

HENRY DUNCAN WEAVER
HIS LIFE, HIS ART



by

Ellen Claire Weaver Shaeffer

1996

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Memorial Day 1996

One hundred years ago my father, Henry Duncan Weaver, was born on the 30th of May, 1896 in Bennington, Bear Lake County, Idaho, the first child of Riley and Margaret Duncan Weaver.

Honoring his memory at this reunion, May 25th, 1996 in Zion's Canyon, Utah are two of his three children, fifteen of his eighteen grandchildren and their spouses, plus 23 of his 31 great-grandchildren. Duncan loved Zion's Canyon. On our 1947 Pioneer Centennial trip to Utah we camped in the park. I remember a wonderful moonlight swim in the warm Virgin River.

The story of the life of Henry Duncan Weaver has been told in From Wagon Trails to Subway Rails, by E. C. Shaeffer (Provo, Utah: BYU, 1988). This booklet will not try to duplicate the material in that book, but will supplement it with items not previously included, even though there are several photos used in both publications.

Can we capture the essence of Duncan Weaver in photos, in his art? We can't! Even if he'd written an autobiography, it probably would not adequately reflect his thoughtful, yet magnetic personality. He was a people person. He was loved and admired in all the various circles he moved in.

He was also a thinker. He loved to discuss ideas and treasured the friendships of like-minded persons. He was articulate verbally and on paper as well. He was an avid letter-writer, as were many in his generation. I remember a letter he sent me during my first semester at Brigham Young University. It was several pages long, and quite poetic, though wistful, in content. He asked me to destroy the letter after I read it. Being the dutiful daughter, I did. I don't recall that there was anything in the letter that could possibly have been embarrassing to him in any way, or could have proved hurtful to someone else, but I remember that the letter was full of feeling and emotion. Did he somehow suspect, perhaps merely at a subconscious level, that he had only about a year to live? How I wish I had that letter now! And I have never stopped grieving over the letter I lost—it was one he'd written to his mother for Mother's Day in 1951. I had planned to use it in the 1988 publication, and it got lost in the paper shuffle. The letter was beautifully and poetically written—a real treasure. Something of the flavor of his writing can be found in his Christmas note to Margaret in 1937, the letter that was published in the Church News, and again in some of his final letters to his mother in 1955.

Most of what follows revolves around the items found in the scrapbook Margaret made after Duncan's death. It may not be balanced nor accurately reflect the full dimensions of the man, but it *is* something. Though Henry Duncan Weaver produced many, many works of art,

perhaps his greatest work of art was his own life. Browning said it best, "Life succeeds in that it seems to fail. A man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" [Robert Browning, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*] I could echo the same sentiment as far as this brief biography is concerned. Even if I "do my best" it still isn't good enough.

Not long ago I heard a radio broadcast (June 16, 1995) on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* program. It was an essay by Joyce Maynard about her father who was a painter. She said,

"As a young man born with the century my father had come of age on the western coast of Canada in the mist of an artistic revolution... But apart from what he drew for students on the chalkboard, back in those days, the only people who saw my father's paintings were my mother, my sister and me plus a few family friends he'd bring up to our attic. It never occurred to me how rare and wonderful a thing it was to grow up in a house surrounded by beautiful, original art work, not decorative reproductions... Weekends he and I would head out to the horticulture farm at the university where he taught and where, year after year, he failed to receive full professor status. There, under the experimental apple trees we'd sketch a field of cows or a stretch of abandoned railroad tracks. Sometimes walking along the path on our way, my father would stop so suddenly you'd think he'd been jolted by electrical current and point the walking stick he always carried towards the sky. 'look,' he'd say, staring at absolutely nothing I could detect. 'What?' I'd finally ask. 'See how the light hits that branch?' he'd say, or 'Study that cloud formation.'

Because all my life I've known an overabundance of art, I guess I thought the supply was inexhaustible. Suddenly, I discovered the paintings were most all sold off. And though I still had enough paintings to fill my house, my store of art felt finite and meager...One of them still has a file card taped to the back with the price my father had assigned to it back when he placed the painting in one of those local art shows; \$25 and it didn't sell. A few years back, feeling flush from the sale of a novel, I bought some paintings at an auction as an investment. After I got them home, feeling shaken by the amount I'd spent, I called an art appraiser to come look at my acquisitions. They were fakes. The auctioneer was a fraud, wanted in Pennsylvania, the FBI had a file on him. I sank into my chair.

Then the appraiser turned his gaze from the worthless paintings to the walls of my living room. 'Who's the artist who painted these,' he asked with an intensity to his eyes that reminded me of my father the day he took me on the bus to a show of Van Gogh's in Boston. When I told him my father's story, the appraiser shook his head. 'Max Maynard is the artist you should be investing in,' he said. So someday when I have the money, I'll go back to British Columbia and try to buy my father's paintings back—some of them anyway."

Joyce Maynard lives in Keene, New Hampshire, where she publishes the Domestic Affairs newsletter, a collection of true family tales.

The following is from biographical data written by my mother, Margaret Holmes Weaver, and my own recollections:

Duncan was born 30 May 1896, Bennington, Bear Lake County, Idaho. He was the first child of Riley and Margaret Duncan Weaver.



Here he is standing beside his baby sister. In those all babies, girls and boys wore dresses. Lucille was born in in 1898 when Duncan was two.



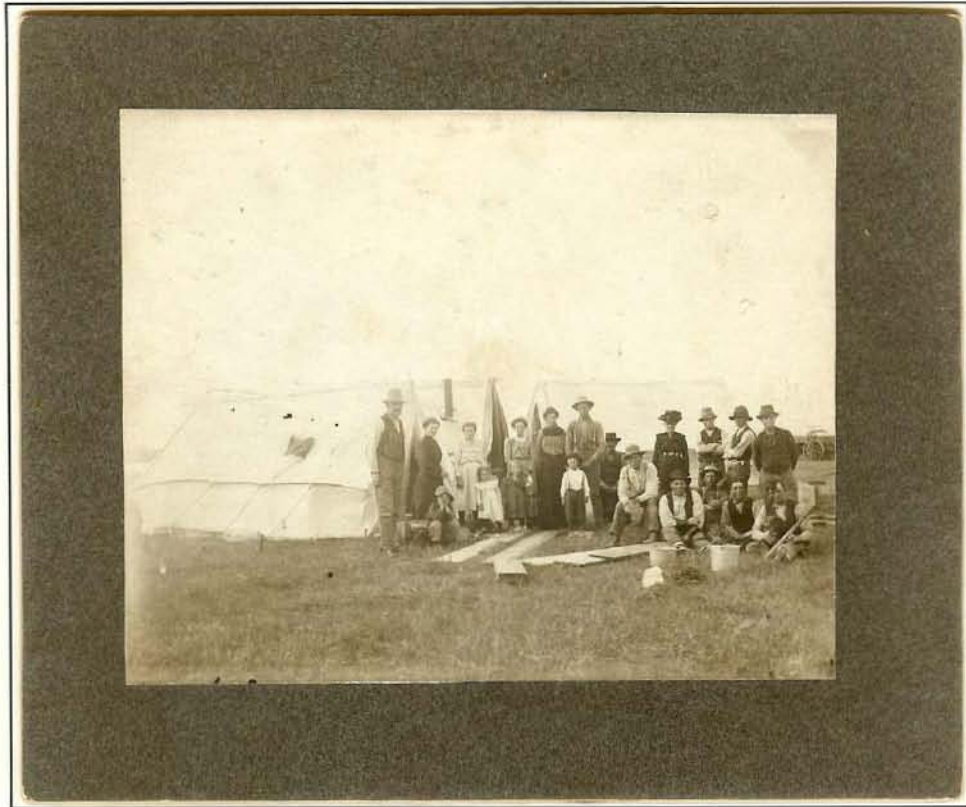
He was a precocious child. By the time he was three he was performing in front of an audience, singing and dancing. I'm told his parents dressed him up in a little minstrel suit.

They moved from Idaho to southern Alberta by wagon and teams when Duncan was small, about 1902. Duncan almost died with lockjaw, after getting wet at a river crossing.

They lived in Magrath, Alberta, Canada across the Pothole Canal in what Margaret, his wife, recalled was a lean-to. He went to grade school there. When the dreaded school Inspector visited the class for the day (an important day for sure) the teacher would call on Duncan as a special feature to sing "For I'm a Mormon Boy." The teachers then were usually Eastern Canadian girls, non-Mormons. Duncan felt he could never sing quite like Byron Tanner, who, on occasion was also was called on.

Riley Weaver farmed, but there were many difficult years. The family moved frequently. They lived in Stirling, Wrentham and later in Raymond. Riley was active in the scouting movement in Canada, and was the chief scout executive for southern Alberta for quite some time. He also played the guitar and sang. He and a group of musicians often played for country dances.

The trek to Canada by covered wagon: Duncan is the kid on the left with his hands on his cheeks. Riley is far left, next to Margaret. Other relatives accompanied the Weavers on this trip. (See Gary Christian's book, A Few More Miles)



When I visited Grandma Margaret not long before her death, I mentioned the fact that I had flown in just a few hours over the same country that it took them six weeks to cover on that trek to Canada. I said, "Grandma, wasn't it hard?" "Oh, no!" she replied, "We had fun." They were young, and it was an adventure!



Duncan grew up in the midst of material poverty, but musical riches. In the photo below, it can be noted that there is an organ, a guitar, some sort of brass instrument (on top of the organ) as well as the violin that Duncan is holding. He worked steadily from the age of nine years at any job to be had. Those Canadian winters provided plenty of snow to shovel. Margaret said that he always did more than his share.

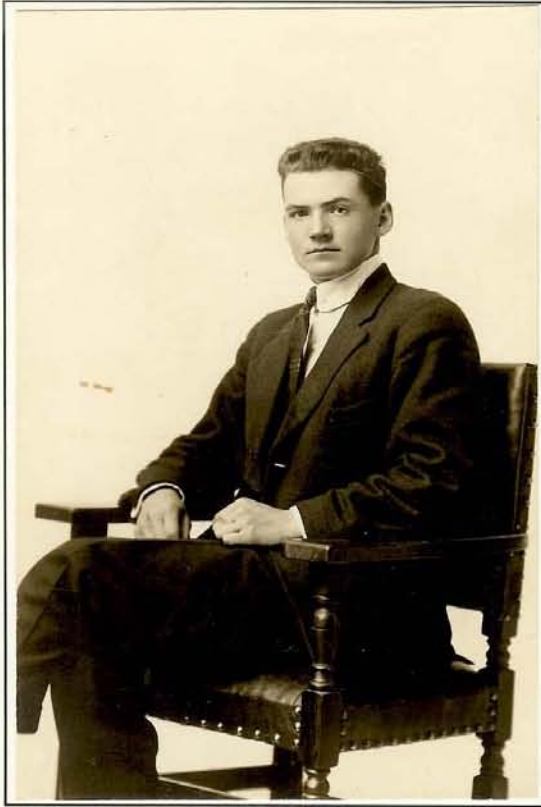


At one time he worked for a road construction crew. He drove a team of horses and a flip-shovel.

He also attended to his schooling. At one time he stayed alone for quite some time on the homestead at Wrentham in order that the family would not lose their homestead claim. He ran out of all supplies except for potatoes, which he subsisted on until his parents returned. He never liked potatoes thereafter.

Duncan took violin lessons, going to Lethbridge by train weekly. Music was a priority! He also took a very active part in the Mutual Improvement Association's sports program of the Taylor Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, winning ribbons in relays, 440 yard dash and half mile in 1913 and 1914.

Duncan graduated from Grade XI in 1915, then went to Normal School [where they taught the "norms" of teaching], then began teaching school. Later he completed his Grade XII and



in 1923 obtained a First Class Certificate. He continued teaching and studying.

In 1916-1917 Duncan taught school in Diamond City, Alberta, living with Dr. Inkrote. At that time he became very interested in studying medicine—if money could be gotten. He continued to work with and study the violin. He often played for country dances far into the night.

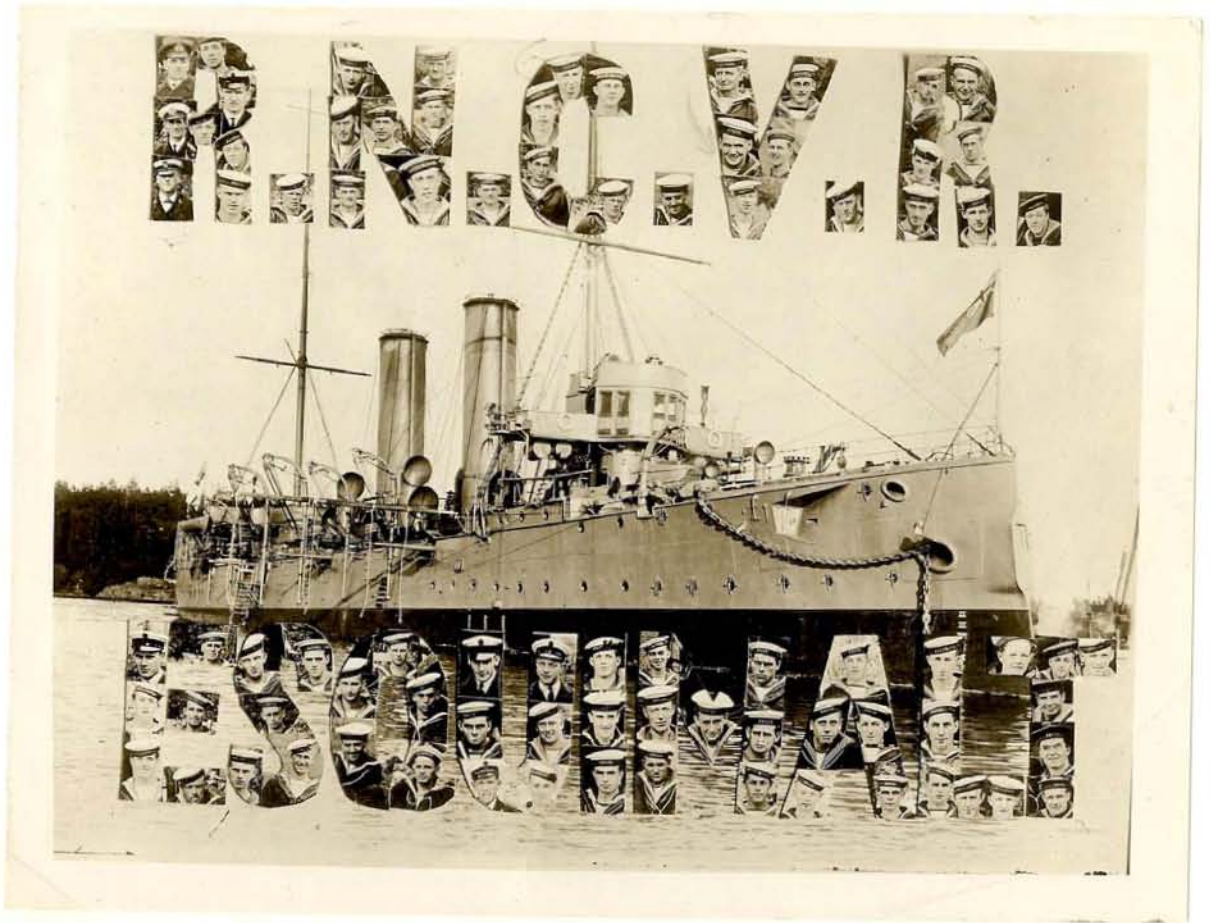
From Diamond City he entered the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Service, Pacific Division, November

26, 1917. On August 6, 1918 he qualified as Petty Officer while stationed on the west coast, Esquimalt, British Columbia. There he also took violin lessons, going from Esquimalt to Vancouver.

Duncan was in the artillery group, as an artillery instructor.

On one occasion the captain sent him to Victoria for supplies, but he was delayed getting back on time. He arrived back at port just as his ship was steaming out of the harbor. Two days later that ship went down with all hands. Duncan always said that the Lord had intervened to save his life on that occasion.





Note the arrow to middle left photo in the V.



Duncan firing the cannon



Inscription on reverse side of photo: "This is a 12 pounder quick firing gun - crew of 18 men - used only on shore - I am fifth from right, top row."

Honorably discharged December 24, 1918, Duncan returned to Raymond to teach school and be near his family, providing much for them. His time was completely taken by his work, sports, MIA, music and scouting. He was an able coach of the Raymond "Union Jacks" basketball team.


All the boys that grew up in Raymond at that time admired and praised him [refer to the Letters of Donald Nilsson], in his role as the basketball coach and scout leader. The scouts were taken on many outings. In his own hand Duncan noted that he was a Boy Scout leader for nine years, athletic coach for five years, and performed in the band and orchestra for three years.



Duncan is on the far left.



Duncan coached basketball for five years. Here he is with the champion Union Jacks. (Third from right, standing) Margaret's brother, Godfrey is second from left, front row, Duncan's brother Allen ? far right, back row.


Certificate
SUMMER SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS


This is to Certify that HENRY DUNCAN WEAVER
has been a student at the Summer School for Teachers held at the University of Alberta,
Edmonton, 1921, and has successfully completed the following courses:

COURSE	NO. OF PERIODS	LENGTH OF PERIOD	TOTAL NO. OF HOURS
X Design I	24	90 min.	36
Art Methods I	22	90 "	33
X Drawing and Painting I	22	90 "	33

REMARKS: X- Excellent.

Edmonton, September 30, 1921.
Number 257.
Form 130-1000-Sept., 1920

J. I. Ross
Deputy Minister of Education


Certificate
SUMMER SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS


This is to Certify that HENRY DUNCAN WEAVER
has been a student at the Summer School for Teachers held at the University of Alberta,
Edmonton, 1925, and has successfully completed the following courses:

COURSE	NO. OF PERIODS	LENGTH OF PERIOD	TOTAL NO. OF HOURS
Educational Psychology	24	40 min.	960 min.
" Administration	24	40 "	960 "
" Problems	24	40 "	960 "
X- High School Art Methods	21	80 "	1680 "

REMARKS: X- Excellent.

Edmonton, September 15, 1925.
Number 42-25.
Form 130-1000-Sept., 1923

J. I. Ross
Deputy Minister of Education


Certificate
SUMMER SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS

This is to Certify that H. D. WEAVER
has been a student at the Summer School for Teachers held at the University of Alberta,
Edmonton, 1926, and has successfully completed the following courses:

COURSE	NO. OF PERIODS	LENGTH OF PERIOD	TOTAL NO. OF HOURS
X- Drawing and Painting II	11	80 min.	880 min.
Art Appreciation	10	80 "	800 "

REMARKS: X-Excellent.
Credit granted on previous training in lieu of attendance.

Edmonton, September 14, 1926.
Number 347-26.
Form 130-1000-Sept., 1923

J. I. Ross
Deputy Minister of Education

During the summers of 1921, 1925 and 1926 Duncan attended the University of Alberta at Edmonton where he studied art and art education.



Here is
Duncan
on one of
many of
his
camping
outings.

He is in
the
center.

Duncan was ordained an Elder December 5, 1921 in Raymond First Ward. This was during the time that he taught Grade VII in the Raymond Primary School (1919-1922), and where he also acted as Assistant Principal. In 1923 Duncan left the Primary School to go to the Raymond High School where he taught until 1926 when he transferred to the Bamwell, Alberta High School.





As principal of the school at Barnwell, he met a young teacher named Margaret Holmes. She had recently returned from serving two years as a missionary in the Eastern States Mission. They were married 23 December 1926 in the Cardston, Alberta temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In 1927 and again in 1928 Duncan was rated V.G.[very good] as a teacher by J. A. Smith, high school inspector for the Province of Alberta. Smith was considered by many to be a tough nut to crack.

Duncan remained very active in sports and music—performing as soloist very often. His sister, Leta, frequently accompanied him on the piano. Both of them played in the Raymond Orchestra which performed at many functions.

Talented also in drawing and sketching, Duncan decided to pursue a career as a commercial artist. In the book, From Wagon Trails to Subway Rails, the story of Henry Duncan and Margaret Holmes Weaver, it can be learned that Margaret and Duncan arrived in Chicago

from Alberta, Canada in June of 1929. They came with high hopes and a small nest egg they had saved from their teaching jobs in Canada. Margaret was determined to get ahead in the world, and she felt that the first step was for them to leave the small towns where she and Duncan had grown up.

Hard times hit Chicago as well as the rest of the world with the "Crash of '29" but despite this, Duncan pursued his education in art. He began his studies at the Chicago Academy of Fine Art then transferred to the Art Institute of Chicago in 1931, one of the most prestigious art school in the world.

The Art Institute of Chicago is a public museum of art and is a cultural as well as an educational center. Collections displayed at the Art Institute include paintings and sculpture, prints and drawings, European and American decorative arts, Oriental art and the arts and crafts of primitive cultures. The painting collection, with examples from the 1300's to the present, is best known for its works by French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists.



The Art Institute was founded in 1866 as the Chicago Academy of Design. In 1882 it was incorporated under its present name. It has occupied the same downtown Michigan Avenue site since 1893. It is supported mainly by private funds. The institute encourages art appreciation by arranging programs of lectures, gallery tours, classes and special loan exhibitions. The 1950 or 1951 exhibit of French Tapestries was one show that captivated Duncan's daughters and they enjoyed recalling it often.

The school of the Art Institute is a professional school that grants degrees in the fine and industrial arts. It includes the Goodman Memorial Theatre and School of Drama. Duncan always bought season tickets for the family to attend the productions of the Goodman Theatre. "Macbeth" was particularly memorable. I recall that Duncan had something to do with painting some of the stage sets.

Duncan received the Class Honorable Mention, Lower School, 1930-31; Faculty Honorable Mention, 1932-33 (he taught some children's children's summer art sessions), Class Honorable Mention, 1932-33. His son, Gary Weaver, recalled that at one time a couple of his pieces of artwork were displayed along with other student work in the main museum, which was quite an honor.

Duncan received his bachelors degree in June of 1935. After graduating and finding that there were very few, if any, openings for graduate commercial artists, Duncan revised his plans and resumed the teaching career he had begun in Canada.

In his foresight Duncan had pursued an Art Education degree and he was awarded his teacher's certificate from the Chicago Board of Education in March 1935. His first teaching assignment had been earlier, at Hertzl Junior High. This was in 1931 when he was still attending school himself. Then he took leave to go full-time to school until October 1934 when he was appointed to Tuley High School. In February 1935 he was transferred to Wells High School where he headed the Art Department.



In this photo Duncan is photographing a still-life setup for students.



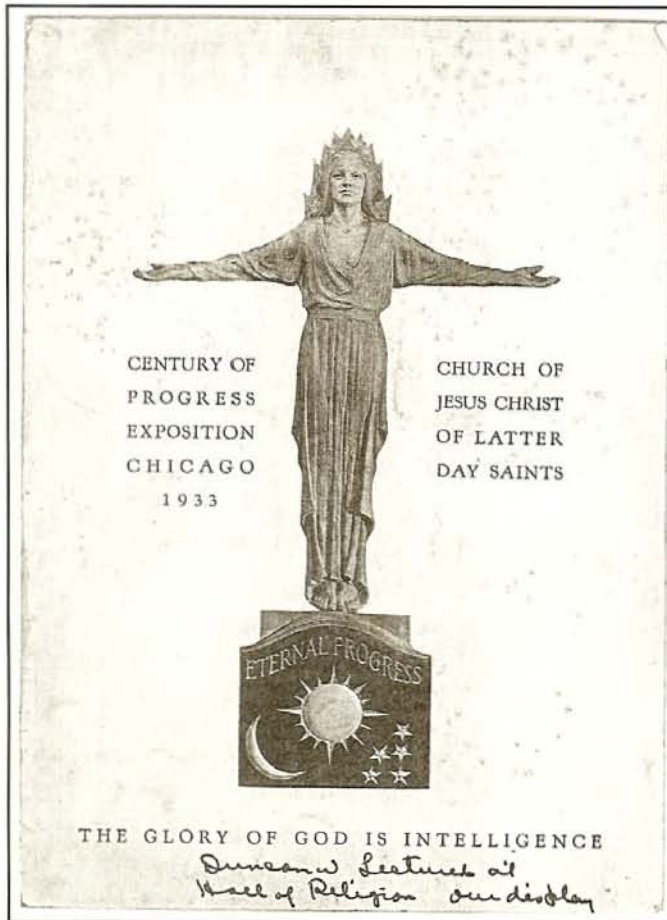
In the meantime the responsibilities of parenting came to Margaret and Duncan. Gary was born November 11, 1930 and Ellen Claire came along January 21, 1936.



At Wells, an inner-city school, Duncan was in charge of the student body "Minstrel Shows," as well as student council. Above, he is in black face, something that is no longer "politically correct."

He also was put in charge of the school dances. He soon changed the practice of having intermissions in the dance program because of fights that would break out on the dance floor as soon as the music stopped. He insisted that the band keep playing straight through the evening. This was successful in curtailing violence at the school dances. He also had the responsibility of making the daily bank deposits. He staggered his routine so that his trips to

the bank could not be predicted by a criminal intent on robbery, and he carried a blackjack in his pocket for protection.



In addition to his talents as an artist and a musician, Duncan was a wonderful public speaker. At the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago he lectured at the Hall of Religion.

At one time Duncan painted all the ceiling relief plasterwork of the Logan Square Ward chapel, lying on his back on scaffolding. Gary remembers going with him and handing him supplies. This would have taken place about 1935.

On Christmas day, 1937 Duncan gave Margaret an anniversary gift. I don't recall what the gift was, but the accompanying note was preserved:

Margaret,

This little gift is to commemorate the eleventh year of our wedded life, the anniversary of which was on the 23rd of December. It is meant to express my appreciation for the years of fine companionship, understanding, love and cooperation that have been ours chiefly through your own good endeavors.

For your beauty I love you, for your good common sense I honor you, for your fine character I hold you above all women and am proud to call you "wife" and honor you. May God bless you always. Merry Christmas! Duncan



Shortly before Jane's birth Duncan and Margaret purchased a new home built by Schorsch Builders on the northwest side of Chicago not far from Belmont and Central, where the whole neighborhood smelled like chocolate from

the Kimball Candy Company on Belmont Ave. (It has since been torn down and replaced with condos.) The address was 6612 W. Melrose Street. It was a two-story house with a full basement that included a large knotty-pine studio that Duncan used for his art work. This home was the realization of many years of dreaming and planning, and it became the setting for many happy memories for the entire family. E.C. is in the foreground of above photo.

Duncan transferred from Wells High School to Steinmetz High which was just a few blocks from the new house.



Duncan with two of his students at Steinmetz High



In spite of their busy schedule Margaret and Duncan maintained many friendships, both in and out of the church. One interesting character was "Princess" Yogadi, whom he met at the Art Institute. She often came to our home for dinner. She loved to play with little Janie.

Another interesting non-church family with whom the Weavers spent time was the Nichols family. The

Weavers and the Nichols families made a wonderful family camping trip to the North Woods of northern Minnesota one summer.

Duncan was often called upon to give programs on color for the ladies. At the Logan Square Ward, where he served in many callings, he was always an excellent speaker.

He also did humorous routines. I remember one called "Antonie Spagoni, the Toreador," where he dressed up in crazy outfit.

In his serious talks he sometimes he used a hand-out of his "Ten Golden Rules for Spiritual Well-Being"



DUNCAN WEAVER'S 10 GOLDEN RULES FOR SPIRITUAL WELL-BEING:

- 1. Pray each day. Thank the Lord for what you have. Be modest in what you ask for, and He will, with charity and love, shower you with an abundance far beyond your needs and expectations.*
- 2. Forever keep the words love and understanding in the vision of your mind. To love and to understand are the happiest of all human adventures.*
- 3. Seek to do the will of the Lord not because of fear but because of the joy that it brings and the good that it accomplishes.*
- 4. Never permit your religion to convert you into a moral prude or a spiritually egotistical self-satisfied individual who feels that humanity is divided into two groups, the good and the bad, the white sheep and the black sheep. We all so frequently, as the result of our own weaknesses, change color so readily.*
- 5. Sustain yourself in faith and hope because these are the spiritual attributes that lead to sovereign life.*
- 6. Let the Spirit of the Lord condition all your actions. Things done in the Spirit of the Lord are things done in righteousness and reap but one harvest, the glorious harvest of happiness.*
- 7. Be charitable in attitude and conduct. Charity is the diplomacy of the Gods. It is the mainspring of human relations.*
- 8. Always remember that He who created you understands and knows you better than anyone else ever could. Consequently your God is your authority whose counsel you should constantly seek.*
- 9. Religion is the eternal science. It contains the keys to who you are and what you might become. Consistently seek to enhance your life and the lives of your loved ones by diligent recourse to its laws and principles.*
- 10. And this is the promise: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock."*



Duncan Weaver was active in his church responsibilities, serving as Bishop of the Logan Square Ward for some time. He performed numerous weddings. Above is the Czerney wedding. He is in the back row, just to the left of the right wall light. Margaret is front row, left. Dr. Williams, seated right, in front of cake table. Below is one of the fabled Humbolt Park 4th of July picnics sponsored by the Logan Square Ward. Arrow points to E.C.





The first Bishops Storehouse at Logan Square Ward, Chicago. Left to right are John K. Edmunds, Jasper Smith, John A. Widstoe, Henry Matthis, Ariel L. Williams, H. Duncan Weaver.



The old Logan Square Ward chapel was a brick building with beautiful stained glass windows that could be opened in the summer to cool the congregation, as there was no central air conditioning. In the winter the coal stoked furnace kept the building toasty warm.

A typical Sunday morning is evident in the photo. Note the young men in uniforms, one in

whites, another in blues. Great Lakes Naval Training Station brought in young men from around the country to Chicago for boot camp. The young Mormon sailors would find their way to the church and most likely get an invitation for Sunday dinner. Young Mormon students from Idaho and Utah that were attending one of the many fine institutions of higher learning in the Chicago area were welcomed, too. One of them was Howard Lowe. Duncan and Margaret enjoyed their association with him. They never dreamed that one Howard and his wife, Ruth, would have a daughter, Linda, who would marry David, oldest grandson of the Weavers!

In the photo to the right is, clockwise, Janie, (in front), Hannah Mae Williams, Darrell Evans, and myself. I remember how much Mother liked Darrell, a red-headed, freckled faced young man from Farmington, New Mexico. Perhaps I was a bit jealous of the attention Mother paid him, but to get even, I told her that I would be willing to live in any state in the U. S. except New Mexico because I did not like New Mexicans! She just smiled. She couldn't have known I would spend over thirty years living in New Mexico. But I have come to *love* it!



Duncan was in charge of the church farm for many seasons. This was a very time-consuming project. I suppose it was because as a teacher he had summers off that the calling was given to him. He did a great job with the farm, and enjoyed it in spite of the hard work. I can remember many, many summer days spent with the whole family working on the farm. Margaret, Duncan and Gary did most of the work. Jane and I were too small to be of much help. I remember the fun we had playing around the barns, etc. and the Waldvogel's fruit stand. They were members of our ward whose place was near the church farm.

When Duncan was first called to be the Bishop of the Logan Square Ward, he wrote a letter expressing his feelings to the Presiding Bishop, Le Grand Richards, in Salt Lake City. It was decided that Duncan's letter should be published in the Church News.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC
40 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

August 27, 1948

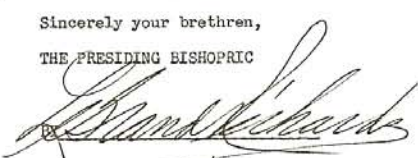
Bishop Henry D. Weaver
6612 Melrose Street
Chicago 34, Illinois

Dear Bishop Weaver:

In reviewing your letter of August 15, to which I sent a reply of August 24, I find that I overlooked asking that you send me a photograph of yourself for use in publishing some thoughts from your letter that may prove encouraging to other bishops.

We shall be very pleased to receive your photograph at the earliest convenience and will return it to you when the article has been published.


Sincerely your brethren,
THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC



Sept 22, 1948
A Bishop Is Grateful

(The following expressions were received in a recent letter from Bishop Henry D. Weaver of Logan Square, Chicago 34, Illinois.)

"THE OFFICE of Bishop is one of the most important avenues for service in the Church. It would be a wonderful thing if every priesthood member could at some time in his life be a bishop and minister to the needs of his fellow men. He would become more zealous in living the gospel. He would understand more fully the meaning of cooperation. He would know the deep satisfaction that comes from Bishop Weaver helping others. He would be less inclined to criticize his leaders, and more willing to serve when called. He would learn that the principles of the Gospel are simple in their application but full of depth and promise in the richness of the blessings they bring.



"I am most grateful to my Heavenly Father for having had this wonderful opportunity. I have been bounteously blessed in every way. I have learned the true meaning of humility, and love, and service. The assurance of the truth of this great work is a gem beyond all price; and that gem I possess. I have been most graciously honored."

Duncan's life as bishop was very busy, but very rewarding. I often remember people coming to the house to have a private chat with him. He always kept the subjects of their discussions in the strictest of confidence. It seemed evident that he was non-judgemental and it was easy for people to talk to him and share their concerns.

At Steinmetz High Duncan was always interested in and interesting to the students.

Your Reporters Check In With Some Interesting Notes On The Faculty

Bennington, Idaho, late in the nineteenth century, with a total population of seventy-five inhabitants was the site of the birth of our first candidate.

In 1901 at the age of five his family gathered their possessions into a covered wagon and trekked to southern Alberta, at distance of 750 miles to claim free land offered to settlers by the Canadian government. The trip took the amazingly short time of a month and a half.

In Alberta his parents settled down on a hundred and sixty acres of free land. The land was given to the settlers provided they proved their land. This consisted of plowing at least 60 acres the first year and building a house worth five hundred dollars within three years. In due time his parents after having proved their land bought another hundred and sixty acres at 50c an acre.

At the amazingly young age of 17 years he started to teach school to 14 students in a little one-room white frame school house. A year later he taught in a mining camp — sixty students all in one room.

It was while he was at the mining camp that he, his brother and a friend discovered the charred body of a young violin student of his in a haystack. She had been killed by an Indian. He had placed her body in a haystack and then set fire to it.

In 1917 at the age of 21, when Great Britain was deep in World War I, he joined the British Navy attaining the rank of chief petty officer. In Victoria, British Columbia, his ship "The H.M.S. Galliano" sailed without him while he was performing a shore duty. (H. M. S. stands for His Majesty's Ship). Due to streetcar trouble he just got back as his ship was in the middle of the bay. A short time later "The Galliano" sank off

Prince Edward Island with all hands lost.

After the war he went back to teaching. In 1927 he and his wife traveled through the United States in a car. In 1929 he decided he would like to teach art in the States. He came to Chicago and enrolled in courses at the Art Institute and the Museum of Fine Arts. After he got his degree, he went to Tuley and then came to Wells a few weeks after the inception of teaching.

Mr. Weaver has had a very active life in sports. He coached the town team back in Canada where he lived and attained the championship of western Canada for five years. He recalled the times his teams played the University of Alberta team. They ran all over them every time. The team toured through the northwest states playing any—professional or amateur, and usually winning every game.

Mr. Weaver has an interesting family background. His grandfather traveled out to Utah with Brigham Young and his Mormons. One of the favorite questions asked by students after learning that Mr. Weaver is a Mormon is, how many wives does he have. I hate to disappoint you but he has only one wife.



Some of the stories documented in this newsclipping are quite fascinating. Duncan was always proud of his heritage of faith and family.

Other newscippings

Chicago Teacher Gives Sociology Talk, Rotary

Mr. H. D. Weaver, B.A., a teacher in a Chicago school, who is visiting in the city at present, was the guest speaker at the Rotary meeting on Tuesday. He at one time followed the same profession in Alberta.

Mr. Weaver gave a birds-eye view of the city of Chicago with respect to sociological work. He likened the "loop" district of the great city, which is situated on the shores of Lake Michigan, to the head of an organism, and indicated this by a semi-circle extending from the lake shore. "The loop," Mr. Weaver said, "has developed into a massive hump, adjacent to this, described by another semi-circle, might be termed the area of transition, where people are not settled—there are factories and slum districts, and people of foreign extraction. The next area is that of the working class, and is close to the districts where the people attend to their daily occupations. Then comes the circle largely made up of apartment dwellings where the "white-collar" workers are to be found, and still another circle includes the bungalow dwellers, and those who own their own homes. Still further out is a communal zone where people live as neighbors in a community—the men who own these homes attend business in the heart of the city, leaving in the morning by car or other transportation and returning at night. Consequently, this section is largely ruled by the mothers.

The business day is marked by two great movements in this large city—
(Continued on Page Two)

Chicago Teacher--

(Continued from Page One)

one in the morning, between six o'clock and nine o'clock to the centre, and one in the afternoon from three o'clock to six o'clock from the centre. A noticeable feature about the city is that the type and nationalities are constantly changing. For instance, the speaker said, where there was once a German colony, one might now find that location to be a replica of Italy, and so on. Another manifest reality is the approximatness of wealth to absolute poverty, as when a large building is being erected one will find nearby men of the street living in piles of stones—their only habitation and refuge.

People of all nations are found in Chicago and some believe that its present population of four million will increase in the next twenty-five years to ten or more million, although Mr. Weaver was inclined to disagree with this thought. A process of suburbanization is going on so that those living in the country, in the big city, can avail themselves of city privileges, such as telephone, electric lights, water systems, etc., and can still remain more content than if actually moved into the city.

Mr. Weaver said that just as the whole body reacts when an organ suffers, so in the city, when one section is affected the whole city feels it. As pressure is exerted from the areas outside of the loop (the head) building is crowded skyward.

Mr. Fred B. King, principal of the Drumheller public schools, extended a vote of thanks to the speaker.

Man in the Street

THE CHICAGO AMERICAN will pay \$2 for each question used. Today's was submitted by Azalia Coughenour, 6423 Euclid av., Hammond.

QUESTION: Do you think teen-agers should get jobs during vacation?



Miss Farrell



Miss Prendergast



Mr. D. Weaver



Mr. C. Schwachtgen



Miss Stanek



Mary Nee

WHERE ASKED: Bureau of Curriculum, Board of Education.

Frances Farrell, history teacher—Yes. It adds to a young person's education and motivates his desire for greater knowledge.

Mary Rose Prendergast, research teacher—Of course. I feel a job adds to the value of their understanding and enhances their knowledge of man's ways of making a living.

Henry D. Weaver, staff artist—Yes. It teaches responsibility for labor, exactness of assignments other than school work.

Edward C. Schwachtgen, science consultant—Yes. On-the-job training and experience is very valuable and it supplements the curriculum of our schools.

Muriel Stanek, teacher—Summer employment affords a teen-ager an opportunity to meet and work with people outside his own community. It helps develop a deeper understanding of good human relations and the need to get along with others.

Mary Nee, psychologist—Yes. It provides them with a feeling of security in taking care of themselves and develops economical efficiency which cannot be absorbed as rapidly otherwise.

Wrightite exhibits paintings

Henry D. Weaver, Wright newswriting student and Steinmetz art teacher, will exhibit his latest portraits and landscape paintings tomorrow at the Fall Exhibition of Drawings and Paintings in the Austin town hall, Lake and Central aves.

ART INSTRUCTOR TO BE SPEAKER AT LOCKE PTA

Henry D. Weaver, art instructor at Steinmetz High school, will describe the relationship of color and personality in a talk before the Locke PTA at 12:45 p. m. Tuesday. Sharing the speaking program will be Mrs. Bea Anselms, recreation chairman, who will tell of the work being done in slight saving classes.

Preceding the session a dessert luncheon will be served by Mrs. Frank Freulich and her committee. Business session activities will include the election of officers.

MODEL DINING ROOM CREATED AT WELLS HIGH

Arts Classes Do All Work on Project

A model dining room with renovated furniture is the latest project completed by the arts department students at Wells High school, 936 N. Ashland av. The formal opening of the room will be held Thursday afternoon, May 6, when freshmen students will be hosts to their parents at a tea.

Later the room will be reassembled in the home economics department and used for a place in which to serve practice meals.

Use Polish Motif

Ronald Santowski originated designs with a Polish motif for the chairs and table. Artistic designs for the cabinet and bookshelves were painted by Rosalie Durka. The entire room displays an artistic way of using one's ingenuity. Henry Weaver, faculty chairman, supervised the work of students on the project.

Lacy designs bordering window frames, which also are carried out in the table linen, were painted by Irene Brozyca, Dorothy Danek, and Dolores Dobrzynski. Marvin Kopier and Ralph Luzwickas re-upholstered the furniture.

Walls in Dark Rose

The walls and windows are constructed by Chester Piorok, Stanley Radtowski, Adam Kagaryk, Richard Dudkiewicz, and Robert Friend. The walls were painted a dark rose to contrast with the light gray furniture. Those in charge of painting the walls were Stanley Glowacki, Fred Marino, Richard Wilczinski,

MODEL DINING ROOM CREATED AT WELLS HIGH

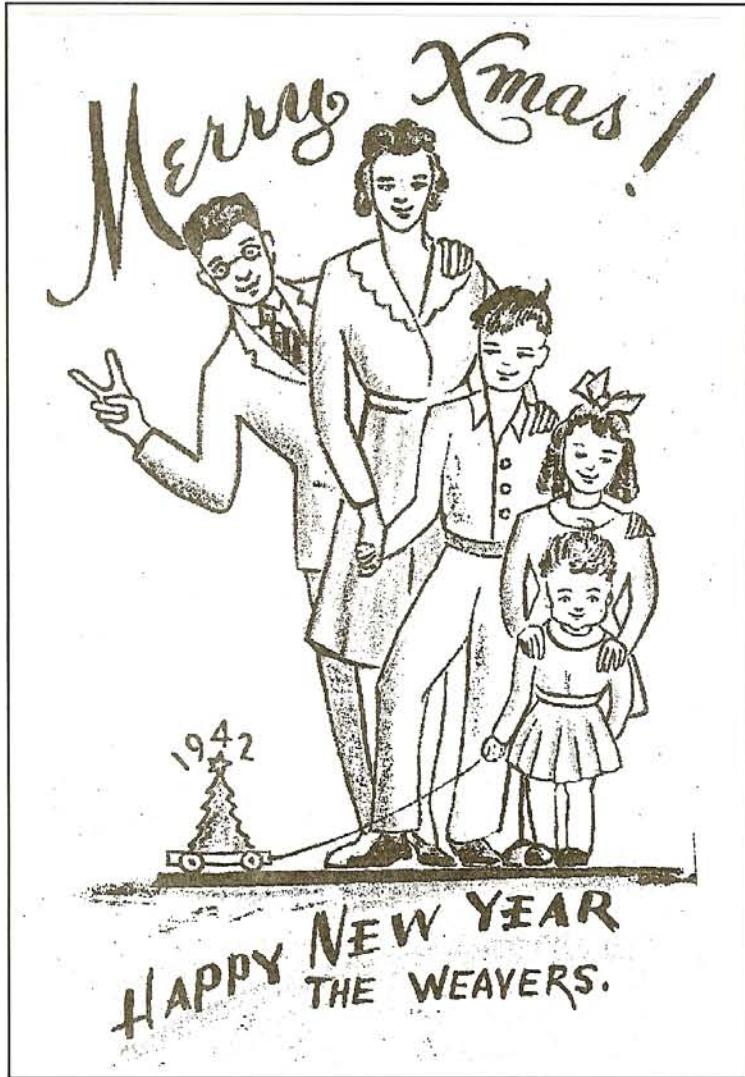
Arts Classes Do All Work on Project

A model dining room with renovated furniture is the latest project completed by the arts department students at Wells High school, 936 N. Ashland av. The formal opening of the room will be held Thursday afternoon, May 6, when freshmen students will be hosts to their parents at a tea.



Against a background of dark rose colored walls, Lucille Short (left) and Lorraine Kalinowski, junior students, display with pride the model dining room which was designed and furnished by arts department students at Wells High school, 936 N. Ashland av. The room is furnished with renovated furniture. The formal opening will be held May 6 at a parents tea.

Some of the annual Christmas cards Duncan produced give a picture of family life in the Weaver household.



Duncan's gesture is the V-for-Victory sign!

The year 1945 Grandma Holmes was with us as well as cousin Betty Mitchell, who had come to Chicago to take a modeling course.



Duncan continued with many extra duties associated with his teaching assignment.



Lee Kurpias, Chicago; Fred Carroll Jr., Norris City, and Shirley Brown (left to right), New Baden, with H. D. Weaver, faculty adviser, at opening of state high school student councils convention.
(THRUOUT PHOTO)



And his unique signature continued to entertain his friends.

Music lessons were serious business at the Weaver household. Gary, E.C. and Jane all took lessons and performed frequently. Duncan taught himself the cello after he was fifty!

LOGAN SQUARE M.T.A. MUSIC FESTIVAL	
JUNE 16, 1947	
"Flag Without A Stain".....	William Rollins
"Majesty of the Deep".....	Jean Williams
"Qui Vive!".....	Ganz Sharon Turner and Janet Stonecipher
Original Composition.....	Cerny Julie Cerny
"American Boy".....	Zamecnik
"Twinkling Stars".....	Hawthorne
Violins:	Julie Cerny Bp. Duncan Weaver ✓ Mildred Mulnix Gary Weaver ✓ Mary Mitoray Ariel Williams
Cello:	Jean Williams
Flute:	Richard Mulnix
Piano	Louise Williams
"Concerto".....	Tschaikowsky Nancy Hatfield
"Theme".....	Chopin Jessie Green
"Dress Fancies".....	Harris Glen Smith
Accordion Numbers.....	Joanne Ballouer
"Fantaisie-Improptu".....	Chopin Jewel Steneland
"Polichinelle".....	Rachmaninoff Helen Smyth
Vocal Trio.....	Mary Grace Schilling-Marjorie Young-Helen Kerr
"Chorus".....	Beah
Original Composition.....	Arthur Dickenson
"Second Movement from Mazas".....	
"Schubert's Serenade".....	
	<u>Ellen Claire, Gary & Bishop Duncan Weaver</u>

This was probably the only family photo Duncan and Margaret had taken with their three children: Gary, Ellen Claire and Margaret Jane, "Janie."

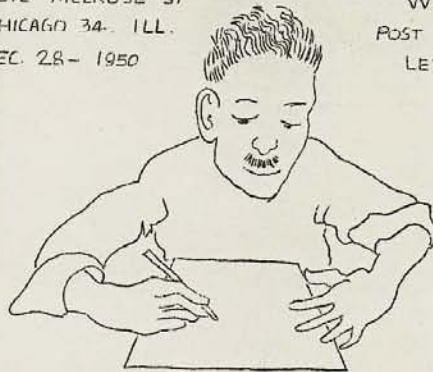


The fall that Gary went away to Brigham Young University, Beryl Jensen moved into his room. Her parents, from Orem, Utah, had written to Bishop Weaver asking if there was an L.D.S. family that their daughter could live with while she attended Roosevelt College on a music scholarship. Duncan and Margaret talked it over and decided to offer Gary's room. Beryl moved in and became a "big sister" to E. C. and Jane. She sang beautifully, and performed often at the Logan Square Ward and other churches as well. Sometimes E. C. would accompany her on the piano. When Jane started kindergarten, Margaret started teaching school. She was employed at the Franklin Park Elementary School under Vance Hester, principal. E. C. and Jane went with her to school there, a drive of about five miles from the Melrose Street house.

Margaret needed extra credits in order to move up on the salary scale, and so she, too, began to take extra classes at several local colleges. With Duncan still attending the Art Institute for graduate work toward his Master's Degree the Weaver's family life was very busy indeed! The following Christmas letter is quite descriptive.

6612 MELROSE ST
CHICAGO 34. ILL.
DEC. 28 - 1950

WEAVER'S
POST CHRISTMAS
LETTER NO 2



DEAR FOLKS:

Christmas morning found us sitting by our Xmas tree reading your Christmas message. Thank you for remembering us. This has been a most eventful year for the Weavers. Gary missed the fall quarter at BYU, but went out right after the New Year. Beryl Jensen came back to stay with us



after her trip home to Provo. Grandmother Holmes continued her visit until March. We put her on the train for her last trip home Word reached us just five days ago that she had passed away. Margaret left at once for Raymond, and at the moment is there with the rest of her family paying her respects to one of the worlds truly great women. She was loved by everyone who knew her. Mother Holmes passing will leave a definite void in our lives.

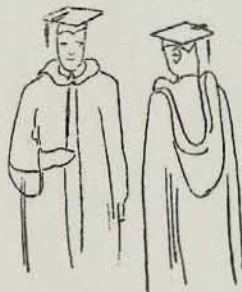
Margaret and I both continued with our teaching. We worked at night courses as well.

By June I had completed my final requirements for my Masters Degree.

Margaret enrolled at BYU for Summer Courses and left with Jane, June 1st. Gary remained at the "Y"

for the summer. Ellen Claire and I finished our term at Steinmetz. We took over the job of decorating the house completely before we joined the others. All the paper came off the walls and a complete paint job replaced it. By the 18 July^{we} were ready to leave for Provo.

As soon as the first summer session at the "Y" ended Gary and I took off for the TETONS.



3
We spent 21 glorious days together and got back to Provo on August 16 with our limit of rainbow trout, a painting for each day we were gone & several rolls of colored film.

Gary received his call to the Texas-Louisiana Mission before we left for home. Naomi Bangerter of Salt Lake City accompanied us to Chicago. She stayed with us until Gary returned to Salt Lake on September 12. Carl Wilcox and his bride went back with Gary. Carl entered the Mission home in preparation for his mission to Finland. Gary worked in Salt Lake City during September. He entered the Mission Home Oct. 2. and by the middle of the month was in Houston, Texas. After a month he was transferred to Sweetwater, Texas. His enthusiasm



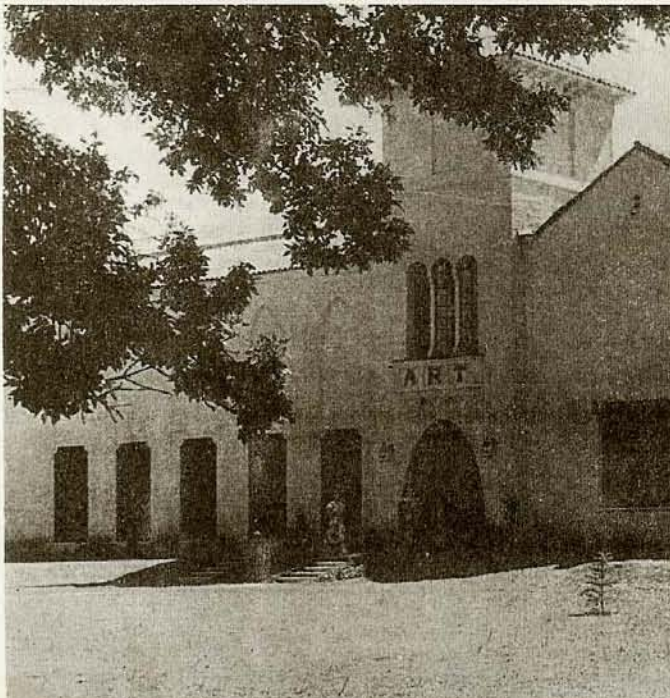
for his work increases steadily. Each letter he sends shows an added growth. Beryl returned to us in mid September from a most successful summer at the west coast. She continues her studies at Roosevelt College.

This is the first time we have not been together at Christmas. We are doing our best under the circumstances. We are most grateful for your friendship and good will. We ask the blessings of our Heavenly Father to be with you through out the coming year. May Peace attend you. Margaret, Duncan, Ellen-Claire, Jane Weaver.

Duncan's formal art training culminated in a Master's Degree in Art Education from the Art Institute of Chicago in 1950. This was not easy, teaching full time, and staying involved with his family and with church work. He was also painting and exhibiting his paintings in Utah and in Chicago!



22nd Annual National Art Exhibit
Centennial Exhibition
 Springville High School Art Gallery



208—GIRL WITH RED RIBBON.....	J. J. Schepp	Carnegie Hall Gallery, N. Y.
209—LEHIGH COUNTRY SCENE.....	Walter E. Baum	Sellersville, Pa.
210—MEXICAN YARD	B. Y. Andelin	Ogden, Utah
211—SOLITUDE	Floyd E. Breinholt	Provo, Utah
212—OLYMPUS VALLEY	Nellie M. Manning	Salt Lake City, Utah
213—WET SPRING	Marie Hall	Jackson, Miss.
214—EILEEN CLAIRE	Henry D. Weaver	Chicago, Ill.
215—COLORADO AUTUMN	Conway Nowlan	Grand Junction, Colo.
216—ALTA, UTAH	Leona Hellbrook	Provo, Utah
217—THE HAY STACK	Harold Woolston	American Fork, Utah
218—PASSING SHOWER	A. J. Hammond	Rockport, Mass.
219—TRADE WIND	A. J. Hammond	Rockport, Mass.
220—ASPEN VISTA	Cleston H. Rigby	Provo, Utah
221—GERANIUMS	Matteo Sandons	San Francisco, Calif.
222—INTERVALE, N. H.	Henry Curtis Ald	Rowley, Mass.
223—SEGO LILY	Bess E. Cuntley	Provo, Utah
224—BACK STREET	L. K. Parkinson	Ogden, Utah
225—DESPLAINES RIVER	Henry D. Weaver	Chicago, Ill.
226—SELF PORTRAIT	Fred S. Boyko	Carnegie Hall Gallery, N. Y.
227—VERMILION RIVER	Julius F. Faysooth	Alson Art Institute, Ohio
228—MEXICO LANDSCAPE	J. A. Imhof	Taos, N. Mex.

Duncan's scrapbook contains numerous letters from Chicago Board of Education executives. Though it was a large system, he knew most of the personnel.

BOARD OF EDUCATION
CITY OF CHICAGO (1)

228 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
TELEPHONE DEARBORN 2-7501

HEROLD C. MUNT
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENTS

MARY E. COURTENAY EDWARD E. KEENER
BUTLER LAUGHLIN PAUL R. PIERCE
DON C. ROGERS HOBART H. SOMMERS

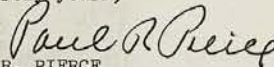
June 19, 1950

Dear Mr. Weaver:

Congratulations on your acquiring
your Master's Degree in Art Education.

I am certain that you will enjoy
the feeling of attainment, as well as the
professional benefits, that will result from
this splendid achievement.

Sincerely yours,



PAUL R. PIERCE
Assistant Superintendent in Charge
of Instruction and Guidance

PRP:MW

Mr. Henry D. Weaver
Steinmetz High School
3030 N. Mobile Avenue
Chicago 34, Illinois

THE AUSTIN TOWN HALL ART GUILD
CHICAGO

3rd Annual
Fall Exhibition of Paintings
and Drawings

1950

NOVEMBER 4th to NOVEMBER 14th

AT
AUSTIN TOWN HALL

5600 W. LAKE STREET

OPEN DAILY 2 P.M. TO 10 P.M.
SUNDAY, NOV. 5th and SUNDAY, NOV. 12th—2 to 5 P.M.

OUR GOAL:
An Original Painting by a Chicago Artist in Every Home

WEAVER, H. DUNCAN—6612 W. Melrose St.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 63. Rock Chuck Peak (Tetons) | 66. Mount Moran |
| 64. Teton Range From
Jackson Lake | 67. Monarch |
| 65. Grand Teton | 68. Buck Mountain |

Duncan exhibited paintings
with the Austin guild in
1948, 1949, and 1950

November, 1950



**Wrightite exhibits
paintings**

Henry D. Weaver, Wright newswriting student and Steinmetz art teacher, will exhibit his latest portraits and landscape paintings tomorrow at the Fall Exhibition of Drawings and Paintings in the Austin town hall, Lake and Central ave.

**Officiate at
'Hanging'**

Three members of the Town Hall Art guild join in hanging of a portrait for exhibit in Austin Town Hall's annual art show. More than 75 local art pieces are on view this week in the main corridor of the building. Exhibit is open to public through Tuesday. Visitors will see guild class in session with a live model tonight. In the above photo (l. to r.) are Henry D. Weaver of 6612 Melrose, Alfred Heggeland of 1145 North Austin, and Gus Ehrler of 4719 Superior.



Duncan was offered a position with the Chicago School Board's Curriculum division, doing art and layout work for their publications. At last he was a commercial artist! But somehow he was never very happy at the loop offices in the Builder's Building at 228 N. LaSalle. He missed teaching, perhaps his greatest talent, and he missed the students.

Much earlier, in a letter from the Superintendent of Schools, Duncan's teaching skills had been praised:

Dear Mr. Weaver:

After reading the first sentence of Mr. McKensie's recent report of your teaching, I knew that the teacher he spoke of was a really outstanding one. He said, "I was privileged to visit an art class which was being conducted by Mr. Henry [D.] Weaver.

You may be sure that when a district superintendent considers one of his many visits to classes a "privilege," that class and the teacher in charge of it are deserving of unmitigated praise. For that reason, I wish to congratulate you most heartily on the superior quality of your work!

Furthermore, I want to assure you of my very real gratitude for all that you do as an administrative assistant and in connection with evening entertainment. May your ability as chairman of the art department and your generosity in giving your services whenever and wherever needed be rewarded with unlimited success in the future!

Sincerely yours,

William H. Johnson, Superintendent of Schools

About 1952 Duncan and Margaret decided to sell the Melrose Street house in Chicago. With the proceeds they bought a house with a cherry orchard in Orem, Utah, where they planned to retire. They also bought a shell in a housing tract in Mt. Prospect, northwest of the city, which Duncan and Ellen Claire finished during the summer. It was a lot of hard work for a sixteen year old girl, and her 56-year-old dad. But for E.C. the pay was good: \$25.00 a week! At that time there was a lot of political talk about atomic bomb attacks. Lots of people were having bomb shelters installed in their yards. Margaret and Duncan, with the encouragement of their missionary, Gary, thought the Mt. Prospect house would put them far enough away from the city to be safe, and still have accessibility to major traffic routes in the event of an evacuation.

Mr. Henry Weaver Gets Promotion



Mr. Henry D. Weaver, formerly of the Art Department, was promoted recently to the Bureau of Curriculum at the Board of Education.

Mr. Weaver taught at Steinmetz for eight years, six of which were spent as head of the Art Department. Also, he was the faculty advisor for the Student Council for seven and one-half years.

He was born in Bennington, Idaho, and in July, 1928, he moved to Chicago. Now he resides in suburban Mount Prospect.

The schools which he attended include the University of Alberta in Canada, the University of Chicago, and the Art Institute. He earned a Master of Arts Education degree.

He taught at Herzl, Wells, and a branch of Tuley high school before coming to Steinmetz in 1945.

The PTA will long remember his lectures on color at their meetings, and members of the STAR staff will recall that after each issue of the paper came out he would write a message of congratulation to the staff and post it on the bulletin board in the STAR office.

The staff will miss his friendly comments and encouragement. They join with the school in wishing him success in his new position.

For a diversion, Duncan decided to sing with the Chicago Stake choir. Leading the choir was Van Ward, violinist and assistant conductor of the Chicago Symphony, so it promised to be a first rate musical experience. His wife, Bea Ward, Ellen Claire's piano teacher, was choir accompanist (seated right, front row). Some others of the 80-member choir were Margaret Weaver (far right, third row), Veldron Matheson (front row, left) who was E.C.'s first piano teacher and (who also hired E.C. at age 11 to babysit her kids), Louise Williams (third row, far left), Hannah Mae Williams (next to her mother), E. C.'s best pal, and Hannah Mae's sister, Jean (second row, second from left). Duncan is in the back row, left. The Chicago Stake Choir performed at Orchestra Hall, downtown Chicago February 2, 1952, an ambitious undertaking! A formal photo, too large for inclusion here is in the scrapbook.



Gary returned from the Texas-Louisiana Mission after serving two years and married Naomi Bangerter, whom he had met prior to his mission at Brigham Young University. When Gary and Nana were first married they lived with the family in the Mt. Prospect house. Then after a few months, they rented a place in Oak Park, which was an over-the-garage apartment at the estate of the Behimers. Old Mr. Behimer, a widower, became quite fond of Gary and Nana, and then later on he became a fan of Baby Kathryn.

Duncan was crazy about his daughter-in-law and his first grandchild. Unfortunately, Kathryn would be the only grandchild he would know. He once wrote a few lines for Naomi, "Nana."

HANDS

*Hands! Hands that have known toil;
Whose fingers lovingly enclose a tiny fist.
Hands that put aside the hourly task to wipe a tear
That's very like a mist.
Hands that gently touch an injured cheek
And smooth a tiny wrinkle on wee brow.
Hands that clasp a form so tenderly and
With an infinite love endow.
My daughter's hands, so beautiful and
Sure — Naomi's hands!*



Duncan was now on the Chicago Stake High Council, and although the family was no longer a part of the Logan Square Ward since they now lived in the North Shore Ward area, they were frequent visitors at Logan Square. The whole family, now larger by two, continued to be a part of the activities of the Chicago Stake of the Church.

The annual Gold and Green Ball, complete with formally attired guests, was an event never to be missed. In the above photo we see, left to right, Duncan, E. C., Janie and Margaret. Duncan owned his own tuxedo and used to laugh and call it his "monkey suit."

But soon the reality of the long commute from Mt. Prospect began to set in. Duncan rode the commuter train into the city daily and Margaret had a long drive to Franklin Park to teach. This, coupled with the fact that the Mt. Prospect house was considerably smaller than the Melrose Street house, and that Duncan no longer had a studio in which to paint, prompted them to sell after two years time. A house was purchased on Grand Ave. in Franklin Park not far from Margaret's school, although the address was technically Melrose Park. Keeping the Orem property and leasing it produced income to help with Ellen Claire's college expenses.

Duncan put in a large garden at the Grand Ave. house. This was difficult because the lot was very large, probably half an acre or so, and the garden had been neglected. The house also needed some attention. Duncan brushed up on his carpenter skills once again and added a small covered back entry and made other repairs to the house. He often said he was a "Jack of all trades, and master of none." But in reality, he was very skilled in many areas!



After that summer it must have seemed like a rest for him to go back to work at the Curriculum Division of the Chicago Board of Education.

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY



- PRESIDENT:** Lenox R. Lohr
- DIRECTOR:** Daniel M. MacMaster
- LOCATION:** Jackson Park at Lake Shore Drive and Fifty-seventh Street
- TELEPHONE:** Museum 4 - 1414
- HOURS:** Open at 9:30 A.M. Closes during daylight saving period at 5:30 P.M. on week days and 7:00 P.M. on Sunday. During the remainder of the year, the closing time is 4:00 P.M., Monday through Friday; 5:30 P.M. on Saturday; 7:00 P.M. on Sunday.
- ADMISSION:** There is no general admission charge. A small charge is made for the Coal Mine, Microworld, and Nickelodeon.
- GUIDE SERVICE:** If arrangements are made in advance, a tour sponsor will be assigned to your group.
- TRANSPORTATION:** Illinois Central Electric to 57th Street Station and walk east to the Museum; CTA Boulevard Route Bus No. 1, 2, or 4; Stony Island CTA Bus; Jackson Park Elevated to end of line and transfer north on CTA Bus to 57th Street.

MATERIALS

Although the Museum is primarily a source for investigation and study by classes in Science and Mathematics, there are many tours and exhibits which will be of interest and educational value to Social Studies classes. In order to understand and appreciate the world in which we live today, children need to study social and industrial history. If they can observe the changes in tools, handicrafts, vehicles, dress, etc., at firsthand, the things they read about in class take on more concrete meaning.

Each year the Museum sends to the schools copies of a booklet which describes its services to schools. Here the teacher will find descriptions of tours, exhibits and demonstrations, general information about the Museum, and helpful suggestions for making preparations for a tour. Arrangement of school tours and programs is supervised by Mr. Harry O. Gillett.

EXHIBITS AND DEMONSTRATIONS

Some of the exhibits and demonstrations which teachers of Social Studies classes may find valuable are the Harvester Farm, Evolution of the Harvesting of Grain, Evolution of the Ways of Grinding Grain, Historic Highways, Public Works, Plastics, Printing, Writing, Evolution of the Home, Colleen Moore's Doll House, Story of Merchandising, Consumer Goods Testing, Television, Timekeeping, Wire Communication, Wireless Communication, Transportation on Land and Water and in the Air, the Automobile, the Railroad, and Scenes from Yesterday.

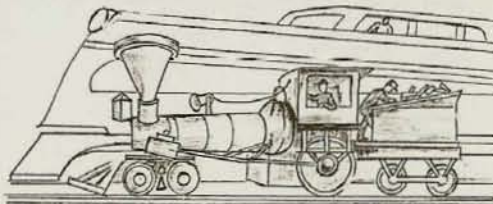
RELATION TO CLASSWORK

The list above indicates that there are materials which may be used profitably in teaching a number of Social Studies units. Among these units may be listed the following:

- The Farm - Grade 2
- How Our Foods Are Produced - 4B
- How Our Houses Are Made, Heated, Lighted, and Furnished - 4B
- How People, Products, and Ideas Get From Place to Place - 4B
- Improved Transportation and Communication Change Ways of Living - 5B
- National Development - 7B
- Industrial, Commercial, Agricultural, and Social Growth - 7A
- Living in Chicago - 8B
- World Geography - 8A
- Units in Commercial Geography - 10th Grade

SPECIAL FEATURE

A delightful special feature offered by the Museum each year is the Christmas festival, which portrays the celebrations of Christmas around the world. The festival begins on the first Saturday after Thanksgiving and continues for sixteen days. Each day the music, pageantry, and dancing of a nation or group of related nations are presented in afternoon and evening programs. Trees decorated in the manner of the various nations add to the spirit of the occasion. School groups may make reservations for the afternoon programs.



The
**PRESCHOOL
CURRICULUM**
of the
**CHICAGO
PUBLIC SCHOOLS**



Curriculum Brochure Number Five

Preschool Curriculum Aids Parents

"How can I act as teacher and guide these numerous educational activities with all the other duties connected with just taking care of my preschool child?" the parent may ask. Parents may be assured that far from adding to their present duties, the preschool curriculum should make the things that they are already doing more purposeful and pleasant to parents, more balanced and beneficial to the child. Parents may request the assistance of their elementary-school office or PTA leaders in interpreting this curriculum. The experiences that are indicated for the child are directly related to kindergarten-primary work and are organized under the nine major functions of living that the Curriculum Council has designated for the educational program of Chicago Public Schools. They are fitted to the period of infancy (below 5 years), the psychological and physical stage of the preschool child's growth.



Credit is due for sketches and layout to Henry D. Weaver and for critical reading to Alice Machius and Raymond Wallace, all of the Division of Curriculum Development.

Copyright, 1933
Board of Education, Chicago, Illinois



Duncan and Margaret kept up an active social life. They also kept in close contact with family members in Canada. In the photo above Margaret and Duncan are on the right. Below is a five generation photo of (counter-clockwise) Duncan's grandmother, Jane Wardrop Duncan Collett; his mother, Margaret Duncan Weaver Meldrum; his sister, Lucille Weaver Larson; his niece, Lucille Larson Hills and her baby.



BOARD OF EDUCATION

BOARD OF EDUCATION

HEROLD C. HUNT
228 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

June 24, 1953

Dear Mr. Weaver:

What a delightful get-together we enjoyed yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Hunt and I will never forget the experience; its joy and good fellowship will increase our happiness through all the years to come.

For the part you played in this lovely Tea and for your gracious contribution to our "Wishing Well" we shall be ever grateful. Thank you more than words can ever express.

I want you to know, too, how grateful I am for all that you have done and are doing to bring success to our program in behalf of the Chicago Public Schools. To have been associated with you during these last six rewarding years has been a privilege indeed.

Sincerely yours

Herold C. Hunt
General Superintendent of Schools

Mr. Henry D. Weaver
Division of Curriculum Development



Margaret, Jane, Henry Weaver

Glory to God
in the highest,
and on earth
Peace,
good will
toward men.

LUKE 2-14

1954

Duncan's last Christmas card

Early in the summer of 1955 Duncan had a choking episode in which he was unable to swallow food. After several such episodes, he consulted his doctor and was diagnosed with esophageal cancer. His family physician, Cal Midgley, sent him to the finest specialist in the city, a Dr. Reynolds. The gastroscopic exams revealed that the cordia, the connection between the esophagus and the stomach was closing up in spasms due to an obstruction around it. Duncan lost 27 pounds in six weeks. After his surgery he lost even more weight. He made a brief rally, then went into a decline which resulted in his death December 5, 1955. After the surgery Dr. Reynolds told Margaret that he was full of cancer, that they could not get all of it, that he had from six months to a year to live. He lived only three months. The practice then was to keep the truth from the patient, which made it extremely difficult for the family to keep up a false front of hope and cheer. Though Duncan was not one to deny reality, he put up a good fight and a good front. He played the part well.

Some of his last correspondence:

On train. 8 am.
July 29, 1955

Dear Mother,

Thank you for your wonderful letters! They helped.

I am on my way to office this morning, have been away from it three days. Feel much better this morning.

Wednesday 27th I went in for more X-ray and the Dr. wants to do another Gastroscopic Examination. These are rather "rough"! I had one last Saturday and really don't relish this one too much.

Last night we were at Frank Stoesifer's home for a buffet supper. I ate carefully, - did OK. Later I was administered to and Margaret and I both felt better.

Our medical advisors are getting the difficulty narrowed down to the Cordia, the connection between the esophagus and stomach. This closes up in spasms and food does not pass into the stomach.

I weigh 147 - lost 27 pounds in 6 weeks - My "bay window" has vanished!

Our weather has been very hot, will go to 100° again today. Last week when we decided we could no longer stand the heat a whiff of cool Canadian air came in to stay for a day only.

We are trying to arrange our vacation to go to a nearby place for a couple of weeks where we can just loaf and rest. Much will depend on the outcome of the next two days.

Gary is back in Salt Lake - E.C. is still working - Margaret will be through with her summer school next week - she is tired!

"Cowboy" in the engine today! I'll write you again on Monday to tell you details -

We all send our love

Duncan

More correspondence:

August 8, 1955

Dear Mother,

I came home from St. Luke's Hospital last Thursday pm to wait for cooler weather for my operation. I am feeling fairly well. Just loafing around the house and trying to eat enough to hold my own.

My trouble is a congestion in the cordia, the connection between the esophagus and the stomach. There is a growth, or condition that has it blocked to such an extent that food is very difficult to get down. I am down to 145 lbs. which is what I weighed in 1928-29 when I left for Chicago. I usually weigh about 174-5. This is a loss of about 30 pounds. If I can keep this weight and regain my strength it will be wonderful.

I have one of the best surgeons in the world, Dr. Reynolds, who has a marvelous reputation. He has a wonderful personality too. I have great confidence in him.

I underwent two gastroscopic examinations; a 3/4 inch tube is pushed down the throat and esophagus and with lights, mirrors, and lenses the doctors can actually see the inside of the stomach. The operation is a strenuous one since the patient must be conscious in order to cooperate with the doctors. I came through with flying colors the second time. The first time I underwent it, I sustained too much shock.

I was at the hospital for six days and am scheduled for the end of this week (likely) if the weather holds. This next trip will be a matter of 10-12 days and then likely a couple of weeks convalescing before I can get back to the office.

Jane went to the beach last Friday and has a bad head cold. She is not too strong! Ellen C. is working steadily and is getting ready to return to the Y this fall. Gary phoned me the other night. He and his wife are enjoying the S. L. C. this summer.

We had very hot weather last two weeks but now cool Canadian air is giving us considerable relief. The day is bright. Margaret is washing - E. C. is shopping, Jane is sleeping.

I had intended that this should get to you long before this. My energy has been low. I spend 1/2 time in bed, watch T.V. and try to eat. The doctors have me on a high protein diet: meats, eggs, milk, cheese, all things I like, but I have arrived at the state when food is not interesting. I can't eat strawberries or raw fruit and I'm especially fond of them. We have had all the strawberries we could eat and more all summer. But the girls have been able to enjoy it all.

I am in fine spirits. I know that everything will come out OK. I am amazed at the great number of friends I have who write and call and inquire about me.

May God grant you the best of health, and send you comfort. My regards to Lynn and his family. I shall always be grateful to him for his wonderful treatment of you.

With all my love, Duncan

Margaret added the following postscript: "We are so glad you letters and Lucille's just came. It's cool and very pleasant—hope it lasts. Had a letter from Gary, too, and cards from several people to Duncan. Love, Margaret. Duncan feels much better today."

How grateful I am to Grandmother for saving these letters. The next one came after Duncan's surgery.

Dear Mother,

August 27th, 1955

I'm flat on my back in bed, but feeling very fine, considering this is the start of the third week only. Margaret gave me my breakfast at 8 am. Menu: bacon and egg, oatmeal, 1/2 cantaloupe, tea with cream and sugar.

I'm certainly pleased with my new stomach!

I'm at home—came out of the hospital Wednesday pm—there only 12 days. The doctor thinks I'm a miracle man.

I kept close to the administration of the priesthood. Friends rose up from everywhere. I did not know I had so many. The cards poured in just like Christmas time and are still coming. [Margaret noted that the scrapbook she made of get-well cards had 57 pages, each with two sides and four cards on each for a total of 228 sent to Duncan while he was ill.] You people have been wonderful. I appreciated your letters. Mother, you are certainly a queen. God bless you!

I was on the operating table eight hours. A whole battery of surgeons worked on me right straight through from 7:45 am until 4 pm. I remember nothing except the general hurry and scrubbing, etc. going on around me.

One of the doctors explained that when I wakened, not to be alarmed at all the tubes and pipes and fixtures I would find—just routine, he said.

Dr. Reynolds was the major surgeon. He is the first man I have fallen in love with at first sight. My own doctor Midgley stood in to observe, and a young Mormon doctor was present for four hours. He gave me the hypo that put me off! Just ten seconds and I was gone.

I was packed in a thermal bag, temperature reduced to 80 degrees. I took eight pints of blood. My left arm was stretched on a board to expose my left side. I was fed through a vein in my left ankle—and for eight more days.

My doctor tells me that they cut out the cordia, the connection between the esophagus and the stomach. This had completely closed up. They took the upper 1/3 of the stomach, or a sizeable area, the spleen, and part of the pancreas. They sewed the stomach directly to the esophagus and then made a new outlet for the stomach.

To prevent clots they tied off the large femoral veins in each leg. These are giving me my greatest difficulty as all the blood into my legs has to find a new way back.

For five days I had special nurses 'round the clock, and for three more days, day and night nurses. The hospital is the best in the U.S. if not the world.

Margaret has been most devoted. She made the fifty mile trip every day in the meanest weather, 90 - 98 degrees and when I needed her she just always seemed to be there. The doctor said I could come home after the first week. We were surprised when it actually materialized.

So here I lie, minus a rib and all the junk they found. I have had a most glorious strengthening of my testimony. God was merciful to me. His priesthood bore me up.

Frank and Alan both called. I'm so grateful. My family is all now together. Gary got here Wednesday. E.C. will stay with me this quarter. She will also take care of Kathryn.

Everything is progressing beautifully. I report back to clinic in four weeks. I weigh 130 pounds. I can walk, but slowly.

I praise God.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me...."

We all send our love. Precious mother, may God's blessings be yours.

Humbly and devotedly, Duncan

That was probably the last letter Duncan wrote his mother. She came to Chicago not long after that to be with him, and support the family with her loving and calming influence.

Many letters came to him during his short convalescence and decline. One was from his sister, Lucille Weaver Larson.

Monday, Nov. 14, 1955

Dear Duncan,

This is a busy old world we live in, not that I get so much done at home because I've always been puttery, but the boys have the radio on and etc., so the only time I can write is late at night, then I'm sleepy or early in the morning, then I'm sleepy, so I'm writing this on Gov. time.

It's a cold, snowy November day, not quite so cold, but still below zero. [It] has been to -30 degrees night before last, hope we soon see the good old Chinook...and feel the soft warm touch of our good old S.S.W. wind.

It must be nice to have Mother with you. Have you travelled far down the lane of years? Have you been back to the homestead days? I remember the heat waves dancing on the eastern horizon in the hot days and the flicker of the prairie fires, a fearful sight to childish eyes. In the night I remember the cool good taste of the water brought up from the spring in the barrels on the go-devil. I can well remember the smell of supper cooking inside the house and the smell of the smoke of buffalo chips filling the evening air outside.

Do you remember the box of dried prunes with the paper lace over the top, the picture you drew for me to fill the center and the picture we hung on the wall, our combined efforts. It looked nice over the tarpaper lining.

One event of homestead days I'll never forget is the hail storm that pounded our good crop into nasty green pulp, the loud noise of the huge stones on the roof, the flash of lightning and the loud thunder. Then when it was all over Mother and I gathered hail stones and Mother made ice cream and we froze it in buckets, the cool sweet taste took away some of the shock and horror of the storm and left a better memory.

My mind often travels back to school days in Stirling. The long spring days when it was so hard to stay in school—the family prayers in the morning, when I was sure I would be late, Father's "Our Father in Heaven," and the eight-thirty school bell tolling away. My eyes shut so tight I saw yellow edged with purple afterward.

Do you remember when you joined the Navy and I wrote and asked if O.S. meant "Old Salt?" How was I to know you could possibly be an ordinary seaman.

Yes, It's fun to travel back down the lane of years. Sometimes it was shadowed by the cacti of bad luck and poverty, but always we had the sunshine of love and understanding.

I'm sure when you receive this you will be feeling much better and will soon be back to good health and will be your own wonderful self again. Where ever you have been you have been most outstanding and I've been proud to say Duncan Weaver is my brother.

My work is going on as usual, the tempo is not getting faster as Christmas approaches, but I'm sure I'll be finished in time. It will just be the last minute rush of decorating my department and trimming my tree and wrapping about ninety presents (workers) and giving my annual workers party. But this year I'll have a few days holiday. I never work Christmas day any more like I used to. Some time I'm going to write a composition "My Christmas in a Mad House." I have planned it for a long time.

Forgive me writing on both sides of this paper. It saved me a trip upstairs for more. Give my love to our mother and tell her I will write soon. We are all well at Raymond, and Lyle says they are fine at Magrath.

Remember I love you, big brother, and know you'll soon be well again. Lucille

The following group of letters were stapled together in the scrapbook. Evidently a number of family members had gathered at the home of Margaret's brother, Myron Holmes, in Raymond, Alberta, Canada. They wrote a joint letter. It was not dated, but it had to be early to mid September, as there was a note included from Ellen and she died Sept. 27, 1955. So this family letter was written between Duncan's surgery in late August, and Ellen's death. The first is from N. Lorenzo "Snow" Mitchell, his brother-in-law.

Dear Duncan:

We pray for your speedy recovery. The cleanliness of your life surely entitles you to receive the blessings of our Heavenly Father in rich abundance. May the Lord be good to you. May your faith be strong for as your faith is so shall it be. The power of the Priesthood will make you whole, therefore I pronounce a blessing upon your righteous head to the end that God will heal your wounded body. keep your trust in the Lord and all will be well.

We express our love for you and our desire for your well-being. May peace be yours forever, Snow.

The next portion is from his brother-in-law, Margaret's brother, Myron.

Who would have thought when we walked down La Salle [Street, Chicago] of a major operation for you, old timer. I would very much like to be at your side as I am in spirit. To bother you with platitudes is far from my idea. You possess more fortitude than I ever had. We shall see you next winter. My blessing on you and Margaret and family; you will battle it out to its success and you know it. I have measured your mettle. Myron

Next is Margaret's brother, Godfrey.

Just a note to you. The group has just cleaned up a watermelon, and we all wish you could be here too. We surely hope Duncan will soon be OK again. Martha has shown us her pictures of the trip to England. We are about ready to move into the home in town and then we will find out just how much junk we have gathered during the past years. Anyway, we will have a chance to clean up in part. As ever, Godfrey.

The next note is from Margaret's sister, Ellen. She had been to Chicago for a visit earlier in the year, but had not pulled out of her depression. Margaret and Duncan were unable to persuade her to see a doctor about it while she was in Chicago. Not that much was known about depression in those days. And it was in the days before anti-depressant medications. I remember that she just sat silently most of the time. For someone who was generally outgoing and opinionated, it was quite a change. She returned to Canada, then shot herself to death just weeks or even days after this letter was written:

Just a little line from me, too. I'm glad to tell you of all you folks have meant to us. Many's the time I suppose you have felt that we were very unappreciative of you and what you have done. But we do that I want you to know. I hope that thru this time you will be blest and things will come out as you want them to. We all here wish you all the blessings that can come to you and that not too many days of worry will come to you.

As ever, Ellen.

Next was Godfrey's wife, Virginia:

Dear Margaret and Duncan - Just finished the dishes after one of our usual good family dinners. Good stories, good family feeling and plenty food. There's nothing like a good family. We missed you, Weavers. There's not much to write, our thoughts are mostly feelings. Your place was vacant. We hope next time we can all be together. It's hard to write, but you have our prayers and best wishes. Love, Virginia

Next there were a few lines from some of the kids.

Hello Aunt Margaret and Uncle Duncan, Hope you get well soon. I just got home from a mutual party. Had lots of fun. I rode the surf board. Well, I got to go. Bye, David Holmes

Get well soon, Uncle Duncan, Love Carol

Dear Margaret & Duncan, You don't know me but I just wanted to say hello and get well soon. I'm Dick's wife and we are all just writing a little to say hello. Pat

Now that the chief has spoken I don't have much to say. Hope you get well soon, Richard [Mitchell]

Hi Uncle Duncan,

I sure hope everything is just fine your way and I hope everything will come out for the best. I was sorry to hear about your illness and hope that you get well soon. Best of luck, Dave Mitchell

Hi Uncle Duncan and Aunt Margaret, I was sorry to hear that you are sick. I hope you get well soon. Best of Luck, Jane Ann Mitchell.

Dear Uncle Dunc,

Just a note from niece Kay to wish your well being. I'm sure all will work out best for you as the Lord wills it. Tell the family "hello" and especially Ellen Claire. Love, Kay [Mitchell]

The next letter was from Martha Mitchell, Margaret's sister.

Dear Weavers,

We want you to know, as you can see, that we're all very concerned with your welfare. Wish you could have been here with us. We've missed you. Everyone here is fine. We so hope that by now Duncan is feeling a bit more like himself. I guess we've missed Gary, too.

*Keep us informed how things go. Will be home the first of the week. Our love and prayers,
Martha*

The last letter in the group came from Melba Holmes, wife of Myron Holmes.

Hi folks,

Had me quite a time getting this written, but I finally got them all to write a little note, knowing how you all would appreciate the "get well" thoughts. Have enjoyed having the Mitchells, and keep thinking of your little stay here last summer. Got to get well, Duncan, to come again soon. Lucille came out with your letter, Margaret. Myron read it and told us its contents. Surely hope by now, Duncan, you are feeling better and the pain subsided. You certainly have our thoughts and good wishes and if there is any we can do don't be afraid to let us know. The Mitchells are going from here to Pullman to see Betty, then [to] Seattle to see Shirley. Richard and his new wife along too (in their car.) Ellen [came] over to breakfast along with the others. [We] were at Virginia's last night. Surely wish you all had been there, too. Love, and lots of it, Melba.

The photo below is of Duncan and Snow Mitchell in downtown Chicago, shortly before his diagnosis. One can see that by this time he had already lost a great deal of weight:

The following letter came several weeks later from N. Lorenzo "Snow" Mitchell on stationery from the McCune School of Music and Art of Brigham Young University, office of the director, which position Snow held, in Salt Lake City, Utah:

Dear Duncan:

The telephone call of last evening to your home seemed to bring you so near that I had a strong desire to give you a blessing. I wish I were close enough to lay my hands on your head and give you a Priesthood blessing. This I have so much wanted to do.

I have thought about you so many times during your illness but have put off writing to you until "tomorrow," only to learn that tomorrow never comes.

I shall never forget our close association. The summers we spent at the University of Alberta and the most enjoyable times we had together playing violin and piano duets. And then the grand climax of that association to culminate in marrying into the same wonderful



family. You and I have been so wonderfully blessed in the mothers of our children, and I am sure you have felt as I have that we have each a choice companion.

My heart sorrows at the pain and distress you have suffered and being so far away from you I have been unable to do anything about it except pray to God that He would be good to you. You have been and are such a wonderful friend. You have disseminated so much love and kindness to others and have been so helpful to God's children. Long have I loved you for your integrity, your faithfulness, your devotion to your family and your loyalty to the Church. You have been and are one of the stalwarts of the Church and Kingdom and stand by Jesus Christ in the promulgation of the truth. God bless you beloved friend. May God be good to you; and may your wounded body be healed that you may continue to fill the full measure of your creation. And may God bless your wonderful wife. It is wonderful to have a companion so loyal and true as Margaret has been and will continue to be.

At this moment I leave with you my love, my peace, my benediction. May the powers of heaven bring you continued faith, courage and an assurance of your well-being.

Be of good cheer and all will be well, for the sunshine of God will penetrate your soul and you will rejoice in his goodness and his love.

Again I love you as a brother, "Snow"

Henry Duncan Weaver passed away December 5, 1955 at home. The funeral was held at the West Suburban Ward chapel.



He was buried in the Chapel Hill Gardens West, Villa Park, Du Page County, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Ten years later, when Margaret was buried in Salt Lake City, Gary called Grandma to see what she thought about

moving Duncan's grave from Illinois to Utah. "No," she said, "his grave has been dedicated. There's no point in moving him." Before she died in 1969 at age 93, she had buried five of her seven children!

STEINMETZ STAR

Recall Memories Of Mr. Weaver



THE FACULTY and student body of Steinmetz will remember Mr. Henry Weaver, former member of the Art Department, who passed away the earlier part of this month. At the time of his death, Mr. Weaver was at home where he had been convalescing from an illness since summer.

Mr. Weaver became a member of our teaching staff in the fall of 1945. He was well liked by all the students and easily made friends with them. He was transferred to the art section of the Division of Curriculum in February, 1953. During his nine years at Steinmetz, he served on numerous committees and as head of the Student Council.

Unknown to many of us, he was also quite active outside of school. Much of his time was devoted to his duties as a Mormon bishop and to Boy Scout work.

To his family we extend our deepest sympathy on the loss of our beloved friend and teacher.

Duncan Weaver Is Given Final Rites; Well Known Artist



—Herald Engraving
DUNCAN WEAVER

RAYMOND — (HNS) — Duncan Weaver, former resident of Raymond but for many years living in Chicago, was given funeral rites recently in that city with interment there. Mr. Weaver died following an illness of some months.

He was born May 30, 1896, in Bennington, Idaho, and came to Canada with his family in 1902, settling in Raymond. He married Margaret Holmes of Raymond, who survives her husband. Also surviving are the following children: Gary, a student at the University of Illinois Dental School; Ellen Claire at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; and Margaret Jane at home.

Mr. Weaver was a qualified school teacher, he taught first at Raymond high school and later was principal at Barnwell. Her served in the Canadian Navy in the First World War.

In 1929 the late Mr. Weaver went to Chicago where he studied art at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and four years at the famous Chicago Art Institute taking his B.A. and M.A. degrees in art education. He was a faculty member of the Art Institute and taught art in various Chicago high schools. He was a well-known artist.

Mr. Weaver was active in the LDS church in Chicago being a former bishop of the Logan Square ward and at the time of his death was a member of the Chicago Stake high council.

Of the over 250 cards, letters and telegrams sent to the Weaver home I have chosen just two to include here.

*Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Chicago Stake Presidency
December 6, 1955*

Dear Sister Weaver and family,

Our hearts are filled with sympathy for you in the death of your beloved husband and father. He was such a fine man that even a temporary separation, such as this, is hard for loved ones to endure. We know you will be sustained and comforted by the Master whom not only Duncan, but the whole family, has served and followed.

Death undoubtedly came to Duncan as a welcome release from pain and sickness, and he now experiences the peace which the Lord promised the faithful. We

have all been deeply impressed with the patience, hope and courage which he unfalteringly manifested throughout his long illness. He was truly sustained by faith in God.

There are many who share your loss, for his kindly influence has been felt by numerous men and women, and boys and girls, in the Church, in the schools, and in other walks of life.

We, particularly, will feel the loss. The long and intimate association which we have had with him during his service on the High Council of the Chicago Stake has endeared him to all of us.

May the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, be with you now and always.

*Most sincerely your brethren,
The Chicago Stake presidency and High Council
John K. Edmunds, David M. Kennedy, Paul Jesperson*

These concluding words are from Duncan's sister, Lucille, who was unable to attend the funeral, and are a fitting tribute to her brother:

Raymond, Alberta

Dec. 5, 1955

Dear, brave, wonderful Margaret,

My heart is so heavy with the burden of grief today and my deepest sympathy goes out to you and Gary and the girls.

Jim came out from Lethbridge and spent a couple of hours with me and needless to say we talked of the wonderful brother we have lost and decided that we are richer by having had such a person for a brother.

I was at Wanda's funeral last Thursday and heard the speakers tell of our life hereafter, I can picture people going on that great adventure.

I have a mind's picture of Duncan in graduation gown and cap with a diploma of Earth's school in his hand approaching great bronze doors of the University of the Universe, sure of himself as always, and preparing himself as a teacher in the higher education.

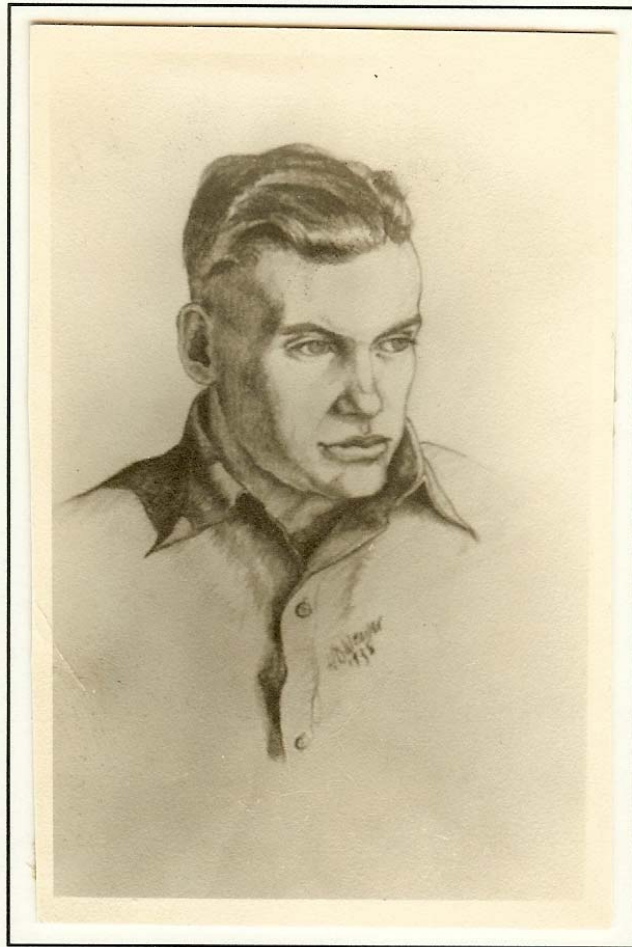
The scientists say that if a star in the heavens should cease to shine, it would take umpteen years for the light to stop shining on Earth. Duncan's star has ceased shining here, but the light he has kindled in hundreds of hearts by his love and understanding will reach into generations of hearts.

I was out to see Melba and Myron this morning, also Virginia. I'm sorry I can't be with you at this sad time, but though I'm unable to make the long journey my love and my thoughts will be with you constantly. And Margaret, [you have] my deepest admiration for your strength, your constant loving care and your great goodness to Mother. I hope you can find comfort and solace in the long lonesome nights and you will be able to go on working to fill your days.

All my love, Lucille

* * * * *

Works not included in the slide production:



Sketch, above, is Duncan's brother Frank.

The following are some of the students at Wells or Steinmetz High School.





L.D.



57



58



VINCENT TANUTO



ADDENDUM

"LOG OF "OUR TRIP"

by H. D. W.

1928

[Transcription by E. C. Shaeffer from a small notebook kept by H. Duncan Weaver during part of his and Margaret's delayed honeymoon trip. They had been married in December of 1926, and waited to take a trip until a more suitable time for travel.]

Left Barnwell [Alberta, Canada] June 29 and proceeded as far as Stirling. We had to leave the car at Hardy's owing to a heavy rain. On June 30 we went to Raymond on the train and caught a ride out to Ellen's [Ellen Holmes Winkler, Margaret's sister] with C. P. R. officials. It continued to rain until July 2nd. We stayed at Mrs. Holmes' [Margaret's mother] place until the morning of July 8th.

Mileage when leaving Raymond: 530. We proceeded through very heavy roads until we reached Craddock. From there to the "line" they steadily improved. [In those days all the roads were dirt or gravel]. The trip to Great Falls [Montana] was made in good time over dry but rough roads. We arrived at 5:30 pm.

Monday, July 9th we shopped and pitched camp in Great Falls. Tuesday morning we built a table and did some shopping—left for White Sulphur Springs at 2 pm. The road to King's Hill was very good, but this side (South) was very rough owing to grading being done. Arrived W. S. S. at 7:30pm. Mileage July 10, 881.

July 11.

Left White Sulphur Springs at nine thirty am. Did some shopping at Livingston and again at Gardner. Arrived at camp at Mammoth at 4:30pm, made camp and after supper we walked up to the Hot Springs. They were a beautiful sight, but had considerably changed since 1926.

July 12.

Broke camp at nine am. and drove to Old Faithful camp. We saw Norris Geyser Basin on the way. Arrived just as Old Faithful played, a great sight. Enroute saw two bears along roadway. Made our camp early and went to swimming pool for a hot bath. In the evening we attended two short lectures. Went to Bear Feeding grounds. Saw Old Faithful after dark with powerful search-light on it.

July 13.

Saw Black Sands Basin and Daisy Geyser before leaving for Lake Junction. On way over were held up by a big black bear. Put her paw through window in getting cookies. Drove to Canyon Junction and saw Grand Canyon of Yosemite. On way in [we] encountered a heavy storm. Made west entrance by 5pm and then drove to Ashton where we camped.

July 14.

Had dinner with Mrs. Godfrey at Ucon. We waited until 7pm for Mr. Godfrey to come home and then drove to Pingree. We arrived at 10pm and found Uncle John Weaver away from home. Camped on his lawn.

July 15.

Left Uncle John's place at 10:30am and drove to Bancroft arriving at 2:30 Uncle Alex was in country so we decided to wait for him. Uncle came in about 6:30. During the evening Aunt Marinda and one of her boys came in and brought Uncle John with them. John stayed all night.

Monday July 16.

John left on a morning train and so I had quite a little visit with him. During the p.m. we went out to Howard's place and then over [to] the Michael Mickleson's. Uncle Alex took us via the old home ranch at Thatcher. We got to Michael's early enough to catch a couple of small trout.

Tuesday July 17.

I greased the car. Ethel and Frank came over to see us before we left. Wells and his wife came the night before. We drove to Preston where we saw Margaret's relatives and also Mrs. Henderson. We left Preston late in p.m. and drove to Millville. We stopped for a short time at Aunt Kates and then went on to North Ogden. We arrived at Mrs. Hills about 10:30 p.m. and stayed for the night.

Wednesday July 18.

Margaret did a washing. I took the car to Ogden and had it serviced. In the p.m. we went up to artesian wells and on over to Liberty where some of Margaret's folks were living. Took Aunt Maggie [Hill] with us. In evening visited the other folks in North Ogden.

Thursday July 19.

Margaret called on Lettie and we picked cherries and apples. Drove to Salt Lake by noon. Saw Temple Square, Capitol, etc. Found cousin of Margaret. In evening drove out to Aunt Agnes' place which we located after some trouble. Stayed here at night.

Friday July 20. [Margaret's birthday]

Went to S. L. about noon and heard organ recital at Tabernacle. In p.m. Margaret located some of her friends from Philadelphia [where she had served her mission]. We went to Pantages[?] and then out to Murray to see Fred Clark. Margaret sewed on Kate's machine. We went back to Aunt Agnes' for [the] night.

Saturday July 21.

Five years ago today Irma and Perry girls gave Margaret a party in Philadelphia. Drove to Gunnison arriving at 3:30 pm. Margaret found her friend Irma L. We came up to her house and I slept on the lawn. Erma came from work early and we had a chicken dinner

and visited. Pitched the tent on the lawn and enjoyed a real good sleep. Erma gave Margaret a birthday present.

Sunday July 22.

Left Gunnison at 10:30 and drove to Bryce Canyon. Found a delightful camping place. Very cool here with a good breeze from the west. The Canyon is one of the most marvelous sights we have seen so far.

Monday July 23.

The road from Bryce to the Grand Canyon is 168 miles, but it took us all day to make the trip owing to the mountains and heavy grades. We passed through some desert before reaching Kanab and then after leaving Fredonia we crossed about twenty five miles of Arizona desert. It was very hot. Climbing up into the Kiabab forest our engine boiled repeatedly and we ran out of water but fortunately found a small puddle from a previous rain. The road was rough through the forest, little better than a trail. During the afternoon we passed within short distances of hundreds of deer feeding like cattle in the open spaces. Grand Canyon was just what we expected—a glorious and gigantic spectacle. We were a few minutes too late to see a sunset on the canyon.

Tuesday July 24.

Arise before sunup and drove to the Canyon to see the sunrise. It was certainly a glorious spectacle. We broke camp after breakfast and drove back to Fredonia and from there across the desert to Zion Canyon. The road was very bad until we arrived at the Canyon road. Bought a few vegetables and drove to camp. The canyon was very warm. We attended a lecture at night after supper.

Wednesday July 25.

We took a trip up the canyon after we had interviewed Louis Ramsay who was painting pictures of the mountains. Then we drove into St. George. [We] gave a "bum" a ride for about ten miles. Had the car greased and left St. G. about 4:30 p.m. The first sixty miles across the desert were very rough but after that we made good time. After leaving Las Vegas we had our first puncture caused by a stone bruise. We drove all night to avoid the heat and arrived at Dagget about 6am where we were inspected for agricultural protection of California. We drove on in to San Bernardino and made camp—very tired.

[Here ends the trip log, however, there are photographs from Yosemite that were taken on the trip, so even though the log ends here, the trip does not.]

* * * * *

The following is taken from My Story by Jane Weaver (written for a class in Genealogy at BYU, 1960):

"... At the age of fifteen the biggest faith-promoting experience of my life happened. My father died of cancer. He had been sick for a year, and they finally found the cause of it—too late. He was operated on in August of 1955, [and] through the blessing of the priesthood was recovered enough to come home to his family in two weeks. He died just four months later, on December 5th. My father knew he was going to die, although because of the instructions of the doctors, no one had told him. He never said one word of complaint and was never anything but cheerful, although the weight that fell so rapidly from him was replaced by an unbearable and constantly increasing pain that no drugs could stop. I watched his very close friend, Stake President Edmunds, enter his room to administer to him and come out again weeping because he knew that my father would not recover. On the night of December 4th Daddy suffered from heart failure several times, each time revived by my brother. When at last he seemed to rest a little better, my exhausted brother and his small family went home, and my mother sent my sister and me to bed. With a start I woke up in what seemed like the middle of the night, and after several unsuccessful attempts to sleep I crept downstairs to find my sister weeping and my mother holding my father's head in her arms, the tears streaming down her face and her eyes looking out the window toward the first rays of the sun. He had died in her arms.

"My brother took it very hard, especially since he had not been there, but the next day he came to us and said he had a dream to tell us about. Daddy had come to him and told him not to grieve and to comfort the family, for he had been needed in the Lord's work and had been taken for the purpose of teaching the spirits in paradise. He showed my brother the work he was doing and the myriads of people waiting for the gospel to be brought to them and for their genealogy work to be done. He recited to him the names of many people who needed to have their work done, and he then left him with a testimony of the importance of genealogy work for the dead and spreading the gospel to the living. My father was buried on December 8th, 1955, in Chapel Hills Gardens, Westchester, Illinois."

DESCENDANCY CHART

2 May 1996

-
-
- 1-- Henry Duncan WEAVER (1896-1955)
 - sp-Margaret HOLMES (1898-1965)
 - 2-- Gary "H" WEAVER (1930)
 - sp-Naomi BANGERTER (1931)
 - 3-- Kathryn WEAVER (1953)
 - sp-George Robert FERRIN (1952)
 - 4-- Andrea FERRIN (1978)
 - 4-- Robert Elliot FERRIN (1981)
 - 4-- Lindsay Michelle FERRIN (1984)
 - 4-- Kathryn Elise FERRIN (1988)
 - 4-- Alyssa Anne FERRIN (1993)
 - 3-- David Gary WEAVER (1956)
 - sp-Linda Ann LOWE (1955)
 - 4-- Dustin David WEAVER (1979)
 - 4-- Travis Tyler WEAVER (1981)
 - 4-- Brandon Baird WEAVER (1983)
 - 4-- Shannon Karlee WEAVER (1986)
 - 4-- Taryn Malia WEAVER (1989)
 - 4-- Garrett Riley WEAVER (1991)
 - 4-- Jordan James WEAVER (1991)
- 3-- Claudia Ann WEAVER (1959)
 - sp-Joseph HILTON (1958)
 - 4-- Monica HILTON (1981)
 - 4-- Brittney HILTON (1984)
 - 4-- Aubri Ann HILTON (1986)
 - 4-- Paige HILTON (1988)
 - 4-- Bradley HILTON (1991)
- 3-- Michelle WEAVER (1961)
 - sp-Bradley Dryden ROOT
 - 4-- Robert Calvin ROOT (1986)
 - 4-- Garrett Bradley ROOT (1989)
 - 4-- Preston Thomas ROOT (1993)
- 3-- William Duncan WEAVER (1964-1964)
 - 3-- John Bangerter WEAVER (1965)
 - sp-Ann Housecroft CARD (1966)
 - 4-- Hannah WEAVER (1994)
 - 3-- Robert Alan WEAVER (1967)
 - 3-- Mark Benjamin WEAVER (1973)
- 2-- Ellen Claire WEAVER (1936)
 - sp-Earl Martin SHAEFFER Jr. (1931)
 - 3-- Earl Martin III SHAEFFER (1959)
 - sp-Erin Elizabeth TANSEY (1961)
 - 4-- James SHAEFFER (1989)
 - 4-- Ian Michael SHAEFFER (1990)
 - 4-- Jacob Martin SHAEFFER (1994)
 - 3-- Jo Ellen SHAEFFER (1962)
 - 4-- Ryan Glenn OLSEN (1982)
 - 4-- Kory Shaeffer OLSEN (1984)
 - sp-Steven Benjamin KILLPACK (1948)
 - 3-- John Duncan SHAEFFER (1966)
 - sp-Kristin ALLDREDGE (1968)
 - 4-- Kay SHAEFFER (1993)
 - 4-- John Duncan Jr. SHAEFFER (1995)
 - 3-- Daniel WEAVER SHAEFFER (1970)
 - sp-Angela Marie ADAIR (1970)
 - 4-- Courtney Adair SHAEFFER (1995)
-

DESCENDANCY CHART

2 May 1996

2-- Margaret Jane WEAVER (1940-1987)
sp-Alan Sharp TORONTO (1945)
3--Carolynn TORONTO (1969)
sp-Trent BURRUP
3-- Amy TORONTO (1973)
sp-Steve WEIR
3-- Cynthia TORONTO (1975)
sp-Grant GLASSCOCK
3-- William Duncan TORONTO (1978)



The Weaver family crest by H.D.W.



When Julie Puzey, a dear friend of Marty & E.C., read From Wagon Trails to Subway Rails, she did Duncan's favorite Christmas carol in calligraphy, as a gift.



Oil (18" x 24") of Margaret, as painted from photo on left. Pen & ink sketch (8" x 10") drawn from photo on right.



E. C.'s favorite arrangement of paintings of H. Duncan Weaver at her home in Clovis, New Mexico, 1996.



H. D. Weaver miniature landscape paintings.
The book in the foreground was his: World Famous Paintings.

Picture Record of Henry Duncan Weaver

(Found in a small black notebook after the biography was finished. Transcription by E. C. Weaver Shaeffer.)

In Duncan's handwriting:

"Frames included:

Jun. 20, 1929	Grand Falls, Yellowstone	Grandmother Collett	\$10.00
July, 1938	Landscape, mountain	Myron Holmes	6.00
July, 1938	Landscape of barn Landscape of wheat	Deal Mendenhall Deal Mendenhall	20.00
July, 1938	Still life	Margaret Fisher	8.00
July, 1938	two sketches of his boys charcoal	Lumber yard dealer at Raymond	10.00
August, 1934	Elmhurst bridge	Miss Edson	35.00
1939	Still life, poppies Portrait, pastel	Davetta Green Davetta Green	15.00 7.50
1940	two water colors	Dr. Clark	30.00
1938	Picture of Sacred Grove oil painting, 24 x 30, in lieu of account amounting to approx.	Dr. Williams	50.00
1939	Oil, landscape W.C., landscape Oil, tree applied on bills we owed him	Dr. Williams	25.00 12.00 15.00
1939	Lettered a book for	Pearl Yates	10.00
1939	Still life, w. c.	Elizabeth Dedekind	15.00
1943	Old Chief [mountain, Alberta], oil	Dr. Grant Lee	25.00
1944	Water color & lettering of poem 18 x 22	Miss Zella Wolsan	10.00

1944	Oil painting of Abraham Lincoln	Mr. Thaddeus Lubera	15.00
1945	two water colors of northern Minn. hanging in the church L.D.S. Logan Square, 255 N. Sawyer	Bishop Williams	30.00
1945	Oil painting - sunflowers with frame	Mrs Cal P. Midgley	25.00
	1 w.c., unframed	"	15.00

[The last entry is in Margaret's handwriting]

"Aug. 1963	water color, peonies	Granger Stake, SLC	135.00
Aug. 1963	Cardston temple	loaned to same"	

[The two paintings above are in the possession of Ann & John Weaver, Salt Lake City.]

I feel quite sure that there were many other paintings that were sold between the last entry of Duncan in 1945 and his death in 1955. I do recall a painting of the sea that was a commissioned work. It may have been for Mr. Groom, the orchestra teacher at Steinmetz High.

There was also a portrait of Jean Williams, commissioned by her father, Dr. Ariel Williams, that is probably in the possession of Jean. She lives in Walnut Creek, California, as of Nov. 1996.

I also understand that Duncan's aunt Minnie Duncan Bordges had several of Duncan's paintings. I have not been able to locate them since Minnie's death.

Duncan carved the lettering on the headstone of his father, Riley Weaver:



His mother outlived him by quite a few years:



For more information about Henry Duncan Weaver see:

The Letters of Donald Nilsson, transcribed by E. C. Shaeffer, 1991. Microfilmed by the Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah

Ellen C. Weaver Shaeffer, From Wagon Trails to Subway Rails, Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University, 1988. Re-edited and digitized in 2010: see www.OurFamilyBiographies.com

E. Martin Shaeffer, III and E. C. Shaeffer, Henry Duncan Weaver, His Art, His Life, on CD-ROM, containing photoscans of over 300 works of art, produced by Engineering Mapping Solutions, Phoenix, AZ, 1996. Updated and digitized in 2012: see www.OurFamilyBiographies.com

Henry Duncan Weaver, a video production, 1996.

* * * * *

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

111 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603-6110 · TELEPHONE: 312-443-3600 · FAX: 312-443-0849

March 19, 1997

Mrs. Ellen C. Schaeffer
1500 Saint Andrews Drive
Clovis, New Mexico 88101

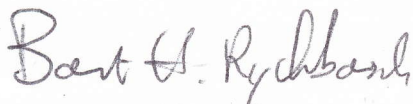
Dear Mrs. Schaeffer,

Thank you so much for the CD-ROM on your father's life and work. I do not know what's more impressive: Henry Duncan Weaver's oeuvre or his grandson's CD-ROM production honoring him. While I receive documentation and information on former students and faculty on an almost daily basis, your contribution is certainly a first of its kind. Let me convey the congratulations of our entire staff to you.

Your CD-ROM will be integrated in the Ryerson Library of Art, the second largest art reference repository in the country. I'm sure that your CD-ROM will generate a renewed interest in Henry Duncan Weaver and his work. Our Technical Services Department may want to contact you regarding proper credit etc. during the cataloging process.

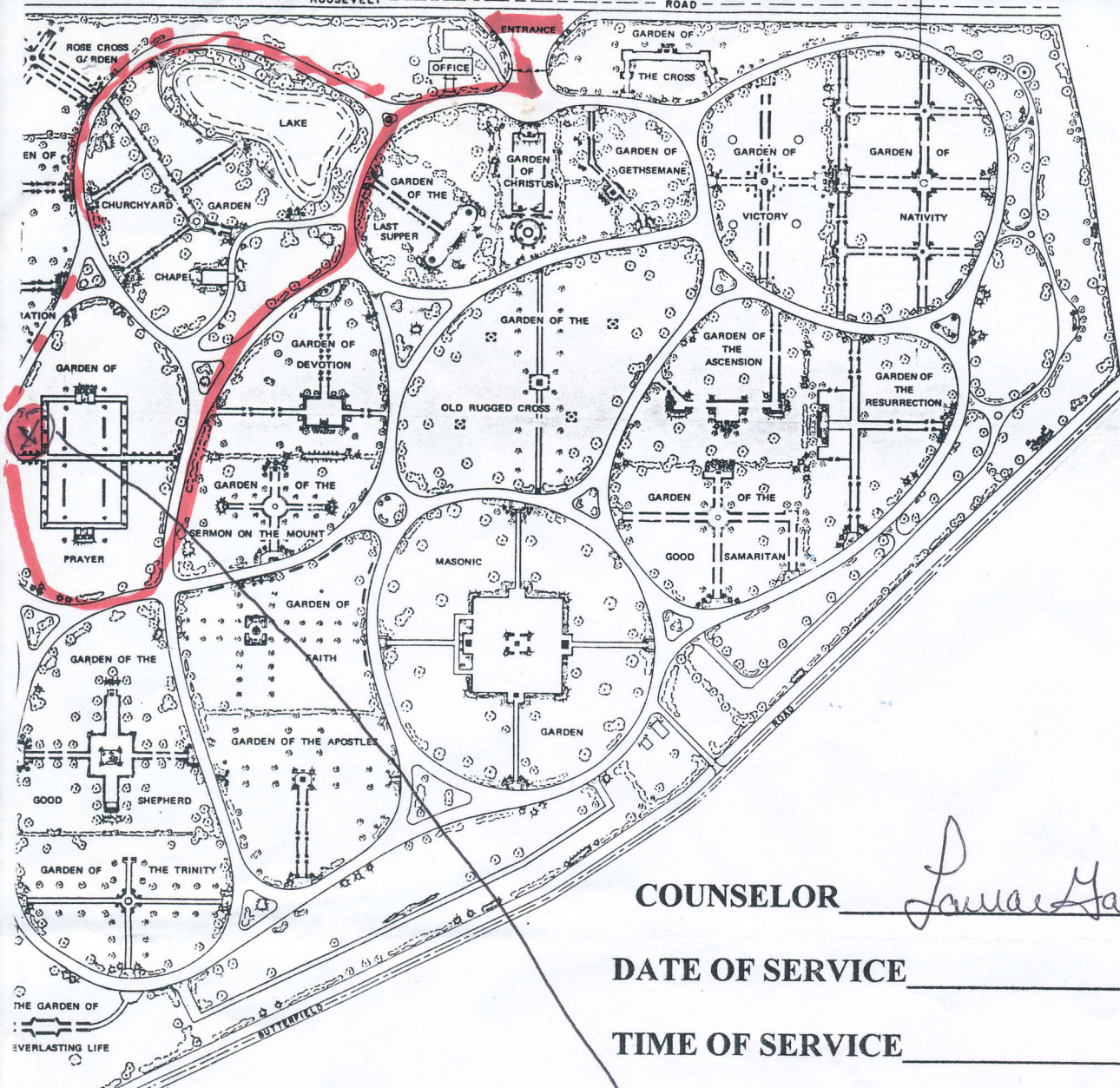
Thanks again for your generous donation. Please contact me if I can be of any assistance to you. My number is (312)443-4777.

Yours sincerely,



Bart Ryckbosch
Archivist
The Art Institute of Chicago





COUNSELOR _____

Laura Marin

DATE OF SERVICE _____

TIME OF SERVICE _____

FUNERAL HOME _____

DIRECTOR _____

GARDEN _____

Prayer

LOT *630*

SPACE # *1*

G.S. _____

, CHAPEL _____

NAME OF DECEASED _____

NEED TO COLLECT: BP _____

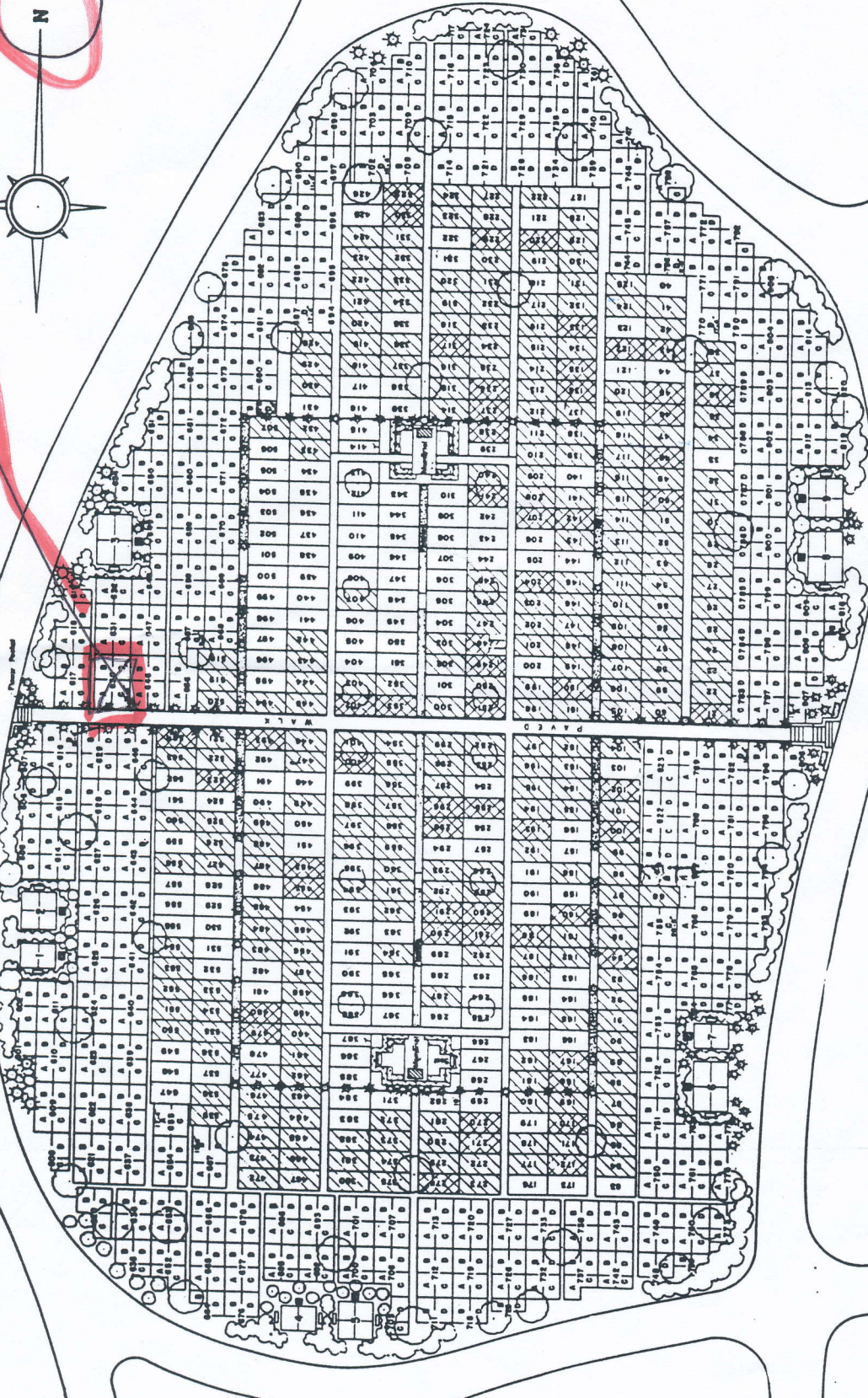
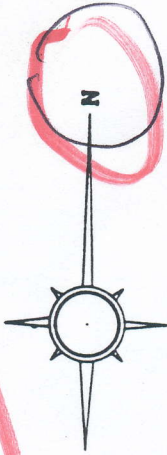
CC _____

SIGNATURES _____

\$ _____

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS _____

107
620



GARDEN OF PRAYER

CHAPEL HILL GARDENS

DU PAGE COUNTY, ILLINOIS
SCALE: ONE INCH EQUALS THIRTY FEET

PRIVATE GARAGES

- 1 LOT 000 0 01-4 000 0 02 01 11-4 000 0 11-2
- 2 LOT 001 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01 00 0 0-47
- 3 LOT 002 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01 00 00 01-0
- 4 LOT 003 01-0 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01-0
- 5 LOT 004 03-0 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01-0
- 6 LOT 005 00 0 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01-0
- 7 LOT 006 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01-0
- 8 LOT 007 000 0 0-0 000 0 00 01-0
- 9 LOT 008 01 01 01 00 00 00 00 00 0-47

Age maple leaf w/o

Lot 630-A, Sec. 8, Prayer, Gr. #1
Interment: Henry D. Weaver, Melrose Park, Ill.
M, W, 59 yrs. date of death 12-5-55
Cause of death: Carcinomatosis
Place of death: 10838 Grand Ave., Melrose Pk, Ill.
#28 Monarch, American Wilbert Company
Sax-Tiedeman
Franlin Park, Illinois
Date of burial: 12-8-55
Lot owner: Thomas Logan, friend

*9661 Schiller Blvd
Franklin Park, Ill
Mrs Margaret Weaver
10838 Grand Ave
Melrose Park Ill*

THE
Fairmont
CHICAGO

Dear Aunt EC,

We had a wonderful time in Chicago, lots to do & see. The most special time is when we went to visit grandpa Weaver's grave. It really got me thinking about him & his life & my heritage. Thank you for the reunion many years ago, many of the things we learned there came back to me in Chicago.

Love, Monica

p.s. We hope you like the ornaments from the Chicago Art Institute.

Dear Aunt EC,

Chicago is such a beautiful city I'm so glad for the opportunity we had to spend some time there. I can only guess what it was like to grow up there. We were so glad we could go and visit grandpa's graveside. It meant so much to Monica and I to be able to see where grandpa and great grandpa spent so much time developing talents and gifts they were so blessed with. We had some difficulty finding the Cemetery, not being familiar with the area →

and I'll say it we were both trying to give
Jon (Monica's husband) and Dan (my husband) back seat
directions, Jon was driving and Dan was the eyes,
so we had pretty much had it with each other
once we had found the cemetery, and it
was closing ^{early} because it had an evening
burial. Once we got on the grounds and
had been given the map to grandpa's plot we
were all calmed. When we got to the garden
of prayer, the area he is in, and got out of the
cave we felt peace. I could feel his spirit there
close to the city he loved, and was such a part
of. A man I knew so much about but had
never met, I thought back to that reunion we
had in Zion, and all the paintings I have seen in
different aunts and uncles homes, a wonderfully talented
man and he was there with us, two great granddaughters,
their husbands and a great great grandson. It was a
great experience. I am very sad that we did
not find any flowers near the cemetery for
him, we took quite a detour in search for
some but the grounds were closing so we took
some pictures for you. We have also inclosed the
map of the grounds that they gave us and some
ornaments we found at the art institute of Chicago
Monica and I both have a set too. EC we love
you so much, thank you for all that you
do and have done to continue the memories
of our family heritage. Love
Brittney