

## HISTORY OF MARTHA ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON BARTON

As told by herself, Feb 9, 1955 to Nora Lund of the Ward Genealogical Class

It was a cold day, Dec. 4, 1868 when I first put in my appearance at the home of William and Martha Knowles Williamson, my parents. I made number 3 in the family. Our home was a log house situated on the lot one block east and across the street from the present high-way 91.

I was blessed and given the name of Martha Elizabeth, Martha, after my mother and Elizabeth to honor father's sister. I was always called Lizzie at home, but now most everyone calles me "Aunt Libby". I'd fight like a good one when anyone did it in the olden days because I hated it so. Some older boys of the town started the nick name just to watch me fly, I guss, now I don't mind.

At a very early age I took over my part of the responsibility in helping mother care for the younger children. There was 12 in the family 9 growing to maturity; so there were always babies to watch after for a long time and I looked upon them as my special chore. I have always had great love for my brothers and sisters.

My playmates and girlhood chums were Betsy Pratt Watts, Julia Barton, Alice Jane Holyoak, Martha Stevens and others. When Stevens moved away and Lunds came to Paragonah, Nell was one of my best girl friends. As kids we played such games as Steel Sticks, and Jump the Rope, for the latter sport we usually congregated at the Watts place. Aunt Ellen use to keep her girls pretty close to home so the rest of us went there to jump the rope when we had a little free time to play.

I can remember that some of my school teachers were Eliza Ann Barton, (Edwards) Mary Ellen Watts (Forsythe) George Topham and Guy Wickson Zera (Terry).

I will never forget teacher Wickson. I was scared to death of him--he was so strict.

The teachers were almost too strict in those days such a sharp contrast to the methods of teaching today. I am refereing to one occasion when I got my fingers cracked mighty hard with a 12 inche ruler. Some one had given me a 3 cornered pieces of broken slate. I was having such a good time drawing a girl. I can just see her now, that pretty dress I had on her, it was an overskirt affair with dots on the skirt. I was so engrossed on my work that I didn't hear the teachers' step behind me. I was brought to a rude awakeing when the rules found its mark over the back of my hand. I felt terrible when I was sternly bidden to put my slate in the stove. Drawing was considered a waste of time by the teacher.

One other time I felt that I was unjustly punished in defence of my brother Will. Our teacher was Eliza Ann Barton. She gave Will a word to spell that was to difficult for him. He couldn't spell it so he was sent to stand in the corner for punishment. I felt that she was being unfair, and I up with the remark-that "if he couldn't spell the word, he couldn't, so why punish him?". What I got for interfering was to go stand in the other corner.

I should mention that we went to school in the adobe meeting house on the public square. One day some of us girls were going to have a little picknic at recess. For my part of the refreshments I took some johnny cake from home. My treat was discovered by Jane Hanks and as soon as recess came she took it and run. She headed west, down the street by Aunt Sarah Jones place, and hid in a hole that was used to made adobes in.

I took after her, but when I got to her hide-out, she had part of the johnny cake devoured. I pounced on her and pulled her hair good, she paid me the same compliment, and the scrap was on. She got away from me and ran back to the school house, but I caught her there, in the yard. I grabbed her, threw her down and sit straddle of her. we soon had an audience, the big boys cheered me on. The teacher soon appeared and took us both inside and gave us a good talking to.

~~When I was 8 years old I was baptized by~~

When I was 8 years old I was baptized by Bp. William B. Jones up to the mouth of Red Creek Canyon. I recall it was in the winter and plenty cold. There were 4 of us, Alice Jane Holyoak, Joseph Robinson and another boy whose name has slipped my mind. Father and Mother took me in a wagon and as soon as I was brought out of the water I was wrapped warmly in a quilts so I received no ill effects. We in turn, sit on a rock there at the water's edge and were confirmed. I was happy to have that ordiance preformed.

I have always been of a relegious nature. I loved to go to primary and did attend until I was about 16 years old. Sunday School was always a joy to me and I rarely missed until recently when my hearing has become so poor that I feel I can get more out of staying home and reading the scriptures. When I was old enough I went to Mutual and enjoyed that also. When I was 12 years old, Stake Pat. Henry Lunt gave me a blessing and promisted, me among other things, a large family.

For amusements we use to have sleigh rides in the winter. Father made a large box sleigh which served the family well. Then the young people would go sleigh riding, about 6 to a sleigh. We enjoyed the honey candy pulls at Henry Holyoak's place. After cooking it we would pull it to a crackleing shiteness.

I was never allowed to go out at nights until I was 16. The first dance I ever went to father and mother took Mary Ann and I. Later on we went with brother Will. We danced in the meeting House. We had good music in those days, I can tell you, with Jimmy Davenport on the Violin, Bert Lamoreaux, Accordion and Dave Lemmon on the Gutiar.

The mention of Dave Lemmon brings back a little incident that happened to Mary Ann once. Dave was an Indian boy raised in the home of Bro. Lemmon of Parowan and Dixie. (Rockville) He spent quite a bit of time in Paragonah with Hy Stevens. On this occasion he had been away from town quite awhile and no one knew he was back.

It was a pleasant summer evening, father and some men were sitting out in the yard until dusk. Father wanted to do his chores so sent Mary Ann to get the latern. It was kept hanging above the kitchen window. As she reaches for the latern, she was nearly scared to death as she came face to face with the Indian. She screamed and he ran. Father and the men came running to find what was the matter. They caught the "peeping Tom" but he swore he ment no harm--he wanted to see what they were doing".

Mary Ann and I got another scare one night. It was our job to feed the pig and we knew it should of been done before dark. At the supper table father checked up on this chore but we hadn't done it. As we took the feed and went, feeling our way in the dark, we heard something coming toward us. We were scared, but our fears increased when we saw two eyes shinning in the dark. That was too much, we ran screaming for the house as fast as our legs could carry us. Upon investigation father discovered the pig had got out and was coming for its own supper.

I always helped with the outside chores as well as in the house. We always put the hay and grain for the horses in the manger, so when father arrived home late from the field the team could be easily cared for.

For 3 or 4 summers we lived out to Little Creek on Stephen Barton's farm. This was a mean where by father could get more feed for his cattle. We milked quite a few cows out there to. On one occasion, 8 of them got bloated on green lucern but only one died, due to the simple remedy--of putting a wooden gag in their mouths, putting salt in sacks on their backs and pouring hot water over them. I was a real tomboy and loved to ride horses. My favorites were Old Tiny, Old Jim, Charles and Tobe.

I helped shock the grain in the field and also worked on the stack at hauling time. I was usually Johnnie Topham that pitched the bundles from the wagon, to me on the front of the stack, who would pitch them farther back for father to place. It was big sport for John if he could catch me off guard and knock me over with a heavy bundle. I helped with the hay hauling too, as well as milking cows. I grubbed brush and burned it to clear the land so more could be cultivated.

Of course I did all kinds of house work, along with knitting stockings, cording wool quilts and I sewed lot of quilt blocks by hand. The family washing fell to my lot mostly. Believe me it was a long hard proceedure, I had to carry the water from the outside irriga

litch, heat it on the stove then scrub on the board, all the clothes thru two water white ones, then suds them all, rinse and hang out to dry.

Our first washing machine was called a 'Busy Bee', a round wooden tub, with one large roller and 2 small ones in the bottom which cleaned the clothes when a crank was turned to keep them in motion. As time went on we had more improved methods, but still wash day was no picnic.

Neither was ironing, which was done with heavy stove irons heated on the stove. I will never forget once, I had ironed all day long, even tho. I had padding to stand on, my feet ggt so sore and gaulded I could hardly stand it. The next thing I ~~was~~ I was suffereing from sleepness. I would drop off to sleep no matter where I was or what I was doing. I finally became so ill that my body started to swell up. Dr. Clark was summoned from Parowan and my folks were told to pre-  
pare for the worse. I don't remember if he prescribed the sweat treatment or not but I certainly got a dandy. Ellen Watts and Aunt Eliza Barton helped Mother give me the 'works'. I was very ill and for 6 months I never took a step only by pushing a chair in front of me.

Father was a good provider and mother was a good manager. We always had plenty of meat, potatoes, flour, butter, eggs, and milk, dried apples and plumbs to eat.

The older girls, Mary Ann and Jane used to go off to work quite a bit but I never did. I figured mother always had too much for me to do at home. I guess I didn't like to go either, because I remember hayling like a good one once when Mary Ann got sick while working for Hulda Lamoreaux and mother <sup>me</sup> to take her place.

I never cared too much about the boys, Oh a few of them paid me a little attention but I was 21 years old when I had the first date with the man I later married. It was on the 24th of July 1890. John Barton, son of John Samuel and Eliza Gingell Barton, had borrowed, Old Jim, fathers horse to participate in the horse racing out near ~~Black~~ Rock. I was with a bunch of girls who had walked out to see the sport. When I got home father and Mother were down to Grandma Williamson's visiting.

~~Soon~~ Soon John came to bring the horse home, we were talking and he asked to take me to the ~~place~~ that night. I said I couldn't promise without father's permission. When they came John asked him and he gave their consent.

We went together quite steady from then on and were married 24 July, 1890, one year later at fathers home by Bp. Stephen S. Barton. As was the custom we prepared a big wedding feed and over 80 relatives and friends were served at tables arranged out under the trees west of the house. On the night of the 25th we entertained at a wedding dance in the meeting house. A large crowd attended altho. they had danced both nights previous.

We lived the remainder of that summer at home where I cooked for the men who were putting up the hay and doing other farm work, while the rest of the family were at the Ranch in the east mountains.

John went over to Bear Valley to work for the Topham boys. When my folks moved back to town and we lived with his folks, down on main Street for 4 months.

As soon as John could, he and his father built us a log house on his own lot which was one block east and 2 south of my folks place. The furnishings for our new home were very simple indeed. John had sheared sheep for Ed Owens and earned a little money, so on a trip to Richfield Ed bought a bedstead and 3 chairs for us. Mother gave me a tick which I filled with clean, new straw for the bed. I had only 3 quilts, which was my own fault as mother tried to get me to piece more, believe me I did before another winter. John made our table which served the purpose well.

In due time the children started coming to bless our humble home. I will list them in their order and who they married:

- |                |                  |           |                   |                   |
|----------------|------------------|-----------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Martha Eliza   | -b- 5 July 1891  | Paragonah | died -1904 or 5.  | M- Ella Robinson  |
| William Wesley | -b- 19 Feb 1893  | "         |                   |                   |
| John Wallace   | -b- 1 Jan 1895   |           | died -28 May 1929 |                   |
| Arnold Ical    | -b- 27 May 1897  |           | died- 14 Apr 1951 | M- Beulah Motter  |
| Ariana Schallb | -b- 30 June 1899 |           |                   | M- Owen Cameron   |
| Otta           | -b- 13 Jan 1902  |           | died-27 Dec 1927  | M- Clarence Vest  |
| Elmer          | -b- 2 Mar 1904   |           | died 27 June 1916 |                   |
| Don Carlos     | -b- 17 May 1907  |           |                   | M- Edith Miller   |
| Zorum          | -b- 7 Feb 1910   |           |                   | M- Jane Nicholson |
| Wilford        | -b- 20 Dec 1915  |           |                   | M- Jean Kelly     |

every other <sup>there wasn't much to make a living at in Paragonah John farmed, freighted, and done</sup> kind of work he could to provide for us. I worked hard to, to make ends meets. We

have never had very much money to lavish on our children but we have always tried to that they were fed and clothed and taught them to do right and live the Golden Rule.

Like every one else we have experiences both of joy and sorrow with our family. We were called upon to part with Mattie, our eldest when she was 15 years old. We took her to Cedar to the hospital and the Dr's did all they could for her but she died of ruptured appendix. Then Elmer took appendicitis when he was 12 years old. We got Dr. McFarlane from Cedar and Dr. King from Parowan they operated here at home in an effort to save his life but to no avail.

Otta was the next to be taken by death. When her 2nd daughter was born she took Brights Disease and died 27, Dec. 1927 I then took her oldest daughter Audrey and raised her as my own, she married Fred Hatch and has 4 children. Clarence kept Opal, Grandmother Vest caring for her, until the father married again.

Next, Wallace was taken from us at the age of 27, also of Brights Disease. He went to Panguitch to work for Uncle Al Barton driving mail. He contracted typhoid fever and was very ill. I went over to Hatch town to care for him when able he went to Salt Lake to work. He then came for his induction into the Army for World War I he was really not well enough to go, but he did his duty. Upon his release from the army he went direct to Calif. where he secured employment but he became so sick and died 28, May 1929 and was brought home for burial.

Arnold died next in Calif 14, April 1951 of a heart ailment. To date just half of our 10 children have passed to the great beyond with their father to watch over them and me here.

After the older boys were established in Calif I was taken sick with acute rheumatism. I suffered so much pain and misery with this, that the boys sent money for their father and I to come to Long Beach to see if the climate and bathing in the ocean water would improve my health. At first it took 4 men to carry me into the water, my body was swollen stiff and sore, but eventually I could go in alone I was as much improved,

The boys wanted us to make our home in Calif with them so we did for 3 years. But John's eyes got so bad he wanted to come back to Paragonah. Our sons Wallace and Arnold and John decided it was high time we had a better home so they came up, moved the old log house right away and built a nice new stucco house with 4 rooms and a bath. But before we arrived Grandma Barton had moved right in and taken over. She was old and quite a task to care for, but she was John's mother and I was willing to do my best in making her last days as comfortable as possible.

I weight on her and gave her, her own way in everything, only once do I ever remember disagreeing with her in the least. That was when one of Ariana's babies was born. She phoned for me to come to panguitch as she needed me badly to take care of her little children. I told her I would come if I had a chance, so she sent Scott Worthen to bring me over he waited 30 minutes while I got ready.

I didn't deliberately go off and neglect grandma. I had previously acquainted both of her daughters with the situation, and asked that they come and take care of her for a couple of weeks. But they made all kinds of excuses. I felt that my own daughter came first on this occasion, so when I left Nine came for a few days then they got Annie Williamson to stay the rest of the time.

Grandma passed away 13, Nov. 1932, at the age of 89.

I had 3 other sons serve in the wars. Arnold and Wallace in world war I and Don in world war II.

John and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary July 24, 1940 with a nice time with our family and friends all celebrating with us.

We shared a good life together until he was taken from me June 15, 1946. He was only really sick about 5 days. Since that time I have lived home alone, around with my married children or with my sisters in Cedar City, who are also widows. Eliza, Jane and Eda.

My brothers Will and George have died, also my sisters Mary Ann, and Clara. Those remaining at the present time are sisters Jane, Eda and Eliza, my brothers John, Edwin, Frank. All 7 of us are getting along in years so naturally won't be too long for this earth.

I am thankful I enjoy such good health, I keep my time occupied assisting with the simple household tasks where ever I am living. By crocketing all kinds of articles, making quilts and quilting for my children and grandchildren and reading.

I want to live just as long as I can be useful to others and independantly take care of myself.

She lived a good life by helping others she died April 27, 1955 at Paragonah, Utah at age of 87.