



"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 22

Class Newsletter August 9, 2015

Here Is Our 22nd Edition

Joplin Eagles

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"Sum—Sum Summertime"

Summertime is in full session with the sultry temps to prove it and a reminder that it's time for our JHS 2015 late summer edition.

It's also the season to be outside breathing fresh, though somewhat humid, air. In an attempt to take advantage of a particularly pleasant morning—and get some exercise—I headed down the hill on a walk to our local farmers market.

A smoker who had stepped outside for a quick hit rendered the air I was inhaling anything but fresh. And, if you'll permit me to digress slightly, the haze of cigarette smoke reminded me that I'm missing one of my all-time favorite TV shows, "Mad Men."

Its seven season run is over and I'm having withdrawal from my Sunday night pleasure of tuning in to the 1960s culture that we grew up in—which certainly revolved around cigarettes and cocktails.

I'll admit that I used to sneak a cigarette or two on my rides with a classmate to JHS back in the early '60s. Although I never allowed those surreptitious smokes to become a full blown addiction, my early encounters with tobacco became fodder for the Joplin Globe column that follows about the lure of tobacco advertising from that time.

Hope you're having your own lazy, hazy, crazy, healthy summer!

Jeanne Looper Smith



(Jeanne Looper Smith's Joplin Globe Article)

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel"—1950s/'60s cigarette advertising slogan

I certainly didn't have to walk a mile to get my hands on my first cigarette. I stumbled upon a pack in our garage and couldn't resist their allure. It was double defiance as my parents were non-smokers and the cigarettes belonged to my brother.

My high school-aged older brother, who was a secret smoker, had unknowingly corrupted me. Norm, a budding scientist, built rockets in our garage but apparently was lighting more than rocket fuel there. I had unwittingly discovered his surreptitious stash of smokes.

At age 13, I was such a nicotine novice that I had no idea how to light up. So I laid the unfiltered cigarette on the concrete garage floor trying to ignite it like one of Norm's rockets. A couple of failed attempts at combustion convinced me to put the cigarette in my mouth to get the thing going. Houston, we have lift-off!

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The experience was short-lived as the coughing and choking convinced me that I was not cut out to be a smoker and the launch of a permanent habit was aborted.

Even though I haven't smoked a cigarette in 50 years, I think I may have subjected myself to some serious second hand smoke just from watching "Mad Men," my favorite TV show. The Emmy award winning show depicts the advertising industry and the social culture of the 1960s and reminds me, with every stylish drag of a character's cigarette, how seductive and sophisticated cigarette smoking appeared during those years.

Moreover, "Mad Men" provides a scintillating snapshot of the persuasive way smoking was promoted through television advertising.

In the early days of television, almost every show had a primary sponsor and many of those were cigarette manufacturers. Smoking was considered glamorous then—heroic for men and liberating for women. And our favorite TV and movie stars, and even cartoon characters, often were seen endorsing the sponsor's products. John Wayne appeared for Camels in 1952 declaring that he had smoked them for 20 years and they were mild and good tasting, pack after pack.

Lucy and Desi, America's favorite comedic sweethearts, smoked during their programs and during their commercial breaks we heard a "Call for Phillip Mooorriiiss".

"Winston tastes good like a cigarette should" was a musical jingle that sent shivers up the backs of English purists everywhere—and my father in particular. He routinely shouted back at our TV, "Winston tastes good AS a cigarette should." They must have heard him because the company subsequently came out with a new slogan—"What do you want, good grammar or good taste?" My dad, a non-smoker, preferred good grammar.

However, none of the grammatical controversy curtailed Fred and Wilma Flintstone's habit as they routinely lit up Winstons at the end of their popular prime time television show. Yabba Dabba Do!

The Old Gold dancing cigarette pack—a leggy, oversized package of smokes—waltzed into our living rooms promising a taste "made by tobacco men, not medicine men."

Not to diminish the medical profession, advertising claims certified that after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, not a single case of throat irritation was found. L & M cigarettes ramped it up by declaring their smokes were "Just what the doctor ordered."

Fortunately, real doctors eventually prevailed over pretend medical experts and cigarette manufacturers were ordered to include warning labels on their packages in 1965.

Even though we were assured that smokers would "..... rather fight than switch" the popularity and cultural acceptance of smoking slowly fell from favor starting with a study from the Surgeon General in 1964 detailing the mounting medical evidence about the negative health consequences of cigarette smoking.

And, after that time, TV advertising, too, took a tactical turn. John Wayne (who would die of lung cancer in 1979)—having formerly been a spokesperson for the manly art of smoking—now made impassioned pleas for people to stop.

William Talman, who played the role of Perry Mason's adversary, District Attorney Hamilton Burger, made a riveting commercial while dying of lung cancer urging people to take his advice regarding smoking. "If you don't smoke, don't start. If you smoke, quit. Don't be a loser." Talman lost his life just 6 weeks after filming the spot.

The last cigarette commercial was broadcast on Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show" on January 1, 1971. The "coolness" of the habit portrayed in the 1950s and 1960s had gone up in smoke.

Today there are all kinds of reasons for walking a mile—not one is connected to cigarettes.

We've come a long way, baby. 🐾

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

If you're a grandparent living in Joplin, you might take S. Main to Redings Mill and stop at the Kansas City Southern mail car located on the corner. . . . you know the corner, the one just over the bridge and right before we got to the pool. Granted, the train in our youth arrived at the depot on N. Main, but today's mail car is a novelty which attracts all ages complete with the original Anderson's Ice Cream and Whisler's hamburgers. Billy Garrigan, who brought Anderson's back to life and housed it adjacent to The Candy House a few years ago, came up with the idea of the mail car. (You may remember the article a few issues back which featured those businesses.) Opened May 1st as Redings Mill Depot, the new location features the same great Anderson's ice cream (All Aboard Ice Cream) and has added Whisler's hamburgers which originally opened in Carthage in 1953.

As one enters the new depot which was built next to the mail car, you can order burgers made fresh for every customer and add chips or pop. No fries here which is actually nice because you are not greeted with the aroma of a deep fryer. Shakes and the ice cream we all knew complete the menu. What fun it is to see children and adults making flavor decisions. So many to choose from eighteen in the display case and more in the back freezer. After finishing our hamburgers, exploring the train for awhile, then returning for ice cream cones, I suggested my grands not put their handprints on the glass case, but true to the casual, family atmosphere, Billy told me he likes to see handprints as he knows kids have been there and had a good time.

Your choice of seating includes tables on the patio, picnic tables with giant umbrellas for shade in the front area, or the comfort of booths in the air-conditioned train car. Since I live close, I manage to stop by once a week. You can see that my grandkids enjoy it, also. And, that's exactly what Billy had in mind when he planned his location. . . . he wanted to "offer a quality, affordable, fun place for families. There's more indoor and outdoor seating now which encourages guests to hang out for awhile."

"I've always had a passion for simpler times of the past, times when we depended on more than technology. I wanted to preserve a piece of history and have always liked trains." As we talked about the current and future plans for the interior of the mail car, I mentioned riding the K.C. Southern many times in my childhood on trips with my grandmother to the big city, having breakfast in the dining car before the sun came up, and returning home after dark. I suspect the reason I'm noticing several groups of seniors now stopping in even without grandkids is because the train awakens memories for our generation and older. Billy said many customers reminisce, and how he wished he could have known those times.

Inside the mail car, you find the original cubby holes where mail was sorted as this very train made its journey through Joplin. My grandkids were delighted to locate their hometowns of K.C. and Fayetteville and watched the black and white video showing the history of the mail cars. Their favorite part was viewing the train continue down the tracks as it passed non-passenger stops and a mailman reached out to snag the bag of outgoing mail hung high on a post. (Have to admit I'd forgotten that but how vividly it came back to me.) The next short video shows, in color, how the mail is handled today. Both are well done and were acquired from the Railway Mail Service

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Library. Brief excerpts can be viewed online. Winter plans include adding more history to the interior, including vintage pictures.

I was curious how Whisler's and Anderson's came together. He explained that his close friend, Drew Evans, now owns the Carthage Whisler's and Daylight Donuts where he has been offering Billy's ice cream the last couple of years. So, when Billy wanted to add more to the new depot, Drew shared the Whisler's method with him. They are each sole proprietors in their own ventures. It's great to see local business with local owners do well. It was natural for Billy to seek a location at Redings Mill as he attended Stapleton and South. I met him when he was twelve and my seventh grade student. Even then, I knew he'd be a success as he was kind and considerate of others, yet energetic and always interested in doing his best. Two decades later and with a family of his own, those qualities remain true.

Billy has captured an audience which spans generations and lifestyles. This trip I saw professionals in business attire, construction workers, ambulance crews, delivery truck drivers, and several retired people enjoying the atmosphere. Last week it was youngsters in ball uniforms, a four generation family, a young girls' birthday group, and me with our five grandchildren. I hope you, too, will stop by when in town to enjoy the memories and some great food. You'll be impressed with the friendly staff and how happy the customers are as they experience exactly what Billy had in mind: a quality, affordable, fun place that is a snapshot out of the past. 🐾

Phyllis Payne Sapp

Billy Garrigan & Fans











Sadly We Have NO

BIOS

To Share

It would be ever so nice for those that have said they would do a bio to step up to the plate. It doesn't have to be anything personal, maybe how you got from Joplin to wherever you are now and maybe a hobby or a pastime that you enjoy. So please think about it folks.

Some of you may know that classmate Tom Welsh is very handy with the pen. He has sent me several of his writings and they are very entertaining. I had a Tom Welsh file with all the stories he sent my way and this week our class email provider's server went kaput, so our email & website guru switched providers and lost all of Tom's stories that he has sent me over the years. I told him about this and he sent the following my way and gave me permission to put this in the class newsletter. Thank you Tom for another story well done and a great read. DK

While traveling to Chattanooga, Tennessee to be the Best Man in my friend Morris Truesdell's wedding, my driving route took me through the sleepy town of Poplar Bluff, Missouri. I had never been to eastern Missouri before and this little town of 20,000 inhabitants really caught my eye. Actually though, something else about it made it even more memorable. Two U. S. Highways converge in a crossroad situation in the middle of that town and you can't travel across country in either the east/west (U.S. Highway 60) or the north/south (U.S. Highway 67) direction without going through Poplar Bluff. Just as you would enter the city limits on any of these highways from any direction you were confronted with huge billboard signs with the message "Silent George is v-e-r-r-r-y happy!" That's all that the signs said, and there was no other explanation at all. My wife and I both remarked about the strange signage and made up possible stories, mostly erotic, to match the verbiage on them.

A couple of years later, I was offered my first management position for the telephone company and, after refusing a location or two, was offered the Plant Foreman's position at Poplar Bluff, Missouri. Because we were both enamored with the place when we had been through it earlier, I gladly accepted their offer and we moved there in 1970.

Still curious about the billboards, I asked my new crew about them the first week that I was their new boss. I was told that a man named George Couch had put the billboards there and the message had some Mafia connection that my men were reluctant to ask him about. Mr. Couch was about 70 years old at that time and was a respected but retired local businessman who was now the owner and operator of a large trailer court on the east side of the town. Since residents were moving in and out of the establishment constantly and since I was still curious, I vowed to accompany my craftsman to the trailer court the next time a telephone installation order occurred. At the next opportunity that's just what I did. While my installer was doing his job, I found George Couch and introduced myself. When I finally got around to asking about the signs he told me this story:

"In the 1950's I accidentally walked in on a Mafia murder. The three assailants were two Mob Lieutenants and the Mob Boss. They saw me, but I was too far ahead of them for them to catch me, so I went directly to the local police to report the crime. Almost as soon as the investigation started, the FBI appeared. It seems as though they had been trying to discover grounds to arrest these guys for quite some time and my testimony would put them away forever.

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My family and I were put in the witness protection program but one day my son came home from school with a note that he found on his desk after lunch. The note said that they knew who and where I was. It also said that if I testified against them that my family and I would be killed if George were not silent. The note left instructions for me to make a disclaiming statement to the police or, again George would not be very happy. It was two years before the trial would occur, but my family and I were resolved that I would testify against the murderers. In the trial I did just that and all three of them were convicted. The Mob Boss was sentenced to death but that would not take place for six more years. In the meantime, I kept getting messages that unless I recanted my testimony, I would not be happy. After the execution, I moved back here to Poplar Bluff and hired the sign company to put up the signs and will pay for them until my death. I am v-e-r-r-r-y happy that I testified and I want them to know it.

I shook this brave gentleman's hand and told him of my admiration. It's a shame that there aren't more George Couch's in the world for in my mind he was a true hero.

This true account of an uncommon man causes me to wax philosophic about heroes and heroism. In today's world the title of hero is bestowed upon almost everybody it seems. Every person in our military, every policeman, every fireman, every doctor, every nurse, every emergency medical service technician, every teacher and every religious figure is granted this title by someone, often even by the news media.

According to Webster's New World Dictionary all of these individuals deserve the title perhaps because it defines a hero as "a man admired for courage or nobility". Obviously the dictionary is a better source for definitions than I am, but I strongly disagree with this broad interpretation of the term hero. In fact, that definition would apply to almost everyone at some point in his life. Is everyone a hero then?

In my world, that is not the case and should not be the case. In my estimation what separates people that do good things from true heroes is, the personal risk or danger involved, whether this action is to save someone else, and whether this risk or danger is part and parcel to their job. Is a serviceman a hero just because he wears a uniform? Or are the military heroes those that perform dangerous, life threatening duties to save others in a manner that is beyond the call of duty. Would Harry Truman be called a hero because of his decision to drop the Atomic Bomb that probably saved countless American and Japanese lives? The decision was a difficult one to be sure, but there was no risk to his personal safety. To me he was just a very determined man and not a hero. The same could be said for all of the rest of the servicemen both past and present. The "Medal of Honor" recipients are the heroes; the others are just doing their job. This definition applies to almost all of the other supposed heroes of today. There are heroes that are policemen, firemen, doctors, nurses, teachers and clergy to be sure, but most are just doing a risky job where they were

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fully aware of the risk before accepting the position. I was so impressed with the teachers in Moore, Oklahoma who laid their own bodies over their students to protect them, and risked or even lost their own lives in the process. I was likewise awed by the firefighters at the scene of the World Trade Center attacks. I implore Webster to narrow their definition of the term.

More often than not true heroes do not come from any man in a uniform, but instead they come from the average Joe. If you were to ask the citizens of Poplar Bluff, Missouri if they deemed George Couch to be noble or courageous most would have answered negatively. George the businessman had been the owner of, among other things, a bar in the worst part of town. This bar was where winos, derelicts, and hobos hung out. On the other hand, I have heard first hand accounts that George had a bedroom in the back of the place that he would offer free of charge to anyone who needed a place to spend the night. If asked to name a possible mafia connection in the town, most of the honorable citizens would have eventually mentioned his name. Perhaps that's why he would have appeared the last man in the community to take this huge risk for himself and his family and to continue to do what he considered to be his duty to society for so long, through such threats, adversity, and personal financial loss.

Even by my narrow definition of what constitutes being a hero, George certainly was exactly that. Without people with such sincere convictions and corresponding actions that include the sacrificing of themselves, societies cannot survive. Will you join me in paying homage to the true heroes? 🖱

Feel free to contact Tom if you would like to read more of his stories as several have mentioning of classmates and some "The Way We Were Stories" that are exciting and funny. Tom's email:

Tom Welsh its-home@sbcglobal.net

Memories

The Saturday Evening Post was published in Indianapolis, Indiana. My mom subscribed to that magazine for as long as I remember and there was always a Saturday Evening Post on the coffee table in our living room. She loved Norman Rockwell's work and up until the day she passed, my son Scott would always give to her at Christmas a Norman Rockwell calendar that she cherished twelve months a year.

Here are forty-eight years of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings of 'People's Expressions'. Just sit back, reminisce and enjoy.

http://www.kingsacademy.com/mhodes/11_Western-Art/27_Popular_Modern-Realism/Rockwell/Rockwell.htm

Actual Excerpts from Church Bulletins!

The Fasting & Prayer conference includes meals.

Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.

The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'

Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.

Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.

Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

Next Thursday there will be try-outs for the choir. They need all the help they can get.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.

At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be 'What Is Hell?' Come early and listen to our choir practice.

Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.

Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered..

The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

Pot-luck supper Sunday at 5:00 PM - prayer and medication to follow.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.

Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7PM. Please use the back door.

The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM .. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

"The Cruise"

Ahoy landlubbers!

At our 50th reunion several classmates tossed out the idea of a class cruise to celebrate our collective 70th birthdays in 2016. We've sent out an SOS on several occasions in the class newsletter indicating that to be on board for such an event, it would be helpful to contact Stephanie White Everitt.

It appears that, with a few exceptions, the idea tanked and hit bottom about as fast as the Titanic.

However, for those of you who are interested in such an outing, you may contact Stephanie at d56cic@joplin.com for the names of other classmates who also wanted to sail away to plan your own small seaworthy celebration.

Jeanne Looper Smith

What a difference a century makes! Here are some statistics for the Year 1914:

The average life expectancy for men was 47 years.

Fuel for a car was sold in drug stores only.

Only 14 percent of the homes had a bathtub.

Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.

There were only 8,000 cars and only 144 miles of paved roads.

The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.

The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.

The average US wage in 1910 was 22 cents per hour.

The average US worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.

A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year, A dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.

More than 95 percent of all births took place at home.

Ninety percent of all Doctors had NO COLLEGE EDUCATION! Instead, they attended so-called medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press AND the government as "substandard."

Sugar cost four cents a pound.

Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.

Coffee was fifteen cents a pound.

Most women only washed their hair once a month, and used Borax or egg yolks for shampoo.

Canada passed a law prohibiting poor people from entering into their country for any reason.

The American flag had 45 stars.

The population of Las Vegas , Nevada , was only 30!!!

Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea hadn't been invented yet.

There was not a Mother's Day or a Father's Day.



The Hump Day Monthly Class Dinner - August 5, 2015

Front Row L to R: Janet Counts Severs, Carol Corbin Buck, Sharon Peters Arnold, & Mardell Thomas Rouse.

Back row L to R: Steve Campbell, Mike Shipley, Jon Kaltenbach, Miriam Hoagland, Beverley Kluthe, Mike Greenstreet Sr., & Bob Linam.

Next get together will be Friday August 21st at Woody's BBQ, North Main & Stones Corner at 6:30.

Mini Reunions

The classmate get togethers take place on the 1st Wednesday of the month and the 3rd Friday. One may keep up to date with the when, where and time on Facebook at the following link:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1608935812682405/>

There is also a class web page on Facebook that handles anything & everything pertaining to the class, classmates, get togethers or events that one can comment on.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/286459191481141/>

Both of these sites are listed as a "Closed Group" but all you have to do is click on "Join" and it's my understanding that anyone already in the group can give the official okie dokie and you're in.

Remembrances and sympathy of our classmates and family:

Our condolences are sent to the family and friends in the passing of our classmate Shirley Teague
<http://www.knellmortuary.com/obituaries/obituary-listings?obId=603187#/celebrationWall>

May sympathy be extended to family and friends for the passing of our classmate Sue Lyscio
<http://www.cozinememorial.com/obituary.php?id=2044>

We extend our sympathy to the family in the passing of our classmate Eugene Mayo
http://www.parkermortuary.com/fh/obituaries/obituary.cfm?o_id=3262291&fh_id=10419

Condolences are sent to our classmate Sue Lubber, in the passing of her husband
http://www.buchananfuneralhomemomnett.com/memsol.cgi?user_id=1617802

Our sympathy and prayers reach out to the family of our classmate Tommie Brown, who passed away suddenly on Monday afternoon, July 27th in Plano, TX. We have searched the Plano, TX obituaries as well as the state of TX and the Joplin Globe and we never located an obit on Tommie.

One Class Helping Another Class

A couple of months ago Jeanne Looper Smith & I were having lunch and started talking about our 55th class reunion. Jeanne attended 10+ years in the Joplin school system and then moved to Olathe, KS, a suburb of Kansas City. So Jeanne was part of two 50th class reunions.

She mentioned that her Olathe reunion had volunteers from the previous class working the check-in, name-tag table as well as the raffle table and manning anything that would free up classmates that were there to celebrate their 50th with other classmates. I told her I wish we'd done that and that way our classmates that manned our tables would be free to mingle among the gang and not tied to the tables. Then, I could see the infamous lightbulb come in Jeanne's eyes and she said; isn't your brother Mike on the '65 committee? I said yes. She said I will be willing to volunteer to work that if you will and you can get with Mike and have him present it to their committee. Long story short, I did and he did and they accepted, and now they have members from the class of '64 volunteering to help them out. We have five volunteers helping the class of '65's 50th reunion, that will be held on October 2nd & 3rd. Those helping will be Jeanne Looper Smith, Ross Smith, Jeanne Lind, Sharon Peters and myself.

Dave Knisley

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

We still have 30 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. We discovered 2 last month, Connie Smith in San Diego, and the passing of Shirley Teague in Carthage.

"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 (Burriss)

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

Robert James "Bob" Smith

Jack Sneed

William "Bill" Ray Stow

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, 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=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/>

*We thank these classmates,
our bio contributors*

