

Family Newsletter

April, 1989

Volume 1, Issue 5

HELLO FAMILY

One of the best things about writing a paper, you can put anything in you want, and leave anything out that you don't want. One of the worst things about writing a paper is trying to please people like David. He's starting trouble about the name of the paper. He thinks we should have a vote on it. So I say "ok" cause it don't matter to me, then he starts saying stuff like " all votes shouldn't be counted the same. Joshua's vote shouldn't count the same as mine , I won't vote". Imagine that, isn't that called discrimination?. But I say "ok, how about one vote per household ", so he agrees to that . So you will find a ballot slip along with this newspaper and we want everyone to cast their vote and that will settle this ugly thing . By the way, I love it, And anyone not real familiar with Dave and me, don't take this serious. It's one of our ways of having lots of fun. Truly, David is right it's a family paper involving all relatives, so all relatives should have a vote in the matter. You will have the options of Craddock Connection, Kindred Konnection, or your own suggestion, if suggestions win out over the previous names, then next month we will submit the suggested names to be voted on. May the best name win. However, due to previous experience in these matters, I will in no way guarantee the elected name to be the final and forever name of this stupid paper.

Another issue on the ballot slip is Stubart. Guess who thinks we should not seek Stubart? David. I must admit that it seems to be futile. It's almost as if the family would like to deny his very existence, and Stubart himself doesn't seem to want our fellowship, so maybe it's best. Cast your vote on the enclosed ballot to forget or seek Stubart. One vote per household, on each issue.

If you are not receiving a monthly copy of this newsletter, but would like to, you'll have to send a request to me and give me your name and address. We are currently sending out about 32 issues monthly, we don't want anyone to be left out. On the other hand if you are currently receiving a monthly copy of the newsletter and for some reason don't care about it, I'd like to know that too and I'll take care of that. Don't want to offend anyone.

Bits & Pieces

We have a new little person in the family, her name is Dayle Lindsey and she arrived Feb. 8th. She is the daughter of Glenda Craddock, and granddaughter of Gay and David. Congratulations Glenda, don't let Grandpa spoil her too much.

Another event is about to take place in the quiet lives of Dave and Gay. Daughter Laurie is to be wed April 15th. The bridegroom to be is Quenton Brent, Quinton is a policeman in St. Petersburg, Fla. Congratulations you two.

Dave says he has been to Israel twice in the near past. Once this past month . He was able to combine business with pleasure and visited the old city of Jerusalem and many of the sights and stations along the path of Jesus' walk to the cross. He said it was very interesting.

The following letter was sent to me and goes like this: I, Roger Morris Sr., being of sound mind but soft head have haphazardly agreed to officiate the 1989 Craddock Family Reunion Fishing Tournament.

The rules and regulations set forth at this time are tentative at best. Anyone wishing to make additional suggestions or changes, please feel free to do so. Precise rulings will be made available at the time of the tournament.

I propose that there be two age groups, one for children 13 and under, the other for children fourteen and over. The rules being the same for each group. That will give the tykes a chance to walk away with some prizes; who knows, maybe they'll give us a surprise! Here is a tentative list of prizes to be awarded :

First Day: We don't know.

Second Day: We don't know.

Third Day: A Trophy will be given and the acknowledgement by all participants that the winner is truly, the greatest fisherman, or woman, for that matter.

All qualifying fish must be caught at Ft. Cobb Lake.(To all coastal relatives, no salt water specimens, okay Reg? We'll be watching out for that.)

All fish must be caught with a rod and reel.

No trot lines, throw lines, or nets, etc., don't even think about it Ronnie and Dan. All qualifying fish must be weighed. Pictures of fish will not be accepted, sorry about that Chuck. All qualifying fish must meet State fishing rules and regulations. All fish must be of an edible variety. (since we are having a fish fry on the last evening, that is if we have any fish to fry, so please, no carp.

Well, I guess that just about covers everything. I hope to see everyone there. I'm looking forward to it, and your participation will help to make it an enjoyable reunion.

Sincerely.

Roger Morris Sr.

P.S. One item I neglected to mention; the prizes will be given to the persons catching the largest fish of the day, and the trophies going to the largest fish caught during the three day tournament. The person catching the most pounds of fish will be given handshakes and thanks for the full bellies."

There you have some of the rules for the fishing tournament. One thing you better define a little more Roger, is the kind of fish that are elegible. Some people do eat carp.

I seem to have made a blooper on the shirt order forms. It seems there is no place to order 2, 3, 4, & 5 year sizes. If you need one of those sizes just put it down and you'll get it. However, it will cost \$1.00 extra because the screening will have to be reduced for the smaller sizes. If you would like, we can do it by hand, that will only cost \$4.50 plus tax.

Shane and Shawn want to know:

If a cat lands feet down always, and butter bread lands butter down, what would happen if you buttered the bread and strapped it to the back of a cat?

It's been said that every 4th child born

is chinese, so what happens if you already have three?

Why is abbreviate such a long word?

Do married people live longer or does it just seem that way?

If you have a circle driveway, can you get out?

When they ship styrofoam, what do they pack it in?

When people eat something they think has gone bad, why do they want you to taste it ?

If most accidents happen 5 miles from home, why not move 10 miles away?

If you have the answer to any of these you might let us know.

happy birthday

1st	Kathryn Gail Douglas
5th	Pamela Paulette Morris
15th	Cindy Upchurch
17th	Leonard E. Craddock
19th	Carl M. Morris (Marty)
25th	Peter Ray Black
26th	Dale E. Morris
26th	Danny Craddock

A special birthday greeting goes to Aaron Todd Craddock, whose birthday was last month, March 7th. Sorry Aaron. Aaron just recently was attacked by a chow dog and had to have lots of stitches to sew his ear, it was nearly torn off. Aaron told his neighbor, the dog's owner, that he really oughta kill that dog. Aaron is the 7 year old son of Judy Smith.

happy anniversary

17th

Roger & Pamela Morris

10 yrs.

I have a treat in store for you this month, and in the months to follow. Aunt Fay is going to be giving us a little bit of history each month, beginning with the arrival of the Craddock's in Oklahoma. This will be like a family record that you can hand down to each generation. So here goes.

> SOME CRADDOCK HISTORY INDIAN TERRITORY TIMES

Alonzo Shield Craddock and Ada Susan Church was married in Jan. of 1901. They moved to a farm in the County of Caddo, 7 miles N. 2 miles west and 1/2 mile S. of (Verden now) it was called Cotton Wood Grove then. It was drawn in the Indian Territory land drawing. Alonzo's dad, David Craddock and Mother, Laura Carby Craddock paid \$1 for the ticket which

Aunt Fay advises us: " Be master of your habits; or they will master you. Stand for something; or you'll fall for anything."

Aunt Fay was over a few days ago and brought along a video, it was her version of HeeHaw. She was the director, writer and producer of the show. Her church members were the cast, with her playing the part of Minnie Pearl. If you get an opportunity to see it ,don't miss the chance.

HOLLY'S HINTS

A reader in Anadarko has a unique way of telling when spaghetti is done. She, (I won't mention her name, but, she has 2 children and her husband's name is Dale) takes a string of spaghetti and flings it up against the wall, if the spaghetti is done it sticks, if not it falls in the floor. Either way, you're gonna have to clean the wall or the floor but you never have to guess again about your spaghetti being over or under cooked. Thank you for your helpful hint. By the way, I broke my leg the other day after you left, slipped on a piece of spaghetti.

Don't forget, those of you who want a T-shirt, you need to get them ordered by the last day of May. Samie is taking care of that matter.

Remember to register your talent show act with me (Ada). I would like to have an estimate of the length of your act also. Now don't everyone stampede to get in the limelight. Come on.

Hurray for Steven Lyle Murrow, 5 year old son of Lynne and Randy Murrow of Alva. He did a great job in a coloring contest and won first prize. He deserves recognition.

Uncle Glen, how are you guys out in Washington doing? I've been hearing some bad things about your apples. Do you have anything to say in their defense? I love ya.

Once again modern technology has taken the surprise out of having a baby. Since the Dr. and the near relatives know that Pam and Roger are going to have a baby girl, (the doc said he'd bet a steak on it) we might as well let the world in on the secret too.

BROTHERS

Some people have none, Some people have one, Some people may have a few. But make no mistake, I take the cake, With five older, And five younger too.

Some of them are tall, Some of them are bald, Most any description will fit. But let it be known, that my very own , brothers are all full of wit.

They're so very nice, But, oh, what a price, the torment that came with the deal. They called me a brat, Imagine that, They claimed that I was a pill.

There's been some good times, There's been some bad times, fists flying in the air. Scratching and biting, Kicking and fighting, I think I pulled most of their hair.

The younger I tended, The elder I fended, We laughed, we fought, we played. But, all in all, We had a ball, Memories were being made.

> But, let us not cry, For the day gone by, Today is full of gold. Lord help us to live it, And don't let us give it, Back to the day of old.

Some are still near, And some far I fear, Time nor distance can't break us apart. The parents we shared, Their love and their care, Has bonded us heart to heart.

With love from a sister

Ada