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THE  
CLAYTON/DEER PARK  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# Mortarboard

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## Arcadia Orchard Concrete Headstones: Monuments to a Failed Business Scheme

By Peter Coffin

Free — Take One

On the north side of Montgomery Road between Deer Park and Clayton, Washington stand four large concrete structures. Only the two, at Grove and Montgomery Road stand opposite one another with round entrances facing east and west that lead down into a tunnel under the road. They are part of what remains of the irrigation system for Arcadia Orchards. The Arcadia Orchard was an early 1900's development that nearly surrounded Deer Park. In 2009 all that remain of this failed business venture are scattered concrete road underpasses, concrete flume supports, a concrete dam on Dragon Creek and various ditches that once carried irrigation water.



In popular myth the orchard failed because the irrigation water taken

Photograph 1. Concrete road underpasses stand at the corner of Grove and Montgomery Roads north-west of Deer Park.

from Loon Lake and Deer Lake ran out, or at least lowered the lake levels unacceptably. To my knowledge no comprehensive study of the Arcadia Orchards business venture has been published. However, a very interesting and well researched paper written by John Fahey comes very close (Fahey, 1993). In it he documents the inception, growth and failure of the venture. Mr. Fahey was a history professor at Eastern Washington University and had written

extensively on the history of eastern Washington. In this manuscript he attributes the orchard's failure to poor management, poor promotional business practices, and several national business recessions. In addition a short growing season (with killing frosts during the growing season!), production of apple varieties other than

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the Red Delicious that did not sell well and competition from other orchard areas in Washington helped hasten the end of the Arcadia Orchard Company.

The Arcadia Orchards began in 1906 and officially ended in 1924. In the years between 1910 and 1916 the largest amount of land was put into production and an irrigation system built. The system began with a canal and valve at the south end of Loon Lake. The valve fed water into ditches cut across the north side of the gently south sloping expanse of land be-

Photograph 2. The valve works just south of Loon Lake that controlled the flow of water into the Arcadia Orchard irrigation system. Behind the valve is a tunnel underneath the railroad right of way.



Photograph 3. The ditch leading from Loon Lake to the irrigation valve in the Picture 2 above.

tween the hills north of Garden Spot to the Dragon Creek drainage on the south.

Originally the main irrigation ditches were dug into the dirt but early promotional success and incoming money caused the inefficient ditches to be replaced by iron bound wooden stave pipes and underground concrete piping. The circular openings in the Montgomery Road underpasses are the remaining evidence of these wooden pipes.

South of Deer Park, along Antler Road, Weber Road and Staley Road square concrete underpass and flume supports stand. At their top one

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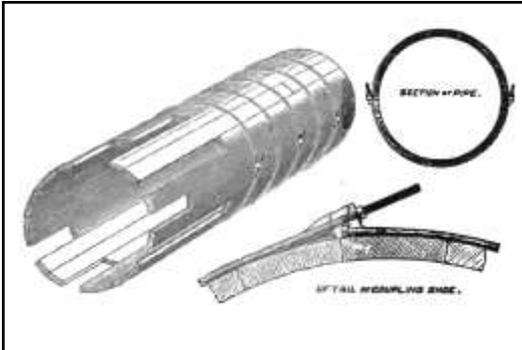


Figure 1. Drawing of wood-stave pipe construction.



Photograph 4. Square concrete underpass flume supports on Antler road east of Cedar Road. Note the wooden blocks on the edges of the wooden flume support.

or more sides have a lower wall containing rusting bolts that once held the wooden flumes that carried the water to the apple trees.

Flyers distributed as promotional material indicate that over 7000 acres of fruit trees had been planted by 1916 and were being irrigated by over 24 miles of main distribution ditches, tunnels and flumes and over 50,000 feet of buried concrete pipe.

Recently during the construction of the east

Crawford Street extension a large circular irrigation pipe was uncovered at the entrance to the Deer Park Country Club. Early road builders filled it in and built the Deer Park-Milan Road over it. The present construction removed the concrete pipe and filled in the hole properly.

Concrete pipe was cast by the Deer Park Artificial Stone Company.

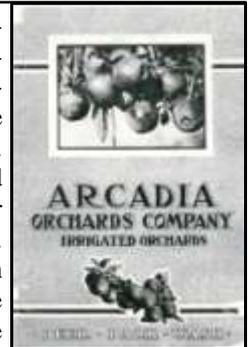


Figure 2. Cover of a 1916 Arcadia Orchards Company flyer.



Photograph 5. Digging out the remains of a buried irrigation pipe on the east Crawford construction. (Photograph courtesy of the City of Deer Park and JUB Engineering.)

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The plant was located 310' south of the Deer Park apple packing house (Sanford map) just about where the present Hagen Hardware building is now.

Dragoon Creek was dammed in 1913 just upstream of it's confluence with Spring Creek. Faint etching in the concrete at the top of the dam reads "NOV 1913".

One early Deer Park Sanborn Map Company Fire Insurance map dated 1915 (with revisions in 1932 and 1940) shows an irrigation flume running southeast along Railroad Avenue in



Photograph 6. The concrete pipe casting plant in south Deer Park from the 1916 Arcadia Orchard flyer.

Deer Park. Another map in the same folio shows another flume trending straight south from the old Husky bulk oil terminal (and east of the Great Northern Railroad depot) at Main Avenue and A Street. None of this flume construction can be seen today.

The lake backed up by the dam became the mill pond for the Deer Park Lumber Company. With all the mill buildings gone, a walk across the site today leaves one with the impression that much dredging and bank construction had

Photograph 7. The Dragoon Creek dam today from the road and railroad overpass.



to have been done southeast of the dam. This is in the area where logs were unloaded from trucks and train cars into the mill pond. Without this embankment the dam as it was built would not have held much because the water



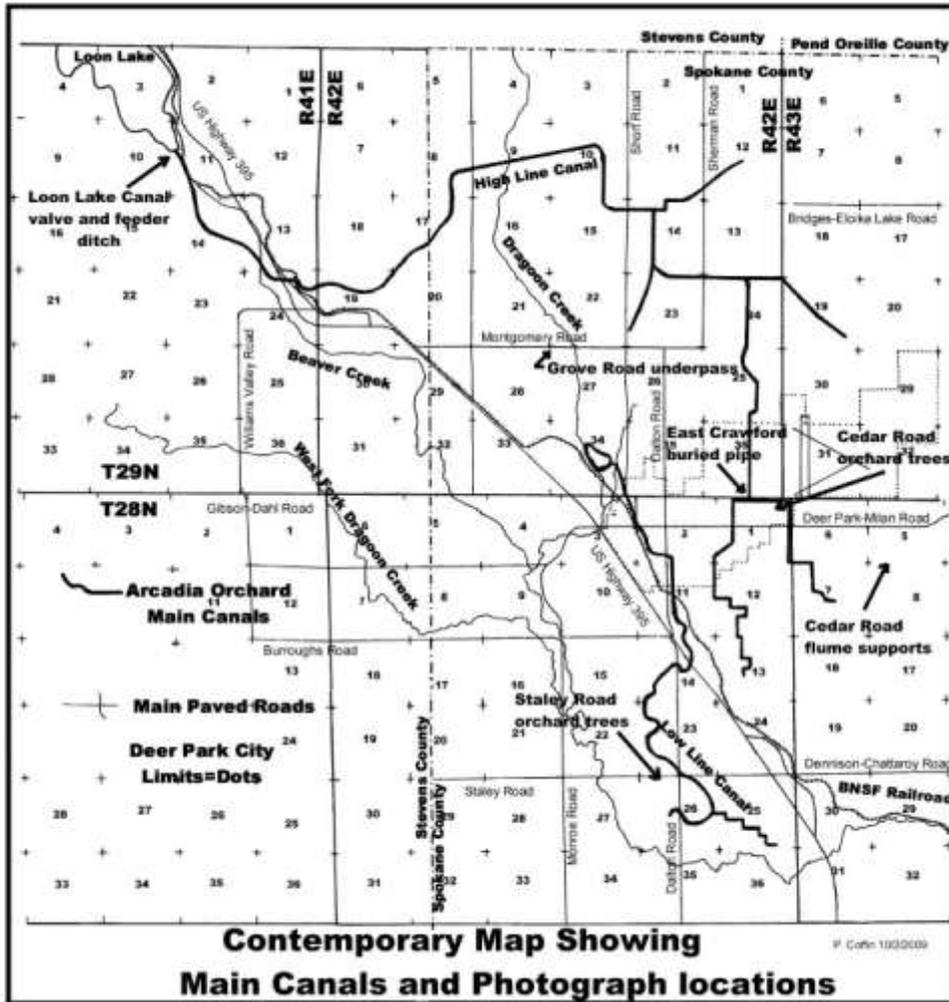
Photograph 8. "NOV 1913" scratched into the top of the Dragoon Creek dam.

could have easily overflowed the low drainage divide into Spring Creek.

Today only a few concrete structures mark the Arcadia Orchards irrigation works and business venture. Nature has preserved several areas of

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Index Map



Photograph 9. Apple trees still producing fruit along Deer Park-Milan road just west of Cedar Road.

the orchard with trees still producing apples nearly 100 years after having been planted. In several areas the apple trees stand along in neat rows, in other areas ponderosa pine trees tower over the rows of apple trees still trying to survive.

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The apple trees and concrete irrigation structures are all that remain of a business that failed and financially hurt investors all across the United States and parts of Europe.

Photograph 10. Small ponderosa pine trees growing between Arcadia Orchard apple trees southwest of the Staley-Dalton Roads intersection.



#### REFERENCES CITED

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Company, Irrigated Orchards: Deer Park (?), Printer (?), no pagination. (a promotional flyer)

Anon., 1940, Fire insurance map of Deer Park: San Francisco, CA, Sanborn Map Company. 5 p. (Original base maps drafted Sept. 1915)

Fahey, John, 1993, Selling the watered west: Arcadia Orchards: Spokane, Unpublished manuscript, 57 p., 13 p. references. (This has been published in the Pacific Historical Review No. 62, p 453-474)

## The Winter of 1948-1949 with 1949-1950

### Thrown in for Good Measure

By Robert A. Clouse

The year of 1948 started out on the right foot. My brother, Don, got home safe from the Service. The wound he suffered when he was shot while on maneuvers in Italy had healed and he has no lasting effects. Weather was normal for the most part, well, right up until winter set in.

Our family hailed from North Dakota, 14 miles from the Canadian line. I was born Dec. 25, 1930. One would think I would have gotten use to cold weather early on. They must have thought I was freezing because I was turning blue. Actually I was holding my breath because I was afraid I was going to be a Democrat. The mid-wife swatted me a couple times across the rump and I let out a sigh of relief. I've been both a Republican and breathing ever sense.

Winters were harsh. It was common to

hit 40 below, and with the constant wind, it was tough on man and beast. Our house burned in about 1934, but we recouped from that in a couple years. We moved into a huge barn with a haymow. Kids got to have someplace to play during those seven-month winters.

We moved to Spokane in 1941 after the war hit. Jobs opened, and Dad got work right away. Every weekend we spent looking for a farm that we could afford. Dad finally found one up at Cusick. We moved, but in the end the deal fell through. In the fall of 1944, Dad located the old Berger farm two and a half miles S W. of Clayton, and that's when the fun began. The

**The Clayton/Deer Park area is well known as a cold belt**

Clayton/Deer Park area is well

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known as a cold belt, but so far so good. The year of 1948 was a good year. I normally spent summers helping out on the farm and working for the neighbors. One year I helped Homer Young cut logs for a log home he was building for his daughter, Helen, and her new husband, Ira Davis. With a two man crosscut saw, a couple of axes and a wedge; this North Dakota sod-buster was in the logging business.

I also helped Ira dig his well. We used three foot casing. The problem was, it turned out more than a few degrees off perpendicular. Helen came out and noticed that, and she was not pleased. When I left for home, she was still working Ira over pretty good. After all was said and done, Helen and Ira moved into their new log home which is located where Dick and Rita Casberg now live.

One year I helped Norm and Mildred (Klawunder) Warren clear a number of acres of land. When all the trees were cleared, Norm had a dozer pile the slash and stumps that we blew out with dynamite. Then we torched those rows, and they burned long enough for us to hold some good wiener and marshmallow roasts. (Little did I know, I was mingling with the Klawunder/Kelso pioneers.)

But come summer of my junior year, 1948, I hit the big time. Dad got me on at the brickyard working on the setting crew. There were eight of us: Fred Swanback (Head Cheese, and he also headed up the entertainment committee.) a Mr. Stevens, (a son of the pioneers out in Williams Valley), a fellow who was also the Clayton barber on Saturdays but for the life of me I can't come up with his name, my dad, Royal M. Clouse, (Dad drew the short straw so I tossed to him), Hank Vandenburg, (who was married to one of the Treglown girls), Don Gibson and Frank Story.

Frank was kind of a tall lanky geeky sort of a fellow and he tossed to Fred Swanback. Frank was well known as being a little

goosy. The problem was Don knew it, so whenever the party got a little dull, he would merely give poor old Frank a goose just about the time he released the brick to Fred. Now bear in mind the two bricks are to leave the tosser together and arrive to the setter in the same manner. But when one brick goes one direction and the other the other direction, the setter is pretty busy trying to corral both bricks without destroying the last half hour's work of setting those bricks just so. I can assure you Don got a much bigger charge out of that stunt than Fred did.

As I mentioned Fred was a highly talented individual. He could play a violin like no other. He had his own band and played the various Grange dances in the vicinity, plus he entertained the setting crew. He had a joke or a story to tell every few minutes. Now bear in mind that it may have been because he had a new lad that hadn't heard all these stories, over and over, that he felt it was an ideal time to tell another one.

Here's one of them: "The Swanback's decided to dig a well right inside the lean-to shed attached to their house. Things were going well until they struck a rock pretty deep. They decided it best to blast, so down went Fred with all the makings. He delicately placed the powder, cap and fuse and torched it. They got him halfway up and the winch jammed. He couldn't get down to pull the fuse, so he came out of that hole hand over hand. He cleared the well a split second before the blast, and it blew the roof plum off the shed." For the life of me I can't recall if they struck water. Don Gibson might know. He and I are the only ones left alive.

The setting crew all wore homemade rubber gloves as the brick being rough sand would wear a hole in your hands of an ordinary glove in minutes. So from time to time each of us would make a trek to Carl & Ray's Service

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Station, pick up an old rubber inner tube, cut two pieces out the size and shape of the palm of your hand with a couple slots for your index finger and little finger, and you were in business for another week or so. When I left the brickyard that fall, I was in the best shape I had ever been in and primed to polish off my high school boxing career in my senior year, but fate intervened.

The winter of 1948 hit hard and early. First the bitter cold took its toll on water pipes and well-houses. Then it started snowing relentlessly. There wasn't a sign of a fence post. All were buried beneath 4 or 5 feet of snow. Our pump house froze, and it burned to the ground when we attempted to thaw it out. After that we had to take the livestock down to the pump house for water. The old hand pump still worked. One morning before school, my little brother, Larry, and I drove our dairy herd the few hundred yards to water. While there we heard a loud rumble. We looked to see our hay barn crumble right before our eyes. The deep snow slid off one side of the roof but not the other and the tremendous weight pushed the barn over. One blessing: the cattle weren't buried in that mess.

Boxing season was underway, but that too fell in disarray after the first three smokers. Our dear friends, Paul and Alice Peak along with their family: Walt, Marie and little Virgie, were running short of wood. They lived up in the far reaches of Big Foot Valley. (see Issue 15, pages 193-196, Big Foot Valley and Beyond) One Saturday, a few of us were going up to give them a hand. I jumped on old Jeff and rode back to their home. They lived in total isolation with the exception of Alice's mom and dad and the Carmean's another mile or less on past them. When I arrived I was feeling rather punk, and as time went by, I was unable to continue work. The Peaks had a dozen store bought pastries as I recall. I ate

one or two but finally had to bale onto good old Jeff and head for home. He didn't let up until we got to the house.

I was laid up for at least two weeks with pneumonia. I finally pulled through it, but I was so weak I was worthless to Dad who was working at the brickyard, doing the normal chores, plus he had to dig the hay out from the tangled mess of snow and timbers to feed the livestock.

Doc Snider cleared me to fight in the county championship fights but I lost in the final to a little kid that couldn't lick his upper lip. I needed just one good left jab, and for the life of me, I couldn't do it.

The winter of 1948-1949 ended. But guess what, Mother Nature had only begun to fight. The year 1949-1950 was almost a carbon copy of the previous year.

I messed around home that summer, trying to decide what college, or if, I was going to college. I had three scholarship offers: WSC, Gonzaga and ESC. I had decided on Eastern Washington, even though Joey August would have been my coach at Gonzaga. Late summer found me in the harvest in Dusty, Washington, running header for good old Coon Moore. I took the bus back to Spokane with \$160.00 in my pocket, got off the bus, was walking past a used car lot and spotted this neat as pin 1933 Olds Coupe Straight 8 for \$125.00. Bought the little jewel and drove home.

Strangely enough that little beauty took me through college. I decided it best to go visit EWC. I drove in the front south entrance, wandered around and exited the west entrance having decided I had about enough of cramming the books. So I went through college having never gotten out of the Olds.

That fall my Aunt Ila got me a job reading gas meters at Spokane Gas & Fuel where she worked. So I was staying with Ila and my grandma and grandpa for a mere

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\$25.00 a month room and board, driving a neat little coupe and had the easiest, best, little job I ever had. Not bad for a kid that went through college in a half hour.

But hold the phone; winter hit. Not again! At one point it dropped to 20 below zero and stayed there or colder for a solid six weeks. The snow was deep but not as deep as up at good old Clayton.

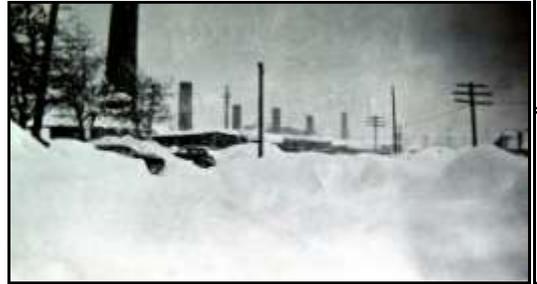
While reading meters, (they were mostly in the basement), I would scurry from one house to the next, knock on the back door, open it, at the same time, holler "meter reader" and head for the nice warm basement where the furnace was. Strangely enough no one ever got mad at me for invading their homes in such a hurried manner.

**The State Patrol closed Hwy 395  
....I decided I would reopen Hwy 395**

At one point during a blizzard, the State Patrol closed Hwy 395 up north. I had a long weekend as I seldom worked more than 4 days a week and not much past 1:00 pm at that. (I told you it was a breeze.) But anyway, I decided I would reopen Hwy 395 just long enough to get home. I was heading down that long grade going past Cooke's Roller Rink. I thought I could detect a couple cars stopped dead center of the highway shooting the breeze. I hit the brakes but started picking up speed so I aimed between them and never touched either car. Well, I figured after that stunt, I was destined to make it home. That was until I got to Half Moon Prairie. I never slowed down even though I had no idea exactly where the road was or how deep the drifts were. I certainly had no worry about on-coming traffic. I hit those drifts, one right after another, full bore. That little Olds was bellowing, and I had up a head of steam. It dawned on me it might be a little hard on the radiator, but

when I broke out on the other side of Half Moon I was home free.

As I recall, there was a dance that Saturday night at the Clayton Grange hall. Marv Calicoat and Johnny Nordby got into their usual fist fight and everything was back to normal.



Clayton brickyard in snow

Later that winter, I had my car parked on the corner of Monroe and Peaceful Valley. A city bus came up and slid into the front fender, tore an 18" rip in the fender but he kept on going. Someone left a note saying who it was. I called the bus company, and boy! were they nice. They told me to get it fixed and bring them the bill.

I took it to Jim Swinyard when he and his dad had their shop a few blocks west of downtown Deer Park. They pulled that rip together, and Jim laid a bead on it that was a piece of art. It was so pretty; they sprayed it with black paint, and it may be untouched to this day. Those fenders were so thick, no wonder those snow drifts didn't faze the car.

I must add, and I say this with pride. Jim Swinyard was a friend of mine.

So the winters of 1948-1949 and 1949-1950 passed. I hear people say how tough the winter of 2008-2009 was, but it was a cake walk. It was a friendly winter. The earlier two were unfriendly.

*Photo from Art Stelling*

## Clayton/ Deer Park Historical Society Minutes, October 10, 2009

In attendance: Bill Sebright, Mark Wagner, Sharon Clark, Grace Hubal, Marilyn Reilly, Warren Nord, Pete Coffin, Betty Burdette, Kay Parkin, Duane Costa, Bob Clouse, Mary Clouse, Anne and Mel Molstad (Sons of Norway), Alan Berg, Karen Meyer (President of the Loon Lake Historical Society), Jackie Franks (President of the Valley Historical Society), Janice Purdy (Fair Assn).

Society president Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 09:05 AM.

Mark reported that there is \$1,549 in checking. Mark has started an address directory. He will pass it around at the next meeting to fill in everyone's names, phone numbers, and email addresses.

Grace reported on the field trip to Newport on September 28, 2009. Pete Coffin, Grace Hubal, Anni and Bill Sebright visited the Pend Orielle Historical Society. We have been looking for the remains of the Owen's Museum for years. Pete located Alice Owen who is married to Robert Owen and is the treasurer for the Pend Orielle Historical Society. Owen's Museum was closed in the 1980s. Pete would like to digitize their pictures for them and the CDPHS. All the Owens will be meeting at the Museum grounds for Thanksgiving. She will let us know if she wants us to digitize their material after that.

Sharon handed out the latest Mortarboard and the Collected Newsletter Volume 5, \$4, just like all the other volumes. She followed Wally's example and is getting better at the program. Sharon lately purchased a laser printer. It prints automatically on both sides. All are very happy with the Mortarboard.

Sharon showed a picture of the Wild Rose School taken in 1894. She got it from the MAC in Spokane. She also located history books from Chattaroy and Buckeye area. She

might get some to share with the Society. Grace will take some Mortarboards to the Deer Park City Hall to give to Jessica Grant.

Mel & Anne Molstad visited us to talk about the Sons of Norway. On November 8, 2009, at the Zion Hill Cemetery at 2 PM the Sons of Norway and the VFW will hold a ceremony to honor descendants of Norway who are veterans. Betty Burdette said that the Woodland Cemetery has a battery powered microphone and lectern. Bob Gibson is the one to contact.

The Sons of Norway have breakfasts every first and third Sunday from 9 AM to 1 PM. On October 25 at 7 PM they will have a new membership dinner. The dinner is free. You can find out what the Sons of Norway are all about.

Anyone knowing about Norwegian Military history, please let us know.

Bob reported another record high number of hits on our Website. In September 1510 different addresses visited the Website, a jump of 300.

Bob has found out that the old stage-coach station by the Loon Lake railroad trestle has been reassembled at the Raspberry Ridge Retreat not far from Fairchild Air Force Base. Jackie Franks brought a picture of the stage-coach station painted by Carolann Stroyen. She also has pictures taken of the station. She will try to get them to us. Jackie also told us about family history regarding the stage coach station. She will email the history to Bill.

We are planning a field trip Raspberry Ridge Retreat on November 14 after our regular meeting. We hope to carpool to the RRR. Sharon will have copies of Bob's directions at the Nov. 14 meeting.

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Pete is working on the history of downtown Deer Park. He passed out pictures of the buildings today and had attendees write the past names on the pictures.

Pete has also added a page to the Website on the Arcadia Orchard Project. He also reported on his meeting with Lawrence Benson. Mr. Benson was able to give Pete maps of Arcadia's major canals for the orchard.

Bill shared pictures of Lime Kiln Hill near Springdale with the group. Eve du Bois, Anni and Bill visited the area late in September. These kilns are off of HWY 292 east of Springdale. They were once owned by Washington Brick and Lime Co. in Clayton. There are others kilns on Jepson Road north of Springdale. Look for an article on these kilns in a future Mortarboard.

Alan Berg, a retired insurance broker, told us that we need general comprehensive liability insurance. Next month we hope to

have cost estimates. Janice Purdy told us that it is their insurance company that is forcing exhibitors to have \$1,000,000 insurance policies. It's not the Clayton Fair Association.

Bill got an email from Tom Swanky, Executive Director, of the Friends of Lhatsassin. Mr. Swanky wanted to know how Dragoon Creek got its name. After another email it became clear Mr. Swanky was thinking it was "Dragon" Creek, not "Dragoon" Creek. Mr. Swanky did send an interesting history of the Dragon Creek area of British Columbia. Some of the history involves Colville, WA. It will be forwarded to anyone who requests it.

The Heritage Network meeting will be held on Monday, October 19, 2009 at 9:30 AM at the Clayton School. Grace Hubal and Sharon Clark plan to attend.

Next meeting- November 14, 2009—9AM.

RASPBERRY RETREAT FIELD TRIP- 10 AM- ?? PM

MEETING ADJOURNED: 10:16

Respectfully submitted by Grace Hubal, Secretary

## Tour of Clayton School

The Heritage Network meeting October 19th, 2009 gave us an opportunity to tour the Clayton School. We inspected the classrooms, library,



Grace Hubal and Karen Meyer view Clayton Graduation photos.

the hallways and office. We encountered students in the library

and some classrooms. The Clay-

Clayton School principal points out her favorite photo in the entrance hallway.



Photos by Sharon Clark

ton school now houses students that are being home-schooled by their parents. It is part of the Deer Park Home Link.

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The Clayton school house was constructed in 1915. It was remodeled and in the fall of 2005 became the second campus for the expanding home link program. On May 2nd, 2006 the state Department of Archaeology and Historic Preservation presented Deer Park School District the Special Achievement in Historic Preservation award for the preservation of the Clayton School Building.



Photo by Sharon Clark

*Special Thanks to this month's volunteer proofreaders — Pete Coffin, Bob Clouse, Bill Sebright, Mark Wagner, Jason Hubel*

## Editorial Policy Regarding Correcting Errors and/or Omissions

Information published here is compiled from many sources, including personal memories. It is often difficult or impossible to verify such recollections through outside documentation. Our editorial policy toward the veracity of personal recollections tends toward the casual — since little harm is normally done by such errors. But our editorial process also invites public review and input regarding the accuracy of the information we publish, and when such review either suggests or reveals errors or items open to dispute our “Letters” department will act as a forum allowing the airing of such disagreements in an effort to ascertain the truth and correct any probable or demonstrated errors. We also believe it’s important that such disagreements be recorded, even if they can’t be settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

We encourage everyone to submit any arguments as to fact to the editor in writing — since the written form reduces the chance of further misunderstandings. As is standard policy, all letters will be edited for spelling, word usage, clarity, and — if necessary — contents. If advisable, the editor will confer directly with the letter writers to insure that everyone’s comments and corrections are submitted in a literate, polite, and compelling manner — as best suits the editorial image of this society’s publications.

## Society Want Ads

**WANTED:** Leno Prestini artwork. If you have or have access to any paintings, sketches, or sculptures created by Clayton artist Leno Prestini please contact the Society. We would like to feature either the original artwork or photos of the same at next year’s Prestini Project showing. For security reasons, the current owners of the materials may remain anonymous if that is their

wish.

**WANTED:** Old family recipes for inclusion in a future Society recipe book. Recipes drawn from any given family’s heritage are particularly desired — especially if accompanied by related family stories.

**WANTED:** Photos of local summer events such as the Old Settlers Pic-

nic and Clayton Days. The photos can be old or new as long as the submitter includes a caption for the photos and has the authority to permit reproduction of the image in the Society’s publications or on the Society’s website.

**WANTED:** Any stories, photos, or examples of traditional methods of quilt making.

## Society Contacts

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