



"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 9

Class Newsletter May 1, 2012

Joplin Eagles

Celebrating Our 9th Edition

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Class Website:

We are getting ready to update the class website and would love to have input from our classmates. Any old pictures, or current ones for that matter. Past events or interesting recent events you would like to share with us would be welcome.

www.joplinmo64.com

Another edition of our JHS class newsletter—it's one that finds us packing up the winter holidays and placing our attention on warmer days and thoughts of all things new.

April showers promised to encourage the flowers of May to stick their heads above ground and receive the "all clear" sign. The one-year anniversary of the tornado that struck Joplin last May finds the city, a year later, experiencing a rebuilding—of bricks and mortar—

and of energy and enthusiasm.

We're featuring in this issue a continuing update on the progress that's taking place in Joplin—with reports of some of the businesses that are up-and-running again and of one, a long-running local landmark, which appears to be fading to black.

The changing landscape of Joplin reminds me of the experience of returning there several years ago with my

brothers and sister—after decades away. Even before the tornado had changed the face of our hometown, the evidence of the passage of time had already done so.

I include a Joplin Globe column that ran after the trip back in time that cemented our memories and our connection to one another.

(Globe article starts on Page 5)

Happy Springtime!

Jeanne Looper Smith

On the Inside Looking Out (Part 3)

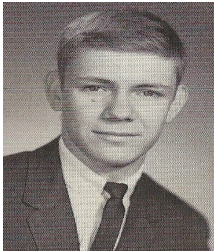
As I walk through my yard and enjoy lavender irises standing so stately in their clumps of five or six, I am reminded that they, many years ago, came from my mother-in-law's home and hers from her in-laws. I reflect upon the genera-

tions of the family that have welcomed their return each year over the many decades. I recall the pictures of toddlers playing amidst the flowers as parents and grandparents quickly snapped photos. This year, howev-

er, it occurred to me for the first time how strong and resilient the iris is; neither winds nor racing children alter the stance. Likewise, people in Joplin continue to be resilient and strong. Little did we know last year at this time how

many friends in town would be without the simple wonders of nature. Eleven months into the tornado recovery, sunshine smiles down on us, and we were blessed to have had a mild winter which allowed building

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John Keeling - Bio

"We had lived on a farm about five miles north of Cassville, Missouri, so "city living" was a new experience for me. "



My family moved to Joplin during the last half of my fifth grade year. We had lived on a farm about five miles north of Cassville, Missouri, so "city living" was a new experience for me. The farm we'd lived on had been in our family since the 1870's, and remained in the Keeling family until about twenty years ago. When we first moved to Joplin, my folks rented a house at the corner of 9th and Pennsylvania while they looked for a house to buy. We were there for about a year, and I finished elementary school at East Central Elementary, long since closed. Shortly before the end of the sixth grade, we moved to 2519 Pennsylvania, and I attended South Junior High. That house, along with thousands of others, was destroyed in the May, 2011 tornado. The house had not been in our family since my mom had passed away in 1991.

Not long after the start of our junior year in high school, the first McDonald's opened in Joplin, and our class supplied many of the first employees. And quite a crew it was! Woody Phillips, Bob Rose, Mike Langevin, Mouse Meador, Steve Blake, Gary Ball, and Bernie Johnson. I hope I didn't forget anyone, although I'm sure some have tried to forget the experience. As I recall, we all

started out at the princely sum of sixty-five cents an hour. Considering all of the fun we had, it probably wasn't that bad a deal. The hardest part was trying to get out of working on Friday nights.

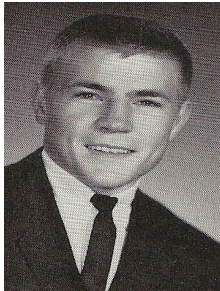
I left Joplin in early 1967 for Air Force basic training at Lackland Air Force Base here in San Antonio. I had married in late 1966, and my first two and a half years in the military were all spent in Texas. After basic training, we spent four months in Amarillo, and two years in Fort Worth, at Carswell AFB. In late 1969, I received orders to Lowry AFB, Colorado, for five months training in munitions, prior to being sent to Viet Nam. I spent one year at Tuy Hoa AB, about eighty miles north of Cam Rahn Bay. We worked twelve hour days, seven days a week, and the time went by quickly. I spent an enjoyable weeklong R & R in Australia. After my tour was over, I returned to the states, and was discharged at McChord AFB, just outside of Tacoma, Washington.

The day I returned to Joplin, I read in the paper that late enrollment at Missouri Southern was still going on. I hurried out to the college, and scraped together twelve hours of classes, enough to qualify for the GI Bill. By that time, the college was at

the new campus, and I was amazed at the change. I actually started classes the next day, and I guess I attracted some curious looks from the other students, as well as one faculty member, who pointed to me halfway through his lecture, and asked that I see him after class. He asked me straight out, "What's your story"? It was January, and I had the darkest suntan I've ever had. My hair, always fairly light colored, was not only cropped military style, but had been turned "bleached blonde" by the sun. In addition, I soon learned straight legged Levis and penny loafers were no longer in style. Long hair and bell bottoms were the new fashion. I suppose I did look like I'd just escaped either a time warp, or a lockup, somewhere. Actually, I think the professor was concerned with the latter. Just before I finished my degree, our daughter Jennifer was born in March, 1972.

While I was finishing college, I worked at Sutherland Lumber on Range Line. I'd worked there a short time before going into the Air Force. After graduation, they moved me to Fort Smith, Arkansas, where they were building a brand new yard.

(Continued on Page 7)



Monty Gavin - Bio

"After graduating from JHS, I headed east to attend George Washington University in Washington, D.C. "



I cannot really express how much I have enjoyed our class reunions these past several years. The only regret I have is not having gone sooner. I am grateful to each and everyone who has worked to make our reunions happen. I also sure appreciate those who do our newsletter and other communications.

It is hard to believe that it has been 48 years this year since we all left JHS. The Bible tells us in the book of James that life is like a vapor, it is here but for a moment, then gone. The passing of the years makes me understand that scripture all the more.

Like many of you who read this I had my ups and downs of growing up in Joplin, but as the years have gone by, I realize I had many blessings. Among those blessings is the privilege of being friends and acquaintances to many of you. You remain a part of my life even if I don't get to see you or talk to you often or even at all. Our lives crossed paths. Memories remain. Those memories are precious.

After graduating from JHS, I headed east to attend George Washington University in Washington, D.C. I lived in a dorm on Pennsylvania Ave, just two blocks west of the White House. It was unreal sometimes. I had friends who were friends and workers for some very prominent people. I got to meet people I had only read about and seen in the news or on TV. The total experience at GW was, as I look back on it, a real learning part of my life.

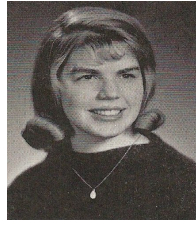
I only stayed at GW one semester. The summer before I went to Washington, I met and dated a young lady from southeast Kansas by the name of Cheryl Moon. We had a great summer together. She had just finished her freshman year at Oklahoma Baptist University. When I got to Washington, I sure missed her. It did not take me long to realize that I wanted to be with her. My second semester that year I transferred to OBU to be with her. It worked out well. Two years later we became engaged and were married in June of 1967.

My time at OBU was great. Not only was it great to be with Cheryl, but I would not trade the experiences I had there. It is a wonderful school. Cheryl and I both graduated from there, then headed west to Albuquerque. We did so because I thought I very well may have to go to Vietnam. I had already been called up for my pre-induction physical, and Cheryl had a sister and brother in Albuquerque. Fortunately, I ended up not having to go into the service, and we both began our teaching careers in the Albuquerque Public Schools.

My first two years I taught at a middle school. I found out there that I would enjoy older students. I still had a great time though.

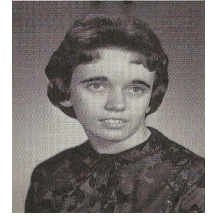
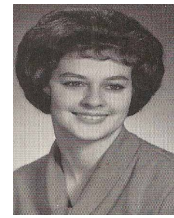
My third year in teaching I was privileged to be named to the staff at a brand new high school, Eldorado High School. I would teach history would get to coach. I always loved athletics, and was excited about becoming a coach. I had a lot to learn, but

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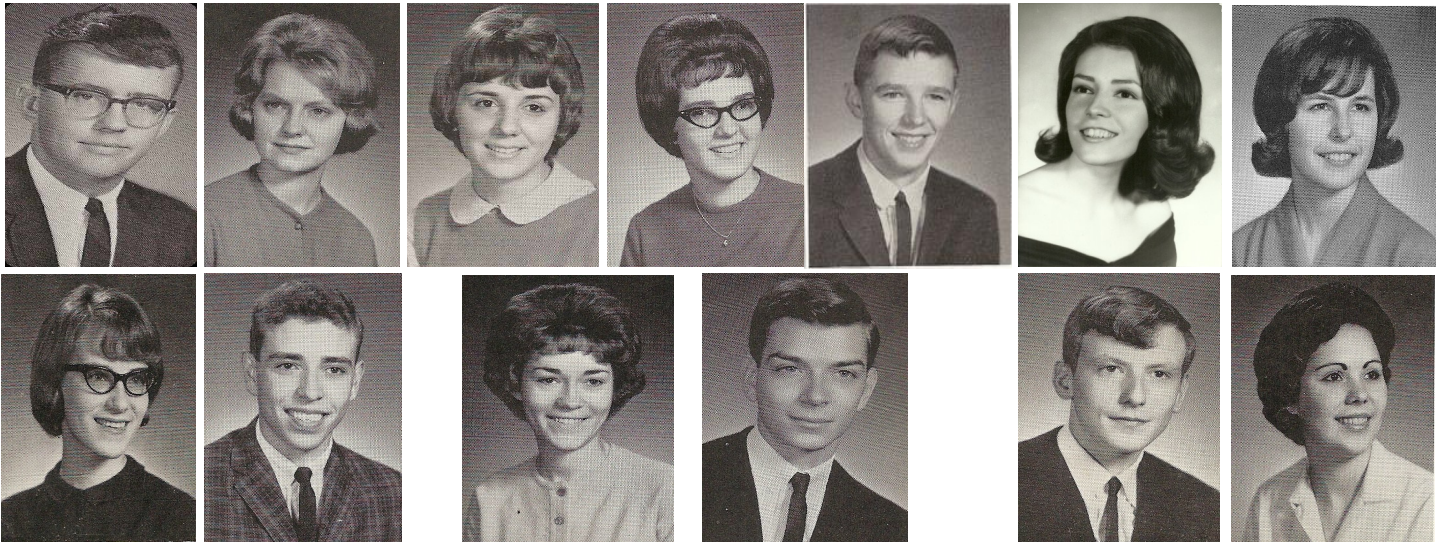


We're Officially Out of Bios

ATTENTION!!!



We are out of bios 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. So please 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:

Linda Baugh (Robards), Patricia Kay Belk, Richard Burns, Jo Ellyn 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), 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 & Linda Yeakey - please share, as what we had is no longer valid.**

"To the outside world, we all grow old. But not to brothers and sisters. We know each other as we always were. We know each other's hearts. We share private family jokes. We remember family feuds and secrets, family griefs and joys. We live outside the touch of time."—Clara Ortega

If the touch of time hadn't shaken who we were as brothers and sisters, it certainly had taken a toll on the Big Spring Inn in Neosho, Mo. The last time we stood on that spot we were children, fresh from church—my sister and I in our best dresses with white gloves and anklets and shiny patent leather shoes and my brothers in their pressed pants and shirts and ties—their hair Brylcreemed back from their teenage faces.

A great deal had changed since those Sunday afternoons in the 1950s when we gathered in front of the ponds teeming with trout that flanked the restaurant. The trout and their ponds remained, but our parents were gone. The Big Spring Inn was gone, too, with nothing more than the foundation remaining.

For us, the foundation of who we had been as children called us back to Joplin and to the scenes of so much that remained as memory from our childhoods there. No longer fresh-faced children standing in the afternoon sun with tummies full from lunch, we were now adults in our 50s and 60s with tummies fuller from the passage of time.

The Big Spring Inn was just one of the stops on our weekend-long sibling reunion. We flew in to Kansas City from our homes in all corners of the country: me from Florida; my sister, Virginia, from Wisconsin; Pat, from Colorado; and Norman, from San Diego.

We've remained emotionally close through the years but not geographically. The 2 ½ hour drive to Joplin in a rental car provided an opportunity to laugh, reminisce, and map the route that would recreate some of the scenes from the past—scenes that had been filled with both joy and sadness.

It was the first time that we had been together, without our spouses and children, since we were children. That created a dynamic for the four of us that couldn't have been possible had they all been along on this journey.

So much of Joplin has changed during those decades away—but not Fred & Red's. It was like stepping comfortably back into time, seeing, I swear, the same curtains on the windows, paneling on the walls and horseshoe-shaped counter. And ordering the same "signature dish": Spaghetti Red.

Not so the house or the neighborhood that we grew up in. The log home across from Tamko that had been filled with laughter and music—and an equal measure of drama because of the explosive nature of our parents' marriage—now stood vacant and empty. The yard where Nor-

man taught me to ride a bike and Virginia and I played among the flower beds was barren and colorless. A tribute to the saying, "You can't go home again."

We passed the 66 Drive-In in Carthage that had been the scene of weekend dates for all of us and a "brother memory" for me. Pat had taken me there to see some now-forgotten movie after his fiancée had broken off their engagement just nine days before their wedding. I've never forgotten that night or the heartbreak that, even as a child, I realized he was experiencing.

We cruised Main and tried to pick out the buildings that had housed this or that restaurant or store that composed our Saturday outings. And lamented the loss of so many of the significant buildings. The crumbling structure that now is the Union Depot seemed eerily quiet as we remembered putting Norman on the train there as an unsure young man heading to his first year of college in a far-away city.

On Sunday night we attended church in the beautifully preserved Fox Theatre—probably one of the biggest memory joggers for all of us. Pat remembered wearing his East Junior High letter jacket there to watch a movie and coming down the aisle to the catcalls of basketball players from South and North.

I recalled so many Saturday afternoons there catching a double feature with my best friends, Donna Powers and Jeanne Lewis,

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and sulking because my mother made me take my sister along. Now that Virginia and I are grown and not able to spend time together often, I'd treasure the opportunity to see a movie or spend an afternoon with her.

"Sibling relationships—and 80 percent of Americans have at least one—outlast marriages, survive the death of parents, re-surface after quarrels that would

sink any friendship. They flourish in a thousand incarnations of closeness and distance, warmth, loyalty and distrust" according to Erica E. Good, author of "The Secret World of Siblings."

Our trip back to Joplin, and back in time, and the laughter and tears and meals we shared there—nurtured the sibling relationships that were birthed in an earlier time. We had shared a

childhood of experiences that connect us still as brothers and sisters in a way that is truly outside the touch of time.

Jeanne Looper Smith grew up in Joplin and now lives in Kansas City, MO.

Share your memories of Joplin with her at:

mainlyjoplin@yahoo.com

Big Spring Inn, Neosho, Missouri



Near Camp Crowder

8A299-N

We stayed there for a year and a half, after which I accepted a sales position with the Celotex Corporation, a manufacturer of building products. They moved us to San Antonio in September of 1974. I was with Celotex for just under fourteen years, including a two year stint in the Dallas area, where our second daughter, Rebecca, was born in 1979.

Moving back to south Texas, our family spent several years in the country, just outside of Fredericksburg, Texas. The girls got to experience country living, raising and showing lambs in 4-H, riding horses, fishing in a small creek near our house, and enjoying the great outdoors. I continued to travel Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and part of Tennessee, as a Field Sales Manager for Celotex, logging lots of Frequent Flyer miles. In 1989, I was hired by TAMKO Asphalt Products, now called TAMKO Building Products, and headquartered in Joplin. Unfortunately, the marriage failed in the mid 1990's, just as the oldest daughter was graduating from Texas A & M.

Over Thanksgiving, 1997, I married Debbie Wenzel, who was born and raised in Waco, Texas. She was the Human Resources Manager for Cameron-Ashley, a large, nationwide distributor of building products, headquartered in Dallas. With her job there, and mine being in the San Antonio area, we had a commuter marriage for over three years, seeing each other on weekends, holidays, and vacation times. I jokingly would tell people Deb and I

were the opposite of society. Nowadays, people live together and never get married, while we got married and never lived together. Fortunately, she was able to transfer, to San Antonio in mid 2001, spending the next several months training her replacement. After twenty-five years with Cameron-Ashley, she took early retirement in mid 2002. She is heavily involved now with several volunteer assignments at our church, Coker United Methodist Church. When Deb and I married, I inherited another daughter, and a son, Karen and Michael. Our family now consists of Jenny and her husband Scott. She is a school counselor in Fredericksburg, and Scott was the head baseball coach there for several years. He now is a financial planner, and they have two boys, Cole (8), and Brooks (5). Karen is a single mother to Matt (20). She is also in building products sales in the Dallas area. Michael and his wife, Jana, live in Bryan, Texas, where he is in sales with Boral Brick Company. Jana was a classroom teacher for a few years, and now teaches other teachers how to incorporate computers in their classroom teaching. They are parents to Avery (7), and Emma Kate (3), our only granddaughter. Becca lives in the Houston area, and is still single. Holidays and family get togethers can get rather rambunctious, especially with the four little ones.

We enjoy living in San Antonio. The winters are mild, and summers are usually bearable, although last summer was pretty gruesome. Having the best Mexi-

can food in the country is definitely a plus. San Antonio has a large active and retired military population, and with a huge military hospital here that receives a constant influx of wounded from Iraq and Afghanistan, we are constantly reminded of the sacrifices our men and women in uniform make. Many of our neighbors and members of our Sunday school class are retired military. Seeing so many men and women in uniform often leads me to think of the many in our class who ended up in uniform. When we graduated in 1964, the thought that I might soon end up in the military never entered my mind.

The Gulf of Tonkin incident in the summer of 1964 sort of changed things, didn't it? I'm reminded also of the ones from our class who didn't return from Viet Nam.

I remember thinking that several of our teachers were old men, veterans of World War II. At that time, we were only less than twenty years removed from the end of that war.

Now we're forty plus years from our time there, but we're not old. Not us. No way. Funny how things change as we age, isn't it. Speaking of aging, I celebrated number sixty-six in March, but I have no intention of retiring. I love my job, and I have several customers I've done business with for almost thirty-eight years. Besides, how much golf and woodworking can a man take? In addition, how much of a bored husband can a wife take?

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With four weeks vacation, it allows us to do what travel we want.

I'm sure if we listen to news channels, we've all heard the term "October surprise". The full meaning of that term hit home with me this past October, when I was diagnosed with cancer. I had surgery December 19, and so far, everything looks good. I go back in April for follow-up testing, and I am optimistic everything will be fine. As of this writing (January 25), I am still at home, taking care of work responsibilities via computer and blackberry.

I was cleared to return to normal activity after February 1.

Well, that's pretty much it for my life so far. Not very exciting compared to lots of others, but it's been fun, and I look forward to a lot more fun. I would be remiss if I didn't take just a moment, and reflect on one aspect of growing up in Joplin. We were very fortunate in being in the Joplin school system during our formative years. I'm sure we all remember the various write ups the Joplin school system received during

the fifties and early sixties. Several years ago, I was playing in a golf tournament with an attorney in Fredericksburg. Although we knew each other casually through the golf club, we had never played together until that tournament. In getting to know each other a little better, we were talking about where each of us had grown up. He had been a school administrator before going to law school, and when I told him I'd gone to school in Joplin, he asked what year I'd graduated. After telling him, he shook his head and said, "Do you know how lucky you were? When I was in grad school at Texas, we got a heavy dose of the Joplin School System way of doing things". He went on to say that, unfortunately, that system went out of style. Sad to say, I believe he's absolutely right, and I hate to think that we were beneficiaries of a better educational system than our children and grandchildren. Roi Wood (Superintendent of Schools), Roy White (South Jr. High Principal), and Roy Greer (JHS Principal), what leaders they

were! It also saddens me to think of the schools that were either damaged or destroyed by the tornado. I've been back to Joplin twice since then, and I've read many encouraging articles about the recovery being made, not only by the schools, but also by the city. From all I read and hear, the true character of the people of Joplin has manifested itself, and should make all of us proud to say we came through there on our journey through life.

I look forward to seeing everyone at our 50th reunion in 2014. Fifty years should count for something, and I hope we have our largest turnout ever.

In the words of another Roy, my childhood hero Roy Rogers, "Happy trails to you, until we meet again". 🐾

Editors Note

As John stated in his bio, he was diagnosed with cancer this past October. We are very pleased to announce that an e-mail John sent out last week stated that his latest test results show no signs of cancer. Amen to that JL and may it remain just that way.

How to Tell the Sex of a Fly

A woman walked into the kitchen to find her husband stalking around with a fly swatter. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Hunting flies" he responded.

"Oh! Killing any?" she asked.

"Yep, 3 males, 2 females," he replied.

Intrigued, she asked, "How can you tell them apart?"

He responded, "3 were on a beer can, 2 were on the phone!"



I worked with some good coaches in both basketball and football. I especially loved football. Our program at EHS became one of the best in the state of New Mexico. It was really fun. More important though, I enjoyed my relationships with young people. To this day, I still have lunch from time to time with some of my athletes I coached at Eldorado. I viewed my teaching and coaching as a ministry. It was never work for me.

After six years at EHS, I went to direct the student activities program and coach football at Albuquerque's next new high school: Cibola. I spent three and one-half years there. After just one year, our football program became another football power in the state. It was really fun to be a part of that. I sure loved my time at Cibola.

In February of 1980, I was given the opportunity to return to Oklahoma Baptist University as Assistant Director of Admissions. OBU was very special to Cheryl and me, so it was not hard to accept the position. We moved to Shawnee, OK. I spent only one and one-half years at OBU before I realized I missed coaching. I was given the opportunity to coach at Shawnee High School, and accepted it. I only coached one year at Shawnee. I was offered the opportunity to return to Albuquerque to be head coach at Cibola, but, at the last minute, rejected the offer. I just felt God had another direction for me.

Three months later I accepted the position of Youth Minister at The Baptist Temple Church in Oklahoma City. We spent five years at Baptist Temple that were a great blessing in our lives. In looking back, I can see that God was really directing and teaching me. I learned a lot at B.T.

In 1988, I was asked if I would like to return to New Mexico to start a state office for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. I had led FCA Huddles at three high schools. I had very high regard for FCA. To be offered a position with them was like a dream come true. I believed God had prepared me all the way for this new challenge. In short, in August of 1988, we began the first state office in New Mexico. We were starting almost from scratch. I was so blessed to serve through FCA for over eighteen years and see our ministry develop. When I left the work in 2007, we had 50 FCA Huddles in the state. My eighteen years were awesome, very blessed.

Upon leaving FCA, a good friend whom I had gotten to know who worked with Native Americans in New Mexico and Arizona asked Cheryl and me if we would like to join him in his work. At first we were not very open. However, the more we thought about it, the more we realized it might just be a great adventure. We so admired our friend and what he was doing. So, we joined up with him and American Indian Missions. We have been in this work

now for almost five years. What a great experience. We have learned so much, and in reality, I have been able to continue what I did so many years with FCA. It has been a great ride.

Cheryl and I are now looking to our future as we age – like many of you who read this. We are blessed with three wonderful sons, three wonderful daughters-in-law and four grandchildren. They all live in Oklahoma, and we are in the process of moving there. We thank God for the life he has given us. A good friend of mine told me years ago that life is an adventure. Cheryl and I have discovered that. The great thing about that, there is more to come!

We will hope to see you all at our 50th in 2014! 🐾

Every once in a while one comes across a really feel good story that is worth sharing. We did just that recently when I received this brief video that pertains to father & sons. Great timing for June and Father's Day.

<http://www.wimp.com/dadscar>

Continuing to Follow the Chapman's

As we reported in the last 2 issues, 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/>

efforts to continue year round. Seeing a few homes completed with residents settling in, trucks delivering bricks and roofing, trees and flowers being planted, and dozens of workers in town to help restore the city are a few of the daily observations. Many volunteers continue to come and work, some of whom have been here for months. St. John's has just moved to Mercy's temporary, but totally new, 150 bed hospital located east of the original building. Gone are the MASH tents of the early weeks. Ground has been broken and much work started on their permanent building at I-44 & Main which is scheduled for completion in 2015. Additionally, a bond issue requested by the school district was just passed to enable building to begin on the new high school and other damaged schools. A price tag of \$62 million for the bond was approved by only 46 votes. While insurance was good and federal/state funds will be tapped, many funds require coordinating efforts and to build what the Board of Education feels necessary, including storm shelters, the funding gap is substantial. For each \$100,000 of property assessment, a resident will pay about \$65 more per year. The close vote indicated that while residents want the schools rebuilt, others were concerned those already facing difficult financial losses would have an added burden. Details of all proposed buildings may be viewed

through www.joplinschools.org. Administrators are working diligently to get the students back into permanent buildings. JHS is expected to open in August of 2014 with the first class graduating in 2015. (Let's hope for a sneak preview at the 50th!)

(School pictures on page 13)

Speaking of JHS, you might want to view The Turner Report: Chelsea Clinton (April 23) and catch her interview with students. It aired on NBC with Brian Williams. It features Prom Day for the kids. Was ours not about 48 years ago?

<http://rturner229.blogspot.com/2012/04/chelsea-clintons-report-on-joplin-high.html>

Knowing several classmates have inquired about two longtime favorite businesses, I decided to go by for samples and interviews. I felt I needed to do it for the class! While Fred & Red's was unharmed by the tornado, second generation owner, Larry Wilcoxson (Class of '61) recently decided it was time to retire. Once the word was out in the newspaper, it was a contest to win a spot in line for the infamous spaghetti red or tamales. Braving the crowds, and after two failed attempts to wait out the lines stretching into the parking lot, my freezer finally contains "the goods" . . . bricks of chili. Since Larry made a ton (yes, 2,000 lbs. a week), one assumed you might

have several chances to stock up. Hundreds of others had the same idea. While visiting with him, he told me he thought he'd make his last batch in April. He was ready to start fishing more and had been at the business 56 years, having started as a jr. high student helping his dad. Most know that he made the chili himself and no one else knew the recipe. We talked about how people would miss the place and how many stopped by when in town to savor the secret recipe. While he has the business and property for sale, it is now closed. In talking with Larry's wife, she says he's enjoying retirement and having time for hunting and floating with their grandsons. **Best you in your retirement, Larry. Joplin will miss Fred & Red's!**

(Fred & Red's pictures on Page 12)

Continuing on to another historical business, I felt it imperative that I sample a Dude's donut so I could assure you they are as great as ever. Definitely! Dude (Pendergraft) and his wife Carolyn greeted me as I entered the new shop. Located just north on their former parking lot, the sparkling new kitchen frames the famous original cash register, salvaged from the storm.

Son Allen and wife Carrie are busy helping customers while Carolyn tells me Dude and she began Sept. 21, 1954 in the 2100 block of Main.

(Continued on Page 11)

Rather than the cash register (which many have stopped by to see if it survived), they started with a cigar box. Moving in 1958 to the location we all grew up knowing at 2316 Main, they have been in business there except for a 5 year time. After working for 10 years they sold to a man who eventually sold it back to them. Since he let wholesale routes go, changed the recipe, and added fried chicken to the business, it was a struggle regaining their former customers. Once the word was out that Dude's donuts were back, the business grew in-

to what we see today as a bustling family success. Noting that both their children and grandchildren grew up at the shop, Carolyn shared a story about the health department questioning the baby furniture on site. She assured them the babies weren't making the donuts and that they wanted their children with them. Nothing else was said. After the tornado, one of the first things they saw in the damage was the baby bed which had been stored in the attic. They lost other property besides their business and home but are thankful to be able

to rebuild. **We applaud the Pendergraft family and want them to know how many of our classmates have asked about them.** Be sure to stop by when in town. It's easy to see why they were missed!

I enjoyed visiting with both families and hope our Joplin updates bring pleasant memories of times gone by. Until our next edition, it's out to the backyard to weed the irises and be thankful for the people in town who stand as tall and strong.

Phyllis Payne Sapp



Remembering Fred & Red's



DESIGN CONCEPT FOR JHS / FTC



The new combined Joplin High School and Franklin Technology Center is tentatively scheduled to open in August 2014.

TOTAL PROJECT BUDGET

PROJECT	ESTIMATED COST TO BUILD	ESTIMATED INSURANCE SETTLEMENT	ESTIMATED FEDERAL AND STATE FUNDS	DONATIONS	FUNDING GAP
JHS / FTC (includes community safe room)	\$104 million	\$54.8 million	\$10.5 million		\$38.7 million
Elementary schools repairs/improvement	\$7 million				\$7 million
Additional community safe rooms throughout district	\$15 million		\$9.4 million		\$5.6 million
Elementary School at East Campus (includes community safe room)	\$14.3 million	\$7.2 million	\$0.3 million	\$1.7 million	\$5.1 million
East Middle School	\$27 million	\$15 million	\$8 million		\$4 million
Irving Elementary (includes community safe room)	\$17.7 million	\$8.9 million	\$7.2 million		\$1.6 million
TOTAL	\$185 million	\$85.9 million	\$35.4 million	\$1.7 million	\$62 million

Sometimes we publish worthy content from friends, family or acquaintances, when we don't receive input from classmates. This was given to me by a former co-worker and friend of so many years, we don't count them anymore. Like a few of us in the past year or so, we've lost someone dear to us that was part of the family. When Debbie sent this to me to read, I thought what a unique way to deal with grief and loss of ones pet. I do hope you enjoy reading as much as I did. Thanks Deb, great job. **Dave Knisley**



Sophie's Story

By Debbie Jackson

My story begins with a rough time in my life. I was but a young kitten when I lost a bit of my ear, but I don't remember how. It was the tiniest of pieces, but life at that time is better left in the past and not a part of my memory.

So, life for me actually began the day after Christmas in 1995. I was all alone in a cage along the side wall with lots of other cats sleeping in cages along the main wall. Two just-weaned kittens screaming at the top of their lungs "Pick me! Pick me!" were at the far end of that long wall and nearest to the big door. The room wasn't all that large, but I felt all alone. All of the creatures entering the door that day heard the two screamers and oohed and awed all over them. No one paid any attention to me, but I kept talking every time a human came near. I really didn't want to be in that prison, but everyone kept ignoring me.

Then, by chance a young man and what appeared to be his mother heard me. They stood in front of my cold prison and seemed interested in me. But, they walked back to the squawking screamers and my hope was lost. I tried again to talk my way into their hearts and they turned and I knew I had won. But, all of a sudden they left the room. I

was heartbroken. I thought for sure they were sent to aid in my escape.

Suddenly, they entered again with one of the ladies who lived in the other room. I know she lived there because she came in to feed me on a regular basis. Miraculously, the lady opened my cage and the young man and his mother held me in their warm arms. Oh, they were such warm arms! I looked up into their blue eyes and told them that I would always make them happy, if only they took me home with them. And guess what! They did! The young man gave me the best Christmas gift – Mom!

As we walked through the door, I saw a big old black and white cat sitting on the floor, so I hissed and growled at it. I think it looked similar to one that I had fought with when I was young.

When we got to their big cage, not a little box of one, they showed me where my litter box was and where my food and water would be. I loved this cage immediately. I could roam everywhere! But, Mom had the idea that I needed a bath. Now, that was a scary experience. She tried to get me into the water and I spread-eagled along the edges to stay out as long as I could. But, she ignored my pleas and into the water I went. Wet and humiliated, I looked up and there, right next to me was another cat and what looked like the same woman giving her a bath. I immediately growled and hissed at the other cat, but it was

mimicking me. How dare it!!!

Finally, I was let out of the water and into a big warm towel and into Mom's arms. Oh, how I loved her gentle arms and her big bed in front of the windows. I loved sleeping with Mom on her big bed and cuddling next to her when she slept. That was my favorite place to sleep.

I felt so free in this big cage. Every day I ran and ran and jumped and played. I loved to run up the stairs and jump into the air and grab onto the door frame and just hang on and look around way up high. There were furry toys that hung from the doors and I tried as hard as I could to drag them down the stairs and would yell for Mom to come to help.

But, when I opened my mouth the toy would fly back to the door and bounce off the wall. It was a challenge that I tried to beat nearly every night.

Most warm days Mom would leave the cage door open a little and I could go outside. I loved going outside when the sun was warm. There was a little field mouse that I caught once and brought into the big cage, so I could play with it. It ran all around the room along the wall.

I'd chase it behind the furniture and swat at it. It got too tired and when I swatted it on the head, it just lay there.

Mom took it outside and I never saw it again. That was a fun day though.

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There were little people that lived in the big cage next to us and they would come to see me sometimes and sometimes I'd walk over to their cage and visit them. Mostly, they'd come to feed me when Mom was gone for a long time. Mom called them Ally and Sam and they would eat icy things on a stick – popsicles, I think that's what they were called.

Sometimes, Mom would take me in the car when she went to get ice cream, but most of the time I didn't like riding in the car. It meant that I was going to see the mean doctor again. He always stuck this sharp, pointy thing in me and looked in my ears and mouth. I didn't like going there. It reminded me of my little cage before Mom.

A young beagle that belonged to Mom's young man, Stacey, came to stay with us for a few days. She didn't chase me or bother me, except she sat on the floor touching my Mom's feet. So, I walked right up to her and hit her on top of the head. The silly dog raised her head and just looked at me. I did it two more times and then Mom warned me that I may be asking for trouble. But, I showed the dog who was boss and jumped up on the couch and sat on Mom's lap, claiming my rightful place. After all, I was in charge here.

One day a man started coming to our cage. He liked to play with my toys, but it was okay since he played with me and Mom too. Mom showed him the game we played – Toro! Mom would hold a towel in front of her and I'd puff up and stick my ears straight up in the air and then charge her like a bull. She'd laugh and then run and I'd chase her. We played chase and hide-and-seek. Sometimes it scared me when

she hid and I couldn't find her, then she'd pop out and that scared me too! Most of the time, I'd cry before she popped out and scared me. I didn't like that part of the game. When I cried, she'd always come out before I got scared. Mom loved me so much that she didn't want to do anything to hurt me or scare me.

One night Mom was upstairs getting ready for bed, but I wasn't tired yet. She'd left the door open a little and I invited a little friend in to eat dinner with me. Mom heard a noise and when she got downstairs to close up for the night, she scared my little friend away and never let me invite any friends over again. I didn't like most animals, but this cat was my friend.

A few years passed and then Mom and I went for a car ride. That nice man had his own cage and we came to live in it. Now I had a mom and a dad! What could be better than this!! I loved exploring the new cage and it had lots of places to roam. Dad laughed at me when I came up from the basement with dust bunnies on my whiskers.

I didn't like that I couldn't sleep with Mom at night anymore though, so I sat outside the door and cried until Mom came out and carried me onto another bed and sang me songs until I fell asleep. My favorite was "Amazing Grace". She sang that one every night and I think she knew that God had sent her to me – my Christmas angel.

I'll never forget the time the young man brought a tiny baby to our cage. She seemed no bigger than me, but took all of Mom's time and attention. Finally, the baby fell asleep, but was sleeping on Mom and that was my favorite spot! So, I climbed right on

top of Mom with the sleeping baby next to me. I was hoping Mom would put her somewhere else, but she didn't so I claimed my side of Mom's lap for myself. Dad laughed and took our picture. I didn't see what was so funny!

As baby Kenzie grew older, she would chase me around the house and I didn't like it, so would hide under the bed or in the basement when she came to visit our cage. She would walk around yelling for "Hofie! Hofie!", whoever that was! Mom and Dad spent way too much time with her when she visited, so I was always glad when she left. And then Kenzie had a baby sister, Madi, and it started all over again.

After we moved into an even bigger cage, I had lots of favorite places to sleep and to explore. Mom even let me help her with the answering machine recording. After all, I lived there too! The new cage had lots of beds and lots more sun shining through the windows and doors.

Sometimes I'd get so hot sleeping in front of the open door that I'd have to move to a cooler place. That awful room where baths were taken was one of my favorite spots. The sun would shine in the frosted block window while I lazed on the plush green rug. It was so comfy and quiet. I loved my naps and I had a bed in every room. Life was grand.

Some days Mom and Dad would let me go outside and they kept tall and short chairs outside with cushions for me to sleep on.

I loved the outdoors and spent the entire day basking in the sun or watching the wildlife. There were hundreds of birds and lots of rabbits

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that ran around the yard. Sometimes I'd try to sneak up on a rabbit or bird, but Mom would scare it off, so I never had a chance to catch one. I guess she didn't want me to bring it inside to play with it like I did the mouse.

At Christmastime, Mom and Dad would always put up stockings – one for Dad, one for Mom and one for me. She'd add stockings when anyone else would celebrate with us, but she always had a stocking for me. They also put up a tree and what fun! I had the best time climbing up the center branches and then perched myself on a branch about half way up to peek out at them. Mom would run to grab a box that made a bright light, but I always jumped back down before she aimed that annoying contraption at me. Christmas always brought out the bright light box more than any other time, except for birthdays.

I loved birthdays, but mostly the ribbon and paper. There were so many pretty packages and they all had this long dangling string or ribbon on top. Mom and Dad would let me help with the paper and ribbon when they were wrapping the packages. I really don't think they could

have made them so pretty without my help. And of course I had to help untie them too.

Kenzie and Madi grew older and I didn't mind it when they came to visit. Mom would always sleep with them and I got to snuggle on top of all three of them. My favorite pastime was being brushed and petted and they gave me lots of those. Sometimes I'd have to force their hands to pet me, but they always obliged. I could never get too much petting, so I rewarded them with my loud purrs and love bites on the chin. My all-time favorite was sitting in Mom's lap and sleeping. Sometimes I'd reward her with a purr, love bites on the chin or pat her cheek with my paw. She'd hug me so tight sometimes that I thought she'd crush me. But, I loved the attention and told her and Dad so over and over.

As I began to age, 17 years for a cat is a long time, I began losing my eyesight. It was too hard to see, so I was afraid to go outside any more – even with Mom outside with me. The noises and wind scared me and, as you know, I hated to be scared. So I stayed indoors after that. I knew my way around the cage, so I

didn't run into anything. If dark shadows got too near, I'd tell them not to step on me and no one ever did.

Then, I started getting dizzy and couldn't walk very well. Mom and Dad would help me to my food and water and tried to make it as easy on me as they could. They had given me special treats for Christmas and, by my birthday, they were all I could eat. They worked so hard to make it easier for me. So two days after my birthday, we said our sad goodbyes and I went to sit on God's lap and talk to Him about watching over Mom and Dad. I thank you, Mom and Dad, for giving me the purr-fect life – a life of love.

I didn't know how unbearably sad it would be to not hear her purr or her voice or not have her snuggle on my lap ever again. Thank you, God, for blessing me with my Christmas Angel! I miss you Sophie, and will love you forever.

DOB: Approximately March 8, 1995

DOA: December 26, 1995 – God's angel entered my life.

DOD: March 10, 2012



Elisabeth Kubler-Ross described the five stages of grief in her landmark book "On Death and Dying." And, I've gotta say I've visited every one of them—camping out in some—since I received a diagnosis of breast cancer in October of last year. But I can report that I am now seeing the experience as a "gift."

I was working in the editing room with classmate, Dave Knisley, when the call came in from the surgeon. (I do script writing for his video production company.) I was fully expecting to hear that the biopsy was negative—an experience I'd had more than two decades ago.

This time the doctor delivered different news.

From that moment my life changed in ways I couldn't have imagined.

After hearing the treatment options from the local surgeon, I scheduled a second-opinion visit at Cancer Treatment Center of America in Tulsa. During their diagnostic screening it was determined that I had, not one, but two separate, unrelated tumors. Kind of a "buy one-get one" punch in the gut. At first, the news seemed pretty crappy, but with some reflection it was apparent that the discovery of a surprise tumor in the left breast, which didn't show on a mammogram, bought me time and options.

CTCA's emphasis on treating mind, body and spirit rather than just a focus on the tumor made my choice for treatment an easy one. I had breast conservation

surgery (lumpectomies) on each breast, with radiation at the time of surgery on the right side—but with the necessity of extensive radiation on the "renegade" left side.

Six weeks and 33 radiation therapy treatments later (and a great tan on my left breast!), I am back in Kansas City and feeling great. I experienced no typical side effects from the radiation. I never had fatigue, my white blood count stayed normal and I sailed through the experience. I lived in Tulsa during the week from mid-February until the end of March. Ross drove me to Oklahoma each Monday morning returning on Friday afternoon only to start the cycle again. (What an incredible support Ross has been to me throughout this experience!)

Since the radiation took about 8 ½ minutes out of the day, the remainder of my time was spent receiving acupuncture (which I love), chiropractic care, physical and massage therapy and support from the naturopathic physicians in rebuilding my immune system with supplements designed for that purpose. (And let's not forget the importance of manicures and pedicures in the spa salon for keeping spirits up!) I don't say I "have" breast cancer. I don't have breast cancer and it doesn't have me. I am well.

What I do have is an opportunity to take a look at my life. Rather than being victim to the experience I get to look at what there is for me to know and learn.

I have made radical changes in my diet—having eaten the typi-

cal Western diet for decades—I've gone to a whole food, plant based way of eating, along with juicing. I'm undergoing intravenous high-dose Vitamin C therapy here in Kansas City. In addition, I do extensive "forgiveness" work and gratitude journaling and make exercise an absolute priority. And, I now approach life with an eye to what is truly important, what matters and what I can just let go.

What I can't let go, and what I want to acknowledge, is the love, care and concern so many of you extended to me in so many ways. Your prayers, emails, cards and healing energy have been so important to me as I journey through this challenge and continue to undergird me.

I truly feel healthier than I ever have and am aware of how important it is to live in the "now." Right here and now, God is. Since God is everywhere present, God is right where I am. In this now moment, all is well.

And I am grateful.

With love, *Jeanne Looper Smith*

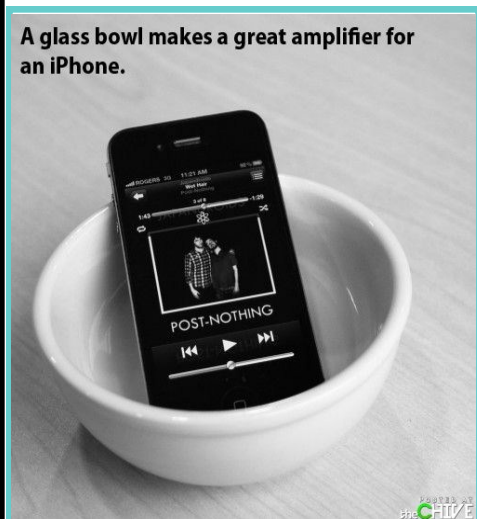


KC Reporter Ann Peterson, Jeanne & Ross



Simple Solutions

A glass bowl makes a great amplifier for an iPhone.



A pringles container is the perfect size to store spaghetti.



HOW TO USE AN ELEVATOR WITHOUT STOPPING

1. Hold close door button till doors close. Keep holding.
2. Select floor and do not let go of number and close door button till elevator moves.
3. This will allow you to go straight to that floor with out stops.

*This is used by police, so they can get to floors quicker.

*Works on every elevator.



Wrap Xmas lights around a clothes hanger, and they will never tangle.

Joplin creates website for tornado anniversary. City and area communicators have pulled their resources and information regarding the one-year anniversary of the May 22, 2011 tornado into a centralized website. The site features a calendar of events noting various activities commemorating the anniversary, as well as news releases and fact sheets from organizations involved in the recovery efforts of Joplin. Check it out.

<http://www.joplintornadoanniversary.com/>

MAKING A BAD DAY GO AWAY !!!!



He's not heavy -- He's my Brother!

Here is the scoop folks!!!!

Anderson Ice Cream will be back in Joplin giving Braum's a run for the ice cream champion trophy. Let us hope that it will be a success and as we approach our 50th class reunion, plans may call for a gathering of ice cream buffs as we taste test our memories. <http://www.joplinglobe.com/local/x474406420/Wally-Kennedy-Big-scoop-Anderson-s-is-back>

Remembrances

We would like to send condolence to classmate & reunion committee member Connie Culton Cox, in the passing of her mother, Martha Culton. May God Bless.

<http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/x1690521261/Martha-Louise-Culton>