

**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](mailto:jack@jackmohillips.com)



**Sara Hart '58**  
WHS Senior Photo

## Growing Up In Sioux Falls From Sara Blizzard '58

Hi Jack,

I have been going to pull my thoughts together and send you a note for some time. It isn't pure laziness that has prevented it, nor is it total procrastination, although that does enter in! Your request for "material" however has motivated me.

My thoughts have been generated due to a dear friend I have here who is exactly ten days younger than I. However, she was born and raised in up-state NY where she had a small boat she sailed and rowed in! A totally different life than I ever had. Of course she didn't

understand swimming in stock dams in West River SD and the reason for the squishy bottom! Many days we talk of our long ago past, the things that made us who we are today and the memories we have. So here goes some of the memories I have that she has found certainly different than what she remembers.

One of my memories is being downtown with Mom, going into J.C. Penny's and seeing the teen boys scrubbing the windows. I was fascinated by them. As I recall they had a sponge of some sort on a long pole they dunked into the bucket of water and used to clean the smudges (hence my mother's warnings to not get my nose on the windows or finger prints because the young man had worked so hard to clean them). And then he used a squeegee on a long pole to "wipe" the water off the glass! I so wanted a squeegee!

Also Penny's had the first escalator in town and opened it for use on St. Joseph's day (which was in March) with no thought that Cathedral School, elementary and High School would be off for the day! The store was packed and one had to wait in line to get onto the thing. I am sure they made money that day but they obviously, as my parents said that night at dinner, had not considered the huge crowds that were there for the day!

Does anyone remember the "flags" of colleges and universities going up on the light poles in August? I loved that because it meant school was just around the corner and while I had no idea what college was in



**Sara Hart '58**  
2nd Semester Editor  
of Orange & Black

the early years, I knew I wanted to be at one of those schools, for whatever reason. And they seemed to come down overnight the day before Thanksgiving and the Christmas decorations went up.

And speaking of Thanksgiving, remember going down town after dinner to see the magic in the store windows? The brown “butcher’s” paper had been up in the windows for at least a week and you tried to see through to see what they were creating, to no avail obviously. But at dusk they pulled the paper down and turned on the magic and the windows were a wonderland of animated figures. No matter how cold we went down there and there were hundreds of others there too.

I am a huge fan of Chokecherry jam and syrup. I don’t remember what time of year it was they ripened but when they did my mother had us down by the falls where they grew wild-----not that they were ever not wild! OH MY! What a treat that jam was. YUM. And it took hours to get the “dish pan” full!

My dad worked at Graff Motors and many times Mom would take Michael and I downtown, by bus, to shop and then we would walk up to the North end so we could ride home with dad. There was a paper goods store on the way I loved to get into as they sold “Story Book Dolls.” I drooled over them and touched them gently, knowing I never would have the money for one. Further on there were what Mom and Dad called “flop houses.” It wasn’t exactly a “seedy” area but it was not a pleasant place as I recall because whenever we walked by there, there were men sleeping on the sidewalk, propped up against the building. Most of the time they each had a paper bag grasped in their fist which I learned years later was covering a “pint.” One day my brother asked why they were sleeping there and Mother said it was because they didn’t work hard in school and learn their lessons and didn’t learn to work hard and make a living and that was where such a life landed you. I’ll tell you, I was never a really “crack” student but I knew I didn’t want to end up sleeping on the concrete! Obviously, we now know people end up like that for many different reasons but her reasoning certainly kept my eye on the straight and narrow.



**Michael Hart '59  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased**

And remember the 200<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration for the city? It was in the mid/late 50s if I recall. A cousin of mine and her family were in town and we walked over to Augustana stadium to see the Pageant. It was really something to me back then.

Another memory I have is from my freshman year of HS which I spent at Cathedral. We lived out on West 26<sup>th</sup> and Dad would drive me to the “north end”, drop me off at a girl friends and a bunch of us would walk to the old Howard Wood field for football games! I know we were safe as could be but I wouldn’t have let my children do that when they were that age. I was terrified of the walk over the RR tracks but I wouldn’t have missed the chance to be with friends by admitting how sacred I was. And we would stop for a coke and fries at a restaurant close to the Caramel Corn place on the corner of, I think, Phillips and the street that went up to Fantle’s. (sorry, I don’t remember street names and numbers too well.)

And speaking of the Caramel Corn shop-----Remember the aroma as they poured the caramel over the popped corn? OH MY! I can still smell it to this day. I loved to stand on the sidewalk and watch them create the magic on marble slabs or in copper kettles over a hot flame! I remember saving money to go in now and then and get a small sack of that wonderful sweet treat.

Lemon’s Tea House too. We didn’t go there often but now and then Mom would take me in there to give me a lesson in etiquette and something from the Tea Cart! It was truly a special treat.

Another wondrous place to me was The Cottage out on S. Minnesota. It too was a place for special occasions, usually shared with my parents friends. Michael and I learned to love shrimp there, to the point that Mom and Dad eventually forbid us from more than one plate of the tasty treat. That table for the buffet was so full of good stuff!

Does anyone remember the stoves in Terrace Park? As I recall there were several banks of them with a pitched “roof” over them you pushed up and held them up with a stick. The stoves were gas and people would bring their dinners and cook there and have a picnic. Of course there were no paper plates or

plastic “flatware” so we’d haul plates and “flatware”, table cloths, glasses and gallon jugs with water and tea. It was cooler to cook there than in the house in the dog days of summer but going home with dishes to wash wasn’t exactly fun, I am sure.

And the concerts in the Park. The one at Terrace Park was usually on a Sunday. We’d take blankets and sit there listening to such wonderful music. Thursdays it was at McKennan Park. One night we were at Terrace Park and a man rushed to the stage, whispered in the conductor’s ear and then he made an announcement-----The war was over. Well, the band went into the National Anthem and many other patriotic songs and people were jumping up and down with joy and shouting when there was a tap in the microphone and the band stopped playing. It was a mistake, it wasn’t over yet. It was as if the air was sucked out of everyone there. Tears were flowing in sadness rather than happiness and people slowly, with great sadness packed up and departed. For some reason, in a week or two, Mom took Michael and I to McKennan Park for the show there and once again, a man runs up, and soon the conductor announces that this time it is the truth and war was over. Again the band was into the National Anthem and other patriotic songs, people were cheering and crying again and I knew this was a special night. I still don’t remember if it was VJ or VE day. I just remember the sheer joy and exuberance of it all.

When we first moved to Sioux Falls mom would often, in the summer, take Michael and I to Terrace Park for lunch and have us take our nap there. It was so quiet and peaceful. And then we would walk down to the lake and watch the swans. They were so graceful. And of course the brother and I had to roll down the terraces. Such a wonderful place to grow up close to.

And then that old house there where they had summer “camp” or whatever it was called. We were not very old but we would walk over there on our own and take part in things that didn’t cost a thing. I was scared of that house too, sure it was haunted. I did go in one day with one of the teens who worked there. There was a bare light bulb that gave little light and didn’t help me get over my fears of the place.

Ice Skating! Remember being down on Coval Lake, skating, going into the “hut” to get warm and coming out smelling of wood fire smoke? And the “Ice Shows” they put on each year? I got to be in one or two of them, more from determination than any skill on skates. When we lived on W. 26<sup>th</sup> there was a skating rink east of our house, maybe three blocks. Often Mom would tell us to get our skates on and go to the rink to “blow the stink off yourselves.” We were probably arguing and she was tired of it all. So, we put our skates on and “walked” the two or three blocks to the rink, spent a few hours there and “walked” back. Eventually Mom felt we were responsible enough and we could carry our skates and put them on in the “hut.” Those were good days.

When my brother Michael and I were small, he four, me five maybe, Dad would take us out of the house on Mom’s birthday to let her have time for herself. At the time he was a salesman and gone four to five days per week. Anyway, one year Dad took us down to fish in the Sioux River. Dad wasn’t exactly an individual who liked to fish or hunt but felt he had a duty to his children to teach them such things. Anything caught he cleaned and it went into our TINY freezer until several months later as once he cleaned the fish or pheasant he could not eat it right away. Anyway, one such fishing excursion was going well when someone else fishing along the banks, under the trees below Sherman Park if I am not wrong, started shouting “Dead man in the river.” Of course everyone started moving together and looking to the north and sure enough! Here is a grey haired individual bobbing along the river. Now I know I sound rather un-rattled about a truly sad situation but I honestly didn’t realize what the big deal it was. I have no idea who went and called authorities but apparently someone did as we learned the next day that the man had been fishing up-river, had a heart attack and fallen into the river. Dad never took us fishing again!!!!!! And yes, he had to bait my hook and pull any bullhead I caught off!!!!!! I still like to fish but no one will bait my hook or remove the fish! And this kind of person tried hard to teach my son to fish. He is now teaching his daughter the fine art!!!

Does anyone remember when Russ Tamblyn came to Sioux Falls for THE WORLD PREMIER of, I think, THE WILD, WILD WEST. I may be wrong about the title but the film was shot mostly in the Black Hills. Of course Russ Tamblyn was a “heart throb” at the time and my dad agreed to take my Cathedral

friend Judy Sheridan and I down for the “arrival” of the “stars” in front of the Hollywood Theater. Well, It was probably in the teens temperature wise and spitting snow as I recall. Of course Judy and I were in skirts and nylons and heels!!!! Think back to those times---jeans weren’t exactly “fashionable” then. Anyway, we spent maybe 45 min. awaiting the arrival of the cars. The Klieg lights were fanning the sky’s and we were jumping up and down to maintain some warmth. Dad had his fedora on and had his coat collar pulled up over his ears. His nose was going red as were his ears and at long last the festivities started. Convertibles dropped off the important people and finally here comes the one we were waiting for---Russ Tamblyn!!!! The car stopped, he stood up, waved and ran for the warmth of the theater!!!! We saw him for maybe two or three min. after shivering for 45 min.!!!! Well, it was exciting then, rather laughable now.

I don’t know if I should bring this up but I have giggled about it for years and told many people about it. Remember the “rumble” at Sherman Park. It was in ’57 or ’58. Peter Wagner and I went into The Embers for coffee as a crowd of classmates were heading out---“Come on! Some bikers are having a rumble in Sherman Park and we are going to watch” we were told. We started to turn around and I chickened out---Mom had died the year before and I figured if I got into trouble it would just add to my dad’s woes and so we had coffee and went home. The next morning in the cafeteria that was the only subject of conversation, about who was in jail etc., etc., When dad came in from work that night he wanted to know what I knew about the “fight” at Sherman Park by “young men” from my class. All I could tell him was it wasn’t my classmates; they had merely gone out to watch a bunch of bikers fight. It seems they hopped their motorcycles and were gone the minute sirens were heard!!!!

Another place my family really enjoyed going to was the Palisades which I think were up by Dell Rapids. I remember such wonderful times there with my parent’s friends and their families, It would be a wild time getting ready---frying chicken, making potato salad, whatever else we took, plus packing plates,. Glasses, jugs of tea, thermoses of water!!! As hot as it was in Sioux Falls, it was always cool there, under the trees.

OK, I think, at least for now, that is all. What fabulous times we had back then! As so many of us so often say, we were blessed to grow up in Sioux Falls, when we did and I have memories to prove it.

Cheers, **Sara Hart Blizzard ‘58**

Editor’s note: Sara, thank you for sharing so many warm and wonderful memories with us. Speaking for myself, I thoroughly enjoyed reading all that you recalled since so many of your wonderful memories are my memories too.

I also attended the big world premier of Russ Tamblyn’s movie, but as I recall it was at the State Theater. And it was cold. I did a bit of research on that evening as I couldn’t recall the name of the movie either. The date was February 16, 1956

The movie was titled, “*The Last Hunt*” and starred Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger, as two buffalo hunters. It was filmed in the Black Hills and also starred Debra Paget, Lloyd Nolan and Russ Tamblyn.

Phillips Ave was blocked off for the 2,500 estimated people who were there to catch a glimpse of the stars. Sara, as we both remember it was was pretty cold that night. It got up to 21 degrees, and got as low as





10. Winds were around 12 mph.

Granger and Tamblyn were the only two stars from the movie that attended the premier. At 8:25, Russ Tamblyn and his young bride arrive to thrill the frozen crowd. The right photo shows a nice view of the underside of the State Theatre's marquee. Ray Loftness and Verl Thomson were the MCs for the outside event.

The right photo from left to right are Russ Tamblyn, Venetia Stevens, and Stewart Granger. Tamblyn and Stevens had married just two days prior on Valentines day. Their marriage would last until April of 1957. In the picture we see that Granger has shed his overcoat to help Ms. Stevens keep warm. The Argus Leader was keen to point this out and emphasize what a cool character Granger was.



Thanks to Argus Leader for the photos and archive information.

Mr. & Mrs. Russ Tamblyn and Stewart Granger



Don Brown '53  
WHS Sophomore Photo

## Don Brown '53

### Simulated Space Traveler

Hello Jack,

A couple issues ago you asked for more stories. The current issue shows that the request paid off handsomely. I much enjoyed them, right from the first one, by Jim Brown (no relative), about Skunk Creek. Others, including Jane Anderson and Royce Adams, offer to write other stories, and its good that you encouraged them to do so. Regarding Stephen Veenker's story about Bill Zabel, what can be said besides "Wow!"

Coming back down to earth, in an early edition of the O&B Newsletter I wrote about my years at WHS, which ended in 1952 when, in the middle of my senior year, I went to California for the summer to earn money for college. I landed such a good job, apprenticing as an experimental machinist in North American Aviation's Engineering Flight Test Lab, that I skipped my final WHS semester (Fall of '52-'53). I then held that job at NAA most of the time for nine years (with time off for two years in the Army). At NAA I helped fabricate or install test equipment on the T-28 Trainer, F-86 Sabre, F-100 Super Sabre, X-15 rocket, and the B-70 Valkyrie. The test pilots had their changing room in the middle of our lab. I well remember amusing stories from the famous Bob Hoover. George "Wheaties" Welch, one of the two pilots to get off the ground when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and maybe the first pilot to (unofficially) break the sound barrier (in a dive in the F-86), unfortunately was not so talkative.

This story is about my last job at NAA.

Having learned to save money while in the army I chose to work only a few or several months at NAA each year so that I could attend a nearby college full time. It helped that there was no tuition for in-state students at that time, only a "fee" of \$2.00(!) per semester. In my third summer after the army, NAA offered to have me serve in an experiment that simulated space travel. NAA was competing for the prime contract on the Apollo Project, so the experiment and its results would be part of NAA's proposal.

The experiment consisted of enclosing three men in a simulated capsule for 12 days—two med students from UCLA and I as a technician. The capsule was a steel tube, maybe 7 feet in diameter, lying

on its side. One end was curtained off as a toilet. The toilet also contained a freezer with our food for the duration. The other end of the tube, and one side, had windows that allowed looking in but not out.

On one side of the capsule was a panel of red and green lights. It was of a size that went to the limits of our vision, so that, sitting in front of it, to see all lights one had to stare continuously at the center. Each of us was to watch that panel 2 hours on, 4 hours off, for the duration. If a red light came on we had to hit a red key; if a green light, then the green key. The quicker we hit the correct key the more money each of us would earn. Mistakes detracted from one's earnings. We soon came to call this part of the experiment "The Task". We did not enjoy it. One of the med students refused to do it after some days, and sat out the remainder of the experiment.

I presume the rationale behind the task is that travel in space would require patient vigilance for signs of malfunction and then rapid and accurate response to any such event. As it turned out, the panel itself malfunctioned during the experiment. Rather than letting me try to restore its service the experimenters outside tried to determine remotely what the problem was. They did so, and then I opened the panel to re-attach a wire that had fallen loose.

We also monitored our vital signs on a regular basis and recorded them in notebooks.

Air was circulated very briskly in the capsule, slowly pulverizing the blankets on the two bunks. The noise of air movement was a continuous unpleasantness. It probably also served to blank out voices outside the capsule.

Each of us had been allowed to bring in a cubic foot of personal items.

One of the med students amused us (and maybe the outside observers) with cartoons showing how much we hated The Task. One series showed torture through the ages, with The Task being a 1961 version.

When the experiment concluded there was a bit of panic on the part of the physicians observing us when they realized the feces we had put into plastic bags and stored in the freezer were not identified. Whose was whose? Examination found that we had each used a distinctive knot to tie up our bags. Problem solved.

My earnings from the twelve days in that capsule put me through a year at UCLA (it helped that it too then had no tuition for in-state students, only a "fee" of \$49 per semester).

In what had to have been very stiff competition, NAA won the prime contract on the Apollo Project, and the capsule experiment is recorded as part of what set



Don Brown '53, on right, outside simulated space capsule.





NAA's proposal apart.

(In the exterior photo of the capsule I am on the right. One of the interior photos shows the cartoons posted to grumble about our onerous Task: not showing well on its left is the series showing torture throughout the ages, ending with The Task in 1961. Several of The Task's panel lights can be seen in the upper right of the other interior photo.)

**Don Brown '53**

**Photo on right:  
Don Brown '53  
Working hard  
inside capsule  
in 1961.**



## Class of '57 in 2017



**Thanks to Peggy Servold Teslow for sending the  
photos above of the class of '57's 60th Reunion.**



**Peggy Sevold '57  
WHS Senior Photo**





Bob Miller '57  
WHS Senior Photo

Jack

Pete Hegg '57 asked me to forward this photo of the 2017 Boys of '57 gathering at his Circle H Ranch preceding the 60th class reunion party last month. As always, a great time was had by all. Pete is a marvelous host !

Best wishes, Bob Miller

Thanks Bob and Pete. The Boys of '57 are a lucky bunch! Your annual get together at Pete's ranch sounds like so much fun. Jack



Pete Hegg '57  
WHS Senior Photo



## Our Great Vacation

Wayne Gustafson '54 and Jack Phillips '54

A Week of Bareboating In The

San Juan Islands



We loved our comfortable home for the week.



From July 7, 2017 through July 14, 2017 Wayne Gustafson '54, Bev Kaiser, Jack Phillips '54 and Debra Phillips cruised the beautiful San Juan Islands, WA and the waters to Victoria, Canada on Vancouver Island. We charted a beautiful 42 foot power boat above from "Anacortes Yacht Charters" in Anacortes, Washington.

The four of us decided prior to our cruise that we would stock the boat only with provisions for breakfast and lunch onboard and that dinner would always be ashore in a nice restaurant. The weather was cool but always pleasant.

The San Juan's are famous for whale watching, but the only sea creatures we saw were from this little guys family. Our evenings were always fun playing the games Bev brought but Wayne and I never could figure out why the girls won so much?

We stayed at a different marina each night except we enjoyed Victoria, Canada so much we decided to stay there two nights. Debra, being from Calgary, Canada had visited Victoria many times before and she used her Canadian influence to get us the most perfect slip for both nights. We were right on Victoria's waterfront and in front of the beautiful & historic Empress Hotel. The iconic Fairmont Empress Hotel (page 10), opened its doors in 1908. Overlooking the sparkling inner harbor, the Empress was designed



Underway in the beautiful blue waters.



Our beautiful Marina In Victoria

for Canadian Pacific Hotels as a terminus hotel for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The building has been designated as a National Historic Site of Canada. Debra took us on a tour of the hotel and the beautiful tea room. The hotel is well known for its classic Victorian afternoon tea service. A grand tradition for over a century, the world renowned Fairmont Empress has served England's most beloved ritual of afternoon tea to famed royalty, celebrities and dignitaries alike. During the summer months, the hotel serves tea in its 'Tea Room' to more than 800 guests and tourists daily. Debra recalled wonderful memories of when her Mother had taken her there for tea when Debra was a young girl. We all enjoyed the great restaurants, fun activities and the beauty of Victoria's inner harbor .



The grand Empress Hotel overlooking Victoria's Inner Harbor.



The Empress Hotel from our boat.



Wayne. Bev. Debra. Jack overlooking Victoria Harbor



Debra Jack



Bev & Wayne at Roche Harbor.





Beautiful Roche Harbor on San Juan Island



Debra and Jack  
at Roche Harbor



*Going Home - Life is Good!*

**In the Fifties ..... Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it they would have become a laughing stock.**





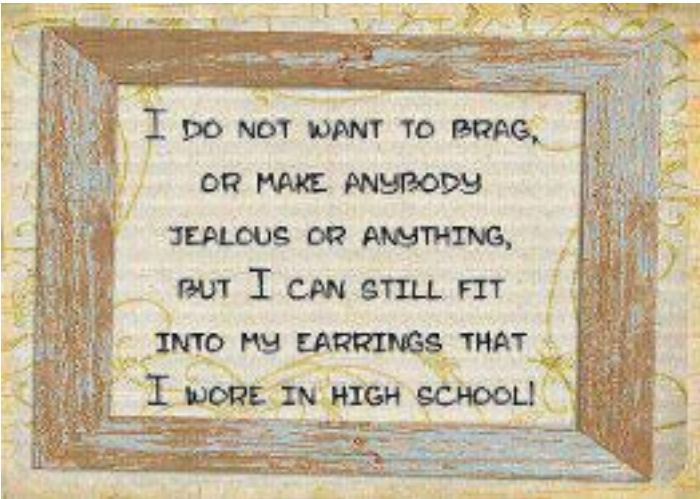
Hi Jack,

We had a mini gathering including these WHS grads from the 1950's to the 1990's. Dick Viehweg '53, Jack Marshman '51, Sharon Frank Johnson '53, Bill Frank '52, Sharon Johnson Frank '54, Amy Johnson Ellis '91, Mary K Houston Moen '54, Reed Johnson '86, Marilyn Hill Viehweg '54, MaryLynn Johnson '81 The photo was taken at Sharon Frank Johnson's home in Sioux Falls. Bill and I live in Mpls., everyone else in Sioux Falls.



Sharon Johnson '54  
WHS Senior Photo

Thanks Jack  
Sharon Johnson Frank '54







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Gray Conradi '57  
WHS Senior Photo

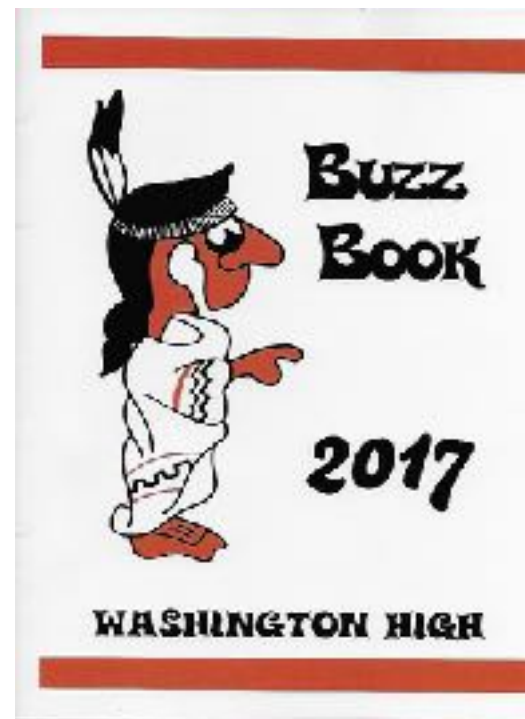


## 2017 Buzz Book For Class of '57

I'm sure we all remember our invaluable "Buzz Books" from WHS. Now I would like to thank Gary Conradi '57 for sending me a copy of the novel idea the class of '57 came up with of recreating a Buzz Book for their recent 60th reunion.

The inside front cover of the slick covered and well done publication contains the Reunion Program followed by 22 pages listing each classmate with contact information for each person. The inside back cover contains a Memoriam to their 150 deceased classmates.

The original Buzz Books were approximately 4" x 6" in size while the 2017 Buzz Book for the class of '57 is 8.5" X 11". Each member of the '57 class will no doubt get lots of continued use from this great idea.



**WHS Athletic  
Hall of Fame  
Banquet  
October 20, 2017  
Save The  
Night and  
Order Your  
Tickets Now.**



## WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

501 NORTH SYCAMORE AVENUE  
SIOUX FALLS, S.D. 57110  
(605) 363-7968



May 31, 2017

### WHS ATHLETIC HALL-OF-FAME

### CLASS OF 2017 INDUCTIONS

#### ATHLETES

Johna Everett-Chalmer

Cam Hoken

Tom Jelmsa

#### ADMINISTRATIVE

Bradley Green

#### COACH

Johna Hill

In 1995 Washington High School initiated an Athletic Hall-of-Fame with the expressed purpose to recognize athletes, coaches, administrators, and contributors who have made an impact on the tradition of Washington High School Athletics. Washington High School has had a long and rich athletic tradition and the WHS Athletic Hall-of-Fame is giving us an opportunity to recognize deserving individuals and their accomplishments. *The 2017 Hall-of-Fame Banquet will be held at the Washington Pavilion on Friday, October 20th. Please complete RSVP and make reservations by September 1st.*

We have had outstanding attendance at all of our banquets. The warm response of the inductees and their families has been inspiring to all of us in attendance. An impressive display of past honorees adorns the wall in the Washington High School Commons.

We will continue to have annual expenses of approximately \$6000 to continue this excellent program. *Plaques and pin costs have risen dramatically over the past few years, and this is an area we can use financial assistance.* For those of you who have not yet had the opportunity to contribute, we are asking you along with many former athletes, coaches, and friends of Washington High School to consider contributing to the Washington High School Athletic Hall-of-Fame. For those of you who have so generously contributed in the past, we, on behalf of the WHS Athletic Hall-of-Fame Committee, would like to send a special thank you for your financial contribution. We would hope that you would consider contributing again in this outstanding project. We can continue this program only through the contributions of individuals such as you who are interested in recognizing Washington High School's great athletic tradition.

Please make your contributions payable to the WHS Athletic Hall-of-Fame and mail to:

Nate Matchew, Activities Director  
Washington High School  
501 North Sycamore Avenue  
Sioux Falls, SD 57110

On behalf of the entire WHS Athletic Hall of Fame Committee, we thank you for your support.

Joan Dream  
Chairman

Jim Love  
Vice Chairman

Nate Matchew  
Activities Director



Washington High School Athletic Hall-of-Fame  
RSVP

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Please make the following banquet reservation:

Number planning to attend at \$40.00 per person \_\_\_\_\_

Name on ticket(s) \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Total amount enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to:

WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC HALL-OF-FAME

Mail to:

Nate Malchow, Activities Director  
Washington High School  
501 N. Sycamore Ave.  
Sioux Falls, SD 57110

Your name tags will be placed on a table and may be picked up at the banquet hall the evening of the induction ceremony. Please circle the inductee that you are honoring with your presence.

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WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC HALL-OF-FAME CLASS OF 2017

WHS ATHLETIC HALL-OF-FAME

CLASS OF 2017 INDUCTEES

ATHLETES

Jenna Schmidt-Shafer

Sam Holson

Tom Jelsma

CONTRIBUTOR

Bradley Green

COACH

James Trott



Today I bent the truth to be kind, and I have no regret,  
for I am far surer of what is kind than I am of what is true.  
~Robert Brault~



**Mary Reinecke '61**  
WHS Junior Photo

# Letters to the & B

On May 30, 2017, Dennis/Mary Potter <potters2@sio.midco.net> wrote:

An excellent edition! I especially liked the airline captain's story. (From WHS O&B #3-17, Memorial Day Issue I've seen it several times, and it always gives me goosebumps. Thank you for including it in this issue. - **Mary Reinecke Potter (Class of 1961)**



**Laurel Pierce '55**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jun 15, 2017, **Laurel Pierce Hampel '55** <laufred@att.net> wrote:

Hello Jack, I have just received correspondence from both you & my dear cousin, Marla. I am so glad that the two of you were able to meet, (at Kent Morstad's '54 visitation), even though under such sad circumstances due to the loss of a mutual friend, who obviously was so important to & loved by so many. Marla & I have remained very close for all the years since she was born, when I was about ten years old. She comes from a very outstanding family of nine children, & her parents, my aunt (now 96 yrs. young) & uncle, (deceased since 1988) were two of the most wonderful people & outstanding parents that I have ever seen. Marla's father was my Dad's younger brother & always will be my idol & a hero to me. Marla & her husband Maury, a Shriner for many years now, have done wonderful works for their community & I know they will continue to do so. They, together, have raised a wonderful family as well. Thank you for adding Marla to your O & B mailing list. It has been no problem at all for me to forward the issues to her...just a quick click of the mouse & it was done, but I will leave that up to you now. I appreciate your very kind words about me, Jack. It means a lot, believe me! You give so much of yourself to this O & B cause, & I am sure you never receive all the intense praise you deserve for doing so. But then of course, there are those who do routinely convey their appreciation to you, so I assume that is what keeps you going. Rest assured, I am in that number though I may not tell you often enough. Thank you for all you do!

Wishing the best of everything for you & Debra! Have a great summer!

Sincerely,

**Laurel Pierce Hampel, WHS Class of '55**

On Jul 2, 2017, at 7:14 AM, **Martha Pasco '61**

<mjpasco@msn.com> wrote:

Jack you always amaze me with your Information in the WHS O&B. We live out side of Sioux Falls but would have loved coming to your get together in June. However we had been in and out of SF that week and just couldn't make it back. I see our class mate Deanna (Dee) Frerk Adams'61 & husband Royce'58 were in attendance of your get together. Dee was a classmate of ours and Royce a good friend of my brother Don Tyler. I guess I just feel I needed to let you know that we love your keeping up with all of these WSHS classmates etc. Thank you so very much.

**Martha (Tyler) Pasco & Gerry, Class of '61**



**Don Tyler '58**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Martha Tyler '61**  
WHS Junior Photo



**Gerry Pasco '61**  
WHS Junior Photo



**Deanna Frerk '61**  
WHS Junior Photo



**Royce Adams '58**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Peggy Teslow '57'**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jun 28, 2017, **Peg Teslow '57**  
pwolset@sio.midco.net wrote:

The class of '57 had its 60th reunion on June 10th at the American Legion here in Sioux Falls. Many felt that it was cost prohibitive to attend for a one-day celebration, which I can understand. There were about 65 people in attendance and we had a great time reminiscing without "loud" music in the background.

Three classmates attended for the first time in 60 years;

namely, **Annie Clark Wallace, John Johannsen, and Yvonne "Debbie" Hanson Lancaster.** This is my last hurrah as chairperson and all my pictures/records have gone to the Minnehaha County Courthouse Museum and what they do not want to keep, have gone to the Sioux Valley Genealogical Society. It has been a labor of love working on the Class of '57 data.

FYI only: On August 2nd my grandson and I are going to Norway, meeting my relatives for three days and then taking a coastal steamer from Bergen all the way up to Kirkenes, near the Russian border, and back. Then we will spend three days with my husband's relatives before returning back home. All told 20 days. Let's face it, we are all "circling the drain" and need to take advantage of every day God has bestowed upon us that remain.

Thank you for all you do to keep the various classes informed. That, too, is a labor of love.

Best wishes, **Peg Teslow '57**



**Annie Clark '57**  
WHS Senior



**John Johannsen '57**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Yvonne Hanson '57**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Gary Conradi '57**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jun 28, 2017, **Gary Conradi '57** <conradi@sio.midco.net> wrote:

Hi Jack,

Peggy Servold not only did a great job of planning our 60th Class Reunion, she also put together an updated "Buzz Book" . There were a couple of them leftover and she gave them to me. If you would like one give me your mailing address and I will send one.

As to your question Kathy and I are doing very well and thoroughly enjoying retirement. If and when we return to Las Vegas to visit her sister and family I will try to get together with you.

At our "Boys of 57" gathering earlier this month at Pete Hegg's Ranch south of Gregory, 18 of us had a great time. It was very nice to see your friend and mine, Bob Miller, return. He had such a good time I expect he will be a more frequent attendee.

**Gary Conradi '57**



**Pete Hegg '57**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Kathy Rea Conradi '58**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Bob Miller '57**  
WHS Senior Photo

**Any  
WHS  
Alumni  
Living in  
Nashville?**



**Trudy Jarvis '56**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jul 2, 2017, **Trudy Jarvis '56** Kehn <tkehn@charter.net> wrote:

Thanks so much for the newsletter. It is nice to hear the news. **Trudy Jarvis Kehn class of 1956.** Does anyone live near Nashville TN?

Trudy, Sorry but in my over 1,500 addresses you seem to be the only one I have in Nashville. Hopefully someone reading the O&B knows of someone else? Jack





**Belinda Eaves '61**  
WHS Junior Photo

On Jun 27, 2017, **Belinda Flanagan '61** <lflana7228@aol.com> wrote:

Hi Jack, My e-mail did not get caught in the "spam thing", but I have to regularly check my "spam" folder because some stuff does get caught in it. Some of us are learning all the ins and outs of the computing age. Where as the younger generation knows how to access the internet by the time they are about 3. A funny story about new technology follows.

My townhouse complex has a swimming pool. Since it is a "shared" pool, the city requires that we have a dedicated land-line phone to call 911 in an emergency. The pool committee installed an old dial phone.

None of the children using the pool had ever seen one before. The first question was: "What is it?" and next "How does it work?" Some of us suggested that to avoid confusion the pool committee should spend the money and update to a push button version. That was done this season.

My husband, Lawrence Flanagan, did not graduate from Washington High, but did attend through his Junior year. He would have been in the Class of 1956, I think. Larry passed away in Nov., 2005. Would you like a copy of his obituary?

**Belinda Eaves Flanagan, 1961.**

On Jun 28, 2017, at 8:43 PM, Jack Phillips '54<jack@jackmphilips.com> wrote:

Hi Belinda, Thank you for the nice note. I am glad you were spared the spam thing. Those kind of problems are no fun and so stressful.

Funny story about you swimming pool phone. I plan to run your letter in my next newsletter.

I am sorry about you losing your husband. I found his sophomore photo in the '54 Warrior and his junior photo in Mr. Pfeiffer's home room #330. I never knew him personally, but I do remember him. I always thought he was a really handsome young man.

I am so glad you mentioned that he had passed away because as I guess you know, I did not have him listed in the class of '56 deceased list. I have now added him. No thank you, you do not need to send his obituary. I only need the obituary when I learn of someone's passing immediately and put out a Special Edition.

Again, thank you so much for writing.

**Jack Phillips '54**

On Jun 28, 2017, at 6:54 PM, **Belinda Flanagan '61** <lflana7228@aol.com> wrote:

*Jack, I am glad you are adding Larry to the class of 56. I know there are friends that do not know of his passing. And yes he was tall, dark and handsome. He always disliked his curly hair. Belinda*



**Larry Flanagan '56**  
WHS Soph. Photo



**Duane O'Connell '60**  
Cathedral Senior Photo

On Jul 10, 2017, Duane O'Connell Cathedral '60, oconnellduane17@gmail.com> wrote:

**Longtime Argus Leader sports editor John Egan dies**

<http://www.argusleader.com/story/news/columnists/stu-whitney/2017/07/10/longtime-argus-leader-sports-editor-john-egan-dies/464656001/>

Thanks to my good friend, Duane O'Connell CHS '60, for advising the O&B of John Egan's passing. John, his younger twin brothers, Dal and Doug, along with their family moved to Sioux Falls from Minneapolis in time for Dal and Doug to attend WHS in their senior year. For more on John's wonderful 38 career with the Argus leader click on the link above that Duane included.



**John Egan**  
Argus Leader  
Sports Writer



Photos at right:  
Dal '51 and Doug '51 Egan  
WHS Senior Photos



**Deede Woods '54**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jul 2, 2017, **Deede Woods '54** <eyemriteaz@aol.com> wrote:  
**Hi, Jack, This is a treasure!!! I actually roomed with Cleo Ann at SDU and dated Bill Zabel occasionally, but haven't been in touch for many years. Who would've thought?**

**Amazing to see the pictures of your luncheon after the funeral for Kent. We are blessed to have you collecting all this info at this stage in our lives. I really appreciate it.**

**Deede**



**Kay Nordin '55**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jul 2, 2017, at 1:05 PM, **Donald, Kay Stoterau '55** <daskms@cox.net> wrote:

Jack, just finished reading your latest publication. Reading the article about Bill Zabel brought back a crazy memory when we were riding to Mpls to participate in the World Affairs regional competition. A side event while there was to go to a new movie We needed the 3-D glasses and the hotel had TVs in the hotel rooms.

It was a big deal!

**Kay Nordin Stoterau. '55 Resides in Mesa, AZ**



**Charles Houck '50**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jul 6, 2017, **Charles L. Houck '50** <clh@rkymtnhi.com> wrote:

Seventh and eighth grade male students attending Emerson Elementary School in 1944-45 and 1945-46 were required to take two years of manual training, currently known as shop, two days a week. The kicker was that Emerson did not have a woodworking classroom, but Lowell Elementary did. So two days a week, given somewhere between ten and fifteen minutes to get from Emerson to Lowell, we would trek to Lowell rain/snow or shine for instruction in woodworking. Given the time limitation, we couldn't tarry, but some guys would try to stop at one of the mom and pop stores for a candy bar or a bottle of pop. Somehow or other, Miss Linter (sp?), would find out and dole out the appropriate punishment. Our teacher was none other than Mr. Aston Wilson.

Whatever woodworking skills I acquired is due to Mr. Wilson. Now, Roger reported that his father taught shop at WHS, but he didn't mention that in 1946-47, he also taught freshman general science. And he was my general science teacher my freshman year. Imagine my surprise, and probably his, that first day of class. Needless to say that I have not forgotten my three positive years with Mr. Wilson. The only other male from Emerson that I remember and that probably remembers our treks to Lowell and is still alive is **Jim Redfield. '50**



**Jim Redfield '50**  
WHS Senior Photo

Several years after graduating from WHS and serving in Korea during the latter stages of the Korean War, I learned that my mother had taken knitting classes from Mrs. Wilson and had become interested in acquiring a Swiss or German built knitting machine. Since I was earning decent money teaching dancing at the Sioux City School of Music and Dance as well as going to



**Mr. Aston Wilson**  
WHS Woodwork Teacher



**Roger Wilson '57**  
WHS Senior Photo

Morningside College on the GI Bill, I surprised my mother by buying her the knitting machine for Christmas though Mrs. Wilson. Because I was a veteran and a college student, she generously sold me the machine at a discount and allowed me to buy it on time. The knitting machine now rests in the basement of my Muncie, Indiana house. I later learned that my parents and the Wilsons had met socially on a number of occasions, but strangely I never met Mr. Wilson again after my freshman year.

As always, I enjoy reading the \*Orange and Black Newsletter\*. Please continue your good work.

Regards to Roger Wilson.

Sincerely,

**Charles L Houck Class of 1950**



**Ron Veenker '54**  
WHS Senior Photo

On Jul 16, 2017, at 11:33 AM, Ronald Veenker

<rveenker@ec.rr.com> wrote:

Dear Jack, jAlas, another neighborhood Mark Twain has passed on. When we were very young and there was a good storm, no one could drive from Guderyahn's house, at 31st and 1st Avenue, south and up the hill to 33rd St. So the city blocked off the intersections at 33rd, 32nd and 31st so we could fly down that steep hill all the way to Guderyahn's drive. He was class of '56 and I cannot to this day remember why we were not in the same class. We're exactly the same age. I was part of the young bunch at Mark Twain who were pushed ahead in '43. Perhaps Dr. and Mrs. Guderyahn held him back as did Mike Myer's parents. I still have fond memories of our times together and of playing under his father's baton in the Augustana Symphony Orchestra. Rest in peace, Rich.

**Ron Veenker, '54**



**Richard Guderyahn '56**  
WHS Senior Photo



**Mike Myers '55**  
WHS Junior Photo



**Vince Flynn**  
USD 1961  
Coyote Photo

On Jul 17, 2017, Vincent Flynn <flynnv56@gmail.com> wrote:

Jack, thanks for putting out the special edition on Mike Rich. Mike and I bonded when I was a senior and he a junior at USD. He was always a bit on the edge with the Beta Brothers, but Mike and I got along very well. We were both taking hard courses, he in physics and me in pre med. We would finish our meals at the Beta house and walk together up to the Med School where we would put in some serious studying for 3 or 4 hours. All that must have worked because I got into Med School and he got into graduate school at Berkeley. In the past few years we reacquainted ourselves using email and caught up with each other over

the past 55 years. He was a unique individual and I am sure he contributed immensely to our country. Rest in Peace, Mike Rich. Vince Flynn, MD

On Jul 17, 2017, Vincent Flynn <flynnv56@gmail.com> wrote:

Jack, less than 5 minutes after the (Beta Theta Pi) brothers sent me the Orange and Black special edition on Mike Rich, my cousin, Dr. Nancy Rost, sent me the edition featuring her father, **Mike Rost '56**. Mike married my first cousin, Judy Flynn of Sioux Falls and we all were very close. Mike and I were classmates at USD medical school. I spent a large amount of time with Judy and Mike along with my wife, Pat Moyle Flynn (spent one year at USD, '59-'60) here in Coronado where they loved to vacation. Thanks for featuring Mike Rost, brings back great memories. We all miss him. Vince



**Mike Rich '57**  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased



**Mike Rost '56**  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased





On Jul 18, 2017, spencer peterson <elksrange1@yahoo.com> wrote:  
 I was very surprised to see notice of **Mike Rich's** passing. He was a quiet guy who sat across the aisle from me at WHS in Sally Olsen's home room. I cannot say that Mike was a friend of mine because we ran with totally different groups. He always seemed quiet and I knew he was a very sharp guy. I talked with him briefly at the last all class WHS reunion. He seemed an unlikely marine type, but I was certainly wrong about that. Mike was a hard charging, good guy who I am sure will be missed by many.

**Spencer Peterson Ph.D., (WHS 57)**

**Spencer Peterson '56**  
 WHS Senior Photo



On Jul 21, 2017, **glenn gravelle '58**

<glenngravellepsy@gmail.com> wrote:

Very nice tribute and remembrance. I read it as I recalled his (George McKeon '54), athletic prowess though I'm from '58.

**Glenn Gravelle '58**

left photo: Glenn Gravelle '58 WHS Senior Photo



**George McKeon '54**  
 WHS Senior Photo



On Jul 21, 2017, **Ellen Janssen '58** <ejanssen@sio.midco.net> wrote:

Hi Jack, Just wanted to let you know that I have been getting your emails. I enjoyed reading your memories about George.

I also wanted to tell you that **George McKeon's '54** sister "Midge" was one of my best friends. She was three years younger than George. We had so much fun together. She died a few years ago. She lived in Monrovia, CA then. I have many fond memories of that house on 7<sup>th</sup> Ave. It is gone now and looks like a gravel parking lot. When we are driving down 14<sup>th</sup> St. I still look over there and sometimes drive up to it. I remember George and Tom back then too. I remember that when George and Tom would get up from sitting in a chair in the living room, Midge and Marsha would check the chairs for change that would have fallen out of their pockets. Midge didn't have a car either and I got to drive my Mom's car so I was over there a lot. There were seven children in the family and I think they are all gone now.

Thanks again for continuing the "Orange & Black"!

**Ellen Flaherty Janssen '58**

**Ellen Flaherty '58**  
 WHS Senior Photo



On Jul 23, 2017, **Paul Weber '52** <pawebertx34@att.net> wrote:

Jack, I was saddened to hear from you about George's passing, but I am pleased that you have elected to keep publishing the O&B; you have provided a lot of information about people that were once a major part of my life, that I would never have been aware of without your efforts.

I didn't know George well. I didn't see the "wrong-way" event but sure heard about it. Kay's parents, Lee (Mac) and Margaret McCahren were close family friends of my parents; my sister and I grew up with Mick, Kay, and Linda attending each others birthday parties from about the 4th birthday up. After WWII ended my folks built

a house on the corner of 29th Street and Pendar Lane next door to the McCahrens. We moved in in October



**Kay McCahren '54**  
 WHS Senior Photo  
 Deceased

**Andy Weber '52**  
 WHS Senior Photo



**Mick McCahren '53**  
WHS Senior Photo  
Deceased

1948 just a few weeks after I started my freshman year at WHS and I lived there till I left for college at OU. I thought Kay was very pretty and very nice and for four years she was literally "the girl next door" to me.

I worked for the Sioux Falls Street Department all three summers during high school. George's dad also worked there. I met him several times and knew who he was but I can't remember his name. I do remember the time when he got pretty famous for winning a brand new Hudson Hornet automobile in a raffle or drawing or something similar. Since you were providing George some

transportation at that time, I wonder if you remember the Hornet?

Anyhow, I am sad that George and Kay are no longer with us. They were special people.

Hope all is well with you. Everything is fine with us.

**Andy Weber '52**

Hi Andy, I agree, George, Kay and Mick were special people. And I also agree with you about how pretty and sweet Kay was. She certainly would have been the ideal dream "girl next door". Yes, I remember your Hornet and the 700 mile ride you gave me when I entered OU. I really liked that car. Good memories! Everything is fine here. Thanks for asking. Glad you are doing well. I hope you will call if you ever get to Las Vegas. I would love to see you again. Jack



**Linda McCahren '59**  
WHS Senior Photo

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On Aug 4, 2017, Martha Pasco '61 <mjpgasco@msn.com> wrote:  
Hi Jack, Thank you for the information of Don Tyler's passing. He was my brother that I have lost contact with for a very long time. I would love if someone out there had contact with him would please contact me.

**Martha (Tyler) Pasco '61**



**Martha Tyler '61**  
WHS Junior Photo

**DID YOU KNOW DON TYLER???**



**Don Tyler '58**  
WHS Senior Photo

## Great Last Minute Story On Mike Rich '57

On Aug 10, 2017, John Simko '57 <jmsimko@sio.midco.net> wrote:

Jack, Here is a very nice article from the Washington Post about our friend Mike Rich for your consideration. Best Wishes. John Simco '57

Michael E. Rich, 77, passed away on Friday July 14, 2017. Rich was Assistant United States Attorney, for the Eastern District of Virginia (N/A/ U.S. Attorney's Office for the Eastern District of Virginia)

By [Rachel Weiner](#)

July 21

On June 26, Assistant U.S. Attorney Michael Rich stood up in court and made one of the last of many jokes.

The case reminded him of "infamous bank robber" Willie Sutton, he told a jury. The criminal supposedly had a simple answer when asked why he robbed banks: "That's where the money is."

The [gun store burglary trial](#), Rich said, would yield a similarly "easy answer."

The verdict came back guilty. Eleven days later, Rich was dead. Only a few close friends knew that about a year earlier, the 77-year-old prosecutor and Vietnam veteran had been diagnosed with leukemia and given little time to live. He chose to spend that time in court.

“I am confident that he wouldn’t have wanted it any other way,” said Dana Boente, the U.S. attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia. “Mike Rich was a patriot and a warrior, in the true sense of both words.”

Michael E. Rich, 77, passed away on Friday July 14, 2017. Rich was Assistant United States Attorney, for the Eastern District of Virginia. (N/A/ U.S. Attorney's Office for the Eastern District of Virginia)

Rich, who died July 14, was considered by many colleagues the brightest and hardest-working person in the office. He retired from the Marines on a Friday in 1990, having over three decades risen to the top of the service’s legal system as a brigadier general and director of the Judge Advocate Division. The next Monday, he started in the U.S. Attorney’s Office and stayed there for 27 years.

He brought to the office the high standards and salty language of his previous profession.

“More than once I heard him dress down an agent or a prosecutor as if he was a general dressing down a private,” Assistant U.S. Attorney James Gillis said. “He really suffered no fools; he really demanded excellence.”

Despite his gruff tendencies, young prosecutors considered it an honor to be taken under his wing.

“You had to earn his trust, but once you did he would do anything for you,” said Zachary Terwilliger, acting chief of staff in the Justice Department. “He had this really loud bark, but behind it was a heart of gold.”

Chuck Rosenberg, now head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, said that when he left his post as U.S. attorney in the Eastern District in 2008 he wanted to appear in court one last time. He knew he wanted to partner with Rich.

“I just figured if I never tried a case again, I wanted to do my last one with Mike,” he said.

Rich always preferred tackling major crimes: murders, robberies, gun violence. He prosecuted the 19-year-old “[Cell Phone Bandit](#)” and [members of MS-13](#) . He loved going to trial and did more often than most prosecutors. His experience in the armed forces helped him put



one former Marine [on death row](#) for strangling a fellow service member and another in prison for life for [killing his wife and hiding her body so well it was never found](#).

But he [also handled complex fraud cases](#), including a [\\$55 million scheme](#) involving the country's largest hotel broker. Rich took on that case and other white-collar crimes in large part out of loyalty to the FBI agent involved, Charlie Price.

Price, now a consultant, met Rich just after the Sept. 11 attacks on a case with suspected terrorism ties. The arrest happened on a Friday; Rich gave Price his home phone number and said to call if he needed anything over the weekend.

In 15 years, Price said, he'd never gotten such an offer from a prosecutor he'd just met.

"I said something to the effect of, 'Will you marry me?'" Price recalled. "I never took a case to another prosecutor again."

Rich was known for his wicked sense of humor and his hatred of new technology, as well as his humility. When co-workers cleaned his office, two major Justice Department awards were found stuffed in his file cabinet. He never talked unless asked about his service in Vietnam, which earned him a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart.

He managed to take his law school entrance exam from Da Nang, Vietnam, in the middle of the war. He was called up from the infantry to a field command after one superior officer was killed and another severely wounded.

"When I heard that a lawyer was coming up to take over the company, I was a little worried," recalled Dennis Zoerb, who became Rich's platoon leader in 1967. "But he became a good infantry commander."

In the Judge Advocate Division, Rich helped reorganize the Marine Corps' rapid response elements to be better prepared for crises across the globe.

## Local Crime & Safety Alerts

Breaking news about public safety in and around D.C.

[Sign up](#)

“I don’t know that there’s a single individual, including superior officers . . . that didn’t believe he was the smartest guy in the room,” said Stephen Columbia, who served with Rich. “He had the capacity to read incredible volumes of information, assimilate it almost instantaneously, and never forget it.”

His stamina and efficiency were also unmatched. Once, after hitting a curb and cracking several ribs on his daily 4:30 a.m. run, Rich showed up to the office the next day.

He rarely took vacations, and he told the few who knew of his illness that prosecuting criminals was what he most wanted to do with his remaining time. Terwilliger remembered Rich telling him that he had once gone on a Caribbean cruise with his wife, Queta Rich. At dinner, he looked around and saw other older passengers popping open bottles of pills.

They left the cruise early and took a flight home.

“He had the fire,” Terwilliger said. “If you looked up ‘tough SOB’ in the dictionary, there would be Mike.”