

HOOFBEATING

Class of 1963

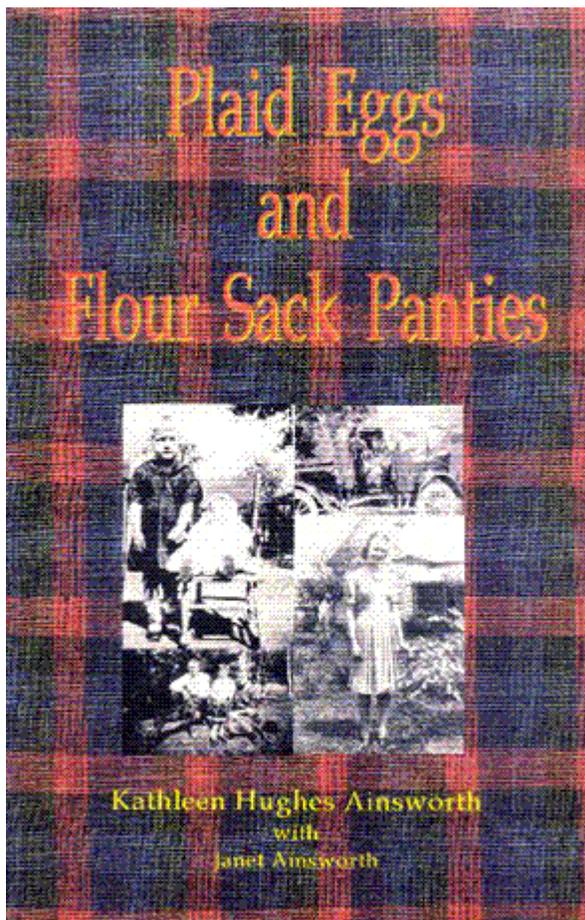


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Winter—Spring, 2005

Ainsworths Write Mom's Experiences

Janet Ainsworth's mother, Kathleen "Katie" Hughes Ainsworth, who still lives in her home on Casablanca (Boyd Beavers territory), has written a charming book about her life growing up on a farm in northeast Louisiana during the Great Depression: Plaid Eggs and Flour Sack Panties. Just the title is intriguing enough to make you go to the website and order a copy: <http://hometown.aol.com/plaideggs>



The mother-daughter compilation originally began as a way for Katie to record some of her childhood memories for her daughter Phyllis' two girls, but the project soon outgrew itself. Janet realized that the details of her mom's everyday life "should be recorded in book form as a way of paying tribute to a generation of people whose experiences during the depression have influenced many perspectives and values today and as a way of saying to that generation that their stories must not be forgotten."

Katie who was born in 1920 was the daughter of sharecroppers. She moved to Jackson from California in 1945 with Dozier and their daughter Janet. Like many people after World War II, they came in search of a job that would be near family and would be a good place to raise children. In the beginning they shared with two other families the second floor of a boarding house on Minerva Street – and share they did: one bathroom and a small kitchen. A few years and a couple of moves later, Dozier who was working for MP&L, Katie, and Janet moved into the house on Casablanca. Janet's father worked for the power company until his death in 1967. At that time Katie went to work for The Mississippi Baptist Convention Board until her retirement in the '80s.

"As a young girl growing up in Louisiana, [Katie] found that when money is short, old flour sacks make pretty good under garments and that colorful clothing can make for a festive Easter. Such are just two of [her] many memories of finding value in unexpected places."

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Gale Johnson Says The Following Story Is True:

Saturday, 25 September, my darling wife Jackie and I loaded two of our horses and camping gear and drove the 40 miles to our property. Our purpose was to ride, camp, and romance under the nearly full moon. Upon arrival we got the horses out, brushed them, did a little ground work, tacked up, and went for a ride. Things were just fine. Life was good. When we arrived at the back side of our property, we came upon the herd of cows, which roams our place, and decided to herd them some. Now our horses are not the average Texas Cow Horse, and at one time were afraid of cows, but we had worked all that out in the past, and they were picking up on what we were doing this time. So we pushed the cows into the woods, and the trail drive was over. Now we were just wandering along the woods, when I heard one of the calves bawling across the ravine and wanted to check it out. Jackie decided to leave me and go around the woods to the other side, rather than trying to look into the situation from where we were. This is where I have to tell you that these two horses (full blooded sisters) act like they can't stand each other at times, yet you put them out of sight of each other, and you would have thought the world had come to an end.

Ok, so I ride to the edge of the woods, just trying to see why this calf is bawling its brains out, wasn't planning on going into the gully or woods. Suddenly this calf, wide open bawling, on the other side of the gully comes crashing down toward the bottom of the gully. Now this calf is mostly Holstein; so it's mainly black with a bit of white here and there, so naturally it looks and sounds just like a bugger. Sierra decides this ain't for me, I don't like it, I'm leaving, I'm going to find my sister. She spins on a dime, picks her route of departure (I knew it soon as she picked it), which is through just a few trees. I say "Oh No" (you know that's what I said), and we left the gate on the way to winning the triple crown. Well, I had to duck this one limb and in leaning over (which means to a horse GO FAST), cleared the limb, got my feet out of

the stirrups and made plans to vacate this nightmare in the day time. All was well until I made that sudden stop at the base of that cedar tree. I got up, feeling a bit different, got my breath and walked out to where Jackie had already caught her up. I got back on, and Jackie had blown a fuse, so we weren't talking as husband and wife on a romantic camping trip. Jackie walks her horse back to camp, and I ride.

We turned the girls out on the pasture, and we began to make camp, which really didn't take long. Instead of a tent, since the weather was great, we had cleaned out



and washed the back of the horse trailer (the girls can really make a mess in 40 miles; actually you don't get out the driveway good). We put down the queen size air mattress, got the campfire going, watched the nearly full moon rising, and just enjoyed the evening together. We rested well during the night, got up early and fed the girls, built up the campfire, and made our coffee and fried up some eggs. What a great camp out!! Beats hell out of the boy scouts!!! Our neighbor who owns the cows came by, and we sat around a visited a while.

Continued on page 3

Gale Johnson continued from page 2

We got the girls cleaned up and did some ground work with them, saddled up, and rode some, this time working on particular training needs and just enjoying a beautiful Sunday morning on our property. We finally put the girls out to pasture, and Jackie ran into the little town of Alba about 7 miles away and picked up some lunch, and we ate around the campfire about 1PM. We then cleaned up camp, loaded up everything, caught up the girls and got them loaded, and headed toward the house about 3PM. As we began to drive, I began to feel every bump in the road; and after about 20 miles, it became so bad, I had to pull over. Jackie then drove the rest of the way, and I felt all the bumps she hit, plus some, but we made it home and the pains began to subside. So we take care of our chores and get cleaned up and watch a bit of TV, have a small salad just before 8, watch TV until the weather is done and go to bed.

This is when I really get some pains in the belly. On a scale of 1-10, I think they were about 12-15. I get out of bed and try everything to get relief. About 11:30 I tell Jackie to take me to the hospital. I feel all them bumps again, it's about 35 miles to the nearest hospital we'll deal with, and on the way I'm having a very difficult time breathing. We got to the ER, and I get out. Jackie goes to park the car. I go in, and the lady asks if she can help me. I say yes; I can hardly breath, and, man, does the action start. They take the vital signs, information as to what had happened, did a CT scan, said I had a ruptured spleen, gave me something for pain, loaded me into an ambulance and sent me to the Baylor Trauma Center, did another scan, watched me for a few hours and explained what was going on, what needed to be done, and Monday afternoon, done it. That was to insert some coils into the spleen to stop the bleeding. They do this through a catheter in a vein of my right groin; and, of course, I spend from Sunday about midnight to Friday about noon in the hospital. I was treated very well by everyone and am happy to be here.

It's a small world you know! Saturday evening we went to a little church gathering near our house to socialize with some friends and have supper with them as we were not able to take our horses and ride on their trail ride. During the evening I met a fellow, turns out he heard my story and says, it was one of his associates who did the surgery. He went on to explain more about it, and with me not being on drugs I understood a great deal more. I was able to ask him to thank all those involved, and he said he would do so.

Yep, I'm still a bit puny, but I reckon I'll make it. Just glad to be here. (I'm much better this week)

Gale

July Mini Reunion Offer Tendered

In a December email concerning "No Lunch Bunch at Walker's in January and July" we mentioned that the class had intentions of having either an evening or weekend function in July to make up for the missed lunches. **Dave Edmonds** has been very generous in offering his family's waterfront Barnett Reservoir house for class parties.

Well, we had a wonderful offer from classmate **Sam "Sammy" Graham**, "How about a BBQ? I do a little competition cooking and catering. I would love to pull my rig to Jackson and cook for everybody. If this sounds interesting, you know my number.... Sammy"

How do you feel; any ideas on planning, etc? Let us know at the following; Estelle@ongulf.com



Kathy Butts Hayes who recently had a stint implanted, following a heart attack, wants to thanks everyone for their prayers, flowers or plants, and food.

Once again the Class of 1963 has shown what a wonderful group they are.



Theresa and George Twente with their oldest son Michael's daughter Carrie

The Meridian Star, Letters To The Editor, February 27

On Saturday, Feb. 12, 2005, one of the most outstanding men in Meridian was killed in a tragic airplane accident, taking not only his life but the life of a fine young Naval flyer in training. I have known Dr. George Twente Jr. since his early childhood, not only as a dental patient but as a man I've admired and respected all these years, a man who I considered to be a good friend. The memorial service at Fifteenth Avenue Baptist Church was attended by several hundred friends and the entire Twente and extended family and it was a true worship service from the music through the beautiful testimonials given by George's two fine sons and concluding with many, many appropriate stories of George's sincere interest in each and every person he met as told by the pastor.

I want to share this George Twente Jr. story with all of you in and around the Meridian area. A true story George Jr. shared with me many years ago.

When George was 13 years old, he decided one night he'd like to take his dad's car and go for a ride, so he waited until his mother, his dad, his brother and both sisters were asleep then very quietly got the keys, unlocked the car and pushed it out of the carport and down the street for about a block so no one would hear it start. About 12:30 a.m., the

phone woke his dad, a prominent surgeon. The voice said, "Dr. Twente, this is Sheriff Billy Noble in Canton. One of my deputies pulled over a young boy too young to drive who says his name is George Twente." Dr. Twente said, "It can't be my son. He's in bed asleep." Billy Noble said, "Dr. Twente, go look to be sure." When George Sr. returned to the phone he asked, "Sheriff, what does that boy look like?" When the Sheriff described him Dr. Twente said, "That's George Jr., Where is he now?" When told he was in a jail cell, Dr. Twente said, "Just leave him there. I'll come get him tomorrow."

When George Sr. returned to the phone he asked, "Sheriff, what does that boy look like?" When the Sheriff described him Dr. Twente said, "That's George Jr., Where is he now?" When told he was in a jail cell, Dr. Twente said, "Just leave him there. I'll come get him tomorrow."

George, Jr. assured me he'd learned a lesson he'd never forget and he also never was tempted into adventure of that sort again. I remember telling him at the time, "George, your dad has taught you that love and discipline are synonymous." And he never forgot it. I'll miss him, as we all who knew him will.

Harold H. Caver, D.D.S., Jackson



SARASOTA COUNTY

"Dedicated to Quality Service"

20 January 2005

On behalf of the Fruitville Library staff, I'd like to thank you and the Class of 1963 of Murrah High School for the recent donation made in memory of Barbara Bourne Edwards.

As a fairly new library, we very much appreciate donations such as yours which help fill in gaps in our still 'young' collection. We are able to provide books for our patrons that we otherwise might not be able to consider purchasing.

A gift plate will be placed in the front of the book we acquire, stating it was given in memory of Mrs. Edwards by her high school class. We appreciate your thoughtfulness, and your comment that Mrs. Edwards was seldom without a book evokes a wonderful image. We will contact Dawn, with whom I have spoken several times.

If you would like any further information, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Thank you again for your thoughtful gift. Please extend our thanks to the whole class.

Sincerely,

Valerie Oakley
Reference Librarian
(941) 861-2524

The Class sent a donation of \$75.00 to the Friends of the Fruitville Library in Sarasota, Florida. We asked that this money be used to honor the memory of our classmate Barbara Bourne Edwards. We received the above thank you note from the Sarasota Library System's Reference Librarian. It sounds as if they are planning to purchase a noncirculating reference book, such a wonderful and appropriate memorial to Barbara!

Classmates Feel Hurricanes' Wrath

This summer and fall Florida was socked by three hurricanes in five weeks and a total of four hurricanes with Ivan being particularly nasty not only to Florida but to south Alabama also. Though we have gotten updates from several of our classmates who are either permanent residents or who own vacation/investment property in the affected areas (including one who still had a sense of humor – when asked what we could do to help answered “send ice!”), we still are anxious to hear from Phil Garcia (Pensacola) and (especially from Smyrna Beach) Billy and Connie (Dunn) Overby.

Mary Lu Wells Cummings (Foley AL) – “Even though Steve spent several thousand dollars on a saferoom for our home, we decided that a possibly “4” hurricane [Ivan] was a little more than we wanted to experience. We went to Clarksdale MS and had a nice visit with my sister and her husband. We left Foley early enough on Tuesday morning that we did not have nearly the travel problems that were incurred by other members of my family. It took my brother over eight hours to get to Jackson from Orange Beach. I have another brother that lives in Foley as we do, and he left on Monday. My brother in Pascagoula didn't leave until Wednesday morning and only went to Hattiesburg. All my brothers live in sight of water, and we were very worried about their houses. Thankfully, none of us had a lot of damage. My sister is a fervent ‘prayer’, and God answered her prayers. We lost a few shingles from the roof and have a little damage from water that somehow got in between the room I have upstairs and my bedroom below it. It is overwhelming to see the tree damage. I haven't been to the beach yet to see the damage there. We've seen some unbelievable pictures.” Saturday, October 2, 2004

Reid Bingham (Coral Gables FL) – “Having gone through Camille and then Andrew (no electricity for 30 days), I know how fortunate we were in that the only parts of the state that did not have damage were the southeastern two counties that included Coral Gables. We got wet, and it was a little breezy, but nothing else.” October 4, 2004

Martha Ruth “Marty” Stovall Hoover and Paul Hoover (Arcadia FL) – Paul writes “We were affected by three of the four hurricanes that came through Florida. We are in Arcadia which is due east of Punta Gorda and Port Charlotte. Punta Gorda was especially hit hard by Charley. After leaving Punta Gorda, Charley followed the Peace River inland...Arcadia is located on the Peace River. We sustained winds of 150 mph with gusts of 170 mph.... Eighty



per cent of the roofs in the county were damaged or destroyed. Many people lost everything...we were very fortunate. Our house sustained only minor damage with no major leaks. This allowed us to go out and help others.... Most of the county residents have wells for water. The entire county was without electricity for four days with 70% doing without for 10 days or more. This meant no lights, refrigeration, or water for most residents.” [Note for you city dwellers: wells nowadays need electricity to pump the water.]

Paul's mother died just a few days before Charley “hit”, so they were in Little Rock and then Jackson for her funeral and burial during the hurricane. As Paul told his preacher “mother had called me out of harm's way one more time.” Paul continues, “The greatest blessing of all this has been the witnessing of our community coming together to help one another in time of tragedy. All things were shared without any thought of compensation or repayment. It took 5 to 6 days for emergency services to reach Arcadia, and during that time, roofs were repaired, food, water, fuel, tools, money, etc. were shared., and trees were moved ad removed, all by neighbors helping neighbors.... Life is beginning to settle into a normal routine. I am shaving and bathing everyday again. Hat, shorts, and tee shirt have been replaced with dress shirt and slacks (no hat).... These days we are concentrating all our efforts to make the necessary repairs that will allow the businesses to reopen. Because the tourist season is very cyclical in south Florida, Oct. – May, time is not on our side. But we are optimistic and convinced that the businesses will be up and running by mid November [2004] with four opening next week.” October 19, 2004

Mary Agnes Keeton Hall (Niceville FL) – “We escaped the torment of Ivan [by driving] to Atlanta to visit our daughter, Christy. We were surprised to experience the loss of power so early in the day on September 16. Suddenly, with the sound and the instant devastation of a

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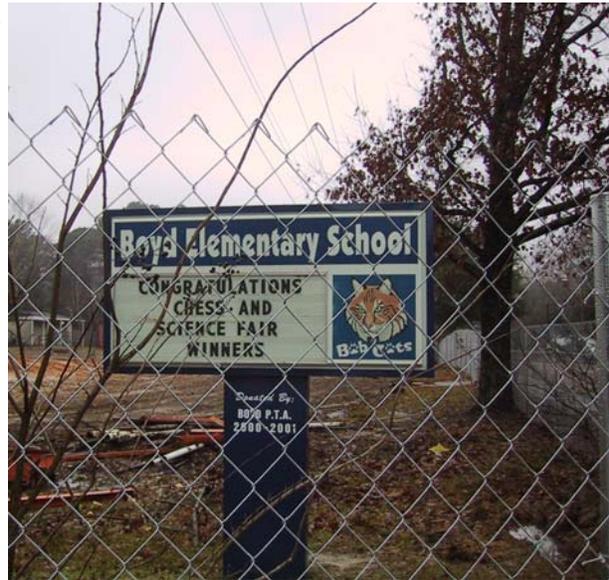
Hurricane continued from previous page

bomb, we were in total shock and despair. A giant oak tree fell through the kitchen. We grabbed Christy's 4-month-old son and her 2-year-old daughter and ran down the street in the midst of the storm to a neighbor's house where we waited in the basement.... We're extremely thankful we were safe and alive, and we were grateful God sent us to be with Christy since her husband was in California.... This [was] a far cry from losing everything, but it was an emotional event.

Our house in Niceville was in good condition. We lost a huge pine tree which fell toward the lake, NOT THE HOUSE, so we were very fortunate. The area we live in was covered with tree trunks, branches, etc., but the cleanup crews have worked overtime to make tremendous improvements. Okaloosa Island is covered with boats and debris from everywhere. I've heard that Pensacola has so much destruction. I still can't believe the I-10 bridge [over Pensacola Bay] has fallen." Saturday, October 2, 2004

Suzanne McRae and Bill Clay and **Julia Walter** and Lane Allen (condo in Destin FL) – In October Bill Clay wrote the following response for the MHS Class of 1961's Newsletter: "Suzanne and I...were in Destin this week to check on the condo at Hidden Dunes, where I think half of Jackson must stay. No structural damage to Gulfside I or II. Lots of trees and fences down and some water intrusion under the sliding glass doors; the beach hut is gone as well as the lower portion of the walkway to the beach, which had major erosion. The geography of the beach has changed a bit, again."

A Beaver Or A Bobcat?



We were going to ask "What is wrong with this picture?", but we have already mentioned the "Boyd Beavers" at least three times in this edition of the newsletter. So-o-o, a better question is "When did the Boyd Beavers morph into the Bob Cats?"!



Boyd Class Day, June 1957

Bio Updates

Dianne Allen Graham writes...“I am about to become a grandmother for the fourth time. Interestingly, my son, Michael, is naming his second daughter after his sister, Lauren. We now have 5 Mikes (...a first cousin, my husband, my son, my son-in-law, and his father); so I guess it stands to reason that we should have a couple of Laurens. What is good for George Forman is good for the Grahams. All kidding aside, I think it is so sweet that Michael wanted to name his daughter after Lauren, and Lauren is honored.”

Beverly “Chicki” Atwell is “home” after working with a school system in Hawaii and is now a counselor at Hazlehurst High School – an hour’s commute from her condo in Madison.

Doris Blackwell Smith had a terrible start to 2005. On January 5 her precious toy poodle Buster Brown was run over by a car and killed. Everyone who knows Doris remembers how she and Ron loved and watched over Buster – it was just one of those (as Doris put it) “weird series of unusual actions”.

Kathy Butts Hayes and her husband Charles have a website for his jewelry shop. It’s on-line now, although partially under construction. She says that “Charles has done a wonderful job building it...check it out”. www.hayesjewelersonline.com

Beverly Callaway Parkison says that both the Madison Winn-Dixie and the old Jitney 14 Winn-Dixie carry their organic chickens!. Also, there are several Jackson area restaurants that feature their products, including Walker’s (yea) and Huntington Grill as do a couple of places in Hattiesburg.

Betty Claire “Freddie” Dees Stockwell has started her chemo for lung cancer. She sounds strong and upbeat. She says that the lung surgery was “such a mountain to climb” that the chemo is “a piece of cake”. The other night Estelle spoke with “Freddie”, who had just given herself the most fascinating sixtieth birthday party. (We should all be so clever!) She took her “little friends” (about 25 children whom she baby sits in the neighborhood or keeps in the church nursery or who are grandchildren of friends) to Parham Bridges Park. The little guests each brought a gift for someone their age but of the opposite sex, and “Freddie” then gave these to the appropriate child – of course, the children loved this. They got to play on all the playground equipment and to enjoy the refreshments she brought: ice cream, cake, Pringles, and candy. Her favors to the children were helium-filled balloons with their names on them and gift-wrapped books, Dear God, Thank You for Making Me Special.



Geneva Davis Ross sent Doris a message, saying that she and her husband, Joe, had an accident in the Gulf of Mexico on Thanksgiving Day and sank their shrimp boat. Neither Geneva nor her husband was hurt physically, but they were devastated about losing the boat. It represented her

husband's business and was not insured. As you probably remember, Geneva teaches social studies at Gautier High School. They would certainly appreciate any words of encouragement from her Murrah friends.

Hervey Graham Folsom writes, "I would like my classmates to know that my daughter Margaret, named for my mother who many will remember, is getting married Oct. 15 next Fall. Please save the date, everyone and come to Anniston AL Church of the Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 6 pm, reception following at the Country Club. Margaret will soon get her doctorate in School Psychology."

Tom Lowe will be appearing in "The Mikado" at Thalia Mara Hall in Jackson on April 9, 2005. He will play the part of Pish-Tush, an Oriental gentleman.

Kathy Morris Lankford let us know about **Jackie Kynard** Allen's son, Jeff, 40. He has recently been diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's Disease (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis). His prognosis is grim (three years at most). As you know, this is a progressive, degenerative, fatal disease affecting the spinal cord. It causes increasing and spreading muscle weakness. Younger son Mike has moved in with Jackie and her husband so that he can help with Jeff's care. Jackie's 90-year-old mother also lives with them. Kathy asks that we all keep Jackie and her family in our prayers. Please note that we have corrected information on Jackie in the "Address/Email" portion of Hoofbeating.

Jean Magee Cox wrote that she is becoming a grandmother again. Her son, Jimmy, and his wife, Lisa, are expecting a girl (Sydnee Kaye Neal born February 17, 2005). In addition. Jean's daughter Patty found out at the end of February that she too is finally expecting her first child. That will give Jean a grand total of five "grands".

Ron Marble's wife Carol sent the following email: "Ron and I are sitting here in our apt. in Jamaica talking about the Murrah group. Ron wants to know if it is ok for me to come to the lunch Thursday [It was, and Carol did come to Western Sizzlin'. We had a great time "catching up."] with camera to get updates on all you guys and e-mail the pictures back to him? I go back and forth every month from MS to Jamaica, but he won't be home until June for vacation. Take a look at our new website at www.mississippidelatabluesinfo.com. I'll be back in the states Tuesday. If it is ok for me to show up, email me at marb8700@bellsouth.net. Ron says wish you were here, the weather is great, music is good. Friday night we went to the Grogg Shoppe, the oldest restaurant in Jamaica for good music and dancing. (Can you imagine that Ron is a great dancer. He says he was shy in high school --- no longer! Last night we went to a party (fundraiser for the heart fund). The music was some of our favorite Jamaican music called Rock-Steady --- right after Ska and just before Bob Marley's style. Rock-Steady is the Jamaican style like our rhythm and blues. By the way Ron and I are still a couple after 40 years. Best regards, Carol Marble with input from Ron who is standing over me while I compose this."

Tom McWhirter saw Jackson residents **Thad** and Alice (Holder) **Amacker** and their son, Drew, when they visited Atlanta. Tom and his wife Rae were eating dinner with the Amackers. Coincidentally, Tom's children and some of their friends happened to be eating at the same restaurant, so everyone had the opportunity of meeting. Thad and Tom still have teenage children! As Tom said, "It was good to catch up and, in many ways, make high school seem like yesterday."

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Bio Updates from previous page

Bill Overby [who is married to **Connie Dunn**] emailed the following: “After 36 years with Bell System, AT&T, Lucent Technology, and Avaya we retired. I am now working between Jacksonville FL and our home in New Smyrna Beach FL. I decided I was too young to do nothing so I am helping a company start up in the communication business. The work is fun and I feel useful again. About two weeks ago [that would have been mid-December] I met Mike Nicholson and his wife Marilyn in Orlando FL and we had a good time talking about Murrah and our friends in north Jackson.”

On October 24, **Charles Safley** emailed the following: “I was at a meeting in Charleston SC last weekend, and the guest speaker was a former Navy pilot and POW during the Vietnam War. He shared time at the Hanoi Hilton for 6 years and 8 months with John McCain and others. During his talk, he mentioned having some contact with Seals during his service. So after the meeting, I asked him if he happened to know our former classmate **Steve Elson**. He replied that Steve ‘is a living legend’. This evening I did a Google search...look up Steve Elson Navy Seal...I think he might be right.”

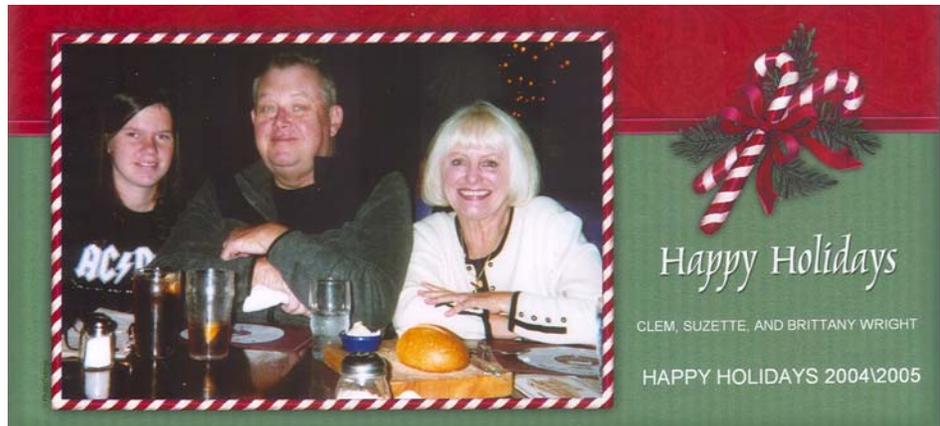
In reference to the last edition of Hoofbeating, **Karen Taggart** Cole wrote “What a labor of love you all have put into this project! Enjoyed reading the news and catching up on names I remember from long ago. I am sure all that receive it feel the same way. Thank you for the time you spent and will spend in the future. I hope you all are well and happy and fall is being good to you. The years go fast. A little something to share with all of you which I received today. May it bring you a chuckle and fond memories.” Subject: A little walk down memory lane!

http://www.thestatenislandboys.com/U_thrill_me/

Ann Turnipseed McMurtry’s husband George wrote in reference to the Class of ’63 email updates , “We are looking forward to moving to Mississippi from California once I am retired and she appreciates your emails more than you can know.”

Carson Whitsett has been diagnosed with thrombosis in his leg. He has responded well to treatment.

Clem Wright, his wife Suzette, and daughter Brittany sent us all Christmas greetings. Many of you know that Clem has multiple sclerosis, which has slowed him down quite a bit, but he says that Procrit is helping some. Clem hopes to write us an article about his family’s days during the California fires of November 2003. They were evacuated to a hotel for weeks!



Address and Email Changes

Janet Ainsworth: jains777@aol.com

Beverly (Chicki) Atwell:

#20

200 Woodgreen Drive

Madison MS 39110

601-894-3780 (work)

Bryan Barry: bryanbarry@bellsouth.net

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betsyhouck@jam.rr.com

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Sydney Watkins:

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Little Rock AR 72205

501-352-4059

Mike Yarbro:

506 Carlisle Circle

Madison MS 39110

601-898-1361

(May 1 through October 15):

227 Streamside Lane

Banner Elk NC 28604

828-963-2443



Bobby Lane and Couch Stowers at Bailey

Deaths

Classmates

Barbara Bourne Edwards, 59, of Sarasota, Florida, died of complications from diabetes on October 26, 2004.

George Twente, 59, was killed on February 12, 2005, when his self-built Pitts Model 12 acrobatic plane crashed near his home in Meridian, Mississippi.

Classmates' Families

Hubert D. Duckworth, 93, father of **Ben Duckworth, Jr.**, died November 1, 2004 at Hospice Ministries.

Kenneth G. Trayser, stepfather of **John Dale Flanagan** died November 17, 2004, at Baptist Memorial Hospital – DeSoto in Southaven.

Tom Ben Garrett III, **Rida Garrett** Yates' father, passed away on January 2, 2005, at his home in Jackson.

Raye Harper Manning lost both her mother and her aunt recently. Raye's mother, Margaret E. Harper, 88, died December 24, 2004, at Trinity Mission Health and Rehabilitation in Clinton; and her mother's sister, Gertrude M. Albriton, 85, died January 6, 2005.

Katherine McRae Steinbrink, the 94-year-old aunt of **Suzanne McRae** Clay, died at her home at the Waterford in Ridgeland on October 7, 2004.

Walter Neely's mother-in-law, Ruth Stiles Rowland, 84, passed away January 20, 2005.

Annie Morriss Ezelle Pickett, 93, the mother of classmate **George Pickett, Jr.** died November 8, 2004, at St. Catherine's Village in Madison.

Connie Redd Barefield's father-in-law, Dorsey J. Barefield, 90, died at St. Dominic-Jackson Memorial Hospital on October 18, 2004.

Bettye Richardson Langley's father, William Theron Richardson, Sr., 81, died on November 9, 2004, after a fifteen-year struggle with Parkinson's disease.

Cliff Seylers' father, Samuel F. Seyler, 83, passed away December 29, 2004, in Tullahoma, Tennessee.

Carla Sorrells' brother-in-law, John Ewing Neill III, died November 6, 2004, of an aneurysm at his home in Atlanta, Georgia.

Sara Ann Wier Goegeline's aunt, Edna Earle Tannehill, 95, died October 8, 2004, at Mississippi Baptist Medical Center in Jackson. Miss Tannehill, who was also the aunt of classmate **Charles Tannehill**, taught piano to several MHS students.

Teachers and Their Families

Robert Oakes' brother, George Frank Oakes of McComb, died October 11, 2004.

Bertha Clark, Bailey Junior High School secretary from 1955 until 1975 and the mother of MHS 1961 grad Claudia Clark Berry, passed away October 29, 2004, at Lakeland Nursing Center in Jackson



John Artz went to school with us from sixth grade at Power through the fall of the ninth grade at Bailey. He lived next door to Judi Mosal on Eastline and a couple of streets west of Patsy Latta and Tommy McWhirter. John's older sister Susan graduated from Murrah in the Class of '61. She recently wrote a remarkable article on "The Gates" for that class's online newsletter. As Estelle told Susan when she emailed her asking for permission to include it in our newsletter, "I was overwhelmed when I read your impressions of "The Gates". I consider myself fairly well read, and yet everything I had seen or heard concerning the Central Park exhibit was negative, even to the point of being fodder for the late night comedians. You actually took me with you on your experience. Your writing and descriptions made me see and feel what you were seeing and feeling – thank you!



"The Gates" - Christo and Jeanne-Claude's Exhibit in Central Park

There was never a question about whether I would go into New York to see "The Gates," even though some folks had criticisms about its intrusiveness, cost, or banality. I had no reservations...just go and experience it.

My young friend Stacey who is Art Editor of a literary/political magazine filled with beautiful art, invited me to join her. She lives and works downtown and would subway up to Central Park on her lunch hour. When the day arrived, snow was predicted to begin at noon, so a friend and I decided to see "The Gates" in the morning to avoid driving back to Long Island in a rush-hour snowstorm. This meant we would miss Stacey who couldn't get away in the morning. As it was, the snow held off until 5 o'clock, and I'm so sorry I missed sharing the experience with my young friend. She had been going to the park to walk the paths everyday, on her lunch hour or after work. That would have been the way to see "The Gates." Often.

My middle-aged Long Island friends said, stay in the lower part of the park (79th St. and south), there are more paths, thus more gates to see. The south end of the park is anchored by Columbus Circle on the west and the Plaza Hotel and Central Park Zoo on the east. We entered the park on the west side about 68th Street near Tavern on the Green. The paths just inside the park were lined with huge orange squared-off arches from which hung lengths of orange textured synthetic material. By standing on the black base of the side of the arch and stretching up, I could just barely touch the bottom of the material.

A map told us that 23 miles of footpaths were lined with the 7,500 gates, the arches set about twelve feet apart. My friend and I walked south toward Columbus Circle, then turned into the middle of the park, crossing a small bridge and strolling past Wollman Rink, ball fields, the Chess and Checkers House, and the Carousel which was running, complete with cotton candy and popcorn. On the roads through the park bicycle carts and horse-and-carriages were carrying passengers who wanted to see more, more quickly.

Continued next page

The Gates continued from previous page

It was a cold, cloudy day, and the gates were mostly unruffled, hanging quietly in the winter air. Only on areas of higher terrain, on this day, did the orange sheets lift and curl when the wind stirred briefly. Then hung placidly again. Most of the visitors ambled along, voices hushed as in a museum. It was peaceful, reverent, almost spiritual.

The hangings were all at the same height (16 feet), and the fabric pieces all the same length (9 feet), hanging 7 feet off the ground. They varied only in width (5 to 18 feet), determined by the width of the path. Where there were two paths side by side, or a very wide path, the gates ran in two parallel lines.

I liked the simplicity of the lines, the height of the structures, and the texture of the fabric...elegant from afar and utilitarian up close.

The color on this day was a flat orange, not a bright, saturated orange, but a slightly softer orange. When the sun tried to peek through the clouds, if it was behind the fabric, the gates took on a hue that was more saffron or coral.

Walking the paths was something like a repetitive dance, done over and over to a monotonous beat, that puts the mind in a trance. The paths became all the same, the gates all the same. I found myself meditating on orange. Why orange? The color of elegant and lyrical things...coral, sunsets, clementines, salmon, poppies, Monarch butterflies, tangerines, lava rock, robes of Buddhist monks. The color of ordinary things...carrots, pumpkins, goldfish, construction flags, hunters' jackets, prison suits.

When we could no longer stand the cold, we circled Sheep Meadow and headed west again, to Strawberry Fields where a memorial to John Lennon lies in the walkway. The "Imagine" circle draws visitors with candles and folded paper peace doves daily, and is across Central Park West (Avenue) from the Dakota, the elegant and eerie apartment building built in the 1880s where Lennon lived and died, and where "Rosemary's Baby" was filmed.

Leaving the park was difficult. I was chilled to the bone (foolishly having forgotten my long johns) but wished I could stay longer. Or come again, like Stacey. I saw the gates on a quiet day and enjoyed their serenity. I would also have liked to see them in the rain, in high wind, and on a sunny day when the colors, sounds and energy would be different.

I wish the exhibit had been up longer, but understand the desire to make it a brief experience to be remembered with longing...like an exquisite sunset disappearing after only a few moments, or the serendipity of jazz musicians who have a fabulous jam, never to be heard quite the same again. I suppose much of that feeling of extraordinary uniqueness lies within us, whatever one brings to the occasion. Isn't it so with all art?

Christo and Jeanne-Claude have been creating their large scale temporary works of art since 1958. This is the first I have seen. Of the previous works, the one I most wish I had seen is "Running Fence," an 18-foot-high white fabric fence that curved over 24 miles of open land north of San Francisco. Created in the 1970s. Long before I would visit the hills of Sonoma and Marin Counties and Bodega Bay and fall in love with them. The white cloth fence ran across private farmland, along state highways, over public lands and hills, and down to the Pacific Ocean in the fishing village of Bodega Bay, known for having been the filming site for Hitchcock's "The Birds." A strange way art has of crossing paths. I like the curving lines of "Running Fence," which is also what I enjoyed most about "The Gates" ...when the paths curved.

Spiritual, lyrical, glorious...also ordinary, for everyone.

Susan Artz Okun
Freeport, NY

Take a virtual tour of "The Gates" at www.centralparknyc.org

See more information about Christo and Jeanne-Claude's work at www.christojeanneclaude.net

See more information about the exhibit at www.the-gates-at-central-park.com

Building Razed At Boyd School

Huge changes are in store for Boyd Elementary School – more than \$4 million dollars' worth. The project, which was scheduled to begin in February, was jump-started because of the construction-friendly weather Jackson has experienced since Thanksgiving.

Phase I involves the demolition of the approximately 6,000 feet of classroom space that was added to the building in 1954. This wing has experienced severe foundation problems over the last fifty years. In addition the cafeteria and suite of administration offices are being gutted for enlargement and renovation.



Boyd, taken from Broadmeadow Drive – view of gutted cafeteria

A media/library will be added as well as three new classrooms. The total project will involve about 16,000 square feet.

The front of the school, which faces Broadmeadow Drive, will have an entirely new look, and the traffic flow pattern is being revised. Cars will enter off Northside Drive, and the drop-off for cars/car pools will be separated from the buses under this new design.



Boyd, taken from Northside Drive – view of auditorium entrance

According to the director of construction for the Jackson Public Schools, “The project will be carried out in three phases because of the logistics associated with construction at an occupied school. Those of us who attended Boyd remember those “logistics”: attending classes on a split schedule (e.g., 7:00 am until noon or noon until 5:00 pm), classes in the education wing of Broadmeadow Methodist Church, and being bussed to Watkins School’s new separate classroom wing. (I think we Boyd Beavers used those new classrooms at Watkins before the Watkins students did!)



Boyd, again taken from Broadmeadow Drive, note that the main entrance and administrative offices as well as the classrooms to the north have been razed

Plaid Eggs continued from page 1



Kathleen "Katie" Hughes Ainsworth

As Katie herself said, "I realize now that growing up during that time was really hard, but then we just accepted it because everybody else was in the same boat." The Depression affects Katie to this day: "You save everything.... I want to put everything to good use. If something goes bad, I at least try to fix it."

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As Janet says on the website, "To maintain control of our writing project, we have published the book ourselves. Each copy of Plaid Eggs and Flour Sack Panties is made in Janet's home office, assembled with care, one book at a time. [The book] is printed on 24 lb. paper with an attractive (and unique) cardstock cover and a spiral binding. It includes many photographs." The website features an order form, an excerpt from Plaid Eggs, and comments from people who have read the book.



Janet Ainsworth

NOTICE

Due to a series of family emergencies, Editor June Martin Milam needed to appoint substitute editors. So for this issue only, Mike and Estelle (with much assistance from Bill Gates) agreed to put the newsletter together – neither has ever done this electronically. Please bear with their inexperience and await June's return with great anticipation!