

SARAH ELIZABETH GIBSON FOLLETT  
1870-1949

My maternal grandparents, John A. Woolf and Sarah Ann DeVoe Woolf, were born and raised in New York City, New York. They joined the church and came to Nauvoo, Illinois, with 6 children. Grandfather was president of the branch in New Rochelle, New York. It was in Nauvoo where they met Joseph Smith, the Prophet. They knew him well as they lived next door to him. Grandfather loaned the prophet money just a short time before his death. Grandfather and Grandmother had their endowments while in Nauvoo. Their temple robes were of fine linen, all handmade. Some of them are still in use. They were not sealed until 10 years later (1856) at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Grandfather was a shoemaker by trade. He worked for a large shoe firm in New York City and made shoes for many rich people there. He also made my husband's first pair of shoes. He raised good stock, loved fine animals and kept some of the best horses in Cache Valley. He was a very staunch Mormon and kept strictly the Word of Wisdom. He spent many hours reading the Bible. He was tall and slender, had brown eyes and gray hair, and was very kind and patient with his family and with others.

Grandmother, Sarah Ann DeVoe Woolf, had blue eyes and dark hair, which was very thick and straight, and she wore it bobbed. She was rather stocky in build and was a good cook, fine housekeeper, and good manager. She had a religious disposition. We were taught to obey the principles of the Gospel. We always had plenty to eat while living at Grandma's-dried beef, cured hams, cream and butter. We went there to live when she was 67 years of age and she looked to be 80, as she wore a shoulder shawl with fringe and a cap on her head, which she called "a net." She had false teeth which were separate (not set in a frame). There was a hole made through at the roots of each tooth and she had to fasten them in. A hole was burned through the gums with a red-hot wire and the teeth fastened in with wooden pegs. I have seen them many times but did not see her wear them.

Grandfather and Grandmother Woolf had 12 children and raised 5 of us (Phebe's children) and 3 or 4 others. My mother moved in with them at Hyde Park with her family when I was 10 years old and I lived with them until I was married. They were grand people. Grandfather passed away one year after we moved there (1881).

I remember their first washing machine. It was a large wooden tub with 3 rollers set in a frame and bolted to the bottom of the tub. They were wood and ribbed like a wooden washer and we placed our clothes in a sheet with the ends pinned together, then turned these rollers like a wringer.

When Fred Turner went on a mission to Chicago, Illinois, Grandmother paid his expenses on to New York, asking him to collect her share of her father's estate from her brother. He took a written order with him, but the brother refused to pay.

I was born 20 Feb. 1870, at Hyde Park, Cache County, Utah, (the first child of Phebe Elizabeth Woolf and William Moroni Gibson) in my grandmother's home, the old adobe house. The first thing I remember was when I was 5 years old. Father had been away firefighting. He came home with typhoid fever and we all took it from him. Father, Cousin Orilla, Sister Hattie and myself were all down at one time. We were sick all winter and doctored with blankets wrung from a boiler of hot water. The doctor was Ormsby, Sr., from Logan. My sister, Hattie, got so thin her shoulder blades came through and she had to be carried on a pillow. She was 3

years old at the time (1875). Mother, Grandfather and Grandmother Woolf cared for us while we were sick. I knew no other grandparents, as Father's mother died young on her way to Utah and was buried in Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois (1860), and his father, Richard Roberts, never came to America.

We moved to Benson in 1876 where I first attended school. My first teacher was Sophronia Reese. The school was one log room (some said a log granary): seats were boards and were around the wall. I took my sister, Hattie, by the hand and led her to school. She was 5 and I was 6 ½ years. Martha Thomas had a strong voice so she was the school bell. Pupils were William Thain, John Thain and others.

We only lived in Benson one summer, then moved to Franklin Canyon in Idaho. Dad had a sawmill there. My sister, Tracy, was born there in 1878. We had a frame house of 6 rooms. Sparks from the chimney blew on the roof and started a fire. There was no way of putting it out as we were 8 or 10 miles up the canyon and no help around, so the house burned to the ground. It was then we built the shack which was high in front and slanted back, 2 rooms. Cousin Orilla Woolf Ashcroft and her husband, Henry, lived in one of these rooms. It was while living there that I learned to love the great out-of-doors. We were high in the canyon and loved to pick chokecherries and serviceberries. One day we ran into a tribe of Indians and did we scatter. They laughed and said, "Heap Scared."

One day when I was about 10, I found a pretty bottle, but in carrying it, tripped and fell and cut my chin wide open on the broken pieces. My dad had to go to Franklin on horseback for sticking plaster to stick it together, which was all that was used. It was never sewed up; therefore, it made a heavy scar, which I have carried all my life.

I remember a large white rock that stood on the side of the mountain where the eagles had a nest. We used to watch them circle around and sometimes they came down and got the lambs.

We were awful lonesome when Dad would go to town. We weren't afraid of wild animals as we were of stray travelers, as mother and her small family were alone. Dad had married his 2<sup>nd</sup> wife (my mother's sister, Hattie) when I was 4 years old and spent most of his time with them. We lived in Franklin Canyon for 4 years, from the time I was 6 until I was 10 years old.

Mother was a good housekeeper and a hard worker. She taught us all to net, crochet, knit and sew. She would wash every week, if she had to put clean clothes in to make enough. When I was 9 or 10 years old, I helped her bunch shingles. The shingle mill was under the sawmill and they were going to hire someone to bunch the shingles, so Mother said she would do it. We were paid by the thousand.

Nate Hawkes and some of the loggers went down to the mill dam to fish one Sunday and Nate caught a fish so large that when he threw it over his shoulder, it almost touched the ground.

We didn't have much housework to do in the canyon as the floors were slabs. We moved in the fall of 1880 to our grandparents' home in Hyde Park, Utah. Cousin Orilla Ashcroft and her husband were moving so that was our chance to go with them. They were loaded with all their furniture and all our; Mother, Hattie, Willie, Tracy, myself, Henry and Orilla. Sister Carrie was already in Hyde Park. Mother decided we had better go, as she was afraid to stay there alone with her small children. She felt bad about father's 2<sup>nd</sup> marriage, which was 5 years after her own, and in later years, she had shaking palsy. She was melancholy about it: we couldn't get her to talk or tell us much about anything.

I was baptized when I was 8 years old at Brother Chris Lee's creamery on the Lee farm.

It was a bathhouse built over the spring. It was located just east and south of the Lee farmhouse, on the south side of the road leading into Hyde Park. Benjamin Hymas baptized me and I was confirmed the next Sunday.

I went to school in the Hyde Park vestry, which was the back part of the old rock meeting house. This was located on the northeast corner of the second block as you enter Hyde Park. We had desks that were made at home. There were several grades in one room and we studied hygiene, geography, arithmetic and grammar. Teachers were: George Seamons, George Barber, J. W. Hurren, Jane Molen, Lizzie Christensen and Annie Christensen. My girl friend was my cousin, Retta Woolf, in my school days.

My Sunday School teachers were Emma Seamons and Amelia Kirby. I was called to be secretary for the Young Ladies' Assoc. (Mutual Improvement Assoc.) Before I was married. This position I served for 5 years.

When the Logan Temple was in the building, we girls, all about 12 or 14 years old (my cousins May, Lettie, Ella, Retta and Sadie Woolf), went often to watch the construction and walk on the scaffolds and see the font, which was amazing to us. The Saints were asked to donate their Sunday Eggs for this purpose. Many times I took them to the head teacher in our district.

The fashions in those days had 10 yards of material in the dresses, with overskirts and bustles. Coats were made form-fitting. My shoes were 16 button, high-topped kid.

My first boy friend was Henry duce. We went to school together: he died young. We would dance in a private home, all the music we could afford was one piece (a fiddle). We would start dancing at 8 and dance until 12, all plain quadrilles, no round dances, and anyone found swinging more than once was put off the floor.

One Christmas dance we didn't get to go, because the deacons cleaned the ward hall and failed to leave it unlocked for the brass band to practice. For this, the deacons were barred from the dance. As Will was a deacon, we couldn't go. I felt rather badly as I had a new dress to wear.

The first fruit I ever saw canned was put in tin cans about as tall as a 2 quart bottle and as large around as a syrup can, with a lid that was pressed down and beeswax run over it to seal the lid.

I was married to William Henry Follett 9 Oct. 1890, in the Logan Temple. He was a tall, dark man with black hair and eyes. As was the custom then, we were rebaptized before we were married. This was done in the canal, by George Seamons, near the Kirby home.

Our wedding reception was at Mother's and at night the dance was held in the rock meeting house. My ring was a flat band of yellow gold with a wreath of leaves and flowers of green gold. My wedding dress was cinnamon brown silk, trimmed with flowered silk. It was made by a dressmaker in Logan, Sally Demar, who charged 4 dollars for making it. The things I had when I was married were: feather bed, stand of drawers, 4 pillows, 5 quilts, 20 yards of home made carpet, a good supply of dishes and other things.

We built our home in North Logan the first year we were married. It was 4 rooms, 2 on the top floor and 2 on the bottom and a cellar. Vilate was born at Grandma Follett's. When she was 4 weeks old, we moved to our new house, which was built on the east side of the canal, north of the main part of town. In a little less than 2 years, May was born 8 July. We lived in North Logan about 5 years, then moved back to Hyde Park to a house 2 blocks east and one south of the old rock meeting house, on the northwest corner. It was 2 rooms and a shanty on the back. Carrie was born t here. We then bought a house one block east and 2 blocks north of the old meeting house, where Joseph Waite now lives.

In the spring, when Carrie was 8 months old, Will took up some land on Poverty Flat (north of Preston, Idaho) and we moved out there to homestead three quarter-sections of land. This was real pioneer life. We would move out there in the spring and back in the fall, after harvest and planting were over. When moving one spring, it started to rain just after we left Franklin. We had a big load and had to travel slow. About dark, we got to Battle Creek and stayed there with Lula Manning overnight. We wore starched bonnets and they were melted right to our heads. The bedding was soaked but we hung the quilts around the stove and dried them the best we could. On another trip we went with Frank Follett. The children and I were in the back seat and there were 4 head of horses tied behind. Since it was an open-top buggy and there was lots of mud on the road, our clothes were spoiled again. I sat with a baby on my lap and one on each side of me, asleep all the way. The house was build of logs with a dirt roof. The second year we built a larger one up on the hill. At harvest time, we had a lot of men to cook for, sometimes as high as 30. About this time Will's father died (1898), this was the spring before Dean came, 2 Dec. 1899. I was dreadfully sick. This was the beginning of a dreadful sickness that I had before each child was born, that almost cost my life each time.

When May was about 5 years old, she had a serious sickness brought on by measles and whooping cough. It seemed to settle in her lungs. We had the Elders administer to her and they promised she would live to be a mother in Israel, and through faith she was healed. When she would cough, we would hear water in her lungs. This cough always stayed with her and her death later was caused by pneumonia.

In the spring of 1900, we moved into the Follett home, which we bought. It was just east of the rock meeting house and just west of the home now in Hyde Park. Dean was then 4 months old. Lois was born in this adobe house. We built a home in 1908 and moved in when Eugene was 2 years old. He was sick with rheumatism 5 Feb. 1916, and was sick about 6 weeks. He seemed to get better, but the next winter he became sick again and died 2 June 1917.

Will was working as County road supervisor, therefore, we moved to Logan in 1925 and lived there 10 years, then moved back to our home in Hyde Park. Dean and family moved to the Logan residence, 346 North 1<sup>st</sup> West.

On 17 Oct. 1930, I was called to work in the Logan Temple and was set apart by William Noble 23 Oct. 1930. This I enjoyed very much, but owing to poor health, I had to quit in March 1936. During this 5 ½ years, I did endowments for more than 500 names.

I have always loved to do church work, served in the Relief Society many years and served as president of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. I enjoy handwork and by 1940, have made over 100 quilts for my family, friends and church, have made many netted doilies, besides crocheting and embroidery work. I love to read; have read many books, mostly church books, history, and poetry.

The best and only long trip of my life was a trip to Los Angeles in February 1932. I went with Lois, Clair and Shirley on the train. Weill took us to Ogden. The snow was real deep through Sardine Canyon. We were all bundled up, boots and all, which we didn't need after our arrival. They took us to all the points of interest and showed us a wonderful time. I will never forget this delightful trip and their generous hospitality. It was amazing to see the lilies blooming, rolling hills covered with green grass, and I was thrilled to see the ocean. We stayed 6 weeks and came back on the bus. I have always been interested in Genealogy, have written many letters in an attempt to gain information, have a deep concern for my ancestors, and have done many endowments for them.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

NOTE; Sarah Elizabeth Gibson Follett passed away 24 Dec. 1949, at the age of 79. Her 3 sisters and her brother, William, (all of whom were younger than she) preceded her in death.

Information from book JOHN ANTHONY WOOLF FAMILY Publ. 1986

Put in the computer by Kathleen Jardine Woolf Idaho Falls, Idaho