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Illustration from "The Mummy: Egyptian Funeral Archeology, by E. A. Wallis Budge," 1894 Edition.

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THE
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HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Mortarboard

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JEFFERSON M. MOORE: EARLY DEER PARK BUSINESSMAN

by

Peter Coffin

There have been several biographies of men important in the founding and early development of Deer Park published in the pages of the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society's *Mortarboard*. But the name of Jefferson M. Moore has somehow faded out and, in my opinion, doesn't deserve such a fate.

Jeff Moore, as he was known, was born in 1861 in Virginia. By 1887 he had married Alice E. Grimes in Bornin, Ohio and in 1888 he and Alice had a daughter, Edith M. No records so far located indicate precisely when the family moved west, but the family was not listed in the 1892 Washington State Census. By the time of the 1900 United States

Census, the family was living in Deer Park and composed of Edith and three sons that were born in Washington, George Garrett (1893), Charles M. (1894) and Emmett A. (1898).

When he came to Deer Park, he purchased a tract of land west of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad tracks and south of Crawford Street (*see Image #One on next page*). This land included what would later become the Moore Addition to the town of Deer Park. In addition to the land purchase he built a substantial two-story building on the

... text continued on page 2200 ...

All 151 prior issues of the

Mortarboard

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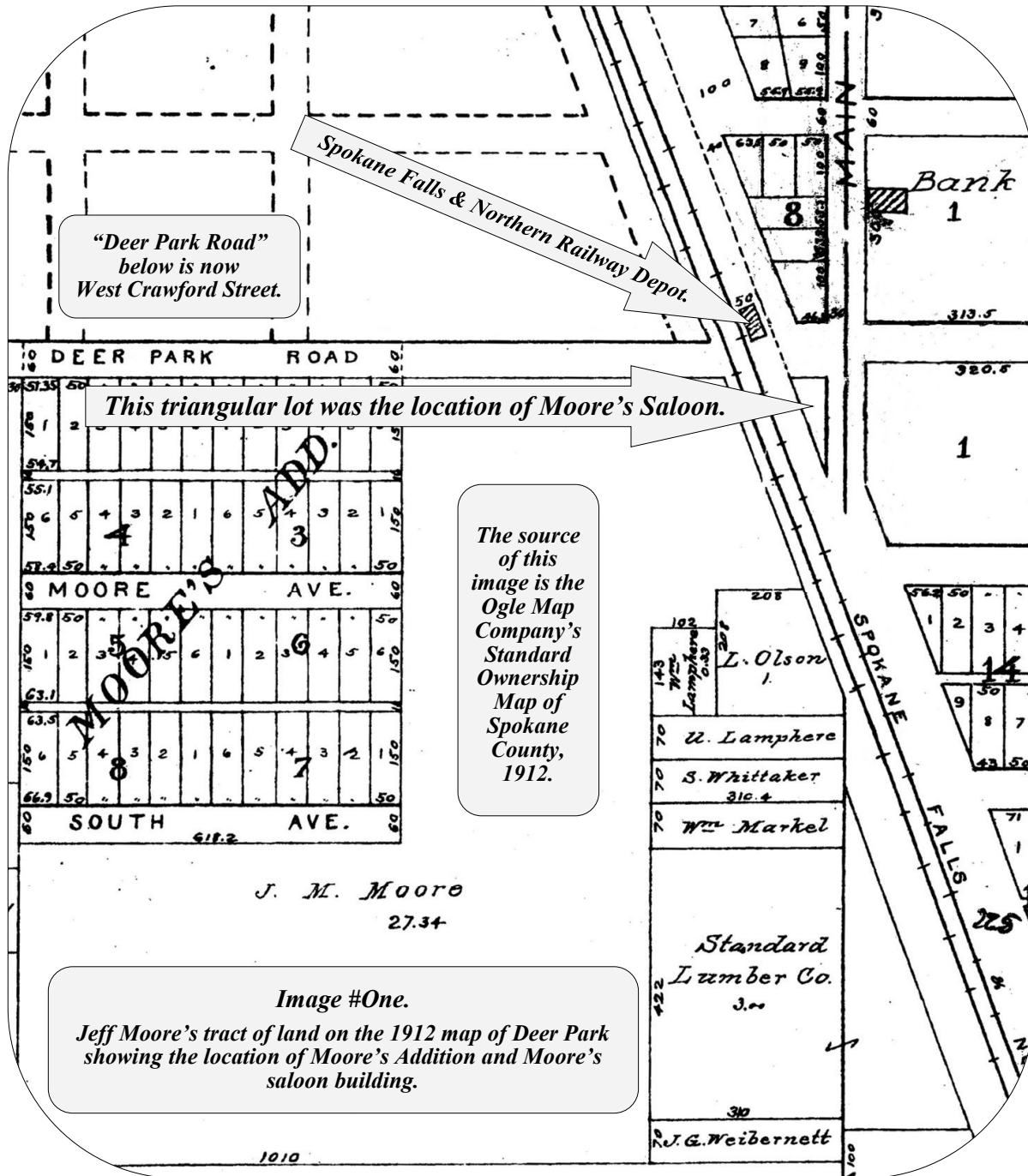


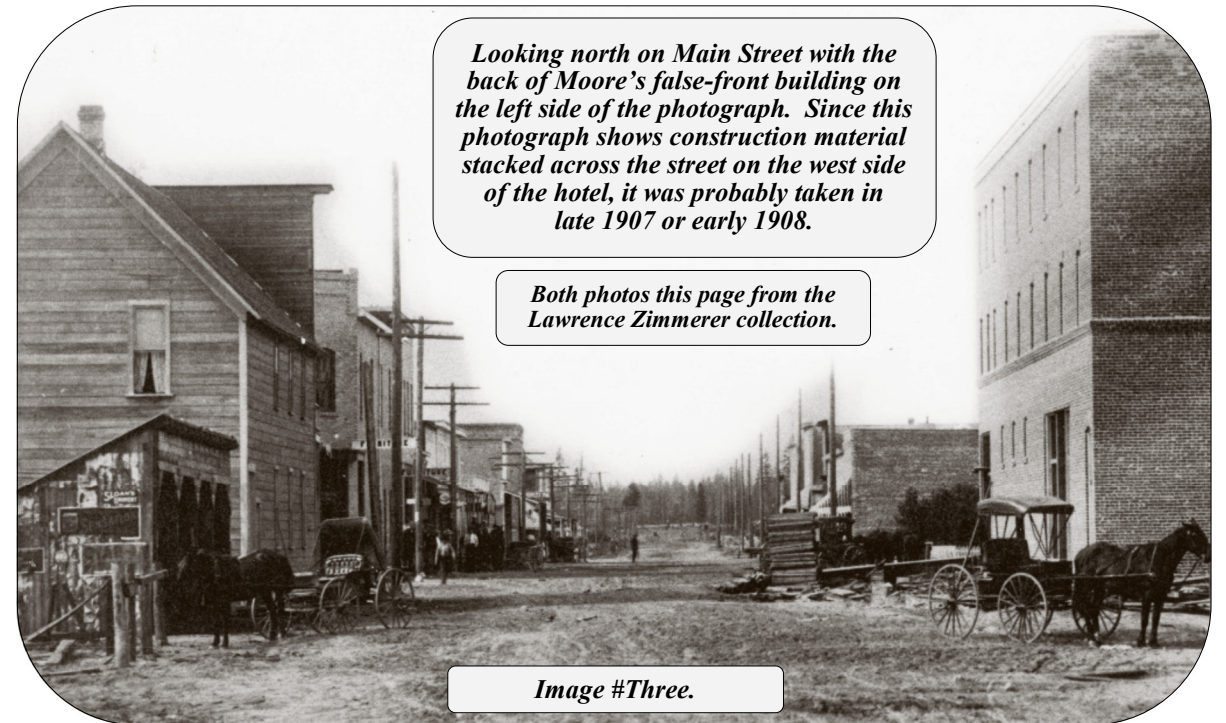
Image #One.
 Jeff Moore's tract of land on the 1912 map of Deer Park showing the location of Moore's Addition and Moore's saloon building.

The source of this image is the Ogle Map Company's Standard Ownership Map of Spokane County, 1912.



Image #Two.

Looking west across the intersection of Crawford and Main, Olson's Mercantile stands on the far left of this pre-1908 photo. Jeff Moore's false-front billiard parlor is next. The clearly marked Commercial Hotel is on the other side of the railroad tracks. The structure standing on the photo's far right is the Kelley Building.



Looking north on Main Street with the back of Moore's false-front building on the left side of the photograph. Since this photograph shows construction material stacked across the street on the west side of the hotel, it was probably taken in late 1907 or early 1908.

Both photos this page from the Lawrence Zimmerer collection.

Image #Three.



Image #Four.

The Moore building labeled as “Deer Park Billiard Parlor.”
The smaller building next to it is the OK Café.

Photo courtesy of Tom Costigan.

... text continued from page 2197 ...

southwest corner of Main and Crawford Streets. The 1900 United States Census lists his occupation as “Saloon Keeper.” His saloon was most likely put out of business sometime before 1912 because the citizens of Deer Park voted to prohibit alcohol sales during the time when there began a national prohibition effort. Mr. Moore’s occupation in subsequent United States Census listings was “Farmer.”

There are several photographs of the Moore building that have been preserved. The earliest one was taken prior to the build-

ing of the hotel in 1907-1908. Another was taken near the end of hotel construction in 1908 (see Image #Two on page 2199). Another photograph of the building was taken in 1907 or 1908 when construction of the Olson hotel was being finished (see Image #Three on page 2199). The date of the third photograph of the building may be sometime after February 1917 as a *Deer Park Union* article announced the opening of Stone’s Billiard Parlor in the Moore building (see item #1 in notes). After the city voted prohibition in, the Moore building housed a grocery store, and a harness shop as well as a billiard parlor. Ironically, after

the repeal of national prohibition, the building returned to being a tavern (see item #2 in notes). In 1940 the entire triangular block was razed for the construction of an automobile service station which now houses Deer Park Heat and Cool (see item #3 in notes).

Jefferson M. Moore died on May 7, 1934, and, according to the *Deer Park Union*’s

obituary, he was interred in the Kelly Cemetery in the family plot where his wife, Alice E. — who died on February 5, 1904 — had been laid to rest. The Interment.net listing for Kelly Cemetery does not list his name. Even in death Jefferson Moore has been forgotten!

— end —

Notes:

#1: *Deer Park Union*, February 23, 1917. “J. G. Stone Moved into New Quarters.”

#2: *Deer Park Union*, April 11, 1940. “Swenson Place Opening Tuesday.”

#3: *Deer Park Union*, August 24, 1939. “Gilbert May Build Service Station.”

The Iron Wheel Tractor

— and other stories from —

The Williams Valley Farm.

by

Wally Lee Parker

Under the title “The Iron Wheel Tractor,” portions of this article have appeared in print before, first in the July 26, 2006 issue of the *Deer Park Tribune*, then in the Reports to the Clayton ♦ Deer Park Historical Society, Volume Three — that booklet first published in 2007. For use here, said materials have been reworked and new materials added.

My family — Owen, my dad, Lillie, my mom, and my older sisters, Wanda, Faril, and Lillie Mae — we all moved onto our Williams Valley farm in December of 1947. We came from the Visalia area of central California, where the folks had most recently been hiring out as agricultural workers. The last time my dad had lived anywhere properly called a family home was in 1933 — the year the clan’s leader, Grandpa Alfred Wallace Parker, uprooted the lot from an Oklahoma farm — agriculture having been ripped apart by the depression’s economic collapse and the

dust bowl’s drought — and joined the great Okie migration westward.

And yes, our family history does include small caravans of vintage soft-top touring cars pulling flatbed trailers, with all the family’s portable possessions secured to every conceivable perch — among said possessions, furniture, clothing, mattresses, bedding, cookware, tarps and tents, and at least several of the earlier era’s ubiquitous metal chamber pots. And my family’s history does include migrant camps — where even the good people quickly learned the conversational value of a



Photo from the Parker family collection.

Part of the Parker Clan at Gila Bend, Arizona.

The above photo, dating from the mid-1930s, shows a portion of the Parker family camped alongside one of the canals carrying Gila River water to farms throughout the district. The agricultural trailer to the right was used to carry potable water to the campsite. Neither Owen nor Lillie Parker are believed to be in this photo.

straight razor in hand or an openly displayed revolver tucked in a waistband. Which is to say, not all the stories from the days the extended family spent following the crops through New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon and back again are nostalgic in nature.

Most of my family's stories of those days come from my mother. Since Mom wasn't used to life being sugarcoated, her stories, often sprinkled with blunt opinions, don't tend to describe the art of living as easy.

An orphan with just a second-grade education, my mother was just fifteen years old in the fall of 1933 when she and my dad married — that a couple of days before the majority of the Parker clan went on the road. My mother suggested any squeamishness the civil authority might have felt at marrying an underage girl without the permission of some semblance of a legal guardian was judiciously bypassed by a few words between grandpa

Alfred and the local justice of the peace — they, being rather thick personal friends. Mom told us she didn't want to exactly lie about her age, so just before the ceremony she slipped a 1918 penny into her shoe. When the justice asked how old she was, she replied, "Your honor, I'm going on eighteen." Since most justice in depression era Oklahoma was local in nature, that served the purpose.

My oldest sister, Wanda, was born in a farmworker's camp a few weeks after New Year's Day, 1935. The next in line, Faril, was born four months into 1937. Lillie Mae appeared during the summer of 1940. And I happened along in April of 1945.

Mom noted that with children in tow — especially school age children — following the crops was not the best way to live — assuming it had ever been. Dad had been seeking out more settled work when he could, but both of them wanted a much less transient life.

As for why our family eventually settled in Spokane County's Williams Valley, in the summer of 1947 a portion of the larger family and several family acquaintances had followed the ripening fruit into Washington State. We were among them, as was one of my Dad's brothers, Jim, and his family. Also along was Chester Parker and his family. Neither Chet nor his wife Eula Mae were any sort of blood relation, but that seemed of little matter when it came to gathering up the clan.

As Mom recalls, "We were working the fruit at Wenatchee when some boys came through our campsite selling subscriptions to a Spokane newspaper — though I can't remember whether it was the *Chronicle* or *Review*. Owen decided to get the paper daily as long as we were there. It got where most everyone in our group would stop by our tent after work to go through the real estate ads. Some of those ads were for land at a place called Deer Park. Both me and Owen thought that sounded like a good place to raise kids, so we contacted the advertiser, the Deer Park Land Company. They said they'd let us know when they had some places they thought we might like."

The story went that Chet and Eula Mae drove to Spokane to visit their adult daughter, Chestine. Uncle Jim went along to check out the Deer Park area. Upon their return to Wenatchee, both Jim and Chet reported they liked the looks of the land around Deer Park.

As my mother remembers it, "When we finished up in the apricots at Wenatchee, (probably sometime in early August) Jim, Chet, and their families went back to Deer Park and bought some land."

Chet's new farm was roughly one and three quarters as-the-crow-flies miles west by southwest of downtown Deer Park. It was on the south side of West Antler Road, not far after its departure from Monroe Road.

West Antler and Bittrich-Antler are two names for what's essentially the same road, with the above mentioned West Antler Road becoming Bittrich-Antler as soon as said

road crosses over the line from Spokane County into Stevens County. It was a lot easier to sort the correct road out when the folks arrived back in '47. At that time the whole stretch from the Monroe turnoff westward to where the road petered out in the foothills went by the name Atlantic. As far as I know, all this Bittrich and Antler stuff came later.

Anyway, at that time giving people directions to Chet's place was easy enough. It was on Atlantic. And since the farmhouse was made of logs and painted red, and sitting on cleared land not far off the road, it was hard to miss.

I'm not sure if Uncle Jim's place was actually purchased, as Mom thought, or just rented. He was only there for something like a year before relocating to a strawberry farm near Sandy, Oregon. Whichever it was, as best I can guess the farm he was living on was somewhere north of Deer Park.

Shortly after arriving, both Chet and Uncle Jim went to work at Clayton's brick plant. At some point before leaving the area, Jim quit the brick plant and put in a short stint at Deer Park's sawmill.

As for my family, Mom explained it this way. "Once Wenatchee's fruit gave out, we drove back to Visalia, where we sold our homemade travel trailer and a lot of the stuff we had stored in the chicken house at Alfred Parker's place. While there, Owen built a small pull-trailer.

"We arrived in Deer Park in the late fall, with everything we owned piled on that one little trailer. We stayed at Jim's place while looking for a farm of our own."

Under the headline "Two Ranches Sold by Deer Park Firm," the following was found in the Wednesday, December 10th, 1947 issue of the *Spokesman-Review*.

"The farm in Williams Valley known as the Grace Eickmeyer ranch was sold this week by the Deer Park Land Company to Owen Parker, a recent arrival from California. And the same company sold the Peterson ranch west of Deer Park to Cecil L. Oliver of Boise, Idaho.

“The Guy A. Edwards ranch, one of the oldest farm properties in Stevens County, was sold by the owner Tuesday to Clarence Moore, the consideration being \$4750. A portion of this property was the original home of Mr. Edwards’ father, who settled on it over 50 years ago.”

Our farm was located five and a half miles west of downtown Deer Park. As you drove west along what’s now called Bittrich–Antler Road — in the first mile section after crossing over Williams Valley Road — our farm was on the south side, taking up the center one-third of that mile. According to the legal description, the farm included “106 acres — more or less.” On the date of purchase, only 13 of those acres were considered cleared of timber — and in short order there was a bit of a kerfuffle regarding that. The rest appeared to have been in second-growth, most of the new stand moderately good sized.

Clarence Moore’s new farm — Clarence also mentioned in the *Review*’s December 10th article — sat on the next section west. It fanned out from the southwest corner of Bittrich–Antler’s intersection with McDougal Road. Later in this article, Mr. Moore will become part of Mom’s iron wheel tractor story.

Our new farmhouse was only two rooms — the kitchen and everything else — with a lean-to on the north side just big enough to hold a bed. But I have a feeling that to a family of six, having spent a good part of the prior summer living in a travel trailer small enough to have been pulled all the way from California by a six-cylinder Chevy sedan, it seemed expansive.

We did have cold, running water in the house — it was running as long as you worked the handle on the water pump fitted next to the kitchen sink. The wood range in the kitchen took care of both cooking and heating the house. Since the standalone toilet was down the hill near the creek — just seventy-five or so feet away — the family’s chamber pot, possibly one of those dragged all the way from Oklahoma, came in handy when it

was too cold or too late at night to brave the elements.

The best built buildings on the farm were the barn and chicken house. Which — when you put your money where your livelihood is — made perfect sense.

And speaking of the chicken house, it seems almost universal that the elders of the neighborhood enjoyed filling new arrivals in on the history of their new properties, while — as neighbors tend to do — emphasizing the most gossipy parts. For example, we learned that a former resident had been found dead just inside the door.

I eventually discovered the details, as recounted in the September 12th, 1931 edition of the *Spokesman-Review*. Dated “Deer Park, Wash., Sept 11 —,” the article read, “When R. R. Bemis called at the home of his neighbor, Andrew A. Price, 73, this morning to take him to Spokane to deliver some chickens he had dressed last evening, Mr. Bemis found him dead in his front doorway. Dr. H. H. Slater, who was called, said death was caused by heart trouble.

“Mr. Price lived alone on a farm six miles west of here. He was in the regular army during the Indian wars. He bought his farm here about eight years ago.

“He leaves a brother and several nieces and nephews in Seattle, a niece at Wapato, a sister in California and other relatives. An endeavor is being made to get in touch with them, but letters among his belongings give only their first names.”

On September 22nd, Clayton’s short-lived newspaper, the *Moose Bulletin* (the name drawn from the fact it was sponsored by Clayton’s Moose fraternity), added the following. “Andrew A. Price, who died last Friday at his home in Williams Valley, was in the poultry business and (had) about 300 hens on this ranch. The night following his death, thieves entered the hen house and stole three dozen of them. The loss was reported here by a neighbor.”

And that brings us to a small building assumed to have once been Mr. Price’s brood-

er house — a tightly built frame building designed to keep newly born chicks warm, as well as safe from predators. To assure both, the doors fit extra-tightly in their jambs, and the interior walls, ceiling, and floor were sheathed with gap-free tongue and groove lumber. As Dad noted whenever dealing with the farmhouse’s shortcomings, “*We’d been better off taking up housekeeping in the chicken house, or maybe even the barn.*”

I’ve yet to discover how much the folks actually paid for the farm. They did have an escrow at Deer Park’s Farmers and Merchants Bank. As of 1954 it appears they still owed \$1,400 on the principal, and as of that year paid \$422.50 toward the debt, interest included.

And this brings up another detour in the story.

Although the *Spokesman-Review* had announced that my folks had bought a “*farm in Williams Valley known as the Grace Eickmeyer ranch,*” the payments were being forwarded to a gentleman (a term my mother would have found hard to digest) by the name of W. I. Moore. Rummaging through the farm’s abstract of title — something hazardous to undertake without legal counsel — it appears Andrew Price died intestate — without having made out a will — when he collapsed at the farm’s front door in 1931. After dealing with a lot of legal necessities, a good portion of which was signed by Deer Park’s legendary attorney O. G. Follevaag (see “*Further Reading*” box below), the property appears to have been returned to its original owner — that apparently being Zora Kelly — who appears to have inherited the property a

number of years earlier. After Ms. Kelly’s passing, the farm filtered through a number of names until Grace Eickmeyer appeared on the title. Around or about 1945 or ‘46 (at times the legalese is nearly impenetrable), it appears to have been purchased or otherwise fallen into the hands of the above noted W. I. Moore.

Though the abstract of title ends at that point, local gossip suggests that within a year or so Mr. Moore sold the farm to a gentleman from Alaska — said gentleman having the last name Allen. Regarding such, Williams Valley’s afore noted gossip central reported that Mr. Allen’s wife, described as an Eskimo, cooked the family’s food in mud. The handful of native cultures indigenous to Alaska doubtless had variations in their traditional food preparation methods. As to whether any such methods involving mud were ever practiced on the Williams Valley farm, we’ll never know. But at least the suggestion adds some unique flavor to the farm’s history.

Anyway, when the folks purchased the farm in December of 1947, they were likely under the impression they were buying it from Mr. Allen. That, however, doesn’t appear to be the way the aforementioned Mr. W. I. Moore was viewing things.

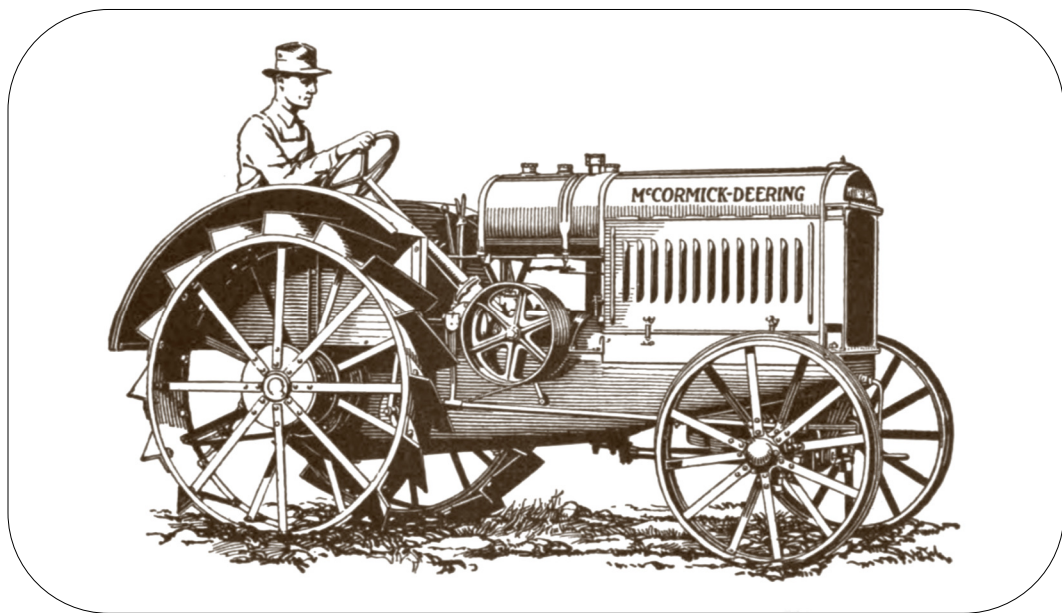
The following spring — on April 5th, 1948, to be precise — a missive from W. I. Moore, Star Route, Waterville, Washington, appeared in our mailbox.

Addressed to “Mr. Parker, Route 2, Deer Park, Washington,” it said, “*I received your check on principal and interest for \$463.31. But when Mr. Allen sold his equity I concluded to take the place back. As there are 3 or 4 more acres cleared, I think I should*

Further Reading — Olaf G. Follevaag

“Who’s Who in Our District: O. G. Follevaag,” from Deer Park Union, May 25, 1939. Mortarboard #55, November, 2012 — page 680 — Collected Newsletters, Volume 15. http://cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_55_downsinglespageweb.pdf

“More About O. G. Follevaag,” by Sharon Clark. Mortarboard #55, November, 2012 — page 681 — Collected Newsletters, Volume 15. (see online newsletter link above)



The McCormick-Deering 15-30 — circa 1923.

This drawing was found in the February 1923 issue of the Penn State Farmer magazine. The most noticeable difference between the above and the 15-30 used on our family farm was that the front wheels had been retrofitted with steel rims and balloon tires, and the angle iron style traction cleats on the surface of the rear wheels had been replaced with triangular spade lugs. These were quite common modifications.

have at least \$250.00 more. But I am willing to meet you half way if you still want the place for \$125.00 more. If not, your equity of \$1,000.00 and check is waiting for you. I haven't signed any contract or agreement to any person except Mr. Allen. Please let me know."

The folks were dumbfounded — and more than a little rattled. Asking around for advice as to what they should do, most everyone said, "Go see Follevaag."

As Mom recalls it, "We were sitting across from the attorney in his Deer Park office. Your dad told him we couldn't afford to pay a bill like that right now, then asked if we were gonna lose the farm?"

Follevaag, having read the missive several times, looks up. "I know this guy," he

says. Then chuckling, "This is exactly the kind of thing I'd expect of him."

Follevaag drops the letter on his desk. "I'll keep this for a while. But tell you what, Owen. You and the misses go home and don't worry about this anymore. I'll write him a letter. And I can pretty well guarantee you won't be hearing from him again."

And true to Follevaag's word, they didn't.

While getting settled in, Dad heard they were hiring at the Kaiser aluminum smelter just north of Spokane, so he applied and got as far as the physical. The doctor said he'd detected a problem with Dad's heart. Dad came home sure he had heart trouble — which did cause a stir within the clan, with Grandpa Alfred and some others coming north



Photo from the Parker family collection.

whenever they could throughout that first summer to help with the farm work. Shortly after the Kaiser thing, Dad went to work at Clayton's brick plant — they apparently not requiring a physical. He worked there until the plant closed in 1957. Then he went to work at Deer Park's sawmill — again until it closed, that in 1971. As far as we know, during all that time any issues related to heart arrhythmia detectable by stethoscope never came up again.

Anyway, as the winter began fading early in 1948, it became apparent the three families — Chester Parker's, Uncle Jim's, and ours — needed a tractor. Going together, the men bought an ancient John Deere with the idea of sharing. At least that first tractor may have been a John Deere. As my mother cautioned, "We're assuming it was a John Deere because everyone called the old thing Johnny."

Mom continued, "Your uncle Jim and Chester Parker had the weekends off at the brick plant, while Owen — assigned to tending the kilns — worked six days a week, with only Fridays off. We'd go either Thursday night or Friday morning to wherever 'Johnny' was and drive him home so we could get some farm work done. But then one or the other of the men would drive it back to their farm so they could use it over the weekend. We just couldn't get anything done.

"Somewhere, I don't know where, Owen picked up that rusty old McCormick-Deering — that so we'd have a tractor sitting on our place all the time. I just can't remem-

Gathering the Hay.

Left: Likely snapped during the summer of 1948 or '49, this shows a load of loose hay being pitched into the barn's loft from a trailer pulled by the McCormick-Deering 15-30. From the top, Uncle Ethmer Parker, Grandpa Alfred Wallace Parker, and, standing on the tractor's deck, my mother, Lillie Parker.



Photo from the Parker family collection.

Waiting for the Bus — September, 1951.

Me and my youngest older sister, Lillie Mae, tending the puppies while waiting for the bus on my first ever day of school. In the background, the McCormick-Deering.

The rear wheel's spade lugs show quite prominently in this photo. Also note that on the left rear wheel a width increasing extension ring has been added to the outside of the wheel. Such is missing from the right wheel. That said, the farm's scrap metal pile contained at least three of these rings, suggesting that when the tractor was purchased the rear stance was quite a bit wider.

ber, but he may have paid something like a hundred and fifty dollars for it.

"We also bought a disk through Montgomery Wards with the idea that everyone would pay on it. All three families needed a disk, but Jim and Chester didn't have credit established up here. It was Owen's sister, Lula Shaw — she was working at the Montgomery Wards in Visalia, California at that time — who had someone in the company down there write a letter of credit for Owen so he could buy things from the Wards up here.

"Jim settled up with Owen before him

and Juanita moved to Sandy, Oregon, but Chester, while still using the John Deere tractor and disk, never did get around to paying his part for either. Owen finally got tired of that and decided to go over and pick both the tractor and disk up. When we got to Chet's place, this guy was out there working on the tractor, trying to get it started.

"Owen told the guy he was there to take the tractor home so he could put it up for sale. The guy replied he'd been renting it from Chet and, as soon as he could get it going, was taking it to his place.

"From talking with the guy, Owen learned that Chet had been doing pretty good renting both the tractor and disk out to other people for something like thirty-five cents an hour.

"Owen didn't have any real trouble with the guy. Seems Chet's big dog got all excited about something — maybe the tone of the guy's voice or the way he was acting — cause the dog just run over and sunk his teeth into the back of the guy's leg. At that point, the guy decided not to argue anymore and left.

"Owen brought the disk home but left the John Deere at Chet's place — that after him and Chet agreed to put the tractor up for sale. What they got for it, or how the money was divided up, I just don't recall."

The tractor Dad bought to replace his one-third interest in the old John Deere was a vintage McCormick-Deering 15-30 — a model designation that began production in 1921 and completed its run in 1934. In whatever year our iron wheel was built (if the machine still exists and the metal tag carrying its serial number is still legible, it might be possible to determine that), it left the factory with dark grey paint on the body, and bright red on the metal wheels. All we saw was a uniform patina of rust.

Called an all-fuel tractor since it was engineered to run on what was then a much cheaper fuel, kerosene, the machine was quite capable of running on gasoline alone. In fact, there was a small, one gallon tank mounted on the machine's dashboard intended just for gasoline. Since the engine had to be both running and warm before it could digest the kerosene, the idea was to hand-crank it while it was sipping gasoline, then, once it had caught and warmed a bit, toggle the fuel line over to the kerosene tank.

All this considered, I've no idea whether Dad burned kerosene or gasoline in the McCormick's main tank. As I remember we had two refillable gas barrels on the farm — one for gasoline, one for kerosene. I suppose it depended on which was cheaper.

As for power, the McCormick's rated

output varied according to the point of use. At the power-takeoff drum it was reportedly around thirty horsepower. At the drawbar it dropped to the neighborhood of twenty. Reports suggest these tractors could drag about a ton and a half, assuming it could get sufficient bite into the ground.

Regarding bite, on our tractor the front wheels were banded with inflatable rubber tires. This appears to have been a common aftermarket change since the standard front wheels were metal hoops — with a number of users reporting the metal front wheels made the tractors almost impossible to turn when running over soft soil. But the rear wheels were a different matter. They were four-foot diameter hoops of metal, to which — on our particular tractor — a series of approximately five-inch long by four-inch wide triangular iron wedges called spade lugs were bolted. Experiments carried out by various universities and such indicated these spade lugs reduced wheelspin in soft soil to a minimum, and damage to the surface when rolling over thatched ground to a minimum.

As to the primary drawback, this from my eldest sister, Wanda (Vaughn).

"I never tried to drive the iron wheel tractor myself. I remember I could walk faster than the McCormick would go wide open in high gear. But that was just as well, cause whenever you were riding, especially over hard ground like the packed sand and gravel of the county roads, the vibration rising off those iron lugs would just about knock your teeth out."

The December 21st, 1922 issue of the Farm Implement News states the tractor's first gear speed is 2.3 miles per hour. Second's maximum is 2.93. And high gear results in a forward momentum of 4.46 miles per hour. Other sources placed reverse's maximum at 2.5 miles per hour.

The tractor was started with a hand crank. The crank, located at the front of the machine just below the radiator, would turn the crankshaft and move the pistons up and down. The displacement on the four-cylinder



Photo by Wally Lee Parker.

Fate of the Iron Wheel Tractor.

Parked in a wooded area toward the back of the Williams Valley farm in the mid '50's, the old McCormick-Deering tractor was surrounded by new growth by time this photo was taken in September of 1971. As noted in the photo, the engine cover was tossed to the side, and the radiator and other easily removable and recyclable-for-cash parts were missing.

engine was massive — 381 cubic inches.

Wanting to verify that data, I asked my friend and mechanical engineer, Richard Hodges, if a cylinder bore of four and a half inches and a piston stroke of six inches, times four, did add up to the specified displacement. Rick replied, “381.704 cubic inches, to be precise.”

And to the fact that the maximum RPM for the engine was one thousand, Rick said, “It’s all about torque. Mister McCormick’s device could probably pull stumps and drag loads just fine.”

But I still couldn’t visualize how an ordinary person could crank something that

big fast enough to start it, so I went in search of someone with experience.

Greg Anderson, of Carrollton, Texas, was restoring his grandfather’s McCormick-Deering 10-20, a somewhat smaller version of the 15-30. To my inquiry he wrote, “All-fuel engines were very low compression and would turn easily, so hand cranking wasn’t too bad if you had the ignition set properly. But if they refused to start, you’d quickly wear out. And I remember being constantly warned not to put my thumb around the crank handle so it wouldn’t be broken if the engine did kick back.”

The reason for a significantly lower

compression ratio — lower than the eight or nine to one commonly used in gasoline engines nowadays — was that most farm tractors up until the later nineteen thirties were designed to run on kerosene or similar weight distillates. At that time most such fuels were much less expensive than gasoline. That also explains why these engines turned at such low revolutions per minute when compared to gasoline engines. With the comparatively low volatility of kerosene, during the combustion cycle flames wouldn’t advance across the interior of cylinders fast enough to allow faster cycling of the pistons. Any still-burning fuel residuals left in the cylinders when the next fuel induction cycle began would lead to pre-ignition — to pinging — potentially damaging the engine.

During the 1920’s and ‘30’s, advances in petroleum refining such as catalytic cracking and the addition of additives such as lead increased both the amount of gasoline produced and its octane levels. This lowered gasoline’s cost to the point that the much less efficient all-fuel tractors became obsolete.

For those first few years on our farm, a lot of land was cleared with the help of the old McCormick. As for the uses the fallen timber was put to, my eldest sister, Wanda (Vaughn), recalled, “For firewood we’d cut trees into four-foot-long sections. We’d pile these on the back of our old Ford model A truck — actually it was a sedan Dad had gotten for next to nothing and cut down into a truck — and haul them back to the farmhouse. Dad would start up the tractor, hook a long canvas belt around the drum sticking out the right side of the machine, and loop the other end of the belt around a drum connected to a buzz saw. We’d use that to cut our wood into lengths short enough that we could fit them, after splitting, into the kitchen stove.

A few years after getting the McCormick, Dad bought a much newer tractor — this one a little four-cylinder Ford gasoline tractor with a hydraulic front loader and hydraulically adjustable rear drawbar. The rusty old iron wheel was retired to a corner of the

yard.

As my mother, Lillie Parker tells it, that’s where it was sitting in the summer of 1952, when “that preacher” and his family came to Williams Valley.

Mom said, “That summer me and the kids went down to Jim Parker’s new farm at Sandy, Oregon, to pick strawberries. Since Owen was working at the Clayton brick plant and tending the Williams Valley farm, he couldn’t come.

“While we were gone this preacher, I can’t remember his name, moved onto a bit of land back in the woods just west of where Gibson-Dahl and McDougal roads cross. All the neighbors wanted to be extra helpful because the new preacher had a whole bunch of kids. Someone suggested he might be able to borrow Owen’s old iron wheel tractor till the preacher got on his feet. Owen lent him the iron wheel.

“We got home, and time dragged on. The borrowed tractor never came back. One day I went over to see the preacher about the tractor. He said he’d just buy it, but that he could only pay a little bit at a time. That ran into quite a few months without me seeing any of the little bit he was gonna pay.

“Some of the neighbors were going on to me about how I shouldn’t bother the preacher about the tractor. After all, we had two tractors. And with him being a preacher and doing the Lord’s work — and with all those kids to support.

“I fumed till it just got the better of my temper. So, one day I took off to the preacher’s place and told him I thought either we should see some money, or he should bring the tractor home.

“He told me he was just getting ready to bring us something. He said it was just so expensive with the kids in school and the like. It seems when the subject of money owed came up, that preacher always managed to work his bunch of kids into the conversation someplace.

“I told him I had a pretty good idea how expensive kids were, having four of my own to send to school. But I think you could

have hit that preacher up-side the head with a two by four and he wouldn't have raised an eyebrow.

"It wasn't long after that when Clarence Moore — who bought a farm on the next section west of us about the same time we bought ours — come by to say the preacher had packed up the family and left for Texas. And that they'd left owing Clarence quite a bit of money for hay.

"Clarence was swearing out a warrant on the preacher. He was finding all the other people the preacher had run out on to see if they wanted to sign the warrant as well. Clarence added that the preacher had been trying to sell our old McCormick tractor to some of the neighbors before he left, so maybe we should try to hunt it down.

"I told him to add us to the list of people wanting to collect from the preacher. According to Clarence, it was getting to be a pretty long list.

"I was calling around trying to find anyone who might know about our tractor. Ester Hefley — who lived with her husband Charley a bit further west and on the other side of the road from Clarence's place — said her son George had been cutting pulp wood over on the Plumley place just off the Williams Valley Road, and they had that old tractor with them.

"George said they'd been renting the iron wheel from the preacher until the preacher ran off. The preacher had told the boys that Owen had given him the tractor — because he was doing the Lord's work and all — so the boys just figured it had been abandoned.

"We went to Plumley's and found the tractor. It was winter. Owen worked out in the weather till he got it to running. Then he drove it to the farm and parked it in a clearing back in the woods.

"It wasn't but a few days after that that Owen passed out while firing kilns at the brick plant. They took him to the Deaconess Hospital in Spokane. He had developed a bad case of pneumonia — thanks to the preacher."

"Anyway, after getting the old ma-

chine home we run it out into the woods and let it set. The only other thing that happened to it while we were still living on the farm, Walt Baynes, at the time Wanda's husband, asked if he could junk out the tractor. He took the radiator, and anything else with copper or brass he could easily sell for scrap and left all the rest. Knowing Walt, Owen figured he probably got enough from that for at least a few cases of beer."

"About fifteen or so years later, when we sold the farm, what was left of the old McCormick-Deering was still setting out there in the woods. Other than all the saplings growing up around it, it still looked pretty much the way it had when we bought it."

Shortly after the original version of this story appeared in the July 27th, 2006 issue of the *Deer Park Tribune*, I received this missive from Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society member Pete Coffin.

"After reading your article in the *Deer Park paper*, I may have something to add to the story of the preacher who did not pay his bills.

"Shortly after my father inherited the Coffin family farm in the early 1950's, he was asked to rent the farmhouse to a preacher with a large family. This farm was just northwest of the intersection of McDougal and Gibson-Dahl roads — with the east side of the property now forming the 4900 block of Redman Road.

"I was about 10 or 11 years old then.

"Dad really didn't want to do this because there was no running water or toilet facilities in the house. He must have been pressured into doing so.

"The rent wasn't much — I don't recall what — but for months on end it wasn't paid. Since dad worked during the week at the Lincoln, Washington, lumber mill, he couldn't dun the renter on a regular basis. Dad also was not a man to hassle people who were down on their luck.

"Finally, dad couldn't take the lack of rent anymore. One Friday evening, after driving home from Lincoln, he drove out to the

farm to ask for the rent. I sat in the car as Dad talked to the renter. A short time later Dad came back very mad. Apparently the preacher had told him he couldn't discuss business because the sun had just set and that would make it, according to the preacher's

beliefs, the Sabbath.

"Within days the preacher and his family had disappeared, having never paid any rent."

— end —

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

Bits of Chatter, Trivia, & Notices — all strung together.

... the importance of asking permission ...

There have been several incidents in past months in which our various correspondents have asked permission to use other people's published materials in articles being developed for the *Mortarboard*, and the people being asked have thanked us for asking. This is not and never has been a matter of simply adhering to copyright. This is also a matter of the kind of courtesy expected in business and social relationships.

Part of any editor's job is to pilot his or her publication through the legal hazards found within publishing in a safe manner. Since the society doesn't have legal guidance on hand, we always need to err on the side of caution when materials possibly proprietary to other writers or publishers are at issue. The act of asking for written permission when in doubt is not only the simplest thing we can do to avoid problems, it's also a much appreciated act of respect.

... stolen Prestini artwork — circa 1962 ...

The December 4th, 1962 issue of the *Spokane Chronicle* mentioned that "Leno Prestini, Clayton, Wash., is exhibiting 30 oil paintings on a wide variety of subject matter starting today at the Eastern Washington State

College Student Union Building." The exhibit would run through December 23rd and could be viewed "both daytime and evening hours" without charge.

Under the heading "2 Paintings Are Stolen," the December 11th *Spokesman-Review* noted that two of Leno's paintings — one titled "Rainbow," the other "Nude Woman Training Horses" — had been taken from the college's Student Union building. The paper "tentatively" characterized the theft as "a student prank."

The following day the *Chronicle* added, "Two paintings valued at \$100 each were reported stolen ... over the weekend, Sheriff's Deputy Edward J. Larsen said."

In its December 20th issue, the *Tri-County Tribune* noted the theft, saying "The artist did not set a value on the stolen paintings, but the police set a value of \$100 each. No clues have been found, and at the time of the theft they were hanging in two different places on the balcony."

We've yet to uncover any suggestion that the artwork was ever returned. If anyone knows otherwise, please advise.

... shootout in Williams Valley ...

Headlined "Takes Big Auto at Point of Gun," below is how the Thursday, February

27th, 1919 edition of the *Spokesman-Review* laid out its introduction to a story involving both Deer Park and Williams Valley.

“Forced to surrender a valuable Winton limousine at the point of a gun in the hands of a passenger four miles south of Deer Park, Jack Walters, taxicab driver for (Spokane’s) Five Hundred Taxicab Company, by taking advantage of short cuts through the fields, managed, despite the heavy snow, to reach Deer Park not over 10 minutes behind his erstwhile fare.”

The following Friday’s *Deer Park Union*, under the subheading *“Fare Leaves Taxi Driver Near Arcadia Flume — Captured Later,”* added that Mr. Walters, apparently “hustling” on foot, “reached the city (Deer Park) soon after his ‘fare’ passed through” — that being “shortly after seven o’clock Wednesday evening.”

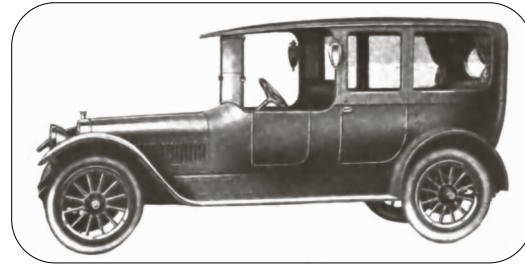
According to the *Review*, “At 5:00 (Wednesday) afternoon, the taxicab company received a call from Deer Park asking for its best car to bring in a sick woman and old gentlemen. Accordingly, a limousine was sent. At Deer Park the driver did not find the woman, and the man developed into the holdup.”

Among the details added by the *Union* was the fact that the limousine driver met the holdup man “near the Arcadia flume,” assumedly suggesting a particularly easy-to-spot even during a snowstorm gap in the flume’s elevated trestle where the seasonal irrigation water was directed under the main Deer Park to Spokane highway via a set of tubular reverse-siphons.

The *Union* went on, “Walters reported the robbery to the company (the *Review* adds that said report was made by telephone), then enlisted the aid of Marshal Farris who deputized Homer Riney and Aubrey Staley and in Mr. Riney’s machine started in pursuit.”

The *Union* continued, “The man headed for Loon Lake but soon lost the road and the officers found the abandoned car near the Williams Valley Grange Hall, west of Deer Park.”

From this point forward, the *Review*



1918 Winton 6-48 Limousine.

We’ve no information specifying the model year of the stolen Winton limousine, but it’s likely to have been along the general lines of this illustration from the January 3rd, 1918 issue of Motor Age magazine.

has the more exciting account of the capture.

“Here they took up the trail on foot, finally locating their man in a schoolhouse where he had taken refuge. He showed fight and a number of shots were exchanged before he surrendered, first throwing his gun out on the snow at the demand of the officers, then coming out with his hands up.”

The *Union* differs a bit in that it reported only “a couple of shots were fired.” And then, once the suspect had decided to surrender, he laid “his gun on a windowsill before coming out with his hands up.”

Regarding the perpetrator’s identity, the *Spokesman-Review* said, “In answering questions as to his identity and why he had taken the machine, he said he had nothing to say, but added that he recently came to Spokane from Chicago.”

Any further mention of this story in any newspaper has yet to be located — leaving us with several mysteries. One would be the eventual fate of the unidentified miscreant. The second would be the identity of the schoolhouse where the “number of shots were exchanged.” Could it have been the little Williams Valley school just a mile west of the grange? Just wondering.

———— Wally Lee Parker ————

Minutes of the Clayton ♦ Deer Park Historical Society — November 14, 2020 —

With the rise in COVID-19 cases, we discussed canceling all monthly Society meetings until the spring of 2021; however, we will re-evaluate our decision before each scheduled meeting. The following reports are by email.

Society President Bill Sebright reported that: 1) He received an email and picture attachment from Teresa Carr Broman of her painting of the Brickyard and Clayton. (Watch for this captivating interpretation in a later issue of the *Mortarboard*.) 2) Renee Hazard emailed many Hazard family and Wild Rose pictures for use in one of Wally’s *Mortarboard* stories and on our website. 3) The Olsen Opera House advertising curtain was moved from Pete Coffin’s basement to the new Chamber of Commerce ‘Hot Spot.’ More on this below.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported: The main checking account ended the month at \$8,967.80. There was no activity this month. The web hosting account ended the month at \$893.10 with a withdrawal of \$11.84 for web hosting. The Brickyard Day account is at \$1,945.33. He took *Mortarboards* to Gardenspot Health Foods and Odynski’s Accounting.

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

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) Per usual, 120 copies of the November *Mortarboard* (#151) have been printed for free distribution, and the online version submitted for uploading to the society’s website. The Heritage Network and Loon Lake Library have received files enabling hardcopy reproduction of this issue whenever desired. 2) The November issue features Peter Coffin’s “Buildings of the Arcadia Fruit Growers,” and this editor’s “In Search of Wagener’s Apple:

One Among the Arcadia Orchards’ Original Varietal Plantings.” 3) Ten copies of *Collected Newsletters Volume #44*, archiving *Mortarboards* #149, #150, and #151, have been printed and are available for a small donation. 4) As the November *Mortarboard* moves into the archive, the society’s newsletter/magazine has been in publication for twelve years and six months. At the very beginning of publication, a decision was made to run our pages consecutively between issues. The primary consideration in doing so was to simplify indexing since a page number combined with a key indicating in which issue of the magazine said page appears would be all you’d need to trace any bit of data cited by the index. The November issue ends at page 2196. That’s a hefty archive in need of indexing. But if ever done, one that’s likely to prove particularly useful to future historians and genealogists. Of course, it might be possible to bypass a standalone index altogether if the entirety of the society’s publications were ever dumped into a single database searchable by name, subject, quote, etc. I’ve no idea how that could be done, but it would doubtless prove extremely helpful.

Webmaster Damon Smathers reported: The *Mortarboard*’s November issue has been posted to the website. A note has been added to the front page, letting members/visitors know the November meeting has been cancelled. He is currently working on adding the Wild Rose/Hazard photos sent in by Renee Hazard to the website.

Pete Coffin reported that he: 1) Acquired copyright permission to submit pioneer Clara Hannah McDonald’s description of life on Wild Rose Prairie for printing in the *Mortarboard*. The original was published in the 2002’s “History of Wild Rose Prairie.” Sent

the permission letters and manuscript to Editor Parker. 2) Submitted a list of Deer Park street names to Editor Parker that included where the name came from. 3) Digitized two 35mm photographic negatives that had pictures of the old Deer Park creamery from Marilyn Reilly.

Regarding the previously mentioned hanging of the Olson Opera House curtain in the Chamber of Commerce 'Hot Spot,' Mike Reiter reported: Rick Brodrick, Pete Coffin, Gordon Grove, Mike Reiter, and Bill Sebright used Rick's pickup and trailer to make the move. Rick conjured up a system to hang it. He attached eye screws two feet apart in the top curtain pole, then stretched a thin cable through the eyes from one end to the other. Lastly, suspension ceiling grid hooks were installed. This allowed Warren Strong and

Tom Costigan and I the capability of lifting the curtain easily and attaching it to the hooks. We are trying to figure out how to add framing to the advertising curtain. Danielle Holstein said the Chamber of Commerce board loves the curtain and the idea of a royal blue proscenium (the proscenium is the part of a theater stage that is in front of the curtain) to match the paint of the room and the waterfall on the painting.

Our next meeting is scheduled for Saturday, December 12, 2020, at 10:00 AM at our new building. This is certainly subject to change due to Washington State's COVID-19 reopening guidelines.

Minutes Submitted by Bill Sebright.

— end —

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Comments Policy

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

Editorial, Copyright, and Reprint Concerns

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

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.