



## David L. Lutz

David Len Lutz, 88, of Newburgh, Indiana, passed away on Sunday, August 9, 2026. He is survived by his loving wife Sally of 65 years; his children, Steve Lutz (Beth), Pam Henning (Mike), Len Lutz (Jennifer), and Carmen Lutz; six grandchildren, Tony Henning (Cassie), Jack Henning (Jen), Natalie, Madeline, Asher, and Sky; and one great grandchild, Clark. David was born July 2, 1938, and preceded in death by his parents Howard and Ethel Lutz and infant brother William Earnest Lutz.

Well, this day has arrived as I knew it would, but how can I be sad. The trip was so good and lasted much longer than expected. My Story began in Boonville in 1938. How lucky to have grown up in a small town during the 1940's and 50's. I attended Ella Williams grade school from 1944-1950, the very same school as my father and mother. By the time I graduated from Boonville High School in 1956 I believed I had done it all. Skinny dipping in the local stripper pits, squirrel hunting, model airplanes, camping, Tarzan movies at the Ritz, pole vaulting, football, and life guarding. It was an idyllic boyhood. My parents "Happy" and "Toots" Lutz could not have been more supportive. I worked at my father's gas station from the time I was able to stand on a coke case to clean a windshield. I obtained my worldly knowledge hanging out at Vern's Poolhall on North Third Street shooting nine-ball. But the one event that would shape my life forever was that day in 1944 when I found my first arrowhead while walking across a field to go fishing.

After a brief stint at Evansville College and Whirlpool, I enlisted in the US Army in 1958 to seek that great adventure every young man dreams of. Following basic training at Ft. Leonard Wood I was assigned to Sandia Base in New Mexico. The first week it was suggested by my newfound buddies that we visit a honky-tonk

joint on the west side of Albuquerque called the Hitching Post. They were featuring a yet to be discovered singer by the name of Glen Campbell. Inside were foot-stomping, belt buckled cowboys and crinoline skirted cowgirls. For a still wet behind the ears kid that had hardly been outside the county, I knew I was no longer in Boonville. The adventure had begun.

My duties at the base didn't seem at all like the Army. There was no KP or guard duty, and I had a lady civilian for a boss. Better yet, my future wife worked around the corner in the same building. New Mexico would prove every bit as enchanting as they proclaimed. I loved it from the very beginning. New to me were the Native American and Hispanic cultures. My future wife was from an area south of Taos and many a weekend would be spent searching distant vistas and canyons for old Indian ruins. Best of all, my father-in-law would teach me to fish the cold, snow melt streams of Northern New Mexico for trout, a recreation my family would forever enjoy! After being discharged from the Army, I worked at a nuclear weapons plant for six years until it closed in 1967. With the GI Bill in hand and four beautiful children, I decided to attend the University of New Mexico majoring in anthropology, something I always wished. Well, I received that BA degree in 1970 and went to work for the Federal Aviation Administration in Albuquerque.

One never understands completely the unpredictable whims of living life and the many paths it might follow. It was difficult to leave a land that I had grown to love, but in 1973, Sally and our bunch packed our bags, loaded up the old 1966 Chevy station wagon and headed back to Indiana. My father always said you could make good money working for one of the local coal companies and that is just what I did for the next twenty one years. In 1994 the coal dock

decided to close. I wasn't too disappointed because now my full attention could be given to completing a book on Native American bannerstones (circa 6000-1500 B.C.) that I had begun many years earlier. These mystifying stones posed an interesting and challenging archaeological problem for which my inherent curiosity could not dismiss, thus, it became a twenty year adventure. An unfortunate bout with Acute Myeloid Leukemia in 1996 almost put an end to my planned book but the excellent medical staff at Vanderbilt prevailed. "The Archaic Bannerstone" was published in 2000. One can never anticipate how something of this sort might be received but, from hearsay, I believe it was well liked.

Amid all this ruckus with the book, we came to learn that the old inlaid cherry corner cabinet that sat in our kitchen for thirty years was the work of Thomas Lincoln, father to the 16th president of the United States. Little Abe most likely had a hand in its construction by whittling the pegs that held it together. It has been on display at the Indiana State Museum in Indianapolis since 2013.

Time has passed so quickly! It has been an incredible journey. A life filled with many careers and adventures and many great friendships along the way. I feel blessed to have lived in the most interesting period in the history of the human experience. To my loving wife Sally, I want you to know that I loved you so and am so thankful to have had you in my life. Thank you for being so good to me. To my children and grandchildren, it is difficult to leave you - my eyes well up writing these words. I loved you very much.

Per David's wishes, there will be no services. In memory of David, memorial contributions can be made to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital.

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