



Joplin Eagles

"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 23

Class Newsletter November 10, 2015

Here Is Our 23rd Edition

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"Boo To You"

With Halloween's ghosts and goblins barely behind us and the heavy-hitter holidays of Thanksgiving, Hanukah and Christmas looming happily ahead, the fall colors of autumn in the Midwest are transporting me to a time when hayrides were a part of the teenage experience in Joplin.

This JHS Class of '64 Fall Newsletter is chock full of looking back as well as facing forward—and you may hear about hayrides more than once in its content.

Instead of the tradition of featuring a Joplin Globe column following this intro, I decided to write about a cool weather tradition that harkens back to our youth.

The spookiest of destinations for hayride dates in junior high and high school, hands down, was the Spook Light that inexplicably floated between Joplin and Seneca.

I don't think I gave the mysterious Spook Light, or its origins, much thought back then when I was sitting on those bouncing bales of hay and hurtling down the highway on a flatbed truck. I was more concerned with another natural phenomenon—whether I'd get lucky and my date would make a move on me.

Back then, I was terrified that he would and equally terrified that he wouldn't! The Spook Light notwithstanding, either eventuality was a scary prospect.

Regardless of what did or didn't take place on the trip down for me, the encounter with the Spook Light, once we arrived, was the real mystery.

There's not even universal agreement on its name, alternately called the Joplin Spook Light, the Hornet Spooklight, Tri-state Spook Light, Devils Jack-O-Lantern, etc. (And could we get some agreement on whether Spook Light/Spooklight is one or two words?)

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At any rate, a light by any other name, its origins are clouded in confusion.

Explanations vary wildly and there's something for everyone.

One legend, which appeals to the romantic in me, suggests that the white lights are the disembodied spirits of a Quapaw Indian couple joined in death because they couldn't be together in life.

Or there's the belief that the ghost light is carried by a miner who came up missing after searching for his family that had been kidnapped by Indians.

Some say that there's a connection to Route 66 and that the bobbing and dancing light is due to flashing car lights reflecting off the Mother Road.

Of course, there are those who would debunk this explanation sighting the first encounters with the "light" dating back to the Trail of Tears in the 1830s. Although the earliest published report dates back to 1936 in the Kansas City Star.

In 1946 the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers supposedly conducted a study but with no conclusions coming to light.

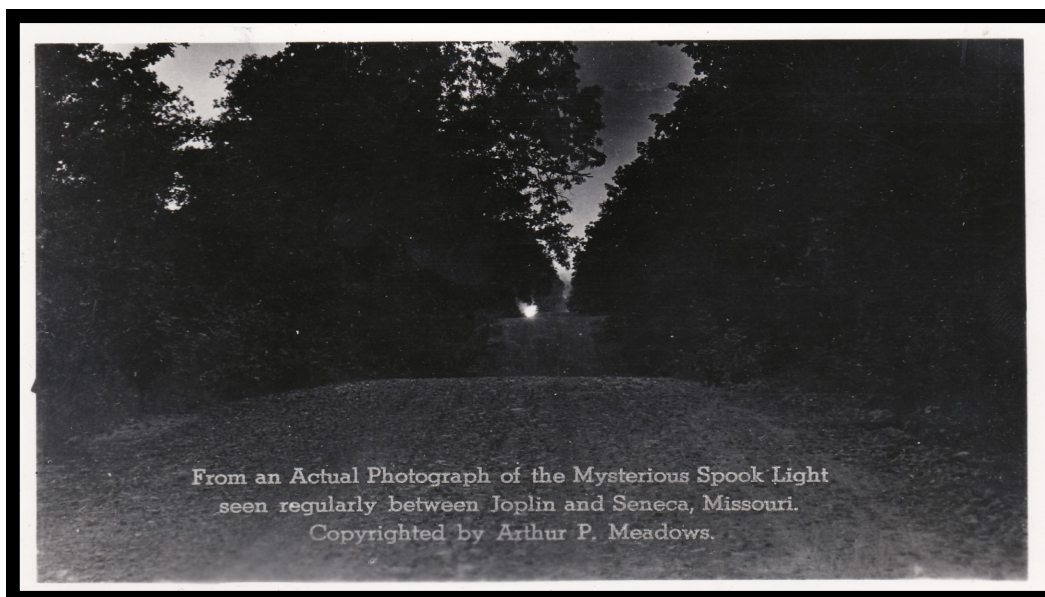
Others have speculated that the light's appearance includes atmospheric gases being affected by electrical fields. Even National Geographic conducted investigations into the local legend.

Most recently, in 2014, a professor from the University of Central Oklahoma investigated the spooky light with a team of investigators called the Boomers. The PhD adamantly insisted on shining the light on the whole situation and named the source as car headlights and taillights 9 miles west of the viewing spot.

So, whether you subscribe to the romance of Native American true love as the source, a miner stumbling around in the darkness—or just a case of gas—the Spook Light was a dandy hayride destination whether or not you got "lucky" in love. 🐾



Jeanne Looper Smith



Spook Light is not the only light we're focusing on in this edition of the newsletter. We're inaugurating a new feature that shines a light on the jobs, volunteer activities, travels, clubs and passions the members of the class of 1964 are pursuing in what laughingly used to be called the retirement years.

So many of us have refused to join the shuffleboard set and we want to spotlight the contributions you're making to the planet.

This edition will focus on Harry Reaves and the stellar work he does in the Kansas City area. We'd love to feature you in an upcoming edition. Send us some info on what "lights you up" and how you're carrying that out and be in our next Classmate's Spotlight.

Spotlight on Harry "Red" Reaves



Harry Reaves

Our classmate Harry Reaves is the CEO and the driving force behind Tycor Community Development Corporation in Kansas City, Mo. His passion and commitment to the organization he's created is palpable and causative.

Tycor can be characterized as an organization of individuals whose mission is to provide underprivileged youth and adults between the ages of 9 and 99 the resources and training necessary to succeed in today's competitive global business environment. The primary goal is to offer a supportive "hand-up" to educate, train and mentor the necessary skills to become tomorrow's leaders.

In addition, after seven years of hosting the annual Troost Festival, Tycor developed and inaugurated the first Harvest Moon American Indian Festival. Harry's double-vision is to showcase this event at the site of the Osage Trail in Kansas City was realized. The other vision is to create a Native American Indian Museum where the festival is held. This year was the 5th annual Harvest Moon Festival located at this historic site.

Classmates Jeanne Looper Smith and David Knisley have supported Harry, through writing and videography, his bringing this unique gathering to the public.

Mark your calendars for the first weekend in October of 2016 to attend this colorful, historic celebration.

We're including some of the information that appeared in this year's Harvest Moon's program as well as photos of the event.

Harvest Moon Festival: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oJK9j-sb_Ks

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth

Exchanging gifts with Indians began when the first Europeans set foot in the New World.

Later, the government of the United States, in an effort to gain the allegiance of the Indians,

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continued gifting the Native Americans long after those first visitors arrived.

Clothing was the most common gift given by federal agents as it was the quickest way to civilize the Indian—attempting to make him look like a white man.

Although the Indians often took pride in their new clothing, a journalist of the time observed that they "looked about as comfortable as bears in moccasins." In return, Indians offered buffalo robes, peace pipes and feathered headdresses.

Medicine Bear, a Lakota Sioux, who wanted to be a part of offering fashion as a gift, removed his own shirt and presented it proudly to a surprised President Ulysses S. Grant at a White House reception in 1872.

The chief explained that he wanted the "Great Father" (the President) to have his war tunic, with its scalp locks as a show of the honor in which he held him.

The government's gifts often came with a price as demonstrated by the statement that accompanied a package of trinkets sent in 1828 to the elderly chief of the Creek Indians. "You will consider these things as fastening one of your hands in the hand of your Great Father and the hand of the Secretary of War."

Seems to me these were gifts with some pretty significant strings attached.

What You Might Not Know About That Cup of Joe

Starbucks didn't invent coffee although, if you've ever been caught in their drive-through line at 8:00 a.m., you might question that.

In fact, The Creeks as early as the 19th century, prepared and drank a liquid made by boiling leaves of the *Ilex cassine* in water before their councils in order, as they believed, to invigorate the mind and body and prepare for thought and debate.

As you can imagine the plant was held in great esteem by the southern Indians and the leaves were collected with care and were traded among the tribes.

The leaves and tender shoots were gathered, dried, roasted and stored in baskets until needed. After the leaves were roasted, they were added to water and boiled. Before drinking, the Indians agitated the tea to make it frothy!

Sounds like the first latte to me.

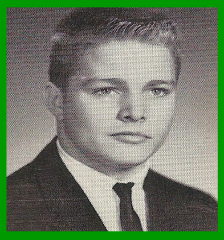
Personal names referring to the black-drink ceremony were common among the Creeks and Seminole. The name of Osceola, the noted Seminole chief, is properly Asi-yahola or "Black-drink Singer."

So next time you're ordering a morning jolt from your favorite coffee shop, remember that the Indians were getting their kicks from caffeine long before it was a Triple, Venti, Half Sweet, Non-Fat, Caramel Macchiato. ☞

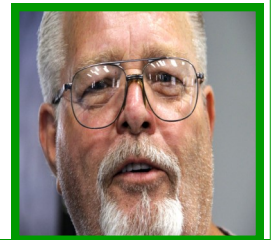


Jeanne Looper Smith

Calvin Divine - Bio



"I got a job in construction after moving back to Missouri from Oklahoma and worked at that for eight months and then I was hired on at Hercules Powder Company. "



I was born in Joplin, MO, the 5th child of six, having two older brothers and two older sisters and one younger brother that passed away with a heart problem at a very early age. I went to East Jr. High School for the start of elementary school and when they built McKinley elementary next door to the Jr. High School, we transferred there. Mr. Edwards was the principal. After elementary school I went back to East Jr. High, then to Joplin Senior High School. I really didn't like any part of it. Sadly, I didn't like the teachers or the classes; however, I did like gym class. Since I was the youngest in my family to go to school, I think the teachers were glad that I was the last one of the Divine's to attend.

There were ten kids in my dad's family and 47 grandkids, there were 13 kids in my mom's family and 33 grandkids, so 80 cousins were considered a large family. I did not go to proms or my graduation as I did not like large crowds. I was 17 years old and had no idea what I was going to do. In 1962 my 2nd oldest brother was 21 and was killed in a car wreck, so my folks were still having a difficult time with that. I had no idea what Vietnam was, but I had decided to join the military, but being 17 I had to get my dad's permission. He had kept up with the war news and said, "You can go into the Navy or Air Force, but no Army or Marines." I had no idea they were going to institute the draft. My dad was in the Army and severely wounded in WWII, so he explained to me why he did not want me to go into the Army or the Marines and be sent to Vietnam.

So I chose the Navy to see the world. Ha! Ha! I had this feeling that I was going to go to Vietnam and I had a girlfriend in high school and for some reason I thought that I was not coming back, so I broke up with her, and that was a mess. I probably should not have done that, but I didn't want anyone to worry about me while I was in the military. So off I went to boot camp, which was a snap, and they tested me and sent me to radar school, saying that I scored high in electronics. I hated that school, so after 13 weeks I dropped out and the Navy sent me to a Destroyer, so I could see the world. I did go to the Philippines and Hong Kong. I then became a mechanic and worked on air compressors and A/C units and engines. After a while they came to me and said they had noticed that I scored very high in the swimming test at boot camp, so we're sending you to a First Class swim school training, you are going to be a rescue swimmer for pilots that are shot down in Vietnam and ditch their planes in Cam Ranh Bay. So I left and went to swim school and it was the hardest school that I have ever been to, the training was swimming every day, seven days a week and 12 hours a day. I then went to Vietnam and worked off of a ship and helicopter with another swimmer, and pulled pilots out of planes, some alive and sadly, some not, and did that for almost a year. Then they transferred me to California Training Camp for PBR training (Patrol Boat River), I went to combat, survival, SERE (Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape), simulated concentration camp and Vietnamese language school. I then went back to Vietnam in late 1966 and spent a year patrolling the Mekong Delta Rivers and working search and destroy missions with UDT 11 & 12 and with Seal Team 2 doing drop offs and extractions. After a long year I got out of the military and was making \$125 a month and \$65 of that was combat pay.

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I came back to Joplin and got a part-time job and tried to go to Missouri Southern, but that only lasted for a year as I hated that also. I then got a fulltime job and worked a part-time job on weekends. I was having problems with alcohol, mostly out of memories and a boring lifestyle. A friend of mine introduced me to a woman that worked at the Katz Drug Store and we went out on a date. I had a 1963 Ford in college, but it got wrecked, so I bought a 1969 Ford. We dated for about 3 months and decided to get married. She was a local Carterville girl, but her dad was a Colonel in the Army, she was young and traveled all over the U.S. and the World to different stations. I still had a problem with the drinking and my wife said "either stop, or I'm leaving," so I quit cold turkey. She said that she was tired of traveling around and wanted to stay in one place, so I said okay, and we moved to a job I took in Oklahoma. I worked there for one year and then quit my job and moved back to Carterville, MO. That was in 1971, we had a daughter in Oklahoma, right before we moved. We bought a house and paid \$50 a month house payment and have lived in the same house for 44 years. I got a job in construction after moving back to Missouri from Oklahoma and worked at that for eight months and then I was hired on at Hercules Powder Company. My wife decided that we need to take our daughter to church and since I had never been to church, I said okay and that year I was baptized and accepted Christ as my Savior. I worked at Hercules for 7 years and we had two more children, a boy and a girl. I had quit Hercules and went to work at Toledo Scale Company as a technician. I worked on mechanical & electronic weigh systems for six years; they then sold out and left the area. I did not want to transfer to Kansas City, so I opened my own business, Four State Scale Company. I worked it for almost 30 years. We had another girl and I also built a Mini-Storage business, paint business, equipment rental business, plus some rental houses. My oldest daughter graduated at SMS and lives in Houston, TX and has a boy. My son was on the 1989 Webb City State Champion Football Team and played football at Central Missouri State, he has two children, a boy and a girl. My third child got married and has four children, two boys and two girls and lives in Webb City.

My last child has three girls and she lives in Carterville. We have 10 grandchildren. I always tell people the reason my wife and I stayed together is because we made a pack, and that whoever left had to take the kids, so it was easier and better that we stayed together. We were married for 40 years and she passed away 5 ½ years ago from a heart attack. I worked for the company that bought my scale business for 1 ½ years, then I got tired and quit them and sold my Mini-Storage Business and closed the paint business and the equipment rental business, but I still have two rental houses left to manage. I got bored, so I got on the Carterville City Council and I'm helping them re-do the streets and sewer system and put in a new second water tower system. I helped with the first one in 1996, it keeps me busy and I enjoy it. I had a very hard time after my wife passed and I did not go to church for three years. I finally decided to go back to the church we last went to, it is the Faith Life Worship Center Church in Carthage, MO, it is a spirit filled church and you are all welcome. I help with the church repairs and cook the men's prayer breakfast every month, plus I help people at the church in need of repairs and such, whenever I'm asked to. I don't travel much because I don't like to go alone or eat out alone.

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Calvin Divine - Bio Continued

I didn't do too badly for a kid that did not like school; I have 128 hours of electronics, a certificate in electric motor repair, small engine repair, appliance repair, locksmith repair as well as heating and A/C repair. I read a lot and do some woodcarving and scrimshaw jewelry work and I even bought a 1966 Ford Mustang that I have done some work on. Oh!!! Well I'm only 69 years old and I have plenty of time to work on it. Ha! Ha! 🐾

Only in America

Only in America... can a pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance.

Only in America... are there handicap parking places in front of a skating rink.

Only in America... do drugstores make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

Only in America... do people order double cheese burgers, large fries, and a diet Coke.

Only in America... do banks leave both doors to the vault open and then chain the pens to the counters.

Only in America... do they leave cars worth thousands of dollars in the driveway and put our use-less junk in the garage.

Only in America... do they use answering machines to screen calls and then have call waiting so they won't miss a call from someone they didn't want to talk to in the first place.

Only in America... do they buy hot dogs in packages of ten and buns in packages of eight.

Only in America... do they use the word "politics" to describe the process so well; "Poli" in Latin meaning "many" and "tics" meaning "bloodsucking creatures".

Only in America... do they have drive-up ATM machines with Braille lettering.

Ramblings of a Retired Mind

I found this timely, because today I was in a store that sells sunglasses, and only sunglasses. A young lady walks over to me and asks, "what brings you in today?" I looked at her, and said, I'm interested in buying a refrigerator. She didn't quite know how to respond. Am I getting to be that age?

I was thinking about how a status symbol of today is those cell phones that everyone has clipped onto their belt or purse. I can't afford one. So I'm wearing my garage door opener.

I was thinking about old age and decided that old age is when you still have something on the ball but you are just too tired to bounce it.

I thought about making a fitness movie for folks my age and call it 'Pumping Rust'.

When people see a cat's litter box they always say, 'Oh, have you got a cat? Just once I want to say, 'No, it's for company!'

Employment application blanks always ask who is to be called in case of an emergency. I think you should write, 'An ambulance.'

For most of us a 50th high school reunion comes just once in a lifetime. For five members of the JHS class of 1964, it was, as the philosopher and baseball coach Yogi Berra said, “Déjà vu all over again.”

On the weekend of October 2-4th Sharon Peters Arnold, Dave Knisley, Jeanne Lind McAferty, Jeanne Looper Smith and Ross Smith stepped into the 50th reunion experience yet again.

We functioned as support staff for the JHS Class of 1965 as they celebrated five decades of time since flipping their tassels—staffing registration tables, selling raffle tickets and functioning as cheerleaders on the sidelines of their 50-year milestone get-together.

It was a wonderful weekend of fun and reconnection at Twin Hill’s Country Club on Friday night and The Scottish Rite Temple on Saturday night. Good food, great oldies music and lots of love to go around.

JHS Class of 1965, you know how to throw a great party! 🐾



Jeanne Looper Smith



As you may or may not know, the high school class committee met 4 years prior to our 50th reunion and asked all classmates for ideas for our big event, so we could implement those early enough to lock in prices, and to make sure we had time to bring all our ideas together. You will remember that we had a two day event that costs our classmates \$35 each and not tooting our horn, okay, maybe it is tooting our horn, but I know personally of class reunions that cost classmates \$90 a person for 1/2 the event that we had, so we attribute our success to early planning and classmates support.

We are taking the first step in just "*talking*" about and gathering ideas for our 55th reunion, and as a side note I might add that a few classmates have already asked if we have any plans for the 55th reunion yet. Yes, I know that if we still hold to the June date that it's a good 3 years 7 months away, but we are just asking for ideas and interests and ask you to submit those, because we feel our early planning was what made the 50th an event to remember and we received ZERO in negative feedback. In planning the 50th, we talked about having a grill out (BBQ) and a hayride. That got some great feedback with very little negative responses, one was being able to get up and out of the trailer. We had plans on getting with a local trucking company and ask for a donation of a flatbed trailer and single axle tractor and preferably one with a lift gate, so that problem was solved. Jim Christiansen and I used to work at Tri State Motor Transit and I still have a couple of connections in their safety department that I feel will help us out, if not, there are other companies I can connect with. Some classmates have mentioned an early Friday afternoon miniature golf or bowling outing followed by a group gathering for soup & sandwiches or whatever. Of course we would like to still have the Saturday night banquet dinner for all. So put your thinking caps on and be a part of the planning and let us know your thoughts to the link below. 📧

joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com.



Dave Knisley

Find the #1 Song on the Day You Were Born

What a cool site. Not only can you listen to the number one song on the day you were born, but also on the day you were conceived. My birth song was On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe, by Johnny Mercer and The Pied Pipers. Then the ironic one was the number one song when I was conceived, I'll Walk Alone by Dinah Shore. Let us know what two songs are your moniker, just send to joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com.

<http://playback.fm/birthday-song>



Thanks, Dave, for all your efforts. I am about to curl up with a cup of coffee and catch up with what's been going on with everyone. You guys do an amazing job of keeping in touch with our classmates and it's very much appreciated.

Summer is nearly gone, which I cannot believe, but it's been busy, fun and productive. I'll take it!

All the best to you and the Newsletter team ~

Cheers,

Sue Roberts

DK, and gang,

Another Great newsletter.

Thanks Jeanne, Phyllis & David!!

Carol Buck

Great Newsletter! Dave, I would like to write a Bio for you if it is OK, I am not good at social media networking and I will write it and mail it to you. I will need your address where to send it.

Thank You Calvin Divine cldivine@att.net. (Calvin, we thank you for doing just that.)

It's hard to believe this is newsletter 22! And truly amazing that you have found that much to produce! Maybe you should think about two or three times a year, rather than quarterly. This is a lot of work for all of you; however your classmates do appreciate all the thought that goes into it.

Such fun to stay connected!

Jeanne Lewis

Great!!! Thanks for your hard work! SK (Sandra Kungle)

Got it just fine. All copied and ready to mail to the subscribers Monday. A good job as always. :)

Steph

Got it on Facebook, great job. Vicki Cornman

I got it, nice job. Your tomatoes DK are OUTSTANDING! We bow from the waist to you guys for doing this! Walter Meador

Great newsletter as always! Many thanks! Cheryl Dines Burke :-)

Joplinmo Staff, I always look forward to receiving this very well done Newsletter. Thank you.
Everett French

When Sue Roberts sent us her kudos, she added this to her email and like David Allen Cole, when he sang "You Never Even Called Me by My Name" - I felt obliged to add this to the newsletter. We appreciate all classmate contributions, so cowboy and cowgirl up and send things like this to us. This could be another outlet for you other than Facebook. DK

MOTTO TO LIVE BY

LIFE SHOULD NOT BE A JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE WITH THE INTENTION OF ARRIVING SAFELY IN AN ATTRACTIVE AND WELL PRESERVED BODY, BUT RATHER TO SKID IN SIDWAYS, CHOCOLATE IN ONE HAND, WINE IN THE OTHER, BODY THOROUGHLY USED UP, TOTALLY WORN OUT AND SCREAMING ...

"WOO HOO WHAT A RIDE!"

Survivors

They call us the Baby Boomers. We are the Class of '64.
 We're awesome, witty, wonderful and nothing less, but so much more.
 We embrace life to the fullest. We must to live well, don't you see?
 Our children have children and so it goes, leaving a legacy.
 We are survivors.

We went to college, earned degrees. We stayed home, raised a family.
 Our talents and skills have been used from day care to military.
 We're nurses, merchants, mechanics, pilots, truck drivers, and teachers.
 We've played sports, owned businesses. We're doctors, lawyers and preachers.
 We are survivors.

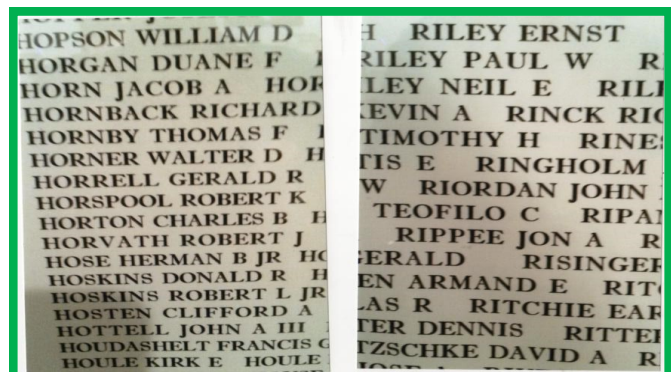
We were drafted and trained for war. We went to Vietnam and fought.
 God bless the veterans who served. Most came back home but some did not.
 We mourn as we remember them and all our classmates who have died.
 We live but we'll never forget as we take life's heartaches in stride.
 We are survivors.

We've loved and lost and loved again. Children are his, hers and theirs.
 We have fostered and adopted because the '64 Class cares.
 The generations that raised us have mostly finished their race.
 We revere their mentoring and pass it on as we take their place.
 We are survivors.

Though the adventures and experiences we've had can't be measured,
 They have made us all who we are: accomplished, wiser and treasured.
 To the great class of '64, I pray you do more than survive.
 May you and yours be blessed always. In God's loving care may you thrive!

By Ellen Zwicker Arnce

Ellen made a trip to Branson, MO in July to the Veterans Memorial Museum. They had the Vietnam wall there, so she took a picture showing classmates Charles Brent Horton & Jon Rippee, but couldn't remember the name of Clark Henson, who also passed away in Vietnam.



Those who grew up in very small towns will laugh when they read this. Those who didn't will be in disbelief and won't understand how true it is.

- 1) You can name everyone you graduated with.
- 2) You know what 4-H means.
- 3) You went to parties at a pasture, barn, gravel pit, or in the middle of a dirt road. On Monday you could always tell who was at the party because of the scratches on their legs from running through the woods when the party was busted. (See #6.)
- 4) You used to 'drag' Main .
- 5) You whispered the 'F' word and your parents knew within the hour.
- 6) You scheduled parties around the schedules of different police officers, because you knew the ones who would bust you and which ones wouldn't.
- 7) You could never buy beer because all the store clerks knew how old you were (and if you were old enough, they'd tell your parents anyhow.) Besides, where would you get the money?
- 8) When you did find somebody old enough and brave enough to buy beer, you still had to go out into the country and drive on back roads to drink it.
- 9) You knew which section of the ditch you would find the beer your buyer dropped off.
- 10) It was cool to date somebody from the neighboring town.
- 11) The whole school went to the same party after graduation.
- 12) You didn't give directions by street names but rather by references. Turn by Nelson's house, go 2 blocks to Anderson 's, and it's four houses left of the track field.
- 13) The golf course had only 9 holes and sand greens.
- 14) You couldn't help but date a friend's ex-boyfriend/girlfriend.
- 15) Your car stayed filthy because of the dirt roads, and you will never own a dark vehicle for this reason.
- 16) The town next to you was considered 'trashy' or 'snooty,' but was actually just like your town.
- 17) You referred to anyone with a house newer than 1955 as the 'rich' people.
- 18) The people in the 'big city' dressed funny, and then you picked up the trend 2 years later.
- 19) Anyone you wanted could be found at the local gas station or the dairy bar.
- 20) You saw at least one friend a week driving a tractor through town or one of your friends driving a grain truck to school occasionally.
- 21) The gym teacher suggested you haul hay for the summer to get stronger.
- 22) Directions were given using THE stop light as a reference.

Just a Little Humor

The location of your mailbox shows you how far away from your house you can be in a robe, before you start looking like a mental patient.

My therapist said that my narcissism causes me to misread social situations. I'm pretty sure she was hitting on me.

My 60 year kindergarten reunion is coming up soon and I'm worried about the 195 lbs. I've gained. I always wondered what the job application is like at Hooters.. do they just give you a bra and say, "here fill this out"?

The speed in which a woman says "nothing" when asked "What's wrong?" is inversely proportional to the severity of the crap storm that's coming.

Denny's has a slogan, 'If it's your birthday, the meal is on us.'If you're in Denny's and it's your birthday... your life sucks!

If I make you breakfast in bed, a simple "Thank you" is all I need.....not all this, "how did you get in my house" business!

The pharmacist asked me my birthday again today....Pretty sure she's going to get me something.

I can't understand why women are okay that JC Penney has an older women's clothing line named, "Sag Harbor"

I think it's pretty cool how Chinese people made a language entirely out of tattoos.

Mini Reunions

The classmate get togethers take place on the 1st Wednesday of the month and the 3rd Friday. One may keep up to date with the when, where and time on Facebook at the following link:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1608935812682405/>

There is also a class web page on Facebook that handles anything & everything pertaining to the class, classmates, get togethers or events that one can comment on.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/286459191481141/>

Both of these sites are listed as a "Closed Group" but all you have to do is click on "Join" and it's my understanding that anyone already in the group can give the official okie dokie and you're in.

Here is the information on the upcoming reunion:

Next Get Together is Fri. Nov. 20, 2015, at 6:30 PM.

Sami's Family Restaurant

3909 E. 20th St.

We will be in their meeting room See you there...

Carol

Remembrances and sympathy of our classmates and family:

We extend sympathy to our classmate Judy Greenwood for the loss of her sister Betty Jo (Greenwood) Tudenham.

<http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/id/3295283>

Our prayers are sent to classmate Gerry Harrel for the passing of his wife Cathy.

http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/cathy-lynn-harrel/article_33a3379c-5d7f-11e5-a84d-ef9f5f5f9b83.html

Thought & condolences are sent to classmate Joyce Tillman Frye for the loss of her brother Warren.

http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/warren-st-clair/article_9f7ff24e-83ee-11e5-acf1-27bd085626dd.html

Please keep classmate Anna Immekus Beckham in your prayers for the loss of her brother Larry.

<http://www.tributes.com/obituary/show/Larry-G.-Immekus-102993550>

Life Lessons and Insights

Today, I interviewed my grandmother for part of a research paper I'm working on for my Psychology class. When I asked her to define success in her own words, she said, "Success is when you look back at your life and the memories make you smile."

Today, I asked my mentor - a very successful business man in his 70s- what his top 3 tips are for success. He smiled and said, "Read something no one else is reading, think something no one else is thinking, and do something no one else is doing."

Today, after a 72 hour shift at the fire station, a woman ran up to me at the grocery store and gave me a hug. When I tensed up, she realized I didn't recognize her. She let go with tears of joy in her eyes and the most sincere smile and said, "On 9-11-2001, you carried me out of the World Trade Center."

Today, after I watched my dog get run over by a car, I sat on the side of the road holding him and crying. And just before he died, he licked the tears off my face.

Today, as my father, three brothers, and two sisters stood around my mother's hospital bed, my mother uttered her last coherent words before she died. She simply said, "I feel so loved right now. We should have gotten together like this more often."

Today, I kissed my dad on the forehead as he passed away in a small hospital bed. About 5 seconds after he passed, I realized it was the first time I had given him a kiss since I was a little boy.

The editorial team for content consists of Jeanne Looper Smith, Phyllis Payne Sapp and Dave Knisley. Please feel free to comment & contribute to the newsletter at joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com

We still have 30 classmates that we've classified as missing. If you have any idea where these classmates are, feel free to share with us so we can update our class directory.

"Please check these names and help find our missing classmates"

Linda Baugh (Robards)

Patricia Kay Belk

Richard Burns

Ed Carey

Gary M Colvin

Larry Conboy (Phoenix, AZ area)

Johnie Coots (Seguin, TX area)

Rayma Coy

Merlene Garrison (Burriss)

James "Jim" Hilton

Clair Howard

Robert "Bob" Jordan

James "Jim" Lamb

La Donna Miller

Merlin "Butch" Mitchell

Carol Munson (Wrench)

Emma Nunn

Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien

Judy Osborne (Gardner)

Richard Lee Pearson

Patty Riley (Brewer) (Joplin, MO)

Naomi June Shelton

Drucilla Short

Robert James "Bob" Smith

Jack Sneed

William "Bill" Ray Stow

Mary Thornton (Reed)

Linda Vails

Thomas Warren (Chicago, IL area)

Paula Weinacht

"If You Change Your Contact Information"

Please help us out. Don't forget to include us on any changes in your contact information. If you should move or change telephone, snail mail address or email address please let us know. It's very easy and you may do so by clicking on the following link joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com, and enter your information, then click on the "Send" tab, that's it folks.

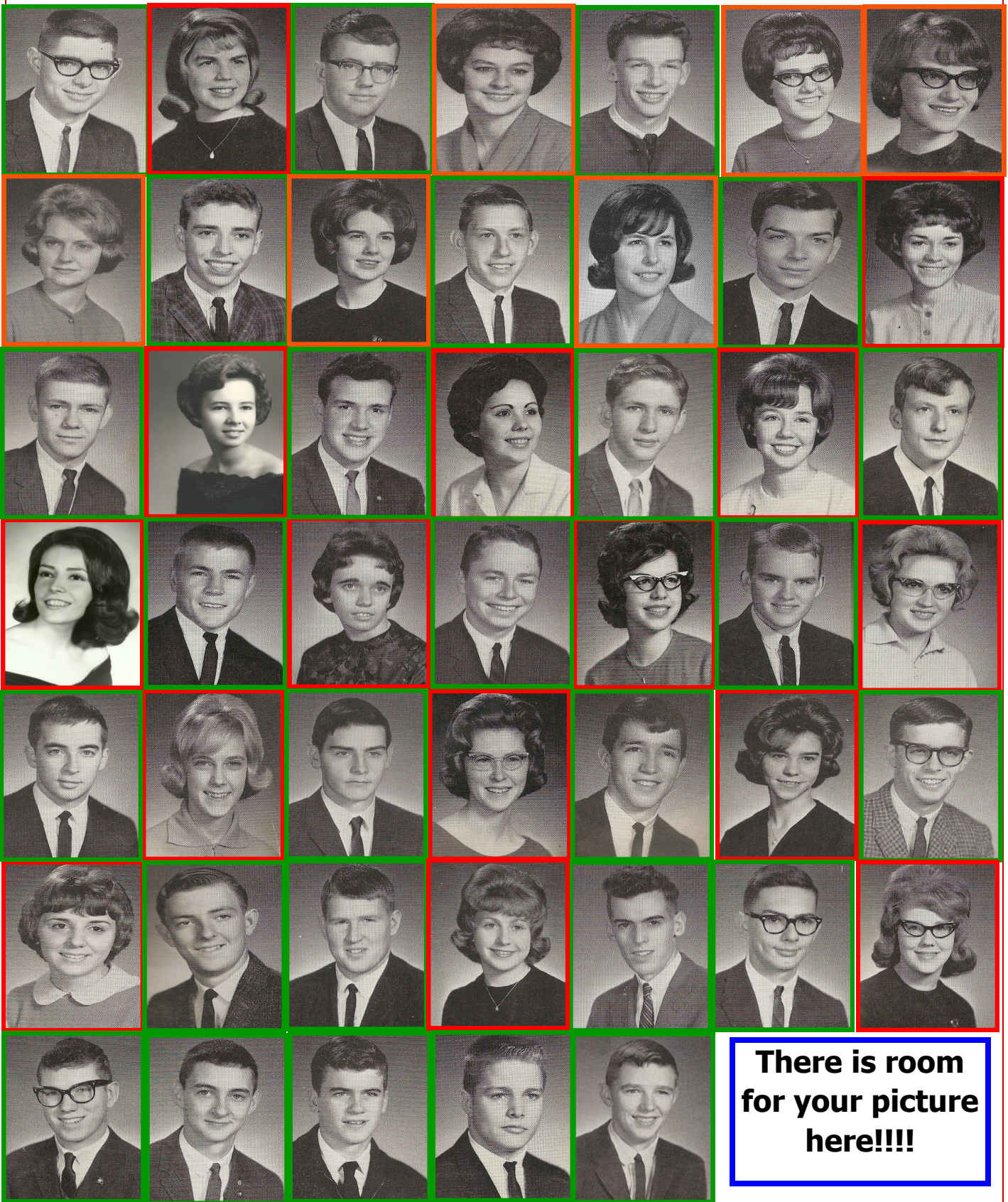
Continuing to Follow the Chapman's

Taking that infamous 3 hour tour, not.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cfR7qxtgCgY>. 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/>

*We thank these classmates,
our bio contributors*



**There is room
for your picture
here!!!!**