

HISTORY OF JOSEPH HYRUM SHAWCROFT AND

JESSIE MAY MORTON SHAWCROFT

By

Vera Shawcroft Brothers

B 1 Jan 1881

H.B.

D 17 Nov 1930

$$\text{age} = \begin{array}{r} 1-1-1881 \\ 17-11-1930 \end{array}$$

$$\therefore 1-1-1900 = 19 \text{ yrs.}$$

$$1-1-1930 = \frac{30}{49 \text{ yrs.}}$$

49 years 11 mo + 16 days.

I was 5 when he died.

I remember several things
about him. H.B.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH HYRUM SHAWCROFT AND

JESSIE MAY MORTON SHAWCROFT

By

Vera Shawcroft Brothers

Morton Family Background

Jessie May Morton was the daughter of George Wesley Morton (formerly known as Otho Stewart Martinie) and Julia Ann Falknor. She was born September 13, 1878, at Mankato, Blue Earth County, Minnesota. A brief history of her parents follows:

Ortho Stewart Martinie was born November 26, 1853, at Mill Creek, Henry County, Kentucky, to David Martinie, a merchant, and Mary Jane Triplett. The Martinies are German, as their ancestor was a Hessian soldier. They were hired by the English to help fight in the American Revolution and many of them remained in the United States. Ernest Martinie was one who remained here. The Triplettts were from England, but were originally from France.

Ortho Martinie moved with his father's family to Morroco, Kent County, Indiana, and to Champagne County, Illinois, where he was a druggist at Fithian. It is believed that he had trained at the Hahnemann Medical College in Cincinnati. He disappeared from Fithian about 1874 (being unable to get along with his stepmother) and changed his name to George Wesley Morton.

Julia Ann Falknor was born April 24, 1856, at Jimtown, Elk Hart, Indiana, to Jesse Falknor and Rebecca Sailor. Her family later moved to Mankato, Minnesota.

George Wesley Morton and Julia Ann Falknor were married November 15, 1876, at Mankato, Minnesota. George was a pharmacist and they lived on a farm near Julia's parents.

Missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints visited the humble home of George and Julia Morton. They also visited the home of Julia's parents, Jesse and Rebecca Falknor. Julia and Rebecca were interested in their teachings from the first but Jesse was very antagonistic. He forbade Rebecca to have anything to do with the church and he told Julia he would disown her if she joined this church. Julia knew it was right and George continued to study with her. Julia was baptized April 20, 1886. At this time George and Julia had three children: Jessie May, Lyman Wesley, and Ethelbert Pearl.

Jesse carried out his threat and disowned Julia's family. This was hard for them to take. Three more children were born: Alma Clayton, Ruby and Hazel. The missionaries

encouraged this family to prepare to go to live with the Saints. Little Hazel, their baby, died March 9, 1895. The next month, April, 1895, the family left all, including the new grave of little Hazel, and travelled by wagon to LaJara Colorado. There were George and Julia and their five children. Julia's Aunt Esther Johnson and her husband, Will Johnson located in La Jara, Colorado, and the Mortons went to join them.

In anticipation of their journey, Julia wrote the following letter to her father. The letter was written one and one-half years before the family actually departed, but it was returned to Julia unopened as her father wanted no contact with her.

October the 5th 1883

Dear Father,

As it is now almost time that we intend to leave you I thought I would say a few words in writing to you. I don't know as I will be required to say much having said so much before but I cannot go without saying something more. I feel confident that I have fulfilled my promise to the Lord that I would do all I could to help you prepare for the next world so that you may meet the Savior with smiles and joy rather than that you should say let me hide myself in the holes of the rock to hide me from his face. Which shall it be? As for me I say let me tread the straight and narrow path that leads to life, joy and peace forever in the presence of God who has the power to reign even if by so doing I shall have to leave my dear father and mother, sisters and brother. You no doubt think me a very undutiful child to leave you but if you understood it all as I do you would say go in peace and we will go also.

The time is coming when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known. Then it shall be known to you that only the revealed will of God could separate us as far as my will is concerned. I know that it is God's will that we should leave here and gather with his people as well as you would know it if God himself could stand before you in person and tell you. So nothing could be more certain. I am sorry that you will allow Satan to blind you concerning your future happiness. I hope the time will soon come when you will humble yourself before God and ask him to show you the true way to everlasting happiness. Ask him for information. Don't say Lord show me which church is right if it is not the Mormon church. That will not do for there is only one true church on the earth and that bears the name Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If any person takes the authority to say any other church is the true one God has not given them that authority.

I leave you without any probability of ever seeing you again unless you come where we are. I hope if you have any sorrow concerning our going that it will be a godly sorrow that will work repentance. You need not have any fears concerning us for we know in whom we trust. I know tis hard to part. Many tears I have shed and many prayers I have said that I might be strengthened to bear this heavy burden that God has deemed necessary to put upon me to try me for everyone of us must be tried as gold is tried in the fire seven times. I am not only willing to do this but I am willing to die if needs be for the truth that I possess and I hope that you may all, Father, Mother, Sisters and Brother come in possession of this truth. I am sorry that you all have paid so little attention to the gospel when it was preached to you in all its fullness. I fear you may never have another chance to hear it as you have for I don't think there will be any more Elders sent here. Dear Mother, you once believed the truth. I would to God that you had stood firm in that belief but you have feared to leave home and friends which thing is hard in one way but glorious in the end. It may be you think I am deceived in my religion but if I could only know that you all was as safe as I will be if I continue in this way nothing could make me happier. I kindly thank you for every kind action and pray God to reward you for the same. I know I shall miss you in sickness but do not worry or sorrow but diligently seek for the truth. I live in hopes that you all will come where we are.

Julia

The Mortons lived southwest of LaJara for two years and then moved to Richfield, Colorado. Two more children were added to this family: Candace Esther was born February 15, 1896. She died September 2, 1896. Julia Estelle was born March 21, 1898.

George had worked in the drug business but he was selling nursery products for L. L. May Nursery Co. of St. Paul, Minnesota. He was in Holdridge, Nebraska when he wrote a letter to his family saying that he would be in Canyon City, Colorado, the next day and would take the train for home the following day. He said he was bringing a doll for Estelle. He never did come home. We have never known why (This was in 1902).

Julia Morton began washing clothes and ironing for the people in LaJara. She also did janitor work at the church. She was proud and independent. My father, Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft, bought the Hans Miller home for her and her children but she wouldn't accept it all (By this time Julia's oldest daughter, Jessie May, had married Hyrum Shawcroft). When her father, Jesse Falknor, heard that she and her two youngest children were alone (Those children were Alma and

Estelle), he repented of his ill feelings toward Julia and humbly asked her to return to Mankato with Alma and Estelle and make her home with her parents again. Jesse and Rebecca Falknor had prospered and were considered rich people. Julia would have had an easy life there but she would not go.

In the summer of 1904, Alma had a big black dog. Alma made a harness for the dog and he would pull a little wagon any place to please Alma. Although I was only five years of age at this time, I remember this incident. Alma and his dog came to our hay yard where my sisters and our brother, some of our cousins and several of our friends and I were playing in the hay yard. We were taking turns riding in the wagon. We heard a train whistle as it came to LaJara. Alma stopped short, looked up and ran for his home with his dog and wagon. He had saved some money which he kept in a sugar bowl. He got his money, went to LaJara and got in an empty car on the freight train. He planned to go to his two brothers, Wesley and Bert, in Idaho. Two other fellows joined him along the way. They took his money and threw him out of the train a short distance from his destination in Idaho. He was hurt but was found alive and his brothers were notified and they talked to him. He told what had happened but he died very soon afterward on July 3, 1904. He was buried in Idaho.

Julia was married briefly to Hyrum Stevens. They lived in southern Utah and were in the process of building a home. Hyrum was not religious and Julia was. This caused some conflict and Julia returned to LaJara with Estelle.

At the time Alma left, his mother, Julia, was planning to take the two children, Alma and Stell, to Minnesota for a visit. She and Stell made the trip. While they were there, a telegram to Julia sent in care of Hy Shawcroft to LaJara came informing her of Alma's accident. Hy sent a telegram to her in Minnesota. She planned to go to Idaho, but before she got away the second telegram arrived telling her of Alma's death.

Some years later, she traveled to Idaho with Stell to visit her two sons who were homesteading here (Wes and Bert). She became very ill. Mama and Papa (Hy and Jessie Shawcroft) realized that she should be with Mama so she could help. Mama had a new baby, Arduis, and her family so it was decided that Grandma should come to our home instead of Mama going to Idaho. Bert brought Grandma. She arrived June 28th during the noon hour but Estelle, her 12 year-old daughter was not with her. I was so sad. I just didn't think they should be separated. Grandma was very ill and suffered so much. The second day she was there she had a nap after lunch. She dreamed that Estelle was there. She was so happy and for a minute she thought she would see Estelle. Papa was there and saw how disappointed she was when she realized that this was a dream. He sent for Estelle that very afternoon. She came in three days. Grandma died July 14, 1910. She was buried in the Sanford Cemetary, Sanford, Colorado.

Grandma told Estelle to stay with us and to obey Jessie and Hy. Estelle was born March 21, 1898 and I was born August 20, 1899. She was just one year and five months older than I and she always seemed just like my sister, although she was my aunt because she was Mama's sister. She married James Reid, December 22, 1920. They lived in Centerville, Utah. Estelle celebrated her eightieth birthday. At the time of this writing (March, 1979), Jim is eighty-four years old. Estelle passed away at Bountiful, Utah, February 22, 1979. They have a wonderful posterity. I am proud of every one of them.

Julia Morton's life was not an easy one. She lost four of her children before they reached adulthood (Hazel, March 9, 1895; Candace, September 2, 1896; Ruby, August 7, 1897; and Alma, July 3, 1904). Her husband had disappeared and her father had disowned her for her religious convictions (although he later was reconciled with her).

Julia and George's oldest daughter, Jessie May, married Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft in the Salt Lake Temple October 5, 1898. They lived in the LaJara and Richfield, Colorado, areas and were the parents of ten children: Vera May, born August 20, 1899, (md. William Christensen Brothers, June 7, 1922); Vernice Lucille, born October 3, 1900, (md. Josiah Alexander Harris, December 2, 1943); Ethel Vidella, born May 15, 1902, (md. James Thrasher, July 24, 1925. She was later married to Isaac Truman, Billy Lang and Lawrence Murray); Joseph Lyman, born September 4, 1904, (md. Florence Engler in 1925); Mary Alma, born January 26, 1906, (md. Cecil Elmer Ellsworth Schofield, July 18, 1924); Nellie, born August 20, 1907, (md. Lloyd Wilbur Hatfield, December 13, 1925); Ardus, born May 9, 1910, (md. Carl Watts, March 15, 1929. She was later married to Perry Lyman Bowdish); Delma, born March 15, 1912, (md. November 4, 1928, to Leo Wesley Brown. Her second husband was John Floyd Fincher, July 6, 1935); Annie Rhee, born December 24, 1913, (md. Harold Ray Newman, June 3, 1939); and Sadie, born October 26, 1915, (md. Carl Ernest Linderholm, October 7, 1934. Her second husband was John Clark Burt). Jessie died March 29, 1919, leaving a young family.

Lyman Wesley Jerome Morton was the eldest son of George and Julia. He was born July 16, 1880 in Mankato, Minnesota. He was 16 when his family moved to Colorado. He worked at sawmills until he was 22. He then went to Rupert, Idaho, to take up a homestead. He moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, and married Ruth Herendeen on November 26, 1913. They had one son, George William, born July 9, 1914. They were later divorced. Wesley moved to California and married Mittie Leona Fogle, September 1923, in Chico, California. They had four sons: Jerry Dow, born July 19, 1924 (md. Mickey Welch, August 11, 1955); Thomas O'Dell, born October 26, 1925 (md. not known); Buck Emmett, born October 13, 1927 (md. Margaret Elizabeth Inkanish, January 25, 1957); and Bert, born Nov. 30, 1929, (md. Charlene Upchurch). I remember when Uncle Wes came to visit shortly after Mama (Jessie) died. He had

not heard about Mama's death because Papa did not know where to reach him at the time. He did arrive in time, though, to thwart a plan of Mary's to ride the train to Denver with a friend. It was nice to have him visit. Wes died in Modesto, California, June 14, 1949. He was never baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Ethelbert Pearl (Uncle Bert) Morton was born July 4, 1883, in Mankato, Minnesota. He moved to Colorado with his family and then followed his brother Wes to Idaho when he was about twenty. He married Minnie May White, September 11, 1917. They later moved to Bountiful, Utah. Their twins, Philip Bert and Phyllis Emily were born April 16, 1923, in Salt Lake City, Utah. I remember when my husband, Bill, died, I was secretary in the Ward Relief Society. Dixie Christensen was president and Sadie Mortensen and Sister Reynolds were counselors. Soon after this, I was asked to be 1st Counselor to Della Gylling in the Stake M.I.A. Della resigned and I was sustained as Stake M.I.A. President. When I went to Salt Lake to attend General M.I.A. Conference, I took Cathryn and Billy with me many times. We would stay with Uncle Bert and Aunt Minnie and they always tended Cathryn and Billy while I attended my meetings. We learned to know, love and appreciate them then. These permanent bonds of love and friendship have endured through the years. Uncle Bert died June 14, 1949, of a heart attack.

Julia Estelle Morton was born March 21, 1898, in Richfield, Conejos County, Colorado. She married James Reid December 22, 1920. They lived in the Morgan (near LaJara) area and then moved to Centerville, Utah, in 1942. All of their nine children were born in Colorado. They were: James Wayne, born July 28, 1922, (md. Shirley Stewart Peterson and she died seven months later--md., September 1, 1949, md. (2) Merle Christensen, November 29, 1951); Willadene Ann, born January 11, 1924, (md. Charles Francis Fabry, April 7, 1943); Morris Everett, born February 5, 1926, (md. Donetta Christensen, October 29, 1954); Bruce Wallace, born February 19, 1927, (md. Margene Bergetta Larsen, December 3, 1948); Ardell LaVerne, born October 28, 1929, (md. Howard VanderMeyden, October 13, 1949); Dennis, born April 21, 1931, died April 22, 1931); Mary Lucille, born August 7, 1932, (md. Rawney Galde Ellis, October 18, 1950); Wanda June, born October 12, 1934, (md. Kipp Parker, June 4, 1952); Lola Mae, born May 29, 1936, (md. Duane W. Lambert, December 7, 1955). Stell was always like a sister to me and I have made many visits to she and Jim. I was with her for the month preceding her death. She passed away February 22, 1979, and left a wonderful posterity.

Shawcroft Family Background

Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft was the son of John Shawcroft and Ane Marie Jensen. He was born January 1, 1881, at Fountain Green, Sanpete County, Utah. His parents were John Shawcroft, born September 8, 1847, at Denby, Derbyshire, England, and Ane (Arnie) Marie Jensen, born October 15, 1852, at Borglum, Hjorring, Denmark. A brief history of his parents follows:

(For a more complete history refer to The Story of the Shawcroft Family and Maria Shawcroft--Her Story by Gladys Shawcroft, LaJara, Colorado.)

When his father, William, was hurt in a coal mine accident in 1857, young John, then nine years old, went to work in the coal mines to help out his family. John was never able to go to school and never learned to read or write. He worked long hours in the pit, going down into the mine before the sun came up and leaving the mine after sunset. The family was poor, but some way they finally acquired sufficient funds to go to America. They left their home in Denby on May 10, 1864, and went to Liverpool. Here, they boarded the ship, "The General McClellan" on May 21, 1864 for the journey to America. Ann Hunt Shawcroft, John's mother, had been baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints December 25, 1850.

They traveled across the United States by covered wagon. At some point along the way, on August 3, 1864, William Shawcroft and his son, John, were baptized members of the Church. They reached the Salt Lake Valley October 4, 1864. The journey from New York City had taken 98 days. John had obtained a job driving an ox team and wagon, and was able to provide the means for his crippled father to ride all of the way. The rest of the family rode and walked. Tradition says some of the children walked all of the way.

The family went immediately to Sanpete County although they had intended to go further south. They were offered a ride by a William Cook and he went only to Fountain Green so that's where they stayed. The winter had already begun. For a time, they lived in one corner of a building which had been used as a meeting house, along with three other families. John and Fred worked on making a dugout for them to occupy. The top was covered with willows and then dirt was put on top of the willows. Here they stayed through the winter. Cooking was done at a fireplace in one end of the dugout. Food was scarce but by sharing, they survived. John worked for Samuel Jewkes and was paid a peck of wheat each day.

Indians were a threat and in the summer of 1866, the settlers were forced to abandon their homes for safer places. The people returned in the fall of 1866 after a fort was built there. More cabins were built and the Shawcrofts were able to move into a cabin of their own.

John Shawcroft married Annie Maria Jensen (her Anglicized name) on February 9th, 1874. Her family had emigrated to America, arriving in Utah, in 1862.

Ane Marie Jensen, later known as Annie Maria, was born on a farm near the village of Borglum in Hjørring County, Denmark. Her parents were Jens Jensen and Maren Andersen. In some records her father is known as Jens Jensen Løth, but the Løth was later dropped. She was born October 15, 1852. Maren Andersen was the second wife of Jens Jensen. His first wife, Annie Svendsen, died on July 14, 1838.

Missionaries of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came early to Denmark (May 11, 1850). The members of the Jensen family were baptized at different times into the Church (1857-1862). The baptism date for Maren was February 26, 1857, age 44, and for Jens was Nov. 10, 1861, age 60. Ane Marie was baptized April 13, 1861, at the age of 9.

Maria and her relatives left Denmark on Tuesday, April 15, 1862, on the ship "Franklin". Actually, they had traveled to Hamburg, Germany, and actually sailed from there. There were 413 Emigrants aboard. Several children contracted measles on the ship and lost their lives.

Jens Jensen arrived in America with sufficient means to purchase his own wagon and team and other livestock. They then made the journey to the Salt Lake Valley by covered wagon. The traveled from Florence, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City between July 14 and September 23, 1862. They later located in Moroni, Utah.

Maren Jensen died June 28, 1863. She was 50 years old and her children were all living at home at the time of her death. Not much later Jens married again, this time his wife was Mary Jacobsen. Annie married Andrew Aagaard, who had lived in Moroni and had moved to Fountain Green. Maria spent much of her teenage years with her sister in Fountain Green and it was here that she met John Shawcroft..

John Shawcroft and Annie Maria Jensen traveled by wagon to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City and were married there on February 9, 1874. They made purchases for their new home there and returned to a small frame house in Fountain Green. Four children were born to John and Maria Shawcroft in Fountain Green. They were: John William, born December 13, 1874, (md. Dora Adelle Davis, October 5, 1898; md. (2) Estella Jensen, July 9, 1947); Mary Maralda, born October 25, 1876, (md. Oct. 5 1899, to William Jackson McDaniel); James Nathan, born January 30, 1879, (md. Bessie May Johnson, February 26, 1902); and Joseph Hyrum, born Jan. 1, 1881, (md. Jessie May Morton, October 5, 1898).

John Shawcroft received a call from President John Taylor to take his family and move to Colorado to help the people there. Many of the settlers of the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado were from the southern states and were not familiar with irrigation methods there. John had been promised that because he was taking care of his invalid father, he would not be called to go. When John reminded the Bishop of this promise, the Bishop reminded him that he had not called him, but that the call had come from the President of the Church. They had heard stories about the hard, cold winters in the San Luis Valley and John was reluctant to move. However, he left the

decision to his wife, Maria, and she said, "What can we do? If we have been called by the President of the Church, we'll go!"

They sold their home and left on a wagon trip again. They had not gone far when going on a steep road and the wagon tipped over and spilled its contents, children and all. There was not much damage, but this managed to put fear into Maria for the rest of the trip, because many mountains had to be crossed. They camped overnight at Manassa, which was a pioneer settlement by this time and went on to the Richfield area. Here a log cabin was built. The next four children were born in the log house. They were: Lewis Edward, born May 10, 1883, (md. Clara Ida Coombs, June 2, 1909); Andrew Franklin Shawcroft, May 24, 1885, (md. (1) Mary Jane Berthelsen, December 21, 1907, (2) Sarah Leone Fletcher, November 17, 1917); David Earl Shawcroft, born June 17, 1887, (md. Martha Eliza Smith, June 9, 1909); and Sarah Ann, born June 24, 1889, (md. (1) Hans Christen Fredriksen, April 7, 1910, (2) Murl Myron Holman, November 2, 1959).

The last two children born to John and Maria were born in the new brick house which John Shawcroft built in Richfield. They were Ruth Ella, born May 10, 1891, (md. April 2, 1909, to Swen Orval Peterson); and Maria Pearl, born August 2, 1893, died July 7, 1945. Unmarried).

John Shawcroft stopped for one last fishing trip at the LaJara Reservoir and died there of an apparent heart attack on August 7, 1922. Maria Shawcroft died April 10, 1930, at her home in Richfield, Colorado. They never did return to Fountain Green, Utah, as they had hoped, but remained in Colorado as the pioneer forefathers of a large posterity.

History of Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft and Jessie May Morton Family

My father, Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft, and my mother, Jessie May Morton, were very happy and excited about their decision to be married. Papa made the announcement to his family and Mama told her family. Papa's older brother, John W., had recently returned from a mission to the Southern States. John told Papa that he and his girl would go with them if they would wait until they could make preparations. Everyone concerned agreed, so preparations began for a double wedding. John's girlfriend, Dora Davis, met them in Salt Lake City and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple there, October 5, 1898.

Two other couples from Manassa were married in the Salt Lake Temple that same day. They were Ammon Mortensen and Kjersten (Kisty) Jensen and Alma Christensen and Addie Sego.

Mama wrote a letter to her folks the next day. She said all of them were having a good time. She wasn't frightened while going through the temple. They paid fifty cents apiece each day to stay in a hotel. Then she casually observed that

she would have to sign her name differently as she had signed "Morton" for the last time.

Both couples were given gifts alike at the wedding reception which was held for both couples. When they returned from Salt Lake City, Grandpa and Grandma Shawcroft gave each couple a house with a block of ground and a horse. Uncle John and Aunt Dora's house was just across the street west of Grandma's house. Papa and Mama's house was one block west of the block where the first Shawcroft log houses were built. The horse given to Papa was a beautiful work horse named Doll. She wasn't very large but she was a steady, dependable animal. Doll had been working every day when, about five years later, she became ill while the men were plowing the fields. She died before they could get the harness off of her. Papa said she had the "colic". I remember how the neighbors came to our house that evening to express their concern because Doll had died. We were a very close settlement which gave us a good feeling.

Both of our parents were very special people. Papa was so strong and ambitious and still so gentle and kind. Mama was attractive, lovable and helpful. Her handwriting was plain and beautiful. Many neighbors came to ask her to write orders to Montgomery Ward or Sears Roebuck & Co. She always helped them.

Both of them always had time for church work and they enjoyed it. After our new house was built, it was the choice place for many meetings, parties, dinners, etc.

We had a very happy childhood. Dad would do his work in the field and hurry home every evening. Many men say they are tired at night but he was always ready to play with us. He would get down on his hands and knees and pretend that he was a bear coming after us. I would run away and I think I was just as frightened as I would have been if a real bear had been after me. He would be after one of us, then he would turn and growl at someone in a different direction.

Sometimes Dad and Mother would just sit down and talk to us. These were precious moments. I heard them say that they were proud of their children. And they were glad that we didn't do certain things, so we would try to please them.

Mother's Patriarchal Blessing says that she would have control of her children and she did. She did not allow us to fight or quarrel.

We felt that we could have anything we needed and most things we wanted. Sometimes it was necessary for our parents to explain why we shouldn't have some things.

Sometimes I ponder now when I think of our fantasies. When we were wondering about Santa Claus they wouldn't tell us yes or no. They left it for us to decide. Then they went along with our decision. We always knew what they expected of us and we wanted to please them.

When we were older and had boyfriends Dad and Mother would go to the dances and we would be glad they were there. One night, four boys from Monte Vista came to a dance in Sanford. One of the boys was named George. He came and

asked me to dance with him. In those days we didn't usually dance with fellows we didn't know, or did not receive an introduction by some friend, but he was so nice I decided to dance with him. While we were dancing he told me that four of them came to the dance and he wanted to introduce the other boys to me and he asked me to introduce them to other girls. As soon as this set was over, I rushed to Mother and told her. She had noticed us dancing and she said it was all right. Many friends were made that night. He married a music teacher. They and their children later joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After his death, his wife put her piano in a trailer and went from place to place giving music lessons.

Mother had a natural ability to do so many nice things. She could sew very fast and the articles she made were so beautiful. I was young when she made this dress for me but I was proud of it (See picture on following pages).

She took many pictures which we prize today. I remember the dark room under the stairs where she developed her pictures.

Mama was an excellent cook. She had an abundance of good food in her pantry at all times. When we returned home from school we could always have a dish of rice pudding or beans or other goodies prepared for this purpose. We always had hired men and they were not bashful in telling her when they wanted some of her special food such as her grape cobbles, creamed chicken with biscuits baked on top, lemon pies and homemade ice cream. When we girls would go to the pasture every evening to get the cows for milking we would always have a slice of delicious homemade bread with thick cream and sugar on it.

When the new school house was completed during the summer of 1915, Mother and Dad decided to sell our lovely home to Uncle Frank. We moved to the little four room house on the Charley White ranch north of LaJara. (Nine of Hyrum and Jessie's 10 children had been born at this time. Sadie was born in October following this move.)

Hy and Jessie planned to build another home similar to the one they had in Richfield. Dad had always been a rancher and he desired to continue this career. He had finished building a large, spacious barn near the location chosen for the new house. The middle area in the barn was a spacious area for hay and a bin for grain. The east side had stalls and mangers for the horses with a pen at each end for colts. The west side was for the cows with a pen at each end for the calves. A chicken coop was built twenty-five feet west of the barn.

This barn was a place of interest to many young people. My brother, Joe, had many boy friends who delighted to meet there and exercise by tumbling on the hay. When they were tired, they enjoyed talking while sitting on the hay. When I return to LaJara now, I see some men who were boys then who still mention the good times they had in the barn.

There were times when we girls enjoyed going there to exercise and play also. That is where we learned to turn somersaults and Dad made us a swing by suspending it from the rafters when one end of the barn was cleared of hay.

The barn was destroyed by fire. My cousin, Clara DeGolyer got up one morning at 4:00 A.M. She was going to do her laundry. She called the fire department and they responded quickly but the fire had a good start and the materials were so dry it burned rapidly. This was many years after we had enjoyed it so much as children. I was already married and my husband had passed away before this fire.

My parents never did build the house next to the barn. They purchased two houses in LaJara instead.

My sister, Vernice, and I were always so healthy. We were in school all the time but we never did have any of the childhood diseases while we were little. Then Vernice broke out with Measles at the Thanksgiving Dance in Sanford in 1915. This was a time we shall never forget. We never did know where she was exposed to measles. Everyone of the ten children in our family, including new baby, Sadie, born October 26, 1915, were sick. Arthus had excessive nose bleeding and Dr. Blizzard had to come several times to pack her nose. She also developed a heart murmur and a nervous condition at this time which affected her future life.

I had what was known as black measles. I did not break out but I was very ill. I fainted every time I tried to get up. Then one day Mama made a large bag from pillow tubing and filled this with hot salt and put it under me in the bed and she also placed hot bricks by me. All of this heat caused me to break out and my condition improved in a few days.

My parents had planned to build a new house on the ranch but C. L. Smith wanted to sell his home and the new house he built for his son, Harmon. After careful consideration, my parents decided they could buy the two houses for less money than it would cost to build a new house. We always spoke of these houses as the white house and the brown house. The deed for this property was dated January 5, 1917. The purchase price on the deed was \$4,000. The property was deeded from Calvin L. Smith to J. H. Shawcroft.

Our family moved into the white house and we rented the brown one. The white house was built by Mr. Ellis, one of the early druggists in LaJara. I remember when we were small children and walked from Richfield to LaJara, we always wanted to go by the white house because the yard always had beautiful flowers in the summer time and the house was always attractive to me. This was the ideal gathering place for young folks. My sister, Vernice, could play any tune on the piano and everyone would sing song after song. I meet someone often now who mentions these good old days. Then the tragedy of World War I came. So many of our fine young boys went to this terrible war and some of them did not return.

When Vernice and I were very young, our Mother taught us to sing little songs. And we were not afraid to sing to groups of people or in Church meetings. Three of the songs were: "My Kitty Has Gone from Her Basket," "Two Little Children," and "Oh! Birdy, I Am Tired and Sleepy." The words to two of these songs follow:

My Kitty Has Gone from Her Basket
Tune: "My Bonnie"

1. My kitty has gone from her basket,
My kitty has gone up a tree.
Oh! Who will go up in the branches
And bring back my kitty to me?

Bring back, bring back (Chorus)
Oh, bring back my kitty to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my kitty to me.

2. That dog who lives down by the river
Just came with his naughty old bark
And frightened my kitty most dreadful
See there she is "mewing" right hard

Chorus.

3. They say that when people are frightened
Their hair will turn perfectly white
And if that is true my poor kitty
Won't have her black hair by tonight.

Two Little Children

1. Two little children, a boy and a girl
Stood at the old Church door.
The little girl's feet were as brown
As the curls which fell on the dress that she wore.
The boy's clothes were ragged and hatless his
head,
A tear stood in each little eye.
Why don't you go home to your Mother, I said,
And this was the maiden's reply.

Chorus

Mama's in Heaven, they took her away,
Left Jim and me alone
We came here to stay at the close of the day
For we have no Mama or home.

2. Daddy was lost out a sea long ago.
We waited all night on the shore.

For he was a life saving Captain you know.
 But he never came home any more.
 Then Mama got sick. Angels took her away.
 She said to a land bright and fair.
 She said she would come for her darlings some day.
 Perhaps she is coming tonight.

Chorus

3. We can't earn our bread, We're too little she said.
 Jim's five years and I'm only seven.
 Then placing her arm under little Jim's head,
 She kissed him and both fell asleep.
 The Sexton came early to ring the Church bells.
 He found the two children dead.
 Angels made room for them there that night.
 To sleep up in Heaven with Mama.

We had a very special childhood. We were very secure. I always felt that I could have anything I needed or wanted. Our home was a happy place. There was no other place like it on earth. Love did abound there. Mama was gifted in teaching and controlling her children. She talked to us and we understood the value of her wishes. She didn't allow us to quarrel or fight. When she wanted us to do something she explained carefully what she wanted. She never told us a second time; if we needed a reminder she might use a little switch. This was very rare.

Papa worked hard all the time. He enjoyed working. I have never known another person who delighted in physical and mental labor for a good purpose as he did. When we were very small we expected time with him every evening. He would read stories to us and all of us would sing songs. The favorite thing was to have Papa on his hands and knees and be a horse for us. Sometimes two or three of us would ride at a time.

While Papa corrected us very little he could if it was necessary. I remember when Vernice was about 1½ years old and she was pouting at the breakfast table and she wouldn't eat. Papa took her from her high chair and put her in her bed and he said that she could not have any breakfast. Then he went out to get his horses so they could go to work. I don't think Vernice even cared at all but it was a serious matter to me. I didn't think Vernice could live without her meal. So I asked Mama if she could eat. She said, "You will have to go out and ask Papa." He was watering the horses. I asked him if Vernice could eat. He said, "I don't know. She was really naughty." I couldn't understand why he was smiling--actually elated. Then he said, "I don't think she needs to eat today. She is fat enough." I felt terrible. I had failed. Then as he rode away he said, "You go talk to Mama and if she thinks Vernice will be good, she can eat." Vernice was good so she got to eat but my parents always remembered this little incident.

The only time my father gave me a spanking was one Sunday after Sacrament Meeting. He was in the Bishopric and was sitting on the stage during the meeting. I must have been naughty that day and I went out of the building twice. When we got home he got a little strap about ten inches long, he put me across his lap and certainly did a good job. My memory of this is still very keen although I was very small.

Both parents took time to talk about things they wanted us to do--for instance they would say, "I'm glad our girls know how to listen when other people are talking."--or--"Our children would be quiet in Church. Wouldn't they?" Then the general discussion would follow. So we understood and we were a part of it.

Our parents had ten special babies. Everyone of us was wanted and loved. The names and dates of birth of these babies follow:

1. Vera May Shawcroft, born 20 August, 1899.
2. Vernice Lucille Shawcroft, born 3 October, 1900.
3. Ethel Vidella Shawcroft, born May 15, 1902.
4. Joseph Lyman Shawcroft, born 4 September 1904.
5. Mary Alma Shawcroft, born January 26, 1906.
6. Nellie, born 20 August 1907 (She was born on my eighth birthday).
7. Ardus Shawcroft, born 9 May 1910.
8. Delma Shawcroft, born 15 March 1912.
9. Annie Rhee, born 24 December 1913.
10. Sadie Lou Shawcroft, born 26 October 1915.

The first five were born in the little log house in Richfield. These are in the picture of Grandpa and Grandma Shawcroft's first twelve grandchildren which is included in this history.

I shall always remember the first time I rode in an automobile. Vernice, Ethel and I walked about a mile and a half to take the noon meal to Dad and the hired men who were farming in the north field. When we arrived there was a man who had come to talk to Dad. He had a large black Overland automobile. When he was ready to leave he asked us if we wanted to ride and he said he would take us home. I was always afraid to do new things, so I hesitated. Dad said for us to go ahead and ride and he said that it would be fun. So we got in the car and started. Everything was fine until we got in the car and started. Everything was fine until we got on the Alamosa Highway north of LaJara. Then he speeded up. We passed the telephone and electric light poles so fast--too fast for comfort to me. I was frightened and I had an impulse to jump out of the car. Then I realized how dangerous that could be. When we arrived in LaJara and turned east to go to Richfield he drove slowly and I enjoyed that part of the ride. I still do not enjoy riding too fast in a car. When I see the many, many cars on the freeways and in the cities today, it is hard to believe that all this has happened in my life time.

I remember very well when the Richfield Ward started to build the Church house. I was very small then but I watched the progress every day. It seemed to me that the building was completed in a short time. It was finished in 1903. This building is located on the southeast corner of the block. The Richfield school house was a one room brick building located in the middle of the block north of the Church house. I attended school here eight years.

When Jessie and Hy were first married, they lived in the log house that had been given to them by Hy's parents, John and Maria Shawcroft. It has been mentioned that their first five children were born here. The white house in LaJara that they later moved to has also been mentioned. Now let's talk about the first house built by Hy and Jessie.

The family lived in a small log home and decided they needed to expand. They sold their interest in the cattle so they would have money for a very desirable home. Brother Peercey, a little Danish man from Sanford, was hired to build the foundation. This foundation was three feet below the ground. Brother Dodds made the adobe, which were placed inside the wooden framework all over the outside. This house was built to stand. It was also made to be lived in. When Brother Dodds was making the adobes in the north field, Papa hired several young boys from Sanford to carry the adobes from the mud mixer to the drying area. These boys were Willie Brothers, Bert Whitney, Albert and Lewis Westover. These boys ate the noon meal at our house. Mama always had special meals with delicious dessert. They especially enjoyed her chicken and dumplings, rice pudding, lemon pies, grape cobbblers and homemade ice cream.

The carpenters were Howard and Harry Middleton and their father and Roy Davis. The house was ready for us to move in July 1907. A very elegant baseburner stove erected in our dining room furnished heat when needed. We filled the hard coal container and removed the ashes once every day. I wonder where this stove is now.

Nellie was the first baby born in this house. She was born August 20, 1907. She was a special baby to me as she was born on my eighth birthday. Vernice, Ethel and I spent the night of her birth at our Grandmother Shawcroft's home. Papa came to get us early the next morning and told us about our new baby. She had a very pretty little round face. She had a lot of hair, but it was so light it could hardly be seen. This was quite a contrast to our older baby, Mary, who had very thick dark hair. We always had a baby at our house and I loved every one of them. I would squeeze their little fat hands until they hurt when I was loving them.

After we moved into the new house William and Maria Brothers bought the old log house and tore it down and moved it to Sanford. They had a house similar to this one up on the hill in Sanford. They tore this house down and used the materials from both of these and built their last home down by the pond on the west side of the road. William had been going to the mines to work before this but he decided to

stay home and raise vegetables to sell. They sold tomatoes, cabbage and cauliflower plants in the spring. William raised the vegetables and Maria would sell them through Richfield and LaJara with a horse and buggy. In this way they could sell all of the vegetables they could raise.

When the people of LaJara were preparing for the installation of electricity, Papa received the contract to provide the poles for this project. He got these logs from Jacob's Hill. The hill was known to the people around our area.

On one trip to the mountains for logs, my brother Joe and I went with Papa. We left home a couple of hours before daybreak. When we reached our destination Papa unhooked the horses from the wagon, removed their harnesses and fed the horses. Then we ate a delicious lunch from our grub box, which Mama had carefully planned and prepared. Then Papa went to chop logs down. When he returned we made our bed on the ground near the wagon. The horses were tied to the wagon. Joe and I slept very soundly. Papa was restless. He said that the horses were uneasy during the night. It snowed during the night and there were tracks of a mountain lion around our bed when Papa got up. Papa took the horses and wagon and loaded the logs. He worried about leaving Joe and me there asleep but he decided the lion was far from there by then. We ate again and started for home. Coming down Jacob's Hill was hard at anytime, but it was dangerous with a load of logs and snow on the ground. When we were ready to come down the hill, Papa stopped the horses so he could put Joe and me off the load. He took me by the hand, I was supposed to step on the front wheel, then jump away from the load but the wheel was slick and frozen and when I stood on it my foot slipped and I fell between the wheel and the load of logs. We were frightened. Papa talked to the horses as if they understood. Maybe they did. Anyway they didn't move while Papa got down from the load and pulled me to safety. Joe and I walked behind the wagon a long way following this. Neither one of us wanted to get on the load again. I have never forgotten how our Heavenly Father watched over us at that time.

Papa was influential at this time in having the electricity extended through Richfield. I was very pleased with the pretty light fixtures they put in our house.

We children attended school in Richfield until I was in the eighth grade. The teachers in Richfield during this period were: Dixie Faucett Christensen, Fred T. Christensen, Gus Smith, Hamner Mortensen, Amy Paulson Stewart, Iris Dodson, Anna Wagner and Melvin Morgan. Mis Alta Jones was the eighth grade teacher in LaJara my first year there.

There was a need to improve the educational conditions in the small school districts. In January of 1915 three school districts consolidated to make LaJara School District No. 1. These three districts were Newcomb, LaJara and Richfield. Steps were taken immediately to build a beautiful schoolhouse large enough for all the grades and a high school in LaJara.

My father was asked to supply bricks which would be used as an inner lining for the exterior bricks on the outside walls of the building. These bricks were light red in color and weighed less than the beautiful dark red bricks which were used on the outside of the building. These bricks were made in the north field. At first this work was similar to making adobes. After they dried they were placed on huge grates to make brick kilns. Fires were built under these grates. It was very important that these fires did not go out before the bricks were baked.

I remember how we used to go out in the field and play and play around the brick kilns at night while the bricks were baking. "Run Sheep Run" was our favorite game to play there. The fires in the kilns made it as light as day.

I started my High School days in this beautiful new building in September of 1915. Other members of my class were my sister Vernice Lucille, my cousin Grace, Helen Sargent, our town printer's daughter, and George Cowen, who had no relatives here but came to attend school. He was a good student.

Mr. Harry Journey was our Superintendent of Schools that first year. His wife taught home economics. Three girls, Jenny Paulson, Ada Block, and Edith Cornum came to our new school in 1915. Ada Block and I were partners in our home edonomics class.

Estelle had planned to go to school but she was working for Mrs. Bernard on a big ranch and she decided to continue working there.

It was because of the new school that my parents made the decision to sell our house and build a new one nearer the school. As was stated on page 12, the new house was never built, but we moved to the white house in LaJara in 1917.

We left many fond memories in the Richfield house we had lived in since 1907. To celebrate the moving into that house in the summer of 1907, my parents had bought a beautiful six octave "Estey" organ. King Driggs, a noted musician, had counseled them in the selection of the organ. He also taught my mother to play the organ. Many people had come to our house from far and near to see the house and the organ. Many ward and stake events were held there.

In 1915, when we were ready to go to the new high school in LaJara, my parents sold our home to our Uncle Frank Shawcroft and we moved into the log ranch house north of LaJara. This was to be a temporary home while a new home could be built for us on the ranch. While they were making plans for a new house, C.L. Smith told my parents he wanted to sell his two homes in town. He offered both houses for a price which was less than my parents estimated the cost of a new house would be. So they decided to buy the Smith homes. The larger house which we always called "The White House" was built by the first druggist in LaJara. When we were just little tots we always wanted to go by the white house every time we went to LaJara because Mr. Ellis had the prettiest yard in town, so many pretty flowers and a pretty lawn.

We called the smaller house "The Brown House". Mr. Smith built this house for his son Harman and his wife just a few months before we bought it.

We were still living in the ranch house when Vernice got the German Measles and gave them to all of us. Estelle had had them but this was the first contagious disease any of us had.

My grandfather, John Shawcroft, and his six boys had worked together in Richfield from the time each of the boys were big enough to do little chores. They worked in the fields and tended the cattle, sheep and horses. The boys were John W., Nathan, Joseph Hyrum (my father), Lewis, Franklin and David.

Grandma, Annie Maria Jensen Shawcroft and the four girls, Maralda, Sarah, Ella and Pearl, did all the house work, cooked all the meals on time for the family and many visitors. They tended the chickens and milked the cows. Everyone of them was thrifty and they prospered. Then they divided the property and each went on their own from then. Papa received the ranch just north of LaJara known as the Charley White Ranch. We lived in the four room house here when my parents decided to build a new house closer to school as this little house was only two blocks from the LaJara school. Uncle Frank Shawcroft bought the house we had built and lived in for a few years. I shall never forget how sad I felt when we moved the last load of furniture away. I turned and looked back at the house and it felt like someone was wringing my heart.

But it wasn't too bad. We were still quite young but we had boyfriends. And we went to all the dances. Papa and Mama went with us. Four of us, Estelle, Vernice, Ethel and I (Vera), called ourselves the big girls and we would take turns staying home with the little children while the others went to the dances. Then all at once I found myself offering to stay home when they were going to dances in Alamosa. Papa always gave me a quarter when I stayed home in some other girl's place and Bill (Brothers) was working at the Livery Barn and he would come first and stay with us for an hour or two. We enjoyed this. Little did I know at this time that Bill would later become my husband.

When we moved to LaJara, Papa bought the Livery Barn with all of its horses and equipment. There was a beautiful team of black horses which they used on the Dray Wagon. The Dray Wagon was the wagon used to carry packages and make deliveries to the various businesses in town from the train. This team was also used to pull the hearse for funerals. Lute Vance and Bill Brothers worked here. One of them stayed at the

barn all of the time. They used some of the horses from the ranch for buggy horses and saddle horses.

Not long after we moved to the white house in LaJara, World War I broke out. John Nielson was among the group at our house the Sunday evening before he and many others left for the war. We walked to Richfield to attend Mutual that night. I shall never forget how brave and proud he was. He asked all of us to write to him and we promised that we would write. Then he was the first boy killed from Conejos County.

Boys left our county three times for this terrible war. As the train which carried the boys away whistled as it came into LaJara there was a hushed silence which cut to the core. Then, as we watched the train leave I always had this terrible feeling that my heart was being wrung again. It was terrible.

Illness and Death of Jessie Morton Shawcroft

We were still living in the log house north of LaJara. Dad was buying and selling potatoes during the fall of 1915. Mother always did all the figuring and bookkeeping concerning all accounts.

The first indication of Mother's illness was at this time. Mother remained in bed this day because she did not feel well. Dad was home and she was going to figure amounts due several men and write checks in payment of these. Mother got up. Dad put the rocking chair by the bed for her. Then he put the small table by her. For some reason, Mother stood up. She fainted and fell on the floor. Dad and every one of the children saw her and all of us were frightened. The three smallest ones, Annie, Delma, and Ardis ran out of the house, sat down on the ground with their backs against the west side of the house. They kicked up their feet and cried and cried.

Doctor Chambers came. Mary and Nellie were sitting in the room. They were asked to leave. About two weeks later, our baby sister, Sadie, was born on October 26, 1915. We naturally thought her illness and trouble was related to the pregnancy but it proved to be more than that.

Then, in November, Mother, Dad, Vernice, Ethel and I went to the Thanksgiving Dance in Sanford. Vernice broke out with the German Measles while we were there (This account has already been mentioned in the preceding pages).

Mother was not well and every one of the ten children, including the new baby, had the measles. Stell had had them earlier so she helped caring for the sick and helping with the work.

Mother was having pain and couldn't eat at times. I remember how she would try eating so many kinds of food. Sometimes they would taste good but she would get sick to her stomach and up it would come. This went on for a long time and she gradually became worse.

We moved to the white house in LaJara in January of 1917. Mother continued to feel ill and miserable.

During the winter of 1918-1919, Stell did not go to school. She stayed with Mama most of the time. This affected our school work. When she was in pain she wanted Vernice or me to be there to help. So we missed school often. This was especially true during our Senior year in High School. Malcolm Graham was the Superintendent that year and he came to our home to help us with our school work. His intentions were good and he did help us but Mama was so sick and this bothered her.

During the winter of 1918, many people were exceedingly sick with flu. Mama had it too and it left her feeling much worse. Dr. Blizzard was her regular doctor, but she had gone to other doctors in the valley. None of them could help her. Then Dr. Hull, an Army doctor, came to Antonito. Papa called him and made an appointment for him to come to our home and examine Mama. He realized her condition was serious. After talking with them he made plans for her to enter St. Luke's Hospital in Pueblo, Colorado.

March 6, 1919: What a day! This was the day Mama was going to St. Luke's Hospital. I got up early because there were many things to do. I went to Sadie's little bed--took her to Mama's bed. Mama reached up and took one of her little feet and said, "My baby will soon forget me."

About 5:00 P.M., I was dressing her to go. She was so weak and thin. I tried to assure her that they would help her in Pueblo and she would soon feel better. She didn't want to discourage me but she was full of grief at the thought of leaving her family and home. The only way she could make the trip was on a cot in the baggage car of the train. Dad and Dr. Blizzard rode there with her. Sadness was everywhere when we returned home from seeing them off on the train.

Soon after arriving at the hospital, surgery was performed on Mama. She was found to have a network of cancerous growth throughout her intestines. Her condition was determined hopeless so the small incision was quickly closed. I shall never forget how sad we were at home when we learned about the cancer. She was released to come home in two weeks. A regular nurse came home with them. They gave Mama morphine shots to counteract the pain. The nurse taught Stell how to give these shots. We were so proud of Stell for learning to do this. This nurse stayed four days and then Papa got some lady from Manassa to come and take care of Mama. This lady couldn't give shots but she could help in other ways.

Stell, Vernice and I had planned to take the County Teacher's Examinations but we did not plan to do this after we learned about Mama's trouble. However, when she returned home she assured us that she wanted us to go ahead and take these examinations. They were given two days at Antonito. We had to go on the train. We left home early in the morning and returned home at 7:30 P.M. Mama was suffering very much when we returned home the second day. Stell hurried and gave her a shot which helped her immediately. Next she became very uncomfortable when her back was itching. The last night she was alive she was sitting up in bed and Vernice was

on one side of her and I was on the other side. We were scratching her back as fast and as hard as we could. She said, "Well, scratch with your toes." This amused us and we laughed in spite of the circumstances.

The next morning she was conscious but quiet. We knew the end would come soon. The family went to the dining room to eat lunch. I remained with Mama--She took a couple of gurgling breaths and she was gone. I ran and told the family that she was breathing hard. Everyone came in and found that she had passed away. The nurse said that she could revive her but she didn't try.

She passed away Saturday, March 29, 1919, at 12:00 Noon at the white house in LaJara. I was terribly disturbed. I kept asking myself, "Why did she have to go and leave all her children?" I prayed and prayed that I could understand. I always went to bed crying and sobbing. Mama's picture was hanging in my bedroom. One night when I was crying and praying a light encircled her picture and it brought a message to me that Mama had done all she could do and it was not necessary for me to grieve as I had been doing but to be kind and good to Dad and my brother and my eight little sisters. I promised that I would do the best to care for them and I have tried although I have failed many times. But when I failed, it was not because I didn't love every one of them. When they were little, I loved to squeeze their little soft hands and arms, because they were so sweet. Now I just stood off and admired them. Each one was admirable. They were pretty and talented. I was 19 when Mama passed away. Our baby, Sadie, was three and one-half years old.

The following letter was written to us by our father, J. Hyrum Shawcroft, from Pueblo, Colorado, when he was there with Mama in the hospital just a few weeks prior to her death.

March, 1919

to My Dear Children and all.

got Stella letter and the one from the little tads. also one from huldys was glad to get them. Ma sas to tell you she dosent suffer very much and she has the very best of care. am so glad you are gitting along so well at home and to here Joseph is doing so well with every thing. Tell him to write to me.

Tell Mises Sandres i am very thankful to her for doing so much to help us. She has tried to be so good. we have a good room just in the middle of the Hospital over the door where all the Doctors stop their cars and i watch them come and go and there is a man just a cross the road who is blind i think so at least and every morning he comes out and walks just half way up the block and turns back just to one surten spot. he walks for about one hour. we are out to one edge of town. Ma has all the buttermilk she wants and every-thing else.

tell Joseph to drive the sheep out in the field and save all the feed he can. and dont let the stock waist the clover straw if he cant keep the stock out tell him to get Jess to hall it out in the field north of the stock yard just east of the alfifer pach in that hole where it is not to wet for the stock to eat.

Jessie is sleeping good now so i haft to be very still. She dosent talk very much. i will go out for a little walk while she is asleep.

take care of all them. We didnt have room for all that wanted to come.

Make Shirl Clark a bill for what he owes us. he owes \$9.36. he has a credit of \$10 cash and \$8 for a lamb the figuers is up a bove and tell him that i nead the money now is the time to go after them that owes us so dont let them rest till you get it. havent got the Box you Sent yet. the express hasent come yet is about time to get this letter in the Box. this will haft to do. By all. tell the little girls there letters was fine to rite some more every day.

Ma is sleeping yet. Just now the nurse came and it woke her up and i gave her a little butter milk. will haft to stop ore it will Be to late. good By to all. tell the little kids helo.

with love

Pa

After Mama's Death

About ten days after Mama's death, we received a letter from Hamner Mortensen, the County Superintendent of Schools, telling us that all three of us were receiving Teacher's Certificates (Vernice, Stell and I) which would license us to teach school.

Vernice and I were High School Seniors. Mr. Mortensen called Mr. Graham, our Superintendent, and told him that we had been issued Teacher's Certificates. Mr. Graham called an assembly where he announced this to the whole High School. He was truly proud of us.

This created another problem. We felt that one of us should stay home now that Mama was gone. Who should that be? We decided to write our names on three pieces of paper, let someone draw two papers from a hat. The one whose name remained in the hat was to be the one who should stay home. My name was left in the hat, so I was to remain at home. Stell was hired as teacher in the Morgan School and Vernice was given a job in Brush, Colorado.

Graduation from High School was just two months after Mama's death. Papa hired Evelyn Schneider to make Vernice and me beautiful white satin dresses trimmed with beads. We were proud of these dresses.

My Bill came to the graduation exercises. I had a date with him to go to the dance in Sanford after graduation. Charley Carr also asked me to go to the dance with him. He didn't like it when I told him I had a date. Bill gave Vernice and me fountain pens for gifts. Grandma Shawcroft gave gold band rings to us and our cousin, Grace.

The summer passed quickly. My Uncle Nathan Shawcroft was President of the School Board of the LaJara Schools. School was to start in two weeks when Uncle Nathan came to our house and said that they needed a teacher for the fourth grade. The Board had asked him to come and ask me to fill that position. I felt honored. I told him that we would talk it over at home and I would let him know.

Our family discussed this problem. Ethel said that she didn't want to go to school any more and she would stay home with the little girls. We decided we could hire someone to help Ethel and I could accept the teaching position in LaJara. So I began teaching the fourth grade September 1919. This was the beginning of my 48 years of teaching career. I enjoyed my first year of teaching. Mr. Brubacker was Superintendent of Schools. The next year Mr. Calkins was Superintendent and I taught fourth grade again and Vernice taught fifth grade.

Ardus took Mama's death very hard. Her health did not improve. Dr. Shelton was considered to be the best and he decided that her tonsils should be removed. The surgery was to be done in the Doctor's Office in Antonito. Stell, Vernice, Ethel and I took her there. Ardus was afraid and she put her arms around my waist and held on for dear life. The Doctors pulled her away. The operation went well. We were permitted to start home with her in a couple of hours. We were about half way home when we had a flat tire. Ardus had to remain in the hot car while we jacked the car up, removed the tire, patched the tube, returned the tire and tube to the wheel and pumped the tire up with a hand pump. That was the way we fixed flats in those days. Eventually we returned home and Ardus was relieved to know that the operation was over.

History of Vera May Shawcroft and William Christensen Brothers

William Christensen Brothers (Bill) was born April 2, 1893, in Sanford, Colorado. His father was William Brothers, born July 29, 1851, at Laurelville, West Morland, Pennsylvania, and Maria Elizabeth Christensen, born January 27, 1874, at Moroni, Sanpete, Utah. He was born at Sanford, Colorado, and was the second child and first son. There were six girls and four boys born to this family.

He, Bert Whitney, and Albert and Lewis Westover came from Sanford to carry the adobes from the mixer to the drying yard in the spring of 1907 when Dad and Mama were building our new home in Richfield. He was the youngest one of these boys and was 14 then. He had beautiful blue eyes and he was always smiling.

These boys ate the noon meal at our house. They always put their hats and gloves on the foundation for the new house when they went into the house to eat. My sister, Vernice and I, our cousins, Clara and Grace, and a friend, Lucille Peterson, often saved some of our candy and nuts to put in their hats. Our parents knew we were doing this, but they never did say anything about it. I understand and appreciate the freedom they allowed us, even then.

Bill worked for my dad many summers after that. I always felt sorry for him because he would walk to and from Sanford every time he returned to his home but he said that he enjoyed the walk.

Stell and I walked home one night after a dance in Sanford and we thought it was quite a task. After our new house was finished and we moved into it, Bill's father and mother bought the logs from our log house and built their home in Sanford with them.

When Bill was about 16, he and several of the family contracted Scarlet Fever. Bill and his sister, Myrtle, were left with a rheumatic heart at this time. One day when Mom and Dad were taking us for a ride, we stopped in Sanford to see how Bill was. They sent me to the house to inquire. I remember how swollen his ankles were. He made several trips to Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, to bathe in the hot springs there to try to improve his condition. He would stay for two weeks at a time.

It was May 29, 1921, and I had promised my little sisters that we would make some paper flowers to put on the graves for Memorial Day but I had been very busy with reports before school closed for the year so we had not made any flowers. I had a date to go to the show with Bill. When he came I asked him if we could stay home and help the girls make flowers. He said that would be fine if I would go for a ride after we made the flowers. We made some beautiful flowers. Then Bill and I started to leave. Bill said that we would go to Sanford and get some Apple Blossoms to go with the flowers we had made to decorate the graves.

Bill had been unusually happy all evening. His blue eyes sparkled. We went to Sanford, crossed the canal bridge and turned right and stopped the car. The air was filled with the fragrance of apple blossoms. Bill said, "Vera, I've been so anxious to talk to you. Grandpa Bagwell gave me a check this evening for the full amount of money I have coming for work. When he gave it to me he said, "Now you take this and get married. That is exactly what I want to do. Will you marry me?"

Well, I was surprised but I was also pleased and happy--all at once. So I said, "Yes."

When he left me that night he said that I had made him the happiest man on earth.

The following are some incidents that happened before we were engaged: In the spring of 1920, Vernice and I bought ourselves navy blue suits. They were dressy and nice. I bought a pretty blouse also. We were getting ready to go to

dance one evening and I couldn't find my blouse. Nellie wanted to go to the dance with us and when it was decided that she couldn't go she took my blouse, folded it up several times and then sat on it. She was thirteen years old. She was the only one who wasn't trying to find the blouse. She sat there as sober as a judge. Then someone saw part of the belt on the blouse hanging down on Nellie's chair. Oh, how Nellie loved to dance. It wasn't long after this when she could go to the dances and she made up for lost time. She had two favorite dancing partners. The Charleston was popular then and she was one of the best performers.

The very popular and noted dance hall, the Tivola, must have been just for our time because it was really special and we enjoyed it so, so much. It had a spring floor and was located in Sanford. I can still imagine hearing those familiar waltz tunes and feel the movement of the dance. The Miller brothers, Bill and Lew, were especially outstanding when dancing the waltz.

I had a date to go to the Thanksgiving Dance in Sanford Thanksgiving evening of 1920 with Bill. Bill asked me to go to his place for Thanksgiving Dinner and I told him I would go. Then later I thought that this would be the last Thanksgiving that Stell would be home and I should be home that day. Stell and Jim Reid planned to be married at Christmas time. I told Bill this and I thought he understood although I knew he was hurt and he said he wouldn't bother to come to our house for dinner. But I thought we still had a date for the dance in Sanford that evening. When it was time for the dance, I got ready and was waiting for Bill to come when Lew Morgan came and said that he came to take me to the dance. I told him that I had a date with Bill, but he told me that Bill was not coming and had asked him to come and take me.

Well, what do you do? I liked Lew. We had dated several times and I wanted to go to the dance so I went and we had a good time, but I couldn't help feeling bad about Bill.

I didn't see or hear from Bill after that until Christmas time. My head must have been in the clouds. Ethel and I went to town to get presents for our boyfriends. We found some very pretty tie holders and we bought ties to put in them. I sent mine to Bill and Ethel was going with a fine fellow, Carico, so she gave hers to him.

Now I question if I should have done that or not, but I am glad I did because it brought us together again and we never had any differences after that. Bill sent me a black purse for Christmas and we went to the dance together, but I made the first move. We were engaged the following summer.

The morning after we became engaged I got up, had breakfast and cleaned the kitchen. Then Bill came. It was 10:10 A.M. I wondered why he was there so early. Penn Mortensen owned the garage in Sanford. He wanted to sell it so he had been to see Bill to see if he would buy it. He had also been to see if Glen Hostetter would buy it. Bill was interested but he came to talk to me before he made any decisions. I

really appreciated this. It made me feel wanted or important or something. Anyway, Bill and Glen bought the garage together.

I had received literature from Teachers' Agencies offering more money than our local schools were paying. I accepted a position as teacher in the Grand View School at Sterling, Idaho. Now it was necessary for Bill and me to make some plans. We decided it would be best for me to go ahead and teach in Idaho and he could use the time starting and building up a business at the garage. Then we would meet in Salt Lake City in June of the following year and be married in the Salt Lake Temple. So that is exactly what we did.

The Arkansas River flooded near Pueblo in the spring of 1921. Papa and Joe and Ethel went to Pueblo where they worked following the flood. Mary and Vernice were working in Antonito. So the five little girls and I were alone all summer. We were very busy and the time passed quickly. Lenora Knight's mother, Sister Smith, went with me to Idaho. She went on to her home in Rexburg, Idaho.

When I arrived in Sterling, Elsie Christensen and her father met me. They took me to the Christensen home where we enjoyed a delicious lunch. Elsie and I were going to live in the Teacherage (apartments of teachers) at school so we went to get groceries and other supplies and took them there. We also met with the School Board and made plans for school to start the following Monday.

Uva Stroschein was our teacher for first, second and third grades. Elsie Christensen was to teach fourth, fifth and sixth grades. I was to teach seventh and eighth grades. Things ran smoothly and we had a good school. Then Mrs. Stroschein resigned at Christmas. We had not found a primary teacher but Mr. Harold from Aberdeen wanted to teach, so I suggested that they ask him to teach in my place and let me take Uva's place. The School Board accepted this plan. This was the first time I taught first grade but it was the beginning for my forty-five years of future teaching of first grade.

During the Christmas vacation, I went to Rupert to visit Aunt Esther Johnson and her family. This was the first time I saw Will's two daughters, Olive and Jessie. I also met George and his son, Frank. Charley and his wife were tending sheep. I met Cal and his wife five years later. Clara lived near Aunt Esther.

Thinking about Christmas made me homesick. It was really hard to be away from Bill, my family and friends.

I returned to Grand View again and took up the duties of teaching under new conditions. This proved to be delightful.

As soon as school closed in the spring, I went back to Rupert to see my relatives again before I left Idaho. Olive Johnson and I went on a sightseeing tour. We saw Twin Falls, American Falls and interesting parts of the country there.

Then I was in a rush to go to Salt Lake City. I arrived at Uncle Bert and Aunt Minnie Morton's home in Woods Cross, Utah, on the 5th of June, 1922. We were supposed to meet Bill when his train arrived the next day. Aunt Minnie and I arrived at the station early. After waiting some time we walked out to meet the train. The train was approaching. I was watching it. I turned and looked at Aunt Minnie. She was smiling. I looked again. There stood Bill beside her. He came the day before and had come to the station at that time to meet us also.

We returned to Aunt Minnie's where we had a delicious dinner. Then Bill returned to Salt Lake. He came to get me early the next morning as we were to go to the Temple to be married that morning, June 7, 1922. We were married by George F. Richards.

This weekend was General M.I.A. Conference so we attended some of these sessions. We saw several people we knew. It was a pleasant time.

We started home Monday afternoon on the train. We had a four hour layover in Pueblo. We arrived in LaJara Tuesday morning on the train. All my little sisters were there to meet us. Bill said, "Let's take Sadie to live with us."

Bill had rented Aunt Sarah and Uncle Han's house in Sanford where we made our first home. He had planted us a nice garden and had the house cleaned. I decided I wanted linoleum on the kitchen floor so we measured it and went to LaJara where we bought a bed and the linoleum. Then we went to the house. Bill put the linoleum down. It was so attractive. It was off-white with small red and black designs. Then we put the bed up. May and Walter Seyfer wanted to sell some furniture so we went to their home in the afternoon. We bought their Home Comfort Range and their dining room furniture, a round table with bear claws legs, six chairs and a china closet.

Papa gave Mama's organ to us. This really made me happy. Rozina (Bill's sister) and Guy Pemberton were going to go to California, so we bought their rug and couch and big chair. Things just fell into place and we were all ready to start living.

Jenny and Wilford Peterson lived across the road west of us in Aunt Ella's house. Etta and Duff Martin lived across the road north of us. They were the best neighbors ever and we did appreciate them.

Sadie did come to live with us. We made her a play house in part of the coal house. She and Jenny's little girls played together. She attended school her first year there. Mable Poulson was Sadie's first grade teacher.

The next important event was when our first baby, Cathryn, was born on June 23, 1923. I was 23 years old. She was cute and pretty and we were proud parents. Dr. Chambers delivered her at home and Mother Brothers was there to take care of the baby. After Cathryn was born, Bill went in where his mother was dressing her. He came in to me and knelt down by the bed and kissed me. I said, "You didn't get your boy."

He said, I knew it was going to be a girl. She is pretty and sweet. I am happy."

And she was a pretty baby and her hair curled easily. Not long after she was born, we were taking her out and I uncovered her face to look at her. Bill said, "You think she's the cutest baby in the world, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, I do. Don't you?"

Bill said, "Yes, I do."

Maggie, Bill's sister, and Bessie Hutchins would often come and take her to town with them.

The Garage Bill bought was in Sanford. Holam Mortensen owned the north half of the block. The original two-story Theater Building was on this property and there was also a little house. Bill wanted to buy the property and use the bottom part of the theater for a garage. George Barsley of Antonito had a mortgage on it and Bill was to pay him. We made several trips to Antonito to make payments but George was sick and he would always say, "Wait until I feel better." He was sick and miserable but he never did feel better.

During the spring of 1924, Bill and Austin and George tore down the upper story of the building. Then they built the garage in the bottom part.

Ben Richardson was a salesman for Ford cars in LaJara. He insisted that Bill use one of his new cars to decorate and use to advertise Bill's Motor Service Garage business in the 24th of July Parade (Pioneer Days).

We lived in Aunt Sarah's house for a while and then moved across the street to Aunt Ella's house. We had moved all of our belongings out of the house but left the new linoleum for Aunt Sarah. The night we moved out, the house burned. Then we moved to the house on the garage property.

Sadie did not stay with us during the school year 1923-24 but she did during the year 1924-1925. Bill had the contract to bus the children to school. The number to be bussed was increasing every year. There were too many to put in the little school bus. So Bill bought a new Ford for our Christmas and he wanted me to take the route north of town with the car while he took all other children.

We were so proud of our new car. We were having a Bee Hive meeting at Auressa Krepp's house the first week in January. The weather was bitter cold. I took a quilt along to put over the car while we were there. We didn't have any anti-freeze to use in our cars then. After the meeting, I took the quilt off of the car and started home immediately. The car began to steam. I didn't know what to do so I just kept going. There was a smog coming through the air by the time I reached the garage. I'm sure Bill knew the whole story as soon as he saw the car. He opened the garage doors and drove the car inside. In just a few minutes the radiator began to leak like a sieve. I felt terrible. "This was our new car. I had ruined it." I left the garage without saying a word to anybody. I went in the house and began to cry.

Bill came in right away and said, "I don't want any crying."

I said, "I've ruined our new car."

Bill took me in his arms and gave me a comforting hug and said, "I will put a new radiator on the car and it will be as good as new."

He wasn't even angry. He was such a wonderful husband. He put a new radiator on the car the next day. Everything was fixed.

Bill driving the bus and me driving the car would have worked very well but Bill began to swell as the result of his rheumatic heart. Dr. Day thought his tonsils should be removed. So we went to Alamosa and were there two weeks and his tonsils were removed. Bill was coming down with the flu the morning we left Alamosa. I didn't know he didn't feel well and he was so anxious to go home. Grandma Brothers went to our house and started fires so the house was nice and warm when we got there. Bill went straight to bed and he stayed there most of the time. I telephoned for Dr. Day to come to see him but Dr. Day had the flu also for a few days but he did come as soon as he could. Bill was happy to see the doctor. Bill said, "It doesn't matter how sick one is, you have to smile when you see the doctor."

He examined Bill and I thought everything was going to be all right but he talked to Grandma outside before he left and he told her that he was critical. Well, we had another doctor come, but he had been sleeping so good.

Iva, Bill's sister, Nellie and I sat up and talked until 11:00 P.M. He woke up and wanted to sit on the side of the bed. I sat by him. He talked and apparently he felt all right. Then I helped him lie down. I just started to the other side of the bed when he said, "Oh, I can't stand this." I leaned over him to help him move. He raised his arms to help. He looked straight at me. His arms fell and he was gone. This was 11:30 P.M. on March 17, 1925. He was buried March 19, 1925. The Canty Brothers, Wilford, Edd, William and Alma, made his casket. The Relief Society sisters made him a white suit.

The second Sunday was a miserable day. A cold west wind was blowing very hard. I took Cathryn to Grandpa and Grandma Brothers home. Their married children and their partners and their children usually met there on Sundays. This was a good time to visit.

We had been there just a few minutes when Cathryn came to me and wanted to go home. She was twenty-one months old at the time. She took my hand and tried to get me to go with her. Then she went away and I supposed she was playing with the children. A few minutes later I decided I should check to see what she was doing. I couldn't find her. No one knew where she was. No one had seen her leave the house.

Grandma had some baby chickens in the chicken yard. Cathryn always liked to go to see them. To go to the chicken yard we went on the path along the west side of the pond. I always held her hand when we went there because the water in the pond was very deep. Grandpa used the water from the pond to water his garden vegetables.

When it was alerted that Cathryn was lost everyone thought of the pond. There was a raft on the pond. The men used a rake and tried to find her there.

Earl jumped in his car and went the back way to our home. He returned along Main Street. He didn't see a trace of her. Time was passing. I was so frightened and helpless. I turned to Grandma and said, "Do you think she is in the pond?"

She said, "I am afraid she is."

This was a terrible answer for me. It just seemed like her saying that really made it true. I got in my car alone and started home.

You cannot possibly know how I felt when I saw her toddling along the walk by the Church house. Thankful! Yes, oh yes! She had walked more than a mile and was very tired and was within one block of our home. I put her in the car and went right back to the Brothers' home to tell them that I found her.

No one can tell how Grandma felt when she realized that Cathryn was there. Grandma fainted dead away. As far as I know this is the only time she ever fainted.

Cathryn was twenty-one months old at that time. Bill's youngest sister, Maggie, and her friend, Bessie Hutchins, used to come and get Cathryn and take her to the store and they even walked to Maggie's home once in a while with her but they usually took turns carrying Cathryn. Bill and I had walked down there a few times but we pushed her in the baby buggy. She was just too little to learn the way.

How she knew how to go as she did that day I do not know; but I do know we have Jesus Christ and our Heavenly Father watching over and helping us.

Bill's brothers, Austin and George Brothers, went to California and I began selling gas at the Garage. Everyone was welcome to come to the Garage and use the fixtures to fix their flats but I couldn't fix them. I did a pretty good business selling gas.

Then Herb Brown came and rented the Garage. He had been there a short time when L. C. Jones from Alamosa wanted to buy the Garage. We went to Conejos and made the exchange. Herb Brown continued to rent from Mr. Jones.

My sisters-in-law, Iva Crowther and Almina Lenington, and my sister, Mary Schofield, and I were all expecting babies. Almina's baby, Curtis Earl, was born July 24, 1925; Mary's baby, Jacqueline Mai, was born July 18, 1925; and my baby, William Shawcroft Brothers, was born September 4, 1925. Dr. Chambers delivered him. Iva's baby, Everett Dale, was born November 1, 1925. Curtis and my Billy were very devoted to each other.

I had not renewed my teacher's certificate so I had to start all over again with examinations and training. I attended Adams State Teacher's College in Alamosa during the summer of 1926 and I began teaching first grade in Sanford the day Billy was one year old, September 4, 1926. I taught there seven years and had the privilege of starting

both of our children, Cathryn and Billy, in their school work. Leila Jensen Messervey, Mable Poulson, and Lena Mickelsen were Cathryn's second, third and fourth grade teachers. Lois Jackson was Billy's second grade teacher.

When I sold the Garage to C. L. Jones it was necessary for us to find another home. So I bought two lots on Main Street from Myron and Clara Guymon. We moved into our new home. I got some seed potatoes from James Reid, Stell's husband, and Earl planted the lots. Then I went to Alamosa where I enrolled in college. This was the summer of 1927.

Papa had married Lillian Cobley Thorpe on November 26, 1922. They were living in Alamosa and we stayed with them while I went to college. While there I often went to a little store, Harry Scarf's, a block away to get milk for our breakfast. Then one morning I got up at 7:00 A.M. to get ready to go to my 8:00 A.M. class. I was terribly sick--was so dizzy. I went back to bed. I had a 10:00 class so I got up and forced myself to go. I suffered every minute during this class. I went home as soon as this class was over and went to bed where I remained for six weeks. I had typhoid fever.

I hadn't eaten anything all day so Papa went to town and bought a milk shake for me. Vernice brought it to me. I took one little sip. Vernice put it on the shelf in the bathroom. Delma came along and she took one little sip. So Delma had typhoid fever too. Everyone living in the house including Delma had shots. This was a real expense. I was among the first people contracting the disease. The germs causing the sickness were traced to a carrier.

During this illness I had an impressive experience. I was terribly weak. One day I had to exert effort to keep breathing. I looked at Bill's picture and thought it would be nice to be with him but I didn't want to leave two little children to be orphans. So I continued to endeavor to breathe. This was when I passed the crisis of the disease. I could have died very easily that day.

Late that evening some of my little sisters had been to the picture show. They rushed into the house and said that an ambulance stopped at the Hawkins home, the home just west of my father's home. We learned the next day that Mrs. Hawkins and their oldest son had passed away with this disease the day I was so sick. I missed the last two weeks of college but I received credit from every class. I also missed the first two weeks of school in the 1927 Sanford School year.

Death of Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft

On November 17, 1930, we had finished our evening meal. One of the Martin boys knocked at the door and said, "You are wanted on the telephone, quickly."

My father had been hurt and we were to go to Alamosa at once. He had finished his day's work and put his horses in the barn. Someone called my sister, Mary, wanting her to

send a truck to help a man who was stuck in the mud in East Alamosa. None of the truckers were there with a truck so she went to Papa and asked him if he would go. Papa was always glad to help--so he went and got his team, went to the car and pulled it out of the mud. It was snowing hard. Papa was homeward bound when the accident happened. He and the horses were struck by a truck driven by his stepson, Austin Thorpe. Austin became blinded by the lights of an approaching car.

The accident happened at the corner of Main and Edison Streets at 6:30 P.M. He was rushed to the hospital, one-half a block away. He was dead in twenty minutes from injuries received when the heavy truck ran over his body. His lungs were punctured by broken ribs. He would have been 50 years old on New Year's Day.

We sent a telegram to Nellie and Lloyd Hatfield who were in Thompson, Montana. Lloyd went home from work when he received the telegram. He didn't tell her that Papa had been killed, but he asked her if she wanted to go home. She jumped at the chance. She was washing and most of their clothes were wet. But this didn't matter. Ethel and Earl, her brother-in-law and his wife took her to the train. When Nellie and her children, Mary Ann and Herbert, were seated on the train Earl handed her the telegram.

Lillian, our stepmother, my sisters, Vernice, Mary, Annie and Sadie, stepsister, Dorothy, and stepbrother, Austin, were residing at the home at 1208 Main Street in Alamosa. Joseph and his family were living at LaJara. Ethel was in Pueblo. Delma was in Denver. Arthus was staying with me in Sanford. Papa was buried November 1930 in the Sanford Cemetery.

Many people came to the house telling how Papa gave wood to them when they didn't have money to pay for it.

The following account of Papa's death was published in The Daily Courier, Alamosa, Colorado, November 18, 1930:

J. "HI" Shawcroft, one of the last of Alamosa's teamsters who with his horses has been a familiar figure in the life of the city for a decade, is dead today, killed late yesterday by a truck driven by his stepson.

Shawcroft was on his way home when the accident happened. He was leading his team. The stepson, Austin Thorpe, 18, also homeward bound became blinded by lights of an approaching car and ran down Shawcroft in attempting to pass the team.

The accident happened at the corner of Main and Edison Streets at 6:30. Shawcroft was rushed to Lutheran Hospital where he died shortly after of injuries received when the heavy truck ran over his body after knocking him down.

FAMILY PROMINENT IN CONEJOS

Shawcroft would have been 50 years old on New Year's Day. He had spent nearly all of his life in the

San Luis Valley, coming to Richfield, where his father settled nearly 47 years ago. He had lived in Richfield and Alamosa all of his life.

At the Shawcroft residence, 1208 Main Street, this morning there remained three children, two step-children, and a widow mourning his death. Before making funeral arrangements word was awaiting from seven married children, four sisters and five brothers.

The Shawcroft family are prominent in affairs of Conejos County, a brother at LaJara, John W. Shawcroft, is a state senator, and Shawcroft's father was one of Richfield's founders. Shawcroft was born in Fountain Green, Utah.

LEAVES LARGE FAMILY

Those surviving in addition to the stepson, Mrs. Shawcroft and the brother, John, are:

Children--Ann and Sadie Shawcroft and Dorothy Thorpe, who lived at the family home here, Sadie, the youngest is 15 years old. Mrs. Vera Brothers, Sanford; Mrs. Ethel Truman, Pueblo, Vernice Shawcroft and Mrs. Mary Schofield, Alamosa; Mrs. Nellie Hatfield, Thompson, Montana; Mrs. Ardus Watts, Sanford; Mrs. Delma Brown, Delma Brown, Denver; and Joseph Shawcroft, LaJara.

Sisters--Mrs. Hans Frederickson, Richfield; Mrs. Orville Peterson, Sanford; Mrs. Ralda McDaniel, Richfield; and Pearl Shawcroft, Richfield.

Brothers--Louis Shawcroft, David Shawcroft, Frank Shawcroft and Nathan Shawcroft, Richfield.

Funeral arrangements are in charge of Bruner Mortuary.

Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints August 1, 1889, by William Ferdinand Otto Behrman. He was confirmed by George Frank Knight. He was ordained a deacon May 4, 1895, by Ephraim Coombs. He was ordained a High Priest October 24, 1908, by Rudger Clawson. He served in the Richfield Ward Bishopric from 1908 to 1912.

Jessie May Morton Shawcroft was baptized July 3, 1887, by W. E. Hanks and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints July 3, 1887, by P. Akelm.

The Extended Family Grows

My aunt, Estelle Reid, was expecting her baby in April of 1921. I went to her home in Morgan and asked her to come to my home so she would be near a telephone so we could call her doctor when she needed him. She came with us.

My sister, Ardus and her son, Eugene, were staying with us then. Estelle had been with us one day. We were eating supper when Ardus became ill. She left the table and went into the bedroom. I followed her. I could tell that she was going to have her baby. I started changing the sheets

on the bed. I just got the bottom sheet on when she got on the bed. She had a couple of hard pains and the baby was there. The cord was around his neck. I removed the cord. Then I ran across the road and called Dr. Blissard. He came thinking that Aunt Estelle was ready to have her baby. This was April 20, 1921.

Two hours later she was ready. I went and called the doctor again. He came and delivered Estelle's baby before midnight. Ardus named her baby Richard Lee Watts. Estelle named her baby Dennis Morton. Jim, Estelle's husband, came the next day. Their baby, Dennis, was not breathing right. The doctor said his heart was not fully developed. It was apparent that he was having pain and he passed away when he was about 24 hours old. He was buried in the Sanford Cemetery by his Grandpa Reid. Dennis had the following brothers and sisters at home: Wayne, Willadene, Morris, Bruce, and Ardell.

The other baby, Richard Lee Watts, was an attractive little fellow. He married Geneva Jane Barnes from Maryland on March 7, 1953. They have four children: Richard Dale Watts, Danny Lee Watts, Darrell Eugene Watts and Danette Renee Watts. They live in Commerce City, Colorado, at the present time.

The grandchildren of Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft and Jessie May Morton are as follows:

1. William Christensen Brothers and Vera May Shawcroft were the parents of Cathryn, born June 23, 1923, (md. Loyd Jensen Dunn May 28, 1941) and William Shawcroft Brothers, born September 4, 1925, (md. Ella Haynie August 29, 1946).

2. Vernice Lucille Shawcroft married Josiah Alexander Harris December 2, 1943. They had no children.

3. Ethel Vidella Shawcroft married James Thrasher July 24, 1925. She had no children.

4. The children of Joseph Lyman Shawcroft and Florence Engler were: Joseph Lyman, Jr., born September 30, 1926, (md. Barbara Bithell Grant June 7, 1949); George Albert, born January 1, 1929, (md. Verna Mardell Tyler, June 28, 1953); Clarence Austin, born January 5, 1931, died January 25, 1931; Billie Louise, born October 27, 1931, (md. Kenneth Joe Jarrett, June 27, 1952).

5. The children of Mary Alma Shawcroft and Cecil Elmer Ellsworth Schofield were: Jacqueline May Schofield, born July 18, 1925, (md. Hugh William Mullins, January 1, 1944); Dolores Ann, born December 24, 1928, died March 17, 1930; Wade Ellsworth Schofield, born May 30, 1930, (md. Glenna Jane Anderson, August 5, 1950); Phil Jerry Schofield, born July 31, 1936, (md. Carolyn Jane Larsen August 29, 1956); and John Allen, born August 16, 1938, (md. Sharon Moore Bagnell, 22 Dec. 1961).

6. The children of Nellie and Lloyd Wilbur Hatfield were: Mary Ann, born June 25, 1927, (md. Norman Eugene Hough, December 2, 1944); and Herbert Eugene, born November 6, 1928, died December 2, 1946.

7. The children of Arthus Shawcroft and Carl Watts were: Hershell Eugene, born April 9, 1930, (md. Maxine LaVerne Rich, September 5, 1954); Richard Lee, born April 20, 1931, (md. Geneva Jane Barnes, March 7, 1953); and Betty Lou, born June 23, 1934. (md. Jack Albert Teem, May 16, 1952). Betty is presently living in Pueblo, Colorado.

8. The children of Delma Shawcroft and Leo Wesley Brown were: Robert Joseph Brown, born November 7, 1929, (md. Rafaela Sanchez, November 20, 1952); and Eddie Ray Brown, born April 30, 1931, (md. Patricia Ann Dole June 10, 1950), killed by lightning on July 27, 1953. Delma Shawcroft md. (2) John Floyd Fincher on July 6, 1935, and they had one son: James Paul Fincher, born October 11, 1936, (md. (1) Nina Lou Herrington, November 6, 1956, and (2) Bette Louella Masters, June 25, 1961), killed in an industrial accident on July , 1963.

9. The children of Annie Rhee Shawcroft and Harold Ray Newman were: Frank Harmon Newman, born September 14, 1940, (md. Katherine Cluff); and Harold Joseph Newman, born July 4, 1943, (md. Phyllis Jean McCord, June 6, 1970).

10. The children of Sadie Lou Shawcroft and Carl Ernest Linderholm were: Roberta Ann, born March 25, 1935, (md. James Rice Campbell, November 16, 1953); Donald Eugene, born January 30, 1937, (md. Carol Ann Dermody, and (2) Dickie); and Carl Augustus Linderholm, born December 16, 1937, (md. Lorrane T. Long, October 26, 1955).

Thus Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft and Jessie Morton left a posterity of 10 children, 22 grandchildren and now have numerous great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren.

Deaths in the Family

My brother, Joseph Lyman Shawcroft, was born at Richfield, Colorado on September 4, 1904. He passed away at the Cornum Hospital in Alamosa after an illness of a few hours on April 10, 1936. He was 31 years old. He became ill about 3:00 Tuesday morning and was rushed to the hospital with an obstruction of the bowels and heart trouble. Dr. Anderson stayed with him to the last. This pleased Joe to have his doctor there.

He is survived by his wife, Florence and three children: Joseph, George and Billie Louise; nine sisters, Vera Brothers of Manassa, Delma Brown, Vancouver, Washington, Vernice Shawcroft, a teacher in the Alamosa Schools, Ethel Laing of San Francisco, California, Nellie Hatfield of Cortez, Colo., and the following of Alamosa, Mary Schofield, Arthus Watts, Annie Shawcroft, Sadie Linderholm; stepmother, Lillian Shawcroft, stepsister, Dorothy Thorpe and stepbrother, Austin Thorpe.

Out of a family of ten children Joe was the first to answer the call to the great beyond. He was so noble and good. He just looked glorified after he died. He was buried April 10, 1936, in the cemetery at Sanford, Colorado. Haynie Mortuary was in charge of the arrangements.

Mary Alma Shawcroft Schofield, born January 26, 1906, and married to Cecil Elmer Ellsworth Schofield at Santa Fe, New Mexico on July 18, 1924, died April 10, 1941, at Canon City, Colorado followin a short illness from abdominal pregnancy. She is survived by a daughter, Jacqueline Mae, and three sons, Wade, Phil Jerry, and John Allen. A little daughter, Dolores preceded her in death.

The Schofields have lived in Alamosa, LaJara, Antonito, Manassa and Cotapaxi wile Mr. Schofield was employed by the State Highway Department. Funeral service were held in Cotopaxi, Colorado, Saturday, April 12, 1941. Additional services were held at 2:00 P.M. Monday, April 14, 1941, at the Haynie Mortuary in Manassa.

Mrs. Schofield's sisters were all present for the services. Mr. Schofield's sister, Mrs. Nellie Stapleton, was there from California.

Cecil Schofield married (2) Alma Brezee.

Annie Shawcroft Newman had not been feeling well during the summer of 1958, but she had a desire to go on a trip and see everyone. Harold and Frank took her to California to visit Sadie and Clark, Roberta, Don and Gus. Vernice met them there and I got there too in time to enjoy the turkey dinner prepared for everyone before all of us left to go to Los Angeles. We all stayed in a motel in the Los Angeles area the last night we were in California.

That night Sadie and I were in one room. We looked in the telephone book to see if we could find any Shawcrofts. We found Grenville Shawcroft so we called him. He wanted to see us. I have his family genealogy which he gave to me.

We parted the next morning. Sadie and Clark went back to Lompoc. Vernice started to Alamosa on the bus. Annie and Harold, Frank and I started to San Diego. We met my daughter-in-law, Ella, leaving their home before we got there. We visited with Billy and the children about an hour. Then we started to Phoenix to see Mary Ann and Norman and their girls.

We had ordered fried chicken for our lunch but Annie and I didn't feel like eating then so we saved our chicken to eat later. We were hungry and Annie and I planned to eat our chicken when we left San Diego, but Harold wouldn't let us eat it. We had it all afternoon in the hot weather and Harold said we had to put it in the garbage so we did. Now we were starved and I was worried about Annie because she hadn't eaten at all since early morning and she was diabetic. She had been drinking soda pop. We traveled all night before we got to Phoenix, We stopped at a little restaurant and ate breakfast. We rode around for a while waiting for it to get late enough for people to get up and then we went to Mary Ann and Norman's home. They lived at 3118 East McKinley, Phoenix, Arizona. They were surprised to see us but Annie was so glad to see them. They wanted to give us some breakfast but we had just eaten. We visited there an hour or so and then started to Albuquerque to see Delma and Johnny Fincher. We got there at 10:00 P.M. They were having a

dance at the bar they owned. We stayed with them that night and started to LaJara the next day.

Annie hoped we would get in LaJara before the bank closed so she could see Gladys there. She went to the door but the bank had just closed so she was disappointed because she didn't see Gladys. They let me off at my home there and were anxious to go on to Alamosa and visit with the folks there. Then they returned to their home in Grand Junction, Colorado.

Now Annie was determined to do one more thing. She completely cleaned their house. This included papering very high walls and ceilings all by herself. She also painted many things. I do not understand how she did all of this, but she did.

Then the 22nd of November she was very ill. She went into a diabetic coma. Harold took her to the hospital and called us. When he called Nellie, Lloyd told her to take the next airplane and go to help them. She walked into the hospital hoping to talk to Annie. She was told that Annie had passed away only minutes before Nellie arrived. She had not regained consciousness.

Nellie got a taxi to take her to their house. She found Harold still sitting in his car. They went into the house. I don't remember where the boys were.

Annie was buried November 25, 1958, in the cemetery at Sanford, Colorado. Funeral services were held both in Grand Junction and in LaJara for her.

Vernice Lucille Shawcroft was born October 3, 1900, at LaJara, Colorado (Richfield). She married Josiah Alexander Harris December 2, 1943, at Alamosa, Colorado. She died May 27, 1959. Burial was Saturday, May 30, 1959, at the Sanford, Colorado, Cemetery.

Vernice had not been feeling well for a week. Mary and Cecil's boy, John Allen Schofield, had been called to serve a mission to the West Central States. We had a family dinner for him at my house in LaJara on April 10, 1959. After dinner Vernice was washing dishes when Arthus noticed that the back of Vernice's neck was yellow. We knew that many people had hepatitis so we supposed that was her trouble.

Dr. Wittenberg lived next door to me and he had been very successful in doctoring this disease. She said that she would like to see him. So I asked her to stay with me that night and we would see the doctor in the morning.

She said that she wanted to go home and get someone to substitute teach for her and get more clothes and she would come back the next day. She was too sick to get up the next morning. She was frightened so she called Dr. Hurley. He started giving her shots with long needles which he put in a fruit jar after inoculations and he said these must be buried. They were very poisonous.

I went to see her every evening as soon as I could leave school. I stayed at Arthus' house all night. Then I would go back and stay with her a few minutes every morning.

We wore masks and gowns when we went in to see her. Edna West and her children had lived in the front part of Vernice's house for years. She thought it was terrible to leave her alone at night. So Ardus and I decided we were going to stay with her. We fixed Vernice for the night. Then I stretched out on the couch in the living room. Ardus had fixed her a bed in the big chair. Well, it didn't work. Vernice got up to go to the bathroom. When she saw us she said, "All right, all of us will sit up." And she sat down on the couch.

Ardus and I went to her house to sleep as usual. She didn't get any better so she wanted me to go talk to Dr. Wittenberg and ask him to stop at the house to see her. I went to the hospital and talked to him. He said that he would come if her doctor asked him to do so.

She was worse every day. She was swollen tight through the abdomen. All of us were worried.

I decided to go and talk to Dr. Hurley. Ardus said she would go with me. We went to his house. Ardus wouldn't go in. She waited for me in the car.

I said, "Dr., I am terribly worried about Vernice."

He said, "I am, too. I think we should send her to a hospital. I would like to send her to my son, Grant, in Albuquerque."

We went back and I told her what the doctor had said.

Vernice said, "Oh, no. I will not go to Albuquerque. If Delma should get what I have it would kill her."

Delma was totally blind. Vernice thought of Dr. Howard T. Robinson who had been my doctor in Denver three years before. She asked me to call him and ask if he would see her. He said that he would be glad to help her.

Nellie and Lloyd had been away on a trip. They came in time to take her to Denver May 1, 1959. She sat up in the back seat of the car most of the way and enjoyed the ride. She drank some buttermilk and ate some canned pears. These did not make her sick.

She entered St. Joseph Hospital the next day and preparations were made for exploratory surgery. I went to be there with Nellie during this surgery. The doctor talked to us and told us to stay in a room near the operating room so he could tell us what he found as soon as possible.

He returned before long and told us that she had the fastest kind of cancer called "Shotgun type" and she would not live very long. The cancer had started in the pancreas and had spread to the liver.

He had rerouted the gall duct to relieve her of the terrible itching she had. He told us not to tell her but to let him do that. We left her alone Sunday while we went down to eat lunch. When we returned she was crying. The doctor had been there and told her.

She wasn't surprised. She thought that was her trouble before she left home. Our cousin, Clara DeGolyer, came to see her everyday and Vernice would ask questions

about Aunt Dora who had died of cancer. Uncle John, Aunt Dora's husband came to the hospital to see her one day. This pleased Vernice.

Cleone Christensen Berthelsen was also in the same hospital at the same time with the same illness. Vernice asked, "Does Cleone have cancer, too?"

We told her that Cleone was just the same. Cleone's husband took her in an ambulance to the hospital in Alamosa. He came and asked Vernice if she wanted to go with them.

She told him she wanted to stay there because the nurses and the doctor were so good to her.

She wanted us to help her have all her property deeded as she wished it to be. Everything was ready for her to sign before a witness. He was supposed to come early in the afternoon of May 26, 1959. He had forgotten so he came the next morning. Vernice sat up in bed and signed her name very well. He remarked how well she wrote. She said, "Well, there are more loved ones waiting to see me on the other side than I will be leaving here."

Then she was ready. She gave up, relaxed and was gone in a few hours.

Dick and Jeanie Watts lived in Commerce City. The night of Vernice's death they went to another hospital in Denver where their third son, Darrell, was born. We went to the Howard Mortuary where they had taken Vernice's body. Dick met us there later and we picked out a beautiful casket for her.

Then all of us, Stell, Ethel, Lloyd, Nellie and I, went to Dick and Jeanie's house to sleep. Nellie and Lloyd took us to Alamosa the next day.

Vernice had a score of friends and little school children who loved her. One evening the little children came to the mortuary in Alamosa. They formed a semi-circle by her casket and prayed. This was very impressive. We did appreciate it.

Funeral services were held in the LaJara Ward Chapel on Saturday, May 30, 1959. She was buried in the Sanford Cemetery.

Ethel was born May 15, 1902, at LaJara, Colorado (Richfield). She died November 23, 1966, at Lompoc, California. She had lived for several years at Vallejo, California.

Ethel's life was not a bed of roses but I do know that all of her sisters loved her and tried to help her. During the last months of her life when she needed constant medical care and a place to stay, Sadie and Clark Burt took her into their home. She owned her home but she could not stay alone any longer.

I visited their home while Ethel was there. She enjoyed listening to music on the television and she would sing with them. She did this very well.

She also enjoyed the children. One day I made a cake. Carl was two years old. He came in and asked for some cake. I gave some to him immediately. She didn't know this so she said, "I will get up and give some cake to Carl." She was

happy when she saw that he was eating cake. Carl was Gus' boy and Sadie's grandson.

One day I was there to help her. All of the other adults were away. She thought she needed some oxygen. She didn't tell me a thing about it but went into her bedroom and tried to do it alone. I went to see what she was doing so I helped her. I just couldn't understand this attitude and she had it too often.

She had a very fine doctor, Dr. Wallace, and he took good care of her. The cause of her death was Pulmonary Emphysema. Nellie went to visit Sadie and Ethel. She had been there about two weeks. Ethel seemed to be about as well as usual and she was in the hospital. The doctor examined her and said she was doing very well. So Nellie decided to go home that afternoon. Sadie received a telephone call about 8:00 P.M. telling her to go to Ethel. She passed away at 9:00 P.M. on November 23rd, 1966.

Ardus Shawcroft Bowdish was born May 9, 1910, at LaJara Colorado (Richfield). She married (1) Carl Watts on March 15, 1929, and (2) Perry Lyman Bowdish on June 29, 1944, at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Ardus was the mother of three children, Hershale Eugene, Richard Lee and Betty Lou Watts. She was a very devoted mother and gave them much love and care.

While I was preparing to sell my home in LaJara, I would go to her home every night so I would not be alone in LaJara. We went many places together and talked about so many things that were only memories then. It seemed to me that we really appreciated each other more than before although all of our family were very close because of the love and concern we have for each other.

Gene, her son, and Larry Teem, her grandson, were there too and I enjoyed visiting with them. Betty and her husband, Jim Love, and son, Troy, lived in Alamosa then so I got to see them quite often. During the night of January 30, 1975, Ardus had several pains in her chest. As the pains continued they were more severe.

Towards morning she went to Gene and told him. He got up and rushed her to the Alamosa Community Hospital. Gene was terrible frightened because Ardus was so sick. My cousin, Faye Guymon, entered Ardus into the hospital and she told me that she felt so sorry for Gene. He was so hurt.

Gene called Betty and Jim and they were there in a few minutes. They stayed at the hospital until the doctor said that she had stabilized and then they went home. Immediately their phones rang and the attendant at the hospital told them that Ardus had died.

I was at Von and Carol Richardson's home in California at the time. I received a call early in the morning telling me that she had a heart attack. Later Cathryn called us telling us of her death. Frank and Katie Newman came to Carol's to visit that afternoon. They were there when I made plans to fly on T.W.A. to Albuquerque from Los Angeles the next day.

Sadie and Clark were visiting with James and Roberta Campbell in Concord, California. They flew from San Francisco to Albuquerque the next day. Then Johnny and Delma Fincher took all of us to Alamosa. All of her children and their families and all of her surviving sisters and many other relatives and friends attended her funeral services in Alamosa, Colorado, on Tuesday, February 4, 1975. Burial was in the Sanford Cemetery.

Delma Shawcroft Fincher was born March 15, 1912. She married Leo Wesley Brown on November 4, 1928, at Monte Vista, Colorado. She later married John F. Fincher on July 6, 1935, at Tierra Amarillo, New Mexico.

Maybe it is because Delma's death is the most recent but today it seems to be the saddest of all. She and Johnny came to Provo to attend her granddaughter's reception following her wedding December 19, 1977. This granddaughter was Toni Brown. She married John Green in the Salt Lake Temple.

Delma and Johnny had been to Longmont, Colorado, on November 26, 1977, to attend the wedding of Gary Lee Brown and Cindy. Gary is the son of Eddie Ray Brown and is Delma's grandson.

They stopped to see Dick and Jeanie Watts and family in Commerce City, Colorado. They also visited with Betty and Jim Love and family in Pueblo.

Delma had been in the hospital almost three months before this trip to Colorado. She had a running sore on the bottom of her foot. One doctor was determined to amputate her leg but she wouldn't let him do it. She also had pneumonia.

They stopped at Nellie's house on their way here and she doctored Delma's foot. They continued to care for it as Nellie told them to do and the foot healed when they returned to Albuquerque and it never did give her any more trouble.

Then in March she went back to the hospital with lung trouble. This time she had cancer. She called me and wanted Nellie and me to go to her. I had congestion in my lungs then so I couldn't go. I called Nellie. She wanted to know why they hadn't let her know. They said they thought she was at Mary Ann's so they would wait until she came home. Anyway, Nellie went to Delma immediately. Delma was in the hospital but they let her go into one diabetic coma and she was afraid to stay there. Bob flew to see her and Toni went so Nellie went home. As soon as Bob got there they took Delma home. She went to the bathroom all of the time and ate some meals at the table. Then they started giving her treatments and this made her sick when she tried to eat.

Bob wanted to take Delma to Ohio with him but Johnny said, "No, it is my place to take care her and I am going to do it." So Bob and Toni went home.

I was better so I went to Cortez on the bus and we went to Delma's in Nellie's car. They were glad to see us. Johnny tried to put her back in the hospital, but her doctor would not do it.

Delma did want to live long enough and get strong enough to go to the Temple and have her work done. She said that Bob said he would go with her.

She also wanted to go to Alamosa and the Cemetery again Memorial Day. She had to give this idea up just a day before we left.

I asked her if she wanted me to stay with her while the others went. She said, "No. You go, but you and Nellie come right back."

Sadie and Clark were there too and she wanted them to come right back, too. We decorated the graves Monday. Dick went to see Delma Tuesday. She was glad to see him and he was so glad to see her.

Sadie and Clark left early Wednesday morning to go to Delma's. Nellie and I had planned to go Thursday, but when we woke up Nellie said, "What do you want to do today?"

I said, "I want to go to Delma." Nellie wanted to go, too, so we left early that day.

She was back in the hospital when we got back to Albuquerque. We could tell she was much worse. She was sitting up with her arms folded on the table over her bed. She was too hot. The sun was shining on her bed.

Nellie asked her if she wanted Nellie to stay with her all night. Delma said, "Oh, yes, if you can."

Nellie went to see the head nurse and she gave Nellie permission to stay. I planned to stay Thursday night, but Nellie insisted that she could do it again. So I stayed with her from 1:30 until after 6:00 P.M. Thursday afternoon.

She was miserable--hot and tired and worried. She wasn't eating and they were giving her the regular insulin. Sadie bought her some jelly beans and some cookies. Delma ordered some ice cream. I fed about half of this to her. She was wet with sweat.

Delma said that I should be getting some rest if I was going to stay with her all night. I told her that Nellie insists that she was going to stay again. Delma was pleased.

She continued to be restless. At 5:00 A.M. she lost consciousness. Then Nellie and the Orderly put the top of her bed up and sat her up in bed for the first time in days.

She gradually became weaker and died at 7:14 A.M. Friday, June 2, 1978. Johnny got there about 15 minutes before she stopped breathing. She was still using oxygen all of the time.

Sadie and I were sitting at the kitchen table when Johnny came in with Delma's purse. He held it up. Sadie said, "What is that?"

Johnny said, "Mommy's things."

I said, "Is she gone?"

By this time, Nellie was there and she said, "Yes."

We knew it was coming but we didn't think it would be so soon. Sadie, Clark, Nellie and I went to stay at Jackie's (Mary's daughter) house.

They bought her a beautiful white dress and a beautiful gold casket. She was really pretty and peaceful. Funeral services in Albuquerque were held Tuesday. The flowers were extremely beautiful. The Relief Society brought a complete meal to Delma's house for four days. They really went the extra mile.

One of my former first grade pupils was the President of the Relief Society. She is Virginia Kirby Tucker. She is also a beauty operator and she set and combed my hair. It was so pretty and I really did appreciate it.

There was a viewing at the mortuary in LaJara Wednesday from 10:00 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. with graveside services at the Sanford Cemetery. All of our relatives and friends were there. Their presence there, their sympathy, flowers and donations to the Shawcroft Family Organization were appreciated.

Delma's husband, Johnny, passed away October 31, 1978. He was found dead at home November 1st and it is thought he passed away the day before. He had a card in his hand with the telephone number of a heart specialist. He was buried in Sanford also.

Further History of the William Christensen Brothers and Vera May Shawcroft Family

In 1935, I moved with my two children, Cathryn and Billy, to Manassa and I taught school there for the next ten years. Both of my children graduated from Manassa High School.

In January, 1936, when Billy was in the 5th grade in Manassa, he became ill. This was shortly after our Christmas vacation. At the supper table Billy kept throwing his right arm around. I asked him not to do that and I didn't think about it again until we were walking to school the next morning. He didn't take steps with his right foot but just dragged it along. This alarmed me and I was worried.

During the afternoon recess, his teacher, Bertrel Carbutt, came to me and said, "Billy has asked to leave the room several times today. Do you think it is necessary for him to go?"

I said, "I don't know what Billy's trouble is, but I am going to take him to the doctor as soon as school is out."

Then I told her how he walked and about his arm at the table. She was amazed.

Then she said, "It was just yesterday that I sat down beside him and scolded him because I thought that he was careless about his writing."

As soon as I could leave school I took Billy to Dr. Day in Alamosa. The doctor said Billy was very nervous. He was not to go to school at all but should have rest. He didn't go to school another day that year. He was ten years old and had always been brave but this illness made him restless and nervous and afraid at times.

This made troubles. It just wasn't the thing to do to leave him at home alone so he stayed with my folks part of the time in Alamosa and sometimes he stayed with Grandma Brothers in Sanford. Usually when he fell asleep he would be afraid when he woke up. He needed to be with his mother, and I also needed to teach school. This was one of our hardest times and it lasted so long (five months.)

Then as soon as school closed in May, Dr. Day removed his tonsils in the Lutheran Hospital in Alamosa. They had a difficult time giving him the anesthetic. He was afraid and probably fought it.

Dr. Rupert gave the anesthetic. I didn't know him personally but he had a good reputation. He was Dr. Day's choice so I felt quite confident of his work.

The removal of the tonsils went well although they were completely embedded. He had never had a sore throat.

We went home that evening. A heavy, heavy load had been lifted from all of us. We could rest and sleep and best of all we could be together. Bishop Winfred Haynie and another elder came to our house and gave Billy a blessing before we went to Alamosa that morning. We were so grateful to them and we shall always remember this service. We began to see and count our blessings and everything improved.

There is one thing we cannot understand. Billy had a very friendly little brown and black dog. He was outside the gate wagging his tail when we left home. We never saw him again. The neighbors couldn't tell us anything about him.

Another incident that happened to Billy earlier follows: Billy was three and one-half years old. He had been pulling a very large branch from a tree around as he played. He needed some new shoe strings for his brown shoes. I stopped at the store on my way home from school and bought the shoe strings. When I got home Billy and I sat down on the floor. I put the laces in his shoes. Then I gave his leg a little flip. Immediately he had a sharp pain. It was very serious. He had a hernia.

I called for Dr. Day. He was not in his office. He had gone to a special cancer meeting. I called for Dr. Chambers. He, too, had gone to the cancer meeting. I think every doctor in the valley was attending this meeting.

The pain was almost more than Billy could endure. He just couldn't relax. He was up and down--I had to lift him--trying to help. He was completely worn out and I was too.

Mrs. Harriet tried to help. She told me sometimes it helped to pin some material real tight around him. That didn't help.

It just couldn't go on any longer so I called Dr. Day at 4:00 A.M. He told me to give him an enema and let him rest until noon and then to take him to the Office. The enema gave instant relief. Oh' How I wish I had known this before.

When I took Billy to Dr. Day's Office the doctor said that it was necessary for Billy to have an emergency operation as soon as possible. I told him that I would have to

talk to my folks. I went to their home in Alamosa and told them.

My father said, "No! No operation."

He wanted to take him to another doctor so he took Billy to Dr. Dwyre. Dr. Dwyre's advice was the same as Dr. Days.

Still my father said, "No! No operation."

Then my father gave Billy a blessing and he told me to take Billy home and put him in bed.

I called Dr. Day and told him that I had decided to take Billy home. He told me to watch him and if he should show any sign of illness to take him to him quickly. He also told me to take him there in a couple of days.

When I took Billy back to Dr. Day, he told me that he was really worried when I decided to take Billy home but he was glad to see that he was well today. Then he told me where to order a truss for him. He wore this a few years. Apparently, the hernea healed.

When Billy enlisted in the V12 Program in May, 1943, he went to Dr. Day and the doctor said that he couldn't tell that Billy had ever had the hernia.

Immediately after teaching in Sanford, I taught for two years in the Morgan School. I moved because we were having trouble cashing our warrants. The Morgan School was a typical one room country school with students in every class--first through eighth. These were two of the best years of our lives. We loved the people and everyone cooperated when we tried to do anything. We stayed there two years and then we went to Manassa where I taught ten years. Cathryn was in the seventh grade and C. A. Rogers was her teacher. Billy was in the fifth grade and Bertral Carbutt was his teacher.

We lived in part of Sarah Jack's house the first year we were there. Then we moved into the Huffaker house. We had not been there long when Billy got up and made a good fire so I could bake biscuits for breakfast. Then he went outside to do the chores.

I heard him scream. I ran to the door. The house was on fire. Two men, Eddie Sowards and Jack Swafford, heard Billy scream and saw the fire. They came running. They put the ladder up by the house. Jack got on top of the house. Eddie and Billy relayed buckets of water up to Jack and I pumped the water with a hand pump. The Fire Department came but the fire was out before they arrived. Billy was working for perfect attendance at school but I asked him to stay home that day and watch the house. He did so he could alert someone if the fire started again.

In May, 1941, Cathryn was graduated from Manassa High School. As the mother of both Cathryn and Billy I have always been pleased with their many successes in various activities including scholastic pursuits, athletics and church activities. I know that Cathryn's school work had been a pleasant experience.

Cathryn received a scholarship to Colorado Woman's College in Denver, Colorado. But Cathryn had decided she wanted to

get married as soon as school was out. George Hall, the Superintendent of Schools, was disappointed when he learned that she was not going to use this scholarship.

Cathryn and Loyd Jensen Dunn were married May 28, 1941, in the Salt Lake Temple. Vernon Sellers and Thora Bagwell went to Salt Lake with them and were sealed that day. They had been married previously.

Loyd and Cathryn lived in the Dunn ranch house west of Romeo. We had an Open House in the Opera House for women only. Many friends came. Billy and I worked in the sheds all summer and I went to college also. So we were busy but we missed Cathryn being home.

It is too bad Bill and I couldn't have more of the babies we planned to have but I shall always be grateful for the two babies we did have. I revere them and marvel at the amount of good they can do.

Cathryn was almost 21 months old when her father passed away. She was baptized July 5, 1931, by Jesse C. Hutchins, in Manassa, Colorado and was confirmed a member of the Church the same day by Ren C. Johnson.

She enjoyed school and was a very good student. Her teachers were: 1st grade, Vera Brothers, her mother; 2nd grade, Mable Poulson Reynolds; 3rd grade, Leila Jensen Messervey; 4th grade, Lena Mickelson; 5th grade, Vera Brothers at Morgan; 6th grade, Vera Brothers at Morgan; 7th grade, Iva Reynolds and Margaret Smith; 8th grade, Mr. Rogers.

Since Cathryn's marriage, she has been a very busy housewife and mother. They have eight children, four sons and four daughters.

Loyd filled a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Western Canada from April 19, 1953, to May 7, 1955. They had five children at this time. The family were living in Manassa. They rented the house and moved to LaJara with me. I taught school and Cathryn worked as a Nurse's Aid at the Alamosa Community Hospital while Loyd was gone. After his mission, the family lived in Manassa again and Loyd attended Adams State College. Three more children were born. Loyd taught school in Manassa and LaJara for a few years and then in 1964, the family moved to 44321 N. Heaton, Lancaster, California, where they still live. The children of Loyd and Cathryn Dunn are:

1. Vera Louise, born February 15, 1942, (md. Vernon Lee Olivier, 18 August 1967, at Lancaster, California-- marriage solemnized in Oakland Temple August 22, 1967). Vera graduated from Adams State College at Alamosa, Colorado, in 1963 and then served a mission in the Danish Mission. She taught school in Lancaster, California, for two years prior to her mission. The Oliviers have five children: David Patrick, Cathryn Lee, Michael Duane, Jonathan Loyd, and Jeffrey Vernon. They now reside in Broomfield, Colo.

2. Lloyd Gerald, born November 6, 1943, (md. Alice Jean Stearmer, 4 August 1967, in the Los Angeles Temple). Jerry graduated from Brigham Young University and is now teaching Spanish and coaching in the Lancaster School

District, Lancaster, California. They have six children: Jennifer Lynn, Scott Simeon, Shellie Jean, Kevin Gerald, Carrie Beth and Daniel William. Jerry served in the Andes Mission 1962-1965.

Carol Ann, born June 12, 1946, (md. Paul Von Richardson, October 27, 1972, in the Los Angeles Temple). Carol also graduated from Brigham Young University with a degree in elementary education. She filled a mission in Uruguay and Paraguay. Von's five daughters, Susan, Karen, Lisa, Laura and Holly, live with them. In addition, Von and Carol have a daughter and three sons: Heather, Ryan Von, Paul Loyd, and Matthew Scott.

Robert William, born February 22, 1950, at Grandma's house in LaJara. He was in a hurry to get here and could not wait to get to Alamosa to the hospital. (He married Pamela Louise McPhetridge August 31, 1976, in the Los Angeles Temple). They have two daughters, Jackie Lee and Leslie Dionne, and one son, Loyd Alan. Robert filled a mission in Spain and also graduated from Brigham Young University. He also lives in Lancaster, California.

Joseph Christen Dunn, born June 29, 1951. He was born on his Grandma Dunn's birthday and named after great grandfathers, Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft and Christen Jensen. Joe filled a mission in the South Australia Mission and graduated from Brigham Young University with a Master's Degree in geography. He is presently working for Sperry Univac Corporation and is in Japan for a year.

Terry David Dunn was born May 3, 1956. He is married to Louise Jones and they have one son, Travis Douglas. Terry has just begun training to join the California State Patrol. He will be in Sacramento for five months and will come home some weekends to Lancaster to see his wife and son.

Lorianne, born March 21, 1959, (md. William Russell Clevenger, 4 August 1977, in the Los Angeles Temple). They are now at BYU where Billy is finishing a Master's Degree. Lorianne attended Brigham Young University for one year. They have three sons, William Christensen, Joseph Aaron and Peter Andrew.

Kimberly Marleen Dunn, born October 6, 1960, at Alamosa, Colorado. She has been attending Brigham Young University and is now at home preparing to go on a mission.

Cathryn has held positions in Relief Society, Primary and Sunday School. One time when she was teaching some very small children in Primary she told them the lesson about the Pioneers praying for rain to save their crops. One little boy really listened and he was excited and wanted to talk. So Cathryn asked him to talk--He said, "Man! What a lazy man! Why didn't he turn on the sprinkler?"

William Shawcroft Brothers was born in our little house by the garage in Sanford, Colorado. Dr. Chambers delivered him. He was born September 4, 1925. His father had died in the same house March 17, 1925

I always called him Billy. That name just fit him. He was a real masculine type baby with becoming features, bright blue eyes and light brown hair. Everybody loved him.

I started teaching school in Sanford the day Billy was one year old. Ardus and Delma were going to stay with us. Delma was going to school and Ardus was going to take care of Cathryn and Billy. I taught seven years in Sanford.

Billy was blessed 4 October 1925 by Carl Fredericksen. He was baptized 1 October 1933 by Martin Mickelson, Jr. in the Sanford Canal. He was confirmed a member of the Church the same day by Lewis Christensen.

Billy was ordained to the Priesthood as follows:

Deacon by Thales H. Haskell, 5 September 1937

Teacher by Winfred Stover Haynie, 22 September 1940

Priest by LaVere Norland Bagwell, 13 September 1942

Elder by Murl M. Holman, 26 December 1943

Seventy by Spencer W. Kimball, 9 March 1947

High Priest by Edwin L. Fish, 30 September 1951

Billy and his grandfather Shawcroft were always pals. Nothing pleased his grandpa more than seeing Billy enjoying himself. Going riding on the Merry-go-round was one good example of this. Billy loved horses, especially the ones on the Merry-go-round. He was never ready to get off.

Then one day Grandpa took Billy and Jackie on his wagon with the team of horses to the Mill to get some grain. They started home when the horses heard the whistle on the train. The horses started to run--the horses lunged sideways. Grandpa reached for Jackie and Billy. The horses made another side lunge, throwing Grandpa and Jackie over the side of the wagon, leaving Billy alone in the wagon with the run away horses. He held on the sacks of grain while he took a rough, fast ride down Eights Street across the railroad tracks on the LaJara Road, across the railroad tracks again right up to Main Street in Alamosa, where they made a sharp turn--only about one hundred feet, then a crucial turn into their yard, where they had to stop. Billy was frightened but safe. Grandpa came running as fast as he could. He was carrying Jackie.

A carnival came to town that week. Grandpa took Billy to ride on the Merry-Go-Round as usual. He put Billy on a horse. Billy got off as soon as he could. He never wanted to ride again on these horses.

Billy graduated from Manassa High School in 1943. He married Ella Haynie in the Salt Lake Temple on August 29, 1946. After his marriage, Billy served a mission in the East Central States Mission from 17 May 1947 to 17 May 1949. Billy attended the University of Colorado, and received a degree in Pharmacy. He then attended the University of Colorado Medical School and received his M.D. Degree. He had also served in the United States Navy. He reenlisted in the Navy after receiving his M.D. and then specialized in Dermatology. He completed his 20 years in the Navy. He lived in San Diego, La Mesa and El Cajon, California. He interned in the Naval Hospital in San Diego. He also spent some time

in Port Orchard Washington. Billy and Ella now have a lovely home in Provo, Utah, and I am presently living in an apartment in their home.

The children of Billy and Ella Brothers are:

Brooke Ann, born 3 March 1951, (md. Roger Arthur Bascom, 23 October, 1976, in the Provo Temple). Brooke Ann graduated from Brigham Young University with a major in home economics. Brooke and Roger are now living in Provo, Utah and have a daughter and a son, Amy and Brandon Roger.

William H. Brothers was born April 4, 1953, in Denver, Colorado. (He married Beverly Jean Hecker in the Provo Temple on August 20, 1975). Bill served as a missionary in the North German Mission with headquarters in Hamburg. He graduated in the MBA program at Brigham Young University and is in business for himself in El Cajon, California. Bill and Beverly have three daughters, Julie, Angela and Emily.

Sherrelyn Brothers, born January 11, 1955, is presently working at her father's new medical office located in Cotton Tree Square in Provo. She filled a mission to Ecuador. She graduated from BYU with a degree in Interior Design.

Lisandra, born December 16, 1957, is presently teaching third grade in Provo. She has just received a mission call to Peru.

Janette, born December 18, 1958, is a Registered Nurse and is serving a mission in the Dominican Republic.

Brian, born 14, November, 1964, is a senior at Provo High School. He is a good student and likes sports.

I am grateful that Cathryn and Billy have decided to live their lives as they have. I am proud of their companions and families. I feel so proud of Billy and the medical help he can give to many people. I'm grateful he is one of those people who have devoted their lives to the study and service of mankind and through their dedication they can relieve suffering and pain. I think of people who have had the same illnesses but didn't have this help.

Looking Back

I was glad when Bill and Glen had a chance to buy the Garage in Sanford. Bill enrolled in the Rahe Auto and Tractor School 5 June 1917 in Kansas City, Kansas. He graduated from that school as a mechanic on March 3, 1920. He was not in school all of the time as he would leave and come home to work and get enough money to go back to school. This was hard to do. After he graduated there he worked in a battery shop in Denver.

Bill did enjoy his work. He received a lot of satisfaction when people would approve of his work on their cars. It did something to him when he would examine a noisy engine and adjust something and everything would work smoothly. I

guess it was all in knowing what to do and how to do it. I think of him so often now when I watch our son, Billy, working.

Bill was in school here in Kansas City while Stell, Vernice and I were going to school at B.Y.U. during the summer of 1920. Stell was engaged to marry James Reid then so she would stay home evenings and write to Jim while Vernice and I would go to all the band concerts and other fun places.

Another thing we enjoyed that summer was the dancing mixers every evening from 5:00 to 6:00 P.M. Brother Robertson had two physical education classes which he invited to attend these. We always started with mixers. These were fun. Then he would teach us a few new dances. Louise Richards was my partner in the Physical Education class. She was an outstanding person. And I could always dance. He used Louise and me to demonstrate the new dances. Well, this helped me--the boys were all glad to dance with me because I could help them learn the dances.

I could dance but I was extremely bashful. Once we were dancing a mixture. I was left out. I was embarrassed so I stepped back against a radiator. I looked up and saw a handsome boy running toward me. I said, "Were you left out, too?"

He said, "Not if you will dance with me." This was the beginning of a new friendship. And we always danced together after that.

My brief marriage to Bill was a very happy time. He was so good and gentle to me and I thought he was the greatest. After Bill died, Austin and George went to California. My sisters and I ran the garage--we sold gas for a time when Herbert Brown came and wanted to rent the garage. He bought all the tools and equipment.

When Bill bought the garage from Holum Mortensen there was a mortgage against the property which was owned by George Barsley of Antonito, Colorado. Bill borrowed the money to pay the mortgage from Pete Peterson. We made several trips to Antonito to pay this but Mr. Barsley was sick and he would always say, "I am too sick today. Wait until I feel better."

After Bill died, I went to Mr. Barsley and told him that Bill had passed away. He was shocked. He hadn't heard about it.

He was still sick in bed. Words cannot describe how he looked at me. Then he said, "I am not going to put this off another day."

He told me how to open his safe and where to find the papers. Thus he gave me a deed to the property in my name. A short time later, C. L. Jones from Alamosa came and wanted to buy sixty feet on the west end of our lot. This land was the location of the garage and our little house.

I did want to sell it so we went to Conejos and Antonito one day and made the transaction. Then we went to a restaurant and had a delicious dinner.

Now I had enough money to pay Pete Peterson and had some money left over. Mr. Jones told me not to be in a hurry about

moving as he did not plan to do anything to the house for some time.

Back at the White House

I taught for ten years in Manassa and then moved to LaJara and taught first grade there until my retirement October 1, 1971. Both of my children were now gone from home. Billy was in the Navy (1943) and soon after was married (1946).

My house in LaJara was the place for many family gatherings. Decoration Day was the time of year when many of my sisters and their families and my brother's family tried to come and visit.

In October of 1974, I sold the white house to LeRoy and Jan Polkowski. After my retirement I had spent much of my time visiting my children and grandchildren in their homes. Both of my children were then living in California. Billy offered to build an apartment for me in the new home he was building in Provo, Utah, and I decided to sell the home that held many memories for me. Billy's family moved to Provo and that has been my permanent home since.

Among the Church positions I have held are Sunday School teacher, Relief Society Secretary, Stake Y.W.M.I.A. President for 11 1/2 years, Stake Missionary, and member of the Stake Sunday School Board and Teacher Development Leader.

When we went to the San Luis Valley for Memorial Day in 1981, Dick Watts and Danette and the boys (Dickie, Danny, and Darrell) and their families were there but Jeanie was not there. She was working for Safeway in Denver and had to work. This was the first time she had not been there and we missed her.

Many of our relatives were there. It was so nice to visit but as always we did miss the ones who were not there.

We had a very good dinner as usual at Gene Watt's house. Then we went to the cemetery in Sanford the next morning and decorated forty graves.

Morris and Lois had Aunt Sarah there in their car. They brought her over where we were so we visited with them there. It was so nice to see them and Aunt Sarah was wonderful as always.

I went to Commerce City with Dick and Danette that afternoon. Jeanie and I began making quilts and we worked at them every spare minute. The quilts still had to be faced. I took them and went to visit the Oliviers. I hoped I could see well enough to help face the quilts. So I started on one of them. I hadn't sewed very far when Vera looked at it. She said, "It has to come out." That was it. It was decided that she would have the job of doing all the facing.

Then I flew from Denver to Salt Lake City, July 18, 1981. Billy and Ella met me at the airport. They had bought a home at 4361 N. 100 E., Provo, Utah 84601. Earl and Almina Lenington had moved in that morning. Earl had a stroke

April 1, 1981, and Almina was not well. Both of them have improved since that time. Almina is my husband's sister. I enjoy being here with them.

We have a young couple living here in the apartment downstairs. They help us in so many ways. They are John and Jennifer Johnson. And they have a precious baby named Melissa. Jennifer cooks breakfast and dinner for us every day. We have to prepare our lunch.

At the time of this writing, I have 2 children, 14 grandchildren and 32 great grandchildren. I have been blessed with a good posterity and am grateful.

When times have been hard, the gospel of Jesus Christ has given me strength throughout my life. I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for his protection and guidance throughout my life. I know that if we will have the faith to obey and follow the counsel of the prophets of the church that our joy will be great not only on this earth but throughout all eternity and that the family we have read of briefly in this history can truly be an eternal family.

SOME FAVORITE POEMS

A Child to Loan

I'll lend you for a little time
A child of mine, he said.
For you to love, the while he lives
And mourn for when he's dead.
It may be six or seven years--
or twenty-two or three
But will you, til I call him back
Take care of him for me?
He'll bring his charms to gladden you
And should his stay be brief
You'll have his lovely memories
As solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay
Since all from earth return
But there are lessons taught down there
I want this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over
In my search for a teacher true,
And from the throngs that crowd
life's lanes--
I have selected you.
Now will you give him all your love
Nor think the labor vain
Nor hate me when I call to take
him back again.

I fancied that I heard them say.
Dear Lord, thy will be done.
For all the joy thy child shall bring
The risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness
We'll love him while we may
And for the happiness we've known
Forever grateful stay.
But should the Angels call for him
Much sooner than we've planned
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes
And try to understand.

LOVE

A bell is no bell til you ring it,
A song is no song til you sing it.
And love in the heart isn't put there to stay,
Love isn't love - - - til you give it away.

A LITTLE SEED

How does it know
this little seed,
if it is to grow
to a flower or weed,
if it is to be
a vine or shoot,
or grow to a tree
with a long deep root?
A seed is so small
where do you suppose
it stores up all
of the things it knows?
-Alleen Fisher

"A good name is rather to be chosen
than great riches," Proverbs 22:1

"Strong towers decay, but a great name
shall never pass away."
-Park Benjamin

"A gentleman is always kind and considerate
to all, especially to ladies and children.
A gentleman always tell the truth no matter
what the consequences."

"What is character?

In the home, it is kindness.

In business, it is honesty.

In society, it is courtesy.

In work, it is thoroughness.

In play, it is fairness.

Toward the fortunate, it is congratulations.

Toward the unfortunate, it is sympathy.

Toward the wicked, it is resistance.

Toward the strong, it is trust.

Toward the penitance, it is forgiveness.

And toward God, it is reverence and love.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN --P. Frederick Mietzner

1. I like to think of my boyhood days,
Those happy days gone by,
When I used to lie on the grassy plains
Scanning the clouds and sky.
2. I dreamed of days that were to come
When I'd be grown a man
When I would make my way in life
In a free and spacious land.
3. Yes I visioned the day when I'd be great
When I'd really be renowned,
No single thought of a backward step
On misfortune I'd but frown.
4. I always thought that I'd make good
In whatever I cared to choose,
In everything I thought I could win
Just being too smart to lose.
5. I thought the way all boys should
think
While making their start in life,
Steadfast always to conquer wrong,
Constant fear and present strife.
6. And now that years have passed
me by
And I've become a man,
Some of these dreams have
materialized
But many more still stand.
7. Yet to date my dreams, and thus my years,
Have not been all in vain,
Though I'd give a lot to start anew
If I were a boy again.

THOUGHTS

Do you know that your thoughts rule your life
Be they pure or impure in the strife
As you think so you are
And you make or you mar
Your success in this life by your thoughts.

TO TEACH WITH LOVE

1. To teach with love
Through all the patient years,
To lend a hand,
To wipe a small child's tears.
2. To see with love
The lessons and the plan,
To help to mold
The child from youth to man.
3. To live with love
With mind and soul and heart,
To strive to do
The better nobler part.
4. To walk with love
In classrooms day by day,
To show the right,
The finer, higher way.
5. To give with love
To children you hold dear,
Wisdom--strength
To challenge want and fear.
6. To show with love
The world of wonders great,
To teach young minds
To labor, search, and wait.
7. All this you've done
For children and for youth.
You've taught the way
Of vision, beauty, truth!

- Georgiana Lieder Lahr

HONOR THY FATHER

I follow a noble father,
his honor is mine to wear,
He gave me a name that
was free from shame,
A name he was proud to bear.
He lived in the morning sunlight
and marched in the ranks of right.
He was always true to the best he knew,
And the shield that he wore was bright.

I follow a noble father and never a day goes by
But I feel that he looks down on me
To carry his standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials, as a brave man can;
Though the way be long, I must never wrong, the name of so good a man.

I follow a noble father, not known to the printed page,
Nor written down in the world's renowns a prince of his little age.
But never a stain attached to him, and never he stooped to shame;
He was bold and brave and to me he gave the pride of an honest name.

I follow a noble father, and him I must keep in mind,
Though his form is gone, I must carry on the name that he left behind
It was mine on the day he gave it; it shone as a monarch's crown;
And as fair to see as it came to me, It must be, when I put it down.

YOURS AND MINE

--Merwin Gifford Fairbanks

The Lord looked down to earth one day
And saw a couple there.
He said, "Now those two people they
make a lovely pair,
I have some spirits here with me
That need a home on earth;
I think that I shall bless these folks
With a precious spirit's birth.

This baby, though is just a loan;
These are the terms my dears;
He may live there just sixty days
Or he may live sixty years.
I hope you'll treat my spirit kindly
While he's down on earth with you,
For when he comes back here to me
He's a special job to do.

He'll bring you joy and heartache,
He'll cause much strife and care,
He'll bring into your lives, my dears
A love that you can share.
But remember he's my spirit,
And he's just been loaned down there
He has a special job to do up here,
So help him to prepare.

And now I've called my spirit back,
The job you did was fine.
The spirit that belonged to me
Is now both yours and mine.
I knew that when I called him back
It would cause you bitter tears,
But you're sharing in his glory,
And the profit of his years.

I only sent him as a loan.
To make your home more bright
So you could teach him right from wrong
And tuck him in at night.
My loan is paying dividends
I want you both to know
I'm glad I loaned that spirit
To you while down below.

CHILDREN LEARN WHAT THEY LIVE

If a child lives with criticism,
 She learns to condemn.
If a child lives with hostility,
 He learns to fight.
If a child lives with ridicule,
 She learns to be shy.
If a child lives with jealousy,
 He learns to feel guilty.
If a child lives with tolerance,
 She learns to be patient.
If a child lives with encouragement,
 He learns confidence.
If a child lives with praise,
 She learns to appreciate.
If a child lives with fairness,
 He learns justice.
If a child lives with security,
 She learns to have faith.
If a child lives with approval,
 He learns to like himself.
If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,
 She learns to find love in the world.

THE WOMAN IN THE MIRROR

--Kimberly Dunn

Before the mirror abruptly stood,
Forthcoming into Womanhood,
A youth with dreams of who she'll be,
With future grace, simplicity.

As through the images a future sphere,
She awes the woman in the mirror,
An excellence in quality,
The woman she'd most like to be.

Yet an oft encountered face
Reflected in a daughter's place.
The woman held within her stare
Was the image of her mother's care.

JOSEPH HYRUM SHAWCROFT FAMILY PICTURES



Wedding picture of Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft and Jessie May Morton. They were married 5 October 1898 in the Salt Lake Temple. They had ten children.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. Vera May | 6. Nellie |
| 2. Vernice Lucille | 7. Arthus |
| 3. Ethel Vidella | 8. Delma |
| 4. Joseph Lyman | 9. Annie Rhea |
| 5. Mary Alma | 10. Sadie Lou |



L. to R. Harriet Shawcroft,
Fred Shawcroft, Mother Ann Hunt
Shawcroft, John Shawcroft, Ruth
Shawcroft Coombs

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARIA
SHAWCROFT. Front L. to. R.:
Maralda, Ella, Sarah
Mid.: Dave, John, Franklin
Back: Nathan, Joseph Hyrum, Lewis



12 GRANDCHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARIA
SHAWCROFT. Front Row: Agnes, Mary,
Reese, Joseph. Back Row: Maud,
Grace, Roy, Howard, Ethel, Clara,
Vera, Vernice





Vera and Vernice Shawcroft. The pretty dresses were made by their mother, Jessie.



This log house was the first home of Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft and Jessie May Morton. Their first five children were born in this home. The dog was "Nig. He was quite the dog in our community.



Remains of one of the little log cabins erected for the John Shawcroft family in Richfield in 1883.



The new Richfield home of the Hy Shawcroft family. This house was finished in the summer of 1907 before Nellie was born in it on Aug. 20, 1907. Nellie was born on Vera's eighth birthday. This picture was taken while Mama and Ethel were visiting in Minnesota. Katie Peterson was staying with the other children. Vera is holding Nellie. Joseph is on Lottie. Mary is standing by Katie. Vernice is at the right. The horses are Topsy, Lottie, Dark, Seal and Tom.



This is the train that took Mama to and from Pueblo when she went to the hospital. It was the transportation which took our boys to and from World War I. Bill and Vera traveled on trains to be married.



This shows our new grainery. It was finished before the new house was built. Mary is sitting on shingles which were used on the new house. This shows where the hired men slept in the loft of the grainery in the summer time.



This is Juan Ortiz. He worked many years for Dad. He was almost like one of our family. He was always there to help when we needed it.



Joseph Hyrum Shawcroft
holding baby, Sadie.
(Summer of 1916)



Jessie May Morton Shawcroft

THE SHAWCROFT GIRLS

Estelle Morton, Vernice Shawcroft,
and Vera Shawcroft with high school
diplomas (1916)



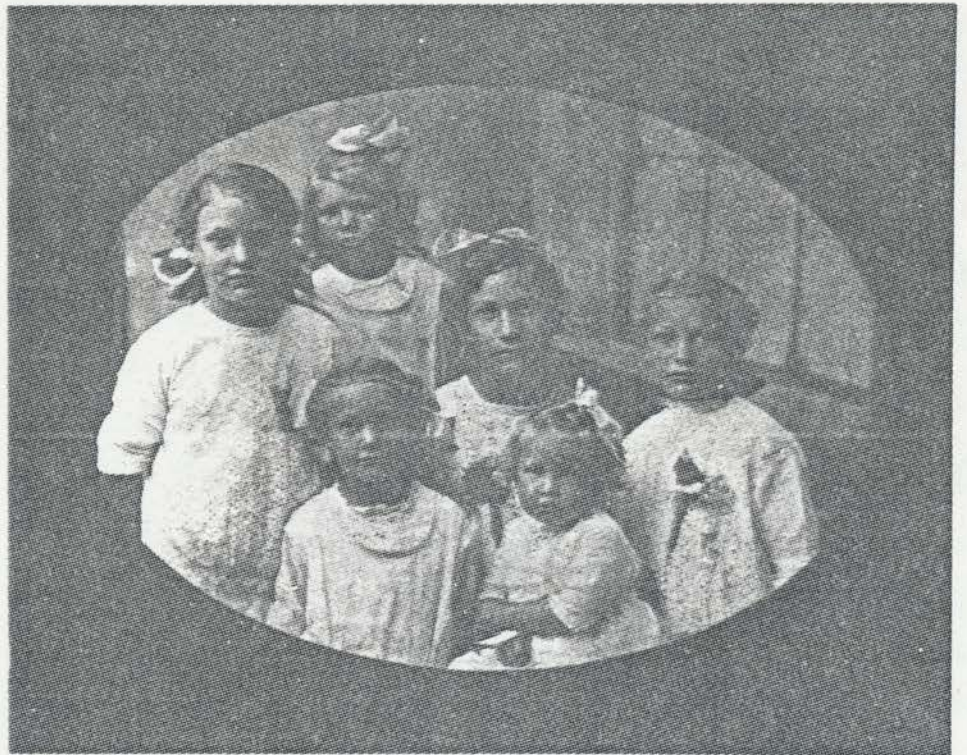
SIX LITTLE GIRLS

Back Row:

Mary
Delma
Ethel
Nellie

Front Row:

Ardus
Annie





JOSEPH LYMAN SHAWCROFT

Joe was the only son of Joseph Hyrum and Jessie May Shawcroft. When he was a little boy his hair was too pretty to cut. His curls were beautiful. When he was five years old Mama bought him a new suit, gave him a bath and curled his hair. She took his picture and took him in the house and cut his curls off. She tied each curl with a blue ribbon and put them in a candy box.



Vernice, Lucille Peterson and Grace gave Brother Archie Dodds a party on his birthday. These children are Joseph Shawcroft, Eldon Schneider, Marvin Coombs, Reese Shawcroft, John Albert Knight and Lyle Valentine. Girls are Audrey McGuire, Agnes Shawcroft, Fern Coombs, Nellie Peterson, Mable Schneider, Clara Shawcroft and Vera Shawcroft, Vernice Shawcroft, and Mary Shawcroft (Girls not listed in order shown).



LaJara, Newcomb, and Richfield School Districts consolidated--making LaJara District No. 1. This is the new building built in 1915.

Santa Claus brought this Shetland Pony to the little girls for Christmas of 1915. Mable Schneider and Mary are standing by the pony as Annie is on the pony.



Our big barn built on Hy's Addition in 1914. (LaJara, Colorado). Shows Dad, Sadie, Annie and Delma. All the kids in the town enjoyed playing here.



After Mama died Dad went with us on little trips to the mountains. He enjoyed being with us and all of our boy friends liked him. Bill couldn't go with us this day. Those pictured are Hyrum Shawcroft, Clara, Vera, Vernice, Ralph Reed, Harold Mayfield, and Glen Hostetter.

Clara and Vera--Back on the Farm



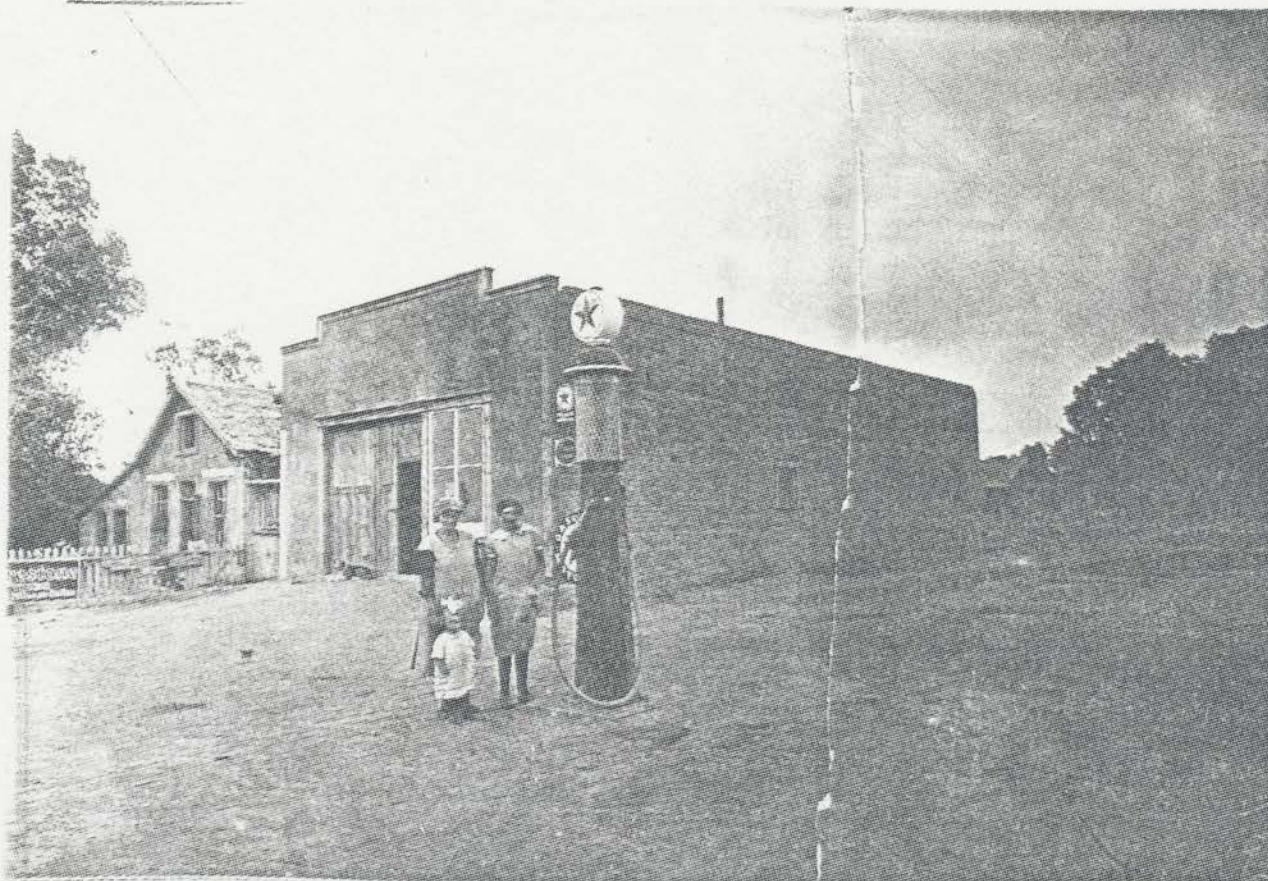
William Christensen Brothers, born 2 April 1893. Married Vera May Shawcroft 7 June 1922. Bill died 17 March 1925, leaving Vera with a small daughter, Cathryn, and she was expecting their second child.



Vera Shawcroft
Brothers with her
two children,
Cathryn and Billy.
Billy was 8 months
old in this picture.



Vera as a teacher



Bill's garage and the little house where Bill died 17 March 1925 and Billy was born 4 Sept. 1925. Bill was dead when this special baby was born. He would have been proud and so happy. Delma, Vera and Cathryn are standing by the pump.



Billy Brothers as a baby--1925.



RIGHT PICTURE: This is the home Vera bought from Clara and Arthur Guymon in Sanford after she sold the garage. Cathryn is holding Ardus' son, Gene Watts.

LEFT PICTURE: Joe Shawcroft at Vera's Sanford home. Joe had a job trucking. He and his wife, Florence, stayed with Vera's family for a couple of months. They always had a party when he came home from his trucking trips. He brought crackers and cheese, balogne, bon-bon cookies, bananas and surprises. He was so good to Vera's family.

The Sanford home remained standing until the spring of 1979. Vera and her family moved to Morgan when Cathryn was in the 5th and 6th grades and Bill in the 3rd and 4th grades. They later moved to Manassa where Cathryn and Bill both graduated from high school. Vera taught school for many years to support her family and finished in LaJara where she lived for many years in the white house her father had bought.



Estelle Morton Reid and James Reid.
Estelle is a sister of Jessie Shawcroft.



Bert and Minnie Morton were
married 11 Sept. 1918. They
are shown here with twins,
Phil and Phyllis, born April
16, 1923. Bert is a brother
of Jessie Shawcroft.



Uncle Wes Morton, Phyllis Morton, Vernice and Bosco
Harris. Wes is another brother of Jessie Shawcroft.



FAMILY OF ESTELLE MORTON REID AND JIM REID. The family is much larger now, but at this time included: Chuck and Willadene Fabry and three children, Bruce and Margene Reid and two children, Wayne and Merle Reid, Lola Reid, Wanda and Kip Parker, Lucille and Rawney Ellis and one child, Ardell and Howard VanderMeiden and two children.



WAYNE REID FAMILY. Front Row: Merle, Matthew, Wayne, Richard, Douglas. Back Row: Julie, Shawn, Scott, David, Kevin



FOUR SISTERS--MEMORIAL DAY
1963: Ardis, Vera, Sadie and
Ethei



DESCENDANTS OF JESSIE MAY MORTON AND JOSEPH HYRUM SHAWCROFT AT JOHN SHAWCROFT REUNION IN 1965. Back Row L. to R. Barbara and Joseph Shawcroft, Sharon Schofield, Glenna Schofield, Wade & Lisa Schofield, Lloyd Hatfield. Row 3: Vera Brothers, Mary Schofield and Russell Schofield, Vicki Brown, Hilda Shawcroft, Troy and Betty Steffonson, Rebecca and Mark Schofield, Nellie Hatfield, Ardis Bowdish, Delma Fincher. Row 2: Toni Brown, Bruce, John and Grant Shawcroft, Kerry DeGolyer, Jimmy Fincher, Larry Teem, Perry Bowdish, Johnny Fincher. Row 1: Billy John Fincher, Reed Shawcroft, Marta Jean Shawcroft, Marian Shawcroft, Jon and Danny Schofield.



THREE SISTERS--MEMORIAL DAY 1981: Sadie, Vera, Nellie



Cathryn Brothers married Loyd Dunn 28 May 1941. They had eight children. This picture was taken just prior to the two oldest children filling missions. Jerry went to Peru and Vera to Denmark. Pictured are: (Back Row) Joe, Robert, Carol, Vera, Jerry. (Middle Row) Terry, Kimberly and Loyd. (Front Row) Cathryn and Lorianne.



FAMILY OF VERN & VERA OLIVIER: Front: Vera, Jeffrey, Jonathan. Back: Vern, Cathryn, David, Michael



FAMILY OF JERRY AND JEANIE DUNN: Front Row: Shellie Dunn, Carrie Dunn, Kevin Dunn. Back Row: Danny Dunn, Jeanie Dunn, Jenny Dunn, Scott Dunn, Jerry Dunn.

Lloyd Gerald Dunn and Alice Jean Stearmer were married August 4, 1967, in the Los Angeles Temple. They live in Lancaster, California, where Jerry teaches Spanish, social studies and coaches in a junior high school. Jerry is presently serving on the Stake High Council and Jeanie is a counselor in the Ward Relief Society.

Vernon Lee Olivier and Vera Louise Dunn (p. 17) were married August 18, 1967, in Lancaster, California and were sealed in the Oakland Temple four days later. They live in Broomfield, Colorado, where Vern is employed by Western Electric. Vern's newest calling in the church is that of Scoutmaster and Vera is serving as Homemaking Leader on the Relief Society Stake Board.



FAMILY OF VON AND CAROL RICHARDSON. Row 1: Heather, Matthew, Paul, Ryan. Row 2: Carol, Susan, Karen.
Row 3. Von, Laura, Lisa, Holly



FAMILY OF BOB AND PAM DUNN. Row 1: Leslie Dionne, Loyd Alan and Jackie Lee Dunn
Row 2: Bob and Pam Dunn

Robert William Dunn and Pamela Louise McPhetridge were married in the Los Angeles Temple on August 31, 1976. Bob served a mission in Spain. They are now living in Lancaster, California. Bob is employed by the Borax Co. He is presently serving as Stake Mission President and Pam is the Ward Young Women's President.

Paul Von Richardson and Carol Ann Dunn (p. 19) were married October 27, 1972, in the Los Angeles Temple. They live in Upland, California. Von is an elementary school principal and is now serving in the Bishopric of their Ward. Von served a mission in Argentina and Carol in Uruguay and Paraguay. Carol is Mother Education Teacher in the Ward Relief Society.



JOSEPH CHRISTEN DUNN served a mission in South Australia. He is now working for Sperry Univac and is in Japan for a year. He makes his permanent home in Lancaster, California. Joe says that since he attends a Branch on the Naval Base that they were happy to have another Priesthood holder who wouldn't be out to sea most weekends.



FAMILY OF TERRY AND LOUISE DUNN. Terry, Louise, Travis



TRAVIS DOUGLAS DUNN

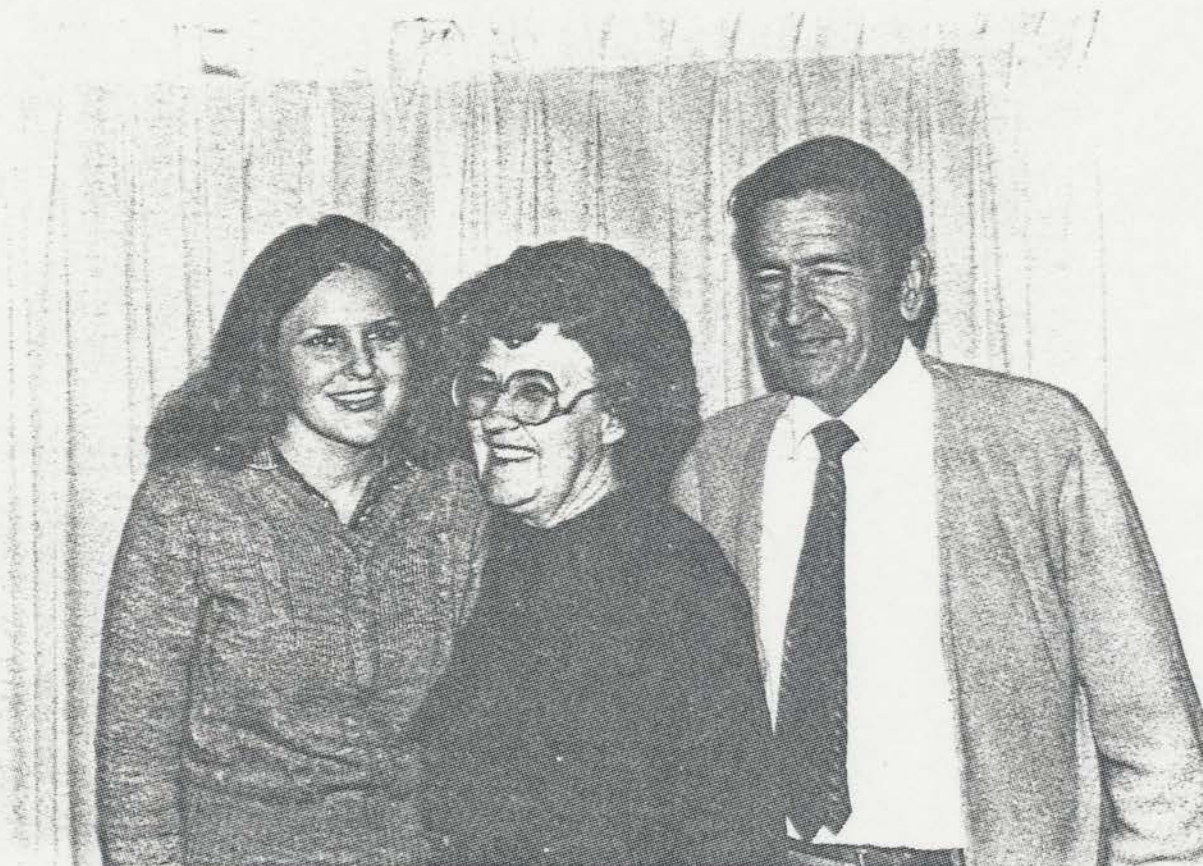
Terry David Dunn and Louise Jones were married in Las Vegas, Nevada. Terry served a mission in Argentina. They live in Lancaster, California. Terry just left for Sacramento where he will be in a five month training program to become a California State Patrolman. He will be able to return home on some weekends to be with his family. Louise works part time as a receptionist for Clark Optical.



FAMILY OF BILLY AND LORIANNE CLEVANGER. L. to R. Lorianne, Peter Andrew, William Christensen (Chris), William Russell holding Joseph Aaron.



KIMBERLY MARLEEN DUNN



KIMBERLY, CATHRYN AND LOYD DUNN -- 1982

Loyd and Cathryn are living in Lancaster, California. Loyd is teaching fifth grade in Little Rock, California, and Cathryn works for the Los Angeles County Special Education program. Loyd is serving on the Stake High Council and Cathryn is the Stake and Ward Relief Society Activation/Missionary leader.

Kimberly is home from Brigham Young University and is in the process of getting her papers ready for a mission. She is active in Young Adults and is teaching Spiritual Living in Relief Society.

William Russell Clevenger and Lorianne Dunn (p. 190) were married Aug. 4, 1977, in the Los Angeles Temple. Billy is finishing up a Master's Degree at Brigham Young University and they hope to go into a Ph.D. program so he can teach at the college level. Billy served a mission in North Carolina and Florida. Billy is now involved in Stake Missionary work and Lori is Primary President in a student ward.



William Shawcroft Brothers (Billy) married Ella Haynie 29 Oct. 1946. Billy, Ella and their oldest daughter Brooke Anne are shown here. They have six children.



Roger and Brooke Bascom with daughter, Amy, and son, Brandon.



Billy in 1945 when he was in the Navy.



ELLA AND WILLIAM S. BROTHERS

Billy and Ella now make their home in Provo, Utah, where Bill is working as a Dermatologist. Bill is Bishop of the Provo 6th Ward.

Brooke and Roger Bascom live in Provo. Roger commutes to Salt Lake where he works for Sperry Univac. They have a son and a daughter.

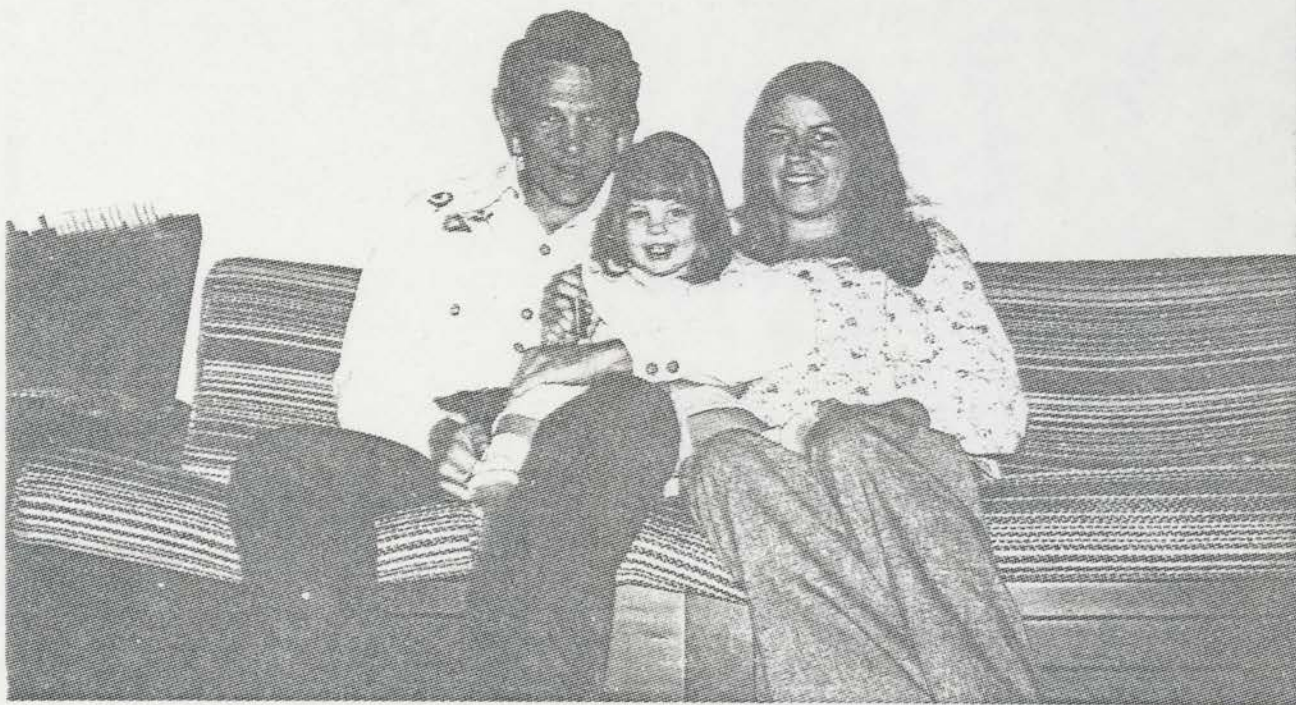
Bill and Beverly Brothers live in El Cajon, California, where Billy is self-employed. Bill served a mission in the North German Mission. They have three daughters.

Sherrelyn Brothers is living at home and working in her dad's medical office. She has a degree in Interior Design and filled a mission to Ecuador.

Lisandra Brothers is teaching third grade in Provo and has just received a mission call to Peru.

Janette Brothers is a Registered Nurse and is serving a mission in the Dominican Republic.

Brian Brothers is a senior in Provo High School. He's a real haandyman and a joy to have around.



WILLIAM H. AND BEVERLY BROTHERS AND
DAUGHTER, JULIE.



ANGELA, JULIE AND EMILY BROTHERS



Sherrelyn Brothers



Lisandra Brothers



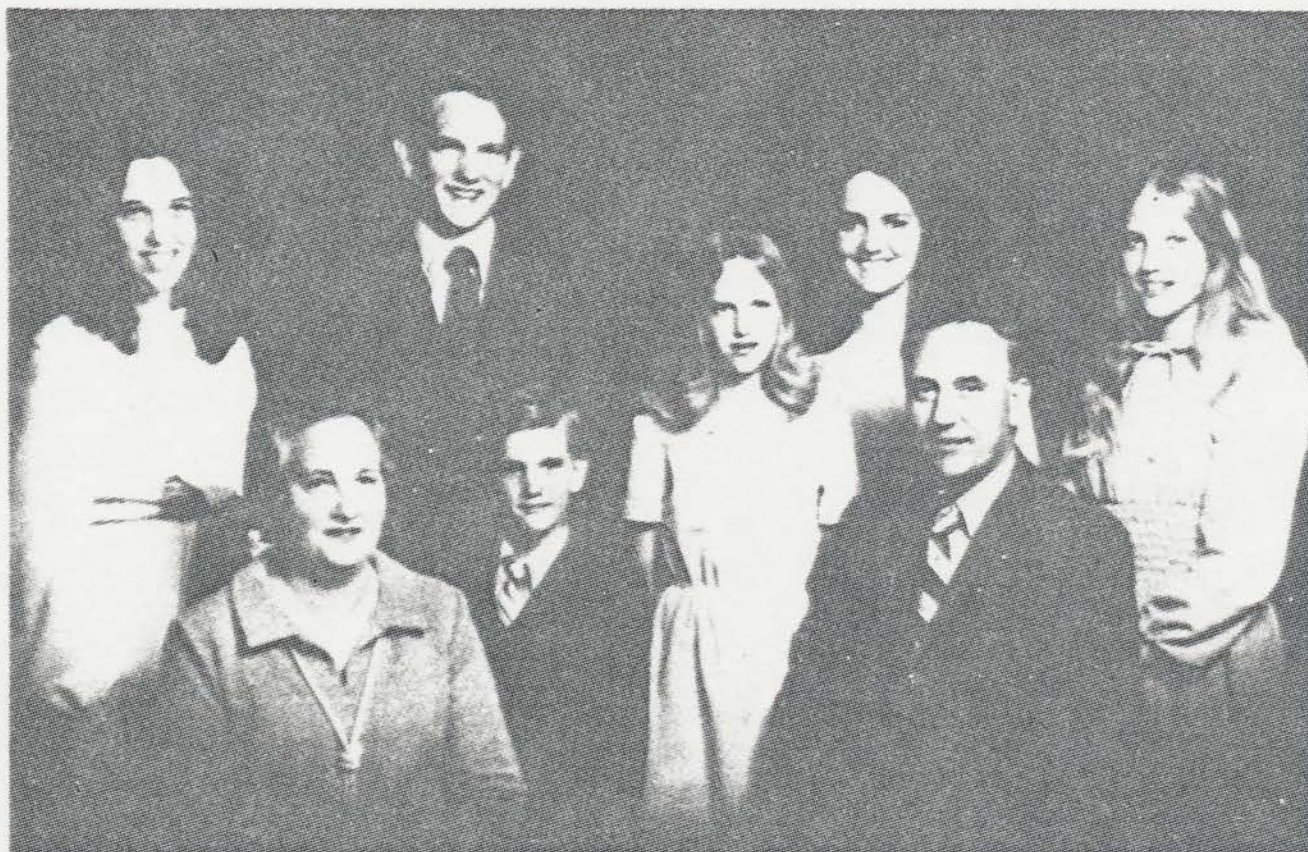


Janette Brothers



Brian Brothers





THE WILLIAM S. BROTHERS FAMILY. Front Row: Ella, Brian, Janette, William S.
Back Row: Sherrelyn, William H., Brooke Ann, Lisandra

Bill and Ella's family have developed their musical talents and give great service in the Wards and Stakes to which they belong. At one time they had a family orchestra. Billy (Dad) and Bill (Son) played the bass fiddles, Bill (Son) and Sherrelyn played the cello, Lisandra played violin and viola, Brooke Ann played violin, Ella played piano, and Brian was very small at the time and he was the conductor. All of the children play both piano and organ.



Vernice Lucille Shawcroft married Josiah Alexander Harris (Bosco). She taught school many years. She had no children, but was loved by her many nieces and nephews. Vernice was a beautiful and gifted girl. Vernice died in 1959. The last picture on the page is her last school picture.



SCHOOL DAYS 1954-55



School Days 1958-59



Ethel had a sad life. She loved little children, but had none of her own. She did make the best of what she had.



Ethel, Arthur Wood, Vernice



Baby Ethel and her Mother, Jesse



Bill and Ethel Lang and friends



Vernice and Bill Lang



Joseph Lyman Shawcroft was born 4 Sept. 1904. He died 7 April 1936 at the age of 31. He left three children, Joseph, George and Billie Louise and his widow, Florence. When he was dead he looked just like he had been glorified.



Joseph Lyman Shawcroft--a wonderful brother to his nine sisters.



George Albert Shawcroft



Joe's oldest son, Joe with his wife Barbara, and four of their children, Hilda, Marian, Marta and Ann.



JOSEPH LYMAN SHAWCROFT FAMILY.
Back Row: Barbara holding
Marta Jean. Grant, Hilda, Joe
Front Row: John, Bruce, Reed,
Marian (Baby Ann, see p. 27).

Joe and Barbara now live in
Grand Junction, Colorado,
where they are running two
donut shops. Daughter Hilda
married Carl Workman and lives
in Alamosa, Colorado. Joe
has been a Bishop in Alamosa.



Billie Louise Shawcroft



Joseph Lyman Shawcroft and son,
Joe.



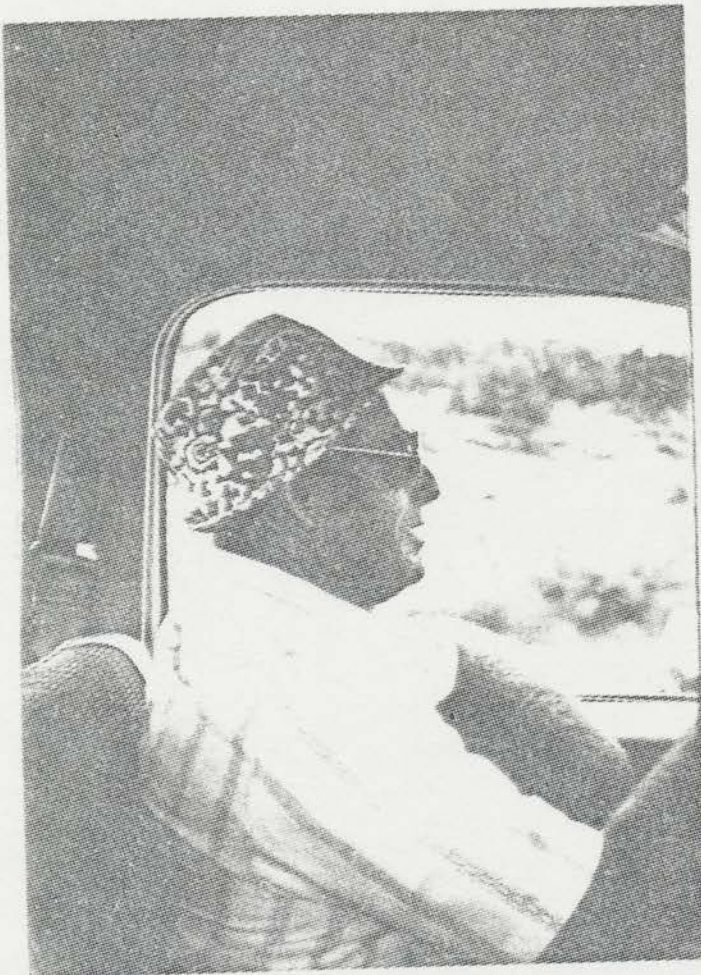
BILLIE LOUISE SHAWCROFT

Billie Louise Shawcroft and Robert Miller were married. He was working for the Colorado Highway Department when he was buried under a snowslide. She is living in Grand Junction, Colorado, and has one son.



GEORGE AND VERNA SHAWCROFT FAMILY. Back Row: David Neal, Verna, Glenda Jean, George. Front Row: Marsha Rose, Nathan Edward, Susan May, Dea Anne, and Audrey Denise

George Albert Shawcroft and Verna Mardell Tyler were married June 28, 1953, in Clifton, Colorado. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple Dec. 5, 1975. They live in Durango, Colo. George is Ward Clerk and Verna is Meetinghouse Librarian and Homemaking Teacher in Relief Society.



GEORGE AT WORK



GEORGE AT CAMP ROBERTS IN 1951



MEGAN ELIZABETH SHAW

Glenda Jean Shawcroft and Vincent James Shaw were married December 5, 1975, in the Salt Lake Temple. They have one daughter, Megan Elizabeth, born Jan. 15, 1979.



MICHAEL, AUDREY, SALLY AND MICHELLE CARMON

Audrey Denise Shawcroft and Michael Jess Carmon were married Feb. 2, 1973, at the Chapel at Ft. Lewis College. They have two living daughters, Michelle Lynn and Sally Jo. One daughter, Jennifer Renee, was born November 2, 1975, and lived only 30 minutes.



SUSAN MAY SHAWCROFT

Susan is now living at home in Durango. She is active in Young Adults and is both Ward and Stake Representative.



DEA ANNE SHAWCROFT

Dea Anne is now living in San Bruno, California, having just moved there from Fresno.



VERNA SHAWCROFT, GEORGE (BOB) AND MARSHA BUNNER, GEORGE SHAWCROFT

Marsha Rose Shawcroft and George William Bunner were married Dec. 22, 1978, in the Chapel at Ft. Lewis College.



DAVID NEAL SHAWCROFT

David will graduate from High School in 1982. He joined the Army Reserve last December (1980) and took his Basic Training in the summer of 1981 at Ft. Dix, New Jersey. He will get his advanced training next summer (1982) after graduation.

NATHAN EDWARD SHAWCROFT

Nathan graduated from High School in 1980. He is still living at home and is working in Farmington, New Mexico, building solid wood furniture.





Mary holding Annie

Mary married Cecil Schofield 18 July 1924. They had five children, Jacqueline, Delores (She died 17 March 1930), Wade, Phil and John.

Cecil and Mary were married 18 July 1924. Mary was born 26 Jan. 1906. She died 10 April 1941 at age 35. Children and birthdates are:

Jacqueline May, 18 July 1925
 Delores Ann, 24 Dec. 1928.
 Wade Ellsworth, 30 May 1930
 Phil Jerry, 31 July 1936
 John Allen, 16 Aug. 1938



Wade Schofield married Glenna Jane Anderson. Shown here with first child, Mary Jane.



Cecil and Mary Schofield with son, Wade.



JACQUELINE MAE SCHOFIELD

Jackie Skinner had three sons: Cecil Mullen, Jeffrey Frickstad, and Gregory Frickstad. Jackie now lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Gregory died in May, 1981.

Below: JACQUELINE AND DELORES SCHOFIELD

Below: JACKIE AND CECIL MULLEN





MARY SCHOFIELD HOLDING BABY
DELORES

Back Row: Wade & Cecil Schofield
Front Row: John & Phil Schofield

Wade and Glenna Schofield now
live in Alamosa, Colorado.



WADE AND GLENNA SCHOFIELD FAMILY. Back Row: Wade, Jeff, Jon Schofield, Larry and Spencer Hart. Middle Row: Glenna Schofield, Mary and Lisa Schofield, Becky and Bridget Hart. Front Row: Peter and Tara Schofield. Picture taken in 1977 before Jon left for the mission field.



MARY JANE, RYAN AND HAROLD FREY

Mary Jane filled a mission in Germany. She and her family now live in Provo. She was an elementary school teacher in Orem before the birth of their son.



Back Row: LARRY AND BECKY HART
Front Row: SPENCER AND BRIDGET HART

Larry and Rebecca Hart live in Loveland, Colorado.



DANNY, CAROL AND JASON SCHOFIELD

Danny and his family are now living in Fort Collins, Colorado.



JON AND SUSAN SCHOFIELD

Jonathan Schofield is living in Provo, Utah, where he is attending Brigham Young University.



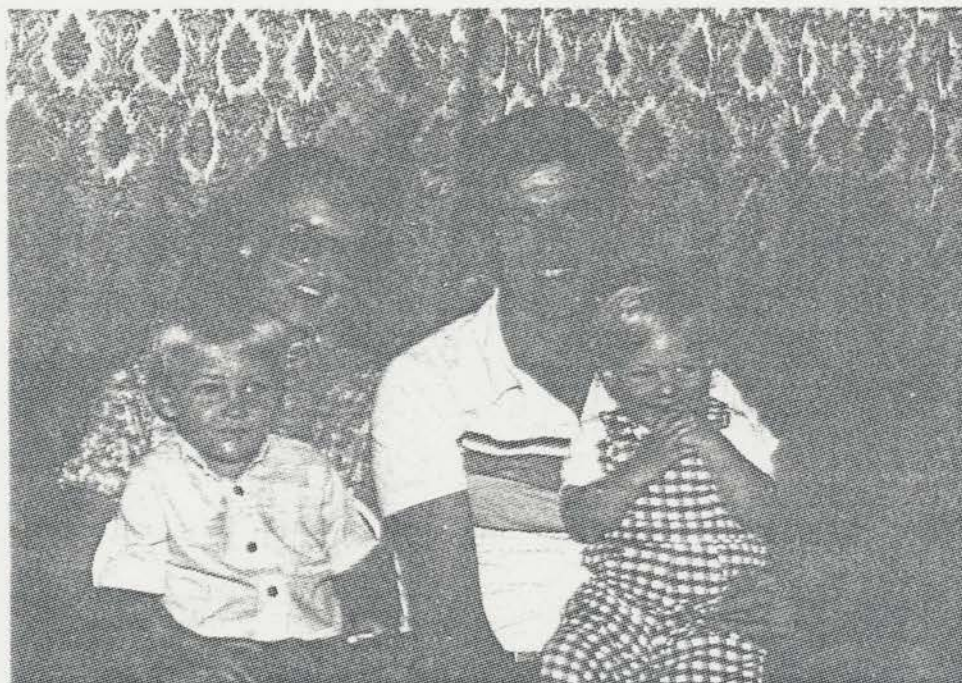
PHIL JERRY SCHOFIELD

Son of Cecil and Mary Schofield. Born: July 31, 1936. Phil and his family now live in Bloomfield, New Mexico. He is employed as a dispatcher for Gas Company of New Mexico. Phil is serving as an Assistant Ward Clerk.

CAROLYN JANE LARSEN SCHOFIELD

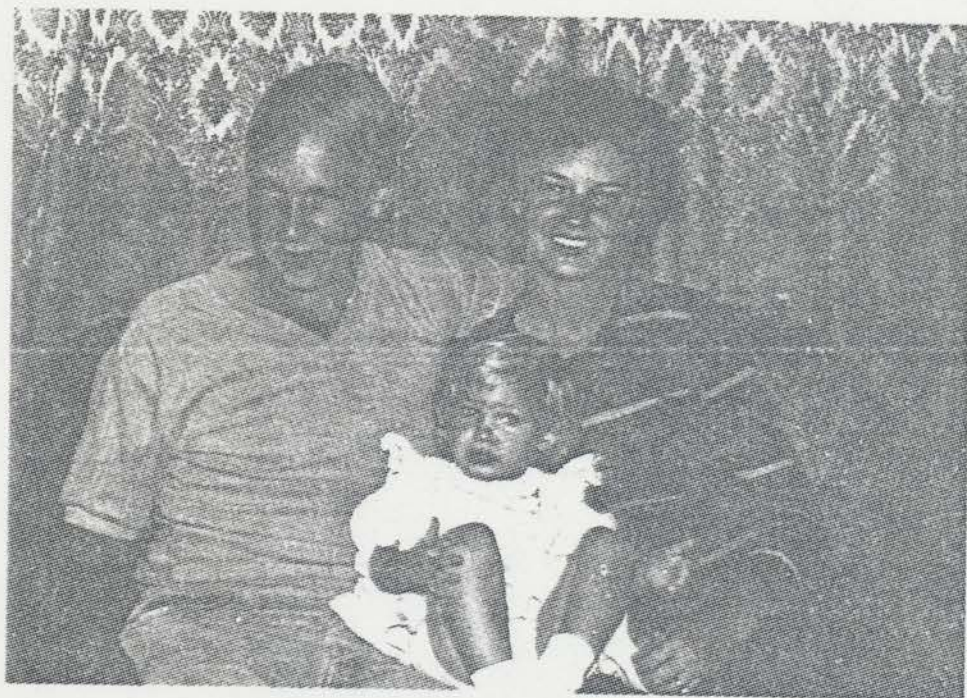
Daughter of Carl and Mary Larsen. Born: March 29, 1938. Carolyn is employed by the Bloomfield Schools as a substitute teacher. She is serving as Stake Young Women's President.





AUDREY ELLEN SCHOFIELD AND RANDY ROGERS were married in the Manti Temple. Also pictured are their sons, Allen and Aaron. They are now living at Waterflow, New Mexico. Audrey is serving as Ward Primary President.

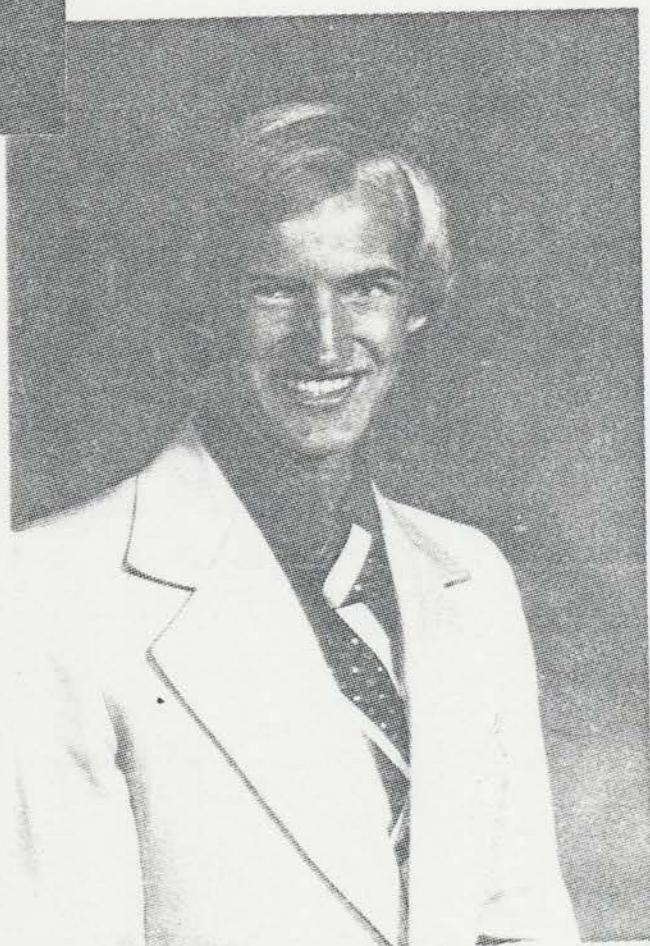
JERRI GAY SCHOFIELD and SCOTT LINDSAY ROWAN were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Also pictured is their daughter, Julie. They live in Burnsville, Minnesota. Jerri is serving as a member of the Ward Activity Committee.





PHIL ANTHONY SCHOFIELD and SUZETTE BIGGS were married in the Mesa Temple. They are living in Clovis, New Mexico. Phil is employed by Rocky Mountain Ethanol where he is Foreman over a Mini Plant. He served a mission in Manchester, England, and is now serving as Sunday School President in the Clovis Ward.

HAL COURTNEY SCHOFIELD is now serving a mission in Seoul, Korea. He attended Brigham Young University one year before going on his mission.

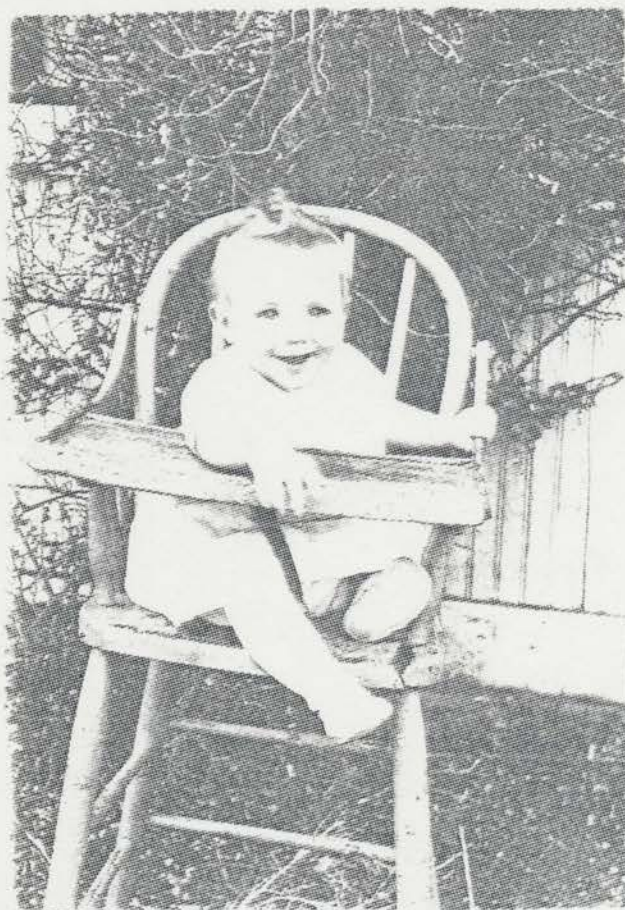




CAROL LYNNE
SCHOFIELD and
BRUCE R. GALLUP
were married in
the Idaho Falls
Temple. They
are now living
in Rexburg,
Idaho, where
they are
attending school.

JOHN ALLEN SCHOFIELD AS A
BABY

John was born March 3,
1939, and is the youngest
son of Cecil and Mary
Schofield.





FAMILY OF JOHN ALLEN AND SHARON SCHOFIELD. Back Row: Sharon, Mark (18), John.
 Middle Row: Ramona (12), David (13), Keith (9).
 Front Row: Grandparents Cecil and Alma Schofield.

John and Sharon Schofield and family live in Del Norte, Colorado. John works as a surveyor there. A son, Russell, died as a baby.

Wade Schofield teaches Industrial Arts in Alamosa and Monte Vista Schools. Wade and Glenna are the parents of nine children. A daughter, Ruth Ann, died as a baby.



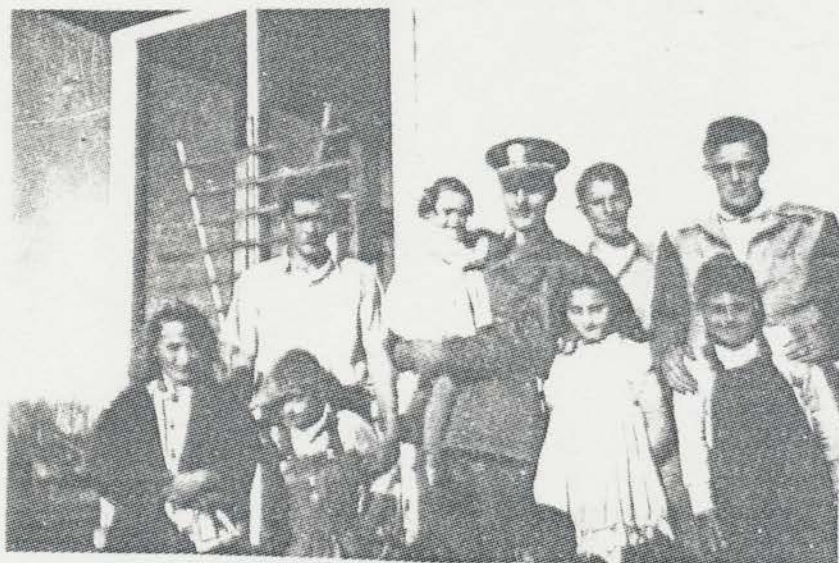
Nellie Shawcroft married Lloyd Wilbur Hatfield 13 Dec. 1925. They had two children, Mary Ann and Herbert Eugene. Pictured here are Nellie, Mary Ann and Lloyd.



Herbert Hatfield. He died when he was 18.



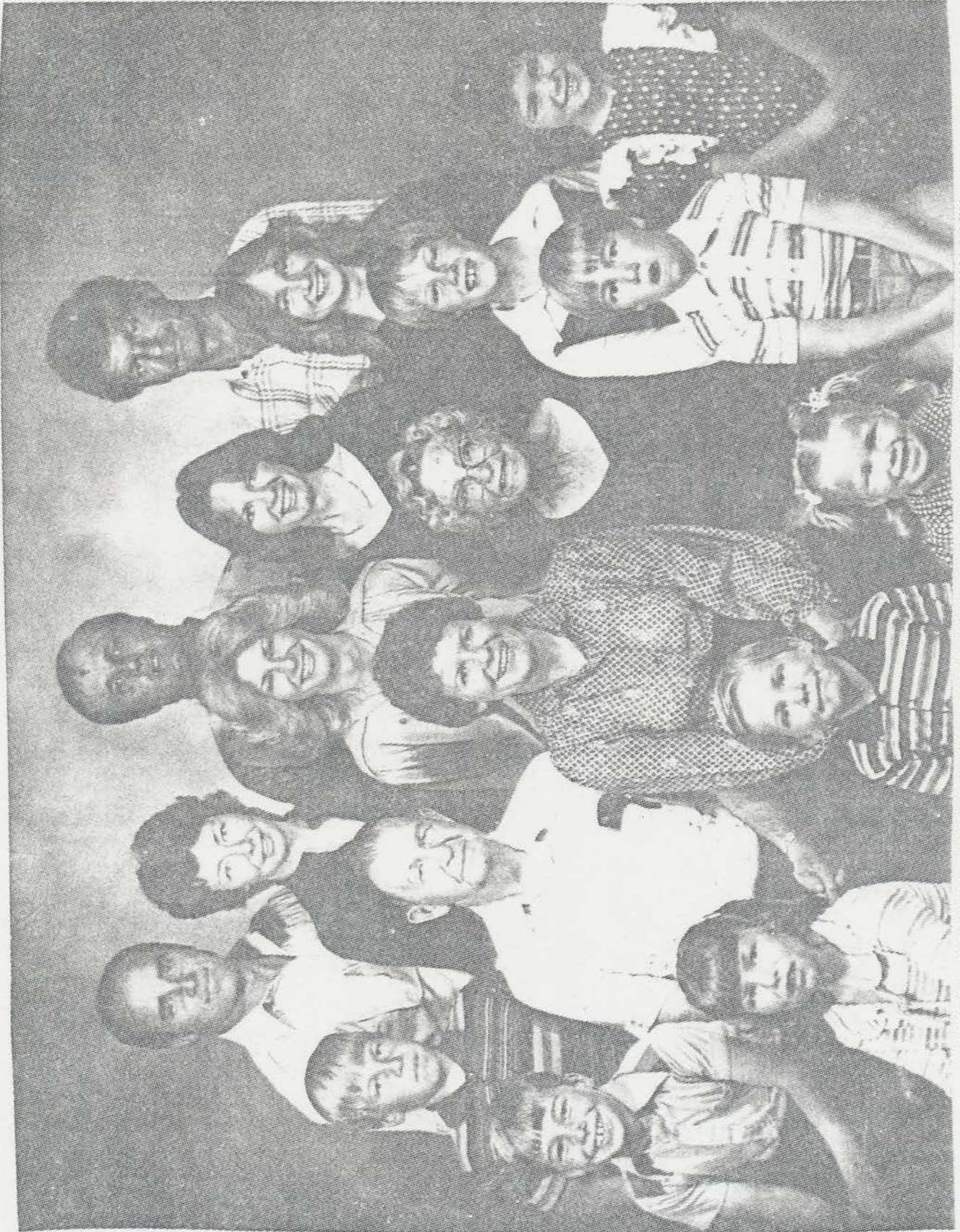
Mary Ann and Norman Hough were married 2 Dec. 1944. They have 3 daughters, Janet, Marsha, and Debbie.



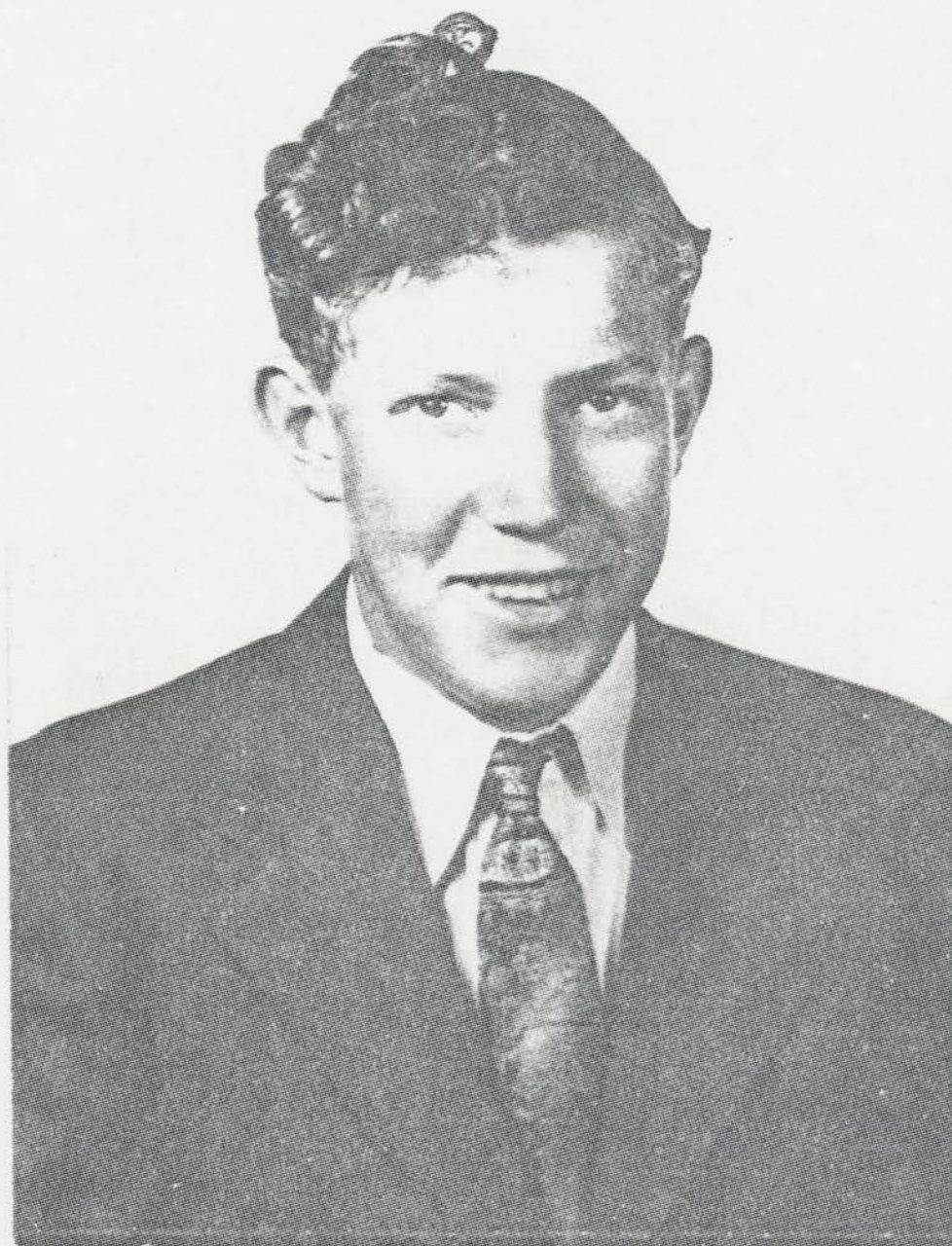
Some of Hy Shawcroft's grandchildren

FRONT ROW: Betty Watts, Gus Linderholm, Roberta Linderholm, Don Linderholm.

BACK ROW: Gene Watts, Billy Brothers holding Vera Louise Dunn, Eddie Ray Brown and Herbert Hatfield.



NELLIE HATFIELD WITH HER CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN



HERBERT EUGENE HATFIELD was born November 6, 1928, and died December 2, 1946 at the age of 18. He was the son of Nellie Shawcroft Hatfield and Lloyd Wilbur Hatfield.

Picture on Page 30A is of the following people.

- Row 1: Jason Buccellato, Joy DonCarlos, Adam Don Carlos, Debra Buccellato, Brody Buccellato, and Leigh Buccellato
- Row 2: Clay Buccellato, Norman Hough, Mary Ann Hatfield Hough, Nellie Shawcroft Hatfield, Chad Green
- Row 3: Marcia Hough Buccellato, Janet Hough Green, Debralee Hough DonCarlos, Nicki Green
- Row 4: Anthony Buccellato, Edward Green, Michael DonCarlos

Nellie Shawcroft Hatfield is
now living in Cortez, Colorado.
Lloyd died December 29, 1973.



LLOYD AND NELLIE HATFIELD



HERBERT & MARY ANN HATFIELD



LLOYD AND NELLIE HATFIELD



NORMAN E. HOUGH AND MARY ANN HATFIELD HOUGH

Norman and Mary Ann live in Glendale, Arizona. They are in business for themselves repairing airplane parts. They have three daughters. Janet and her family live in Cortez, Colorado. Marcia and her family are in Sebastopol, California. Debbie and her family live in Glendale, Arizona.



FAMILY OF EDWARD J. GREEN, JR. AND JANET MARIE HOUGH GREEN
Ed, Nicki Lee, Chad Edward, Janet



NICKI GREEN



CHAD GREEN



FAMILY OF ANTHONY F. BUCCELLATO AND MARCIA NELL
HOUGH BUCCELLATO. Row 1: Leigh Danet Buccellato,
Debra Tina Buccellato, Brody Ammon Buccellato
Row 2: Jason Norman Buccellato, Anthony Clay
Buccellato, Marcia Nell Hough Buccelato
Back: Anthony F. Buccellato



JOY
DON CARLOS



ADAM DON CARLOS

JOY DON CARLOS



MICHAEL EDWARD
AND
DEBRALEE HOUGH
DON CARLOS



Ardus married (1) Carl Watts and (2) Perry Bowdish. Pictured are Ardus Bowdish and Gene Watts after Ardus was in the accident with the train.

Ardus and Delma Shawcroft as children.





PERRY AND ARDUS BOWDISH--MEMORIAL DAY--1963



RICHARD LEE WATTS



GENE AND MAXINE WATTS WITH
DAUGHTER, MARCELLE

Gene is living in Alamosa
in the house where Ardue
and Perry lived.



GENE AND MARCELLE WATTS--MEMORIAL DAY
1976



MARCELLE Laverne WATTS



Richard Lee Watts (Dick) served in the Navy.



ABOVE: Jack Teem, holding Larry, Betty Teem, holding Sherry, Jeanie Watts, holding Danny, and Dick Watts, holding Richard Dale.



Betty Lou Watts, Ardus' only daughter

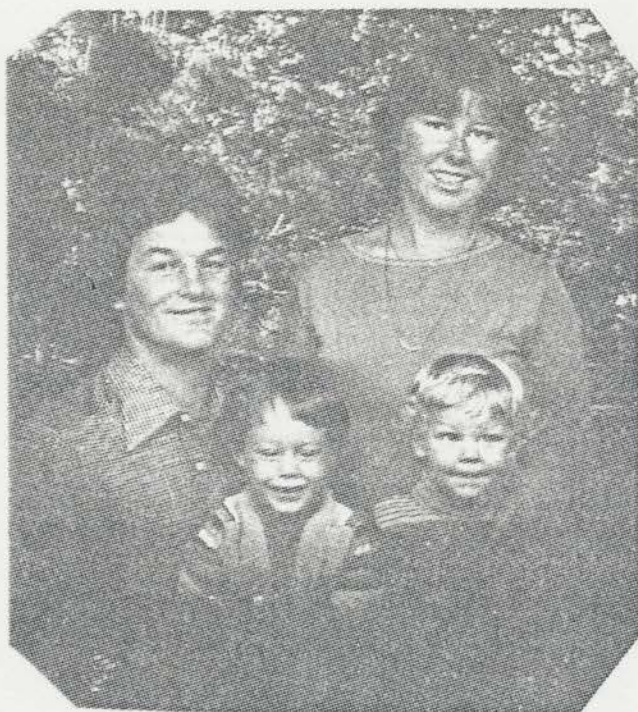


THE DICK AND JEANNIE WATTS FAMILY. Front Row: Danny Lee, Danette Renee, Jeannie, Darrell Eugene. Back Row: Richard Dale, Richard Lee (Dick)



THE DICK WATTS FAMILY AT DARRELL AND TAMMY'S WEDDING APRIL 18, 1981. Left to Right: Danny, Dick, Dickie, Darrell, Danette, Jeannie.

Dick and Jeannie live in Commerce City, Colorado.



RICHARD AND MARYANNA WATTS WITH SONS,
MICHAEL AND BRIAN

Richard and Mary Watts live in the Denver area not far from Dick and Jeannie. He is employed by Frontier Airlines.



JENNIFER STACY WATTS
Daughter of Dickie & Mary Watts



JESSE, CINDY AND DANNY WATTS

Danny is a welder. He and his family also live in the Denver area.



DARRELL AND TAMMY WATTS WERE MARRIED APRIL 18, 1981. They also live in the Denver area.



DICK WATTS AND VERA BROTHERS



DANETTE WATTS--HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION-1981

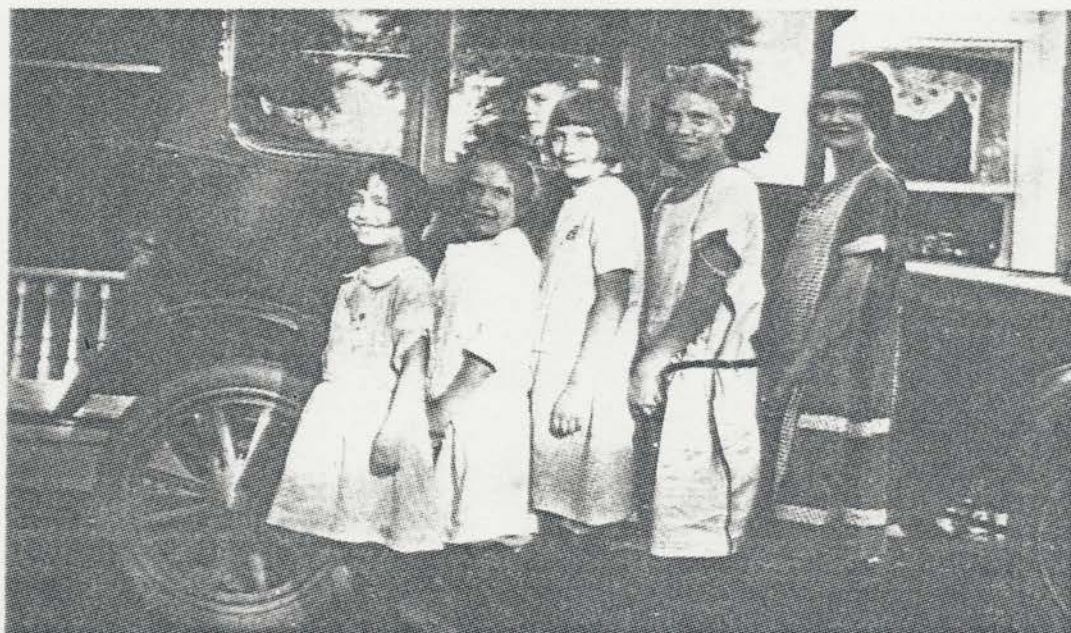
Danette is living at home with her parents.



TROY STEFFENSON, BETTY WATTS, LARRY TEEM
WITH JASON WHITE AND JESSE WATTS--MEMORIAL
DAY-1981. Betty is now living in Pueblo,
Colorado.



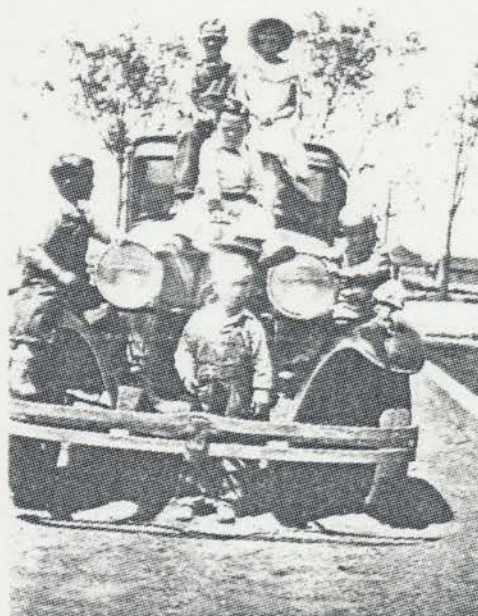
SHERRY TEEM WHITE AND JASON
CURTIS WHITE, 1977.



Dorothy (our stepsister), Sadie, Annie, Delma and Ardus with Austin (our stepbrother) in the car. Picture taken in 1920.



Billy Brothers, Roberta Linderholm, and Bobby Joe Brown



Billy & Cathryn Brothers on top of car, Gene & Dick Watts on fenders, and Bobby and Eddie Brown in middle.

Delma married (1) Leo Brown and
(2) Johnny Fincher.



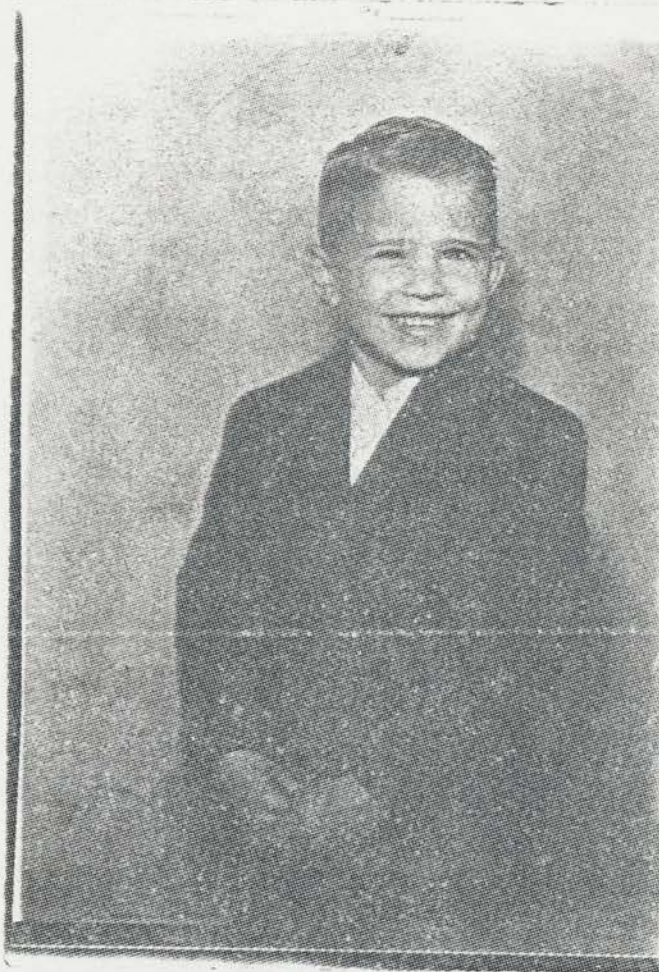
Bob Brown,
Delma's oldest
son



Bob's two oldest children, Vicki and Scott Brown



Eddie Ray Brown,
Delma's 2nd son



Jimmy Fincher, Delma's youngest
son



Eddie Ray and Pat Brown

Eddie and Pat's two sons,
Bruce and Gary son.





JOHNNY AND DELMA SHAWCROFT FINCHER WITH JIMMY'S SONS, JIMMY
AND BILLY JOHN FINCHER
Memorial Day 1976



EDDIE RAY BROWN, JIMMY
FINCHER AND BOBBY BROWN



Annie's graduation picture. Annie Rhee Shawcroft was born in Richfield, Colorado 24 Dec. 1913. She died 22 Nov. 1958. Annie married Harold Ray Newman 3 June 1939. They had two sons, Frank H armon Newman and Harold Joseph Newman.

Frank married Catherine Cluff. Joe married Phyllis Jean McCord 6 June 1970.



Annie and Harold Newman with sons, Frank and Joe



Joe Newman (left)
Frank & Katie Newman in front
of Vera Brother's house in
LaJara. Hy Shawcroft bought
this home (below).





ANNIE NEWMAN HOLDING JOE NEWMAN, FRANK
NEWMAN, AND DON LINDERHOLM



FRANK AND JOE NEWMAN AT AUNT FLORENCE'S HOUSE
AT CLIFTON, COLORADO



JOE AND FRANK NEWMAN

Joe Newman lives near Grand Junction, Colorado, where he has a ranch.

FRANK AND KATIE NEWMAN
WITH CHILDREN, TONY,
NANETTE, CINDY AND ROBERT
This picture was taken
the day baby Cindy passed
away.



Frank and Katie Newman
live in Ramona, California.



Sadie Shawcroft was the baby of the family. Here she is dressed in a costume for a school play. This was taken when we lived in the white house in LaJara. Vera lived in this home for many years.



Sadie Lou Shawcroft was born 26 Oct 1915. This is her graduation picture. She married (1) Carl Linderholm and (2) John Clark Burt.

Ethel, Ann, and Sadie





Sadie Shawcroft's baby
picture



Roberta, Gus and Don Linderholm



SADIE LOU SHAWCROFT

Sadie and Clark Burt now live in Lompoc, California.

Below: SADIE & CLARK BURT



ROBERTA, CLARK, SADIE, GUS, AND DON





ROBERTA AND DON LINDERHOLM



ROBERTA LINDERHOLM CAMPBELL
AND JIM CAMPBELL

Roberta and Jim live in Porterville, California. Jim is manager at the Bank of America and is in the Bishopric. Roberta is working in a solar hot water business.



GUS, ROBERTA AND DON LONDERHOLM



FAMILY OF JIM AND ROBERTA CAMPBELL. Back Row: Jim, Roberta, Greg, Angela, Brenda, Daniel. Front Row: Kenny, Keith



DAN AND PEGGY CAMPBELL,
DANIELLE AND CODY

Dan and Peggy Campbell and family live in Antioch, Calif. Dan is in the Bishopric and Peggy is the Laurel leader. Dan works for the Price Waterhouse Accounting Firm. He graduated from Brigham Young University.



GREG AND DEBBIE CAMPBELL

Greg is the maintenance/construction foreman for the JaLoma Ranch near Lompoc, California. Debbie works as a cashier for a local grocery store. They expected their first baby in March 1982.

THE CAMPBELL BOYS

Dan, Ken, Greg, Keith

Ken is a high school freshman and loves football.

Keith still attends a three room school. He plays football and is active in scouts.





BRENDA CAMPBELL

Brenda is working at the state hospital. She works with children confined to wheel chairs as a teacher's aid.

ANGELA CAMPBELL

Angela is now out of high school and is working at a drug store in Porterville.





Back Row: SHERRY LINDERHOLM, DON LINDERHOLM, DICKIE LINDERHOLM. Front Row: DAVID LINDERHOLM, SHANNON LINDERHOLM, WENDY LINDERHOLM

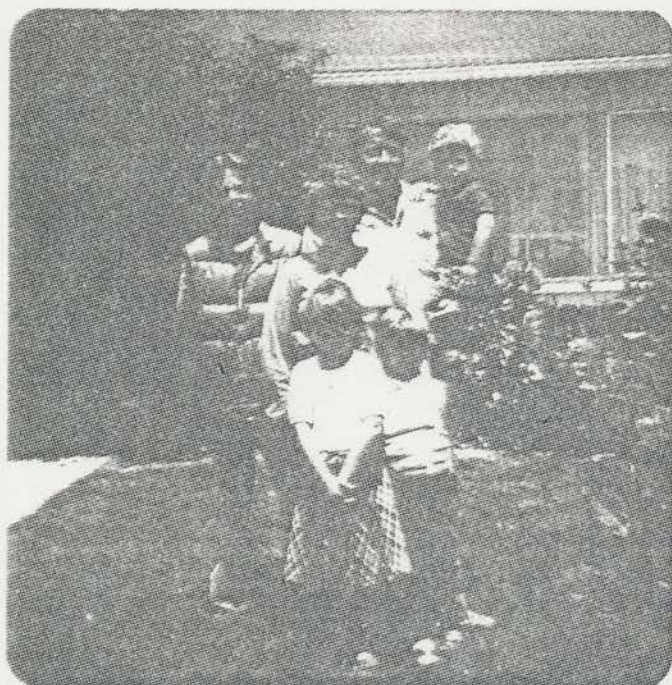
Don and Dickie Linderholm and family live in Hesperia, California. Don works as a truck driver.



DEBBIE LINDERHOLM
1977 Graduation Picture



JENNIFER LINDERSHOLM



Back Row: MICHAEL, DON, DAVID.
Middle Row: DICKIE
Front Row: SHANNON, WENDY



MIKE LINDERHOLM

Mike plays on the high school football team and is working on his second year 100% attendance at Seminary.



SHANNON LINDERHOLM

Shannon is in fourth grade and is a cheerleader for Hesperia Football.



WENDY LINDERHOLM

Wendy is 8 years old. She is also a cheerleader and tends the family chickens.



DAVID LINDERHOLM

David is a 4 year old active pre-school boy.



WEDDING OF GUS AND CARRIE
LINDERHOLM

Front Row: Gerrie Linderholm,
Carrie's Mother, Carrie Linder-
holm, Gus Linderholm, Sadie
Burt, Mike Linderholm.
Back Row: Tim and Raymond
Bennett (Carrie's sons), Clark
Burt

Gus and Carrie Linderholm are
now living in Baker, California.

CARRIE AND GUS LINDERHOLM

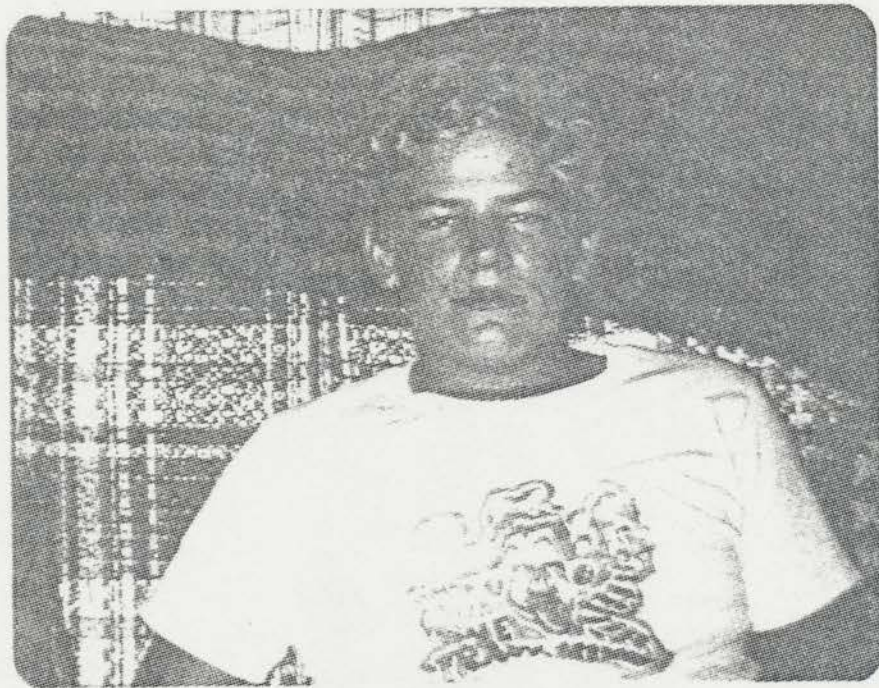




GERRIE LYNN LINDERHOLM



MIKE LINDERHOLM



CHUCK LINDERHOLM



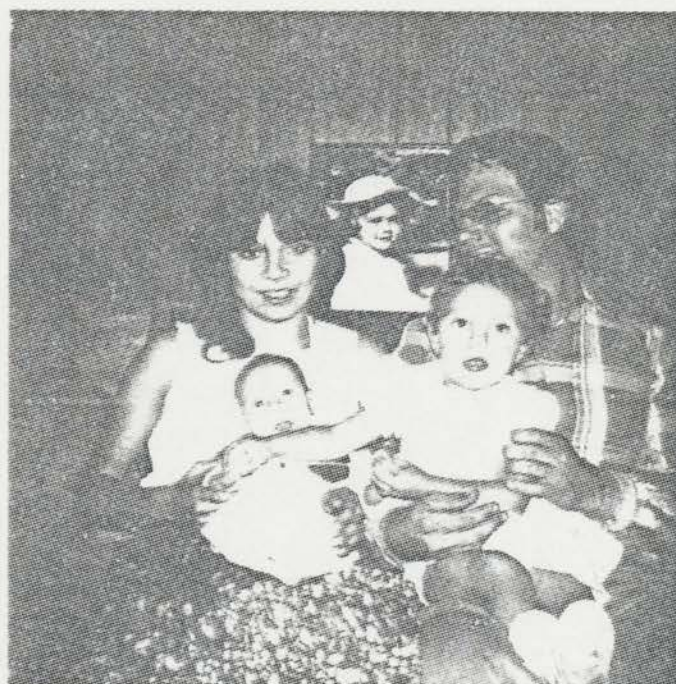
CARL LINDERHOLM

REGINA HOUSE, GUS'S ADOPTED
DAUGHTER

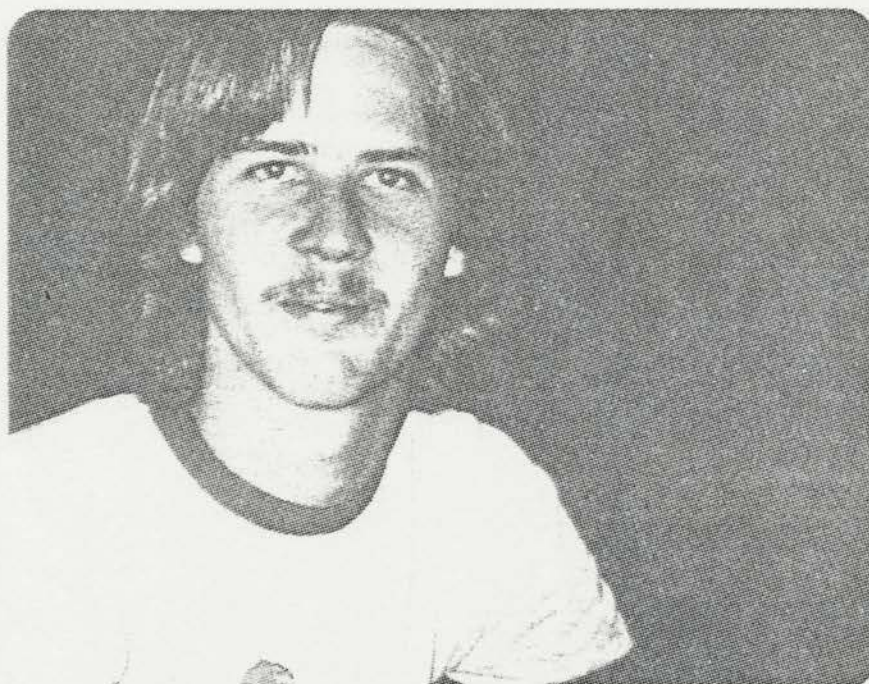
JESSICA YVONNE HOUSE



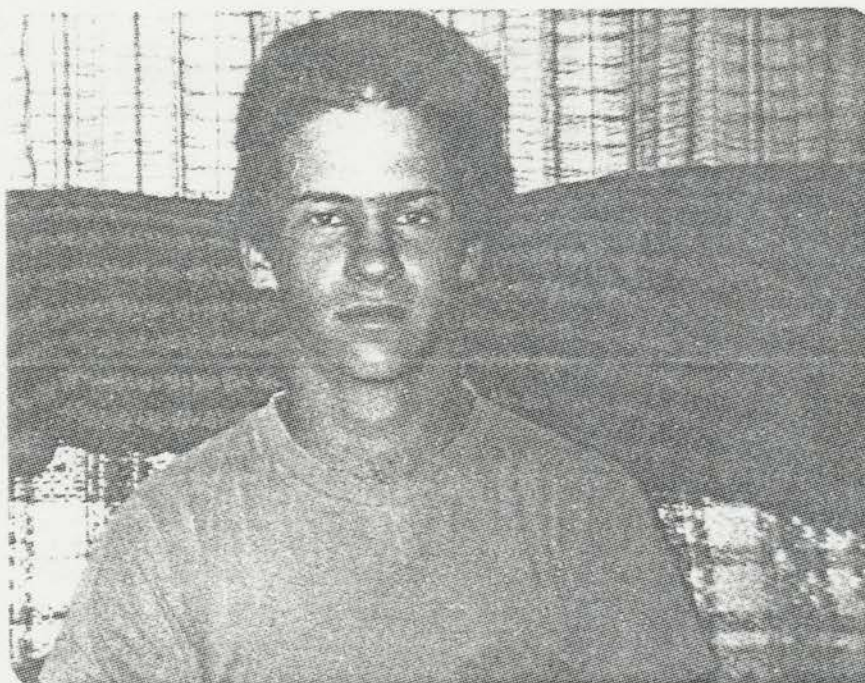
GUS, CHUCK AND CARL LINDERHOLM

Back Row: STEVE, TINA, LORETTA
LINDERHOLMFront Row: DEBRA AND MELLISA
LINDERHOLM

Steve is Gus's adopted son.



TIM BENNETT, age 18, Carrie's son.



RAYMOND BENNETT, age 17, Carrie's son.



Dorothy Thorpe's (our
stepsister) graduation
picture. Dorothy married
Rudy Schroder.

Dorothy's son, Tim Schroder.

