

Treatment in the abdominal muscles, the real tragedy is that the only thing that they had to use that vaccine for the Pasteur Treatment was goats that had been given rabies. And they gave this goat rabies and when the goat was in the final death throes of a rabies death, then they'd kill it and harvest the brain and grind it all up and make a slurry out of it. And then filter it the best they could, because rabies is a filterable virus. But enough of the goat brain tissue got leaked over into the vaccine that they used for the Pasteur Treatment. that very often people got post-vaccinal paralysis. Because, your body not only became immune to rabies as a result of the treatment, but it became immune to myelin, the fatty material that surrounds the nerves. And so your body would turn on itself and de-myelinate all the nerves and you'd die of post-vaccinal, I think it was called Landray's paralysis, the guy who described it. You were immune to the myelin sheaths surrounding your own nerves, so you died of that rather than rabies. So it was not without risk that you took the Pasteur Treatment. And until just recently there has been no human vaccine for rabies. But now they've got a real good one. It's a duck embryo vaccine. And I'm not sure whether there's an improvement on that or not. But it's a lot better than the chicken embryo that first came out that we were using. See, a chicken's temperature is a hundred and eight. And by getting the rabies virus to grow on an incubating egg, was, created an environment that made it a pretty good struggle for the rabies virus to stay alive. And in the process it mutated to the point where it was no longer pathogenic to warm blooded animals. And so, that's the chicken embryo vaccine. I think they use duck eggs now. But that's the way the vaccine is made.

JonLee: How much occurrence of rabies is there now?

Dr. Eastly: I read a thing the other day in the journal, I still read the journal off and on. And I think there were, it sticks in my head that there were ninety-three human rabies death last year in the United States. Skunks are the big one now. Skunks and coyotes. But, when a skunk bites a cat, the cat'll bite twenty people. Every once in a while you find a spelunker that likes to run around in bat caves, that gets it. 'Cause our insectivorous bats quite often have rabies. And that's why we used to tell all our people with kids if a wild animal is not acting like a wild animal, steer clear. "Oh, look that cute little bat crawling around in bright sunlight on the back porch. Let's make a pet out of him!" No way! Squirrels the same way. But raccoons and skunks and cats are the predominant vector, now, of rabies.

You guys want some coffee?

Pat: Dr. Eastly, let me ask you this now. McNutt owned the West Seattle Animal Hospital before you, correct?

Dr. Eastly: Dr. McNutt, G.W. McNutt.

Pat: And how long did he own it?

Dr. Eastly: He owned a little house on a twenty-five foot I think the lots were subdivided on 42nd, behind the Junction, into twenty-five foot lots. And he bought three and a half of those lots. So he had ninety feet. And there was a little house that he moved from one side, one lot, spread it over two lots and then a driveway and a garden behind. And he raised both of his kids in that area.

JonLee: Is that house still there?

Dr. Eastly: It's still there. Dr. Chan is the immunologist?

Pat: Right across from where the clinic is now. Is it that little building?

Dr. Eastly: The West Seattle Animal Hospital is in the Jefferson Square now. And Dr. Glen Johnson bought it from me and moved across the street. And Chan bought the building and remodeled it into a really, I'm so tickled that he remodeled that building, cause it was built in 1890.

Pat: I know exactly which house you're talking about.

Dr. Eastly: And the building Dr. Chan and his wife, his wife is an orthodontist, I believe. And he's an Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat something. But Dr. Chan remodeled it and it's the West Seattle Animal Hospital. Of course, there was a lot of, kind of ugliness, within the profession, when the West Seattle Veterinary Hospital opened up on California Avenue. And several of the doctors in West Seattle go, "Why don't you sue those SOB's? They stole your name." And it turns out that they are the West Seattle Veterinary Hospital and McNutt had the West Seattle Animal Hospital. And I bought the West Seattle Animal Hospital and that's a registered name and they couldn't use the West Seattle Animal Hospital, but they came as close as they could by saying West Seattle Veterinary Hospital. And that's, so that's kind of a little sore spot.

JonLee: Was there enough business for everyone in West Seattle?

Dr. Eastly: Well, I've never seen anybody at the West Seattle Veterinary Hospital. A new thing, it's a multo-million dollar corporation run operation and they hire everybody and I have no idea how it works. I've never been in it. I was pretty disturbed when they bought--

JonLee: When did you retire?

Dr. Eastly: '90.

Pat: So then McNutt started the first West Seattle veterinary clinic, West Seattle Animal Hospital.

Dr. Eastly: McNutt bought the little house next to Floyd Johnson, the prize fighter.

Pat: And that would have been in what year, approximately?

Dr. Eastly: It sticks in my head 1916. But he was in the World War I Veterinary Corps. Was the war over by then? '16. I know it was over by 1918 and the women got the right to vote in '21. My history isn't very good as far as dates is concerned. And if you're really interested in a poem that covers that subject, I'll tell that to you sometime. "My mind lets go ten thousand things, like dates of wars and deaths of kings," and then it goes on. But anyway, I don't remember the day, but Dr. McNutt was a professor at Washington State Veterinary College for several years after the War. And whether he was commuting from Pullman to West Seattle to start this clinic, I'm not sure.

JonLee: Is that where you met him?

Dr. Eastly: McNutt? No! I met him at one of the meetings, the veterinary meetings in Seattle when all the, when I came here I think there were, I don't know, seventeen veterinarians in all of Seattle. And there were three, I think only three, veterinary hospitals when McNutt opened up in West Seattle.

Pat: Was he from West Seattle?

Dr. Eastly: Who?

Pat: McNutt.

Dr. Eastly: No. He was from Iowa. Yeah. [pause] And he got a job as a professor at Washington State. So he came to Washington. And some time during that process, he decided that he'd rather be in private practice than a teacher. 'Cause medicine all over was crude, crude, crude. X-rays weren't even in existence when he started. And when they started having X-ray machines the first ones were fluoroscopes. And they'd have a little X-ray generating anode down there and shoot the beam up through a fluoroscopic screen and your hands and everything. Dr. Grinstad from Everett died by degrees, 'cause he was one of McNutt's buddies. And in the year and a half that I was working with McNutt, before I bought it and took over and McNutt moved out, Dr. Grinstad came down every month or so. And the first time he came by he had a big gouge out of this part. And the next time he didn't have a thumb and the next time he didn't have a finger. And the next time he only

had, they kept cutting his hand off an inch at a time from the cancer caused by having his hands exposed underneath the fluoroscope all the time. Well, there was enough x-ray equipment around when I was in college that I didn't, I never would use one of those. I went to work for Bill Lien down at the Lien Animal Clinic on Alaska Street when I got out of school. And Bill was still pulling a Grinstead on me every once in a while, doing, pinning a leg or something, under a fluoroscope. And when he'd start doing that I'd leave. I'd go walk up and down Alaska Street until I figured, he was through. He was that much of an idiot.

And then I went to work out on Military Road for Dr. Jim Lucas and in the meantime at all the meetings, I'd run into McNutt. And McNutt somehow or other took a liking to me, and he kept saying, "You ought to buy my practice." And so, after that fifty times, I finally decided, "Well, maybe I should." So, we agreed on how much I should pay him and if I get this much money scraped together for a down payment I can buy it. "Well," he said, "in the meantime why don't you come to work for me? Then you kinda get your foot in the door." Which I did and then eventually we begged borrowed and stole every penny we could find from all of our relatives and got enough for the down payment and McNutt moved out and I moved in. He had lived in a little apartment behind the clinic. And the hospital building was downstairs in the back. And then Pat and I lived there for, I don't know, four or five years. 'Cause we were dirt poor. And I did all my own kennel work and taking care of everything and on that side of it and Pat did all the paperwork and the receptionist and all the other stuff. And she was my surgical assistant and my right hand gopher and we did it all.

Oh, I tell you, we had some fun times in those days. We took over and finally it was ours. And we have our own practice. And isn't

this a heady experience? Oh, it's wonderful. So, we had some checks and we had some money and we had some money and we had some coming in and oh, we had more money in the first two weeks than I'd ever made in two months as an employee. And we thought, so, what are we gonna do with all this money? So, we had a library. And, so, Pat began, and it consisted of a lot of the old veterinary journals and the brochures from the various drug companies propagandizing their stuff. And she had a special place in that pile of books and magazines and papers, where she put all the money. And that was our safe deposit box. We figured that was a hell of a lot better than a safe deposit box. If anybody's gonna rob you, they're not gonna look through those old dog-eared veterinary journals. So that 's where it was for a while. And so, day and night, we ran a twenty four hour a day operation. If some dog needed an IV why she'd supervise it for a couple of hours and then sleep. And I'd supervise it. And so , this is the way that we did the thing.

But we had this money. And finally after we'd been there for, I don't know, two or three weeks, one day, she said, "Look at this mess. This place is the biggest mess you ever saw. There's paper all over every place and all the rest. You've got to clean this up." And so she was busy with records and doing her thing and I decided "Well, maybe that's true." McNutt had an incinerator down below in which he burned all the dirty, soiled fecal material and newspapers and cardboard that we used to line the cages. We'd stuff it in there and build a big fire. And so, I decided on this particular day that that's a good place to get rid of a lot of this junk. So, I hauled bushel baskets full of brochures and paper junk you can't imagine laying around. Gathered it all up and got the place really looking clean. And stuffed it in the incinerator and burned it

and took the poker in there and stirred it up two or three times and just had a wonderful time cleaning up this horrible mess of all these brochures, that we had from all the, you know. And finally at the end of the day, Pat had the money that she, we'd taken in that day and she went over to this area, where these desks were. And she looked at that thing and she, "Where's that book, that Fort Dodge," or whatever the company was, "Where's that magazine?" [Smacks forehead] Flat forehead disease. Oh my God, oh my God! And so, we both abandoned everything else, 'cause our whole gross income was in there.

And we went down with a hose and put out the fire in that incinerator and begin hauling that stuff out, one piece at a time. Well, you know, when you burn a book, all you do is make the leaves brown around the edge. And she had chosen a drug catalog about an inch thick and it was oversized. And we started fishing out paper and in the meantime my poker had torn that catalog two or three times. So, it was not an inch thick, but a quarter of an inch thick, and whatever. But every place that the poker had torn that book apart, had missed by fifteen or twenty pages, the money. And so, we started pulling it out, and there we were spread all over the floor, in front of this charred, stinking, rotten, half-burned paper mess. And everything we'd get out of there, we'd separate it one sheet at a time. And pretty soon we got into a place where these books and coins started falling out and the next thing you know, some dehydrated, cooked, baked, checks were still visible and money would still would be burnt half way, you now. And we collected every stinking penny [claps] that she had put in that magazine and we took it all over to the bank and we told them our sad story about trying to burn up our gross

receipts for the last month and they honored absolutely every penny.

JonLee: Oh, how wonderful

Dr. Eastly: They gave us new money for the cooked and burned and browned paper money and yeah, it was, God, what a feeling.

Pat: How much do you suppose was there?

Dr. Eastly: Oh, I think there was close to seven hundred dollars. In those days that would be worth fifty thousand today.

Pat: Somebody was watching for you that day.

Dr. Eastly: Boy, oh, boy, oh boy.

Pat: What a great story.

Dr. Eastly: But those are the success stories and the failures. I've got some pretty bitter horror stories about people who don't appreciate the blood, sweat, and tears it takes to run a vet hospital in those days.

JonLee: Did you want to take a break for a cup of coffee?

Dr. Eastly: Yeah.

[tape stops]

JonLee: So I just heard the name Fritz Lind yesterday from Leonard Vann. Talking about buying up land for parking up at the Junction.

Dr. Eastly: Exactly. Everybody in the Junction was involved in that land acquisition for parking. And, as a matter of fact, the City gave us the fire station for parking, so long as we would promise that it would never be used for anything other than parking. And if it is ever used for anything other than parking, then it will revert back to belonging to the City. But in the meantime it belongs to the West Seattle Junction Merchants.

JonLee: You need your coffee cup?

Dr. Eastly: Yeah, what did you do with my coffee cup?

JonLee: I hid it!

Dr. Eastly: I'm sure you did!

JonLee: If you'll sit right here, I'll find it.

Dr. Eastly: Leonard Vann's dad, Irv, when Clay was born--

JonLee: Is Clay your son?

Dr. Eastly: We used to have the West Seattle Senate, started out being the West Seattle Bullpen. And everybody met at ten o'clock at Vann's for coffee. And we solved all the problems of the world. And then, and that's what *The P-I* or *The Times*, one or the other, had a big feature story covering the West Seattle Senate. But before then,

the local people called it the West Seattle Bull Pen because all the idiots went over there for coffee every ten o'clock.

JonLee: You met in the little back room?

Dr. Eastly: No, we met right there in the front. The counter was in the front where it is now. And then, I think the arrangement, it's been changed several times, but it's pretty much what it is now with the Maharaja. Anyway, that was that whole area there just behind the counter. It started out as a tobacco shop, you know.

JonLee: And a shoe repair shop, and it had a little sporting goods--

Dr. Eastly: Oh, yeah. A shoe, there was a shoe shine guy across from the cash register on the left as you went in, you know. And he was an Egyptian and I think he charged twenty-five cents for a shoe shine. And boy, that was a luxury that I just loved to have.

JonLee: Do you remember his name? Do you remember the Egyptian's name?

Dr. Eastly: No, I don't. I remember talking to him about Cairo and I remember talking to him about a lot of things, but, and, but I don't think he ever had any family. But he sure knew how to polish shoes.

Pat: Do you think that he made enough to live on, just by having his business--

Dr. Eastly: Well, what does it take to live?

JonLee: It was shoe repair as well as polish.

Pat: Oh, shoe repair!

Dr. Eastly: Yeah, but that was Johnny-come-lately. But this Egyptian shoe shine guy, he may have repaired somebody's shoes once in a while, but his big income was shoe shining. You'd climb up the thing and sit up there looking, and boy, he was a wizard. And, I got the distinct impression that there was some hanky panky about his exit from Egypt. Whether he took more money than they allowed to get out, or whether he got put on political asylum, or I don't remember what.

Pat: And approximately when was that, what year?

Dr. Eastly: 1956, '57, '58. But when Clay was born, in 1965, I took him over there to the Bull Pen first, and that wasn't sophisticated enough for a newspaper so they renamed it the West Seattle Senate, because that's more sophisticated than the Bull Pen. And nobody would dare print Bull Pen in the paper. It was politically incorrect. Well, if you'll notice before I'm done, I am not politically correct and I hate the idea of political correctness.

Pat: Was this a group of West Seattle businessmen?

Dr. Eastly: Yeah. Everybody in the Junction came over there. Reuel and Irv Vann owned Vann's restaurant. Leonard was Irv's son.

JonLee: He was a teacher.

Dr. Eastly: -- a figment of somebody's, he wasn't even around. And Reuel and Irv were the Vann Brother's restaurant. And Irv was the cashier and Reuel was the cook. And Reuel knew how to cook. Man, I'm telling you on Thursday when Reuel Vann had potato soup, you would go across the world for some of Reuel Vann's potato soup. It was the finest, you couldn't believe. Well, you know, how, did Leonard tell you how Reuel got started? With a wagon and a soup tub down at the end of the ferry dock below the tramway? Anyway, I went in there with Clay a day or two after he was born. And Irv came over and he said, "Here son, you don't ever do anything with this." And he gave Clay a fifty cent piece. And that was a good way to get started. I never will forget that. Still got that fifty cent piece. Still got Clay. Yeah. Oh, yeah.

JonLee: Did you move over here (Vashon Island) in the '90's then when you sold your business?

Dr. Eastly: No, we moved over here in the '70's. We were over here in '59. But a weekend place.

JonLee: "Over here" means Vashon island.

Dr. Eastly: "Over here" means Vashon Island. Vashon Island weekenders since '58. And then we got a chance to buy some acreage down by the Wax Orchard Airport, which we did. And had an old World War I hermit shack on it. And no water and no lights and no nothing. And the old guy had lived there, for, I don't know, thirty years and died and wanted to give it to the Girl Scouts, but nobody could prove it. So his heirs wanted their money quick. And so, Pat found out about it and when she told me, I said, "Give that sucker a

check!" Well, that wasn't adequate then, it had to be put up for bid. And we said, "Well that's what they're saying it's going to sell for." So I said, "Maybe somebody else will believe that too and bid that price and they'll probably add twenty five dollars and get it." And so I said, "Add \$154 onto that price." And damned if somebody else bid \$150 over. So, we got that property. Well then, of course when Clay was born we went into this old hermit shack and the old guy had a wood stove, which I've still got out here in the barn. And he cooked on this old kitchen stove. And a one room shack and his only light was these little flashlight with these little batteries about that long, a little bit smaller than my little finger. And he had bushel baskets full of these expired flashlight batteries under his bed. And he wrote poetry on everything that was that would hold still and he died and so his heirs wanted their money right quick. And they were all Canadians.

[Tape One ends]

Dr. Eastly: Yeah, once an artist dies, then their work is worth more money. Joe Petta's stuff is worth a lot more now that he's dead. That doesn't seem quite right, but I guess that's the way it is.

JonLee: Scarcity.

Dr. Eastly: One of my surrogate fathers, I was lucky enough to have eight. I saw my dad the last time when I was eight and then my mother died a couple of years later. And that was the luckiest thing that ever happened to our family, because there were eleven of us and if she'd have stayed alive there'd have been a great big vortex

of a whirlpool where everybody's have to come home. And every time while she was still alive, that had happened, the older kids would all yell about who'd contributed the most and all the other stuff. And it was just an unpleasant thing. A family reunion, dirt poor.

JonLee: Where were you born and raised?

Dr. Eastly: I didn't I just grew up.

JonLee: Well, "drug up" is what my dad would say.

Dr. Eastly: "Drug up," right. Well, I was born in a chicken house in Meridian, Idaho. I was ten of a string of eleven kids. And my dad had, was getting his college degree, finishing his degree at N. N. C., Northwest Nazarene College, in Nampa. Which was eight miles away. And, while he was doing that, he was supporting his family by milking cows for a dairy farm in Meridian. And the only building available to live was a chicken house. So, he and Mom, fixed up this chicken house, tore out some of the roosts and I'm sure Mom cleaned the floor, but beyond that I don't know what happened. Anyway, I was born in that chicken house. And one of my sisters that assisted with the birth was gonna name me. In fact Mom said, "You can name the baby, as long as you stay home and deliver it." So, that was great. Well, when she got home from school the next day, the itinerant county clerk or whoever that is had been by and they had said, "The baby's name is Robert LeRoy Eastly." And when my sister Ilo got home from school, they said, "The man's here and this is a copy of the birth certificate and that she should look, it over, it says, Robert LeRoy." "That's insane," she said,

"You promised me, Mom, that I would get to name the baby!" Well, that's true. Ilo grabbed that thing and walked all the way to Caldwell, which is another ten miles away. And I don't know, what, how long she had to stay there. But she stayed there until the office opened up and she said, "Look. This is the baby. It was born at the dairy over in Meridian and I get to name the baby and that sure as hell is not Robert LeRoy." And so she said, "His name is Donald Eugene." So that's how I got to be what I am.

Pat: How old was Ilo?

Dr. Eastly: Twelve.

Pat: Just think how independent children were back then. She stayed home to take care of you mother--

JonLee: -- to help with the birth.

Pat: And then she walked all the way--

Dr. Eastly: Well, that's not too unusual then.

Pat: But nowadays, you wouldn't, a twelve year old certainly wouldn't have that kind of responsibility.

Dr. Eastly: No. And that's a tragedy. That's why I'm against child labor laws. I think they're the worst goddamned thing that ever hit this country, child labor laws. Because now, when they get to be eighteen they're supposed to be employed and get a job. And they don't know how to do anything. They're as dumb as a rock. And they're

lazy and, they, so there's money and drugs, so they take drugs. Do away with the child labor law and let me pay them fifty cents an hour, what they're worth and by God, we wouldn't have that problem.

JonLee: How did you raise your children then? 'Cause your children know how to work. You have a son--

Dr. Eastly: You're damn right they know how to work!

JonLee: You have a son who's a painter and who believes in integrity.

Dr. Eastly: Both of them are workaholics.

JonLee: So, how did you raise them?

Dr. Eastly: With tough love.

JonLee: Learning how to work and how to do a good job?

Dr. Eastly: They did the work they had to work or we broke their head! I mean, and my daughter, I mean, there's been a love affair with that little girl since the day she was born. And she is, she thinks the sun rises and sets in her dad. And I know the sun rises and sets in my daughter. And she's the most perfect mother that ever walked on the face of the Earth. And she's got a beautiful little two and a half year old daughter. But that's what we did yesterday, we baby-sitting in West Seattle, in the Petta house, in Joe Petta's, Joe Petta was born in that house.

JonLee: Their family house.

Dr. Eastly: Yeah! Isn't that funny?

JonLee: Yeah, that's great. Circles.

Dr. Eastly: Anyway. Yeah. Oh, I love that little girl, Susan. She was my little parakeet. She had a nose with a little hump on the top of it and I called her my parakeet. And now, I'm telling you, and everything and the most important thing that we did with the kids is we took them. We raised them in a dog cage. When they were infants, you heard of, you probably are old enough to have heard about the baby box?

JonLee: Skinner. Skinner box.

Dr. Eastly: This guy invented a place to put a baby that had everything and all the other stuff. Well, I always had a stainless steel cage in my Vet Hospital and when the kids were little, that was the best place in the whole wide world for them. They were clean, they were sterile, they were sanitary, and you locked the door from the outside and you didn't have to worry about them. And if they cried you went and got them out and did what you had to do.

JonLee: They had company with the other animals.

Dr. Eastly: Right. Not only the company, but, [pause] I heard some psychiatrist one time, long time ago, say that there wouldn't be a lot of problems with kids growing up if dads, 'cause that was the breadwinner in those days, were forced to take their kids one day

a week to work with them. And that kid is going to stay with Dad the whole day and see how Dad makes a living. No matter what it is. Then, because, who's Dad? He comes in late at night, pooped out, and each goes to bed and dies, gets up before I wake up in the morning and is long gone and Mom fixes breakfast and I'm off to school. And half of them hardly ever know their dad. Especially if there's any commute time involved.

JonLee: Can I bring you back to the--

Dr. Eastly: You can bring me anywhere you want! I ramble on!

JonLee: Okay. Well, so do I. But I want to bring you back to the veterinarian business in West Seattle. I'm mean, we've gone around it--

Dr. Eastly: Dr. Glen Johnson told me he'd pay me what I was asking for the practice. And equipment. We determined what the cages were worth and whatever he wanted to keep was worth. And it was nothing by comparison to new equipment but just as good. And then, I was to run it for him. So I was his employee then for a while while his people became aware of the stuff. And he had this woman that he'd had some association with before. And she came in. And then he had another girl and a guy that worked off and on. I just ran it like I always did, only Glen now owned it. And then finally he decided he was going to take over, and he didn't need me anymore. And in the meantime we were dickering on the sale of the real estate, 'cause he couldn't afford the real estate, but rent, to lease a place is nothing by comparison to what you have to have to buy it.

So he leased an office across the street at Jefferson Square and gradually moved over there and in the meantime, China, Hong Kong, and Chan, wanted to buy the real estate. And that was, you talk about falling in an outhouse and coming out smelling like a rose. I did. Here was, I don't know anything about real estate, or I don't know anything about anything for that matter, but I had it appraised. And Ron Turner was the big real estate guru in those days. And he had a gal, a woman from Hong Kong, who wanted that location. And she wanted it. With apparently unlimited amount of money. And Jim Sweeney, Sweeney's Lumber Yard, Alki Lumber. His dad was in the Kiwanis Club when I joined the Kiwanis Club in '58. And so, I knew his dad, shortly before he died. But then Jim took over at Alki Lumber. Jim had a guy who wanted that location. So, I said, "Okay. I'll, I won't sell it to Ron without telling you." And Jim said, "That's fair enough." And I said, "Ron's got some guy from Hong Kong." "Funny thing," he said, "the guy that wants to buy it that's got me involved is a guy by the name of Chan." So, we got Chinaman against Chinaman. It was really interesting.

And so, I called up Ron and I'd say, "You know, Sweeney's guy says that he's not gonna let it sell for that price. And he wants to give me ten thousand more." And so, Ron said, "Don't you dare sell it until I get back to you." And he called me a couple of days later and he said, "My gal from Hong Kong says that's the most ridiculous thing she ever heard. She'll give you fifteen thousand more." And so, then I'd call up Sweeney and I'd say, "This idiot that Ron Turner's got has got more money than brains. And, "Don't you dare, wait a minute!" And so they bid each other up three times the appraised value before Hong Kong bowed out.

Pat: Really. I wonder why they thought it was such an important piece of real estate?

Dr. Eastly: The location!

JonLee: Location. The Junction.

Pat: They thought it would be--

Dr. Eastly: Right next to a parking lot from the A&P, which later became Tradewell, which later became Tom Stewart. You know, Stewart, The Misty Isle Arabian Farm here on the Island and the Food Services of America, that Tom Stewart? He bought Tradewell from, and that's a whole other story, that's exciting. Talk to Bob Oschner. Have you talked to Bob Oschner? Bob Oschner's Used Cars. And he knows more about West Seattle and he was a Kiwannian in Ballard or some place over there, Magnolia. And I was in Kiwannis for twenty-five years in West Seattle. And, so we, but now Bob's in Rotary and I'm being a heathen on Vashon. Anyway. What were we talking about? We digress.

JonLee: You selling your--

Dr. Eastly: Oh! I was selling my practice. And so, then I finally moved out and in the meantime, we had remodeled this place on Vashon in the '80's. That was the end of the wall right there. This was outside. There was a hedge ran right here. And the big tree that you can see with the great big limbs that are healing over now, are were sticking in where, so, but anyway. So, we had a place to move to. And we moved out here. And I don't even remember when we

moved out. I think it was around '72 or something. And then we lived at a real rental garbage, I mean, I'm born in a chicken house and I would much rather move into a chicken house than that place we were able to rent on Vashon while they were remodeling this place. God, that for rent, the toilet, you were really not sure whether it was going to stay or get swallowed up into the rot of the floor and the slugs would crawl up the outside of the bathtub and oh, God, it was a horror story. But it was the only rental we could find on the Island. So, we lived in that thing for six months while they remodeled here.

Pat: Did your West Seattle Senate, was it just a social group or did you--

Dr. Eastly: No. Oh God, we only had usually two or three Kiwanians that would come. I was a Kiwanian and we'd usually have maybe two or three Rotarians. But the abomination of the Earth would dominate the Senate and they were the Lions Club. And God, we had a lot of fun yelling at the Lion. Anybody that'd joined the Lions Club would eat feces and run rabbits and bark at the moon. And we had all kinds of fun, knee-slapping, prideful insults for each other. Just an in group kind of. And everybody was wealthier than everybody. We had all the fish mongers Tony Vivelo and his vegetable market over there where the new theater is.

Pat: Was that Tony LaCamera?

Dr. Eastly: No, Tony Vivelo, had a vegetable market, right there where Mort Kugnitz drug store is in that area there, I'm not exactly sure.

And then there was another guy, another Jewish guy that worked at the Pike Place Market and sold fish. And then there was--

JonLee: Carlos. He's Sephardic Jewish.

Dr. Eastly: Well, I'm not sure who he was. But anyway, he was a Jew and we had more fun with him. And he'd come over to the Bull Pen every once in a while.

JonLee: He had the numbers tattooed on his arm.

Dr. Eastly: I don't know about that. Anyway. We had [pause]. The fish monger.

JonLee: Fritz Lind?

Dr. Eastly: Well, Fritz Lind was managing the People's Bank underneath the hospital.

JonLee: Did he come into this?

Dr. Eastly: Well, he's, Fritz Lind is kind of a, you know, Fritz Lind is still alive and you can't say bad things about dead people, so I won't talk about Fritz Lind.

JonLee: What bout the Huling Brothers? were they, or the Huling family, were they ever active?

Dr. Eastly: Darryl Huling was a, I think he was a Rotarian. So, he was a little bit above all of us peons. But Dale Huling was in the Kiwanis

Club. And Dale was an incredible guy. We loved Dale Huling. he was a neat guy.

JonLee: What about anyone from Husky's, from the Miller Family.

Dr. Eastly: Never showed up. No. No. I don't ever remember. Well, why would they come over to Vann's for coffee when they had their own? The Husky Delicatessen?

JonLee: Well, for the fellowship.

Dr. Eastly: There was no lack of fellowship in West Seattle. Everybody knew everybody in West Seattle. When I was, when we still had Joe Whiting, from Spring Hill Lumber Company had been the Chairman of the State Historical Society in Olympia, Joe Whiting. And he comes to the Commercial Club meetings, long before it ever evolved into a Chamber of Commerce. And Joe would come and he'd start talking about the Wilks Expedition and the whoever and the Vancouver and all this other stuff. And everybody'd sit there and listen and look dumb. And one day I couldn't stand it any longer and, being a very quiet type, I got up on my two hind legs and started yelling and I said, "Look you bunch of idiots! For God's sake! This guy is not going to be alive forever. If we've got any brains on Earth, we will pick this guys brains until he dies! And we'd better have a West Seattle Historical Society, 'cause we've got the smartest guy in the whole wide world right here." And so, as as result of my speech they said, "Okay, Eastly. You're the Chairman of the West Seattle Historical Society Committee of the Commercial Club." So that was a big. So I've been President or Vice-President of the Hi-Yu along with

Ted Best and Orlyn Hawes and all those guys. And so, I knew about the Hi-Yu. And everybody knew everybody in those days. And so I started making the rounds. And I even found the old West Seattle jail when West Seattle was an independent city. And there aren't very many people who can say that.

JonLee: Where was it?

Dr. Eastly: It was down on Harbor Avenue, right across the street from Horry's Boat House, back up against the hill that has since slid out. And one of those new apartment condominium things down there finally tore it up or destroyed it because it was just a bunch of old rotten wood. And I yelled my head off with everybody I could think of, to salvage that jail! That's part of West Seattle History! And I couldn't get anybody. But when they made me Chairman of the Historical Committee. I started going around. And I said, "You know, Vancouver anchored the Discovery between Alki Point and Blake Island, right out there. He anchored the Discovery right there. So why don't we form the West Seattle Historical Society and build a George Vancouver monument?" And so I went down to the City Council and I said "I want" and they referred me to the Park Department and I said, "I want that waterfront right there next to the light house on Alki Avenue, or Harbor Avenue, no, Beach Drive I mean. And we're gonna build a monument to George Vancouver." And in the meantime Joe Whiting was in contact with the British Historical Society and he practically had them ready to weigh anchor of the Discovery, the very ship that Vancouver sailed over here, to bring it over here for the celebration. And everything was, and I made the rounds. I think, I had, it sticks in my mind I had pledged \$7,000 from businesses to build a George

Vancouver monument. But then I ran into the most despicable son of a bitch that ever lived. His name, and he's still alive, his name is Ibsen Nelson. And he was in charge of the Seattle Historical Society. And when we told him what we had in mind, he said, "Oh, God!" He took me all over West Seattle for one whole day, looking at, and I told him what we'd done and I told him the name of the people who'd pledged money and, "We're gonna build a kind of a replica of the Foxcil and have a little tube in it and there would be the picture of the Discovery in it, anchored right where Vancouver had and we're gonna have this big thing, the Park Department gave us the land." And all the rest. And at the end of that day, he said, "Well, we're not gonna allow every community in the city to build an outhouse to a local hero." I said, "You've gotta be kidding me. George Vancouver, a local hero? And a monument on Beach Drive, an outhouse? I won't believe." "Well," he said, "we've had something to do with a guy who was thinking about doing that same thing." And Ibsen brought out a picture that had the prow of a ship going through a Japanese arch, was gonna be the Vancouver monument. Well, what did Vancouver have to do with Japan?

Well, anyway, that was the end of that. The City Council, *nobody* in this city, and I talked to a lot of them, had enough authority to tell Ibsen Nelson to go hang. "Well, he's head of the Historical Society and so you can't, you know, I'm not ready to fire him" or "I don't know if we could. Or whatever. And if he's commissioned to be that job, why you know." Always some wishy washy excuse. Nobody would counter the guy. George Vancouver monument was gonna be a monument, an outhouse to a local hero. I just I hate the name Ibsen Nelson to this day. But politics, what they are, who

cares about what I think. He's still in power. And I'm not. But anyway.

Pat: This was before the Southwest Seattle Historical Society was developed, though.

Dr. Eastly: Oh, twenty years before.

Pat: Yeah, 'cause, do you know Elliot Cowden?

Dr. Eastly: I know him real well. And he lives over in White Center. And Elliot and Irma are both members of the West Seattle Fauntleroy Congregational Church. And we were for a while until they invited us to quit. 'Cause we didn't come and we didn't pay them any money. And I said, "Well take my name off the roster, then." And, "Well, we can't do that!" So I went, "Well, I don't know." So that's, we're in limbo with that. I don't know whether I'm still a member or not. But I don't really care. We've been going to Unitarian group out here on the Island and that's kind of fun. But. Oh, yeah, it. [pause] But I, you know, it's amazing to me how many people are excited about being excited about something. I mean, Rule Vann said, here's a thousand dollars. Get started. And the pharmacist down on Alki Avenue--

JonLee: Ritchie?

Dr. Eastly: Charlie Ritchie! Five hundred bucks, get started. Everybody, that, you knew everybody here! No matter what business you were involved with, they'd, "Yeah!" And I wrote them down on a piece of

paper, I don't know where the piece of paper is but I've got it around here some place.

JonLee: Did you know Oscar Webber too?

Dr. Eastly: Oscar Webber? Oscar Webber is still alive isn't he?

JonLee: He just died this year.

Dr. Eastly: Did he? I saw him just not too long ago. Oscar Webber was in Kiwanis Club for a hundred years.

JonLee: Right. He raised the money. He was a big raiser of money for the senior center on that corner of California and Alaska.

Dr. Eastly: No, I never could get excited about senior center. I think overpopulation is the biggest problem on Earth. And keeping old people alive, especially alive against their will, when they're not really alive, they're just, I think it's a crime. I think Kevorkian should have a Congressional Medal. I really do. I won't give you the sweat off of my, well, whatever, to support a damned old folks home. I think they're a sin.

JonLee: I want to ask you a question on another tack because I was raised in West Seattle and I'm in my 50's. So my experience was one of not a lot of diversity in terms of Blacks or Jewish or Asian peoples. And I want to know, you mentioned an Egyptian, you mentioned some Jewish businessmen. And I've gotten some stories from some people who came from these kinds of groups, but not until

the '50's. Was there any diversity and how were they treated in your experience? When you lived in West Seattle.

Dr. Eastly: If you're half smart, and your Black, the sun better not set on you West Seattle. That was the attitude then.

Pat: What do you mean?

JonLee: You better not be around, publicly, in public.

Pat: What do you mean by that?

Dr. Eastly: I mean, if you're a Black and the sun goes down and you're still in West Seattle, things happen to you. Now sometimes, they happen bad enough for you to get dead, but you don't want to stay here. People don't like to have that pollution. And that, 'cause having been ten in a string of eleven kids, Bo Derek is the perfect ten and I'm ten in the string of eleven kids. So, I know about that. And I know about discrimination and I know about being the poorest kid on the block and I know about various things like that. And one of the best friends that we had in college, shortly after Pat and I were married, was this Hindu guy, who was putting on a show for the international week or something. And he needed a bunch of models to model saris from India. And he had eight or ten or twenty girls lined up. And he chose Pat for one of them. And so we got pretty well acquainted with Chuck--

[End Tape Two, Side One]

Dr. Eastly: -- that are intimate terms. And Chuck, we, he was going with a slut. I mean, she was obviously just the scum of the Earth. And so, Chuck was talking about this gal and, so, being a very quiet, refined, back woodsy kind of a stand offish kind of guy, I said, "Chuck, get rid of that goddamned whore worst sort of woman on the face of the Earth. She's just, you're a high caste Hindu Brahmin and she thinks you got dollar signs dripping off of your earlobes. And that's the only reason she's hanging around with you. Get rid of her. She's, there's a million beautiful girls in this campus" and so, anyway. So, that, so the next thing you know, Chuck was seeking my advice [laughs] about various things. Mostly dating and whatever else. And so he was over and we were over. And he's a Brahmin, Bengali, East Bengal, which is now Bangladesh, which became East Pakistan at the partition. And his family had three weeks to move out and that's all part of the history. But anyway, Chuck is, well, that Nadarajah, that upside down Shiva there, next to the Gonesh figure? That's a little bit lighter black than Chuck is. I mean, he is black. He's just, patent leather black. He's beautiful features. He's a pretty as you are, feature-wise, you know.

But, anyway, we went on dates and various things. So finally, when we got back together and Chuck said, "I'm going to India, I'm gonna spend a year in India. If you and Pat come, while I'm there, I'll show you India like nobody's ever seen." And, so, by that time we'd bought the hospital and we, Clay was born, and it was 1965, but we decided, "What an opportunity. This is crazy." So we mortgaged our soul and the hospital and went to India. They met us in Calcutta and adopted us into the Chuckravarti family. And now I'm Sahib Don and it's Memsahib Pat. And so we've been a part of that family ever since.

And anyway, Chuck came over to West Seattle one day and I said, "Come on over, let's, I'll introduce you to the guys at the Bull Pen." And we went in there. And sat at the counter, 'cause nobody else was there yet, I guess, or, I don't know why, but there was two of us at the counter. And I guess we're gonna lunch, maybe the Bull Pen had already dissolved.

Anyway, Reuel Vann kinda rubbed up against me and he said, "Doc, can I talk to you for a minute?" And I said, "Yeah." And he said, so we went away, some place, I don't know, the back room, I don't know, where the Toast Masters meet, in that back room.

That's another interesting part of my experience, being past President of the West Seattle Toast Masters. Early Birds meet at six o'clock on Friday morning. Insane. They still do. [laughs] Anyway, Reuel said, "You know," he said, [pause] "we got a lot of regular customers here." And [pause] he said, "Don't know that we've ever served lunch to a Black." And I said, "What?" He said, "Yeah," he said, "you know, this, your friend there is pretty dark." And I said, "But he's a Hindu. He's part of the family. What are you talking about?" "Well, but" he said, "you know West Seattle's pretty, I'm not sure that [pause] some of my customers might not be insulted if they see us serving lunch up to the counter. Now, as long as he's with you, why, that might color a little bit, but by himself, I'm sure that we wouldn't have any customers if they saw that." And I said, "Reuel, I won't know what the hell you're talking about. I have no idea what you're talking about. But I think you're telling me to get my good friend and my adopted brother out of your store." And I said, "I am so in love with that guy and that family that I have epilepsy. And when I get those kind of frustrating vibes from both sides, I'm allow I'm going to go into a Grand Mal seizure. And I'm strong enough and big enough that I can rip up

chairs and throw tables through your mirrors and create a hell of a lot of trouble before I'm subdued if I have an epileptic seizure. And so I don't want to hear any more about this goddamned thing about taking my good friend, my adopted brother out of your store! Because it might cause me to get pretty wild." "Oh, oh, no, Doc, don't get excited. It's okay, no, you'll never hear another, don't!" But Reuel Vann, as neat a guy as he was, we had that kind of a confrontation.

JonLee: And that was in the '50's?

Dr. Eastly: No, had to be in the '60's. See, I don't remember when it was. I don't remember whether that was before I went to Calcutta and became a part of the family or not. But I know one thing that anybody who said a word against Chuckravarti was my enemy.

JonLee: But that was the climate in West Seattle?

Dr. Eastly: And that was the climate. Still is. When I sold my practice to a Black guy, I had one of these sanctimonious son of a bitches that this real pillar of everything in West Seattle tell me, he said, "Doc. I understand you're gonna sell that to that guy." I said, "Man, that is one hell of a veterinarian. He is the epitome of the thing that's made this country great. He graduated from vet's school at Tuskegee. And Tuskegee won't let you go to college there unless you earn your way. And if you can carry hod or lay bricks, you build some of the buildings And Glen worked in the kitchen and he was part of the cook operation at Tuskegee. But you don't go to Tuskegee without being forced to contribute to the building of the structure of the stature. This guy, besides that he's

an incredible veterinarian! And besides that he's smarter than a whip. And besides that he's got a wife with a Master's Degree who is a school teacher. And he's got a beautiful daughter. I don't know what you're talking about." "Well, he said, "I don't' know. Has he paid you?" I said, "No." "Well, if he fails, he might not pay you. And I'm not sure West Seattle is ready to accept a Black veterinarian."

Pat: And when was this? In 1990?

Dr. Eastly: In 1990!

JonLee: This is the West Seattle I grew up in. So it's hard to hear, but yes.

Dr. Eastly: And if I told you his name, you'd think I am crazy. So I probably better not tell you his name.

JonLee: Now, how's his business? How's he doing?

Dr. Eastly: That guy?

JonLee: Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Eastly: Hoh! Come on! How's he doing? The guy's got, I think he's got seven veterinarians working for him now.

JonLee: He's doing great then.

Dr. Eastly: And my daughter, her dog had a problem and so they did something, they did a radiograph, I'm not sure what they did and so Suzy asked me to come down to see. So I went down and

talked to Glen for a while and I said, "You know, it looks to me like," I've had a couple of cases where I had to take great big tumors out of the pharyngeal region of dogs. And a couple of time I lucked out and a couple of times the carotid artery would break and they'd bleed to death right there on the table. But I said, "It looks to me like." And he said, "Yeah, let me." So he got some more radiographs and he got this other friend who is an ambulatory radiographer. And the radiologist goes to all the vet hospitals in the area and reads radiographs for them. Tells them what the x-rays show.

And so he came around and so Glen called me up one day, he said, "You know," he said, "I think it's a surgical problem." I said, "We get in there and we find out that everything is total cancerous and it's hopeless why then at least we could quit. But right now it's a great big thing, the dog is having difficulty breathing and it can't eat and no pet that can't walk, and so obviously and this thing is." So I said, "That's great, boy if that's your decision, fly at it." He said, "You want to do it?" I said, "Well, no, not necessarily, but I'd sure like to help."

So I came in here with my keen little white crystalline powder and just because I think it's a good thing to have around in a First Aid kit." And we [pause] and, of course, a couple of the gals that he's got working for him were working for me before Glen bought it. And boy, they shaved and they scraped and they disinfected. They had that dog sterile from the end of it's chin clear to the sternum, you know. It was just beautiful to watch.

So then we made an incision over the problem. And we started isolating this mass and running it around and getting around the edge and going from here to there. Glen was on one side and I was on the other. And the next thing you know. I think, I'm not sure

whether it was his finger or mine went through a little thin spot on this mass, it was there. And the pus just shot up in the thing as big around as your finger. And so it's a good thing to have something as a back up for sterile technique. We couldn't put the dog in an autoclave and we've got the most incredible bunch of infectious agents, by pus and all that stuff. The thing was so contaminated that the dog wouldn't live thirty minutes if you hadn't had something. Antibiotics or whatever else. And so we had one of the gals mix up a bunch of solution and we poured it over the area and continued the businesss. And Doc had never seen a seetin put in. He just, it was a new experience for him And, of course, that's all we had in those days.

JonLee: What's a seetin?

Dr. Eastly: A seetin is a wick. And we'd saturate the gauze with this stuff and poke it into that cavity and just keep poking it in there and poking it in there until we filled the whole cavity with medicated gauze. And then when we sewed up the skin, we'd leave a hole with the wick hanging out. And then every day you'd pull out a foot or two of that stuff and cut it off. And that way, you kept a tract from the cavity to the outside, so that it wouldn't accumulate in there and create another problem. And it's a little bit messy, the stuff draining out, but then it's a heck of a lot better to have it draining out than in there. Now they've got fancy Penrose drains and you can spend a ton of money for all kinds of various things and therein is another tale that I.

My wife's alive because I said, "To hell with tubes." They touched her on the shoulder and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Eastly, I'm sorry." And I said, "Sorry, my ass!" And I grabbed a hold of their

goddamned drain and cut it off with my pocket knife and I said, "Now this is the way we're gonna handle this. I'm not sorry that this woman's gonna die. She ain't goin' to." And that was in the intensive care of the hospital. She couldn't breathe and her lungs were filling up with fluid. And the drainage system they had wasn't working and so, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Eastly." "I'm sorry," my ass. I cut it off and then did it by hand. And the minute we got the thing. I pulled out a clot that had clotted the thing full and the nurses, two or three of the nurses, "Oh yeah, I remember seeing this one time. Yeah. Okay." I said, "Okay, steady, gentle pressure. Don't get spastic and jerk that sucker or you'll break it off. Steady gentle pressure." And I milked that tube and she pulled and pretty soon out came a clot eighteen inches long. Out of the hollow of that drain out of Pat's chest. And then the fluid just gushed out of there. And immediately she started being able to breathe and her tissues became pink and all the other stuff. If I hadn't have been there with my pocket knife, she'd have died. But anyway. So, that's after, so then, no problem, that dog's running around. We baby sat the baby, the daughter yesterday and Finnegan, the dog, is still running around like a chicken with his head cut off. I mean, so anyway, so Glen is a great guy. "I don't know if West Seattle's ready to accept a Black professional person."

Pat: Do you remember any Blacks every being a part of the business community before, when you were--

Dr. Eastly: No. In all the time in Kiwanis I never saw and Lions, Kiwanis, Sertoma, Rotary, there wasn't I don't think there was a single Black guy there.

Pat: Do you think there was a concerted energy or effort to keep them out?

Dr. Eastly: Of course!! What are talking about ? You don't let the sun set on you if you're black in West Seattle! And you talk about concerted effort, if you're Black and the sun goes down, you get dead.

Pat: But that didn't happen did it?

Dr. Eastly: No! Well, why didn't it happen? Because the black guy didn't like to go home with every muscle in his body bruised and his head beat up and scars and bleeding from all pores, he didn't like to go home that away.

Pat: But who beat him up? Who were the instigators behind that?

Dr. Eastly: Anybody and everybody. Who runs a mob? A lynch mob?

JonLee: A couple of people.

Dr. Eastly: Who was the instigators in the lynch mob?

Pat: But are they important people in the community.?

Dr. Eastly: Of course they're important people! A lynch mob wouldn't follow them if they figured they were just a jerk. Mob psychology has it's own, it's own wild fire. I mean, it feeds on fear and guilt. That's why I'm no longer a Christian.

Pat: Did you have any personal experiences of that kind of discrimination except for your friend at Vann's?

Dr. Eastly: What? You have to talk louder, my ears are--

Pat: Did you have any personal experience with that kind of discrimination other than just with your friend though?

Dr. Eastly: All my life.

Pat: But in West Seattle? Keeping Minorities out?

Dr. Eastly: I had no, I had no experience, because I didn't choose to have any experience. Reuel quietly took me back in the back room and suggested that that situation would ruin his business and I had the living fit. And whether nobody ever asked me after that, I don't know, but I never saw a black man to my knowledge in the Kiwannis club. I think one did visit once, to make up or something. I know the Rotary never had any Blacks in it. And the Lions Club was, I don't know anything about Sertoma, I never went to one of the Sertoma meetings but one of the Lions Club pancake breakfast and all that stuff that went on all the time in those days. I knew everybody in West Seattle. As a matter of fact, Orlyn Hawes had me announce the West Seattle Hi-Yu parade one year. Two years, I guess. And boy I get in hot water about that. Everybody thought that was the best job that had ever been done, the, to announce all the marching groups along but I'm telling you there were eight ladies who were halt, maimed, and blind and could barely walk, but they marched in West Seattle Hi-Yu parade representing the West Seattle Eagles. And "that idiot Eastly, that

stupid son of a bitch never even mentioned our group And he was on the microphone and they, we went right by the reviewing stand and he never said a word!" I didn't even see them. [laughs] Eight staggering old women, flopping by and I didn't know if, I observed them I thought, "God something's surely gonna fall off any minute!" But boy, did I catch hell, Oh! Orlyn Hawes was the insurance agent next door to me. His insurance office was there. And he did such a magnificent job that he did it most of the years. But I don't remember why the years I had to do it Olin wasn't available. Ted Best ran the show. He did everything. And when we'd have a Chamber of Commerce or Commercial Club retreat , we'd come by boat, George Rose's boat, and a couple of other guys had boats. We'd come around the corner and right down here, about, I don't know, half a mile, was Ted Best's summer cabin. And we'd all come over there for a retreat. And so Ted Best, boy he was a, he could do more, he could write faster and more information. I couldn't double speed of my talk. And catch up with his typewriter. He was an incredible guy. And he--

Pat: The Commercial Club, then did you make decisions for the business leaders, the businesses of the--

Dr. Eastly: We *were* the businesses. And the Commercial Club was a bunch of guys that says, "Let's get together and promote West Seattle business." And so they all got together and McNutt was a charter member of the West Seattle Commercial Club. And then finally, after I don't know how many years, somebody said, "Well the Chamber of Commerce is a more dignified name than Commercial Club." Vashon Island went through that a few years ago. It was the Vashon Business Association, the VBA. And then all of a sudden

somebody said, "No, it should be the Vashon Chamber of Commerce. " So, now it's the Vashon Chamber of Commerce.

Pat: How did you promote West Seattle back then? What were the positive features that you promoted the businesses of West Seattle? How did you do that, do you remember?

Dr. Eastly: We stayed in business! We talked about competition and we talked about pricing and all the rest. And then all of a sudden, I don't remember when it was, but price fixing became illegal, a Federal crime. But for years, everybody knew what everybody else was going to charge. And that worked pretty well.

JonLee: And Leonard Vann, when I talked to him yesterday, he said the reason *they* stayed in business, they believed in good service, good food, inexpensive. Said they had the best breaded veal cutlets in the city. And he said, "We believed in cleanliness." He said, "Our bathrooms were clean." He said, "My dad always taught me, you keep the bathrooms clean, that's the mark of a good restaurant. You start there, if you know they're clean for the public you know the rest of the restaurant is."

Dr. Eastly: And it's the only place in the Junction that you can go to the bathroom. We decided that we ought to make it more convenient and more, nicer to have a public bathroom, bigger and better than the Vann Brother's Restaurant. And so, we got the City and the Park Department and everybody kicked in a little, and free help and all the rest. And we built an absolutely palatial john right there where the busses, those bus shelters, there behind Mort's Drug

Store? Right there on that corner. The fire station was there, where the lot is.

JonLee: And The Pickwick Tavern is across the street.

Dr. Eastly: And the Pickwick Tavern is across the street. But that building was probably twelve by fourteen or twelve by sixteen. It had a men's and a women's john in it. Everything was perfect, a public bathroom. And the Park Department was going to maintain it. All sweetness and light. Now, everybody if they needed to go to the toilet and if they were a guy they didn't have to find a bush some place. And [pause] we thought we were really doing a great service to West Seattle. Well, it lasted about six months. It lasted one week. And the women's john was completely gutted. Vandalized to the point where it took a fortune to repair, which we did. There wasn't a month after that the women's john was vandalized again, and completely destroyed, but this time they went over into the men's side. And the Park Department said, "Hey! At this rate there is no way in hell we can ever, ever maintain bathroom facilities at the West Seattle Junction. " So they tore it down.

Pat: And the businesses raised the money to--

Dr. Eastly: Well, with the Park Department's land and all the other stuff that you know, the Commercial Club, you bet.

JonLee: You know Dr. Eastly, I think that this is a lot today, and so I want to thank you.

Dr. Eastly: You mean, you gotta leave.

JonLee: I want to come back, but not till noon one day. I think this is a lot.

Dr. Eastly: You gonna stay for lunch?

JonLee: I don't know, what are you having?

Dr. Eastly: I don't know, what do you want?

JonLee: We can go out. But I want to thank you very much.

Dr. Eastly: Oh, we're done.

JonLee: For the moment. Can we come back? You've been talking about two and a half hours and I never do interviews that long because people kind of wind down and I want you to think about other stories. Or do you want to keep going?

Dr. Eastly: You got six weeks? You got six weeks I can tell you something else that's the matter with me.

JonLee: I'm young, so I've got six weeks.

Dr. Eastly: All right. Well, I'm young too and I'm not ever going to get old. No, if I ever think that I'm old and think that somebody is thinking about putting me in an old folks home, I'm gonna take a lead pill. I mean there's no problem with me in that regard. [tape stops]

End of interview.