Family History

-A

Hiram Charles Shaddox
Lillian Tennessee Sullivan

4th Edition
February 2009

Written by the Family
February 2009

Copyright © 2009
by
Robert Shaddox

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be copied, reproduced or utilized in any form by any means, electrical or mechanical, including photo copying and recording except by the express written consent of the authors.

Memorial

This book is dedicated to the memory of the following family members who are no longer with us: **Donnie, Bill, Devoe,** and **Qulia.**

May they Rest in Peace.

The Dash

The names of many persons in this book are accompanied by two dates which are separated by a dash. That dash represents a whole lifetime of experiences for that person. It is unfortunate that in so many cases, we have such limited information to cover the dash.

This writing will attempt to properly and adequately chronicle the dashes for Hiram and Lillian Shaddox so that future generations may know. The information presented herein is based almost entirely on personal recollections and opinions, which are admittedly somewhat biased. Some additional information is taken from public records and from their writings by others. Although it is believed to be factual than content, total accuracy is not guaranteed.

This book was written by the family, about the family, and specifically for the family. It is meant to be interesting and informative, but not necessarily entertaining.

Contents

Introduction..... -11-
Ezekiel Shaddox..... .....-15-
Henry Shaddox..... .....-21-
Andrew Jackson Shaddox..... ....-23-
John T Spears.....-29-
William S Spears..... 30-
Margaret Ella Spears.....-33-
James A Sullivan.....-34-
John Harve Sullivan..... .....-36-
Joseph A Salmon.....-37-
Sarah Nancy Salmon.....-38-
William Wyatt Shaddox..... .....-39-
Hiram & Lillian.....-49-
By Betty Cowell ..... -49-
Robert Shaddox..... -54-
Qulia Shaddox..... -68-
Dorothy Paden..... -70-
James Shaddox..... -77-
Curt Shaddox..... -86-
Reba Shaddox..... -125-
Ken Shaddox.....-130-
Rob Shaddox .....-156-
Tom Shaddox.....-168-
Deena Dougherty.....-174-
Mark Paden.....-177-
Tim Paden.....178-
Shelly Brown.....-185-
Tamara Hodges..... .....-196-
Dr Lloyd Taylor.....-202-

Contents (continued)

Betty Jo Shaddox Cowell.....-211-
Robert Glenn Shaddox.....-213-
William Howard Shaddox.....-216-
Dorothy Jean Shaddox Paden.....-219-
James Byram Shaddox.....-224-
Harold Curtiss Shaddox.....-227-
Conclusion.....-231-
Map.....-233-
Genealogy.....-235-
Birthdays.....-236-

Introduction

From 1720 to 1790, there were four waves of emigrants from Ireland to North America. Most were from Ulster Plantation in the northern part of Ireland, but they were not Irish by background. They, their parents, or their grandparents, were likely to have moved to Ireland from Scotland, England, France, or Germany. These people also were not Roman Catholics, which was the dominant religion in Ireland. They were Presbyterians, Huguenots, members of the Church of Ireland (Anglican), or Reformed. In America, they became known as the Scots Irish.

In the mid-19th century, Roman Catholic Irish, seeking to escape the ravages of the Irish potato famine streamed across the Atlantic Ocean. Americans of Scots Irish descent, sought to distance themselves from this group, which became known as the "Shanty Irish". They were held in the lowest esteem by white and black Americans. Massachusetts death records often identify them as black, since Yankees did not include them in the category of Caucasian.

Our grandparents were William Wyatt Shaddox, Margaret Ella Spears, John Harve Sullivan, and

Sarah Nancy Salmon. All were considered to be of Scots-Irish ancestry. The Shaddox family came to this country in the 18th century and settled in North Carolina. They relocated to Arkansas sometime around 1850. The Spears family came to Arkansas from Tennessee. The Sullivan and Salmon families also came from Tennessee. All four branches eventually settled in Newton County. Most, if not all, were landowner-farmers. They must have been hard-working to survive and prosper on the rough, rocky, hilly land available to them.

The following document is presented as an item of interest only. The persons named in the will are believed to be relatives but a direct relationship has not been authenticated.

In the Name of God, Amen. I, Henry Shadock, being at this time in a dour State of Health; but of good memory at this present· Blessed Be Almighty God For It; Making this my last Will and Testament

First, I commit my Soul to God that gave it to me, in hopes of a joyful Resurrection through the Merits of My Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. Next my Body to have a hansom and decent burial by

those I shall leave behind me.

Item: I give my Daughter Charity, Charity Worthen, one Negro man named Jack; and all the rest of my household furniture; and all Bonds and Accounts that is due to me. Only Fifty Pounds that I give and bequeath of my Daughter Prudance Laws to be paid out of my Estate and no more; and all the rest of my whole Estate to be Charity Worthen's and her descendants, heirs forever.
Item: I give to my Son Ezekiel Shadock One Shilling Sterling and no more.
Item: I give to my Daughter Rachel Crain One Shilling Sterling and no more.
Item: I give to my Daughter Petty Brantley One Shilling Sterling and no more.
Item: I give to my Daughter Comfort Dowel One Shilling Sterling and no more.
Item: I give to my Daughter East Brantley One Shilling Sterling and no more.
Item: I give to my Daughter Ome Hill One Shilling Sterling and no more.
Item: I give to my Daughter Hester Hall One Shilling Sterling and no more.
And I do nomenate and appoint my son-in-law Richard Worthen to be my whole and sole Executor of this, my last Will and Testament.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereinto set my hand

and affixed my Seal this Second Day of June, 1778. Signed/Henry Shadock (his mark). Signed, Sealed and Published in Present of us: Thos. Griffis; Fredrick Cobb; Richard Burt. The above Will proved in Open Court by the Oathord of Thos. Griffis, Esq, and er to be Registered. /Signed/A. Clark, C. C.

It would appear from the above, that his daughter Charity was the favorite one. Perhaps he made his home with her during his last years. Very likely, our branch of the family descended from the son, Ezekiel, who was left with 'one shilling and no more'.

Ezekiel Shaddox
1794-1883

Our story begins with the Ezekiel who was born 10-15-1794 in Chatham County, North Carolina. He also lived for some time in Georgia before moving to Arkansas. Direct lineage has been verified from him to our generation.

The following is excerpted from research by Phyllis Shaddox of Shawnee Oklahoma. Some is fact, and some is pure fantasy, so you are the judge of which is which. They were apparently traveling by train from Georgia to Arkansas but the destination of Rogers Station is unknown. There were no railroads in Newton County.

In 1882, Sion, Ezekiel's son, went back to Georgia to get his elderly parents and take them to Arkansas. Interview at depot in Chattanooga:
Walker County Public Library - "CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE TIMES, TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1882" (Newspaper)
'Two Centenarians move westward to grow up with the country' - 'Ezekiel Shaddick, Age 102 years 3 months and his wife, Telitha Chaddick,

age 102 years 8 months, of Walker County, Georgia, en route to Arkansas'.

Silas Chaddick, of Rogers Station, Ark, arrived in the city yesterday from Walker County, Ga., accompanied by his parents, ages respectively 102 years and 3 months and 102 years and 8 months. A Times reporter visited the aged couple in the waiting room of the passenger depot and found them busily engaged in disposing of their dinner. Both ate heartily, and with evident relish, at least twice as much as is generally eaten by old people, and fully as much as a person in his prime would need.

The old man is considerably stooped, and his skin is dry and parched. His snow-white locks fall to his shoulders and he wears a snow-white beard. His eyes have lost their lustre and are considerably blood-shotten. He trembles greatly, but walks with a remarkably vigorous gait. His voice is low and husky, but easily understood and he speaks in a very agreeable manner, but has the North Carolina twang very perceptibly. His wife, while five months older than he to a day, speaks more plainly and her eyes are brighter, and she looks stronger, but her skin is discolored, not unlike the color of walnut, and thick, and the wrinkles on her face have drawn it out of shape, giving her a very disagreeable appearance. Both

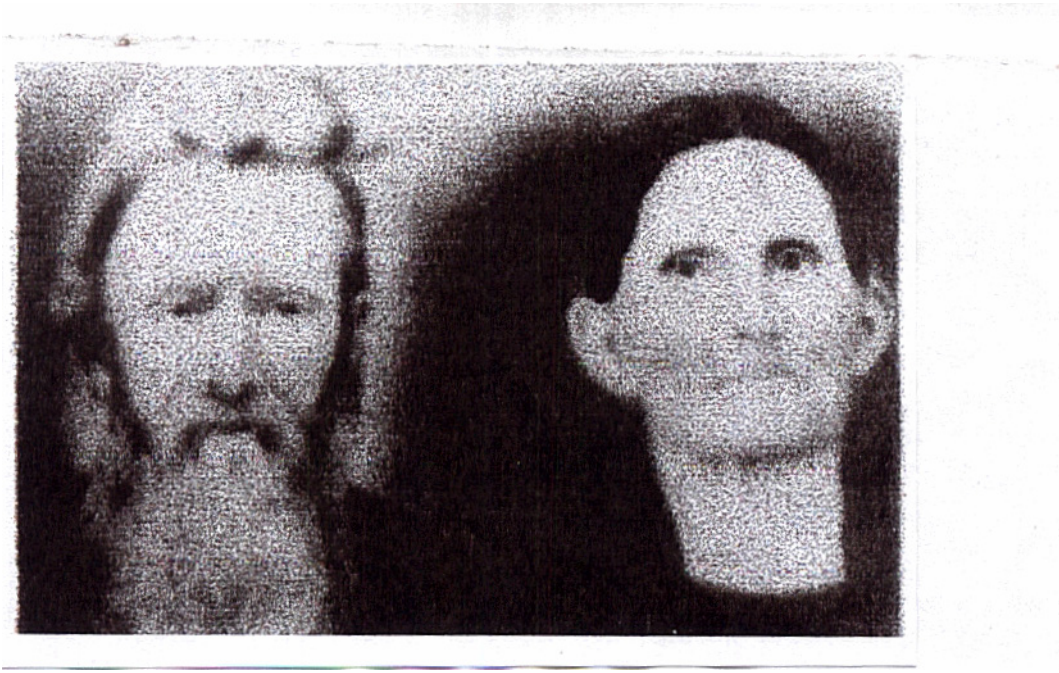
have very acute hearing and plainly hear every word that is spoken.
The old man's memory in recent matters is quite defective, but he recollects quite well many incidents of his boyhood, and says that even now, when he thinks of what good times he had, the very thought tickles him so that he bursts out laughing.
The couple was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, the woman in May 1779 and the man in October, 1779, both on the same day of the month. They married in Chatham County in
1813 and lived there until 1850, and then moved to Walker County, Georgia where they have since resided. Seventeen children were born to them, twelve boys and five girls, the oldest 67 years of age. They have not seen her for forty years, and do not know whether she is alive.
They have trace of but nine children, five of whom are dead, the remaining eight are missing. The children they have trace of have sixty children, and some have grandchildren. The old man says he was a fifer in the Creek War under Jackson and held in reserve at New Orleans in the War and 1812, under General Cotton, who was killed in the American War. He never went to school in his life, but after educating his children, received instructions from them, and many years ago

wrote a history of the Indians of this locality. His wife can neither read or write.
The old man had the yellow fever fifty-eight years ago and since then has been deaf in one ear. He says he never wore spectacles in his life, and up to 1864 could read without them, but now can only read large letters. His wife never wore spectacles and says she can knit a single thread with the greatest of ease. The old man is a
"hard-shell" Baptist, having joined that church in 1825. His wife became a member in 1845. He has traveled very little, having been in New Orleans and Canada seventy years ago, but since then ohas only been in North Carolina and North Georgia.
We asked him if he had any proof of his age. He stated that he had all the records, but his house was burned in 1852 and the only proof now to be had was in the family Bible, which is now in Arkansas.
The old man was very facetious, and frequently made very funny remarks. We asked if he used tobacco: "Wall, stranger, "he replied, "I he bin usin' the weed since 1794 but I hant got nary chaw to give ye now."
"What was your profession?"
"Wall, I was a farmer puty near all my life, but I'm a jack of all trades and good at none." he remarked with a chuckle.

"From what nation are you descended?"
"Wall, my dad was Scotch-Irish, the meanest mixture in the world. He lived to be 83 years old. My mother died when she was 32."
"How was your left eye injured?"
"Wall, stranger, I kin tell you some things, but aint obleeged to tell you everything."
Later on he whispered to us that he was arrested for some trivial offense, and in a fight with the sheriff his eye was injured.
The old lady was not quite so companionable, and while occasionally she volunteered some odd side remark, she related instances far from elegant, but in her quaint style, which wreathed her diminutive mouth in smiles. Neither has been sick for twenty years and say they feel that they are good for several years more, but are ready to go when called. When we bid the old gent adieu and wished him many years of peace, he blessed us with his palsied hands, and with tears streaming from his eyes said he would pray for us at all times.

The above article tells us quite a lot about Ezekiel's personality. He could tell a good story without sticking to the facts. He died in 1883. Tillitha died in 1887; both In Newton County. They are buried in the Shaddox Cemetery at Pruitt.

Henry Jack Shaddox
1819-1894



Henry & Catherine

Henry Jack, the oldest of Ezekiel's six sons, was born in North Carolina in 1819. In 1840 he still lived in Chatam County. He married Catherine Rolling, daughter of Joseph Rolling, who emigrated from Scotland and Irene Walker Rolling, who emigrated from Holland.

Cathrine was born in Chatham County. **I**n 1850 they lived in Walker County, Georgia.
In 1852 they moved to Arkansas and in 1854 he purchased land from the Federal Government which was located on what is now named Shaddock Branch in Newton County.

The following is copied from the Newton County property tax records:

1870– Shaddox, H. J. Poll; 2 Horses $75; 15 head of Cattle $150; Mules $120: 4 Sheep $7; 30 Hogs $30. Total Valuation $382.

1873 - Shaddox, H.J. 1 Poll; 3 Horses $135; 6 Cattle $40: 1 Mule $25; 8 Sheep $12; 16 Hogs $32. Tax Paid

Apparently they made it through the Civil War with some property left. Their children were: Fredrick, Elizabeth, Martha, Mary, Matilda, **Andrew Jackson**, Francis Marion, Sion Lafayette, Christopher Columbus, Sarah, and Leona.

Henry died January 31, 1894 and is buried in Sand Hill Cemetery at Yardelle. Catherine is buried in Shaddox Cemetery at Pruitt.

Andrew Jackson Shaddox
1853-1927

General & Granny

One story about Grandpa "General" relates how he got even with the chicken hawk. He mounted a razor sharp cradle blade on a pole to provide an attractive perch for the hawk. Of course when he landed on the blade all his toes (claws) were severed; cruel and mean but effective.

The following was written by Phyllis:

The best story I have in connection with General is about his Grandson Hiram. In 1978 the Reunion was held down at the Buffalo behind Hillary Jones' Motel that was located south of Harrison on Hwy.7 ("just at the curve to start over the bridge). Wanda Lambert (JB's sister) and I decided to have attendees sign in. Hiram pulled up a chair and joined us. He gave us the names and ages of three generations of his family. We wrote them down and when we got home tried to sort it all out. So I can say in all sincerity he got me started on this project. He was a man in his 70s; how in the world did he remember all of that!?!

*Back Row: Amandon, **Wyatt**, Art,Loy, Jay*
Front Row: General, Granny, Charlie

Charlie's picture is included in the above family photo, because no one knew where he was at this time. He had mysteriously disappeared and was never heard from again. Wyatt said that he thought Charlie had fallen in with the wrong crowd, and someone "did him in."

“Grandpa General” was still actively farming at age 74 when he got wet from a sudden rain shower and died from pnuemonia. I (Bob) was two years old

and don't remember him at all but I did know Granny very well. She came to live with Wyatt and Eller in her later years. They built an additional room on the house for her use. She told of her life during the Civil War and the difficult experiences she and her mother had. I deeply regret that I didn't ask more questions. I assume that the men-folkswere away serving in the army at the time but I don't know that. She did tell of the terrible times they had with roving gangs of outlaws called bushwhackers who pillaged and destroyed what meager supplies that they had left. They chopped open the bee hives and took the honey. Her mother was determined to keep her last horse and kept it hidden in a cave but they took it anyway. It is a tribute to their character and determination that they were able to survive.

To any young person who reads this: Encourage your grandparents to talk, ask questions and keep notes. Some day you will be glad you did.

Back Row: Mandon, Wyatt
Front Row: General,Chloe, Ora, Granny

This family suffered a terrible tragedy some years after this picture was taken. On November 5, 1926, Chloe and Ora were killed by Ora's husband, Willie Christy, who then took his own life. Their four children went to live with other relatives: Farrell(Charlie Christy), Harold (John Christy), Millie (Wyatt Shaddox), Joyce (Mandon Shaddox). The two Dixon children went to live with General and Granny.

Mother recalled that the day of the funeral(s) was cold, windy, and rainy. Darkness came before services were finished.. It was terribly traumatic for the whole family but especially stressful for her. She attended with her two babies: Betty(age 2), and Bob(age 1).

Bob

Additional FamilyHistory
Written by Qulia Shaddox
Based on conversations with
Harm & Lil'an

John T. Spears was born in Albert County, Georgia in 1807; moved to Bedford County, Tennessee in 1819 where he remained until 1839; moved to Carrol County, Arkansas. Sometime later he relocated to Newton county, Arkansas where he lived until death, July 19, 1891. Buried in Sandhill Cemetery,Yardell, Arkansas. He had two wives: Agnes, who died Sept. 2, 1880; second wife Catherine Born 1822, died 1890. Both wives also buried at Yardell Cemetery.

William S Spears
1828-1916

Uncle Bill & Mary

William S. Spears called Uncle Bill by members of the community and Pap by his children and grandchildren. He was born in Bedford County, Tennesee on Feb. 19, 1828. Died May 14, 1916, and is buried at Sandhill Cemetery, Yardell, Arkansas. His wife Mary Dickens was born in Gibson County, Tennesee, on Jan 6, 1830; died July 12, 1902. They

lived most of their adult lives in Newton County, Arkansas, and were the parents of 14 children: John, Thomas, Jane, Sarah, Sam, Will, Infant, Seagle, Joe, Harriet, Martha, **Ella.** The story goes that he brought Mary to Arkansas as a bride, she rode a cow, carrying a featherbed, he walked carrying his rifle.

W.S. was a rather short man but had a sturdy build. He wore a size 44 coat which was always too long. He rode a pinto pony with his fiddle strapped to the saddle. In civil war times he did not serve in the military because of a short leg. He was harrassed because he was not fighting and at one point was arrested. One of the guards recognized him as a friend and during the night the guard came for him, telling him where he'd find his horse. He escaped and moved his family to Illinois for the remainder of the war. They returned to their home in Arkansas where the main means of livelihood was farming. After Mary died, Pap made his home with his youngest daughter's family, Wyatt and Ella Shaddox. When he first came to live with them he picked a particular stall in the barn where he kept his pony. Each morning he fed his animal and thoroughly cleaned the stall, no one else was allowed in it. Son-in-law- Wyatt (W.W.) discovered the reason for the personal care was that Pap had $600 in gold buried in the stall, his

own personal bank. Wyatt promptly took the money to a Harrison bank for safekeeping.

Pap's will is a point of interest. He wrote it in longhand with a pencil about two inches long - Hiram Shaddox tells us. He kept it in his trunk with other important possessions. He'd take it out and read it to the grandchildren frequently.

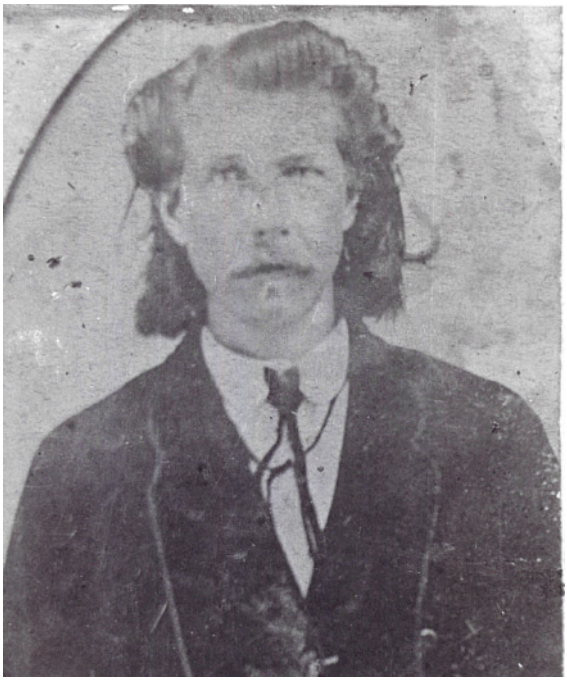
He left all his property to be divided equally between his children to "every jot and tiddle."

Lill, Uncle Bil, Bess, Hiram

At the time of his death there was nothing to divide except about three hundred dollars as he had been in poor health for about two years prior to the death. Wyatt and Ella felt they were entitled to the money since they had provided and cared for him through the last years.

Margaret Ella Spears, a dainty, quiet, and gentle woman was the youngest daughter of William S. and Mary Dickens Spears. She married William Wyatt Shaddox, September 28, 1899, and had 8 children: Bess married Ernest Cooper and had three children: Majeska, Beatrice,and Jackie. Lillie never married. **Hiram** married Lillian Sullivan and had six children: Betty, Bob, Bill, Dorothy, Jim, and Curt. Clifford died in infancy. Sherman died in infancy. Troy married Inez Clifton and had one daughter: Peggy Ann. Devoe married Anna Marie Kimmell and had six children: Sandra, Rosetta, David, Bill, Ronnie, and Margaret Ann. Devoe's twin sister was stillborn.
Qulia

James A Sullivan



James A Sullivan

The above picture is believed to have been taken in 1872 when he married Grace Ann Dickey. They were the parents of **John Harve Sullivan.**

Jim Sullivan came to Newton County on the run from some trouble with the law in Missouri - no

one seems to know what the trouble was - His brother came with him and helped him hide. People in the community knew of his problem and helped him. The law enforcement people from Missouri came looking for him a time or two but he managed with the help of friends to be gone each time. (This came from family gathering, general conversation 1976.)
Qulia

Grace Dickey

John Harve Sullivan
1877-1942

Sullivan Family

Our grandfather, Harve Sullivan was born in Searcy County, March 18, 1877, but lived most of his life in Newton County. He was a quiet, soft-spoken person not given to anger. He was a farmer all his life and owned a farm on Buffalo River near Mt. Hersey. He preferred mules to horses but at different times had both. He had cattle and kept bees. I remember that he went bare-foot a lot and liked to whistle. He also liked to play marbles and was good at it.

Joseph A Salmon
1855-1929

Alf Salmon

The above picture is believed to have been taken sometime around 1902. Alf Salmon was a lawyer and lived at Western Grove. Mother was born in his house. He was married to **Martha Jane Rae.** They were the parents of our grandmother **Nancy**. Alf was born January 6, 1855 and died February

22, 1929. Martha Jane was born January 10, 1853 and died October 6, 1933.

Sarah Nancy Salmon was born July 3, 1880. Harve and Nancy were married on August 26, 1897 had eight children: Grace, Ellen, **Lillian,** John L, Dottie, Floyd, Earl, and Gladine.

Harve died October 25, 1942. Nancy died October 26, 1970. Both are buried at Ben's Branch cemetery in Newton County.
Bob

William Wyatt Shaddox
1878-1959

Wyatt & Eller

"We have very little history on Wyatt. He lived most of his life in Newton County, Arkansas. He had to have been a good man to sire such good descendants."

The above is taken from the genealogy information compiled by Phyllis and J. B. Shaddox of Shawnee, Oklahoma. She credits Hiram with giving her the information that started her on a twenty year quest to trace the descendants of Ezekiel. Her work does include a copy of the legal papers required in 1925 when Wyatt and Ella borrowed $1200 from the Federal Land Bank of St. Louis. Lawyers used a lot of words even then and without computers too!

This will be an attempt to record some additional information about my Grandpa Wyatt based on recollections of experiences and associations with him.

William Wyatt was born on Pinnacle Mountain near Western Grove, Newton County, Arkansas. He made his home at Western Grove all his married life except for a brief time in Missouri. He was a big man with red hair and short temper; the dominant member of his family as long as he lived.

The way to go calling on a young lady he said was to pass by her house at a fast gallop, then return later at a slow trot, and on the third trip to walk your horse up to the gate and go in to "set a spell." I wonder if he courted Margaret Ella Spears this way? Wyatt and "Eller" were married on

September 28, 1899. Grandpa told me that he bought himself a complete new outfit for the wedding: suit, shirt, tie, shoes, and hat, all for less than ten dollars. “And I was the best dressed man in town,” he added.

A few years later they moved with two young daughters to Tiff City, Missouri where my father was born in 1903. They moved back to Arkansas when Hiram was two to three weeks old. Both trips were made in a covered wagon. My grandmother told me she refused to ride in the wagon when they crossed the Kings River on a suspension bridge. I don’t recall whether she carried the baby or let him ride in the wagon. My guess is that she carried him. She said, “Those two little mules were scared to death and pushed to the middle against each other all the way across that bridge.” During the next six years she would bury two young sons: Clifford, 20 months and Sherman, 3 months. She was truly a real pioneer woman.

Shortly after returning to Arkansas they settled on a farm on Shaddock Branch that would be their home for the rest of their lives. The house burned circa 1915 but they rebuilt on the same spot.

Wyatt was a farmer-rancher throughout his whole lifetime but he also wore many other hats. He was: (1) school teacher, (2) road builder, (3) freighter, (4) insurance salesman, (5) meat salesman, (6)

wholesale drug dealer, (7) justice of the peace, (8) registrar for the bureau of vital statistics, (9) activist in county politics, (10) friend and helper to those in need, (11) a great story teller, and best of all, (12) my grandfather. Some or all of the above need further clarification.

(1) He taught at Fairview School (one room-eight grades) over in the next holler and was my father's first grade teacher.

(2) When crops were laid by, he and his team helped build Highway 123 near Yardelle. Someone in the family has a picture of this.

(3) He hauled mercantile goods from the railroad at Bergman to Western Grove. I recall hearing stories he told of camping out along the way.

(4) He sold many insurance policies that never paid off because few if any of the people could afford to pay the premiums during the ensuing depression years. Hiram had a life insurance policy that I am sure was written by Wyatt.

(5) He was a route salesman for Swift & Co. This was a job that he really liked; dressed in a coat and tie, drove a good car, and talked to a lot of different people.

(6) Wholesale drug dealer, by today's definition, does not aptly describe what he really did. His customers were country stores. He traveled every back road in about four counties and hauled all of his merchandise with him. When he made a sale, he made an immediate delivery, and collected an immediate payment, (in cash). He sold aspirin, turpentine, rubbing alcohol, iodine, mineral oil, razor blades, combs, shoe laces, shoe polish, Kool-aid, hair dressing, and many other items that I can't remember. At about age 73 he decided to retire and applied for his Social Security. They had no record at the SS office because he had never filed an income tax return or paid any FICA tax. At about this time, when I went to visit, I found him seated in a chair in the middle of the room with papers knee deep all around. They had told him to bring in his records showing how much money he had made during the past two years. He was totally frustrated because all he had was a huge pile of paid invoices, unsorted. I helped him put together some numbers based on cost of goods and an assumed profit margin, less operating expenses. He made back payments for the past two years, paid a small penalty, and started collecting monthly payments. He owed very little income tax because as he said, being past 65 he got "double indemnity."

(7) On at least one occasion he left his plow in the field to perform a wedding ceremony in the middle of the road, still wearing his "bark" hat. If those two people are alive today, I would wager that they are still married to each other.

(8) My birth certificate is signed by WW Shaddox, Registrar. For reasons unknown to any of us, he registered my brother James as "Albert." He always signed his name as WW although most everyone called him Wyatt. A few of his really old-time friends called him Waco.

(9) He once told me, "I have voted the Republican ticket, straight, my whole life." He "encouraged" all of us to do the same. He manfully suffered through all the Roosevelt and Truman years but rejoiced when Eisenhower was elected. One year he declined the Republican nomination for a county office because he didn't have the time or money to campaign. As it turned out he would have had no opponent in the general election that year. It could have been the springboard to high political office.

(10) Wyatt was never wealthy by most peoples standards but he was better off than many of his contemporaries. He loaned money that was never repaid and cosigned notes for friends who defaulted. I don't recall the man's name but Grandma said, "Wyatt sold two span of mules to pay off his note." Grandpa loaned us a cow to milk

when the depression caused us to move back to Arkansas. We had free use of his team, wagon, and all farm equipment. We cut our wood from his trees and carried our water from his spring. We will always be indebted to him. Eller's father spent his last years living at their home. Some years later Wyatt's mother would do the same. Their niece Millie, orphaned at age 4, also made her home with them.

(11) His storytelling talent served him well in his sales work. I was privileged to accompany him a few times on his route. The proprietor might meet him at the door insisting that he didn't need anything that day, but Grandpa would tell a joke or two, and before you noticed, would have written up a sizable order. Some of his stories qualified as real "leg slappers."

(12) I have been accused of inheriting my red hair and violent temper from Grandpa. I proudly plead guilty to both. Some of his displays of temper were almost comical (as are mine). Both of us in our later years mellowed considerably.

Wyatt was not a churchgoing man but he was a true believer, just and honorable. He abhorred the use of alcohol and tobacco. He was well liked and respected by all who knew him. He was a member

of the Masonic lodge for probably all of his adult life and believed strongly in its teachings. His fellow masons conducted a graveside funeral service for him that was quite impressive.

I shall be eternally grateful for the opportunity of getting to know my Grandpa Wyatt as well as I did. Every grandson should be so fortunate.

Bob

The following was written by Curt Shaddox

I too consider it a privilege to have known him like I did, and I cherish the memories. I went with him on his route when I got old enough to drive so he would let me drive his truck. I didn't realize how much I would enjoy his company, but we had a great time. I remember once we stopped at Silver Hill at the combination store and cafe. We ate a plate lunch there and afterwards he sold the lady some men's nylon shirts (which were the latest thing then). As we drove on down the road, he commented: "I charged her a little extra for the shirts, but she had her plate lunches priced too high".

After he retired, in the summer when we were out of school, he would show up almost every morning about the time we were eating breakfast and ask: "What are you boys going to do today?" Of course,

he had a job for us (Jim & me). But.....he helped us out in so many ways. We were very fortunate to have had him as our Grandpa.

Curt

<u>The following was written by Jack Cooper</u>

I too can remember once when I visited that he wanted me to go with him to Harrison to pick up a load of feed. He said he had trouble backing the truck up to the loading dock, so I backed it for him. As I remember we had a good time talking about all sorts of things. He was a very well informed man for his time.

My mother (Bess) told me one time when she and your dad (Hiram) were kids, Uncle Bill Spears, one of their grandpas, made them go to one of the stables in the barn and dig a hole. He had a fruit jar full of gold pieces (God knows how much it amounted to)* and buried it there. He told them not to tell anyone, but as soon as Grandpa (Wyatt) came home they told him about it. Grandpa used some psychology on Uncle Bill and asked him if he kept much money around. Uncle Bill said no, and

Grandpa went on to tell him that if he ever did have any money on him or close around and anyone found out about it, they might knock him in the head and steal it. Uncle Bill thought for a day or two and finally told Grandpa about it and showed him where he had buried it. They dug it up and Grandpa took it to the bank in Harrison. Uncle Bill never did know that the kids told on him.

Jackie

Note: Uncle Bill was Grandma Eller's father.

**Approximately $700.00, a considerable sum at the time.*

Lillian Tennessee Sullivan
1904-1973

Lillian & Hiram

My Parents
By Betty Cowell

My mother, Lillian Tennessee (she never liked that name) Sullivan Shaddox was born on March 15, 1904 at her grandfather's house at Western Grove, Arkansas in Newton County to John Harve and Nancy Salmon Sullivan. She grew up on the Buffalo River below Mt. Hersey. She attended school through the eighth grade. School was a three month term in the summer.

She was a very intelligent person who read a lot and knew about many things, more than the average person of that time. She married Hiram C. Shaddox on Sept. 30, 1923 and raised six children to have college degrees and able to make comfortable lives for their families.

As the eldest child born on Sept. 1, 1924, I have realized what a wonderful job she did with little to work with. When Dorothy the fourth child was born in 1930, she had four children and the oldest not yet six years old at the time.

“Behind every successful man there is a good woman”. This is certainly true of mother. She kept the family going, with Daddy working away from home every day. She managed the kids and got all the work done at home. We carried water, milked the cows, cut the wood, fed the animals, cleaned the house etc. It was no small task for mother to get us to do these jobs.

She made all our clothes and they were always clean. Our school clothes were washed on Saturday to be ready for the next week. She made her own patterns, which the WPA Sewing Room borrowed.

She taught me many things (all I know) mainly responsibility. I looked after the younger children,

took my job seriously. Her advice was good. I should have followed it more, some of it I did. “Don’t let a baby go to sleep crying”, “your children come first”, “get a jar of Vicks salve and quit running to the doctor every week”. She thought a mother should not work away from home, but she approved of my babysitter.

She said she liked for us all to be home together but each family separately, too. She loved her grandchildren and always found time for each one. We all wanted to go home anytime.

She was superstitious but she tried not to be when we teased her about it, but always looked in the almanac to see about the “signs” before she planted her garden, weaned the calves or castrated the pigs or lambs.

Mother enjoyed making a garden (a lot of hard work). It was a necessity for our food supply. Raising her chickens was something else we needed. She took good care of them. How we hated to clean out the manure from the chicken house each spring to put on the onion bed. If a shower of rain came up the little chickens had to be herded to the henhouse. We had eggs and chicken to eat. I learned to pick the feathers off and cut up a chicken but I could never wring a chicken’s neck

like mother could; just a quick twist and the head was off! I could pick the feathers from a duck, but it was much harder on a goose. We all had feather beds and pillows as a product of her ducks and geese.

Mother cooked three meals a day. Daddy had to have us all at the table before he could eat. Breakfast was at six o'clock (hot biscuits gravy etc.) so that we had time to do our chores and catch the school bus. We waited until daddy was home from work to eat supper. Sometimes it was a little noisy with eight people at the table each meal. We sat at a certain place each time.

Our mother should have received a metal for the work she did so the men could enjoy the float trips they took on the Buffalo River. We arrived at her house for a very early breakfast (she cooked) for everybody. Daddy took them to the river and picked them up that afternoon, after working all day. They got home with fish (usually) many, many tales to tell and to a good supper that mother had ready.

When Daddy and his boys built a new boat, they were so proud. Mother told them, "It will leak if you don't soak it for a few days" They didn't believe her. Well, it did leak. They spent the day

getting water out of the boat. No fishing! Then they took mother's advice.

We lived very near our Shaddox grandparents. Mother and my grandma got along great and she managed to get along with grandpa which I consider no easy job. She appreciated the help they gave in caring for a large family.

Our parents spent many hours so we could enjoy our lives. Their children were their lives. When we needed them they were always there. They were proud of us. I think Daddy said you should never brag on your family. We were good because we knew they expected us to be. I always felt I could not let them down.
Betty

Hiram Charles Shaddox
1903-1980

Hiram & Lillian

My Parents
By Robert Shaddox

Hiram was born September 26, 1903 near Tiff City, Missouri. His parents moved to Arkansas in a covered wagon when he was less than one month old. Hiram was named after his Uncle Charlie who disappeared at the age of a young adult and was never heard from again. Four of Hiram's nine grandsons and two great-grandsons are named

Charles. Another great-grandson is named Hiram. Mother and Daddy were married at Mt Hersey on September 30, 1923. The picture above was taken at Grandpa Wyatt's house at about the time of or shortly after the wedding.

Mother was born at Western Grove, Arkansas but spent her childhood years at Mt Hersey. She got her middle name from her Aunt Tenn. She was called Lil'an by all who knew her. No granddaughters are named Tennessee, but one niece was named Lillian.

Western Grove was a progressive little town with its best years occurring between World War I and the Great Depression. It had a post office, bank, high school, church, doctor's office, two general mercantile stores, two grocery stores, produce, cotton gin, feed mill, blacksmith shop, two auto garages, service station, barber shop, café, and some 200 residents. The school was rated one of the best small schools in North Arkansas. The basketball team won the state championship in 1929. This was before, the schools were divided into classes or divisions; they competed against teams like Fort Smith, and Little Rock. Mt Hersey was a community on the Buffalo River with a country store, a one-room school, grist mill, and maybe two dozen residents.

To say the very least Mother was a most remarkable person and always a fine lady. Her speech was very proper; her grammar correct. She has been described as the real backbone of our family. She was probably the most influential person in my life during my early formative years. She stressed diligence, perseverance, and patience; all of which I sorely needed. She told the story of the young boy who was asked, while splitting firewood, what he did when he encountered a stick with knots. He replied that he split that one into kindling. She was a stern taskmaster and strict disciplinarian and applied the switch as needed. She would simply not tolerate laziness. Throughout her lifetime she was Hiram's daily advisor. She continually insisted that he raise his wages but he was always reluctant to do so. Shortly before she died she told him certain things he should do after she was gone. He valued her advice and opinions greatly.

She had all the skills and talents of a pioneer woman. She could bake a cake or pie on a wood burning cook stove and make it come out right every time. She insisted on having good dry wood for the cook stove; "soured" wood was not acceptable. During the summer she cooked pinto beans in a small cast iron pot over a slow burning

wood chip fire in the wood yard. Pinto beans and corn bread was a daily staple for us. Ham and eggs, biscuits and gravy for breakfast was the best. Her cherry pies were quite tart and Daddy always remarked with a puckered face. “Just a little bit sour” and then would add, “but that’s the way I like it”.

Other skills included: milking and churning excellent butter, growing and preserving fruit and vegetables, wringing a chicken’s neck with a swift twist of the wrist, making lye soap. Washing clothes on the rub board was a task she attacked vigorously. She plucked goose down aggressively and then made her own pillows and feather beds. She was a skilled seamstress, making her own patterns, and sewing on a treadle operated sewing machine. Mother believed in the “signs” and always consulted the almanac when it was time for planting. She liked to predict the weather based on “ruling days”. I remember one time Daddy came in from the field soaking wet; his old felt hat was drooping down over his ears and still dripping water. He said to Mother, “This is what your ruling days caused”. She had told him that morning that according to the ruling days it would not rain that day.

We were not a church going family but Mother taught us from early childhood about God and Jesus. I don't remember that she spent time reading the Bible but she told biblical stories to emphasize a point. For most of her life she was not a member of any church but she was always a believer and always lived a good Christian life.

My siblings always insisted that I was Mother's favorite but that is simply not true; she had no favorites. I always thought she was more demanding of me than any of the others. Perhaps I got more attention and required more discipline because I was more unruly.

When I think back to the times we were children and consider all the circumstances it is obvious to me that Mother had a most difficult and demanding job in raising us. There were four of us under school age living in somewhat primitive conditions with limited resources. We would have driven a lesser mother crazy. As we grew older she kept us busy with assigned chores. One of my less-favorites was working in the garden. I can't say that I felt ill towards Mother for this but I usually attacked the weeds with a vengeance.

In the end I think she did an outstanding job in teaching us the important things about life and shaping the kind of persons we became. Let us hope that she looked at us and said, “It is good”

Hiram was a man of high moral character and unquestioned integrity. He was honest, hard-working, reliable, and totally unselfish. He never used alcohol or tobacco. His one self-indulgence was Dairy Queen ice cream. He always stopped for a “cone of cream”. Incidentally, he built the first Dairy Queen in Harrison

The pride and joy of his life was his family. He was proud of every achievement or success of a child or grandchild but he but he didn’t boast. As a parent he never lectured or threatened. He seldom scolded but on rare occasions would “mutter” disapproval. Obedience to him came from respect and a desire to please. We never once “talked back” to either one of our parents.

Family gatherings at their house were joyous occasions with almost everyone talking at the same time. He described this as “getting together and having a big talk”. He was witty and had a great sense of humor. He strongly believed that

everyone should get a good education. His own formal schooling ended after completing the 10th grade. He was proud that all of his six children earned college degrees, but he never said so.

Harm & Lil'an's Family

Back Row: Curt, Bob, Bill, Jim

Front Row: Betty, Lillian, Hiram, Dorothy

He believed in hard work and top quality workmanship; that every job should be performed to the best of one's capabilities. He was proficient at many tasks. As a devoted husband he nursed and cared for a precious wife the last eight months

of her life. As a builder he could do it all, from foundation to trim work and cabinets. As a farmer-rancher he could doctor a sick calf or shoe a horse. His cured hams were exceptional. He was a good shade-tree auto mechanic and also a good shade-tree barber (literally) using hand clippers. His skill with an axe was remarkable. He could sharpen a fence post to look like it had been sharpened in a giant pencil sharpener. Shortly after moving back to Arkansas he fenced a garden with posts, rails, and split palings that he made himself. Mother probably helped cut the timber with a crosscut saw.

He eschewed fame. Fortune eluded him, but he was a rich man in the admiration and respect he received from all who knew him.

He worked at several occupations during his lifetime. In the early years he was a school teacher and farmer. While living in Kansas City he was a grocery clerk and later an assembly line auto worker ($5.00 per day). Back in Arkansas he farmed and later sold Rawleigh products door to door. He was an auto mechanic at Poort's garage for $.75 per day (later raised to $1.00). He walked to and from work and Saturday night carried home

a large bag of groceries. He then worked as a carpenter before getting a job as a Forest Ranger. His total pay at this job was $30.00 salary, $15.00 car expense, and $15.00 credit at the CCC camp commissary. At government prices of the day that bought a car load of groceries. Of course they came in large containers; like a gallon jar of mustard.

During WWII he worked as a carpenter on defense work mostly building army barracks. He would continue as a carpenter-builder for the rest of his career. I don't recall any time when he went looking for a job; people came to him. He once told Mother that Bill and I were the best helpers he ever had (he never told us). In later years he probably thought Jim and Curt were better. He was very agreeable to building things just like the homeowner wanted but after it was built he didn't want to change it. If the owner insisted he would grab the heavy hand axe and viciously attack it. This was a good time to stay out of his way.

He had many quotations or favorite sayings. One that I particularly liked was: "Study to be quiet and mind your own business."

"Carbolic acid is goodbye in any language."

"There's more married now than doing well".

“Least said soonest mended.”

Most of these would require some explanation to the outsider, but as family members, we knew what he meant and the source of the comment.

A most embarrassing situation happened to him in school. During recess he fell and broke his watch. Later in class a girl that he didn’t like was asked to use the word chronometer in a sentence. She said, “Hiram fell and broke his chronometer.” The class thought it was very funny but he didn’t.

He used the story of the bob-tailed calf to emphasize that you should never wait too long to take advantage of your opportunities. The young boy who waited for the last calf to come out of the chute discovered that it had no tail. This story was most meaningful those of us who are notorious procrastinators.

He advised that you not waste words by telling the following story: A young newspaper reporter wrote the story of a tragic accident in which an elderly gentleman was run over by a streetcar and killed. Apparently he went into great detail because the editor handed it back to him and told him to be

more specific. The shortened story simply said. “Old man, streetcar, foot slipped, and there you are.” On more than one occasion he was heard to repeat this to Mother if she belabored a point in telling him something.

One of my fondest memories is the time he decided to take Bill and me fishing. Naturally Dorothy wanted to go too. She followed us down to the branch crying and pleading but Daddy gave her a firm no and sent her back to the house. We went to Mt Hersey and had a good time. Daddy caught one good sized fish; Bill and I didn’t catch any. This was the only time that he ever actually fished with us although I remember going along when he and Carl Phillips went noodling for catfish. I am not sure this method was legal, but it was quite effective. He managed to participate in this kind of fishing, even though he could not swim. On another occasion I can recall one time he came home with a tow sack nearly full of fish. He had helped some guys seine the river, because it was nearly dry. This was most likely in the year of 1936. In later years he hauled us to the river and back countless times for the float trips that we’ve made.

He always wanted everyone to come to the table on time for every meal, even breakfast which was always a cooked meal. He was an early riser and thought everyone should do likewise. If you tried to linger in bed he just turned up the volume on the radio and kept calling to you that it was time to get up and come to breakfast. He was very persistent in this and usually prevailed. Qulia was about the only one who could outlast him.

Mother lived some seven to eight months after she was diagnosed with terminal cancer. I can only imagine what a difficult time this was for him as he nursed and cared for her until the very end; and just like he had always done, he did a good job of this also. Few if any of us have experienced the depth of sadness and loneliness that he did after she was gone. Some of our most enjoyable and memorable visits with him were during this time when he was alone, we went for a long walk in the woods one day and he spoke freely of the early days of their marriage.

For most of his life he was stubbornly independent and insisted on staying in his own home as long as he could. Perhaps we let this continue longer than it should have but it was what he wanted. He spent the last several months of his life at a care facility in Harrison, Arkansas. At the end, when

Parkinson's had taken its terrible toll on a once sharp mind and strong body, we considered his passing a blessing.

A Proud Moment

A lasting monument to his memory was created in June 2005 by his grandson Dr Tim Paden et al when the Hiram Shaddox Geriatric Treatment Center was dedicated in Mountain Home, Arkansas. I am certain that he would have been proud of this, although he never would have said so.

Bob

Hiram and Lillian
By Qulia Shaddox

Hiram Charles Shaddox, the kindest, hardest working, most unselfish person I've ever known. He tells us of his early life now that he is alone, how he used to take his dad's buggy and go calling on Lillian down at Mt. Hersey. They were married at her home on a Sunday afternoon. Their first home was two rooms of a three room house at the "Pinery". The old man who worked for the forest service growing pine trees, lived in one room and they had the other two; one of his favorite stories about moving into that first home. Their landlord had cut the grass around the yard and he gave it to them for their cow -in return they gave him milk.

They later moved out to Western Grove into their own home - two rooms that they built with money from a cotton crop. They lived most of their life in this house and one just across the creek, except for a short time they lived in Kansas City. The depression year ended the stay in K.C., jobs became scarce so they returned to Western Grove.

Lillian Tennessee Sullivan, a devoted wife and mother who always made the best of every situation and put other needs ahead of her own. Her greatest pride was her six children who all graduated from college, are all happily married and at the time of her death no broken homes. She was extremely proud of this (as well she should have been). She told me not long before she died that she was satisfied with the life she had led except for two things - #1 She wished she'd gone to church with her family and #2 she was sorry she had had such a short temper when her children were small - neither of which seemed to have done the children any harm.

She was a model mother-in-law and always welcomed each new member to the point we all felt she was our own mother. Material things were not important in her life but she did have one possession she was very proud of. A trunk she bought with money she saved from her share of cotton money. Her father set aside a portion of each crop for each of his children - the money they made from their portion was theirs to do with as they wished. she saved for her trunk and made several trips to Western Grove shopping before she decided on the one to buy. She kept her valuables in it always.

Qulia

My Parents
By Dorothy Paden

I can't possibly write down all the good things my parents did for me, but I'll try to jot down a few. Mother, Lillian (Sullivan) Shaddox, was born on March 15, 1904 at Western Grove, Arkansas. She lived at Mount Hersey, Arkansas during her growing up years. Daddy, Hiram Charles Shaddox, was born September 26, 1903 at Tiff City, Missouri. His parents, Wyatt and Ella (Spears) Shaddox moved to Western Grove soon after he was born. This is where he grew up. He and mother met when Daddy was teaching school at Mount Hersey (Mother was his student). They married on September 30, 1923. They were very devoted to each other and to their children. I've heard Mother say many times that children don't ask to be brought into this world and when you bring them into it, you then owe it to them to do all you can for them. She and Daddy did this to the very best of their ability. We were their life, and although I never heard them say "I love you", there was never a doubt in my mind that they loved me. They were patient and kind, even sometimes when we did not deserve it.

They didn't become Christians until their later years, but they brought us up with Christian

principles. I didn't realize what great parents I had until I got away from home and saw that everybody did not have what we had. I've had people say to me, "Your Daddy is awfully good to his family." He helped Mother with us when we were small and he always helped her cook breakfast. If he hadn't helped her, she would have managed to do it all herself and never complain.

Daddy had a wonderful sense of humor. The highlight of the day was when he came home at night, after a hard day's work. He always had something funny or at least entertaining to tell us as we sat around the supper table. Of course Mother had put in a good day's work also.
We never had much money, but I always felt secure because I knew that whatever happened they would take care of us, and they did! Daddy "brought home the bacon" and Mother was the glue that held us together. I'm very thankful for the example they set for us.
They were both very resourceful people. Daddy could repair anything and Mother cooked, cleaned, sewed and whatever else she needed to do, which included making a big garden. Daddy helped with the garden, but he was working and wasn't there to do much, so most of the work fell to Mother and the kids and I'm sorry to say this kid was not that

much help. I hated helping “stick those beans!” However, I loved “setting out the onions”.

Mother could make a tasty meal out of very little. I don’t ever remember her cooking anything that wasn’t good, except that flour gravy! She canned vegetables from the garden and also canned meat when we butchered (the meat that Daddy didn’t cure with his famous sugar cure recipe). Oh that sugar cured meat was good!

I remember vividly some of the dresses Mother made for me. One was a pretty pink with rickrack on it (I was about 10 years old). When she made our dresses she didn’t have a pattern—she would look at a picture in a catalog and make a pattern out of newspaper. This was when we were younger. As we got older she did buy patterns occasionally.

As soon as we got home from school we changed in to our “every day” clothes. Our household was very structured. We knew what to expect from the time we got up until we went to bed. Our meals were on time and everybody sat down together for meals. Lunch (which we called dinner) was on the table at 12:00 noon. Our evening meal (which was called supper) was ready when Daddy got home. I’m not

sure what time that was but I'm sure it was approximately the same time every day.

Mother and Daddy never made us feel that we were a burden to them and they never expected anything in return for all they did for us. Concerning our education (college), when I tried to express my appreciation mother would say "You kids did it, not us." They encouraged us in furthering our education, even though I know they wondered how they would do it financially but it seemed that Daddy always thought as long as he could work he could "pull it off"! He sold a team of mules to enroll Bill in college. I am told that when Betty was born, (first born) that Daddy vowed she would go to college—what determination—and in 1924!

I well remember in high school—when we'd go to a basketball game—away—when the bus pulled into town, late at night, Daddy would be sitting there waiting to take me home. This was before we had a heater in the car and it was after he had worked hard all day. He never made me feel that I was trouble to him. I'm afraid I didn't appreciate that enough.

Both our parents were highly respected in the community. Daddy served on the school board at

Western Grove for a number of years. He didn't run for the position. The members of the board submitted his name and he was elected. In 1954 and 1955 he presented the diplomas to the seniors at graduation, so Jim and Curt were both privileged to receive their diplomas from Daddy.

Mother never put her babies to bed to go to sleep. She rocked them to sleep—and sang those sad songs, "Poor Babes in the Woods", and "Daddy, Don't go to the Mines Today". Maybe that's the only songs she knew but it didn't make my day to hear them! Daddy didn't rock the babies but he would sing "Old Dan Tucker" and recite the poem "The Owl and the Pussy Cat".

Another statement I remember Mother saying was, "I don't know what will ever become of you kids". This must have followed a fight or some other problem she had with us. We made good grades in school, but they never praised us for it although they were proud. That would have been bragging and Daddy didn't believe in bragging!

Mother always kept a clean house. In the summer we would do the "deep" cleaning—take the beds out on the porch, clean the springs, etc. Mother would get a little disgusted with Betty and me because we would get tickled at something silly

and she'd have to "encourage" us to get back to the job. She usually would wind up laughing with us.

Neither one of them ever wanted attention drawn to themselves. Every time I drive by the Hiram Shaddox Geriatric Center I wonder what Daddy's reaction would be if he could see it! I get a feeling of comfort and pride when I walk through the center and see his picture and his tools. Sometimes Dennis will say "You came to see Daddy didn't you?" The fact that Tim saw goodness and greatness in Daddy and chose to honor him in this is very special to me. Thank you, Tim!

For a perfect description of Mother read Proverbs 31:10-31. She possessed a gentle spirit, was definitely a submissive wife (Ephesians 5:22) and loved the Lord, her husband, her children and her grandchildren.

As each of us brought home our chosen mates they were accepted immediately as part of the family. They were not only good parents but good grandparents as well. Their first grandchild was born in 1954 and within the next 14 years thirteen more were added. They welcomed each one and always found time to spend with each one.

I feel privileged to be a daughter of these two people and I feel that each of us has a duty to uphold the principles that have been handed down to us. I know I'm a better person because of their teaching and the example they set. They lived their convictions. I am so very thankful!
Dorothy

My Parents
By Jim Shaddox

I am writing this at the request of my brother Bob for inclusion in a book about our parents. It started out as a compilation of things Mother and Daddy said, then progressed to what I remember about them to about any thing I can recall about growing up on Shaddox Branch. What follows is a rambling discourse of events and quotations as I remember them, in no particular order. Accuracy is not guaranteed; you may recall the events entirely differently. So here goes.

Hiram Charles and Lillian Tennessee - Mother was the only person I know that ever pronounced Daddy's name correctly; to everyone else he was 'Harm'. Even his parents called him that. But she was 'Lillan' so I guess that kinda evened things out. I remember Mother as an excellent cook and a meticulous housekeeper. Daddy was a hard worker with unlimited talent who provided well for his family.

Neither of my parents were strict disciplinarians, at least with Curt and me. We probably got away with more stuff than our siblings did, since we

were the youngest, or maybe Daddy and Mother had mellowed somewhat by the time we came along. Anyway, I can recall only a few instances of being told directly to do anything. It was usually "you need to feed before it gets dark" or "you need to get some wood today." This from Mother. Daddy was the same way, except for the one time I remember he was replacing the roof on our house (after work of course), Curt and I were running around on the newly applied shingles and were told in no uncertain terms to get off the roof. They led more or less by example and I guess we learned a lot about what was expected of us by listening to their conversation and comments about other people. They never explicitly told us how to act or what was unacceptable behavior, we just knew. I know that I stayed out of a lot of trouble because of their values and that I would have to face them if I was caught out of line. I wasn't worried so much about punishment, just the fact that I had let them down. I remember once when I was about 16 years old, Curt and I took the pickup to Harrison on a Saturday night. The brakes on the truck weren't the best but would stop you if pumped a couple of times. Well, we were circling the square for the fourth or fifth time when this old lady suddenly stopped in front of us. I was between the first and second pump when the crash occurred. Her rear bumper was just high enough to clear the front

bumper of the pickup and hang. We had to jump up and down on the truck bumper to get them loose. The lady was visibly upset and uttered a few hateful words before she sped off. I was pleased she did as I had not as yet obtained my drivers license. My elation was short lived however when we checked our grille. It was wiped out. We headed home with very little conversation and went directly to bed. We both got up early the next morning and this was probably a tipoff that something was amiss. Daddy had already been out to milk the cow and since he had gone right by the truck I am sure he noticed the damage. But he didn't mention it. Mother had breakfast ready shortly and we sat down to eat. I suffered through the meal and finally said I had an accident last night. I then blurted out the whole account, with some modifications. "Let's go look at it" he said, so we all went out to the truck and looked it over. It was worse in the daylight. Then Daddy said something that I will never forget: "I believe it looks better this way". That was it. We did straighten the grille a bit later that day but neither he nor Mother ever mentioned the incident again.

Although Daddy never laid a hand on me or Curt, Mother was sometimes inclined to wield the rod, or in her case a belt, or switch if we were outside. Her anger was always short-lived however, and

if you could avoid the initial attack by running you got off scot free. Even when she cornered you a couple of licks was about all the punishment amounted to.

I remember one of Daddy's favorite sayings was his quote of Frank Morris: "Study to be quiet and mind your own Business." I believe Frank used this quotation when he was teaching school and used it to encourage brevity in speech. Then there was "Old man, street car, foot slipped and there you are"- brief and concise. Another quotation (I'm not sure whether this was Mother's or Daddy's) had to do with the Wallis (or Wallace) family. It seems something was raiding the Wallis chicken house on a regular basis. One night they heard a commotion amongst the fowl. Upon investigating the found a large owl on the roost with a chicken clutched in it's talons. Mrs. Wallis apparently told her husband to get the owl, but as he moved toward the bird he was met with a screech and flapping of wings, whereupon he retreated. It was then that Mrs. Wallis uttered the now famous "GET THAT OWL ED WALLIS." Another saying evolved from a married couple that I believe were related to us although I don't remember their name. Anyway they were prone to heated arguments with a lot of verbal abuse. This usually escalated to the husband threatening

suicide by shooting himself. I guess the wife had finally had enough when she retorted, "the shells are on the fire board honey!" meaning the mantle over the fireplace.

When someone showed up in a ridiculous garb, Daddy would remark that "there goes (name) looking like a dog in a wagon." This expression was also used to describe a poorly constructed project. I never really understood the connection - maybe a dog wasn't supposed to be in a wagon.

"He doesn't know the war is over" was an expression Daddy used to denote abject ignorance of a subject or statement. The first time I heard him use the expression I was 6 or 7 years old, in 1942 or 43 and the war wasn't over! It was only later that someone told me this expression originated after WW I.

I was told that I was a passenger in the Model A just before it was washed away in the river at Mt Hersey, but I don't remember that car. The first vehicle our parents owned that I recall was the 1938 Ford sedan, 2 door I believe. That car must have had a million miles on it. Daddy drove it to work every day during the week and worked on the brakes every weekend it seemed out there on the flat rocks between the house and barn. The brakes

were mechanical and adjustment apparently didn't last long. I can remember he would gear it down as slow as he could, then jam it into reverse to come to a complete stop. Unless a wheel key was striped, then we were free wheeling. How he kept a transmission in it I don't know. I remember one trip the whole family made to the movie (it was the 'picture show' then) at the Car-Mar in Western Grove. On the way home the old Ford took out on us. Daddy was under the hood working on it when the engine caught on fire. People started grabbing handfuls of dirt and throwing on the flames and extinguished the fire. I don't know how we got home that night or how they got the car home, but the next morning Daddy took the carburetor off, cleaned the dirt out of it and the Ford was on the road again. Then there was the time Bill rolled the car over several times. As I recall he drove it home, he and Daddy took the head liner out and used a jack and post to push the top back up. A big hammer on the out side reduced the larger bumps. He drove the car like this for several more years. Getting the entire family of eight into this car must of been quite a feat. I vaguely remember laying on the shelf behind the back seat with Curt. When Daddy traded for the '39 Pontiac station wagon (Beach Wagon as Uncle Devoe called it) we were in high cotton. Four doors and room for the whole family, after Daddy built a bench seat and a couple

boxes every one could sit down. This was the first vehicle I had ever seen that had the shift lever on the steering column. I recall that it was difficult to down shift into low gear, so we usually stopped at the foot of the big hill and shifted to low there. Actual dates for events during this era are pretty vague in my mind, as to when we acquired the beach wagon or how long we drove it, but I know Dorothy learned to drive using this vehicle and I even had some early lessons on this rig. Mine didn't take though, and it was in the early '50s after Daddy traded for a 1949 or 50 Chevrolet pickup that I learned to drive. Curt and I were the only kids still at home at this time so it served well as a family vehicle. It was a lot more convenient for hauling wood and feed too. But most of all, Daddy finally had some way to haul his tools. This was the truck I was driving in the previously mentioned grille smashing incident. We kept this one until Daddy traded for a brand new '54 Chevy pickup - the only new vehicle he ever owned. Again, I am not sure of the actual date, but about this time Daddy started encouraging Mother to learn to drive. He would bring the subject up and she would say" I will sometime." The four of us were returning home from buying groceries on a Saturday afternoon when Daddy decided this was the time. He stopped at the top of the big hill, just before breaking over the crest. Why he picked this

spot is unknown. Mother took the wheel and Daddy went over the functions of the various controls, ending with "if you get to going too fast just put on the brake." Away we went, quickly picking up speed down the hill. As per instructions attempted to apply the brake but hit the clutch instead. The harder she pushed, the faster we went. About halfway down the hill Daddy managed to get his foot on the brake and bring us to a stop - diagonally across the road. Mother promptly got out, came around and got in on the passenger side and we continued on home, with very little conversation. That ended Mother's driving. I don't think she ever got under the wheel again.

This 'big hill' was a family landmark that was actually the head of Shaddox Branch. We had names for land marks or reference points from here on down the creek. The Missy Place at the foot of the hill, a small hill the name of which I don't remember, the Low Place (in the road), The Black Gum Tree, End of The Lane where our first home was located, The Slick Rocks, First Crossing, Grandpaw's Mail Box, The Waterfall, then our house, First Crossing down the creek, Second Crossing, Little Clay Hill, Third Crossing, around the bend in the road was a large white oak where Aden Chinned The Tree. Further down and across the creek to the left was Tater Cave and Buggy Top rock. Next came Where The Rocks Go Over The

Road, then Uncle Troy's Place. Memory fails me from here other than Dason's Road, The Joe Spring, Gibbons Hole, and finally Uncle Arch Place where Shaddox Branch empties into Davis Creek. Quaint but of little value you say. Well, when you wanted to pinpoint the location of an event you were relating, as in "the team balked with a wagon load of cane just after we came by Where The Rocks Go Over The Road", everyone knew exactly where it happened.

Jim

Curt, Jim, & Peggy

My Parents
By Curt Shaddox

I will start out with information about Hiram and Lillian that took place before I was born. This information was told to me:

My Dad, Hiram Charles Shaddox was born at Tiff City, Missouri on September 26, 1903. His parents had moved to Missouri to raise a crop (or crops) as I understand. They moved back to Arkansas in a wagon when Hiram was a small baby. Hiram grew up in Shaddox Hollow, which is South of Western Grove, Arkansas, in Newton County. His ancestors homesteaded land in Shaddox Hollow in 1854. His parents were: William Wyatt Shaddox and Margaret Ella Spears Shaddox. He had 2 sisters: Bess and Lillie, and 2 brothers: Troy and Devoe. All of them are deceased at this writing.

My Mother, Lillian Tennessee Sullivan Shaddox was born March 15, 1904 at Western Grove but grew up at Mt. Hersey, on the Buffalo River in Newton County, Arkansas. She lived there with her parents until she married Hiram. They lived most all of their married life in Shaddox Hollow. Her parents were: Harve Sullivan and Nancy Salmon Sullivan. She had 4 sisters: Ellen, Grace,

Dottie, and Gladine; and 3 brothers: John L., Floyd, and Earl.
Floyd was killed in World War II in 1942. Gladine is the only survivor of Lillian's family at this writing.

This first recollection happened in early 1941 or early 1942, when I was 3 years old and we lived in the house where I was born.

I was playing outside in the woodyard, and I found a little metal toy car, which had no wheels on it. It was rusty from being out in the weather. I was very happy to have found it, but was disappointed that it had no wheels on it, and it wasn't much fun to push it around on the ground or on the porch floor without wheels. I took it to Mother, and showed her that it needed wheels. She said: "Show it to your Daddy when he gets home from work tonight, and he will fix it for you." I couldn't wait until he would come home that night. When I showed it to him, I don't remember what he said, or if he even said anything, but I do remember what he did, because I watched him very closely. I really could not understand where he was going to get 4 small wheels for my new found toy car.

He took an old worn out men's shoe and cut the rubber sole off of it with his pocket knife. He then

took a piece of wire, and made the end of it very straight. He put the straight end in Mother's cook stove (in the little trap door where the stove wood was loaded in the stove) and heated it red hot in the coals. Next, he melted 4 holes in the old shoe sole with the red-hot wire. The next operation was to cut 4 small round discs from the old shoe sole with his pocket knife around the holes that he had just burned with the wire. When I think back now, I know that they could not have been perfectly round wheels, but to my 3-year old mind, they looked "awful" good to me, and my hopes begin to rise that I was actually going to get a set of wheels for my "new" car. Then he put the wheels on the car. The axles had tiny "hubs" on the end of them so that the wheels would not come off. I was overjoyed because not only did I have wheels for my car, I had also been able to watch them being made right before my eyes. I pushed that little car for many, many hours and was so proud of that rusty little car with "new wheels". I was just as proud of that little car as I would have been of a new one that would have cost many dollars. (Of course, I had no concept of what a dollar was then, anyway). I wish that I still had that little car today. That experience also was the first lesson that they taught me, and that was to have faith in them. Faith in her, because what she said would take

place did take place, and faith in him because he did what she said he would.

From that time on, as I grew up, He and Mother built things, and did so many things for me and my brother and sisters. Many times they made things that we needed out of "almost nothing at all," just as he did with the wheels for the toy car way back then, and just as Mother sewed costumes for Jim and me to wear to the school Halloween Carnival, when we were very young, out of feed sacks, that she sewed and dyed herself. As I recall, one was a red devil costume, an the other was a black cat; And as many years later, Daddy built us a basketball goal out of some scrap lumber, an old piece of smooth steel rod, which he heated in an open fire and bent into a circle for the goal and 2 cedar poles that Jim and I cut and peeled for the posts.

Another early memory of mine was our "big moving day." We only moved once in my whole life at home with Mother and Daddy, from 1938 until 1960, when I married and left home. We always lived in Shaddox Hollow. Our only move was not that big, (we only moved approximately 200 yards down the Branch) it just seemed big to me, since I was only 3 years old at that time.

I know that we moved in March, 1942 (3 months after Pearl Harbor). I remember that it was a cloudy, mild day. Daddy must have been working away from home then, because uncle Troy and uncle Devoe moved all our belongings in Grandpa's wagon. Mother walked and carried her clock to keep it from being broken. That night I cried and wanted to go home (back to our little house). Our new house was not new; it was probably over 20 years old at that time. It seemed big, because it was so much larger than our previous house. It had four rooms, and a porch that went most of the way around the outside of the house. Also, we did not have much furniture at that time to put in the house, so that made it seem bigger. I soon adjusted to our new home, and all the members of our family were very happy as long as we lived there, because our parents were what made it a good home, in the way they lived right, and saw to it that the rest of us lived right.

One piece of furniture that we did have was Mother's wood cook stove. I can remember that stove well, even back when we lived in the little house, and all the years that she cooked our meals on it after we moved. She used it until we got electricity, and I think that was about 1950, when she got an electric cook stove. She always cooked 3 meals a day, no matter what kind of stove she had.

In the summer time, she sometimes cooked the beans outside, using wood chips for a fire. I recall that in the winter time, she cooked beans on the heating stove. She cooked corn bread in a big rectangular pan, and I usually tried to get a corner piece. I don't remember why, because I would eat several more pieces. I can recall how good the corn bread was with homemade butter on it. Jim sometimes would make an entire meal on corn bread and butter. The homemade butter reminds me of another experience, and I will relate to that later in this writing.

Mother did so many things for us that I don't believe that I can list them all herein. I will list some of them. When I start to recall all of the things that she did, I am overcome with gratitude. Also, I am amazed that she could do so many things with such primitive methods that she had to work with.

Mother and Daddy worked very hard and sacrificed so much to provide such a good home for us, and to see to it that we all finished college. Through it all, they never did complain. I do remember that they were great "encouragers" and always urged us to do the best that we could at whatever we did.

I know that the primitive conditions mother had to deal with made her work very hard for her. Bob told me how life was for them when they moved to Kansas City in 1927, so Daddy could get a job during the depression. Betty and Bob were the only children they had then. Bill and Dorothy were both born before they moved back to Arkansas. He explained how that they had a modern house to live in while they were in Kansas City, and were forced to move back to Arkansas in 1930, because times were so hard that Daddy lost his job in Kansas City. Mother had to move back from the modern house to their 2- room house with no plumbing, no electricity, none of the other conveniences that had been available. He said that she kept her Electric Iron until electricity became available in Arkansas. That would have been about 20 years. During the depression, he said that he and Betty had to drop out of school because they did not have the money for their tuition, so Mother home-schooled them, so that they didn't fall behind an entire year, as others did. I know that in later years, when Jim and I came along, times got some better than they were in the depression, but they were not easy for them.

I can remember Mother working so hard in our garden, raising all kinds of vegetables, and canning them. When Jim and I got big enough, we helped

her in the garden. She could encourage us to work. She showed us that we could take pride in doing a good job of pulling weeds and hoeing.

Mother was very resourceful. I am sure that she had to be for our family to survive, especially during the depression years. A few of the things I remember (out of so many) that she did for us were: She washed all of our clothes on a rub board; made lye soap; shelled corn and hominy; she made mops out of corn shucks and scrubbed our wood floors with sand; she picked the geese and made goose-down pillows and feather beds.

And many, many more

She canned so many foods each year for us to eat. She canned sausage from the annual hog-killing, and it tasted just as good as fresh sausage. Also, we would pick wild blackberries and plums, gather pears and apples from Grandpa Wyatt's orchard, buy fresh peaches and she would can the fruit, along with jelly and preserves, and make fried pies. I can still recall how good her homemade blackberry jelly and home-churned butter on hot,

fresh homemade wheat bread tasted. The home-churned butter reminds me of another experience.

I recall how when our milk cow would go dry, grandma Ella (Grandpa Wyatt called her Eller) Shaddox would give us butter, and Mother would do the same for her when their milk cow went dry. One of these times, Mother sent Jim and I across the hollow to pick up some butter from grandma. She sent one of her round butter bowls. Grandma made her butter in a cube shape. She put the cube of fresh butter in mother's round bowl. On the way back home, I expect Jim and I were showing out, or ("acting a fool") as folks said back then) and the cube of butter was accidentally dumped in a sandy place in the road. We tried in vain to scrape the sand from the butter, but alas, we could not. When we took the sandy butter to Mother, she did not get angry. I think she said, as I have heard her say so many, many times: "Well, child, how come you to do that?" She was much more successful in removing the sand from the butter than we had been. However, that night at supper, the butter was still pretty "gritty." It seems, as I recall, that Daddy made a comment to let Jim and me know that we didn't need to let that happen again. It was a good-natured comment, though. I don't remember what he said, but it seems like he might have said something like it was a good thing

to have sand in the butter once in awhile, to grind our teeth down smooth, but I cannot confirm his exact statement.

I remember that Daddy liked fried chicken for breakfast, and Mother would cook it for him sometimes. Another food that he especially liked was cherry pie. When Mother baked a cherry pie, and he took the first bite of it, he would let on like that it was so tart that he could not stand it. However, I think it was just an act of his, because I noticed that there would never be one crumb of it left on his plate.

I recall two very sad memories for Mother and Daddy and for our whole family. One was the death of Mother's brother, Floyd Sullivan in 1942. Floyd was killed in combat fighting the Japanese in New Guinea in World War II. I was only 4 years old then, and I have only a brief memory of seeing Floyd, before he went in the service. It was when we visited Grandpa and Grandma Sullivan at their home at Mt. Hersey on the Buffalo River. I recall Floyd taking Jim and me to ride their mules. He was very friendly to us, and went out of his way to see that we had a good time. In later years, after Reba and I married, I learned that her dad and her uncles had known Floyd very well, and I enjoyed talking to them and asking them many questions

about him. His death caused much grief, not only to Mother and Daddy, but to all of his folks, and friends. I have the greatest respect for my uncle Floyd, and all of the World War II veterans, especially those who gave their life in that war.

The other very sad memory that I recall for Mother and Daddy and all of our family was the death of my little brother, who died as an infant December 10, 1943. I was 5 years old then, and I do not remember very much about his death. I do remember watching Daddy build his little coffin out of cedar lumber. I have wondered many times throughout my life what he would have been like, if he had lived. I would have liked very much to have had a little brother. It was not God's Will for that to be. I have comfort in knowing that he is in heaven.

When Jim started to school in 1942, I missed him because we spent most of our time together up until then. Mother instructed me to search for things to do on my own. And I did discover many interesting things that I could do to occupy my time. I asked her a lot of questions. She always had a good answer for me. I had heard adults use the expression: "I've got the dead wood on you now." I asked her where that expression came from. She explained: Once there was this Pelican,

walking along a creek, looking for something to eat. He came upon an Eel, and promptly swallowed it up. The eel was so slippery that he slipped right out the back end of the pelican. Each time the pelican would swallow the eel again, he would again slip out the pelican's back end. Finally in desperation, the pelican backed up against a dead log and announced: "I've got the dead wood on you now." She would use stories like that to teach lessons also. Once I had a small pocket knife (I am sure it was so dull that I could not cut myself with it) and I was very proud of it and so afraid that I would lose it that I just carried it around in my hand all of the time. She told me: "Once there was this little boy who had a knife just like yours and he was worried that he would lose it that he carried it in his hand all of the time. One day as he was walking along the branch, he saw some geese and like all little boys, he wanted to throw rocks at the geese. After he had thrown rocks and scared the geese away, he discovered he had also thrown his knife away, too. He wished he had put his knife in his pocket where it belonged." That's all she had to say. I learned my lesson from that little story and put my knife in my pocket and quit worrying about losing it.

One day when I was very young, Daddy and I were talking, and it was, as usual, a pleasant

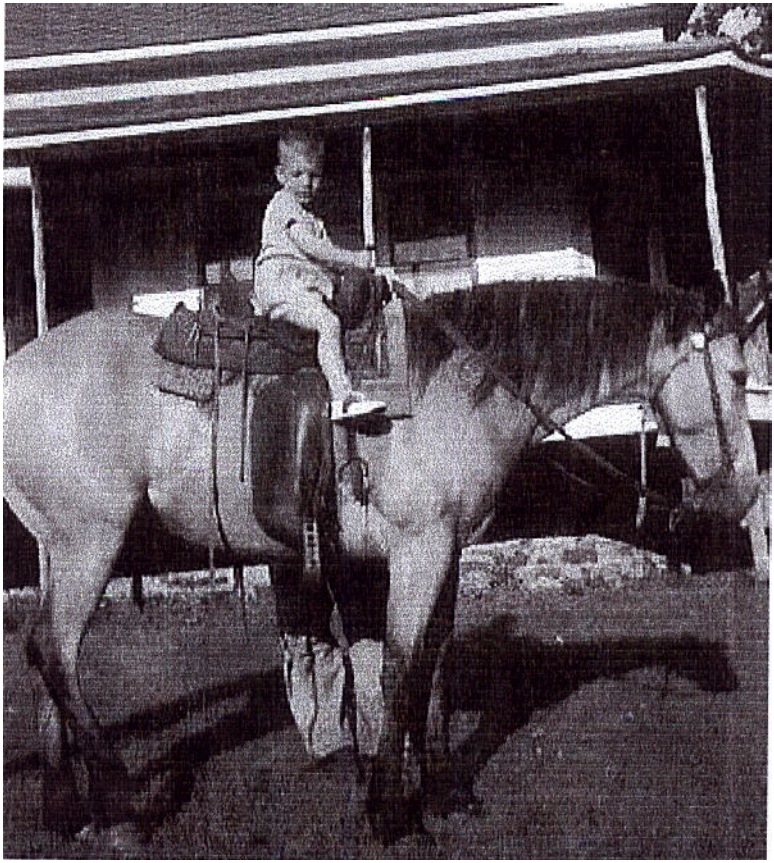
conversation. I cannot recall what it concerned, except that I believe I had asked his advice about something, and he had answered it. And then, all of a sudden, he gave me "the look" that only he could give, and he said very seriously: "No matter what happens to you in your whole life, don't you ever, ever, ever feel sorry for yourself." And then, he went back to talking and laughing about something else like he always did.

And another lesson that I remember from Mother when I was very young: I had also asked for some advice from her and she told me: "Once there was a little boy, just like you, and he was walking along a road, going home. He had lost his way, and it was starting to get dark. He began to be afraid. As he walked further, he looked up ahead, and in the distance, he saw something white. Since it was getting dark and he couldn't see very well, and also he was getting more scared and imagining things, it looked to him like a big ghost with arms outstretched all the better to catch him with. He finally gathered enough courage to go ahead since he knew to go back would mean that he was sure to stay lost in the dark all night. When he got close to what he had seen in the distance, he discovered that it was not a ghost at all, but a white post with two signs, each pointing to a fork in the road, and one of them had the name of the road to his house!" Then she said: "So always remember that

most things that you worry about or afraid of, are really nothing and you need to have to the courage to go ahead and do anything as long as it is the right thing to do."

Horses & Mules that my parents owned:

The first mule that I remember Daddy owned was "Old Tobe". I don't remember much about him except that he bucked Bob off and he landed on the flat rocks by the chicken house, and I remember being with Daddy when we found Tobe dead in the woods.
Next, Daddy bought a team of young mules, a grey mule and a black mule. Jim and I were too young to work them, but we did get to ride them. Bob and Bill worked them and I remember Bill made a crop with them. After Daddy sold them, we usually used Grandpa's mule or his team of horses or uncle Devoe's horses to work.



The Buckskin

In 1954 Daddy traded for a 2-year old buckskin colored horse. He had never been broke, and I don't think he had ever had a rope or bridle on him. He was able to trade for him because two men we knew from Western Grove, C.L. Sanders and Ernest Williams, had bought a whole herd of horses from a man from Texas, and needed pasture for them until they could sell them. Daddy looked at the bunch, and told them he would

furnish pasture for all of them for the summer if they would let him have "pickin' choice" of the herd. They agreed. We asked him why he picked the one that he did, and he answered: "He's the only one in the whole bunch that I would have; I believe he'll make a pretty good horse." And Daddy was right. He did make a good horse. We also agreed to keep and break another horse from the herd for J.D. Virden, our school superintendent. This was a very enjoyable and rewarding experience for Jim and me, because we learned so much about horses from Daddy. Robert Paden (Dub), our brother-in-law, loaned us his saddle, which was a very good saddle, but we needed another one. Grandpa Wyatt had an old, old saddle that had been hanging in his barn for many years. It was in poor condition, but Daddy took it and worked it over (he actually rebuilt it), and it worked fine.

One very funny experience that I remember with our buckskin horse took place one very hot evening that summer: Jim and I had been riding him, and still had him saddled up. We were between the house and barn when Mother and Daddy came walking up to where we were. They had finished milking and Daddy was carrying a full bucket of fresh milk. They stopped where we were, and Daddy was standing beside the horse. As he reached out to do something with the saddle or

saddle blanket, the horse kicked him very hard and lightning fast in the stomach, causing him to double over and his head hit the bucket of milk that Mother was holding, and spilling almost the whole bucketful of fresh milk on his head, soaking him. The kick knocked the breath out of him and he couldn't say anything for awhile. It was so funny that we all laughed (except him). I believe that is the most I have ever seen Mother laugh. And Daddy laughed, too, when he got his breath back.

Years later, when Shelly and Tamara had horses, and we had them on our land which joined Daddy and Mother's land, he cared for them, put shoes on them and rode them some. I know that he liked horses. He had a saying about a horse with white stocking feet: "One white foot, buy him; two, try him; three, deny him; four, huh-uh, I don't want him at all."

Vehicles that my parents owned:

The first car that I can remember that we owned in my life was a 1938 Ford 2-door sedan. It was black (of course). I was not around when they had a Model T or a Model A, or the 1933 Ford that Bob and Betty can remember.

I thought the 1938 Ford was really neat. I can remember Jim and I being in it and playing like we were driving it. I was fascinated by the little starter button on the extreme left hand side of the dash board. (Yes, it had a dash board and a floor board, and running boards. The cars of today have nothing to compare with what the cars of that time had.) I was amazed that Daddy could turn the key on, turn the switch on, and press that little starter button and actually start the motor (sometimes). Sometimes he had to park it on the hill in front of our house and roll it off to start it. Sometimes we had to push it by hand to start it. I think people who have never pushed a car to start it have missed out on something good in their lives. (When I saw the TV program that showed Aunt Bee, Opie and Gomer pushing Barney Fife's car, it brought back some good memories for me.)

Sometimes Daddy had to crank the old Ford to start it. I can recall one Sunday afternoon when Mother and Daddy and Jim and I had been to a decoration at the Sand Hill Cemetery at Yardelle. On the way home as we went up the Dixon Hill, the motor died. Daddy got out, scotched one of the rear wheels with a rock, shifted into neutral, instructed Mother to "give it the gas when I crank it," and he proceeded to do that. The car rolled over the scotch rock and started rolling backwards out of control. I always thought that the reason

that it rolled over the rock was because he was cranking the motor so violently. But then, I am sure he knew that it would not start if he cranked it any other way, he always really spun it. Away we went, backwards down the hill, Jim and I in the back seat, and Mother in the passenger side of the front seat. Daddy was able to get the door on the driver's side open, but was not able to get back in the car to stop it, because the door knocked him down more than once as it traveled to the bottom of the hill and into the ditch and stopped. It scared me, but Mother and Daddy seemed like it did not bother them at all. He was scratched up some but not seriously hurt, (even though he could have been). The car was not damaged. He dusted himself off, cranked the car, (maybe even a little more violently this time) and we went on home as if nothing had happened. Other problems with the old Ford that I can recall were brakes, lights, wheel keys being stripped, and catching on fire. He could make a wheel key on short notice (I never remember having to buy one) out of the square shaft in the old time porcelain door knobs. The wheel key mishap seemed to always happen just as the whole family had loaded in the car all cleaned up to go somewhere on a hot summer day. So, we would have to unload and go to the shade while he crafted the replacement key, and we would be on our way. After the shaft had been used, the

porcelain door knobs were of no further use as door knobs, but they made pretty good nest eggs for our hens.

Bill had the misfortune of running the old Ford off the side of the Gilbert Road with 3 other passengers and turning over 4 times. As I recall, the only injury was one girl having her finger cut off. When Daddy saw the wrecked car, (so I was told) his comment to Bill was: "couldn't you find any other place to park the car?", and that's all he said. I remember when I first saw the car when they brought it home. It looked awful! The top was severely mashed in. I was probably 6 or 7 years old then, and I thought that our car was a total loss. However, there was no one upset, no anger, no clamor. There were some statements of sincere regret that the girl had lost a finger, and also statements of gratitude that no one was hurt badly, or killed.

Immediately Daddy and Bill went to work diligently to repair the damage to the car's body. They did not have any of the modern equipment or tools that shops have today. The only tools that I can remember seeing them use were a jack and a sledge hammer. The finished result was that instead of having a wrecked car with huge dents in the top, we then had a car with large knots (with

no paint on them) protruding upward. Inside, instead of looking up and seeing a tan colored cloth headliner, we could look up and see the bottom of the bare steel roof marked with the print of every well placed blow of the sledge hammer. Nobody complained, because we still had a car, and it carried us where we needed to go, and we drove it that way for years.

Beachwagon

Along about 1949 or 1950, (I think) Daddy bought a 1939 Pontiac Station Wagon. It had an all-wood body, (except the hood & fenders) and sold the old Ford some time later. We were very happy to have the Station Wagon, because there was so much more room inside for our family to ride. It even had a radio in it! Daddy built two removable wood benches for it which made a total of 3 seats. I had never thought of it before, but thinking back, I

suppose that we had the first SUV in Newton County. The neighbors liked it too, and lots of times we would pick them up on the way to town. If all 3 seats inside were full, people could stand on the running boards and hang on. I loved to ride on the running board, or straddle one of the front fenders. Also, Daddy had room inside to haul his carpenter tools to his jobs. He could take out one or both of the removable seats, open the tailgate, and haul a really big load. It was such a different vehicle than anyone was used to, that most of our neighbors were fascinated by it and called it by various names. I cannot remember all of the names (good and bad) that it was called. I do remember that uncle Devoe called it "The Goose Wagon". However, the most popular name was provided by Mitchell (Bruney) McDougal. He named it "The Beach Wagon" and that name stuck. We enjoyed "The Beach Wagon" for years. When the motor finally gave up, Daddy parked it and bought his first pickup, a 1949 Chevrolet. Years later, Jim and I overhauled the motor in "The Beach Wagon," (with a lot of help from Daddy) and we finally got to drive it. We were limited, however, on where we could drive it. We were restricted to the dirt road between our house and Western Grove, (never on highway 65) because it had no brakes, no lights, no license, no top, and a very limited amount of gasoline (we bought a

gallon at a time) and it usually had to be pushed to start.

When Daddy and Mother parked "The Beach Wagon", and bought their first pickup, it marked the end of an era (to my notion) as far as their vehicles were concerned. The 1949 Chevrolet pickup was a good vehicle. All of the vehicles that they owned thereafter were good, dependable vehicles. The next vehicle that they bought was a brand new 1954 Chevrolet pickup. I am very grateful that from that time forward they did not have the struggles with travel that they had in earlier days. They certainly deserved some easier times. However, I must say that they handled the strife with vehicles (and other occurrences) calmly and without frustration. I have only written about a few of the ones that I can remember here. I know that they had many others, (which were probably worse in earlier days).

The Sheep

I think that I must include a few lines about the sheep that Mother and Daddy had for several years during my growing up, so I will include that at this time.

I think that they bought the sheep in 1945, and I know that they sold them in the fall of 1955, when I left home to go to college. I believe that their decision to get them was a good one for several reasons. I know that we did not get rich from the profit of selling lambs, but we did make some money, and every dollar back then was very important. And I know that it was a very good experience for Jim and I taking care of them, because we learned that a sheep is probably the most helpless of all animals, and require lose attention and care. Mother, as always, was very instrumental in showing us many things that we had to do, and helping us do them. If one (or more) old ewe sheep did not show up at late afternoon feeding time, we had to go find her and she would have a newborn lamb (or two). Sometimes the newborn lambs (and their mother) would not survive. Sometimes the lambs would be so weak they couldn't stand up. However, Mother showed us that if we would carry the lambs to the house, and bring them in the house and put them in a box by the heating stove overnight, in cold weather, and feed them some cow's milk from a bottle, they might be strong enough by morning to be able to go back to their mother. Many times they wouldn't survive. It was a good feeling for me when I knew that we had helped a little newborn lamb that was so weak and helpless to

live, and to see them jumping and playing in just a few days. Some of the things that Jim and I did in caring for the sheep (like giving them worm medicine and doctoring their feet) were really gross in my way of thinking, so I will not go into detail on them at this time.

There are two other things that I recall about the sheep. I remember that Grandpa Wyatt was against raising sheep. I guess that he was like a lot of others of his time, in that he was a cattleman, and therefore you were not supposed to like sheep. It seems like that he always came over to our house every day. Usually he had a job for Jim and me to do. When we got the sheep, he came over and said: "They tell me that sheep will eat the grass so close to the ground in your pasture, that they will kill out all of your grass." Daddy seemed to ignore his statements. A few years later, one spring, about sheep-shearing time, the price of wool had shot up to $1.00 per pound. This was unheard of. Grandpa Wyatt said: "Now with the price of wool at a dollar a pound, what's a suit of clothes going to cost a man?" I always thought that he wished that he had some sheep that year, but he did not admit it.

Hog Killing

can remember that Mother and Daddy had a custom of killing their hogs on Thanksgiving Day every year. Both of them worked very hard on this day, just as they did on every day. It seems that it was usually very cold on that day when I was young. I can recall some days later that were not very cold. I cannot recall that it we ever had a rainout. It was a good day, one that I always looked forward to. It was a holiday, of course, but we did not have a turkey for dinner. Instead, we had fresh hog tenderloin and fresh hog liver. Mother would take out time to cook the fresh meat, along with potatoes, gravy, pinto beans, biscuits, corn bread, and other foods. All of us helped with the work involved with hog killing. (I can't remember being told when we were young that we would help, just as we were not told to do a lot of other things, it was just what we were expected to do). After we all grew up and married, we still came back and helped with the hog killing if we lived close enough to do so. I can remember eating a lot on that day. Not only a big lunch, but also I recall fishing out (and eating) all of the cracklings that had any lean meat on them while Mother was rendering the lard, and cooking the melt on a stick over the fire and eating that, too. After all of the lard was rendered, Daddy would

leave (about a pint, it seems) very hot, fresh lard in the kettle, and dump a whole package of popcorn in the kettle, and we would have a whole kettle of popcorn to enjoy. People of today do not know what good popcorn really tastes like. Such ingredients as butter, and other oils cannot compare with fresh hog lard for taste. Not healthy, perhaps, but very good, just as all of the meat from the hogs was very good. All of the meat was consumed by our family, except portions of fresh meat that I can remember was given to our neighbors. None of it was wasted. Mother canned the sausage, and they sugar cured and smoked the rest of the meat in our smokehouse. I am still amazed how well the process that they used did work, and how well the meat would keep, even right through warm weather. Years after Mother and Daddy passed away, some of their grandchildren who remembered "The Hog Killing" expressed a desire to have another one. We did this, and gathered at Dorothy and Dub's house in Yellville. I cannot recall what year that was. We missed Mother and Daddy, and realized that even though we had all helped them with the hog killing through the years, the fact was, that they did most of the work each time all those years.

The Float Trips on the Buffalo River

The first memory I have of the Buffalo River was when I was very young, Mother took Jim and I to visit her parents, Grandpa and Grandma Sullivan who lived on Buffalo, just a short distance below Mt. Hersey. This was where Mother grew up. I recall that Daddy drove us to Mt. Hersey, and we walked around the bluff and to their house on the left side of the river. I know that I was very young, then, because I remember her brother, Floyd, being there, and later he was killed in December, 1942 in the war. I was always fascinated by the river from that time on. Grandpa Sullivan passed away, (also in 1942) and Grandma moved away from the river. Later, we would go to Mt. Hersey sometimes, as I grew up, and have a family picnic there. Those times were very enjoyable for me. We would swim and play in the river. I can recall that Bob challenged me to "see if you can swim across the river." He had taught Jim and me to swim in Shaddox Branch earlier. I was pleased that I could swim across the swimming hole at Mt. Hersey. Years later, my brother-in-law, Devoe Cowell took Jim and me fishing at Mt. Hersey. We decided to build a boat so we could float the river. Daddy got some lumber for us, and told us how to do it, but Jim and I did most of the work building the boat. Mother observed us as we worked

(under the shade tree in the back yard) building the boat. She told us: (more than once) "You will have to put it in the branch and soak it up or it will leak." We assured her that we were doing such a good job of putting tar on all of the cracks, and then even covering the tar with wood strips, that it could not leak. She was persistent right up to and even on the morning of the day when we were fixing to take the new boat to the river for the first float, she said: "I know that you did a good job, but that boat WILL leak when you put it in the river." We loaded the new boat in Daddy's pickup and Betty and Dorothy took Devoe, Jim and me to Carver so we could float to Mt. Hersey. When we got to Carver, we got stuck trying to get down to the river. We should have recognized that as a bad omen for what was to take place that day, but we didn't. When we put our new boat (that we were so proud of) in the river, we were shocked to see how bad that it leaked! However, we were so eager to get started, Devoe, Jim and I quickly assured each other that: "It will probably soak up as we go along and quit leaking." It did NOT quit leaking. It leaked so bad that we quit fishing and paddled and bailed water all day. Even then, we would have to pull over to the bank just about every hole of water and dump the water out of the boat to keep it from sinking. When we got to Mt. Hersey, as luck would have it, there was a large group of

people swimming and playing in the river. Now, in those days, folks in that area saw very few boats floating the river, much less one like ours. We had painted it a nice dark green color, and even lettered the words: "Buffalo Gal" on the side. Not wanting to embarrass ourselves by having to dump the water out of the boat in front of such a big crowd, we decided to try to be as unnoticeable as possible and make it to the bank without doing so. We did not make it and the boat SANK right in front of the whole crowd! I don't think I ever have seen (before or since) a bunch of people having such a good time laughing and pointing at us. We learned several valuable lessons that day, and the most valuable was that we needed to listen to Mother when she gave us advice. She had to laugh a little, too, at us when we told her our experience, but she did not laugh hilariously like that bunch swimming at Mt. Hersey.

After that, we built other boats and we ALWAYS soaked them up in the branch before we took them to the river. Devoe, Dub, Bob, Bill, Jim and I took many float trips through the following years, and we always caught fish and we always had much enjoyment. A lot of days we would float all day and not see another person. The trips always started very early in the morning, with Mother fixing a large breakfast for the whole bunch. Then

Daddy would haul us and the boat (or boats) to the river. Then he would go to work and work all day while we floated. After work he would pick us up downriver and bring us home for supper. Not many years ago, I was talking with Leon Blackwood, who went with us a few times. He said: "You know, those were such enjoyable trips, but the best part was when we ate the breakfast that your mother fixed for us."

Other Recollections – modern times

I don't remember what year that it was when electricity was brought to our home in Shaddox Hollow. It must have been about 1950. I know that it saved mother a lot of work, and made life easier for her. We were all grateful. The first electrical appliance that Mother got was a Speed Queen (wringer type) washing machine, and then an electric cook stove. I know that they both saved her a lot of hard work, especially the washing machine. I can remember carrying water and wood for her when she washed all of our clothes on her rub board for so many years. (Reba & I still have one of her rub boards today, and it means a lot to us). And many, many other jobs that she did for us, and did them the hard way. She got a refrigerator later, and that was good, too, except it took us awhile to get used to how cold the milk was

to drink that was kept in the refrigerator. We had been used to keeping the milk and butter in the spring box for many years up to that time. Next, Daddy put a pump in the spring, and Mother actually had RUNNING WATER in her kitchen. This was a great help to her in more ways than one, because it meant no more carrying water from the spring. Then, he installed a shower on the back porch (cold water only). After Reba and I married, Reba was staying a few days with Mother and Daddy while I was away to National Guard Camp. One day (in the daytime) Mother told Reba: "We have us a shower now on the back porch, if you want to use it." Reba noted that it did not have a shower curtain, and it faced the county road. She asked Mother about the shower curtain, and Mother replied: "Oh, we don't need one, no one ever passes by on this road." Still later on, they built a bathroom, with hot water. Along about this time they got a television set, too. Joe Lair, a good friend of ours, and a man that Daddy had built a house for, and who had been in business just South of Bellefonte for as long as I can remember had started selling television sets. He told Daddy that if they would let him install it (and the antenna) he would take it back if they could not get good reception. He finally did find a location for the antenna on top of the hill behind their smokehouse after moving it many times. The

only channel they could pick up was channel 3 out of Springfield, and as a result, they never did get to enjoy such programs as Andy Griffith, the Beverly Hillbillies, Green Acres, and such. As I remember, their favorite program was Flip Wilson.

Daddy built two houses for Reba and me, both in Harrison. The first one was in 1968, and the other one was in 1972. When he built the first one, and was finishing up, Reba asked him to build a bar in the kitchen which was not in the plan, but she described it to him and he built it for her. It had a decorative roof over it with shake shingles. It turned out really well, and we all enjoyed it. I can remember Shelly doing her homework on it when she was in the 2nd and 3rd grades. One day while he was working on it, Reba asked him how it was coming along. (I believe he was working on the roof for it, and some part of it was difficult to reach at the time she asked him that question). He answered in typical Hiram-like fashion: "It's going pretty good, but I know how Porter Wagoner felt when he said he was holding on with nothing left to hold onto". (Porter had a hit song in those days by that title. The house that he built for us in 1972 was the last house that he ever built. After he got it "dried in," he just about built it by himself.

Mother became ill while Daddy was working on the house for us in 1972. I can recall that Reba and I met them at the hospital when she learned that she had cancer. It was so hard to face that fact. I cannot describe the way that I felt. When she had her surgery, the news was not good. However, later when she saw the doctor at the Radiology Department at the hospital in Harrison, he gave her hope that there was a good chance for cure of her cancer. But that was not to be. She faced her condition as she had faced every other situation throughout her life, with a calm, peaceful and very strong attitude. When I would ask her if she was having pain, she would always answer the same: "Not too bad". I can recall saying to her that all of us were going to help her in any way that we could to try and pay her back for all that she had done for us, and she said: "I don't want any pay back, I just did it to help you all". This was her way of saying: "I did it because I loved you." Mother and Daddy didn't tell us in words much that they loved us they showed it with every action that they did for us every day. Actions always spoke louder than words. It seems to me that they sacrificed everything for us. I recall the day before she passed away, when Daddy and Reba and I were sitting by her bed with her. She knew that she did not have much time left. She was her usual self, very calm and pleasant, and thinking of others

before herself. She noticed that Daddy had dozed off in his chair. She knew that he was worn out and needed a break. When he woke up, she said: "Hiram, you need to go help Curt fix that water tank for their cows, Reba will sit here with me." She told Daddy that day that after she was gone, that he needed to let us help him, and that we could all "just help each other." He told me later that after her illness had progressed, and she was not able to cook for him, that she would tell him how to cook certain things while she lay in bed, so he could cook for himself after she was gone. After she passed away, he missed her so much that he seemed to lose all interest in just about everything. The last year of his life he was very ill, and life was miserable for him.

Another recollection of Mother and Daddy and their family was the really enjoyable times that we all had with them after all of us had children and took the grandchildren back home for visits. All of the grandchildren loved to visit with their grandparents, and with their cousins. I am thankful that, for some years, we lived close enough so that Shelly and Tamara could spend a lot of time with Mother and Daddy, and with their other grandparents. I am sorry that Mother passed away when Tamara was only 5 years old, and Shelly was only 12.

I remember that Mother and Daddy had an extreme dislike for dishonesty, laziness, hypocrisy, lying, gossip, and bragging. They did none of these, and they STRONGLY instructed us not to do them either. They taught by example, and they set a good example. They seemed to have what I would now call (not much) verbal communication a lot of the time, because they would tell us to do something, or show us how to do it one time, and then they expected you to do it without being told again. Daddy had a knack for providing humor at all times, even when life presented difficult times, he never lost his sense of humor. He would "make light of" himself, or some incident, as he had to do to fit the situation. I suppose the best description of what he did was to "make a mole hill out of a mountain," instead of the other way around. He always came home from work at the end of each day in a good mood, and usually would tell of a funny experience that he had observed that day. Both of them had many "old time sayings," that I wish I could recall. I do remember Shelly noticing that Daddy would say "much obliged" instead of "thank you." I have wished many times that I had expressed my gratitude to them more when I had the opportunity to do so, because I did not do that like I should have. I

think that if I had, Daddy would have said "Well, ain't that what we are supposed to do?"

They always taught us to do our best at whatever we did, and to "ALWAYS DO WHAT IS RIGHT."

We did not go to church as a family regularly when I was growing up, but we did go to most of the "revivals" that were held each summer at the Christian Church at Western Grove. That was the only Church that there was at Western Grove at that time. The only other Bible lessons that I can remember was when the ladies from a church at Hasty came and taught Bible lessons every Wednesday in elementary school. Just think what the government or the ACLU would do to you if you tried to teach the Bible in school today!
Mother and Daddy taught us many Biblical principles, and Daddy quoted verses of Scripture. I think his favorite was "study to be quiet, and mind your own business."

I am very pleased that both Mother and Daddy were baptized into Christ later in life.

Summary

I am grateful that Bob has asked all of us to write our own recollections of Mother and Daddy.

Writing these things has helped me remember a lot of things that I would not have been able to recall otherwise.

I wish that Bill, Devoe, Qulia, and Donnie were alive to write their recollections. Each one could have expressed things about my parents in their own individual way that no one else could.

I do not feel that I am capable of writing an adequate description of Mother and Daddy, or the home that they provided for me and my brothers and sisters. I will write a few facts about them in summary:

He was the leader of our family. And he depended on Mother for management, advice, counsel, and a multitude of other things.
They had unity. There was solid unity between the two of them, and together they made sure that there was the same unity in our whole family. I never doubted them, and I never talked back to them, and I never saw any of my brothers or sisters talk back to them. They did not threaten us; they didn't have to. I can recall Daddy, at times, interrupting one of us at the dinner table, not to deny or disagree with what we were saying, but to let us know that the tone of our voice was not right, and would not be acceptable. He did not

believe that a person should talk in a loud or contrary tone. I believe he called it "crabbed" talking. There was discipline present at all times in our home. For example, there was a rule that all family members had to be present at the breakfast table at 6:00 a.m., every day, with no exceptions. That rule was not hard for me to keep, since I was always so hungry when I woke up. Everything was not perfect, of course, because nothing is perfect in this world, but I don't know how they could have treated us any better. They provided us with all that we needed and more.

So I will close my writing, and I hope that these recollections that I have written down about Hiram and Lillian Shaddox will be worth something to my grandchildren: Meredith and Bethany Brown, & Ashton and Harrison Hodges. And perhaps someday, even their grandchildren, as well as all of the descendants of "Harm and Lillen", (as most people called them) will enjoy reading about these few events that occurred in their lives.
Curt

Hiram and Lillian
By Reba Shaddox

I remember vividly, the first time I met Hiram and Lillian. The Sunday afternoon I met the Shaddox clan was quite an experience for me. Everyone was there at their home on Shaddox Branch or "Paradise Valley" as the siblings that grew up there sometimes called it. I knew from comments Curt made to me that this was a very special place for all of them. All the adults were sitting in a row along the back of the porch. I was introduced to everyone and given a chair on the edge of the porch, out in front of all the family. Being a shy seventeen-year old, I was not very comfortable but they all made me feel welcome. I could see that Hiram and Lillian were parents that were loved dearly. The family seemed close and reminded me of my own family in some ways. After we married, I came to know this was true.

I remember Lillian as a soft spoken, dutiful wife and mother that put her family first. She was an excellent cook, always in the kitchen planning and cooking meals. I remember her apricot fried pies as one of my favorites. In her own way, she saw to it that everyone was treated special. Her grandchildren were so very special to her. She loved spending time with them and knew the likes

and dislikes of each one. She made sure all of the grandkids had things the way they liked them.
I remember when we left their house Shelly would cry. Granny Lillian would always have two Hershey bars in the refrigerator for her. One candy bar for each of Shelly's hands. It always worked. Lillian was so good to me and was very helpful with the girls as they were growing up. I knew her for thirteen years. I don't ever remember seeing her angry. She was always very patient and self controlled. We surprised them on Halloween after we moved back to Harrison. The girls dressed in their costumes and knocked on their door.
She opened the door and asked them to come inside. They gave them treats but until they saw us they had no idea who the trick -or-treaters were. I had never seen Lillian laugh so much. She sat in her chair and laughed every time she looked at them.
Lillian was a hard worker. She always had a big garden and worked in it no matter how hot and dry it was. We all enjoyed the fresh homegrown vegetables she prepared for us. I still remember how clean she kept everything. Her house was always spotless. She always set a good example for me. She helped Shelly and Tamara to discover and explore so many things. They will never forget their time with her. With every new addition to the family, Lillian was so happy. No matter how much

the family grew we never outgrew her love and excitement for each of us. Family meant everything to her and she was so proud of hers.

Hiram was a wonderful person. He, like Lillian was quiet and soft spoken. He was very pleasant and always entertaining all of us with his life experiences. With his years as a teacher and later as a carpenter, he seemed to know everyone and remembered some funny detail of an incident he had shared with them. He had a special knack for being in the right place at the right time to observe people caught in very comical circumstances. He passed this gene on to Tamara. She is carrying on this special trait and we enjoy it just as we did with him. He often reminisced about the early years of building homes and the small wages he received. He was an excellent carpenter and would not stop until every detail was perfect. He built many homes in this area including two for us. I remember going to the house one night after he had gone home. I picked up scrap lumber and swept the floors. The next day he said, "You know, someone cleaned this place up sometime last night." Then he laughed. I didn't do that anymore. When all the family was together Hiram would smile and say, "It seems like I hear someone talking." He had such a unique way of getting his point across.

After Hiram became older and sometimes forgetful, Curt called him and explained he ordered a grandfather clock kit and was having it sent to his house in Western Grove. He planned to go to Hiram's to assemble the clock as a surprise Christmas gift for me. A few days later, on a very cold day Hiram came tripping over our icy driveway and smiling broadly said, "Reba, here is your clock." We never mentioned the mistake just thanked him and pretended I already knew about it. He was always willing and ready to help and was a great help to us in so many ways. He rarely allowed us to do anything for him. If we did, I remember he would stand in the door as we left and call out, "Much obliged!" Shelly and Tamara still like to use that phrase because of him. I can still see, in my mind, Hiram carrying Shelly around the farm. She would point and he took her wherever she wanted to go. He allowed Shelly and Tamara to learn about the farm and animals in a very up-close way. They will never forget the time they spent with him. He never seemed to tire of spending time with them, nor they with him. Both of them loved the one-on-one attention he gave them.

I remember too when "hog killing" time came around every Thanksgiving. It was a much talked

about and well planned day. It started early. All of the families that could be there gathered for the activities. Of course we all tried to be helpful but the actual work was done by Hiram and Lillian. After the fat was rendered, a bag of popcorn was dumped into the old black pot and everyone enjoyed watching it pop and of course, eating it!

These memories will be with us all our lives. Lillian was taken from us too soon. When we lost her I felt that Hiram's life would be basically over too. I think I was right. She gave his life direction and he was lost without her. How can one put on paper in a few words the life and love they shared with us through the years? I can only touch on the many memories of the times I spent with them. I will always miss them and often wish we could have had more time with them. I respected and loved Hiram and Lillian and have tried to be deserving of the love they gave me. Life is so short and in the end, all we have left are memories. I am so thankful to them for giving us so many wonderful memories to recall.
Reba

Grandchildren
1988

Back Row*: Timothy Charles Paden, Kenneth Howard Shaddox, Thomas Clark Shaddox, Donnie Devoe Cowell, Charles Shaddox, Joe Charles Cowell, Robert Charles Shaddox.*

Middle Row: *Mark Robert Paden, Elizabeth Rochelle Shaddox, Janet Ruth Paden, Deena Shaddox, Matthew Alan Paden.*

Front Row: *Gerri Shaddox, Tamara Shaddox.*

My Grandparents
By Ken Shaddox

Growing Up

My name is Ken H Shaddox or "Kenny" as I am known by most of the family, and my father Bill, was the third of the six children of Hiram and Lillian Shaddox. I have the distinct honor of being the first born grandchild. I say distinct honor partly because I considered myself being treated "special" by my grandparents (a situation I am sure all my many cousins would say of themselves), but also because my cousin Robert ("Bobby") was born exactly 2 weeks later. Even though the spotlight was brief, I and all my cousins were blessed to have such wonderful grandparents.

I am now 54 years old, and having attended at least 50 reunion gatherings of my father's family, I realize what a profound influence Grandma and Grandpa have had on all the members of the Shaddox clan. My father's quiet, soft-spoken parenting and his intense work ethic surely came from his father and mother. Grandma and Grandpa could be could be easily described as hard working, self reliant, humble, witty, intelligent, strong, and honest. Neither had much

formal education, but raised 6 children who all graduated with college degrees. I and my 13 first cousins all have attended college and the group can boast degrees in medicine, engineering, education, management, law, and veterinary medicine. I became a veterinarian, and it is easy for me to see how the experiences and examples of Grandma and Grandpa directed me toward my profession and my successes in the field.

I doubt I have adequate words to describe the love and respect all our family holds for my grandparents, and especially for Grandpa, who seemed such a giant figure to me. Rather than words of praise, I thought I would tell a few tales of the experiences of my youth while staying with Grandma and Grandpa. Their small home-built house on rough, rocky Ozark Mountain land was known lovingly by most of us as simply The Farm. I hope I give everyone a glimpse of country life that my cousins and I were so blessed to have experienced.

A Day on Shaddox Branch

It was not uncommon during the childhood of Shaddox grandchildren for us to spend days and sometimes weeks with Grandma and Grandpa on The Farm. In about any season or weather there

were always exciting activities and plenty of new experiences to enjoy. The following story comes from a Spring visit that probably took place over several days.

Life on The Farm began early, often before sunrise. If chilly, Grandpa could be heard in the dark stirring up a fire in the wood stove and Grandma was already busy in the kitchen. It was hard to leave a warm, soft feather bed, but smells of frying sausage and eggs helped considerably. Grandpa was a master carpenter, and that vocation along with farm chores, were hard and physically demanding. Grandpa needed a hearty, large breakfast (he took a meager lunch in a lunch bucket) to provide energy for his work.

A typical Shaddox breakfast included sausage and tenderloin, eggs fried in grease (Grandpa sometimes ate 6), biscuits with milk gravy, oatmeal, fresh churned butter, and fresh milk. When I say fresh, I mean it most likely had been milked from the cow the day before. The meal finished with Grandma's coffee, sometimes said to be so strong and black it was hard to pour from the pot. Everything fresh and home prepared, there were no corn flakes or pop tarts here!

Grandpa was not a large man, but his short frame was blocky and muscular. His fingers were short, and his hands were thick, strong, and calloused from work. Cuts, scrapes, and usually a bruised, mashed fingernail marked the skilled craftsman's hands. Wearing overalls, blue or sometimes striped, a folding carpenters' ruler was usually tucked into a leg side pocket. Still early morning, Grandpa loaded his tools in a worn, dented Ford truck and set out down the road to build or remodel a distant house.

Now, this left Grandma and me alone at The Farm, probably 5 miles from a paved road and further to town. My grandparents only had one vehicle, but this mattered little because Grandma never learned to drive a car. I do bet she could have handled a wagon or team of mules, though! At least I never worried if we were safe, I trusted Grandma and knew she could deal with almost any problem with just what was available around the house. A small framed, wiry woman with "granny glasses", my grandmother worked hard maintaining the home – unless she was churning butter, sewing, or making a quilt - I do not recall her ever just sitting down.

Grandma began her daily chores – cleaning, tending the garden, feeding the chickens,

gathering eggs, washing and ironing, and preparing fresh vegetables – and I took off for a spell of creek exploration. Shaddox Branch, a winding creek bed crossing back and forth across the road, ran along the hill below the house. In some spots, large areas of smooth, flat shelves of solid rock formed the creek bed. Usually a creek trip included wading, noodling for crawdads or mudpuppies, or maybe just watching the small stream rush by. Today, I discovered that the shallow water and algae covered flat rocks made a country version of a water slide. A good run and slide on the seat of your pants was quiet fun. So fun, in fact, that I wore my shorts right down to the skin, complete with a mucky green slim coating.

Back at the house, Grandma did not seem angry or upset. She simply stood me in a wash tub in the yard and used the back porch hose to rinse me off. The water was very cold, coming directly from a spring near the house. With a little bar soap and a quick inspection for ticks, I was pretty clean. After a short run-around- naked in the yard to dry some, I went inside for a quick lunch. We dined on breakfast leftovers, biscuits with tenderloin, and then Grandma brought out a treat. I had picked some wild strawberries in a weedy patch along the creek. Wild strawberries are small, about button

size, but if ripe, are very sweet and tasty. Grandma had carefully topped and washed the tiny fruit and poured them over a homemade shortcake slab. Adding sugar and fresh cream made it perfect.

After lunch, we walked out to look for a missing cow. Northeast of the house was the cedar glade, a rough and rocky field dotted with scrubby, twisted cedar and persimmon trees. The cow was spotted behind a cedar tree thicket, licking her still-wet newborn calf. Satisfied the cow could handle the situation, Grandma headed back towards the house. I decided to explore the glade a bit more.

The cedar glade was the preferred habitat of the bullynanny, a large (sometimes 8 to 10 inches), green and yellow spotted lizard that had the peculiar abilities of being able to puff out its neck and run short distances on its rear legs. Actually named the Collared Lizard, I suppose the neck puffing and sometimes running straight at you were meant to startle a possible predator.
Now, Grandpa had demonstrated to me his favorite method of bullnanny capture. He would addle (knock into a stupor) the lizard with a well-aimed toss of a small rock. There were some reptile injuries with this method, so I usually just chased them until they ducked under one of the abundant flat rocks. You could either poke them

out with a stick or if you were brave, reach back underneath the rock with your hand. Of course there were dangers to lizard catching, the glade had a variety of biting insects, cockleburs, prickly-pear cactuses, ticks, chiggers, and even "stinging lizards" (scorpions). Despite the sometimes painful obstacles, I captured my fair share of bullnannies over the years, and kept several for pets in an empty cracked aquarium.

Grandpa returned in late afternoon, tired I am sure, but ready to start the evening farm chores. The hogs were slopped, hay bales thrown out for the cows, and the lone Jersey cow needed to be milked. While eating sweetfeed from a trough, the cow was milked by Grandpa sitting on a small, three-legged stool. Sweetfeed, a molasses coated mixture of grain and crushed corn, could be chewed by the kids for the sweet taste, but the seeds stuck in your teeth! With a particular skilled rhythmic squeezing action, Grandpa could squirt milk from each teat rapidly into a metal pail. I have attempted to milk cows, and I will tell you it requires a lot of skill. A kicking, uncooperative cow is a hazard as well. They might even step right in the milk bucket or slap across your face with a cocklebur loaded, manure coated tail.

There were always several barn cats, in a variety of colors, living at The Farm. They provided rodent control and a good, steady supply of kittens for the grandkids. During milking they would line up beside Grandpa waiting for a taste of milk. Scarred and rugged tom cats, nursing mother cats, and kittens waited eagerly for Grandpa to squirt a well-aimed shot of milk directly into their mouths. I wish I now had a video of this often comical activity.

Farm cat life was a little harsh, coyotes and other wild animals caught some of the kittens. Disease (probably distemper) would break out from time to time and wipe out all but the strongest. They might have gotten an occasional rabies vaccine, given with the same large gauge, metal, dull-needled syringe that we used on the cattle and none ever saw a veterinarian. Birth control consisted of Grandpa "taking care" of unwanted kittens with a quick peck of his hammer. This was not cruel, but a quick and humane way to keep the place from being overrun with cats. If any of the grandkids found a litter first, the cute fuzzy kittens were allowed to join the regular group, or many times taken home with myself or one of my cousins.

Chores done, carrying the filled milking bucket, we returned to the house where Grandma had supper ready. Every evening meal had a large pot of pinto beans flavored with ham and lard and cornbread. Fried pork chops or fried chicken, usually reserved for Sunday, occasionally showed up in the week. (Like when a floggin' rooster incident might occur!) A variety of garden fresh vegetables rounded out the meal. Depending on the time of year and season, one might have corn, tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, okra, or squash. Grandpa usually ended his meal with a glass of cornbread and milk, a sort of home remedy for indigestion. Dishes were washed and dried right after eating, and scraps of food was put into a bucket awaiting hog slopping the next day.

Bedtime rapidly approached, we rarely stayed up much past dark. Going to sleep was easy – listening to the chorus of insects and night sounds. Fresh, natural smells of grasses and blooms mixed with cool air. In my early years, the house had no indoor plumbing and they had an outhouse for a bathroom. For boy cousins, a nighttime bathroom break meant the edge of the porch! Unless the moon was full, the night seemed especially dark, as there were no electrical lights anywhere close. This made the stars extremely bright and easy to see. That was a time of extreme peace and restful

sleep – country sounds and smells, bright stars, and a safe feeling knowing that Grandma and Grandpa were there to start again the next day.

Solid Bone

When I began my writing I was afraid I would not have enough material, but now I realize I could fill volumes. I would like to beg forgiveness from all my relatives for any errors in facts or details, but I suppose some of these memories are half a century old. My grandparents had wide ranging influences on all of the family, but I am convinced my experiences with wild and farm animals molded my choice of veterinary medicine as a career.

I seemed to have been born with a special ability and understanding of animals, but Grandpa helped direct the skills. Caring for baby chicks – calves – kittens, feeding livestock, culinary surgery of pigs, farm livestock husbandry, capture of the bullnanny, observing local wildlife, and even dehorning calves taught me the skills and compassion needed to work with animals. Grandpa sometimes would just show up at my parents' house with a new kitten or wild creature he had found. He once brought me a small screech (barn) owl – complete with hand-made cage - and

even a bat in a bird cage. Unfortunately, the bat slipped easily between bars on the cage and gave my mother a good scream flying through our house! I caught him with an old towel and released him back to nature. Guess I was not worried much about rabies!

There is hardly an instance of my grandparent memories that do not seem to have some life lesson attached. I know my relatives will find some pleasant thoughts from my stories, and I hope others can find interest in the way country folk lived. Despite the wonderful thoughts, all this typing has now given me a headache, and I am reminded of Grandpa's wit. Once, when a nerd-do-well neighbor boasted that they NEVER got headaches, Grandpa was heard to comment: "Solid bone don't hurt".

A Floggin' Rooster

In my youth, it was common practice around the Easter holiday for five and dime department stores to sell baby chicks and ducklings. These hapless creatures were often dipped and dyed a variety of pastel colors. Cute as they were, they did grow rapidly and created a nasty mess of bird poop as they lost that fuzzy chick down and began to grow tinted feather quills. Fortunately, my family had the opportunity to introduce the young chickens or

ducklings to The Farm of my grandparents, and at least, give them the chance to live a normal farmyard life.

One year, I had a green chick that grew quickly and seemed to integrate into the farm flock easily. He became a fine specimen of green-tinged Leghorn Rooster. Besides duties of crowing at dawn and fertilizing eggs, rooster responsibilities included guarding and defending the hens. My rooster was particularly macho in his job, often pecking, scratching, and flogging with his wings anything or anyone that approached his flock. Grandchildren entering the barnyard seemed to be especially targeted and many times were sent crying and running for the safety of the house.

One fateful day, Grandma was heading for the barn when spotted by the green rooster. Despite the question of bravery when called "a chicken", the plucky fowl went straight for Grandma's back. Now, I am not sure if my grandmother actually uttered the phrase, but I am positive someone in the family has said "I hate a floggin' rooster". In a matter of moments, Grandma had grabbed the unlucky rooster by the neck, given him a quick series of twists, and separated his head from his body. "Jumping around like a chicken with its "head cut off" the poor creature's body flailed

about spurting arterial blood. He had suddenly been reduced from hen defender to Sunday dinner.

Everyone should understand that in those days, we did not consider "wringing a chicken's neck" an act of violence or even inhumane treatment. It was simply a procedure to quickly kill and prepare a chicken or turkey for cooking. The quick, twisting movements rapidly euthanized the fowl and the spurting arteries emptied the muscles of blood to give a nice white color to the cooked meat. Grandma was skilled at this procedure, as well as plucking, cutting, battering, and frying the chicken. Combined with mashed potatoes, fresh picked corn-on-the-cob, biscuits, and milk gravy, the fried chicken provided the main course for the family Sunday meal.

Barnyard fowl – chickens, ducks, and geese – were valuable creatures to our farm family. They provided eggs and meat for food, and feathers and down for mattresses and pillows. Flocks patrolled the yard around the house, trimming tender grass shoots, and eating insects and ticks. A sort of rural security system, geese would raise a shrill honking if disturbed by anything unusual. Eating mostly natural foods from around the barnyard, the chickens were lean and their eggs mostly had brown-tinged shells and bright orange yolks.

Unless tainted by flavors due to eating wild onions or discolored by blood spots of fertilization, these country eggs had a flavor that begged for sunny-side-up. I am still reminded of Grandma and my green rooster each time I see an episode of a Foghorn Leghorn cartoon.

Hog Killin'

In the fall, usually around Thanksgiving, the Shaddox clan would gather at The Farm for a unique but necessary family activity, the killing and butchering of a large pig. The hog, a 4 to 5 hundred pound black or white spotted pig, had been kept and raised in a pen behind the barn, complete with a muddy wallow and hand made trough. Grandpa, with help from eager grandchildren, would slop (feed) the hog with table-scrap leftovers – corn cobs, vegetable peelings, breads, meat trimmings- mixed with fresh milk, corn, and shorts (a sort of flour I think was a by-product of corn milling). The pigs readily ate the mixture and it seemed to agree with them, as they grew large and obese – rolls of fat sometimes hanging down from even their foreheads so it almost covered the eyes.

Life was fairly good for the pigs on the Shaddox Farm, a nice muddy pen and plenty of slop. At

least until Fall, when Grandpa, Dad, and my uncles arrived early one morning with knives and an aged 22 caliber rifle. Devoe, my Aunt Betty's husband, was the best shot and quickly dispatched the unlucky porcine (pig) with one or two shots between the eyes. I have to admit there was a fair amount of chasing around and squealing from the pig in order to get the kill shot, but Devoe's good aim quickly relieved the victims' suffering.

After execution, the carcass was hauled closer to the house under a huge oak tree already fitted with a rope and pulley and nearby large table made from sawhorses and plywood. The pig was hoisted up by the rear feet, its throat cut side to side, wide and deep, to allow the blood to drain into a waiting wash tub (a number 4 tub, I think). With a practiced knife hand, Grandpa split the body down the middle, stem to stern, to remove the entrails (intestines, organs) which fell into another waiting wash tub. Intestines, lungs, and urinary bladder were discarded, but the liver, heart, and kidneys were savored by some family members and kept for later cooking. That urinary bladder made a fun sort of water balloon for some of us less squeamish boy cousins. We also were allowed to play with the severed pigs feet, tail, and ears, although the feet had to be returned because Devoe liked to eat them. Girl cousins seemed less

excited by pig killing activities, and I think may have spent some time playing dolls or such in a side room of the hen house, where the chickens roosted at night.

The gutted carcass was positioned so it could be swung over an open wood fire where the flames could singe the curly, wiry pig hair and then lowered into a water filled 55 gallon barrel. The barrel was sitting in a wood fire, water almost boiling, and served to scald the charred hair and skin. Once scalded, the body hair was scraped; (about like shaving), with hunting knives). Older cousins could participate in scraping, and I don't believe I ever saw any serious cuts from the razor-sharp, hand-honed knives. The time of year was cold, even snow and ice on the ground sometimes, and the crisp country air was filled with memorable smells – pig manure, fresh blood, open intestine, singed and scalded hair, wood fire smoke. Combined with the sounds – pig squeal, crackling fire, Grandpa, my father, and my uncles joking and talking, child cousin laughter, and Grandma giving butchering directions- this was a near-perfect Shaddox Family moment.

While Grandpa had overseen the killing preparations, Grandma directed the rapid butchering of the scraped pig into various meat

cuts. Hams, shoulders, tenderloin, bacon slabs, ribs, jowl, fat back, Devoe's pig's feet, and pork chops were sliced out into useable sizes to be shared by family members. Even the brain was removed and I must admit that a serving of skillet fried pig brains and scrambled eggs, although pretty rich, can be quiet tasty. (Squirrel brains and eggs are good eating, too). I once saw the pigs' severed head on a platter sitting on Grandma's stove to be picked clean of any remaining meat craps. Nothing was wasted, and I believe the saying was "we used everything but the squeal".

Last in the butchering process was slicing and rendering of the skin. Now, pig skin is tough and has a thick layer of fat attached. Once separated from the carcass, slabs of the skin were cut into small cubes and strips and tossed into a cast iron kettle over fire. Skin stripping was also a process that the younger generation could do, so we were to able to get our hands greasy, too. Heat melted the fat on the skin and Grandma stirred the boiling cauldron with a wooden axe handle. The skin fragments curled and became crispy – yes, real-live pork rinds. The molten rendered lard (fat) was strained through cloth and poured into buckets to be used for frying and food flavoring. I often wonder if some of this activity contributes to

the fact that I and most family members have been prescribed cholesterol-lowering medications.

Well into the afternoon, the hog had been killed, bled, gutted, scalded, scraped, butchered, and rendered. Some lard remained in the kettle and Grandma used this to pop corn, still stirring with the axe handle. More memorable sights, smells, and tastes from the hog killin'. I remember one year, as we huddled around the fire and kettle, large snowflakes fell as my grandparents, cousins, and other family members laughed and ate the tasty snack. Maybe JiffyPop should look into open fire, lard popped, wood axe handle stirred flavorings for their popcorn.

I am not sure how many hog killins' I participated in, but there were several. Some of the recollections are near 50 years old now, so some of the finer details may be in error due to memory of a youthful country cousin. Years later, as a college freshman, I wrote an essay describing the hog killin', and the professor seemed amazed I had actually been part of such hillbilly life. It seemed a normal piece of family activity to me and a lot more fun and interesting than a trip down through the meat department in the grocery store. Jokes are sometimes made about my skill as a veterinary

surgeon being developed during those times. At least most of my patients do survive these days.

The Float Trip

Regular jobs, home chores, and raising families occupied a lot of time in the Shaddox family, but there was time for mostly outdoor recreational activities. A favorite one for my dad and uncles, and later for me and my cousins, was float fishing. Lake, riverbank, and pond fishing were popular as well, but the float trip was especially important. Float fishing involved using a boat to float along a river or stream, taking time to fish in various pools or shoals where the many types of fish –large and small mouth bass, perch, gar, crappie, and occasional walleye or carp (bugle-nose bass) - were to be found.

A float trip was hard, day-long activity that took a lot of planning, preparation, and coordination of equipment, logistics, and kinfolk assistance. I remember one particular trip that my uncles undertook during which Grandpa, myself, and my cousins Bobby and Tommy assisted. The day began very early, starting with a hearty Grandma breakfast after which the fishermen started after bait. A seine, a sort of hand held square net, was used to drag through deeper pools in the Shaddox

Branch, the creek that flowed past Grandpa's farm. We could come up with a variety of bait in this method, crawdads (crayfish), shiners (minnows), and even an occasional mudpuppy (salamander). Bobby, Tommy, and I were not very old and our job mostly consisted of wading and helping get the bait into the minner (minnow) bucket. Claws had to be pulled from the crawdads to keep them from fighting each other in the bucket.

Bait gathered, all the other items necessary for the trip were set on the porch: Ice chest, crank reel fishing poles, weathered fishing hats (often with a fishing license pinned to the brim), mildew-faded boat cushions, wooden paddles, and tackle boxes. Each fisherman had a tackle box, filled with hooks, sinkers, and personal favorite fishing lures. Complete with colorful names like Lucky 13, Hellbender, and the Shakespeare Bugaboo, the lures were spotted, striped, and armed with sharp treble point hooks. At least with my dad and uncles, who ALWAYS caught fish, a metal fish stringer was a necessity. A collection of snap closing wire hooks fixed together on a small chain, the stringer hooks were passed through the lower lip of caught fish. The fish could then be kept alive in the cooler or dragged behind the boat in a secure and neat fashion.

Now days, a variety of crafts are used for river floating - canoes, kayaks, rubber rafts – but back then the clear choice was a flat bottom or Johnboat. Grandpa had hand-built the boat of this day, wooden with cracks caulked with tar. It was probably 10-12 feet long, 3-4 feet wide, painted green, 3-man heavy, and christened the "Buffalo Gal". The boat, gear, fishermen, and cousins were loaded with Grandpa into his aging truck and we set out for the Buffalo River. I suspect we looked something like a scene from the movie "Grapes of Wrath", only with a fishing theme!

Out the dirt road from The Farm, onto the paved highway, we made a quick stop at a small country store for a few supplies. I think it was called the "Longhorn Outpost" and the shelves were sparsely stocked with a few items here and there. Gathering some cans of Beanie Weenies (a traditional staple food of floating that I prefer even now), candy bars (Baby Ruth, Milky Way), and soft drinks (Pepsi, Grapette, Nesbitt's Orange), we were soon back on our way.

The Buffalo River winds its way for some 20 miles through the heart of Newton County, Arkansas. Today a national park, the Ozark Mountain River was surrounded with steep bluffs, rugged forest, and had limited access points. Places like Mount

Hersey, Woolum, the Narrows, Gilbert, and Carver were little more than spots where a rough trail, dirt road, or wagon path ended up at the river. The National Park Service has since built gravel roads and campgrounds and there are many people found floating, fishing, and camping along the length of the river. In our float days, it would not be unusual to never see anyone else, except occasional local residents bank fishing or local kids swimming. It was truly unspoiled natural wilderness at its best. Along with the fishing and natural beauty of clear water, high cliffs, and the forest, one might catch glimpses of deer, raccoons, buzzards (turkey vultures), and even bald eagles.

The "road" approaching the Buffalo wound down the mountainside, sometimes running across or along creek beds, was composed of gravel, flat rocks, and plenty of dust. A rough and bumpy ride, the path became rutted and sometimes muddy closer to the river, with weeds growing in the center between wheel tracks. If the truck became stuck in a mud hole, everyone got out and pushed or helped stack rocks underneath the tires for traction.

Finally, we burst from the brushy path onto the river bank. It was still early, and a cool, clean, and fresh smelling mist covered the river. Sounds of

birds, insects, gurgling water, and the wooden scraping of the heavy boat on the gravel bar surrounded us. The loaded boat, with some wading and effort was launched into the flowing water and the fishing trip began. Once left at the "put in", the fishermen were on their own to paddle, push, or drag the boat downstream to be picked up later. I do not recall ever seeing a life vest or floatation device (other than the old boat cushions), but most of the river was rarely over waist deep and sometimes only ankle deep on the shoals. Besides, everyone knew how to swim and had enough sense to stay out of trouble. Not to say there were not humorous tales of stepping into unknown deep holes that only left the fishing hat floating, the loss of a favorite fishing pole over the side, or a snake falling into the boat from a low willow tree!

The Buffalo Gal turned a river bend and was out of sight, so Grandpa and his 3 favorite grandsons (at least favorite for this day!) loaded up and headed back to The Farm. Shortly, the sharp rocks had given us a flat tire, and we had to make a stop. Grandpa's truck did have a spare, almost slick, but it was inflated. Grandpa quickly set about jacking up and changing the flat, rear wheels chocked with rocks from the ditch. It was our time to explore the road edges, catch lizards, suck some

honeysuckle blooms, and pitch rocks at imaginary targets. Soon, we were back bumping and jerking along the road in a cloud of gritty dust.

Once back at The Farm, our day turned into outdoor play and following and "helping" Grandpa with farm chores. House or barn repair, hog slopping, cattle feeding, repairing the truck, and maybe even shoeing the horse, had to be done. However, it was not unusual for Grandpa to drop everything and make pop-guns from a hollow shrub trunk, bows and arrows, or some other homemade item for our play. Grandpa truly was a jack-of-all-trades, but most would say he WAS the master of all!

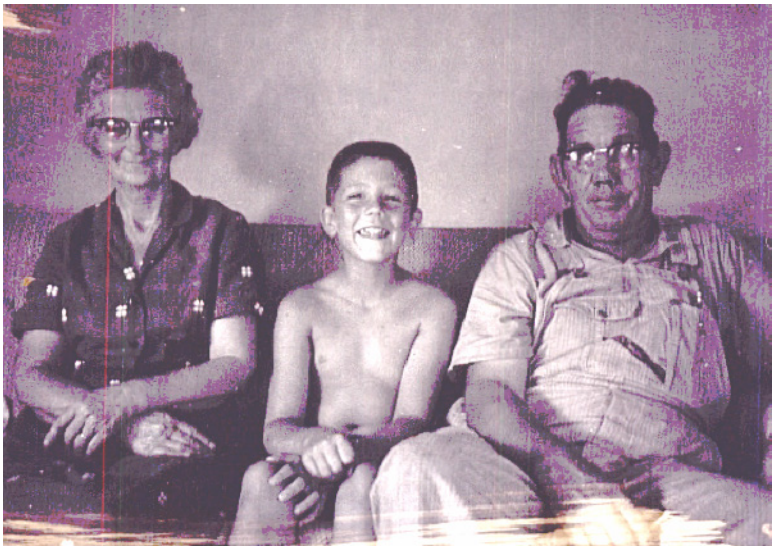
Afternoon seemed to come quickly, and we were off back to the river to pick up the floaters at the "take out". On this day, we arrived early to the Buffalo, and we had some good wading and turtle catching time. Soon, the fishermen came into sight, sunburned and showing off loaded stringers of fish. Along with Grandpa, they struggled and dragged the heavy, now somewhat waterlogged, boat back into the truck and we headed out. The road out was steep and the old truck could barely pull the hill loaded. In some spots we had to walk alongside as Grandpa crept along in low gear, once even having to unload and carry the boat to get to

the hill top. If we had broken down or gotten stuck, we would have just had to fix or get ourselves out with wit and physical strength. No cell phones, roadside assistance, or AAA out here! Somehow we did make it back to The Farm, and everyone admired the heavy stringers of fish pulled from the cooler. My uncles began scaling, gutting, and cleaning their catch while I and my cousins looked in the cooler for left over treats. I will tell you that there is nothing tastier to a skinny country boy than a fishy, cooler water soaked Baby Ruth. Of course, there were also fishheads, crawdads, and sometimes a mud turtle left in the boat to examine.

In the house, Grandma was already preparing the post-float feast. Skillet fried potatoes with onion, corn bread, fresh corn, fried green tomatoes, and hand squeezed lemonade (loaded with sugar for Grandpa) were already ready. The cleaned fish was cornmeal battered and fried in a large iron skillet – the meat pure white and with a fresh, clean wild-caught taste. I am drooling right now! After the hearty meal and tales of this days' adventure, Grandma presented my and Grandpa's favorite desert – lemon pie with calf slobber (whipped egg white) topping.

Bedtime came soon, shortly after dark, and Bobby, Tommy, and I bedded down in a feather mattress bed listening to loud insect singing, Shaddox Branch gurgling, and a distant Whip-o-will call. I dreamed of days when we could take our own float trip down the Buffalo River. It is an activity my cousins and myself – and now my sons – do to this very day.
Ken

My Grandparents
By Rob Shaddox



Grandma, Bobby & Grandpa

My memories of Arkansas, on the farm, are predominated by lots of family eating at the big kitchen table. A close second to that are memories of a crowd of relatives sitting on the porch in the evening, half of them all talking at the same time, the other half designated listeners. Memories kind of blur up until the time I was in school, but I remember the big flat rocks that were the front steps (now encased in concrete -I remember that home improvement job too). To my recollection there were always electric lights, but I remember

the house before there was indoor plumbing. There was a back covered porch with a gravel floor, later turned into a bedroom, an outdoor shower at the back of the house, and an outhouse. There was a wash basin and bar of soap outside the kitchen door for cleaning up before meals. Showers were cold. There was a sandbox under the big sycamore tree and Tonka type toy trucks.

Getting there was always part of the memory too. Our branch of the family lived in south Texas, so there was a long drive up highway 59, through lots of small towns, including Tenaha, Timpson, Bobo, and Blair. Sometimes the drive was made at night, so when we woke up the next day we would be there already. More often it seems we made two legs of the trip with an overnight in Texarkana. Either way, I knew we were in Arkansas, in the hills, because the air always smelled cleaner.

To get to Western Grove, we either had to take the long way around through Little Rock or cut directly up through the winding roads and hills. As a family we usually went through Little Rock, to see other relatives, and then took the wider, straighter (a relative term) roads. When I was older and driving myself I always opted for the hills and curves.

One of my favorite things to do on these road trips was when my younger brother was in the front seat riding shotgun, I would see a mileage sign coming up, and ask him how far it was to the next town. When his head was down looking at the map to figure it out I would read the sign and "guess" the mileage. I would do this until my mother made me stop. Don't know if Tom ever figured it out, how I could be so oriented when he had the map,

To get to the farm you took the highway to Western Grove, turned left on a gravel farm to market road, turned left again on a smaller unmarked gravel road, drove down that until grass started growing in the middle of the road, a little farther and you were driving down a creek bed with big flat rocks on both sides, and then you turned left out of the creek (or branch) up a short slope, past the hickory tree and mailbox with H. C. Shaddox on it, and on up to the house. From the creek looking up I always liked the towering sycamore tree up near the house. I have the mail box to this day.

The farm to market road is now paved, and the gravel road off of it is identified on MapQuest as "Shaddock Hollow Lane". The creek is now known as Shaddock Branch, I don't know that it was known as that when we were growing up, much

less when Hiram and Lillian were raising their family. The house is, or was, still in good shape, although not painted white anymore like it is supposed to be. When we pulled up to the house my grandparents would be waiting for us on the porch. There never was a lot of traffic noise in “Shaddock Hollow”, and they would have heard us coming down the gravel road.

My memories of Arkansas are all happy. It was where we went for vacation and for holidays, so going there always seemed special. And it was a farm. There were lots of things to get into around a farm. Different animals to relate to up close, farm cats with kittens, horses, cows, pigs, chickens, ducks, and geese. I remember sitting up on a huge horse with my cousin Ken. There was a great barn and a smoke house, both filled with all kinds of stuff. There was a pond we fished in, the creek was right down the hill from the house, and usually there were cousins to play with. Hiram and Lillian were very patient grandparents, extra "laid back". Before I could read, my cousin Ken (Kenny at the time) and I were out in the barn and decided to help out by feeding the pigs, so we mixed up a batch of slop using the bag with a picture of a pig on it and I don't know what else, probably cattle feed. They ate it, but it turns out the bag was fertilizer. No one got upset, and in

fact there was some comment about maybe they would grow faster.

My grandfather Hiram (called by many "Harm") was still working carpentry jobs when I was really young, so some days he might head out early, but generally when we came for a visit his schedule must have flexed, because he would mostly be around. Other than the carpentry jobs, there were plenty of chores to do around the farm. For the grandkids these were a treat, and not real work, nothing more than gathering eggs, helping feed the animals, moving firewood around, helping to plant, or to harvest, or moving the cows around. I appreciate that it was a lot different for the next older than mine generation, and that the farm meant lots of work, hard work. My mother, who would know, said that Hiram was the hardest working man she ever knew, and it seems to me my grandmother Lillian worked even harder.

I remember "working" in the garden with my grandmother Lillian (Lil'n to adults, granny to us) which usually amounted to gathering fresh garden produce for the meals of the day. Sometimes when we were out in the garden after a rain, there would be arrowheads to find. There was also a cup of arrowheads that had been picked up over the years on the shelf by the sewing machine. My

grandmother's sewing machine, a foot treadle-belt driven model, was fascinating to me, one of the early machines (the egg-beater was another) that set me on the path to engineering. She also had a clothes washing apparatus, a galvanized tub mounted with an electric roller press for squeezing out the water before putting clothes out on the line. As much as anything, I liked the farm technology, the cotton scale in the barn, butter churns, axes, wedges, mauls, saws of all sorts.

Hiram was a skilled finish carpenter, I know because I saw some of his work. The cabinets in the kitchen were built special for my grandmother, she wasn't tall. I also know because my father either inherited or learned the skill also, and there are numerous "tricks" he's pointed out to me in his shop or on some of our home improvement projects. If there has been anything handed down, I can vouch for at least four generations that know "a wise carpenter measures twice and cuts once". Driving with my grandfather once on "Shaddock Hollow Lane" he pointed out a house on the side of the road that was being expanded, the foundation stones lined out would double the house's size. "Wonder if he's going to pay more than I charged him" he said. Turns out Hiram built the original house, for $25.00 total. When I was older I went on a job or two with my grandfather, probably

wasn't much help, but I don't think I got in the way too much. A job that comes to mind was pretty unskilled, some concrete and cinder block foundation work, and I did know how to drive a wheelbarrow.

I first learned to use a chainsaw, drive a standard shift, and operate a tractor with a bush hog on the farm. We often made a float trip on the Buffalo part of our visit, and Hiram was always the one that loaded us up, and drove us down to the river, and the one that was there waiting to pick us up when we took out. With respect to driving a standard shift, I learned a lot by observing him drive his three on a tree when we loaded up and headed down to the river in his pickup truck on roads so washed out and unimproved that a jeep would have had trouble. Occasionally he needed to replace a clutch.

I've heard many stories of Hiram's skill with an ax. One I can contribute is watching him free a kitten that had gotten its head stuck trying to come through a crack in the boards on the barn. He used the double bladed ax, and made the most precise, efficient, single stroke, and like magic there was a kitten door in the barn. Having grown up in scouting, and been indoctrinated with conservation, it was a little disconcerting to see the

way my grandfather liked to clear the woods. If we were out for firewood, we made a clearing. I remember going out to pick a Christmas tree for the house, and Tom and I were inspecting trees to pick the best one, but we found that if you made the slightest favorable comment about a tree, WHACK!, Hiram would have it down with one stroke of the double bladed ax he carried. We would end up hauling five or six trees back to the house, and all hands available would be propping them up in the front yard for my grandmother, standing on the porch, to select from. The choice was hers to make. The rejects would get dumped in the creek. I guess they had plenty of trees on the farm, maybe that's where the expression "do you think they grow on trees" comes from.

I remember my grandmother as a great cook, and often when we were there she was cooking for a crowd. The meals especially in the summertime were great, with corn, potatoes, green beans and tomatoes from the garden, and lots of time fresh caught fish from a float trip. In season we had fresh fruit from the market. To this day I think Arkansas peaches are better than those from Georgia, but you have to time it right. It seems like my grandmother made fresh lemonade almost every meal for my grandfather. Other specialties I remember are biscuits and pies.

My grandfather had a really funny, dry sense of humor, and a taste for practical jokes. I remember seeing him on his hands and knees sneaking up on a farm cat to put a clothes pin on its tail. I think he appreciated the time I tied a stray dog to the front porch with a note on it "to Matt from Santa" when my younger cousin was coming over on Christmas day. (By the way the farm cats weren't finicky, table scraps were put out and they lined up right next to the dogs to eat biscuits and gravy, and even corn off the cob)

There were always stories at the dinner table, my grandfather was a great story teller. It seems like there was a repertoire of standards, repeated every year, with a sprinkling of new material. It was probably possible to keep the in crowd entertained by just reciting punch lines, "two knives and two forks", "blaze damn you", "keep the wheels turning", "hell he went through like a bullet", "McDougal". For example almost without fail we would hear a story about "Arch", such as his being catapulted by a tree and complaining that "Hiram's boys were trying to kill me". Each trip there would be a new story, something topical like the "Two Skunks Café" or the "you don't know about the chicken cages" truck wreck. There were also little rituals, like my grandfather commenting on the cherry pie as being "a little bit sour, but

that's the way I like it".

I was the second oldest grandchild, so maybe we were treated different before there were "extras". I remember going with my grandmother down the creek and up the side of a hill to a wild strawberry patch, picking strawberries, and having them with fresh cream. When I was small I also liked pie dough, and remember when I was really little seeing the chickens eating “white worms”, that I asked about, and when I learned that it was pie dough scraps I had a tantrum. My grandmother made me some pie dough.

In lots of the old photos from the farm, the background is the chicken house. The chicken house was really quite an evolved building architecturally, as were all the outbuildings on the farm now that I think about it. The barn had a staircase to the hay loft. Lots of thought went in to the layout, and they were really built to last. The chicken house was better designed than facilities I have seen at some pretty prestigious zoos, multiple rooms and stories, separate openings, ramps, gates, windows. I remember collecting eggs when I was little, finding snakes in the nests a time or two. Thinking of snakes and chickens reminds me of two farm dogs. When I was little, there was a farm dog named Abner, a big wooly sheep dog type

that was death on snakes, he would grab a snake in his jaws and shake his head until there was no life left in the snake. He would even pick up a dead snake and shake it for a while just to make sure. Later there was Sam, a three legged border collie that always had to be herding something. When he wasn't helping with moving the cows, he would practice by cutting the rooster out of the flock of chickens. Lillian I remember was especially skilled at taking the head off a chicken, no muss no fuss, and then "running around like a chicken with its head off", followed by dumplings or fried chicken.

I don't remember Hiram ever wearing a hat or cap when he was working. When he got dressed for town though, he wore a hat. It was never a gimme cap, or straw hat, but generally a pretty nice lined felt hat. I know the detail because once we stopped on the way back from town and got out, jumped a fence, and went down a hill to some cherry trees and made a nice harvest. My grandfather lined the hat, which I was holding, with leaves, and then we picked it full of ripe cherries. We had "sour" cherry pie that night.

My brother and I spent weeks at a time on the farm, in all different seasons over close to twenty years. The most interesting times to me were when the weather was adverse, when the creek was

up and you could hear it running all night, in big booming thunderstorms you could watch from the covered porch, or in winter when we used double quilts in the unheated bedroom. The house was heated with a wood stove in the living room. That room would get plenty hot and stuffy, the rest of the house would be not much better than outside, minus the wind. One of the best visits we had was when we got snowed in one Thanksgiving, and no one could get down the road for a week. It was really quiet in the woods covered in snow. It turned out that Hiram was a pretty good Monopoly player. He also liked dominoes.

The only negatives from visits I can really remember have to do with prickly pear, ticks, or poison ivy. That and that it was always hard to leave. As we loaded up and drove off Hiram and Lillian would always both stand on the porch and watch until we turned down the creek and went out of sight. My story ends with this memory.
Rob

My Grandparents
By Tom Shaddox

I wouldn't put myself forward as any kind of spokesman for my brother or cousins, but I think I can say two things about my Shaddox grandparents for all of us: First, we all wish we were more like them. Second, they made each of the 14 of us feel like that we were their favorite grandchild.

Others can tell the history of our grandparents' lives better than I, so I will record some of the things they shared with me. My grandmother Lillian grew up down on the Buffalo River. As hard as it is to understand today with flotillas of tourists on the river each weekend, one hundred years ago this was as remote and rugged part of the United States as there was. It was a hard place to scratch out a living, and grandmother told me she was afraid no boy would marry her because she was such a small young woman and wouldn't be able to work hard enough. She said she always felt she had to work harder than everybody else to prove she wasn't limited by being small. Certainly, her working hard was legendary with all family members.

She told me that picked cotton every year from the time she was old enough, and put all the money into the day she would be married and have her own family. I can't imagine the Buffalo River country was terribly productive cotton land, but I do imagine that despite the hot, back breaking, finger lacerating work and her slight build, she probably picked more than anybody else.

She once pointed to a chest and said that she had bought it over 50 years before with her cotton picking money and packed it with things she would need as a wife and mother. (I'm sorry I can't remember what she said she'd put in it.) Funny, but ultimately she didn't have to worry about her prospects – she met a young man whose mother was even smaller than she was, and another proven hard worker.

My grandmother was a storehouse of practical knowledge. She could estimate the weight of a cow within ten pounds or so. She made home economics, animal husbandry, gardening and clothing manufacture look deceptively simple to anyone who hasn't done it themselves. She had a firm grasp of the theory and application of bookkeeping, nutrition, commodity prices, school education – even the minimum safe time for my grandfather to drive to town and back!

I think my grandmother was one of the last generation of Americans who you could drop off on a spot of land suitable for habitation with no more than an axe, a skillet and some seeds and come back five years later to find a well fed, happy family thriving there. As I sit here writing this with one of the sturdy quilts she made wrapped around my legs, I – well, I wish I was more like her.

I had the greatest grandfather a boy could ever want. I grew up in town, and he lived on a farm. I grew up in flat land – the coastal prairie and Great Plains of Texas – and he lived in the mountains of Arkansas. He had a wood stove, a pond you could fish in, a creek (named after the family!) you could play in and a garden that turned up Indian arrowheads every time he plowed. There was an old .22 and a new box of shorts every time we were there. When we visited, I got to milk cows, gather eggs and ride horses. We drove over impossible roads, a jon boat jutting precariously off the back of his truck, to and from float trips. We trudged across snowy hillsides selecting just the right Christmas tree. His television only got two channels – neither well – and to switch you not only had to change the selector, you had to hike to the top of the hill and turn the antenna. There was

a smoke house that contained everything from the expected slabs of smoked meat to the unexpected, like a turn of the century typewriter, a dummy hand grenade and a jug of actual Arkansas white lightning (this last not his of course – in fact, quizzing my father and uncles, it didn't seem to be anybody's!) The whole experience was like the pages of a children's book, and I wouldn't trade those memories for anything.

I was always impressed with my grandfather's creativity and ingenuity. Just two of innumerable examples: I was helping him with some type of project where we needed to cut a miter at a particular angle. The stop on his table saw was long since worn out and broken, but – no problem - he had a set of blocks he had made to hold the cutting deck at various angles. Another time we were helping cut wood, and I noticed he had replaced the missing gas cap on his chain saw with an accurately fashioned corncob.

I always enjoyed going somewhere – anywhere – with him. From Newton County to Southern Missouri he could point out houses and small buildings he had either built or remodeled, and tell you when he had done the job and what it entailed. For someone with such a storehouse of wisdom and humorous stories, he was an excellent listener,

too, and it was always wonderful to be in his company.

He had a blistering sense of humor. We met the young man grandfather had sold an inaccessible parcel of land to, in the company of a Newton County commissioner. "It would be a good time to get a road cut in," grandfather said – wait for it, wait for it - "what with elections coming up."

He met life with a lot of humor and good grace. We were visiting one spring, it must have been about 1974, and he and I headed to Harrison in his pick-up with me driving. It was a warm afternoon, and I decided to open the cowl vent. Much to our surprise around a half dozen yellow jackets blew into the cab when I did so. Fortunately the wasps were as surprised at this unexpected turn of events as we, and we got safely stopped and bailed out of the cab without getting stung. I looked over to see my grandfather on the far side of the Chevy, slapping his leg and doubled over with laughter!

He put his trust in things working out in the end for folks that did the right thing. As we were putting feed out for his cattle one cold winter after a dry year, he told me, "You can keep a running account of the price of feed verses the expected price your cattle might bring, but no matter how

the numbers run you're not going to let your cattle starve."

At some point he bought a numbered lot of stuff at a farm sale which contained an old desk chair. It sat on his porch until 1977 when he gave it to me. I've thought of my grandfather every time I've sat at my desk for these last 31 years. I wish I was more like him.

Oh – and it was really, really great to be my grandparents favorite!
Tom

My Grandparents
By Deena Shaddox Dougherty

I have many wonderful memories of visiting my Granny and Grandpa Shaddox on the farm. My cousins and I played and laughed and had the best time. We usually went down after church on Sunday, ate lunch around the big table in the kitchen, and then headed out to play. Our parents basically just turned us loose to play all afternoon. The farm was a child's dream: a creek to wade in or catch tadpoles, a barn full of hay and other things to play in, a smokehouse full of "treasures", and countless other fun things to do.

Several times my cousins Shelly and Janet and I spent the night on the farm. I am sure we drove Granny crazy giggling, laughing and just acting silly. That was our greatest talent—being incredibly silly. One of our favorite games was to put on Granny's old dresses and play "house" in the old chicken house. We played with our Barbies for hours, but really most of the time we did things like make up silly songs and dances, make irritating noises and laugh ourselves silly, or go exploring in the barn or smokehouse. Another fun game was "Jesse James shootout" in the barn. It is far too silly to explain how it went. One really fun game for Shelly and I was to play in the old car

that was parked in the field by the barn. "Hitchhiker" was one of our favorite games played in that old, musty car. The day Shelly chose to sit atop the car in a lawn chair... .let's just say that it wasn't the best idea. I was "driving" the car as I looked out the window to see her and the lawn chair sailing right off the edge.

Another time we were playing with old boards trying to build an "addition" onto the chicken house, when I fell on my face and cut my forehead open. There was general panic, and my lovely brother told me that my brains were going to leak out. It was all very traumatic, but I got a band-aid and a chocolate bar and everything was fine again.
There were huge flat rocks all over the place in the pasture. Shelly, Janet and I each picked a rock to make playhouses for ourselves. It all sounds so goofy now, but we had the best time.When all of my cousins, aunts and uncles were down for a visit, there would be up to 14 of us kids, running around playing and in general causing chaos. The adults would be sitting on the porch visiting, and we would be left to our own devices. The boys (there were 9 of them—all sizes) would play and us girls would do our own thing, but occasionally we would do things to irritate the boys as best we could.

Granny was the classic grandmother. She also let us do pretty much whatever we wanted—with the exception of bringing a pet into the house. We tried to sneak kittens in, but she would not allow it. She cooked the best food—beans, cornbread, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans... .it was heaven. I remember Grandpa in his overalls, smiling and laughing at us. He would let us do anything we wanted when we stayed at the farm without our parents. He made us some nifty wooden guns for our Jesse James shootout game.

I really cherish all my memories of being with Granny and Grandpa Shaddox. They were something special—as are my aunts and uncles and cousins. I feel so lucky to be in this family. There is a wonderful funniness in all my Shaddox relatives—with a dash of sarcasm thrown in for good measure. When I got a little older and was at the farm, I loved to sit in the living room or on the porch and listen to the stories. Grandpa, Granny, and my various aunts and uncles would tell the most side-splitting stories about eccentric people they knew. I would not trade one moment spent on their farm for anything in the world. It was absolutely wonderful.

Deena

My Grandparents
By Mark Paden

I have lots of fond memories of the time I spent at granny & grandpa's house in the holler in Western Grove. I remember: spending time crawling over the large rocks behind the house, playing in the creek, falling down on the slick rocks, fishing in the pond, walking the dirt road, milking cows in the barn with grandpa, sleeping in the house believing there was always someone outside trying to get in, granny cooking breakfast, the woodstove, the water cooler that was used to cool the house, having to use the outhouse, Abner and Sam, playing with my cousins, the chicken coup and collecting eggs, all of us meeting at the house after church on Sunday afternoon, football games with Donnie & Joey, Easter egg hunts, hog killings and all that went with it. As an adult, I have traveled down to this place several times looking for the happiness I experienced there. There is nothing but happy memories when I think of the home of Hiram & Lillian Shaddox and the time I was able to spend there.
Mark

My Grandparents
By Tim C Paden

I recall many wonderful times and memories at the "Shaddox house". Many years have passed since I have seen granny and grandpa's house down in the holler, but it is vivid to this day the road down the long dirt road with washout spots and the old Kumer place on the right. As you wind down the next hill, there are small, tiny actually, homes on the right built up on the side of the hill like you are in the coal hills of Appalachia. One of these tiny two room homes was the starting home of Hiram and Lillian. As you round the big curve, you look up to see the old farm house where they raised "the kids". I remember the wrap around porch, the tall pitched roof, and large grassy yard where we hunted Easter eggs. It always smelled good walking into the house. If anyone's was there before us, they would greet us at the steps before we made it inside. Everyone would pack into the living room as you entered the home and the cackle of people could be heard all the way into the kitchen in the back of the house. You knew you were entering a special warm loving home. Nothing fancy around the house, and that was nice. If it had a purpose, it was there.

I recall the steps out of the back door that led down to the storage shed. There were many items of interest in the storage shed. Many things I did not know what they were: iron pieces used for farming or building, onions hanging from the rafters, many wooden shelves built to hold canning jars and the like. There was a two bladed ax that we were not allowed to handle which made it even more difficult not to. Around behind the shed is where we would shoot our bb guns at the birds. We were careful not to hit the barn. Many times we would meet in the kitchen for meals. Always cornbread and some beans. I recall the small bedroom where several of us would sleep when spending the night, and the following morning the chill of the cold floor on my feet woke you up quickly! We would head to the warmest place in the house, the stove area in the living room. The floor there was very warm and comforting. It was wise to rise earlier than others as there was only one bathroom in the whole house, and that was put in after the kids were raised. I recall exiting the kitchen door on the back side of the house and there set a ring-out washing machine. I recall it being used and the clothes being put through the ringer. I know what it means to say 'you've really been put through the ringer".

The rock slabs

A common area for us grandkids was up at the rock slabs. In one part of the field up north of the home, there existed an area of large flat stones. Some were sitting on top of others. All were under the shade of a grove of trees. We would play for hours back there. We would each claim a rock of our own. We would have different interests in our lives at home but when we were at Granny's, we all became equal rock owners. A good memory is that all of my cousins were kind and they were good to each of us. We did not seem to have a pecking order we just all came together, played, exchanged Christmas gifts, and always expected we would see each other at the next holiday.

The creek

Mention of the creek, brings all sorts of memories like the spring. I know exactly where the spring is located up on the creek. The concrete structure built to hold milk and items earlier in the century meant a great deal to us. It was a curiosity; the pipe coming down the mountain side to empty where it did. We were careful not to put anything down into the structure so as to protect the water content. It seems I recall that it overflowed into the creek area which made the stream cool even in the summer and kept a steady flow all year long.

We would play up and down that creek for quite some time. One of my fondest memories is building a small rock dam across the stream with Granny helping. Down toward the house area, we would gather 5 to 8 inch flat stones and moss to pack with and we would build a small dam across the stream, allowing a small opening in the middle for the water to flow. This also gave us a place to sit in the creek with deeper water to flow over us. The moss growing on the sides of the creek were used as our packer granny would be in a gray dress, if my memory serves correctly. She was always, always a kind lady. It was as if she were there at that time and place just to help us have a good time. Our grandparents provided us a timeless place to return to again and again. The deep hole of water further down the creek provided many an afternoon of rock throwing (a lost art with today's kids) and "Sam the dog" watching. Sam was a favorite of us all. This dog would chase every rock he could into the pool of water and we would continue to throw more in. I don't recall what breed the dog was, but if seems he was a shepherd dog, perhaps a collie type. Sam was a full fledged member of the group every place we ventured. I don't know what Sam did when the grandkids were not there to play with him. I imagine he went with Hiram to check the cattle up on the ridge.

The cattle were kept where the grass grew greener, which was up on the ridge across the creek, up a small winding road just big enough for the pickup truck. We did not often go up on the ridge, but when we did, it felt like a different part of the country. We rose out of the valley of the holler to exit out onto a large pasture with a herd of cattle. I don't know the acreage but it was mighty huge to my small eyes! We would get to ride on the tailgate as long we did not jump off or raise too much cane! I wonder if grandpa's favorite spot was not up there because he seemed to be content to be there with his grandkids. Cattle were also kept up north of the rock slabs. I believe some land was added there after the kids were raised, but however, there was a large pond up there also and this was what held our attention sometimes for hours. There were fish in the pond and often a large snapping turtle or two. I remember catching many a small perch on the banks of the pond right next to a large stone and a small tree. Willow trees grew up on one side of the pond where the pond dike was built up. One day, casting into the pond, I hooked a huge perch I did not land him, but I'm sure it was the grandest fish in there!!(this is true.)

The barn

If there is one place on the farm where we all congregated at one time or another, it was the big two story, hand built, tin roofed barn. On the lower level, dirt floors, was the cattle holding pen and a chute area where you could load a cow into the truck bed. It opened out into a small pasture. The center of the barn had a drive through area. The other side on the lower level was the storage and stall area. I recall that's also where they hung the "hay hooks" used to pick up hay bales. In the back of the barn was the hand built stairway up to the loft. The hay was kept here. There was a large door used to pitch the hay out onto a trailer if needed. We were all fascinated with the barn and all it contained. I have many memories of walking down the old dirt road with my cousins and brothers/sisters. We would explore parts of the creek and the deep holes of water, we would soak in to cool off. We would walk all the way down the road to the low water slab where the road took a turn up a steep hill.

People

The Shaddox clan was a warm wonderful family to grow up with. Each person had their own characteristics but when we were together, it was just one big loving bunch. I do not recall ever a

time of fussing. It may have occurred, but it's not in my memory banks.

Other memories will surely surface over the next coming years. I still feel close to our cousins even though we see each other infrequently. A person's ancestry becomes more important as a person grows older and more family oriented.
Tim

My Grandparents
By Shelly Shaddox Brown

Grandpa & Shelly

As a child, one of my favorite things to do was to visit my grandparents, Hiram and Lillian Shaddox at their home in Western Grove, Arkansas. I can still remember the excitement I felt as we neared their house, driving on the dirt road that actually for the last few yards of the journey was not a road at all but solid rock, the bed of 'the branch', which after a good rain was more like a creek. I knew when I heard that water under the tires of our car that we were all but there. I especially remember

how the house looked in the winter when the barometric pressure was pushing the smoke from the wood stove down close to the roof of the house instead of the way it usually spiraled its way upward from the flue. The smell of that smoke is a big part of my memories, as well. I loved watching Grandpa build the fire or add wood to the stove, as I secretly hoped that he would let me throw some sticks in, which of course, he did. I remember going up on the hill behind their house in the old turquoise truck with a hole in the floorboard to cut, load, and haul firewood, only to return to the house, unload and stack the wood in a huge, neat woodpile by the chicken house. Of course later, we would load it into the wheelbarrow and unload it on the porch before we touched it for the final time as it went into the stove. Grandpa would get that fire so hot sometimes we had to open the door to cool off the house. The air was so dry Granny would put a little pan of water on the stove to add some humidity. Grandpa kept his gloves in a white cabinet in the kitchen that had a sliding door. There were lots of other things in that cabinet as well, and I liked to pilfer through it, pull out the flashlight that had a flashing red light at one end and 'work on it'. There were always plenty of little screwdrivers around, and I loved to piddle with that thing. Apparently one time when Grandpa put his gloves back into the cabinet, there was a live

ember that went with them because the next time he opened the cabinet, the contents inside were charred. I remember looking at some of the damaged papers that had been inside, thinking how fortunate we were that he had slid the little door tightly shut, denying the 'would be' house fire the necessary oxygen to really get going.

Sometimes when we arrived at their house Granny would be there alone. I remember how quiet it was then. She would either be attending to things in the house or out working in the garden. I remember once as we pulled up in the driveway her head popped up in the garden, her face as red as could be even though she was wearing some sort of a brimmed hat. She worked very hard around the house, cooking, cleaning, ironing, washing, and such. She also worked hard in the garden and in connection with the farm. I remember her piling brush when we cut wood, as well as helping get the cows up and fed. She paid attention to the farmers' almanac and advised Grandpa when to wean, dehorn, and sell the cows. She also used it when planting and harvesting her garden. I can remember looking at it with her and being confused by all the little illustrations as she tried to explain what it meant when she said something like, "The sign is in the head." among other things. Granny and Grandpa had little

nicknames for their cows, and she was very good at remembering how long they had owned them, which ones were keepers, and how long it had been since each one had a calf. She wore some sort of rubbery boots when she went up to check on the cows, in case she needed to get out and stomp around the troughs or in the lot behind the barn. Granny and Grandpa always kept Herefords, but one day a very Angus-looking calf showed up. Grandpa told us, "Well, ol' So and So has been missing a few days, so I figured she was off having her calf. Sure enough, today she came down with a little black calf following her. She looked so ashamed!" Grandpa had a great sense of humor. He laughed a lot, but sometimes his comments were very dry, so even though everyone else was laughing, he would just keep a straight face with the faint hint of a smirk. He seemed to see the funny side of almost every situation. Sometimes he and I would use pens and pencils to mark out teeth, give stitches an black eyes, and other disfigurements to pictures of people in the newspapers!

I remember Granny reading to me when I was little. We would sit very close on the couch and I would fiddle with a mole on the inside of one of her lower arms. Strange what we remember. Granny was a great cook. I remember a lot of meat

and potatoes and homemade lemonade. I remember 'helping' her make biscuits and pie crusts. For meals, she sat at the end of the table with Grandpa to her left, and when we were there I sat to Grandpa's left. He always drank milk from the same glass. I loved going to the barn with Grandpa to watch him milk the cow, (especially when he would squirt milk straight from the cow to the open mouths of the cats and kittens) but I didn't particularly care to drink such fresh milk, so if they knew I was going to be there, they would have 'store-bought' milk for me. Granny also knew I liked boiled eggs, so we would always have those as well. I did not like to go to the chicken house to gather the eggs. I was somehow afraid of the chickens when they were sitting on a nest, but Grandpa would pick me up and tell me to "just reach under here, like this, and pull out the egg!" I thought it was creepy that the eggs were warm and that the chickens would fly around in there and roost on the long poles. I did, however, like to feed the chickens and loved it when Grandpa would put me over into one of the big feed bins in the barn to fill the coffee can with grain for the chickens. I treasure the smells of the barn. The smells of the smokehouse weren't so bad either! I remember the big cuts of meat hanging in there, along with odds and ends and things like old magazines that should have been thrown away but weren't, broken

furniture, and Granny's canning jars. Grandpa had a little tool shed that had a distinctive smell as well. Amid the saws, hammers, pliers, planes, screwdrivers, levels, rules, and countless little bags, jars, and cans of nails, screws, bolts, and nuts was the aroma of oil and grease with a hint of sawdust. It smelled like Grandpa in his striped overalls. I loved to go in there and look around. Of course, Grandpa was quite the carpenter. He built two houses for us, but what I liked was the pair of crutches and the rifle he fashioned from wood for me when I was little. I loved pretending to have a broken leg so much my armpits got sore from hobbling around on the crutches!

I enjoyed visiting Granny and Grandpa when I and my family had them all to ourselves, but I also loved it when my cousins were there. Many a Sunday afternoon Janet, Deena, and I would come in with our Little Kiddle dolls and disappear into the guest room for hours while the boys would be outside playing football, war, or any number of other rambunctious games. Sometimes we would play dress-up, and Janet and Deena still swear to this day that Granny showed favoritism by giving me the best dresses! I've told them that if she did, it was only to make up for all the ways they took advantage of me since I was younger than them! I remember one time when the three of us spent the

night with Granny and Grandpa. We all slept in the same bed, with me in the middle — of course, and we made shadows on the wall with our hands, laughing hysterically. After a while, Granny came in and told us it was time to get quiet. Deena and I were experts at being silly and we dragged Janet in as often as we could; I loved it when we were there together. Whether we were playing Jesse James in the loft of the barn, playing house in the vacated chicken house or on the big flat rocks behind the house, or playing in or on the old '60 Chevy that was parked, much to Granny's dismay, within seeing distance of the house, we always had fun. One time on a hot day when I was pretty little, all the cousins were playing in the branch that ran behind their house. I did not have a swim suit with me, so Granny rigged up one of Grandpa's sleeveless tee shirts with a safety pin or two between my legs, so I could get it with everyone else. The last time I walked up to that spot, I couldn't believe how small it was. It seemed so big back then. There were probably at least eight kids there that day in that tiny hole of water, not much bigger than a puddle, filled with water straight from the spring. It surely must have been a very hot day to be able to endure that cold spring water! Once in a while, Granny and Grandpa would have other visitors, usually one of their sisters. I remember Grandpa's sister, Lill, visited

occasionally, as well as Granny's sister, Grace. I always liked it when they were there; they were both very friendly ladies who made me feel special.

One year, probably 1971, Mom and Dad took Tamara and me trick-or-treating at Granny and Grandpa's house. They did not know we were coming, but had the porch light on for anyone who might venture down there. Granny answered the door and gave us candy, not recognizing us until Tamara walked past her into the house. When Granny saw the back of Tamara's head, she recognized her and we all had one of the biggest laughs ever!

Grandpa liked to play games, and I remember playing Monopoly (wooden houses and hotels) and dominoes with him. What stood out to me then was the speed with which he could add up those numbers when we played dominoes! I also remember riding up to the post office in Western Grove with him to get his newspaper. Around 1971 we put our two horses in a pasture close to Granny and Grandpa's house. Grandpa was an impressive horseman, and surprised me with the ease with which he handled and cared for the horses. He never acted like he cared too much for having the horses around, but one day we showed up unexpectedly and he was riding one of them up on

the hill to check on the cows. I'll never forget how he looked sitting up on that horse's back.

On Saturdays, Granny and Grandpa would come into Harrison to run errands and do some shopping. Sometimes they would come by our house or we would run in to them in town; either way they sometimes took Tamara and me to get an ice cream cone — what a treat! I also remember one Saturday they took us to Crest Toy Store, on the square in Harrison, and bought us a toy of some kind.

I remember attending the funeral of Granny's mother (Nancy Sullivan) at Ben's Branch Church of Christ and being bothered by seeing Granny so upset. I remember crying because she was crying.
When Granny Lillian got sick and was diagnosed with cancer, I remember my parents and other adults talking in hushed tones around me. She came to our house in Harrison for a few days once after she was dismissed from the hospital before she went home. I remember watching both Granny and Grandpa get baptized. I don't remember much about her during her illness, except that when her condition worsened to the point of eminent death, her children decided they would begin to take turns staying with her at night. My family took the first night and early the next morning, August 27,

1973, my dad woke me up with the terrible news that she had passed during the night. I then got ready for my first day of Jr. High school, and left. I remember the stairwell I was on at school that day when I made eye contact with my cousin Deena. We shared a moment, not a word spoken, that I will never forget.

Grandpa lived several years after her death, but he was never the same. He often worked along side us as we cleared our land that was near his house. I loved hearing his stories of the past. One year my dad ordered a kit with which to make a grandfather clock for my mom for Christmas. He had it sent to Grandpa's house with the intention of working on it there so it would be a surprise for mom. He informed Grandpa of his plan, but when it arrived, Grandpa must have forgotten because he loaded it up and brought it to our house, saying, "Reba, here's your clock!" He once backed into something in his car and damaged a taillight. We noticed he had repaired it with band-aids! I graduated from high school in 1979 and Grandpa came to the ceremony. I was honored that he was in attendance, but was embarrassed when one of my classmates, apparently under the influence of alcohol, made a fool of himself during the ceremony in front of my grandpa! Embarrassing though it was, I bet Grandpa had something funny

to say about it under his breath! When Grandpa started suffering the effects of Parkinson's disease and Alzheimer's, he stayed with Dorothy for a while. She brought him to our house one day for a visit and with her sitting there, he told us, "Those people over there at that school where I'm staying are pretty nice to me, but sometimes they keep that television going too loud!" We just laughed, of course, but not as much as when he later made a comment after hearing that my dad had gotten a new truck. "Well, it won't be long until he has every bit of chrome stripped off it!" he said, revealing a truth about the way my dad drove and took care of his vehicles.

I loved my grandparents very much and loved spending time with them. When I was young I would cry every time we left. In order to avoid this scene, Granny would keep Hershey Bars — my favorite - in the refrigerator for me to take as I left, one in each hand. "One for now, one for later," she would say. They usually kept Brach's candies in a dish on the coffee table and those marshmallow cookies with the graham cracker bottom that were covered in chocolate in the kitchen. What a great time I had there, free to roam the farm, explore the barn and wade the branch. I enjoyed checking on the cows, playing with cousins, and eating cherries right off the tree. When a lot of my relatives were there, the noise and the laughter were almost

deafening. But in bed at night, there were different kinds of noises, like Granny preparing the kitchen for the morning, a whippoorwill or owl outside, and the crickets and frogs. What a beautiful place and time, what beautiful memories, what beautiful grandparents.
Shelly

My Grandparents
By Tamara Shaddox Hodges

When asked what I remember most about my grandparents I am flooded with vivid memories of their active roles in my childhood. I absolutely loved going to their house. It always smelled of burning logs in the heating stove. Their living room was always warm as toast. Of course, there was the time that Grandpa built the fire a little too hot and melted the candle tapers hanging on the wall. They didn't completely melt and run down the walls but I remember that they had a serious leaning problem. I loved sitting in the living room and hearing all the people visit. I loved the laughter. I loved us being together. Sadly, Granny Lillian was taken from us far too early. She died when I was only five years old. There have been many times that I have felt cheated because of her premature death. I would love to be able to spend a day with her now. But, I believe that she made each day count and made the most of each one she spent here on the Earth. That is a valuable lesson for me to learn and try to live. She always smelled good. I loved sitting in her lap. I liked to play with the little mole she had on her arm. Not only did I like to do that, I liked the fact she allowed me to do that. I remember sliding my feet under her big

braided rug in the living room floor one night only to have her tell me, "Oh, when you do that it makes me think that little Purina Puppy Chow wagon is coming out from under there." That is all she had to say. I had seen that Puppy Chow commercial a million times on television. I didn't want her to think the wagon was coming out from under her rug. I never did it again. What an example to me! She was not cross. She did not raise her voice. But by putting it in those words I got the message. I loved her for that.

My favorite memory of Granny Lillian would have to be my time with her spent in the kitchen. Her kitchen smelled like Heaven. Granny taught me to make biscuits and I don't mean the ones that come out of a can. They were the real thing! She taught me to mix the dough, to flatten it with the dough roller, and then cut out the circles with an old metal funnel type cutter that I still have today. Once the biscuits were in the oven, she would pull out the bottom drawer to the left of the sink and let me play in the flour. Yes, it was a whole drawer of white, powdery, soft, wonderful flour for me to enjoy! I spent a lot of time sitting in the floor sifting the flour, mapping out roads with my imagination and patting and packing it down as smoothly as I possibly could. What a treat! I was fortunate to get to spend much more time with

Grandpa Hiram. I loved seeing him riding our horses sometimes when we showed up down in the Holler to visit or work on the farm. I always thought that was so cool that my grandpa rode a horse. I also was quite impressed when watching him shod our horses. He took charge of those horses unlike anyone else I've ever seen. He worked with quickness and ease but with great strength. I loved going to the barn with him to watch him milk the cow that he had in the lot. He sat on a small, wooden stool that he built and with that same ease he always took control of the cow. I still have that milking stool out on my back deck. I fondly remember the day he told me that wanted to show me something. As he took his place on the milking stool and I stood over to the side on the loading chute, a little cat crept into the doorway. As the milk pinged into that metal bucket I watched to see what he had in store for me. All of a sudden, he aimed the spray of milk out of the bucket and toward the doorway. That little cat was well trained. It opened its tiny little mouth and feasted on the fresh dairy of the day. We had a big laugh.

I fondly remember Grandpa teaching me to gather eggs out from under the chickens in the henhouse. I also fondly remember eating boiled eggs. Sadly,

there was a day that after collecting the eggs that Grandpa asked me as he was handing me a boiled egg, "Here Tamara, want a chicken egg?" It was at that very moment of my young life that I put two and two together and realized that what I had been collecting out from under those old, warm hens was what my Granny had been boiling for me and I had been eating! It was years before I ever ate boiled eggs again.

An amazingly clear memory I have of Grandpa is from a time around Christmas when I was only four or five years old. He gave me a red and white swirled candy cane as a treat. For some reason that is still not clear to me today I put the hook end of the candy cane in my mouth. Upon doing that, the crook of the candy cane wedged my mouth wide open and I could not shut it for money. It scared me to death. This was not a small candy cane nor was it fragile in any way. It was quite sturdy. I ran into the kitchen and faced him with my mouth stretched wide revealing the candy cane that was forcefully holding my mouth open like a car jack propping up a car. By this time, I was crying and terrified. Grandpa calmly took his Old Timer pocket knife out of his overalls pocket and slowly moved it toward my mouth. It was a scary moment even though none of the blades were open. He

calmly used the end of his knife to jab into the curve of the candy cane and with a couple of taps and one blow my teeth snapped shut. Relief and gratitude washed over me.

I loved how Grandpa always had Brach's candy in the candy dish on his coffee table. He taught me how to feed a horse using those candies. "Always hold the candy in the center of your palm with your fingers stretched backwards. That way, the horse could never grab one of your fingers and mistake it for food." One of the neatest feelings ever is to have a horse eat out of your hand. The horse's nose is as soft and furry as a little rabbit, but its tongue is as rough as sandpaper. I'd stand on the second bar of the gate while Grandpa would whistle and call the horses up to the fence. Those were moments that I was on top of the world. How many people can say that their Grandpa built their house? Grandpa built our house. He always smelled like sawdust. He was getting ready to hang some doors when I saw him working with a drill. I wanted to drill but my mom told me not to do that. Grandpa picked up the drill, handed it to me and turned me loose on the inside of a louvered closet door. Drilling on that door, after my mom had said no, put me in charge of "quite-a-lot". My grandpa was my hero! Mom still has that door as a

reminder of that day!

To conclude, I have to say that I have been abundantly blessed to have had the grandparents that I had. They set the bar high for me and I hope as a parent and someday a grandparent that I make them proud and do justice to their memory. I respect both of them for the people they were and the time they spent with me teaching me the things that are now some of my fondest memories. These memories will remain with me, close to my heart, each day that I am allowed to live on this Earth. I will always remember their patience, kindness, selflessness, and love.
Tamara

The following is a transcript of Hiram's memorial service conducted by Dr. Lloyd Taylor, at the First Christian Church in Hairston Arkansas. Burial was at the Western Grove Cemetery.

In Loving Memory of

Hiram Shaddox

November 21, 1980

Scripture Reading

"There is none like God. . . who rides through the neaveiis to your help, and in his majesty through the skies. The Eternal God is your dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (flt. 33:26, 27).

"For everything there is a season, time for everything under heaven: a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones; a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to seek and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away; a time to rend and a time to

sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak; a time to love and a time to hate; a time for war and a time for peace. What gain has the worker from his toil?"
Ecclesiastes 3:1—9
"God, who is rich in mercy, out of the great love with 'which he loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ, and raised us up with him and made us sit with him in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, that in the coming ages he might show the inimeasureable riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus. For by grace you have been saved through faith. . . we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works. · ." Eph. 2d& ff.

Pastoral Prayer

Almighty God, our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble: in the shadow of this hour grant us thy light. We need the strength of thy consolation, oh thou who art the Lord of life and the master of the powers of death. Breathe thy peace into our troubled souls and remove from us the fear of the shadow of death. We remember before thee those who mourn their dead, May the sense of thy presence minister to their new found loneliness. Where they have lost

a father be very real to them as the heavenly father. Touch their wounded hearts with the healing power of thy holy spirit. Refresh their spirits by a flood of pleasant memories of this one who has loved them and served them all their lives until now. Give them strength to carry out thy will in their lives and help each of them to take in the duties of life bravely once again. Out of infinite compassion be close to this wounded and sorrowing family. May they experience thy sustaining grace as never before. Be with each one of us, we pray, that we might learn more of life and its meaning by this brief moment of meditation upon death. In Jesus name. Amen.

We come today to pay respect to the memory of Mr. Hiram Shaddox. His life was held in high regard by so many, many people his neighbors, his business community associates, his many acquaintances have spoken so highly of him. He was truly a good man, one who will be missed sorely. You of the family may take comfort in this beautiful remembrance. Your friends are so concerned about you and your needs at this hour. They have tried to tell you in many ways that they care for you and that they, too, have lost someone of value to themselves. Their halting words of sympathy, the kindly fhandclasp, the gifts they have provided all speak words of

friendly concern. You should take much comfort in this. Our friends care for you.

I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Shaddox only during his last, prolonged sickness when his life and strength were fast slipping away. How much I would have liked to have known him at his prime strength.

Our purpose today is to celebrate his life. Celebrate? Oh yes. This is the proper word for it means to rejoice in goodness. This is exactly what we do when we think about the life and work of a good man. We rejoice that his goodness was experienced by each one of us. Even in this hour of sadness we rejoice, ye celebrate his life. We come also to find comfort and hope for ourselves in the light of his life. Let us see how this is.

It seems to me there are three significant features of the Life and work of Mr. Shaddox that answer the question posed in the Bible reading: "What gain has the worker from his toil?" The first of these was how he made his living. He was a master carpenter, a worker in the building trade. He was a conscientious worker, a man of integrity and unbounded energy when it came to applying his craft. He was sincerely work oriented; he believed the American dream that

one could accomplish his aims by hard work. He built many houses in Harrison. As you of the family go about the city they become memorials to his craftsmanship and skill. They also reminds us that what we do often outlives our own lives and continues to bear witness to us long after we are gone. I feel that it was this kind of a thought that prompted the Apostle Paul to write:

"According to the commission given to me by God, like a skilled master builder I laid a foundation and another man is building upon it. Let each man take care how he builds upon it. . . Each man's work will become manifest. · · If the work which any man has built on the foundation survives he will receive a reward" (I Cor. 3:10 ff). Mr. Shaddox had no reason to be ashamed of what be had built. He built well with a careful eye to the future.

There is more to life, however, than just making a living. The wise man works hard to make a living so that his work may provide joy in his life. Mr. Shaddox did this by building not only with wood and stone but by being a builder of human lives. He at one time was a school teacher; later in life he was a very sincere member of his local school board. In each of these activities he was building and shaping lives.

More importantly he was a sincere and dedicated father. He lived for his family. He shared their joys and sorrows with them. He worked so hard and sacrificed personally that each one of his children could earn a college degree. This was in the day when getting a degree was not just the fashionable thing to do but called for real work and monetary sacrifice. He saw education as a legacy that he could provide each of his children that would endure. No one could wrestle it from them; it could never be taken away or lost, an education would provide his children with an ever expanding horizon in life and he determined that despite the personal cost he would leave this for them. And, he did. How much joy he must have gained, how much inner satisfaction, as he saw each one complete a course of study and enter the labor force. In it all he developed a close family unit which is a strength to all of you though he is no longer here to share in it. How fortunate to have a father like that.

More than this, he was a Christian. He knew that he could not always toil and make a living. He knew that at best life is short and that he could not always enjoy his family. He consciously and conscientiously turned to a faith in God. He knew that this would be a source of hope in a darkening world, a sense of strength in increasing weakness,

a way of preserving all that he had worked for in his life. He was a Christian and could claim all the hope, all the promises that such a simple but profound declaration implies, Even as he was a worker with integrity, a father with dedication, he was a Christian with commitment, from the time he became a member of this church until his hand became unsteady and he could no longer write he made a regular contribution to the church, he was sincere in his faith; there was no hypocricy here. It is all the basic pattern of his life; integrity in work, dedication to his family, commitment to his God, What a pattern. what a way to live.

However, there comes a time when the tired builder must lay aside hammer and square, idle the useful machines and be content to look back over work that was well done thinking of stronger days and workable tasks. There comes a time when the conscientious father can no longer serve the children whom he loves, rather he feels himself drifting and must needs be served by them. There comes a time when the serious Christian eagerly awaits the welcoming statement on a new and better level of life, "Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter into thy rest."

This is where we are right now in the life of Hiram Shaddox. Oh, how much you can be

comforted in thinking of all of this, Ponder the values he showed in his work and thank God for such a man. Revel in the warmth of love that he created for his family and rejoice in the solidarity of being his loved ones, his family. Continue to grow in your own faith in the Heavenly Father who endures though the hand of the earthly father must be stilled. As He sustained your father so will he sustain you and give you hope.
May the blessing of God's Providential care rest with you.
Amen

Bettty Jo Shaddox Cowell
1924-

Betty & Devoe

I was born September 1, 1924 at Western Grove, Arkansas, the oldest child of Hiram and Lillian (Sullivan) Shaddox. We moved to Kansas City, Missouri, when I was about two, but returned to Western Grove in the fall of 1930. I entered first grade and spent the next twelve years in Western Grove School graduating in May 1942 as valedictorian.

During the next ten years, I attended college mostly in summer, while teaching eight of these years. In 1945 I met Devoe Cowell at Deer, when he was discharged from the army. We were

married in 1948, both teaching at Deer and attending college. We graduated from Arkansas Tech in 1952. Devoe received a Masters degree in Education three summers later.

We have lived at Deer and both worked at Deer School, living in the same house we moved into when we married. In October 1956 in infant son was stillborn. Then on June 13, 1958 we were blessed with a son Donnie Devoe, who was killed when he was hit by a tree he was cutting on December 21,1991. Another son Joe Charles was born December 27, 1960. He lives at Deer with his wife Kim and two children, Dustin Charles born November 24, 1991 and Emily Mishelle born June 13, 1995. He with a partner owns Jasper Supply Store in Jasper.

Devoe retired in 1983 after teaching, coaching basketball and being superintendent for thirty years at Deer School. I retired in 1986 after teaching forty two years in elementary school at Deer.

We farmed, raised cattle, made a big garden, hunted, fished and enjoyed living at Deer. We had been married fifty two years when Devoe died December 28, 2000.
Betty

Robert Glenn Shaddox
1925-

Bob & Qulia

I was born October 16, 1925 at Western Grove, Arkansas. We lived in Kansas City, Missouri from age two to age five. I started school at Western Grove in 1931 and graduated in 1943; enlisted in the Army Air Corps shortly before my 18th birthday and served approximately two years; attended college for two years at Arkansas Tech and two years at the University of Arkansas; graduated in 1950 with a degree in Civil Engineering; worked one year for the Corps of Engineers in Little Rock and 40 years for Natural Gas Pipeline Company of America at several locations.

In Little Rock I met Qulia Doughty. We were married in Perryville, Arkansas on June 1, 1952. We have lived at Searcy, Arkansas; Harper, Iowa; Chicago, Illinois; Hungerford, Texas; Wharton, Texas; Dumas, Texas; Fritch, Texas; and McKinney, Texas.

I retired on May 1, 1991. We moved to McKinney in 1992.

Our son Robert Charles was born on September 14, 1954 in Searcy, Arkansas. He attended grade school in Hungerford, middle school in Wharton and high school in Dumas where he graduated in 1973. He has an engineering degree from Rice University and a law degree from the University of Houston. He married Julia Pryzant of Houston. Their two children are: Neil Hiram (February 20, 1988) and Elin Brooke (September 12, 1990). Neil is currently enrolled at the University of Texas at Austin, but is spending this semester in school in Sweden. Elin is attending high school in Houston.

Our son Thomas Clark was born May 24, 1957 at Sigourney, Iowa. Tom finished high school at Dumas and graduated from the University of Houston with a degree in mechanical engineering. He married Daphne Davis of Dallas. They have two

children: Lauren Alexandra (July 23, 1983) and Julia Natana (March 28, 1986). Lauren graduated from high school in Plano and has a BA degree from the University of Colorado (studied one year in Argentina). She married Alejandro Correa on December 24, 2008. Julie also finished high school at Plano and graduated from college at Trinity University in San Antonio (studied one semester in Greece). She is currently teaching at the university level in Ankara, Turkey. Tom is presently married to Brenda Hursin of Plano. Brenda's two children are Amy and Grant.

Qulia died July 30, 2007 and is buried at Thornburg Cemetery in Thornburg, Arkansas.
Bob

William Howard Shaddox
1928-1998

Bill & Jeanette

Bill was born at Grandpa Wyatt's house on March 18, 1928. He attended grade school and high school at Western Grove and graduated in 1946. He graduated from College of The Ozarks at Clarksville in *1950* with a degree in Pharmacy. Shortly after going to work at a drug store in Tulsa

he was drafted into the army at Fort Chaffee. He served overseas in Japan and was discharged in 1952. He immediately found employment at Sims City Drug in Harrison and worked there 46 years.

He married Jeanette Dean in 1954. Their children are Ken and Deena. Their grandchildren are Zach Shaddox, Sage Shaddox, and Will Dougherty.

Bill and Jeanette were lucky to be able to travel during their marriage. They went to Nassau, Mexico, Spain, Germany/Austria, Hawaii, and England. They also made 3 cruises to the Caribbean, around the Yucatan and an inland passage to Alaska. They took bus trips to San Antonio, New England states including Niagara Falls, and Washington D.C. They took many trips by air and car, including an Amtrak to San Francisco.

Bill was a long-time member of the First Christian Church in Harrison, where he served as deacon, worship leader and taught adult Sunday School. Jeanette served as secretary there and played handbells. They also enjoyed visiting their children and grandchildren throughout the years.

Son Ken (September 1, 1954) is a veterinarian in Conway , Arkansas, and his wife Susan works in interior design. Daughter Deena (June 2, 1959) teaches high school at Vilonia, Arkansas, and her husband David is with Dillards in Llittle Rock. Ken

and Susan's son Zach was born in 1982, and works with Ken at his clinic, and will be finishing college shortly. His brother Sage, born in 1990, will graduate high school in 2008, and attend the University of Central Arkansas in fall of 2008. He works with Ken at his clinic, also.
Zach married Deanna Stewart on 10/11/2008.

Deena and David's son Will was born March 24, 1987. He is pursuing a piano performance degree at the University of Memphis due to graduate in 2009.

Bill died December 26, 1998 and is buried in Maplewood Cemetery in Harrison.
Jeanette

Dorothy Jean (Shaddox) Paden
1930-

Dorothy &Robert

I was born on June 22, 1930 in Kansas City, Missouri, the fourth child of Hiram and Lillian (Sullivan) Shaddox. At that time, I had one sister, Betty Jo, and two brothers, Robert G. (Bob) and William H. (Bill). My family moved back to Western Grove, Arkansas shortly after I was born. We lived close to our paternal grandparents, W.W. and Ella (Spears) Shaddox for the rest of my growing up years. Our maternal grandparents, Harve and Nancy (Salmon) Sullivan, lived at

Mount Hersey and we visited them from time to time.

Three more brothers were added to our family during the next few years, James B. (Jim) and Harold Curtis (Curt). We had a younger brother who died at birth.

I attended Western Grove School all twelve years, graduating as Salutatorian in 1948. After high school, I attended Arkansas Tech University in Russellville, Arkansas, where I met my future husband, Robert Paden. We dropped out of school and got married on October 31, 1954. During the school year of 1954 & 1955 I was playground supervisor at Central Grade School in Harrison, Arkansas. The following summer we went back to school at Arkansas Tech, where I received my Bachelor of Science in Education Degree, graduating at mid-term of January, 1956. We then moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Robert worked for a year and our first child, Janet Ruth Paden, was born on July 1, 1956. The following year we moved to Weatherford, Oklahoma and Robert enrolled in pharmacy school. He graduated in May, 1959. The two years we were in Weatherford, I taught elementary school at Stafford, Oklahoma.

Upon his graduation from pharmacy school, I was happy to "retire" from teaching and stay home with our precious little daughter and the baby that was on the way. Shortly after Robert's graduation we headed for Longview, Texas where he had accepted employment with a prescription shop. On September 26, 1959, Mark Robert Paden made his appearance. We were in Longview a short six months, when Robert got a call from Jordan Pharmacy in Harrison, Arkansas, his hometown, and he was needed immediately! He accepted and we were happy to be "coming home".

While in Harrison we welcomed our third child, Timothy Charles Paden, on May 6, 1961. In November of that year we moved to Yellville, Arkansas, where we found the opportunity we had been looking for: our own drug store. We would remain in Yellville for 42 years! Our family was completed on September 29, 1964, when our youngest, Matthew Alan Paden arrived. All four of our children grew up in Yellville and attended Yellville-Summit High School all twelve years. We owned and operated the Yellville Drug Store for many years. After selling the drug store in Yellville, we owned part interest in the Medicare 8Pharmacy in Mountain Home, Arkansas, but continued to reside in Yellville.

In September 1974, I was contacted by the Yellville-Summit Elementary School asking that I help them out with their overcrowded classrooms by coming back to teach second grade. We decided it would be a good idea, since I had just lost mother and it was only temporary. Seventeen years later I retired—AGAIN! Robert retired in 1994.

In November of 1980, we lost daddy after seven years of loneliness and depression. During that time he was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease and before his death, Alzheimer's took his mind.

We now live in Mountain Home, where our three sons and five of our seven grandchildren live. We are proud of our children and grandchildren and enjoy them very much. We are active members of College & North Church of Christ. We are truly blessed!

Our Children

Janet (Ralph) Bishop lives in Yellville, Arkansas where she teaches 6th grade at Yellville-Summit Middle School. Ralph is the Principal at Yellville-Summit High School. Janet has two children, Kyle (Devyn) Parkinson and Kacy Parkinson and two step-sons, Brandt Bishop and Matt (Tara) Bishop.

Kyle & Devyn have twin daughters: Avary McCall and Elly Paden born on September 16, 2008.

Mark (Melanie) lives in Mountain Home, Arkansas where he is a teacher at Mountain Home High School. Melanie teaches 2nd grade at Nelson-Wilkes Herron. They have one daughter, Callie.

Tim (Connie) lives in Mountain Home, Arkansas where he is a partner in the Burnett Croom Lincoln Paden Medical Clinic. His specialty is Family Practice. Connie works part time at the Hiram Shaddox Geriatric Center. They have three children, Michael, Lucas & Ashlyn.

Matt (Michele) lives in Mountain Home, Arkansas where he is Pharmacy Manager at the Walgreen Store. Michele previously worked for Nationwide Insurance but at this writing is a housewife and also does volunteer work. They have one daughter, McKenzie.
Dorothy

James Byram Shaddox
1936-

Jim & Mary Lou

I was born May 28, 1936, 'The Dry Year' as my family would refer to it for years to come. I don't remember anyone telling me, but I am sure my birth took place at home, the little two-room house that Daddy had built some years before. We lived in this house until I was 5 years old. In March of 1942 our parents purchased the McDougal place: a four room house, barn, chicken house, and a smoke house on 113 acres. When the deal was finally completed and it was time to move, Daddy was working away someplace on a Defense Job so Uncles Devoe and Troy moved our belongings to

the new house with Grandpa's team and wagon. This was a very traumatic time for Curt and me since neither of us wanted to leave the only home we had known. In fact, after we had settled in the new place, we made several trips back to the old place to pick up pieces of broken toys and other mementos. It was tough for several weeks.

In the fall of 1942 I started school at Western Grove. Upon graduation in 1954, I was the only member of the class to have attended all twelve years at Western Grove. Peggy started and graduated the same time I did, but she attended other schools in between times.
I began my college career in the fall of '54: at Arkansas Polytechnic College in Russellville and spent the next three years there at Tech. In late 55 or early 56 I joined the Arkansas National Guard. Not for any noble or patriotic reason - I needed the money. After changing majors a couple of times I graduated with an AS Degree in Forestry in May of 1957. That fall I headed to Arkansas A & M in Monticello. After one year I dropped out of school and accepted a one year position with the U.S. Forest Service. Mary Lou Stewart and I were married July 19, 1958 in Harrison and moved to Mena where I was employed. June 1959 we moved to Monticello and re-entered school. The next spring, May 1960, after six long years, I finally

received my Bachelor of Science in Forest Management. July 1, 1960 I was employed as District Forester with Kirby Lumber Corporation, Kirbyville, Texas. We spent the next three years in Kirbyville and both loved it, once we adjusted to the humidity. July 1963 I was transferred to Merryville, La. Believe me there wasn't any thing "merry" about this place and we decided to seek greener pastures. September 15. 1963 I began my career with Missouri Department of Conservation, Forestry Division in Van Buren, Missouri. Thirty-five years and fifteen days later I retired. My job title changed several times over the years, but not our residence, We are still in Van Buren. I guess we have found a home.

Our daughter, Gerri, was horn December 1, 1965. Four years later on October 11. 1969 Chuck (Charles) arrived. Grandkids are special and Gerri gave us two: Jamie Lee born June 26, 1985 and Drew born August 30, 1990. Then there is Jamie's daughter, our great-grandchild, Addison Rvlee Lewis. She is extra special.

Jim

Harold Curtis Shaddox
1938-

Curt and Reba

I was born July 23, 1938 in Shaddox Hollow, which is about 2½ miles South of Western Grove, Arkansas in Newton County.

The house that I was born in was built by my Dad in the 1920s. It is still standing today. We lived in that house until March, 1942, and at that time we moved down the Branch about 200 yards. My

parents lived there in that house the rest of their lives.

I started to school at Western Grove in 1944, and graduated in 1955. I went all 12 grades in one school building. I attended 2 years of college at Arkansas Tech in "Russeyville," and 2 years at the University of Arkansas in "Fedville," as most folks called them back then. I graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering, and went to work for the Arkansas Highway & Transportation Department in July, 1959.

I met Reba McCutcheon on New Years Eve, 1959. Her parents were Frank and Madgie McCutcheon of Cave Creek, Arkansas. She was born August 27, 1942. She graduated from Mt. Judea High School in 1960. Reba and I were married on June 25, 1960 at Western Grove.
Our first daughter, Elizabeth Rochelle (Shelly) was born June 6, 1961 at West Memphis, Arkansas. Our youngest daughter, Tamara, was born January 22, 1968 at Harrison, Arkansas.

Reba, Shelly, and I moved around Arkansas a lot in the early years of our marriage, due to my job with the Arkansas Highway & Transportation Department. Tamara didn't have to move as much. While I worked for the Highway

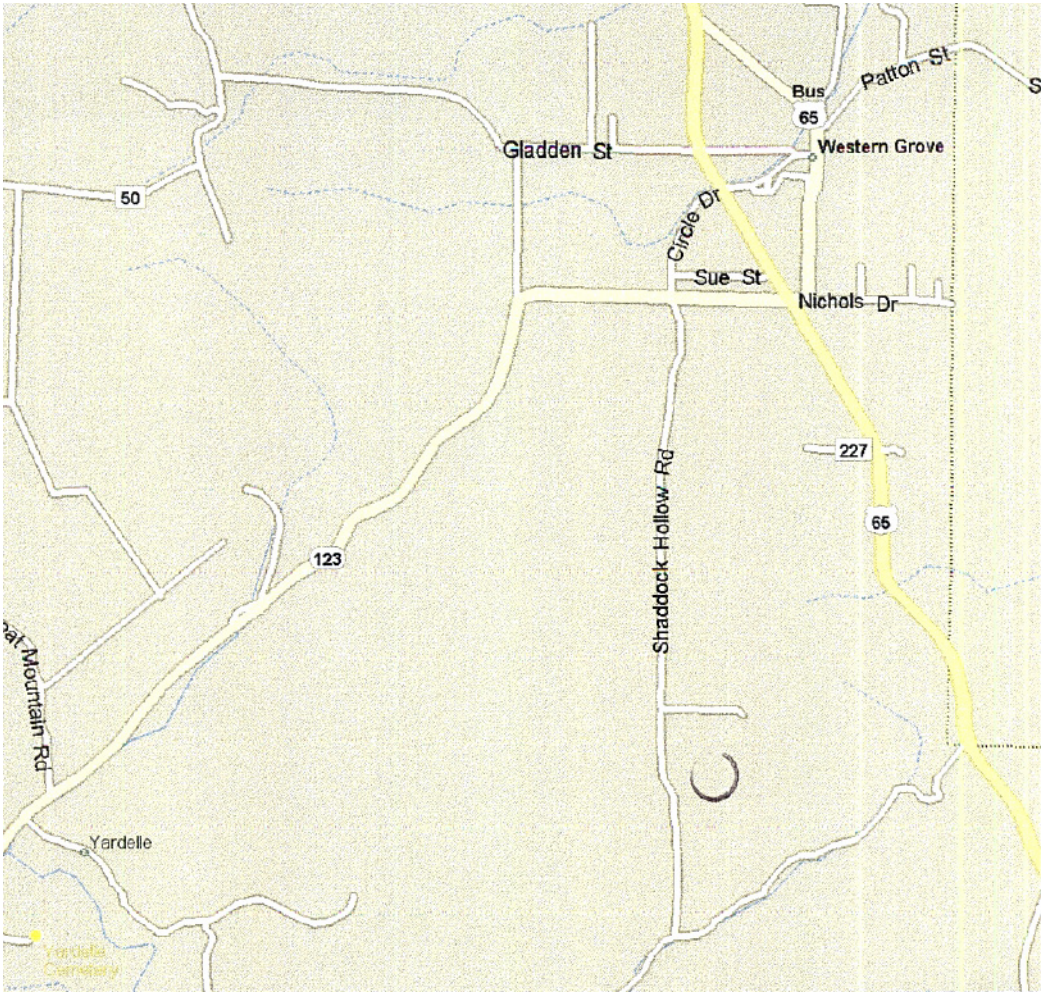
Department, before we married, I lived in Wilson, Arkansas, and Joiner, Arkansas. After we married, we lived in West Memphis, Lepanto, Choctaw, Springdale, Rogers, Huntsville, Murfreesboro, and Harrison; all of these places in the span of less than 10 years. We had many interesting experiences, and made many friends by living in so many different places in the state, but it was too much moving to establish the right kind of home that we all needed and wanted, so we decided to settle down in one place. We moved back to Harrison in 1971, and we still live at Harrison today.
My career includes employment by the Arkansas Highway Department, Crouse Construction Company, and the city off Harrison. I am currently owner and operator of Shaddox Engineering Company in Harrison.

Our daughter Shelly married Gary Brown on 12-17-88. They have two daughters: Meredith Christian, born 2-22-91, and Bethany Grace, born 6-29-95. They live in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Tamara married Mark Hodges on 8-11-90. They have a daughter named Ashton, born 2-3-94, and a son named Harrison, born 6-30-97. They live at Maumelle, Arkansas.
Curt

Conclusion

A book on family history is never finished because history never stands still. Families are constantly changing as time marches on. The events of today become history tomorrow. The story if the family of Hiram and Lillian does not end here. It will live on through the lives of generations yet unborn. However, we will pause here for now and hope that at some future time someone else will take up the pen and continue writing.

-Ω-



O *Home on the Branch*

Hiram Charles Shaddox b. 26 Sep 1903 d. 18 Nov 1980	William Wyatt Shaddox b. 29 Nov 1878 d. 11 Feb 1959	Andrew J. Shaddox b. 20 Oct 1853 d. 18 Apr 1927
		Louisiana Jones b. 24 Aug 1855 d. 22 Oct 1943
	Margaret Ella 'Eller' Spears b. 16 Mar 1878 d. 26 Sep 1955	William S. Spears b. 19 Feb 1828 d. 14 May 1916
		Mary G. Dickens b. 6 Jan 1830 d. 12 Jul 1902

Lillian Tennessee Sullivan b. 15 Mar 1904 d. 27 Aug 1973	John Harve Sullivan b.18 Mar 1877 d. 25 Oct 1942	James A Sullivan b. 1847 d. Oct 1879
		Grace Dickey b. 19 Apr 1854 d. 19 Nov 1896
	Sarah Nancy Salmon b. 03 July 1880 d.26 Oct 1970	Joseph A Salmon b.0 6 Jan 1855 d. 22 Feb 1929
		Martha Jane Rae b. 01 Oct 1853 d. 06 Oct 1933

Birthdays

1. Betty Jo Shaddox..... September 1, 1924
2. Robert Glenn Shaddox ..... October 16, 1925
3. William Howard Shaddox ... March 18, 1928
4. Dorothy Jean Shaddox..... .June 22, 1930
5. James Byram Shaddox ..... May 28, 1936
6. Harold Curtiss Shaddox .... July 23, 1938

7. Ken Shaddox..... September 1, 1954
8. Rob Shaddox..... September 14, 1954
9. Janet Paden..... July 1, 1956.
10. Tom Shaddox... ..... May 24, 1957.
11. Donnie Cowell..... June 13, 1958
12. Deena Shaddox..... June 2, 1959
13. Mark Paden..... September 26, 1959.
14. Joey Cowell..... December 27, 1960
15. Tim Paden..... May 6, 1961
16. Shelley Shaddox..... June 6, 1961
17. Matt Paden..... September29, 1964
18. Geri Shaddox..... December 1, 1965
19. Tamara Shaddox.....January 22, 1968
20. Charles Shaddox..... October 11, 1969

21. Kyle Parkinson..... January 21, 1981
22. Zach Shaddox.....August 8, 1982
23. Lauren Shaddox.....July 23, 1983
24. Jamie Fetters..... June 26, 1985
25. Julie Shaddox..... March 28, 1986
26. Kacy Parkinson ..... June 26, 1986
27. Will Dougherty..... March 24, 1987
28. Neil Shaddox..... February 20, 1988
29. Calley Paden..... ..... August 25, 1989
30. Sage Shaddox.....January 22, 1990
31. Drew Fetters..... August 30, 1990
32. Elin Shaddox ..... September 12, 1990
33. Michael Paden ....., October 7, 1990

Birthdays (Continued)

34. Meredith Brown ..... February 22, 1991
35. Dustin Cowell ..... November 24, 1991
36. Ashton Hodges..... February 3, 1994
37. Lucas Paden ..... February 12, 1995
38. Emily Cowell ..... June 13, 1995
39. Bethany Brown .....June 29, 1995
40. Harrison Hodges ..... June 30, 1997
41. Ashlyn Paden .....October 8, 1997
42. McKenzie Paden..... May 21, 2002

43. Addison Lewis ..... May 23, 2004
44. Avary Parkinson.....September 16, 2008
45. Elly Parkinson ..... September 16, 2008