

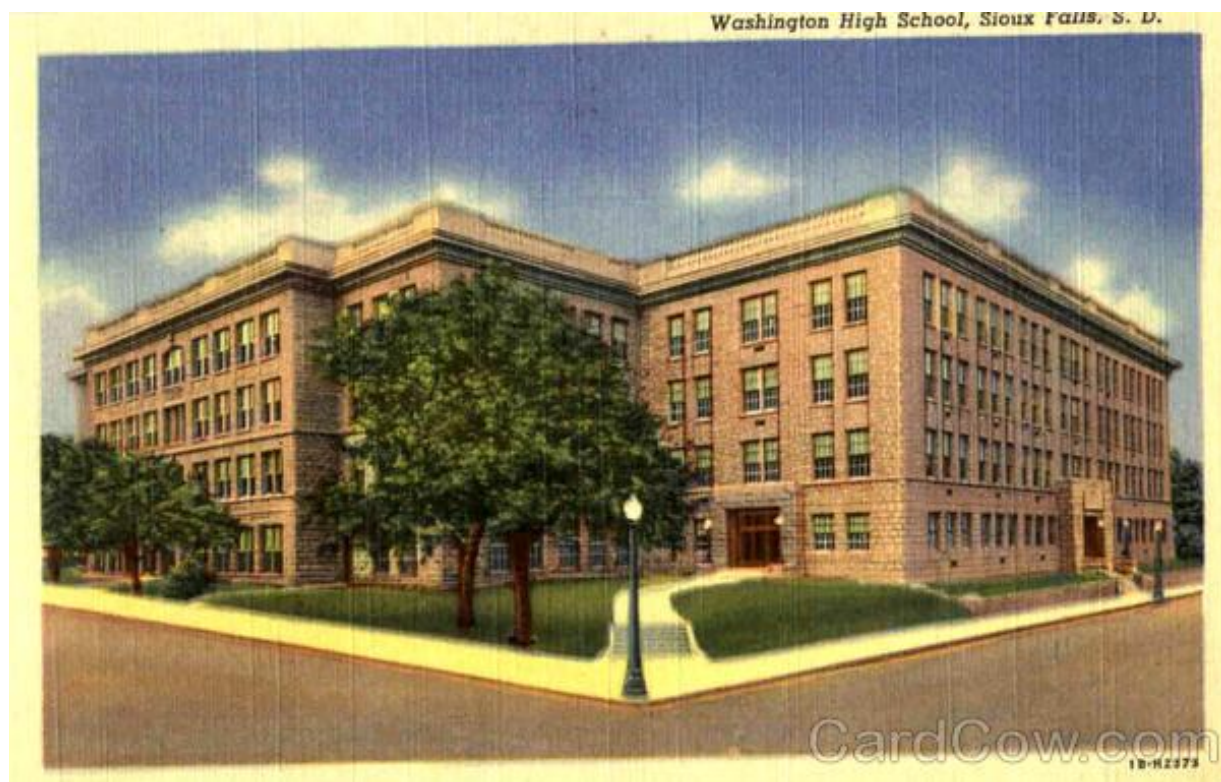
# THE ALUMNI ORANGE & BLACK

## WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, SIOUX FALLS, SD

Serving the Classes of The Great '50's Decade. Photos and Stories Requested!

Published in memory of our Founder Jack M. Phillips '54. Issue #02-25

[orangeandblackonline@gmail.com](mailto:orangeandblackonline@gmail.com) 2261 Lauren Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89134



**Thank you to several Classmates that are reporting to the O & B !**

**Mary Montoya '59, Bill Lobe '59, Jim Carlson '58**

Please [CLICK HERE](#)

to send your news, stories & photos plus Letters to The Editor to

**Keep the O & B ALIVE !**

**Jack & Debra Phillips**

# Letters to the

## O & B

Homecoming 1957



It was the fall of my junior year, 1957. Fifteen years old. And had become a warrior playing defense for the Warrior football team, and had never been to a homecoming dance. We had traveled to Rapid City the week before and one of the guys said his sister, who was a sophomore, had listened to the game on the radio, heard my name, and wanted to meet me. So, I ended up with a date for the homecoming dance! Actually, it was my first date ever. But first, we had to play the homecoming game.

I think it was the third, maybe the fourth quarter, the opposing team ran the ball toward my side and during the collision a foot came up through the single bar on the helmet. Of note was the fact that during our freshman year there was no face protection on any of the helmets, and the single bar had come about only during the year prior. SO, Crunch, and a lot of red warm sticky stuff flowed across the face. I remember as I stood up, I sort of laughed, turned to Denny Moller and said "I think I busted my nose." I remember he put a hand on each side of my helmet, looked quizzical, and said "Yaa – You did!" Jeez - how is that going to go over at the dance? I barely had even just met this gal, but in spite of that, I was still able to foresee possible wonderful happenings in the future. However actually, I hadn't even kissed one of those yet -

After the game they had packed both nostrils to the hilt and looking in the mirror it seemed the top half of my nose was way too close to my right ear. I sounded like a drunk chipmuck when I tried to talk. And then showing up with two black eyes. Don't remember the corsage making any difference either. Being a bit wobbly didn't help any attempt at dancing, although I don't remember any dance with my first ever date. I was starting to leak a bit through the many feet of gauze stuck up both nostrils. Double dating, my friend Harlan Charles was driving, me and a very quiet date in the back seat, we ended up at the Barrell drive in. As I passed a very white vanilla shake across to my new (very quiet) sweetheart, there must have been a momentary small leak. A perfect round red spot became very apparent where she was about to place a straw. Never saw her again. Not even in the halls of Washington High. Not even.

The story continues. Six years later in the summer of 1963, I played in an All-Star post-college football game. Our coach was John McKay (USC and Tampa Bay Buccaneers) and the other team was coached by Bear Bryant. (Alabama) We had a reunion of sorts. Playing defense on the opposing team was Denny Moller! Many years later while attending a UNLV vs. New Mexico St. (was it State?) football game in Las Vegas, I noticed the program listed Denny Moller as their defensive coach! I figured to go down on the field and surprise him - never got past security.

Thinking back – I don't think I realized it at the time, and it was much later, after high school, that I found out my dad (Ev) used to play golf with Denny's dad (Orv) and Jerry Crider's dad, (Orin).

Wonder if they talked about us kids?

Small World

Loren Little '59



# Warrior Game Off; Flu



LOREN LITTLE (17) almost got to wear his special contraption tonight—but didn't. The junior defense back for Sioux Falls had to protect his broken nose. But the warriors' game at Aberdeen was cancelled

because of flu in the Eagle camp. Shown looking at the mask are Jim Johnson (23) and Dick Callahan (39) both of whom starred on defense. All will be back with WHS next fall.

—Photo by Tom Jellema.



## THE RECORDS

WASHINGTON HIGH		
	WHS	Opp.
F. Cathedral .....	33	0
Marinerd, Minn. ....	33	6
Rapid City .....	7	6
Lincoln, Neb. ....	27	7
Creighton Prep .....	6	13
S.C. East .....	19	6
S.C. Central .....	26	6
ABERDEEN		
	A	Opp.
S.C. Central .....	0	20
Watertown .....	15	13
Madison .....	20	0
Huron .....	25	6
Brookings .....	12	12
Yankton .....	14	28



# Remembering Stephen Veenker '59

**In last issue Stephen wrote the TEACHER FEATURE! He initiated & created this idea**

He invited readers to share stories about WHS teachers who changed their lives or showed how to navigate their road ahead. We have received some already and hope we will be seeing more in the days ahead. **Sadly, to report he has passed away April 17<sup>th</sup> and his daughter Kate Nelson wrote a kind and humorous obituary we have printed for you to read.**

Stephen Veenker (83), renowned for being chronically late, surprised his family last week by dying too soon. He had invited his daughters to visit him in Holden Beach, but halfway through the week decided he had had quite enough of that, thank you, and left us on April 17th, 2025. Within hours of his death, pictures of beach sunsets on Facebook fell to an all-time low, and request calls to WFMT radio station dropped by 80%. He requested a humorous obituary, but unfortunately for the reader, I inherited his sense of humor. He also asked that his obituary be "loving and realistic," so here's what I have to say about my dad:

Many goats loved him. He owned nineteen portable telephones, eleven indoor/outdoor thermometers, and countless avocado plants. Except for his face, body, hair, skin and teeth, he was an incredibly handsome man. As his brother Ron often said, he had the perfect face for radio. If you needed something, he would send it to you right away- provided that you fly to North Carolina, find it in his house, and bring it to the post office to mail yourself. He called me Clyde, though neither of us could remember why. He was forever singing four syllable phrases to the tune of "stormy weather", adding "doodah, doodah" to statements with the proper cadence, and responding to interesting word combinations with "That was my radio name!" He will not be forgotten by his parakeet until at least the end of this sentence.

My dad accepted everyone for exactly who they are and had a unique gift for turning strangers into friends. Once someone called his number by mistake, and after he told them they had the wrong number, they chatted for an hour and then kept in touch for years. In our youth, he seemed to consider it an ongoing personal challenge to see how often he could make his teenage daughters say, "Mommm! Dad's talking to random people again!" However, his habit of befriending grocery store employees paid off in the end, when one of them recently talked him out of an eBay deal with someone who swore they would ship a car to him as soon as they received thousands of dollars' worth of Best Buy gift cards. On a related note, we assume his identity has been stolen many times by this point, but frankly they are welcome to it.

Dad raised his kids on "Grandpa Bert jokes" and left them with a plethora of "Grandpa Steve jokes" to tell their own kids. He was a wonderfully involved father when we were young, attending campouts as a Teton, swim meets as a Titan, and cookie booths as an honorary Girl Scout. So devoted was he to his children that he waited until they had all moved out to transition from "whew, that's one messy basement!" to "full-on scary hoarder's nest." In addition to countless cardboard boxes and take out containers that just might come in handy someday, he leaves behind a gaggle of people who love him fiercely.



He still spent long hours laughing on the phone with one woman who divorced him (Kathy) and is now reunited with another (Sharon, assuming they ended up in the same place). He is also survived by a brother whom he entertained and exasperated in equal measure (Ron), an adopted sister who for some reason seemed to like him (Sylvia), five children with whom he largely communicated via bizarre email forwards (Matt, James, Beth, Erin and Clyde-I mean Kate), eight grandchildren that were forced to watch live streams of various birds sitting on nests and generally being birds (Colin, Ian, Milo, Beatrix, Charlotte, Eloise, Ben and Scarlett), and several bonus children who spent their childhood making forts out of his empty Franzia boxes in our home daycare (especially Laura and Karen). Stephen grew up in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where I'm told he demonstrated his love of travel from an early age by frequently diaper-streaking out of the house towards city limits. Stephen graduated from Washington High School in 1959, where he was voted "Wittiest" (seriously!) Northwestern University let him in for some reason, and he graduated in 1963 with a degree in something or other. When he was drafted in 1964, army officials wisely sent him to entirely different continent, using the competence-to-fighting-proximity ratio. "How far away from the front can we put this guy?" one of them is reported to have said, to which his colleague replied, "The fighting is in Vietnam? Send him to Panama!" After the army, dad worked as circulation director for Chicago Magazine, and was a guest host for his beloved WFMT radio station. He and Kathy did child development research and published *Your Gifted Child* in 1989, though we have no idea where they got the inspiration.

Dad moved to Holden Beach, North Carolina almost 20 years ago, where he spent what we will generously call his "retirement" happily listening to WFMT and collecting friends, shrimp, sunset photos, and even more cardboard boxes. His friends and family are welcome to join us there for a visitation at Brunswick Funeral Home (5229 Ocean Highway W, Shallotte NC 28470) on Saturday May 3rd from 3:00-5:00 pm. You can bring tissues, but we hope they are for tears of laughter. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in his honor to the Wildlife Center of Virginia, which was near to his heart. To share remembrances, photos of Stevie, or to be notified about a future Celebration of Life, you can email us at

[RememberingStephenVeenker@gmail.com](mailto:RememberingStephenVeenker@gmail.com).



## Time to Reflect and Share

Jack Phillips '54, founder of our Orange and Black alumni newsletter, regularly requested news, stories, photos and letters from O&B subscribers to publish for us all. In memory of Jack and the fact that we alumni of the '50's are now more than familiar with the "senior" years, let us not pass up the opportunity to impart a thought or experience with others with whom we have one thing in common - we all shared the same WHS academic and social womb before moving on into the challenging outside world.

During high school and these too many, subsequent years, we have all experienced some interesting memorable events, observations and thoughts. I believe, by now, that we can all identify with each other's shared experiences. I also believe it to be healthy to do so. Your submittal doesn't necessarily have to relate back to WHS. The subjects from which you can pick are limitless and when your comments are published, the responses may often surprise you and sometimes even make you reevaluate your own thoughts.

As a random example, I offer the following unforgettable personal experience. When visiting my good friend, Loren Little '59, in Las Vegas some 20 years ago, I had a free afternoon to myself and decided to drive to Lake Mead and Hoover Dam which I had never visited before. On the way, I noticed an isolated side road without markers disappearing far over and into the distant hills. Having the time and the need to satisfy my curiosity, I turned off onto that unmarked road just to see where it went. After driving 4 or 5 miles through uninhabited desert, I came over a hill to see a high chain link fence topped with barbed wire extending for miles as far as I could see to the east and west. The road took me to a locked gated entrance with a sentry building checkpoint with no signs, vehicles nor people in sight.

An armed guard exited the isolated building and asked for my identification. I gave him my Kentucky driver's license and explained that I was visiting a friend in Vegas and my vehicle was rented. He was reluctant to accept my explanation that I was just exploring. With ongoing conversation, I believe he finally accepted that I was telling the truth. I then asked him what this place was? He hesitated, looked around, and then quietly told me, "This is the largest underground airport in the world. I'm not supposed to talk about it". He then, in a serious tone, instructed me to turn around, head back to the highway and forget what I've seen.

When I've reflected on this incident, after seeing my Kentucky driver's license, I think he considered me a gullible hillbilly. But this is Vegas country - who knows what is possible? When I shared this event with my circle of friends back home, their responses ranged from "Wow" to "What the hell were you doing driving by yourself on an isolated back road in the Nevada desert".

Now it's your turn to reflect and share a personal narrative of your choosing with your O&B alumni classmates!

Bill Lobe '59  
[bill@wclobe.com](mailto:bill@wclobe.com)  
[www.wclobe.com](http://www.wclobe.com)

# In Memoriam

FIRST NAME	NEE	LAST	CLASS	OBIT LINK	RED Denotes most recent Passings	DOD
Mary	Ann	Costello	50	<a href="https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/mary-costello">https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/mary-costello</a>		12/25/24
Dina	Brandt	Holgate	51	<a href="https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/dina-brandt-holgate">https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/dina-brandt-holgate</a>		02/22/25
Joan	Perrenoud	Odland	53	<a href="https://www.postbulletin.com/obituaries/obits/joan-m-odland">https://www.postbulletin.com/obituaries/obits/joan-m-odland</a>		03/10/25
Joseph	H	Floyd	54	<a href="https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/joseph-floyd">https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/joseph-floyd</a>		01/14/25
Darrell	David	Modica	54	<a href="https://www.hafh.org/obituary/Darrell-Modica">https://www.hafh.org/obituary/Darrell-Modica</a>		04/06/25
Loetta	Lee	Munson	55	<a href="https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/loretta-munson">https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/loretta-munson</a>		01/13/25
Ronald	Gene	Fisher	55	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/ronald-fisher">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/ronald-fisher</a>		02/09/25
Robert "Bob"	Dennis	Thompson	56	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/robert-bob-dennis-thompson">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/robert-bob-dennis-thompson</a>		02/11/25
Donna	Mae	Murphy	56	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/donna-murphy">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/donna-murphy</a>		03/17/25
Janet		Wilcox	56	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/janet-wilcox">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/janet-wilcox</a>		05/05/25
John	E	Johannsen	57	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/john-johannsen">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/john-johannsen</a>		03/11/25
Doane		Wood	57	<a href="https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/doane-wood">https://www.millerfh.com/obituary/doane-wood</a>		03/24/25
Beverly	Ann	Davis	57	<a href="https://www.heritagesfsd.com/obituary/beverly-davis">https://www.heritagesfsd.com/obituary/beverly-davis</a>		05/02/25
Dave		Herrick	58	<a href="https://www.heritagesfsd.com/obituary/david-herrick">https://www.heritagesfsd.com/obituary/david-herrick</a>		2/27/25?
Richard "Dick"		Miller	58	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/richard-dick-miller">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/richard-dick-miller</a>		03/02/25
William "Bill"		Olson Jr	58	<a href="https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/william-bill-olson-jr">https://www.georgeboom.com/obituary/william-bill-olson-jr</a>		03/29/25
Philip	S	Helland	59	<a href="https://www.argusleader.com/obituaries/pabd1123483">https://www.argusleader.com/obituaries/pabd1123483</a>		03/15/25
Stephen		Veenker	59	<a href="https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/name/stephen-veenker-obituary?id=58243722">https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/name/stephen-veenker-obituary?id=58243722</a>		04/17/25

# WHS! Best Days of Your Life?

Send us a Story!

## Friends

One day, all of us will get separated from each other. We will miss our conversations. Days, months and years will pass until our contact becomes rare.

One day, our children will see our photos and ask: "Who are these people?"

And we will smile with invisible tears and say...

"It was with them that I had the best days of my life."



# Dream Memories *Blog Literario*



Many thanks to Mary Montoya '59,  
Jim Carlson '58, & Bill Lobe '59 as  
Contributors & for keeping the O & B informed!

**Please send your news, stories, photos  
& Letters to the Editor  
to keep the O & B alive to our address  
[orangeandblackonline@gmail.com](mailto:orangeandblackonline@gmail.com)  
Jack & Debra Phillips**



*A good friend is hard to find,  
hard to lose, and  
impossible to forget....*