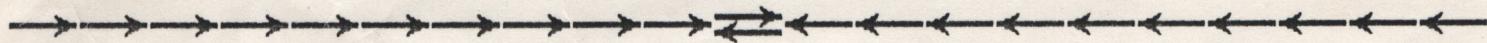


CRADDOCK CONNECTION



FAMILY NEWSLETTER

AUGUST, 1989

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 9

REUNION, SMASH HIT !!!

The family spirit was not dampened by the absence of some family members. The reunion was a total success with much fun and games.

Those who attended the two day festivities were: Paul and Carolyn Craddock, from Napoleon, Ohio, Joe and Debbie Craddock from Sigourney, Ia, Onis and Betty Craddock from Greenville, Ohio, Larry and Linda Morris and their sons, Justin and Brandon, from Seminole Texas, Larry Joe's daughter, Rita Jo Morris from California; (two other daughters, Tera Jo and Aleshia, left to return home to Belleville Iowa a few days earlier) Fay Finley from Verden, Ok, her daughters Sue Upchurch from Anadarko and Rosalee Nath from Blanchard, Okla, Dan and B.J. Craddock from Ft. Cobb, Okla, B.J.'s daughter Shawna, Samie and Larry Craddock and their children, Erik, Stephanie, Nathan and Pete Black, all from Binger, Carolyn's family Winnie and Henry Chisolm, LouTeresa, Tyde and Tanner Melton, Pat and Bruce Arthurs, Bruce's son, Aaron, Reba and Murrell Martin, attended, Sheila and David Thomas from Anadarko, Kevin and Kristy Olinger and their children, Tera and Tyson all from Binger, Doug and Angie Wall and Angie's daughter Krista Paxton, all of Chickasha, Doug Craddock from Chickasha, Ronnie Craddock from everywhere in the State of Okla, residents of Binger Hill who attended were, Tammy and Marty Morris and their children, Jared and Jeremy, J.W. and Viola Craddock and Rodney, Pam and Roger Morris and children Summer, Jesse, Roger Jr. and Melissa, Ada and Carl Morris and children, John, Leesa and Joshua.

J.W. Craddock won the pitch trophy, with Carl Morris getting a red ribbon for 2nd place.

Roger Morris took first place and the trophy in the horseshoe pitching, with Carl coming along again and taking the second

place red ribbon.

The big fish trophy was also snagged by Roger Morris, bringing in a two and a half pound bass for the biggest fish.

Other awards were the "I feel 10 feet tall cup" going to Larry Craddock for doing much and most of the organizing.

The #1 Competitor Cup went to Larry Morris for being determined and dauntless.

Paul Craddock took the prize for traveling the farthest, a "Born to Cruise" keychain, (what about Carolyn?)

Joe Bob won the Big Brother Award for weighing the most, 202 lbs. Dan was the close runner up on that one. A Big Dipper Cup was awarded to Joe.

The Little Brother Award went to Onis, he weighed 149 lbs. He won a Little Dipper Cup. They didn't even let me in on that one, they knew I'd win.

Melissa Morris won the youngest attendant award. A balloon for baby.

Aunt Fay Finley won the award for being the oldest one to attend, a #1 person balloon.

Carl Morris won the funniest person award. The committee saw fit to award him with a monkey cup.

Carolyn Craddock was awarded a cup for the person with the most positive attitude.

Ada Morris was awarded a cup for the most enthusiastic person.

Dan Craddock won the Brave Eagle Award for daring to go where angels fear to tread in his efforts to win the big fish award. His prize was a bottle of cologne.

In addition to all the trophies and prizes, honorable mention goes to:

The Fat Girls (Samie, Ada and Viola) for their rap medley;

Betty Craddock for being the best floater. I competed with her, but she won, hands down;

Samie Craddock for being the dullest,

(personally , I think she should get an award for being the best sport (she gets teased a lot and she always laughs with those who tease her);

Joyce Craddock, although she was not able to attend called to say hello and wish us well, Joyce gets special mention for being her sweet and loyal self;

Sue Upchurch and Rosalee Nath for their courage in representing the women in the pitch tournament;

Nathan Craddock and Joshua Morris for having the craziest act in the talent show;

Onis Craddock for best entertainer, he danced for us, then the audience demanded an encore and he danced again;

Leesa, Summer and Jesse Morris for doing such a good job singing in the talent show;

Erik Craddock for being the youngest participant in the pitch tournament;

Viola Craddock for being the hostess with the mostus; such charming hospitality;

Brandon and Roger Jr. Morris for being so brave after being stung by yellow jackets; at first they didn't even cry;

Stephanie Craddock for being the best baby sitter;

John Morris for being the best party animal;

B.J. Craddock for catching the smallest fish;

Justin Morris for being the shyest person;

Tammy Morris for having the tiniest little bitty feet;

Debbie Craddock for her kindness and consideration of others;

Doug Wall for his dislike for beans;

Angie Wall for coming , even though she was going to have her baby the next day;

Doug Craddock and Marty Morris for staying out of the limelight;

Jeremy Morris for having the barest bottom and throwing the biggest fits;

Jared Morris for always forgetting where he left his shoes;

Shawna for her helpfulness in running back and forth doing errands for everyone;

Pam Morris for being able to live with Roger after he won two trophies;

Joe Bob for being Larry Joe's nemesis;

Kevin and Kristy Olinger for being such sweethearts that they didn't have time for any thing else;

Sheila and David Thomas for coming

under a hardship of illness;

Ronnie Craddock for putting in the most brief appearance; (you should have spent the night Ronnie);

All the men for not letting Linda know they were going fishing ;

Betty Craddock for making the biggest threat to my swimming pool;

Henry Chisolm for being able to lay down and take a nap anywhere;

Winnie Chisolm for eating the most Gherkins;

Pat and Bruce Arthur for bringing ice cream;

Aaron Arthurs for rating our entertainment higher than that of Frontier City;

Reba and Murrell Martin for their long suffering during our talent show;

Tyson and Tara Olinger for being the cutest little brother and sister;

Teresa Melton for being the most exuberant personality;

Tyde and Tanner Melton for being the most active ;

Uncle Gilbert Archer for being the most distant attendant; (he called)

Clifford Nath didn't attend the reunion but he gets special notice for nursing Uncle Aubry while Sue, Rosalee and Aunt Fay spent some time with us. (Uncle Aubry will probably be here next year and take the big fish trophy);

Rita Jo Morris for being the fastest riding cowgirl;

Rodney Craddock for his hot licks on his guitar;

Pete Black for playing a mean set of drums;

Many more mentions and awards could be given if all was said and done , however just let me say that we really had fun and we hope the ones who were unable to attend this year, will get to come next year.

It's a girl ! It's a boy ! It's a girl !

In that order. The stork brought Pam and Roger a lovely little daughter June 29th. Melissa Renee weighed 6 lbs. 12 oz. (That makes 22 grandchildren for us now. whew!

Judy Smith gave birth to a fine little baby boy, June 30th. We're glad to welcome Dakota Dustin Glen into our family.

Brittany Marie Wall finally arrived July 24th. Congratulations, Doug and Angie.

Aren't babies sweet ?

We were happy to have Daylin Dean

Farrow (grandson) come and spend a few days with us. Daylin lives in Holdenville, Ok.



Now that the big affair is finally over, it's time to start thinking about next year's reunion, it's gonna take a year for everyone to get in agreement about a time and place.

There has been some talk about going to Paul and Carolyn's for Thanksgiving this fall. That really would be nice, especially since I have never been any farther north than Alva. Ok.

Summer vacation is almost over for the Binger Hill Brat Pack. Surprisingly they seem eager for the new school semester to begin. The mothers are almost leaping for joy in their anxiousness, come on August 9th.

We are really missing Aunt Fay's article on Craddock History. I'm sure she will have something for us next month, now that Uncle Aubry is recovering.

I hear that Joe and Aaron Morris have a new invention. I'm not sure what it is or what it does, but seems to be some sort of vehicle. They call it the "Blue Atomic". Keep on inventing boys.

Uncle Gilbert says if anyone happens to be traveling down I 40 again , they might call and let him know they're passing by at least. He still lives at the same place as always.

Leonard and Daisy are being awful quiet these days. Hello out there you two. We missed you at the get together.

~~~~~

There's a new band in town, "Yours Truly", guitarists are, Erik and Rodney Craddock, (alternating lead), Pete Black on the drums and John Morris playing bass guitar. I believe they are going to feature gospel rock. Go for it guys.

Carolyn Craddock's sister, LouTeresa told me this little beauty tip so I'll pass it along and maybe some of you can use it. This is for wrinkles and tightening up loose skin. Preparation H.

**Dan & Roger as they fished**

I'm still needing favorite recipes, household hints, advice, poetry, etc. Get involved, it will make the newsletter more interesting.

Viola has lots of tomatoes and peppers from her garden, if someone would send us a recipe for picante sauce that would be nice. Family recipes are always better than the ones from the cookbook.

Well, I guess that just about winds up my part of the newsletter for this month. Larry Dean Craddock has written a story, covering the pitch tournament and I'm sure you will all enjoy it . So I'll turn it over to him for now. As you read , keep in mind that the "Craddock Connection does not necessarily agree with all the views of this reporter.

# Love

*Ida*



# Fool's Gold

Feature



Story

## In Quest of the coveted Craddock Cup

*(Although this heartbreaking story was written from one man's perspective, you will soon realize that many fell into the same deviously conceived trap.....)*

It was mid-morning when they started pulling in, one by one with solemn determination hidden behind their anxious smiles. The humidity was high and it was obvious that it would be hot and sultry for the two day contest of wit and courage. Once again it was time for the 'Hilltop Pitch Tournament' but this time there was the coveted 'Craddock Cup' to contend for.

When all the contestants had stated their intent to compete, either by attendance or telephone, I explained the rules of the contest. We would play partners but only by random draw. Each game we would draw for partners again with the winners of the previous game guaranteed a draw for the next game. It seemed fitting that the luck of the draw should play some part in a contest that already demanded so much skill. (Anyway, I never knew where all the players would be at any given time, so I couldn't schedule an equal number of games with each contestant!)

Tension was at a peak as the players huddled around the table for the first draw. As that game began, the remaining contestants went to the second table to draw for another game. Oh sure, I had heard the boasts that "the 'Cup' would never leave the hill" and "foreigners can't just come to the hill and take the 'Cup'". In fact, I had even made them myself, never realizing that technically I didn't live on the hill. But the "Hilltop Gang" never forgot that! It was around 2:00 p.m. Saturday before the first games got underway and everything seemed normal at the start. Everyone was laughing and talking as usual. Those that

weren't playing pitch were cuttin' up, playing guitars and such. Everyone was munchin' on stuff and drinking coffee, lots and lots of coffee.

It took twenty games to qualify with the most games taking the trophy. It takes a long, long time to play twenty games of pitch with that many people competing. At first it was all pretty even. You know, you win a few, you lose a few. But time passes quickly when you're having fun and anyone who was there knows that the "Hilltop Gang" made sure there was plenty of that to go around. That and coffee, lots and lots of coffee. It never dawned on me or any of the other victims how late it was getting. Some, like Larry Morris, had dropped everything and driven hundreds of miles when they found out it was time for the competition to begin. Roger Morris was so preoccupied with arranging the fishing tournament rules that he couldn't think straight from the beginning. Onis was so anxious that he had been up since about 4:00 a.m. Dan had been up fishing all night the night before. Paul was so confident and unsuspecting that he was just caught unaware. It was so sad. Erik, (my son) was exhausted from playing guitar all night. And Joe, he was still trying to figure out if a 6 ounce can of sardines at 89 cents is a better buy than a 10 ounce can at \$1.39. Most of them never had a chance, they were mentally exhausted by the time they arrived and by midnight they were bidding 5's on a trey and an off-Jack. Me, well just because I had double pressure as the organizer of this contest and had previously just completed several tasks that would have fatigued a normal person, well I'm not making excuses. I was just another victim. J.W. and Carl, however, they were very relaxed and calm. It was if they knew something the rest of us didn't. It was a pathetic sight, an endless barrage of brow -



beating, sweat-popping games. But the coffee just kept right on coming, lots and lots of coffee.

Twenty games sounded reasonable to me, at least it did at first. However, as the evening passed and I realized we would have to play hard and long just to get twenty games in, I recalled that the number twenty had been suggested to me by one of the "Gang". What a fool I'd been. Suckered into their own devious, diabolical plot. They knew we had all been cutting down on coffee. They knew that we'd have to play late to get in twenty games. They knew that coffee would seem to be our only chance. And they also knew that we would all end up on a caffeine high that would make us nervous and desperate enough to bid 'em up on 9 high hands. What we didn't know was that they'd been drinking five to six times as much coffee as a normal person for a year now. Just waiting for this time and sure enough, they executed their plan with precise, unmerciful determination. If you examine the scores of that hopeless contest, you'll see that the "Gang" won most of their games late at night when everyone else was drinking coffee, lots and lots of coffee.

As 'predicted', the 'Cup' didn't leave the hill. The "Hilltop Gang" had pulled it off. J.W. took the 'Cup' and Carl took the second place ribbon. (Just speculating but, I figure they planned on taking turns with the 'Cup', never thinking their plan would be revealed.) Don't feel bad, we were all just victims of a precisely engineered plan. Perhaps if Reginald had been here, he could have held his coffee with 'em. Or maybe Lonnie could have just winged it with his incredible pitch skills. Leonard could have shamed them into confessing and I'm sure David's keen perception would have detected the plot in time to call a recess until morning. Do I feel bad? Well as organizer of this extremely competitive event, I just wish I hadn't fallen so easily into their plan. But, we'll all be on guard next year for that coffee guzzlin' "Gang".

Until next year, sharpen up those pitch moves and drink coffee, lots and lots of coffee, so we can't be fooled again.

Signed,

caffeine crazy Larry

