

THE SHIPMATE

VOLUME 9 ISSUE 1

FEBRUARY 2009

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

The luncheon was a great way to start off the holidays. Juanita and Woody are the very best hosts and made us all feel so welcome. If you did not come you truly missed a treat. The house was decorated in every nook and cranny. It was like being at a Christmas Wonderland! I kept expecting Santa to show up at any time.

The food was so delicious. There were about 40 classmates there and if you were not present we really missed you. Next year please plan to attend. Our get-togethers get better each time. Do you think its because we are still teenagers at heart? (Just our way of turning back the clock and now we are antique teenagers. Can you imagine?)

The Spring Luncheon will be Thursday, March 19th, at Lillian's Restaurant on George Washington Highway at 12:30 p.m. Please mark your calendar today because we really want to see you there. The Calling Committee will call to remind you but if you mark the calendar now you won't make other plans for that day.

Other activities will be announced at this meeting.

June Dickerson asked that I remind everyone who has not paid their dues for 2009 that it's that time again. Please send to Cradock Admirals Retired, 829 Colony Manor Road, Chesapeake, VA 23321. Dues

are still \$10 year. Include a note to bring us up-to-date with what you have been doing and send a picture to share with us. We need items for the newsletter and we want to hear from you! Also, you can send me an e-mail at maerthompson@cox.net or call me at 757-483-6902. Only with your input can we keep our newsletter interesting. After all, its now published on the cradock.org website. Someone may be looking for you! Check out this site - its great. Thanks again to the webmaster.

Pat Grubbs Williams, Class of '49 writes from Nags Head, NC. "Each time I receive The Shipmate it reminds me of how relaxed and good life was during our school years in Cradock. It was a wonderful place to grow up. It is so sad to hear of the lost of so many of our classmates. When you are any of the alumni are down at the Outer Banks, please look me up - I would love it. My son Tim gets down frequently. My daughter Kathi who lived nearby passed away and I miss her something awful.

I have four grandchildren and three great grands. I have lost all three of my brothers, Larry, Jim and Norman Grubbs."

Pat is the artist in residence at her studio at 2500 S. Compass Lane, Nags Head, NC 27959, telephone (252) 441-4295. She specializes in oils and acrylics. She says "sorry, I do not have a computer as I feel it would take up so much of my painting time. I seem to be slower at everything I do - can't imagine why.)"

*Love the
Pictures
in Touch
Key*

Pat sent several pictures to share with you along with a little history about the pictures.

"Iris Davenport lived across the street from me, she was Class of '50. We hung out together a lot and dated the Williams boys. Wayne Williams was a 49er and became my brother-in-law as I married his brother Ken. Ken was a few years ahead of us and also a Cradock grad.

Richard Moore was a veteran from the navy and returned for more schooling as did so many of the fellows after being in the service.

Barbara Weikert was a friend and playmate as she lived just a block over from my home. This is a picture my mom took of her one day on the way to school.

Ruth Williams was a good friend - we called her "Pete" then.

Betty Johnson and Reggie Sweat were my buddies. Many fond memories are around them.

Joyce Overton was another very special person - and from the sounds of the newsletter she is still weaving her magic.

Ted Eller from the '49 class was another good friend from grade school through high school and after. The photo was taken by me from behind Leary's Drug Store soda fountain."

Pat would like for each of you to have the photos and I will try to get them to you. Pat, we appreciate so very much your sharing these with us.

Dick and Patt Daniels Anderson, Newport MN, sent Christmas greeting to the class.

Thanks for the picture. You look wonderful!

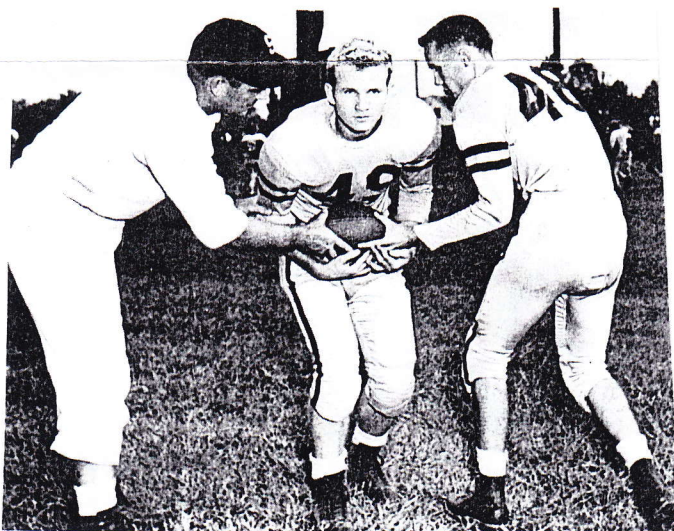
Edgar Lockstampfor, Class of '49, writes from Cloumbia, SC. "Thanks for your work and I appreciate The Shipmate.

Sorry to hear of the losses of school friends. I'm preaching and attending too many funerals here. Blessings"

By the time a man is old enough to watch his step, he's too old to go anywhere. Billy Crystal

IN MEMORY

Our condolences to the family of Dewey Thomas Fussell, Jr., Class of '51, who died February 15, 2009. Dewey, a native of Norfolk County, VA, was a retired mechanic from Pilot Freight Carries. A former minor league baseball catcher, he coached youth baseball and football in the Western Branch Area. He was an avid outdoorsman. He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Mary Vinnie Kilpatrick Fussell, two daughters, three sons, nine grandchildren, and three great grandchildren.



BEATITUDES FOR FRIENDS OF THE
AGED (Submitted by Ruth Buck)

BLESSED are they who overlook my
faltering steps and shaking hands.

BLESSED are they who speak clearly so
that I may not have to strain to catch the
words they say.

BLESSED are they who seem to know that
my eyes are dim and my wits are slow.

BLESSED are they who look away when my
coffee spilled today.

BLESSED are they with a cherry smile who
take time to stop and chat.

BLESSED are they who say "you've told
that story twice today."

BLESSED are they who know the ways to
bring back lovely yesterdays.

BLESSED are they who make it known that
I am loved, not left alone.

BLESSED are they who know the strength I
need to bare the changes of aging.

BLESSED are they who ease the days on my
journey home in so many ways.

CRADOCK MEMORIES

Bill Brennan

When I was driving on Victory Boulevard
recently in the area of the now defunct
ethanol plant, I was surprised at the number
of trees and overgrowth that covered the
area.

Back in the 40's when we were kids, it was
called the mud flats. It was an area that had
been created from the mud, silt and slime at
the bottom of the Elizabeth river when Dry
Dock 8 was the biggest in the Yard. From a
distance the mud flats looked like a desert
but it was nothing but hard sun baked mud.

I was one of those kids who believed
everything my mother told me. She advised
me that I was not allowed to play on the
mud flats because I might sink in the mud
and never be heard from again. I think I
obeyed those instructions for a while but
ultimately we all ventured out on the flats at
one time or another. To the best of my
memory, no one sank into oblivion.
However, it did occur to me that if they had
built the ethanol plant, it may have been
swallowed up by the earth, thus resolving
that problem.

I have had a problem remembering when
Magazine Road was renamed Victory
Boulevard. Probably after the war. I always
that it was strange that a street would be
named after a book. Then my father
explained to me that it was named after the
powder magazine at the N.A.D. How would
a kid know that? If that place had blown up,
Craddock would have never been the same.

The girl friend chain shows a line of little
girls facing the immensity of ocean waves.
Alone they might be washed away, but
together they stand strong. Thank you for
holding my hand somewhere along the way
when I was facing a wave of my own. I
hope you will reach for my hand when your
own wave threatens. Old and young, near
and far, hold special memories of good
times we've shared.

We've had our share of hard times when our friends were there to make us feel better. We've shared our hearts, our time, our secrets, our fears, our hopes and our dreams. Let us never break the chain of friends!

PHOTO ALBUM



Patt Daniels & Dick Andersen
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