

THE STORY OF DORA ADELLA DAVIS SHAWCROFT

by

Grace Shawcroft Hutchins

My mother, Dora Adella Davis Shawcroft, was born February 18, 1876 at Buffalo Valley, Putnam County, Tennessee at the home of her maternal grandparents, Joshua and Annie Bartlett. Mother's parents were Robert Miller Davis and Inga Bartlett.

To fully understand mother's life, it is well to take a look at some of the sturdy pioneers from whom she is descended - pioneers who followed the early trail blazed through the Cumberland Gap by Daniel Boone. While Boone and his people went on into Kentucky to build a fort at Boonesboro in 1775, other settlers coming later branched off onto the Southern trails. In 1787, the first legislature of the State of Tennessee authorized William Walton, a pioneer citizen of Smith County, to construct a more direct route from East Tennessee to Nashville, over which goods and emigrants might be transported. With the construction of this road, known as the Walton Road - a road which runs the entire length from east to west of the present Putnam County, many settlers from Virginia, North and South Carolina and Maryland began to move into middle Tennessee to settle along the Walton Road and its adjoining rivers and streams.

Joshua Bartlett and others of his family took up land in the middle 1820's on the Caney Fork River in Buffalo Valley. This valley lies at the extreme west end of the present Putnam County. Tradition tells us that long before settlement was made here, a rank growth of cane covered many square miles and that herds of buffalo would come down from the mountains to graze through the winter, when other pasturage was dead or scarce. The story current among early settlers was that a huge buffalo was killed in the valley near the old Alcorn place, and from this circumstance the valley gained its name. Joshua Bartlett bought his land from the government for thirty-five

cents an acre. At first the settlers of Buffalo Valley were scattered through the valley on farms, but later a village took root on the banks of the Caney Fork River, which was also called Buffalo Valley.

Another of mother's ancestors, Thomas Anderson, came from Scotland and his wife came from England. They settled in Cumberland County, Virginia. Two of their sons, Joel and Thomas, came to Jackson County, Tennessee and settled near Gainsboro, near a place called Backburn's Fork on the Roaring River. Joel, a preacher, later moved to Mississippi. Thomas married Judith Robinson, whose people also came from Virginia. Thomas Anderson was a prosperous farmer and he and his wife Judith had ten children, seven boys and three girls. One of the girls, Anna (usually called Annie) married Joshua Bartlett. Joshua and Annie Bartlett built a house in Buffalo Valley about the year 1830. All of their children were born in this old house, and they lived there until 1870, when a new house was built just a short distance from the old one. The old house caved in about 1945, but the newer house is still standing, although in recent years it has been used as a storehouse for curing tobacco. Joshua and Annie Bartlett were the parents of thirteen children: Edward, Gallant, Henry, John, Milton, Josiah, Mounce Gore, Leonard, Betsy, Rebecca, Permelia, Inga and Mary. Leonard died very young. Inga never went by the name of Inga, but was called "Aunt Sis" by all of her relatives and friends.

Thomas Anderson owned several slaves. In fact, seventeen were sold following his death. Before his death, Thomas Anderson sent word to his daughter Annie in Buffalo Valley to come to Jackson County and he would give her a slave or two. Annie went on horseback with extra horses for the slaves, a distance of about twenty or twenty five miles. She selected a wench named Ailsey. Ailsey had several children, but was to take only her baby with her. Before Ailsey and Annie were to leave, Annie found Ailsey crying-grieving because she had to leave her children behind. Annie immediately changed her mind and chose Aunt Rainey to go with her. Aunt Rainey had only one boy and she took him with her. However, after the deaths of Thomas and Judith Anderson, all of their slaves were sold at auction and

Ailsey was separated from her children after all. There was one slave called Ike, who was a body servant to Thomas Anderson. The whole family loved Ike and did not want him sold. A few days before the sale, the family told Joshua Bartlett if he would bid him in, they would help pay for Ike. When the day came for the sale, and Ike was put on the auction block, he tried to make the debt lighter by pretending that his ankle was in bad condition. When buyers began to feel of him for any defects he would cry "ouch", but in spite of his pretending, he was sold for \$1500. Ike was never put up for sale again, but lived with the Bartlett family in Buffalo Valley until the slaves were freed.

Everyone loved Aunt Rainey. She lived to be almost one-hundred years old. Aunt Rainey took care of mother when she was a baby, as she stayed with the Bartlett family long after the slaves were freed. Later, she moved to Lancaster, where she raised five step-children and five children of her eldest stepsons. Once, Aunt Rainey came back to Buffalo Valley on a visit. She rode the train and was very frightened by it. She said she shut her eyes when they crossed a bridge. She wept when she saw the family again and said, "This is Mammy - I know it's Mammy," meaning Grandma Annie Bartlett. Aunt Rainey knew many stories about the Bartlett and Anderson families and was always telling them to the children.

When the Civil War broke out, the Bartletts were opposed to the Southern Cause. Joshua Bartlett let it be known in no uncertain terms that he was a Unionist, and was in trouble several times because of this. When the Confederates were in the valley, he often had to hide out. Sometimes he would be unable to come home for a week or so, and would hide out in the woods. At one time, his wife Annie heard the soldiers coming down the valley when he was at his water mill grinding corn about two miles away. She sent one of the children to warn him, so he slipped away and stayed with friends near the river until the Confederates were gone. Another time, he had been hiding out for a week in the woods near home. The family carried food to him when they were sure it was safe to do so. He had a good place to sleep and with food and bedding from the house, fared well. No Confederates had

been in the valley for several days and one morning he decided to go home. His wife prepared his breakfast, when suddenly they heard horses coming toward the house. They thought it was their own horses and paid no attention until it was too late. Joshua started to crawl under the bed by the fireplace with the intention of getting close enough to the fireplace to climb up the chimney, but he was not quick enough. One of the soldiers shouted with an oath, "Well, we've got you." The children were crying and Grandma Annie fell on her knees and begged them not to take him. "Kill me instead", she pleaded. "The children need him more than me." Ignoring her pleas, the rebels took him away. All day they wept and prayed. Just about sundown that evening they saw Joshua coming down the road bareheaded. They wept tears of joy. He said the soldiers took him up the valley about two miles, where they met Grandpa Jones, who influenced them to turn him loose. Before releasing him, however, they took his good hat, giving him one of their old ones. When they were out of sight, Joshua threw away the old hat.

The Bartlett children attended a little one room school about a mile up the valley from the Jones farm. The Jones farm was about two miles up the valley from the Bartlett farm, so the children had to travel quite a ways to get to school. The Bartletts and Jones were good neighbors, and Rebecca married one of the Jones boys - Wade.

The Davis family, likewise, had come from the east into Tennessee. It is believed that they came from North Carolina, but the exact place is as yet unknown. They settled on a farm near Cookville. They were not exactly well off, but were hard-working people and always managed to get along. Jacob Hamilton Davis had married Nancy Bartlett, the daughter of Joshua Bartlett's older brother, William. Jacob Davis died when his son Robert was fourteen years old. Robert was the fourth child in the family of seven boys and two girls. He as well as his mother and other members of the family worked hard in the fields to keep the family fed and clothed. Robert had learned how to do carpenter work from his father, and as he became older, he improved his skill at this work and was able to obtain additional income for the family by doing carpenter work. Although they were first cousins one generation removed,

Inga Bartlett first met Robert Davis when he came to Buffalo Valley to do carpenter work for her father. She said that Robert was a handsome man, and all the girls were crazy about him, but she was the one he courted. They were married in Buffalo Valley on the 28th of January, 1874. They lived in several different places - in Cookville, Buffalo Valley, Byrne, and finally in Ensor. Mother, Dora Adella, Hattie and Poley (Napoleon) were born in the Bartlett home in Buffalo Valley. LeRoy was born at Byrne. Heber, Rettie (Laurette), and Louie were all born at Ensor. Grandmother Davis' father, Joshua Bartlett, gave her some money and with this the family purchased the small farm at Ensor, where the family was raised. They were not rich in worldly goods, but were hard working people and always had plenty to eat, and enough to share with those who were less fortunate.

The Bartlett family was always a very close family. Uncles, aunts, and cousins visited each other often, and cousins seemed like brothers and sisters. "Aunt Sis" said that her father had told all of his girls, when they were young, that they could have everything they would make. This was no easy thing to do as they had to card the cottons and wool, spin, weave and sew everything that they used - clothing and bedding. Grandma said that she had bedding of all kinds, even a feather bed, when she was married, so she must have been working constantly. Grandma enjoyed visiting with her relatives and neighbors, and was always on hand in case of sickness and death. Mother and Hattie, being the eldest in the family, did the work at home. There were no conveniences as we have today and the work was very hard. They told of the old springhouse, where milk, cream, butter and meat were stored. One night someone broke into the springhouse and stole five of their hams. Later, they found out that it was a neighbor, whose little girl had died a short time before, and Grandfather Robert Davis had made the coffin for her free of charge. They had a large black kettle in which water was heated for washing. Washing was done by rubbing the clothes together, with not even a washboard. After the washing, this kettle was cleaned until it shone, and was used for rendering lard and making soap. Every home had an ash hopper, a funnel shaped container with a little trough at the bottom and a crock at the end of the trough. The hopper was filled ashes - ashes from a special kind of

wood - and water was poured on the ashes. The water soaked through to the trough and came out lye in the crock. This lye was used to make the soap used in washing their clothes.

The Davis family had happy times as well as sad. They had funny times, too. One time Grandpa Davis and his children were thinning corn, when suddenly he plowed up a snake. He grabbed the snake's tail and gave it a quick sling, and off came its head. The head landed in Hatties's hair. Her temper rose to the highest pitch and home she went, crying and fussing. She spent the rest of the day washing her hair. The family spent a lot of time visiting relatives and friends, who seemed to be much closer than people are today. Educational opportunities were limited at this time. Mother and Hattie told of using McGuffey's Reader and Speller. All of the family were good writers and spellers. One fall Grandma Davis let mother go to Spencer to go to school. She stayed with Uncle Henry Bartlett's family. However, her mother missed her so much that after two months, she came and brought her home.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was sending missionaries into the Southern States during this time. Many people were very much against the Mormon missionaries. In fact, about this time two missionaries, Berry and Gibbs, were killed by a mob in a neighboring county. The mob would not release the bodies, but one of the General Authorities, Elder B. H. Roberts, disguised as a hobo, went in and recovered the bodies and buried them. Sometime between the year 1875 and 1880, a Church of Christ preacher came to Buffalo Valley. Joshua Bartlett was baptized, but Grandma Bartlett and the rest of the family were Baptists. Most of the Bartlett family were kind to the Mormon missionaries, who traveled without purse or script, and thus had to depend on the people for food, shelter, the washing of their clothes, and caring for them when they were ill. The Robert Davis family was especially kind to them, and their home became a regular place that they could always depend on when they were in the vicinity. Grandma Annie Bartlett, one son Gallant, and four of her daughters, Betsy, Permelia, Inga and Mary joined the Mormon Church. Annie Bartlett spent a great deal of time reading the Book of Mormon, so Grandfather Bartlett became disgusted and hid the book. She searched everywhere, but could not find it.

One night she had a dream, and dreamed where it was. She went to the place seen in her dream and there was the book. Grandmother Bartlett later made a trip to Utah, but she was somewhat disappointed in the Mormons there, remarking that they were too "worldly". She thought it was sinful to have a picture taken, and would not allow her daughters to go to parties and dances. When she went to visit her married children, they were afraid to play the organ while she was there. She was a very religious woman and always went where she was needed to help with the sick or the helpless.

Grandma Davis was very fond of the Book of Mormon, too. One of her nieces once remarked, "I enjoyed every minute at Aunt Sis' except during the winter months we sat by the fire after supper and listened to Aunt Sis read the Book of Mormon. I loved Aunt Sis, but I did dread to have to sit and listen to her read. Not that I objected to the Book of Mormon, but it was tiresome for children to listen to something they did not understand. We children wanted to play, and sometimes we got tickled, but we didn't dare laugh, and what misery we had in trying to keep from laughing. If one did laugh, he got a slap. Aunt Sis was a good woman, and I am glad to remember her as a good religious woman." Grandma Davis related an incident which further strengthened her belief in and her love for the Book of Mormon. She said she was reading the book one night by a very dim lamp light. As she was reading, suddenly a strong beam of bright light shown down on the page she was reading. She always took this for a sign to her that the Book of Mormon is true. Another incident that strengthened her testimony of the gospel happened following the baptism of her sister, Aunt Mary. Mary had gone out one day and been baptized against the wishes of her husband, John Judd. When she got home in the late evening, she went out and milked the cows and brought the fresh milk into the house to be put away. There, she found her husband in a drunken state, cursing her and chastising her for having been baptized. He shouted for her to show him some miracles, and kept on raving and ranting about the church. Aunt Mary ignored him as best she could and turned to put the milk away only to find that the milk was sour. The milk was fresh from the cow, and it was impossible for it to have soured under normal circumstances, so she felt that the Lord had sent this small

miracle to help her in her time of need.

A number of prominent Church members, who were missionaries at that time, received the kindness and hospitality of the Davis family. George Albert Smith, who later became president of the Church was one - also Ben E. Rich, who later became Governor of Utah. Several from our stake visited there. Among them were Swen Peterson, Al Smith, Wilbur Sowards, and a young man by the name of John W. Shawcroft. Elder Shawcroft and his companions visited many times in the Davis home, and were made to feel welcome as all missionaries were. Elder Shawcroft, no doubt, saw the good qualities of Dora Davis, and on his release from his mission he asked her to become his wife. Uncle Tom Bates, his wife Permelia, and cousins of mother were living in Richfield, Utah at that time, and they invited mother to visit them in August of 1898. On Oct. 5, 1898, John W. Shawcroft and Dora Davis were united in marriage in the Salt Lake Temple.

After their marriage, they came to the little town of Richfield, near La Jara, Conejos County, Colorado to make their home. Uncle Hyrum Shawcroft and Aunt Jessie were married the same day that Dad and Mother were married. A big wedding supper was held in their honor at Grandma Shawcroft's home. There were four big wedding cakes and all of the relatives and friends of the Shawcrofts came from miles around, bringing gifts. This was a very pleasant experience for Mother, who was homesick for her own family, far away in Tennessee.

They lived upstairs at Grandma Shawcroft's for a while, and then moved to a two room log house across the street west from Grandpa's. This was one of the old log cabins which had been built by the early settlers of Richfield. Their first child, a baby girl, named Clara was born on August 11, 1899, and on the following day, Grandpa Robert Davis arrived in Richfield from Tennessee. He had developed tuberculosis, and decided to come here in hopes that the climate would help him recover his health. Since he was a carpenter, the first thing he did was to build a new house for mother and dad. They were very happy to have this nice frame house after living in the log

cabin. This house was later added onto, and is now occupied by Uncle Lew Shawcroft. Grandpa Davis was well liked by the people here and did a great deal of carpenter work while he was here. He spent one year here and then went back to Tennessee. Shortly after his return home, he caught a severe cold, which steadily worsened, until his already weak lungs finally gave way and he died on Dec. 19, 1900. He was buried in the West Family Cemetery in Cookville, Tennessee. His death was a great sorrow to the family. Grandpa Davis must have been a good and patient man, as I never heard mother or any of his other children criticize him in any way.

Aunt Hattie came from Tennessee to visit mother in July of 1901 and I was born the following September. It was nice for mother to have her sister here. She soon became a popular member of the young crowd at Richfield, and in February, 1902, she married Robert Mathew Guymon. They made their home in La Jara.

In April of 1904, Uncle Rob phoned from La Jara to tell us that Aunt Hattie had received a letter from Tennessee, telling that Rettie had been killed. She was shot by a boy who was playing with a gun and did not know the gun was loaded. This was a great sorrow for mother and Aunt Hattie. After Rettie's death, the old home in Tennessee was broken up, and in August of that year, Grandma Davis, Uncle Roy and Aunt Louie came to Colorado. After being here for a while, Grandma Davis decided to go back and get Uncle Heber, as he was still quite young. Uncle Poley had married a girl from Livingstone, Tennessee by the name of Eula French. While grandma was gone, Uncle Roy stayed at our house and Louie took turns staying with us and with Aunt Hattie. Howard was born Oct. 22, 1902, and in November of that year a baby was born to Aunt Hattie. They named him Robert Davis Guymon. Howard and Davis grew up together, and Davis always seemed like a brother to us.

Agnes was born Sept. 16, 1905. When she was a baby, Uncle Roy spoiled her, and she would cry for him when he went to work in the morning, and cry for him when he came home at night. I do not remember what year

it was that Grandma and Heber came back to Colorado. When they came, Grandma bought the old Chris Jensen place in Richfield and set up housekeeping. Troy, Edwin, baby Ren Davis who lived only six weeks, Gladys and Louise were all born at Richfield.

Mother worked hard, not only for her own large family, but she went to the mountains to cook for the men during lambing and shearing time, and when the fences were being fixed. I never remember any of Dad's brothers' wives ever going to cook for the men this way. Also, when haying time came, she cooked hot dinners and sent them to the fields at noon. She always cooked big meals for the threshing crews. When cattle were brought from the mountains, it was mother's job to cook for the men and furnish a place for them to sleep, which was in her own home. Not only did she feed her own, but most of the time the neighbors children were at our house to eat. Our home was a gathering place for children, teenagers and older people on Sundays. For years, I remember that mother would cook big dinners on Sundays, and friends and relatives would come in after Sacrament Meeting which was at two o'clock in the afternoon. She often had delicious fried chicken, cooked as only the southern people can cook it. We children often wished that the company would go home, for children always ate last, and there was usually nothing left for us but the ribs and necks.

Mother always had sympathy and compassion for people in trouble and those who were less fortunate than herself. I remember how many times she would load up our little red wagon with sugar, flour, lard, butter, eggs, cream, milk, buttermilk, vegetables, cookies and bread, and send me and Howard with it to homes of people who had trouble or sickness. Mother always went into homes where there was sickness and death and helped in any way she could. Many times she and Dad went to homes where they had contagious diseases, where people were quarantined and needing help. Sometimes she would leave sickness in her own home to go and help others. Often she was called out in the middle of the night on confinement cases. Once an old man and his son, Van Pelt and Stanley - they made an annual visit to Richfield - came and brought a young married couple with them, Lum

Sellers and his wife. Mother and some of the other women, including Grandma Davis, knew that if they were with Van Pelt, they were in need of help. They were expecting a baby, and had neither food nor clothes. Mother could not rest until there was bedding, food and clothing for them. The baby was still-born, and everyone helped them in their trouble. They left with Van Pelt and I don't remember of them ever coming back, but I am sure they appreciated the kindness they received at Richfield.

There was a family by the name of Pigg, who moved to Richfield. They were very poor and sick, and mother was the first to go to help them. They lost a little girl while there. Brother Reinbolt, a crippled man, and Brother Knight, who came to our place to chop wood, were always invited in at noon for a good meal. When they would leave, mother always sent food home with them.

One Sunday morning, Nov. 30, 1913, a telegram was received telling of Uncle Poley's death in Tennessee. Grandma, Aunt Hattie, and Aunt Louie all went back for the funeral. Grandma remained there for a longer visit, but Hattie and Louie stayed only two weeks. When Louise was a baby, mother went back to Tennessee for a visit for the first time since her marriage. She enjoyed that visit so much, as she had so many relatives and friends who were glad to see her as she was happy to see them. While there, she visited Uncle Poley's widow, Aunt Eula and her two little girls, Eliza and Jessie. They came to Colorado to visit one summer, and we all loved Aunt Eula and her children. Mother made two more visits to Tennessee after that. On the last visit, she and Aunt Hattie had just boarded the train at Pueblo when word was received that their Aunt Permelia Bates had passed away. Dad got word to them on the train and they arrived in time for the funeral. She was over ninety years old. Mother loved all of her relations, but her favorite Aunt was her Aunt Mary Judd. She was very close to all of Aunt Mary's children. She was especially close to her Jones cousins - her Aunt Becky's children. She thought a great deal of Grandpa Davis' sister, Aunt Parillia Burton. Her favorite Uncle must have been Uncle Gallant Bartlett, as she talked of him more than of the others.

Our family was growing fast and Dad decided he needed more land, so he sold our home in Richfield to Uncle Lew and bought a ranch two miles north of La Jara from Mrs. Catherine Newcomb, widow of Ed Newcomb, one of the early pioneers of La Jara. We moved to the Newcomb Ranch in 1917. There we did not have the close neighbors dropping in to see us often as we had in Richfield, and we missed this, but our friends came to visit us frequently. Sometimes the women would come and spend all day quilting and visiting, and mother would prepare a fine dinner for them. Sometimes mother would not know they were coming, but she always managed to have something for them to eat. If they came for the afternoon only, there was always a lunch for them. Pearl had a horse and buggy of her own, and she and Grandma Shawcroft came out quite often to spend the day with us.

Mother was very good to her mother. Grandma Davis liked to visit people and especially those to whom she could be of service. Once she was visiting a friend helping make quilts, when she became sick, and mother brought her home to take care of her. Later, we discovered that she had contracted small pox. It was too late to do anything about it as far as isolation was concerned as we had all been exposed - Gladys even slept with Grandma Davis when she was ill. Grandma recovered, but three weeks later, Mother, Agnes and Howard came down with severe cases of small pox. Louise and Troy had light cases, but Dad, Clara, Gladys, Edwin and myself escaped the disease. We could never understand this, as our Doctor, Dr. Shelton, would not vaccinate us because we had already been exposed and he said if we came down with it after being vaccinated, we would have terrible arms. Mother was very ill, but all recovered. We were quarantined for six weeks.

In the 1920's Dad became interested in politics and served in the legislature, which necessitated living in Denver for several months during the legislative sessions. Mother went with him to Denver and enjoyed it very much. She had a very warm, friendly personality and made many good friends there. While in Denver, they lived in hotels, so mother had a long rest from cooking and housekeeping.

Grandma Davis and Grandma Shawcroft attended quarterly conference in Sanford in March 1930. They caught cold there and later developed pneumonia. Mother took Grandma Davis home with her to care for her, but in those days pneumonia was almost always fatal for old people, and Grandma Davis passed away on March 29th, 1930. After that, mother spent a lot of time helping to care for Grandma Shawcroft, who passed away on April 13, 1930. Thus, these two women who had been good friends during their lives died within three weeks of each other.

Mother remained throughout her life, the most generous person I have ever known. When we lived in Richfield and after we moved to the ranch as well, hobos - we called them "tramps" - would call at our home for meals. I used to think they left a sign or some kind for other tramps to see and know where they could get a free meal and bed. Even after she moved to La Jara, tramps would call by her place for food and she never turned anyone away. I remember one evening, a young boy came to the house on a very cold night. He told mother he was from a CCC camp and was trying to go home. Mother asked him to come in and get warm and she gave him food. After he had eaten, she told him to go into the living room and lie down on the sofa. She got blankets to cover him and he was soon asleep. It was a habit for Milt and Annie Guymon to come in the evening - Dad and Milt would play cards and Mother and Annie would visit - and they happened to be there that night. Annie told mother that she would be afraid to have that boy in her home, but mother answered, "He is just a homesick boy trying to get home and I am not afraid of him." After eating a good breakfast the next morning, he turned to mother and thanked her. He broke down completely and told her that he had tried several places before coming there, but no one would take him in. He said he would have frozen to death if she had not taken him in.

We were a large family and it took planning, worry and work to raise us. We had the general run of children's diseases, besides plenty of toothaches, earaches, broken bones and operations. The feeding of a large family was a big problem, but we always had plenty to eat, most of which we raised ourselves. Some of it was different food than most of us have now, but

I very often get hungry for some of mother's hot biscuits, fresh butter with good molasses and cold milk which mother fixed for us. We always had a large garden, our own chickens and eggs, milked our own cows, butchered our own beef and pork and made our own lard. Mother made delicious butter which was often sold to the women in La Jara. She kept a jar of starter yeast in the water box and we always had good home made bread. Mother wanted us to have every advantage, and saw to it that we girls took music lessons from Mrs. Blissard. She paid for most of the lessons by supplying Mrs. Blissard with milk, cream and butter. Mrs. Blissard always wanted the heads of the hogs when we butchered and also other parts of the hogs that we did not use, so that she could make a special kind of pressed meat from them. Although, some of us didn't do too much with our music, at least mother saw to it that we had the opportunity.

One of the special pleasures of mother's life was traveling. She did not go on many trips, but the ones she did take, she greatly enjoyed. One year she visited some of her Bartlett relations in Idaho. Mother and Dad took a trip to California one year, and saw many wonderful sights besides visiting friends there. On this trip, mother rode on a boat out to Catalina Island - her only trip on a boat and she enjoyed this very much. Another very enjoyable trip was in 1940 when she accompanied Dad to attend the Republican Convention in Philadelphia. After the convention was over, they went down to Washington, D.C. and saw many places of interest in and around our nation's Capitol. From there they went back up to New York City and on to the Niagara Falls and many other places of interest. Of all the trips she took, her most enjoyable ones were back to her old home in Tennessee.

Mother became ill in the fall of 1942. In January of 1943, she was operated on in Mercy Hospital in Denver, where it was found that she had widespread and incurable cancer. She remained there in the hospital until her death and Louise went to be with her. Dad was also there as the legislature was in session at that time. Mother did not seem to suffer greatly during her final illness, but seemed to be quite drowsy most of the time. At one time, she remarked to Louise, "someone must be praying for me, because

I feel so peaceful". She passed away on March 4, 1943, just two months after the operation. She was greatly missed by her family, as we had a wonderful and happy home life. Mother loved all of her grandchildren and got to see all of them except Edwin's youngest child, Elaine. She did not live to see any of her great grandchildren. She loved all children and helped them out whenever she could. I remember when Uncle Dave asked Mother to go to Denver and help him take care of Earl, who had to have an operation on his hip. Mother went and stayed until Earl was able to come home.

Besides caring for a large family, Mother found time to work in the Church. She was a member of the Stake Relief Society Board for many years. She was always on the committee for the Old Folks Party. Grandpa Shawcroft and Uncle Fred Shawcroft wouldn't go unless Dora was there to take care of their food—so they said. Mother was not a great reader, but she did love to read the scriptures. In fact, that was all she read except the daily newspapers. She had a strong testimony of the Gospel. One of her special interests was genealogy and family history, and on her trips back to Tennessee, she always tried to gather more information about her people. She had great faith that we will all meet again sometime, with our Savior. In her patriarchal blessing, she was promised that no one would leave her door hungry, and I know that was true.

Whenever I think of mother, I think of the following scripture:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

First Corinthians 13:1-2