

Harmonotes

The Quarterly Bulletin of the
Kansas City Heart of America Chorus

CHORUS AND QUARTET SINGING
IN THE BARBERSHOP STYLE



SECOND-OLDEST CHAPTER IN THE
BARBERSHOP HARMONY SOCIETY

VOLUME 20 • ISSUE 3 • JULY 2020

THE IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC IN MY LIFE

By Mike Schumacher, HOA President



SCHUMACHER

Today as I sit here and write this article I think of all the music that I grew up with. I even took piano lessons for a couple of years but it interfered with football games in the neighborhood. So I quit the piano thinking I would play football in high school. Wrong choice!! You guys know I talk about my Mom a lot but maybe only a few of you know that she was under contract (at the tender age of 19) to sing at the Royal Shakespeare Theater when she met my dad. Mom even taught voice in our house to several kids and adults and, when I was in high school, she tried to teach me. I don't know if I was too thick-headed or just didn't pay attention but it just didn't stick. But I do remember she was the first person to tell me, "You should breathe from your diaphragm and not your chest." Music has always been a vital part of my life.

In these times of quarantines and social/physical distancing and sheltering at home and working from home, we get caught up in thoughts of what am I missing and loss of freedoms and "you can't do" whatever.

I think back to the men, women and children of World War II and what they had to endure for years, both in England and in the U.S. Putting it in perspective with other pandemics and disasters, we don't have it that bad. Even during WWII, in the midst of battle in Europe, music was everywhere. (Continued on page 2 ➡)

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Harmonotes

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Chapter meets at 7 p.m. each Tuesday night, at
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HOA Board meetings take place at 6pm on the second Monday or Tuesday of the month, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 100 East Red Bridge Road, Kansas City, MO 64131. Chapter members are welcome!

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(Continued from front cover)

Heck, the Army Engineers had their orchestra and band for dances. The music reminded the soldiers (and everyone for that matter) of the things they were fighting for; things that meant the world to them and all of us.

I have to thank **John Braden** for his incredible work taking it upon himself to provide us with some great music to listen to (and learn from) every day of this pandemic.

What does music mean to you? How does a song that you keep in your heart touch your heart or impact your life? And if and when you share that song, how does it touch and impact the lives and hearts of those listening. Scientists and doctors say that smell is a strong way of bringing us memories of past experiences. I think music does the same thing. One of our own HOA coaches once told us that a blind person should be able to hear the emotion of the message of any song we sing and a deaf person should be able to see the same.

I want to thank everyone in HOA for your continued efforts staying engaged in our weekly get-togethers on zoom. Is it what we're used to? Heck NO! But we are together and learning and encouraging and supporting one another. Thank you to the music team (**Carter Combs, Bob Velasquez, John Braden, and Bruce Wenner**) for continuing to meet every Thursday evening for an hour or so to make sure we have a plan for our Tuesday meetings. And to **Barry Sanders**, thank you for acting as the tech and administrator for our Tuesday meetings! I know sometimes the audio isn't the best but we're learning as we go.

I close this rambling article with a portion of a letter written on August 1, 1944. It's written by a girl in love with a guy fighting in France. She's hoping to see him again and eventually get married. She writes:

This morning I saw a lovely verse in the paper and I think it's quite appropriate. It's called *Music Reminds Me*.

*Music reminds me of wonderful things.
Round a sweet melody, memory clings.
Songs stir the heart and awaken again
Echoes of rapture and others of pain.
Music reminds me of bright summer hours.
An old country garden with birds, bees and flowers.*

*Two seats in the shade of a great big tree,
There was you and me and honey for tea.
Sea, sand and sunshine, and nights of romance.
Lights on the water; and the thrill of a dance.
Words softly spoken, a dream that came true.
Music reminds me of wonderful you.*

I hope and pray that this pandemic time in our lives comes to an end soon and again we sing together ringing chords and providing real music that touches the lives of everyone that hears it — audiences and performers alike. Singing every note, every song, from the heart! ❤️

GOLF TOURNAMENT - UPDATE

by John Erwine

The golf committee will present the Board with plans for the 2020 Golf Tournament for their approval. We are also looking at a 'drop dead' date to reverse that decision if necessary.

We are working hard to determine how we can safely host the invited golfers for all activities. Two possible locations are being considered this year. Currently, we are negotiating contracts, so it is a bit premature to announce a location or a firm date at this time. It will be on or near the same date as in the past.

Please be thinking about and actively pursuing golfers and sponsors for this event. More to come soon. ❤️



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

...to the following HOA MEMBERS!

July 14 Dave Parker
July 16 J.P. Marshall
July 18 Matt Moore
July 20 David Stockard
July 26 David Miller
July 30 Vince Perry IV
July 30 Bob Velazquez

August 2 Lyle Wyly
August 4 Wally Thornton
August 7 Monty Duerksen
August 7 Gordy Coleman
August 14 Denny Briley
August 18 Harry Stewart
August 19 Greg Busch
August 19 Mark Fortino
August 25 Charley Drake
August 30 Mike Schumacher
August 31 Carl Turlin

September 5 Thom Tisdall
September 6 Jerry Garrard
September 7 Frank Lasta
September 8 John Braden
September 10 Rich Huyck
September 15 Ron Abel
September 16 Michael Meier
September 23 Phil Veltkamp
September 24 Tom Hadley

PASSING THE TIME DURING THE SHUT-IN

by Ron Mcintire



Dirty words. The dirtiest word I can think of now is COVID-19. It's a word that's not par-

ticularly helpful to anyone and for nearly 150,000 Americans, it has been deadly. It's a sinister illness and it has developed a habit of keeping people indoors. Come to think of it, I haven't been outside, except to see if the bats are still in the soffit of my roof and to get a couple of jugs of milk.

On the bright side, the shut-in has been a good time for me in a way. I decided in March I would learn to play the piano. One day I stumbled on a series of easy, slow YouTube videos of lessons on how to play piano blues by **Christian Fuchs** from Berlin. That led to my purchase of a Yamaha electronic piano. It was affordable and of decent quality. Now I'm banging away 20 or 30 minutes a day on scales, blues riffs and practice runs. I haven't mastered playing with both hands yet but I've learned a lot of musical things I didn't know. I can read music better now and I know more musical jargon like

chord inversions and what the 12-bar blues are.

When I was about seven, my mother sent me to Mrs. Harlow's for piano lessons. All I remember was that she always chewed gum on her back teeth and I learned where middle C was on the keyboard. After about 6 weeks, Mrs. Harlow had had enough of my not practicing and Mom had all the complaining she could stand so she acquiesced and let me quit. Now, 76 years later, lamenting from time to time about my quitting, I decided to use the COVID shut-in time to learn to play. Progress is slow but I'm learning. I think.

I'm also using the shut-in time to keep track of a few of the guys in the chorus. I called **Ron Abel** the other day to chat and, off hand, I boasted that I was trying to learn the piano and asked if he could play. "Oh yes," he said, "I played in dance bands. My mother could play and when she learned my piano teacher, at the time, was teaching me the rudimentary stuff, she said I can do that. From then on she taught me how to play. When I was in

high school I was asked to play in a band. In those days the pianist could survive by playing chords, so that's what I did until the war came along and I left for the Navy. After the service, I played piano and sang in a five-member combo group for a period of time. By then, my piano skills had advanced and I played more than chords and sang for several years. At one time I was asked to play saxophone for a while with a well-known touring dance band. That was a great experience. Then I played in another band for a period of time. All-in-all, I enjoyed the whole thing. Several years ago, I developed arthritis in my hands and fingers and it became too painful to play. Then not too long ago I moved the piano upstairs and I started again. Strangely, the pain went away. I am really enjoying the return to the keyboard."

It's good to know Ron is doing well. As for me, COVID has passed me by for now but the jury is still as to whether I will survive cabin fever. ❤️

MY BOX OF CHOCOLATES

by John Erwine



Lake City, Minnesota, August 26, 1996, about 5:30 pm in a nice cool restaurant.

It had been a long and hot day, and after ordering, the waitress brought me a salad and cold beer. I sat there for a minute, feeling more and more like I did not want either, which certainly was not my normal reaction.

Here is how my story begins. After joining up with my youngest brother, **Roger** and his wife **Sandy**, we left Des Moines, Iowa early on a nice sunny morning. He was leading in the cruising passenger lane of I-35, I was following in the drivers' lane. They were on their brand new, sky blue Honda Goldwing and I was on my candy apple-red Goldwing. The Honda Goldwing is said to be the bike that started the modern touring revolution. The air was crisp, with just a bit of bite in it. This was my favorite time of day to ride – cool, quiet, with little traffic.

We were packed for a 5-day trip, casually cycling through northeastern Iowa, up through Wisconsin toward Lake Superior, intending to spend a few days in Red Cliff, the Chequamegon National Forest, and surrounding towns. After a few great days of touring, shopping, and eating, it was time to head for home. We chose the back roads through the lonely and seemingly deserted Wisconsin Dell country toward Red Wing, Minnesota. The Dells takes its name from the Dells of the Wisconsin River and is a scenic, glacially formed gorge popular among tourists.

Reaching Red Wing, we crossed the Mississippi and found a motel in Lake City, 15 miles further on. It was new, with a very nice-looking restaurant across the road. After checking in, we crossed the highway looking forward to that cold beer and supper. However, as I mentioned earlier, strangely, sitting there waiting for our orders, my appetite seemed to drift away.

I was not aware of the elephant in the room, but suddenly and without warning he made his presence known! He must have gotten tired and thought my chest was the perfect place to rest. Now here we were – elephant on my chest, and me barely able to breathe. 56 years old, healthy – could I be having a heart attack?

With the elephant still on my chest and getting heavier, I was having flashbacks of some TV show where the guy died with his face in his salad. Not wanting to die with my face in the salad, and seeing how I was acting, my brother somehow got me out into the beer garden. Moments later, I found myself lying on a wooden bench, two unfamiliar faces above me, talking to me, wiping my face and neck with cold cloths, trying to make me comfortable and looking quite concerned. I found out later they were EMTs' who just happened to be at the bar. They saw the commotion and jumped in to help. Fortunately, an ambulance was nearby and only minutes away; the hospital just blocks.

Fifteen minutes later, in the emergency

room, I was told I was having a heart attack and they were giving me the TPA (clot buster) shot. Three hours later, as they were loading me in a helicopter to fly me to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, I felt as if nothing had happened. The clot(s) had dissolved, just as advertised. I did not want to go, but they insisted. Minutes later I was feeling bad again.

Funny how your mind works sometimes – all the time I was waiting for the helicopter, I kept wondering about my motorcycle. How was I going to get it home, who is going to look after it while I am here – on and on? You know, the important things.

At Mayo, the angiogram and related tests showed significant damage to my heart. Thanks to that TPA shot, there was no need for surgery or stents. This entire experience scared and worried my wife Nancy, of course, spending a sleepless night before she could join me. She was by my side the entire week, attending to my every need. She was also learning new ways to torture (unintentionally) me by gathering all sorts of new and bland recipes; this/all in the effort to improve my lifestyle – at least that is what she said (a double-edged sword).

Back in Kansas City, after recuperating for a few weeks at home, I began a cardio-rehab program at St. Luke's Hospital on Wornall Rd. That is when I first met **Jim Bagby**, claiming to be the director of some barbershop chorus in town. Over time, he finally convinced me to join *Cardio-Jam*, a small group of singers he directed at St. Luke's who performed twice

a year for the cardiac patients and their families. It took him only nine more years to convince me I should join HOA. The rest is all pleasant history.

This June, after continuing my cardio-rehab and singing with Jim at St. Luke's for 24 years, I had a morning of somewhat belabored breathing, a bit of unsteadiness, and other physical symptoms reminding me of that dark day in 1996. I finally decided to go to the Liberty Hospital emergency room to see what may be happening. I had already been there in March for a somewhat related incident. After three days of testing they found the following blockages: my right coronary artery (100%), left circumflex artery (95%), mid-left anterior artery (70%), and mid-left main coronary (50%). They asked me how it was possible I was even there (I wanted to tell them it was the music).

The following morning, June 5th, I underwent successful quadruple by-pass surgery. Last Monday was my 12th visit to cardio-rehab for my 36-visit recovery program. Being 1/3 into it, I asked where I stood in recovery relating to my procedure and age. They told me I was way ahead of what would be expected. Already 'feelin' fine', I then felt not only fine, but 'danged fine'! So, although my semi-annual check-ups and testing for 24 years showed me in a healthy state, certainly all may not be as it seems. So please pay attention to your body signals, you are in charge, take nothing for granted.

Hmmm, I am acquainted with the Dells, and I have always had a bit of suspicion about them. What if we had spent a few more hours there? Would I be here? Did I cheat them? I wonder what else lurks in that box. You might want to stay tuned.

Oh, yes — the Goldwing, and what to do with it. After the helicopter took me away, my brother was scurrying around trying to figure out what to do with it. His wife is the perfect passenger, but she could not handle the 1,200-pound motorcycle worth a darn, let alone 100 extra pounds of luggage. Here it is dusk by now, my bike was in the parking lot, and he is still looking for answers.

They said my flight to Rochester would take about 40 minutes. So, leaving my bike behind, Roger and Sandy almost beat the helicopter to the hospital. After being reassured that I was okay, I was going to make it and got settled, they found a room to get some rest.

Early the following morning they rode back to Lake City. The hotel owner just happened to be there, so they asked him for some help. He said he had a barn 10 miles out in the brush, and Roger was welcome to store the bike there for as long as necessary. He even offered to let Sandy borrow his car so Roger would have a way to get back to their bike.

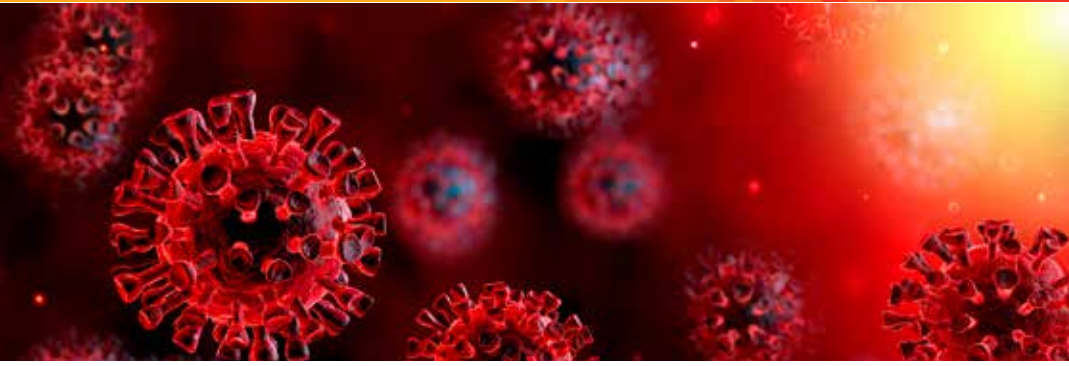
Two weeks later, my bike still in Minnesota, Roger and Sandy drove their car back up there to retrieve it. It was just as they had left it. They tried to pay the barn owner, but he would not take a dime, only giving them his best wishes for me. I later sent him a nice thank you card. Two weeks later, after getting it to Des Moines, Roger drove my bike to Liberty, with Sandy following in their car.

Now if that is not a caring pair, I do not know what can be. I fed them steak. He died a little more than a year later at the age of 52 from lung cancer. I was with him. I miss him. Every day.

I am so grateful that even though all the early years of us fighting as brothers do, we became the best of friends. How did that happen you may ask? I finally got the point, still in high school, when he clobbered me between my shoulder blades using all his might, with a woodsman's boot heel — boot still attached. These could be termed as lumberjack boots. I was down, breathless, and looking quite surprised. Also wondering if I was still alive, I am sure. Later we became known as the 'Jack Daniels' brothers in a favorite pub we frequented in West Des Moines, both wearing leather vests, cowboy hats, and boots — our favorite. Bet you can figure that one out. He is still my best friend — every day.

Next box, please . . .





HANDFUL SLOGS ALONG IN PANDEMIC

by Jim Bagby, NHH Director

Maybe the best way to describe the *New Harmony Handful* over the last few painful months is that we have met pretty faithfully via Zoom, but hearing no four-point chords stinks.

We skipped the month of June, primarily because of vacations, but have met monthly otherwise. **Barry Sanders** has been a faithful host, with backup from **Don Fuson**, and most of our members have found their way into this new online medium, as unsatisfactory as it is.

At least we get to see each other virtually, as *HOA* members have discovered in their Zoom experience. Better than nothing. So we can catch up on what's happening, family matters and exchange stories and lies. We're even working on some new music. We just don't know what it sounds like, other than some learning tracks.

As for Covid-19, we've been fortunate. Two of **Bart Bartholomew's** grandchildren originally were diagnosed with the virus, but later that was changed to a flu diagnosis. **Bob Murphy** is scheduled for some serious eye surgery as this is written.

We lost several performances because of the virus, but hope to make them up later – after we resume real, in-person meetings. ❤️

HARMONY EXPLOSION

by Jerry Meier

Harmony Explosion! 2021

is scheduled for Saturday, Feb. 20 at Grace United Methodist Church in Olathe. It is the same location as last year, but is probably not the same format as last year. If all goes well, we will resume normal activities and host a wonderful event with chorus and quartet singing. But I have doubts about that. Plan B would involve a half-day event with student quarter performances only — no group chorus singing. But I have doubts about that. Plan C would involve online video student quartets — students love to make videos. But I have doubts about that. We should not encourage students to sing together in a barbershop quartet or octet until it is safe to do so.

Right now, vocal music educators are uncertain how they will teach anything this fall — regardless of masks or social distancing. We will simply wait and see. I will know more details on January 31, 2021. Stay tuned. ❤️

JERRY D. SHERIDAN 1936-2020



Jerry D. Sheridan, 84, died May 18, 2020. For those of us that knew him, he was the king of Sheridan's Frozen Custard. He worked most of his life in the golf and tennis industry but most recently worked for Sheridan's Frozen Custard in the Catering Division.

We first met Jerry at St. Peter's United

Church of Christ around 2007. He was a good friend of **Dick Korek** and became good friends to all of *HOA*. His friends remember him as never meeting a person he didn't know or like and he always displayed that persona to the chorus. He would occasionally show up after rehearsal to treat the chorus with frozen custard, nuts, strawberries and other goodies.

Jerry was never a member of *HOA* but often said he'd planned to join. We will miss him for the person he was. ❤️

CAVE SPRING "SOCIAL SING"

by Mike Schumacher

Twelve *HOA* members gathered at Cave Spring Park near Floral Hills Cemetery in Raytown, Saturday, July 11, for some much needed camaraderie and lots of singing – wearing masks and keeping our distance of course. The weather was warm and it was hard to get the sound through the masks but we all made do. We even had a performance by the *Swing Shift* boys, **John, Bob, Eric** and **Carter**.

It started with a few Polecats and progressed to singing just about every song we knew. And, when **Bob Murphy** and his wife drove up, we joined him in the parking lot so he could test out his pipes without getting out of his car.

The evening was such a success that we've planned a second "Social Sing," Aug. 15, at the same location: on the SW corner of Blue Ridge Blvd and Gregory Blvd. The shelter house is reserved from 5 - 8pm so come and stay as long as you wish. But WEAR A MASK. See ya there. ❤️



HOW DID YOU SURVIVE?

By Ron McIntire

What to do? The COVID-19 pandemic is wreaking havoc on the world. Businesses are locked down, people are shut in and everyone must curtail their activities. No one has to tell you how widespread the effects are. You already know. It's put the kibosh on your singing and our musical events and it's blown a hole in articles to write about for the *Harmonotes*.

Carter Combs recognized it first and offered a challenge to everyone to share a bit of what they've been doing since the Virus took command – even if they've never written for the *Harmonotes* before. His admonition was to remember that life in our barbershop family goes on, and we must find creative ways to cope, to adjust, and to continue living. How we deal with the situation now can be just as important as in the good times – and they should be documented too.

I've said for years that *Harmonotes* is not just any old newsletter. It's an important historical publication that documents the life of our chapter. It will be around, if we choose, long after we're gone. Especially, during the bad times. To that end, a few members have submitted articles on how they have weathered the "storm." The activities vary but they present a snapshot of our strength. The flavor of the articles is a bit different than articles that document chapter events, so I've taken the liberty to dress them up a bit.



Bob Velazquez:

I'm making the best of the situation. It's August now and the

Music Team continues to plan for our 2021 Spring Show. "How come we're adding another song to the show?" You ask. Well, we'll blame that one on our illustrious Underground Historian, John Braden." He asked me to check out Muskrat Ramble. I did and liked it. The Music Team agreed. I think it'll be a lot of fun to sing and will be a great addition to the show.

The team has used this off-time to look at the show lineup. The consensus is that we need another up-tempo song. Carter has some great ideas and we already have the spots and the learning tracks are on the website. And, if it's on the website, learning will be faster.

I've enjoyed our zoom meetings. It's great to see you all each week but wish more would join us. I have appreciated your patience while we work through the audio issues but I'm confident they will be resolved. We will continue to review the Polecats from both books, our repertoire, and Christmas songs for the Caroling Caravan and our 1920's show.

Keep "Zooming" in on Tuesday's at 7:00 pm.



Mike Schumacher:

Linda and I have become real homebodies during the COVID-19 crisis. We're using the time to clean, sort, and minimize what we can. We cut our trips to the grocery store by ordering online then picking it up.

In July, I started to play golf every other

Monday morning and we have been to Stacy's place in the Ozark's twice. We follow the guidelines and continue to wear masks and keep our distance with everyone other than family.

Our son will begin a float down the Missouri River this week (Tuesday through Friday). He and a friend will take a 2-man kayak the 340 miles from the Kaw River to St Charles. Linda and I go from boat ramp to boat ramp to provide food and drink for them.

Hope all are continuing to stay well.



Don Fuson: Don chose to contribute what he's doing during the COVID crisis by passing on a list

for this column. So, let's see what I can do with it. He didn't say it but I'll bet it came as surprise when he started to sort piles of paperwork left over from his days as president of the society. And, like everyone, he probably discovered some music in an obscure places he forgot he had. The legal copies were put in binders and stored in the basement.

The zoom program is a great tool. Besides using it to keep up with the chapter, he talked to cousins and BHS friends he's made over the years just to chat.

This COVID business is affecting travel too. He's had to cancel trips to visit family members on the west coast and in Florida. There's no telling when he'll get to see them.

COVID is not all is bad. Don says the frozen food section in his basement fridge has been collecting food for a while so the virus is giving him time to clear it out.



John Erwine: I have had 12 years to get used to being somewhat of a hermit since I retired in 2008, although I am a very social individual. It doesn't bother me to be at home for great lengths of time.

My wife still works full time. She has been working from home since March, and has no intention of returning to the office for some time. She is a person that likes to be on the go constantly and knows how to do a lot of things.

With her at home I'm finding that I don't know as much as I thought I did. The chances of me doing anything right the first time seems to be in question. After 57 years of marriage, I'm amazed at the things I should have been doing all along and haven't been.

I wonder how many things I've missed and how much more do I have to learn — to cure COVID-19?



Ron McIntire: If you haven't been to my house on Lake Tapawingo, there are two things to know:

It's not Lotowana, some think it is, and you must park on the side of the road opposite the lake.

Lake Tapawingo is a man-made lake, three miles from Blue Springs. It was built in 1926 and is now an incorporated City with

two governing entities: a city council and a lake board. Them that knows, say it was an out-of-town getaway for the Mafia in the early '40s. Today, there are about 380 homes, most, but not all, sit on 50 or 100 ft wide lots by 100 feet deep. Many were once summer cabins. The people are friendly and enjoy boating and swimming. You may see John Braden's Sweet 16 on a breezy summer morning tacking toward the main channel. He does love to sail.

This brings me to my subject. As many of you know, John Braden lives in the house next door to me. Lately, we've been biding our COVID off-time by keeping an eye on a new house being built across the cove. Trees block my view but John keeps me posted on the construction.

A year or two ago, a guy bought the lot it sits on probably with intentions of making a quick buck, we think. The lot is a bit truncated, 45 feet at the road, and narrowing as it slopes 15 feet or more down to the lake. We thought it was too small for a house so we dismissed the For Sale sign that appeared one day.

The noise from a Bobcat got John's attention one day when the contractor began excavating for a basement. Well, maybe it would be a small house, we thought. As time passed, concrete was poured, gravel was added, and walls began to go up. For a while, John and I speculated on what it would look like, maybe one story, we thought, two if the foundation on the lakeside was a walkout basement.



We soon learned that the house would be 22 feet wide, small

enough to fit inside the building lines, and a little over 35 feet long. Then we watched as rooms were added, one over the garage on the roadside and three on the lakeside. In all, it's taller than it is wide and looks a little like a cereal box on its short side. We figured the architect must do most of his design work on napkins in a cheap restaurant.

The house is nearly done now and as far as we know, no one in our area is enamored with it. We don't know the people yet but we suspect they won't be too happy with its size or that lake rules say they must live in it for a year before they can sell it. We don't know how their two Boxer dogs will like it either. We hope they don't bite.



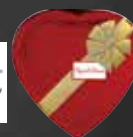
Rick Foreman: During the pandemic, I have been riding my bicycle, playing golf each week, and going to Legacy Park in Lee's Summit to swim. For additional exercise, I get to mow my step daughter's lawn, trying to stay healthy.

I went to Lake of the Ozarks to my brother-in-law's lake cabin to re-furbish his sailboat and make it usable again. There were wooden parts that were rotten that made the boat un-sailable. I made a new bowsprit and made other repairs so the boat would be functional again.

My son, **Adam** and I are going to the lake to take the boat out on its maiden voyage since the repairs were made. I am looking forward to sailing. ❤️

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HEART OF AMERICA CHORUS CALENDAR

October 11-13

**CSD Convention at Lied Center,
Lawrence, KS**

THE KANSAS CITY CHAPTER OF THE BARBERSHOP HARMONY SOCIETY

...is a singing fraternity whose mission is to learn, teach, and perform the highest-quality, entertaining, a cappella music that embraces the barbershop style through the Heart of America Chorus and its chapter quartets, to bring about a spiritual and emotional response from the performer and the audience.