



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

Happy 8th Birthday Alumni Orange & Black !

The first Alumni version of the O&B was e-mailed 8 years ago today, on May 1, 2009. It only covered news of my WHS Class of 1954 and was sent to just the 40 classmates I had addresses for. Less than a year later the number of subscribers had grown to over 200 and were from all classes of the '50's. It was then, coverage was expanded to cover the entire decade of the '50s and it has now grown to over 1,000 subscribers! I would like to thank all of you who have made so many wonderful contributions of stories and photos over the last 8 years. Without your help & significant contributions there would be no Alumni O&B.

BUT ALAS, THE O&B IS OUT OF STORIES AND YOUR HELP IS NEEDED!

I must now put out a plea to all of you, but especially to those of you who have never submitted a story for publication before to please submit something now. I guarantee that all of your old classmates will be so pleased to hear from you and about you. Your story can be as long (within reason) or as short as you wish and it can be about anything you would like to share with your beloved classmates. It can be about your career, your retirement, awards or honors you have received, your hobby, a special vacation or just a note to let everyone know where you are now living and that in fact you are still living. But please, don't forget to include photos with identification of all people (with maiden name and WHS class year if they attended WHS) as well as when and where the photos were taken. My only request is that you do not write about politics, religion or your wonderful and adorable grandchildren.

Since I was hoping for a special story for this special 8th anniversary issue and had none I decided to re-run my favorite story from those 8 years. It appeared in issue #3-10, dated 4-16-10. There have been so many great stories over the years, but the story from Sharon Frank Johnson '53 and Sharon Johnson Frank '54, that appeared has always been my favorite and after reading or re-reading it, I am sure you will agree it was truly special! Thanks Sharon and Sharon. You are both super special ladies and I thank you again for taking the time to write something so special for the O&B.

To all of my other readers that I am now asking to submit a story, please don't feel you have to write something so witty or entertaining as what the Sharon's wrote. **Lots of people would just truly enjoy hearing from you!**

Jack, Editor

*To Be Perfectly Frank Everyone Frankly Agrees,
The Frank Girls Frankly Write A Most Charming Tale.*



**Sharon Frank
Johnson '53**

HmRm 408
shrnfaye@aol.com



**Sharon Johnson
Frank '54**

Hm Rm 205
sraef@msn.com



**Bill
Frank '52**

Hm Rm 320
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**Merle Johnson
USD Law School '55**

Merle Attended
Alcester, SD High School

**SHARON FAYE
FRANK JOHNSON '53**

History—past and present:

Merle was practicing law with the Woods Fuller Law Firm in Sioux Falls where he continues today. After nearly 55 years, I believe retirement may be on the horizon. He has especially enjoyed working with people with their estate plans and with families on adoptions.

Sharon: I graduated from Augustana College with a degree in Elementary Ed. I taught a year in Minneapolis before our marriage in 1958, and then in Sioux Falls before starting our family. Over the years we developed rental property that I managed until our son, Reed, graduated from Gustavus. He then returned and took over my job—dare I say one of my happiest moments. My present job brings me much more joy—helping to care for our grandchildren. All of that picking up from school, driving to lessons, sick days, etc. is one way that I can give back for the privilege of being able to be home when our children were

“Sharon Frank Johnson” - cont. pg 3 Col.1

Who's Calling Today?

(With Apologies to Dr. Seuss)

There once was a fellow named Bill

Who Frankly, yes frankly his story they tell still.

The story—yes, Bill's story—they did convey

About his sis, his sis named Sharon Faye.

His sis had a friend, a friend named Sharon Rae.

The middle, yes the middle, the middle was Rae.

Last name of the friend of the sis...well...it started with J

The J stood for Johnson. “So simple”, you say.

Shoo Shans and Enomes, friends from the start,

These Sharon's you see, were never ever to part.

For Bill had a throb for this friend in his heart.

“Who's Calling Today?” cont. pg 3, col 2

**SHARON RAE
JOHNSON FRANK '54**

History: We moved from Sioux Falls to Minneapolis with our toddler, Stephen, when Bill was offered a job with a fledgling food brokerage company in 1956. You may remember that the Frank family had been pioneers in the frozen food business in SD with Frank's Frozen Foods. We have now been Minnesota residents for over 54 years.

Bill's Businesses: Juhl Brokerage with offices in Minneapolis, Fargo, Omaha and Milwaukee. He sold that business to key employees in 1985 and in 1986 founded WJF International, Seafood Importers. Later he purchased Morey Fish Co. from International Multifoods and merged the two companies. Morey's was developed into a national brand that you may see in your local markets, as well as Costco. In 1998 he sold this business to an Investment Banker.

“Sharon Johnson Frank”, cont. pg 3, col 3.

growing up. Although, when our 3 year old Tommy tells me. "Gramma, you're movin' like pond water", I realize that I don't do it with the same speed or energy.

Children: We have 3 children: Mary Lynne, an event planner in Minneapolis, Reed, a realtor and Amy, a lawyer---both in Sioux Falls. Amy's husband, Jonathan Ellis is a political reporter for the Argus Leader.

Grandchildren: Four, all in the Sioux Falls area.

Hobbies: We are both involved in our church, University of Sious Falls and other community involvements. We enjoy lots of family gatherings, reading, playing bridge with friends etc. I enjoy participating in an Investment Club, Book Club and also have just begun to play Mah Jongg.

Best Summers: Being at Lake Madison with family and friends.

Best trip taken by the 2 Sharon's: Israel

Best Winters: Three months in Palm Desert, CA.

The End



*left; Sharon Johnson Frank '54
right; Sharon Frank Johnson '53*

He'd fallen in love--- he'd been hit by a dart!

They dated, they courted...his life on the run.

At last, her hand, Bill finally had won.

It was after they wed, the fun, truly the fun

Had really, yes really begun.

For now there were two--two of us, what fun!

There were two Sharon Frank's, not only just one!

The phone would ring and the people would say,

"Who is it calling, who's calling today?"

"Sharon Frank, it's me, Sharon, calling", I would say

Oh! The confusion it brought, as the answer they sought.

"Would it be Sharon Rae or could it be Sharon Faye?"

Who is it really that's calling today?" Said Sharon Faye,

"Enough! This can not be!

I must change my name or we'll all be insane"

She looked and she looked--'twas not easy you see

"For, it must be a Johnson, it must be a Johnson for me".

Merle Johnson, yes Merle is perfect, my life to spend

Full circle we've come, for this story to end.

And, oh by the way, our children do highly recommend

This... tho confusing... Johnson/Frank, Frank/Johnson blend.

First brother and sister, then sisters and all friends

Yes, friends and close family-- good friends to the end.

The End.

Sharon: After years of Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, T-Ball, Hockey, PTA, school and church activities, I entered into real estate with a well known firm in the western suburbs. I retired from real estate in 1998.

Children: We have 3 sons, Steve and Greg, in Minnesota, one in Brainerd and one in Plymouth with their families. Our third son, Eric and family live in Prescott, AZ.

Grandchildren: Eight, delightful, of course!

Hobbies: SD pheasant hunting for Bill along with our sons, cousins and the Johnson family. Bill is a recent, but enthusiastic golfer and a great cook. I play a bit of golf and am recently interested in Pickle Ball. I belong to a wonderful book club and enjoy movies and discussions.

Best Summers: On Steamboat Bay, Gull Lake, MN where Bill enjoys working on his golf game

Best International Couples Vacation: Villa in the Italian Alps with Sharon and Merle where we were the only English speaking people!

Best Winter Vacation: Three months in Palm Desert, CA **The End.**



Bill Frank '52 & wife, Sharon Johnson Frank '54, at the Class of '54's 50th reunion in 2004.



**Bill Frank &
sister, Sharon
Frank Johnson,
at 2005 All
School Reunion.**



**Bill Frank '52
President
'52 Pep Club.**



Pep Club, L. to r., Front row: D. Dennis, D. Bishop, S. Roggen, E. Sunderman, C. Roth, P. Dornberger. Second row: A. Jastram, J. Harrington, J. Jacobson, R. Schmidt, S. Frank, A. Erickson, B. Howell, O. Parsons, D. McNamara, K. Briggs. Third row: E. Frank, D. Rehar, K. Kolb, C. Hoyme, K. Dean, H. Carlson, H. Foletos, K. Minor. Fourth row: E. Brown, S. Dougherty, G. Swenson, M. McNeerney, D. Irwin, D. Hopewell. Fifth row: J. Wiebe, S. Berry, D. Viehweg, B. Bringgold, B. Hyden, L. Harrington.



**Merle Johnson, Alcester, SD,
Sharon Frank Johnson '53, Sharon
Johnson Frank '54, Bill Frank '52.**



Jim Ward '53
WHS Senior Photo

Thanks To Jim Ward '53 For Another One of His Excellent Articles On His Youth In Sioux Falls.

MY SUNDAYS AT THE PENITENTIARY **By Jim Ward '53**

The South Dakota State Penitentiary stands on an imposing hill above the city of Sioux Falls, the town where I was raised. This venerable institution holds a special place in my memories. I associate it with my father and with Sundays. When I was a boy, the warden, Norton Jameson, was a friend of my dad.

The warden invited my father to the penitentiary to see movies on Sunday mornings. My dad would take me and other members of my family. The prison had first-run movies for the inmates and we watched from a small balcony near the projection booth. To get to the theater we had to go through security doors: made of the classic steel bars, they were massive things. When the warden gave the signal to some hidden master of the gates, a

button would be pushed and the doors would slide open with a growling noise. Opening was not the most exciting thing, however: closing the doors was the real drama for a little boy. They made the most ominous clank when they seated themselves in their closed position. It was also a thrill when we were, for a few moments, barricaded in a passageway between two of those gates. I clung close to my father and he would look down at me with a reassuring smile.

With fascination, I would lean over the edge of the balcony and watch the prisoners file into the theater. They all wore prison gray/blue uniforms and they were very quiet and orderly. They came in single file and methodically filled the seats, row by row. They walked in and out of the

theater in a military fashion and they did not look up at the warden's guests in the balcony. Only once did I see a young man glance up as he filed out of the theater. Perhaps he was the man my cousin told me about. From the same vantage point, she saw someone she knew among the prisoners. That was unthinkable to me. Those prisoners were as alien to me as animals in a zoo. That is not quite it. As a boy who led a sheltered life, I really had no knowledge of such things. Simplistically, I only knew the men I saw there were bad men who had done bad things.

Some time later, on another Sunday, I had a jarring contact with the same audience. When the movie screen was raised, there was a stage on which live productions could be performed. My church youth group put on a play depicting the events leading to Christ's

Jim Ward '53 was certainly a busy young man while at WHS. In so many ways he was a typical teen ager enjoying his youth, but as you can see from this list of his WHS activities that appeared with his senior photo in the 1953 Warrior he was not typical.

"Jim Ward - College Club Board, Treas of IRC, OLD Royalty, Hi-Y, Boys' State, Monitor, Pres. of Student Council, Pres. of Executive Council, Vice-Pres. of Quill & Scroll, Co-Editor of O&B, Declam, Senior Social Comm., Treas. of NFL, Jr. Kiwanian, Debate, Treas. of Senior Class, Thespian, World Affairs, State Student Council."

crucifixion. I played a friend of Jesus and one of my lines referred to the Roman soldiers' accusation that Jesus had committed a crime. I referred to the matter as "some trumped up charge they have filed against Him." In other performances, it was an innocuous line but before an audience of prison inmates it brought down the house in hoots of laughter. I was so stunned by the reaction I could barely continue.

The warden lived in a house adjacent to the penitentiary. As the prison itself, the house was built of the wonderful granite abundant in Sioux Falls and from which so many civic

buildings were constructed. To me, the house was quite grand, really a cut above those of my friends or of our own. I went with my father to a cocktail type event in the house. I was wide eyed at the adults drinking "highballs" from sparking glasses and sampling hors d'oeuvres from silver plates.

On another Sunday, my father took me to the warden's house for a special treat. It was a bitter cold morning and the ground was covered with several inches of snow. At the back of the warden's house, a trustee from the prison had hitched up a horse and sleigh. The sleigh had a classic design with graceful rounded

lines. It had large runners which curved high in front and swept back along the snow to the rear. We climbed onto the open seat. I sat between the warden and my father, both of whom had on overcoats and hats. I scrunched my head down into my jacket and pulled my scarf up on my chin. My dad put his arm around me and, with that, I was sure I would be warm. He was smoking his pipe – I loved the smell of his pipe tobacco. The trustee provided us with heavy blankets which we bundled about our lower bodies.

The warden flicked the reins and the horse strained against the harness to



The "Grand March", a tradition at our Arkota Ballroom school dances. The photo above was our 1952 OLD Homecoming Dance. First row l to r: Queen June Smith, Marshall Marv Rimerman, Royalty - Sharon Roggen, Jim Ward, Esther Sunderman, Ben Newcomb, Jill Wear, Bob Newcomb. 2nd row: Royalty - 1 Connie Roth & Bruce Bringgold followed by Bonnie Assam '54, OLD Master of Ceremonies - Bob Brenner. 2nd person to the right of Bob is Al Borgen. 3rd row on left is Kent Morstad '54.

overcome the inertia of the sleigh and break the runners loose from the grip of the ice. Once we were under way the horse's job was easier. We glided smoothly through the snow. There were no people up and about: it seemed the rest of the world was huddled beside the fire in the comfort of their homes. The road, the ground, the houses and the trees were white with the snowfall of the previous night. The morning daylight was diffused through the overcast sky. A light snow fell silently in the still air. It was as if we were floating through a cloud of whiteness.

While the two adults sometimes chatted amiably, for the most part we simply listened to the wonderful sounds of the horse and sleigh. The silence of our white world was punctuated by the hissing sound of the runners cutting through the snow, the slap of the leather harnesses, the snorting of the horse and the muted plopping of his hooves on the snow. We traveled on back roads and quiet streets where no vehicles had cut the blanket of snow.

I would like to report we gleefully returned to the warden's home after a bracing ride in the sleigh. Regrettably,



Jim Ward and wife, Carole

it was not to be so. The deep snow, which covered our world that morning, also covered hazards for the sleigh. With no warning, one of the runners slipped into a ditch and collided with an obstacle bringing us to an abrupt stop. Some of us, that is: the sleigh stopped but the horse broke the harness and kept going. We were jolted forward from our seat and nearly flew over the front of the sleigh. When we recovered, we saw our horse trotting towards home with his harness trailing behind him. There was nothing for us to do but trudge to the warden's house through the snow. The trip home was a good deal less romantic than the trip out.

The last time I saw Warden Jameson, I was eleven years old. It was again a Sunday, a beautiful summer morning. I had returned home from delivering the Des

Moines Sunday Register to the customers on my paper route. It seemed odd to me my parents were gone but I had no reason for concern. I simply went to the backyard, sat in the sun and read the paper. Then a strange thing happened.

Norton Jameson came through our house and out the back door. It surprised me he was there. I was unsettled by his demeanor – he was somber and tentative. “Jimmy, something has happened, something bad. I can’t tell you now, but I just wanted to be with you to see that you were okay” he said. As a friend of my father, it had been his sad duty to find me that awful Sunday morning to prepare me for the worst news of my young life. I made small talk with him until my mother was carried into the house. Between her sobs of anguish, she told me of my father's death in a plane crash.

When I think back on Sundays and the Penitentiary, I prefer to remember the plopping of the horses' hooves and gliding through the snow. I am, however, forever aware beneath the beauty of that scene was the hazard that brought our sleigh ride to an abrupt end. Much the same

1952/53 Student Council



Bonnie Aman, Jr. Representative

Tom Howes Treasurer

Jim Ward, President

Dean Olson, Vice-President

Carolyn Baris, Secretary



Second row, l. to r.: Esther Rindermann, Virginia Robinson, Charlotte Benson, Catherine Under, Sally Taylor, Carolyn Baris, Marjorie Hill, Sheila Woodham, Jean Steinhilber, Sandra Vaseen, Janice Sosa, Susan Olson, Bonnie Aman, Jr. 2nd row, l. to r.: Vernon Howard, Wayne Gustafson, Bill Johnson, John Beardsley, Tommy Knabson, Michael Cox, David Palmer, Jim Busch, Dick Skidgen, Bob Ross, Chuck Anderson, Richard Jensen, Doreen Fritz. 3rd row, l. to r.: Dean Olson, Bob Ramonson, Phillip Anderson, Elaine Jilster, Bill Simpson, Don Heller, Alan Benson, Gary Bar, Marvin Zell, Mike Meyer, David Krueger, Craig Overfield.

way an idyllic childhood ended that bright Sunday morning when my father died.
J D Ward 2001



Jim wrote in July of 2016, “Yes I am an amateur historian. Actually I have written hundreds of pieces and journals. Because Sioux Falls was the place of my most formative years and because I enjoy it so much, much of what I have written is about Sioux Falls. I wrote about my dad’s death in 1947 (that piece was published) and about the first girl I ever kissed (I still see Connie Roth every year or two as she lives near me). I wrote about my folks

lumber yard in Sioux Falls and about how I won WWII. My kid opine that mine and their lives are the most documented lives of all time. I even wrote about 21st Street and McKennan Park. I happily share any of these pieces with anyone because I love to think that someone reads the stuff I put out – I cannot coax my wife into reading anything with my name on it.

I left Sioux Falls in 1953 on graduation but I came back to USD in 1956 and graduated there. In the meantime, I met my wife in Paris where I lived for a while (that is another story I wrote up). Carole and I moved to California where I finished law school. Since that graduation, we have

lived in Riverside, CA. I practiced law for 33 years and then became a judge and an appellate court justice. Now I am retired and play the world’s two most frustrating games, golf and bridge. And of course I continue to write.”

Jim, we hope you continue to write. The O&B will continue to publish your Sioux Falls/WHS related stories from the fifties. Thank you.

Jack

If you like you can enjoy another great story from Jim on page 11.



The Funny Page

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MAD AT SOMEONE
DOESN'T MEAN YOU STOP LOVING THEM



"I figured you should have breakfast in bed on your birthday. Can you reach the stove okay?"



more awesome pictures at THEMETAPICTURE.COM



And from Wally Boersma '54 The Lesson of The Day Page

Wally Boersma '54
WHS Senior Photo

Always remember those who serve.

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked. "Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it. "Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient.. "Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and left... When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish were two nickels and five pennies.. You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip.

Letters to the & B

On Mar 21, 2017, **Robert Solem** <robertjsolem@shaw.ca> wrote:

Editor's note: The following letter from Bob Solem is in reply to my question in the last newsletter, #1-17, about what year Joe Foss graduated from WHS. Thanks for you reply Bob. Unfortunately, that video is no longer available to view, but I will certainly accept your reporting that he graduated in 1934. Jack

Good day Jack! In the video (see link below) "American Ace: The Joe Foss Story", Joe himself mentions 1934 in relation to graduating from WHS and enrolling at Augustana. That scene occurs just a few minutes into the video in case you want to verify this. That seems to be about right because having been born in 1915, he would have been 18 or 19 in 1934.

<http://pbsdll.k12.sd.us/Asset.aspx?ID=712&C=All&G=All&S=foss>

Your latest O & B reminded me of this video which I had found in 2013 after watching the movie "The Flying Leathernecks" starring John Wayne. I was curious to find out whether the movie might be a Hollywood version of Joe Foss's military career.

I very much enjoy reading each of your O & B issues, Jack!

Bob Solem
Bridgewater High School 1953
Augustana College 1957

Please see follow up letter
from Bob Solem on page 14.



Jim Ward '53
WHS Senior Photo

On Mar 21, 2017, **James Ward '53** <j-cward@charter.net> wrote:

Jack, I always feel good reading your O&B issues. But I feel better this time because I can do something for you. I have a copy of the 48 Warrior and would be happy to send it to you. Please give me your mailing address. What a pleasure it will be to repay you for all the good memories you have given me.

The piece about our generation from an unknown author was so good I am going to save it on my computer.

Although it certainly is not a big deal, the picture of Kent Morstad (the person I have known longer than anyone else in the world, except my sister) with Lorraine Fremming is slightly mis-dated. I don't think that was the Class of 54 senior prom. I know because I was in the picture with them (see attachment) and I graduated in 1953 and left Sioux Falls.

Thanks for sending me the link to the WHS historical group. I am very pleased with what they are doing and will try to contact Betty Holmoe to see if I can help. In going through all the



Enjoying an unknown 1953 WHS dance at the Arkota Ballroom are Jim Ward '53, Bonnie Dubbe '54, Lorraine Fremming '54 and Kent Morstad '54.

subsections of their website, I see that I have already made a contribution – thanks to your help. As near as I can tell, you must have forwarded some of the pictures I sent you – and gave me credit. Thank you for doing that!

Finally, regarding Joe Foss, I have attached a piece that I wrote that involved Joe. The piece was published and Tom Brokaw read it and wrote me a nice note. I send it here, not expecting that you will publish it (it is a bit too personal and too long for your use) but just for your information.

Again and again, thanks for your good work.

Jim Ward '53

Editor's note: First of all a huge thank you Jim for the 1948 yearbook. Your contribution means I now have all of the 1940 and '1950 yearbooks and I just can't tell you how often I have occasion to use all of them. I have used the '48 Warrior you sent me 3 times in just the last two days. I thank you so much. And I thank you for the correction on the photo of you, Bonnie, Lorraine and Kent at a dance at the Arkota Ballroom. I don't want to ever be accused of printing, "Fake News". And as always, I thoroughly enjoyed your most interesting story, "*My Father The War Hero*". I am printing it below. If you are ever looking for a job as a reporter please let me know. Obviously, the O&B could use you. Jack

{California Lawyer Magazine, June, 2001}

MY FATHER THE WAR HERO

My father was killed in a plane crash when I was a boy. It happened on a Sunday morning while I was delivering papers. I first became aware something was wrong when no one was home when I returned from my paper route. Then I was stunned with the news, delivered by my totally distraught mother as she was carried into the house on returning from the crash site.

In the days that followed, it was mentioned perhaps the cause of the crash was pilot error. It was suggested my dad, who was flying alone, had pushed the plane beyond its limits. It was said perhaps he was responsible for the loss of the plane, which was owned by a club consisting of amateur pilots like him.

I knew little of these things. As an eleven-year-old, I loved my father and I was very proud of the fact he could fly a plane. The plane was an Ercoupe, an unusual little aircraft with an aluminum skin and a twin tail that entered the aviation scene in the late 1940s. He told me how different the plane was because it did not have a conventional stick like other planes but, instead, a steering wheel like a car. He took me flying. As we flew over the fields of South Dakota, we played a game, a very serious game. I picked out the right field to land in if we should have engine failure. I knew plowed fields or fields cluttered with obstructions would not do. The best spot was a stubble field or open grazing land. My dad was always so professional when he flew he seemed to me to be a consummately careful pilot. There was no way I could accept the assertion my father did anything wrong that dreadful Sunday morning.

The loss of my father as a boy was naturally the topic of discussions in my later life. Although I never really knew him, I had heard many stories about my father. He was a very good athlete. He was the president of his sophomore class at the University of Illinois. He was a dynamic businessman. He was sometimes a bit bold in social situations. People thought he could be a politician, even governor of South Dakota. With the benefit of maturity and the wisdom of age, I began to form a different attitude about my dad's performance in the plane. When I put all of his attributes together it seemed logical to me he may have been a bit too daring in his flying that fateful morning. He may have pushed the envelope in his maneuvers with the little Ercoupe.

The answer to the question may have been given to me 54 years after my dad's death under most unusual circumstances. A civic group was giving me an award. During the cocktail hour at the black-tie affair, I was told a surprise guest was present. The guest was Joe Foss, World War II fighter pilot, winner of the Congressional Medal-of-

Honor and former governor of South Dakota. I had shaken his hand once when he was campaigning in my home state so I approached him with a deprecating entree to conversation “you probably do not remember me, I am...”

Joe replied immediately “Of course I remember you. Your father was a good friend of mine. In fact, I was the last man to see him alive.” Without missing a beat, he went on to explain my dad had left that morning from the flying service Joe operated. He had spoken with my dad just before he took off. He said that dad had asked him about the capabilities of the Ercoupe, including its ability to handle certain aeronautical maneuvers. Then Joe dropped the bomb. He said that he warned my dad against trying certain stunts with the plane but my dad had done them anyway. That was why he had crashed. Joe Foss was not a man who was timid with his opinions and he spoke as if he had been copiloting the plane and he knew exactly what had happened. I was stunned both by his opinion regarding the crash and his audacity in stating his conclusions to me with such certainty. I was, after all, left fatherless and significantly traumatized by that little plane falling to earth. I tried to hide the shock but it may have registered on my face. We talked of other South Dakota memories but in the swirl of people and cocktail conversation the celebrity guest was whisked away.

Joe Foss did not appear at any gathering without making a speech and this affair was no exception. He was a charismatic as well as loquacious man and he never failed to entertain people. Joe could talk for hours, if need be, on a variety of topics. As an unexpected addition to the program, he did not talk long but he managed to highlight his favorite topics: the National Rifle Association, the election of a Republican president and the dangers of the liberal establishment. Then he mentioned me. He said he was pleased to see an old acquaintance, a man who was a judge in the community. He tipped his hand as to another of his favorite topics when he said he could not understand how I could possibly have gone so wrong as to go into the legal profession. And then he briefly told the story of my father’s death.

Perhaps the shocked look on my face when he spoke to me over cocktails did it. Maybe he regretted being so abrupt and he was making amends. Perhaps it was just his colorful manner of speech. Whatever his motivation, the story came out like this: “In fact, the judge’s dad was a good friend of mine. I was the last man to see him alive. I was with him when he climbed into the cockpit of a plane and left on a mission. He did not come back from that mission!” There was a dramatic pause and the audience was hushed. Suddenly, Joe Foss, World War II Marine air ace, had made my dad a war hero!

When the party was over and I was leaving the hall, people stopped me and shook my hand. Some mentioned my father. I had the feeling others were looking at me with a particular kind of interest, perhaps with a touch of sadness, thinking of a boy’s loss of his father. Particularly when my father was a war hero! I did not disabuse them of their beliefs. I did not issue any corrective statements. I was content. After all, my dad was a hero to me. Undoubtedly, he was on his own kind of mission that Sunday morning. And all of us, including my dad, fight our own wars, large and small, every day.

J D Ward 1999



On Apr 19, 2017, **Harry Hoiland '54** <paveknife@hotmail.com> wrote:

Harry Hoiland '54 sent these, “Nice” sentiments.

Real generosity is doing something nice for someone who will never find out. ~ Frank A. Clark

Treat everyone with politeness, even those who are rude to you, not because they are nice but because you are.

It's nice to be important but it's more important to be nice.



Jeff Herbert '74
WHS Senior Photo

On Mar 21, 2017, **jeff herbert '74** herbertj@sio.midco.net wrote:

Jack---great *ORANGE AND BLACK*....love it, love it, love it---and thanks for the Alumni Hall plug---also, I am sending a photo courtesy of the Argus Leader. It has historical

significance as it was the only pass I caught that season---best wishes...

Jeff Herbert, Class of '74

Ed. Note: Jeff taught & coached at WHS for 28 yrs. Now Retired.



Royce Adams '58
WHS Senior Photo

On Mar 22, 2017, **Royce Adams '58** Litljump@aol.com wrote:

As expected this O&B was as interesting as every preceding issue has been. How can we express our appreciation for the great job that you do on each and every O&B we receive. I guess we just say thanks and support your publications Jack. I usually read each issue 4 or 5 times then save them in "user" so I can return to them again.

I am still typing left handed but getting better at it with each passing day I am told I will appreciate this new replaced shoulder after this lengthy recovery period. I am looking forward to driving the car soon and being able to ride the bike trails again. Of course I am resigned to the fact I won't be pitching in the semi-pro baseball league anymore! Gonna

let another talented player take my place from now on.

PS: If you believe those last two sentences I have some lake front property I will sell you. It's in the Badlands and I will also throw in a slightly used duck boat in the deal! **Royce Adams '58**

On Mar 23, 2017, at 6:30 PM, Jeff.Kayl Sr. '69@everestre.com wrote:

Jack,

Thank you so much for this edition and especially thank you for including in this edition my oldest son's email to you about his mother-in-law, Rose Dean. She was a talented and intelligent woman who did a lot of voice commercials on radio and wrote many ads for all types of Sioux Falls media.

Reading of the comradery, cohesiveness, and accomplishments of the classes of the 1950's fills one with a good sense of envy – pride in the accomplishments of fellow Warriors and hope that the 1960's might at least come close; however, it's unlikely that any other decade of Warrior grads will surpass the accomplishments and comradery of the classes of the 1950's decade.

It's always a pleasure to read your long newsletters and always with sadness that I read of the passing of fellow Warriors.

My wife, Yuriko, and I get to LV from time-to-time (usually business for her) and we hope to meet you there in the near future.

Thanks for all that you do for all classes, Jack.

GO WARRIORS!

Jeffery Kayl, Sr., Class of 1969 West New York, NJ

Jeff, Thank you for taking the time to write such a nice letter. I am glad that even though you graduated in '69 that you enjoy the O&B. I just regret that I don't have a '69 yearbook so I can include your photo when you write. Jack

On Mar 27, 2017, at 12:34 PM, **Robert Solem** <robertjsolem@shaw.ca> wrote:

Good day gentlemen,

Thank you for cc'ing this to me, Jack.

1. I am still able to open the link included in my Mar 14 email to Jack. The window carries a heading "SDPB Education & Outreach Learning Library" and "Get the Flash Plugin to see this video" and "Download this video". I am able to open it without getting the Flash Plugin but it does take a few minutes to download before it opens. The segment in which Joe mentions schooling in 1934 begins at 6:40 of the program. [Narrator} "His final year at Washington Highs School was a struggle but he managed graduate and he enrolled a Augustana College..." At 7:18 Joe says "That was in 1934".

2. Augustana alumni website lists Joe Foss as a member of the Class of 1938. He was, by his own account, not a very good student because he was working and farming at the time so he was advised by one of the College officials to go back to farming.

At 7:45 Foss says that he stayed out of school for a year.

At 10:28 the narrator notes that Joe did not return to Augustana College but enrolled at Sioux Falls College where, after one year and improved grades, he transferred to USD.

3. Tom Brokaw's book "The Greatest Generation" has a very interesting chapter on Joe Foss but unfortunately it doesn't give any clues as to graduation date from WHS.

Unless/until I hear differently from you, I'll keep trying to find some way to make this video available to you.

Bob Solem, Augustana '57
Bridgewater High School '53

On Mar 30, 2017, **Royce Adams '58** Litljump@aol.com wrote:

Jack, I am not sure you want to use this piece. I wrote it the other night while reminiscing through old thoughts of long go. When one is recovering from surgery the nights get long and memories come back easily. I am going attempt to attach it here. Sometimes I am not very good at this computer thing. I realized it the other day when my grandson, 3 plus years old, showed me how to find something on my computer!

Royce Adams '58

As a kid had you every wanted something so bad that you scoured your mind to find a way to get it honorably? That was my feeling when I first set eyes on a wonderful "English" bicycle. It was displayed in the window of Lewis Drugs when Lewis Drugs was on Phillips Avenue and across from the state theatre.

The bike had thin tires, with a shiny black paint job, had a chrome front headlight that required a battery, had both fenders chromed, and had three speeds. And it only cost 49.95!

That day I rushed home and told my dad about the bike describing it in a fashion I thought he would like to have it for himself were he a kid, and I explained about how having that speedy bike in my possession

would help me deliver my paper route so much more efficiently. The next sales pitch, which was put in the form of a question, was “can you loan me the \$49.95 to buy it and I will pay you back out of my paper route money?”

My dad never dragged things out and I often noticed his answers were very concise. As he seemed to be reading his newspaper, he, without lowering his newspaper, said no! It was a crushing blow!! However he did at that time lower his paper and said “tomorrow we’ll go to the bank and see if you might be able to borrow the money to buy that bike”. I hardly slept at all that night. I had never been in a bank much less thinking of asking for money from it.

The next day, after school, dad and I walked to the bank and I was introduced to the Bank President Mr. Duffy. His desk seemed to sit as high as a judge’s bench and was rather intimidating. He was very businesslike and simply asked what I wanted the money for and after that part of the discussion he asked if I had a job. I told him I did and what my weekly income from it. Then Mr. Duffy went silent as he figured my income, the price of the bike, and favorable terms of paying back the loan. During that time his desk seemed to rise higher as I sat there in chair that was way too big for me. The silence was then broken by Mr. Duffy as he described the terms of the loan and asked me if I could meet those requirements of pay back. Of course I said yes and then Mr. Duffy, from that elevated desk, pointed his finger at me and said loud enough for everyone in the bank to hear it “IF YOU MISS ONE PAYMENT I WILL BE COMING TO GET THE BIKE!!!”

Three things happened or became understood from my first official business with Union Bank and Trust.

One, how to borrow and pay back money from a loan. Two, later in life I discovered my dad had set up that transaction and signed the loan for me. And three, from that day on my credit with that bank was solid. I borrowed from them often when buying equipment for my printing business. All I had to do to get cash for investing in my business was to call and the cash was there. **Royce Adams ‘58**



Jim Redfield '50
WHS Senior Photo

On Mar 25, 2017, **Jim Redfield '50** jimwred@cox.net wrote:
Jack: What a comprehensive issue 1-17 was; congratulation! I never thought, being a '50 grad, that I'd see so many people I knew & some of Jean Ann's friends (Jean Ann is Jim's sister, Jeannie Redfield Kracht '54), as well. Enjoyed it immensely & again, thank you for what you do! You obviously enjoy it.
Sincerely, **Jim Redfield '50**



Jeannie Redfield '54
WHS Senior Photo



Loren Little '59
WHS Senior Photo

On Mar 25, 2017, **Loren Little '59** tpts1@aol.com wrote:
Thanks for the article on Evan Nolte.
Talk about prophetic - - see attached picture; "Welcome Visitors"
This was taken January 1955 - we were 8th graders at Emerson when we



Evan Nolte '59
WHS Senior Photo

took a visit to Morrells where my dad worked.
That Christmas (for some strange reason) I had been given a pair of boxing gloves and Evan convinced me within @ 3 seconds, as I lay there on the floor - that my boxing days were over.

Loren Little '59



Loren Little '59 & Evan Nolte '59



**Gene Tornow '52
WHS Senior Photo**

On Apr 14, 2017, **Gene Tornow '52** <grtornow@sio.midco.net> wrote:

Thought you might get a chuckle out of this!!

Most of our generation of 60+ were HOME SCHOOLED in many ways .

1. My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside I just finished cleaning."

2. My mother taught me RELIGION.

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

3. My father taught me about TIME TRAVEL.

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

4. My father taught me LOGIC.

" Because I said so, that's why ."

5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC

"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."

6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT.

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

7. My father taught me IRONY.

"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."

8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.

"Just you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"

10. My mother taught me about STAMINA.

"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

11. My mother taught me about WEATHER.

"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."

12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.

"If I told you once, I've told you a million times, don't exaggerate!"

13. My father taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out..."

14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION .

"Stop acting like your father!"

15. My mother taught me about ENVY

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

16. My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.

"Just wait until we get home."

17. My mother taught me about RECEIVING.

"You are going to get it from your father when you get home!"

18. My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.

"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way."

19. My mother taught me ESP.

"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"

20. My father taught me HUMOR.

"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."

21. My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.

"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."

22. My mother taught me GENETICS.

"You're just like your father."

23. My mother taught me about my ROOTS.

"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"

24. My mother taught me WISDOM.

"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."

25. My father taught me about JUSTICE .

"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!"

This should only be sent to the over 60 crowd because the younger ones would not believe we truly were told these "EXACT" words by our parents... **Gene Tornow '52**



Dan Robar '52
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased

On Apr 14, 2017, **Jo Robar** <joserobar@yahoo.com> wrote:

The ceremony for **Dan ('52) and Dee (Delores Nesheim '52)**, **Robar** will be celebrated at **Our Saviors Lutheran Church** in Sioux Falls, SD on **Saturday, 24 June, 2017 beginning at 11am**. Burial will be at the Pleasant Hills Cemetery in Chester, SD at 3pm with the procession beginning around 2:15pm from Our Saviors.

Please forward to other relative, friends and his SDANG family members.



Deloris Neisheim '52
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased



Sheldon Songstad '56
WHS Senior Photo

On Apr 27, 2017, **Sheldon R. Songstad '56**

<SRSongstad@msn.com> wrote:

FABULOUS Jack. Dick (Gregerson) was a long time friend of mine. His father was also a great humanitarian. Thanks again for your GREAT service.

Sheldon Songstad '56



Dick Gregerson '50
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased

Bantering With My Good Friend Ron Veenker '54



Ron Veenker '54
WHS Senior Photo

For those of you who do not know my friend, Ron Veenker '54, I would like to introduce him. He is one of the nicest, most intelligent and multi talented (comedy and musical) people I know. And to make things even more interesting, he is the only friend I have that speaks several, "lost languages".

After graduation in 1954, Ron followed several of his friends to USD and pledged Delta Tau Delta with nearly everyone he knew. Then began a search for a major. After one year in Vermillion, Ron and **Tom Knutson '54** went to the University of Arizona for a semester as music majors. They found the academic level of the music program there a little below that of Ardeen Foss's band in Sioux Falls.



Tom Knutson '54
WHS Senior Photo

Ron ended up at Bethel College in St Paul as a music theory major.

After graduation he entered the divinity school at Bethel where he majored in biblical languages.

In 1963 he and his family moved to Cincinnati OH where Ron began a PhD program in Hebrew and Cognate Studies at Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, the Reform Seminary for American Judaism. After studying the cuneiform (*I had to look "cuneiform" up. It means, "denoting or relating to the wedge-shaped characters used in the ancient writing systems of Mesopotamia, Persia, and Ugarit, surviving mainly impressed on clay tablets".*) languages of ancient Iraq (Mesopotamia), e.g., Sumerian, Babylonian, and Assyrian [as well as Hebrew, Aramaic, Syriac and Ugaritic] he, for the first time in his life, sought gainful employment as a teacher.

After one year at the University of Miami, he accepted a position at Western Kentucky University where he taught Judaism and Hebrew Bible for 36 years. Upon retirement he and Beverly moved to Holden Beach, NC. After six months of very boring retirement, they found work. Beverly as a yoga teacher and choreographer for local theatre groups and Ron as a jazz keyboard player in a swing band and other smaller groups.

Our class of '54 truly admires and appreciates Ron for many reasons, but one of those reasons is he always provides such 1st class quality entertainment, both comedy and musical, at our reunions. His Victor Borge impersonation is always worth the price of admission.

Admiringly submitted by your editor, Jack Phillips '54.

On Mar 23, 2017, at 8:50 AM, **Ronald Veenker '54** rveenker@ec.rr.com wrote:

Dear Jack,

I've had a couple of emails to you rattling around in my head, and, like all of us, put it off and put it off. So, let me take up the issue of the Mark Twain photo on page 15 of the current O&B. I am totally fascinated by this photo from a number of standpoints, like the difficult but nice identifications by you and Jim Adams. However I cannot find myself and others from our class in this photo. I'm wondering why, but can't come up with an answer. We had two classes at Mark Twain Elementary that graduated in 1950. 8A and 8B. I don't remember now which was which, but there was a group of us, smaller than the other, who were promoted out of kindergarten in Jan 1943 and then did about 6-8 weeks of summer school to catch up to the older group. We all entered WHS in 1950. Perhaps the photo from Jim Adams is the older class but I'm not sure it's that simple. As you probably know, you elders in the class of '54 turned 80 last year and many of us early advanced folk will turn 80 this year.

So, that said, let me add my identifications: Row 2, 4. Carolyn Robson? 7. Kay McCahren?, 8. Sandy Taylor? Next to Jack Mortrude: Don Knutson? By identifying Kay and Sandy, I'm working against my theory of the two different class photos. Why do I say that? I am attaching a photo from this same period



which show Kay and Sandy in the other group. I sent this photo to Dorothy Langley Carlson (Don Knutson's cousin) many years ago singling out myself and Dorothy with circles.

row 1, seated, Janice Hawkey, Kay McCahren, Sandy Taylor, Joan Ford, Dorothy Langley row 2: Don Amundson, Kent Riemann, Bob Amburn, Connie Underwood, ?, ?, Rose Marie Albert, ?, Betty Lou Tuller, Doris Ryder, Tom Rich, Merlyn McArthur, George Aker, ? row 3: Ron Veenker, Fritz Lennon*, Mike Myers, Mrs. McKillip (P.E. teacher), Russell McAlpin and ? I want this to be Wally Boersma but can't be sure.

*Fredric "Fritz" Lennon went on to Cathedral High. The family lived next door to Jack Hermanson just off the intersection of Phillips and 26th St. His grandfather Oscar Wermuth was a furrier. You can google the name and still find second hand sellers and online thrift stores selling Wermuth's coats and vests. Here is the link to his obit in Spirit Lake IA. <http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/desmoinesregister/obituary.aspx?page=lifestory&pid=146254722> Fritz and his brothers (one was Dan I think) were serious theatre and dance people under Barney Kramer.

So, that's it for this one. Another coming on a different topic.

Thanks so much for all of your great work. You keep our memories pulsing and our hearts warmed,

Ron
Ronald Veenker
"Now and Zen"
623 Ocean Blvd W
Holden Beach, NC 28462
www.floodofnoah.com

On Mar 23, 2017, at 9:12 AM, **Ronald Veenker '54** <rveenker@ec.rr.com> wrote:

Dear Jack,

When I am introduced to people and they ask where I'm from, most often the answer that comes back to me is: "You're the first person I've ever met from South Dakota!" Well, it is a large state geographically but with a relatively small population. When we graduated from WHS, South Dakota had about 650,00 people and Sioux Falls was around 53,000. So there are not many of us roaming around the 48 contiguous states.

My little village, Holden Beach NC, has only 586 full-time residents. Southport, the next big city up the coast has 3000. So what's my point (if you haven't gone to sleep already)? I happened to be in a meeting at St Peter's Lutheran Church in Southport a few weeks ago. There were about 10 people around a table in the small conference room. It turned out three of the ten were from South Dakota. WHAT ARE THE ODDS? There were Emy Scherschligt Vig (WHS '58), a pleasant fellow from Montrose called "Eldon," and I. I first met Emy down here back in December. Now we seem to be bumping into each other wherever we go. The photo attached is one of those occasions: The Southport Senior Center's Valentine Dinner Dance. Emy was there with friends from St James Plantation and I was playing with the Brunswick Big Band for the dancers.

All the best, Jack,

Ron

[loved the story about Wayne Gustafson and Bev's visit]

On Mar 24, 2017, at 8:27 AM, **Jack Phillips '54** <jack@jackmphilips.com> wrote:

Hi Ron, Thanks for BOTH letters. I really appreciate it when you have the time to write and I always truly enjoy hearing from you. AND thanks for the photos. All of what you sent me will be in the next O&B. By the way, you really look great in the photo with Emy. You just don't ever age.
Jack

On Mar 25, 2017, at 6:01 AM, Ronald Veenker <rveenker@ec.rr.com> wrote:

Thanks for the compliment, Jack, but every time I look at photos of you and Gus and Bud Olson I want to steal your hair. You guys are timeless.

best always

Ron



**Emy Scherschligt '58
WHS Senior Photo**



**Emy Scherschligt Vig '58
and Ron Veenker '54**



**Wayne Gustafson '54
WHS Senior Photo**



**Bud Olson '54
WHS Senior Photo**

On Apr 13, 2017, at 11:44 AM, **Ronald Veenker '54** <rveenker@ec.rr.com> wrote:

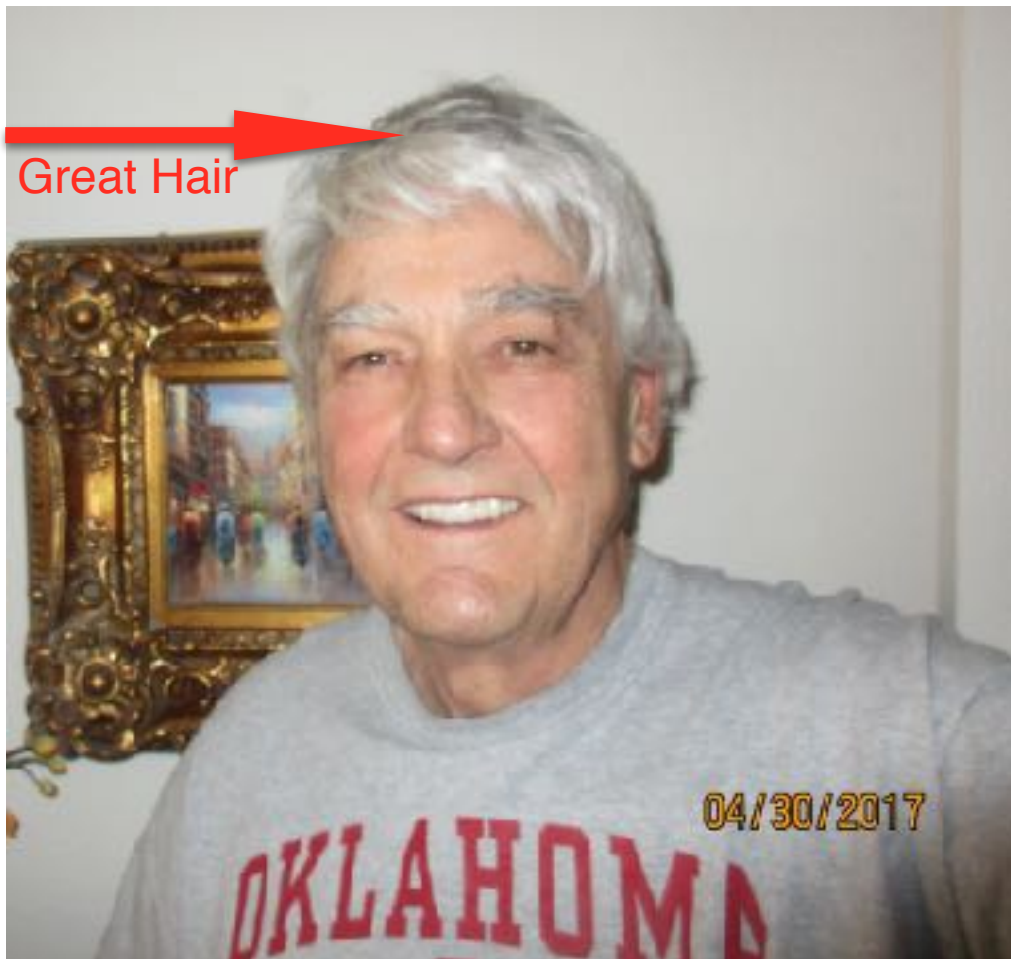
Dear Jack,

I cannot thank you enough for the gift I received in the mail. Your generosity is beyond measure. I will treasure the keepsake* and remember your kindness for at least the next six months.

Your classmate from '54,
Ron Veenker

***Note to Class of '54:**

In the last issue of the O&B, Jack published several photos of him and Debra with Wayne Gustafson and Bev Kaiser enjoying the natural and man-made wonders of Las Vegas. Now here's where everything started to go downhill. Jack very nicely complimented me on not looking my age. I countered with



something about hair, i.e., every time we have a reunion I look at Jack and Wayne (not to mention Bud Olson) and envy their full heads of hair. See photo below



Does he REALLY need that much hair? And he still has to get a haircut frequently. So, out of the kindness of his large heart, Jack saved all the cuttings from his latest haircut and mailed them to me. What a guy! see photo below

Well, I was thrilled and I am still excited about this gift. But what to do with it?

Several plans began to form in my withered brain:

1) Transplant it directly into my forehead. -alas, while I still have discernible hair follicles these strands have no root ball attached.

2) Have it woven into my own hair by an expert (the SuperGlue experiment did not end well) - while this may be more realistic, the color and texture don't match closely enough to get away with it

AND THEN IT HIT ME! The best and only realistic approach to dealing with Jack's hair:

3) TO ALL THE WOMEN (and men, after all, this is the 21st Cent) of the WHS CLASSES OF THE 1950s

I am offering locks of JACK PHILLIP'S SILVER LOCKS to the highest bidders. This ziplock full of his mane will be separated into 4 lots.

The bidding will begin when you read this notice in the next O&B. Contact me day or night at rveenker@ec.rr.com or call me 910-880-4312. No bid is too small for a start to the auction

Thank you for your kind attention to this commercial announcement.

On Apr 13, 2017, at 2:11 PM, **Jack Phillips '54** <jackmp@me.com> wrote:

Ron, You are so funny! I have always loved your humor almost as much as I love your musical talent. I still smile when I think about your "Who's on first" bit with Wayne Mitchell. I really enjoyed you guys that night.

I will run your email in the next O&B, but I have to say, I am glad you included that no bid will be too small. That is kind of an insult to the value I place on my scalp, but sadly I guess in reality it was probably necessary. Jack

Happy May Day To All of My Readers.