

THE ALUMNI ORANGE & BLACK

NEWSLETTER

Issue #10-17 December 5, 2017

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



Don Brown '53
WHS Sophomore
Photo

A Special Recognition & Appreciation Issue Dedicated To Don Brown '53 For His 7 Years of Great O&B Story Contributions. Santa Barbara, CA ~ don@chubrown.com

With out any doubt, **Don Brown '53**, has contributed more quality stories to the O&B than any other contributor and each of those many stories have been on completely different subjects making each one totally distinctive and interesting, as well as fun and enlightening to read. It has always been so obvious to me that he sincerely wants to do all he can to help make the O&B successful by making it fun and Interesting for all of us to enjoy.

I didn't know Don in high school, but have learned a great deal of admirable and interesting things about him since our frequent and always interesting correspondence begin in early 2010.

In response to one of my early and desperate requests for stories Don responded with his first story. It appeared in Issue #4-10 on May 6, 2010. That was at the end of the O&B's 1st full year of existence and only had about 150 to 200 subscribers. Since the O&B now has over 1,200 readers about 85% of todays readers didn't see Don's first story so I have decided to lead off this special recognition issue to Don by reprinting his very first story which he called, *"A DOUBLE F FROM RITER AND OTHER MEMORIES OF WHS"* I am also going to print two more of Don's stories and portions of several others so you will get to know Don and understand why I am so impressed with our WHS classmate and shining product of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

As we all know, WHS and Sioux Falls combined to produce many, many exceptionally successful and outstanding individuals in the fifties decade. We are all naturally proud of these high achievers who have made significant contributions to our world and I am happy to say that the O&B has proudly acknowledged many of them over the years. I would like to now acknowledge Don Brown '53 for many of the usual reasons of excelling and rising to the top of his chosen career, but I am also saluting and acknowledging Don for an unusual reason that impresses me and I truly admire.

Don was scheduled to graduate from WHS mid year in 1953, but at the end of his first senior semester in June of 1952 he packed up and headed to the magic land of California and in particular, Las Angeles and to the things many South Dakota boys only read and dreamed about, namely sandy beaches,

beautiful girls, exotic cars, movie stars, balmy year round climate and high paying jobs. Don says that he really only intended to stay for the summer, but the fact is, he never returned permanently to Sioux Falls.

Dropping out of school and moving to a big city is not in itself an unusual thing for a restless young man to do, but as you will read, what Don Brown accomplished all on his own in his life ahead I find to be a wonderfully amazing and impressive story. I have found Don to be a man that doesn't talk or boast of his significant accomplishments, but over the 7 and 1/2 years I have been questioning and recording the bits and pieces of his life that he has slowly and sometimes shyly shared with me, the more impressed I became.

Perhaps before going further I should include his "**Curriculum Vitae**". which I found during my Internet search. It will give you a partial idea of why I am paying this special tribute to Don. I think you will agree it is most impressive for anyone, but especially for someone that dropped out of high school and then on his own graduated with a B.A and a masters degree from UCLA, a Ph D from Cornell University, learned to speak four languages, became a published author and a full professor at UCSB.

'Submitted by, Jack Phillips '54, O&B Editor: (Note: All editorial comments on Don will be in brown text.)

Donald E. Brown, Curriculum Vitae

Department of Anthropology
University of California
Santa Barbara, CA 93106-3210
Email: brownd@anth.ucsb.edu

Academic Employment

1969-present
[Department of Anthropology](#), University of California, Santa Barbara
Full Professor 1980
Professor Emeritus 1994
Fall 1998
Universiti Brunei Darussalam
Visiting Professor

Education

1949-1952 Washington High School, Sioux Falls, South Dakota
1952-1954 El Camino College, Gardena, California (part time)
1959-1961 El Camino College, Gardena, California
1961-1964 University of California, Los Angeles
1964-1969 Cornell University

Degrees

1963 B.A. Anthropology, UC Los Angeles
1964 M.A. Anthropology, UC Los Angeles
1969 Ph.D. Anthropology, Cornell University

Honors

1963 B.A. with Highest Honors
1963 Election to Phi Beta Kappa
2015 Selected as WHS Alumni of Distinction

Interests

Southeast Asia, especially Brunei, Malaysia, and Indonesia.
Social and political anthropology, history, human universals, ethnicity and ethnocentrism.

Foreign Languages

Malay-Indonesian, Spanish, German.

Publications

Over 67 professional publications including two books.

Courses Taught at University of California Santa Barbara, CA

Peoples and Cultures of Southeast Asia (lecture and seminar)
Current ethnological theory (undergraduate seminar)
Political anthropology
Social structure and historical process (undergraduate seminar)
Social anthropology (graduate seminar)
Primate and human sexual behavior (undergraduate seminar)
Peoples and Cultures of Asia
Anthropology of History (lecture and seminar)
Field Methods (graduate seminar)
Anthropology of Tourism
Corporations and Society
Human Universals (lecture and seminar)
Human Nature (seminar)
Comparative Ethnicity
Psychological Foundations of Social Structure
Social Thought



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A DOUBLE F FROM RITER AND OTHER MEMORIES OF WHS

By Don Brown, class of '53

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

of the school day.

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



Don Brown

where we parked our motorbikes and motorcycles. Alternatively we could chat while lunching on the church steps across the street in good weather and in the gym during bad weather. Dale Paulson once in a while added to my lunch with a delicious piece of the ham salad sandwiches he bought at Dickenson's bakery. In my last semester the lunch period was broken into three sessions and Arden Fjellanger, Herb Hawkey, and I were the only persons to choose the third one. Having the cafeteria entirely to ourselves, Fjellanger drove Hawkey

and me nuts by playing a cloying Johnny Ray song over and over. Principal Beck walked in once and headed toward us as though he had discovered some truants. But before he reached us he seemed to remember the new schedule and he turned to go about his business.

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

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

→ I have already mentioned my main extra-curricular academic activity: reading. It took a new sense of direction in



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

Dorothea Riter's course on Rhetoric. We read a number of the great essayists

Montaine,

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

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

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

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

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

→ Within a year or two I was

joined in that very job by my buddies Merle Reppert and Harley Newman, the latter having also married my sister Floy. Gary Hartenhoff, Carl Dickey, Jimmy McAlear, and Pete Page followed too, though they worked in different jobs and all but McAlear ultimately moved back home. With frequent visits to



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

earned me a C for the course. ¶

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

→ Anyway, when the summer of '52 rolled around I thought I

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

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Story from Don Brown '53

don@chubrown.com

Don Brown '53
WHS Sophomore Photo

November
10, 2013

Dear Jack,

→ Sorry to be so slow about this, but the 5-12 issue of the O&B Newsletter jogged a lot of my memories. Gary Norbraten's ('54) story about his and Ron Arneson's ('55) spiffing up by washing their shoelaces gave me a good laugh. I didn't know Gary but did pal around with Ron and his older brother Leroy ('53), my classmate at Hawthorne. The story sounded exactly like something Ron might have done. He was a fun guy to know.

→ Catching my attention for different reasons was the lead story about Harry Hoiland ('54) and the Wings of Heroes Gala. The story mentions the X-15 and the Apollo Program, both of which involved me, though in much smaller ways than people like Harry Hoiland. My involvement was connected to why I dropped out of WHS in the

middle of my senior year, the summer of '52.

→ Mr. Rubbers and others had encouraged me to go to college, so I thought I should earn tuition money over the summer. Needing something more than my Argus Leader carrier job, I applied at John Morrell. Nothing came of that. Glen Bethke ('53) and I did a few days of cement work for his uncle, but that was not a steady job. My elder brother suggested I come to California to apply for work at North American Aviation (NAA), where he worked and where, he said, I could make the grand sum of \$1.25 an hour. After I kissed my girlfriend goodbye at a party in Terrace Park, Merle Reppert ('53) and I caught a bus and headed west. Merle only wanted to visit custom-car shops, so he returned shortly to Sioux Falls.

→ I lied my age and landed a job at NAA. It began with a class that would train me to run a turret lathe. There was nothing special about the job but it paid even more than I expected. So that seemed OK.

→ Toward the end of the class the boss came to ask if I would be interested in a quite

special job. I went for an interview and was impressed. It was in the Engineering Flight Test



Don Brown '53, now enjoying his retirement in Santa Barbara, CA

Instrumentation Lab.

→ The job required operating whatever machinery or other equipment was required to produce, modify, install, or maintain special instruments. Since I had taken shop classes at WHS, I had some familiarity with the machines required. The man interviewing me thought that a young person training on the job would probably work out better than hiring more experienced men (all males at that time) who would typically be more specialized than was desirable.



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→ I told the man that I was available for the summer only, which would not do.

→ When I came home in the evening to my brother's house he said I was making a big mistake. It was too good a job to pass up. I should just take it. It really did seem to me like a good job. And I didn't know what college was about anyway. So the next day I inquired if I could still be considered for the job. I agreed to take it as a permanent job and was accepted.

→ It was a great job. I never regretted taking it and am certain that if I had stayed with it until retirement I would



Peter (Dale) Page '54, Jim McAlear '54, Don Brown '53, Carl Dickey '54 strolling along the beach in Manhattan Beach, CA



Pete (Dale) Page '54, Carl Dickey '54, Merle Reppert '53, Jim McAlear '54

aircraft, mostly the F86 Sabre at the time.

→ When there was work to do we worked hard on exacting jobs. But there were times when work was slack and we did as we wished. We built things for ourselves to keep us looking busy. In that context I made parts for a rotary-engined WWI Sopwith Camel, a bronze flywheel for a Triumph motorcycle that set a world speed record, my own Hi-Fi set, a water-proof camera case for underwater photography, and much more.

→ The test pilots had their changing room in the middle of the lab, so we all knew George



Dale Page '54
WHS Senior Photo



Carl Dickey '54
WHS Senior Photo



Merlyn Reppert '53
WHS Senior Photo



Jim McAlear '54
WHS Senior Photo



Don Brown '53
WHS Sophomore Photo

have been content:

My co-workers were very highly qualified blue-collar types. One, for example, had built the first body of the 1936 Chevy sedan by hand. One had been working with radio since 1923. One had worked on crop-dusting airplanes for years before WWII swept him into NAA. He had also worked on Amelia Earhardt's airplane. Two others

had been bomber pilots in Europe during WWII.

→ The Lab was divided into 3 parts, one handling the electrical side, one the mechanical side, and one calibrating instruments. All collaborated with a dozen or so engineers, who worked on the other side of a hangar given over solely to NAA's flight-test

(“Wheaties”) Welch, one of the two AAF pilots to get off the ground at Pearl Harbor. In a dive in the F86 he may have been the first to, unofficially, break the sound barrier. The famous Bob Hoover was the chattiest of the test pilots.

→ We were on the second floor of our hangar, which provided an uninterrupted view from near the west end of Los Angeles

International Airport toward the east. • Smog nearly always prevented us seeing the mountains; but we had a good view of the runways and the occasional accidents that flight-testing brought about. • Douglas Aircraft and lesser airplane manufacturers also flight-tested there. ¶

→ During most of my years at NAA, I worked the night shift. Only a single engineer worked that shift, and he spent much of his time in our lab passing on the rumors and news about flight test in general. • He kept us up to date, for example, on the testing of the X-15's rocket engine and, especially, on any mishaps in flight-testing by NAA and the other aircraft manufacturers. • Although I recall no specific part I worked on,

→ Whereas my brother thought I should not pass up that job, a number of my co-workers urged me not to pass up college. Shortly after taking the job I compromised by starting college part-time. • But I was living directly on the beach then (in Manhattan Beach), so that the hours of my day barely sufficed to work, play, and study. • It was not an ideal situation for study. ¶

→ After five years, the army called me away, breaking me out of the routines and mindset I was in. • With that service out of the way I returned to my job at NAA, but in the following autumn (1959) I quit to attend college full time for a year. It was much more relaxed than when I was a part-time student. ¶

→ The following summer I was back in the lab again, but only for the summer. • In the fall I was back to college, and

planning to continue. • In the summer of '61 NAA contacted me to ask if I would take part in a simulated space capsule experiment. • NAA and other aircraft companies were submitting proposals for the prime contract on the Apollo Program. NAA was apparently

the only company to think of a simulated capsule experiment as part of their proposal. ¶

→ Two other men, both



Merle Reppert '53, with a small plane he put together.

medical students at UCLA, and I (as a technician) would stay in a capsule for 2 weeks, performing a mindless task that nonetheless required continuous attention. • We were observed/monitored through a one-way glass window. • How well we performed that mindless task determined how much money we earned. • NAA got the prime contract on the Apollo Project and I earned enough money in two weeks to put me through another year of college. ¶

→ Although I never regretted taking that job at NAA, I do regret not graduating from WHS with my classmates. • Happily, several of them soon joined me at NAA. After Merle Reppert graduated (mid-year in the class of '53) he came out to L.A. again and got a job right along side me at NAA. His extraordinary mechanical skills—in the lower grades he could take a watch apart and put it together again—made him far more qualified than I had been, so it was no surprise he was hired. • Merle and I roomed together. • However,



In 1961, Don Brown '53, on right, with two UCLA medical students ready to enter simulated space capsule for a two week test and observation.

I do recall doing considerable work on the X-15, though I never actually saw it. ¶

→ I more definitely remember the large two-barreled telescope I made for that engineer, along with help he provided with my own projects. ¶



Harley Newman, '52, with recent toy, an MG

he had been courting Rae (Yvonne) Hunt ('55) and shortly returned to Sioux Falls to further that endeavor.

→ When Reppert next returned to L.A., his bride Rae along with him, there was no opening in the lab, so he took a different job at NAA. In the long run he took a part-time job disassembling automobile rims at a chrome shop; finally went into that and later businesses of his own. He is now retired in Paradise, CA. He is an avid builder and flyer of small airplanes and even a helicopter. He has a machine shop in his backyard that has just about everything that was available to us at NAA so many years ago.

→ In 1954 several more of my WHS classmates also came out to join me at NAA, though none were hired in the instrumentation lab. They included Gary Hartenhoff ('53), Jim McAlear ('54), Pete (Dale) Page ('54), and Carl Dickey ('54). The lot of us had a few memorable years of hanging out together in Manhattan Beach before Hartenhoff, Page, and Dickey returned to Sioux Falls.

→ Among other businesses, Hartenhoff established Hart Signs in Sioux Falls but later retired to take up his main passion—painting

(see www.garyhartenhoff.com). Page and Pierre Forrette (CHS) established Flame Service Station on East 8th St. Later, Page opened Oak Leaf Salvage near Hartford. Having long lived on Wall Lake, he is now retired but helps his son with the business. The whole family is much involved in automobile rallies, driving the beautiful cars that Pete restored. Carl Dickey went to work for Greenlee Packing Company and is also retired, living in Fremont, Nebraska.

→ McAlear stayed on at NAA but in the long run moved over to Hughes. By the time he retired he was a final assembler of the satellites Hughes has been putting into orbit. He has retained an interest in race cars throughout his life. For 50-some years he has lived in Hermosa Beach, CA. Insofar as health allows, he is still the wild and crazy guy he always was. Never married. But who knows whether he is childless...

→ In the summer of '55 my WHS buddy and fellow motorcycle



Don Brown '53 saw a resemblance of this snow pattern on a tree to Gordon Tweedt '55. Don says, Gordon replied that it was him.

enthusiast • Harley

Newman ('52) married my sister Floy ('54). Reppert was best man. Shortly thereafter Harley and Floy moved to L.A. and Harley too took a job alongside me in the Instrumentation Lab. He stuck with the job pretty much continuously until retirement, but along the way NAA was swallowed by Rockwell, which in turn was swallowed by Boeing. In the meantime Harley moved out of the machine shop into engineering. After retirement he was recalled twice to assist with problems with the Space Shuttles.

→ During my first two years of full-time college my sister and Harley put me up. My tuition at one of California's two-year colleges was \$2 per semester! Those were the days.

→ At about that time Gordy Tweedt ('55), who had worked with McAlear at the Starlight Drive-In in West Sioux, also joined us in California. He wanted to learn to work with fiberglass, so he volunteered his labor at a top race-car shop. In '64 he and McAlear



Facade on building at the University of Sioux Falls created by Gordon Tweedt.

put me up in their beach-side apartment while I took summer work with Gordy at a small boat-building shop. Gordy and I made ourselves a sailboat while we were at it.

→ Gordy returned to Sioux Falls in the late sixties. Facades built from fiberglass molds he made are prominent at the University of Sioux Falls and elsewhere in the region. Gordy now lives in White Bear Lake, MN.¶

→ I attached some photos. One (taken by Hartenhoff) shows Pete Page, Jim McAlister, me, and Carl Dickey strolling on the Strand in Manhattan Beach, where I lived at the time. Another shows the same four (seated) in the same location, but with Merle Reppert in the middle. One shows me (on the right) and the two med students who joined me in the simulated space capsule for NAA. One

shows Harley Newman with a recent acquisition. One shows Merle Reppert with a small airplane he put together a few years ago. One shows a facade by Gordy Tweedt at the University of Sioux Falls. One, that I downloaded from the internet, looks like snow on a tree. However, it looked so much like Gordy Tweedt nowadays that I forwarded it to him and he said it actually is him!¶

End of Don Brown '53 story.¶

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Gary Hartenhoff '53
WHS Senior Photo



Gordy Tweedt '55
WHS Senior Photo



Harley Newman '52
WHS Senior Photo



Floy Brown-Newman '54
WHS Senior Photo

The more I learned about Don and his self made success the more impressed I became and the more I wanted to know about him. So I wrote and asked for more about the years that followed UCLA. After some persuasion he agreed and sent me the following on Oct. 25,2017.

On Oct 25, 2017, at 10:05 PM, Donald Brown <don@chubrown.com> wrote:

Thanks, Jack. There is hardly anything easier for me than to write about myself, and I have already mentioned (in the O&B Newsletter) some of what you now ask about. I most certainly have mentioned that I was in the last class to go through grade school and WHS starting each academic year in January. I started Mark Twain in January 1940 but after one semester my family moved and I attended Hawthorne, then WHS. Thus, in the summer of '52 I had just finished my first semester of the senior year. I was in Mr Bubbers' homeroom, and he had encouraged me to go on to college (to my knowledge, neither of my parents had attended high school, so it was not something I had been considering all along). If I was to attend college I would surely need to earn more money than delivering the Argus on North Duluth was earning me. I knew through my two elder half-brothers, who had moved to California, that I could earn more in a summer in Los Angeles than in Sioux Falls. I took the bus to L.A., accompanied by my longtime classmate, **Merle Reppert '53**. I have already written that he was along just so he could visit George Barris, famous for his customized cars. I have also already described how I landed such a good job at North American Aviation that I decided to skip my last semester at WHS. I soon started part time attendance at a junior college, taking pre-engineering courses—mostly taking courses I could have taken at WHS. When I wrote about this for the newsletter it was to describe my last job at North American, when two other men I were kept in a simulated space capsule for 12 days. The money I thus earned put me through a year at UCLA, to which I transferred

Hey Fellows, it's here:

Back to the Campus!

in a
One or Two Button

HOLLYWOOD MODEL

SUIT

Gray, Blue and Rust Flannels

\$45-49.50-\$55

Famous Jantzen Sweaters
\$7.95 up

Famous Day Cords
\$7.95

Hecker's
MEN'S STORE

after two years in the junior college. I had also changed my major to anthropology, which I have also described already. What comes next, I think I have not written about.

When I received my B.A. at UCLA in 1963 I was admitted to its graduate school, and at last got a fellowship that would support me without having to work in the summers. I immediately spent a summer in rural Mexico, planning to do my doctoral research there. But there was a professor whose work much impressed me at Cornell U., so I finished up my Masters at UCLA quickly (1964), got admitted to the Anthro department at Cornell, and left for there—planning to stay only one year. After that year I planned to return to UCLA to carry on with my plans for research in Mexico.

For my year at Cornell I decided to learn about a new area of the world, Southeast Asia. As it turned out, I found it more interesting than rural Mexico. And I also found a lovely lady from Hong Kong, starting graduate studies in anthropology at the same time as me. In the summer of 1965 we were married (and still are). In academic year 65-66 I acquired a grant to do my doctoral research in Southeast Asia. Initially I was to go the island of Bali in Indonesia, but a severe political blood letting in Indonesia ended that plan. Instead, I shifted to Brunei, the once large but now very small country that Borneo is named after. By way of London, where I spent a few months taking notes from colonial office records on Brunei, my wife (Carrie) and I headed for Brunei.

In Brunei I was attached to and assisted by a newly founded Brunei Museum, which arranged for Carrie and me to rent a village house built on stilts over the Brunei River. 16 months later we left Brunei, via a month in Bali to see what we missed and via London for a few weeks of further archival work. In the summer of '68 we were back at Cornell. I wrote my dissertation and Carrie her Master's thesis.

I started to look for a job. Before the school year was out (1969) I had been hired at the U. of California, Santa Barbara. I thought I would give it a year and then try for something closer to the Manhattan Beach I loved in Los Angeles. It was not too long before Carrie and I decided that Santa Barbara and its university were more than good enough for Carrie and me.

In 1994 the great State of California was in debt and offered very substantial benefits to senior faculty who would take early retirement. I took it. I have worked part time a few times since then, but basically Carrie and I have been retired for a good 20 years. I grow orchids as a hobby.

Jack, you can also get a sense of my education and career (but not my earlier blue-collar work) from my cv: <http://don.chubrown.com/curriculum-vitae> End

The following is Don's most recent contribution to the O&B on his Sioux Falls visit.

Hi, Jack: My wife (Carrie) and I are just back from a week in Sioux Falls. Our hope was to catch Autumn color, but we were a couple weeks too early. Some cottonwoods were nicely yellow but most other trees were still green. I'll attach a photo of Covell Lake/Terrace Park, taken from near the Japanese Garden and looking north.

The furthest away from the city that we went was to Brookings. The university there has an art gallery I always like to visit, because of its collection of Harvey Dunn paintings. He was a famous illustrator from the early 20th Century, but painted more as a hobby. The university has so many of his



Beautiful Covell Lake/Terrace Park, taken from near the Japanese Garden looking north.

paintings (he donated them) that there is always a new rotation of them on exhibit. His most famous painting—"The Prairie is My Garden"—is always on exhibit.

The Courthouse Museum is planning an exhibit on the Hollywood Theater. Mementos and stories were being solicited. I sent in a brief account of a fight I had in the Hollywood's lobby, but I doubt it will be what is wanted.

The Pettigrew Museum is very well organized now, and educationally impressive. When I saw it in '83, after a long time away, I was disappointed in finding so many items I had known from the past no longer being there. The teepee, for example, was gone. But it turns out that one of the universities has it, and trots it out for some games or other events.

Much of the Museum's emphasis now is on Pettigrew himself, which seemed both appropriate and a bit of a surprise. He was radically leftist in his later years.

The third floor of WHS (now the Pavilion) has a hallway devoted to honoring the school's

past. For me, the high point is a small room looking pretty much like the classrooms we knew in the 50s

Among the old friends we met up with while in SF: **Arden Fjellanger '53** (wife Mavis), **Gary Hartenhoff '54**, **Gerald Potter '53** (Fran), **Dale (aka "Pete") Page '54** (Lorraine), and **Dale Paulson '53** (Marty). We all met for a lunch on the Terrace of Country Inn, which overlooks the River at 8th Street. Gene Abdallah (CHS, wife Judy) was to be there too, but his health let him down.

Best wishes,
Don



Don's wife, Carrie, visiting The Pavilion's exhibit on "Schools Past".



Don's wife, Carrie, with Arden Fjellanger '53 in Arden's beautiful Sioux Falls back yard.



Arden Fjellanger '53; Arden, was an Air Force jet pilot. He retired as a colonel in the Air National Guard.



Arden's '53 WHS Senior Photo



This photo was taken August 5, 2017 in Sioux Falls on the sad occasion of the memorial service for Jan Dickey, wife of Carl Dickey '54. Left to right are Gerald Potter ('53), Carl Dickey ('54), Dale (Pete) Page, Gary Hartenhoff '53, Gene Abdallah (Cathedral H.S.), and Arden Fjellanger ('53). The occasion, sadly, was Carl Dickey bringing his deceased wife to SF for burial. Photo courtesy of Lorraine Page.



Jerry Potter '53



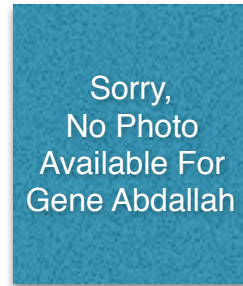
Carl Dickey '54



Dale Page '54



Gary Hartenhoff '53



Arden Fjellanger '53

All WHS Senior Photos

Editor's note: When I asked Don if he had photos of all of his friends from this SD trip, he wrote back;
"Jack, I have been kicking myself for 4 days now for not remembering to take photos when the whole bunch of us were together. I had my iPhone camera in pocket, so there is no excuse. I will tie a string on my finger next time."
 Don then made up for it, by sending me these other great photos. Thanks Don.
 Jack



**Dale Paulson '53
WHS Senior Photo**

**I to r: 2008 photo of
Dale '53 and Marty
Paulson with Don
Brown '53**



For many reasons Don Brown has never ceased to amaze me! Another example of why is his obviously successful hobby of growing orchids that he wrote about on March 26, 2015.

Dear Jack,

Many people who have sent you materials have mentioned their hobbies, which I have enjoyed reading about. My hobby is growing orchids. It started after my wife and I moved to Santa Barbara and found some ratty looking plants in an arbor in the back yard. I tossed them into a pit where a tree had been uprooted. A year later my neighbor leaned over the fence and asked why I had thrown those orchids in that pit. I said I did not know they were orchids and they had looked dead to me. He said they were not dead and he showed me how to care for them. We re-



Carrie and Don Brown '53 sitting in front of his magnificent and award winning, "Dendrobium speciosum var. hillii 'Don Brown' "

potted them and they bloomed that winter. In the meantime I had picked up some free-flowering plants often growing in peoples' front yards and often available at garage sales here. Those too turned out to be orchids.

With that I decided that maybe orchids are easy to grow, and that I should visit a local orchid nursery, which turned out to specialize in the kinds that readily grow outdoors in Santa Barbara. In short order I was hooked.

Decades later a monster I had grown in my back yard had gotten so big I could not move it. The nurseryman who first sold me orchids offered to buy it. I sold it to him and he promptly showed it at the Santa Barbara Orchid Show (1998). He got "Best of Show" but he named it for me and, according to American Orchid Society who-grew-it rules, I got the awards it gave out. It was the highest score ever given at that show before or since. My wife and I are sitting in front of it in the first photo. It was 8 feet across. The name "Tar-beri" is the Australian native term for the species (*Dendrobium speciosum* var. *hillii*).

This year I straight forwardly won Best of Show at what is now called the Santa Barbara International Orchid Show (one of the two largest in the U.S. at present). It was for *Dendrobium papilio* 'Rosminah' (the latter is my daughter's name). That species' native habitat is the Philippines. The second photo shows the plant and the third photo is of my display. Many of the orchids I have grown outdoors can be seen on this website: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/14396340@N02/sets/72157603770301161/>

With many thanks yet again for your extraordinary generosity and effort in putting out the WHS Newsletter,
Don Brown ('53)



Dendrobium papilio 'Rosminah'



Don Brown's '53 Display, March 2015

As you can see Don has submitted many truly interesting, high quality, well written and substantive stories to the O&B over the last 7 years. After reading all of what Don has shared with us I have become increasingly aware of a very unselfish, special and enviable characteristic he possesses. That is, his devotion, thoughtfulness and loyalty he has toward his seemingly never ending and extremely close circle of friends. Many of his early close friends seem to still be his close friends and I sense that he never neglects nor stops nurturing and cherishing those loyal and long time friends. Their bond is enviable!

An example of Don's thoughtfulness and devotion toward his friends have been the multiple letters I have received from Don over the years suggesting a story be done on his close friends. Accompanying several of those suggestions Don even wrote and submitted all or most of the story and photos.

A prime example of Don's thoughtfulness was when he wrote me in late 2010 asking if I could "do something for the Newsletter on Harry Klessen '52". Don informed me that Harry had a very short time to live and asked if I could put out a story on Harry very quickly. Don stressed that he didn't think Harry's illness should be mentioned. Of course, I said yes and a feature story on Harry appeared in O&B Issue #11-10 on Dec. 7, 2010. Harry died just 10 days later on Dec. 17, 2010. Below is the Special Edition on Harry that was published 12-18-10.



HARRY KLESSEN '52
Special Edition
 Published December 18, 2009

In the blue text box at the right, the identity of "Harry's friend", was finally revealed to be Don Brown, for the first time.



Peggy Hase Klessen '54
 & Harry Klessen '52
 Photo circa 1952

HARRY KLESSEN '52
 July 31, 1933 - December 17, 2010



Peggy '54 & Harry '52 Klessen

Don has thoughtfully contributed many more stories on his friends over the years. A few that come to mind have been;

"A Memorial To **Bob Scott' 53**", in issue #10-13;

A story about **Harley Newman '52** and Harley's passion and success in growing Bonsai Trees in Issue #10-14;

The Argus Leader story, "Former Sign Maker Now Paints", on **Gary Hartenhoff '53** Issue #14-14:

Harry Klessen
Location: Sioux Falls, SD
Funeral Home: CHAPEL HILL FUNERAL HOME-OBITS
 Sioux Falls - Harry passed away Dec. 17 at the Dougherty Hospice House. A memorial service will be held 1 pm Monday at Chapel Hill Funeral Home, Sioux Falls.
 Harry was born July 31, 1933 at Armour, SD. He graduated from Washington High School in 1952. Harry served in the Air Force from 1953-1957. He married Peggy Hase on May 21, 1954. He worked as an autobody repairman from 1957-1965 at Billion Automotive and Pierres Body Shop. He then taught at Lincoln High School from 1965-1993.
 Harry earned a B.S. degree in education and a 15 credit Masters Program. He was an artist, sculptor and wrote poetry and short stories. Harry was an avid runner for 25 years and entered short races, half marathons and mini triathlons.
 He is survived by his wife, Peggy; two children, Kliff (Urusia) of Germany, Susan (Mark) Wedlund of Watertown; three grandchildren, Danila and Kayla Klessen of Germany and Jack Wedlund of Watertown.

Harry's Friend

As you may recall, a story on Harry Klessen '52 appeared on page one of the Orange & Black just 10 days ago. (Issue #11-10). The lead headline was "This Harry Klessen Story Is Presented by 'The Friends of Harry's'".

When "the friend" that wrote Harry's story and supplied the photos first contacted me on November 20th about running Harry's story, he told me that Harry was "very ill and probably will not live for more than a few months". I immediately agreed to table the football issue I was working on and replace it with the feature story on Harry.

But then on Dec. 3rd "the friend" wrote that Harry had, "taken a turn for the worst and has been admitted to a hospice in Sioux Falls". This new urgency prompted immediate completion of the issue and it was mailed out on Dec. 7, 2010, just 10 days before Harry passed away on Dec 17.

At the end of Harry's story I wrote the following editorial note: "Harry Klessen is indeed a rich man to possess such dear friends that think so much of him that they would prepare and submit this thoughtful and loving tribute to him."

Now with the passing of Harry I would like to reveal the identity and publicly thank, "the friend". His name is, **Don Brown, WHS '53** and he was indeed, a true and devoted friend. You can read Don's story as it appeared in the O&B, issue #4-10, and was published on 5-6-10.



Don has sent two more stories on WHS classmates that have yet to be published in the O&B. One is on his friend and mine, Dale Page '54 and the other is on Kenny Anderson '51. Unfortunately, because of the file size limitations of 5 MB there is not enough room left in this edition of the O&B to include those stories so they both will be included in the next issue, #11-17.

*Don,
Thanks Again
For Your
Seven Years
Of Significant
Contributions!
Jack*