

THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL represents the view of The Joplin Globe's editorial board. Members of the editorial board are: **Robin Phelan**, publisher, publisher@joplinglobe.com; **Andy Ostmeier**, editor, aostmeier@joplinglobe.com; and **Jerry Willis**, managing editor, jwillis@joplinglobe.com.

OUR VIEW

Support sales tax renewal

Joplin's Proposition Progress raises questions, such as:

1. WHAT HAPPENS if we don't support on Tuesday the renewal of the three-eighths of a cent sales tax for capital improvements?

The short answer is nothing, and we don't mean that in a benign, "rolling merrily along" kind of way. We mean nothing — literally — happens. As in, things come to a halt, a standstill. As in, important infrastructure improvements won't get done.

Joplin's Finance Director Leslie Haase said not long ago: "This sales tax is the only revenue source available to fund large capital improvements, including major transportation projects."

The city is asking for the renewal of this tax on Tuesday, a tax that has worked well for two decades. It has already paid for numerous important projects and improvements that are completed, and is funding five others that are underway.

Do you like the wider Zora Street from Range Line Road to Main Street? We do. The first round of this tax paid for that.

Do you think the recent widening of 32nd Street and the addition of a third lane has made it safer? We do. The second round paid for that.

Would you like to see more sidewalks, more flood control, removal of the Pennsylvania Avenue viaduct and more street improvements? We would. Round three will pay for that.

Many of the projects outlined for the next 12 years are critical for Joplin's growth, but the past 20 years of these projects have made Joplin a safer place to walk, drive and live.

2. WHAT ABOUT the ongoing audit?

Some critics of Proposition Progress are urging residents to vote no until the state audit is returned.

That makes no sense to us.

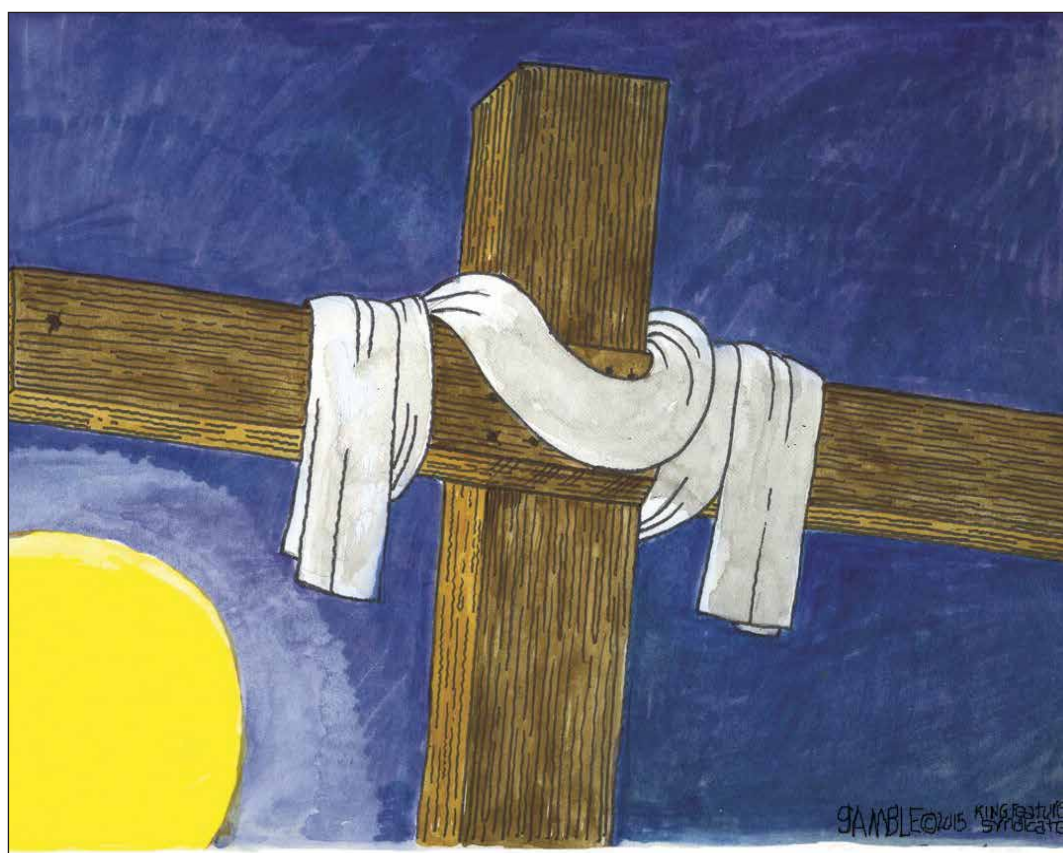
State Auditor Scott Fitzpatrick's office recently told us: "The city of Joplin is a pretty big entity relative to the entities we would audit, so the audit will take that full 12-month process."

Why paralyze our community for a year while we wait... for what... an audit that may not raise any serious red flags where this tax is concerned? There is already a Capital Improvement Sales Tax Oversight Committee, independent of the city staff and the City Council, that regularly reviews and report on spending. This committee has raised no red flags.

If the audit does find serious problems, the city can correct those, and voters will have options too.

Our conversations with city officials about the handful of projects that haven't been completed have satisfied us as to the reason some are pending, although we should note that all of the remaining projects, such as the widening of Zora Street, have been discussed openly in City Council meetings. Nothing has been hidden.

We're no fans of taxes, either, but we think this one makes sense for our economic growth and prosperity. We think residents should support Proposition Progress on Tuesday.



Even Joe Biden isn't eager to part with internal combustion engine

One of Joe Biden's notable digressions when getting deposed by special counsel Robert Hur was about driving his beloved 1967 Corvette Stingray convertible.

Which wasn't surprising — the president genuinely loves his car. And why not? It's a thing of beauty and, for its time, was a splendid feat of engineering.

A paradox of the Biden administration is that the old-school car enthusiast is — in the name of the future and of saving the planet — waging a war on cars using internal combustion engines that he so admires and that have helped define American life over the past 100 years.

The internal combustion engine ranks as one of the modern world's most transformative innovations.

Prior to the advent of trains, travel by land was an absolute misery, even for the wealthy and privileged. Then, the car, in effect, took the train and put it in the hands of individuals.

It was a revolutionary leap ahead for personal freedom and mobility. It changed where we live (catalyzing the growth of the suburbs) and how we work (making it easier to commute). It obviously made it possible to go more places and gave rise to new types of businesses catering to a newly footloose population, including motels and fast-food restaurants. It knit the country together via a road network that facilitated untold economic activity, and created the auto-manufacturing industry, as well as indus-



RICH LOWRY

Columnist

tries providing parts and fuel for cars.

To an unusual extent, people feel bonded to their cars. There are car enthusiasts, but not enthusiasts for other 20th century implements that changed our way of life.

No one speaks wistfully of the refrigerator they owned 40 years ago, or reads fan magazines devoted to plumbing. Even for consumers who aren't devotees of cars, what to buy is an intensely personal choice; this is why there is a dizzying array of brands offering an immense range of choices.

The Biden administration's push to get people into electric vehicles is running directly into the chief advantage of internal combustion vehicles, which is the sheer convenience.

One area of resistance to electric vehicles is "range anxiety," or the fear that an electric vehicle will run out of its charge. That's often exaggerated; electric cars have acquired more range now, and most people aren't driving 300 miles in a single trip. Nevertheless, there are reasonable concerns about the ability to find a charging station and how long it will take to recharge the vehicle compared to filling up at a gas station.

Gas stations already exist (about 145,000 of them with a million gas pumps), and no

one had to subsidize their creation. They are convenient, cost-effective and make economic sense.

Making charging stations available on a comparable scale will present formidable obstacles. As Mark Mills of the National Center for Energy Analytics points out in a paper on electric cars, transporting the large amounts of energy at the necessary scale using electric energy via wires and transformers is much more expensive than doing it with oil via pipelines and tanks. Equipping stations with the super-chargers necessary to make charging somewhat rapid — but still slower than gassing up — will require "a grid power demand comparable to a small town or steel mill."

An all-electric-car future is very far off, though, and internal combustion automobiles aren't embarrassing artifacts of the past. Their cost, convenience, reliability and size — more than half of automobiles sold in the U.S. are SUVs — make them hugely appealing. They are also getting constant upgrades. According to Mills, since 1975, "the average automobile today has 100 more horsepower, weighs 1,000 pounds more and has doubled in fuel efficiency."

Joe Biden's Corvette is now an antique, but the basic technology is as important, and as incredibly user-friendly, as ever.

RICH LOWRY is editor-in-chief of National Review, an American conservative news and opinion magazine.

YOUR VIEW

Capital Improvement Sales Tax benefits in evidence

Over the past 20 years, I've watched roads improve around Joplin, paid for by the Capital Improvement Sales Tax. Every time I drive on West 32nd Street, I am thankful for the dramatic change for the better.

The road is so much safer compared to the previous one. I use the upgraded Connecticut Avenue rather than Range Line Road all the time. The roundabout at Connecticut Avenue and 44th Street works so well; there are never any backups like those that used to occur often at that intersection. I look forward to the completion of Connecticut Avenue from 32nd to the I-44 bridge.

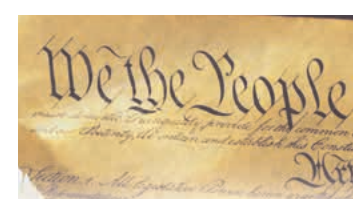
There are so many road improvements throughout Joplin that I can't list all of them. Can anyone imagine driving around Joplin without these improvements? It would not be fun. For these reasons and more, I strongly recommend voting yes on extending the Capital Improvement Sales Tax.

Dewayne Patton
Joplin

Verse

'They put him to death by hanging him on a tree. This man God raised on the third day and granted that he be visible, not to all the people, but to us, the witnesses chosen by God in advance, who ate and drank with him after he rose from the dead.'

Acts 19:39-41



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Email: letters@joplinglobe.com
Fax: 417-623-8598

Mail:
Letters to the Editor
Joplin Globe
117 E. Fourth St.
Joplin, MO 64801



OUR MISSION is to be an essential part of people's lives by providing valuable information on what's happening in their world.

Robin Phelan
Publisher
417-623-3480
publisher@joplinglobe.com

Andy Ostmeier
Editor
417-627-7281
aostmeier@joplinglobe.com

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These two GOP candidates exemplify political squalor

PHOENIX — From Herbert Hoover's "a chicken for every pot" (1928) to Ronald Reagan's "It's morning again in America" (1984), some campaign slogans have been humdingers. The slogan of Republican Kari Lake's Senate campaign could be: "Oh, never mind."



FIRST LAST

Columnist

self-absorbed, backward-looking, fact-free, sore-loser, endless grievance tour. So, she sometimes seems to say of her protracted harping on 2022: Oh, never mind.

Lake has the sheen of Limoges porcelain, and the manners of Al Capone.

It was revealed in January that she secretly taped the state Republican chairman, then accused him of bribery because he suggested finding her a job pending her run another year. Seasoned Republicans here believe that the candidate she defeated in the 2022 gubernatorial primary would have easily won, and today school choice and other conservative achievements would not be endangered.

Lake's Democratic opponent this year, U.S. Rep. Ruben Gallego, is a U.S. Marine Corps veteran of combat in Iraq but otherwise a stan-

dard-issue progressive who dismays conservatives regarding almost everything. Lake dismays Arizona conservatives who are political legatees of Arizona's U.S. Sen. Barry Goldwater, whose 1964 presidential nomination prepared his party for Reaganism: limited government, military strength, collective security through sturdy alliances and a general inclination toward a sunny Sun Belt libertarianism — everything the Trump-saturated GOP rejects.

In Ohio, three-term Democratic Senate incumbent Sherrod Brown is a progressive reliably wrong — and indistinguishable from Trump — regarding many matters.

These include ignoring the unsustainable trajectories of Social Security and Medicare. And embracing the nonsensical notion that national security will be jeopardized if a superior steel company (Nippon) from an allied nation (Japan) buys U.S. Steel, which has a market capitalization about equal to the Skechers shoe company.

Brown is, however, a pro-

gressive more concerned about practicalities (e.g., jobs) than pronoun protocols.

His Republican opponent, Bernie Moreno, once called Trump a "maniac" and a "lunatic" akin to "a car accident that makes you sick." He scoffed at Trump's claims of election fraud and called the Jan. 6, 2021, rioters "morons" and "criminals." But Trump, like a marsupial, has tucked Moreno into his pouch, and the amazingly malleable Moreno calls (as does Lake) the Jan. 6 defendants "political prisoners" and says the 2020 election was "stolen." Joe Biden should be impeached and Trump is swell.

Moreno, who projects the Trumpkins' chest-thumping faux toughness, disdains bipartisanship. Evidently, he plans to advance his agenda with 60 Republican votes. There have not been 60 Republican senators since 1910.

Granted, if elected senators, Lake and Moreno would be votes against ending the Senate filibuster, a Democratic aspiration that would unleash even more

statism than Trumpian "national conservatives" favor. And Lake and Moreno would be obedient votes for sound judges. Both would, however, impede a larger, longer-term conservative objective.

The nation no longer has a reliably conservative party of sound ideas and good manners. If conservatism is again to be ascendant in their party, Republicans must stop electing the likes of Lake and Moreno.

Gallego and Brown are mistaken about much, but they are not repulsive. Conservatives can refute them and, by persuading electoral majorities, repeal or modify progressive mischief.

The new breed of anti-conservative Republicans think persuasion, and the patience of politics, is for "squishes," a favorite epithet of proudly loutish Trumpkins, who, like Lake and Moreno, seem to think the lungs are the location of wisdom.

GEORGE F. WILL writes a twice-weekly column on politics and domestic and foreign affairs.

Joplin Uplift offered news to, about Joplin's Black community

Every day, I thank the Lord for my blessings, known and unknown, seen and unseen.

You will understand why when I finish with this column. "To everything there is a season and time to every purpose under the heaven." (Ecclesiastes 3:1).



BETTY SMITH

Columnist

The purpose this time is sharing the blessings of the Joplin Uplift, a Joplin newspaper that ran from 1926 to 1929. People who know about my interest in history offer items that the community will value later. My friend, who now lives in Illinois, came to Joplin to clear her mother's house after her mother's death. I went to help because this is what friends do. She asked me if I wanted papers that were stacked there. I was thrilled. It was four copies of the Joplin Uplift from 1928-1929. I've had them for 36 years. I have made a variety of displays after having them laminated because the paper was delicately thin. The lady at the store said this was the only way they would last. That's why they are in good condition today.

I always started with my church, Unity Missionary Baptist Church, 615 Minnesota Ave. Each Sunday School teacher presented history on a chosen Sunday.

It was during this time when Jean Campbell, Missouri Southern State University television host, invited William Jackson, retired, and one of the most knowledgeable people about George Washington Carver National Monument, and I to present our specific projects.

While we were taping the session, the Joplin Uplift was being seen by students in the adjoining room. They were so involved in what they were learning from the Joplin Uplift that they didn't want us to leave. Jackson's son had a barbershop appointment, so we couldn't stay. This was something they had not seen before.



I am including some articles of interest to show the variety of news, whether it was city, national or world news.

To begin, can you imagine purchasing a paper for 5 cents and a subscription for \$2 a year?

It was not just Joplin news, but everyone who made contact with the publishers, August and Fannie Tutt at 1130 Broadway.

(The word "insight," by the way, means viewing the inside or inner parts of something with understanding, and wisdom and understanding in dealing with people or just facts.)

AUG. 10, 1928

"Negro physicians appointed to staff of Cleveland City Hospital. Dr. McMorris, first of his race, chosen after years of effort,

Cleveland NAACP reports. The success thus far gained in the Ohio city is the second victory toward admission of qualified Negro physicians, surgeons, specialists and nurses to the staff of municipal hospitals in metropolitan areas."

The inner pages were a variety of ads and events. There are stories from Australia, London, Africa, China and Hungary.

It also had this editorial statement: "The Negroes in Joplin have a rating better than those of any town in the United States. We feel that their privileges and rights are limited in many instances, but where are our Negro leaders? Are they lining up candidates or at home kneeling in prayer?"

Aug. 17, 1928

"Jacob Hunter, 111 years of age, will exhibit at the State Fair in Sedalia, Mo. Hunter says he was born April 1, 1817, in the Carolinas. 'Live right and you will live long,' was his advice to Missouri State Fair employees. He exhibited tobacco, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes and squash."

One of my favorites was my pastor of Unity Baptist Church, the Rev. J.T. Smith, who wrote: "I do not play politics and my people know the stand I take regarding politics. I believe every man should vote according to the dictation of his own mind whenever that mind is in harmony and having the proper consideration for the community at large, and not be bought for a few dollars and cents."

"I am a minister of the Gospel and I believe that if I master my position well, it is all that I can do as a leader for my people."

Smith was at the church for more than 40 years. He baptized me and presided over my marriage to William Smith in 1948.

Aug. 31, 1928

"Negro Party movement takes Chicago. A new Declaration of Independence, that of 1928 with that of 1776, is slated to transpire in the race belt of the great Windy City when the first convention of the Negro Party movement will be called to order."



March 22, 1929

There is a column titled "What the editor saw" describing his recent visit to Coffeyville, Kansas, and his meeting with "some of the most pleasant and aggressive members of the race," including an attorney, businessmen, a young physician and the pastor of the AME church.

Local news was part of the reporting, and included this, "Mrs. Payne of 519 Pennsylvania Ave has gone to Ash Grove to visit her daughter, Mrs. Pansy Reeves. (That was my mother.)"

And the prices of groceries you wouldn't believe — five pounds of sweet potatoes for 25 cents.

BETTY SMITH is a Joplin resident.

St. Anthony's Shrine: From soul and heart their service inspires

In order to serve with dignity, you've got to be organized," says Mary Ann Ponti, director of outreach programs and community engagement at St. Anthony's Shrine in downtown Boston.

And on a recent morning at the shrine, dignity and organization are much on display, as several hundred Bostonians line up for food — no questions asked — provided through the shrine's food pantry. "You have to create a safe environment for people to receive services," says Ponti, whose blend of street smarts and tenderness is the hallmark of programs the shrine runs to feed the hungry, shelter the homeless and offer women's health services. She is, one of the volunteers staffing the pantry says, "a force of nature."

So is the work of St. Anthony's, which, like Ponti, is a godsend. "In other places it might take a year's worth of meetings to get things done," says Ponti. "Here, somebody calls with a need, we're going to jump all over it. The friars pride themselves on meeting need."



JEFF ROBBINS

Columnist

On this morning, after the volunteer team has unloaded a truckload of food from the Greater Boston Food Bank, they start with a prayer ("Lord, it's been a crazy morning") before Ponti calls out, "Let's roll!" A long line of people, most from nearby Chinatown, file in with carts or bags to collect chicken, pork, beans, rice, spinach and blueberries. The volunteers, all regulars, greet them warmly. Three of the Boston Police Department's finest, also regulars, are there, chatting away. One of them is fluent in Chinese; he banter with those on line, and they seem to banter back.

The pantry didn't miss a beat during the pandemic, a testament to the collaboration among the Greater Boston Food Bank, St. Anthony's and the blessed souls who show up to help.

"The volunteers definitely serve

These are dark, depressing days in plenty of respects.

There's no doubt about that. But then there are people like those who make these food pantries and others like them not merely operate but sing.

up love here," Ponti says.

The pantry's monthly food distribution isn't the only St. Anthony's program to combat hunger. Its Homeless to Housing program provides food, household items and toiletries every week to several hundred people transitioning from homelessness to some form of shelter. Ponti has a wide network of caseworkers who contact her to provide help making that transition successful. Pretty much the Mikhail Baryshnikov of need-serving, Ponti also spends part of each week walking Boston's streets to tend to the homeless, whom she knows by name. She is not entirely tireless ("My fumes are running on fumes," she cracks) but awfully close.

All over Boston, the Catholic

Church inspires the community to feed the hungry and organizes to do so. Recently, the Mary Ann Brett Food Pantry, affiliated with Saint Teresa of Calcutta Parish in Dorchester, announced it has raised \$1 million to supplement the food supplied by the Greater Boston Food Bank every week that helps 550 families.

The pantry is named after a much-beloved immigrant who arrived from Ireland as a small girl then washed the floors of downtown office buildings to support her family.

Father Jack Ahern, instrumental in establishing the pantry in honor of Mary Ann Brett's son Jim, says it is aptly named. "Although she was fairly poor herself," says Father Jack, "she and her family made

sure there was always room at the table for others." He marvels not only at the pantry's growth but at the volunteers. "They really are a family," he says. "You see people from across the generations serving food."

Jim Brett, longtime CEO of the New England Council, raised the funds from donors large and small, mindful not only of his mother's life but of Matthew 25: "For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat. I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink. I was a stranger and you invited me in."

These are dark, depressing days in plenty of respects. There's no doubt about that. But then there are people like those who make these food pantries and others like them not merely operate but sing.

Theirs is a blessed mission, and they put soul and heart on display in impressive, and inspiring, fashion.

JEFF ROBBINS is a former assistant United States attorney and United States delegate to the United Nations Human Rights Council in Geneva.

Appellate court ruling on Trump's bond restores order to the chaos

In the summer of 1994, moviegoers witnessed Forrest Gump sitting on a bus stop bench and reminiscing, "My mama always said life was like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get."

And with that the American Film Institute had a new addition to its 100 greatest movie quotes of all time.

While the phrase may be fiction, there's nothing fictional about its meaning.

Life truly is a journey with none of us ever really knowing what the next day may bring.

Be it good or bad, high-fives or hide in the corner, a "Thank you, God" or "Why, God, why?" life for each of us is never more than one moment, one incident away from either plowing into the ditch or launching straight to the stars.

Our box for this week came Monday morning when a panel of New York Appellate Division judges reduced the bond amount in the civil fraud case New York Attorney General Letitia James had dredged up. They reduced the bond amount from the \$464 million imposed by trial judge Arthur Engoron down to \$175 million.

They also allowed former President Donald Trump and his co-defendants an additional 10 days to post the new amount.

For those of us who had endured 2½ months of James and Engoron twisting our precious rule of law into a Soviet-era show trial, the decision was great news.

For left-wing nuts and perpetual Trump haters, it was the end of the world. I submit a few posts from X, formerly known as Twitter, on that day for context.

Former RNC Chairman and now proud political analyst for MSNBC, Michael Steele let his 360,000 followers know that, "Yet again, @realDonaldTrump gets special treatment with his own private system of justice. The NY Appeals Court has decided to give Trump more time to pay less money by reducing his bond from \$454M to \$175 and giving him 10 days to get the money.



Former President Donald Trump holds up a copy of a story featuring New York Attorney General Letitia James while speaking during a news conference, Jan. 11, 2024, in New York.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

This makes absolutely no sense."

No, Mr. Steele, what makes "absolutely no sense" is a state attorney general openly campaigning on a platform of "getting Trump" and cutting a video stating, "I will never be afraid to challenge this illegitimate President," an attorney general who just one day after her election stated, "We're definitely going to sue his ass. He'll know my name."

That's not "justice is blind" American jurisprudence. That's Stalin's secret police

chief Lavrentiy Beria "Show me the man, and I'll show you the crime" political persecution.

Tristan Snell — bio: "Lawyer, legal commentator, fighter for democracy. Prosecuted Trump University @ NY AG. Commentator @ MSNBC, CNN. Author of the new book TAKING DOWN TRUMP" — told his 491,000 followers: "Donald Trump has a private jet. Donald Trump lives in private clubs. Donald Trump assembled a private militia to attack the Capitol. Now he gets his own

private system of justice — available to him alone. NO ONE ELSE would get the special treatment he gets. NO ONE should."

He followed that up four hours later with, "We should just build Trump his own courthouse now — a cupcake court. Shaped like a giant orange cupcake. Filled with his own cupcake judges handing down cupcake decisions since His Cupcake-ness is apparently already above the law."

Bill Kristol, self-styled "true conservative," founder of the now defunct The Weekly Standard and currently editor-at-large of the Trump derangement syndrome website The Bulwark.

He told his 1 million strong audience: "We can't count on the legal system to stop Trump. We have to stop him ourselves. One conviction would be nice; two would probably be quite helpful. But we can't count on the broken legal system to do a job that we ourselves have to do at the polls."

The rabid rush to just "get a conviction" on a political opponent is something I never thought I'd see in this country. But then the Biden presidency has shown me many things I never dreamed possible.

How low we sink when hate beats our hearts. I would think that with the credentials Bill peddles he would at least have a kindergarten understanding of the 8th Amendment to our Constitution: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." It does not include a clause "unless it's a political opponent and then anything goes."

When one judge — no jury or verdict, just one judge — imposes a bond so high that in order for the defendant to appeal such abuse of power, said defendant must liquidate his/her assets to meet the bond, that's not legal prosecution, that political retribution.

That's not America, that's Soviet Union, third-world banana-republic corruption.

And no American, no matter our political aisle, no matter our favored candidate, should ever want to live in that America.

GEOFF CALDWELL lives in Joplin. He can be reached at gc@caldwellscorner.com.