

JOSEPH AND SARAH NORTON BABCOCK

BY ELVEN E HARDY

It is terrible to know some one as well as I knew Joseph and Sarah and yet not be able to tell the part they had in the communities in which they lived. I will attempt to put together where they were and the type of people they were. I may enter into their story, but only to show their character, and patience. I was living with them for some time after my mother died so in some small way I feel I am in part, part of their story.

Joseph son of Lorenzo and Amy Ann Marble Babcock was born in Spanish Fork, Utah County. The twenty second of April eighteen fifty nine. He grew up in the southern part of Utah around Sanpete County. I can't say where he lived at any one given time, when he was a boy they seemed to move around a lot. When Joseph was twenty two years of age he married Sarah Elvina Norton, the daughter of Isaac and Sarah Jane Cummings Norton. They were married on the twenty fourth of December eighteen eighty one. I believe they was married in Grass Valley or near by for both families were there about this time. They was in Grass Valley until eighteen ninety one and then they moved to Wayne County the small settlement of Caineville, they lived there to nineteen hundred. Then they moved to Annabella, Sevoer County, Utah. I don't know how long they lived there when they moved to Price, Carbon County, Utah. They was a t Price for a while when the Government opened up the Uintah Basin to home steaders. I believe nineteen nine, and shortly after this Joseph with oldest son Isaac Leroy went to Mt. Emmons and filed claim. I don't know what either of them had. Leroy kept his but Joseph disposed of in same manner. Joseph got a place in the town of Mr. Emmons and built a four room frame house. The lot covered near a acre of ground.

Joseph was a restless man as his father before him, he wouldn't stay in one place many years at a time. In nineteen twenty two Joseph moved to Green River, Grand County, Utah. He farm along the bank of the Green River, he was there until about nineteen twenty five, then they went back to Mr. Emmons. He still had his home there. By this time his legs were getting crippled and old age was creeping up on him so he remained there until their death. Now I have related the places Joseph and Sarah lived. Now I would like to tell the type of people they were.

They were industrious people, they had no time for any one that was lazy. They was always puttering with something. The first I knew of their activities was in Green River. While Joseph was in the fields doing what had to be done, Sarah was drying fruit, corn and such. Joseph had made her a long box shaped frame with a screen over it to keep the flies out. In this frame was two rows of shelves, to lay the fruit or what ever on to dry. I would say the thing was twenty feet long. Under this Joseph had made a fly trap. It also was a box shaped thing with screen over it in the center at the bottem was a funnel shaped screen where the flys walked to their death.

They would bottle fruit, they would have the shelves of the fruit cellar filled from top to bottom with all kinds of fruits, jams, jellys, pickles. And bottled beef. There was always big crocks of dill pickles. In the root cellar there was vegetables in abundant. They looked ahead for two or more winters in the event of a crop failure. They would kill fresh meat in the fall and hang it in the trees to keep it from spoiling, they would have big barrels of cured pork. Sarah made her own

soap, cheese and most every thing they needed. Ever thing they used came from the farm, for their sugar and spices and clothing they would sell mellons, egg etc. Yes I must say they were thrifty people. Sarah had little sayings she would repeat time after time such as: A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. –A penny saved is a penny earned. –Don't put off for tomorrow what you can do today. ---Save for a rainy day... There was numerous of others. And she would practice every one.

Joseph told of how he used to haul cedar posts. Pine poles, and fire wood into town and sell them. He would spell the wooded or unchoped which ever fit the individuals taste. These people really know how it was done and they did it.

Joseph was a big man, he weighed two hundred twenty or thirty pounds when he was younger, he was as strong as a oxen, and had a heart as big as his frame. He was forever showing off his strength, he would bet people he could do something and do it if it killed him (in a manner of speaking). He was as balled as a billard ball, he told me once: "I am sure to go to Heaven, I will go head first and the Lard will think I am leaving." Joseph taught me many things that went with farming.

He took a load of mellons from Green River to Price to sell. He took me along with him, I was seven years old at that time. As we were going through the desert we saw a lot of Prairie Dogs, sticking their little noggins out of their holes, chirping as we sent by. After a while Grandpa said to me: "How would you like to shoot one of those?" "Fine" I said, he stopped the wagon and opened the bed roll and took out his double barreled shot gun, it was a twelve guage and nearly as big as I was, he said: Hold the stalk tight against your shoulder, this will take care of the recoil and just pull the trigger. I took the gun, I aimed it at a Prairie Dog, I pulled the trigger, I landed smack dab on my fannie in the dust. The Prairie Dog was safe as if I hadn't been there at all, I was quite sore from the incident, but it did teach me one thing. To learn to stand on your feet before you shoot a twelve guage shot gun. The desert sun was getting hot and I was miserable, Grandpa stoped the wagon. He gathered some ticks along the road and tied them together then he threw a tarp over them. This made a shade, he then unrolled the bed over the mellons and said: "Crowl back there under the shade". I did and was soon sound asleep, when I woke I had lost my straw hat but grandpa promised he would buy me one when we got to Price.

One time he took me to town in a bob sleigh. It was quite cold so he put me on the floor and covered me with a quilt head and all I felt pretty snug. So I poked my little noggin from under the covers to see how Grandpa was fareing, the frost and ice was forming on his mustache, I thought "My what a tough old man and drew my head back under the covers and thankful I had them."

The people about town told me I was much like Grandpa. I was proud for I knew of no one I would rather be like. In his last days he used to tell of things he did in the past. He told me some storys that was hard to believe so I ask Grandma, she told me: You may doubt some of the things your Grandpa tells you but not his I saw it happen. This is why he is crippled up to this day." I believed my Grandmother for she was no liar. Two of these storys I will pass on to you.

The storys went like this: "I used to drive my wagon down to the crick, take my thirty five gallon barrel of the flatform on the side of the wagon and carry it to the stream and fill it with water then back to the wagon and set it back on the flatform." Then he told me: I made a bet with a fellow I could take a hay rack off the wagon and put it back on alone. I won the bet. Yes my Grandfather used to brag about his strength. I learned there was more thruth than fiction in his storys.

Joseph was found one morning by his neigher setting in his chair dead. God rest his soal I live him. He died 2 Feb. 1936 at his home in Mt. Emmons, Utah.

Sarah Norton Babcock was rather tall for a woman, she was strict, but was a kinly soal. I remember when my sister Reva and I lived with her in Green River, how she used to keep a switch on top of the warming oven of the stove. That was hot all that was warm when ever she undertake to use it. It was never used only as the last resort. I believed it hurt her as much as it did us when ever she was compeled to use it. It was there more as a reminder rather than to be used. Grandma tried to make home life pleasant. Like when in the evenings before we went to bed we some times poached corn. I really loved this poached corn. There was so many little things we all enjoyed and we did them together. Grandpa and I would sneak off in some corner and play steal the file. We had our little chores to do and we had best do them with out a daily reminder. She seemed to be a lonely woman, she hardly went any where, but on Sunday when she went to church she would linger and talk to other people. She always would keep a clean house and make it as pleasant as possible.

One time Grandma announced she was selling a cook stove. It was one of the old coal type with a warming oven. She had cleaned it up and set it to the side of the house for some people to look at. Some how my sister and I decided it would look much better if it was painted, we was going to surprise Grandma so we painted the stove. We did a pretty good job I must say, when Grandma saw it she wasn't nearly as pleased. As my sister was getting her spanking I ran and hid. When darkness started to fall I made my way back to the house. Grandma was rocking in her rocking chair with one hand over her eyes and in the other she held a switch. I wasn't stupid I know what that switch was for. I thought she was asleep, I tiptoed through the kitchen and on up the stairs ever so quietly into my bed room. I was proud of my self I had made it. I thought if I went to bed the matter would be forgotten by morning. I unbuckled my pants, just as I stopped over to pull them off my legs the switch came down where the pants had been. On top of this I was hobbled for I hadn't got the pants off my legs. I hadn't heard Grandma enter the room, boy it smarted.

Years later I was in Price when we received work my Gradmother was dieing. My Bro. Lee and I hitched ride with a trucker and went to see her. She died shortly after we arrived on the 10 February 1935.

ISSUE OF JOSEPH AND SARAH BABCOCK

Millie Abt. 1882Child Joseph 1884 Grass Valley died 1889

Isaac Leroy born 10 Dec. 1885 Grass Valley, Piute, Utah Mar. Isabell Case 3 July 1909 died 15 Nov. 1964. William, Grass Valley 1888....child, James Earnest B. 29 Jan. 1890 Grass Valley, married Verona Ewell 15 July 1915.

*Dortha Cecilia born 19 Dec. 1892 Cainville, Wayne, Utah M. Joel Hardy 25 Apr. 1911 died 27 March 1923.

John Alsern born 12 Mar. 1895 Cainsville Mar. Mable Deal.

Branch born 29 Mar. 1896 Cainville Mar. Bertha Bucher 18 Jan. 1924

Died 31 Mar. 1952

Amy Ann born 12 June 1899 Cainsville married Royal Rogers died 6 Dec. 1931.

Ida Mae born 13 Nov. 1901 Annabella, Sevier, Utah Mr. Angum Barney 26 April 1919.