

WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, SIOUX FALLS, SD

An Internet Publication Especially for the Classes of the 1950's Decade. Your Photos & Stories Are Both Requested & Encouraged. Please Send to Jack Phillips: jackmp@me.com



Jayne Anderson Johnson '53
 WHS 1953 yearbook photo.

Jayne Anderson Johnson

WHS Class of 1953
 847 E. Zenith Ave.
 Salt Lake City, UT 84106
 801-485-1332
jayne_johnson35@yahoo.com

most popular residents, although he passed some 20 years ago; after all when Kenny passed the city of SF built a recreation center and park in his name. But, it wasn't always that way.

I remember when Kenny was a candidate for homecoming king. He was very popular and an excellent basketball player. Kenny was the first Negro in the history of WHS to be elected. The drama that followed was scary. First, we started receiving threatening phone calls. "No 'n' better think he can ride in the car with a white girl and live to tell about it!" is just a small sampling of the type of vitriol coming through our phone lines on Bailey. Yes, the police became involved, but everything was kept



quiet. Kenny's activities were monitored by the police and our phone was tapped. When the question arose within the Homecoming committee--who will ride in the car with Kenny? Bonnie Beck spoke up, "I will ride with Kenny", and no further discussion took place. I think every Negro man living in SF who was able; either patrolled the parade route or was able to stand at a station as a sort of de-facto security force. Thank God there were no incidents and it was a very happy occasion. I will forever remember Bonnie Beck. It's almost like I can see her and Kenny sitting in

We Went to Different High Schools; Lived in Different Sioux Falls'

I grew up in Sioux Falls and went to Washington High School. Perhaps you did too. So why do I say we went to different high schools and lived in different Sioux Falls? Because unless you lived and attended school as an African-American, then called Negro, you lived, not in a parallel universe, but an alternate universe from me and the other Negroes in Sioux Falls.

My brother Kenny Anderson is still today probably one of Sioux Falls'

that convertible just waving. You wouldn't know about it as part of WHS or Sioux Falls lore, because it was never talked about again. It didn't even register a mere blip on the radar.

When WHS was in the championship basketball tournament in Mitchell and we were playing Brookings, Kenny received threats. The Harold Brooks' family was a large Negro family who owned a shoe shine parlor; they were well respected in Mitchell. Once again, the Negro men were scattered throughout the Corn Palace acting as de-facto security. Nothing happened and WHS won the championship. Kenny said he wasn't afraid and he played better that night than he did any other time that I can recall.

After the game everyone wanted to head over Lemon's on Phillips Avenue. Kenny's buddies wanted to go have a snack. Kenny told them. "They won't serve me in Lemon's." Well, they couldn't believe it, so Kenny went in with them and the girl who waited on them broke down crying, "I can't serve Kenny"! They all walked out and went to the Hamburger Inn, next door to Davis Tailor's. When we were going to WHS we could not eat in the Nickel Plates either; our hang out was the Hamburger Inn. There may have been other off limits

places, but I can't recall; it was easier to remember the few places we could go and not try to go into those other places to eat. It was some years later before the sit-ins happened and affected some change, but till this day I have never eaten in any of those off limits places, most of which are probably gone from Sioux Falls now.

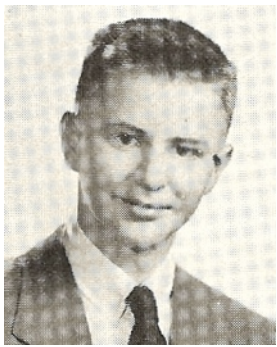
As for me I had been a cheerleader in the 8th grade at Hawthorne Elementary. I tried out at WHS and the coach (I've blocked out her name) said I did very well, BUT I couldn't be selected because the white girls would not want to room with me. I was hurt and bitter. However, she did the same thing to Evelyn Brooks who was the first Negro high school cheerleader in the state, but at Mitchell H. S. When Mitchell came to play WHS for a basketball game, she remarked to Evelyn, "Oh! We don't have your kind on our squad". Evelyn's teammates rallied around her and word got back to one of their school officials who addressed the woman and the issue and a written apology was sent to Evelyn's high school. Also, I never learned to swim. We were not allowed in the Drake Springs pool except on Fridays, and if we did swim, the pool was drained for Saturday. My brothers all learned to swim down at the Falls.

Most of my siblings and I moved from Sioux Falls. Kenny (and Frances) however, stayed. In the late 60's Kenny was aspiring to become the new owner of Continental Cleaners. Five of his siblings helped with the down payment. When Kenny went to close the deal at the bank and had all the necessary money they were shocked. They even investigated to see if we were tax payers with legitimate jobs! They were still shocked, but Kenny just told them, "You don't know my family". After the cleaners was out of the red and was making a profit, Kenny paid us all back.

Kenny Anderson established a lot of firsts for African-Americans in SF: becoming a City Commissioner and working on so many committees and boards. I guess the old adage is true: it's not where you start, but how you finish! While Sioux Falls wasn't always kind to him, Kenny loved Sioux Falls. So what happened back in the 50s may have been meant for evil, but God made it good.

I will say this in closing, the work continues. We have made tremendous strides but we cannot hide from the fact that racism is still alive. And it always will be; from Sioux Falls to Niagara Falls.

End



Gary Norbraten '54

9380 Chabola Road
San Diego, CA 92129
858-382-8769
rnorbraten@att.net

Gary
Norbraten,
WHS '54,

was living
in New
York City
w h e n

terrorists hijacked four commercial jetliners and crashed two of them into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in lower Manhattan. Here are his remembrances of that terrible day.

By Richard "Gary" Norbraten

Ten years ago I woke up on a beautiful Tuesday morning in my Brooklyn Heights co-op apartment, ready to enjoy the second of two days off from my work at The New York Times.

My soon-to-be ex-wife was in our Sacramento, California, home, and I had no plans for that day.

I was enjoying a leisurely breakfast while watching a rerun of "E.R." on the TBS station when images of a burning World Trade Center tower appeared on the screen.

American Airlines Flight 11 had crashed into the North Tower, but my tiny brain was still trying to process the images from that TV station which usually runs only entertainment programming. I remembered reading that in the closing days of

World War II, a B25 "Billy Mitchell" bomber had crashed into the Empire State Building, but that had happened during heavy fog, and this day had dawned sunny and clear.

I was scanning the news channels when 20 minutes later United Airlines Flight 125 hit the South Tower, and it became clear that we were under attack, as a grim-faced Aaron Brown was reporting on the CNN channel. Like many Americans that morning, I was mesmerized by the enormity of what we were witnessing on TV. I felt I had to go outside and see for myself what was happening since I still couldn't

From the Promenade, one can see south to the Verrazano Bridge connecting lower Brooklyn to Staten Island. You can also see the majestic Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, along with Ellis Island and, to the north, the famous Brooklyn Bridge. And looking directly west, the view of the Lower Manhattan skyline is truly a multi-billion-dollar view of some of the most expensive real estate in the world.

That day, however, the skyline was all but obscured by heavy gray smoke emanating from where the towers had once proudly stood. Many of us Brooklynites were on the Promenade that day, some from my co-op building and

others who lived nearby, and we were all dumbfounded by what we were witnessing. In a selfish moment, I felt fortunate that no one I knew was working that day in the Twin Towers, and I also knew that The New York Times building, then up on West 43rd Street, was safe, as were its employees, since we didn't have a

bureau at the now-collapsed towers.

I began noticing that the cars parked on the street near the Promenade were being coated in a fine gray dust, and bits of paper and other debris were floating across

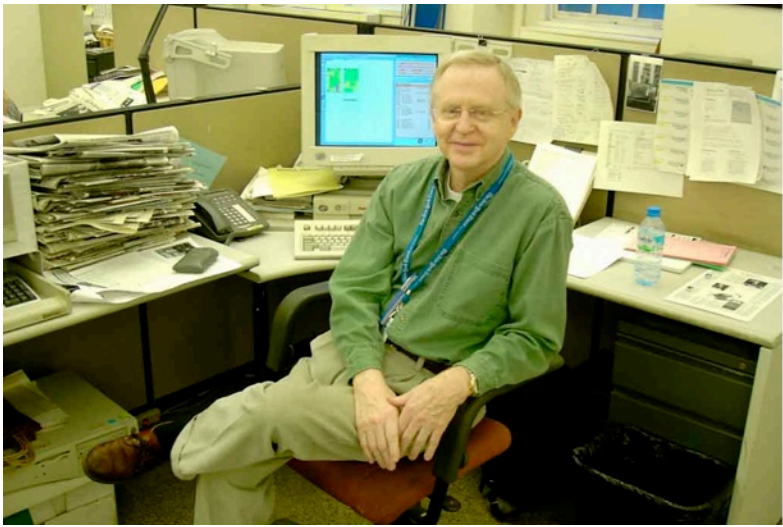


fully fathom the terrible news.

Our apartment on Remsen Street is just two blocks from the Brooklyn Promenade, which normally offers sight-seers a spectacular view of lower Manhattan across the East River.

the East River toward us. There also was the smell of burning aviation gas, and diesel fuel which had been stored in tanks beneath one of the towers to power generators in the event of an emergency. This fuel supply actually burned for more than a month before it exhausted itself.

Besides the odor of burning fuel, there was also the peculiar smell from the grayish pulverized powder that came from the



Gary Norbraten '54, in his office at the New York Times.

structures themselves after they had collapsed, and, we also feared, possibly the odor of the incinerated flesh and bones of the more than 2,000 victims of the two crashes.

For many months afterwards, I would awake with a start in my apartment in the middle of the night when I thought I detected this same unforgettable smell of the death and destruction of those first awful days.

Many of us on the Promenade that day had portable radios and we listened to news of the event and of the search and rescue attempts while we strained to see through the plumes of

smoke. Our mayor, Rudy Giuliani, had gone on radio and TV to assure New Yorkers that everything possible was being done to rescue as many victims as could be located. Of course, we learned later that there were few survivors. We also learned later that the mayor had ordered tens of thousands of body bags for whatever remains could be recovered from the debris.

In an effort to help, many of us had come to the conclusion that blood would be needed for injured victims, and so I trekked down to the closest hospital, Long Island Hospital of Brooklyn, near my neighborhood, ready to roll up my sleeves and donate blood. The hospital instead directed me to the new Brooklyn Marriott Hotel not too far from where I lived, where the Red Cross that day had set up one of many collection centers. By the time I and others got there, the Red Cross had run out of supplies to process the crush of donors – plastic collection bags, needles, tourniquets, bandages, etc., and we were asked to come back that evening.

Twice more that day I walked over to the Promenade to see what I could see. By this time, many makeshift memorials had been set up along the walkway with

flowers, photographs of missing persons and comments. One comment that appeared the next day and which I remember vividly since it spoke for all of us was: “Mohammed Atta (one of the hijackers): Rot in Hell!” There was no way to get across the river that first day to see the devastation up close since police had blocked off many of the streets for rescue workers only. By about 4 o’clock that afternoon, on my third trip to the Promenade, the smoke had cleared somewhat, and I could see a desolate emptiness in the skyline where those magnificent towers had once stood. It seemed as if some evil giant had used a huge eraser to obliterate their silhouettes from the Manhattan skyline.

The next day I was due back at work at The Times, and getting there was an adventure in itself since subway service was restricted, and getting a taxi was pretty much out of the question as most vehicles had only limited success of getting from Brooklyn into New York City proper. I was able to catch the No. 4 (Lexington Avenue) subway line into upper Manhattan, and then transfer on the No. 2 line to Midtown, a circuitous route that took about an hour and a half compared with my usual 20-minute commute to work from my place.

My assignment at The Times that day was in the Regionals Office where I was to help prepare the Long Island edition of the Sunday New York Times. I was a little embarrassed when other Times staffers cheered me as I entered the office, since they were only too happy to see the

person who could get their stories and photos into production.

It took about a month for the subways which ran in lower Manhattan to get fully operating again, as engineers first had to determine that the tunnels and tracks beneath the areas of devastation were functional as well as safe. I was on one of the first trains heading for Times Square which rolled underneath the site where the towers had stood. There was the usual banter on the cars before we slowed to a crawl to pass beneath the site, and then my whole car fell silent. Several folks had tears in their eyes as we crawled along, at about 5 m.p.h., knowing that there was destruction above, and where so many folks, including would-be rescuers, police and firemen, were still entombed.

Viewing the site from lower Manhattan many days later, when some of the streets and roadways had been opened to normal traffic, I could only think of Warsaw, Poland, in World War II and the photos I had seen of the total destruction of that city. What was left of those magnificent, 102-story Twin Towers was now about a 20-story pile of rubble.

"Ground Zero" is still a popular tourist attraction for anyone visiting New York City. I went to the site many times before I retired in 2006 and returned to San Diego. I still think often of those days, and of the heroism of the police, firemen and rescuers in the 9/11 tragedy, and have nothing but the utmost respect for them and their efforts and for the memory for those who lost their lives in the initial hours of the tragedy. End

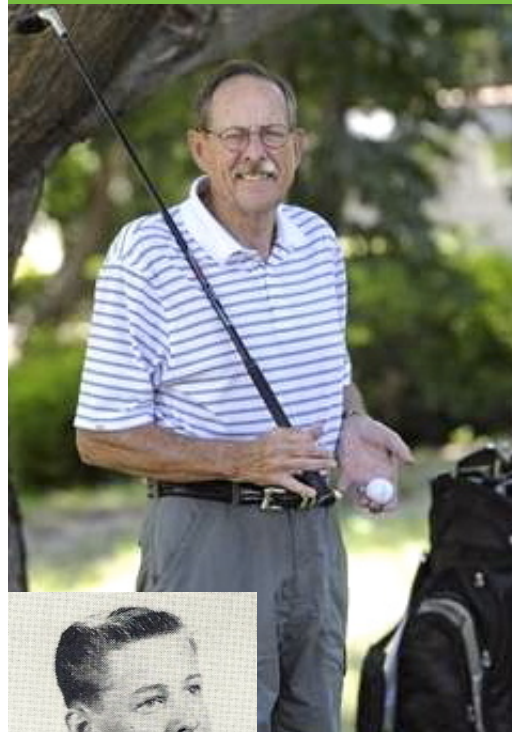
PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR STORY TO THE O&B.

Thanks to both JJ and Gary for submitting the above stories. Stories along with photos submitted by you, our school mates at WHS, are such a popular feature of the Orange & Black. But unfortunately, there has been a definite shortage of stories from you recently. So please, I would like to urge each of you to submit something that you would like to share with your old friends. It doesn't have to be anything spectacular. It can be something as simple as a recent vacation, or tell us about your life's career or your retirement. I assure you, your friends and acquaintances from WHS will truly enjoy reading about you. The O&B is only as good as you make it. Send it to jackmp@me.com. Thank you. Jack Phillips '54

CONGRATULATIONS TO WALLY KLAWITER, WHS '52, ON HIS FIRST HOLE-IN-ONE.

The super evasive feat for most golfers happened for Wally on July 29, 2011 on the 164 yard, 8th hole at Elmwood Golf Course in Sioux Falls. Wally has been playing golf since the age of 12, so it must have been a super thrill. Especially since it happened during the Senior Men's Championship Tournament at Elmwood and he would go on to win the over-70 division. So double congratulations Wally!

While congratulations are certainly in order for Wally's hole-in-one, and his tournament victory, so are our sincere thanks for all the work he does year round maintaining the class records for his WHS class of '52. THANKS WALLY!



Wally Klawiter '52
2904 W. Oak St.
Sioux Falls, SD 57105
605-334-9863

wally.klawiter@usioxford.edu

Wally is the oldest of the Klawiter clan that attended WHS. Also attending WHS were siblings; Fred '54, Buchanan, Michigan; Mary Armstrong '57, Hemet, CA; Rick '61, Sioux Falls; Kathy Elgethun '66, Sioux Falls; step sister Sue Revell '66 and Sue's husband Ron Revell '66, Austin, TX.

Photo upper left: Wally Klawiter holds the club and golf ball that he scored his hole-in-one with at Elmwood Golf Course. Photos by emily spartz argus leader.

Thanks to Don Noordsy '58, who now resides in Grantham, New Hampshire for sending me the Argus Leader story on Wally's hole-in-one.

**Wally's 1952 WHS
Senior Photo.**

CLASS OF '56 HELP!

Georgia Johnson '56 and the class of '56 needs your help finding the following missing classmates. If you have any information on the whereabouts of these 11 classmates please contact Georgia at 605-338-7060 or

gjtn7odsf@aol.com

Sharon Fredrickson Farstead
Dick Greenlee
Korrine Johansson Reger
Peter Johnson
Barbara Neuharth Golden
Muriel Mossing Perry
Byron Payne
Diane Robinson Bennett
Jim Sheldon
Erna Mae Sutter Haugse
Roger Teigen

And Now I Am Dying

**First, I was dying to finish high school and start college
And then I was dying to marry and have children
And then I was dying for my children to grow old enough so I could go back to work
And then I was dying to retire
And now I am dying....
And suddenly I realized I forgot to live.**

**Please don't let this happen to you.
Appreciate and enjoy each day!**

Today's Lesson: The Difference Between http and https

MANY PEOPLE ARE UNAWARE OF The main difference between <http://> and <https://>.

It's all about keeping you secure - HTTP stands for Hyper Text Transport Protocol. The S (big surprise) stands for "Secure". If you visit a website or webpage, and look at the address in the web browser, it will likely begin with the following: <http://>. This means that the website is talking to your browser using the regular 'unsecure' language. In other words, it is possible for someone to "eavesdrop" on your computer's conversation with the website. If you fill out a form on the website, someone might see the information you send to that site.

This is why you never ever enter your credit card number in an http website! But if the web address begins with <https://> that basically means your computer is talking to the website in a secure code that no one can eavesdrop on. You understand why this is so important, right?

If a website ever asks you to enter your credit card information, you should automatically look to see if the web address begins with <https://>; If it doesn't, there's no way you should enter sensitive information like a credit card number. You might want to pass this on. (You may save someone a lot of grief).

You can't help
getting older,
but you don't have
to get **old**.
(GEORGE BURNS)



A *friend*
is someone who
reaches for
your hand
but touches
your heart.
(ANON)



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'57 Jack: Here's the group photo of the Boys of '57 2011 get together June 10th to 12th at Pete Hegg's Circle H Ranch. Front Row: Archie Stutenroth, Chuck Velure, Fred Fellows, Seated: Roger Wilson, Jim Morton, Pete Hegg, Chad Boese, Pinky Scheinost, Standing: John Simko, Mark Line, Thane Johnson, Gary Conradi, Arlen Knutson, Greg Dellaire, Ron Warren, Dick Steineke, Mike Rich.

Finally, a third member of the Class of '57, Gary Conradi, will be inducted this year to join Frank Alvine and Pete Hegg in the South Dakota Hall of Fame.



The above photo was taken at the famous Jack Nicklaus designed Gregory Golf Course where Pete held school on the finer points of the game. From the left: Mike, Archie, Ron, Mark, Jim, Dick and Pete.



Editor's note: The class of '57 should certainly be proud of having 3 of its classmates inducted into The SD Hall of Fame! Congratulations to Gary Conradi '57, this years inductee. Gary will be joining Frank Alvine '57 and Pete Hegg '57

Congratulations to Gary Conradi '57!

'58 Jack.....Dick Kelly is a WHS '58 Grad.....thought you might be interested. Don Noordsy '58
<http://www.argusleader.com/article/20110810/NEWS/108100316/His-heart-his-work?odyssey=tab|topnews|text|Home>



'54 Jack, Congratulations on your wedding. I have talked to both Kent Morstad '54 and Wayne Gustafson '54 recently. They reported that the bride is beautiful, you are too lucky to have found her, and the wedding was a delight for all attendees.



Dick Sweetman '54
WHS Senior Photo

I was thrilled to see Ardeen Foss' letter to you. His father Ardeen was a wonderful man in addition to being a superb musician. He was our conductor for the Mark Twain band, and the WHS band, plus I took lessons from him from the 4th grade until high school. Sadly, his teaching did not stick for me as well as it did for Ron Veenker, Warren Gedstad, Jim Reiman and many others. I count three people as the most influential advisors/ role models in my life and Ardeen was one. I cherish his memory and wish his son(s) the best. I remember his kids as little tykes when my sister and I took our lessons in their home on 9th and Prairie.

Jack, as many of the others have said, thank you for all the work you do to keep us connected.

Dick Sweetman

'59 When I saw that Vicki told you that she would send you photos later, I knew I was going to hear from her soon. I took all the photos. I had to get very creative as to where I placed the camera so I could set it on timer and run to get in most of the photos. The beach, shopping, lots of eating and lot and lots of laughing in the seven days we were there.. Shirley Kittleson Bock '59 and Donna Hecker Shearer '59 meet up with hostess, Vicki Brubaker Gother '59, at the Ft. Myers' airport to celebrate our mini reunion. We planned out flights to arrive at nearly the same time and we actually wore our cheerleader outfits on the flights.. We were sure that the Ft. Myers' newspaper would have sent out a camera crew to record our arrival but alas...they didn't show up.

We met up with one of our classmates, John Beal 1959, for lunch overlooking the Gulf of Mexico.

Shopping at a huge flea market mall on a water inlet.

We got all gussied up to go out for dinner and to see a wonderful comedy act.

A slumber party just like in high school. The question is, "Who took this photo?"

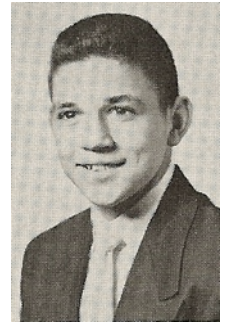
Here are the photos that Vicki asked me to send. Hope you can use them. Your newsletter is getting a lot of response and it is fun to keep up with our old friends. Thanks for your efforts, Donna Hecker Shearer



'54 Thanks Jack, that was an interesting piece of work. I don't remember the club but knew many of the guys that were in it. I thought our local car club would like the write up so sent it on to them. The editor returned the email and had already contacted the Magazine for a hard copy of the article. I have a side line to the racing part. My cousin Dick Hansen (class of '50- same as my brother Don) had a chop down hot rod in the early 50's. As a Boy Scout we used to camp along the Sioux River just North of highway 38. At night we could see and hear the racing going on from where we were, and sure it was my cousin!!! I was 12 in '48 so it was around that time. He moved to California and in the summer of '54 after graduation, I went to see them out there, then rode a 500cc BSA motorcycle back to Sioux Falls which I rode for the next 11 years. I just sold my last Gold Wiing a year ago in October. Thanks again Jack for all the work you do for good ole WHS. (maybe that will slow down now that you have a new bride!!!!)

In Christ care, Darrell Modica '54 darmar2@live.com

Darrell Modica '54
WHS Senior Photo



'58 Hi Jack, I noticed that you got an email from Rich Foss saying he now lived in Bali, Indonesia. We have been trying to contact him with no success as we still had him living in Colorado Springs, CO. If possible, could you send me his address if you have it? Thanks, Eric Gustafson '58 egustaf@me.com

Editor's note: Eric, I was so glad to be able to put you and Rich in contact with each other. Connecting old friends is so gratifying to me and hopefully a big part of the O&B. Jack

Eric Gustafson '58
WHS Senior Photo

'55 & 56 Jack: Thank you for reminding us of the PRICE OF FREEDOM.
Thank you for reminding us of those who PAID THE PRICE.

A personal note. My brother Dan and I volunteered for the draft shortly after graduating from WHS in 1955 and 1956. We both ended up in Europe. I was stationed at Verdun, France (1956-57) and Dan was in Heidelberg, Germany (1957-58). Our dad, Charles A. Koons, was a combat infantry man with the 10th Mountain Infantry in Italy during WWII. The best advise he gave us was to get our military service obligations over prior to going to college. Thank God we followed his advise.

A sad note. Brother Dan passed away on April 21, 2010 in Sioux Falls. HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

Hope all goes well with you and yours.

HAVE A HAPPY DAY! Jim Koons Class of 1955 jfkpmk37@xpressweb.com



Jim Koons '55
WHS Senior Photo



Dan Koons '56
Photo from Dan's
1955 Junior
yearbook.

Words You Don't Hear Anymore.

Be sure to refill the ice trays, we're going to have company.

Don't forget to wind the clock before you go to bed.

There's a dollar in my purse, get 5 gallons of gas when you go to town.

No! I don't have 10 cents for you to go to the show. Do you think money grows on trees?

'55 & '57 Jack, just sent you an email about my sister, Dr. Joyce Wait Tetters '57, then came across this email that I hadn't deleted she sent me about some of her service experiences. Hope you find it interesting. Later, Jervin Wait '55 jervinanddolly@live.com



Jervin Wait '55
WHS Senior



Dr. Joyce Wait Tetters '57
WHS Senior Photo.

From: Dr. Joyce Wait Tetters '57 drjoyce23@yahoo.com

I probably did fly a million miles...went around the world twice a year for 14 years...spent more time flying than living in an apt. I have truly seen most of the world...couldn't go to Egypt because I had been to Israel so they wouldn't let me off the aircraft and I haven't visited many of the African nations as I have absolutely no interest in doing that and we did not have any bases there. Germany still hates the jews and every time I would go to

Israel and they would fly me back home commercially, they would meet me at the gate with submachine and escort me to my next flight. This is in the '90's....Did get into Turkey, but boy they didn't want me to be there...I had to fly a Turkish Airline to Iraq and they had a bus that took the passengers to the aircraft...no one would sit on my side of the bus...it was hysterical, because it was side heavy....It was often cheaper to fly me commercial than military and more reliable, but most of the time I flew military and then didn't have to deal with passports etc.

'56 Jack, Hope you had a great vacation. I don't know if you'd be interested in forwarding this e-mail to the O&B subscribers. Unfortunately I've found some name who were good friends of mine. Paul Anderson "56"

Ed note: Thanks Paul. A great site on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial! Just click on the following site.

[http://
www.virtualwall.org/
iStates.htm](http://www.virtualwall.org/iStates.htm)



Paul Anderson '56
WHS Senior Photo



MONDAY SPECIAL

	Cash & Carry	Delivered
SUITS - - -	52c	58c
DRESS - - -	62c	68c
JACKET SUIT	72c	78c
SWAGGER SUIT	92c	98c
SPRING COATS	77c	83c
TOPCOATS -	77c	83c

The best of cleaning—you get everything but Sta-Press at these prices!

SEND IT TO

Frye's
GOOD CLEANERS & DYERS
Phone 392
208 S. Main Ave.

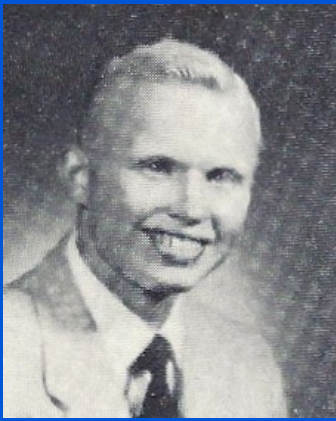
Old Argus Leader
Ads
Sent in by Gary
Nordstrom '54

SICKEL'S MILLINERY
LARGEST IN THE NORTHWEST

MONDAY ONLY DOLLAR DAY
AFTER EASTER SALE OF 400—1938 NEW SPRING HATS

\$1 DAY

All Colors — All Shapes — All Headsizes
SHOP EARLY FOR BEST SELECTION—PLENTY OF SALESLADIES TO HELP YOU



More Letters To The Editor Honoring First Lieutenant Roger "Whitey" Axlund USAF Washington High School '55

'58 Jack.....possible information on Roger "Whitey" Axlund. As I recall, he was a graduate of the Air Force Academy, and being a pilot certainly fits. I suspect it is him, but can't be 100% positive.

Don Noordsy, '58

<http://forum.f-106deltadart.com/index.cgi?board=inmemory&action=display&thread=2114>

http://washingtonwreckchasing.blogspot.com/2009_10_01_archive.html

PS: A possible source of information on Roger is Gloria Welch Legvold, '58, who, as I can best recall, lived next door to Roger when we were in grade and high school.

Don Noordsy '58



Don Noordsy '58
WHS Senior Photo

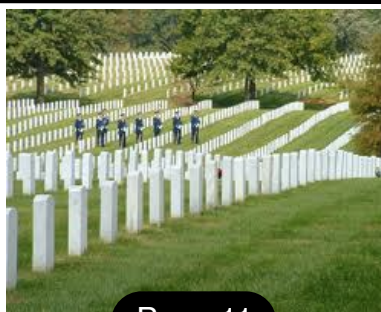


Russ Huhn '55
WHS Senior Photo

'55 Hi Jack – My name is Russ Huhn (Class of 55). Most know me as Rusty. My brother Robert (Class of 51) and I met you at the all school reunion in 2010. Like so many others I want to thank you for all the time you spend to keep everyone up to date. I have an interesting story about my Gibbs Hi-Y buddy Roger "Whitey" Axlund '55. After graduation he went off to the Air Force Academy and I enlisted in the Air Force about the same time frame. In 1957 I was walking through the Seattle Airport to catch a flight to Alaska. Out of no where I heard this loud "Rusty" and turned to see Whitey breaking ranks from a line of Air Force cadets and racing across the terminal. He picked me up and held me above his head sporting a big audacious smile. Then he glanced back at his group and said "uh oh – I'm going to get in trouble for this. Oh well, it was worth it. It was great seeing you, Rusty". With that he gently put me down, smiled, and jogged back to the line of cadets. It was the last time I saw him.

In the year 2000, my wife, Carole, and I visited the Air Force Academy and we looked up the heroes' wall which honors those of the Academy that have given their lives. We found his marker and took a piece of tissue paper and penciled it. I have to say it was one of the most touching moments of my life. He was a remarkable human being. By the way, did you know that he won the award of Air Defense Command Pilot of the year? I believe it was his first year out of the Academy.

Keep up the good work, Jack. You're emails are tremendous – Russ Huhn '55





Doug Aldrich '57
WHS Senior Photo

'57 What a fabulous veterans issue! Having been in the Army, I really appreciate men and women who served and especially those who died. My father was killed in Patton's army during WW II. Thank you again, Jack!!

As soon as I hit send, I realized Whitey Axlund was a '55 grad. He was in the first Air Force Academy class, and crashed in combat training with an F-106 in Seattle WA in 1963. I've written earlier about Sam Fantle. Both he and Whitey have names on the memorial wall I saw at the AFA.

Best wishes again,
Doug Aldrich '57



'56 Just want to say thank you for all the work you do keeping us WHS grads informed on WHS alumni. A couple of comments you may want to add to your memory bank. Roger Axlund, I think was in the first graduating class at the Air Force Academy. He went on to become a jet pilot and his plane was lost over the ocean out of the Seattle area. Probably McCord AFB.

Like you and I, Gene Kimmel was a graduate of the "World Famous Grade School, Emerson in Sioux Falls[just kidding of course. paul anderson "56"

Photo left: Paul Anderson '56 from his WHS Sophomore Yearbook.

'58 Jack, Roger was 3 years ahead of me but I remember him playing baseball with my brother. A really nice guy. I'm almost sure these links are about him as I remember his mother told my mother about him crashing in a military aircraft.

Richard OConnor 1958

http://washingtonwreckchasing.blogspot.com/2009_10_01_archive.html

<http://www.usafaclases.org/1959/history.html>

ps I found this after I sent the first email. So it was Whitey for sure.

United States Air Force Academy - Polaris Yearbook (Colorado ...

Roger Conrad Axlund " Whitey " Sioux Falls, South Dakota Congressional The reticent type at first. Ax developed throughout his career in many facets. ...

www.e-yearbook.com/yearbooks/United.../Page_120.html - Cached



Dick O'Connor '58
WHS Senior Photo

END OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Both Marlys Ahrendt Hohman '57 and Mick Zerr, Chairman of The WHS Historical Committee (Mick also taught at WHS for 42 years from 1967 to 2009), have asked that I inform you of **The WHS Historical Committee establishing The WHS Hall of Distinction**. Please read the article to the right from the Argus Leader and make your nomination.

Washington High panel starts Hall of Distinction

The Washington High School Historical Committee is starting a Hall of Distinction to recognize outstanding graduates or students who attended the school when it was in downtown Sioux Falls.

Criteria for nomination include distinguished achievement after high school in a notable field of endeavor at the state, regional or national level and attendance at the old WHS for at least one school year, grades 9 through 12.

The committee is seeking nominees from the earliest period of

the school, 1909-29. To nominate an individual from that period, write a letter outlining the person's achievements and years of attendance and send it to the Historical Committee at the Washington Pavilion, 301 S. Main Ave., Sioux Falls, SD 57104.

Persons selected from this earliest period of the school will be announced before the end of the year. The Historical Committee also will accept at this time nominees for the next period, 1930-50.

For information on the committee, visit www.sfwhshc.org.

- From staff reports