

THE LIFE STORY OF GEORGE JUDD AND JANE BELBIN PASKETT

Pioneers of 1862 and 1868

Pioneers On the Road

The lonely Road stretched far across the plain;
The patient oxen plodded slowly on.
The men and women did not turn again
To view the scenes that now were nearly gone.

They looked ahead; Bright dreams were in their eyes
And hope before them like a guiding star.
The future yet was but a wild surmise --
They knew the road would lead them long and far.

Each had a strength that would not let him die
Though drought and chill should follow through the year.
Their faith was centered in reality
Brought from the past to make the future dear.

The word "pioneer" usually symbolizes the successful surmounting of physical obstacles and hardships; the performance of deeds of courage and heroism. Noah Webster defines the word "pioneer" as "one who goes before to prepare the way for another." The words "Mormon Pioneers" embody all of these definitions; but to Latter Day-saints these immortal words bring immediately to the mind an image of long lines of covered wagons lumbering clumsily and heavily over rough, uneven ground. There is heard the creaking of slow-turning wheels, the dull thud of oxen hoofs as they plod wearily along, goaded by the crack of whips; the shout of raised voices barely audible through the thick, smothering dust, which seems to-hand motionless in the stifling noonday heat.

The words "Mormon Pioneers" call to mind the quietness of evening time; the wagons are drawn up in a protective circle with the livestock fastened securely inside. From within the circle come the sounds of munching cattle, of busy people preparing an evening meal or strains of a violin and the shuffle of dancing feet, or beautiful melodies as the songs of Zion float out upon the air. Then a hush seems to fall over all as words of thanksgiving and supplication are raised to a merciful God: the Heavens, in a giant community prayer.

The words "Mormon Pioneers" may suggest a picture of a faithful, dutiful wife jolting along on the high wagon seat, clutching protectingly a young babe to her breast to soften the jolts for the little one. At the wagon-side, older children walk along

beside their father as he guides the oxen with one hand and carries a gun in the other. To some the word "Pioneers" may mean a more poignant picture -- one in which a company of people, men, women and children, move more slowly, more laboriously, as human beings pull and push rudely built handcarts, wearily, haltingly, counting the steps taken, or revolutions of large wheels, seeking somehow to ease the pain of bleeding feet or pangs of hunger. The picture may be that of a sorrowful company stopping somewhere along the way to place in a shallow grave the body of one of their members who was not strong enough to endure the dire hardships of such rigorous travel; or it may be of a courageous woman, widowed while crossing the mighty ocean, but who had such faith and steadfastness that she continues on until the story of the valley in the tops of the mountains becomes a reality.

We, the descendants of Mormon pioneers, can be proud of our glorious heritage, a heritage born out of suffering and great sacrifice. That they were human and not free from human faults and failings, we agree, but they also possessed a nobility of purpose, an integrity unflinching and love of a home and country comparable to any people in all the history of earth. George and Jane Paskett Judd are but two of the eighty thousand who came to the West in search of religious freedom. These two souls left the comfort and security of their homes in a far-away land to risk the hazards of crossing the sea in a sailing ship, then over one thousand miles of unchartered country, walking much of the way. It was their acceptance of a new religion and their conviction that it was true that caused them to leave their all and undertake such a tremendous task.

The West was little more than a sagebrush-covered wilderness known to few but bands of wandering Indian tribes. But scattered here and there along the springs and rivers, or nestled at the base of the majestic Wasatch Mountains were little, sage-covered valleys. It was in just such a beautiful valley that George and Jane Judd sank their roots and began to build their home. Yes, Henneferville became their Zion and continued to be so for the remainder of their lifetime. They, among others as valiant as themselves, accepted the challenge of that valley of sagebrush. And by the sweat of the face, with patience and perseverance and a certainty that God would bless and help them, they dug miles and miles of irrigation ditches which carried water to quench the thirsty soil; and the sage-covered stretches were changed into fields of golden grain, gardens and succulent green pastures. Homes were erected out of the abundance of nearby canyons, and a little church was erected in which to worship with grateful hearts the kind Heavenly Father who had guided them safely to this little valley in the tops of the mountains.

So it is in humility and with hearts full of gratitude and appreciation for the heritage they gave us, that we lovingly dedicate this life story to George Judd and Jane Belbin Paskett, OUR Mormon Pioneers.

A Strange Religion - A Long Journey
A New Life and A New Love

Both George and Jane were of English ancestry. They were born when Great Britain which up to that time had been an agricultural country, was experiencing the changes brought about by an industrial revolution. The invention of many new mechanical machines led to a great advance in the manufacturing industry, thus making farming less important.

Great Britain was the mother of many great nations. The greatest of these was our beloved United States of America. To her we owe much of our greatness as a country. In all classes of society, whether living in a mansion or forced to live in poverty, the English people used all of their powers to live exemplary lives and taught their children the principles of common morality and obligations with regard to society.



The Thomas Judd family was far from well-to-do. Thomas was employed as a laborer on a large agricultural estate near Hampshire. We read in history books that in times of scarcity the laborer on the farm struggled to live amidst dire poverty, but in times of prosperity his life was made a little easier. History also states that the cottage of the laborer was rough and ready with practically no windows. So it was under these stringent conditions that our Judd ancestors were born and reared.

George Judd was the eldest child of Thomas Judd and Ann Redding. He was born 19 November, 1843, at South Stoneham, Hampshire, England. His father, Thomas, a son of George Judd and Ann Smith, was born 30 June, 1821, at Woodmill Lane, West End, Hampshire. His mother, Ann, daughter of James Reading and Mary Chalk, was born 28 November, 1820, at Bitterne, South Stoneham, Hampshire, England. Five more sons and one daughter completed the family of Thomas and Ann Judd. James was born 10 August, 1845; Charles was born 17 March, 1847; Henry's birthdate was 7 February, 1850; John's was 8 February, 1855; Selena, the only daughter, was born 4 May, 1857; and Thomas Frederick came along 22 September 1861.

George was introduced to hard work when he was only seven years old and was his close companion all the days of his life. The family lived near a brewery, and

George carried beer to the men who worked in the mines some distance away, his pay was only seven cents a week and this was no exception to the rule. There was no such things as a child labor law; so children, boys and girls alike, were forced to work for a few pence a day. The other Judd boys were employed also as soon as they were old enough. All of them learned the art of tilling the ground and working around a farm.

In 1847 some young men from Utah, United States of America, came to the vicinity teaching the doctrines of a new religion called Mormonism. Thomas and Ann felt in their hearts that the message of the restored gospel was true, so they were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by Elder Willet S. Harder in June of 1848. The boys were baptized as they came of age.

New converts to the Church were encouraged to try to save enough money for passage to America, thence to Utah. Thomas and Ann skimped and saved for fourteen long years before they had enough money to finance the immigration passage. On 15 April, 1861, Thomas and Ann and their five boys boarded the packet ship "Manchester." George was then a young man eighteen years old. It was with mixed emotions that they left England, for two of their members were left behind in a country graveyard. Their son, Henry, died at six years of age, and their only daughter, Selena, when she was only four months old. The ship set sail from Liverpool on the morning of April 16, having on board 379 immigrating converts and Mormon missionaries who had completed their missions and were returning to Utah. The voyage was long and dangerous because of storms at sea. It was more worrisome to the Judds because the mother became ill with milk fever, and there was six-months old Thomas Frederick to care for. Then when Ann recovered, her milk was gone, so her little son was fed from a spoon from that time on. After twenty-eight days on the sea, the ship docked in the New York harbor 14 May, 1861.

On arriving in America, Thomas and the elder sons began immediately to look for work because their funds were entirely depleted. There was nothing left to live on, much less enough to start the long journey to Utah. George was able to get a job in a bakery. Another young fellow worker, Mister Toyne, worked in the bakery along side George. They often played tricks on each other as they worked. One evening after they had retired, Mister Toyne quietly removed one of George's boots from the bedside and gently slipped a large handful of dough inside it, then put it back in place. The next morning when George put his foot inside, the soft, spongy dough oozed up over the top of the boot. It can be understood that there was a friendly scuffle between friends and we can well imagine that not many days passed by before George found an opportunity to repay his prankster friend.

George was also employed for a time in a leather shop where he made leather gun scabbards. There was a growing demand for articles made of leather. There

were rumors circulating that there would be a war, so there would be great need for such things as leather harness, scabbards for guns and other supplies. Georges' job was in the department that made gun scabbards. There was a great deal of unrest in the Eastern United States. Some of the Southern States had seceded from the Union and the government was drafting young men for service in the Civil War. Thomas had no intention of having his teen-age sons taken off to fight in a war before they knew what it was about, having been in the United States only one year; so he hastily gathered all of their belongings together, and they joined Henry W. Miller's ox train for Utah. The company, which consisted of sixty wagons and 665 emigrants, left Florence, Nebraska, 8 August, 1862. The journey was long and filled with hardships, for most of the converts were in poor circumstances and had not the proper necessities to live on. Twenty-eight deaths occurred enroute, most of them little children under five years of age. There were nine babies born, and four couples married during the three-months trek. The company entered the head of the Echo Canyon the middle of October. After traveling across the trackless plains of several states, the high mountains and unusual rock formations found in the thirty-mile-long canyon was a new and thrilling experience. In one place there were numerous formations of giant rock pillars, one of which resembled a huge castle. Farther down they passed several high rugged rock cliffs, each one larger and more grotesque than the last, resembling over-sized battleships. As they emerged from the mouth of the canyon, they came upon a rock formation which immediately suggested to the mind a church pulpit, so like a pulpit were the rocks placed by Mother Nature.

The Miller Company entered the Salt Lake Valley 17 October, 1862. Thomas and Ann Judd did not take their family to Salt Lake, rather they traveled up the Weber River and settled in a little place called Upton, called so because it was located several miles up or east from the sizable settlement of the town of Coalville. They were grateful to find a place to stop and rest from weary traveling. George was very ill with mountain fever when they arrived in Coalville. He never forgot the kindness of a lady in whose home he was cared for until he was well again. He told the story over again and again of how she killed her only chicken to make some delicious broth for him, which he felt was the means of saving his life.

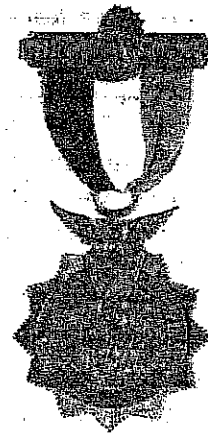
George was nearly twenty years old when his father homesteaded land in Upton. He and his older brothers cut pine logs in the canyons, dragged them with oxen to the homesite and built their first two-room log house. After a few years Thomas acquired some land in Hoytsville (called Unionville until 1876) where Thomas and his sons built another log home from cottonwood logs which were chopped from along the banks of the Weber River.

In these early days the settlers experienced a great deal of trouble with the Indians. In some areas active wars were carried on. In the Hoytsville area a fort

was erected for protection of surrounding settlers, and men were organized and prepared for any emergency. George enlisted in May, 1866, and served part time to September, 1867, in a company of cavalry under Captain Jared C. Roundy. His duty was that of picket and guard patrol. For this service he was awarded a service medal by the State of Utah, which states that he was an Indian War Veteran.

On the 30 August, 1866, George went to Provo and declared his intention, under oath, to become a citizen of the United States. Ten years elapsed before he received his certificate of citizenship, which was issued 20 September, 1876.

George did any kind of work he could find. He worked on his father's farm, helped to build the fort at Hoytsville, and then he received a call from Brigham Young to act as a teamster to go back to Missouri and bring converts or freight back to Utah. This call was considered the same as a mission call so it was not refused, besides it was a job which paid fairly good wages. George's service was mainly to haul freight from the end of the railroad back to Utah. As the railroad was built farther west, of course the journey became shorter. Each freighter was expected to furnish his own equipment, which consisted of one large strongly built wagon equipped with thick wide iron tires to carry heavy loads, and two or more yoke of oxen. Extra oxen were taken along in case of loss by sickness of some of the regular teams. These were driven along as a herd of cattle would be. The freighters traveled in trains or companies just as the emigrant companies did, a train generally consisting of about twenty-five wagons all under the charge of one man known as the wagonmaster. Travel with oxen was very slow and tedious, and drivers had to have great patience with their animals. The young oxen were especially hard to handle. For no reason at all they would run away or jump over the wagon tongue risking the driver's life and loss of the valuable freight. Men had to be strong in mind and spirit. George became an expert driver. He spent many months in the company of men of good character and some whose character traits were not mendable during the seven trips he made as a teamster.



It was impossible to haul freight during the fall and winter season, so George found other work in the settlements around the vicinity of his home. He was working in the little town of Henneferville for a Mr. Charles Richins when he met and became friends with John Curtis Paskett, who had recently arrived from England and was employed by Mister Richins also. During their conversations George learned that John's sister Jane had emigrated along with him. It was just

a short time until John introduced his sister to George, who was immediately attracted to her and promptly fell head over heels in love.

Jane Belbin Paskett was born 17 November, 1844, at Dymock County, Gloucestershire, England. She was the third daughter of James Paskett and Charlotte Buckingham. Her father, the son of Phillip Paskett and Fanny Pope, was born 12 April, 1817, at Chippenham, Wiltshire, England. Her mother, the daughter of Francis Buckingham and Hannah Browning, was born 20 April, 1819, at Tetbury, Gloucestershire, England.

The Paskett family lived in a nice rural district just outside the town of Tetbury in a little hamlet known as Chavenge Lane. It was in this vicinity that their eight children were born and reared. In order of their birth they were: Sarah Patience, born 1 February, 1840; Fanny Hannah, born 4 October, 1842; Jane Belbin, born 17 November, 1844; Annie, born 24 June, 1847; John Curtis, born 16 December, 1849; Phillip Andrew, born 7 July, 1852; William Pope, born 14 March 1855; and Emily Agnes, born 12 August, 1858.

James and Charlotte were devout members of the Baptist Persuasion Church. When the Mormon missionaries came to the area teaching about a strange new religion, the Pasketts listened to their message and felt that the story of the young prophet Joseph Smith was true. They joined the Mormon church; Charlotte accepting baptism one year before her husband. James' family opposed his joining those "awful Mormons," but eventually his entire family became members. The Paskett home was always open to the Mormon missionaries. Charlotte, the mother, was an expert seamstress, so she washed and kept their clothes well mended and pressed. James, a shoemaker by trade, saw to it that they had soles on their shoes, while they endeavored to save the souls of the members of the parishes around. Charles W. Penrose, who became a high official in the Church, made his home with the Pasketts while serving a mission in England. The close association of the Paskett children with the elders of the Church had a profound influence on their belief in the truthfulness of the Church and its principles. James, their father, was made president of two separate branches at the same time, the Tetbury branch and the Shortwood branch which was six miles distant. For some time the meetings were held in a private home on Harper Street where the Spirit of the Lord was always present. However, some persecutions were suffered. The mobsters would sometimes interrupt their meetings by knocking on the door with sticks or throwing rocks on the roof of the house. One day after such an episode, James suggested that they endure such treatment no longer. So as they prepared for the next meeting, three or four of the brethren each armed himself with a besom handle (a stake about three feet long) and waited behind the door. Soon the mobbers came and gave a loud knock on the door, whereupon the brethren sprang out and struck them across the ribs, getting in only one good lick before the mobbers turned

and dashed down the street, their heavy hobnailed boots resounding on the cobblestone street. James then made the statement, "I have seen the scripture fulfilled where it says, 'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.'" They were not molested any more. For a time the meetings were held in the Paskett Home on Chavenge Lane. In the Testimony meetings the Spirit of God was present in great abundance; the sick were healed, the gift of tongues was sometimes made manifest, and there was great rejoicing among the Saints. Since their father was President of two branches, the Paskett children attended church alternately in both branches. One week they would all attend church in the branch at Tetbury; the next week the entire family walked six miles to church at the Shortwood branch, making a walk of twelve miles to attend church on the Sabbath Day. It was a long walk, but as Phillip Paskett wrote in his journal, "We didn't mind it. We used to sing the songs of Zion while walking along the beautiful green lanes of England." The Paskett family, parents and children, all had fervent testimonies of the truthfulness of the Mormon faith long before they immigrated to Utah, which, of course, became their ultimate goal as soon as they were baptized.

The Paskett family lived under poor circumstances as far as worldly goods were concerned. James worked as a shoemaker, but did not bring much money, and they were often without the necessities of life. They taught their children how to work, to have faith in God, and to be good and virtuous; but the children were obliged to go out and find jobs when they were still in their early teens.

Jane secured employment at the home of Mr. Frederick Tabrum. He was a manufacturer of mattresses and woolen beds. (A woolen bed, is simply a tick filled with small dippings of wool material.) Her responsibility was to help with the housework and to care for Mister Tabrum's small son. Jane raised the little boy with a bottle and grew to love him as her own. Mr Tabrum owned a huge dog named "Muftie," which was a valued pet and protector of the little boy. There was a large pond near the Tabrum estate and factory. Often the master (owner) went swimming in the pond and the dog would jump in the water and pull him out whether he wanted to come out or not.

The Paskett family had long hoped and prayed for a way to be opened up that they could go to Zion. The opportunity came when James' Uncle Pope passed away, leaving him ninety pounds (about \$450.) Jane had saved some money while working, so it was decided that she and her brother John should go to America. Mister Tabrum had become fond of Jane, and the little boy loved her dearly so they were sorry to see her leave. He gave Jane a fine mattress when she left England. He also told her if she was not happy in America to let him know, and he would have her come back to work for him.

Fanny Hannah, Jane's older sister, had already immigrated to America in 1864 and was married to Charles H. R. Stevens and living in a little town in Utah called Henneferville.

Jane and John booked passage on the sailing ship the "Constitution. This ship was the last sailing vessel which carried a large company of Saints across the Atlantic. On the ship roster Jane was listed as 21 a spinster and John as 18 a cardwainer. (A person who makes special shoes.) The ship cleared the docks at Liverpool 24 June, 1868. There were 457 souls on board, immigrants from England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Holland, France, and Denmark being present. Harvey W. Cluff, who was returning from an English mission, was made president of the company. Before sailing an address was delivered by Franklin D. Richards in which he gave them instructions and teachings and promised them a quick and safe journey according to their faithfulness. The voyage was completed without incident except when five stowaways, who were forced to make their appearance because of hunger, were sent to land on Wicklow Island. Also on one occasion there was a terrific storm at sea. No one was lost, and the sailors said, "Don't worry, the ship won't sink as long as there are Mormons on it." The story was told later that the "Constitution" was wrecked and lost at sea on the return trip to England. However, this story has not been verified. The company was organized into wards with an elder placed over each. A time was set for prayer both morning and evening, and services were held each Sabbath, which were generally well attended. A celebration in commemoration of the 24th of July was held aboard ship. The flag of the United States of America was hoisted, and there was shooting of rockets and other fireworks. A program of speeches and songs was presented, and a delicious dinner was provided for the emigrants by Captain Hatten's chefs. There were no births, marriages or deaths during the voyage; in fact "the arrangements for the good of the company were so nicely carried out and the health of the whole company so good, that the doctor became dull and stupid, having no work to do."* After a passage of forty-two days the ship arrived at quarantine in New York 5 August, 1868, and the immigrants embarked at Castle Garden, New York in good health and spirits.

After remaining in New York for a short time, Jane and John went by train to Benton City, Iowa, which was then the end of the railroad. There a group of teamsters were waiting with ox teams and covered wagons to take Mormon converts to Utah. Lehi Hennefer was one of the teamsters as was William Ovard. Both of these men had emigrated earlier and were making homes in Henneferville. Jane rode in Lehi's wagon. A lady by name of Mary Clayfield, a weaver from Nailsworth, England, immigrated on the same ship as Jane and John. They became good friends and assisted her whenever they could. She asked to ride along in the same wagon with Jane and was allowed to do so.

*From records in Immigration Office

The company, under the leadership of Captain William Gillespie, consisted of ninety-five wagons and ox teams and 426 Saints. When the company reached the North Platt River, many were obliged to wade or swim across, but Jane and Mrs. Clayfield rode in the wagon. The young people and older ones who were able walked much of the way across the plains. Mrs. Clayfield, who was 61 years of age walked with the young people until she was taken ill with cholera and was forced to ride. One morning as they rode along, Jane asked her how she felt. The little lady answered, "Jane, I would so like to sing the songs of Zion." So they sang "We Thank Thee O God For a Prophet." At noon time the company camped at Little Sandy. John helped Sister Clayfield out of the wagon and gently lowered her onto a quilt to rest. She died in a very short time. Her body was placed in a coffin the teamsters had made from the sideboards of a wagon, and she was buried in a shallow grave on the side of the road. President Cluff conducted a funeral service, and the company camped there for the day. Jane was reluctant to leave her friends grave the next morning; she felt as if she had lost her own mother. Lehi Hennefer chided her for wishing to stay by the lonely grave and told her she would be devoured by the wolves. As they rode along, they passed many graves along the roadside where other Saints had been buried. Before leaving New York Jane and John had met a Mister Dunford who was bringing his wife and family to Utah. He had brought along a tent. Jane and John were invited to share the comforts of the tent with the Dunford family. The company emerged from the majestic Echo Canyon and stopped in the little settlement of Henneferville on 14 September, 1868. Jane and John were happy to greet their sister Fanny again. Jane lived with her sister for a short time then went to live at the home of William and Ann Bond. In the late fall she went to Wanship and lived with some girlhood friends from England by the name of Russell. She also stayed with a Sister Wilkins from England. For the remainder of the winter she lived at Peoa in the home of Bishop and Mrs. Marchant. Jane was very homesick and wished with all her heart to be back in her homeland under the rule of her beloved sovereign Queen Victoria. She thought often of Mister Tabrum and his promise and oft time was tempted to write him the letter. In the spring-time Jane came and lived with Fanny again and helped her after the birth of her son, Charles. At that time the Union Pacific Railroad Company was constructing a railroad line down through the Echo and Weber Canyons to Ogden City, Utah. The little town of Echo had become a booming railroad town. Mr. and Mrs. Smith owned and operated a large boardinghouse where they boarded fifty railroad workmen. Jane was employed by them as a table waitress. Mrs. Smith became fond of Jane and was very kind to her. She often said, "What could your mother be thinking of to let you and John come here all alone?" In 1869 the railroad was completed, so Mr. and Mrs. Smith decided there was no reason for their remaining in Echo. Before the men left the boardinghouse, the Smiths gave a big party and dance. It was a gala affair with music furnished by George Bearclough and Robert McMichael. They were old friends of a certain young George Judd, who accompanied them.

John also worked in Echo at the Railroad Commissary, which was a big warehouse where mattresses, blankets, tools, etc. were issued to the railroad workmen. John had worked before this time for Charles Richins in the Henneferville settlement where he had met and became a friend to this same George Judd. It was through her brother, John, that Jane met the man who was soon to become her husband. Jane was an attractive, refined young lady, she was small in build, almost petite. She was soft spoken and of mild disposition. Her eyes were blue, her face was oval in shape and framed by an abundance of brown hair.

George, a handsome young man of "not so quiet a disposition," was short in stature, had black curly hair and beard, steel-blue eyes, and as a result of early teachings had great ambition and determination to better his lot in life. When George met Jane, he promptly fell in love with her and courted her with fervor. But Jane had many suitors. Among them was a young George Roberts who wanted to marry her. George Roberts told the story of a time when he went to call on Jane. He found that George Judd had arrived ahead of him. He also noticed that George Judd's horse was standing up close to the house. Upon closer scrutiny he found that George was holding the bridle rein on the horse through the glassless window. George Roberts, always a practical joker, took his pocket-knife and quickly but quietly cut the rope from the horse's neck leaving George "holding the rope." There was much rivalry between these two young men, but Jane chose George Judd to be her life's companion.

When Mrs. Smith learned of Jane's approaching marriage, she almost felt she was losing a daughter of her own; but since she and her husband were leaving Echo, they did what real parents would do, they gave Jane many things to begin her life as a housekeeper. Among them were a nice mattress, blankets, sheets, pillows, enough feathers to make a feather bed, glasses, dishes, knives and forks, and enough food to last Jane and George about a year. The most loved and appreciated gift was a shiny black coal stove. Jane was the envy of many young ladies, for most of them, including her sister Fanny, were cooking over a fire-place. Mr. and Mrs. Smith came back to Echo sometime later to visit. They sent for Jane to come and visit them. Jane always felt a kindness and love in her heart for them and their generosity to her. They asked Jane to go with them, but she said she would rather stay in Henneferville.

Love Consummated - New Frontiers Conquered Hopes and Dreams Realized

When they were ready to be married, George borrowed a wagon and team, purchased a load of coal from the Grass Creek mine, which he planned to sell to get money for their marriage, and they started down Parley's Canyon. It was December, the weather was bad and the dirt roads no better; consequently, one of

the back wagon wheels broke allowing the wagon box full of coal to fall to the ground. Fortunately, there was a ranch house near by. The owner was happy to buy the coal, so George turned the wagon box over by the side of the road, put quilts and blankets on the front bolster, then he and his bride-to-be rode to Salt Lake City on the two front wheels. They spent the night at the home of friends and were married the next day 6 December, 1869, by President Daniel H. Wells. At the close of the ceremony Brother Wells said, "George did you have a ring for your wife?" Jane held out her little crippled hands and said, "See, I cannot wear a ring." Brother Wells looked with compassion on the hands that had been crippled since birth and pronounced on her a most wonderful blessing. He promised her that her affliction would never be a hindrance or burden to her, that none of her posterity would be so afflicted and that on the morning of the first resurrection her hands would be made perfect. Jane never forgot this blessing; it was a source of great comfort to her over the years.

After their marriage Jane and George lived in a little one-room log house on the edge of the hill near the location of the present Henefer Ward Chapel. It was here that their first child, a girl, was born to them. They named her Emily Agnes. They moved to Upton and lived at the old Judd home for a time where Jane gave birth to another girl, which they named Ada. Then they moved back to Henneferville where they remained for the rest of their lives. They had learned to love the little settlement which was located on the Pioneer Trail.

Between the years of 1875 and 1889 George acquired some land for farming. It was located about two and one-half miles north of the settlement of Henneferville near what is known as the "Narrows" and was purchased under four indentures, namely: Entries #20386 to 20387 consecutively. These indentures were made between George Judd and James H. Fowler, and George Judd and Lee and Emma Miles. Part of the land was described as thirty-six acres and forty rods on NE⁴ and SE⁴ of Section 32.

George planted his little farm to hay, grain and potatoes, traveling the two and one-half miles by horse and wagon to till the ground. The hay was loaded by hand with pitchforks on a hay rack and hauled to the town lot and put into long high stacks to be fed to the animals during the winter season. After moving back to Henneferville, George purchased Lots No. 1 and 2 of Block 11 in the Henneferville townsite from Lee and Emma Miles. The deed, #4316, listed in Book D page 198, was recorded 20 April, 1895, at the Summit County Court House, Coalville, Utah.

It was on the south end of Lot No. 1 that Jane and George built their first home facing the trail over which thousands of people traveled from the east to the west. The little log house had only two rooms. The spaces between the logs were chinked with mud; the roof was made of rough boards covered with dirt. There

were two small windows in the front of the house and a low doorway front and back. There was very little furniture, and, needless to say, the prized cook stove occupied a prominent place in the kitchen. The cupboard was nothing more nor less than boards nailed in one corner with a crisp clean curtain hanging in front. The table was homemade as were the straight-back chairs. The bedroom was small, but two beds were sandwiched in. In one corner nails were driven on which to hang the family clothing. In this same corner stood a large gray box with hinged lid which Jane had brought across the ocean, then all the way across the plains to Utah. Anything that Jane had or acquired which was of much value was kept in her "box." Wherever she went, the box went along also.

Improvements in the home came slowly, but come they did. One happy day the dirt was shoveled off the roof and it was replaced with wood shingles, so now Jane wasn't worried when the rains came. No more would she stay up through the night watching sleeping children and placing pans around on the beds and floor to catch the dirty water as it dripped through the cracks in the boards. As the children grew, the house seemed to shrink, so a lean-to was added to the back. One room of the addition was used for a kitchen and a heating stove replaced the black range; the other served as a storeroom and another bedroom much of the time. The walls and ceilings were covered with factory and whitewashed with lime. A homemade rag carpet covered the boards in the front room. A lounge or steel couch which could be extended at night and pushed back in during the day was purchased at the William Richins Store.

It was within the walls of that crude log dwelling that Jane gave birth, with the aid of a midwife, Mrs. Phoebe Dawson, to seven of their nine children. For many years this humble structure gave shelter from storms of winter and heat of summer. In this home George and Jane taught their children important lessons in life, including the value of work, faith in God, the blessings of prayer, honesty, dependability, thrift, gratitude, virtue, cleanliness, and love of family. The children learned by experience that happiness comes through sharing, helping and giving; they all owed a debt of gratitude to the community of which they were member and to the country which their parents had adopted as their own that their children might be free born.

The good Jane set upon the table was simple and sometimes meager, but they were fortunate in the summer season because Jane always kept a large garden (she inherited a green thumb from her father). In the summer time they had an abundance of vegetables and small fruits. She raised red and wild currants, gooseberries and raspberries. "Pie plant" or rhubarb was a favorite food in early spring as was watercress from the big spring in the Narrows. George planted enough potatoes so they had plenty to last to the next harvest season. They had very little

meat except pork. When cold weather came, George butchered the pig they had overfed all summer, and for several days the entire family was kept busy preparing the meat for winter. It was said that everything was saved but the "squeal." Jane made head cheese, chittlings, fagots, sausage, rendered the fat for lard and put the hams, shoulders and side pork in a strong salt or smoke brine solution. George kept cows, so they had milk and butter. Jane churned butter and sold it to the stores. George dug a well and inserted a pump with a long handle, so the family had fresh water close at hand.

Jane was a versatile wife and mother. She was able to accomplish all her household tasks despite her crippled hands. She was an excellent cook, a good seamstress, and an immaculate housekeeper. She made lye soap with which she washed the clothes and scrubbed the house. So fastidious was she around the home and grounds surrounding, that the little outhouse or privy was given a weekly lye soap bath, and ashes from the coal stove was used almost daily as a deodorant.

Chief Washaki brought his tribe of several hundred Shoshone Indians to the valley in the summer season. They were camped in wicki-ups, on the river bottoms for months at a time. They were generally peaceful, but sometimes became bothersome with their begging for food. Jane did not like them to come to her home, but they came often nevertheless, so she hurriedly fed them whatever she could to get rid of them. One day a husky buck Indian came to the house when Jane happened to be away. Her daughter Emily was at home caring for the baby Charlotte. Seeing a loaf of freshly baked bread on the cupboard, the Indian pointed to the bread and grunted. Emily was frightened and quickly handed the bread to him. When he finally left, he had quite a collection. He took knives and forks, some eggs and vegetables and whatever else he could see. When Jane returned and heard Emily's story, she said, "Well, Emmie, it looks like you gave him everything but the baby."

On another day a fat Indian squaw came to the door. She was wet and cold so Jane took her in, sat her by the stove and gave her some food. When she began to get warm, she "smelled to high heaven." Jane was glad to give her a sack full of vegetables and send her on her way. The squaw showed her appreciation by smiling and saying, "her good squaw."

There was an old Indian known as Indian Charley who made a general nuisance of himself. He drove around with a shaggy pony hitched to an old buckboard buggy. He gave rides to children or anyone who would go with him. He was attracted to Emily, who was now a beautiful young lady with lots of black curly hair. Charley wanted Emily for his squaw, so every time he came near, her father sent him packing in no uncertain terms.

By 1871 the goal of the James Paskett family had been realized. The family had all come to "Zion" with one sorrowful exception. Their daughter Annie had been married to a wealthy Baptist minister by the name of William Tunley. She, Annie, had been baptized into the Mormon Church, but after her marriage she joined the Baptist Church. After her parents, brothers, and sisters left England, she and her husband took their family to Australia where she died 11 December, 1944, the mother of thirteen children.

When James Paskett and his wife Charlotte reached Utah, they settled in Henneferville and lived right next door to their daughter Jane. The other members of the family also lived for six years in Henneferville. Then in October of 1877 Phillip Andrew and his wife Emma, William Paskett and his wife Sarah Hennefer, William C. Bettridge and his wife Sarah Patience Paskett took their families to "pioneer" another sagebrush covered valley which was named Grouse Creek. They experienced many hardships and trials, but in time it became a desirable place in which to live and rear their families.

On 29 August, 1898, Jane Judd together with her parents, brothers and sisters enjoyed a wonderful excursion to the Salt Lake Temple. It follows as entered in the journal of Phillip Andrew Paskett.

"On August 29, 1898, Phillip Andrew Paskett in company with his wife Emma Richins, his brother William Pope Paskett and his wife Annie L. Mecham and family, left Grouse Creek to go to Henefer, Summit County, Utah, there to meet with father, James Pope Paskett and mother, Charlotte Buckingham, who were each 82 years of age. The purpose being to have a family reunion and to go to the Salt Lake Temple to have the Paskett children sealed to their parents. After a pleasant journey with teams, which took 5 days, the party reached Henefer and found the folks well.

On Sunday the 4th of September, 1898, we all went on the cars (train) to Salt Lake City to be ready for temple work on Monday morning. The party consisted of father, James Pope Paskett; mother, Charlotte Buckingham, Fanny Hannah Paskett Stevens, Jane Belbin Paskett Judd, Bishop John Curtis Paskett, Phillip Andrew Paskett, William Pope Paskett, Sarah Patience Paskett Betteridge and Emily Agnes Paskett Bond.

Emma Richins, wife of Phillip A. Paskett went along to be sealed to her parents, Joseph Richins and Jane Morese Richins. Sarah Ann Thomas Paskett, wife of John Curtis Paskett also went along with us. We found comfortable lodging near the temple and an eating house near by.

We went to the temple Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday then attended the funeral services for President Wilford Woodruff on Thursday. Friday we went to the temple and returned to Henefer in the evening.

We started back to Grouse Creek Tuesday morning, the 13th of September, 1898 and arrived home Sunday noon, after five and a half days journey, all were in good health.

We had accomplished the purpose of our trip, also many ordinances for dead relatives were attended to."

Now that Jane's family was in America and her beloved parents living just across the street, she was completely happy and contented. No more were there doubts in her mind as to her decision to leave her native land and come to America.

Jane found time somehow to serve as president of the Henneferville* Ward Relief Society for a period of seventeen years. She was made president 7 March, 1887 with Sarah Ann Paskett and Rosa Batchelor as counselors. She served until 1904. Other women who served as counselors through the years were Hannah Richins and Lucy Richins. Her sister, Emily, served as her secretary. The purpose of the Relief Society organization was to render compassionate service to those in need. Jane fulfilled this service in every deed. Her kindness and gentle ways won for her the love of the community. She went about doing good to all who needed assistance. When time came for a woman to be "confined," Jane left her family in the care of her older girls and lived, not visited, in the home until the mother was well on the way to caring for her baby and home. Those were the days when a new mother was not allowed to put her feet to the floor for ten days or two weeks. Many were the times when there was not enough clean linen for the bed and underclothing for the mother, so Jane used those from her own supply, then brought the soiled clothes home to be washed on the brass scrub board. Jane assisted at time of death as well as at birth. At that time all burial clothing was made at home. She was truly a ministering angel -- even going so far as acting as a wet nurse, nursing another baby as well as her own, if the mother was too ill to nurse her baby. It was the practice at that time for women of the Relief Society to glean wheat from around the edges of the grain fields after the grain was cut. Sometimes the women followed behind the threshers through the fields gleaning every kernel. The grain thus gathered was stored, and in planting time was loaned out to farmers on the promise that it would be returned with interest of one peck per bushel borrowed.

* There is not factual record available that gives the date that the little settlement of Henefer became the thriving little town of just plain Henefer, but it is believed to have been changed somewhere around the 1900's.

Another custom of Relief Society in those days was gathering or gleaning of wool. In the spring of the year when the sheep were brought down from the mountains, heavy with wool, wherever they were driven they would leave little tufts of wool on the barbs of the wire, or on tree stumps or bushes. This wool was gathered, carded and used to line patchwork quilts for needy families. Jane always had a warm spot in her heart for the work of the Relief Society and attended the meetings throughout her life.

George was a strong healthy man able physically to withstand the hardships of crossing the plains. He made some trips with ox team and wagon after he and Jane were married. He was often thrown among men of rough, unsavory character and habits, but he remained true to his vows to his wife and the church. George was active in church work. He was ordained as a visiting ward teacher 11 February, 1872, and was active for many years. He was ordained a Seventy 18 May, 1884, by Josiah Rhead. On 6 September, 1896, he was set apart as assistant to Sunday School Superintendent Thomas F. Dearden. William Brewer was the other assistant. These officers presided until 1900.

George was an excellent teamster, so it was natural that his services were sought to build roads and bridges. He was road supervisor for a number of years; he also assisted in the building of the railroad down Echo Canyon and part way to Ogden.

In 1908 George was elected one of the three school trustees together with Thomas Richins and Heber Stephens. It was under their direction that the new brick schoolhouse was erected in 1909 at the cost of \$8,000.00.

George worked his farm with the help of the children. He was able to get a living from it, but it did not produce enough to supply all the wants and needs of the family.

Nine children were born to George and Jane. Emily Agnes born 24 October, 1870; Ada, born 22 April, 1872; George Thomas, born 30 April, 1874; Francis Annie, born 26 March, 1876; Charlotte Redding, born 30 March, 1878; Fannie, born 5 May, 1880; Belbin Jane, born 12 May, 1882, Hannah Lillian, born 16 March, 1887; and Herschel Paskett, born 10 March, 1890, when Jane was 48 years old. Jane was very ill with childbed fever after Herschel was born. Many despaired of her life, but through faith and prayers her life was spared.

As the children grew to maturity, they went out to work and sent some of their earnings home to help care for the needs of their parents. Some of the children attended schools of higher education. This was as their parents wished.

Neither of them had any formal education and knew the need of it. George Thomas, their oldest son, went to the Academy at Coalville, then attended the Brigham Young Academy for a short time. George was not financially able to finance them at school, but he took them to Provo with team and wagon, and their mother provided them with food while they "batched" with some other students.

George and Jane were proud of their children. They were happy when George Thomas accepted a call in 1897 to serve a mission for the Latter Day Saints Church in New Zealand. In January of 1902 Jane was called to go through the sorrowful ordeal of watching her daughter, Francis Annie, pass from this life a result of the dreaded diphtheria leaving two small children, Ruby and Harold. Their father, Edward Harris, was unable to properly care for his little children himself, so Jane brought them home with her. Harold returned to live with his father after he remarried, but Ruby was loved and cared for by "Mother Judd" and the girls until her maturity. In 1919 Jane and George were grieved by the passing of another of their beautiful daughters. Hannah Lillian, wife of Frank LeRoy West, died of the terrible influenza, leaving a family of four little children.



The New Frame House

As time passed and the children were making homes for themselves, George and Jane were moved out of the old log house into a new frame one. There were two large rooms, a closet, which was a luxury, a pantry and a lean-to on the back. Jane had the luxury of electric lights, but she always kept the coal oil lamp filled and the wick trimmed -- just in case -- she didn't trust those new lights in

a glass bulb. The old pump was removed and the well filled up, for now they had the spring water piped into their yard and a hydrant installed. George received much pleasure and satisfaction from the nice cold water at arm's reach. He lived only a few years to enjoy these new luxuries. George and Jane were janitors and caretakers of the public school rooms well dusted. When George was well along in years and unable to work, he spent much time riding around in his little buggy drawn by his favorite horse he called Jim. He suffered great pain from the effects of rheumatism in his legs. Eventually one leg became so crippled he was forced to use a cane and walked with a limp. He also was ill with diabetes.

George Judd passed from this life 24 October, 1923, at the ripe old age of 81 years. He was buried in the cemetery on the hill Sunday 28 October, 1923.

After fifty-four years of marriage, a house filled with loving children and grandchildren, Jane was completely alone for the first time. The task wasn't an easy one, but she squared her little shoulders and proceeded to live a content and useful life. She kept her little home clean and inviting to all who came to visit. She still kept her garden, but, of course, it was not so extensive. For many years she kept a raspberry patch as well as rhubarb plants. A solid row of currant and gooseberries trees made a fence around two sides of the garden. She kept her yard



Above: George Judd at 80 years of age. Below: "Mother Judd" as she cleans her flower beds. She is wearing the mittens she cut and sewed from worn out overall denim.



beautiful with flowers until she was more than ninety years old. She was more than generous with her flowers. "Starts" of golden glow of canterbury bells, fever few, English buttercup and daisies to say nothing of the dozens of the old English Moss Rose, were given with love to most every family in town. They can still be enjoyed come rose blooming time. She was lovingly call "Mother Judd" or "Anut Jane" by every one for miles around. She was revered and respected by all adults and loved by little children. She loved to hold and caress in her arms her great, great grandchildren.



Above: Five Generations - Emily, oldest child; Ellen Dawson, Flora D. Tonks; and Jane holding her g. g. grandchild, Larry Tonks -- Left: Dedication of Pioneer monument 16 July 1932, Jannie J. Richins (a daughter);Joye W. Hopkins (granddaughter);Jane P. Judd, Charlotte Jones (daughter).

On 16 July, 1932, a monument was unveiled and dedicated to the Mormon Pioneers who camped in the Henefer Valley just eighty-five years before to the day. On the face of it are two plaques, one representing the first company of Mormon Pioneers, the other the Pony Express which used the Pioneer Trail. Before a gathering of one thousand people, Jane Judd, then in her eighty-eighth year, was privileged to unveil this beautiful monument.

Jane enjoyed good health during her declining years. She suffered a great deal with bad feet, but she had no crippling or lingering diseases to waste away her body. A few years before her death, she suffered a severe shock when, during a fierce electric storm, a bolt of lightning struck her home, sent a current of electricity from the house meter to the stove where she was standing. The shock seemed to center itself in her head and ears. From that time her hearing was impaired, and she suffered noise and distress in her head. She was not bodily injured.

Jane was not schooled and could not write, but she learned to read quite well and spent many hours in her declining years reading the Book of Mormon and her Relief Society Magazines. She also spent much of her time braiding rag rugs from bright-colored rags given her by her family and neighbors.

She was a charter member of Henefer Camp Daughters of Utah Pioneers organization. When she was ninety-four years of age, she braided a beautiful rug and presented it to the camp. It is now displayed among the precious relics in their memorial building.

After living upon this earth only four years and nine months less than a century, Jane Judd passed from this life on 16 February, 1940, while at the home of her daughter, Belbin Jane Edson, in Ogden, Utah, and was buried 20 February 1940 beside her husband.



Jane P. Judd in Her Ninties

It is now exactly one hundred years since Thomas and Ann Judd with their family of boys reached the valley along the winding Weber River, and George still a young man not yet twenty years old, began to find his place in the building up of this area. Jane Paskett came along only four years later and found her place also. Together they accepted new responsibilities and fulfilled them well. They accepted the challenge of a rolling sea; of miles and miles of arid, trackless plains; of building a pleasant home and rearing lovely children with almost nothing with which to care for them; to find happiness and laughter when all around them there were reasons to be sad and dejected. All of these challenges they accepted and mastered them. In fact, they mastered the true art of living. To us, their descendants, even though they are gone, they will always live in the inheritance they left us. They left us no wordly wealth; their bequests were far more precious and valuable. Our legacies as rightful heirs are these: first, faith in a living God; after that comes love, kindness, steadfastness, visions and dreams, courage, high ideals and principles, love of fellowmen, and allegiance to country. These are but a few, the list is endless. We can rightly accept these bequests only if we appreciate them and make them a part of our daily living. To this task, we dedicate our lives.

The life story of George Judd and Jane Belbin Paskett was compiled by their granddaughter, Maxine R. Wright. The information was gleaned from "Journal Histories", and records in the Church Historians office, from the Church Immigration Office, from the volume "Research of England and Wales," from the Journal of Phillip Andrew Paskett, and from contributions of children and grandchildren who have fond memories of their noble Pioneer ancestors.

We feel that the information contained in this history is true and correct, however, memories are not always efficient, so if errors occur, they are mistakes only, and are not intentional.

1 June 1962



POSTERITY OF GEORGE AND JANE PASKETT JUDD

1869 - 1962

They were the parents of nine children.

1. Emily Agnes Judd and Felix Pico Toone - 8 children: Ellen Emily, Myrtle Belbin, Felix Millard, Ruby Almina, Eldred George, James Thomas, Alma Judd and Clair - 34 grandchildren; 60 great grandchildren; 28 great great grandchildren.
2. Ada Judd and George Frederick Wilde - 9 children: Louisa Belbin, Bryant Harold, George Frederick Jr., Ada, (twins), David Ferral, Hannah Gertrude, Lillian Joye, Paul Clayton, and Horace Gordon - 20 grand children; 29 great grandchildren.
3. George Thomas Judd and Margaret Jennette Lewis - 6 children: Mary Marguerite, George Ezra, Jane Melba, Grace, Amy Leone and Grant Lewis - 14 grandchildren; 29 great grandchildren.
4. Francis Annie Judd and Edward Davis Harris - 2 children: Harold Thomas and Ruby Ovena - 5 grandchildren; 7 great grandchildren.
5. Charlotte Redding Judd and Thomas Allen Jones - 12 children: Ronald Maurice, Gladys Jane, Mildred, Richard Ellis, Maud, Merla Lillian, Mable Charlotte, Robert Garnet, Fern Annie, George Grant, Leah, and Thomas Howard - 34 grandchildren; 34 great grandchildren.
6. Fannie Judd and Parley Thomas Richins - 4 children: Lyle Parley, Maxine Belle, La Rue Esther and Ovena Jane - 11 grandchildren; 13 great grandchildren.
7. Belbin Jane Judd and William S. Edson - 2 children: Paul Eugene, Earl Judd - 7 grandchildren.
8. Hannah Lillian Judd and Frank LaRoy West - 5 children: Margaret, Ruth, Lewis, Eldon Judd and Evelyn - 22 grandchildren; 8 great grandchildren.
9. Herchel Paskett Judd and Myrtle Stephens - 6 children: Glen Herschel, Catherine, Everett Wm., Fay Mary, Beth, Douglas Stephens - 14 grandchildren; 19 great grandchildren.

Total number of decendants - 9 children, 54 grandchildren, 161 great grandchildren, 199 great great grandchildren, and 28 great great great grandchildren. Total 442

"I REMEMBER - - - -"

When contemplating the compilation of the life story of George and Jane Paskett Judd, we felt that a section dedicated to memories of them would be both informative and interesting. The grandchildren were invited to submit their memories of their grandparents, that we might include them with the history. The response was inspiring and wonderful. It will be noted that in these contributions, George and Jane are spoken of, with but very few exceptions, as "Mother and Pap". This was a general family practice, these names did not cast any reflection upon them, rather it was with the greatest love and respect that they were known to everyone, children and grandchildren alike, as "Mother and Pap". Someone has said that our Pioneer ancestors will not be dead until they are forgotten. If this statement is true, then George and Jane Paskett Judd will live on and on through the eternities in the fond memories of us, their descendants.

* * * * *

My first remembrance of Pap and Mother Judd was as a small boy when my mother would get home-sick while we were living in Cumberland, Wyoming, and we would be off for a couple of weeks to see Mother and Pap in Henefer. There both of them would be busy, she in the house, in the garden, and with the chickens; he, busy with the cows, horses and the farming. They lived in the little log house, which was always scrubbed clean. When in my teens while visiting there, Pap would tell us of his experiences in the early settling of Utah. He had a remarkable memory and could usually give the year and month that certain things had happened. He told of making several trips back to Missouri, freighting things to Utah that were needed there. Later on he worked on the Union Pacific railroad which was under construction through Utah then. One job he worked at was hauling water to the men, horses and mules, when the location of construction made this necessary.

I remember one incident which illustrates his good memory. We had taken him to Cumberland for a visit; then I took him by car to Carter, a small station eighteen miles from our home, where he was to board the train for Henefer. As we got into Carter and neared the station and railroad tracks, he said, "This is not where the first grade was built." Then, after looking over the area for an instant, he said, "There it is over there." And sure enough, the banked up grade could be seen distinctly, nearer the river. It had probably been sixty years since he had been there, but he saw the change right away.

Pap would tell us kids of his experiences and the places he had been and the predicaments he got into. When mother would ask, "And what business did you

have in a place like that, and just what were you doing there, "Pap would just say that his jobs took him into those place and that he knew how to take care of himself.

One incident he told was when they went to get married, the man who performed the ceremony asked where the wedding ring was. Pap said he did not have a ring because his bride could not wear one, as her hands were small and webbed between the fingers. The man than gave her a blessing, that none of her posterity would be so afflicted. As far as we know, this had been the case. Even with her hands, mother was a dexterous as anyone. They had met when mother was working at a boarding house in Echo. She had left a good home and they had a hard life in the early settlement of Henefer. I remember her telling me how embarrassed she would be when she had to go out and gather buffalo chips in her apron, to make a fire for cooking while crossing the plains.

After pap's death, she kept her little house spotlessly clean and always tried to keep busy at something that was worth while. Her rag rugs were a joy to those fortunate enough to receive one. One of the last times I saw her, she was out in her yard with a shovel irrigating her lawn and flowers. My last memories of Pap was seeing him riding in the little buggy with a horse he could handle, visiting and "jawing" with friends.

Bryant H. Wilde, grandson

I remember so many things of Mother Judd. When we used to walk to Sunday School, we used to go to her place for dinner, then to sacrament meeting in the afternoon. Once after meeting (I was about 15), Brother James Lythgoe said to me, "Where is your boy friend?" I said I didn't have one and then he said, "You have to chase the boys." Mother was listening and she said to me, "No, don't you chase the boys, they will chase you when they are ready". I found she was right, they did later. When I was married, we asked her to come to a little party we were having. She said, "No, she couldn't go and she turned to Grace and said, I am awful glad Merla is married, she was on the shelf", but I wasn't, I was just waiting for the right man to come along. Bill, my husband, was tickled when one time we went to see her, after she had lost her hearing. He said, "It is too bad it is so hard for you to hear". Mother said, "Sometimes people hear too much". Then she told him the worst thing about staying with other people, was that she couldn't do as she wanted. I remember the delicious pies she made, and the lovely rag rugs she braided, and that she couldn't find a place to warm her feet when she lived at Anut Belle's house because there was not a coal stove, and that once at school I was sick in the middle of the day. I went over to mothers and she tucked me gently into her bed until I was feeling better. I remember her wonderful gentle hands and the promise made to her the day she was married. I remember

how Pap carried little round oyster crackers in his pocket and gave them to us, and how he drove around with his horse and buggy.

Mother and Pap were always very close to my heart, and I am very grateful to be numbered among their descendants.

Merla Jones Hiller, grand-daughter.

Perhaps I am late sending my memories of Grandma Judd. So many thoughts of her have gone through my mind. To try to put in down on paper is almost impossible, for her influence on me was much stronger than my memory. I have always been pleased with my name. I was give the name of Jane because I was born on Grandma Judd's birthday. My brothers and I always walked by her yard on the way to school. Her yard looked so inviting, so neat and cool. Among the bushes and trees that bordered the fence was always the fragrance of her flowers. As we entered the back porch of her house, I recall a special kind of aroma that only her house had. She told me she always kept apples in the house for that reason, it brought the freshness of the outdoors into the house.

In the late 1930's I would often stay over night with her. Before we went to bed at night we would both kneel, she on her side of the bed and I on mine, and she would say the prayer for both of us, then we climbed into bed. Sleeping with her was like sleeping on a cloud, for her mattress was made of feathers, and every morning it was fluffed and turned and the bed made before we ate our breakfast. Her meals were always on time and blessed with true thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father.

I remember how I longed to play with the little glass dishes that Grandma had in a little cupboard in the back of her clothes closet. Oh, how happy I was the day she let me help her wash these little treasures, and she said if I promised to care for them as she had done, that some day they would be mine. I was living in Salt Lake when she passed away. I do not know what happened to her little china treasures, I do know that material things can hold fond memories; but the lasting things are the words of advice, given with understanding and love, and so many times I find myself quoting Grandma Judd to my five children. She said to me more than once, "There is a place for everything, so keep everything in it's place." I feel that that was her formula for living, not only for her house and yard, but for her life also, because to be around her there was never a feeling of clutter or discontent-only peace and contentment. As my memories are only of her latter years, (and I have thought of this often), the serenity that was hers could only come with faith and being at peace with God. I am proud to have had her for my Great Grandmother.

Jane Dawson Merz -

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I remember when I was in my teens, I would sometimes walk the two and one half miles from our home to Sunday School, then would have dinner with Pap and Mother Judd. Mother was always kind and gracious and managed to put a delicious meal on the table for us. I loved to watch her pick up things with her little short fingers and I don't remember her ever dropping anything. I have heard Mother say that the only thing she could not do with those fingers was milk a cow. She could even do that, but it was very difficult. Her home was always neat and orderly as was also her general appearance; hair always combed, clean dress and apron on. She was indeed a queen in her home.

Pap would sit and tell me about his many trips across the plains; of the dangers they encountered with the Indians, of the narrow escapes they had and the hardships they endured. He ended his story one time with words something like this -- "And of all the places I've been and the temptations I've met with, I never touched a woman before I was married." This last statement didn't mean much to me at the time, but in later life I have appreciated and been thankful that my grandfather was not only a good, honest, upright man, but that he was virtuous as well.

Richard E. Jones, grandson

After careful thought through the past week, I am sending a few memories I recall about Pap and Mother Judd. When a small boy, I used to spend quite a bit of time with them when they lived in the little old log house with the lean-to. I remember well, the day Harold Harris, then just a little boy, ran a large sliver in his arm. We had to get Dr. French to come from Coalville to the house. He gave Harold chloroform, and the operation took place on Mother's table. Pap and Mother were so very upset over the ordeal, and they made all we younger children leave the room. I also remember well the real root beer Mother made of hops, grains, dandelion roots, yeast and sugar. In a few days it would really pop the cork out of the bottles. And none could compare with her delicious plum puddings. Pap always had a fine team of horses and I could always get one of them to use when no one else could. He used to freight from the end of the railroad line, which was fifteen miles to the west of Green River, a place now called Bryan, Wyoming. One time I heard Pap say he had a chance to lease, with an option to buy, 7000 head of sheep, but when he talked it over with his son George, and since Uncle George was going away to college, Pap decided the responsibility was too great to undertake alone. After I was married, Wanda and I stopped at Mother Judds, on our way to Ogden, and took her along. I asked her how fast she wanted me to drive. She said, "I can ride as fast as you can drive, because all I have to do is sit and look at the scenery, while you do the driving. I will never forget what she said after one election

"Eldred, the only mistake I have ever made was when I voted a Republican ticket. Both she and Pap were staunch Democrats. Pap and Mother Judd lived wonderful lives and were a credit to the community of Henefer.

Eldred George Toone, a grandson.

My memories of my grandfather Judd are not numerous, yet, standing out in my mind is Pap with a cane and an old hat. He used to take me out to the shed with him, and I would stand near by while he harnessed the horse and hitched it to the buggy. Then I would go down to the field with him. I used to be afraid of him and when he was gruff around the house I would run home. My grandmother was very dear to me. Of course all of us felt that way. I don't know of any one of the grandchildren who called then anything but Mother and Pap. Her home was always immaculate. I remember helping her do her work. I used to best to clean her bedroom because usually we would get in one of the dresser drawers and then we would spend a few hours with her reminiscing, and I was entranced. In the bottom drawer were some beautiful dolls and a white fur hat and cape that belonged to Ruby. She used to let me hold these dolls once in a while, then in the closet she had a cupboard of Ruby's that held some pretty china dishes, and sometimes, if I was very careful, she would let me play with them. Sometimes we would get in her "trunk", a large gray wooden box, and she would show us some beautiful clothes and a paisley shawl that had been brought across the ocean from England. Sometimes she allowed me to climb up in the closet and take the big hats with lots of feathers, down from the shelves. In the top dresser drawer she kept many, many handkerchiefs, some of them were very beautiful. She used to give them away to people she cared a lot for. I lost the one she gave me, and am so sorry. She used to have some plush covered albums, with a tinkling music box in the back. It was fun to go through them and see the old-fashioned pictures of relatives, and the old christmas cards and valentines. I used to be afraid to clean in her pantry because one day when I was cleaning the cupboards a little mouse scampered out and frightened me. Mother and Pap had an old granery and I used to play there with some of my girl friends. Only there were mice in there too, and I can remember disliking very much having to go over by the grain bins to get the wheat for the chickens. I remember the garden and the raspberry brushes and how we, reluctantly, helped to pull the weeds and pick the berries. I remember how she used boiling water in the tea kettle to thaw out the hydrant, or to pour on the ant hills to kill the ants. I remember the pictures of the kittens and the puppies that hung over the doorways, and the beautiful braided rugs, and how she used to come to our house and sit for hours peeling fruit for canning. I used to stay with her at night, and she would sit by the old coal stove while I did my lessons or sometimes I would

write letters for her. I slept in the kitchen in the folding bed, where I would be almost be buried in the downy feather bed. Mother was as immaculate with herself as she was with her home. I would watch as she did her chores singing all the while, then she would put on a clean apron comb her hair into two soft wings with a part in the middle and we would walk to the store or the post office.

Never will I forget the sadness that came to all of us when she lost her hearing. It was on a Monday morning and she had not brought her few clothes down home to be washed, as she usually did. Mother sent me to get them, and as I walked toward her house I saw her coming along by the ditch bank. As I remember, there had been an electrical storm in the early morning. As I met her I said something to her and she said, "Ovena, I can't hear what you are saying." We walked back to our house where she told us that she was standing by her stove when a sheet of lightning came and struck the light meter inside her house and it jumped over the stove and affected her head and hearing. She didn't suffer great pain, but there was a rumbling noise in her ears. It was a sad affair for all our family.

I was living in Las Vegas when I received word that she had passed away. I just couldn't believe it, I guess I must have had the idea she could live on forever. She does really, in my mind, even today. She had a great effect upon my life.

Ovena Jane Richins Mayo, granddaughter.

Having been born and raised in a mining camp at Cumberland, Wyoming, a few years before modern transportation, the first thing I can remember of Mother and Pap, was a package coming to us through the mail at Christmas time. Inside the package was a turkey all cleaned and ready for the oven. It was the family Christmas present from Mother and Pap, and was always enjoyed for Christmas dinner. As children, we always looked forward to receiving this odd shaped package and would have been very disappointed if it had failed to arrive.

I was nine or ten years old before I ever saw Mother and Pap. When cars were available my father bought one, and I well remember the all-day trip over rough roads and down the Echo Canyon for the first time, to spend a week with Mother and Pap. I remember they lived in the little log house, and at dinner, Pap gave me all the new little new potatoes and green peas I could eat. After the first visit, I always looked forward to the time I could go again, for grandparents were a new and pleasant experience to me.

Hannah Wilde Huffman - grand-daughter.

I remember Grandfather (Pap) Judd as quite strict, insisting on all of us being obedient to his commands. I remember how quickly he could remove his old hat and pop me with it if I did something I shouldn't or didn't move as fast as he thought I should. If he caught us boys playing marbles on Sunday he would really reprimand and impress on us how wrong it was. I remember going with him several times over to Croyden to have his horses shod. One time he traded one of his horses for a frisky white one called Chug. The mate to Chug was old Bess. He had another horse he hitched to a buggy, or he could be used for a saddle horse. Just before he died he gave this one, Jim, to me. I remember that Pap and Mother were janitors for the public School House. Many are the times I have helped them bail water out of the furnace room. I don't know how he could ever get up and down the steps he was so lame. I used to wonder why he wore a mustache and beard, I don't remember him without them.

I remember Mother Judd as a sweet, congenial, understanding ambitious lady. I helped her many times in the garden, and carried her wood and coal. I used to like to sleep at her house in the rickety folding bed. She could make food taste so good. I also remember the old log house that stood just west of the new frame house they lived in the last few years of their life.

Lyle Parley Richins, a grandson.

My memories of Mother Judd are very clear and precious to me. She was always very kind. I remember the big doll that belonged to Ruby, she would let me hold it very carefully but only for a very few minutes. She always had "goodies" for us children, if it was only a hand full of raisins. I helped her pick raspberries and dig dandelions. I remember the tiny faced pansies in her flower garden (she called them Johnny-jump-ups), and the beautiful bleeding hearts and columbines. When they held the Fourth of July celebration on the "Square", we always ended up at Mother Judds' under the shade of the trees or getting a cool drink from the old hydrant.

I was afraid of Pap - he was so very old and I was so very young. We children would wait until he passed by Aunt Elsie's on his way to the postoffice, then we would dash over to see Mother Judd. We loved to go in the old log house where she kept the large pans of milk and the luscious thick cream was taken off with the "skimmer". When no one was looking I would stick my finger through it and pop it in my mouth. It tasted so good and cold.

Teresa Dawson Olson, great granddaughter.