



Joplin Eagles

# "JHS Class of '64"

Issue 12

Class Newsletter January 18, 2012

## Welcome To Our 12th Edition

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**Countdown to the  
50th Class Reunion.  
17 Months Away.  
Plan on joining us.**

Happy New Year JHS classmates! By now the holidays are over, the tree is down, the carols are sung—all that remains are credit card bills. But a new year, with a large measure of resolve, is always an opportunity to create something new.

2013 dawns with the realization that we are just a year away from our 50th JHS reunion to be held in June, 2014. Those of us on the reunion committee are in creative and planning mode as we look ahead to that half-a-century mark (gawd, I'm sorry I said that!) since we left the hallowed halls of Joplin Senior High.

We want it to be a weekend that will be fun and fabulous. We're continu-

ing to raise funds to offset the cost of the reunion and along with car shows, raffles and classmate donations, it looks as if we're on our way to making it fun, fabulous and financially feasible. We are continuing to lobby for your input about what would make it memorable for you.

Just before our 45th reunion I wrote the following column for The Joplin Globe that outlined my observations of high school reunions and what is often their predictable pattern. No matter how reunions may shake out, I'm hoping that you'll be a big part of our upcoming "biggie." 🐾

Jeanne Looper Smith

***"Michelle and I have this high school reunion to go to and we need to show up in a really cool car."—Romy (from the movie "Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion.")***

If you've faced a high school reunion, Romy's sentiment may be easy to understand. How you show up at a reunion—particularly an early one—seems to be really important. In later years just showing up is cool, with or without the car.

For those of you who have just flipped the tassel on your mortarboard and still have the sounds of "Pomp and Circumstance" ringing

in your ears, returning to high school probably is not something you're thinking about—you're just ecstatic at getting out. But you might want to get on the treadmill now, because you'll want to look good at the five-year reunion, and it'll be here before you know it.

Few things in life go with us like our high school experience or have more emotional charge.

Some wonder whether high school ever ends. The labels we wore there—the prom queen, the jock, the geek, the brain, the loner—seem to be etched on our permanent record with indelible ink and follow us into the real world. If we allow them to, those labels can continue to define us and separate us from others, much as they did in school.

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I didn't attend any of my early reunions so I'm not an expert on them, but in talking to friends from all over who've been present and accounted for at five year intervals for decades, there seems to be a reunion pattern.

At the five-year mark, there's little difference from the way it went in high school. Those classmates who wouldn't have spit on you in the halls if you were on fire still won't. (So bring your own fire extinguisher.) The cliques remain and people continue to associate with their "own kind." How one measures up is still the measure of things. Almost everyone still looks and acts much the same.

At the ten-year milestone, things have begun to change. In addition to the weight gain and the hair loss—and that's just the women—the passage of time has begun to diminish our differences and accentuate just how

alike we really are. Life is happening to all of us—even the quarterback can have a failed marriage, the "brain" may not have it all figured out and the cheerleader might not have that much to shout about.

By the 20th reunion, for the most part, it's a much more authentic group with conversation to match. The barriers have come down and the masks are beginning to come off. Not much separates us anymore; we're mixing freely throughout the room. Many of us have teenagers, mortgages, bosses and bills and now we'd gladly spit on one another, if necessary.

At the 40th reunion we were just glad to be alive. And 43 members of our graduating class weren't—causalities of Vietnam, cancer, car accidents and suicide. It was liberating to talk with one another about what our high school experience was really like—how

none of us was secure—even the most "popular" of the bunch.

As different as we thought we were back then, in spite of the labels we wore, we were really pretty much the same. Geeks, jocks, loners, losers, insiders and outsiders—we all wanted to be liked and accepted.

It's too bad we couldn't have supported one another more—too bad it took life to get us where we are.

Next year is the 45th reunion of the Joplin Senior High School Class of 1964. And even though I'm way beyond such things, I've got to confess—I wouldn't mind showing up in a 1957 Chevy. Now that was a cool car! 🐾

***Jeanne Looper Smith grew up in Joplin and now lives in Kansas City. Share your memories of growing up in Joplin with her at [wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com](mailto:wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com)***



'57 Chevy

### *Anderson's Ice Cream*

As changes continue to take place in Joplin, it's nice to know the infamous ice cream from Anderson's on South Main is once again available. After sixty years of serving homemade ice cream to Joplin residents, the family business closed in 1996 and sat idle . . . UNTIL May of 2012 when Joplinite Billy Garrigan and his wife decided to bring back a bit of history. What a winning idea!

Most of us remember the Anderson family and what a treat it was to stop by, wait in line at a time when few people seemed in a hurry, and leave savoring your favorite flavor. Although it's a new location in Redings Mill, the equipment and recipes are the originals. You can even find a framed apron and hat from the soda fountain and a photo of Raymond Anderson visiting with Dennis Weaver.

When I stopped by to interview the new owner, I was pleasantly greeted by Billy Garrigan who asked if I remembered him. I surely did and was glad to see him again. He had been a student of mine during his middle school days. Billy shared with me why he chose to open an ice cream parlor and to also add homemade cinnamon rolls which are baked each day in cast iron skillets. He had worked for Sam's for several years and found he didn't have as much time as he'd like to spend with his three young children. He and his wife discussed the possibility of creating a family and Christian atmosphere where people of all generations could

enjoy their products. They were also intrigued with the idea of saving a piece of history. And, that's how Anderson's Ice Cream and Cinnamon Rolls came to be. Sharing a familiar building with The Candy House on Hwy. 86 in Redings Mill was a stroke of genius.

Before stepping into the adjacent room to explore the confections of The Candy House, I finished the wonderful lemon ice cream I'd ordered and asked Billy what the most frequently ordered flavors were. Of the 65 rotating flavors plus seasonal offerings, he told me lemon was first, chocolate second, and black walnut came in third. I definitely was impressed with Billy's production of Anderson's original recipe. Perfect! Many local residents have passed along accolades. Stop by and enjoy the memories! I'm glad I did. Hours are 12:30 to 9:00 p.m. on Fri./Sat. and 12:30 to 6:30 p.m. Sun./Thurs. Thanks, Billy, for taking an idea to a reality.

### *The Candy House*

With Anderson's occupying one of the two kitchens in the quaint stone building long known as The Candy House, it is literally a step from Billy's to another welcoming smile. Our own classmate, Rosemary Kempt Carlile, was busy preparing orders for the holidays. Just as she finished one, the door opened and another customer came to place an order. I've always thought of Rosemary as the social hostess of The Candy House. There's a warm welcome each time you visit, and

she's ever so patient as customers decide what to try. She told me English toffee and turtles are the top requests. For me, it's always divinity and a few chocolate covered creams to take home.

After the lemon ice cream, I was thankful the candy could be saved for later. Feeling the need to exercise between the ice cream and the candy, I walked about the displays taking note of the many unique gifts and stocking stuffers! I'm thinking that most people who visit one shop also stop by the other. It must be fun working at both places because people come to buy something they want and do so by choice. It's a bit different than a car repair, appliance purchase, or something of necessity with a bigger price tag.

I asked Rosemary how long she'd been working there. The answer was "thirty- two years but this is my thirty-third Christmas. When I moved back to Joplin in 1980, my kids were young. I thought I'd just work a few weeks and buy their Christmas toys. There's not a sweeter place to work, so I stayed on."

As I left, I was thankful for the opportunity to have visited with Rosemary and Billy. It's part of the magic of a small town, a special town that has been through so much yet still has genuine and caring people.

While change seems to emerge all around us, we still have historical businesses with special people who make a difference in Joplin's recovery. ☺

*Phyllis Payne Sapp*





*Billy Garrigan Of Anderson's Ice Cream*



*Anderson's Delivery Truck*



*Billy checking on the flavors of the day*



*Classmate Rosemary Kempt*

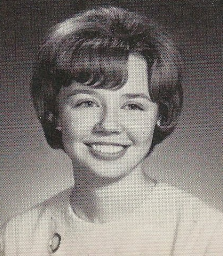


*Looks like a sales pitch in the making*



*What a sweet job to have*





## Cheryl Dines - Bio

**"I have loved being a teacher! It will be interesting to see what else life has in store for me."**



After high school graduation, I was a missionary with the Anglican Church in Canada. My partner was Canadian and we have stayed in touch all these years. We were near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan and I drove the one ton truck that housed us and our vacation Bible school materials. We visited all the small villages and held Bible school. Children of several faiths received the Anglican Sunday School By Post throughout the year. I returned at the end of the summer to the then Joplin Junior College. During the two years there I majored in journalism and was co-editor of The Chart. The second year we all campaigned for the college to become Mo. Southern which it did. After graduating, I married Jack Burke and we went to Pittsburg State University.

I graduated as a teacher in January of 1968 and began teaching 1st grade for 2 ½ years at Oakland School. We were going to begin a family, but Jack decided to go to graduate school. Next, I took a 1st grade job in Galena, Ks. My grandfather was a mine

owner in three states and was from Galena. During the Depression, he had helped keep the schools open and now I was teaching there.

After graduate school, we moved to Springfield and I taught 5th/6th grades and was acting principal of a country school. Jack's job with K-Mart kept us on the move for many more years opening new stores for the company. His next transfer was to Kansas City where our boys, James Richard (J.R. - before Dallas was ever on the air) and Nicholas were born. There I was employed in the inner city during the first years of teacher integration. I had all day kindergarten in an all black school. I left to have Nicholas and came back to a ¾ combo in an all white inner city school for Independence which was part of the K.C. system. Then Jack was transferred to Topeka and I taught 2nd grade in a farming area. Then came Omaha where I was part of the first and second year of student integration. I was a 5/6 Hilinc reading teacher.

While teaching in Merced for the last 29 years, the majority of the time has been with 1st grade. I also spent two years teaching 2nd and four years doing a Title VII grant for the district for bilingual education. When I came to Merced, we had a large influx for the next few years of Hmong, Mien, and Lao students from the camps in Thailand. These were families who had to escape Laos at the end of 1975. They had helped with the American pilots during the Vietnam War. In 1983, when I came, Thailand wanted them gone because there was still fighting going back and forth from the camps across the Mekong River. I did the grant from 1989-1993. We worked with teachers, aides, and families in assimilating to school. My partner represented the Spanish speakers in our grant and I represented the Hmong, Mien, and Lao. While I only speak phrases in each of the languages, I was fortunate to have native speakers working with me.

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This past June, I retired from teaching after 44 years. I have loved being a teacher! It will be interesting to see what else life has in store for me. Unfortunately, Jack and I divorced in 2004 after 37 years of marriage. Our oldest son, J.R., and his wife live in Vancouver, B.C. with our two

granddaughters who are the loves of my life. They are 8 and 9. J.R. is a research engineer for the Mozilla Corp. Our younger son, Nicholas, is a jazz saxophonist and lives in the Bay Area.

In closing, I want you all to know how devastated my mom, Rayma

Dines-Martin, my stepdad, Jeff Martin, and I were about the tornado hitting Joplin. We all three were in shock. Our thoughts and prayers have been with everyone in Joplin, our family and friends. The spirit of people in Joplin is a wonder to behold in action! 🙏



Fast food restaurants are convenient, but I seriously doubt that they will ever catch on.



There is no sense going on short trips anymore. It costs nearly \$2.00 a night to stay in a hotel.

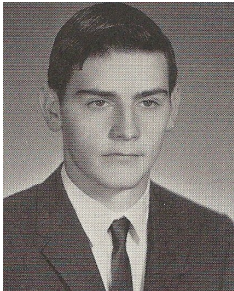


No one can afford to be sick anymore. At \$15 a day for the hospital, it's too rich for my blood.



If they think I'll play .30 cents for a haircut, forget it.





## Wayne Hampton - Bio

**"I worked in Denver testing wool for sheep growers, and grinding meat at a meat packing plant."**



"Bout as stable as rainwater."

That would be an apt description of my life prior to graduation from JHS. Being an only child, having two step-fathers briefly, an unstable mother and moving 16 times before graduation was a poor upbringing. My redemption was my grandparents, Bill and Inez Rusk who lived on Range Line (yes, there were actually a few homes on Range Line). I lived with them sporadically throughout my school years.

That lack of stability in my life gave me an innate desire to find meaning and purpose in life. That came in the summer of 59' when I was invited to a Bible Camp in Ponca, Arkansas. Hearing the Gospel for the first time and realizing what Christ did for me, I readily responded to the appeal to receive Him as my Savior. Even though I knew that experience was real, I was, like so many, torn by trying to live like a Christian or being accepted by my classmates. My faith faltered as I longed to "fit in". I vacillated between trying to be productive (football, track, study) and partying (drunk on weekends). I can vividly recall our "camping out" in the caves along Shoal Creek. Galena and the 3.2 beer was just too close to Joplin.

Not being college bound, I decided upon graduation to move to Denver where my mother lived and find a job until Uncle Sam tapped me on the shoulder and sent me to Vietnam. While working as a busboy/waiter at the Denver Hilton, a waitress invited me to church. I knew this was the right direction for my life and I accepted and once again gave my life back to God for His service. Here's a quick recap of events before entering ministry.

I worked in Denver testing wool for sheep growers, and grinding meat at a meat packing plant. I helped start Teen Challenge (Christian based drug rehab program) in Denver by living in the home and being on staff. Worked as a miner in Climax, Colorado (elev. 11,000 ft.) mining molybdenum. I pumped gas and washed cars across from the train station in San Francisco while working at a rescue mission in a predominately Black section of the city. I worked construction briefly in Hot Springs, South Dakota. I spent one semester at Grace Bible College in Omaha, Nebraska and worked temp jobs. I hayed one summer at a ranch in the Sand Hills of northern Nebraska. The next four years were at Central Bible

College in Springfield, MO. While at school I shoveled the pens at the stock yards (I told my fellow students I worked as a pilot; I would pile it here and pile it there). I also did a night shift for a turkey hatchery but I had to quit as it was psychologically demeaning...they kept saying I was "cheep, cheep, cheep". (Yes, I will keep my day job!). The last two years I drove school bus, which I have done over the years and still do while retired. During the summers I was on a team that planted a church in Mount Vernon, IL., and was a staff counselor at Teen Challenge in Chicago, IL. It kind of sounds like I was still unstable doesn't it?

While in college I was attracted to a girl named Barbara who said she was from Hannibal. "Great", I thought, "Another Missourian." By the time I found out it was Hannibal, New York, it was too late...she had landed me, filleted me, and had me in the frying pan! We were married in 1970 (choosing the decade so I could remember the year) between our Jr. and Sr. year at school. Upon graduation we accepted a position as Youth Pastor in Flushing, Queens, NYC. I told my fellow graduates that my ministry was headed down the tubes.

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(I know, I know, keep my day job!) It was indeed a bit of a cultural adaptation but the year we were there was rich in ministry experience and quite exciting. We were the consummate tourist, using every day off to explore the city and enrich our lives with the myriad of cultural opportunities available. We started a coffee house which became quite popular and saw many conversions to Christ. Doing story hours in the projects was a real eye opener. I learned cuss words I never heard before from those kids. We saw hold ups and robberies and break ins in broad daylight. A nine year old stole my wallet. As I said, there was a bit of a cultural adaptation. We were conducting services at a small church on Port Washington, Long Island during that time as well. We left Flushing (the town that is) and worked with a church on Baldwin, Long Island for two and a half years. If you have heard of Dave Wilkerson, this is where his mother and brother attended and his sister was the pastor's wife. Again I was the youth pastor. It was one of the most progressive and fastest growing churches on the Island at that time. It had a traditional style service in the morning but an exciting, electrifying service in the evening with ex-acid head musicians and hippies and moon lighting Catholic Charismatic abounding. Our first daughter was born while there. We lived on my wife's farm for 6 months while I waited for my own pastoral position to open up. I drove a feed truck during that time delivering chicken feed. I left there due to the same psychological indignities suffered at the turkey hatchery. My first pastorate did come at Cobleskill, NY from 1974 to 1982.

We took the church from 25 people to 185 before I left. My other three children were born there. I was in a non paid position at a large church in Binghamton, NY for three years and sold cars during that time. I spent two more years pastoring in Auburn, NY, taking the church from 25 to 125.

I became a Chaplain for the NYS Department of Corrections in 1988 and just retired this year. I spent almost all that time at a medium security jail called Cayuga Correctional Facility (1,100 men) in Moravia, NY. We had a riot our first summer. I was one of only two civilians on duty that night. There were no staff injuries as it was primarily racial and among inmates. I spent a brief time at Auburn Correctional Facility (1,700 men) which is the oldest continuously operating prison in the US...open in 1816. It was indeed an ominous and foreboding atmosphere, but ministry opportunities abounded. Back at Cayuga for my remaining years, I became concerned at the lack of rehabilitation for sex offenders. Along with an inmate I was able to initiate a therapy program called SOAP (Sex Offender Abatement Program) "Clean up your act". This we ran for seven years until the state developed its own program. It was my privilege to serve as the Vice-President and President of the New York State Protestant Chaplains Association for eight years. There is too much to relate about my experiences in prison, but I can tell you that God can still preform miracles by changing drug addicts, murders and rapist. I averaged 20 water baptisms per year.

Now I want to blatantly brag on my kids. My oldest daughter Pam is

married with two girls. She is the Director of Youth Ministry and Christian Education in the Methodist Church here in Moravia. She also substitute teaches and coaches track. My oldest son Dan is a graduate of West Point ('97) and an Army Ranger. He decided not to make the army a career and is a Systems Engineer for CSX Railroad. He is married and lives in Jacksonville, FL. My other son, Will is also in ministry, married with two children. He is starting a church in Binghamton, NY and his progress can be tracked at [www.tworiversassembly.com](http://www.tworiversassembly.com). My youngest, Rebecca, is married with three children and teaches English/Spanish in Warrenton, VA. All have college degrees, had athletic and academic scholarships, are gainfully employed and own their own homes. They take after their mother!

We live in the country outside Moravia, NY which is in the Finger Lakes region of New York. My wife and I enjoy camping, hiking, canoeing, and bicycling. Running has helped me maintain physical, emotional and spiritual equilibrium. I did a marathon in 04' just so I could say I did one, but it convinced me to stay with half marathons and below and trail runs.

Growing up in the rich soil of the conservative and pragmatic Mid-West rooted me well for the shifting sands of the liberal ideologies of the East. The Bible Belt works well at keeping your pants up! I am proud to call Joplin my hometown and am grateful to have grown up there. 🐾

**Go to page 17 of this newsletter and read Wayne's article on "Winter Woods Runner." An enjoyable read.**





## Janet Hale- Bio

**" My earliest memories begin not quite in Joplin, but in the nearby village of Redings Mill"**



Getting Joplin out of my system (or you CAN go home)

Families tell stories that capture the personal culture of the group. This is a favorite of mine from my family.

I think this must have happened in the late 80s. The older kids were 'home' for some occasion, maybe a holiday or big birthday. Everyone was collected at the dining room table and the discussion moved to the question of when we were next going to Joplin. Likely, I raised it.

My husband, Lee, groaned and said to me, "Why don't you just go down, spend a couple of weeks there and get Joplin out of your system."

Everyone was dead silent for several beats as I looked at my husband, pained but not puzzled. Then his daughter Jennifer spoke up: "Dad, I don't think that can happen. She grew up in Joplin and a lot of her family lives there. I think you should accept that Joplin is a permanent part of our lives."

Lee got it; he acknowledged the logic of Jen's comment. And that was the last time anyone in this family ever tried to get Joplin out of the system. But, if truth be told, it wasn't the first time!

My earliest memories begin not quite in Joplin, but in the nearby village of Redings Mill, where a group of children played, daily roaming rural acres dominated by the view of a castle-shaped residence atop a hill. There, earlier than memory itself, we made friendships that feel like family and will last a lifetime.

Alcott Kindergarten, Redings Mill School for a couple of years, then Eastmorland Elementary and East Junior High School shaped our educational progress in our formative years while summers and holidays seemed an endless delightful round of games and bike rides, trips with family and friends to nearby rivers and lakes and visits with away relatives, generally in other small, mid-western towns.

The years at Joplin High School are a collage of memories all my high school classmates seem to have in common: the new and delicious freedom of driver licenses, graduating from bikes to cars, dragging Main from the DQ to 'C & A' to McDonald's and back, with occasional runs west to Keller's; trading up from Kool-Aid to beer, spring picnics at Grand Falls and summer body-bakes on the deck of the world class Redings Mill Swimming Pool.

Starting college in the spring of '64 at JUCO – before I'd technically finished high school – I was eager to see a world beyond the comfort and familiarity of my hometown. Yet, if a larger world beckoned, my first move seems counterintuitive. Attracted by an interesting approach to teacher education and a small scholarship – neither of which turned out to matter much – I headed north to the tiny town of Grinnell, Iowa. There I studied mostly economics. After a year abroad, living in San Jose, Costa Rica, studying economic development and crop production, I returned to Iowa and completed a B.A.

In the winter of '68, I drove directly from Grinnell to Chicago, committed to share an apartment with a University of Chicago grad student and started job hunting. I wouldn't even return to Joplin to visit my family until I felt I had established the beginnings of a home somewhere else. The obvious comforts of Joplin were seductive; settling down there could have been so easy!

So instead I moved to Chicago, where I've lived ever since; oh, 40-plus years, now. Yes, I'm still near Chicago. I can hardly raise an eyebrow when I hear of people who never get more than 25 miles

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from home, can I!

For about the first ten years or so, I worked in publishing, advertising and marketing, mostly writing and editing. I supported my first husband while he finished medical school, did his internship and residency and established his practice. Meanwhile, I pursued an MBA at the University of Chicago, working days full-time and going to class in the evening.

My first marriage ended soon after my husband began practicing medicine. Literally within hours of our separation, I met the man who would become my one and only true love. Not, of course, that I knew that at the time.

When we met, Lee Tabin was a young, divorced man with two small children, a nine-old-year girl named Jennifer and a six-year-old boy called Billy. Faced with first the potential and then the reality of helping raise two children, the pace of my life sped up.

Soon I completed my master's degree and landed the job of my dreams with Leo Burnett Advertising Agency.

Two years after we met – to the day – Lee and I married. Adding a third child to the mix seemed like the obvious next step and our son, John, was born in the summer of 1980.

Lee had spent much of his childhood living in a Chicago suburb, in the house where his parents live to this day. Although he was

living in the city when we met, events conspired to bring us to that same suburb. Soon after we were married, we bought a small house in Highland Park, Illinois, about 25 miles north of Chicago on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Over the next two decades, our house – first the original and then soon our dream house where we continue to live – was an often shifting kaleidoscope of five closely linked lives: myself, Lee, Lee's daughter Jennifer, son William and young John. With thirteen years age difference between the oldest and the youngest child, there was almost always some excitement afoot, for better or worse!

With clear continuity, Lee pursued a demanding and successful career in the textile industry. With less continuity but frequent demands and challenges, I worked first in marketing research, then consulted and taught business theory and practice to college and continuing education students.

Meanwhile, I entered the field of local politics, winning a position on a school board serving a minute elementary school district. What started out as a pleasant, low-key way to contribute soon became a life-changing experience. Shortly after the start of my second term, the district learned that we were, in essence, the target of a take-over by a neighboring, financially tottering, district. Some sub-rosa shenanigans

at the state capital insured that our district would be subsumed. In a community crisis that occasionally rose to the level of death threats, I helped lead the district and two adjacent districts to a highly successful consolidation, ending a hundred years of reoccurring, nightmarish battles between neighbors.

Meanwhile, Jennifer had followed in my foot steps and headed to the cornfields of Iowa to earn a B.A. at Grinnell College. Bill went to Marquette in Wisconsin and – eventually – John to Ithaca College in the Finger Lakes area of New York state.

Today Jen lives in San Antonio, TX with her husband Thad, daughter Quincy and son Silas. Bill calls Madison, Wisconsin home while John lives in Washington, D.C.

If leaving home to see a broader world and then settling for 40-plus years in one city sounds incomplete to you, it does to us, too. Our wanderlust continually drives us. Shortly after Lee and I met, he asked me to join him and his daughter for a Christmas time romp in London. That would be the first of about 25 ocean crossings we've done together.

We honeymooned in Italy – every woman's favorite honeymoon destination, some say.

Other particularly memorable trips come to mind: a river cruise on the Danube from Munich, Germany to Budapest, Hungary;

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a trip to beautiful Krakow that included a crushing afternoon at Auschwitz; a tour of Japan, delightful even though marred by the '08 stock market drop which pulled at everyone's focus on and off; and a visit to Alaska with weather so extraordinary that everything seemed to sparkle.

My parents continued to live in Joplin until my father's death in 1995. My mother moved to St. Louis with her second husband when she was 79 years old, but later returned to Joplin when she was again left a widow. Today she lives in a residence for the elderly near where I grew up. Both my brother John, two years younger than me, and my sister Diane, seven years my junior, moved elsewhere for a while, but eventually returned to Joplin. So never have I been much disconnected from my home of origin. As Jen said that day at the table: "A lot of her family lives there."

But if ever I thought I could get Joplin out of my system, the 22nd of May, 2011, would have put that notion to rest! On that Sunday, shortly before 6:00 p.m., my phone in Highland Park rang and

I found my brother, in Joplin, on the line, clearly in a state of shock.

"Soon," he said, "you will be hearing on the news that Joplin has been hit by a massive tornado. I've just left my bathroom to find much of my house blown away and a neighborhood that looks like a war zone. Please call my children and tell them that their mother and I are alive before they start hearing the news."

Following rapid calls to the homes of each of his children, I called the residence where my mother is living. By some miracle, my call went through and someone answered.

"What can you tell me about your status?" I asked.

"We were not hit. Everyone here is okay," the woman answered. "We're without power or water, but we're all alive and safe." I quickly said good-bye, knowing she had her hands full.

Then began a long night of trying to locate my sister, her husband and all four of her grown children, who live spread around the Joplin area.

Over the next few hours, we were able to account for almost everyone. Via Facebook, I connected with one of my sister's granddaughters, who'd been in a storm shelter with her other grandmother and one of her sisters. Though the night, we posted updates for each other and bit by bit, we pieced together the location of everyone except one nephew, who would also eventually turn up alive. If I'd ever had doubts as to the value of 'social media,' that night left none!

Joplin. About four years after I moved to Chicago, I told a more senior fellow worker that I was going home to Joplin for the holidays. He responded, "This is your home now." I agreed he had a point and observed that, when I said good-bye to family and friends in Joplin, I would tell them I was going home to Chicago. And so it was and is and will always be for me. Joplin is home, Chicago and Highland Park are home and possibly there will be other homes. Finding a new place to call home doesn't mean the beloved, old place stops being home. So I am forever home and forever going home. ☺

### 50th Class Reunion Update

Your class reunion committee members communicate and meet regularly on the agenda of this upcoming 2014 cataclysmic event. So far all functions will be held at the Holiday Inn. We have set dates of Friday, June 20th for a Meet & Greet, and that will be held from 4:00 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. or so. Then our Banquet will be Saturday, June 21st, from 6:00 p.m. to ????. A farewell breakfast will take place Sunday morning. That will be free to all staying at the Holiday Inn & \$10 for those not rooming there. We tentatively set Thursday evening for a Hayride/BBQ, but we've also had a suggestion of doing a car cruise, then gather at a restaurant for a Dutch treat dinner. Suggestions & donations are ever so appreciated.

There was once a man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He was hard of hearing so he had no radio - he had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers and of course he didn't look at television. But he sold very good hot dogs. He put up signs on the highway telling everyone how good they were, he stood on the side of the road and cried out to all that past 'buy a hot dog, they are the best in town'.

And people bought his hot dogs and he increased his meat and bun orders. He bought a bigger stove to take care of all the extra business. He finally got his son to come and help him out with his business.

But then something happen, his son who had been well educated said . . . ' Father, haven't you been listening to the radio or reading the newspapers or watching television? There's a big recession happening right now. The current business situation is terrible in this country - we have problems with unemployment, high living costs, strikes, pollution, the influence of minorities and majorities, the rich, the poor, drugs, alcohol, capitalism and communism '.

Where upon his father thought, ' well my son's been well educated, he reads the papers, listens to the radio and watches television, so he ought to know '.

So his father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down all his advertising signs and no longer bothered to stand by the side of the road to promote and sell his hot dogs, . . . and his hot dog sales fell almost overnight. 'You're right, son' the father said 'we certainly are in the middle of a recession'

*Author Unknown*

### **Help the Class Reunion Out & Own a Part of History**

The JHS Class of '64 car show fundraiser awarded this Dash Plaque to the 27 entries. We will only strike 100 and sell the additional 73 to help with our 50th. If you would like to be the proud owner of our historical dash plaque, the cost will be \$2.00. Now that's a real memory bargain folks. Please contact Carol Corbin Buck at [csbuck64@aol.com](mailto:csbuck64@aol.com) or 417-483-3285 to arrange delivery.



Our class has been looking for Calvin Summers for sometime. The class email received the following from his brother and a former JHS teacher. *JHS Class of '64 senior, Calvin Amos Summers, eventually moved to Wichita, Kansas in the time frame of 1972 or so. He, as a pedestrian, was hit and killed in S. Wichita by a drunken driver in Jan. 1986. He had fond memories of JHS and his class.* **William Andrew Summers**

We were also notified of the passing of classmate John Hunley in the spring of 2012. Our belated condolences are extended to his family.

We wish to send condolences to the family of classmate Jimmie Dale Farrar, who passed away Sunday, December 16th.

[http://www.parkermortuary.com/fh/obituaries/obituary.cfm?o\\_id=1877933&fh\\_id=10419#.UNFN6BKThSU.email](http://www.parkermortuary.com/fh/obituaries/obituary.cfm?o_id=1877933&fh_id=10419#.UNFN6BKThSU.email)

We would like to extend our sympathy to classmate Donna Drake Helton & family in the passing of her father Don Drake.

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/startribune/obituary.aspx?n=donald-roy-drake&pid=161194677#fbLoggedOut>

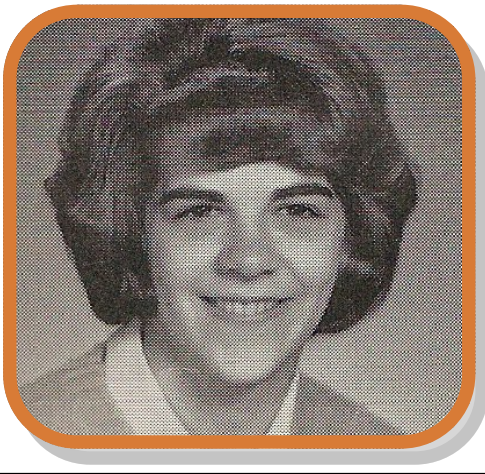
Also the Regan Thomas family, with the passing of his father and Joplin/Branson icon Jim Thomas.

<http://hometowndailynews.com/13010/jim-thomas-branson-businessman-dies.html>

We've had some classmates asking about the passing of Janice "Janny" James in 2011. In doing our research we found that Janny's passing was sent out as a special email and not listed in the "Remembrance" section of our newsletter, and many may not have known. So, it's with pride that we remember Janice "Janny" James in the following links.

<http://www.theancientstar-song.com/2011/08/janny-grein-has-passed-away/>

[http://www.thebeginningsconcert.com/janny\\_grein\\_performs.html](http://www.thebeginningsconcert.com/janny_grein_performs.html)





On Monday, December 17, 2012 our classmate Arthur B. Markray passed away in Downey, CA. The sympathy and prayers from all classmates are extended to his mother, wife Cheryl, children Challyn Marie and Arthur B. II, grandchild Kalia Marie, his sisters as well as his nieces & nephews. Art was a slam dunk in school, and in life.



OPENING PRAYER	READING OF THE WORD	LOVING REMARKS	OBITUARY
VISUAL TRIBUTE	EULOGY	CLOSING PRAYER	REPAST

## ARTHUR BILL MARKRAY

BELOVED SON, HUSBAND, FRIEND, FATHER, UNCLE, GODFATHER, GRANDFATHER

EST. DECEMBER 12, 1946 DECEASED MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 2012 COST - PRICELESS

# GOING HOME

<p>Arthur Bill Markray was born in Joplin, Missouri to the union of Levi Markray and Ollie B. Wyatt. The youngest of seven children, Arthur immediately took on a very special role in his family as the baby boy, or as his mother affectionately called him: 'Arthur B'. This nickname followed Art outside of the home and into the classroom, where many of his peers quickly added this name to be used in their everyday vocabulary. In fact, they did more than speak his name; often times they cheered his name.</p>	<p>At a very young age, Arthur discovered that he had a natural passion and gift for the game of basketball. Under the tutelage of coach Russ Kaminsky, Art went on to lead the Joplin High School Eagles through two consecutive state championships: 1963 and 1964. Some 50 years later, Arthur B.'s basketball records still remain unbroken. Commencing his professional basketball career, Arthur B. played with the world renowned Harlem Globetrotters. He then returned to play for Missouri Southern College where he was known for his superior ball handling skills.</p>	<p>January 15, 1972, Arthur and Cheryl Lynn Thompson exchanged vows on the sunny shores of California. To that union two children were born: <i>Challyn Marie, 1977</i> <i>Arthur B. II, 1981</i>. Arthur served as Senior Account Executive for Coca-Cola and Southland Corporation. Neither job compares to the diligence and devotion he gave to his job as a father. No matter the circumstance, Arthur B. could always be counted on to be present in the rafters with his trademark whistle to show support for 'Lips' and 'Bighead'.</p>	<p>March 19, 2010 Arthur B. Markray assumed the role of <i>Papa</i> in the miraculous birth of Kalia Marie. His love and admiration for Kalia was infectious; the two were inseparable. Arthur Bill Markray was a member of Unity Baptist church, Joplin, Missouri. He is survived by his Mother: Ollie B. Wyatt; Sisters: Gertha Johnson and Dixie Brown; Nieces and Nephews: Juatva Spurlock, Oliver Samuels (deceased) Cherri Cookrell, Jeffery Brown, Keith Brown Jr., and Dana Markray; God Children: Mechelle Monroe, Bryan Monroe, and Sarah Gassman; Wife: Cheryl Markray, and many other relatives and friends.</p>
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Your class newsletter editing team really looks forward to putting the quarterly newsletter together for all to read and hopefully enjoy. However, we do have times that we feel it necessary to report on topics that are difficult for us to face and to write about. This happens to be one of those moments.

As you know from past newsletters, our classmates Dave Stockam & Billie Sue Lenger Stockam's daughter Lisa, has been battling pancreatic cancer for some time. To quote from her obit "She won her battle at 3:20 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 6, 2013, and fell into the arms of her Heavenly Father."

It's with much sadness and a heavy heart that we extend our sympathy to the entire Stockam family, as they face Lisa being called home to be with her Father, but most of all, knowing that now, pain free is a blessing for her.

To Dave & Billie, please know that your classmates are keeping you in their thoughts and prayers and admire your resilience during this time. May God bless.



<http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/x2056577822/Lisa-Stockam>

*We still have classmates that we've classified as Missing. If you have an idea where any of these classmates are, feel free to let us know so we may be able to communicate with them. Please help us locate the following 32 classmates:*

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

<i>Carol Blankenship</i>	<i>Linda Baugh (Robards)</i>	<i>Robert Joe "Bob" Smith</i>
<i>Carol Munson (Wrench)</i>	<i>Linda Vails</i>	<i>Shirley Teague</i>
<i>Clair Howard</i>	<i>Mary Thornton (Reed)</i>	<i>Thomas Ray Warren</i>
<i>Connie Smith</i>	<i>Merlene Garrison (Burris)</i>	<i>William "Bill" Ray Stow</i>
<i>Don Hall</i>	<i>Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien</i>	
<i>Drucilla Short</i>	<i>Patricia Kay Belk</i>	<b><i>(32 Missing)</i></b>
<i>Emma Nunn</i>	<i>Patricia Kay Puckett</i>	
<i>Gary Colvin</i>	<i>Patty Riley (Brewer)</i>	
<i>James "Jim" Hilton</i>	<i>Paula Weinacht</i>	
<i>Jo Ellyn Brown (Baker)</i>	<i>Richard Burns</i>	
<i>Johnie Coots</i>	<i>Richard Lee Pearson</i>	
<i>Judy Osborne (Gardner)</i>	<i>Robert "Bob" Isaacs</i>	
<i>La Donna Miller</i>	<i>Robert "Bob" Jordan</i>	
<i>Larry Conboy (In PHX area)</i>	<i>Robert James "Bob" Smith</i>	

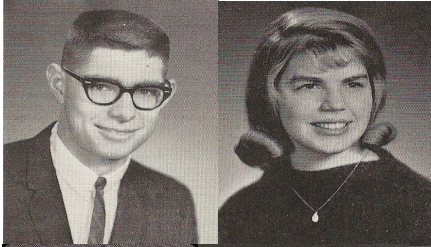
Please help us out. In order to keep you abreast and to value your input as we move toward our 50th Class Reunion, don't forget to include us on any changes in your contact information. You may do this on the website by clicking on the "Contact" tab, then click on the class e-mail address [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com), then enter your information in the e-mail box and click on the "Send" tab, that's it folks. **If anyone has email addresses for Paula Jordan, Gail Heller or Mike Watson - please share, as what we had is no longer valid.**

### Continuing to Follow the Chapman's

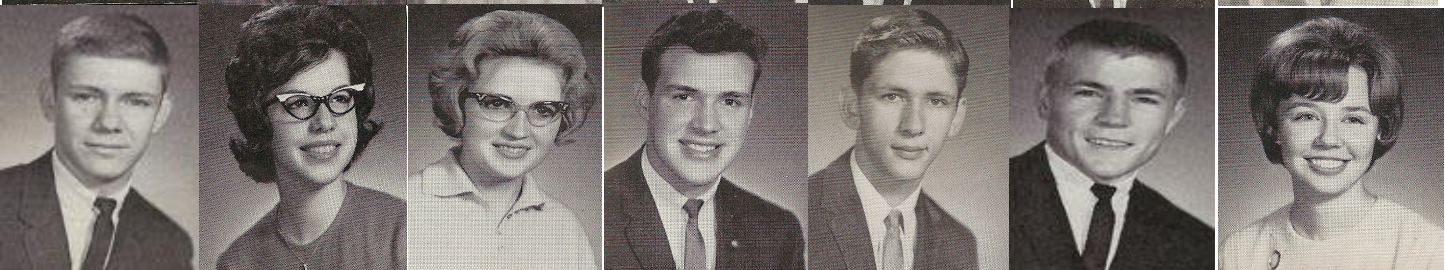
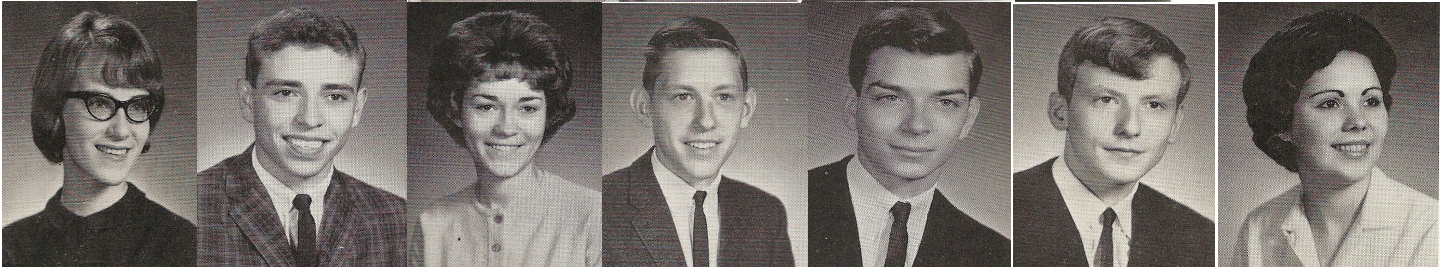
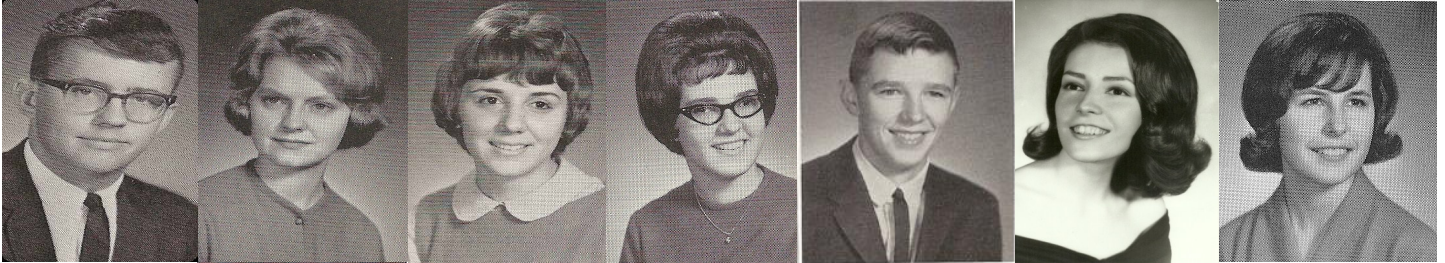
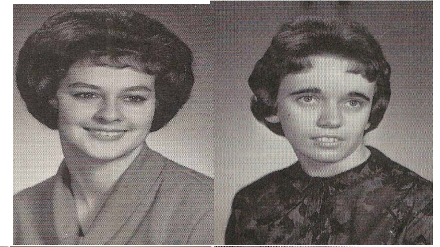
Taking that infamous 3 hour tour, not. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cfR7qxtgCgY>. Mike & Twyla Chapman leased their home in Joplin, bought a boat and hit the waters around North America. They also have a blog set up and post their adventures on it almost daily.

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

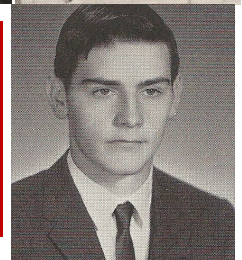




**ATTENTION!!!**



**We need bios for the next issue folks!**



**\*\*\*\*\*Class Website\*\*\*\*\***

Our class website is in dire need of an update. Your 3 editors only have so much material to add to the website or to the newsletter and why we periodically reach out to you for your help in supplying copies of any old pictures, or current ones for that matter of present or past events you or your family are or have enjoyed or been involved in. A story or hobby that you are doing that you would like to share with us, we would ever so much welcome. Pictures are really a blessing as we have aspirations on doing about a 2 hour slide show for our Friday "Meet & Greet" at the 50th and really need some electronic photos for that event. If you do not have a way to scan photos, we will be happy to do that and return to you unharmed. So if you get a moment to rummage through some old boxes or files and care to share your finds, we would be so appreciative. Help us make our website, newsletter and 50th High School Reunion the best one ever. Check us out at: [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com)



Okay, put your thinking caps on folks. Stephanie White Everitt got this picture from Evelyn Smith Steele. It goes back to Evelyn's South Jr High School days and the Rainbow Dance at age 13. As noted below, Patti Hughes, Mike Siskowski and Evelyn Smith are identified. The one lone unidentified boy is thought to be Brent Horton or Mike Winfrey. The question that Steph & Evelyn want answered is, does anyone know for sure who this boy is? [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com)

*We have since learned via classmate Bruce McCaw, that this is Brent Horton.*



PATTI HUGHES ? MIKE SISKOWSKI EVELYN SMITH

**\*\*\*\*Winter Woods Runner\*\*\*\***

The silence is broken only by the crunch of the tiny crystals beneath my feet and the rhythmic panting of my frosty breath. Whatever other sounds may be are quickly absorbed by the white blanket covering the forest floor. My knit stocking cap contributes as the final sound barrier. This silence stands in stark contrast to the outside world. Its mute music is soothing to my needy soul. The deeper I plunge into the forest, the better I feel. With each passing minute a mystical transfusion is replenishing my spirit. Legs and lungs are in sync. Troubles are momentarily out-run. My vision is clearer. God is near. This is good. I press on.

The barren branches permit me to recognize the great depth and dimension of the vast forest before me. I feel small... yet significant. A scant two months previous a myriad of colors concealed these seemingly unending silent sentinels reaching up to the ice blue skies.

The glistening sun reveals previously hidden tiny diamonds nestled in the snow. I am tempted to stop and pick them and place them in my pouch pocket. The realization that there are too many to pick and their weight would only slow me spares their serenity.

The trees are my protectors. They brace their bare backs against the bitter and biting winds that blow freely and fiercely across the open fields. The trees are my friends. There is peace and renewal here in the silence and protection of these woods.

The red rays of the sinking sun accentuate the rosiness of my cheeks and nose. Darkness, the foe that rails against me, tries to drive me from this sanctuary and claim it as his own. Yield I must for my foe is unrelenting. He does not know, however, that he has lost. He is too late. I am renewed. I am refreshed. The transfusion is complete. I hasten on to a warm fire, a wonderful wife, and a future filled with possibilities. 🐾

**Wayne Hampton**  
December 2009



The last 4 couples standing in a Chicago Dance Marathon in 1930



Russian peasants getting electricity for the first time in 1920



Johnny Cash performing for prisoners at Folsom Prison – Jan. 13th 1968



The only known photograph of an African American Union soldier with his family. c1863-65



A Native American looks down at a newly-completed section of the transcontinental railroad. Nevada , about 1868



Microsoft staff photo from December 7, 1978



### "And the winner is"

As most of you know, on December 1st, the class of '64 raffled off a 42" flat screen HDTV to help defray some of the activity costs of our 50th class reunion, which will be held in 17 months. High School gym teacher Mary Ellen Franks Greer did the drawing, as the event was held at JB's Piano Bar in Joplin. And the winner was Craig Cox, of Owasso, OK, who just happens to be the son of classmate & class committee member Connie Culton Cox. Needless to say, a big surprise by Connie was part of our wrap up raffle drawing. Below is a picture of Craig and the boys, Riley & Casen. They are standing in front of their brand spankin' new television. We wish them much visual pleasure.



Classmates on hand for the drawing were front row L-R: Connie Culton Cox, Carol Corbin Buck, Sharon Peters Arnold & Mary Ellen Franks Greer. Back Row L-R: Marvin Gray, Dave Knisley and the partial head of Jim Christiansen.





Speaking of raffles. Since we had a little bit of success with the TV raffle, we have elected to start up another one, and the prizes will be awarded at the Saturday night banquet at our 50th reunion. So far, Jeanne Lewis Owen made a quilt and donated to the raffle and what a quilt she designed. John Keeling has offered to make a cutting & bread board and will donate that to the class raffle. John sent a picture of what one would look like, but stated that depending on the wood used, it may vary from the one in the picture below, but we get the idea. John also said that some of the cutting boards he has donated to various raffles have raised as much as \$300 to \$400. Hopefully we can be as fortunate. If anyone wishes to donate their item to the raffle, please contact us and donate away. Our game plan will be to sell all raffle tickets for \$1, this will give everyone a chance to win whatever is in the raffle. Right now, with two donations in the pot, we will have two drawings at the banquet, more donations, would mean more drawings. We wish to thank Jeanne & John for these treasured gifts they handmade and donated. Check them out below.



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