

PUTNAM TRAIL BLAZERS

2ND EDITION



COMPILED BY
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INTRODUCTION

One of the main reasons I enjoy doing family history research is quite simply the stories. I want to know about these people – their names, their families, their abilities, their mistakes, their struggles, and their victories – anything that makes them real.

The more I learn about our family members – those who came before – the more convinced I am that each of them, in their own way, were indeed Trail Blazers. Many of the qualities found in them are worthy of cultivating into our own lives.

Additionally, I believe it is our responsibility to provide a bridge between the Trail Blazers of yesterday and those of tomorrow by sharing the stories with the children in our families. Beyond which, hopefully, someday someone may consider us a Trail Blazer as well.

This book is a compilation of a lot of other people's work, and I certainly do not claim it as my own. (Of course, I do willingly recognize any mistakes that may be found as my own.) I'm grateful for all those who have done the research and made it available. Also, this is simply stories of our ancestor's lives. Specific genealogical information can be found at www.familysearch.org or I would be happy to make copies of my files.

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P = Putnam Line; W = Walton Line; W , P = Both Walton and Putnam Line

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NOEL W AND BARBARA MAE MEAD PUTNAM

Family Motto: Don't Compromise Your Standards



Noel W Putnam

Noel's Childhood & Youth

Noel W Putnam was born 31 July 1933 at Auburn, Lincoln County, Wyoming, at his Grandma Walton's home. He was the eldest child of Charles Nathaniel (Chick) and Golda Walton Putnam. He had two younger siblings: Darlene and Malloy. (Roy Clark, Carol Burnett, and Tim Conway were born the same year.)

When Noel was four years old, his Dad built a new home, and he wanted to help. At one point Chick ran out of nails at a bad time – just when he had a petition up in place, and since he didn't want to lay it down, he decided

to let Noel hold it for him, while he ran to the store (a short ways away). Noel thought that was about the heaviest thing in the world, and wasn't so anxious to help!

Noel's Mom often made cookies, and when she had time, she would make them in the shape of little men. When they were done and it was time to take them out of the oven, Noel would run and shut the door so they wouldn't jump up and run away. She used raisins on the cookies for eyes. Inevitably, Darlene would ask for a raisin, and Noel would say, "I want one two so that makes three."

One day Noel was chopping kindlins, and was holding the stick on the chopping block, not paying attention. When he came down with the axe, he chopped it right, square in the middle lengthwise up the finger.

About that time Chick was working for Alf Toland and the family was living down on the ranch. Chick had some saw logs marked north of Auburn behind the Sulpher Springs that he cut then hauled them out with a rubber tired wagon. He took Noel with him several times. The main memory Noel kept of those times was that they never started out of the hills without first having a word of prayer and asking the Lord to help and protect them.

In the summer Noel often helped his Dad stack hay. One day when Noel was getting his Dad a drink of water, he stepped a rusty nail and ran it into his foot. It was so painful that he had to crawl around on his hands and knees. Fortunately, Grandma Walton was able to doctor it, by soaking it in Epsom Salts and keeping the sore open. Despite her efforts, he still ended up crawling on his hands and knees for about a week.

Several years later, while playing in top of Hon Hurd's old barn, Noel fell on an old rusty nail that was sticking up out of a board, and ran it up under his kneecap. That night he went to bed with his leg doubled up, and it was swollen and stiffened in that position. It was several days before he was able to straighten his leg or go to school.

One day when Noel was seven years old, Chick's help didn't show up for work, so he had Noel drive the stacker cart. He was so short that he couldn't sit on the seat so he just walked along beside it. Just when he thought he had it down pat, the wheel caught his leg, tripped him and left him lying

between the horse's hind legs. Chick was up on the stack, but he yelled to the horses then jumped off and got him out from under the horse. After that, Chick took the cart off and Noel drove the stacker for the rest of the summer. In addition, Noel helped milk cows, and other chores.

When Noel was about eight years old, he had two little bum lambs as pets. One day when they wanted to go to town, the lambs kept following. So, Malloy and Noel put the lambs in the outdoor toilet. While they were gone, one jumped into the hole. Gee, what a mess! Noel was the one to clean it up, although his Mom finally helped him. He learned a good lesson on where not to put a lamb.

One day, Noel and Chick rode double on a great big horse. They rode a long way until Noel had a big blister on his tailbone. That night they went down to his Grandpa Putnam's Store, where a lot of men were gathered. When he went in, Noel asked Eldon Hyde if he ever had blisters. He said, "No, do you?" He told him, "Yes, I sure have a big one right on my butt." Then he turned his bum up at him. They sure laughed.

That same summer a group of kids were down playing on the creek and somebody yelled, "The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!" Of course, they hadn't seen Indians before and didn't know what they were talking about. Noel started looking around for riders coming in from every direction like the movies. Instead, there was a man and two women driving a team of horses and a buckboard. They played around their camp that evening until the sun started to drop below the hill. At that time one of them came out and sent the kids home. She said, "Papoose, go home now. Papoose get cold."

On Thanksgiving, 1942, the family gathered at Grandma Walton's, and they were all sitting around talking when Noel's Mother said, "Oh! Oh!" then fell off the chair. It was a heart attack. Grandma Walton had them open a door so she could get air, then they got the Doctor. She had to be taken to Salt Lake City, Utah for treatments, but they didn't seem to help her, and she never did get out of bed much after that. At one time she was paralyzed on one side and lost her speech. She had to ring a bell when she wanted anything. In May the next year, she passed away.

Later that summer, Malloy and Darlene went to Yellowstone Park to live with Grandma Walton. Noel didn't feel that he could leave his Dad alone, so he stayed home with Chick. In the mornings after breakfast, his dad would go to work. Noel would do the dishes, and then just bum the rest of the day. When Noel made beds for his Dad, if he didn't get all the wrinkles out, he'd have to get up at nights (sometimes at 2:00 a.m.) and do them over. After just a few times being woken up, Noel learned how to make beds.

Noel often went fishing in Stump creek. Because fishhooks weren't very common, he used a safety pin and was very successful with it. He also told of using a wire to snare the fish, and would make a loop in the wire and lay down on his belly, looking into the water. When he saw a fish, he would slip the snare over the fish's head and pull upward. The wire would tighten up behind the fish's gills, and he snared it.

One thing Noel enjoyed as much as anything was to sit around in the evening and listen to older people tell stories. Lots of nights he'd sleep out in the hills by himself. That's probably where he gained his appreciation and love of nature.

Noel started working at an early age. He worked for \$1 a day, and would make about \$20-\$25 each summer. Chick would take the money and would buy school clothes and other things. Sometimes, he'd buy a little fishing equipment or .22 shells when Noel was running short.

One winter day, Noel and two of his cousins, Grant and Melvin Wood, saw a skunk in the corner of a fence, and they decided to kill it. So, they found a big, long slab. They would sneak up on the skunk as close as they dared and stand the slab up in the air and then tip it over and try to have it fall on the skunk. When that didn't work, Grant and Melvin said, "Well, we'll get that dirty sucker." They charged up and took a big swat at him and he gave them a shot of skunk scent. They both came back a-coughing and a-choking and their eyes were running. Fortunately, Noel was far enough away, that he was only

faintly scented, and had to hang his clothes outside for the night. The Woods weren't so lucky. Their mother made them pack hot water outside and bath in the horse barn in the middle of winter. Needless to say, they weren't very happy about it.

In 1944, as a first class Scout, Noel was eligible to go to Salt Lake City for the Utah Centennial. They participated in activities along with the scouts from all over the United States, Canada, and Alaska.

One summer the scouts went to Yellowstone Park. While there, they saw a yearling bear come down to get into the garbage cans. His feet would be sitting on the rim with his butt in the air. So, the boys got the idea that they should trap the bear. They snuck up behind the trees and waited for it to get up on the garbage can, get his head down in it and then they ran up with the lid and wacked it in the butt and knocked him in the garbage can and put the lid on. It's a good thing they ran fast because when the bear came back out of the garbage can, he came out head first. Then he just walked round and round the garbage can gruffing and growling and mumbling to himself and sniffing for tracks. It was a good lesson because they were pretty scared for fear he'd be able to pick up their tracks and follow them.

When Noel was 12 years old, Chick married Nelle Hokanson Arbogast. Thus began a stormy relationship. Nelle had three small girls, Chick had three kids and eventually, together they had three kids. Noel wasn't used to having to account to somebody while Chick was gone, and Nelle wasn't used to having a teenager. All in all, it made for an extremely difficult relationship. Then, shortly after their marriage, Chick moved his family from Auburn to Afton.

When he was 14 years old, Noel started cutting meat for Bagley and Nield Cold Storage. Apparently, Chick meant it when he told him that if he sluffed school once more, he'd make him go to work.

As a teenager, Noel became involved with what people could call bad company. He smoked and drank some, but before too long the price of those things became more than he was willing to pay and he stopped his bad habits.

Barbara's Childhood & Youth



Barbara Mae Mead, was born at Soda Springs, Caribou County, Idaho on the 14 September 1934.

She was the fourth and youngest daughter of Arthur Albert and Elizabeth Yarwood Mead. She had four older sisters and one younger brother. Her mother originally planned to name her "Gertrude", but when she was informed that her mother-in-law really liked that name, she decided to name her something different. Arthur's sister, Barbara's Aunt Ruth, suggested that she name her "Barbara" instead, and Elizabeth agreed.

Barbara had a difficult childhood in some ways. Her mother basically abused her. Years later, when visiting with a psychologist, Barbara was told that if she were a child at the time of the visit, she would be removed from the family and put into foster care. Barbara fully expected a "spanking" every day, in which her Mom would hit her with a stick on the back of her legs and leave welts. She said sometimes it hurt so bad that all she could do was cry and bounce up and down. Her sister, Marjorie, noticed that whenever they all got spankings, Barbara got it harder than the rest. Before long, Marge was trying new ideas to save her sister. One day she said, "Last time you went in first and got hit hardest, so today you come in last." When that didn't work, they tried the middle. No matter what they tried, she was still punished harder.

Barbara had difficulty sleeping, and she found that sometimes, if she played her radio at night, she would dose off easier. When she fell asleep without turning it off, her Mom would come in and slap her across the face. In fact, it didn't take much of a reason for her to slap her for any reason. Needless to say, throughout much of her adult life, as well, Barbara had difficulty sleeping. Beyond the physical abuse, her Mom was an expert at emotional abuse.

As if that weren't enough, when Barbara was just a small child, a family friend molested her. At

that time, it would have been difficult for her to talk to anyone about the experience, and with the relationship she shared with her Mom, she certainly couldn't have gone to her, and so she stuffed it away. It wasn't until after the death of her Mother, that she finally was able to remember and deal with many of these abuses.

Fortunately, Barbara's Dad was a very special person, and her good friend – someone to love and talk to. He always called her his "Little Dove" and "Baby Girl".

Barbara told lots of fun stories about her childhood, as well:

She loved to go with her Dad when he delivered his Bakery goods throughout the valley. One time when she was about 4 years old, she got to go. She was to walk up to the corner of the block and wait for him. Unfortunately, he was a little longer than he expected, and when he came, Barbara was happily sitting in the middle of the main street. He, of course, about had heart failure.

One day on one of his stops - in Auburn - Barbara met an older gentleman by the name of Nate Putnam. He gave her candy and asked her if she wanted to be his granddaughter because he could never have enough grandkids. Little did they know that years later, she would, in fact, marry one of his grandsons.

Barbara started school in Afton Elementary when she was six years old. Since she and the twins just older than her, Marjorie and Marian, were all about the same size, their Mom dressed them all three alike. The kids thought they were triplets, but she was proud to be dressed like her sisters.

As kids of this age will, Barbara used to go outside as it was getting dark and wish upon a star knowing that if you made the right wish and wished hard enough it would come true. She always wanted a crocheted dress, and one day her Mom, Elizabeth, made one for her. She got a pink dress and the twins got blue crocheted dresses.

In the year 1942, the Mead family moved to the basement of the Bakery, and it was at that time that her one brother, Jerry, was born. The hospital was on Main Street above the Post Office and since Dr. Sam Worthen was called into the Army and her Mom was the last patient in the hospital, they let the kids go up and see her.

Barbara always felt that Jerry was her baby, and she helped tend him. That fall Barbara went with her Mom and Jerry to Arizona to visit her grandparents - the Yarwoods - for two weeks. It was the first time Barbara had been away from home and she cried every night because she was afraid her Dad was missing her. Since they were in Yuma for her birthday, Barbara's Dad sent a big box of cookies from the Bakery.

The day they were to return home, they went into the bedroom to see her Great Grandmother Glasscock and tell her "Goodbye". She was so beautiful as she lay in bed, with her hair as white as snow and her blue eyes. She wanted Barbara to kiss her goodbye but she was so bashful that she just couldn't.

In 1945, the family moved into a white house on Washington and Fifth Avenue. They were living here when Barbara was in the third grade and her Mother gave her a surprise birthday party

That year in school, she had a very special teacher whom she liked a lot. On one evening Barbara and three other girls stayed after school to help her change the art and papers that the class made for room decorations. Before they could leave, the janitor locked up the school and they had no way out. It was dark in the school, and very scary. Finally, after going around to every exit, they went down the basement and through the boy's locker room and got out.

Marge and Barbara used to see which one could get up the earliest and go to the Bakery to help Arthur with the mixes. Marge slept on the sofa in the living room so she could hear him leave for work around 4:00 – 5:00 in the morning, and have an advantage. They loved to go help their Dad.

After about three years, Arthur bought a big five-bedroom home on Fifth Street, closer to Lincoln Avenue, and Barbara had a bedroom to herself. In this neighborhood, there were lots of kids to

play and fight with. While Elizabeth worked all day at the Bakery, Mrs. Louise Cranney looked out for the kids. She soon became their second Mother, and became very special to them.

As the children got older, their parents started giving them jobs to do so they could earn their own money. Virginia and Marian worked in the front of the Bakery helping customers, Marge worked in the back, but since Barbara kept the house neater, Art asked Barbara to stay home and do the housework. She was real quiet and bashful and didn't like to be around people so she was content to clean house, but she did like to go on the truck with her Dad when he made deliveries to the Lower Valley three times a week. She loved every minute she spent with her Dad.

Barbara began babysitting, when she was nine years old. Before long, she had steady jobs with different families on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. She never lacked for tending jobs, and her Mom made her go whether she wanted to or not.

School wasn't real hard for Barbara, but she had a hard time keeping her mind on what she was doing lots of time. She took a "Failure" grade on anything that required her to stand up in front of class even when she had it prepared, and so was an average student.

When Barbara was in the fifth grade, she borrowed a violin from her Aunt Ruth Hale and learned to play it. She loved the violin and the Orchestra music. After she had learned to play fairly well, her parents bought her one of my own. It cost \$300, which was so very much at that time, and was a beautiful instrument. It was difficult for her to play by herself for tryouts or whatever, but basically loved it.

When she was in the sixth grade, the Orchestra went on a tour for three days. The girls wore formals and the boys wore suits. Virginia, Marjorie, and Marian were in the orchestra also. They went to Montpelier and Paris, Idaho, Rock Springs, Green River, Lyman, Mountain View, Evanston and Kemmerer, Wyoming. It was the first time any school music department had tried anything like that.

The only thing she didn't like about orchestra was when they had a concert, the ones who played solo would use her violin and sometimes it upset her. The one time she refused, the teacher stopped the concert, and went out in the audience, directly to her mother and got permission to take the violin since it was the nicest one in the school.

In November 1947, the family went to Arizona to visit the Yarwood Grandparents for about 10 days. Art had just bought a new car, so it was the first trip the family had ever been on together. Yarwoods didn't know they were coming and when they walked into the house, it was a big surprise. They had Thanksgiving dinner with them, and they had 80 people around the dinner table. They all went to the Methodist church together Sunday, which was a different experience. It was the first time Barbara had been in any church other than LDS even though she belonged to none, and a Preacher was new idea. But when they passed the collection plate, it was really embarrassing because none of the kids on that row had any money for it.

On the way home, the drive over the desert was hot and it seemed long, so the kids watched for things of interest, and soon were able to watch old signs along an outlaw trail. One was for an outlaw dead or alive – reward \$25.

During Mom's childhood 99% of Star Valley was LDS; the Mead family and Dr. Treavor's family were the only non-members in the Afton area. School was let out early for Primary, and if the kids didn't attend, they had to stay at school longer, so the Mead kids attended the LDS church. Then, as teenagers, they discovered that if they wanted a social life, they had to go to M.I.A. Barbara graduated from Primary then continued on to M.I.A. long enough to get her Gatherer's award, before she lost interest. For several years the family had no church of any kind in their lives.

It was about this time that the Charles Putnam family moved into the neighborhood. Before long, Barbara and Darlene became best friends, and spent a lot of time together. Whenever they had sleepovers, their Dads had to tell them to be quiet and go to sleep, because they always had lots to talk

about and were laughing all the time. Sometimes Barbara would go to Auburn with Darlene to visit her Aunt Eva, or any of her family, and they treated her as one of the family.

Then one particular day she went to Sunday School class with Darlene, and that meeting, taught by Chick, had a profound effect on her. He talked about a Father in Heaven who loves each of us. This was so different from the “fear God” philosophies that were taught in her home, that she found herself wanting to know more. Shortly after that she decided she wanted to be baptized. Keep in mind all she really had as far as knowledge of the church was the little bit she learned in Primary and Young Women’s. There were no missionaries at that time. Later she said that she really didn’t know what it was all about, but she knew she wanted to belong, and she loved the idea of a Father in Heaven. So, when the bishop called her and Marjorie in to his office to visit, she said she wanted to be baptized. At that point, he contacted Barbara’s mother and asked for permission. She said that unless she called them back, it would be okay. She didn’t call back, but for several years she claimed that she had never agreed.

Anyway, 26 May 1948 was a big day in Barbara’s life – the day she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Keith Humphery. She was put into the water three times: First her name was wrong, and second her foot came up. Barbara was extremely scared of water, and so after the second time, she told them that she’d changed her mind and didn’t want to join any church. Fortunately, she decided to try one last time, and it was successful. She was confirmed by Bishop Michael J. Austin.

The M.I.A. class went to the Idaho Falls Temple the day before she was confirmed. Although she went with them, she couldn’t go inside because she wasn’t fully a member yet, and that made her feel bad to have missed on opportunity like that. But, she sat out on the Temple lawn and enjoyed the beauty of the place.

In 1949, the Yarwood Grandparents came in from Yuma. Shortly after arriving, Grandpa Yarwood was taken to the hospital because he was so ill, and he died the next morning. A few months later, Barbara’s Grandmother Mead passed away in Renton, Washington and was brought to Soda Springs, Idaho to be buried. All of Art’s brothers and sisters came to Afton before the funeral, and Wilbur stayed at their home. They slept in Barbara’s bed, and his wife had a heart attack in the middle of the night so he had to return to Seattle, Washington to arrange for her funeral. Between the two deaths, Barbara was terrified. She had no understanding of death, and for some time, she was too frightened to even sleep.

Courtship and Marriage

Barbara and Darlene had been friends for months before Barbara knew she had a brother even though they lived just two houses down. The first time they officially met, Marian and Marjorie were going out with some guys after M.I.A. The girls had to take Barbara with them because they would get into trouble if they didn’t go home together. Marge’s boyfriend, Rodney Merritt, was Noel’s friend, so, they got him to go along. With four couples in the car, it was so loaded that Barbara had to sit on Noel’s lap in the front seat. They went up Swift Creek and parked and visited. Barbara was so shy that she didn’t dare talk. So they just sat there for what seemed like hours. Then, as soon as Barbara got home, she jumped out and ran into the house. Through the years they laughed a lot about that night. Noel said his legs were so paralyzed he had trouble walking home, and then claimed that because she sat on his legs and paralyzed him, he couldn’t run fast enough, she caught him, and they were married.

Shortly after this, Noel lost two brand new flannel long sleeved shirts - a red check and a green check. One day, when he was working, he looked out the window and saw two girls – Darlene and Barbara – walking down the street, wearing his shirts. Noel also claimed that he had to marry Barbara

in order to get his shirt back, and in actual fact, she did let him wear the green one (although Noel also said that there were lumps in it that made it impossible for him to wear).

Barbara really liked Noel, and would watch to see him pass on his way to work at Bagley & Nield Cold Storage just across the street and up a ways from the Mead home. Of course, her sisters teased her about him, and she'd say, "I hate him and he's ugly." Actually, she thought he was handsome and really liked him. The family ate more lunchmeat and hot dogs that summer than ever before. They had a charge account there at the plant and Barbara would tell her Mom the kids wanted sandwiches for lunch and would get permission to charge whatever. Of course, Noel waited on her, and it gave her a chance to see him.

Shortly after that summer, they started dating, a lot of time with other couples. Although they were really too young to date - Noel was 16 and Barbara was 15 years old - they had lots of fun together. They didn't like to sit around and neck but just visit and do fun things like going on hikes, etc. Often, they would just go for a ride and listen to his car radio, or get together and make fudge. They planned to someday marry, buy a little white house, and have six children. Noel wanted tough boys and Barbara wanted sweet little girls. They were friends from the start.

One activity they enjoyed was going to the Auburn church house and watch the square dancing - Gene and Norm were great. One evening they stayed longer than they should have and got home late. When Noel walked her to the door, Barbara's Dad was waiting and told Noel to get out and never come back, but the next day he told her that she could invite Noel to Thanksgiving dinner.

Another night they were sitting in his car in front of his house - Noel on one side of the car and Barbara on the other - and fell asleep. Chick and Nelle came home from the movie, and someone had tipped over the outdoor toilet. Chick promptly chased them down and made them sit it back up. When he finished, he got in the car with them and really laughed when he found out that they had slept through the commotion.

The night of the Junior Prom, they double dated with Darlene, and a guy from Geneva, and went to the dance. That evening Noel and Barbara decided they wanted to spend their life together.

In early January 1951, they attempted to elope, but discovered they couldn't get married without their parents consent. A few days later, with permission letters in hand, they drove to Kemmerer where they were married on the 13th of January. Of course, they didn't leave anything to chance, so on their marriage certificate they listed their ages as 19 & 21.

Noel and Barbara had a wonderful marriage, which lasted over 39 years. Of course, they had struggles, disagreements, and sometimes out and out fights, but basically, their love and respect for each other, and their commitment to their marriage carried them through.

They were best friends, as well as sweethearts. Barbara said they got along so well because they grew up together. Throughout their lives, they were constantly seen walking hand in hand, and sitting next to each other while riding in the car. They worked together at the meat plant in the fall, and spent most of their spare time together. They loved singing together and harmonized beautifully. Quite often, they would turn on the music and dance in the living room.

At one time, after they had been married for over 20 years, Noel told Yvonne not only did he love Barbara much more than he did when they were first married, but also that he was as much in love with her as he had been. He said that one day he was at the slaughterhouse. He looked up the road and saw her walking down. He thought, "There comes my Barb", and his stomach felt funny - just like it did when they were dating.

Family Life

Just after being married, Noel and Barbara lived with the Mead family for a week or so, and then moved into Newell and Virginia's home while they were living in Powell, Wyoming. It was a little

two-room home with a path out to a toilet in back, and the water was hauled into the house from a pump out front.

A few months later they bought a three-room home of their own in Afton at a cost of \$180. It had no bathroom but did have water inside, and it was all theirs. Barbara made curtains and had so much fun cleaning and keeping it in order.

Even after getting married, they were never alone because Jerry and Malloy went with them everywhere. Barbara tended Margie's and Virginia's children for \$1 a day and kept her Mom's house up and did Virginia's wash for her.

It was while living there that Michael was born, and they were sure they were the most proud parents in the world – even though Barbara was a little frightened for fear she'd hurt him. It didn't take long for them to decide that although raising a baby had its ups and downs, they didn't want an only child. When Mike was two years old, Nathan joined the family. Grandpa Chick insisted they name the baby Nathan after his father.

Noel and Barbara loved the out of doors and would take the two curly headed boys camping every weekend they could, until Bill Moser became Bishop of Second Ward. He worked with them and got them going to church and then on to the temple. On 23 June 1955, they were ready to go. Barbara made a nice white dress and the little boys white pants and shirts. When they went into the sealing room and the two little boys were brought in, the spirit was so strong that they all cried together.

With two little boys and another on the way, they knew they would need a larger home and so bought a house across the street on the corner of Madison and Fifth Avenue. It was modern, had four bedrooms, and cost \$2250, which Art helped finance.

Fred was born in August 1956, and Mike named him. When Fred was three months old, Noel's Father, Grandpa Chick, passed away. He was up Star hill hunting and had a heart attack. A search was made by Afton citizens and by his family. Well after dark, and after having prayer to gain divine help, Noel found his father. This was such a traumatic experience for him that, although he was criticized for it, he was unable to attend the viewing. The experience prompted Noel to request that there be no viewing at the time of his death. He wanted to be remembered as he was.

One nice spring day in 1959 the fourth son – Kim - was born. When he was about 1 year old, he started crying out in the night saying the kids were hurting him. At first they thought he was having nightmares but as it turned out, he was having Asthma attacks and he just couldn't breathe. He was on medication for several years until he seemed to outgrow it.

In 1961 a pretty little girl was sent to the Putnam home. Her name was Yvonne - after Barbara's French pen pal, a name for a princess. When Noel went home from the hospital to tell the four boys they had a sister, Mike said, "Great, now we won't have to do the dishes."

One day when Barbara was busy, she sent Fred outside to get Mike to come and tend the baby. He answered, "She's not my baby; I didn't hatch her."

In the fall of 1965, another daughter was sent to the family. Her name was Susan, and she was a beautiful baby with lots of hair. She had colic bad and was quite sick and was in so much pain. She cried so much that Barbara and Noel took turns staying up with her. By the time she was 21 months old, she was getting better and was more happy and at ease, and also started sleeping at nights.

Noel didn't mind helping when someone in the family was sick. If someone was sick and had a fever, he could tell; he could smell the fever.

In 1972, Noel felt that it was time to purchase a new home. Originally, he and Barbara looked for homes around the area to move into, but didn't find any that felt right. Finally, after much discussion and prayer, they decided to apply for a loan to build a small home on the same Afton lot. It was small, pre-built, two bedroom home with a full basement. As they were tearing down the old house to prepare for the new one to be brought in, they discovered why Noel felt that they needed something new. The old house was one of the first homes in Star Valley, and originally a log house with additions

built on. Square nails were used where there were nails. The logs were notched and set together. The wiring in the multibreaker had fused together.

There was a lot of concern about how long it would take for to tear it down and clear up the lot, but one evening the Elder Quorum President, called and said he had a crew available and they started tearing it down. Some ladies helped pack boxes and move their possessions, while the men worked on the roof. The ward's help was a wonderful blessing.

The majority of Noel and Barbara's life revolved around their family. In fact, at one time, Noel told a friend that he was worth \$6 million. When asked him to explain that statement, he said that he had six children and they were worth \$1 million each so that made him worth \$6 million dollars.

Barbara & Noel obviously loved each other and each of their children, and they spent a lot of time together. The family went camping together several times each summer. Everyone pitched in and helped with the work and cooking, then in the evening they sat around the campfire, sang songs, and told stories. During the winter, there was tubing parties – usually on the hills at the south end of the valley. Once in a while, they got up at 2:00 a.m. to go over to the west hills to sled ride.

Noel was a good friend to his children. It didn't matter what time it was, what he was doing or how busy he seemed to be, if one of the kids went into him and said, "Dad, we need to talk", he was always willing to talk. Lots of times he'd get out of bed and sit at the table and talk. Sometimes he didn't have answers, or the answer that was wanted, but he was there, and he tried to help. When he did give advice, if it wasn't followed, he didn't get upset or angry, and he never said, "I told you so!"

Noel taught his boys (& Susan) to hunt, fish, and shoot. He loved the outdoors and nature, and shared that love with his family. He taught them to work hard and to enjoy it. By Noel and Barbara's example, they taught their children how to love each other and how to love those who would come into our lives later in marriage relationships and their own families.

Because money wasn't always abundant in the home, Noel made arrangements with a local farmer for the family to haul his hay to pay for milk. The girls would roll the bales and the boys would throw them on the wagon and stack them. It was hard work but Noel had the ability to make anything fun. For several years, the family worked together hauling hay for a couple of other farmers including Uncle Evan.

Although he recognized that kids needed to have fun and play, Noel was a strict disciplinarian in many ways. He definitely didn't tolerate showing disrespect to "his sweetheart". While Barbara usually cussed the kids, or grounded them, or would give a spanking, Noel rarely had to do more than "give the look" and they knew it was time to straighten up. In fact, he could be reading a book, and even with their backs turned to him, they could feel his eyes bore through them when he looked up. It almost felt like he was freezing their hearts. When he found it necessary to discipline, he believed that if he gave a real good, hard spanking, he would only have to give half as many, and his philosophy worked really well.

Actually, Barbara had a hard time with discipline. As Nathan explained, "When Mom spansks you, cry loud at first and she won't hit hard." When Noel felt that he had to spank a child, Barbara had to leave the room because she couldn't stand to watch. And, she never hit anyone across the face. In fact, with all that Barbara accomplished in her life, probably the most important was that she chose to break the cycle of abuse. Instead of abusing her children, she loved them.

For the most part, Noel was patient. He rarely had to raise his voice to get his children's attention. He had a certain tone of voice, and when he used it to say something, they knew they had better pay attention. That authoritative voice worked not only at home, but around anybody. People seemed to instinctively notice when he talked.

Noel tried to always be fair with all people. He became really upset when he saw someone treating someone else unfairly. He believed in supporting the teachers in school problems, but when

he saw that the teacher was in the wrong, he didn't hesitate to visit the school. He wanted and expected his kids to be treated fairly.

Noel and Barbara were always proud of their kids and grandkids, and tried to show them. As their sons married woman who had children from previous marriages, those children became their children. The family didn't use words like half brothers or stepsisters or step-grandchildren. There was no distinction between children born to the family and those who joined through marriage.

Their greatest enjoyment came from having their family around them. Noel and Barbara decided they wanted to start having family reunions before either of them passed away, and the first Noel W Putnam reunion was held in 1986.

Trials & Tribulations

Barbara always struggled with health problems. Even as young as 14 years old, she had so little strength that she would pass out, and had to rest. She had a lot of infection in her teeth and had to have them all pulled when she was 18.

Most of all Barbara struggled with chemical imbalances and depression. Unfortunately, it wasn't until in her later years that the medical profession could effectively help with those type of things.

When she was 23, Barbara had what she considered a "nervous breakdown" and had to go to the hospital in Ogden, Utah for about 3 1/2 weeks for help. The three boys were farmed out to different homes while she was gone so it wouldn't be so hard for Noel. The two older boys, however, had other ideas. Mike stayed for two nights, and Nate stayed about four nights, before they came home to their Daddy.

Before leaving, Noel, Bishop, and Ivan Roberts gave Barbara a blessing. On the way, she felt better than she had for months, and wanted Noel to turn around and come home, but he wanted her to go and get well. While there the medical staff tried to help her learn to live her own life on her own terms. They helped her find medications, and encouraged her to stay away from her Mother as much as possible. The doctor visited with Noel and told him that the two of them were to get out by themselves at least once a week.

While Barbara was gone, Noel would call and would write to her. She wasn't allowed to talk to him, but she could tell a nurse what to say and she'd repeat what Noel said. That was really hard. The two older boys were glad to see her, but Fred was just one-year-old and he didn't recognize her.

Of course, one stay in the hospital didn't resolve all the problems. Barbara suffered from Social Anxiety – not recognized for many years. She couldn't bear to be in large groups, and would sometimes pass out. The blood vessels in her brain would close down and she would have something similar to a small stroke. After a while, the doctors recommended that she avoid groups.

In April 1973, Barbara had a hysterectomy. It took a long time for her to recover from this and it was years before the proper chemical balance was achieved for her. The depression deepened at this point, until priesthood blessings were all that got her through.

Of course, during Barbara's health problems, Noel was with her – supporting, encouraging, and caring. It didn't bother him to do the dishes and clean the house when necessary. When she was stressed or upset, he was the only one who could calm her down. In fact, when Barbara was in the hospital, the nurses remarked that Noel would be there and she would not be so nervous; he was always there whenever there were serious problems or tests or anything like that. At one time, Dr. Perkes said to Barbara "Noel is a good Husband for you. Any other you would have driven crazy before now." Actually they worked together wonderfully well, but Noel did have the ability to make you feel that it was a privilege to him to be able to help, and nobody was a burden.

Naturally, Noel had his share of personal trials, as well. As he wrote, "It was hard for a 9 year old boy to understand the death of his mother. It seemed God must not care because he took a mother

that was badly needed by three children. I was told at the time that He had a work for her to do, but it was hard. I still wonder about it a lot.”

In May 1982 Noel had a major heart attack, which destroyed the front part - about 1/2 of his heart, and changed his lifestyle considerably. Again, he wrote, “The feeling of worthlessness at times and the depression at other times has been the most hard trial I have had to handle. Not the heart attack, but why I was left to live with this handicap. It seems the most hard times is when hunting or fishing or working or walking and hiking with the family and can’t keep up. It sure helped my feeling of worthlessness and depression when I was finally able to bring home a pay check, and felt I was finally worth something.”

“There has been times when I wondered if the Lord answered prayers, but I can honestly say he has never let me down. It maybe took some time to see the results, but I can always look back and see how things have worked out.”

Hobbies

Noel enjoyed the outdoors and had deep respect for nature. He felt that a person could get closer to God than on a creek bank or in the mountains because you cannot help but think of Him when you’re out in His creations. He always dreamed of building a cabin in the mountains where he could hunt and fish whenever he wanted.

Noel was an excellent hunter/marksman. Though it’s hard to say, for sure, that hunting was a hobby. The family depended on the deer or elk meat for their livelihood, and so, it was not only an incredible amount of work, but represented equal amount of stress, as well. And prayer was an important part. While hunting he always looked for an animal that would be a good eating piece of meat, and often said “Antlers make poor soup.” He was particular about the animal he shot, how it was shot and how it was taken care of. He hated waste, and would tell the boys time and time again, “Make sure of your shots. Make a clean kill.” Noel was sensitive towards animals. It pulled at his heart-strings when he saw an animal suffer needlessly or be wounded and go off and suffer.

The first day of hunting season the entire family would pile in the car and go riding the road, hunting. It was an early morning event because Noel had get to work and the kids had to go to school, but it was something they all looked forward to.

Following is a couple of Hunting stories: (More stories can be found in the appendix.)

Mike remembers his first hunt with Noel, and they went out back of the sheep corrals out South. “I was just a little turd. I couldn’t go fast enough in the snow to keep up with Dad and he could go fast enough to split the deer up, so he tied a rope around his waist, put a loop in it, and I’d just hang onto the loop and he could pull me faster. The snow was only ankle deep to him but it was clear above my knees. So we got going and jumped those deer and split them up. And then Dad said, “Now let’s just go out on the hillside and sit down and when they try to get back together we’ll get one.” So we just got out in the open where we could see and sit down and here comes a yearling doe trotting by. Dad shot her and he shot her back a ways. She whirled and ran down that draw just as hard as she could go I thought that the 30-30 was the best gun he had ever had and I asked him then when we dressed that deer out, if I could have that 30-30 and he it promised to me.”

“One other time we jumped in that old ‘57 station wagon with Cleon. We went out to the top. There was about eight inches of new snow. We didn’t have snow tires. Everyone else was still chaining up. So, we were the first ones over the top. We got out and down the other side to about the salt flats. There Cleon was riding along and looked up and he says, “Well, look at the sheep.” Looked over there and, Sheep H---! Those were elk! A bull, a cow, and a calf were there. Cleon jumped out and empties his rifle right there. Dad fired one shot and I knew that old cow was dead. The minute he shot I knew she was dead. That Bull whirled and took off and I says, “All I can see is his butt, Dad.” And Dad said, “If you have to shoot him in the butt, you let him go.” Very well, here goes nothing. I held just

over his tail and shot. His butt dropped. I thought, "Am I in trouble or what." Got up there and I'd shot him right in the back of the head. That old cow ran around to that other ridge where it comes off down toward the pack string. She ran over there and down she went, rolled down the hill. Dad had shot her plum through. We backed off onto the old highway and loaded both them elk whole in the back of the old Ford station wagon and headed back over the top. Got just about to the horse shoe and had a flat tire. The trunk in the car was down underneath. Dad lifted that trunk. He picked that whole trunk and everything up and held both those elk up so that I could pull the spare tire and jack out of there. I handed the jack to Cleon, reached in and grabbed that spare tire, and pulled it out. By the time I wheeled it around, Cleon had the car about jacked up and by the time he did have it jacked up, I had all the lug nuts off. Pulled the tire off and put the other one on, spun two lug nuts on. Cleon started to let the jack off. By the time he had let it all the way down, I had the rest of the lug nuts on and tight and we were gone. Got home and Mom got all teary eyed. It was the last day of elk season."

Noel said once that he really liked hunting and always thought it was fun, but it was nothing until he got the boys to go with him. Noel used to tease all the time. He'd watch his sons shoot and miss an animal and he'd say, "Well boys, it's time you had another lesson. Let the old man show you how it's done." He could put that bullet wherever he wanted. There were a few times he put the bullet where he wanted and the deer or elk wasn't there, but not too often he'd miss.

After his first heart attack Noel always felt that he held the boys back because he couldn't go as far when hunting, but the boys loved having him with them. Shortly after his illness, Barbara bought Noel a big hunting tent (normally sleeping six or seven hunters with all their gear). This was a dream come true for Noel because he'd always wanted to set up a camp with his family.

Noel always wanted to bag a big moose. Unfortunately, even though he applied every year, he never got a license. He jokingly said that one day he was going to go shoot one and send a thank you note to the Game and Fish.

Before leaving hunting stories, it must be noted that the only 100% shot in the family was Barbara. One time Noel convinced her to try shooting a shotgun, and she easily hit the target. After that she never tried again, because she didn't want to break her record.

Noel enjoyed fishing, as well, and 99% of the time he got his limit. He liked to use minnows for bait, and he liked floating in the boat. One time Noel, Barbara, and another couple went down Salt River in the boat. They kept telling the ladies not to rock the boat because the water was really deep. The boat rocked a little and frightened Barbara, because she was scared of water, and she jumped right onto Noel's shoulders. Then they all laughed because the water was really only knee deep.

Noel's favorite spinner was a Star Colorado, which was silver on top and gold on the bottom. There was something about them that just seemed to pull the fish to them. One time during the fall, Noel, Mike, Nathan and Fred were fishing, when Noel got a snag and that was his last spinner. He'd tried everything he could to free it, and finally, he had Nathan swim after it. Nathan wasn't too happy about that idea because it was cold (and actually starting to snow), but while Noel held Nathan's pole, Mike started a fire, Nathan stripped down to his shorts and waded out into the water to get that dang spinner. That water was so cold that it burned on his legs, but he finally released that spinner and came back out. Mike had the fire going, and made sure Nathan's clothes were warm.

Once down at the Springs, Noel was teaching Yvonne how to fish. He had a fish biting, and when he set the hook, he yanked so hard the fish came out of water, over his head, across the fence, and landed in the gravel road behind him.

During the last few years of Noel's life he became interested in taxidermy. He started by helping Kim with some of his heads, and pretty soon he was hooked. Noel mounted several antelope heads, and then he had the opportunity of mounting a Water Buck. Some guy was taking a couple of Water Bucks from a zoo in Texas to a zoo in California, and one of them died in Evanston. He knew he had to get rid of it, and was glad when Mike offered to take it off his hands. Mike brought it up for Noel to

mount, and he did a beautiful job. In fact, a professional taxidermist, upon seeing the mount, said he'd hire Noel anytime he wanted a job.

Noel almost always cut the boys hair. When they were small, he believed that boys had too much to do to worry about their hair so he gave them his famous 30 seconders - guaranteed for 3 months. Later on, his barber talents also included cutting Barbara and Yvonne's hair.

Noel was a handy person to have around. He enjoyed woodworking, and seemed to have a natural talent for it. It wasn't always the fanciest, but it was serviceable. He could fix a lot of things around the house. It took him a while sometimes, and sometimes he took things apart and had a hard time putting them together, but he usually was able to fix what was broken.

Noel thoroughly enjoyed reading, and could entirely immerse himself in a book. There were times Barbara threatened him for reading too much, and they had quite a few quarrels over his reading. Noel would just sit there, his eyes glued to the book. If you got any answer, it was usually a grunt or a mumble. He loved the westerns, including Max Brand, Frank Slaughter and Zane Grey. He was very proud of his Louis L'Amour collection - over 100 books. In addition to the westerns, he read many a church book. He read magazines, papers at school, anything he could get his hands on.

Although Barbara took Home Economics in High School, for the most part, she taught herself to sew, and that skill became not only one of her main hobbies, but a real boon for her family. For many years she made shirts for her boys and dresses for her girls. She made doll clothes (her girl's dolls were always the best dressed dolls in town), stuffed animals, and all kinds of things. Barbara especially enjoyed making quilts for her family and quilt tops for others. Of course, her men needed fishing vests to wear. When each of her children got married, they had two tied quilts and one appliquéd and hand-quilted quilt. Her appliquéd quilts were incredibly gorgeous. (Her patterns are in the appendix.)

Barbara loved to share her sewing with others. Each year she donated quilt tops to the ward, where they were quilted and sold at auction to help with the building fund. Through the years she made doll clothes, clothes, and quilts for the Primary Children's Hospital. She's donated quilt tops to the church Humanitarian services, and several years she helped make clothes, doll clothes, etc. to help needy families in the valley with Christmas gifts.

She was always looking for easier, more effective ways of doing things. In fact, one time, a good friend stopped by to show her a new way to put in a zipper that she had learned at Relief Society. She wasn't very happy to find out that Barbara had been using a similar technique for years, and she had simply experimented until she found the easiest way. One of the main ideas she taught her daughters was when making a sewing mistake, stand back, look at it and pretend you wanted it that way, and then adjust accordingly. Many really fun things were made from mistakes.

Barbara enjoyed cooking, as well. When she and Noel were first married, she couldn't cook much, and baked even less. She began teaching herself, and her Dad and Aunt Eva helped her. The first cakes she baked were disasters. Finally, she went to her Dad for advice. She said that she didn't know what was wrong, unless she was adding too much cream when she creamed the butter. Yes, that's what was wrong, and once her Dad explained how to cream butter, everything improved. Noel often joked that the first loaf of bread she made fell on the floor and broke the floorboards. At the time, he didn't say a word, he just got on the telephone and called Aunt Eva and asked her to teach Barbara to bake bread. She probably wasn't too happy about learning when one day she came home and found that the kids had cut off the heel on everyone of the six loaves of bread that she had just baked.

Barbara enjoyed making special cakes and things for her family. She made a cake for Nathan that was shaped like a guitar, and Yvonne had one in a heart shape, for example.

One year, Barbara's efforts were recognized at the fair. She made bread, pies, and cakes, and then took them to her Dad for his opinion. He told her that she probably wouldn't win any prizes

because of various reasons, but they were both delighted when she won 1st prize on all her entries. Of course, Art was comparing her product to professional Bakery requirements.

Barbara took special satisfaction in canning and preparing food for the coming seasons. She'd can tomatoes, juice, pickles, peaches, pears, jam and jellies – grape, strawberry, raspberry, chokecherry, and serviceberries. The family took a trip to Utah to purchase fruit and canning vegetables quite often in the fall, and this was always a fun outing.

Barbara taught Yvonne's 4-H group for several years, teaching subjects including, sewing, cooking, home decorating, foreign foods, etc. She was proud of every girl in the group, but only disappointed when their Mom's would choose to do their projects for them. Most did the work themselves, but there were a couple of Moms who just had to cheat a little. Barbara had no tolerance for that.

Both Barbara and Noel loved Music. Barbara played the violin during high school and took lessons off and on through the years. She also played the piano – much of which she taught herself. Noel played Harmonica and tried his hand at the Juzz Harp.

They loved to sing together, and whenever possible, with the family. Noel had a beautiful tenor voice, and Barbara was a wonderful soprano, and most of the kids could sing parts. Many years the family went Christmas Caroling. Whenever the family traveled, they'd all sing. Some of the favorites were: "My Gal's a Corker", "My Sweetheart", "Bible Stories", and "Noah's Ark". No one was able to sing faster than Dad when he started on "Guy's Got a Head Like a Ping Pong Ball", although Bobbi got so she could keep up.

They loved the church hymns, and it would be easier to say which ones they didn't like than to try to list favorites. They loved songs: "These Hands", "He", "How Great Thou Art", "I Know That My Redeemer Lives", "The Lord Is My Shepherd", "Praise to the Man", and "In the Garden". Noel was invited quite regularly to join the ward choir, but he never did. He didn't know how to read music, and said the notes looked like tadpoles on the page.

Barbara and Noel encouraged their children to participate in music at school. Most played instruments or participated in choir. Anytime there was a concert, it was guaranteed that they would be there supporting their children.

Religion

The Putnam Family didn't reserve religion just for Sundays. Noel often told his family, "Don't Compromise Your Standards", and that became the family's motto.

Noel felt that he could be as close to the Lord while sitting on a mountain looking over God's creations as he could while sitting in church; it's the attitude that counts. On all of the camping trips, the evenings were spent sitting around singing church songs and visiting about spiritual things.

Noel and Barbara loved God, His church, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They never once verbally questioned or criticized the validity or inspiration coming forth from the scriptures or general authorities.

Prayer had an important place in the Putnam home. Additionally, the family always had Prayer before traveling to ask for the Lord's protection. Each fall, just before going elk hunting, they always had prayer and asked the Lord to bless the hunters with success and safety, and Noel always tried to make sure his church callings were taken care of before the hunt. Throughout the years there's been lots of people who either wanted to go with the guys or wanted to know where they go because they usually get elk. However, even though the men worked hard for the elk, Noel always attributed their success to prayer and Heavenly Father's blessings.

On Christmas Eve each year, the family had a tradition of taking time to remember the true meaning of Christmas - a spiritual time, and Noel read the Christmas story from the Bible.

Although Noel and Barbara had periods of inactivity in the church during their lives, they both

had strong testimonies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They took opportunities, whenever or wherever they may be, to teach their children. Noel was especially concerned about making sure his sons knew about the Priesthood.

With the exception of giving Mike a name and a blessing, Noel performed all the kid's priesthood ordinances. He tried to always be worthy to give priesthood blessings whenever the opportunity arose. Over the years, Noel performed many other priesthood ordinances for all of his family members including father's blessings, blessings at times of illness, and blessings of comfort for Barbara in times of trial. When he put his hands on a person's head, he'd lean their head back against his belly and it was so comforting.

Both served in many church callings. They loved teaching together and were called to teach a Book of Mormon class and then a Church History class for 9 year olds. Barbara gave the lessons and Noel helped with the discussions and took care of discipline problems. One day a boy in his Sunday School class was acting up. Noel picked him up, sat down in front of the class and rocked him like a baby. He offered to bring a bottle and pacifier to church the next week. The boy thought it was funny at first; but when Noel wouldn't let him off his lap and wouldn't let him go back to his seat, it wasn't funny anymore. After that Noel didn't have much trouble with that class. Interestingly enough, this same boy later got his act together and went on a mission.

One of the kids in Noel's class told his mother that if you weren't good in church, "Mr. Putnam will squeeze your knee skinny." He'd put his thumb on one side of the knee and a finger on the other side, then try to make them meet in the middle, and it could be a little painful.

For several years Noel, Barbara, and Yvonne worked in the "Family-to-Family Book of Mormon program". Noel could get people involved in the program before they knew what had happened to them. He'd call them on the telephone and tell them that he was calling them on a mission. After they'd panicked, he'd tell them it was a "Rocking Chair Mission", and all they had to do was donate Books of Mormon. They were so grateful that it wasn't any more than that that they'd agree.

Beyond those callings, Barbara served as a Primary teacher, Sunday School teacher, Den Mother, and Visiting Teacher.

Noel served as Den Dad, Webelos Leader, Cub Master, Committee Man, Committee Chairperson, Assistant Cub Master, Assistant Scout Master, Assistant to the Elder's Quorum President, 2nd counselor to the Sunday School President and Home Teacher.

Noel was asked by President Winters to be in charge of the Upper Valley softball field, so several summers were spent with each evening at softball games. Barbara took the kids over to the field and when they got tired, she'd put them to bed in the station wagon.

Barbara always claimed that Noel's personality changed the moment he walked onto the ball field. He said that if you yell first and prove that you're more mean than anyone else, you had a lot less problems, and that's exactly what he did. Interestingly though, most of the kids he met through his umpire callings became and remained friends. How could anyone ever forget how he used to yell, "Steerrrike"? It was classic.

Noel never cheated. Once when he was the umpire, Mike was playing ball. It was a close game - so close, in fact, that one run would have won or lost the game. Noel called Mike out, and he was out. Unfortunately, Mike's coach felt that he shouldn't have called him out. After the ball game, he had a temper tantrum, threw the bats at Noel, told him to coach the team and all kinds of other garbage. But, what he didn't understand was that Noel was more concerned about being honest and teaching his children to be honest than he was about whether or not the team won that particular game.

When Nathan went on his mission, Noel said, "If he is going to give two years of his life to the Lord, the rest of the family are going to try to live the best we can so as not to detract from his work." The family tried real hard and as a result they lived close to our Father in Heaven. Although Noel and

Barbara didn't have much money to help Nathan, the Lord provided for their family. There were no serious sicknesses in the immediate family and they always had money for the necessities.

Noel and Barbara tried to listen to the promptings of the Holy Ghost, and taught their children the importance of doing so.

One time Noel listened was when they were considering buying a new home. It was a difficult decision because for the first time in their lives they were basically free from debt. Neither one was sure about going back in debt - certainly not for the \$18,000 that was required. Barbara wanted to put the money in the bank for a while, but Noel just kept feeling that they should get the house right then. Finally, they decided to do it. Within 5 - 6 years after they purchased the new home, the price of similar houses had risen to \$45,000, and they would never have been able to afford to purchase one then.

Noel always liked to bear his testimony and bore it often. While Barbara was sick and unable to attend church, Noel always included the fact that she had a testimony also, which she did.

Noel never went on a full time mission, but he was a wonderful missionary, and shared the gospel a lot. Not only was he a good example, but he also spent time answering people's questions. He tried not to be prejudiced, and tried keeping an open mind.

One day a black man and his daughter came into the meat plant. Noel started to laugh and the guy acted like he was going to take offense to it, getting his defense up and everything. Noel walked over and commented about his daughter that she had such a beautiful head of hair just curly and nice and that it reminded him of his father's hair. A smile spread across the man's face and his whole attitude changed in a matter of seconds.

Neither Noel nor Barbara waited to be called to do things, and were always looking for and finding opportunities to be of service. Barbara got the most joy out of making someone happy. She was always doing something for family or friends.

Barbara sent cakes and goodies to neighbors quite a lot and was always willing to make food for funerals, illnesses, or whatever. Barbara kept extra quilts made up and stored downstairs. Several times Noel heard of someone's house burning down or something and would give a quilt to them. Sometimes he didn't even know who it was, but it didn't matter.

One time Noel and Barbara went for a ride out the south end. As they were coming back towards Afton, a car pulled really close behind them - riding their tail. It made Noel nervous, so, he slowed down to let it pass, and it slowed down. When Noel sped up, the car sped up. Finally, at the top, Noel stopped to find out what was going on. Before he could get out, a guy got out from the car, and came up to Noel. He said that he wasn't trying to harass him, but every time they turned on their car lights, the car quit, so they were trying to stay close enough to use his lights. There were two couples in the car without a heater. So, Noel had the two ladies ride with him and Barbara and then they led the car into town. After they made arrangements for them to get the car fixed, the guy wanted to know what Noel's name was. He refused to tell him, and said that they were just a couple, who wanted to help. A few months later, they got a parcel in the mail. It was a ceramic chicken filled with candy from these couples. Apparently they had asked the person at the garage who Noel was and wanted to thank him for his kindness.

On Christmas Eve one year, a little boy, JC, decided to call Santa Claus. Somehow, he got hold of a grouchy operated. She not only told him that there is no Santa, but she also threatened to have his phone taken out if he played with it again. Needless to say, JC was devastated. When Noel found out about the incident, he decided to help out. He called JC, disguised his voice, and introduced himself as Santa Claus. JC was delighted. In fact, he had to have his older brother talk, as well. When the conversation was finished, just before hanging up, JC said, "Santa Claus, I love you." Tears came readily to Noel's eyes.

One time, a neighbor, Nelda Schwab, was in the hospital, and Barbara, despite some misgivings, volunteered to sit with her for a short time. The relationship between Nelda and the Putnams was not

necessarily good at that time. They'd argued about the kids, the property, and everything else. In fact, Barbara basically hoped that Nelda would sleep while she was there. Fortunately, Nelda awoke, and Barbara offered to help her wash her face and get more comfortable. After that point, the two became the best of friends.

Noel expected his family to be reverent during church. One time in Smithfield, Mike was a deacon and was sitting on the front row. Next to him was another boy and he was constantly talking out loud. At times this kid was so loud, that sitting at the back of the chapel, it was hard to hear the speaker. Noel very quietly got up off the bench, very reverently walked to the front before everyone. He looked at Mike then at the other boy. Then, in his own unique way, put his butt between them and wiggled his way down. The whole place was silent. They must have felt that if they even whispered he would get up and go sit by them also.

Very early in their marriage, Barbara became interested in Genealogy. She began collecting information, stories, and pictures. She made Book of Remembrances for her and Noel, her children, and other family members. Finally, when she got sick, the doctors told her to back off because she had become so involved that she was wasn't sleeping. But, her family is benefiting from the work she did.

On 24 September 1974 Barbara's "precious father, Arthur Mead" passed away. He had been sick for several years and his mind was gone the last few months so, they had to feed him, etc., but Barbara did her best to help care for him. She knew it was up to her to do his temple work so after he had passed away one year, she sent his and her sister, Marian's, name in to be cleared for the Idaho Falls Temple, and had the work was done. (Jerry and Karen took care of the work in the temple.)

Employment

Noel was a hard worker with strong work ethics. He always believed in giving a good day's work for what he got. He taught his children that "whatever you do, even if it's shoveling manure out of a barn, do it with pride; do it to the best of your ability. There's a lot of people in the world getting something for nothing and you're giving something back."

He took time to think about and figure out the best way to do things. He wanted the quickest, easiest and most effective. For instance, while he worked for the school district, he decided the best way to put the toilet paper on the roll was to have it roll out. That way no one had to search for the end.

After Noel began working full time, he basically worked for four places: K & B Cold Storage, Lower Pack, Dana Cold Storage and Lincoln County School District #2.

Noel worked for K & B Cold Storage for many years. It was extremely hard work. He usually slaughtered once a week, by himself. It's hard to imagine how he actually tolerated the hard labor. Probably all of the kids have fond memories of sitting by the big fan down at the slaughterhouse during the winter months and watching Noel butcher. He had an old oak whisky or pickle barrel that he'd fill up with water and he'd throw the hearts, livers, cheek meat, and all that kind of stuff in. He called it the Heart and Liver Barrel. At the end of the day, he'd tip it over and dump it out. It was the kid's job to pick all that up, put it in the pan, and then put it in the cooler. All of the boys spent some time down at the old slaughterhouse, helping him with slaughtering, chasing animals, fencing or something.

During the fall of each year Barbara worked as a wrapper with Noel, and the whole family helped out at the meat plant - skinning animals, stamping packages, cutting meat, cleaning up, - anything to help Noel get out earlier. It wasn't unusual during that time for Noel to go to work at 7 a.m. and not get home until 10 p.m. Kim was so young and little when he started skinning meat that he had to stand on the ice chest to reach them. Burwin would send hunters back to see his skinner. They had a hard time believing that someone so little could do such a good job.

For about nine months in 1964, the family moved to Utah, where Noel worked for Larry Lower

at Lower Pack. He was offered a good wage, but then, when it came time to pick up his check, Larry had changed his hourly rate; so, he never knew how much money he was earning. After about nine months, K & B offered Noel a raise to come back. Ken Astle even came to Utah and helped move the family back home.

After Noel had his first heart attack, his feelings of self worth were very low. To make things worse, Burwin had told him that he couldn't use him any more. At that point, Kirk Dana hired Noel to cut game meat for the fall. This act of kindness really gave him a boost of self-esteem. After he was hired by the school district, he continued to go to Dana's Cold Storage and do what he really enjoyed. He would get off his morning shift at 9 a.m., come home for a quick bite of breakfast, drive to Thayne to work cutting meat for Kirk, and then come home just in time to work his afternoon shift.

After Noel's heart attack, Vocational Rehabilitation made arrangements with the school to train him to work as a custodian. He worked for several months - just a few hours a day. Then the school district hired him full-time for "light custodial work".

Noel worked hard as a custodian, just as he did as a meat cutter. As far as he was concerned, his assigned building was "his building", and his rooms practically sparkled. He went out of his way to work with the teachers, and did little extras to make things easier for them.

For a while it was hard for him to get used to "cleaning toilets", but before long he had a system. He made up his own schedule so that no matter what time it was, he could be found, and it was only rarely that anyone had to hunt for him.

A couple of times, for various disciplinary reasons, students were assigned to work for Noel. He didn't believe in letting them off without working, but he made it enjoyable for them. He spent a lot of time talking to them, and made a lot of friends with these kids. Some of them came back even after they graduated from school to visit with "Mr. J", and ironically, several of those kids sluffed school and attended his funeral.

Barbara worked, as has been mentioned, in the fall wrapping meat with Noel. She used the extra money for Christmas, house taxes, insurance, etc. They thoroughly enjoyed working together.

Off and on, Barbara sewed for other people – doll clothes, hemming, dresses, etc. That wasn't the most successful endeavor because she didn't want to overcharge, and so she'd let the person decide how much it was worth. It didn't take long to discover that her time wasn't worth much. Noel always felt badly when she was mistreated.

Barbara also worked for Custom Dried Foods washing the coveralls, etc. and then started cleaning the Lincoln County Extension Office.

Sense of Humor and Other Nonsense

Noel and Barbara both had wonderful sense of humors, and enjoyed each other.

Many mornings Noel would come out of the bathroom singing, "Oh, Lord it's Hard to be Humble when you're perfect in every way. I can't wait to look in the mirror. I get better looking each day."

Noel was really good with tongue twisters. Some of the ones he enjoyed were: "Six Slimy Snakes Slid Slowly Southward", "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers. How many peppers did Peter Piper Pick?", "How much wood would a Woodchuck chuck if a Woodchuck could chuck wood?"

One of their kids' great delights was to arm wrestle Noel. He'd agree, and they'd sit down at the table or piano bench and proceed to arm wrestle. He'd wait until they were nearly purple for working so hard to move his arm. Then he'd say, "Are you ready yet?" Or he'd grab their arm and pull it his way and moan and groan and pretend to really be struggling and then he'd move it up and over the other way and groan. Of course, the kid wasn't doing anything but laughing.

One of the favorite games the family liked to play for Home Evenings was "Poor Pussy". Everyone sat in a circle, and one person was the "pussy". The "pussy" would go around the circle meowing

and purring, and do whatever was necessary to get someone else to laugh. Noel never laughed, but he'd still take his turn at being the "pussy". One night Noel was the pussy, and went around the room. Just before he got to Barbara, he yelled, "Here comes a Tom Cat." He went dancing towards her flipping his legs and arms. Barbara just about died, and everyone laughed until their stomachs ached.

One Halloween, Noel dressed up like a baby, with a diaper, baby bonnet and a bottle. Then, taking a laundry basket, he went trick-or-treating.

He liked to quote Little Orphan Annie especially around Halloween:

Wunst they wus a little boy who wouldn't say his prayers -
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wusn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-about: -
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you Don't Watch Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh and grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an-kin;
An' wunst, when they was "company", an ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em un' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist, as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you Don't Watch Out!

While Kim was in Scouts, they had a pizza party at the Putnam home. The kids just gorged themselves on pizza. Noel waited until they were absolutely stuffed and then he told them that he had put exlax on the pizza. (He hadn't.) Rex Astle, especially, just about croaked on the spot. Noel suggested that if they got cramps on their way home, maybe they should find a snow bank. It didn't take long before Rex was running down the road trying to get home.

When Susan got her first buck, Kim and Noel mounted it, and hung on the wall by the stairway. (Many years later, Kim finally confessed that he'd actually shot it and had just let her think she had. Course, if her gun had been loaded she probably would have got it.) Well, one day the grandkids visited, and Noel told them that the deer was sneaking around outside and he sneaked up behind it and goosed it in the butt. The deer jumped so hard he came through the wall and half of him got stuck. All the kids had to go outside to look.

Whenever Noel was touched by something, and it brought tears to his eyes, he'd say, "My bladder is too close to my eyeballs".

When Noel was a small boy, he had matches in his pocket. When he started running, the matches rubbed together and started on fire. He had a scar on his leg for the rest of his life. One night shortly after, he was tending Malloy. Malloy was sitting on his leg. He let wind. Noel jumped up and yelled, "Look what you did to my leg." He showed him that scar. Malloy started to cry. He really believed that he had caused it.

Noel thoroughly enjoyed mounting the Water Buck. Not only was it a novelty, but it gave him an opportunity to create some new stories. He told people that this Water Buck was from Ethopia. It

got so hungry that it walked across the ocean in search of food, and ended up in his backyard. He got up, put the gun barrel through his bedroom window and shot it there.

Every once in a while Noel kind of exaggerated when telling fish stories. One time he called Little Nate on the phone and told him that he had caught a fish so big that the picture weighed eight pounds.

The family used to go swimming at Sulpher's swimming pool a lot, and Noel was an excellent swimmer. He loved to jump off the diving board. He could dive and move his legs just right until he looked like a frog. Barbara couldn't stand to have water in her face, but she could float. In fact, she could just about go to sleep while floating on the water.

The family had a lot of laughs about Barbara's false teeth. One time while traveling home from Pocatello, she was sitting in the back seat. When she sneezed her teeth flew out of her mouth, past Noel's ear, and landed on the front of the car. Noel accused her of trying to bite him.

The reaction of the grandchildren to her teeth was always interesting. Once when Barbara Jo was here, Barbara took her teeth out, brushed them, and put them back in. After watching, and thinking about it, Bobbi said, "What did you do, swallow them?" When Andy saw his grandma brush her teeth, he thought he could do the same thing, and was found in a corner, trying to get his teeth out.

Barbara enjoyed pulling jokes on her family occasionally. Once, the men went to Father-Son Outings with their sleeping bags sewed shut. When Mike was a young man, he was moaning about not having a girl friend, so Barbara made him one – about a 12" doll. She didn't like anything mean or harmful, but wasn't above pulling a fun joke.

One night Sue came home really late (actually early the next morning). Barbara was too uptight to sleep, so she got up at 3:30 a.m. and started to do dishes. Pretty soon Noel came out of the bedroom and started downstairs. He went down and made Sue get out of bed and come help Barbara with the dishes. He figured if her Mom couldn't sleep because she had stayed out so late, she could stay up too. After he got Sue up, he sat at the table and watched them do the dishes. Susan was furious, Noel was stern, and Barbara got the giggles. After the dishes were done and Susan was back in bed, Barbara and Noel lay in bed and giggled for hours.

Noel was willing to try anything once. One night he decided he wanted to wear a certain shirt the next day. It just happened to be a shirt that was torn and waiting for Barbara to fix it. It was late night and she was tired. So, she said he'd do it the next morning. He didn't want to wait and decided to do it himself. While he was sewing, Barbara was laying in bed listening to him. He'd sew for a few minutes and cus for a few minutes and sew a little, and so on. By the time he was finished, he's sewn the front onto the back. And, he used such small stiches that she couldn't even unpick it. Of course the fact that she was laughing so hard didn't help. After that, he left the sewing to her.

For a couple of summers Noel played softball. He was a great batter, and once he would get on first base, Fred would run for him. During one game, he hit the ball right at the third baseman. Instead of running to first base, he put his hands in his pocket and casually walked there. The third baseman picked up the ball and looked for a runner. When he didn't see anyone running, he just stood there looking around while Noel safely reached first base.

Simple Pleasures

It didn't take very much to make Noel happy. He enjoyed simple things. He loved the outdoors, and loved to camp. He liked to "Listen to the Grass Grow", "Chase the Shade Around a Tree", sit around a campfire, watch deer, elk, geese, etc. He often said, "Can you taste that air?" He loved to take car rides with Barbara - rides to see scenery, hunt squirrels or prairie dogs. He often said that he didn't think there was anything prettier than a pasture of cows.

Noel liked to go walking hand in hand with Barbara. They enjoyed watching their kids and Grandkids play basketball, baseball, and football. For many years after the boys played and came

home, Noel would sit down with them and rehash the game. He always had some advice - ways for them to improve.

Noel's favorite bird was the Bluebird; he also enjoyed the Hungarian Pheasant and loved to listen to the Meadowlark. He always told the kids that it said, "Auburn is a pretty little town." His favorite flowers were Rock Lillies and blue Carnations.

Barbara loved lilacs and sweetpeas. Her favorite bird was the Robin. She wasn't able to sit quietly and enjoy life as easily as Noel, but she enjoyed embroidery and handwork that she could do while Noel enjoyed his quiet.

Noel always wanted to have a farm, and wanted to have the brand 2 lazy 2 P. He enjoyed looking at livestock. He loved to go to Kim's to help with the animals. He always felt welcome to go there and relax anytime. He could go there, putter around, discuss problems, come home and not worry about it.

Noel enjoyed cooking. After Barbara's hysterectomy, he mixed the homemade bread and took a great deal of satisfaction in it. Then when it was baked, he liked to get the heel of the bread. Noel was an excellent cook with a dutch oven, and liked to try different recipes. He baked pies, cake, and bread, cooked stew, and anything else he could think of. Noel's favorite pies were carrot and apple. He loved boiled raisin cake. When Barbara made strawberry jam he'd take it to the fruit room and hide it.

Noel liked to sharpen knives. He enjoyed going out and cutting firewood. In fact for some time after he got his chain saw, when he and Barbara would go for a ride, he didn't see very many deer, but he saw a whole lot of good wood. He liked John Wayne movies, a good joke as long as there was no harm, and a pretty sunset. His idea of a good supper was Bread, Milk, and Green Onion.

Noel loved people. He could walk up to just about anyone and visit. If he didn't know them before, he certainly knew them afterwards. He had the ability to make them feel at ease. He also made people feel that they could trust him with anything.

Barbara loved babies. Noel often said that she could go down town, find the grimmest, dirtiest baby, bring it home, clean it up, and love it. That certainly hasn't changed.

Neither Noel nor Barbara graduated from high school, but they got their High School Equivalency Diploma. A lot of evenings they spent at class and studying at home to prepare for it. That left a real impression on their children, as well.

Noel's Passing

Friday, 2 March 1990 began just as any other day. Noel went to work. When he came home around 9 a.m., he decided to go get a haircut, and was gone for hours. When he came home, he told Barbara that he'd gone riding around the valley. He just wanted to be alone and look around, and he'd thoroughly enjoyed himself. At noon Noel, Barbara, and Yvonne were sitting around visiting. Noel started to say something and then stopped. Barbara asked him what he was saying. He said, "Never mind, you wouldn't understand." That wasn't like him. Usually he'd explain until she did understand. That night, Barbara and Yvonne went over to the school to help him scrub the floors. He'd hustled and had it all scrubbed before they got there. He said he was feeling better than he had for months, and he stayed to buff the floor. He got home about 7:30 p.m., and for once he wasn't totally exhausted. He and Barbara sat around and visited. Then they decided to go for a ride and had a relaxing, enjoyable ride all by themselves. They came home and sat and read for a while. Around 10:15 Noel started coughing. He said he had something in his throat that wouldn't come up or go down. Then he seemed okay. A little later Barbara said, "Are you ready for bed?" Noel said, "I'm right behind you." Barbara got up and went to the bedroom, but Noel didn't follow. She yelled to Yvonne and said that something was wrong with Noel. He wasn't breathing, but his airway was clear, so he didn't choke. After what seemed to be an eternity, the ambulance came. They worked on him quite a while before they finally had him stabilized enough to move. They took him to the hospital, where they worked with him for a

couple of hours. Fred and Bishop Haws gave him a blessing. Mike was called. Although it was a difficult decision, those who were at the hospital chose not to call Nathan and Susan, because if they were moving Noel to Salt Lake, there wasn't any sense in having them on the road coming home. At one time the doctors actually thought they had him stabilized enough to send him on to Salt Lake City. Those of the family members who were there, went into a room and had prayer. Fred prayed that if he couldn't get better that he wouldn't suffer. Within five minutes after the prayer was finished, Noel passed away Saturday, 3 March 1990 at 1 a.m. One of the EMTs said that just before he died, he had a beautiful smile on his face. The family believes that his parents were there for him.

Barbara's Life - Single

One of Noel's major concerns that he voiced during his last few months was his fear that he wouldn't out live Barbara, and he worried about how she would handle things. He didn't doubt that she was capable of handling whatever was necessary, but he didn't ever want her to have to; he wanted to protect her as much as possible. As Mike said, though, "Mom was as strong as Dad always knew she could be but didn't want her to have to be."

Barbara missed Noel terribly. She wrote of missing the little things, "such as a kiss each day before he left for work, that 'have a good day' helped me. Being able to wake in the night with his arm around me. Compliments of how nice I looked or about my cooking, etc. I miss sharing my thoughts with him – telling about things and people in our valley, but most of all I miss the love and consideration, kindness he gave me."

Barbara found peace through her times of struggle through the Gospel. She wrote her testimony as follows: "There is no doubt as to the truthfulness of the Gospel. I know it was the will of our Father in Heaven for Noel to be taken because of a great purpose and mission Noel had to fulfill. I know he is with his Mom and Dad. And I know he will be with each one of his family if we live worthy and ask our Father in Heaven for his help, also for Noel to be with us. Life is for eternity for our family. Noel will be with us always. I'm grateful for my testimony of the truthfulness of this, but also I'm especially grateful for my neat memories of a wonderful man that I had the opportunity to be married to for 39 years. I may share Noel's earthly possessions with my family, but I will always have my memories in my heart. No one can take them away from me. It's my desire live my life so I'll be worthy of my family and to be with Noel in Eternity."

There was a lot of evidence of times that he was with her. At the funeral, just at the time when Barbara didn't think she could handle it, she heard someone say, "It's okay, Barb. Take a deep breath. We'll handle it." She looked at Mike to see if he was talking, but it wasn't him. It was Noel! He's been back to help her through difficult times since then – especially surgeries.

Barbara and Yvonne set up home together. For quite a while after his passing, it was difficult to feel at home even in the house. It took lot of work and time for them to "rebuild" their home. Fortunately, they were the best of friends, and enjoyed each other's company.

Beginning at the time of Noel's death, Barbara's health consistently deteriorated. She had multiple knee surgeries, rotator cuff surgery, bladder and rectal reconstruction surgery, ankle surgery and back surgery. In addition Barbara had multiple small strokes caused by Atrial Fibrillation, suffered from chemical imbalances and depression, and was been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease.

In additional to the physical problems, Barbara had many stuffed-in memories come back to torment her. After her mother died in 1995, she began remembering so much of the abuse of her childhood. Her mind, apparently, protected her until after her mother was no longer a part of her life. Then, she went through heck. Finally, she developed dementia – lost most of her memory, concentration, and ultimately, the ability to do everyday tasks. She started collecting things like cardboard boxes and empty milk bottles. She hid a lot of things because she was afraid someone was going to steal them.

At one time, she hid all of the wash clothes in her underwear drawer. And then, on another occasion, when the blender was lost, she started looking through her drawers to find it.

A daughter-in-law very accurately described the dementia when she said that it reminded her of a florescent light. When a light starts to burn out it blinks out once a while. As time goes on, it blinks out more often until just before it burns out completely, it only blinks on occasionally. The same was true with Barbara. When she first started in dementia, she occasionally forgot things. Before it was over, it seemed like she remembered only occasionally.

Originally as the disease began developing, she knew that something was wrong, and as she realized that she was gradually losing her memory, she really struggled. She had watched her Dad go through that illness, and she was terrified that she would become a burden to her family. Barbara and Yvonne finally agreed that there was no such thing as a “burden” in our family, and in fact, that word wasn’t used.

Through the years, Barbara needed a lot of care. Her children all helped out in different ways as they were able to do so. Since Yvonne and Barbara lived together, she had the privilege of providing a lot of the day-to-day care.

Mike was could talk her through problems, quite often, and he got away with a lot simply because he sounds like Noel. Not only did he keep track of the health issues he was willing to talk to the doctors and get answers.

At one point, Barbara got really mad at Yvonne, and informed her that she was going to Evanston to live with Mike because he loved her. It had been a long day, so Yvonne called him and said, “Come and get her.” He refused; he said that if he needed to take her, he would do the best he could, but he wouldn’t let her run away to his house, which was pretty good judgment. As with most things, it didn’t take her long to forget what she’d said.

Nathan called her at least a couple of times a week – just to visit. He always had a new joke to tell her, and Barbara loved them. Of course, he could tell her the same one more than once and she laughed just as hard the second and third times.

Shortly before her death, Nate received the blessing of having the light come on at the right time. He called to visit, and he’d been having a bad day – lots of disappointments. As he was telling Barbara about it, she closed her eyes, and began talking (keep in mind, at that point, she had difficulty talking and had trouble with a few sentences). That night the two of them had a real conversation. Then, just before hanging up, she said, “Oh, Nate, it was sure good to see you.” We kind of chuckled about that, but there’s no doubt that in her mind, she saw Nate and enjoyed their visit.

Fred was available to give Priesthood blessings whenever she needed them. Also, she went through a period of time where she was slightly paranoid. She loved to call the police department to turn in everything from people watering their lawn at the wrong time, to kids acting strange, and when Fred was on, he was free game.

For a lot of years, Kim kept track of his Mom’s activities, was there when she fell and needed to be lifted, or needed to go to the hospital, and quite often just came in to check on her. Barbara loved to ride out to the ranch and visit for a few minutes, and she liked looking at the animals.

For quite a while, several of the grandkids - Andy, Taylor, Lacey, Amber, Scott, and Anna - helped out with “Grandma sitting”. They’d stay with her while Yvonne ran errands and went to church. And, of course, all of her grandchildren visited whenever they could.

About that time Barbara needed someone to stay with her at all times, Susan was able to successfully complete the Nurse Assistant course, which made her eligible to be hired by the state to help care for her for. She dressed her in the mornings, cooked meals, fed her breakfast and lunch, (everyday she’d put food in front of her and she’d say, “That looks like shit”), among a myriad of other things.

Once Barbara got to the point that she didn’t know she was forgetting things, her stress basically disappeared, and she became happier than ever. Her natural personality came out and she was absolutely delightful. Quite often people with dementia become mean, but she remained as loving as

ever. She was always funny.

For a long time when she would get upset or angry with someone, she'd say, "You're a big baby and you poop (or pee) your pants!" It was impressive to that that's the worst insult she could come up with.

She loved to sit in the back seat of the car and flip off everyone she passed, and at one time, Heidi caught her trying to teach the skill to her son, Ashton.

For a while, she had to use a walker, and she hated it. So, we added a basket and a bicycle horn and attached it. For a while, her greatest entertainment came from sneaking up behind people and blowing the horn. She nailed Susan every time, and she loved it. Additionally, she made it a personal goal to sneak up behind one of our neighbors – Farrel Johns – just because she could. And, bless his heart, he let her do it every time.

When Barbara walked quite often she's sort of sashay across the floor while moving her hips like she was doing the Hula dance. After a while, she couldn't walk well at all and even the walker didn't work for her. At that point, it took both Sue and Yvonne to move her around the house. Sue would stand in front of her, hold out her hands and say, "Come to me, Sweet Pea." She loved it.

For one Christmas, Barbara was given a couple of baby dolls that she loved. In fact, anytime she saw a baby – even if it was just a picture in a magazine or book, she'd talk to it. At night she had to sleep with D.D. puppy – a stuffed animal that looked like a lab puppy. She loved stuffed animals of any kind.

Yvonne told the following story: "Just a few months before she passed away, I was helping Mom in the bathroom. We had fixed it with hand holds to keep her from falling, and that particular day I had to repeatedly remind her to hold on to the bars. Just as I thought we were finished, she let go. I didn't notice quickly enough and she fell backwards onto the toilet. The force pushed the seat back into the tank, and actually broke the bottom out of the toilet tank. Needless to say, water was running everywhere, and I was yelling for anyone and everyone in the house to bring some towels. Mom was dipping her toe in the cold water and giggling, but I didn't see anything amusing about any of it. I was trying to get the water turned off, and the valve just wouldn't turn. About the time I was getting ready to swear, I heard Mom say, 'It's okay. You can come to my house and use my bathroom.'"

It seemed like the last 6 months of Barbara's life she steadily deteriorated. She fell shortly after Thanksgiving, and hit the floor hard enough that she broke her nose and ended up with a concussion, along with major bruises. Less than a month later, she had a stroke, from which she never really recovered. Originally, when we got her to the hospital, the doctor had a hard time figuring out what was going on. Fred called a friend of his and they gave her a blessing. As part of it, she was told that: "Noel is anxiously awaiting your arrival, but he knows Father's plan better than we do, and so he is patient. You will have more days to spend with your family."

At that time, her family made the extremely difficult decision that there would no more unnecessary tests and she would be taken to the hospital only if she was in a lot of pain. The goal was for comfort measures only.

On Thursday, April 27, Barbara had another small stroke. She couldn't hold her neck up for a short time, but it seemed to pass. After that her speech became even harder to understand. The next afternoon, while Susan was staying with her, she started talking to invisible people in a strange language. From the laughter, she apparently was enjoying whatever was being said. Finally, by late afternoon, Sue called Yvonne for back up.

At that time, Mom was trying to get up out of the chair and probably would have fallen. So, Yvonne came up with the great idea of taking her for a walk (and Sue still isn't impressed). As they went outside, Barbara looked at Sue and said, "They're coming to get me." Sue wasn't quite ready for that, and so she replied, "No. We're just going for a walk."

By that night, she was bad enough that we had to call Fred to help get her into bed. That night, she talked all night long – in a strange language. The only thing Yvonne understood was at 5 a.m.

when she said, “What do you mean I can’t go yet?” Since it was in that “Mommy spank” tone of voice, Yvonne was just grateful that she wasn’t talking to her.

The next morning, Barbara seemed to be much better, she able to help walk with help, and she was laughing and talking. Her speech was still distorted, but other than that she seemed to be in good spirits. Then, by noon, she had taken a drastic turn to the worse. Her body started jumping. At one point, her arm was coming about 10 inches off the arm of her recliner. Of course, an ambulance was called and she was treated first in Star Valley and then at Jackson. Results of tests that were performed were inconclusive, and the doctor wasn’t sure exactly what was wrong. Barbara’s family made the difficult decision to remove the medication and just keep her comfortable, and she was hooked up to a morphine pump.

While the majority of the family was there, Fred and Mike gave Barbara a Priesthood blessing. At that point, she was so stiff that she couldn’t move at all. In fact, Mike noted that if someone stepped on her toes she would stand up she was so stiff. But, when he leaned down and asked her if she would like a blessing, she whispered, “Yes, please.” Then, she worked hard to position her head so they could easily reach her for the blessing – what a symbol of her faith. In the blessing, she was told that her time on earth was over and she could now return home to be with Dad. The feeling in the room was incredible.

It took five days before Barbara was released from the diseases that controlled her body. The last words she said in this life was to Amber, and she said, “I Love You”. That pretty well epitomized her life and values.

TRIBUTES TO NOEL

Dad treated everyone, no matter what age or position, with respect - as equals. He felt that there was good in about everyone, and as a result Dad had a great influence in the lives of many people. This was shown through the people who came to his funeral, the cards Mom received, and the comments made to us. The day before Dad’s funeral was Fast and Testimony meeting. It could almost be considered Noel Putnam day. So many people spoke of what he had done for them and how much they loved him. Several of the young people he worked with at school attended his funeral. One example of the comments made is Teddy Goulding’s. She said, “I felt it a privilege just to have known your Dad.”

On the day of his funeral, the flag at the High School annex, where he worked, was flown at half-mast in his honor.

Dad had a beautiful relationship with each of his kids and with Mom. He was someone to talk to, someone to confide in, someone to love, a great teacher and a great scholar.

Everyone depended on Dad, not only his wife and children, but his extended family, friends and acquaintances. Anyone could come to Dad with a problem and go away feeling better. He may not have solved the problem, but he made you feel that you could handle it.

Here’s tributes from some of the members of our family:

Susan

I remember going hunting with Dad, when there was snow, and he would tell me, “Just walk in my footsteps”. For being such a short man, he sure had a long stride.

Often when we walked together during the winter and our hands would get cold, Dad would trade gloves with us. His hands were always warm, so he would wear our gloves and warm them up and then trade us for our cold ones again.

Dad was always there to talk to. He was more than my father; He was my best friend. We had

many long talks. He was always willing to listen and had good advice. He always wanted what was best for me - even when I wasn't too sure about it. I remember often I'd be ready to go out for an evening and he'd tell me "to go put something on."

I'll never forget the last time I saw Dad - when he came down to Salt Lake and gave Amber and I a blessing before she was born. He and Floyd had a good visit and he gave us a good blessing. He and Mom and Yvonne left. They hadn't gone even five minutes when he came back. He said, "I had to come back and give you a kiss." He kissed me and said goodbye. I remember crying and not really knowing why.

I have felt Dad's presence many times - before the funeral I felt it so strongly. I thought if I reach out, he'll take my hand. He was there when Amber was blessed. I know he was. I know he still loves us and is with us.

Yvonne

It's hard to write anything about Dad that hasn't already been written, but I thought Dad was wonderful! He was always available to help or talk whenever he was needed. He always had wonderful advice. He gave Priesthood blessings before each major step in our lives.

There was never any doubt in my mind about whether or not my parents loved each other. Dad not only told us how much he loved Mom, but he showed us by the way he treated her. That doesn't mean that they didn't argue. They did regularly. But their love was greater than any disagreement.

Dad had the ability to make me feel that I was the most important person in the world. He could do that for the others as well as Mom. No one could say that Dad had a favorite child or grandchild. He loved each one equally. He could bring out the best in anybody..

Dad was full of life. You never knew what he might say or do next. Shortly after he passed away, when we'd come home, it didn't feel like home. Dad wasn't there. It took quite a lot of work and time for Mom and I to "rebuild" our home.

There was never any doubt of whether or not Dad loved me. He did and he does. I loved him and I still do.

Nathan

I really admired my father. I loved him - still love him with all my heart. It's been awful tough not having Dad around when you can go to him and talk, use him as a sounding board. Everybody needs that. Dad was always there for us, always willing to talk.

Up until just before he died, Dad made it for the first time here to Salt Lake to see us. He come in and I knew the end was near. He sat down, we talked. The subject was about eternal matters. Audrey gave him a big hug and he told her not to forget her prayers. Always remember Heavenly Father. I got that great opportunity of going out when he was ready to leave and being able to say "Dad, I Love You" as he got into the car.

I had the greatest opportunity of this life that our Father in Heaven could allow. I, Nathan M Putnam, having been born of goodly parents in these Latter Days was the son of the greatest man alive - my friend, my father, Noel W Putnam and I still love him.

Dad instilled in us an Eternal love for each other. A family friend once said that our Family was too close. Heavenly Father has this as a goal for all his children. Now we have to live worthy of returning to Heavenly Father and being "Together Forever" as a Family.

In November 1993, Nathan wrote the following poem:

My Dad

My Dad is the man I know the best
I just know he is the greatest in the west
He gets me up early to go fishing and hunting
And doesn't say much when I set in to grunting,
He smiles and says, "Just think how good it will be
Tonight when we're home and sleep, you and me.."
Along the trail he tells me of his favorite flowers and trees,
Then points them out so I can learn as I see.
The Quaking Aspen stand tall and straight.
With even the slightest breeze, it's leaves begin to shake.
The Wild Rose, Columbine, Honeysuckle, Roosterheads,
Paintbrush, Rock Lilies and Sunflowers in forest beds.
The animals , he teaches me, add purpose to life
The peace and harmony help to ease the hardship and strife.
Then on our way home he tells how God created this all.
It's here for us till we hear his call.
Now I'm getting older and my kids are grown,
Dad's heard his call and went peacefully home.
I remember things Dad and I did so happily and free.
These I can pass on to my grandchildren, the way he taught me.

My Grandpa

By Barbara Hutchinson

It was a cold, frosty, mid-October morning. The frost layed in a thin sheet on the ground that would probably be melted off by mid-afternoon. The nip in the air told of the on-coming winter. Usually I looked forward to this time of year, fir it as at this time that I went hunting elk with the men.

I don't know why I enjoyed this time so much. Maybe I had a knack for hunting, or maybe it was just because my grandpa took such great care of me. I was his girl. His little hunting partner, and even if you had wanted to, you would not have been able to tear me from his side. We always hunted elk together. Of course we did, we were partners. He always had a way of mkaing it fun - walking side by side, telling secretrs, and singing with me even when we were supposed to be quiet. I knew that I held a special place in his heart just as he did mine.

My grandpa was a kind and gentle man. I don't think that I ever heard a harsh word come from his gently smiling mouth. The only time I ever remember being in trouble with him was when I was rowdy in church, and only then did he firmly squeeze my knee to show me his disapproval. I remember his strong, rough hands that showed all the years of hard work that he had done for his family. His elbows wserre always dry and rough, and I only remember his hair being of a light gray. His belly was plump and round, but he was far from being fat, and his height seemed to be just right. But even if he were six inches tall, I still would have looked up to him with pride. His eyes always looked upon you with a smile and seemed to always say, "I love you." He cared for his family very much and took great pride in their achievments. He never atended college, but he didn't need it for he already knew a lot more than most men. And his riches and wealth had always come from the love that he had for his family. He had very few enemies, and was regarded biy the public as being an honest and hardworking

man. He worked hard for his family and we in return worked hard to make him proud.

I had always hunted elk with him, always standing by his side. He would teach me a lot of things about hunting and about life on these hunts. Things that I would have never been able to learn in a lifetime without him. He knew just the right things to say and do. I knew what I wanted; I wanted people to love me as they loved him.

That is why this October morning was so different and heart wrenching. I wasn't going to the hunt this year. Now that my grandfather was gone, it didn't seem the same. I felt like I had no one to hunt with. I felt alone and didn't want to go by myself. That is why I wasn't very disappointed when my father didn't ask me to go.

I knew that somehow, later in life, I would regain my passion for hunting, but it would never be the same. I also knew that I would always remember the man who had showed me how to live my life, putting family, love and friendship first and above anything else. My grandfather is the most unselfish, heartwarming, and passionate person that I have ever known.

Only a Meat Cutter

By Jerry Mead

They say he was only a meat cutter, yet those who call him friend range from the unemployed, to the dishwasher, to the corporate executive.

They say he died too young, yet he had time to raise a large family of children and grandchildren to take in many strays and to provide adequately all that is important in life.

They say he never held a high office in the church, yet he was a man without enemies who was universally loved by all who knew him.

They say he didn't have an education and yet he knew inherently many of the profound truths in life that elusively escape the great scholars. Such truths as:

“It takes a heap of living to make a house a home.”

and

“No success can compensate for failure in the home.”

and

“The family that prays together (or plays together) stays together.”

But he never held a high office in the church! Yet he knew and acted upon the knowledge that the office of “father” and “son” and “brother” and “friend” and “grandfather” are the only offices one can hold in this life that are important enough to transcend this life into the eternities.

“But he was too young,” they say. Yet he was old enough to be deeply missed by hundreds from all walks in life, who know him as “dad”, “Putt”, “Noodles”, “J”, “Brother Putnam”, “Honey”, “Uncle Noel”, “Grandpa”, or just plain old “Noel”. His circle of influence is remarkable by any standard.

But he was only a meat cutter! Yet he was skilled at a trade, his trade! “A Craftsman” say his peers and employers. He exemplified the statemen, “What ere thou art, act well thy part!”

“But he didn't have an education,” they say. Yet he knew the value of education and was able to greatly contribute to the education of his own family as well as those outside his immediate family who have been fortunate enough to pursue formal education that was beyond his immediate reach. (For this I am personally grateful.)

Still, he never held a high office in the church! Yet the circle of his friends who love him and will miss his earthly association includes bishops, stake presidents, counselors, high counselors, quorum presidents and advisors. But even more remarkably, he will be equally missed by the “one” who is so earnestly sought for by the Savior and his anointed servants mentioned above.

Even so, he was only a meat cutter. Yes, I say, he was only a meat cutter (and janitor), but a meat cutter who:

- Took time to love and to serve.
- Had a deep reverence for all of God's creations.

- Served as a counselor, psychologist and healer to his family and friends.
- Was loved by all.
- Was a friend to all.
- Was claimed by many as a brother.

But then, when I reflect upon this great life that is insignificant in the eyes of the world, I must also reflect upon the life of another man who was uneducated by worldly standards, who died young, who associated comfortably with leaders and sinners alike, who was considered by the religious leaders of his day to be an apostate or a heretic. And who, after all, was only a carpenter!

TRIBUTES TO BARBARA

While looking through some of the cards and notes Dad wrote to Mom, which she kept, we found the following:

“On this sweetheart day, I would like to tell you that I truly love my sweetheart of 33 years. I would like to think our love has grown and refined with years.

You are a wonderful wife and sweetheart. I am so happy you wanted to be mine.

I know our love is the kind of love to last through the eternities.

It seems only yesterday we were young lovers, now we are mature lovers.

I love you for all your sweet ways and unselfishness.”

“I want to tell you how happy you have made me all these years. I am so proud to have you for a wife and to be the mother of our children. A mother is the heart of a family.

I appreciate your love and all you do for me and I pray for the Lord to guide and keep you.

Always remember that I love and appreciate you, and I know how lucky I am to have you for my wife.”

“I love you so much even for eternity. My heart is yours always even if it is cracked.”

“I am grateful to God, to have you for my wife for time and eternity.

We have shared a lot of dreams together, also a lot of problems. I want you to know I am grateful for your love and support.

May we let each other feel the love we have for one another and continue to share our love always.”

“How do you tell someone how much they really mean to you or how can you show them you really care?

Barb, for 35 years, you have kept me going. So let me say thanks for sharing life with me

Thanks for your love

Thanks for the family

Thanks for the good times

Thanks for all you are

Thanks for being you.”

“I could buy you a gift or maybe a rose
Or give you a card, but heaven only knows
I’ll give you my love for all of my life
Or all eternity cause I love my wife.”

Mom’s brother, Jerry, wrote the following to her: “I was sitting in a sacrament meeting in Oakdale today listening to a missionary report his mission when I looked down into the audience and saw his big sister there supporting him. It reminded me of all the times you were there. I could always depend on you even when there were no others present. I really appreciate it. I love you a lot.”

Nathan wrote the following poem for Mom’s birthday on 14 September 1971:

My Mother
My Mother is a very special woman.
She takes all sorts of guff.
She mends our clothes, and cooks lots of good stuff.
She sure looks funny when she screams
With those red ears surrounded by steam.
But there are times when our love for her chimes
More pure than a snow white dove
So let our voices raise and shout;
Happy Birthday, Mom, for another year has come and gone.

One day Sue was having a particularly hard time with her three little ones. She called Mom, in tears, and told her, “Mom, I understand why you did the things you did while we were kids.” She then expressed how much she appreciated her. Little did she know that Mom got off the phone and laughed.

Many times Sue passed on teachings she learned from Mom to her children. Mom was her finest example of what a true Mom should be. And, an example of charity – letting the kids live one more day - and still loving them unconditionally.

Even though she wasn’t high society, Mom was always a true lady. She loved the fact that she knew that she was Heavenly Father’s daughter, and it came out in her countenance, not only while she was alive, but also in death.

Fred says, “As far as I’m concerned I had the best mother in the world and nothing will change that.”

Yvonne says: “I always considered Mom one of my very best friends. She was there when I needed to talk throughout my childhood and teenage years. She taught me how to cook, sew, and, despite my efforts, clean. She gave me a love of music and of family history. She always made me feel that I was able to do anything.

Mom’s health problems made it difficult for her to be able to attend church as often as she wanted. Since I knew how badly she craved being there, I tried hard to listen and remember what was taught (even took notes) so I could share the messages with her. In the process, my testimony grew.

As has been shown at the first of this story Mom had a lot of things she couldn’t do, but she made sure she did everything she could.

As she grew older and needed to be cared for, she became my child – someone who needed

me. This gave me not only opportunities to learn, but made me feel important. Even then, she taught me about love and acceptance.

I feel that I was truly blessed to have such a great – if not perfect – Mother and I look forward to seeing her again and being able to tell her once again how much I love her.”

CHARLES NATHANIEL & GOLDA WALTON PUTNAM



Charles Nathaniel Putnam was born 27 Dec 1909 at Auburn, Lincoln County, Wyoming. {He was born the same year as the entertainers: Victor Borge, Kate Smith, and Burl Ives.} He was the sixth of eleven children, whose parents were Frank Nathaniel Putnam and Lucy Hildt. Most of the people who knew Charles well, called him “Chick”.

Charles was a cute kid. He had long blond hair, which his mother used to comb and put in ringlets every morning, and he didn’t like it a bit.

When Chick was two years old, he got lost. The family searched for hours and finally found him in the chicken coop curled up in a nest.

He was the biggest tease his mother ever had. He was always untying her apron strings or sneaking up behind her and suddenly yelling.

Most of the time the family had a lot of food on hand, they had a fruit cellar under the house. Chick’s mother always had a big garden (which she raised herself). When it was time to dig the potatoes, the children would fight to see who had to put them down the spout into the cellar or who would get to go down and pull them away from the spout. Chick always went to Bear Lake with his mother to pick fruit. He was a fast picker.

During the World War I (1917 - 1918) there was a sort of depression. Sugar at the time cost \$36 for a hundred pounds. There were many times that the family was out of sugar because they had no money to buy it, so they would use salt on their mush.

After the war, when the soldiers returned they all had flat topped hairstyles. That was the going fashion, and all the boys wanted their hair pulled straight back. It was difficult to achieve that style, and they tried all kinds of techniques to succeed. Chick, especially, with all his crimp-tight hair had a hard time making it straight. One day he went to school with his hair just slick. When questioned by his friends, he said “Boy, that butter is pretty darn good. I just got butter and put it in my hair.”

Charles and Vena, his younger sister, were always getting into trouble or mischief together. They saw their neighbor put her hens in the creek when she didn’t want them to set, so they got their heads together and decided to do that with their mother’s hens. Well, with Chick on one side of the creek and Vena on the other side, they’d put them in and back in. They kept this up until they had drowned the chickens. They were sure taken in hand by their father, but that didn’t linger long. A while after that, they took a set of their mother’s best pillowcases (it had a least three inches of handmade lace on

it) and caught Lindberg's goose in it, put a rock in it, tied a knot in the top of the case, and threw it into the creek. Ouch! They knew better the next time.

One summer Vena and Chick had pink-eye, so they had to stay home from church. While the family was gone the two of them took their Dad's best fishing pole and put snaring wire on it and went down to the creek to snare fish. It was lots of fun until the tip of the pole broke. They could hardly see when they got home because their eyes were so swollen and they were awful sick.

As a boy, Chick and his friends made a little teeny branding iron. They would catch squirrels with a string and stretch them out. Then, they would brand them. They had branded a lot when an older boy came past and said, "Well, heck, you can't see that too good. Why don't you just cut their tails off and turn them loose? Then you could tell when you see one." That made way too much sense for these boys to ignore, and pretty soon there were bob-tailed squirrels all over town.

He and some of the boys in Auburn used to go down to the old school building and climb up in the belfry. At about 12:30 everyday they would ring that big bell and would just keep ringing it because they knew that it was about that time that Henry Erickson would take his nap. They'd watch and after so long Henry would come charging down through the field, and chase them off. About the time he'd get back up to the house to take his nap, then they'd climb back up in the belfry and ring that bell again.

The boys had a lot of fun shooting marbles at school, riding calves, and everything else. Chick could recite poetry. He could talk in any dialect or imitate anyone. He would talk and move his eyebrows up and down, and talk in a German dialect saying his sentences backwards. That always brought a laugh.

Chick was baptized when he was eight years old in Bishop Wood's watering hole in Stump Creek. Of course, in December the ice was at least 1 1/2 foot thick. They had to chop a hole in the creek to get him immersed.

School was easy for Charles, and he always got good marks. When he played, he was always the leader. He finished the first year of high school and started the second year, but when his Dad let him use the car, he started ditching school and going up Cottonwood Lake, fishing. This ended his school.

His friends believed that if he'd gone to high school, he would have been a football player. He wasn't very tall, but he was solid built and he could run! The kids in Auburn played a game called "Steal Stick", which was something like Football. You'd grab a stick and start across to your line. Anybody or everybody on the opposite team could take after you. They'd grab you, jump on you, and kick you right down, and then you'd lose your stick. There were times that his friends could jump right on his back and he'd just keep on running.

When Charles was about 14 and Al was 16, the boys in the family drew straws to see which one of them was to go hunting for elk that year because their Dad was sick and unable to go. Chick and Al went up Grey's River alone and with luck they brought home an elk.

Chick was a kind, good-hearted young man. At one time, a girl his age who lived in the Auburn ward got pregnant. Her mother, being rather a tactless woman, pulled all the boys behind the church and demanded to know who was the father of the child. When she wanted the guilty one to take one step forward, they all stepped forward. Then, she told them that whoever it was should step back, and they all stepped back. In the meantime, the girl stood there humiliated and sobbing. Finally, Chick stepped forward and said, "I guess I can take the blame." According to his sister Vena, when she specifically asked him if the baby was his, he said, "No, but I couldn't stand to see her crying like that." Years later he told his second wife – before their marriage - about the baby and said that there were others in the group who should have confessed but chose not to do it. Whether the child was his or not doesn't matter, Chick was sincere when he took responsibility. The child – a girl named Janeene – died within a few hours of her birth and was buried in a grave marked "Baby" in the Auburn cemetery near Chick. Up through the time of his death, Chick and the baby's mother and her husband were good friends. NOTE:

The baby has been sealed to her mother.

When Chick was a young man, there was no running water in Auburn, all homes had toilet out back but some had two-hole toilets. One day, Allene Davis had gone out to the toilet. Of course, they always had a Sears Robuck catalog out there because there was no toilet paper at the time. She had the catalog sitting over one hole, and she set her son on this catalog. It bent and the kid fell down into the hole. She said she didn't know what to do or how to get him out of there. Finally, she went and got Chick, and he rescued her son.

Chick used to take his turn sitting up with the sick. When a man got sick, of course, it was men who sat up with them. Each of the boys would go in couples and stay.

Additionally, when someone died, people were required to sit with the deceased person and frequently change a cloth (dipped in formaldehyde) placed over the face to keep the skin from turning dark. One night Chick and Jesse Wood were taking care of Alphonzo Wheelock's body. When Chick got up to change the cloth, Jesse decided to pull a trick on him. He took hold of Mr. Wheelock's feet and gave them a jerk. Chick yelled, threw the cloth and ran out the door. Suddenly, Jesse was just as frightened as Chick. He jumped up and ran as well! When the people arrived to replace them the next morning, no one was there. It was said that the boys were so frightened that when crossing Stump Creek, they each got only one foot wet.

Charles was a good basketball player, and played the guard position. On one occasion when Auburn M-Men were playing Smoot, he was guarding Rulon Crook. He grabbed the ball that was thrown to Rulon, bounced the ball between his legs, ran around, caught it and went up to make a basket. This made Rula Crook very angry. She jumped up, grabbed Chick by the hair and threw him under the bench and told him to stay there because he was too old to be playing. (He was the youngest on the team.) This started a fight with women right in the middle of it.

27 July 1927 was a day of sorrow in the Putnam home. Charles' mother passed away. Without a mother to settle the little differences, the boys couldn't get along with each other. So, finally, Chick left home and went to work for Arthur Johnson. Although he wasn't paid in cash for his work, when Mr. Johnson bought clothes, etc. for his kids, he bought the same for Chick.

The dark-eyed baby girl born 18 August 1912 at Afton, Wyoming to William Wallace and Leah Hurd Walton was named **Golda**. She was the second daughter and fourth child in the family of three boys and four girls. She was a lovely child with brown eyes, soft brown curls, and a merry disposition.

When she was about one year old, the family moved to the Alpine flat on Snake River in Idaho. They spent the summer working on the farm at the Flats and moved back to their home in Auburn each fall for the next four or five years. As a baby she was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. The joints of her hands and legs were so swollen and sore, she had to be carried about on a pillow. Dr. Laffayette Reese told her parents he would guarantee if her tonsils were removed she would be all right. So, before she was three years old, she had the tonsil operation, which at the time was a very serious surgery. She was perfectly well after this and enjoyed the companionship of her playmates picking buttercups, crushing June bugs, playing dolls or any of the hundreds of activities of childhood.

She was about five when her father bought a ranch some three miles north of Auburn where she played on the foothills and went swimming with her sister. The girls often drove to Sunday School in a little blacktop buggy with a little white horse. Sometimes they rode on horseback to Primary and to school in the early fall before the crops were in.

Golda was a friend to everyone and everyone who knew her was her friend. She was a special champion of the under privileged. In fact, she didn't like one boy at school, who tried every way to be especially nice to her, because he had made an unkind remark about an underprivileged orphan girl who was in the class.



When Golda was nine years old, she had another attack of rheumatism. One tonsil had grown back in and once more she had it removed. They took her over to Bishop Wood's home and laid her on his kitchen table for the operation.

Shortly after this, she caught her first fish. Her father was fishing in the creek, which ran through the ranch, when he was called to the house to see a man from town. He left his pole on the creek bank, and sent Golda after it. She picked it up, flipped the hook into the river and when she pulled it out, there on the hook, was a fish.

Golda had a beautiful, clear, strong voice and sang in duets, choruses, and operettas. She often sang with her good friend, Vena Putnam. She sang about her work at home and was in high school operas.

While in high school, Golda would be asked to write a story for English. She liked this very much and would often times write continued series. Most always her story was graded with an "A". Golda was very talented in writing poems and stories. One year she had no money to buy Grandma Hurd a Mother's Day present so she wrote her a poem. Her grand-

mother was very much thrilled. Golda was always helping her friends write their English stories and poems. (One of her compositions can be found at the end of this story.)

One day while Golda was in High School, she and Velma went home to Auburn just in time to find her family moving down to Alf Toland's ranch. Her Dad had part of the beds and things down there, and since there weren't enough beds at the old house, Golda and her Dad went down there to stay the night. The next morning when he came up, he came alone. When asked, "Where's Golda?" he said, "She's sitting down there in the rocking chair with her hands and feet so swollen and so sore that she can't touch anything." Her Mother hurried right down to take care of her. Golda's Inflammatory Rheumatism was back with a vengeance, it affected her heart, and she didn't have really good health after that.

When she was about 15, she went to Lewiston, Utah to visit with an aunt. While there, she ran out to help herd some cattle and became so overstrained and ill that Aunt Edith had to take her to the Doctor, and he discovered she had a leak in her heart. This was reported to her family but not to her. When she had a physical examination before taking physical education in high school, the doctor was not so tactful. He bluntly said, "My God, girl, you've got a leak." This was a great shock, but as with every unhappiness, she took it calmly to all outward appearances. She did not finish her high school training.

Her grandmother said of her, "No matter how much heartache, sorrow, or wrong Golda may have, she never shows it, but smiles and is jolly. There is no complaining." Golda was so cheerful and had such a sunny nature that her Aunts and Uncles called her "Sunshine". Her cheery laugh often rang out as the group of young people walked home from ward dances or church socials. When she was about 15 years old, her most frequent escort at these socials was Charles "Chick" Putnam.

Chick and Golda were childhood sweethearts, and neither dated very many others. When Chick was logging, he would go out of his way to go past Walton's hoping to see Golda. He saved his money

that fall and bought Golda a very pretty watch, which cost \$35. As it was not proper for a young lady to accept expensive presents unless they were engaged, she wouldn't take it. He told her she could do anything she wanted to do with it, she could burn it or throw it away, but it was hers and he would not take it back. So he left it on the stand by the door. It lay there for several days while they discussed it together and with her mother. She kept the watch and they had many good laughs over the whole thing.

They enjoyed going to the Auburn dances, but Golda could only dance about one dance before she was too tired. Her heart really gave her trouble.

In the years of 1929 to 1932, there was a shortage of food or a depression. These were the years of Chick and Golda's courtship. After having dated for five years, Golda and Charles were married in the Logan Temple on 25 May 1932.

After their marriage, Golda and "Chick" lived up Stump Creek on the C.H. Davis ranch during the summer. They both enjoyed the beauties of nature and here in the mountains they were abundant. There were always beautiful wild flowers in their home and when they came down to Auburn, they would bring a bouquet to her mother. Golda's favorite flower was the Wild Columbine, because of their pure whiteness and sweet fragrance. Chick's favorite flower was the rock lilly. Unfortunately, he wasn't payed very good at this job, and they didn't have much food, but he did a lot of fishing so they were able to get by.

Chick loved to hunt and fish and Golda spent many hours along the stream with him. One time when duck hunting, he spotted some ducks and said to her, "Duck, duck." She, thinking he meant for her to look at the ducks rose up on her pony and frightened the ducks away. Often through the years they had laughed at the duck hunting experience.

They moved into town for winter and Golda stayed with her parents for a few weeks while Chick went to Rock Springs to work. He came home about a week before Christmas and they were happily preparing a dinner for their friends in honor of Chick's birthday. The evening of the 27th of December her parents home burned down and the family - Mother, Dad, Gene, Eva, and Evan came to Chick and Golda's where they stayed until spring when they moved back home in a sheep camp.

On 31 July 1933, Noel was born and how happy Golda was with her little son and how she did love him! Chick said he wanted a little girl just like Golda, so when Darlene was born 27 December 1934, his wish was well granted even to being a birthday gift to him.

With a family to support, more money was needed so Chick started working on the W. P. A. in Thayne, Wyoming. There they rented a cabin from Wrights who were very tight and wanted their money on time. On one occasion they had to pay the rent in pennies.

Chick worked for Joe Linford herding sheep. He would take his family with him, and they enjoyed many happy times there. Later Chick worked for Alf Toland where he took care of the ranch and Golda cooked for the hay men. She churned the butter and patched the worn clothes.

While they were there, Noel had a toothache. There wasn't much that could be done - no aspirin - except keep it warm and hope it would feel somewhat better. Chick let Noel sleep on his arm all night, which was probably pretty uncomfortable.

Alf had Chick cut wood for him, as well. It was fairly dangerous work - trying to get the logs home without crashing the wagon. Noel remembered going with him a time or two. And before they ever started out of the canyon, they would take time to bow their heads and ask the Lord to protect them, and help them get home safe. Chick trusted and knew of the power of prayer. He always reminded his children not to forget their prayers, and that he knew they were answered.

At last they bought a lot and built a home near Golda's parents. Chick built the home himself. Noel, little though he was, remembered helping hold a petition for his Dad. They also had to drill a well since there was no inside water. Instead of drilling like they do now, they just got their pipe and started it in the ground, built a scaffel, and put this great big block of wood in it with a pully above it. Then

they'd grab hold of the rope and pull the block of wood up and it would slide between slots so it would keep going straight. When it was clear to the top, they'd let go of it and it would drop back down. After they got down, they'd put a bolt on a long string that would drop down the pipe to see how much water. When it was deep enough they'd put a pump on it.

Golda was happy in her own home. She was a good cook and enjoyed cooking. In fact by the time she was 12 years old she mixed and baked all the bread for the family. Chick said she was "Kettle crazy". She just could not resist a new kettle to cook in and once traded two of their six hens for a kettle. She just put her arms around him and laughed. It was impossible for him to do anything but to laugh with her.

A while later, Golda traded chickens to buy some Bible Story books. She read them to the kids as they grew up, and then later, they read and re-read them many times.

Chick always had a big garden. He had his own root cellar that he put his potatoes and carrots in. He had what was called an old shovel plow. It was a round-nose plow that required one horse to pull. Chick would go down and plow a furrow, and the kids would follow along and plant the potatoes. They'd put a potato in the furrow, put their heel on one side of the potato and drop another set in just in front of their toe. That way, the potatoes were planted evenly. Then after two furrows were planted, Chick would plow through the middle and throw the dirt back on the potatoes to cover them up. One time, after harvest, he picked out four of his largest potatoes and took them to the store to be weighed. He had eight pounds - the potatoes weighed 2 pounds each.

Chick always had a few chickens and a cow, as well.

Golda liked sandwiches and often made them and arranged a picnic lunch for herself and the children which they enjoyed at home, as she could not walk very far with them. The strain on her heart was getting worse.

Malloy was born 18 May 1938 - a cute, blue-eyed, curly headed boy. The doctor advised them to be content with the three children so she would have a better chance to raise them. Shortly after this, she wrote to her sister, Velma, in Lewiston, Idaho, one day and told her she had been mixing bread and had to sit down and let her heart catch up with her.

On Thanksgiving Day 1942, all the family was at home with the Walton's for dinner. Golda had not felt very well the day before as she prepared the bread for the dressing and other things for the next day's dinner, but she wanted to share in the last minute's preparations. She sat and stirred the thickening for the gravy and visited while they worked. At the close of the meal, while still sitting about the table knitting, she suffered a heart attack and a slight stroke, which slowed her speech slightly. She was never able to go home and care for her family, but Chick took her with him for an hour or so a couple of times.

In December she had another slight stroke and was in bed again for a few days. In February, Mr. Toland took her and her mother to Salt Lake City, Utah to visit Dr. Viso, the heart specialist. He told her to be quiet and not to try to work or exert herself.

The night they got home from Salt Lake, she suffered a more severe stroke, which affected her left side, but with massage and exercise given by mother and a kind neighbor nurse, Mrs. Amelia Hill-yard, she regained the use of her limbs.

The love she had for her husband was so apparent by the change that came over her when he came into the room. Her eyes would brighten. Her love and concern of those three little children was wonderful to witness.

In March, she was able to go to Afton to the Baptismal services at which Darlene was baptized.

She was not entirely bedfast and spent most of her time in the living room with her family. On the first of May, she said to her sister, Velma, "I want to do something."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to walk."

"Well, it is May Day, we should go for a walk." So they walked all over the house. When Chick

came home, he walked with her a few turns about the room until she became tired.

For a long time, the family prayed that Golda would get well. Golda wanted to live, and she prayed that she would be allowed to live long enough to raise her children. She was afraid that they wouldn't be taught the way she wanted. But, finally, Chick decided that perhaps she couldn't live - that Heavenly Father had a different plan. He took his children in, they knelt together, and prayed that if she couldn't get well, that she not suffer any longer. It was only a few days later that she passed away.

Golda told her family that she shouldn't be left alone, that if someone wasn't with her, Grandpa Hurd and Bishop George, both who had previously passed on, would come and get her. On 18 May 1943, she walked by herself into the kitchen, stood and washed her hands and face, combed her hair, and sat at the table for dinner. That evening her Grandmother Hurd and a cousin Ruby were with her a little while and someone drove up. The ladies went out on the porch to see who was there and when they returned, they found her slumped over in the rocking chair. Her tired heart was at last at rest.

Golda had a faithful, religious nature and tried to live by the "Golden Rule", setting an example of faith and prayer for her family. She was very active in church affairs, being in attendance to all meetings, if she was able to be there. She was a Relief Society Visiting Teacher, a class leader of Business and Work, Secretary of Sunday School, and Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School. She served a total of 16 years in the Sunday School Organization.

She was a noble example to those she left behind.

Shortly after her passing, the Auburn Ward Relief Society generously took time to go into Chick's home and completely clean it. Chick and Golda had made a cupboard. Through the years, they'd marked the side of it with the children's heights and so it meant a great deal. Unfortunately, in their efforts to help, they repainted the cupboard. This caused pain to Chick even though he knew the ladies meant well. He taught Noel that service is real service only if the recipient needs it.

At Golda's passing, Chick was left to care for three small children. Golda's parents took the two youngest children for a couple of years, but Noel just didn't feel that he could leave his dad alone and so he stayed at home with him. Even with Noel's company, Charles was, of course, terribly lonely and at one time he felt life was not worth facing alone.

Finally, in the spring of 1945, Chick started dating a lady from Tygee, but didn't feel very happy with her. He later met Nelle Hokanson Arbogast, who had three little girls from a previous marriage: Patricia, Leila, and Gloria. On 23 July 1945, they were married, combining the two families. On 22 January 1946, they went to the Logan Temple and were sealed to each other and had the girls sealed to them. Charles and Nelle were blessed with three sons: Leo, Cleon, and Ernest.

During the fall of 1945, Charles and his brother Aldon trapped mink and muskrat on Salt River. They made \$1,600 in about two months of work.

One winter, they cut wood for people who had permits. They cut the logs up North of Auburn with a cross-cut saw and Norm Johnson and DeMar Hillyard hauled them out. They cut 125,000 feet of logs that year. The only warmth came from a Creamery can stove that sat in the front of the sleigh.

The next March, he and his brother, Al, started to work for Bagley and Nield Cold Storage at Afton as Meat Cutters. They went back and forth for about a year and a half. Then Charles decided that since their home was too small and had no modern conveniences, he should move his family to Afton and Al quit working for the company. They purchased a home on Second Avenue in Afton. He milked a few cows and raised pigs to supplement the income.

In March of 1949, Charles was planning to go into a partnership with Berwin Miles and lease the meat plant. The extra worry and hard work brought on a heart attack and the doctor advised him to go to a specialist in Salt Lake City, Utah. There he was told that his condition was very serious and that he shouldn't do any more heavy lifting, and that he should refrain from worry and over-excitement. He was advised not to go on long hikes or to do much active fishing or hunting, things he had loved to

do all of his life. Though he tried not to lift very heavy things, was careful of what he ate, and always rested during his noon hours, he didn't want to give up an active life or feel that he wasn't doing his share. From then on he began counseling his family, doing things and telling them things that would help them when he was no longer there.

As soon as Leo was big enough, Chick took him on fishing trips. Nelle would tag along, carrying him on her back over streams and swamps. Chick started taking him on hunting trips with him and taught him to love the outdoors and nature.

Charles took pride in all of his sons and was proud of each as they advanced in the priesthood. He was exceptionally proud of Malloy when he graduated from Seminary, and he hoped Malloy would choose to someday go on a mission. (Although he didn't serve a mission at that time, Malloy served as a stake missionary.)

Darlene graduated from high school and went to Salt Lake City, Utah to work in the Children's Hospital. Chick hated to have her go, but was glad she found such a place to work.

During the years 1954 and 1955 Chick was in partnership with his brother, Euvern, in leasing the Jim Grasse ranch in Tygee. They raised hay and grain and pastured quite a few head of cattle.

During October 1956, Chick took Leo with him Elk hunting. They really had an exciting time, and he said Leo would probably never have another experience like it. However, it was extremely hard on Chick. He was weak for days. He said that he was having spells, but whenever he read of anyone dying of a heart attack while hunting, he'd say, "If only I could die like that I'd be happy."

One day Chick and Noel had a conversation during which Chick said that he felt was ready to die as he would ever be. A week later, on 11 November 1956, Chick went to prayer meeting, taught his Sunday School class, went home and ate dinner, lay down for about two hours, and then waved goodbye to his family as he went on what was to be his last deer hunt. When he didn't come home at the expected hour, Nelle began to worry and soon got the family together to look for him. He had had a sudden heart attack - didn't even have time to take his rifle from his shoulder or loosen his shirt. He looked so peaceful and undoubtedly died as he had wanted to.

Chick was always compassionate towards the underdog. There were times when someone was being picked on, and he would jump in and be their friend. One time a bunch of kids were teasing a girl who was a little slow. They would offer her some of their gum or candy and when she would reach for it, they would jerk it away and laugh and tell her that she couldn't have it. Chick gave her money and told her to go and buy what she wanted, that it was hers and that she could keep it and eat it herself.

He was a kind and loving father. In fact, Noel said, "It has always been my prayer that I could grow up to be the kind of father to my children that my father was to me." He enjoyed playing games with the kids: Rummy, & Soony, among others. He loved to play pool. The last few years of his life he played at least once a week. Every Saturday night he and Nelle, Leo and one of the other children went to a show (Roy Rogers, Gene Autry). He liked western shows. He loved sports: basketball, baseball, boxing and wrestling in particular. He was his older brother, Al's, sparring partner in boxing. He boxed many around the valley. The Putnam family was all musically inclined. Charles sang in the choir in every ward or town he lived in. He loved to take part in plays and operas. Learning a script or poetry was easy for him. Each town would prepare a play and go to the other towns to perform. He enjoyed cooking - an activity that included the whole family at times. For instance: making donuts and pies, or cooking dinners, like Thanksgiving. He had a passion for hunting and fishing which was more or less a family pursuit. Charles was always a hard worker, doing his share and helping others.

He loved his grand kids. At one time, Barbara made a dress for one of her nieces and when it was done put it on Mike and brought him over to the plant. Chick just said, "You'll never make a girl out of him. Just look at those hands!" (No doubt he remembered his own childhood curls.) It was shortly after that that Noel left him with Nelle for a while and when they came home Chick had cut Mike's curls off.

He used to give Mike 5¢ to buy a weiner at the Cold Storage and then Mike would take the weiner and keep the 5¢, too. Then, they'd argue and Chick would just laugh. He was always telling the kids to say "Hell" and "Damn".

Charles was active in the church. He was a teacher in the Sunday School, a teacher in the Elder's quorum, a Ward Teacher, a Choir Member, Counselor in the Elder's Quorum, and at one time he was holding five offices at once. He especially enjoyed the 12 and 14 year old group in Sunday School and the youth loved him. He loved teaching classes on the Life of Christ and his teachings, and the Lives of the Ancient Apostles. He read all of the Standard Works: Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, and the Bible. Most of them he read several times. Although there were times he was not active in the church, he was always sincere and had a strong testimony of the Gospel. Many times his counsel and advice was a great help to his family and the children loved to hear him read stories.

Chick had a couple of favorite poems that we know about. One was just fun:

POP'S TOOTHACHE

When my Pop has a toothache
He groans and grunts about
Till my Mom says to Pop:
"Go have that tooth yanked out"
But my Pop says "nix on that
That will mighty hurt
Those dentist guys sit up nights
To learn new ways to hurt."
But when I have a toothache,
And the first time that I yell
Pop says, "Come along with me son
We'll make that tooth made well."
Pop takes me up the dentist walk
So happy and carefree
Pop isn't afraid of the dentist
When they are going to work on me.

The other seems to express more of his priorities and values:

A Prayer

Dear God, I do not ask for riches
Or costly things or wealth untold
I have no care for carriage fine.
Or maids-in-waiting while I done.

But let me have a cottage small
Where roses rumble on the wall
Where in each room the sunshine gay,
Matkes patterns where the children play

In that dear home may love abound
And peace and happiness be found
Where you may hear the music sweet
In the patter of the children's feet.

Oh; may I have a little song
Within my heart the whole day long
And do each task with loving care
Till I see beauty everywhere

Then in the dusk when shadows fall
Oh, let me hear a wecome call,
As in tghe twilight, breathless - - - dim
My heart on tip[toe waits for him.

And then I pray that I may see
The one I love come home to me
And I will know the sweet caress
That crosn my day with happiness.

Dear God, these things my heart hold dear
Oh, then thy heaven would seem near
Love, turth and beauty in each day
It is for this I humbly pray.,

TRIBUTES TO GOLDA:

In Memory of Sister Golda Putnam
Extended to her breaved family, with the
Sincere sympathy of the Star Valley Stake
Sunday School Board, in remembrance
of her faithfulness in serving so
many years as a Sunday School Executive.

Golda.

You were so young, - so young when the "Call" came,
And so lovely - - - -
On your cheeks still the pink of youth
In your eyes the sparkle of truth,
Laughter in your smile, -
Yet how much suffering you have known the while.

You were young – yet we count more years of faithful service
Than many - - -
Every Sunday in Sunday School
Living, teaching the golden rule
May such goodness be rewarded in the lives of
Your husband and children.

You were young, so young, a sweet, loving wife,
Proud mother of three - -
To your parents you brought joy,
As a sister, you loved without alloy
And your many friends you'll have
Eternally.

You were young, but not too young to know the meaning
Of life, the true one, - - -
Your dear voice was blended in song,
As courageously you went along
Despite your failing strength.
Your task well done!

'Tis thus we remember you, and remember we shall
Dear Golda, - -
You have so entwined yourself in our hearts;
We shall honor such splendid service
As a joy set apart.
Knowing full well God is pleased with your sweetness,
And your purity of thought.

By: Elona G. Hillyard May 22, 1943

Poem Written for Golda

by Clifford Burton

Oh, Father dear in Heaven,
At this time we pray to thee,
To let this "Angel Mother"
A Guardian Angel be.

May she hover near the dwelling
Of her family, Lord we pray.
May she comfort guide and cheer them
As she did in life each day.

Let her be there to protect them,
And to prompt them from all wrong,
There to guide them on the Sabbath
To the school she served so long.

Bless her loved ones Lord if ever,
In temptation they may be,
Give them strength to overcome them
'Till with her they live near thee.

May her smiling, helpful, loving way
In our memory ever stay,
That we may all be guided
To live a better way.

All this in Jesus name,
Amen.

* * * * *

Dear Golda. I shall always remember the nice times we have had together. I don't know of anyone I would rather have for a pal than you. You are always so jolly and a smile for everyone. No matter how dark the day may be. I have always wished I could be like you. I hope I have won a place in the heart of your family as you have won in mine.

LaVerne (Hurd)

* * * * *

My Dearest Friend. The association we have had with you and your family has been an inspiration to me and my family. I sincerely hope we will be able to live so we may have your loving friendship again.

- Rena (Hyde)

GOLDA'S PAPERS

The Inn of the Two Witches

The moon was just peeping above the old black mountains, flooding the little valley of Redford with its golden light.

There was a carriage drawn by two beautiful white horses, making their way rapidly along the white dusty road, leading to the Inn.

The carriage drew to a standstill in front of the inn, and a well-groomed gentleman alighted, then assisted a beautiful young lady to the ground.

The Inn seemed to be a happy place. There was the sound of music coming from one of the inner rooms.

The moon was well up now and the valley looked like one grand garden of beauty love, peace, and glory.

The two people entered the Inn.

"Gee, what a mysterious place," said the gentleman in a low tone.

"Yes, I have the queerest feeling," was the answer.

"I wonder what they call this Inn."

"I don't know, but it seems to me we ought to have better service," the man added, quite impatiently.

Just then the door opened and an old lady hobbled in.

"Good evening folks. Welcome to the Redford Inn," she said in a squeaky voice.

"Indeed, but rather poor service. We've been waiting half an hour," returned the gentleman angrily.

"Sorry, but you see - - "

"Never mind explaining, give us a little service. Can we get a room here for tonight?"

With this retort, the old dame straightened up haughtily. "Say, do you realize who you are talking to?" she demanded.

"I certainly do not, but I suppose the manager of this place."

"Just that, and do you know what this Inn is called and what I am?"

"That I do not, but I don't think it makes any difference."

The young lady sank into a chair, weary from her long trip and half frightened at the way things were going on between her companion and the Innkeeper.

"Well," snapped the old woman, "This is the Inn of the Two Witches, and I am one of the witches."

"What!"

"Exactly, so beware, don't anger us." With this she left the room.

"Ralph, Ralph, can't you hear, don't you understand? We have got to leave here immediately, it is dangerous."

"Yes, Rose, we must leave, but can we?"

"We've got to!"

"Well, we will try."

With this the two started for the door, but just as they got to it, the door flew shut and clicked. It was locked.

Ralph turned and looked at Rose, standing against the wall, white and shaking.

"Ha, ha, thought you would leave, did you? Don't rush off. You may have a room and service a plenty," said a voice mockingly.

Ralph wheeled about and there stood the witch smiling triumphantly.

“You – you,” Ralph started.

“Right this way to your room.”

Rose and Ralph, feeling that it was useless to resist followed the old lady from the room. She led them to a large room beautifully lighted.

“There, go in and make yourselves comfortable and happy.”

There the witch left them and they went into the room.

There was a sound of music. Rose knew not where it came from, but there were people dancing and having a great time.

“Look Ralph, at that young girl over there crying. I am going over and see what she is crying for.”

Rose went over to the girl and asked her why she was crying.

“Oh,” said the girl, “This is worse than a prison. You poor souls, you knew not what you were coming to when you came here. You may never get out of here again; you may never see your loved ones again. The one witch told me that tomorrow I will be thrown into a den of timber wolves to be devoured.” With this the girl started to cry harder.

“Oh,” said Rose.

Bump, bang, out of bed Rose rolled. As she hit the floor she screamed, then she sat up, and rubbed her eyes, then looked around her cozy little bedroom.

“Was it only a dream?” said Rose aloud, dismayed at the reality of it all.

Little Bro’ver

Naughty, Naughty, elfin,
Playin in the coal,
Have to slap your paddies
And put you in a hole.
Just deserve such a treatment,
Can’t behave a bit
Always into mischief
Dirty little Kid.
Bro’ver have to tie you,
To a rocking chair,
Shall I go and do it
And leave you standin’ there?
Answer little Bro’ver
Can’t you hear him talk
Is a getting sleepy,
Most to eight o’clock.
Goodnight

Sources:

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2. Charles N. Putnam Story told by Eldon Hyde
3. Charles N. Putnam Story told by Ruth Hyde
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FRANK NATHANIEL ISRAEL & LUCY HILDT PUTNAM



F. N. Putnam

Frank Nathaniel Israel Putnam - son of Seth Harris and Athalinda Isabel Philbrick Putnam (Aunt Lin as she was affectionately called) was born 2 January 1876 at Woodruff, Utah. He was probably named for both of his grandfathers – Nathaniel Philbrick and Israel Putnam.

He spent his boyhood and school days in Woodruff, then the family moved to Garden City when he was a young man. He was a strong man, better than average. It's said he could wrestle two men his size easily. He was very good at athletics. He could run very fast and was a good jumper. He was a good basketball player, but baseball seemed to be his favorite sport. He loved to play baseball. Then he started to umpire the baseball games that were played all over the valley. Come Saturday, if anyone wanted Nate Putnam, they could find him where the game was being played that day. From the upper valley to the lower valley, he was there umpiring. He loved to hunt and fish and certainly passed this on to his sons. They all became great hunters and fishermen. He also taught his daughters to shoot and hunt. He was an excellent shot with any gun whether it was a shotgun, rifle, or a 22. He had a good eye. In

the fall of the year, he took great pride in the hunting trips into the mountains for the winter's meat - hunting Elk, Deer, and Bear and doing some fishing on the side. These trips lasted from ten days to two weeks, but they always came home with their meat. Nate had a blacksmith shop where he repaired machinery, and shod horses for himself and others. It was quite a large building and this is where they hung the meat. They'd split the animals in half, leave the hide on and hang them up. It didn't take long for it to freeze up and it never thawed until spring. Of course, by that time, it was used up.



Lucy Hildt, a pretty, light complexioned, blond-hair woman, was born 31 October 1882 at Hemshof Germany. She was the daughter of Karl Hildt and Gottlieben Luginsland; she had six sisters and four brothers.

Theodore Bently, an LDS Missionary, converted Karl to the faith and brought him and his family to America. Lucy was six months old at the time. They settled in Paris, Idaho for about five years, moved to Almy, Wyoming where Karl worked in the coal mines, and finally moved to Garden City, Utah. The family homesteaded on a piece of land called the "point of the mountain". Several people said that a common man could never make a living on that rocky piece of ground, but Karl would probably get rich. It was because he was a hard working man and so were all his family. He never lived to get rich off that land, but his sons did.

Lucy worked out for people in their homes, sometimes making only 50¢ a week, but she never shirked because the pay was small.

While living in Garden City, Lucy met Nate. He courted, wooed, and won her love, and they were married 25 June 1898 when Lucy was 16 and Nate was 22, and their first child was born within the first year. Her family did not originally approve of Nate, but came to like and respect him. They

were sealed in the temple October 22, 1901 and had the family sealed to them at that time. To this union was born 11 children: Mona Ilene, Euvern Frank, Leola Pearl, Edwina Mavil, Aldon Israel, Charles Nathaniel, Vena Nathalee, Loral Mary, and Lowine. Two children were full term stillborn, a boy and a girl named Darrel and Lucy.

While living in Garden City, in the same home with her mother-in-law, Athalinda, Nate and Lucy raised produce on their small farm. They then would travel with team and wagon to Kemmerer to peddle it. Nate also bought cattle and sheep, butchered them and took them to the coal mine towns around Kemmerer to sell them. The first year they sold produce, was the same year J.C. Penney opened his first store in a small log building in Kemmerer.

In the wintertime, Nate and other men would go to the east side of Bear Lake, with a team of horses and a sleigh. They would cross the lake when it was frozen hard, cut a load of cedar posts and bring them back across the ice to sell. Many a time, he said they could hear the ice crack and they wondered if they were going into the lake.

In 1903, after their third child was born, they moved to Star Valley - to Auburn. His father, Seth Harris had moved there earlier with his second wife, Annie Tucker. Here they settled on an 80-acre farm, which was partly irrigated. Most of it was planted in alfalfa with some wild hay. They built a two-room log house. Although small, the house was always clean. The bare floors were scrubbed until they were white and the cook stove always had a shine to it. As his family grew, he was always going to build a new home. In fact, he had the lumber, but never seemed to get it built. Nate always had a good size herd of cows and everything that goes with a farm: Chickens, turkeys, geese, pigs, and of course, plenty of horses, which were an important part of the farm because all the farm work was done with horses, and of course, that's the only transportation they had if they wanted to go to one of the other towns. He was the envy of everyone when he bought his matched pair of horses, which he named Goldie and Golddust. That was the color of their coats. He had a two-seat surry with the fringe on top, too.

Theirs was not an easy life. First they had wells with a bucket they let down on a rope to fill with water. They finally drove a pump, which went down 25 feet in the ground. They had no electricity and used coal oil lamps, which had to be filled everyday and the chimneys cleaned. They would get black in just an evening. Their heat came from a wood burning range. It was used summer and winter. It had a warming oven on the side so there was always hot water. In the fall, dry trees were hauled from the mountains, sawed into blocks, and split into pieces to fit the stove. Then it was stacked in a shed to keep dry. In later years they were able to buy some coal to help out.

One summer day, Lucy left the house door open because of the heat. A coyote came into the house, and it was frothing at the mouth. Lucy sternly told her children to hold very still and not move. The coyote circled the room and left the house. Someone outside killed it, and found that it was definitely rabid.

Lucy continued to be a hard worker, who worked outside as well as inside the house. She helped hay, milked the cows in all kinds of weather, chopped wood, and always raised a bountiful garden.

She made trips to Bear Lake in a wagon once a year to her parent's home to pick raspberries. She'd stay three or four days and then return home. She usually took some of the younger children with her.

Nate owned a small store, but he didn't make as much money from it as he could have because he was always giving things away. Lucy ended up being the firm one of the couple. At one time she was heard telling a man that he couldn't charge a quart of coal oil. She said, 'No. I trusted you once and you haven't paid for it, so I can't trust you again.'" Everyone was poor at that time, and storekeepers just couldn't give credit.

During her later life, she suffered a lot. She had one miscarriage after another, in addition to her 11 children, and it broke down her health. When the two stillborn children were born, Lucy had complications; she lost her eyesight for two weeks. She partially recovered her eyesight, but never

could see very well after that. During the last few years of her life, her health deteriorated. The doctors suggested an operation, but she would not consent to one.

On 26 July 1927, she had a stroke. She was completely unconscious. She died 27 July 1927 at 5:00 a.m. Her hard work and her consideration of her family were never realized until she was gone. She was the center of the home. Nate was left with the responsibility of raising the five younger children, the youngest of whom was eight years old.

She was a loyal, loving, hard working wife and a wonderful mother who loved her family very much. She didn't attend church very much, but always saw that her husband and children were there. (This was probably the only time she really had to rest.) She was a wonderful cook and always had a big dinner ready when they came home from church.

In 1928, there was a big stock market crash and that was the beginning of the big depression and drought, which lasted until 1934. It was so hot and dry that one year they couldn't even raise a garden, the hay crop suffered also, and the cows ate anything they could find that winter, including old newspapers and magazines that was stored in an old shed. By spring the cows were so thin the Government sent men around to shoot them. They left them lying in the fields because they were nothing but bones to use. They paid the owner \$25 for every cow they shot.

In the winter of 1932, there was a big problem with rabbits eating the precious hay. The shortage was caused by the drought the year before. The following was taken from the Star Valley Independent:

February 4, 1932 "Big hunt now on. Rabbit contest now on. Auburn and Fairview have challenged Afton and Osmond to a rabbit hunt. The loser is to give the winner a free dance. Rabbit ears with enough hide to keep them in pairs will be used to check the number of rabbits. Captains are: Auburn, F.N. Putnam, Fairview, Marvin Rich, Afton North, Dean Gardner and Theodore Kennington, Afton South, John Nield, Jos. Linford and Whitey Hale, Osmond, Jos. Harrison. A prize to the individual bringing the greatest number of rabbit ears. Contest closes March 1st. Shoot them anywhere in Star Valley."

March 3, 1932 1600 PAIRS OF BUNNY EARS

"The bombardment on rabbits halted March 1st with a loss to the bunny family of 1600 lives. This loss to the long eared family is a saving to the hay piles of the human family by about 800 pounds of hay a day, and that is some saving now days.

"Fairview and Auburn trimmed their rivals, Afton and Osmond to the tune of 877 to 718, a gain of 159 home runs.

"No wit is up to John Nield, Dean Gardner, Joseph Harrison, Whitey Hale, Joe Linford, Theodore Kennington and the rest of the foggy shots of Afton and Osmond to put on a real party for Marvin Rich, F.N. Putnam, and their sharpshooters.

"The boys are noising it around that the party will be held within about 10 days and that it will be free.

"It would be a splendid thing for farmers who benefited most from the bunny drive to assist the losers in putting on the party for the winners, even though the boys have had a lot of sport in the contest. Many of them have spent \$3 to \$5 for shells.

"Since the farmers profited the most, it would cheer the boys if you would support them with a few pennies or even a dollar.

"Ted Hale made the high score in the contest with a count of 206 pairs of ears. Marvin Rich came in second with a score of 197 pair. The Farm Bureau gave a prize of \$2 first and \$1 for second and a gift of \$7 toward the free party.

"The project has been worthwhile from every standpoint."

Most of the people owned farms and everyone had the same problem to try and hold on to their land. Nate had to take a mortgage and finally lost most of what he had. He got a very low price

for what he did sell.

In 1934, he had a bad heart attack and was bedfast all winter. He weighed 225 pounds before his heart attack and in the spring he only weighed 158 pounds. No one thought he'd make it through that winter, but his faith and prayers, the family prayers, and by living carefully and not overworking, he was able to live a normal life.

In September of 1936, Nate with the three daughters still at home, moved to Logan, Utah, for the winter. The girls found work and he attended the temple regularly. While there he met another woman whom he would have liked to marry, but his daughters thought it would be disrespectful to Lucy to marry someone else. He spent a lot of years alone as a result.

When Nate lost his farm, he bought his sister, Pearl's, grocery store, which was close to the school and church. His store was full of school children every recess and noon. All the young people loved him. They would take their troubles to him and ask his advice. Here he daily showed his love and patience with children who came to buy candy and visit with him. Actually, he loved to give them a piece of candy when they came to visit. Here he gave counsel and advice to his many friends.

Nate's family loved to spend time together. During the fall, they would all get together to clean out the chicken coop and butcher all the stewing hens. Then, they would split them up and everyone would take a few chickens home. For fun, about every other week during the winter, they'd gather at his home and play card games – especially Pinochle. The kids would go and they would all chat, and just enjoy the evening.

Sunday evening, 4 November 1951, Frank N. Putnam or Nate Putnam as he was more familiarly known passed away of a heart attack at the L.D.S. Hospital at Afton, Wyoming.

Nate really loved music. In the late twenties, he bought a battery-operated radio. It is perhaps in music where he and his family made the most distinctive contribution. He was always included in duets and quartettes because of his beautiful bass voice. He was a chorister in the choir and auxiliaries longer than any person in the ward. Many remembered how he would tap his foot to the beat as he led the music. For many years he played accompaniments on the organ or piano for dances throughout Star Valley. At first he and his father, Seth Harris, played for dances, Nate on the Organ or piano and his Dad on the violin. It was often said his Dad played the violin, called the square dances and showed them how to dance it. Later on, Nate traveled with Soren Peterson who played the violin, and later, he played with Ervin Foss and Henry Erickson.

Nate was very active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was first councilor in the bishopric to Bishop Daniel T. Wood, and second counselor was William Walton, from 1913 to 1928. He was a teacher in the Sunday School for 45 years. He knew the Book of Mormon frontwards and backwards. He served two years in the Stake Sunday School. He was a stake missionary for about seven years, two years one time and five years the next. He had a strong testimony of the gospel and an abundance of faith. He paid his tithes and offerings and lived the word of wisdom.

Nate Putnam was an inspiring friend to all. His love for his family was exceptional. He tried hard to live fully the admonition of the master when he said, "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God". By so doing he left a precious heritage to his posterity.

NOTE: When winter set in, Butch Cassidy and his gang used to come to Star Valley. The winter was so severe and the snow so deep everyone was snowed in, so the law officers couldn't get over the pass to arrest him. Nate got acquainted with them and they became quite good friends. Butch lived just a few blocks from his home. Nate said that Butch was so good with a gun that he could spin it around his finger and every time the butt of the gun hit the palm of his hand, he could shoot a nail into the wall.

Sources:

- Story written by Loral Mary Putnam Leonhardt for the 1983 family reunion.
- Story written by Mona Irene Putnam Leavitt.

WILLIAM WALLACE (FOSS) & LEAH HURD WALTON



William Wallace Foss Walton (or Billy, as he was called) was born 24 November 1883 in Evanston, Uinta County, Wyoming – third son and seventh child of William Wallace Foss and Celestia Amelia Putnam. When he was born, his mother was very ill, and she never recovered from the birth. She developed blood poison and died when he was three months old.

His dad didn't feel that he could take care of him and so Billy's second sister, Josephine, and her husband, George Washington Walton, took him. Josephine had just lost her own child a short time before through a miscarriage and wanted that baby so badly, but they were afraid that he'd be full of poison and would die. Fortunately, through their loving care, they were able to keep him, for which they were grateful.

Josephine's husband, George, said he would not take Billy and keep him unless he could adopt him because they didn't want to get attached to him and then have his own father come and take him away. But, it was a long way to travel and it wasn't a high priority and so they just didn't get around to this adoption process. He did, however, take the Walton name.

When Billy was fourteen months old, Josephine and George had a baby boy of their own, whom they named Ossian. He was always called Uncle Osh, and

they were raised together as brothers – two little boys.

While Josephine was in bed with her baby, which, at that time, was at least 14 days, the lady who was caring for them picked Billy up by one arm and dislocated his arm and shoulder. It was a very severe thing to happen to a little one, but it was apparently well cared for, and it didn't seem to both in his later years.

Billy also had a disease, which at that time they called Catara - an infection of the throat and nose, and this left him deaf in one ear and unable to smell. Now, it's been said that you can't taste if you can't smell but this apparently is not true because he could taste. This medical disability prevented him from being drafted in World War I. A whole carload of men had to go to Idaho Falls and report for the draft, but Billy did not pass the medical exam.

George was a cowboy. It was cattle country over in Woodruff and then when they moved to Star Valley, George had a ranch with 1,000 acres or so. (It eventually became the "Johnson Ranch".) Of course, there was a lot of work. They had cattle, and they put up a lot of hay in the summer time to prepare for feeding the cattle through the bare winters they had – the deep snow and cold in Star Valley.

George was on the committee to build the Old Rock church in Auburn at the time of the Indian scare. Most of the people went to the church house for protection from the Indians and Josephine took the little boys with her. Fortunately, it was not a war party, as was originally assumed. They were just traveling through to go up Stump Creek and over the Lander trail to leave the Valley.

Each fall the family went to Grandpa Horatio Gates and Grandma Keziah Putnam's home in Bountiful. They thoroughly enjoyed those trips because, not only did they get to see their Grandparents, but because they had fruit trees and grapes and things like that and Woodruff was far too cold to raise anything of that type.

Billy went to school in Auburn. It was a yellow building that set near the rock church. He only mentioned one teacher - a Mr. Allen - who used to take a strap off the harness of his team when he needed to discipline some of the misbehaving boys in the school, and he was very handy with that strap.

Billy enjoyed sports like Basketball, Baseball, and that type of thing. He was a small man but was strong for his size. Sometimes after baseball games the men would form a ring and get a wrestling match going. One time they got Billy in the ring with a much larger fellow. It was actually supposed to be kind of a joke, but Billy very quickly threw his larger opponent.

They often had dances and Billy enjoyed dancing. They also had dramas. Each ward or community had a drama and they would travel around from one community to the other so everyone could share. Of course, the young people mixed their associations as they traveled around with their teams and sleighs to dances and parties in the winter time - the Auburn young men escorted the young ladies from Grover and vice versa.

Billy also went fishing and duck hunting. Although he didn't need elk or deer while they lived on the ranch because they had plenty of beef, pork, and chicken and didn't need the additional meat, after they moved off the ranch, he did have to hunt the bigger animals.

Billy's family all played instruments but him. George would have bought him a horn, but they didn't have one of his choice in the music store.

When the boys got old enough, George and Josephine moved to Logan and stayed there for a while so the boys could go to school. Billy went for one year up at the AC - Agriculture College, or as it is currently called, Utah State University.

Leah Hurd was born November 27, 1886, in Snowville, Box Elder County, Utah to Mark and Sarah Ann Green Hurd. She had three brothers and three sisters, plus one half brother. Her father was a polygamist, having married both Sarah and her sister, Elizabeth, or Aunt Lizzie, as she was called. After a while of struggling with the marshals and all the persecution that went along with it, the families, along with Mary Ann, Sarah and Elizabeth's mother, decided to move to Star Valley. Since Leah was only a year old when they moved, she basically was raised there. The family first settled in Afton where her father was part owner of a store.

Then Mark bought the ranch in Grover and Sarah and the family spent part of the time at the ranch and Leah's sister, Sarah, stayed in town and worked in the store. Leah's mother



worked out away from home to help support the family, so she and her brother, Hon, sort of supervised and ran the ranch - milked the cows, washed the clothes, etc. They had to carry water up quite a steep hill from the spring to the house. They carried all the water for cooking their food, drinking, washing their dishes, washing their clothes and all these things. Then once they had it in the house, they had to heat it on the stove, of course. They took turns washing the dishes and they had a heavy, three-legged kettle they cooked in, which was so hard to clean.

Added to the heavy work was Star Valley's unpredictable weather. Leah talked about a time when they were young girls and were to ride on one of the Fourth of July floats. It snowed, so, they had to

wear their coats and cover up the costumes they'd made. They went to school - some in Afton and some in Grover.

Music was important to the Hurd Family. When they got to Star Valley, they were extremely poor and didn't have money for coal oil for the lamp. So, they would open the stove door for a little light and would sing the evenings away. They all had nice voices, except for the youngest one and he didn't enjoy singing. They were all involved in music one way or another throughout their lives. Of course, they belonged to ward choirs as they grew. Whenever they had a family get together, they spent the last 1/2 - 3/4 of an hour singing.

Billy used to go duck hunting. A lot of times, boys went hunting down on Hurd's ranch because the streams ran through the willows - the clear water slews, as they called them - ran through there. One time, Billy and some of his friends went hunting. His friends gave up, went home, and left him. He was wet and cold from the hunting experience and so instead of walking home, he went up to Hurd's house to get warm. There was no one home, so he went in and built a fire. When Hurds came home, the house was all warm for them, and he was sitting with his feet in the oven getting warm and dry. After they were married, he'd tease Leah by telling that story and then ending it with, "See the Duck I got?" He would tease her until her dark eyes would begin to snap and then he would say, "But I do love my brown-eyed sweetheart."

At one time, Billy was courting Leah and a Thurman girl in Fairview. He said one night he was headed for Fairview on his horse and he thought, "I am going to marry one of these girls", and he turned his horse around and went back to Grover.

Billy and Leah were married 9 December 1905 in the Logan Temple. He was rebaptized on his wedding day because there was no record of his baptism. They were the parents of 7 children - 4 girls and three boys - Lyle, Lester, Velma, Golda, Gene, Eva, and Evan.

Billy and Leah moved to a little one-room log house that was West of George and Josephine's home in Auburn. In fact it was where Bob Johnson's home is now. The first night in their new home, there was a slight earthquake (not a very big one) that shook the dishes and moved everything around.

They lived in this home for several years. There was a little board building right to the east side of the house and they put the stove out there and had the kitchen there in the summer time. They had to go out the South door and around to the east to get into that building, but it gave them a little more room as they started their family.

While they were there, Lyle had the mumps. Billy could not remember if he had ever had them, and he was worried about getting them. Finally, Leah said to him, "You'll worry yourself right into having them." He did get them.

In October 1909, Billy was called on a two-year mission for the LDS Church to the Central States, with the main mission office in Independence, Missouri. Leah took her two children and moved in with her parents - the Hurds - while he was gone.

By the time he came home, George had moved to Montpelier. He had a livery stable right by the Freight Office by where the trains came through. The family was getting ready to go over to the station to meet him when Billy came walking up through the yard. He came earlier than expected on the "ping pong", as they called it. It came from Kemmerer to Montpelier and back and stopped at all the little stops. He really surprised them. Of course, Velma didn't know him - she had been only three months old when he left, and it took a while for her to warm up to him.

Once he had returned, they moved back into their little log house in Auburn and stayed there until about 1917, but around 1913, for the summer months, they moved to a home down on the Snake River Flat (Alpine) where Billy took out his Homestead Grant. They lived there in the summertime and in Auburn in the wintertime.

The Snake River Flat had several names attached to it. It was called Alpine up by the bridge, in the middle of the flat was Pumpkin Center, and then farther down the river down towards the Narrows was called Blow-out. The Walton family attended Sunday School at Pumpkin Center with Billy serving as

the Presiding Elder because he had the Melchizedek Priesthood.

In order to get to their homestead, they crossed the Snake River by a ferry. Once the ferry landed on the other side, the kids had to climb up the hill while Billy drove the team because it was extremely dangerous, trying to get the wagon up the steep incline.

Their home was just a one-room log cabin that didn't have a lean on the back. The back was to the road, and it faced south with little windows on each side of the door. There weren't any windows that faced north.

The family had some real experiences while moving between Auburn and Alpine. It was a two-day trip to bring the cows down to the Snake River Flat. Lyle would drive the cows on his pony, and would stop at Clark's in Etna along the way and put the milk in Clark's milk cans at night and then the next morning before he came on.

Leah always drove the wagon and team when the family moved, and the roads were not good. They were rough and narrow, close to the edge. They had a surrey with a fringe on top at one time, and when they had to come up to Auburn, they would use this surrey, which was bigger and required the use of the team. But, most often they used a little one-horse, black-topped buggy. They had a black pony and a white pony that they used in turns, depending on who had what out riding.

Leah and Billy worked very hard, and it was hard work. They raised a little bit of a garden with the basic vegetables - potatoes, radishes, beets, peas, things that were hardier.

After the cows were milked, Leah would take the milk, separate it, and take the cream to the creamery in Etna, at least once a week. Many times the kids would travel with her. They had one temperamental pony. When it was first hooked up and they'd start out, it would back up all over the road, and would refuse to go forward. Of course, if she could get it to go forward, it would take off; it just didn't like getting started. So, Leah would get the buggy whip, but she wasn't very effective with it.

It was while they were living at Alpine that Billy started to go elk hunting. They would take pack animals and would be gone a week or ten days sometimes before they'd get their elk for each one of them in the group. Then they had to cut them up and bring them home in saddlebags on their packsaddles.

The family lived in the one-room house in Auburn for a number of winters and then we moved into the big house. While moving, Billy was gathering up some of the baby supplies and Ernest and Helda Hoopes came in. 'Course in those days, men did not help with things like that. Anyway, when he saw Helda Hoopes, he threw the baby potty clear across the room trying to get rid of it.

Then one of his lifelong friends moved and he bought their ranch in Auburn. It was north of the foothills around the Sulphur Springs. Bagley's live there now.

One year there was a terribly hard winter. So many people lost so much and were not able to keep going. Billy took his best cows to Montpelier and stayed with his folks and kept them there because they could ship hay into them on freight trains. It was extremely expensive, but there didn't seem to be any other choice because their only source of income was the milk check, which was not very big.

The river went right through the ranch and there were little islands – quite good-sized islands in the middle where it divided and went around. So, Billy sold one pony, and he took the white pony out on one of these islands and left her. He hoped she would survive the winter. As soon as it began to get a little bit towards spring, he went down to check on her, and was excited to find her alive. The grass had been deep and long and she had eaten that along with the twigs from the willows. Despite Billy's best efforts, there was just no way he could meet the obligations of that severe winter and they lost the ranch.

The kids took the pony to school or tried to. Quite often, Billy would have to help them because the pony didn't want to go past the pasture gates. She wanted to go in there. Billy would have to lead it on up the road till they got around the bend. She was frightened of every little noise, and at one time threw them when she heard the rattling of the metal lunch bucket.

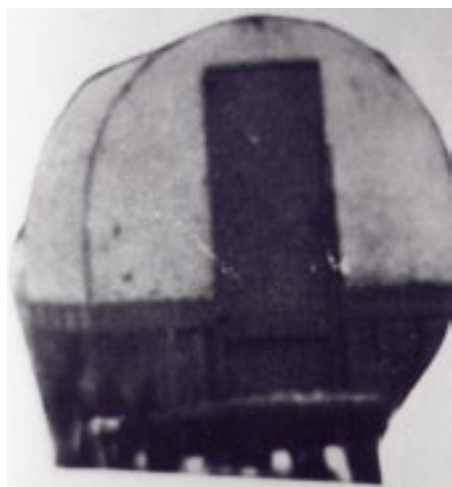
In 1924 the family moved to Afton, and lived in Leah's parents home that winter. Billy got a job working in the dried goods and clothing store for Ed Lewis. He and his family were Jewish and very nice people.

The next summer, Billy drove a meat truck for Papworth Meat Market. They fixed an icebox - a sawdust lined box with ice in it - on the back of a pickup. They would cut the meat, put it in the box, and Billy delivered it around to people.

Next, they moved into a two-room log house on the lot just west of the dance hall. Everybody brought their babies and put them to sleep on the benches around the sides of the building because they had such interesting dances. They used to practice dancing with a book on their heads or dishes or something to see how smooth they might dance. They had waltzes and a variety of different dances.

One time the kids were playing Aunti-I-Over, and throwing the ball over the house. They were afraid it might go down the stovepipe, and so climbed up on the house and put a piece of shingle over the pipe. They then promptly forgot to take it off. The next morning, when Billy got up and built the fire, the house filled with smoke. He didn't say a word to the kids, he just brought this piece of shingle and showed it to them. That was all that was ever said, but they learned their lesson.

Finally, Billy was able to purchase a ranch from Rossell Hyde, and the family moved there in the wintertime, and lived there a number of years. They raised sheep and turkeys, chickens, pigs, cows and horses down on the ranch. They had coyotes for neighbors that would come right across the doorstep - not too far from the house. They had to be sure and get the sheep and lambs inside the shed at night because of the coyotes, but they thoroughly enjoyed living down there. Once again there was a very hard winter with not enough feed, and Billy had to dispose of some of the stock.



The next winter Billy started driving school wagons bringing the students from outside of Afton into town to High School. These were covered wagons with a little stove in them, and when the snow was deep, they'd use sleighs. When it was bad weather, he'd stay at Mark Hurd's Afton home, which was only a couple of blocks straight up from the school. Velma and Golda lived in Afton while they were attending high school. Billy stayed there part of the time and went home part of the time.

While they were there, Billy came down with Whooping Cough. There was no one to stay with him while Golda and Velma went to school, although Velma did come home at noon and fixed the fire. He would just patiently say, "Will you please hurry home when school's out?" It was a long day for him, lying in bed all day, alone, with no one around, but he never complained.

In 1918 - 1919, a severe, devastating flu hit Star Valley. There were so many people who were terribly sick. Whole families were right down in bed at one time. Billy and Leah were some of the people who were well enough to go and stay with those who were ill and help to take care of them. One particular day, Billy and Carl Walton, who lived just a block south, walked from house to house all day long in the damp and wet and cold, administering and helping the sick.

One morning Billy told Leah, "I believe you better send the children away. I think I'm coming down with the flu." So, most of the kids went to their Grandma Hurd's for a few days. There was one window in their bedroom right at the top of their bed, and Leah kept it open all the time. When Billy asked Leah, "Don't you think you better close that up?" she'd say, "No, if I close that, I'll get the flu and I'm not going to have the flu." She slept with him, took care of him, and she didn't get the flu.

In fact, Billy did not like to be late at doing his chores. He milked his cows early in the evening. When he got down to one cow, he came in one evening, and said, "Got my chores done." They looked at the clock and it was 4:00 in the afternoon. He didn't like to be late for anything, and believed that it is better to be a half hour early than a half hour late.

Leah was always supportive of Billy in whatever job he had or whatever work he was doing. When they lived on the ranch, and he'd come in with his shirt sleeve torn, or a hole torn in his levis, Leah would say, "Oh, you've been climbing through the fence again." And he'd say, "No, I didn't. I was just walking along and it jumped out and grabbed me."

When they lived down on the flats, she drove the team on the plow through that rough ground. The area was covered with sagebrush, which had to be cut off before it could be planted. She helped with the harvesting and helped with everything that was to be done.

Leah was an excellent cook, and if someone would come, Billy would say, "Pull up a chair and join us. We haven't much, but what we have is awful good." Sometimes it was just bread and milk gravy, but Leah could make the best milk gravy you ever tasted. She could make leftovers taste wonderful. She taught all of her children to bake bread. She made homemade potato yeast, and mixed about 8 loaves of bread, most of the time, every other day. When one mother in the ward died and left her family, she had not taught her older girls to mix bread, and so Leah mixed and baked 16 loaves of bread about every other day and had those loaves for their big family, too. Leah made jelly from serviceberries, currants, and chokecherries, which they picked. She even tried a little wild grape jelly, but it had a bitter taste to it. Leah made the best head cheese. After she made it, she put it in a press, put it on the breezeway on the back porch, and would leave it here to cool and help press the grease out of it. She made wonderful sour cream cookies, and would can elk meat.

Leah, like most others at that time, made her own lye soap. They'd make it out of fat and cook it with a little water and put lye in it. Then they'd pour it into tubs or other containers about 5 – 6 inches deep and put it out to dry for several days. When it was solid enough to hold its shape, they'd cut it into squares. Then, when they washed clothes, they'd grate it until they had enough in the water, and it would melt.

Of course, Leah sewed, mended clothes, and quilted. This picture, taken from the block of a friendship quilt, gives a good example of Leah's sewing abilities, as well as her signature.

Billy was an active member of the LDS Church. Twice he was superintendent of the Young Men Mutual Improvement Association. He worked in the Sunday School, Primary, and as a ward teacher most of his life. At the time of his death, he was ward teacher advisor, deacon advisor, and also a member of the High Priest's quorum. He served in the Auburn Ward Bishopric for 20 years as counselor to two Bishops.

The family supported Billy in all his callings. When they were living out on the ranch, they had one team and buggy that they traveled in, and when he had extra meetings and things to stay to, the family waited and came home with him. The children were taught that it was their job to support him in his calling and they did not even think about fussing.

Leah worked in the organizations, too. She was in the Presidency of the Young Women Organization for around 11 years, was President of the Primary for 1 1/2 years, worked in the Junior Sunday School and the Relief Society. She sang in the choir all the time.

While growing up, unlike Leah's family, George and Josephine didn't have family prayer in their home. So, when they were married, and started their own home, Billy told her that he liked that idea, and if she would help him, they would have family prayer in their home. Every morning, at breakfast, the family turned their chairs, knelt down, and had family prayer.

Theirs was a happy home, with not much inner discord. There might have been a few minutes when things weren't as good as others, but in the main, they had a happy family.

In 1932, the Walton family lived in a home just one block west of the Auburn church. On December 27, Evan and Eva (8 year old twins) were home alone. They had a gaslight and it started to flicker and act funny. Eva told Evan to go into the bedroom (a lean to on the back) and get the Kerosene light. When Eva went to turn this gaslight out, it exploded. They remember seeing a big ball of fire traveling the length of the room and exploding when it reached the far wall. The house was immediately engulfed in flames. Evan and Eva escaped out the front door, leaving it open. They didn't know how

they got out; it seemed that they were just whisked out the door. In fact, Eva said that she glanced over her shoulder and saw their Christmas presents burning. There was no doubt that unseen hands helped them out that night.

Billy, Leah, Gene, Velma, and Velma's boy friend, Owen Rawlins, had walked to the church, which was just a block from their home. It was a really stormy night and after they got there, they discovered that the meetings had been canceled. Just as the folks came around the corner of the building on the way home, they saw the explosion. They lost everything they had except the clothes on their backs. But the first thing they did was kneel in prayer and Billy thanked the Lord for their safety and blessings.

Between Bishop Ezra George, Hon and Lucy Hurd, and Golda and Chick Putnam, the family was divided into homes to stay overnight. People not only from Auburn but from all over the valley brought clothes, quilts, and other things for the family. Then, when the family was prepared to rebuild, the ward turned out and helped gather logs for lumber to build a new house.

Billy always said he would never let his married children live with him because he didn't think it was a good thing to combine two families. After the home was burned, they lived with Chick and Golda that winter. Their house had a nice sized room and one wing on the back had a little partition so they had an entrance there and then the partition moved up this other room which was just wide enough to set two cots in. The kids joked with him about not letting them come live with him so he moved in and lived with them. The next summer, as soon as they could, they moved back home on the lot in a sheep camp.

Billy was kind of like a magnet, and they had many friends. Some of them visited at the Walton home practically every Sunday afternoon for many years. One day, Leah said, "Well, now we don't have any place at all for people to come, they'll probably get out of the habit of coming." The next Sunday afternoon there were 15 other people sitting on blocks of wood around in the shade of the sheep camp.

The family moved into the new, unfinished home in the fall. At times when the wind blew, it would go through the cracks in the walls, and would blow the kerosene light out. That winter Eva remembers her mother heating the flat irons on the wood stove and ironing the beds so they wouldn't be so cold to crawl into. She also warmed bricks, wrapped them in towels and put them at the foot of the bed to keep the children's feet warm.

Shortly after that Billy was able to procure work from the Forest Reserve. He helped make trails and maintain roads. Or, sometimes they'd set up bug camps, as they were called, and they'd burn the trees that had been killed by beetles. The camps had quite a lot of men there. Sometimes Billy was the cook at camp, and one year Leah cooked for them.

Then he got a chance to work at Yellowstone Park, in road maintenance. He was responsible for a section of the roads, and he worked there for the next 16 years until he retired.

Leah spent several summers in Yellowstone Park with Billy – sometimes with the kids, or Golda's children. One day, Leah had baked bread and had gone a short distance to Old Faithful. When she came back, a bear was tearing at the canvas on the sheep camp, trying to get at the good smelling bread. Another time, a chipmunk got inside, and they had a terrible time getting it out.

While Billy was there, several of the young men from Auburn worked in the park, and each evening they would take him and go have ice cream. One night he passed out. They rushed him to the hospital in Idaho Falls and found out that he had developed Sugar Diabetes. He was able to control it for quite a while with his diet, until eventually he had to take insulin shots. He put it in his legs and sometimes he'd bend the needle and have a difficult time.

As he got older, Billy complained quite often about his arms aching and pains in his chest. He called it neuritis, but it was angina. He described the pain as Charlie Horses in his chest, and he suffered terribly with it.

Billy always used finely chopped pieces of wood that they called "kindling" to build his fires. He had a special box at the end of the stove to put those in, and in the evening when supper was over, he

would sit down on a chair, and take out his pocket knife and whittle very fine shavings from all these little sticks. He'd poke those in the stove, put wood on top, and he'd have a good fire. While he did this, he often sang little comedy songs, like: "There is a Tavern in the Town and, There's a Robin in the Tower, To give us a little tone, And You're welcome every evening in Maggy Murphy's own." He didn't have a real good singing voice, but the kids enjoyed music.

Billy had a fun disposition and sense of humor. He used to have a lot of fun with the kids at Halloween time, and, in fact, kept them from causing too much mischief for others in Auburn. For some reason they seemed to think it was fun to tip over the little houses that were at the end of the path - the outhouses. One of the boys involved was to become a son-in-law, Chick Putnam. Anyway, Billy went out and sat with a shotgun one night, and he had his boots on. When they said, "All right, we're ready," he shot up through the ceiling. Kids scattered in every direction, and Billy followed them. They went down around the roadway towards the creek, which was just a block from the house. Then, they went in the creek because he was after them. 'Course he didn't run very fast, he just followed behind. They waded up the creek, and Billy waded right out in the creek and right up behind them. They didn't know he had his boots on and was thoroughly enjoying every step of that wade. They went up to the beginning of the next block and went through Bishop Wood's yard and he met them there. So they scattered in various directions. They didn't get his little house at the end of the path tipped over that year.

Another year, they went to tip over his outhouse. They all were a-pushing and a-grunting and trying to tip it over, and it just wouldn't tip. Then, someone said, "Well, boys, I guess we're just going to have to give it up for tonight." They turned around and looked and there was Billy Walton standing there, pushing with them, trying to push the outhouse over. The only thing of it was that he knew that it was cemented down and that they weren't ever going to push it over again.

For several years, Billy and Ruth Hyde would dress up and go to the Ward Halloween dance. One year they dressed up like clowns. He didn't feel real good at the time, but he still got down on the floor and flipped his legs around and such. Leah just said, "Keep it up and you won't be able to get out of bed in the morning."

Billy made tic tacs for the kids out of spools. He tied a string around the middle, made a little ridge around the outside edges, wound the string round and round the spool, and put a nail through the hole. They'd hold it against the window and pull the string. It made quite a racket on the glass.

Billy thoroughly enjoyed his part in the Christmas celebrations each year. There was always a ward party for Christmas and everyone able to get out was there. Santa Claus came and brought candy and nuts, and Billy dressed as Santa quite often. Most everyone stayed and danced and sang and played with the children. Letters sent to Santa were unheard of at that time. There was no, "What do you want for Christmas?" bit. A kid could expect one Christmas book and an orange in their Stockings, which was quite a treat because you couldn't buy oranges except at Christmas time. No one expected more than that.

Often when things would go wrong or there was some kind of difficulty, Billy would say, "Now wouldn't that just make you smile?"

This story told about men collecting at the country store and visiting is more than just a story. In the winter time when they didn't have so much to do, after they'd get the morning chores done - the milking, the wood chopped and so on - they'd go to the store to get the mail. That was the post office, too, and several of them would gather at a time and visit. One day, Billy was a little longer than he really should have been. So, when he came home, instead of walking in, he just opened the door and tossed his hat in, which was supposed to be symbol of being welcome or not. Leah just very quickly picked it up, opened the door, and tossed it back out. That was to say that he was not necessarily welcome. Of course, he put his hat on, came in, and they laughed.

Sometimes, Leah would have people come to visit and they'd stay late at night. When Billy got tired, he'd get up and just go to bed. After a while, he'd call out, "How long you going to keep the threshing machine going?" Leah would say, "Just turn your deaf ear up and go to sleep."

Leah was kind, but when she felt that her children needed discipline, she was able to do that, too. When she got angry, her black eyes snapped. One day at school a little girl told another little girl that if she put some snow and salt in her hand and ran in the school so many times she'd get something pretty. Of course, when she tried it, it froze her hand, and almost crippled her. It was these kinds of things that made Leah unhappy and angry.

One day, Lyle was clowning around and talking a lot of nonsense. His mother said, "My Land, aren't you ever going to get serious?" He said, "No, Mother. I got serious once and it got me in an awful mess and I'm not ever going to be serious again."

Leah rarely wore a coat in the winter. She'd go to Relief Society sometimes when it was really cold, and when the ladies would ask her where her coat was, she'd say, "I was too busy to get one, and I don't need one anyway."

Leah helped care for sick people, as did her mother. She didn't normally take sick people into the home, but spent a lot of time at other's homes, and she traveled a lot of time with one of the doctors who came to our area to help deliver babies. Over the years, she helped with the birth of 99 babies, including her baby brother and all of her grandchildren.

Their daughter Golda was sick for much of her life, but was pretty well bedridden for the last several years. She moved back home and Leah cared for her. Then after Golda's death, Leah cared for two of the children for several years.

Leah did learn to drive a car, and drove the old Model T for a while. It was one with a crank starter.

As for the physical attributes, Leah was slender, with black eyes, very dark hair, and a pretty girl. Billy was not extra tall, about the same height as Leah. He was a little bit stocky - never real fat, although he got a little bit of a paunchy tummy for a while. He had blue eyes and light brown hair. When he let his whiskers get a little bit long, which didn't happen too often, they were inclined to be on the red side.

William Wallace (Foss) Walton passed away October 6, 1954 at about 6 p.m. at his home. He was not well but he wasn't bedridden. The night before he died, he had taken his car in the field, checking the horses.

Al Putnam always used to say, "Every town should have a Billy Walton." He had a positive, cheerful, maybe even a carefree outlook on life. He had a sense of humor, that wouldn't quit, and was a friend to everyone.

Leah Hurd Walton passed away eight and a half months later on June 22, 1955, also at home. The day before she died, she wasn't feeling well and so stayed in her bedroom, but again wasn't bedridden.

Losing their baby and then Golda as a young mother on her baby's fifth birthday, their home, and these kind of things were sad times in the lives of families and parents. Then there were, of course, the happy times and the many blessings that they recognized. Billy and Leah taught their children to pray, and to respect others, especially those in authority. They tried hard to teach their children right from wrong.

One of Leah's favorite poems is:

RICHER BY EXPERIENCE

Looking back, it seems to me
All the griefs which had to be,
Left me, when pain was o'er
Richer than I'd been before;
And by every hurt and blow
Suffered in the long ago,
I can face, the world today
In a BIGGER, KINDLIER WAY.

Pleasure doesn't make the man
Life requires a sterner plan.
He who never knows a care,
Never learns what he can bear;
He who never sheds a tear,
Never lives through days of fear,
Has no courage he can show,
When the winds of winter blow.

When nights were dark and bleak,
And in vain I'd strive to seek
Reasons for my bitter grief
When I faltered in belief,
Little did I think or know
I should find it better so;
But to-day I've come to see
What those sorrows meant to me.

I am richer by the tears
I have shed in earlier years;
I am happier each morn
For the burdens I have born;
And for what awaits me yet,
By the trials I have met.
I am stronger, for I know
What it means to bear a blow.

BABIES LEAH HELPED DELIVER:

Name	Birthdate	Place	Doctor
Iva Poorman	Aug. 17, 1909	Auburn, Wyo.	
Elno Draney	April 3, 1911	Tygee, Idaho	
Serell G. Hurd	June 9, 1911	Afton, Wyo.	
Rebecca Poorman	Nov. 29, 1912	Auburn, Wyo.	
Ernest Gordon Hoopes	Jan. 26, 1915	Auburn, Wyo.	
Doyle Draney	Dec. 26, 1922	Auburn, Wyo.	

Junior Walton	Jan. 8, 1928	Auburn, Wyo.	
La Val Hoffines	Aug. 24, 1928	Auburn, Wyo.	
UDell Moser	Sept. 27, 1929	Auburn, Wyo.	
Garry Wood	Nov. 21, 1932	Auburn, Wyo.	
Noel W Putnam	July 31, 1933	Auburn, Wyo.	West
Nola Spackman	March 24, 1934	Lewiston, Utah	
Maxine Nelson	Aug. 16, 1934	Auburn, Wyo.	
Darlene Putnam	Dec. 27, 1934	Auburn, Wyo.	
J. L. Davis	July 27, 1935	Auburn, Wyo.	
Grant Wood	Nov. 22, 1935	Auburn, Wyo.	
James Hillyard	Nov. 23, 1935	Auburn, Wyo.	
Ray Hyde	Nov. 28, 1935	Auburn, Wyo.	
Vera Rawlins	May 24, 1936	Lewiston, Utah	Daines
LaVere Rawlins	May 24, 1936	Lewis ton, Utah	Daines
Sherril May Wood	Jan. 9, 1936		West
VerNell Allred	Feb. 2, 1936		J.
Ruth Maxine Rich	April 15, 1936		
ADell Nelson	March 12, 1936	Auburn, Wyo.	
Freda Moser	Oct. 20 1936	Auburn, Wyo.	
Charlotte Joyce Mill	Nov. 22 1936	Auburn, Wyo.	
Roselynn Putnam	Feb. 20 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Beverly Weaver	Feb. 24 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Edwin K. Shan drew	June 25 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Arden Hyde	July 24 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Vernette Hyde	Aug. 13, 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Earlene Nebeker	Sept. 2 1937	Afton, Wyo.	
Duane Hyde	Oct. 6, 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Clyde Ray Con die	Oct. 26, 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Kent Roger Wood	Dec. 2, 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Ruth Dian Allred	Dec. 4, 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
George L. Linford	Dec. 9, 1937	Auburn, Wyo.	
Karen Johns on	Jan. 10, 1938		West
Ruth Annette Jaysom	Jan. 22, 1938		West
Joan Toland	April 12, 1938		West
Gayle Harrison	April 15, 1938		J.
Dena Nelson	May 3, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Malloy Putnam	May 18, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Layle H. Nield	June 24, 1938	Afton, Wyo.	
Hal A. Gardner	June 30, 1938	Afton, Wyo.	
La Ray Shan drew	July l4, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Earl B. Swenson	July 27, 1938	Osmond, Wyo.	
Sherill F. Shorter	Aug. 26, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Glen Preston Wilkes	Sept. 1, 1938	Afton, Wyo.	
Milford Ellis Nelsor	Sept. 30, 1938	Afton, Wyo.	
Wesley Doyle Cranne	Oct. 19, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Neccia Hyde	Nov. 13, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Claine Devon Weaver	Dec. l6, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	
Lyman Burk Con ley	Dec. 23, 1938	Afton, Wyo.	
DeeRay S. Hurd	Dec. 29, 1938	Auburn, Wyo.	

Dennis W. Johnson	April 11, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Leland Draney	Jan. 21, 1939		J.
Darwin Moser	June 10, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Gay S. Anderson	June 28, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Jerry Gail Hall id ay	June 28, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Delvin Shandrev	July 20, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Sheldon Warren	Aug. 4, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
VerNon Burton	Aug. 17, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Sylvia Putnam	Sept. 5, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Brent Leavitt	Sept. 19, 1939	Afton, Wyo.	
Udean S. Shorter	Dec. 21, 1939	Auburn, Wyo.	
Dal Gardner	Sept. 5, 1940		J.
Robert Murry Wilkes	Jan. 25, 1940	Afton, Wyo.	
Jacqueline Nelson	Feb. 15, 1940	Afton, Wyo.	
Earl Brent Call	May 20, 1940	Afton, Wyo.	
Kenneth H. Hurd	June 11, 1940	Grover, Wyo.	
Jerry Moser	June 14, 1940	Afton, Wyo.	
Ra Nee Galligher	Aug. 28, 1940	Auburn, Wyo.	
Sharon Weaver	Aug. 29, 1940	Auburn, Wyo.	
Douglas W. Johnson	Nov. 27, 1940	Auburn, Wyo.	
Kay Burton	Jan. 4, 1941	Auburn, Wyo.	
Dixie Ringle	Feb. 13, 1941	Auburn, Wyo.	
Wilma George	March 1, 1941	Auburn, Wyo.	
Arthur Powell Burton	March 21, 1941	Afton, Wyo.	
Rex Hyde	May 23, 1941	Auburn, Wyo.	
Timm A. Toland	Sept. 23, 1941	Auburn, Wyo.	
Terry Johnson	June 28, 1942	Auburn, Wyo.	J.
Garry Johnson	June 28, 1942	Auburn, Wyo.	J.
Paul E. Moser	Jan. 18, 1942	Auburn, Wyo.	
Gwen M. Anderson	March 18, 1942	Auburn, Wyo.	
Miles H. Wood	April 20, 1942	Auburn, Wyo.	
Jerry H. Johnson	April 23, 1942	Afton, Wyo.	
Shannon Shorter	May 13, 1942	Auburn, Wyo.	West
Clint W. Johnson	June 9, 1943	Afton, Wyo.	J.
La Vada Johnson	Sept. 28, 1943	Afton, Wyo.	J.
Robert L. Walton	Dec. 30, 1943	Afton, Wyo.	J.
Bonna Hyde	April 21, 1943	Auburn, Wyo.	West
LaMoine W. Johnson	March 14, 1945	Afton, Wyo.	J.
Dean Lyle Walton	Feb. 25, 1946	Afton, Wyo.	J.
Joseph Ranch Bagley	Feb. 25, 1946	Afton, Wyo.	J.
Mark H. Nelson	March 10, 1946	Afton, Wyo.	J.
Tracy W. Johnson	March 17, 1947	Afton, Wyo.	West
Ellis Hurd Nelson	July 7, 1947	Afton, Wyo.	West

SETH HARRIS & ATHALINDA ISABELL PHILBRICK PUTNAM



Seth Harris (1830 – 1908) was born to Israel and Ruth Walton Putnam, [the same year as the poet Emily Dickinson was born], in Rumford, Maine.

Located in the foothills of the White Mountains, Rumford is where the Androscoggin River drops 177 feet over a solid granite cliff - the Pennacook Falls – and is considered the grandest waterfall in New England. Harris (as he was called) spent much of his childhood fishing and playing below the falls.

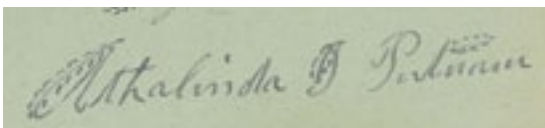
The proximity of the river, made this area ideal for the operation of sawmills, and Harris spent much of his teen years working those mills, learning how to turn rough logs into fine lumber. Harris also helped on the large family farm where they raised corn, grain, hay, milk and cheese.

When it came time to take up a trade, Harris decided not to spend his life in the mills. Instead he took up leather craft and became an accomplished boot, harness and saddle maker. He also was a successful beekeeper and he used the honey to barter for other necessities. He never wore a net or anything for protection because the bees never did sting him. Eventually he was able to purchase his own farm, as well.

He was a very ambitious, hard-working man. He was always up no later than 4 a.m. working.

Harris also found time to follow another passion: the fiddle. By the time he was 14, he was in demand as a fiddle player and he could be found playing at a dance on most Saturday nights.

One day while he was working at his store, he saw a little boy drawing a violin through the streets with a string. He took the violin and paid him a dime for it. It turned out to be a Stradivarius. (The old violin is currently in Alvin Putnam's family. It was promised that this instrument would never be owned by anyone who didn't carry the Putnam Name, and couldn't play it.)



Athalinda Isabella Philbrick (1833 – 1924) was born at Roxbury, Maine, the daughter of Nathaniel and Sarah Emerson Philbrick. Athalinda's family was not too well to do so she had to go to work quite young. When she only

thirteen years of age, she worked in a cotton factory. She worked in Vermont Mills and later went to Boston, Massachusetts and worked there. She learned to be a very thrifty young lady.

Athalinda was incredibly beautiful - quite slender; she used to say that the boys could span around her waist with her hands. She probably wore one of those laced up corsets, like they did in her day. She was talented, educated, and was an accomplished organist, as well.

Athalinda met and fell in love with Edwin Mason. When he was courting her he'd always come and whistle for her. They married and had two children, a baby boy who did not live very long and a girl, Emma. Her son died while in Maine and Emma moved to Utah and was married. Athalinda thought a lot of Edwin but her mother didn't like him, so she did everything within her power to separate them and she succeeded. After quite a lot of interference, he left. After some time, when she didn't hear from him, Athalinda decided he didn't care anything about her so she got a divorce. Many years after she had remarried, she found out that Edwin had written letters and sent her money. While she was at work, her mom destroyed the letters and spent the money on herself.

Years later, when she moved to Salt Lake, she went to a medium (fortune teller) and was told

that one day her first husband would come back and whistle for her. When she lived in Auburn, every time she heard a whistle no matter what she was doing, she'd go to the door and look to see who it was. She really believed he would come one day and whistle for her.

Harris married Athalinda on 1 November 1861 in Rumford, Maine. He was 31 and she was 27 years old. He built a beautiful home in Maine on his farm. It had a covered walkway so they could walk to the barn, 40 feet away from the house, get in the sleigh, and drive to where they were going without walking in the snow. It was one of the first homes in the area to have indoor running water, and they also had a large living room designed for their fiddle and organ playing – a place to entertain friends.

In the spring of 1863, Mormon missionaries - one being Paragreen Sessions – preached to Harris and Athalinda, and they were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Harris describes his conversion and testimony as follows:

“When the missionaries came to Rumford their preaching created excitement in our town but had little effect for nearly three years & at first it was a constant bother to my feelings. I became dissatisfied with all religions and myself. In the elders’ passing through Oxford frequently stopped at my house, and in discussing with them the principles of the gospel, they would cuff me about like a rag doll. I came to the conclusion that the reason for my being handled so easily was because I did not understand the Bible and the Book of Mormon.

I prepared myself for their visits by investigating the two books. I furnished myself with the Book of Mormon & commenced the Book of Mormon and the Bible, compared the two and read my Bible from Genesis right through, praying and searching for six months & when I finished the two books I became a believer in the Book of Mormon. I was then taught by the spirit to obey the principles of the gospel. My feelings were not known by any but my wife. I was proud to obey the gospel & labored under those feelings for three months till baptized.

To be called a Mormon was a heavy burden to carry. I lamented this but it was my lot and it was cast. I at last covenanted before the Lord that if he would give me confidence to face the world in Zion, I would be baptized for the remission of my sins; when I arose from my knees my mind was cleared & feared no man.”

They, along with his brothers, decided to join with the main body of the church and to move to Utah. Due to the economic decline that occurred after the civil war, the Putnams had a terrible time selling their property. They eventually sold for a considerable loss.

They carefully packed tools that would help them in a new settlement: carpentry, leather and forging tools, his fiddle, her small pipe organ (measured about 40 inches long, 36 inches high and 30 inches wide), and a few household items neatly packed in six trunks.

Athalinda’s family disowned her because she joined the Church; and the day she left Maine, she passed her brother’s house, and he was in the yard, but would not speak to her.

They, along with his brother, Artemas, and other relatives left the Bryants Pond, Maine, railway station in the Spring of 1869 and came west one of the first steam engines.

The pioneers who crossed the plains previously took nearly five months to get to Utah, while the train cut that time down to an astonishing 10 days. But it was an expensive trip and only a few

could afford. Railcars were far from comfortable, with hard, crowded benches to sit on. It was freezing cold at night, stuffy hot during the day. Passengers packed their own food.

The morning they left, Harris and Athalinda dressed in their Sunday best. He carried daughter Angie, while Emma clung to her mother. In Harris' vest pocket he carried a two small boxes that contained his prized Italian queen bees. They settled in the best they could. It soon became obvious that there was nothing to do in the stuffy cars. Soon Harris pulled out his fiddle and started to play as passengers crowded with some singing and dancing.

Elder Sessions' family met them at the train station, took them into his home, and treated them as well as though they were relatives. Following is part of a letter Harris wrote to the family back home: (Only the first portion of the letter remains.)

"All:

We landed here the 12th of June, 1869, & took a side trip & heard Brother Brigham Young preach at the great Tabernacle. We sought him out afterwards & he said many kind things to our company. The brother is strong in spirit & touch.

On the 14th of June we were called to the North Canyon Ward a place called Bountiful & this name is appropriate, both because of the city's gardens and orchards and too, because Bountiful, the city from the Book of Mormon, Alma 52:9.

We commenced work with the brethren on the church farm in orchards and then worked on a molasses mill for a gallon of molasses per day. When the work was over we were given a city lot and homestead. We dug a hole in the ground and put a top of eleven logs and called it a dug-out; myself Ath & Emma and little Angie Lee prepared there for the winter, a small cabin and barn was built for ma and Horatio and all quite contented. We bowed down and blessed it and dedicated it for our happy home with great mountains to the east & the great Lake to the other. We had a splendid supper composed of pork beans, short cake, Honey comb, coffee, milk &c &c we all eat vary Harty, Had prayers & retired to bed

On Sunday had quite a lengthy lecture in sacrament about the first principle of the Gospel, what we came to this world to perform what we had prepared our selves to do while in the world of spirits; showing that it was our choice to come in this dispensation and had the choice of our lineage and the whole summed together was edifying.

My brothers dropped off hides, now busy making shoes and boots for trades of horse, ox, cow."

Once again, Harris used his musical talents in the community. He sang, called for dances, (Quadrilles was popular at that time) danced with Aunt Lin, and played the violin all at the same time. They'd go to the dance about 8:00, dance all night and work all the next day. Note: During the last years of his life, Harris boasted that he played his violin from Maine to Auburn, Wyoming. Finally, Harris decided to move away from Bountiful. He could have taken up ground right in the heart of Logan, but he went to Woodruff, way up in the canyon and built a sawmill. Athalinda made butter and took it to Evanston, Wyoming in a buggy to trade for groceries. One night she was quite late in getting back and a wolf followed her nearly all the way home. The only one she had with her was her

son, Frank Nathaniel Israel, who was about ten years old at the time.

While living in Woodruff, they lost three children in six months from diphtheria and whooping cough – Harris Euvern, Sarah Irene, and Mabel Zina. (Before moving to Woodruff, their daughter, Leoni Angie, died.) Years later, a granddaughter, Mona, was combing Athalinda's hair and noticed a bald spot on the side of her head about the size of a dollar. When asked how she got it, she said that she used to sit and cry, and pull her hair out and grieve about the children she had lost.

When Harris and Athalinda left Maine, they were practicing polygamy in Utah. He promised his wife and offered to put it in writing that he'd never take another wife. She told him that if his word wasn't any good, neither was his writing. When he got to Utah, a friend went to England and brought two women back. He was unable to take care of both of them and asked Seth to help. So, he took Annie Mariah Tucker as his second wife. Athalinda didn't like it, but she made the best of it.

They all lived together for a short time in Woodruff, Utah. Polygamy was outlawed and was starting to be seriously enforced during the early 1880s. Harris found himself having to be constantly alert, and often having to hide from the Law Officers. The family watched, and if any marshals came, Harris would go out the back door and hide on the hill in the brush until they left. He'd walk backwards so his tracks would be leading toward the house instead of away from it. Despite all the preventions, Harris was finally arrested by U.S. Marshals, but the charges were later dropped because there were no witnesses. These experiences left him with a healthy disrespect for law officers.

Harris, as did others, knew that Wyoming was trying to increase the population of the territory so that they could become a state, and especially welcomed polygamist families by assuring them that they would not cooperate with the marshals. Also, Star Valley was so well isolated that law men were easily recognized and avoided. He finally became so tired hiding from the law that he, along with several other Woodruff families, decided to get a fresh start, using the Homestead Act. He moved to Wyoming with his second wife, Annie, and two sons, Charles and Roy.

Upon arriving, Harris began immediately preparing for the coming winter. He built a two-room log cabin, cut meadow grass for winter feed, and gathered firewood.

The Mormon pioneers formed their own town, which they named Auburn, Wyoming. They formed an irrigation district and all the members pitched in and helped dig the canals. The Rock Church, which would become the center of the community, was the first to be built, and again everyone participated. Harris helped cut the timbers for the roof and floors, and helped haul the rock. They now had a place to dance and socialize on Saturday nights and a chapel to worship in on Sundays.

The Church had the best dance floor in Star Valley. Often there were so many couples dancing that only a portion of them could dance at one time. The problem was solved with numbered tickets. Bishop Hyde, Joe Walton and Seth Putnam could all play the fiddle. Ed Hanson played the coronet and there were dances every weekend. When Nate, Harris' son, moved in, he played the organ.

Although Harris and Athalinda did not divorce, she and her daughter Mavil chose to make their home in Garden City, Utah, (near Bear Lake) with her son, Nate. Seth visited often and managed to support both families with his sawmill, farming, shoemaking, blacksmith, cattle, horse and bee operation. The children from both families travelled back and forth between Star Valley and Bear Lake.

While living in Garden City, Nate had a fast team of horses that he used to race. He'd whistle and the horses would start to run. One day Athalinda and Mavil were going up town with his team. One of their neighbors whistled and the team started to run. They went around a corner and the box hit a post. The impact threw the sleigh box off and the post hit Athalinda in the face and popped her eye out on her cheek. There were no doctors there so they drove from Garden City, Utah to Paris, Idaho, which is about twenty-five miles, to see a doctor. The doctor put her eye back in and she never lost her eyesight. The only result from the accident was a scar on her eye. Mavil was frightened so badly, however, that for a number of years after, she had epileptic fits and after that whenever she got excited, she couldn't speak plainly.

In about 1903, Frank Nathaniel moved to Auburn, and, once again Athalinda moved with them. She didn't live with her husband and Annie but moved into a three-room log house by herself. (The house was located across the street from Al Putnam's house on First West #805.) This home had a sod roof in the style of English houses. They covered the floors with straw and put a woven rug over it for warmth. Every spring the carpet was taken up, the floors scrubbed and new straw put down, the carpet hung on the clothesline and beaten with brooms to get the dust out. The carpet was then stretched over the new straw and tacked down around the outside.

In addition to polygamists, Star Valley's isolation appealed to outlaws. In the winters Butch Cassidy and various members of the famed Wild Bunch, including Matt Warner, often attended the dances. He always sat with his back to the wall where he could see anyone coming through the door. He was such a good shot, that he could spin his gun on his finger and every time the butt of the gun hit his palm, he could shoot and drive a nail into the wall. He enjoyed listening to Harris play his fiddle and they became friends. Butch was always welcome in the Putnam home in Auburn where he traded horses for beef.

In the 1890's Harris, along with other ranchers, hired Butch, who was just out of prison and was trying to make an honest living, and one of his riders to help them out. They spent most of that summer driving cattle to the summer range. When the work ran out and Matt ended up in jail, they needed money for lawyers and they decided to rob the Montpelier Bank. Nate, then 22, agreed to sell them some horses and supplies. At the time the boys didn't know that Butch and the boys were planning to go back to 'work' and their wild ways.

As a young man, Harris had light hair, but, of course, in his later years, he was gray and had a long white beard. He said he shaved once but his features were so different that it scared him so he never shaved again. He knew the Bible well and was always quoting scriptures. He had a terrible temper, but he didn't believe in swearing. When he got mad, for instance when the wind blew too much, he would throw his hat on the ground, stomp on it, and say, "Dam, dam, double dam." He said dam wasn't a swear word because there were dams to dam water.

Once he bumped his hand on a knot as he came out of the cellar, and he said, "My God." He dropped right on his knees and asked the Lord to forgive him. Roy Gilman, his son, said it was the first time he had ever heard his father swear and he'll never forget how he asked the Lord's forgiveness immediately.

For a long time, many of the people in Auburn remembered Harris' one horse sleigh. He had it fixed so the old gray horse would go in the track. He had it built with seats on each side with a cover over it. The snow in those days would more than cover the fences. He had a strong voice and they say on a clear day they could hear him in Grover, which was five miles away.

Seth Harris Putnam died 26 March 1908. He had been sick with the La Grippe but was well enough to go to the Old Folks party. He was on the program, performed a song and, afterward, volunteered to recite a poem. Soon after, he went outside and complained of a pain in the pit of his stomach. They took him home and in a short time, the pain left his stomach and lodged in his back between the shoulders. He died a few minutes later - before midnight - at the age of 78. They diagnosed the cause of his death as a heart attack. He lived a long and faithful life.

Harris loved the dandelion and some people say he was the first to bring it to Star Valley. He was always loved and respected for his honesty and fun-loving disposition. It was never said that he shirked any duty, which was given to him. He was religiously devout and proudly held the Priesthood of God.

Athalinda was a marvelous cook and never let anything go to waste. Her grandchildren spoke of her pies, bread, and baked beans. She hand carded wool to make batting for quilts (they either raised sheep or bought the wool.) The carded wool was laid on the quilting cloth in strips; it had a tendency to stick to the cloth so that when the top was laid on and the quilt was tacked to the frame it pretty much held its shape until it was quilted.

She was a widow for about 16 years when, on 29 Mar 1924 at more than 90 years of age, she was peeling apples for a pie to take to a party at the church. Her daughter, Pearl, walked into the kitchen and was talking to her. She never answered. She had died with an apple in one hand and a knife in the other. They made a large coffin for her and sat it on the porch then carried her out to it. She was so big they couldn't bring the coffin in the house.

To know Aunt Lin, as she was affectionately called, was to love her. She had many friends and few enemies. She was a model wife, an ideal mother, and a loving friend to all who knew her. She was an early riser and a hard worker. She was a shining example for her posterity to follow.

Sources:

- 1 – Life story of Seth Harris Putnam written by Mona Putnam Leavitt.
- 2 – Life story of Athalinda Isabella Philbrick Putnam written by Mona Putnam Leavitt.
- 3 – Inda Davis Leavitt's Remembrances
- 4 – The Direct Line Putnam Family History by Read H. Putnam
- 5 - Seth Harris Putnam, Written by Jake Putnam, grandson of Orson Charles Putnam

Found at: www.flickr.com/photos/jack9999p/2893516382/

KARL & GOTTLIEBEN LUGINSLAND HILDT



On 24 June 1847 in Burg, Waiblingen, Wurtemberg, Germany, twin sons were born to John Jacob Hildt and Friederika Schief. **Karl, or Charles**, as he was called in America, and his twin brother, August, were the eighth and ninth children born in a family of twelve. Their father was a mason and stonecutter by trade.

When Karl was seven years of age his father died, leaving eight children under the age of fifteen. Their mother placed the two boys in an orphanage because she could not fully support them. Although she worked in a different town, she visited them as often as she could – a few times a year. When she got there to visit, it was often dark and there were no lights, so she felt their arms to make sure they were well fed. And, Karl said he could remember that she would stroke their hair and say that she knew they were well cared for because their hair was so glossy.

As soon as Karl was old enough – about 11 years old, he became an apprentice to a shoemaker, learned the trade, and became an excellent shoemaker, owning his own shop.

When he was 26 years old, Karl met and fell in love with **Gottlieb** (meaning “God’s Love”) **Luginsland** and they were married 23 Nov 1873 in Stuttgart, Germany. Eventually, the couple were blessed with 11 children – five were born in Germany and the rest in America.

A few years into their marriage, the family then moved to the small town of Hemshof, by the Rhine River. It was here that Karl and Gottlieb learned about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The family was taught by Tedor Bromli and Rulon Welz. Elder Bromli baptized both of them; Karl on 8 October 1876 and Libby on 15 October 1876. Karl was very much converted and was enthusiastic and excited. He told everyone who came to his shop how wonderful the church was.

One day Frederick Ludwig Ringle was sent by his wife to Karl’s shop to have his shoes repaired. She specifically chose his shop because she was interested in the Church. The two men began discussing the Church and Mr. Ringle became so interested that Karl closed his shop and they went into the back room, where they conversed all night. When Mr. Ringle returned home, he found his wife quite

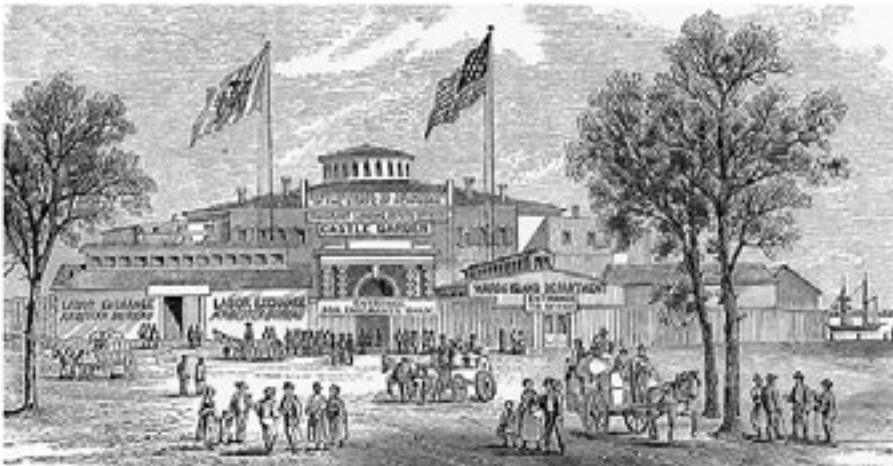
upset not knowing where he had been all night, but he was converted and was baptized in 1880.

The Hildts and the Ringles became very close friends. In Sister Ringle's history, she told of an incident, which happened in Germany. This miracle bears out the faith in the Lord that these two families had. She quotes, "Brother Hildt was sick nigh unto death with Typhoid Pneumonia. He was cold, his eyes were set and everyone in the room was sure he was gone. Then we sent for the elders, Brothers Brandly and Abraham Cannon. They had everyone leave the room except the family. They anointed Brother Hildt and sealed the anointing and promised him he would live and take his family to Zion. He was healed and the promise came true."

Soon after their conversion, Karl and Gottlieben started to save their money to come to Zion but found it very difficult to feed the growing family and still get enough ahead to pay the large fee for passage to America.

Frederick Ringle was a riverboat captain on the Rhine. Within two years after his conversion he sold everything he had and with what Karl had saved, they bought passage for the two families to America on the steamship "Nevada". Karl had to borrow some money from Brother Ringle to help with their passage but by working very hard he was able to repay the loan. The trip was difficult – much of it in stormy seas. Since there were no cabins on the ship, the people had to sleep on deck in their own bedding. (A total of 392 saints, including 138 Swiss and German were on board.)

Upon traveling a total of 2859 miles and arriving in New York on 2 Jun 1882, the family received its first welcome to the country in Castle Garden (see picture). The building was designed to protect immigrants from "runners" - people who would take advantage of them. Upon landing, physicians checked the passengers to make sure that they were all healthy and wouldn't bring any serious diseases into the country. Once they were examined, and received a clean bill of health, they were allowed to enter into the building. First they registered their names, and the names and number of the family, the ship they came in, their point of destination, the route they preferred taking to reach it, the amount of money they brought, etc. If they needed assistance figuring out a route to their final destination, they were kindly given that help.



Next, they were shown to the baths. (Of course, there were separate facilities for the men and the women.) The baths consisted of large rooms, with several roller towels in the center. Along the side was a deep trough of running water with plenty of soap available. A dozen or so people could be accommodated at the same time. Once they had the opportunity to clean up (probably

a luxury after a long ocean voyage), they went back to the Weighmaster and picked up their luggage. Most chose not to stop in the city, but preferred to go on to their final destination. So, the barge was reloaded with baggage, and they were taken to the train depots without cost, and left there - just in time to make the train.

Karl told his family to keep hold of hands as they were in a strange land. In addition to their five small children, the Hildts also brought Gottlieben's 16-year-old sister, Marie. Karl left his family to get train tickets and make arrangements for the long trip west. When he returned, Marie had disappeared. They tried to find her but finally had to give up as the train was ready to leave. They always felt that the white-slave traders had captured her. This was a very sorrowful thing for Gottlieben, but she was very reserved and did not want to talk about it.

When Karl had bought the tickets in New York, he had asked the Train master to give them passage as far West as his money would pay for. Their money only brought them as far as Evanston, Wyoming. Karl found out about the coalmines at Almy, Wyoming, which was about twelve miles away. He left his family in Evanston and walked out to the mines where he obtained work. He then moved his family there. Apparently, Almy wasn't a pleasant place to live. The Finns that worked there always carried knives and there was a fight almost every night. The men and women would go into town and drink then go home and pull their kids out of bed and beat them. They could hear the kids screaming in the night.

The Hildt family's desire was to move to Paris, Idaho, where the Ringle family had made their home. Also, some of Gottlieb's relatives, the Grandys and the Fox's, were living there. So, John Faux, her sister Annie's husband, went to Almy with his covered wagon to move them to Paris. Gottlieb, or Libby, as she was called in America, didn't want to get into the wagon as she thought only Gypsies rode in covered wagons. But they finally persuaded her and they moved to Paris.

Unable to provide for his family in Paris, Karl moved them back to Almy, and he again worked in the mines. In those days, this was dangerous work, and Libby was terrified of the mine exploding. In the time they were three different mines that blew up, killing or maiming everyone in the mine at the time. In those times, they had not learned how to draw the gases out of the mines, and when enough collected, it blew up. One day Karl was sick and could not go to work and that very day mine #5, the one he worked, blew up, killing all the men and the mule that Karl worked with. Although this made him very sad but it also left him very grateful to be alive.

In his travels from Paris, Karl saw a very beautiful spring of water just north of Garden City, Utah. He kept thinking of the possibility of farming this land so he moved his family once again. He applied for a homestead on the land and in March 1904, he received his patent on the land under the name of Charles Hildt. The little spring was and still is called "The Hildt Spring". They started out with a horse, 2 cows, a dog, and some chickens.



When they first moved to Utah, the Hildt family lived in a little cabin one block west of Main Street in Garden City. Karl with the help of his two sons got logs from the hills and built a barn and a home, which had two rooms on the ground floor and a ladder up to the bedrooms above. By this time their savings were gone. They had a hard time surviving that first year, but lived on fish and what Karl could trade for when he repaired shoes.

When Spring came, Karl and the boys immediately started clearing the land for farming, but it was a hard, tedious job. They had plenty of rocks which they used to build fences. In a year's time, they had cleared a little more than an acre.

Although they had planted a nice orchard behind the house and the girls gathered currants, chock cherries and service berries to make jam, very little food was raised and they had another hard winter.

Karl planted fruit trees (had lots of raspberries) and a large garden. Because of their hard work, Karl and Libby's land produced and there was never a weed in either the garden or orchard. Many herbs for the cure of sickness were grown and dried. Everything that could be dried was hung in the attic, especially corn and linsa (lentils). He made sauerkraut, and also, apple cider in forty gallon barrels. The family was always poor and all of the children worked odd jobs to help out.

As soon as they were able, Karl built a bigger home for the family. Karl was mechanically minded. In this home, he put a big galvanized tank in the attack and made a pumping system from the

spring to the tank. There was no electricity; the running water made the pump work. The pump ran enough to keep the tank full. A float in the tank would shut the pump off when the tank was full. Thus their home was the only one with running water.

Karl would sing while working, first in German then in English. He was a good provider and the family always had five meals a day. For breakfast they would have bacon or ham, eggs and potatoes, either boiled or fried. Libby could fry potatoes that were the best ever eaten. Lunch was served at 10:00 a.m. with homemade cottage cheese, potatoes, "haffagrunds", and "spietula". At twelve o'clock a large meal was served with fried chicken or other meat. At four, coffee, meat, fruit-cake or pie and then at six p.m. another big cooked meal.

Libby was a good cook. She was very kindhearted, especially to children. Being an efficient housekeeper, her home was always spotless. She had bare wood floors and scrubbed them on her hands and knees. She knitted all the gloves and stockings for her family. One day she scolded Karl for bringing in some dirt on his feet and he jokingly replied, "Mine hell, Libby, must I walk on mine head?"

Their home was a very humble but a very happy one. Karl knew the German Bible from cover to cover and family prayer was held both night and morning, always spoken in German. The small children and grandchildren would get restless as they could not understand German. The older children could understand it but none of them could speak it.

Libby began to complain that she was in a lot of pain, and she finally became very ill. The family brought in a doctor from Montpelier, but he couldn't find the problem. One day, three months after the doctor's visit, August and his wife, along with Karl, were sitting by Libby's bed. Karl was holding her hand and comforting her by telling her she was getting better. Suddenly, she raised her arms up and called out the name, "Marie", and died. The date was 3 Oct 1908 about 9:00 p.m.

Later that same month, Karl went with Theodore and Lizzie to the Logan Temple where they received their endowments and Karl was sealed to his wife on 28 Oct 1908.

In July 1909, Karl gathered his family, along with their families, and went to the Logan Temple again. This time to have his children all sealed to him and Libby. They went by horse and wagon, with four horses to each wagon. The trip took several days. They would make camp each night and after the chores were done they would gather together and sing. It was a very pleasant trip for all. Upon reaching the Temple, the sealing was done for ten of Karl's eleven children, on 7 Jul 1909. One daughter, Sophie, was too ill to make the journey and was sealed to her parents 20 years later.

Karl lived with his sons Charles and Fred where he suffered a stroke. They took care of him for some time, then he lived with his daughter Lena for a while. After that another daughter, Ana Marie, took him to her home in Rexburg, Idaho.

Karl was a very jovial man. The following incident that happened that shows Karl's personality: One day two granddaughters were left home to take care of him. As they were trying to put him into his wheelchair, it slipped away and he fell to the floor. Their Grandfather had several black and blue marks, and they were afraid of the punishment they might receive but when their parents returned, Karl just chuckled about the escapade.

Karl was a very honest, religious man and raised his family to be fair in their dealings with others.

He lived the remainder of his life with Ana Marie and passed away in Rexburg, Idaho on 5 May 1918. He was brought back and buried by the side of his beloved Gottlieb in the Garden City Cemetery, Garden City, Rich County, Utah; leaving a rich heritage of eleven children.

* Spaetzle

Pronounced: SHPEHT-sluh, SHPEHT-sehl, SHPEHT-slee

Literally translated from German as “little sparrow,” spaetzle is a dish of tiny noodles or dumplings. In Germany, spaetzle is served as a side dish much like potatoes or rice, and is often accompanied by a sauce or gravy.

4 cups all-purpose flour

1 teaspoon salt

5 eggs

3/4 cup water

In large bowl, combine flour, eggs and salt. Add water a little at a time to form a soft dough.

Boil 2 quarts of water in a large pot. Squeeze dough out into the water using noodle or fruit press or by pressing through a colander with large holes. When noodles float to the top of the water, they are done (3 to 4 minutes). Makes 4 servings.

{Although this is not Libby’s own recipe, we can assume that it is close. Also, I searched and searched for haffagrunds, but couldn’t find anything.}

SOURCES:

1 -Compiled and written by Ruth Parker Hansen, wife of LaVere Hildt, grandson of Karl and Libble Hildt.

2 – “The Karl Hildt Family” by Leona Hildt Wendelboe.

3 - Information was gathered from: Karl’s German Bible, Edith Hildt Welker, daughter of August Hildt, Lon Blanchard, husband of Stella Fisher, Family record sheet made by grandson, Autna Stock, Grace Ellen Ringle Michaelson, granddaughter of Ludwig Ringle, LaVoy Hildt, grandson, Lottie Wollenzien and Venna Wilxoc, granddaughters.

4 – Castle Garden, www.theshipslist.com/ictures/castlegarden1855.htm

5 – Recipe printed from All Recipes, Submitted by Rhonda S. Found on the internet.

6- Mormon Immigration Index – Passenger List for Steamship “Nevada”.

FOSS FAMILY



William Wallace Foss (1836 – 1910) was born in Maine to Reverend Alvin Wallace and Althalinda Smith Foss. On 25 November 1859 he married **Celestia Amelia Putnam** (1842 – 1884), daughter of Horatio Gates and Kezzia Hunting Putnam. William’s father, Alvin, officiated at the marriage ceremony. To their family were born seven children: Herbert Weston, Clara Estella, Josephine Bonapart, Irvin Norman, Lillian Keziah, Wynona Ethel, and William Wallace.

When their second child, Clara Estella, was only about 9 months old, William volunteered to serve in the Union Army during the Civil War. He served as a Drummer in the 23rd Regiment Maine Infantry, Company H, for nine months during 1862 – 1863.

The regiment was organized at Portland, Maine, 29 September 1862, to serve nine months, and left on the 18th for Washington, D. C., where it arrived on the 20th. They camped at East Capital Hill until 25 October 1862.

On the 25th they moved to Seneca, Maryland, and were assigned the duty of guarding the several fords of the upper Potomac, to prevent the transportation of goods to Virginia. They were engaged in that duty until 24 May 1863, when they moved to Alexandria, Virginia.

While at Alexandria they threw up rifle pits around the city, built barricades across the principal streets, and sent a large number of men daily on picket duty.

On the 17th of June they moved back to Poolesville, Maryland and on the 24th to Maryland Heights, Maryland, opposite Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

On the 27th they were ordered to Portland, Maine, where the men were mustered out and discharged from service on the 15th of the July by Lieut. F. E. Crossman, 17th U. S. Infantry.

During their time of service, they served with several different Brigades: Grover's Brigade, Jewett's Brigade, 22nd Corps, and Slough's Brigade.

Records show that the regiment lost during service 56 Enlisted men by disease.

After his stint in the war, he returned home where Celestia and the two children were waiting, and during the next few years, two more children joined the family. It is assumed that during the time they lived in Maine, that William worked as a carpenter.

In 1869/1870, they joined Celestia Amelia's family and traveled to Utah. We don't know a lot about the trip, but apparently, they didn't have enough money to make it all the way. So, at one point they stopped in Iowa, where they worked to earn money for the rest of the journey. While there, William wrote a letter to George Eastman at Woodruff:

"Mr. Eastman, Dear Sir:

We have received a letter from Arty and we thought we would write you a few lines. Our family are all well at this time. The weather is very nice at this time. Everyone has done their harvesting except their corn and potatoes. They had a great yeild of wheat and abundance of fruit of all kinds. Horatio and I get all the work we want to do and good wages and plenty to eat. Well Arty says you have gone into a new country. Well I hope you will prosper. Arty did not say how far you had gone. I should like to have you write me a few lines and tell us how you get along. We received a letter from Irene from Lewiston, they have moved into Auburn. We shall send the letter for you to read, then write to us how it is. You know that I for one, do not want to go into Utah unless I can find enough to do and enough to eat. My best wishes to you and your family, and God bless you in all your doing."
s/ W.W. Foss"

(Included a Postscript from his father-in-law, Horatio Gates Putnam.)

Note: George Eastman is Celestia Amelia's aunt's brother-in-law. [George married Seth Harris' wife's sister, Betsy].

Shorlty after this letter, the family continued their journey to Utah by train. After arriving in Salt Lake City, William was employed by Dinwoody Furniture Company as a carpenter. He later moved to Evanston, Wyoming, where they were blessed with three more children. Unfortunately, when their youngest child, William Wallace, was born, Celestia developed blood poison and died when he was three months old – on 24 Jan 1884.

William apparently didn't feel that he could take care of the younger children, and so farmed them out to other families. William Wallace was given to his older sister, Josephine and her husband, George Washington Walton. (He eventually took the Walton name.) We don't know where the other two little girls went.

William remarried Mrs. Sarah J. Drinkwine, his son, Herbert's mother-in-law. Eventually, the

two moved to Payette, Idaho. Interestingly, they chose to take two of their grandsons with them, and the reasoning behind that decision is not known.

The Payette Valley lay in the direct route of the Oregon Trail, and is actually found on the Idaho/Oregon border. When Payette was first settled, it was a very desirable place for outlaws to hide out, and early storekeepers and settlers had to be capable of protecting themselves.

The present-day town of Payette came into existence as a railroad camp and storehouse when the Union Pacific Railroad began construction in 1883. Originally called "Boomerang," the town was later renamed after Francois Payette, a French-Canadian fur trapper and the area's first settler.

Not much more is known about William. He seemed to not keep in touch with any of his children, and in fact, most never knew what happened to him until his obituary was found in the newspaper.

William Wallace Foss died at Payette, Idaho, in April 1910. His Obituary states: "W.W. Foss, an old resident of Payette Valley, died at six o'clock Tuesday morning from spotted fever after a short illness of nine days. Mr. Foss was a well-known resident of this section. He was a member of Sherman Post and funeral services, which were held at the home, were conducted by Rev. Frank Forbes and the interment at the Riverside cemetery was in charge of the members of the Sherman Post."

Sources:

1. Headstones for William Wallace Foss and Celestia Amelia Putnam Foss.
2. Detailed Soldier Record
3. The Direct Line Putnam Family History by Read H. Putnam

MARK & SARAH GREEN HURD



Mark Hurd had brown hair and deep blue eyes. In later years, he had a well-trimmed moustache and beard. All of Mark's brothers and sisters were short, but Mark was the shortest of them all (between 4'10" – 11"). He always said he was as tall as any other man. His legs reached from his butt to the sidewalk and that's all anyone else's did.

Mark was born 20 April 1863 at Middleton, Yorkshire, England – the same year as Charles Ringling (owner of the Ringling Brother's Circus), and Henry Ford (invented the automobile). When he was 8 years old, he worked at the match factory. Later he worked in a factory where clothes were woven and made up. It was his job to throw the shuttle carrying the thread between the warp and then go to the other side and throw it back again.

The family came to America in 1876 when Mark was 13 years old. Interestingly, another 13 year-old boy was on board the ship – James E. Talmage, later to become one of Twelve Apostles.

The family settled in Brigham City, Utah. Sugar cane was grown in and around the area, and so Brigham City had a molasses mill. The young people would meet at the mill in the evenings and light a bon-

fire and then they would play games, sing songs, and simply talk. At the end of the evening, the supervisor would share molasses skimmings – the froth that gathered at the side of the kettle or vat as it was boiled – which the kids used to make candy. The group would add butter, cream of tartar and flavoring and boil it to make taffy. After it was cooked, it was placed in buttered plates to cool. It was then taken by two people and pulled or stretched until it became a light shade and blended well. When it began to harden it was rolled into long inch rolls and placed back on the plate to cool. Once it was cooled and hardened it would be broken into pieces and eaten.

When Mark was 17, he went with his two older brothers to Snowville, Utah to make a home. Here he worked in a sawmill, on a farm, and at odd jobs. Three years after coming to Snowville, he met his fate.

On 13 February 1867, at Richfield, Utah, the home of Charles and Mary Ann Green was made happy by the birth of a baby girl whom they named **Sarah Ann Green**. A year later the Indians drove the people from their homes at Richfield. The Greens with others went to American Fork, Utah and made a home there. When Sarah was 15, her parents came north to find a new home and settled at Snowville, Utah.

Sarah was an unusually tall, slender girl, and when the girls at Snowville saw her, how they laughed among themselves and said, “That’s the girl for little Mark. Let’s give him to her.” Sure enough, she hadn’t been there long before little Mark was smiling at her. Even though he was little, Sarah thought he was unusually nice. In six months they were going steady. By spring it was all settled. Mark said, “Sarah’s legs were so long, I couldn’t outrun her,” but it’s certain that he was willing to be outrun. Hopefully, Mark went to work at the sawmill east of Brigham City to earn a wedding stake. That fall he returned to Snowville and hauled logs 30 miles to build a one-room log house for his bride. This done, the wedding took place 6 December 1883 in the Endowment House.

Mark and Sarah took an active part in the social and religious life of Snowville. They were often the butt of many a joke because he was so short and she was so tall. On one occasion Sarah was asked if she ever lost her “Tom Thumb” in the bed and had to shake the blankets to get him out. Another time, when long capes were in fashion, they were going home from a meeting. It was cold and Mark didn’t have his overcoat; so Sarah put him under her cape. A neighbor meeting her then asked jokingly where her man was. He wanted to know if he’d gone to find another wife. Mark put his head out and said, “I’m safe. She has me under her wing.”

After three years Mark decided if one Green was so nice, two would be better, so, with Sarah’s consent, he married her sister, Elizabeth. Among the youthful memories of many people is seeing little Mark Hurd standing between two tall women at public gatherings. Both wives lived in the same one-room house.

Mark and Sarah were blessed with seven children: Sarah Elizabeth, Leah, Mahonri Knighton, Francis Alfonzo, Edith Lenora, Velma Rose (lived only a couple of weeks), and Serell Green. To Elizabeth and Mark were born six children: Charles Arnold, Luella, Edgar, Albert, William, and Elizabeth. Sadly, with the exception of Arnold, Elizabeth’s children died before they reached their first birthdays - many died the day they were born.

In October 1887, the Hurd families, along with Mark’s mother-in-law, decided to move to Star Valley, Wyoming. There were a lot of polygamists in Star Valley because they weren’t persecuted there. (Mary Ann Francis Green had recently become a widow. She took her five youngest children ranging in age from 1 to 12



The log house in Afton

years with her). It was late and cold and stormy as they traveled. There were no roads from Montpelier on when the Hurds came to Star Valley, and it took seven hard-driving days to make the trip from Montpelier to Afton (50 miles). They had to follow Crow Creek, and it was necessary to cross it 21 times!

Their first home in the Valley was a one-room log house with a dirt roof, located on the south side of Swift Creek in Afton. The floor joint had been laid, but the floor had not been put in. Mark put hay between the joints and the women spread a rag rug carpet over it. All went well for a while, but the hay soon settled so they stepped from one joint to the other until Mark sawed out the joints to make it more handy. Sarah had her bed on one side of the room and Elizabeth had hers on the other side. The stove stood between the beds. Their table stood on the west side between the door and the window. There was also a big old-fashioned flour bin filled with flour and groceries. They were well supplied with food and clothes as Mark spent all that he had received for his place in Snowville, except 50¢, for supplies. That 50¢ was the only money they saw that year.

There were no stores in the Valley so they had no coal oil for lights. When it became too dark to work, they opened the front of the stove, sat in the light of the fire, and sang the evening away. Elizabeth sang soprano, Sarah sang alto, and Mark added the tenor. Mark would set the pitch with his tuning fork, and later he was able to set the pitch just by looking at the music.

Their singing soon attracted the attention of the neighbors and the next Sunday after they arrived to church, Mark was called to be choir leader for the Ward. This position he held for 20 years, and he always had a good, active choir. It seemed appropriate because of his love of music that he was one of the three assigned to obtain the organ for the new Stake Tabernacle. A beautiful reed organ (requiring pumping), with the appearance of a pipe organ because of its imitation pipes, was purchased for the building.

At one time Mark was asked to speak in a meeting. He opened his songbook, sang a solo and sat down. This is the only kind of sermon he would ever preach. Quite often Mark and his two wives sang together, and many people remembered seeing Mark standing between those two tall wives singing in public places.

The next spring after arriving in the Valley, Sarah worked out and for pay she received two high chairs, a rolling pin, a potato masher, and a little stand.

Their home in Afton was built during the summer and in the fall of 1889 they moved into it. It was located on the northwest corner of 3rd and Monroe. Later, Mark bought the adjoining lot and moved Sarah and her family into it - a smaller two-room house. This was the first time the women had ever owned houses separately. Sarah opened her home to the sick and also acted as nurse for the mid-wife who delivered many of the babies during those early years in the valley.

All of the families used to plant potatoes each summer on the south block. The families always had plenty of potatoes to get them through the winter and enough leftover for seed the next year.

In the early days, there were no fences in the Valley. In the winter when Sarah wanted to visit her mother at Grover, or some of her friends, she would start out in the early morning with the babies in a hand sleigh and the older ones trudging at her side and walk on the crust. She would stay overnight and walk back on the crust the next morning.



It was Mark's greatest desire to own a ranch. So he worked in the Sawmill in the canyon, and other odd jobs, and the money saved was turned towards buying a place. Luck helped them in the way of a legacy left the women by their uncle who had died and left his money to their mother's children. With this money and what they had saved, Mark bought the ranch and went into business at Afton. Sarah and her family moved to

Grover during the summer and moved back to Afton during the winter so the children could attend school.

Elizabeth purchased an organ with some of the inheritance. She learned to play and this passed many pleasant hours. She also loved to grow flowers in her garden.

No history will ever be written about Star Valley without the name of Kingston and Hurd being among the prominent businessmen. In the 1890s, Charles Kingston built a store, which was located on the southeast corner of Washington Street and Fifth Avenue and was operated by him and Mark, "Kingston and Hurd". Most of the families in the Valley had cows. This store conceived the idea of buying the cream or butter, some preferred to sell the butter instead of the cream, from people in exchange for goods from the store. The cream was taken to Sister Lovyssen to be made into butter. It was then shipped to Salt Lake City, Utah and Rock Springs, Wyoming. This was the first Star Valley produce to be shipped, and the money was the first to be circulated in the Valley. After a few years, George Osmond, president of the Star Valley stake, bought Mr. Kingston's interests, and the business name was changed to "Osmond and Hurd". A general store occupied the ground floor, and a dance hall was on the upper floor, which was not successful. In about 1903 Ed Lewis of Montpelier bought the place and moved a dry goods store into the building and operated it for 8 - 10 years. Ultimately, the building was destroyed and a service station, "Dixon's", was built in its place.

After selling the store, Mark had the contract for several years to carry the mail to the lower valley. In 1910 when one of their boys, Mahonri, married, they left him to care for the ranch and they moved back to Afton. They lived there ten years. Mark worked for the Electric Light Company, reading meters. The snow was so deep and his legs were so short that it was difficult to get around. He always said, "They ought to pass a law limiting the depth of snow in winter."

25 February 1905 brought great sorrow to Mark and Sarah and their family and affected their lives ever afterwards, when death claimed Elizabeth, their beloved wife and sister. Of course, Sarah took care of Elizabeth's son, Arnold, just as if he were one of her own children.

When his son moved to Auburn, they went back to the Grover ranch and he lived there the rest of his life. Mark was still the stake choir leader at the time. Many, many times he would arise early in the morning and walk through the snow and fog to take care of his choir duties in Afton.

Sarah was active in Community and Social life. She was the first Young Women Mutual Improvement Association President in Star Valley. She was first counselor in the Afton Relief Society for many years. She was also a Relief Society Stake Aid for a number of years.

Sarah cared for more than 100 mothers and babies, and many a mother has felt she could face her ordeal with more ease and confidence if she was with them. People felt that Sarah would come when help was needed, and there was hardly a home among the older families in the Valley that wasn't blessed with her presence. One of the outstanding characteristics of Sarah was the smile she always carried. It was said of her, "There isn't a day that someone hasn't been made to feel better by that

smile." She was probably the closest thing to an angel on earth.

In 1928, Mark's son, Arnold's wife passed away due to complications of childbirth, leaving a 5-day-old baby in need of a mother. Sarah lovingly took little Virginia in and cared for her until she was old enough to go to school and back to her dad and siblings.

Mark and Sarah celebrated 50 years of marriage on 6 Dec 1933. At that time they were the parents of 7 children, 30 grandchildren and 11 great grandkids. A nice dinner, program, community sing along and dance made this a memorable event for



all who attended.

Perhaps no death in Star Valley so shocked and saddened the people, as did the tragic death of Mark Hurd. Mark's son, Serell, gave the following account of the accident: "I had mowed hay for 2 or 3 days before this fateful day – 15 August 1936. I worked at the Creamery when I could. They had called me to come to work that day and I told them I couldn't because I was haying. Dad told me he had enough cut down for a while until they could get some of it put up and for him me to go on to work."

Serell said he probably hadn't been gone 10 minutes until Mark had hitched the team to the mower. One of the horses in this team was very hard to handle, so Serell could never understand why his dad had hooked up that team.

Mark was down in the meadow mowing along a ditch and apparently he ran over a board that flew up and scared the horses and caused them to run away. Then the pitman arm broke and flew up and hit him in the head. A friend, Dean Moser, came along, saw the horses, and took word to the family. Sarah was inconsolable.

Mark Hurd was a lover of music. "Without a song the day could never end" was his motto for life and his purpose for living was that of lightening the task of his neighbors and gladdening their hearts with his songs and music.

Sarah spent the rest of her life in Grover and Auburn with her grown children who lived there. She lived to be 85 years of age and will be fondly remembered for the service she gave to church and community and how she cared for others. It is interesting to note that Sarah died on the exact same day as Elizabeth just 47 years later.

TO GRANDMA

This world would be a dreary place
Without you Grandma dear
You give us joy and happiness
And love and hope and cheer.

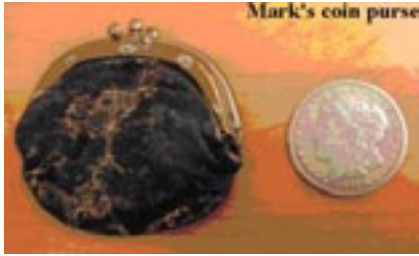
We love to go to visit you
To see you smile and say
Here comes my girls, Oh I'm so glad
I'd hoped you'd come today.

You're always very busy
And you're always more than willing
To hear our tales of woe.

You ease our childish troubles
And wipe away our tears
And point to us, the way to live
Through out the coming years

If I ever am a Grandma
Just like you I'd like to be
And be to my Grandchildren
What you have been to me.

- Golda



Mark's coin purse and silver dollar were given to his oldest child, Sarah E. Dixon, and she passed it on through her descendants. The story states that it was in Mark's pocket on the day of his accidental death.

NOTE: Mark and Sarah lived at a time of great progress. The transcontinental railroad in America was completed when Mark was six years old. A lot of our conveniences were invented during his lifetime including: Color Photographs, Telephone, Electric Light Bulb, Subway, Motorcycle, Automobile, X-Rays, Movies, Airplane, Radar, Sonar, Shortwave Radio, Insulin, Geiger Counter, Video Recordings, Television, Penicillin, and Helicopter.

SOURCES:

- 1 – Story written to celebrate Mark and Sarah's 50th anniversary.
- 2 – Star Valley Independent
- 3 – Records of Steamship Nevada.
General Voyage Notes, Passenger List, Letters from John Woodhouse, May 24, 1876 and June 5, 1876.

HORATIO GATES & KEZIAH HUNTING PUTNAM



Horatio Gates Putnam, (1816 – 1894) was born the same year as the famous author, Charlotte Bronte. Known as "Rash", he was born to Israel (nephew of the famous General) and Ruth Walton Putnam in Rumford, Oxford, Maine. He was their fourth child and oldest son who lived beyond infancy.

Located in the foothills of the White Mountains, Rumford is where the Androscoggin River drops 177 feet over a solid granite cliff - the Pennacook Falls – and is considered the grandest waterfall in New England. Harris (as he was called) spent much of his childhood fishing and playing

below the falls.

The proximity of the river, made this area ideal for the operation of sawmills, and Harris spent much of his teen years working those mills, learning how to turn rough logs into fine lumber. Harris also helped on the large family farm where they raised corn, grain, hay, milk and cheese.

Kezia Hunting, (1816 – 1890) the daughter of Calvin and Kezia Adams Pierce Hunting was born in Brighton, Suffolk, Massachusetts.

On 2 October 1838 in Newton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, Horatio Gates and Kezia Hunting were married. They had seven children: Calvin, Celestia Amelia, Alfred B., Marietta, Andrew Jackson, Mary and Leonard.

In 1839, Horatio's brother, Artimas Walton, heard a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints preaching in a local schoolhouse. It was so crowded he had to stand outside an open window in the cold. He was barefoot because he had left his boots at the shoemakers for repair, so he

perched on one foot at a time to warm the other as he listened. He stayed the entire meeting. Once he fully accepted the new religion, he was baptized in 1845, and it was through his influence that most of his family were baptized on 7 June 1855 - including both Rash and Kezia and four other brothers and sisters. By 1875 all of Israel Putnam's living family were baptized members of the church.

In 1869, according to verbal family history, a flood swept away the Putnam home, and two of their children, Mary and Leonard, were drowned. It can be assumed that Horatio and Kezia decided to move West rather than rebuild their home in Maine. By August 1870 they, along with their daughter Celestia Amelia and her husband, William Wallace Foss, were in Berlin Heights, Ohio. They apparently stayed there for a period of time before continuing on to Utah, and by the time the Putnam family came to Zion, train travel was available.

While in Ohio, W.W. Foss wrote to George Eastman (his wife, Betsey, was Horatio's brother, Seth Harris' sister-in-law) asking about the new territory - mostly concerned about whether or not they could survive in Utah, and Horatio added the following postscript. (There are a few words that were indecipherable, but the main message of the letter is easily understood):

"As Wallis is writing I will rite a few lines in regard to Irene's letter. I want you and Betsey to give me the facts in regard to it's contents. As for myself, _____ desire to be willing and have patience under the divine will of God's providence but to suffer Opression through individuals with store houses full and fields full of _____ it causes me to almost shrink from what I am commanded to have, that is charity for such individuals, but I feel to [put] my trust in God and pray that his blessings may attend us. I want you to write us all about this new location you are going to, the soil, the wood, the water, and the price per acre, and what direction from the City. I feel anxious to be there with you as I think I shall this fall. But if I should help the rest come out my means would _____ do to help _____ in _____. I have the rhumatism. I feel at times hardly know what course to pursue, but we must look to you to direct us. Now please write what you think is best course, and write all the news. Now don't forget to answer this George, and Betsey too. Be sure now WONT YOU as soon as you get this is my prayer.

s/ H.G. Putnam

Aunt Betsey now I want you to write to me if George doesn't regarding how you live. It made my heart ache to read Irene's letter to think that you and the rest suffered from something to eat. Do, for my sake, and the family write to us and tell us how you get along. Don't get us out there to suffer. Have you had enough to eat, and what kind of food do you have, if you have enough. Be sure to write direct to W.W. Foss or H.G. Putnam, Berlin Heights, Erie County, Ohio."

After arriving in Utah, Horatio settled in Bountiful near his brothers. The Putnam men were handsome, solidly built and hard workers. They were also devout and proudly held the priesthood. They were active in the Mountain ward, worked on the church farm for tithing and found many jobs downtown. Horatio landed a job at the lumber yard, which supplemented their small farm, their honey and orchard operation, not to mention their makeshift blacksmith shop.

In about 1888 Horatio's original home burned down, and they rebuilt another small home, once again in Bountiful, and lived there until their deaths. They had fruit trees and grapes and things like that, and in the Utah 1880 Census, he lists himself as a "gardener".

As a carpenter, H.G. kept careful track of all the work he did for others and what they paid him in his account book. He also kept a detailed journal, but it was lost in the Bountiful fire.

For some time after the exodus to Utah, the people were encouraged to be “rebaptized”. The idea began as church leaders realized that because of all the temporal problems they had faced most of the people had often neglected individual spiritual matters. The people were asked to be baptized once again as a reminder of covenants made and as a new commitment to live the gospel. Horatio and Kezia, along with his sister, Louisa, were rebaptized on 18 September 1875. They both received their endowments and were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake on 18 October 1875. The next day Kezia stood as proxy and had her sister, Emmeline, sealed to Horatio.

Horatio Gates died 8 Oct 1894 in Bountiful. Although occurring before 1890, Kezia’s death is still a mystery because Federal Marshall Dycar burned all of the East Bountiful Ward records when he seized them looking for polygamists. Both are buried in the Bountiful City Cemetery. The lot is on Birch Street. Note: Horatio’s mother, Ruth Walton Putnam, is buried in that cemetery just about 2 roads east of H.G. & Kezia in the Simeon Putnam lot.

Horatio Gates and Kezziah’s daughter, **Celestia Amelia** married **William Wallace Foss**.

Sources:

- 1 - “The ‘Westward’ Putnams” written by Lujean Putnam Dunn and published in the American Friends of Puttenham Bulletin of the National Putnam Family Organization.
- 2 - Additional information from Lujean Putnam Dunn’s records.
- 3 - [The Direct Line Putnam Family History](#) by Read H. Putnam
- 4 – Utah Census Reports, 1870, 1880, 1900.

PUTNAM FAMILY



The Putnam surname comes from the Flemish words “putte” or “putten” (plural), meaning a well or wells, and “ham”, signifying a house or town. By combining the two we have the house by the well, or a settlement (welltown) by a well. In addition, most of our early ancestors came from Puttenham.

The name has been spelled “Putnam” from as early as the 16th century, although the old spelling Puttenham was also used at the same time as the modern spelling for more than 100 years. If one pronounces Putnam slowly the origin of the short form can be seen, since the middle syllable of the old form is never pronounced.

John Putnam, our emigrant ancestor, was entitled to use (although he did not choose to do so) this Coat of Arms. The heraldic bird or stork surrounded by small crosses crosslet in the shield is said to be the emblem of filial duty - symbolizing that

which is proper for a child in relations to his parents.

English Home



Thirty-three miles north of London can be found the range of the Chiltern Hills, which forms the eastern wall of the Vale of Aylesbury. The vale is located mostly in the county of Buckinghamshire and partially in Hertfordshire. These counties are among the most fruitful, and the people have always been among the most progressive in England. Within this area is Puttenham, Wingrave, Rowsham, Aston Abbotts, etc. - the homeplace of most of our English ancestors. The church in puttenham (notice picture)

was built in the thirteenth century and it still stands. It's not a large building - 69 feet long x 31 feet 8 inches wide.

The Puttenham family were of the upper middle class of the social structure in Britain - titled, but not of royalty - and so many early records are available to help fill in the Putnam pedigree. If we inherited anything from those early times it should have been a sense of pride in a name, a respect for authority, a feeling of honor for parents, and a loyalty for country. In whatever locality the Putnams settled - in England or America - they have been active supporters of religion. Some of the Putnams were among the first to recognize and accept the restored Gospel.

As far as I'm able to determine from several sources, our Putnam line goes as follows:

Rodger de Puttenham

(tenant in Puttenham in 1086)

In 1085-1086, William took a census of all lands to determine ownership and taxability. The Domesday Book of 1088 includes the following description of the lands Rodger lived on:

"The manor (of Puttenham) answers for four hides, Roger holds it for the Bishop. There is land to four ploughs. There is one in the demesne and another may be made. Four villanes with two borders there have two ploughs. There are four cottages and two bondmen, and two mills of ten shillings and eight pence. Meadow for four ploughs, and four shillings. Pasture for the cattle. It is worth sixty shillings, when the Bishop received it forty shillings. In King Edward's time four pounds."

|

Galo

|

Richard de Puttenham

|

Simon de Puttenham

(Knight of Herts in 1199)

|

Ralph de Puttenham

(Juryman, Held a Knight's fee in Puttenham of the honor of Leicester, 1210-1212)

|

William de Puttenham

|

John & Agnes de Puttenham

(Lord of the manor of Puttenham in 1291)

|

Sir Roger & Alina (Spigornel) de Puttenham

(High Sheriff of Herts.

The king didn't require him to pay the taxes normally required of the esquires of the area.)

|

Sir Roger & Margery de Puttenham

(Knight of the Shire for Bucks

Follower of John de Molyns)

The Puttenham Coat of Arms was first used by him.

|

Richard de Puttenham

|

John Puttenham

|

Henry Putnam
|
Richard & Joan Putnam
|
John & Margaret (Margery) Putnam
|
Nicholas & Margaret (Goodspeed) Putnam
|

The American progenitor, **John Putnam** (1579 - 1662) a yeoman (a small farmer who cultivates his own land or one belonging to a class of English free holders below the gentry) married **Priscilla Gould**, and they were blessed with seven children.

John inherited land from his father, which he farmed until he migrated to America. He well equipped for the work of founding a home in a new country, not only financially but in his abilities, as well. First, John sent his oldest son, Thomas, to check it out and report back to the rest of the family. The message that came back was, "Abundant land. Plenty of fish and game. Come!"

There is no record for sure when John emigrated or on what ship, although family tradition indicates it was around 1635. We do know that the southwestern ports of England were about 200 miles from Buckinghamshire County. So, travel would have required at least one week of walking or 4 – 5 days on horseback. And they were expected to bring all the clothing and household supplies they would need for a year. Priorities included warm clothing, kettles and pans (metal goods were not easily available in the colonies).



Once in America, the Putnam family settled in Salem, which was a busy village made up of about 200 huts, muddy streets, and a small harbor dotted with ships and boats of all sizes. John received a land grant of 100 acres in Salem Village (now Danvers) Massachusetts, which he farmed. According to his will, he was quite well off for those times. (The picture is a sketching of his home).

He was active in the church. In 1644, the town of Salem voted that a patrol of two men be appointed each Lord's day to walk forth during worship and take notice of such who did not attend service and who were idle, etc., and to present such cases to the magistrates; all of those appointed were men of standing in the community. For the 9th day John Putnam and John Hathorne were appointed.

Edward Putnam, grandson of John, made the following record of the death of his grandfather: "He ate his supper, went to prayer with his family and died before he went to sleep."

John's widow was held in high esteem during the rest of her life. In those days, the seating at church was designated by their position in society. Priscilla, instead of sitting with the other women, was given a seat with the men, which indicated great respect.



Nathaniel Putnam (1619-1700) was a yeoman and a man of considerable property. He sailed to America with his father. He and his brother, Thomas invested in an ironworks on land they owned in Rowley. Unfortunately, the place burned to the ground.

In addition to the land he inherited from his father, his wife, **Elizabeth Hutchinson**, daughter

of Richard and Alice (Bosworth), brought him 75 additional acres, and on this tract he built his house and established himself. Part of this property is still in the family, and is locally known as the "Old Judge Putnam place".

Nathaniel was constable in 1656, and afterward deputy to the General Court, during 1690-1691. He was selectman, and always at the front on all local questions, whether pertaining to politics, religious affairs, or other town matters. "He had great business activity and ability and was a person of extraordinary powers of mind, of great energy and skill in the management of affairs, and of singular sagacity, acumen and quickness of perception." He was said to have been of a fiery and determined disposition. He, along with others, felt that Danvers should be set apart as a separate town, with their own church and minister. In fact, Nathaniel served on the first building committee for the community. When they finally succeeded in that attempt, Mr. Parris was sent to be their minister, and all kinds of trouble came with him.



"We know nothing of his early life, as is the case with the rest of the family, but political and religious unrest of his day. . . . By the time the witchcraft delusion began, Nathaniel was an old man and Mr. Parris was able to convince him to be part of the witchcraft proceedings. It is most unfortunate that he became involved in an affair, which got beyond control. As soon as he saw the magnitude the whole incident had reached, he did his best to put it down, but by this time it was much too late. There is little doubt that Nathaniel believed in witchcraft as did 90% of the people at that time. It is felt that he had no idea that Mr. Parris would carry the persecution as far as he did. In fact, when Nathaniel saw where events were leading, he tried with all his vigor to halt it, but by this time the affair had reached national proportions and no man could turn it aside. He went about the community with a petition in opposition to the witchcraft charges and got 39 signatures of the leading citizens, but to no avail." NOTE: Witchcraft laws were not repealed in England until 1736, and witches continued to be tried and killed up to that point.

Many works, books, plays, dramas have been written about the Salem Witchcraft trials, most of which have Nathaniel Putnam as the principal villain, and some actually suggest that its cause was economic. Few, if any, authors of the witchcraft works and incident give a true and complete account of the affair.

[The picture is of a Court Cupboard, which was brought from England by either John Putnam or Richard Hutchinson, but was housed in Nathaniel's home. It currently is housed in the Peabody Museum in Essex, Massachusetts.]

Captain Benjamin Putnam (1664 - 1715) married **Sarah**, widow of Thomas Putnam, and they had nine children. He was an apparently well to do, prominent man in Salem, and held many town offices: Tithing man, constable and collector, surveyor of highways at the Village, selectman, and frequently served on the Grand and Petit Juries. He held the positions of Lieutenant and Captain during the Indian War in 1706 to 1711.

On 30 December 1709, he was chosen deacon of the church at the Village. The vote for this action was unanimous - he was the only one who voted against his accepting this action. As far as the witchcraft delusion, he stayed as far away from the situation as possible - except for signing a certificate of good character for Rebecca Nurse.

Nathaniel Putnam (1686 ~ 1754) married **Hannah** (1685 - 1763), daughters of Ephraim and Dorothy (Hendrick) Roberts. He was known in his day as "Deacon" after he was Deacon of the First Church at Danvers, Nov. 15, 1731. Nathaniel represents the 4th generation in America, and at the time of his death a little more than a hundred years had gone by since the Putnams first came to the country.

Nathaniel was probably associated with the milling industry in Putnamville, or at least he knew of it, and in direct line from him for five generations the Putnam men knew, and were employed in this craft.



Jacob (1711 -1781) and **Susannah** (1718 - 1776) **Harriman Putnam** were pioneers of Salem, Canada. (At that time Lyndeborough and Wilton were both considered a part of Salem, Canada.) He built a house there, two stories in front and one in back; the remains of a cellar marks his house site. The first school in the area was held at Jacob and Susannah's home. For three years, the wife of Jacob Putnam was the only woman who resided permanently in town. During one winter, the depth of the snow and distance from neighbors prevented her from seeing anyone but the members of her own family for six months. After Indian troubles became too great, the family moved back to Salem for a short time. Then, when the danger was less, they moved back to their home in Wilton.

Jacob was a man of great industry and operated a sawmill in addition to his farm in Wilton, NH. In his old age he employed himself by making cans.

Jacob was left a widower twice. After Susannah (Harriman) died, he married Susannah Styles, and after her death married Patience.

Stephen Putnam (1741 - 1812) married **Olive Varnum** and they bought a farm in Temple, which adjoins Wilton, and there settled. He built a gristmill- where grain or corn is ground.

Stephen signed the "Association Test", but still had to prove his loyalty to a new government: "A town meeting was held in Temple, N.H., in June 1777 to question the loyalty of at least 8 men of the neighborhood. Stephen Putnam was asked if: "We had the right to defend our rights against ye hostile attempts of Britain to enslave us?" Stephen answered that: "He did believe if ever a people had a right since ye gospel, we had." (To be thought unloyal to the cause for independence in those times was unpopular and sometimes very dangerous.) Stephen Putnam would have been 36 years old at the time of this meeting with seven children, the oldest of whom was 12 years of age. For certain he saw service in some capacity before the end of the war for independence. He may have served in the Rhode Island Campaign or in the home guard.

Shortly after the Revolutionary War he moved to Rumford Maine. There, again, he built a mill and became a quite influential citizen. Although the mill is long gone, the ruins of the dam can still be seen. He was a 'Jack of all trades' with great mechanical ability.

Stephen was once at work by the side of the road when a caravan came passing by. In the lead was an elephant. It was the first time he had seen one and it about scared the pants off of him. He sprang away to give the monster a wide path, and cried, "My God, What a Toad!"

Israel Putnam (1776-1845) spent his childhood during the time of the American Revolutionary War and the events needed for building a new nation. He was first elected to a town office in 1803. He

was Petit Jourer and Surveyor of Highways - an effort he was involved with several times over the years. In 1811 in Temple, New Hampshire, Israel married **Ruth Walton** (1791 - 1875) daughter of Reuben and Ruth Peabody Walton. They had 12 children, two of whom were to become our grandfathers: Horatio Gates and Seth Harris Putnam.

Family records show that Israel and Ruth moved to Rumford in about 1813 and then later to Roxbury, then a wilderness, where Israel built a primitive water mill, harvested timber, and used carpentering skills for their living. The lumbering industry was the mainstay of the area in that time. The rivers were swift and cold, the land (rocks) straight up and down and the topsoil almost nonexistent except for a narrow strip on one side or the other about a hundred miles away. It was incredibly beautiful country in the way of mountains, but harsh and unyielding to the farmer.

In 1839, Israel and Ruth's son, Artemas Walton, heard a Latter-Day Saint, "Mormon", missionary preaching in a local school house. It was so crowded that he had to stand outside an open window in the cold. He was barefoot because he had left his boots at the shoemakers for repair, so he perched on one foot at a time to warm the other as he listened. He stayed the entire meeting, and ultimately, was baptized.

In 1855 Horatio Gates and several of his brothers and sisters were baptized. Seth Harris joined the church in 1869. As with thousands of other members, the desire to move to Utah and be with the church was strong. So, they moved with as many earthly possessions as they could afford to ship by rail.

Artemas and Seth Harris arrived in Utah on May 5, 1869. Horatio Gates and Simeon followed soon with their families, arriving in July of 1869. Finally, all of the Israel Putnam family, except Israel himself who died in 1845, before he could leave Maine, moved to Utah.

Israel and Ruth's children took their family responsibilities, and after Israel passed away, they shared responsibility of caring for Ruth. In the 1860 census, she is found living with Simeon and is listed as a "pauper" and "insane". She lived with Horatio Gates in Bountiful, Utah, where she finally passed away on 8 August 1875.

SOURCES:

- 1 - [The Direct Line Putnam Family History](#) by Read H. Putnam
- 2 - [History of the Putnam Family in England and America](#) by Eben Putnam
- 3 - [Upham's Witchcraft](#)
- 4 - [Genealogical & Family History of Northern New York](#) by William Richard Cutter.
- 5 - [Descendants of John Irish The Immigrant 1629 -1963 and Allied Families](#), by Willis Luther Irish and Stella Bertha (Putnam) Irish, published by The Dingley Press, 1964.
- 6 - [Genealogical & Family History of the State of Maine](#) by George Thomas Little.
- 7 - [The Hendrick Genealogy](#) by Chas. T. Hendrick.
- 8 - [History of Rumford, Maine](#)
- 9 - www.billputman.com
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WALTON FAMILY

Family Motto: Murus aeneus mens conscia recti "Virtue is a wall of brass."

The name of Walton came from the residence of the first person. It's meaning is "Walled Town" and it was first used with the prefix de, meaning "of" - Of Walled Town.



Official record of our Walton line follows:

Simeon De Walton
(born before 1 March 1257)

|

Roger De Walton

|

William De Walton

|

John De Walton

|

Thomas De Walton & Elizabeth Aspall

|

John De Walton

|

Thomas Walton & Alma Berry

|

Richard Walton

|

William Walton & Elizabeth Dunstroke

|

James Walton

|

William Walton & Margaret Dyes

|

Andrew Walton & Joan (Clercks) Clarke

|

William Walton & Ann (Anne) Mayes

|

Robert Walton & Margaret Fitzwilliam

William Walton (1601 – 1668) was born to Robert Walton. He was a well-educated man; attended Emanuel College in Cambridge, England as a "sizer" - one who works part time to finance his education. He graduated with a Bachelors of Arts degree in 1621 and a Masters of Arts degree four years later.

William married **Elizabeth Cooke**, daughter of William and Martha (White) Cooke of Stratton, England. They had eight children: (Four were born before leaving England) John, Elizabeth, Martha, Jane, (died as a young child), Nathaniel, Samuel, Josiah, and William (also died as a child).

Although no information is available stating the date or the name of ship in which they traveled, by 1635, William, Elizabeth and their three children had arrived in America at Hingham, Massachusetts. As a Puritan, William came to the colonies with a "college degree in one hand and a Bible in the other".

Freedom of thought and action were essential to their religion, and they came to America to find that privilege.



William and Elizabeth didn't remain in Hingham for long before moving to Marblehead, Massachusetts, one of the oldest and the most primitive settlements in the colony. The people lived in rude log huts with thatched roofs in which sputtering pine knots were the chief source of light. Cooking was done on spits, in kettles hung on a crane in the fireplace or in fireplace ovens. There was no magistrate - not even a constable to enforce the law.

In addition, this place was famous for its lack of interest in religious matters, and since no minister could be persuaded to go there, William went. He served for 30 years, and preached regularly to the little group that assembled each Sabbath Day in the church built on Ould Burial Hill. The chapel, though built of rough-hewn logs, was a sacred building

dedicated to worship of God. In humility and thanksgiving the people met there on the Sabbath day, the men sitting at the head of the pews with muskets loaded in the event of an Indian attack.

For his services, William was paid 40 pounds a year. Records showed that "Parson Walton was not paid in money, but in fish, vegetables, and other commodities and that strict accounts were kept by him and rendered yearly." The account looked like this:

- by Ould Brown half a cow 5 pounds 2 shillings 6 pence
- by Richard Rowland 1/2 ton mackerel 5 pounds 8 shillings 6 pence
- by Smith cheese 13 shillings; pork 2 pounds 13 shillings
- by John Pride 6 yds of canvas 12 shillings; a new shirt 5 shillings
- by Christopher Godner liquor 15 shillings

Many of his parishioners were illiterate and superstitious, and apparently extremely fond of Rum, which was made from molasses imported by the colonies. While trying to work with them, William suffered, at times, from discouragement. At one time he remarked that "They are a lawless and God-forsaken people, laboring with whom seems almost useless." Naturally, there were some who didn't appreciate his preaching like the woman who, when arrested for slander, confessed to have said, "I could have a boy from College that would preach better than Mr. Walton for half the wages."

The majority of the people, however, genuinely respected Reverend Walton. The records show that he was a "wise counsellor, judicious, faithful, and zealous." He was "one whose advice was sought in all matters of private and public affairs and, when obtained, was usually followed without question".

William died of apoplexy (haemorrhage in the brain) and since he left no will, Elizabeth went to court where she was appointed to administer the estate with the approval of the children. The inventory of the house included a huge (for that day) library. The children valued the books, which in the final settlement of the property were shared equally among them.

Elizabeth lived without William for 14 years when she died in 1682.

Samuel Walton (1639 – 1717) was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts. He married **Sarah Maverick** (1640 – 1714), daughter of Elias and Ann (Harris) Maverick.

Little is found about Samuel: He took the oath of allegiance 18 December 1667. He served in civic and church activities as “tithing man” (tax collector), constable and selectman. He was a farmer and also a mariner when the fishing business was thriving. Samuel had one unusual ability: he could read and write.

Following the death of Samuel’s mother, he inherited the old homestead, the place of his birth and where all of his seven children were born. Later he sold the place and moved to Reading, Massachusetts. After the death of Sarah’s father, her mother and sister, Ruth, came to live with them.

Samuel was left a widower for three years after Sarah died.

Samuel Walton (1684 – 1753) was born at Marblehead and baptized, with his brothers and sisters, in the Salem church in 1684. On 22 December 1702 he married **Hannah Leach** (1688 – 1747), daughter of John and Mary Leach, and they had seven children.

The family moved to Reading and then on to Hampton Falls, New Hampshire. Samuel was a miller by trade and owned a grist mill in North Hampton. He was known as “the miller of Hampton Falls”. He was one of the committee organized for the erection of a new meetinghouse to replace the one destroyed by fire. The new building was to be two stories high and the committee was commissioned to “provide the material and carry on the affair with speed.”

When his son, Samuel, died, he signed a bond for \$1000 with his daughter-in-law Rebecca, for the guardianship of her six minor children.

Hannah passed away in 1747, leaving Samuel a widower for six years.

Samuel Walton (1705 – 1774) married **Rebecca Davis** (1708 – 1751), daughter of Joshua and Rebecca (Pierce) Davis. The wedding vows were exchanged in a church ceremony with Rev. Daniel Putnam officiating. They settled in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, where their first two sons, Samuel and Davis, were born. Davis was just past two when the governor of Massachusetts bestowed grants of land for any descendants of soldiers who had fought in King Philip’s War. Since his mother, Hannah Leach’s, grandfather was a soldier at that time, Samuel was eligible for this land grant. Feeling confident in the government, self-reliant and having faith in God, Samuel and Rebecca left Lynn, risking all they had to face the uncertain future in the wilderness - later to be called Amherst.

Rebecca was truly an unsung heroine. The first house built in the settlement was Samuel Walton’s. Rebecca was there side by side with him. She, with her children, helped to clear the land of trees, brush, and stumps to make it ready for homes. They lived in a rude log cabin far from neighbors, dependent on wild game and berries for food and medicinal plants for illness. Benjamin was born here.

Due to their faith in the government’s promise of protection, which was never honored, the family moved from the fort to a cabin near Baboosuck Pond. Reuben was born here, miles from the nearest neighbor, with the fear of Indian attacks ever present in their minds. Eventually, they moved nearer the fort in Amherst.

Samuel was very active in community responsibilities, served as one of a committee who was to “lay out roads and highways”. Two years later he was asked to survey public lands.

Samuel didn’t live to a ripe old age - he was only about 45 years old when he died. His earthly possessions included: Pair of oxen and two mares, a heifer and two white-backed cows and calves; coopers tools, chisels, saws and grindstone; a gun and pistol, scythe and andirons, tongs, bake oven, mortar and cement mixer; wooden bowls, tubs, dishes, knives and forks; a Negro servant girl, a spinning wheel, chests and pillows - and something very rare - a library of 75 books.

After Samuel’s death, Rebecca, along with her father-in-law, Samuel, gave a bond of 1000 English pounds for the guardianship of her smaller children. Two of her sons had died before 1760, leaving her without help with the farm and younger children. She married her second husband, Mr.

Perham, before 18 Dec 1755.

Rebecca was the mother of nine children. The military service of all her remaining sons and two grandsons in the Revolutionary War distinguishes her as one of America's great mothers.

Reuben Walton (1735 – 1829) was born in Amherst, New Hampshire - the same year as John Adams. His father died when he was 14 years old and he was left on his own resources at that time. When he was 24, he purchased a stake of land in Amherst, and married **Mary Thompson** (1735 – 1820).

Mary, the daughter of Noah and Susannah (Place) Thompson, was born in Newington, New Hampshire. Her grandson, Artemas Walton, said that she was of Scottish descent and that she possessed a "bright intellect and a happy disposition."

Four of their sons - Benjamin, Artemas, Reuben, and Jonathan - were born in Amherst. Then, in 1769, they sought land on a new frontier up in the wilderness of Cheshire County, New Hampshire. The settlement, called Limerick, was eventually incorporated as Stoddard, and the first chartered settlers included Reuben Walton.

Stoddard was definitely wilderness where the family struggled. The following description given by another charter citizen, John Taggert, shows how wild the country was: "the nearest town was Peterborough, and provisions were packed in on their backs through a pathless wilderness where trees were blazed to guide the travelers on their way. In winter it was a great hardship as the snow was very deep." Another son, Simeon was born there.

During the trip to Stoddard, for some unknown reason, little five-year-old Reuben was left at the home of the Honorable Hugh Wilson, member of the House of Representatives, and the family traveled on without him. Later, both Reuben, Sr. and Reuben, Jr. were to serve in the Revolutionary war.

Before 1800 the family moved once again to Gray, in what later became the state of Maine. Once again, they were among the first settlers in the area.

Reuben and Mary were living in an upper room of their son Simeon's home when Reuben died. He was reading by the fireplace when he was seized with a sharp pain in his chest that threw him forward. Mary's screams brought Simeon, but Reuben died before help could be given.

For the rest of her life, Mary shared the homes of her children.

As listed above, during the trip from Amherst to Stoddard, little five-year-old **Reuben Walton, Jr.** (1766 – 1825) was left at the home of the Honorable Hugh Wilson, member of the House of Representatives, and the family traveled on without him. He continued to live with this family - and after Hugh's death with his son, James - until he turned 14 when he ran away because of bad treatment. Although he was too young to join the army, he received his father's signature and so he was allowed to enlist, and he served all through the Revolutionary War - three years - under the assumed name of John Thompson. (Reuben was apparently considerably concerned about James tracking him down.) He joined the Northern Army under Captain Josiah Parker's command.

In 1787 Reuben married **Ruth Peabody** (1769 – 1818), daughter of Captain Isaac and Sarah (Wilkins) Peabody. Her father was a soldier in the Revolutionary War from Wilton, New Hampshire. Reuben and Ruth had 11 children.

After the Revolutionary War the British government offered large tracts of land in Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia to Americans who would settle them. Many, including the Reuben Walton Family, flocked there in great numbers. The family settled on the borders of Roxbury-Mexico, Oxford, Maine. Many of the settlers built substantial homes on their acres of land. The largest of these was Reuben's, mentioned in history as "Walton's Mansion". It had many rooms, the largest of which was used for the village school. Reuben's nephew, Benjamin, was said to have been the first schoolmaster.

Reuben's last home was built amidst the scenic beauty of Rumford Falls, where the water plunges over the rocks in a foaming torrent. It was here, at age 54, that Reuben, broken in health and with 8 dependents, applied for a pension for his services in the Revolutionary War. He said, "Pride

would not allow me to apply for a pension as long as I was able to work.” That simple statement sums up the philosophy of an honest and self-respecting man.

Ruth’s love for God and her faith in Him sustained her. For example, Sylvester Smith, Ruth’s grandson described the following scene: “One day, with his warm hand in hers they were walking along near the river on their way to her house. As they trudged along the sky darkened, and black, rolling clouds swooped toward them. The sharp flashes of lightning followed by the crashing explosion of thunder terrified the child and he began to whimper. Stooping, she folded him in her arms, and with a whispered assurance that they were in God’s care, she comforted him. They crossed the old rustic footbridge and, splashing through the rain and mud, they reached the haven of her home. As they stepped into the cozy room, they were welcomed by the appetizing aroma of food simmering on the embers in the fireplace. Dry clothing and a bowl of hot soup before the cheery fire soon erased the frightening experience from the little boy’s mind, but the memory of his dear grandmother who trusted in the Lord still lives.”

Reuben and Ruth’s daughter, **Ruth**, married **Israel Putnam**.

Sources:

- 1 - Read H. Putnam records
- 2 - [A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families](#) by Hattie E. Walton Heninger
- 3 - [Walton Family Bible Records and Walton Family Genealogical Data 1046-1963](#)
- 4 - [The “Westward” Putnams](#) by Lujean Putnam Dunn
- 5 - [The Waltons, www.helge.com/lewis_helgeson/1waltons.htm](http://www.helge.com/lewis_helgeson/1waltons.htm)

WILLIAM W. (FOSS) WALTON’S “ADOPTED” FAMILY

Although William Wallace (Foss) Walton was not legally adopted* by the Walton family, they certainly had more influence in his life than his father, W.W. Foss, did. And so, it’s important that we recognize the background of people who were so good to him.

Simeon Walton, son of **Reuben Walton and Mary Thompson** and younger brother of Reuben Jr. (see listing on previous pages) was born in Stoddard, New Hampshire on 29 May 1779. Eventually, the family moved to Paris, Maine. There he married **Margaret Hannaford**, daughter of Robert Bartoll and Martha (Tucker) Hannaford.

Simeon was a civic-minded man. He was chosen Selectman of the new town of Paris in 1810. He served as County Clerk for three years. He was dedicated to the cause of temperance and a charter member of the first Union Temperance Society of Maine whose constitution required its member to total abstinence from liquor. Simeon gave his support to the purchase of a curfew bell and he rang it at the appropriate times. His ringing of the melodious bell through the years, so exact in time, endeared him to the hearts of the people. He was chosen sexton of the First Baptist Church.

When the war of 1812 broke out, Simeon enlisted at Portland. In 1814 he served with the Massachusetts troops under Captain Blake and Colonel Ryerson.

A jeweler and clockmaker by trade he specialized in the “grandfather” type so popular at that time. About 1811, he established a branch business in the village of Norway, Maine. He employed his brother-in-law, David, (who had only one hand) to sell his clocks. In addition to his jewelry and clockmaking business, Simeon was also a farmer and struggled with adverse weather conditions. His

sheep mark was a swallowtail in the right ear.

After Margaret's death on 10 Oct 1850, Simeon married Sally Andrews.

Arthur Walton, son of Simeon and Margaret Hannaford Walton was born 10 Jun 1802 at Paris, Maine. He was 19 when he and his cousin, **Martha Walton**, were married 6 Dec 1821, in Mexico, Maine. Martha, the daughter of Reuben and Ruth (Peabody) Walton and sister of Ruth Walton (married Seth Harris Putnam) was born 3 Nov 1798 at Alstead, New Hampshire. Martha was affectionately known by the family as "Aunt Patty".

In his youth, Arthur had many exciting experiences in the logging camps of Maine and Nova Scotia while engaged in cutting timber to be used in building ships. He told of searching through the heavily timbered mountains to find the perfectly straight trees for the masts. They were shipped to England where they were made into masts for battleships and merchant ships. Arthur said it sometimes took a whole winter to find a masting pole.

After their marriage, Arthur purchased 100 acres of land in Mexico, Maine. He was a member of the board of selectmen for the years 1838-1839. He was also surveyor of highways. He served two years as private in the Mexico Village militia under the command of Captain John G. Brainard. The regiment was formed from a group of Rumford infantry, for the protection of the northeastern frontier, and was mustered into service on 6 Mar 1839 and discharged 29 November the same year.

A tragedy stunned the whole community when the Walton's only daughter, three-year-old Margaret, was drowned while attempting to cross the Swift River at a shallow ford. The water was scarcely ankle-deep, but the swift current swept the little girl off her feet and carried her a quarter of a mile downstream to the narrows where the waters, held back by the narrow passage, collected in a deep hollow in the rocks before plunging ten feet down in to the vortex below.

A man with a rope tied around his body dived into the dark, swirling waters and brought the tiny body to the surface. They gently laid the child on a great flat rock where grief stricken family and friends tried in vain to restore her to life, but they were unsuccessful.

Arthur and Martha were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in August 1842. They made the trek to Utah and lived there some time before their deaths. Martha died in the spring of 1853, only a year and a half after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley. She had lived an exemplary life and had reared her sons in an atmosphere of love and faith in God. On the strength of a firm testimony in the Gospel at the time of her baptism, she trekked almost across the continent to receive the blessings of eternal marriage. As the Endowment House was not yet finished, the ordinance was solemnized 3 Jan 1853 at their home in Bountiful by Ezra T. Benson, member of the Council of the Twelve.

After her death, Arthur married Rebecca (Huff) Mitchell. He died 9 Jun 1878 in Richmond, Utah.

William Harrison Walton, son of Arthur and Martha Walton was born 9 May 1823 at Mexico, Maine, and there married **Frances Newell Taylor**, daughter of George Washington and Abigail Bacon Taylor.

Harry, as he was called, and his young wife, joined the caravan on the westward trek with the rest of the Walton family. Grinding corn in a coffee mill, baking flapjacks on a campfire grill and living in a tent or covered wagon was an experience Frances had never known. They were challenged by mosquitos, rain, and mud. As driftwood had been collected to the last stick by those who had gone before, they used buffalo chips for fires. Later Frances came close to death during the birth of her first baby Harrison.

By the time the family reached Iowa, the Saints had been driven from Nauvoo. So, they joined the saints at the border of Montrose, Iowa where they spent the next five years. While there, Arthur and his sons Harry, Dana, and Andrew, all expert mechanics, built a blacksmith shop and foundry. In addition to welding tires, mending wagons, making wheels, and shoeing horses, they built a threshing

machine which they would take with them to Utah. The Walton machine was portable, with a power sweep, and was propelled by 12 horses. It was the first of its kind to be brought across the plains.

During this time, Harry was hired as a government guard, and traveled to California. He left his wife and children in Montrose with his parents. This was not an easy trek. In fact, after the group reached San Bernardino, their camp ran out of food and the men were so near starvation that they were thankful to eat a travel-worn mule that a train of emigrants had abandoned. By 17 May 1851, he met his family in Garden Grove, about 140 miles from Montrose where he left them. His homecoming was a joyous one and was the occasion of a family reunion long to be remembered.

At this point, many of those at Garden Grove organized and chose Harry, even though he was not a Mormon, to be Captain of their group since he had traveled the country from coast to coast. Twenty-one families, 60 wagons and a threshing machine were in the company. Buffalo were so numerous that there was plenty of meat on the trip. Several terrifying experiences came about, however, because of Buffalo stampedes.

Unlike most companies, Harry's group did not rest on Sunday. He let them rest wherever there was water and trees, or when there was a death.

Harry was a carpenter and his first responsibility upon reaching the Salt Lake Valley was the building of a home and a machine shop. Iron was needed for the manufacture of machines, and freighting between Eastern cities and Utah contributed to the rapid growth of the Utah Territory.

In less than four months after their arrival Harry and Frances Walton became members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Harry served in the military during the civil war. He was one of the few who furnished his own horses, and all equipment necessary for his service. He also served as captain of Company B, First Infantry, under General Daniel H. Wells when they frustrated the plans of Johnston's Army during the Utah War.

While living in Bountiful, Harry received a letter from Box B, the office of Brigham Young. The message was a call to serve in the Eastern States Mission. Through the years he bore testimony of his joy in that mission. Sometime after this, Harry and his family moved to Woodruff, Utah, when the road was little more than a buffalo trail.

Those who were acquainted with Frances, knew her as a friendly, refined woman. Harry and Frances' views on plural marriage eventually destroyed their marriage. Harry believed the principle to be true and practiced it. After some time, Frances requested a divorce. Then, on 26 July 1882 in Woodruff, in a double wedding Frances became wife of William T. Smith, and her son, George Washington Walton married Josephine Bonaparte Foss.

One of her grandchildren described Frances home as follows: "It was a large, one-room cabin, one end of which served as a kitchen where a large iron cookstove - polished until it shone - stood against the wall. Crisp white curtains draped the windows and another flowered one covered shelves on which bedding was stored. The bed was made of hardwood with rope across the frame instead of springs. It was resplendent with embroidered pillow shams and a patchwork quilt - beautiful examples of an old-fashioned art. The rough floor was covered with a layer of oat straw over which was stretched a rag carpet with scatter rugs of her own design and weave, which lent a special charm to her home."

Frances wore her long brown hair parted in the middle, upswept, coiled in a bun and crowned with a beautiful, jeweled, fan-shaped comb. Only close friends ever suspected that the elegant coiffure lay on the dresser at night. Her beautiful, long white aprons were crisp and immaculate and, best of all, she always kept her cookie jar full.

Frances died in Logan on 5 August 1912, and her burial took place on the ninth.

Harry never knew a sick day in his life until three weeks before his death. His final words told of his love for Frances. "She will come back to me," he said, and peacefully fell asleep. He died 3 October 1907 and was buried in the Auburn, Wyoming Cemetery beside his wife Sara Elizabeth.



George Washington Walton, son of William Harrison and Frances Newell Taylor, was born 11 October 1862, in Bountiful Utah. His parents moved to Woodruff, Utah and went into horse ranching in that area, and so George spent some time growing up there.

He married **Josephine Bonepart Foss** 26 Jul 1882 in Woodruff, Utah. Josephine was born 18 Jun 1866 in Roxbury, Oxford, Maine. She was the daughter of William Wallace and Celestia Amelia (Putnam) Foss. Josephine learned to play the accordion, and was still at it when she was 86 years old.

After they were married they bought a ranch of their own near Woodruff. There a son, George Ossian was born. In addition, they took in Josephine's 2-month-old baby brother, William Wallace Foss and raised him. In every way he considered them his parents - even called them "Ma and Pa".

In 1887 they moved to Auburn, Wyoming, where they invested all they had in land and cattle. They eventually specialized in thoroughbred horses. About 1910, they bought a livery stable in Montpelier, Idaho, and lived there for some time.

In 1925, they moved to Los Angeles, California - 935 South McDonald. The first enterprise George started there was well drilling. From one drilled near Beverly and Oxford Avenues they sold mineral water and made money from it. Several years later they sold the well and went into real estate.

George and Josephine were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in which Josephine was active in the Relief Society and ward choir. Those who knew George said that he was a tireless worker, generous in helping the poor, a good citizen, and a good neighbor.

* Although George Washington Walton wrote that he "adopted and gave our name to William Wallace Foss", and the Auburn Ward records show his parents to be George and Josephine, there seems to be no legal document. I've checked with Rich County, Utah; Bear Lake County, Idaho; and Uinta County, Wyoming. In addition, Velma Rawlins has a letter from Josephine in which she states that they did not adopt William, and Grandpa Walton, himself, said he was never adopted.

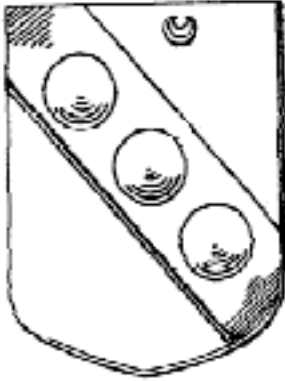
Source:

A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families by Hattie E. Walton Heninger.

EMERSON FAMILY

Ἡ σου χεὶρ, Κύριε, δεδοξασται ἐν ἰσχύϊ.

Motto: "Thy hand, O Lord, hath been glorified in strength".



The name Emerson is one of the "son-names", which doesn't mean anything, and can only be found in the northern parts of Britain colonized by the Danes and Northmen.

The Emerson Coat of Arms is not currently used, but a descendent of Alexander could probably prove his/her connections and be granted official use.

The Cadney parish, along with the village of Howsham, where most of our Emerson lived, can be found in the very northern portion of Lincolnshire. The village is comprised a scattering of farmhouses in a flat area, with ash, oak and elm trees dotting the horizon.

George Emerson, (1532 – 1574) our first known ancestor, was probably the son of John (1510 – 1561). He is listed as a husbandman of Sereby, Lincoln County, England. In his will he mentions his wife but does not give her name, and lists his six children. He gave two shillings to the Cathedral Church of Lincoln "for forgotten tithes", and gave most of his possessions to his son, Alexander.

Alexander Emerson (1564 – 1605) was born the same year as William Shakespeare and Galileo. In his will, he requested to be buried in the church of Sereby. He names six children and his wife, **Jennett Hornsey** (1566 – 1612). He apparently owned lands in Howsham, Cadney, and Glamford Briggs. He gave all his lands to Jennett on the condition that she not remarry. Once she married or passed away, his property would be given to his sons, in their birth order.

Thomas Emerson (1584 – 1657) was the owner of "lands and tenements", probably inherited from his father, some of which he lived on and some he rented to others. He was one of the Cadney Parish wardens, and although he had to sign his will with a mark, church records show that he did know how to write and was somewhat educated. Apparently, when he wrote his will, he was simply too ill to sign his name.

Thomas married **Margaret Froe**, and as the records show, she was a "spinster". They were blessed with 10 children. Thomas outlived Margaret, and again, in his will, he requests that he be buried in the church burial grounds next to her.

Michael Emerson, (1627 – 1709) along with his brother Robert, and sister, Elizabeth, immigrated to America. Apparently, our pioneers didn't bring the coat of arms over with them. They were not into pretentious shows and considered themselves simply "yeomen". It can be reasonably assumed that it was the adventure of being part of building a new country that drew them across the Atlantic, and that they came not to escape persecution, but to better their economic conditions. Additionally, about this time, England was overcome by the Great Plague. In 1664 – 1665, over 68,500 people died from the disease.

Michael is first found in Haverhill, Massachusetts on 3 March 1655, when he received an allotment of land. During the following years, he and Robert purchased more land in the southwestern part of town. He married **Hannah Webster**, daughter of John and Mary (Shatswell) Webster, on 1 April 1657, and they had a large family of 15 children.

*This attack mt was served upon yo
body of John Godfrey by me
Michael Emerson Constable of Haverhill
April 16th 60*

Records show Michael to be an educated man. He was elected constable and one piece of his handwriting may be seen in the files of Essex County Court records. He endorsed a memo on a warrant, a copy of which is seen here. Part of his responsibilities also included collect-

ing taxes and keeping the town's accounts in order. In his trade as a cordwainer, he learned the necessary skills to be chosen "sealer of leather", the office that had the authority to make sure that all sales of leather were honest as to quality and amounts. He was appointed, along with some men from Newbury, to lay out a highway between the two towns, and later was appointed as one of the surveyors of highways. At the same time, he was appointed as one of the "tithing men", with responsibility of keeping order in the church.

Michael stood for what he believed to be right and definitely opposed anything he considered as being wrong. In fact, the one time he was prosecuted in court was for too severely punishing one of his children. (It's hard to imagine how severe that punishment was when we consider just how much the idea of "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was accepted at this time.) That child, Elizabeth, provided a continual challenge to her parents throughout her life, and actually, brought disgrace to herself time after time.* The others, however, were credits to their parent's teachings.

Hannah was, of course, a good helpmeet for Michael. She certainly didn't lay about and enjoy leisure time. She had such a large family to care for and to teach. It's certain that she had her share of heartaches – not only with her wayward daughter, but the capture of another daughter (story follows). Above all else, were the difficulties of pioneer life in general. She obviously handled her life well and left a worthy example for her posterity.

One of Michael and Hannah's daughters was the famous Hannah Dustin, who was captured and carried away by the Indians on 15 March 1697. Hannah's husband saw the Indians coming and tried to convince her to allow him to carry her to a place of safety, but she refused and encouraged him to save the children. By keeping them running and firing back at the pursuing savages, he managed to protect them. The Indians, however, took Hannah from her bed with her infant of six days and forced her to march with them. They were incredibly cruel to her and, in fact, murdered her infant child, by smashing it against a tree, right in front of her eyes. Finally, having taken all she could handle for two weeks, she rose in the night and with the help of her nurse, Mary Corliss Neff, and a small boy, Samuel Leonardson, both of whom had been taken at the same time, killed ten of the Indians with tomahawks. After scalping them, the three escaped in a canoe down the Merrimac River to their home in Haverhill. Even during the escape, they suffered intolerable hardships. Once home, she then presented a tomahawk and the Indian scalps to the Governor as evidence of her victory. The General Court gave her and the boy \$250 each and named the place "Dustin's Island", where a monument has been erected. Her action helped convince the Indians that white women were not necessary "weak" and could protect themselves. Actually, she is said to have had a gentle and peaceful character and only at this time was she anything but kind. Obviously, she was pressed beyond human endurance. Hannah and her husband had 12 children besides the infant killed by the Indians.

Michael and Hannah enjoyed the respect of their neighbors and helped to the advance the community. Sadly, Michael had to give his will verbatim because he had lost his eyesight and could no longer sign his name. That had to be incredibly difficult for such a man. Hannah survived Michael, and married as her second husband, John Emery.

*In 1686, Elizabeth Emerson, unmarried, gave birth to Dorothy. The father was Samuel Ladd, a married man and father of 6 children. Five years later she gave birth again, this time to twin boys, and once again Samuel Ladd was the father. This time, however, although we'll never know what she was

thinking, Elizabeth chose to kill her sons rather than raising them as a single woman. After their death, she put them in a bag and hid them for three days. Then, while her parents were at church on Sunday, she buried them in the backyard. Records don't show how she was caught, but she was tried before a jury and declared "Guilty". She spent two years in prison before being hung on the Boston Common 8 June 1693. Before her death, Elizabeth wrote a letter of regret for her actions. Being a lengthy letter, I'll not include the whole thing here, but a couple of interesting statements include: "I believe the chief thing that hath brought me into my present condition, is my disobedience to my parents. I dispised all their godly counsel and reproofs; and I was always of a haughty, stubborn spirit . . . Had I seriously repented of my uncleanness the first time I fell into it, I do suppose I had not been left unto what followed." Interestingly, although the whole village seemed to know that Samuel was the father, he doesn't seem to have been even reprimanded for his actions.



Samuel Emerson, (1663 – 1743) married **Judith Davis**, daughter of John and Jane (Peasley) Davis and they were blessed with seven children. Samuel was apprenticed to John Simmons and gave testimony in a suit of his "master". He was a selectman, constable, deacon, and afterward "ruling elder" of the church, and captain of a military foot company on the north side of Oyster River. He and Judith helped organize the church in Durham

and he was its first deacon. (Picture shows a view of Samuel's land.)

Judith was taken captive by the Indians in 1694 and held for five years before being allowed to return to her family. There doesn't seem to be any record of her experiences in those years, but it was undoubtedly not pleasant. The story is told that she was "redeemed" from captivity by Mr. Morill for two shirts, one of which he took off his back. Samuel, after finally accepting that his wife had probably been killed, was in Portsmouth arranging for a second marriage. There he met an old acquaintance, who knew that his wife had just arrived from Canada, and who said, "I bet a double drink of grof your wife is in town." The bet was accepted just before Samuel and Judith were reunited. Needless to say, the 2nd marriage was cancelled.

Note: Tradition states that at the same time of her abduction, her aged mother, Jane Peasley, was captured and released by one band of Indians. She hid in a field of corn, but another band of Indians found her and killed her.

Samuel died in 1743, leaving Judith as his widow.

Solomon Emerson (1709 – 1800) married **Elizabeth Smith**, daughter of Samuel and Hannah (Burnham) Smith, and they had nine children. After Elizabeth's death, he married second, Mary.

Samuel was a selectman in Dover and moderator in the first town meeting in Madbury, New Hampshire. He owned a saw and grist (grain) mill "at the great falls on the North River", a share in one on Oyster River, and land in Barrington and Barnstead.

In his old age, Solomon witnessed all the events of the American Revolution and the beginnings of a new nation.

He died at the age of 91.

Solomon and Elizabeth's daughter, Polly, married Joseph Bickford.

SOURCES:

- 1 – The English Emersons by P.H. Emerson, M.B., B.A., David Nutt publisher, 1898.
- 2 – The Haverhill Emersons, compiled by Charles Henry Pope, Published by Murray and Emery Company, 1913.
- 3 – Ancestors of Alden Smith Swan and His Wife, Mary Althea Farwell. . . , by Josephine C. Frost.
- 4 – Emerson Genealogy,
- 5 – Michael Emerson (1627 – 1709), www.arches.uga.edu/~wprokasy/haverhill/bios/memerson.htm

HURD FAMILY

Thomas Hurd (1799 – 1853) was born the same year as the author Honore de Balzac. He married **Sarah Thornton** (aka Gryson) on 25 August 1822 in Sneaton Parish, York County, England, and they were blessed with three children: Hannah, John, and James (died in infancy.)

Thomas, Sarah, and the family sailed to Canada. We don't know for sure how long they lived there. But apparently they had some disagreement, and Thomas set off with the children to head back to England. Before getting very far, the ship experienced some problem and had to head back to port. During the time away from Sarah, Thomas must have had second thoughts. Anyway, the family remained in Canada until after Sarah passed away. It is believed that she died during a cholera epidemic in 1834, and she was buried at Montreal, Canada. At that time, Thomas and the children returned to their old home in Middleton, England.

Two of Thomas' children, John and Hannah, were good singers and so Thomas had them go to the pubs and sing for a few coins. By the time Hannah was 18 and John was 15, they were working as servants in homes in Middleton.

Thomas married 2nd Margaret Dobson about 1835 and they had five children.



John Hurd (1825 – 1900) was born the same year as Johan Strauss II, composer of "The Blue Danube". At the age of 10, Halley's Comet was viewable in the night sky.

John married **Martha Stockel**, daughter of Thomas Stockel and Rachel Lounsbrough on 11 June 1853, and they had nine children (their third daughter died in infancy.)

Martha had had a difficult childhood. Her father died when she was an infant. During their teenage years, she and her two older sisters worked as servants or maids.

After they were married, John worked as a farm laborer, and later as a broom maker. The Hurd family lived in Middleton, England. They were a poor family, and so the children had to work when they were very young.

One day, their son, William, heard Mormon elders preaching and singing at a street meeting. The song "Oh My Father" so impressed him that he went home and told his mother about it. He later took her to hear the missionaries. Martha joined the church 9 July 1866. John chose not to join the church in his lifetime, but had no feeling of resentment because his wife and all the children were baptized.

At this time, new converts to the church were encouraged to immigrate to America and join the rest of the Saints in Utah. Martha and the children wanted to do so, and apparently, John went along with the idea – possibly he may have been looking at economic improvement. William, the oldest son, was sent ahead. The plan was for William to get work and send the money so the rest of the family could afford to come over. He sailed out of Liverpool on the steamship "Wyoming". After arriving in Utah, he got a job with George B. Reeder on a farm in Brigham City.



It was two years before the rest of the family could immigrate. The passage cost them 91 pounds 8 shillings, and they earned all but 6 pounds 6 shillings 6 pence, which was covered through the Perpetual Emigration Fund. This fund allowed people to borrow the money necessary to travel to Utah. Then, they would earn money and pay back the loan. This way it

could be available for more Saints to use. They boarded the steamship “Nevada” of Guion Line of steamers at Liverpool on 24 May and arrived in New York on 5 June. (Picture shows what it looked like at Liverpool.) The next day they boarded the Pennsylvania Railroad to travel to the Utah Territory. The train trip took an additional eight days, before they finally arrived at Salt Lake City on 14 June 1876.

The family moved to Brigham City with William, and some of the members worked for the railroad. Martha and Eliza worked as cooks at one of the railroad camps.

In 1833 Martha filed for divorce from John. The reason for the divorce is not known (although the family has assumed that it was some religious conflict), but Martha filled out her complaint, affidavit, and testimony and the divorce decree was issued all on the same day – pretty quick. As part of the decree, Martha was given food and house, etc., and the minor children – Mark, Albert, Martha, and Frederick - were given the privilege of deciding with which parent they wanted to live. They chose to live with their mother.

Martha and the children moved to Snowville, Utah, where William had moved two years earlier. Martha married Bishop Arnold Goodliffe, as a plural wife, in the Logan Temple 3 December 1885. She served in the Primary and Relief Society organizations in Snowville.

Martha was a wonderful mother and grandmother. She always had cookies in the cookie jar. She loved to have the children sleep over at her home.

Martha passed away in 1914 in Snowville, at the age of 83. Her death certificate states that she died from old age and general disability. She was buried in the Goodliffe family plot, but the name on her headstone is “Martha Hurd”.

From the time Martha joined the church she held firmly to her beliefs and made choices that supported her acceptance of the gospel. Martha was a good influence on those who knew her and all spoke well of her.

In the meantime, John lived on a farm near Morgan. It seems that John and Martha had built a small home there, though John was alone there most of the time. He raised cattle, grain, and hay and had a few horses. Late in life John lost his hearing. Although this was extremely difficult for him to deal with, fortunately, he was able to read and made the best of his disability by reading all the good books he could find. In 1896 or 97, he had a stroke. Although he was still able to get around, his mind was affected. He lived with his daughter, Eliza, the last few months of his life so she could care for him. He passed away on 12 July 1900, at age 75, and was buried in the Milton Cemetery.

NOTE: Years after Martha’s passing, a granddaughter took a remark that Martha had made, “What has been done wrong in this life will be righted in the next life,” to mean that she had made a mistake in marrying Bishop Goodliffe. So, she spoke to President Heber J. Grant. She must have had

some convincing arguments, because Pres. Grant gave his permission for the sealing to be annulled and Martha was sealed to John. Then later, other descendants resealed her to Arnold Goodliffe, and so, made sure that she can choose which husband she wants to be sealed to.

SOURCES:

- 1 – Yorkshire to Utah, John and Martha Stockel Hurd Family, by Sharon Shaw, published by author, 2002.
- 2 – Life Story of Martha Jane Hurd written by Vera Olson.
- 3 – Story written to celebrate Mark and Sarah's 50th anniversary.
- 4 – Records of Steamship Nevada.
General Voyage Notes, Passenger List, Letters from John Woodhouse, May 24, 1876 and June 5, 1876.
- 5 – New Landing Stage, Liverpool, www.the-shipslist.com/1847/liverpoolstage.html

CHARLES & MARY ANN FRANCIS GREEN

Charles Green, (1825 – 1887) son of Charles and Elizabeth Sprague Green, was born at Tockington, Gloucestershire, England. He was the sixth in a family of ten children - five sons and five daughters, and lived with his family on a farm.

Charles, along with his parents, was baptized as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 13 August 1850 by Elder James Garrett. His two brothers, Samuel and Henry were also baptized, perhaps on the same day.

Following the counsel of the church leaders, Charles and his brother, Samuel, decided to “join the Saints” in Utah. In 1852 they, along with 267 saints, under the direction of Isaac Haight, sailed from Liverpool, England, on the ship “Ellen Maria”. This boat took the “Southern” route to America, which took them down past Jamaica and Cuba, back up through the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, where they landed 6 April 1852. For the most part, the trip was good with fair weather, but the ship did go through a couple of huge storms. One storm was so severe that the passengers feared the boat would capsize. It rocked from side to side so much that at one point she was nearly broadside, with her masts nearly touching the waves. Fortunately, not only did they survive the storm but there wasn't very many more storms, either.

They arrived in New Orleans and remained there three days waiting for a boat to take them up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. There they boarded another steamer and went up the Missouri River to Kansas City. After waiting for a few days there, they were organized for the rest of the trip and Charles and Samuel crossed the plains in the Moses Clawson Company. They finally arrived at their destination in Salt Lake City on 3 September 1852.

Soon after arriving in Salt Lake, Charles was called by President Brigham Young to go south to Sanpete County to help settle that part of the country. In 1857 Charles received his endowments at the Endowment House.



Mary Ann Francis (1842 – 1910), the daughter of John and Rosanna Tittley Francis, was the eldest of nine children; four boys and five girls.

When she attended school, one of her textbooks was the Bible, and she became very familiar with its teachings. She was reared in the Church of England. Mary Ann was spiritually minded and enjoyed conversing on religious subjects. She said that memorizing the catechism of the Bible prepared her heart for the Gospel. She knew it was true the first time she heard it.

She did her share of the household tasks and helped care for the younger children, as her mother was an obstetrician and was away from her home a great deal of the time.

Mary Ann's parents heard the Mormon elders and as they investigated their message they were impressed with the truthfulness of it. Their testimonies grew and they accepted the divine truths. Her mother was baptized in December 1855. Her father was baptized in January 1856. Mary Ann was baptized the same year, when she was 14 years old. The family walked four miles to attend the meetings. Their home was always open to the Elders, and they held many meetings there.

A desire to migrate to Zion was prevalent among those who joined the Church. So strong was that desire that the family lived on as little as possible and every cent was saved to pay their emigration. Since they couldn't save enough money for the entire family to go at once, the two eldest children, Mary Ann and her brother John James, were sent first. In the spring of 1862, they bade farewell to their loved ones, and with their few belongings, went to Liverpool where they set sail for America. Before they sailed, they had to have their things checked to see if they had enough provisions. The captain said they couldn't sail without them. This made her feel badly as all they had was a loaf of bread and a bucket of tack. She told her brother that he could tell them if he wanted to but she couldn't.

The ship "Manchester" set sail on 6 May 1862 from Liverpool with 362 Saints, and, after an extremely difficult voyage, arrived in New York six weeks later on 12 June 1862. Because of the scarcity of money, most of the Mormon emigrants took the cheapest passage, which was storage. They couldn't associate with those on the upper deck. They had to provide and prepare their own food, as they had so little, their food was poor - mostly sea biscuits, bacon, and tea.

After a few short days, the ship ran into storms. Soon, it became difficult for the captain to keep the ship on its route as they were tossed about by the waves. It ended up drifting so far north that they encountered icebergs. At one time the captain called them on deck so they could see one of these huge mountains of ice. Then, the danger was multiplied by the arrival of dense fog. Just as they thought the trip would become smooth and reasonably enjoyable, another storm arose. Huge waves washed over the deck of the ship, and the wind was strong enough that it tore a sail. The captain ordered all the people below and had all the hatches fastened down. The people spent the next 40 hours below deck with no light, but the saints put their trust in the Lord and prayed for a safe voyage. (The captains of the ships always felt safe when they had Mormon emigrants on board. The ship was never lost that carried the Latter Day Saints.)

They also had many happy times during their voyage. Whenever the weather permitted, the Saints held a dance on deck. Of course, the spiritual needs of the people were a high priority and meetings were held often. At one such meeting, "the gift of tongues was manifested in speaking and singing." The interpretation was that they should be blessed on their journey. Beyond the spiritual meetings was the beauty of nature. One day the ship sailed through the midst of a school of whale. They were "playing around us spouting up water like great fountains".

After they arrived in America, the group still had a long way to travel. They left New York by train, through Albany, Buffalo and to Detroit. From there they crossed the river to Windsor, Canada and arrived at Niagara Falls. They crossed there on the suspension bridge, and traveled on to Quincy, Illinois. At that point they took a Steam ship up the Mississippi River as far as Hannibal, Missouri. While traveling down river from there, they group could hear guns firing, which served as a good reminder that America was in the middle of the civil war. Finally, the ship landed at Florence (now Omaha), Nebraska.

This was the camping place for the Saints. They lived in tents with 10 persons assigned to each tent. The tents were placed from 16 to 20 feet apart. With almost 3,000 Saints there at one time, the tents formed a large city, but it was very well organized. Nine weeks were spent there making preparation for their long trek across the plains. All who could sew helped in making tents, wagon covers and other necessities for the journey.

Mary Ann and John James crossed the plains in the John R. Murdock Company. It left Florence, Nebraska on July 24, with 65 wagons and 700 people, and arrived in Salt Lake City 27 September 1862. During the trip two couples were married and 14 people died. Mary Ann and her brother were walking.

She had some pleasant experiences and some that were sad. She met a young woman by the name of Helen Jones. They were assigned to the same wagon. Helen proved to be a very dear friend.

After they had gone a considerable distance, her brother became ill but was compelled to walk as long as he could. He became so weak that Mary Ann had to lift him in and out of the wagon. In time, it became so bad that she had to stay in the wagon with him. The roads were rough. The wheels would strike rocks and then drop into ruts. Her brother would cry out in pain. She tried to make it more comfortable for him by holding him in her arms and laying his head in her lap. She did this until the Lord saw fit to call him home. His body was wrapped in a blanket and buried by the wayside. This was, of course, a great sorrow to her.

On one occasion, when the camp was stopped for dinner, she, unnoticed by anyone, slipped among the trees and willows, which grew along the banks of the stream, went some distance and there alone tried to release her sorrow by crying. She was so absorbed by herself that she didn't notice that the camp was moving on. By the time she reached the place where they were fording the stream, the last wagon had gone over, so the only thing she could do was to wade the stream, and the water came up to her waist.

In the year 1862, Charles was called by President Young to make a trip back across the plains to help a company of emigrants through to the valley. He took a load of provisions to be distributed among them. In this company he met Mary Ann Francis, whom he had occasion to befriend many times on the journey, and he showed her many acts of kindness. Sometimes, when she and her girl friend were tired, he would let them ride so they could rest. He saw that they got across the streams safely. Occasionally he gave them some rice and other things from his supply of food. He loaned them a pair of blankets as the nights began to get cold before they reached the valley. Gradually, his friendship and admiration developed into love. When they arrived in Salt Lake, Mary Ann's things were unloaded on the ground. She never forgot how she felt standing there with no relatives, no friends, no place to go. It was then her romance began. Charles told her he had but little to offer her but he would take her to Sanpete County and there she could inquire of his employer as to his character, and if she could share his life and home, he would make her his wife. They went to Sanpete County and he took her to the home of Mrs. Brown, who was very kind and let her work for her keep. Their courtship wasn't very long, and they were married 25 November 1862.

Charles and Mary Ann's first home was a one-room dugout. These dugouts were basically pits four to five feet deep with steps leading down into the room from one end and a roof, usually made of willows and mud. A good description would be a "cellar with doors and no windows". Although we don't know just what difficulties they faced while living in that home, other settlers have recorded such problems as mud flowing from the ceiling when the rains came; animals and people, for that matter, breaking through the roof; and snakes and rodents burrowing in through the ceiling while trying to hibernate for the winter. It's difficult to imagine what they went through, but they were probably delighted when they could finally build a log cabin.

They went to Gunnison, Utah where their first child, Rose Hannah was born. They then moved to Richfield, Utah, where Charles John and Sarah Ann were born. Here they engaged in farming and stock raising in which they were very successful.

When Rose was a little girl, she and some of her playmates were making a fire near her father's fields. The fire got away from them and the fields were burned to the ground. In one was a number of sheep. This was a great loss to the family, as the wool was colored and spun into yarn to make mittens and stockings. It was also carded into bats for quilts and clothes. The flesh was used for food.

At this time the Black Hawk war was on and the Indians were very hostile. They would drive off and kill their horses and cattle and burn their fields, and they killed a number of people. One day when Charles and some men were working in the field, the Indians shot and killed a man who was working by his side. The men were all called to stand guard, and, of course, Charles always took his turn. When they saw Indians approaching they would give an alarm - one would beat on a muffled drum. When

they heard this alarm the men would all rally to fight off the Indians. Mary Ann said this was a terrible sound in the middle of the night. Charles dug a cellar and when he heard the drum, he would lock her and the children in while he went to fight. One may wonder what would have happened if he had been killed and not returned. But a kind Providence was watching over them, and their lives were spared.

As a result of this trouble with the Indians Charles lost most of his possessions, so he put what he had in one wagon and went to American Fork, Utah. Here he farmed for a Mr. Chapman. The work was hard and slow. Oxen were used. They were strong but very slow. There were no sulky plows or tractors. He would follow a hand plow from early morning until late at night. The grain was sown by hand and when ripe, he would cut it with a cradle and tie the bundles by hand. He cut his hay with a sythe and raked it with a hand rake, then piled and hauled it. He was a hard and efficient worker. When the first ray of light began to show he was up and out to his work. The sugar cane was cut by hand, stripped of its leaves, hauled to a mill, and ground into meal for mush and bread. The corn was shelled by hand. He would sharpen a spade, place it across a tub, sit on the handle to hold it still and cut the corn from the cobs with the blade.

While in American Fork, Elizabeth, Eliza Jane, Mary Ann (passed away in infancy), William (passed away in infancy), Samuel Henry, Adelia and Harriet Ellen were born. A short time before the birth of Adelia, Mary Ann had a stroke, which caused blindness from which she never recovered.

In July 1872, Mary Ann had her endowments, and she and Charles were sealed for time and eternity.

At the time of the Civil War, hay was \$20.00 a load and corn \$5.00 a bushel. Charles sold a load of hay and a bushel of corn and sent the money to England to help bring his wife's people to Zion. He walked to Salt Lake City to send the money, then walked home, a distance of 80 miles. His home was always open to her people, and he made them welcome. As they came, they made their home with them until they could get one of their own. He was always charitable to all and had no enemies. The family moved to the northern part of town, which was known as the "Bench". Here he farmed for Mr. Featherstone, and Lydia was born.

On 15 April 1882, Mary Ann buried her mother. In May of that year, the family left American Fork to settle in Oakley, Idaho. As they were passing through Snowville, Utah, he was persuaded by some of the settlers to remain there. This was a new settlement, and again they endured the trials and hardships of pioneer life. Canals and ditches must be made to get the water out on the parched land. And the land must be cleared of sagebrush, which was extremely abundant. The jackrabbits were very troublesome. They would come in hordes at evening and eat the grain each year. They destroyed a great deal. The farmers would get cedar posts and split them and make a tight fence to protect their gardens and trees. The coyotes were very numerous. They would come into the yard and carry off the chickens in the daytime. Sometimes, when the coops had dirt roofs - and most of them did have - they would dig through the roof and get the chickens. The sagebrush was a fine retreat for these animals, also for the rabbits. Building material was scarce and very hard to get so, once again, the family lived in a dugout. Charles was very efficient in making dugouts with fireplaces. While in Snowville, two more children came to their home: Joseph Godlif and Peter Mark.

In spite of her handicap - blindness, Mary Ann did many household chores. She could prepare meals, wash dishes, wash and iron quite well, start a fire, knit stockings and mittens, but for sewing and patching, she had to depend on someone else. She was very efficient with the sick. She went far and near to help a suffering person. Sometimes, she took such people into her home to nurse. She helped care for the dead. She was called as President of the Primary Association, which office she held as long as she remained in Snowville, and she won the love and respect of all who knew her.

In July of 1887, Charles was stricken with Typhoid Pneumonia. There were no doctors near them in those days, but all that loving hands could do was done to relieve his suffering. On 18 August 1887, Charles Green, peacefully passed into the spirit world.

Charles was quiet and unassuming. He spent his entire life helping to build up new places. In

fact just one short year before his death he had homesteaded in Star Valley, Wyoming in preparation to moving his family to that area. His faith and testimony grew as the years passed. He attended church faithfully, and filled the office of ward teacher. He was blessed with the gift of healing. When a member of his family was ill, he would administer to them and they were healed. On one occasion, when he was making his teacher's visit, in one home was a very sick child, and through his administration, she was immediately healed. She had neither opened her eyes nor eaten for three days, but as soon as he had taken his hands from her head, she sat up and asked for something to eat. His earnest desire was that his children would grow to be faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. His dying testimony was that he knew this church was true. He admonished his family to live up to its teachings.

This is the last message of Charles to his oldest son:

Snowville, Aug. 16, 1887

My Dear Son:

I thought in case I was called hence, I would say that I would like you to take charge of what is left and do the best you can with it so that your Mother and little brothers and sisters may have a home as comfortable as possible, and be kind to your mother and her little ones. I would like you to keep them in a place where they can be taught the principles of the gospel and be sure, my son, remember and live your religion that when the trying times come you may be able to stand. Cleave to the priesthood. Do not be ready to go over to the side which may perchance have the greatest numbers but always be found on the side of right for I bear my testimony that this is the Kingdom of God set up in these last days never more to be thrown down.

*Your affectionate father
Charles Green*

Charles' passing left a great responsibility on Mary Ann, but in her sorrow she knew she must carry on. Since he had homesteaded in Star Valley, she decided to follow through on those plans, sold their property, and the family (five children still at home) again moved. She was accompanied by her son-in-law, Mark Hurd, Sarah and Elizabeth's husband, and his families.

This was a very hard journey. The roads were new and poorly constructed. The wagons were heavily loaded. It was as late as October, and the weather was cold and unsettled. It snowed on them before they reached their journeys end. As they came to Logan, they camped on the outskirts of town for a day. Mary Ann and her children who had been born before she had been sealed to her husband, went to the temple and were sealed to their parents. Her daughter, Eliza was married that day and returned to Snowville, Utah to make her home. Mary Ann missed her very much as she had helped by working away from home and sharing what she earned with the family.

The families settled at Afton, Wyoming. This was a hard winter for them. They lived in a one-room log house with a dirt roof and no floor. She missed very much the love and protection of a husband, but her faith never failed. Here she was blessed with many friends. She was again called to serve in the Church. She was chosen as counselor to Eliza Hale in the Primary Association. In addition to her church service, from 1885 to 1887, until the schoolhouse could be built, school was held in her home. She was loved by all those in Afton who knew her.

Mary Ann's family remained in Afton for two years and then she took her young children and moved to Grover. She found there a number of friends she had in Snowville. They were polygamist

families who had come here because they weren't persecuted for that in this state as they were in Utah. Here she was called to serve as president of the first Primary in that ward. Her patient, sweet nature soon won the love and respect of all the children and adults as well. Mary Ann helped nurse and prepare for burial the first person that was buried in Grover.

The people endured many hardships in settling this new country. The climate was cold. The winters were long and the snow was deep. It would freeze so hard that they could drive their teams on top of the snow. The crops would freeze before they would ripen. They were 50 miles from a market or railroad so everything must be hauled that distance in wagons. People must get their supplies before winter. One year the road to outside settlements were blocked. There was no road equipment so it must be cleared by hand. Men from Star Valley began on this end and men from Bear Lake worked from theirs. When they met it was a happy meeting as the people in Star Valley needed provisions, especially flour. Bishop Archibald Gardner had built a flour mill at Afton but it was so late when it was completed, the mill froze up before much flour was ground. So, for some time the family ate bread made from wheat ground in a coffee mill. There was no daily mail. It was carried to Montpelier, Idaho on snowshoes, so the people in Star Valley only got it once or twice during the winter.

In the summer of 1890, Mary Ann with her two little boys went to American Fork to stay with her sister, Rose. They went to Lake Shore where two brothers lived. Then they all went to their sister's Lizzie, at Manti, did some temple work and were sealed to their parents.

That fall, in October, her son Charles, with his three sisters, Sarah and her baby Mahonri, Hattie and Lydia left Star Valley with a team to bring their mother home. While making this trip, the girls caught diphtheria. When they arrived at American Fork, they were quarantined. Their mother, Mary Ann, was at Lake Shore helping care for her brother, who had typhoid fever. A messenger was sent for her, and she came as soon as possible to care for her sick girls. After they recovered, she returned to help care for her brother, who was still ill.

In November of that year, 1890, Samuel Green, her husband's brother, passed away. He had never married, so he left his home to her and her family. So, they made their home at Riverton, Utah. Here, again, she must make new friends, but she always found true ones.

In August 1891, her eldest daughter from Evanston, Wyoming, came to visit with five small children. She later made her home with them. In October, a baby was born which made the two families number 14. In May 1895, Mary Ann was called to part with her eldest son. This was a great sorrow. He had always been dependable and shared her responsibilities in caring for the family since his father's death.

She was called as district teacher in the Relief Society. This office she faithfully filled making her visits regularly. Later, she was called to serve as counselor to Sister Sarah Howard in the same organization.

In December 1905, her daughter Eliza, was called to part with her husband. Later in the fall, Mary Ann journeyed alone to Cardston, Canada to be with her daughter and share her sorrow. She remained there through the winter.

In February 1906, her daughter, Elizabeth, and an infant baby passed away. They were living in Star Valley, but owing to the distance and the cold weather, she was unable to go to them in their distress. In the spring, she came back to Idaho and spent some time visiting her friends and family. Later in the summer, her son Joseph who had been employed in Wyoming, came that way to accompany her home. While they were waiting in Idaho Falls to make train connections, she was going into the rest room, but by mistake, not being able to see, opened an outside door. She fell four feet to the rails below. She was bruised and her shoulders badly hurt. It was two years before she could get her arms up to comb her hair or untie her apron. In time she fully recovered. This was the only accident she had had by not being able to see. She always said that she was wonderfully blessed by the Lord. She could find her way around Salt Lake City and do her own business. She always went from Riverton to the city

on trains.

The last of her life was spent with her daughter who tenderly cared for her. She appreciated all that was done for her. Mary Ann was a woman of great courage and integrity. She was grateful for her knowledge of the gospel. She tried all through her life to live up to its teachings. She taught it by example. Her life was one of sacrifice and worthy of emulation.

Mary Ann departed this life 27 January 1910, leaving a host of friends and relatives.

NOTE: In a Patriarchal blessing given to Mary Ann in 1905, she was told the following: "Thou hast been patient and faithful through many trials and tribulations. And the Lord will sanctify them to thy Salvation and glory. The Lord will hear thy prayers and he will bear thee up all thy days and cause thee to come and conquer in the end. And thy last days shall be thy best days and when thou hast finished thy work and are called home to the mansions of heaven, thy welcome shall be a joy and a glorious one for thy reception shall be greeted with joy and thanksgiving."



PEABODY FAMILY

Motto: Murus aeneus, conscientia sana,
"A sound conscience is a wall of brass".

There are a couple of different theories about how the Peabody name came to be – neither of which can be proven.

The first states that the name can be traced back to about the year 61 a.d., during the reign of Nero. At that time the ancient Britons were one of his conquered people. Parsutagus was the "king" and reigned with his wife Boadicea. In an effort to secure his family and at least part of his estate, in his will he gave one half of everything to Nero. But, it didn't work. As soon as he died, the officers of Nero took everything in their power. Queen Boadicea, being a woman of great abilities and valor, opposed this conduct, and for her efforts, was publicly whipped. This action so enraged the Britons that they revolted from Rome, and with the queen and the assistance of her kinsman, Boadie, they fought many desperate battles. In fact, they were so successful that if the Romans not sent an incredible reinforcement at the critical moment, the Britons would have won. Once the war ended, the Britons were massacred, but Boadie and a few others escaped and took asylum in the mountains of Wales. Eventually Boadie's name was changed to Peaboadie, with the following meaning: Boadie meant "Man" or "a great Man" and "Pea" indicated a large hill or mountain.

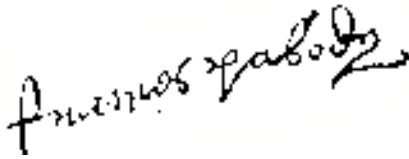
The other version is much more prosaic. Selim Peabody claims that the name came back to an occupation. The Paybodys were men who paid the servants, creditors or employees of barons, manufacturers, and public officials. "The name, if such be its origin, would be a memorial of ability and trustworthiness."(3)

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John Paybody, (1590 – 1667) the immigrant and American pioneer ancestor, married **Isabell Harper**, and came to Plymouth, Massachusetts before 1636 - a year after his son, Francis. His name is on the list of freeman of the colony in 1636 -7. He received 10 acres of land in the Plymouth colony on the Duxborow side, and later was given an additional 30 acres on the "North River". With his son, William Peabody, he was one of the original proprietors of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in 1645.

Very little is known about his life, but court records do mention that he was a member of the jury that convicted three young Englishmen of the murder of an Indian in 1638. In 1639, he was on the

“Grand Inquest”. He wrote his will in 1649. That his signature was an autograph and not just a mark was unusual in those early days. There are no records of his death date and place, but we know he died before 27 April 1667, and he named his wife Isabell Peabody as executor of his will.



Lieutenant Francis Peabody, 1614 – 1698, (signed his name “Pabody”) came to New England at the age of 21, and was considered a “Husbandman” or farmer. He left London on April 2nd in the ship “Planter” and arrived at Boston on Sunday, 7 June 1635.

He first settled in Ipswich until 1638 when he became one of the original settlers of Hampton, New Hampshire, and married **Lydia**. Together they had seven children. Then, after Lydia’s death, he married Mary Foster.

Francis was made a freeman at Hampton in 1642 and in 1645 he had a share in the “common lands” of Hampton and also was working on a committee which was responsible for finishing the meetinghouse. In 1649, he was chosen and confirmed as one of three judges required to “ende small causes” – a Justice of the Peace according to our day and time. In addition he often served on the jury for greater offences, and was a member of the Grand Jury.

In 1651, “Being minded,” as he said, “to live nearer Boston,” he sold his land and moved to Topsfield, Massachusetts. Once again he became one of the most prominent men of that town. He was a large landholder, and the tax list for 1687 lists him as having 3 other men in his family, 2 sons, a servant, 1 house 62 acres, 6 oxen, 8 cows, 26 sheep, 5 hogs and 3 horses, and he paid a tax of 18 shillings and 4 pence. Additionally, he served on the town board, as lieutenant in the local military company and was an honored member of the church.

Naturally for that time, women often were not mentioned in the records. But, Francis’ wife, Lydia, is found mentioned in a case brought before the court concerning her relationship with her neighbor – Eunice Cole. Apparently, she had a reckless tongue and had said some inappropriate things about Susan Perkins and “lidia pebodye”. She was found guilty and required to “sit in the stocks in Hampton and to make acknowledgement of her slanderous speeches”.

Francis lived to an advanced age - 83 years - and died on 19 February 1697. His will showed his kind regard for those in need. To his son Isaac, he left a greater portion than to the others and stated: “And this I would have noted, that I have given ye (the) more to my son Isaac on consideration (of) ye (the) providence of God disabling him by the loss of one of his leggs.” His son, William, was given an extra portion because he was “deprived of the use of one of his arms”.

Isaac Peabody, (1648 – 1726) was born in Hampton, New Hampshire, and married **Sarah Estes**. They lived in Topsfield on the estate he inherited from his father. He was asked as part of that inheritance, to take care of his mother until her death. He shared the house, and made sure she had what she needed to survive. Isaac’s father was very specific in just how much he should provide.

As mentioned in Francis’ story, Isaac was apparently crippled. In addition to farming, Isaac owned a grist mill.

Apparently Sarah died before Isaac because he married (2) Elizabeth. He prepared and signed his name to his will on 21 October 1727 and apparently died before 2 Jan 1728.

Cornet Francis Peabody (1694 – 1769) was born the same year as the author, Voltaire, and lived during the time when Benjamin Franklin invented the “lightning rod.” He married **Dorothy Perkins**. Dorothy, daughter of Abraham and Hannah (Beamsley) Perkins, was born in 1695 and died in 1771 at age 76. In 1711 while he was involved in military service, Francis and Dorothy lived in Middleton where Isaac was born.

Isaac Peabody (1727 – 1769) married **Sarah Wilkins**, daughter of Timothy and Ann (Smith)

Wilkins. He served as a private in Captain N. Adam's Company during the struggle against the French for possession of Nova Scotia in 1755. The area was vital economically because of its fisheries, and strategically essential, as well. He also served in the Revolutionary War from Wilton, New Hampshire. Among there nine children was Ruth Peabody who married Reuben Walton.

Keepsakes

Our ancestors, when they left their native lands, brought very little with them. They did, however, bring some weapons. One weapon that the Peabody's brought was the "Halbard or Halbert" (see picture). It was carried on the left shoulder, and borne by sergeants of foot and artillery. Consisting of a staff about five feet long, with a steel head partly in the form of a crescent, it must have been a formidable weapon when wielded by a skillful hand. A halberd was found in Lieutenant Francis Peabody's effects after his death and passed through his family.



In addition, an old "Pine Tree Shilling", coined in Boston, was found under the timbers of Francis' old mill when it was torn down in 1824.

SOURCES:

- 1 - A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families by Hattie E. Walton Heninger
- 2 - A Genealogy of the Peabody Family compiled by the late C. M. Endicott, of Salem. Revised and Corrected by William S. Peabody of Boston.
- 3 - Peabody (Paybody, Pabody, Pabodie) Genealogy, compiled by Selim Hobart Peabody, LL.D. and Edited by Charles Henry Pope, Charles H. Pope Publisher, 1909.
- 4 - History of Hampton, New Hampshire by Joseph Dow.
- 5 - Genealogical and Family History of Northern New York, by William Richard Cutter.
- 6 - Workbook of Families Allied to Wood . . . by Dorothy Wood Ewers.



HUNTING FAMILY

Origins

The original Huntings (Hundings or Hundingus) are supposed to have been the people of Hundland, which is now part of Denmark. Found in the College of Heraldry in England is a Hunting Coat of Arms. Because of its simplicity it may be assumed that it was granted probably sometime during the Eleventh Century.

John (1596 – 1689), the first of this family in America, was born in England, and married **Hester Seaborne**, (1611 – 1676) who was a second cousin of John Rogers, about 1617. They came to Dedham, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1638. Admitted as a freeman in 1639, he was one of the founders of the church, and its first ruling elder. This role was not new to him because he was a “ruling elder” in Norfolk and Suffolk England previous to coming to this country.

The line continues as follows:

John Hunting & Elizabeth Payne
|
Stephen Hunting & Rebekah Woodward
|
Daniel Hunting & Eleanor Cheney
|
Israel Hunting & Rhoda Dewing
|
Calvin Hunting & Keziah Adams Pierce
|
Keziah Hunting & Horatio Gates Putnam

SOURCES:

- 1 - The Hunting or Huntting Family in America, by T.D. Hunting.
- 2 – The Ancestry of Lorenzo Ackley and His Wife by Emma Arabella Bosworth, printed in 1960.

JOHN & ROSANNA TITTLEY FRANCIS



John Francis (1812 – 1886) was born in London, England, and was the son of James Bowen and Elizabeth Moore Francis. He was a cooper by trade - made cabinets, wooden buckets and barrels.

Rosanna Tittley (1819 – 1882) was born in Wednabury, England, the daughter of Samuel and Mary Foster Tittley. She was an obstetrician and was away from her home a great deal of the time.

John and Rosanna heard the Mormon elders and as they investigated their message, they were impressed with the truthfulness of it. Their testimonies grew and they accepted the divine truths. Rosanna was baptized in December 1855, and John was baptized the next month. The family walked four miles to attend meetings. Their home was always open to the Elders, and they held many meetings there.



In 1860, President George Q. Cannon, who was president of the European Mission, counseled the Saints to go to Zion. If they didn't have the financial means for the entire family to go at once, he suggested they send as many of the children as they could and then the next year send a few more until they all made it to America. The Francis family took this counsel to heart. The family lived on as little as possible and every cent was saved to pay their emigration until they were able to send the two oldest children – Mary Ann and John James in 1862. Although Mary Ann arrived in Utah safely, John James died during the trek across the plains.

In August 1869, John and Rosanna took the money that they were able to save, added some that was sent by Mary Ann's husband, and then with the rest of the money borrowed from the church's Perpetual Emigration Fund, they were able to sail to America. The steamship "Minnesota" set sail from Liverpool, England, on 25 August 1869. The ship holding 443 Saints, in charge of Marius Ensign, arrived in New York on 6 September. From New York, the group boarded a train to Council Bluffs. At that point, they found that the rails had been washed out and they had to travel by wagon for a couple of days before once again boarding a train to complete the trip. The group arrived in Ogden on 16 September 1869.

Once in Utah, the family settled in American Fork, where they lived together until Rosanna's death in 1882. John passed away four years later at Will Creek in Salt Lake County, but he was taken to American Fork to be buried next to Rosanna.

VARNUM FAMILY

George Varnum (1592 - 1649) was among the earliest settlers of Ipswich, Massachusetts. He came over before 1635 from England among the Puritans who settled in Salem and Ipswich. With him came his wife **Hannah** and their children, 16 year old Samuel and Hannah. George owned quite a bit of land in Ipswich, and in his will he divided his goods (after his wife's death) between the two children. His property included: Dwelling house, barn, ground, three cows, two oxen, four pewter dishes, and a frying pan. He married Sarah Langton, and they had seven children – four of whom were raised to adulthood.

Samuel (1619 – 1703), married **Sarah Langton**, daughter of Roger Langton, and they had eight children. Originally they settled in Ipswich, Essex County, Massachusetts. Then, in 1664 the family – consisting of Samuel, Sarah, George, son Samuel, Thomas and daughter, Hannah - moved to Chelmsford on the Merrimack River. He had purchased land on the North side of the River, which was called Drawcutt. Although he grazed his cattle on that land, the family lived across the river near a garrison where they had protection from the Indians.

Relationships with the Indians seemed a little strange. On 15 October 1669, Samuel's son, John, was born. He was the first white child born on the North side of the Merrimack River above Haverhill. The Indians came and assisted the mother (there being no white person near) and dressed the child in their manner with wampum and called him their "Little White King" and "papoose", and sang and danced with the child in their arms, playing upon instruments like jewsharps.

Despite having had somewhat good relationships, only seven years later, two of Samuel's sons were killed by Indians. Apparently, one morning Samuel, two of his sons and his daughter, along with a squad of soldiers, crossed the river in a boat to milk the cows. As the boat struck the shore, the Indians fired upon them, and killed the two sons who were at the oars. One fell back into his sister's lap who was sitting behind him. The soldiers were so shocked that they didn't attempt to fire until Samuel had fired and called out "Do not let dead men be at the oars." The Indians fled, and so, it was never determined whether or not any of them were killed.

After this Samuel undoubtedly desired to avenge their deaths and was involved in many of the Indian wars. He enlisted in the famous campaign against King Philip, and participated in the Narragansett Campaign.

There is no record for either Samuel's or Sarah's death, but it is recorded that they were "probably buried in a little cemetery about a mile and a half from Pawtucket Bridge" in an unmarked grave.

Thomas Varnum (1662 – 1739) was born in Ipswich shortly before his family moved to Chelmsford. At the time of the slaughter of his two elder brothers, he was only 14 years old. When he was 35 years old, he went back to Ipswich and married **Joanna Jewett** (1677 – 1753, and they had 11 children.

Thomas and his two brothers, John and Joseph, settled near each other on land their father purchased, and left to them in his will. The three brothers were very close and shared and traded land with each other. For some time they were often alarmed by the Indians, so they built a bullet-proof block house, in which all the settlers slept. At night, to prevent Indians coming without their knowledge, they planted guns loaded, with lines fixed in every direction, so that the enemy could not come near without striking some of them. Of course, if the lines were bumped, a gun fired. One night a horse was killed by one of the guns. The people heard the horse groan and struggle and supposed it to be an Indian and dared not go out until morning.

Thomas died in 1739, aged 77 years.

Samuel Varnum (1704 - 1748) was a yeoman, and settled on land his father deeded to him in

1734 when he married **Mary Goodhue** (1716 – 1796). They had five children including **Olive** who married **Stephen Putnam**.

Samuel had a short life, dying at 44 years of age.

SOURCES:

The Varnums of Dracutt (In Massachusetts) – A History of George Varnum, His Son Samuel Who Came to Ipswich About 1635, and Grandsons Thomas, John, and Joseph, who Settled in Dracutt, and their Descendants, Compiled from Family Papers and Official Records, by John Marshall Varnum, Published by David Clapp & Son, Printers, 1907.

BICKFORD FAMILY

John Bickford, (1625 – 1697) the first American ancestor of the New Hampshire family, purchased a home along with five or six acres of land at Oyster River, in Dover, Massachusetts. On 23 June 1684, John and his wife, **Temperance Furber**, (1625 – 1653) transferred this property to their son, Thomas and moved to the Newington shore. He became a freeman of Massachusetts in 1671.

Their daughter, **Hannah**, married **Abraham Perkins**.

Source:

Representative Men and Old Families of Southeastern Massachusetts Containing Sketches of Prominent and Representative Citizens and Genealogical Records of many of the Old Families, published by J. H. Beers & Co, Chicago, 1912.

LEONARD HARRIMAN

It is believed that the name Harriman (Herriman) originally came from “Henryman”. Henry means honor. So, Harriman probably means Honorman.

Leonard Harriman, (1622 – 1691) and his brother, John, were Yorkshire Puritans, who immigrated to America about the year 1638, when Leonard was only 16 years old. They became two of the first settlers of Rowley, Massachusetts, and Leonard eventually received several land grants. He served as one of the Selectman of the town for six years. He married **Margaret Palmer**(1628 – 1676), and they had six children.

During his lifetime the Calculator, the Barometer, and the First Stockings were invented.

|

Matthew & Elizabeth (Swan) Harriman

|

Matthew & Martha (Page) Harriman

|

Matthew’s daughter, **Susanna**, married **Jacob Putnam**.

SOURCES:

1 – Ancestors of Alden Smith Swan & His Wife, Mary Althea Farwell... by Josephine C. Frost.

2 – The Hendrick Genealogy - Daniel Hendrick of Haverhill, Mass. and His Descendants with An Appendix containing Brief Accounts of Several Other Hendrick Families by Chas. T. Hendrick, The Tuttle Company Publishers, 1923.

3 – Will of Leonard Harriman, www.rootsweb.com/~maessex/wills/harriml/tm

GOODHUE FAMILY

The earliest date to which the Goodhue family has been traced in England is 1280 a.d. In the eighth year of King Edward I, the names of Wills Godhewen and Robs Godhewen, (William and Robert Goodhue), both of Kent County, can be found. It is believed that our immigrant ancestor, William, is directly related to Wills Godhewen.

The Goodhue name is of Saxon origin. The first syllable of the name “god”, was the Saxon word for “good”. The syllables “en” and “wyn” were common ways to end names. Eventually the syllable “god” was changed to Good and “en” and “wyn” became slurred to hue.



William Goodhue (1612 – 1699) was born in Kent, England. He married **Margery Watson** (1617 – 1668), and they had three children. Shortly after their marriage, when William was 24 years old, they left England to immigrate to America. They settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where they built the house, which is represented in the picture.

Margery, William’s young wife, didn’t survive the hardship of the voyage and the strange new land. After her death, he married Mary

Webb, and after she passed away, Bethiah Fraughton. (Bethiah’s first husband, Thomas Lathrop, had been killed by the Indians.) After her death, he married Remember Fisk, and she outlived him. We can only imagine the grief he must have felt as he buried each wife.

William was a “man of more than average intelligence, of deep practical piety, and of the highest integrity and wisdom.” He seems to have possessed quite a lot of property and influence, as well. He served his community as: Deacon of the church, Moderator, Selectman, and Representative to the Colonial Legislature.

In his later years, William deeded his home in Ipswich to his oldest son, Joseph and went to live with his son, William, at Chebacco (now Essex) where he died.

Joseph Goodhue (1639 – 1697) was born in Ipswich. On 13 July 1661, he married Sarah Whipple, daughter of Elder John Whipple, who was one of the elders of the church.

Joseph inherited his father’s house and farm upon his death. Like his father, Joseph was actively involved in the community and served as Moderator, Selectman, Assessor, and Representative to the General Court, and Deacon of the First church, as well.

After Sarah passed away in 1681, Joseph married the widow Rachel Todd (1663 – 1691) and they had three children. By 1691, once again Joseph became a widower. At that time, he married a third time to Mercy Clarke. He died at Ipswich at the age of 58.

Ebenezer Goodhue (1685 – 1747) was born in the same year as George Frederic Handel and Johan Sebastian Bach (both wonderful composers). He married **Mary** and they settled at Dracut, Massachusetts.

Their daughter, **Mary**, married **Samuel Varnum**.

SOURCE:

1 – History and Genealogy of the Goodhue Family in England and America to the Year 1890, compiled by Rev. Jonathan E. Goodhue, published E.R. Andrews, Printer and Bookbinder, 1891.

THOMPSON FAMILY

Miles Thompson (1639 – 1702) was born in England, and married **Ann Thetherly** (1635 – 1717) and they had eight children. In 1655, Miles is found living in South Berwick, Maine on a lot known as Thompson's brook and located on Thompson's point. The land eventually was taken for sawmills. Since Miles occupation was that of a carpenter, being close to sawmills was perfect for him.

Miles served in the community as Sergeant, Selectman, on the Grand Jury, and on a committee to lay out lands. His name is mentioned in court records in Boston where he was fined "for playing cards after 9 o'clock at night." It seems that Miles and Ann were not terribly active in the church – records show that there was a period of 1 1/2 years where they didn't attend. No explanation for this absence can be found.

Miles and Ann's family had close ties as shown by the deed in which they gave land to their grandson, John. The grant read "Greetings to our grandson, John Thompson, son of our son John, now deceased, and in consideration of our love and affection for you we give grant. . ." The gift was 100 acres of land.

John Thompson (1662 – 1702) married **Sarah Emery** (born about 1658), daughter of James and Elizabeth Emery, and they had at least one son. After John passed away, Sarah remarried Gilbert Warren.

John Thompson (1685 – 1754) was born the same year as the great composers, George Frederic Handel and Johan Sebastian Bach. In 1709, he married **Mary Stacy** (1690 – 1753), daughter of William and Mehitabel Weymouth Stacy, and they had ten children, all born in Berwick, Maine.

Noah Thompson (1712 – 1790) married **Susannah Place** (1714 – 1765), daughter of Richard and Susannah Place. The family lived in Rochester, New Hampshire.

Noah lived during the Revolutionary War period, and witnessed the events leading up to the war, much of the suffering brought on during that time, as well as the strife and struggle of building a new nation.

Noah and Susannah's daughter, Mary married Reuben Walton.

SOURCES:

1 - Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family . . . by Hattie E. Walton Heininger.

2 – Miles Thompson, www.pivot.net/~jlinscott/thompson.htm#Miles1

WILKINS FAMILY

Motto: Estote prudentes, "Be ye prudent".



Bray Wilkins
SIGNATURE 1689

Bray Wilkins (1610 - 1702) is the first established ancestor on the Wilkins line. Born in Wales in 1610, he was to be one of the most industrious, energetic and prosperous men of his time in the American colonies. No record is found indicating for sure when he came to New England, but he had to have been in his twenties because in 1632 he received a grant of land in Dorchester Massachusetts.

Bray married **Hannah (Anna) Gengell** (1614 – 1697) probably between 1632 and 1636. Hannah was the sister of John Gengell, one of the incorporators of Taunton, Massachusetts. (Although originally a tailor, John joined Bray as a partner in many business ventures.) Bray and Hannah were the parents of eight children, six boys and two girls, all of whom lived to marry and raise families of their own. The first two children were born in Dorchester and the rest of the children were probably born in Salem.

Bray became a member of the first church of Dorchester. While living there, he owned a lot of land, including pasture land, on Thompson's island, "providing he set forward fishing and contributed to school funds."

In 1638 Bray started a ferry business charging a penny a person. The ferry ran across the Neponset river where, at one time, there was a busy settlement of fishing folk.

In 1646 Bray and Gengell left Dorchester together and went to Lynn to work iron mines there. It is doubtful if they made much of a profit on their mining operations, but it is known that they took out some considerable quantities of ore.

Records show that when he was 68 years old, Bray began working as a constable in Lynn, and that occupations continued for over a decade. Court entries include: "John Hathorne was admonished for contemptuous words against authority, spoken to Bray Wilkins, constable of Lyn, while executing his office." Another was brought to justice for having "used profane language in the presence of Bray Wilkins. The individual had twice declared 'I vow to God' in the course of a conversation."

Around 1659 Bray and John leased - and later purchased for 225 pounds - a large portion of land near Salem. Called "Will's Hill"* , named for an old Indian - Black Will. This would be the family homestead where Bray would live the rest of his life. During the next several years, Bray added acreage to his plantation until he finally owned a tract of land running for two miles, free and clear of all debt. This became a great family community center. "One by one, he furnished each of his children with a house, barns, orchards, gardens, meadows, upland and woodland, all out of his own holdings. In like manner he endowed some of his grandchildren until eventually he had created a great communal settlement, perhaps with no counterpart in the country." Interestingly, most of his grandchildren in the third and later generations married and intermarried within the members of the Wilkins family, until the homes of the Wilkins family covered all the hills and vales about the main homestead. This won Bray the title "The Patriarch of Will's Hill".

Bray was not only an industrious man but also a devoted church supporter. He served as "tything" man in the Salem Village church. Even up to the time of his death, despite the roughest of roads, he came to Salem and attended church. All of his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren followed his example in this.

During Bray's lifetime, the Witchcraft delusion in Salem transpired. Naturally, the Wilkins family was affected. In fact, Daniel Wilkins, a grandson, was "bewitched to death", and John Willard, another grandson of Bray was executed as a witch. Although originally, Bray, like most of the others firmly believed in witchcraft, his sons never yielded to the hysteria, and after the hanging of his grandson, he apparently overcame the superstition, for not only was his home to become a haven for those fleeing persecution, but he and his sons were among the first to demand an end to the persecutions and

demand the retirement of Rev. Samuel Parris.

Bray died at Will's Hill on January 1, 1702, in his 92nd year. His final resting place is not known. His wife, Hannah Wilkins, probably died soon after her husband but the date of her death has not been found.

The following, written by a neighbor, gives us an idea of his character:

"Among the early settlers none stood higher than this Bray Wilkins. He was known at Salem Village for 42 years as a pious and good citizen and a firm supporter of the church and parish." Upham, while writing the history of Salem, says: "Bray Wilkins had industrious habits, a resolute will, a strong constitution and iron frame, and six stout sons." Another has said of the Wilkins family that "they were noted for their energy, industry, integrity, piety, perseverance, fortitude, patience, resourcefulness, initiative, courage, loyalty and leadership."

That Bray was compassionate is shown in a petition in his own handwriting, beseeching the General Court to provide professional services for "a boy who hath been lame a greater part of the time," asking for this assistance because "I am a poor man." The petition refers to a servant boy in Bray's employ.

Note: The Putnams and Wilkins families were good friends. Bray and Nathaniel were early friends in Salem, and Thomas and John Putnam were listed to be overseers of his will.

Thomas Wilkins (1647 – 1717), son of Bray, married, May 1667 in Salem, **Hannah Nichols** (1649 – 1717), the daughter of William and Mary (Southwick) Trask Nichols. To their union was born seven children: Hannah, Thomas, Elizabeth, Bray, Joseph, Isaac, and Henry. Thomas was made a freeman in Salem, 1689 -1690.

Henry Wilkins (1651 – 1738), son of Bray, was married three times: (1) **Rebecca** (1649 – 1689), (2) Sarah and (3) Ruth. Rebecca was the mother of his children. He was made freeman of Salem in 1690 and moved to Boxford to live in 1691.

Henry lived in Salem Village during the witchcraft excitement and, like most of his brothers, had little sympathy with the "goings-on". His son, Daniel, however, was claimed to have been bewitched to death.

Henry, according to church records, was "lame and disabled in body" and so was excused from many of the normal responsibilities of members.

Isaac Wilkins (1690 – 1752), son of Thomas, married his cousin, **Susannah Wilkins** (1684 – 1773), daughter of Henry Wilkins. To their union was born five children. Isaac married (2) Anna Wilkins Foster, his cousin and widow of Ebenezer Foster. Isaac was one of the partners in the Land Bank of 1740 in Cambridge. He died early in 1752.

Timothy Wilkins (1709 – 1791) married **Anna Smith** (born in 1713), daughter of James Smith of Salem. Together they had six children.

Timothy bought a 112-acre farm in Billerica, Massachusetts (now Carlisle), and still later a part of Concord. In 1764, he moved to Hillsborough, New Hampshire, where he became one of the original incorporators of the town and was for many years a prominent citizen. He served his community as: member of road committee, town moderator, member of the church house committee, member of the burial ground committee, member of the committee on safety, and town treasurer. He signed the Association Test in 1776, which determined his loyalty to the cause of the American Revolution. He donated land in the center of Carlisle on which to build a church and probably owned the English Harpsichord at the Concord, Massachusetts Antiquarian Society House.

In his later years he returned to Carlisle, Massachusetts to live out the remainder of his days.

He died “between January and October 1791 from being melted at a brush fire”. He was buried in Ac-ton, Massachusetts.

Their daughter, **Sarah Wilkins** married **Isaac Peabody**.

*A fun story about the origins of Will’s Hill goes as follows: Black Will, the original Indian owner, once “invited Rev. Andrew Peters to dine with him. He had skunks cooked and Mr. Peters did not accept the invitation. Afterwards Mr. Peters, happening along at meal time, was asked by the Indian if he liked eels. Upon saying that he did he was again invited to eat with him. After eating, Will said: ‘Well, what do you think you have been eating?’ ‘Eels,’ replied Mr. Peters. ‘Why, no,’ said the other. ‘A fortnight ago you wouldn’t eat skunks and now you have eaten rattlesnakes.’ The Indian had skinned, cooked and served rattlesnakes.”

SOURCES:

- 1 - [A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families](#) by Hattie E. Walton Heninger
- 2 - [Family of Bray Wilkins, Patriarch of Will’s Hill](#) by William Carroll Hill
- 3 - [Bray Wilkins](http://www.familyhistorypages.com/Willkins/htm), www.familyhistorypages.com/Willkins/htm
- 4 - [A line of Bray Wilkins Descendants](http://www.acorn-online.com/hedge/wilkins.htm), www.acorn-online.com/hedge/wilkins.htm

DEWING FAMILY

Andrew Dewing (died in 1677) has left a mystery concerning his origins. It is believed that he came to New England from Lincolnshire, in April 1638 on the ship “Confidence”. Officially, his name is first found in the records where he is listed as having served in the “Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company” (see appendix) in 1644 from Natick. He is listed as a freeman in Dedham, Massachusetts. He served his community in several ways, including: Surveyor, Fence Viewer, and Constable. Andrew took part in the King Philip’s War and was paid fifteen shillings by the town of Dedham for military services. Since he lived near the Garrison House at South Natick, he and his sons were made inspectors of the Christian Indians in Company No.2 – basically 50 members.

Andrew married twice. His first wife, Lydia, died in 1651. He married **Ann Donstall** on 10 September 1652, and they had six children: Andrew, Rachel, Lydia, Jonathon, Anne, and Deborah.

Andrew made a good livelihood, and he and his family seemed to live in comfortable circumstances. In 1673, when building a new meetinghouse, his tax rate is tenth on a list of 104. Additionally, the inventory made after his death, shows that he owned quite a lot. His will lists several books, and so, he was apparently able to read and write.

Andrew Dewing (1655 – 1718) married **Dorothy Hyde**, and they had six children: Andrew, Martha, Henry, Esther, Edmund, and Dorothy.

Andrew lived in Dedham, Massachusetts and was listed as a “husbandman”. He inherited land from his father’s estate and also added a few small parcels that were granted him from the town of Dedham. Andrew was one of the petitioners who requested for the town of Needham to be separated from Dedham and be incorporated as a town.

Edmund Dewing (1694-1752) was born the same year as the author Voltaire. He married **Ruth Dunkley** (1698 – 1755) and was the father of nine children: Josiah, Ruth, Elizabeth, Edmund, Joshua, Andrew, Mary, Timothy, and Hezekiah.

Edmund’s family resided in Needham on land that was given to him by his father.

Timothy Dewing (1738-1768) was born the same year as Paul Revere. He married **Abigail Parker**, and they had four children: Sarah, Rhoda, Abigail, and Rebecca.

Timothy lived in Needham, moved to Natick, and then returned again to Needham where he died.

Their daughter, **Rhoda**, married **Israel Hunting**.

SOURCES:

1 - Andrew Dewing of Dedham, Massachusetts with Notes on Some English Families of the Same Name, by Benjamin Franklin Dewing, Privately Printed, Boston, 1904.

2 - Biographical Sketch of the Residents of That Part of Dedham, Which Is Now Dover, Who Took Part in King Philip's War, the Last French and Indian War, and the Revolution – Together with the Record of the Services of Those who Represented Dover in the War of 1812; the War with Mexico; The Civil War; and the War with Spain, by Frank Smith, Printed by the Town of Dover, 1909.

PIERCE FAMILY

Jon Pierce or Pers, (1588 – 1661) son of Richard Pierce and Margaret Coney, was a weaver by trade. He was born in Norwich, England; married **Elizabeth Stoker** (1585 – 1667) and they had eight children. The family immigrated to America on either the ship “John and Dorothey” or the “Rose”. They settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, where his son, Anthony had already settled. He died 19 August 1661, and Elizabeth outlived him and died in 1667 at the age of 79.

Anthony Pierce (1609 – 1678) came from Norwich England before his father, and settled in Watertown, Massachusetts. He married Mary who died in 1633 and then, he married **Ann** (1618 – 1683), the mother of his children.

John Pierce married **Ruth Bishop**, daughter of Nathaniel and Alice (Mattock) Bishop (Governor John Endicott was the officiator).

John and Ruth's daughter, **Rebecca**, married **Joshua Davis**.

SOURCES:

1 – Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family . . . by Hattie E. Walton Heininger.

2 – Peirce Genealogy, Being the Record of the Posterity of John Pers, An Early Inhabitant of Watertown, in New England, Who Came from Norwich, Norfolk County, England; with Notes on the History of Other Families of Peirce, Pierce, Pearce, Etc. by Frederick Clifton Peirce, Esquire, Published by Press of Chas. Hamilton, 1880.

HUTCHINSON FAMILY

The Hutchinson family is an old one and is said to have originated in Norway, and the first recorded ancestor was born in 1282.

Bernard Hutchinson married a daughter of John Boyvill, Esquire. Even as early as 1282, Barnard was called Esquire (or Armiger). He lived in Cowlam, York County, England - a very small parish in the East Riding of Yorkshire. In fact, Barnard probably owned the 2,036 acres, which made up the parish, and all those who lived in the area were Bernard's family, etc.

The line goes as follows:

John Hutchinson (1350 -) & Edith Wouldbie

|

James Hutchinson (1402 -) & Ursula Gregory

|

William Hutchinson (1427 -) & Ann Bennet

|

Anthony Hutchinson (1454 -) & Isabel Harvie

|

Thomas Hutchinson (1482) owned extensive lands in the county of Nottingham, at Tollerton, at Buddington at Cropwell Butler, at Colston Bassett. He married **Mary Drake** (1486 – 1550).

Lawrence Hutchinson (1512 – 1577) was the third son of Thomas. He lived, at least at the time of his death, at Tollerton, a town found about halfway between Owthorpe and the city of Nottingham. Upon his death in 1577, he left his wife, **Isabel**, a widow.

Thomas Hutchinson (1540 – 1598) lived in the city of Newark. Records are scarce during this time, so we don't know much about his life, and there doesn't seem to be any record of Thomas' wife. We do know that upon his death, his will included a considerable sum for the poor of the parish, so, we can assume that he was reasonably well off.

Thomas Hutchinson (1565 – 1618) was the only surviving son and so inherited his father's land in Newark. He chose to live in Arnold, near the city of Nottingham, however. He married **Alice** they had seven children, and she outlived him.

Richard Hutchinson (1609 -) was born in Newark, Nottinghamshire, England. He immigrated to America in 1634, with his wife, **Alice Bosworth**, (1606 – 1694) and four children. (All together, their family grew to include eight children – the other four were born in America.) The family settled in Salem Village.

Richard apparently was quite a successful farmer. At that time there was only 37 plows in the settlement, and they shared. In 1637, he was given additional lands on the condition that he set up another plow to share with the rest of the community. A good businessman and deputy of the General court, he acquired extensive land grants.

After Alice passed away, Richard married as a second wife, Susannah. She passed away, again leaving him a widower, and he married as his third wife, Sarah.

Richard is described as a "man of indomitable perseverance, great vigor of mind and physical endurance, a strict disciplinarian in religious affairs, a thorough agriculturist, and he amassed a large landed estate".

Richard and Alice's daughter **Elizabeth** married **Deacon Nathaniel Putnam**.

SOURCES:

1 – The Hutchinson Family; or the Descendants of Barnard Hutchinson of Cowlam England, Compiled by Perley Derby, Essex Institute Press, 1870.

2 – Snow-Estes Ancestry by Nora E. Snow

3 – A Genealogy of the Hutchinson Family of Yorkshire, and of the American Branch of the Family Descended From Richard Hutchinson of Salem, Mass., by Joseph Lemuel Chester, Published by David Clapp & Son, Printers, 1868.

GOULD FAMILY

Motto: Deus mihi providebit, "God will provide for me".

Thomas Gould, (1455 – 1520), and his wife, **Johan** were the first of the Gould Line that could be found. They lived in Bovington, parish of Hemel Hempstead, Hertsfordshire, England (about 24 miles northwest of London).

Richard Gould (1479 – 1531) and **Joan**, his wife, lived in Bovington and then moved to Stake Mandeville, about 12 miles away. In the Bovington Church was a brass tablet with the inscription: "Of your charite pray for the soul of Rychard Gold and Joan his wife, which Ric deceased ye xxix day of August, an. 1531, whos soul Jehu perdon."

|
Thomas Goolde (born about 1500) & **Alice**.

|
Richard Gold (1530 – 1558) & **Jane**.

|
Richard Gould (1553 - 1604)

lived most of his live in Bovington, in the Parish of Chesham Buckinghamshire.

The flint-lock firing mechanism was invented when Richard was 27.

|
Richard's daughter, **Priscilla**, married **John Putnam**.

SOURCES:

1 – Data Concerning the Families of Bancraft, Bradstreet, Browne, Dudley, Emerson, Gamble, Goodridge, Gould, Hartshorne, Hobson, Kemp, Kendall, Metcalf, Nichols, Parker, Poole, Sawtell, Wainwright, Woodman, etc., etc., in England and America 1277 to 1906 a.d., compiled from Official Sources by Thomas Gamble, Jr., Printed for the Subscribers, 1906.

2 – The Family of Zaccheus Gould of Topsfield, by Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Published by Thomas P. Nicholas, 1895.

CHENEY FAMILY



The Cheney name comes from the Old French word “Chasnai”, an “Oak-Grove”. Our family is descended from **Sir John Cheney, Knight**, and **Katherine Pabenham** of Fen Ditton, Cambridge County, England. From there our line follows:

Laurence and Elizabeth (Cockayne) Cheney

Sir John Cheney, Knight was a giant for his time – seven feet tall (a fact which was verified during the 20th century by measuring the bones in his coffin). As a result he was selected to be the personal armour bearer and protector of Henry from France (17 years old), who went to England to claim the throne in 1485.

The problem was that Richard III was the king at the time, and he had no inclination to give up the throne without fighting for it. It was expected for Henry to win, but the one advantage that he was counting on was that Richard had many enemies, including the Duke of Northumberland. The two armies met at Bosworth Field on 22 August 1485, and the battle began. At one point, it became apparent that Richard would win unless the Duke and his armies could be persuaded to join with Henry. So, the young man rode from the battle to the hill where the Duke was watching, to try to convince him to join. Richard saw him and realizing his purpose rode personally to kill the young man. He was able to kill one of Henry’s bodyguards, and then John took up the fight. Richard was killed and the Duke joined the battle on Henry’s side.

The story is told that during the fight, John’s helmet was broken and the upper part knocked off. Realizing his dangerous position, John rode to a nearby bull, killed it, severed its head and horns and placed the skull put on his head. Wearing this hastily improvised and bloody protection, he rode back into battle.

After the battle was won, Richard was dead, and Henry was crowned and became Henry VII. He rewarded John with a knighthood, and a crest depicting the bull’s scalp on a helmet, as can be seen.

When he died, Sir John was buried at Winchester Cathedral, and an actual statue in his image was placed on top.



William Cheney

John Cheney

John Cheney (1605 – 1666) - son of John- was born in England. A shoemaker by trade, he was an educated man as can be seen by his signature (a copy of which is at the bottom). In 1635 he and his wife of ten years, **Martha Parrat Cheney** (1608 – 1684), along with their four children: Mary, Martha, John, and Daniel, immigrated to America. The family is first found in Roxbury, Maine, as a member of

the church led by Reverend John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians.

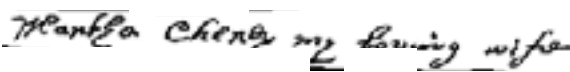
After about a year, the Cheney family moved on to Newbury where John was given a large allotment of land. He had parcels not only within the town limits but on “shore and stream” elsewhere.

The town of Newbury was just getting started when John and Martha settled there. Fortunately, there were capable leaders at the head of the town government. Though there were also many dissensions over some of the decisions that had to be made, record shows that John chose not to be involved. In fact, at one point he was fined two shillings and sixpence for not showing up for a town meeting. Apparently, he had a good enough excuse that the fine was not required, after all.

After he finally got settled, John willingly served in various community positions including: Mem



ber of the Grand Jury, Board of Selectman, and as a member of the committee to “lay out the way to the neck and through the neck to the marshes on the east side of the old Towne”. When a “worthy” citizen was brought before the Ipswich court, John was one of nineteen who signed a petition stating that because of their long acquaintance with the accused, they were



certain of his innocence.

John was extremely interested in Governor Winthrop’s campaign against Sir Harry Vane, the current governor. In fact, since the law stated that only freemen could vote, John and nine others made the journey from Newbury to Cambridge on foot to take the “Freeman’s Oath”. He was extremely pleased when Winthrop and the conservative party triumphed.

John passed away in Newbury, and his wife, Martha, survived him for 18 years.

Daniel Cheney (1644 – 1694) married **Sarah Bayley** (1644 – 1714), and they were blessed with eight children. The family settled in Newbury where Daniel served as a Constable. The only recorded event where Daniel was found in trouble was over John Pike. While serving as a lieutenant of a company of militia in Newbury, Pike displeased the General Court for some reason. Several people, including Daniel, petitioned in his behalf. They were promptly ordered to appear in court to explain their boldness. Fortunately, since no crime was committed there was no punishment given.

Since four of his children were under age when Daniel died, he gave custody of two of his children to Joshua Bayley and the other two children to Joseph Bayley.

As a summary of Daniel’s life, it is recorded that “he was a man of great industry and sagacity, and lived the life of a diligent farmer and useful citizen. He brought up a large family and left an honorable name.”(2)

Deacon John Cheney, (1676 - 1728), born in Newbury, married **Elizabeth Burrage** (1681 – 1715) and they were blessed with eight children. Although John inherited lands from his father and was officially received in the church in Newbury, he decided to move to Newton where he was granted 50 acres near the Upper Falls on the Charles River. He took his “religion and his firm, practical character” with him.

Records show that he was an honorable citizen with strong ethics. In 1723 his name was listed as one of those who protested against a town vote, which they believed to be illegal.

After John passed away, Elizabeth remarried Benjamin Whitmore and they had three children.

John and Elizabeth’s daughter, **Eleanor**, married **Daniel Hunting**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – [A Genealogical History of the Clark and Worth Families and other Puritan Settlers in the Massachusetts Bay Colony](#), by Carol Clark Johnson, printed privately, 1970.
- 2 – [The Cheney Genealogy](#), compiled by Charles Henry Pope, published by Charles H. Pope, Boston, Massachusetts, 1897.
- 3 – [Ancestry, The Cheney Family](#), www.artsa.net/Phillet/Ancestry.htm.

DAVIS FAMILY

George Davis (1616 – 1667) was born in Lynn, Essex, Massachusetts. He married **Mrs. Mary (Edmund) Audley** (1620 – 1648), and then after her death, he remarried Sarah Clark.

George served as a selectman in the community. He was obviously a concerned father. In his will he not only lists men he hopes will “care for my children”, and continues with the desire that his daughters be brought up “in the fear of God and well educated”.

George was a seaman and was on board ship heading for Cape Feare when he wrote his will. Apparently he died either during this trip or after reaching his destination.

Joseph Davis (1643 – 1676) was under age when his father died, and is listed in the will. Not only was he given possessions but it also was requested that his brother, Benjamin, take care of him until he reached adulthood.

Joseph’s wife is not known, but they had six children. Joseph was only 33 years old when he passed away - during King Philip’s War, which makes one wonder if he was involved in that conflict.

Joshua Davis (1673 – 1720) was four years old when his father died. He married **Rebecca Pers or Pierce** (1679 – 1745), and they had four children. One daughter, **Rebecca** married **Samuel Walton**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – www.familyorigins.com/users/f/a/r/Tim-M-Far-UT/FAM01-0001/d22.htm
- 2 – Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family . . . by Hattie E. Walton Heininger.

PLACE FAMILY

John Place (born in 1642) came from Devonshire, England, and landed at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. He married **Phebe Mussett**, and settled in Kittery, Maine, before moving on to Newington, New Hampshire.

The Place Family built a log house on Haven’s Hill, not far from the old burying place, in Newington, where he died at a “great age”.

Richard Place (born in 1686) is supposed to have come to America with his father from England. He went to Casco Bay in Maine. He built a fort there, but the Indians raided it so often that he moved, first to Portsmouth, Rhode Island, and then on to Rochester where he died at the incredible age of 105 years. He served in the Militia at Oyster River four weeks in 1698.

Richard is described as “a man of great strength athletic proportions, weighing about 250 pounds, and was over six feet and two inches in height. He was a terror to the Indians for miles around.”

Richard married **Susannah** (surname unknown) and they had at least four children.

Richard and Susannah's daughter, **Susannah**, married **Noah Thompson**.

SOURCE:

Place Family

JOHN WEBSTER

The name of Webster is one of the forms of the occupational term, webber or weaver.

John Webster (1615 – 1646) son of Thomas and Elizabeth Ashton Webster, came from Ipswich England, and was admitted as a freeman at Boston, Massachusetts, on 4 March 1634. He then moved to Ipswich, Massachusetts. He was admitted a commoner by vote of the town, and was a baker by trade. He also ran a tavern, for which he was reprimanded for "Brewing and Tipleinge". John married **Mary Shatswell** (1598 – 1694), whose home was on the lot adjoining his. The family then moved to Newbury, Massachusetts.

He served his community as Clerk of Bonds and Pound Warden.

John died before 4 November 1646 when he was 41 years old, and his widow was named executor of his estate. She married John Emery as a second husband. Once again she was left as a widow when John died in 1683. She passed away 28 April 1694 at Newbury.

John and Mary's daughter, **Hannah**, married **Michael Emerson**.

SOURCES:

1 – Some of the Descendants of John Webster of Ipswich, Massachusetts, 1634, compiled by John C. Webster, M.D. published in Chicago, 1912.

THOMAS PAINE & REBECCA WARE

Thomas Paine (1613 – 1706) came from England and settled in Yarmouth (on Cape Cod) in 1622. He married **Rebecca Ware** and they had three children.

The family lived in Eastham and Thomas became one of the leading men in the community. In 1696 he represented Eastham in the General Court at Boston. He purchased a house and land in Boston's North end from Thomas Stableford for 135 pounds. But he occupied his house only one year. He then retired from public life and returned to Cape Cod where he died at the age of 94 years.

Their daughter, **Elizabeth**, married **John Hunting**.

SOURCES:

1. Famous Families of Massachusetts by Mary Caroline Crawford, Little Brown and Company, Publisher at Boston in 1930.

WOODWARD FAMILY

Motto: Virus semper valet, "Virtue always avails."

For a period of years before Richard Woodward and his family came to America in 1634, England had many problems. The war with Spain had depleted much of their resources, and inflation was incredible. Young apprentices had great difficulty getting a start. Industry was oppressed. Unemployment rates were high, and the economic and political situations were difficult. Last of all was the lack of religious freedom. All in all, many people were looking at emigrating to improve their life's lots.



Richard Woodward (1589 – 1664) the son of **William** and **Elizabeth Woodward**, lived during the time of Shakespeare. He married **Rose Stewart** (1582 – 1662) and earned his living as a miller. On 10 April 1634, Richard, Rose, and two sons – George age 15 and John age 13 – embarked on the ship "Elizabeth" commanded by William Andrews, on the almost three month journey to America. The ship carried 54 adults and 47 children under the age of 15 years.

The Woodward family settled immediately in Watertown, Massachusetts, where Richard was one of the first proprietors. He accumulated a total of 310 acres of land in the Watertown area, which consisted of homes with adjoining lands, and small lots. He moved to Boston in 1648 where he purchased a mill and sold it a few months later. In 1660 he was a resident of Cambridge where his wife, Rose, died at the age of 80. Soon after he married Ann Gates, widow of Stephen Gates, Sr.

George Woodward (1620 – 1676), the oldest son of Richard and Rose, was born in England and came to America with his parents when he was 15. In 1637 showed George Woodward, sopeboyler (soapboiler), "was found a delinquent for an unlawful entry upon some of the town's ground and for digging holes and annoying the highway with stinking fish to the forfeiture of L3-4s8d." The family next moved to Watertown. George married **Mary Gibbson** (1620 – 1658) and they had eight children. They lived on a homestall of 10 acres in town.

After Mary passed away, George married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hammond. George had a total of thirteen children.

John Woodward (1649 – 1732) was born in Newton, Massachusetts and died there. He married **Rebecca Bobbins**, (1650 – 1695) daughter of Richard Robbins, and they had 8 children. Her father gave them 30 acres of land in Cambridge Village. Upon this land, he built his home. John was at one time a weaver. He served his community as a highway surveyor, a constable, and as a selectman.

After Rebecca died, John married Sarah Bancroft, and they had three children.

John and Rebecca's daughter, **Rebekah**, married **Stephen Hunting**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – [A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Elisha Woodward – 1589 – 1972](#), by Lloyd A. Woodward.
- 2 – [Genealogy of the Woodward Family – 1582 – 1926](#)
- 3 – [Descendants of Richard, Nathaniel, Robert and Henry Woodward of New England 1589 –1996](#), Edited & Compiled by Thomas R. Steadman, Published by author.
- 4 – Passenger list, userweb.springnet1.com/quest/Elizaebhpassengers.htm
- 5 – Richard Woodward, todmar.net/ancestry/Woodward_main.htm

JOSEPH HULL

The **Reverend Joseph Hull** (1594 –1665) colonist, and founder of the “Mariner-Quaker” branch of the Hull family in America was born in 1596 in Crewkerne, Somersetshire, England to Thomas and Joane Peson Hull. He married twice: 1st Agnes, and 2nd our ancestor, **Joane (Joanna) Coffin** (1598 – 1633). They had seven children.

Joseph was educated at St. Mary Magdalene Hall, Oxford, receiving his B.A. Degree in 1614 at the age of nineteen. During the next five years, he studied theology at the same time as working as a teacher and curate under his elder brother, William, vicar in Colyton in Devonshire. As a religious leader, Joseph must have been delighted to have the King James’ Version of the Bible published and available in 1611. In 1621, he was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and hired as the rector of Northleigh in Exeter. After 11 years there, he, having found himself in conflict with those in authority, voluntarily resigned.

After leaving the Northleigh area, the Hull family moved back to Crewkerne, and there they gathered “Hull’s Colony” - a company of 106 people - who on 20 March 1635, set sail from the harbor of Weymouth, bound for New England. They arrived in Boston on May 6, and they were given land at Wessagusset, doubling the plantation’s population. Due to the influx of people, it soon became a full-fledged town, and its name was changed to “Waymouth”. Joseph was “a magistrate and a member of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony, as well as minister at Weymouth.”

Undoubtedly, Joseph came to America hoping to live in peace with his religious beliefs. Unfortunately, this was not to be. He was, in fact, troubled with religious conflicts throughout his entire life. In a very short time after moving to Waymouth, he was in conflict with the Boston Puritanical Party because he basically continued to cling to the original teachings of the Church of England. He was not only religiously opposed to Governor Winthrop, but politically opposed, as well. Finally, in 1639, Mr. Hull moved to the Old Colony of Plymouth, and founded the town of Barnstable, called by the Indians, “Nattakeese”. At that time, the country, except a few fields, which had been cleared by the Indians, was wilderness. There were probably 500 in the Indian population, and they lived peaceably with the white settlers. Tradition states that he preached the first sermon within the town, and the rock from which he preached, surrounded by his armed parishioners, can still be found in Barnstable.

Since Reverend Hull’s salary was inadequate for the support of his large family, he raised cattle and horses. In 1645, his name is listed as a Volunteer for the Narragansett War.

Plymouth colony, however, wasn’t any more open to Joseph’s teachings than those in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Since immigration had halted due to the civil war in England, Joseph and his followers were a hopeless minority. Rather than dealing with the continued antagonism, they moved to the colony of San Ferdinando Gorges in Maine, and he became the minister at Accomenticus (now York, Maine). He also had responsibility for the Isle of Shoals. Then, in 1653, the Massachusetts Bay Colony took jurisdiction of the area, and Joseph was once again facing his old enemies. He returned to England for about 10 years where he was the rector of St. Burien in Cornwall.

Joseph’s children remained in this country, married and settled here. He again returned and was minister at Oyster River for a short time (where he struggled with the Quakers), and then recovered his position at Accomenticus where he died intestate, leaving an estate valued at 52 pounds (10

pounds of which was put down for books).

“Reviewing all, it is concluded that in England Mr. Hull was a conformist, and remained within the pale of the church obedient to authority, that in New England he still endeavored to hold to a middle course, as a latitudinarian or low churchman, but that failing in this, after repeated attempts, he finally withdrew to a province where he was free to practice and profess as best suited his conscience. No whisper has reached us that he was unorthodox or weak in his theology, and of his moral nature we catch glimpses of but three traits: that in habit he was scholarly, in temperament religious, and in spirit contentious.” (Colonel R. B. Hull) If, however, he was of a contentious nature it was only in contending for what he believed to be right. In actual fact, it seems that he avoided conflicts by moving to new areas where he could worship and preach according to his own beliefs, and that is an admirable attitude.

Joseph’s daughter, **Temperance**, married **John Bickford, Junior**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – The Hull Family (So Far) by Myrtle Hull Traxler
- 2 – The Hull Family Register, Vol. I, Descendants of Rev. Joseph Hull (1596 – 1665) The Immigrant, by Colonel Charles H. Weygant and Orra Eugene Monnette.
- 3 – Genealogical Notes of Barnstable Families, Being a Reprint of the Amos otis Papers, Originally Published in the Barnstable Patriot, Revised by C. F Swift, F.B. & F.P. Goss, Publishers and Printers, 1888.
- 4 – Rev. Joseph Hull, /homepages.rotsweb.com/~sam/jhull.html

BAILEY FAMILY



The immigrant ancestor of this family, **John Bailey, Senior** (1590 - 1651), came from Chippenham, England on the ship, “Angel Gabriel”. Leaving port on 27 May 1635, the ship weighed 240 tons, and carried a heavy armament of 16 guns. “On her deck was ‘a company of many Godly Christians’, some from other ships, bound for New England.”

On the 16 August, just before landing, it was wrecked in a “great storm”, probably a hurricane. [Picture below depicts wreck.] As a result of this terrifying experience, John never recrossed the ocean.

A weaver by trade, he originally settled at Newbury, Massachusetts. Two years later he went further into the forest and built a log cabin beyond the Merrimac, near the mouth of the Powow River. John and another man, William Scholar, made a living by farming and fishing. He was given the sole right of fishing the river as long as he gave a certain proportion of his fish harvest to the town.

In 1639 when Colchester (or Salisbury), Massachusetts was organized, John, as one of the first settlers, was given about 50 acres of land on the banks of the Merrimac and the Powow. He lived there for the rest of his life.

At the time that John came to America, he left his wife, **Eleanor Knight Bailey**, (1587 – 1651)

and three or more children in England, and apparently brought a son, John, and a daughter, Johanna, with him. He was too terrified to return to them, and Eleanor was frightened to come over by herself. In 1651, he was tried by the court and sentenced to either return to England or send for his wife to come to America. Unfortunately, he died before he could obey the orders, and they never saw each other again.

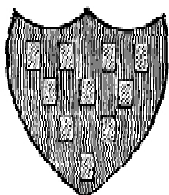
John Bailey, Jr. (1613 - 1691) was born in England, and came to America with his father in 1635. He married **Eleanor Emery** (1624 – 1700) and they settled in Newbury, Massachusetts about a mile from Deer Island and opposite Car Island.

John and Eleanor’s family consisted of 11 children including **Sarah**, who married **Daniel Cheney**.

Source:

1 - Genealogical and Family History of Northern New York A Record of the Achievements of Her People in Making of a Commonwealth and the Founding of a Nation, compiled by William Richard Cutter, A.M., New York Lewis Historical Publishing Company, 1910.


2 – Passenger list for ship “Angel Gabriel”




CONANT FAMILY

Motto: Conanti dabitur, “It will be given to him who strives”.

Few families in this country can trace a longer line than the Conants (pronounced in England as Connet nor Cunnet). The name comes from the Celtic states, and means head, chief, leader or king. It is impossible to say precisely where the family originated, but we know they were settled in Devonshire as early as the beginning of the 14th century.

 **John Conant**, (1520 – 1596) the first known ancestor on this line, and his wife, **Marie**, lived in the parish of East Budleigh, England, but was probably originally from Gittisham, some ten or twelve miles northeast. In 1577 he held the office of churchwarden – an office of considerable importance in those days, to which only members of the leading families were elected.

 **Richard Conant**, (1548 – 1630), filled the office of churchwarden. It is interesting to note that both Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake were connected with the parish and the tales of these explorers, along with other colonizers, must have influenced two of Richard’s sons to sail to the new world.

Richard was married at Colyton, a market town of Devonshire, eight miles away from East Budleigh. The record reads: “Rychard Counnett, the sonne of John Counnett, of Easte Budleye, was wedded unto **Agnes Clarke** (1548 – 1630), the daughter of [John and Anne Macye Clark], the iiij daye of february, 1578”. Richard and Agnes had eight children: Joan, Richard, Robert, Jane, John (later became a rector of St. Thomas Church in Salisbury), Thomas, Christopher, and Roger. The two youngest brothers migrated to America. After a married life of nearly 50 years, Richard and Agnes were buried the same day and both were spoken of as being of “exemplary piety”.

A dramatic, cloaked statue of **Roger Conant** faces the Salem Common and stands atop a huge boulder brought from the woods near the floating bridge at Lynn, in tribute of his contribution and early settlement in Salem and the Massachusetts Colony.

Roger (1591 – 1679) was the youngest of child of very respectable parents. He was baptized at All Saints Church in the parish of East Budleigh, Devonshire, England, He received a good education for his day, since his parents were people of substance and intelligence.



At about the age of 18, Roger and his older brother, Christopher, went to London to work. Roger was a “salter” and Christopher worked as a grocer. During this time Roger probably married his first wife, but she died in 1618, leaving no children.

On 11 November 1618, Roger Conant married **Sarah Horton**, daughter of Thomas and Katherine (Satchfield) Horton, in the parish of Saint Ann’s, Blackfriars, London. They had nine children, seven of whom were born in America. The children were: Sarah (died as an infant), Caleb, Lot, Roger, (the first white child born in Salem, Massachusetts), Sarah, Joshua, Mary, Elizabeth, and Exercise.

By 1623, Roger and Christopher had decided to pay their voyage to America. They had religious disagreements with the church and, undoubtedly, had adventuresome spirits, as well. The brothers came on the ship “Anne”, which arrived at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in July 1623. It is assumed that Sarah, and their son Caleb (just over a year old) were also on that ship.

Roger did not remain long at Plymouth, however. It seems that they had a difference of religious beliefs since the Pilgrims were separatists (didn’t believe the Church of England could be reformed and so started a new church) and he was

Puritan (simply wanted reforms within the church). Some of the new settlers were expelled to Nantasket and he joined them there. Roger and his family resided at Conant’s Island, later called “Governnor’s Island” in Boston harbor.

During the next winter, Dr. John White, of Dorchester, hearing of Roger as “a pious, sober and prudent Gentleman” chose him as manager of the Dorchester Company at Cape Ann. He was head of the settlement for about four years. Cape Ann was the first permanent one in Massachusetts’ territory. John Wingate Thornton describes Roger as follows: “Conant was moderate in his views, tolerant, mild and conciliatory, quiet and unobtrusive, ingenuous and unambitious, preferring the public good to his private interests; with the passive virtues he combined great courage and an indomitable will. Governor Conant’s true courage and simplicity of heart and strength of principle eminently qualified him for the conflicts of those rude days of perils, deprivation and trial.”

It was soon discovered that this region was a poor place for farming, and the fishing business didn’t prosper as was hoped. So, although most of the settlers returned to England or moved on to Virginia, Roger and about 40 other settlers decided to move to a new site - Naumkeag, later called Salem. The town’s name probably came from the biblical name, Jerusalem (“City of Peace”).

Roger’s was the first house built in the town on what is Essex Street today, almost opposite the Town Marker. Hawthorne gives this description: “Roger Conant, the first settler of Naumkeag, has built his dwelling on the border of the forest-path; and at this moment he comes eastward, through the vista of the woods, with a gun over his shoulder, bringing home the choice portions of a deer. His stalwart figure, clad in a leathern jerkin and breeches of the same, strides sturdily onward with such an air of physical force and energy that we might almost expect the very trees to stand aside and give him room to pass. And so, indeed they must; for humble, as is his name in history, Roger Conant still is of that class of men who do not merely find, but make, their place in the system of human affairs: a

man of thoughtful strength, he has planted the germ of a city. There stands his habitation, showing in its rough architecture some features of the Indian wigwam, and some of the log cabin, and somewhat too, of the straw-thatched cottage in Old England, where this good yeoman had his birth and breeding. The dwelling is surrounded by a cleared space of a few acres, where Indian corn grows thrivingly among the stumps of the trees; while the dark forest hems it in, and seems to gaze silently and solemnly, as if wondering at the breadth of sunshine which the white man spreads around him."

Roger expected to be appointed Governor or agent of Salem since he had already been the agent in charge for three years. However, John Endicott was sent from England with about 50 new settlers and was designated the Governor. Despite the disappointment he must have felt, and the disagreements between the old and new settlers, he continued to put the good of the public above his own. Roger became a freeman 18 May 1631. He was listed with the church members of Salem in 1636. Three years later, his was one of the signatures on the building contract for enlarging the meetinghouse in Town House Square for the First Church in Salem. He was a representative to the First General Court of Massachusetts Colony. (This was the second representative assembly to meet in this country, with Virginia being the first.) He was appointed Essex magistrate and served regularly on the juries of Essex County. He held many town offices and was a Salem Selectman for many years. Then, in 1667 Salem was split into two communities with Roger living in Beverly, and he continued his public service there.

Behind the scenes of Roger Conant's public service was a backdrop of personal tragedy. He had to endure the death of a daughter and four of his five sons. But he continued steadily on, working for the common good right up until his own death. His perseverance in the face of adversity is his true legacy.

Roger Conant died 19 November 1679, in the 88th year of his age, but the burial place is not known. Sarah, his wife, preceded him in death.

Although Roger was not the foremost leader in Massachusetts, he was instrumental in the development of it. He was a first settler of Salem, was agent of the beginning of the Colony for three years and served in many civic capacities. He was known to be of great integrity and character and always put the good of the community ahead of his own desires and ideas. He was an excellent arbitrator, often setting matters that could have caused much division and death. Also, because of his connections and reputation in England, his influence brought about the formation of the Massachusetts Colony.

Sarah Conant, Roger's daughter, married **John Leach**.

Sources:

1 - [Sons & Daughters of America's First Families](http://www.linkline.com/personal/xymox/roh/conant.htm), contributed by Robin Norman of Red Oaks, Texas; [http://www.linkline.com/personal/xymox/roh/conant .htm](http://www.linkline.com/personal/xymox/roh/conant.htm).

2 - [A History and Genealogy of the Conant Family in England and America, 13 Generations, 1520 – 1887; Containing also Some Genealogy on the Connet, Connett, and Connit Families](#), by Frederick Odell Conant, M.A., Privately Printed in Portland, 1887

3 - [Genealogical and Family History of the State of Maine](#), by George Thomas Little.

4 - [Representative Men and Old Families of Southeastern Massachusetts](#)

HARRIS FAMILY

John Harris (1513 – 1553) married **Annis**.

In 1579 **William Harris** (1536 – 1599) married **Agnes Mason**, daughter of Henry and Joan Mason of Cheltenham, Gloucester, England.

Thomas Harris (1580 – 1663) married **Elizabeth Hills** (1580 – 1670), daughter of Lawrence Hill. The Harris family came from Hatherop, Gloucester, England to America on the sailing ship “Lyon”, which sailed from Bristol under the leadership of Governor Winthrop in 1630. Thomas and Elizabeth settled in Charleston, Massachusetts, where, in 1631, he was admitted as a freeman. He served on a Coroner’s jury. In order to make a living, he set up a ferry between Winnettsent and Charleston and charged a fee for its use, which occupation continued for 49 years.

After his death, Elizabeth married William Stitson, and he took over the ferry.

Ann Harris married **Elias Maverick**.

SOURCES:

1 - [A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families](#) by Hattie E. Walton Heninger

2 - Harris, Thomas, www.hypertree.com/harris/thomas2.html

HENDRICK FAMILY

Motto: “Nec Timeo, Nec Sperno” – “I neither fear nor despise”.

The name “Hendrick” indicates that our ancestor was Dutch. It is believed that the Hendrick family originated in the Netherlands, and that they fled from Holland to England during the persecutions of the Protestants at the same time when thousands were forced to flee to England for refuge. Then, after being forced out of Holland, when “Bloody” Mary became queen, Protestants became target once again. Many people, rather than deny what they believed, were burned at the stake. Seventy-three Protestants in Colchester were dragged through the streets of London tied to a single rope.

There is no record of **Daniel Hendrick’s** (1615 – 1663) trip across the Atlantic, which is not unusual. It wasn’t always easy for Protestants to leave England. Before they could embark, they had to take an “oath of loyalty” to the English Crown, and promise to conform to the Discipline and Worship of the Church of England. Over time, ways to smuggle people out without having to take the oaths became numerous, and lists of passengers did not always show all of the people on board ship.

Upon arrival in America, Daniel was one of the young men who received lots of land shortly after the settlement of Hampton, New Hampshire, but he probably didn’t stay there for more than two or three years. Then, Daniel married **Dorothy Pike** (1617 – 1659), daughter of John and Dorothy (Day) Pike, and they moved to Newbury, Massachusetts, where the Pike family lived.

By 1644, Daniel’s family moved on to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he lived the rest of his life. Haverhill had been settled by Rev. John Ward and his company about five years earlier. After two years of living there, the settlers felt that the wisest safeguard against the Indians was to purchase their lands. The land was basically under the jurisdiction of Chief Passaconaway. He was very friendly with the English, and used his influence toward their protection.

Daniel served as a constable, selectman, and representative to General Court. He served on the

Grand Jury several times, and helped lay out the highway between Haverhill and Salisbury.

Daniel was obviously an educated man as proven by the fact that he signed his own name on legal papers, instead of making "his mark" as many did.

Daniel and Dorothy's daughter, **Dorothy** married **Ephraim Roberts**.

SOURCES:

1 – History of the Town of Hampton, New Hampshire . . . by Joseph Dow.

2 – The Hendrick Genealogy Daniel Hendrick of Haverhill, Massachusetts with an Appendix Containing Brief Accounts of Several Other Hendrick Families, by Chas T. Hendrick, Published by The Tuttle Company, 1923.

MAVERICK FAMILY

The name "Maverick" is unusual. Supposedly it is related to Morris, Morrice or Maurice. The original Welsh name would be Mawr-ryce, meaning "a valiant hero". It's believed that all American Mavericks are probably related. "The Maverick family were of that yeoman stock (class just below a gentleman, often a farmer) which has always been the back-bone of England." There doesn't seem to be any Coat of Arm, nor any other real signs of "nobility". Perhaps had the family stayed in England, some recognition would have been given them, but instead they chose the more adventurous path - became pioneers in settling America.



Reverend Robert Maverick, earliest of any of the family to be found on record was the clerk of Awliscombe, England. At that time, being a clerk did not require that he have the training of a Priest. There were some positions a man could take without accepting the vow of celibacy. There were, however, certain privileges that he could claim because of his service in the church, including an exemption from capital punishment should he be placed in such a position by the law.

Robert married **Miss Bull**, and they had eight children: Peter, John, Edward, Alice, Alexander, Radford, Elizabeth, and William. Robert

died 14 November 1573.

In 1577 **Reverend Peter Maverick** (1550 –1616) married **Dorothy Tuck**, daughter of Nicholas and Dorothy Tuck. The Tucks appeared to have been among the most important parishioners of Awliscombe.

Peter and Dorothy were parents of eight children, including two sets of twins: John, Judeth (twin), Rebecca (twin), Nathaniel, Daniel (twin), Elizabeth (twin), Marie, and Marie II. Five died in infancy leaving John, Nathaniel and Elizabeth. It's hard to imagine the grief felt at the loss of that many babies!

Peter was ordained in the Church of England by Bishop Woolton in the private chapel of the Bishop's place in Exeter - a deacon on 15 January 1573 - 1574, and a priest two months later - on the 16th of March. At the time of his marriage, Peter was serving as a curate, then three years later he became the vicar (minister). Interestingly, Peter did not have a university degree.

At that time, they moved into the vicar's home described as follows: "The vicarage house is build of mud with earthen walls and covered with thatch; containing four chambers, kitchen, parlor and hall, and four small ground rooms floored with earth but not ceiled, consisting of two bays of building, built with mud walls and covered with thatch. The barn and stable adjoining consist about two bays of building of mud walls covered with thatch." Home life would have been very simple. With baking and all the work of keeping her home, Dorothy was fully occupied in providing comfort for her family. In addition, as the vicar's wife, she would have been available to help the sick and poor of the parish.

The Maverick's were very prosperous. In addition to his church calling, he had a farm with a garden to help support his family. At this period of time, the parish priest was the link in local government. It was to the priest people came for the settlement of disputes, and the parish church was the center of the community.

Interestingly, the records which give the most information about Peter's personality comes from a dispute he had with his brother-in-law, Jeffery Granow (married to his wife's sister). Although information is not available stating the reason for the conflict (probably money), this lasted 10 years with Granow serving most of that time in the Exeter prison. Prison life was absolutely horrible - especially for someone who had no money to bribe officials for special favors. Note: Imprisonment for that length of time didn't mean that he was guilty of an incredibly terrible crime, it simply took that long to receive a court date. In his efforts to be released earlier, Jeffery made various accusations against Peter. In answer to those accusations, some of Peter's co-workers replied with positive reports, including "their opinions of the good disposition of Mavericke, a Learned Preacher, and of the evell life and conversation of Granowe." In addition the Mayor and Bishop of Exeter replied that "Peter Maverick was a man well accounted for in his profession and honest conversation."

By February 3, 1616 a new vicar was hired in place of Peter. The records list that he died a "violent death". No other clues are available. Generally wills were made during the last few months of a person's life, if not actually on their death beds. Due to the unexpectedness of Peter's passing, he left no will.

Peter baptized his first-born son in the 15th century font at Awliscombe on October 28th, 1578, and named him **John Maverick (1578 – 1636)**. Following in the footsteps of others in his family, John also went into church service, but while his father had no degrees, he did. He attended Exeter College in Oxford in 1595. Two years later he was ordained in the private chapel of the Bishop's Palace in Exeter by Bishop Babington, receiving Deacon's and Priest's orders on the same day in 1597. In 1599 he received his Bachelor's and in 1603 his Master's degree.

15th Century Font
in which
John Was Baptized



Mary Guy (1580 – 1666) was the youngest daughter of Robert and Grace Dowrish Gye. (Her ancestry can be traced through most of the Royal Europe to the year 384.) Her mother died when she was a young girl, and Reverend Radford Maverick took her into his home to be raised. When she was 20 years old, Radford arranged for her marriage to his nephew Reverend John Maverick, and on 28 October 1600 at Ilsington, England, the wedding was performed. They were blessed with nine children: Aaron, Samuel, Elias, Mary, Moses, Abigail, Antipas, John, and Margaret. The family lived in the rectory of Beaworthy, until shortly before coming to Massachusetts.

John was most definitely a Puritan. The movement began with the idea of purifying the Church of England and encouraging daily practice of Religion. Puritans believed that the Roman Catholic church had perverted Christianity and wanted the church restored to its original condition as found in the Bible.

Although the Church of England had developed under the reign of Henry VIII, much of the church was still based on the Catholic organization. Many of the reformations the Puritans wanted were based on John Calvin's teachings. These included the idea that God predestined a certain limited number of persons who were to be saved. They requested the abolition of bishops, stricter enforcement of church discipline, elimination of most ceremonies and rituals, and higher standards for the clergy. Although originally they had no desire to establish their own church, after a period of persecution, that's precisely what happened. One such group became the Methodists.

The Maverick family came to America on the ship "Mary and John" which set sail from Plymouth, England 20 March 1630 with passengers from Devon, Somerset, and Dorset Counties, and became one of the earliest founders in New England. Before the ship set sail, that company of humble Puritans assembled in fasting and prayer and formed their own church. For their pastors they chose the Reverend John Maverick and John Wareham. There were worship services on board the ship each day during the two months and ten days they were tossed about in an angry sea before arriving in Massachusetts. Upon landing, the emigrants took time to offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving. Then, after they were all gathered, they joined in singing the following hymn:

Thou Lord hast beene our sure defence,
Our place of ease and rest;
In all times past, yea, so long since,
As cannot be exprest.
Refresh us with thy mercy soone,
And then our joy shall be:
All times so long as time shall last
In heart rejoice shall we.

Oh let thy worke and power appeare,
And on thy servants light:
And shew unto thy children deare,
Thy glory and thy might.
Lord let thy grace and mercy stance
On us thy servants thus:
Confirme the workes we take in hand,
Lord, prosper them to us.

Originally, there was an agreement between the captain and the emigrants that they would be taken to the Charles River, but due to the fact that the Captain was unwilling to enter a channel, which he had never traveled, they were put ashore on the point. A group of ten men were chosen to find a suitable place for them to build a town. The town was named "Dorchester" and became the first settlement in what is now Suffolk County, Massachusetts.

Having finally chosen a place, the work of building the settlement began. The ground had to be cleared before even the rudest huts could be built and the land could be cultivated. Additionally, they were totally unfamiliar with the animals that lived in the forests surrounding them. Each night the noises filled them with terror. Indians caused an incredible amount of anxiety night and day. It took some time to become accustomed to the environment and prepared to face the dangers.

John took the oath of a Freeman on 18 May 1631. He was highly esteemed by all in the Colony. He is called the "godly Mr. John Maverick" by one of his associates.

Gunpowder was made at home and dried over the hearth, and quite often the powder would explode. This occurred to John once as follows: "1632, March 19. Mr. Maverick, one of the ministers of Dorchester, in drying a little power, which took fire by the heat of the fire pan, fired a small barell of

two or three pounds, yet did no other harm but singed his clothes. It was in the New Meeting House, which was thatched, and the thatch only blackened a little.” The New Meeting house apparently was available for both worship and the minister’s home.

On 3 February 1636, John passed away at Boston. A tribute written by John Winthrop states: “Mr. John Maverick, teacher of the church of Dorchester, died being nearly 60 years of age. He was a man of very humble spirit, and faithful in furthering the work of the Lord both in the churches and civil state.”

John’s widow, Mary survived her husband many years. She made her home with her son Samuel in the house he had built shortly before his father’s death. Mary would have been at least 80 years of age when she died.

Note: Their son, Samuel was one of the first settlers in Massachusetts, and his home was the first permanent one in Boston Harbor. He founded the town of Chelsea, Mass.

Elias Maverick (1606 – 1684) sailed to New England, with his parents, in 1630 at the age of 26. In 1633 he married **Ann or Annie Harris** (1613 – 1697), daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Harris. Elias took the oath of allegiance in Massachusetts on 11 June 1633, and settled in Winnissimmet (now Chelsea) where he became active in the defense of his country, and in 1654 was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He was a shipbuilder by trade and had interests in farming, as well.

The Indians loved Elias. When smallpox broke out among them, the sick were abandoned by their people, and Elias and Ann, with all their servants, went daily to administer to their needs. “Above 30 were buried by Mr. Maverick in one day.”

Elias died in 1684, age 80, and was buried at Charleston, Massachusetts. His wife survived him by 13 years, dying in 1697. They had 11 children, five of whom were sons.

The terms of his will reflect the honesty and kindness of his character. A spring on his property was so valuable to the public that, in dividing his estate among his sons, he stipulated that one-half acre be left open for a public watering ground. He charged the executors of his will “to carry out their obligations and keep 16 sheep yearly, with their increase, for his step-father-in-law William Stitson, during his natural life.”

Elias and Ann’s daughter **Sarah** married **Samuel Walton**.

Sources:

- 1 - [A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families](#) by Hattie E. Walton Heninger
- 2 - [The Mavericks of Devonshire and Massachusetts](#) by Beatrix F. Cresswell
- 3 - [Collier Encyclopedia](#), “Puritanism”
- 4 - Mary Guy, xenia.media.mit.edu/~kristin/fambly/Gye/MaryGye.html
- 5 - The Reverend John Maverick, Sr., xenia.media.mit.edu/~kristin/fambly/Maverick/JohnMaverick.html
- 6 - Passengers of the Mary and John in 1630, www.robforrest.com/My-ancestors-on-the-Mary-and-John.html
- 7 - Elias Maverick, Sr. xenia.media.mit.edu/~kristin/fambly/Maverick/EliasMaverick.html
- 8 - The Reverend Peter Maverick, xenia.media.mit.edu/~kristin/fambly/Maverick/PeterMaverick.html
- 9 - [Good Old Dorchester, A Narrative of the Town, 1630 – 1893](#), by William Dana Orcutt, Published by the Author by John Wilson & Son, University Press, 1893.

EPHRAIM ROBERTS

Ephraim (1650 – 1738) married **Dorothy Hendrick** (1659 – 1702), daughter of Daniel and Dorothy Pike Hendrick. When Dorothy died, she left seven children, the youngest less than a year old. Naturally, this made life difficult for Ephraim. As a second wife, he married Hannah Brown, the widow of John Howe.

Ephraim was a cooper. They lived in Haverhill, Massachusetts where he served in some community affairs including: Fence Viewer, Surveyor of highways, and he led “seven sentinels from the Haverhill garrison”. Ephraim was a member of the “Snow Shoe” company. The Governor had authorized this company to be equipped with snowshoes, so that they could travel in the winter, over the snow, in pursuit of Indian marauders when necessary.

Ephraim was very sick in 1732, and made his will, but recovered. Several years later he wrote another will – shortly before he died.

Hannah, Ephraim and Dorothy’s daughter, married **Nathaniel Putnam**.

SOURCES:

The Hendrick Genealogy, by Chas. T. Hendrick.

LEACH FAMILY



Lawrence Leach, the immigrant ancestor to America, is said to have descended from John De Leche, surgeon to King Henry III of England. The Leach coat of arms has upon it three crowns, the significance of which is, that upon one occasion while the kings of France and Scotland were prisoners of King Edward, the three kings dined at the house of the surgeon and, as a token of the incident, Edward handed Leche three crowns. Afterwards, when the king granted him a large estate, three crowns were placed on his arms.

One thing for certain, Lawrence was a well respected in his own right. When he left England to sail to America, Governor Craddock, from Gravesend, England, sent a letter to Governor Endicott of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, stating: “We desire to take notice of one Lawrence Leach whome we have found a careful and painful man and we doubt not that he will continue his diligence. Let him have your deserving respect.”

Lawrence and his wife, **Elizabeth**, crossed the ocean on the ship “Talbot”, which was probably the first vessel that ever entered Manchester Harbor, and it dropped anchor there on 27 June 1629.

Lawrence was sworn in as a freeman 18 May 1630, and was picked to serve on the first jury, to hear a capital case in the Massachusetts colony. Through the years, he held many positions of trust. In 1638 he was one of seven men chosen to manage the Public Affairs of Salem, an office he held for years. He was also one of the

founders of the church there. Among his colleagues were Governor John Endicott, Governor Conant, William Hawthorne, and other famous folks.

Lawrence was a farmer and a miller whose mills were so important to the country's economy that in 1657 "a public way was laid out to them". He also owned the first iron foundry in the colonies.

Lawrence died 24 Jun 1662 at the age of 82. The usefulness of his life gained respect for his memory. Elizabeth died twelve years later in 1674.

John Leach was born in England, probably Dedcom. He came to New England with his parents on the ship Talbot. In 1637, he was given a grant of land at Salem and "built a house upon that part of the land west of dashes". Before 1648 he married Sarah Conant, daughter of Governor Roger and Sarah (Norton) Conant. Then, after she died, he married Sarah Waldon, daughter of John Waldon.

John served in King Philip's War. His granddaughter, Hannah Leach, and her husband later received land because of his service.

John Leach, born in Salem 3 Nov 1648, married Mary Edwards. Among their children, born in Wenham, Essex County, was Hannah Leach, who married Samuel Walton.

Sources:

1 - [A Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family in the New England States, the Western States, and Canada with Notes on Some of the Allied Families](#) by Hattie E. Walton Heninger

2- [Lawrence Leach of Salem, Massachusetts and Some of His Descendants](#) by F. Phelps Leach

ACYE FAMILY

Peter Acye (1535 - 1591) was a farmer who lived in Kirk Ella, Yorkshire, England. He married **Cicely** and they had eight children.

William Acye (born 1562) inherited his father's farm in Kirk Ella. He married **Jane Skales** and they had four children.

William Acie (Acye) (1596 – 1690) came to America from Hull, England on the ship "John of London" which docked in Salem, Massachusetts during the summer of 1628. There doesn't seem to be records showing where he originally settled, but he can be found listed as having a grant of land in Rowley, Massachusetts in 1648. (He also owned land in Topsfield, Massachusetts, but chose to live in Rowley.) During his time there, records show that he served his community as a Selectman, a Constable, and as a "Judge of Delinquents".

William died in 1690 and his will was proved on September 20th of that year. His wife, **Margaret Haiton Acie** (1599 – 1675) died several years earlier.

Their daughter, **Elizabeth Acie**, married **Robert Swan**.

Source:

Ancestors of Alden Smith and his Wife Mary Althea Farwell . . . by Josephine C. Frost

DOW FAMILY

Motto: Patiens, "Patient".

"The Dows from the earliest times have borne an enviable reputation for energy, industry and patriotism, and have contributed much to the prosperity of America."

John Dow, (1496 – 1581) the earliest known progenitor, was born in Tylner, Norfolk, England, during the time of exploration. He married **Johan Coop**, and they had three children: Thomas, John, and Edith. His occupation is listed as "joiner".

When **Thomas** (1528 – 1591) was 16 years old, his father died. He married **Margaret England** (1529 – 1616) 5 October 1549, and they had six children. For many years, he kept an inn at Runham Parish, Yarmouth, England. Records show that he was an honest man and good housekeeper.

Henry, (1550 – 1613) was the eldest child of Thomas and Margaret. He married **Elizabeth March** (1573 – 1614) when he was 44 years old, and they had eight children. The Dow family was members of the Church of England. Henry was the parish clerk at Runham and for four years signed the register as churchwarden. Records indicate that the Dow family were fairly well-to-do and of good standing in the community. Thomas died three years before his mother, while his children were still very young.

Thomas Dow (1601 – 1654), eldest son of Henry and Elizabeth, along with his wife, **Phebe Latly Dow** (1616 – 1672) and at least one child, was one of the original grantees of Newbury, Massachusetts, and a farmer. Thomas was considered as religious as his neighbors, but all that means is that he was a puritan in Massachusetts. Unfortunately, records show that Thomas was far from prosperous. In fact during the 14 years he lived in Newbury, his children suffered from lack of food.

Finally, he sold his land in Newbury and moved to Haverhill, where, since it was a new settlement on the frontier, the land was less expensive. Little did they know, but Haverhill was not very safe – particularly from Indians. Everyone could be found armed at all times, but Thomas wasn't actually involved in Indian wars. He died after living there for six months - at 39 years of age – the first white adult to die in the community. Phebe lived with her son John for seven years before she remarried John Eaton, a cooper, in 1661.

Their daughter, **Martha Dow**, married **Joseph Page**.

SOURCES:

1 - [Genealogical and Family History of the State of Maine](#), Compiled by George Thomas Little, Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York, 1909.

2 - [Dow The Ancestry and Posterity of Joshua Dow of Avon, Maine](#), published by The Tuttle Publishing Company, Inc., Rutland, Vermont, 1938.

3 - [History of Hampton](#), New Hampshire, by Joseph Dow.

4 - [The Book of Dow, Genealogical Memoirs](#) by Robert Piercy Dow.

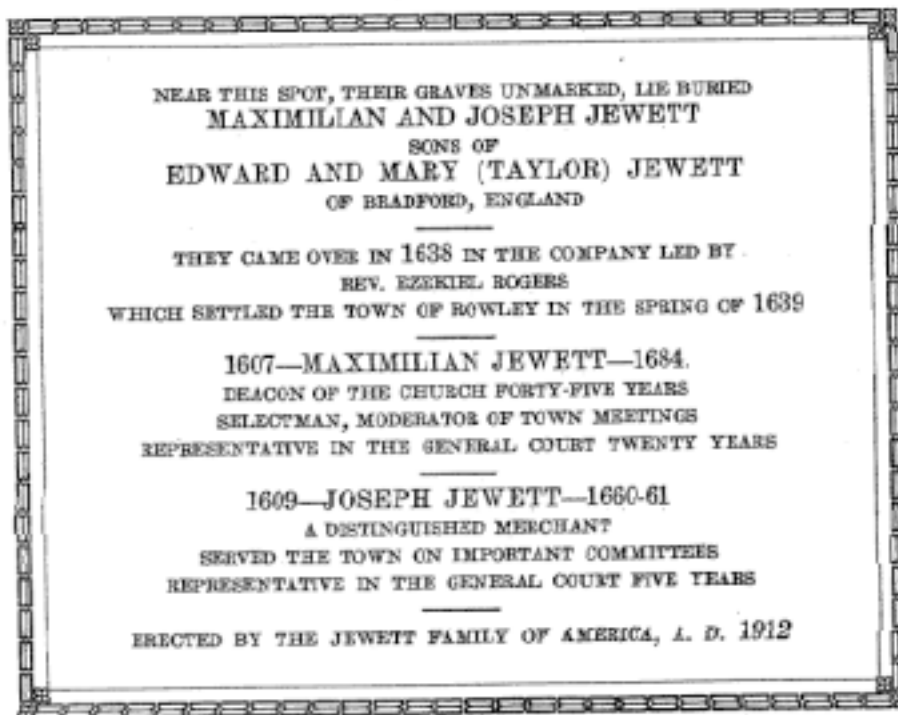


JEWETT FAMILY

Motto: Toujours le même, "Always the same".

Edward Jewett (1579 – 1614) was born in Bradford, West Riding, Yorkshire, England. He married **Mary Taylor**, daughter of William Taylor, in 1604, and they had seven children. Edward was a "clothier" in that area, and lived there all of his life. He lived long before the days of factories. In his time cloth was made in Yorkshire in private houses, with several steps in the process made by different members of the family depending on their age and sex. The clothiers of Yorkshire were considered some of the most industrious people of the kingdom. They employed weavers, fullers, etc. and furnished the material. Edward seems to have been a man of considerable wealth.

THE MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS: MAXIMILIAN AND JOSEPH JEWETT



Joseph Jewett was born in Bradford in 1609. He married **Mary Mallinson** and they had six children. In 1638, Joseph, Mary and one or two children came to America with his older brother Maximilian in the ship "John of London" and settled in Rowley, Massachusetts. Joseph and Maximilian did not come to the country as adventurers. They were respected men, and could easily have stayed in England. They loved liberty and equally loved their religion. They were non-conformists, and Puritans were bitterly

persecuted at the time. Some actually suffered torture for their religious beliefs. So, the Jewetts, along with many others, gave up their homes to move to America where their children might enjoy the freedom to worship God. They were men of thought and character.

Joseph, Maximilian, and their families moved to Rowley, Massachusetts in the Spring of 1639, and remained there the rest of their lives. Joseph was a large landowner – owning thousands of acres - and one of the leading men of the town. He was representative to the General Court over a period of many years, and he served the town on important committees. He was a member of the First Congregational Church.

Despite his land holdings, Joseph's occupation was that of clothier, for the most part, and then later he became a merchant.

Mary died in 1652. Joseph remarried Ann Allen, a widow, in 1653, and they had three children. Joseph died February 28, 1660.

The following was a tribute written for Joseph and Maximilian: "Living positive and unyielding in their convictions, steadfast in the right as they saw it, firm believers in civil and religious liberty for all men, at all times, and in all places, simple and unassuming, they labored to add to the sum of human progress and happiness, and the world was better for their having lived in it. Dying: they left an example of a noble courage, and a memorial of virtue, not only to their descendants, but to all their people."

Nehemiah Jewett (1643 – 1719) was born in Rowley, Massachusetts. He married **Exercise Pierce**, and they had 11 children.

Nehemiah was considered a freeman in 1668 and was given land in Hog Island Marsh in Rowley. "He settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts on a farm west of his brothers Jeremiah and divided from it by the street." He was actively involved in his community including serving as Representative to the General Court, Speaker of the House, and Justice of the Session court. He was an Elder in the church for many years.

Nehemiah was involved in the witchcraft problems. When some of the men in Salem went to Boston to ask for help in controlling their Pastor, Mr. Parris', fanaticism with witchcraft, elders from four church's – 17 people total – were sent to assess the situation, and Nehemiah was one of those elders. The decision was that Mr. Parris was, in fact, truly out of line. He was required to apologize, and it was recommended that the community forgive his actions. Those people, of course, were unwilling to keep him in their community, and so he was fired as pastor and moved from the area. Then, Nehemiah was on the committee set up to compensate individuals who were damaged by prosecution to witchcraft or the heirs of those who died.

"He was well educated and very prominent in the affairs of Essex County: Most of the wills and deeds of his townsmen from 1675 to the time of his death were drawn by him."

Nehemiah died 1 Jan 1719 – 20, and the gravestone, located in the Rowley Cemetery is inscribed:

HERE LYES WHAT
WAS MORTAL
OF YE WORTHY
NEHEMIAH JEWET
WHO DIED JANUARY
ESQUIER
YE 1ST 1719 – 20 AGED
77 YEARS LACKING
3 MONTHES

Nehemiah and Exercise's daughter, **Joanna**, married **Thomas Varnum**.

NOTE: Our Jewett line is believed to have descended from Henri de Juatt, Knight of the First Crusade.

SOURCES:

- 1 – History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America . . . by Frederic Clarke Jewett, M.D.
- 2 – The Snow-Estes Ancestry, by Nora E. Snow, Author and Publisher.
- 3 – The Lineage of Exercise Pierce Jewett by William E. Wescott, Jr.

TARBELL FAMILY

Tarbell is an unusual name, not found in very many places in New England, and so, probably all the people of that name came from the same person: Thomas Tarbell.

Thomas Tarbell (1618 – 1678) came to Watertown, Massachusetts about 1644, with his wife, **Mary**. Thomas was born about 1618 in either England or Wales. He and his son, Thomas were both original settlers in Groton, Massachusetts. Thomas owned 28 acres and served as clerk of the town. Mary died there in 1674, at the age of 54 years.

Groton was a frontier town at that time – 14 miles from the nearest settlement. It was named for Groton, England, the birthplace of Governor John Winthrop.

A story is told that: “Once upon a time, a Dreadful Pirate was caught in Groton. Some say that he had wandered so far in land in order to hide securely a great pot of doubloons, his share of the proceeds of many a bloody capture on the high seas. Some say he was one of Captain Kidd’s men. Anyhow he was caught and apparently with the goods, as there was no doubt about his guilt. So they set up a tall Gibbet upon that high hill, and in sight of the town and hung the wretch. But not by the neck. He was hung in chains. There he swung in the wind until he would starve to death. To add to the punishment, a loaf of bread was suspended just over his head and out of reach of his mouth to torment him even further.”

Since this was a frontier town, the threat of Indian trouble was always present – and Groton had more than its fair share. The Indians were troublesome and unreliable neighbors. They had already discovered alcohol, and sometimes drunken brawls would break out between them and their white neighbors. Both the Longley and the Tarbell families were hard hit by the Indian wars and had family members killed or captured.

By the time King Philip’s war broke out, open hostilities were common. On 2 March 1675, the Indians began an attack upon Groton, with another on the 9th and a final assault on March 13, in which the town burned to the ground except for four or five garrison houses. Major Willard arrived with 70 horse and 40 foot soldiers, but it was too late, the town was basically ash and the Indians were gone.

Thomas went to Charlestown, Massachusetts where one of his married daughters lived. He married Susanna Lawrence, a widow. Their marriage was brief, and he did not return to Groton because he caught smallpox in 1678 and died.

Thomas Tarbell (1641 – 1678) married in 1666 to **Hannah Longley**, daughter of William and Joanna (Goffe) Longley, and they had four children.

Thomas, along with his father, was one of the first settlers of Groton, Massachusetts. After the destruction of Groton by the Indians during King Phillip’s War, the family moved to Charlestown, Massachusetts, where they lived with the family of Samuel Leman, whose wife was Hannah’s sister. It was there that Thomas died of small pox on 27 April 1678. His father died about six weeks later from the same disease.

Hannah didn’t live long after her husband, and died on 29 December 1680, a month after her father. It may have been simply broken heart that killed her – losing her husband, father, and father-in-law in just 2 years.

NOTE: Three of Thomas and Hannah’s third son, Thomas’ children, Sarah (13 years old), John (11 years old) and Zachariah (only 7 years old), were carried away by the Indians, 20 June 1707 and never came back to remain. According to tradition, they were picking cherries early one evening and were taken before they had time to get down from the tree. They were carried to Canada, where they must have been treated reasonably kindly because afterward, they refused to return. The girl was sold to the French, and placed in a convent near Montreal; the boys remained with the Indians, married

squaws, and became chiefs of their tribe.

Thomas and Hannah's daughter, **Mary**, married **James Smith**.

SOURCES:

1 – A Brief Account of Some of the Early Settlers of Groton, Massachusetts, being the appendix to "Groton Epitaphs" by Samuel A. Green, M.D.

2 – An Account of Early Land Grants of Groton Massachusetts, by Samuel A Green.

3 – The Descendants of Thomas (2) Tarbell of Groton, Massachusetts, 1642 – 1678, Including the Family of Jerusha Tarbell Gordon 1753 – 1834 by Eleanor F. Skeate.

LONGLEY FAMILY

Motto: *Esse quam videri*, "To be rather than seem to be".

John Longley was the clerk of Lincoln County.

William Longley, (1614 – 1680) our immigrant ancestor, was born at Frisby, England. He married **Joanna Goff** (1619 – 1680) and they had seven children. (Joanna's brother, Thomas, was a merchant and ship owner. He was a member of the company that sponsored the Mayflower.) The Longley Family immigrated to New England and settled in Lynn, Massachusetts as early as 1635. He received land, built a house and lived there for about 17 years before moving and becoming one of the first settlers, as well as one of the largest land owners, of Groton, Massachusetts.

Some of the community responsibilities he filled in the two towns included: Town clerk, clerk of writs, magistrate, clerk of the military company, and selectman.

William apparently had an aggressive personality. He definitely believed in standing for what he believed to be right and just. Court records show that he often had difficulties with his neighbors and they disagreed on land claims. It's obvious, however, that there were two sides to each of these conflicts. Records show that in "1663, Thomas Newhall, the first white person born at Lynn was prosecuted by William Longley for assault and battery committed on the wife of said William Longley while she was assisting in running a land line." (It's hard to imagine a man attacking a woman over a land conflict.) Additionally, records show that William disagreed with some of the church leaders in Groton. At that time, ministers were often given large salaries and benefits to induce them to move to the frontier towns. William had a real problem with the whole idea.

In the spring of 1676, Indians destroyed the town of Groton. All of the people were forced to move elsewhere, at least for a short time. The Longley family moved to Charlestown where William had a grant of land. They lived there for a couple of years, and then they returned to Groton, along with a large percentage of the original citizens, and he rebuilt his house there.

Unfortunately, the problems with the Indians, and the devastation it caused to William and Joanna, didn't end with this incident. Years later, in July 1694, the Abenaki Indians attacked the home of their youngest son, William, and his wife Deliverance. The family lived on a remote farm, which made them easy targets for attack. The Indians were always looking for white children to take as captives to Canada because there was a great market for bright, attractive children to be sold. Apparently, the Indians had been watching the home, looking for an opportunity to attack. Early the next morning, they turned the cattle out of the barnyard into a cornfield, and lay in ambush. The trick worked, and William and his sons went out unarmed to drive the cattle from the corn. The Indians rose up, killed the father, the mother, and five of the children. (It is said, however, that Jemima, one of the daughters, whom they had tomahawked and scalped, was found alive, sitting upon a rock, and that she survived and lived a long, full life.) The Indians carried away three children: Betty, Lydia, and John. Betty died from

starvation and Lydia was sold to the French in Canada. She eventually became a Roman Catholic and a sister of the Congregation de Notre Dame in Montreal. John lived with the tribe for over four years, and was known as John Augary. He nearly starved to death at one time, but an Indian kindly gave him a dog's foot to gnaw, which saved his life. By the time the government ransomed him, when he was about 18 years old, he had no desire whatsoever to return to his previous life among white people. It actually took physical force to make him return to "civilization". Eventually, he became a leading citizen in Groton, and a deacon of the church.

By the time of the attack, William had passed away, and Joanna was left to mourn for the loss of her son and his family. She was to die not knowing the fate of her three grandchildren – whether they lived or died. We know that she was deeply concerned about the fate of their spiritual nature. Being a Christian woman, she undoubtedly was afraid that they would not be taught Christian values. In her will she included: "I give and bequeath unto my three children ye are in captivity, if they return, Vizdt, three books, one of ym a bible, another a sermon book, treating of faith, and the other a psalm book."

William died at Groton on November 29, 1680 at about 70 years of age. His widow, Joanna, married Benjamin Crispe, survived him, and died at Charlestowne, April 18, 1698, at the age of 79.

William and Joanna's daughter, **Hannah**, married **Thomas Tarbell, Jr.**

SOURCES:

- 1 - Descendants of William Longley of Lynn, Mass. in 1635, compiled from Family Records of Revised by Alice Longley.
- 2 – The Children of Thomas Goffe's Nephew, by Winnie E. Farnsworth, D.F.P.A.
- 3 – The Descendants of Thomas (2) Tarbell . . . by Elinor F. Skeate
- 4 – A Brief Account of Some of the Early Settlers of Groton, Massachusetts by Samuel A. Green, m.d.

ROGERS FAMILY

Motto: Lux mea Christus, "Christ is my light".



John Fitz Roger, Gentleman, was born about 1335 in England, the son or grandson of John or Aaron Fitz Roger of London. He married **Elizabeth de Furneaux**.

When she was 56 years old his mother gave birth to **Sir John Fitz Roger**, Knight (1386 – 1441) at Ashington, Somersetshire. He married **Agnes de Merceant** when he was about 19 years old. He earned and received Knighthood through recognition of his military service.

John owned an incredible amount of land, and in fact, his family became known as one of the wealthiest families in that section of England. Through inheritance, he became Lord of the huge Furneaux estates. In addition, he purchased quite a bit of property in Kent county, including "Benham-Valance", and then he bought "Bryanstone" in Dorsetshire. (This property was the main home of the family for generations.)

John died in 1441 at Bryanstone, and was buried in St. Martin's church where his coat of arms was carved on a tablet which was placed on his tomb. Because of his wealth, ability, and reputation, he has been recognized as being the patriarch of the Rogers home instead of his father. After John's time, the "Fitz" was dropped from the family name and an "s" was added at the end.

Note: Just before John's death, Jeanne (Joan) d'Arc (of Arc) was convicted of being a witch and burned at the stake.



Thomas Rogers, Gentleman, was born in 1408, the younger of two sons. He married about 1433. Although the name of his wife is not known, they had one son, Thomas (Junior). After his first wife's death, he married again and they had a daughter, Elizabeth.

Although Thomas, being the second son, should never have received his father's land as an inheritance, his brother didn't have any children and so he became the heir. He moved his family into the Benham-Valence home where he lived the rest of his life. He died there in 1471. For some unknown reason, his son Thomas didn't claim the property at the time, and so all of the estates went to Elizabeth.

Thomas Rogers, Seargeant-at-Law, Esquire (1435 – 1489) was born probably at "Benham-Valence. Being one of the younger children, he didn't inherit much as far as wealth. But he was blessed with a great intelligence. So,

he obtained a good education, and may have gone to Oxford University. Either way, he obtained considerable knowledge of the Law. By the time he was 19, the time of The Renaissance had begun.

He moved to the town of Bradford in Wiltshire where he set up an honorable and distinguished career in law. His ability, attention to his profession and power at the bar, brought him great success and when he was 43 years old, he was appointed by the Crown as "Serviens ad Legem", a life office bestowed because of professional attainments and worth of character. He became a man of influence in his community and eventually amassed a great fortune. At that time, he assumed a special arms that he designed and created for himself. His personal motto was "**Nos nostraque Deo. – Ourselves and our possessions to God, or We and ours to God.**" This became the Rogers' family motto after that point.

Heirloom from Thomas Rogers, Esq.



Silver Library Seal-Stamp Esoucheon,
Thos. Rogers of Bradford, S-L., Esq.
—Designed by him 1479h—



Large Pewter Plater, temp 1479-80
—2 1/2 in. diam—
Thos. Rogers of Bradford, Wiltshire.

Shortly after being appointed as Sergeant-at-Law, being assured of a good living, he married Cecilia in 1479. They only had one son. In 1483, he married 2nd **Catherine de Courtenay**, daughter of Sir Philip de Courtenay, Knight, and so the Roger Family joins a Royal line. Gibson wrote that the House of Courtenay as "one of the most illustrious races among the English nobility". At that time, they combined the Courtenay coat of arms with the one Thomas had created. It can be seen above.



John Rogers, of Deritend, (1485 – 1530) was born at Bradford. He had received a good education and possibly some financial backing. At one point he visited Kent to see his cousins. While there he met **Margaret (Margery) Wyatt**, they were married in 1505 – 6, and had five children. They finally settled at “Deritend” in Warwick. He was frequently called “John Rogers of Birmingham” and bore his father’s original coat of arms.

Reverend John Rogers, the martyr of the Anglican Reformation, was born about 1507, at ‘Deritend’ near Birmingham County, Warwick, England. He attended Cambridge and then was chosen to attend the Cardinal’s College at Oxford. While there he was made junior canon, and soon, thereafter, he went into the holy orders in the Roman Catholic Church. On 26 December 1532, he became Rector of the Church of “Holy Trinity the Less” in the city of London

where he served for two years. In 1534, he resigned to be a Chaplain for a company of English merchants at Antwerp, Brabant. While there, John met and married **Adriana Pratt, alias ‘de Weden’**, and they had 11 children – 8 sons and 3 daughters

Equally important, while in Brabant, he became friends with William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, and his beliefs began to change. The more he learned, the more discrepancies he found, and the more uncomfortable he became with the Catholic Church until he was finally converted to the Protestantism. At that time, he decided to publish the entire Bible in the English language. He translated the Apocrypha, corrected, prepared and edited the publication. Ultimately, he was able to introduce the first complete edition of both the Old & the New Testaments; and it was printed at the Antwerp press of Jacob von Meteren. (There are three original copies in the British Museum). He completed this great work alone, under the assumed name of “Thomas Matthew” – a combination of two apostles, and introduced it into England in 1537. His translation was one of those that were used to create the King James Version of the Bible. He also supplied notes and prefaces that became the first English commentary on the Bible.

Soon after this, he resigned his chaplainship and moved with his wife and child to Wittenberg, Saxony. While there, he learned the German language, took charge of a Protestant congregation and remained pastor there for the next 11 years. When King Edward VI took over the English throne and allowed protection for Protestants, he with his wife and eight children returned to England in 1548. In April 1550, he became Rector of St. Margaret Moyses. A few months later, he was made Vicar of St. Sepulchre, and the following year, he became the “Divinity Reader”. In April 1552, his family was granted naturalization under a special act of Parliament.



Reverend Rogers worked diligently in the Church, until the accession of Queen Mary to the throne. Unlike King Edward, Queen Mary (later to be known as Bloody Mary) didn’t like Protestants, and was determined to end such preaching. On the Sunday after her triumphal entry into London 16 July 1553, John preached a sermon at St. Paul’s cross in which he encouraged the people to continue with the doctrines they had been taught and to “resist the forms & dogmas of Catholicism and beware of all pestilent Popery idolatry, & superstition.” For this he was summoned before the Privy Council. He defended himself very ably, and so was discharged, but he never preached again. A couple of weeks later, he was commanded by the council to remain within his household. About 6 months later, Bishop Bonner ordered that he be taken to “Newgate Prison”

where he was kept captive for nearly one year. At that time, he and other Protestant leaders were brought back before the Privy Council. Five days later, he was brought back again, and the next day Cardinal Pole ordered a commission to proceed against the preachers who were accused of “heresy”. Six days later, John was sentenced, as an excommunicated heretic, to be burned to death at the stake. His sentence was carried out on Monday morning, 4 Feb 1554/5. He asked to be allowed to see his wife and children, but this request was denied. He was taken to Bishop Bonner and degraded from the priesthood according to the Roman ceremony, to which he submitted meekly. Once again he begged permission to see and talk to his wife and children before he went to his death. Again this request was inhumanly denied, and he was taken to the stake at Smithfield. While chained to the stake, he “exhorted the people to abide faithfully in the doctrine he had declared to them.” He was told at that point, that if he were willing to renounce Protestantism, he would be released, but he totally refused to do so. (Queen Mary required that none of her subjects could be burnt without some of the members of the council being there, and that there were to be good sermons preached at all the burnings.) After the pile was lit, with his wife and children watching, he washed his hands in the flames enwrapping him, and died a martyr to free religion.

“He was born of parents whose descent reached back into the best blood of England, nearly all adherents to the Church of Rome; yet displaying true bravery of soul, he dared to throw off the Roman cloak and assert the freedom of conscience-thought in a belief of independent formation & government of the Church representing the Christian religion. He was a saintly type of a man . . .”



Note: Many of the early ministers in America were part of John’s followers, and so his influence continued

Bernard Rogers (1543 – 1564) was born at Wittenberg, Saxony. He received his education in Germany, returned to England, and finally, moved to Scotland where he married (unfortunately, the name of his wife is not known). During his lifetime, Wars of Religion were being fought in France. The Black Plague hit Europe again in 1563. It may be assumed that this caused his death.

Thomas Matthew Rogers (1565 – 1608) was born in North England or Scotland. He married **Alice Calle** and they had a large family.

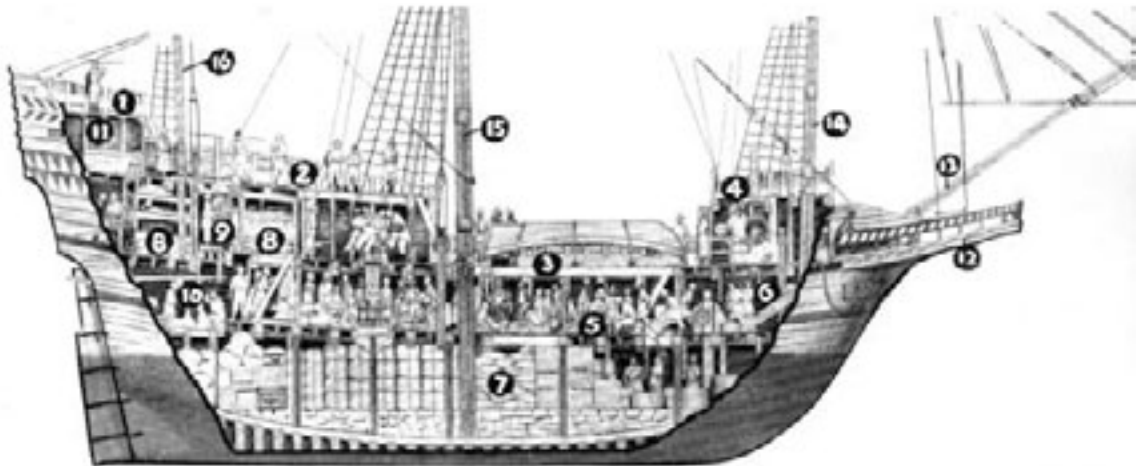
Thomas Roger (1587 – 1620) was born in Dorsetshire or Wiltshire, England. He married **Grace McKim**, daughter of Tobias Makin and Katherine Bell, and they had about six children. Not much else is known about Thomas. But, we do know that in 1619, he sued a baker and a miller of Leiden to free a lien on his house. This may have given him the necessary money to emigrate.

In 1620, Thomas and his eldest son, Joseph, came to America on the “Mayflower”. It’s difficult to imagine what it must have been like to have crossed the ocean in that ship. There were 102 people, all in an area the size of a volleyball court. Except for going on deck occasionally, they lived, ate and slept all in one small area called the “tween decks”. It took 66 days, over choppy waters and stormy weather, before they arrived at Plymouth Harbor. (Actually, the pilgrim’s destination was northern Virginia, but the ship was thrown off course by a storm, and once the ship landed at Plymouth, they decided to stay.) The Pilgrims’ first winter was very difficult. There weren’t enough houses built before

the winter came, and many of the people had to stay aboard the ship through the winter. The Pilgrims suffered from the bitter cold and lack of food, and as a result, only half survived.

It can be assumed that the plan was for Thomas and Joseph to come ahead and then, after they were settled, the rest of the family would join them. In the meantime, Grace and the other children stayed with Thomas' brother William. Unfortunately, Thomas was among the many who died in the "first sickness". (After his death, it is believed that Joseph was raised by Governor Bradford's family.)

This cut-away view shows passengers and crew as they would have been packed into the Mayflower.



Key to Drawing

1. Poop deck
2. Half deck
3. Upper deck
4. Forecastle
5. Main deck where most of the Pilgrims were housed
6. Crew's quarters
7. Large hold
8. Special cabins
9. Helmsman with whipstaff controlling the tiller
10. Tiller room
11. Captain's cabin
12. Beak
13. Bowsprit
14. Foremast
15. Mainmast
16. Mizzen mast

After Thomas' death, Grace remarried his brother William, and then, after he passed away, she married Roger Porter. At that time, the family came to America.

Thomas and Grace's daughter, **Elizabeth**, married **Daniel Smith**.

FURNEAUX LINE OF THE ROGERS FAMILY

The paternal ancestors of Elizabeth de Furneaux came from Furneaux, Normandy. The family, starting with Odo de Fornell or Furneaux, came to England with William the Conqueror. As the family grew they settled in different counties in England. Our line follows:

Odo de Fornell or Furneaux

born about 1040 in Normandy,
came to England with William the Conqueror

|

Sir Alan de Furnellis or Furneaux

|

Sir Galfried or Geoffrey de Furnellis or Furneaux

Sheriff of Devonshire, was a very "potent man", was knighted and obtained considerable wealth and influence.

|

Sir Henry & Johanna (Fitz William) de Furnellis or Furneaux

Sheriff of Devonshire, became lord of the manors in Somersetshire through his wife's inheritance. They lived during the time of the 3rd Crusade to Jerusalem and the Children's Crusade which involved 38,000 children.

|

Henry de Furneaux

Sheriff of Devonshire in 1214.

|

Matthew de Furneaux

Sheriff of Devonshire

He lived during the time of the 5th, 6th, 7th & 8th crusades.

Also during this time, China began manufacturing the first guns, and the first spinning wheel was brought from China into Germany.

|

Sir Matthew & Matilda or Maud (de Ralegh) de Furneaux

Lord of Ashington and Kilve.

Became a Knight, performed military service against the Welsh and the Scots.

Sheriff of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon for many years.

Justice in Oyer and Terminer, for Somerset, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall

Conservator of the Peace in Somerset.

Had custody of the King's Castle of Exeter, Somerset, and Dorset, as well of Shireborn.

|

Sir Simon & Alice (de Umfreville) de Furneaux

Inherited his father's estates

Man-at-arms in 1324

Served in military service



Commissionary of Array in Somerset
Had custody of Bridgewater Castle.
Knight of the Shire of Somerset in 1328

|
Elizabeth de Furneaux

Inherited her father's estates because he didn't have a son.
Married **John Fitz Roger**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – Lineage of the Rogers Family – England Embracing John Rogers the Martyr; Emigrant Descendants to America and issue by John Cox Underwood, C.E., A.M.
- 2 – The Thomas Rogers Family, www.mayflowerfamilies.com

WILLIAM BEAMSLEY

The name Bemesai is found in England in 1086, and refers to a valley-glade. As a surname it is found in the early records of Lincolnshire, England.

William (1605 – 1658) and his wife, **Ann Beamsley** (born about 1609) came to Boston in 1630, along with one daughter, Elizabeth, in one of the ships of the Winthrop Fleet. They eventually had nine more children. He called himself a yeoman. He became a member of the First Church of Boston, 1635, and was accepted as a freeman in 1636. Between the land he was granted and some that he bought, he acquired quite a bit of land. William built a causeway along the edge of his land on Muddy River. He built on a shore lot and in six years later built a wharf out from it. He and his family lived there until his death September 1658.

William held several positions in the community, including Constable, Overseer of Fences, Water Bailiff, as well as Surveyor of Highways. *He made various land purchases and frequently witnessed documents. In 1656 he became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company (see appendix) as an ensign.

Court records show that William was brought in on a couple of misdemeanor charges. In August 1650 he was ordered "to remove away his oyster shells from the Town's hyeway before his dore" or pay 20 shillings. Six years later, he was fined 10 shillings for allowing people to live in his home when they had not received the town's permission to become inhabitants (which probably means they were either Quaker or Baptist).

After Ann's death, William married a widow, Martha (Hallor) Bushnell, and accepted her three children, (in fact, in his will he left everything equally between all of the children) and then they had one daughter together.

Hannah Beamsley married **Coronet Abraham Perkins**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – The Clark and Worth Families
- 2 – The Town Officials of Colonial Boston

BURLEY FAMILY

The Burley name is an ancient English family name.



Giles Burley was born in England and married **Elizabeth**, and they were blessed with four children. He was the immigrant ancestor and was found in Ipswich, Massachusetts by 1648, where he lived upon Great Hill, Hogg Island and earned his living as a planter. Apparently, Giles was not schooled, but as can be seen by the picture, he made an interesting mark.

Giles died before 1668. Soon after his death, Elizabeth was granted trees to make 100 rails and 100 posts. She married as her second husband, Abraham Fitts, of Ipswich.

James Burley (1659 – 1721) was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts and died in Exeter, New Hampshire. He married Rebecca Stacy, and after she passed away in 1686, he remarried **Elizabeth** – the mother of his six children.

Josiah Burley (1701 – 1746) was given 30 acres of land in Exeter. Records shows that he signed a petition for a bridge in Newmarket in 1746. Josiah and his wife, **Hannah** (daughter of Judge Andrew Wiggin) and their family moved to Newmarket. They were still living there at the time of his death.

Samuel Burley married **Sarah Stevens**. He was a farmer in Newmarket and a highway surveyor.

His daughter, **Abigail**, married **Samuel Smith**.

SOURCE:

1 – [The Genealogy of the Burley or Burleigh Family of America](#), by Charles Burleigh, published by Press of B. Thurston & Company, 1880.

DOWNING FAMILY

Motto: Ne vous importer jamais “Never be too eager.”

The Downing Coat of Arms, which is used by our line of the Downing Family, originally belonged to Godfrey Downing of Norwich, England.

The first known generation on our Direct Line was **George Downing** (1520 – 1561) of Beccles County, Suffolk, England. He was born about 1500, married **Cicely**, and they had five children. George died at about 61 years of age.

George Downing (1552 – 1611) of Ipswich, England, entered Queen’s College in Cambridge, England in 1569. His father’s will included the request that he go to the university, so education was obviously considered important to the family. In his will he leaves all his “books at home and at Cambridge” to Joseph Downing. He married **Dorcas Blois**, and they had seven children. He was the master of the Grammar School in Ipswich. George and Dorcas lived in the parishes of St. Bridget and St. Michael. According to his will, he had several homes, which he rented out for additional income. He died and was buried in St. Lawrence.

Emmanuel Downing (1585 – 1656) was baptized 12 August 1585 at St. Lawrence, Ipswich, England. On 1 June 1614, he married **Anne Ware** (1592 – 1641), the daughter of Sir James Ware of Dublin, Ireland, and they were blessed with three children. Emmanuel was a lawyer by the Inner Temple Gen-

try and he practiced law in London. He also spent some time in Edinburgh, Scotland.

After Anne passed away, Emmanuel married as a second wife, Lucy Winthrop, sister of John Winthrop of Massachusetts. In March 1638, the family came to America. They lived in Salem, Massachusetts for several years where he was active in the affairs of the colony, and in the iron works in New England. A few years later Emmanuel purchased a large farm, "Groton Farm", at Groton, Massachusetts. He became a deputy and an influential citizen.

Emmanuel was instrumental in the founding of a college, which they called "Cambridge", until Rev. John Harvard left his estate to the college, and the name was changed to Harvard. Emmanuel's 5th son, George, graduated in its first class.

Emmanuel died at his farm in Groton at the age of 71 years, leaving Lucy as a widow.

Their daughter, **Susan**, married **Robert Roberts**.

SOURCE:

1 – The Genealogy of the Downing Family With the First Known Ancestor in England, Around the Year 1500 and Branches of the Family, by Stella Downing page, et al.

MILLIKEN FAMILY

Motto: *Regard bien* "Attend well".

Sir Hugh Milliken, with his wife **Eleanor (or Ellison)**, and son John came to America from Scotland near the end of the 17th century. His name is found in the membership of the Scots Charitable Society of Boston in 1686.

John Milliken (1680 – 1749) married **Elizabeth Alger** (1685 – 1754), daughter of John and Mary (Wilmot) Alger. The Milliken family lived for years in Boston, where he served as a prominent member of the Scots Charitable Society. Originally, John is listed as a carpenter, but when his father-in-law passed away, Elizabeth inherited extensive lands in Scarborough, Maine and they continued on with a prosperous farm there. John also served as a selectman in the town government.

John died in 1749, and his widow died five years later.

Edward Milliken, (1706 – 1771) or "Justice Milliken" as he was later known, was baptized at the Brattle Street Church in Boston. He married **Abigail Norman** (born in 1710), probably the granddaughter of John Mulberry, and they had 10 children.

The family settled in Scarborough, Maine in 1729, and he was admitted to the first church there. He served his community as a judge in the inferior court (and so earned the name of "Justice"). Later, he was granted land in Trenton on Union River, and played a prominent part in that settlement.

"He had the reputation of being a man of sound judgment and sterling integrity, a useful citizen and public-spirited townsman."

Joseph Milliken married **Sarah Foster** and they had a daughter, **Susannah**, who married **John Foss**.

SOURCES:

1 – Descendants of James Irish 1710 - 1940 and Allied Families, by Jennie J. Wight Howes, Published The Dingley Press, Inc., 1941.

2 – Representative Men and Old Families of Southeastern Massachusetts,

NORTHEND FAMILY

The Northend surname simply came about because our ancestor as “the man from the north end of the village”.

John Northend and his wife, **Elizabeth**, lived in Ripplingham Parish, Rowley, Yorkshire, England where they had eight children. Four of the children came with them to America and settled in Rowley, Massachusetts.

Ezekiel Northend was born in Hunsley or Weeton Parva in Rowley, Yorkshire, England in 1622. He, along with his sisters Alice, Elizabeth, and Margaret immigrated to America with their parents when he was 17 years old. Ezekiel married **Edna Lambert**, the widow of Richard Bailey, and they had seven children.

He was a highly respected citizen in Rowley and active in public responsibilities. He served on trial juries, was a selectman and a Deputy Marshall, and was a corporal in King Philip’s War. He must have had some carpentry skills since records show that he was one of those appointed to build a six-foot wide bridge over the Newbury River. In addition, he was required to survey a highway from Topsfield meetinghouse to the Haverhill ferry. He was also a “lot layer” for Rowley.

Ezekiel passed away at Rowley, in 1693, and Edna, having once again been left a widow, died in 1706.

Ezekiel and Edna’s daughter **Agnes** married **John Emery**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – The Clark and Worth Families, by Carol Clark Johnson.
- 2 – Descendants of Ezekiel Northend of Rowley, Printed at the Salem Press, 1874.

PERKINS FAMILY

Motto: Nostra Tempora Opprimur, “Our New Beginnings”.



Perkins is one of the most notable surnames from the genealogical research of Anglo/Saxon surnames. The name itself first appears on the census rolls taken by the Kings of England beginning about 400 a.d. However, there is evidence showing that the origin of the Perkins “Clan” is Celtic/Welsh.

Our Lineage follows:

Peter Morley alias **Perkins**, of Shropshire, England was the baliff or manager of the Lord Hugh Despencer estates including the Manor of Shipton in Oxfordshire. He married **Agnes Taylor**.

|
Henry Perkins

|
John Perkins, Esquire

Seneschal [steward] to Thomas Despencer,
Earl or Duke of Gloucester in 1398.

|
William Perkins married **Margaret Collee**.
Lord of Ufton in 1427,
Bailiff to Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester.

|
Thomas Perkins (1452 – 1479) & **Ellen Tompkins**

|
William Perkins (1430 – 1495) & **Joanna Reed**

|
Thomas Perkins (1457 – 1528) married **Alyce/Alice de Astley**.

Both were buried in the church of St. John the Baptist. The following inscription can be found:

“Here lyeth Thomas Perkins and Alice and Elizabeth.
Our Lord save their soules from everlasting death. Amen.”

|
Henry Perkins (1484 – 1547)

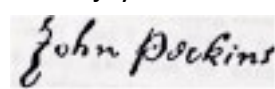
|
Thomas Perkins (1510 – 1592) married **Alice Kebble**.
Buried in the Parish Church or Churchyard at Hillmorton.

|
Henry Perkins (1536 – 1609) married **Elizabeth Sawbridge**.



|
John Perkins, (1593 – 1654) born at Newens, Gloucester County, England, married **Judith Gater**, daughter of Michael and Isabel (Baylie) Gater. In December 1630, the Perkins family, including children John, Thomas, Jacob, and Mary, left England to come to America in the ship “Lion” with William Pierce Master. After a stormy passage of 67 days and an encounter with “a great drift of ice, they arrived safely at Nantasket February 5, 1631 The arrival of the ship “Lyon” represented a miracle for the early colonists.

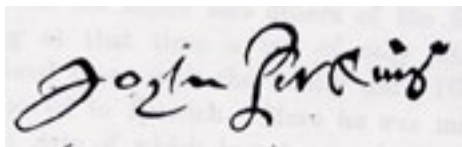
Prince’s Annals of New England records, “As the winter (1629-30) came on provisions are very scarce (in the Massachusetts Bay) and the people necessitated to feed on clams and muscles, and ground nuts and acorns; and these got with much difficulty in the winter season. Upon which people grew much tired and discouraged; especially when they hear that the governor himself has his last batch of bread in the oven. And many are the fears of the people that Mr. Pierce, who was sent to Ireland for provisions, is either cast away or taken by the pirates. Upon this a day of fasting and prayer to God for relief is appointed (to be on the 6th of February). But God, who delights to appear in the greatest straits, works marvelously at this time; for on February 5, the very day before the appointed fast, in came the ship Lion, Mr. William Pierce master, now arriving at Nantasket, laden with provisions. Upon which joyful occasion the day is changed and ordered to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving.”

 For about two years after their arrival in America, the Perkins family lived in Boston. They moved to “Agawam” (later named Ipswich), Massachusetts where John made a living in agriculture. John’s name was the first that appears in the town records. He took a prominent position among the early colonists, was on the original board of government, and represented the town at the General High Court for many years.

John passed away in 1654 at the age of 64, leaving Judith as a widow.

Note: One of John and Judith’s daughters, Mary Perkins Bradbury, was one of those accused of

being a witch. Although she was convicted, her friends were able to delay the execution until after the witchcraft hysteria was over, and she was released.



John Perkins, Jr. (1609 – 1686) was born in England and came, with his family, to America. He married **Elizabeth Eveleth** about 1635, and they had nine children. His youngest son, Thomas, was an invalid and was unable to support himself.

When he was 20 years old, John was given 6 acres of land, and through the years he acquired more land. He was also involved in the coast fisheries and cured fish.

John became well known in the community for having provided protection. Apparently, the Indians had been peaceful for a while after a war. In fact, most of the men were back to their occupations and not overly concerned about attack. A friendly Indian named Robin, came to John Perkins, then a young man, and told him that on a certain Thursday morning, four Indians would try to get the men to go down the hill to the waterside and when they got there, 40 canoes full of armed Indians would attack. Instead of the Indian Ambush, the colonists were able to make a different plan. When the Indians came to get them to go down to the waterside, John refused to go, started thumping drums and shot his muskets. This in turn alerted men who were hidden in the swamplands and they started shooting. The Indians thought they were surrounded and promptly retreated.

John opened the first Public House in Ipswich and was chosen Quartermaster and Ordinary Keeper of the Military Organization of the province.

Elizabeth died 27 September 1684 and John passed away 14 December 1686.

Abraham Perkins, (1640 – 1722) married **Hannah Beamsley** and they had ten children. He was given 80 acres of land in Hampton, New Hampshire. He was often employed in business for other people and the town, as well. His handwriting is much more modern in appearance than most of the old penmanship, and both neat and legible. He was elected Marshall.

In his later years, he apparently moved back to Ipswich, where he died at age 82. Records show that he died from “being run over by a Turnbrill, broke many bones a Cross his breast”.

Abraham and Hannah’s daughter, **Dorothy** married **Coronet Francis Peabody**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – History of the Town of Hampton, New Hampshire . . ., by Joseph Dow
- 2 – The Perkins Family, by Paul H. Daigle.
- 3 – The Perkins Genealogy, Ancestors and Descendants of John Perkins and Judith Gater Arrived in Boston, Massachusetts in 1631, Revised Edition, 1989.
- 4 – English Origin of Six Early Colonists by the Name of Perkins. . . Abraham and Isaac Perkins of Hampton, New Hampshire by Paula Perkins Mortensen, Published by Gateway Press, inc., Baltimore, MD, 1998.
- 5 – The Family of John Perkins of Ipswich, Massachusetts, by George A. Perkins, M.D, Pinrted for the Author by the Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co., 1889.
- 6 – The Founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, a Careful Research of the Earliest Records of Many of the Fore-most Settlers of the New England Colony: Compiled from the Earliest Church and State Records, and Valuable Private Papers Retained by Descendants for Many Generations, By Sarah Saunders Smith, Press of Sun Printing Company, 1897.
- 7 – Genealogical and Family History of the State of Maine, by George Thomas Little.
- 8 – Descendants of John Perkins, www.geocities.com/Heartland/Pointe/8805/perkins.htm.
- 9 – Lords of Ufton, www.britannia.com/history/berks/gene/perkped.html
- 10 – Thomas Perkins, www.aemyers.net/genealogy/d0008/g0000089.html

SWAN FAMILY



The name, Swan, had three possible origins: 1) from the baptismal name “the son of Swan”; 2) from a nickname “the Swan”; 3) or probably from residence “at the Swan”. The Swan family has an ancient lineage, some of the names being on record as early as 1273 in the counties of Cambridge and Lincoln in England. Our line follows:

Christopher Swan

|

Robert & Juliana Swan

|

Richard Swan (1600 – 1678) married **Ann Gott** (1604 – 1658) and they had 10 children. He was born in England and came to America in 1638. On arrival, he settled at Boston, Massachusetts and became a member of the church there in 1639. In September of that year, he moved to Rowley, Massachusetts, where he became a prominent citizen. He considered himself a “husband-man” and served the community in various ways. He

was a selectman for many years, constable, town marshal, a deputy, and a representative for the town in the Massachusetts General Court for several years. He served on several committees to decide the boundary lines between Rowley and other towns. In addition, he served in King Philip’s War and in an expedition to Canada.

Ann passed away April 1658, and he married Mrs. Ann Trumbull, widow of John Trumbull. He died in Rowley and was buried 14 May 1678.

Robert Swan (1627 - 1698) was born in England and came over the seas with his parents to America. After his family moved to Rowley, Massachusetts, in 1650, he met and married **Elizabeth Acie**, (1632 – 1689) daughter of William and Margaret (Haiton) Acie, and they had 14 children. The Swans moved from Rowley to Andover, and finally settled in Haverhill. Haverhill was a frontier settlement, and more than 50 years passed before it was free from danger of Indian raids.

One story told about Robert’s son, John, and daughter-in-law Susanna, demonstrates some of the challenges they had to face while living in Haverhill. “During the Indian War, when so many inhabitants were killed, the Indians attacked their home, which stood in a field. Goodman Swan and his wife saw them approaching and determined if possible to save the own lives and the lives of their children. They immediately placed themselves against the door, which was so narrow that two could scarcely enter abreast. The Indians rushed against it, but finding that it could not easily be opened, one of them placed his back against the door and others pushed against him. Their strength was greater than that of the besieged, and Goodman Swan, begin rather a timid man, almost despaired of saving himself and family and told his wife he thought it would be better to let them in, but this resolute and courageous woman had no such idea (perhaps the fact that her first husband was killed by Indians made her more determined). The Indians now had succeeded partly in opening the door, and one of them was crowding himself in, with others pushing after. The heroic wife saw there was no time for parleying; she seized her back spit, which was nearly three feet in length and a deadly weapon in the hands of the woman, as it proved, and collecting all the strength she possessed, drove it through the body of the foremost Indian. This reception being too warm for the intruders, they retreated.”

Susanna had another way of protecting her family when her husband was off to the Indian wars. She would hang balls of carpet rags in the upper windows of her home and have the children keep them moving while she would beat a drum downstairs and the Indians would think there were many people in the house, and so pass them by unmolested.

Robert was a soldier in the Great Swamp fight in King Philip's War, serving under Lieutenant Benjamin Swett. The Governor promised the soldiers at that time that "if they played the man, took the fort, and drove the enemy out of the Narragansett country, which is their great seat, they should have a quantity of land, besides their wages." It was more than 50 years before this promise was carried out. Actually, it was his son, Richard, who benefited from the promise.

It appears from town records that Robert was an influential citizen. He was selectman. His judgment and fairness were recognized by his appointment on several committees. One of the more difficult tasks he was involved in was settling disputing boundaries. There's nothing like possessions to make people edgy. At one point, the town records show that John Carleton was fined 3 pounds for striking Robert Swan several blows, and Robert Swan 30 shillings for striking John Carlton. He was also appointed one of the Highway Surveyors.

Elizabeth died in 1689 and the following year he married Hannah Russ. Robert died at Haverhill 11 February 1698.

Robert and Elizabeth's daughter, **Elizabeth**, married **Matthew Harriman**.

SOURCES:

1 – Ancestors of Alden Smith Swan and his Wife Mary Althea Farwell, Compiled for Their Daughter, Florence Althea Gibb, by Joseph C. Frost, Published by The Hills Press, 1923.

2 - The Genealogical Register

3 – Evans and Allied Families A Genealogical Study with Biographical Notes, compiled and printed privately for Marion Boyle Evans, by The American Historical Co., Inc., 1946.

4 – Richard Swan and Some of His Descendants by Frank H. Swan, Privately printed by the Akerman-Standard Co., 1927.

STACY FAMILY

Simon Stace (1604 – 1649) came from Bocking, in the County of Essex, England, where he was a clothier and settled at Ipswich, Massachusetts. He was a proprietor there and died 1649. His widow, **Elizabeth (Clerke)** (1606 – 1670) was granted meadowland there, and she died in 1670.

Thomas Stacey, (1631 – 1690) Simon's 2nd son, was born in England and came to America with his parents. He was a resident of Ipswich, Massachusetts. While there he subscribed for the cart bridge, and for military instruction by Major Denison. He married **Susanna Worcester** (1635 – 1709), daughter of Reverend William and Sarah Worcester of Salisbury, Massachusetts, and they had 11 children. He was received into full communion with the church in 1674, and died about November 1690.

William Stacy, (1656 – 1703) 2nd son of Thomas and Susanna, was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts. He married **Mehitable Weymouth** (1669 – 1753), daughter of Edward and Hester, (Hodsdom) Weymouth, and they had seven children. The family moved to Kittery, Maine in 1679, and made their home on the north side of Sturgeon creek. William and Mehitable both passed away and were buried there.

Their daughter, **Mary**, married **John Thompson**.

SOURCE:

1 – [Representative Men and Old Families of Southeastern Massachusetts](#),

GEORGE ROPES

George Ropes (1618 – 1670) came to America in 1624 as an indentured servant to Gervas Garford. After several years of working for Garford, they apparently had a major disagreement. In April 1630, General Court records show that he was convicted “striking his master, throwing him down, and spurning him with his feet.” The punishment was for him to be severely whipped, and John Endicott was appointed to see that it was done. At this time, he returned to England.

Six years later, he returned to Salem. Apparently, no one held a grudge of any kind, because records show that the townsmen voted to give him 20 acres of land. In 1665, he was elected constable of Salem.

George married **Mary** (surname not known), and they had eight children. He passed away in June 1670 leaving Mary a widow. Her date of death is, again, unknown.

The Ropes daughter, Mary, married John Norman.

SOURCES:

1 - [What’s My Line??? The Ropes Family in America](#),

2 – [History of Salem](#) by Perley.

COFFIN FAMILY

Motto: Extant recté factis praemia, “The rewards of good deeds endure”.

The name “Coffin” originally came from Fallaise, Normandy, France, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, and came from the French adjective “Chauve” (bald). The family traces its ancestry to Sir Richard Coffin, Knight, who came to England with William. He was given the manor of Alwington in the county of Devonshire.

Before the year 1254, the family was found near the sea at Portledge in Alwington parish. From the time of Henry VIII to Edward II, for a period of 200 years, the heir of the Coffin family always received the name of Richard.

Nicholas Coffin (1561 – 1613) was born in Buttlers Parish, Brixton, Devonshire. During his lifetime, the Flint-lock firing mechanism and flushable toilets were invented. (Obviously, the flushables weren’t used for hundreds of years – who knows why?!)

He married the widow **Johan Avent** (1550 – 1614) in 1579, and they were blessed with five children. Nicholas died at Brixton leaving Johan a widow.

Peter Coffin (1580 – 1627), eldest son of Nicholas, married **Joan Kember** (1584 – 1661) and they had six children. He was listed as a churchwarden in Brixton. He died there, and his widow, Joan, came to New England in 1642. She died in Boston, Massachusetts, and was described as “a woman of remarkable character”.

Peter and Joan's daughter **Joanna** married **Joseph Hull**.

SOURCES:

- 1 – Genealogical and Family History of Northern New York, by William Richard Cutter.
- 2 – Clark and Work Families by Carol Clark Johnson.
- 3 - Early Wills Illustrating the Ancestry of Harriet Coffin with Genealogical and Biographical Notes by her grandson, William S. Appleton, Press of David Clapp & Son, 1893.



CONEY FAMILY

The Coney name came from the old English name for rabbit, "Coney".

Our earliest ancestor on this line, **Robert Conney** of Byam, France came into England when King Edward II brought Queen Isabell from France as his wife in 1308.

From Robert, our line follows:

Sir Hugh Conney, Knight

|

Anthony Conny

|

Robert Coney

|

Geoffrey Coney was born about 1420 in Lincolnshire. He married **Elizabeth Coplelike**, daughter of William and Elinor (Hawley) Coplelike, and they were blessed with six children.

Thomas Coney (1450 – 1522) was born in Lincolnshire. The Renaissance period began when

he was four and continued through the rest of his lifetime. Thomas and his brother, John, purchased land jointly and both lived there.

Although the name of his wife is not known, they had two children.

William Coney (1488 – 1556) also was born in Kirton. During his lifetime, a lot of the explorers were actively sailing around the world. Columbus discovered America, John Cabot found Newfoundland, and Ponce De Leon established the first US colony in Florida.

In about 1510, William married **Agnes Langrake**, (1492 – 1556), daughter of Roger Langrake, and they had four children. According to the records, William faced some difficulty in which he was required to explain how he obtained some of his land. Apparently, Agnes' father had land, which he left in his will to his son John. After John's death, the 16 acres legally belonged to Agnes, but John Langrake, Agnes' nephew tried to take the land and actually started a lawsuit. Apparently, William won.

Roger Coney (1520 – 1572), yeoman, was born in Frampton, England. He married **Margaret** about 1545, and they were blessed with four children including **Marguerite** who married **Richard Pierce**.

Sources:

1 – Ancestors and Descendants of John Coney of Boston, England and Boston, Massachusetts by Mary Lovering Holman, compiled by author for Harriett Grace Scott of Brookline, Mass., 1928.

2 – The Ancestry of Rederic Rockwell Gladstone Sanborn by Frederic Rockwell Sanborn.

COPLEDIKE FAMILY

The Copledikes were a leading family in Lincolnshire from the 13th to the 17th century. They held Copuldike's manor in Frampton, from the earliest times, and acquired large estates through various marriages.

The earliest ancestor that the family can be traced to is **Roger Copledike**. He lived in the early part of the 13th century, and he married **Elinor Spalding**, daughter and heir of Ralph Spalding.

Sir **Alan Copledike** (1235 – 1273) was born probably in Lincolnshire. In about 1260, he married **Helen Leake**, daughter of Richard Leake, and they had three children. The family lived in Frampton and then in Holland, Lincolnshire, England.

Sir **Roger Copledike** (1266 – 1324), was born in Frampton. He married **Agnes Friskney**, daughter and co-heir of Ralph Friskney, and they were blessed with two children. (Friskney family arms is described as Azure, a satire between four crosslets or.)

Sir **Alexander Copledike**, (1290 – 1334) Knight, was born in Frampton, England. He married **Joane Huntingfield**, daughter and heir of Sir John Huntingfield, and they had four children.

Sir **Roger Copledike** (1316 – 1363) was also born in Frampton. When he married **Maude Harrington**, daughter and heiress of Sir John Harrington, the family, consisting of two children, moved to Harrington, England.

Sir **John Copledike** (1338 – 1380) was probably born and lived all of his life at Harrington. Records certainly show that he was there when he died in 1380. He married **Anne Croft**, daughter of Ralph (or Richard) Croft. Sir John inherited Harrington from his mother. In the parish church, one of

the carvings on a tomb is said to be the image of Sir John. It shows a knight in chain armor with crossed legs and shield. Additionally, there's an engraving of the Copledike arms on a baptismal font.

Sir **John Copledike** (1360 – 1408) married **Alice** as his first wife about 1381, and we know that they had one son. After Alice's death, John married Margaret Constable. John was Sheriff of Lincoln County in 1400. A carving representing both John and Margaret can be found in the Harrington Parish church, along with the one of his father.

William Copledike (1382 – 1417) was born at Harrington. In about 1401, he married **Elizabeth Clifton**, daughter of Sir John Clifton of County Nottingham, and they had two children.

William Copledike was born at Harrington about 1402. He married **Elinor Hawley**, daughter of Sir Thomas and Margaret Hawley, and they had three children.

William and Elinor's daughter, **Elizabeth**, married **Geoffrey Coney**.

SOURCES:

1 – Ancestors & Descendants of John Coney of Boston, England and Boston, Massachusetts, by Mary Lovering Holman, 1928.

HAWLEY FAMILY

Motto: Et suivez moi "And Follow Me".

Robert Hawley of Girsby in the parish of Burgh on Bain, county Lincoln, married **Joan**. They had a grant of land in Girsby from Ralph le Muer of Covenham in 1309.

|
Sir William Hawley, Knight

|
Sir William Hawley, Knight

Patron of the churches of Wyham and Cadeby.

|
Sir Thomas Hawley, Knight & **Margaret**
Had a license for mass in the Chapel at Girsby.

|
Elinor Hawley married **William Copledike**.

SOURCE:

Ancestors and Descendants of John Cheney . . . By Mary Lovering Holman

PAGE FAMILY

Motto: **Honneur pour object, "Honour for object"**.

The Page name was originally given to young people between seven and 14 years of age while they were receiving their education for Knighthood. There doesn't seem to be one single line to which all the Page families in America can trace their ancestry. But our specific line is as follows:

Robert Page, (1603 – 1679) son of **Robert Page** (1577 – 1617) & **Margaret Goodwin** (1570 – 1637), was born in Ormsby, Norfolk, England. He married **Lucy Ward** (1605 – 1665), and they had eight children. In 1637, the records show that Robert and Lucy, along with three children, “Francis, Margaret, and Susanna, and two servants, William Moulton aged 20 years and Anne Wadd, 15 years, were desirous to passe into New England to inhabit.”

Robert was given a ten-acre lot in Hampton in 1639, and the family settled there. He was a master carpenter and built the first sawmill. Goodman Page, as he was called, was one of the “most active, energetic and influential men of the town” and served in his community as a selectman for six years. He represented the town in the General Court of Massachusetts, and was at one time Marshall of Norfolk County. In addition to civic responsibilities, Robert was recognized in the church. The front seat was considered the most honorable place, and Robert was given the honor of sitting there. He was one of the deacons of the church and for some time was the only deacon. After his death, his son, Francis, succeeded him in that position.

Lucy died at age 58, leaving Robert a widower. He died at the age of 75.

John Page (1614 – 1687) was born in England, and was trained as both a carpenter and a farmer. It is believed that he emigrated from Hingham, Norfolk County, England with a group under the direction of Rev. Peter Hobart. They debarked at Charlestown, Massachusetts on 4 June 1635. (His name is not found on a ship list because he was a single man and only families are listed. Additionally, he may have come as an indentured servant.)

John married **Mary Marsh** (1618 – 1696), daughter of George and Elizabeth Marsh, and they had 11 children. The family settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, a town located on the Atlantic seacoast not far north from the site of the “Plimoth Plantation”.

In 1646, he was involved in the controversy over the militia, and Lt. Eamas vs. Lt. Allen. Along with others and the pastor, he was fined 16s 5d for insubordination but relieved of the fine upon plea of poverty. As a result of the problems, many families moved from Hingham, and John moved to Haverhill, Massachusetts, north of Boston and near the border of what would someday become New Hampshire, where Mary’s brother, Onesiphorous, lived.

John passed away at Haverhill on 23 November 1687, and his widow, Mary died about 10 years later in 1697. There seems to have been great difficulty surrounding the settlement of his affairs and it actually took 36 years before the estate was finally settled.

Joseph Page (1647 – 1683) was born at Hingham, Massachusetts. He married Judith Guild, and after her death remarried **Martha Dow**, daughter of Thomas and Phebe Dow and widow of Joseph Heath. They had six children, two of whom were killed by Indians.

In 1669, Joseph was listed as having a home at Haverhill. He died 5 February 1683, and Martha married as a third husband, Samuel Parker.

Joseph and Martha’s daughter, **Martha** married **Matthew Harriman**.

SOURCES:

1 – Descendants of John Page (1614 – 1687) of Hingham and Haverhill, Massachusetts, Compiled by Theda Page Brigham.

2 – History of the Town of Hampton, New Hampshire. . ., by Joseph Dow.

3 – Ancestors of Alden Smith Swan and his wife, Mary Althea Farwell. . . by Josephine C. Frost.

4 – An Account of the Early Land-Grants of Groton, Massachusetts, by Samuel Abbott Green, M.D. Published in Groton: 1879.

5 – Representative Men and old Families of Southeastern Massachusetts

6 – The Family of John Page of Haverhill, Massachusetts A Comprehensive Genealogy From 1614 – 1977 by Lynn M. Case.

WHITE FAMILY

Marcus or Mark White (1472 – 1530) lived in either Timsbury or Leckford, Hampshire England during much of the time of Discovery – during the explorations of Columbus, Cabot, Ponce De Leon, and Magellan. The name of his wife is unknown, but they had nine children. One note of interest is that in his will he gave to “every house within Timsbury half a bushel of whete and as much malt”.

John White (1510 – 1579) continued to live in Timsbury. He married **Mildred Weston** (1528 – 1567), probably of the Westons of Roxwell, Essex, England, and they had seven children. Not much else is known. John did follow his father’s example and in his will he gave to the church and to the poor people in Timsbury.

John White (1550 – 1618) married **Isabelle Bawle** (1552 – 1601), daughter of John Bawle, and they had seven children. One of their sons, John, would become one of the chief founders of the Massachusetts Colony in New England.

John and Isabelle’s daughter, **Martha**, married **William Cooke**, and eventually became mother of Elizabeth Walton (Rev. William Walton’s wife).

SOURCES:

1 – Brief Historical and Genealogical Account of the Walton Family . . . By Hattie E. Walton Heininger

JOHN & DOROTHY DAY PIKE

John Pike’s ancestral line is as follows:

Sir Richard Pyke

(of Pikes Ash, Moorlinck Parish, West Bridgewater, Somersetshire, England)

|
Thomas Pike

|
Hugh Pyke & Elizabeth

|
Thomas Pyke

|
John Pyke

|
William Pyke & Alice Bowering

|
Stephen Pyke & Dorothy Cuffe (Cutts)

|
John Pike & Jane Castleman

|

John Pike (1588 – 1654) married **Dorothy Day** (1594 – 1654), and they had seven children. The family sailed from Southampton, England on 6 April 1635, in the ship “James”, with Captain Cooper, and arrived in Boston, Massachusetts on Monday, 3 June 1635.

Originally, the Pike family settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, but they, like many other families, felt the need to colonize. He moved next to Newbury, and then, late in life, he moved to Salisbury, where he died.

John is listed on the records as a “labourer”, but he must have been educated (rare in that day) because he served the town of Newbury as judge on small matters. As found in records, he had beautiful handwriting.

John and Dorothy obviously taught their children well. Two of their sons, in particular, have been recognized as prominent men in history. Captain John Pike (oldest son) moved to New Jersey and became one of the important settlers in Piscataway and Woodbridge. He was the first “President” in Woodbridge and also served as a magistrate. Meanwhile their second son, Robert, was known as a man who protested injustices. Not only did he fight against the persecution of the Quakers, but late in his life, he was the only man who came to the judges and protested the witchcraft trials. He insisted that there was no way to prove the charges and that it was illegal to hold court against these people. So determined was he, that the poet, John G. Whittier, wrote a lengthy poem describing his actions.

John & Dorothy’s daughter, **Dorothy**, married **Daniel Hendrick**.

SOURCE:

1 – [The Hendrick Genealogy](#) by Chas. T. Hendrick

EMERY FAMILY

Motto: Fidelis et suavis “Faithful and gentle”.

The Emery name was an ancient personal one that in time became a surname. Members of various Emery families were found among the early New England colonists.

The first ancestor on our family line of which we have positive record is **John Emery** who, with his wife, **Agnes Northend**, (who was an ancestor of US President Franklin Pierce), lived, and probably died, in Romsey, Hertfordshire, England.

Anthony Emery, (1600 – 1680) the second son of John and Agnes, married **Frances Porter**. In 1635, Anthony, along with his brother, John, their wives, and probably one or two of their children sailed for America. They left from Southampton, England on April 3 in the ship “James of London”, with William Cooper as master, and arrived in Boston, Massachusetts on 3 June 1635. He is listed as having been a carpenter in Romsey.

Anthony’s family settled temporarily in Ipswich before moving on to Newbury, where they lived for about five years. They later moved to Dover, New Hampshire, and on October of 1640, he signed the “Dover Combination.” Their home was at Dover Neck, where he kept an ordinary or inn until it was destroyed by fire.

In 1648, Anthony bought a house, field, and a marsh on Sturgeon creek, in Piscataqua (later named Kittery), Maine, and moved his family there.

Anthony was involved in community affairs in all the towns in which he resided. Some of the positions in which he served, includes: Selectman, juryman, constable, and deputy to the General Court. He was one of 41 men of Kittery who recognized the authority of the government of Massachusetts Bay.

He did have a few brushes with court. At one time, he was indicted for the death of a man who drowned in a well he had dug "in the King's Highway", but later proven innocent since the well was filled up. In 1656, he was fined five pounds for "mutinous courage in questioning the authority of the court of Kittery", and four years later he was fined a second time for entertaining Quakers. At that point, he was deprived of the rights of a freeman in Kittery, and so, he moved to Portland, Rhode Island where he remained the rest of his life.

"He was a man of good business qualifications, energetic, independent, resolute in purpose, bold in action, severe in speech, jealous of his own rights and willing to suffer for conscience sake. He was one of those men who did their own thinking and would rather be right than be president."

Anthony's one surviving son, **James**, (1630 – 1714) was born in England and crossed the oceans with his father in 1635. He met **Elizabeth (Newcomb) Pidge** (1632 – 1687) in Dedham, Massachusetts, they were married, and they had seven children.

James owned land and lived in the Maine towns of Kittery, Dedham, and Berwick. He served as a selectman and as a representative to General Court.

James was a very large man, weighing over 350 pounds. Elizabeth died in Newbury, Massachusetts, and James passed away in Berwick, Maine.

James and Elizabeth's daughter, **Sarah**, married **John Thompson**.

Sources:

- 1 - The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island; Comprising Three Generations of Settlers Who Came Before 1690 (With Many Families Carried to the Fourth Generation), by John Osborne Austin, printed by Joel Munsell's Sons, 1887.
- 2 – Maine A History, Biographical, Published by the American Historical Society, New York, 1919.
- 3 – Anthony Emery, www.smokykin.com/ged/f002/f23/a0022334.htm

EDWARD WEYMOUTH



Edward Weymouth was born about 1639 in England, or maybe on a ship. (Many Wemouths were mariners and fishermen and owned their own ships in England). He immigrated to America and moved to Dover, New Hampshire. In 1663, Edward married **Esther Hodsdon**, (born about 1640) daughter of Nicholas and Esther (Wines) Hodsdon with Captain Walden officiating. They had three children.

The first records in Dover was a court record where he was fined for being absent from meetings, swearing, etc.

In 1662, King Charles II gave freedom of worship to all except the Quakers. The following decree was issued:

"To the constables of Dover . . .

You and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers Anna Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the carts tail, and drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes a piece on each of them in each town; and so to convey them from Constable to Constable till they are out of your jurisdiction, as you will answer it to your peril; and this shall be your warrant."

This same year the women came to Dover. They were treated very badly, dragged through snow and mud and water. Edward Weymouth was the current constable and so, probably, responsible for the treatment.

The family moved to Kittery, Maine in 1671. Edward was a tailor and owned at least 50 acres of improved land. Their home was burned during King Phillips War in 1677.

Edward and Esther's daughter, **Mehitable**, married **William Stacy**.

SOURCES:

1 – Weymouth Family History by Ruth Ella Weymouth.

APPENDIX

NOEL'S CAMPING, HUNTING, & FISHING STORIES

By His Kids

As has been mentioned in the story, Dad was an excellent fisherman and hunter/marksman. While hunting he always looked for an animal that would be a good eating piece of meat. He often said "Antlers make poor soup." He hunted, not only for enjoyment, but for his family's livelihood. He was particular about the animal he shot, how it was shot and how it was taken care of. He hated waste. He'd tell the boys time and time again, "Make sure of your shots. Make a clean kill." Dad was sensitive towards animals; it pulled at his heart-strings when he saw an animal suffer needlessly or be wounded and go off and suffer.

Dad had quite a number of guns. The first Christmas they were married Mom gave Dad a 30-30 he called "Meat in the Pot" because he was so successful with it. During his last few years, he decided he needed a few more guns. He was continually saying that he needed to buy a gun for Mom and a gun for Yvonne. Neither one of them wanted or needed a gun, but Dad probably would have sacrificed and shot it for them.

A story that Dad told us several times that would tell of his marksmanship abilities, is when he went elk hunting with Ken and Conn Astle and their bunch. They saw a cow and calf clear across the head of Spring creek. He was packing his 30-30 (Ole meat in the pot as he called it). The men all lined up and started to shooting and finally Dad fired a round while the others were reloading. Ken said, "Oh, h---, Noots, you almost hit that one. Try that again." So Dad started to shoot and everyone else quit shooting. Ken would watch through his scope and tell Dad where he was hitting. Dad finally held the full sight ramp and sights over the top of the cow's back and shot. Down she went! Ken yelled, "You S.O.B, ya hit her. Now pour it on that other one." When they got to the elk, even with Dad holding way over the cow, the bullet dropped the full elk and hit in the bottom of the rib cage.

Another time Dad was hunting ducks with Kim and Fred. They saw duck higher than most people would shoot Kim talked Dad into shooting at it Dad said, "I don't know, guys, I haven't shot a shotgun for a lot of years." Then he pulled up and shot it down. It was a tremendous shot.

During one Antelope Hunt over by Pinedale, we were tearing out across the country - going to cut them off by the pass - and there was an Antelope standing out there. Nathan piled out. Dad piled out. Nathan threw down his gun. He threw down his gun and Nathan shot The antelope dropped. Nathan got back in the truck and said, "Boy that was a good shot" Dad said, "Yeah it ought to be all right" Nathan says, "I bet he's hit in the head." Dad says, "Nah, he's not hit in the head, he's hit in the heart. I put that right in his boiler maker." Nathan says, "You didn't even shoot. I shot him in the head." Mike started to laugh and says, "Well, I don't know who hit him." Dad says, "Well, what do you mean who hit him. I hit him." Mike chuckled again and he says, "Well, Nathan shot, too." Dad said, "No, he didn't There was only one shot" Mike says, "Both of you shot at the same time." Nathan had shot and Dad had shot. They couldn't have timed it any better. It sounded just like one shot. We got over to it and all the way over to it, Nathan kept telling him "It's shot in the head." He kept saying, "It's shot in the heart." We got over there and it was shot in the heart. Dad was like that. If he shot something he could tell you exactly where the bullet was. He was about 99% right.

One thing about Dad, if you got a fresh snow and went hunting, you'd better have your running shoes on because if he got on a fresh track, he'd walk you right into the ground trying to catch a deer or an elk. For instance the year that Fred got his first elk. They started up around there in Water canyon and there was a guy on a horse that said, "Never mind going up there because I'm going through and I'll push the elk out a head of you." Dad said, "Let's get up around there and beat that guy." The guy on his horse took the short route and we took the long route and got up in there and shot the elk and then the guy on his horse came through. We had a cow, calf, and bull.

Dad always wanted to get a big moose. Unfortunately, even though he applied every year, he never got a license. Several of his kids and grandkids drew out a moose permit, but Dad never did. He jokingly said that one day he was going to go shoot one and send a thank you note to the Game and Fish.

Dad talked a lot about his last hunt. Teresa was with him. He said that was the first time he had had a partner who was so small she couldn't keep the butt of her gun out of the sage brush. It pleased him to have Teresa go with him. He was glad she wanted to hunt.

Dad enjoyed fishing as well, and 99% of the time he got his limit. Dad used to employ the boys to clean his fish for him. We used to think it was such a neat treat until he got the big ones and then the big ones would tear the skin on our thumbs from their large teeth. We used to argue about who had to clean the big ones. Once in a while we'd argue that we wanted to just for the opportunity of cleaning a big one, and then other times we'd argue that we didn't want to because sooner or later you ended up with a bloody thumb.

Dad liked to use minnows for bait when fishing. He liked floating in the boat. One evening, Dad and Mom went up Swift Creek boating. Dad was teasing and seeing how close he could get to the spillway to scare Mom. He finally got close enough that it scared them both and he had to row like crazy to get away.

Once down at the Springs, Dad was teaching Yvonne how to fish. He was trying to show her how he did it when he was a kid. He had a fish biting, and when he set the hook, he yanked so hard the fish came out of water, over his head, across the fence and landed in the gravel road behind him.

Dad went fishing below Glen Sibbets on Salt River. He got down in a big deep hole and saw a good fish jumping. He cast his number 12 Adams fly (a dry fly which only hooks the outer skin around the mouth) and the fish took it. He fought the fish around until it ran into some stringy moss. It jumped up through and over and down in the moss, tangling up his line. Dad couldn't stand to let it get away, so, he waded the big hole. When he got to the other side, he could see the fish under the moss and was able to net it. The fish turned out to be a four pound rainbow trout. When he got home, he was wet from top to bottom. Mom was upset and thought he'd fallen in. But he proudly showed her his four pound rainbow.

Down below Melvin Porter's, Dad, Mike and Malloy beached the boat, and were fishing a big hole. Dad walked down around the bend and hooked a good fish. He hollered at Malloy to get the net, and when he came running up, he found Dad with his pole doubled over. Dad told him that he had a snag, which caused Malloy to cuss until the line started to move up river. When they got the fish in, it was a seven pound German Brown.

One time Dad and Nathan were below Max West's on the slue. On one cast, Dad's line made three complete loops over a twig. Nathan stood there and laughed at him. And he said, "Now how am I going to get this off without losing that spinner." He had a minnow on, too. All of a sudden out from under this bush came a fish, jumped clear out of the water, and grabbed that minnow. Dad jerked, snapped the twig off, and still caught the fish. Up to the very end he swore up and down it was skill.

Some of the family wrote down their favorite hunting or fishing stories with Dad. They are:

Mom

When Noel and I were first married, he always went hunting with his Dad as hunting and fishing was a big part of their livelihood, but one fall he took me. We went up Snake River Canyon for an elk hunt with Beth and Jerry Hyde. It was a long way from the road where they decided to hunt so we took horses to ride. Noel got two horses from Ken Astle. As I had never rode a horse before, I was scared to even get on one, but with Noel's comforting words "I know you can do it. I have faith in you." with a grin on his face, I just had to try it. The first hour up the trail was okay. From there it went from bad to worse. The next thing I knew the horse turned his head and bit my foot. Noel and Jerry laughed and told me I was just afraid. Well, the next morning when we started out, Noel went to put the saddle on the horse. He leaned under its head and it bit him on the shoulder and brought blood on his shirt. Boy, was he mad! I won't say how he corrected the horse - both by mouth and fist. When he got home, he told Ken Astle his horse bit. He laughed and said, "That horse is so gentle it would never do that." The next day Ken got bit and then I felt I could laugh at both of them. Most fun I had that trip.

While we were on that hunting trip, we took one sleeping bag and a lunch back pack. It was while Fred was a baby. Noel and I were slim and trim so we shared the same sleeping bag. It was tight so when one of us needed to roll over we had to wake the other one up - sort of like the song of "The Boarding House bed" when "they all rolled over when anyone said". It was so much fun. Well, we were there three days and Noel got a nice spike elk.

Mike

Dad and I went out back of the sheep corrals out South. As I remember, we went up that east draw and got back up where the trail turns back to the back up on top of the ridge there to the South. The deer were leading us around and around. We followed them and jumped them and follow them a ways and they'd jump and we'd follow a ways. I was just a little camper. Can't remember just where we were at but we came across some Elk tracks and we followed them along. Pretty soon Dad sneaked up behind a tree and had me duck down. It was the first elk I'd ever seen out there and there was a big old cow and her calf. I remember thinking that Dad didn't have a big enough gun. That cow looked awful big to me. We come within probably 20 yards, close enough that you could see the color of her eyes. I was just a little turd. I couldn't go fast enough in the snow to keep up with Dad and he could go fast enough to split the deer up, so he tied a rope around his waist, put a loop in it, and I'd just hang onto the loop and he could pull me faster. The snow was only ankle deep to him but it was clear above my knees. So we got going and jumped those deer and split them up. And then Dad said, "Now let's just got out on the hillside and sit down and when they try to get back together we'll get one." So we just got out in the open where we could see and sit down and here comes a yearling doe trotting by. Dad shot her and he shot her back a ways. She whirled and ran down that draw just as hard as she could go. We followed her down and pretty soon here was a piece of intestine and there was a piece of stomach, and there was a piece of liver. When we got down to her she was all dressed out except for her lungs. He had shot her back a little and low and she had just dropped everything on the ground. I thought that the 30-30 was the best gun he had ever had and I asked him then when we dressed that deer out, if I could have that 30-30 and he promised to me. That always just stuck in my mind. I guess it was the first elk I'd ever seen.

Nathan

I remember every time you'd go out, Dad had a lesson to teach ya. One that really sticks in my mind is how to pack a rifle safely. That particular hunt there was me, Dad, Fred, Kim, and Dave Alleman. We went up snake river hunting elk. We were working trying to get up the mountains on the North side of snake river. We got clear up there and figured the elk were just around the hill. All the way up Dave was usually in the middle. He had this old time 30-30. His dang barrel was always in somebody's face.

He was flinging it back and forth never in a safe direction. Dad asked him if it had a shell in the barrel. No it didn't. Is it on safety? Yeah, it is. Dad would say, "Watch your barrels boys, watch your barrels." We were almost up to the top of the hill and figured that the elk were right around the corner there. All of a sudden "Bang!" Dad's face went white. Fred dropped down and grabbed his ears. Dave's gun had gone off. The gun was 2 - 3 inches from Fred's head. I've never seen Dad so mad in all my life, after he'd got through being scared. You could have poured water on his boots and it would have boiled he was so mad. There was one boy that emptied his gun and walked down. Dad ran him right off the mountain, and he didn't go with us again. We didn't get any elk that day. There was fresh snow and they were right in front of us; all we had to do was run them down. Dad didn't say a word until about 1987-1988 when we got talking about that. Dad says, "He doesn't know how close he came to getting his butt booted."

Fred

After Dad had his first heart attack, he wanted to go out and we decided that water canyon would be a good walk. So, we took that trail that runs back along the big ridge and swung up and around into the head of the canyon and were going to make a loop and come back down. We had to go pretty slow. We started pretty early and just making that loop, it was well into the afternoon before we got back into the car. We got around into the head and come around and just before we started back down we jumped a couple of yearling moose. Dad threw down on them and put the cross hairs on them and started talking about how good a piece of meat they'd be. We sat down on a stump up in there and sat and watched those moose and started to B.S. a little. I guess we talked for about an hour, got up and walked out. We never saw a deer to shoot nor even a popped a cap. It was one of my favorite hunts with Dad because it was just after his heart attack. So, it was a special time for him and he told some good stories.

Kim

Kim talks a lot about a time when he and Dad went hunting for elk. It was before Kim was old enough to hunt. It was during the late hunt. There was lots of snow. It was cold. They went up Water Canyon. They got clear up in there. It was getting late before they ever shot the cow elk. Then they had to drag it out. Kim's hands were frozen. He traded gloves with Dad. By the time Kim's hand were cold again, Dad's gloves would be steaming; his hands were so warm. Dad later said how much he appreciated Kim sticking by him. He told Kim to go ahead and get to the car if he wanted. But Kim stayed with him to help. He didn't complain. Dad said that he was a real trooper, sticking by him like that.

At home, Mom was getting worried. They were much later than they said they would be. Finally, she went to the church and got Fred and they drove out. Just as they pulled up, they could see Dad and Kim coming down the trail with the elk. They were absolutely frozen. Fred jumped out and helped them get the elk loaded.

Darren

Well the most important thing that I can remember is that you wanted to be with Grandpa because he was going to get some shooting. He always got shooting, no matter what happened he got shooting. He helped me get my elk this year - my first elk. But there's so many fishing trips that stick in my mind. Just going down and being with him. He'd get done at the slaughterhouse one day and the next day he'd say "Well, let's go fishin'." We'd go down there and just walk and walk, just being with him. Catch your limit. Spend some time with him and go home. I went down in the boat with him one time. That was the first fish I ever caught.

NOELISMS

These are some of the sayings which Noel used on a regular basis, and which gives a perspective on his somewhat colorful personality.

Don't Compromise Your Standards

It takes less time to do something right in the first place than to have to redo it.

Take one step at a time.

Educated Idiots

Dumb Shit

Scare a maggot off a gut wagon

Dumb as a post

Damn Dummy

Like two BBs on a bread board

Kick you so hard 7 generations of your kids will have brain damage

I'll knock you into next Thursday

So skinny if they stick out their tongue they'll look like a zipper

Diarrhea of the mouth

Green around the gills

Colder than a ditch diggers ass

Colder than a witches titty in a brass bra

My stomach thinks my throats been cut

So skinny she swallowed an olive and six men left town

Half assed

Shit ass

Eyes too close to my bladder

Drier than a popcorn fart

Pansy ass

Busier than a one-legged man in an ass kicking contest.

If a man goes bald in the front of his head, he's a thinker; if it's in the back, he's a lover; if he goes bald in the middle of his head, he just thinks he's a love.

MY SWEETHEARTS - Dad's Favorite Song

1. A crowd of young fellows
 2. The sweetest girl
 3. The one I love
 4. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

5. The one I love
 6. The one I love
 7. The one I love
 8. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

9. The one I love
 10. The one I love
 11. The one I love
 12. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

13. The one I love
 14. The one I love
 15. The one I love
 16. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

MY SWEETHEARTS - Cont.

17. The one I love
 18. The one I love
 19. The one I love
 20. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

21. The one I love
 22. The one I love
 23. The one I love
 24. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

25. The one I love
 26. The one I love
 27. The one I love
 28. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

29. The one I love
 30. The one I love
 31. The one I love
 32. The one I love

Chorus: Sweetheart is my
 girl, the one I love
 for ever and
 ever.

NOAH'S ARK

Which the Lord told Noah there was
 came his flood then he
 built his wagon there is
 which is the ark

Letting him be heaved and
 bore the eight great
 dark, he
 gathered the animals in
 to the ark

First came the elephant
 with with his trunk Oh no, Oh no,
 Biting on each trunk was a

small little man,
 Oh no, Oh no,
 lions and tigers,
 cats and dogs

Noah's Ark (Cont.)

ears and rabbits,
 birds and dogs,
 camels and cows,
 horses and traps,
 Oh no, Oh no,
 they all got aboard every here dark,
 The animals in the

Ark.

Oh no

BIBLE STORIES - cont.

And the master would'st work.
The only thing that could've worked it up with it!

VERSE 2
Adam was the first man, but not his spine
Thought not that it was up keeping bones
Eve stole an apple which started quite a fight
They were kicked from the garden in the middle of the night.

VERSE 3
Eve she had a little boy
Abel was his name
Then she had another son and abashed man of Cain
And was a good boy a very fatigued lad
Cain and Abel and the lad getting bad

VERSE 4
Noah was a man near the gradient one of old
He spent his life a building, a freight B, cattle boat
He loaded up the animals, two by two
The big hip he prepared, the E. E. King on
Therefore the Jews, then came the Jews
Then came the elephants without any boat
He thought it all the animals and it a whole new birth
And sold them to the beach, barney for the greatest show on earth

VERSE 5
Eve was a woman of a wild and woolly mind
Bobby left him half the farm, and half to brother Job
Eve thought the world to it wasn't very clear
So he said it to his brother for a steady job and a bear

VERSE 6
Seth was a pretty girl, he was a fair one
She went to the field to get her up the shore
Along came Isaac and said, "I need a wife."
So she married him for his money and they lived a happy life.

BIBLE STORIES

Everybody come, and eat Sunday School and have yourself a treat.
Park your rifles in guns and your fingers on the door. And we'll tell you Bible stories that prove...

VERSE
The earth was made in six days finished on the 7th
never heard before.

ac - coming in the contract it should have been the 10th. But the carpenters used an air bit

VERSE 7

Moses was a football star
They hid him in the rushes
Along came the Queen's daughter to hang her clothes on the bushes
She took him to the Palace Ground and fed him up on tea
And when he grew to be a man he drowned them in the sea.

VERSE 8

Jonah was an emigrant so runs the Bible tale
He took a steerage passage in a transatlantic whale.
Jonah in the belly of whale got depressed
So he pushed on the button and the whale did the rest.

VERSE 9

Daniel got in trouble, He wouldn't mind the king.
The king shook his finger, and said you naughty thing.
He chucked him down a man hole, with lions underneath
But Daniel played dentist, and pulled the lions teeth.

VERSE 9

Sampson was a strong man
The strongest in his class
Killed 20 thousand Philistine with a jawbone of a mule
Along came Delilah and filled him up with gin
She cut off all his whiskers and the coppers ran him in.

VERSE 10

David was a shepherd boy, a homely little cuss
Along came Goliath and put up quite a fuss
So David said, "I'll either fight or bust."
And he picked up a cobble stone and cracked Goliath on the crust.

VERSE 11

The Lord made Satan and Satan made sin
The Lord made a cubby hole to put old Satan in.
Satan got huffy and he said he wouldn't stay
And he's been raising hell ever since that day.

GRANDMA'S RECIPES

When Grandpa Noel and I were first married, all I could cook was Macaroni with tomato juice. Noel was a good cook so we got along well.

One day we went over to Grandpa Walton's house. He asked if I could cook and bake bread. When I answered, "No, ", he looked at Noel and said, "I wouldn't have a wife that can't bake bread." He laughed, but it hurt my feelings. Then I decided I wouldn't have a son or a daughter who couldn't cook.

I had to look everywhere for a good cookbook, but I found a lot of them didn't work in Star Valley. I had family and friends that shared recipes with me. Now, I would like to share some of my favorite ones with you.

Hope you enjoy them.

GRANDMOTHER'S RECEET FOR DOING FAMILY WASH

From an 1880 Cook Book

1. bild fire in back yard to heet kettle of rain water.
2. set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert.
3. shave one hole cake lie soap in bilin water.
4. sort things, make three piles. 1 pile white. 1 pile cullord, 1 pile work britches and rags.
5. stur flour in cold water to smooth then thin down with bilin water
6. rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile. rub cullord but don't bile - just rench and starch.
7. take white things out of kettle with broom stick handle, then rench, blew and starch.
8. spred tee towels on grass.
9. hang old rags on fence.
10. pore rech water in flower bed.
11. scrub porch with hot soapy water.
12. turn tubs upside down.
13. go put on cleen dress - smooth hair with side combs - brew cup of tee - set and rest a spell and count your blessings.

Gals, hang this up above your automatic electric washer and dryer and when things look bleak, read it again.



APPETIZERS AND BEVERAGES

7 UP DELIGHT

4 c. sugar
1 c. orange juice
6 mashed bananas
7 c. water
1 c. lemon juice
1 med. can crushed pineapple

Mix together and pour into ice cube trays. Freeze at least 3 hours. Serve 1/3 full in glasses with 7 up poured over.

24 HOUR ROOTBEER

1 scant tsp. yeast
3 Tbsp. Rolltbeer extract
2 c. sugar
2 quarts warm water

Stir until dissolved. Add:

2 quarts water

Let stand 12 hours in Rollm temperature. Chill 12 hours. Serve.

ORANGE JULIUS

1 can milk
1/4 c. sugar
1 small can frozen orange juice.
1 can water
1 tsp. vanilla

Bland at high speed and add about 8 ice cubes. Stir and serve.

TROPICAL FRUIT PUNCH

4 bananas
Mix in blander. Add:
2 pkg. orange Kool-Aid
Enough water to taste
1 large can crushed pineapple
2 cans frozen orange juice
1 c. sugar

HOT TANG

1 env, sweetened lemonade
1 c. sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. tang
1 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Mix well and sfore in a jar. To serve, add to each cup: 1 tsp. honey, 1 heaping tsp. tang mix, and 1 c. hot water. Can used as cough syrup.

PUNCH BASE

5 pkg. orange kool aid 5 pkg. red kool aid
1 can pineapple juice 1 can lemon kool aid
4 c. sugar

To serve mix 1 cup of base to 5 cups water.

HAM DIP

1 lb. cream cheese 3 or 4 small green onions
1 pkg. thin sliced ham
Mix together. (May use hands.) Chill. Serve on crackers or rice cakes.

BASIC GRANOLA

4 c. rolled oats, uncooked 2 c. dried fruits and nuts, mixed
1 c. wheat germ 1/2 tsp. salt
1 c. coconut, shredded 3/4 c. honey
1 c. sunflower seeds 1 c. vegetable oil

You may add chocolate chips, peanut butter chips, small marshmallows, raisins, dried bananas, walnuts, pecans, almonds, etc.

Mix dry ingredients. Mix honey and oil together and heat until honey is thinned. Stir into dry ingredients. Spread on two greased cookie sheets. Bake at 300 degrees until lightly browned - about 15 to 20 minutes. Stir every five minutes during baking and cooling. Add your fruit and nuts. (Let your imagination go and try different mixtures of fruits and nuts.)

PARTY MIX

6 Tbsp. margarine 1 Tbsp. season salt
4 Tbsp. Worcestershire sauce or garlic powder
3/8 tsp. salt

Melt butter. Add Worcestershire sauce and seasoning. Pour over 6 cups cereal mixing wheat, corn, and rice Chex equally. Add salted nuts. Mix well. Bake in 250 degree oven 45 minutes. Stir every 15 minutes. Spread on paper towel to dry.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE

1 c. of freedom
1 1/2 c. of helping others.
4 tsp. of fun
1 whole happy home, not separated
1/4 c. cleanliness inside and out
2 1/2 c. of success
2 Tbsp. of belonging
a whole pitcher of love
1/3 c. of honesty
3/4 c. of understanding

Enough work to help you reach your goal.

Mix all ingredients together until well blended into a small body and mind. Sfore extra amounts in schools, churches, homes, in neighborhoods, cities, and nations.

If used in daily amounts through a whole lifetime, a happy life is guaranteed.



SOUPS, SALADS, SAUCES

HAMBURGER SOUP

1 lb. hamburger
1 onion
3 potatoes, cubed
3 celery, sliced
3 carrots, cubed
1 c. uncooked macaroni
Salt and Pepper to taste.
1 can tomato juice

Brown hamburger and onion. Drain off fat. Add potatoes, celery, carrots, macaroni, salt and pepper, with enough water to cook. When vegetables are tender, add tomato juice. Simmer. Serve.

CLAM CHOWDER

4 diced potatoes
4 stalks celery, diced
1 onion, diced
Carrots (optional)
2 cans clams

Cook until tender. Add 1 quart milk. Heat until boiling. Thicken with cornstarch paste. Serve.

POTATO SOUP

8 slices fried bacon, chopped
4 potatoes, diced
1 onion, diced
4 celery stalks, diced

Cook until vegetables are tender. Add 1 quart milk. Thicken with cornstarch paste. Can be made without bacon. Add cream of chicken soup instead.

CHILI BEANS

. Soak 1 cup chili or pinto beans in water enough to cover them. Let them soak overnight or until swollen. Cook until tender .

Brown 1 lb. hamburger and 1 onion. Add about 1/2 to 1 Tbsp. chili powder (to taste).

Mix cooked beans, hamburger mixture, and 1 small can tomato juice. Simmer a short time. Serve.

TOMATO SOUP FOR TWO

1 c. tomato juice 1/4 - 1/2 tsp. baking soda
2 c. milk

Warm tomato juice in one pan. Warm the milk in a separate pan. When warm add baking soda to the tomato juice. Stir. When foam disperses, add the tomato juice to the milk. Heat if needed. Serve.

COLE SLAW

cabbage carrots
onion celery
Chop fine.
1 c. salad dressing 1/4 c. vegetable oil
1 c. sugar 1/3 c. vinegar

Beat until smooth and add to vegetables.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

1 lg. cottage cheese 1 pkg. cream whip or Cool Whip
1 lg. jello Add fruit as desired.
Fold Jello into Cottage Cheese. Fold in whipped cream. Add fruit. Chill.

Fruit Suggestions:

Lime Jello - Pineapple
Strawberry Jello - Strawberries
Banana - fruit cocktail

LETTUCE SALAD

(LuDeen shared this recipe with us.)

Shred one small head of lettuce. Using an oblong cake pan, layer with lettuce, 1 c. chopped celery, sliced radishes, green onions and 1 cup frozen green peas. Top with dressing.

Dressing:

2/3 c. salad dressing 1 Tbsp. sugar
2/3 c. Mayonnaise

Seal to edges for moisture. (Optional: Top with Bacon bits and Parmesan Cheese.)

SALSA

1 - 2 tsp. tabasco sauce, to taste
3 lg. onion
2 green bell pepper
3 long green pepper
25 large tomatoes
Peel and chop vegetables. Add:
3 tsp. salt About 3 c. cider vinegar
4 cloves garlic

Combine in large pan. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer about 20 minutes. Pour into half pint (or pint) bottles. Process 30 minutes in boiling water.

(Optional: Red peppers can be added.)

FRUIT JELLO SALAD

Make jello as directed for base.

Orange Jello - add carrots, crushed pineapple, American cheese.

Lime jello - cottage cheese & crushed pineapple.

PISTACHIO SALAD

1 lg. box Pistachio instant pudding mix

1/2 c. milk

Mix well. Add :

1 20 oz. can crushed pineapple

1 1/2 c. miniature marshmallows

Mix. Add:

1 large ctn. Cool Whip

Variation: You can also add 1 large carton cottage cheese.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE

2 quarts whole tomatoes 1 tsp. tabasco sauce

1 large onion Salt & Pepper to taste

1 Tbsp. chili powder 1 lb. hamburger

Brown hamburger, onion, salt, pepper, and chili powder, then add tomatoes.

TOMATO SAUCE

2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce 3 cans water

2 tbsp. cooking oil 1 sm. onion or garlic

Mix well, bring to a simmer. Cover and cook very slowly 20 minutes. Remove onion.

Serve with hamburger roll. For hamburger roll use baking powder biscuit dough, bread dough or hot roll dough. Roll out and fill like a cinnamon roll using hamburger for filling.

BARBECUE SAUCE

1 small can tomato sauce 2 Tbsp. prepared mustard

L bottle catsup (2 cups) 1 onion

1/2 c. vinegar 2 or 3 button garlic

1/2 c. brown sugar 1 square butter

1/4 tsp. tabasco sauce salt

1 Tbsp. worchestershire sauce

Cook 10 minutes. Good to pour over short ribs.

LEMON JELLO SALAD

(Aunt Ruth Hale shared this recipe with us.)

1 lg. pkg. Jello (or 2 small)

2 c. crushed pineapple

2 c. hot water

Juice of one lemon (about 2 Tbsp.)

+ 1/2 c. pineapple juice

Mix and let set until syrupy. Then add:

1 c. chopped nuts

1 c. coarse shredded American cheese

1 c. whipped cream

PASTA SALAD

(Marjorie shared this recipe with us.)

1/2 of a 12-oz. pkg. Rainbow twirls (Rotelle)

Cook to package directions.

1/2 c. cheddar cheese, diced Vinegar

1/2 can olives, sliced Salad oil

1 small tomato, diced Water

4 boiled eggs, diced Good Seasons Italian Mix

Combine cooked pasta with next four ingredients. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix Good Seasons Italian Dressing as directed. (May also use Vinegar and Oil Dressing). Mix well. Chill.

POTATO SALAD

8 potatoes 3 celery stems

6 boiled eggs 1 small onion

1/2 c. chopped pickles or green tomato relish

Cut up into a large bowl.

Dressing

1/2 c. salad dressing 1 Tbsp. vinegar

1/4 c. milk 1 tsp. mustard

1 Tbsp. vinegar Salt and Pepper

Shake or blend. Pour over salad. If not using celery, use 2 Tbsp. celery seed.

OIL & VINEGAR SALAD DRESSING

1/2 c. vegetable oil dash of garlic powder

3 Tbsp. vinegar sprinkle of onion powder

Salt and pepper to taste

Shake together. Pour over salad. Good for Pasta salad or green salad.

SALAD VARIATIONS

- Lettuce, Tuna Fish, and Miracle Whip.
- Pears or Tomatoes on a leaf of lettuce and topped with cottage cheese.
- Shredded carrots with raisins and crushed pineapple.
- Fruit cocktail, drained. Add bananas and crushed pineapple. Use whip cream for dressing.
- Cabbage shredded. Add crushed pineapple. Small marshmallows, and Miracle Whip.

GREEN TOMATO RELISH

3 quarts green tomatoes 1 tsp. allspice

3 quarts cucumbers. 1 tsp. cloves

1 quart ground onions 1/2 tsp. ginger

3 c. vinegar 2 Tbsp. salt

2 tsp. tumeric 3 c. sugar or to taste

1 tsp. cinnamon

Boil until tender and seal. I use this in my potato salad.

CANNED BREAD

You can use any fruit bread recipe or any yeast bread recipe for canning. Use wide mouth pint jars. For fruit bread, fill the jar one half full of dough. For yeast bread only fill the jar one third full. Grease jars. Place on cookie sheet and bake according to your recipe. Take out of oven, wipe off rims and seal immediately. Check for sealing as you would for any canning process. Shelf life is four years.

CANTALOUPE MARMALADE

Grind together:

2 lg. oranges (orange rinds also)

2 lg. ripe melons

Add:

1 quart crashed pineapple (canned & juice)

Measure and add equal amount of sugar. Cook until thickened. Add 1 large box (6 oz.) peach jello just before taking off the stove.

. (Can also add pieces of marachino cherries.)

DILL PICKLES

Cucumbers

Vinegar

Bay leaves

Water

Dill Salt

Put in each quart jar 1 or 2 bunches of dill and layer of bay leaves on top and bottom of jar. Mix 2 quarts of vinegar and 3 quarts water. Add 2 cups of salt. Bring to boil and pour over cucumbers. Seal.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

Wash cucumbers and slice without removing rind.

2 quarts cucumber

10 small onions, sliced

Sprinkle with salt. Let stand 1 hour. Drain in colander.

Add:

2 c. vinegar

2 tsp. tumeric

2 c. sugar

2 tsp. celery seed

4 tsp. cinnamon

Boil for 20 minutes. Seal.

HOW TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND

This should be a "favorite recipe" of every bride. . . it's time tested . . . tested by millions of nappy wives and is seldom known to fail.

The husband must be selected carefully. You will have to go to the market yourself, or have the product brought to your door. You cannot order by telephone.

In selecting your husband, do not be guided entirely by the silvery appearance as you would if you were buying mackerel.

Have as fine a preserving kettle as possible, keeping it shining and clean at all times.

Do not keep your husband in hot water all the time. By the same token, do not let him overfreeze through carelessness and indifference, and even though you are preserving him, do not keep him in a pickle.

Results are excellent if you keep a clear steady fire, using love, cheerfulness and generosity for fuel. If he sputters and fizzes on occasion, do not be upset. He is merely letting off steam. A little spice improves, but use the glamorous spices, omitting pepper and vinegar.

With this type of treatment. you will find husband preservation is really easy and you seldom have spoilage. You will find the dish agrees with you, your family and in-laws, your friends and your children, if any.

Slow, tender cooking makes the dish better. You will enjoy it three times a day without tiring. He will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless in setting him in too cold a place, or leaving him in the open too long, where some other husband preserver might find him.

When serving at parties, accompany with as nice a dressing as possible.



MAIN DISHES

DUTCH OVEN STEW

3 or 4 lbs. meat cubed - Brown in the dutch oven and add:

8 potatoes	6 celery stalks, diced
6 carrots	1 onion diced
2 cans tomatoes	salt
2 Tbs. Worcestershire sauce	pepper
if desired	

Cover and cook slow over campfire unto vegetables are tender. If preferred, bury for 3 to 4 hours or until ready to eat. Thicken to taste with cornstarch.

DUTCH OVEN CHICKEN

We usually feed our whole family on this recipe (about 20 people). You would need to adjust to the party size.

5 or 6 chickens. Using best pieces, flour and quickly brown them and place in 14 inch dutch oven.

Mix two packages of Lipton Onion dry soup mix as directed on the package. Pour over the chicken. Place 2 cups fresh mushrooms on top. Cover oven. Cook over slow coals for 35 to 45 minutes or until chicken is tender or bury in a pit and cook.

DELUXE DUTCH OVEN BEANS

Bacon, 1/2 lb.	1/2 Tsp. prepared mustard
1 16-oz. can pork and beans	1 Tsp. molasses
1/2 cup brown sugar	2 1/2 Tbl. Bar-B-Cue sauce
1 Tbl. vinegar	(optional)
2 Tbl. minced onion	

Cook bacon in oven until crisp then cut into bite-size pieces. Mix all the ingredients together. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Stir at least once to check cooking and to be sure it doesn't cook too fast.

Will serve 8 - 12. If cooking for larger groups, add more beans and bacon. For 20 - 24 people double it.

DUTCH OVEN CHICKEN AND RICE

Grease 12 inch dutch oven lightly. Place cut up chicken pieces on the bottom. Using minute rice, pour enough on top of chicken for what your family will need. Mix cream of chicken soup with water and pour over chicken. Cover dutch oven. Place in pit. Cover with dirt when soup is bubbly. Leave it for 1 1/2 to 5 hours; until ready to eat.

HAMBURGER STEAK WITH ONIONS

Ground round	1 can onion soup
1/2 lb. per adult	Salt, pepper and Accent
1/4 lb. per child	1/4 c. vegetable oil or shortening
1/4 to 1/2 onion per person	(Bacon grease is best)

While your fire is getting ready for cooking, peel your onions and dice them up finely, then mold in with the ground round to make individual steaks. Salt and pepper and Accent to taste.

On level Dutch oven, pour in oil. When it's hot, put in the steaks and brown on both sides, then cover to let them simmer while you prepare the onion sauce. Open 1 one can of cream of onion soup. Put in bowl, add 1 can of milk and stir until smooth. Take the lid off the oven and turn over steaks. Pour the sauce over them, cover and cook until done. Fifteen minutes should do it.

If you want a change, you can use cream of mushroom soup.

If you don't have any soup, just slice up some onions and brown them in with the steaks. After they're browned add the mushrooms and let them simmer until the steaks are done.

CHILE WHEAT

Soak the wheat the day before you plan on cooking it. Put 2 cups of Wheat in 4 cups warm water. Put in a pan to soak overnight before cooking it the next day. Drain the water of the wheat when adding to the recipe.

2 cups soaked whole wheat (cleaned)	1 tsp. garlic powder
2 lbs. ground beef	4 cups tomato juice
1 large onion	1 to 2 cups of cheese
1 Tsp. chili powder	salt and pepper

Mix wheat and tomato juice in your Dutch oven and cook on low heat 3 to 5 hours. After it has been cooking for 3 to 4 hours, mix the meat and onions with the chili powder, garlic powder and salt and pepper. Brown in another oven until good and brown then combine with other ingredients in one oven. Let simmer on low heat 30 minutes to one hour. Then sprinkle the grated cheese on top. Continue to simmer. Add heat to top of oven to brown cheese. Remove and serve with crackers or fresh baked bread. Serve while warm.

DUTCH OVEN POTATOES

1 large potato per person	1/2 lb. bacon ands - sliced
1/2 onion per person	Salt and pepper to taste

Slice potatoes in about 1/4 in. thin slice and cut onions the same way. Pour small amount of vegetable oil in the Dutch oven. Put on fire to heat. Add bacon and brown. Add potatoes and onions. Cook. Check every 10 - 15 minutes and turn. Cook until tender. 14" Dutch oven will take about 45 minutes to cook.

BOILED DINNER

4 carrots cut in half	1 cabbage cut in fourths
4 potatoes cut in half	1 ham hock

Place all the ingredients in a pan. Boil until vegetables are tender. Serve. (You may use just a chunk or slice of ham in place of hock.)

HAM HOCK AND BEANS

Soak: 1 cup white beans with enough water to cover overnight or several hours until swollen in size. Add a small ham hock. Cook until beans are soft. Serve. I like to add about 1 tsp. vinegar to mine after I put them in my bowl.

MEXICALI CHICKEN

(Nathan shared this recipe with us.)

2 Tbsp. shortening	1 onion sliced
1/3 c. flour	1 1/2 c. tomato juice
1 Tbsp. paprika	2 tsp. worcestershire sauce
2 1/3 - 3 lb. fryer, cut up	1 1/2 tsp. salt
Salt	1/8 tsp. chili powder
1 geen pepper, sliced in strips	1/3 c. sliced, stuffed olives

Heat shortening in large skillet. Combine flour and paprika in bag; shake to coat chicken. Fry 15 minutes to brown. Sprinkle with salt. Add remaining ingredients. Cover tightly and simmer over medium heat until tender or about 50 minutes. Serve over hot rice.

PRONTO PUPS or CORN DOGS

1 c. corn meal	1/4 tsp. salt
2 c. flour	1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
2 eggs	1/4 c. sugar
1 1/2 c. milk	

Make batter. Dip Weiner in batter, fry in deep fat.

CORNED BEEF CASSEROLE

1 6 oz. pkg. noodles, cooked	1 c. grated cheese
1 can corned beef	1/3 c. grated onion
1 can cream of chicken soup	2 Tbsp. butter
1/4 c. cracker crumbs or potato chips	
1 c. milk	

Mix ingredients together. Put crumbs on top. Dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

HOMEMADE NOODLES

Combine:

1 beaten egg	1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbsp. milk	.

Add: Enough flour to make stiff dough (about 1 cup). Roll very thin on floured surface; stand 20 minutes. Roll up loosely. Slice 1/4 inch. Unroll, spread, let dry 2 hours. Drop into boiling soup or boiling salt water and cook uncovered 10 minutes. Makes 3 cups noodles.

PORK & BEAN CASSEROLE

1 small onion	2 Tbsp. brown sugar
1 lg. can pork & beans	1 Tbsp. vinegar
1 lb. hamburger	1 Tbsp. mustard

Brown meat and onion. Combine with rest. Cook over stove or bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

MEATLOAF

2 lbs. hamburger 2 eggs
1 onion Salt and Pepper
1 c. cracker crumbs
Enough tomato juice or ketchup to make moist

Combine ingredients. Form into loaf. Bake 375 degrees for about 1 hour depending on size.

TUNA STUFFED BAKED POTATO

6 baked potatoes

Cut slice off the top. Scoop out center. Mash with milk:

2 Tbsp. butter 1/2 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. salt 2 Tbsp. grated onion

Beat until fluffy. Put back into shell. Hollow out center of filling. Fill with creamed tuna. Return to oven until brown.

Creamed Tuna

2 Tbsp. butter 2 Tbsp. flour
Bland together. Add 1 c. milk. Heat until smooth and thickened. Add 1 can tuna. Heat. Fill potatoes.

RICE & BEEF PORCUPINES

Mix together:

1 lb. ground beef 1/2 c. raw rice
3 Tbsp. chopped onion 1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. poultry season 1 tsp. salt

Form into small balls. Brown lightly in uncovered sauce pan in 3 Tbsp. fat. Drain off fat and add:

2 cans tomato sauce 1 c. water
Simmer 45 - 50 minutes.

NAVAJO TACOS

(Debrah shared this recipe with us.)

Fry Bread:

4 c. flour 2 Tbsp. powdered milk
1 Tbsp. baking powder 1 tsp. salt

Mix together. Pour 2 c. water and mix with hands until soft. Take a ball, pat back and forth and pull until flat and round. Fry like scones. Use as a taco shell.

MEAT BALL CASSEROLE

2 lb. hamburger 2 Tbsp. chopped onion
1 1/3 c. milk 4 tsp. baking powder
4 slices bread, crumbled

Mix together. Brown in skillet. Add 2 cans cream of chicken or mushroom soup mixed with a little milk. Bake 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

TUNA NOODLE CASSEROLE

3 qts. salted boiling water 1 can tuna fish
12 oz. pkg. noodles 2 tsp. grated onion
1 can cream of chicken soup 1 Tbsp. butter

Cook noodles in boiling water about 20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Add: Soup, tuna, onion. Mix lightly, place in buttered casserole and bake in 350 degree oven about 25 minutes.

For Variation:

Substitute 1 can cream of mushroom soup for cream of chicken soup. Add 2 hard boiled eggs (diced).

HOT CHICKEN SALAD

3 c. cooked chicken	1 c. slivered almonds
2 cans cream chicken soup	5 hard boiled eggs
4 tsp. minced onion	2 c. diced celery
2 c. cooked rice	5 tsp. lemon juice
1 1/2 c. mayonnaise	Rice Krispies

With a beater, mix together until smooth the soup, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Mix this with remaining ingredients and put in a casserole or long baking dish. Top with Rice Krispies. Bake until bubbly at 350 about 25 minutes. Serve on lettuce with Town House crackers.

MAN DOO

Wrapper:

3 1/4 c. flour
1 tsp. salt
1 1/3 c. cool water, or enough to make dough of Pie-crust consistency

Stir together flour and salt. Stir in water as for pie crust. Knead a few strokes to form a smooth ball of dough. Set aside while filling is prepared.

Filling:

1 lb. hamburger	1 potato, shredded
1 carrot, shredded	1 stalk celery, chopped

Fry together. Drain all grease. Let cool. Roll out wrapper. Cut in small circles. Put 1- 2 Tbls. filling in center. Fold in half. Press edges. May be deep fried or steamed. Dip in Soysauce with a few drops of Tabasco sauce. May also be used in soup.

LASAGNA

(Susan shared this recipe with us.)

1 lb. hamburger	3 c. cottage cheese
1 1/2 tsp. salt	1/2 c. grated parmesan cheese
Pinch garlic salt	2 Tbsp. parsley flakes
1 lb. can tomatoes	2 beaten eggs
2 6-oz cans tomato paste	1 tsp. salt
10 oz. lasagne noodles	1/2 tsp. pepper
1 lb. mozzarella cheese, shredded	

Brown meat, spoon off fat. Add next 5 ingredients. Simmer for 20 minutes uncovered. While simmering, cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender; drain and rinse.

Combine remaining ingredients; except mozzarella.

Place half the noodles in 13"x9"x2" dish. Spread with half the filling, mozzarella, and half the meat sauce. Repeat layers.

GARDEN VEGETABLE STIR FRY

2 carrots	1 tsp. sugar
2 c. frozen green beans	dash of pepper
2 c. cauliflower	2 Tbsp. cooking oil
2 Tbsp. cold water	1 medium onion, cut thin wedges
1 1/2 tsp. cornstarch	1 c. sliced zucchini
2 Tbsp. soysauce	

Cut carrots into thin sticks. Add green beans sliced cauliflower and water. Put in preheated wok on high heat. Cover and cook until almost tender-about five minutes. Drain. In small bowl, combine cornstarch, soysauce, sugar, and pepper. Add enough water to make paste. Set aside. Add cooking oil to wok. Stir fry onion in hot oil for 1 minute. Add vegetables. Stir fry 2 minutes until tender. Stir in soysauce mixture. Cook and stir 2 -3 minutes until thickened.

HAMBURGER ROLLS

Brown:

2 lbs. hamburger 1 small onion

Make Baking Powder Biscuit. (See recipe in Bread Section). Roll. Fill with Browned hamburger mixture. Slice 1 inch thick. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 375 until light brown. Serve with tomato sauce. (See recipe in Sauce Section).

HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

Brown 1 lb. hamburger. Slice 4 - 6 potatoes in a casserole dish. Put browned hamburger over potatoes. Pour 1 can cream of chicken soup over top. Bake on 375 degrees until potatoes are done.

TAMALE PIE

1 lb. hamburger 1 cans tomato juice
1 lb. sausage 1 can whole kernel corn, undrained
1/3 c. cooking oil 1 can olives
1 onion 2 eggs
2 Tbsp. salt 1 1/2 c. milk
2 Tbsp. chili powder 1 c. corn meal

Fry onions in oil. Add hamburger; brown. Add salt and chili powder.

In a large bowl, beat eggs. Add milk and corn meal, soup, corn and olives. Add meat mixture to this and bake about 1 hour at 350 degrees in a covered dish.

While baking, stir from sides once or twice to keep it from baking so hard around sides.

DRESSING STUFFED HAMBURGERS

To hamburger add: egg bread or cracker crumbs

Mix well. Make into large patties. Between 2 patties place:

2 Tbsp. bread dressing.

Cook on both sides until done. Put in pan and pour 1 can tomato soup over the top. Simmer for a few minutes.

Dressing:

1 onion 4 cups milk

4 stalks of celery browned in butter or oleo

Bring to a boil. Add bread crumbs salt, pepper, and sage.

BARBECUE (SLOPPY JOES)

Brown:

2 lb. hamburger 1 small onion

Add:

1 tsp. mustard 1 can tomato soup

1 can cream of celery soup Ketchup to moisten

Simmer a few minutes. Serve on hamburger buns.

PIGS IN A BLANKET

Buy enough hot dogs for the family. Make Baking Powder Biscuit Recipe or pkg. of Pillsbury unbaked biscuits.

Roll Biscuit out until it's large enough to fold around the hot dog. Place on cooking sheet. Bake at 350 degree until biscuit is brown. Serve while hot.

PIZZA DOUGH

1 c. scalded milk
1 c. warm water
1. teas. Salt
1 Tbsp. sugar

1 Tbsp. yeast
1/2 c. shortening
Flour - enough to make a soft
dough

Mix. Rise until double. Roll out real thin. Put on pizza pen. Fill with favorite topping.

SUGGESTIONS:

Browned hamburger
Tomato
Grated cheese
Pepperoni
Canadian bacon
Onion
Mushrooms Pizza sauce Olives Sausage Green peppers Salami

PEAS AND THICKENING

(This is Qurfavon1e In late summer when we get peas fresh picked out of our garden.)

Pod peas - about 1 cup or so

2 potatoes cubed

Cook until tender. Drain most of the moisture off. Cover with milk. Heat to boiling. Add thickening by mixing:

2 Tbsp. corn starch

1/2 c. water

Slowly add to potato mixture until thick.

SHEPHERD PIE

Brown 1 lb. hamburger in skillet. Drain off fat. Add:

1 can tomato sauce 1 can green beans, strained

Warm together. Top with mashed potatoes. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake on broil until potatoes are golden brown.

HAM FRIED RICE

4 med. slices ham, cubed 2 bunches green onions, diced

4 c. cooked rice (about)

Mix onions and rice together. Mix in soy sauce to taste. Put into skillet with ham. Add 4 eggs, beaten. Stir over stove until eggs are done. Serve.

SHAKE AND BAKE

3/4c. bread crumbs 1/8 tsp. pepper
1/4 c. flour 1/8 tsp. poultry seasoning
1/8 tsp. garlic powder 2 Tbsp. shortening
1 tsp. salt

AUNT EVA'S POTATOE CASSEROLE (Otherwise Known as Funeral Potatoes)

Boil 7 potatoes with skins on. Peel and grate into pyrex baking dish.

Mix together:

2 cans cream of chicken soup 1/4 c. grated onions
1 pint sour cream 1 1/4 c. grated cheese

Pour over potatoes and top with crushed corn flakes mixed with 1/4 c. butter.



BREADS

VERSATILE BUTTERMILK DOUGH

1 quart buttermilk
1 Cube margarine

4 Tbsp. sugar
2 tsp. salt

Warm in microwave for about five minutes or until 110 - 120.
(Margarine does not need to be melted.)

Dissolve 2 Tbsp. yeast into 3/4 cup of very warm water.
Add yeast mixture to buttermilk mixture.

Add:

3 cups white flour with 1/2 tsp. soda. (VERY I MPORTANTI)

Mix the mixture with a hand mixer until very smooth.

Add 2 eggs and beat well.

Continue adding flour a cup at a time - kneading by hand until you have a smooth dough.

Cover and let rise 1 hour.

Shape into any of the following: Bread sticks, cinnamon rolls, loaf bread, dinner rolls, hamburger buns, walnut bread, teddy bears, chicks, or bunnies.

Let raise. (Dinner rolls may raise up to two hours.) Bake 35 - 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

CINNAMON ROLLS

2 cakes yeast
1 Tbsp. sugar
1 c. lukewarm water
1 c. milk
6 Tbsp. shortening

1/2 c. sugar
1 tsp. salt
7 c. sifted flour
3 eggs, beaten

Dissolve yeast and 1 Tbsp. sugar in lukewarm water. Scald milk, add shortening, sugar and salt, cool to lukewarm. Add 2 c. flour to make batter. Add yeast and eggs, beat well. Add rest of flour. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl and let rise until double or about 2 hours. Punch down. Roll out. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with brown sugar, cinnamon, and raisins or coconut. Roll and slice in about 1 inch slices. Cover and let rise about 1 hour. Bake in hot oven about 375 degree for about 20 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

WHITE BREAD

18 c. sifted flour 1/2 c. sugar
4 Tbsp. lard 1/4 c. salt

Work together until lard is smooth.

Dissolve:

4 Tbsp. yeast in 2 quarts water

Work into dry ingredients. Knead into firm dough.

Raise 2 hours. Punch. Knead until all air is out of it. Raise 1 hour. Put in loaf pans. Raise 1 hour. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

WHOLE WHEAT PANCAKES

1 1/2 c. wheat flour 3 eggs, separated
1/2 c. powder milk 2 Tbsp. vegetable oil.
1 tsp. salt 1 1/2 c. milk or water
3 tsp. baking powder

Mix dry ingredients and eggs yolks, oil, and milk. Beat egg whites and fold into rest of batter. Fry on hot griddle.

MAPLE SYRUP

4 c. sugar (May use half brown sugar, if desired)
2 c. water 2 tsp. Maple Flavoring

Bring to a boil. Serve.

For a thicker syrup, boil a few minutes longer.

PUMPKIN BREAD

3 1/2 c. sugar 1 1/2 tsp. salt
5 c. flour 1 tsp. vanilla
4 tsp. soda 1/4 c. vegetable oil
11g. can pumpkin less 3/4 cup

Mix and bake 350 degrees for 1 hour. You may put in small soup cans – 14 cans filled 1/2 full.

GRIDDLE CAKES

2 c. sifted flour 2 eggs, beaten
5 tsp. baking powder 2 c. milk
2 tsp. salt 6 Tbsp. shortening
3 Tbsp. sugar (preferably oil)

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat eggs in mixing bowl. Add milk, shortening and flour mixture. Stir until blended.

BANANA BREAD

5 large bananas 4 c. flour
4 eggs 2 tsp. soda
1 c. shortening 1 tsp. salt
2 c. sugar 1 c. nuts

Beat bananas, combine with eggs and set aside. Cream sugar and shortening. Add banana mixture. Add dry ingredients. Fold in nuts. Pour into two bread pans. Bake 350 degrees for 45 -50 minutes.

FOR CAKE USE:

1/4 c. milk 4 1/2 c. flour
4 tsp. baking powder in place of soda

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

2 c. flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt

1/3 c. shortening
2/3 c. milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Mix in shortening until it looks like corn meal. Add milk and mix. (Don't over-mix.) Pad into shape. Bake at 375 degrees until lightly browned.

ZUCCINI BREAD

3 eggs
2 c. sugar
1 c. cooking oil

3 tsp. vanilla
2 c. grated zucchini, don't peel
1 c. nuts, chopped

Sift together:

3 c. flour
1 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. cloves

1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. salt
3 tsp. cinnamon

Mix. Bake at 350 degree in loaf pan. (You may choose whether or not to peel the squash.)

GRANDPA CHICK'S CAKE DONUTS

4 eggs
1 1/2 c. milk
1 tsp. nutmeg
8 tsp. baking powder

2 c. sugar
2 tsp. salt
5 1/2 c. flour

Beat eggs. Add milk. Heat. Add to dry ingredients. Roll out to 1/4 inch thick. Fry in deep fat. Roll in sugar.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

- Sponge Method

6 c. warm water
1/2 c. sugar

2 Tbsp. yeast
6 c. whole wheat flour

Make sponge. Beat 10 minutes. Let set covered for 1 hour.

Add the following ingredients to the sponge:

3 Tbsp. salt
1/2 c. oil

White flour

Mix well and knead until you have a nice, firm dough. Divide and put into pan. Let rise and then bake 350 degrees 35 - 40 minutes.

DINNER ROLLS

1 c. water
1/2 c. margarine
1/2 c. sugar
1 tsp. salt

2 Tbsp. yeast, dissolved in
1/4 c. warm water with
2 Tbsp. sugar
3 eggs, beaten until fluffy

Heat water, margarine, sugar and salt until dissolved. Cool mix. Then add egg and 2 1/2 c. sifted flour and beat with mixer, beat well for 10 minutes. Add 2 1/2 c. more sifted flour and with spoon mix until smooth and glossy. Let rise until double in bulk, 1 hour. Shape into rolls. Rise about 30 minutes. Bake at 400 degrees for 5 - 10 minutes. May be doubled. Dough may also be refrigerated for up to 6 hours or frozen for several weeks.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS

2 c. milk (scalded)	4 eggs (beaten)
1/2 c. butter	3/4 c. water
1 c. sugar	2 Tbsp. yeast
9 c. flour	2 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. salt	

Beat eggs. Add scalded milk and butter. When cooled, add rest of ingredients. Raise until double. Cut out. Raise 40 minutes. Fry in deep grease.

WHEAT THINS

1 cube margarine – melted	1 tsp. salt
1/4 c. sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
3/4 c. water	
2 1/2 c. course ground wheat flour	

Mix well. Roll out to thin texture. Place on greased cookie sheet. Score into 2 inch squares. Bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees.



COOKIES

DANISH WEDDING COOKIES

1 c. butter	2 c. flour
1/2 c. powdered sugar	1/4 tsp. salt
2 tsp. vanilla	1 c. chopped nuts

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Cream powdered sugar, butter and vanilla. Blend in flour, salt and nuts. Shape into 1 inch balls. Bake 15 to 20 minutes. Cool. Roll in more powdered sugar.

SIX-IN-ONE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

2 c. butter	1 c. sugar
1 c. brown sugar, firmly packed	2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. vanilla	4 c. flour
1 tsp. baking powder	1/2 tsp. salt

Mix ingredients. Divide dough into parts. Add chocolate chips, cherries, pecans, coconut, nuts, etc. Put into 1 1/2" or 2" rolls. Freeze. Slice not over 1/2" thick. Bake at 375 degree for 10 - 12 minutes or until lightly brown. Makes 18 dozen.

SNICKERDOODLES

1 c. shortening	1 tsp. soda
1 1/2 c. sugar	1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs	2 tsp. cream of tartar
2 3/4 c. flour	

Cream sugar, shortening. Add eggs. Beat until nutty. Mix in dry ingredients. Roll into small ball. Roll in 2 tsp. sugar and 2 tsp. cinnamon mix. Place on cookie sheet. Do not mash. Bake 375 degrees for 8 - 10 minutes or until lightly browned. (Should be a soft cookie.)

COCOA DROPS

3/4 c. margarine	3 1/2 c. sifted flour
1 1/2 c. sugar	1 tsp. soda
2 eggs	1 tsp. salt
1 1/2 c. sour milk	1/2 c. cocoa
2 tsp. vanilla	1 c. nuts

Mix. Chill 1 hour. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake 400 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool. Frost.

GRANDMA WALTON'S OATMEAL COOKIES

2 c. oatmeal	1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. flour	1/2 c. milk
1 c. sugar	1/2 c. melted butter
2 eggs	1 c. raisins
1 tsp. soda dissolved in a little milk	1 tsp. nutmeg

Mix. Drop from spoon on greased sheet. Bake 400 degrees. Nuts may be added.

FROSTED BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

1/2 c. shortening	1 tsp. soda
1 1/2 c. brown sugar	1 c. sour cream
2 eggs, beaten	2 1/2 c. flour
1 tsp. vanilla	2/3 c. chopped nuts (opt.)
1/4 tsp. salt	1/2 tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla. Beat well. Add dry ingredients alternate with cream. Beat after each addition. Add nuts. Chill until firm. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake 400 degrees for 12 minutes. Cool and frost.

APPLESAUCE COOKIES

1/2 c. shortening	1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs	2 c. flour
1 tsp. soda	1 c. sugar
1/2 tsp. cloves	1 c. applesauce
1/2 tsp. cinnamon	1 c. nuts
1/2 tsp. nutmeg	1 pkg. chocolate chips

Mix applesauce and soda. Mix sugar, shortening, and eggs. Add applesauce. Add dry ingredients. Add nuts and chips. Bake 12 minutes on 400°.

NO BAKE COOKIES

2 c. sugar	1/2 c. milk
1/2 c. shortening	3 Tbsp. cocoa

Bring to boil and pour over:

3 c. oatmeal	1/2 c. nuts (optional)
1 c. coconut	1 tsp. vanilla

PUMPKIN COOKIES

1/2 c. shortening	1 tsp. soda
1 1/2 c. sugar	1 tsp. baking powder
1 egg	1/2 tsp. salt
1 c. pumpkin	1 tsp. nutmeg
1 c. raisins or chocolate chips	1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 c. nuts	1 tsp. vanilla
2 1/2 c. flour	

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg. Add dry ingredients and pumpkin alternately. Beat after each addition, until smooth. Drop from spoon and bake at 375° for 10 minutes.

PINEAPPLE COOKIES

1 c. brown sugar	1 c. white sugar
1 c. butter	1 c. crushed pineapple
2 eggs, beaten	1 tsp. vanilla
4 c. flour	1/2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder	1/2 tsp. salt
1 c. nuts	

Mix and chill. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes.

DROP GINGER COOKIES

1 c. molasses	1 c. shortening
1 c. sugar	1 c. hot water
1 Tbsp. soda dissolved in a little water	2 eggs
5 c. flour	1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. baking powder	1 tsp. cinnamon
	1 tsp. salt

Mix. Let stand one hour then drop from spoon. Bake 375°.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

1 egg	1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1 c. sugar	1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. sour cream	3 1/2 c. flour
1 tsp. soda	1 Tbsp. shortening
1/4 tsp. salt	

Mix. Roll out to desired thickness. Cut. Dip in sugar. Bake 400 degrees.

ORANGE COOKIES

1 1/2 c. flour	1 1/2 sticks oleo or margarine
1 tsp. baking powder	1 c. sugar
1 tsp. salt	1 Tbsp. orange juice
2 eggs	(concentrate)

Mix butter, sugar and eggs. Stir in dry mixture and orange juice. Mix until dough is smooth. Cut out and bake on ungreased cookie sheet about 6 minutes.

Icing:

1/3 c. softened butter	3 Tbsp. orange juice
3 c. powdered sugar.	(concentrate)
1 1/2 Tbsp. orange rind	Color

Beat together ingredients until fluffy. Ice cookies when cold.

FILLED DROP COOKIES

1 c. shortening	3 1/2 c. flour
2 c. brown sugar	1 tsp. salt
3 eggs	1 tsp. soda
1/3 -1/2 c. water	1/4 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. vanilla	

Mix shortening, sugar, and eggs. Stir in water and vanilla. Sift flour, salt, soda and cinnamon. Add to mixture. Chill 1 hour. Drop 1 tsp. dough on sheet. Flatten out. Then add 1 tsp. filling. Top with tsp. dough. Bake 10 -12 minutes on 375°.

Filling:

2 c. raisins	3/4 c. water
3/4 c. sugar	

Cook until thick. Add nuts (optional) and cool.

OREO COOKIES

2 pkg. Devil Food Cake Mix
4 eggs
1 c. shortening

Mix together by hand. Roll in small balls. Put on cookie sheet. Bake 7 - 9 minutes at 350 degrees.

1 8 oz. cream cheese
1 lb. powder sugar
1 cube softened butter

Mix. Frost one cookie. Put another on top.

PUMPKIN - PINEAPPLE COOKIES

1/2 c. butter	1 c. pecans, cut coarsely
1 c. brown sugar	2 c. flour
1/2 c. white sugar	1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 egg	1/2 tsp. soda
1 c. pumpkin	1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 c. crushed pineapple (drained)	2 tsp. cinnamon
1 c. oatmeal	1/4 c. milk

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg, pumpkin, pineapple, oatmeal, and nuts. Mix well. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Drop by teaspoon on cookie sheet. Bake 8 – 10 minutes at 350°.

CUT OUT OR FILLED COOKIES

1 egg	1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. sugar	1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 c. shortening	1 tsp. soda
1/2 c. cream	1/2 tsp. salt
3 1/2 c. flour	

Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs and cream. Add dry ingredients. Roll out 1/4". Cut with cookie cutter.

This recipe may be used for raisin filled cookies.

Filling:

1 c. raisins	1 Tbsp. flour
1/2 c. sugar	1/2 c. water

Boil unto tender and thick. Sandwich between two cut out cookies.

BROWN SUGAR CHEWS

1 egg	1/4 tsp. salt
1 c. brown sugar, packed	1/4 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. vanilla	1 c. chopped walnuts (optional)
1/2 c. flour	

Combine egg, brown sugar and vanilla. Mix thoroughly.

Stir together flour, salt and baking soda; stir into brown sugar mixture, then stir in nuts.

Spread in greased 8" square pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool in pan on rack, then cut in 1 1/2" bars. (Chews are soft when warm.) Makes 25

A Cookie and a Kiss

A house should have a cookie jar
For when its half past three
And children hurry home from school
As hungry as can be
There's nothing quite so splendid
In filling children up
As spicy fluffy ginger cakes
And sweet milk in a cup
A house should have a Mother
Waiting with a hug
No matter what the boy brings home
A puppy or a bug
For children who only loiter
When the bell rings to dismiss
If no one's home to greet them
with a Cookie and a Kiss.



CAKES, PIES, DESSERTS

BOILED RAISIN CAKE

1 c. water
1 c. raisin

Boil together 15 minutes.

Mix until smooth:

1 c. sugar	1 c. milk
Add:	
2 c. flour	4 Tbsp. shortening
1 tsp. salt	1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. allspice	1/2 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. soda	nuts
2 tsp. cinnamon	

Mix well. Add boiled raisins. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 - 35 minutes.

CARROT CAKE

2 1/4 c. flour	2 c. sugar
1 tsp. soda	1 c. vegetable oil
1 tsp. baking powder	3 eggs
2 tsp. cinnamon	1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. salt	

Blend eggs, sugar, oil. Add dry ingredients to egg mixture. Then add:

2 c. grated carrots	1 c. well drained pineapple
1 c. chopped nuts	1 c. coconut

Bake in greased and floured pan 1 hour at 350 degrees or until done. When cooled frost with Cream Frosting.

CREAM FROSTING

4 oz. cream cheese	1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. powder sugar	1/4 c. margarine

Mix until smooth.

BAKED CHEESE CAKE

Grease one 9" spring cake pan and dust with graham cracker crumbs.

5 eggs, separated	1 c. sugar
2 Tbsp. lemon juice	3 Tbsp. flour or cornstarch
1 tsp. vanilla	1 lb. cream cheese
1 pint sour cream	.

Cream together sugar, flour and cream cheese. Add egg yolks, lemon juice, vanilla. Add sour cream. Blend just until smooth - not too much. Add stiff, beaten egg whites. Pour into pan. Sprinkle top with graham cracker crumbs.

Bake at 325 degrees 1 hour 10 minutes. Shut off oven but leave cake in for 1 hour. Open door 1/2 hour or until well cooled. Remove from pan. Serve plain or with sauce and whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Sift together:

2 c. flour	4 Tbsp. cocoa
1 c. sugar	1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. soda	

Add:

1 c. salad dressing	1 c. cold water
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Bake 375 degrees for 20 - 30 minutes.

CAKE BROWNIES

1 c. sifted flour	1 sq. chocolate
1/2 tsp. baking powder	3 eggs, separated
1/4 tsp. salt	1/4 c. milk
1/2 c. shortening	1 tsp. vanilla
3/4 c. sugar	1/2 c. chopped nuts

Mix together. Bake at 350° for 30 - 35 minutes.

FAVORITE FROSTING

3/4 c. sugar	1/2 c. milk
1/4 c. or 1/2 cube margarine	Powdered sugar

Put ingredients into a pan. Boil a few minutes. Take off stove. Beat powdered sugar into mixture until thick as desired. Frost cake or cookies. Frosting will thicken as it cools. You may add a little milk to thin it down, if necessary.

OATMEAL CAKE

1/2 c. oil	1 c. brown sugar
1 c. white sugar	2 eggs
Mix together and add:	
1 1/2 c. flour	1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt	
In separate bowl mix:	
1 c. oatmeal	1 1/2 c. boiling water
1 tsp. cinnamon	

Combine all together. Pour into a greased and floured 9 x 13 inch pan. Bake at 350° for 30 to 40 minutes. Cool and frost.

APPLESAUCE CAKE

1 c. sugar	1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 c. butter	1/2 tsp. cloves
1 c. applesauce	2 tsp. cinnamon
1 egg	nuts and raisins
2 tsp. baking powder	2 c. flour
1 tsp. vanilla	

Cream butter, sugar, egg. Stir in applesauce. Mix dry ingredients. Add floured raisins. Bake in loaf pan at 375°.

SPICE CAKE

Cream:

1/2 c. shortening	2 c. sugar
Add:	
2-3 eggs	1 tsp. cloves
2 c. milk	1 tsp. nutmeg
4 c. flour	1 tsp. allspice
2 tsp. baking powder	4 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. salt	

Mix all together well. Add:

2 tsp. soda dissolved in 1/4 c. warm water. Bake at 375°.

ICING

1 egg, beaten	1/2 c. shortening
1/2 to 3/4 pkg. powdered sugar	milk
	1 tsp. vanilla

Add enough milk to make right consistency and vanilla to taste. Beat.

GRANDMA WALTON'S FRUIT CAKE

4 c. flour	1/2 c. molasses
2 c. sugar	1/2 c. cooking wine
1 c. butter	1/2 tsp. nutmeg
6 eggs	1/2 tsp. cloves
1 lb. raisins	1/2 Tbsp. cinnamon
1/4 lb. citron	1/2 Tbsp. ginger
1 lb. walnuts	1/2 Tbsp. soda dissolved in a little warm water

Mix. Bake 3 hours at 250°.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

2 c. sugar	2 c. flour
1 c. shortening	1 c. milk
4 egg yolks	2 Tbsp. cocoa
1 tsp. vanilla	nuts

Mix the above. Beat egg whites (4). Fold in the egg whites. Bake 375 degrees for 20 - 30 minutes.

BANANA CUPCAKES

1 c. sugar
1/2 c. shortening
2 eggs
1 1/2 c. mashed bananas
1/2 c. milk
1 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder

2 1/2 c. flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/8 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
3/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream sugar and shortening. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add bananas and milk. Sift and add dry ingredients. Bake in cupcakes at 300 degrees for 15 - 20 minutes. This can be used as a cake and baked at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

CAKE

1 c. sugar
2 eggs
1 c. sour cream
Bake at 350°.

1 tsp. vanilla
2 c. flour
1 tsp. soda

For Spice Cake Add:

2 tsp. nutmeg
2 tsp. cinnamon

1 tsp. cocoa

For Chocolate Cake Add:

4 tsp. cocoa

For Banana Cake Add:

2 large bananas

FAVORITE JELLY ROLL

4 eggs
2 c. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 c. sugar

2 tsp. baking powder
1 c. boiling water
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs well. Add sugar and beat. Add flour, baking powder and salt. Beat well. Add boiling water and vanilla; Beat. Bake in dripper pan, or 10 minutes in moderate oven. Tip out on cloth. Spread with jelly and roll.

CARAMEL OR PINEAPPLE PUDDING

1 c. melted butter
1 c. white sugar
1 c. raisins
1 c. milk

1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
pinch salt
2 1/2 c. flour

Put into pan 2 c. brown sugar. Add 3 c. water (hot). Add batter. DO NOT STIR. Bake at 375 degrees until knife comes out clean.

FOR PINEAPPLE PUDDING:

Omit raisins in batter. Put pineapple in bottom of pan. Use lemon jello pudding in place of brown sugar in water.

APPLE CRISP DELIGHT

6 - 8 apples peeled & sliced 1/2 c. oatmeal
1 c. sugar 1 c. flour
1/2 c. butter 1 tsp. cinnamon

Place apples in well-greased small roaster dish. Work together sugar, flour, butter, and cinnamon with hands or fork until crumbly, then pack closely over apples. Place in oven 350 degrees - 375 degrees and bake for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve warm with whipped cream.

MEXICAN BREAD PUDDING

1 c. sugar 1 1/2 c. gated cheese
2 c. water 1 tsp. cinnamon
6 slices dry bread, cubed 2 Tbsp. butter
1 c. raisins

Carmalize sugar. Add cinnamon and water. Boil until sugar is dissolved. Place layer of bread and then layer of cheese and raisins. Repeat until all gone.

PERFECT BREAD PUDDING

2 1/4 c. milk 1 tsp. cinnamon
2 eggs, beaten 1/4 tsp. salt
2 c. 1" dry old bread cubes 1/2 c. raisins
1/2 c. brown sugar 1 tsp. vanilla

Combine milk and eggs; pour over bread cubes. Add remaining ingredients; toss lightly to blend. Spread mixture in greased baking dish. Set dish in shallow pan on oven rack. Pour hot water around it 1 inch deep. Bake in moderate oven (350°) about 35 - 40 minutes.

TAPIOCA PUDDING

3 Tbsp. tapioca 1/8 tsp. salt
3 Tbsp. sugar 2 c. milk
1 egg yolk 1 egg white
2 Tbsp. sugar 3/4 tsp. vanilla

Mix tapioca, salt, 3 Tbsp. sugar, milk, and yolk in pan. Let stand 5 minutes. Beat egg white until foamy; gradually beat in 2 Tbsp. sugar, beating to soft peaks. Set aside. Cook tapioca mixture over medium heat to a full boil, stirring constantly - 6 - 8 minutes. Gradually add to beaten white, stirring quickly just until blended. Stir in vanilla. Cook 20 minutes. Stir. May add sliced bananas. Serve warm or chilled. Garnish as desired.

IMPOSSIBLE PIE

4 eggs 1 c. coconut
1/2 cube margarine 2 c. milk
1 scant c. sugar 2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 c. flour

Put all ingredients into blender, blend for 10 seconds. Pour into greased 10 inch pie pan. Bake in 350 degrees oven for 40 minutes. Flour forms crust and coconut forms topping.

PECAN PIE

2 Tbsp. butter 1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 c. brown sugar 1 c. dark corn syrup
2 eggs, separated 1 1/2 c. broken pecans
1/4 tsp. salt 1 unbaked 9 inch pie shell

Cream butter and sugar until light. Add egg yolks, well beaten, then add flour, salt, vanilla, dark com syrup and pecans. Add beaten egg whites last. Turn into pie shell and bake in 450 degree oven for 10 minutes. Reduce oven to 350 degrees and bake about 25 minutes longer.

AUNT EVA'S CREAM PUFFS

1 c. water
1/2 c. butter

1 c. flour (heaping)
4 eggs (6 small eggs)

Boil water and butter. Stir in flour. Cook over low heat until it forms a ball. Remove from heat. Add eggs. Beat until smooth. Drop 1/4 cup on ungreased baking sheet. Bake 400 degrees for 45 minutes. Fill with Cream Pie filling.

APPLE PIE (From Scratch)

About 5 apples pared, cored, and sliced.

3/4 c. sugar
Dash salt
1 1/2 Tbsp. flour

1/4 tsp. cinnamon
1 Tbsp. butter

Fill the pie shell with apples. Sprinkle with sugar, salt, flour, and cinnamon, which have been mixed together. Dot with butter. Cover with a top crust and seal edge by folding upper crust over lower edge. Bake at 450 degree for 10 minutes then at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

APPLE PIE

8-in. unbaked crusts
1/2 c. sugar
2 Tbsp. cornstarch
1/4 tsp. cinnamon

1/8 tsp. nutmeg
1 can sliced apples
1 Tbsp. butter

Mix in a 2 1/2 qt. bowl: sugar, cornstarch, cinnamon and nutmeg. Stir in sliced apples, undrained. Pour into crust. Dot with butter. Cover with top crust. Seal edge. Make slits in crust. Bake 30 minutes at 425 degrees.

RAISIN PIE FILLING

Cook until tender:

2 c. raisins

2 c. water

Stir in:

1/2 c. sugar

2 Tbsp. flour

Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until boiling. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir in:

1/2 c. nuts, chopped
3 Tbsp. lemon juice

2 tsp. lemon rind

COUNTRY KITCHEN CUSTARD PIE

4 eggs, beaten
3/4 c. sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
nutmeg

1 1/2 c. scalded milk
1 c. scalded cream
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs, add rest of ingredients. Pour into unbaked pie shell and sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake 400 degrees for 25 minutes or until knife comes out clean.

PIE CRUST

Blend:

3 c. flour
1 tsp. salt

1 c. shortening

Mix together:

1 Tbsp. vinegar
1/3 c. water

1 egg, beaten

Mix flour mixture and water mixture together. Do not overwork the dough. Makes three 2 crust and five to six 1 crust. May be stored in refrigerator.

STRAWBERRY DESSERT

(LuDeen shared this recipe with us.)

1 pkg. graham crackers crushed 1/4 c. butter
1/4 c. sugar

Mix and press into 9 x 15 pan. Bake 15 minutes. Cool. Take out a few crumbs for top. Whip:

2 pkg. cream whip 1 8 oz cream cheese
or 1 lg. cool whip 1 c. powdered sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Spread over graham crackers.

Make sauce from 1 pkg. strawberry danish dessert, prepared as directed. Add 1 tsp. lemon and 1 pkg. frozen strawberries. Pour over cream mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs. Chill.

CREAM PIE FILLING

8 - 9 baked pie shells 4 c. scalded milk
1 1/2 c. sugar 5 eggs, separated
2/3 c. flour 1 Tbsp. butter
or 4 Tbsp. cornstarch 1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp, salt

Combine and cook until thick.

CARROT PUDDING

1/2 c. butter 1 c. bread crumbs
1 c. sugar 1 c. nuts
1 c. flour 1 tsp. soda
1 c. grated apples 1/2 tsp. cloves
1 c. grated carrots 1/2 tsp. allspice
1 c. raisins 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Cream butter and sugar. Add apples, carrots, raisins, crumbs, dry ingredients. Put into shortening cans. Steam 2 1/2 hours in boiling water.

Carmel Sauce

1 c. sugar 2 c. milk

Thicken with cornstarch. Add chunks of butter and vanilla to taste.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1/4 c. cornstarch dash salt
1/2 c. sugar 1 1/2 c. water
Cook until thick. Add:
3 egg yolks 1 1/2 tsp. lemon rind
1/2 c. sugar 1/3 c. lemon juice

Add to thickened mixture and cook, until done. Top with meringue.

PUMPKIN PIE

2 eggs, beaten 1/2 tsp. ginger
1 1/2 c. pumpkin 1/4 tsp. cloves
3/4 c. sugar 1 2/3 c. evaporated milk
1/8 tsp. salt 1 9" unbaked pie shell
1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix filling ingredients in order given. Pour into pie shell. Bake in preheated oven (350 degrees) for 45 - 60 minutes.

CARROT PIE

3 c. mashed carrot 3 tsp. cinnamon
4 eggs 1 tsp. salt
3/4 c. brown sugar 1 tsp. ginger
3/4 c. white sugar 1 tsp. cloves

Measure in measuring bowl: 3 1/3 c. milk using a can of milk first, then fill up with regular milk
Stir the first two together. Add sugar and spices. Mix well. Then, add the milk. Pour into unbaked pie shells. Bake at 350 degrees for about an hour or until knife in center comes out clean.

MERINGUE

2 Tbsp. sugar to each egg white

Beat egg white until foamy. Add sugar, beat until thick. Bake 12 – 14 minutes or until golden brown.



CANDY

CHERRY CORDIALS

1 or 2 Hershey Bars or dipping chocolate
3/4 cup peanut butter
12 oz. package Spanish Peanuts (ground)

Mix together. Put small amount of chocolate mixture in the bottom of candy cups.

In saucepan melt 18 large Marshmallows

Add 1 can cherry frosting

Spread small amount on top of chocolate mixture. Put more chocolate on top. Keep cool.

YUMMIES

1 cube butter Large marshmallows
1 can Eagle brand milk Rice Crispies
1 pkg. Kraft Caramels

Mix butter, Eagle brand milk, and melted caramels. Put marsh- mallows on skewer. Dip in melted caramel mixture. Roll in Rice Crispies.

PEANUT BUTTER CUPS

2 c. peanut butter 4 c. powdered sugar
2 c. finely ground graham crackers
2 c. butter or margarine

Mix ingredients together. Melt chocolate. Put 1 tsp. chocolate in bottom of cup, then patty, and more chocolate. Makes 150 cups.

STICKY POPCORN

(LuDeen shared this recipe with us.)

1 1/3 c. sugar 1 c. margarine
1/2 c. Karo syrup

Boil together 4 to 5 minutes, remove from stove, add 1 can Eagle Brand Milk and 1 tsp. vanilla. Put back on heat. Bring to boil and pour over popcorn.

DIVINITY

Cook to brittle ball:

2 c. sugar 1/2 c. water
1/2 c. karo syrup

Beat 2 egg whites to hard peaks. Add cooked syrup slowly while beating. Continue beating until divinity will stand when samples are placed on waxed paper. Add 1 tsp. vanilla and nuts. Quickly spoon out onto waxed paper. Let set up.

COCOA FUDGE

2/3 c. cocoa 1 1/2 c. milk
3 c. sugar 4 1/2 tsp. butter
1/8 tsp. salt 1 tsp. vanilla
nuts, if desired

Combine sugar, cocoa, milk. Boil to soft ball stage. Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Cool and beat. Add nuts. Pour into buttered pans.

FUDGE WITH MARSHMALLOW

4 c. sugar 1 can milk

Cook to soft ball stage. Add:

2 pkg. chocolate chips pinch salt
1 pint marshmallow cream 1 tsp. vanilla

Stir until all is melted. Pour into buttered pan.

CARMEL POPCORN

1 box (2 c.) brown sugar 1 c. Karo syrup
1 cube butter

Bring to boil. Cook a very few minutes. Pour over popcorn.

CARMELS

(Good to eat plain.)

2 c. sugar 1/2 c. butter
2 c. white corn syrup 2 c. cream or evaporated milk
1/8 tsp. salt 1 tsp. vanilla

Boil sugar, syrup, and salt to hard ball stage stirring occasionally. Add butter. Then add cream gradually so that syrup doesn't stop boiling. Stir and cook to firm ball stage. Add vanilla and pour into greased shallow pan without scraping sides of pan. Cool. Cut into squares and wrap in heavy wax paper.

ROCKY ROAD

(Debrah shared this recipe with us.)

2 sq. unsweetened chocolate 1 sq. butter
Melt over hot water. Cool.
1 1/2 c. powdered sugar 1 c. chopped nuts
1 beaten egg 1 pkg. small marshmallows

Stir into cooled chocolate mixture. Prepare in advance: plastic wrap covered with coconut. Takes 2 sheets 18 inches long. Spread candy in a log form in center of wrap. Roll up and put in refrigerator until set.

QUICK PEANUT CLUSTERS

(Debrah shared this recipe with us.)

1 pkg. (4 oz.) chocolate 1 Tbsp. butter or margarine
pudding mix (not instant) 1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. sugar 1 c. nuts or coconut
1/2 c. evaporated milk

Combine pudding mix, sugar, milk, and butter. Cook and stir over medium heat until boils. Reduce heat. Cook and stir 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and nuts. Beat until candy thickens. Drop by teaspoon onto wax paper.

Try various flavors of pudding mixes for a different taste.

MOTHER GOOSE POPCORN

3/4 c. cream 1 tsp. vanilla
Heat. Stir in:
1 pkg. powder sugar A drop red food coloring.
Pour over popcorn.

ORANGE STICKS

1 pkg. M.C.P. Pectin 1 c. sugar
1/2 tsp. baking soda 1 c. light corn syrup
3/4 c. water

In a 2 quart pan mix pectin, soda, and water (mix until foamy). Mix sugar and com syrup in another 2 quart pan. Place both pans over high heat. Cook and stir until foam has thinned from pectin mixture and the sugar is boiling, about 3 to 5 minutes. Pour pectin mixture in a slow stream into boiling sugar mixture. Stir constantly for about one minute. Cook and stir one minute more. Remove from heat and add:

Coloring 1 Tbsp. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. oil of orange

Pour Into buttered 8" x 8" pyrex pan. Let stand at room temperature until cool, about 8 hours. With buttered scissors, cut into strips. Dry for about one hour then dip in chocolate.

To Make Gumdrops: Cut in 3/4" squares and roll in granulated sugar. Store in loosely covered container.

HONEY TAFFY

3 c. sugar 3 Tbsp. white vinegar
1 c. honey 3 Tbsp. butter
2/3 c. water 1/4 tsp. salt

Cook to very hard ball. Pour into buttered pan until cool enough to handle. Pull until light golden color. Twist and cool. Cut or break into pieces.

PANOCHE

In a sauce pan, place:

2 c. white sugar 1 c. cream (half and half)
2 Tbls. white Karo Syrup

Stir. Place on medium heat. With wet paper towel, wipe excess sugar from pan.

In a skillet, brown 1 cup white sugar. Cook till liquid and golden brown. Add to boiling cream mixture.
DON'T STIR!

Cook to softball stage. Remove from stove. Cool until it's body temperature. Beat until color changes to light brown. Pour onto waxed paper. Knead and roll into logs. Add walnuts at this point. Wrap in waxed paper and keep in refrigerator.

NOTE: If it's too sticky to knead, put in refrigerator overnight.

RICE KRISPIES CANDY

1 small pkg. Rice Krispies 1 1/2 pkg. marshmallows
3/4 cube butter 1 tsp. vanilla

Melt marshmallows, butter and vanilla. Pour over Rice Krispies. Mix together. Press into buttered pan. Leave until dry. Cut into squares.

PEANUT BRITTLE

Combine. Cook to soft ball stage:

2 c. sugar 1/2 c. water
1 c. cup syrup 1/4 tsp. salt

Add:

4 Tbsp. butter 2 tsp. vanilla
2 1/2 c. raw peanuts (1 lb.)

Cook to crackling stage. Add 1 tsp. soda. Pour on buttered cookie sheet and cool. Break into pieces.

AUNT EVA'S TAFFY

Cook to crack stage:

2 c. sugar 1/2 c. vinegar
1/2 c. water 1 tsp. flavorings

Pour into buttered pan. Work the edges into the middle until it cools to handle. Stretch a little then a little vanilla. Stretch until hard. Roll into rope and cut.

POPCORN BALLS

2 c. sugar 1/4 c. butter
2/3 c. syrup 3/4 tsp. salt
2/3 c. water 1 tsp. vanilla

Cook to crack stage. Pour over popcorn.

ALMOND JOY

2 c. sugar 2 c. Karo syrup
Boll until soft ball stage.

Add:

1 1/2 pound coconut Nuts, if desired

Do not beat. Pour into pan. Measure small squares. Put an almond on each square. Cool. Cut. Dip in chocolate.

CREAM FONDANT

2 c. sugar
1 c. cream

1 Tbsp. white Karo syrup

Put on stove and stir until sugar is dissolved. Wipe with damp cloth the sugar crystals around pan. Cook to soft ball stage. Cool. Beat.

CARMELS

¼ lbs. butter
1 large can milk

1/2 c. Karo syrup
2 c. sugar

Mix butter, karo syrup and sugar. Cook till boils, then add milk slowly. Cook till soft ball. Stir often to avoid scorching. Let set a few minutes. Spoon into buttered pan.

For Turtles or Peanut Clusters:

Butter cookie sheet. Put salted peanuts into small clusters. Spoon caramel over peanuts, making sure all the peanuts are covered.

For Caramel Roll:

Pour caramel into a buttered cookie sheet. (Caramel should be no more than 1/2" thick.) Let set. Make a batch of cream fondant. Roll into 1" rolls. Let these set up. Put the fondant roll into the middle of the caramel. Roll the caramel around it. Roll the whole thing in chopped nuts.



THIS AND THAT

SUBSTITUTION

For 1 square chocolate put in 3 Tbsp. cocoa + 1 Tbsp. butter.
For sugar (1 cup) put 1 cup honey minus 1/4 liquid in recipe.
For sour cream put 1 cup sweet milk + 1 Tbsp. vinegar or lemon juice.
For baking powder put 1/4 tsp. soda and 1/2 tap. cream of tartar
or
1/2 teaspoon soda + 1 cup milk, 1 tsp. fruit juices or molasses
For 1 Tablespoon cornstarch use 2 tablespoons flour.
For self-rising flour, mix 4 c. flour, 2 tsp. salt, and 2 Tbsp. baking powder.

FOOD QUANTITIES FOR 25, 50, AND 100 SERVINGS

FOOD	25 SERVINGS	50 SERVINGS	100 SERVINGS
Rolls	4 doz.	8 doz.	16 doz.
Bread	50 slices or 3 1-lb. loaves	100 slices or 6 1 lb. loaves	200 slices or 12 1-lb. loaves
Butter	1/2 pound	3/4 to 1 pound	1 1/2 pounds
Mayonnaise	1 cup	2 to 3 cups	4 to 6 cups
Mixed Filling for Sandwiches (meat, eggs, fish)	1 1/2 quarts	2 1/2 to 3 quarts	5 to 6 quarts
Mixed Filling (sweet.-fruit)	1 quart	1 3/4 to 2 quarts	2 1/2 to 4 quarts
Jams & Preserves	1 1/2 lb.	3lb.	6 lb.
Crackers	1 1/2 lb.	3lb.	6lb.
Cheese (2 oz. per serving)	3 lb.	6lb.	12 lb.
Soup	1 1/2 gal.	3 gal.	6 gal.
Salad Dressings	1 pt.	2 1/2 pt.	1 1/2 gal.
Meat, Poultry or Fish:			
Wieners (beef)	6 1/2 pounds	13 pounds	25 pounds
Hamburger	9 pounds	18 pounds	35 pounds
Turkey or chicken	13 pounds	25 to 35 pounds	50 to 75 pounds
Fish, large whole (round)	13 pounds	25 pounds	50 pounds
Fish, fillets or steaks	7 1/2 pounds	15 pounds	30 pounds
Salads, Casseroles, Vegetables:			
Potato Salad	4 1/4 quarts	2 1/4gallons	4 1/2 gallons
Scalloped Potatoes	4 1/2 quarts or 1 12 x 20" pan	8 1/2 quarts	17 quarts
Mashed Potatoes	91b.	18 - 20 lb.	25-35 lb.
Spaghetti	1 1/4 gallons	2 1/2 gallons	5 gallons
Baked Beans	¾ gallon	1 ¼ gallons	2 ½ gallons
Jello Salad	¾ gallon	1 1/4 gallons	2 ½ gallons
Canned Vegetables	1 #10 can	2 1/2 #10 cans	4 #10 cans
Fresh Vegetables:			
Lettuce (for salads)	4 heads	8 heads	15 heads
Carrots (3 oz. or ½ c.)	6 1/4 lb.	12 1/2 lb.	25 lb
Tomatoes	3-5 lb.	7 - 10 lb.	14 - 20 lb.
Desserts:			
Watermelon	37 1/2 pounds	75 pounds	150 pounds
Fruit Cup (1/2 c. per serving)	3 qt.	6 qt.	12 qt
Cake	1 10 x 12" sheet	1 12 x 20" sheet	2 12 x 20" Sheet

	cake	cake	cakes
	1 1/2 10" layer	3 10" layer	6 1 0" layer
	cakes	cakes	cakes
Whipping Cream	3/4 pint	1 1/2 to 2 pints	3 pints
Ice Cream:			
Brick	3 1/4 quarts	6 1/2 quarts	12 1/2 quarts
Bulk	2 1/4 quarts	4 1/2 quarts or 1 1/4 gallons	9 quarts or 2 1/2 gallons
Beverages:			
Lemonade	10 to 15 lemons, 1 1/2 gal. water	20 to 30 lemons, 3 gal. water	40 to 60 lemons. 6 gal. water

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

3 teaspoon	1 Tablespoon
2 Tablespoon	1 liquid ounce
4 Tablespoon	1/4 cup
1 cup	8 ounces
2 cups	1 pint
4 cups	1 quart
1/2 lb. butter or fat	1 cup
1 lb. granulated sugar	2 cups
1 lb. brown sugar	2 1/4 cups
1 lb. powdered sugar	3 1/2 cups
1 pkg, dry yeast	1 cake or 1 Tbsp.
1 lb. flour	about 4 cups
1 lb. rice	2 cups
1 lb. macaroni, dry	4 cups
1 lb. macaroni, cooked	8 cups
1/2 lb. cheese	2 cups grated
1 square chocolate	1 ounce
1 pkg. cream cheese	3 oz a 6 Tbsp
1 c. chopped nutmeats	1/4 pound
16 marshmallows	1/4 pound
1 cup egg whites	8-12 eggs
1/2 pint heavy cream	1 cup whipped

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

Cinnamon Rolls:

Don't cut with a knife - slice with a string.

Use white sugar with cinnamon - not brown sugar. (They won't stick.)

As the cinnamon rolls rise in the oven (10 minutes) they tend to pop up in the middle. Take a spatula and gently press down and the centers will stay where they belong. Finish baking 15 - 16 minutes more. Just until nicely brown.

Yeast Doughs:

Your water needs to be warmer for our present day yeast. It can be from 110 - 120 degrees. Most water from the faucet is 120 degrees.

Dipping Chocolates:

Make sure you buy Ghiradelli chocolate. This is a soft milk chocolate.

Try to dip chocolates on a clear day. If there's too much moisture in the air, your chocolates will turn white.

The chocolate should be melted slowly - on low heat. Again, if it is heated too quickly, it will turn white.

I use my electric skillet. I put my chunk of chocolate in a glass casserole dish and set it in the skillet on very low setting. Stir often! If it gets too warm, take it out and cool it off for a few minutes.

A microwave may be used on low heat or defrost by stirring often. It won't look like it's melting until it's done.

Chocolate should be comfortably warm on your hands.

When your icing is a little lumpy, don't worry! Just ice the cake/cookies and cover the lumps with coconut.

When cooking spaghetti or rice, use 1 cup rice, etc. to 2 cups water.

Shortly before taking cupcakes from the oven, place a marshmallow on each for the frosting.

Cut sheet cake with nylon thread or fishing line.

Don't grease the side of cake pan. How would you like to climb a greased pole?

Bar cookies need to be cut while still warm and then allowed to cool before removing from pan.

If fat will not mix in when making gravy, add some ice cubes and stir until the fat gathers on them. Remove and then repeat until all the excess fat is removed.

For best baked biscuits on meat pie have the meat pie mixture bubbling hot when you place biscuits on top. Biscuits will bake faster, be lighter and bottom will not get soggy. Same trick holds for fruit cobbler.

Add 2 tablespoons cornstarch to fresh fruit salad and it will keep the bananas from turning dark for several hours.

Clorox - one to two tablespoons in dish rinse water helps disinfect the dishes and helps prevent the spread of colds and flu.

You can freeze dough after letting rise 1 1/4 hours. Shape and freeze.

To fast-bake potatoes, let them stand in boiling water for 10 minutes before popping them in a very hot oven. They will bake in half the time.

If you want onion flavor, but do not like raw onions in your potato salad, take a peeled onion and boil it in the water with the potatoes.

To make sour milk for baking, use 1 cup sweet milk mixed with 1 of the following: 1 tablespoon vinegar; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1 3/4 tsp. cream of tartar.

PEANUT BUTTER PLAY-DO

1 c. peanut butter (creamy) 1/2 c. honey
1 1/4 c. dry milk

Mix above ingredients until a clay texture is achieved. Give each child a fist size amount to play with at a table. Add cookie cutters, plastic knives, etc. and let them create and lick their fingers.

FINGER PAINT

Combine:

1/2 c. laundry starch 3/4 c. water
1 envelope gelatin

Soak in 1/4 c. water

Add 2 c. hot water. Cook until boils clear. Add 1/2 c. soap flakes. Stir until dissolved and thickened. Cool. Divide. Color with food color.

PLAY DOUGH

2 c. flour 2 Tbsp. oil
1 c. salt 1 c. water
1/4 c. cornstarch

Combine your desired color with the water. Then mix all your ingredients adding a little more flour or water, as needed. Knead on counter to get just right. Store in plastic wrap. It does not need to be refrigerated.

MAKE A SALT GARDEN

1/4 c. laundry bluing 1 Tbsp. ammonia
1/4 c. water 2 charcoal briquettes or 1 clinker
1/4 c. table salt Drops of food coloring

Mix water, salt, bluing, and ammonia together and stir well. Place the charcoal in a large dish. Now pour solution over charcoal, sprinkle with drops of food coloring, and put bowl where it won't be disturbed.

In a few hours the first crystal will form and in few days a wonderful garden will fill the bowl.

SALT DOUGH

1/2 c. corn starch 1 c. salt
2/3 c. cold water.

Cook over low heat until thick. If too thick, add water. If too thin add cornstarch. Cool. Keep covered when not using. This dough will dry out.

GRANDMA LEAH WALTON'S RECIPES

14 Minute Frosting

2 c sugar
1/2 c cold water
2 egg whites
1 tsp vanilla

Mix sugar, egg whites and water in double boiler, put over hot water and beat 14 minutes with an egg beater. Remove from fire and stir with a spoon until cool enough to spread, add flavoring.

Applesauce Cake

1/2 c. butter
1 c. applesauce
2 tbsp cinnamon
2 tbsp cocoa
Flavoring
1 c. sugar
1 tsp soda
1/2 tsp cloves
2 1/2 c. flour

Cream butter and sugar. Stir in applesauce. Add spices, flavoring and flour. If wished nuts or raisins may be added.

Fruit Cake

4 c. flour
2 c. sugar
1 c. butter
6 eggs
1/2 c. molasses
1/2 c. wine or grape juice
1 lb. fruit
1 lb. walnuts
1/2 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tbsp. cinnamon
1/2 tbsp. ginger
1/2 tbsp. soda dissolved in a little warm water
1 lb. raisins

Mix together dry ingredients. Add molasses and wine. Mix. Add nuts, candied fruits, raisins. Bake 3 hours at 350 degrees.

Mahogany Cake

1/2 c. milk
1 c. sugar
1/2 c. butter
2 c. flour
1/2 c chocolate, boil and cool
2 eggs well beaten
1/2 c milk
1 tsp soda

Last add melted choc and vanilla.

Christmas Suet Pudding

1 c. cream
1 c. suet
2 c. fine bread crumbs
1 c. sugar
1 tsp salt
4 eggs
1 1/2 c. raisins
1 c. currents
1 c. nuts
1 tsp. cloves
2 tsp. cinnamon

Dissolve a level teaspoon soda in teaspoon warm water. Flour the fruit from a pint flour. In a large bowl put the well beaten eggs, sugar, spices and cream. Stir in the fruit, chopped nuts, bread crumbs, and suet one after the other. Putting in the dissolved soda last, adding the flour to make fruit stock together, which will take the whole of the pint. Steam 4 hours.

Mince Meat

2 lbs. suet	3 lbs. beef after it is boiled
6 lbs. apples (these must be chopped fine)	3 lbs. currents
3-1/2 lbs raisins	1/2 doz nutmegs
1 ounce mace	1/4 ounce cloves
1/2 ounce cinnamon	1 qt cider
1 qt. sherry	1-1/2 pints brandy
2 lbs. citron, cut fine.	

This is a fine recipe and makes enough to last a small family all winter.

Salad Dressing

3 eggs	2 tsp mustard
1/2 tsp. salt	2 tbsp sugar
1 tbsp flour	1/2 c. vinegar
1/2 c. water	pinch of pepper

Cook, cool, add whipped cream. If kept covered and in a cool place it will keep.

Doughnuts

2 eggs	3/4 c. milk
2 3/4 c. flour	1 tsp salt
4 tsp baking powder	1 c. sugar
1/2 tsp nutmeg	

Save 1/3 cup flour for board. Beat eggs until light, add milk; then add this liquid to the dry ingredients which have been sifted well together. Roll out 1/4 inch thick on lightly floured board, and fry in deep fat, drain well.

Put on unglazed paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Sour Cream Cookies

1 egg	1/2 tsp nutmeg
1 c. sugar	3 1/2 c flour
1 c. sour cream	1 tbsp lard
1 tsp soda	Lemon extract
1/3 tsp salt	

Mix into a dough just soft enough to handle. Roll out 1/3 inch thick. 1 finger print in middle with a raisin if desire. Sprinkle w/sugar after Cooking.

Delicious Drop Cookies

1 c. brown sugar	1/2 c white sugar
2/3 c shortening (or less if you use sour cream)	2 eggs
1/2 c sour milk	3 c flour
1 tsp soda	1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp nutmeg	

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs, then sour milk all creamy. Sift soda and spices with flour. Add to mixture. Mix well. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake.

Oatmeal Cookies

2 c. oatmeal
2 c. flour
1 c. sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. soda, dissolved in milk
1 tsp. nutmeg

½ c. milk
½ c. melted butter
1 c. raisins
1 c. nuts (Optional)
1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix together. Drop on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees.

Sugar Cookies

½ c. shortening
1 ½ c. sugar
¼ c. milk
2 eggs
3 – 4 c. flour

½ tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. vanilla or lemon
½ tsp. salt
2 ½ tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add milk to beaten eggs and beat again. Add slowly to creamed shortening and sugar. Add flavoring. Add 2 cups sifted flour with baking powder and nutmeg. Add enough more flour to roll easily. Roll out thin on floured board. Cut with any fancy cookie cutter. Sprinkle with sugar or put a raisin or nut in the center of each. Bake about 10 minutes in moderate oven (370 degrees).

Gingerbread

1 egg
½ c. sugar
½ c. molasses
1 c. sour milk
¼ c. butter
2 c. flour

¾ tsp. soda
¾ tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Mix. Bake 35 – 40 minutes. Serves 12.

Chili Sauce

18 ripe tomatoes, cut fine
1 c. sugar
2 tbsp of all kinds of spices pulverized cloves, cinnamon, ginger
1 lg. onion
1 tsp pepper
1 green pepper (if desire)
1 tbsp salt
2 c. vinegar

Boil and bottle. Boil 1 hr 45 min for a double batch.

Green Tomato Relish

10 qt. green tomatoes
2 large onions
6 green peppers
2 qt. sugar
1 ½ qt. vinegar
3 Tbsp. flour

1 tsp. black pepper
1 tsp. cloves
2 c. water
2 Tbsp. salt
2 tsp. tumeric

Mix well. Cook one hour and seal.

Mustard Pickles

2 qt. cubed cucumbers
2 qt. whole pearl onions
2 qt. cauliflower
1 ½ qt. vinegar

Boil until tender. Add:

2 Tbsp. flour
2 Tbsp. mustard

Mix with vinegar and boil until thickening is cooked.

2 Tbsp. salt
½ box mixed spices
1 ½ qt. sugar

1 Tbsp. tumeric

Chow Chow

1 pk. green tomatoes
6 large onions

Slice all. Place in layers, sprinkle with 1 c. salt. Let stand overnight. In the morning, press dry, put in a kettle and cover with:

Vinegar
1 c. sugar

Stew slowly about 1 hour.

1 Tbsp. of each kind of spices

Sweet Pickles

25 cucumbers (dill size)

Boil:

1 qt. vinegar
2 qt. sugar
2 sticks cinnamon
2 blades mace

1 Tbsp. whole cloves
½ c. salt
1 qt. water

Prepare salt brine strong enough to hold an egg. Pour over cucumbers. Let stand two weeks. Remove from brine. Cover with cold water and alum the size of walnut. Stand overnight. Drain. Pour vinegar mixture over cucumbers. Drain and reheat for four days. Sealing unnecessary.

Noodles

2 eggs
1/2 tsp salt

Add enough flour to stiffen, cut very fine, add to soup base.

Boil soup bone the day before.

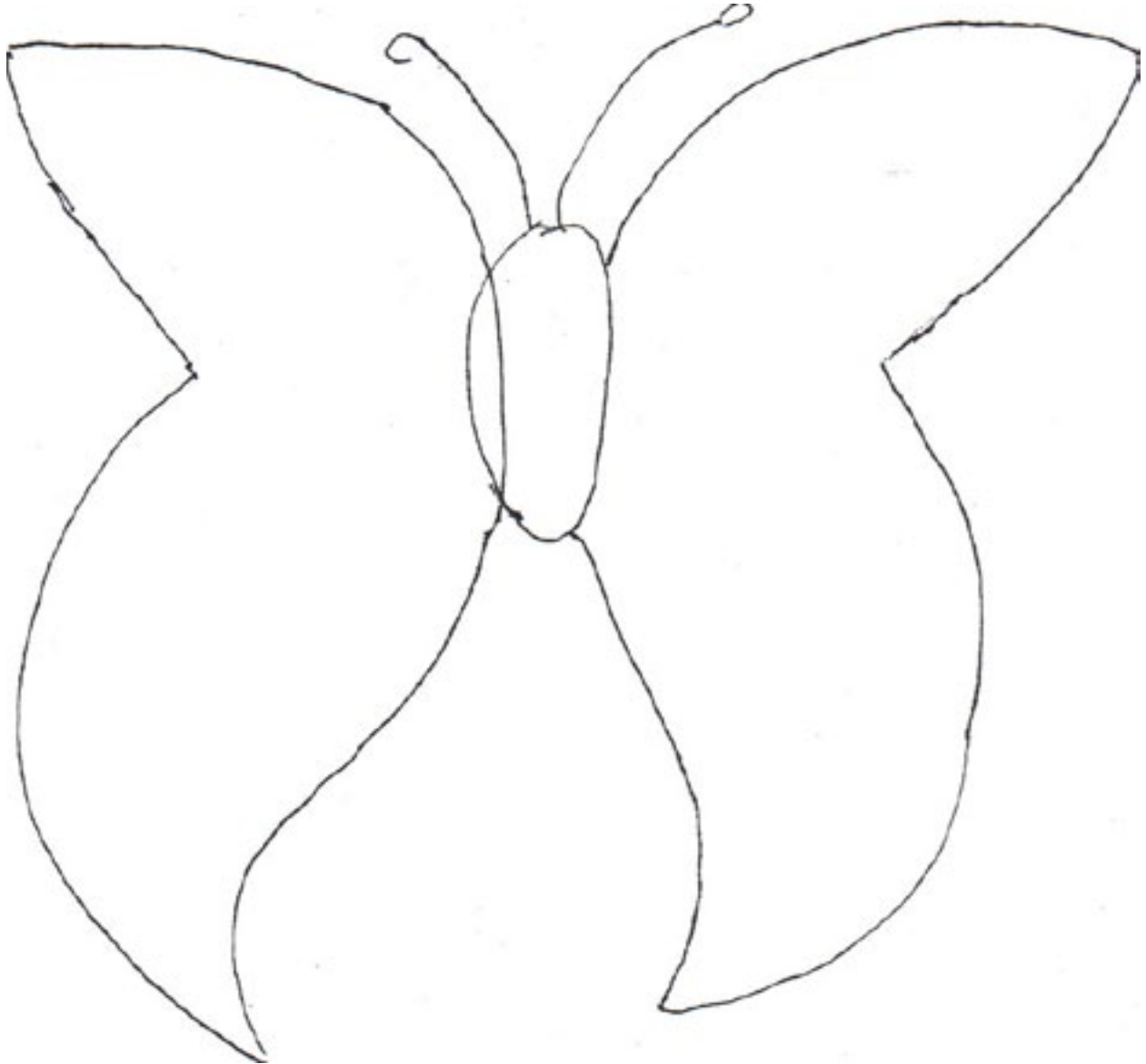
1 Tbsp. shortening
flour

Hand Lotion

8 oz. glycerine
8 oz. alcohol
16 oz. lemon juice.
Mix and Strain.

BARBARA'S QUILT PATTERNS

SMALL BUTTERFLY



Need:

4 yards for blocks

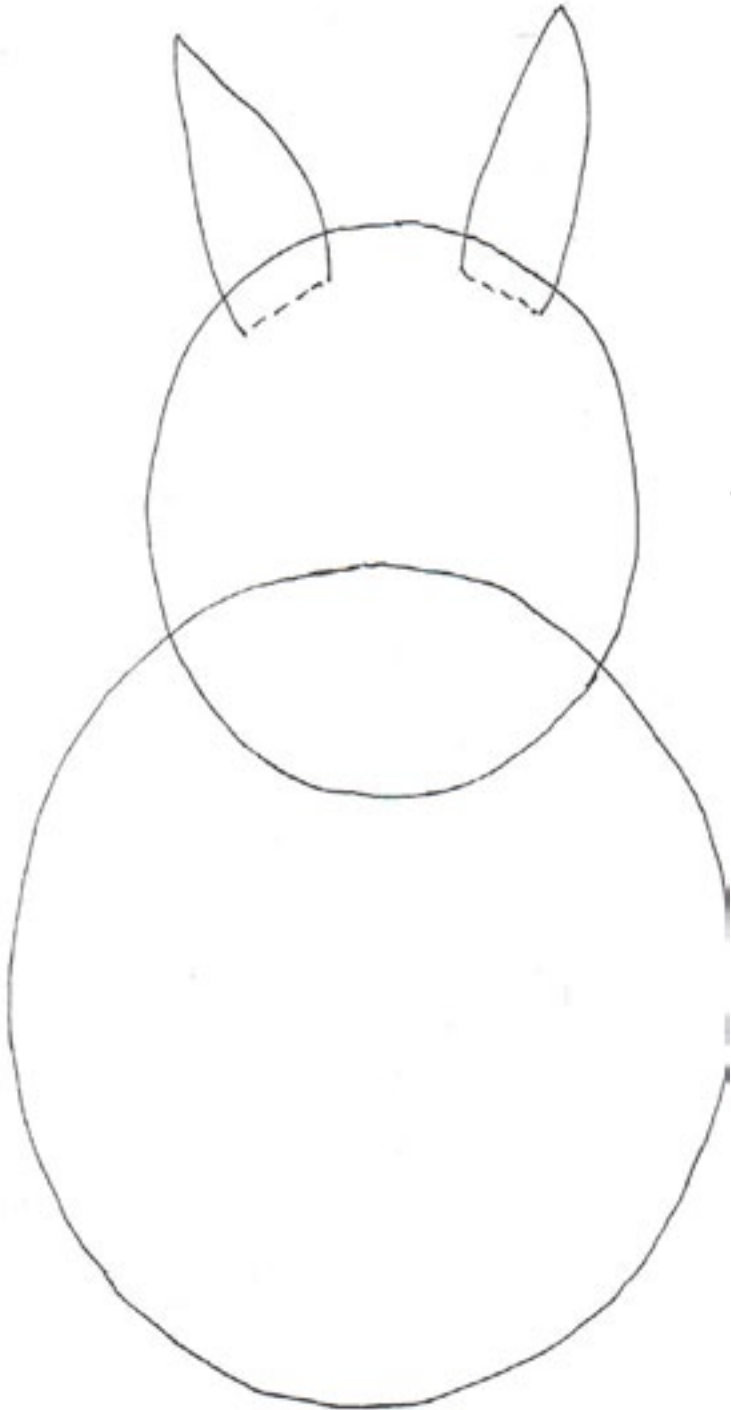
Cut 9" square blocks

36 applique blocks and 36 plain blocks
(8 across and 9 down)

3 colors of 1 yard pieces for borders

Cut 3" border using three colors

RABBIT QUILT

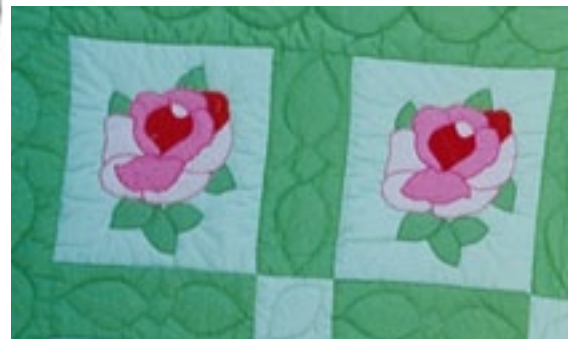
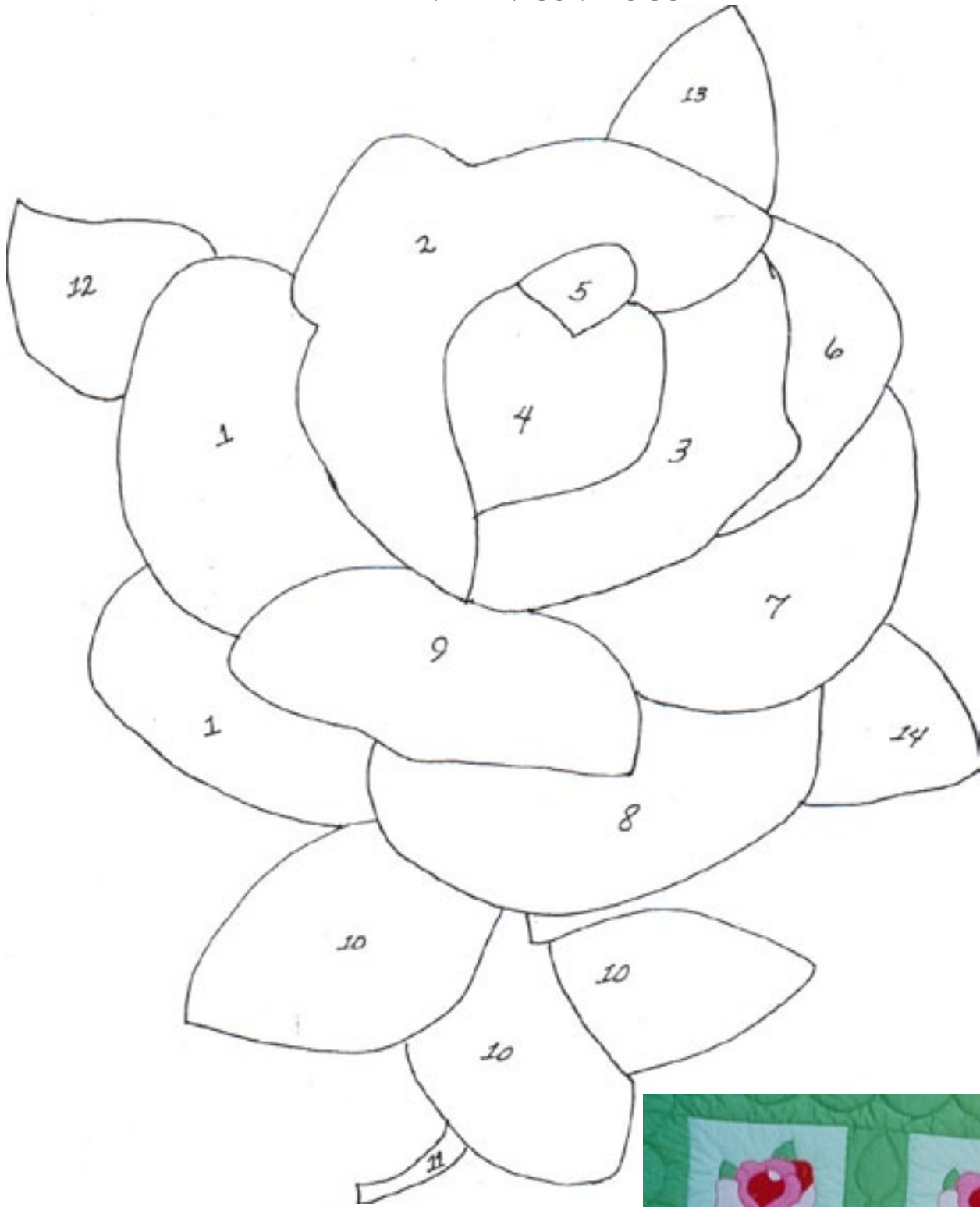


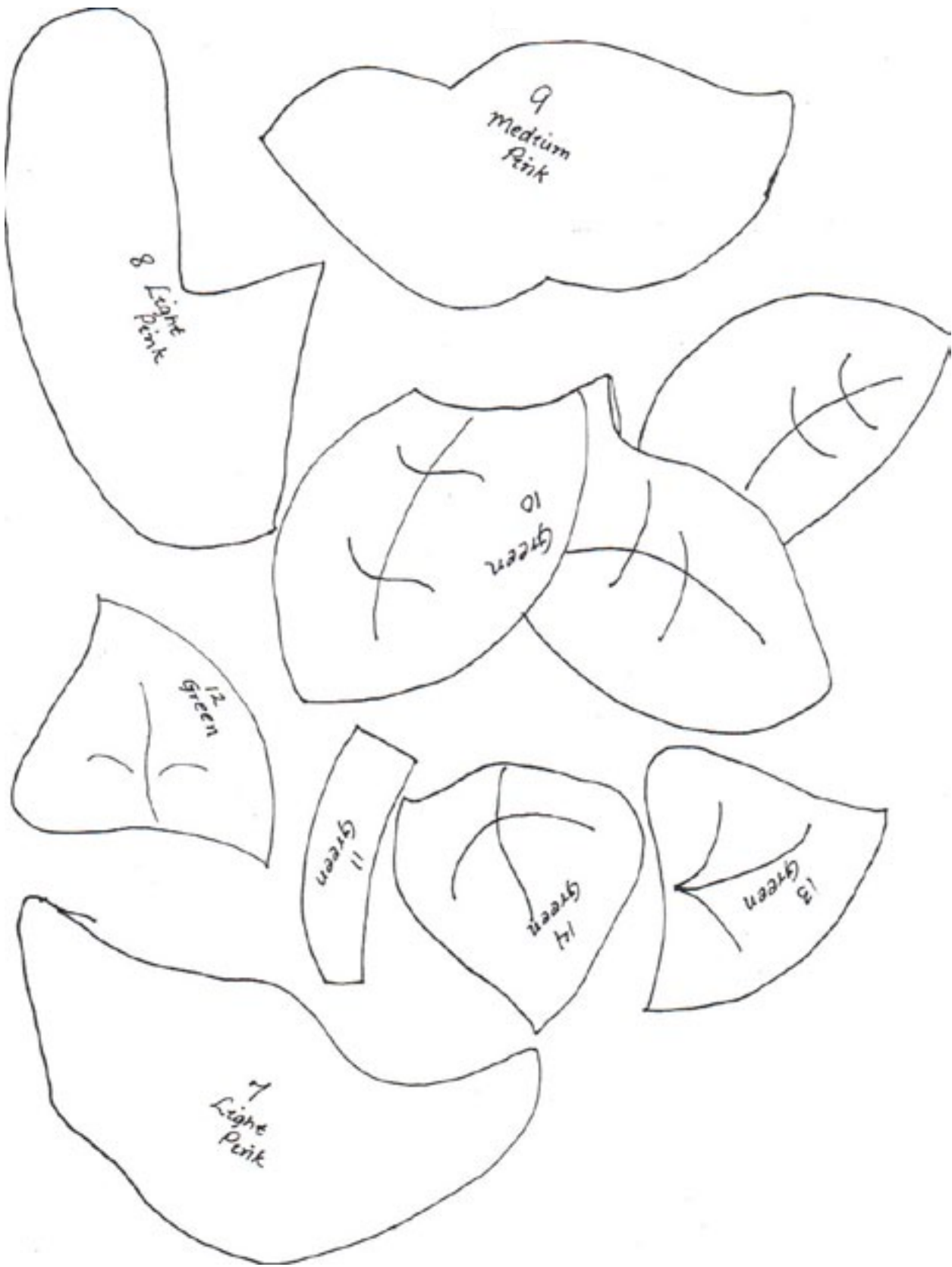
Cut 16 Blocks
9 inches x 11 inches

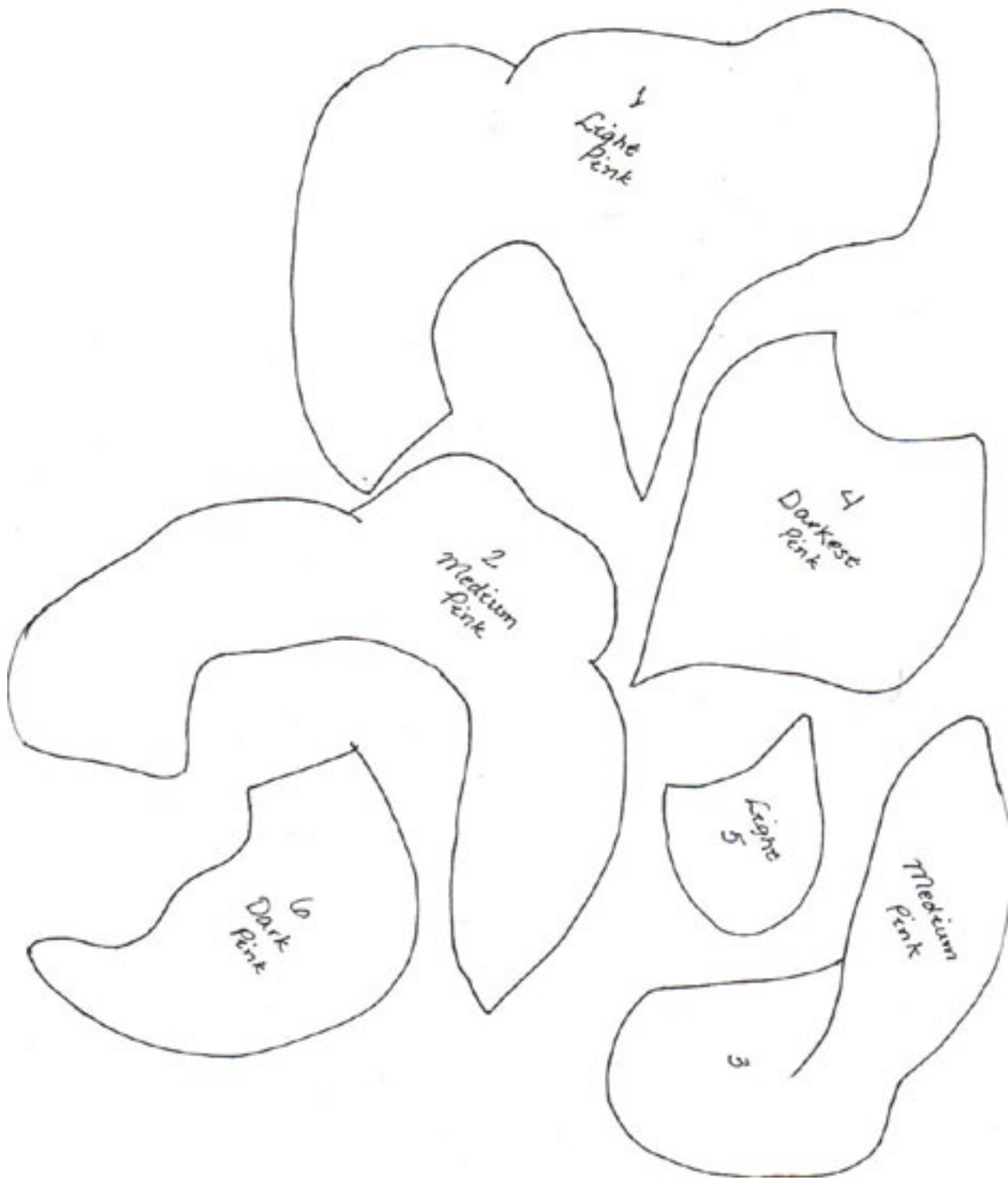
(Can be made with 12 blocks and strips.)

ROSE QUILT

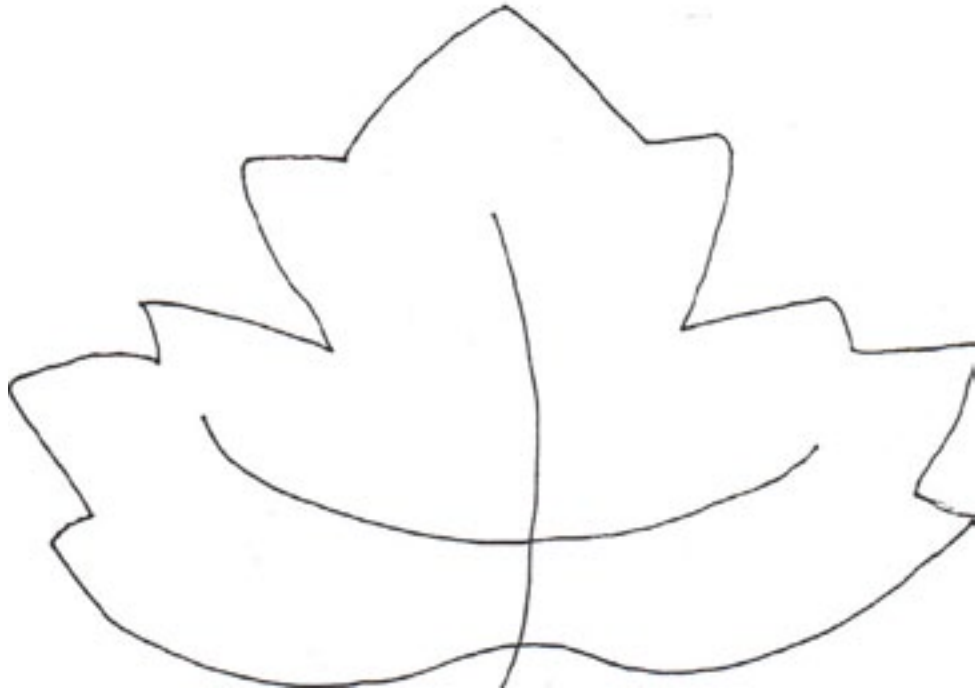
PATTERN REDUCED TO 85%







MAPLE LEAF



Applique 4 leaves to each block
2 print and 2 plain leaves
Stems to the center

Need:

(30) 11-inch blocks

(20) 14-inch blocks

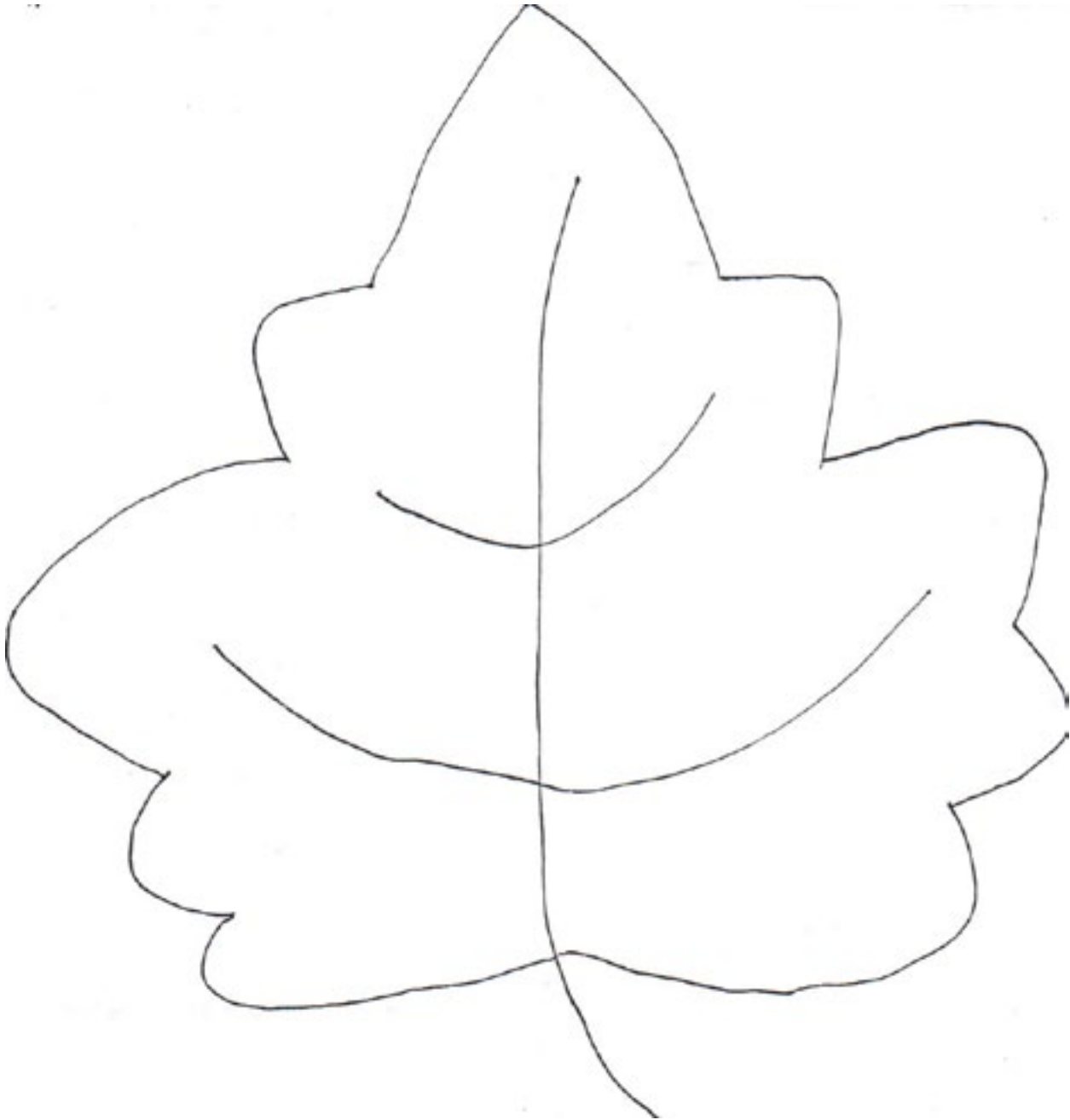
3 inch strips

3 inch border

3 1/3 yards for blocks

Use assorted colors for leaves

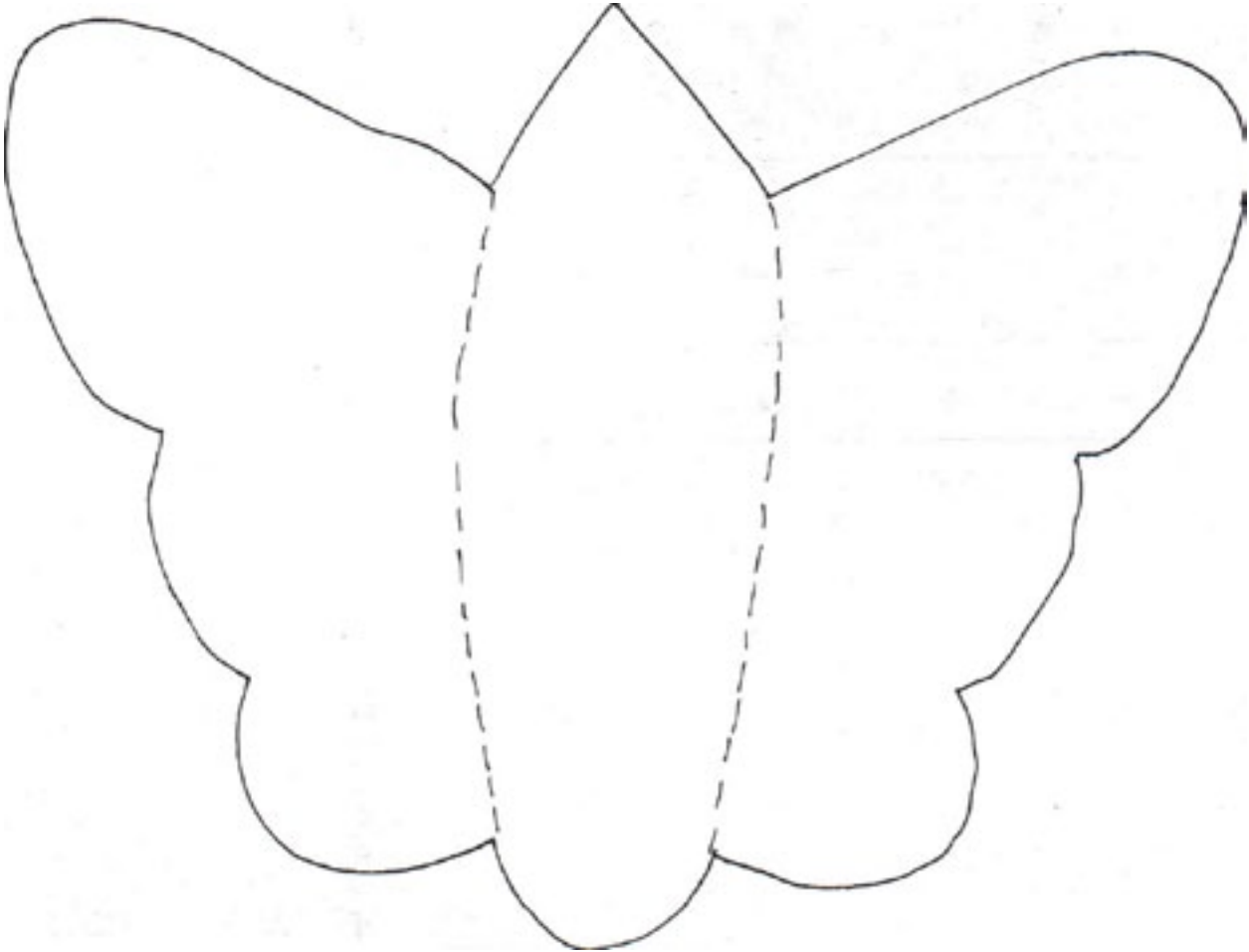
AUTUMN LEAF



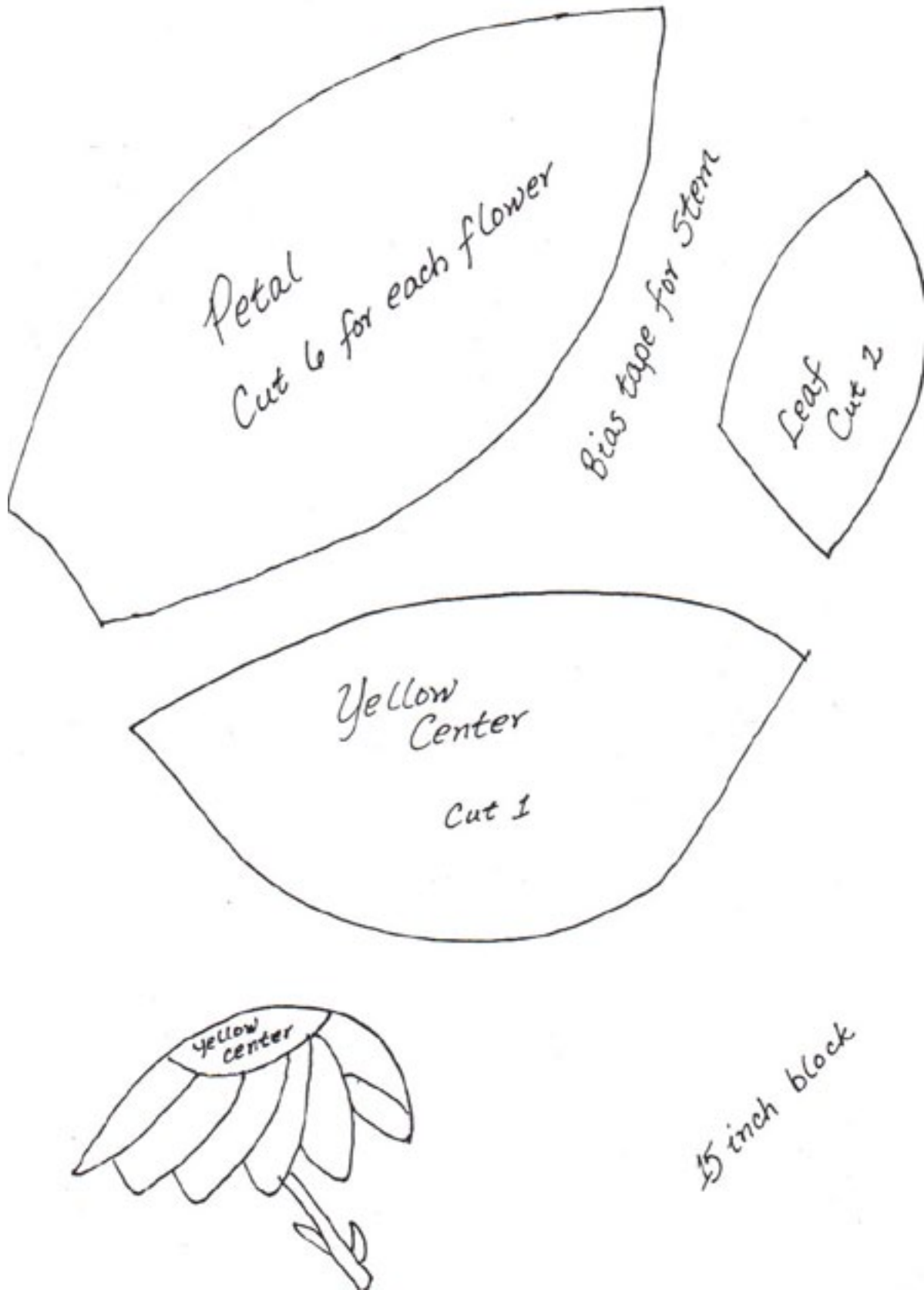
- Need: 4 yards material for blocks
- (3) 1 yard pieces for border
- 5 ½ yds. For back
- Use fall colors for leaves
 - Red, Green, Orange, Yellow Brown

Make 9 inch blocks
36 applique blocks
36 plain blocks
Blocks go 8 across and 9 down
3 inch border using 3 different colors

**GRANDMA YARWOOD'S
BUTTERFLY PATTERN**

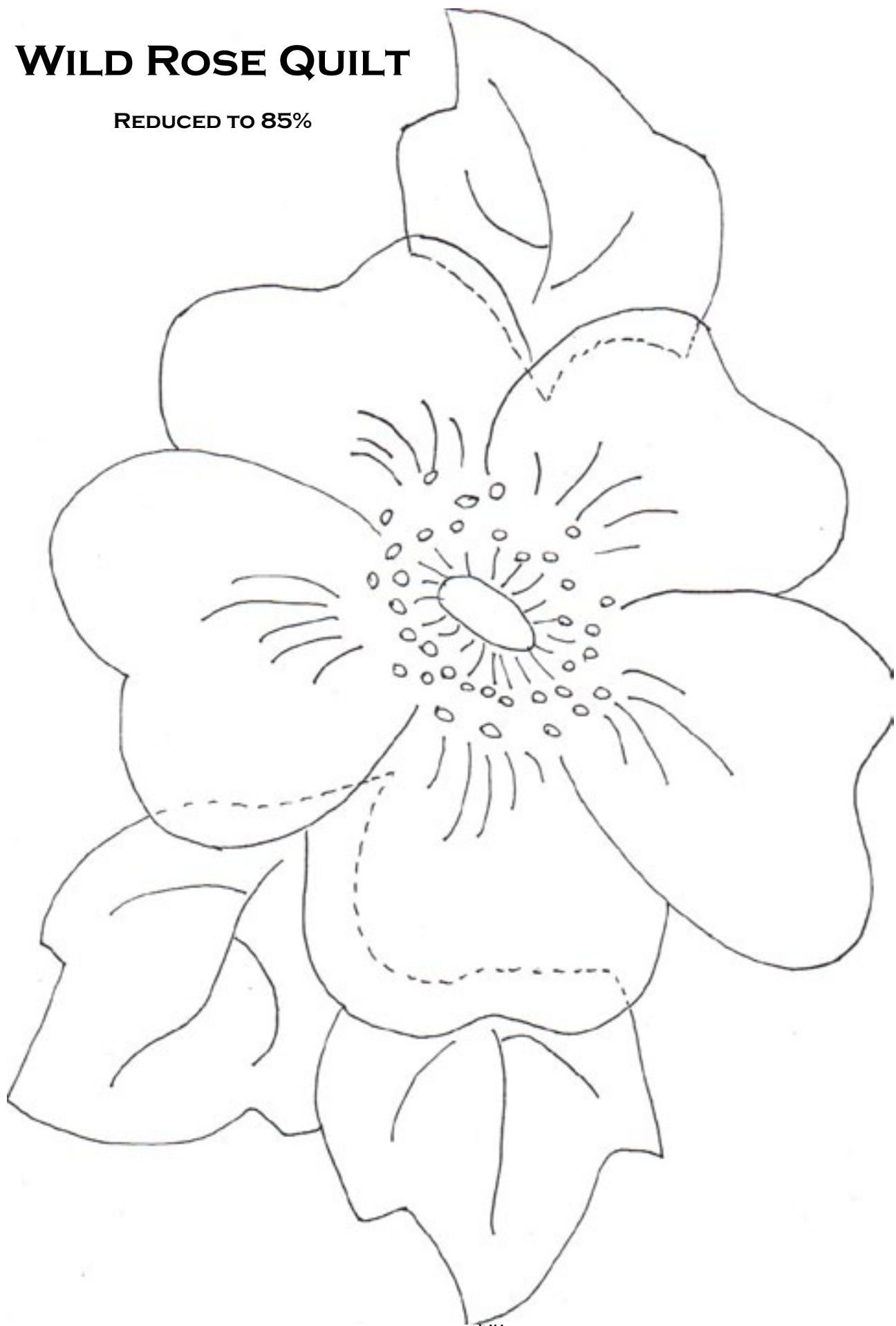


SUNFLOWER QUILT



WILD ROSE QUILT

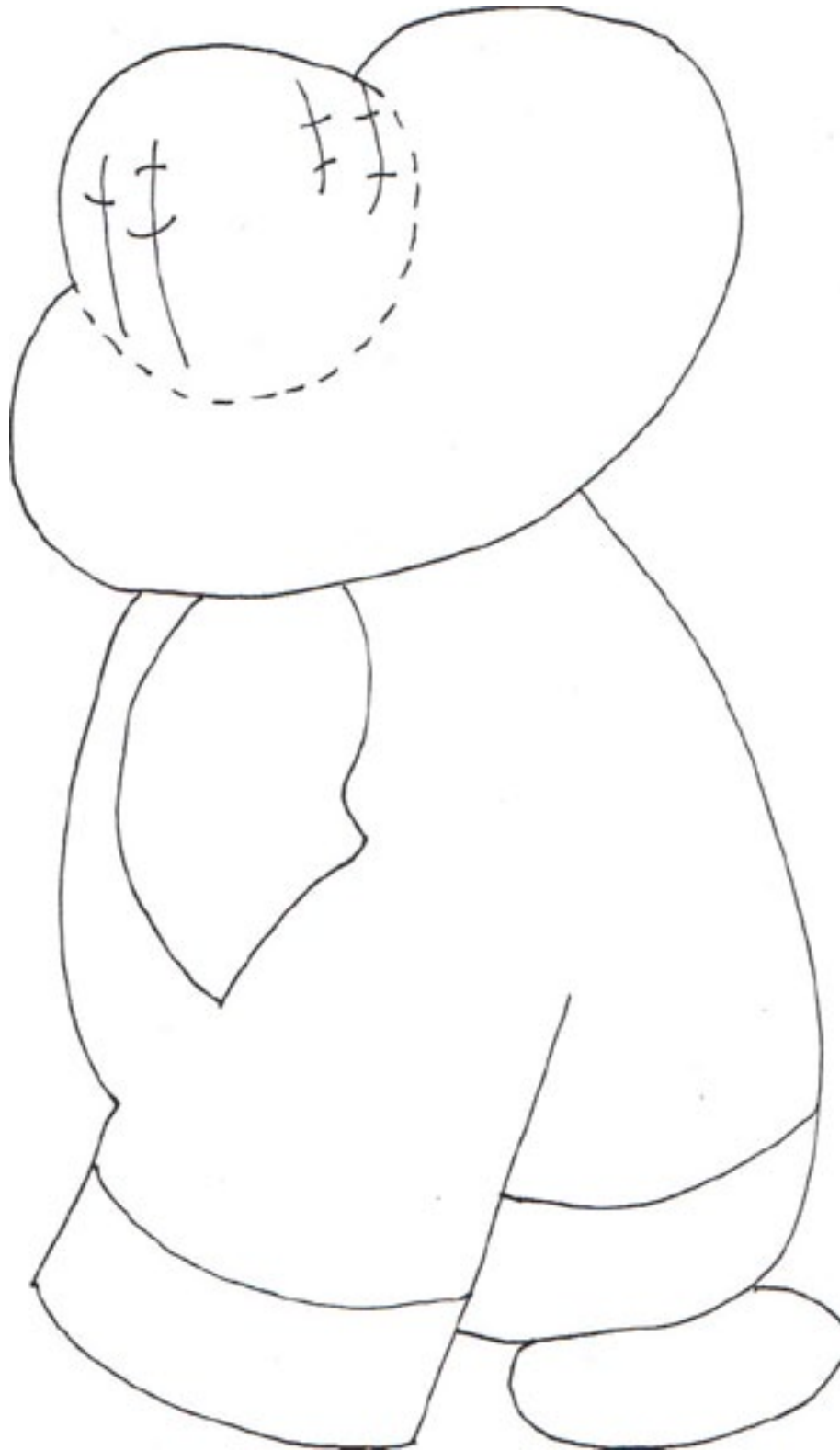
REDUCED TO 85%



GIRL

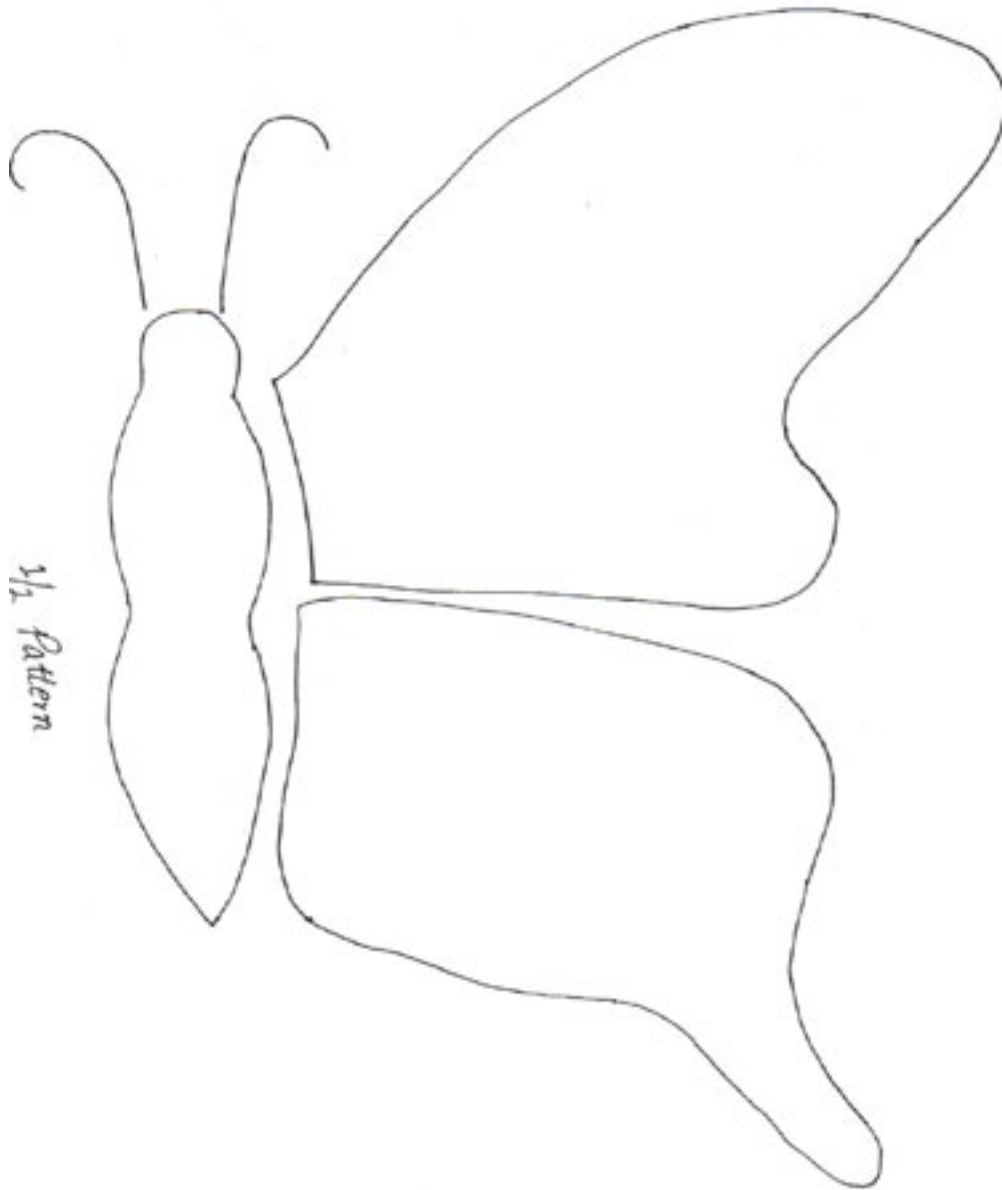


BOY

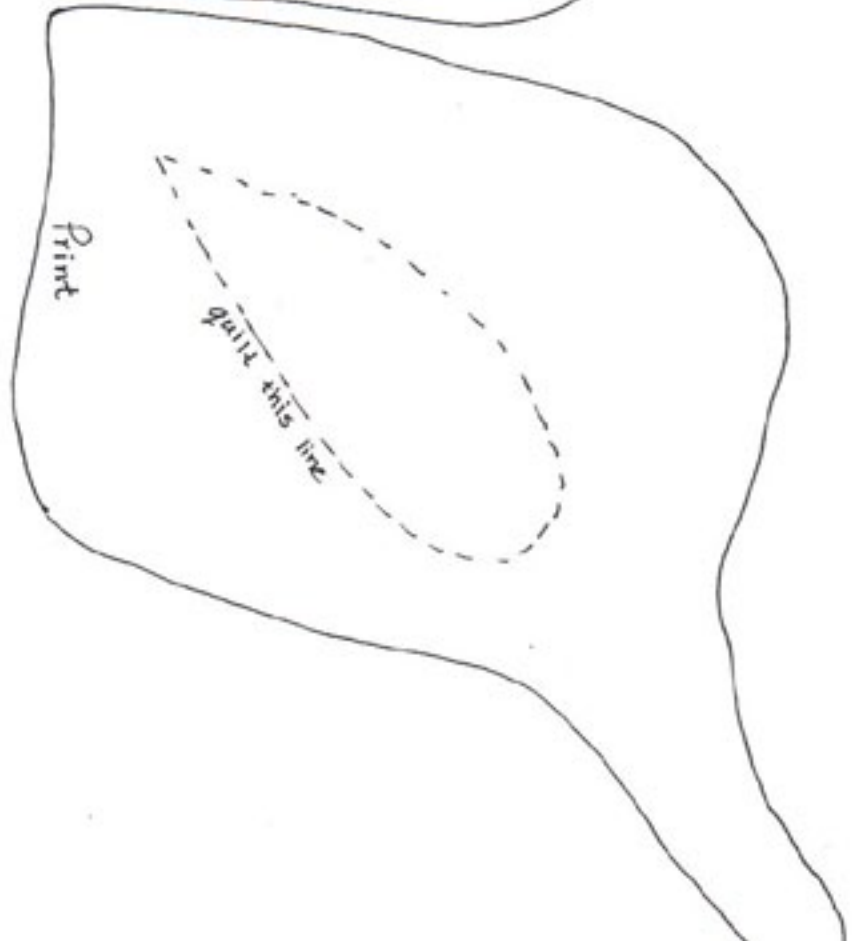
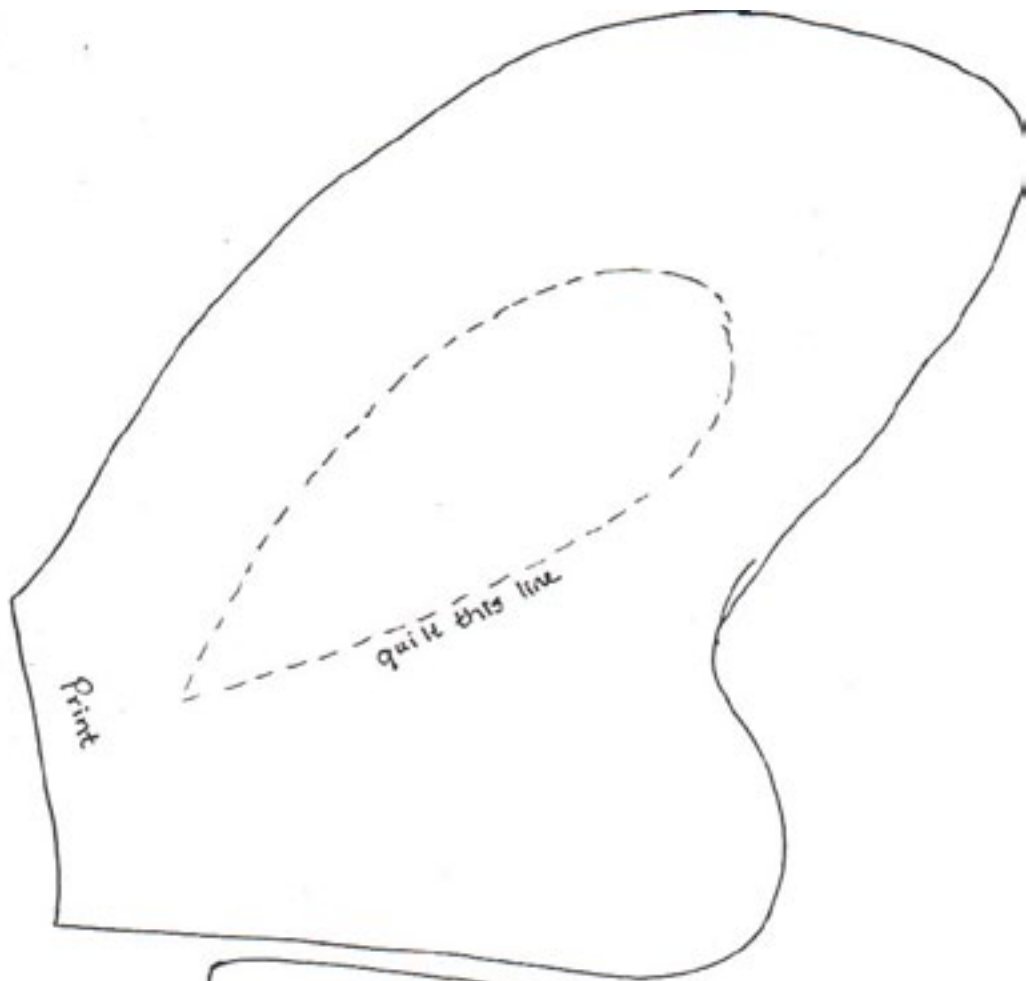


LARGE BUTTERFLY

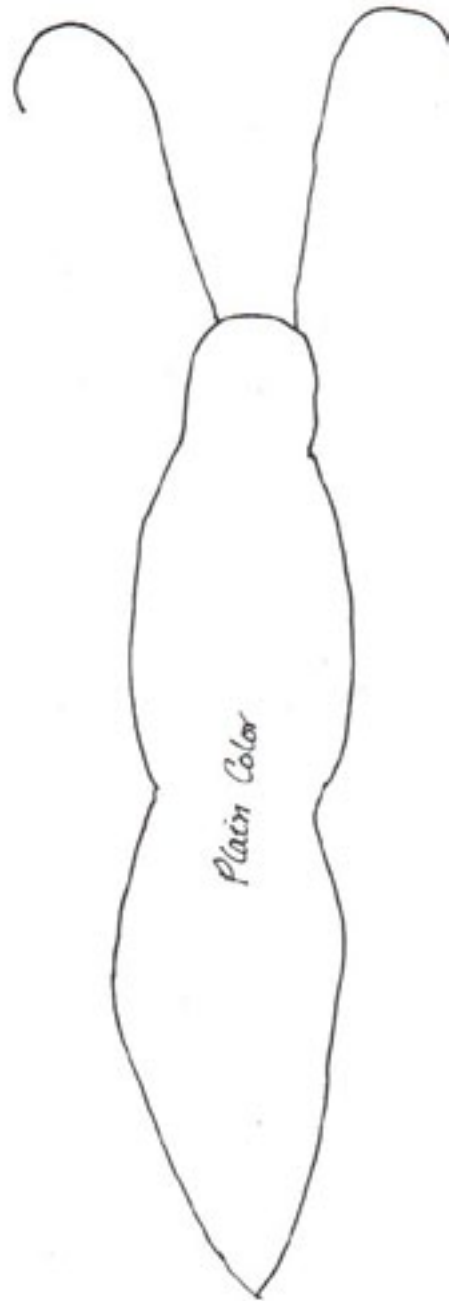
REDUCED TO 78%



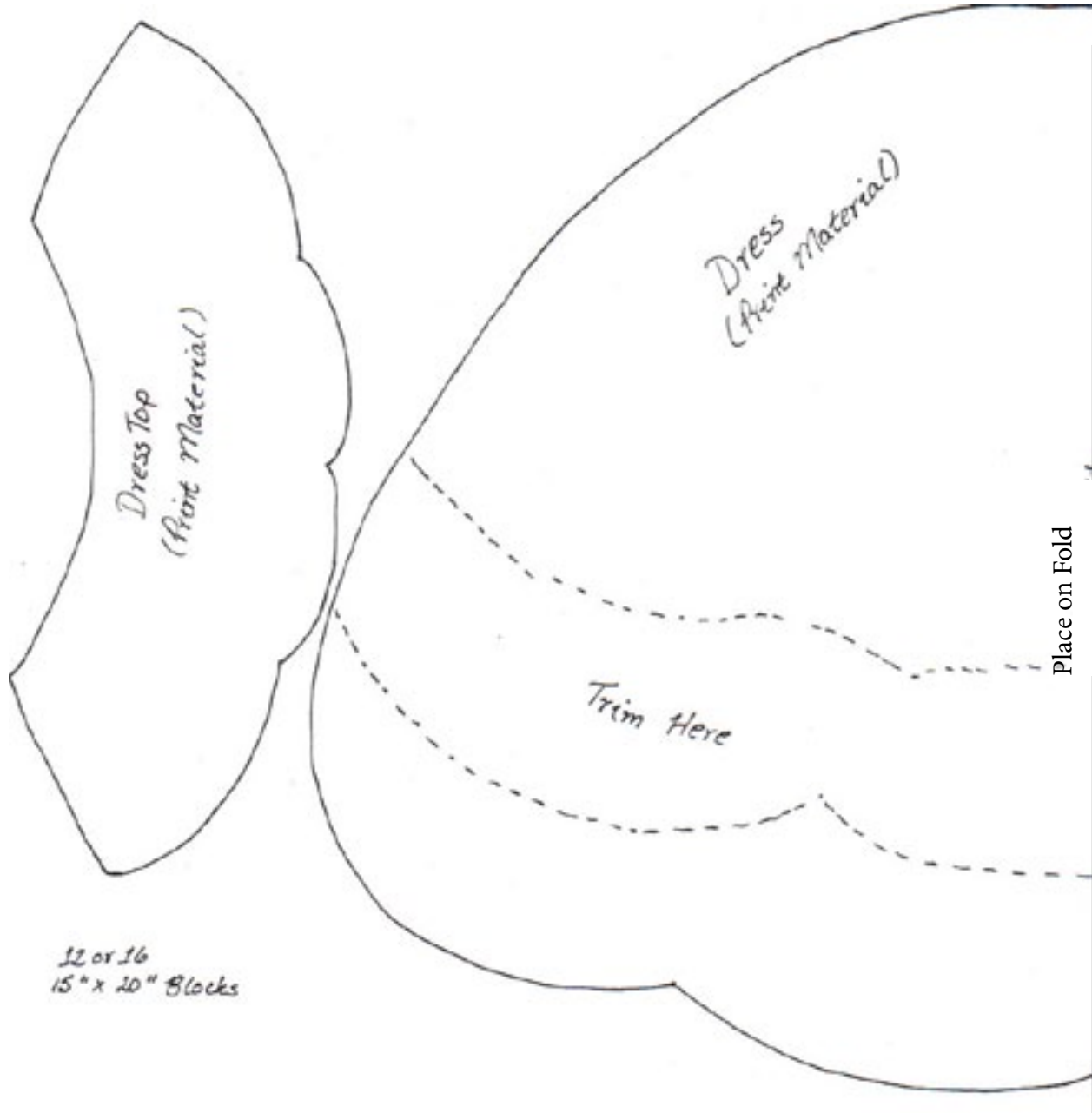
1/2 Pattern

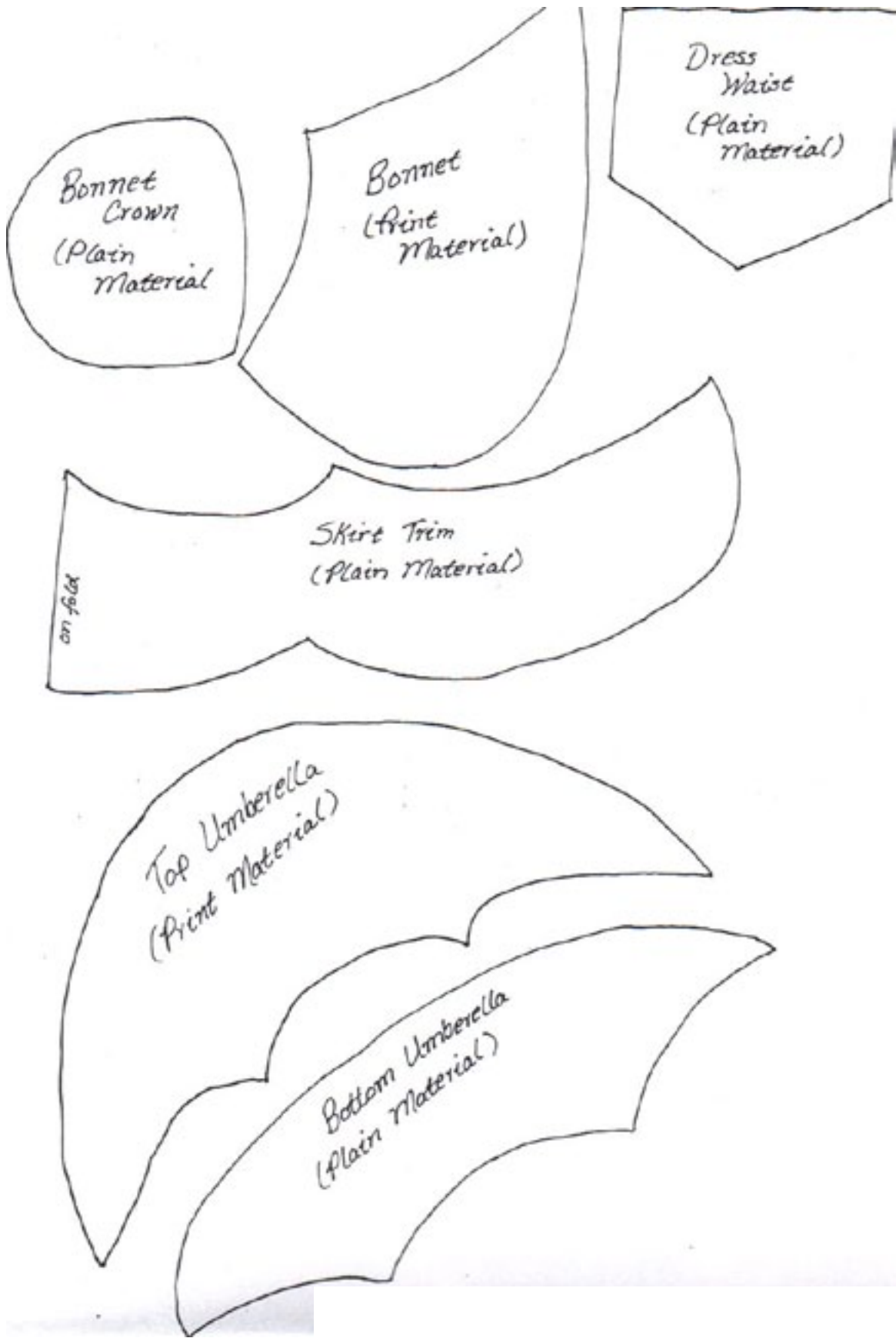


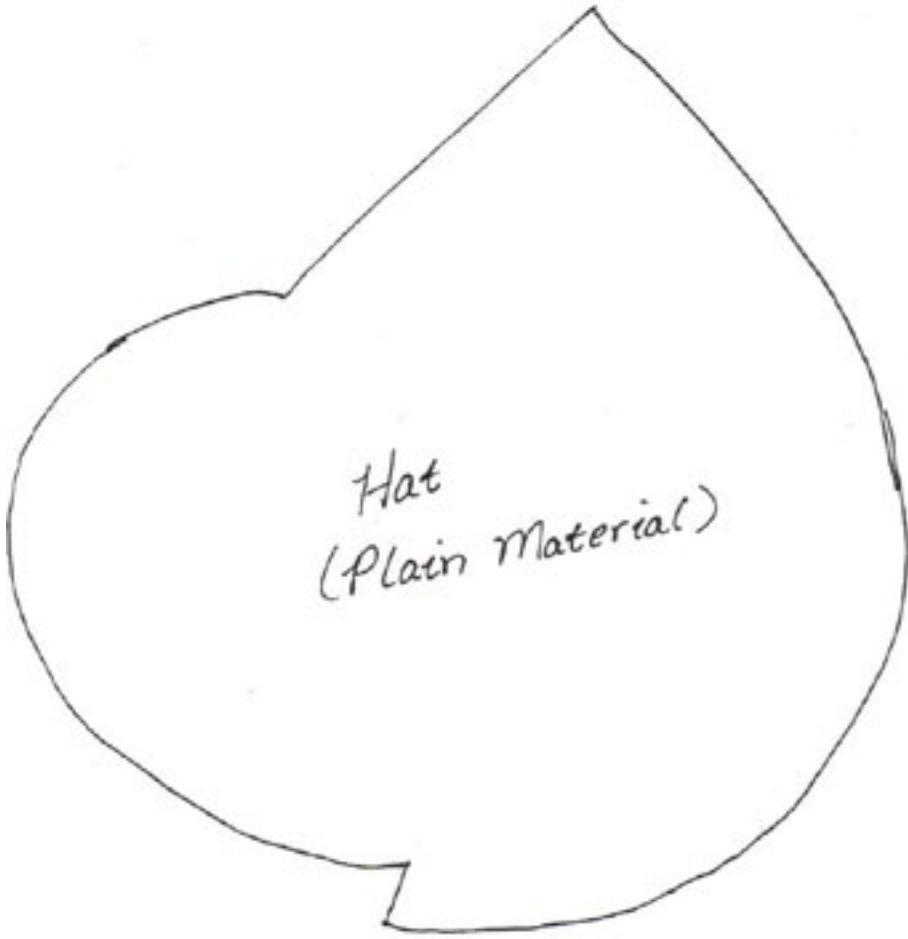
Large
Butterfly



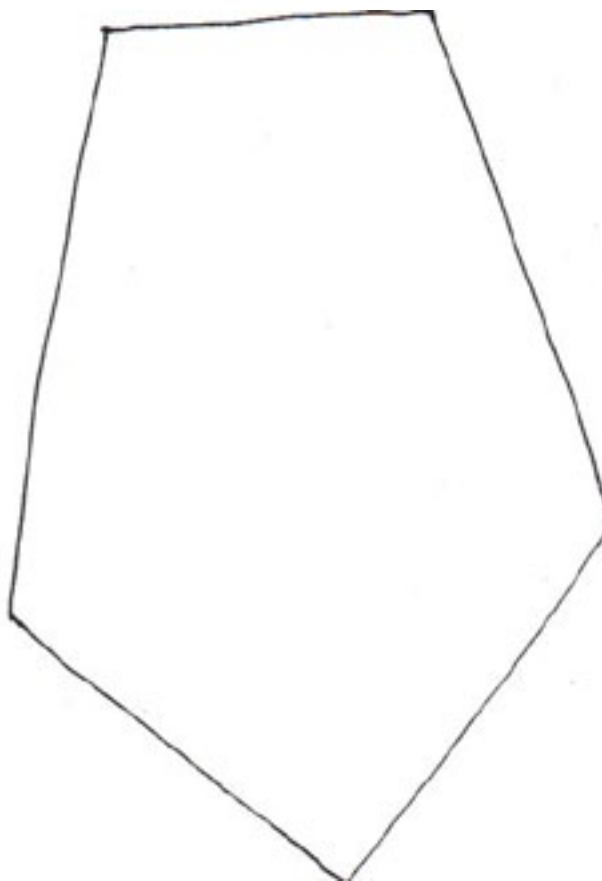
LARGE SUNBONNET GIRL







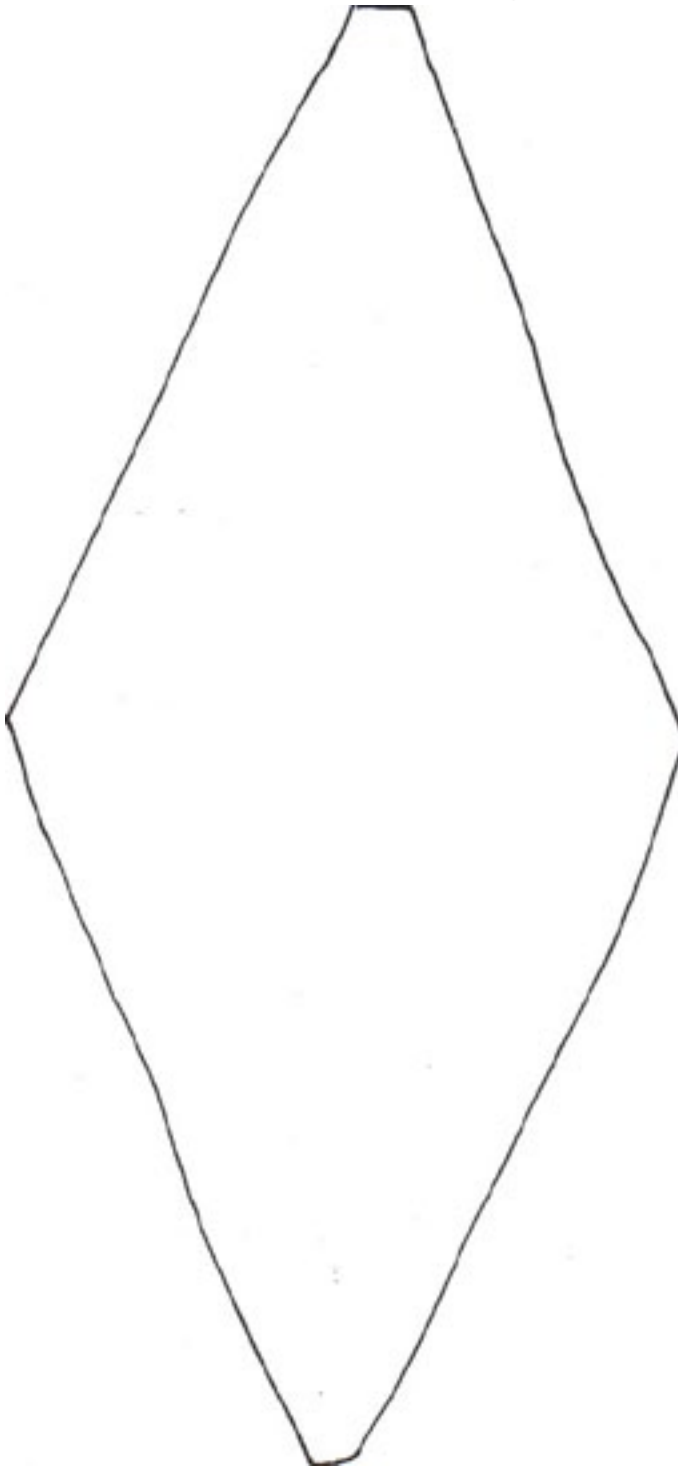
FRIENDSHIP QUILT



16 or 18 inch blocks
12 or 16 blocks to quilt
6 plain and 6 print sewed together to make one ring
Applique on block



STAR QUILT



- 8 points to Star
- 1 row 8 blocks
- 2 row 16 blocks
- 3 row 24 blocks
- 4 row 32 blocks
- 5 row 40 blocks
- 6 row 48 blocks
- 7 row 56 blocks
- 8 row 48 blocks
- 9 row 40 blocks
- 10 row 32 blocks
- 11 row 24 blocks
- 12 row 16 blocks
- 13 row 8 blocks

If smaller quilt is desired, omit row 7 & 8

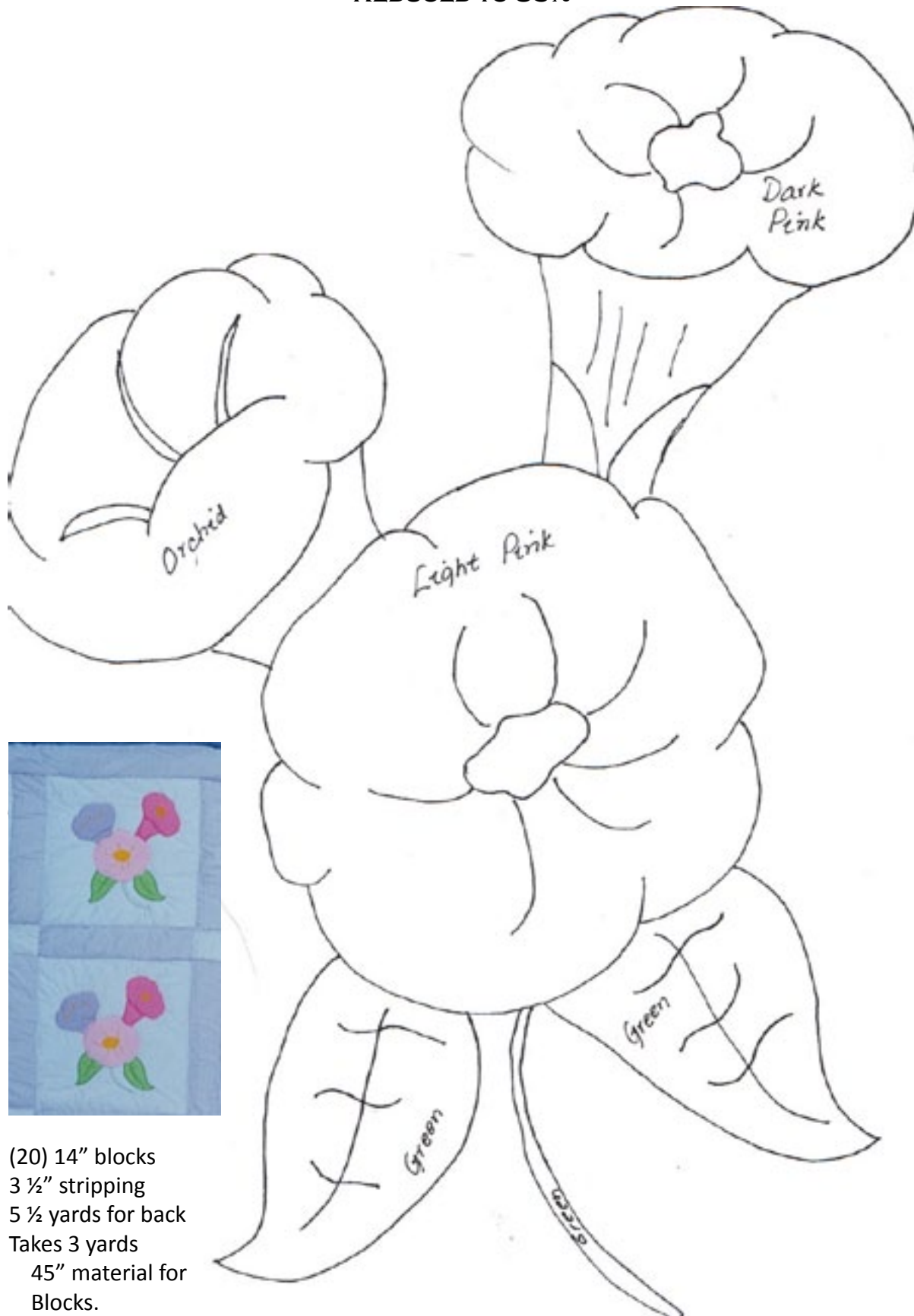
Smaller Star:

Takes 4 yards of 36" material for corners
Using (4) 24" square and (4) ½ squares.



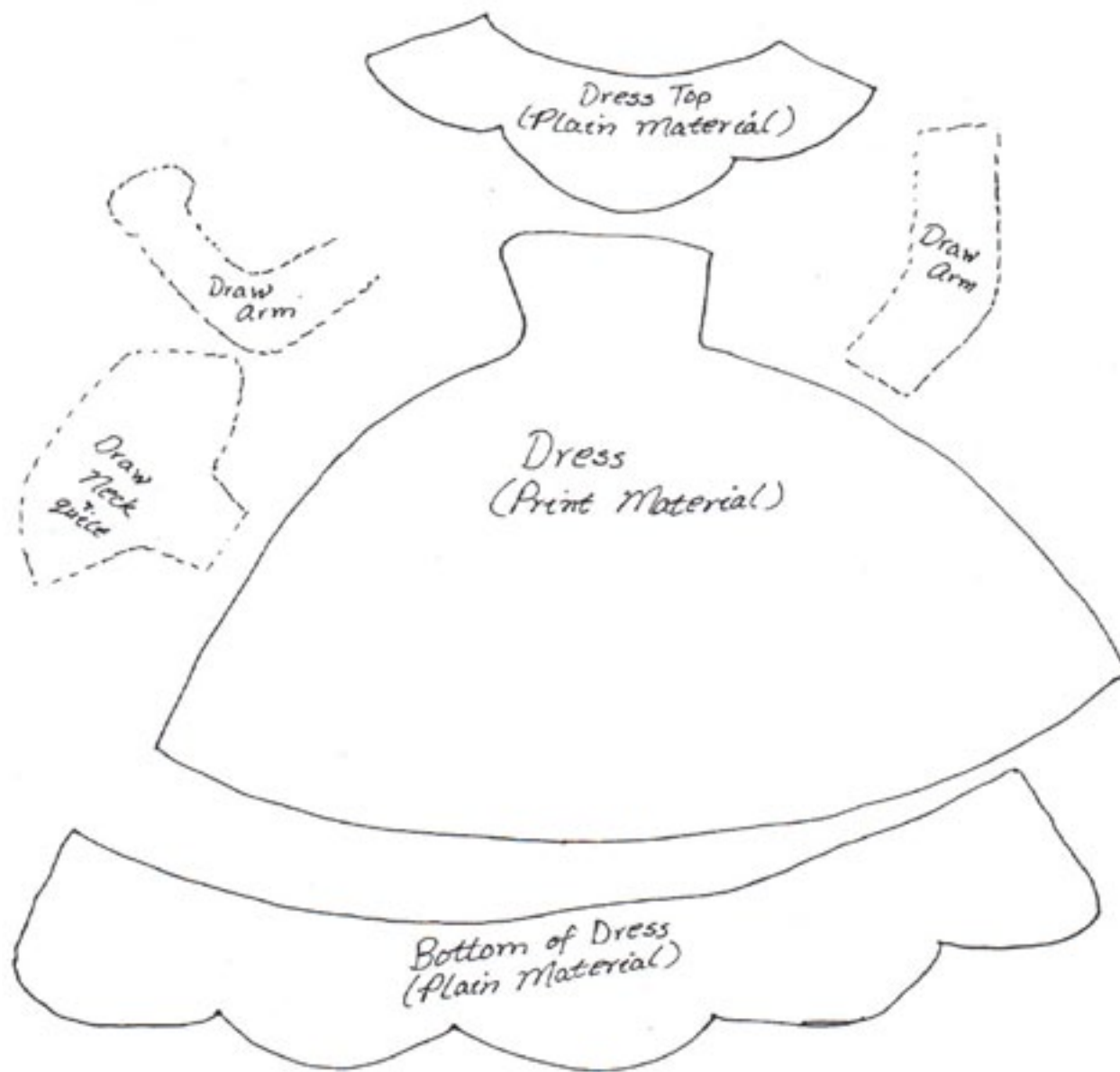
MORNING GLORY

REDUCED TO 85%



(20) 14" blocks
3 ½" stripping
5 ½ yards for back
Takes 3 yards
45" material for
Blocks.

SMALL SUNBONNET GIRL

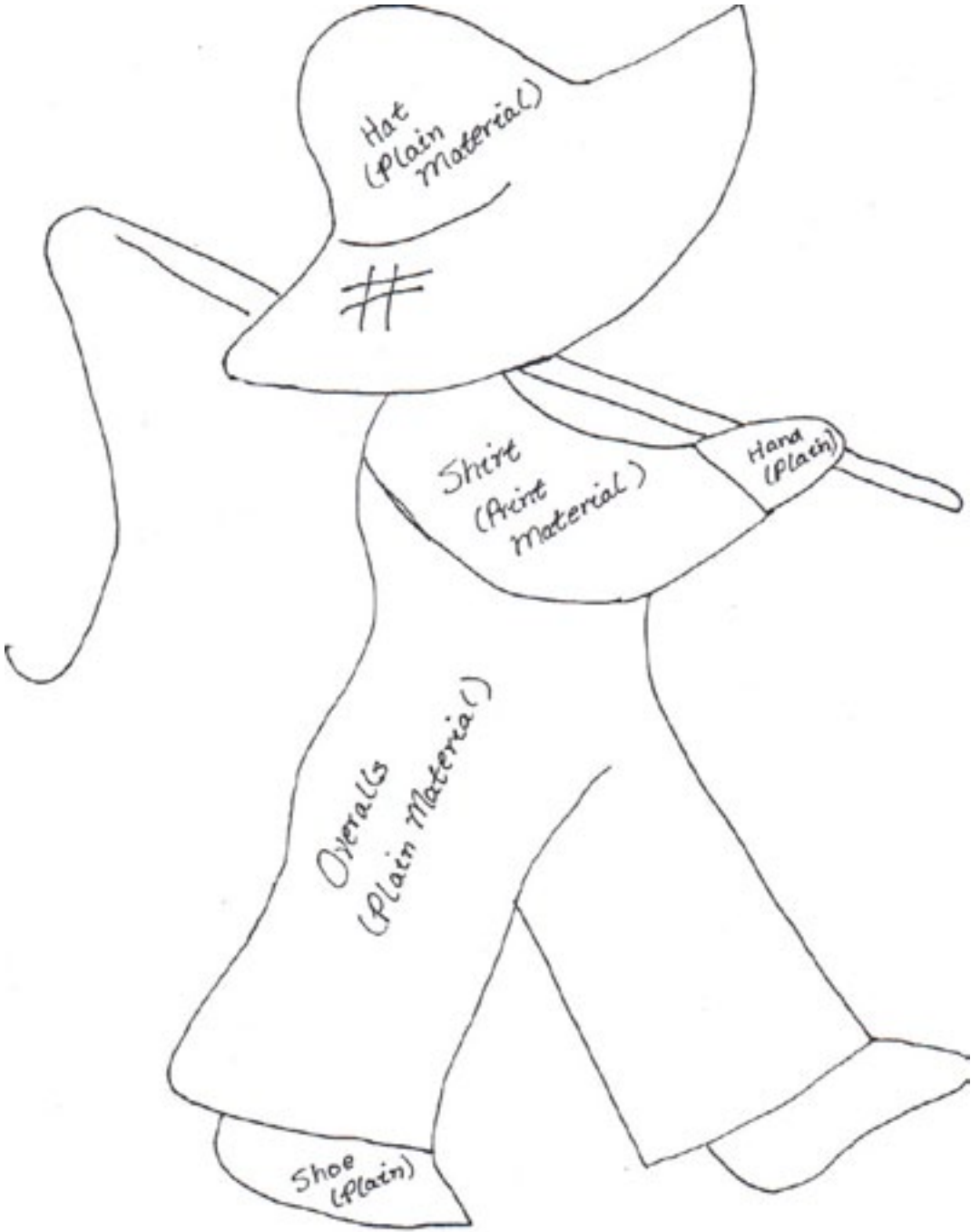


- (20) 15" blocks
- 3 ½" stripping
- 5 ½ yards for back
- 3 yards for blocks



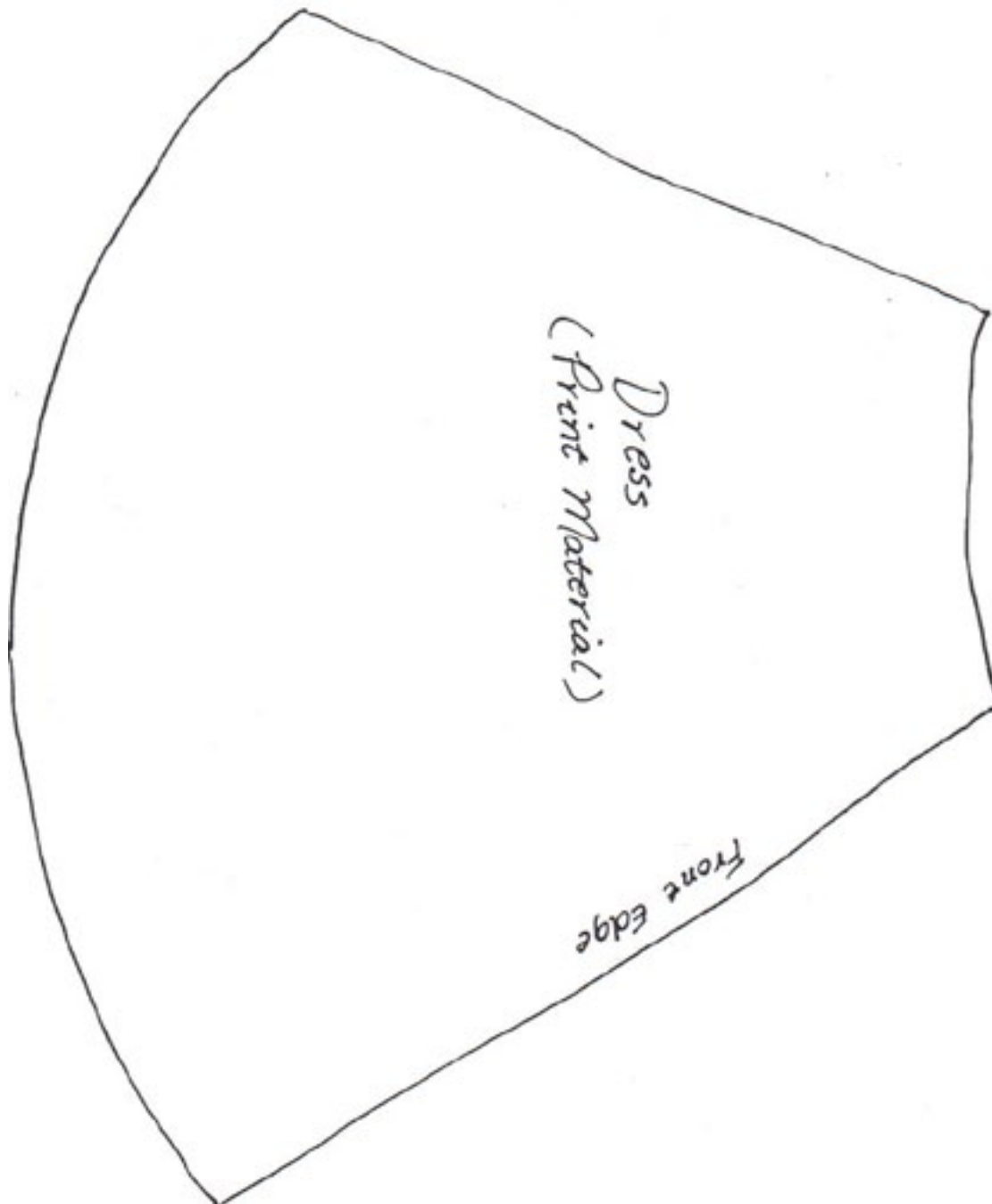
FISHING BOY

REDUCED TO 85%



OLD FASHIONED SUNBONNET

0.1

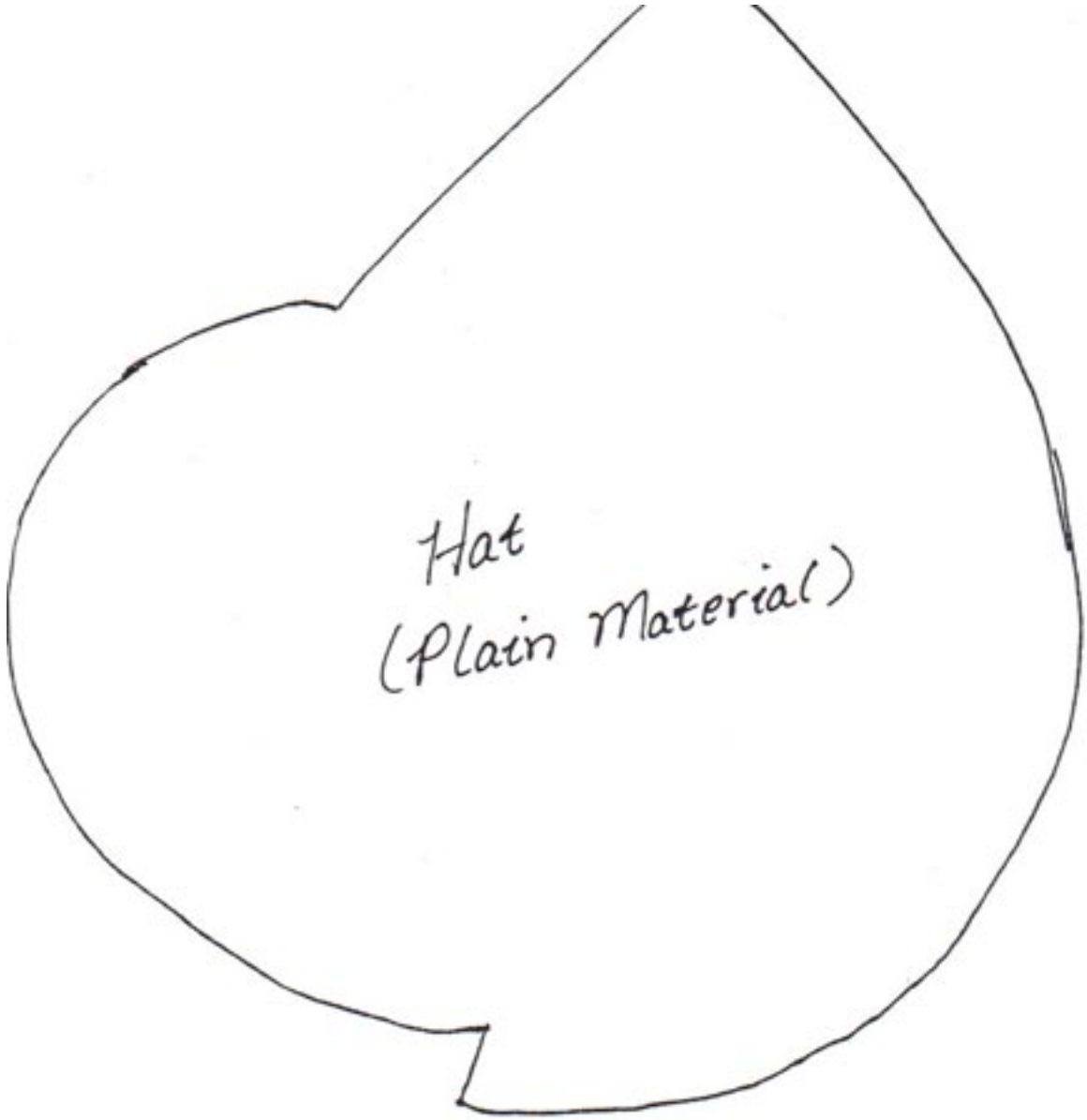


Foot
(Plain
Material)

Hand
(Plain
Material)

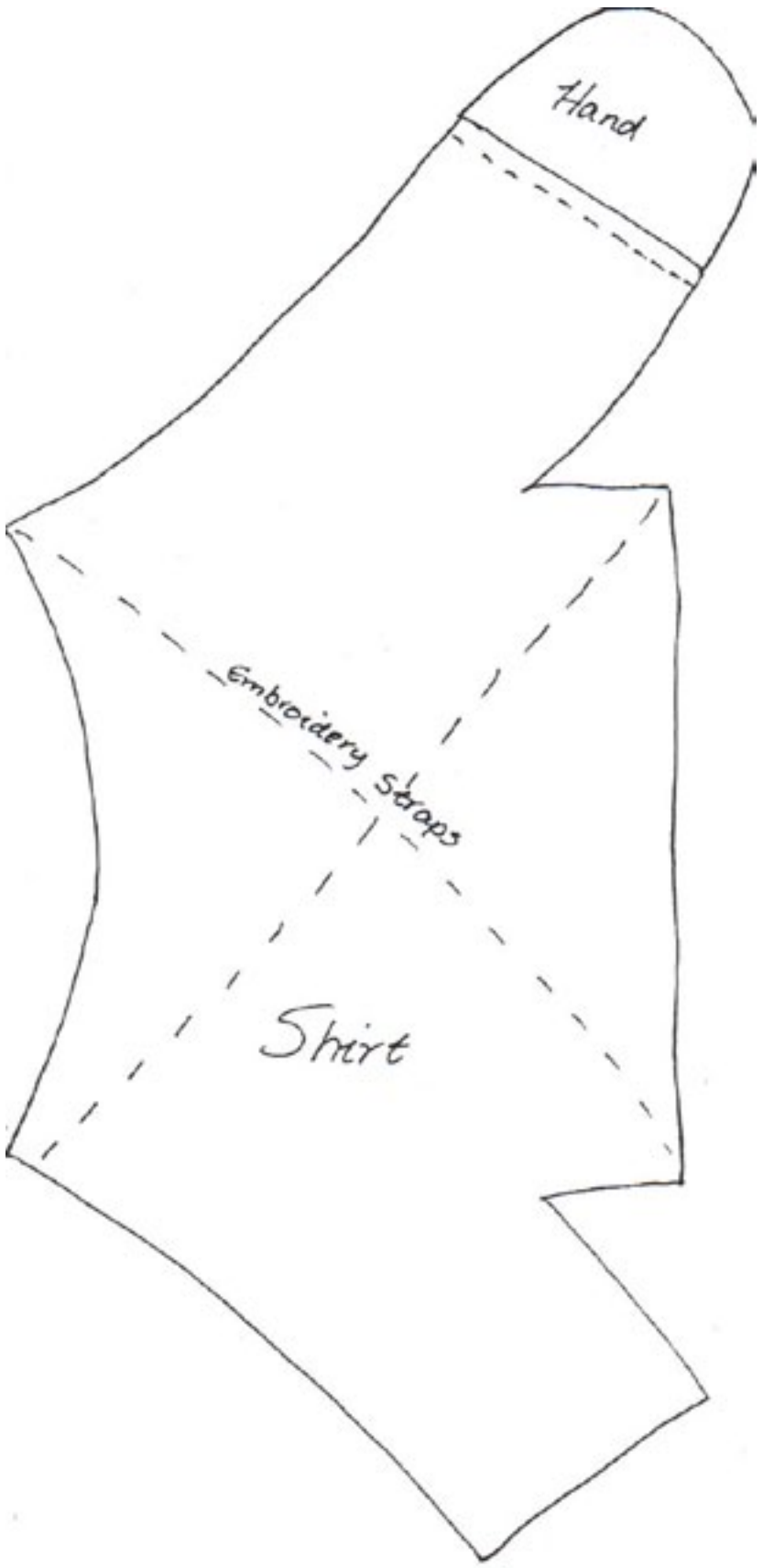
Arm
(Plain Material)

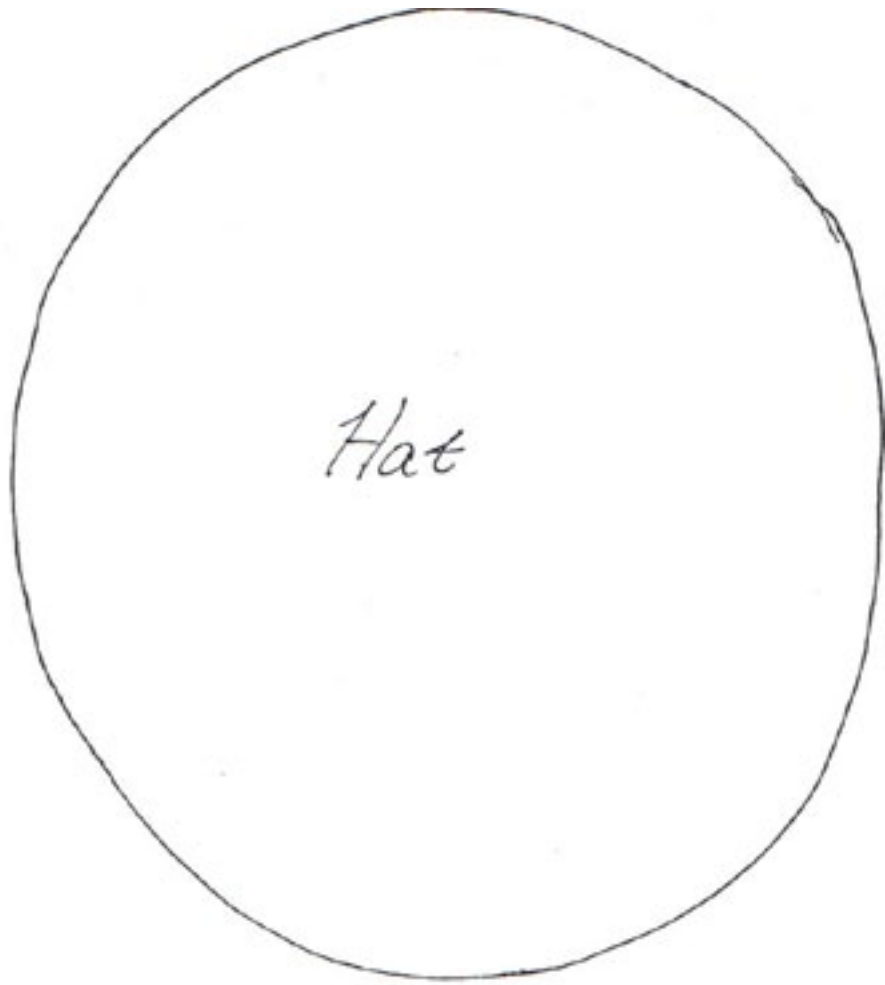
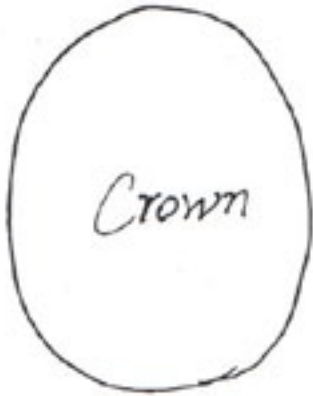




LARGE OVERALL BOY





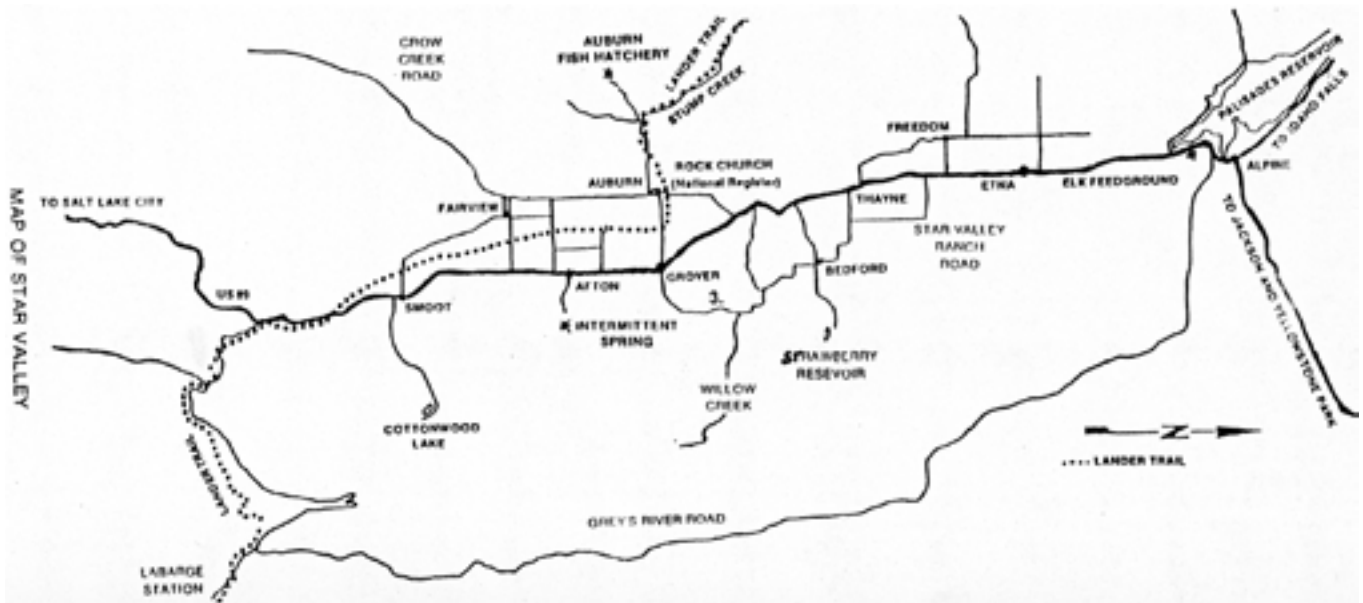


HISTORY OF STAR VALLEY

PURPOSE OF HISTORY

Star Valley was, for many years, the home of our Putnam ancestors - Seth Harris Putnam, Mark & Sarah Hurd, and Mary Ann Green were among the earliest settlers. So, the history that shaped Star Valley also in many ways shaped their lives. We hope that not only will this story help us to better understand them, but since so many of us have moved from the area, we believe it will serve as a reminder of our heritage. NOTE: This is a basic overview of Star Valley and more specific information about Afton and Auburn, the two areas where our family members lived.

BACKGROUND



In western Wyoming, about 100 miles south of Yellowstone Park, close to the Idaho border, lies the lovely area known as Star Valley. The valley consists of two small valleys, each about 25 miles long and from five to 10 miles wide, united by a narrow pass called "The Narrows". The valleys are completely surrounded by mountains - raising over 10,000 feet. The elevation of the valley floors range from 6,000 to 6,600 feet. The valley has numerous lakes and rivers and is incredibly beautiful.

Star Valley's climate is, for the most part, moderate. Winter snowfall is generally heavy and the ground is usually covered throughout the winter. The growing season averages from about 55 to 90 days, and plants must be frost-hardy. Temperatures at 32 degrees or colder are common at any time during the growing season.

INDIANS

Indians often came into the valley in the summer and fall, but they never made the mistake of spending a winter in Star Valley. Occasionally farmers have found arrowheads while plowing. For many years the Shoshone Indians used this valley for their summer feeding ground and spoke of it as a "heap fine hunting ground". Indian tribes traveled great distances for the salt found in the Stump Creek area, to soak in the Sulphur pots, "Boiling Pots", in Auburn, and to drink from the Intermittent Spring, "The Spring that Breathes", in Afton.

When the first trappers arrived on the scene in what is now eastern Idaho and western Wyoming, the native tribes were in full retreat. Not from the whites but from displaced tribes further east, who better

equipped with rifles, etc. were hunting them down. The tribes with rifles would, in bands of 50 to 150, seek glory and plunder, sometimes away from their base for two years at a time. Given this situation, the Indians were more than glad to accept the trappers as allies. This acceptance lasted with minor exceptions through the settlement period.

The settlers did have a couple of Indian scares. Once, Seth Harris, his wife and family, and a lot of people from around the valley barricaded themselves in the old rock church house, which still stands in Auburn. Apparently, it was just a scare because no Indians appeared. In actual fact, the clash between the Indians and settlers occurred near Snake River. The Indians didn't travel through the valley, left through Soda Springs, and were probably more scared than the settlers.

Previously, in 1857, when the road-building crews brought the first wagons into the southern end of the valley near present day Smoot, the peaceful tranquility of the valley was shattered by a sudden and unexpected Indian attack. Several wagons were burned completely; others only partially destroyed were stripped of their cargoes and abandoned. Another time, Alonzo F. Brown, of New Hampshire, who crossed the route, told of coming upon the burning remnants of an emigrant train where the trail entered Star Valley. All members of the train except a four-year-old girl had been killed. The child's legs were broken and apparently she had been left for dead. Brown's party dressed her wounds and took her to Oregon.

Noel remembers when Indians traveled through and camped near Auburn. He played with the Indian children until one of the mothers sent the "papoose" home.

EXPLORERS AND TRAPPERS

Star Valley had its share of early trappers, many of whom left lasting names in the area. Historians have not yet proven which was first to enter the area, but some of the first trappers were with Andrew Henry who founded Ft. Henry near St. Anthony, Idaho. They trapped west over the Continental Divide and spent the winter of 1810 - 1811 in the Snake River country. They trapped east and south of this area and most certainly must have covered the Star Valley area.

It is believed that members of the Wilson Price Hunt expedition of 1812 trapped the area. In 1820, John Gray, a half-breed Iroquis trapper from the Peter Skene Ogden expedition, had headquarters at what is now Grays Lake.

The Stewart Party passed through Star Valley going east. They were pursued by Crow Indians, who by stealing their horses at Alpine and forced them to walk across Wyoming.

The Canadians next had fur brigades in this area. During the 1820's, the rendezvous system and the American free trappers came to the forefront. This was considered a good area to go to for buffalo meat. They were also impressed with the number of Blackfoot war parties they encountered.

Tin Cup Creek was originally known as Gardner's Fork after Johnson Gardner and a small band of trappers who spent the winter of 1821 there. Stump Creek was originally known as Scott's Fork, after Calvert Scott, a trapper who wintered there with 3 companions in 1822.

In 1827 trappers held a short gathering at the hot springs near Auburn. Called "Stinking Springs" or the "Boiling Pots" by the trappers, the area appeared on many individual maps before 1830.

LANDER TRAIL

When it became apparent that better roads were needed between the Mississippi and the west coast, the Lander Trail was surveyed and built in 1857-58 by the government. Colonel F. W. Lander surveyed and then supervised building the road. The reasons given for the construction was that it was shorter, water and fuel were plentiful, and forage for livestock was better. There was, also, some thought, a need to avoid the Mormons. Originally Lander started using troops as workmen, but they proved inept and slow so he hired crews from the Mormon settlements in Utah to complete the job. In July 1859 a monument was erected and dedicated at Forest Dell marking the junction of the Lander Cutoff with the U.S. Highway 89. A man named Thompson gave the dedicatory address. His closing remarks were: "The unique thing about this road is that it was conceived to avoid the Mormons, was built by the Mormons, and is now being dedicated by the Mormons."

The trail, parts of which had been used by trappers since 1812, enters Star Valley south of Smoot, then north and west to the vicinity of Fairview, thence north to Auburn and up Stump Creek. Many thousands (15,000

the first year) traveled this road. They were always relieved to arrive in Star Valley. The good feed and water, and beautiful scenery prompted some to call it Pleasant Valley. Along this trail, an occasional pile of boulders, a rude cross, or rough-hewn slab marks the grave of someone who died on the way to Oregon.

INDUSTRY AND SETTLEMENT

In the early 1860's gold was discovered in Montana. There was a demand for salt for culinary and mining use. In the summer of 1866, Jonas H. Stump and Benjamin Franklin White established a thriving summer business - "Stump's Salt Pond" - and Scott's Fork was renamed to Stump Creek. They made large sheet iron pans with tongue and groove sides. These were set over fires, filled with the natural brine (60% salt) and stirred until nothing was left but pure white salt. (Although white is the basic color of salt, it generally is the same color as the surrounding soil when it's first mined. Then, after it is cooked, etc., it is white.) Production is said to have reached 500 tons a year. So much salt was shipped north through Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) that the road was known as the old salt road. About 1880, a change in refining techniques and the arrival of the railroad shut down the salt works.

In 1870, gold was discovered on McCoy Creek. Large placer mining went on for years with some hard rock mining done later on. There is no authentic record of production, but the miners, for their own protection, were quiet about such matters. The Caribou mining district still has some claims that are being worked.

In the 1870's, free land was disappearing at an alarming rate. The immigration from the east and the new generations of children born in Utah caused the Mormons to look for new land. Moses B. Thatcher and William Preston, guided by Indian John, visited the valley in 1877. Church cattle were grazed in the valley and those in charge encouraged the young cowboys to take up land here. In August 1879, Brigham Young, Jr., dedicated Salt River Valley during a special service held on Salt River about five miles northwest of Afton. In the summer of 1880, the name was made official by Moses Thatcher when he said, "When God made the world He reserved the finest part and hid it among these mountains. It shall be called 'Star Valley' for it is truly the star of all valleys."

The year 1879 brought the arrival of the first settlers - five families - at the present site of Freedom in the early summer. First settlers at Auburn - 7 families - arrived in August. The groups came into the Star Valley from Bear Lake County in Idaho, over the road used to haul salt from a salt deposit on Crow Creek. This was a trip of about 50 miles, with little or no road about half of the distance. The trip required more than three weeks. The Montpelier Creek had to be forded 26 times in a distance of 6 miles. Often furrows had to be plowed on the sidehills for the upper wheels, to keep the wagons from tipping over. It was necessary to bring the winter supplies into the valley before the snow came, as the roads were apt to be blocked with snow so deep nothing could get through.

The 1889-90 winter was incredibly hard. Before it was over, nearly everyone was looking disaster and starvation right in the face and wondering where their next meal was coming from and what it would consist of. Since the previous year was mild and the animals had grazed in open fields all winter, most of the settlers were caught completely unprepared. Although the fields were waist high with wild hay in the fall, the new settlers didn't think it necessary to cut and preserve it for winterfeeding. This winter the snow was so deep that it covered the houses. Steps were dug down so people could get in and out. Many of the animals starved to death despite the settlers emptying their mattresses and feeding hay by the handful. The people were in desperate condition. Flour was carried in on the backs of men who traveled by snowshoes to Montpelier and back. It was rationed out by the pansful to the starving settlers. By the middle of March, when things became totally desperate, it was decided that the men had to open the road to Montpelier. This meant wallowing, tramping and shoveling the snow. The strongest, huskiest men formed a brigade to shovel snow to help the horses through the hard spots. Those not on the front lines brought up food and hay from the rear or helped in other ways. Hunters were detailed to try to find game animals for food. Finally, many of the teams became exhausted, and men too were near the end of their strength. At Whiskey Flat, when their spirits were at the lowest ebb, a happy surprise awaited them. A crew from Montpelier had been working from their end of the road and the two met. They all went on to Montpelier where supplies were obtained and rushed to the Star Valley people.

In spite of hardships, early SV pioneers were able to share with others. When the coalmine explosion occurred at Almy, Wyoming, a caravan of about 14 sleigh loads of food was sent to help the stricken families.

The pressure to get land was building and the supply was getting smaller. Add to this the fact that the LDS Church had declared this a desirable, even preferable spot. For several years the number of families didn't

increase because new families arriving were almost balanced by families moving away after experiencing a winter.

The anti-polygamy laws caused an influx from Idaho and Utah. The Wyoming government was friendly and gave very little cooperation to federal authorities, who attempted to enforce the polygamy laws. Signal Hill, a low bench-like knoll where Fairview now is, served as a lookout. From this place warnings were sent out to Mormons (also other fugitives who took advantage of this fact) when federal officers entered the valley. When the lookout sighted strangers, he sent up a column of smoke, Indian fashion. If the newcomers proved harmless, another signal informed the people that all was well.

Finally, Star Valley towns were settled beginning in 1885: Afton & Grover - 1885, Freedom - 1886, Auburn - 1886, Smoot - 1887, Thayne & Bedford - 1888, Fairview - 1889, Turnerville - 1890. The Star Valley Stake officially was organized on 14 August 1892. This surge of growth continued for about 15 years and by 1900 the land was about all taken. The first settlers found that because of short seasons it was hard to grow small grains and row crops. They then concentrated on livestock. Later as creameries came into being, dairying was very important to the economy of the valley.

Up to 1888, there was no communication, mail, or passenger service to the valley. The mail was picked up by anyone making the trip into or out of the valley - about twice a year. It would be left at some home until the residents came by to pick it up. One year the mail was brought in in April, telling of the death in the first part of February, in Ogden, of one of the settler's children.



Eventually the chief route to the valley was by way of the Crow Creek road, which, at its best was steep and treacherous and, in foul weather, often hazardous. (The picture shows wagons coming up that road.) After 1888, freight and mail carriers began servicing the valley - an extremely difficult task. During some seasons it was necessary to transfer all loads from wagons or buckboards to sleds several times enroute. One of the great dangers of the roads was the snowslides that came down every winter. At times travelers and freighters had to shovel through the slides that blocked the way. If the slides were not down yet, and especially if there were wind or wet weather, the snow might slide any minute.

One man was going down Snowslide Canyon when he saw, too late to turn back, a slide breaking off. He whipped up his team in an effort to get by before the slide reached the road. He got his team and himself by, but his sleigh was broken and covered with snow. Many others were not so lucky.

At first the responsibility of keeping the roads open in winter and passable the other seasons of the year rested on the freighters and mail carriers. Most of those who passed over the route carried a shovel, a pick, an axe, and plenty of matches. Fortunately timber was plentiful. Later on, parties were organized to repair bad places in the roads, but this wasn't too successful.

To become a member of the freighting fraternity, one had to have a horse or teams weighing 1,200 pounds or over and harness and horse blankets to match. A number four sleigh with a wide box and for summer use a wagon capable of hauling two tons or more were also required. A canvas wagon cover was needed to cover the freight and an axe and shovel were needed to provide wood and dig him out of the snow.

Wagons had to be equipped to meet the exigencies of the road. Each wagon had to have a log cabin about 16 feet long with which to roughlock, drag fallen timber out of the roadway, or to help some fellow traveler. Two stay chains were needed, each about two feet long, with one end tied to the double-trees and the other to the front axle of the wagon. There were useful in regulating the pull of the team so that one horse could, if desired, pull a greater share of the load than the other. Nearly every wagon carried a wagon jack with which to lift the load while a wheel was removed and the end of the axle, which revolved inside the wheel hub was greased. Some clever men could remove the burr, which held the wheel on and by tipping the wheel outward

expose the axle enough to grease it. This was risky, as a slight miscalculation could cause disaster. Brake blocks for the rear wheels had to be renewed at intervals, as the constant friction of the wheels going down hill wore them thin. Each wagon box had a jockey box on the outside at the front in which was stored a can of axle grease, a spare wagon wrench, a hammer and other incidentals.

The freighters personal gear consisted of a canvas-covered bedroll tightly tied, a grub box big enough to hold food to last four days, a coffee pot large enough to hold not less than six cups of coffee or whatever, a fry pan to hold enough spuds for six men, and a knife, fork and spoon. These were necessities.

Freighters tended their own horses and helped their neighbors when he needed it. They did their share of the cooking and rustling firewood or got someone else to do it in exchange for tending his horses.

Canned goods, some coal, and fruits in season were brought into the Valley. From the valley went cheese, butter, hides, and hogs. The Burtons, who owned a creamery and a store, also maintained a warehouse in Montpelier for the storage of goods, and for paraffining cheese before shipping it on the railroad.



During the autumn of 1912, Mr. Benoni Wilkes and his family homesteaded a mid-point area and built a halfway house to care for freighters passing through. They also built a barn to accommodate 32 teams. The cabin was used as a bunkhouse. Many times there were camped at Halfway House as many as 45 men and their teams.

Before the days of trucks, the farmers had to drive their cattle over the Crow Creek Road to get them to the railroad for shipping. They often drove at night to avoid meeting the freight wagons.

At one time, a stage line operated on this road, as well. An early edition of the Star Valley Pioneer newspaper included an ad stating "Daily Stage Service from Montpelier, Idaho to Afton, Wyoming - Elegant New Rigs, Good horses, Careful Drivers. Fare to Montpelier \$2.00. Baggage allowance 30 lbs. All fare to be paid in advance." With the building of the South End Road, the Crow Creek Road was no longer used.

The South End Road was built in 1930 with the idea that if the road lay inside Wyoming, this state would take care of its maintenance. Convicts were brought in from the State Prison to work on the road. They were happy to be working out doors and only two tried to escape. The use of convict labor was still largely on a trial basis and this venture was quite successful.

Agriculture has always been the principal basis for the economy of Star Valley. The dairy cow, (milk sales), the sale of alfalfa, wild hay and grain, the annual sale of cattle, sheep, wool, hogs, poultry, eggs, etc. provided the farmer his income.



Of course the first farming equipment in the valley was not the convenient motor driven equipment we have now. Hay was harvested by use of push rakes and overshot stackers. First the hay was mowed and left to dry for a couple of days. Next it was raked into windrows. Then was the time to use the buckrakes to push it up into big piles about ten to twelve feet in diameter and about five feet high. These buckrake loads would then be pushed upon the stacker teeth (a team was hitched to a little cart attached to a cable which ran through a set of pullies that raised the stacker), which would raise the

hay up and throw it on the stack of hay. (Above picture shows this process.) In a large operation, there would be two or three men on the stack, to stack the hay, two buckrakes pushing hay at least one person raking and one mower working all the time.

Noel's dad had him start driving the stacker cart when he was so short that he couldn't sit on the

seat so he walked beside it. He did well until one time the wheel caught his leg, tripped him and left him lying between the horses hind legs. His dad was up on the stack at the time, but he yelled to the horses then jumped off the stack, which was real high, and came over and got him out from under the horses. He later said that he wasn't nearly as scared as his dad was.



A binder was used to cut the grain and tie it in bundles. (The picture shows someone cutting grain with a grain binder.) After it was cut and tied in bundles everyone went out into the grainfields and shocked the grain by standing ten to fifteen bundles, with the heads of the grain up, in bunches called "shocks". This allowed the grain to dry before it was hauled into the stackyard to be stacked in round stacks. After the grain was hauled into the stackyard and stacked, the thresher would bring his threshing machine to the barn and thresh the grain.

A threshing machine is a device to separate the grain from the straw. There was much to be done in setting up a threshing machine and getting ready for a "run". The thresher was run by "horse power" - 12 horses hooked up to walk in a circle with cogs and wheels meshed to create power which is conveyed to the thresher by means of a steel rod about one and one-quarter inches in diameter called a tumbling rod. A wooden box was placed over the rod so horses would step over it. Once the horse power was adequate, bundle pitchers picked up shocks and placed them on the table in front of the cutter. The cutter slit the string and shoved the bundle on to the feeder, who with a circular motion of his arms, spread it out and fed it evenly into the mouth of the threshing machine. A good yield brought the grain pouring out of the machine's pipes and the measurer - grain was measured into half bushels - had to hurry to keep up with it. Beside him stood the sack holder and the man who dumped the buckets in to the sack. The man holding the sack had to be alert to see that none of the grain was spilled and that the proper amount was placed in each sack. Once filled the sacks were either carried to a nearby granary or placed on a wagon that stood nearby. The straw stackers were the men who suffered. It was a dusty, grimy, sweaty job that few men wanted .

The first large scale designer, carpenter and builder in the community was A.V. Call. All of his machinery - saws, lathes, planes, etc. - were run by "horse power" as well. He had a large wheel that was at least 12 feet in diameter and about four feet in width. It was made of lumber, well braced and tied together with bolts and small cables. As the horse walked, it turned the wheel, which in turn provided power to make the machines work.

Additional industries over the years included: Star Valley Cheese Company, Star Valley Creamery, Fur Farming, Fox Farming, Beaver Ranching, Mink Ranching, Bee Industry, Logging and Lumbering, and Aircraft.

MEDICAL CARE

Pioneer women were heroines, braving the mountain wilds, fearlessly accepting their precious heritage, that of motherhood, rearing large families, and making attractive homes from dug-outs or cabins. Some of these women became midwives to take care of others in the community. Grandma Leah Walton, her mother, Sarah Ann Hurd, and Sarah's mother, Mary Ann Green were some of these women. Grandma Walton delivered about 100 babies - including many of her grandchildren.

Some of the home medications used by most families were: Golden Seal for canker, mustard plaster for colds and pneumonia, ginger tea for a stomach ache, camphor for headaches, kerosene mixed with sugar for croup, sweet cream for hand and face lotion. The sap from the Balsam tree was used to treat deep cuts. It was poured right into the wound.

Several doctors arrived in the valley for short periods of time. The first well known doctor was Dr. G.W. West. He served the Valley for 52 years, delivering over 4,000 babies before his retirement. For many years the standard charge for a maternity case was a flat \$10, whether in Alpine or Afton. Much of the time he took livestock or farm produce in payment for medical service. His home was used as a hospital, his kitchen, scrubbed from floor to ceiling, was his operating room. He made house calls everywhere in the valley, and was a familiar

sight in winter with his team and cutter, his fur cap, pinto coat and buffalo robe, with his faithful dog lying on his feet to keep them warm.

Dr. O.L. Treloar came to the valley in 1929 and stayed for over 40 years. Dr. Samuel H. Worthen came to Afton in 1935. After practicing in a downtown hospital for several years, he started construction on the SV Hospital, was called to serve in WWII as a surgeon, and returned to practice in Star Valley. He was an incredible doctor and surgeon. Dr. Orson D. Perkes came to Afton in 1956 and joined the medical professionals.

Although other dentists came and went, Dr. L. C. Proctor was the first permanent dentist to locate here. He came in 1905 and carried on until the 1950s. Later Dr. M. H. Wray, Max H. Stock, and William L. Sorensen continued dental practices.

EARLY LIFE STYLES

Early settlers had to depend largely on wild game and fish for food. Wild strawberries, gooseberries, wild currants and serviceberries were plentiful. They were usually dried, but when enough sugar was available, some were preserved for winter and were a rare treat. Meat also was dried in large quantities. Flour and some other necessities had to be brought in. Nearly every family had a garden where vegetables were grown for home consumption.

Pioneers learned to tan the elk and deer hides and from them made shirts, gloves, moccasins and other items of wearing apparel, including some high top boots. Clothing was at a premium in those days. Moccasins were made from the hock joints of the animals. They cut around the leg, both above and below the joint, and carefully removed the bone without splitting the hide. They left sufficient length of hide above and below, so they could make a tube, which was turned inside out. The lower part was made to fit the foot and toes and the upper part, to fit the ankle was arranged for lacing.

Star Valley homes were built of logs, and the cracks filled with mud. The roofs were constructed of small poles, than a layer of straw, and an outer covering of dirt. Every summer there was a weed garden on top the house. Often during rain storms dishpans, etc. were placed throughout the house to keep the beds dry. The inside walls were whitewashed with a mixture of lime and water. Sometimes the floors were dirt, and sometimes they were made of rough boards, which became smooth with wear. When the woman could accumulate enough rags, she would weave a carpet for her home. When it was ready, a layer of straw was spread evenly on the floor, then the carpet was stretched tightly over the straw and tacked down.

Although Afton had electricity from 1907, the farmers and the rural residents didn't have electricity until late in 1938. Candles for lighting the home were common until electricity was available. Tallow candles were made in many shapes and sizes but most of them came in a form about one inch in diameter and eight inches long. A string wick through the center kept the flame alive that slowly consumed the candle. Coal oil (kerosene) was considered a luxury and used only on special occasions. Sometimes a "witch light" was used which consisted of a saucer, a rag, and button in grease. The term "candle power" originated from the fact that if you wanted more light, you simply lit more candles.

Family laundry was done on a scrub or washboard. The white clothes were scrubbed thoroughly, boiled, rinsed twice and hung on fences or bushes to dry. If the water was muddy, a pan of ashes was added to a barrel of water, which made the water clear in a few hours. Homemade lye soap was used to do the washing.

The ironing was done with three, four or five-pound irons, which were heated on the kitchen stove. These same irons were heated, wrapped, and tucked in the foot of the children's beds to keep them warm during the winter nights.

A start of yeast was kept and when bread was to be made, a little sugar and potato water was added to the start. The dasher churn was used to make butter and buttermilk. The churn itself was about two feet tall, about one foot in diameter at the top and about fifteen inches at the bottom. The churn had a tight lid with a hole in the center through which projected the dasher. It looked as if it had first served as a broomstick, being about the right size. On the bottom was a dasher in the form of a cross. In making butter, you pumped this up and down agitating the cream until it turned into butter. The cream had to be "as warm as your forehead," to be made into butter quickly.

The women used snow water in the winter and rainwater in the summer to wash their long, thick hair.

Another job the women had was packing lunches for their children to carry to school. At noon the lunches were often frozen solid since the children had to walk long distances. Later trolley sleighs and wagons

were used to haul them to school.

When winter approached, people laid in their winter's supply of firewood. Of course, the people were entirely dependent on wood cut in the canyons and brought home for fuel.

When winter arrived most of the same people laid in their summer's supply of ice. Behind many houses and most businesses stood an icehouse. It was usually made of logs and generally half-filled with sawdust. Here the ice was stored that froze the ice cream and other confections and served to keep the iceboxes in many kitchens cool. Ice was cut from the frozen rivers in blocks in a size to fit the needs of each person. Under this method of storage, ice would keep for two years or more.



Recreation included hunting, fishing, swimming, picnicking, hiking, boating, horseback riding, related sports, football, basketball, boxing, wrestling, baseball rodeos, cutter racing, skiing, and church activities. Each town prepared and presented their own "dramas". Dances were extremely popular. Both Seth Harris and Nate played in bands at dances. The dance hall at Cottonwood Lake was popular. Couples would drive for hours to dance there and then return home in the early mornings. This picture shows the dance hall. Other popular amusements were quilting bees, candy pulls, rag sewing meets, with

now and then a birthday party or surprise for good measure.

BUILDING COMMUNITIES

AFTON

In 1879 when Star Valley was dedicated as a home for LDS colonists, the authorities instructed Charles D. Cazier to have a townsite surveyed to contain 30 blocks, each comprising 10 acres, 1/4 of a block - selling for one dollar. They used a common carpenter's square and rope in order to do the surveying. When officially surveyed later, it was only in error a few feet.

President William Budge, of the Bear Lake Stake, a native of Scotland, suggested that the new town be named Afton, because the roaring, rumbling stream gushing out of the mountains was the opposite of the stream he remembered of Sweet Afton fame. So Afton it became.

In 1887 Afton was made a ward with Charles D. Cazier its first bishop (and postmaster).

Harvey Dixon built the first house in 1885. Alfred Dixon, the first child born in Afton, in October 1885, was born in the same house.

It may startle some to learn that Afton was a cow town. Everybody in town owned and milked a cow or cows. Some of the small fry pastured them in town, but many of the bigger holders pastured them beyond the city limits. Eventually, as Afton became larger, the town council passed an ordinance forbidding people from pasturing cows on the city streets. Animals were impounded by the city Marshall and an impounding fee of 15¢ was assessed against any livestock placed in the pound. The Marshall got this as his wage for enforcing the regulation.



W.W. Burton owned and operated the first general store in Afton. Goods were exchanged for butter, meat, hay, grain or whatever. The store was first a covered wagon located on Main Street. Later it moved into a tent, and in the summer of 1889, a two-room log structure was completed. The second store was owned and operated by Arthur Roberts, in 1889, two blocks east of Main Street.

Then, in the 1890s, Charles Kingston built a store, which was

located on the corner of Washington Street and Fifth Avenue and was operated by him and Mark Hurd, "Kingston and Hurd". After a few years, George Osmond, president of the Star Valley stake, bought Mr. Kingston's interests,



and the business name was changed to "Osmond and Hurd". A general store occupied the ground floor, and a dance hall was on the upper floor, which was not successful. In about 1903 Ed Lewis of Montpelier moved a dry goods store into the building and operated it for 8 - 10 years. When a telephone exchange was established in Afton in the early 1900's the switchboard and central office were located in the upstairs of the building in the west end, and the rest of the upstairs was used as a roller skating rink. The building was used as a hardware store and finally a hotel before it was finally destroyed and a service station, "Dixon's", was built in its place.

When the people saw the need of a bank in Star Valley, several businessmen got together and tried to do something about it. Soon the Afton State Bank was opened with Senator Allen (from Nebraska) as president and another Nebraska import served as first cashier. Later G. A. Newswander, became president and the Star Valley State Bank come into existence.

In September 1936, the Mead Bakery began serving the Star Valley Community. (Picture shows the Town of Afton around that time with the Bakery included.) Up to that point there was no "boughten bread" available. Each woman made her own homemade bread. Apparently, "boughten bread" was a hit because it was a lucrative part of the Star Valley business community until after the death of the owner, Arthur Mead. Art started his business in Star Valley while he owned a bakery in Soda Springs. One day he delivered a loaf of bread to the store in Freedom. The next week he went back, and since it was still there, picked it up and left another. The next week that loaf was gone so he left two more. Gradually, he built enough business that he could move to Afton.

The first schoolhouse, a one room log cabin with a dirt roof and floor, was built in 1887. Here in the winter of 1887 - 1888, the first school was held with 15 students attending. In 1885 school was held in the home of Mary Ann Green.

When the water system came to Afton, it contained many backaches. Every foot of the trench was dug by hand. The top two feet were comparatively easy to dig but the bottom two feet were like breaking up concrete a pick thrust at a time inch by inch. Shovels became dull and picks had to sharpened at least twice a day. The diggers were paid 40¢ per foot and if they could advance ten feet a day, they were lucky. After it was dug, pipes were put in and covered up and the town of Afton had its water system.



A ward chapel for the Afton Ward (later Afton North Ward) was built and dedicated in 1902, and was used for a ward and stake house until the tabernacle was completed. This was a large frame building, and had a large bell in its tower, which could be heard all over Upper Valley. (The picture shows the North Ward church at a time during WWI with the Ladies making mattresses for the war effort.)

The stake tabernacle was begun with the cornerstone laid on August 21, 1904. After five years the construction phase was completed and the first dedicatory services were held on August 15, 1909, with President of the LDS Church, Joseph F. Smith, presiding.

Sandstone for construction came from a quarry at Poison Creek, a tributary of Crow Creek on the west side of the valley, near Fairview. The first stone was carried to the building site by teams of horses and wagons. The stone was hand hewn to meet the Middle English design. A tower ascending 140 feet above the ground set an imposing view of the valley. The building was constructed at a cost of \$40,000 and has been remodeled

twice since then. A beautiful reed organ (requiring pumping), with the appearance of a pipe organ because of its imitation pipes, was purchased for the building. Mark Hurd was one of the three assigned to obtain the organ. The building served the community as a meeting and activity center. Many graduation exercises for the Star Valley High School as well as school productions, plays, concerts, assemblies and other activities were held in the building.

Because of the growth of the town population in Afton, and in LDS membership, it became necessary to divide the Afton Ward, and in 1919, the Afton North Ward and Afton South Ward came into being. Both wards continued to use the old building for a while. Then in 1920, construction of the new ward chapel was started. This was completed, and was dedicated September 23, 1920. It served the community until 1953, when a new modern chapel was built and dedicated by Apostle Spencer W. Kimball.

For many years the LDS Church was the only one in the valley. Then, in the late 1950's the Star Valley Community Bible Church was organized as a non-denominational church with Eldred C. Bagley. Arthur and Elizabeth Mead were instrumental in organizing this church and eventually, purchased and donated a building for the church - then the Baptist Community Church - to meet in. Early Pastors included: Bagley, Lovegrove, Eccles, and Hockett.



Afton's water system comes from an intermittent spring, The Periodic Spring, located seven miles east of town. This spring is the largest of three intermittent springs known of throughout the world. The spring flows continuously during the periods of high water when it is being fed from the melting snows. In other times, the spring flows periodically. The first break in the flow may be for only a few seconds but the period increases methodically until the intervals of flow and non-flow become uniform. By autumn, the stream flows for 18 minutes and is dormant for 18 minutes. The spring was originally called "The Spring That Breathes". A noticeable exhaling and inhaling of air accompanies the intermitting flow.

The Town of Afton boasts the world's largest Elkhorn arch. It spans 75 feet across Highway 89. It has a clearance of 18 feet. The top of the arch is 24 feet tall. There are 3011 antlers in the structure. It also consists of two smaller walkway arches in addition to the street arch. There are over fifteen ton of antlers in the arches. Elkhorn Arch is a monument to the perseverance of Newell and Blanch Gardner. Newell was the local game warden and it was his dream to construct this arch. He and Blanche collected over half of the antlers in the arches. The rest was donated by the Wyoming Game and Fish Department, and came from the National Elk Refuge and the Alpine feed grounds, at the persuasion of the Gardners.



The two side walkway arches were constructed in 1956. In June of 1958 the Wyoming Highway Dept. finally granted permission to span Highway 89. Volunteers worked that summer in the early mornings so as not to disturb tourist traffic. Many volunteers went directly from the site to their places of employment. It was truly a community effort. The completed arch is a testimony of what a collective community effort can accomplish.

Booms of various kinds have contributed to the development of many towns. But Afton, without a boom of any kind, has progressed from outdoor johns and open water flowing along the streets in ditches, to telephones, electrical power, and an enclosed water system in just under 100 years. Its slow growth has contributed to its present wide streets and its neat appearance.

AUBURN

Auburn is the oldest town in the Upper Star Valley, and its history is an interesting one. The first settlers came to the valley in 1879. They suffered from poverty, famine, and snow, but most of them stayed and others joined them. Among the earliest settlers were Seth Harris Putnam and his second wife, Annie.

There are three different versions as to why this town was named Auburn. 1) Weston Walton, who came from Woodruff, called it Auburn in memory of Oliver Goldswith's "Auburn" because the old rock building of the trappers reminded him of a deserted village. 2) It was named by the Waltons and Putnams in remembrance of their home in the state Maine. They named it after the town of Auburn, Maine. 3) George Davis, Auburn's first postmaster, suggested it be named after the first man who built a house at the mouth of Stump Creek Canyon, whose name was Al Burn. He requested that the Post Office Department in Washington, D.C., name the town "Alburn" in this man's honor. The name was written in longhand, and the authorities in Washington misread it as "Auburn".

For many years, each of the towns in the valley had its own general store - at least one - and its own post office. Auburn was no different. The first store was operated by George Davis and eventually sold to Mrs. Pearl Davis. She owned this store for a long time. She was a good quilter and sold many quilts. Then her store was sold to her brother, Frank Nathaniel Putnam, who operated it for many years.

Another store was built. This store changed hands many times until finally Enoch Hillyard purchased it. He operated this store and post office until 1957.

The first school in Auburn was held in 1879 in the home of one of the settlers. The desks and seats were made of logs. Some of the children had to come several miles to attend.

At three different times a schoolhouse was built, but each time it burned down. The third one was struck by lightning. It was a two-story building with four class rooms. It had a tower and gymnasium in the upper story. Nate Putnam freighted the bell for the school in from Montpelier. It weighed 1,300 pounds and stood nearly four feet high. When the school burned, the bell fell through and was buried in the rocks and debris. A new school building was built on the same lot in 1925 and used until 1955.

In 1942 when the school children had a scrap iron drive to collect all the scrap iron they could to help the war effort they discovered a big piece of iron sticking out of the ground behind the school. Noel remembered digging around it. It turned out to be that old bell. It was finally pulled out with a truck. The bell went with the scrap iron to help win World War II.

In the fall of 1887, the first LDS meeting house, a log building 18 by 28 feet, was erected for the Auburn people. Many settlers came to the house of worship on snowshoes. At a special meeting held on Stump Creek July 1, 1889, presided by Heber J. Grant, the saints were organized as a ward, which was named Auburn.



In the fall of 1889, a rock meeting house was erected. It was a substantial building 30 by 50 feet. The lumber was hauled from Grays Lake, 30 miles away and the rock came from Stump Creek Canyon. The building was built in four years by most liberal free-will donations. Until 1891, this building was the largest meetinghouse in Star Valley, and was for many years the only rock building in the valley. It had a good hard wood floor and was used for school, plays, elections, operas, parties, bazaars, reunions, picnics, and patriotic and holiday celebrations. In fact, it was

considered the dance center of the valley for many years. The hall was usually so crowded dance tickets were numbered, and just a third of the numbers were called for each dance so there would be room for the dancers. Heman Hyde Sr. called the square dances. Ervon Foss, Heman Hyde, Joe Walton, and Seth Putnam all played the violin. Ed Hansen played the cornet. Two violins and the cornet made up the orchestra. Nate Putnam chorded for the dances on his piano.

Although the rock building was replaced in 1926, it was still used for church in the wintertime because it was warmer than the hall. Finally, a new church house has been built and dedicated. The church no longer uses the Rock building, but it is still standing. In 1984 the building was deeded to the SV Historical Society and since has been restored. In January 1986 it was accepted for the National Register of Historic Places.

OUTLAWS

During 1889 Tom McCarthy and Matt Warner, famous outlaws, spent the winter in Star Valley. They got into the valley during a big snowstorm and the posse was snowed out of the valley in Montpelier. Of course at the time, none of the people in Star Valley knew that these men were outlaws. They were told that they were well-to-do cattlemen who were in Star Valley looking for a ranch to buy.

During this particular winter, times were hard. There was only one store in Afton and the man who owned it, Mr. (Skinflint) Burton, wouldn't give people credit. No one had enough money to purchase the things they needed. Lots of people were starving. One day Tom McCarthy and Matt Warner went into the store. The Bishop and his counselors, along with a crowd of starving people, were there, trying to talk Mr. Burton into helping some of the people. Tom and Matt held up the store. Matt had the bishop keep track of everything the people took and made sure everyone got what they needed. Then they payed Mr. Burton half of what he would have charged - a total of \$1,150. Later Matt said that the man still made a profit. He had hiked the prices so high!

These two men married women here in the Valley that spring, left the valley and finally found their way back up to Jackson Hole where they spent their honeymoon hunting and fishing and having a good time.



Several times when winter set in, Butch Cassidy and his gang used to come to Star Valley to spend the winter. The winters were so severe and the snow got so deep everyone was snowed in, so the law officers couldn't get over the pass to arrest him. He lived at the old George Davis place in Auburn when he came into the valley.

Robert Leroy Parker, "Butch Cassidy" was another Robin Hood. He robbed the rich and gave to the poor. One time a widow in Utah couldn't pay a mortgage, so he gave her the money for the payment. When she had paid for it and gotten a receipt, Butch was waiting outside and robbed the mortgagor and got his money back!

It was during this time that Grandpa Nate Putnam got acquainted with Butch Cassidy. He got to be quite friendly with him. Grandpa lived just a few blocks from where Butch stayed. Butch could spin his colt on his finger and every time the butt came around and hit in the middle of the palm of his hand, he would fire a shot and drive a tack on the wall.

Grandpa Nate witnessed the shooting of Butch Cassidy. In 1895 the law officers came after Butch. The charge was stealing horses from another part of the state and moving them to Star Valley. When he came out the door he slipped on some ice and the officers thought he was going for his gun so they shot him. He wasn't killed though.

CONCLUSION

It is to the everlasting credit to the people of this area, both red and white, that this area could go through all phases of frontier development - exploration (1800 - 1810), fur trade (1810 - 1840) immigrant travel (1840-1890) displace of Indians (1840 - 1900) cattle drives and settlement without more confrontations. And of these all but a few were settled peacefully. The history of Star Valley is the story of a determined, resourceful people, who made a home for themselves in this harsh but beautiful valley.

MYTHS

Origin of the World's "Cold Spot" when Paul Bunyon was a young man, he used to hunt wild game for his food. But as time went on he discovered that when he left meat in the ordinary temperatures of the world it soon spoiled and wasn't fit for use. Then he'd have to go hunting again. Paul sat down for hours and hours trying to think of some way he could keep his meat from spoiling. Finally he noticed that when the meat was in a cooler, shadier spot, it didn't spoil quite so soon, so he decided to make a place that was very cold. He took "Babe", the blue ox, and went to a very high place and began to pile high banks around this high place so that

the sun couldn't get in. Then he went up to the North Pole and hauled ice back and buried it in these mountains. This made the valley very cold. It was way out on a little corner of the earth like points of a star, so he named it "Star Valley".

During the first year Paul's new refrigerator became very dirty so he pushed back the mountains just enough to let the sun in for one day a year just to defrost the valley. He decided to call this day "summer". The rest of the days remain cold and make an ideal refrigerator.

Stories exist contesting the naming of Star Valley. Some old timers insist that cowboys who rode the summer range named it for the starry firmament visible in the clear cold nights. Another story contends that the five peaks, which tower east of the valley resembles the five points of a star, hence the name.

Naming of Auburn. Noel always told his children that three Indians were sitting in the middle of what now is Auburn. They were trying to start a fire and it just wouldn't start. Finally, one of the men, getting frustrated, said "Ah, Burn." So they named the town "Auburn".

Naming of Whiskey Flats. It is said that a group of men hauled barrels of whiskey from Montpelier for one of the saloons. As they were going up an incline, a couple of the bottles fell from the wagon and broke open. Although the men hauling the barrels did their best to drink the whiskey, some of it ran into the river. Old timers claimed that after that whenever a full wagon went past, the fish stood up out of the water on their fins and begged for more.

The **U-Necked Platypus**, once a Duck-Billed Platypus, was developed during the time of Noah. It seems that Noah forbade more than one platypus to enter the Ark, hoping to limit the population. The male platypus sneaked a female on board and hid her in the hold. Being curious, she tried to see what was going on and in craning her neck about several corners and up a stairway, developed a crick in it which eventually formed into a U. Platypus' love life resembles humans. A male, upon encountering a doll-like female, will immediately go into a tizzy, turn several handsprings, and upon coming down inquire, "You neck?" If she does not respond and if he is young enough he turns several more handsprings. Eventually he mesmerizes her. She answers yes. He takes her by the arm and they go off to discuss the immediate advancement of the platypus population. The moral of this tale is - Don't go about acting like a U-necked Platypus.

A **Jackalope** is a cross between a Jack Rabbit and an Antelope - a Rabbit with horns.

A **Hill Rantler** is a Jackalope whose legs are shorter on one side due to going around the sidehill one way.

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Brief History of Star Valley by Forrest Kennington

LEGEND FOR AUBURN MAP

1. Auburn cemetery
2. Squirrel field
3. Chick Putnam - 1st home
4. F.N. Putnam store
5. Ene Hillyard store & Post Office
6. Old rock church - restored 1986
7. Church
8. School
9. Car Walton home
10. Heman Hyde home
11. Old Relief Society building
12. Wm. Walton home
13. Jess Wood home
14. Chick Putnam built home
- Noel helped
15. Bishop Wood home
16. Henry Leavitt - later Lyle
Walton home
17. Mahonri Hurd home
18. Jesse Hurd home
19. Water hole - Chick baptized
20. Wm. Session home
21. Euvern Putnam home
22. Water hole - Noel baptized
23. Swim hole - Noel's family
24. Al Putnam home
25. F.N. Putnam older home
26. Boys swim hole
27. Alf Tolman ranch - Chick Putnam
family home
28. Art Johnson home
29. Ervon Johnson home
30. Norman Johnson home
31. Orson Johnson home
32. Sulpher Spring Pool - Keith Hyde
33. Wm. Walton ranch - White tail
deer here at one time.
34. F.N. Putnam Ranch
35. Old Creamery

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

The Religious Society of Friends is commonly known as Quakers. This originally disparaging nickname came from the member's habit of quivering with religious emotion. It soon lost its derogatory meaning and members of the society call themselves either Friends or Quakers.

History. The society was founded in England by George Fox, about 1652. It was one of several sects that started as a protest against the church by the state. The teaching was based on the belief that there is "that of God in every man" and that by following this Spirit, "the Inner Light", a person can discover true belief and righteous conduct without the help of any minister.



Early Friends were by no means quiet and peaceful people. They often attracted attention by interrupting church services and by holding unauthorized meetings, a criminal offense in England. They refused to pay tithes, and they objected to taking oaths. They would not remove their hats as a mark of respect, even before the king. Plain dress, modeled after the clothes of ordinary working people, and plain speech were adopted as protests against the meaningless formalities of the time. The common names of months and days of the week were considered pagan by the Friends, who used such terms as "First Day" and "Second month".

The Friends met with violent persecution from the Church of England and from the Puritans. Many of them were imprisoned (up to 1000 at a time), but they persevered. Finally, in 1656 the first arrived in America. Once again they found more persecution. Many were imprisoned or deported, some were hung. At last, Roger William established a colony in Rhode Island which was based on the principle of absolute religious freedom. Many found refuge there for some time.

In 1681 William Penn, who had joined the Friends, obtained the charter of Pennsylvania. The colony was established in 1682 as a "holy experiment" on religious principles. Penn was notably successful in keeping

friendly terms with the Indians.

Form of Worship. There is no paid ministry. The term “minister” has sometimes been applied to a man, or often a woman, with an outstanding talent for speaking. Collections are not taken at meetings for worship.

From the beginning, Friends have recognized the value of silence for encouraging meditation and promoting fellowship. Many households observe the custom of silent grace before meals. Meetings for worship are silent until someone feels moved to speak or to pray. A meeting may be entirely silent, and the amount of speaking depends on the local membership.

First day schools for children are customary in most meetings, and adult members often have classes for study and discussion.

Friends have no outward form of baptism and no sacrament service, since they believe that fellowship in God’s kingdom is a spiritual rather than an external experience. There is no ceremony for the adoption of new members. Anyone who wishes to join the society applies for membership and is accepted by the meeting after a thorough investigation.

Marriages are supervised by members of the meeting. The couple who wish to be married notify the meeting of their intention, and a committee to oversee is appointed. In the presence of their friends the couple exchange the vows of marriage, and all who are present sign the certificate as witnesses.

Funerals are as simple as possible. Usually there is a “sitting” at home and then at the meetinghouse with vocal and silent prayer, a reading from the Bible, and a few spontaneous tributes from personal friends. Sometimes, no one speaks at all. Then the casket is carried to the grave and consigned with no ritual. No one - not even the family - dress in mourning. For a long time, no headstones were placed to mark the grave. Although sincere, there is no outward expression of grief.

Distinguishing Views. The Friends have no written creed. As individuals they may be liberal or conservative; they may or may not believe in the divine nature of Christ. They often study the Bible, emphasizing the value of its teaching rather than the necessity of belief in miracles.

The essence of their doctrine is the Inner Light within every human being. By following this light, everyone may learn to distinguish the truth and to judge.

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Before 1637, there was no organized military force in the colonies to provide protection. So-called “trained bands” were formed in various towns, but these were local and had no network with the other “bands”.

Since some of the settlers had been members of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, it was only natural that they would want to form a similar organization here in the new country. So, in 1638 Governor Winthrop issued a charter for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. It was the first Military Company chartered in the Western Hemisphere, and the third of its kind in the world.

OUR IMMIGRANT ANCESTORS

<u>Name</u>	<u>Ship</u>	<u>Year</u>
William Acye & Margaret Haiton	John of London	1638
John Bailey, Sr.	Angel Gabriel	1635
John Bailey	Angel Gabriel	1635
William & Ann Beamsley	Winthrop's Fleet	1630
John Bickford		Bef 1645
John Bickford, Sr.		Bef. 1645
John Bland & Isabella (Isabel) Drake		Bef 1639
John Cheney & Martha Parratt (Shoemaker)		1635
Joanna (Kember) Coffin		1642
Roger & Sarah Conant	Ann	1623
James Davis		
Andrew Dewing & Ann Donstall	Confidence	1638
Thomas Dow & Phebe Latly		Bef 1637
George & Ann (Ware) Downing		March 1638
Emmanuel Downing		
Michael Emerson		Bef 1655
Anthony & Frances Emery	James of London	1635
Matthew Estes		1676
John Fenno		Bef 1665
Mary Ann Francis	Manchester	1862
John Francis & Rosanna Tittley	Minnesota	1869
Anna Gingell		1632-1636
William Goodhue & Marjory Watson		Bef 1639
Charles Green	Ellen Maria	1852
Leonard Harriman & Margaret Palmer		1638.
Thomas Harris & Elizabeth Hills	Lyon	1632
Ann Harris	Lyon	1632
Daniel Hendrick & Dorothy Pike		Bef 1643
Karl and Gottlieb Hildt	Nevada	1882
Lucy Hildt	Nevada	1882
Nicholas Hodson & Esther Wines		1800s
Joseph Hull	The Rev. Hull Co.	1633
Temperance Hull (9 years old)	The Rev. Hull Co.	1633
John Huntting & Hester Seaborne		
Mark Hurd	Nevada	May 1876
John Hurd & Martha Stockel	Nevada	May 1876

Richard Hutchinson & Alice Bosworth		1634
Reginald & Ann Jenkins		1634
Joseph Jewett & Mary Mallinson	John of London	1638
Lawrence & Elizabeth Leach	Talbot	1629
John Leach	Talbot	1629
William Longley & Joanna Goff		Abt 1672
John & Mary Maverick	Mary & John	1630
Elias Maverick	Mary & John	1630
Sir Hugh Milliken	(from Scotland)	
John Milliken		
William Nichols		Bef 1649
Richard Norman & Margaret Alford		1600s
John Page & Francis	Supply	1620
Robert Page & Lucy Ward		Abt 1636
Thomas Paine & Rebecca Ware		Bef 1642
Thomas & Ann Palmer		Bef 1628
Francis Peabody & Lydia	Planter	1635
John Peabody (Pabodie) & Isabel Harper		1636
John Pearce & Mary Barrett		Bef 1630
Richard Pearce & Martha (Brother's ship)	Desire	1638
John Pers Or Pierce & Elizabeth		Abt 1627
John Perkins & Judith Gator		Bef 1632
John Perkins	Lyon	1630
John Pike & Dorothy Day	James	1635
John Pierce & Elizabeth	{John & Dorethey	1637
Anthony Pierce	or Ann}	1637
Richard Place & Susannah		Bef 1714
John Place		Bef 1714
John Putnam		1634
Nathaniel Putnam & Elizabeth Hutchinson		1600s
Robert Roberts & Susan Downing		Bef 1644
Thomas Rogers	Mayflower	Nov 11 1620
George Smith		Bef 1640
Daniel Smith (Bland) & Elizabeth Rogers		Bef 1642
Simon Stacy & Elizabeth Clerke		1600s
Robert Swan & Elizabeth Acy		1638
Richard Swan & Anna Gott		Abt 1630
Thomas Tarbell		1600s
William Tetherly & Christian Thorne		1627 – 35

Samuel Varnum		Bef 1643
George Varnum & Hannah		Bef 1649
Rev. William Walton & Elizabeth		Bef. 1635
Robert Weymoth		1600s
Bray Wilkins (from Wales)		Abt. 1632
George Woodward	Elizabeth	10 Apr 1632
Richard Woodward & Rose Stewart	Elizabeth	10 Apr 1632
William Worcester & Sarah Blake		1635-50

COAT OF ARMS & SYMBOLISM

Coat of arms or heraldry is the “language of emblems” (patterns, signs, and symbols). Since, during the Middle Ages, all the warriors wore armor, a system of identifying friends or enemies was needed. Originally, symbols were painted on each warrior’s shield. Next, realizing that the armor was incredibly hot, warriors started wearing a surcoat or overcoat to protect them from the sun. Many knights wore their emblems or “arms” on the coat as well as on the shield, and so the title “Coat of Arms” came along. By the 14th century, they realized the need to wear a helmet to protect their head from blows, and covered it with a scarf called contoise, mantling or lambrequin. Again, to distinguish the warrior, the helmet was topped by a crest made of feathers, leather or wood, something similar to the design on the shield.

“Blazoning” is a term used for describing the coat of arms, and follows a specific pattern. First listed is the color of the field or background, second listed is the bearings or designs, all in their proper order and shapes, positions, and colors.

Over time, coat of arms became much more than an identification, and, in fact, became the symbol of nobility. Laws regulated who was given one, which of the children were entitled to bear it, how it could be changed, etc. Many disputes over which son should inherit the coat were taken up before the courts.

Following is the blazoning and definitions for the symbols for coat of arms belonging to our ancestors:

Cheney – a bull’s scalp (valor or magnanimity) or (yellow or gold), horned arg. (white or silver).

Coffin - Vert (green) five cross-crosslets (crossed at each end; Signifies the fourfold mystery of the cross) argent (white or silver), between four plates.

Conant – Per saltire (represents the cross on which St. Andrew was crucified) azure (blue) and gules (red) ten billets (first bearer obtained credence, knowledge and faith in his words and deeds, and who was secret in his affairs) or (yellow or gold), four, three, two and one. Crest: On a mount vert (green) a stag (policy, peace, or harmony) ppr. Sustaining with his dexter foot an inescutcheon (the shield where the arms are emblazoned) of the arms.

Coney - Sable (black), a fess (Military belt or girdle of honour; represents readiness to serve the public) cotised (Scarf or shield suspender of a knight commander; signifies defense or protection) Or (yellow or gold) between three conies (rabbits – symbolizing one who enjoys a peaceable life) Argent (white or silver)

Copledike – Argent (silver or white) a chevron (represents the roof of a house, and signifies protection. Bearer had built churches or fortresses, etc.) between three cross crosslets (some Christian experience or authority) gule (red).

Downing: Bore Barry of 10 arg. (silver or white) and Vert (green); Over all a Griffin (a soldier who will dare all dangers and even death, rather than being captured) Segreant Volant. (The Griffin has the head, breast, foreclaws and wings of an eagle or Lion, and the hindquarters and tail of a Lion. It has ears.)

Emerson – On a bend (defense or protection) engrailed (earth or land) azure (blue) 3 lions (deathless courage) bendways pass argent (white or silver) The field should be per fess indented (fire) or (yellow or gold) and vert (green) Crest: a lion (deathless courage) ramp grasping in both paws a battle axe (execution of military duty) gules (red) headed argent (white or silver)

Hawley – Vert (green), a saltire engrailed, (earth or land) or (gold or yellow).

Hendrick – 3 Leopards heads (valiant and hardy warrior), or field gule (red) Crest: Ducal Comet (royal authority) with Halfmoon (serenity).

Hunting – Argent (silver or white) ten hurts, four, three, two, and one Crest: A dexter hand, (faith, sincerity, justice) ppr. Holding up a chield az (blue).

Hutchinson – Per pale (military strength or fortitude) gules (red) and azure (blue), semée of cross-crosslets (crossed at each end & signifies the fourfold mystery of the cross) or (gold or yellow) lion (deathless courage) rampant argent (silver or white). Crest: Out of a ducal coronet (royal authority) or (gold or yellow) a cockatrice with wings (terror to all beholders) endorsed azure (blue), beaked, combed and wattled gules (red).

Jewett – Gules (red) on a cross (symbolic of some Christian experience or sentiment) argent (silver or white) five fleur-de-lis (purity, light) of the first Crest: An eagle's head (signifies a man of action, occupied in high and weighty affairs and one of loft spirit, ingenious) coupé proper between wings or (gold or yellow) all on a wreathed helmet (wisdom & security in defense; strength, protection, invulnerability).

Leech – A trefoil vert (green), on a chief (dominion and authority) indented gu (red). Three ducal coronets or (gold or yellow). Crest: Out of a ducal coronet or (gold or yellow), charged with a frefoll vert (green), an arm (laborious and industrious person) erect ppr. Grasping a snake (wisdom) environed about the arm also vert (green).

Peabody – Per fesse nebuly (the sea or water) gules (red) and azure (blue) in chief two suns (glory) in splendor, and a garb (wheat sheaf – harvest of one's hopes has been secured) in base or (gold or yellow).

Perkins – A pineapple (felicity, peace) ppr., stalked and leaved vert (green).

Putnam – sa (sable or black) crusily firchee (cross pointed at base; a combination of cross & sword; represents unshakeable faith) ar. (silver or white) Stork (filial duty, emblem of a grateful man) ar. (silver or white). Crest: A Wolf's head (Denotes valiant captains that do in the end gain their attempts after long sieges. One whom it is dangerous to assail or thwart) gu (red).

Rogers – Ar (white or silver) a chev. (represents the roof of a house and symbolizes, protection) gu. (red) between three stags (policy, peace, and harmony) courant an attired and gorged with ducal coronets or (gold or yellow). Crest: on a mount vert (green) a stag (policy, peace, and harmony) courant ppr. Attired and gorged with a ducal coronet or, betw. Two branches of laurel vert (green).

Swan – Arms: Azure (blue) 3 swans (lover of poetry & harmony), argent (silver or white), a chief (dominion & authority) or (gold or yellow). Crest: A cockatrice's (small serpent) head (terror to all beholders) erased proper, ducally gorged, ringed, and lined argent (silver or white).

Walton – a griffin's head (valorous soldier who will dare all dangers, even death itself, rather than be captured) erased arg. (silver or white), semée of buckles (victorious fidelity in authority) az. (blue), pierced through the mouth by a spear (Knightly service and devotion to honor) in bend (defense or protection) sinister point upwards or (yellow or gold).

Weymouth – or (gold or yellow) on a bend (defense or protection) sa (sable or black) two arrows (martial readiness) ar (silver or white). Crest: Dexter arm in armour (person with qualities of

leadership) ppr. Cuffed paly of six ar (silver or white) and gu (red) the hand (faith, sincerity, justice) holding three arrows (martial readiness), ppr.

Meanings behind colors & metals:

Argent – Peace and Sincerity

Azure – Loyalty and truth

Gules – Military fortitude and magnanimity

Murray – Not hasty in battle & yet a victor

Or – Generosity

Purpure – royal majesty, sovereignty and justice

Sable – Constancy, sometimes grief.

Tenne – Worthy ambition

Vert – Hope, joy, and sometimes loyalty in love.

Sources:

1 - "Symbolisms of Heraldry" taken from The Symbolisms of Heraldry or A Treatise on the Meanings and Derivations of Armorial Bearings, by W. Cecil Wade, Published in London in 1898.

2 - Meaning of Symbols in Heraldry

www.hill-navarro.tenet.edu/hubbard/hubhs/subjects/english/arthur/symbols.html

GLOSSARY

Armiger – somebody entitled to have a coat of arms.

Assessor – somebody who calculates amounts to be paid or assessed for tax purposes.

Bailiff – A steward or agent of a landowner or landlord.

Blacksmith - somebody whose job is making and repairing iron and metal objects, including horseshoes.

Constable – a low-ranking law officer in some towns or townships.

Cooper – somebody skilled in making and repairing wooden barrels.

Cordwainer – somebody who makes shoes and other articles from fine soft leather.

Glassmen – somebody whose job is to cut glass or to make cut glass.

Gentleman – 1) a woman from a high social class, especially a man with an independent income
2) In English history a man who was not strictly of noble birth but was entitled to a coat of arms.

Gentlewoman – a woman from a high social class, especially a woman with an independent income.

Goodman - the usual title among men.

Goodwife or Goody - the designation for a married woman, except that the wife of a man addressed as Mister was called Madam.

Gristmill – a mill where grain or corn is ground.

Gunsmith – somebody who makes and repairs firearms.

Husbandman – an archaic name for a farmer.

Joiner - somebody trained in the making of wooden components of buildings, especially the finished woodwork, for example, door and window frames.

Miller – somebody who owns, manages, or operates a mill

Millwright – somebody who designs, builds, or maintains mills or mill machinery.

Mister - the name reserved for the minister, magistrate, and military officers above the rank of lieutenant.

Moderator – somebody who presides over an assembly, especially a legislative assembly, or who acts as a mediator in discussions or negotiations.

Ordinary – An eating establishment or a dining room in an old tavern.

Perpetual Emigration Fund - This fund was set up by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and allowed people to borrow the money necessary to travel to Utah. Then, as they earned money, they would pay back the loan. This way it could be available for more Saints to use.

Puritan – simply wanted to see reforms made to the Church of England.

Quartermaster – an army officer responsible for providing soldiers with food, clothing, equipment, and living quarters.

Salter – somebody who produces or sells salt.

Selectman – in most New England states, any one of a number of officers elected by the public to manage local affairs.

Separatist – somebody who breaks away from a religious group.

Simple – one belonging to the lower social class.

Tack – foodstuff, especially of the poor quality fed to a ship's crew in the days of sailing ships (slang).

Tanner – somebody who tans animal skins or hides.

Tinker – somebody able to do many different kinds of work successfully.

Vassal – somebody who was obliged to show loyalty and homage to a feudal lord in return for being allowed to occupy land belonging to the lord and receiving his protection.

Writ – a piece of written text.

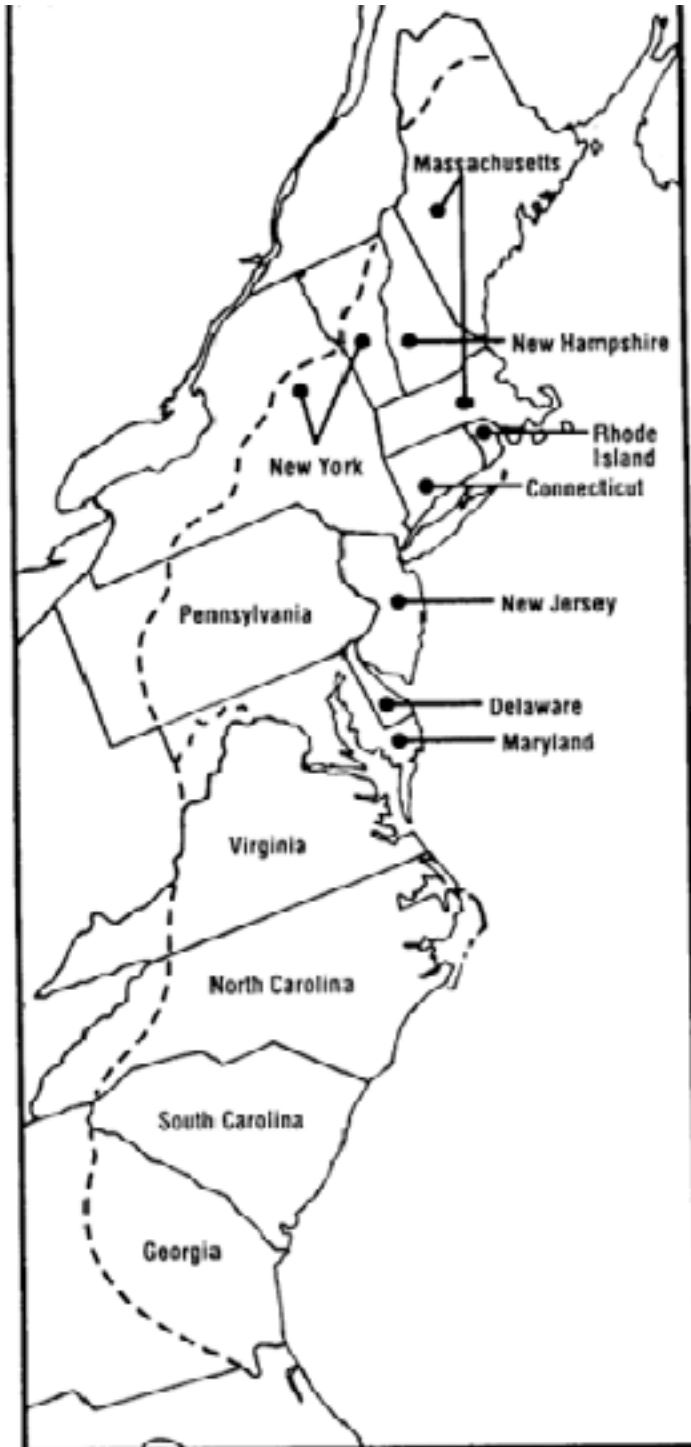
Yeoman – a member of a former class of English commoners who owned and cultivated their own land.

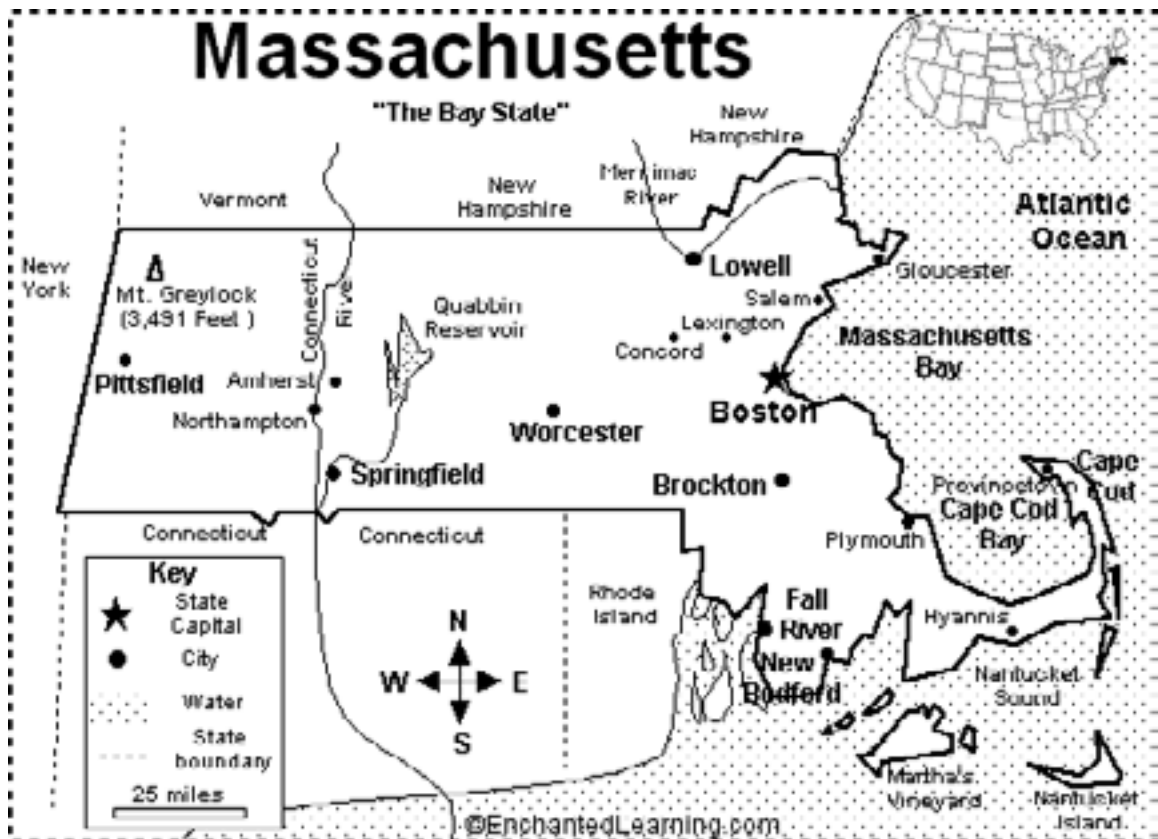
Maps

Hopefully, these maps will give a better view of places where our ancestors lived and traveled.



13 ORIGINAL COLONIES





Essex County, Massachusetts



