



Joplin Eagles

"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 41

Class Newsletter October, 2022

Wishing All a Healthy Wrap Up to 2022

"Hello JHS Class of '64 Classmates & Friends!"

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Again, we are a bit tardy getting the latest newsletter out and in circulation but at last, here it be.

The big story would be the latest class reunion that was held at the Holiday Inn of our home town and was a great success and enjoyed by many.

It was a thrill to see those that traveled from afar to join the locals and the ones that were within a couple of hours driving time.

The Meet & Greet was held on Friday the 10th and appetizers were served and a cash refreshment bar was available for those that wanted an adult beverage or several non-alcohol choices were available.

Mike Knisley class of '65 came over for our Meet & Greet, from the Springfield, MO area and furnished his virtual jukebox loaded with songs we grew up with and danced to at the Eagles Nest or the bands that played in the gymnasium that held sweet memories for us to reminisce.

Larry Don Williams and Olè Friends spiced up the banquet and a surprise of the band masters we grew up with like Max Brown, Bob Massey, Dwayne Bowman and Vince Coupè. As they each performed a song or two. A great time was had by all and the response was heartwarming.

If you care to view pictures of the reunion just go to the class website <https://joplinmo64.com/> and click on "Classmates" then "Class Reunions" and 58.

Any concerns or questions you may click here and share your thoughts. joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com.



Hello JHS Class of 1964 Friends!

We're hurtling head-long into the Holiday Season—a time of home and family.

Memory takes me back to Trick or Treat outings with neighborhood kids, gathering around caramel-colored turkeys, and picking just the right Christmas tree with my parents and siblings.

My childhood and teen-age memories are inextricably linked to growing up in Joplin, Missouri. I haven't lived there for many decades—and throughout my life, I've called many other cities home—but there is always a primal pull to Joplin.

It was wonderful to return "home" for a short time this summer when we got together as classmates and friends at our 58th reunion. At the Saturday night dinner, I read an essay I wrote, and was published in The Joplin Globe, at the time of our 50th class reunion. Eight years later, the sentiments of our time together in the early 1960s still applied. Several of you asked for a copy of it and I'm including it below.

Wherever you call home today, I'm wishing you love and joy!

High school reunions are like Woody Allen movies. You either like them or you don't. I'm in the camp that enjoys both — his movies and reunions — but for now Woody is on his own. This is about the 50th reunion of the Joplin High School Class of 1964, celebrated two weekends ago at Joplin's Holiday Inn.

First off, 50 years since graduation is a heck of a milestone. And, really, in the realm of reunions, it's the biggie.

Whatever we brought to the reunion experience probably varied wildly. Some of us wanted to show up looking good — most of us just wanted to show up.

Because the reality is, that at 50 years since we flipped our tassels, some of us didn't show up. And one of the bittersweet realities of an occasion like this is the realization that as time goes on, our numbers become fewer and fewer.

But for those of us who remain, we seem especially vulnerable to the pull of a connection that we created with one another more than five decades ago.

We were the first graduating class of the Baby Boomers — those of us born in 1946. And as a result of that boom, there were 509 graduates in the class of 1964. So, 138 of us, along with our spouses, partners, former teachers and friends — a total of 240 — made an appearance to celebrate the 50 years that have transpired since then.

It's interesting how the things that defined us in high school no longer do. The labels

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self-imposed and those bestowed on us from others — that seemed written in permanent ink back then have faded from the pages of who we are now.

There was little talk about what we did for a living, how much money we'd made or how much of the culture's definition of success we'd actually achieved.

The cliques were retired, the "Most Likely To" scenarios had played out or not, and at this juncture they didn't matter.

What seemed to matter as we reconnected was talking about what had given our lives real meaning in the decades since graduation. At the 50-year mark, we viewed the past from the perspective of time and the wisdom gained from our experiences.

And a big chunk of that wisdom is the knowledge that what we came here to do is to love — not to achieve.

Aside from just sharing space and a particular place in time in Joplin, we were fellow travelers on a journey to adulthood that held some of the defining moments of the 20th century.

We were seniors in high school when President John F. Kennedy was assassinated — and each of us could remember the class we were in when that announcement came.

We witnessed, shortly after graduation, the cultural fabric of our nation change and expand with the Vietnam War, shifting sexual mores, the civil rights movement and increased opportunities for women — and, unbelievably, the breakup of the Beatles.

When we left Joplin High School in the summer of 1964, just on the cusp of adulthood, our lives were stretching out before us. Some stayed in Joplin, and some ventured out beyond its borders.

But each of us crafted a life that expressed the uniqueness of who we were and are.

Coming back together in that ballroom at the Holiday Inn, we celebrated the differences in our experiences, our lifestyles and even our physical appearances.

We also savored the knowledge that we are deeply linked.

The passage of time has rendered the differences less important than the shared realization of how much at the core we are alike, how special our years together were — and how much, all these years later, we love one another.



Jeanne Looper Smith

Tomorrow...a word piercing into the future. A word fueled with a four-letter word describing one of humanity's most powerful attributes...hope. As a little boy I always approached the next day with great anticipation without ever thinking of the "what if". Now as an old man I think of my past tomorrow's frequently and with mixed emotions. While daily at the same time praying for one more opportunity to see another beautiful sunrise.

Wondering why I am writing about this wintery topic of life? I guess the reason resides in my evolving interest in the so called "jumping off point" conversation...insured for all but absent of time. Maybe "just" maybe this is where this complicated business of quantum mechanics comes into the referenced conversation...God's secret recipe.

Have you ever wondered why you were brought into existence and where you will reside once you no longer have a physical address? I bet you answered with a resounding "yes". An electric spark out of nothingness (by the way impossible to achieve) marking the starting line of your life. Comparatively it is the same spark last experienced while crossing the finish line...same line different title. But what a ride it has been between the two of them so far. Like riding a bolt of lightning without a saddle. Your ultimate destination floating in a vacuum of time and space including a little gravity thrown in for good measure.

Your initial moment here as a infinitesimal particle started this wondrous ride. Which then blossomed you into one of the most remarkable things in the universe a "human being". You were and still are filled with a universe of tomorrow's yet to be experienced. Your existence is as delicate as the barely perceivable movement of air created by the fluttering of a butterfly's wing and as mighty as the quiet eclipse of the sun.

So my earthly friends "never ever" give up on your spark inspired potential to make a contribution. Your potential is ? in scale. May Carpe Diem be your waking thought for all your remaining tomorrows. Enjoy the ride...

Addendum:

Dave, I'm glad you sent me the heads up concerning Mike Greenstreet. It gives me an opportunity to say thank you for a wonderful reunion opportunity. I know you and others worked very hard to provide us a chance to reconnect with our "good olde days".

Dennis Lea

Even though we covered a tad bit about the previous reunion we as the class committee has decided on the date for the 2025.

Since the 50th reunion we have always been satisfied doing the gathering in June and the next one is no exception. We have selected the first weekend of June and that will be Friday the 6th, Saturday the 7th and the Sunday breakfast on the 8th.

So, mark your calendars as I know some already have. That's a two year ten month heads up not to plan a cruise that weekend or participate in a rodeo. Just mark out June 6th, 7th & 8th of 2025 and we'll see you there at a place TBD.

We have done the Holiday Inn at the old hotel for the 50th and at the new one for the 55th & 58th. One reason is our survey has said that the travelers coming in prefer to have the event and the sleep over at the same place and not be commuting around town for each event and it's sad to report that in a city of 50,000+ the Holiday Inn is the only one that provides both. Yes, we can have it at other places and have the food catered in and we have checked that proposition out and we would not even come close to the \$25 or \$30 per person charge for the Friday Meet & Greet and the Saturday night banquet. We have even consulted with Downstream and have done the math and came up with the \$25 per person there was basically told very politely in no uncertain terms is that cannot happen there. So, our TBD unless some changes in Joplin occur we will most likely be back at the Holiday Inn and in all honesty, they are great to work with and give us a price that will be hard to beat.

Going back to the 50th the class committee had one goal in mind and that goal is still a priority for us and that is to make the reunion affordable to anyone that cares to join us and if affordability is a problem you may contact any committee member asking how you may attend and you will see to it you will anonymously be able to attend. We have a few classmates that makes our reunion happen and keep it at an affordable price and those donors have always asked to be private of their donation but they are a Godsend to us at every event and I wish we could recognize each of them but we honor their wish and keep silent.

Now we hit the rules and regulations. We have had several classmates and guests show up at the Meet & Greet or the Banquet unannounced with check in hand to pay for the portion to attend. What you may not realize is we have to pay the Holiday

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Inn the full boat two weeks prior for what we order and that is based on the head-count and payment made. If you show up unannounced and no one has canceled out, then you're taking for granted that it's no big deal. The entire committee has come to this decision that if ANYONE shows up unannounced to attend the Meet & Greet or the Banquet you will be welcome to enter but you will not be able to eat. It's really not asking very much to let us know, after all you're getting a two year ten month heads-up and you will be getting regular updates from now on. To All Facebook peeps updates will be here <https://www.facebook.com/joplinmo64> be aware. Non-Facebook users may be able to access this page, give it try. It's listed as a public on my Facebook account.

So, keep in mind that if you plan on attending and taking part in the Meet & Greet festivities or the banquet dinner you will have to register and pay at least two or three weeks in advance. There will be no just showing up with check or cash in hand to take part in the events, that dog ain't gonna hunt in 2025...

Since our next class newsletter will not be published until February or March we would like to wish all a very Happy and Healthy Holiday Season ahead and may you be blessed with a healthy 2023.



The Diet Fork



Available in Fine
Stores Everywhere!

We just spent a hour looking for her. 🤔



**THEY'RE NOT DANGEROUS
IF YOU RAISE THEM RIGHT**



**AND NEITHER
ARE THE DOGS**



Why do peanuts float in a regular coke and sink in a diet coke? Go ahead and try it!

How important does a person have to be before they are considered assassinated instead of just murdered?

Why do you have to "put your two cents in" ... but it's only a "penny for your thoughts"? Where's that extra penny going?

Once you're in heaven, do you get stuck wearing the clothes you were buried in for eternity?

What disease did cured ham actually have?

How is it that we put man on the moon before we figured out it would be a good idea to put wheels on luggage?

Why is it that people say they "slept like a baby" when babies wake up every two hours?

If a deaf person has to go to court, is it still called a hearing?

Why are you IN a movie, but you're ON TV?

Why do people pay to go up tall buildings and then put money in binoculars to look at things on the ground?

Why do doctors leave the room while you change? They're going to see you naked anyway.

Why is "bra" singular and "panties" plural?

Why do toasters always have a setting that burns the toast to a horrible crisp, which no decent human being would eat?

Can a hearse carrying a corpse drive in the carpool lane?

If the professor on Gilligan's Island can make a radio out of a coconut, why can't he fix a hole in a boat?

If corn oil is made from corn, and vegetable oil is made from vegetables, what is baby oil made from?

If electricity comes from electrons, does morality come from morons?

Why do the Alphabet song and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star have the same tune?

Why did you just try singing the two songs above?

Did you ever notice that when you blow in a dog's face, he gets mad at you, but when you take him for a car ride, he sticks his head out the window?

58th Class of 64 Reunion

Electrical engineers understand 110, and 220 volts and three phase terminology and most of us never will or have any reason too. Have you ever scooted across a car seat and touched the door handle and it zapped you? I know each and every one of you has done so from time to time. That is merely static electricity that comes from an imbalance of electrical charges between two materials or by rubbing two pieces of said materials together. Static electricity can be present everywhere but only the feeling of, and the energy produced by perfection and the power produced by musicians bonded by the same objective, at exactly the same time, gives a jolting and energizing -feeling of pure electricity in one location or place at that time. The surge is so strong it raises the hair on your arms and sends a wave of cold chills across your entire body. To the novice or layperson that most likely seems impossible but to all of the players that have one time or another felt this energy they just smile and shake their heads to concur. Recording it is the only way to duplicate it or reproducing it. No other feeling can duplicate that much energy. I have been shocked so hard it hurt but this feeling is one that keeps drawing all the energy from their entire beings and puts it together and into the air like a transformer sends the power to your homes.

This does not always transpire with all gatherings of all musicians for sure. It takes the feeling and finesse of the musicians to generate that feeling and the feeling produces a sound so plausible to the ears you don't want them to stop nor do they want too. It builds with each tune and gathers momentum so strong it is almost unstoppable to a point. When it does stop you can hear the Thunder of applause from the crowd, that sparks another and another. The set list was not followed as we played and entertained for the unexpected crowd that stayed after the dinner portion of the evening.

We turned the knife and fork gathering into a dynamic evening of entertainment that will not be forgotten for a long, long time I am absolutely positive.

This is what I felt on June 11th 2022 at my 58th Class of '64 Reunion. I have been blessed to share the stage with some great talents and very notable, what some call Super Stars, but the feeling of unity as one and I guess like all the planets were aligned mirrored then catapulted ahead the others. We were so aligned and in sync it was like all seven horses at the Kentucky Derby crossing the finish line at the same time.

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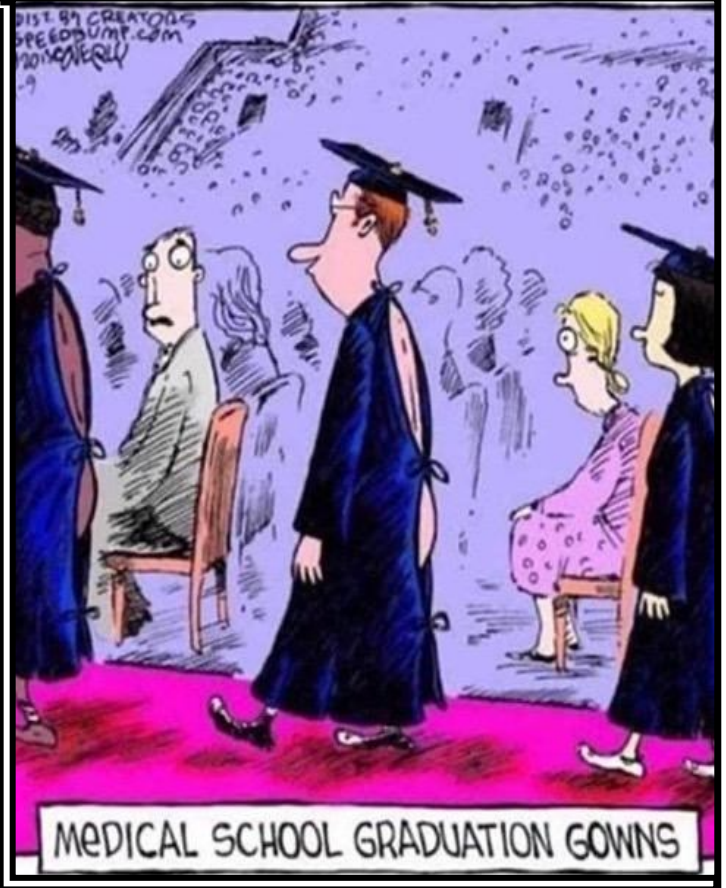
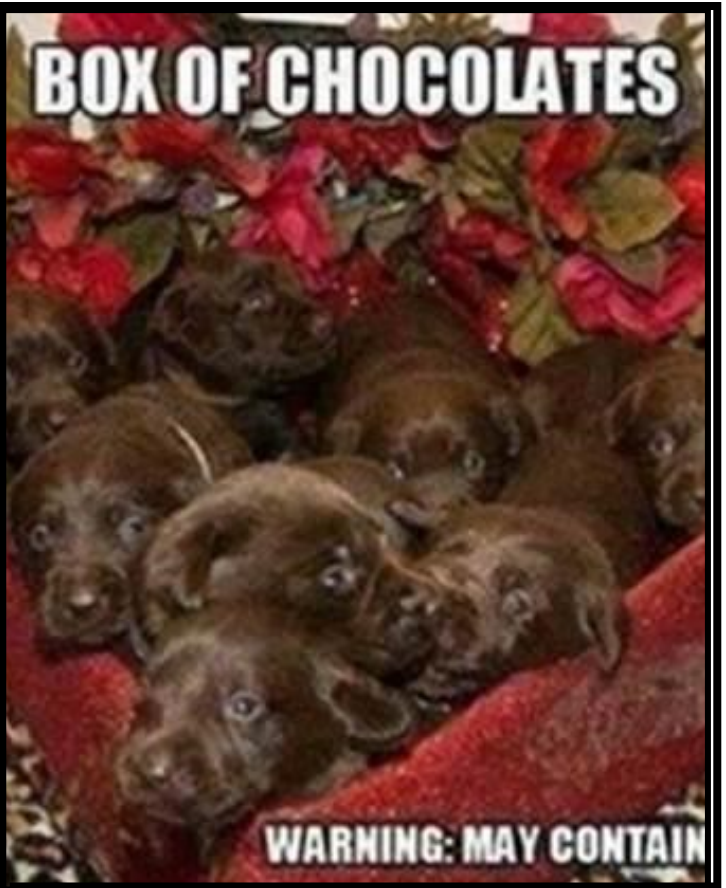
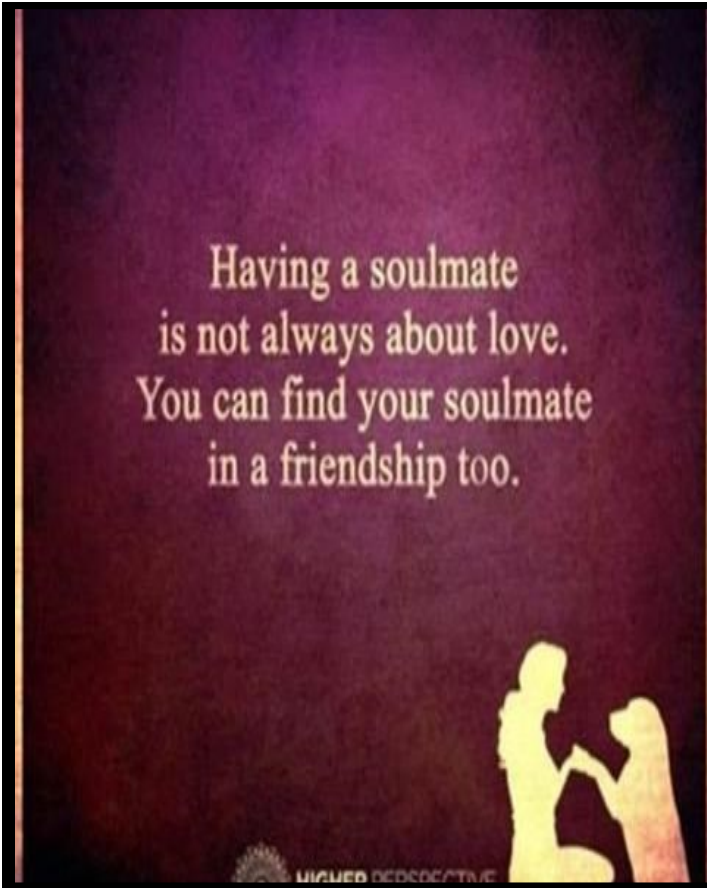
The nostalgia of our guests brought accolades of applause from the crowd as they drifted back into the days of A M Radio CRC, ATA, and the Eagles Nest.

Max Brown, Bob Massey, and Dwayne Bowman were the epidemic of genuine talent, that was delivered in only their way and to their specifications and standards. You don't get any better than the best. God given talent poured from these three, what I deem as Icons. Who shined the most? The glare of the bright talent never changed between the three as each was dynamic when they gave their all to do what they have always done and that is make your toes tap, give that lady or man with you a little squeeze on the dance floor, and brings smiles and sometimes a tear, as they give their heart and soul or their all for you the audience. I am at awe when I relive the evening and the delivery of each member of my band "Olé Friends". Each one gave 110 percent or more.

I give much credit to Jim Hunter, Saxophone, who is the conductor of my train. He was very helpful in arranging the sound from his brilliant and talented son Chase who sat on the drum throne, but could have sat at any position of the bandstand. This young man is so talented that all I can say is watch this guy become a superstar. Jim also gathered a replacement, Todd East for retiring player and dear friend Marc Marcano. Todd took the ball and made a touchdown on each and every tune. Never have I ever enjoyed a keyboardist's style or their performing not to mention the perfection of his vocal delivery. Bob Toft, in 2012 did all the phoning and contacting the selected players to make the 50th a night to remember also. In addition, as always shined brightly on his Harmonica and even more on "the Washboard". That evening I had the most enjoyable pleasure of having two tandemly talented guitarists. Johnny Rose and Gary Patrum, who like the professionals they are, blended and complimented the others playing but being able to step forward and do what we as musicians call "scalding the dog" when it came their time to show their wares. The evening flew by and never have I so enjoyed "kicking ass and taking names" as we did tune after tune after tune.

Credit overdue: In 2012 Dave Knisley went to bat for live entertainment instead of a D J. I felt that the Class of 64 deserved a bit more than that and what happened in the days to come ended up being "Olé Friends." Had he not pulled that off "Olé Friends" would not have been born. And never, would the June 11th 2022 reunion, been such a success. I give so much thanks to the Guru of the Class of 64 "Dave Knisley" for breaking his back to make sure his classmates and guests had a brilliant evening. The entire committee also deserves a great deal of thanks for doing this year after year after year. You all are very special. Thank you all for letting us entertain you. We loved it and hope you did too.

Larry Don



LIVING IN OUR HOUSE GROWING UP!

A few years after I was born, my dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around from then on. As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche. My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me good from evil, and Dad taught me to obey. But the stranger... he was our storyteller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies.

If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind. Sometimes, Mom would get up quietly while the rest of us were shushing each other to listen to what he had to say, and she would go to the kitchen for peace and quiet.

(I wonder now if she ever prayed for the stranger to leave.) Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home - not from us, our friends or any visitors. Our long-time visitor, however, got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush. My Dad didn't permit the liberal use of alcohol but the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing... I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked... And NEVER asked to leave. More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first. Still, if you could walk into my parents' den today, you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures. His name? We just call him 'TV.'

(Note: This should be required reading for every household!) He has a wife now....we call her 'Computer.' Their first child is "Cell Phone". Second child "I Pod". And JUST BORN A FEW YEARS AGO WAS a Grandchild: IPAD OH MY-- --HOW TRUE THIS IS!!!

Can you guess which of the following are false?

1. Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning.
2. Alfred Hitchcock didn't have a belly button.
3. A pack-a-day smoker will lose approximately 2 teeth every 10 years.
4. People do not get sick from cold weather; it's from being indoors a lot more.
5. When you sneeze, all bodily functions stop, even your heart!
6. Only 7 percent of the population are lefties.
7. Forty people are sent to the hospital for dog bites every minute.
8. Babies are born without kneecaps. They don't appear until they are 2 - 6 years old.
9. The average person over 50 will have spent 5 years waiting in lines.
10. The toothbrush was invented in 1498.
11. The average housefly lives for one month.
12. 40,000 Americans are injured by toilets each year.
13. A coat hanger is 44 inches long when straightened.
14. The average computer user blinks 7 times a minute.
15. Your feet are bigger in the afternoon than any other time of day.
16. Most of us have eaten a spider in our sleep.
17. The real reason ostriches stick their head in the sand is to search for water.
18. The only two animals that can see behind themselves without turning their heads are the rabbit and the parrot.
19. John Travolta turned down the starring roles in 'An Officer and a Gentleman' and 'Tootsie.'
20. Michael Jackson owns the rights to the South Carolina State Anthem.
21. In most television commercials advertising milk, a mixture of white paint and a little thinner is used in place of the milk.
22. Prince Charles and Prince William NEVER travel on the same airplane, just in case there is a crash.
23. The first Harley Davidson motorcycle built in 1903 used a tomato can for a carburetor.
24. Most hospitals make money by selling the umbilical cords cut from women who give birth. They are used in vein transplant surgery.
25. Humphrey Bogart was related to Princess Diana. They were 7th cousins.
26. If coloring weren't added to Coca-Cola, it would be green.

(Answer is on the last page)

A Blue Rose

Having four visiting family my wife was busy, so I offered to go to the store for her to get some needed items, which included light bulbs, paper towels, trash bags, detergent and Clorox. So off I went.

I scurried around the store, gathered up my goodies and headed for the checkout counter, only to be blocked in the narrow aisle by a young man who appeared to be about sixteen-years-old. I wasn't in a hurry, so I patiently waited for the boy to realize that I was there. This was when he waved his hands excitedly in the air and declared in a loud voice, "Mommy, I'm over here."

It was obvious now, he was mentally challenged and also startled as he turned and saw me standing so close to him, waiting to squeeze by. His eyes widened and surprise exploded on his face as I said, "Hey Buddy, what's your name?"

"My name is Denny and I'm shopping with my mother," he responded proudly.

"Wow," I said, "that's a cool name; I wish my name was Denny, but my name is Steve."

"Steve, like Stevarino?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "How old are you Denny?"

"How old am I now, Mommy?" he asked his mother as she slowly came over from the next aisle.

"You're fifteen-years-old Denny; now be a good boy and let the man pass by." I acknowledged her and continued to talk to Denny for several more minutes about summer, bicycles and school. I watched his brown eyes dance with excitement, because he was the center of someone's attention. He then abruptly turned and headed toward the toy section.

Denny's mom had a puzzled look on her face and thanked me for taking the time to talk with her son. She told me that most people wouldn't even look at him, much less talk to him. I told her that it was my pleasure and then I said something I have no idea where it came from, other than by the prompting of the Holy Spirit. I told her that there are plenty of red,

yellow, and pink roses in God's Garden; however, "Blue Roses" are very rare and should be appreciated for their beauty and distinctiveness. You see, Denny is a Blue Rose and if someone doesn't stop and smell that rose with their heart and touch that rose with their kindness, then they've missed a blessing from God.

She was silent for a second, then with a tear in her eye she asked, "Who are you?"

Without thinking I said, "Oh, I'm probably just a dandelion, but I sure love living in

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God's garden."

She reached out, squeezed my hand and said, "God bless you!" and then I had tears in my eyes.

May I suggest, the next time you see a BLUE ROSE, don't turn your head and walk off. Take the time to smile and say Hello. Why? Because, by the grace of GOD, this mother or father could be you. This could be your child, grandchild, niece or nephew. What a difference a moment can mean to that person or their family.

From an old dandelion... Live simply; Love generously; Care deeply; Speak kindly; and, Leave the rest to God.

"People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

Dear Dandelions, this story expresses how I feel about each of you. My blindness indeed makes me one of the Blue Roses in God's Garden. Though this rose is not rare, beautiful, or distinctive, this Blue Rose wants you to know how very much your kindness throughout the years is appreciated. Easter is the time I like to reflect on my life blessings, this year I want to share my thankfulness that you are a part of those blessings bestowed to me. Have a wonderful Easter, and may you and yours remain the precious dandelions that makes the Blue Rose bloom.

"The Positive Side of Life"

Living on Earth is expensive, but it does include a free trip around the sun every year.

How long a minute is depends on what side of the bathroom door you're on.

Birthdays are good for you; the more you have, the longer you live.

Ever notice that the people who are late are often much jollier than the people who have to wait for them?

Most of us go to our grave with our music still inside of us.

If Wal-Mart is lowering prices every day, how come nothing is free yet?

You may be only one person in the world, but you may also be the world to one person.

Some mistakes are too much fun to only make once.

Don't cry because it's over; smile because it happened.

We could learn a lot from crayons: some are sharp, some are pretty, some are dull, some have weird names, and all are different colors....but they all exist very nicely in the same box.

A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.

Senior Reflections

I thought growing old would take longer.

Sometimes it takes me all day to get nothing done.

I'm a multitasker. I can listen, ignore and forget all at the same time!

One minute you're young and fun. Then next, you're turning down the car stereo to see better.

My spouse says I have two faults. I don't listen and...something else.

Never laugh at your spouse's choices. You are one of them.

Retired: under new management. See spouse for details.

I thought the dryer made my clothes shrink. Turns out it was the refrigerator.

Camping: where you spend a small fortune to live like a homeless person.

Telling a person to calm down is about the same as baptizing a cat.

Prayer is the original wireless communication.

Just once, I want a username and password prompt to say: "close enough."

Being an adult is the dumbest thing I have ever done.

Went to an antique show and people were bidding on me.

I won't say I'm worn out, but I don't get near the curb on trash day.

I don't have gray hair. I have wisdom highlights.

I don't trip, I do random gravity checks.

Hold on while I overthink this.

Losing weight doesn't seem to be working for me, so from now I'm going to concentrate on getting taller.

Some people are like clouds, once they disappear it's a beautiful day.

Some people you're glad to see coming; some people you're glad to see going

My body is a temple, ancient and crumbling, perhaps cursed or haunted.

Common sense is not a gift. It's a punishment because you have to deal with everyone who doesn't have it.

People who wonder if the glass is half empty or half full miss the point. The glass is refillable. I came. I saw. I forgot what I was doing. Retraced my steps. Got lost on the way back. Now I have no idea what's going on.

Be sure to watch the video attachment too...

Remembrances and Sympathy to our Classmates and Family:

We extend Sympathy to the family of our classmate Perry Potter's passing
<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/kansascity/name/perry-potter-obituary?id=36443959>

We extend our prayers to the brothers of our classmate Julie Ruhl Jones.
<https://www.parkermortuary.com/obituary/julie-jones>

We offer condolences to the family of classmate Roy Nichols passing
<https://masonwoodard.com/book-of-memories/5046179/Nicholls-Roy/index.php>

Compassion to the family of our classmate Jackie Aaron Sneed for his passing.
<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/16766473/jack-aaron-sneed>

We received word from our classmate John Myers and has been verified by classmate Jan Hale Tabin that our classmate Carol Blankenship has passed away on October 20, 2021 in Santa Fe, New Mexico. No obit could be found.

A Smile From Across the Pond—A Queens Tale

We'll always remember her sense of humour and that beautiful smile.

I was on Guard of Honour, waiting for the King of Saudi Arabia, on horse guards. On the right flank; Scots Guard (100 guardsmen) a gap, HM The Queen, mounted in uniform; alongside her the CO Colonel Gerald, another gap, then on the left flank, the Queen's Company Grenadier Guards (100 guardsmen).

We're stood at ease waiting. Suddenly the silence was broken by Colonel Gerald's Charger erupting when the horse passed gas at full volume for two minutes. Embarrassed and staring straight ahead Colonel Gerald says, "Sorry about that your Majesty!"

She replies, in a wonderful voice, "That's alright Gerald, . . . I thought it was your horse!"

We still have 15 classmates unaccounted for. If you have any idea where these classmates could be, feel free to share with us so we can update our class directory. The blue font is where they were living when we lost contact with them.

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

Gary M Colvin

Rayma Jean Coy (Tulsa, OK area)

James "Jim" Hilton

Clair Howard

La Donna Miller

Carol Munson (Wrench) (Bell, MO)

Emma Nunn

Judy Osborne (Gardner) (Joplin)

Richard Lee Pearson

Patty Riley (Brewer) (Joplin)

Naomi June Shelton (Possibly Deceased but cannot verify)

Drucilla Short

Robert Joe "Bob" Smith

Jack Sneed

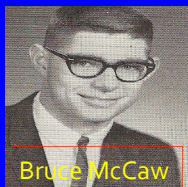
William "Bill" Ray Stow

"If You Change Your Contact Information"

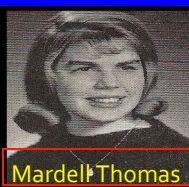
Please help us out. Don't forget to include us on any changes in your contact information. If you should move or change telephone, snail mail address or email address please let us know. It's very easy and you may do so by clicking on the following link joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com, and enter your information,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

Getting the Last Parking Spot

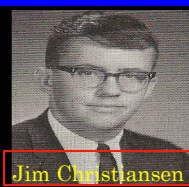




Bruce McCaw



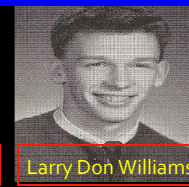
Mardell Thomas



Jim Christiansen



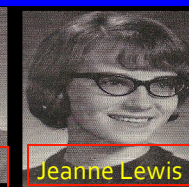
Sharon Peters



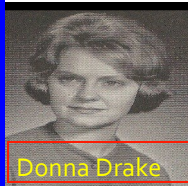
Larry Don Williams



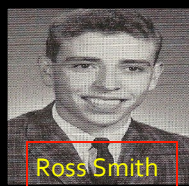
Stephanie White



Jeanne Lewis



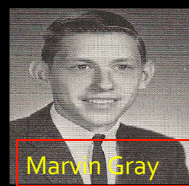
Donna Drake



Ross Smith



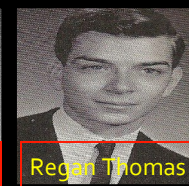
Janet Hale



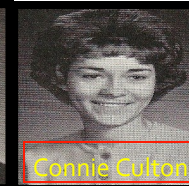
Marvin Gray



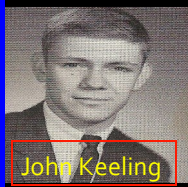
Phyllis Payne



Regan Thomas



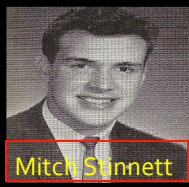
Connie Culton



John Keeling



Joyce Tillman



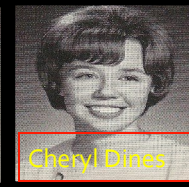
Mitch Stinnett



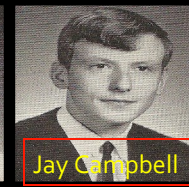
Sheryl Reese



Mike Mullentz



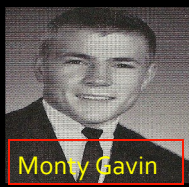
Cheryl Dines



Jay Campbell



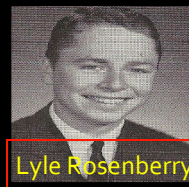
Jeanne Looper



Monty Gavin



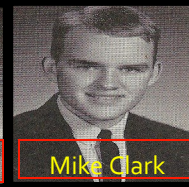
Carol Corbin



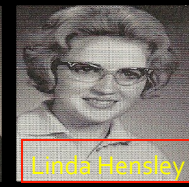
Lyle Rosenberry



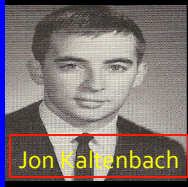
Ellen Zwicker



Mike Clark



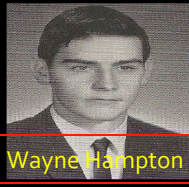
Linda Hensley



Jon Waltenbach



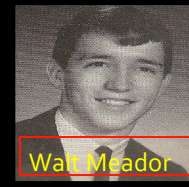
Jeanne Lind



Wayne Hampton



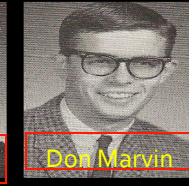
Pam Franks



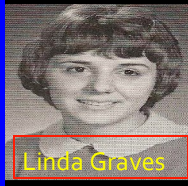
Walt Meador



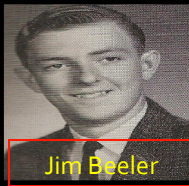
Karen Trenary



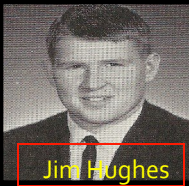
Don Marvin



Linda Graves



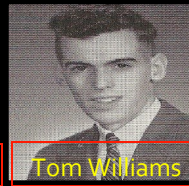
Jim Beeler



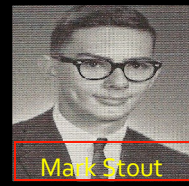
Jim Hughes



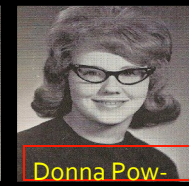
Sharon Harrison



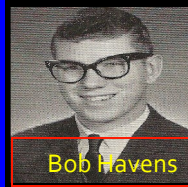
Tom Williams



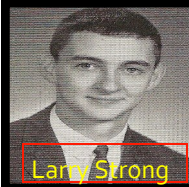
Mark Stout



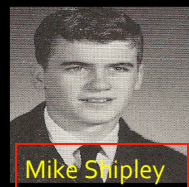
Donna Pow-



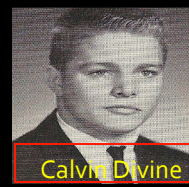
Bob Havens



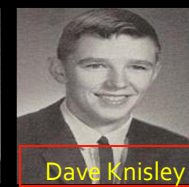
Larry Strong



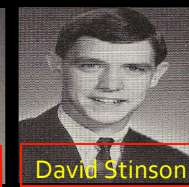
Mike Shipley



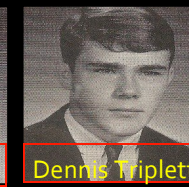
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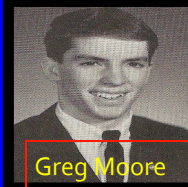
Dave Knisley



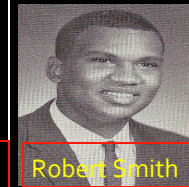
David Stinson



Dennis Triplett



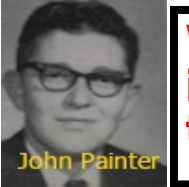
Greg Moore



Robert Smith



Billie Lenger



John Painter

We are still patiently waiting for your bio to be added to the wall of fame.

There is plenty of room to add folks to the bio section, how about joining in?

A group of professional people posed this question to a group of 4- to 8-year-olds. 'What does love mean?' The answers they got were broader, deeper, and more profound than anyone could have ever imagined!

See what you think.

'When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore... So, my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love.'

Rebecca- age 8

'When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know that your name is safe in their mouth.'

Billy- age 4

'Love is when a girl puts on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other.'

Karl- age 5

'Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs.'

Chrissy- age 6

'Love is what makes you smile when you're tired.'

Terri- age 4

'Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK.'

Danny- age 8

'Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and just listen.'

Bobby- age 7 (Wow!)

'If you want to learn to love better, you should start with a friend who you hate.'

Nikka- age 6 (we need a few million more Nikka's on this planet)

'Love is when you tell a guy you like his shirt, then he wears it every day.'

Noelle- age 7

'Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other so well.'

Tommy - age 6

'During my piano recital, I was on a stage and I was scared. I looked at all the people watching me and saw my daddy waving and smiling. He was the only one doing that. I wasn't scared anymore.'

Cindy- age 8

Continued on Next Page

'Love is when Mommy gives Daddy the best piece of chicken.'

Elaine- age 5

'Love is when Mommy sees Daddy smelly and sweaty and still says he is handsomer than Robert Redford.'

Chris- age 7

'Love is when your puppy licks your face even after you left him alone all day.'

Mary Ann - age 4

'I know my older sister loves me because she gives me all her old clothes and has to go out and buy new ones.'

Lauren- age 4

'When you love somebody, your eyelashes go up and down and little stars come out of you.' (What an image)

Karen- age 7

'Love is when Mommy sees Daddy on the toilet and she doesn't think it's gross.'...

Mark- age 6

'You really shouldn't say 'I love you' unless you mean it. But if you mean it, you should say it a lot. People forget.'

Jessica- age 8

And the final one:

The winner was a four-year-old child whose next-door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, 'Nothing, I just helped him cry' **No Name Given**

Vintage Slang

Today's teens might think they invented slang with their hashtags and their Tik-Tok's. But Grandma and Grandpa were full of code words and made-up sayings, too.

1. Gas This one is used to describe something or someone outrageously fun. "That guy last night at the party was a gas!"
2. Wallflower Someone who is so shy they lean against the wall at social events. "You'll never meet someone new when you're being a wallflower."
3. Beat Feet When you have to get somewhere fast, you beat your feet against the pavement. "We're running late! Let's beat feet out of here."

Not much to add but I would like to recap a few things we covered we feel is of importance. Number one, the next reunion will take place on June 6th, 7th & 8th in 2025 at a place TBD but unless Joplin expands their places that serves & sleeps it will most likely still be the Holiday Inn as we cannot beat the food prices there.

The 58th was very rewarding and the biggest change we had was the golf being eliminated. Hopefully the 2025 will have more participants and we will plan ahead and make sure we have one of the Joplin courses set for us.

The Meet & Greet went well and appetizers galore were available at all times. One request I will make for future events is to bring out limited quantities and keep the rest in the back warmed up and brought out periodically. I will ask for the same with the buffet. It wasn't a big problem as I was the last one to eat at the banquet and the prime rib as gone except for a tiny sliver. Maybe on the 3 meat order we may eliminate one of the meats and order two prime ribs. Of course this all is based on attendance and hence the importance of signing up ahead of time.

That brings us to the next request you **WILL** be responsible to contact and pay in advance, preferably **3 weeks** ahead of the date we kick-off the event. If this is not done, I'm sorry to say no walk-ups will be allowed to enter and eat. You may enter and converse with classmates but you will have to pre-pay to join us at the table to break bread. Surely you can understand why, not only is paying ahead good manners, it gives us a proper account to the Chef on what to order to meet our request for the banquet and the Meet & Greet. So, take heed, pre-pay or there will be no eating as we have to pay two weeks ahead of time to the Holiday Inn and walk-ups shoots that budget all to crude to put it politely and the class has to reissue checks to the Holiday Inn.

Finally, I'm strictly against fake news, not only here but with the national media that is a daily on going. So what does it take to put something like this together, a ton of information worthy to classmates as we **DO NOT** do political postings, y'all should get enough of that without us. Secondly, you'll never know what it means to get information to post and we've had a few nibbles the last two issues. John Painter did a bio for the last one, Mike Shipley gave a listing, this one shows donations, one from Dennis Lea, one from Larry Don Williams, and Jeanne Looper Smith. I don't have to tell you what those entries mean. I come to you every newsletter asking for articles or pictures to post and know you have them if you will just do it. Maybe do another bio as surely things have changed since you did the last one. It's not just me that helps out, I have several go-to classmates that I pick on, Jeanne Lewis Owns, for proofing plus other entries, Jeanne Looper Smith, Phyllis Payne Sapp and Jan Hale Tabin, I appreciate you all. BTW on page 13, all are true.



Dave Knisley