



"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 6

Class Newsletter August 1, 2011

Joplin Eagles

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Class Website:

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www.joplinmo64.com

The Newsletters are in the last tab on the right. Scroll over, click on it, then click on view. You may have to download the unzipper to view current or past issues.

Since the last edition of our JHS Class of 1964 Newsletter, Joplin has been big news across the nation with the arrival of a very big storm and its tragic and transforming aftermath.

Ross and I visited our hometown a week after the tornado touched down. As we drove over the hill on Indiana Street and looked down on what remained of Joplin Senior High School, we were overcome with emotion that gripped us without warning.

The building that was the repository of so many of our teenage memories no longer ex-

isted. Seeing the destruction to it and to the surrounding neighborhoods—damage that seemed to go on for miles and miles—was devastating.

Several of our classmates lost homes and possessions in the EF-5 storm that ravaged the landscape on that Sunday evening in late May. However, as horrific as that is, we celebrate that none of our classmates lost their lives.

Ross and I haven't lived in Joplin since the 1960s but it will always be our "heart"

home. To those of you who still reside there and have experienced what we can only imagine, know that all of us from the Class of 1964 hold you in our prayers and send love and light as you rebuild your homes and your lives.

The article that follows is one that I wrote for The Joplin Globe as a tribute to the city of our youth and its courageous citizens.

Later in the newsletter, Phyllis Payne Sapp, a long-time Joplin resident, shares her heartfelt perspective on the events of that day. ☞

Jeanne Looper Smith

"There's a storm blowing up, a whopper..." — Professor Marvel, from the movie "The Wizard of Oz"

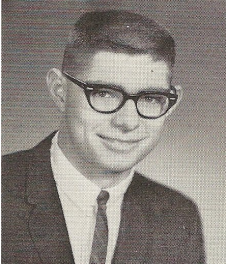
Professor Marvel's weather prediction and the mesmerizing image of the black funnel cloud churning up the Kansas landscape in the opening scenes of the movie "The Wizard of Oz" was my only encounter with the power of a "twister." Even though I grew up,

smack dab in the middle of "tornado alley" in Joplin in the 1950s and '60s, the closest I got to a tornado was sitting in front of the TV screen watching the annual network viewing of "The Wizard of Oz". I've always believed

that there are spiritual nuggets galore in the MGM classic from 1939 that are a subtext to the surface story line and the celluloid characters that inhabit the black-and-white starkness of the Kansas plains and the colorful fantasy world of Oz.

Looking back from the vantage point of adulthood, there were lessons for me from the movie about having the power to create our own heart's desire, the necessity of having loving companions on our journey,

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Bruce McCaw - Bio

" Jamie and I now enjoy the fruits of our labors, while still working."



Since leaving Joplin Sr. High School and "heading west" as Horace Greeley said, I've had the luxury of a lot of travel. My 4 years at Northern Arizona University was filled with great experiences. After getting on campus a week early for Basketball practice with the Lumberjacks, I met a football player, who in a short time became my closest friend and his parents took me into his family. My wife and I named our first son after him. He is still like a brother 45 years later and our sons know him as "Uncle David" to this day. That first year besides playing basketball and baseball was interesting as, I decided to run for Freshman Class President in September of '64 and beat a classmate from Phoenix, AZ by 1 vote, knowing absolutely no one prior to getting there. That was the first of many experiences in College government as my Senior Year; I was President of my social fraternity, Sigma Chi, and my Business fraternity, Pi Sigma Epsilon. Also I was fortunate to graduate the top of my class in the Business School in Marketing. That senior year was also life changing as I met a freshman name Jamie McDow, who didn't

know who I was. Being insulted with that slight, I did my best sales job and convinced her to marry me, thereby punishing her for the next 42 years (notice she changed 2 letters in her name).

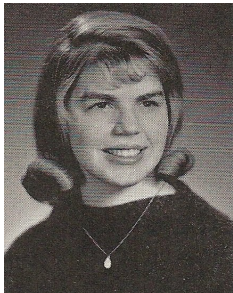
During those 42 years we have had 2 sons, David 35 and Carson 34. David went to Syracuse University where he was on the Crew Team (rowing) and married a woman from Louisville, KY, who was Captain of the Volleyball Team and won many awards in the Big East. Needless to say their 2 sons and twin girls are very much into athletics. Son Carson went to Babson College and played Basketball for a short time before returning to Indy to graduate from University of Indianapolis. He now works with me at Merrill Lynch and is divorced but has a daughter. Jamie started her career working for the then Mayor and now Senator Richard Lugar. She had many great experiences in her 5 years there including working for the advance staff of President Nixon for a short time. After retiring to raise sons, she went back to work (empty nester syndrome) as Business Manager for a young ophthalmologist. The

practice has grown substantially, but we're still able to get away to our "winter place" near Naples, FL several times a year to play golf and enjoy warmth and friends there.

My career path has been pretty simple. First I started in banking for 3 years, then 7 years at a municipal bond house City Securities, where that friend / brother, David Biddinger's father, Noble, was President. He died shortly after I was there and David and I left the firm to join Merrill Lynch. I have been with Merrill Lynch for that 33 years and enjoyed success, traveling all over the world thanks to Merrill. We have just a few spots throughout the world left to visit and have played golf in most of them especially Scotland & Ireland where we trace our "Roots".

Lastly Jamie and I now enjoy the fruits of our labors, while still working. Life is balanced with a focus on landscaping during the spring, golf year round for both of us and keeping a Biddinger tradition of extensive decorating of the house at Christmas time, displaying 42 years of collecting

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Mardell Thomas Rouse - Bio

"Last night, we had over 40 kids looking for love and attention in the right place. "



Where did the time go? It is hard to believe the Class of 64 is turning 65. I have enjoyed reading the bios of our classmates, so David K says I should contribute.

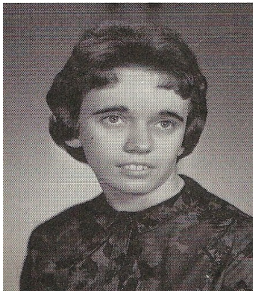
After Graduation, I went to Pittsburg, Ks for a year, Married my sweetheart (still), Charles Rouse. I attended Missouri Southern for a while, but my kids were jumping on my calculus homework and I gave up to be a full time mom. Charles and I have two sons and one daughter and seven grandchildren. We should have had the grandchildren first. LOL! As you can see I am current with the new generations. I took Ballet training and taught for about 10 years. When the kids were almost grown, I wanted a paying job. Charles said I had to make 10.00 an hour or it wasn't worth me working (1987). The Post Office was paying 10.52, so that's where I applied. I retired af-

ter 20 years. Love retirement!

I had a whole different plan for my life, but I am grateful to God for His plan. My plan would not have worked out very well. I was raised as a Christian, but started having doubts in the teen years. I came back to faith in Jesus Christ at about 22. I have been following him for over 40 years. At 60, my husband and I started an outreach to teens, which might not go to church, and were running on the streets of Joplin. Sound familiar? We have finished our fifth year and have had hundreds of kids come in the door of the old Penny's building- 5th and main. Some children today are cursed and cursing. We bless them and encourage them to live the fullest lives. We tell them about God, hard work, honor, respect

and accept them just as they are. We have a gym, Cafe, etc. Last night, we had over 40 kids looking for love and attention in the right place. It isn't much to combat the effects of drugs, TV, and negative influences of society, but we stand our ground and believe God to do the rest. I text, FB and am generally down (slang) and cool. Have Smart phone, IPod and high speed internet on computer. Except for my wrinkles, you would think I was one of the kids. They accept me and do not think I am old. I am Blessed! Now I want to hear from some of you classmates of '64. 🙏

The editorial team for content consists of Jeanne Looper Smith, Phyllis Payne Sapp and David Knisley. Please feel free to comment on the website or newsletter at joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com.



Carol Corbin Buck - Bio

"Ed and I were married 15 years before we had Shaun. I can remember coming to our class reunion in June, feeling like a big whale."



I grew up in Joplin where my dad, Harold 'Bud' Corbin, was a machinist at Vickers and later an owner of C & S Tool & Die Co. I remember he made parts for the missile program in Florida. Dad passed away nine years ago and my mother, Betty Talbott Corbin, has just retired after being a local realtor for over 40 years.

John 'Ed' Buck and I married in 1964 and on June 19th celebrated 47 years of marriage. In the early years, I found a new hobby when Ruby Hughlett (classmate Joe Hughlett's sister-in-law) asked me to attend ceramic lessons with her. I soon opened my first shop in our home at 3005 E. 10th and named it 'The Lantern'. I gave lessons and sold gifts and still have a building full of ceramic molds and 2 kilns. My next location was at 4th & Main across from the Connor Hotel as I needed more space. Jo Reynolds, a family friend and wife of the late Ken Reynolds wanted to have several small shops there and we called them the 'Upstairs Shops' which included mine, an antique shop, jewelry shop, and a miniature doll house shop plus others. I met a lot of nice people there and some are our closest friends still today.

I closed my downtown shop

shortly before our first son, Shaun Corbin Buck, arrived on August 25th, 1979. Ed and I were married 15 years before we had Shaun. I can remember coming to our class reunion in June, feeling like a big whale.

Six months after Shaun was born, we bought our second house and are still there today at 2632 Vermont. I reopened my shop at this house and ran it a few more years. On January 30, 1982, our second son Jon Thomas Buck was born and our family was complete.

The boys were into soccer and basketball in a few short years. I think John learned to walk and bounce a basketball at the same time. Shaun was a little teacher for his baby brother. Ed and I helped at Sunny Jim Little League Park across from JSH and I ran the concessions stand for eight years. Ed and I worked with others to make improvements to the park. Oh, Boy! I remember all of those little league games . . . week nights and weekends at Sunny Jim plus many tournaments. Looking back, we see those little boys that went through there now men with little boys of their own playing ball.

When Shaun started high school

in 1994, I again ran the concession stand.

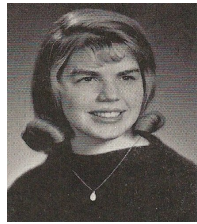
This time it was for every high school sporting event, so I was buying things on an even larger scale. It was lots of work plus getting people to help.

The boys weren't the only ones involved in sports. John 'Ed' started to referee high school basketball games in 1969. This is his 42nd year and we now see not only our classmates' children but their grandchildren at games.

In high school, Shaun was active in the JSH Band and we attended many parades and shows. We followed them everywhere and were Band Boosters, helping raise money and purchasing new uniforms. The band was so big it took 5 school buses to transport the students and their instruments.

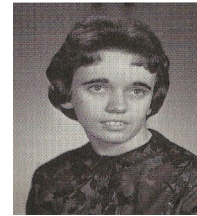
Shaun also helped with basketball games by keeping records. He is now 32 and returned to MSSU to complete his degree after working in Arkansas for 7 years. Shaun just graduated and works in sports information. He puts all of the sports activities for MSSU on the web site. He also helps his brother with his new business.

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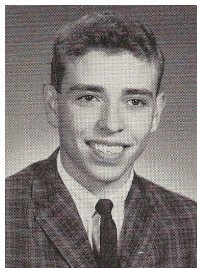
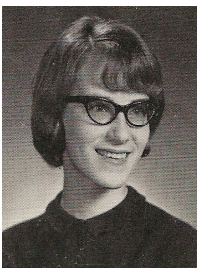
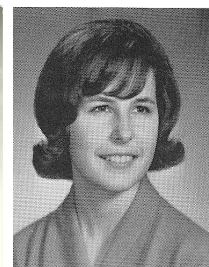
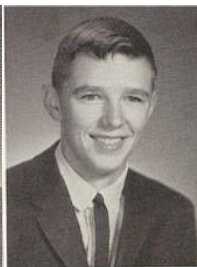
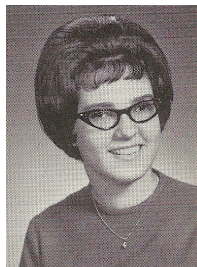
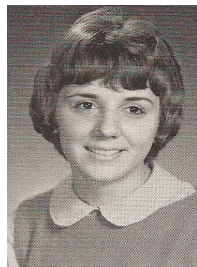
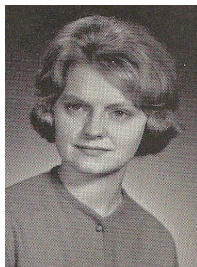
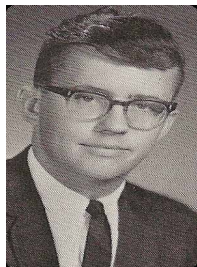


We're Out of Bio's

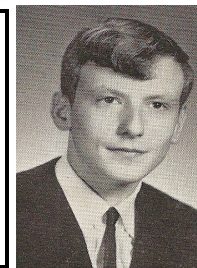
ATTENTION!!!



We are out of bio's for our next newsletter. We are looking to those that have promised to do a bio, so now is the time to fulfill that promise. We have had some great feedback on past bios and would love to keep this portion of our newsletter alive. Go for it!!!



Thanks to those that submitted their bio. Very much appreciated.



Help Us Find Our Missing Classmates

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

Carol Bach, Linda Baugh (Robards), Patricia Kay Belk, Richard Burns, Jo Elyn Brown (Baker), Carol Blankenship, Danny Clark, Gary Colvin, Larry Conboy, Johnie Coots, Mary Sue Cox (Riley), Merlene Garrison (Burriss), Don Hall, James "Jim" Hilton, Clair Howard, Robert "Bob" Isaacs, Robert "Bob" Jordan, La Donna Miller, Carol Munson (Wrench), Emma Nunn, Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien, Judy Osborne (Gardner), Richard Lee Pearson, Patricia Kay Puckett, Patty Riley (Brewer), Drucilla Short, Connie Smith, Robert James "Bob" Smith, Robert Joe "Bob" Smith, William "Bill" Ray Stow, Calvin Summers, Shirley Teague, Mary Thornton (Reed), Janice Trombley (Testerman), Linda Vails, Thomas Ray Warren, Paula Weinacht.

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, then enter your information in the e-mail box and click on the "Send" tab, that's it folks. **If anyone has e-mail addresses for Peggy Long Phifer, Melanie Anglen & Linda Yeakey, Gail Heller Smith - please share, as what we had is no longer valid.**

and that, in the end, home and the people we love are our true destination and foundation. All pretty conceptual stuff.

The tornado that struck Joplin was not created on a Hollywood sound stage but was a real life E5 storm that created havoc, devastation, death and destruction in the hometown of my youth. And for the residents of Joplin, the lessons from the aftermath of the real thing are gut wrenching and personal.

The real remnants of the aftermath of the tornado repeat with familiarity: heroism on a city-wide scale, a grit and tenacity and resilience in the face of devastating personal loss that has captured the admiration of people all across the country.

As I found myself watching, again from my TV screen, what transpired in my hometown—I was overwhelmed with a sense of pride in Joplin, and its citizens, in the face of a real-life "whopper" of a storm.

There really is no place like home.... ☞

Jeanne Looper Smith grew up in Joplin but now lives in Kansas City, MO. She can be contacted at www.mainlyjoplin@yahoo.com.

My idea of having lived a good life is not to safely arrive at death's door in a well-preserved body... but to slide in sideways, body tore up, saying, "Whew!! What a ride!!!".

A man walks out to the street and catches a taxi just going by. He gets into the taxi, and the cabbie says, 'Perfect timing. You're just like Frank.'

Passenger: 'Who?'

Cabbie: 'Frank Feldman.. He's a guy who did everything right all the time. Like my coming along when you needed a cab, things happened like that to Frank Feldman every single time.'

Passenger: 'There are always a few clouds over everybody.'

Cabbie: Not Frank Feldman. He was a terrific athlete. He could have won the Grand-Slam at tennis. He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star and you should have heard him play the piano. He was an amazing guy.

Passenger: Sounds like he was something really special.

Cabbie: 'There's more. He had a memory like a computer. He remembered everybody's birthday. He knew all about wine, which foods to order and which fork to eat them with. He could fix anything. Not like me. I change a fuse, and the whole street blacks out. But Frank Feldman, could do everything right.'

Passenger: 'Wow, some guy then.'

Cabbie: 'He always knew the quickest way to go in traffic and avoid traffic jams. Not like me, I always seem to get stuck in them. But Frank, he never made a mistake, and he really knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good. He would never answer her back even if she was in the wrong; and his clothing was always immaculate, shoes highly polished too. He was the perfect man! He never made a mistake. No one could ever measure up to Frank Feldman.'

Passenger: An amazing fellow. How did you meet him?

Cabbie: 'Well... I never actually met Frank. He died and I married his wife.'

Hallmark ornaments and Dept. 56 villages around the house. We are also blessed by having both sons and their families close and able to see our grandchildren as they grow up. My greatest story to date happened 2 weeks ago as the two boys (8 & 6) play on the same team in Louisville. They are the main scores for their Team and during the game the younger grandson stole the ball from his older brother and was driving for a layup. Big brother was mad and went down and blocked his shot, shocking everyone, while granddad was rolling in the stands!! Sibling rivalry is alive at the McCaw household. Life is great

with Jamie & I!!

It was great to get "home" and see Joplin and Joplin Sr. High for our 45th Reunion. I hadn't been back since I left in August, 1964 and Jamie had never seen the place. Amazingly, I drove to a lot of places that I didn't know I could remember including my home, Elementary School, Joplin Sr. High and Junge Stadium. It gets back to that old theory about riding a bike I guess. What a great experience to see teammates Dave & Billie Stockam, Mitch Stephens and Rick Sadler and his lovely wife, as well as many other friends from our Class of 1964. Many of those I

had been in class with from elementary school! War stories prevailed and were great to relive!! While at the football game it was amazing to see the JHS Team play.

Any chance to pick up the operative word DEFENSE? I mean winning 67 -61 in overtime is a bit much. I don't think we scored that much in many basketball games in '64. Get Stockam and Gil Stevens to work on that before 2014 is my suggestion.

I'm certainly looking forward to getting together for #50 and to see the classmates again, plus see ones that I missed at #45!!! 🖱

JUST CLICK ON A DATE AND SIT BACK AND ENJOY

1. JACKIE GLEASON ON THE ROCKY MARCIANO SHOW THE MAIN EVENT ([1960](#))
2. JAMES DEAN: HIS FINAL TV APPEARANCE ([1954](#))
3. ELVIS SINGS BLUE SUEDE SHOES ([1956](#))
4. A TRIBUTE TO ELVIS PRESLEY, THE KING OF ROCK & ROLL ([1959-62](#))
5. THE EDSEL INTRODUCED ON NBC ([1957](#))
6. BOBBY DARIN'S "MACK THE KNIFE" ([1959](#))
7. WESTINGHOUSE DEBUTS HI-TECH "ADVANCED TV" ([1951](#))
8. WILLIAM BENDIX AS LOVABLE CHESTER A. RILEY ([1956](#))
9. WHAT MADE 50'S TV GOLDEN COMPILATION, ([1952-60](#))
10. THE PATTI PAGE SHOW ([1958](#))
11. BLOOPERS FROM THE HONEYMOONERS ([1957-58](#))
12. THE CENSORED JERRY LEE LEWIS HERE UNCENSORED! ([1957-59](#))
13. A TRUE 50's DOO WOP TV CLASSIC ([1958](#))
14. FAMILY AFFAIR ([1966](#))
15. ALAN FREED'S BIG BEAT DANCE PARTY DANCERS ([1959](#))
16. THE STEVE ALLEN SHOW ([1957](#))
17. The Inventor Of TV Sketch Comedy ERNIE KOVACS ([1954](#))
18. THE RED SKELTON SHOW ([1959](#))
19. THE DELINQUENCY RAMPAGE! COMPILATION, ([1957-60](#))
20. FATHER KNOWS BEST ([1953](#))
21. PETTICOAT JUNCTION ([1962](#))
22. OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST BOB MATTHIAS ([1956](#))
23. DANCES OF THE 1950's: THE HAND JIVE ([1957](#))
24. GROUCHO MARX YOU BET YOUR LIFE ([1959](#))
25. DRAGNET ([1959](#))
26. ABBOTT & COSTELLO: WHO'S ON FIRST? [1951](#)
27. MORE DANCES OF THE 1950's THE JITTERBUG [1958](#)
28. THE HONEYMOONERS ... IN COLOR! [1969](#)
29. THE LONE RANGER [1955](#)

My early intent was to journal daily and record the unusual days I knew would follow the May 22 tornado. Plans changed by Day 3 as I found myself not wanting to watch TV or answer the many e-mails and phone calls that came those first few days. I stopped counting at two hundred, answered some, then had a friend leave messages with others that we had escaped injury, and I would respond shortly. Since my mother had passed away days before the tornado, I was still adjusting to the unexpected loss and felt this played into my desire to remain in solitude.

As I look back, I think the magnitude of what I was learning from others also moved me away from personal conversations. My son and I were among the fortunate ones who happened to be where a basement was readily available at my childhood home on North Jackson. It really didn't seem much more than a rain-storm from our location. As the radio announcer detailed what was taking place, he mentioned devastation at 27th St. and east to St. John's. I shall ever recall the look on my adult son's face whose home was in the area. He raced to his house to find that it was perfectly in tact while neighbors only a block south had roofs collapsed on cars and walls ripped away.

I had followed him and the journey from his location to my home south of town which usually took ten minutes was to take almost three hours. Crossing Main St. was viable at 18th but trees blocked the areas of Virginia through Connecticut. Okay, so we'll go around by heading north on Main and approaching from E. 7th St. via Connecticut. Making it to 15th & Connecticut wasn't bad, but from 15th to 20th, it took

an hour and a half to drive the five blocks. People were silent, very silent. We literally inched ahead winding in and out of downed power lines. A few residents walked by and I seemed spared of seeing children or pets. Those I dreaded the most.

As we approached 20th, we were routed back to Main. Apartments and Dillons grocery were emaciated. A complete square and still not home! This time we headed down E. 7th to the outskirts and Hwy. 249 which we took to I-44 to approach S. Main from the Interstate. En route, we viewed the many overturned eighteen wheelers in the median and began to grasp how wide the path had been from this uninvited Missouri guest. Exiting the Interstate on South Main, it seemed that we were once again amidst the natural beauty of the Ozarks. Had we just imagined the devastation? Unfortunately not. Definitely not.

Arriving home, there was no power or phone but all else was normal.

My cell phone began to ring and I was told by those across the country of what they were seeing on the air. I was thankful I had thought to call my daughters in Kansas City and Fayetteville before leaving Mother's basement as towers couldn't keep up with the enormous cellular activity.

My thoughts turned to survival needs and I realized I had already during the three hour drive filled up with gasoline on North Main and gone to the ATM for cash. The next morning I headed to Webb City and stocked up on bottled water and foods that would not require power and set my mind to sharing my home with friends in need. It had

not dawned on me that an unbelievable amount of support would be in place by state and national agencies as well as churches and thousands of incoming volunteers. I had just remembered an ice storm a few years ago that had many things in short supply. I wanted to be there for those in need, and I wanted to be prepared.

Once power was restored in my area, contact was made with two separate friends who accepted refuge at my house. One retired teacher and dear friend in her late seventies had been a patient at Barnes for several weeks. Her adult daughter had flown from California to St. Louis to drive her home. A home health companion had been arranged, but there was no longer a home. Near the high school, hers had been destroyed and contents mostly lost. Somehow finding a hotel room, she remained there with her sister while the daughter stayed with me and sifted through debris, salvaging a few family pictures. She was able to dry them in my garage and later moved her mother to Texas with the sister. Their spirits were good; our hearts heavy.

My other houseguest is a dear friend whose apartment was demolished as she was trapped beneath a car that flew in from the parking lot. As massive as this disaster was, we all marvel at how many survived with only minor cuts.

Everything lost, we quickly located a rental house for her but have had to wait for repairs and the family to remove personal items from the prior renter who was killed across town while attending a theater play.

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The web is massive and links so many people together; some much more fortunate than others.

Survivors' Syndrome is actively touching many of us. One begins to question how so many could be seriously deprived of lifelong treasures, ones that can never be replaced.

Yet, others have homes and material possessions remaining. Perhaps that is why it seems everyone is reaching out to help others. Many lost both homes and businesses.

There is comfort in knowing some of what goes on behind the scenes as well as the visible outpouring of basic necessities is helping so many. Dozens of street stands were set up to provide food for both victims and volunteers. Hundreds of flats of bottled water were visible across town with individual trucks placing a case on each block's curb for those hard at work. The Tide van is here to do laundry, trailers of portable showers are available, and insurance agencies and government tents abound. In the early days, it was sometimes hard to identify a street intersection. People began spray painting addresses on any remaining walls as well as on streets. In all of my familiarity with Joplin neighborhoods, it amazed me that I sometimes did not know my location; familiar landmarks were gone.

As the days progressed, housing concerns escalated. Available rentals were taken early on; many moved to neighboring areas. It was difficult to locate people and you wondered if they survived. Tent cities were seen along 'Low Water Bridge' and in yards. Gradually, contacts were made and you rejoiced when learning someone was alive. As lists were released of the deceased, I mourned the five I knew.

One of the most somber moments for me came when I visited a mortuary to sign the book: twenty-three books were alphabetically placed on side tables in the reception area. Only then did I begin to realize the loss that would eventually total 158 lives.

Six weeks having passed, I now see progress in the demolition and clearing of lots. Along with the tandem trucks hauling the debris emerge clouds of dust showering over the signal men and women directing traffic.

Sadness increases as the last pieces of a building are no longer visible.

Viewing vacant lots is a tough task for you wonder if you will be able to remember what once stood there. Hundreds of people are busily whisking us into Joplin's future. As I try to hold tightly to the past, I smile upon reading in today's Globe that the journalism teacher and students have managed to save the Spyglass issues dating from the 1920's. Days were spent drying the pages and they will be rebound. Yes, another victory!

City and school administrators are doing miraculous planning, supported by state and federal officials. The JHS Classes of 2012 and 2013 will attend high school at the mall in a fully remodeled building with the most current technology and adequate parking. Sophomores and freshmen will be housed at the Memorial campus. Lower grades will be scattered in temporary facilities; all will have caring teachers. The loss of seven students and one secretary will be felt as Joplin's 7,747 students possibly return. Ten schools were partially or totally lost, 260 teachers lost personal classroom supplies, and no one knows in

advance how many families will have relocated.

It will be a year without precedence. The district will be prepared and ready to welcome what our administrator's term 'the walking wounded' for each has been touched by many changes. I have accepted a first quarter teaching job to sub for a teacher who will be out. I hope to make a difference as our kids face this monumental year of their young lives.

There have been lots of hugs as I see former students about town. I believe we shall all come out of this stronger and more appreciative of life.

A personal thanks to all who have contacted us; it means so much to know you are thinking of our hometown. I see nothing but positive attitudes, patience, faith, and solid work ethics in our midst. Continue to keep us in your hearts and prayers. And, if possible, please consider coming to our 50th reunion in 2014 to once again look at Joplin from the inside out. 🐾

Phyllis Payne Sapp

Following the Chapman's

As we reported in the last issue, Mike & Twyla Chapman sold 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. For some reason, I had a heck of a time getting on their blog, but trying various clicks, I ended up where I was supposed to be and started reading about their adventures in Canada. I hope you can get there by just clicking on this link and a big ol boat will pop up in a new window.

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

Jon is 29 and also a busy guy. While in high school, he saved his money and bought his first car, a Honda CRX with one big stereo in it. He opened up his own stereo and window tinting business and ran it for several years before selling it to a friend. He then checked out the idea for a limo service and knowing the casinos were coming to the area, started VIPS LIMOS. He received a contract from Downstream Casino and drove people for them coming in for their shows plus had other clients. After selling that to a friend, in October 2010, he opened a piano bar in downtown Joplin. Do you all remember Watt's Paint Store on 1st and Main? It's the location for J.B.'s Piano Bar. Open Thurs., Fri. and Sat., it's a buy place with over 350 people of all ages coming and going on Saturday nights when the Dueling Piano Players appear. There are 5 different groups of them and they rotate weeks coming in from St. Louis, Columbia, Springfield, and Branson. There are dart and poker clubs plus other groups having their meetings there. If in Joplin, stop

by and see what's happening downtown.

Jon also organized the Good Neighbors Association two years ago when there was a bad apartment fire and many families lost everything. He and friends set up a donation station that collected over 7 truckloads of items. Our family helped them and it was amazing how much was donated and how many hours went into the warehousing and distribution. So, you can see what our sons have been doing.

Back to Ed and me. Ed had a heart attack 3 years ago while refereeing a basketball game in Aurora. They got him stable then brought him to St. John's where he had 3 stints and a balloon put in. He's doing fine and his heart doctor told him to go back to refereeing which he loves doing.

Me, somehow I got the lucky draw. I'm on Grand Jury Duty for the Federal Courts and have to drive to Springfield 3 to 4 days a month. I have a year to go of the 18 month duty. It's been interesting, and I've met a lot of nice people.

Ed and I keep busy on weekends. In 1973, we bought a new Plymouth Satellite Sebring Plus, paying a little over \$4,000 with it's recent value at \$16,000 to \$18,000. We go to car cruises and shows and really enjoy them. Downtown Joplin has an artwalk on the third Thursday of each month and many people attend. I talked them into adding a car show, so we park them between 1st and 4th Streets on Main between 4:00 and 8:30 p.m. So, come on down and join the fun. If you have an old car or one you'd like to show, we invite you to attend.

As for our recent tornado, we were fortunate to have only minor damage at our home, except we lost some of our cars. My mother lost her home and was one of those without a house. We spent the next 2 weeks in a shelter at MSSU. It was definitely the longest slumber party I've ever attended.

Hope to see you all in Joplin soon. Let us know if you're coming, so we can get together. 417-483-3285. 🐾

Out of town classmates made trips to Joplin to unite with old friends and to check on relatives. Our watchdog reports that Janet Hale Tabin, Jill Longenecker Sawyer, Beverly Horton Moore and Greg Moore were in town recently.



Connie Culton Cox & Jill Longenecker Sawyer

Think of someone who is famous before answering the questions.

<http://www.akinator.mobi/>

If you think it's easy putting out this newsletter and making sure that the English language is not butchered to a degree that would cause Miss Stewart to come back and haunt me. Just check out what the editors have to deal with when it comes to the English language.

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.

It's Been a Tough Two Months

For some, especially the classmates that live in Joplin and suffered through the terrible devastation of May 22nd, we're sure you most likely have seen enough tornado destruction. This tidbit and the several pictures that follow are targeted for those of us that didn't see first hand what you actually lived through & what our school and neighborhood looks like now. We know several of our classmates that have lost everything, but no classmate lives were lost, and we thank God for that. We did not list names of those that lost their home and/or personal possessions, as we know that there would be some names omitted due to communicating to the newsletter, with lost power & internet. We want all of you to know that we feel deeply for you, we pray for you and we know that your resilience will see you through this tragedy.

We would also like to thank those classmates that contributed pictures to this newsletter, Janet Hale Tabin, June Johnson Shelton, Phyllis Payne Sapp, Suzanne Gilmore Smith, Glenda Roe Wittner & even some folks that weren't classmates but knew that we were from Joplin. Some of the photos sent to us are just that, pictures of Joplin and no I.D. as to where the picture was taken. As we said, it's been a tough two months and those living there are in our prayers.

For those that haven't seen the storm chaser video, take a look at this. Amazing!!!

<http://youtu.be/EfdK6H9d6J0>

Two more contributions from classmates that are worth viewing...

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VRxvNpTyBt4&sns=fb>

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1389737/Joplin-MO-tornado-At-89-dead-twister-cuts-4-mile-swathe-Missouri-town.html>

Remembrances



We wish to pass on condolences to classmate Richard Jaynes and family for the passing of his Mother, Jane Jaynes, a victim of the Joplin tornado.

<http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/x1886882408/Jane-E-Jaynes-Grandma-McGee/print>

We also would like to send sympathy to classmate John Keeling for the passing of his brother and '61 Joplin High School graduate, Gary Keeling.

http://bolivarmonews.com/obituaries/gary-clifford-keeling/article_66d1ea06-a284-11e0-a8be-001cc4c002e0.html



Franklin Tech



Franklin Tech Classroom



Irving Grade School



25th & Wall



Also 25th & Wall Area



Sapp, Short, & Dryden Dental
2710 Picher



Joplin High School



Joplin High School



Irving Grade School



Joplin High School



Dillons



20th & CT.



Joplin High School



Across from high school looking east



Home Depot



Poor Trees



22nd & Duquesne



Academy Sports



Walmart @ 15th & Rangeline



Elks Club (4 People died here)



From Elks, looking east toward Main St.



Poor Trees



22nd & Duquesne

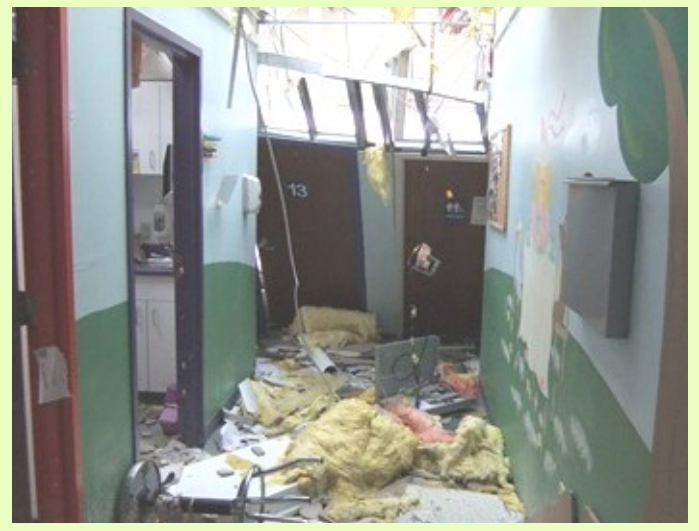


Academy Sports

All of St. John's Regional Medical Center



St. John's Regional Medical Center



Pediatrics Wing



Unknown Hallway



Waiting Room



PT Area



PT Hallway

All of St. John's Regional Medical Center



Chapel



Critical Care Room



ER



Nurses Station 3 E



ICU



Untouched



Joplin Tornado Damage



Joplin Tornado Damage



Joplin Tornado Damage



Joplin Tornado Damage



Joplin Tornado Damage



Joplin Tornado Damage

The Charles Schulz Philosophy

1. Name the five wealthiest people in the world.
2. Name the last five Heisman trophy winners.
3. Name the last five winners of the Miss America pageant.
4. Name ten people who have won the Nobel or Pulitzer Prize.
5. Name the last half dozen Academy Award winners for best actor and actress.
6. Name the last decade's worth of World Series winners.



How did you do?

The point is, none of us remember the headliners of yesterday. These are no second-rate achievers. They are the best in their fields. But the applause dies... Awards tarnish... Achievements are forgotten. Accolades and certificates are buried with their owners.

Here's another quiz. See how you do on this one:

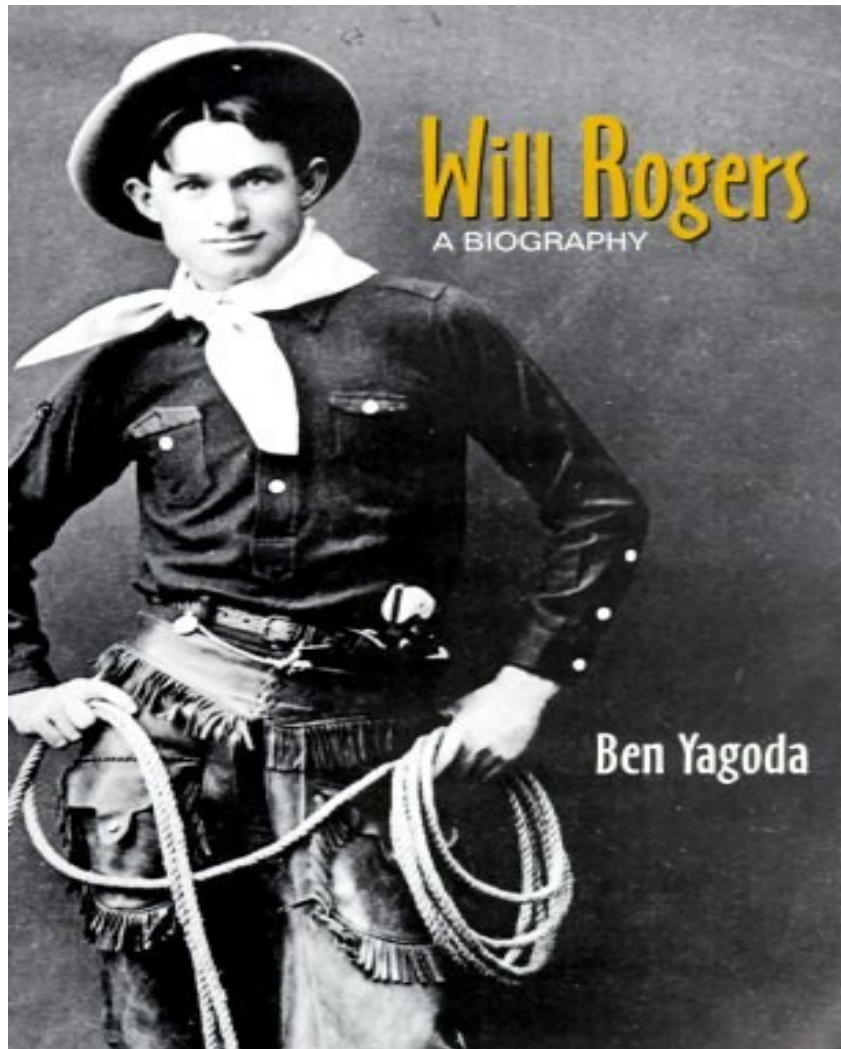
1. List a few teachers who aided your journey through school.
2. Name three friends who have helped you through a difficult time.
3. Name five people who have taught you something worthwhile.
4. Think of a few people who have made you feel appreciated and special.
5. Think of five people you enjoy spending time with.

Easier?

The lesson:

The people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money...or the most awards. They simply are the ones who care the most or whom you keep close in your heart.

"Never squat while wearing your spurs"



1. Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco.
2. Never kick a cow chip on a hot day.
3. There are two theories to arguing with a woman. Neither works.
4. Never miss a good chance to shut up.
5. The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.
6. Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me; I want people to know 'why' I look this way.
7. Always drink upstream from the herd.