



# "JHS Class of '64"

Issue 20

Class Newsletter January 31, 2015

## Here Is Our 20th Edition

### Joplin Eagles

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### "Could Spring Be Just Around The Corner?"

No matter where you find yourself reading our latest edition of the JHS Class of '64 newsletter, winter is demonstrating its marvelous capacity for diversity. Perhaps you're enjoying balmy days or you may be digging out from a spectacular deposit of the white stuff.

The chance to settle into the slower tempo that winter often provides brings a respite from the frenzied pace of the holidays and an opportunity to rest and await the renewing power of spring.

However you're experiencing the season, we're sending warmest wishes for a new year that's ripe with possibility.

A number of JHS classmates braved chilly morning breezes to pay tribute to Low Water Bridge in Joplin. I was among those who piled into and on Mike Shipley's beautiful '35 Chevy to stage what may soon be a last hurrah at the famous local landmark.

When I read that the old bridge may be replaced with a new span of pavement, I shared some of my memories of the old structure in a Joplin Globe column that ran on January 18th and follows below.

I'm sure you have your own memories of Shoal Creek picnics, submarine races and summer fun that centered around the bridge.

Here's the lowdown on Low Water Bridge from my vantage point: So many of Joplin's architectural treasures have been destroyed by a lack of historical perspective and an equal lack of commitment to maintaining the integrity of the city and its surroundings.

Let's hope that there's a way to keep this iconic bridge that dates back to the turn of the 20th century.

Jeanne Looper Smith



### "Like a bridge over troubled waters, I will ease your mind."—Simon and Garfunkel, singers, songwriters

I could have used a little "mind easing" back in the mid-1950s, because, as a little girl, Joplin's Low Water Bridge scared the bejabbers out of me.

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Actually, to be more precise, crossing Low Water Bridge scared the bejabbers out of me. I don't know where I picked up a piece of info—perhaps it was a Joplin "urban legend" shared on the Washington School playground—that a family and their car had been swept away to a watery grave.

It's no surprise that Sunday afternoon trips to Grand Falls and McClelland Park with my siblings and parents were always fraught with abject fear that we might share a similar fate.

So, you'd think the recent news that the old bridge may be replaced with a new structure would find me shouting "Hallelujah."

Strangely, I feel sad that Low Water Bridge may meet its own watery grave.

I graduated from stark terror in my early years to a teenage ability to navigate that narrow strip of pavement over Shoal Creek without a thought.

The creek became a hangout spot for Joplin teens and I'm told that it was a popular parking destination for couples on weekend dates—something about which I have no personal knowledge. (Insert "wink" here.)

I've lived in a variety of places since I left Joplin in the early 1960s and I've seen a boatload of impressive bridges. New York touts its Brooklyn and George Washington Bridges, Maryland boasts the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, and Michigan markets the Mackinac Bridge. Florida flaunts the Sunshine Skyway Bridge in Tampa and I'll admit that the Seven Mile Bridge that connects the state to the Florida Keys is a remarkable ride.

However, I find that when I return home to Joplin and conduct an "architectural dig" into my past there, the bridge that beckons me is the Low Water. The old bridge constructed in 1919 has been a part of the local landscape for nearly 100 years and it's been a part of the landscape of my mind for 60 years.

I'm sure the locals who have to deal with that flooded piece of pavement want a more dependable and safe way to traverse the swollen waters of Shoal Creek.

It looks as if Joplin and Newton County may be willing to work together and spend up to a million dollars to make that possible.

But, nevertheless, permit me some sentimentality about the demise of the old bridge.

Because the thought of going back to Joplin and not having that familiar reminder of those Sunday afternoon drives with my parents and wonderful, weekend fun with friends, leaves me needing a double shot of Simon and Garfunkel to help ease my troubled mind. 🐾

***Joplin Globe article by Jeanne Looper Smith, who grew up in Joplin and now lives in Kansas City, MO. You may share memories of Joplin with her at [wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com](mailto:wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com)***



**Does the number 487,937 ring a bell?**

I know it's a gigantic number, but until I toured the new JHS, I didn't have an understanding of what activities could possibly fill that many square feet. Although the formal dedication was months earlier, my visit waited until last week as I wanted to see what it was like with the students in the building. A friend, who is also a retired teacher, joined me for what I thought might be a one hour visit. There's just so much to see in 487,937 sq. ft. that it ended up being closer to three hours. We loved it all.

Walking to the front doors, we noticed the silver, metal gates adjoining and crossing over the open courtyards where students enter before and exit after school in multiple entries.

Once classes begin, the gates are closed and locked but one hardly notices since they blend in with the modern exterior. The many outdoor garden areas and ascending concrete bench steps command your attention. At a distance, I know many of you have commented on the colors of the rust and black exterior. Can't answer that one for you, but once inside, it's soon forgotten.

We were greeted by a gracious receptionist at a spacious desk just outside of the administrative and counseling offices. Upon entering this area, named to honor the late Marion Dial, former Lincoln School principal and past City Council member, one feels as if you have just stepped into a hotel or convention complex. While there are elevators, the massive bench stairways and glass exterior walls grab your attention and create a feeling of being outside. I wondered how long it must take to clean all of the glass then later realized, I didn't observe anyone touching the glass. Seems students were either using the handrails or gathering around the many clusters of casual furniture as they visited rather than leaning on the walls. Going up the stairway and walking down the second floor hall, we noticed a relaxed ambiance with the students. No lockers slamming (the halls don't have any) or books being dropped (they blew away and were replaced primarily with laptops), so you begin to get it. Today's school is a new concept in education. While many comment on the \$121.5 million project cost, I remind myself that the loss of "our" JHS wasn't voluntary. Something had to be built . . . and I'm convinced the district has created the best possible opportunity for our graduates to leave prepared to enter the work force or higher education.

Our first stop was the cafeteria as we arrived during lunch to hopefully visit with some of our former students. We were taken by how quiet it was and the variety of seating choices: round tables, higher tables with stools, booths . . . and carpet. It's a large room with food service set behind doors and the students moved freely and quietly. We visited with several students then moved downstairs via an open atrium to JoJoes' Coffee Shop. Others were having lunch there and had purchased beverages from the student operated storefront. Again, booths and tables afforded more of a restaurant atmosphere. There are also two empty storefronts where clubs can reserve one if selling fundraisers and have a way to lock up their supplies. Another room is the Eagle Store which sells school logo items. Noticed the security director on duty and learned he and two other officers comprise the dept. on campus. We've had school resource officers several years for Joplin schools; they serve a dual role of safety for all students while working closing with those who have personal problems and can mentor them.

Next, we walked south to the Franklin Technology Center wing. We were fortunate to meet the assistant director who gave us a detailed tour of the facility. Now, we begin to understand how the square footage was needed. Points of interest include an enormous culinary arts lab larger than schools' service kitchens and those I've toured on cruise ships, a CNA lab for medical classes,

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tech educ., manufacturing, engineering graphics, and agriculture labs. All are spacious. Soon, culinary arts will open a 66 seat restaurant within their area. Five other vocations: building construction, HVAC, welding, auto tech and auto collision are housed where vehicles and equipment can easily be moved in and out of tall electric, overhead doors. HVAC also has equipment outside so students see what working in the weather elements is like. In welding, many bays provide spaces for a classroom of students to work at one time. Soon to be installed is equipment that will allow a truck trailer to be brought inside and turned upside down to weld. I use this as an example of how large these labs are. I felt like I was in a modern commercial business. Skylights were plentiful, and we were told the light would be good even if the electricity was turned off.

To be accepted to FTC programs, students interview and, if accepted, plan their schedules to allow for half days each of their junior and senior years. The program consists of 950 hours. Joplin is 1 of 52 state tech. programs and also serves 7 feeder schools (like Carl Junction and surrounding smaller towns) that pay a fee for their students. An adult program offers a fulltime, one year certification for \$10,000 tuition. Regular JHS students do not pay tuition. What an opportunity!

Moving back up to the second level, we used the skywalk to enter the athletic department. Upon passing the Eagle salvaged from the original building's exterior and now artfully perched on an interior wall, we stood on the jogging track looking down upon the court in the Kaminsky Gymnasium. I could imagine Bruce McCaw hitting a 3 pointer in our days and smiled as I recalled him contacting me shortly after the tornado to send a generous contribution to the athletic dept. to replace lost equipment. Able to seat 2,500, this arena is quite impressive. Beyond this is the ROTC department and two other full size 94 ft. courts, one seating 1,000 and the other 500. With so many involved in sports, the multiple courts allow the boys and girls teams to practice without having to return later to share the courts. These can also be used by others in the community for tournaments or practices.

Walking to the end of the athletic hallway, you see an inside viewing area facing east with glass areas also looking north and south. This is in the hospitality area and visitors and coaches can view the outdoor athletic fields. Looking down, you can see the small waterway which runs across campus and was quite a problem with sump pumps in the former building but is now part of the landscape. As you know, the new campus extends much farther to the west, so the front fields are on the area of the former bldg. with the new building behind them. Much land had to be acquired to complete the current 66 acre campus. The outside athletic areas include a soccer field, football field, track, baseball and softball fields, 8 tennis courts, a press box and concession building with space for future practice fields.

And, speaking of multiples, back inside there are 4 (large, of course) designated safe room areas. Each is designed to be used for regular activities and classes then can provide the safe environment when weather necessitates and are, obviously, not glass walled. There is also a community safe room.

The three story classroom wings house the core subjects. After touring the two story library, we joined a class returning to the classroom. Tables replaced individual desks and "barn door" walls could be opened to provide multiple classroom interaction. The doors and walls also replaced chalkboards with floor to ceiling dry erase panels and smartboard projectors. Not only in these wings, but throughout the building, are "Think Tanks" which give a group of 4-6 students a place to convene for projects or individual study.

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The students seemed used to these glassed cubicle areas and seldom looked up as we walked about the halls. Both these and the casual furniture arrangements throughout created a homelike atmosphere where students were engaged with their laptops or discussions. As you might assume, there are connectivity areas everywhere for charging the laptops.

Going north to the future performing arts center, art gallery, and black box theater, we found they are still under construction and soon to be completed. The auditorium will seat 1,250 and choir, band, and orchestra rooms will have rehearsal halls with sound-isolating practice rooms. Students are temporarily using other rooms until this final wing is completed. On our way, we noticed Jet14 and returned to tour the production studio.

Luck was with us as the Jet14 director was available to show us the audio and video rooms. This department was actively involved in planning their space and couldn't be more pleased with the outcome. One can see through glass windows from one studio to the next, allowing the instructors to oversee several assignments going on at once. We were told the fully digital control room for mixing is what students would find in L.A. if going on professionally. I'm not a technical person, but I recall the green screen in one of the rooms. Not only can it be used for weather broadcasts but also for creating video gaming programs.

Nearing time for the students to be dismissed, we missed a few areas, but I hope this gives those who haven't been on campus an idea of what is the next chapter in JHS history. To view the idea of 21st century learning and realize how the new building provides the ease to accomplish students' goals, go to:

[www.joplinschools.org/Page/1548](http://www.joplinschools.org/Page/1548)

On the left, click on Paths, Clusters, Pathways

This explains the Career Path Curriculum that began this year and provides the current 2,158 students choices that will enhance their futures. There are 5 career paths and 15 clusters for their consideration.

From the Internet, a couple of building tours you might want to view are:

Dowe Quick on KOAM "Inside the new JHS"

<http://www.koamtv.com/story/24719044/special-report-inside-the-new-joplin-high-school?widgetId=104385&slideshowImageId=1>

And

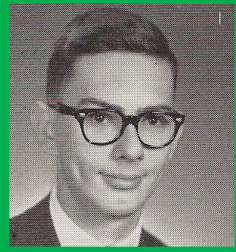
A Sneak Peak (Principal gives a construction tour).

<http://wearejoplin.com/tag/joplin-high-school/page/2/>

As I walked through the halls of this impressive and expansive new building, I was miles from our JHS building and memories. While geographically really there, it didn't seem so. Part of that is my friend and I had the chance to visit with several of our own former students from the middle schools that are now in high school which placed me in a different and later part of my life. I'm happy for the kids and 'their' new school. But most of not really being there was because our building is no longer. It's okay, though, because memories are forever!

Upon arriving home, I smiled as I glanced at the JHS brick Carol acquired for our 50th reunion. It holds safe thousands of memories which will ever "ring a bell" for the Class of '64. 🐾

*Phyllis Payne Sapp*



## Mark Stout - Bio

**"As chance would have it, I found myself at Fort Leonard Wood for basic training in miserable winter weather in January 1969."**



After high school, I spent the next 4 years attending Washington University in St. Louis where I majored in political science. During my summers, I worked in radio in Joplin, first at KODE as an announcer, then at KFSB as an announcer and newsmen. I enjoyed those jobs thoroughly, even when it meant signing on the station at 5:30 in the morning with the farm report!

After graduating from Washington U. in 1968, I set out to pursue my hoped for career as a broadcast journalist, and went off to the University of Missouri in Columbia to study at the School of Journalism—one of the best journalism programs in the country. After just one semester, the Jasper County draft board decided to change my plans.

Like all the other men of my generation I was (in the immortal words of Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*) "a little worried about my future." What to do about the draft? I was opposed to the Vietnam War and had no desire to be in the army. On the other hand, I wasn't a conscientious objector, didn't want to leave the country (it's my country too!) or go to prison, didn't want to enlist for 4 or 5 years of service, and so in the end decided to leave it to chance.

As chance would have it, I found myself at Fort Leonard Wood for basic training in miserable winter weather in January 1969. Basic training under awful conditions in a dysfunctional army was no fun, but army life got better. I was very fortunate not to have been sent to Vietnam, but spent my entire two years at Fort Leonard Wood. For a while I was even able to pursue my interest in broadcasting, working at the base public information office – I was one of the anchors on "Fort Leonard Wood Today" on Channel 3 in Springfield!

Following military service, I returned to grad school – this time at Kansas State College at Pittsburg. I was able to live at home while earning a master's degree in political science.

By now, my interest in journalism had waned and my interest in government and politics was growing. After getting my degree, I set off for Washington, DC, where I landed a job at the Brotherhood of Carpenters as a legislative assistant. This, in turn, led to a job with a member of Congress, Robert Nix, an African--American politician from Philadelphia. My time on Capitol Hill fueled a lifelong interest in politics in general and in the complicated workings of legislatures in particular (yes, I can sit and watch the House of Representatives on C---SPAN for hours at a time!).

After a few years in Washington, I got the urge to move on. I had GI Bill money in my pocket, I had never been abroad (except for a few brief forays into Mexico), I wanted to learn more about legislatures, and I applied and was accepted at the London School of Economics, a branch of the University of London. I had planned to stay in London for a year, but ended up staying for three and getting my Ph.D. in political science. One of my most rewarding experiences was working as an intern for a member of the British Parliament, Phillip Whitehead. (Years later, my son Alex also

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interned for Whitehead, who was then a member of the European Parliament!)

The best part of my three---years in London, however, was meeting my soon---to---be wife, Nancy, who was an American graduate student living in London while doing art history research on English medieval cathedrals. We met, fell in love, and got engaged, all in short order. Returning to the States, we got married in Nancy's home town, Chicopee, MA, and headed to New Jersey, where she had to spend a few months doing research at Princeton University. The few months turned out to be 35 years and we are still in the area, although now living across the Delaware River in Pennsylvania.

Living near Trenton, New Jersey's capital, I took a job at the Department of Transportation, doing policy and legislative work for what I thought would be a short time and turned out to be a 28---year career! I did policy work for a while, then switched into capital programming, and ultimately was given the job of assistant commissioner for planning, with responsibility for the planning, capital programming, project development, local aid, aeronautics, freight, research, and various other units. I loved my time in government, but the public sector has its frustrations, and ultimately I decided to set out on my own.

So a few years ago I set up my own transportation consulting firm (see [www.mlstoutconsulting.com](http://www.mlstoutconsulting.com) for all the details). I have done policy papers for a group promoting new transportation legislation in Washington, led a study proposing a new airport terminal, wrote a strategic plan for my old employer (New Jersey DOT), helped set up an intergovernmental group to address transportation and climate change issues in the Northeast, provided strategic advice to the Federal Highway Administration on how to support more electric vehicles in the country, and designed a conceptual rapid transit system for a Milwaukee advocacy group fighting a freeway widening.

I have been blessed with a wonderful family. Nancy, the love of my life, with whom I celebrated a 35th wedding anniversary last year and who accompanied me to our 50th reunion, is still in the art history field, running the fundraising efforts of the Princeton University Art Museum. Daughter Amanda (graduate of Williams College, masters from MIT) is a consultant in city planning located in Baltimore. Son Alex (graduate of Dickinson College, master's from the London School of Economics, law degree from Duke) is practicing law in Washington, DC and is married and living in Arlington VA.

I thoroughly enjoyed our 50th reunion and look forward to the 55th! 🐾



For some time now classmate Tom Welsh has shared with me his passion for writing and I stand in awe of his pastime. Tom has sent me some of his handiwork and most have pertained to our junior high & high school days and some stories about Tom going into adulthood, and to say the least, those also captivated me. If you're wondering why none of his writings have been published in the class newsletter, Tom asked me at the time I received the first one that they were "between the two of us" and that's the way it's been. However, Tom has told me that classmates may contact him via email ([its-home@sbcglobal.net](mailto:its-home@sbcglobal.net)) and he will be willing to share some of his works.

On November 4th, Tom sent me a poem that he had written for his wife Deanna, with the caption "My Best Friend, My Wife and My Lover" and was penned amorously with Tom's love and emotion.

Two months ago I got an email from Tom saying that his poem was published in a book and another book that was read and placed into the Library of Congress. I congratulated him and asked if I could put the poem in the upcoming newsletter. He agreed, with the proviso, and that was the Preface must be included. With that being said, I would like to introduce classmate Tom Welsh.

Before you read the following poem, you should pay close attention to this explanation of the history of Deanna and me.

Deanna was a Scheurich girl. That family and the Welsh family had been friends for two generations before Deanna and I existed. Our grandfathers were such close friends that her grandfather gave my grandfather a homemade trunk as a friendship gift. That trunk is so well crafted that my son Preston in Boise, Idaho has had it refinished and uses it as an end table in his living room. Our fathers, our mothers, our aunts, and our uncles were all friends as well.

I grew up on a small cattle farm just South of Joplin, Missouri and my siblings and I attended a two-room country grade school named Silver Creek School. At the beginning of my third grade, a little, cute, but frightened girl was admitted to the first grade. She cried incessantly for the first week of school and apparently her distress melted my heart. My oldest sister Roberta (Bobbe) gave me a St. Christopher medal and I purchased a chain for it. I gave this medal to Deanna because we had already pledged our love for each other and this cemented the deal and let others know of our commitment. A few days later our parents decided to play a trick on the two of us, so my presence was requested one Saturday at the Scheurich house. When my parents and I arrived, Deanna was sent to her room (crying). Then, Deanna's father Charlie began to grill me on my intentions. "Was I a Catholic", he asked? No, I replied. That was the only medallion that was available to me. When he learned that my sister had given it to me, he asked if his daughter wasn't worth spending money on? I told him that I had purchased the chain necklace. He then asked why a third grade boy was interested in a first grade girl, when there were girls my own age to like? I replied that one girl was taken and I didn't like the only other one in my grade in that way. He then asked why some second grade girl wasn't my next choice? I replied that there were only five boys in the second grade. So, he said, you only like Deanna because she is all that's left, is that right? Now, nearly crying myself, I protested as hard as I could that I really did like Deanna. All four parents broke up with laughter. It was then that I realized that this whole inquisition was a set-up.

As with all grade school playgrounds of the day there were an assortment of characters present, both girls and boys. These country schools taught through the eighth grade so some of these farm boys were the size of men. Like any other children's playground there were occasionally boys or girls who would bully other kids. All of the kids knew that when they were being scared they could

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rely on me to protect them even though I was infinitely smaller than these larger boys. I would stand no bullying and everyone knew it. This was especially true when I protected Deanna and I had to do so more than once.

We were separated twice in our youth. When Deanna was in the third grade, her father was offered a job with the city of Joplin as a construction inspector. Since they were required to live in the city limits, they moved to the Royal Heights area where she attended school. We really didn't see each other again until junior high school, and then only in the hallways. As I left the next year to attend high school, we didn't see each other until she became a sophomore. No, we didn't date then either. I was far too wild for Charlie or Helen to have permitted that, and rightly so. I didn't even ask. Her family moved to Columbia, Missouri after she graduated from high school so we didn't see each other because of distance. Since she had a huge extended family in Joplin, occasionally I would see one of her relatives and I would always ask about her. They didn't know much, but had given me bad and untrue accounts of her. The only truth I was able to discern from them was that she now lived somewhere in California.

Both of us had gone our separate ways in life and like everyone, I suppose, had our share of successes and failures. I had owned several businesses over the years and one of the businesses that I owned in 2002 assisted large corporations develop technical products for use in fleets of vehicles. Siemens of Germany wanted to develop a data-logging device for fleet vehicles and contacted my company for our expertise. My fee for this service was zero except that my company would be the exclusive marketers of the finished product in North America. When we began to sell the product, I was invited to Mystic, Connecticut to give a speech and make a product presentation to the annual convention of The National Association of State Fleet Administrators. I was at that meeting when I received my first email from Deanna. She had seen my name on Classmates.com.

Deanna lived in Riverside, California and with her assistance I hired a friend of hers to represent my products in California. Consequently, that sales representative got more management help than the rest of the territorial reps put together. It was on those visits that I learned more about Deanna's current and former life. She had been abused by her first husband and divorced him when her son Michael was ten years old. She had been car-jacked in Los Angeles and had escaped unharmed due to her own quick thinking. But she had also been unbelievably successful too. Deanna was the Human Relations director for a historical hotel and convention center in Riverside that employed over 800 people. She was currently the Chairperson of the Greater Riverside Chamber of Commerce (350,000 population), and was on the Board of the Public Utilities, also the transportation board, and had been chairperson of the California Festival of Lights for numerous years. She was on the board of, or chairperson of numerous civic and charitable organizations.

I asked her to leave it all behind her and move to Rogers, Arkansas in 2003 and she accepted. We were married in Eureka Springs, Arkansas in 2005. 🐾

**Tom's poem is on the following page:**

**(Continued on the Next Page)**

### My Best Friend, My Wife, and My Lover

When you were just five my world came alive when we met at Silver Creek School.  
I gave you a charm and protected you from harm from any bullying fool.  
Though forced to separate I kept up with your fate until we went our own ways.  
Unknown where you were, time went by in a blur, but I'd still see you in my dreamy gaze.  
When I'd see your kin I'd ask about you then be told some tale so untrue.  
In Mystic a surprise my email apprised me that you were seeking me too.  
Your first visit was bliss reminding me how I miss having you in my life as before.  
I wanted you here, I loved you my dear, and it's you that I truly adore.  
Your life was the best in your home way out west, you were loved by one and all.  
Great success you had though some things very bad had also happened to fall.  
We moved you here and it became clear that we were always meant for each other.  
I have you now Dee and it's lucky for me, for you're my best friend, my wife and my lover.

Thomas A. Welsh

Classmate Jim Christiansen and his lovely bride Judith decided to look for a little warm weather during the Midwest winter months. So why not find out where Mike & Twyla Chapman are docked and hope that it's in the United States. Well, as luck would have it, success was in their corner and the connection took place. Hey Jim, the weather so far in the Midwest has been fantastic, in fact, yesterday it was warmer in Kansas City, MO than it was in Miami, FL. And to top that, three days ago the warmest place in the nation was, (you ready for this?) - Hays, Kansas.



I don't know that I fully appreciated the draw that Joplin has for me until recently.

When I attended the 40th JHS class reunion—now more than 10 years ago—I hadn't been back to my hometown since the early '60s. I was busy raising my children and creating a life that had taken me far from my Joplin roots.

Since that time, I've made a number of trips back. And last week I traveled the rather straight shot of highway that connects Kansas City, where I now live, to Joplin where I lived a lifetime ago.

The treks back sometimes remind me of a movie from the 1980s, "A Trip to Bountiful." In it, Geraldine Page plays a character that is determined to travel back to a childhood home that has virtually disappeared—with only a few derelict houses remaining. She is compelled to revisit her past.

Maybe I see some parallel in that the neighborhood I grew up in has virtually disappeared. Not from the violence of a tornado but from the ravages of time and from the encroachment of a local company that has consumed the neighborhood. My childhood home, one of the few remaining, is vacant and forlorn.

But I realize that what calls me back with some regularity is not the siren song of vacant and decrepit buildings. It's the connection I have with the people who populated my childhood.

At the monthly JHS dinner nearly every face at the table generated a flashback experience. There I was with Bill Cook when his mother washed his mouth out with soap for uttering some word deemed inappropriate for a seven year old. (This "oral" experience may have been pivotal in his choosing dentistry as a career.)

Donna Powers and I are hoofing it across the 7th Street viaduct, as grade-schoolers, spending the entire day on Main Street—taking in a double feature at the Fox and bouncing from store to store like pinballs.

There's Monty Gavin and me standing on the steps in front of Washington School where Murwin Mosler shouted "cheese" and captured our toothless second grade smiles.

Carol Corbin and I are in a kindergarten sandbox learning the gritty art of sharing.

Jeanne Lind and I in baby doll pajamas are discussing the 9th grade boys who love us and the ones who don't. (And, as I often stay with Jeanne when I hit town, we're still, some 50 years later, discussing the men who loved us and the men who didn't—and we're still in pajamas.)

Patricia Aggus and I are practicing cursive in Miss Fugate's third grade classroom and Linda Yeakey and I are at the Dairy Queen on Broadway ordering vanilla cokes.

Some of the faces are those of classmates whom I've only recently gotten to know, and even though I don't share early memories with them, there's still a bond.

We all remember Main Street cruises, the stops at the El Rancho and the C&A and the turnaround at Keller's. We also remember how unsure we were in high school and how we thought everyone had it all figured out but us.

Experiencing life fifty years out from school has connected us at a deeper level. Our parents are gone. We've lost husbands and wives, through death and divorce. We've raised families with all the joys and challenges that brings.

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We've had health challenges and our share of successes and failures. Now we're facing the prospect of life beyond retirement and new possibilities.

Happily, as a result of some perspective, we're able to celebrate our similarities—and unlike in high school—our differences.

Connie Culton said that there are no friends like old friends and I agree.

For me, the trip back to Joplin really is a trip to "bountiful." 🐾

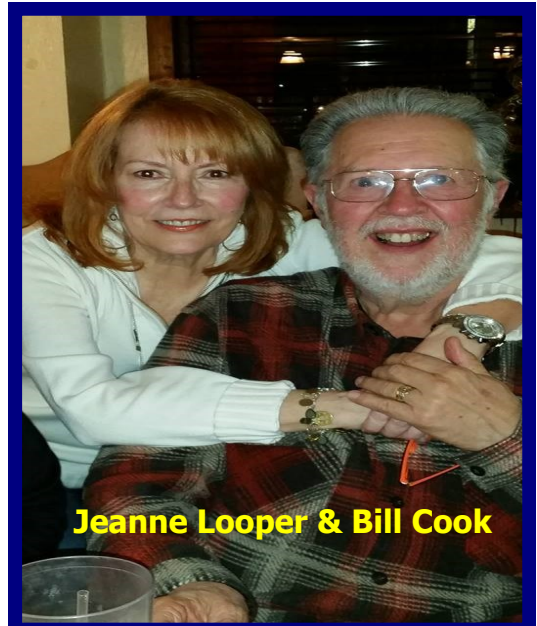
*Jeane Looper Smith*



**Donna Powers    Jeane Looper    Bill Cook    Jeane Lind**



**Linda Yeakey, Jeane Looper & Donna Powers**



**Jeane Looper & Bill Cook**



The last class get together was held at the Festival Mexican Restaurant in Joplin and it was reported that they had a great turnout. Here are a few pictures.



**Group Shot**



**Janet Counts & Monty Gavin**



**Bill Cook Jeanne Lind Paul Trim**





**. . . and the Siskowski name goes on!**

Alex Michael Siskowski was born Aug. 8 , 2014. Now five months old, he and his parents, Daniel and Ashly, live in Little Rock, AR. And, he doesn't have far to travel to visit his Uncle David who lives next door. David and fiancée Chelsea plan to be married this summer. Congratulations to all!

Mike and Norma's twin sons graduated with honors from JHS and the U. of A., built homes next to one another, and are both engineers with the Arkansas Transportation and Highway Dept. and were recently promoted to section heads. The girls are both nurses. Classmate Jay Campbell, the boys' stepfather, knows how proud Mike and Norma would be and how proud he is of the boys who will turn thirty this year. Siskowski aunts (Ann and Pat) echo how nice it is the family name continues.



Phyllis  
Payne  
Sapp



### Class Bulletin Board

Hey classmates, mark your calendar for Friday and Saturday, June 26th & 27th, and here is an email from Larry Don Williams explaining why.

"OLE' FRIENDS" ARE AT IT AGAIN AND ARE HEADED FOR INDIGO SKY JUNE 26 AND DOWN-STREAM JUNE 27 2015 ----- WE HOPE WE GET A GOOD GROUP FROM THE CLASS OF 64 "WE'LL BE ROCKIN" LD

If walking is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.

A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water, but is still fat.

A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years, while a tortoise doesn't run and does mostly nothing, yet it lives for 150 years.

And you tell me to exercise? I don't think so.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would've put them on my knees.

The kids text me "plz" which is shorter than please. I text back "no" which is shorter than "yes".

I'm going to retire and live off of my savings. Not sure what I'll do that second week.

Of course I talk to myself, sometimes I need expert advice.

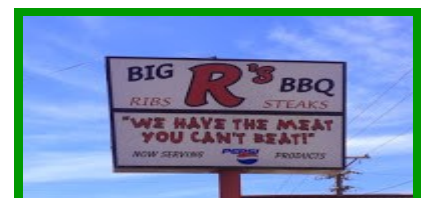
At my age "Getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.

Old age is coming at a really bad time!

### Attention   Attention   Attention   Attention

Joplin High School '64 Classmates will now do their monthly get togethers on the 1st Thursday **and** the 3rd Friday of each month. The February event will be held at Big R's BBQ in Joplin and the place will change every month. Reservations are ever so important, especially for a large group, so please contact Carol Buck if you plan on attending the event so you will be guaranteed a seat.

Carol Corbin Buck @ 417-483-3285 or [csbuck64@aol.com](mailto:csbuck64@aol.com)



Keep in mind that the DVD of the 50th reunion has been placed on YouTube and can be viewed by clicking on the link below.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qVrrCjy9GI>

### ***Remembrances and sympathy of our classmates and family:***

Our prayers & condolences are extended to Beverley Kluthe and family for the loss of their dear mother. <http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/news-leader/obituary.aspx?n=leona-king-kluthe&pid=173600523&fhid=13902>

Prayers go out to the family and friends of our classmate Karen Porpoth, who passed away January 14th.

[http://www.thornhilldillon.com/memsol.cgi?user\\_id=1499284](http://www.thornhilldillon.com/memsol.cgi?user_id=1499284)

Our thoughts and prayers are extended to our classmate Sherri Campbell and her family for the loss of her mother Lois.

[http://www.parkermortuary.com/fh/obituaries/obituary.cfm?o\\_id=2925057&fh\\_id=10419](http://www.parkermortuary.com/fh/obituaries/obituary.cfm?o_id=2925057&fh_id=10419)

### **"Bounce"**

1. It will chase ants away when you lay a sheet near them. It also repels mice.
2. Spread sheets around foundation areas, or in trailers, or cars that are sitting and it keeps mice from entering your vehicle.
3. It takes the odor out of books and photo albums that don't get opened too often.
4. It repels mosquitoes. Tie a sheet of Bounce through a belt loop when outdoors during mosquito season.
5. Eliminate static electricity from your television (or computer) screen.
6. Since Bounce is designed to help eliminate static cling, wipe your television screen with a used sheet of Bounce to keep dust from resettling. Rub a Bounce over your hair to take the static electricity out & eliminate the "frizzies".
7. Dissolve soap scum from shower doors. Clean with a sheet of Bounce.
8. To freshen the air in your home - Place an individual sheet of Bounce in a drawer or hang in the closet.
9. Put Bounce sheet in vacuum cleaner.
10. Prevent thread from tangling. Run a threaded needle through a sheet of Bounce before beginning to sew.

***The editorial team for content consists of Jeanne Looper Smith, Phyllis Payne Sapp and Dave Knisley. Please feel free to comment & contribute to the newsletter at [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com)***



We still have classmates that we've classified as missing. If you have any idea where these classmates are, feel free to share with us so we can update our class directory. Please help us locate the following 32 classmates:

**"Please check these names and help find our missing classmates"**

*Linda Baugh (Robards)*

*Patricia Kay Belk*

*Richard Burns*

*Ed Carey*

*Gary M Colvin*

*Larry Conboy (Phoenix, AZ area)*

*Johnie Coots (Seguin, TX area)*

*Rayma Coy*

*Merlene Garrison (Burris)*

*James "Jim" Hilton*

*Clair Howard*

*Robert "Bob" Jordan*

*James "Jim" Lamb*

*La Donna Miller*

*Merlin "Butch" Mitchell*

*Carol Munson (Wrench)*

*Emma Nunn*

*Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien*

*Judy Osborne (Gardner)*

*Richard Lee Pearson*

*Patty Riley (Brewer) (Joplin, MO)*

*Naomi June Shelton*

*Drucilla Short*

*Connie Smith*

*Robert James "Bob" Smith*

*Jack Sneed*

*William "Bill" Ray Stow*

*Shirley Teague*

*Mary Thornton (Reed)*

*Linda Vails*

*Thomas Warren (Chicago, IL area)*

*Paula Weinacht*

### **"If You Change Your Contact Information"**

Please help us out. Don't forget to include us on any changes in your contact information. If you should move or change telephone, snail mail address or email address please let us know. It's very easy and you may do so by clicking on the following link [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com), and enter your information, then click on the "Send" tab, that's it folks.

### **Continuing to Follow the Chapman's**

**Taking that infamous 3 hour tour, not.**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cfR7qxtqCqY>. Mike & Twyla Chapman leased their home in Joplin, bought a boat and hit the waters around North America. They also have a blog set up and post their adventures on it almost daily.

<http://yw8t.blogspot.com/>



*We thank these classmates,  
our bio contributors*

