

MY TREASURED MEMORIES OF ENOCH

By Rose Ina Grimshaw Richardson

As I ride through Enoch I recall many fond and happy childhood memories of the wonderful, faithful, hardworking people of Enoch with high goals and standards. No sacrifice too great for the new and rising generation who have mostly moved away and become leaders in the world.

Enoch's population is 150-240. It's hard to realize the change that has taken place in the last half century. The old well-kept barns that used to be stacked with sweet-smelling hay are now sagging in the middle with the roofs half gone. The homes show their age and need fixing and painting. The big cottonwood trees that were planted over a century ago--where happy children made swings and mud pies--are slowly dying. Old cars that have not run for years are parked in some forgotten spot. Stacks of old lumber and old farm equipment that have seen better days are stacked in the vacant lots. Old corrals and pole fences live only in the past.

The beautiful old church house that everybody sacrificed so much for--that once was full of activity and excitement--now stands quiet and empty. The old bell in the steeple that once beaconed the people of Enoch is now silent. (This was a real special thing--the long rope hung down from the steeple and every kid that could jump and reach it rang the bell as he passed it.) Under the eaves of the church was a place of security, where hundreds of barn swallows built their mud nests and hatched and raised their babies.

Our old Enoch chapel was heated with two box stoves, one in the northeast corner and one in the southwest corner. Uncle Johnnie Armstrong tried hard to keep the ashes out and the fire going.

We didn't have little individual sacrament cups like we have now. The water was passed down the row in a glass and everybody took a sip and passed it on. Sometimes children took more than their

share or grown-ups passed it by because somebody with undesirable habits got their sip first.

Then there is the old mercantile across the street that was once a place of thriving business where town folks bought and traded. A gathering place for the young folks, where rabbit ears and eggs could be traded for candy (the government paid bounty on jack rabbit ears). This is where small children pressed noses against the window panes and dreamed of the treasures and goodies inside. Now it stand empty and ghostly.

There is the big hill east of Gibson's where we always went to eat our Easter lunch and boiled eggs, ending up down in Uncle Frank's beautiful green meadow. In my memory I can see it purple with beautiful little violets and Johnnie Jump-Ups, many little streams of water running from the springs full of luscious watercress, the kill deer calling to each other and a few little water snakes that sent the girls screaming. The meadow was also a place of slick fat cows. I can hear them mooing in the distance.

Then on down to the old fort with its tall stately cottonwood trees that were planted by the first settlers, where we held such wonderful 4th and 24th of July celebrations. Where men old and young rode their horses in spearing the ring, wood sawing, nail hammering, races run and refreshments were furnished and sold. We also celebrated the May Day, taking lunches and braiding the May *paire*

The big two-story home with the long porch and polished banister that every kid that come to visit ran to slide down has been torn down.

On this long porch ~~down~~ at the fort was the first washing machine I'd ever seen. The tub was made of board slats running up and down and on the inside of the center were three wooden pegs. On the outside of the tub was a handle that when pushed back and forth the pegs smished back and forth to circulate the water through the clothes to get them clean. This tub had to be filled with water all the time or the wooden slats would dy and shrink and the tub wouldn't hold water.

Frank Armstrong's pond was fed by a spring at the east end which was shallow and where the moss grew best. A dam at the west end held the water until it was time to turn the water out to irrigate the fields. The water was deeper in the west end. In the fall the boys would swim and throw the moss out. Sometimes a horse-drawn rake would help to clear the pond so the ice would be clear. Close watch was kept on the pond during the winter to determine when the ice was thickest.

Frank Armstrong, Myron Jones, Charles E. Jones and Hyrum Jones all had ice houses. The four groups would bank together to put up the ice. Sawdust was hauled from the sawmills in the mountains. The ice chute was readied by pouring water down it the night before so it froze quickly to make an icy surface. The ice saws looked much like a hand saw, but were longer and wider with big teeth like a whip saw. The boys wore their skates and carried a pitchfork. Boards, hammers and nails were ready at the ice house. The ice tongs, planks and axes were there. Everyone was warmly dressed, for "putting up the ice" was cold work on a cold day.

First a hole was chipped in the ice, usually east of the center of the pond. A plank was laid on the ice and a cut made nearly the length of it, but leaving both ends of the plank on solid ice, which was usually about 18 inches thick. The ice blocks were cut about two feet square. The plank was moved, the ice cut across the pond. Then the plank was laid the other way and the ice was cut off in squares.

The man with the tongs would push the block down into the water. The force of the water would send the block back up. The man would grab it with the tongs and send the block skidding onto the ice where a boy would thrust his pitchfork under it and maneuver it to the ice chute at the back of the waiting wagon.

The right speed and push at the right time and the block would scoot up the chute and into the wagon. At the ice house the sawdust had been smoothed in a layer about 14 inches deep. The blocks of ice were arranged carefully. A bucket of water was poured over each layer so the water would go in the cracks and freeze into a solid block. As the layers rose higher, boards were nailed in the opening. The last blocks were put through the window. Sawdust was poured between the outside walls and the ice and over the top to provide insulation.

The old well where the water was pulled up by a bucket has all caved in. It used to be that the milk for the family use was lowered in the bucket and kept cool in the water until time for use. The beautiful orchard with the delicious golden sweet apple tree is only a memory.

The old log ice house that was stacked with big blocks of ice from Uncle Frank's pond and packed in sawdust for the next summer's use is gone.

The old blacksmith shop with the fireplace where anything could be fixed, made or sharpened is only partly standing with parts of old machinery strewn around.

The old Tithing Office where people paid produce instead of cash for tithing still stands but has seen better days. I remember going to the old tithing office with my father and seeing all of the bins inside filled with potatoes, wheat, corn, etc. Also seeing butter and cheese.

The Enoch Town Park is now where our two-room brick school house once stood. There are many happy memories of our little school with the big potbellied stove. Christmas trees were decorated with chains made from colored paper, strings of popcorn and paper cones filled with candy and nuts to hand out to parents after our little Christmas plays were over.

It was always fun to act out nursery rhymes at school. One time I was "Tom Tom, The Piper's Son." I ran across the stage with a squealing baby pig under my arm.

Another real special thing that was done in our little Enoch School was one day a week Aunt Florence Jones (wife of Charles E. Jones) would come down to school after recess and tell us true pioneer stories until time to go home.

Recess was a time looked forward to. We had a nice phonograph and lots of beautiful records. When it was time for recess the most reverent one got to crank it up and start the music and the rest of us marched out. We played lots of games: Anti-I-Over the School House, Jump Rope, Hide and Seek, Run My Sheep Run, Black Bear, Tag,

Kick the Can, Duck Stone, Hope Scotch, Here Comes a Duke A-Riding, Follow the Leader, and Baseball.

Baseball was one of our favorite sports, usually home-made balls (made from the yarn of worn-out stockings unraveled, wound up and sewed with string). When Elva Gibson or Bernice Armstrong went in to bat the fielders moved back and spread out because they usually hit home runs. They also won all of the foot races.

Every boy had a pair of stilts, a sling shot, a flipper, and a mud dobber (a willow they would put mud on the end and flip). There were many more and it was such great fun. Then somebody would ring the bell and we'd all line up single file clear out to the wash by the road and the march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever", would start playing and we would all get in step--left, right, left, right--and march reverently into the school house and stand by our desk until all were in and the music stopped. Then it was time for more lessons. I loved the little pilgrim villages and things we made in the sand box. Every girl wore pigtails with big bow ribbons.

Not all of our experiences were happy ones. In 1926 Lawrence Grimshaw and wife, Irene, who lived in the back rooms of the Old Enoch Mercantile had a baby boy born to them during the night. It passed away before morning so all of the children from our little school were invited to come up and see it before burial. We all lined up single file and marched from the school up to the store. We went through the back door and around through the parlor, and there on the sewing machine top lay the beautiful little baby dressed so pretty. We out out the parlor door and back to school so touched and unhappy.

Several times in the spring a flock of seagulls landed on Uncle Frank's farm. Books were closed and everybody went over in the field (about one mile from school) to observe the seagulls. Back at school everybody wrote a paper about them.

When playing at school or with a group of kids and you were about to be caught or needed time out, you just yelled "King's X". Or if a dear friend was about to let you in on a secret, you just crossed your heart and hoped to die if you should every tell.

Since the mail was delivered out to our Enoch Post Office every day, sometimes the school kids would gather up a little money and have the mailman bring a bag of candy and nuts out from town. Somebody would bring it to the school and divide it up among the kids. Then on signal everybody threw candy and nuts at the teacher and we'd have a party. One day Dolph's skate key got in with the candy and nuts and when he threw it, it went through the glass in the door.

There were the white-top buggies and wagons from the valley and Stephensville bringing the good faithful memers to church.

Also Enoch's first little cemetery on the highest hill south of the ravine overlooking the valley stands peaceful and forgotten. For many years this little cemetery was not used. People were taken to the Cedar City Cemetery for burial. Then in 1919 Harry Jones (son of Sylvester) was killed in World War I and the family wanted him buried in Enoch, so ground was donated for a new cemetery down over the bench from Hunter Grimshaw's house in the field.

Nobody took care of this little cemetery so it grew up to weeds. The Boy Scouts would clean the weeds off before Memorial Day each year. One spring several of the ward members went and burned off the weeds and decided to make headstones for all of the unmarked graves. Red dirt was gotten from the Cedar Red Hills and mixed with a few bags of cement and headstones were made for the graves. Stewart Murrie did the writing on them with a nail. After these had dried, they were placed in a bigger cement block and placed at the graves.

One day Franklin Jones came to Elton and me and suggested that we move some good grass sod from his pasture in the meadow and put it on the cemetery. Arrangements were made and two men came out from the college with their sod cutter and cut the sod into strips. Stanford Jones and Elton Richardson with their pickup trucks and Franklin Jones with his tractor and hay rack drove to the meadow and brought the sod to the cemetery where the Scouts and Deacons helped to unload it and fit it together. At the end of the day an ugly weed patch was turned into a beautiful green cemetery.

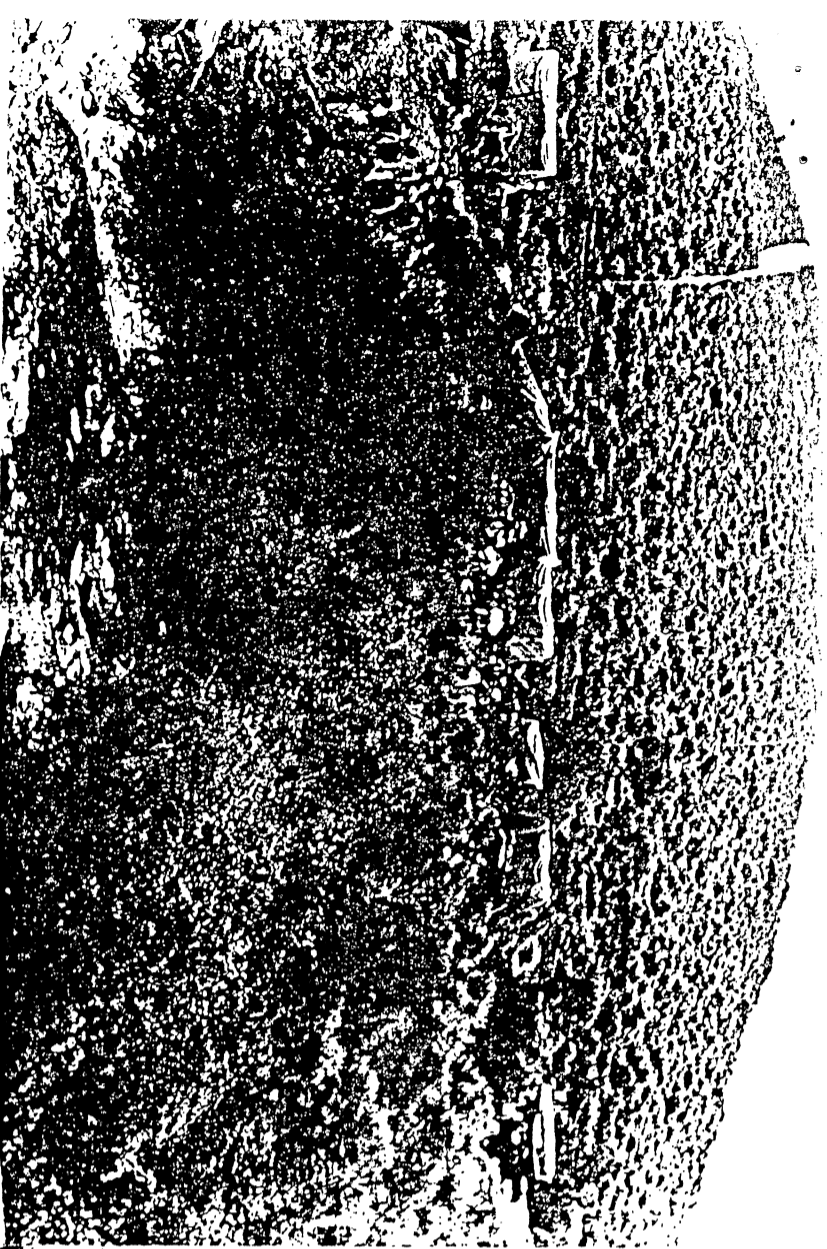
As we were getting ready to leave Lillian Grimshaw came down over the hill from her place with a big pan full of cookies and a few gallons of nice cool punch. What a refreshing treat when we were so tired and hot.

We water the cemetery with Franklin Jones' irrigation water from the pond. We planted flowers and made it beautiful. Years later Grimshaw & Clark donated and laid pipe from the City water supply and put in a sprinkling system.

There is Uncle Frank's pond, where for generations the children of faithful righteous people were baptized. It was also the place of much summer and winter sports and activities. The big cottonwood tree that stood as a beacon at the east end of the pond is no longer there.

Uncle Johnnie Armstrong lived in a log house over the fence just south of Uncle Frank's pond. He also had a garage where we went to dress and undress for baptism. The girls wore a dress and bloomers. The boys wore overalls. The beautiful summer day I should have been baptized, I took one look at that water and disappeared down in the grease woods and hid until all was over and everybody gone. Then I walked two miles home. Well when cold October got here, mother took me by the hand I went along with Bernice Armstrong and Art Maxwell down to the pond to be baptized. Bishop Charles E. Jones did the honors. He led me out into waist-deep water. I was scared and freezing. I came up gasping and made for the shore, but somebody had the nerve to say my dress didn't all get under. Bishop grabbed me by the arm and I was under again almost before I knew it. This time I came out yelling and wasted no time getting out of there. We were all confirmed there on the bank as soon as we were dressed.

There were the church wood-hauling days when all the men and boys big enough to work with horses, wagons, saws and axes crossed the valley like a caravan to pull and trim trees to haul to the church to keep the building warm during the winter. At noon the Relief Society sisters furnished the men with a hot lunch and by night there would be a great stack of wood out back of the church.

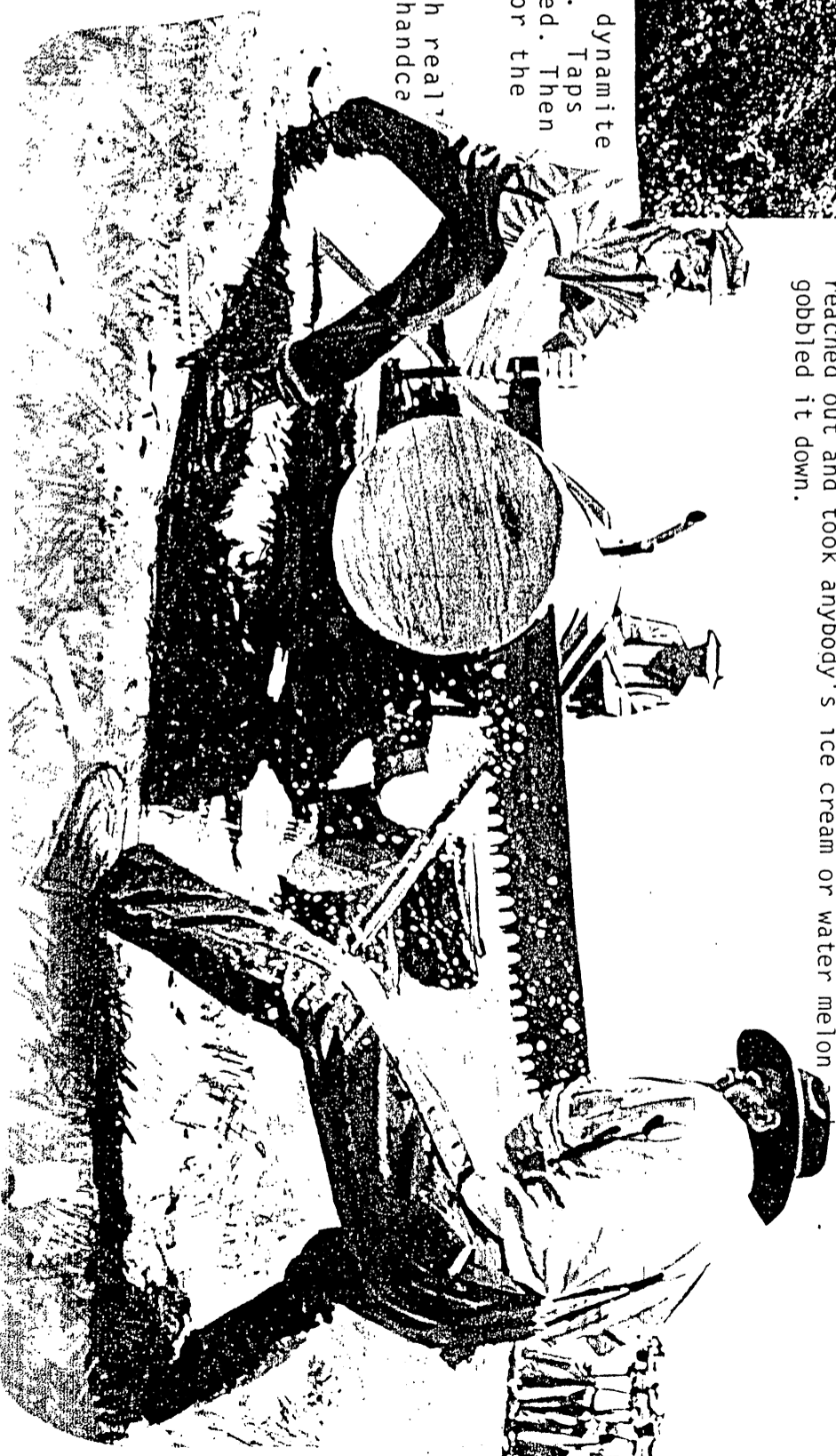


To start the 4th of July off there was a blast of dynamite set off on the hill back of the church at sunrise. Taps was played by George D Grimshaw and the flag raised. Then the ringing of the church bell and food and fun for the rest of the day.

I remember one very special 24th of July. Enoch really put on a real celebration with covered wagons, handca Indians and the whole bit.

whole bit. The covered wagons came from the east around the hill north of the ravine (east and south of Gibson's) met the handcart company and made camp. Painted yelling Indians sprung from every big rock on the hillside and attacked the Pioneers, leaving lots of them dead. Graves were dug and fires put out, and the companies moved on down in front of John Lee Lones' home to camp.

Sylvester Jones built an adobe garage across the road from his house and this was used as a home for some of the Pioneers. Millard Halterman, a big well-built man, was dressed and painted as an Indian. He crept around through the tall brush back of the house and came to the door. When the door was opened there was arguing and fighting. We stood petrified as we watched them roll over and over on the ground and the Indian's knife just missing each time. There was also a canible there with big red lips and not wearing much. That scared me more than the Indians. He just reached out and took anybody's ice cream or water melon gobbled it down.



I remember the big white-topped buggy loaded with laughing visiting ladies riding across the valley to do their Relief Society teaching. Also riding with my parents to Rush Lake to Relief Society and Ward Teach the Fisher family who lived there. One time Tom Fisher told us kids if we'd be quiet, we could go with him in the boat to spear some fish for supper. I was horrified and wouldn't eat any. To me Rush Lake was just beautiful. Sometimes we took our picnic out in the garden where the currant bushes were all in bloom and smelled so sweet with bees humming and maggieweed blooming everywhere. I will always remember Sister Fisher's delicious cookies.

The Jones reunions were something to remember. The church was filled with tables covered with delicious food. Everybody was invited and welcome and nobody left hungry. I thought they were the happiest people I ever saw. I well remember the terrible day Myron Jones' house burned down. The wind blew so hard and for days after as we walked around the foundation, the burnt honey smelled so good.

When Uncle Myron and Aunt Mary Jones, and Uncle Frank and Aunt Nellie Armstrong built their new homes, they started a new trend in Enoch and Midvalley that greatly changed the life of the housewife. Nice furnaces in the basement. No more dirty wood box or coal scuttle to clean up after and no more ashes through the house. Just light the match downstairs and the heat came up through the floor and heated the whole house. Then there was the beautiful, wonderful bathroom. No more running down the little path at midnight.

Also beautiful kitchens with hot and cold running water, cupboards fastened on the walls with lots of cupboard tops to work on and a sink where you could just pull the plug when finished and the dirty water disappeared forever.

I have to say something about Myron Jones. We will all remember him as a choir director. He loved harmony singing. He believed everybody could sing and invited everybody to sing in the choir. The funny thing about it was everybody did sing. Some of the songs that remind me of him are: "Let the Mountains Shout For Joy", "High on the Mountain Top", "Hear, Oh Ye. Heavens", "Bees of Deseret", and "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains". He also played in the Enoch Orchestra until his fingers were so crippled with arthritis and so painful he would suffer for days afterwards.

The Post Office I remember was in a little room on the northwest side of Bishop Charles E. Jones' house. Every family had its own box with a combination lock.

The cottage meetings held were real special. At Aunt Cora's I remember the apple pie and the carbidge lights. At Uncle Owen's the beautiful parlow and him playing the guitar and singing, "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen". At George Esplin's the serving window between the kitchen and the front room.

Our telephone were real special. If we wanted to call somebody, we just turned the handle on the side of the phone so many long and so many short rings and all of the neighbors were soon listening.

I remember Uncle John Lee, Uncle Sylvester, and Uncle Hyrum as the three patriarchs each in an arm chair in front of the pulpit with their hand cupped to their ear trying to hear what the speaker at church was saying and now and again nodding or agreeing out loud.

Every household had its own rain barrel under one of the gutters of the house so as to catch the nice soft rainwater. After it had settled for a day or two, it was good to wash the hair in along with some good old lye soap. It left the hair shiny and beautiful.

Every home had its own private barber shop. People were very efficient and independent. Also every home had its own portable bathroom. Every Saturday night the chairs were set in a half circle with the back toward the oven door covered with quilts with the number 3 tub in the center. The water was heated on the old charter oak cookstove, then poured into the tub. The cleanest kid got to bathe first and so on down to the last. All being scrubbed with good old lye soap. By the time the last one got out, it had really changed color, but I'll bet there wasn't a germ left in it with all that lye soap.

Every house had a start of potato yeast to mix bread with. If it spoiled or some kid drank it, you could always run to the neighbors and get a new start.

Potatoe yeast was made of cooked mashed potatoes and the water were cooked in. A dry yeast cake was put into this warm potato water with some honey or sugar and it soon started to work or r (This was made in a crock). When you mixed the bread, you save about two (2) cups full, added sugar or honey to keep the start from spoiling, and when it was time to mix bread again, you just added more potatoe water and mashed potatoes. The sugar was already in it so it would raise again. These starts of yeast last for years.

Women also made their own quilt bats. They sheared the sheep with hand shears, washed the wool, teased and carded it into about 4x8 bats, laid them carefully in the quilt then quilted it.

It was always fun to play in the ravine and to pick wild roses and squawberries going down to Gibsons. It was interesting to watch the women make soap in a wash tub over an open fire. It was made of grease with lye and water. After it was cooked, it was set out to cool, then cut into bars and stored.

The clothes were scrubbed on a washboard and then boiled in a long copper boiler on top of the stove until they were white and clean (the ladies would say, "a woman's character is judged by how white her clothes were").

The people had their own bees, chickens, cows and in the fall each family took a load of grain to the Parowan or Cedar flour mill and had enough flour and cereal ground to last the winter. The women did lots of bottling of fruit, and everybody had a root cellar and raised gardens.

In the basement of most of the homes hung a long wide shelf or board extended from the ceiling where the winter's supply of cheese was put so the mice could not get at it. It was also a place to store the butter and other things that had to be kept cool.

In those days most of the women made their own vinegar, but it didn't always get used for pickles. Sometimes men from town would come out during the night and swipe it to drink.

Vinegar was made from honey, fruit peelings, water and something called mather (a spongy something that was put into the vinegar barrel) and let stand (INGE).

Most of the people in Enoch and Midvalley had dairy herds and sold milk, butter, cream and cheese. Also thousand of chickens and sold eggs. Big farms with lots of hard work. For many years Bernard Murie gathered the milk and took it to the creamery in Cedar. The fruit peddlers used to come by from Dixie in covered wagons selling peaches, pears, melons and molasses. They would sell or trade and usually camped for the night under the trees.

One of the first Christmases I remember everybody gathered at the Midvalley School House. After the program was over, Nephi Stephens made his entrance all dressed up in red, laughing and shouting, "Ho, Ho, Ho.". It nearly scared me to death and for sure I didn't want anything he had to offer if I had to go up and get it.

When I was small we didn't have beautiful Christmas tree lights like we have today. We had little candles (the size of birthday candles) placed in little candle holders fastened to the tree ranches. On Christmas morning the candles were lighted and for a few minutes we lived in a magic world of wonder and excitement. Soon they were all blown out and the smoke from each wick made little spirals in the air and filled the room with the smell of burnt candles.

The first time I ever saw tinsel on a tree or pretty little red and green mesh stockings hanging from the branches filled with candy and nuts was at Fisher's down to Rush Lake. What a thrill to receive one.

On Sunday mornings Brother Ira Heaton would leave his home with the school bus and as he came to each home, stop and everybody would run out and climb in and ride to Sunday School and Church. It was also used as a class room.

I remember the day that lightning hit the Midvalley School House and burned it to the ground.

In 1931 our little Enoch School was closed down and everybody was bussed to the Cedar Schools. Sometimes the snow was so deep and

drifted the bus couldn't get through, so Uncle Owen Matheson would hitch his big team onto his sleight and build a fire in a ten-gallon milk can and put it in the center of the sleigh then come along and pick up all the kids and go up the Union Field Lane (now Minersville Highway) and meet the bus up on Highway 91 and the bus would take us on to school.



The Enoch Priesthood men were really special when it came to helping people build their homes. One day they'd do the foundation. Next week they put it up to the square, and a week or two later they'd be putting on the shingles or helping to plaster. Most of the older homes in Enoch and Midvalley were built this way.

One year us older kids were invited to a Halloween party at the home or Ira and Lois Heaton. We were greeted at the door by a goblin and then spent the evening going down slides, shaking hands with wet stuffed gloves, having fortunes told, and watching witches stir their brew, looking into coffins and everybody trying to out scream the other.

The kids were always playing pranks on Halloween like cinching Joe M. Jones' harnesses onto his pole fence, putting Uncle Hyrum's little bugie on the church steps, and I've heard how the boys put water snakes and mice under the school bell or in teacher's desk drawer. There was the molasses candy pulls and horseback riding.

The fun wedding where the presents were placed on tables at the front of the recreation hall and after so much dancing the bride and groom took their place back of the tables and opened the gifts and thanked people personally. It wasn't at all unusual to have an alarm clock go off in one of the bottom packages and have the bride and groom dig frantically to find it and shut it off or have a cat jump out and make a few circles around the room trying to get out.

Later there were the good teenage parties on the hill up back of the church on a grassy flat surrounded by big sagebrush with a fire in the center.

There were the beautiful spiritual programs put on by the Primary every Christmas Eve. Santa Claus would come with candy and nuts for the kids and popcorn balls for the audience. The beautiful Christmas carols were sung, then hurrying home so Saint Nick would come.

Stephensville was a quiet little settlement about five miles northwest of Enoch. It was settled by Franklin Stephensons and sons. Their little main street was lined with cottonwood trees with homes on both sides of the street with fruit orchards, milk cows, barns, and



big fields. Grandpa Stephens always rode a big yellow horse to Church and he bought suckers for all the kids. Uncle Dan Matheson always had white peppermint candies for us (conference candy).

There was a special closeness among the people of Enoch and Midvalley. Everybody was called Uncle or Aunt whether related or not. We as small children didn't know that we didn't belong to everybody.

At the south end of Enoch where the Old Mill Housing is, was where Whitie Anderson's sawmill once stood.

The young men of Enoch have always been very active in Scouting, also many have earned their "Duty to God" award.

Enoch was a great missionary ward. Bishop J. Henry Grimshaw had seventeen (17) out at the same time. Louis and Mildred Maxwell had three at the same time. Henry and Hilda Grimshaw had three at the same time. Forest and Barbara Bryant had two at the same time. George and Beth Grimshaw had two at the same time twice. Elton and Rose Ina Richardson had two at the same time twice.

Then in later years there was 4-H with Helen Jones, Barbara Bryant, Lela Gibson, Mary May Nelson, Hilda Grimshaw, Della Garfield, Ellen Anderson, and other faithful teachers with fun summer projects, camping at Duck Creek, blue ribbons at the fair, a few trips to Chicago and scholarships to college.

Easter picnics out in the west hills at bubbly rock or at Lund on the sand dunes or north of Gibsons in those beautiful little hills.

For many years the people of Enoch have opened up their homes to the LDS Church Indian Placement Program so the Indian children could be educated in our bigger schools (we have had sixteen in our Enoch Ward at one time, we also have had many welfare or foster children).

The Enoch Ward has had many wonderful ward suppers, bazaars, and picture shows. There were many old time dances with our own orchestra, with people coming from miles around to attend.

I'll never forget our last Sacrament Meeting in our beautiful old Enoch Ward. It was mostly singing. Anybody that could think of a song that seemed like it belong to our little church suggested it and the congregation sang it. Our hearts were heavy and our stomachs a little hollow as we walked out for the last time.

Why do I love Enoch. Is it because of the old homes, the old Chapel, or the old store? No. It's the memories.

Enoch still stands on the hill. New homes, a new chapel, and a new generation.



Stevens Bay Myron's S. Brown

When he was a little boy he was riding his horse out through the brush to get the cows one morning when he heard a terrible frightening noise. His horse was also afraid. He looked around and there on the ground under some sagebrush was an old squaw moaning and crying. He hurried home and got his father and they got the squaw and took her home. She was old and blind, hungry and cold. (They supposed a band of Indians had passed through during the night and she couldn't keep up so they had left her thinking she'd be found and cared for.)

They named her old "Panny". Her home was the old coke oven by the ravine. It was Myron's job to see that she had plenty of wood and chips to keep warm and to take her meals to her. One night there was a party and dance at the log school house some distance away and Myron wanted to go, so he stacked lots of wood around the wall of the coke oven and went to the party. Later that night somebody came out of the party and screamed that the coke oven was on fire. Everybody ran for Panny, but the wood was all on fire and Panny was dead. They never knew how it started. The next day Myron and Bro. George took a sleigh and got Panny on it and dug a shallow grave and buried her. He said in all his life he could never get over how terrible it was.

Another time he said that an old Indian couple was dropped off at Enoch. The man had cancer on his face and really suffered from it. (He only lived a year or so.) Their graves are on top of Enoch Hill (the highest hill just south of the ravine). There are several graves there.

The first Enoch school house was on the hill south of Gibson's. One time the superintendent and other people from the school board came out to visit this school. They sat on the stage facing the children. It was warm and the superintendent was so sleepy he kept nodding. So Roy Armstrong took his flipper out of his pocket, put in a little rock and let it fly. He hit the superintendent right in the middle of the forehead, making him nearly fall off his chair. By the time the excitement was over, Ray was very busy with his learning.

One time while the teacher had his back turned to the class, Myron decided to climb out the window. He got halfway out and the window

came down on him, so while he scrambled and yelled outside the window, the teacher beat his end on the inside with a board.

Another time the superintendent came out to visit the school. He was riding in a buggy and they had to cross a little stream of water. The ditch bank was straight up and down, so when the buggy wheels dropped into the ditch, it threw the superintendent out of the buggy into the ditch of water. The kids all had a good laugh.

Myron and Pearl Halterman also tell about the big mud oven where the women baked their bread. Each woman would bake on a different day.

Myron's experience with some Indian boys named Squint, Curly Jim, Merrycats, Tomat, Comanch, and Captain Pete. The Jones boys' names were Myron, Arthur, Seth, Dan and Nathaniel. The Indians made their camp east of the Berg on the grassy mole in August each year.

There was a find white clay in a cave at the head of the ravine by the spring that was very sticky. The boys would put a dob of mud on the end of a willow (mud dober) and throw it at each other. (It would really sting when it hit you) Once the Jones boys chased the Indians boys way out west past Johnson's Fort with their mud dobers. When they returned to the dave to get more mud, they found the Indian boys had circled around through the field and beat them back to the cave and were there ready to pelt them. This really made the Indian boys laugh.

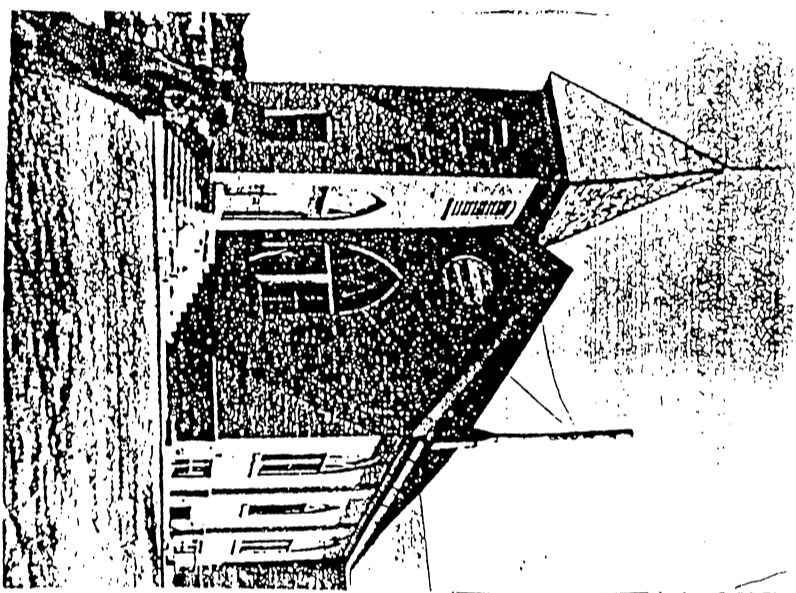
The Indians used to hold their pow-wows about a mile north of Johnson's Fort on Clark's pasture. This was a grassy meadow. Farther west was grass and sagebrush clear to Stevensville with lots of wild life. Myron Jones, Will Grimshaw and several of the Enoch people would go and mingle with the Indians at the pow-wows.

One time Myron was out dancing with them (the best he could and having a good time). A little squaw came up to him and tapped him on the arm playfully and said, "White man no savy pretty good tune."

George D Grimshaw remembers the last pow-wow they had at Clark's pasture. His family joined with them. George being small was put in the hay manger with the papooses (so as to be out of the way of the dancers). He was quite insulted.



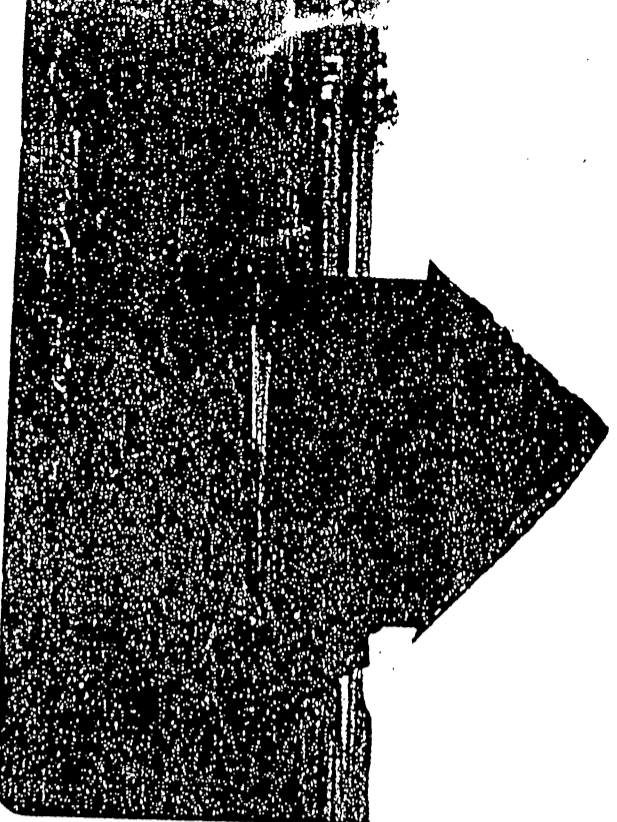
Tree over a century old



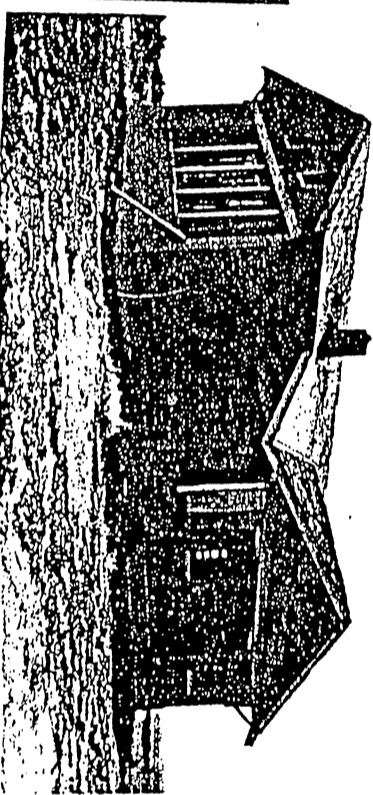
Church house



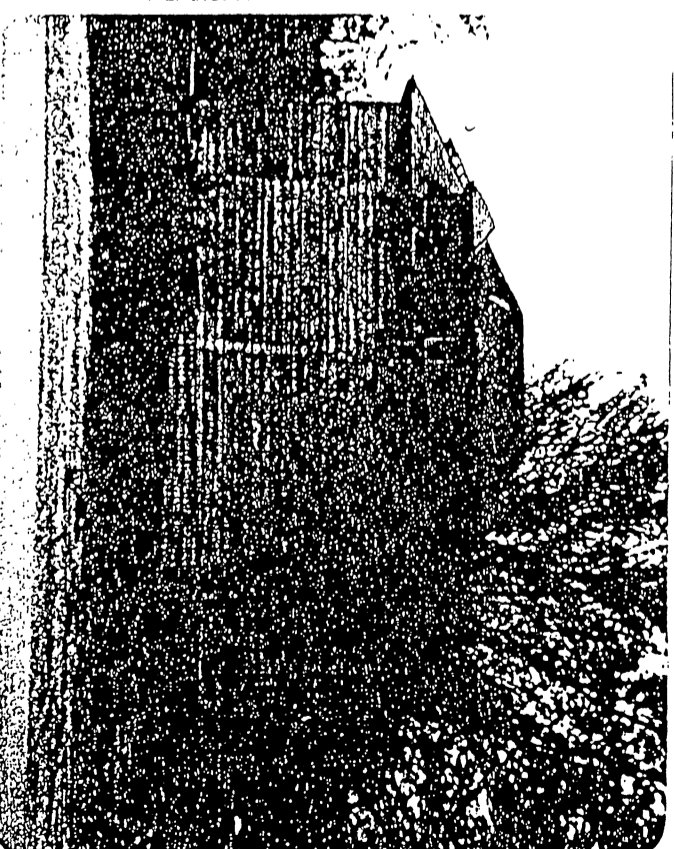
Enoch mercantile



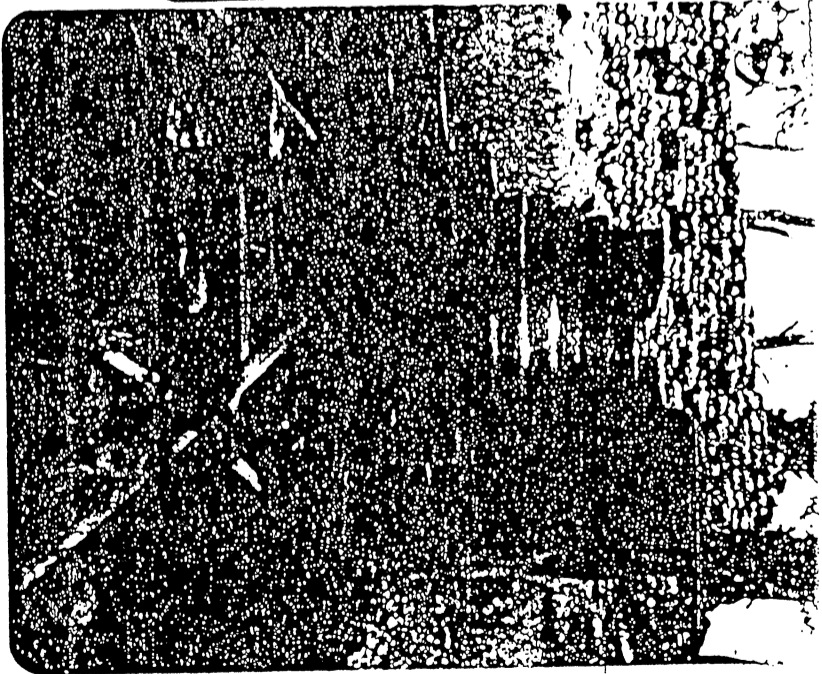
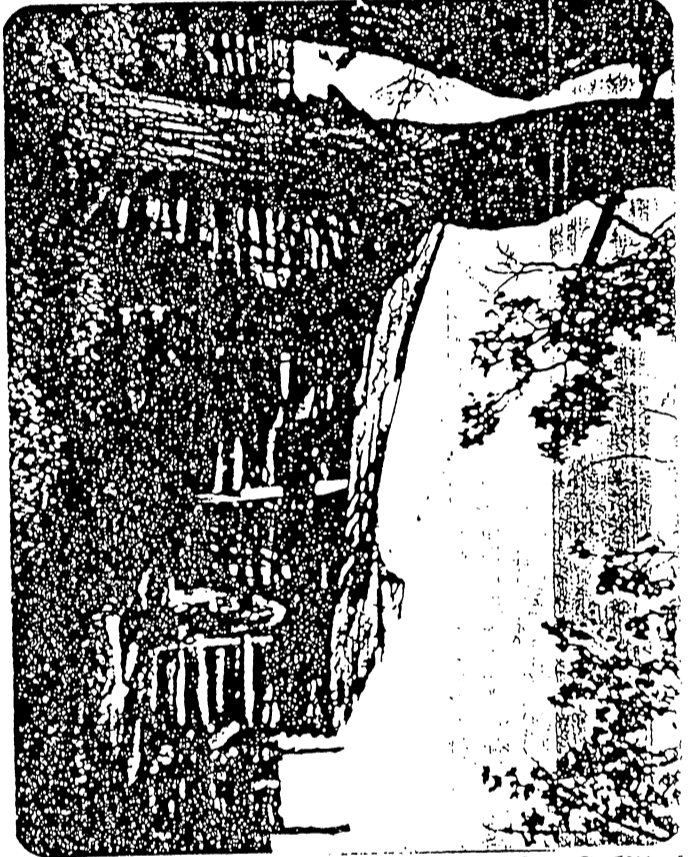
Tanning office



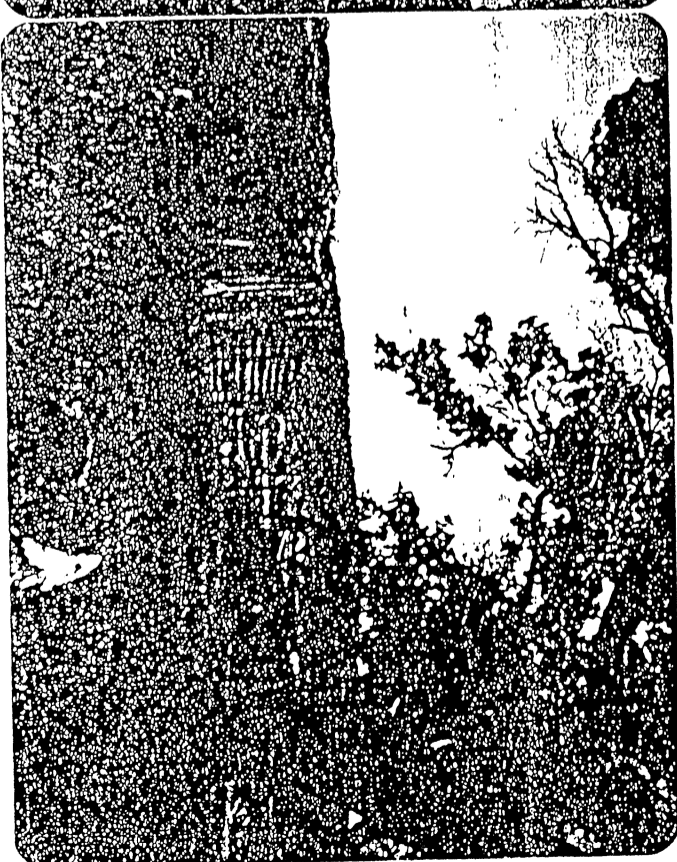
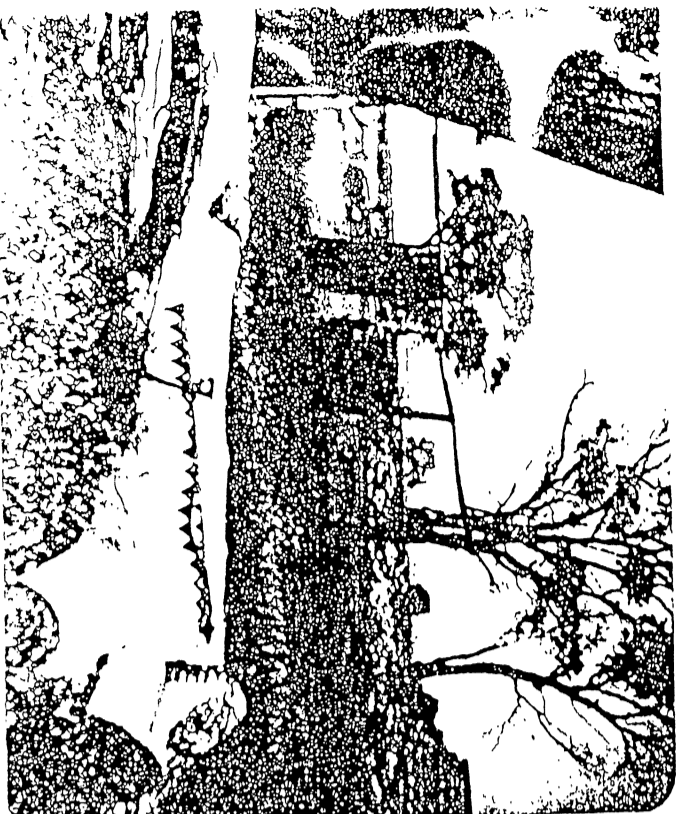
School house



Mercantile



Pictures from Johnson's Fort





Wm. H. Grimshaw  
Home in background

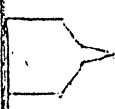
PIONEER APIN

\*Home of  
Wm H. Grimshaw

Midvalley Rd

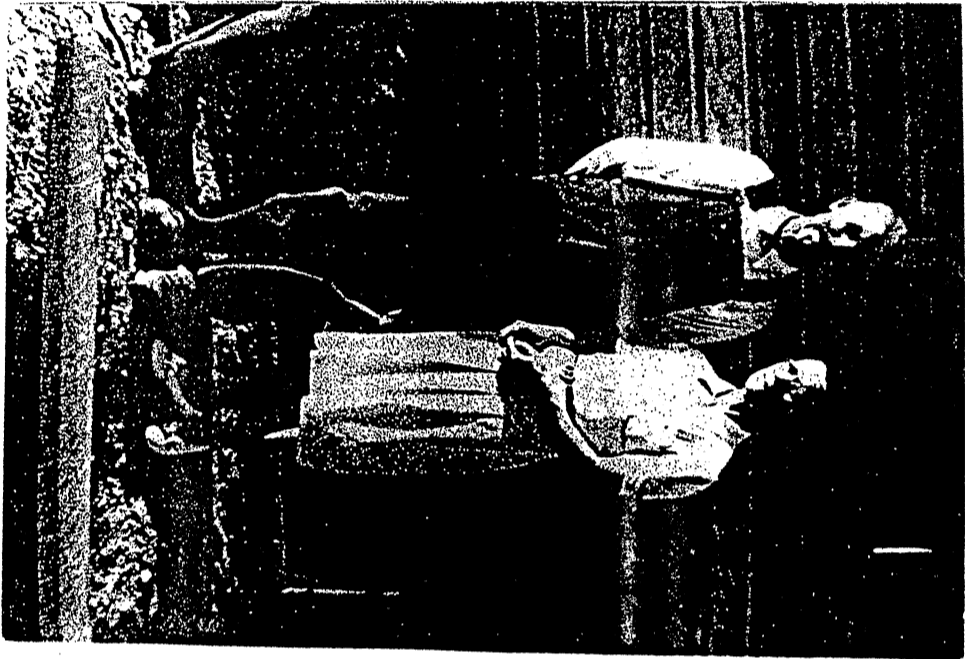
Union Field Lane

Minersville Road

Henry	William T. Hunter	Dolph Homestead	Georges Family
	 Park	Old Minersville Rd	
	William H. Grimshaw	Henry George Homestead	F. Hunter
Dolph	Elizabeth M. Hunter	Steve Enoch Ward	Norman Grimshaw
Webster	Norman Grimshaw		

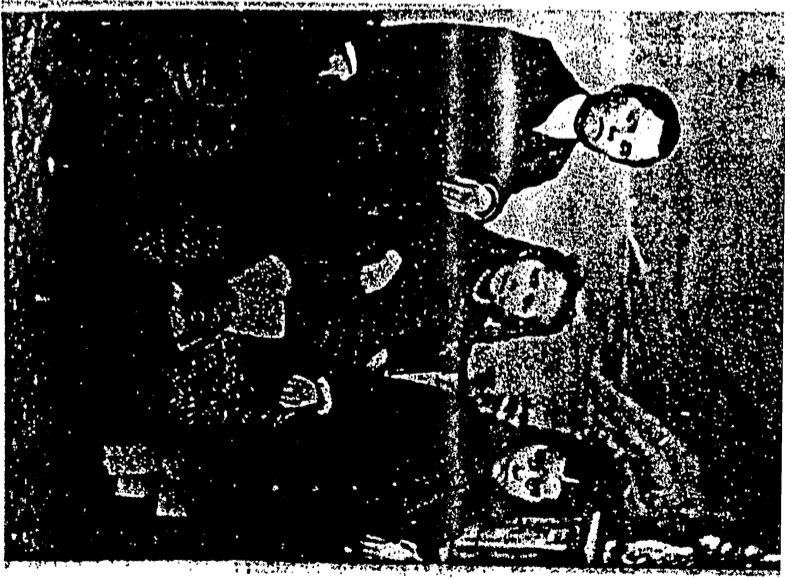
2" equal 1320'

N  
↓



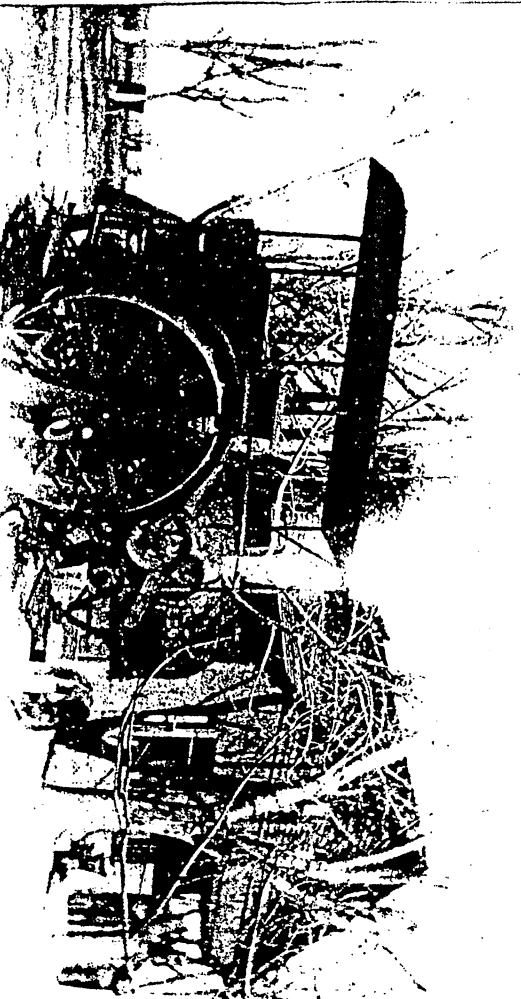
Uncle Will + Aunt Laura  
at home in Cedar

- Ruth, George, Henry, Drus,
- Mary May, Ina, Dolph, Bill, Wilma, Afton, Wm. H.



Uncle Will      Mary May  
unknown      (Agnes Hunter)





Wm. H. Grimshaw with George D's Taylor tractor  
Home in background



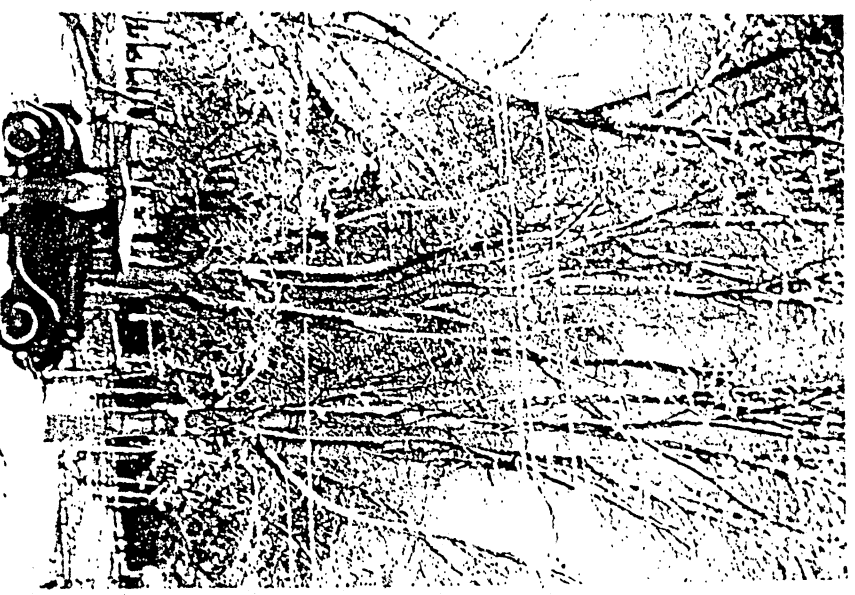
Dolph in brush,  
Ina standing on  
the ground



Henry and  
Bill Jensen at  
Wm. H. Grimshaw  
home.

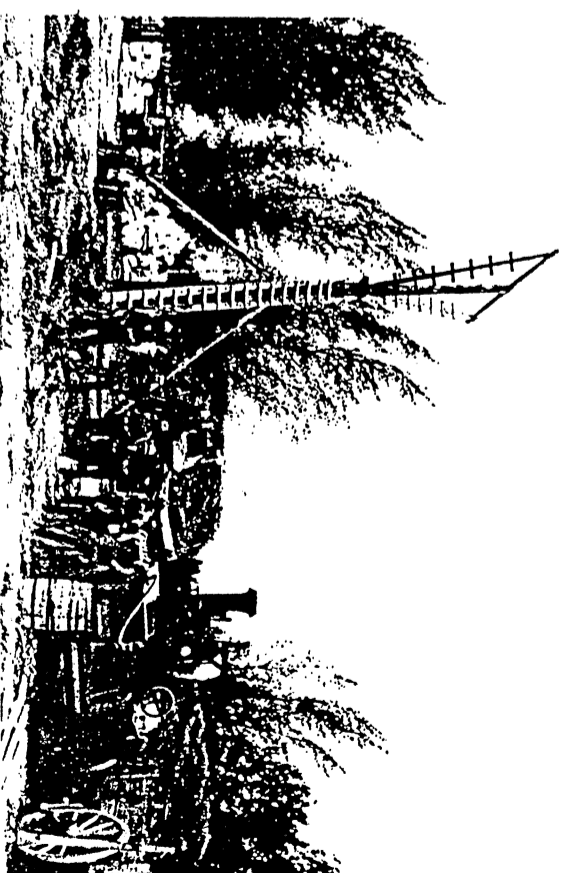
Model A. Ford  
taken just after  
Dolph left for  
a mission 1936

Note trees



Midvalley Road George D at mailbox Uncle Will's home

Oct. 1919 Ike Haight steam thrasher



George + Hunter raling brush



Wm H. sitting, Lawrence + Hunter thrashing alfalfa



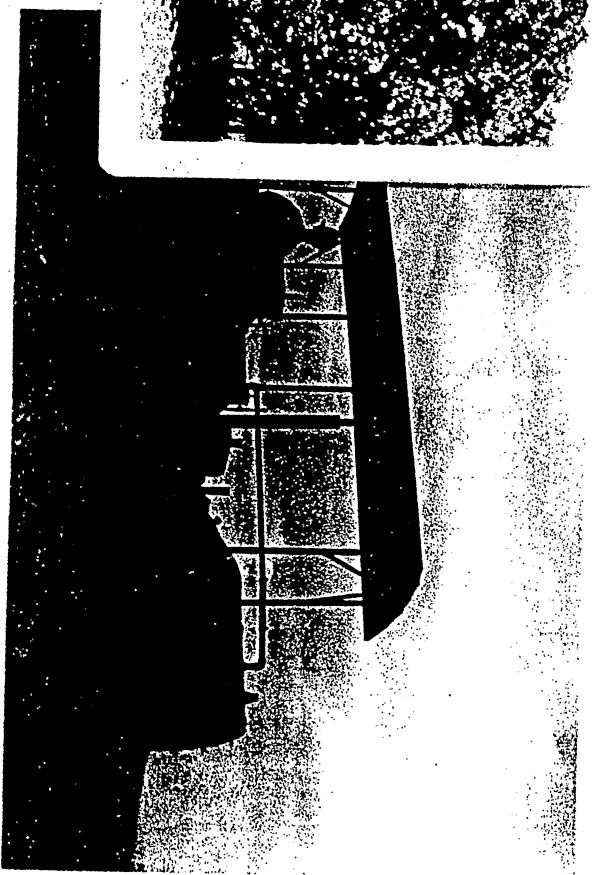
Reaping alfalfa



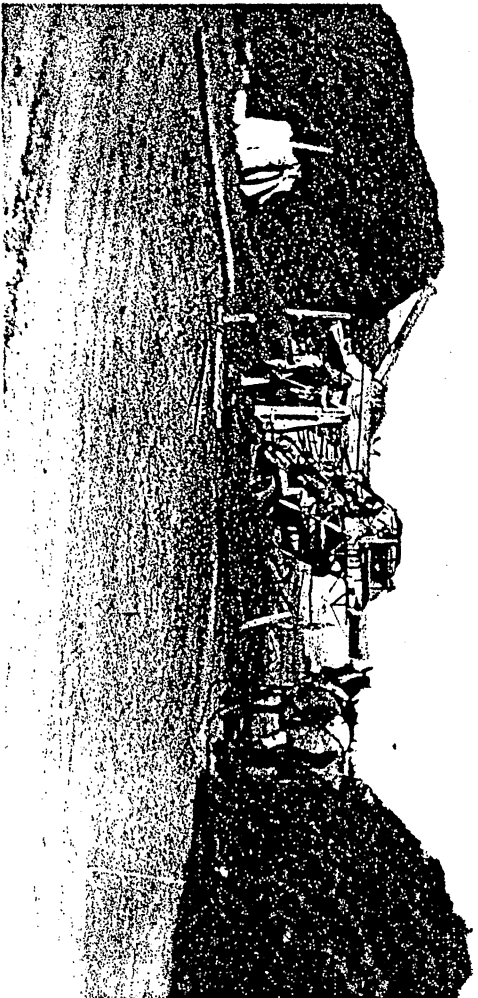




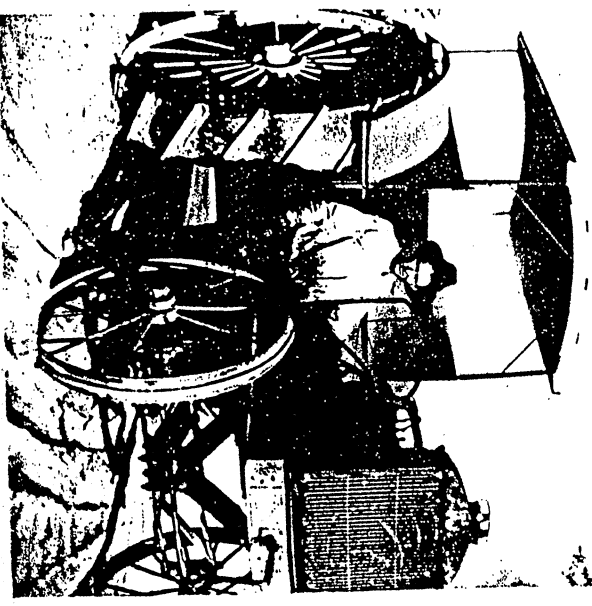
Wm. H. on Skylark  
East of Drus' house



Aultman-Taylor tractor  
Wm. H.



Star and Chub roan team threshing alfalfa



Wm. R. Grimshaw with  
Wm. H.'s Aultman-Taylor tractor