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THE
CLAYTON/DEER PARK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Mortarboard

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Part Two of
Tuffy's War: The Alvin "Tuffy" Luhr Story

— told by Tuffy Luhr —
— written by Wally Lee Parker —

... a bigger airplane ...

"I married Marjorie Kathryn Johnson in August of 1940. She was born in Deer Park, and lived there until she graduated from Deer Park High as valedictorian in 1939. She went on to attend Kel-

sey Baird Business College in Spokane. We were married for 67 years — until she passed away in 2007.

"About a month before we got married I'd gone in with my brother and a couple of our buddies to buy an airplane — and I don't think Marjorie knew

The Deer Park High School Alumni Dance, May 11th, 1940. Both Tuffy Luhr, Class of 1936, and his soon to be wife, Marjorie Johnson, Class of 1939, attended this dance held in the old high school gymnasium located across Crawford Street from the former high school and current Deer Park City Hall.



Free — Take One

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*Photos from
Tuffy Luhr.*

Tuffy Luhr (L) and Willis Grove (R) with the group's airplane. Both are wearing their service station uniforms. Note the headlight attached to the strut — just in case a night landing was required.

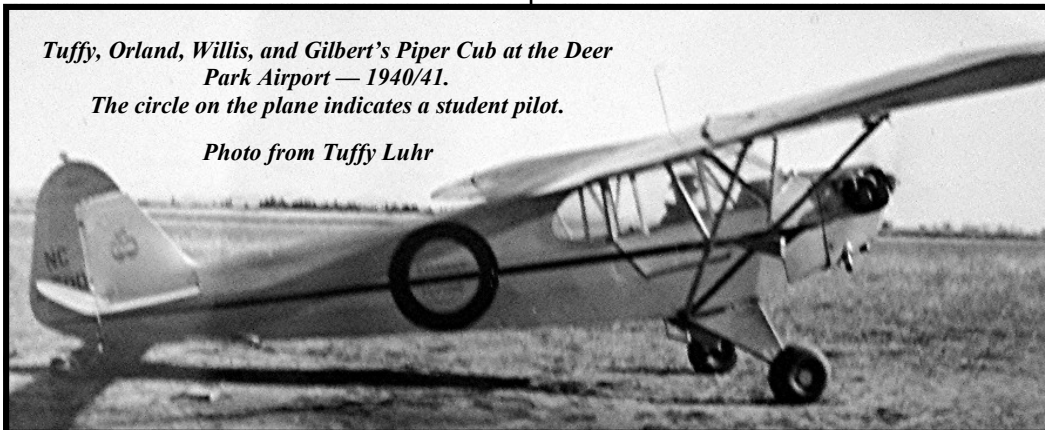
about it. At least I hadn't told her.

"For some reason Marjorie and me were out at the airport when one of the boys was practicing landings. At that time the airport was just a grass strip running on the south side of the Deer Park/Milan Road. I was watching, thinking he was getting about half a ground-spin coming down. Someone yelled, "Don't do that" at him. I said to my brand new wife, "And I hope he doesn't do it either — 'cause that's our airplane." I think that was the first she knew about it.

"Deer Park had a good airfield, though we had to mow the weeds down to use it.

"There were four of us — me, my brother Orland, Gilbert Schranger, and a kid who worked at my service station — Willis Grove. We paid 500 or 600 dollars for a forty horsepower Piper Cub.

"The Cub was about as simple as you could get for an airplane. Fabric over a wooden frame, I think the whole thing weighed in at about 700 pounds. You steered by a stick coming up between your legs, and a set of stirrups for your feet. It was a two place, with tandem seats — one in front of the other. You could fly from either seat — though you had to fly from the backseat when you were alone to balance the weight. It had brakes, which no



*Tuffy, Orland, Willis, and Gilbert's Piper Cub at the Deer
Park Airport — 1940/41.*

The circle on the plane indicates a student pilot.

Photo from Tuffy Luhr

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one used. Those were activated by a pedal coming out from under the seats and rubber bladders inside the wheels pushing blocks of wood out against the drums. The fuel tank was under the cowling — just in front of the windshield. The fuel gauge was a metal rod sticking up through the cowling. On the other end of the rod, sitting in the tank, was a float. As the fuel level dropped, the rod would slide down into the tank. Watching through the windshield as the rod disappear — that's how you estimated how much fuel you had left.

“We hired a flight instructor from Felts Field in Spokane to teach us — I can't remember his name. Since he had to drive out from Spokane, he charged three, or maybe it was three and a half dollar an hour. That was a lot. But everybody got their pilot's license.

“Orland and Willis ended up in the Army Air Corp. Gilbert I'm not sure of. He was working in the sawmill's box factory — everybody worked in the box factory to start. I just can't recall anything other than the fact that Gilbert was there. And as for me, I ended up flying a military version of a Piper Cub over a battlefield in Europe for about five hours. But more about that later.

“After we bought our plane, four more guys from the Deer Park mill pooled their money to buy a second Piper — so we had two airplanes at the field. One guy was named Potter, and another was Danny Johnson. That's all I remember about them.

“I know the military was short on pilots — and everybody knew there was a war coming — but that wasn't the reason we were taking up flying. It was just for the fun.

“I did get acquainted with Dwight Calkins

when we were students at Pullman. Just a few days before the beginning of the war, in '41, his family opened Calkins Air Terminal — that was a big civilian airfield extended north and west from the corner of Francis and Division in Spokane. I think the airfield disappeared in the late 1950s — I'm just not sure.

“It's probable that Dwight was already flying when he was attending Pullman. I know his dad was already flying then. And Dwight's brother, Pete, might have been too.

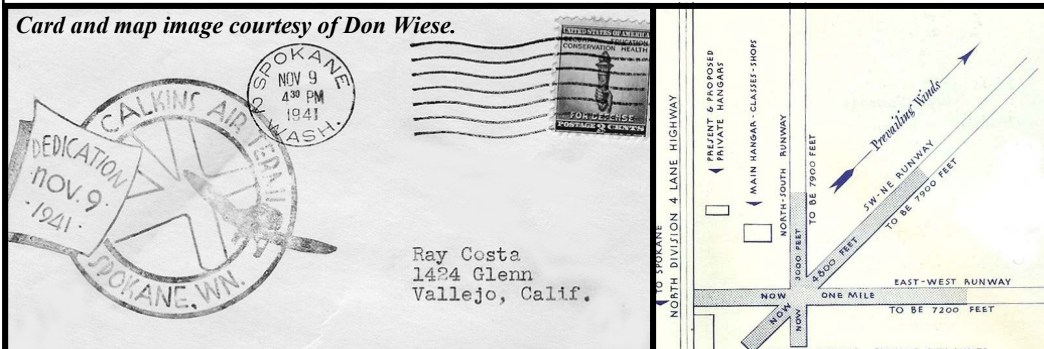
“Dwight's dad had started out in farm machinery — building and selling farm equipment. When the family opened the airfield, they had a regular aircraft machine shop and maintenance hanger there.

“I think I was still in school when the Civilian Pilot Training Program started up. I recall that there was quite a write-up in the Pullman paper about how they were gonna get a small plane. That particular plane was flown from the front seat — something we hadn't seen in a small aircraft before. But I'm just not sure what influence being around Dwight and all the rest might have had with me wanting to fly.

“As for the Piper, its top speed was supposed to be about sixty miles an hour — but we always said it had a built-in headwind. The Cub was about as close as you could get to the beginning of airplane flight.

“If any of us stayed out too late and came back to the airfield after dark, our usual procedure was to buzz our gas station at Main and Second in downtown Deer Park. We'd just circle the station until somebody noticed us. Everybody knew when

A first day postal cancellation cover and the map from a Calkins Field brochure.



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that happened anybody with a car was supposed to take off for the landing field and line up on each side of the runway so their car's headlamps would light it up.

“At some point we did rig some headlamps to the struts on the plane — just in case.

“When there was a very low overcast — a low ceiling you couldn't see up through — we could fly over the Deer Park sawmill where the smoke and heat rising from the stacks would sometimes cut a hole in the overcast. If it had opened the ceiling up, we could fly through the break and climb into the sunshine.

“One time Orland was spotting deer from the Piper Cub for a bunch of hunters down on the ground. That was over Don Henry's place, about two and a half miles straight south of Clayton. I don't know how Orland was communicating with the ground — we didn't have a two-way radio in the Cub.

“Well, Orland sees a buck in the wood-line just across the road from Henry's place. And he's thinking, ‘By God I'll get this one for myself.’ So he's gonna land in Henry's field, parallel to the road and just inside the power lines.

“He cuts his power, but he's so busy keeping track of his buck that he forgets to watch where the airplane is going. He forgets about the power-lines running in to Don's farm. While he's dropping right down in front of Don's house, the landing gear snags the wires running to the house. The snagged wires yank the plane into a turn, and Orland comes down in Don's garden, barely missing the house.

“Before rolling to a stop he damaged the tip of the propeller by clipping it on a fencepost.

“A couple of minutes later Don Henry comes walking up. After he's sure Orland is okay, he says, ‘How long has it been since you've milked a cow?’ — which Orland thought was a funny question. ‘When your plane snagged the wires loose,’ Henry went on, ‘you knocked out the power to my milking machines. Since it's milking time right now, you can just leave the plane where it is.’ And he meant it.

“Somebody called me, telling me that our plane was down in a field. About an hour later, when I got to the Henry farm, Orland was still in the barn — milking. And since he'd knocked out the electricity for miles around when the line from the house had tore the wires loose from the main power-

poles, all the farmers in the area were likely in the same mood as Don.

“I couldn't tell how badly the propeller, or the rest of the plane for that matter, might be damaged. I contacted our flight instructor at Felts Field. He said he'd grab a spare propeller that'd fit the Piper, and drive out. When he got there we checked the plane over, replaced the damaged prop, and he gave the new prop a spin to get the engine running. There didn't appear to be any problems with the engine or airplane's frame, so the instructor rolled the plane through the garden, over the spud patch, and took off from Don's field — back to Deer Park.

“Orland was always an ‘individual’, and up to trying just about anything — if you know what I mean. He joined the CCC, the Civilian Conservation Corps when he was 15. You were supposed to be 17 for that — so I guess he told them otherwise.

“There was a CCC camp at Nine Mile Falls — in there somewhere. And they were doing work up on Mount Spokane. So I was driving along the road and here comes an Army truck with the back packed full of CCC guys — and my 15-year-old brother was driving it.

“The crews had supervisors, so I guess they felt Orland was up to it.

“When it came to learning how to do things, learning how to run machinery, Orland just seemed to have a knack for picking things up.

“He got into construction. I can't remember what all he did, since I was away from the farm by that time, but I know he worked at Farragut when that was being built. And he put time in on the new airport project — when the WPA, the Work Projects Administration, constructed the new airport in on the north side of the Deer Park/Milan Road.

“Orland graduated from Deer Park, but he didn't go on to college.

“As for me, as soon as I had my pilot's license Marjorie started flying with me. We had lots of fun and took lots of pictures. A funny thing about looking at those pictures — for about two years we had all kinds of pictures of the airplanes. After about two years, the airplanes mostly disappeared from the photos, and the pictures from then on were of babies.

“I got into trouble in a potato patch once. One of the local farmers invited me and the wife out. He said his potatoes had all died back, so if I landed in the patch, it would be nice and smooth. But I

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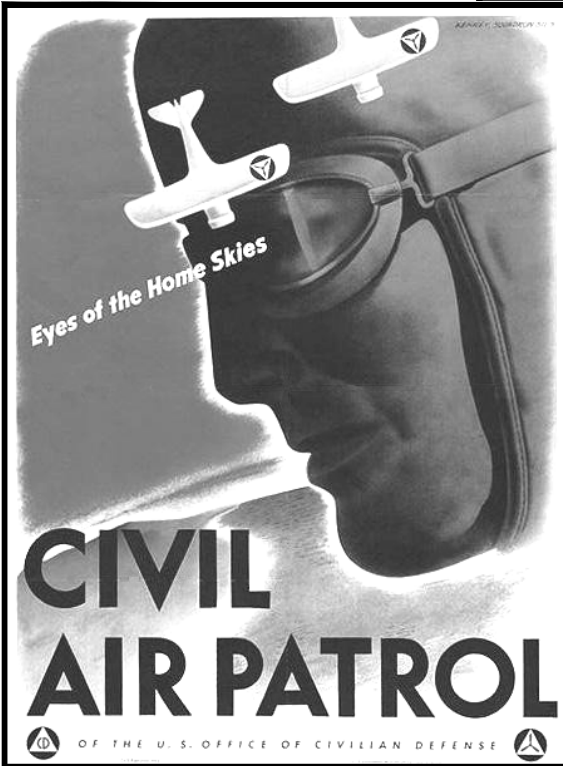
Posters by the U. S. Government Printing Office — World War II era
From the Northwestern University Library collection — Evanston, Illinois — govinfo@northwestern.edu

waited a little too long. When we landed, I discovered that he'd already dug his potatoes, and the field was nothing but ruts and holes.

"Trying to figure a way to get out — I picked out what looked to be a relatively smooth stretch, got some fencepost and put them down in front of the wheels so I could get a little speed in the soft dirt. I got rolling back and forth, and when the Piper got to jumping enough to climb over those poles, I was practically airborne.

"After that, I always made sure I knew what condition the spud patch was in before I landed — so to speak.

"Marjorie and I use to fly down to Coulee Dam every once in awhile — that was back in the construction days. It was a good Sunday morning flight. Trouble was, toward autumn you could start out with a beautiful morning and end up with fog. One time we came home and couldn't see the airport. I was trying to figure out where to land, and I remem-



ber spotting the Deer Park water tower. I thought about trying to estimate where the field was from that, and just going down through the fog, but I flew around a bit first and saw an open patch north of town on the Olsen farm. That's where we landed.

"It wasn't long after World War II started when I got involved with the Civil Air Patrol. Almost immediately after Pearl Harbor all civilian aircraft, except for commercial airlines, were grounded. And all aircraft — all airports — had to be under 24-hour guard.

"We couldn't afford to pay to have our planes guarded around the clock at Deer Park, so we took them to Calkins Field and exchanged them, traded them, for classes in advanced flying — things like long distance and night flying.

"They had quite a training school set up there. They were going day and night. When I was there they had a bunch of boys from Mexico going through flight training. I'm not sure what that was all about.

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“According to wartime regulations, civilian aircraft — private aircraft — could only be flown on official business — at least on the West Coast. The Civil Air Patrol — CAP — was considered an auxiliary of the military, so just about any flying done by the Patrol was considered official. If you wanted to fly on your own — outside of those people still in flight school — you had to join.

“I did a lot of flying for the Patrol. We’d go out and look for people who’d fallen out of aircraft and things like that. Don’t ask me why people would fall out, but in those days a lot of planes had open cockpits. Later on, when I was thinking about going down to Brownsville, Texas, and flying border patrol for the CAP, I bought a four passenger Stenson. I purchased it from the guy that owned Diamond Parking.

“It must have been the summer of 1942 when I was talking to Brownsville. They said they’d pay me for the use of my plane. I’d fly the Mexican border for just three hours a day. And I could take the family down with me, and we could all live on base in military housing. I was getting ready to put a two-way radio in my Stenson — you had to remove one seat to install the radio equipment — and making arrangements with the bank so we could move, when a hurricane drove ashore and tore everything in Texas up. Since the hurricane destroyed quite a few of the smaller planes, Brownsville told me I’d need something bigger — something better able to weather the storms — if I wanted to fly for them.

“I was looking around for something bigger when the Spokane CAP told me I couldn’t go to Brownsville. I wouldn’t be allowed to take my plane out of the Pacific Northwest. They said that if I wanted to fly patrol as a steady job, it’d have to be submarine watch off the west coast.

“They told me I’d have to patrol up and down about twenty miles off-shore — with a bomb under my airplane. If I saw an enemy submarine, I was to radio in, and then I was to try to drop the bomb on the boat. That didn’t bother me, but if I didn’t see an enemy submarine, I was a bit concerned with the thought of having to land at the local airfield with an armed bomb hanging underneath my aircraft.”

The idea of dropping bombs from CAP planes came about when an east coast CAP plane spotted a German submarine stuck on a sandbar. The pilot radioed for a military craft to come and



Poster by the U. S. Government Printing Office — World War II era
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destroy the enemy boat, but by time the military craft arrived, the submarine had floated high enough on the rising tide to escape.

“Many times,” Tuffy reminisced, “while slogging across the European countryside, hands and feet near frozen, I thought about the climate in Brownsville. I thought about how warm it likely was. And how a bigger airplane would have gotten me a job with the Texas Civil Air Patrol — a job that would have counted as my military commitment.

“Orland went in the military early in 1943. He finished his basic flight training at California’s Lemoore Army Flying School in April. Near the end of May he got his silver wings at a ceremony at Luke Field, Arizona. Our folks went down so Mom could pin the wings on. That afternoon Orland married Holly — which seems to have been a surprise.

“I’m not positive, but I think Orland met Holly at a USO back at Lemoore.

“Orland stayed on at Luke Field as a flight instructor. In December he was promoted to Formation Flight Instructor. I think he was a teacher just

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by nature. And he loved flying — which showed.”

January 13, 1944 — the Deer Park Union stated “*Orland Luhr (Berg) called from Phoenix, Arizona, Sunday, and reported that they were all well and working hard. He wanted to know how things were in Clayton and Mrs. Berg told him she certainly was not standing around sweating.*”

In February the newspaper reported that Orland had come home on a 5 day furlough. It stated that Orland had commented that even though he had seen a lot of country since being away, when the war was over he and Holly intended to make their home in Clayton.

Tuffy continued, “Being drafted wasn’t something I expected. In fact, in February of 1944 we bought a pretty good slice of Loon Lake from Mark Peasley. It was about a quarter mile of lake-front along the northeast side, from about where the old ice plant had been, down toward Granite Point. And the land extended a good distance back from the lake, too. We also had four or five lots down closer to the Granite Point Resort — those were right up against Burt Biddle’s place.

“I think we paid \$4,000 dollars, and also threw in a car as part of the deal. The car was a 1940 Studebaker Champion that I’d picked up new from the factory. In fact, I believe I caught my wife with that car. But this was during the war, and good cars were hard to come by.

“We were paying twenty dollars a month on the contract — or the wife would be paying that since I would be away in the army.

“Having kids, two now, and being in the Civil Air Patrol, I hadn’t been drafted right away. The notice came in June, and I only had a few weeks to get ready. That’s when I disposed of my last airplane. I would have had to store it someplace with a twenty-four hour guard — so that didn’t seem to make sense.

“I was sent to basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida. The camp was built right next to a swamp — so part of our job was trying to keep the rattlesnakes out.”

Camp Blanding Military Reservation is located in northern Florida, approximately twenty miles south of the Georgia state line and thirty miles inland from the Atlantic Coast. It was built in 1940. A large military hospital, as well as a German prisoner of war compound, was sited there.

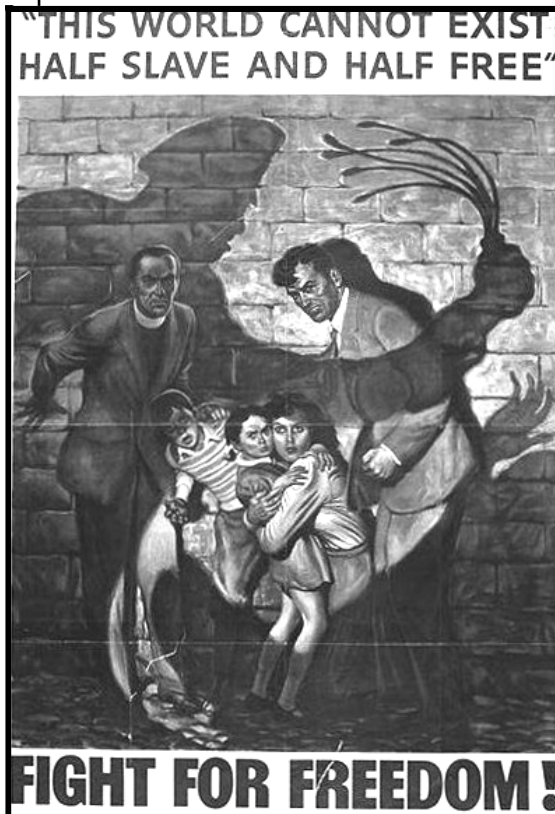
Approximately 800,000 soldiers received all or part of their training at Camp Blanding during the war years.

“Camp Blanding trained replacement personnel for infantry units” Tuffy explained. “Replacements for people who were reassigned, wounded, killed, or whatever. I was training so I could fit into an infantry heavy weapons company. Heavy weapons were things like mortars and machine guns — .30 and .50 caliber machine guns. So wherever I was eventually assigned, I’d be able to operate any weapon they needed me to.

“We were supposed to have 17 weeks of basic training. I was about a month or so into my rotation when I got a telegram from my dad telling me to come home. My brother Orland had crashed. He was dead.”

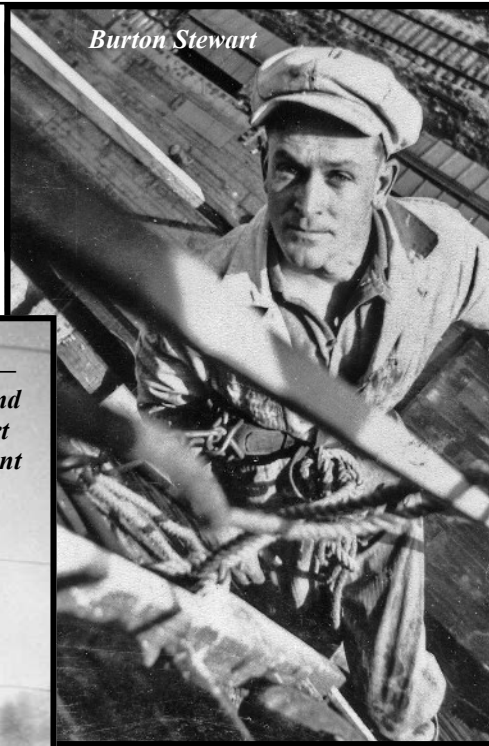
... to be continued in *Mortarboard* issue #11.

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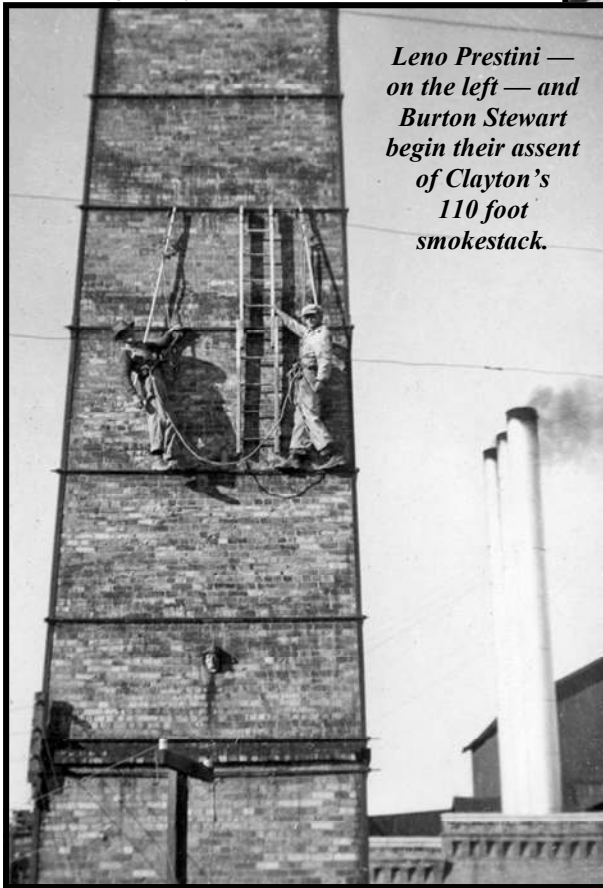
One Last Smoke
Burton Stewart and Leno Prestini's Memorial to the Big Smokestack
at the Clayton Brickyard
— by —
— Charles W. Stewart —

My dad, Burton Stewart, and Leno Prestini first worked together in the terra cotta plant at Washington Brick & Lime in Clayton in the late 1920s and early 1930s. They shared a fierce independence, keen intelligence, mechanical skill, and yen for adventure that made them close friends. Dad had a talent for mechanical design and technology. Leno was the artist and master of the grand scheme. They both were in naturally fine physical condition and used to hard work. These attributes and attitudes, along with lots of spare time during brickyard downtime in the late 1930s, led



Burton Stewart

Photos from the Charles W. Stewart collection.



*Leno Prestini —
on the left — and
Burton Stewart
begin their ascent
of Clayton's
110 foot
smokestack.*

them on such strenuous adventures as expedition skiing, mountain climbing, working a gold claim, and even hard-hat diving. This story focuses on their exploits with the 100-foot tall main smokestack at the Clayton brickyard.

The first one happened in the late 1930's or early 1940s when Dad and Leno decided to climb the big smokestack! It was just for fun — no inspection or maintenance or anything to give it official justification. They liked things that way. To my knowledge neither of them had done any serious technical climbing before, but that didn't inhibit the scheme a bit. They devised a ladder affair to grip the steel bands fixed to

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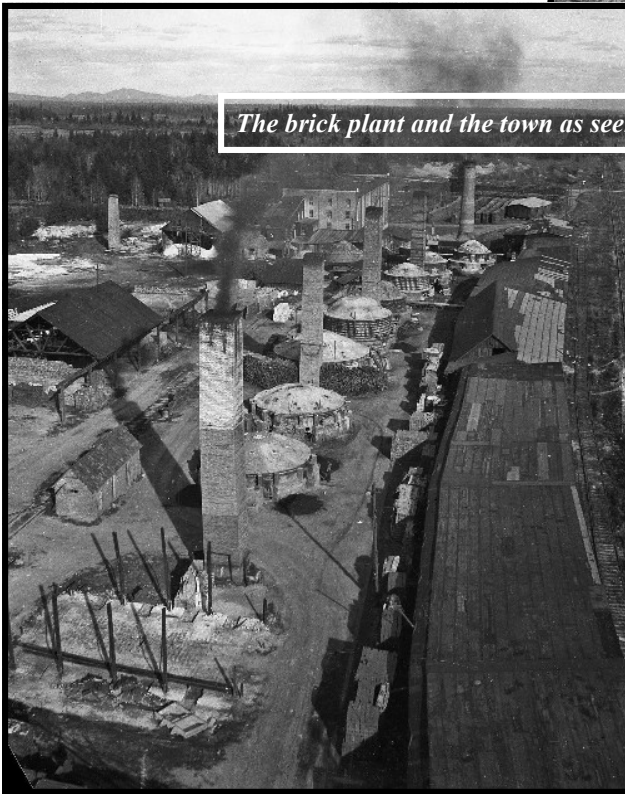
the stack about every 8-10 feet. They used wooden poles with hooks on the end to grab the next band up after climbing up the ladder. To tie themselves in securely they rigged up ropes with fancy knots and leather belts that would do the best rock climber proud. They made it up and down without mishap and were even able to take some pictures on the way. Dad's strained expression in one of them is probably from controlling acrophobia.

Maybe the memories of that climb made the big stack the center of a similar scheme over two decades later. The brick yard had closed down and demolition of the plant began on a snowy March 10, 1961, with the burning of the Terra Cotta building. By mid-April, some of the small chimneys were being pulled down with a cat but the larger ones required explosives. Leno Prestini was the powder man. The date for blasting the big smokestack was set for Monday, April 24.

Leno came over to our place several times to talk with Dad about the situation. They felt that tear-



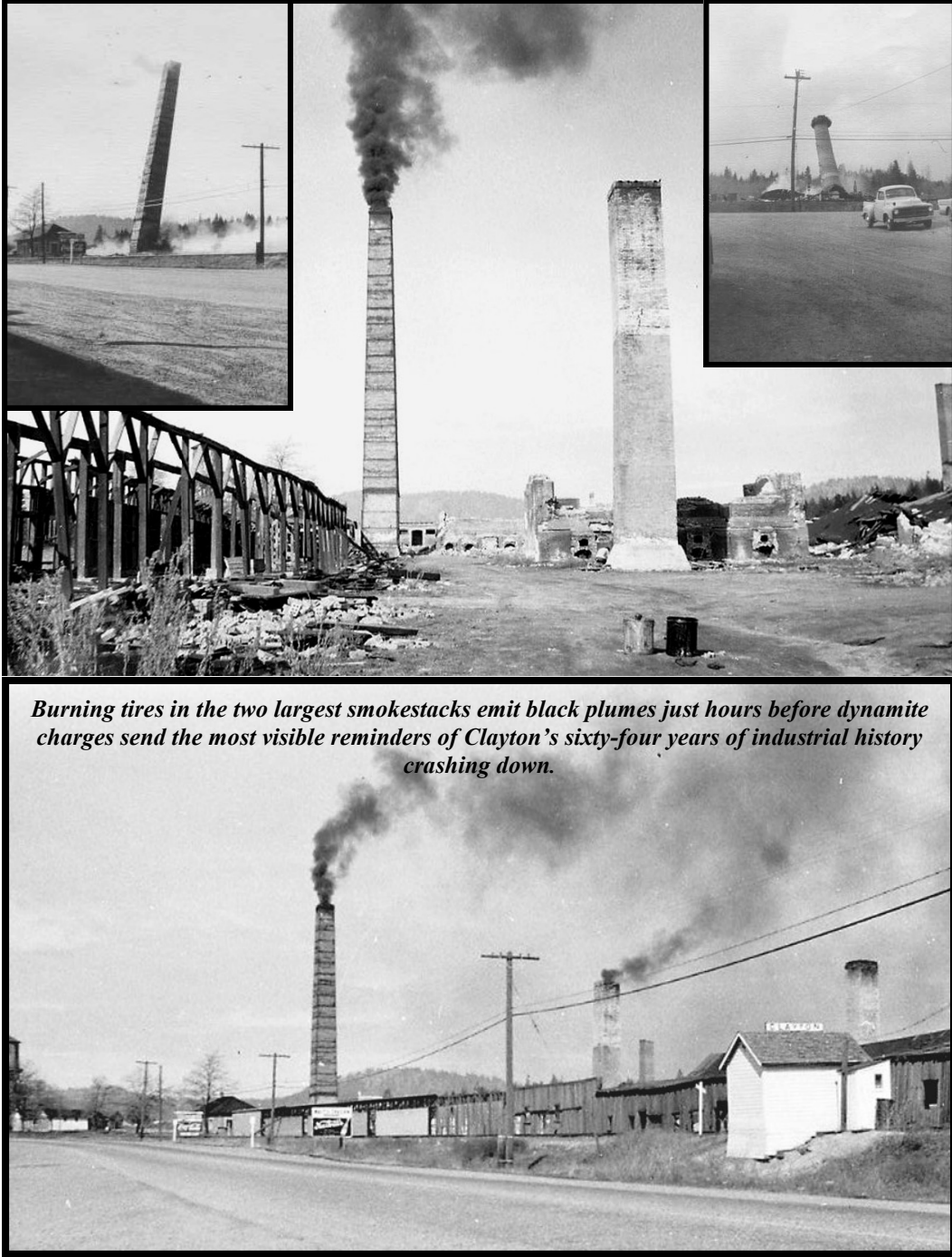
The brick plant and the town as seen from the top of the stack.



ing down the plant was a sad event that should be memorialized by some kind of ceremony. They wanted to remind people how important the brickyard was to Clayton and that the big stack had been its landmark for half a century. They quickly hatched a perfect plan to do just that! On demolition day Dad and Leno piled a stack of old tires inside the base of the big smokestack and set them on fire about mid-morning. Like a cigarette offered to the victim before the firing squad, the big old stack puffed black smoke one last time before being crumpled by the dynamite blast — and were also able to let one of the smaller chimneys have a last smoke while they were at it! (*See photos on the next page.*) By Tuesday, May 2, 1961, the entire brickyard had been demolished and the debris cleaned up.

Photos from the Charles W. Stewart collection.

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Burning tires in the two largest smokestacks emit black plumes just hours before dynamite charges send the most visible reminders of Clayton's sixty-four years of industrial history crashing down.

Large Photos from the Charles W. Stewart collection. Small photos from the Jean Nord collection.

Letters, Email, and Chatter

Please Note:
All comments, corrections, and criticisms printed can and will be edited by the society for clarity, brevity, and — if necessary — content.

Here's an email from Ken Westby regarding the painting found in Deer Park's Zion Lutheran Church — a painting that originally hung in Clayton's Trysil Church before that building, painting and all, was moved to Deer Park and renamed.

"Here's a notation written by my dad in December of 1995 — this in regards to an inquiry by Harry Burgh as to the possible purchase of a gravesite at Zion Hill. He wanted a site near his relatives — Peter C, Selma T, and Marie G. Johnson.

"My father wrote ...

"Harry Burgh is a son of the Mr. Burgh that made the oil painting and frame in the Zion Lutheran Church when it was Trysil Lutheran Church, located east of Clayton. Mrs. Burgh was a sister of Mrs. Peter C. Johnson, and lived in a nice home near them, northeast from Clayton. Mr. Burgh was an architect for the terra cotta department of the Washington Brick & Lime Company for several years."

Ken explained the circumstance of the above note.

"For many years my dad tended the cemetery's books as a responsibility of his position the Trysil/Zion church's cemetery committee. A family plot at the cemetery consists of six gravesites. The P. C. Johnson family had purchased a family plot, but as of 1995 the Johnson family had only used three of the gravesites. The Johnson heirs had moved to California and decided that they did not intend to use the remaining three gravesites. In a letter to Harry Burgh, they indicated their willingness to release these to Harry and family if he was interested, inasmuch as the Burghs were relatives of P. C. Johnson's wife (Selma). That correspondence was duly noted in the cemetery records and the additional notation by Dad regarding the Gethsemane painting was included for clarification."

Although we don't have an exact date, we believe it was sometime around 1910 when the painting in question was done. The painting's story

*Photo by
Bill Sebright*



Jesus In the Garden of Gethsemane

can be found in an article beginning on page 105 of Volume 3 of the *Reports to the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society*. That article, drawn from a personal account written by Herman Johnson in 1986, says ...

"One day Uncle Burgh brought a large canvas and hung it up in the west dormer room he'd added to father's house. In that room, he'd have plenty of light for his oil paintings.

"Putting all his spare time into the work, he painted a picture of Jesus and his disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane. Looking from across the room, walking from side to side, he took his time studying the picture. With brush and colors, it took him a whole year to finish that painting, Mother said.

"When finished, Uncle went to the church and built a large altar. He placed his painting on it. Everyone who saw it complimented Uncle on it. And the painting is still as nice as ever — fulfilling its

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purpose.”

Details about the founding of the church and its subsequent move to Deer Park can be found beginning on page 21 of our *Collected Newsletters Volume One*. Also see Ken Westby’s letter to the society beginning on page 26 of that same booklet.

Regarding the full name of the “Uncle” Burgh in the above exchange, Pete Coffin sent the following ...

“Page 1 of the 13th (1910) Census of the United States for the Clayton Precinct lists Gustavus E. Burgh on line 26. He was 34 years old at the time and had been born in Sweden. He listed his occupation as carpenter/house builder.”

His wife’s name and those of his first two children were also listed, so there’s little doubt that this is our artist.

We received this letter from Valley area artist Sharon “Shane” Wayson. Shane attended a late October (2008) “by invitation only” showing at the Colville Museum of the Stevens County Historical Society’s entire collection of Leno Prestini artwork. This showing was intended to assist in the ongoing Prestini Project.

“It is said that Leno had no formal art training, and with that in mind two aspects of his work stand out for me; his ability to describe depth and form and his expert use of color to add mood and drama to his paintings.

“I can’t help but think his work in the terra cotta business aided him in understanding form and the way light on an object helps to define that form. Describing three-dimensional form on a two-dimensional surface requires the correct use of shading and values and Leno, I would say, was quite accomplished at this.

“It has been said that a painting should be compositionally strong enough, with well executed values, forms, perspective, etc. to be successful when viewed only in a black and white format, and I think his work accomplishes this. However, I also think he was quite adept at his use of color to enhance the mood of his two-dimensional works.

“Another thing which I found fascinating

was how it seems a person can derive something different from his paintings each time they are viewed. I attended the showing in 2002 and came away with entirely different responses to the work between then and now.

“Leno’s paintings seem absorbing and timeless because of his portrayal of “universal topics” which were also obviously very important to him: War and Peace, Unrequited Love and struggles with money.

“Because of his ability to speak visually to these ‘human basics’ and his adeptness artistically, I believe his work will continue to touch many people and hopefully, due to the dedication of those striving to preserve it, will be enjoyed for many more years in the future.”

The society wishes to thank Shane for her comments.

This next conversational thread began when the editor broadcast an email to the Society’s online associates asking if anyone could confirm a link between a teacher at the Clayton school during the 1920s and Clayton’s Washington Brick & Lime terra cotta modeler Cecil Sater.

In response, John C. Henry sent two pages from the 1930 census clearly identifying Anne Sater — a teacher — as Cecil Sater’s wife.

The genesis of all this came from an attempt to gather some background data on the teacher depicted in a Clayton school photo the editor hoped to use in the January issue of the *Mortarboard*. The teacher was identified in the material attached to the photo as Mrs. Sater. Cecil Sater was mentioned in the unpublished memoirs of Battista Prestini — mentioned in a manner that suggested Battista believed Cecil Sater was somehow influential in Leno Prestini’s later interest in painting. This association made the ‘Sater’ name of particular interest.

In response to the ongoing email conversation within the group, we received the following from Society associate Susan Wind-Simpson of Castle Rock, Colorado.

“Of particular interest to me was your mention of Cecil Sater in the Battista Prestini papers. I would very much like to know more about Cecil Sater since his family and Clayton’s Wind family, my family, were very close.

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“Cecil designed some pottery items that we still have in our family, and gave some paintings to my grandparents. Cecil’s son, Al Sater, lived with my dad and family when they first moved to California in the early 1930s. Bob Sater — another son who lived in the Los Angeles area — visited us in Pasadena when I was just a kid. I remember him somewhat. After the death of my grandmother in 1969, my grandfather and my dad decided to return Cecil’s paintings to the Sater family. Bob came and picked them up.

“Anyway, that was a long way of asking if you could send me any information about Cecil Sater and his family as mentioned in the Prestini papers.”

The editor sent the following to Susan.

“The Battista Papers are a set of notes — hand written in pencil on lined writing paper — that Battista recorded as a memoir regarding his brother’s life and the working of Clayton’s terracotta factory. The papers were kept in a loose leaf binder at the Prestini family museum at Clayton. When Battista died, the family donated all the paintings that no one in the family wanted — and that came out to over sixty of his least pastoral and most controversial paintings — read most interesting — to the Stevens County Historical Society at Colville. They also donated most of the non pictorial objects that were considered of little sentimental value — such as the Battista Papers — to the same.

“So far I’ve only found one reference to Cecil Sater in the papers. It’s in regards to the possible influence that Cecil might have had on Leno’s art.”

Because the papers are proprietary materials — are owned by the Stevens County Historical Society — extensive quotes from the material cannot be given without permission. However, the above note from Susan does suggest that although Leno likely had an intuitive ability to sculpt in clay, as clearly indicated in the quote from the Battista Papers found in Jack Nisbet’s April 25th, 2002, *Inlander* article — “*Leno’s World*”, Clayton in the 1920s and ‘30s was not devoid of artistic influences and people with proven abilities in the arts who might have assisted Leno in developing his inherent artistic abilities.

We’ve identified at least two accomplished painters who lived in the Clayton/Deer Park area during Leno’s artistically formative years. One

would be the above mentioned Cecil Sater, and another would likely have been Doctor H. H. Slater.

An article appearing in the *Deer Park Union* sometime in the early 1940’s — exact date not yet determined — stated that Doctor Slater, while stationed in Europe during World War I, visited a number of art galleries in Florence, Italy, and was so influenced that he took up painting. The *Union* article states that he became “*a skillful painter*” in his later years.

Since Doctor Slater began practice in Deer Park in 1892, and left the area in 1942, it’s probable Leno was at least acquainted to some degree with the doctor — and most probably his paintings. As to how much further that ‘acquaintance’ might have gone — in so far as discussing sketching, painting, and artistic techniques in general — we cannot say, and such would just be a matter of speculation.

A third possibility, though remote, is the gentleman referred to as Uncle Burgh in the first entry in this month’s letters column. ‘Uncle’ left the area to “*take over as supervisor of a new (Washington Brick & Lime) brick plant*” in Moscow, Idaho. The impression given is that Gustavus E. Burgh left around 1915.

Though Leno would have been living in Clayton by that time, he would have only been about nine or ten years old. What Gustavus Burgh did leave behind was a painting — an integral part of the altar at Clayton’s Trysil Church. Even though Leno was raised Catholic, at some point it’s likely that he saw the painting — which can currently be found in Deer Park’s Zion Church, and appears to be an extremely well done piece.

Regarding Leno Prestini, we have received written permission from Cathy L. Johnson, the recognized family representative of the Leno and Battista Prestini legacy, to use the images of Leno Prestini’s artwork in our publications. After obtaining permission from any current owner of any Prestini piece, we will now be able to reproduce an image of that piece without worry of possible copyright infringement. This has been an issue of some concern to us.

In a previous telephone conversation, Cathy said that her prime interest, as far as Clayton’s Prestini family is concern, is to insure that knowl-

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edge of the family's history and of Leno's artwork is preserved in a manner that insures its place as an important part of the region's history. She feels that all serious historians working toward that end should have the ability to use Leno's created images as long as said use is intended to educate the public as to the importance and uniqueness of his art.

Along with her signed consent, Cathy sent the following note to the Society. *"Thank you for your interest and efforts in preserving Leno Prestini's memory and talents. I'm enclosing a check for the historical society to use as needed. I'll keep up with your progress (by checking) your web-site."*

For this coming year we are preparing two articles with significant content related to Leno Prestini's art. And it's always possible that even more such opportunities will present themselves as the year goes on.

Regarding the sidebar on the 1918 pandemic that appeared in Sharon Clark's December *Mortarboard* #8 article, we received a few comments.

Florene Moore wrote ...

"Among my relatives, I know of two who were affected by the influenza pandemic.

"Mont Chadbourne was serving as a conscientious objector at or near Fort Lewis when he became ill. He did recover.

"Irene Curtis-Eickmeyer — Deer Park's first postmistress (1893-1904) — was living in Chewelah in 1918. Family legend says that Irene was heartbroken over the death of her youngest son, Glen — Glen died at age five in 1916. Someone had said that Glen couldn't go to Heaven because he wasn't baptized. Apparently Irene was still grieving when the influenza came. She died December 11th, 1918 — survived by her husband, Will, her son Eugene, age 13, and daughters, Flora, age 12 and Zora, age 10."

Society member Pete Coffin wrote ...

"The pandemic did strike in Clayton. Monte Carr told me that some of his father's brothers died of the flu in the late teens. The flu struck those with a strong immune system response. Young adults have that response and are more likely to come in contact with the infection so they suffered

more than the older people."

Ken Westby added ...

"My mother was about 10 when the flu hit Deer Park and, like many, she nearly died from it."

Current plans call for the story of Clayton's 2nd Lieutenant Orland Luhr's fatal crash while serving as an Army Air Force flight instructor to be published in next month's *Mortarboard*. While attempting to find aircraft photos to illustrate the upcoming article, the author contacted Trey Brandt, a military aviation historian and writer who hosts a website called www.aircraftarcheology.com. Trey specializes in documenting the crashes of military aircraft throughout the southwestern states, and has visited and surveyed over 250 such sites himself. Since he has extensive memorabilia regarding Orland's assigned base — Luke Field, Arizona — the editor contacted him regarding the possibility of using one of his photos of an AT-6 trainer — the type of aircraft Orland was flying when he died.

Trey responded by saying, *"I am very familiar with the crash you are referencing. I would be happy to provide a photo of a Luke Field AT-6. In fact, I can do better than that. I just visited Lt. Luhr's crash site last week. It is very remote — quite a difficult climb over a few mountain ridges. This explains why so much of the crash is left — such as the engine, wing, and part of the tail. If you like, I can forward a few photos of the crash site as it looks today."*

An outline of Tuffy and Orland's history was emailed in return, and this thought regarding Trey Brandt's generosity in sharing his data with the Society and the community. *"Having gotten to know Mister Luhr over the last year has made this article something very personal for me. Finding out that the wreckage of Orland's plane is still on site, and that you are willing to make your photos of that site available, is just beyond belief."*

Mister Brandt, author of *"Faded Contrails: Last Flights over Arizona"*, will at some point be posting the photos and other details of Orland's crash on his website. For anyone interested in aviation history, it's a site well worth visiting.

Society Minutes — January, 2009

The Society's meeting, held in the Clayton Drive In, was called to order at 09:00 AM. In attendance were Bill Sebright (President), Patricia Parker (Secretary), Wally Parker (Editor — Print Publications), Pete Coffin, Sharon Clark, Marilyn Reilly, Lorraine and Warren Nord, Bob Clouse (Webmaster) and his wife Mary, Mark Wagner (Treasurer), Rob Higgins (Vice President), Betty Burdette, Bob Gibson, Lyle Holcomb, Bob Lemley, Grace Hubal, Don Ball, and Eve du Bois.

Mark Wagner's report on the current status of the Society's finances was given and accepted. Mark also indicated that he was submitting the necessary documentation and funds to renew the Society's papers of incorporation with the State — the State receiving a fee of \$10.00.

On the publications front, Wally reported that the Society has received official permission from the estate of the Prestini family to publish images of any artwork produced by Leno Prestini. This is, of course, dependent on also receiving permission from the current owner of that artwork. The permission was granted by Cathy Johnson, Battista Prestini's granddaughter.

Wally reported that the 'Tuffy's War' article has been broken up into six segments, with the intention of printing one segment in each issue of the *Mortarboard* from January through June.

As regards that article, Wally stated that he has received recently taken photographs of the 1944 Arizona crash site of the aircraft flown by Tuffy Luhr's younger brother, Orland. Those photos, along with the details of the accident, will appear in the segment of 'Tuffy's War' being printed in the March issue of the *Mortarboard*.

The Society has received a photo of Leno Prestini's 1947 painting "The Rural Mail Carrier". This is Leno's interpretation of the horse drawn mail wagon once used by Clayton mailman Charlie Huffman. The photo was taken by Kris Tew, daughter-in-law of the painting's current owner, Shirley Tew of Squamish, Washington. We will be contacting Shirley to obtain further information on this painting's history.

In mid-December *Nostalgia Magazine* requested and received permission to reprint an article from the Society's website. Wally's article, which appears on the website under the title

'*Stepping to the Side: a Dynamite Primer*', was published in *Nostalgia's* January issue under the title '*A Dynamite Way to Clear Land*'. It should be noted that it is customary for editors to re-title articles in whatever manner they feel best for their particular publication — as was done when this article was first published in the *Deer Park Tribune* in September of 2005.

The Society's name was prominently included beneath the author's name in the by-line, as we had requested.

This reprinting occurred as the result of an inquiry Society member Marylyn Reilly sent to *Nostalgia Magazine* regarding a photo they had published. When responding to Marylyn, *Nostalgia's* editor, Byron King, asked if we would consider allowing his magazine to reprint our material. Since it seemed a great opportunity to expand awareness of the Society throughout the area, we readily agreed.

Wally was extremely please with the manner in which Byron presented the article, and hopes that this is not the last time he makes such a request of the Society.

In a letter sent to Wally after *Nostalgia's* January issue appeared on sale, Byron said, "*I can't wait to see what the response will be from other readers.*" Ditto.

Webmaster Bob Clouse reports that over 600 people visited the Society's website in December.

Norma Lindh wrote a letter thanking Bob for sending her print copies of the Society's publications, the '*Reports*' and '*Mortarboard*'.

Pete Coffin gave the Society a report on using on-line sources to obtain historical maps and data. Pete and Sharon Clark are members of *Ancestry.com*, which allows them access to census data and other useful documents.

Pete emphasized the importance of being able to geographically place the locations of the various sites appearing in our publications. Stories about family homesteads, properties, and the like should include maps to help the readers locate the area being discussed whenever possible. Pete indicated that the Northwest Room at the Spokane Public Library has numerous ownership maps and other resources that can assist people in pinpointing such locations.

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We hope to be able to do a much better job of informing members and others of such resources as we become aware of them.

Sharon Clark reported that she has gone to Eastern Washington University's JFK Library twice now. She had been able to access microfilm copies of the *Deer Park Union* and *Tribune* dating from the early teens into the 1980s.

In an attempt to solidify the dates for the movement of the Trysil Lutheran Church to Deer Park, Sharon found the following in back issues of the *Union*:

1. October, 1948. Basement started at the 218 E. Crawford site.

2. December, 1948. Services being held Sunday afternoons in the Methodist Church in Deer Park. Poor weather conditions are delaying the moving of the building.

3. April, 1949. Building placed on Deer Park site. Lengthened by 23 feet, and a wing added for an office.

4. May 8, 1949. First service held at Deer Park Lutheran Church.

If anyone has topics they'd like Sharon to research, they are encouraged to contact her.

Bill suggested that the Society consider purchasing a camera for taking close up photos of documents and artifacts. He has been using his own camera for the last five years, but it no longer works. It's requested that anyone with information on digitalizing pictures either with a camera or scanner

contact Bill or bring the information to the next meeting — which will be held at the Clayton Drive in on the 14th of February, beginning at 09:00 AM.

Pete and Sharon led a discussion regarding the old Colville and Cottonwood Trails. There seems to be some confusion between these pioneer trails and their exact routes through the region. We hope to publish the results of the Society's research into this subject at a later date.

Bob Gibson, Warren Nord, and Don Ball stated that the pump currently found near the old fire station on Clayton's Railroad Avenue is actually a parts pump from the Beaver Creek pump house. The electric motor used to power the main pump was moved to what was then Dale Milner's farm on Williams Valley Road. Corrections and additional material regarding this article about Clayton's former water tower and Beaver Creek pump station — an article which began on page 73 of *Mortarboard* issue #7 — will be included in a future *Mortarboard* issue as soon as sufficient material is gathered.

Also, a name found in the 'Letters' column of issue #7, page 78 — last paragraph of the first column — is likely incorrect. The identification of Paul Berger as the subject, according to Society member Bob Gibson, is more likely to have been Paul Curritt, and that the small car in question was more likely a French Renault than a German Beetle.

The meeting was officially adjourned at 10:11 AM.

With special thanks to this issue's proofreaders — Jay Hubdal, Sue Newell, and Patricia Parker.

Regarding Errors In and Corrections To Published Material

Various types of errors are likely to appear in the Society's publications. Since all past issues of our publications are reprinted as needed, errors in spelling, punctuation, and the like, when pointed out, can usually be corrected in future editions. Factual errors or omissions are a different problem. Due to technical and contextual considerations, in almost all cases the rewriting of material in prior issues will not be attempted.

If you believe you have found an important error or omission, please send the editor a letter or email stating the page and paragraph in question and what you believe the proper data to be. When space is available, your material will be added to the 'Letters' or 'Minutes' column — and, if necessary, a notation will be added to the 'Notes' page appearing at the back of each volume of our *Collected Newsletters* — added in order to create an annotation system to keep track of such problems.

Each individual volume of the *Mortarboard* contains something like four to eight thousand words — much of which the editor must either write or rewrite himself. Since we're constantly looking forward to the next edition, the editor's not likely to remember the details of a casual conversation or telephone call regarding a possible problem with a prior issue. If you believe a factual correction needs to be made to a prior issue, you will have to assist the editor by submitting your proposed correction in writing.

The editor's email address can be found on the Society's website. Or you can send your comments and/or corrections directly to the address below.

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