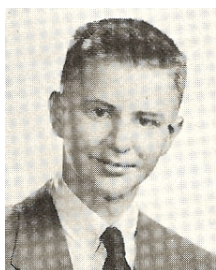


## WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, SIOUX FALLS, SD

An Internet Publication Especially for the Classes of the 1950's.

Your Photos & Stories Are Both Requested & Encouraged. Please Send to Jack Phillips: [jackmp@me.com](mailto:jackmp@me.com)



**RICHARD  
GARY**

**NORBRATEN**

Home Room 236

**Class of '54**

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San Diego, CA 92129

858-547-4415

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The year was 1958 and I was at the Augustana College placement bureau, looking for work over the Christmas break during my first semester there. My '57 Corvette had developed a nasty dependence on fuel, and I also needed more cash for tuition.

During the previous four years after graduating from WHS, my body – but not necessarily my soul – had been on loan on active duty with the U.S. Air Force. But now I was back in civilian life, and had bought the 'Vette after falling in love with it as it sat in the winter cold on a used car lot somewhere along Minnesota Avenue.

Augustana College had directed me to the United Press International news bureau where the interview went something like this:

Manager: So, tell me, how much experience do you have

reporting or editing?

Me: None.

Manager: Well, what journalism classes are you taking now?

Me: None, only English 101 since I'm still a freshman.

Manager: Well, I don't think we can use you here, but one last question: Do you know how to operate a teletype machine?

Me: That was one of my duties as a communications center specialist in the military.

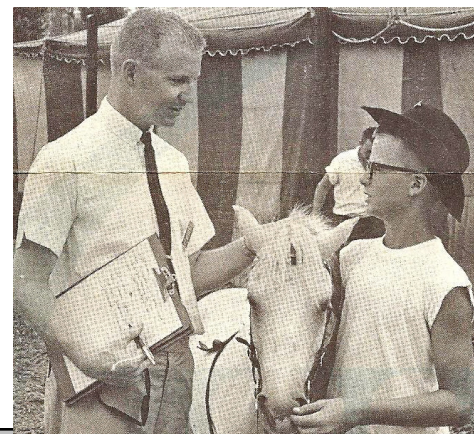
Manager: You're hired! We can always teach someone how to write, but we don't get many applicants who can run the news printers.

And so began my career in journalism that would conclude nearly 48 years later when I retired in 2006 from The New York Times.

After leaving Sioux Falls College in 1962 with a B.A. in English (I had switched schools after taking the next semester and summer off, working for UPI and also driving a taxi), I was sent to the state capitol at Pierre where I became chief of the bureau after my boss decided to move on to a Minneapolis newspaper. My pay jumped \$20 a week but I was on duty or on call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Hardly worth the extra twenty bucks and the 'Vette could burn

through that in fuel in a week.

I covered South Dakota politics for a year, got married, and then transferred to the Springfield, Illinois, bureau. I think it was Ronald Reagan who paraphrased Otto von Bismarck by saying there are two things you don't want to see being made: sausages and legislation. I was able to crawl into those sausage casings and report on the inner workings of state government, which I found to be fascinating, and I hope the newspaper readers did, too.



**Above: A UPI publicity photo taken while I was covering the Illinois State Fair in 1963 and interviewing a 4-H kid. Besides covering the Illinois legislature in Springfield, I was also designated as the UPI state farm editor for Illinois and wrote a weekly "Farming in Illinois" column.**

The Corvette had to go in 1963 because of my wife's pregnancy. She couldn't squeeze gracefully into the passenger side anymore. So we ended up with a staid green Plymouth sedan. Well, I was soon to become a family man anyway.

I took a one-year hiatus from reporting to try my luck at advertising copywriting for the S. P. Wright Advertising Agency in Springfield. Its main clients were funeral homes, banks and drug stores, and we managed their ad campaigns as well as writing speeches and doing press relations, mostly for the funeral directors who, by the way, turned out to be a fun bunch of folks.

With one son now in tow, I realized one of my dreams by moving us in 1964 to the Golden State, California, where I worked as education reporter and assistant city editor for the Chico Enterprise-Record. One year later I got a job at the Sacramento Bee, where I remained for 25 years (daughter was born there) and covered such stories as the Chowchilla school bus kidnapping where a trio of nut cases hijacked the school bus and its 26 occupants and buried them alive for ransom before the children and their driver managed to escape.

As an interesting aside, my Mark Twain neighborhood buddy, Jimmy Adams, was also living and working in Sacramento, but neither of us realized this until we reunited many years later after I saw his posting on the WHS reunion bulletin board site.

In the mid 1970's, computers began making their way into newsrooms as a more efficient

production tool, and I became interested in their application, perhaps spurred on by my enthusiasm for a couple of radio and TV theory classes I had taken in my junior and senior years back at WHS.

I guess my credentials were right for getting the job of weaning certain prima donna reports and editors off their typewriters, copy paper and paste pots onto computer keyboards because I was one of them and spoke their language, and after attending programming classes, I wrote many of the applications that helped get their prose into print.

I moved to San Diego and joined the Union-Tribune newspaper in 1980 as systems editor, but was the victim of downsizing four years later, yet managed to get hired within a couple of months at The New York Times as production coordinator, and remained there until retirement and a move back to San Diego to the house we had bought in 1990.



I've always enjoyed working with children (having been one myself and probably still am at heart) and so did volunteer work for Planned Parenthood in Sacramento, for the Hillcrest Children's Receiving Home in San Diego for abused, abandoned or neglected children, and for Covenant House, Women in Need, and the Brooklyn Child Advocacy

Center in New York, as well as tutoring in several of New York's inner-city schools.

Having been divorced twice, I'm now enjoying my life with a wonderful wife – Gloria Navarro -- whom some of you met at the WHS 55<sup>th</sup> reunion. She has two daughters from a previous marriage so now I have two beautiful, intelligent (and sometimes challenging) step-



**Above: Step-daughter Karlee, Richard, wife Gloria & step daughter Kariza.**

daughters. This is giving me the wonderful opportunity of becoming a Daddy for the second time at my age. My biological babies are 43 and 46 years old, well out of the diaper stage and out of the house with families of their own. My only question is: When will I be entering my own diaper stage?

A couple of years ago I joined the Retired Senior Volunteer Patrol here in San Diego, which gives us wanna-be cops the opportunity to cruise around in repainted police interceptor Ford Crown Victorias, patrolling schools and banks, checking on vacation homes and also checking on the welfare of shut-ins and elderly citizens.



Since we're not sworn officers, we don't do anything confrontational, and the meanest thing we can do is write citations for vehicles parked illegally in handicapped spaces.

It's a fun job, and it's also been a fun life which I'd do all over again if I could rewind time except, of course, for selling that Corvette, which would be worth a fortune now.

End

## THE MAILBAG

*All letters are not printed in their entirety due to personal content and space limitations. Thanks for writing.*

### From Laurel Pierce Hampel

(Mrs. Fred Hampel)

WHS Class of '55

P. O. Box 193

Tehama, Ca. 96090-0193

Phone: 530-384-1561

E-mail: [laufred@cwnet.com](mailto:laufred@cwnet.com)

Dear Jack,

I was dismayed to see the names of two of my very close high school classmates & friends on the departed list. I had lost touch with them some years ago but often wondered about them, & now I know. It was a wake-up call of sorts, as I did recognize many of those names, though only two who were very close friends, & to think we are still here healthy & relatively sane while so many others are not. It makes one feel very fortunate indeed! I will look forward to the next issue with great anticipation, & again, I thank you most sincerely for your good efforts.

While my life has not been particularly interesting for others

to read about perhaps, it has been fulfilling for me, & I will write more about it later. I am attaching a photo of my husband, Fred & myself, taken at the time of our 50th wedding anniversary in April of 2006, so if you have access to the old year books, you can compare



*Above; Fred & Laurel Pierce Hampel  
Laurel was in WHS Class of '55*

the "before" & "after". Time is not kind!

Best wishes & God Bless!

---

### From Rodger Robinson

WHS Class of '53

100 Atlantic Ave. G9

Brooklyn, NY 11201

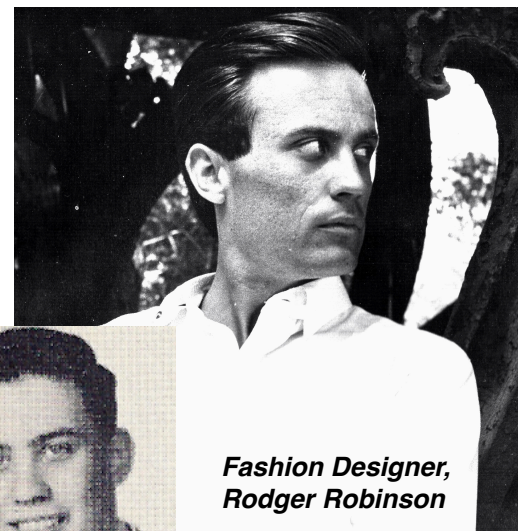
718-858-4014

[rodgerrobinson@hotmail.com](mailto:rodgerrobinson@hotmail.com)  
BEC After graduating from Washington High in 1953 I spent a year at the University of SD where I decided that where I really wanted to live and pursue my career aspirations in design

would best be served by attending Parson's School of Design in New York.

The minute I landed in NY I knew I had come to the right place. NY in the mid-50s through the 60s was the best time to see plays, musicals, ballet and art and so inspiring. I graduated from Parsons poised for great success as a fashion designer.

I apprenticed myself first to Scaasi, a custom designer of high fashion for celebrities of theater, film, society, and music where we catered to many famous people from Joan Crawford to Barbara Walters. Next I was design assistant to Bill Blass where we did everything including men's wear. After seven years of being in the background of other designers I struck off on my own with my most notable client being the



*Fashion Designer,  
Rodger Robinson*

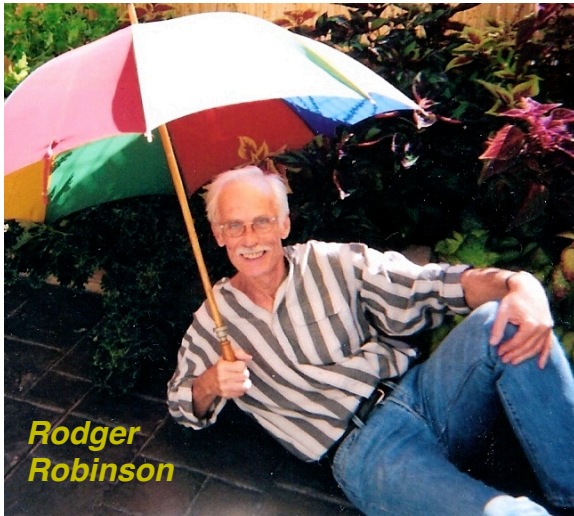


*Rodger Robinson  
'53 WHS Yearbook.*

Robinson story  
cont. page 4

Duchess of Windsor and had photos of my designs in all the major fashion magazines.

From 1970 through



1985 I pursued designing more moderately priced clothes for men and women by working in New York as well as Italy, Mexico, and India. Eventually my sportswear became available in many major stores and boutiques. Having never been comfortable with the machinations of the fashion industry and without someone to handle the business side while I focused on designing I finally decided to pursue an entirely different career path.

With my art school background I was able to stop traveling, stay put in NY and retire in 1999 after ten years with JP Morgan.

I have always had a passion for music with emphasis on big bands, jazz and singers to the extent

that I have amassed an enormous collection of music. I keep thinking I will do a Internet radio program utilizing my archive but there are so many distractions in NY that somehow I never get around to actually doing it. I told myself when I retired I would just paint pictures, of which there have been few, and play my music. Maybe I'll still commit to it when I'm more sedentary.

I have a life partner and we have lived in the same Brooklyn Heights duplex for 45 years. For many years we could see the Statue of Liberty from our garden door and ships coming and going in the harbor. I still venture into Manhattan at least once a week for some event and continue to appreciate the city and all it offers.



### Ron Nelson Class of '55

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Jack- Here's a short story maybe you can use for the next O&B. Ron

### Smitty the Cop

How many remember Smitty the Cop? Smitty was probably the most well known cop to all of the teenagers in Sioux Falls during the 50's. He was a stout gentleman that most of the

time drove around on his 3 wheel motorcycle. He looked tough and had a deep voice but he was actually a pretty nice guy.

I remember one spring day in March of 1952 or 1953 many of us, guys and girls, having finished our lunches in the cafeteria gathered outside on the south side of WHS (across from Sunny Side Dairy) to visit, have a cigarette, or just be in the warming sun. There was still a little snow on the ground from the previous winter but it was melting on that spring day.

As we were standing there, (there must have been 75 to 80 of us) here come Smitty around the corner on his 3 wheeler and drove up the street between the kids standing on either side. As he passed by and continued a little further up the street the air became filled with snow balls all headed in Smitty's direction. I don't remember if he took a direct hit but many snow balls came close. He immediately turned around and came back to see nothing but the most innocent looking faces you could imagine. He didn't stop on his return trip, just looked and nothing was said. No more snow balls were thrown needless to say.

End



### Wauthena Nelson Brooks Class of '54

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Sioux Falls, SD 57106  
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Wauthena sent some great photos of old forgotten things you will be seeing in future issues.





## Pavilion's Great Hall to be named after Mary Woods Sommervold, class of '52.



**Larry Toll, interim director of the Washington Pavilion announcing the renaming of the facility's Great Hall to honor the late Mary Woods Sommervold, Class of '52**

*The following are excerpts from an April 23, 2010 Argus Leader story.*

The Great Hall at the Washington Pavilion of Arts and Science will be renamed in honor of longtime supporter, the late Mary Woods Sommervold.

Many changes at The Pavilion are being made possible in part by more than \$100,000 in grants the Sioux Falls Area Community Foundation gave to local arts

**Right: Mary Woods Sommervold at 2000 All School Reunion.**

drive in Sommervold's honor that now stands at \$580,000.

Sommervold, who toiled with other supporters for more than a decade to save the old Washington High School as an art center, died in November 2008.



**Above: Mary Woods Sommervold's 1952 Yearbook photo.**



Toll, Dr. Milton Mutch and local businessman Ron Moquist launched the special fund drive following Sommervold's death, starting with about \$20,000 in Sommervold bequests.

Toll calls the drive a "quiet recapitalizing" effort, boosted by Sommervold's husband, Arlo, who pledged \$250,000, another \$100,000 from Ron and Joanne Moquist and donations from more than 20 other people and businesses.



**This is our wonderful old auditorium today. Beautiful isn't it!**

End of Sommervold Story



**Above: Gathered around Wally (seated) at the party Zimmermans hosted for him are, Bud Olson, Bob Zimmerman, Wayne Gustafson and Warner Brown. All from the class of '54.**

**Wally Boersma**, class of '54, from Marshall, TX was recently the house guest of Bob & Connie Zimmerman in Mesa, AZ.

**Below: Ladies from the class of '54 enjoying the party** l to r: Karen Gurley Brown, Lorraine Fremming Forslin, Joyce McFarland Howes & Connie Hammitt Zimmerman.







**Don Brown**  
**Class of '53**  
 1000 Cieneguitas RD.  
 Home Rm 225  
 Santa Barbara, CA  
 93110  
**805-687-3040**  
[deb1934@cox.net](mailto:deb1934@cox.net)

## A DOUBLE F FROM RITER AND OTHER MEMORIES OF WHS

By Don Brown, class of '53

If you were in the class of '53 you should remember "Daddy-o", pegged Levis, and green hair. Although I dropped out in the middle of my senior year, I was in that class and I offer here some of my memories.

William Bubbers was my homeroom teacher. Most of my fellow students there were strangers when we met and most of them became only nodding acquaintances. Leroy Arneson and Bob Berguin I had known since kindergarten at Hawthorne, but both moved in other circles at WHS. Gaylone Bauer took me for rides in his cherry Model A. Keith Bissell and I whiled away homeroom minutes by writing insults to each other. I still have the ruler on which we each extolled ourself and insulted the other. It was guy thing. Carol Burch was the only girl that I much conversed with.

The balcony of the auditorium was study hall and I can still hear the clatter as we got in and out of our seats, with their writing arm rests that folded up and down. I did virtually all of my homework there. I also found time to close my eyes to go into some sort of warm and fuzzy place thinking of one or other of the two girlfriends I had in those years. When the first one dumped me, "warm and fuzzy" was gone and I moped big time in study

hall, not to mention in the other hours of suddenly very long days and nights.

The birds and bees were much on my mind and, as near as I could tell, every other guy's too. Just to get close to one of the more attractive girls in the crush as we shuffled out of an assembly was something to be marveled at, discussed excitedly, and remembered for a lifetime. One of the naughtier girls of the time, chatting in a hallway with Jimmy McAlear and me, said "don't you realize you will ruin your reputations by talking to me?" Decades later when I asked Mac if he remembered that incident he matter-of-factly replied, "She was wearing a green sweater." I agreed.

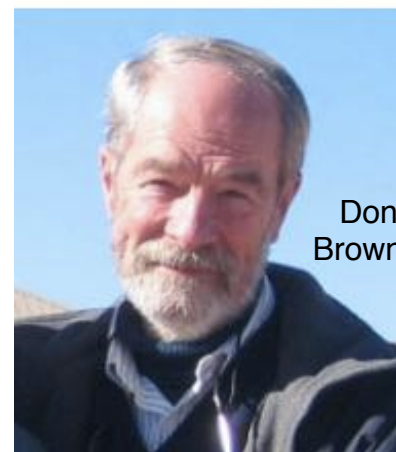
With or without such events I liked school. But I didn't understand what it was all about. I took the courses I had to take and I took the ones that interested me. I did not take physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, geometry or any other math course beyond the one algebra requirement. The "C" I got in that course was undeserved. Bypassing hard courses surely accounts for the rarity with which I took homework home. Tagging after my buddy Merle Reppert, I took several shop classes, especially from Glenn McDougall. I took more than the required English classes. I loved to read, and I put both the school library and the nearby Carnegie Library to good use. (My buddy Arden Fjellanger hit the jackpot in finding racy reading material in the WHS library.)

I never reviewed notes or readings for an exam, and had no conception of applying oneself. But I never skipped class and I did the readings. I thought that either you get it or you don't.

As an Argus Leader carrier throughout the WHS years I did not participate in any of the organized social, athletic, or academic activities that normally took place at the end of

of the school day.

Thus my WHS social activities were confined to hanging out with fellow students, such as the guys like Harry Klessen, Merle Reppert, Harley Newman, Gerry Potter, and Arden Fjellanger, who gathered at the northwest corner of the school



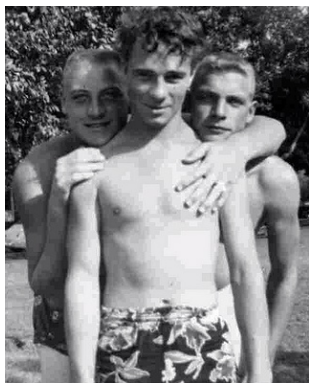
Don Brown

where we parked our motorbikes and motorcycles. Alternatively we could chat while lunching on the church steps across the street in good weather and in the gym during bad weather. Dale Paulson once in a while added to my lunch with a delicious piece of the ham salad sandwiches he bought at Dickenson's bakery. In my last semester the lunch period was broken into three sessions and Arden Fjellanger, Herb Hawkey, and I were the only persons to choose the third one. Having the cafeteria entirely to ourselves, Fjellanger drove Hawkey and me nuts by playing a cloying Johnny Ray song over and over. Principal Beck walked in once and headed toward us as though he had discovered some truants. But before he reached us he seemed to remember the new schedule and he turned to go about his business.

Athletically, in that last year I also went out for Golden Gloves, training at the YMCA in the late evenings. Nearly all my fellow

boxers—Glenn and Gerry Bethke, Dave Engebretsen, Junior Thoresen, Jim Pederson, Johnny Boyd, and Walt Bernard—were fellow WHS students. I went out for boxing so I could take on a fellow larger than me who had “stolen” that first girlfriend. The preparation paid off marvelously: in the lobby of the Hollywood theater and with witnesses! But unflattering Argus Leader photos of me either going down or on the canvas in Golden Glove bouts gave the almost-flirtatious Ethyle Barry opportunities to tease me in her Sociology class. I didn’t get the girl back either.

I have already mentioned my main extra-curricular academic activity: reading. It took a new sense of direction in Dorothea Riter’s course on Rhetoric. We read a number of the great essayists



**Gary Hartenhoff, Don Brown, Herb Hawkey '53/'54, Terrace Park Swimming Pool.**

— Montaine,

Chesterton, Emerson, etc.—and had to write a proper paper on one of them. I chose Emerson and took the assignment seriously. Doing real homework for a change, I was stunned when the paper came back with a *double* “F”. Never having received an F before, that two-for-one deal was a bit of a shock.

I guessed that Riter must have thought I did not write the paper and the grade was punishment for cheating. I was in a class that was ahead of my semester and I had

a cold for weeks on end; consequently, I did not speak out in class (maybe too shy too?). Moreover, there had been a spelling test that I did not get the required perfect score on and I shrugged it off rather than immediately scheduling a re-take. Riter must have decided that the dolt who wasted space in her class could not have written that paper.

I went to one of my previous English teachers, Irene Olson, and I think to Ellen Skaiff too. Explaining the situation to them, they apparently spoke to Riter. I have little memory of direct discussion with her. The paper was never re-graded, but a B for the



**Hawthorne Grade School 8th Grade, January '49: The last class to graduate mid-year. Front row, left to right: Ramona Heil, Marlene Eller, Gwen Tolbert, Betty Bell, Carol Coon, Pat Kjonagaard. 2nd row: Wally Anderson, Dale ("Pillie") Paulson, Ivan Wagmeester, Ray ("Big") Dickey, Bob ("Pork") Berguin, Merlyn Reppert. 3rd: Don Kasak, Ray Elliott, Bob Scott, Dick Phelps, Doug Vilhauer, Ron Heabner. 4th: Merle Mortensen, Leroy Arneson, Don Brown, Bernell ("Barney") Simpson, Myron Mortensen.**

final six weeks and the final exam earned me a C for the course.

If I were to grade her course, I would give it an A+. It was the best course I took at WHS. I much regret that I never took the opportunity, while it was possible, to visit Riter and some of the other fine teachers I had known at WHS.

Anyway, when the summer of '52 rolled around I thought I should head to California where, allegedly, I could make \$1.25 an hour. If I was to go to college, as Mr. Bubbers was encouraging, the money would help. To my pleasant surprise I was started at \$1.32 and in short order my shop classes paid off: I was offered a job that I believe I would have been happy with for the rest of my life (an experimental machinist in the Instrumentation Lab of Engineering Flight Test at North American Aviation). I skipped my final semester at WHS (I was in the last class that entered and would graduate in mid-year).

Within a year or two I was joined in that very job by my buddies Merle Reppert and Harley Newman, the latter having also married my sister Floy. Gary Hartenhoff, Carl Dickey, Jimmy McAlear, and Pete Page followed too, though they worked in different jobs and all but McAlear

ultimately moved back home. With frequent visits to Sioux Falls I have maintained ties to many of my WHS friends who remained there. One of the high points of those visits was a tour of an empty WHS just before it was remodeled. What pleasant memories it stirred!

End



## Complete Reunion Weekend Schedule

**\*OFFICIAL**(in red)    **\*\*UNOFFICIAL**(in blue)

*Much thanks to The Washington Pavilion for Hosting this year's All School Reunion. It is going to be Very Special!*

### THURSDAY, 6-24-10

**\*\* 5 PM Class of '54 Dinner, Westward Ho Country Club - \$25.00**

Contact: Jeannie Kracht 605-336-3962

**\*\* 5:30 PM Class of '55 Party, Holiday Inn City Center - \$25.00**

Contact: Mavis Carl 605-336-1918

### FRIDAY, 6-25-10

**\*All School Golf Outing - Willow Run Golf Course**

**\*\*Breakfast, All Classes, Holiday Inn City Center 9:30 AM - No reservations.**

**\*\* All Class Social 1:30 PM - Pub Terrace, Holiday Inn City Center - Free, No reser.**  
Early Sioux Falls movie, 1935 to 1952, Courtesy of Paul "Andy" Weber '52

**\*All School Reunion**

**\*4 PM Registration - \*5 PM Social Hour**

**\*6 PM Barbecue & Entertainment - \$30.00**

### SATURDAY 6-26-10

**\*\*Breakfast, All Classes, Holiday Inn City Center 9:30 AM - No reservations.**

**\*Tennis Tournament - Free - Washington High School**

**\*\*12 Noon Class of '50 Luncheon - Cherry Creek Grill, 3104 E. 26th St.**  
Cost \$15.00 paid at the door.

**\*\*All Class Social 1:30 PM - Pub Terrace, Holiday Inn City Center - Free, No reser.**  
Paul "Andy" Weber's '52, "Sioux Falls, 1935 to 1952" movie, shown again.

**\*5 PM Social Hour and Dinner by the decades. - \$45.00**

**\*8 PM Frankie Avalon (Comedian, Scott Wood opening) - Great Hall**  
Tickets: Level A \$50.00 - Level B \$40.00

### SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 2010

**\*9 AM Non-denominational Service**

**\*8 AM to 12 PM Brunch. Seatings at 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 AM**

**\*\* 10 AM Class of '55 - Catered Breakfast - Falls Park - \$10.00**  
Contact: Mavis Carl 605-336-1918

NOTE: All School Weekend Package - \$90.00, (Does not include Frankie Avalon)  
For All School Reunion Info & Reservations call **The Pavilion**, 1-877-927-4728  
All of the All-School Reunion events take place at **The Pavilion** unless otherwise noted



*Frankie Avalon will be performing all of his great hits including "Venus", "Why", "Bobby Sox to Stockings", "My Special Angel", "Goodnight My Love", "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me" & "Two Fools".*



**Ride the downtown Trolley. It goes to Falls Park. It's fun & It's free!**



## **EDITORIAL COMMENT**

In my opinion, we, the Alumni of dear old WHS, are extremely fortunate that our beloved old school was spared from the wrecking ball when it no longer could fulfill its intended purpose. During the 84 years it served all of us so well and without question fully fulfilled its intended purpose so magnificently. As "The Pavilion" it is now grander than ever and continues to proudly serve Sioux Falls in a new and much needed capacity. I sense that the Alumni that never left Sioux Falls have mixed feelings about our old school.

While many fought to save it, I am sure others were totally indifferent to its survival. But for those of us that moved away, having this great granite monument from our formative and learning years still standing when we return and still so proudly serving Sioux Falls is truly a shining iconic symbol of our home and our youth.

And now on this 102 year anniversary of WHS's first graduating class we are indeed fortunate to have The Pavilion sponsoring and hosting our All-School Reunion. We should all extend a very special thanks to The Pavilion's historic committee and especially the reunion chairwoman, Allison Hauck, Director of Development for The Washington Pavilion as well as all of her committee and volunteers that are working so hard to put it together. Thanks to so many people, it will without a doubt be one of the best reunions any of us have ever attended.

Thankfully there will be success in spite of the few vocal NAYSAYERS. It saddens me greatly when I hear or learn of those very few that condemn, complain and criticize this wonderful event rather than enthusiastically praising, promoting and embracing it. I think to myself when I hear from those

who choose to voice negativism, that they are totally unaware of how huge the task is or the degree of difficulty it is to organize to everyone's satisfaction such a mammoth undertaking as a reunion for 84 years of classes.

So many members of those classes move on, change names and just disappear, leaving no trace of their current whereabouts. This reunion committee, like each of the 4 preceding very successful all school reunions that Marlys Ahrendt Hohman, '57 so ably organized, is having to rely on each individual class agent to hopefully provide an up to date class address list. Without each class agent's full cooperation, the members of that class will not be notified of the grand event.

This year I have learned that some class agents have taken it upon themselves to either totally refuse to provide their class lists fearing some sinister use will be made of their sacred list by The Pavilion or they are passing on their own personal negative opinion of the reunion and in effect suggesting a boycott through their negative statements. Some have actually scheduled conflicting events. This is such a shame and I hereby admonish these naysayers. I wonder if they ever stop to think how much we would miss our wonderful all school reunions if because of their condemnation of the event it ceased to exist? I for one would miss it terribly.

I also feel that other naysayers among us do more damage than they realize when they so openly dissect and criticize the committee's decisions on the pricing of activities. As with any event of this magnitude there are tremendous hidden, but related expenses that must be covered. The price charged for a meal must cover so much more than just the cost of that meal. I would stake my life on my belief that the committee sweats blood trying to cover all of their related costs while holding the

prices down in an effort to satisfy some people's overly critical approval.

To those of you who complain that the meal prices are too high, I guarantee you that the organizing committee does not sit in their meetings and ask how high do they think they can raise the price of an event and get away with it. Without any doubt in my mind they try to do the very best job they can for all of us. If you have negative opinions, I suggest you not openly pass them on to your friends and in effect undermine the entire event, but turn your concerns into constructive suggestions by voicing them directly to the committee. They will appreciate your input and just perhaps can make some adjustments and/or changes to satisfy your concerns.

I know I am excited and eagerly looking forward to a truly wonderful weekend and I hope you are too. I hope to see each of you there and am absolutely certain you will enjoy your experience!

Jack Phillips, '54

**GO WARRIORS!**

*Call  
1-877-927-4728  
now and make your  
reservations for the  
2010  
All-School Reunion.  
It is going to be  
a great weekend!*