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*Illustration from Collier’s Magazine, October 21, 1905.*

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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.*

THE  
CLAYTON ♦ DEER PARK  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**Mortarboard**

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***The Reports & Mortarboards  
— A Retrospective —***

***Snippets from a Few of the Many Intriguing  
Articles Published by the Society Over the Years.***

*as selected by*

***The Current Editor***

***A Few Clippings from the Society’s Reports to the C♦DPHS.***

The Society’s first effort at self-publication was a series of four 48-page booklets printed under the title “*Reports to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society.*” Released in 2005, 2006, and 2007, these volumes are still available through our print-on-demand service. Following is a selection of snippets from some of the articles in this series.

***“In and Around Clayton.” — by Peter Berg***

Born in Bradley, South Dakota on the 24<sup>th</sup> of October, 1895, Peter Burg (his surname misspelled in the original article) and his family arrived in the Clayton area in 1900. The story of his early life was drawn from a handwritten manuscript dated 1961. He passed away on June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1968, and is interred at Zion Hill Cemetery, near Clayton.

(Reports to the C/DPHS — Volume I — page 10)

When you got a half mile from town you would know if a ball game was going on by the hollering.

Olson Spur was where Don Swanson is now. Christian Spur was where Lyle Nord

used to live. Summit Spur was east of Fred Higgin’s farm. They all were loading out cord wood and railroad ties.

In 1910 Clayton had two brass bands. The Italian band used to get out and play and

march down to the saloon at the McLean place, where they all wet their whistles. In the summertime the Clayton band used to give concerts at the ball diamond.

The local butcher, E. T. Rathke, had a blood hound that was called into use several times.

No wedding was complete without a

shivaree and three eight-gallon kegs of beer.

Cord wood piles were anywhere where it could be piled eight foot high and fifty long or more.

West Clayton was subdivided by Martin Olson. Lots were bought at fifty dollars per lot.

***“Growing Up in Williams Valley — An Interview with Mike & Betty Burdette.”***

***— by Wally Lee Parker***

Mike Burdette was born in Onaga, Kansas, on September 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1919. He passed away on the 11<sup>th</sup> of June, 2008. Betty Lu (Wright) Burdette, a lifelong area resident, was born November 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1928. She left us on the 24<sup>th</sup> of March, 2019. The interview from which this transcript was drawn occurred on August 21<sup>st</sup>, 2004.

(Reports to the C/DPHS — Volume I — page 16)

Mike: *“Thinking about groceries, back then it was hard to get into town. Even for people with cars, going to Deer Park or Clayton was something you only did if you really needed to. But the families out in Williams Valley had Fred Reynolds’ milk truck.*

*“The milk truck went into Deer Park every day. Just being good to people, Fred had his driver gather grocery lists from people along the milk truck route and fill them while in town. Many a morning my mother would stand by the road with her list and some money, waiting. Coming back, the truck would stop with our groceries and mom’s change.*

*“And you know it was costing Fred time to do that. If one of his hired men was*

*doing the driving, that was costing Fred money. But it was the depression, and Fred was doing better than most folks. So I think this was just one of the ways he had of sharing with his neighbors.”*

Betty: *“When I was little, one of the big events in the spring was when hundreds of sheep would be herded down the road — headed west, toward pastures in the mountains. We’d all stand by the gate when the flock came by. The story was that one little girl got a lamb that way — that one of the lambs went lame, so the sheepmen gave it to her rather than pack it along. We all had hopes, but that never happened to us.”*

***“Concerning the History of The Herman Johnson Family in the Clayton Area.”***

***— by Herman Johnson***

Born at Clayton on the 21<sup>st</sup> of July, 1907, the author of this article, Carl Herman Johnson, was the fourth child of Peter C. and Selma T. Johnson. The clip below is just a small segment of what Herman described as an *“open letter”* to his *“relatives.”*

(Reports to the C/DPHS — Volume III — page 105.)

When Alvin was two years old, I was told to do some harrowing. Out in the field, the harrow got clogged. I stopped and put the lines to the team on one side — one section — of the harrow, while I lifted the other section

and started cleaning. All of a sudden the horses took off. I fell, hanging on to the harrow while trying to reach the lines on the other side. I had to let go.

When the team went through the first

gate, the harrow hit the gate post, and broke the hitch holding the harrow to the team. The team ran through the barnyard, through an open gate, and off toward town.

I followed, finding that a man in Clayton had stopped them.

Alvin had seen the horses, then me running through the barnyard, so he took after us. But he took the wrong road and ended up down by the railroad.

Mother, missing Alvin, started down the same road. When she got to the tracks she saw a neighbor loading wood onto a railroad car. When she got close, she saw Alvin sitting on the wood wagon. The neighbor told Mother that he saw the little boy coming down the middle of the road. He picked him up but couldn't understand what Alvin was trying to say. Alvin only spoke Norwegian.

***“In Search of Alice Rice.” — by Wally Lee Parker***

Alice Irene Rice was born in Julesburg, Colorado on November 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1901, and a resident of Deer Park since 1922. On the 7<sup>th</sup> of September, 1966, she passed away — having retired from her teaching job at Deer Park High School just a few months prior.

(Reports to the C/DPHS — Volume I — page 27)

It was in one of her classes, about 1960, that she told a group of us students this little story.

*“When I was about your age,” she said, “maybe a little older, but still a kid — we did some pretty wild stuff. I remember we’d go to the store and buy vanilla extract. We couldn’t buy liquor, but we could buy vanilla extract. And it was half alcohol anyway.*

*“We’d jump into whoever’s folks Model-T we could get and take off into the country. Then we’d choke down our vanilla*

*extract and go racing up and down those back country roads at maybe twenty or twenty-five miles an hour.”*

Of course, we all looked at each other and snickered.

*“Now you’re laughing. But I’ll tell you something. On those twisty old wagon roads in a Model-T at twenty-five miles an hour, you were taking your life in your hands.”*

***“Stepping to the Side: A Dynamite Primer.” — by Wally Lee Parker***

This essay details the lessons learned regarding the basics of setting and detonating dynamite when living on the family’s Williams Valley farm back in the 1950s. The author considers it among his best.

(Reports to the C/DPHS — Volume IV — page 148)

With dynamite, it was best to blast in the wetness of spring. If the ground wasn’t damp, there was always a chance the explosion would just blow the dirt away, leaving the stump firmly anchored by its roots. The heavier the surrounding earth, the more likely everything would rise in mass.

While Dad used the auger to angle a two-inch diameter hole a good six or so feet under the stumps, he set me to crimping blast-

ing caps to thirty second lengths of fuse.

The cap was a small, thin wall metal cylinder — maybe an inch and a half long and a quarter inch in diameter — with one open end. At the bottom of the closed end was a small charge of pyrotechnic powder. Slide the fuse down the open end, then crimp the metal down tight around it. In effect, you were making a firecracker. When the fire carried in by the fuse ignited the pyrotechnic charge, the

trapped combustion gasses had nowhere to go, so the entire cap blew apart. The shock wave from that explosion was what detonated the dynamite.

Although pyrotechnic caps weren't particularly sensitive to proper crimping, years of warnings about blasting caps made me turn my head every time the crimping tool crushed down on cap and fuse. I guess I figured it was better to lose an ear than an eye.

I would grit my teeth as Dad used his pocketknife to cut into the side of an inch and a quarter thick by eight-inch-long stick of dynamite, push the fused cap into the cut, then bind stick, cap, and fuse with a couple of spirals of black friction tape.

Besides the fused stick, I can't recall how many more sticks, on average, went under any given stump, though six to ten sounds about right.

With only the fuse exposed, Dad

would tamp the auger hole full of dirt and send me back a couple of hundred feet to wait in the tree line. Then he'd light the fuse and come running.

The explosion was something felt more than heard. It came through you. A hard thump in the chest. And then a fountain of dirt and wood shot skyward.

Out of the top of that fountain would fly black chunks of stump, some weighing a couple hundred pounds. As they sprayed in every direction, Dad would yell, "*Heads up! Heads up! You can't see 'em coming if you're watching the ground.*" Then, "*If a chunk is coming at you, move left or right. It's easy to step out of the way, but hard to outrun.*"

As a reminder of how powerful those waxy red sticks were, for long seconds after the blast, unseen things rattled down into the trees behind us.

***"Boxing at Deer Park High School — 1945 to 1949."***

***— by Robert A. Clouse***

**Bob Clouse was a 1949 graduate of Deer Park High School — his family having moved to the Clayton area in 1944. A long-time and very active member of the historical society — our first webmaster — Bob was born on Christmas day 1930 and passed away in 2012.**

**(Reports to the C/DPHS — Volume III — page 133)**

Coach was having trouble matching me with kids in my weight class. Later that year Cheney was hosting the team from Colfax, and our coach arranged a bout for me with one of the Colfax boys — a kid in a much higher weight class.

We drove — my dad, Jim Swinyard, Washington State Patrol officer Elmer Armstrong, and me — to Cheney — where I got beaten.

So far, in my entire Deer Park boxing career, I'd only lost three bouts — one in my freshman year to Springdale's Lonnie Shaw, during my final match at Pullman in my sophomore year, and, as a junior to the Colfax kid at Cheney. Three years with one loss each year. Since I'd had my loss for this year, I was primed for the upcoming Spokane County

Championships — and I won! I still have my second Golden Glove pendant to prove it.

My last year, 1948-'49, started out good, but a bout of pneumonia effectively ended it. By time the Spokane County Championships rolled around, I'd lost so much weight I was fighting in a much lower class.

The evening of the match, while I was milking the cows, my dad gave me a bit of advice — which he seldom did. "*Now Bobbie,*" he said, "*don't hurt that kid tonight.*" I replied that before I started taking it easy on my opponent, I needed to find out if I could beat him.

My parents and grandparents came to see my last fight, and it still feels like I let them down. I went out there and felt so weak I could barely lift my gloves.

Four years, four losses. I can hardly remember the fights I won, but the ones I lost I have fought over and over a thousand times. For each of them I keep thinking, all it would have taken was just one good punch and the referee would have stopped the fight.

But our senior year was still a good year. Don Steele had always been fighting in heavier, tougher weight classes. In '49 he finally won a Spokane County Championship.

Don and I were the only boys from the Clayton grade school class of '45 to graduate out of Deer Park High. We sparred quite a bit, but our styles were so different we generally ended up cracking heads. Once he ended up with a lump on his forehead, and me with the best shiner you ever saw.

Wayne Kinney hit me the hardest I was ever hit — sparring or otherwise. He shot a straight right to the center of my chest, and it felt for a moment like my heart stopped.

It seemed that sparring was more dangerous than actual bouts.

Among the underclassmen were the Roll brothers, Fred and Vern. Fred was a relentless slugger. Most of his opponents were

scared before getting into the ring. His little brother, Vern, would rather fight than eat. And when it came to fighting, Vern didn't care whether it was in the ring, during lunch hour, or at a dance. He had his brother's style — go into a crouch and sling leather.

Don Gibson was one of the many ardent fans of high school boxing. Whenever he could, he'd end up at ringside. Don was the one who egged Vern Roll into a sparring match with me.

When you spar, you're supposed to hold your punches. But I knew Vern had no intention of holding anything back. He'd made it clear that he wasn't particularly fond of me.

Gibson was sitting ringside, grinning from ear to ear. He knew exactly what was going to happen.

Vern came out mad — and missing his first punch just made him madder. The madder he got, the wilder he got. All I had to do was jab and side-step. Fake him into a corner, and belt him a few times. Back away, then start the boxing lesson over again.

**Clippings from the *Mortarboard*.**

**In May of 2008 the Society launched its monthly newsletter, the *Mortarboard*. The first 17 issues were edited by Wally Lee Parker. Beginning with the October 2009 issue, Sharon Clark took over as editor and continued as such through the December 2013 issue. The following January Wally Parker was once again editor — this current issue being his final. The following clippings give a taste of what those 169 issues contain. All these issues are viewable online and obtainable via print-on-demand within the *Collected Newsletters*.**

***"Railroad Remembrance."* — by Peter Coffin**

**The *Mortarboard* — October, 2009 (#18) — page 229 — C. N. #5**

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_18\\_downsizedsinglepageweb.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_18_downsizedsinglepageweb.pdf)

**Pete has been the most prolific contributor of articles to the *Mortarboard*.**

From 1943 to 1965, I lived in a small John Roll house) and south of the Inland house on south Main Street, just north of what Agronomy warehouse. This house was is now the Real Estate Marketplace (the old burned down in April of 2004 for fire depart-

ment practice. From this house, I saw the end of steam locomotives on the Kettle Falls Branch of the Great Northern Railroad and the beginning of the diesel era.

The steam locomotives were very noisy machines, usually pulling the north-bound trains completely through Deer Park, stopping only when the caboose was next to the depot, just east of the present tracks and south of the Fred Reynolds/Carl Justice's garage. (The depot was moved to Fir and H Streets, just south of Rosauers in the mid-1980s, where there have been several businesses since that time). After stopping to let the conductor off, the train then backed down the track until the locomotive was in front of the depot.

Occasionally, my mother, brother, and I would have to pass the locomotive in order to go shopping at Yokes or Young's grocery store or to get the mail. Both grocery

stores were on the west side of Main Street, just north of Crawford. The post office was in the northwest corner of the Hotel building, just south of Mix Drug store (part of Mix Drug store is now a computer repair shop). I was always terrified when the locomotive blew down the cylinders as it sat in front of the depot. The steam was expelled in great clouds on both sides of the locomotive, swirling around the three of us with an accompanying loud and explosive hissing sound. In addition, the air compressor sometimes kicked in with a great pounding noise and another cloud of steam. Of course, the electric generator continuously whined from its position on top of the locomotive, which was in front of the cab, with a small column of steam rising from it. All in all, this was a frightening thing for a 4-year-old.

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***“Mike Burdega: Highlights of his Life.” — by Margret Burdega***

————— **The Mortarboard — September, 2008 (#5) — page 49 — C. N. #2** —————

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**A long-time dairy farmer, Mike Burdega was born in Saskatchewan on April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1918. His family immigrated to the States in the early 1920s, finally settling on the southern edge of the Wild Rose community in 1931. Mike passed away on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January, 2012. Mike's wife, Margret, penned a remembrance — only a portion of which is reprinted below. Margret was born in Colville on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of May, 1926 and passed away on April 5<sup>th</sup>, 2020. Both are now resting in the Wild Rose Cemetery.**

For 8<sup>th</sup> grade Mike attended a rural school about a mile from the farm — Iowa School. And then to Mead High School. Every school day a neighbor drove Mike and four neighborhood girls five miles to meet the Mead school bus.

Mike was of small stature, but he loved sports and was fast. He made the football, basketball, and baseball teams and made numerous friends — a number of which remained so for life. Between his junior and senior years — hoping he would put on some height and weight — Mike took a year off from school and worked the farm. He didn't seem to grow any, so he went back and gradu-

ated from Mead in 1937.

The summer after graduation Mike worked on the family farm. That fall his dad got him a job at the Kellogg zinc plant making seventy-five cents an hour. He paid thirty-five dollars a month to live in a Kellogg boarding house. Mike earned fourteen hundred dollars his first year at the zinc plant, and seventeen hundred the second.

In Kellogg, in the spring of 1940, Mike's dad died. Mike decided to return home, but continued to work at the zinc plant while having a house built on the Spokane County farm.

In 1943 Mike's sister, Mary, graduat-

ed from high school and got a job in Spokane. She shared a Spokane apartment with a Mead classmate — Margret Hanna. When Mike came to take Mary home for the weekend, he met Margret. It wasn't long before both girls were spending weekends on the farm.

Mike and Margret's first official date was on Valentine's Day, 1944 — dinner at the Wandermere Clubhouse. After that it was a spring and summer of picnics, movies, dances and getting acquainted with each other's families. Mike called his fiancée “*Margie*”, and that name stuck. On August 18, 1944, Mike Burdega and Margret Hanna were married in Coeur D' Alene, Idaho, and moved onto the farm.

Soon after the two were married, Mike finished paying what his father still owed on the farm.

Even though World War II was in full swing, Mike had not been drafted. With his wife, mother, and sisters as dependents,

and himself a farmer, he was deferred. But as the war dragged on, things began to change. In 1945 he was called in by the draft board. To reduce the chores, all the livestock was sold. Plans were made for Margie, now six months pregnant, to stay with her parents at Twin Lakes, Idaho — at least until the baby was born. Just days before Mike was to leave, the war ended. He was notified not to report.

As his father had before him, Mike farmed in the summer and worked out in the winter. He worked at Kaiser's Aluminum plant, at Baxter Hospital while it was being built, and at various construction jobs in the Spokane area. In the summer he farmed the Kauffman Ranch on shares for the family that owned the Buick Company.

Mike decided that if he started dairy farming he would have year around income from the farm, and not have to look for outside work every winter.

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***“Z Canyon: Burton Stewart, Billy Jarrett, Leno Prestini, 1958.”***

————— **by Chuck Stewart** —————

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_21\\_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_21_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf)

————— **The Mortarboard — January, 2010 (#21) — page 271 — C. N. #6** —————

**Written by Burton Stewart's son, this is a very personal and highly detailed account of an attempted passage by raft through the Pend Oreille River's infamous Z Canyon. Below are the introductory paragraphs to what is doubtless the most authoritative and engaging background story for any of Leno Prestini's paintings.**

This is the story behind Leno's painting. Z Canyon is a tight place near the Canadian border where the Pend Oreille River gets squeezed between granite walls to less than twenty feet wide. At the same time it folds over on itself to make two right-angle bends in a distance of a few hundred yards. The turbulence in the narrows is so intense and so large in scale that the whole river boils up and down ten or twenty feet every few seconds. You can hear huge boulders bounding along the bottom in the current a hundred feet below the surface. It is said that Z Canyon could peel large drift logs and grind them down to half their original diameter. Some might not come out

at all. Above the canyon is a powerful eddy with a whirlpool in its center so powerful it could up-end a 50-foot fir log and swallow it whole. Some say the same pieces of flotsam stayed trapped in the Big Eddy for years.

Z Canyon was truly a fearsome place. It is now covered by the backwaters of Boundary Dam, but it was an exhilarating sight that drew our family north on many a Sunday drive in the 1950s and 60s. It was three hours from Loon Lake to Metaline, then ten miles up a dirt road to a two-mile trail that led to a place we could look down into the canyon. There were big old rusty cables draped over the edge at the highest point and an equally rusty old





Photo by Wally Lee Parker.

### ***Z Canyon — 1958 — a commentary by Wally Lee Parker.***

*In most of Leno's paintings there's a quirkiness that borders on the cartoonish. One drawback to said quirkiness is that it seems to inhibit a deeper consideration of his work by art critics who largely tend to categorize his paintings as "folk art" — the apparent implication being that the artist was, at least in the formal sense, unschooled. While that may be true in the formal sense, we shouldn't discount his apprenticeship at Clayton's terracotta works. The artisans he was working with there were superb draftsmen, capable of drawing artworks to be modeled as three-dimensional forms in clay, then fired as ceramics. It's been noted that the draftsmanship in Leno's paintings seem to hint at the influence of that type of industrial design. And the few surviving examples of Leno's noncommercial sculptures seem to confirm the same.*

*In the above painting, the partially drowned rock in the upper left corner appears as the open-mouth head of a corpse. The rocks immediately above the raft might be the eroded fingertips of that same corpse trying to claw to the surface. And the tip of the index finger of said hand seems to be morphing into a bird's head. Are any of these apparitions intended? Or are they just accidents? You decide.*

boiler across the river on a ledge near the water far below. Some outfit had lowered the boiler and other machinery down the cliff on the cables to drill a tunnel under the river in the 1890s. I don't know what they were looking for, but what they left behind made it an interesting place for a kid. Dad and I used to talk of climbing down the cables hand-over-hand to see what we could see. But I guess the thought of the climb back up kept us from trying it. We'd always end up at the end of the trail where a rickety wooden bridge used to cross the narrows, watching in awe as the roar-

ing water surged and boiled.

In the 1930s, my dad, Burton Stewart, and his best friend, Leno Prestini, had a gold claim on the Pend Oreille River just upstream from the Big Eddy. They never found much gold that I know of, but they came to know Z Canyon. It commanded a powerful fascination that kept drawing them back. About 1956 or '57, Dad and Leno somehow got an idea that it would be fun to run the river through the canyon.

### ***"The Short Boarding House: A Deer Park Landmark."***

***— by Judy (Haden) Sherry***

***— The Mortarboard — September, 2010 (#27) — page 361 — C. N. #8 —***  
[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_29\\_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_29_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf)  
**Here are the beginning paragraphs of an exceptional story peppered with a number of vintage images of Deer Park's early years. The full story, quoting frequently from the archives of Deer Park's Congregational Church, is well worth the read.**

I have many wonderful memories of growing up in the historic house known as the Short Boarding House. The house was built in 1889 east of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad's tracks in the block between 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> streets by William Hopkins Short.

William Hopkins Short was in many ways one of the founders of the town of Deer Park, Washington. Coming to Washington from New York in the late 1880s, William and his brother-in-law, George Crawford, had been operating a portable sawmill for some time before the summer of 1891. For the first few months of sawmill operations, it was run only as the supply of logs on the site lasted. At this time, the family men of the six to eight regular mill employees lived on their nearby homesteads and took their lunch at the first Short Boarding House. The other regular mill employees who did not have nearby lands and families lived in the Boarding House. ... Mrs. Sara R. "Bama" Short, William Hopkins Short's mother ran the boarding house charging the boarders \$3.50 per week for meals.

William Hodges Short's (William

Hopkins Short's son) manuscript describing the founding of the Deer Park Open Door Congregational Church contains the following paragraph describing the new Boarding House that was built in 1889.

*"The new Boarding House was noteworthy for several reasons. It was a large three-story building that provided office rooms for the company, living quarters for my father and Bama, and several bedrooms for employees. It also contained a large kitchen, dining room, sitting room with a beautiful fireplace, and a library! Whoever heard of a library in a sawmill camp! The entire south wall of the library contained glassed-in bookcases that were built over enclosed game and magazine cupboards. Checkers, chess and croncouole (sic) were popular; card playing was prohibited. Running cold water was provided to the kitchen and a first floor 'washroom' from a 300-gallon galvanized tank placed over the storeroom. The tank was filled from well water by means of a force pump just outside the kitchen door. There were kerosene lamps in all rooms. A furnace that burned four-foot*

wood, a fireplace and two stoves provided hot air heat. Detached were an icehouse and a woodshed that was partitioned to provide toilets. No lumber camp had such an elaborate facility as the new Boarding House. Probably more than any other of the new buildings, it gave a sophistication to the community. There were write-ups in the *Spokesman Review*, the *lumber trade journal* and the *Congregational Church publication*. The Boarding House, as it was known for many years, was the show place of northern Spokane County. It provided what was later known as 'fringe benefits' to employees and townspeople alike."

The maintenance of the Boarding

house was the responsibility of 'Bama' Short. In addition she set the "tone and behavior" for those staying in it. In about 1904 the rooming and boarding of employees was phased out. Even though there was a hotel in Deer Park in 1904, the Boarding House served as a company guest house and as a rooming house for "two or three of the old timers" who wished to stay at the Boarding House for a few weeks. Two of the west end rooms were used for offices of the Standard Lumber Company, but the rest of the house became the Short family residence.

***"The History of Wild Rose Prairie."***

***— by Lillian Woodard & Bessie Eickmeyer***

***— The Mortarboard — May, 2011 (#37) — page 457 — C. N. #10 —***

***[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_37\\_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_37_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf)***

**Written in 1935, the following are the introductory paragraphs to a detailed account of the pioneer settling of Wild Rose Prairie.**

The prairie of Wild Rose is composed of some 15 square miles, surrounded by low mountains, and has an elevation of 2100 ft. above sea level. It lies 15 miles north and a few miles west of the city limits of Spokane and about 6 miles south of Deer Park.

Once, it and Half Moon Prairie which is a few miles east were spoken of as Twin Prairies. The first settler was Henry Maxum and family who came in the spring of 1882. Mrs. Maxum was influential in naming the prairie, Wild Rose, because of the many wild roses found blooming there. In the fall of 1882, D. B. Rhodes and family came and settled on what is now the R. M. Cline farm.

In the spring of 1883, John Broadbent, Jessie W. Howell and family, Rueben Sayles and Frank Kimlin all came by the first of June. Later in 1883, came three sons of D. B. Rhodes — Rusia, Lafayette, and Boone. A little later came Lee Rhodes, Riley Rice, John Page, James Evans and families, a Mr. Blossom, and a Swede by the name of Johnson, E.

C. Griffith and family, George Brown and family.

Lem Carter and George Brown built a sawmill that fall and winter on Dragoon Creek. It was run by waterpower and sawed the lumber to build all the frame houses built on Wild Rose for some time. John Rinier and family came later in the fall of 1883 and Mr. Rinier bought the claim of John Broadbent. Hiram Withey and family with Lon Withey took up land that fall.

In the early spring of 1884, R. R. Hazard and family, W. E. Strong and family, John Cook, Carl Newman, J. D. Walter, J. H. Walter and wife, Mrs. Rachel McDaniel's and three children arrived. L. C. Gemmill, Dave Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Joseph Tarbert and family, Mrs. Rasnick, J. B. Grove and family, John Hutchins and family, Mrs. Stackwell and daughter Cora, Mr. E. V. Poor and wife with their granddaughter Lillian Gill, and Scott Huston and wife and Mr. Ives Gute came later in the spring of 1884.

In the fall of 1884, Andrew Eickmeyer and family came and bought out Mr. Ives Gute's claims.

***"William Hopkins Short: Founding Father of Deer Park, Washington."***

***— by Peter Coffin***

***— The Mortarboard — October, 2012 (#54) — page 654 — C. N. #14 —***

***[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_54\\_downsinglesinglepageweb1.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_54_downsinglesinglepageweb1.pdf)***

**Beginning with W. H. Short's 1863 birth in New York State, this biography outlines the history of the Short family in Deer Park. Following is a clip from Pete's article.**

In the spring of 1903, the mill built in 1892 burned. The lumber yard and other buildings were saved, and the mill was rebuilt on the same site. Logs for milling at the new mill were hauled from more and more distant locations. During winter months logs were hauled to the mill on sleds and stockpiled near the mill for milling in the summer. These sleds (that were impractical to use in the summer) and horse and ox drawn wagons could not haul enough to keep the mill running. By 1907 the distance had become so big that W. H. Sr. purchased a three wheeled steam traction engine nicknamed 'Old Buck' to haul the logs from the woods to the mill. Three wheeled trailers were built to carry the logs behind the steam traction engine. Over time Old Buck proved to be inefficient and uneconomical needing a nearly ideal road to haul the trailers and their loads.

During April of 1904 Florence Louise Short died of complications of a pregnancy. She was buried in the Catholic Kelly Cemetery as it was the only one near Deer Park. W. H. Sr. was left with a young son and a baby daughter.

By 1908 the Arcadia Orchard Company was finishing the irrigation system for their apple orchard operation. Part of that irrigation system was a holding reservoir created by damming Dragoon Creek northwest of Deer Park. The dam was constructed of timber framing filled with dirt. In 1910 W. H. Sr. built his third sawmill in Deer Park on the eastern bank of this reservoir using it as the mill pond to keep the logs moist to retain their quality. The new mill was built with a steel

frame and brick walls. The electrically run machinery was the latest available and the new band saw replaced the old circular saw operation in the first two mills he built.

In 1913 W. H. Sr. decided to build a standard gauge railroad north from Deer Park to haul logs to the mill from a stand of white pine timber about 4 to 6 miles north of Deer Park. This railroad became the Deer Park Central. Business was very brisk with the demand for pine lumber for house building in Deer Park, pine lumber for flumes and trestles for the Arcadia Orchard Company, timbers of larch for building rafters and white pine planks to be shipped to Michigan to be made into matches. During this period W. H. Sr. took a business trip to Minnesota and New York.

During the first decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> century W. H. Sr. was active in civic affairs. In 1908 the Congregational Church was remodeled with his planning and help. The bell tower and the entry were moved from the west side of the church to the east side facing Deer Park's Main Avenue. In the same year he donated the land for the Woodland Cemetery and moved his wife Florence to it. Burials in the earlier, somewhat remote first Deer Park Cemetery southwest of town were also moved to both the Woodland and Kelly (St. Mary's) cemetery at the same time.

On July 28, 1911, William Hopkins Short married Miss Cora Chadbourne who had lived on Wild Rose Prairie and was a member of the Congregational Church. She became a very important member of the Short family and provided a loving mother for W. H. Sr.'s children.

By 1914 Standard Lumber's operations were experiencing cash flow problems and W. H. Sr. sold the mill, 16,000 acres of timberland, and the Deer Park Central Railroad to William Leuthold and Ralph Wilson. The consideration totaled \$500,000, with \$10,000 in cash, the assumption of \$345,000 in debt, and the remainder in deferred stock. Leuthold and Wilson immediately changed the name to the Deer Park Lumber Company. A lawsuit was brought by Deer Park Lumber (and Leuthold and Wilson) against Standard Lumber (and Short) claiming that the timberland was short approximately 13,000,000 board feet of lumber. There was a cross suit

by Short against Leuthold and Wilson which made claims about the considerations in the original sale. The dispute reached the Washington State Supreme Court which finally declared that neither side was due any money outside the original contract and that each party was responsible for their own legal costs. The Deer Park Lumber Company continued to operate until the 1950s when it was sold to Potlatch Corporation. In his last years W. H. Sr. continued to make contracts to deliver logs along the Little Spokane River and to a new sawmill on Onion Creek near Northport, Washington.

**"The Lillie Gibson Story." — by Bob Gibson**

**The Mortarboard — December, 2013 (#68) — page 825 — C. N. #18**

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_68\\_downsizedsinglepageweb.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_68_downsizedsinglepageweb.pdf)

**Here's a short clipping from the outline of a life well lived.**

One of their favorite fish stories happened when Bob and Lil were fishing up at Balfour Lake in Canada. Lillie hooked a large rainbow trout and was playing with it, trying to get it in the boat. After a few minutes, Bob looked up and saw one of the big Canadian ferries headed toward the boat. He told Lillie that it was time to start up the motor and get out of the way. To which she responded, "No! No! I will lose my big fish!" It was just about

that time that the captain of the ferry started honking his horn at the boat. Somehow Lillie managed to get the fish up to the boat where Bob netted it with one hand while driving the boat out of the ferry's path. Bob said he could see the captain shaking his fist at them as they drove away. Lillie and Bob still have that same boat that was purchased in the fifties parked in their shop.

**"The First Known Deer Park High School Annual: The 1915 Senior Cycle."**

**— by Wally Lee Parker**

**The Mortarboard — August, 2014 (#76) — page 923 — C. N. #20**

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard\\_issue\\_76\\_web\\_doublepage.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_issue_76_web_doublepage.pdf)

**Details regarding Deer Park High School's class of 1915.**

J. H. Johnson's place in Deer Park's history was first documented in the July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1911, edition of the *Deer Park Union*, where it's noted that, "Mr. J. H. Johnson of Chicago has purchased the Deer Park Union. He intends to run a strictly first-class country paper independent in politics, but to do everything in his power to boost Deer Park and vicinity. He solicits the patronage of all the merchants and

*will do all in power to merit the same. Please do not take this week's issue as a criterion, but have a little patience as it takes some time to get the paper back on its feet. In a couple of weeks we will be thoroughly equipped to do all kinds of job work in first-class shape."*

It appears that the 1915 *Senior Cycle* was one such "job work."

Little is known of Johnson's subse-

quent history. After leaving his owner/editor position at the *Deer Park Union*, he and his wife, Emma, moved back to the Midwest — to Wisconsin.

According to the *Spokane Chronicle*, Emma returned to the area after J. H. passed away and married Deer Park's legendary and recently widowed Dr. H. H. Slater. Emma died in 1947, a year after Dr. Slater.

If typical of his work, the craftsmanship evident in the *Senior Cycle* suggests that J. H. "Harry" Johnson was a skilled publisher.

As for the senior class itself, in their "Class History" — page 13 of the *Senior Cycle* — they noted, "The class of 1915 has the distinction of being the first class that has taken the entire four-year course in the Deer Park High School. Four years ago, the pre-

sent class consisted of sixteen members. However, only three of that number, Mildred Renshaw, Emma James and Lyle Denison, have completed the course. Anna Fornfeist and Merle Shaver have entered the class during the Senior year."

Though the fact that only "five" graduated from a class that began four years earlier with 16 students seems below average, it falls close to the statewide medium as published in *The Washington High School Directory: 1913-1914*. To quote, "Approximately one pupil out of every three entering the elementary grades enters high school in this state." And then, "Approximately one pupil out of every three entering high school graduates from high school."

**"Growing Up on a Stump Ranch." — by Wey Simpson**

**The Mortarboard — December, 2014 (#80) — page 985 — C. N. #21**

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard\\_issue\\_80\\_doublepage\\_web.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_issue_80_doublepage_web.pdf)

**The clipping below is from the introduction to Wey's two-part article on moving to the Elk area at a young age and eventually graduating from Deer Park High School. The second segment of his article appears in the *Mortarboard's* next issue (#81).**

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

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

terest every year." It wasn't until the years of World War II that we were able to pay off the full loan.) That acreage was located north and west of Deer Park on Montgomery Rd. There the Simpson family would hang their hats, bend their backs, cut down trees and turn forest land into farmland.

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

Memories begin at the farm near Elk where I remember being with Dad as he harvested forage to feed our small herd of cows during the times when pasture was not available. Of course, cows were milked by hand and



both my mom and dad did that and the other chores that seemed to be endless.

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

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

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

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

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

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

***“A Woman Worth Remembering: The Christine (Nielsen) (Wind) Cowan Story.”***

— by Susan (Wind) Simpson

—— The *Mortarboard* — November, 2015 (#91) — page 1165 — C. N. #25 ——

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard\\_91\\_doublepage\\_web.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_91_doublepage_web.pdf)

The below clipping is from an exceptional story of the Clayton area. And, as the title indicates, the story of a woman well worth remembering.

Around 1889, Christine's life took another turn. William and his son Nels, then 19, set out for the new state of Washington. There had been a devastating fire in Spokane Falls, and there would be plenty of work for a “house carpenter” like William. There were new railroad routes and land was available. Danes had longed for land, but the lower classes could not own it — so this was a major draw. For whatever reasons, they decided to make Washington their home. Christine and the children joined them, probably traveling by rail. The trip from Omaha to Spokane must have been difficult for a woman with four children to manage. Minnie was eleven, Bill five, Adam three and little Olaf was not yet two ... and Christine may have already been expecting another baby. James (Jens), William's eldest son, was about 21, and had decided to stay in Nebraska to work as a farmer

in Lancaster. He eventually homesteaded in Montana where he died in 1952. There is no evidence the family ever saw him again.

The Winds moved into lodgings at 72 Havermale Island, in the middle of the Spokane River. (This island would be the future site of the 1974 World Expo.) It was there William and Christine's fourth son, Frederick Vigo, was born on June 6, 1890 (my grandfather). William worked as a carpenter and had become acquainted with another carpenter, George Cowan, who became his friend and work partner. Together they may have discussed the possibility of a homestead on available parcels about 30 miles north of Spokane. A piece of land was found in a place called Allen's Siding, later renamed Clayton. The Wind family (all eight of them) resided in a small “shack” in that area when their last son, Alfred Harry, was born in February of 1892.

Christine called him her little “Stump” — a Danish term of endearment for the smallest one in the family.

George Cowan, William's bachelor friend, lived nearby, improving the 160-acre parcel he had claimed as intended homestead property. William was ill, suffering from a weakness in his lungs, and when little “Stumpy” was just a month old, William Frederick August Wind, died. It was March 4, 1892. Christine was left with seven children (Nels, Minnie, Bill, Adam, Ole, Fred, and Stump) to care for. She was 28 years old.

William's children by his first marriage to Karen, were orphaned. They had no parents, but they weren't alone. They had Christine. James, 24, was on his own in Nebraska, and although Nels was 19 he was still living at home. Minnie was a girl of 14, and

must have been the one who most needed a mother. Christine could never have imagined when she left Denmark that such serious responsibilities would befall her. William was gone, but knowing he was gravely ill, the family has long believed he had an agreement with his friend, George Cowan, to care for the family in the event of his death. George kept his word, taking Christine and the children to his ranch to live in the little home he had built there. That same house would be their home ever after that. When the customary (Danish) year of mourning ended, George married Christine on March 17, 1893. The bride was 29 and the groom 45. William's five little sons with Christine now were George's sons, and they all considered him their father.

***“Clayton Burns! The Clayton fires of 1897, 1908, & 1957.”***

— by Wally Lee Parker

—— The *Mortarboard* — July, 2017 (#111) — page 1501 — C. N. #31 ——

[http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard\\_111\\_web\\_.pdf](http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/mortarboard_111_web_.pdf)

The story of Clayton's fires suggests a recurring theme in the town's history — the scars of several of such still evident to those knowing where to look.

The beginning of what would become the Washington Brick & Lime Company — and eventually the town of Clayton — can be traced back to the November 15<sup>th</sup>, 1879 arrival in Spokane Falls of Mr. J. T. Davie, a Scottish immigrant and skilled brickmaker who had previously been working in California. Mr. Davie managed to establish a brick plant near Latah Creek — the exact date of that founding currently undiscovered. However, Mr. Davie is quoted, as saying, “In 1882 I made 400,000 brick,” assumedly at said factory.

In late March or early April of 1883, Henry Brook (1842-1908) arrived in Spokane Falls. Mr. Brook, an English immigrant, had previously been a Methodist minister active in Minnesota until throat trouble forced him to retire from the pulpit. Once in Spokane, it's evident that Mr. Brook became involved in the building trades as a contractor and building

materials supplier.

The two became partners as described in Nelson Durham's *History of the City of Spokane & Spokane County* — published in 1912. In that volume Mr. Davie is quoted as saying, “In 1886 I moved my plant from Latah Creek up to the present location of Cannon Hill Park. Henry Brook and I bought eighty acres of land up there from Calvin Robertson.” Mr. Davie also noted, “Mr. Brook handled all the brick I made, using most of them himself for the buildings for which he contracted.” This partnership was active for two years, until, as Mr. Davie reported, “In 1888 I sold out all of my interest in the business, including the land, to Mr. Brook, and took the season off for rest and repair.”

Joseph H. Spear (1853-1920) arrived in Spokane in 1887. A native of Springfield, Illinois, Mr. Spear had previously been a part-



ner in a Springfield lumberyard, and then a resident of Chicago — his employment at that time as yet unclear. The 1888 *Spokane City Directory* lists Mr. Spear as being involved in two companies, Spear, Belt & Company, “brick manufactures,” and Belt, Spear & Company, “financial, loan and real estate agents.”

It’s probable that Washington Brick & Lime Company was founded in 1888. But it was definitely in operation by 1889, since that year’s *Spokane City Directory* list Henry Brook as “president, Washington Brick & Lime,” and Joseph Spear as “secretary treasurer, Washington Brick & Lime.”

One area of potential confusion is the company’s actual name. The issue arises from the fact that the corporation was reformatted at least three times. It was first incorporated in 1888 or ’89 as “Washington Brick & Lime Company.” Very late in 1891 — or very early in 1892 — it was reincorporated as “Washington Brick, Lime & Manufacturing Company.” In 1910, to emphasize what had become a major part of its production, it was renamed the “Washington Brick, Lime & Sewer Pipe Company.” After its financial reorganization in 1939, it returned to its original name, “Washington Brick & Lime Company.”

## One Final Deadline: The Now Former Editor’s Closing Thoughts.



This issue — the final one with me as editor — is an assembly of clippings representing a few of the articles the society has published over the years — the objective of these clippings being to simply hint at the volume of material existing in the society’s collection of past publications — all of which remains in print as of this date, as was the founding premise of Print Publications.

It needs to be understood that a lot of authors deserving of mention are absent from the clippings presented here. For example, every article produced by Ken Westby is an absolute gem of well-reasoned and researched storytelling. Regarding essayists of the like, we have a good collection.

As to the count of people, both living and otherwise, who’ve had articles in these pages but not represented in the clipping included in this issue, of course there’s Bill Sebright, long-time president of the society, and Sharon Clark, former *Mortarboard* editor. Then too, Florene Eickmeyer Moore, J. L. Bri-

an (a nom de plume), Harold Angus Slater, railroad historian Michael Denuty, Susan Rumble, Carl Justice, Stephen Emerson, Jim Tarbert, “*On Becoming a Marine’s*” Art Steltling, Loon Lake’s Lorinda Travis, David Burdega, Marie Morrill, apple orchard expert David Benscoter, Patricia Beyonne-Johnson, Florence Krick, Eddie Norby, Cliff Meyer, drag race historian Greg Fury, Verna Jean Wagner, Tracy Strong, Wild Rose’s Loretta E. Hall, Grace Milner, Patsy Krick Kinyon, Melvin Mullenix, Edward Kingrey, Paul Erickson, the Deer Park Creamery’s Trudy Bishop, Italian translators John and Angela Barbieri and Christina Percoco, Mike Reiter, Rick Hodges, Sharron Schimke, Ron Endlich, Chuck Lyons, and what may very well be the youngest and brightest active member of the society, our current webmaster, Damon Smathers.

There are doubtless people missing from this list — visually scanning two and a half thousand pages being something of a challenge for your retiring editor. One group I

especially regret passing over are all those that have taken the time to write letters. Those missives being full of priceless historical fragments hopefully preserved for all time.

Speaking of historical fragments, this society as a legal entity is just eight months away from being twenty years old. Seventeen years and nine months prior to the release of this issue of the *Mortarboard*, my first essay on behalf of this historical society was published in the *Deer Park Tribune* — that an interview with Clayton’s Harold Klawunder. Harold’s interview was archived in the first issue of the *Reports to the Clayton Historical Society*, said booklet first published by our group late in 2005. Under my byline an article titled “*Over the Editor’s Desk: General Ruminations and an Occasional Brainstorm*,” appeared in that booklet. I’m reprinting the first dozen of that article’s paragraphs just to see how close we’ve gotten to Print Publication’s original intent as I visualized it back then.

“I guess it was just an accident that I became editor of this booklet. I can’t spell — my ‘spell checker’ does that for me — though even then me and my machine sometimes get in an argument, and we both have to turn to my wife to settle the issue. I got D’s in English and typing. And I finished my high school at night — when just showing up was half the grade. Regardless of all that, here I am. So, you’re stuck with me.

“If I have any qualification for being on the editor’s page, it’s because of something I remember from that long ago age before television. Whenever the folks would have company in for supper, after the dishes were cleared away and the chairs pushed back, after the ashtrays were passed around and the coffee poured, that’s when the stories began. And to me, that’s all writing is. It’s just storytelling.

“Sometimes I can still hear snippets of those old stories. I can hear them told in the brogue of the Arkansas and Oklahoma hill people. I can hear them told with accents that, in the late 1940’s, marked my folks as new-

comers to Williams Valley.

“Once in a while those voices around the table would settle into silence, only to erupt moments later when a gesture or a laugh would signal something remembered and open the door to another story.

“And that’s the way evenings passed in the farmhouse kitchen. Outside the night was smothered in rural silence. Inside, the stories being told and retold kept the past alive.

“I don’t know what editors are supposed to do — and maybe that’s good, cause this way I won’t become confused by my expertise. When faced with a sentence or a paragraph, I do what seem reasonable. I read it out loud and listen to how it sounds.

“Words should be strung in ways that make sense. And usually, making sense is all a sentence needs.

“Punctuation is like a gesture, or a pause, or an inflection of the voice. None of it has to be fancy. If you’re gonna use it, just hope you get it dropped into the right place. And if this editor doesn’t know what punctuation is proper, a hashmark does just as good.

“I suspect the purist will laugh at whichever side of the quotation mark I choose to drop the exclamation point. And even if my participles aren’t dangling, they’re liable to be overhanging a bit. That’s just the way I talk.

“If my job as writer is to capture words and fix them in ink before they disappear, then my job as editor should be to help others do the same. I might not do it well. But I think it’s important that the job be done.

“And that’s why I’m on the editor’s page. It’s not my education, or skill with words, or my understanding of the rules of writing — for sure. It’s just something learned from those long-ago stories told on those long-ago evenings. I learned that if we save some part of a person’s story, we’re saving some part of the person.

“That’s what the Clayton Historical Society is trying to do — save some part of the lives once lived in this community. And this

*booklet is the evidence.”*

There will always be a special place in my heart for the souls that have given of their time and talent to act as proofreaders for the *Mortarboard*. Their often-difficult job has had the effect of making your something of a beatnik editor appear far more intelligent than he deserves. Beginning with the September 2008 *Mortarboard* (#5), a listing of each issue’s proofreaders has appeared in a vertical strip down the right margin of each last page. Before I go, I want to give one of these proofreaders special mention.

I doubt if any of you recognize the name Lina Swain — most likely because she has no connection with the Clayton/Deer Park community. My wife, Patricia, and I became

acquainted with her via our participation in a science fiction fan group based in Spokane. Lina acted as proofreader for a short-lived fanzine I edited for said group. Somewhere in this acquaintance she appears to have adopted Patricia and me as her honorary grandparents. When I reassumed the *Mortarboard*’s helm in 2014, she continued as one of my proofers, and due to her well-trained eye, the *Mortarboard*’s quality under its prior editor was retained. For this kindness toward me — and the companionship she offered my wife during her illness — I am so very, very grateful.

Best wishes to the society and those charged with its safekeeping going forward. And with that I’m signing off one final time.

———— *Wally Lee Parker* ————

## *Minutes of the Clayton ♦ Deer Park Historical Society ———— April 9, 2022 ————*

In attendance at the society’s Deer Park meeting hall, 300 Block ‘A’ Street. In attendance: Bill Sebright, Wally Parker, Dick Purdy, Larry Bowen, Craig Olson, John Odynski, Virginia Odynski, Rory Vinson, Laura Chamberlain, Marilyn Reilly, Rick Brodrick, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Mary Jo Reiter, Rachelle Fletcher, Scott Moore, Tracy Strong, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Bill Phipps, Marie Morrill, Chuck Lyons, Don Ball, Eleanor Ball, Elaine Ball, Mike Wolfe, and Winnie Moore.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 10:00 AM. He reported that he: 1) Called Randy Long 2 weeks ago trying to set up a time to get our artifacts from the Clayton Drive-In. He said he would have Taffy get a hold of me. I still haven’t heard from her. 2) Received a call from Rick Hastings. He was looking for information on Patricia Bayonne Johnson, who wrote an article

about Deer Lake Irrigated Orchards. It was printed in *Mortarboard* #59. 3) Will be at The Heritage Network Meeting April 18, 9:30 AM at our Society’s building.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported by text: 1) The main checking account ended the month at \$16,903.88. There were deposits of \$25 and a \$20 check written for postage. The web hosting account ended the month at \$577.29 with a \$12.92 withdrawal for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at \$1,130.10. The Eagle fund account, \$7,450.

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

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) One hundred copies of the April *Mortarboard* (#168) have been printed for distribution. PDFs of the same have been forwarded to the Loon Lake Library and The Heritage Network. And the online version has been submitted for uploading. This 20-page issue begins with a

piece titled “*A Backstory for the Clayton Drive-In: Don & Lorraine Ball’s Gift to the Community.*” Next is the second and concluding part of “*The 1891 Donnybrook at the Kelly Brother’s Store — and other assorted bits of Kelly history.*” The Letters/Brickbats segment contains “*a note for the next editor.*” 2) The May issue (#169) is composed primarily of a selection of clippings from issues of the society’s prior publications, the “*Reports*” and the “*Mortarboards.*” The last article for May is a piece tentatively titled, “*One Final Deadline: The Now Former Editor’s Closing Thoughts.*” 3) The May meeting of the society ends my active membership with this group, including my participation on the board of directors. Over the months to follow I will be gathering up the various documents, artifacts, and such belonging to the society, and returning them. As previously noted, going forward it’s highly likely I’ll be submitting materials — meaning articles — for the new editor’s consideration. We’ll just have to see how that goes. Which is just to say, I’ll be out there in cyberspace somewhere, constantly peeking and poking around the corners. And as long as breath and sanity remain, just an email away.

Webmaster Damon Smathers reported: 1) The April issue of the *Mortarboard* has been uploaded to the website. 2) We had a few issues with our contact box on the website, but those issues should be resolved now. We are averaging around 1-2 inquiries per week, and it seems to be a nice addition to the website.

Print editor Wally Parker calls Damon Smathers “*the youngest and most brilliant of our group*” for solving different web page difficulties

Historian Pete Coffin reported that he: 1) Digitized the Owens Museum’s material on March 15<sup>th</sup> at Sue Mauro’s house on Pleasant Prairie. The total number of photographs digitized during these visits exceeds 600. I will give President Sebright a DVD containing this latest collection of Owens material. 2) Composed a biography of Lawrence Owen, the Museum’s owner/director utilizing material digitized from his collection of photographs.

3) After a recommendation from Mike Reiter, I am preparing Mrs. Jim Wolfe’s “*Wolfe Family Pioneered here in Deer Park and Helped Build Deer Park*” from the February 4, 1965 *Deer Park Tribune* newspaper for a possible *Mortarboard* article. The article describes the Louis Olsen family’s migration to the United States and the contributions of his family to the history and growth of Deer Park. 4) Is circulating five photographs taken from the Owens Collection. Two are of early Clayton Churches, one is a very early north Clayton house, another shows an early Clayton Post Office with Postmaster (1910-1916) George E. Rumph, and the last one is of Clayton from the east showing a chimney that may be the Spokane Pottery’s operation.

Rachelle Fletcher and Wally had some discussion about Rachelle becoming Print Editor.

Marilyn Reilly brought a button that read, “*Save the old Clayton School.*” She doesn’t remember where it came from, and no one can remember seeing such a button back in 2002 when the school was declared surplus property. Lorraine and Don Ball started a group to save the school. That was the beginning of our Historical Society.

The Brickyard Day planning committee will meet next Wednesday.

Mike Reiter said, 1) That Roger Krieger was looking for a history of the City Hall (the old high school). Mike gave him the link to Marie Morrill’s article about its history from the *Mortarboard*. Roger was really happy with all of her information. 2) That Deron Schroeder of Bicycles by Deron is planning historical bike tours using the map we helped create 2 years ago. 3) He left a message for Doug Knight about moving the Eagle. He will follow up if Doug doesn’t get back to him.

We discussed a field trip to Chuck Lyons’ tractor museum at Challenge Hill. It’s located on Wallbridge Road, near Owens Road. June 18 is the tentative date. Among the many tractors are 6 steam tractors over 110 years old. Pete Coffin has been there and says you shouldn’t miss it.

Laura Chamberlain from the Settlers Association talked about their idea of a time capsule to be opened July 26, 2121. They plan to “bury” it at the Deer Park Fire Station. They haven’t contacted the fire department yet. She discussed round and rectangular containers and different type of markers to showcase the area. The estimated cost is \$3000. They will be taking donations with the City of Deer Park, the Settlers, and the Historical Society making up the difference. Laura read a list of items she compiled to put in the capsule. These included coins, apple seeds from Arcadia Orchard trees, a photo of the children at the pre-schools. She suggested having school children write about what they think their world will look like in 100 years. Also sug-

gested were a face mask, a Drone video of the town and last but not least.....a covid virus sample. The last being a joke of course.

Mike Wolfe: 1) Passed around a notebook from Deer Park Lumber Co. located in Deer Park, Texas. 2) Passed around a receipt book from the old E.C. Weber store in Deer Park, WA. Many memories were shared about E. C. Weber and dynamite.

Our next meeting is scheduled for Saturday, May 14, 2022, at 10:00 AM at our building.

Meeting adjourned at 11:10.

Minutes submitted by Tracy Strong, Society Secretary.

———— end ————

### Society Contacts

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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. It is the responsibility of the author to secure all necessary copyright permissions for the use of third-party materials in their manuscript. 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, 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.*