



HOOFBEATING

Class of 1963

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2006-2007 Winter Issue



In November Carla Sorrels Wall and her sister-in-law Nancy Wall Neill went to Morocco for a Fulbright Scholar sponsored conference. Nancy was a Fulbright Scholar to New Zealand and was elected to serve on the National Fulbright Board. For this article Carla and Nancy collaborated on the text, and Carla provided the photography.

Morocco: Souq to Tent

A conference in Marrakech was our excuse for traveling to Morocco. Once we arrived and began to explore on our own, we realized this North African country offered a friendly environment for learning about an ancient Muslim culture.

It was harder than you might imagine tearing ourselves away from the Fulbright Conference. Former President of Finland Martti Ahtisaari shared some inside stories of U.S. negotiations on the future status process for Kosovo; Alex Counts, president of Grameen Foundation, described the microcredit initiative in Bangladesh that had earned a Nobel Prize; and professors from Morocco and Western nations traced the influence of Moroccan culture on Western art, film and literature. In between topics and days, however, we somehow found time to explore Marrakech, the very name of which conjured up images in our minds of mystery and intrigue

In the old city—the medina—we commandeered a balcony table atop a restaurant that overlooked the central plaza, Djemaa El Fna. This plaza is such a panorama of color, carts, acrobats, and artists that UNESCO named it a “Masterpiece of World Heritage”. We were mesmerized not only by the activity but also by the view of an old culture being transformed right before our eyes. The plaza bustled with lunch crowds in traditional and western dress. Middle-aged mothers in colorful scarves and long robes strolled with their grown daughters in jeans and sweaters. Men in white robes with pointed hoods passed young men in jeans and t-shirts, all of them navigating around storytellers, snake charmers and palm readers. This, we realized was a Muslim country comfortable with Westerners. Colonized by the French and Spanish, Morocco maintains strong trading ties with Europe and welcomes tourists from the West.



We decided to brave the "souqs", the dense, covered warren of street markets that snaked out northward from the central plaza. A vendor's show of spices marked one of the entrances. Dates and figs were arranged in hand-

made jars, and spices formed colorful tents. Everywhere we looked along the stalls we found displays that caught our eyes. Hours later we emerged with blue and red scarves, red embroidered shoes, receipts for Berber carpets, and stunned expressions from all the bargaining we'd been forced to do. In Morocco no transaction is simple; respect for the vendor requires interplay of offer and counter-offer, with volleys of the same until someone wearies and a price is determined. We loved the color, texture, and handmade beauty of the goods, but we missed the crass simplicity of set prices in the West.



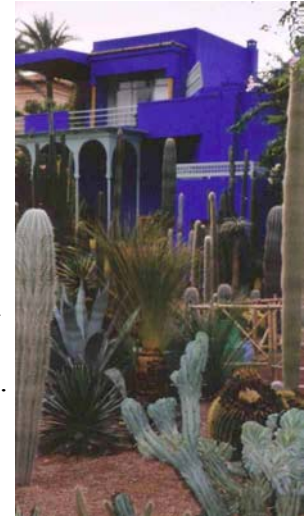
The most compelling sights were not in the markets, however, but in the exotic architecture and gardens of Marrakech. At the mud-brick Bahia Palace we were amazed at the patterns and colors around us. Imagine a building where craftsmen carved, gilded, or inlaid virtually every surface. Glancing through a decorative archway we would see another ornamented archway, faced with richly painted wood panels, and along the lower walls and floor were tiles in herringbone and diamond patterns. Rich red carpets were tossed here and there.



As we absorbed the artistic heritage of Marrakech, our guide mentioned a pivotal break with tradition in Morocco. When the new king ascended to the throne five years ago, he introduced new laws that dramatically changed women's lives (and ultimately the lives of everyone). For the first time women have the right to make decisions about marriage, to own property, and to divorce. These rights were already apparent in the lives of the Moroccan women we met in this city. They worked in shops and government, in tourism, and at the universities. They dressed in Western

or traditional clothes. We knew these rights were important in giving Moroccans, both male and female, choices in life. But we also knew many of the old customs we were observing would change at a rapid rate.

Our next excursion was to Marjorelle Gardens, the former home of French painter Jacques Majorelle, which was restored by Yves Saint Laurent. It was another astonishing visual experience—a cobalt blue Art Deco villa (now the Museum of Islamic Arts), surrounded by a lush succulent garden dotted with gold and cobalt terracotta pots. The words "lush" and "cactus" are not often associated with each other, but this was a wildly beautiful garden of native desert vegetation overhung by fuchsia bougainvillea. We sat on a garden bench to watch the daylight fade across this unexpected synthesis of desert beauty and human imagination.



As our conference ended, most of those staying for tours opted for a cities package, but we chose the Berber country in the south of Morocco. With a guide and two other people from the conference, we climbed into an SUV for an easy-going ascent over the Tizi N'Tichka pass of the Atlas Mountains (7,415



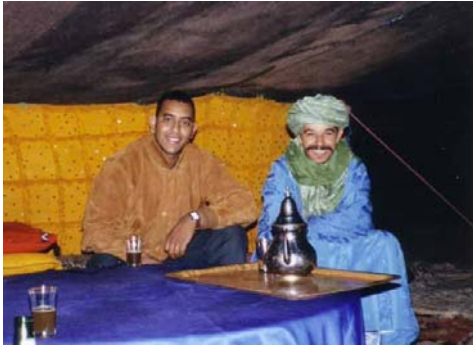
ft.), where we photographed a man in traditional dress holding an iguana. We were amused to spot jeans and Nikes below his brown robe. We descended into the Draa Valley, where villages of Berbers clustered alongside the road, and an occasional Kasbah could be seen in the distance. In this area both men and women wore long robes and scarves or hoods. It was not the typically severe dress we had seen on television in Taliban-dominated areas of the world, however. The colors and details changed from village to village, reflecting tribal practices in each area.

Our guide Hussein, born in this area but educated in the U.S., became our cultural translator, helping us spot the tribal changes in dress and laughing easily at some of the peculiarities of Muslim and U.S. cultures. One thing didn't change: every house, however modest, sported a satellite receiver. It reminded us of the U.S. in the 1950s. The Morocco we were seeing, we realized, would no longer exist in a few years. For better or worse, a new era was beginning.

After a visit to the Kasbah Ait Benhaddou, we spent a night in Quarzazate, the capital of the region, where we were glad to log onto a slow-speed Internet and enjoy a grand buffet of Moroccan and continental foods.

The culmination of our trip to Berber country came the next day. We began with a drive to Zagora, the main market of the south. For centuries camel caravans from the Sahara stopped at the oasis that is now Zagora, a dusty but fascinating town. A worn sign still stands: "Tombouctou 52 jours" (by camel caravan). We didn't linger, though. With twilight approaching, we transferred to an all-terrain vehicle that took us to a tent compound in the Sahara, where we spent a night under the stars, with a





The guide Hussein (left) with a Nomad

camel ride at dawn. We knew we were experiencing something special. Even the sand dunes were intricately patterned by the wind, and the Nomads who provided the meals and music shared their stories of life on the desert.

Over our dinner of Tagine a Moroccan stew, we asked Hussein which nationalities he typically hosted. He named a few countries, but added enthusiastically, "The Americans are the best." True or not, it captured the spirit we had felt in this exhilarating visit to Morocco.

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About the Class Website:

www.ongulf.com/mhs

Be sure to check out the new user-friendly pop-up menu.

Remember too that you can access the current addresses and telephone numbers of all class members both alphabetically and geographically by state.

You can pull up any past issue of *HOOFBEATING*.

You can check the "In Memoriam" listings.

You can reminisce by going to the past *Reunions*.

Classmates' or Teachers' Family-Deaths

David Bryant's mother, Willie Hume Branham Bryant, 94, died Wednesday, December 6, 2006, at Hermitage Gardens in Oxford, Mississippi. Born in Spring Hill, Tennessee, she lived nearly seventy years in Oxford, where she was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. She taught in the church's kindergarten program in the late sixties and seventies and also worked in the Pantry project. At the University she was a member of The University Dames and the American Association of University Women. Mrs. Bryant was preceded in death by her husband Dr. W. Alton Bryant and son David who you will remember died November 1, 1995. She is survived by two other sons and a daughter (W. Alton Bryant, Jr., Alfred Hume Bryant, and Mary Betsy Bryant Bellande) as well as four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

David Johnson's mother, Evelyn Vanderberg Johnson, 86, died Friday, November 17, 2006, at Highland Home in Ridgeland, Mississippi. A native of Water Valley, she was born to Henry Butler and Estella Mae Snell Vanderberg on December 16, 1919. For many years she cared for children at three different church day care centers: Norwood Valley, Briarwood, and Ridgecrest Baptist. Mrs. Johnson moved from Jackson to Madison 25 years ago and at the time of her death was a member of Madison First Baptist Church. She was preceded in death by her husband, David Cecil Johnson. Mrs. Johnson is survived by her sons, Van Johnson of Hollandale, James Johnson of Madison, and Dr. David B. Johnson of Yazoo City, as well as six grandchildren, a sister, and a brother.

Eugene (Gene) Wann's aunt and the mother of former eleventh grade classmate Kenneth Wann, Wanda Briggs Wann, 86, died Thursday, November 9, 2006, at Highland Home in Ridgeland, Mississippi. Mrs. Wann who was born in Agana, Guam, was raised in the Virgin Islands. A graduate of Oklahoma State University, she has lived in Jackson since 1951. She was a long-time member of St. Luke United Methodist Church. Mrs. Wann was preceded in death by her husband Raymond and son, Kenneth, who died May 12, 2006.

Julia Walter Allen's mother-in-law, Lucille Jones Allen, age 100, died Friday, January 5, 2006, following a brief illness. She was a resident of Pear Orchard Nursing Home in Ridgeland. Mrs. Allen, a native of Riverside, Kentucky, was a longtime resident of Jackson and an active member of Woodland Hills Baptist Church. She was the widow of Therrell Lane Allen. Mrs. Allen is survived by her sons Therrell Lane Allen, Jr. and Henry Randolph Allen as well as three grandsons: Jay, Will, and Hank.

Folksy Radio King 'Farmer Jim' Neal Dies at 83

(Edited version of a Billy Watkins story in the Thursday, November 2, 2006, edition of The Clarion-Ledger)

Though he hadn't broadcast on the radio since 1997, James H. Neal still had a huge fan base in the Jackson Metro. As "Farmer Jim" Neal, he entertained listeners with his down-home humor and stories about his fictional "feist dog" for half a century on WSLI-AM 930.

Neal died Wednesday at Trinity Mission Health & Rehab in Clinton. He was 83.

His popularity was indisputable. Readers of *The Clarion-Ledger* and the *Jackson Daily News* voted him Jackson's Favorite DJ in a 1987 contest. He earned three times more votes than the runner-up.

"He was the listeners' friend," said Bob Rall, who worked with Neal at WSLI. "He might be talking to 20,000 people on the air, but he made it sound like he was talking to somebody one-on-one. That's how listeners felt, that he was having a conversation with them."

"He was a must-listen-to every morning," said one former listener "I listened to him for years, even when I was in high school. My mom and dad said that's just what you do - listen to Farmer Jim.

"He had a charisma about him that projected...he he was caring and like part of [the]family."

Dan Modisett, general manager of WLBT-Channel 3 in Jackson, began his media career selling advertising for WSLI in 1974.

"Businesses all over town wanted Farmer Jim to do their commercials," Modisett recalled. "I've never had a product that was so easy to sell. But to get him, a business might have to wait months or years because he only did one bank, one appliance store, one car dealer. It's amazing when you think about it in terms of today's radio."

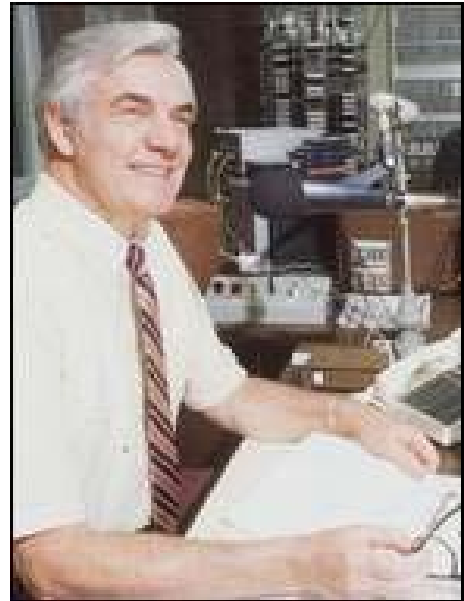
Said Rall: "People wanted him because he could sell anything. I remember a hardware store in Jackson got a shipment of push lawn mowers in and couldn't give them away. Farmer Jim said, 'Let me see what I can do.' He got on the air and started talking about what great exercise people could get using these lawn mowers ... every one of them were sold in a week."

Perhaps the most popular part of Neal's show, which ran 5:30 a.m. to 9:30 a.m. six days a week, was his Pet Parade - a listing of lost pets, found pets and pets people wanted to give away.

"It's documented that we got more than 10,000 calls one year just concerning Pet Parade," Rall said. "That took up a lot of our receptionist's time."

Neal grew up in Columbia. When the jukebox company he was working for there went bankrupt in 1947, he applied in person for a sales job at the Columbia radio station. The station manager liked his voice so much that he offered Neal an on-air job.

Neal moved to Jackson about four months later and went to work at WSLI. His laid-back, "real person" approach didn't go over well with station executives at first, but his listeners loved it.



His co-workers dubbed him Farmer Jim because of his on-air agricultural updates.

"People laughed at things I would say," Neal said in the 1985 interview. "Then commercial sponsors started inquiring, and we began selling time. They would insist I ad-lib (the commercial), which is not normally done."

Co-workers tagged him with his nickname.

"It's hard to explain to young people today what radio was like back then," Rall said. "It was filled with personalities, and Jackson was a major market... Farmer Jim was the king. He had so much loyalty from his listeners.

"And the 'feist dog' ... Farmer Jim talked about him in such realistic terms, there were times I actually thought I saw that dog running around the station."

In addition to his wife, Neal is survived by two children, James H. Neal Jr. of Austin, Texas, and Janna Bradley of Hattiesburg, four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.



When we tried to send an email to **Lyle Bates** re: Miss Breland, it involved an attachment. The email was rejected because his business security system "identified the attachment as "potentially unacceptable". Wouldn't that have tickled "Sunshine"!

Bill Buckley writes that Miss Breland taught one of his mother's English classes at Jackson Central!

Symptoms of the Senility Virus:

You send the same email more than once.

You send blank emails.

You send email to the wrong person

You send email back to the person who sent it and include no reply.

You forget to attach attachments.

You hit "SEND" before you finish the email.

Results of the "and who" outline question re: the Tenth Grade Girls' Ensemble from the previous newsletter:

Pati McEuen Jones was the unidentified member, and

Julia Walter Allen was confirmed as being a member (second alto).

Class of 1963 Photo Gallery



Jackie Ledbetter Cooper's latest grandson, Colquit Michael Cooper, was born September 21, 2006 (8 lbs., 4 oz. and 21 in. long).



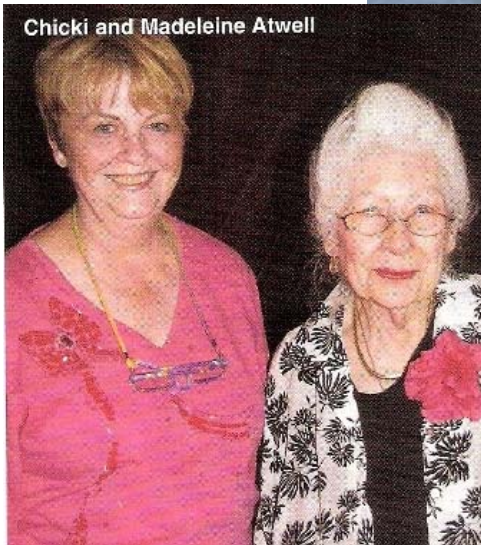
Sandy Chustz Screiter's third granddaughter, Catherine Bailey McCaleb was born January 4th at 6:46 pm. Her parents are Michelle and Grant McCaleb. She weighed 6 lbs 14 oz. and was 21 inches long. Pictured here are Sandy's daughter Michelle, the new baby, and the oldest daughter Caroline.



Class of 1963 Photo Gallery



Mike Nicholson's grandson (19-month-old Connor) and granddog Lizzie show off their Halloween costumes: hounddogs in 2006 and bugs in 2005.



Beverly "Chicki" Atwell and her mother, Madeleine recently attended the second annual Fur Ball, which is a benefit for the Animal Rescue League and which is sponsored by the league's Friends group



The “Lunch Bunch” dined at the Cherokee Drive Inn for the January gathering

Wallace McMillan’s son Hayes and his wife Blake recently purchased the Cherokee. It is now located on the east side of I-55. As Walker’s Drive Inn was closed the first Thursday in January for vacation, we took the opportunity to visit another old watering hole and enjoy the hospitality of the new owners. A good time was had by all as evidenced by the photos taken by John Johnson.



Lyle Bates
Ben Duckworth
Wallace McMillan
Houston Lilly
Estelle Noel Mockbee

Gale Butler

Barbara Miller Marshall

Irene Gayden Mangum
Barbara Miller Marshall
Jan Tumas Foregger
Charles Simmons



The “Lunch Bunch” dined at the Cherokee Drive Inn for the January gathering



Eleanor Kirk Walker
Hal Dale



It was Irene’s birthday, and Buddy surprised her with a caramel cake from Primos. She teared-up, we all enjoyed the cake, no picture of the cake.



Martha Camp Edmonds
Linda Sue Gilmore
Susan Jeffreys Triplett



Bob Rall,
Liz Tumlinson Houck



Cela and Lyle

Bio Updates

Jackson Academy senior Drew Amacker, son of **Thad** and Alice (Holder) **Amacker** has been named a National Merit Semifinalist.

Sandra Black Eubank and husband Bill are the proud grandparents of five; the last was born in Alabama the first week of December 2006.

Carole Chase Harvey's son Chris and his wife, Nicole, were blessed with a baby girl, Chloe, in March 2006. She is welcomed by her five-year-old brother, Chase.

Bob and **Jeannie (Johnson) Chunn** sent a Christmas letter update: "Bob enjoys his four-day week with Watkins, Ludlam, Winter and Stennis law firm, which gives him time to be the gourmet chef of the family and the bed and breakfast guests, when we have some. Jeannie is in her 26th year as Lower School librarian at St. Andrews Episcopal School.

In July **Hervey Graham** Folsom visited Nashville and had a chance to get in a nice visit with **Fay Wirth** Reynardson. She was also able to talk with **Carson Whitsett**. Hervey who writes a column called "Artists in Action" for *The Anniston Star* describes the life that she and husband Bob enjoy in Anniston, Alabama, as follows: "We are involved in community theater and stay busier than good sense allows."

Bill Locke retired the end of November. He and his wife Melody have moved to be near his daughter and son-in-law, Cara and Jeremy Allen, in Denver, Pennsylvania. They will stay there eight months of the year and then spend four months with his son and his family in California. Their other son is a chef in Pennsylvania, who is recovering from an accident. Bill says this cross-country retirement is a wonderful way to enjoy their retirement and their six (soon to be seven) grandchildren.

Tom Murphree's newest grandchild, Ann Elise Gatlin, was born December 12, 2006, to Elise and Greg Gatlin. She weighed 7 pounds, 6 ounces and was 20 ½ inches long. Ann Elise is welcomed by her older sisters, Nan and Meg

Mike Nicholson had another Meniere's attack on October 1, 2006, just two days before he was scheduled for tests at Emory UMC. Mike said I "fell, resulting in a 'mouse' around my left eye. Nothing new; not even as impressive as Mike's [Mockbee] shiner at our 40th reunion. But when I saw the ENT specialist; he became rather excited and ordered a bunch of x-rays, a CT and finally an MRI scan. Turned out that I had a fractured orbit – not displaced enough to require surgery. He sent me a 'photo of record' via email. Don't know why" As Mike said "I already knew what I looked like. I guess it makes a good 'show-and-tell' so I've attached a copy."



Billy and Connie (Dunn) Overby celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary this year. In their Christmas letter they say. “Yes, we moved again earlier this year. And NO, this is probably not our last move. We must be gypsy at heart. We would love for you to visit us in Florida’s Friendliest Hometown, The Villages. It is a 55+ golf community. The activity list is endless. There is a club for every state in the union except Mississippi. We have entertainment in the town square 365 days a year at 5 p.m. The only negative is that Billy is still working. He works for a company out of Jacksonville, Florida, called Ensource. He does similar work as



he did for Avaya (communications design engineering). His office is in our home, and he does some traveling. Actually, he does enjoy his work, and Ensource is a very good company. This is a GOOD THING since he is still planning on traveling in a motor home when he retires the second time. Connie’s mom nicknamed her Connie-Go when she was a teenager. And now that’s what Billy calls her. There are so many places to go and so many things to do and people to see. She does a lot of exploring with friends and neighbors.” By the way, Billy’s mother, Lucille Robbins, who had been living in Lillian, Alabama, moved back to Jackson a year ago. She has enjoyed being near her daughter, her sisters, and old friends. Billy and Connie’s sons are each married: David and Denise married December 31, 2005, and they live in Clearwater, Florida, while Steve, his wife Melissa and Melissa’s son Jason live in Longwood, Florida.

Suzanne Riley Brown and her husband Jim (MHS ’62) traveled to Hot Springs Village, Arkansas, in October, where they accompanied Jim’s mother for medical tests. His parents plan to return to the Madison County area in the first part of 2007.

Sandra Scott Salvo’s son Frederick and his wife Jennifer had a daughter on September 25, 2006. Her name is Natalya Elizabeth Salvo. This is the couple’s first child.

Clem Wright is a patient at Evergreen La Jolla Health and Rehabilitation Center, Room 5A, 2552 Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla CA 92037. His room telephone number is 1-858-824-1924. Clem, because of his muscular dystrophy, has been in declining health for the past few years. He has some heart problems as well as diabetes, but he has had several falls which have continued to put him back in the hospital, followed by repeated periods in nursing facilities for treatment physical therapy. Clem would love to hear from his classmates, according to his wife Suzette who still lives in their home in San Diego and who has been raising their granddaughter.

In Memoriam



Lillian Irene Breland, 99, died Tuesday, October 31, 2006, at Hospice Ministries in Ridgeland. Her funeral was held at 11 a.m. Friday, November 3 at Galloway Memorial United Methodist Church in Jackson with burial at 4 p.m. in Magnolia Cemetery in Leakesville.

Miss Breland was a native of Greene County, where she attended the Leakesville Public Schools. Following high school graduation she was a student for two years at Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky. She graduated from Millsaps College in 1929 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. She also held M.Ed and M.A. degrees from Mississippi College.

Miss Breland then embarked upon a 41-year Mississippi teaching career that began in Runnels-town and ended at Murrah High School in Jackson. She also taught in Porterville, New Hebron, Glen Allan, and at Liberty Grove (Later renamed Watkins), and Central High School in Jackson. After retiring from teaching, Miss Breland was involved in numerous civic and social organizations, including the D.A.R.. She was an active member of Riverside Congregational Methodist Church.

Millsaps College recently honored her by establishing the Irene Breland Award for Excellence in English and Literature. The award goes to an English major certified to teach English.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Dan and Minnie Peaster Breland; and four sisters, Sue Flurry, Kathleen McAlister, Elza Turner and Jane Hilburn.

She is survived by her brother, Dan E. Breland, Sr. and his wife Nancy of Jackson; nephews, L. Breland Hilburn, Dan E. Breland, Jr., Lloyd E. Turner, James T. Breland (MHS '63), and one niece, Eleana Turner Pope, all of Jackson. She is also survived by great-nieces and great-nephews, Mark Breland, Judson, Kathy, and John Holmes Hilburn, and Nigel, Helen, and Rose Turner, all of the Jackson area.

Memorials may be made to Irene Breland Memorial, Millsaps College, 1701 N. State Street, Jackson, MS 39210-0001.

Lillian Irene Breland (1907-2006)

Janet Hendrick Clark (MHS '62) has summarized Miss Breland's funeral for us: "Miss Breland provided us with a bit more of her special sunshine when she planned her funeral service. A highlight was the organist's playing of the Murrah Fight Song. We stood for it, and some sang, 'Hail to the blue and silver!' It was a fine moment, tinged with sadness.

"Bert Case delivered a marvelous homily. [Printed elsewhere in this newsletter] He remembered how Miss Breland encouraged him in the way that he should go and in choosing his career. His comments were both sincere and very funny because we all heard Miss Breland's authentic voice in the injunctions she gave him along the way. ("She would call me when I began my career to say, 'You've got to watch your grammar. You have modifiers that are daaaaannnnngling. You've got to use fewer words to get your meaning across.'")

"The service included fine old hymns, other religious music, and a violin solo of Massenet's "Meditation from Thais" (i.e., the original music for the Murrah Fight Song). At the end came a musical surprise: 'Goodnight, Irene' played on the organ.

"Miss Breland's former minister John Case read the concluding lines of one of the many poems she could quote at will, 'Thanatopsis' by William Cullen Bryant.

*So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.*

"I think that we all feel that Miss Breland did live that way and did die 'sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust'. She was wonderful to us all and I know you join me in wishing her 'pleasant dreams'. Goodnight, Irene, goodnight!"

**Ginger Breland
(Jimmy Breland's wife),
Irene Breland, and
Carla Barnes Camp
at the 40-year reunion.**



Words by Bert Case at Miss Breland's funeral



**Irene Breland from
1960 RéSumé**

I was not taught English by Miss Breland. She was my homeroom teacher and my teacher about life. Without her guidance I think I might have become a juvenile delinquent and wound up in trouble with the law.

When she discovered I was the son of a former second grade teacher, she sort of took me under her wing. She counseled me regularly. I recall she would send a message to my last period teacher and have me be told that she wanted to see me after school in her classroom. I would go and she would ask me about any problems I might be having, both in and out of school. She wanted to know how I was doing in my courses. She would ask me about my plans for later life. I told her I

wanted to be a radio newscaster. She said you can do it. All you have to do is set your mind to it and find someone who is successful at that and can tell you what you need to do. I did that.

She would call me regularly when I first went on the air at WJTV in 1965, and correct my English plus critique me on the way I would do a story. She was always right on target. She would lecture me about such things as dangling modifiers and poor sentence construction. She said I was using too many words to tell a story.

When I found out about ten years ago that her car had been stolen, I knew I had to do a story about it. It was a time when Jackson was experiencing a terrible crime wave and ranked as one of the top cities in the country for stolen vehicles, on a per capita basis. I thought Miss Breland would be outraged about her perfect 1989 Chevrolet Caprice, with less than 50,000 miles on it being stolen in broad daylight from Primos Northgate. Much to my surprise that is not what she wanted to talk about. She agreed to go on camera, however, if I would let her talk about the fundamentals not being taught in school, in those days. I agreed and went to her house. She got on camera and said we need to teach children not to steal and said, "I am afraid we are not doing that." That was her concern, and not the loss of the perfect car. Vintage Miss Breland.

The last time I saw her to have a conversation with her, when she still had all of her faculties, was at the Farmer's Market Café, with a large group of older people. When I spoke to her, she spoke back in a very loud voice and said, "Bert Case I want you to know, I am the only person at this table, who still walks unassisted." Everybody laughed, loudly.

I am deeply honored she chose me as one person to speak at her funeral. She was the personification of all the values, which have made this the greatest nation on earth. Let us not be so angry about the circumstances of her death, and all of us are, but do what I know she would want all of us to do, and that is celebrate her long life, and how she made life better of all of us. And, when we have the opportunity with a young person, teach the fundamentals.

Murrah Grad Provides Tree for Rockefeller Center



The majestic Norway spruce from the front yard of Deborah Lefoldt Kinnaird (MHS '60) and her husband Rob became the 2006 Christmas tree for Rockefeller Center. Year after year Rockefeller Center officials search mainly by helicopter, flying over property in New England and Canada, searching for the perfect tree. The Kinnaird's tree had actually been in the running for about eight years. It seems that the Norway spruce typically has a life span of 80 to 110 years. This particular tree is between 90 and 100 years old. And they feared it was possibly too big or too old for Rockefeller Center. Deborah said, "I thought our tree was really out of the running...it's not dried out on the top yet, but in two or three years it will be." The Kinnaird's Norway spruce was the seventy-fourth tree for Rockefeller Center.



Now a resident of Ridgefield, Connecticut, Deborah grew up in the Belhaven area of Jackson. "I went to Power, Bailey, and then Murrah and graduated in the class of 1960." She has two sisters Linda Lefoldt Farr of Jackson and Patsy Lefoldt Shappley of Vicksburg. Her parents, now deceased, were M. J. and Katherine Lefoldt. Many class members will remember Mrs. Lefoldt from the library at Millsaps College. **(Facts for this article came from the November 9, 2006, issue of *The Northside Sun*.)**

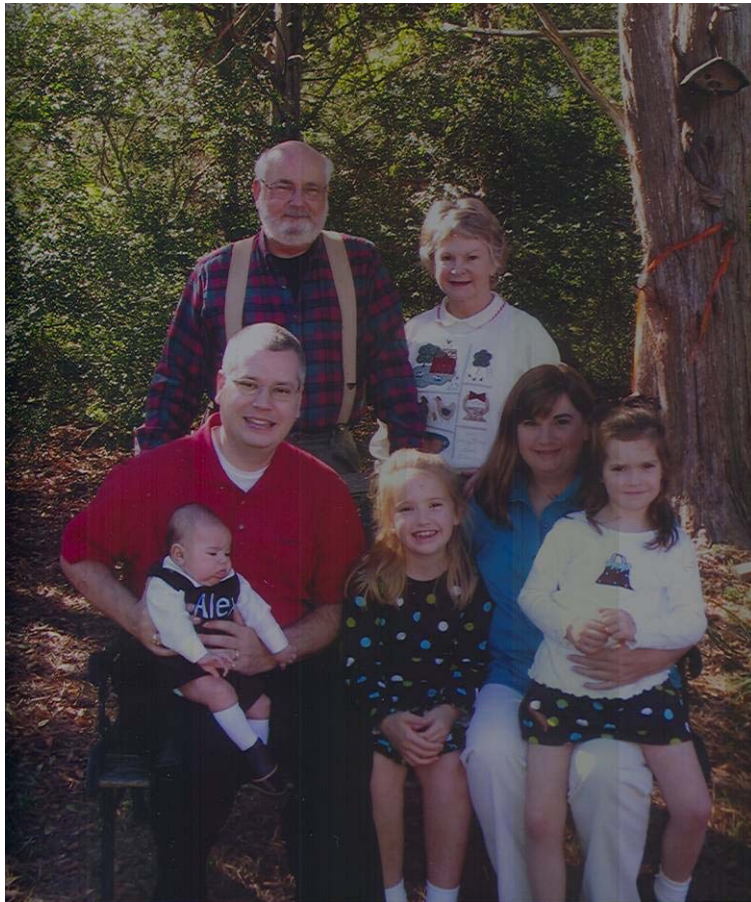
Tree-unadorned



Tree-decorated

Note: It is interesting that about three years ago "Sunshine" (our Miss Irene Breland) donated the huge cedar from her front yard to be the City of Jackson Christmas tree in the Josh Halpern Gardens at City Hall.

Class of 1963 Photo Gallery



Back row: Bob and Jeannie (Johnson) Chunn, front row: Chris and Cynthia (Chunn) Gibbs with son Alex Price Gibbs, born August 21, 2006, and daughters Emma Claire and Hannah.

Gale Johnson and his wife Jackie send their New Year's Greetings.



Class of 1963 Photo Gallery

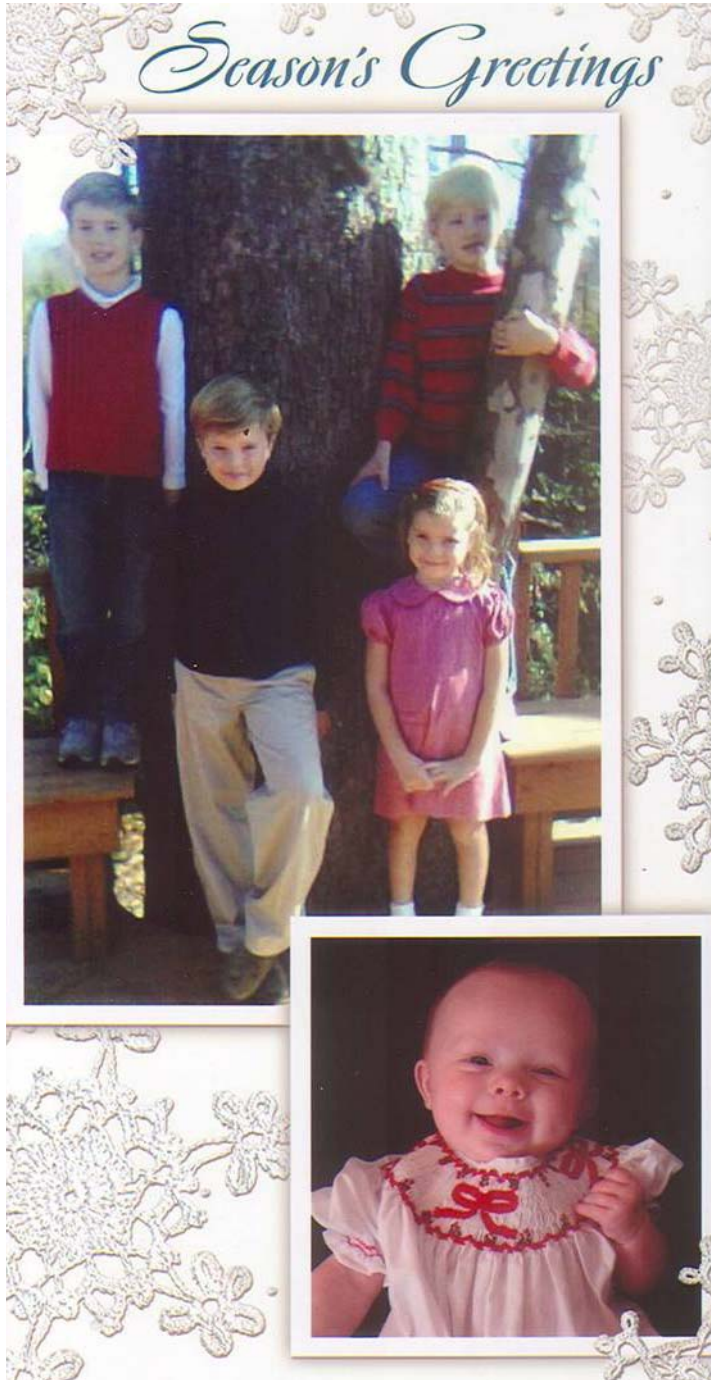


Connie (Dunn) and Billy Overby



Irene (Gayden) and Buddy Mangum and their family wish us Happy New Year!

Class of 1963 Photo Gallery



Judy Rayner Bruce sent a wonderful Christmas card, picturing all of her grandchildren. In the top photo are Will and Andrew Gholson, Taylor and Samantha Rayburn. The bottom picture is of Mary Preston Bruce.

Please add

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If you still have your family's Christmas newsletter, please send a copy to us at either mockbee@ongulf.com

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