

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ELIZABETH JOHNS SHAW

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Elizabeth Johns Shaw was born May 4, 1890 on Pole Patch, just below Mt. Ben Lomond Peak, north of Pleasant View, Weber County, Utah.

At the time of Elizabeth's birth, there were many skunks and pole cats roaming the hills near the family's one room log cabin home. Today, few of these predators remain due to the immense growth of the greater Ogden Basin. Elegant homes now replace the brush, large rocks, and fruit orchards. Paved roads now replace steep, muddy, and non-passable lanes.

Elizabeth was the sixth out of seven children, and the third out of four daughters born to David Johns and Sarah Ann Thomas. Both the Johns and Thomas families left Liverpool, England on the same day, May 3, 1861 on the ship, "Monarch of the Sea". Both families were very industrious.

The Johns family settled in North Ogden. They later purchased land under Mt. Ben Lomond Peak in 1862. They built their first home on top of the hill, just east of the dug-out. After a few years, Grandfather John Johns purchased the land west of Alder Creek Hollow, and began building another home. Yet, he still kept the land on the east side.

The frame home (old Johns' home) was sold to Ray Christofferson after Elizabeth and her husband William lost this farm during the 1930's depression. Elizabeth, her brothers and sisters, as well as her own six sons and two daughters were all born in this home, or in the first log cabin. Presently, a family by the name of "Lee" are building a tower with a winding staircase inside, just east of the front window. They are thrilled to have this home, saying "It was a well built home to start with".

The family of Sarah Ann Thomas went north to Brigham City, where Elizabeth's maternal grandfather settled in 1853. In 1862, the Thomas family moved two miles south of Brigham City to a little place called Perry. After the last son Jacob died, the farm was sold to the LDS Church, who utilized the land as a welfare farm.

In a brief, written, one page sketch, Elizabeth writes, "I was born of good parents, being taught by them to always do that which is right, and I feel to emulate their examples, as they are worthy of emulation". She continues by saying that she had received a common school education, and one year at Weber

Academy, as circumstances would not permit more. At the end of her sketch, she states, "I was married December 20, 1911 to William Henry Shaw, son of Edmund Riley Shaw and Sarah Jane Ward Shaw. We have been blessed with two male children, William Verle and Donald Ray Shaw".

Like Elizabeth, I was also born of good parents. Elizabeth was a beautiful woman and mother. She was of medium build (approximately 5'3"), with long, thick black hair, and dark brown eyes which transferred both love and displeasure.

My earliest family memories began when I was three years of age. My youngest brother, Phillip, was born and died on the same day, September 14, 1931. Mother was still hospitalized at the old Dee Hospital in Ogden with toxemia. Therefore, the dark haired baby in his casket was being viewed at Aunt Mag's home. I could not understand why this perfect little infant could not wake up.

Another memory that still lingers, took place during the depression up on the summer range below Mt. Ben Lomond. Two men came to tell Mother and Dad that they had lost their cattle, and the Johns family farm. Mother cried even as Dad tried to comfort her. It is noted here that Grandma Johns had traded their large Pole Patch farm for the smaller Shaw home (the red brick Elizabeth and William Shaw home) on old Pleasant View road.

In 1933, our family moved to 449 Second Street in Ogden, Utah. Both Mother and Dad worked long hours. They planted a garden and a lawn, and built a stone walkway up to the house. They would visit Dad's relatives in North Ogden to pick fruit for canning. We would also cut the fruit, and dry it on top of the back roof.

Sitting by both parents in Church was always a pleasant experience, as well as listening to Mother play "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life" on the piano. My older sister, Sally, and I both had very thin hair. Yet, Mother could groom us in a most professional way. Our well made, identical dresses were always exciting to wear.

Not being on the farm, food was now more difficult to obtain. Baked potatoes and onions, macaroni and cheese, with homemade bread and bottled or dried fruit were prepared in a most tasteful way. Dad was working on the W.P.A., or doing odd jobs to maintain our family. This home was mortgaged via Home Owners Loan in order to install our much needed and wonderful bathroom.

In 1936, Mother arranged, via the Public Health Nurse, for Sally and I to have tonsillectomies done at the old Dee Hospital. The next day, we waited and waited for Mother to come for us. Finally a distraught father came with bad news. Mother had suffered the first of many other strokes to come during the

next six years. Our family was never the same. Mother was bedfast. Her bed was an old Davonport set up in the combination living and dining room. Periodically, Mother was well enough to walk with assistance, and try to pick up the rubble around the house and yard. Her speech was muffled and not clear, and she had right side paralysis of her face, hand, and leg.

On the evening of January 29, 1943, Elizabeth Johns Shaw looked up toward a corner of the living room, and called "Ma". Shortly afterwards, she passed away, leaving a very sad and lonely husband, eight children (four of her sons were in the military services at the time), and one granddaughter. She now has a posterity of over fifty grandchildren, who have inherited many of her fine industrial qualities.

As stated in Elizabeth's brief sketch, "We are trying to raise a good family, and obey the principals of God that we might gain the blessings promised to those who live righteous lives".