

# Craddock Connection

FAMILY NEWSLETTER

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## LET'S TALK TURKEY

It won't be long now before J. W. will be getting his yearly pie. He says, he loves pie, but Viola only makes pie at Thanksgiving time, and the rest of the year he has to settle for cake. He should be thankful about that, Carl gets pie only on Thanksgiving, and cake, only when Aunt Fay comes over.

We're still dreaming of getting to go to Paul and Carolyn's and seeing Onis and Betty too at Thanksgiving time. I've heard mention that David and Gay might be there also. (David are you still mad at me?) That's gonna take a lot of sleeping bags. But there will be a lot of sleeping bags, me, Samie, Viola, etc.

## Happy Birthday

11th	Laura Smith	1962
11th	Tricia Diane Bridges	?
19th	Glen A. Craddock	1909
20th	Cody Robert Reginald Smith	1985
22nd	Daisy Belle Craddock	1930
23rd	Charles Glen Morris	1958
28th	Amanda Lee McIntosh	?
28th	Kayla Ann Craddock	1987

Late wishes for a happy birthday go to Shauna Kay Holderbee, birthday Oct. 6, 1979

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Uncle Glen, have you noticed how the name Glen, keeps cropping up among your nephews, and their sons also? Charles Glen above is my son. Lonnie has a son, Steven Glen and David! Glen has a son, David Glen. That's a lot of kin to carry on your name.

Now about the anniversaries, I have two dates for Onis and Betty, I'm taking a chance that this is the right one.

## Happy Anniversary

11th	Onis & Betty Craddock	32 yrs.
18th	Paul & Carolyn Craddock	27 yrs.
23rd	Leonard & Daisy Craddock	33 yrs.

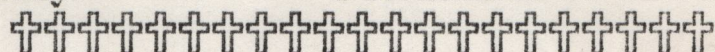


For even as the body is one and yet has many members, and all the members of the body, though they are many, are one body, so also is Christ.

For by one Spirit we were all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether slaves or free, and we were all made to drink of one Spirit.

For the body is not one member, but many.

I Corinthians 12: 12-14



Perhaps, in man's search for a better mousetrap, he has overlooked the possibility of simply chasing them down and knocking their little heads off with the nearest shoe. Anyway this seems to be another solution for Pam Morris, ( with the assistance of her sister-in-law, Tammy, who helped keep the victim cornered while Pam did the shoe throwing) If Pam keeps coming up with all these good ideas, she may even replace the mousetrap. Where did you acquire these mouse hunting skills, Pam?



We welcome you, Charlene Oldham, to our list of readers and hope you enjoy our newsletter. Charlene is Samie's mother, and lives in OKC.

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Once a champion, you will face one challenge after another. Since Larry Dean outran his son, Erik, his wife Samie challenged him to a footrace. If anyone else wants to challenge the champion, see Larry, he's still #1.

As my favorite beautician, Sheila Thomas, did all she could for the cause of



I may wind up bald after my next hair appointment. By the way, Sheila is an animal lover and is very concerned about the cruelty to animals, in the name of research. If you would be interested in finding out what you could do to help, you can write to Sheila at the address above and she will answer back. Sheila has two dogs that she loves very much and she feeds them chicken fried steak once a week. Ha! ha! I'm just teasing Sheila, please don't take this out on my hair. The cruelty to animals part is no joke and also Sheila has sent the following for those who keep and love dogs:

## Winter Care Tips For Dog Lovers

Cold, dampness and windchill are a deadly combination that can lead to frostbite or hypothermia, especially in puppies and older dogs.

**Housing Needs:** The correct size dog house should be just large enough to stand and lie down comfortably. The dog's own body heat is enough to keep the inside warm. Straw or wood shavings are good for bedding.

**When the temp. is below freezing, keep an eye on your dog's water to make sure it doesn't freeze over. Also consider using a plastic bowl ( instead of metal) so your dog's tongue doesn't freeze onto the metal!!!**

**Chemical Hazards:** Anti-freeze contains a deadly poison that has a flavor attractive to dogs (cats and children too). If your dog consumes anti-freeze it needs immediate veterinary attention.

**Remember... Just because your dog wears a fur coat doesn't make it winter safe, it needs help from you!**

Ansel, how long has it been since you've visited Scott and Rene', or written a letter to them? When their newsletter was returned to me this morning, I looked them up in the OKC phone book and called their home. Scott said they had not lived at that

address ( the one you gave me ) for five years. Here is their new address in case you decide to visit or write: 322 S.W. 44th St. OKC 73109.

I enjoy helping families locate their loved ones whom they have lost contact with.

Here is a tip for those of you who will be deer hunting this fall: Don't take kool-ade into the woods with you, the deer can smell it.....from an anonymous reader.

At long last, we hear from Lonnie Bee. He's still down in Florida, doing fine, splicing cable for the phone company. Says he will be coming to visit us before long (we're looking forward to that) and will bring his girlfriend, Bad Betty, with him. Lonnie says Betty is a humorous LPN and a great gal that he thinks quite a lot of.

Lonnie asked me to put him on the "Connection" mailing list. Reginald, what have you been doing with all those newsletters I've sent to Lonnie % of you?

One of my handsome grandsons, Joe Morris has been elected ambassador of his class at school. Joe, hang in there, you may be ambassador of the USA one of these days.

Bob Craddock, of Ninnekah, Ok. has asked to be added to the list of "Connection" readers. Welcome to the gang, Bob, and feel free to send printing material. (I need your birthdate) Bob's dad was Herb's brother, Wilbur Craddock. His mother was Grace Gibson Craddock. Bob is a top executive for Mobile Oil Co.

Leonard and Daisy are on their way to spend the winter in South Texas and Florida and will be stopping off here for a while. They usually travel slowly, taking in the scenery and special things along the way.

STUBART IS ALIVE ! A phone call from Nathan Craddock has verified the existence of Stubart once again. Nathan reported having seen Uncle Stu "blazing" down the highway 152, with a sack over his head, going west. Like, hey dude, he's goin' to the valley. Totally rad, Stu.

My advice to the readers who have not been with us since the beginning of the newsletter, is to just completely ignore anything you might read about Stubart.

The following is a short glimpse of what it's like to be the wife of a hunter, as told in her own words, by Lynne Murrow



In the past few years I have learned to prepare myself for the dawning of each hunting season. In this time, I have cleaned and cooked, fish, turkey, dove, quail, deer and most other species of animal, that this special breed of human, known as the "Hunter", feels he must conquer.

I have also learned to ignore the odor that seems to permeate the rooms of my home. You cannot bathe prior to, or during, hunting season. ( The game you are stalking may get a whiff of you.) After a few days , you get used to the smell coming from the rugged outdoorsman, dressed in camouflaged clothing, that visits during all of the seasons.

I, being a hunter's wife, have also learned most of the rules that one must follow in order to stalk and kill the animals of this earth. I have made a few of my own, the first being, never allow yourself to be fooled, even when he's at work , and without a weapon on his person, he's still a hunter. That is often the time when a true hunter will strike. Being the hunter that he is, he will use each and every resource and opportunity available to prove that he is, in fact, the smarter and stronger of all the species. Living by the motto, "Where there is a creature, there is a way to overtake." I myself have seared this into my head. After all, there are certain qualifications to every job, mine is no different.

I am given the honor of the first glance, the chance to help clean the game, cook it, the first taste, and of course , the honor of being the first one to relive the exciting details of the chase and the last minute of the kill. At these times, I recall times before, find the smile required on occasions such as these, plaster it across my face, allow my eyes to glaze over as the story is unfolded, with every hand gesture, pose, and facial expression known to man. I utter all the expected oohs and aahs at the appropriate times in the story.

I am honored indeed, to be entrusted with the bounty that he would not entrust to most. No, not many are given the opportunity to place a clothespin on their nose while at the same time, praising plucking and looking into the bright and excited eyes of the hunter as he watches you pluck the last few remaining feathers from his "gift", smiling as you say "This is the biggest turkey I have ever seen."

But alas, the hunter you know and love is never truly satisfied until he brings to you, more fish, more turkey, more dove,

more quail, more deer, and yes, more rattlesnake.

Being a hunter by nature, he can sense any weakness on your part as well, so be careful, for I allowed myself to get slack and forgot the most important rule of being a hunters wife. He stalked me as surely as he stalked any other game , catching me off guard, thinking he was at work, with no weapon, and surely would come home with no prey , he pounced.

I help clean the rattlesnake , and as I listen to the thrilling details of the hunt, I am allowed to wash the creature. Such privileges! As I wash the still squirming , coiling snake ( they still move even in death ) I avert my eyes, but not so as the hunter will see, I hold my breath, stealing a few gasps, as I turn my head and look into the bright and excited eyes of my husband and with a plastered smile and glazed eyes, I choke back a sob and say "this is the biggest snake I have ever seen."

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My daughter Lynne told me she put the skinned snake in a bowl of water on her table and went back later to find it had squirmed out onto the table. Lynne, you're a brave girl, not so much as for cleaning the snake, but for writing this story, I have a hunch you are going to be Randy's next prey.

Roger Don Morris Jr. was a brave boy this week, he cut his leg and had to have some stitches. Of course he couldn't go to school the next day and so had to stay home and miss out on all the fun of his classes.

Reginald and Martha say they will be able to attend a family reunion anytime after July 14th. Martha's oldest daughter, Jenny is planning to be married on that day. We better plan for after the 16th to give you time to get here. Martha says she is looking forward to meeting everyone.

I just found out that I'm gonna be grandma ! Again ! For the 23rd time ! Larry and Linda Morris are announcing the expected arrival of a new family member sometime next April. Larry and Linda have two boys, Justin and Brandon. We hope the baby is a boy, because, Brandon says if it's a girl he won't play with her.

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Let me ask ya, now, if you were in your kitchen, and you heard the phone in the other end of the house (behind closed doors, like muffled) start ringing, might not you also mistake it for the neighbors phone,



and run off to the neighbors to answer the call? That's not really an odd thing for Samie to do, when you think about it. The call was not really an important one either, just the neighbor calling about some trivial matter.

Dale Morris has discovered the real reason the chicken crossed the road. "To prove to the armadillo, it could be done."

I've never seen an armadillo lay an egg.

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Thinking Tricia Bridges, (Onis & Betty's daughter) might have been in the recent California earthquake, I called and visited with Onis and Betty. Tricia had just arrived home the day before and had not been near the earthquake area, when she was in California. However, I did find out that Onis had seen a snow flurry in their part of the country and was quite frightened by it. All of their family was doing well and I could hear the sounds of laughter in the background. Made me wish I was there with them.

Uncle Gilbert and Aunt Idele copped out on an opportunity to go to south Texas and Mexico with their son, Eldon, and his family. He tried to make me think the four day journey would be too far and too long for him. I think he just likes to stay home. He's just like Dorothy. "No place like home."

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#### CONFUSION SAYS:

He who laughs last, most usually has just become hysterical.

If you're always on the outside looking in, perhaps you're window shopping the wrong store.

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#### CRADDOCK HISTORY

##### A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST

Alonzo & Ada Craddock, with their six children left Broken Arrow, and moved to the Verdigras River on a farm 3 miles out of Verdigras Switch, a small country town. This was in 1922. Lon worked the farm and worked the oil fields. Van went to work for the Lock Joint Co., laying water lines from the Spavinaw Lake to Tulsa, for town water.

In 1922, Noma married Charley Crutchfield. His family lived near us on the River. Shortly thereafter they moved to the Borger, Tx. area.

My first school was at Verdigras Switch. Then the next year we moved to Claremore.

Lon fell from an oil derrick and broke

both legs. He was crippled for 2 years. During this time we moved out on lake Spavinaw. Ada cooked for the Country Club at the Lake Resort each week-end. We ate the week-end leftovers and with her small pay, we did survive. It was there our house burned, leaving us with nothing, not even our shoes. We moved into an old Store & Post Office at Topsy, Ok. which is still standing today. ( to be continued in next issue )

by Fay Finley

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Larry and Samie Craddock were pleasantly surprised with a house warming party given by friends and family. Those who came, aside from hilltop residents, were Fay and Aubry Finley, Sue Upchurch and Jim and June East. Everyone had a good time and of course goodies to eat. Larry, Samie and their kids are official hilltop residents now. Long live the hill people.

#### FAY & JAY

A man once fell asleep and dreamed that he had died and was approached by another man. He was told he had three choices of where he would spend eternity. He had only to look behind three closed doors and choose. He looked behind the first door and saw people standing on their heads on a concrete floor. He wanted none of that. Behind the second door, he saw people standing on their heads on a wooden floor, not quite so bad, but still not how he would like to spend eternity. He moved on to open the third door and people were standing knee deep in cow manure, not too pleasant, but, the best of the three options, so he went in, choosing this door, at once the door closed behind him and a voice rang out "breaks over, back on your heads.".....by Fay

There once was a man who had two very lazy sons. One day he said to them, "I'd give ten dollars to know which of you boys is laziest. One of the boys immediately began to insist he deserved the ten dollars, being the laziest by far." "I don't know" said the father, "I want to be sure, before I make my decision." The son kept on saying he was the laziest. Finally the second son turned over from his position on the floor and in a lazy drawl said, "just put the money in my pocket pa.".....by Jay

Here's wishing everyone a very happy Thanksgiving. But don't wait until Thanksgiving to be thankful for the many blessings we all have.

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