



Upchurch - Davenport

June 2002

Memories (Inside)

Read family members' stories of happenings from long, long ago.

Got E-Mail?

Send your address if you'd like to be on the family news list: mae@coxok.com

Reunion Fund

Thanks to everyone who dropped bills in the cup! We came out with \$83 over our expenses. That will be used for this and future newsletters, plus give us a start for the next reunion.



Halloween Party October 26th

Darrell is planning another family get-together Saturday October 26th at 4:00pm. Details will be sent later on.

If Oklahoma ever has a drought, all they need to do is call and have me plan another family reunion!

Reunion brings rain, food, fun

Saturday June 25th

Though cool & cloudy, 49 said "so what" and came anyway

Who was there

How delightful that so many of our aunts and uncles could attend: Mom (that's Nena Vey for anyone who doesn't know that), Roy and Bessie, Ethel and Floyd, Anne, Thelma and Kenneth. Maybe next time Edna and Loyce can make it.

There were some faces I hadn't seen in many years. It's been eons ago since I've had a chance to touch bases with Shirley and I thoroughly enjoyed visiting with her. Shirley, Darrell, and I grew up together and oh what tales we can tell!

It was great having folks from our extended families come too: Kermitt, Mercedes and her daughter Carole, Cousin Mary's son, David; William, Bessie Starbuck, Naomi, Georgeann and Bill.

Food, Food, and Food

(Now, who else do you know who could dedicate a whole newsletter section to food?)

Tubs of fried chicken and all those wonderful trimmings. Deviled eggs, chowchow, salads of all kinds, creamy corn. What a feast and I did my darmedest to sample it all!

And cakes! I never saw such an array of glorious cakes. Thelma whipped up her German chocolate cake, while mom did up her old-fashioned dark chocolate one with

fudge and pecan frosting... dark chocolate brownies! A choco-holic's dream come true!

I'm not sure who brought the other cakes, but I tried them too! There was a white cake with pineapple in it and fluffy frosting. Whoever made that, I'd sure like the recipe. And oh so many pudding and jello desserts!

And those fluffy cherry desserts! We have some super great cooks in this family.

Special Thanks

I want to take a minute here and thank Eunice for all the work she did to make the reunion happen. She always does so much ... like bringing the stuff to make coffee, those jugs of iced tea, the table coverings — those are just a few of the things.

It must run in the family, as both Jeff and Phyllis pitched in too picking up the chicken and bringing the colas and water. Thanks, guys! And thanks also to all of you who helped set-up and clean-up the room. Is this a great family, or what???



Memories of Days Gone By

I asked for anyone to share stories of get-togethers from long, long ago; these are the ones I received.

Suzanne

Visiting aunts & uncles quite memorable

I loved visiting at Uncle Carl and Aunt Nina's home in Ardmore, with the interesting ceramic shop in the back. I liked their house, especially the dark-paneled family room. I also liked going to their home in Pauls Valley, and playing in the *bomb shelter*. We played with George a lot when we visited. He called the radio station one time while we were there for some reason, and Becky and I were so impressed!

I took a trip with Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Thelma to Colorado one year when I was a teenager. We got to Uncle Melbra and Aunt Edna's

house late, and I remember how sweet and wonderful Uncle Melbra was to welcome us, even though he had to get out of bed ... ha! He drove us to the top of Pike's Peak!

I also loved visiting Aunt Thelma and Uncle Kenneth. What wonderful times we had at their house, playing with James, Carl, and Sherman. We always looked forward to visiting them.

One Halloween party at Aunt Loyce and Uncle Gene's *Chickasaw Lake Club* stands out in my memory. I dressed as a green martian, and everyone was pretty funny!



Those were always fun events and I always looked forward to going.

I really seem to remember more Christmas celebrations at Uncle Roy and Aunt Bessie's house for some reason — it seems everyone was always at their house. When we were little, Becky and I used to play *Cootie* at their house. I also remember their water-cooled air conditioner. It was fun to stand in front of it and get cooled off.

Didn't spend much time at Uncle Floyd and Aunt Ethel's house, but the couple of times I was there, I remember everything being so nice. I remember their flowers in the backyard in Denver, very pretty...I loved their condo in Norman!

And, I could never forget the fun visits at Dewey and Naomi's house. What great times...

This is a great family, and I could never have asked for better aunts, uncles, and cousins. Thank you all for so many great memories, and for being such extremely wonderful people ...God bless everyone!



Don

The Saga of the Red Motorscooter

Darrell, about 13, had just got his red motorscooter. Late one evening, he and I went riding to the old drive-in-movie theater on Highway 9.

We went around to the east side of it, parked the scooter, and proceeded to crawl under or climb over the fence so we could see that movie without investing in their profit picture. This would reduce our expenses for the month. An admirable goal, I might add.

However, while enjoying the movie, Darrell made a sudden move toward the fence that scared me into following him. At first, I thought the drive-in police had discovered we weren't fully vested in the night's entertainment.

All I could see from our scrambling, was dust on the road on the east side of the theater. Darrell

made it over that fence in seconds and I followed right behind him.

What Darrell knew was that dust meant someone could be looking after that new scooter of his. And he was right. They were just opening the tailgate of their pickup so they could put the scooter in the backend.

Seeing the two of us, they left in a hurry. They may have been afraid of us or maybe they realized Darrell could have been *angry* and wasn't going to let them get away with his new red scooter.

Anyway, the saga of *the new red scooter theft* has been duly recorded for the first time by me. I hope I got most of the facts correct. This is my story and I'm sticking to it.

NOTHING HEREIN SHOULD BE CONSTRUED AS AN ADMISSION OF ANY GUILT OR ADMISSION OF ANY CRIME.

Anne

Christmas of Love Fun & Memories

In the early 40s, we were all poor as churchmice but that didn't keep us from having quite a Christmas...

Mom and Dad had moved back to the family farm at Tribbey into a two-room frame with two log rooms attached to the back. The front rooms were the living room and their bedroom, while one of the log rooms was the kitchen, and the other was Grandpa George's room.

They didn't have much furniture so when any of us went there for the night, we took our mattresses with us. This was in the day before inner-spring mattresses — these were those cotton mattresses that bent easily. So Clifford and I rolled up our mattress, piled it in the car, grabbed Don, and away we went.

As we walked in the door, a fabulous aroma wafting to greet us just made our mouths water. Mom always saved the best part of a hog for her Christmas mince pies—her's were heavenly and to this day, I've never found one to compare.

Anyway, that particular cold nite, with the fireplace spitting and crackling, we all unrolled our mattresses on the living room floor. Wall-to-wall mattresses. I don't remember just who all was there, but there were a mess of us all plunked down and packed into that little room.

We cracked walnuts and pecans, tossing the hulls into the fireplace, and shared one story after another ... each funnier than the one before or at least it seemed that way.

Someone had brought along something that proved to be quite a hit that evening —some car part that when you cranked it, the wires running out of it carried a light



Genealogy

It seems we have quite a few genealogists in our midst and they seemed to have a great time sharing information: Phyllis, who is actively gathering info for both the Davenports and Upchurches. Another is Carole, Uncle Leut's granddaughter; plus William and his niece, Donna, who have an extensive array of Upchurch data.

It would really be neat to have a copy of our family tree if anyone has one they'd like to share with the rest of us. I'm not sure how that stuff works, so there may not be such a thing as I'm talking about. You know, one where everyone from way back is listed on a tree-type report. Probably would be too massive to get it all on there I guess.

Linda sent me a report a couple of years ago, highlighting my immediate family. It was great to have such a nice detailed report.

electrical current. We'd all hold hands, someone would crank the thingie, and whoever was last in our chain would get a light zap or shock. Or if you turned loose, you got zapped for sure.

I don't think I ever laughed as much as I did that night or had as much fun ... all of us did. Cracking nuts. Telling stories. That silly car toy. Sharing ourselves.

I can't recall whether we had any gifts to exchange, but makes no difference. We had a glorious time, our hearts filled with love, warmth, and true Christmas joy.

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Thanks to my son, I now have a shorter and easier-to-remember website name. I've had the site for some time and try to keep family photos and news of different things on it.

Reunion Photos

I sure had a chance to break in my new camera and enjoyed snapping shot after shot of everyone — took 153 photos! I've placed several pretty good ones on the website.



Memories of Days Gone By

Mae

Scronk, Scronk

One of my most favorite memories of family get-togethers, is hearing that grinding scronk of ice cream freezers in action.

I don't remember if it was July 4th, or some other summer day, but the place is emblazoned in my memory: Grandma's house between Noble and Norman. At the foot of the hill from where Roy and Bessie lived.

Her house is nestled under a bunch of huge trees. And in this particular scenario, Dad, Uncle Charlie, and Uncle Roy are perched on wooden boxes or were they wooden crates. Anyway, they are grinding away with those freezers. Now, I'm not talking about these little piddly half-gallon ones you see today. These were huge freezers that stood about two-feet high.

From big blocks of ice, which was the only way you got ice back then, using woodhandled icepicks, they'd chip, chip, chip off little chunks. Salt was poured in and then the cranking began.

Now, they didn't just *turn* the handles in haphazard form — they had a definite rhythm to it. Not too fast. Not too slow. It had to be cranked *just right*. All the while they would talk and laugh like they didn't have a care in the world.

These were exciting times for us kids. Our dirty little bare feet kept a constant cloud of dust stirred up under those big old trees (no grass ever seemed to grow there). Darrell was always chasing someone, or else engaging us in hide-and-seek. Course he knew all the good nooks and crannies.

There was a creek off to the side of the house. Most of the summer

it was dry, though it did seem to have an abundance of poison ivy and oak, which I invariably took home and scratched at for weeks. Someone threw a rope over a high limb and made us a tire swing. Course we squabbled over whose turn it was, and usually Darrell won.

I can't recall what the house looked like inside. We never seemed to be inside. Always outside. Course it was hot. I mean that sweaty, drippy kind of hot where the dust adheres to you and little rivelets cascade down your face. Your face, your arms, your feet get caked with that red-dirt mixture. Around Noble is the only place I know of where the dirt isn't brown, it's red.

Oh yeah, I nearly forgot. The ice cream was magnificent. Creamy. Rich. Spiked with real vanilla. The coldest stuff you ever put in your mouth. Couldn't eat it very fast at all or it zapped you like a hot dagger right twixt your eyes. That's called a *brain freeze* these days.

You know, I haven't seen one of those old wooden tub freezers in ages. Guess they're considered to be antiques by now. Well, then again, aren't we all!

Darrell

Many wonderful memories

I remember ... so many wonderful times with the family. I loved the Christmas over by Macomb where we all came and stayed the night with the Grandparents. The house was three small rooms and Grandpa G.W. lived in the back room.

I remember ... Uncle Clifford and the shock line with the old telephone. Santa Claus (Little John) came and it seems like all of us slept on the floor in front of the fireplace.

I remember ... having Christmas at the Grandparents on Acres Street when Grandpa Arthur was sick and Dad came back from the South Pacific War to be there.

I remember ... fondly so many other family gatherings at Loyce and Gene's at the Chickasaw Lake Club East of Ardmore. Loyce and Gene really knew how to have a costume party — not to belittle anyone else's parties.

I loved every one of them and always will remember my whole family because of the parties and how close we became over the years.



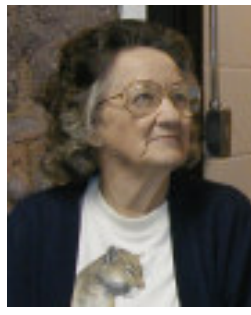
Memorial Day

Once again, Darrell and Eunice included me in their Memorial Day trek to place flowers in the various cemeteries. This was the first time since 1955 that I had been to the site of our great-grandfather, George William's, grave in Shawnee.

There is an interesting history that goes with this relative — he was quite a character. If you aren't aware of the story, I'm betting any of our genealogy folks can share the colorful details.



Photos by Mae D. Cox



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