

Memories of Grandpa Anderson
by Mahilda (Anderson) Sparks
Grandpa is James Wade Anderson –
See chapter 2, James “Jim” Wade Anderson

In 1929 I was about five years old when Mom and Dad moved from Detroit, MI to a farm in TN. My sister Margaret was four years old. Cookeville, the nearest city of any size was about fifteen miles away.

My sister and I were accustomed to getting eggs at the store. Chickens and hen houses really fascinated us. However, Grandpa didn't think we were too bright because it took a little while for us to realize that hens laid eggs. Our meager knowledge of farm life astonished him. Being a farmer all his life, he set out to correct this deficiency at once. After all we were Andersons and his grand children.

Grandpa was actively interested in community and political affairs. He always voted. He was strong willed and firm in his decisions. Grandpa was a proud happy man who enjoyed people, holidays, mother's day and especially memorial day.

Memorial day was the most special day of the year for him. He was in charge of arrangements for speakers at the Smellage Cemetery, where memorial services were held. We had tremendous crowds, with many people coming from other states for the day. It was an all day affair with a dinner on the grounds of the cemetery. I can still remember the good food in such abundance. Those were really good days.

Grandpa, not really a tall man and a bit on the stout side, with a three hundred acre farm that he managed quite well, was considered a good liver. He had four houses beside his residence. The two eldest sons and two renters lived in the houses and worked the farm for a percentage.

The prosperity of the sons and renters depended on their ability to produce each on an allowed acreage of his dwelling. This really is a good system. They all worked for what they had and had great respect for God.

People everywhere seemed to know and respect Grandpa. He was proud of his name and ancestors, and rather knowledgeable about them. He told me how his great grandfather bought his wife, with bales of cotton as she got off the ship from Europe.

He loved telling me about the early days of his ancestors. I enjoyed hearing about them, and grateful to him for telling me. These things help cement family relationships.

Grandpa was justifiably proud of Grandma, Margarete J. "Margaret" Maddux. She was a tiny woman weighting about eighty-five pounds wearing a size four shoe. She took pride in her quilting and cooking, doing both extremely well. She was loving and gentle and her grand children were her little darlings.

When my sister and I were allowed to spend a week with them, we were thrilled to death. We loved and respected them and was fortunate to have them into our high school days. Anyone who didn't know their grandparents missed one of the greatest joys in life. The thoughts and memories of them, I'll cherish as long as I live.



Howard Neal & Anna D. (Butts) Anderson

Howard Anderson married Anna D. Butts and their daughter was:

- ...Mahilda Adell Anderson – b. 14 December 1924 – d. 20 May 1992, TN
md 23 April 1950, L.D. Sparks – b. 18 March 1921/2, *lives in Detroit, MI.*
Buried: Crest Lawn Cemetery, TN
- ...David Lee Sparks – b. 16 November 1952, MI –
md 25 February 1972, Josephine Teresa Misyhiel, *of Detroit, MI.*
- ...Lesa Marie Sparks – b. 10 September 1972
- ...David Michael Sparks – b. 24 September 1973
- ...Elizabeth Ann Sparks – b. 14 November 1974
- ...James Allen Sparks – b. 30 April 1964, MI
- ...Alana R. Ewing –

Howard Anderson's parents were:

James Wade & Margaret J. (Maddux) Anderson

**See Chapter 2, James Wade Anderson, for complete family listing.*

**See 'Decorations' Old Tradition by Cameron Judd*

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**Mahilda Adell Anderson is referring to her great grandparents, Richard (Reubin) & Mary (Garrison) Alexander or John & Mary (Stockard/Reece) Johnson. See Chapter 1, Reuben B. Alexander & Elizabeth Johnson for complete family listing.*