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

Ask about
“Collected Newsletters: Volume Twenty-Eight.”
after breath while confronting a strong possi- bility of death.

Being aware of the hurtful circum- stances within which the family was tangled when the letters were written, we anticipated that some deeply emotional moments were likely threaded through them. But knowing for certain would require translating the let- ters’ cursive script from Italian to English. For that we’d need the assistance of individu- als literate in both languages and specifically literate in the form of Italian spoken and writ- ten in the geopolitical region the Prestini fami- ly originally called home — the village of Besano, located in the Province of Varese, itself located on the western edge of the Lom- bardy administrative district of northwestern Italy. The objective of the translation would be to extract the original meanings from Luigi and Caterina’s written words, and then recast the essence of those meanings in a way Eng- lish speakers could appreciate.

This suggests that translating from one language into another is so much more than simple word substitution. It’s an act of creative composition. In this case it was ac- complished by three knowledgeable individu- als working collaboratively — New York’s John and Angela Barbieri, and Philadelphia’s Christina Percoco. After seeing the translated text, our suspicion regarding the expected tone of the letters seems largely confirmed.

Our assumption has been that the Prestini’s — Luigi and Caterina — were not well educated in the formal sense. The eco- nomics of small-town Italy during the era in which they were schooled made primary edu- cation beyond the most basic a luxury. How- ever, after reading the translations our impres- sion is that there’s an innate intelligence evi- dent in both of the letter writers. Though their formal education may have been limited, they seem to have made the most of it, and then endeavored to continue their education on their own.

As a practical matter, if you wanted to communicate over any distance in late 19th century Italy (and most everywhere else, for that matter), you had to write — or have someone write for you. And as most any struggling writer will confirm, clarity is a skill that tends to improve with practice. Looking at their compositions, our translators conclud- ed that both Luigi and Caterina — but espe- cially Caterina — were well practiced in the art of stringing written words into meaningful sentences. And on top of that, both were good

Opening Date for Lewis & Clark Sanatorium Found  — date adds another layer of puzzlement to sanatorium story —  

In the first part of this article (issue #99), we noted that we had yet to find an opening date for the medical facility to which four of the Prestini letters were addressed. Since then the following short announcement was located in the March, 1917, issue of The Modern Hospital — at that time a national monthly magazine with editorial offices in Chicago, and publishing facilities in St. Louis, Missouri.

The announcement read …

“The Lewis and Clark Sanatorium was opened at W. 2404 Second Avenue, Spokane, Wash., in February, by Drs. N. L. DeLong and Lucy Maurer. Dr. DeLong is a graduate of medical colleges in Philadelphia, Pa., and Naubeim, Germany. Dr. Maurer received her medical education at Ann Arbor, Mich. The new institution will accommodate 35 patients.”

An online search for further information regarding Dr. N. L. DeLong and Dr. Lucy Maurer proved unproductive. We’ll continue to check on this going forward.

… the second envelope …

Dated “26-2-19” — February 26th, 1919 — this letter was again written with ink, but this time on one side of a ten inch by eight inch piece of lined though much lower quality writing paper.

“My dear husband,  

“Pardon my saying, but you know very well my personality. I can’t find peace, day or night. I beg you, if you can, to write a few lines on a white piece of paper on how you are. I embrace you dearly together with the children.

“Your Caterina.  

“If you don’t wish that I write to you, let me know, and I will stop.  

“Be strong. Everything will pass.  

“Goodbye.”

We don’t know when Luigi first en- tered the Lewis & Clark Sanatorium, but ex- pect it wasn’t too long before Caterina sent him the following letter.

This letter’s envelope contained three pieces of paper. One appeared to be a receipt written on a physician’s prescription pad, an- other appears to be a physician’s address writ- ten on the back of a bank slip. Neither were original to the letter, or added later for safekeeping. Scans of both can be found in part one of this article (Mortarboard #99, page 1305), along with a discussion of their possible signifi- cance.

… the first envelope …


“My dear husband,  

“… the first envelope …

Opening Date for Lewis & Clark Sanatorium Found  — date adds another layer of puzzlement to sanatorium story —  

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Christina Percoco.

at writing in a formal form of cursive that also requires practice — though once again, Cateri- na was especially good. Which is to say that Christina’s composition, as well as her hand- writing, appears generally crisp, Luigi’s less so. As to what degree Luigi’s physical condi- tion at the time his letters were written may have played into that, we can’t really say.

The six letters, both Caterina’s and Luigi’s, were all posted in duplicate envelopes — envelopes similar enough to suggest that all were from the same company, if not the same box. Each is six inches wide by four and a half high. The shapes of the sealing flaps are all the same. All have a return address written on the back flap — those from Caterina to be returned to Box 154, Clayton, those from Lui- gi to be returned to what we believe to have been his brother Ferdinando's address, East 316 Sprague, Spokane.

All the envelopes, and the letters they contain, are naturally aged to something of a sepia tone — just as one would expect for cor- responding posted nearly a hundred years ago. Our intent going forward is to file these materials inside archival plastic sleeves, hope- fully preserving them for many more years. The only editorial changes made to the translations received from our volunteer translators has been the occasional addition of punctuation and paragraph indentations — and this only when it appears as if such would make the translations easier to understand. Anywhere notations or further discussions have been added to the stream of text, they are separated from the translated text either by parenthesis or by placing the discussions in parentheses. These inclusions are further differentiated from the text of the let- ters by printing all the translated words in ital- ics, and all the added material in standard typeface.

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him the following letter. This letter’s envelope contained three pieces of paper. One appeared to be a receipt written on a physician’s prescription pad, an- other appears to be a physician’s address writ- ten on the back of a bank deposit form. It’s not clear whether these items were original to the letter, or added later for safekeeping. Scans of both can be found in part one of this article (Mortarboard #99, page 1305), along with a discussion of their possible signifi- cance.

Caterina’s letter — actually just a short note — was penned in ink, with a discussion of their possible signifi- cance. Caterina’s letter — actually just a short note — was penned in ink, with a discussion of their possible signifi- cance.
eight by ten inch sheet of common lined writing paper, is dated "March 3rd, 1919."

"My dear husband,

"It is a short time since I have been there, but I thought of writing often. This way the time will seem shorter. What are your thoughts? I am sorry if on Saturday I didn’t bring you the valise. I saw that you got upset and you received me a little cold, but Fred (Ferdinando Prestini, Luigi’s brother) had just arrived. He always has something to do below, I was waiting and at that moment heard the wagon. He had to run out to stop it. (We’re assuming this occurred while Caterina was staying at Ferdinando’s Spokane residence) and that the “wagon” referred to was some kind of public transportation. We know Ferdinando’s address since it was written on the back of Luigi’s two envelopes to Caterina.) Giovannina (Ferdinando’s wife) called me in a hurry, because I was in the other room. I had the valise ready in the kitchen and in the confusion I forgot it.

"You will know better this time to let the barber visit. This way he can do your hair. It is too much work for you to even shave. When you have less it’s not so bad. Give the dirty clothes to them and when I come there I will wash them there. Remember that the underwear and the undershirt are in a paper bag there.

"How are you now? The head still hurt? Have patience if the pain doesn’t advance I don’t think you will have to stay there until you are fully cured. Make sacrifices … Caterina’s scripting moves from the front of the paper to the back at this point. Upside-down in the top margin of the back page, she adds the apologetic notation “… the fourth envelope …"

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society Newsletter
Issue #100 — August — 2010

Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society Newsletter
Issue #100 — August — 2010

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"My dear husband,

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Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society Newsletter
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"Dear wife,

"I reply to your letter, received with great pleasure, hoping that it will find you in good health together with the children.

Leno had turned 13 on February 4th, 1919, and Battista would be turning 15 on the 24th of September.

Regarding my headache, I always have it very strong like Saturday night. I had it all night till Sunday morning, then they gave me a powder to drink and then it went away.

When you married me, and on Saturday, I weighed 131 lbs. Sunday instead only 130½, went down only ½ lb. Like ants before, I still feel them. The headache is my company. I don’t have too much appetite to eat. I don’t write this to make you feel sad nor to hide it. I am here in the other room in this house farther than you to write about it and tell you how I am. Nobody would believe that I am sick. I look better in the face because I look fat and have beautiful color. But below, I know how I feel.

"Don’t despair dear wife, at present I can’t console you regarding any improvement. I myself breathe day and night always with the hope to feel better someday. I don’t pretend to be cured, but at least have a little improvement. To be able to write to you and give you courage together with the children. Who knows what will happen to you in the future. But as soon as I start to feel better, I will immediately write to you.

"Yesterday the doctor came. He told me that I don’t look any more like the men of before. He didn’t say anything else. He will return again Sunday to see me.

"They see me with a good color and a weight gain, but very beautiful color fools everybody, and who suffers is me poor dog. Believe poor wife, I write to you exactly how I feel. Writing how I am is better than when you feel how I am. Sometimes, I am here, sometimes I am not. Here I can’t talk you how I want to. Write to me whenever you want to and I will respond right away. And I will tell you the truth on how I feel.

"I don’t have anything else to tell you at the moment. I send you a kiss together with
The fifth envelope contains three sheets of paper. The first, Caterina’s letter to Luigi, is written on both sides of a lined, eight inch wide by ten inches high sheet of common writing paper. The second, signed either N. Seal or N. Leal, is on one side of a five and a half inch by eight inch lined paper. And the last, with a few scribbles in pencil on an otherwise blank, unlined surface, is a five and a half inch by eight inch piece of paper torn from a larger sheet. The only words scribbled on this otherwise blank sheet — in English and without punctuation — are “Spokane March 5 1919.”

As regards the above noted piece of mostly blank paper, our current assumption is that it was either intended as writing paper for Luigi, or was a scrap of some sort that found its way into the envelope in the intervening years. Whichever, the whereabouts of the other half of the torn paper is clarified when discussing the contents of the sixth envelope. The letter that was included in this second missive — the one signed either N. Seal or N. Leal — is outlined after the conclusion of Caterina’s message.

Like Luigi’s letter from the fourth envelope, Caterina’s missive in this fifth envelope was dated March 6th. Although Caterina’s letter appears to be a reply to Luigi’s letter of the same day, if we assume the dates attached to both letters are correct, that seems problematic — unless, of course, Caterina obtained Luigi’s letter the same day it was postmarked, and then replied immediately.

While considering the above, we can’t rule out the possibility that Caterina was replying to one of Luigi’s letters posted prior to March 6th, and since lost.

As noted before, of all the letters, Luigi’s missive of March 6th is inside the only envelope with a legible postmark. Therefore it’s the only one we can reasonably confirm as having been sent the same day the letter inside was dated.

It’s something of a puzzle. Though, considering that all the letters Luigi and Caterina exchanged were dated in the upper margin, most certainly not as large a puzzle as we could have been left with if those dates had not been applied by the writers.

And here, dated “3-6-19” — March 6th, 1919 — is Caterina’s last letter.

“My dear husband,

“I am quickly replying to your letter, which was received with much pleasure. By eight o’clock comfort, it might give the pleasure of feeling close to you. Tell me, do you always have strong and continuous pain? I am sorry to hear that you always have the headache. Maybe it is because you are always in bed. Can you stay up a little bit after you have eaten?

“I beg you not to be taken by doubt. You should try to act as if not ill. I will write to you more often. If I would know that it wouldn’t annoy you, I would even write to you every day. Receiving a letter is as if you are here.

“Be strong. I believe the pain that you must feel, and that I would willingly carry your pain if I could take it away a little. But that is impossible my dear husband. I am unfortunately convinced that it will take a long time, and therefore you can’t give up.

“There are illnesses that last for years and then get cured.

“Again I beg you to be strong. It is worth more than anything. Don’t try to think of anything else other than getting better. There is a remedy for everything.

“The suffering aside, and taking into consideration our meager circumstances, we could still help you in some way. We don’t have anything else to write.

“Wishing you a speedy recovery followed by a lot of courage, that only us poor people can understand. I leave you, my cordial regards together with my family.

“Yours, N. Seal (or N. Leal).”

Evidence on hand tends to suggest that the Prestini’s were communicating by post with friends and family in Barre, Vermont, and also the old country — as well as others more local. At some point in the future the society may be able to sort this out. But as of now, we’ll have to leave things as is.

The sixth envelope...

This last letter, from Luigi to Caterina, covers two pieces of paper. The first piece is eight and a half by eleven inches, unlined, and covered with Luigi’s second missive, a second, an eight and a half by five and a half inch piece of unlined paper and with the appearance of having been torn from a larger sheet of paper. The second sheet of paper is only a five and a half inch piece of paper torn from a larger sheet. It appears that on this second piece of paper is a continuation of the missive written on the larger piece of paper — such reinforced by the fact that Luigi’s signature appears only at the end of the script on the smaller piece of paper.

And yes. The torn edge of this half sheet matches the torn edge of the nearly blank half sheet found in what we’ve designated the fifth envelope — Caterina’s letter. Like Luigi’s March 6th letter, his March 9th letter appears to be written in pencil. The handwriting between these two letters suggests a few things. For one thing, the handwriting in his first letter appears much more controlled. Part of that is doubtless due to the fact that the March 6th letter was written on lined paper — therefore the size of the scripting was controlled. And also on the fact that it appears to have been written using a pencil containing a fairly hard graphite. The March 9th letter was on unlined paper — so the lines directed to a degree, and the size of the lettering was not as contained. It’s also possible that Luigi’s handwriting became progressively worse in both letters as the missives
continue. While that’s not uncommon in longer cursive letters, we can’t rule out the possibility that the growing weariness of his deteriorating condition is showing.

That said, what follows—dated “5-9-19”—March 9, 1919—is a translation of what we currently believe to have been Luigi Prestini’s last recorded words.

“My dear wife,

I am happy of what Legrezia (assumed to be same Legrezia mentioned in Caterina’s March 6th letter, though spelled somewhat differently) wrote to you, not everybody hates me. There are also others that love me. I have that as soon as we find ourselves out of danger. See what is better for you. See if you want to leave Battista or not in the house because Carlo has school, etc.

I repeat again to have courage and don’t be afraid of this letter of mine. I wrote to you the real truth of how things are. I still have to believe it myself.

I am late answering your letter for the reason that I wanted to see what the doctor had to say before.

He came to see me today and asked if I feel better than when I came here. I said the truth that I feel the same as before. Then he said to tell my brother to go to his office at 2.30 today. Then I telephoned my brother, Ferdinando, and told him to go to the doctor, to see what he has to say.

Ferdinando went, then he came back to me at 4 o’clock. He said that the doctor didn’t think it was good for me to remain here to gain weight because the stomach doesn’t improve at all. He showed him facts and said that the operation wouldn’t be difficult.

After I leave here to go to the hospital, I want you to be here. Come as fast as you can. This way I will see if you are also happy, and then to bring me away from here. We will go for the operation. Don’t be scared! I can’t continue to live any longer this way with the stomach ache day and night. If you come, have a good attitude.

The following two paragraphs are a puzzle. We’ve no idea who the below mentioned Carlo or Carlo is. The line “See if you want to leave Battista or not in the house because Carlo has school” almost seems to suggest that Luigi is referencing Leno as Carlo. Be that as it may, currently we’re at a loss to explain it.

Take away from Carlo all the papers of value in the trunk in case of fire or loss.

Because I believe you want to stay for a week to see how the operation will go. You can do whatever you want when I will be out of danger. See what is better for you. See if you want to leave Battista or not in the house because Carlo has school, etc.

“Do as you think best.”

The letter continues, “I repeat again, don’t be afraid of this letter of mine. I wrote to you the real truth of how things are. I still have to believe it myself.

“I am happy of what Legrezia (assumed to be same Legrezia mentioned in Caterina’s March 6th letter, though spelled somewhat differently) wrote to you, not everybody hates me. There are also others that love me. I have that as soon as we find ourselves feeling better we should go to Legrezia.

“At present I don’t feel bad except of the stomach ache. Now I weigh 135½, but the doctor said that the four pound gain is not enough. The stomach doesn’t improve.

“Come as soon as you can. The sooner you take me away from this place the better; to have to eat like a pig and always watched.

“Ferdinando won’t take me away unless you are here.

“I think that Ferdinando will write to you. I send you kisses together with the children.

“I hope to see you soon.

“Remember to bring the bank book to take out money. Take out three hundred. You will keep it on you. It makes it easier for you when you are here. You will be busy here.

“I repeat again to have courage and don’t cry because I have cried for a month and it didn’t do any good.

“Again, I leave you with a big hug together with the children.

“Always your Luigi.”

This concludes the translations of the six Prestini letters. However, it doesn’t exhaust the small trove of Prestini family postcards and such donated to the society by John and Pat Colliver. Translating all those will doubtless take some time yet.

— end —
and Crawford Street. By 1909 he had sold this business to his father, Louis Olsen, Sr. and moved to Spokane to become secretary and treasurer for the Arcadia Orchard Company. He joined E. N. Robinson, Lloyd Daggett, Allen Hayes, and H. J. McIntyre on the board of trustees and directors of the orchard company. By 1910 Daggett, Hayes and McIntyre had been removed as directors and Robinson and Olsen operated the company alone. In addition to his duties as Secretary of the Arcadia Orchard Company he formed and operated an independent land development business in northern Spokane County.

When the Arcadia Orchard Company moved to Deer Park from Spokane in early 1913 he purchased a large bungalow style house on east Crawford Street and moved his family into it. At this time he and E. N. Robinson purchased his father’s interest in Deer Park’s Olsen Mercantile Company.

In 1912 William Markwich, part owner of the Hotel Olsen sold his interests in it to O. L. Olsen and E. N. Robinson. In a transaction dated January 13, 1913, the Olsen-Robinson Company store, along with the Arcadia Inn restaurant were sold to the Arcadia Orchard Company. The Olsen-Robinson store was renamed the Arcadia Store. By late 1913 Olaf Olsen was one of the leading businessmen in Deer Park. He continued to be secretary-treasurer of the Arcadia Orchard Company as their finances required several reorganizations. Obligations on bonds due the Netherland-American Mortgage Company had not been paid. And the Arcadia Store that the Arcadia Orchards Company had purchased from Olsen and Robinson went out of business in early 1915. Along with all this business involvement, he also was the owner of the Arcadia Chicken Ranch that produced eggs and meat for the Spokane market. During the late teens Olsen became president of the Arcadia Fruit Growers Association, a group promoting the apple industry and Arcadia Orchard apples. In addition he was elected a director of the First State Bank of Deer Park and chairman of the Spokane County Draft Board during the First World War.

In the latter half of the 1910-20 decade, increasing maintenance costs due to hard winters and World War I shipping problems led the Netherland-American Mortgage Company to take tighter control of the Arcadia Orchard Company and the reformed Arcadia Corporation. After 1919 the Mortgage Company took total control of the orchard operation and the officers of the company were essentially salesmen. This continued until the summer of 1925 when the corporation ceased to do business.

By 1914 Olsen became increasingly interested in politics and in the fall of that year he was elected mayor of Deer Park. Two years later he was elected Washington State Representative for the Fourth Legislative district, and was re-elected from 1919 to 1925. In 1925 he was appointed by Washington State Governor Hartley to be the State Director of Business Control and moved to western Washington. He resigned this position in 1941 and was then appointed Superintendent of State Reformatory at Monroe, Washington in which capacity he served until 1945. After this appointment he continued to be associated with other businesses such as the Pacific Paper Board Company of Longview, Washington. He spent several years in California where he lived until 1956 when he moved back to western Washington and Seattle. Olaf Olsen died in Seattle on February 6, 1958.

The house at 728 East Crawford, Deer Park. The Olsen family indicates that Olaf Olsen built this house while other references indicate that it was built by Louis Olsen, Sr.

— Notes —

(2) Page 13 of Fahey’s “Selling the Watered West.”
(3) Historic Resources Inventory, Deer Park, WA., 13th entry.
(4) Deer Park Union, April 19, 1912.
(5) Deer Park Union, January 24, 1913.
(6) Deer Park Union, April 9, 1915.
(7) Page 45 of Fahey’s “Selling the Watered West”.
(8) Page 46, of Fahey’s “Selling the Watered West”.
(9) Deer Park Union, December 11, 1914.
(10) Deer Park Union, November 5, 1916.

— References —

Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

—or—

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

… the Mortarboard’s 100th issue …

Each month since May, 2008, a volunteer editor has pasted together and then printed, stapled, and folded numerous hardcopies of one of these little magazines — these Mortarboards. And, as originally intended, every one of these prior editions remain available online, as well as in paperback format as part of our never-out-of-print Collected Newsletters. But if you think about it, it’s rather remarkable that a proposal was put forward, an experimental format designed around that proposal, and a publishing project undertaken on the basis of that proposition that is still — almost a decade later — working much as originally intended.

… 76 years to Mars …

In September, 1951, your current editor began the first grade at Clayton. At that point, the not quite as old as now school housed the 1st through 8th grades — its unaccredited high school having been discontinued just before the beginning of the 1939 school year.

In 1955 — just a few days after the beginning of your editor’s fifth school year — Consolidated School District #414 stated its intention to rearrange things — to send all of Clayton’s 7th and 8th graders to Deer Park, and then bus a selection of Deer Park’s 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th graders to Clayton. Reportedly the reason for doing so was to eliminate Clayton’s longstanding practice of doubling up the classes — 1st and 2nd grades together, 3rd and 4th together, and so on as deemed practical.

But for those of us who thought of Clayton as our neighborhood school — and therefore had long expected to go there through the 8th grade — this didn’t settle well.

Dear Park, the schoolboard requested that parents willing to have their kids bussed to Clayton step forward. Since — according to Deer Park’s Tri-County Tribune — that call for public sacrifice didn’t work out so well, that first year eleven 3rd graders, twelve 4th graders, twenty-one 5th graders, and seventeen 6th graders were drafted by lottery, packed into one or more buses every curricular morning, and shipped north.

This yearly reshuffling apparently continued until the Clayton school was shuttered in the summer of 1973. As to what degree the resentment abated over time, we’d have to ask the community in general.

Note that I said “this … apparently continued.” Even though I was there for the first two years of this primary resorting, what I recall most vividly is just a strong distaste for the way our lives had been upset. To get the story as then seen (and detailed above), I had to shuffle through the back issues of the local paper — the Tribune. Which is to say, I recalled some of the story, but not all — in part because I was still very young and not really paying attention to the why of it all, and in part because that was sixty some years ago. And even though the local paper was somewhat notorious for getting its facts twisted (and being an editor and publisher now my self, I only have sympathy for how easily that can happen), it was remarkably better than my well-worn memory at getting things right.

This is to say, the funny thing about our memories — especially the vintage kind your editor deals with most every day — is that they’re a lot less reliable than most people think.

The truth is, humans prefer that the recollections they recreate inside their heads be complete. Due to that preference, if we only have part of a recollection, we’re more than capable of filling in the rest of the picture from the deep well of our imagination. In fact, we’re psychologically compelled to do so. The problem begins when we forget which parts of our reconstructed memories are real, and which are fictions invented to fill in the blanks. Or better yet, fragments of other memories borrowed because they fit so comfortably inside our current model of the truth.

As noted, there’s a scientific underpinning for this phenomena. Filtering through all the jargon, what it seems to suggest is that our memories should be approached with a reasonable expectation of unreliability — especially as regards the specific details.

The term for this is called “suitable qualifier.” It’s not a difficult concept to grasp, but it’s not how it’s usually defined when everyone’s hind-side, then your editor has to take on the role of “fact-checker” — another incredibly time consuming job small publica-
In attendance: Bill Sebright, Pat Parker, Wally Parker, Marilyn Reilly, Ella Jenkins, Pete Coffin, Lorraine Nord, Don Ball, Betty Deuber, Betty Burdette and Mark Wagner.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported:
1) We received a thank you card from Bill Peterson. They are still located near the Inland Northwest Carosso Club thanking us for a sponsorship in the name of Peter Coffin.
2) He received a phone call and visit from Dennis Nicholas. Dennis is the grandson of Thornton and Dorothy Steele. They lived near the corner of Whittier and Cowan Roads. Dennis’s mother was Nila Steele, next to the oldest of the Steele children. He will be sending more pictures and census information.
3) Pat and Wally Parker and I met with Susan Peterson in the building she bought from the Grove family at N 51 Main Street. It was the home of the Keyes drug store and the Western Auto Hardware store owned by the Adamsons.

Vice President Pete Coffin reported:
1) Ken Westby and I have finished with our Mortarboard paper on the Electric Service Station, now Erick’s Realty Office. Editor Parker will be given a copy during the July meeting.
2) Mike Reiter read a review copy of “A Hole in the Bottom of Deer Lake” and has given a book to the Deer Lake Home Owners’ Association about the possibility of the story being an urban myth and gave me the name and phone number of Mike Phillips, a past chairman of the group. Mr. Phillips is an amateur historian and a source of much information about Deer Lake. He confirms that the story is not an urban myth. I sent him a copy of the paper for his comments.

Print editor Wally Parker reported:
1) A total of 150 copies of the July Mortarboard (#99) have been printed for distribution, and the online version has been submitted for posting. This issue features the first part of a two-part article detailing the translation of the six Prestini letters donated to the society in 2011. This issue also features an article relating Mike Reiter’s search for distribution, and the online version has been submitted for posting. This issue features the first part of a two-part article detailing the translation of the six Prestini letters donated to the society in 2011. This issue also features an article relating Mike Reiter’s search for distribution, and the online version has been submitted for posting. This issue features the first part of a two-part article detailing the translation of the six Prestini letters donated to the society in 2011. This issue also features an article relating Mike Reiter’s search for distribution, and the online version has been submitted for posting.

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported: The July Mortarboard is on the Website.
format is getting easier to work with.

Penny Hutten reported that the West-erners do not meet in July and August, but have 2 tours planned. 1. On Thursday, July 21 Inland Empire Tours will be giving a tour called “Molly B Damn, Crystal Gold Mine, Kellogg staff Museum, Mining ghost Towns.” Price is $84. 2. On Saturday, August 27 the tour will be guided by Ron Anglin, au-thor of “Forgotten Trails, Historical Sources of the Columbia’s Big Bend Country.” Price is $99. For information and reservations call (509) 747-1335.

As mentioned in Bill’s report above the Parkers and Bill met with Susan Peterson. We looked at the advertising curtain now “owned” by the Society. The curtain will stay where it is unless the building is no longer used as an art co-op or community center. Susan plans to remove all the lathe and plaster, so the curtain will need to be rolled up and stored during the remodeling. Cleaning and rolling up will have to be a careful process. Susan hopes to get the building on the Historic Registries. Pete Coffin has forwarded many newspaper articles to help in the process. Wally gave particulars about the construction of the curtain and the cautions and care that needs to be exercised when handling and stor-ing the curtain. Don Ball noted the unique construction of the roof of the Olson Building. Wednesday, July 13 will be the 6th and last Brickyard Day Committee planning meeting, 6 PM, at the Real Estate Marketplace. The flyer is done and being distributed. Don’t forget Brickyard Day is July 30 this year.

Betty Burdette said: 1) This year is her DPHS Class of 1946’s 70th reunion. Robert Olson and Doris Welch are also in her class. Call Betty at 276-6709 if you have ques-tions. 2) The Settlers Day meeting is a week from this Monday at the Ambulance Building at 4:30.

The Heritage Network meeting is Monday, July 19 at the Kettle Falls Museum. Next meeting: Saturday, August 13, 2016, at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In. Meeting adjourned at 9:50 AM. The Society meeting minutes sub-mitted by Mark Wagner, acting Secretary.

—the end—

Society Contacts

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

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