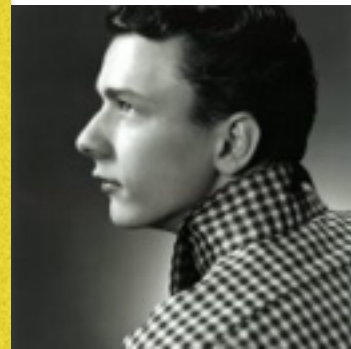


**WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, SIOUX FALLS, SD**  
Serving The Classes of the Great '50's Decade. Photos & Stories Welcome!  
Published by Jack M. Phillips, Class of '54: [jack@jackmphilips.com](mailto:jack@jackmphilips.com)



**A BIG BREAK!!**  
**A Call from Bobby Vee!**  
**For Myron Lee and The Caddies**  
**By Myron Lee Wachendorf '59**  
**Part Four**



I really enjoyed the story that Jack wrote about Loren Little. I remember several times when we were playing the 7 Oaks Club on West 12<sup>th</sup> St in the 1960s when Loren would hop on stage with his horn and we would start playing the hot hits of the day recorded by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. Loren was a great musician and it was always special for us when he showed up.

Barry Andrews was quite a showman on stage and when he would take a ride on his tenor sax he would many times lay on his back on stage kicking his feet in the air as the crowd went wild. I met Dick Davie in Gordon Hale's radio and television classroom and he became our drummer for a couple years until he was drafted, as many of the early band members were.

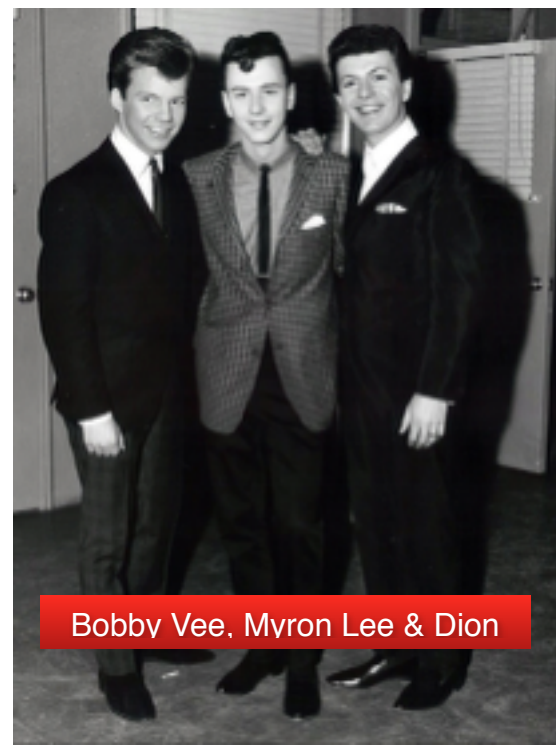
Bobby Vee and the Shadows was a band out of Fargo that played a lot of the same places we played. We got to be pretty good friends during those times and in 1959 Bobby had a hit record called *Susie Baby*. He got a contract with Liberty Records in Hollywood and he was on his way to the top. Some of his band members wanted to attend college and not travel, so Bobby broke up his band and moved to Los Angeles to be near his record company.

Bobby needed a band to back him on his live shows throughout the country and guess who got the call? I've said it many times and I fully realize that the reason I was successful in the music business was in large part because I was able to hire great musicians. It has a snowball effect once you get rolling because musicians want to be around other good musicians and when you have that, you also have a lot of playing jobs so you are able to pay more money. When you have this going you don't have to hunt for them, they are calling you for work. The year 1962 is a favorite year in my lifetime. We were young, we looked good, and we sounded great. Bobby loved my band and he flew from LA to Sioux Falls to rehearse with us for the up and coming summer tour all over North America. I owned an apartment house on 8<sup>th</sup> and Summit Avenue and we rehearsed in one of the apartments that I had vacant at the time. By this time, Bobby had recorded several big hits like *Devil or Angel*, *Rubber Ball*, *Run to Him*, *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*, *Take Good Care of My Baby* and several more. He was the hottest thing going and its fun when you get to be a part of that. We had already done a lot of work on his songs before he arrived so we

were ready to go. As he wrote in my book forward a few years ago, "When I heard Myron strike up the band I knew right away that I had chosen the right band to work with."

Two days before the start of the tour in June 1962 I was watching *The Art Linkletter Show* with Carole on our 21" black and white TV. Bobby Vee was Art's guest that night and sang a couple of his hits. About a half hour after the show was over the phone rings and it's Bobby calling me from a pay phone at the CBS studio in LA. He said "Are you all set to meet me in Michigan in two days for the tour?" and told him we were ready to go. I then said "Bob, I just watched you on television!" It was a strange feeling.

We had a great summer tour and played a lot of the east coast resorts along the ocean, from Maine all the way down to Florida. I was driving an Olds station wagon pulling a trailer and Bobby also had an Olds station wagon. His brother Bill came along to help Bobby with the driving and acted as his road manager. The crowds were big and sometimes in the larger cities other entertainers were added to the show. As I think back, one of my favorite shows as in Montgomery, Alabama where the poster read:



**Jerry Lee Lewis  
Frankie Vali and the Four Seasons  
Bobby Vee with Myron Lee and the Caddies  
Roy Orbison**

(Roy Orbison was one of my all time favorites.)

Besides playing our own dates at home, we toured again with Bobby the following summer. I was riding with Bobby and his brother Bill one day and Bobby asked me a question and I had to make probably the biggest musical decision of my career. But I will tell you about that next time... End



Bobby Vee became our first son's godfather in 1964. His name became Bobby V. Wachendorf. At the time, we were touring the United States with Bobby.



**GREAT NEWS!  
2015 All School Reunion  
Seems Certain!  
Save the dates of  
September 18, 19 & 20, 2015.**



Karla Kay Erickson's '59, harrowing true story as it appeared in the Readers Digest in July 1967.



Karla Erickson '59  
WHS Senior Photo



Editor's note: At the time of the accident Karla was married to Loren Little '59, thus the article title, "*The Courage of Karla Little*"

The awesome triumph of a young mother determined to protect a life more precious to her than her own **DRAMA IN REAL LIFE®**

## The Courage of Karla Little

By JOHN G. HUBBELL

**A**LL WAS silent those last, terrible moments in the sky. With engine stopped, power gone, the little plane lost its grip on the turbulent air and began its slide down through the opaque undercast. Below lay the wild, mountainous Pacific Northwest. At the controls, the pilot peered in vain for

an opening in the thick gray murk. In the back seat, Karla Little wept soundlessly and clutched her baby daughter tight. Tiny Laurie, bright-eyed, towheaded and full of promise, had been only ten weeks in the world—why did everything have to end so soon for her?

They were down! The plane hit



and pounded through an expanse of snow, pitching, bucking, slamming. Karla felt brutal forces trying to wrench her through the seat belt. The aircraft slowed, and for the briefest moment hung on the brink of a steep ravine. Then it plunged downward in a whooshing avalanche of snow toward the final violence.

**Overdue.** It had all begun so happily: a golden-wedding celebration for Mable and Ray Erickson of Norwalk, Calif. From all over the country, five children and fifteen grandchildren were coming—and the first great-grandchild, Laurie. What a party it was going to be!

Their oldest son, Grant Erickson, 49, a radio-supply-company executive in Sioux Falls, S.D., borrowed a small plane for the trip: a four-passenger, single-engine Mooney Super 21. With his wife, Dolly, he flew to Seattle to collect his daughter, Karla, 25, her husband, Loren, and Laurie.

But at the last minute Loren Little could not go. A skilled trumpet player, he had been offered a summer job in a Seattle nightclub. He needed the money to support his family and pay his final year's tuition at the University of Washington Medical School. So, shortly after noon that 23rd day of June 1966, he stood waving as the orange-and-white aircraft, carrying his wife and baby, climbed away from Boeing Field and headed south.

At 4:10 p.m., Boeing Field got word from the Federal Aviation Ad-

ministration that Grant Erickson, who had filed a flight plan to land at Troutdale, Ore.—a Portland suburb—had not arrived. He was two hours overdue. A check showed that he had taken on fuel for 4½ hours' flying. According to the flight plan, he meant to keep an altitude of 5500 feet. FAA records showed that he was an experienced pilot but not instrument-qualified—and at 2:18 p.m. a special weather report for Portland had indicated a fast-deteriorating weather situation, with thunderstorms forming, winds gusting, icing conditions at 6000 feet and a total overcast at 2500 feet.

Erickson twice had been in radio contact with Troutdale. First, he reported that he was 30 miles east of the field. Minutes later, he reported himself as being 20 miles northwest of Portland, at 8500 feet, unable to find any break in the clouds below, and having engine trouble. Was he lost? Running out of fuel? Troutdale was unable to re-establish contact. Aeronautic officials in both Oregon and Washington immediately began organizing volunteers for an air search as soon as the storm might lift.

Loren Little was practicing on his trumpet at 11 p.m. when he got the news. Fear quickening in him, he left at once for Portland in his Volkswagen. On the long, dark drive, he prayed and hoped. He told himself that, after all, it had been reported only that the plane was missing. They probably were down safely on some small, unattended emergency



airstrip. But what if they weren't? He drove the little car flat out.

**Breath of Life?** Laurie was still in Karla's arms, and crying, when Karla regained consciousness. The plane lay right side up on a steep slope. In the front seat, Grant Erickson and his wife lay sprawled face down; neither moved when Karla called. There was blood everywhere; it had drenched the seats, clothing and Laurie. Anxiously, Karla examined the baby. There were no wounds, only a bruise on the forehead with the imprint of a button from her mother's coat. Laurie was all right, Karla decided—only hungry. But as she felt the raw, torn places on the right side of her own head, an agonizing, throbbing ache started deep inside her and screamed out into every fiber. As consciousness started to slip away, she exerted a huge effort of will to hang on—Laurie could not live without someone there to feed her.

Jars of baby food and fruit juice had been packed in a small suitcase in the luggage compartment directly behind Karla's seat. Holding Laurie in one arm, she strained with the other to reach for the case. She discovered that her legs would not move. From the waist down she was paralyzed. She would worry about that later; she had to feed Laurie now. Karla was thankful she was a nursing mother.

When Laurie, wrapped warmly in thermal blankets, was asleep, Karla began calling again, softly, to Grant and Dolly. They did not answer.

She worked her way forward on her seat, reached down and felt at their faces for a breath of life. The effort grew too much, and slowly, painfully, she moved back again without knowing whether she had felt any breath. She decided that the two were alive and soon would awaken—she *had* to believe that.

Nearly exhausted, Karla looked out her window. All snow out there—but it was June, so she must be high up on a mountain. She hoped a rescue party would arrive soon, because Laurie would be needing that baby food.

The pain subsided a little when she remained still. Night was falling. She slept.

**Low and Slow.** Loren drove straight to the Portland home of a friend. Another friend, a pilot, arrived with maps, and the three men pored over them. Grant Erickson had last reported himself at 8500 feet; so it seemed likely that something had happened at or near that altitude. In this area, only Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood jutted that high. Loren decided that his family must have crashed against one of the two mountains. All night he paced, hoped, imagined, despaired, prayed.

By 7 a.m. he was at the Troutdale airport, talking with search coordinator Pat Mulligan. The weather had not yet cleared the high mountains, but the search was already blanketing the two points where Erickson had last reported himself.

In the air, flying with one of the search pilots, Loren nearly despaired



—it was such an immense country! Awesomely beautiful, but wild, forbidding, full of secrets. The pilot flew low and slow over the great plunge of the Columbia River gorge separating Oregon from Washington. To the north, pilots flew “creeping line” search patterns over heavily forested grid sections 30 miles square. Loren learned that, while hunting for the Mooney, the searchers were also casting about for signs of other missing light aircraft.

Late in the day, when the weather finally lifted from the high mountains, Loren—on his third long search flight—approached 11,000-foot Mount Hood. About 50 feet from it, the pilot turned, stood his right wing perpendicular to the slope and began flying a long, slow downward spiral around the mountain. Loren studied every wooded patch, every ledge, every outcropping. There was nothing.

**Rolling Rocks.** Through that first night, Karla managed. Laurie’s stirrings at feeding times awakened her. She would change the baby’s diaper, nurse her, then struggle again, against stabs of excruciating pain, to reach the baby food. It was galling to be able to touch the suitcase and not be able to lift it. She was becoming very thirsty. Karla wanted to scream, to damn the vile circumstances; but that would spend strength and shatter the discipline which, for Laurie’s sake, she had to impose on herself. So she kept the baby warm, nursing her until she had enough, then talked

and crooned her to sleep again.

She kept trying to find breath in her father and Dolly. She never was sure, but she refused to admit to herself that they were dead.

During the day, in occasional spurts, rocks rolled down the slope and smashed into the aircraft. Most were about fist-size; but some, much larger, dented or even burst holes through the fuselage. A few that rolled by, as big as houses, could have crushed the airplane. Karla was frightened now. And desperately thirsty! She worried that the lack of body fluid would soon prevent her from nursing.

Suddenly she spied a mining town only a few hundred yards from the aircraft. There would be water there! Somehow she had to drag herself free and get over to that town. Then reason reasserted itself: it was only a bunch of boulders. She would stay here, keep Laurie warm, and wait.

Once she saw aircraft, and wanted to cry with relief that rescuers at last had found her. But the Mooney’s white top blended with the snow, and the searchers didn’t see it. The planes flew on. But they would come back, Karla knew. She waited. Again night fell. Again she slept.

**Eye on the Peaks.** At Troutdale airport, Loren was sick with uncertainty and suppressed grief. The day’s search of the lower areas had been meticulous, thorough. Tomorrow the high mountains would be searched again, all day. It had been planned to search tonight, but a fog



was settling in, and the pilots were very tired.

The air search could not last indefinitely: after a reasonable period, usually about three days, missing aircraft have to be presumed irretrievably lost and the occupants dead. But Loren knew he would never stop looking for Karla and Laurie. He would walk these forests and mountains until he found them, no matter how long it took.

Sleep came easily, after some 40 hours without it, but by 5:30 a.m. Loren headed again for the Troutdale airport. Dawn had broken on a perfect day. The two snowcapped mountains were clearly visible. Loren's attention seemed drawn irresistibly north to Mount St. Helens, in Washington. "Do you think Karla is up there?" he asked. Only God knew—but Loren could not take his eyes off that farther mountain.

Most of the searchers were already in the air. The Washington Civil Air Patrol had dispatched additional light aircraft. So had the Army, from Fort Lewis near Tacoma, along with a half-dozen helicopters. From Portland the Air Force sent big HU-16B planes, each carrying two Air Rescuemen. By noon, more than 40 aircraft were searching.

At Troutdale, Loren paced, waiting. There had been telephone calls from people in rural areas who had heard an airplane in trouble or seen a possible clue. Each lead was investigated. But for an hour and a half now there had been no word.

Suddenly the phone rang. Pat

Mulligan answered it, said hardly a word, and hung up. The Mooney—"the wreckage," he called it—had been found on Mount St. Helens by an Army helicopter. There were survivors—no mention of how many or who they were. They would be brought to Longdale Hospital, near Kelso, Wash., where the northern half of the search was based. It was over! Loren turned away. For the first time he felt tears stinging his face.

Mulligan said, "Let's go to Kelso." The 20-minute flight seemed interminable. Loren kept his eyes riveted on the mountain, as though he could force it somehow to yield the lives he wanted it to yield.

"You're Alive!" It was a special moment for Eugene Ingram and Evan Hale. Ingram holds a civil-service job; Hale is an auditor for the U.S. National Bank of Oregon; both are Pararescuemen in the Air Force Reserve. The moment word came from the helicopter that the Mooney had been found and that there were survivors, Ingram and Hale volunteered to jump in. In years of service they had parachuted to more wrecks than they could remember. But it was a rarity, in the wild and rugged Northwest, to find any survivors at all.

They landed at the top of the ravine; then the search helicopter picked them up and carried them to within 75 yards of the wreck. They floundered through deep snow toward it. They could hardly believe what they found—a woman, smil-



ing weakly, *holding a baby in her arms!*

Ingram took the infant, wrapped her in his flight jacket and carried her to the waiting helicopter. He ducked beneath the thundering rotors, climbed in beside the pilot. Within seconds the chopper was airborne, whirling down over the trees along the mountain's flank.

Meanwhile, Evan Hale, helped by a crewman from the helicopter, was gently easing Karla onto a litter. In shock and barely conscious by now, Karla drifted off into a deep sleep as she was lifted aboard a second helicopter.

When she awoke, Loren was with her. "You're alive!" she exclaimed. On that last lonely morning in the plane, she had confused her dead father with Loren.

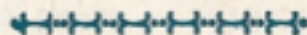
**Immaculate Baby.** In addition to deep head cuts and bruises, Karla Little had suffered a concussion, a collapsed lung, a badly smashed vertebra, a ruptured disc and a displaced pelvis. Both legs had frozen, and gangrene had turned her feet black up to the ankles. (They were saved.) The coroner's report showed that the injuries of the two

who had died were almost identical to Karla's. Karla believes that she would have died, too, but for Laurie's depending on her for life. Laurie came off the mountain in immaculate condition—not even Karla knows how all the diaper changes were managed—and showed only a loss of a few ounces.

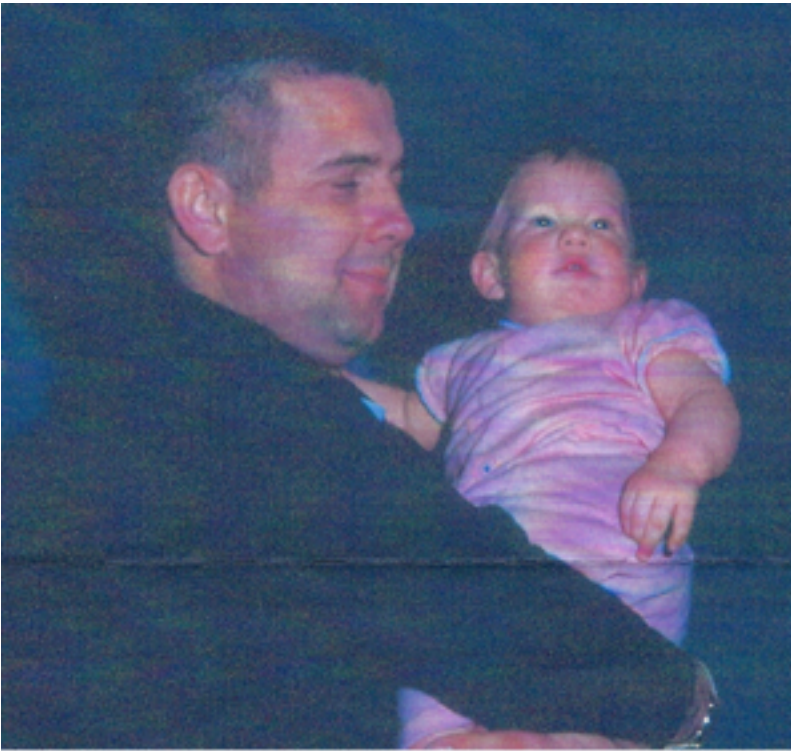
For the next 7½ months, Karla remained in the University of Washington Hospital. She now commutes there for treatment. She has had one major operation, and more may lie ahead. Meanwhile, she prepares herself with intensive therapy to raise Laurie. She insisted on this, early in her confinement, and now lifts 80 pounds many times a day.

For their rescue operation, high on the savage slope of Mount St. Helens, Pararescuemen Ingram and Hale both won the Airman's Medal, the only two awarded to Air Force reservists for 1966.

Loren, who has just completed medical school, may not be debt-free for years, but he wears the serene look of a confident young man. When you ask if his wife will walk again, he grins and says, "Never bet against Karla!"







**Left: The Little's close Friend, Paul Anderson '56, holding Laurie, "The Immaculate Baby" shortly after the accident.**

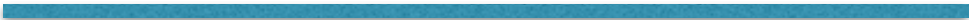


**Karla Kay Erickson  
Today living in  
Las Vegas, NV**



**Loren Little '59  
WHS Senior Photo.  
Also now living in Las Vegas**

**End of " The Courage of Karla Little" story.**



**Grandma! It's not that  
hard! Go into Settings... select  
Wi-Fi... Select it! Tap it with  
your finger...  
Oh for \_ \_ \_ \_ sake!**

**facebook page: Yes dickhead I'm talking to You**



# Lorraine Norman

Beloved WHS Teacher For 24 Years

June 5, 1923 - August 21, 2014



**Ms. Lorraine Norman**  
**WHS Journalism Teacher**

Lorraine A. Norman, longtime educator in the English Department of Washington Senior High School in Sioux Falls, died August 21, 2014, at Bethesda Nursing Home, Beresford, SD. She was 91.

Lorraine A. Norman was born June 5, 1923, in Centerville, SD, to Ed and Martha (Hansen) Norman. She graduated from high school at Beresford, SD in 1941, and attended Augustana College where she received her BA degree. Lorraine taught school in Canton, SD for a period of time before beginning her life-long teaching career in the English Department at Washington Senior High School. During the summer months, Lorraine earned her MA degree through the University of Minnesota. For several years, she pursued and taught summer school at many regional colleges and universities.

Lorraine taught English, Journalism, Mass Media, and was the faculty advisor of the

WSHS newsletter, The Orange and Black. She was a mentor to many students and adults alike, and enjoyed seeing them succeed. Lorraine retired from teaching in 1984. Gifted at developing a special bond with her students, Lorraine was often honored and humbled to receive visits and words of thanks from her former students.

Active in her community, Lorraine loved to entertain. For years, she enjoyed hosting dinners, coffee parties and having company after special events. She blessed many people with her gift of hospitality, and those attending always came away feeling special. A lifelong member of Brooklyn Evangelical Free Church of Beresford, SD, she was also active with Central Baptist Church, SDEA, NEA, Journalism Education Association, Delta Kappa Gamma, American Association of University Women (AAUW), Phi Delta Kappa, Augustana Fellows, and the Annie Talent Society. Lorraine loved poetry and artwork, and in her free time enjoyed refinishing furniture and spending time compiling the Norman family history. Blessed with a spirit of compassion, Lorraine was a gracious lady with a servant heart who loved the Lord, and served Him her whole life.

Grateful for having shared her life are her sister, Berniece Thissell, Beresford, SD; nieces and nephews, Norman Hovda, Nancy (Ed) Wick, Dan (Carol) Thissell, Lois Fitzgerald, Jane (Wayne) Smith, Peter (Doreen) Fahlberg, John (Sandy) Fahlberg; and a host of friends, grand-nieces and nephews, and great-grand nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents; a twin sister who was stillborn; two sisters, Leona and her husband, Thor Hovda, Maurine and her husband Wes Fahlberg; brother-in-law, Donald Thissell; and her dear friend, Signie Johnson.

Funeral Services celebrating Lorraine's life will begin 10:00 am Monday August 25, 2014, at the Brooklyn Evangelical Free Church, Beresford, SD. Open visitation for the public will take place from 9:00 am to 8:00 pm Sunday at Miller Funeral Home, 507 S. Main Avenue, Sioux Falls.



**Editor's Note: To indicate just how popular and beloved Ms. Norman was, I received more letters notifying me of her passing than I have ever received before. Your letters were filled with a great deal of love and admiration. There were just too many of you that wrote to list you all, but I thank you all. Jack**

Above left, Ms. Norman's photo from the 1950 Warrior and above right, from the 1960 Warrior. She appears to have survived dealing with us very well during those 10 years.





# NEWS



# VERY SOON!



"I went to my high school reunion over the weekend. Some of my classmates changed so much that they didn't even recognize me."

## Class of '59 - 55th Reunion

Sept. 5, 6 & 7th **Just Over 1 Week Away!!!!**

Contact Shirley Kittelson Bock '59

[shirleybock0@gmail.com](mailto:shirleybock0@gmail.com) - 605-290-3345

The O&B needs photographers at the 55th Reunion.

PLEASE send me clear face photos with names and designate who are class members and guests.

## Class of '54 - 60th Reunion

Sept. 19, 20 & 21st **Just Over 3 Weeks Away!!**

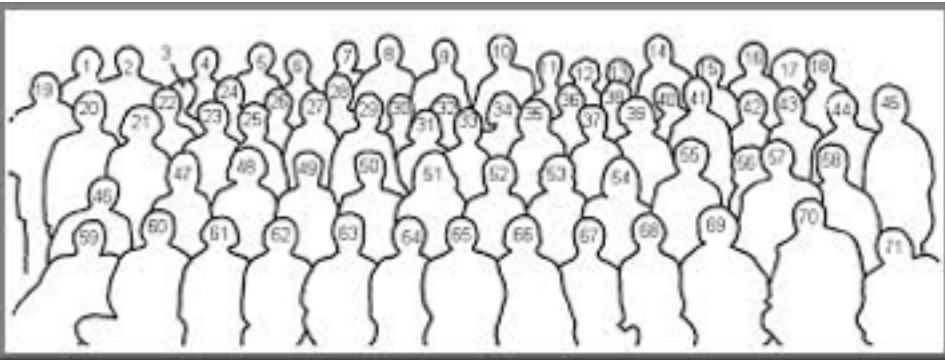
Contact Jack Kittelson '54

[kittelson@prodigy.net](mailto:kittelson@prodigy.net) - 605-334-3345

The O&B needs photographers at the 60th Reunion.

PLEASE send me clear face photos with names and designate who are class members and guests.





**Please submit photos of your Reunion, but be sure to ID everyone in each photo. AND... please designate who are class members and who are guests.**



**"Remember when you wrote 'Let's keep in touch' in my yearbook? Well here I am!"**

# Letters to the & B

On Jul 19, 2014, at 11:58 PM, **Sara J. Blizzard '58** <sara.j.blizzard@att.net> wrote:

Hi Jack,

A quick note----don't worry about any mistakes in the wonderful O&B you put out for we WHS Alums. It often takes days for me to sit down and really read an edition but I so thoroughly enjoy every page. We are so fortunate to have such a great way to keep up with friends from our past, be reminded of those wonderful years and the places we went, things we did. I especially loved seeing the pictures of the falls in the latest edition. I don't think I ever saw that much water going over and believe me, if it was flood time we were packed into the car and driven to the falls to watch the water. For some reason my mother loved seeing flood water, especially going over the falls, because of the majesty of it all I guess. She also liked to drive to the top of Sherman Park Hill and look down at the flood water around the zoo.



**Sara Hart Blizzard '58  
WHS Senior Photo**

We just returned from Alabama and our oldest Grandson's wedding. Joining us in the fun were Jim and Sandy Brix Hembd, WHS '59. Our family has adopted them as Grandparents to our four grandchildren. From there all of us went to the lake house on Lake Martin and Gen's best friend from college and her husband were there too. Sheri was born and raised in Oregon and got to Troy State University in Alabama ( because of a Jr. Miss Scholarship) where she and Gen became friends. We later learned that Sheri's mom was born and raised in Gettysburg, SD, and graduated from HS with Jim Hembd. It truly is a very small world when an Oregon girl meets a Florida raised girl (born in Minn.) in Alabama and find they have SD roots. Makes for wonderful friendships.

So keep on doing what you do Jack and many thanks for it. Everyone I know who gets the Alumni O&B thoroughly enjoys it. Cheers, **Sara Hart Blizzard, '58**



On Jul 19, 2014, at 1:30 PM, **Harry Hoiland '54** <paveknife@hotmail.com> wrote:

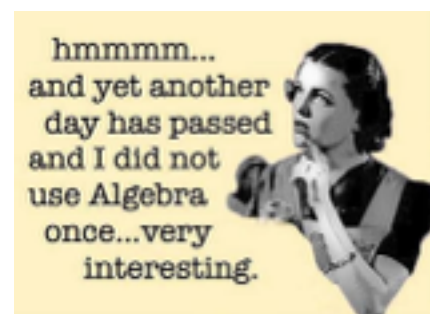


**Harry Hoiland '54**  
**WHS Senior Photo**

Jack, Thank you for bringing back the memory of my all time favorite teacher -Ms. Joy Hamrin. I give her all the credit for giving me the best basics in College Algebra that helped me throughout my career. If you will remember there was the column in the Argus Leader called "As I See It". Well one afternoon while I was standing down on the corner in front of WHS waiting for my bus this guy comes up and introduces himself as a reporter from the Argus Leader and he wrote the column "As I See It". He asked me which did I like better - Men or Women teachers and for which subjects. Well at the time, I was taking Trig from Ms. Wagner (and failing it) and College Algebra from Ms. Hamrin and getting an A or B so dumb naive me, I answered that I prefer men teachers for math and sciences and women for english, history and such. Well, don't you know that was in the paper the next night and both Ms. Wagner and Ms. Hamrin saw it!

In class the next day, Ms. Wagner was really put out and with a very gruff voice said "So you don't like women math teachers!!!!" and threw a test paper on my desk with a big fat "F" on it! My next class was my College Algebra class with Ms. Hamrin!! Her approach was the exact opposite from Ms. Wagner. She just parked her butt up on my desk and said with a big teasing smile "So you don't like women math teachers". She got a lot of fun out of my unfortunate comment!! Ms. Hamrin did such a fantastic job of teaching me Algebra that when I went to Augustana College, I got all A's in Algebra. I had to take all my final exams early because I was shipping out to Lawry Air Force Base in Denver to go to radar school on the F-94 for the 175th Fighter Squadron. When I got to my Algebra professor, he said "Well, Harry I am kind of busy! Would it be OK with you if I just give you an "A" and let it go at that??"

Type to enter text



Harry, someone sent me this joke and I remember thinking, "how true". Obviously, it never applied to you. Jack

---

On Jul 26, 2014, at 4:28 PM, **Georgia Severson Johnson '56**, Gjtn7odsf@aol.com wrote:

Jack,

I know you are REALLY busy these days and hesitate to add more work for you--- however, in addition to **Joyce Ageton, Clarice Christensen and Marvin Parks** were also left off the current list. And, of course, the next one will also include **Jon Sunde and Glenda Westphal**.

I do my best to keep up with lists and always compare your list to mine to make sure they are the same!

Again, I appreciate all that you do to keep all of us informed with all of the interesting articles and pictures.

**Georgia Severson Johnson '56**

Dear Georgia, Please don't ever worry about me being too busy to take care of keeping all of the deceased lists up to date and accurate. Thank you for sending all of these names. I have added them all to your class of '56 Master Deceased List. I can just never stress strong enough how much

I need and appreciate all of the help I can get in maintaining each list. Jack



**Georgia Severson**  
**Johnson '56**  
**WHS Senior Photo**



On Jul 21, 2014, at 8:54 AM, **Darrell Moulton Sr '59** <darrell.moulton.sr@gmail.com> wrote:

A friend has been sending me the O&B and I have enjoyed reading the articles. I don't know how you can do the editing with all the things that are going on for you, but thanks for doing it. If you figure out a way for some of us to help, give me a shout. Now for the story.

I grew up in Sioux Falls under the loving care of my adoptive parents. I spent a couple of years after birth at the SD State Children's Home. After leaving home for the Military I traveled the world ending my Military/State Dept. career with the fall of Saigon in 1975. I returned to the US and settled in a small town in Texas just South of Houston. As the years went by I began to wonder who my biological family was. I began my search on Ancestry.com and in a short time I found a lead. I had a copy of my adoption papers and learned of my family name. My research led me to an elderly woman in SF so I gave her a call. I also spoke to a fella who told me of

another woman that they called "Babe" in those days. After some thought, I called the number that was given to me and "Babe" answered the phone. My birth name is Thomas Fredrickson and I was calling Carole Fredrickson. Carole was shocked to hear me explain that I was her brother. I was shocked to hear that she married the one and only Myron Wachendorf (Myron Lee and The Caddies.), who we all know. Since that call a few years ago, my wife and I traveled to SF and met Carole and Myron for the first time. It was a heart felt reunion and we had many memories to share. The story is much deeper than I can put into a short space, but I can say that my life is complete having connected with my biological family.

**Darrell Moulton '59**



**Darrell Moulton '59**  
WHS Senior Photo



On Jul 29, 2014, **Don Norstrom '54**, freckles7@cox.net wrote:

Hi Jack,

I'm sorry to tell you that another of our '54 graduates, Diane Stoakes, died Dec 15, 2013. I looked up her married name on internet and found that out and what a great life she had. Graduated first in class at Northwestern University; became a teacher, lawyer, law firm partner and too much to list. Her obit is still listed with the funeral home that is linked to her.

**Don Norstrom '54**



**Diane Stoakes**  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased

**Don Norstrom '54**  
WHS Senior Photo



**The Orange & Black needs WHS Yearbooks from the '40s and '60s. If you have one or more to spare, please send to Jack M. Phillips, 2261 Lauren Dr. Las Vegas, NV 89134. They will be put to good use! Thank you. Jack**



**From: Laurel Pierce Hampel '55** <laufred@att.net> July 22, 2014 at 6:16:40 PM PDT  
**To: Jack Phillips** <jackmp@me.com>



**Laurel Pierce Hampel '55**  
**WHS Senior Photo**

Hello again Jack,

I have been forwarding copies of the O & B to my brother who lives in Princeton, Illinois, & is 5 1/2 years younger than myself, & attended WHS, but didn't graduate from there as he & my Mother moved to Champaign, Illinois, where Fred & lived at that time, when he was a junior in high school. He would have been in the 1960 WHS class, but recognizes many of the names & photos of people he knew, both in grade school & during his two years at WHS, who were not necessarily in his class, but still known to him. I always get favorable comments from him about the O & B each time I forward it, & he is happy to be able to read them also, & it often triggers memories for him of his time spent in Sioux Falls. So, I am sending you an excerpt from an e-mail just received from him today commenting on your good work with the O & B, & just thought you would like to read it & know you are appreciated by others beyond the '50s classes. As a side note, when my brother & I were "kids" our beloved aunt

lived just a few doors down from Mavis Larson Carl & we spent many hours at her home & my brother spent lots of time playing with Mavis' brothers. All good memories! So, it is a small world sometimes!

Thanks again for your considerable efforts with the O & B.

In appreciation,

**Laurel Pierce Hampel '55**

**From: Stan Pierce '60**, Tuesday, July 22, 2014 2:37 PM.

**To: Laurel Pierce Hampel '55**, laufred@att.net

Boy, that Jack Phillips sure does a good job on the O & B letters. I really enjoy reading them and I do recognize some of the names. The last one was especially interesting with the mentions of Roy Rogers and Gene Autry. I remembered well the Granada theater and the 9 cent Saturday admission charge. The shows lasted all afternoon on the one admission charge. What a deal! I went there many, many times and we used to joke about feeling the rats run over our feet, although I don't think there ever were any. I never played pool at the Idle Hour he mentions. My haunt was always the YMCA for pool playing, bowling, basketball and swimming. Ping Pong too. The "Y" was a great place and probably kept me out of a lot of potential trouble.

Love, Brother Stan



**Stan Pierce '60**  
**WHS Soph. Photo**

**From: Stan Pierce '60**, On Jul 24, 2014, at 1:36 PM, <ssstan@comcast.net> wrote:

**To: Jack Phillips '54**

Hello Jack - - - Thank you for your offer to include me on the list of those receiving your O & B publications. I certainly accept your offer. As you know, my sister has been forwarding most of them to me and I have enjoyed reading through each one I receive. The last issue was outstanding I thought, with the reference to Roy Rogers and Gene Autry and also the "You Tube" video of the drone over the Falls. In the mid- fifties, my friends and I would spend hours jumping from rock to rock above the main falls, but of course the water level then was much lower than that shown in the video. I also found it funny that we both remember the legend of rats in the Granada theater.

As my sister mentioned, I moved to Champaign, Illinois for my junior and senior year of high school, but I would have been in the class of 1960 at Washington High. I was in the first ever 9<sup>th</sup> grade class to come out of Axtell Park Jr. High when Sioux Falls switched from the four year high school to the three year junior high school system, so I really only attended my sophomore year at WHS. Anyway, reading your O & B publication brings back many fond memories for me and I'm sure, for many others. So, please keep up the good work. It is appreciated by all. Maybe you can "branch out" and include the 1960 Class? Just hoping.

Thanks again, **Stan Pierce '60** [ssstan@comcast.net](mailto:ssstan@comcast.net)



On Jul 25, 2014, at 9:03 PM, **Donald Brown '53**, <deb1934@cox.net> wrote:  
Hello Jack,

Harley Newman ('52) is a long-time car and motorcycle nut but now he is more of a bonsai nut. This delightful piece by him is featured for April of the Bower Museum's 2014 calendar. The Bower is in Santa Ana, California. Relatively small by Los Angeles standards, the Bower punches way above its weight, so showing up in their calendar is quite an honor.

Harley, as you may recall is husband to your classmate Floy (Brown) Newman ('54).

As usual, many thanks for all you do to keep us WHS people so informed of each other!

**Don Brown ('53)**

**Thanks Don and Congratulations Harley! Your "Juniper Prostrata" is truly beautiful! Thanks for sharing. Jack**





# More Reunion Info - Class of '59

## Your Help Needed - Lost Classmates



Gary Roddel '59  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jul 26, 2014, at 9:30 PM, **Gary Roddel '59** <mgrid@charter.net> wrote: Jack,

I don't know how soon your next O & B Newsletter will be going out but thought I would ask if you could include the following regarding the 55th reunion of the Class of 1959 this Sept:

**To all 1959 WHS or Cathedral graduates, brothers/sisters/friends of anyone who attended the last 8th grade class at South Sioux Grade School in 1954. We are looking for contact information for the following individuals: Correne Burfiend, Bill Farrel, Jim Johnson, Jim Lape, Patsy Little, Dorrene Lueth, Karen Lukes, Judy Mader, Shirley Matoya, Belva Muecke, Rita Mundt, Gary Orris, Larry Plucker, Violet**

**Redenius, Sharon Simpson, and Sigred Shwab. Any help would be greatly appreciated.**

**We are planning a get-together for those South Sioux classmates during the weekend of our WHS 55th Class Reunion on Sept. 5, 6, and 7. Please respond by contacting Gary Roddel at [mgrid@charter.net](mailto:mgrid@charter.net) or 507-454-3920.**

**Your newsletters just keep getting better and better. Thank you for all your efforts.  
Gary Roddel '59**

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On Aug 2, 2014, **Wauthena Nelson Brooks '54**, <WauthenaM@sio.midco.net> wrote:

Good morning, Jack

Thank you for the recent news of our WHS 50's fellow students! Your time and commitment never cease to amaze me, thanks again.

I have a death to report. Just found out not too long ago, then took some digging to find Information on Lowell Eugene Miller, class of '52, died 11-13-13. His obituary can be found on Google by typing in his name, ElPaso,TX, also a recent photo of Gene. Gene, his sister, Pat Miller VerHey, class of '53, and I were best friends in the old days. Pat still lives in Sioux Falls, but has some health problems which makes it difficult for her to be out and about.

All is well in your old home town, it is growing like crazy and new building of homes and apartments is huge.

Thank you again for your time consuming efforts in the newsletter.

It is so very much appreciated by all your readers!

In friendship,

**Wauthena Nelson Brooks '54**



Wauthena Nelson  
Brooks '54  
WHS Senior Photo



Gene Miller '52  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased





On Aug 5, 2014, at 6:28 PM, **Ms Gail Norbraten '57**

<gnorbraten@yahoo.com> wrote:

Jack, Be assured we all appreciate the O&B. Its how we all keep up with our youth. Never mind a few errors, just don't stop. Also, does anyone know the where-abouts of **Karen Running '56** ?

**Gail Norbraten '56**

right: Karen Running '56, WHS Senior Photo

left: Gail Norbraten '57, WHS Junior Photo



Do you know where Karen Running Is?

On Wednesday, August 6, 2014 **Jack Phillips '54**

<jack@jackmphilips.com> wrote:

Thanks Gail.

I will ask in my next issue about Karen Running. I don't have any info on her.

Gail, am I correct that Gary Norbraten '54 is you uncle?

**Jack M. Phillips '54**

On Aug 6, 2014, at 10:31 AM, **Ms Gail Norbraten '57**

<gnorbraten@yahoo.com> wrote:

Yes, he was my father's brother. There is only 2 1/2 years between us. I guess either my dad, **Gordon (also a grad of WHS)** or my uncle **Gary** ( Norbraten '54) was mistake. I grew up 2 doors down from Gary and we were more like brother and sister.

Type to enter text



**Gary Norbraten '54**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Kay Moi Schrader '54**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Aug 27, 2014, at 10:36 AM, **Kay Moi SCHRADER**

'54 <kschrader@centurylink.net> wrote:

Hi Jack - I got your name from the reunion committee as someone who might be able to help me locate some of my classmates. I'm looking for **Walt Bernard** - class of '53. Any information you



**Walt Bernard '53**  
WHS Senior Photo  
Do you know where he is?

Aug 1, 2014, **Dean Hutton '50**, [deanhutton@q.com](mailto:deanhutton@q.com) wrote:

**Danny Lennon** and **Bill Dougherty** both deceased.

**Dean Hutton '50**

Ed. Note: Thanks Dean. No photo could be found of Danny Lennon.



**Dean Hutton '50**  
WHS Senior Photo

**Bill Dougherty '50**  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased





On Jul 22, 2014, at 10:29 AM, **glenn gravelle '58**, <glenngravellepsy@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Jim,

saw your message and email address in the Orange and Black. Thought I'd write to re-connect with you.

Briefly, we are retired in Centennial, Colorado where we have lived since leaving Sioux Falls in 1965. I worked as a psychologist in private practice until age 70 and now supervise doctoral students in our home, on a board of a charity and some church related endeavors keep me occupied.

LaDonna was a secretary, then crude oil adm person and retired before me. We have a daughter in Pullman, Wa, husband was AF officer, now retired. They have a son in college and 15 yr old daughter. Our son is married, 2 young boys and is a hi-tech bus lawyer in Austin, Tx.

We get back to S.F. as I have a brother there. Also see Dave Herrick and Rog Stordahl who is widowed and not in great health. I have had some email exchanges with Don

Noordsey and Greg Hall since the big 50th. Last Sept, I attended the 55th reunion, it was fine, but not the gala of the 50th.

Nice chats though with Janet Herman, Carlo Trystad and also Judy Johnson who was the girlfriend back at WHS. Sioux Falls has grown greatly and looks to be doing well. Big infusion of \$400m to the hospital system didn't hurt. I've not been in the old high school and didn't take the tour due to family commitments.

We are fortunate to have good health so have traveled a fair amt. In Feb. went on a safari to Tanzania, was great as I liked photography.

Let me know Jim what you are up to. Hope that things are good for you and yours.

**Glenn Gravelle '58** (or as they used to call me, Lefty)

On Jul 22, 2014, at 12:27 PM, **Jim '58 & Pam Damm** <jldamm@cablone.net> wrote:

Lefty,

Great to hear from you with an update on your life. Man it's been a long time!!

I am fine as is virtually all of our family.

As you may recall, I went to the School of Mines. Finished 3 years but dropped out with poor grades and money problems as my parents went through a divorce in my Junior year.

I took a couple of courses at Augustana and then U of Minn. but never finished. The 3 years at Mines were a great education degree or not and by 63 I was working in the computer industry with Honeywell. Worked my way from Field Engineer to Regional Mgr and was hired away by an ex Honeywell executive to a startup co. in Silicon Valley which for me was like dying and going to career heaven.

I had married Kay Lucas from Cathedral but we divorced in 73. She died of lung cancer this year.

Remarried in 75 to Pam the love of my life whom I met in St.L.

Between us we have 6 kids all with good educations and jobs.

In '91 I did an early retirement and Pam and I set off and sailed our 40 ft sailboat around the world finishing in '96 after 35 countries and 35,000 miles of sailing. A wondrous time!!

We then settled in Mesa AZ as our parents both had retired there and I had fallen in love with a Pete Dye golf course there. Moved to the Prescott mountain area in 2000 when Pam couldn't take the Phoenix summer heat anymore. Been here 13 years now and love it! This area is above 5000 ft altitude so it's a lot cooler than Phoenix and we have 4 nice seasons with a little snow so we really like it.

A year ago, we sold our custom home and bought a townhouse that backs to a golf course so we can lock out and leave it easily.

My hobbies are: golf, travel, and my Goldwing motorcycle. We now have another 36 ft diesel pusher motorhome but this one gives us the option of pulling a car or hauling the Goldwing on a hydraulic lift on the back OR BOTH. We travel No. Am in the motorhome and do cruises on Holland America most recently doing a 30 day cruise to Peru and Matsigenka. We have previously spent a lot of time in Japan and Europe both on my corporate executive travels and since in our retirement. **Continued page 20.**



**Glenn Gravelle '58**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Jim Damm '58**  
WHS Senior Photo



We are both quite healthy and happy and so travel fits us well. It helps as our 6 kids are spread from So Dak to Portland Or to San Jose CA. Our oldest son has just retired and they leave Labor Day on their 44 ft sailboat to begin their world cruising trip. Like their parents I guess.!

We'll leave here in our motorhome about Aug 30th to see Pams 95 yr old Mom in St L then on to No Carolina to visit a granddaughter at her college the return via the gulf coast and home before Thanksgiving.

Keep in touch and consider a trip down this way. We're only 2 hours from the Grand Canyon and other nice sightseeing and we have a modest but nice guest suite you are welcome to.

Thanks for the note and THANKS to Jack Phillips for his work on the O&B that helps us (re)connect.

**Jim Damm '58**

928-533-6801

624 N. Casa Bella Ave.

Dewey AZ 86327

On Aug 12, 2014, at 2:02 PM, **Roger Schiager '50**

<rdschiag@msn.com> wrote:

**Jack: You likely have learned this a couple of months ago. The chairs you pictured that WHS Marshalls and Queens sat in on the stage at Washington High School came from First Lutheran Church and are still in use there. They are at the front of the Church and are used by the Pastors to sit in during services.**

**Should have sent this months ago, as I noticed it at the service following the week your article appeared. but I guess I was too lazy to write.**

**Roger Schiager Class of 1950.**

See Pat Jorgensen Palagi's '56 story entitled, "Homecoming Coronation Chairs?" in O&B Issue #8-14.

left: Pat Jorgensen Palagi '56  
WHS Senior Photo



"The Chair" during '49 OLD Coronation.  
Queen, Marian Stain & Marshall, Roy  
Jurgensen



Roger Schiager '50  
WHS Senior Photo



**Remember  
Buzz Books  
and  
Sampson?**

**Such Good  
Memories!**



**The Annual WHS  
Athlete Hall of Fame  
Banquet and  
Induction Ceremony  
Is Fast Approaching  
Reserve The Date  
**October 11. 2014****

***It's A Grand Event  
You Don't Want  
To Miss!  
Mike & I Hope To See You There.***

**October 11, 2014  
WHS Athletic Hall of Fame  
Banquet and Induction**

This years Athletic Hall of Fame Dinner and Induction Ceremony will be held Saturday evening, October 11, 2014 in Sioux Falls at the Washington Pavilion. More information will be forthcoming. The 2014 inductees from our decade of the fifties are Mike Gibson '56, in the, "Athlete" category, and Jack Phillips '54, in the, "Contributor" category. This is a most prestigious event. Make plans now to attend.



Mike Gibson '56  
WHS Senior Photo  
"Athlete"



Jack Phillips '54  
WHS Senior Photo  
"Contributor"