

THE ALUMNI
ORANGE & BLACK
NEWSLETTER

Issue #11-17 December 24, 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

*Merry
Christmas*

**Sioux Falls and
Falls Park Are,
Always Extra
Beautiful At
Christmas!**





Don Brown '53
WHS Sophomore Photo

Two More Stories Submitted By Don Brown '53.

Continued from Don's
"Recognition & Appreciation Issue #10-17".

Editor's Report: Don and his wife, Carrie, who live in Santa Barbara, CA were forced to leave their home last week because of the terrible California wild fires. They had to spend two nights in a motel, but thankfully they are now safely back in their home with no damage.

COVER STORY



Dale Page '54
WHS Senior Photo

All in the Family

When most families get together, it's for a backyard barbeque or a friendly game of cards. When Dale "Pete" Page's family gets together, it's to race his cars in road rallies. Pete and his wife Lorraine along with son Mike and his family and daughter Mary and her family enjoy racing Pete's cars at the annual Scottsbluff Rally every June.

Pete's love for cars started at an early age. Born and raised on the "eastside" in Sioux Falls, he went to school at Whittier and Washington High School. After high school, he spent one year at Augustana. "I was the youngest of two brothers and sisters and my mother said one of her children was going to college. I was elected because I was the youngest and the last one to be able to make this happen," says Page. It lasted one year. He moved to California after that. "My buddies, Carl Dickey, Gary Hartenhoff, Jim McAlear, and I were playing cards one Sunday night when someone mentioned that we should go to California. The longer we played the better the idea sounded. One week later, we packed the '40 Ford and drove out to California." Pete went to work at night for North American Aviation as a machinist. He worked during the day in a fiberglass shop building car bodies. He came back to South Dakota a year and a half later and shortly thereafter married Lorraine. "Pierre Forette and I started a body shop called Flame Service in 1958.



Pete Page



Lorraine Page

Photographs



1940 Plymouth



1962 Chevy



1940 Ford Roadster



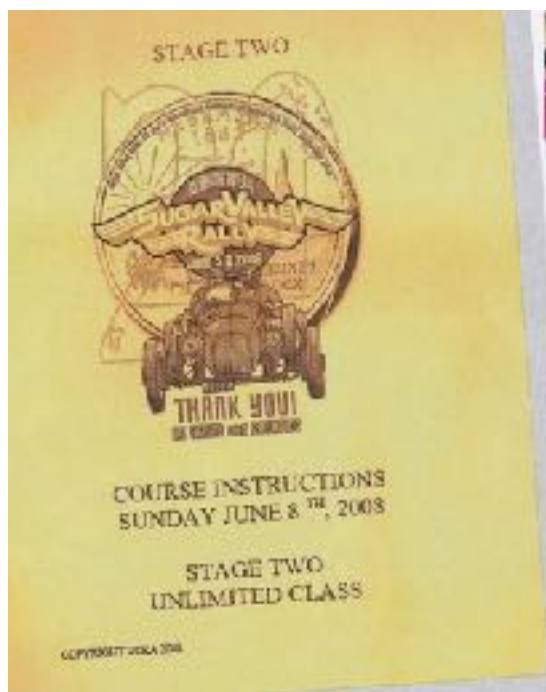
1935 Chrysler Airstream



1935 Airstream before restoration



1932 Ford



Waiting to start first rally at Scottsbluff in 1973

Continued from page 7

us had any money but he wanted my

Chevy (because it started). We traded even up and I put in a new starter and it turned out to be a great car for me."

A no other passion for Pete is antiques. Pete owned an antique store in Hartford in the late sixties. He was a partner with Larry Larson. "I was always interested in antiques. It was nice that I could continue to

run the salvage business while also running the antique store and even make a little money at it. But it took a lot of my time. I ran the salvage business during the week and the antique business

on the weekend. I was gone all the time. I was buying and selling antiques and antique cars at that time. Lorraine was tolerant of my passion for antiques and antique cars but one day she told me 'you could either be a father or continue buying and selling antiques.' So I sold all the antiques but kept the cars."

Pete's first serious restoration was a 1923 Buick Touring car. He purchased it in Buffalo, South Dakota in 1968 and did a total restoration. "It took me a couple of years to restore the Buick. I restored it back to exactly the way it was new. Most of the parts were there but the wood was all rotted out. (They made cars out of wood in those days.) I had all four of my garages full at the time so I sold it to free up a space in the garage. I had my Studebaker, a '65 Corvette, and a XK120 Jaguar. My wife's new Dodge was sitting outside. I came home from work in a hailstorm one day and she informed me she wanted it in the garage. I reluctantly put the Jag, Corvette, and the Buick up for sale."

Pete's most famous car is his Studebaker. "I started the Studebaker restoration in about 1973. It sat out on a farm about 10 miles west of Hartford. All that was there was the body and chassis. Everything else was gone. The previous owner was going to make a street rod out of it. Cliff Foss (Joe Foss's brother) brought the car back from Arizona. I am not sure how it got from Cliff to this owner."

Sugar Valley Rally - Unlimited Classes				
Sunday - 06/09/2003 - Stage 2				
Participant Information:				
Driver	Class	Class	U	
Navigator	Make, Make	Car #	8	
	Model	Start Position	70	
	Color	Model Year	1923	
	Make/Color	Score Year		
		Factor	0.750	
Lap Time Information:				
Stage 2	Lap 1	Lap 2	Lap 3	Lap 4
Start Time	08:49:04	09:01:45	10:01:44	11:49:58
1 Time	09:51:48	10:22:44	11:48:54	12:28:06
Run Allowance:				
Moved Time	01:11:40	01:30:54	01:32:10	02:40:51
Net Time	01:11:44	01:30:54	01:32:10	02:40:59
Net	01:30:54	01:30:54	01:30:54	01:30:54
Lap Penalty	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00
Lap Score	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00
Net Score	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00
Lap Penalty	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00
Lap Run Score	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00	00:00:00
Net	0.750			
Net Score	00:00:00			

Perfect scores



In the shop at Scottsbluff before rally

I spent about three years restoring it. It was a complete restoration. When I do restorations I look at photos and just start working on them. By the time they are done, I guess they look pretty much like what they are suppose to look like."

Another car we race in Scottsbluff is the 1928 Ford. It was a sprint car out east and I purchased it on eBay. It did not have any lights or starter (they push started it) so I made it street legal so it could be driven in a timed race. My two grandsons: Adam Baker and Eric Page drive and navigate that vehicle. The entire Page family looks forward to the summer when they gather in Scottsbluff, Nebraska to race at a local road rally. Pete's wife, Lorraine, and his son, Mike, along with his wife, Tammy, and their three children (Eric, Darren, Brett) all enjoy the rally. Pete's daughter, Mary, and her husband, Lanny Baker, along with their children Ryan and Adam also participate in the rally. Ryan is married (wife Jess) and they have two daughters Mackenzie and Brooklynn.

The race is held annually the first weekend in June. It is called the Sugar Valley Rally. "I have been going there for 23 years. The first 15 years the Great Race sponsored it. It is a fundraiser for the Jaycees in Scottsbluff. It remains similar to rules in place by the

Great Race. I take four cars down there every year. I usually drive the '36 Chrysler and my grandson Darren Page navigates for me. Darren is Mike's middle son. He started navigating for me when he was eleven. We won it when he was twelve. The year we won it was 2005. This year Lanny Baker (my son-in-law) drove my '35 Studebaker and my grandson, Brett Page, navigated for him. He is 15 years old. They won the race."

It is truly a family affair when it comes to driving their cars in races. The DeSoto is driven by Pete's daughter Mary Baker and Tammy Page (Mike's wife) navigates. Last spring, his four cars were second, third and fourth (and Pete was seventh) in Saturday's rally. They will put on over 500 miles over the weekend.

Ryan is oldest of the grandchildren. He drove the Studebaker. However when he got married and had his own children he was no longer able to go. His dad replaced him in the Studebaker. Lorraine drove and navigated in most of the cars until the grandkids were old enough. Larry Versteeg was Pete's first navigator. "We blew the engine in the Studebaker three days before we were to leave for the rally. We replaced it with the '40 Plymouth. It was not a Rally car and we did not do well but we had fun. Larry navigated for me for six years. My wife replaced him

and my grandkids followed after that. My grandkids want me to put another car (making it five) in the Rally but I think four is enough," says Page.

Pete has also driven the Great Race in 2005. Darren, who was 12 at the time, was his navigator. They drove the Studebaker. "We didn't do very good in that race," recalls Page.

Perfection is always the goal in a road rally race. A perfect score is called an "Ace" and it is given out when you are right on time for a specific leg in the race. In 2008 Mary and Tammy had four "Aces" over the weekend. This past year all of Pete's cars received "Aces" (except for Mary and Tammy).

"The Rally's are our vacations. It is great family fun. We live out at Wall Lake and the grandkids are out most Sundays and they talk about it all the time. It is something they will remember and tell their grandkids. None of them are motor heads. They all like athletics. But when they start talking about Scottsbluff, they become motor heads."

Always looking for the "next car", Pete is currently searching for a one or two cylinder car and heard there is one in Nebraska. "I have never had one of those before. It will give me something to do this winter. I can only take a little bit of sitting in front of the TV." Keeping busy doing what you love to do with your family, that's paradise. TMM



Kenny Anderson '51
WHS Senior Photo

Another one of Don Brown's many stories submitted to the O&B was a paragraph on Kenny Anderson '51 taken from Betti Vanepps-Taylor's book on, African Americans in South Dakota, entitled, "*Forgotten Lives*".

Across the state in Sioux Falls, Kenneth Neil ("Kenny") Anderson had emerged as both a prominent entrepreneur and a successful politician. Born in 1931 as the son of early settlers, he had grown up in the town's North End. He remembered being evicted from a swimming pool because of his color when he attempted to swim on a "whites only" day, but he was well liked at Washington High School and enjoyed a fine athletic career. He played on the 1950 team that won the eastern South Dakota basketball championship. When the team traveled, Anderson knew that he could count on his peers for support when they ran into racial segregation at hotels or motels—if he was not allowed in, the rest of the team would not stay either. As an adult, he started Kenny's One Hour Continental Cleaners & Laundromat and supported the town's athletic programs for youth. He ran for city commissioner in 1985, losing to Susan Randall. He tried again in 1988, won, and was reelected in April 1990 as finance commissioner.³⁶ A genial, friendly man who loved people, he said: "I'm not black. I'm not green. I'm Sioux Falls."³⁷ He died suddenly in November 1990 at age fifty-nine, and townspeople mourned "a commissioner who kept his door open and prided himself on the amount of mud constituents dragged in on his carpet," the *Argus Leader* observed.³⁸ The community dedicated the Kenny Anderson Community Center in his honor. Located at the Anne Sullivan Elementary School on East Third Street in Sioux Falls, the center is operated by the City Department of Parks and Recreation.³⁹

Editor's note: Kenny was indeed a very popular young man in WHS and throughout his life in Sioux Falls. He was involved in many activities while at WHS such as, Chorus, Monogram Club, Track, OLD Royalty, Pep Club, College Club, Student Council and Executive Council.



Photo at left is
Kenny Anderson's
OLD Homecoming
Royalty photo from
1950.



Jim Ward '53
WHS Senior Photo

Jim Ward '53 is another prolific writer that the O&B has been indebted to many times for his interesting and memory recalling contributions. This time however, Jim has submitted a wonderfully graphic story written by another one of our talented classmates, **Harry Poletes '52** (deceased). Thanks Jim and Harry.



Harry Poletes '52
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased

A Christmas Memory of Sioux Falls

*The following piece was in my files and I thought it was just too good to languish there or be thrown out. It is an excellent snapshot of downtown Sioux Falls in 1949. The author is Harry Poletes, a classmate of mine in high school. I talked to Harry and got his permission to use his piece in this history. **Jim Ward '53***

By 1949, Phillips Avenue had shed the last vestiges of the war years and had dressed up for Christmas. Fresh evergreen boughs were strung across the street on wires that supported wreaths and lighted stars. Store windows, bright with Santas and shepherds, displayed their most tempting wares.

I remember a late afternoon when my brother and I began a last-minute shopping trip. Walking from my dad's bakery on Main Avenue down 12th Street to Phillips, we merged with the flowing crowd of shoppers heading north.

We passed up the Nickel Plate, no time for a nickel fountain Coke, and walked toward Lewis Drug, a fairly new store in town. It was packed with bargain hunters. Across the street the State Theater's marquee proclaimed Hepburn and Tracy in "Adam's Rib." *(This reference makes me wonder if he is a year off as I think this movie came out in 1950.)*

The Palace of Sweets (now Minerva's) on 11th Street was still a wondrous place. The huge windows displayed candy in festive beribboned boxes; fruit cakes in colored cellophane wrap shared a window with decorated cakes and cookies.

We crossed over to Shriver-Johnson, the state's largest department store. A huge animated Santa in the toy display window waved from his sleigh. Lionel trains raced through winter landscapes and under mountains of toys. We took the 'world's most dangerous elevator' to the 4th floor, home of the very popular Tea Room, where blue-haired ladies sipped tea or coffee and nibbled on rich desserts. Their fox furs slipping off wool-clad shoulders, they all wore hats and gloves. We walked down to the mezzanine where we could observe the first floor, laughing at mothers trying to hold on to their children while balancing parcels and shopping bags.

We crossed Phillips again and peered in the windows of the Manhattan Café, known for chop suey and Italian spaghetti with meat sauce. Then came the Carpenter Hotel with its coffee shop, "The Java Room," sleekly modern with large leather booths and white tablecloths. The hotel lobby was a favorite meeting place for out-of-town shoppers, who would plop in the stuffed chairs and sofas, resting weary feet.

Passing Walgreen's and Kresge's Dollar Store, we stopped to throw some change into the Volunteers of America's Santa's chimney, while the dear man rang his bell and thanked us. Stationed outside of Kresge's Dime Store on the corner of 10th Street, he was, to countless children through the years, the real Santa.

We slipped and slid across 10th Street, which was icy under a layer of brown grainy snow, and entered Newberry's to warm up. The huge dime store, which smelled of hot oil from the roasted-nut machine, was bustling with small-gift shoppers. Past the cosmetic counter displaying Tangee lipstick and Evening in Paris cologne in dark blue flasks with a tassel, the lunch counter stools were filled with people drinking coffee or hot chocolate.

Out on the slushy sidewalk again, we stopped, in quick succession, to check out Woolworth's, Penney's, and Montgomery Ward, then jay walked to Weatherwax's Men's Store, where we bought a pair of gloves for my dad.

Leaving the store, we hear, “Boom-Boom-Boom-Toot.” It was the Salvation Army Band, a small group of which formed a semi-circle on the sidewalk in front of Horwitz’s Jewelry, spreading cheer and earning a few dollars for their good causes.

E.C. Olson, another men’s store, displayed torsos clad in velvet smoking jackets, camel sport coats and cashmere sweaters. Next door was the Chocolate Shop, owned by my godfather, Harry Panagos, and his partners, since 1919. The display window was filled with boxed chocolates in fancy wrap. Trays of home-made candy were on stands, tempting passers-by. Inside were showcases of chocolates, nut-roll slices, bon-bons, and delicately thin ribbon candy, my favorite.

Ninth and Phillips was the coldest corner downtown. We shivered waiting for the light to change, then hurried our pace up 9th towards our final stop, Fantle’s.

Fantle Bros. Department Store occupied a fairly modern building on the corner of 9th and Main, having moved from their original location in the late thirties. We mingled with crowds of well-dressed customers, mostly women in hats; their dress and demeanor was much like that of those attending Civic Music Association concerts.

We passed counters displaying handbags, jewelry, and cosmetics. At the Charles of Ritz counter a haughty sales clerk in a pink smock looked through us. The smell of Shalimar was everywhere.

The second floor was carpeted and rather elegant with displays highlighting better dresses and gowns. Hats, lingerie, and the famous bridal department were also featured. No man’s land.

The basement, or lower level, was fun to roam, with fabrics, window shades, carpet and draperies. There was the faint odor of bacon as you approached “The Cove Restaurant.” It featured a nautical theme in decor only; the menu was mainly salads and soups and sandwiches, with a daily luncheon “platter.”

We eventually worked our way to the main floor and found the perfect scarf for our mother. We asked for a box. She would be pleased with the gift. After all, it came from Fantle’s, a place where few of her friends shopped. Merry Christmas.

*Thank you **Harry Poletes!***



On Nov 8, 2017, at 8:47 AM, **jeff herbert '74**<herbertj@sio.midco.net> wrote:

Greetings Jack---it has been awhile and I have been meaning to get in touch. Our thoughts are with you and your wife on the events in Vegas---sad, tragic and so hard to understand. Still so enjoy the *ORANGE AND BLACK* and so appreciate your time and effort to keep the Warrior Tradition alive.

We had a Historical Committee meeting this past week. Mick Zerr (Committee Chair) and Charlie Rogers (member and both retired WSHS teachers) have worked hard over the past few months pouring through yearbooks and Buzz Books to determine teachers who were at WSHS for over 20 years. The attached photo has an engraved plate for each person who qualifies. So many names of so many dedicated folks are recognized (going back many decades).

If possible, would you include in your next O and B? The committee would also gladly entertain and welcome any donation that a WSHS graduate might be interested in giving to the continuing efforts of the committee to keep Alumni Hall a vital part of the Pavilion and our love for WSHS. Donation can be made out to ALUMNI HALL or the WSHS Historical Committee. We have cash on hand, but there are future projects to be considered and having money on available will make our efforts possible. Any questions can be directed to me---and/or any of the Committee members. We have a facebook page also and a website

<http://www.whshc.org/alumni-hall>

So many of your readers have been able to visit Alumni Hall and have seen the wonderful job of preserving memories from the decades to be enjoyed and shared! Thank you Jack...**Jeff Herbert '74**



WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL *Professional Staff* 20 Years or More

Ruth Bach Business Education	Margaret Crippen Foreign Lang	E. T. Hansen Industrial Arts	Anne Kleinsasser English	Geordy Niedan Social Studies	Ellen Skaff Foreign Language
Don Baker Science	Dick Day Social Studies	Richard A. Hansen Science	Fred Kohourek Social Studies	Lorraine Norman English	Dean Songstad Social Studies
Daphne Barry English	Robert Dolan Counselor	Robert Hansen Business Education	L. R. Kremer Theater	Muriel Nuffer English	Nora Saylor English
Glen Beardsley Business Ed	Don Edison English	Dale Hart English	Little Kunkle Social Studies	John Odney Social Studies	Len Tabor Mathematics
C. R. Beck Counselor	L. P. Engen Mathematics	Chester A. Hauge Counselor	J. W. Lemoine Science	Glen Ollenburg Business Education	Dennis Thompson Physical Education
R. A. Beck Foreign	Don Erickson Assistant Principal	Gary Healy Science	Tom Lemonds Social Studies	Bob Parlet Assistant Principal	H. E. Thurston Science
Effie Benson Mathematics	Robert Evans Social Studies	Paul Reide Business Education	Joe Lockwood Social Studies	Marian Pfaff English	Josephine Wagner Mathematics
Helen Bliss Foreign Language	Paul Fialkowski Counselor	Susan Hofflander English	Forrest Lothrop Social Studies	Birds Posthuma Social Studies	Fideks Walter Business Education
Richard Boe Foreign Language	David Fitz Industrial Arts	Tom Holmes Social Studies	Arnold Lowe Driver Education	F. V. Rayl Science	Barb White Business Education
Foyd Behlke Wood Shop	Don Fjellestad Social Studies	Earold Hoover Mathematics	Elaine Luce Physical Education	Dorothea Riter English	George Willis Science
William Bubbels Business Ed	Almelyne Flint Librarian	Elizabeth Hurst Librarian	Jim Luce Physical Education	Helen Ronin Foreign Language	Helen Wilson Home Economics
Glen Bundy Science	Faye Frick English	Paul Hutton Industrial Arts	Dean Mann Business Education	Bea Rossow Principal	Howard Wood Coach
Emily Chapman English	Baltus Fritzmeier Social Studies	Jim Jackson Science	Don McCabe Band	Vera Sadler English	Mick Zett Social Studies
R. A. Chausse English	Miriam Fritzmeier Foreign Lang	Borghild Johnson Social Studies	Helen McQuillen English	Ken Schafer Industrial Arts	
Ernie Claves Business Ed	Dorothy Furrow English	Muriel Jones Business Education	Geraldine Molstead Business Education	Felix Schwartz Science	
Miguel Colon Foreign Language	W. Paul Graves English	Donald Jorgensen Counselor	Art Nelson Mathematics	Ray Sholver Driver Education	
Marie Conway Social Studies	Joy Hamlin Mathematics	Jan Klawns English	Jerry Nicolay Counselor	Ray Sherman Art	

The plaque will be proudly displayed by the trophy cases in Alumni Hall!



Dale Peterson '56
WHS Senior Photo

Many thanks to **Dale Peterson '56** for answering the O&B's call for more stories.



Camille Larson '61
WHS Junior Photo

We enjoy receiving your newsletter, Jack, and are responding to your call for follow up information for possible publication. I remember buying a shirt and tie from you at Crawford's Men Store and deciding it would really be great to have a job like that someday. Eventually I did get a job at Hecker's Men Store working with Fred Jr. on Saturdays and during the Christmas



Left Photo: The old Crawfords Men's Store - now, "Crawford's Bar & Grill". Above Photo: Looking North on Phillips Ave. at 10th St.. Hecker's Men's Store's old demolished site on the extreme right of photo. Editor took photos in July of 2017. Down town Sioux Falls looks so clean and modern.

Season. We learned how to sell clothes from the two men who worked there, Artie Dunn and a fellow by the name of Sarge. Many fond memories reach back into those past years growing up in Sioux Falls. I had decided on being a medical doctor at age 15 but hadn't worked out the details on how that was going to happen. My father was a foreman in the sausage cooler at John Morrell & Co. and mother was a waitress and like so many other families in those days we grew working a host of different jobs.

I loved sports and tried out for football my sophomore year. The August sun was too hot and the close proximity of people enjoying Drake Springs Swimming Pool was too enticing so I quit after a week. I had Coach Bob Burns as a teacher in health class when school started that year. The first day he announce he wanted to see me after the end of class and I was admitted a bit worried about what he might have to say. At that time he didn't have his usual tough demeanor and the conversation was short. "I heard you quit football." I did. "Listen, if you play football for me you can have a four year college education. Do we have a deal?" We do. What an opportunity that 2 minute conversation opened for me. I played for Bob Burns not only at Washington High, but also Augustana College where we won the North Central Conference in 1959. Anybody who knew Coach Burns could probably write a book on him. Surely an unforgettable man to whom I owe much.

Another focal point of growing up in Sioux Falls, was meeting my wife, **Camille (Larson '61)**, who lived on Holly Drive and I lived a mile and a half away on Norton Avenue. She is 5 years younger so we didn't meet until she went to Northwestern U. in Evanston to major in piano performance and harp and I was a junior in Northwestern Medical School downtown Chicago. A mutual friend from Sioux Falls had introduced us. We fell in love and were married the next year. We have been blessed with 3 children, 14 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren. Camille continued on her harp and piano by playing with



Dale and Camille's wedding day.

symphonies in the Midwest and Northwest, concertizing on both piano and harp as well as her teaching career. While the children were in school she enrolled in our local college and received her RN degree to be more knowledgeable about the medical world and perhaps do future medical mission work together. When the children left for college she became the principle harpist for the Spokane Symphony and we commuted from Wenatchee for the next 20 years. Early on in those years she enrolled in Gonzaga Law School and received her JD degree. Family law was a bit discouraging for someone with her sensitivities and after doing both law and music for 3 years, she returned to full time music which was a joy for the family.

At the age of 40 I became a Christian and it completely changed the trajectory of my life and family. It is a world view that encompasses the pinnacle of truth, reason, happiness and fulfillment. With this in mind I wanted to extend to you our Christmas greetings from the year 2015 which tell the rest of our story.

God bless you, Jack, for all you do for friends of the 50's

Dale Peterson '56

Christmas Greetings 2015

As many of you know, my darling Camille is moving into her eighth year of memory loss, but continues to do very well. She still practices harp and piano daily and does small performances locally. Family and friends have been most helpful and we continue to very much enjoy our time and activities spent with them. It is not the road we would have chosen as we enter our autumn years but it is the road we are on. Camille is the most courageous person that I will ever know and I love her dearly. God has given us little graces to change, adapt and trust in the present so that we don't have an undue fear of the future and for that we are most thankful. We look forward to going to morning Mass together, taking daily walks, doing ministry at our local homeless shelter and the Chelan County Jail and serving on the boards of many wonderful organizations both here and on the west coast. We daily find something to laugh about, be thankful for, and see beauty in the creation about us. This is particularly so this time of year as we celebrate with family and friends the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Have a very Merry Christmas and Joyful New Year.

Blessings and much love,

Dale '56 and Camille '61 Peterson

Mike Gibson '56 and Tom Simmons '55 came in 1st in the Silver Flight of the Men's Member/Member golf tourney at Supt. Mtn. Golf and Country Club on Nov. 11, 2017. Just like a fine wine , they have aged well!! They were also Over-all Net champions of the tournament.

Your Editor heard that Tom shot a 73 . WOW! Very Impressive!

CONGRATULATIONS GUYS!



left; Mike
Gibson '56
& Tom
Simmons '55
golf
champions.



left: Tom Simmons
WHS Senior Photo.



right: Mike Gibson
'56 WHS Senior
Photo

Dec. 9, 2017 Second letter from **Gary Carlson's '50**, daughter, Ingrid, identifying everyone in family photo.

Hello Jack!

I know who you are! I'm Ingrid, Dorothy and Gary's daughter. My mom LOVED going to the Washington High School reunions that you put together. You know how to throw a reunion! I must confess that I just wrote the letter quickly and I'm so happy that you liked it. The picture is from Thanksgiving at the Wellington Hotel in Downtown Albany, NY. The picture is of my brother Paul, his wife Debbie, Me and my father (I'm standing behind my Dad). My husband, Roger, took the photograph, mainly because he doesn't own a Dale of Norway sweater. Paul and I are wearing the ones we bought when we visited Norway in Oct/Nov.

I know Dad would like all his old friends to know that he is doing well. Thanks for emailing me back! I don't watch this AOL account as closely as I should, but during the holidays I'll be logging in more often. I can also be reached at: i65carlson@earthlink.net

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!



Gary Carlson '50
WHS Senior Photo

2017 **GARY CARLSON '50** - Christmas Letter written on Dec. 4, 2017 by Gary and **Dorothy Langley '54, (deceased)**, Carlson's daughter Ingrid.

Gone are the days of the annual Christmas letter. Instead, Dad asked me to send out an email to let people know that he was still alive and doing well! I asked him if he wanted me to tell people anything in particular. "Nope," he said. "Just tell them I'm still alive!" So Dad has been a resident at the Atria Delmar Assisted Living Facility for over a year now. He seems to be enjoying his time there. He says hello to assorted residents and the staff all know his name. He tells me funny stories about the other residents, which is how I know he's having fun there.



Dorothy Langley '54
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased

In June, Paul and I joined Dad for the annual summer fair at Atria. They do a BBQ, have games and have a Polka band playing. The best part is when the ice cream truck arrives. Dad usually goes through the line twice. It's a fun time to meet some of the other residents and their families.

Dad continues to walk over to the library at least once a week. He also participates in the shopping outings. Not that he goes shopping. He prefers to buy a coffee and watch the people. The staff at Atria knows he's up for a coffee run and will usually grab him if they decide to go to Dunkin' Donuts or Bruegger's Bagels.

I see Dad on the weekends. He's always game to come with me when I run errands. That means that he's actually become a regular to the local comic book shop. I've taken him two years in a row to Free Comic Book Day so I can get twice as many titles. This year some of the nurses went and once they found out he had gone, he was an instant celebrity. As we were leaving Dad asked, "Where do all these people come from?" He said that there were a lot of weird people there. But he keeps going, probably because he's such a fan of The Big Bang Theory and likes how accurate the comic book shop is portrayed in the show!

Every time Paul and Debbie travel through Albany on their way to Debbie's childhood home in Prospect, NY, they



stop and take Dad out to lunch. His favorite place is the Irish pub in Delmar called O'Slattery's. He loves drinking the darkest beer they have! We used to go to other restaurants around town, but both Paul and Dad seem to really like the pub. In addition to great beer they have great food. During the summer, we will usually run down to Jim's Tastee Freez for soft serve ice cream as well.

Paul and Debbie came up for Thanksgiving this year and my husband, Roger, took this great picture of all of us in our Norwegian sweaters (see below). Paul and I traveled to Norway to visit relatives and had a great time. We discovered that we traveled well together. We met many new relatives in Stathelle and Oppdal. Dad liked seeing all our pictures and recognizing places he and Mom had visited when they went.

This year (and last year) I'll be hosting Christmas festivities. Last year Mom was sorely missed. But Paul, Debbie, Dad, Roger and I have embraced our new family tradition of coming to our house to open presents and have Christmas dinner. It's very low-key. It's just nice to come together, visit and catch up on all the stories.

So Dad is happy and healthy and doing very well. It would be very nice if you could send him a Christmas card this year, especially if you've lost track of him. I know he would love to hear from you all! His address is: **Gary Carlson, 467 Delaware Ave., Apt. # 128, Delmar, N.Y. 12054**
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
On Oct 10, 2017, at 9:42 PM, Alma Johnson

Letters to the & B



Jane Anderson '53
WHS Senior Photo

Jane Anderson '53 jayne_johnson35@yahoo.com wrote:

Thank God Debra was not that hurt and stayed strong. I had two neighbors who are county and music fans, but just didn't have a desire to go this time. They were at Caesars and couldn't get back into their room until after 1 a.m. I couldn't stop watching and crying and praying. I kept asking myself how could anyone be that evil? He knew none of those folk. He had really planned this. I just continue to ask God to keep me under His covering. We are living in hateful times and some people are just rude. All the folk I know are okay. Stay save. I'm more conscious of my surroundings now

than I ever have been, but I have faith and trust in God too.

This was such an interesting edition and I want to thank you and all who contribute. I'm still going to write about my brother Kenny, so don't write me off. jj



Kenny Anderson '51
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased



Bob Owens '55
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 17, 2017, **Robert Owens '55** ROwens@dc.rr.com wrote:

Hi Jack. The weather map you sent looks very familiar being from Cathedral City, Cal. Another hot one here today. I'm from class of 55. Been in Southern California since 1969. In the Air Force from 1955 to 1963. Drove bus in Sioux Falls from 1963 to 1969. Drove bus in Los Angeles from 1969 to 1994. Pretty good health at age 82. Living in the desert.

I had a doctors appointment last month and waiting in waiting room. Talked to gentleman next to me and discovered he was from Sioux Falls and Washington High. I was then called to doctors office and failed to find out more about him ha. Sorry about that. Wish I knew if any other Sioux Falls people lived out here in the

Coachella Valley? Palm Springs, Cathedral City, Rancho Mirage, Palm Desert, Indio, Indian Wells. Anyway I am alone now and not liking it, ha. My brother is here who also graduated from WHS in 1960. Raymond Owens.

Have enjoyed your Orange & Black now for a long time. Look forward to them. Good day. Robert Owens '55.



Jeanne Hurwitz '58
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 17, 2017, **Jeanne Hurwitz Shechet '58** jas1240 <jas1240@aol.com> wrote:

Wish I had news to submit. I would miss it if it didn't continue.

Editor's note: Hi Jeanne, I am highly suspicious that you have nothing to submit. How about how long you have lived in Omaha and how you got there? Or what occupies your time today, hobbies, etc., or your lifetime career? I'm sure your friends would just enjoy an update on your life. Whether you write or not, I am glad you enjoy the O&B. Jack



Elliott Miller '50
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 17, 2017, **Elliott Miller MD '50** evmiller <evmiller@massmed.org> wrote:

Dear Jack,

Some of the lessons I learned in WHS have carried through my life. I will share one with you. In my junior year an experimental course in etymology was offered. I was in that first class and was so fascinated with that area of study, I have pursued it through my whole life. Where words came from and their mysterious journey of meaning changes has intrigued me.

It was very helpful in medical school to understand various terms and particularly in anatomy. I served my career as an anesthesiologist which was always exciting. Each day I had one or more students in front of me who couldn't run from my teaching of etymology - they were the surgeons. Almost none knew where the word "surgeon" came from, sometimes to their embarrassment. Later on, I was teaching as a volunteer at a large high school in the English department. The teachers were delighted, but it turned out they only cared that the students increased their vocabulary to score higher in a standardized test. That volunteer work lasted just two years.

Presently, I am teaching etymology to seniors in my community (I am now 85 !!) and call it 'fun with words'. I limit my class to 35 members which causes a bit of competition for a seat. It is great fun and I learn a great deal from all of them. Yes, WHS was an extraordinarily valuable experience in my life. My classmates also enriched my life

Cordially,
Elliott

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P.S. I am now 85.5 and doing fairly well. I have been greatly honored to be invited to give an endowed lecture at Harvard Medical School on the occasion of my 60th class reunion next May. It is to be on the "care of the patient", i.e. physicians should care for their patients and treat each as a special human being regardless of the circumstances. I have pretty well finished my draft and now polishing it for presentation. The lecture will be delivered to the graduating class who will be accompanied by their parents as the very last lecture in the afternoon before they graduate the next morning. EVM

Elliott, CONGRATULATIONS! What a thrill and great honor that must be for you! Another WHS Alumni that excels! We are all proud of you. Jack



Darrell Moulton '59
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 17, 2017, **Darrell Moulton '59**<darrell.moulton.sr@gmail.com> wrote:
Point well taken Jack. My stories are all war related. Vietnam vet, 100 % disabled. Still able to walk around but Agent Orange affected kidneys, heart, diabetic and assorted other small things. You are our best connection to our past, so have faith that we will continue to support the OB. Darrell 1959.

Darrell, thanks so much for your service.



Stephen Veenker '59
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 17, 2017, **Stephen Veenker '59** <s.veenker@aol.com> wrote:

Jack, Haha, no one authorized to do your own Sp Ed. You've got much to do.
I feel guilty of sending you too much stuff, I'm not a hero or anything. But I do love the memories that your O&B bring to the surface. I knew **Ashton Wilson and Russell** (Wilson '55) **and Roger** (Wilson '57).

I thought there might be more reaction to my piece about Sampson, but the original guys aren't around as much.

I'm glad you picked up on the **Bill Zabel '54** Supreme Court story, it deserved being told (again). And several years ago, the Sam Fantle piece, for his granddaughter after all the Sioux Falls family passed.

Ron (Stephen's brother, **Ron Veenker '54**), and I have wine on his deck and start to spin Sioux Falls yarns. Those were special times, really, not replicable.

I got five years' bound editions of the paper O&B, and carried them to SF for our 45th or 50th. I cannot find them now. I hope they are in storage and safe. I also scanned something from MY '59 Warrior, but can't put my hand on THAT just now.

Ron and I watched the hour long SDPB video, and it brought lots of memories back. It was heavy on KELO and KIHO due to some of the principals, including Myron Lee, which is understandable. I worked for Ray Loftness, and their evening DJ and I started Mag Hansen's Sock Hops on Thursdays at the Arkota, just us spinning 45 rpms. But I worked for KSOO from Junior Year, 1957, till summer of 62, when I announced the passing of **Marilyn Monroe**. So cool that Sylvia Henkin is still going strong! Or was in that hour PBS special. I was linked to CLiff Knoll, the diminutive manager of the State Theater. KSOO built a broadcast studio on stilts at the Barrell, and Gary Marx and I worked there evry night all summer. He was primary and I was back up and weekend. I played the new singles by Buddy Holly and Elvis before the Music Died just east of Sioux Falls. Is there a story there somewhere?

noodle on it.

veenk2

Stephen Veenker '59 s.veenker@aol.com



Ashton Wilson
WHS Teacher
Deceased
15 of 19



Russell Wilson '55
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased



Roger Wilson '57
WHS Senior Photo



Bill Zabel '54
WHS Senior Photo



Ron Veenker '54
WHS Senior Photo



Marilyn Monroe
Deceased



Loren Little '59
WHS Senior Photo



On Oct 18, 2017, Loren Little '59, 'tpts1@aol.com wrote:

Jack, Well, that's one way to get our attention ! **(Referring to O&B #9-17)**

Seeing that pic of **Bill Simpson '53** in a previous O&B is what prompted me to send the Tepeetonga pictures. (sp?) I wonder what memories those guys have. One photo I couldn't find was the one now attached - my younger brother **Tom (Little '61).**

Loren Little '59On



left:
Bill Simpson '53
WHS Senior Photo

right:
Tom Little '61
WHS Junior Photo



Oct 24, 2017, William Lobe '59 <bill@wclobe.com> wrote:

Re: WHS O&B #9.17, I get the point, Jack! Next time, would you please include the weather forecast for Pahrump, Nevada? And, perhaps some more *Dear Abby* advice for us senior citizens who still haven't grasped reality!

Probably the only reason your wife has stayed with you is your warped sense of humor! We'll try to do better, Jack. You've certainly done your part and done it very well.

Thanks,

Bill Lobe '59



Bill Lobe '59
WHS Senior Photo



Georgia Severson '56
WHS Senior Photo

Class of '56 Reunion Dates - Put On Your Calendar!

On Oct 31, 2017, Georgia Severson Johnson '56 gjtn7odsf@aol.com wrote:
Jack,

Just wanted to let you know that Class of 56 is planning an 80th birthday year reunion for the weekend of Sept 15, 2018. We will do the usual with an informal get-together/welcome on Fri evening, dinner on Sat evening and breakfast on Sun morning. We are planning to have a bus tour of the city on Saturday afternoon since the city has grown so much since we were in school. Finalizing locations and costs will be taken care of in Dec or Jan and letters will follow in the spring.

Initial notification was handled via email for approximately 100 alumni and letters to the remaining 200 were sent in August.

As we have more information, it will be forwarded to you.

Keep up the good work that you do with the O&B. It is greatly appreciated.

Georgia Severson Johnson '56



Andy Weber '52
WHS Senior Photo

On Dec 16, 2017, **Andy Paul Weber '52**

<pawebertx34@att.net> wrote:

Jack.

I was sad to see your obit on **Karen Cumming '53** last week. We made a move in 1948. My sister **Milly '53**, who was a year behind me, did 6th grade at Irving school, 7th at Lowell, 8th at Mark Twain, and 9th at WHS. She and Karen were in the same class at Mark Twain. Karen's dad, "Slim" Cumming was the Lincoln/Mercury dealer and had his showroom at the Southwest corner of 9th Street and

Dakota, right across 9th St from Prather Pontiac/Cadillac and kitty-corner from City Hall.

I was witness to a tragedy involving their family. Karen's older sister Patricia, who was also a student at WHS, was killed in an auto accident while returning to Sioux Falls from Lake Okoboji. I had been at the lake with a group (don't remember just who or who was driving) but on our way home we passed the accident scene. The authorities were there and lots of bystanders who had stopped to watch so we didn't stop. We didn't know who it was and didn't find out until the next day at school.

Thanks for keeping up the O&B.

Andy Weber '52



Karen Cumming '53
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased



Milly Weber '53
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased

Editor's closing note: I would like to sincerely thank all of you that replied to my request for more stories for the O&B. I know many of you went out of your way to write something just because I asked for help and you wanted to assist. So as Gomer Pyle would say, "Thank ya, thank ya, thank ya! The O&B could not survive without your help and support.

Jack



My wife, Debra, sent me this poem, "*My Special List*", with the suggestion that I print it in the O&B at Christmas time. She thought it was extremely fitting and appropriate for all of the 1,200 readers of the O&B and the wonderful cherished lists of dear and special friends we all have. A list, that for many of us, began growing many decades ago in WHS and as time has passed has only gained in love and significance. We both hope you enjoy it. Jack

My Special List

I have a list of folks I know, all written in a book
And every year when Christmas comes, I go and take a look,
And that is when I realize that these names are a part
Not of the book they are written in, but really of my heart

For each name stands for someone who has crossed my path sometime,
And in the meeting they've become the rhythm in each rhyme
And while it sounds fantastic for me to make this claim,
I really feel that I'm composed of each remembered name

And while you may not be aware of any special link
Just meeting you has changed my life a lot more than you think
For once I've met somebody, the years cannot erase
The memory of a pleasant word or of a friendly face

So never think my Christmas cards are just a mere routine
Of names upon a Christmas list, forgotten in between,
For when I send a Christmas card that is addressed to you,
It is because you're on the list that I'm indebted to

For I am but a total of the many folks I've met,
And you happen to be one of those I prefer not to forget
And whether I have known you for many years or few,
In some ways you have a part in shaping things I do

And every year when Christmas comes, I realize anew,
The best gifts life can offer is meeting folks like you.
And may the spirit of Christmas that forever endures
Leave its richest blessings in the hearts of you and yours.



