

Ten Sleep Woman Passes Thursday

Mrs. Patrick Padillo, about 35, died suddenly at her residence in Ten Sleep Thursday afternoon.

A post mortem examination was scheduled last night to determine cause of her death.

Her husband has been employed by W. S. Fiscus of Ten Sleep and the family has lived at Ten Sleep several years.

Surviving her are her husband and two children.

No funeral arrangements had been completed last night. The body was in charge of the Veile mortuary.

Funeral Services Are Held Monday For Mrs. Padella

TEN SLEEP—(Special) — Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the Methodist church in Ten Sleep for Mrs. Josefya Esquibel Padella, 31, who died suddenly Thursday at her home in Ten Sleep.

Rev. Dwight M. Kitch conducted the service. Pallbearers were Archie Jacobs, Bill Pearl, Henry Tully, Bill Arnold, Tony Garcia and Tom Cardenes. Interment was in the Ten Sleep cemetery under direction of the Veile mortuary.

Norma Egbert supplied the piano music for the service and accompanied the hymns, "Have Thine Own Way," "Ivory Palaces" and "It Is Well With My Soul," sung by a quartet composed of Mrs. Roy Shriver, Mrs. Sam McPike,

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Mrs. Dave Egbert and Mrs. Glen Montgomery.

Mrs. Padella was born in 1910 in Truchas, N. M. Her parents died when she was very young, leaving her, two sisters and one brother orphans. On April 20, 1926, she was married in Truchas to Patricio Padella of Ten Sleep and the couple returned to Ten Sleep and lived there until 1929. During that time they worked for Milo Mills. In 1929 they went back to Truchas, where they farmed their own place until 1933. In 1933 they returned to Ten Sleep and have lived here since.

Surviving her are her husband, her two sons, Adonelio, 8, and Jimmie, 5, two sisters in New Mexico and one brother, Joe Esquibel, in Florence, Colo.

April 17, 1995

JOSEFINA

I think it stays with me because I was young,
 And she was so slender, almost childlike, too.
 Josefina Padilla, newly arrived in our town
 From Mexico or Texas--El Paso or Juarez. We
 Didn't know and some didn't care. She was brown.
 Everything about Josefina, even her eyes, was dreamlike--

Her long, dark hair, ever bouffant, her young
 sons so sweet and so much alike, but different, too,
 The way she wore long dresses--not like town
 Girls who wore bare midriffs and Mexican skirts. We
 Knew she was different. She was no sham brown;
 Just a real, religious girl; but, sweetly dreamlike.



It was a hot summer. Hotter because I was young
 and not accustomed to it. Josefina said it was hot, too.
 She said, "Caliente". She lived in a sodhouse in our town.
 None else lived in a house with a red dirt roof. We
 lived in frame houses with hardwood floors, brown
 garages, running water and refrigerators. Memory is dreamlike.

It seems she never knew much about America. Young
 Mexicans had a lot to learn. Some had more time, too.
 She knew, though, that canned food was easy, like town
 life (easier than trailing sheep like her husband). We
 knew Pat Padilla in his weather beaten felt hat, brown
 chaps, and smelly boots. Josefina waited for him--dreamlike.

July 31, 1939, Josefina opened a can of tuna. Young
 Joseph and Santiago ate tuna with their madre, too.
 She left the tinned tuna sitting on a shelf. In our town
 We knew better. Tuna must be taken out of the can. We
 knew it had to be refrigerated. But the lovely, brown
 Josefina didn't know. Later she ate more tuna--dreamlike.

About dusk, when the frogs croak, Josefina's young
 Sons told the neighbors she had pain and funny eyes, too.
 Caring neighbors said, "Tell your mother, the town
 Has a drugstore. She must go there and get medicine." We
 All knew that! We played happily to the frogs' croak. Brown
 Josefina died and lay in her cabin-- dreamlike.

Pat Padilla came slowly from the mountain with young
 Lambs gamboling in front of him and old ewes, too.
 The heat and smell were strong, but he was going to town.
 He wanted to see Joseph, Santiago and, of course, Josefina. We
 Saw him come. He shook the chaps from his legs and the brown
 Dirt from his boots, and stamped through the door--dreamlike.

Minutes later, he came back out of the sod house. Young
 Sons clinging to his levis, lanolin laced and dirty, too.
 The children, on the other side of the street, in our town
 Never played with Mexican children. We knew that we
 Shouldn't do that. So we backed away as they came, brown
 Eyes large and frightened. Pat spoke--dreamlike.

"Josefina is dead." Her rosary is clutched in her hand. Young
 and beautiful and scarcely a woman. She had given up, too.
 She had gone. "She should not leave me in an American town."
 Pat Padilla was stunned; his dark eyes filled with tears. We
 Cried. "She should not have gone. We were going to Juarez, brown
 City of the desert. She needs a veil," he said--dreamlike.