

NOTE: Ivy King is the 86 year old Mother of Joan Thomas. A typed version of this letter is included after this handwritten version. A huge thank you from me also. You all made her day as well as many other residents.

May 29, 2008

Dear friends,

I am writing to thank you for the wonderful parade that you put together for my Joann Miller & do appreciate the effort that to come all the way up here to Lake Mills, the gas, what sort of day, what is sleep anymore, your time away from home, I think Joann made name has always been complete. I do not know where she came to get unless it is from my brother who went the same way, he was the marble playing champion in our little town and community. He won 3-3 school and dates of various marbles and he had to beat them by beating them under one of our grand old apple trees, sorry to say, when the line came that he wanted them again, the marbles were not there. We always wondered as to why they were gone from sight. I saw a girl at the way, she had glasses, were first a heavy paper and marble wound from clay, was our time the wet soil laid the whole work, had a lot of marbles! To thank at once, thank to Joan; - When she brought a little girl, hardly more than a year old, she came to our neighborhood with her sister. They all came back and excited that Joan was a 40 y.o. champion. Some wanted to come along with some of you and get the right to be a champion and Joan won, that may have been her future competition because not long after that her picture was in our local paper, people called her Joan the 40 y.o. Champion. She seldom played with girls, always boys, but she became a major of our club. She had a nice thought of Joan as a girl she always thought of her as one of our boys.

She was competitive in school too. She was so good that she almost became a school champion. She was a boy scout towards the end of the school years. She had to settle for a Salalitanian but she was mighty proud of her anyway.

Boys were always the good friends, not sweethearts. She finally met up with a good man who broke the ice and they were married in 1964.

She started racing cars after they moved down to Rockford. It was so nice to have her new friends. I have never watched a car race but in a book I read that was written by

Walter Jonkite. He said that no one stops the joy of racing a car until they are tired. He liked wheel and racing. He was my favorite

newscaster so I got a little of the feel of it. The sight of all your Corvells was a joy to me and I have kept the memory of all of you since that day. I am glad that over Joan has such nice friends. Is she one of the boys or is she only one of the girls? Don't matter really. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Sincerely
Joy King
Joan's Mom

May 22, 2008

Dear Friends,

I am writing to thank you for the wonderful parade that you put together for me, Joan's Mother. I do appreciate the time it took to come all the way up here to Lake Mills; the gas which is not cheap; what is cheap anymore; your time away from home.

I think Joan's middle name has always been compete. I don't know where she comes by it unless it is from my brother who was the same way. He was the marble playing champion in our little town and community. He had 3 – 3lb oatmeal boxes of various marbles and he liked to hide them by burying them under one of our grandmother's apple trees. Sorry to say when the time came that he wanted them again the marbles were not there. We always wondered as to why they were gone from sight. I have figured it this way. Oatmeal glasses (I think she meant boxes) were just a heavy paper and marbles were made from clay so over time the wet soil claimed the whole works. Now that's a lot of marbles to lose at once. Back to Joan –

When she was just a little girl, hardly more than six years old, she went to our neighborhood store with her sisters. They all came back all excited that Joan was a Yo-Yo Champion. Some man had come along some yo-yos and got the neighborhood kids into a contest and Joan won. That have been begun her future competition because not long after that her picture was in our local paper, pigtails and all.



EARLY—Mary Hansen, 2417 E. 6th St., Midget Girls Box Hockey Champion at left, and Joan King, 1226 E. 6th St., also Box Hockey Champ, wait for the starting signal to show out to open firm. Both girls won their titles in the Tournament of Champions at the Nelson Dewey Playground Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1914. (Examiner Telegram Photo.)

She was the Box Hockey Champion. She seldom played with the girls, always boys one who later became Mayor of our city. He said he never thought of Joan as a girl. We always thought of her as one of us boys.

She was competitive in school, too. She was so good that she almost became valedictorian but a boy beat her towards the end of the school year so she had to settle for salutatorian but we were mighty proud of her anyway.

Boys were always her good friends not sweethearts. Then she finally met up with a young man who broke the ice and they were married in 1964.

She started racing cars after they moved down to Rockford. It was so nice to see all of her new friends. I have never witnessed a car race but in a book I read that was written by Walter Cronkite, he said that no one knows the joy of racing a car until they are behind the wheel and racing. He was my favorite newscaster so I got a little of the feel of it. The sight of all of your Corvettes was a joy to me and I have kept the memory of all of you since that day. I am glad that our Joan has such nice friends. Is she one of the boys or is she one of the girls? Doesn't matter really.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Sincerely Ivy King
Joan's Mom