



Joplin Eagles

# "JHS Class of '64"

Issue 25

Class Newsletter June 3, 2016

## Here Is Our 25th Edition

### "Summertime and Easy Livin' Edition

#### Inside this issue:

Introduction	1
Jeanne's Globe Article	1
Joplin Tornado	3
Classmate Spotlight	7
Bio	11
Hodgepodge	17
Tidbits	18
Mishmash Medley	19

For me, the warm weather conjures up "cool" childhood memories of dripping ice cream cones, juicy watermelon bathing in icy tubs and cold bottles of pop bobbing up and down in ice-filled coolers at the entrance of neighborhood "corner stores."

It seems as if every part of town in Joplin had small stores that were filled with an array of things from penny candy for the kiddie set to eggs, milk and butter staples—and more—for the rest of the family in the days before the superstore made its inevitable entrance on the shopping scene.

Several of you provided us with your own vivid recollections of the stores that were a part of your local landscape during the time when we were children and teens and I'll include them in an article in this newsletter.

I've written in the Globe about the street that was a miniature "Main Street" and was home to the corner stores that were a part of my childhood in Joplin and it follows below.

Here's to a summer filled with warm memories and cool experiences! 🗣️



Jeanne Looper Smith

### "They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway. They say there's always magic in the air."-- *The Drifters*

Neon lights no longer flash on Joplin's Broadway. And the magic that the street brought to East town is long gone. Not even the name's the same. It's now called Langston Hughes-Broadway.

**(Continued on the Next Page)**

Infusing the street with needed energy, Empire District Electric Co. is now lighting up the old Dr Pepper bottling plant to house some of its operations. But it'll take more than a few kilowatts to brighten Broadway's darkened facades.

The Joplin Globe recently reported talk of redevelopment on the old street. It's been suggested that a grocery store, a hardware store and a gas station might be just the ticket for bringing it back to life. Drive down Broadway today and the ghosts of those very businesses from decades ago call out.

Johnny Powers owned and operated the Sinclair Service Station at Broadway and High Street from 1947 until 1972. His sign with the huge green dinosaur loomed over Broadway. Unfortunately, the service he provided at the pump has gone the way of the dinosaur. In a "pump-your-own" world, it's easy to forget that at "filling stations," as they were called then, the emphasis was truly on service. At Johnny Powers' station every fill-up came with an oil check, a clean windshield and a personal relationship.

Johnny cared about the people in the neighborhood and took care of them as well as he serviced their cars. Sometimes, when a customer needed but couldn't afford tires, Johnny installed them anyway--free of charge, and changed the oil to boot.

Fred Palmer starting working there as a young man and was as much a fixture at the station as the gas pumps. I saw him in 2004 and he could name, 50 plus years later, the cars my father drove while we lived in East town: a 1951 Hudson Commodore, a 1953 Cadillac Fleetwood and a 1956 Plymouth. S'pose anyone at a gas/convenience store today knows what you drive -- or cares?

Broadway was home to at least three grocery stores (Ferguson's, Jones' and Earl Smith's) during the years I was buying penny candy. My mother was making more substantial purchases and her loyalty, hands down, went to Earl Smith's Market.

I tagged along on many of her shopping forays and gravitated to the pop cooler on the sidewalk where bottles of ice encrusted Nehi-Grape, Dr Pepper, 7-up and Coca-Cola greeted me at the door. The store may not have had the variety of choices that today's superstores have, but Wal-Mart won't take your order over the phone and deliver your groceries, in cardboard boxes, to your door as Earl Smith's did in the 1950s.

Or teach you a lesson that stays with you for life.

I'm told there's a little larceny in all of us, and for me, at age 6, it surfaced during one of my mom's weekly shopping outings. For some reason, which escapes me now, I took a package of plastic picnic ware -- that's right, plastic spoons, forks and knives -- without running them past Earl Smith at the checkout counter. (You'd think I might have chosen something more exciting to pilfer!)

**(Continued on the Next Page)**

I managed to get them home without notice, I thought, and hid the stolen loot under my bed. I must not have been as careful to hide my crime as I thought. My mother confiscated the booty and marched me back to Earl Smith, to whom I returned it with a tearful promise never to take anything again that didn't belong to me. Mr. Smith accepted my apology and the stolen merchandise went back on the shelf -- and he never mentioned it again.

I can tell you that I have never stolen plastic spoons, forks or knives since that day!

The eateries on Broadway were Mom-and-Pop ventures owned by people who had as much personality as the street had then.

Pop Millhouse ran a little spot located in what was most recently Hackett's Hot Wings (before it relocated to Main Street). Glen and Thelma's was known for its heavenly hamburgers and someone, not long ago, said he'd pay \$150 to have one today. Hershel's Eastside Tavern, the local watering hole, boasted the coldest beer and the best chili in town. Gladys' Heidelberg Inn was a classy joint at the corner of Broadway and St. Louis that served lobster and libations and was a favorite of the Camp Crowder crowd. Harper's Barbecue was a landmark on the street long before Lumpy's carried on the tradition of Broadway barbecue.

It was truly a little neighborhood "city," with Singletary's Shoe Shop, Waterman's Florist, Treadwell's Hardware Store, an upholstery shop, a Laundromat, a cab stand, a barber shop and a fire station dotting the thoroughfare.

It may be unrealistic to think that the old street will ever reclaim its former glory, but it is time to see the names of some new ventures "up in lights" on Broadway. 📍

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



**Jeanne Looper Smith**

"Earl Smith's Market on Broadway"



"Remember the iced down pop coolers?"



Corner stores were mentioned in our last newsletter and that triggered some musty memories from our classmates. This reminiscing also pays tribute to the preponderance of these neighborhood stores that were a fixture in our early lives.

I gave a shout out to Earl Smith's Market, at the beginning of this newsletter, in the reprint of my Joplin Globe article that casts a spotlight on Broadway Street in Joplin and the many stores and businesses that populated that stretch of pavement so long ago.

**Dave Knisley** remembered that Moxley's was on 20th Street, between Byers & Moffet, then a block west was Melin's. Rose's Market flourished at 18th and Conner and Bailey's Market held forth on 17th Street between Moffet & Sargeant and Hopper's on 14th between Moffet & Sargeant.

**Sherri Campbell** lived at 9th and Chestnut before moving to Royal Heights and shared her memories of Ferris' Grocery. "It was a great place for we kids to stop after school. The senior Mrs. Ferris sat behind the neatest/glass wooden counter. Mrs. Ferris would sit by the window and wait for the children to pass by and then she would invite them in and we always got a free piece of candy. In those days we could buy candy 3 for a penny. It was one of my favorite places...."

Sherri also remembered the two neighborhood stores that she frequented after moving to Royal Heights. "Jackson's was on the "old 66" highway and on Florida street was a small store called Chase's Store." Like my memories of the meat department in Earl Smith's Market, Sherri remembers Don Chase cutting meat on the large butchers block and sharpening his knives with a very large steel before he started his task. "Those were the days, I really didn't realize how special they were until they were gone."

**Karen Trenary** added this to our corner store collection: "I was raised at 3304 Moffet. My mother and I would walk up the dirt road hill a block to Carter's Grocery Store at least once a week and sometimes more. He had a meat counter where we could get bologna sliced at just the right thickness....She would get a box of Hi Ho crackers that I would carry and eat on the way back down the hill to home....We had an account at Carter's that Daddy would pay off every payday."

**Phyllis Payne** contributed this: "Richard's Market (between Moffet and Sergeant on E St.) was just south of Columbia grade school, so we all knew it. My uncle was the neighborhood postman and known as "The Whistling Postman" because he whistled so the ladies would know to get their outgoing mail in the mailbox. He also, on Fridays, carried bubblegum in his mail bag which he had delivered to refill from the curb boxes so he could treat the kids who followed along. It was always fun to be at Richard's when he came by as my friends and I were treated to a Coke and candy during the summer as we weren't in school."

**Mary Lee Cole** went back in time to pull this memory up: "I think the name of the store as I remember it was Bailey's...we used to walk there a lot....Just a side note about that street/neighborhood—around Christmas time, when we would walk by in the evening, there was a garage that faced 17th...I think one of the kids of that family was a boy named "Doogie" Heeny (I'm not sure if that's exactly it or how it was spelled, that's what we all knew him as.) Anyway, they would be making that ribbon Christmas candy in the garage and the windows would be all steamed up and the smell was soooo good...especially to us kids!"

It's obvious that these stores remain in memory as powerful pieces of our childhoods. Thank you to all our JHS classmates who took the time to contribute their own corner store recollections. 🐾



*Jeanne Looper Smith*



I thought this article would be quickly written with so many media events, both local and national, covering the fifth anniversary of the tornado's appearance. Several times I've started it and discarded it. My thoughts are mixed: pride that so many have accomplished so much to make "our town" a miracle story; yet worry that such has brought renewed memories to those who lost loved ones, homes, and businesses. It's as though I am on a child's teeter totter going up and down. And always, comes the reality that I was one of the lucky ones. How was I so fortunate? I can only imagine, and inadequately, what it is like for those whose lives are forever changed.

The up thoughts remind me we were blessed to have 450 Americorps member coordinating over 182,000 volunteers. Over 90% of the 530 businesses damaged or destroyed have since rebuilt and reopened. Over 1,000 full-time and 800 part-time jobs have been added with 308 new businesses coming to the two-county metro area. Twenty-seven of twenty-eight damaged churches have been rebuilt or restored. After five years, 1,647 city permits have been issued for new single-family homes which averages about 28 per month.

When schools began the fall of 2011, 95% of our kids were back. Our current population is 51,818, up from 51,140 in 2011 and the highest it's ever been! These are but a few of the many positives.

How fortunate we were as many cities who recently attended the anniversary recovery summit here, cited loss of residents, lack of rebuilding, and other challenges. How often I read or heard the media coverage cite the tenacious spirit of the people in Joplin, the state and local governments' plan that debris would be quickly removed, federal and world support, and the goal which was reached to have kids back in school to be amidst familiar classmates and teachers paved the way to that success. We bused students back to town whose families had to go to neighboring towns since many of our apartments and homes were destroyed. I taught that quarter and will ever remember what a difference that made for children who had been displaced and lost everything.

The down side for the most part harbors the visual images, ones that present themselves at familiar corners and cause you to scroll through the mind to remember what used to be there or to imagine the physical trauma survivors experienced. Not a day passes that I don't drive near or through the devastated areas on routine errands which cause me to reflect on someone that I knew who is no longer there. It's like a pop-up book when you've been out of town visiting elsewhere then return to your routine paths. You get through it but never over it. Again, I often question how I was so fortunate.

The Chamber's anniversary promotion of businesses decorating and displaying large butterflies can be seen throughout town. They are the symbol for hope and rebirth. All are colorful and artfully created. The Mercy butterfly is so subtle in placement amidst a garden and seems to belong. It's tranquil as it is seen beyond small fountains with changing colors of water. I silently wish all blended in so peacefully.

Speaking of Mercy, just under \$1 billion dollars has been spent on recovery and rebuilding over the five years. The fact that they kept St. John's 2,200 employees on payroll played a significant part in retaining community members.

Likewise, the unprecedented services provided by Freeman Healthcare saved many lives as they

**(Continued on the Next Page)**

treated 1,750 injured the first night running on emergency generators, limited water, and no phone or Internet services. So many, many heroes. So many, many patients who had nowhere to go.

While there are many positive stories, I was drawn to the remarkable recovery the two young cousins have made who were in the parking lot of Home Depot with their grandparents. One is now 15 and her cousin graduated a year ago with his high school class. Both have had multiple surgeries. She is a beautiful, vibrant, young lady who was saved by heroic efforts of first responders and a dedicated surgeon. In an anniversary program, the surgeon praised those who extricated her by cutting a metal pole which came through the vehicle roof and lodged through her body. It was cut only enough to transport her sitting up to Freeman where the medical team was able to remove it. The cousins have a remarkable and positive attitude and exemplify the many positive outcomes and promising futures.

About town, the new autism center has been completed and the University of Kansas City School of Medicine and Biosciences will open in 2017 with one of the Mercy interim buildings being remodeled to accommodate 400 students by its fourth year. What a wonderful opportunity for our area. The newly located library is under construction and is centrally located at 20th and Connecticut with plans to be completed next year. Yes, there are many new sites amidst the familiar ones remaining. Change isn't always easy, but we're doing our best.

It's time to get off the teeter totter . . . think I'll try the swings now . . . and focus on the beautiful sunsets over "our town"! 🗑️



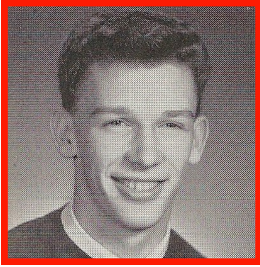
*Phyllis Payne Sapp*

Mercy water fountain and butterfly garden



Close-up of a butterfly in the garden



**Larry Don Williams**

WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD I WILL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT THAT THREE MEN THAT CAME TO A SMALL DIMLY LIT HOUSE IN JOPLIN, MISSOURI. MY FATHER AND MOTHER WITH THREE CHILDREN IN A TWO ROOM HOUSE. WE WERE A LITTLE CRAMPED I SUPPOSE BY TODAY'S STANDARDS I GUESS BUT THAT DID NOT EVEN PLAY IN THE PICTURE. THAT LITTLE HOUSE WAS FILLED WITH A MAGNITUDE OF LOVE.

MY FATHER HAD SUFFERED A BROKEN LEG AND WAS NOT ABLE TO WORK AT HIS JOB AT LEAST FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS AS A WELDER. HE WORKED BUILDING HUGE TANKS AND OTHER FABRICATIONS FOR A LOCAL STEEL PLANT "GENERAL STEEL". IN THOSE DAYS IF YOU DID NOT WORK YOU DID NOT GET PAID! BUT THEY MADE SURE THAT HE CAME BACK AS SOON AS HE WAS ABLE AS HE WAS VERY PROFICIENT AT HIS CRAFT. OUT OF WORK AND OUT OF SORTS ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THE FAMILY AS HE ALWAYS HAD. MY DAD WAS NOT MUCH FOR RECEIVING A HAND OUT BUT A VERY PROUD MAN THAT BELIEVED IN EARNING WHAT HE RECEIVED. BUT LITTLE DID HE KNOW THINGS WERE ABOUT TO GET MUCH BETTER.

BAM -BAM- BAM - CAME THE KNOCK WOODEN SCREEN DOOR, WHEN MOTHER OPENED IT, ONE OF THE MEN, (JIM WILLIS SR.) ASKED IF THE MAN OF THE HOUSE WAS THERE? MY FATHER BID THEM TO COME IN AND WHEN HE DID TEARS CAME TO MY MOTHER'S EYES AS THEY HANDED HER TWO LARGE BOXES AND A BASKET FULL OF FRUIT. THEY SAID THEY HAD HEARD OF DAD'S MISFORTUNE AND IF IT WOULD NOT OFFEND HIM OR MOTHER THAT THEY WOULD LIKE TO HELP WITH CHRISTMAS. MY FATHER ASKED HOW THEY FOUND OUT AND THE ANSWER WAS THAT A FRIEND HAD MENTIONED IT AND THEY TOOK IT FROM THERE. ALTHOUGH THESE MEN WOULD PLAY AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE I DID NOT REALIZE IT AT THE TIME. THEY WENT BACK OUT TO THE LARGE BLACK SEDAN AND BROUGHT IN A , WHAT SEEMED TO ME, A VERY LARGE HAM, WHILE ANOTHER MAN BROUGHT IN GIFTS FOR ALL THREE OF US KIDS. MINE WAS A TONKA "DITCH DIGGER" AND MY SISTERS GOT DOLLS AND TRINKETS TO MATCH. THERE IS MUCH MORE TO THIS STORY AS IT HAS TAKEN 65 YEARS AND HAS NOT ENDED AS OF YET.

THINGS CHANGED IN THE COMING YEARS AND MY FATHER WENT ON TO BECOME A MASTER MASON AS I HAVE SOME 19 YEARS AGO. I AM NOW A SHRINER AND COULD NOT BE MORE PROUD. MAYBE THIS YEAR I CAN BE ONE OF THOSE THREE MEN KNOCKING ON THE DOOR. 🐾

LARRY DON WILLIAMS

HADJI SHRINE-NOBLE

OLD SPANISH TRAIL SHRINE CLUB-Scribe

CONCORD MASONIC LODGE # 50- MASTER MASON



This past May 14th, I participated in my first 5K walk/run with classmates Dave & Billie Sue Stockam, in the PurpleStride's fight against pancreatic cancer. Dave & Billie have been a participant in this since the loss of their daughter Lisa to this terrible disease. I was amazed at the progress that has been made to eliminate this horrible disease, not to mention the number of people that were at Theis Plaza near the Plaza in Kansas City, MO. I found out that two years ago the survival rate for pancreatic cancer was 6% and today it is 8%, so progress is happening and I met and saw several survivors that attended and participated in the event to prove that there is hope.

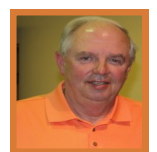
After last years event, I mentioned to Billie that I would be willing to participate and needless to say, she never forgot that comment and reminded me that it was just around the corner. I sent out emails to all classmates in the KC area and sadly it seems that those who replied had booked that Saturday and were not available. Hopefully they will plan to attend and participate or volunteer in next years event. Thank you Billie for the invite and the reminder, it was ever so great to reconnect as classmates and friends for such a worthwhile event.

How involved in this fight against pancreatic cancer is Billie? Below is a copy of an email she sent to me and more power to her as she plays hardball in Washington, DC to get the strokers there involved in appropriating monies to help in the cure of this disease. Congrats Billie on your appointment.

*"I have been selected as a delegate to attend the 2016 National Pancreatic Cancer Advocacy Day in Washington DC on June 20 and 21. I will have the opportunity to go before Congress and advocate for additional funding for research to find a cure. I will attend classes on the first day to learn the progress of the research testing and treatments being used and also the ones being developed. The second day we will go before Congress and I will get to tell my daughters story about her battle to fight this horrible disease. There will be hundreds of people there, so I am looking forward to sharing and learning. Please pray for me as I work to honor her battle, as well as those others that have fought similar battles." Billie Stockam*

We wish you well Billie as you travel to DC for such an important issue and I'm sure prayers will guide you safely there and back. 🙏

Here is the main reason Billie & Dave took up this fight. 🙏



*Dave Knisley*

**"Pictures of this years event can be seen on the next page"**





Dave Stockam, Dave Knisley & Billie Stockam



Dave Stockam & Dave Knisley



Some of the attendees



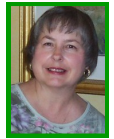
Lisa's Dragonflies, our group in the walk/run 5K



## East Jr. High Alumni Project Presented to East Middle School Students

The legacy of East has been shared by several alumni of different years so today's students, yesterday's, and tomorrow's will be able to watch a video of memories. As the year came to a close in early May, the video was shown the last week of school. Students waited in the auditorium as alumni were escorted in to a standing ovation. Historical memorabilia collected is now featured in the entrance hall to welcome those who come to the new building. The 32 minute video features several former East students who reflected upon their years and memories and can be viewed at <https://youtu.be/iZHyKD1XdQA>

Thanks to our classmates who responded to last edition's request. Accolades to those who participated and faculty and alumni who completed the historical collection and video. 🙏

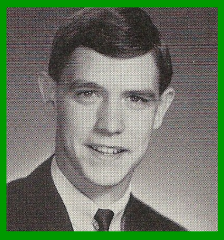


*Phyllis Payne Sapp*

“Teachers open the door; but you must enter by yourself.”

Chinese Proverb

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)



## David Stinson Bio

Dennis, being Dennis, calmly said, "Do you think we can get another one?" At which point I said, "If we can, you're going to have to find another pilot. I'm never flying again." But of course I did.



I didn't have much of a plan upon graduation from JHS and therefore didn't want to burden my parents with a load of college debt they really couldn't afford. By the same token it was 1964 and I wasn't prepared to surrender body and soul to Uncle Sam, so college somewhere seemed like the best path forward. That being settled, like many of us I enrolled at Joplin Junior College, along with my lifetime best friend and golf buddy, classmate John Sapp.

Just prior to the end of my first semester at JUCO, my dad's company transferred him to Oklahoma City. I tagged along, enrolling late for the 1965 spring semester at Central State College in Edmond, just north of Oklahoma City. I marked time with three undistinguished semesters at Central State, majoring in shooting pool, drinking beer and English, in that order. My cavalier attitude toward college eventually caught up with me when in the fall of 1965 I received notice from our faithful civil servants in Carthage to report for an induction physical due to an insufficient course load. After successfully dodging that bullet by joining the Marine Corps PLC program, I transferred to Oklahoma State University in Stillwater the following year.

While at OSU I became interested in aviation. I soon determined that the least expensive way to pursue that dream was through Army ROTC, but that would require a discharge from the Marine Corps which I doubted would be forthcoming. Much to my surprise the Marine Corps cooperated and I signed a contract with the Army for enrollment in the advanced ROTC program at Oklahoma State. I started my ROTC classes in January of 1967, started flying that fall and was issued a private pilot's license soon thereafter.

One of the first non-aviator passengers I ever planned to take for a ride in an airplane was classmate Dennis Triplett, who said he'd never flown in a small plane. In the summer of 1968, Dennis and I went out to the airport in Joplin and I rented a two seat Cessna 152 for our adventure. After preflight, taxi and obtaining clearance from the tower, we started our takeoff roll. Just after I got the nose wheel off the ground, the left main landing gear tire exploded with a bang. I pulled out the power and jumped on the right brake as the speed fairing covering the left wheel scraped along the concrete, throwing off a rooster tail of sparks. When the drag from the friction of the speed fairing finally overcame the ability of the right brake to keep us going straight, we turned hard left through a crossing runway and out into the grass, making one good spin and then coming to a stop. I quickly jumped out of the airplane to check that we weren't on fire but when I hit the ground I discovered that my knees had stopped working. As I knelt there, contemplating the meaning of life, Dennis, apparently unruffled, came walking around the front of the aircraft and looked at the ruined wheel. Then Dennis, being Dennis, calmly said, "Do you think we can get another one?" At which point I said, "If we can, you're going to have to find another pilot. I'm never flying again." But of course I did.

I graduated from OSU with a BA in English (thank you, Mrs. Wieman) in January, 1969, and on that same day was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army.

**(Continued on Next Page)**

About two weeks later I married my long-time sweetheart, Becky Powell, at the First Baptist Church in Joplin, the same church in which we'd met seven years earlier. Becky and I rented a furnished apartment at 15th and Missouri and moved in with few goods to our name. I had orders to report for active duty in mid-May, so it was impossible to find a permanent job for less than four months. Instead I worked part time at Thriftway on East 7th Street – my employer throughout high school – and also managed to get a occasional gig, usually two or three days a week, substituting teaching at JHS. Now that was a hoot. I looked to be about 16 at the time which resulted in a lot of questioning glances when "caught" smoking a cigarette and drinking a Coke in the teacher's lounge. I remember Ted Anderson, the inimitable TOA from whom I'd taken trigonometry five years earlier, walking into the lounge one day, freezing in mid-stride and giving me a puzzled look that seemed to shout, "What are you doing in here?"

In May I reported for duty at the Armor School, Ft. Knox, Kentucky. Four months later we moved to Mineral Wells, Texas for primary helicopter flight school, and after another four months we were off to Ft. Rucker, Alabama for final flight training. With each move we pulled along a small U-Haul trailer with all our worldly possessions. While at Ft. Rucker I received my orders for Vietnam. After a 30-day leave spent mostly at Becky's folks in Joplin, I was off to Southeast Asia, arriving in country July 10, 1970. I was assigned to an air cavalry troop in the Central Highlands and soon started flying Cobra gunships in support of our daily reconnaissance missions.

In early February 1971 our air cavalry troop was deployed north where we reoccupied the long abandoned Marine base at Khe Sanh, the site of the famous siege in 1967-68. From there we flew in support of the South Vietnamese Army's ill-fated invasion of Laos, an operation intended to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail from the South Vietnam border across southern Laos. The operation was designated Lam Son 719 (Google for details of this little known but decisive engagement that was the most costly to U.S. Army aviation units during the Vietnam War). On February 13, 1971, while flying as part of a three ship reconnaissance mission to take the first close-up look at Tchepone, the small Laotian village that was the advance objective of the operation, my Cobra was shot down by NVA anti-aircraft fire about 12 miles inside Laos. After spending 20 very long minutes on the ground, my copilot and I were picked up by another cav helicopter and returned safely back across the border to our base camp at Khe Sanh. Many weren't so lucky.

Upon my return to "the world" in July, 1971, I was assigned to Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri, where I served as a staff officer for the remaining two years of my commitment to Uncle Sam. Our first child, Preston, was born there in July, 1972. As my termination of service date grew closer, it occurred to me that I probably ought to start thinking about how I was going to earn a living after leaving the Army. After considerable deliberation I decided to give law school a try. Figuring my chances of being admitted were better at a school where I could claim residency, I applied to The University of Oklahoma School of Law and was accepted, from the waiting list, on the day classes began in the fall of 1973.

I graduated from law school in May, 1976 and accepted a job with McAfee & Taft in Oklahoma City, a firm for which I had worked as a law clerk the previous summer.

**(Continued on the Next Page)**



At that time the U.S. was in the nascent stages of a major energy boom due to the then recent Arab oil embargo, and since one of our partners, Eugene Kuntz, was the nation's leading authority on oil and gas law, we naturally were swamped with that kind of work. So, I immediately started doing legal work primarily for oil and natural gas exploration and production companies and I've continued doing so for almost 40 years. In October, 1976, our daughter Lindsey was born and that completed our family. In 1983 we moved to Edmond and have lived in the same house for the past 33 years.

A couple of interesting notes along the way. On the morning of April 19, 1995, I drove to work as usual, passing the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building at NW 5th Street and Robinson, just three blocks north of our offices, at about 8:55 a.m. I pulled into our underground parking garage, walked up the internal stairway to the main elevator lobby and pushed the button for the elevator up to my office. It seemed to me that the pushing of that button triggered the largest and most violent explosion I'd ever experienced, eclipsing by far anything I'd felt in Vietnam. The concussion knocked me sideways against the wall as light cans fell out of the 20 foot ceiling, crashing to the floor around me. After getting my bearings I stumbled around the corner of the lobby and looked outside. The air was full of debris falling out of the sky. The store front windows next door were blown in. My first thought was it must have been a huge natural gas explosion. But instead it was, of course, Tim McVeigh's 5,000 pound ammonium nitrate bomb that at exactly 9:01 a.m. had destroyed the Murrah Building, killed 168 people and injured almost 700 others. Those days were quite unnerving for Oklahoma City.

In 2000 I started reconnecting through Al Gore's internet with a few members of my old air cav unit from Vietnam, and partly as an exercise in catharsis I set about writing a memoir of the year I'd spent in country. In the course of that writing I recalled with renewed curiosity a strange and dangerous looking fellow I'd met at Khe Sanh during the Laos incursion and decided to write a novel about who he might have been and what he might have become after the war. It took me about three years to write *The Traynor Legacy*, a political thriller that has its roots in the Vietnam War but then jumps ahead 28 years to the presidential campaign season of 1999. The book was published in hardcover by Five Star Publishing in 2005. While the book has been out of print for some time, if anyone is interested I believe the Joplin Public Library has a copy and there are still a few copies available on Amazon.com.

So, that's it. Becky and I still live in Edmond and I still practice law, albeit on a limited basis as I took "Of Counsel" status with the firm a couple of years ago. When I joined McAfee & Taft in 1976 we had 25 lawyers. Today we have 180 lawyers with offices in Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Becky and I are fortunate in that both of our kids and our three grandkids live not more than three or four miles from our house. Preston has an MBA and owns a small commercial construction company in Edmond. He and his wife Sheila, also a lawyer, have two small children, Charlie age 5 and Thomas age 3. Lindsey has an MEd and teaches enrichment classes at the same middle school she attended 25 years ago. Her son, Jackson, is 15 and can't wait to get behind the wheel. Lindsey's husband Brian is a home builder with ongoing projects located primarily in the Moore and Norman area just south of Oklahoma City.

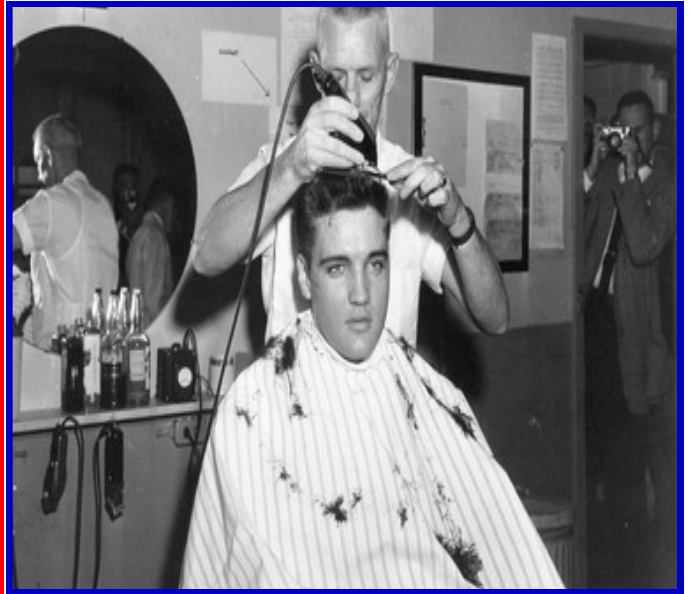
**(Continued on the Next Page)**

We have returned to Joplin from time to time over the years, more often before Becky's parents passed on, but always to play golf with Sapp until his sad and premature death in 2007. We were shocked by the damage left behind by the May, 2011 tornado. The recovery and rebuilding activities that have taken place since that tragedy are a credit to the determination and courage of those who still call Joplin home. While we didn't attend the 50th anniversary class reunion, we enjoyed seeing the pictures and watching the DVD – you folks all look great. Good luck with the 55th and best regards to you all. 🐾 (David can be reached by email at [david.stinson@mcafeetaft.com](mailto:david.stinson@mcafeetaft.com).)

**From 1955**



The fast food restaurant is convenient for a quick meal, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on.



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



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



If they raise the minimum wage to \$1.00, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store.

YOU KNOW THAT  
**LITTLE THING**  
 INSIDE YOUR HEAD THAT  
 KEEPS YOU FROM SAYING THINGS  
 YOU SHOULDN'T?  
 Yeah, I don't have  
 one of those.

EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS  
 OF  
**INNOCENT  
 PLANTS**  
 ARE KILLED BY VEGETARIANS.  
**HELP END THE VIOLENCE.**  
 EAT BACON.

**MY PEOPLE SKILLS  
 ARE JUST FINE.**  
*It's My Tolerance To Idiots  
 That Needs Work.*

SO WHEN IS THIS  
**"OLD ENOUGH TO  
 KNOW BETTER"**  
 SUPPOSED TO KICK IN?

Have you ever  
 listened to someone for a  
 while and wondered...  
 "who ties your  
 shoelaces for you?"

**Be careful when you  
 follow the masses**  
 ...sometimes the "M" is silent!



**Remembrances and sympathy to our classmates and family:****Jim Krudwig's Father**

[http://www.hedgelewis.com/sitemaker/sites/HEDGEL1/obit.cgi?user=67821798\\_GKrudwig](http://www.hedgelewis.com/sitemaker/sites/HEDGEL1/obit.cgi?user=67821798_GKrudwig)

**Sharon Campbell's Mother**

[http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh\\_id/10419/id/3598366](http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh_id/10419/id/3598366)

**Pat Gold's Mother**

[http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh\\_id/10419/id/3608826](http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh_id/10419/id/3608826)

**Janet Hale Tabin's Mother**

[http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/public:obituaries/view/fh\\_id/10419/id/3637048/ud/EB05F778A86C5E65CB68635595A1B354](http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/public:obituaries/view/fh_id/10419/id/3637048/ud/EB05F778A86C5E65CB68635595A1B354)

**Carol Corbin Buck's Mother**

[http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh\\_id/10419/id/3674833](http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh_id/10419/id/3674833)

**Classmate Dianne Ash**

<http://obituaries.joplinglobe.com/story/Dianne-West-2016-750423792>

**Classmate Mike Pyle**

<http://www.roedermortuary.com/michael-l-pyle/>

**Classmate Carolyn Anderson Stereff**

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/pasadena/obituary.aspx?pid=176405697>

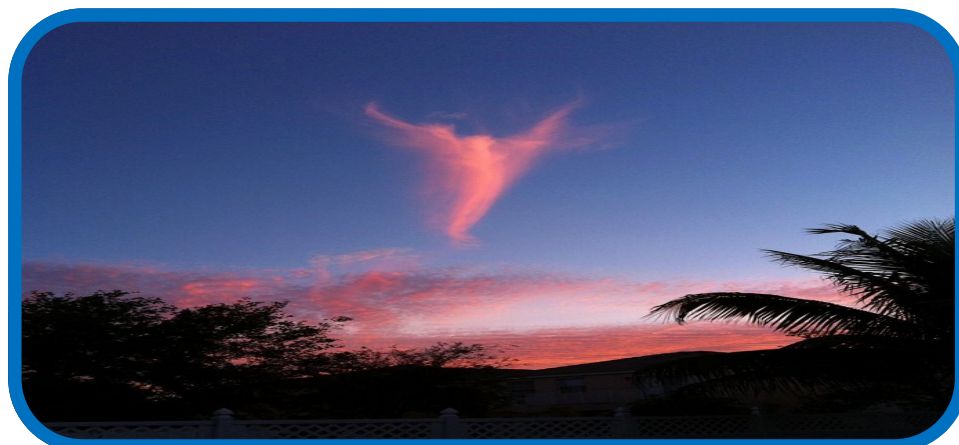
**Classmate Vera Oxendine**

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/name/vera-oxendine-obituary?pid=1000000180033909>

**Classmate Frank Metz**

[http://www.statesville.com/obituaries/metz-frank/article\\_df647935-39e4-54ab-92f4-d6b242cab8a7.html](http://www.statesville.com/obituaries/metz-frank/article_df647935-39e4-54ab-92f4-d6b242cab8a7.html)

**Clouds can be so beautiful, here I see an angel**





**A Few Smiles—Donated by Classmate Stephanie White Everitt**

## 1) NUDITY

I was driving with my three young children one warm summer evening when a woman in the convertible ahead of us stood up and waved. She was stark naked! As I was reeling from the shock, I heard my 5-year-old shout from the back seat, 'Mom, that lady isn't wearing a seat belt!'

## 2) OPINIONS

On the first day of school, a first-grader handed his teacher a note from his mother. The note read, 'The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents.'

## 3) KETCHUP

A woman was trying hard to get the ketchup out of the bottle. During her struggle the phone rang so she asked her 4-year-old daughter to answer the phone. 'Mommy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now. She's hitting the bottle.'

## 4) MORE NUDITY

A little boy got lost at the YMCA and found himself in the women's locker room. When he was spotted, the room burst into shrieks, with ladies grabbing towels and running for cover. The little boy watched in amazement and then asked, 'What's the matter, haven't you ever seen a little boy before?'

## 5) POLICE # 1

While taking a routine vandalism report at an elementary school, I was interrupted by a little girl about 6 years old. Looking up and down at my uniform, she asked, 'Are you a cop? Yes,' I answered and continued writing the report. My mother said if I ever needed help I should ask the police. Is that right?' 'Yes, that's right,' I told her. 'Well, then,' she said as she extended her foot toward me, 'would you please tie my shoe?'

## 6) POLICE # 2

While taking a routine vandalism report at an elementary school, I was interrupted by a little girl about 6 years old. Looking up and down at my uniform, she asked, "Are you a cop?" "Yes," I answered and continued writing the report. "My mother said if I ever needed help I should ask the police. Is that right?" "Yes, that's right," I told her. "Well, then," she said as she extended her foot toward me, "would you please tie my shoe?"

## 7) DRESS-UP

A little girl was watching her parents dress for a party. When she saw her dad donning his tuxedo, she warned, 'Daddy, you shouldn't wear that suit.' 'And why not, darling?' 'You know that it always gives you a headache the next morning.'

## 8) SCHOOL

A little girl had just finished her first week of school. 'I'm just wasting my time,' she said to her mother. 'I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk!'

## 9) BIBLE

A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages. 'Mama, look what I found,' the boy called out. 'What have you got there, dear?' With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, 'I think it's Adam 's underwear!'

**Things My Mother Taught Me**

1. My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE .

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."

2. My mother taught me RELIGION.

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

3. My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL.

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

4. My mother taught me LOGIC.

"Because I said so, that's why."

5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.

"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."

6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT.

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

7. My mother taught me IRONY.

"Keep crying and I'll give you something to cry about."

8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.

"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"

10. My mother taught me about STAMINA.

"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

11. My mother taught me about WEATHER.

"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."

12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.

"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"

13. My mother taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.

"Stop acting like your father!"

15. My mother taught me about ENVY.

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

16. My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.

"Just wait until we get home."

After every flight, UPS pilots fill out a form, called a "gripe sheet" which tells mechanics about problems with the aircraft. The mechanics correct the problems, document their repairs on the form, then pilots review the gripe sheets before the next flight.

Never let it be said that ground crews lack a sense of humor. Here are actual maintenance complaints submitted by UPS pilots ("P") and solutions recorded ("S") by maintenance engineers:

P: Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tire.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit

S: Something tightened in cockpit

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed.

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what friction locks are for.

P: IFF inoperative in OFF mode.

S: IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

P: Suspected crack in windshield.

S: Suspect you're right.

P: Number 3 engine missing.

S: Engine found on right wing after brief search.

## 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 anyone already in the group can give the official okie dokie and you're in.

**June 17th** will be the Sirloin Stockade in Carthage. **July 6th** will be Stogey's Coney Island in Joplin and **July 22nd** will be Woody's BBQ in Joplin. Please contact Carol Corbin Buck at 417-483-3285 or [csbuck64@aol.com](mailto:csbuck64@aol.com), if you plan to attend any of these dinners..

We still have 28 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 check these names and help find our missing classmates"**

***Richard Burns***

***Ed Carey aka (Edmond C Comple) (Joplin)***

***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***

***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](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com), and enter your information, then click on the "Send" tab, that's it folks.

**Continuing to Follow the Chapman's**

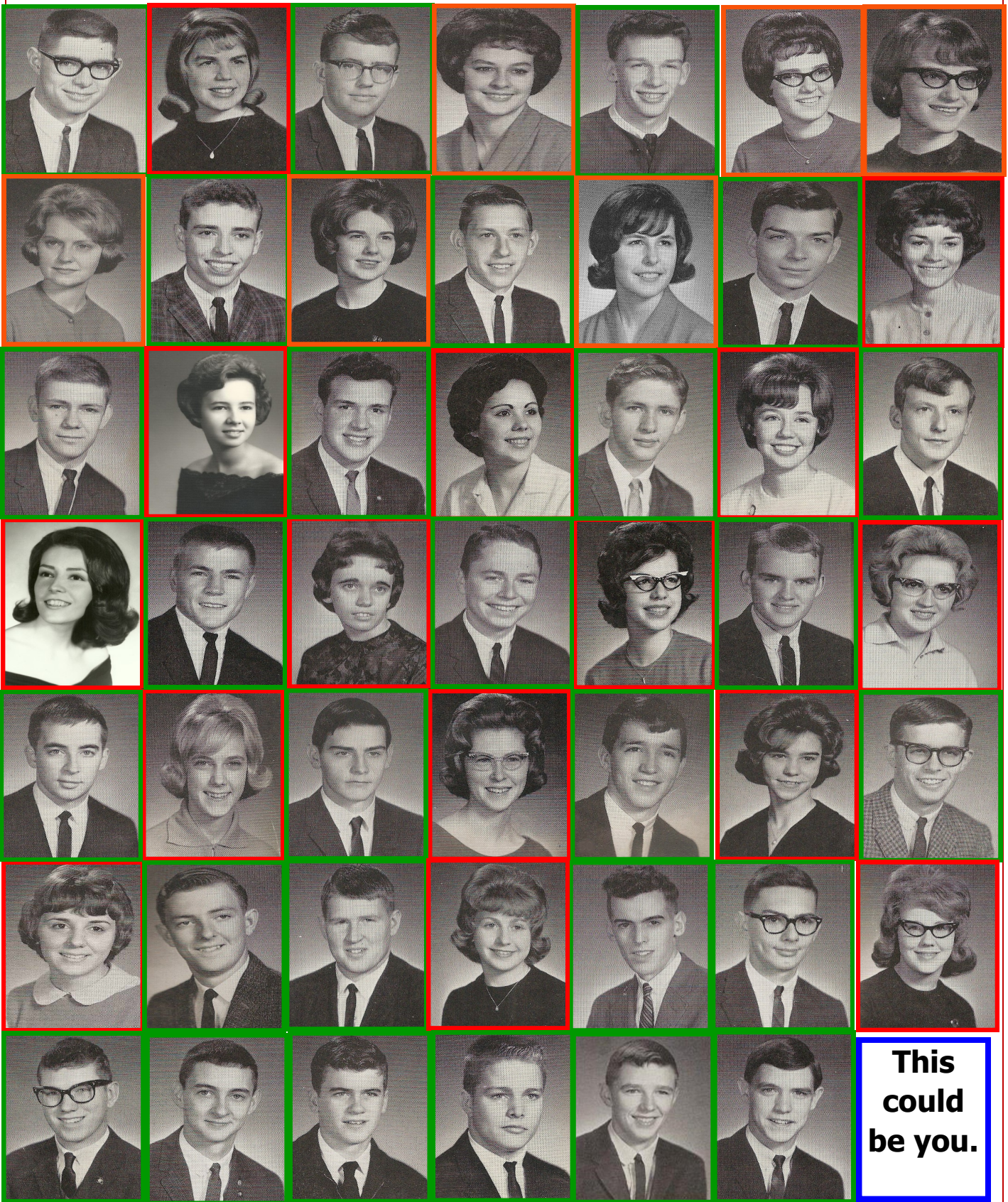
**Taking that infamous 3 hour tour, not.**

**<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=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*



**This  
could  
be you.**



## "It's a Wrap"

In the last newsletter we asked classmates about having a 55th reunion. We heard back from 28 classmates and 26 gave it a positive YES and some were very emphatic about it, saying that at our age, we should gather as often as possible and appreciate the time we spend together.

I think back to our 50th reunion and for those that were there may have met another group of folks having their class reunion and they were the class of Joplin High School 1948. I even talked to a gentleman that lived in the Dallas area and he told me that they have their reunion every 3 years. He also told me that he was 84 years old and played on a flag football league in Dallas.

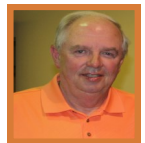
We will be planning another class meeting soon and if we have as many classmates respond to what they would like the committee to consider for our 55th as we did for those that responded to the neighborhood grocery stores, the committee would be most pleased to give your ideas a look-see and if not able to come up with your suggestion, maybe we can get close to what you suggested.

Here is what we know so far. The event will be held in June of 2019, most likely the weekend of 7th through the 9th or 21st through the 23rd. as Father's Day is on the 16th. I am voting for the earlier date, as we get closer to August it has a tendency to get warmer. We had two choices to have the event where we do not have to pay for a facility and then pay to have the dinner catered in and those two places are the Hilton Doubletree, formerly the Holiday Inn and Downstream Casino in Quapaw, OK, actually located at the MO, OK & KS state lines. The committee attending the last meeting voted for the Hilton Doubletree, because as they just underwent a \$20 + million dollar renovation and will be outstanding for what we need and they are due to open this month. The Director and the Manager of Sales & Catering are two people that I have worked with in the past and believe me, they will make our event exactly what we want for a very modest cost and we as a committee strive to keep the cost as affordable as we possibly can. The Manager is a lady that we worked with on our 50th and was super to deal with.

If you check the last class newsletter, and you can do that at [www.joplinmo64.com](http://www.joplinmo64.com), then click on the "Newsletter" tab and click "Archive" you will see some ideas that the committee discussed and then relayed to classmates asking for their input, so here is your chance to voice your ideas.

Keep in mind that the dinner will be held on Saturday evening 6 to TBD and we will have a Meet & Greet on Friday, much like we had at the 50th, say 2 to 5. So that leaves Friday day, Friday night, all day Saturday, which I'm sure there will be a golf outing for that morning. Some will be available for a Thursday something or other and could work to your liking to create a Thursday day/night event with classmates and do this on your own. That's it folks, just click on the link below to share your ideas.

[joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com)



Dave Knisley

Speaking of golf, I can't say for sure if this was taken at our last golf outing during our 50th reunion, but it just could be and it just might be Cousin Brucie (Bruce McCaw) or maybe Rick Sadler, as I know that they both were chipping away at Schifferdecker golf course.

<http://www.today.com/news/oops-watch-golfer-take-his-swing-fall-right-water-t95831>