

Recollection of Early Days in and around Deer Lake, Washington
August 1983, by Frank Buell

* This document was dictated by Frank Buell, in August 1983. _ He had intended to continue it, but did not get around to it when he was able and therefore a draft copy has been floating about the area for several years. I have retyped and edited the document as well as adding additional comments. Also I have copied various maps and other material for inclusion in the final document. Willard Robinson August 8, 1993.

1. This is Frank Buell. I'm going to record some events that occurred in my life when I was a young man and boy at Deer Lake, Washington. For your information, I'm 73 years of age, in good health and weigh 162 to 164 pounds. I'm five feet, nine and a half inches tall. My hair is white and inclined to be curly like those of my mother and father's families.

2. I spent a most enjoyable boyhood at Deer Lake, Washington, and have many fond and thrilling memories of my early days there. My father was a vice president of the Great Northern Railroad and was in charge of their real estate holdings from Cutbank, Montana, originally, to west of Spokane. However after the Great Northern purchased the Spokane & Northern Railroad, he confined his activities to the sale, purchase and trading of the properties owned by the Spokane & Northern. The original owners of the Spokane & Northern Railroad were D.C. and Austin Corbin of Spokane, Washington, and they had built railroads up to Wallace, Idaho, and also in the Colorado area. They specialized in building transportation systems, particularly railroads, to mining communities. The Spokane & Northern was built up the Colville Valley and across the Canadian Border to Trail, B.C., where there was a large smelter. There were quite a few large mines, in the Chewelah, Colville, and Northport areas at that time. They ran the railroad over to Grand Forks, B.C., and then on to Republic where there was gold and silver mining. In among the properties that the Great Northern railroad acquired (some of it from the Northern Pacific Railroad I understand) was property on Deer Lake which extended about 2 1/2 to 3 miles along the west side and the north shore. This was by far the most beautiful and spectacular part of Deer Lake. The land was very level, had beautiful native trees on it. The property from the lake's edge to the back property line was at least a quarter to a half mile deep particularly on the west side.

3. Although there were some fair building properties on the north side they weren't considered as fine as the property on the west side. In about 1914 my father began negotiations to purchase this land from the Great Northern Railroad with the thought in mind that he could develop it. There are two different versions on how much my father paid for the property. I've never gone up to the county records at Colville to check this, but it was either four or seven thousand dollars for the entire parcel.

4. The only building, at that time, on any of the property was a beautiful log lodge practically in the middle of what is now Sunrise Point. It was very park like even in those days! It had no brush and there was nothing but native trees on it.

5. In 1914 I was four years old and I recall we came on the train as far as Loon Lake and stopped at the livery stable there and got a "dray", as my father called it, and drove out to Deer Lake to take a look at the property. The road was very poor, full of rocks and it was a very bumpy trip. The lake not only fascinated me, but also fascinated my mother, who just fell in love with the area. The log lodge was spectacular, to say the least. I can recall it was furnished with wooden tables and chairs in much the western style.

6. That was the Victorian era that John Hill grew up in. And what attracted my attention was a huge array of fishing tackle, different types of fishing reels, lures, the wooden minnows for bass, and also trolling gear of all kind. In addition to the fishing gear were the trophies he'd mounted from various hunts that he'd been on, _ and guns of all kinds and descriptions in beautiful cases. The bearskin and cougar rugs scared me as a child because they had the heads on them. They were all sniffed with eyes looking at you." I gave them a wide berth as I walked around in there. The caretaker didn't like to have children roaming around inside so it was only at my father's insistence that we'd be allowed to go in and look at those wonderful things.

7. Even in those early days they had three or four wooden boats. Wide scow type things, not the kind of rowboat we see today. I recall one summer two of these boats sank out in front of Sunrise Point. When we were about 12,- 13 years of age--or maybe 14-- some of the boys could see them sitting there on the bottom. We hooked onto them with hooks and pulled them out of the water and dumped out the dirt and garbage that was in them. They'd been sunk by people, from across the lake, who were getting sand for their beaches. There were numerous spots where sand collected in the lake. The boats had sunk when a storm came up and they had too much sand in them. In any event, where cabin 17 now is, at Sunrise Point, my parents put up our first tent house. As I recall, it was in the summer of 1914.

8. It was a large tent house. It had a wood stove with pieces of tin on top of the canvas. Of course, the nearest building was an outhouse, out in back, we boys called it Loon Lake. It was too far back, near the place where the wash house is now. So we were all set for the summer which we were looking forward to with a great deal of anticipation.

9. We lived in the tenthouse each summer, from 1914 to 1918 when my mother wanted to move up the lake because my father intended to develop Sunrise Point into a resort. He had two or three people who wanted to lease or buy it for that purpose. So we moved up the lake {north} about 800 to 1000 feet and selected 200 feet of property to build our cabin on. My older brother George, had just came home from the service that year. He and a man by the name of George Denton began to build the cabin. Starting in the fall of 1918, they worked on it in the early part of the winter and then in the late spring so that when summer came we would have a place to stay. A regular nice cabin that was all screened in on the front and on the south sides.

10. When we were out on the lake we could always tell where we were by observing the largest fir tree in the area that stood out in front of our house. There also were two large, yellow pine trees adjacent to the fir. Wherever we were, on the lake, even at night, we could always take a look along the shore and see where the tallest tree was and then we knew we were getting close to home.

11. Getting drinking water was a problem. We all drank the lake water in those days. No one tested it to see if it was good or not so everybody thought they should have a well. While we were still in our tent house we decided, well father actually, that we would dig a well. It was located just about where the present main path goes down to the east boat moorage, near the big pine tree up at the top of the little hill. It was about 15 to 20 feet deep. There was plenty of water in it, but it turned out to be very irony tasting. Some people liked iron water and would come and drank it. It was suppose to be very therapeutic, but my mother didn't like that kind of water so we went back to drinking the lake water.

12. In the early part of the war, 1916, 17, or 18 the resort, that my father had envisioned, was run by a couple named Jimmy and Maude Brown. They had been in the Alaskan gold rush and run roadhouses and things of that type in various towns, including Fairbanks. They contacted my father and wanted to see if they couldn't develop the place from the present church property to the north edge of Sunrise point, just for the fishermen to come for the mackinaw trout that were in the lake.

13. Surprisingly, at the Spokane County Fairs, when I was a small boy, four or seven years of age, I was always attracted to the huge fish that weighed up to 52 pounds. These were on display and had been preserved in some kind of alcohol or formaldehyde solution. The huge fish always came from Deer Lake. Usually, the displays were shown by Jack Snyder of Snyder's Resort. [ed located on the east side of the present county road about where the church store is now.] He was a old timer that had homesteaded in the third bay on the south side of the lake, adjacent to the Lutheran properties. [ed Probably Allen Bay as it is called today. This premise is based upon comments from Doris Allen who remembers that there was remnants of the "old pioneers" cabin there in the 1940's.] He also had purchased a small piece of property at the foot (south west area where the public launching is) of Deer Lake, where he and his wife ran a type of roadhouse. You could get meals there, and rent the few boats that he had.

14. Even in those days there were lots of weeds down there, as I recall. Adjacent to the old lack Snyder property, was the Barline Ward Lumber Mill with a large log pond. The reason it was at the foot of the lake was that they floated the logs down to it and it was shallow enough that if some of the logs got waterlogged and went to the bottom, they could be salvaged and then be put through the mill. When I was six or seven I became very proficient at running the logs that were in the pond. I also was good at fishing off the logs. One time running as fast as I could, I jumped from one log and the next one I was trying to reach didn't turn out to be a big log, but a very small sapling and down I went, under the logs. When I came up (I could swim very well by that time) I couldn't find a place under the logs high enough that I could get some air. Fortunately the man known as the "pond monkey" saw me go down and hunted for me with his pike pole and hooked onto me before I drowned. That slowed me down from running logs for fun.

15. Memories of Sunrise Point:

16. I remember right after the World War I, on the holidays, such as the 4th of July and Labor Day, cars had really come into their own. From the time in 1914, there were no cars of any type that came to Deer Lake, but by 1920 and 1921 the resort would be completely filled on holidays

with cars. I would estimate there would be at least 100 cars or more in the park. By that time the Browns had purchased quite a few wooden, and some steel boats. The steel boats were built by a company in Spokane named Watson's Boats that put out the Can't-Sink'Em boat that had air tanks under the seats. Naturally, on those days all the boats would be rented. People didn't haul boats out with their cars. Most of them had touring cars or sedans, just not equipped to haul boats. The small trailer hadn't come into existence, as I recall. People would fish from the shore, make rafts of all kinds and go out and sit all day on a little homemade raft of some kind, fishing. Then they's pull the rafts up on the beach and they's stay there until the next time they came out.

17. In these days the Wrigley Gum people had coupons on the back of their gum wrappers. Chewing gum at that times was very prevalent. It appeared that everybody had taken up the habit and it certainly was a habit. During the times people were there we'd roam around the park and pick up gum wrappers and put them in a cigar box. Then when we got enough we could send them back to the Wrigley Company in Chicago and get some very nondescript and not valuable prize, but certainly treasures to any child.

18. Soda pop began to come in at this time so they eventually put in a little pop stand. Nothing to eat, but pop and ice cream in the park. I'd collect the tops off the pop bottles and these that came from certain kinds of pop, particularly Coco Gold and Orange Crush, offered prizes. So we would load them up and sent them back to the Coco Cola Company in Atlanta, Georgia. Crackerjacks had novelty prizes enclosed in the boxes. And I'll tell you, those were wonderful days; the day after everyone left the park and we could go down there and collect all those wonderful trophies to send back for our prizes.

19. After everyone would leave, on those holidays, we could come down and help wash the boats that were there. They had a device on the dock to lift the boats out of the water and we'd get buckets of water and throw it into the boats. Jimmy Brown had a son, also by the name of Jim. They had other work to do rather than cleaning up the park (all the debris that was left around) so he would hire my brother and me and sometimes the Bellinger boys, who lived next door to us, to wash those boats out. Then we had the job of helping them rake the entire park. All this for 10 cents an hour.

20. All of us young fellows were fascinated with the types of cars that came. I can remember the Locomobiles, Pierce Arrows, Packards, Buick, Oaklands, Haines cars, the Dodges, the Maxwells and the Fords. At least an hour of each day was spent going around and looking at the new cars that were in the park. To see who came with the biggest cars and who came with the poorest ones, looking at the people who owned them: that was a thrilling thing.

21. In 1914, when we got this property, my father immediately bought a car— our first. It was a 1914 Dodge touring car. The road from Spokane to Deer Lake was certainly a disaster in those days. You always carried at least two spare tires and then you were lucky if you got to the lake without using them both. Surprisingly, there was a little machinist at Loon Lake across the street from Charlie Baim's general store. He could fix tires and had Vidual and Monogram oil and gasoline that you pumped out of an old pump.

22. Just adjacent to where Cabin 17 is at the present time, there was an old fruit cellar. The one time I went into that fruit cedar there was a great big snake in there and that deterred me from ever going into it again!

23. In about 1920 or 1921, as I recall, my father became associated with a stock broker in Spokane named Irving Whitehouse. Irving Whitehouse was said to have been the most successful stock broker in Spokane. He had his office in the Davenport Hotel and was a charming person. I can recall him very well and in the early days, before he built his beautiful log place up the lake, which is now the Ewell cabin, he would come and stay in the park. My father became an associate of his to the extent that they formed what was known as the Northport Development Company. The purpose was to buy various properties from the railroad that they liked (my father was privileged to do that) and then market them. Among them was a place, three miles of it here on the Deer Lake. My Dad decided to take Irving in with him because that would be a sort of come-on, so they could also use some of his funds and buy other pieces of property, up and down the Colville Valley, from the Great Northern Railway. My father owned, at that time, the townsite of Denison, (not Deer Park, but he did have some sites left in Deer Park) Clayton, Springdale, Chewelah, Addy, Blue Creek, Colville, Kettle Falls, Marcus, Northport and Lead Point, Washington. But he did not want to enlarge those holdings that he had. The idea was to use Irving Whitehouse to do this. As soon as this arrangement was worked out, Irving Whitehouse, who'd been a sea captain at one time, purchased a huge sailboat and brought it to Sunrise Point. He put it up on the bank down about where the shops are located now. I'd estimate it was about 75 to 100 feet in length. What anyone would ever want of a sailboat of that size on Deer Lake I can't imagine and he couldn't either--after he got it. Occasionally, they'd put it in the water. It had to have this big keel put on each time and had to be jacked way up in the air. We had to get horses and teams, house jacks and everything that you could think of, as I can recall, getting that thing up in the air so they could put it in the water. And then get the sails up. I think it would go about 15 knots in a good wind. Pretty fast for a sailboat. I don't know what class it would be if it were compared to something today, but it had this mast on it that was about 50 feet high. Irving had a buoy made out of some cedar logs--that's the way they made them in those days-- and had some chain on a big piece of concrete that he had set out this side of the bathing beach on Sunrise Point. He also bought a very beautiful canoe that had cork outriggering. I've never seen one since of this type. It was here on the lake a good many years afterwards. Once in a while, Mr. Whitehouse would let us boys take it out for a canoe ride.

24. It was about this time, 1920 or 1921, that the Browns wanted to enlarge the resort from one that could just have cars in to one with cabins. However, my father wouldn't allow them to put anything on what is now Sunrise Point. And so they decided they'd build a few cabins to the west of Sunrise Point, where the Nazarene Church now has its holdings.

25. Many of the cabins that are still there were started about that time, and there were 7 or 8 of them that were finished and provided good income for the Browns.

26. As the years went by people began to use the Browns' Resort more and more. Many who came, as the cars improved, began to find places of their own, not only around the Deer Lake, but

around all the lakes. The traffic into the park wasn't as great as it was by 1926. It was during these years, to stimulate business, that they decided to try and put a dance hall in there. It was to be a floating dance hall, which the people, who were leasing the park, did construct. It didn't turn out to be a success and it was finally abandoned and towed up on the north shore and sits there now, between two cabins, and has been made over into a summer home.

27. There was also another dance hall. It was built at the foot of the lake, next to the Snyder property. They had it all completed, and the night before it was to open it mysteriously burned to the ground. There had been threats that this dance hall would never open, and as a matter of fact, it was my father's contractor from Spokane, a man by the name of Giles Udell, that built it. He and his wife put all the money they had into it. Unfortunately, they didn't have it insured and when it burned, it burned all their savings up with it. The third dance hall was on the Brown property where the cabins were, and where the religious organizations had their retreat. Down on the water, there had been a large boat house which was converted into a sort of semi danced hall. They tried putting in an orchestra, but they couldn't get enough people to use it so anyone who wanted to dance just turned on the Victrola. It had a hardwood floor and you could do some pretty good dancing.

28. In 1929, the whole world began to fall in on the lake and its use. The terrible crash in October was immediately felt here. People stopped coming to the lake and stopped using the facilities. My father disappeared (editors note: He just disappeared and was never heard of since) in 1929 and that left the park and our cabin to my mother to fend as well as she could with it. It so happened that among the finances of the Buell Family my father had borrowed five thousand dollars from my uncle, Will Denison, who lived in Amboy, Minnesota and had the old family farm back there. He felt he needed that money very badly so my mother, in about 1933, made every effort to sell whatever she had to pay that. And of course the most negotiable thing she had was the Sunrise Point park. I was a paper boy in Spokane at that time. Out in Trent there was one of my customers who ran a little grocery store that was close to the Armour Packing company. His name was Mr. Pipgras. I told him about Sunrise Point, just accidentally. He said he liked Deer Lake very much and had always wanted to buy some property up there. I told him my mother was going to need to sell to pay this debt. He was very enthused about it and went up and looked at it and he said how much does she want for it and I said well she needs five thousand dollars badly and he said fine, I'll buy it.

29. And so that was the year Mr. Pipgras came in and within a couple, three years, began to build some cottages here on Sunrise Point.

30. Going back a few years, I recall when Irving Whitehouse, my father's partner, went broke in Spokane about 1921 or 1922. I'll have to look in some information I have to see the exact date--or about the exact date. He took his clients money and embezzled to the tune of hundreds of thousands including some of my father's. Among the things that he also deeded away was not only his own interests, but my father's interests in all this property on Deer Lake, which was still part of the three miles we owned on the lake. It took an awful lot of legal work to get that back to us. In among the assets reacquired was the Ewell cabin. As it turned out, some of my father's money that should have been used to pay off debts, by Mr. Whitehouse, had been misused

instead. This included the \$7500.00 we had in that beautiful cabin up there and it just went up in smoke. We lost that entirely. I remember when he got out of the penitentiary, it must have been about 1922 or 1923, he asked my father if he could come up and stay in a very small cabin that we had on Sunrise Point. For some reason or another, they thought it would be a good thing if I stayed up there with him. I didn't know whether I was supposed to watch him or what. I was only about 11 or 12 year old at the time and I didn't feel very good about having to sleep with Mr. Whitehouse after I knew he'd been in the penitentiary. Why my parents thought it was a great idea I'll never know. Anyway, the plan was to try and rehabilitate the man because he was a brilliant financier. It was a sad commentary on his character that he would steal money from his clients and my father. And once again, I never could understand, when he took as much money as he did from our assets, why I was to look after him!

31. I must have stayed at least a month or so with him in the summer and it was about that time that my father's business up in the Colville Valley rose he had so much property to sell there. As a matter of fact, when he disappeared we had 300 tax statements come in on properties that he either owned or had a piece of-- that he'd been buying. But the sale of the properties became such a consuming thing about 1927 that he spent much of his time in Colville, rather than being down on the lake. My mother went to Spokane during a few of those seasons and we rented our lake cabin to Judge Joe Sessions and then to Scott Rogers. Judge Sessions had his cabin rented, which was surprising-- but he did, so he rented ours. Then, for many years, we rented our cabin to Dr. Harold Anderson, who was a dentist in Spokane during the Depression years, just to pay the taxes and to pay the insurance.

32. Among the interesting history high lights of Sunrise Point about 1922 ,1923, along in there, the Methodist Church and the Epworth League became very interested in the park. They came up for two or three years in succession and would have a retreat there with the Epworth League and all the young people. All the older people wanted to come, and they just took over the park for two to three weeks at a time. At one time, during those visits by the church, they put some money down on the park to buy the whole thing at an excellent price. My father thought it would be a very good thing. I got well acquainted with all the people in the Epworth League and I remember the first year they were there they wanted to take a hike. One of the hikes that we always took around here was to climb up the big maintain that's on the north shore of the lake. In those days was called Telescope Mountain, I don't know what they call it today. [ed. Bald Mountain on the USGS seven and a half minute map series.]

33. Our first outboard motor was an Evinrude, patented 1906. I can't imagine it, but that's what it said. It was pretty much a brass machine and in my later life I found one that looked just about like it. You had to run it with a coil and a battery. These were very easy to start because you didn't have to depend on a magneto to get them started. I was always rather mechanically inclined and I got so I could figure out how to start those older motors for people and I earned a little money from time to time by taking the spark plugs out of them and taking matches and exploding the gasoline, because they were flooded, in the chamber of the motor and then putting them back in and putting just a little bit of gas into the chamber. For some reason or another, when it got too much gas in there it didn't work. If the magneto was working, we could usually get the thing started. I guess when I was about 12 to 14 years of age, I worked down at the

Browns' for 10 cents an hour and whatever came up there on the docks; washing the boats, cleaning them out and helping people clean fish, showing them how to skin perch and getting their fishing tackle in order, was my job.

34. During that time my father got me some special fishing tackle, to catch the large mackinaw trout which were in abundance. A 4, 5, or 6 year old boy isn't very tall and many of the mackinaw were as long as I was tall. But during those days, the fellows that caught the really big mackinaws were Scandinavians. There were two or three Finnish families that used to come up there, rent boats, take them out and get those big fish. Some of them weighed into the 40 pounds or so, and they were much taller than I was. They were held up by the gills and they weighed as much as I did too. That fascinated me. And although at first my father wasn't going to get me any tackle, he finally decided that would be a pretty good way to sell some of this property.

35. He did buy me some beautiful fishing tackle. We didn't use those gang spoons. I didn't know whether they use those today. Later they began to use them to fish along the bottom of the lake. But in those days, the lure that was the most effective for the mackinaw was known as the Spokane #2. It was done with copper line, and not with a pole. We just had them wound into a great, big wood reel. I usually had two or three hundred feet of line— didn't need that much, but that's usually what it was. You let the line down until it touched the bottom, rowing very slowly and you trolled. There were certain spots where you could always catch a fish and one of them happened to be just about right in front of cabin #17. You could take a turn down to where the lake would get shallow and then turn back and go past those various spots out about 250-300 feet, and it didn't take long until you could get a nice, big mackinaw.

36. My father, when he wanted to sell somebody a piece of property, would say (after they'd talked and he could see the fellow was pretty interested in buying) he'd say, "Frank, you go down and get the boat and take Mr. so-and-so out and see if you can't catch a nice mackinaw for him. And once you get it hooked let him bring it in." We had gaff hooks, and we gaffed them more than we netted them, because I guess nets were kind of expensive or something. It wasn't until later I had a net. I can remember many, times taking people out and catching them a nice fish. It would usually take anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour to get one. Surprisingly, I never did catch any of the great big 40 pounders or anything like that. The largest fish I ever caught – and sometimes I fished every day, was one that weighed 22 pounds. And the surprising thing was it wasn't a mackinaw. It was what is know as a steelhead. Great big, black nosed fish and he had red meat. Why they called them land locked salmon I have no idea.

37. When I worked at the park, people would come and have tough luck getting some fish. I felt it was my job to see they were happy with the Browns' resort, because I knew that it would make money for my father. Many times I'd ask Mr. Brown if I could take them out fishing and watch to see they did the right things I'd learned from the Finnish people. Usually, we were successful. Not always, but usually.

38. Up at the head of the lake, and all along the shore, during the spawning season there were hundreds and thousands of bass in this lake. Besides millions of perch, I'm sure of that! From the bass stand point, the easiest way to catch them was to snag them, which was not illegal in those

days. You took a plug and you leaded the plug and put it on the bottom. You'd go out in the boat and lay it on the other side of the nest where they were spawning. They'd get out there and with their tail just whip the rocks where they were going to spawn. The light had to be just right. You could only do this at certain times of the day, when you could see out into the water. The water was very clear. You'd jerk on the line and snag him. You'd get some beautiful ones that way.

39. There were seasons when there would be thousands and thousands of frogs along the lake shore. I don't know whether they still have them or not. In those days we'd collect a whole can of frogs and go out on one of the docks and start throwing these little frogs, 1/2 to 3/4 inch long, out into the water and the bass would come up to eat them. It was kind of a cruel thing to do, but when you're boys you do all kinds of things. We'd put one of the frogs on a hook, on a line, and we'd watch because when we'd start feeding the frogs, there would be a hundred of those bass around there. We could see them off the docks, roaming around. So we tried to pick the big ones. Most of the time we were quite successful. But the real good fishing for bass was up at the head of the lake.

40. I recall taking Dr. Graham, who bought a piece of property (the Hall cabin). He'd never caught a big fish before in his life. We got there and started fishing for the bass and gosh, he hooked into one that weighed 7 1/2 pounds. Now, that's an awfully big bass, I'll tell you. The darned thing nearly pulled him out of the boat! He was so excited, I'd never seen a man so excited. I was afraid he was going to have a heart attack getting that thing in. We fought it for a long time before we got it up to the boat where we could net it and bring it in. When he got it in he fell right down on top of it and just cried on the bottom of the boat. He got so excited and was so thrilled, the old tears just ran down his face. I remember that. His cabin was known as the Graham Gem.

41. I guess the reason I don't do any fishing today is that I was spoiled as a boy. I fished practically every day when I got through working down at the dock for the Browns. It didn't take me long to get the work done unless it was on the weekends. Then there were a lot of boats to wash. The fishermen all wanted gunny sacks to put their fish in that they'd caught so they could drag them behind their boats and keep them cool. Then there was the job of cleaning their fish.

42. It's surprising. A lot of people don't even know how to clean a fish. Bet there isn't one in ten that know; how to skin one and skin it right, so they can get right down to the nice meat of it. That's what you had to do with perch or you'd get all those scales – which wasn't good. Likewise with bass. We didn't skin the trout. As I recall there weren't any scales on trout. At least, on mackinaw. I don't know about the silvers.

43. Deer Lake (third tape)

44. I was discussing the fun my brother and I had going to the dances, starting in about the 7th or 8th grade with our parents and the Barline girls, about four cabins up from us. Their names were Georgeanna and Dorothea. They'd taken dancing lessons for a number of years and offered to teach my brother and I and the Bellinger boy knew how to dance. My father and mother, whom were very generous with their time and understanding, said they'd take us down to the little

dance hall at Loon Lake. It was at the end of Morgan Park Estates. Up toward the east end and they had some of the fine bands from Spokane, including the Van Dissel Band. We'd watch the boys from Washington State College and the University of Idaho and the University of Washington demonstrate all the new steps. Then the Barline girls would teach us how to do them. They were wonderful girls.

45. I recall vividly one time when my cousin, Grace Niles, came to visit us, and she was an expert dancer and always enjoyed going down to the dance hall. She'd say to me, "Frankie, dance me around a few times, and then I'm sure some of the college boys will come over and ask me to dance!" It always worked, and I never took her home. The WSC fellows did that. She went to the University of Montana.

46. We used to take the Marshall girls, Jane and Marcina, who lived up in the Whitehouse cabin, to the dance also. [ed. I'm surprised that he called it a cabin since I remember, in the 1930's that it was a large house with a 200 foot lot.] They were both very tall, but just lovely gals. They used to bring along one of their good friends, Sara Ferris-- Joe Ferris's daughter -- who in later life hardly knew me. Didn't turn out very well, either. Joe Ferris was a Director of SFNB.

47. There were some interesting people that lived along this lake. Beginning with the cottage next door, where Judge Sessions lived. I've talked about Judge Sessions already.

48. He was the Judge of the Superior Court at Davenport, Washington. The next cottage, of any size at all belonged to Willard Crippen, who made a great deal of money in the Palouse country.

49. One of the big projects each spring was to rebuild our docks. That would usually start at spring vacation We'd come out, row the boat completely around the lake, spot cedar logs that had floated away, some of them ours some not ours and we'd haul them back and begin the project of rebuilding the dock for the year.

50. We used about four cedar logs; scavenged the boards to put on them, because the previous year's board would go out with the ice. The ice ripped those docks up like you wouldn't believe. I notice today various dock up and down the beach have styrofoam in them to keep them afloat and they don't break up as badly as they use to.

51. Family Records

52. Going back into the history of our family as it was told to me, and as I've read, there were some pretty good genealogies on both sides of the family. The Buell family, as well as the Denison family.

53. My mother's name was Grace Denison. Her first name was Minnie. My father's name was Frank Lincoln Buell. He was born on the Mississippi River, at Lake City, Minnesota, and my mother was born at Amboy, Minnesota.

54. My Grandfather Denison's name was Admetis. My Grandmother Denison's maiden name

was Farley. She was the daughter of a large landowner in Kentucky, and my grandfather raised Hamiltonian horses. Took them down to race them in Kentucky. He raced some at the Kentucky Derby, some at the Hamiltonian races. He won many of them.

55. My Great Grandfather Farley had one of the beautiful blue grass farms there in Kentucky. Grandpa Denison became enamored with one of the Farley daughters who was very small and beautiful. And although my Grandfather Denison was 55 years of age when this occurred, Grandmother Denison was just about twenty. Grandfather Denison hadn't married at that time, as he'd been jilted by his childhood sweetheart in New York.

56. The part of the family my grandfather belonged to moved into the New York area, and his father was a sea captain. He'd been in the orient trade and somehow or other the lovely girl he was going to marry decided she was going to marry somebody else. He was so despondent about that, he moved immediately out to Minnesota to get away from it all and bought some beautiful property. About two sections of that lovely black soil at Amboy, Minnesota. There he lived and farmed. His mind went to horses until he married my grandmother in Kentucky.

57. From that union my Aunt Alida was born; then Antie Mary, and after that, my mother, Grace. There was a son between my mother and my Uncle Will whose name was Avery. He passed on. It was after my Uncle Will was born that my Grandmother Denison began to be very ill and she passed on at the age of 35 or 36 years. My Auntie Alida then took over the running of the family. My grandfather by that time was 68 or 70 years of age. My Auntie Alida was only 13 or 14 when she took over; she was always extremely competent at what she did. I loved her a great deal when I came onto the scene. She was my favorite because she lived in Spokane and I got to see her very often. She lived up in what was known as Tudor Heights, where her husband--who was considerably older than she was -- built a lovely home. He was a gardener of the first water. He had apples and pears and peaches had a big spring on the property; raised raspberries, had Jersey cows, so they could have that rich Jersey milk and cream.

58. My mother grew up in Amboy, where she attended her first eight grades. She later was sent to Mankato, Minnesota, where she boarded with friends to get a high school education. After graduation from high school, she was sent on to the St. Cloud Normal School to become a teacher. She became a kindergarten teacher and went up to a town called Bewaubie, Minnesota. From time to time she'd attend the University of Minnesota. She was an excellent athlete, loved to play tennis, challenged all the men in school and could beat practically all of them at tennis. She was also an expert horsewoman. Loved to run the horses and could ride them Roman style: ride two of my grandfather's fastest race horses standing up on them. She was very well coordinated.

59. My mother was a very stately woman and was actually an aristocrat of the first water. She always reminded my brother and I and my older brother George of that fact, and wanted us always to conduct ourselves as gentlemen. She didn't in any way ever want to be anything but a true lady.

60. My father was a graduate of the University of Michigan. He had a law degree, but he also had

a degree in a combination of things – a civil and mining degree. He loved those things. he was a real student and it came to him easily.

61. When he was young it developed that he was a straight A student in grade school. When high school time came, they sent him up to Minneapolis to go to high school, because they thought he had a good mind. They boarded him first with a Swedish family. While he was there, he was fascinated by foreign languages, learned to speak Swedish and Norwegian very fluently, and even could read it.

62. The next year, he was boarded with a German family – which was a fortunate thing for him. He learned to speak and read German. When I was a boy, we had a German family in the area, and he spoke the language so well they actually thought he was from Germany.

63. The next year, they hunted around and found a French family – there were a lot of French people in Minneapolis. My Dad loved to speak French. Then he easily understood Spanish and Italian and spoke them, too. He said he could speak and read (some of them not as fluently as others) seven different languages.

64. When college time came, my grandmother was in financial straits--although she had a nice farm down a Lake City. Her husband had been killed in a whaling accident. He was a whaler – a great big huge man and some way (this happened quite often) he was harpooned accidentally, and died from the effects of it.

65. My grandmother was very intent about all her children having good educations. She had a passel of children. My uncle, George Buell, who was six feet six inches tall; Uncle Charles, six foot five; my Uncle Jes Buell who was six foot five; my Aunt Francis who was six two; Aunt Minnie, six foot two.

66. Deer Lake

67. I was dictating previously about the sport of taking people up Telescope Mountain. This was a rather difficult hike unless one knew the way to go. There are ridges on the mountain, and to keep from getting down in the underbrush – which was just about impassable– it was necessary to go up these ridges. And then on to the top of the mountain.

68. I recall taking a group of Epworth League people up that mountain and when they got to the top, they were all very tired and coming down was even worse than going up. Because unless you used your heels a great deal coming down, moving from one soft spot to another, you'd soon put blisters on your toes – and that's what happened to many of them that went up the mountain with me.

69. One of the most vivid memories that I have of Sunrise Point was the long, drawn out legal battles my father had with Jack Snyder over the ingress and egress to Sunrise Point.

70. There are two entrances at the present time. The south entrance was the one that created all

the legal troubles. Actually, my father had a easement to go through that property, and it had been established by having the road open more than seven years. But for some reason or another, Jack Snyder decided that was not so, and he closed that road. The other entrance, which was to the north, had to be opened to get into the property.

71. My father took him to court, numerous times, and each time the court would order the road opened, which Snyder would not do, and the sheriff would come down and open up the road.

72. Then, within a short period of time, Snyder would close it again. Put in a fence, and the same legal procedure had to be followed again and this went on for a number of years. Each court appearance was very expensive. However, when you get a stubborn person like Mr. Snyder it was an extremely difficult thing. Finally the road was put in the north area, and it wasn't until a number of years later that someone came and opened an easement through there after Mr. Snyder died. I'd like to recount and recall a few of the many fine and wonderful people that lived along the west side of this lake that my father sold property to--beginning right here at Sunrise Point.

73. Judge Joe Sessions had the first cabin. I don't recall the name of the second people because after they built their cabin they didn't come out very often. The next cabin, the white one, was built by Mr. Willard Crippen. The next one was built by a Mr. Schubert, who owned a large meat market in Hillyard, Washington. The cabin next to that was Dr. Graham's. Next was the Bellinger place, adjacent to ours. The next one was built by Tom Sessions, who was a brother of Joe. Tom had been an officer in the Civil War, and was an elderly man at the time. He had been with Lee at Appomattox. I knew him.

74. The next cabin was built by Mr. Lake of Spokane, and the one after that belonged to George Barline of the Barline Ward Lumber Company. The next belonged to Mrs. Hall; Mr. Hall didn't live very long. The next was owned by the Hickey family; next, by Mrs. Geary. After that was a man by the name of Earls Court, who had the first racing boats on the lake; next the Irving Whitehouse log mansion; they owned two of them.

75. Next was the Salvation Army; next to that was Fred Quist;(ed note: Crippens was next to the Salvation Army and Quist north of that) and then the large Willard Crippen cabin which was built for a Mr. Korten of Chicago--a dealer in spices. He later sold the cabin to Mr. Crippen and Mrs. Crippen and moved to Kelso where he had one of the largest musical stores in the Pacific Northwest. That cabin was designed by my mother.

76. The next two cabins, I can't recall the names of the families that were in them. One of them was occupied by the general superintendent of one of the large office supply companies in Spokane.

77. Judge Joe Sessions was the Superior Court judge of Lincoln County. The county seat was Davenport. He was a large, heavy set man and had a charming personality. Mrs. Sessions was the sister of Mr. L.D. Bellinger, who had the cabin next to us. She was a very saintly woman; drove a 1914 Apperson touring car with a California top on it. That car in 1914 cost sixty-five hundred dollars, which was a real fortune. Judge Sessions owned considerable land in and around

Davenport and so it was no problem for him to purchase something of that kind. He enjoyed swimming and always went swimming out in front of his house. [ed. One very interesting thing about that car was that it had an aluminum engine. I am not sure if the whole block was aluminum or just the heads, but I do remember Mrs. Sessions telling me about it in the 1930's. It must be noted that aluminum was not a common construction material in those days. Also it was very expensive.]

78. On day when I was about 12 or 13, he come to the house and told us that he had lost a two carat diamond ring while he was swimming --some place between his house and our house--out about sixty feet from the shore, in about 25 feet of water.

79. Well, that was a challenge for us all--the boys on the beach – to try and find that ring. We spent one whole summer diving and trying to locate it. Where he was swimming we could see the bottom, and he told us about its location, close as he could. There was a large reward for that diamond. It was never found and it is still on the bottom of the lake.

80. Mr. Willard Crippen purchased the first property from my father and erected his white cabin and a lovely boat house in 1922. He had extensive wheat holding down in the Palouse country, adjacent to St. John. [ed. He homesteaded in that area and the farm is still in the family; viz., Maida Linn White and Willard Robinson.] Mr. Crippen had been an orphan and was on his own when he was about 12 or 13 years old. It wasn't long until he was able to purchase some property, because he was a very hard worker. The property he purchased was in the St. John area --a small piece at that time, but he enlarged it and he told me the panic of 1896 made him a wealthy man. He was able to put what savings he had to buy other pieces of property. How I heard many of these stories was when I was around 16 years of age, I used to drive his car down into the Palouse country. At that time, he was in his 70's and it was a strain on him to drive his always-new Oldsmobile car down to look at his farms. One summer I worked on one of those farms and enjoyed it very much. Mr. Crippen put in the first water system on the lake, with the help of my father.

81. My father was doing the assessment work and had an interest in what was known as the Loon Lake Copper Mine--which was about five miles north of Loon Lake. I think I could still find it if had to. [ed. The location is shown on the earlier referenced USGS maps.]

82. There were some old tanks there, and so my father and his foreman and Mr. Crippen went over and got iron pipe and these big tanks, and erected a tank stand on the Crippen property. Next they got a "poppin Johnny" motor and put the pipe into the lake and with the help of everybody cranking on this great old motor started it. Once it got started it had terrific power and filled that tank up very quickly.

83. We ran pipe to the Sessions' cabin and to the Crippen cabin and then on along--up as far as our cabin. So everybody had water. But about the only one who could really start that motor regularly-- because it was so big was Mr. Crippen. So many times we'd be out of water in the house.

84. This system was in for a good many years or until the first time we had electricity and then as soon as that came in, everybody got their own individual water system. They had them down by the lake, or they dug wells, or put pipe out into the lake.

85. In addition to the water system, my father thought we should have a telephone line out from Loon Lake. He brought down some poles from one of his logging operations and erected this very dinky little telephone line which went to our house and went to the Brown's Resort --also up to the Whitehouse home, and of course, to Mr. Crippen's.

86. It terminated in the Baim's store in Loon Lake. They had an old switch board there. The type of telephone it was, was the ringing type where you ground away and made so many rings and then they'd answer at Baim's and plug you into the Spokane line. It was quite a feat to do it. But surprisingly, you could hear pretty well. That was always one of my jobs--to keep that line open when I was here in the summertime. In the wintertime it'd get all broken down, and we'd have to splice it and put it a back together.

87. By about 1928, when I was 18 years of age, or thereabouts, my wonderful years at the lake began to come to a close, and I found it necessary to go to work to get enough money to buy various things I wanted – such as cars mostly. My first car was a 1922 Dodge Roadster that I paid \$40 for, and it ran very well until my brother loaned it to some friends of his, who pulled the rear end out of it and practically ruined the motor.