

THE ALUMNI ORANGE & BLACK NEWSLETTER

Issue #9-18 November 3, 2018

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



Don Knutson '54
WHS Senior Photo

Don Knutson '54, also know as **Colonel Donald O. Knutson USAF Ret.** sent the following Rush Limbaugh article that I think we should all think about.

In my lifetime I have been privileged to personally know two truly brave and distinguished American heroes. Both men graduated for WHS. One was **Major USMC Joe Foss**, who was also Brigadier General of The Air National Guard and the other was my dear friend and WHS classmate **Don Knutson '54**.



Colonel Donald O. Knutson
USAF Retired.

Don flew 394 combat missions over Laos and Vietnam and was shot down behind enemy lines on two of those missions. In addition to two Distinguished Flying Crosses Don has been award dozens of other medals.

The O&B was proud to publish an in length story on Don in the Memorial Day Military Issue, #4-13, on May 24, 2013. The O&B is planning on republishing Don's full story again in the 2019 Memorial Day edition.



Major Joe Foss USMC
April 17, 1915 - January 1, 2003

On Sep 20, 2018, **Donald O. Knutson '54** <dok@dslextre.me.com> wrote:

Love him or loathe him, Rush Limbaugh Nailed This One

Rush Limbaugh: I think the vast differences in compensation between victims of the September 11 casualty and those who die serving our country in Uniform are profound.... No one is really talking about it either, because you just don't criticize anything having to do with September 11 .

Well, I can't let the numbers pass by because it says something really disturbing about the entitlement mentality of this country.

If you lost a family member in the September 11 attack, you're going to get an average of \$1, 185,000 . 00 The range is a minimum guarantee of \$250,000 .00 , all the way up to \$4.7 million....

If you are a surviving family member of an American soldier killed in action, the first check you get is a \$6,000 .00 direct death benefit, half of which is taxable... Next, you get \$1,750 .00 for burial costs.....

If you are the surviving spouse, you get \$833 .00 a month until you remarry or die.... And there's a payment of \$211 .00 per month for each child under 18When the child hits 18, those payments come to a screeching halt.

Keep in mind that some of the people who are getting an average of \$1.185 million up to \$4.7 million are complaining that it's not enough.... Their deaths were tragic, but for most, they were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time...

Soldiers put themselves in harm's way FOR ALL OF US , and they and their families know the dangers....(Actually, soldiers are put in harm's way by politicians and commanding officers.) We also learned over the weekend that some of the victims from the Oklahoma City bombing have started an organization asking for the same deal that the September 11 families are getting....

In addition to that, some of the families of those bombed in the embassies are now asking for compensation as well....

You see where this is going, don't you...? Folks, this is part and parcel of over 50 years of entitlement politics in this country... It's just really sad....

Every time a pay raise comes up for the military, they usually receive next to nothing of a raise....

Now the green machine is in combat in the Middle East while their families have to survive on food stamps and live in low-rent housing....Make sense..?

However, our own U.S. Congress voted themselves a raise. (I believe President Trump didn't agree, not sure if they got it or not.) Many of you don't know that they only have to be in Congress one time to receive a pension that is more than \$15,000 .00 per month....

If some of the military people stay in for 20 years and get out as an E-7, they may receive a pension of \$1,000 per month , and the very people who placed them in harm's way receives a pension of \$15,000 .00 per month....

I would like to see our elected officials pick up a weapon and join ranks before they start cutting out benefits and lowering pay for our sons and daughters who are now fighting...

“ When do we finally do something about this..? ” If this doesn't seem fair to you, it is time to forward this to as many people as you can.... How many people CAN YOU send this to...? How many WILL YOU.?

IF YOU READ AND FORWARD ONLY 1 E-MAIL, MAKE IT THIS ONE!

Please remember the men and women of our ARMED FORCES.

“Youth ages, immaturity is outgrown, ignorance can be educated, and drunkenness sobered, but stupid lasts forever.” Aristophane
"IN GOD WE TRUST"

Ron & Steve Veenker's Damage Report From Hurricane Florence

Brothers, **Ron '54** and **Steve Veenker '59** live in Holden Beach, NC, just about 20 miles South of where the eye of Florence came ashore. They live just 2 miles from each other. Thank you both for letting us know how you survived Florence.

On Sep 19, 2018, **Ronald Veenker '54** <enkish21@gmail.com> wrote:

Dear Jack,

Thank you so much for your concern. This was a really scary hurricane, huge and powerful. The town of Holden Beach issued a mandatory evacuation for 8AM last Wednesday, Sept. 12. I



started looking for pet friendly rooms on Saturday the 8th. Asheville up in the mountains is a nice city to visit so rooms went quickly. I did discover two rooms available, one for \$595.00 and the other for \$630.00 per night. I decided not to go to Asheville. We found a room in a little town in the foothills South Carolina called Gaffney. We are just finishing up our 8th day here. Florence scared us by making landfall 35 miles away and then turning directly toward us. The eye wall went right over our house so we held our breath. What would you do if you lost everything you owned in two hours? Many people have faced this question in our area and hundreds of them lost everything including their pets. My heart was broken for a woman who waded through deep water with her one year old son and lost him in the swift current. I must say that when we decided to relocate we were not ignorant of the weather risks. However, the storms are getting stronger, larger and more frequent. First word from the authorities is that we fared pretty well. My brother (Stephen '59) got back on the island yesterday and went by our house. It looked almost pristine from the exterior, but 70 mph winds driving rain horizontally take their toll. We have some interior water damage and will need to do some repairs, but not extensive. We are most fortunate. The flood waters have receded sufficiently to allow us to sneak back into NC from SC. We should be home by late afternoon tomorrow.

All the best to you and Debra on the cruise,

Ron

PS: You asked me to tell you about my interest in hearing aids. I made an appointment for a hearing test at Costco in Wilmington NC in late August. I ended up purchasing a pair of Bernafon (Swiss) Zerena 9 hearing aids. I am very pleased with them. They are comfortable, effective and can be adjusted from an app on my iPhone. The price of \$1249.00 per instrument was certainly attractive. To anyone reading the O&B, if you're thinking about hearing aids, go to Costco.

623 Ocean Boulevard West

Holden Beach, NC 28462



On Sep 23, 2018, Steve Veenker '59, s.veenker@aol.com wrote:

Our island was opened to residents only Tuesday afternoon. I checked on my rental cottage, then drove to several friends' homes, and brother's, to walk around and give them a look at conditions. FaceTime works well for that. I could walk into all the rooms and show conditions. All things considered, our island got off light. We got 18.52 inches of rain on my block.

Stephen Veenker '59
WHS Senior Photo

The forecast was for 120 mph winds, or stronger. In fact most were substantially lower. I have not yet seen a wind speed record for this island. Personal Weather Stations were without power for several days, so they aren't accurate, and don't measure winds higher than 61 mph. Wilmington's ILM airport logged 105 mph gust(s).

I am six miles from our bridge and causeway. As usual, that distance was lined with aluminum siding, roofing shingles, and insulation. Surprisingly few trees were down..maybe two or three, and some bushes.



By comparison, the mainland was far more seriously hit. A house I considered buying last year was totalled by two huge trees.

The rest of the state is in for long recovery. Some rivers have not yet crested. Thousands of acres are still covered with standing water, including hundreds of commercial hog farms, which have open pits below the cage structure filled with piggy poop. Who knew, it floats? Into water tables, rivers, and ocean.

South Carolina was generally less seriously damaged, I believe, and today the governor estimates \$1.2 trillion in damages.

I did not get many pictures. Rain, wind, low light, and inaccessability didn't make for opportunities. I did get some iPhone video, of which one is on FaceBook, but it's too large to send in email. Here is one of Lockwood Folly, an inlet from the ocean, normally a quiet fishing channel through marshland where we were. This was Sunday, our first time out of the safe house. The water was racing, and almost up to this dock, where my shrimper friends have their moorings.

No wonder the President was moved to say, "LOTS of water." I cannot top his fluency.





One tree blocks the drive to the gate; another landed on the shed and broke through the roof.

Contractors have been unbelievably cooperative. The tree man showed up Sunday morning to clear these two trees. Brother Ron's contractor came first thing after their return and told them they must leave their house: Black Mold. They will stay across the street till the project is finished. FEMA might cover their evacuation travel during the storm, and some damages.

A week later, some rivers are still cresting. You cannot get around the flooding to drive North. There no routes. Many highways have washout gaps or sink holes measuring 50 feet. Wilmington was cut off totally, and FEMA sent airplanes with food and water. Other coastal towns were under 24 hour curfew. At least 33 are dead in NC alone, and that number will increase as crews reach more properties.

So life goes on. For the most part, our island could have sustained much greater damage. Only surface problems on nearly every dwelling. Thanks for your patience. More news will follow as we continue the process.

Stephen Veenker '59



**Ron Veenker '54
enjoying the
beach and
ocean in front of
his home before
the storm.**





On Sep 27, 2018, **Permella Bedford Kielman '56** <4perm@comcast.net> wrote:

Jack, Here are a few pictures from the Class of 1956 Reunion weekend. Thanks!
Permella Bedford Kielman '56

Permella Bedford '56
WHS Senior Photo



LADIES AT LUNCH: Myra Scholten Swanson, Ruth Cartee Ewing, Mary Taylor Herrick, Leora Capen Bass, Permella Bedford Kielman, Anita Robinson Bierman.



Janet Strand George, Pat Jorgensen Palagi, Janet Batcheller Ridle.

Sandy Simpson Zweep and Jackie Sullivan Titus.



On Oct 3, 2018, Doug Olson '56 Springman38@aol.com wrote:

Why Sioux Falls Is Booming

•Justin Fox

October 02 2018, 7:00 AM

October 02 2018, 9:03 PM

Doug Olson '56
WHS Senior Photo

(Bloomberg Opinion) -- There are 63 metropolitan areas in the U.S. (out of 382 total) that saw their populations grow by 10 percent or more from 2010 through mid-2017, according to estimates compiled by the Census Bureau. That compares with an increase of 5.5 percent for the nation as a whole, and 6.5 percent for its metropolitan areas — which, just to be clear on what we're talking about, are defined as "one or more counties that contain a city of 50,000 or more inhabitants, or contain a Census Bureau-defined urbanized area and have a total population of at least 100,000 (75,000 in New England)."

Thirty-nine of these fast-growing metros are in the South and 19 in the West. This should come as no big surprise, given that these two regions are estimated to have accounted for 86 percent of the country's almost-17-million-person increase in population since 2010. None of the fast-growth areas is in the Northeast, but there are five in the slowest-growing of the four regions delineated by the Census Bureau: the Midwest.

One of these Midwestern standouts, Iowa City, Iowa, is home to a large research university, a frequent catalyst for local economic success. Another, Des Moines, Iowa, is a state capital with a metro-area population of 645,911, which is in keeping with urbanist Aaron Renn's dictum that "If you want to be a successful Midwestern city, it helps to be a state capital with a metro area population of over 500,000." Two, Bismarck and Fargo, North Dakota, have been beneficiaries of a big shale-oil boom in their state.

That leaves Sioux Falls, South Dakota, which has seen its metro-area population rise 13.5 percent since 2010 (and 68.8 percent since 1990), to 259,094. There's no major university in town; local legend has it that city fathers were given the choice 150-plus years ago between the University of South Dakota and the South Dakota State Penitentiary, and they opted for the latter because they figured it would bring more jobs. The state capital, Pierre, is more than a three hours' drive away. The signature local industry used to be meatpacking — and there's still a big, exceptionally fragrant Smithfield Foods Inc. pork-processing plant along the Big Sioux River about a mile north of downtown.

This does not sound like a recipe for economic success in the early-21st-century U.S.! Yet Sioux Falls is undeniably booming. What's up with that?

I am not the first to attempt to answer this question: James and Deborah Fallows devote the first chapter of their new book "Our Towns: A 100,000-Mile Journey into the Heart of America" to it, and if you want a detailed account complete with Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade balloons (manufactured in Sioux Falls by Raven Industries Inc.), that's where you really need to go. Last year, meanwhile, the Wall Street Journal described how "As Many Midwest Cities Slump, Sioux Falls Soars," while the New York Times, early to the topic and focused on what really matters, published "A Food Scene Grows in Sioux Falls, S.D." in 2014.

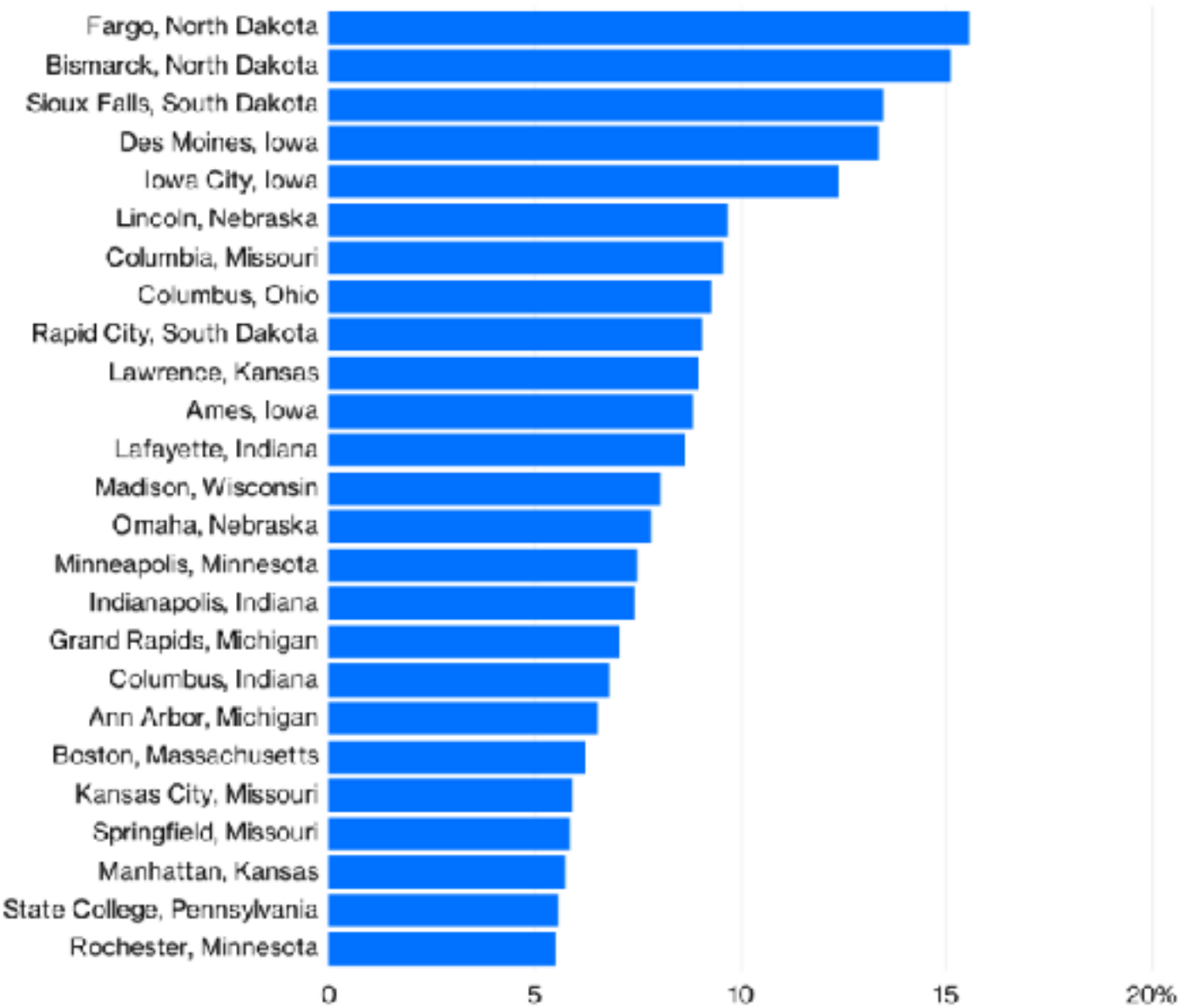
Still, this is a subject worth repeated examination, given that lots of city leaders around the country must wonder how they can capture some of that Sioux Falls magic. And I have two possibly useful observations, one that occurred to me while visiting Sioux Falls recently and another that jumped out as I looked through the metro-area population data just now.

Let's start with the latter: Remember how I said that none of the fastest-growing metros is in the Northeast and five are in the Midwest, even though the Midwest's population is growing more slowly (1.9 percent since 2010) than the Northeast's (2.1 percent)? Go further down the rankings of metropolitan-area growth, and

this discrepancy stands out even more. There is not a single metropolitan area in the Northeast that has grown at or faster than the national metro-area rate of 6.5 percent since 2010, and only two (Boston and State College, Pennsylvania) have grown at or faster than the overall national rate of 5.5 percent. Yet there are 19 metro areas in the slower-growing Midwest that make the first cut, and 23 that make the second.

Fastest-Growing Metros in the Midwest and Northeast

Percentage change in estimated metropolitan-area* population, April 2010 through July 2017



*Largest city in each metro area is named; areas may include counties in other states.

Source: U.S. Census Bureau

What the Midwest has been experiencing is a great reshuffling. On its eastern side, as I wrote about Ohio last month, older industrial cities and to a lesser extent rural areas have been shedding people and jobs. To

the west, the story is almost entirely one of rural areas depopulating as, among other things, bigger, better agricultural equipment allows farmers to plant and harvest more acres with less labor. Some of these people have left the region entirely — the Midwest as a whole has been experiencing net domestic out-migration for decades — but many are flocking to the region's growth hubs, a mix of college towns, state capitals and a few other cities. So the headline on that Wall Street Journal article, while not factually wrong, is misleading. Lots of Midwestern metro areas are soaring, or at least growing faster than the national average, even as the region as a whole plods along.

Still, it cannot be denied that the Dakotas trio of Fargo, Bismarck and Sioux Falls has soared the highest since 2010. While I dismissed the former pair earlier as beneficiaries of North Dakota's oil boom, in Fargo's case that's not really fair, given that it is all the way at the other end of the state from the oil wells (Bismarck, the state capital, is much closer); plus, it was growing at a healthy clip before all the fracking started. Its success raises many of the same questions that Sioux Falls's does, and they probably have some quite similar answers. But it is Sioux Falls that I happened to visit recently, and the Sioux Falls metro area's growth has outpaced Fargo's if you measure from 2000 or 1990.

What did Sioux Falls do to encourage such rapid growth? Most famously, it persuaded Citibank to move its entire credit-card operation to town in the early 1980s after the South Dakota Legislature voted to repeal the state's usury laws, which limited the interest rates banks could charge. Other card issuers followed, attracted not only by the ability to charge as much interest as they pleased but also by very low taxes. South Dakota has no corporate or personal income tax, and when the Tax Foundation last measured overall state and local tax burdens in 2012, South Dakota's ranked second-lowest, just behind oil-rich Alaska.

This isn't just the story, though, of a state luring industry with low taxes and deregulation. South Dakota's workforce happens to be pretty solid, too. College graduates make up a smaller share of the adult population there than nationwide, but the state ranks near the top in the percentage of adults with high school diplomas and associate degrees, as well as in literacy rate, and it has among the highest labor-force participation rates and lowest unemployment rates.

Also, the financial sector ceased being the big economic growth story in Sioux Falls a while ago. The area still has the nation's third-highest location quotient for financial employment, a measure of how concentrated the industry is in the area relative to the nation as a whole, trailing only the metropolitan areas of Bloomington, Illinois (home of State Farm), and Des Moines (another big insurance center). But metro Sioux Falls has fewer financial-sector jobs now than it did in 2008, even as other payroll employment has risen 20 percent.

It can't have hurt that, before it started shedding jobs, the credit-card industry provided Sioux Falls with a billionaire sugar daddy. Minnesotan T. Denny Sanford had founded and sold a company representing manufacturers of construction materials and was trying and failing to enjoy retirement when, according to Forbes, he bought a 10-branch South Dakota bank in 1986 from a friend who needed to unload it because he was going through a divorce. A few years later, Sanford hired a young executive from Citibank's Sioux Falls operation to see if there was a credit-card niche that his First Premier Bank could exploit. What they settled on was high-interest-rate cards for people with terrible credit. First Premier is now a major national card issuer, and while its practices sometimes garner bad media coverage, they also bring in tons of money — money that Sanford, now 82, has pledged to give away fast enough that he can die broke. Sanford has reportedly donated nearly \$1 billion to one of the two Sioux Falls-area hospital systems, which is now called Sanford Health and bills itself as "the largest rural, not-for-profit health care system in the nation." One of its affiliates, Sanford Research, employs 200 medical researchers in Sioux Falls. Regional centralization of health care has made it a key source of jobs in lots of mid-sized cities, but Sanford's gifts have helped make those jobs even more plentiful and well-remunerated in Sioux Falls than is the norm. Sanford has also helped fund the Sanford Underground Research Facility, a state-managed physics lab in a former gold mine in the Black Hills at the western edge of the state; the new Madison Cyber Labs at Dakota

State University about an hour's drive northwest of Sioux Falls; and the Sanford School of Medicine at the University of South Dakota about an hour's drive to the south.

No one else in Sioux Falls has amassed anything like Sanford's fortune, but other businesspeople in the city feel similarly compelled to chip in. The new mayor, Paul Ten Haken, is the founder and former chief executive of a Sioux Falls-based marketing technology company who decided it was time to "pivot" to public service, while his predecessor had been a Citibank and First Premier executive before taking charge at City Hall. Since 1987, an initiative called Forward Sioux Falls has been relying on donations from local businesses to finance most of the area's economic development efforts, which at the moment include a giant new industrial park at the north end of town and a nearby "corporate and academic research park" affiliated with the University of South Dakota. "The business community recognizes that we're in a low-tax state," Dave Rozenboom, president of First Premier Bank (overseeing the local community bank, not the national credit-card operation) and co-chairman of the current Forward Sioux Falls fundraising campaign, told me. "So in essence we're taxing ourselves. And we get to choose what to spend it on."

This mixing of private and public interest may make you cringe, but as the Fallowses recount in their book, such public-private partnerships can be found again and again in successful cities and regions. And while cutting state taxes to spur growth doesn't always work, combining low taxes with high investment seems like a pretty potent recipe for economic success, if you can find a way to sustain it.

This column does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the editorial board or Bloomberg LP and its owners. Justin Fox is a Bloomberg Opinion columnist covering business. He was the editorial director of Harvard Business Review and wrote for Time, Fortune and American Banker. He is the author of "The Myth of the Rational Market."



Wally Boersma '54
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 16, 2018, Wallace Boersma '54
<wboersma@commercialresources.net> wrote:

As you have requested from all of us, attached is a write up on my life since high school. I hope it is not too long and you find it acceptable. If you have comments or suggestions, it can be edited. I have always enjoyed reading about other classmates. Incidentally, it might be interesting to read about peoples working experiences during summer break. For example I drove caterpillar, worked on final assembly at Buick, chopped enamel to coat utility pipe, built steel grain bins, unloaded mail cars for the C&EI railroad, and worked at a mental hospital.

Thanks for all your work.
Wally Boersma '54

Most of our classmates have resisted writing to Jack about their life. There is a natural reaction of 'like who cares' and 'what's to brag about'. Under the assumption it could be interesting to read about others, I will try to highlight a few of my experiences and observations. You don't have to be "successful" to share your life stories. I for one enjoy reading about others.

After a year at the University of South Dakota, I transferred to Michigan. Like a lot of students then, I had to pay my way through school. I worked in recreational therapy at a mental institution. I learned three things; there really is such a thing as mental illness, it is not very treatable except through drug therapy, and when in the early seventies the sanitariums were basically all shut down we ended up with a lot of homeless people.

Thanks to an excellent math background from high school, I did well in the quantitative classes. We had a professor in Working Capital that liked to emphasize the need to be good with numbers. He said because he was good with numbers he had made money on Wall Street and could afford to teach. So I worked a test in base twelve to find out. He had to take it to the math department to get it graded. I also taught the Cost Accounting professor how to use determinates to solve a set of unknowns.

My other experience was trying to program in assembly language. Michigan was one of two schools that had a “real” computer. It was before transistors and it used vacuum tubes. Each morning the operators would go up and down the cat walks with a feather duster and literally “debug” the computer of moths short circuiting the wiring.

I was drafted out of graduate school and served my time at Fairchild AFB outside of Spokane, Washington. I was the payroll clerk for a Nike Battalion and worked for the Air Force. Needless to say I was a bit of a privileged character. My claim to fame was apparently being the first to convert the Army payroll voucher system to the Air Force computer system.

My office was a good two miles from the barracks. They drove me to work in the battalion commanders car until he got late for an IG inspection. I lost my ride and looked for an alternative. Getting a bike was an obvious solution. The problem, Army regs required a minimum order of six each. The bikes finally came, but the supply officer and the motor supply officer each got one. That left me three to trade off. It became a bidding frenzy among the air force officers. One of the trades was getting a pass to the flight line mess hall.

I have never regretted spending two years for the service of my country. I think we should have the draft today. I went from being a college student to living in a room with fifty nine other guys. We were a real mixture from all corners of the country. We learned to get along, obey orders, and get in reasonable shape. Today young men don’t have to sacrifice their time in the service of their country. They don’t have the opportunity of living with other men from other parts of the country, other social classes, and other races. Most importantly, they don’t learn to subordinate themselves and take orders.

After being discharged, I headed back to Michigan and stopped in Chicago. A friend challenged me to interview for a job. It was with an accounting firm and my college accounting classes had not made sense. It was probably the oldest accounting firm in Chicago. Two of the original partners had double digit certificate numbers. There was an interesting group of clients. For example one client was the largest credit bureau in Chicago and they were actually insolvent, but maintained operations with a constant float between the three adjacent Federal Reserve districts. They reported on everyone else’s bad credit, but not their own.

Another client wanted to buy a large sailing boat. They printed invoices for nine fictitious firms and billed themselves to pay for the yacht. At that time the tax rate was 72% and the government paid that amount for the boat.

I had the combination for another owner’s private safe so I could prepare a monthly financial report on the expenditures of his mistress. Another client was told his new Rolls Royce was ostentatious, so he traded it in on a Buick and paid the sales tax. The list goes on. This was almost sixty years ago so it is OK to tell.

I left the job in Chicago and moved out to Colorado and camped out for about four months. As winter came on, I went down to Denver and got a job in a municipal bond department. This was about the time a financing technique called advanced refunding became popular. I was one of the few that figured out what government bonds were necessary to fund the escrow. The idea was to refund municipal bonds not yet subject to call by selling a new bond issue, taking those proceeds to buy government bonds to be placed in escrow to then pay off the outstanding debt as it matured over time. The lower interest rate on the municipal bonds generated a profit.

I got the bright idea to skip the refunding. Just sell a bond issue, buy the government bonds at a much lower cost and pocket the difference. We talked the Board for the State Colleges into selling a \$400,000,000 issue. They would net 10% and we would get 5% of their proceeds. One of the politically motivated board members went to Washington to brag on the scheme. As a result Congress passed a law prohibiting what they called financial leverage trading on the tax exemption of municipal bonds. So my claim to fame; I was responsible for the passage of federal legislation.

I had always considered teaching and ended up at the University of Texas school of Economics and Finance. At that time I had had eleven years experience in the fields of accounting and finance. None of the members of my committee had ever been outside of academia. I was considered strange for wanting to teach, not publish. They didn't approve of me.

The result was my getting retained by the largest property management firm in Austin to develop a computerized accounting system. I had taken computer science to satisfy the foreign language requirement and had also passed the CPA test. The next twenty plus years I designed and wrote financial computer systems.

Some of the features for the property management firms were popular with other clients. Most made use of the feature of having a single cash account for several different companies. By closing fourteen bank accounts and investing the freed cash balances, one client paid for the computer and system in two years. Another feature was the ability to make up to six computation passes. For example this was used to calculate management fees, depreciation, and finance charges.

These calculations could also post to a different set of books. State associations used this feature to prepare consolidated reports for members by size, population served and other demographics. I also had several clients in the oil and gas industry. The calculations for the various working, royalty, and overriding interests were a challenge.

Fortunately, I always had a programmer that was smarter than me. They were always women until the last system. It was a food service system for schools and hospitals. I knew nothing about the industry. This disaster was further compounded by hiring a male programmer.

During this time I frequently taught accounting and finance courses as an adjunct professor. I became friends with the dean of the business school at the local university. He was involved with smuggling Bibles into Russia. This was difficult and expensive to do. The Russians had ample free time and access to ink and paper. He decided to use the oldest printing process known to man; silk screen printing. Arrangements were made with silk screen manufactures, principally in Switzerland, to get mill end runs. The silk screen

material was then sent to Finland. The women there would sew the material into petty coats and wear them into Russia. The silk screen was principally used to print the book of John, song books, and bulletins. It was quite successful and spread pretty much all through Russia.

That was in the seventies and early eighties. Ten years later with the fall of Mother Russia, I was invited back with a consulting team for privatization. It was interesting to say the least. Under communism a factory made only one item. If they made a tractor it was only ninety horsepower. If someone wanted a forty horsepower tractor they went to a different factory. Management had no concept of working capital. No accounts receivable, inventory or accounts payable.

The most common expression you heard; **“when everything belongs to everyone, no one is responsible for anything”!** Working conditions were deplorable and absenteeism averaged thirty percent. We had a meeting with the government heads of state. They asked each one of us for a comment. After being in the government office and not being able to see out the window because of the filth. Watching the old women redistribute the muddy floor with muddy water. I wanted to suggest they get some high grade detergent and clean the place up. Instead my comment was to prepare for up to ten times inflation. A comment not well received. Price had no relationship to cost. We had flown twenty four hundred miles on Aeroflot for the equivalent of two dollars, (that was an experience). A pair of shoes sold for eight to nine dollars. The average weekly wage was eight dollars.

One afternoon we had free time and I was wandering downtown when I heard singing. It was coming from a bar in a basement much like the one on Cheers. I went in and sat down at a mostly empty table. There were at least thirty patrons there. A woman came over and started talking to me in perfect English. She said they like to sing American songs. The whole group then started to sing all four verses of Clementine in English. I was amazed. They were friendly people, spoke highly of the United States and would have liked to live here.

As personal computers phased out small mainframes and the operating systems changed, it was time to find another vocation. My oldest son and I started a commercial mortgage financing business. Despite being in Marshall, Texas we were quite successful. I had written an algorithm to analyze the financial worthiness of what is called a REMIC. That is a large group of loans that have been placed in an irrevocable trust. As a result I knew the standard percentage relationships for the various revenue and expense classifications.

We developed a reputation of maximizing loan proceeds and closing the loan terms as submitted. One example was a client wanting to refinance a portfolio of self-storage facilities. He requested quotes from a large underwriting bank, a national mortgage broker firm and us. He was hoping the loan proceeds would be as high as nine million dollars. The other firms were able to submit bids for the nine million dollars. Our bid was for eleven million dollars at an interest rate lower than the other two bids. We had simply reclassified revenue and expense items to conform to underwriting standards. It was a classic case of figures don't lie. Thanks again to Joy Hamrin.

On a personal vein, my wife is a fifth generation resident of Marshall, Texas. As a consultant my living location was flexible. We ended up in Marshall, Texas and live outside of town. I became a gentleman farmer. Growing up my boys fished and swam in one of the five ponds, rode horses and dirt bikes, showed

Santa Gertrudis cattle and ran trap lines. My youngest boy made good money showing and selling bulls. The oldest boy learned to skin raccoons in one piece and sold them at a premium. Obviously that was before cell phones. They did each get a personal computer in the early eighties. Towards the end of high school, they both helped restore GT Mustang fastbacks that they took to college.

After retiring from teaching, my wife decided to raise orchids. We built her a greenhouse in the shape of a pyramid. It was a featured article in the magazine of the American Orchid Society. She became a Certified Orchid Judge. She has traveled all over the United States, made several trips to Costa Rica, then to Ecuador, and will go to Columbia next year judging orchids. After the drudgery of having to repot some eight hundred orchid plants each year, the greenhouse is now gone. In its place is a butterfly garden. During this time I just went with the flow with her and the boys.

Dear Wally, Thank you so much for responding to my continually repeated request for our classmates to submit a story on all of any part of their life. I thoroughly enjoyed reading all of the really fascinating facets of your life. Thank you very much for taking the time to submit it. I am wondering if you or you wife might know of Don Brown '53 and his wife, Carrie who also are quite successful at growing orchids. Don was a full professor in the Department of Anthropology, at the University of California at Santa Barbara, CA His Email address is: brownd@anth.ucsb.edu Jack



Don and Carrie Brown with one of their award winning orchids.



Wally Boersma '54 attending the reception following his good friend, Bob Zimmerman's memorial service in Mesa, AZ on 4-14-18. Also pictured; Connie Hammitt Zimmerman '54; Mrs. Jack Phillips, Debra and Carla Thoeke Gibson '56

Some things to ponder from Don Knutson '54 and Harry Hoiland '54

If 4 out of 5 people SUFFER from diarrhea does that mean that one person enjoys it?

At income tax time, did you ever notice: When you put the two words 'The' and 'IRS' together it spells ... 'THEIRS'?



Don Knutson '54
WHS Senior Photo



Harry Hoiland '54
WHS Senior Photo



On Oct 28, 2018, **spencer peterson '57**
 <elksrange1@yahoo.com> wrote:

Jack:

My wife (Shirley White, WHS 59, Home Coming Queen) recently came across an copy of the March 23, 1961 Miss University Contest program that she had tucked away years ago. She is contestant number 2 in the program and was named "Miss Congeniality". She was sponsored by the DAKOTANS. The interesting aspect of this, at least to me, is that you were a member (according to the program back page) of the DAKOTANS group that sponsored her in the contest. The programs were printed courtesy of the University Co-Op Stores. Just another small reminder from the past. Do you recall any of this event?

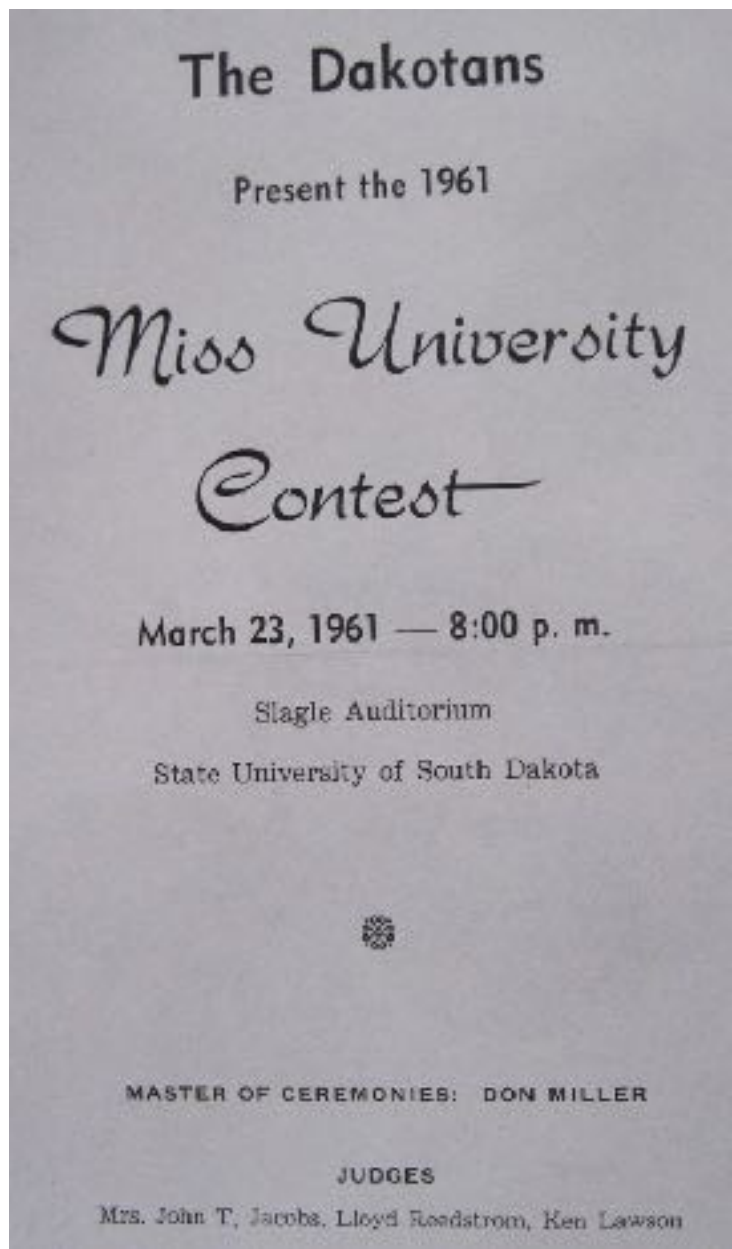
Spencer Peterson (WHS 57)

Thanks Spencer, The "Dakotans" were/are a senior honorary society at USD. In addition to myself from Sioux Falls there were two others, Mike Howes '58 and Tom Muilenburg '58 deceased. I have no idea why Tom was not listed.

Spencer Peterson '57
 WHS Senior Photo



Shirley White '59
 WHS Senior Photo



1. Judy Skumacher, Huron
 Vocal and Piano "Misty"



2. Shirley White, Sioux Falls
 Original dramatic reading,
 "Page 3"



3. Judy Vlasak, Yankton
 Dance, "Swanee River"



4. Sara Eyres, Vermillion
 Impersonations

10/30/2018 11:07



5. Nancy Ann Gardner, Huron
Vocal, "Summertime"



6. Sandy Kleppin, Sturgis
Original dramatic reading,
"Eloise"



Sara Tymeson, Storm Lake, Ia.
Jazz dance,
"Man with the Golden Arm"



8. Cherri Gladstone, Newell
Piano solo

10/30/2018 11:07

Rating Sheet for Audience

	Formal	Bathing Suit	Talent
1st	-----	-----	-----
2nd	-----	-----	-----
3rd	-----	-----	-----
4th	-----	-----	-----
5th	-----	-----	-----
6th	-----	-----	-----
7th	-----	-----	-----
8th	-----	-----	-----

DAKOTANS

Ken Bode ✓	Chip Harris ✓	Dick Persinger
John Doohen	Gary Howard	Jack Phillips ✓
Bill Brown	Mike Howes	Chuck Pootz
Jerry Linderman	Dave Johnson	Joey Schmidt
Jerry Baldwin ✓	John Matson	Jim Stafne
Dan German	Dick McColley	John Vanderboon ✓
Ron Giles	Gary McDowell	

Gifts Donated by:

Fabric Center	Sletwold Flower Shop
Walpole Drug	Index Stationers
Jo Ellen's	Dallas Jewelry
Davis Drug	Viken's
Clothing Cupboard	Charlie's Pizza House
Council Oak	Varsity
Yendo Jewelry	Looking Glass
Tieszen Furniture	8 C's Sport Shop
Vermillion Beauty Shop	Meach's Cleaners

Special thanks to Jan Barber, Miss South Dakota of 1960; Dr. Wayne Knutson, University Theatre; The Volants; Bill Slattery, News Bureau; Sue Maillenbug, Miss University 1960.

Programs Courtesy of
UNIVERSITY CO-OP STORES
Bookstore and Fountain



Jim Ward '53
WHS Senior Photo

On Nov 2, 2018, **James Ward '53** <j-cward@charter.net> wrote:

Jack. Glancing through other Sioux Falls material I came upon the attached piece about a tornado that hit Sioux Falls in 1946 or 47. Maybe you could use this piece. By the way, my friend who was sleeping in the basement when the second story of his home was blown off was **John Peckham '52**. The park was not mentioned by name. It was McKennan Park, of course. I have a copy of the picture of my dad and sister surveying the damage from the 1933 (or 34?) tornado. Also, I think I have a picture of the exhibit in the museum in the old Minnehaha County courthouse building if, by chance, you want them. Last time I was in Sioux Falls for **Kent Morstad's '54** funeral, the exhibit was still in a prominent place in the front entry.

As you know, I just love this stuff. That is why I enjoy the alumni newsletter so much. Thanks Jack.

Jim Ward '53

The Tornado

We were just a bunch of old guys talking about the recent violent weather in the Mid-west. They remembered seeing tornadoes at a distance. I kept quiet for a while but the memories came over me as a flood. Finally, I blurted out, "I was in one once." The old faces turned to me and wanted to hear my story.

I was ten years old and living in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. My dad and I were out in our 1939 LaSalle - we thought it was a pretty fancy car in that day - and the weather was ugly. It had been a hot and sultry summer day. It began to rain and wind was blustery but this was not that unusual for a warm summer afternoon in Sioux Falls.

We were nearly home when the rain increased to the point we had to roll up the windows on the car - something we didn't usually do in the days before air conditioning. Suddenly the world around us turned dark as night and the wind went from bluster to violent. So violent that a huge tree was blown down in front of us blocking the street. As it fell it took power lines down with it. I am sure my eyes were as big as saucepans as I saw the wires whirling about on the street with sparks dancing from their raw ends. My dad slammed on the brakes and twisted around in his seat to back away from the fallen tree. During our retreat, I stared in amazement out of the windows of the LaSalle to see huge clods of earth and fragments of tree branches shooting by. It was as if we were under water with swirling debris dashing across our view.

Dad hastily found an alternate way home and by the time we traversed the few blocks to our house, the darkness had lifted and the late afternoon light was back with us. Safe in our driveway we were astounded that the rain and wind abruptly stopped. The dark pandemonium of a few minutes before was replaced by a tranquil late summer afternoon. Except that is for the street in front of our house; it was awash with water, a rushing stream from curb to curb. But that soon dissipated and, awestruck, we stood speculating as to what had hit us.



John Peckham '52
WHS Senior Photo



Kent Morstad '54
WHS Senior Photo
Deceased

In the remaining hours of daylight, we moved about the neighborhood to survey the damage. Our community park a couple blocks distant was decimated with fallen and splintered trees everywhere. When the tornado touched down at the park, Dad and I were on the street nearby - hence the maelstrom we were a part of. Two blocks in another direction the tornado struck a house belonging to a friend of mine. The storm took off the second story of his house and dumped it in a vacant lot nearby. The freestanding family garage was picked up by the wind and deposited a block away. I later learned that my friend was sleepy that afternoon and had retired for a nap. His second story bedroom was hot and sultry so he opted to sleep in the basement. Lucky for him!

A large part of Sioux Falls is enclosed in a horseshoe bend of the Sioux River. Indian legend had it that the town was thus protected from tornadoes. Our experience proved that the Indians did not have that right. But my family already knew that. Before I was born, a previous tornado struck Sioux Falls. The storm hit a bridge about a mile from our house. It was one of those classic “erector set” steel bridges of the day and it was torn to pieces. A girder from the bridge flew through the air and was driven as an arrow clean through a tree trunk which was about eighteen inches in diameter. After that storm, my dad held my older sister and posed for a photo in front of the tree with the girder through it. (Seventy-five years later, I was in a museum in Sioux Falls and saw the preserved section of the tree with the girder still in it. I sent the museum a copy of the picture.)



I was in other storms after this one, including a tropical storm in the South Pacific where I bounced on a reef in a fiberglass boat and a hurricane in the North Atlantic when the ocean liner I was on heaved to in order to ride out the storm. But in neither of those storms did I come so close to meeting my Maker as I did on that hot summer afternoon in Sioux Falls when I was in a tornado.

Jim D Ward '53



Marlys Ahrendt '57
WHS Senior Photo

Letters to the & B

On Sep 18, 2018, **Marlys Ahrendt Hohman '57** <marlysanna@aol.com> wrote:

Jack,

Some newsletter info if you want to include it.

I know you are traveling, but want to get it off my desk.

Marlys Ahrendt Hohman '57



April 13, 2018

Ms. Marlys Hohman
Treasurer
Washington High Alumni Scholarship Association
4504 E. 49th Street
Sioux Falls, SD 57110-4524

Dear Marlys:

The Board of Directors of the Sioux Falls Area Community Foundation has approved the following distributions, which were paid on 04/13/2018 from the WASHINGTON HIGH ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIP FUND:

Alexandra Gregor
4412 E. 20th Street, Sioux Falls, SD 57103
\$1,750.00, Scholarship

If you have any questions regarding the above, please call me at 336-7055 ext. 20.

Sincerely yours,

Patrick Gule
Program Officer



THE DEPOT AT CHERAM PLACE

200 N. Chera Place, Sioux Falls, SD 57106 • 605.335.7055 • info@stefc.org

FOR GOOD. FOR EVER.

01 May 2018

Alexandra Gregor
4412 East 20 Street
Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 57103

Washington High Alumni Scholarship Association: Ms. Marlys A. Hohman
Washington High Alumni Scholarship

Dear Ms. Marlys A. Hohman and Washington High Alumni Scholarship Association:

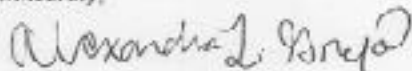
Thank you for your commitment to supporting scholarships to Sioux Falls Washington students. I am very thankful to receive the Washington High Alumni Scholarship and your financial support is sincerely appreciated. I am very excited to have the opportunity to continue my education after high school, and with your generous contribution, my college experience will be less stressful financially.

My name is Alexandra Gregor, and I am a senior at Washington High School in Sioux Falls, South Dakota and will graduate this June. In school I enjoy participating in the symphony and chamber orchestras, as well as a member of the color guard in the marching band. Other than school activities, I volunteer my time with the Sioux Falls Sparks Lacrosse League, and I have worked as a receptionist for the last two years at Great Clips. I live with both of my parents and my two younger brothers. I will be attending my freshmen year of college at The South Dakota School of Mines and Technology to study mining engineering this fall.

I love attending Washington High and will miss the amazing staff and students very much post graduation. So far in my life, WHS has given me the best memories and opportunities that I would not have been able to make and have anywhere else. I am very grateful for WHS and everything it has given me. I know that because of the dedication to learning and knowledge WHS has, that I am ready for college and look forward to continuing my education.

I would like to thank you again for this scholarship and for the commitments you have made to Sioux Falls Washington students. It is an honor to represent you and your foundation in this scholarship award. I look forward to the challenge and benefits of SDSM&T, and thank you again for your support.

Sincerely,



Alexandra L. Gregor
(605) 838-9796
alliegregor320@gmail.com



Sharol Rohde '57
WHS Senior Photo

On Sep 18, 2018, Sharol Rohde Darling '57 <sharoldarling@yahoo.com> wrote:

Jack, I read the wonderful newsletter you put out every time I get it. You do a wonderful service for those of us that graduated in the 50s!! This last edition had the annual picture of the "boys of '57" in it. Something is happening to us and I can't recognize all of these guys in the picture. Nor can I read their names on their shirts. Too fuzzy. What is up with that? Ha Ha! Anyway, can you send me a list of their names. I appreciate this so much.
Sharol Rohde Darling '57

Sharol, sorry the names were too small and fuzzy. The "fuzzy" part is something that I have to fight and live with on every full Newsletter. My mail server, Constant Contact, has a policy or rule to not allow any mailings over 5mb (mega bites). Because my full newsletters are so large, usually over 20 pages, they are always over 5mb and I have to reduce the quality (or resolutions) and that unfortunately always negatively affects the quality of the entire newsletter, especially the quality of the photographs.

Because my "Special Editions" are usually only one page they are not affected and I do not have to reduce the resolution on those mailings.

Below you will find the photo of the "Boys of '57" much larger so hopefully you will be able to read all the names of this super handsome bunch. But just to be safe I am also typing each name again below the photo.

Jack



Seated row: Terry Robinson, Palmer Peterson, Ron Warren, Pete Hegg, Chuck Velure, Tom Johnson, Floyd Jones. **Standing row:** Fred Fellows, Dave Eleeson, Gary Conradi, Chad Boese, Larry Gleeson, Archie Stutenroth, John Simko, Roger Wangsness, Mark Line.



Royce Adams '58
WHS Senior Photo

On Sep 21, 2018, **Royce Adams '58** <Litljump@aol.com> wrote:

Jack - I send this to you if you wish to use it - I rarely write articles that are in a negative theme, but I found this class assignment to be so moving that perhaps others may feel it also as I did.

Subject: school days

From 2003 to 2009 I worked full-time with our school district. I taught most in the special ed classes, it was an interesting job and sometimes we saw how innocent kids can be abused. That was brought to my attention when one day I asked the kids to write about who they thought was their hero at that time. I got good responses from my kids but one of the responses was very special to me and I am going to share it with you. This student's response stood out from the others.

My Mom is my Hero!

When I was little, I was treated bad. My birth parents wouldn't feed me or love me so I only had a week to live.

When people looked at me, they could see my bones sticking out. Then the most wonderful thing happened to me, my mom now came to pick me up and take me away from them. Then when I was seven, my parents now (present parents) adopted me. So now my life is perfect with my mom.

I kept this paper, it says so much with so little being written.

Royce Adams "58



Sheldon Songstad '56
WHS Senior Photo

On Sep 23, 2018, **Sheldon R. Songstad '56**

<sr songstad@msn.com> wrote:

Articles in today's newspaper.

The Denny Sanford International Golf Tournament is being played in Sioux Falls this weekend. Golfers from all over the world are here.

Jack Nicklaus and his wife toured the Sanford Children's Hospital which is built like a castle and is "state of the art."

Today's newspaper articles are enclosed.

P. S.

I have used the above Jack Nicklaus story to get your attention to read my admiration remarks about Mr. Sanford. I have never met him but have researched him extensively as I was a senator who was chairman of commerce over the finance industries.

Mr. Sanford is building MANY of these children's hospitals around the country along with many fabulous hospitals. Forbes magazine list of the 400 richest men in the world did a great feature story on him. He was the ONLY ONE

on the list who said he wanted to die broke. He spends millions on worthwhile projects

He gives 10 million a year to Crazy Horse Mt. just for dynamite to speed up it's completion.



He is also giving unbelievable millions in Sioux Falls already making us the top sports center of America. You must see it to believe it.

The Who's Who in all sports come to his special sports hospital for All their job saving injuries.

This one I regard as his most genius humanitarian achievement and the most misunderstood.

It all started when Gov. Janklow met with the President of Citi Bank in New York and on a handshake they both agreed that if South Dakota repealed it's usury laws, Citi Bank would charter in SD. Many banks followed and many credit cards followed making SD number one in bank assets while being number 46 in population. Also we are the only state will irrevocable trust without a state income tax on the dispersal of funds to heirs which could go on for generations. Most ALL of the very rich thus have their money in SD.

I have heard that from Michael Jackson to the Walton's have done so.

In my opinion this is Mr. Sanford's most ingenious and must have had divine intervention. Because of the repeal of the usury law he figured out a way to help millions of people who couldn't get a credit card and justifiable so.

Mr Sanford, because of our law,

figured out a way to get them a credit card, thus finally establishing a credit rating, then becoming a normal citizen again. Remember, if a person pays their bill on time every month they pay NO INTEREST. That's why 95% were able to do so and a survey showed that now Mr. Sanford's credit cards have one of HIGHEST credit card customer approval ratings in the credit card industry. Now here is the best part. Those few who don't do the above and pay on time shouldn't have

a credit card now or ever. Now these people can be spotted almost immediately after the first billing. As there limit is small,

the interest amount is small so all you have to do close their credit card.

I have been told that because their bill and interest is so small that Mr.

Sanford merely writes it off, interest and all as not to cause a further hardship on them.

This is injurious as when people like the Wall Street criticize him and don't know this, all it does is make Mr Sanford more famous and gets him very expensive

FREE ADVERTISING.

Maybe he should run for President rather than the former Mayor of New York. Don't forget, there are many more millions of poor people than rich people and as I tell everyone in the cemetery has the same amount of money, so do as Denny Sanford does as

God's "WILL" be done

I could go on and on but I must tell you two more. He has one of the biggest buildings in Sioux Falls that employees the top Doctors worldwide devoted to his dream of finding a cure for Type 1 diabetics.

2 He bought the 8,000 ft. deep Homestake Gold Mine setting his goal to discover

BLACK MATTER

which is the cure for MOST ALL diseases if not ALL.

This's can only be done at this depth.

He has hundreds of millions in this humanitarian project.

All of the above is my rendition as I know one in their credit card company and merely analyzed as former Senate Chairman of Commerce.

Thanks for reading this far and help spread the word about this unbelievable person. If possible, Please forward this to your friends to let the world know what one of GOD'S creations is doing on planet earth.

Always remember,
GODS
"WILL"
BE DONE
Senator
Sheldon "r"
Songstad
"Retired"

Class of '59 - 60th Reunion

SAVE THE DATE! Friday Sept. 6, 2019

No
Photo
Found

On Sep 24, 2018, Kathie <kackymarie@aol.com> wrote:

Jack,

I'm wondering if anyone has any plans for a 60th reunion for the class of 1959? I am so looking forward to one and just praying that it won't be in mid September when my grandson is getting married!

Kathie Noyes Brave '59

On Sep 21, 2018, **Connie Henline Nelson '59**

<connienelson59@gmail.com> wrote:

Jack,

The Class of '59 is planning a reunion on Friday, September 6, 2019. It will be a one-night event and more information will be forthcoming.

If you could post a "Save the Date" notice for us in your next O&B, it would be much appreciated.

The committee seconds Vicki's invitation for you and your wife to join us if possible. Just like all the classes in the 50's, we think ours was the most fun.

Thanks for all you do, Jack, to keep us in touch.

Connie Henline Nelson '59

Connie, I sincerely thank you and Vicki for the invitation to attend your 60th Reunion and I would love to come. My class of 1954's 65th Reunion is next year also but our date has not been set yet. I would like very much if it works out that I could attend both reunions. I hope you don't mind if I let you know as the time gets closer. Jack



Wayne Boese '56
WHS Senior Photo

On Sep 30, 2018, **wayne boese '56** <drwboese@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi, Jack, As I read Bob Berg's obituary, Williamsburg, VA his place of death leaped out at me as we live less than an hour away. Wish there were some way to find out if any WHS grads from other years than my graduation live in Virginia. Would be interesting to connect with them. We may be in Las Vegas in February visiting my wife's cousin so perhaps we could have that drink we missed. Take care. **Wayne Boese. WHS 1956**



Bob Berg '54
WHS Senior Photo

Anyone living in the Williamsburg, VA Area?

Wayne let me know when you will be here. I would enjoy seeing you. Jack



Royce Adams '58
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 10, 2018, at 7:50 PM, **Royce Adams '58** <Litljump@aol.com> wrote:

Jack, Tonight I ran through the site where I keep back-issues of O&B. I counted 31 of them. I think I am rather shy of the total issues I have received since I was included in your mailings. Now and then I go back to my O&B site and re-read those issues. It really is more fun reading all of them again. Even better is the fact that now at 78 years old I have a slight memory problem. When I now read them it is as if I just received those issues! Thanks, Jack, for all you do for us. I know every one of us "subscribers" look forward to every issue you send.

Royce Adams '58

PS: Ain't kidding about that memory problem.



Nona Wumkes '50
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 14, 2018, **Winona Robert Dubbe '50** <dubbe7215@nc.rr.com> wrote:

I am Winona Wumkes Dubbe of the Class of 1950. **Jack Hamilton '50** sent me a copy of the list of deceased from our class in 2015. Would it be possible to get an updated copy?

My husband and I are doing well here in Stedman, NC! I turned 86 in Jul and my husband, Bob, turned 90 in May of this year. I am retired from Civil Service and my husband is a retired Air Force pilot as well as being retired from the public school where he taught for 16 years. I keep up with Florence Wolf Knudson

who still resides in Sioux Falls as well as Jim Berdahl who lives in Illinois.

I trust you are well and look forward to hearing from you!

Nona Dubbe '50



Jack Hamilton '50
WHS Senior Photo

On Oct 28, 2018, at 10:30 AM, **Kate Briggs Naylor '52** <katenaylor3@gmail.com> wrote:

Jack - Thought you may be interested. I asked if all in attendance wanted to do this and all agreed. I called it "a Mini 50 and 52 year reunion". It was lunch at Grill 26 in Sioux Falls. I particularly wanted to arrange this for Clint as he hadn't seen any of these 50 grads for many, many years. He thoroughly enjoyed seeing them. The guys graduated in 1950 and the girls in 52. We had orange and black balloons. The years are written on the orange ballon. (hard to see)

The names are : from left to right in front row. Blond lady is BettyxPfeifle, Judy Jacobson Hamilton and Kate on the far right. Back row: from left to right - in back of Betty is Walt Leyse, in back of Judy is Jack Hamilton and far right is my significant other, Clint Clark. The group pic I like best is the one with Clint's hand on my shoulder and also without balloons.

Clint has named these pics "Warriors of The 50's meet in Sioux Falls for a 26th Street Pow Wow" You can call it whatever you think appropriate. Clint would be OK with this.

Thanks for your continued interest in all these news items. Clint and I will be celebrating our 6th month of "togetherness". Kate

Thanks Kate. Very nice picture. You all look great! And congratulations on you and Clint's 6th anniversary. Jack



Walt Leyse '50
WHS Senior Photo



Jack Hamilton '50
WHS Senior Photo



Clint Clark '50
WHS Senior Photo



Betty Holmoe Pfeifle '52
WHS Senior Photo



Judy Jacobson Hamilton '52
Was Senior Photo



Kate Briggs Naylor '52
WHS Senior Photo