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Illustration from "Life Magazine," February 20, 1896.

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#166

February

2022

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.

THE
**CLAYTON ♦ DEER PARK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Mortarboard

© C/DPHS

... more of ...
As Pete Recalls:
The Art of Being a Kid
by
Peter Coffin

Killing Grasshoppers.

One of my friends worked as a lot boy at the Deer Park Drive-In Theatre. During the summers the theatre lot became grasshopper infested. In the mornings, after a showing, my friend would go to the lot to pick up the previous night's mess. One day I went with him. On that day he brought a sawed-off 22 caliber rifle with bird shot cartridges to kill grasshoppers. Concentrating on picking up popcorn containers, candy wrappers, and soft drink cups, I really didn't think much about what he was doing.

Abruptly the local Deputy Sheriff arrived at the lot and asked us what we were doing. Of course, we were in Deer Park's city limits where discharging a firearm was illegal, as was the sawed-off rifle. The Deputy Sheriff lectured us about our illegal activity and confiscated the rifle.

That ended the cleanup operation.

There are definitely advantages to living in a small town and knowing the Deputy Sheriff.

Heavy Snow and Chinook Winds.

The winters of 1949 and 1950 were both cold and snowy. Snow thickness exceeded three feet in Deer Park and snow plowed off the streets could form piles six to ten feet in height. In addition, the outside temperatures occasionally dropped to near 40 degrees below zero.

The heavy snows and the piles of it would provide many snow forts from which

snow ball fights could be launched.

In the late winter and early spring, a warming Chinook wind would blow from the west and in a few days would melt much of the snow.

Ernie Ingalls' field north of our house was empty and the melt water would run off into the pits dug by Anton Rasmussen's irrigation pond. In a very short time, the melt water

would erode a gully under the fence between our lot and the pond.

Other locations in Deer Park suffered more than that field. South of the then grade school, now the school administrative offices and home link headquarters, was a deep ditch that had been dug during the 1910-1920 time

period to divert spring melt water flooding away from Main Avenue south of Fourth Street. Even after this ditch was dug there were several times the Congregational Church lot and the old parsonage were flooded.

Irrigation Pipe Changing.

Anton Rasmussen owned the field west of my parent's house and in the late 1940s he had a large dragline excavator dig two large holes over eight feet deep separated by a ridge of soil about twelve feet wide. These holes were deeper than the water table and filled with water.

Mr. Rasmussen then installed a large electric water pump on the ridge between the two ponds and used it to irrigate his hay field, that extending to Fir Avenue, east to the lots

west of Main Avenue, and from D Street north to South Street. As a small boy I liked to join Anton and his wife to watch them move the sprinkler pipes and sprinkler heads every morning.

Mr. Rasmussen planted fish in the western pond. One could lean on the pump intake pipe and see them swimming around.

I never did consider fishing there.

Sucker Fishing Below the Millpond Dam.

During one spring fishing expedition in the early 1950s several of us boys had ridden our bikes up to the base of the mill pond dam to fish in the dam's plunge pool. Immediately after throwing a worm-filled hook into the water, it was taken by a small non-game suck-

er fish. There were many, many very hungry sucker fish and catching them was great fun until we got bored. We left the banks of Dragoon Creek below the dam littered with our sucker fish catch.

A Millpond Raft.

The mill pond was an irresistible summer attraction for a couple of boys looking for adventure. However, we had to find a way to cross the pond or play on it. One summer we decided to look around to see if small logs were available to build a raft, but found none.

Our observations revealed that there were several piles of railroad crossties piled north of the sawmill buildings on the east side of the pond. Cross ties are very heavy and it would have been impossible for us to carry them to the eastern pond edge to construct a raft. Further observation revealed that there was some sort of cart near the piles of ties that could possibly be used to haul two or three ties at a time to the pond.

After determining that we could cross Dragoon Creek somewhat north of the pond itself and liberate the ties, we began to collect the material we would need to construct a raft from the ties. This included two by fours for cross members and spikes to hold the ties together. With this material in-hand, we moved the ties to the edge of the pond in several cart trips. Once we got the ties into the pond, we placed them side by side and nailed the two-by-fours across them to hold them together. The ties were heavy, soaked in asphalt, and floated fairly low in the water. The raft was now available to navigate the upper reaches of the mill pond, and many enjoyable afternoons were spent poling the raft around the pond.



The Author in Younger Days.
Don't let that angelic expression fool you.

In the fall of that year, we were concerned about how to lash the raft to the shore and somehow preserve it through the winter. While we were on the west side of the pond with the raft working on the problem, we heard a group of small children walking toward us on top of the elevated bank above where we were working. We did not want to be seen so we laid down in the grass and kept still. Unknown to us, the children apparently had seen us and left.

After the children were out of sight, we poled the raft towards the north end of the pond to look for a spot to lash it down. After finding a semi-satisfactory place we tied up the raft and began to walk south along the pond's western shore. When we got to where we had been hiding in the grass from the children, we saw a large group of people on the elevated bank above us including police and an ambulance. Apparently, the children had gone home and told their parents about seeing bodies in the grass. As we walked out it was obvious to all that a mistake had been made and things were alright.

I don't think we ever found the raft after that. I assume someone else found it and took it apart as a dangerous attraction.

Mud Hand Grenades.

In the late 1940s, after the end of World War II, there seemed to be much military emphasis, with stories from war battles filling much of the media and conversations. I and the neighborhood boys dug "fox holes" in a neighboring vacant lot and played war games with pretend weapons.

During the late 1940s, the winter snows were deep, and the moles had pushed the dirt from extending their burrows into

tubelike holes in the base of the snow. After the snow melted and these tubelike dirt clods had dried, they made excellent mock grenades. When thrown against a wall, a tree, or your playmate, they exploded into a very satisfying dust cloud.

Cleaning up a child after a dirt clod fight was a real problem for mothers.

Biking to Bailey Lake.

One summer day a friend and I decided to ride our bicycles cross country to Bailey Lake, northeast of Deer Park. The trip began on paved roads in Deer Park to the southwest

corner of the airport. At that time the airport was not fenced off so we could ride on the runway to its northeast corner. From there we rode and pushed our bicycles through the

woods and down the hill to the southwest corner of the lake.

While standing on the lake shore we watched a fisherman row his boat to the western shore somewhat near us. He got out of the boat with a shovel and a sack of something. Then he dug a hole in the muddy soil and dumped the sack's contents into the hole and filled it in.

After this he returned to his boat and rowed across the lake to the dock on the east-

Tree Climbing for Little Boys.

Wanting to climb trees must be hard wired into a little boy's brain. Climbing up to see the world from a different perspective is very tempting. Fortunately, the Coffin lot contained several mature elm and silver maple trees in the front yard and a large Ponderosa pine in the back yard next to the detached garage. All of them needed to be climbed, especially the extra tall pine tree.

I liked to climb up the pine tree to the point where the trunk was only several inches in diameter and the branches would hardly

Boys and Boxcars.

The Great Northern Railroad's Kettle Falls Branch line was located behind the bulk hydrocarbon warehouses east across Main Avenue from my house. A spur from that railroad extended from the main line to the old Arcadia Orchards warehouse which at that time was the main Deer Park Fair building and the Chevron and Associated Oil Companies warehouses.

Occasionally several box cars would be left parked on the warehouse spur. Climbing on and under these railroad cars was a

Triumphant Field Mouse.

Every so often several of my friends and I would accompany my father on a trip to visit his mother on a farm in Big Foot Valley west of Deer Park. On one occasion two other boys and I went along. After arriving at the

ern side. When he got on the dock his catch was examined by a fish and game agent. Obviously, his original catch was much larger than the limit allowed and he had to get rid of the excess before leaving the lake. I don't think the fish and game agent was aware of what had happened.

We pushed our bicycles up the hill, through the woods and back to the airport and rode home.

hold my weight. I also liked to crawl out on the large lower limbs. The last time I did this I was fortunate enough to have chosen a limb about 20 feet off the ground that had a larger limb just below it. I slipped off the limb and my fall was stopped by that lower limb. I was able to hold on and crawl back to the trunk and climb down to the ground.

This frightened me, and I never did this again!

temptation that could not be resisted, and the cars were out of sight of my mother. In the course of our play, we discovered how to loosen the manual brakes on the cars. The spur went slightly downhill to the north, away from the main line. Sometimes the cars would roll 10 to 15 feet.

We were extremely lucky to have never been hurt doing this. As I recall my mother never found out about this play activity.

farm, the three of us walked down to the meadow southwest of the farm buildings to see what might be in the seasonal stream bed. As we walked, we heard the grass rustle and a small field mouse ran out of our way. A

friend said, "*Let's try to pick up the mouse.*" We all tried to surround and trap the mouse. Finally, one boy caught the mouse and held it up for us to see. The mouse did not want to be held and bit the heel of the holder's hand and left a quite bloody gash. The boy immediately

dropped the mouse back into the grass. When my father found out what had happened, he immediately had the boy wash off the wound and immediately took us back to Deer Park and our parents.

— end —

Further Reading:

"As Pete Recalls: The Art of Being a Kid," by Peter Coffin.
Mortarboard #164, December, 2021 — page 2440 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 49.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_164_web_.pdf

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

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

... 1948 Deer Park airshow ticket found ...

In early November of last year, Society member Mike Reiter emailed the following message, "*Warren Strong found this in a wall.*" Embedded in the email was a photo Mike had taken with his cellphone. The image was of a rather battered ticket that would have allowed one adult to attend a "*Community Benefit Air Show*" slated to take place at Deer Park's "*municipal airport*" on "*Monday, July 5, 1948.*" Stamped diagonally across the face of the ticket in faded red were the words, "*Rescheduled Sunday, August 29 — 1:00 p.m.*" Everyone receiving this image instantly knew there had to be a story here, and maybe more than one.

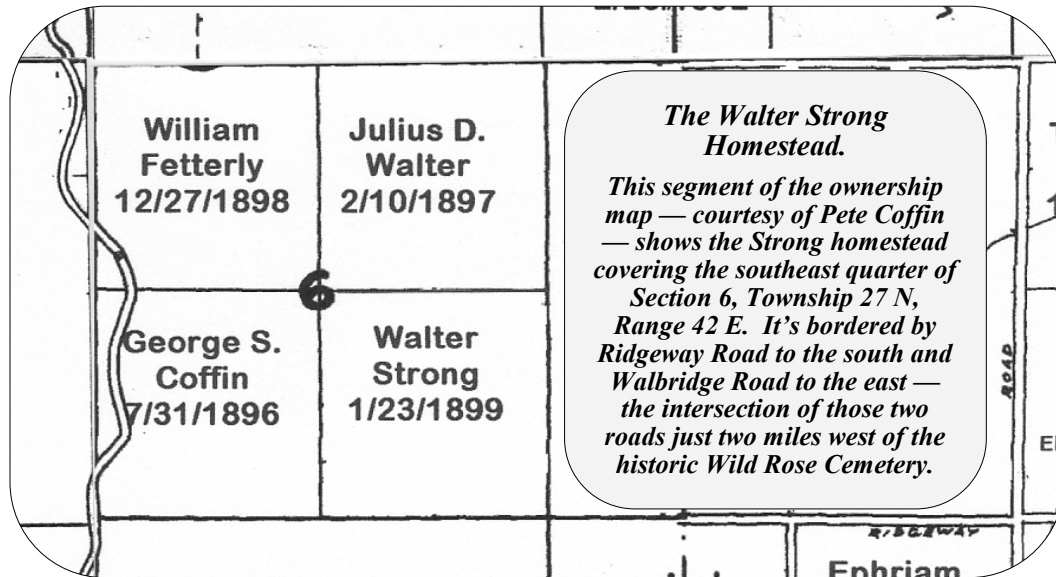
Society Historian Pete Coffin was the first to respond. He wrote, "*I remember standing in the field north of our house on South Main Street and watching the aircraft fly over. I was six years old at the time.*"

Regarding the above-mentioned Warren Strong, his family arrived in this portion of the Washington Territory on April 21st, 1884,

and never left. His great-grandfather, Walter Ezra Strong, brought them here from the State of New York, and within a decade had settled them along the southwest edge of Wild Rose Prairie. Warren's grandfather, William Henry Strong, and Warren's father, Walter Eugene Strong, as well as Warren himself are deeply embedded in Wild Rose's history.

Regarding the airshow ticket, Warren wrote, "*The house that the ticket was found in is on William Henry Strong's property.*"

This property was part of Walter Ezra Strong's homestead — that patented in 1889 (*see map on page 2470*). As Warren relates, "*This house, so I've been told, was built by my great grandfather (Walter E. Strong) and my great uncle Dewitt (F. D. Strong, Walter E's son). The house and 20 acres (said 20 acres along the southern edge of the original homestead) were sold by Uncle Dewitt, then later purchased back by my grandfather, William Henry Strong (Uncle Dewitt's brother). My grandparents lived out their lives here, then it was willed to my aunt, Nita (Strong) Funk. My wife Laurie and I bought the house and 40*



acres from John and Nita Funk.

“The house was pretty run down, but with two young daughters and the house needing lots of work and a new well, we had no choice but to live in it while fixing it up. We found the airport ticket when we remodeled the kitchen. Apparently it had been stored in the attic and had fallen down inside the wall — which had no insulation until the remodel.

“As near as I can tell, the house was built in the late eighteen-hundreds. But there aren’t any records, even at Colville.”

Having accounted for the ticket’s survival for the last 73 years plus an assortment of months, the next thing to investigate was the event the ticket allowed entry into.

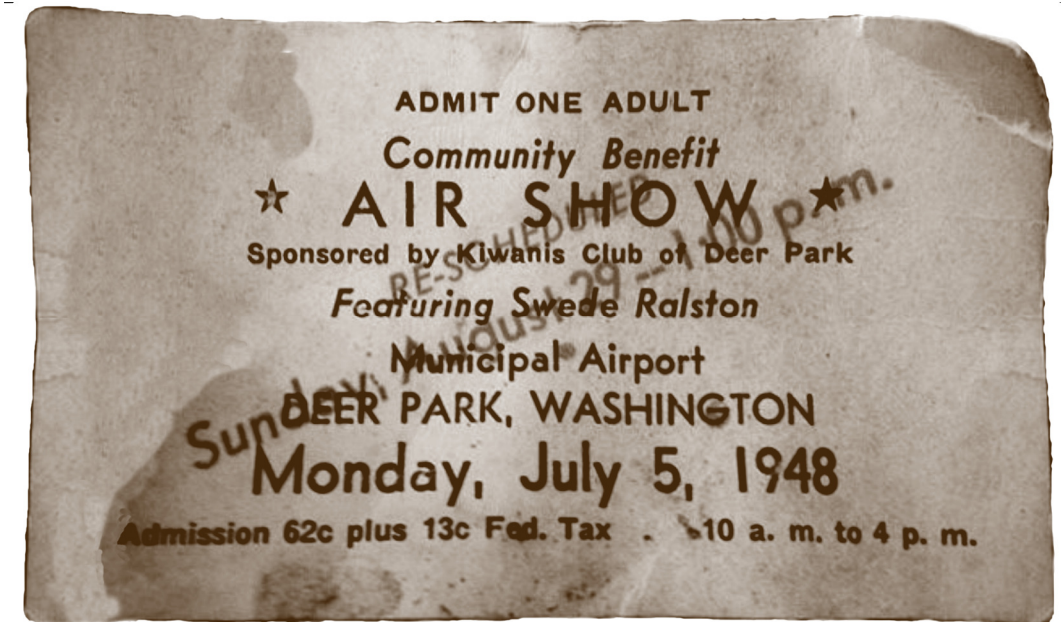
The ticket tells us the airshow was sponsored by Deer Park’s Kiwanis Club, and as an attention grabber, it was noted that the event would feature “Swede Ralston” — a widely known personality at the time. A little background research reveals that Norman ‘Swede’ Ralston was born at Forest Grove, Oregon, on November 28th, 1916. He passed away on November 14, 2007 at Portland, Oregon’s St. Vincent Medical Center— just a few weeks shy of his ninety-first birthday and just

ten miles east of his listed place of birth. In between those dates he packed a lot of life.

I’ve located no record of where the nickname Swede came from, but we do know his first solo flight occurred in 1934, and that for most of his flying life he’s been associated with the Hillsboro Airport, located between the above-mentioned Forest Grove and Portland. By 1936 Swede was selling airplane rides at the airport, and over the winter of 1938 constructed hangars there to support his company, Ralston’s Flying Service.

In January of 1942, the wartime government ordered most civilian aircraft locked away, ostensibly for fear of them being hijacked by saboteurs. With his business at Hillsboro closed for the duration, Swede obtained work as a flight instructor for newly inducted Army Air Force air cadets at Tulare California’s Rankin Aeronautical Academy. He took his growing family along, living at Tulare until the summer of 1945, after which they returned to Hillsboro, where Swede reopened his business.

Besides his school for student flyers, Swede and his employees also engaged in crop dusting, forest spraying, skywriting, and air-



Deer Park Airshow Ticket — 1948.

The diagonal lettering stamped over the face of this ticket reads, “re-scheduled Sunday August 29 — 1:00 p.m.”

shows — this last item bringing us to the summer of 1948.

The June 3rd edition of that year’s *Deer Park Union* announced that the local Kiwanis Club were planning an airshow for Deer Park’s municipal airport — that to occur on Monday, July 5th. At that time Deer Park’s Kiwanis Club was still fairly new, having been formed in the summer of 1946. Age aside, the organization was both ambitious and energetic — the planners expecting five to six thousand

guests at the six-hour event.

Sporadic announcements regarding the airshow continued in the region’s press throughout the month. Then on Thursday, July 1st, an outline of the coming event appeared in the *Deer Park Union*. Among the items noted, “Pop Whitter, the oldest parachute jumper in the world, will hit the silk in a delayed jump as one of the features of the airshow. Pop is over 60 years old — how much over we don’t know — and has jumped many

Further Reading: Deer Park Airport.

“Herbert Mason and Building the Deer Park Airport,” by Peter Coffin.
Mortarboard #36, April, 2011 — page 450 — *Collected Newsletters, Vol. 10.*
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_36_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf

“An Airport for Deer Park,” by Peter Coffin.
Mortarboard #70, February, 2014 — page 849 — *Collected Newsletters, Vol. 18.*
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_issue_70_singlepage.pdf

times in exhibitions, proving he knows what he is doing.”

In that day’s “Friendly Ramblings” column, George McCourt enthused that “All roads lead to Deer Park for the airshow, July 5, and while farmers are cutting hay and watching the sky for rain clouds, a number of them with hay on their hands plan to take a short time off from haying and work just a little later in order to bring the family in.”

The *Spokesman-Review* had highlighted aspects of the presentation the Sunday prior. Their article noted that “air force headquarters at Washington, D. C.,” had sent a telegraph to the event organizers indicating the government “would have a Super Fortress at the Deer Park airport by 9 a.m. Monday and the public may see it.”

It was also noted that “Carl Davis, local pilot,” had intended to drop leaflets about the Deer Park airshow “over Colville” the Saturday preceding the event. We’ve yet to find if that was actually done.

Monday came and went. Tuesday’s *Spokane Chronicle* told the tale under the lead “Deer Park Show is Rained Out.” The July 6th article went on to note the show was “rained out early in the day by a series of rainstorms nearing the intensity of cloudbursts.” The article reported, “Such exhibits as were on the ground early were left during the day for inspection and a good-sized crowd visited the field. Among the attractions was the B-29 bomber sent for the show ...” Then added, “The expense involved in preparation for the event was covered by rain insurance.”

The July 22nd *Deer Park Union* announced that the airshow had been rescheduled for Sunday, August 29th.

The August 5th *Union* added, “The Kiwanis Club of Deer Park has contacted the Air National Guard and has made arrangements for a demonstration of military formation flying at the rescheduled airshow ... Featured at the show will be Swede Ralston, America’s leading aerobatic pilot, and his AT-6 in a demonstration of precision flying. He also shows ‘How Not to Fly’ in a Piper Cub ...

Tickets now outstanding will be honored and the proceeds will go toward worthwhile community projects.”

Among the things mentioned in the *Deer Park Union*’s September 2nd report on the show, “Of outstanding interest was the Air Force P-80 jet fighters and the B-29 Superfortress. The jets may not have traveled faster than sound, but when they came over the field at low altitude, they were past the spectators before you could hear them.”

Regarding Swede Ralston, the *Union* said, “His ‘how not to fly’ demonstration ... thrilled the crowd and kept flyers wondering how many more rules of good flying he could break without breaking his neck.” The fact that Mr. Ralston died groundside some 59 years later, just a couple of weeks shy of his 91st birthday, suggests quite a few.

... how did Pete miss this opportunity ...

Just a question for Pete Coffin, whose second installment of mini stories about growing up in Deer Park appears in this issue. While searching for materials regarding Warren Strong’s airshow ticket, we happened upon this blip from the September 2nd, 1948 *Union*. Reporting on downtown Deer Park’s Main Street being resurfaced, the newspaper revealed that, “Young lads were more or less interested in getting their feet into the thick, black coating, to the dismay of parents.”

We’re curious whether Pete originally missed out on this opportunity for mischief, or has he simply forgotten to fess up?

... images of Armistice Day — 1918 ...

Last December society member Mike Reiter emailed the *Mortarboard* the image seen on the facing page. He said it was scanned from the picture side of a postcard brought to his attention by Craig Olson. Craig is the grandson of Mabel (Reiter) Olson — Mike’s great-aunt — and it appears the postcard was once Mabel’s property — that quite likely when she was still Miss Reiter, having

*Armistice Day,
November 11th, 1918.*

*Image from the
Mabel M. (Reiter) Olson
collection.*



become Mrs. Olson on the 18th day of September, 1919.

Mike reported that prior to her marriage to Albert Olson, Mabel worked in the Arcadia Orchards apple packing building that once stood on a parcel later absorbed into Deer Park's fairgrounds, that fairgrounds now a business park on the east side of South Main Street. The postcard hadn't been posted — meaning no addresses and no postmark — and the only thing hand-scribbled on the address side was "Apple Packing Gang, November 11, Armistice Day."

There's no question that the image on Mabel's postcard is of downtown Deer Park at some point in the early 20th century. As for it having been taken on the very first Armistice Day — now known as Veterans Day — there's nothing on the card itself that would confirm the gathering shown was a spontaneous or otherwise response to the news that a ceasefire effectively ending World War One

had just been formalized. With that uncertainty, the search for some confirmation as to the year the photo was taken began.

The images appearing on most postcards from that era were printed using the same halftone process newspapers used. If colored postcards were being printed, that was accomplished with multiple halftone plates, each impressing a different color. Mabel's Armistice Day photo is rare in that it's a real photograph — the image either exposed directly on photosensitive paper inside a special type of camera, or, as suggested by the advertisements below, first exposed to a negative in the conventional manner, and later transferred to photosensitive paper within a darkroom.

We know the image on Mabel's postcard is exposed rather than printed because the dots found in halftone images are absent when the card is viewed under magnification.

Further confirmation is found on the address side of the postcard — this according to various websites that cater to collectors of photo postcards. If the spot reserved for the postal stamp is indicated by a box formed by

repetitions of the name "Velox," plus diamond shaped dots marking each corner of the box, and finally the exact wording inside the box being "place stamp here," then the paper was doubtless manufactured by a subsidiary of the Eastman Kodak Company from 1907 to 1917. What makes the paper unique is that one side is photosensitive, so photographs can be printed on it using standard techniques, while the other side is surfaced

with normal cardstock. The advertisements on the facing page and the *Deer Park Union* ad pasted below, suggest that photocards of this type didn't have to be taken by professional photographers. And negatives exposed within cameras such as the Kodak 3A could have been printed on photosensitive postcard stock such as Kodak's by anyone equipped to do so.

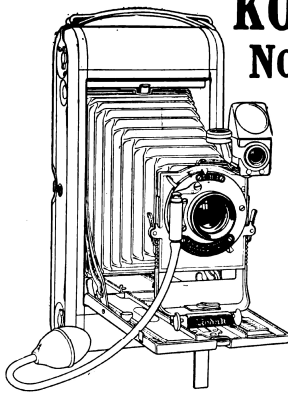
Mike Reiter uncovered irrefutable evidence that the image on page 2473 was snapped on the 11th of November, 1918, when he found the same image, along with mention of the date taken, posted on the front page of the *Deer Park Union*'s November 22nd edition.

As for who may have taken the photo, the credit the newspaper gives is simply "Photo by Evans." Our best guess is Harry Hover Evans, the town's acting health officer. Mr. Evans was a druggist by profession, which ties in nicely with the Deer Park Drug Company ad seen to the left.

The front page of 1918's November 15th *Union* tells us exactly what happened on that first ever Armistice Day.

"If New York turned out the crowd Monday proportionally with Deer Park, it will be years before the population is again settled. As soon as the news was received, the people did not take the trouble to wait for the governor's proclamation declaring a holiday, but promptly inaugurated one of their own. And that included every man, woman, and child in the city. The boys at the mill, headed by the Timberworkers' Union and the 4-L's, closely followed by the management, were on the street as if by magic. The parade thus started was halted downtown, where an improvised band consisting of Captain George Baker, and E. E. Wood with base drums, and Frank Swenson and son with tenor drums — our bad boys are all in France or in route — and Art Higgins with slide trombone, assisted by all the whiz saws that were ever manufactured, took the lead and the grand march began. Up Crawford to the east hill, south to A Street, west to near Main. Here a halt was called, and the column rested until the men, women,

The New Folding Pocket KODAK No. 3A.



Pictures of new size and shape, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches.

Broader in scope than anything heretofore attained in Pocket Photography.

Price, - - \$20.

ALL DEALERS.

The 3A Folding Pocket Kodak.
The ads to the left and below, were clipped from the December, 1903 edition of The Camera magazine.

FITS A POSTAL.

The use of photographic postal cards is growing every day, and with reason. It's a delight to be able to send pictures commemorative of a vacation trip to the friends who were along and to those who were not. The Velox postal then opens a new and interesting phase to photography and the 3A Folding Pocket Kodak makes negatives of just the right size, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2. Besides, it's a superb instrument.

Images of Monday's Parade.

The ad below was clipped from the November 15th, 1918 edition of the Deer Park Union.



Pictures of the Monday parade now on exhibition and for sale at the

Deer Park Drug Co.
Bring us your Prescriptions.
Phone M706

Bring us your Developing and Printing



Photo courtesy of Tom Costigan.

and girls from the apple house could be formed into line, and then on again. Lord, but it was a noisy bunch. The women sure did their share of noise making.

“The parade came to attention at the city fountain square, where the boys had prepared the Kaiser for cremation. That square never held such a bunch of joy-mad people before. After a few appropriate remarks by Reverend William Worthington, the process of eliminating the bloody Hun leader was start-

ed. He burned slowly, furnishing further evidence that the time is not quite ripe for disposing of him. About that time, it was decided that perhaps the passengers on the G. N. up-train would not get to see the scene enacted along the way, and that it would be better if Deer Park gave them a show ... Another Kaiser was prepared, and this time he burned better. In fact, he pretty near petered out before the train came to a standstill. The passengers were well pleased, and it was then

Further Reading:

The impact of 1918’s pandemic in and around Clayton and Deer Park.

“A Dark Reflection: 1918’s Pandemic (Part 1),” by Wally Lee Parker.
Mortarboard #147, July, 2020 — page 2108 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 43.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_147_web_1_.pdf

“A Dark Reflection: 1918’s Pandemic (Part 2),” by Wally Lee Parker.
Mortarboard #148, August, 2020 — page 2121 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 43.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_148_web_.pdf

and there arranged to make another Kaiser and have a big time when night should come.”

The *Union*’s description of the celebration continued with a notation that the Board of Health had called off any further cremations of the Kaiser’s effigy as, assumedly, an attempt to reduce the size of the thickly packed crowds seen in these photos. One could reasonably guess that such was ordered since the highly contagious, sometimes fatal, and clearly epidemic Spanish Influenzas had already made its presence known among the town’s population. If the ban on Kaiser cremations had any effect on the celebrants, it apparently dissipated as soon as “an ancient dwelling on Crawford, opposite the high school” was found to be afire — the conflagration kindled either accidentally or by design. This fire reignited the celebrants, who reportedly began roaming the town looking for other things to burn. The resultant series of celebratory arsons finally ended with a hopefully abandoned house in the northern part of town.

As part of its summation, the *Union* stated, “It was a grand and glorious night. Fred Kelly was heard to complain because some of his buildings were not burned. But there is still a chance, as we are going to have one big time the day peace is declared, and we now and here pledge (to) Mr. Kelly that all his superfluous building will be well taken care of.”

The phrase “The parade came to attention at the city fountain square,” as used in the *Union*’s November 15th article, piqued Mike Reiter’s curiosity. He emailed, “Has anyone heard of the ‘city fountain square,’ and does something like that show in any of our other photos?”

In response to Mike’s question, our society’s historian, Pete Coffin, sent the photo

on the facing page. Pete added, “Note the curb in the foreground of this picture of Jeff Moore’s building (the Deer Park Billiard Parlor) with the hotel (Olson Hotel/Arcadia Inn) in the background.” What appears to be a segment of the same curb can be seen at the bottom of the postcard image on page 2473 — from which we derive that the image Pete forwarded is a wider view from a different angle of the same curbed island. Pete suggested this entire island is the aforementioned City Fountain Square — which seems more than likely. And everything considered, it appears likely both photos showing the City Fountain Square were taken on the same day — that being Armistice Day, 1918.

Knotting all these threads into something akin to a pattern, it’s quite probable that Craig Olson’s grandmother and Mike Reiter’s great-aunt — said aunt to forevermore be remembered as part of the legendary “Apple Packing Gang” — is somewhere among the mass of citizens seen in these images.

... pinning down ‘City Fountain Square’ ...

Our very vintage collection of *Deer Park Union* newspapers is a treasury of local and regional history. We’re reminded of how priceless it is as a research tool every time we find a specific date we need to check on and discover the corresponding issue of the *Union*, or later *Tribune*, has been lost. Among those missing *Unions*, the first five years and three weeks of its run — those issues, doubtless detailing the village’s struggle to incorporate as a proper town, have apparently all been lost to both us and history.

Though scans of the *Unions* still in hand are available as electronic files, those are not computer searchable — meaning if we’re

Further Reading:

Businessman Jefferson Moore and his City Fountain Square Billiard Parlor.

“Jefferson M. Moore: Early Deer Park Businessman,” by Peter Coffin.
Mortarboard #152, December, 2020 — page 2197 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 45.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_152_web_.pdf

looking for information regarding a specific person, business, or event, we need to visually scan each and every page that lies within whatever span of time we're guesstimating such might be found. And that brings us to the issue of the above-mentioned City Fountain Square.

For any historian, amateur or professional, vintage newspapers are a quagmire of distractions. Each hour of research among musty pages of newsprint, each minute spent scanning paragraphs of well-aged musings in pursuit of a specific name or event, holds a potential temptation — a potential opportunity — to veer away from the original objective in pursuit of some inviting though clearly unrelated morsel of information. This compulsion to enjoy walking through dusty halls of frozen memory for no purpose other than the sheer pleasure of it, is a hazard most historians are aware of. You come up for a breath of air, or maybe a cup of oolong tea, and realize an hour or two have passed with no progress toward your original goal. Considering that historians are cognitive of how little time each of us — even at the maximum — has been allotted for this life, it's vexing.

One of the byproducts of this road-not-taken paradox are the echoes of names and terms that often rise to haunt. For example, you hear a term such as City Fountain Square and you know you've run across it before. Your recollection of where or when is just a bit, or maybe more than just a bit, rubbery.

For example, Mike Reiter found the aforementioned placename in the *Deer Park Union's* November 15th, 1918 Armistice Day issue, which prompted him to ask, "Has anyone heard of the City Fountain Square?"

Pete Coffin emailed back, "I do seem to remember mention of it somewhere but have no specific reference."

Four days later Pete forwarded two articles drawn from 1915's *Deer Park Union*. In explanation he wrote, "I think the attached articles describe the original construction of the curbed feature seen in the pictures of the Armistice celebration."

Below is a quote from the *Union's* October 1st, 1915 edition, this under the heading "New Parkway at the Depot."

"Through the energetic efforts of Mayor O. L. Olson, assisted by Charles Farris and the (Deer Park City) council, the long-cherished plan of parking and paving Crawford Avenue from the depot to Main Avenue is at last to become a fact.

"The matured plan is to have a parkway twenty-five feet wide by eighty-feet long put in the center of this short but wide strip of Crawford Boulevard, and to have both sides paved and curbed, with ample room for all traffic which occurs at this point.

"For years, this spot right in front of the Great Northern (Railroad) depot has been one of the worst looking spots in the city, and this scheme of beautifying it is hailed with delight by all of our citizens. Visitors to the city who arrive on the trains will, in the future, get a very pleasant impression of our little city, which they should.

"A petition has been circulated for donations to do the work, and it has met with instant response.

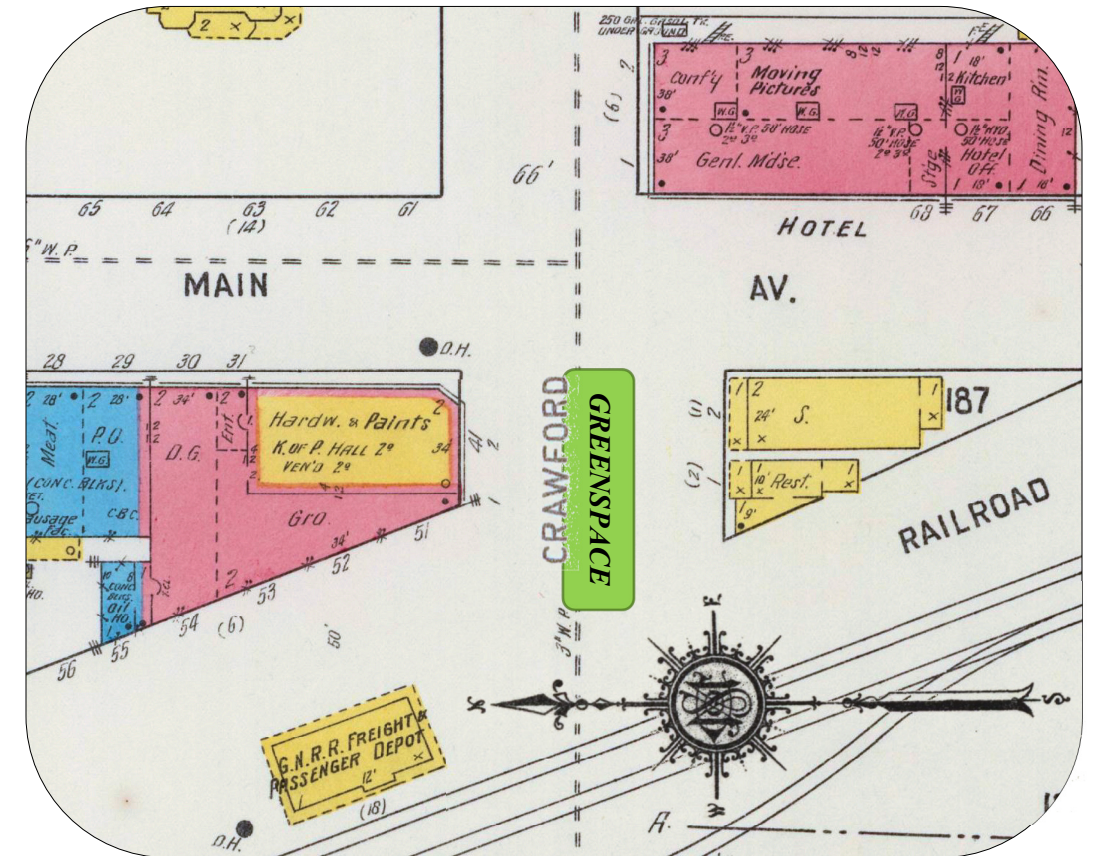
"About \$350.00 is needed and over two-thirds of this amount has been subscribed up to Thursday evening.

"Cement curbing will be put in on both sides and the paving is to be done at the same time and manner as the new public highway.

"Let the good work go on."

The October 22nd *Union* followed up with, "Mitchell Brothers & Payne, the contractors who are building the state highway, have practically finished the road through Deer Park, and it is a good job. The extra work now being done on the two blocks on Main Avenue is also being pushed and by the end of the week will be ready for traffic. The parkway is also nearing completion and will, when finished, be a pretty entrance to the town from the depot and will create a favorable impression upon the strangers."

This editor's eleven-pound *Random House Dictionary* states that the term



City Fountain Square.

Somewhat modified from the original, this segment of 1915's Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows the intersection of Deer Park's Crawford and Main as of that date. Also seen in the lower left corner is the Great Northern's passenger depot. The editor's overlay (marked "Greenspace") suggests the approximate size and position — though not exact shape — of the planted element within the parkway — said parkway created in the autumn of 1915. Said element at some point between 1915 and 1918 appears to have been renamed the City Fountain Square. More research should clarify that.

"Parkway" entered the English language between 1885 and 1890. It's defined as "a broad thoroughfare with a dividing strip or side strips planted with grass, trees, etc." That would suggest the actual curbed greenspace could have presented itself as a traffic island surrounded by road — which compar-

ing the two photos (*the one on page 2473 and the one on page 2476*) seems to suggest was the approach the city took. Now it might be that the roadway on the south side of the greenspace (*right above*) was narrower than the roadway on the north side (*left above*). We just can't tell exactly what's going on from the two

photos we have on hand.

As with most puzzles answered — or at least partially answered — we always seem left with a plethora of new questions in search of answers. One such would be, in those first few years of the new parkway's existence — between its construction late in 1915, and the armistice celebration of 1918 — what prompted its name being changed to City Fountain Square. One would have to assume that at some point a commemorative fountain was added. Our current hope is that the old *Union* newspapers have preserved that story as well. It's just a matter of finding the hours necessary to dig it out.

Then too, a second photo was printed on page one of the November 22nd, 1918 *Union*. The caption beneath it read, "*Parade going south on Main Street the day the armistice was signed with the Huns.*" And once again, the photo credit was "*Photo by Evans.*" Thought the image on our digital copy of the paper is incredibly poor, it should be sufficient to identify the actual photo if we ever obtain a copy of such. Now that we're talking about three photos, it opens the possibility that an even greater number of photos were taken of that day's spontaneous celebration. If so, there's at least a slim chance that a few such still exist somewhere. We can hope.

And suffice to say, we don't think this story is anywhere near to being complete.

... a brick from Mead's historic brickyard ...

In early December of last year, we received an email with several photos attached from our society's president, Bill Sebright. Bill wrote, "*My son Garrett is remodeling the ground floor of the Nebraska building in Hillyard (photo facing page) for a restaurant. He gave me a brick he found in the building*

(again, see facing page). *I did a little research of the J. T. Davie imprinted on the brick. Though not really a part of the Clayton/Deer Park history, he was a competitor of the Clayton brickyard.*"

And that's true, Mr. Davie wasn't part of Clayton's history, but he does have a connection with Washington Brick & Lime's very early history. A short summation of that history can be found in the first several paragraphs of the "*Clayton Burns*" article found in the July 2017 *Mortarboard* (#111) (see '*Further Reading*' link below).

As for the specific brick in question, I would tentatively date it as having been manufactured between 1904 and 1928. This estimate is based on an article appearing in the December 5th, 1928 edition of the *Spokane Review*. Announcing the acquisition of the J. T. Davie Brick Company by the Consolidated Supply Company, the article states that in 1904 the company formerly known as the Davie Brick Company was reincorporated as the J. T. Davie Brick Company — that being the exact wording used on the brick pictured on the facing page.

The above interpretation is still a bit liquid. The basis for it; on the 8th of March, 1902, the *Spokane Chronicle* reported, "*J. T. Davie & Company*" — without the word brick — "*who have been operating a brick manufacturing establishment at Crystal Springs, intend to move the plant from the present place to near Mead and enlarge the concern by the purchase of new machinery and by starting the manufactory of stiff mud and wire cut brick.*"

The above placename Crystal Springs puzzled me until resolved by this article from the October 14th, 1891 edition of the *Spokane Chronicle*. "*J. T. Davie has filed with the county auditor the plat of a new addition to be*

Further Reading:

"Clayton Burns: The Clayton Fires of 1897, 1908, & 1957," by Wally Lee Parker.
Mortarboard #111, July, 2017 — page 1501 — Collected Newsletters, Vol. 31.
http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_111_web_.pdf



Photos this page by Bill Sebright.

designated by the name of 'Crystal Springs Addition,' to Spokane, Washington. The property platted is a portion of the north half of the north half of the south-east quarter of the south-west quarter of section 25, township 25, range 42 E. W. M. The addition comprised two blocks, one having five lots and the other containing thirty-three lots and is bounded on the north by 24th Avenue and on the south by 25th Avenue. It was platted by Riblet & Strack, the civil engineers, and was approved by the city council on October 7, 1891."

Knowing where Davie's brick company was moving from, the above noted 1902 *Chronicle* article quoted Mr. Davie as saying, "*We have bought 100 acres of land one mile north of Mead, on the other side of Deadman Creek. We have an inexhaustible supply of good clay for the making of red brick.*"

"We will make two kinds of brick. One will be the soft mud-sand brick and the other the stiff mud wire cut brick. Machinery for making the latter brick has been ordered, and with it will be an automatic cutter, the first used in this section. The cost at the factory of this machinery was \$1,600.

"The company also has under way a 70-horsepower boiler and a 60-horsepower

Above: The Nebraska Building, 5008, 5010, and 5012 North Market Street, Spokane, was built in 1907 as a hotel. Commonly called the Nebraska Hotel in early days, the upstairs consisted of single-occupancy rooms for railroad workers. According to the National Register of Historic Places, at one time the building's upstairs collection of rooms may have served as a bordello. The above image shows the building after its most recent refurbishment.

Below: This is the brick retrieved by Garrett Sebright while remodeling the Nebraska Building seen above.



engine to run the new works. The old cart and horse, formerly used to haul clay, will be dispensed with and in their place will be iron rails and cars, which will take the clay from the banks to the place it is needed. The total cost of the new machinery that is being added to the old will amount to over \$4,000. We will start between 30 and 40 men to work, and later on will employ between 60 and 70 men.”

Operating under the corporate name Building Supplies Inc., the Mead brickyard appears to have continued operations through the mid-1930s at least. Some sources imply it may have continued into the 1980s — though we’ve little confidence of that since documentation of such so far has proven lacking

What we can report with confidence are the following quotes drawn from Professor Solon Shedd’s study *“Clays of the State of Washington: Their Geology, Mineralogy, and Technology.”* This volume was published by Pullman’s *“State College of Washington”* in 1910.

Regarding Mead and the clays found thereabout, the professor wrote, *“Mead is about ten miles northeast of Spokane on the*

Great Northern Railway. Peone Creek passes through the town and along this are deposits of clay which are being used in the manufacture of common and red repress brick. These deposits are stratified and are used to a depth of about twenty feet. The different strata vary, more or less as regards the character of the material, in some places being very sandy. The different layers, however, are mixed in (during) the manufacture of brick. The clay is of a light yellowish color and fine grained. Disseminated through it is a considerable amount of very fine scales of white mica. There are also some small particles of black sand scattered through it.”

Regarding the J. T. Davie Brick Company, the professor reported the company’s brickyard was located near the town *“on the north bank of Peone Creek.”* The remainder of Solon’s comments give a detailed analysis of the mineralogical makeup and firing characteristic of the clays being used at Mead.

Hopefully we’ll learn more about this company and its Mead factory going forward.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Minutes of the Clayton ♦ Deer Park Historical Society ———— January 8, 2022 ————

In attendance at the society’s Deer Park meeting hall, 300 Block ‘A’ Street: Marilyn Reilly, Bill Sebright, Tom Costigan, Wally Parker, Dick Purdy, Larry Bowen, Judy Coffin, Pete Coffin, Scott Moore, Tracy Strong, Warren Strong, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Rick Brodrick, Andrea Evans-Davis, Mike Wolfe, Winnie Moore, Don Ball, Elaine Ball, Jessie Tennant, Austin Smathers, and Damon Smathers.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 10:00 AM. He report-

ed that: 1) He talked to Randy Long about getting our artifacts from the now closed Clayton Drive-In. He was in no rush to remove them. They want to get the Drive-In closed up and take a break. We’ll get the artifacts next spring. 2) Judy Knight dropped off a box of photos from Lori Knight Conconi (DPHS Class of 1982?). Lori is the daughter of Jerry and Kathleen Knight (DPHS Class of 1950). Kathleen is the daughter of Ed and Iva (Krick) Schmidt. Her brother Ed had a sawmill in Williams Valley for many years. 3) Denny Lippert

dropped off a box of Deer Park Arts Commission 3 ring binders.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported by email: 1) The main checking account ended the month at \$16,428.88. There were deposits of \$70 and a check written for \$25 to the Deer Park Rotary. The web hosting account ended the month at \$616.05 with a \$55.06 withdrawal for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at \$1,130.10. The Eagle fund account, \$7,450. 2) Mark took *Mortarboards* to Gardenspot Health Foods and Odynski’s Accounting. He has begun to deliver *Mortarboards* to several of the coffee houses in Deer Park. 3) This week Mark will pay Liberty Mutual for our liability insurance.

Society Vice President: No one has stepped forward to become Vice President.

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) 120 copies of the January *Mortarboard* (#165) have been printed for distribution. Printable PDFs of said issue have been emailed to the Loon Lake Library and to The Heritage Foundation for reproduction and distribution. The online version has been forwarded to the society’s webmaster for uploading. 2) Topics found within the January issue include a feature article on Deer Park’s Concrete Construction Company. The Letters/Brickbats column includes a discussion of Emily White’s family history school assignment; Wild Rose Prairie’s Owen and Beyersdorf store — circa 1910; a profane word used in a 1922 *Deer Park Union* advertisement; and the search for the fate of one Walter B. Cook. 3) Regarding the currently under construction February issue (#166), as of this writing the feature article will be the second though hopefully not final part of Pete Coffin’s *“The Art of Being a Kid.”* The rest of the issue will be an extended Letters/Brickbats column. Such begins with a piece detailing the discovery of a ticket issued in 1948 by Deer Park’s Kiwanis Club for an airshow at the local airport. Next we layout our research into the story behind a vintage photo-postcard featuring what appears to be a patriotic celebration in downtown Deer Park. Then comes a search for the location of Deer

Park’s long lost City Fountain Square. And last we present an initial discussion regarding Mead’s historic brickyard - that drawn from a J. T. Davie Brick Company brick recently donated to the society.

Webmaster Damon Smathers reported: 1) The January issue of the *Mortarboard* has been uploaded to the website. 2) The new contact form seems to be a great addition to the website. We have had several people contact us with questions, and a few also shared rare photos and documents not seen before to our knowledge. One individual sent in rare photos of Clayton’s early history we were unaware of. The Society is currently researching more on this subject. Damon will contact him before the next meeting.

Historian Pete Coffin had no report.

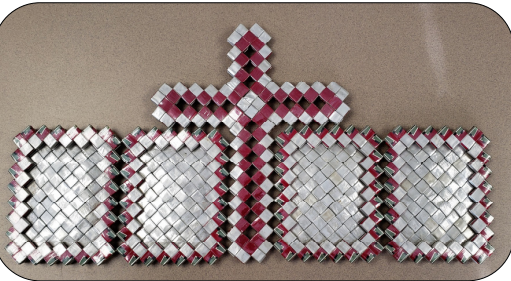
Mike Reiter reported that: Mike Reiter and Craig Olson were looking through some of Craig’s (Mabel Reiter Olson) grandmother’s old photos and came across a postcard photo of a crowd of people waving flags in what appeared to be a celebration at Main and Crawford. A clue on the back of the postcard led to a little research in a Deer Park Union. After conferring with Pete Coffin and Wally Parker, it was decided an interesting article for the *Mortarboard* will be forthcoming.

Don Ball told about the building of the Drive-in and the beginning of the Clayton Burger. Dennis Ubat made the light fixtures in wood shop at school. Dennis also helped lay the cement blocks. The famous Clayton Burger was started when a friend told Don to put in whatever he had a lot of. He didn’t have ham or bacon and decided on 2 wieners, 2 beef patties, etc.

This is dues month, \$20 per household.

Winnie Lee Monroe Moore showed and told about a photo frame (*see column one, overpage*) made by her Uncle Arnie Smith while in Red Lodge, Montana, prison. Some prison art is quite valuable on eBay. She discovered the picture frame in the bottom of an old wooden trunk. Arnie used folded cigarette

wrappers to make the frame. Later generations use gum wrappers to make bracelets, etc. Arnie served with honor in World War II but fell apart in the years following the war. While he was incarcerated, his 3 children were cared for by his father John until he took them to his daughter's home (Doris Athena, better known as Aunt Tieny). Aunt Tieny and her husband



Garfield Steadman took care of the 3 children and later adopted them. They grew up in the big pink house at the corner of Monroe Road and Highway 395 near Woodland Cemetery and Dragoon Creek.

Our next meeting is scheduled for Saturday, February 12, 2022, at 10:00 AM at our building.

Meeting adjourned at 10:55.

Minutes submitted by Bill Sebright acting as secretary.

Editor's Note — We'd be very appreciative of someone stepping forward to fill the very necessary position of secretary. The society's president should be concentrating on other things.

— end —

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Comments Policy

We encourage anyone with observations, concerns, corrections, divergent opinions or additional materials relating to the contents of these newsletters to write the society or contact one or more of the individuals listed in the "Society Contacts" box found in each issue. Resultant conversations can remain confidential if so desired.

Editorial, Copyright, and Reprint Concerns

Those contributing "original" materials to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society normally retain copyright to said materials while granting the Mortarboard and the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society durable permission to use said materials in our electronic and print media — including permission to reprint said materials in future Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society publications. Under certain conditions proof of ownership of submitted materials and/or a signed release may be requested. No compensation for materials submitted is offered or implied. All materials submitted are subject to editorial revision. Any material published as an exception to these general understandings will be clearly marked. When requests to reprint materials are received, such will be granted in almost all instances in which the society has the right to extend such permission. In instances where we don't have that right, we will attempt to place the requester in contact with the owner of the work in question. But in all instances where a request to reprint is made, it should be made to both the society and the author of the piece, and it should be made in writing (letter or email). The society considers the application of common business conventions when dealing with intellectual properties a simple means of avoiding misunderstandings.

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Rick Hodges, Bill Sebright, Chuck Stewart, Lina Swain, and Ken Westby.

From "The Coast" magazine,
April, 1907



See Yourself in Print.

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society's department of Print Publications is always looking for original writings, classic photos, properly aged documents and the like that may be of interest to our readers. These materials should be rooted within, though not limited to, northern Spokane County, southeastern Stevens County, and southern Pend Oreille County. As for types of materials, family or personal remembrances are always considered. Articles of general historical interest — including pieces on natural history, archeology, geology and such — are likely to prove useful. In other words, we are always searching for things that will increase our readers' understanding and appreciation of this region's past. As for historical perspective; to us history begins whenever the past is dusty enough to have become noteworthy — which is always open to interpretation. From there it extends back as deep as we can see, can research, or even speculate upon.

Copyright considerations for any materials submitted are stated in the "Editorial, Copyright, and Reprint Concerns" dialog box found in this issue. For any clarifications regarding said policy, or any discussions of possible story ideas or the appropriateness of certain types of material and so on, please contact the editor via the email address supplied on the same page.

— the editor —

About our Group:

The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society was incorporated as a nonprofit association in the winter of 2002 under the title Clayton Historical Society. Our mission statement is found on the first page (upper left corner) of each issue of our newsletter, the Mortarboard.

Our yearly dues are \$20 dollars per family/household.

We are open to any and all that share an interest in the history of our region — said region, in both a geographic and historic sense, not limited to the communities in our group's name.