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

by  
Wey Simpson

(Part Two)

### The Journey Begins

As always, the rumor mill ran wild. We might be shipped to Seattle — and then to Burma or India. We could be headed to a base in California. We might go to Australia. You get the picture.

Now none of it makes sense, but I even created a code that I could put in a letter home — letting the family know where I was headed. In truth, we wouldn't know when we shipped out what our destination was to be.

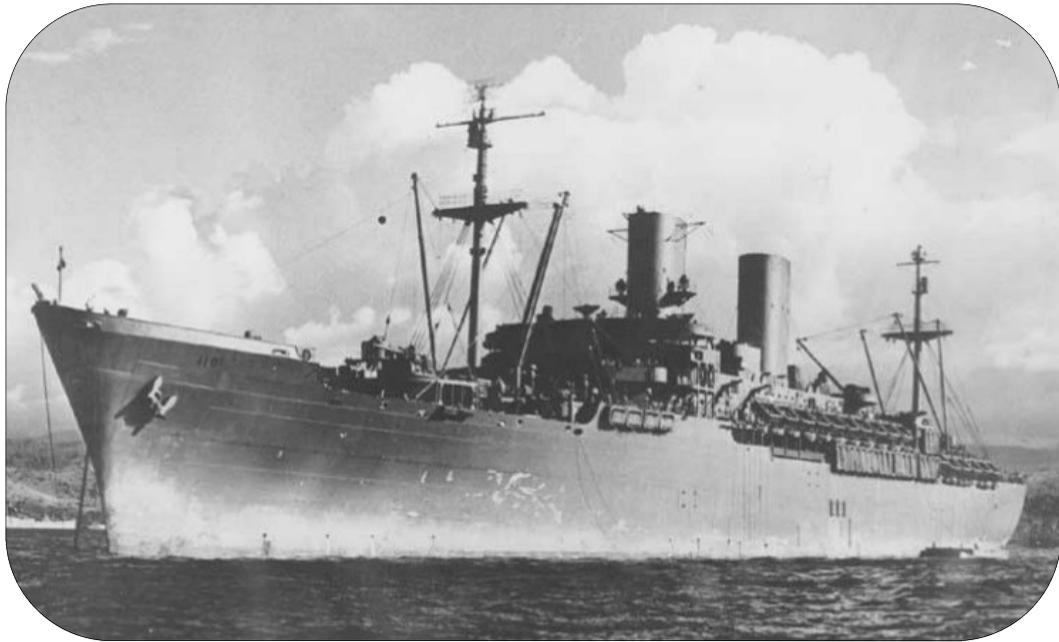
I never got a pass to leave base.

There was a rule that one had to swim the length of the pool at the base before you could get a pass. Water and I have never been friends. Despite my best efforts I never made the full length of the pool.

We weren't lacking anything to do. Training continued. We went on bivouac. Here we got to sample the Army's famous \*K Rations. Later we'd eat \*\*C Rations. A small taste of the future.

Our stay at Fort Ord was expected to last 11 days. We were there nearly a month. My last uncensored letter home carried the

*\*WWII Type K Ration: A boxed, lightweight, short duration (3-day) military survival ration consisting of three individually packaged meals designated breakfast, dinner, and supper. Primarily dry, each meal also had one small can of wet food — eggs, meat, and/or cheese with either fruit or vegetables mixed in. Regardless, all were generally disliked.*  
*\*\*WWII Type C Ration: A primarily canned, pre-cooked, longer duration (5-day) military survival ration. Intended to replace the field kitchens during combat, selections such as "Meat Stew with Beans," "Meat and Noodles," and "Ham with Lima Beans," quickly became so monotonous as to also make C-rations generally disliked.*



United States Navy Photo.

### **USS General John Pope**

***A troop transport launched in 1943. After World War II, the craft was reactivated to serve in two more conflicts — Korea, and Vietnam. Its final decommissioning occurred in 1970. After 20 years in the reserve fleet, it was stricken from the roll in 1990, and scrapped in 2010.  
(Above photo circa 1944.)***

following thoughts: *“It’s funny! I don’t really mind going too much. I’m almost looking forward to it. It will be an experience to remember ... I’m sure I’m coming back ... I’ll have grown in many ways ... After all no one really knows their fate ... I won’t guess at what may happen.”*

As it would work out, all of my basic training buddies went different directions so we would never serve together.

We were told we would ship out on Friday, March 23<sup>rd</sup>. We did not do so until Monday the 26<sup>th</sup>. We went to the port of embarkation in San Francisco where we boarded the SS John Pope and settled into our home away from home for the next month.

I won’t dwell too much on this voy-

age, but a few incidents will serve to sample life aboard a troop transport.

After getting bunked down in the ship, the chow line formed and we went to the galley to eat. Just about then, we crossed under the Golden Gate Bridge and entered the open sea. With the rolling of the ship, the chow line dwindled quite rapidly. I never suffered from sea sickness, so I was able to have dinner. However, what followed was a true test of intestinal fortitude.

I was in the bottom of a four bunk configuration, one above the other. Which was fine. What wasn’t fine was that the head of my bunk was against a garbage can, which was visited multiple times by soldiers who were making pretty poor sailors.

Weather permitting, we could go on deck during the day. At night we were required to be below deck. I suppose this was to keep us invisible to any enemy ships or subs. We were all alone on the vast Pacific. And since many soldiers smoked, who knew who might light up and become a light in the dark sea. Sometimes at twilight I would stand at the rail and watch the fluorescence of the water as the bow of the ship cut through the ocean. That fascinated me. I was also intrigued by the flying fish that would be put to flight as we passed.

We crossed the equator for the first time in early April and then we lost the 6<sup>th</sup> of April when we crossed the International Date Line. Nineteen forty-five would be a day short.

There was an immense amount of reading material, so I did a lot of reading. We could laze on deck in the sun and do nothing. A group of the soldiers formed a swing band and would entertain us occasionally. Sunday services were well attended; they too were held on deck with the Chaplain speaking from a hatch which gave him some elevation. We would observe Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday on the high seas. In a letter I wrote at the time, I observed: *“I wish you could see these fellows standing or sitting on anything available, sweating in the sun and listening to the Chaplain. Funny thing! You don’t have to invite them to attend.”*

Where we headed was certainly grist for the rumor mill. When we sailed past Guadalcanal, we knew we weren’t going to Australia. We put in at Finchhaven in New Guinea. A few days later we sailed up the coast and stopped at Hollandia. We sat for three days. Here we learned of the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the fact that we had a new President, Harry S. Truman.

We joined a convoy at Hollandia; having company after nearly a month sailing across the Pacific as a lonely vessel. We steamed north. And as I considered the jungles of New Guinea, I understood why we were still there four years after Pearl Harbor.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of April we sailed into Manila Bay. With Corregidor in sight and Bataan to our left, I was prompted to observe, *“Green and rugged. I thought of the early months of 1942 when our service personnel stood firm on a battlefield never to be forgotten.”*

All around us were the rusting remnants of ships, some sunk by the Japanese when they attacked Manila, others sunk by Allied forces as we came back to reclaim freedom for the Philippine people. Manila Bay was a ships’ graveyard.

The next day we boarded landing craft and were taken ashore. Manila, which had once been a beautiful city, was a mass of ruins because a Japanese commander had disobeyed orders to evacuate the city and not destroy it. What the Japanese didn’t destroy, United States forces did as they fought block by block to clear the city of the enemy.

### **Why We Came**

We were trucked south of Manila to the Fifth Replacement Depot, there to be assigned to our permanent unit. In about two weeks I would join the First Cavalry Division, and be assigned to the 8<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Regiment.

While at what was referred to in Army lingo as the *Repple Depple*, we were billeted 12 men to tent. There were several soldiers I remembered from Camp Wolters. When we were free we’d spend time together.

Within a day or two of arrival, I got 16 letters — the most recent postmarked only 15 days earlier.

*(Mail was a sparking point of complaint. Afterwards, I realized that there must have been heroic efforts devoted to getting the mail to us. I’m sure the Army realized how important word from home was for the moral of the soldiers.)*

I’d like to share a couple of early observations made in the Philippines. In one letter I penned, *“There is still evidence of Jap occupation here ... There are lots of coconuts, pineapples, watermelon and bananas. A few*

monkeys and lots of bamboo.” Another time I wrote, “It’s Saturday morning here and Friday afternoon there. You are eating dinner yesterday and I’m eating breakfast today.”

Food was always another issue that drew comment. I said the food at the depot was pretty good, certainly more variety than we’d had aboard the ship. We had cooked cereal for breakfast every day. We were served meat. The vegetables were rehydrated and the milk was reconstituted, but all things considered, it seemed a great improvement.

Here is an example of the menus from a couple of meals, “For dinner today we had roast beef, fried potatoes, brown gravy, peas (not a favorite food of mine), bread, plenty of butter and butterscotch pudding, along with a somewhat warm canteen cup of Coke. For breakfast we had pancakes, syrup, Cream of Wheat with sugar and cream ... we could choose coffee, tea, Coke and tomato juice for beverages.”

Needless to say, we were kept busy. We’d draw guard duty occasionally. Being in a combat zone, alertness was required. I wrote of hearing artillery fire nearby. We dug latrines and water lines. I got to work in the supply room on one occasion, and in the PX once. Training exercises never ended. Close order drill, target practice, rifle care and maintenance — basic training again, only different. Here, being alert and ready to do what might be needed was the lifeline that could lead to survival.

Entertainment was not ignored. I think I may have seen more movies here than in my entire previous life. There would also be live entertainment. There was a band made up of Filipino Scouts about which I commented, “They have a unique style and rhythm. The fellow who sang was good. I’ve never heard a singer quite like him.” The range of music they played was also worth a comment. “They played such songs as ‘You’ll Never Know,’ ‘Melancholy Baby,’ ‘God Bless America,’ and ‘The Beer Barrel Polka.’”

I had two months pay coming, but where would I spend it? We would be paid in

Philippine Pesos, worth about 50 cents in US money, so I’d get 100 Pesos a month.

Late in May I was assigned to the First Cavalry Division. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> I was delivered to Division Headquarters, then assigned to G Troop of the 8<sup>th</sup> Regiment. While not a horse division anymore, the First Cavalry still used the historic organization of the Cavalry. Infantry Divisions had three regiments, the Cavalry had four. The Infantry had Companies, we had Troops. We were also much more mechanized than the Infantry. We almost always rode from one place to another, the Infantry often marched. Our Regiment was headquartered near the town of Santa Maria on Luzon. When I physically joined G. Troop, they were stationed at a reservoir.

On the way to our first station, we passed through a village where a funeral was being held. This was one of my first experiences with another culture and what I saw elicited this; “They were marching down both sides of the road with a swing band to help things along. To top it off they were carrying a small casket down the street too ... It seems they celebrate when someone dies. After all is finished they have a party and dance.” The country boy is learning about another part of the world.

A few words about the rural villages. Most of the dwellings were elevated above the ground. (Sort of like houses on stilts). Many were constructed of bamboo, a very plentiful material. I surmise the houses were off the ground for a couple of reasons. Rain in the tropics is an event to remember. Flooding could occur in a few minutes. Being a tropical climate, there was a plethora of creatures on the ground that one would not wish to find in bed at night.

The Filipino natives were industrious. Many were very clever in using what was available to meet the needs of the moment. Those that I got to know on a personal level were friendly, helpful and grateful to have the Japanese gone.

I recall one little girl, age hard to determine — but I would guess maybe 12 or

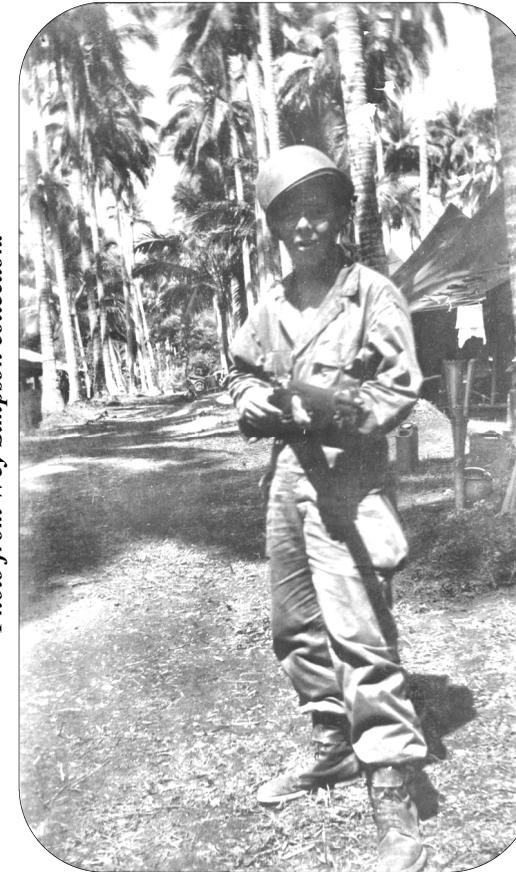


Photo from Wey Simpson collection.

Wey Simpson  
in the Philippines.

13 — she was lively and pretty clever. She would hang around our camp and I suspect she got more than one handout from a \*G.I. For a time she attached herself to me. She would pop up where I was, unannounced, bubbly and friendly. I always wondered what became of her.

After being assigned to our unit, we

*\*The term G.I. is a noun that, according to some, entered the popular vocabulary during World War One. An acronym for either “Government Issue” or “General Issue,” it is usually applied to personnel of the United States Army and Army Air Force — though occasionally extended to any member of the United States Armed Forces.*

set up a bivouac area. First we had to cut down grass 6 to 7 feet tall — not an easy job. The Filipino machete proved to be invaluable. Then, with the help of locals, we would create a platform of bamboo, elevated some distance above the ground. We could then pitch our tents over these platforms. A lot more comfortable, and I felt safer than sleeping on the ground. We had set up camp on high ground overlooking a nearby road. We had a good view of the surrounding territory.

Keep in mind, this is the tropics. One perspires. Flies and mosquitoes were numerous. Malaria was widespread in the Philippines, the disease carried by the anopheles mosquito. Early in the war many soldiers were sidelined and sent home because of malaria. By the time I arrived we were required to take a pill called Atabrine. It turned one’s skin yellow, but it prevented malaria. I’d take yellow any time.

Since our camp was on a reservoir, we were able to bath, swim and wash our clothes. In the tropical climate it felt good to be able to get clean.

Most Filipinos welcomed us. The Japanese were nearing the end of their tether on Luzon. Still, as in any war, some Filipinos were pro-Japanese. Thus we were advised to be careful what we said around the local people.

In the area we set up, there were a lot of small farms on the hilltops. It was a relatively rugged countryside.

One time we went on patrol in native canoes, paddled by Filipinos. We also went on foot patrols, but we did not encounter anything significant. We seemed to have drawn a good assignment because other First Cavalry units were facing heavy fighting.

In time we went into a rear echelon camp. Near the middle of June some of us filled our packs, got into a truck and were



Photo from Wey Simpson collection.

*Wey Simpson in the Philippines.*

posted at an artillery position. We set up a defense perimeter to protect the big guns. The artillery was busy firing away at some distant position. Here I saw my first Japanese prisoners. They were very bedraggled in appearance, and in my limited experience I was less than impressed with our foe.

Our next posting was at a town called Antipola. We marched off into the hills. Our rations were air-dropped to us as we moved forward through some relatively heavy jungle. We often had to cut a path in order to pass. On the third day out, a Japanese machine gunner opened up on our line of troopers. The Troop Commander was wounded and died within about a half hour. (*Those in charge were always the first targets.*) Two others were slightly wounded. Needless to say the Japanese gunner didn't survive the encounter.

Our platoon was assigned the task of taking the sick and wounded to the rear. We reached an artillery position. All of this during the kind of rain that only falls in the trop-

ics. We spent the night sleeping in a tent. We were provided dry fatigues and a dry shelter-half, plus a mosquito net that served as a pillow. I wrote, *"I rolled up and went to sleep after a nice warm meal."*

We returned to our regiment. One of our troopers, who shall remain nameless but was what I termed a *"true hillbilly from West Virginia,"* developed stomach cramps. So another trooper and I were assigned the job of escorting him to the rear. Here I did my share of guard duty, called *"outposting."* This duty would last six hours and was meant to provide early warning should the enemy appear.

While in the hills we had eaten K-rations. Being able to eat food prepared in a field kitchen was a real treat. Here I spent my 19<sup>th</sup> birthday. In a combat area, far from where I'd become 18. I wrote home, *"I'll be 19 as years go. Sometimes I feel so much older, and yet at the same time I feel like a kid doing a man's job."*

Rest camp was next. Here we were

garrisoned near the town of Lucena. Our group arrived before the rest of the Troop. It was heaven to be able to sleep on a cot. We were served chow by another Troop's kitchen as we waited for our own.

I had high praise for our own kitchen crew, claiming we had the best food in the regiment and that our cooks would feed us no matter when we came in from the field, even in the middle of the night.

*Ahead — Japan*

We were now in a situation the Army termed *"Garrison."* And, the word was we would begin preparing for the invasion of Japan. We were told it would happen in late October or early November. So we hiked a lot, spent time on the rifle range, and went through amphibious landing exercises.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of July, I qualified for my Combat Infantry Badge and my PFC stripes. The additional pay would bring my monthly stipend to the huge sum of \$74.80 a month.

There was time to relax. We had a radio in the mess hall, and I spent some of my free time listening to the Armed Forces Radio Service broadcasting from Manila. As a morale booster AFRS radio services were available almost everywhere we had military personnel. Many of the radio programs we remembered from home were rebroadcast for our entertainment, sans commercials. We also could listen to Radio Tokyo. Some of their propaganda was surprising. They apparently thought any bad news from home would be demoralizing. I recall a lengthy story about a huge forest fire in Oregon.

During our time in this camp I often spent time with the guys in the medical unit. I learned some of their *"tricks of the trade."* In fact they tried to get me transferred to their unit. It didn't happen. Had we invaded Japan, I'm not sure that I would have wanted that job.

The military seems to function on rumors and gripes. In late July we heard talk that the Japanese might surrender. Since they

had never given an inch without a fight to the death, it didn't make sense that they would give up, even now. Surrender was about the most dishonorable act imaginable to them. We expected the invasion to be bloody and hellacious.

Then came reports of a new American weapon of unimaginable destructive power. The news stories said we had leveled the city of Hiroshima with one bomb. Most thought the story unbelievable, but I remembered enough of my high school science to know that if we cracked the atom there could be an incredible amount of energy available.

The surrender didn't happen and our training continued. We were going through landing exercises when the news finally arrived. I was half way down the side of a troop ship, climbing down a landing net when a loudspeaker announcement declared Japan has offered to surrender. Our invasion training came to a sudden halt.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> of August, I wrote home, *"We were on the boat when the news came over the loudspeaker. Somehow, we just could not grasp that it was over. It was hard to realize. Most took the news quietly. But, many still didn't believe it. There had been so many rumors."*

Many expected treachery even when we landed in Japan.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of August we boarded a troop transport and on the 25<sup>th</sup> pulled away from the port of Batangas. Within 24 hours we were forced back to Subic Bay because of a typhoon. After 48 hours we resumed our trip. The weather was heavy but we made it into Tokyo Bay and landed at Yokohama on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of September, the day the surrender was being signed on the USS Missouri.

Here, a few personal thoughts. In the years since, some folk, I'm sure with good intentions, have attempted to adjust history to fit their own latter-day point of view. Mainly that the atomic bombs were not necessary, that such huge loss of life could not be justified and that the Japanese were ready to surrender. I want to say, *"Really?"*

There is ample historical evidence that a number of military leaders attempted to take power from the Emperor in order to fight on.

The Japanese military had figured out where we would first invade, and knowing the reputation of the First Cavalry Division, I'm certain we would have been in the first wave. Hundreds of suicide pilots were ready to fly into our ships and landing craft. Civilians, even children, were being trained in ways to kill the enemy. Had the invasion happened, the death toll of military personnel and civilians would have been beyond comprehension. The loss of life would have exceeded Hiroshi-

ma and Nagasaki many times over.

Documents released from the Japanese archives years later spoke of a plan called 'Ketsu-Go,' which meant 'Final Operation.' It was designed to make the invasion so costly that the Allies would not seek unconditional surrender. The militarists were pledged to fight to the last man.

I make no excuse for saying I'm glad it ended the way it did. The chances are high that I would not be writing these words had the invasion taken place. Enough said!

————— *to be continued* —————

## *The Railroad Comes To Deer Park*

by  
*Peter Coffin*

### *A Railroad Organized*

The title of this paper is inaccurate in that the railroad passed through Deer Park's location nearly 19 years before the town was incorporated — that happening in 1908. Deer Park got its name, according to one story, when the railroad's surveyors made note of the plentiful deer seen in the area's forest.

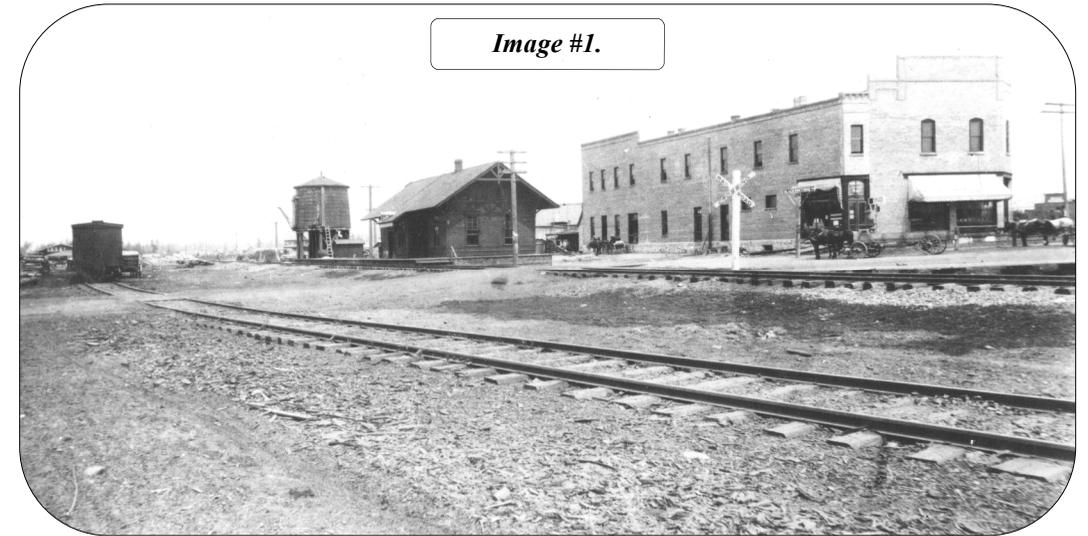
By the late 1880s the northwestern United States had become an area where men could become wealthy in either the mining or lumber industry. One of those men was Daniel Chase Corbin. He had come west from New Hampshire in 1852, first to Iowa and Nebraska where he homesteaded and formed a land and insurance agency. From there he moved further west, first to Denver and then Montana — following the mineral wealth being discovered in the region. He traveled back and forth between Montana and New York and became involved with the Northern Pacific Railroad, which had been built through Spokane in 1882. That association, coupled with his mineral interests, led Corbin to visit Spo-

kane Falls in 1886 and build his first railroad — the Spokane and Idaho and Coeur d'Alene Railway and Navigation Company — to connect the Wallace and Kellogg mining district with the Northern Pacific Railroad. About the time Corbin sold his interests in his railroads to the Northern Pacific Railroad, he became associated with several substantial Spokane businessmen (James Monaghan, James Glover, A.A. Newberry, Frank Moore, et. al.), who, in late 1888, proposed to build a railroad north from Spokane Falls to the British Columbia mining districts and ultimately connect with the Canadian Pacific Railway. This proposed railroad was incorporated on April 14, 1888, as the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway Company

### *Building a Railroad in Short Order*

Interest in building a railroad north from Spokane to Canada had been building for several years prior to the 1888 incorporation. Surveyor A. F. E. Habersham had located a route for a railroad for the James Monaghan

*Image #1.*



*The first Spokane Falls and Northern Train Station at Deer Park. The track in the foreground is perhaps the long siding located just to the west of the main tracks.*

*(Lawrence Zimmerer Photograph Collection)*

group prior to 1888. The existence of this survey allowed the railroad to be built in a relatively short time. Corbin was persuaded to take over active direction of railroad construction in February of 1889. He promptly hired James M. Buckley as construction superintendent. Buckley had recently retired from the Northern Pacific Railroad. In addition Edward J. Roberts was hired as chief engineer. Roberts had worked for Buckley in the past and had been chief engineer for a portion of J.J. Hill's Great Northern Railroad construction in eastern Montana in 1888.

Construction bids for the Spokane to Colville section were opened on March 4, 1889. The firm of Burns and Chapman won the contract for clearing and cleaning the right-of-way, and Monaghan and King won the contract to provide ties and timbers. Construction money was raised, and construction was ready to begin.

On May 23, 1889, Corbin hammered home the first spike — probably near the present day site of the Red Lion Inn east of Divi-

sion and north of the Spokane River. From there the tracts were built north on Pearl Street to near the intersection of Pearl and Carlile (now the lot of the Camp automobile dealership) where the right of way trended northeasterly towards the intersection of Market and Gordon in the Hillyard area. From that place the rails went directly north to present day Mead, and by June 9, 1889, the tracts extended to where Dragoon Creek enters the Little Spokane River. Construction of this 21 mile section of track was completed by a construction crew that may have numbered a thousand men. These men lived in a tent camp that moved north with the end of the rail.

The route of the railroad north of Mead received the nickname "Snake" because of the large number of curves in the track. Corbin directed his chief engineer, E. J. Roberts, to construct the railroad as quickly and economically as possible. Roberts did this in part by having the right-of-way avoid trees larger than three feet in diameter — sidestepping the expense of cutting them down, dyna-

Image #2.



*The Spokane Falls and Northern Railway trestle — circa 1908 — as it crosses Dragoon Creek just downstream from the Arcadia Orchards Company's irrigation dam. The boards in the foreground were part of the flood spillway of the dirt filled dam.*

*(Daggett Photograph Collection)  
(Northwest Room, Spokane City Library)*

miting the stumps, and filling in the resulting hole. Construction costs for a typical Pacific Northwest railroad in the late 1800s had averaged \$23,000 per mile, and \$10,000 per mile was considered cheap. The Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad averaged just over \$8,600 per mile for the track between Spokane and Colville.

Sometime between June 9, 1889, and August 4, 1889, (when the tracks reached Loon Lake) the tracks passed through the future site of Deer Park. At that time the area contained only the portable sawmill of William Short and George Crawford, and a small store selling liquor and other supplies to the railroad construction crews. That later became the Kelly store.

#### *After Construction*

Early pictures of the railroad station show it to be located on Railroad Avenue to the west of the main downtown business buildings (Image #1). The complex contained a large water tank (a 25,000 gallon capacity tank built in 1903, which was replaced with a 50,000 gallon tank in 1942). This early station was moved south to a location southeast of the Main Avenue railroad crossing where an addition to it was constructed.

The building of sidings, spurs and stations proceeded after the main track had been finished. Spurs are tracks leading away from the main line that come to a dead end, whereas sidings have turnouts (switches) on both ends of the siding which lead back to the main tracks.

Deer Park's first station may have been established in June of 1890, when the station was named. During the 1940s and 1950s there was a long siding from the old fairground on the south to north of the Congregational church. There were two spurs from that siding. One ended behind the Chevron bulk oil plant and served the fair building (and the apple packing plant of previous years), and another ended just south of Fourth Street and served Lasswell's grain elevator and the Shell bulk oil plant.

Other sidings and spurs in the Deer Park area have long since disappeared. One and three tenths mile north of Denison was the spur named Huetters. Another one and six tenths north was a station named Hairs. There is little information about these two places.

North of Deer Park, before the track

#### *References and Suggested Further Reading*

1. "Inland Northwest Rail Museum Calendar; 2015" — Reardan, WA, Inland Northwest Rail Museum. (Has chronological dates of SF&N construction as well as many other area railroad related dates.)
2. Fahey, John, 1965, "Inland Empire, D. C. Corbin and Spokane" — Seattle, University of Washington Press. 270 p. (A researched biography which contains much of the source material for this manuscript.)
3. Jones, Dale, 2010, "Great Northern Railway, Kettle Falls, Washington Branch, History and Operations Spokane to Chewelah" — Syracuse, New York, self-published, 191 p. (A description of both the history and recent operations of the SF&N between Spokane and Chewelah. It describes the industries on the railroad.)
4. Horsemann, M., 1980, "Their Moccasins Built It" — Tri County Tribune Supplement, July 23, 11 p. (A description of the early Deer Park store selling supplies to the construction crew.)
5. Hyslop, R. B., 1983, "Spokane's Building Blocks" — Spokane, Standard Blue Print Co., ? p. (Pages 398 to 411 contain detailed physical plant construction dates and details. Interestingly this work contains an occasional correction of materials in Fahey's book.)
6. Reavis, John, 1889, "Quick Work, How the Spokane and Northern Has Sprung into Being" — Spokane Falls Review, May 23, 1889, page 5. (This newspaper article is a firsthand, contemporary, report on the building of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad north of Spokane towards Deer Park. This is the only firsthand description that I am aware of at present.)

got to Clayton, there were two more spurs — Olsons and Christianson. According to Carl Justice the Olsons Spur led west into the forested area north of present day Dahl Road and served as a cord wood loading track.

Clayton's early name was Allen's Siding. When Clayton came to be is still a question, perhaps after 1893 when the clay pits began to be mined.

North of Clayton, the Pine siding (also called Summit siding) marked one of the highest points on the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad.

As a final note, the Spokane Falls and Northern was officially merged into the Great Northern Railroad on July 1, 1907.

— end —

## *Minutes of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society — April 11, 2015 —*

In attendance: Robert Thomas, Wally Parker, Pat Parker, Sue Rehms, Don Reiter, Carol Lloyd, Mary Jo Reiter, Mike Reiter, Roberta Reiter, Ella Jenkins, Lonnie Jenkins, Donald Ball, Betty Burdette, Mark Wagner, Bill Sebright, Bob Gibson, Dianne Allert, Pete Coffin, Judy Coffin, Marilyn Reilly, Grace

Hubal, Sharon Clark, Lorraine Nord, Lynn Wells, and Roxanne Camp.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported: 1) Ella Jenkins gave Bill contact information for Doug Knight. He has talked to Doug several times. Doug, Bill, and anyone else inter-



*Impressed with the W<sup>A</sup>C<sup>O</sup> logo — indicating a product of Washington Brick & Lime — this is the brick Chuck Cupp donated.*

*The terra cotta medallion pictured below is on display at Bob and Loretta Greiff's North Spokane Farm Museum. The tile is approximately five inches in diameter, and without a design on the reverse. No indication is given as to the identity of the individual modeled in relief — however, it is tempting to wonder whether it might be one of Washington Brick & Lime's founders — either Joseph Spear or Henry Brook.*



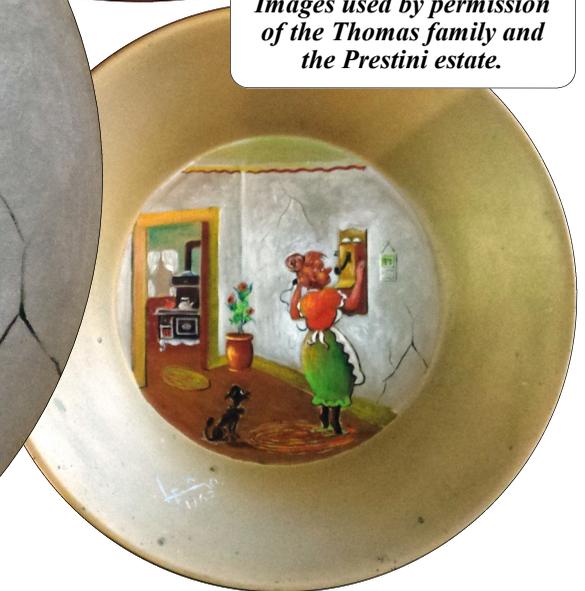
ested will be looking at the Eagle when Doug's schedule allows. 2) Chuck Cupp from Chewelah donated a Clayton Brickyard fire-brick. It came from a kiln across Highway 395 from the old McDonalds in Chewelah. 3) Bob Greiff showed Bill a Washington Brick, Lime & Manufacturing Company round tile. A picture was passed around. 4) Bill received a phone call from Robert Thomas. Robert sent digital pictures of two Prestini gold pans that Robert's father got from Leno in 1963. Robert brought and talked about the pans today. 5) Lynn Wells emailed a picture of a wrinkled paper from her mother, Elizabeth Carter Fackenthall (see page 1078). It's from Loshbaugh's Park at Deer Lake. On the back, written in her mother's hand, it says "in pocket when sailboat sunk with Rollo and I, July 5, 1931." She doesn't know any of the details. Elizabeth and Rollo were married in June of 1933. The picture was passed around. Does anyone have any memories of Loshbaugh's Park at Deer Lake? 6) The Heritage Network meeting will be on April 20<sup>th</sup> at the Colville Library.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported: The ending balance for the main checking account as of March 31<sup>st</sup> was \$7,166.80. A check was written to Grace Hubal for \$20.00 for flowers and \$8.90 for stamps. Deposits were a total of \$428.00. The web hosting account stands at \$978.72

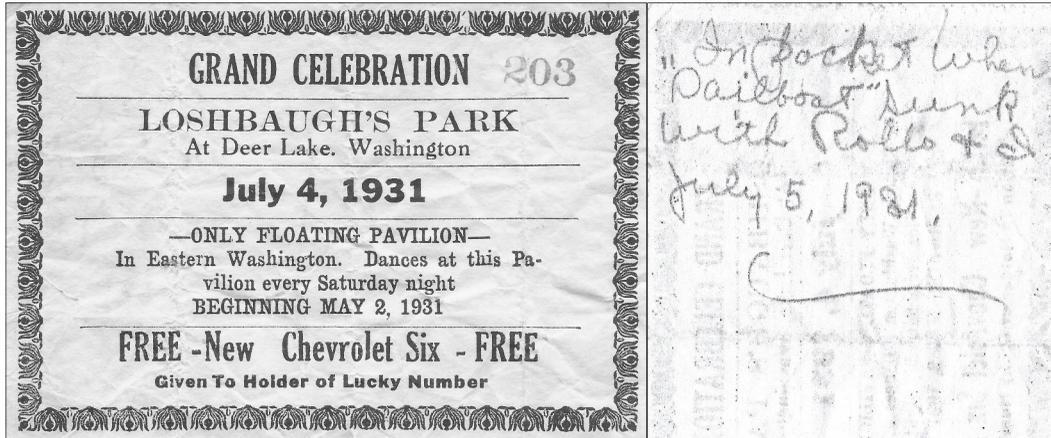
***Facing page: The Thomas family's two Leno Prestini gold pans.***

*As Robert Thomas recalls, his mother wanted to make sure Leno didn't create anything too avant-garde — too weird — for local sensibilities. And then Robert's dad had to buy Leno three milkshakes to get him to agree to paint the pans. Suffice to say, the family was and is extremely happy with the results. Robert also recalls that his dad went to pick the pans up just a few days prior to the morning Leno shot himself.*

*All photos on pages 1076 & 1077 are by Bill Sebright.*



*Images used by permission of the Thomas family and the Prestini estate.*



Scans from Lynn (Fackenthal) Wells.

*On the 8<sup>th</sup> of April last, the society received the above images and following note from Lynn (Fackenthal) Wells. "I have been in the process of corraling bits of paper from file boxes and this was in the personal papers of my mother, Elizabeth (Carter) Fackenthal. The paper is wrinkled, and it is her handwriting on the back." The message reads, "In pocket when sailboat sunk with Rollo and I, July 5, 1931." Lynn continued, "I do not know any of the details."*

*In 1933 Elizabeth Carter and Rollo Fackenthal were married. Rollo passed away in 1979, Elizabeth in 1987. Both are interred — side by side — at the Wild Rose Cemetery.*

*So far only one mention of the above noted Loshbaugh's Park has been found; that in the May 12<sup>th</sup>, 1932, issue of the Deer Park Union. Under the heading "Summer Resort News," the paper states, "The Loshbaugh floating pavilion at Deer Lake has been rented for the season by Richard Calvert of Spokane. He opened it last Saturday evening."*

with the usual monthly withdrawal of \$10.95. The Memorial Fund is at \$2,365. The Brickyard Day Fund is at \$1,589.17.

Society Secretary Grace Hubal reported: 1) Jennifer, at Gardenspot Market, sold six *Collected Newsletters*. 2) She is working with Shelly Reiter at Deer Park Printing on the Clayton School's 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary post cards. 3) We are still looking for a Secretary. Contact Grace or Bill if you are interested.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin reported: 1) He has written an early history of Loon Lake and will give it to Editor Parker for possible inclusion in a future *Mortarboard*. 2) He has put together a list of Deer Park businesses for the year 1956 from an advertise-

ment for the Settler's Picnic and will add names of the owners and other details. He passed around several copies at the April meeting.

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) One hundred twenty-five copies of the April, 2015, *Mortarboard* (#84) have been printed and are in the process of being distributed. The online version has been forwarded for posting. 2) The April issue leads with a story by Wey Simpson. This article, a recounting of Wey's time in the army, is titled "A Time Out to Serve." Due to its length, it's been broken into four parts and will be printed serially. Issue #84 also contains Pete Coffin's photo essay regarding Deer Park's early 20th century "Arcadia Chicken Ranch," and its possible

connection to Spokane's Davenport Hotel. 3) *Mortarboards* #82, #83, & #84 have been combined into volume #22 of the *Collected Newsletters*. An initial run of 15 copies have been printed. 4) Several DVDs containing both Publisher and PDF versions of all current and past Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society publications have been created and distributed among select Society members. This dispersal is intended to insure that the Society can continue to reproduce all prior publications on a print-on-demand basis despite any possible loss within Print Publication's computer and associated archives.

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported by email: 1) The April newsletter is now on the web site. 2) She has straightened out email addresses between the Website and CDPHS.

Penny Hutten emailed the following about the Westerners meeting for April: Westerners Spokane Corral meeting, April 16, 2015, Dale Ryan will speak about "The Pony Express & Trail." Bonnie Ryan will speak about the organization of the Pony Express. And Ed Lynch will talk about being a rider for sixteen years with the Pony Express. The \*National Association, which was established in 1978, is actively involved in the preservation of the historical trail. The meeting is at the Airport Holiday Inn, 1616 South Windsor Drive Spokane, Washington 99224. Contact Pat Holien by April 13<sup>th</sup>, for reservations. Pat's email is [patholien@comcast.net](mailto:patholien@comcast.net). Her phone number is (509) 466-2439. Call Penny Hutten at 276-5454, if you have questions.

File sizes and types for scanning documents was discussed. Jpeg files are easiest to work with. Tiff files are best saving pictures. The size of the files are as follows: 300 dpi (*dots per inch*) is plenty for printed material, 600 dpi is enough for most pictures, 800 to 1200 dpi works for maps.

Wednesday, April 8<sup>th</sup> was the 3<sup>rd</sup> Planning Committee meeting for this year's Brickyard Day. Dorothy Lindh and Marilyn

### Distribution of the April Issue

**125 *Mortarboards* were printed. 45 were claimed at Clayton's April meeting. The rest were divided between Deer Park's Library, Chamber of Commerce, City Hall, Senior Center, VFW, the Gardenspot Market, Odynski's, and Staden Insurance. Several complimentary copies were delivered to the Deer Park Tribune's office.**

Lindh are our Honored Citizens. Dianne Allert has volunteered to coordinate the 100 Year Class Reunion. We are contacting as many classes as possible and are hopeful that they will have their reunions on Brickyard Day. The next meeting will be on May 6<sup>th</sup> at 6PM at the Real Estate Marketplace.

Mike Reiter spoke to a guy who said we most probably should consult someone who specializes in ceramics when it comes to repairing the Eagle because it is terracotta. He shared a couple pictures of his Uncle Louie with the Spring Creek Dairy delivery wagon.

Mary Jo Reiter shared a World War I picture of her Uncle Joe Roberts. She also had written a description of her family's war history. Wally will scan them.

Betty Burdette suggested using some of the Memorial Fund to repair the Eagle.

Donald Ball found a picture of his dad, Ray Ball, when he was in WWI, and a book about the National Guard from 1919. Wally will scan the relevant material.

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

Meeting adjourned at 9:43 AM.

The society minutes have been submitted by Grace Hubal, Secretary.

— end —

**\*Pony Express Association Website — <http://www.nationalponyexpressassociation.com/index.html>**

# Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

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

It's always a joy to see something new by Clayton artist Leno Prestini — such as the several pieces presented on page 1077 of this issue. They're not newly created of course, since Leno's been gone for just over half a century. But they are new in the sense of being heretofore uncatalogued.

I once had the pleasure of being the first "local" to see a previously uncatalogued Prestini — that a rather scandalous piece with some highly autobiographical undertones. The wife and I had driven to a bookstore in Eugene, Oregon, to authenticate then buy the painting for the society. I came around a corner, saw it hanging on the wall, and knew almost instantly that it was the real thing.

As for how such recognition works, it's similar to smelling burning coal and finding myself back in Clayton's brick plant, fol-

lowing my dad on his rounds stoking the kilns. It's similar to hearing the screech of chalk on blackboard and finding myself in the southeast corner of Clayton's old school, circa 1951, watching Mrs. Gardner scribing the cursive alphabet. It's the kind of recognition that has managed to melt itself into a person's being.

My generation — the last to have actually spoken to Leno — is winnowing away at an ever greater rate. I'm hoping that before we're gone we'll have captured enough of Leno's history, and preserved enough of his works, that future generations can look at his artistry and see something more than just lines and colors and attitude. My hope is that they'll recognize Leno's spirit, and enjoy the sensation that such recognition brings.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Pete Coffin, Bill Sebright, Wey Simpson, and Lina Swain.

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

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

*Society contact information can be found  
on the facing page..*

### Society Contacts

We encourage anyone with observations, concerns, corrections, or divergent opinions regarding the contents of these newsletters to write the society or contact one or more of the individuals listed below. Resultant conversations can remain confidential if so desired.

C/DPHS, Box 293, Clayton, WA 99110

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Peter Coffin, Vice-President — [pcffn@q.com](mailto:pcffn@q.com)

Grace Hubal, Secretary — [hubals@msn.com](mailto:hubals@msn.com)

Wally Lee Parker, Editor of Print Publications — [bogwen100@msn.com](mailto:bogwen100@msn.com) — (509) 467-9433

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———— C/DPHS ————