

WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, SIOUX FALLS, SD
Serving The Classes of the Great '50's Decade. Photos & Stories Welcome!
Published by Jack M. Phillips, Class of '54: jack@jackmohillips.com



Ron Veenker '54
WHS Senior Photo

Ron Veenker '54 of Holden Beach, N. C. Survives Hurricane Matthew.

Jack, thank you for the phone calls about the storm. I had already left when you first called. We fled to Pinehurst NC where a kind friend gave us shelter. Even 140 miles inland, we suffered flooding, fallen trees and power outages.

Hurricane season is from June 1 to November 1; yes, six months out of each year I'm always looking over my shoulder. One simply keeps one's eyes and ears open. Someone in the super market will say that there's a low- pressure system that looks threatening. More often the Weather Channel will get its hype going very early in the development. I then start checking Weather Underground [<https://www.wunderground.com/hurricane/>] for all of the computer model predictions about the storm path. For example, right now [Oct 20] there is a tropical low 99L which is predicted to push up the center of the North Atlantic without threatening the SE US coast. Nevertheless, we watch and wonder. As hurricane Matthew crept very slowly out of the Caribbean, I became more and more anxious. As the possibility of its making landfall in the Carolinas increased, we made plans to leave. Our usual destination is Lumberton NC, 80 miles inland. But, we have a friend in Pinehurst (a very lovely place) who kept asking us. Had we gone to Lumberton we would have been there for more than a week without electricity and the ability to move around. A local dam broke and completely inundated those who had evacuated the coast. It was devastating. More than twenty people lost their lives in the flooding her in NC.

We left the island, Holden Beach, on Friday afternoon and returned on Monday morning after power had been restored and the town opened the bridge to property owners. The island was open to all by Tuesday afternoon. Coming back we encountered standing water on portions of I-74 near Laurinburg. Our plan was to come down NC 211 which sits very high and has good drainage. However, we found out that there was eight feet of water above the surface of 211. We made it through the low lying NC130 and got back to the island just before the flood waters crested, closing that route home.

My brother **Stephen (WHS '59)** rode out the storm on the island. He lives on a higher spot 8 rows back from the beach. He did well as we all did until the power went off. It's amazing how we have come to depend on our electronic devices of various kinds! There was a lot of property damage east of us and less to the west. We who live on Holden Beach were very fortunate. The storm surge did not cause an overwash, i.e., water breaking through the dunes, under the houses and onto the street. We lost about 35' of the low berm which we have been building with sand fence (SD snow fence) since hurricane Floyd in 1999. The berm protected



Stephen Veenker '59
WHS Senior Photo

the frontal high dune so we are vulnerable to the next storm. It took us 15 years to build the current berm. But, complaining about loss of some sand seems rather petty in the light of our low property damage and no injury or loss of life. Every couple of weeks I look out at the Atlantic Ocean and ask myself, "Why would I take everything I have worked for all my life and place it 200' from high tide?" I've been listening but have not heard an answer yet. Ron Veenker '54.



**Ron Veenker '54,
Surveying His
Wonderful Beach Front World
and Being Thankful For
Dodging What Could Have
Been A Devastating Blow By
Mother Nature.**



Frank Alvine
WHS Senior Photo

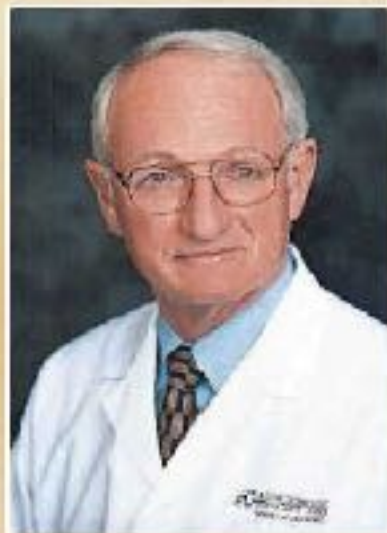
Mike Rich '57, sent this most impressive article on Franklin (Frank) Alvine, '57 MD, that appeared in the Argus Leader on October 9, 2016.



Mike Rich '57
WHS Senior Photo

Congratulations

**Franklin G. Alvine, MD
2016 Alumnus of
Highest Distinction
University of Washington
School of Medicine**



**2908 E. 26th St., Sioux Falls
www.coreorthoavera.com
605-336-2638**

At a two day event, Dr. Frank Alvine was honored as "Alumnus of the Highest Distinction" by the University of Washington for his work in Orthopaedics. Dr. Alvine accepted the award surrounded by his wife and children and many of his peers.

Dr. Alvine was born and raised in Sioux Falls, SD. After graduating from high school in 1957, he attended the three year premedical program at the University of South Dakota. He attended the then two-year medical school and after transferred to the University of Washington where he received his MD in 1964. He spent three years in the United States Navy followed by acceptance into the orthopaedic program at the University of Washington. He graduated at the end of 1971 and practiced for a short while in Richland WA. An opportunity arose to join Doctors Giebink, Gross and Nice in Sioux Falls and thus his practice began July of 1972.

He very much enjoyed helping patients in all aspects of orthopaedics, whether that be to replace a knee, a hip or fix a broken arm. One problem started to stand out. There was not a good solution for people with arthritis of the ankle. Since Dr. Alvine was always intrigued by "why something does not work", he embarked on a five-year study to review the world literature on ankle arthritis and its solution. This led to him designing a prototype total ankle

that was inserted in the first patient in July of 1984. After an exhaustive 10-year review of data, collected by Dr. Alvine and his patients, the FDA gave approval for the ankle implant. This was the first FDA approved total ankle in the United States.

Once proven, Dr. Alvine began training other surgeons around the world. Over 600 surgeons were trained through the Orthopaedic Learning Center in Chicago IL. Dr. Alvine visited Europe, Australia and New Zealand to train surgeons at various centers in these areas. The stimulus provided by introduction of this ankle, rekindled the interest and furthered development of ankle replacements throughout the world.

Dr. Alvine was also recognized for his work in joint replacements, compartment syndrome and ulnar nerve palsy. His academic positions included Professor of Orthopaedics at the University of SD from 1990-1994. He was chief of staff of Sioux Valley Hospital 1986-1988. He was inducted into the SD Hall of Fame in 2010. His work as a researcher, administrator, teacher and surgeon led to his latest honor as Alumnus of Highest Distinction from the University of Washington.

Dr. Alvine and son Greg Alvine were the founding fathers of what is now CORE Orthopedics and Prairie States Surgical Center. Partners include Doctors Jeff Kalo, David Watts, Erik Peterson, Scott McPherson, Travis Liddell and Travis Venner.

Old Sioux Falls Air Base Response!

In the last O&B Newsletter, #8-16, I ran the following letter from Lynn Brown Girton '61 requesting info & photos of the old base.

On Aug 18, 2016, **Lynn Girton '61** <lgirton@iglide.net> wrote:

Hi Jack, Enjoy your O & B newsletter. The letter from Don Brown mentioned the old airbase. Do you have any information on it or pictures? I lived on the airbase in the 40's, my younger sisters were surprised to hear about that – they lived there too. They had no idea about housing on an airbase. Thank you! **Lynn Brown Girton, '61**



Gary Roddel '59
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 4, 2016, **Gary Roddel '59** mgrod@charter.net wrote:
Lynn and Jack,

A little FYI on the SF Airbase. The Roddel family, (David and Nellie, my sister **Loreene, WHS '57**, and I) lived there for a year or so after the war when dad came home from Guam. I went to kindergarten at the Air Base. The school was set up in one of the many training buildings which had been built for the servicemen who trained there to become Radio Operators for the Army Air Force (AAF).

Lynn, some years ago I visited the Minn. County Museum to see if they had any info on the Airbase. The gift shop has a small multi-page brochure about the AB and from the museum archives came a page

from the Argus Leader, with about 7 or more pics of some of the buildings, which they copied off for me. They may have more. I also looked in old phone books at the SF Library and found out the addresses of the 2 barracks where we lived.

Then a visit to the Sioux Falls City Engineer connected me with another treasure, a copy of the architects plans of the design of the air base as the Army intended to build it. It is labeled as the 'Electrical Distribution System General Plan'. It is dated April 25, 1942. When this print began losing some of its clarity a local firm here in Winona digitized it for me as a .pdf file. I am attaching a copy to this note. If you zoom in on this drawing you are able to see the street addresses and info on every building that was built. As one who began his career as a draftsman it is an amazing piece of history.

After the war the AAF, who had also expanded the runways, cleared out and turned the land back to the city who had deeded it to them as a way to support the war effort. It was after this that SF nearly doubled in size because of all the veterans who had trained there liked the city so much many returned and settled down in Sioux Falls, our home town.

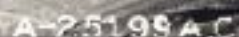
Rather than boring you with any more detail here I have one more surprise. In 2014 a gentleman named Lynwood E. Oyos, a Professor Emeritus of History at Augie, wrote a book called Reveille for Sioux Falls which goes into great genealogical detail on everything there is to know about the SF Airbase during WW2. I believe I found it on Amazon. I recommend it to anyone who called SF home even if they didn't grow up as an 'Airbase Brat' as someone had labeled us back in the day.

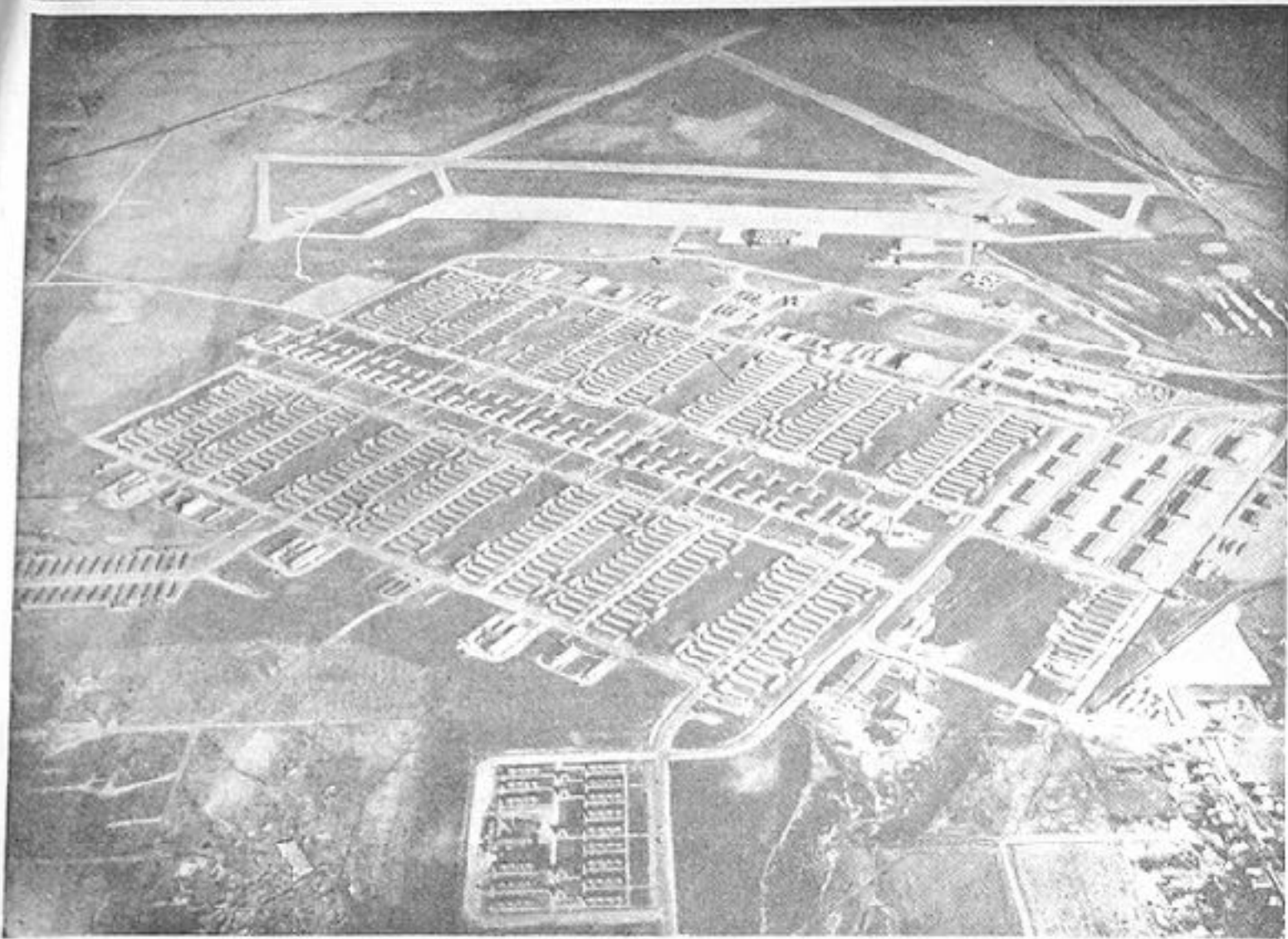
Jack thank you for your continued work on the O & B. The memories that come from reading it are such a treasure in our advancing years. Of course it sometimes reminds us of some of the hi-jinx that we were involved in back then too. But of course, I am referring to the things I heard about from others, not anything in which I would have been a participant. Wink, wink. You are much appreciated.

Jack you asked for pictures of the airbase. I also attached 2 aerial views. I don't know if the resolution will be good enough to print. **Gary Roddel, WHS Class of '59**



Loreene Roddel '57
WHS Senior Photo





A general view of the Sioux Falls Army Air Field is shown above. The hospital unit is not included. Air strips can be seen

at the top of the picture. The broad white strip is a 4,000-foot strip of concrete. Covell lake borders field at right.



Ron Veenker '54
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 5, 2016, at 8:53 AM, Ronald Veenker <rveenker@ec.rr.com> wrote:

Jack and Lynn, Shortly before the class of '54 sixtieth reunion in 2014, Dorothy Langley Carlsons recommended to me Reveille for Sioux Falls by Lynwood Oyo. I really enjoyed the narrative and there were a ton of photographs. You can order it using the information from the website below.

I didn't attend Augie, but Oyo was a professor of history. I ran across his work when researching the Morrell's strike of 1935-37.

<http://www.augie.edu/announcing-reveille-sioux-falls-lynwood-e-oyo>

All the best,

Ronald Veenker '54





On Oct 5, 2016, **Donald Brown '53** <don@chubrown.com> wrote:
Hi Jack,

Many thanks again for the latest O&B Newsletter, which I read with continued pleasure and appreciation. Lynn Gorton had a question about the Air Base that was put in Sioux Falls during WWII. You asked if readers have photos. I do, and much more. More than you will be able to handle.

For your own curiosity let me start with this blueprint of the base (which I obtained at the County Courthouse a few years ago). The upper boundary is Minnesota Ave. The upper right hand corner of the base is the intersection of Minnesota with Russell St. You see the runways off to the left of the print. Below the north end of Covell Lake are the Bachelors Office Quarters (BOQ). I lived in the very SW corner of them after the War. The larger complex below Covell Lake was the hospital. After the war it too was converted to public rental, and there was a partial grade school there too. To the NW of the BOQ, standing off from the main complex of buildings, were the Married Officers Quarters—the best of the rentals after the War. Some but by no means all of the long skinny barracks in the main complex were also turned into rentals after the War.

More coming. **Don Brown '53**

Donald gratefully acknowledges access to these maps from the Siouxland Heritage Museums.



On Oct 5, 2016, Donald Brown '53 <don@chubrown.com> wrote:

Hi again Jack,

My wife belonged to a writers group some years ago and each year they locally published their short stories. One year my wife was too busy and I stood in for her with this story fitting that year's theme "When We Were Young". I forwarded this to Lynn Girton yesterday (following her request in your O&B Newsletter). It's a big file, and I don't know if it will enlarge for easier reading when she or you receive it. Feel free to share this with anyone who might be interested. I have the typescript file for it too, which makes for something very much smaller to send or print.

I remain amazed at all you do for we '50s WHS grads, not to mention all the other decades too....
Don B '53

THE SIOUX FALLS AIR BASE

by Don Brown ('53)

During World War II the Army Air Corps established a radio training school and airbase in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. From roads to sewer, water, and buildings, the whole Base went up in three months time. Hundreds of tarpaper covered buildings, many in the monotonous rows of a Manzanar. Certainly the barracks were that way. Their walls were sheathed on the outside, with bare studs inside. Pot-bellied stoves provided the heat. Toilet facilities for the troops were in separate buildings. In the fifties I met a man who was trained there; he called it a hell hole. His recollections, however, dwelt on the bitter cold and wind of winter. He being from southern California, I sympathized. But my recollections of the Base and its surroundings are far more pleasant.

Toward the end of the Depression but before Pearl Harbor my parents moved our family into the ground floor of my paternal grandmother's house on the north end of Sioux Falls. From the upper floor my humorless grandmother kept an eye on comings and goings. My father had become an alcoholic and I have almost no memory of his being away at work (Mom brought home the bacon). What with Grandma upstairs and Pap downstairs, the house was no place for chore-evaders. My appreciation of the outdoors flourished. Fortunately, the neighborhood surged with children to play with, some even lacking adult supervision during the day. And kitty-corner across from us, towards the northwest, open fields stretched as far as we could see or travel. There were a few houses immediately to the north, but within a block or so the paved road ended and the country opened, first with a few sidetracked railway cars, and then the graveled "ditch road" that ran northward alongside a canal that provided flood control for the Big Sioux River.

When we weren't playing at neighbors' houses, in nearby vacant lots or along the railroad tracks a couple blocks to the east, I generally joined an assortment of neighbor boys to head out along the ditch road, into the fields alongside it, and—best of all—to the canal, with its sometimes grassy, sometimes sandy shorelines, its stands of willows, and its easy flowing shallow waters.

In the fields nearest my house, and right next to a drainage ditch with interest in its own right (occasionally flowing water, lots of mud, and a dark, cool culvert that stretched scarily into the earth), was a stand of crab-apple trees that seemed to belong to no one, but provided shade on hot days and, in season, tasty apples if salted. A bit behind the trees were huge haystacks that we climbed on, slid from, burrowed into, and perched upon to watch my eldest brother Robert's magnificent red box kite, with real cloth at its ends, soaring above the other, kid-stuff kites generally papered with newspaper comic pages.

The haystacks disappeared when the Air Base was established on land that included the open areas nearest to Grandma's house. We youngsters then had to beg apples off military prisoners who might during the summers be allowed a little time in the shade of the trees. Although I saw the base from close up outside, I had little sense of what it was like inside or what went on there. My friends and I regularly skirted its eastern edge as we sought adventure along the ditch road.

There we waded in the sandy parts, made awkward attempts to learn to swim, seined minnows, caught crawdads or polliwogs, and hacked our way through willows as though we were in the Pacific jungles of the period's riveting war

movies. With hatchets and knives we threw up lean-tos and fashioned bows and arrows. After a few years of exploring the canal, a classmate, Ray Elliott, and I discovered that there were fish in it, not just minnows. We fished there often, and even when we couldn't fish or didn't want to because it was too cold, we could climb down the bank to revel in the splendid sensation of lying in the sun where a chilly wind only barely reaches.

One of my mother's persisting memories is two neighbor boys and I coming home late from the canal, with me marching in front cradling a precious jar of crawfish. I got the dickens, not because I was late, but because the smallest guy of the lot--Eddy Lathrop, who was a few years younger than his brother and I--trailed behind burdened down with all our cooking and camping gear.

The older brother, Milton, and I discovered friendship together. We were returning from the canal once when a police car scared us by pulling alongside us and an officer called us over. He asked if we knew that the war was over. We didn't. We continued home thinking about that, and sat in the shade alongside grandma's house, letting the brass spigot there run till the water beaded on it to signal it had become cold, and I commented that things didn't feel any different now that the war was over. Milton noticed no difference either.

Shortly after V-J day, however, the army abandoned the Air Base and many things did change. The areas of the Base closest to grandma's house had been, I think, given over mostly to classrooms, hangars, gyms, and other non-barrack structures. There were hundreds of buildings, all abandoned, and miles of paved but empty roads. With some older and braver boys I entered some of the buildings to pick up odds and ends of radio gear that were scattered about. Every building had fire extinguishers in the form of big olive-drab containers with a pump handle. With the fire-retardant fluid replaced by water, the extinguishers allowed a vast escalation of the water fights we had hitherto pursued with puny squirt guns. For years, older boys, including my good friend and classmate **Dale Paulson '53**, loaded the extinguishers into their cars and drove around town engaged in mechanized water warfare.

Within a year or so of the Base's closure, one of the structures nearest grandma's house was taken over by

the city to house a summer day camp for neighborhood children. Inside we were taught crafts (my sole



In the summer of 1946 (possibly 1947) Len was in charge of a summer recreation center in the old airbase. I presume he took the photo that I will attach of children standing in front of that recreation building, near the corner of Minnesota and Russell. In the above photo future WHS students include on the far left Floy Brown ('54), then Lois Stokke ('51?). Three persons further, above the seated boy is Gary Hartenhoff's sister. Two to the right of her, in white blouse, is Norma Lund ('54?). Further to the right in striped shirt and straw hat is Gary Hartenhoff ('53). The goofy looking one in striped shirt and with basketball is me. To my immediate right is Duane (Rusty) Stokke ('52).



Dale Paulson '53
WHS Senior Photo

Floy Brown '54
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased



Lois Stokke '51
WHS Senior Photo

Gary Hartenhoff '53
WHS Senior Photo



No record could be found in any yearbook of Norma Lund and there was no photo of Duane Stokke '52 in the '52 yearbook.



Mr. Len Tabor
WHS Math Teacher

accomplishment was to make

myself a lanyard) and some of the girls put on plays. Outside were places to play basketball. On one occasion there was a pet show, in which I entered my dog Speck. Surveying the competition, and noting no other dog there that would even come when called, I entered him in the "Trick Pet" category, because he would perk up his ears and look alert on the command "sic em." Instead of getting what he rightly deserved, he was insultingly awarded as "Ugliest Pet." Perhaps that was the day I climbed onto the roof of the building and, angry at people below, tore one of the chimneys off to hurl at them (it had rusted out where it entered the roof). A **Mr. Tabor** was in charge of things, and I imagine now that he had his hands full in a way I little appreciated then.

At about this time our family moved again, this time going to live with Robert, his wife, and children, in a house just across the alley to the east of grandma's. We stayed there only a year and moved again: right onto the Base. At its southern edge, well to the southwest of grandma's house, there had been a rambling one-story hospital complex. North of the hospital, across prairie fields, there were several large tracts of barracks. The hospital and the barracks were all turned into public housing, and my parents, my Sis, and I moved into one of the units.

Approaching puberty, and in the seventh grade, I think, I was about to enjoy the best of my younger years. Our unit was on the edge of its cluster of barracks, so that to the south and west open fields stretched for a quarter mile or more. In winter I could watch Speck prowling the crusted snow, sniffing for rodents. If he smelled one he would rise onto his hind legs then drive his front paws down through the crust in hope of catching the prey below. Many were the attempts, few the catches. In the summers he would scare up rabbits in the fields, and disappear for hours in dogged chase. And then the fields were sprinkled with prairie roses, and the dull reddish, glacier-scraped quartzite of the Canadian Shield peeked through the grasses here and there.

Inside our home the walls had been surfaced with fiberboard and then wallpapered. The outside was still tarpaper, but the doors and windows were trimmed in white. Though water would freeze in the rooms on winter nights, and having to go outside to the bathroom was a royal pain (exacerbated by my shyness), we were reasonably comfortable. Privacy was minimal, as there were no internal doors (only curtains), and Sis and I shared a room. After a few years of that, however, she went to live for a year with Robert's family (who had begun the family exodus to California). When Sis returned, I left.

While we were at the Base, Sis and I maintained the friendships we had formed in the North End, where we still attended the same grade school. However, one of my classmates and his younger brother, the **Arneson boys**, became much more important to me. They lived within a few minutes' walk to the southeast of us, just above Covell Lake, a small body of water with Terrace Park on one side and the open fields near the hospital buildings on the other. At one end of the park was a swimming pool that had been built for the soldiers during the War.

Immediately north of the lake, and just inside the Base to the east of where we lived, was a pond that may have been a cut-off extension of Covell Lake. On its east side was a stand of willows and other trees, dense enough to allow the Arnesons and me to build lean-tos and make fires out of sight of the nearby roads and the Lake. In the summers, and to some extent in the winters too, we used this site to re-create what we imagined as a Native American way of life (guided by my copy of Ernest Thompson Seton's how-to-do-it TWO LITTLE SAVAGES). Our key re-creations were the bows and arrows and throwing sticks that we used to hunt rabbits, pheasants, and frogs.

None of us ever hit a rabbit or pheasant, but we got lots of frogs, mostly by just smacking them with willow

branches. Freshly skinned frog legs: very tasty. For the most part, though, we fried Canadian bacon ends (my mother, working in the employees' meat store at the John Morrell packing plant, literally brought home the bacon). In the leftover fat we French-fried potatoes.

While I think of Sioux Falls as almost always breezy (if not howling with wind), I once stood alone on the east side of the pond on a day with utterly still air and a cloudless sky. The sun had just set and a pure rosy pink in the west shaded smoothly overhead into sky blue and then to a darker hue in the east behind me. As I looked across the pond to the west a lone mud hen came paddling effortlessly from the south, across the wholly unruffled, glassy water reflecting a solid sheet of pink. But the mud hen left waves that fell behind it and widened in geometrically precise Vs, each entire line of which reflected a pure blue from the other side of the sky. The sharply etched regularity of the contrasting pure colors, the steady movement, and the sheer novelty of glassy water left me certain that the image would never fade from mind or rarely if ever be surpassed for beauty.

The mud hen itself is not much for looks: its plumage about the color of tarpaper. So despised as game, only the poorest of the poor would hunt or eat the mud hen. Yet the vision it gave me that day raised it high in my estimation. (I still wouldn't eat it.)

The lake, the park, and the swimming pool—all within a couple minutes of our home—filled my days with hours on end of delights. I learned to swim there, and never tired of seeing how far I could go underwater, of practicing swan dives or jackknives, or of lying down cold and wet to warm myself in the sun on the hot raspy cement alongside the pool. In the evenings there were band concerts, taken in on the grass and with the aid of smoky mosquito repellents. And after dark we wouldn't be spotted if we rode our bikes down the terraces. At one end of the park was a lover's lane; whether there or elsewhere in the park summer provided eye-openers to my newly pubescent sensibilities. I met my first love at the park.

In winter the lake froze over and was popular with ice skaters. I spent many evenings and weekends on the ice, but try as I might I never turned into much of a skater (weak ankles, I guess). Beyond the skating area the ice stretched north for some distance, and onto this section I would take my motorbike. Starting out very slowly, to keep traction, and then gradually accelerating, I would get up a good speed, put my feet down, turn the handlebars, and give it the gas. The bike would begin to spin and I would sail under the bridge and down to the end of the lake whirling round and round, revving the engine in giddy delight.

I delivered newspapers, and on winter Sunday mornings, before I got my motorbike or when it was out of commission, I would walk across the lake, sometimes in deep darkness, sometimes in the crisp light of moon and stars on freshly fallen snow. In the quiet of nights innocent of airliner or highway noise I could hear what I rarely if ever heard during the day: that the ice was continually cracking, often making deep sonorous booonnnkks as a crack passed underfoot and off into the distance.

It was shortly after moving to the base, that my classmate Dale Paulson (we came to share the nickname "Rowdy") got his motorbike. I would awake in the morning on hearing him round a bend just a couple blocks from our home, but by the time he pulled up in front I would be on the stoop pulling on my socks. Before long I had my own motorbike (paid for by delivering papers). In spite of the greater mobility it allowed, I still often found myself on or near the Base. Around a former softball field for the troops we turned a circular road into a race track for our motorbikes. In the grassy field south of our home friends and I pitched army surplus pup tents to sleep outside at night. Conditions deteriorated as we tended pee in the vicinity of the tents (and sometimes on them), and all was abandoned after Kenny Ament and others in his Model A livened their evening by driving over the tent a time or two. Hearing him coming and then seeing his lights bobbing steadily toward us over the fields, we scattered. Raucous laughter of both sexes trailed off in the distance as Kenny wheeled about and then motored on.

When friends and I graduated to our own cars the Base provided those miles of paved roads with little or no traffic. Good for drag races or quiet drives. My girlfriend I were on one of those quiet drives when it suddenly rained so hard that my wipers could not keep up. I stopped the car, lest we end up in a drainage ditch. When the rain cleared some twenty minutes later water stood above ground level for blocks around us, but within minutes had subsided and

the roads re-emerged. Mighty changeable weather there. And a summer rain to be remembered.

Along the Base roads in many places were lines of wooden, silver-painted markers, about 6 or 8 inches in diameter and designed to show where one should be careful not to leave the road. The several years of age had rotted them at their bottoms, so that a swerve to the side of the road, I found, would send them flying like bowling pins.

But even after I had a motorbike or car, walking was still a pleasure in the Base, and on many evenings in season I would come home from carrying papers, grab a shotgun and take off walking through the Base and out again to the ditch road. Speck was no bird dog, being too easily distracted by rabbits, but he was about as efficient at catching pheasants as I was at shooting them. The few we brought home tasted fine either way.

Well, Speck is long gone and so are my grandmother's house, the crab-apple trees, our home in the Base, even the pond. In some compensation I now enjoy green fields in Santa Barbara's winters. But when those fields are brown and dry, my thoughts turn readily to a time and place where a few minutes' walk through grasses, weeds, and willows in warm moist earth lead me to the fresh-water haunts of crawdads, frogs, fish, and the occasional mud hen with an exquisite sense of timing and direction. Some may recollect a Hell hole in the Air Base, but not me. On the contrary, parts of its setting now snap neatly into my image of paradise. Perhaps at times I dwell too much on the past and distant, but why let go of glimpses of even the smallest fragments of paradise?

On Oct 5, 2016, at
12:47 PM, **Donald
Brown '53**

[<don@chubrown.com>](mailto:don@chubrown.com)
wrote:

In front of O-60 Airbase c.
1951. Not a pretty sight,
especially in winter. It was
only a couple blocks'
distance from Covell Lake
and the swimming pool.
Don Brown '53



The young lady in the photo is Don's younger sister, Floy Brown Newman '54.
Sadly, Floy passed away from cancer on December 16, 2015.

Thanks Don for your continual
quality contributions to the
O&B. You always help remind
us how lucky we were to grow
up in Sioux Falls, and in the
time we did.
Jack



Jim Ward '53
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 6, 2016, **James Ward '53** [<j-cward@charter.net>](mailto:j-cward@charter.net) wrote:

Jack, regarding air base pictures, I located a nice aerial shot of the base on Google but don't recall any up-close pictures, although they may be there. An interesting fact about the base that I only recently learned is that the base housed German POWs as well as US military. It was a small satellite POW camp for the bigger one in Algona, Iowa. The captured Germans worked in the camp Laundry. It is fascinating to me to think of those young Germans living in our midst in Sioux Falls during WWII. I recall my parents inviting GIs over for Sunday dinner at our house. We did not invite the Germans.

Jim Ward '53



**Thanks to Joe Alick '56 for submitting this great photo of
The Class of 1956's 60th Reunion!**

Letters to the



&B

On Oct 5, 2016, **Donald Brown '53** <don@chubrown.com> wrote:

Jack, Ah, I am delighted to hear that I have not gone over my limit, Jack. But, if for whatever reason you decide not to include one or another item in later Newsletters, I'll understand.

In an early issue of the O&B Newsletter I wrote about myself and WHS friends up to the point where I dropped out in the middle of my senior year, having landed a very good job at North American Aviation in Los Angeles (summer of '52). You suggested that I continue the story from there, but I never got around to that. Here it is in brief:

In 1957 I was drafted into the army for two years. On getting out I returned to my job at NAA but the following Fall I decided to attend college full time for a year (rather than continuing part-time while working full-time). I changed to a major that just sounded fun, anthropology. Almost ten years later I earned a PhD in that field

and landed a job at the U. of California at Santa Barbara. I took early retirement in '94 and then devoted a lot of time trying to locate and get in touch with old friends, most certainly including those I had known in Sioux Falls. Your O&B Newsletter has greatly expanded my sense of fellowship with we WHS fortunates, and I have been gratified to be able to add bits and pieces from time to time.

Don Brown '53



Don Brown '53
WHS Sophomore Photo



Royce Adams '58
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 6, 2016, **Royce Adams '58** Litljump@aol.com wrote:

Jack, thank you for another great issue, really enjoyed it.

It was nice to read about the Wilsons. Mr. Ashton Wilson, their dad, was my shop teacher. I enjoyed shop, loved the machinery and the smell of wood and lacquer. The machinery was great, especially the planer (it shaved big pieces of wood down to smaller pieces of wood). That machinery was very open and dangerous and by today's standards would have been shut down immediately by OSHA. I remember making a lamp for our living room. It was a modernistic shape of a swan and I used mahogany wood. Andy Warhol would have loved that lamp because you had to "bend" your vision of it being a swan!! Even a real swan would have questioned it's shape. The pattern was cut by a scroll saw (?) and had to be sanded to a quality

that would pass Mr. Wilson's eye. I worked and worked at sanding the piece and I am not sure if I met Mr. Wilson's test or if he just gave up on me. I got the project done, took it home, and placed it in the living room on the table near the window. (When I saw the leg lamp scene in the Christmas Story it made me think about my lamp). I can't remember the last time I saw that "Swan Lamp" but I do remember returning from the Marines and never seeing it anywhere. I remember that my mother had high praises about my work and my dad saying something about "it would make a fine piece of firewood." Perhaps mom gave the lamp to some friend of her's that had very poor vision. Mr. Wilson was a fine teacher and I really enjoyed his class. I just don't sand any wood anymore because I knew, even as a Sophomore, that I should never try to make a living by working in wood. **Royce Adams '58**



On Oct 12, 2016, **Royce Adams '58** Litljump@aol.com wrote:

Today I was at SAMS club and stopped in the men's room. There I noticed on the wall what is called "Baby Changing Station". Many times I wonder about things that are not fully understood by me so I went to the service counter. There a customer assistant asked if she could help me. I told her about the "Baby Changing Station". Just for fun, and before Deanna could stop me, I said I would very much like to exchange my unruly grand kid for another 3 year old that was better behaved. I had no idea that SAMS offered signs that said "Beware - not normal".

Royce Adams '58



Carla Thaelke '56
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct. 11, 2016, **Carla Gibson '56** <carlagibsonc@aol.com> wrote:

Jack , Thanks for the great coverage of our 1956 class reunion. It was really fun and wonderful being together with our old friends in Sioux Falls. The town has always been "special" but it is now amazing in its fabulous growth.

Also, thanks for putting in the pic of the Brown's, Olson's and us in France. Mike's e-mail address was incorrect. It is gibson6618@sbcglobal.net

I received e-mails after the O&B from 3 WHS old friends I had not heard from in 60 years. Due to your great work keeping us all up to date and in contact, we are a lucky group.

Thanks again, **Carla Thaelke Gibson '56**





Bob Huhn '50
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 13, 2016, **Bob Huhn '50** rhuhn@att.net wrote:

Recollections in 2016

Hi Jack, this is Bob Huhn, WHS 50. You asked for our story, so here is my secular career story.

I left Sioux Falls in September 1950 to complete a three month residency course for Airline Administration with the California Air College. It took me three days to hitch hike from my front porch, 709 S. Minnesota Ave, to Hollywood, California. The college was located above Ontra Cafeteria on Vine. I graduated with a diploma and acquired two CAA (now FAA, DOT) certificates as ground instructor in navigation and meteorology.

Unfortunately, my return to Sioux Falls in December 1950 was necessary. The Air National Guard was called to active duty in February 1951 to serve in the Korean War. We were stationed in Sioux Falls. I was in the weather detachment, so they sent me to Colorado for additional weather training. When I returned to Sioux Falls, the guard unit was gone and my orders were to the Pacific. Because of the additional training, I was stationed in Hickam Air Base in Honolulu, Hawaii as crew chief plotting weather data for USAF forecasters. They released me as surplus ANG and sent me home in 1952. They were closing the weather station.

My college education was with South Dakota State College in Brookings, South Dakota and Fenn College in Cleveland, Ohio. Fenn College had a work-study program that I utilized. I graduated from SDSC in 1958 with a BSEE. I was also able to get my single engine pilot license in 1958 through SDSC.

I was offered two Job opportunities, both in California. One was with the Navy at Point Mugu, Oxnard, CA and the other, the FAA in Los Angeles. I chose the FAA and began work in January 1959 with the FAA's LA Air Navigation Facilities Division as a supervisory electronic engineer, monitoring and installing ground aviation navigation equipment in the nine western states.

In 1962 my transfer to the LA Aircraft Certification Division, Systems and Equipment Branch, landed me in the electrical/electronic unit as an aerospace engineer. I found compliance to FAA regulations for transport aircraft for the North American NA 250, Douglas DC 9 series, follow on DC-8-60 aircraft and B737.

In 1969 I was transferred to the FAA's LA Flight Standards Division as an aviation electronics specialist. My Advisor duties were to FAA inspectors and FAA pilots during the many board meetings with the airlines. I also evaluated electrical/electronic equipment on board the airlines. This required the jump seat behind the airline pilot.

In 1974 FAA transferred me to the Brussels, Belgian Office of the Assistant Administrator, Europe, Africa and Middle East, Aircraft Certification Staff as certification advisor for foreign aircraft Manufacturers on FAA systems equipment regulations. Duty was in England, Ireland, Finland, France, Germany, Romania, Italy and Belgium.

In 1976 FAA transferred me to the Washington, DC, Flight Standards Service, Systems Branch, Chief of the Electrodynamics Section. We provided guidance material to FAA and airline industry. I was chief of Systems Branch in 1980.

In 1981 FAA transferred me to Seattle, WA, Aircraft Certification Division as Branch manager of Foreign Aircraft Certification Branch, which took that responsibility from the Brussels, Belgian office. I also served on the Division Manager's staff doing field office evaluations from 1987 to 1990.

I retired from the Department of Transportation, Federal Aviation Administration in September 1990. FAA granted me a Designated Engineering Representative (DER) Certificate of authority when I retired.

Flight Structures, an aircraft modifier, hired me to assist them in finding compliance to electrical and electronic FAA regulations for their aircraft modifications. They sent me to Bandung, Indonesia to assist the Indonesian aircraft manufacturer to find compliance to FAA systems regulations for their twin turboprop 50 passenger airplane.

I left Flight Structures in 1992 to become an independent DER consultant. I retired from consulting in 2003. So ended my secular career.

The most important work I did during my secular career was a witness for Christianity, on and off the job. But that is another story. I can send that in if you wish.

Robert J Huhn
7813 Shetland Drive
Bakersfield, CA 93309
rhuhn@att.net

On Oct 15, 2016, **Don Noordsy '58**

<heythere63@comcast.net> wrote:

Jack...don't know if you want to make note of this passing.....she was a long-time teacher at WHS.....was there when I was and probably before me and after me.....my yearbook says she taught typing and shorthand.

Don Noordsy '58

http://www.millerfh.com/sitemaker/sites/Miller4/memsol.cgi?user_id=1864962

Just Click On
This Link

Don, thanks for sending me Ms. Barbara White's obituary. According to my search of yearbooks, Ms. White's first year of teaching at WHS was 1956 and as her obituary states she taught at WHS for 30 years. She also graduated from WHS and by my calculations she most likely was in the WHS class of 1938.

Jack



Don Noordsy '58
WHS Senior Photo



Ms Barbara White
30 Year WHS
Typing Teacher
Died 10-14-16



Lloyd Greiner '56
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 20, 2016, **Lloyd Greiner '56**

<lbgreiner@netzero.com> wrote:

Jack:

Sorry to hear about **Rodney's** (Christiansen '56) passing. As an excellent basketball player he was active in the "Y" Leagues with his Hi-Y Group. I remember him as a great competitor and one who enjoyed playing against our Nelson Hi-Y team. Following the 55-56 YMCA season, Rodney was selected for his sportsmanship and excellent play as the Hi-Y Player of the Year. Had he gone to any other High School, except WHS, he would have been a varsity

player as a point guard.

Lloyd Greiner WHS -56



Rodney Christiansen '56
Deceased
WHS Senior Photo

Editor's note: Lloyd, What a nice tribute to your friend. I was moved by your thoughtfulness to take the time to write such a kind letter. I thank you for sharing your warm memories of Rodney with all of us. I think Rodney was fortunate to have such a friend as you. Jack



On Oct.17, 2016 Bud Olson '54 sent this photo of his hunting trip to Howard, SD. L to R Bud Olson '54, Jim Reynolds '61, Wayne Gustafson '54, Tom Zimmer Not WHS, Tom Graham '58 and Mike Pecas not WHS.



Orlo Bjerk '53
WHS Senior Photo

On Nov 12, 2016, Orlo Bjerk '53
<olebjerk@aol.com> wrote:

Jack: yes this was the Veterans parade in Mesa yesterday. I am the guy in the red chapeau 40 et 8 org part of the The American Legion. The other guy is Jerry Branson our new commander of Post 26.

I was the commander for the three years before that. The rest of the information you asked for - I am working on my obit which is already four pages long and I am only half done! Will send the rest later.

Have been in Arizona for 25 years, left just before the Halloween blizzard 1991! Made it as far as Sioux City and had a layover! **Orlo Bjerk '53**





Jeff Herbert '74
WHS Senior Photo

On Nov 3, 2016, at 7:04 AM, jeff herbert <herbertj@sio.midco.net> wrote:
Jack....greetings! I hope all is well with you----here is an article by my son for the WHS Daily NOW---on the WHS Athletic Hall of Fame----best wishes....

Jeff Herbert '74 and

Editor's Note: Jeff graduated WHS in 1974 and now has children either attending WHS or have graduated. He was on the football, basketball and track teams at WHS and was a member of the homecoming royalty in his senior year. Jeff coached and taught at WHS for over 20 years. He is currently on the 2012 Athletic Hall of Fame Committee and is past chairman. Thanks Jeff for letting us all see how the current Orange & Black has changed. I guess the biggest change is that the paper is no longer called, The Orange & Black. It is now called, "NOW", (News of Washington").

From: Lueth, Jason F

Sent: Thursday, November 03, 2016 8:57 AM

To: Lueth, Jason F

Subject: Washington High School daily student newspaper for Thursday, Nov. 3

<https://goo.gl/kmJHw0>

Please click the link above or download the attached PDF to read today's edition of the News of Washington, or NOW, student newspaper from Washington High School.

If you wish to download the PDF later, please visit our web site at the link below. It is updated around noon each day. You may also visit this link anytime to browse past issues of the NOW:

<http://whsnow.com>

Have a great day, the Warrior way!

Washington High School NOW staff
501 N. Sycamore Ave.
Sioux Falls, SD 57110
(605) 367-4245

Follow us on Twitter! @nowatwhs

Jeff Herbert
Longtime
WHS Teacher



Ron Veenker '54
WHS Senior Photo

On Nov 21, 2016, **Ronald Veenker '54** <rveenker@ec.rr.com> wrote:

Dear Jack, Brunswick County NC is small and a bit rural. However, there are several retirement communities along the coast inhabited mostly by folks from NY and NJ. Yesterday at the Brunswick Little Theatre where my wife and I opened a new musical review, I ran into two women in the lobby — both from SD. One from Rapid City, the other from Sioux Falls.

She has been away from Sioux Falls for decades, but was most interested in your O&B. Her name is Emy Scherschligt Vig. She graduated in 1958, went to SDSU where she met her engineer husband. They moved to Milwaukee and were there several

decades. They retired to a community about 18 mi from where I live. Please, if you don't mind, put her on the mailing list.

Emy Vig <rvig@ec.rr.com>

I'm culling the past issues for news from '58 to send her. Small world Jack. Oh, she attended several

Page 18 of 24

elementary schools, among them Emerson. Best, **Ron Veenker '54**



Emy Scherschligt '58
WHS Senior Photo



Daleann Anderson '56
WHS Senior Photo

On Nov 22, 2016, **Daleanna Anderson '56** <imdaleanne2@gmail.com> wrote:
As professional artist, I am now sending you information on my collagraph document!

Daleanne Anderson, Ph.D. (515) 964-5399
102 NE Oak Drive
Ankeny, Iowa 50021 imdaleanne2@gmail.com

The Collagraph Print Master of Arts Printmaking
by Daleanne Anderson, Ph.D.



The word collagraph is a combination of two words: collage and graphic. The collagraph plate is covered with several coats of acrylic polymer medium before it is ready for printing. The unique quality of the collagraph is that it will print the actual textural effects of such materials as string or burlap when they are glued to the surface of a plate, inked, and then transferred under heavy pressure to damp paper. The inking and wiping must be repeated for each print in the traditional intaglio process.

These collagraphs created through thirty years.

Daleanne Anderson, Ph.D. imdaleanne@mchsi.com WHS Class of 56



Darrell Modica '54
WHS Senior Photo

On Dec 3, 2016, **From: Darrell Modica '54** <darmar2@live.com>

Subject: Found a year book from Longfellow

Hi Jack, My wife was looking thru some "old" photos and cards and found some of the stuff my mom kept. All my grade school reports from Longfellow, and a 1950 class book. It has all the teacher in it, full list of students, when them came to Longfellow and from which other school, and their birth place. Its also has some info on all the student and a skit that must have been written by the books staff. Lots of fun stuff and wondering if any other "Longfellow" students have one and found it in the "stuff" like my mom saved for me.

Enjoy reading your email and seeing what is going on with the "old" crowd - by the way we are all hitting ""80"" this year sometime. 60 seemed old when we were at WHS Would you belive that we moved to Willmar, Mn. upon retiring - back to WHS

Darrell Modica '54



Mick Zerr

42 Years WHS Faculty
Now Chairman of
WHS Historical Committee

On Dec 3, 2016, at 10:26 AM, Michael Zerr <zermick@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Jack, I am attaching this year's **WHS Hall of distinction selectees** if you wish to mention it in your fine alumni O&B.

Thanks

Have a great Christmas

Mick Zerr,

NEWS RELEASE 14 November 2016

For the sixth annual recognition of induction into the Hall of Distinction, the Washington High School Historical Committee announces this year's class of honorees of outstanding graduates who attended WHS when the school was downtown. Honorees ,or their nearest kin, receive an official certificate, a medal, and their name on the Hall of Distinction in Alumni Hall of the Washington Pavilion.



The committee considers nominations from all periods of old WHS, 1909-1992. Criteria for consideration include distinguished achievement after high school in a notable field of endeavor at the state, regional or national level, and attendance at the school for at least one year, grades 9-12. For a complete list of all recipients, go to:

<http://www.whshc.org/hall-of-distinction>

For the seventh year's induction of 2017, the Historical Committee will begin receiving letters of recommendation, outlining the achievements of an individual and the year/s of attendance at the

school. Letters should be sent to the Washington High School Historical Committee, Washington Pavilion, 301 S. Main Ave., 57104. The Historical Committee website is whshc.org

The inductees for 2016 are the following four individuals:

WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL HALL OF DISTINCTION, 2016

Peter H. Monfore; WHS 1945.

Harold T. Spitznagel; WHS 1916.

David W. Alley; WHS 1949.

Bill Dougherty; WHS 1950.

Due to space limitations only the resume of Mr. Bill Dougherty from the WHS Class of 1950 will be included here. If you wish the full resume of any of the other three inductees please contact either Chairman, Mr. Mick Zerr or the O&B.



**Bill Dougherty '50
WHS Senior Photo**

Bill Dougherty; WHS 1950. Worked closely with John Kennedy in his presidential campaign. Managed Robert Kennedy, and George McGovern's campaigns in SD. Served two terms as Lt. Governor of SD.

BILL DOUGHERTY was graduated from WHS in 1950. In the late 1950s, he befriended the Kennedy family and in 1960 he worked on Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign. In 1968, Dougherty managed New York Senator Robert F. Kennedy's South Dakota campaign for the Democratic nomination for the presidency. With Dougherty at the helm, Kennedy won the South Dakota primary on the same day he won the California primary. Also in 1968, Dougherty managed freshman Democratic Senator George McGovern's successful re-election campaign. Four years later, Dougherty held a major post in McGovern's unsuccessful campaign for the presidency. Dougherty was elected Lieutenant Governor of South Dakota in 1970, running on a ticket with State Senator Richard F. Kneip. They were both re-elected in 1972. After retiring from public office in 1974, Dougherty launched a lengthy lobbying career in

Pierre, but he then retired from that activity in 2009. That same year he was inducted into the South Dakota Hall of Fame.

For more information contact the WHS Historical Committee

Mick Zerr, Chairman

zerrmick@yahoo.com

605-3390185

Misinterpretation

I called an old school friend and asked what was he doing.

He replied that he is working on "Aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminium & steel under a constrained environment".

I was impressed.....On further inquiring I learned that he was "washing dishes with hot waterunder his wife's supervision"!

WHS Treasurers From Dick Sweetman '54

Or maybe I should say from his Mother.

While getting ready to move to a new home, my good friend, Dick Sweetman '54, recently found a box of WHS memorabilia items that his mother had saved for him and he kindly sent them to me. It was like receiving a real treasure trove and I would like to share with you some of the items of interest.

A 1950 Argus Leader story announcing that **554 students** were graduating from SF grade schools.

Dick's **report card** from all 8 WHS semesters showed that he was a good student. He got almost all As and Bs during his 4 years, but don't try speaking too much Spanish to him. He got his only D in Spanish in the first semester of his freshman year. However, he got 3 of his very few Cs in the next 3 semesters.

The the 1954, "**Instruction Letter**", to all graduates and parents provided us with the schedule and rules for our Student Picnic, "Senior Privilege Day" (Skip Day), Senior Prom, Baccalaureate and Commencement. Tickets to the picnic and the prom cost \$1.10 per person. Our cap and gown rental cost was \$2.75 and if we wished, we could purchase our tassels for .35 cents.

In Aug of '54, Dick paid \$725 for **1 semester's tuition** at the University of Notre Dame. In 2017 Notre Dame tuition is \$13,800 for one semester.

Dick was a hall "Monitor", which as defined in the '54 Warrior was, "The Police Force of WHS". Below in blue, is a pad of Dick's unused citations that he issued for really serious violations of school rules such as running in the hall. We all hated getting these because they resulted in "7th Periods"! YUK! The Monitor's wore the round "badge" below when they were on duty and pulled you over for speeding, etc..

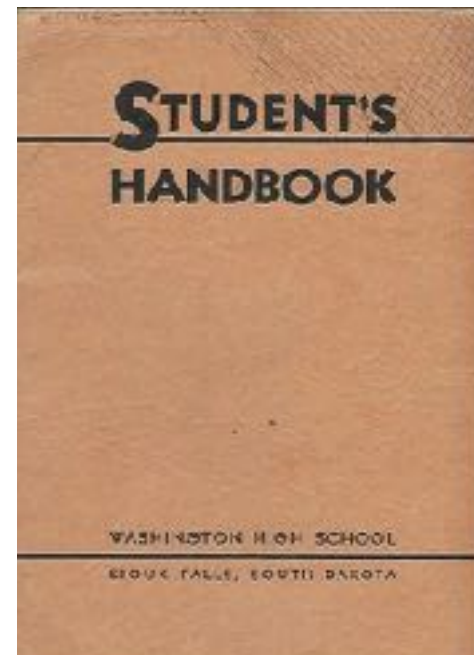
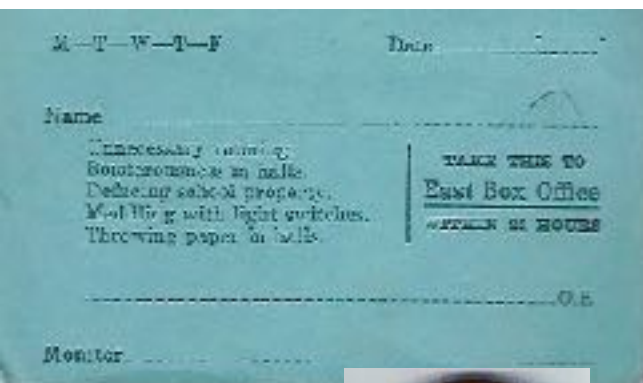
We all remember the **Buzz Book** below. It was my favorite book in high school. It not only listed every WHS student's class year, home address and phone number, but probably unheard of today, it also listed the name, home address and phone number of every teacher and administrator.

The 64 page, **1950 Student's Handbook** below was given to each new WHS student. It covered everything a new student would need to know when they first entered the daunting fortress of WHS that we all came to so dearly love during the coming 4 years. In re-reading it now I recalled that it included "**The American's Creed**" (see below in red). I remember in 1950 feeling glad, proud and thankful that The Creed was included. After reading it again yesterday, I got to wondering if it was still included in the 2016 WHS Student's Handbook. I found the current handbook on the Internet and was saddened to find that it is no longer included.

The American's Creed

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, a democracy in a republic, a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.





This Christmas Edition of the Orange & Black Newsletter is the largest Alumni O&B issue I have ever published. Of course, I hope, as always, you enjoy it and that it has helped you recall some warm and wonderful memories from the time of our invincible youth. Before Christmas you will receive the “Updated Deceased List” from each of our ten class years of the fifties. I am sure that you, like me, find that reading each list is extremely sad and heart wrenching, but still something we all want to know who is new to each list. However, for now, Debra and I send our warmest and most heartfelt Merry Christmas greeting to each of you.

Jack and Debra

