



Billy Junior Crowder

December 3, 1926 - February 22, 2014

Mr. Billy Junior Crowder, 87, of Stigler died Saturday, February 22, 2014 at the Haskell County Hospital. He was born on December 3, 1926 in Gila, New Mexico to Billie Crowder and Mary Nora (Stephens) Crowder. He grew up in California where he received his education. He then married Alice Jackson on December 11, 1944 and they made their home together in California till 1972. He then joined the U.S. Army and served his country during World War II from 1944-1946 in the Philippines. He always kept welding as his passion but also worked for District #3 as a road grader operator, he also delivered propane for Cross and Sons and drove a school bus for Stigler Public Schools. He will always be remembered as loving to ride motorcycles, roping, boating, hunting, fishing, and building handmade toys for his grandchildren. The Family would like to say thank you for all your love, prayers, and support, you all are very special in our hearts. In respect to my dad's wishes, I respectfully ask that services be kept small to close friends and family.

He is survived by his wife, Alice Crowder of the home; two sons, Curtis Crowder of Independence, Missouri, Craig Crowder of Whitefield; eleven grandchildren; as well as numerous great grandchildren. He is preceded in death by his parents, Billie and Nora Crowder; two sons, Carl Crowder, Cecil Crowder; two grandsons, Noah Crowder, Jason Crowder; two brothers, Mel Crowder, John Crowder; two sisters, Francis Crowder, Ruby Crowder.

Memorial Service will be held 11:00 A.M., March 8, 2014 at Whitefield Cemetery with Reverend Willard Francis officiating. Cremation Services will

be under the direction of King and Shearwood Funeral Home of Stigler.

Cemetery Details

WHITEFIELD CEMETERY

Previous Events

MEMORIAL SERVICE

MAR 8. 11:00 AM (CT)

WHITEFIELD CEMETERY

Tribute Wall

TC

“ Grandpa, I know you passed many years ago but I was just thinking of you and Grandma. I always felt so much love in your home and I know Noah did too. I wish we could have spent more time together but that's just the way it went I guess. I rest easy at night knowing that you are with Dad and Noah again. Thank you for being who you were.

Trevor Crowder - August 12, 2025 at 10:48 PM

KC

“ Bill Crowder was always my father in law. There was no divorce that could have ever changed that. He loved me and showed me in many different ways. He once told me I was the daughter they never had. I loved him. Saturday was a very difficult day but, I hung on to all of the good memories. One memory that stuck out to me because he laughed so hard - he was brush hogging and heard an awful noise. There were about 20 mouse traps out in one spot in the pasture. I was deathly afraid of mice so, I would throw trap and all over the fence. From that day on he came and empty the traps for me. A fond memory I have is walking down to the pond with him in the evening to feed the catfish and sitting watching the sun set. He was an awesome Papa to my children. Jake was forever sneaking off and crawling under (or over when he got older) to go get Papa so he could drive the tractor, or lawn mower. He always took time for me or the kids when we needed him. I love you Papa!



Karla Crowder-Sarto - March 10, 2014 at 09:38 AM

LC

“ *My Dad the hero!*

Dad always seemed to have a good joke to tell and was very quick witted with the perfect come back line. He was also quick to react and seemed to always know what to do. I remember one time when I was a young boy; we were at Morro Bay on the Pacific swimming and laying on the beach when some people started yelling. A woman was running up and down the rock wall screaming hysterically. Her young son was caught in a hard rip tide along the rocks. He was clinging to a rock sticking up out of the water. There were fishermen all along the rocks but nobody was moving. Dad sprinted down the beach up onto the rocky wall then dove off 20 ft into the churning water that was breaking against the rocks. He pulled the boy safely to shore and turned his famous temper onto the fishermen that had done nothing to help. I heard some words that day I had never heard before. The mother couldn't thank him enough and tried to give him money. He would not accept it and seemed a little embarrassed. His friends who were there that day had fun by presenting him with his own "Genuine Hero Certificate" which further embarrassed him.

But that wasn't the only time he did something heroic. There are too many stories to tell here but another story always sticks out in my mind. Dad had caught a wild donkey in the dessert and brought it home in California to practice bucking on. Dad was in the back yard talking with a neighbor as my brother Cecil was riding his bike around the donkey's pen with the donkey chasing him. Suddenly it knocked Cecil from his bike and stood on top of him and was trying to bite big chunks out of his back. Dad ran to the pen, hurled the fence and hit that donkey in the jaw with a right hand so hard it knocked that donkey right off his feet to the ground. Cecil was hurt with big teeth bruises on his back but lucky to be alive. I think that donkey got the worst of it.

Dad you will always be a hero to me!

Curtis.

Laura Crowder - March 04, 2014 at 03:21 PM



“ 3 files added to the album Memories Album



King and Shearwood Funeral Home - February 23, 2014 at 12:50 PM

JE

Bill has been our friend through life's up and downs. A book could be written on all the memories we have made together. i can almost hear Bill say, "Don't let Bob open that pack of cookies, he'll tear up another bag."

We made several trips together in our vans trailering our motorcycles. Mountains, canyons, rivers, and museums were some of the sites we enjoyed. It was on one of these trips as we were in the Kansas-Nebraska area that Bill slowed down to 35 miles an hour, I got on the cb and ask if any thing was wrong. His reply was, "Just doing a little pheasant hunting."

Shorter trips on our motorcycles with other friends were also enjoyed. Some that comes to mind are Sonny and Iva, Bill and Jan, Carlis and Carol. Bill could show us places in Oklahoma that born Okies didn't even know about. Fun, fun, fun.

Bill could be depended on to weld back together what we broke; every time I put up my ironing board I see where Bill welded it back together. Bill will be missed by his friends.

Bob and Jeannie.

Jeannie - February 23, 2014 at 10:41 PM

KE

Uncle Bill my favorite uncle,my best friend my mentor. I went to uncle Bill and aunt Alice in the summer every year, I could not wait. He taught me so much he will be missed, but he will never be forgotten. I will think of him every time I get on a motorcycle, every time I go fishing, and waterskiing. There's so much to remember, all the fun times as I look back.

With LOVING Memories Kelly Bowman

Kelly - February 26, 2014 at 12:33 PM

KA

I will always remember Bill's sense of humor. Always joking and making people laugh. He was a great friend of my dad's and I can only imagine the secrets they kept of their many hunting trips. He will be missed by so many. Love the Crowder family. Karran

karran - March 07, 2014 at 09:15 PM

NS

I want to thank Mrs. Crowder and Craig for allowing me to come into the home and care for their precious husband and father in his last days. As a Hospice nurse I am often blessed by my patients and their families but Mr. Crowders smile no matter how bad he felt, Mrs. Crowders astounding faith, positive attitude and her obvious genuine undying love for her ailing husband and Craigs selfless love and devotion to his parents always filled my heart with joy and allowed me to have a good attitude no matter what occurred as my day went on. A warmth was always in my heart and I looked forward to my next visit to the Crowder home. What a legacy Bill Crowder has! May God continue to bless and keep you Miss Alice and Craig.

*With love and prayers ,
Noreen Sellno*

noreen sellno - March 08, 2014 at 01:47 AM