

Memories of Bob Reynolds

As I am thinking about the reunion... and my fellow classmates... my mind wanders back in time and I have little memories pop into my mind. I expect that you all do the same thing... you think of little events in our years together that you have not thought of in decades.

I think it would be interesting if, in your random moments, when you think of something about our years together, you might write/type them so that we can have a collection of hundreds of memories when we get together.

Here are a few examples. I will add more daily as I think of them. Please put your thoughts in a word processor and email them to me at random times (you can add more later). I will put them in one of the links below so that we can all share the memories.

Here are a few of my Random Memories

I remember when one of the teachers (nun or lay... not sure which) was having a hard time keeping Jimmy Kendall in control (maybe 5th or 6th grade). Jimmy was really funny. He was a prankster. I think he had red hair and he was sitting in the front row in the center column. He could not keep quiet. Finally, in exasperation, the teacher put duct tape over Jimmy's mouth. He thought it was funny. He was proud of that. So, from the front row he turned around to face the rest of the class... and even with the duct tape covering his mouth we could still see that he was smiling.

I remember when someone brought a turtle to class and let it loose. It just roamed around the class. We students all know it was there but we ignored it (we grew up with turtles... no big deal). But the teacher was Ms. O'Hearn (if I am correct?) and she wasn't used to that. She was a bit alarmed. My mom happened to be working in the cafeteria that day and she remembers when Ms. O'Hearn (A'Hearn?) came into the cafeteria and told the workers (in her New York accent) that there was a TUR.DLL in the classroom.

I remember when Father Nolan had one of the religious classes in the convent (first floor). Two of the guys (Slaughter, Warden, Tuttle?) had learned that when the second hand of the clock got to (some minutes) and 40 seconds, that the bell would go off to end the class. One of those guys mentioned this fact to me and we all 3 decided that “when the second hand gets to (some minute) and 35 seconds, we would close our books and get up to leave the classroom.” So we all stood up together. Closed our books and began to turn to the door. Fr. Nolan was in shock and flusteration and he just looked at us like “What do you guys think you are doing?” And as he was about to speak, the bell went off. He had a good sense of humor (perhaps) and he just smiled and let the entire class leave.

How many of you remember the first day of Religion Class in our senior year? A young priest was teaching the class. It was mixed... boys and girls. We had a new student (a girl) from some big city. She was different... more worldly... not sheltered as all of us from the Ozarks had been. So, on that first day of religion class in 12th grade she asked a question and her question contained the word “pregnant.” We all knew the word but it was one of those words that was never spoken. It was not something that Hill Billy's talked about. So we all (boys and girls) just sat there stunned, waiting for the priest (Fr. Kunkel?) to reply. I don't remember his answer, but I do remember that on the second day of religion class in our senior year, the boys were in one class and the girls were in another (they split us up). None of us said a word about that. None of us questioned the split. But we all knew that the classes had been split because the word “pregnant” was not a word that was to be uttered in mixed company.

Sister Emily taught typing. She had some of the first, original, prototype hearing aids and occasionally they would “go off” and squeal. She was very old, but she was still a teacher. She taught typing. The goal in typing class was to get to where we could type 60 words per minute. I think we would get an “A” if we got to 60. And the way she would “time us” was to set the timer on a little kitchen timer and when the bell of the timer went off we were to all stop typing. So... one day near the end of the semester, Sister Emily gave us all something to type... and she set the timer to 5 minutes... and she left the room. I think it was Donna Dicharry (I am almost positive it was Donna)

who, when the timer was about to expire (ending the 5 minute typing drill), Donna got up and went to the timer and turned the dial so that we had another 3 or 4 minutes to type. We were all stunned (at least I was stunned). It was like we were all breaking the rules together (because we all kept typing). It was like one of the most daring and “sinful” things that we had ever done. And we did it together... as a class.. as a team. And that is what made it really cool. I gained a great respect for Donna that day.

I remember when, on the 50-mile JFK Memorial March to Pierce City, that the song Louie, Louey was at the top of the charts. There were supposedly some risque lyrics in the song. I never got them. I never heard them. But I tried to understand the risque words as we were walking to Pierce City and occasionally singing the verses of that song together.

I remember that I was a real klutz. The Christmas play was coming up. I think we were 8th grade. Kirk Land was the MC for that show and the rest of us would sing some song about christmas after Kirk said a few words between songs. Like he would say “And then the shepherds appeared” (into the microphone on stage) and then a group would sing some christmas song and then Kirk would go back on stage and say something else. But Kirk got larangitas. He couldn't talk. So, at the last minute I was picked to be the MC. Mrs. Hicks typed little cue cards for me to read. It sounded very simple. I would read some words... exit the stage... the singers would sing... I would say more words. But I was so nervous... and self-conscious... and shy... that it seemed silly to just say one little line. So at one point I said “And then the shepherds appeared.... and then the wise men appeared.” That completely messed up everything. I don't know what happened then, but I do know that a couple of the girls gave me a look like “you are such a dork.” But it was true. I was. There was no challenging that fact.

These above are just a couple of examples. I will try to add dozens (or scores). If you all would do the same (remember... write... email me) we can have some great memories to discuss at the reunion.

A Few More after reading Rod Harsh's Memory Page:

I think that Ms. Bush was our lay teacher from Up East. Apparently, McAuley was considered a training (intern) school for some reason and we had several young ladies from Up East who taught us for a year. I think that Ms. Bush was our Algebra or Geometry teacher. I think that Ms. A'Hearn was our English teacher.

I have two memories of Ms. Bush. She was late to class one day... maybe 4 or 5 minutes and we all just sat there waiting. Then somebody (perhaps Ron Richards?) had the idea that we all turn our desks around to face the back wall. Instantaneously, all of us got up and turned our desks around and we all faced the back. So when Ms. Bush came in she saw that all of the desks had been turned around. It didn't take her long to join in the fun. She went to her (large and heavy) desk at the front of the room and began wrestling with it trying to turn it around so that it faced the blackboard instead of facing the class. We all liked her and she enjoyed being our teacher. That memory really shows two things: 1) we were really good kids (because that was probably our worst prank) and 2) that we all were on the same page and that we, occasionally, worked together as a team of good friends who understood and liked each other.

My second memory of Ms. Bush was when we were all in class one day. She was up front teaching. I think that we all knew that she was engaged or something. I think that we all knew that she had an engagement ring. She was probably about 24 years old. Young and pretty and nice. Probably very pretty. So we were in class. She was teaching. A young man (old guy compared to us 17-year-old) appeared at the door of the classroom. He was her age... about 25 to 27. She looked up to see him. She walked to the door and they disappeared down the hall. She was gone about 5 minutes and we all just sat there. We knew that something different was happening. So after a few minutes she came back to the classroom and went to the board and continued teaching. But she was visibly shaken. We all knew that she had just got some bad news from the guy. He had either just broken up with her or she had just broken up with him. Her life had just changed in those few minutes. We were all polite. None of us asked questions. We all liked her.

And that brings up another memory. I think that it involves Ms. Bush, but it may involve a different female lay intern teacher. We were all about 16 or 17. This memory involves me and two other guys. I think the others may have been Phillip Warden, perhaps David Slaughter or another guy. One evening after class... or after a basketball game... I have a feeling that it was evening... the 3 of us got in a car parked at the curb by the gym and we drove to the house where the local volunteer teachers lived. I think that 3 or 4 teachers lived in a little house around 20th street. We decided that we would go visit this particular teacher. We knocked at the door. Whoever answered looked surprised to see us. We were all escorted in and we were told that “you guys can't visit us away from school and you can't come back... and don't ever tell anybody that you visited us.” We were probably there for less than 5 minutes, but it was such a unique event that I remember it fairly clearly.

I only remember “getting in trouble” once in those 12 years. A couple of guys were shooting rubber bands. I think it was 8th grade. I was sitting in the back row. I think I was behind Angela Brown. I think that I wanted to get in trouble. So when the teacher noticed a rubber band hitting the blackboard she turned around quickly to catch the culprit. I, sitting in the back row... without rubber bands was pretending to be the culprit. I had my fingers in a “rubber band shooting” position. The teacher saw me and sent me out of the room to stand in the hall for a few minutes. I think I was quietly proud that I had gotten in trouble (even if I had to fake the larcenous act to do it).

February 1.

I got a note from Dianna Gory that Tom Rawlings and Diane Climer have both passed away. That saddens me. I didn't know Diane very well (I didn't know anyone very well, actually), but I do remember a story about Tom Rawlings that I had wanted to share with him at the reunion. It was going to be a funny memory and he would have enjoyed knowing that I remembered the event. Back in our senior year several of us worked at the Joplin Globe. We worked from 10 to midnight and then, after a break, we returned to work from about 1 to 4 am. Some of the guys in our class had gone to the drive-in movie and that evening and, because they had to work at the Globe, they left

the movie and came to work. So... during our break after midnight we decided to fill my parents car with a load of guys and sneak in the exit for the drive-in. We thought it would be funny to put some guys in the trunk. So Phillip Warden and Tom Rawlings (the tallest guy in our class) both got in the trunk of my parents car and we snuck in the exit. We thought that was extremely funny. We got caught... and perhaps we were told to leave... that part didn't matter. The part that mattered was that the two most unlikely guys volunteered to get in the trunk. I am sorry that Tom won't be there to hear the story. And... if anyone remembers that story differently, I could be wrong about how it went down.

Bob Reynolds