



Joplin Eagles

"JHS Class of '64"

Issue 29

Class Newsletter October 31, 2017

Here Is Our 29th Edition

"Falling into Fall with our Autumn 2017 JHS Newsletter"

Inside this issue:

Introduction	1
We're Just Walking	1
Life & Death in Between	3
Double Nickels	6
Some Archive Discover-	10
Hodgepodge	16
Mishmash Medley	17
Tidbits	18

For some of you, no doubt, it's time to break out warm sweaters and fashionable boots. The leaves are ripe with color and preparing to release their hold and reluctantly let go.

Here in Florida, we're bracing for a cold front that threatens to drop into the low 70s during the day with temps plummeting into the 60s at night. But even this slight change is welcome news--as it signals the near end of hurricane season and an upcoming winter season of balmy days at the beach.

We had no sooner unpacked our bags and boxes after our recent move when "Irma" came calling. It wasn't my first encounter with a hurricane as I've lived in Florida several times in my adult life and I know the drill that accompanies the arrival of a named storm. Ross was a hurricane virgin, however, without a clue about what to expect. Carol Stark, the editor of the Joplin Globe asked me to take notes during the most recent one to hit South Florida. The Globe column that follows came from that experience.

Storms come in many varieties and the challenges they bring can cause us to see life through a larger lens--surviving the experience with a deeper appreciation of what truly matters.

Wishing you a storm-free Fall and soon-to-follow holiday season that's full of family, fun and all the things that bring you joy. 🐾



Jeanne Looper Smith



"We're just walking each other home. Ram Dass"

When I look back at the recent encounter with a storm that threatened my safety, and at times, my sense of security, it's not Irma who lingers in my mind but Jack. Jack is a ten year old Shih tzu who helped me navigate through the storm and come out on the other side heading squarely toward home.

I've ridden out other storms with other names: Wilma, Jeanne

(Continued on the Next Page)

(coincidentally sharing my name) Divorce and Cancer.

After a seven year stint in the Midwest, I found myself living back in Florida and face to face with the reality that residing in Paradise during hurricane season may exact a price for the gloating that we Floridians do in the winter months--when we're basking in warmth, sunshine and smugness.

June through November is the window of time when storms dance threateningly over the Atlantic, taunting and teasing and occasionally making good on their threats to the mainland.

Jack became my constant companion as a result of a house-sitting/dog-sitting gig my husband, Ross, and I undertook while Jack's "parents" were celebrating a milestone birthday in Mykonos Greece. What a good idea and what great timing as their plane lifted off the runway just as Irma got serious about touching down in South Florida.

Here's where Hurricane Irma became a metaphor for life. Sunny, peaceful blue skies quickly gave way to wind, rain and a call to prepare for rough weather. So, Floridians got busy and in no time were shuttered, sharing water, toilet paper and enough sugary and salty junk food to soften whatever blows were to come.

And in the midst of the preparation and panic the responsibility for Jack, who remained calm, unimpressed with the commotion and trusting that his needs would be met, kept me focused and on task. His twice daily walks continued up until it was no longer safe for us to be outside.

We rode out the big blow inland with my daughter, son-in-law, four grandsons, their two new rescue puppies and Jack. The dogs calmly slept through the cacophony of the high winds and rain while the humans quickly realized that no matter what was going on outside and what was being tossed our way, we were facing it with the people--and pets--we loved and everything else was expendable.

Floridians waste no time getting up and running after a hit. The storm brought out an outpouring of cooperation and support from family, friends and neighbors. We were not going it alone.

I'll admit that I had a bit of an after-storm breakdown. I spent a day in bed feeling sad and weepy. Even though we were safe, it was stressful and I had taken a direct hit emotionally that left me off balance. Jack stayed close by with comfort and reassuring licks.

On our morning walks, Jack surveyed the lawn and tree trauma and the piles of lawn debris with some curiosity and as an opportunity to leave his "mark" but soon enough he strutted straight for home.

Like the other storms I've faced in my life, this one came with gifts. Hurricane Irma brought out the interconnectedness that we have with one another and an awareness of what's truly important.

It underscored that we are going through life with its unique challenges together and just as Ram Dass declared, we are walking each other home on our journey.

But Irma had nothing on Jack and the impression he left on me.

Sometimes the walk home is led by a small, sassy Shih tzu pulling tightly on the leash. 🐾



Jeanne Looper Smith

An obit and eulogy career wasn't on my writing radar. It came about as a result of a family tragedy that had me take a look at life, death and how we mark the record of one's passing. Two-and-a-half years ago, my 28 year old nephew, Ben, dropped dead on the sidewalk, coming home from his job in Minneapolis-leaving my favorite niece and their three year old son devastated and in disbelief.

It was first a shock, then a sober reality for our family. We attempted to make sense of what didn't make sense. Because I'm a writer, I was given the job of crafting the obit which subsequently became a eulogy that I read at his funeral, where 300-plus people gathered to pay tribute to Ben's life.

He was so special and such a stand for love in the world, I just couldn't write the standard obit that reads like a resume. I wanted something that expressed the essence of who Ben was, his unique personality-and was not just about his death but about the fun and fullness of his life.

After several people asked me if it was okay to say they "loved" an obit, I knew there was a need that I could fill-and "Creative Life Tributes" became my new passion and a fascinating part of an existing writing career.

I find that in brainstorming with family members about their loved one, I can create a unique narrative of their life-whether I know the person or not. These tributes are informative, often funny, touching-and are anything but stiff or stuffy.

In addition, at a time when families are overwhelmed, I provide a service that removes a burden from family members who are faced with writing an obit or a eulogy.

I certainly never could have imagined that a family heartbreak would become a deeply satisfying, heart-centered aspect of my writing.

The following are examples of how these tributes take form. (Sandra Powers McGinnis Duncan is the sister of our classmate Donna Powers Hansen.)

#1

Sandra Powers McGinnis Duncan. That's quite a handle for a little girl like Sandra. But whatever Sandra lacked in height and size she made up for in friends.

When Sandra was a teenager in the 1950s she and her best friend, Lana, decided they were going to Hollywood to be movie stars. And the stack of movie magazines piled up by her bed in the room she shared with her cousin, Bobbie, who became like a sister, was testimony to her fascination with stardom.

I often heard Sandra and Bobbie exchanging movie star gossip when I spent the night with Sandra's sister, Donna, who has been my close friend since we were kindergarten classmates.

Sandra showed great judgment with the family she chose when she picked the Powers. Her parents were Johnny and Bessie Powers and they were quite extraordinary.

After Sandra made her appearance on the planet on April 11th, 1943, she was soon followed by her sister, Donna, and her brother, Johnny Jr.

Sandra as the oldest of their children—and like many first-borns—was responsible and level-headed.

(Continued on the Next Page)

She chose to start her own family quite early when she married the handsome, and tall, Clarence McGinnis and became a mother of four by the time she was 21 years old. Rocky, Traci, Treasa and Robbie, became the center of her world.

Through the years, and in a subsequent marriage to Steve Duncan, Sandra used her talent to create a happy space. She loved to decorate, arrange flowers, had a green thumb and was crafty before it was cool.

She parlayed a job at Wingo's Camera Center into a passion for photography, throwing herself into that hobby completely.

Sandra had an affinity for doctors and worked for two of them in their Joplin offices. Making friends of the patients was her trademark and she wanted to be in the delivery room with every one of them.

Sandra loved being needed. She was a caretaker.

I don't think at this point that Sandra would mind if I tell you that she had a life-long relationship with another Doctor—Dr. Pepper.

Sandra, aka Nana, was grandmother to Dustin, Taylor, Hoby, Luke, Parker, Jordan and Abby and she savored that role too.

Even though she was "officially" a grandmother, Sandra was still a teenager at heart. She dressed and acted young. And, in essence, she absolutely refused to get old.

Sandra had challenges in her life, as we all do, but she remained steadfastly optimistic in the midst of it all.

She spent some of her happiest times at Wildwood Ranch in the last part of her life. She was a favorite with the staff and the other residents—they absolutely loved her and she loved them right back.

Her effervescent spirit was in full swing right up to the last. Just before she made her final exit, she declared that she wanted to have a pizza party with all the family members who were gathered at her bedside.

The teenager who wanted to be a star may not have made it to Hollywood, but for the people whose lives she touched, and to the friends she made, Sandra Powers McGinnis Duncan was truly star-studded.

#2

Grace Harper lived up to her name in her 85 years on the planet. The definition that "grace" is to do honor or credit to someone or something by one's presence sums up her life in a spectacular way.

Countless people were on the receiving end of her making sure that no matter what challenge they were experiencing, she would generously provide a literal and figurative "soft place" for them to land. She opened her heart and her home to anyone who needed her special brand of warmth and caring.

In fact, nurturing was the hallmark of her journey and she embraced that journey with the fervor of a missionary.

(Continued on the Next Page)

Her life of 50 plus years with her husband, James, and with her children, Rhoda and "Little Jim" was rich with the love that was her trademark.

She treasured her role as wife and mother—for to Grace, loving and mothering was as natural as breathing. The added bonus of grandchildren and a great-grandchild to her already juicy life was truly the cherry on top of a sweet concoction she had consciously created.

If there were letters after Grace's name, they wouldn't be MD or PhD. But rather HHH—homemaker, heart, home. Let's throw in another "H"—this one for humor.

At the end, she was ready to call it a day. And even in that experience, she exited this life, at home, in her typical "graceful" way. No fear, no sense of unfairness, just "Hey, I'm ready to go."

Once, in the process of transitioning from this world to the next, she woke up in the middle of the night, asking, with her usual sense of humor, "Am I still here?"

Grace is no longer here in the flesh, but the impact she made on her family and friends, and the love she shared with all who had the good fortune to know her, requires us to answer her question one more time.

Yes, Grace Harper, without a doubt, you are still here! 🐾



Jeanne Looper Smith

I'M GREAT AT MULTITASKING.
I CAN LISTEN,
IGNORE, AND FORGET
ALL AT ONCE.

You will be hearing about the 55th class reunion in the next 4 issues of the class newsletter. Yes, 4 newsletters is all that will be published before we gather to celebrate 55 years since we walked across the stage in the JHS auditorium.

We have had several class committee meetings over several months, the last one just two weeks ago and several topics were discussed. If you do the math, one would realize that our reunion is right close to a year and a half away. We are still shy \$2500 of our goal of \$5000 for our reunion. Our goal is to keep the attendance price, much like the \$35 for all that we had at the 50th reunion.

It was decided, after researching some traveling classmates, that our event be held at hotel, that way the Meet & Greet as well as the Saturday Banquet, is held at the same place where they hand their clothes. The Doubletree, formerly the old Holiday Inn, has been totally gutted and is still under construction and have tentative plans to open the end of March 2018. The brand new Holiday Inn, which I toured two weeks ago and is located at 3402 Arizona Ave. basically behind the Comfort Inn at 34th & Rangeline and they are already taking reservations for their opening on January 15, 2018. The Manager of Sales is Kristie Barley, the same young lady that took such great care of us at the 50th and was super to deal with.

As we've announced before, our date for the 55th Reunion is June 7th– 9th and even though it's 17 months away, we come to you asking the age old question "Does this date fit into your plans to attend? In other words, would you like to join us for the fun and festivities?" Yes, I know it's 17 months out, yes I know that one will not be able to say for certain what June 7th—9th of 2018 fits your schedule, but it is important to us to at least get an idea of what we will be dealing with in a way of attendance. ***So the question is, would you like, or do you have plans to attend the 55th reunion?*** joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com

We had such great success with our raffles that we are planning on making a repeat, so we can try to come close to the goal we set. Again, several classmates have stepped up to offer their hand-made merchandise or the offerings from friends, that was a hit at the 50th. Jeanne Lewis Owen is doing another quilt, and what a master of that art and what wonderful work she does, John Keeling has offered to do his breadboard and cutting board again and has added a little telephone table in the mix. John stays quite busy in his woodworking shop making several items. Carol Corbin Buck has a friend that does handmade jewelry taken from the rubble of the tragic tornado that hit Joplin May 22, 2011. Carol showed us a necklace cross that had turquoise and the metal outline of the cross and was taken from a beam at the old high school. Jeanne Lind McAferty is checking with a gallery in Oklahoma to see about a one of a kind painting. Our biggest moneymaker last year was the big screen TV that was donated by a classmate and without a doubt, we will double down and do that again this year and we are going to add an Xbox One. I know, you're say "What the....." Let me explain, some of the suggestions offered were to tie the Xbox to the TV

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and the reasoning was the fact that when the grandkids came to visit, they always toted their gaming tools, and hooked up at the grandparents TV. So the thought was to throw it in as an enticement in hopes the grandkids might visit more often, or could be given as a birthday or holiday gift. Our research shows that we can purchase a 42" to 48" TV and an Xbox One for between \$500 & \$550 and hopefully another one or two classmates will see this is a great way to donate to the 55th reunion or to at least do a 50/50 plan, where one may donate 50% and we will take 50% from the 55th kitty. We hope to make around \$1200 profit after the printing of raffle tickets.

We plan to hold two car shows in 2018, one will be held on April 28th and the other on September 29th. Carol Corbin Buck, the car show queen of Joplin has accepted the Team Leader position and will seek out the locations for each event. Each entry will cost \$15.00 and \$5.00 for any additional entry one may have. We will have a DJ at no cost to us at all, as he will be willing to split the 50/50 pot with whomever wins it. We will have 25 dash plackets or plaques, (depending on which website engraver you go to) and will be given to the first 25 entries. This will be a cost of \$25 taken from our class funds.

Our Meet & Greet will be from 2:00 pm to 6:00 pm, just like the 50th, as that will allow time for those that may want to spend some additional time or dinner with classmates they haven't associated with in awhile, possibly since the 50th reunion. We will have a mini juke box, donated by my brother Mike Knisley, the class of '65 and he is even willing to come over from Springfield and set it up for us. It has 131 screens and will play 350 of the songs we grew up with and danced to at the school functions and also at the Eagles Nest. Anyone will be able to program their favorite memory and it will not be repeated until it plays and is selected again, that way one won't hear the same song over and over until the others have played.

Our next class meeting is scheduled for January 16th, so that's time to offer any suggestions or share your thoughts and most of all, let us know if your plan on attending the event so your committee may proceed forward. Knowing that we will or may have X number of classmates and their guests attend helps. We've already have had some classmates comment that they could not make the 50th reunion, but plan on attending the 55th, that was great news to us, the committee members that plan diligently to make the event something that you would be proud to have joined.

Let me add this, I have yet to talk to a classmate that attended the 50th reunion that had a complaint about what we offered those that attended the three day event, with all the Horderves one could want for at the Meet & Greet, then we had a three meat buffet at our banquet, not to mention the live band and the performance of Ole' Friends, headed up by our classmate Larry Don Williams, all for the very modest sum of \$35. Just know that a little help goes a long way. 🙏

**Dave Knisley**

Question: How many days in a week?

Answer: 6 Saturdays, 1 Sunday

Question: When is a retiree's bedtime?

Answer: Two hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

Question: How many retirees does it take to change a light bulb?

Answer: Only one, but it might take all day.

Question: What's the biggest gripe of retirees?

Answer: There is not enough time to get everything done.

Question: Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors?

Answer: The term comes with a 10% discount.

Question: Among retirees, what is considered formal attire?

Answer: Tied shoes.

Question: Why do retirees count pennies?

Answer: They are the only ones who have the time.

Question: What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire?

Answer: NUTS!

Question: Why are retirees so slow to clean out the basement, attic or garage?

Answer: They know that as soon as they do, one of their adult kids will want to store stuff there.

Question: What do retirees call a long lunch?

Answer: Normal.

Question: What is the best way to describe retirement?

Answer: The never ending Coffee Break.

Question: What's the biggest advantage of going back to school as a retiree?

Answer: If you cut classes, no one calls your parents.

Question: Why does a retiree often say he doesn't miss work, but misses the people he used to work with?

Answer: He is too polite to tell the whole truth.

And, my very favorite....

QUESTION: What do you do all week?

Answer: Monday through Friday, NOTHING. Saturday & Sunday, I rest.

"Lexophile" describes those who have a love for words, such as "you can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish", or "To write with a broken pencil is pointless." An annual competition is held by the New York Times to see who can create the best original lexophile. This year's winning submission is posted at the very end.

No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.

If you don't pay your exorcist, you can get repossessed.

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down.

I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.

You hear about the crossed-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?

When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.

When chemists die, they barium.

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, and then it dawned on me.

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.

England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.

A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.

When the smog lifts in Los Angeles, U.C.L.A.

I got some batteries that were given out free of charge.

A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.

A will is a dead giveaway.

With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.

Police were summoned to a daycare center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

Did you hear about the fellow whose entire left side was cut off? He's all right now.

A bicycle can't stand alone; it's just two tired.

The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine last week is now fully recovered.

He had a photographic memory but it was never fully developed.

When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.

Acupuncture is a jab well done. That's the point of it.

I know a guy who's addicted to drinking brake fluid, but he says he can stop any time.

Those who get too big for their pants will be totally exposed in the end.

Inter Scriptes

For you who share your inner joys, who let
us see your tears,
Who sound for us our privy thoughts with
skill beyond your years—
To everyone who proffers the product of his
soul,
Whether if ever it comes to print; our
praise goes to the bold.
For only the brave dare show his dream to
the light of cynic's scorn,
Because the proud ones lend their songs
our volume can be born.
Now some may read the things you write
and miss the true intent
And some may bend your better lines to
a twisted soul's content
But art is strong and faith endures—all
despots have their day—
Strike not the weak, be sure of truth, then
fear not what to say.

— Herbert J. Hart

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Essay

A minister once said that everyone — no matter who he might be — makes use of a mask. Even those whom one thinks he knows intimately are hiding behind a facade. A facade that he — nor any one else — will ever penetrate, a front that is as much a protection as a falsity.

We all need our masks. We all must often "... look like the time...", wearing welcome in our eyes. Our innermost thoughts, secrets and aspirations are not meant to be worn openly for the public to see. For our own sake, they must be sheltered, hidden and hoarded. Everyone needs a sense of "self-privacy," a place to withdraw. A place where little hidden secrets are stored that are — oh, so warm to mull over and look upon, that give a sense of "there's something no one knows, something special just for me." And odd as it may seem — often the realization of this secret gives one the impetus needed to go on, a sort of "instant confidence." If one didn't wear a mask, however — if he frankly met the world and said "O.K. world, here's this choice little something I've been gloating over; don't you think its wonderful," he would receive a blank look, although he'd tell himself over and over "they don't understand" — still — the remembrance or treasure would have lost its power to sustain.

Of course, not all fronts are protective. There are certain appearances worn for business purposes, others for social acceptance. There are as many reasons as there are facades. Facade or mask is a horrible word to use for all people anyway. A mask denotes deception, and, while in a sense, any other appear-

Page Seven

ance than your "true self" is a deceit — yet it goes further than this. Perhaps a better description would be a "dust cover" that protects the thought from the film of the people keeping it shining for one's own personal use.

The reasons may be different, the results varied, yet each of us has our own very special, peculiar need for a "dust cover" in order that we may keep our identity intact. It's what is hidden inside us that determines our character more than what is emblazoned on the outside.

— Kathy Wilson

Tranquility

Tranquil times are with me here,
Happy days that float and quiver;
People here are warm and friendly;
Unknown pleasure makes me shiver.

There are days and times and moments
When it seems that something's coming,
Something good and sweet and lovely.
And your heart will meet it running.

Days are given special color;
Little things mean something grand.
There's a certain person hither,
In your dreams you're hand in hand.

In your mind and in your heart
You know, these days are soon to end;
For the present live them fully:
Perhaps you'll find them once again.

— Sally Smith

Berlin Wall—2 Sides

The night was ice
 Along the street, the liquid air con-
 gealed
 Into a clear and frozen silence;
 But where we stood
 Pale radiance flawed the crystal
 So that the night hung over us,
 trembling
 By silver threads.

We stood
 Not holding hands
 For fear a touch would be
 Too strong a synthesis to be resisted,
 Not speaking
 For fear a word
 Would crack the walls of air
 Holding us in our separate and frigid
 And necessary loneliness
 And send us warmly
 Into each other's arms.

Instead, we were wise;
 We waited silently, and our silence
 grew
 With the slow heavy growth of a
 stalactite on stone
 Into a resignation
 Cold and still and definite,
 Like a frozen peace
 The fires were out.
 "Goodbye," you said.

The night
 Broke as you turned to go
 And in silence that your going left
 I heard the fragments fall
 With a tiny, ironical tinkle on the
 snow.

— Rayma Coy

Page Ten

Trip to the Dentist

The small boy opened the large
 door and carefully tiptoed into the
 dentist's office. He meekly sat
 down in a huge overly-stuffed
 chair.

"It won't be long, Stevie," said a
 nice lady in the clean white dress.

Stevie squirmed a little while then
 settled down to the intriguing flight
 of a mosquito. His attention was
 averted by the sound of hurried
 footsteps. The door was flung open
 and two teenage girls rushed in, fill-
 ing the office with kinetic energy.

One approached the desk to obtain
 her forgotten appointment card. She
 joined her companion, and the two
 dashed out of the room toward the
 closing elevator door.

Stevie sighed a small, little-boy
 sigh. He heard someone In There—
 and this time when the door opened,
 a very trim-looking woman stepped
 through, followed by the dentist.

"Hello, Stevie," the dentist said.

"Hello, Stevie," said the woman.
 "Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes, Mama."

— Jeanne Cavey

A Tree?

I think t'will not be hard to find
 A tree that is a lovelier kind,

Than the tree whose veins constantly drip
 A substance that sticks to fingertips.

A tree that in summer manages to drop
 In our yard, the few limbs from her top.

Upon whose base I'd like to swing
 an ax — that would settle everything!

Poems are enjoyed by people like me,
 But only a fool could want THAT tree!

— Nancy Godfrey

After Reading "The Custom House"

Why do I hate life?
 Why am I bored?
 I was going to be an English teacher.
 Good Lord!

I'd rather be bound in chain and fetter.
 Than be made to read "The Scarlet Letter."

— Mardell Thomas

Page Eleven



"HE'S ABOUT 5' 3", WEARING A RED JACKET, SMELLS OF BEER, AND HE SHOT A GUN AT ME"

"We need to talk"



"I love that tune"



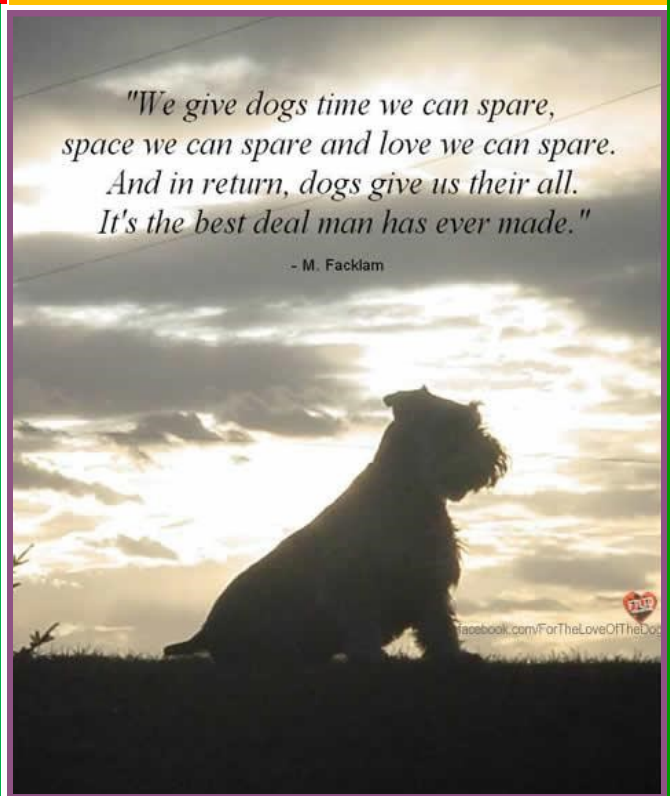
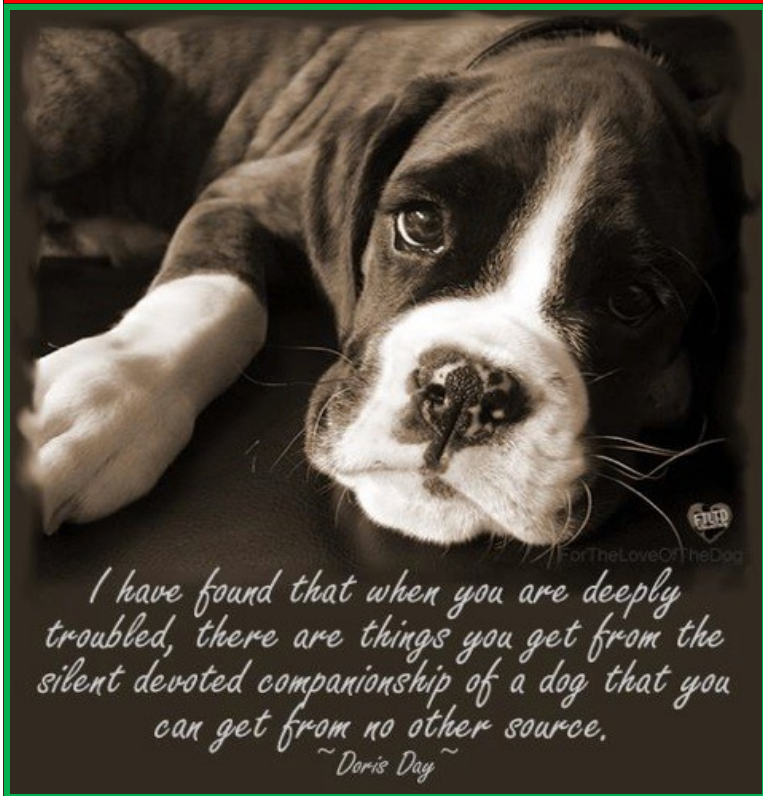
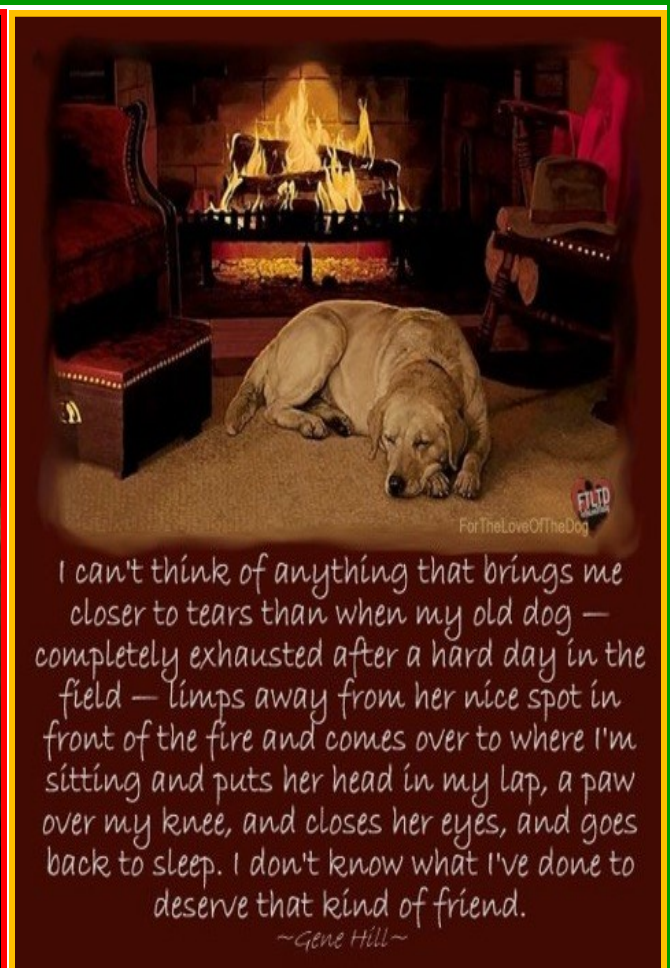
"I had a terrible nightmare last night"



Patience & Wisdom, Just Patience & Wisdom



"Say Cheese"



I thought I would share this beautiful piece of wisdom.

A newlywed young man was sitting on the porch on a hot, humid day, sipping iced tea with his father. As he talked about adult life, marriage, responsibilities, and obligations, the father thoughtfully stirred the ice cubes in his glass and cast a clear, sober look on his son.

"Never forget your friends," he advised, "they will become more important as you get older."

"Regardless of how much you love your family and the children you happen to have, you will always need friends. Remember to go out with them occasionally, do activities with them, call them"

"What strange advice!" thought the young man. "I just entered the married world, I am an adult and surely my wife and the family that we will start will be everything I need to make sense of my life."

Yet he obeyed his father. He kept in touch with his friends and annually increased their number. Over the years, he became aware that his father knew what he was talking about.

Inasmuch as time and nature carry out their designs and mysteries on a man, friends were the bulwarks of his life.

After 60 years of life, here is what he learned:

Time passes.

Life goes on.

Distance separates.

Children grow up and become independent; it breaks the parents' hearts, but the children become separated from the parents.

Jobs come and go.

Illusions, desires, attraction, sex ... weaken.

People do not do what they should do.

The heart breaks.

The parents die.

Colleagues forget the favors.

The races are over.

But true friends are always there, no matter how many miles away they are or for how long.

A friend is never more distant than the reach of a need, intervening in your favor, waiting for you with open arms or blessing your life.

When we started this adventure called LIFE, we did not know of the incredible joys or sorrows that were ahead. We did not know how much we would need from each other.

Love your parents, take care of your children, and keep a group of good friends too.



John Keeling

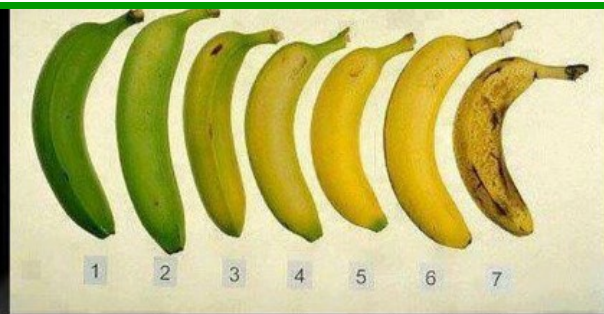


A Swedish woman lost her ring in her garden and found it 16 years later growing on a carrot.

Source is mentioned in our blog: www.unbelievable-facts.tumblr.com



Brass doorknobs automatically disinfect themselves in about 8 hours.



According to the latest Japanese Scientific Research, a full ripe banana with dark patches on the yellow skin produces a substance called TNF (Tumor Necrosis Factor) which has the ability to combat abnormal cells. The more darker patches it has the higher its immunity enhancement quality. Hence, the riper the banana the better the anti-cancer quality. A yellow skin banana with dark spots on it is 8x more effective in enhancing the property of white blood cells than a green skin version.

Eating just 1 banana a day increases immunity.

Elephants Have Feelings Too



This newborn elephant cried for five hours without stopping after he was rejected by his mother. Vets hoped it was an accident when the mother stepped on him after he was born. They treated his injuries and returned him to her two hours later, just to see her kick him again. A keeper drove the mother off as the calf sobbed under a blanket. He cried for five hours before he could be consoled.



Sweden is so good at recycling, it has run out of garbage and now must import garbage from Norway to fuel its energy programs



Queen Elizabeth II served as a mechanic and driver in World War 2.

Thursday - January 30, 1964



JILL

BILLIE

KATHY

Queen Candidates

Joplimo queen candidates were introduced during an assembly at Joplin Senior high school this morning and balloting immediately started for election of the queen. Candidates, all seniors, are shown in the above picture. They are: Jill Manning, Billie Lenger and Kathy Wilson. The two runners-up will be the queen's attendants at the coronation assembly Friday morn-

ing, February 7. Voting for the queen will continue until 3:30 o'clock next Thursday afternoon, when the ballots will be counted. Identification of the queen and the coronation program are not revealed until the time of the assembly, Mrs. Kathryn Pilkenton, Joplimo sponsor said.—(Joplin Globe-News Herald staff photograph.)

Every once in a while someone digs into their archives and come up with things like this.

3A JOPLIN GLOBE,
Sunday, Feb. 16, 1964.



**MISS MANNING
KOELKER**

MEADOR

MISS LENGER

MISS YEAKEY

PREPARING FOR DONKEY BASKETBALL GAME—Donkey basketball may be a familiar sport for the more equestrian members of the team, if they are owned by a veteran Oklahoma trainer, but the event may prove an unusual experience to the newcomers to the arts of donkey basketball—the riders. Members of various civic clubs will challenge boys from the Eagles Nest in a benefit Donkey basketball contest here Thursday night, February 27, in Memorial hall. The 15-member youth board of the Eagles Nest is taking care of the more menial tasks involved in preparation for the exhibition game, such as ticket sales and advertising. In the above picture, senior members of the youth board look over posters they will distribute among Joplin stores to adver-

tise the benefit event. A spokesman for the group billed the show as "entertainment for the entire family with unusual races" between city businessmen and members of the Eagles Nest. Pictured during a recent planning meeting in the Ray Sharp home are Steve Koelker, Jill Manning, Walter Meador, Billie Lenger and Carol Yeakey. Tickets will be 50 cents for children under 12 years old, \$1 for adults and \$2.50 for reserved seats, with all proceeds to go into the building and improvement fund of the Eagles Nest organization for Joplin high school students. The Eagles Nest, which offers supervised recreation activities and dances for high school students, is situated at 110 Joplin avenue.—(Joplin Globe-News Herald staff photograph.)

A balanced diet is a cookie in each hand. A blonde said, "I was worried that my mechanic might try to rip me off. I was relieved when he told me all I needed was turn signal fluid." Unknown

Remembrances and Sympathy to our Classmates and Family:

We extend our sympathy to the family of our classmate William "Skip" Hoover for his passing.
<http://www.masonwoodard.com/book-of-memories/3171121/Hoover-William/obituary.php>

We send our condolences to classmate Phyllis Payne Sapp and her family for the loss of her sister, Karen.
<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/name/karen-luna-obituary?pid=1000000186949562>

Our prayers and condolences are given to our classmate Bob Schimmel and his family for the loss of his brother Terry.
<http://www.parkermortuary.com/obituary/terry-schimmel>

We offer our condolences to the family of our classmate Harry Reaves, after his sudden passing.
<http://www.parkermortuary.com/obituary/harry-f-red-reaves-jr>

We also send our condolences to the family for the passing of our classmate Janice Haines Tickel.
<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/name/janice-tickel-obituary?pid=187066299>

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, sadly, 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 could meaningful to the majority of our classmates.

Fortune didn't hit us again on this issue, as we had no bios come through. Some of you have offered to do a bio, but have not yet delivered, so now is the time to prepare one for our next issue, and that will be March of 2018. Hopefully a few of you will have penned a bio and allow us to place in that issue.

Remember, a bio does not have to contain anything 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 our hometown, what about some updates of what is taking place there, the changes made or planning to be made, feel free to let us know so we can inform those that haven't been back for a spell.

As a reminder and if you care to throw some kudos instead of stones our way, we will fess up that our class newsletter editorial staff now consists of Jeanne Looper Smith and Dave Knisley. We would love to hear any comments you care to share with us and may do so at joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com

We still have 26 classmates unaccounted for. If you have any idea where these classmates could be, feel free to share with us so we can update our class directory. The blue font is where they were living when we lost contact with them.

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

Richard Burns

Ed Carey aka (Edmond C Comple) (Joplin)

Gary M Colvin

Johnie Coots (Seguin, TX area)

Rayma Jean Coy (Tulsa, OK area)

James "Jim" Hilton

Clair Howard

Robert "Bob" Jordan

James "Jim" Lamb (Neosho, MO)

La Donna Miller

Merlin "Butch" Mitchell (Cocolalla, ID)

Carol Munson (Wrench) (Bell, MO)

Emma Nunn

Mitchell "Pat" O'Brien

Judy Osborne (Gardner) (Joplin)

Richard Lee Pearson

Patty Riley (Brewer) (Joplin)

Naomi June Shelton (Possibly Deceased)

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

If one wishes to follow the Chapman's, it's my understanding that they have sold the cruise ship and have become land lovers again and moved back to God's Country.

That's all this reporter knows, or has been told.

"Mini Reunion Dinners, or classmates gathering"

Friday, November 17th -Hunan Garden 2830 S. Main St. Joplin

Wednesday, December 6th TBA

Friday, December 15th TBA



Bruce McCaw



Mardell Thomas



Jim Christiansen



Sharon Peters



Larry Don Williams



Stephanie White



Jeanne Lewis



Donna Drake



Ross Smith



Janet Hale



Marvin Gray



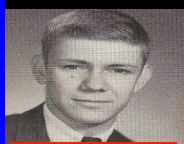
Phyllis Payne



Regan Thomas



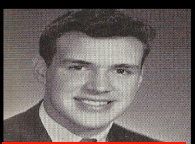
Connie Clifton



John Keeling



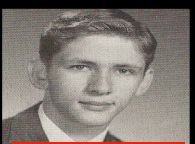
Joyce Tillman



Mitch Stinnett



Sheryl Reese



Mike Mullenix



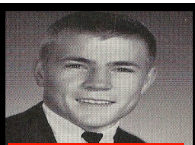
Cheryl Dines



Jay Campbell



Jeanne Looper



Monty Gavin



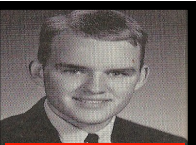
Carol Corbin



Lyle Rosenberry



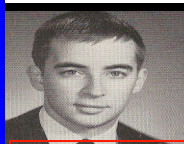
Ellen Zwicker



Mike Clark



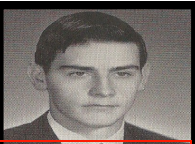
Linda Hensley



Jon Waltenbach



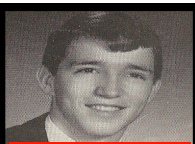
Jeanne Lind



Wayne Hampton



Pam Franks



Walt Meador



Karen Trenary



Don Marvin



Linda Graves



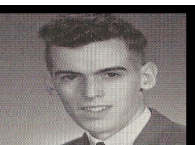
Jim Beeler



Jim Hughes



Sharon Harrison



Tom Williams



Mark Stout



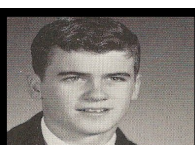
Donna Pow-



Bob Havens



Larry Strong



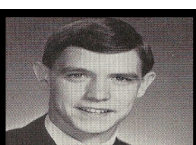
Mike Shipley



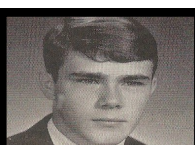
Calvin Divine



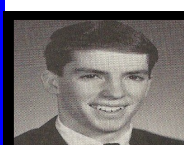
Dave Knisley



David Stinson



Dennis Triplett



Greg Moore



Robert Smith

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

"It's A Wrap"

In the last newsletter we gave you the minutes and follow up of the class reunion committee meeting and some of the ideas we discussed for the 55th reunion.

We just had another class reunion meeting on October 17th, as stated on page 7 of this newsletter. We are still asking for classmates to give us some input to what they may like to see or do during the event. Some of those that are out of towners will most likely come in on Thursday, so an afternoon or evening function may be in the works. We've made no plans yet as to Thursday.

As we mentioned in February, we set up a site on eventbrite.com that allows anyone to donate to the reunion, one has no check to write, no envelope to lick, no stamp to buy, just pay via the credit card of your choice and it's a done deal. Just click on the link you see here and see how easy it is. You would be amazed at what a \$10 or \$20 dollar bill can do in reaching our goal.

<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/joplin-high-school-class-of-64s-55th-reunion-tickets-34695930462>.

If you have any questions or thoughts, you can submit them by clicking on the joplinmo64 email link below.

joplinmo64@joplinmo64.com

We realize that the reunion is 17 months, however, believe me folks, that will move quickly and your class committee team likes to have everything ready and create an event that you will be proud of, not to mention one that is cost wise efficient so anyone will be able to attend and more importantly, enjoy.

We aren't really asking for a chunk of money, if all the classmates that we send out the newsletter to would chip in \$10 or \$20, we would raise over \$2500, then with what we are planning in the way of raffles, car shows or whatever, we would hope to meet our goal of \$5000.

So don't be bashful, help us out and be true to your school, so to speak. ☺

#1 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o7sLDziV2hs>



#2 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qVrrCjy9GI>



Dave Knisley