



Joplin Eagles

"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 27

Class Newsletter February 9, 2017

Here Is Our 27th Edition

"Baby it's cold outside!"

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Well, that may not be true for you—'cause that statement is predicated on where you're spending the winter season. But in the Midwest, it's still hunker down territory for a few more weeks.

I'm not a fan of winter, and because that's so, Ross and I are making good on our threats to move to the Sunshine State on March 1.

However, that's not the only change on the horizon for the newsletter team. Phyllis Payne Sapp is retiring from the JHS Class of '64 editorial staff. (More on that to follow in this edition.)

Phyllis, it's been such fun these past six years to don our writing hats along with Dave Knisley and to collectively create content for each issue of the newsletter. Thanks for your unique writing style, your heart for our hometown of Joplin and our class—and your dedication to making each issue fun and informative.

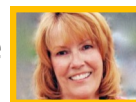
Getting to know Phyllis better on a personal level has been a big bonus for me. Phyllis will continue to write, but now she'll be focused on writing her family history and sharing that with her children and grandchildren.

Speaking of writing, I'm taking this opportunity to let you know that, just before Christmas, I published a book—"Retro Road Trip: Taking the Long Way Home."

I'd love it if you'd ride shotgun with me on a trip to our hometown and mid-century memories.

The Joplin Globe column that follows will give you the back-story on how those memories took form in print.

Winter may not be my favorite season, but dang if it isn't the perfect time to curl up with a good book.



Jeanne Looper Smith



A love song to Joplin



I was always fascinated by my hometown.

I was so enamored with Joplin that as a fourth-grader at Washington School, I asked my father to take me to the library to check out a book about its history. (There were no Google searches in 1954).

I pored over the pages of "The Story of Joplin" by Dolph Shaner written in the 1940s about Joplin's beginnings as a wild and wooly Mid-western mining town.

I was mesmerized by the pictures in Shaner's book of circus elephants

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parading down Joplin's dusty, unpaved Main Street in the late 1880s — the same street that more than half a century later I'd cruise down in a '57 Chevy.

My dad's stock brokerage office was located on the main floor of the Connor Hotel on Main Street, and that locale began my childhood love affair with the street and the architectural treasures that had taken up residence there.

Other locations in town were the settings of my coming of age in Joplin — experiences that had taken up residence in my heart.

With all this focus on Joplin's history, let me report a bit about my own:

I was born in Muskogee, Oklahoma, which makes me an "Okie from Muskogee" thanks to Merle Haggard and his famous ode of the same name.

Muskogee was my mother's hometown. And much like a homing pigeon, she returned to Muskogee to give birth to the first three of her children, my two brothers and me, in the late '30s and '40s. I was the last of her children to be an unofficial "Okie" and then return home to Joplin to begin life.

My sister Virginia was born in the master bedroom of a big log house across from TAMKO Roofing five years later. My mother had gotten the "migration to Muskogee" bug out of her system at that point, partially because of an actual bug ("childbed fever") contracted at Muskogee General during my birth.

As a result, Mother had decided to take her chances with a home birth attended by Webb City's Dr. Slaughter. (Now there's a gutsy name for someone in the healing arts).

As a side note, both of the towns where I had early encounters have songs that put them on the map — even if my connection to them hasn't.

There's Merle's ditty about Muskogee and the often-recorded standard "Route 66" that prominently features Joplin as a pass-through spot on the trip that musically promises to be quite a kick.

My family moved away from Joplin in the early 1960s to Kansas City — another town with its own song — where I finished the last two years of high school.

But the move didn't finish my fascination with Joplin — even though it would be four decades before I returned to visit in 2004.

Much like my mother, my own homing instinct carried me back to my hometown, and I began writing columns for The Joplin Globe that were a microcosm of life in midcentury America about growing up in Joplin in the '50s and early '60s.

Recently, I published "Retro Road Trip: Taking the Long Way Home," which is a compilation of these columns. The book recreates the era — not only the look but the feel of the time.

It's not all malt shops and memories but a realistic peek at the culture of Joplin and America in mid-20th century — often funny, poignant and sobering.

And it's not just a view through the rear-view mirror; there's a pit stop or two at the corner of "Now."

So whether you grew up in Joplin or anywhere in small-town America — or just wished you had — you can put your thumb up and hitchhike along.

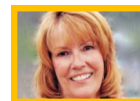
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I'm singing a note of gratitude to Shaner and his tome that was the driver of my own book of stories about my spectacular hometown.

No need to trek to the library to find these — just a quick visit to Amazon.

Because whether you're parading down Joplin's Main Street in the 1880s on the back of a circus pachyderm or feeling the wind in your face through the cranked-down windows of a '57 Chevy, this retro road trip promises to be one cool ride.

Buckle up, baby; we're taking the long way home.



Jeanne Looper Smith can be reached at wistfulwordsmith@gmail.com

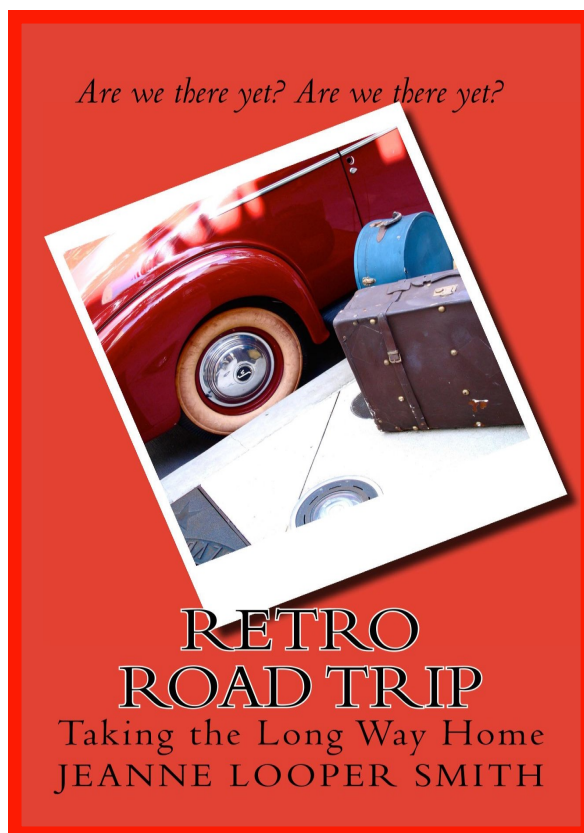
You can vicariously ride along on "Retro Road Trip: Taking the Long Way Home" by Jeanne Looper Smith without leaving the comfort of your own home.

Click on the link to order from Amazon.

https://www.amazon.com/Retro-Road-Trip-Taking-Long/dp/1534907769/ref=sr_1_1?s=instant-video&ie=UTF8&qid=1486158389&sr=8-1&keywords=jeanne+looper+smith

It promises to be one "cool" ride.

Jeanne Looper Smith



I'm sure many of us have had this same experience. . . . finding ourselves as busy after retirement as when working fulltime. It dawned on me a few months ago that I have several things on the "to do" list that just keep getting pushed aside, year after year.

While much is addressed, more thoughts just jump on the list. One very dear to my heart is writing a personal history to pass on to my children and grands sharing chapters from both their father's and my sides of the family. So far, I've only finished two chapters, both of which tell of how my parents and John's met, dated, and married. Future chapters swirl in my mind, and I'm in the mood to get them written.

Having become the matriarch of both sides of the family, I realize there are many scenarios I experienced that those on extended branches of the family tree didn't. There are always questions I wish I would have asked older relatives when they were living, ones that I didn't think about in earlier years. With that in mind, I promised myself that I would pen a private, biographical journal of weekly chapters to leave in my safe deposit box. My hope is that the family will find it a

surprise gift of love when they can no longer quiz me on the past. As I reflect upon the times of our lives, I am taken back to the WW II service of my father who served on a ship that many didn't survive dual Kamikaze planes, his return to serve during the Korean War when I was just old enough to remember him leaving, the next year beginning West Central kindergarten with Regan Thomas, Everett French, and Katherine Patterson and years later the four of us graduating from Drury together, the years of those early elementary, jr. high and JHS friendships (many of whom remain friends today and one special lady, Charlene Veteto Jones, who was my maid of honor decades ago and arrived in town as a surprise to celebrate my 70th), as well as the early years of our marriage when I arrived in Memphis just days after King's assassination to interview for my first teaching job, teaching in a segregated school, John enlisting after dental school and serving during the Vietnam years, returning to our hometown to raise the kids, and on and on.

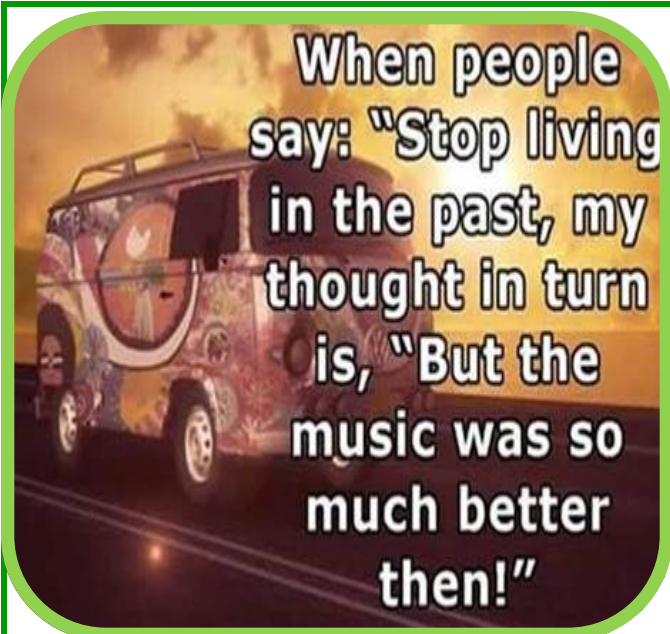
We all have monumental memories that could fill volumes. If you haven't written memories for your family, it might be something to add to your own list. How I've

enjoyed the dozens of biographical works that have been shared in our newsletter!

THANK YOU so very much to each of you who took time to create and share such interesting articles. I've enjoyed communicating with you over the last six years, writing On the Inside Looking Out as we moved forward from the tornado, and working with Jeanne and DK on the publication. It's time for me to retire once again from something I've truly enjoyed and begin more chapters for my family project while the mind is still functioning. Otherwise, my non-fiction family biographical sketches might become cognitively impaired fiction!



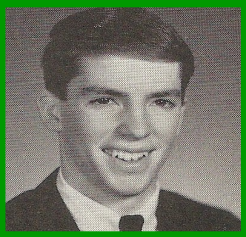
**Best wishes,
Phyllis Payne Sapp**



Some days I amaze myself.

Other days, I put my keys in the fridge.





Greg Moore Bio

"First, I am a very lucky and fortunate guy in that I am married to Beverly Horton, who I met the 1st day of 7th grade in Mr. Nelson's homeroom at East."



As I near my 70th birthday, I figured maybe it was time to participate in the JHS class newsletter biography process while I'm still above ground. This is not an easy task to sum up your life... especially when you've read the bios of other classmates. So much has been accomplished, success gained, selfless paying it forward, legacies established by the Joplin Class of 1964. It's remarkable to me that one's life is shaped by a combination of God's plan, the choices you make, and happenstance. But, I am trying to achieve a "Life Well Lived", which was the eulogy theme for a dear friend's funeral. Trying is the operative word as I am not dead yet and am still learning/striving/struggling. So, what has shaped my life? Please bear with me as I recall some stories.

First, I am a very lucky and fortunate guy in that I am married to Beverly Horton, who I met the 1st day of 7th grade in Mr. Nelson's homeroom at East. She was a Teacher's Pet (I believe), taller than me, and beautiful...I stupidly teased her throughout the year. Who knew we would start dating the day after graduation and be married in June 1969...the best decision I've ever made! 47 1/2 years later we are still married, living in Holiday Island, Arkansas, 5 miles north of Eureka Springs. We became engaged at Thanksgiving 1968, after assistance from the post office in Kansas City. I was on a job recruiting visit and got stranded at the plant. A mailman broke the rules and gave me a ride to the bus station in his van so I could get home by Thanksgiving to ask Beverly to marry me. We made it to the station in time, and the rest is history!

Beverly and I were blessed with one daughter, Lynette, born in 1972. Lynette was a remarkable child...even though it was the 70s; she did not demand the latest brand label clothes! I made some fatherly mistakes, such as taking her as an 8-yr old to play softball in 105-degree weather in TX; I should be in jail as Beverly told me. Lynette met her husband Joe the first day of her freshman year on the campus of Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene, TX, as he swiped her cafeteria card. She was married between sophomore semesters in 1992. We hadn't expected or planned for her to leave home so soon, but, as someone told us, that was your plan, not hers! Lynette and Joe just celebrated their 25th anniversary and have one daughter, Natalie, a 17-year old junior blessing in Wichita Falls, TX. Lynette might not have been in Abilene at all if not for her church friends...a church different than ours. Again, another twist, but one that is so amazingly good!

I became an Industrial Engineer because of Mr. Anderson in trig class. The 1st day he told our class of 17 that only 2 of us would become engineers...he didn't know what the rest of us would become, but it was not engineers. I looked to my right, then my left, and knew that I was not one of the 2. And, I believed him, so I declared Business as my major at JUCO. After 1 semester, I looked at the folks enrolled in pre-engineering classes, and the Yahoo theory kicked in...If that Yahoo can do it, then I can. So, I switched to engineering. After transferring to the University of Oklahoma (OU) in 1966, I took my first Physics 2 class test, and made a 12. At that point, I thought that maybe Mr. Anderson was right! I decided I should not be a design engineer, but I could plan and organize, so Industrial Engineering was just right for me.

I took a job with Texas Instruments (TI) after OU as a Manufacturing Engineer...it was the first of my 5 careers at TI and Raytheon Company, always a part of the defense business in Dallas. The 5 careers were operations, site and engineering administration, total quality, Six Sigma expert, and regional diversity management. I spent 44 years, 11 months and 4 days with the companies, and enjoyed almost every day there. When I took that 1st job, I never imagined my career would end with 20 years of involvement with people programs and diversity management. But, that portion was the most rewarding as it allowed me to work towards achieving dignity, respect and fairness for all, remembering the "We're ALL in this together" philosophy and that "Together, WE can achieve more!"

I served 6 years with the USMC Reserves, leaving for boot camp in San Diego the day after Christmas 1970. Since I was in the defense business, I was deferred my first year, but, a change in job assignments was not accepted by the Jasper County draft board, and I became 1A the day after Thanksgiving 1970. Being married, I wanted to fulfill my active duty obligation quickly, so I chose the reserves. It probably surprises some of you that I chose the Marines, but, there was not a line at the recruiting office, and I didn't trust myself to fold a parachute correctly every time for a National Guard paratroop unit. I was a 24-year old piece of slime in boot camp as 1971 began. I learned a good deal about myself in the Marines, and the experience served me well in life, but, I still feel some guilt in that I did not serve on extended duty as many of you did.

I remember key events along the way and where I was at that moment: Natalie's birth; the assassinations of JFK, Bobby and MLK; Neil Armstrong stepping onto the moon; Watergate hearings; the Cowboys loss to Baltimore in the Super Bowl; Jimmy Johnson..."How 'bout them cowboys!"; the 1st hand-held calculator...\$300, sold at a Dallas department store; the Challenger disaster; the gasoline crisis; the tech bubble crash; 9-11; the elections of Barak Obama and Donald Trump; OU National Championship football wins and losses; and the words of Beverly's mom Ruth upon the election of Bill Clinton..."your generation has the ball now, don't mess it up!"

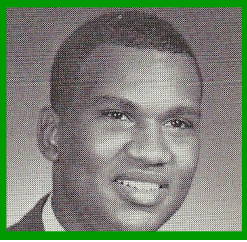
There have been personal losses...Family--parents, grandparents, brother and sister, aunts and uncles; 3 friends who were in our wedding party; classmates; friends from Dallas. Medical emergencies and surgeries, declining health and capabilities. And many blessings, too...hearing the words of wonderful ministers from the pulpit; the coordinated notes from a bell choir; enjoying the amazing beauty of the Ozarks and its wildlife each morning; the tremendous medical advances we have available; receiving some national and state diversity recognition; a good daily newspaper...plus, cell phones!

I still attempt to be athletic. I was always on the fringe of average, and continue such to this day. I have completed 2 marathons and 20 half-marathons, however, I walk them now... slowly. I generally am in the last group to start, but not the last to finish, although I can see that person behind me. I had to give up tennis due to an ongoing weak first serve. Golf continues to be a mystery, but I am getting a lot more practice in Holiday Island. I struggle with attaining "perfect practice makes perfect" ...but, my partners in the Old Coots league do understand.

In closing, I feel that I have an amazingly blessed life. I'm fortunate in so many ways, like many of you. I believe that most of us try to do Good, it's just that some days I'm "Gooder" than others.

Thanks for reading...our Very Best to you from Arkansas! Come see us...good bed, free coffee!

Greg & Beverley Horton Moore greg.bev@verizon.net



Robert "Bob" Smith Bio

"The mediocre teacher tells. The good teacher explains. The superior teachers demonstrate. The great teachers inspires" – William Arthur Ward



I am sure each of us has had their favorite high school teachers and those I feel had an impact on me include: Mr. Ted Anderson who was my trigonometry teacher in high school and volunteered to assist me with that new college algebra when I entered college. Mrs. Mary Fuller taught me typing which was perhaps one of the most valuable classes I had taken. Not only was I able to make a little money while I was in college typing papers, but a typed paper usually added points to my term papers. For a little history, Mrs. Fuller's husband was the first Park Superintendent at the George Washington Carver National Monument. The family later moved to St. Louis and he managed the Gateway Arch. Ms. Mary Wiseman and Ms. Beverly Pickett gave me the knowledge of how to do research papers which would be valuable while in college. They were picky but that made me a better student and more prepared for college. Senor Colon gave me the basics in Spanish, and upon taking additional hours in junior college, I had met the foreign language requirements to get my Bachelor's degree.

The senior year in high school was memorable for the 1964 graduating class. John Kennedy was assassinated on November 22, 1963. I vividly remember being in study hall when the announcement came over the intercom. Also during that fall semester the Joplin Globe did a series of articles on graduating seniors regarding their plans after high school. I was honored to be selected as one of the students to be interviewed – I still have the article. Wearing my ROTC uniform in the school office, I stated my plans were to attend Joplin Junior College and transfer to Howard University to get a degree in Social Work. Upon graduating from high school, I did attend Joplin Junior College and got a job at Sears & Roebuck as a part-time sales clerk in the hardware, electrical and paint department. No African-American had worked as a sales person in a Joplin department store. I earned \$1.25 hourly. When there was a gas war I could get regular gas for \$0.19 a gallon to put in my 1951 dodge that my uncle had given me. Money earned from the Sears job helped pay for part of my education when I transferred to Howard. With a \$100.00 scholarship a year from the Masonic Lodge, my first 2 years of college expenses totaled \$20.00 (\$5 per semester) for book rental.

Upon graduating from Jasper County Junior College (formerly Joplin Junior College), I attended Howard University in Washington D.C. What an educational experience that was. A young black man from a small town in Missouri going to a Historical Black College University (HBCU) in Washington D.C. was a cultural shock. Plus, for the first time I was on my own. In addition to the activities that Washington offered, I had the opportunity to be taught by professors from diverse backgrounds and converse with students from all over the world. Most memorable was my senior year being in Washington D.C. when Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated. It brought back memories of my senior year at Joplin High School when President Kennedy had been killed. I was in my apartment when the news came on the television. Like most of the country, I was shocked. After I graduated from Howard, I moved to Kansas City.

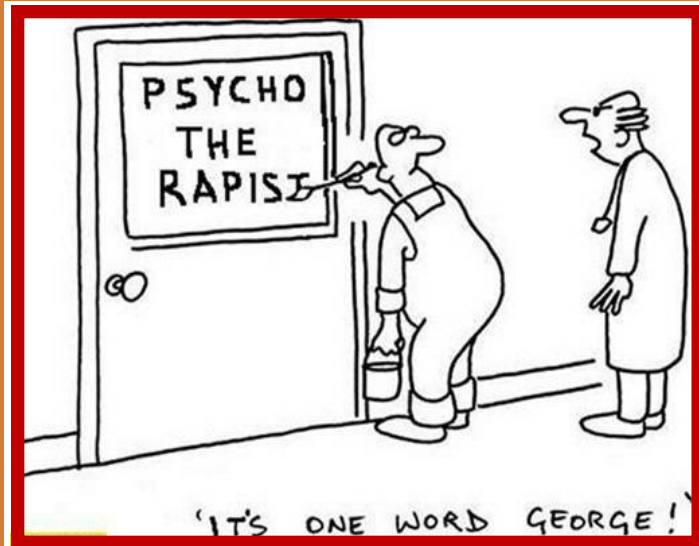
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I married in 1968, divorced in 1971 and got custody of our son. 1977 brought new changes in my life as Marsha and I were married. We both earned our Master's Degree in Counseling from the University of Missouri/Kansas City that year. She retired in 2008 from the Social Security Administration as a disability processing specialist. Our oldest son is in upper management with a national auto dealership. He is married, lives in Scottsdale, Az., has two children -- one granddaughter (age 24) has just earned her Master's Degree from Johns Hopkins University in business and lives in the Washington D.C. area. Our grandson (age 20) is in the Navy. He has a pilot license and while taking college classes his long range goal is to fly for the Navy. Marsha and I have 2 other sons ages 38 and 34 who live in Kansas City. Both are married and between the two we have been blessed with four granddaughter's ages three months, four, seven, 14 and one grandson age 10. The 38 year old son is a manager with the Social Security Administration and the other son is taxpayer advocate for the Department of Treasury.

When I initially moved to Kansas City, I worked for the Division of Welfare. I had been offered a job working for IBM as a sales executive in Springfield making more money, but my calling was to assist the less fortunate. Working at the Division of Welfare was an experience that one could never get out of formal education. I learned a lot about how the real world operated. I stayed there one year. I got a job as the Program Director for Della C. Lamb Neighborhood Center, -- an agency serving the culturally and economically disadvantaged. My job responsibilities included supervising 3 staff members, and an average of 28 volunteers. I left Della C. Lamb after 5 years and accepted a position with Jewish Vocational Services (JVS) as a coordinator of a grant program assisting the long term disabled, seeking employment. After one year I was offered a job with the agency as a regular employee. During the next 13 years I was the Supervisor of Rehabilitation Services increasing the staff size from 2 1/2 to 14 fulltime employees, and increasing the department's budget by 450%. I was most proud of the fact the agency received four consecutive three year accreditations by the Commission on Accreditation of Rehabilitation Facilities -- a first for the agency. Around 1980 Missouri established a law stating if a person wanted to be called "counselor" they had to be licensed (with a few exceptions). Passing the national test for licensure, I became a L.P.C. --Licensed Professional Counselor. I left JVS in 1989 and accepted a position doing vocational counseling/assessments for an insurance company under Kansas Worker's Compensation law (my only job working for a profit corporation). As the for profits environment was not "my cup of tea", in 1992 I accepted a position as a counselor under a United States Department of Education grant via the Metropolitan Community College -- Kansas City. My major responsibilities included assisting low income first generation students gain access to any college in the country and, most importantly get the financial aid (scholarships and grants) to pay for it. On a national level I trained professionals on the process to assist students with defaulted student loans as well as the process of getting the scholarships and grants from the colleges and universities. After 18 years, I retired in 2010. Upon reflection, this was my most rewarding job. As big as Kansas City is, I do run into clients that I assisted and some of these former students are now M.D.'s lawyers, nurses, firemen, engineers, store managers, counselors, etc.

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Marsha and I have enjoyed our retirement, mainly because it provides us freedom to be flexible. For the past 6 years we have babysat at least one grandchild, one day a week. This fall the second youngest began attending school fulltime. Now with the new granddaughter, that tradition will continue. We try to take one or two major trips a year. Trips have included an Alaskan cruise, multiple trips to D.C. (can't see it all in a week), Phoenix, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Memphis, Martha's Vineyard and Las Vegas. We have never been to Hawaii and since our 40th anniversary is approaching a trip there might be possibility in 2017. 🐾



How many boxes of these Thin Mints do I have to eat before I start seeing results?

BEHIND EVERY ANGRY WOMAN, STANDS A MAN WHO HAS ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT HE DID WRONG!

SHARED ON I'M NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD.COM

I thought growing old would take longer.

Those wonderful Church Bulletins! Thank God for church ladies with typewriters

The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.

The sermon this morning: Jesus Walks on the Water. The sermon tonight: Searching for Jesus. Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.

Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our community. Smile at someone who is hard to love. Say 'Hell' to someone who doesn't care much about you.

Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.

Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

Next Thursday there will be tryouts for the choir. They need all the help they can get.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.

At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be 'What Is Hell?' Come early and listen to our choir practice.

Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.

Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.

The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

Potluck supper, Sunday at 5:00 PM - prayer and medication to follow.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10 AM. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B. S. is done.

The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.

Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please use the back door.

The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.



The man that gave the shoes off his feet to a homeless woman



The motorcyclist who stopped to help an old lady pass safely



Consolation knows no color



The store employee who gives extra service

You do not know me but I saw that you needed some tires for your truck and I wanted to do something nice for a stranger because one day a stranger did the same for me. The receipt is in the envelope and all you have to do is go by Warehouse Tire on 3rd Street and ask for Steven Hodges and they will be put them on for free. All I ask is that one day you do something nice for a complete stranger.

The person who put new tires on a strangers car, just because



The crowd who decided that a fan should be able to watch the show, no matter what

Remembrances and sympathy to our classmates and family:

We extend our sympathy to the family for the passing of our classmate Margie Dolan Pickard
<http://www.masonwoodard.com/book-of-memories/2798426/Pickard-Margie/service-details.php>

Condolences also go out to the family of classmate Jene Baldwin for his recent passing
http://www.thornhill-dillon.com/memsol.cgi?user_id=1900577

We ask for prayer for the family of our classmate Larry Conboy. May he rest in peace.
<https://www.patriotguard.org/showthread.php?427086-Larry-Conboy-USA-Vietnam-Scottsdale-AZ-09-JAN-17>

Sympathy is given to our classmate Jana Swab's, for the loss of her Mother Eileen Swab
http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh_id/10419/id/4044147

Our thoughts & prayers to classmate John "Pee-Wee" Singleton's loss of his sister, Mary Singleton.
http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/index.cfm/obituaries/view/fh_id/10419/id/4042686

Condolences to classmate Donna Powers Hansen for the loss of her sister Sandra.
<http://www.masonwoodard.com/book-of-memories/2826716/Duncan-Sandra/service-details.php>

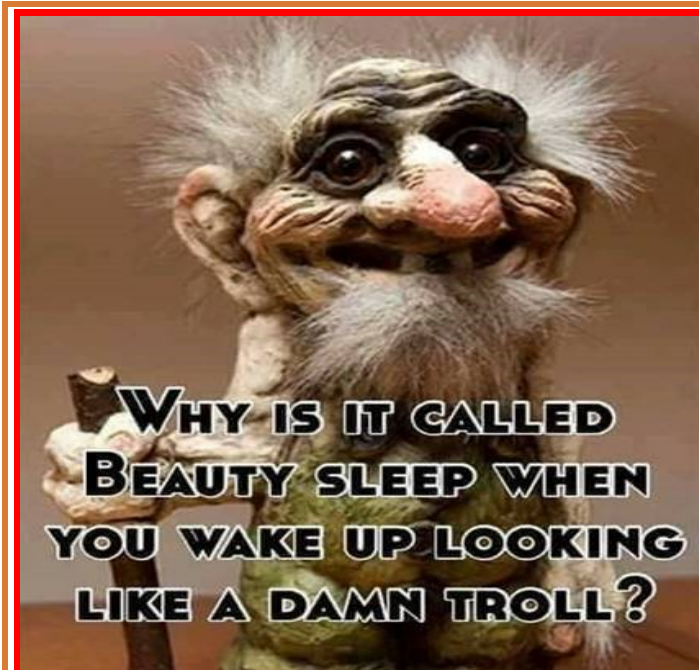
We would like to extend our sympathy to the family for the loss of our classmate Merlene Garrison.
<http://www.parkermortuary.com/home/obituary/4098481>

We take pride in publishing the class newsletter and have certain guidelines that we abide by. One is no political comments or articles and we do not push religious preferences, even though we're firm believers, we feel it best to refrain from commenting on those two subjects.

In each issue we ask for suggestions or articles from classmates that we may share in our newsletter and we receive very little response. That was our main reason why we went from every 3 months, or quarterly issues, to every four months, however we do hear from some classmates on a regular basis and even some non '64 classmates. When we do receive comments or articles for the newsletter, we try to grant their requests and publish what is meaningful to all classmates.

Fortune hit us for this issue as we had two bios come through and I realize in typing this that more are still out there to help us in keeping the bio section alive. Some of you have offered to do a bio, but have not delivered. Our next class newsletter will be out in June, hopefully a few of you have penned a bio and allow us a bit of a collection so we don't have to keep asking for your participation. Please consider this.

Remember, a bio has to be nothing personal at all, we love hearing from those that made it from Joplin, MO to wherever you may be and how that took place and what are your interests and why are you living where you are now. Also from those that are still in J-town and what's up with that, any regrets you have that you didn't move away?



*Some days
I amaze myself.
Other days I put the
laundry in the oven.*

**amazing new
lipstick
that helps you
lose weight...**

GORILLA SUPER GLUE
IMPACT TOUGH
FORMULA

WARNING: KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN. DO NOT EAT. WASH HANDS AFTER USE. SEE BACK FOR FULL DIRECTIONS.

mums advice

**I PREFER NOT TO THINK
BEFORE SPEAKING. I LIKE
BEING JUST AS SURPRISED
AS EVERYONE ELSE BY
WHAT COMES OUT OF MY
MOUTH.**

PONDERISMS

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 to?

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 like every two hours?

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

If Jimmy cracks corn and no one cares, why is there a stupid song about him?

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

Why does Goofy stand erect while Pluto remains on all fours? They're both dogs!

If Wile E. Coyote had enough money to buy all that ACME crap, why didn't he just buy dinner?

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

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

Why does a round pizza come in a square box?

Is it good if a vacuum really sucks?

Why is the third hand on the watch called the second hand?

Why do we say something is out of whack? What is a whack?

Why does "slow down" and "slow up" mean the same thing?

Why does "fat chance" and "slim chance" mean the same thing?

Why do "tug" boats push their barges?

Now, how many of you actually sang A B C D E F G & then Twinkle Twinkle Little Star?



I am over 70 now and I have so many unanswered questions!!!!

I still haven't found out who let the Dogs Out...where's the beef...how to get to Sesame Street... why Dora doesn't just use Google Maps...Why do all flavors of fruit loops taste exactly the same, or how many licks does it take to get to the center of a tootsie pop.....why eggs are packaged in a flimsy paper carton, but batteries are secured in plastic that's tough as nails... why "abbreviated" is such a long word; or why is there a D in 'fridge' but not in refrigerator... why lemon juice is made with artificial flavor yet dish-washing liquid is made with real lemons... why they sterilize the needle for lethal injections... and, 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 to... why do The Alphabet Song and Twinkle Twinkle Little Star have the same tune... why did you just try to sing those two previous songs... and just what is Victoria's secret? ...and do you really think I am this witty??? ... I actually got this from a friend, who stole it from her brother's girlfriend's, uncle's cousin's, baby momma's doctor who lived next door to an old classmate's mail man... Peace!



The entire current population of Earth could fit inside Texas, and it would still be less crowded than New York City.

www.vesemails.com

All Class Get Togethers are Held at 6:30 Unless Otherwise Noted

From Carol Corbin Buck. The 3rd Friday, 2/17 will be at East Buffet in Webb City. Then on the first Wednesday, March 1st it will be held at Joplin Café,.

Please contact Carol Corbin Buck at 417-483-3285 or csbuck64@aol.com, if you plan to attend any of these dinners.

You take a prescription med? This comes to us from Phyllis Payne Sapp and I have used this site for a few years. When given a prescription and before you have the Doctor to email same to your frequently used pharmacy, you may want to check out www.goodrx.com as you might save several dollars. I was given a certain antibiotic to be filled, I had CVS as my primary and that prescription was \$32, by going to goodrx I got it for \$8, so it's worth a look-see when buying. DK

We still have 26 classmates that we've classified as missing. If you have any idea where these classmates are, feel free to share with us so we can update our class directory.

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

Richard Burns

Ed Carey aka (Edmond C Comple) (Joplin)

Gary M Colvin

Johnie Coots (Seguin, TX area)

Rayma Jean Coy

James "Jim" Hilton

Clair Howard

Robert "Bob" Jordan

James "Jim" Lamb (Neosho, MO)

La Donna Miller

Merlin "Butch" Mitchell

Carol Munson (Wrench)

Emma Nunn

Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien

Judy Osborne (Gardner)

Richard Lee Pearson

Patty Riley (Brewer) (Joplin)

Naomi June Shelton

Drucilla Short

Robert Joe "Bob" Smith

Jack Sneed

William "Bill" Ray Stow

Mary Thornton (Reed)

Linda Vails

Thomas Warren (Chicago, IL area)

Paula Weinacht

"If You Change Your Contact Information"

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

Continuing to Follow the Chapman's

Taking that infamous 3 hour tour, not.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cfR7qxtgCgY>. Mike & Twyla Chapman leased their home in Joplin, bought a boat and hit the waters around North America. They also have a blog set up and post their adventures on it almost daily.

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

Your class newsletter editorial staff consists of Jeanne Looper Smith and Dave Knisley. We would love to hear any comments you care to share and can do so at Joplinmo@joplinmo.com



Bruce McCaw



Mardell Thomas



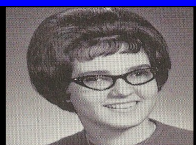
Jim Christiansen



Sharon Peters



Larry Don Williams



Stephanie White



Jeanne Lewis



Donna Drake



Ross Smith



Janet Hale



Marvin Gray



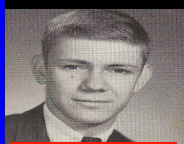
Phyllis Payne



Regan Thomas



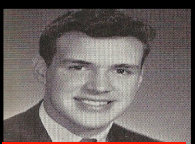
Connie Culton



John Keeling



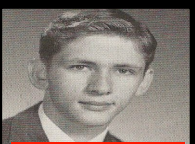
Joyce Tillman



Mitch Stinnett



Sheryl Reece



Mike Mullenix



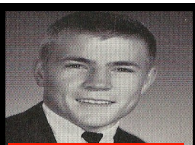
Cheryl Dines



Jay Campbell



Jeanne Looper



Monty Gavin



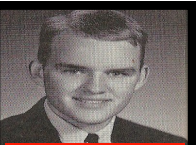
Carol Corbin



Lyle Rosenber



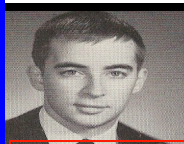
Ellen Zwickler



Mike Clark



Linda Hensley



Jon Kaltenbach



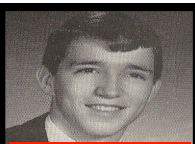
Jeanne Lind



Wayne Hamp



Pam Franks



Walt Meador



Karen Trenary



Don Marvin



Linda Graves



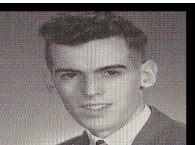
Jim Beeler



Jim Hughes



Sharon Harri



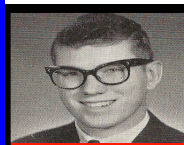
Tom Williams



Mark Stout



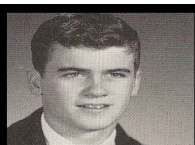
Donna Pow



Bob Havens



Larry Strong



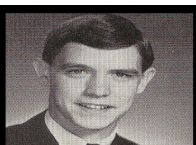
Mike Shipley



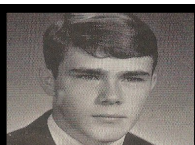
Calvin Divine



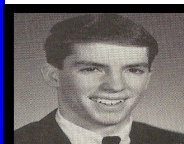
Dave Knisley



David Stinson



Dennis Triplett



Greg Moore



Robert Smith

"Burma Shave Signs"

Remember the Burma Shave ads that were small red signs with white letters. Five signs, about 100 feet apart, each were containing 1 line of a 4 line couplet.....and the obligatory 5th sign advertising Burma Shave, a popular shaving cream at the time. Here are some of the actual signs:

DON'T STICK YOUR ELBOW
OUT SO FAR
IT MAY GO HOME
IN ANOTHER CAR.
Burma Shave

TRAINS DON'T WANDER
ALL OVER THE MAP
'CAUSE NOBODY SITS
IN THE ENGINEER'S LAP
Burma Shave

SHE KISSED THE HAIRBRUSH
BY MISTAKE
SHE THOUGHT IT WAS
HER HUSBAND JAKE
Burma Shave

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD
TO GAIN A MINUTE
YOU NEED YOUR HEAD
YOUR BRAINS ARE IN IT
Burma Shave

DROVE TOO LONG
DRIVER SNOOZING
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
IS NOT AMUSING
Burma Shave

BROTHER SPEEDER
LET'S REHEARSE
ALL TOGETHER
GOOD MORNING, NURSE
Burma Shave

CAUTIOUS RIDER
TO HER RECKLESS DEAR
LET'S HAVE LESS BULL
AND A LITTLE MORE STEER
Burma Shave

SPEED WAS HIGH
WEATHER WAS NOT
TIRES WERE THIN
X MARKS THE SPOT
Burma Shave

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE
OF PAUL FOR BEER
LED TO A WARMER
HEMISPHERE
Burma Shave

AROUND THE CURVE
LICKETY-SPLIT
BEAUTIFUL CAR
WASN'T IT?
Burma Shave

NO MATTER THE PRICE
NO MATTER HOW NEW
THE BEST SAFETY DEVICE
IN THE CAR IS YOU
Burma Shave

A GUY WHO DRIVES
A CAR WIDE OPEN
IS NOT THINKIN'
HE'S JUST HOPIN'
Burma Shave

AT INTERSECTIONS
LOOK EACH WAY
A HARP SOUNDS NICE
BUT IT'S HARD TO PLAY
Burma Shave

BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEEL
EYES ON THE ROAD
THAT'S THE SKILLFUL
DRIVER'S CODE
Burma Shave

THE ONE WHO DRIVES
WHEN HE'S BEEN DRINKING
DEPENDS ON YOU
TO DO HIS THINKING
Burma Shave

CAR IN DITCH
DRIVER IN TREE
THE MOON WAS FULL
AND SO WAS HE.
Burma Shave

PASSING SCHOOL ZONE
TAKE IT SLOW
LET OUR LITTLE
SHAVERS GROW
Burma Shave

A GUY, A MISS
A CAR, A CURVE
HE KISSED THE MISS
AND MISSED THE CURVE
Burma Shave

"It's A Wrap"

Some things are just meant to be. My senior year at JHS wasn't much for school activities as I only attended school half days. Then I was off to the YMCA to play pool, basketball and hang with the college students that lived there, since campus was just up the street. During my freshman year I had mono twice in that year and was even hospitalized for a time, and had pretty much zero school credits that quarter. In 1963 I was called into Mr. Greer's office and notified that I needed 2 credits to graduate that year and I could go ahead and receive my cap & gown, if and only if I went to summer school for 3/4 of the day. That did not agree with my summer baseball routine, as that was my life at that time. I asked Mr. Greer what other choices I have and he told me I could go all day for half the year and graduate in '64 or I could go 1/2 days and attend all the graduating programs with the rest of the class. I chose the latter.

I was most fortunate as I knew more of the '64 people than I did the '63, so I felt that I fit right in, but just didn't do much in school activities. I went to Jasper County Community College, as much of us did and while there, it became Missouri Southern College. I developed endearing friendships and even left home and moved into an apartment with 3 other classmates and one part-timer that lived with us and we were life long friends. Terry Helton, from Eldon, MO & became classmate Donna Drake's husband. Chuck Smith, from Mt. Vernon, became an FBI agent serving in New York City and is now retired, living in Florida. Jimmy Newman, from Jasper and Danny Kuhn, from Lamar, all were my family. Sadly and heartbreaking for me, Chuck Smith is the only one of the group left. But I grew from those friendships and the connections I made.

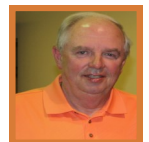
I was hired by Yellow Freight System in Kansas City in 1970 and retired in 2008. While there, I was very fortunate to be under the tutelage of both men & women of a Fortune 500 Company.

I started my own company in 2008 and within a month of my retirement, I had my LLC and a contract with the American Trucking Associations in Washington, DC, to do 30 educational, training and instructional videos.

I contracted with the professionals that I used under contract, while at Yellow Freight System. I remember watching Johnny Carson one late night and he had Lucille Ball on and during the interview she commented about how nice it was to work with a professional and how it made the project easier and down right enjoyable. I took that comment to heart and only work with what I consider a professional.

I became involved with the class reunion committee planning the 40th and handled the printing of the class directory. I was more involved with the 45th and several of the committee members wanted more involvement for the 50th and we pulled off a cataclysmic event. I have enjoyed re-connecting with classmates and becoming friends, and some close friends, which I do not have the space here to name them all. One friend was a writer by heart and I have a couple of writers on my professional staff, so taking a new approach and doing some additional duties a lightbulb came on. It was then that Jeanne Looper Smith and I hit it off and she seemed thrilled to be part of the team. Our first gig took place in South Bend, IN, via Chicago. The next was Springfield, MA and a tour of Canada where we hooked up with classmate Diane Moore Langevin in Vermont. Then the following year we were in Yakima, WA, via Portland, OR, then it was Springfield, MO where we hooked up with classmate Beverley Kluthe, who happens to be a great golf cart driver.

I still have Jeanne as a friend, but lose she and Ross to the state of Florida at the end of this month. It saddens me, but she will remain part of the class newsletter and will be traveling with me by proxy, as I remember the times we had, gags she took with a smile, but sometimes smacking me, like when I told her the golf cart can't move until she fastens her seatbelt and she was looking all over for it. However, she will still be able to pin a script for me, thanks to the world of technology and besides that, I always work with a professional. I thank you dear friend, for the classy work you do and the person you are and the connection we made. Some things are just meant to be. DK



Dave Knisley

"It's NEVER too late, think Saturday, May 6th"

Most classmates know the tragedy that Dave and Billie Stockam experienced, losing their daughter Lisa to pancreatic cancer. They both became involved with the Pancreatic Cancer Action Network to help fight this dreaded disease. PurpleStride is a 5K fundraiser that Dave & Billie take part in and formed in Lisa's name the "LISA'S DRAGONFLIES" and yours truly took part in this last May. Since our next class newsletter won't be out until May of this year, I felt the need to inform all '64 classmates, or let us make it ALL JHS classmates that the need to participate in this as an event walk/runner or a monetary gift, small or large, or as an event volunteer, to this fundraiser. We, or at least most of us have just accepted the fact that pancreatic cancer is an automatic death sentence and by participating in the event last year, I can honestly say nay-nay. I saw and met some 30+ survivors of this dreaded disease and was in awe of the crowd of survivors that set in the front of the ground stage. I also found out that three years ago the survival rate was 5% and it now sits at 8%, so the money that's being contributed to fighting this disease is working folks. I come to you asking you to participate or volunteer or donate a gift of \$5 as we fight like an eagle to wipe out pancreatic cancer. I email this newsletter to 266 classmates and if just half those classmates donated \$5 (tax deductible) to Lisa's Dragonflies, that will be a \$665.00 donation and a huge step to the \$6000 goal. By doing this request, you will be surprised at the feeling of satisfaction you will have when all is said and done, I've been there, I've seen it, I've felt it. Hopefully you will think this over, become a part of the event and then we can lunch as a group at a restaurant near or around the Plaza area afterwards. Say you can folks.

http://support.pancan.org/site/TR/PurpleStride/PurpleStride/768969742?pg=team&fr_id=1121&team_id=3849



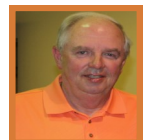
Volunteer Opportunity!

Looking for a way to spend this Saturday morning? The Kansas City Affiliate for Pancreatic Cancer Action Network is looking for 1 or 2 more volunteers to help at the PurpleStride KC booth at the KC Running Expo this Saturday, February 11th. The Expo runs from 8am-4pm, however we are looking for a volunteer to fill a 10am-12pm time slot. We will gladly take as many people that are interested though at any time!

The KC Running Expo will be at the Ritz Charles in Overland Park, KS. The address is 9000 W. 137th Street Overland Park, KS 66221.

Please email, call or text Mallory Wetta if you are interested in helping with our booth this weekend. It's a great way to get involved and help build excitement for our biggest event of the year! Mallory can be reached at 913-742-2601 OR mwetta@pancanvolunteer.org.

If you can't make it this weekend but are still interested in helping with volunteering with PurpleStride on May 6, 2017, please visit the PurpleStride KC website and get signed up as a volunteer to see all our different volunteer opportunities! 🐾 DK



Dave Knisley