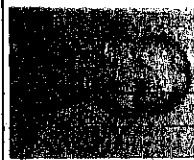


HUSBAND THOMAS JUDD

Birth 30 June 1821
 Place Woodmill Lane, West End, Hamps., Eng.
 Chr 22 July 1821
 Married 21 May 1841
 Place South Stoneham, Southampton, Hamps., Eng.
 Death 15 Dec 1891, Hoytesville, Summit, Utah
 Burial 17 Dec 1891, Hoytesville, Summit, Utah
 Father George Judd
 Mother Ann Smith



1st Child GEORGE JUDD
 Birth 19 Nov 1843
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps.
 Married to JANE PASKETT
 Married 6 Dec 1869
 Place Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah



2nd Child JAMES JUDD
 Birth 10 Aug 1845
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps.
 Married to MARY JANE HARBOP
 Married 4 Nov 1866
 Place Coalville, Summit, Utah



3rd Child CHARLES JUDD
 Birth 17 Mar 1847
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps.
 Married to LOIS GUNN
 Married 4 Oct 1869
 Place Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah



4th Child HENRY JUDD
 Birth 7 Feb 1850
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps.
 Married to not married
 Married 7 Dec 1856
 Place



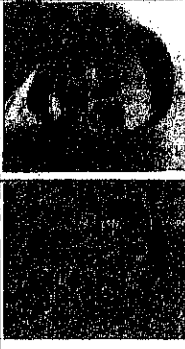
5th Child JOHN JUDD
 Birth 8 Feb 1855
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps.
 Married to not married
 Married 27 Aug 1878
 Place

WIFE ANN READING OR REDDING

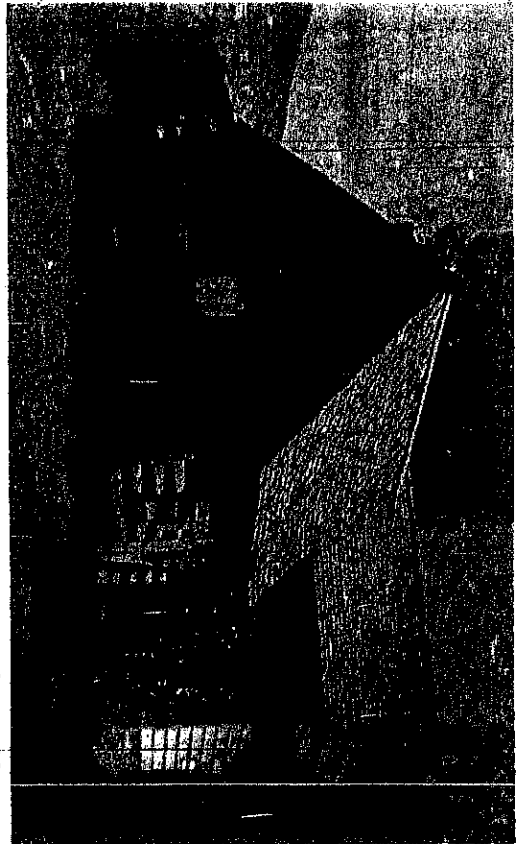
Birth 28 Nov 1820
 Place Bitterne, South Stoneham, Hamps., Eng.
 Chr 13 Jan 1899
 Death Hoytesville, Summit, Utah
 Burial James Reading
 Father Mary Chalk
 Mother
 Where was information obtained?
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



6th Child SELENA JUDD
 Birth 4 May 1857
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps., Eng.
 Married to not married
 Married 13 Aug 1867
 Place



7th Child THOMAS FREDRICK JUDD
 Birth 22 Sept 1861
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps., Eng.
 Married to EMMA CLARK
 Married 24 Dec 1894
 Place Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah



Log and lean built by Thomas Judd and sons about 1880.
 Front part by Thomas Fredrick Judd about 1890.

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS JUDD AND ANN REDDING.

The History of the people of England is the history of the struggles, sorrows, defeats, and victories of our ancestors. The economic, social, political, and religious background of England and the effect it had upon the lives of our ancestors is an agricultural country, with trade centering in a few large towns. But during the Eighteenth Century, a series of mechanical inventions led to the great advance in manufacturing. There was a rapid development of industry and increased population, with no legislation to control the vast industrial development and there was great suffering on the part of the exploited working classes. This caused a great shift of population.

Geographically, England is about the size of the state of Alabama. The area of Alabama is 51,998 square miles while England has 50,873 square miles, and crowded into it are 40,000,000 persons. The whole of the United Kingdom (England, Scotland, and Wales) could be put into the area covered by the state of Utah. Utah's area is 84,990 square miles and its population in 1958 was 880,000.

England has no deserts. It has no large lakes nor long rivers, nor any area below sea level. Its highest point rises to only 3,210 feet above sea level and no part of the nation is more than seventy miles from the sea. The coast line of Hampshire is very irregular, the principal indentation being Southampton Water. Hampshire is noted for its agriculture; the wheat raised there being especially prized. Varieties of high grade sheep and pigs are raised. The mineral resources are meagre, but manufacturing is very important. Shipping is extensive, with ship building yards at Portsmouth and Southampton Docks. Two ranges of chalk hills, known as the North and South "Downs" traverse the country. In the southwest is the New Forest and the southeast are the forests of Bere and Waltham Chase, The Avon Stour, Exe, Test, Itchen and Hamble are the chief rivers of the area.

It was in and around this part of England that our Judd ancestors were born and reared.

Thomas Judd was born June 30, 1821 at Woodmill Lane, West End, Hampshire, England. West End is a hamlet in the parish on the Northeast side of Southampton. Thomas Judd was the son of George and Ann (Smith) Judd. His father, George Judd, was born about 1782 and his mother, Ann Smith was born in 1786; both were of South Stoneham, a parish which forms a suburb of the of Southampton and contains hamlets of Allington, Bitterne, Barton, Eastbury Pollock, Portswood, Shamblehurst and Sweithing.

Thomas Judd was the third son in a family of three boys, his brothers were George and William. He was married to Ann Redding of Bitterne So. Stoneham, England May 21

1841 in the South Stoneham Parish. They became the proud parents of seven children: George, James, Charles, Henry, John, Selena, and Thomas Frederick. Two of their children died at a early age; Henry at six years and Selena at four months. Both were buried in England.

Ann Redding (or Redding) was born January 18, 1830 at Bitterne, So. Stoneham, Hampshire, England. She was the daughter of James Redding and Mary Chalk of Bitterne, So. Stoneham, Hampshire, England. Her father, James Redding was born in 1781 at Titchfield, So. Stoneham, Hampshire, England. He married Mary Chalk February 3, 1812 at Titchfield. He died January 14, 1886 at the age of 85 at Bitterne Village, Ann Reddings', mother, Mary Chalk was born July 23, 1791 of Teyford So. Stoneham, and was the daughter of George Chalk and Hannah Bond. She was christened February 24, 1793 at Owlesbury, England.

Thomas Judd belonged to a hard working class of people and sometimes did not have the necessary things of life. Their home was near a brewery and George, the eldest son, when only seven years old, carried beer to the men who worked in the mines nearby. Since Hampshire was noted for its agriculture, it was natural that Thomas learned a trade in the farming industry. He was employed by a wealthy land owner as a laborer on his large farm. He, Thomas, was an honest, conscientious worker and soon was trusted to do all of the butchering that was necessary. As a special favor he was allowed to take the "chillings" or tripe home for his family to eat. His wife, Ann, learned how to care for and prepare them so that they were a flavorful and wholesome meat food. On very rare occasions such as Christmas time, Thomas was given a choice cut of mutton, which was a wonderful treat for his family. Thomas worked hard and long, and taught his sons to do the same. All of the boys went out to work when they were very young.

Thomas and Ann Judd were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by missionaries who were preaching in England. At first Thomas thought it was a shame that those young men were forced to come so far from their homes and teach doctrines that were not true, so he took his Bible to prove to them they were wrong. It was not long before the young missionaries proved to him and his family that they were teaching the truth. Thomas and Ann were baptized in the summer of 1848. The boys were baptized by Willet S. Harder as they came of age. It wasn't long before they made their plans to emigrate to Utah.

Thomas, then 40 years of age, Ann Judd, 41 years with their five sons: George, 18 years; James, 16 years; Charles, 14 years; John, 6 years; and Thomas Frederick, 6 mo.; cleared the port of Liverpool, England on the packet ship "Manchester", April 13,

1861. They sailed on the morning of the 16th for New York, having on board the vessel 379 souls of emigrating Saints under the Presidency of Claudius V. Spencer, with E. Edward Hanham and William Jefferies as assistants. President Spencer had labored for some time in the Southampton district, but his failing health compelled him to return to Zion. The crossing was dangerous at times, because of the storms at sea, but they arrived safely, after spending 28 days on the water. After a successful voyage they arrived May 14, 1861 at New York, where they were met and visited by Apostle Eristas Snow and Thomas Williams. *(From Emigration records church historian's office.)

Thomas and Ann arrived in New York in very poor circumstances and so Thomas started at once to find work. They lived in New York and cities in the East for about 15 months. This was at the time of the Civil War. The government began drafting young men to be soldiers in the Civil War, so Thomas hastily gathered his few belongings and with his family started across the plains for the West. Thomas and family traveled with Captain Henry W. Miller's ox train to Utah, arriving on October 17, 1862. This was the 5th church train and consisted of 60 wagons and 665 emigrating Saints. The train left Florence, Nebraska August 8, 1862. The majority of this company were from the British Isles. Twenty-eight deaths occurred on the journey, chiefly among children under five years of age. Nine children were born while crossing the plains and four couples were married. The trip was a long and wearisome journey because they had very little to live on. They arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley October 17, 1862, very thankful to find a resting place.

Thomas, being a farmer by trade, naturally was interested in settling some place where he could follow his vocation, so he "looked up" some land in Upton, Utah, a sparsely settled town in Summit County which is located about five miles east of the present site of Coalville, Utah. They began immediately to build a place of shelter. Their little home in Upton was built of pine logs which Thomas and his sons cut and hauled from near by canyons. Oxen were used to drag the fallen trees from the mountains and to transport them to the home site. The logs were hewed flat on two sides so they would fit together, then they were put one on top of another and held together with wooden pegs or hand made nails. When the house was finished, it had two rooms and a lean-to. The roof was of dirt on top of willows then straw or weeds; the one window just a small opening with four tiny panes of glass, or no glass at all.

A fine rock fireplace was built. After searching over the mountains they found a huge piece of flat flagstone rock, which was placed in front of the fireplace for a hearth. Ann did all the cooking for her husband and sons in a large black iron kettle over the fireplace. The few pieces of furniture they had were all hand made. Bedsprings were fashioned from rough lumber and straw filled ticks were placed on the wooden bed slats. Cupboards were made by simply nailing boards across one corner of the room making shelves for dishes, then over all was hung a gathered curtain (if any material was available to make one). Thomas built two rocking chairs from twisted willows, a

large one for himself and a smaller one for his wife. Ann grew to love her little chair; she used it for many years. The grandchildren remember how in her later years she would sit and rock and hum a tune, never singing, just humming for hours at a time. The men fill a dug well near the house. It was operated by a windlass and an iron bucket on a rope, so they were able to have a good supply of water. The well was used also as a sort of refrigerator, the milk and butter which they brought from the cream she skimmed from the milk was put in the bucket and was kept part way down the well to keep it cool and sweet. The land which they occupied was surrounded by a wormwood fence, which is nothing more nor less than a wall of small logs laid upon each other in a zigzag pattern, which were held in place by more logs placed and fastened in an upright position.

Near this little home grew a grove of beautiful pine trees. In the fall of the year enough pine nuts and pine gum were gathered to last the year round.

Thomas kept a "muzzel loading" shot gun which he brought all the way across the plains. He also had a bullet mold and a powder horn in which he could mold lead to different sizes. When loading the gun, he would first drop some gun powder down the muzzle then some wadded paper, then the molded lead or bullet (the size depending on the planned use), and finally, more wadded paper. The gun, a family treasure, was kept and used over the years. How delighted were the grandsons when they were given the privilege of shooting the prized weapon.

In 1866, Mary Chalk Redding, the widowed mother of Ann, came to the United States. She sailed from Liverpool, England on August 25, of that year on the ship, "Minnesota". Upon reaching Utah, she went to live in Upton with her daughter Ann and her family. As she grew along in years, her eyesight became impaired and she finally was blind. Thomas was always kind and compassionate with the old lady, helping her in every way he could to make her last years happy ones. He took time to fasten lines of heavy string from place to place in the house and long pathways out doors by which she could guide herself where she wished to go unassisted. As grandchildren came and blessed the family, Mary was known as "Old Grandmother", since Ann was already grand mother. "Old Grandmother" Mary passed away at the Judd family home, April 29, 1878, at the age of 87 years.

In due time, Thomas and family purchased a farm in the settlement of Hoytsville, Utah and spent the remainder of their lives in the Hoytsville valley. The progressive little town of Hoytsville is located along the winding Weber river, sandwiched between two ranges of the Wasatch mountains. Homes and farms are dotted on either side of the river. The town, first was called Unionville and was settled by Mr. Thomas Bradbury and his family in 1859. In 1876, because there was another town of the same name in Utah, Unionville was renamed Hoytsville in honor of Samuel P. Hoyt, an early settler who contributed much to its development.

The Judds built their home in Hoytsville of cottonwood logs which they chopped from the Weber river bottoms. It was erected by Thomas and his sons on the east side of the river. It had two rooms and as did their first home, a lean-to. This little home boasted very little furniture except what they brought along with them, but Ann did have a small iron stove on which to cook their meals instead of using a fireplace. This home boasted a board floor which was kept well scrubbed with homemade lye soap. They managed to secure some farm land and took their living from the soil. They also kept cows and other farm animals.

Grandfather Thomas was a kindly, quiet mannered man, small in stature and medium heavy in build. As a young man his hair was dark as were his whiskers. Most pioneer men wore a beard and Thomas was no different except that his beard was a bit unusual. He kept his entire face clean shaven to just below the chin line, from there he allowed his beard to grow, and grow it did, dark and curly. It gave the appearance of a dark ruffing around his neck. He had a mild disposition, was always kind and patient with his children. His boys loved him dearly; the same was true of his grandsons, and they were never happier than when in the company of their grandfather whether it was doing farm work, going to the canyon for logs of firewood, or just sitting and listening to his stories.

Grandmother Ann Judd was a "fussy" little lady, always neat and tidy in appearance and in her home as well. She taught these worthy attributes to her children and grandchildren also. She wore her hair in a large roll around her head and tied it with a ribbon on top of her head. She was always very modest; never appearing from her bedroom in the morning until she was fully clothed, including a clean front apron, and her hair combed and tied with the accustomed ribbon.

The grandchildren well remember the little willow switch she kept over the doorway to convince the family that she was not welcome indoors. Other nostalgic memories are related by grandchildren. Jane Bowen (Pewkes) tells of how her grandmother carefully folded and smoothed the wrinkles out of her clothes as she dampened them for ironing. So very particular was she that they needed only a few touches from the sad irons. She also remembers that it was her special assignment to gather fresh mushrooms and pig weed greens after a rain storm, which she lovingly carried to her grandmother. These two foods were among her favorites. She says also that Grandmother Judd never lost her liking for chittlings as she prepared them so long before in England, and her family saw to it that she had a meal of this delicacy at butchering time. One other memory which is etched in Jane's mind was the way her grandmother would shake her finger at them and say, "Never, never scratch or pick at a sore". She had learned this lesson from a bitter experience. At one time she had a small sore on her finger which became infected, she unconsciously picked at a small skin irritation on her nose. This irritation immediately became infected also and could not be healed. From this infection developed a sore which grew and spread

until it finally covered the entire side of her face and became malignant, and which eventually contributed to the cause of her death.

The Judds were a united, closely knit family. Charles and Thomas made their homes in Hoytsville after their marriage. John remained unmarried and lived with his father and mother until his early death at the age of 23 on August 27, 1878, and was buried at Hoytsville cemetery. James married and moved to Upton, Utah, and George made his home in Henefer after his marriage. Thomas Frederick lived at Hoytsville. Upton and later moved to Mayrauth, Alberta, Canada. Those family members who moved from Hoytsville made it a practice to bring their families to the old home often to visit their grandparents. George would fill the wagon box with hay or straw, bundle the children in the box while he and his wife Jane rode on the seat, then they would go by team the 18 miles up the river to grandpa's house. Jane would have prepared food the day before to help satisfy hungry appetites. They would start early on a Saturday morning and it was sometimes late in the afternoon when they arrived, especially if they stopped to visit along the way. Grandmother Judd made beds on the floor (quilts were brought from home) and the families visited together until Sunday afternoon, when the children were reluctantly bundled into the wagon and the journey home began. This was the procedure of the other families as they brought their families home. It was always a great thrill to visit the old home at Hoytsville.

The entire Judd family was shocked and saddened on May 4, 1901 by the tragic death of their second son James. Thus was broken the tie so closely woven by all the Judd clan. He, James owned a ranch and some sheep at Upton. It was shearing time. There was not a loading platform at Coalville at that time, so it was necessary to haul the wool to the Echo Junction to be loaded on railroad cars for shipment. It was 15 miles from Upton to Echo, and was a long tiresome ride. James and his hired boy, Joseph Boyer, each drove a hayrack loaded with wool. When they were about one half mile from their destination, James fell asleep and rolled from atop the load of wool, falling to the ground. He was gently lifted to another wagon and taken to Henefer to the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hannah Richins. Medical aid was summoned but James' neck was broken and his injuries were very critical. He passed away within a short time leaving a wife and seven fatherless children. Charles, the third son, died May 8, 1898 at Hoytsville and was buried there, leaving a wife and eleven children. George Judd died at Henefer October 26, 1923, the father of nine children. Thomas F. Judd died in Mayrauth, Alberta, Canada, June 18, 1917, leaving a large family. His wife, Emma Clark Judd is still living at this date, August 13, 1960, the only living member of the family of Thomas Judd. She is 86 years of age.

On November 7, 1865, Thomas and Ann (Bedding) received their endowments and were sealed to each other in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. They made a special trip to Logan when the Temple was finished and had their children all sealed to them June 9, 1886. While there, they did other temple work for their family.

Thomas Judd died at Hoytsville, Utah, December 15, 1891 and was buried at the Hoytsville cemetery December 17, 1891 of by son John. His wife Ann Redding died Jan'y 13, 1899 and was buried by his wife.

Nearly a century has passed since those noble ancestors landed on the shores of a strange new land to begin a new life. Nearly a century since they suffered the hardships and trials of leaving homes and loved ones for the sake of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It took great manhood and womanhood to brave the hazards of the long trek across the plains with only a wagon drawn by a team of oxen, and a very few belongings. Their one consolation was their conviction that the gospel was true; and the fact that they were accompanied by their beloved children gave them courage to brave all the dangers and hardships which the long wearisome journey entailed.

Yes, nearly a century of growth and progress since the Judds saw these valleys in the mountains and decided to stop and make a home. Today their posterity numbers into the hundreds. Among them are many who filled missions for their church, many others who are actively engaged in church organizations as leaders and teachers. Many are active in civic organizations, many are blessed with great talents musically and others. There are many also who have honorably served their country in time of war and stress.

Could Thomas and Ann have possibly visioned in their wildest dreams the great scope of their posterity in one century? What hopes and dreams did Ann have in her heart as she hoked along in that covered wagon clutching baby Tommy to her breast, to make the going easier? Did the rhythm of the constantly turning wagon wheels and the sorefooted oxen sing a song of great blessings and better things to come?

The building of the state of Utah is a story of thousands of men and women who were embued with a burning faith in God, and were ambitious, courageous and eager to conquer new frontiers. The Judds willingly contributed their share to the building of this wonderful new land.

We, their descendants are proud and grateful to them for the good name they gave us and the wonderful heritage they left us. Let each one of show our gratitude to them, by living lives of honesty and integrity, and above all, let us be true to the teachings of the gospel plan for which they gave their all, that we might be born to live in this land chosen above all others, America.

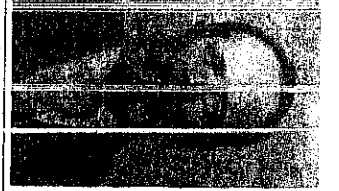
This history was compiled in 1960 by Ruth West Gregory and Maxine Richins Wright, great grand daughters of Thomas and Ann Judd. The information was gleaned from the Emigration Records in the Church Historical Office, J. H. of Ogden, Utah, 1962. Des. News Vol. 12, Lewis' Topographical Dictionary of England, was drawn from the memories of James Judd, Fannie Judd Richins and Jane Brown. Besides, all grandchildren who have a living memory of their grandparents.

The original history of Thomas and Ann Judd was compiled in 1960. This year, 1963, it was necessary to make a second printing. In this printing the mistakes which appeared in the original have been corrected.

It may be interesting to note that in August of 1962, exactly one hundred years since their entering Utah and the valley along the Weber river in October 1862, the posterity of Thomas and Ann numbers more than 1510.

George Judd and Jane Paskett	442
James Judd and Mary Jane Harrop	468
Charles and Lois Gunn	369
Thomas Freirick and Emma Clark	231
Total in 1963	1510

HUSBAND GEORGE JUDD
 Birth 19 Nov. 1843
 Place South Stoneham Hamps. England
 Married 6 Dec. 1869
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Death 24 Oct. 1923
 Buried 28 Oct. 1928
 Father Thomas Judd
 Mother Ann Redding
 Other His (if any)



WIFE JANE BELBIN PASKETT
 Birth 17 Nov. 1844
 Place Dymock, Glouc. England
 Chr
 Death 16 Feb. 1940
 Buried 20 Feb. 1940
 Father James Pope Paskett
 Mother Charlotte Buckingham
 Other His (if any)
 Where was information obtained?
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



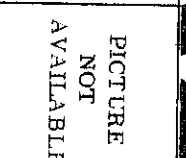
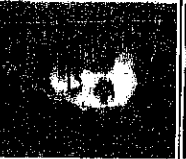
1st Child EMILY AGNES JUDD
 Birth 24 Oct. 1870
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Felix Pico Toome
 Married 16 Sept. 1889
 Place Croydon, Morgan, Uta.



5th Child FANNIE JUDD
 Birth 5 May 1880
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Parley T. Richards
 Married 29 June 1904
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, S.L.T.



2nd Child ADA JUDD
 Birth 22 Apr. 1872
 Place Uptown, Summit, Utah
 Married to George Fredrick Wilde
 Married 28 Aug. 1895
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, S.L.T.



7th Child JANE BELBIN JUDD
 Birth 12 May 1882
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to William Edson Victor C. Anderson
 Married 26 Sept. 1912 26 Oct. 1945
 Place



3rd Child GEORGE THOMAS JUDD
 Birth 30 Apr. 1874
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Margaret J. Lewis
 Married 22 Sept. 1897
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, S.L.T.



8th Child HANNAH LILLIAN JUDD
 Birth 16 Mar. 1887
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Frank LeRoy West
 Married 8 Oct. 1908
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, S.L.T.



4th Child FRANCES ANNIE JUDD
 Birth 26 Mar. 1876
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Edward D. Harris
 Married
 Place



9th Child HERSCHEL PASKETT JUDD
 Birth 10 Mar. 1890
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Myrtle Stephens
 Married 2 Oct. 1912
 Place



5th Child CHARLOTTE REDDING JUDD
 Birth 30 Mar. 1878
 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah
 Married to Thomas Allen Jones
 Married 23 Sept. 1898
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, S.L.T.

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 hinder motion 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 in 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 protectively 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 rickety built handcars, 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 continued 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 loyal of a home and country comparable to any people in the history of earth. George and Jane Paskett and 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 uncharted 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, Hamletville 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

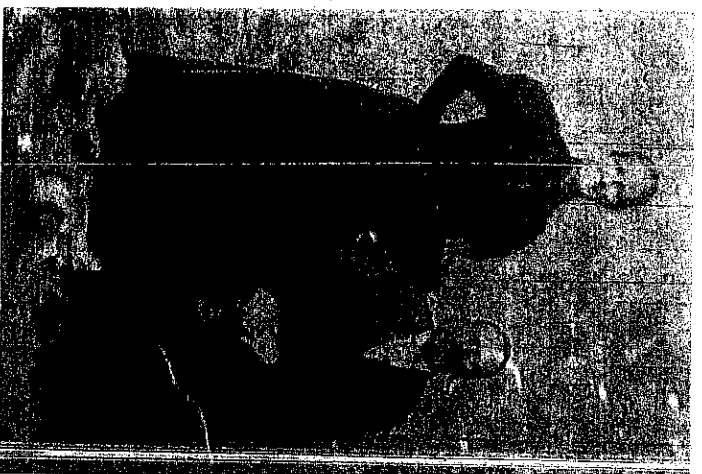
Both George and Jane were of English ancestry. They were born when Great Britain which up to that time had been an agricultural country, was experiencing the changes brought about by an industrial revolution. The invention of many new mechanical machines led to a great advance in the manufacturing industry, 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 only 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 an exception to the rule. There was no such thing as a child labor law; six 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 skimmed 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. George's 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 655 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 battlements. 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 homestead 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 in September, 1867, as a company of cavalry under Captain Jared C. Bowditch. His duty was that of scout 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 tripping 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 maintainable during the severe 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 Hamferville for a Mr. Charles Richins when he met and became friends with John Curtis Paskeff, 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 Bucking'ham. Her father, the son of Phillip Paskett and Fanny Pope, was born 12 April, 1817, at Chippenden, 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 Chaveng 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 mobbers 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 bolting shoes resounding on the cobblestone street. James then made the statement, "I have seen the scripture fulfilled where it says, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.' They were not molested any more. For a time the meetings were held in the Paskett home on Chaveng 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 "Mittie," 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 1861 and was married to Charles H. R. Stevens and living in a little town in Utah called Heneferville.

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 cardwinder. (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 Henefer was one of the teamsters as was William Orard. Both of these men had emigrated earlier and were making homes in Heneferville. 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 Platte 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 Henefer 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 Dufford 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 Dufford family. The company emerged from the majestic Echo Canyon and stopped in the little settlement of Heneferville 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 Bearlough 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 Hemenferville 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 bearded 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 fireplace. 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 Hemenferville.

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 along 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 hand 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 Benefer 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 Hemenferville 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 1888 George acquired some land for farming. It was located about two and one-half miles north of the settlement of Hemenferville 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 Hemenferville, George purchased Lots No. 1 and 2 of Block 11 in the Hemenferville 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 members 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, faggots, sausages, 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 in December, 1944, the mother of thirteen children.

When James Paskett and his wife Charlotte reached Utah, they settled in Heneferville and lived right next door to their daughter Jane. The other members of the family also lived for six years in Heneferville. Then in October of 1877 Phillip Andrew and his wife Emma, William Paskett and his wife Sarah Henefer, 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. Meacham 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 Bellin Paskett Judd, Bishop John Curtis Paskett, Phillip Andrew Paskett, William Pope Paskett, Sarah Patience Paskett Bettridge 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 Willford 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 patriarchs 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 Heneferville* 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 1894. 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 1908's.

Another custom of Relief Society in those days was gathering or gleaming 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 bars or 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.

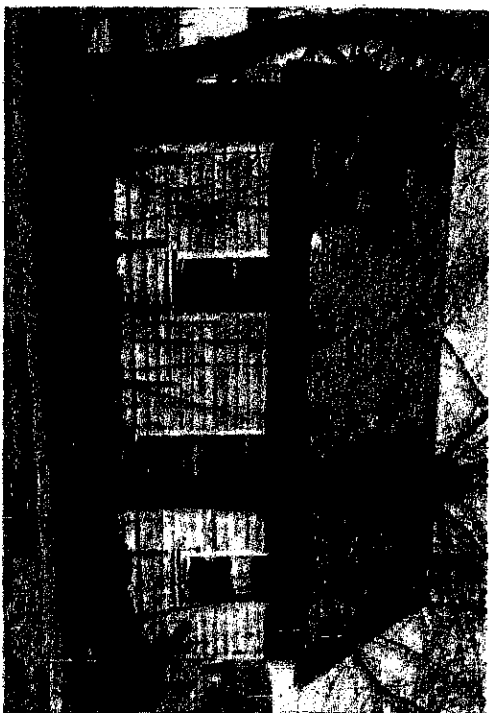
George worked his farm with the help of the children. He was able to get a living from it, but it did not produce enough to supply all the wants and needs of the family.

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

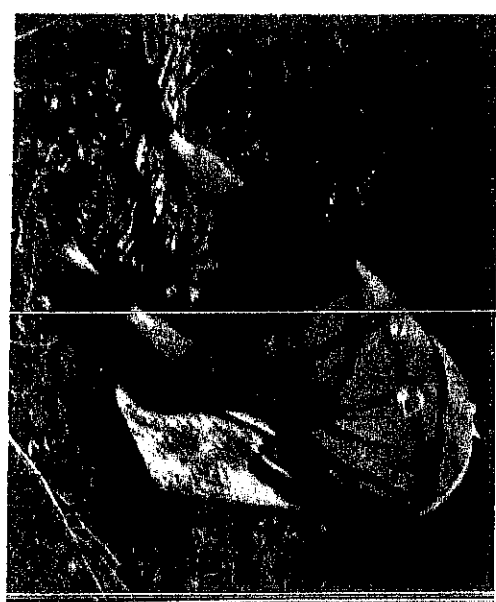
a glass bulb. The old pump was removed and the well filled up, for now they had the spring water piped into their yard and a hydrant installed. George received much pleasure and satisfaction from the nice cold water at arm's reach. He lived only a few years to enjoy these new luxuries. George and Jane 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.

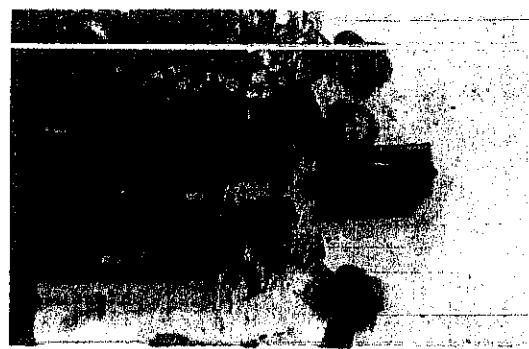
After fifty-four years of marriage, a house filled with loving children and grandchildren, Jane was completely alone for the first time. The task wasn't an easy one, but she squared her little shoulders and proceeded to live a content and useful life. She kept her little home clean and inviting to all 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 "Aunt 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, Jamie J. Richards (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 badly 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 Nineties



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, till 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 worldly wealth; their bequests were far more precious and valuable. Our legacies as faithful 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 Toome - 8 children: Ellen Emily, Myrtle Belbin, Felix Millard, Ruby Almira, Eldred George, James Thomas, Alma Judd and Clair - 34 grandchildren; 60 great grandchildren; 28 great great grandchildren.
2. Ada Judd and George Frederick Wilde - 3 children: Louise 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 Jemette Lewis - 6 children: Mary Margarette, 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 Orena - 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, Malle Charlotte, Robert Garnet, Fern Annie, George Grant, Leah, and Thomas Howard - 34 grandchildren; 34 great grandchildren.
6. Fannie Judd and Parley Thomas Richards - 4 children: Lyle Parley, Maxine Belle, La Rue Esther and Orena 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, Belb, Douglas Stephens - 14 grandchildren; 19 great grandchildren.

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

"I REMEMBER"

When contemplating the completion 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 noticed 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 memories 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 Bendler. 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, bringing 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 Hanover. 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 barked 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 washed between the fingers. The man then 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 Hefner. 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, "Yes, 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 Aunt 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 Miller, 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 given 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 its 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 -

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 every 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 they 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 silver 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 Helper."

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 help 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 christ mas 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 scurried out and frightened me. Mother and Pap had an old granary 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 bushes 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 hot kells 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) just 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 as 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 Cryden to have his horses shod. One time he traded one of his horses for a frisky white one call Chug. The mule to Chub was old Bass. 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, him, 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 just 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 just 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 Just. 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 grand-daughter.

I remember Pap, as we called grandfather Judd, when I would come and visit. He had whiskers and seemed very old to me, just a little girl. He seemed to want to talk to us and learn what we did at home. I remember that just before he died he called all of us grandchildren to his bedside and blessed us. I remember how his curly beard tickled my face and I also remember seeing him in his casket. I was only 6 or 7, too young to understand very much about death.

I learned to know and love Mother Judd, after our own mother died and we children were staying with Aunt Fan and their family. Later when we would come for a visit, long or short, she always took me by the hand and showed me my mother's picture and say, "Do you know who that is?" Mother's big picture was hanging on the North wall of her bedroom, and there was Aunt Annie's picture there also. She showed us Ruby's little dish cupboard, which fascinated us when we were young. I was always fascinated too with the big wall folding bed that was in her kitchen. We watched, eyes agog with eager expectation, while she pulled it down and it became a comfortable bed for us. She always wanted us to stay and eat with her. Sometimes we did, and even when she became older she still prepared the nicest meals. I remember how interested she was when my father married Aunt Martha, because she knew we needed a mother to take care of us. One day after I was married, I brought my new Mother-in-law to visit with her. Grandmother talked and visited, then she gave us each a nice handkerchief to keep. Mother Gregory still has her handily, so do I and we talk about that visit often.

Of course we always remember her crippled hands but she was given a blessing and a promise which has been fulfilled. I'll always feel the testimony that it brings and the example she set to help bring about the promise. We loved her.

Ruth West Gregory, Grand-daughter.

My memories of Pap and Mother Judd are much the same as those of the other grand-children. This is a natural thing because these outstanding stories and incidents are etched so deeply in our minds that they have become a part of our lives. To tell these stories would only be repetitions, so I will try to include a few things that I remember, which have not been mentioned.

My memories of Mother and Pap are nostalgic, loving, living ones. I have but to close my eyes and I see, in retrospect, the little two-room house they were so proud of. It was a luxurious abode compared with log rooms they first lived in. I see the granary where the grain was stored and the log stable where the cows

were milked; the long haystack, the tall crossed-bay poles and the steel cable stretched between them on which the Jackson fork was pulled back and forth to distribute the hay in the proper places. I see myself as a girl waiting while Pap harnesses Old Jim, hitches him to the buggy, and we are off on one adventure or another. One of these little journeys took us to Devil's Slide, for what reason I do not know, but I do remember that the Weber River was a raging angry stream, and had overflowed its banks in several places. When we reached the river bridge the water was so high that the floor of the bridge was completely submerged. I was terrified and didn't want to cross, but not Pap, he just touched Old Jim with the whip, and he trotted right along through the water, splashing us with water every step he took. Again I see Pap sitting on a stool next to the water hydrant, a cupful of cool clear water in his hand. How he loved that spring water and the convenience of having it so close at hand. I see him lift the cup to his lips and drink it, the water spills over and trickles down his gray curly beard. Then with the back of his wrinkled hand or the sleeve of his shirt he wipes the water from his mouth and whiskers. I see him again at house-cleaning time. Oh, how he hated it! There was just no place for him to be, in all the confusion of caldroning walls, cleaning and moving of furniture etc. He would tell Mother it was all nonsense, "Besides", he would say, "You can't tell where you've been when you are finished." Mother threatened to leave one dirty spot on the wall just so Pap could see how it looked "before and after".

I see Pap as he sits in the center of a group of young fellows, and he is relating his experiences as he traveled, by oxteam, across the plains, bringing emigrants or freight. Among others, he tells, without mother knowing, (she would never allowed such a story to be told, so modest is she) how at evening campsite Pap saw one of his companions use a five dollar bill for that "bathroom tissue," so very early in the morning he quietly retrieved the money. Five dollars was a great amount of money in those early days.

I see them both on Saturday night. Mother is "armed" with soap, water, brush and scissors. She is giving Pap's head, neck and ears a weekly bathing, using a little brush in the deep wrinkles of his neck. Then she takes the scissors and gives his hair and whiskers a trimming. When she is satisfied that he looks just right she turns her attention to polishing his shoes with some soap from the under side of the stove lid, then gives them a final polish with her black stove brush, and Pap is ready for Sunday morning Preshood meeting.

I see Mother as she busies herself around her house, the woven rag carpet, handmade by Matilda Francis, covering the bedroom floor, the wardrobe with its faint fragrance of perfume, the bed with the high foot and higher head board. I see the quaint little high chair which was used for most of her babies. I see the old washstand with the oil-painted splasher, and the cupboard which reached nearly

to the ceiling. It had glass doors at the top where her pretty dishes peeked through, and shelves at the bottom for setting pans of milk while the cream raised. Then I see her churning that cream into sweet yellow butter. I see her again as she takes a day to clean her folding-bed. She has a long chicken feather and a can full of some foul smelling liquid. She dips the feather in the "bug-be-gone" then forces it down into every crease and crevice in the old wooden bed. Any wise bed-bug would never get within smelling distance of Mother's folding bed. I see her, too as she cleans the soot and ashes out of her stove. It was a task she disliked because it meant some of the ashes and dust would get around in the house. She used a little stove "rake" about 3 inches long and 2 inches wide, attached to a long wire handle. She inserts the rake into the small opening near the bottom of the stove and the soot is slowly but surely drawn out a little at a time.

I see her as she stoops over, without bending her knees, and reaches into the little cellar under the pantry floor for some potatoes or a bottle of root beer. I see the crock filled with "lazy" pickles on the pantry shelf. I see the gooseberry and red currant pies, the suet puddings and apple dumplings, tied in cloths and dropped into the iron kettle, and boiled for hours on top of the stove. I see her as she sits in the gathering twilight, reading the book of the life of Queen Victoria, her most treasured volume. Even though she pledged her allegiance to a new country, she never relinquished her love for her sovereign queen, Victoria, O. England.

I see her now in her checkered dress and calico apron. She was never completely dressed without a front apron. For every-day it was long and of dark colored material but for Sunday it was white and often lavishly trimmed with lace or embroidery. Mother's apron had a multiple number of uses. It could be converted into a shawl for the baby, or a sunbonnet to protect the face from the sun, or a handkerchief to wipe the running nose of a youngster. It could become a receptacle for gathering chips to make a fire, or to carry a mess of green peas, or a head of lettuce, or a half dozen fluffy baby chicks while the mother hen is busy getting the other half dozen, or it may be a litter of baby kittens, their eyes not yet opened, or a number of other things.

As I think about Mother and her personal character traits, there are several words which just pop into my mind and seem to be synonymous with her. These words are: gentle, refined, well-born, modest, uncompromising, faithful, loving, and mild mannered, but firm in decisions where right or wrong was in question.

It was my privilege and blessing to be near my grandmother Judi from the time I can first remember until her death, after I was married and had children of my own. To me she was a wonderful person, one who influenced my life for good living and still does. If she had faults, and she must have, I was not aware

of them. I think her very worst "swear" words were "O, law", or "Oh, my (Heck)",

The story, so impressively remembered by all of the grand-children, of the promise given her by President Daniel H. Wells, that her crippled hands would never be a burden of hindrance to her was literally fulfilled. As to the last part of the blessing, wherein he promised that her hands would be made perfect on the morning of the resurrection, we cannot yet know, but if I can live worthy to be granted the wish of my heart, it will be that I might stand at the side of Mother Judi, on that glorious resurrection day and behold with her, two hands with ten fingers as perfect as yours and mine. So strong is my faith in that blessing.

Maxine Richius Wright, Grand-daughter.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSINGS

A blessing given by Willet S. Harder, Patriarch, upon the head of George Judd, son of Thomas and Ann Hedding Judd, born in England November 19, 1843. Blessing given at Kamas, Utah May 4, 1902.

Brother George Judd, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus Christ, our elder brother, who has placed us here on earth to pass through an ordeal, to be tried, tormented and buffeted by the adversary of our souls. Watch and pray that he may not lead you, and whenever he is near command him to get behind you and let him know you are not in cooperation with him.

I lay my hands upon your head to give you a patriarchal blessing. You are of the House of Israel and you have come through Jacob and his son Joseph who was sold into Egypt, the same that was blessed of his father and promised that a multitude of nations should come of him. That they should be as numerous as the stars of heaven or as the sand on the sea shore. These blessings belong to Israel. Seek diligently to serve the Lord. Be humble and magnify the priesthood conferred upon you. Do as you are told by those in authority, the Bishopric and Presidency of the Stake. If you do this you shall live long and have joy in your heart and be able to say "God bless you," to all your enemies, for you will have enemies yet. Keep the faith and stand by the Kingdom of God. The enemy is on the alert around you, but seek the Lord that you may overcome.

I bless you with life and health. You shall be numbered with the fathers in Israel. Set the example for your offspring, that they may follow in your footsteps and emulate your example. May the Lord bless you that you may be a good parent to them.

I seal all these blessings on condition of your faithfulness. You shall come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and receive your inheritance on the earth, and eternal life. Be of good cheer, the Lord will bless you and comfort your heart and strengthen you. Magnify the Priesthood and all these things will come to pass, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Willet Shave Harder, Patriarch.

*The above blessing of George Judd is recorded in Book A, page 61.

A blessing given by Joseph A. A. Bunot, Patriarch, upon the head of Jane Belbin Paschett Judd, daughter of James and Charlotte Brothgump, Judd about February 1912.

Sister Judd: By virtue of the Holy Priesthood vested in me and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head and bless you. You are of the lineage of Ephraim through the loins of Joseph of old. You are heirness to all privileges and blessings belonging to the new and everlasting covenant.

Sister Judd, the Lord has watched over you and preserved your life, and blessed you with sons and daughters that are instruments in the church and in the Kingdom of God, and I tell you, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, that the stray sheep will come back to the fold. And the Lord will bless you in your old age with all the blessings that will make your heart glad. I bless you with health so that you may enjoy your last days with comforts of life and society and love of your children.

Sister Judd, God will accept of your sacrifice and he will accept of your prayers. Your election is sure by keeping your heart with the Lord, and when you are ready to depart you will have done your duty and served the Lord with all your heart, might, and mind, and that which is expected of you.

I seal this blessing on your head in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I seal you up to come forth on the morning of the first resurrection, with your companion, even so, Amen.

Joseph Aime August Bunot, Patriarch.

In testimony whereof, the Seal of the said Court is hereunto affixed, this 20th day of September in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and seventy eighth, and in the year of our Independence the One Hundred and First.

W. S. Hill
Clark.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I hereunto
set my hand and affix the Seal of said Court
at my office at *Provo* *Bldg* this
12th day of *Aug* *1886* A. D.
John W. Cowan CLERK.

DECLARATION OF INTENTION



Territory of Utah

United States of America

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 20 day of September, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-th *1877*, *George Judd*, in the Kingdom of Great Britain as President of *the Court*, in the County of *Utah*, appeared in the County aforesaid, appeared in the Third Judicial District Court of the United States, in and for Utah Territory, and applied: the said Court to be admitted to become a Citizen of the United States of America, pursuant to the directions and requirements of the several Acts of Congress in relation thereto. And the said *George Judd*, having thereupon produced to the Court such evidence, made such declaration and communication, and taken such oath as are by the said Acts required: thereupon it was ordered by the said Court, that the said *George Judd* be admitted, and he was accordingly admitted by the said Court to be a Citizen of the United States of America.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the Seal of the said Court is hereunto affixed, this *20th* day of *September*, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-th *1877*, and in the year of our Independence the One Hundred and First.

George Judd
Clerk.

DECLARATION OF INTENTION, TO BECOME A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

I, *George Judd*, Do Declare on Oath that it is bona fide my intention to become a Citizen of the United States of America, and to renounce and abjure forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state and sovereignty, whatever, and particularly to *the Queen, & King of Great Britain & Ireland*, of whom I am a subject.

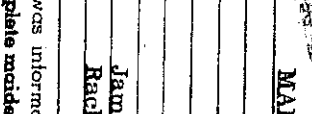
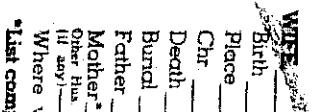
SWORN BEFORE ME, at my office as *Judge* this *20th* day of *September*, A. D., 18*77*.
John McQuinn Clerk of the District Court for the Territory of Utah, do certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original Declaration of intention of *George Judd*, to become a citizen of the United States remaining on record in my office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I hereunto set my hand and affix the Seal of said Court at my office at *Provo Utah* this *20th* day of *September*, A. D. 18*77*.
John McQuinn CLERK.

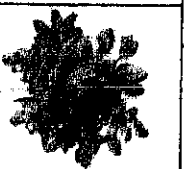
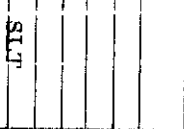
HUSBAND JAMES JUDD
 Birth 10 August 1845
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps. England
 Chr
 Married 4 November 1866
 Place Coalville, Summit, Utah
 Death 4 May 1901
 Buried 6 May 1901
 Father Thomas Judd
 Mother Ann Reading or Redding
 Other Wives
 (if any)



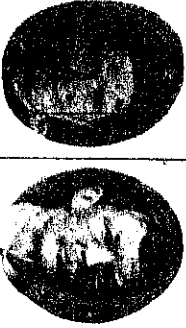
WIFE MARY JANE HARBOP
 Birth 2 April 1849
 Place Eccles, Lancaster, England
 Chr
 Death 9 April 1908
 Buried 12 April 1908
 Father James Harbop
 Mother Rachel Kibner
 Other Husb
 (if any)
 Where was information obtained? Census record 1851 p. 5, J. E. J.
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



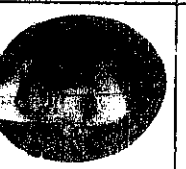
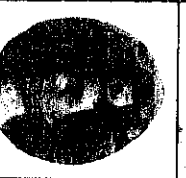
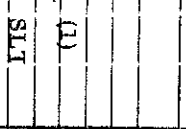
1st Child SELENA ANN JUDD
 Birth 3 April 1868
 Place Hoytsville, Summit, Utah
 Married to (1) JOHN JENKINS BOWEN
 Married 17 November 1886
 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
(2) THOMAS HENRY RISTON
 SLT



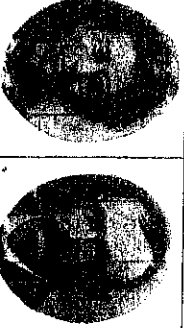
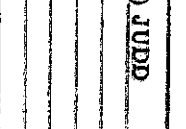
6th Child WILLIAM ALBERT JUDD
 Birth 21 August 1880
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to Child
 Married Child
 Place



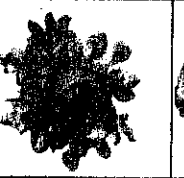
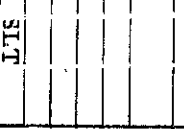
2nd Child MARY HANNAH JUDD
 Birth 16 January 1871
 Place Hoytsville, Summit, Utah
 Married to THOMAS HENRY RISTON
 Married 6 July 1893
 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
 SLT



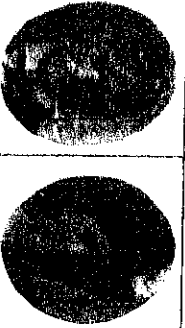
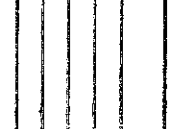
7th Child CATHERINE ELIZA (KATE) JUDD
 Birth 25 October 1883
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to (1) FRANKLIN HILL
 Married 22 May 1907
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
(2) WALTER BAKER



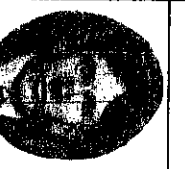
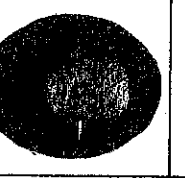
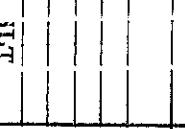
3rd Child MARTHA JUDD
 Birth 8 October 1873
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to EDWARD STALEY
 Married 23 October 1895
 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
 SLT



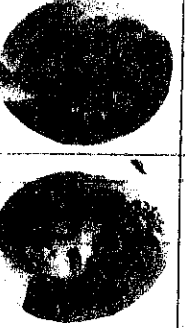
8th Child RACHEL HARBOP JUDD
 Birth 21 March 1888
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to Child
 Married Child
 Place



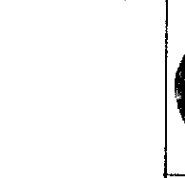
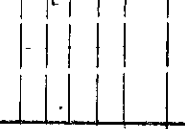
4th Child JAMES HENRY JUDD
 Birth 4 February 1876
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to LOUETTA BAILEY
 Married 3 October 1906
 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
 SLT



9th Child DRUCILLA PEARL JUDD
 Birth 17 March 1889
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to HYRUM ALEXANDER KIDD
 Married 7 October 1909
 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
 SLT



5th Child GEORGE PHILIP JUDD
 Birth 10 May 1878
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to MARY GERTRUDE RANDALL
 Married 5 November 1902
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah



9th Child DRUCILLA PEARL JUDD
 Birth 17 March 1889
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to HYRUM ALEXANDER KIDD
 Married 7 October 1909
 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
 SLT



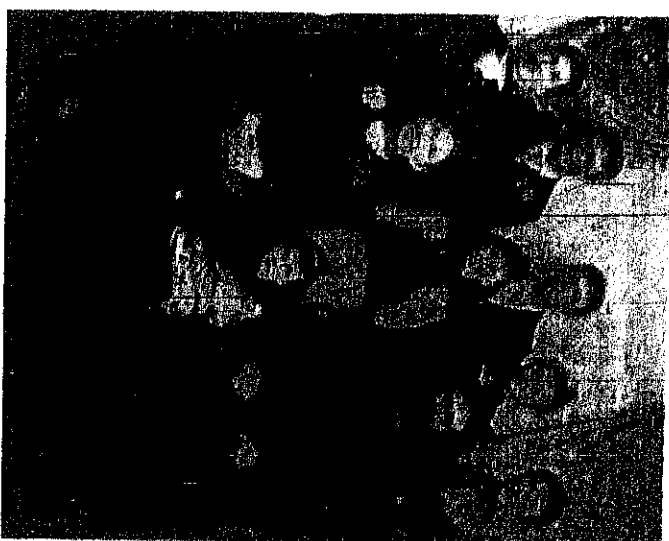
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be very firm whenever a decision between right and wrong had to be made. Mary Jane Harrop Judd was a very beautiful young woman. Her face was oval in shape with high forehead, full lips over a rounded chin, large brown eyes, and a skin as white as a lily. Her hair was black and very thick. She was very slight in stature, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighing only 120 pounds, yes 120 pounds of love, patience, perseverance and "spirit." She was only 17 years old when she was married.

After their marriage James and Mary Jane made their home in Hoytsville, Utah. They lived in a little log house about 20 x 20 feet square. It was made of round logs and had a roof of wooden slabs layed bark side up, which were covered with dirt. It was in this house that their first child was born. She was a little girl, born 3 April 1868. Mrs. Sarah Richards, second wife of Franklin D. Richards, attended Mary Jane as midwife. This little girl was given the name of Selena Ann. The Ann was for her paternal grandmother Ann Redding. James and Mary Jane went to the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, where they were sealed and endowed, 29 June 1869. Since there was no sealing of children to parents in the Endowment House, their daughter Selena Ann was not sealed to them until the day of her marriage, 17 November 1886. This work was done in the Logan Temple, under the hand of Apostle Marriner Wood Merrill, president of the temple. It was under his hand also that the sealings of other members of the Thomas Judd family were done. This temple work was done 8 June 1886. On 16 January 1871, another daughter was born to them. She was named Mary Hannah, Mary for her mother, Hannah for her mother's sister. Mrs. Richards attended Mary Jane at this time also.

By this time James had added another room to the log house. When Mary Hannah was two and a half years old, James acquired a ranch in Upton, Utah and moved his family there. They first lived with the family of Johnathan Harris. They all lived in a sort of basement like dugout with dirt over head, dirt walls and floor. There were steps cut into the earth to get down to the rooms. The Harris' had three children, the Judd's had two so it made nine people all crowded into the little dugout. Then on 8 October 1873, another baby girl, Martha, was born and they numbered ten. The next summer James with the help of his father Thomas, built two log rooms in front of the dugout. These rooms had two very small windows, two small panes of glass to each window. The bedroom was up just one step higher than the kitchen. Did I say kitchen? Yes, it was that as well as dining room, pantry, bathroom, and, as the family increased, bedroom. James built a fireplace over which Mary Jane prepared the food for her growing family. The



The dugout home of James & Mary Jane Judd was located directly behind this cabin. Seven of the nine children were born here.



The family of James and Mary Judd back left to right, Selena Ann, James Harrop, George Phillips, Mary Jane, Catharine Eliza, second, Mary Jane (mother), Drucilla Pearl, and James Judd (father).

hearth was a huge, flat rock. All the furniture they had was homemade. Shelves for cupboards; chairs, tables, and benches made from rough sawed lumber, and crude bedsteads with straw filled ticks for mattresses.

James was a versatile man. He seemed to be a "Jack-of-all-trades" able to fill any need as one arose. The following is a direct quote from the four memories of Drucilla Pearl, the baby girl of the family. "We had the granges; parents one could ever hope for. I knew more about my father than any one, for I never remember being away from his side. I remember helping him in many ways even if I was only 12 years old. He made the lights for our house. He used what was called a 'bitch'. A large dish was filled with melted grease, any kind available, then a large button was tied in a piece of rag, and the button and rag were put in the grease. It was then lit by a sulphur match. It smoked some but gave a light for a long time. Soon father was able to get a candle mold. It was made of tin and would hold eight or twelve candles at one time. Beef or mutton fat made the best

HUSBAND CHARLES JUDD
 Birth 17 Mar. 1847
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps., England
 Car _____
 Married 4 Oct. 1869
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Death 9 Mar. 1895
 Burial 12 Mar. 1895
 Father Thomas Judd
 Mother* Ann Redding
 Other (if any) _____
 J. 259



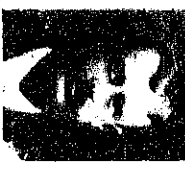
WIFE LOIS GUNN
 Birth 24 Feb. 1853
 Place Bromley, Essex, England
 Car _____
 Death 13 Jan. 1926
 Burial 17 Jan. 1926
 Father William Gunn
 Mother* Emma Baker
 Other (if any) _____
 Where was information obtained? Family Records
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



1st Child FANNIE ELIZABETH JUDD
 Birth 7 Aug. 1870
 Place Kanosh, Iron, Utah
 Married to Lucien Crittenden
 Married 21 Nov. 1888
 Place Logan, Cache, Utah LT



6th Child HETTIE MAY JUDD
 Birth 24 Aug. 1880
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to Ephraim Bates
 Married 10 Sept. 1902
 Place Wanship, Summit, Utah



2nd Child OLIVE EMMA JUDD*
 Birth 19 Mar. 1872
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to James A. James
 Married 16 Feb. 1898
 Place Wanship, Summit, Utah



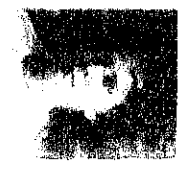
7th Child GEORGE HENRY JUDD
 Birth 17 Oct. 1882
 Place Haytsville, Summit, Utah
 Married to Rose Sargent
 Married 26 Oct. 1905
 Place Coalville, Utah



3rd Child CHARLES GILBERT JUDD
 Birth 17 Apr. 1874
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to Ida Malin
 Married 27 Apr. 1898
 Place Haytsville, Summit, Utah



8th Child FRANK MELVIN JUDD
 Birth 23 May 1884
 Place Haytsville, Summit, Utah
 Married to Edna Vernon
 Married 3 Nov. 1909
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah SLT



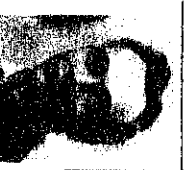
4th Child THOMAS WILLIAM JUDD
 Birth 23 Jan 1876
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to Katherine Marchant
 Married 25 June 1919
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah SLT






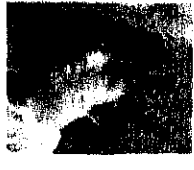


9th Child CORA MELISSA JUDD
 Birth 19 May 1886
 Place Haytsville, Summit, Utah
 Married to Alma Gibbons
 Married 14 June 1905
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah SLT



5th Child LOIS PRISCILLA JUDD
 Birth 3 Sept. 1878
 Place Upton, Summit, Utah
 Married to Frank D. Hixon
 Married 3 Apr. 1901
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah SLT



10th Child DAVID EDWARD JUDD
 Birth 30 Mar. 1888
 Place Haytsville, Summit, Utah
 Married to Hazel Stoddard
 Married 22 Feb. 1915
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah SLT

		11th Child Birth 3 Mar. 1890 Place Hoytsville, Summit, Utah Married to Albert Gibbons Married 8 June 1910 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah SLT
		12th Child Birth 17 July 1892 Place Wanship, Summit, Utah Married to Inez Hoglund Married (Not Available) Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
		*(2) Second Marriage OLIVE EMMA JUDD Birth 19 Mar. 1872 Place Upton, Summit, Utah Married to William Henry Moore Married Place
PICTURE NOT AVAILABLE	PICTURE NOT AVAILABLE	*(12) Second Marriage MILLARD RAY JUDD Birth 17 July 1892 Place Wanship, Summit, Utah Married to Betty Judd Married (Not Available) Place

their wives to live in Upton, where they first lived after coming to Utah. George and Jane Judd also lived there for a time, then moved back to Henefer, Utah.

Charles was a man short in stature, had sandy colored hair and deep blue eyes. He wore a mustache and chin beard through his adult life. He was clean and neat in his dress, always desired to look nice and saw that his wife and children were neatly clothed and groomed also. Charles was of a mild pleasant disposition, hard to anger and quick to forget and forgive offenses. He loved his children dearly and was always kind and patient with them. This admirable characteristic was an inherited one from his father Thomas. The Judd boys all loved their father dearly and like most of all to be where their father was, working or playing. This was true of all the sons, and the grand children, too, as they came along, grew to love their grand parents dearly. The Judd family was a closely knit clan. Every few weeks the entire Judd family, "kit and ka boodle", kit and kin, found their way to Grandmother and Grandfather Judd's in Hoytsville, where beds were made on the floor, food was prepared and disappeared, and while the grown folks visited, the Judd cousins learned to know and love each other. Charles and his wife were affectionately known as Uncle Charley and Aunt Loie - then there were Uncle George and Aunt Jane, and Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary Jane. Thomas Frederick and Aunt Emma had moved away to Canada. The nostalgic memories of these family fatherings are plainly etched in minds of the living Judd cousins today and are told over and over again to their grand children.

Eager to own property and work for himself, Charles bought a home in Hoytsville in Cottonwood Canyon. It was located just about where the late Mr. Ed Gann's home now stands and was a small log house with two rooms. He also obtained some farm land. They were extremely happy to be here because their dreams of owning property had come true. This brought a feeling of security and independence which they had not known before. Best of all perhaps, was the experience of having close neighbors and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Redden and family lived across the street, about where the Frank Pace home is. They were very kind to the Judd's who were in poor financial circumstances after leaving Upton and buying a farm. Mr. Redden always raised a good garden and was most liberal in sharing it with the Judd family. This kindness still lingers in the minds of those who are now living.

To the south where the Juluson home stands lived Thomas and Mary Judd Rishon. She was a cousin to Charles.

To the north was a sweet little old Scotch lady, Sister Draper, whom they

all loved dearly. She was kind and sweet to the children always.

The family of Patriarch Hyrum Smith's father lived a distance to the north. The two families often visited in each other's homes.



Family Group of Charles and Lois Gunn Judd, with 10 of their 12 children.

While living here the following children were added to their lovely family: George Henry 17 October 1882, Frank Melvin 23 May 1884, Cora Melissa 19 May 1886, David Edward 30 March 1888, and Violet Kate 3 March 1890. Also while living here a great sorrow came to sadden the hearts of this family. Fannie Elizabeth who had married Lucien Crittenden 21 November 1888 passed away 24 October 1889, after a short illness following the birth of her son, Millard Lucien. He was about three weeks old at the time of her death.

While living in Cottonwood Canyon Charles purchased some sheep. He fixed up a sheep camp and took Gilbert, who was just a lad, up on the mountain with the sheep. He had a horse, a dog, and an old gun to help with the herding. On the third night the dog howled and ran back and forth, the sheep ran wild. Gilbert looked out to see what was causing all the commotion. Two white objects were standing a few yards from the door. He stepped back and got the gun but when he looked out

When most of her family were either married or gone away to work Lois sold her beloved farm to her son Frank. She bought the Anderson home in Wanship where she lived the remaining years of her life. After her death Bert Moore purchased the farm from Frank. His family still owns it today. (1962)

As David Edward reminisced about the past these are some of the thoughts he gave - "I remember very little about Father, being a small boy when he passed on. Mother was loved and respected by all who knew her. Though her load was heavy she met the trials and tribulations of life with a smile. Never complaining, she was very careful not to burden others with her troubles.

Mother was very methodical, a real manager and leader of the family. Not a bit of food or clothing was wasted. She directed the house work as well as assisting with some out door work. In summer time she loved to feed the chickens and help milk the cows. When she went into the yard the chickens followed her until they were fed. At milking time the cows would come close to the gate and wait for her to come to the corral. There they stood watching her with appealing eyes as if inviting her to milk them.



Home on the farm in Wanship,
Lois Judd feeding her chickens.

Each autumn at threshing time our bed ticks were filled with fresh clean oat straw. We kids all thought it was a great treat to have our ticks puffed up high with their new filling.

Every evening before bed time Mother would call us together for family prayer, where we thanked our Heavenly Father for our blessings and the preservation of our lives. We were expected to each take our turn in leading in prayer. She was very faithful in training us children to love our Maker.

I recall how she used to do her washing on the wash board, back of the house. Near by was an irrigation canal. From the canal she carried the water into

the house and heated it on the kitchen stove. She then would carry it out and empty it into the tubs. Many times I have listened to her sing her favorite songs while washing. It was very hard for her to keep back the tears as she sang. (The song she loved best of all was "Fallen Leaf." (end of quote.)

"Fallen Leaf"

Far beyond that rolling prairie,
Where a noble forest lies,
Dwelt the fairest Indian maiden.
Ever seen by mortal eyes.
She whose eyes were like the sunbeams,
Daughter of a warrior chief.
Came to cheer their home in autumn
And they called her "Fallen Leaf".

Chorus--

"Fallen Leaf" the breezes whispered,
Of thy spirit's early flight,
For within that lonely wigwam
There's a wail of woe tonight.

At the death of a noble warrior
On one dreary winter's day,
Came a stranger, worn and weary
On his long and lonely way.
Days passed by and still he lingered
"Gentle Fallen Leaf!" he cried
With a smile of love she promised
Soon to be his darling bride.

On one summer day he wandered
Across the prairie vast alone;
Long she watched and long she waited,
But his fate was never known.
With the summer leaves she faded
With the autumn leaves she died,
And she closed her eyes in slumber
By the lonely river side.

Thanksgiving day in 1925 she spent with Frank and Edna and family. She seemed well and enjoyed the day. She returned to her home in Wanship and retired

HUSBAND **THOMAS FREDRICK JUDD**

Birth 22 September 1860
 Place South Stoneham, Hamps., England
 Chr
 Married 20 December 1894
 Place Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah
 Death 17 June 1917, Burdett, Alberta, Canada
 Burial Grassy Lake, Alberta, Canada
 Father Thomas Judd
 Mother Ann Redding
 Other names
 If any



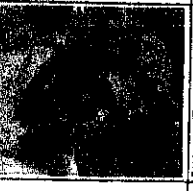
1st Child NETTIE MAY JUDD
 Birth 24 June 1896
 Place Hoytsville, Summit Co., Utah
 Married to WINFIELD DANIEL PATTERSON
 Married 10 March 1914
 Place Grassy Lake, Alberta, Canada



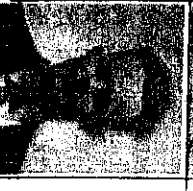
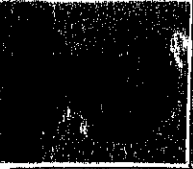
2nd Child FANNIE OLIVE JUDD
 Birth 30 April 1898
 Place Hoytsville, Summit Co., Utah
 Married to GEORGE HENRY JAMES
 Married 19 January 1919
 Place Burdett, Alberta, Canada



3rd Child JOHN FERREL JUDD
 Birth 18 July 1900
 Place Upton, Summit Co., Utah
 Married to HATTIE MAY COLLETTE
 Married 21 March 1927
 Place Taber, Alberta, Canada



4th Child CHARLES ELWOOD JUDD
 Birth 13 August 1902
 Place Upton, Summit Co., Utah
 Married to GRACE ETHEL CLIFTON
 Married 28 July 1937
 Place Magrath, Alberta, Canada



5th Child ELIZA MARIE JUDD
 Birth 6 October 1904
 Place Magrath, Alberta, Canada
 Married to EDWIN TALHURST LAW
 Married 29 July 1924
 Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada

WIFE **EMMA CLARK**

Birth 10 May 1874
 Place Upton, Summit Co., Utah
 Chr
 Death
 Burial
 Father Frank Clark
 Mother Eliza Pike
 Other names
 If any
 Where was information obtained? Emma Clark Judd and Nettie Judd, Patterson, Burke
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



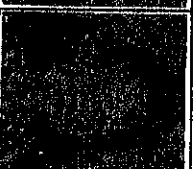
6th Child THOMAS FRANCIS JUDD
 Birth 8 October 1906
 Place Magrath, Alberta, Canada
 Married to JENNETT ELLEN GEORGIANNA TWETE
 Married 4 August 1932
 Place Raymond, Alberta, Canada



7th Child VIOLET EMMA JUDD
 Birth 16 October 1908
 Place Burdett, Alberta, Canada
 Married to Not Married
 Married Died 1 December 1913
 Place



8th Child CORA BELVIN JUDD
 Birth 16 December 1910
 Place Burdett, Alberta, Canada
 Married to ELMER CLIFFORD TWETER
 Married 14 July 1940
 Place Juneau, Alaska



10th Child JAMES ERVIN JUDD
 Birth 2 May 1914
 Place Burdett, Alberta, Canada
 Married to LAYON MAY JOHNSON
 Married 18 September 1940
 Place Cardston Temple, Alberta, Canada



11th Child WILDA IRENE JUDD
 Birth 10 June 1916
 Place Burdett, Alberta, Canada
 Married to MARTIN RICHARD KOPLIN
 Married 28 February 1942
 Place Tacoma, Pierce Co., Washington

9th Child on back of sheet.

9th, Child

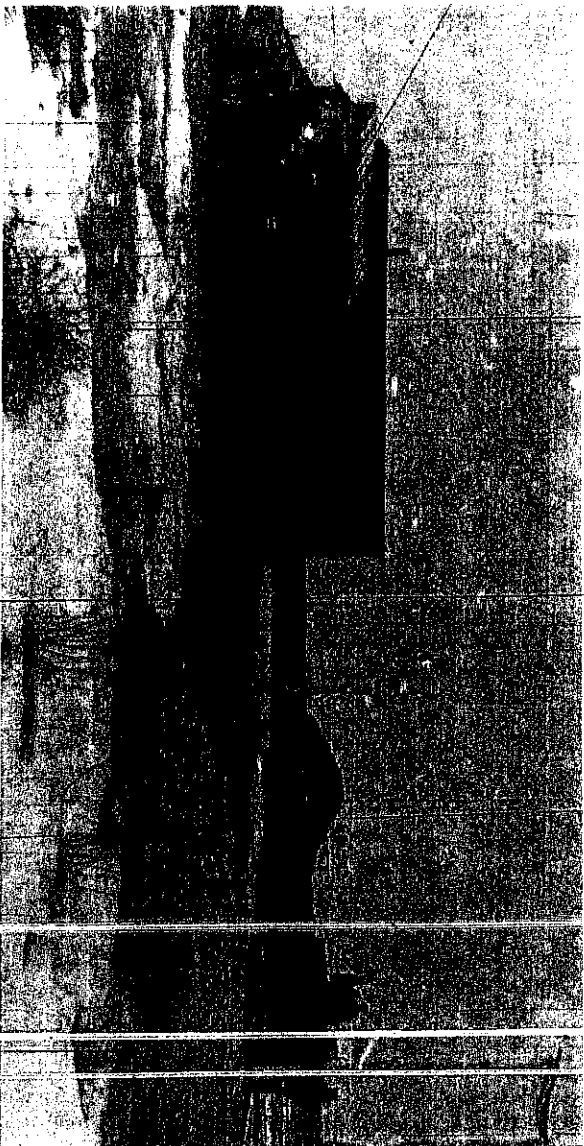
GEORGE GILBERT JUDD

born, 29 January 1913

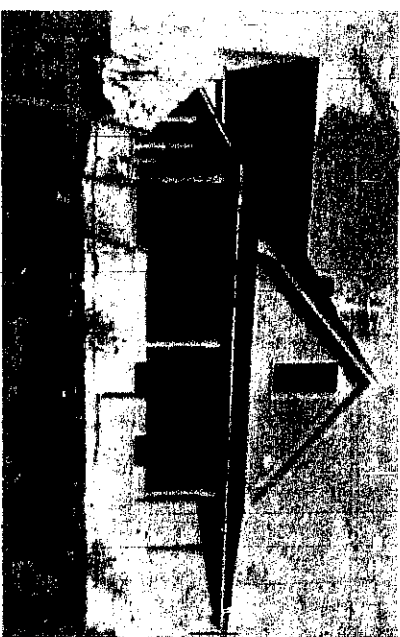
at, Burdett, Alberta, Canada

Died, 23 March 1913

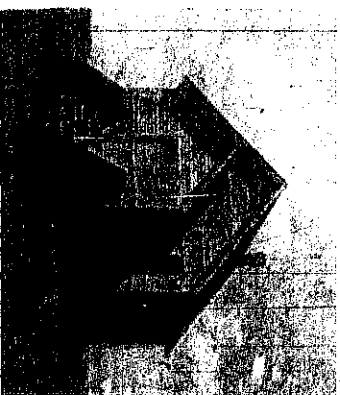
at, Burdett, Alberta, Canada



The homestead of Tommy Judd. Burdett, Alberta, Canada Picture taken about 1911.



Tommy and Emma Judd's new Farm Home built in 1912 - 13



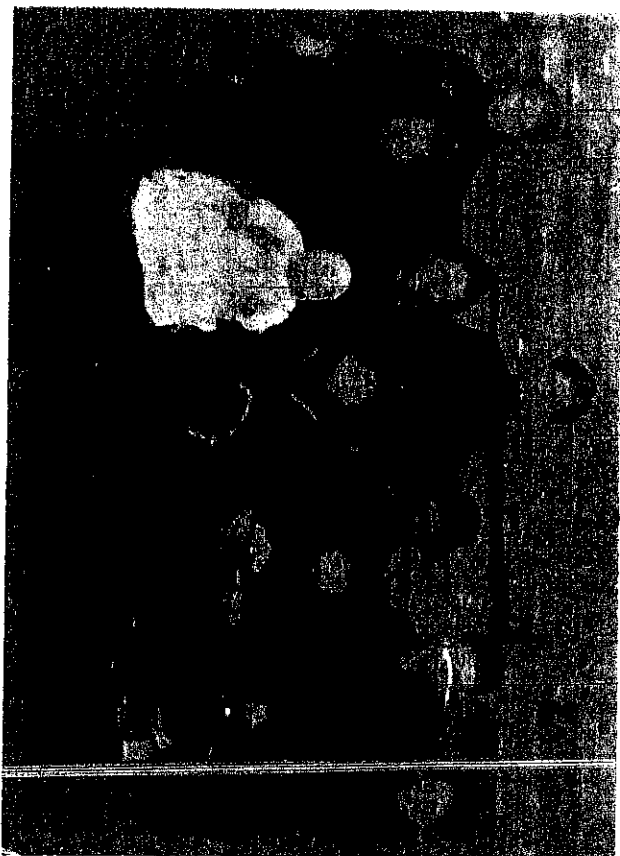
L. D. S. Church about 1916 Burdett, Alberta, Canada

day School was over, Emma and the girls would spread a blanket on the ground and they would enjoy a picnic lunch before going back into the church for Sacrament Meeting. Thomas was a faithful religious man and saw to it that his family attended all the meetings he could. Later, when the little town began to grow and prosper, a post office and some grocery stores were built. The members of the Latter-Day Saints church worked together and built a little chapel of their own. Tommy was "Johnny On the Spot" to carry his share of the load and more. Tommy Judd was a hardworking man, a result of the early teachings and training of his father Thomas. It was not many years before he had many acres of fertile farm land under cultivation.

The Tommy Judd family was increasing and their home was "bursting at the seams", so about 1912 or 1913 a new home was erected. It was a spacious frame home, built on a T plan with a sun porch surrounding about three-fourths of the entire house. Now the family experienced the luxury of plenty of room.

During the next few years five more children blessed their modest home. Violet Emma, born 16 October 1908, Cora Belva, born 16 December 1910, a son George Albert was born 29 January 1913. When he was 3 months old he contracted pneumonia and passed away. This was Emma's first experience with death. But tragedy did not stop with the loss of just one child, for later in the same year, 1 December 1913, Violet also contracted pneumonia and died at 5 1/2 years of age. The year 1913 held many sad memories for the Judd family. The following year 2 May 1914, James Earl was born, then on the 10th of June 1916, a daughter Wilda Irene was born making them the parents of 11 children.

By this time the eldest daughter was married to Winfield Patterson and had two children, Bessie Emma and Thomas Urban, so Tommy and Emma now met the love of blessed grandchildren.



Thomas and Emma Judd with 8 of the 11 children
Burdett, Alberta, Canada Picture taken in 1911

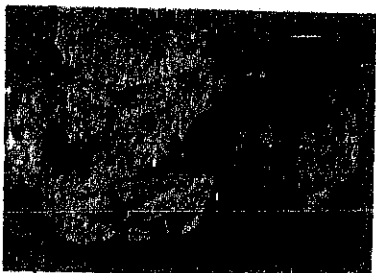
After so many years of hard work and hardships Tommy's health began to fail. He contracted diabetes and bright's disease. After suffering for many months he passed from this life 17 June 1917, still comparatively a young man. Yes, he was young in years, only 57, but not young in experience, hard work, and service to God and man, for of these attributes he had seen enough for a long life time. He was a wonderful husband and father, with a heart filled with love that he showered upon his large family of fine children. At the time of his death he was survived by his loving wife Emma and nine children. Since that time John the eldest son passed away in February 1952.

Emma Clark Judd is still living in Magrath, Alberta, Canada. She is the last living member of the Thomas Judd families. She was 87 years old 16 May 1961. During the 44 years since she was separated from her husband by death Emma has kept herself as busy and active as she was during her younger years. She has spent many, many hours in the Latter-Day

Saints temple at Cardston, Alberta, Canada, performing work for the dead. She was instrumental in seeing that her mother and father were sealed to each other by proxy in the Canadian temple. She was privileged to stand as proxy for her own dear mother while a Mr. S. J. Layton stood for her father. She also saw to it that temple endowment work was performed for several other members of her father's family.

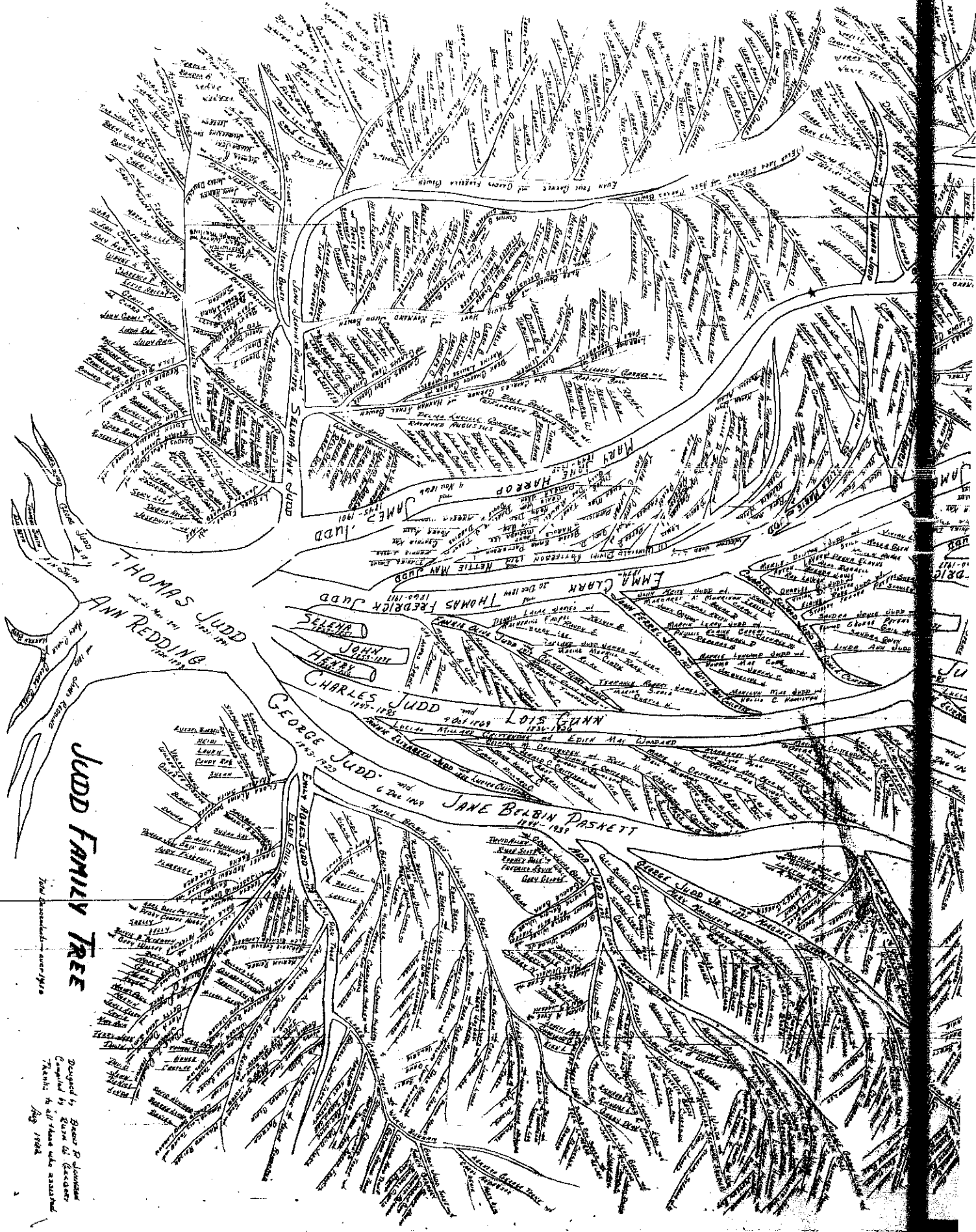
At the age of 53 Emma began to feel the urge to paint, which talent was inherited from her artist father. Hers was a natural gift as was his. She pursued this activity for many years, and produced on canvas numerous beautiful paintings which grace the walls of her beloved descendants and friends.

It was her desire to paint a picture for each of her grandchildren. However, Emma has undergone surgery for the removal of cataracts on both eyes, and is reported to be managing remarkably well for one 87 years of age.



Emma Clark Judd 1954

We pay homage today to all of our Judd progenitors who suffered persecutions and privations to come to this wonderful land of America. It was their privilege to help to build it into the great land of freedom that it is. We are grateful to them all, from Great Grandfather Thomas and his wife Ann down to all their children, for the heritage which is ours. It is to them that we owe such a noble birthright. We pay special homage to Thomas Frederick and Emma Judd, since it was not one pioneer journey over mountain and plain that Tommy undertook, but two; and his loving wife Emma, like Ruth of old, must have said "entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go--and where thou lodgest I will lodge . . . Where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried . . . " Emma Judd has fulfilled her destiny here upon this earth. She has obeyed the commandment God gave when He said, "Multiply and replenish the earth," and her many descendants will rise up and revere her as a blessed mother in Israel.



JUDD FAMILY TREE

Hand-drawn by George

Designed by George P. Johnson
Compiled by Gene G. Johnson
Thanks to all those who assisted
Aug 1982

SERVICE MEN OF THE FAMILY OF GEORGE JUDD



GEORGE JUDD

Utah Indian War
May 1866 - Sept. 1867
Cavalry picket &
guard patrol



MEDAL

Service Medal awarded
by State of Utah for
serving as Indian War
Veteran of the Utah
Indian War 1850 - 1872

RELATIONSHIP KEY:

Relationship to George
Judd is shown in brackets ().

(GS) Grandson
(GGSU) - Great grandson-in-law
(GGS) - Great grandstep - son
(GGGS) - Great great grandson

EMILY JUDD TOONE FAMILY



DALE L. PETERSON (GGSU)
Pvt. 39946262
July 1945 - Jan. 1946
Camp Walters, Texas



MARTIN P. MERZ (GGSU)
Lt. Col. RA 2209540 Army
1943 to present (64)
(Career)
England, Korea, Japan,
Thailand



ELLIS M. LAWSON (GGS)
Sgt. 39679441 US Army
Oct. 1941 - Nov. 1945
Pacific



MAX A. DAWSON (GGS)
US Navy 343-98-47
Jan. 1946 - Mar. 1948
Served in Guam



DALE T. DAWSON (GGS)
US Army Sgt. 56 33861
Feb. 1963 - Jan. 1965
United States, Korea



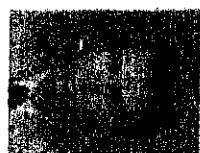
ELLIS J. INGRAM (GGGS)
US Army R. 173 5506
Feb. 1962 - Oct. 1963
Btry Supply Bn
1st. John's Car



Entrance to SVC Btry
Medical Discharge
ALVA D. GILLETTE
US Navy Flt C (GGS)
Jan. 1945 - June 1946
USS Perry - Destroyer
Japan, So. Pacific



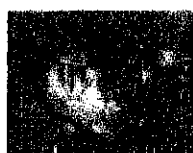
JULIUS E. BACH (GGS)
US Army 39 2927
Co L. 168 Inf.
Apr. 1944 - Nov. 1945
Camp Robert, Calif.,
Italy



KENNETH E. BEACH
US Marine Corps (2GGS)
1416631 Sgt.
Nov. 1953 - Jan. 1957
Pendleton, Calif.;
Bremerton, Wash.



GLEN O. BEACH (2GGS)
US Navy 587-91-30
May 1961 to present (64)
USS Helena 'CA-75'
M-Div.
Machinist Mate 3/c



MARVIN D. MCGUIRE
(2GGS)
National Guard 28653339
Dec. 1955 - Dec. 1963
Sgt. E-6



RONALD L. THOMSON
(2GGS)
US Navy 545-08-08
Aug. 1960 to present (64)
N.A.S. Crash Crew
Philippines



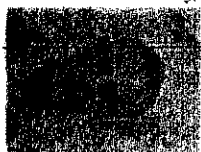
MELARD R. TOONE (GGS)
US Army Res. ERI 9698876
Mar. 1961 - Oct. 1961
Spec. 5-E5, 5016 U.S.A.R.
Fl. Douglas, Utah



J. MICHAEL TOONE (GGS)
US Army 19344450
Tech. Sgt.
Jan. 1951 - Jan. 1955
Travis AFB, Calif.
Sheppard AFB, Texas



JURE E. TOONE (GGS)
Tech. Sgt. 37357320
July 1943 - Sept. 1945
Germany, France, WWII.
Okla. Kan., Missouri



DONALD E. TOONE (GGS)
US Navy 377-50-45
Yeoman Seaman I/c
Bangor, Ida.; Bangor,
Wash.; Bremerton, Wash.



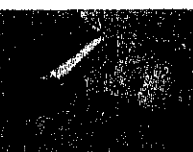
KENNETH G. TOONE (GGS)
US Army 56214944
Oct. 1953 - Sept. 1955
Calif.; Md., Virg.;
Trans. Ctr. USA Hqd Co.



GEORGE JR. BOAM (GGS)
US Army Cpl 20518180
July 1940 - July 1941
Re-enlist July 1941 - 1947
Asatic - Pacific



JAMES E. EYRE (GGS)
US Army 37357319
July 1943 - Apr. 1946
Europe, Africa,
Middle East War



WILLIAM S. JOHNSON (GGSU)
US Air Force, Major
Aug. 1942 - Dec. 1946
Reserves, 1953 to present (64)
Training staff at Ft.
Douglas, Utah & Florida.