



**Joplin Eagles**

# "JHS Class of '64"

**Issue 14**

**Class Newsletter July 31, 2013**

## Welcome To Our 14th Edition

### Sum, Sum, Summertime!

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Whether your summer has been lazy, hazy or just plain crazy—welcome to the 2013 summer edition of the JHS Class of '64 newsletter.

We're less than a year away from our 50th reunion and the thought that more than five decades have passed since those days when we were cruising Main, tanning at the pool, and dating at the drive-in is astonishing.

Stating the obvious, we've experienced a lot of life since the early 1960s.

Friendships that began in our junior high and high school days have gone the distance or were interrupted by circumstance.

Our 50th class reunion is an opportunity to once again join with friends and acquaintances who shared a particular place and time with us.

Shared history is a powerful force. And friends who laughed—and cried—with us, who knew our parents and our siblings—and even the color of the curtains in our bedrooms—connect with us in a way that few others can.

Below is a column I wrote that ran in The Joplin Globe on Sunday, July 21st about three friends from East Junior High who revisited a relationship that was frozen in time.

**Jeanne Looper Smith**



### The Three Jeannes

Could a small booth in the Red Onion Cafe on Fourth Street in Joplin hold all the emotion of the memories that we collectively share from so many decades ago—and could it hold the funny and sometimes serious revelations of the lives we've lived since those days, more than fifty years ago?

We rarely appeared without one another back then, so it was an incomplete get-together when Jeanne Lewis and I reconnected in Florida (where we both lived) just before our 40th Joplin High School reunion almost 10 years ago. We lost track of Jeanne Lind until several months ago when she moved back to Joplin following the death of her husband.

As a testimony to our being joined-at-the-hip in those early days, classmate Harry Reaves, seeing just Jeanne Lewis and me together at our 40th reunion, questioned, "Where's the third Jeanne?"

We share first names (along with the less common spelling of it) and last names (maiden) that begin with the letter "L." And that similarity is what brought the trio of "Jeannes" together at East Junior High in Joplin in the late 1950s.

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Whenever there was a lineup that put students in alphabetical order, we were thrown together. That may be what initially connected us, but who knows what invisible spark ignites to create friends who are instantly inseparable in those formative years.

At our Red Onion reunion dinner, just several weeks ago, we laughed about leaving the East Jr. High campus to race to lunch at Grover's, a chili and hamburger joint not far from school. Grover had more chili on his apron than he sold at lunch hour to students who had to gulp it down and then run—literally—to get back to class before the bell rang. And about how, if we'd run out of lunch money, we ate crackers and ketchup and drank water.

Grover must have loved that—no wonder he went out of business.

I'm still amazed that they let us leave school for lunch in junior high—and that we went back!

We reminisced about all day Saturday shopping trips to Main Street with the requisite stop at Sherman's orange juice stand just before the first run feature at the Fox Theater and doing a slow summer-time burn at the Reding's Mill pool.

We laughed about our weekend trips to stay with Jeanne Lewis' aunt and uncle in Carthage—who were in our estimation completely cool—and who seemed old to us then—we figure now they were in their late 30s. And, about how the main topics of conversation on those weekends (and elsewhere) were about boys—the ones who loved us and, more often, about the ones who didn't.

In the confines of that little booth, we also found ourselves sharing about our adult relationships with men. We've all been divorced and remarried, so it had come full circle—we were again discussing the ones who loved us and the ones who didn't!

The Jeanne trio had been apart for 52 years, with a lifetime of experiences since our time together, but the spark that connected us as giggly girls in junior high has survived—and it's allowed the women we've become to laugh and cry together again.

Pass the crackers and the ketchup—and the Kleenex, please. 🖱

*Jeanne Looper Smith grew up in Joplin and now lives in Kansas City, MO. You may share memories of Joplin with her at [wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com](mailto:wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com)*



**Together Again**



**Our Booth at the  
Red Onion**

Looking ahead to June's reunion, we encourage you to reflect upon those who made high school a memorable chapter in your life. Jeanne's article is a dynamic example of this. In addition to family and teachers, didn't we all value personal friendships?

As the years swept by in decades, I often thought about the friendships I enjoyed in junior and senior high school. Many of those I have rekindled in recent years, others have remained constant. Either way, when conversing with friends, the stories of those earlier years come alive, and I'm always grateful for the times we've walked back into the museum of the heart and mind. Granted, one can't live in the past but passing through brings memories and mostly smiles.

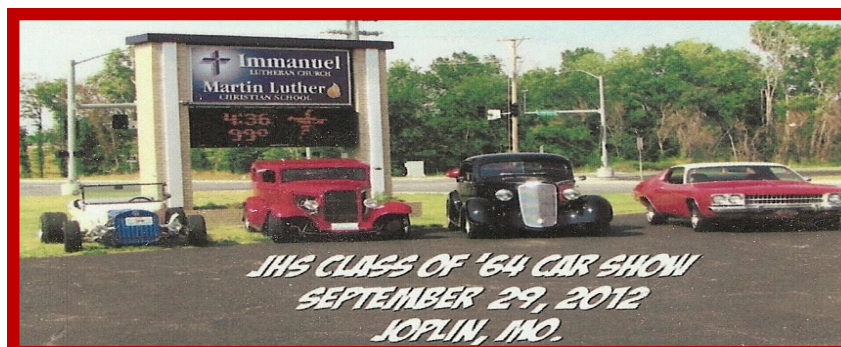
At each reunion I've attended, I've left glad I participated. Since John and I met in high school and were one of eleven couples in our class who later married, it was double fun to visit with those who attended. The five year reunion stands out in my mind as people being pretty reserved, almost shy. I should say many were reserved . . . not all, as we've never known a few of our favorites to be in that category. Butch England and Mickey Moore, for example, always keep the party alive! Move on a few years and all classmates seemed more at ease. Fast forward to the 45th and everyone seemed to be glad they'd attended and were still alive to do so. Lots of positive comments came to the committee afterwards. At this stage, we spent more time laughing about high school experiences and antics than caring about who did what on the career ladder.

As we approach the 50th reunion, I encourage you to contact a friend or two and let them know you are thinking of them. Even if someone isn't planning on attending the 50th, why not make someone's day brighter and exchange a few memories. Those who have already decided to attend might just be the determining factor for others? If you've lost track of someone, just e-mail the website, and we'll send you the most recent contact information.

With a class of 509 graduates, 104 have sent word they plan to attend with 46 guests joining us. Our records sadly verify 82 of our classmates are deceased. That leaves 323 minus the 10 who have contacted us to say they won't be able to attend.

So, who's your friend? I'm betting you'd both enjoy exchanging an e-mail or phone call. And, you might even decide to meet at the reunion! Hope so!

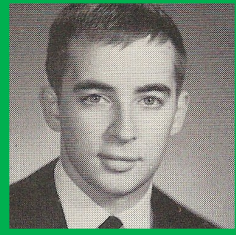
*Phyllis Payne Sapp*



#### Help the Class Reunion Out & Own a Part of History

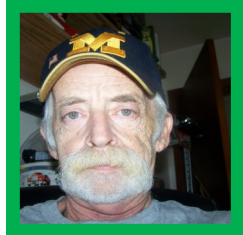
The JHS Class of '64 car show fundraiser awarded this Dash Plaque to the 43 entries. We only did a strike of 100 and sell the additional 57 to help with our 50th. If you would like to be the proud owner of our historical dash plaque, the cost is \$2.00. Now that's a real memory bargain folks. Please contact Carol Corbin Buck at [csbuck64@aol.com](mailto:csbuck64@aol.com) or 417-483-3285 to arrange delivery.





## Jon Kaltenbach - Bio

**"I also remember spending time at the Eagle's Nest, pep rallies, and working after school.**



I guess I have the same memories growing up as all my classmates in Joplin; things like The Wonder Years, mom and pop stores in every neighborhood (there were no malls or shopping centers back then), and downtown dime stores. When I trail down memory lane, I remember a much different Joplin than I see today. I remember places like the Fox and Paramount Theatres, The Lux, The Glen and The Rex, Western Auto, Oklahoma Tire & Supply, and Macy's. Those places from so many years ago still shine vividly in my mind.

My life in Joplin began in the year 1955 after I moved from Springfield, Missouri. I attended Columbia School in the 5th grade, Alcott in the 6th grade, and South Junior High during the 7th thru 9th grades. I became a custom car and street rod lover somewhere about this time. Although I wasn't yet old enough to drive, I spent time with older teens who were in car clubs and I frequented car shows. During my spare time, I earned spending money by mowing yards in the summer and shoveling snow in the winter. One summer I worked at Kiddie Land in Schifferdecker Park running the

park rides.

In the year of 1961, I spent my time in school at Joplin High. I was involved in the ROTC, the sophomore football team, and hung out in the student lounge making new friends. I also remember spending time at the Eagle's Nest, pep rallies, and working after school as a janitor at a downtown fabric store. It was the year of 1962 when I got my driver's license and my first car: a 49 Ford Coupe. I gained a new found freedom that year and spent many nights cruising Main and W. 7th Streets. My friends and I enjoyed going to the MoKan drag races on Sundays and hanging out at spots like Keller's and Burger Basket.

After I graduated from high school in 1964, I worked at the old Bob Cumming Restaurant as a bus boy for 50 cents an hour and then spent my mornings working at Frosty Big Top Gas Station that was located on Main Street across from the old McDonald's. I also worked at Cheatham's Drive-In in the evenings down on 22nd and Range Line, where I cooked and worked the customer window. If my memory serves me correctly, it was the first place in Joplin to

offer tacos.

It was during the fall of 1964 I began attending Joplin Junior College. I attended only one semester, due to the fact that my heart just wasn't set on academic studies. I was preoccupied with the same activities of many of my fellow youth. I spent too much time having fun with friends, cars, drinking 3.2 beer, traveling back and forth to places like Pittsburg and Galena, KS where we frequented places like the Green Parrot and other bars.

It wasn't too much later I met my future wife, Phyllis Ann Covey in early 1965. Phyllis was a senior at JHS. I was working in the service department at R & S Chevrolet. During that summer, I went to work for the Missouri State Highway Department doing construction survey work. I did return to college that fall, all the while enjoying parties and dating Phyllis (who was then also attending JJC). Unfortunately, I didn't excel as a student there and decided not to enroll the second semester.

Fast forward to 1966 and I bought a 64 1/2 Mustang.

**(Continued on the next page)**

I also joined the Army National Guard in Carthage, Missouri that year where I served six years as a weekend warrior. I then took a job at a local manufacturing company in Joplin working on the shop floor running a few different polishing machines.

The next year, 1967, I went to Fort Leonard Wood in Waynesville, Missouri for my boot camp and MOS school as a truck driver. After finishing my time at Fort Wood, I returned to Joplin and that November I married the woman I ever loved, Phyllis Covey. Phyllis was a better wife and mother than I could have ever asked for....always by my side. I was still working for the same company and left the shop floor and took a job in the office as a dispatcher.

It was in April of 1968 that my guard unit was activated and sent to Kansas City, Missouri during the Riots that occurred shortly after the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. It was quite an experience, yet nothing in comparison to what many who were sent to Vietnam experienced. After that, I changed job positions and became the production scheduler. All of this occurred during the Muscle Car era. My friends had Chargers, Camaros, Chevelles, Super B's, etc.; and I bought a new '69 Roadrunner.

On March 4, 1970 our first daughter, Michelle, was born. Michelle is now married with four children and lives in Jackson, Missouri. After her birth, I changed my job position again and worked as a finished goods planner, responsible for what finished goods to build and

when to build them. Just a couple of years later, our second daughter, Paige, was born February 19, 1972. She is now married, mother to three boys, works as an RN, and lives in Carthage, Missouri.

Again, I changed job positions and became the Traffic Manager for the Distribution Department. I was responsible for shipping, receiving, stores, and inventory control for two shifts and supervised about 10-15 employees. It was in April of 1980 that we had our third daughter, Brooke, who now resides in Cape Girardeau with her husband and two children.

Life takes us on all sorts of twists and turns and it was a few years later I faced a challenging season during my sister's battle with cancer. The year was 1988 and I took a leave from my job for about six weeks and went to Seattle, Washington to serve as a bone marrow donor for my sister, Kay, during her battle with cancer. While the transplant was a success, my sister had a recurrence of the cancer in years following. She was a fighter and put up a good fight, until she passed away a couple of years ago.

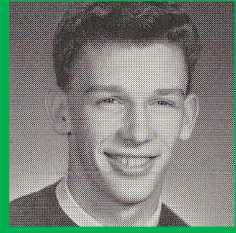
In 2000 I was downsized from my job, after 34 years of dedicated work there. At the time Phyllis was working for the Joplin Schools as a Para Professional. I got my retirement and started working from home. I began buying and selling on the internet, which I am still doing today.

The past few years have proved to be the most challenging and life changing. In 2011, I lost my long-

time friend, John Hunley. John and I went way back, all the way to our days in Junior High School. Fortunately, we had remained friends throughout the years. It was that same year the devastating EF5 tornado ripped thru Joplin, leaving a great amount of destruction from its path. During the summer of that year, my wife Phyllis retired from teaching. We were excited about her retirement, but to our surprise and dismay, she was diagnosed with cancer that November of 2011. It was the hardest time in my life. She went through chemotherapy and radiation, but lost her battle in May of 2012. In the fall of that year, my mother also passed away. As I previously mentioned, the past few years have proved to be a very trying time for me.

After living almost six decades in Joplin, I can say that my life has changed just as much as Joplin has continued to change over the years. There's been good, there's been bad...but most importantly there have been many blessings that have come from both the good and the bad. As I reflect on the past several decades, I'm thankful for the blessings I've continued to receive: a marriage that lasted over 40 years, three children, nine grandchildren and who knows what blessings are yet to come. 🙏





## Larry Don Williams - Bio

" REWIND

A roller coaster ride-without a charge "



Well Classmates this is a cut / sliced/ diced and chopped editing of my autobiography—a mere speck of dust of the actual goings on. I have cut and edited and re-cut but my story is jammed full of episodes that only the perpetrator, his company at the time would understand, or get the value of the acknowledgement or the brunt of the screw-up. With that said I am not only using excerpts from my book I am quickly spanning a considerable bit more than fifty plus years—some things are best left in the book.

The spinning saga of Larry Don Williams took off in high gear when I began playing guitar in the 1952/53 school year. In 1959 I began my musical surge with a mere talent contest put on by WMBH Radio and their sponsors. Two brothers, Walt and Bert Melton and myself and entered and won the contest with "LITTLE RICHARD'S" Tutti Frutti –it was judged by the audience and there was a boat load of kids and mostly screaming girls down front—I don't think that talent won THAT contest. There were seasoned players and a couple of really good vocalists. But I learned right then not to enter

a talent contest against a kid—they will kill you every time. Needless to say we won.

Walt has remained a lifelong friend and his brother Bert Melton would have but he passed away early in life due to heart problems. Walt is one of my "HAT DROP FRIENDS" I have four, Walt Melton, John Cly and Bob and Marianne Toft. Definition: A hat drop friend is, A person who upon learning you are in need will be there at the drop of a hat!!! These friends and their friendships have never altered thru-out our lives, and I love them all four.

I practiced with several small bands after the Cubs and worked doing many things from playing dances and parties at the Eagles Nest and the basement of the YMCA, to mowing lawns to working at "TUMBLIN-TOWN" as a spotter, and the "Go-Cart track on West 7th . I then got a job as a stock boy and "SODA JERK" for Roy Buckingham's Pharmacy on West 20th, a carhop at Trusty's and then Keller's Bar-B-Que. All the while finding time to play guitar.

Always in the summer until 1962 I played baseball. One day in early that summer I caught a ball on my index fin-

ger of my right hand. Decision time—baseball once a year or the guitar and \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$. You see the year before that year a local bandleader, Denny Oxendine and his drummer Walt Melton stopped by asking if I knew how to play bass guitar—I said yes, (but I had my fingers crossed), and was made a member of Denny and the Damons. I had to borrow a bass and practice like hell but that is in the book too. We were live at the Mile-Away and many other Cut and Shoot's in the area. Sideman pay in the beginning in Galena was \$8.00 to \$10.00 per night, but we quickly went to better wages, of fifteen dollars in Miami Oklahoma at the 400 Club. However, that job also came on Friday and Saturday only forty- five minutes after playing at the Mile Away and we played until 4:00 AM on Friday and Saturday.

Then another raise came but had to drive to Springfield, MO, up old route 66 and back every night so I could attend school. Traveling that stretch of road began New Year's Eve 1962. We worked six nights per week and I made \$200.00, for playing a week.

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That dollar figure played a big part of the decision to put the baseball down. Nowadays, that two hundred dollars would not buy the gasoline for the week's travel. Over the next couple of years I cut my teeth and paid lots of dues in the "Big Boys World." Playing in a nightclub will educate you in many ways. You put on your "Big Boy Drawers" quickly or get left on the side of the road with your thumb out, or outside with knots on your head. I have been very fortunate I had job offers waiting for playing music even if the group I was in crashed and burned. The pay was not too shabby for a teenager. We worked with a lot of musicians in that band. (THE DAMONS) In late 1963 I booked a group in the Cactus Club, or formally and better known as "Doc's 21" which the first job in Springfield with The Damons in 1962. We stayed there and packed the place until the summer of 1964 when we were booked in Rockaway Beach and that is in the history books. "What a mess that was!" There we were in the middle of a Hell's Angel Riot. After three months of nobody in the audience due to the riot—Rockaway Beach died. I then took that band on the road to Chicago/Michigan/ Indiana and then back to Springfield for many reasons but MONEY, or the lack of that commodity, was the main ingredient for returning home. I put together a versatile lounge band for the Esquire lounge in Springfield. John Cly, Drums, Rex Merideth, Guitar, Wally Chambers, Saxophone, and myself. We had a sound that was the tightest "no holes" and most versatile in town. From James Brown to Misty and other standards of the day. Springfield paid more and the club

jobs in Joplin were sewn up by local legends like Don Clements, Max Brown, Johnny Kemm and John Mass. I nailed that job when Don Clements opened his own club in Springfield, The Embers. I played that club and private parties on Sundays, until Uncle Sam Called. The instances between 64 and 66 are in the book some Good, some Bad, and some worse. The best, to the day was the friendship with classmate David Colvin, after accidents, that put us in St. Johns Hospital on Jackson, for a long stay.

After the service stint I caught my breath then it was back on the road with good solid traveling group's and show bands—and then Wayne Carson hired me to do shows with mega star Merle Travis and many others like Johnny Cash, Minnie Pearl and Grandpa Jones. Some other greats we shared the stage with are: Atlanta Rhythm Section, Dennis Yost and the Classics Four, The Platters, Coasters, Tams, Drifters, with Bill Pinkney, Allman Brothers, (they were still the Allman Joys at the time) but Dwayne and Gregg headed the band) Swingin Medallions, B.J. Thomas, David Allen Coe and Charley McClain. In early 1972 our group was selected to do the music for the Southeastern Touring Company of the rock opera TOMMY and also later in the year we were picked to provide background vocals for the Grammy Awards from Atlanta. Billy Joe Royal, B.J. Thomas, Roy Rogers, Archie Campbell and Gatemouth Brown headlined the show. That year they had three locations L A., New York, and Atlanta. After booking them in a huge club in Charleston, SC with the late Kenny Wendell, I had the

pleasure of working with Tina Turner. The movie does not show the beast she dealt with. That lady in 1975 phoned her children every night before the show. I have toured and have played in all the lower forty eight states, twice in Alaska. Once after the earthquake in 66 at the Palomino Club just outside Elmendorf AFB and again in 73 in Fairbanks with the Tommy Band. Also on that tour we were booked at the Grand Hotel in Disneyland California and once in Thule, Greenland for two weeks. Once was enough.

Throughout my life I have been Blessed and Highly Favored in my opinion. They say God watches out for fools and drunks. There is no bigger fool than a drunk. For a few years he had to use both eyes on me.

### **I have a Major in Rock, A Minor in Roll and a PhD in the Blues.**

I married first in 1969 and from that marriage I adopted a beautiful daughter Vicky Lynn. That union lasted until 1975 when we agreed to disagree—I had leased the Roman Palace but when the sheets split I decided to come back to Florida. I began to try to put Jack Daniel's out of business for sure. That was expensive ---I began playing the Holiday Inn in Crestview Florida with a former guitarist of mine and Joplinite, Gary Patrum. The first night there I met a beautiful blonde lady that would turn out to be the love of my life. I played that club and sister clubs in Alabama for quite a while.

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Once again I got my foot caught in the spokes and fell off the wagon. I fell helpless to alcohol. Being in business for herself she could not risk any negative gossip. She needed some help corralling my drinking and called for help from my Mother. I went through Detox in of all places Nevada—Yes you must be a little crazy to put your body through such abuse. I pissed away more material items than most will acquire in a lifetime. I married another local girl briefly while in Joplin "drying out" Yea Buddy—that did not work either. You must have the want-to to do anything. Joplin was bringing nothing but headache heartache and trouble. The cause was too many old acquaintances and convenient watering holes. I convinced my mother that Joplin was not the place for me and off to Florida back I came to on a Big Dog in 1979. Carolyn picked me up at the bus station and we set out on our life together with --drying me out AGAIN --I always worked at something other than playing. I worked construction for a couple of years with my brother in law, then I worked as a yardman and a delivery driver for a building supply. All the while my rock (Carolyn) never rolled. To make a short chapter out of this in May of 1980 I finally convinced he we could make it and we married. For the next couple of years I only indulged in drinking if I was alone or with somebody. Finally in July of 1982 after a weeklong music festival I placed myself in Detox. My anniversary is July 13 or 31 years ago. The big reason is after the birth of my first grandson Jason, his mother asked me not to hold him when I was drinking!!! That thirty day stay came straight from

the man upstairs because he made everything fall into place when I asked for help. When I was at wit's end as to why my world was in the toilet. I had only to be standing in front of a mirror to see the answer. The reason was ME. By the way Jason who in now 31, has never seen his Paw-Paw ever take a drink. I still play clubs and have parties and get-togethers at our house with adult beverages, but I choose not to indulge.

Also in 1982 I formed a band with good solid musicians. The name of the band "BONE DRY". I continue to use that name and philosophy. We did all the regional festivals and music shows and almost every nightclub in the panhandle of Florida since including the LEGENDARY MULLETT FESTIVAL OLD SPANISH TRAIL-FESTIVAL, the week long Mardi-Gras spin-off, "BILLY BOWLEGS."

I took a job in 83 with the local Pontiac agency as a parts runner and chauffeur which translates to HEY YOU—do this / do that. I took the first opening in the shop for the service dept. including, but not limited to lube, oil and detailing cars. The service manager and I hit it off as he was a music lover and would come watch us play at different places. He recommended me to the boss to fill the Service Advisors job when the other guy got tired of a real job. About three years later he (Service Manager) had a chance to go back to work at the local Air Force Base from where he had retired, and I was able to follow in his shoes as Service Manager. I spent a lot of time in Tech Schools and Classes as the auto industry was making a big

change to protect our environment, and put more money in their pocket. The emissions system took a transformation and the dealerships and especially the mechanics were sent vehicles to work on before they had the classes on the system. It was my job to make the diagnosis on those vehicles. I evaluated the service department and noticed that the warranty work for tire balance, front end alignment and brake rotor turning on the new sale vehicles were being sent out to other shops, because of the lack of equipment. I convinced the owner to invest in that equipment and our shop turned a huge profit for the first year in two decades. I stayed there until the owner passed away and his son took over. He hired a General Manager who hired his son-in-law as Service Manager--and another turn came about. He wanted me to stay but go back to running the service department and train the new Service Manager. I thought not. Not no, but Hell No. I then went to work for Winn-Dixie a food chain in the Deli and Kitchen. That was August of 1998. They, like any other large corporation uses the tactics of Dept. Mgt. and part time workers. I stayed there on promises of advancement until 1991 when a local principal where my grandson went to school stopped by the Deli and asked if I knew anyone looking for a part time (four hour-five day) position with full benefits. After he left I clocked out and went directly to the administrative office for an application, and was sitting in his office when he got back from lunch.

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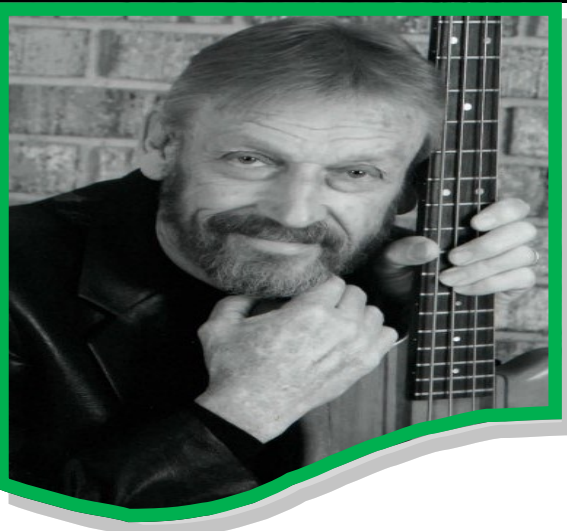
I made full time in one month. I went from what I call a "slop and mop", or no knowledge of anything pertaining to Janitorial or Plant Management to Head District Custodian and Plant manager of a 85,000 square foot, newly constructed elementary school and 23 acres of grounds to take care of in July of 1997. A month later I formed what is still CALD and Associates. I had to have a fictitious name invoice and for insurance purposes so I used our first initials in our names: Carolyn Ann Larry Don I did this because the crew sent to do the job fell out of the taxi too drunk to walk, and school started in two days. That Construction Management Company Jacobs / L-3 is still one of my larger janitorial contracts. In addition to installing all the furniture in my new school, School Specialty a major player in the school furniture business still uses me for their furniture installations all over Florida, which Carolyn and I worked side by side from daylight till late at night getting schools ready before the deadline came. I hold a sole source contract with the construction management firm to install their furniture fixtures and playground equipment and do all VCT finishing

for the new schools and renovations for this (Okaloosa) county. I retired from the School District last July.

The first day in 91 when I was hired, that principal said to me, "If you can make a positive difference in one child's life you have accomplished a great feat". I set out to do that and hope I still am. Some kids don't have an even playing field and need someone that believes in them. I had that support from my wife and her entire family plus mine when I needed it so I figured it was time to give back and Pay Forward. I have not visited Joplin since the passing of my Mother. However, Carolyn and I had joint custody of my eleven year nephew Ian Williams so we brought him home as my mother wished. We were made his full legal guardian the day after mothers passing. He is sixteen now and is attending Northwest Florida State College. He will graduate in 2015 with not only his High School Diploma but his A.A. in business unless he changes his major—This opportunity came about while working for the school district but not all make the grade—he has earned his. Mother watches I'm sure!

Carolyn, my wife, is still the love of my life. She was a professional floral designer and owned her own florist when I met her. She is also retired now but you would not know that by looking at our home. Every holiday is done to the nines with her creations and ability to turn every day into a special event right down to the last detail. Last year after my retirement, we transformed our backyard, because we were tired of GRASS WARS into a garden of flowering beauty, complete with Hot Tub, Cobblestone walkway, a 1000 gallon Waterfall with a Koi and Goldfish pond. Our lives have been blessed with "YOURS, MINE, AND OURS" children, nine grandchildren and two beautiful great grandchildren. But we have gone through the same problems as everyone else, like births, deaths, and raising teenager's with all their frustrations. I have news articles, billboard chart recognition, plaques, certificates, photos, letters of commendation, but nothing means as much as a grandchild putting their arms around your neck and saying "I love you Paw-Paw". Like my song says "Let The Master Do The Work." I'll See You Next June.

**Larry Don Williams**



***"We would like to extend our condolences to our classmate Anna Immekus for the loss of her husband and our '64 classmate Terry Beckham.***

JOPLIN, Mo. — "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent." John 17:3

This was the life verse for Terry Dale Beckham, Sr.

Terry began his earthly life on Dec. 15, 1946. He was born in Joplin, Mo., to the union of Grady F. Beckham and Amba M. Gilbert. Terry's eternal life began on July 5, 2013, when God took him home after a courageous battle with cancer.

Terry married the love of his life, Anna Lee Immekus, on Nov. 17, 1967. She survives at the home in Joplin.

Terry is also survived by two sons, Terry Dale Beckham II (wife, Tamara) and Shannon Patrick Beckham, along with seven grandchildren. Other survivors include siblings, Duane Beckham (wife, Sue), Grady Beckham (wife, Doris), Sondra Bottorff and Carol Jackson Haines. Many nieces, nephews, cousins and extended family and friends. He was preceded in death by his parents, and a sister, Joyce Jones ( husband, Jim) of Raytown, Mo.

Terry was a machinist by profession, working for Leggett and Platt for the past 14 years. He was a racer at heart, having turned countless laps at area racetracks. However, the most important thing in Terry's life was reading, learning, and teaching others about the love of Christ. Never forceful, but always ready with an answer for the hope that was within him when opportunity presented itself.

While we grieve the physical loss of his earthly body, we "...sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1 Thess. 4:13 Our hope lies in Christ Jesus.

Well done good and faithful servant.

Graveside services will be held at Hornet Cemetery, Hornet, Mo., at a later date.

We miss you, we love you, we will see you again.

[#http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/x1724752011/Terry-Beckham](http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/x1724752011/Terry-Beckham)




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We send condolences to Mike and Twyla Chapman in the loss of son Michael Shane Chapman. A Celebration of Life Memorial was held for Shane on June 15th in Joplin. Our thoughts and prayers join with the many others who honored Shane and family.

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We would also like to extend our sympathy to Jean Bryson Carrico for the loss of her brother Mike.  
<http://www.joplinglobe.com/obituaries/x319975533/Mike-Bryson>

We still have 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. So please help us locate the following 29 classmates:

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

*Linda Baugh (Robards)*

*Patricia Kay Belk*

*Carol Blankenship*

*Richard Burns*

*Gary M Colvin*

*Larry Conboy (Phoenix, AZ area)*

*Johnie Coots (Seguin, TX area)*

*Merlene Garrison (Burris)*

*James "Jim" Hilton*

*Clair Howard*

*Robert "Bob" Jordan*

*Michelle Massey*

*La Donna Miller*

*Carol Munson (Wrench)*

*Emma Nunn*

*Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien*

*Judy Osborne (Gardner)*

*Richard Lee Pearson*

*Patty Riley (Brewer)*

*Drucilla Short*

*Connie Smith*

*Robert James "Bob" Smith*

*Robert Joe "Bob" Smith*

*William "Bill" Ray Stow*

*Shirley Teague*

*Mary Thornton (Reed)*

*Linda Vails*

*Thomas Warren (Chicago, IL area)*

*Paula Weinacht*

**(29 Missing)**

Please help us out. In order to keep you informed and to value your input as we move toward our 50th Class Reunion, don't forget to include us on any changes in your contact information. You may do this on the by clicking on the following email address [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com), then enter your information and click on the "Send" tab, that's it folks. **If anyone has email addresses for Gail Heller or Mike Watson - please share, as what we had is no longer valid.**

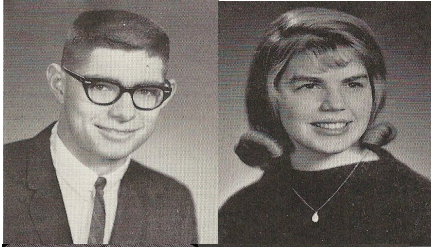
### **Continuing to Follow the Chapman's**

Taking that infamous 3 hour tour, not.

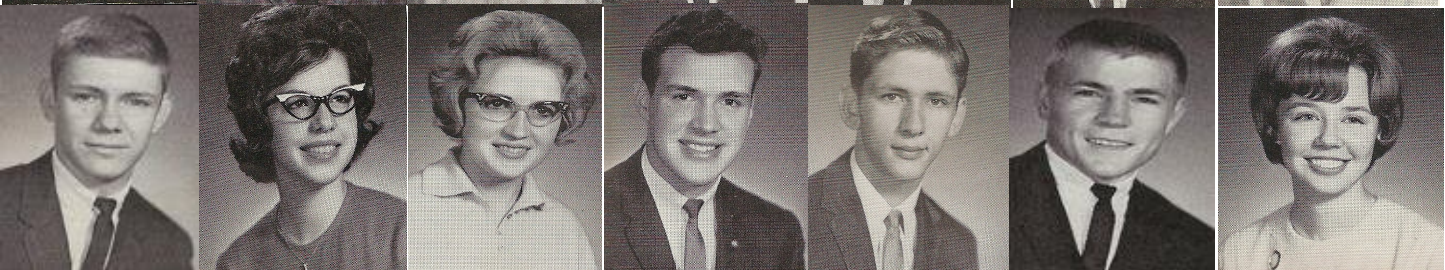
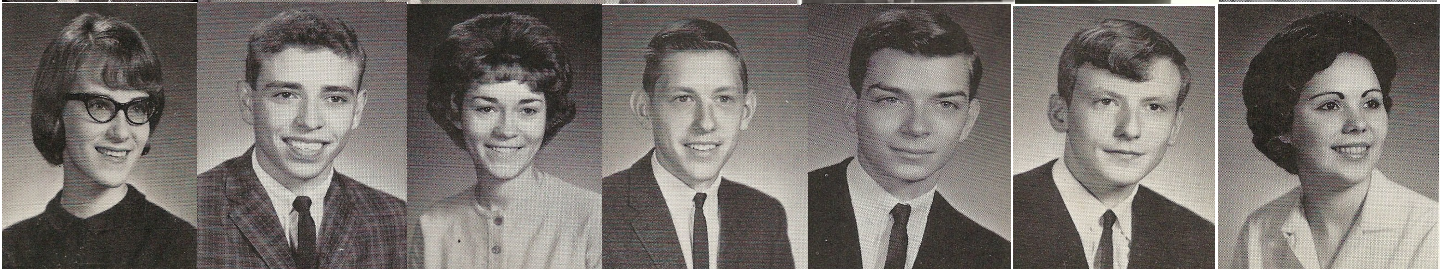
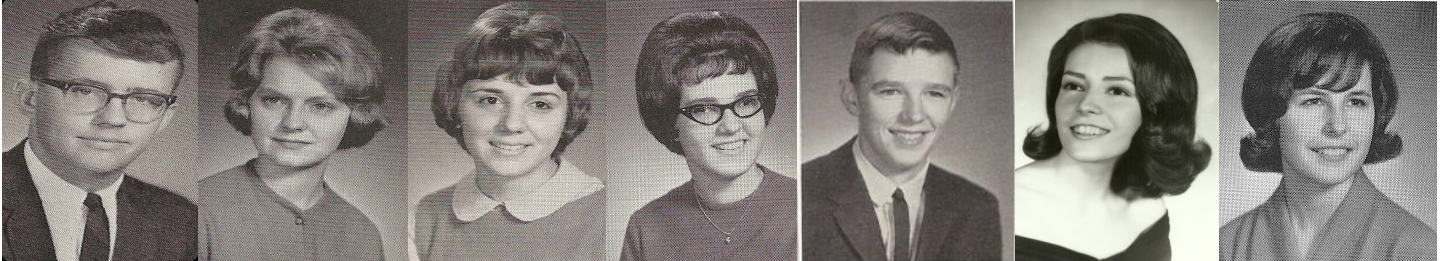
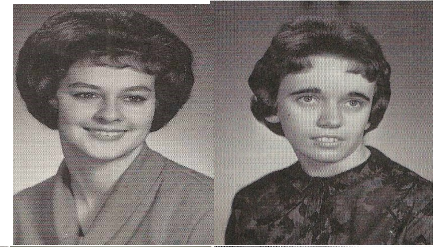
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cfR7qxtqCgY>. Mike & Twyla Chapman leased their home in Joplin, bought a boat and hit the waters around North America. They also have a blog set up and post their adventures on it almost daily.

<http://yw8t.blogspot.com/>





**Bio Contributors**



**We are still in need of bios for upcoming editions**

**\*\*\*\*\*Class Website\*\*\*\*\***

Our class website is in dire need of an update. Your 3 editors only have so much material to add to the website or to the newsletter and why we periodically reach out to you for your help in supplying copies of any old pictures, or current ones for that matter, of present or past events you or your family are or have enjoyed or been involved in. A story or hobby that you are doing that you would like to share with us, we would ever so much welcome. Pictures are really a blessing as we have aspirations on doing about a 2 hour slide show for our Friday "Meet & Greet" at the 50th and really need some electronic photos for that event. If you do not have a way to scan photos, we will be happy to do that and return to you unharmed. So if you get a moment to rummage through some old boxes or files and care to share your finds, we would be so appreciative. Help us make our website, newsletter and 50th High School Reunion the best one ever. Check us out at: [www.joplinmo64.com](http://www.joplinmo64.com).



**REUNION**  
**DUQUESNE SCHOOL CLASS OF 1969**  
**Joplin High School – Duenweg High School 1964**  
**50 YEARS!**

Walta (Arnold) Moore and Linda (Hensley) Evans is in the process of arranging a reunion of our Duquesne class. This will take place during the JHS '64 Reunion that's on Friday, June 20 and Saturday, June 21. It will be a very casual affair for you and your spouse. We still have time to change plans, but, we are thinking a luncheon to just meet and remember will be held at the Golden Corral, Saturday, June 21st. The Golden Corral has something for everyone (in Joplin on Range Line) and it will be Dutch.

We would like to compile an information sheet to pass out. If things are so that you can't come and would like to catch-up on everyone, we can send you a copy. With the info below, please include a short summary of what you've been doing for the past 50 years (i.e. Schooling; married; children; grandchildren; work history; etc.). If you have internet we would like to include a photo of you (& spouse) and you may send to my e-mail address: [kkbaj\\_gma@yahoo.com](mailto:kkbaj_gma@yahoo.com).

Please return information to Linda Evans, 317 W. Springfield, Union, MO 63084.

If you have any questions, you can call me (Linda) at 314-805-5109. I also plan a mailing.

Please send feedback.

Name (Maiden Name & Spouse): \_\_\_\_\_

Address (City, State, Zip): \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: (Home & Cell): \_\_\_\_\_

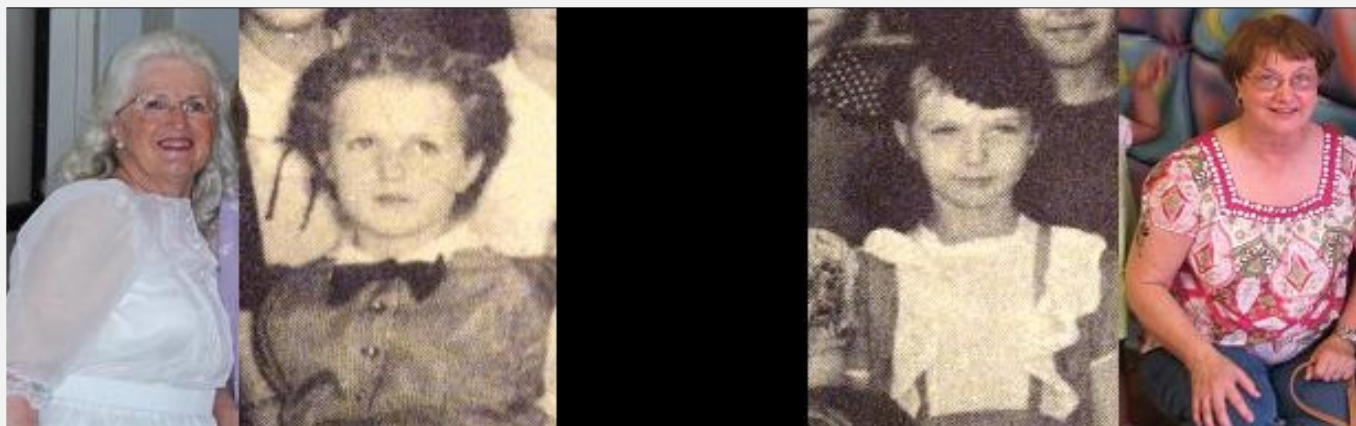
E-mail/Facebook: \_\_\_\_\_

The Number Attending: \_\_\_\_\_

**Linda Hensley Evans**

**&**

**Walta Arnold Moore**



The only campaign we have going right now to raise additional money is the raffling of the beautiful quilt, designed and structured with care and love by classmate Jeanne Lewis. We also have a cutting board and bread server crafted by classmate John Keeling. Raffle tickets are being sold for \$1 each, so that equals .50 cents a drawing. Hopefully we will have more donated merchandise added to the raffle program since it will not take place until the evening of our Saturday night banquet. If you care to purchase any of the raffle tickets in advance, just let us know at the class email address, [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com) and send your check or cash to Stephanie White Everitt at 2821 Wisconsin, Joplin, MO 64804 and we will fill out the tickets with your name & phone number, and place them into the drawing barrel, that's all there is to it folks. You DO NOT have to be present to win.

***\$1 Raffle Tickets Purchase & Own A Class Treasure \$1***



***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](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com)***



Our 50th is less than a year away. With that in mind, we would like to touch on a few subjects that will make this event one to treasure and remember well into the next century. ☺

One remembrance token will be a DVD of the event. Dick Espy of The VideoWorks in Roeland Park, KS will videotape and edit our Meet & Greet as well as the Saturday night banquet. We also plan to record some quick interviews or comments from classmates that will be added to this keepsake. The DVD will be part of the attendance package, just like the Friday Meet & Greet event. That spells no charge. So what this means is one price (and that hasn't been set yet, as it depends on future donations) will get you into the Meet & Greet & the Saturday night banquet and a DVD of the event. As we've stated in the past, we have a signed contract with the Holiday Inn for a 3-meat buffet with all the trimmings at the 2011 price and the Friday Meet & Greet that will feature hors d'oeuvres and a cash bar as well as a slideshow.

We are striving to keep the cost as low as possible and to do that we call on classmates who can see their way clear to donate what they can to help defray our final cost. In our last newsletter we asked for donations to be submitted by June 1st and we had one donation come through and we were elated at that and we thank you for it. We also mentioned that one could donate in memory of a classmate or classmates. I did a small donation in remembrance of our three classmates that we lost in Vietnam. Just know that every little bit helps folks, it doesn't have to be a John Beresford Tipton check, honestly it doesn't. No amount is too small, \$5, \$10, \$20, or whatever, and the amount will be anonymously appreciated. So, we come to you again and ask those that have said they would be happy to donate, to do just that so we can hopefully set our price for the event and place in our next newsletter, which will come out in October. Any donation amount will be securely sealed, but we would like to feature names in the class directory of those that have donated money, time and raffle merchandise to the event. To give you an idea of what we face with our celebration;

the Friday gig will have a food cost, as well a projector/screen cost for our slideshow. The Saturday night event will have a buffet, live band, decorations and a printed class directory, not to mention the DVD and miscellaneous items and I'm sure some surprises to boot. Any monetary donation can be sent to our class treasurer, Stephanie White Everitt at 2821 Wisconsin, Joplin, MO 64804 and checks or money order should be made out to JHS Class of 64.

Attention ladies. For obvious reasons, our classmate contact list is based on the Joplino yearbook; hence, all ladies are listed by their maiden name. Lord knows we are ever so thankful to those that communicate with us using the class email address. But when we get a message or question from Jane Smith and we have no one by that name listed, then we have to spend time tracking down Jane Smith and find that it's really classmate Jane Doe. So please include your maiden name when communicating with us. I know from experience that I have received friend requests on Facebook from Jane Smith and she will sit in my limbo file until I locate who it is that I only knew by her maiden name, and it's then I friend them. So the maiden name, for communication purposes is very valuable to us and we will be forever grateful to you for using it when communicating with us.

We previously talked about the slideshow that will be playing at the Meet & Greet as we mingle and chat. The ammo for this is **YOU**. We need pictures, both past & present and the only prerequisite is **YOU** must be featured in the picture. Just pictures of the grandkids without you being in the frame, ain't gonna cut it. But one with you and the grandkids or friends & relatives would be awesome. Vacation pictures that you have appeared in are very much welcomed. We have a few that were donated by classmates when we started our class website and we will use those, but many more are needed as we would like this to be at least an hour and a half slide show. So feel free to be part of the gang and share a few pics with us by sending to [joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com](mailto:joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com). **DK**

Ann Wheeler*	Jay Campbell	Monty Gavin*
Beverly Brown	Jeanne Lewis	Nancy Godfrey
Beverly Horton & Greg Moore%	Jeanne Lind	Nancy Hill
Billie Lenger & Dave Stockam	Jerry Bracket	Nita Dilworth
Bob Carpenter	Jill Longenecker*	Pam Franks
Bruce McCaw* %	Jim Christiansen	Pam Key*
Carol Corbin*	Jim Keagy*	Pat Aggus*
Charlene Veteto*	Jim Krudwig*	Paula Mills* %
Charles Baker	John "Larry" Buehner	Perry Potter* %
Connie Culton	John Keeling*	Phyllis Payne
David Colvin*	Joyce Tillman	Rick Sadler*
David Knisley%	Judy Greenwood*	Robyn King
Dean Papp	June Duvall	Roger Brown
Dennis Lea* %	June Johnson*	Ronnie Kelly*
Dennis Smith* %	Karen Trenary	Rosemary Kempt
Diana "Leigh" White%	Karol Tate	Ross Smith & Jeanne Looper%
Diane Moore%	Kathy Horton* %	Sallie Schofield%
Dick Smith*	Kathy Korn	Sharon Peters
Don Cline	Larry Don Williams*	Sherri Campbell*
Donna Atteberry	Larry Horine & Sue Trimble	Stephanie White*
Donna Drake%	Linda Hensley*	Steve Campbell
Donna Powers	Linda Waltman	Susan Riley*
Donna Thurman	Lonny Dixon	Suzanne Gilmore*
Ellen Zwicker	Lyle Rosenberry*	Tom Harrison*
Evelyn Smith*	Lynn Lawson	Tommie Brown
Everett French	Mardell Thomas*	Vicki Jones*
Frank Metz* %	Marian Wolf* %	Walt Meador
Glenda Roe	Martha Earhart*	Wayne Hampton*
Harry Boyd	Marvin Gray*	<b>*With Spouse or Guest</b>
Harry Reaves* %	Mary Lee Cole	<b>% Staying at the Holiday Inn</b>
Hedy Barkley	Melanie O'Flaherty (Friday Only)	<b>Remember June 20-21, 2014</b>
Janet Hale* %	Mickey Moore* %	<b>Please look this over and notify us of any change that may be needed. Are you showing a guest &amp; staying at the Holiday Inn? Make sure your info is correct.</b>
Jan Martin* %	Mike Carper/Juanita Conner%	
Janet Wetherell* %	Mike Shipley* %	
Janice McBride%	Mitch Stephens*	
Janice Thornberry*	Mitch Stinnett*	



SALLIE SCHOFIELD

MIKE SISKOWSKI

CARL FISHER

SUSAN GODFREY

**Choir Leaves**

Four members of the 92-voice Joplin Senior high school concert choir are shown boarding a bus this morning to travel to the spring music festival at Northeast Oklahoma A and M College in Miami. High schools participating

include Vinita, Quapaw, Miami, Pryor, Adair, Commerce, Ketchum, Collinsville, Ponca City, Picher, Webb City, Wyandotte, Bluejacket, Neosho and Goodman, in addition to Joplin. —(Joplin Globe-News Herald staff photograph.)

**"From classmate John Keeling"**

In the summer of 2012, Mary Leach, a neighbor of ours in San Antonio, travelled to Washington, D. C., with her sister. Mary's sister was attending a conference, but there was to be some time for sightseeing. One of the places they were going to be visiting was the Vietnam Memorial. I had asked her if she would mind doing a rubbing of some names. She said she would be happy to do that, and I gave her the names of Jon Rippee, Brent Horton, and Clark Henson, all Joplin Senior High School Class of '64. I also gave her the name of a cousin from Cassville, Aaron Lowe. The day they visited, she made the

rubbing. She had done all of them, with the exception of Jon Rippee's, with the pencil they provide at the memorial. As she started to do Jon's, a lady handed her a black crayon and told her that was a much better way to do it. After completing the rubbing, she was not happy with the way it turned out, but time did not permit to do it with a pencil.

The next evening, they were doing a night tour, and the bus stopped at the Viet Nam Memorial again. I have never been to the memorial, but Mary said it is much more moving at night. The lighting is very sedate, and the names are harder to read. When the tour di-

rector learned Mary was going to make a rubbing, she asked if Mary would mind if the rest of the tour observed. Told that would be fine, the entire tour bus joined Mary in returning to the panel containing Jon Rippee's name. The tour group was primarily younger people. As Mary made the rubbing of Jon's name, everyone in the tour, in total silence, gathered around and lighted the panel with their cell phones. It was, Mary said, a very moving experience for the entire group, and our old friend Jon became known to them all. Rest in Peace, Jon, Brent, Clark, and the thousands whose names are on that wall. 🙏



We have around 25 classmates that live in or around the Kansas City area and we've been known to gather at a local watering hole for dinner and some sort of libation. We've never come close to having all 20+ at one of these gatherings, but we are hopeful as we've had decent turnouts at some and enjoy catching up with what has been going on with each of us. It was at one of these functions that classmate Harry Reaves, President of Tycor Community Development Corporation, was telling us about his promoting of the Harvest Moon American Indian Festival. The 2012 event was going to be held at Union Station in the heart of Kansas City.

Since I'm involved in communications and video production, I'm thinking we could put something together in the way of a promo program that would help the 2013 festival to grow and increase awareness. Since Jeanne Looper Smith and I have worked together the past 3 years and have developed a great approach to writing for video in the spoken word, we put our heads together and decided to pitch in and see what we can come up with and help promote the 2013 event.

Harry donated some tickets to the 2012 program to be used as a giveaway at the class car show we had in Joplin last September. Jim & Judith Christiansen got two of the tickets and made the trip to KC and attended the October event.

On opening day, we spent time soaking up what this was all about. Jeanne taking notes for her script writing and me with video camera in hand doing some taping. I approached one of my disc jockey friends to donate the narration and one of my freelance pre & post production guys to do the editing. The entire production was an adventure in the making and classmates uniting, sort of like 50 years ago. Checkout the finish product that was placed on You Tube. 🐾 **Dave Knisley**

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oJK9j-sb\\_Ks](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oJK9j-sb_Ks)

