones' Kettle Falls Railroad book mentions the mine being

opened in the Deer Park area as well.

A month prior to the *Union's* Silver Bell article, the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* — under the banner "Men Here Strike it Rich in Spokane County Mine" — published a description (see image #2) of the quality of the ore in the Silver Bell Mine.

A review of the Spokane County ownership map of 1905 for "Section 5, Township 29 North, Range 42 East, WM," listed the northeast quarter of that section as being owned by Silver Bell Mining. As "Section 5" was patented by the Northern Pacific Railroad on May 17, 1894, Silver Bell Mining must have purchased the land and mineral rights from the railroad between May, 1894, and 1898 — when the *Deer Park Union* newspaper article indicated that mining and ore ship-

Image #1

RICH ORE FOUND IN SILVER BELL

Product Shipped From Mine Near
Deer Park 20 Years Ago—
Owned in Spokane.

The Silver Bell mine is looking promising. This mine is located about seven miles northwest of Deer Park. Late assays run as high as \$111 in silver and lead, according to President E. H. Belden, who was in this city recently, and left some beautiful samples of ore taken from recent workings at the Union office.

This mine was partially opened 20 years ago and a couple of cars of ore shipped from the surface, since which time it has lain dormant until the recent rise in the price of minerals has encouraged its owners to incorporate and open up the mine. The values are increasing with depth.

The principal stockholders are business men of Spokane.

Above:
From the *Deer Park Union*,
March 8, 1918.

Right:
From the *Spokane Chronicle*,
February 26, 1918.

Image #2

Silver Bell Yields Good Supply of Valuable Mineral Near Loon Lake.

Another group of Spokane business men are beneficiaries in a strike of rich ore made Sunday in a mine almost at Spokane's door. They are E. H. Belden and associates, who own the stock in the Silver Bell Mining company, which for nearly a year has been developing a prospect in the northern part of Spokane county, about three miles east of the southern end of Loon Lake.

High grade native silver and rich galena ore was broken into two days ago and now shows two and a half feet wide in values which are likely to assay to the ton well above the hundred dollar mark.

This strike was made more than 200 feet from the bottom of the shaft. The drift was going west until it struck a vein which the men have followed back 18 feet in a northeasterly direction to a point where the ore was struck. On the hanging wall is about 20 inches of high grade iron-zinc, lead-silver ore that is very rich. In the foot wall is eight inches of softer quartz with a large amount of native silver. This also is very rich.

Others in Company.

E. H. Belden is chief stockholder in this company. With him are J. M. Fitzpatrick of the Union Iron Works, R. M. Hart of the Blackwell Lumber company, R. F. Blackwell of the Fosdick Auto company, J. C. Broad, contractor; H. N. Metzger, treasurer of H. J. Shinn & Co.; T. S. Lane, president of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce; W. M. Manning, mining engineer, all of Spokane, and W. R. Dwyer of Chattaroy. Andrew Prader is doing the work under contract.



*Above: Image #3.
The spoil pile downhill from the Silver Bell Mine shaft.*

*Below: Image #4.
The Silver Bell Mine shaft opening. The strong light contrast doesn't allow the camera to clearly define the bottom of the shaft.*



Photos by Peter Coffin.

ment had begun. To begin mining on a railroad section would be unwise as the railroad always reserved the mineral rights on the land they sold to settlers.

The 1912 Ogle Spokane County Ownership Map of section 5 lists E. H. Belden as the owner — the March 8th article in the *Deer Park Union* giving Belden's name as President of the mining company. In 1930 the Metsker Spokane County Ownership Map shows the northeast quarter of "Section 5" once again owned by the Silver Bell Mining Company. However, the 1940 and 1950 Metsker Spokane County Ownership Maps show the tract to be "County" owned, inferring that taxes had not been paid on the tract.

By 1957 the land was owned by Sarah Stevens — that according to the Metsker Spokane County Ownership Map of Township 29 North, Range 42 East, WM.

Interestingly the Washington Division of Geology and Earth Resources, Division of Mines and Geology, does not list the Silver Bell Mine in their 1956 "Inventory of Washington Minerals: Part II, Metallic minerals" — said inventory authored by Marshall Hunting. This suggests there may be many such small mines that were operated in the early part of the 1900s, and since lost.

The Stevens family has lived in northwest Spokane County for many years. And one of the family members, Don Stevens, is a Deer Park City Councilman. I asked Don if he knew anything about the Silver Bell Mine, and he said he did. He had inherited the land on which the mine is located, and offered to show me. On June 5th, 2013, we took a field trip to the site.

The location of Don's acreage is just west of Spotted Road about three and one half

miles north of U. S. Highway 395. The land is heavily wooded and only a few trails lead through the woods. After driving into the woods for several hundred yards, we left my truck and walked uphill towards a large pile of rocks and dirt — a large pile with mature trees growing out of it (see image #3).

On the north side of the pile a large hole about 15 to 20 feet deep can be found (see image #4). The hole — or more properly the mine shaft — does not seem large enough to account for the volume of rocks and dirt that must have been taken from the mine. Don explained that a tunnel had been dug to the west of the shaft, and that accounted for the volume of material in the pile.

The February, 1918, *Spokane Chronicle* article describes this tunnel as being more than 200 feet long at the point where a possible ore vein two and one half feet thick was encountered. The vein was followed from the end of the shaft about 18 feet in a northeasterly direction to where a body of (*)hanging wall mineralization containing "iron-zinc" and "lead-silver" ore that was "very rich" was located. The (***)footwall was described as softer quartz containing native silver.

In the *Chronicle* article E. H. Belden is listed as the chief stock holder in the mine, with the following Spokane businessmen as owners: J. M. Fitzpatrick (Union Iron Works), R. M. Hart (Blackwell Lumber), R. F. Blackwell (Fosdick Auto), J. C. Broad (contractor), H. K. Metsger (H.J. Shinn & Co.), T. S. Lane (Spokane Chamber of Commerce president), W. A. Manning (mining engineer), and Chat-taroy resident W. E. Dwyer. Andrew Prader was named as the mining contractor.

When read carefully, it's possible the *Deer Park Union* article was only a promo-

(*) **Hanging Wall:** In mining this generally refers to the underside of the rock stratum overlying a bed or vein of ore. Descriptions of mineralization within the ore body would therefore be oriented downward from the intersection with the "hanging wall" when the term "hanging wall" is used.

(**) **Footwall:** In mining this generally refers to the top of the rock stratum below an ore body — the ore body being a vein or bed. Descriptions of mineralization within that ore body would therefore be oriented upward from the "footwall" when the term "footwall" is used.

tional sales statement meant to capitalize on all of the mining interests being promoted in other articles appearing in the newspaper at that time. The mine may have been nothing more than a minor show of mineralization. The “rich ore” and “beautiful samples” may have been the result of collecting only the best

looking samples — rather than the careful sampling needed to justify commercial mining.

In other words, it’s possible the mine was nothing more than a prospecting hole.

— end —

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

Bits of Chatter, Trivia & Notices All Strung Together

... 101 years of bowling (at least) ...

In issue #80 (December, 2014), and then again in issue #81 (January, 2015), the *Mortarboard’s Letters/Brickbats* column included recollections of Deer Park’s various bowling alleys. Under the leads “*bowling and a barber shop*” and “*an even earlier bowling alley*” respectively, these inclusion pushed the

history of that particular recreation in Deer Park back to the summer of 1940. A recent find in a very early edition of the *Deer Park Union* pushes the history of bowling in the city back another 26 years, to just over the century mark.

The following notice, found on the front page of the April 10th, 1914 edition of the *Union*, stated, “*Beginning Wednesday, April 15th, the Arcadia Bowling Alleys will be open evenings only from 7 to 11, except on rainy days, when they will be open all day.* Signed, H. Hyshiver, Mgr.”

However, it should be noted that the wording of the above notice only indicates new hours of operation for the “*Arcadia Bowling Alleys.*” Which leaves open the possibility that the première of the above noted bowling establishment could reach even further back into Deer Park’s history.

The name of the “*Arcadia Bowling Alleys*” manager, H. Hyshiver, is also associated with one of the classic photos from the Lawrence Zimmerer collection. This photo, identified as of the “*Arcadia Billiard Parlor,*” clearly shows a parallel set of bowling lanes (see facing page). The “*owner*” of the “*Billiard Parlor*” is identified as Harry Hyshiver — the one in the “*white shirt.*”

The name Hyshiver links the “*Arcadia Bowling Alleys*” and the “*Arcadia*



The above ad from the *Deer Park Union*, April 10, 1914.

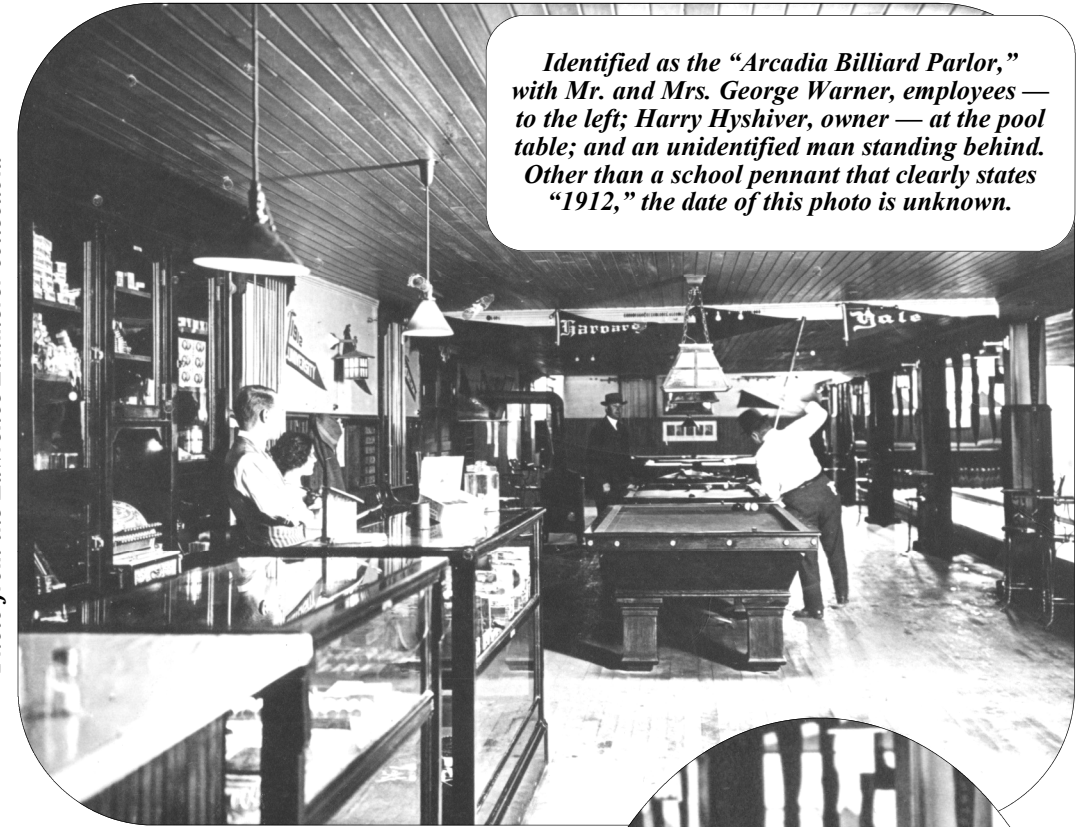


Photo from the Lawrence Zimmerer collection.

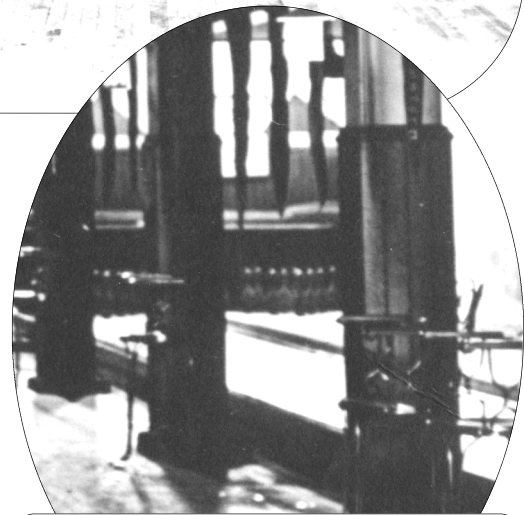
Identified as the “*Arcadia Billiard Parlor,*” with Mr. and Mrs. George Warner, employees — to the left; Harry Hyshiver, owner — at the pool table; and an unidentified man standing behind. Other than a school pennant that clearly states “1912,” the date of this photo is unknown.

Billiard Parlor.” The question is whether these two were the same establishment. The problem is that the above noted photo is also associated with the vanished town of Denison. Hopefully we’ll find more data that will clarify the actual location of the business and bowling lanes in the above photo.

... the way home from Elk ...

For those that dream of the innocent joys of a hayride in the bucolic past, here’s a cautionary tale from the January 8th, 1915, edition of the *Deer Park Union*.

“*Maybe it’s a long way to Tipperary, but it’s further than that from Elk to Deer Park if you ask our young people who made the trip last Saturday night, returning Sunday*



This enhancement of the above photo shows what appears to be two sets of bowling pins standing at the ends of parallel lanes.

morning. A bobsled, carrying twelve of the younger crowd, left about eight o'clock last Saturday evening to attend the dance at Elk, expecting to return in due season before breakfast Sunday morning, but along with some other carefully laid plans "o' mice and men," it went far "agley."

"The ride over with the careful driving of Jake Farris was most delightful and entirely without mishap, and after a couple of hours dancing to a good orchestra and partaking of the excellent supper prepared by the ladies of Elk, the party decided to return home.

"Bereft of the fatherly guidance of Jake, they set forth merrily with the reins in hands of the young men of the party. Now here begins the tale and enters the question, is a bright moon a help in keeping the road? Be that as it may, about 3:30 Sunday morning there began to be an inkling that the road was not familiar. And at 4:00, after rousing a peacefully slumbering farmer, the information was gleaned that so far as could be learned they were about sixteen miles from nowhere on the Kalispell road. How they got there is a mystery no one will ever solve. Except for the slight inconvenience of an extra thirty miles or so, no one seemed to bother much, and still entertained hopes of reaching Deer Park for breakfast.

"The moon may have seen some strange sights in her time, but we doubt if she ever saw a more sleepy or more ridiculous sight than the one which greeted her that night, as the faintly discouraged strains of 'Home Sweet Home,' and 'Gee, I wish I had a ham sandwich, if I'd know we were going to spend the weekend I'd have brought my lunch,' disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the ground squirrels and sent the coyotes scurrying for cover.

"All night they wandered, and when morning dawned they surveyed the landscape and discovered the sad fact that they were lost again, and if there is a logging road north of town that the bobsled didn't traverse, it's a well hidden trail.

"At seven o'clock the sight of the Colville road brought tears of joy to the sleepy eyes of the weary party, and rumor has it that one daring adventurer even declared himself willing to do it all over again. And that's why he walked most of the remaining distance home.

"Ten o'clock saw them leaving the party one by one and the sled and horses returned to the barn, followed by a thankful thought that sleds and horses can't talk and were all wondering who really is to blame for it all, and is Elk really a dry town?"

The last — the reference to Elk being a dry town — is explained in the next item.

... Deer Park and Clayton go dry (sort of) ...

For those remembering when the company town of Clayton boasted three taverns — roughly one tavern for every 125 men, women, and children in the community — the thought that Clayton could have ever fallen victim to the misguided experiment called prohibition seems counterintuitive. But the fact is that a modified version of this grand effort at moral engineering was voted into law in Washington State on November 3rd, 1914. The arrival was announced in several articles in that week's *Deer Park Union*. It was stated that Deer Park went dry by a vote of 330 to 95. And that, for some inexplicable reason, "At the election Tuesday, Clayton went 'dry' by a large majority."

However, as noted in the July 7th, 1915, issue of the *Union*, Clayton didn't give up without a fight (if it gave up at all).

The paper stated, "It seems that the Stevens County Sheriff celebrated the 4th at Clayton this year by a visit to the unlicensed saloons in the village and vicinity last Saturday. He made five arrests, three in Clayton and two at the south end of Loon Lake."

So, even though it's all just history now, let's tip a mug to Clayton's imbibing spirit this coming Independence Day.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society ———— May 9, 2015 ————

In attendance: Sue Rehms, Don Reiter, Mary Jo Reiter, Ella Jenkins, Lonnie Jenkins, Betty Burdette, Bill Sebright, Bob Gibson, Marilyn Reilly, Wey Simpson, Kay Parkin, Tom Costigan, Bill Phipps, and Penny Hutten.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:01 AM. He reported: 1) Pat Bidwell from Colbert called Bill saying she has many examples of Clayton terra cotta. She emailed pictures. Her grandfather got the terra cotta many years ago. She is working on more facts to go with the terra cotta. 2) Bill talked to George Freibott who lives in Scotty McGrorty's old house and friend Larry Pond. Larry is looking for information about his grandmother whose last name was McLean. Larry isn't sure of the spelling. He will talk to an uncle and get more information. 3) Clean up for Memorial Day at Zion Hill Cemetery is Saturday, May 16, 9 AM. 4) Bill picked up 3 boards of Clayton school pictures at the Loon Lake Historical Society. Karen Meyer has loaned the picture boards to us for the 100 year Clayton school celebration, which will be on display in the school's multipurpose room on August 1st. Several of the pictures are ones that our society didn't have.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported by email: The main checking account ended the month (April 30th) at \$7,472.56. Deposits totaled \$305.76. The web hosting account ended the same period at \$967.77 with a withdrawal of \$10.95 for web services.

Society Secretary Grace Hubal is taking a sick day today and has no report.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin

emailed that he has no report and is at the Wild Rose Cemetery cleanup day.

Print editor Wally Parker reported by email (Pat and he are in Canada): 1) One hundred twenty-five copies of the May, 2015, *Mortarboard* (#85) have been printed and are in the process of being distributed. The online version has been forwarded for posting. 2) The May issue leads with part two of Wey Simpson's four part "A Time Out to Serve" — an autobiographical account of the last days of World War II's Pacific campaign, and the subsequent occupation of mainland Japan. Next is Pete Coffin's "The Railroad Comes to Deer Park." Also of note; pictured in the April minutes are several excellent examples of Lenno Prestini's hallmark use of shallow gold pans as artist's canvas — these pans owned by the Robert Thomas family. 3) Having gone completely through one toner cartridge (the prior one sprang a leak), we now have a reasonable idea of how many printed pages we can expect from these large capacity (12,000 page) cartridges. Online sources, citing real world experience, suggest that on average a desktop publisher can expect about 40% of whatever page count any given cartridge manufacturer is advertising. We've printed within a few dozen pages of 5,000 on this last cartridge - meaning our results fall within those expectations.

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported by email (she has family visiting): 1) The May *Mortarboard* is now on the website.

Penny Hutten said that on May 21st, 2015, Eastern Washington University Professor Larry Cebula will speak about his website — Spokane Historical.org. — at the Western-

ers Spokane Corral at the Airport Holiday Inn, 1616 South Windsor Drive Spokane, Washington 99224. Contact Pat Holien by May 18th, for reservations. Pat's email is patholien@comcast.net, and her phone number is (509)466-2439. Call Penny Hutten at 276-5454, if you have questions.

Wednesday, May 6th was the fourth Planning Committee meeting for this year's Brickyard Day. Lynne Miller took pictures of Dorothy Lindh and Marilyn Lindh, our Honored Citizens. Lorraine Nord wrote up biographies. We are planning on taking alumni group pictures at 1 PM as part of the 100 Year Class Reunion. We are contacting as many classes as possible and are hopeful that they will have their reunions on Brickyard Day. Bob Gibson and Bill Sebright will be two of the tour leaders from noon to 2 PM. The next

meeting will be on June 10th at 6 PM at the Real Estate Marketplace.

Betty Burdette told us that the Settlers' meeting will be Monday, May 11, 4:30 PM at the Ambulance Office. Betty also brought 2 pictures of Mike's Army reunions.

Wey Simpson brought a 1901 picture of a class in front of the Deer Park Elementary School. He is also letting us scan a 1940 Fawn (the Deer Park elementary school's year book), a 1944 fifty year reunion book, and a picture from that reunion. Thanks, Wey.

Next meeting: Saturday, June 13, 2015, at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 9:26 AM.

The Society meeting minutes were submitted by Bill Sebright, acting Secretary.

— end —

Mortarboard Classifieds

— Collectable Items —

“THE OVERLAND JOURNAL,” Quarterly Journal of the Oregon-California Trails Association. Starting with Vol. 20, No. 3 (Fall 2002), through Vol. 32, No. 4 (Winter 2014-2015). A few issues are missing. If interested please contact Roxanne at 276-8777 or rxcamp@juno.com.

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 —

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue; Marie Morrill, Lina Swain, and Ken Westby.