

Roy's Cellar

Roy H. "Judd" Thomas

A Tribute To My Grand Father

My grandpa, Roy H. "Judd" Thomas, grew up during the beginning of the century when money was not plentiful. He was only allowed to receive a fifth grade education so his sisters could advance further through school. The times molded him into a tough, stout young man. ~~he started~~ work at a sawmill when he was fourteen and was forced to do large man-size jobs which caused him to grow up quickly. This may be why he was so high-tempered. ~~In his younger days, when grandpa became mad, he went into a cursing fit, stomp and rave, and start slinging rocks, hammers, or anything near him. Later he would forget why he caused such an uproar.~~

*With a copy
Nature of
high temper and
a child like
generous
nature*

Grandpa was a strong man, physically and mentally, one summer, while building a house in Coalmont, he had to carry his tools on his shoulder going to and from work, because he didn't have a car. When he was in his late twenties, and worked at the sawmill, he'd come home, eat supper, and then spend several hours more building houses for his children. ~~his first~~ child, a son, was born dead on Christmas Day, in 1922. Grandpa built him a coffin and carried him on his shoulder, up to the city cemetery, where he alone buried him. Grandpa worked hard to provide for his family, ~~but this family was time away from them. Yet, he still loved and cared for them even though many times he wasn't there to tell them.~~

~~Grandpa had an excellent mind even though he'd never gone past the fifth grade. (he understood angles and measurements and could build anything.) (He was one of the best framing carpenters in the area,) but he grew impatient with the carefulness and minutiae required in finishing work. During his hasty, minute-and-half temper fit, he would mess up a piece of paneling or baseboard and have to recut it. (Once while roofing a two-story building, he fell and broke his leg. The doctor put it in a plaster cast and told him to stay off of it. Grandpa, however, had to work to keep his family going. Over the months, the work put a strain on his leg and a gigantic tumor formed causing his leg to turn blue, becoming twice as big as a normal leg for the rest of his life.~~

Grandpa was like a child at times. Through the last twenty ^{years} of his life, he would buy little trinkets, music boxes, and such. When he died, he had several battery operated circus bears and 'santa claus' that would play lively, rhythmic songs. ~~He once had a (model train set) that he would run through tiny detailed towns, and as it went through, he'd blow the trains whistle. Grandpa once found two baby squirrels with no mother, so he took them, gave them a home, and kept them. As they got older, he taught them tricks to amuse himself. He taught them to come and eat from his hand, hide in his vest pocket, and sleep in tiny matchbox beds. Grandpa was complex because he was strong and had a temper, but he was child-like and generous. Grandpa loved an active 85 yrs.~~

~~In many ways, I could be compared with an elephant. Like an elephant, I'm comparatively shy and reserved around strangers, but around those I know I'm relatively outstanding. Elephants seem to be easy-going and gentle, unless they are provoked.~~

~~This is another way I could be compared with an elephant because, unlike my grandpa, I stay calm usually, but I do have a temper if I am offended.~~

~~There aren't many differences between my grandpa and me, but there are some significant ones that give us totally different personalities and perspectives. He had to work continuously to keep his family going: he~~

~~never had time to go to school or have fun with his friends. Because he was always working, he was physically strong and stayed in pretty good shape. This could be contributed to his life-85 years. I am opposite of this because I have a better education and will have the chance to make a better living than grandpa did. Despite these differences, or maybe because of them, we are both good people. He contributed many things to his community in his life by use of his hands; I will have a chance to contribute many things to mine in the future, but by using my mind.~~

By: Kenneth Tyson Thomas

This tribute was written by Tyson Thomas, when in Grundy County High School, to his grandpa, Roy Hilman "Judd" Thomas.

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876 words and picture submitted:--

435 words