

Jarvy Copeland always looked several years older than most members of the BHS Class of 1966 were. Decades before leather bomber jackets became a fashion statement; Jarvy wore one everywhere he went. One day, seeing Jarvy running across Third Street near McCambridge Park, I stopped him and asked about the jacket. (Read More...)

Proudly, Jarvy told me that it was his father's leather bomber jacket. His father, Jarvy said, was an Air Force veteran who had died in combat, perhaps in the Korean War. Throughout those years, I would often see Jarvy running from one place to another, proudly wearing his father's well-worn leather jacket.

Pam Kirkwood (BHS Class of 1964) added, "Jarvey Copeland was two years younger than I was...I took a Beginning ART class as an easy elective in 12th grade. Jarvey and another underclassman sat at our table with two Seniors, one Junior and them (the two Sophomores...). Jarvey was always a sweet kid and talented, as I recall... This was the good thing about electives...We could meet kids that we would otherwise, never had the opportunity of meeting... God Bless you, Jarvey!"

Steve Stiker remembered Jarvy – "I knew Jarvy very well between elementary into High School. I met Jarvy early in elementary school; we became friends initially due to us being the smallest in our class. He was always a kind, good-natured person. Though Jarvy had the appearance of a man even in elementary school, he always appeared happy in this life through high school, and devoted to his mom and sister as my somewhat fading memory recalls. I vividly remember Jarvy wearing his father's military jacket to junior high, and talking with emotion about his Dad. Jarvy and his Mom lived in apartments across from McCambridge Park and Mr. Bigs. They had little in the way of money. I recall a memorable birthday party I attended for Jarvy. His mother had told him he could invite only 4 or 5 friends over to the apartment. His mother cooked a fried chicken dinner. Presents opened and cake. Mrs. Copland had called the parents and informed them, "kids will be out late". She then took us to see "The Magnificent Seven". Jarvy and that birthday, and great movie, along with his mother's generosity, remain with me. (If you've never seen that damn movie, see it. A classic, with classic cast). Rest my friend Jarvy."

I am not sure when, but I remember hearing about Jarvy's death from friends or reading about it in the old Burbank Review. –Jim McGillis, BHS Class of 1966 (June 2016)