

CRADDOCK CORRECTOR

FAMILY NEWSLETTER

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CRADDOCK HISTORY by FAY FINLEY

In 1920 the Craddock's set out for Broken Arrow, Ok. Ada (Grandma) decided she would never move again. ("Famous last words," I will never.") But the time in Broken Arrow was well spent, fun and fond memories. Glen found two good buddies, twin boys, but one day they turned on him and he whipped them both. The next day, here come Mr. & Mrs. Brooks to hang Glen. So, Ada just ordered them both out of the house and told them to start teaching their boys self-defense. The Brooks had a grocery store, so Ada and Lon still bought groceries and smiled.



FATE OF THE FROGS

The frogs on Binger Hill are getting accustomed to being gathered up into a brown paper grocery bag and jostled around with a host of other frogs each night, until some merciful adult comes to their rescue and demands their release.

All of the little children here and round abouts love to gather the poor toads. Once, they accumulated 57 of the warty little critters. The kiddos had to keep replacing the bags, it seems the bottoms kept getting wet.

Oh, I do hope none of them should be a prince.



IF LIFE HANDS YOU A LEMON,
MAKE LEMONADE

If God is for us, who is against us?
Romans 8:31

Do not be overcome by evil, but
overcome evil with good. Romans 12:21

"These things I have spoken to you,

that in Me you may have peace. In the world you have tribulation, but take courage; I have overcome the world." John 16:33

"I call heaven and earth to witness against you today, that I have set before you life and death, the blessing and the curse. So choose life in order that you may live, you and your descendants."

"I am the Lord, I have called you in righteousness, I will also hold you by the hand and watch over you." Isaiah 42:6



happy birthday

steven shane watson
judy elizabeth morris
buffy foster
douglass joe craddock
tessa marie murrow
aubry keith finley
steven glen craddock
sue ann upchurch
ansel craddock finley
laurie lynn brent

Aunt Fay said, "years back it was customary for the women to give their firstborn sons their maiden name as a middle name, thus insuring their own bloodline." She herself carried out this tradition when she named Ansel. I like the idea and wish I had known about it before my first child Dean, (now deceased) was born. If I weren't so busy I'd have one more just so I could name him Tom Craddock Morris.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CONVERSATION CONSISTS IN BUILDING ON ANOTHER MAN'S OBSERVATION, NOT OVERTURNING IT.

BULWER-LYTTON



If you believe that Sue and Charles Loveless live in Provo, Wa., then here's pie in your face, dummy.

Everyone knows Provo is in Utah.

Here are some tips on how to catch a mouse; Viola Craddock says it's easy, you just wait until they hop into the trash can and then tie the plastic bag at the top and discard it in the dumpster. She has caught two that way. (However there's always the possibility that the first mouse chewed his way out of the bag and found his way back in the house.)

Rodney Craddock had one (a mouse, that is) jump on his bottom bunk bed, (don't know if it was the first mouse or the second mouse) so now he sleeps on the top bunk with his B.B. gun at his side, loaded and ready. Had any luck yet Rodney?

Roger Morris Jr. says his mom, Pam, catches them (mice) unaware in a glass and adds water and puts a cover over it until the mouse drowns.

We welcome any more tips on how to rid your home of these pesky little varmits.

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A few weeks ago, Aunt Fay and I paid a visit to Uncle Gilbert and Aunt Idele Archer.

They were expecting us and had prepared a delicious meal, roasted ribs with cornbread dressing, baked beans, salad, and cherry cobbler, with vanilla ice cream. (we discussed cobblers and pies and the difference in the two, we came to an agreement that the only difference is, a pie is round and a cobbler is rectangle, or as Aunt Fay calls them, a long pie). There was more good things to eat also. Uncle Gilbert cautioned Aunt Idele about feeding us too early in the day, he thought we might want to eat again before we left.

After we could hold no more we just gabbed about everything we could think of and Uncle Gilbert played his guitar, (he was really hitting some hot licks too.) Aunt Idele played the piano and we just sang and had a great time.

All too soon it was time for us to leave, but we really had a day of enjoyment. Thank you for the good time Uncle Gilbert and Aunt Idele. (and for keeping the geese and dogs off of us) Thanks also to Uncle Aubry for letting Aunt Fay go with me, maybe next time he'll feel like going with us.

The word's out that Craig Morris is a little interested in the girls, one girl in



particular. Pick a good un' honey.

Shane and Shawn Morris, and their dad Chuck, are into skate boarding. I hear they're doing a lot of fancy trick riding on those things. Watch out!

Joe and Debbie Craddock have adopted a new puppie into their family. Doc, (their little beagle) doesn't like it too well.

Debbie is becoming a cable splicer, doing on the job training, along side of Joe. Sounds like a good deal to me.

Stephanie Craddock and one of her school friends was seen jumping and screaming by the side of the road the other day, I can't imagine why, Carl said he didn't notice anything when he passed them a moment before and honked the air horn at them.

Nathan and Joshua joined the Anadarko Marching Band as they marched in the Binger Parade here last week. Nathan even did a little dance as he marched along with them.

Lynne Murrow has been busy these days picking bird feathers. Keep bringing in the birds Randy, she told me she just loves to pick and clean birds, and she could hardly wait until you brought in some bigger game like pheasants and turkeys and maybe you might even let her clean your deer.

It has been suggested that the year of birth be included with the birthdates. I asked Dan Craddock if he thought I should do that and he answered "why shore, on the men's, men don't care who knows how old they are."

If you have an opinion on that, drop me a postcard and let me know, this is your newsletter and the majority rules. (on most things,) I have to have a little bit of power, you understand.

Reginald Craddock says his kids never call or let him know where they are or what they are doing, so he (and his wife Martha) just decided the thing to do is to have another one. Along about next April the stork will be visiting their household. Congratulations to the both of you.

It's not to soon to start thinking about next year's reunion. Reg and Martha think they will be able to be here some time in June. If everyone will try real hard, and communicate, we should be able to arrive at a suitable arrangement to make it possible for everyone to attend.

Roy, do you remember asking Larry Craddock if he lived on Binger Hill



and we said "no, we won't let him live that close" well he talked us into it. Larry, Samie and children are now in the process of becoming Binger Hill residents and we welcome them. However, I wonder if his motive has anything to do with the pitch trophy? (He might think the guys will let him win if he lives here.) Well, anyway there has been much activity going on around here, such as leveling the ground for their double wide mobile home, digging a septic, getting electricity to their home site, etc. Somehow, with all that going on, Larry managed to have time out for a foot race with son, Erik, being challenged by the same, the old man is still a little bit faster than the offspring. Of course Erik had many reasons why his dad came in first. Face it Erik, he's just a bit faster.

I received a large envelope of old photos from Aunt Louise a couple of days ago . I am glad you enjoy our newsletter. I really enjoyed trying to figure out who some of the people in the pictures were. Some I knew, some I didn't. Uncle Gilbert has already helped me to identify some of the folks and I bet Aunt Fay knows some of them too. We were sorry to hear about your house burning. Has Bob been playing with matches ?

I'm probably the only person in the world that did not know you could peel an orange with a spoon, but just in case there is another, it's true, just start a little place at the end and slide the spoon around inside the orange peel. It makes the job so easy. There's no charge for that one either. Surely someone can think of a better tip than that.

I decided to take a survey of the local hill folks and have them describe how 1989 has been so far, here are some of the answers I got:

Tammy Morris: "It's gone by fast."

Carl Morris: "It's been a great year"

Larry Craddock "Elusive"

Samie Craddock " Lots of changes"

Erik Craddock "Different"

Stephanie Craddock "It's been fun"

Nathan Craddock "Half of it's been boring and half of it's been fun"

Pete Black "Fun"

Rodney Craddock "I think it's been a pretty good year, except for the Chinese, it hasn't been good for them. I was elected vice-president of my class."

Viola Craddock "Very trying, I've been trying everything."

John Morris: "Disappointing, not enough girls

in my life."

Joshua Morris: " Exciting"

Jared Morris: "Rad"

Leesa Morris: " Good"

Me: "Consumptuous"

Pam Morris: "Same ole samo"

J.W. Craddock "Aw, it's been a pretty good year."

Sounds rather dull doesn't it. Inspires me to write a poem.

Fall

My favorite time of year has come,

I do so love the fall,

It causes me to realize,
that death does come to all,

And yet there is a beauty,
and a purpose we can't see,
The leaves have died and fallen,
but there's life inside the tree,
The grass is bent and withered,
and trampled in the ground,
look closer tho, and you will see,
it's seed spread all around,
Death, what does it really mean?

Life goes on forever,
God's spirit living in my heart,
is reason to endeavor.

So naked trees with outstretched arms,
hold no fear for me,

Brown and shriveled blades of grass,
tho dead they seem to be,

These things are full of promise,
of the glories yet to come,

Count me dead too, but yet alive,
like fall, awaiting, a new beginning.



NOTICE

When your children's friend's aunt's cousin's children start calling your home, you know it's time to change your unpublished number to another unpublished number, and so I did. I do want all of my friends and relatives to be able to get in touch with me though, so I'm making it public to you. Please write it down. 405-656-9241

If you have decided to make lemonade with your lemon, and alas, there is no sugar, a little bit of "honey" works wonders.

Ansel Finley has asked that his daughter Rene' and her husband Scott Sanders, be added to our list. Welcome, Rene' and Scott.

Ansel also wants to know what the B in Lonnie Craddock's name means. Does anyone know? He suggested, that surely it did not mean Binger or beautiful, then it

must certainly be for bald. How bout it Lonnie, you gonna bite on that?

Ansel says if anyone lives around (or just happens to pass by) Houston, to give him a call, he will take you fishing or chasing women, or both, and that's straight from the horse's mouth.

Thanks Ansel, for your letter and your support. Love to hear from people. Ansel is a good ole rascal.

Also, I had a nice letter from cousin Sue Lovelace , the one that doesn't live in Provo. Wa. Sue and Charles have five daughters: Vickie is married to Ken Barnes and they have two boys , Geoffrey, 4, and Jared , almost 7 months. (I too have a grandson named Jared , he's 6) Daughter No. 2, Terry, is married to Christofer Grevstad, they have a daughter, Bryn, 6. Daughter No. 3, Penny was married and divorced , and has a daughter, Karmen Settle, 10. Daughter No. 4. Lori, is either too smart or too young (Sue did not say) to get married so far. And daughter 5, Kelly is married to Kory Jensen . They have a girl, Carrie Ann, who will be 3 in Dec.

Sue says she will be visiting with Mother and Daddy in Richland, Wa. soon and hopes to see Glenda (sister) while there. Brother Bill lives nearby. Family Reunion.

Sue is wondering, Reg, if you have forgiven her for feeding you mudpies when you guys were little.

Sue, thanks so much for the letter and the support. Hope to see you someday too.

It's really been a long time since I've heard anything about Stubart, really you guys, I sort of think he's passed from this life. Samie won't hear of it, but there comes a time when all hope is gone, and you just have to let go. In all fairness to Samie and Stubart I will however, wait another month, and if after that time passes and I have no word of dear Uncle Stu, I must and shall assume and declare him totally dead. So if there is any one out there that has any bit of news of him, let me know immediately.

Though we all have our little quirks and oddities, it is few people that would go into a grocery store, purchase \$18 worth of groceries and write out a check for \$156.00, I like our local grocer and realize that a small independent grocer has a rough time making ends meet; but really, Samie, don't you think that's going a little too far? Lucky she had Stephanie along to set things

straight. Keep up with your mother, Stephanie.

I have an old, old book that I like to get out and look at every once in a while. I know that my dad had it in his possession while he lived and it seems that it must have belonged to his dad also. There are some financial transactions recorded within and some pictures were drawn, a grocery list , an account of how money was spent, a little writing from Fay Craddock , reading like this: i am just 8 years old i am in the third Grade, One account goes like this:

Gilbert

\$100. Lease,

\$15.00 Chickens

\$3.50 Seed. Flour. Pintos

\$31.00 paid Indian & bought Shoes.....

I found these ingredients listed thus so:

Sulphate Quinine 1 1/2 dr

Salicylate Soda 1 1/2 dr

Syrup of Rhubarb 6 ozs.

Mix

Does anyone know what this concoction could be? Cough syrup maybe.

Here is a shopping list from the book

10.00 grocerys

2.25 iron & shoes

2.54 boys shirts

20.00 boys shoes & etc.

Wouldn't you like to take \$34.79 to the mall and buy all of those things? Ah, but that much money was hard to come by in those days. Some of the entries in this book dates back to 1878, over 100 years ago. I feel a closeness to my grandpa, who must have written some of this stuff, even though I never knew him, he died before I was born. I often regret never getting to know him. I imagine him as a strict man but not without a humorous side, (he could not be our kin and not have humor) I believe he must have been a bit mischievous too, and Grandma probably had to keep him in line some. Once he and Dad killed a neighbors pig that kept getting out and coming over, Grandma refused to cook the "stolen meat" in her kitchen. Dad and Grandpa had to cook it themselves.

Anyway I enjoy getting the little book out once in a while and wondering what Grandpa was like. And now it is getting time for me to wind the newsletter up and get copies made, one of these times I will print the names and addresses of all the folks that get the paper just in case you would like to know. Until next month,
all my love *****

Ada