

ENOCH HISTORY REVIEW
AUGUST 20, 1994
2:00 P.M., MIDVALLEY WARDHOUSE
RICHARD M. WEBSTER

Who would ever think that we would all be gathered today to celebrate Elk Horn Spring's history or be celebrating the birthday of Johnson's Spring, Johnson's Fort, Bell Spring, Stevensville, Grimshawville, Enoch or a number of other names that have surfaced during the past hundred and a half years.

It has become strongly evident that those who chose to live here were a special brand of people who were intelligent, capable, and innovative or they would not have lasted. They were people who made, made over, made do, or did without--living their humble lives with integrity and humility. They faced untold hardships and sacrificed much to call this place home.

Picture in your mind's eye a beautiful wooded hillside with oaks and cottonwoods under which cool, delightfully tasty water flowed from springs. See the lush grasses flowing in the wind, fed by the refreshing waters seeming to run everywhere. See the tall sagebrush forests climbing skyward with their roots continually watered by a watertable close to the surface. To the north, west and south you can see the high desert scenery before you. This one spot stands out as a haven in all the land. Two ingredients for a great life are found here--cool, clear, wonderful water and grasses to feed livestock.

This place has been famous for hundreds of years. Old Spanish maps locate this lush spring of life along the bitter-sweet Spanish Trail. Even the native Americans living here found refreshment and comfort as they encamped along the side of the hill. Who knows how many thousands stopped and tended to their needs here in this oasis of the desert. The Mexican miners who traveled the long trail from Mexico to work the silver mines in Parowan valley used the springs as a stopping place before entering the heat of the desert. The Spanish woman who became ill at the silver mines was hurried by a small group trying to get her to her home somewhere hundreds of miles south of here. She passed away upon traveling this far. She must have felt a peace about her as she saw the beauty and green here. She was laid to rest somewhere along the South fence of the Enoch City Park. Her monument has since been removed by someone unaware of the importance of the rocks that were piled into a

mound.

Before entering into any account of what has gone on here it is important to recognize those who have gone before. Those who chose to stay here, live here, die here, make their mark here. This list isn't long. It may not even be complete. There are hundreds of people who have come and gone, quickly coming and just as quickly going. The family names that stand out are:

Stevens
Nelsons
Armstrongs
Rogersons
Muries
Grimshaws
Maxwells
Haight
Esplins
Mathesons
Jones
Smiths
Johnsons
Heatons
Bullochs
Fishers
Mendenhalls
Haltermans
Bryants
Gibsons

Other families who were involved in some degree or another were:

Dalleys
Bays
Morrels
Davis'
Razors
Warrens
Fishes
Bells
Walkers
Hollands

The changes that took place across America soon came to affect the lives of the locals. The coming of the railroad to Milford in 1879-1880 made goods more readily available if people had the money. About that same time the opportunity was presented to have a mail station here with the mail being delivered by horseback or buggy from Parown to Enoch. From that time until this the community has experienced growth.

The landscape needed to be changed with the removal of the tall sagebrush. Large fires could be seen from miles away as the brush was cleared. Sometimes two teams were attached to a large, long railroad tie with chains and was dragged through the brush to break it down. It was terribly hard back-breaking labor, but everyone showed up to help when it was time to clear land.

The grass needed to be cut and stored for the long winter months and families joined together to construct barns and stack yards to store the valuable hay. In 1870 alfalfa seed began being marketed in large sacks. Farmers locally jumped at the opportunity to plant this valuable crop and so more land was cleared.

It wasn't unusual for families to homestead 160 acres. That was a lot of land for one family to use productively. The Esplin family with three children were known to farm nearly 200 acres a year. Of course the neighbor children were hired to help with the huge job of cultivating and harvesting of the crops. During the 1980's G. Steven Grimshaw set out to see how many acres of land he could farm in one summer. He mentioned one time that he had nearly 600 acres under cultivation and that he was certainly sick of seeing the inside of a tractor.

Over the years almost every kind of livestock has been raised by the locals. Beef cattle were some of the first animals raised. Later sheep became an important part of every family's livelihood. Most families kept a beef cow or two, a horse or two, a milk cow or two, some sheep, a few chickens, dogs and cats, and later turkeys became important as a meat source. Pigs were also another meat item. As in every farm community there were those who sought out the exotic in animals. The Alan B. Garfields purchased large Percheron horses, the Nelsons purchased black-faced varieties of sheep, some families specialized in rare breeds of pigs. Still other families raised thousands of turkeys a year. Lorin Jones has been known to have more than 2,000 sheep on hand at one time. These days you hear of the occasional Illamah being raised, once in a while a buffalo and some have even ventured into ostrich raising.

Some families specialized in certain activities that set them apart from other neighbors and yet added a strength to community as a whole.

For example, the John Anderson family was big in cutting and preparing wood for construction needs in the family sawmill. They also specialized in shearing sheep, and they got into the house moving business by helping families move structures from the community near Iron Springs into the valley and into Cedar City. Even the Mess Hall and the Bath House were converted into living space after being relocated. Over the years many homes have been moved into the valley. Some have come from Cedar City. Some have come from Topaz where the Japanese Internment Camp was located during World War II. Each one has been remodeled and changed to meet the needs of the families living in them.

The

Bernard Murie family would gather milk every day from the various families having milk cows and deliver the milk to the dairy in Parowan. This service was provided for many years and the income from the sale of this raw milk helped to strengthen family incomes. It was a very valuable service provided. Many families have gone into the dairy business as a way of making a livelihood. You will find dairy barns and corrals all over the valley. At the present time only the Brent Jones dairy is operating and it's becoming all high tech with computer programming and genetically engineered cows.

William Mendenhall was the postman and mail carrier for the valley. During one three week period in early February of 1937 he walked the route from Enoch Road to Lund Highway every day in the bitter cold snow. He continued to remain a hero in the eyes of those he served for many years. Others have continued to deliver the mail during good weather and bad. Among those remembered are Norman Grimshaw, George R. Manning, Marilyn Alger, and Ann Wilcken.

The John Jones family were masters at recycling. They would take old broken iron tools and machinery and melt them down. They then used the molten iron to make ax heads, grates for fire places, some tools, a pile driver for the construction of the Virgin River Dam (weighing in at 500 pounds solid iron). The story of the blast furnace is one of interest to all. The story says that the casing for the furnace had been used in the mines at Panaca, Nevada. The Jones family heard of its being available. They made the trip only to find that it wasn't movable. They found a way to attach the casing to wheels and pulled it to their home. There they left it while they continued with the summer chores. A group from Parowan heard that the Jones boys had a large casing that they were going to make into a blast furnace. They came over and pulled the contraption to Parowan when no one was looking. The word got back to the Jones boys

that the prospective furnace was there. They sneaked over and stole it back. The wheels were then removed, the fire brick installed and the furnace was shortly in operation.

Another community member, Ira Heaton, had great influence on building construction in the vicinity. One of his greatest feats was to organize a group and have them build a home from a prepared foundation in one day. It is told that the Paragonah mine workers passed by the building site on their way to work. On the way home they found the home up and shingled. He also had the vision to see that the community needed a transportation system. He organized wagon transportation to not only move produce and labor, but set about getting children to and from school. When bus vehicles were available on the market he purchased one and started the first bussing of students long distances.

In the beginning structures were made out of logs. Rock foundations were usually put down first. The structure was then built on the hard foundation. Some families went into the adobe brick making venture and over a period of years managed to make some really good building bricks. Several structures were made with these bricks: some homes, outbuildings of all kinds, garages and sheds. They all had to have roofs and coverings to keep out the weather. They are nearly all gone now. You will find an occasional structure. They are very rare and soon too will fall to progress. Certainly someone will keep track of the process and even keep some samples so that children in the future will be able to see how resourceful Enoch builders were.

One of the grim factors each family faced was the isolation they all experienced. Yes, there were socials from time to time and there was Church to attend, but the stark reality was that ultimately each family was alone. Help was available, but it was some distance away. To sustain themselves they had to be inventive. Midwives like Aunt Lottie Esplin and Aunt Mary Jones nursed the women through childbearing and families through sickness. Communicable diseases passed through in waves. Diptheria, Measels, Whooping Cough, Influenza all took their toll on the lives of these people. During World War I the flu was so bad that people had to wear masks when they went out to prevent the passing on of the deadly illness. Families used every herb, medicine, medical technique imaginable to try to treat sickness. Sometimes the remedies were successful. Sometimes they weren't. Time after time entire households were put under quarentine to keep illness isolated. One father wasn't able to return to his home for a three week period because he was absent from the home when the quarentine sign had been posted.

It is important to note at this point in the review that everyone called everyone else Aunt or Uncle even if you weren't related to the person at all. My own children refer to Uncle Lorin and Aunt Shirley even though there is no direct blood relationship. This custom still continues in the community today when people talk about neighbors and friends. Another custom that continues is that of calling men who have served as "bishop", a religious leader in the community, as "Bishop." Instead of the person being called to by name he is called "Bishop" by members of the community, even if he happened to be a bishop someplace else.

There hasn't been a lack of choice in which cemetery to bury those who passed on. One or two families chose to bury family members near the knoll on the east bench. Not only Anglo children were buried there but some of the Native Americans chose that location for the burial of their family members. An old Indian couple dropped off at Enoch by a passing tribe are also buried on the top of the hill. Of course, families could always take family members to Cedar City cemetery. Many, many have been laid to rest there. It wasn't until World War I that it came home to folks that a cemetery was needed right here. A young soldier by the name of Henry M. Jones was killed in action. His remains were brought home. His family decided that he should be buried in what is known now as the present Enoch cemetery. There were many who objected because that plot of land lay close to large water channels and flooding was expected from time to time. It was also located close to the Indian Village located just south and east. The burial took place anyway and since that time many have chosen to be laid to rest in that peaceful setting.

One of the unusual developments to take place over the years is the schooling of the children. The first families undertook the teaching of their children in their homes, sometimes combining efforts by having one woman teach her own and neighboring children. Of course, there were interruptions all the time, but families made the effort to have home school. When there were enough families to warrant having a community center, materials were gathered and everyone went to work constructing a log, stone structure on the property at the end of Enoch Road north of the Owens home. The foundation of the building is still there if you look close enough. The building ran east and west. There was a stage built into the end where plays could be performed and programs held. The one room served as a school room for several years as well as a civic center. When the Church was completed farther south on Enoch Road school was held in the basement under the stage. There weren't many children who attended on a regular basis, but for a period of time instruction needs were met in

a Church setting. Soon there was need for another school. A two room structure was built near the road on the north side of the Enoch Park. Elementary children were taught in one side (grades one through three) and older children (grades four through six) were taught in the other. When a bus was made available the older children were transported to Cedar City. At the same time this was all going on there was one other school in the valley. The Matheson School on Veda and Lamar's Property was used extensively for elementary students. When it burned down the students were moved to the Midvalley School. It was located behind the Haight home just one half mile South of the Mathesons. Bussing didn't get into full swing until 1927 and then children from Enoch were bussed to the Cedar City schools. Students continued attending the Midvalley School until the mid 30's. The valley has produced many scholars and leaders in all fields and interests. Many young people have chosen to move away and make their lives elsewhere. Lately we see young people trying to stay here or return here after obtaining advanced training and education. They don't always build new. Sometimes they just move in with mom and dad.

The Bee Industry has always been a part of life here in the valley. For many, many years California fruit growers who moved their bees to this alpha growing area during the summer and then hire drivers to return the hives to the orange groves in the fall where they would winter. Several men in the community would act as teamsters in trucking the valuable insects back and forth. Bees are still brought in during the summer months. The honey is very delicious and a lovely amber color. Several families have tried to raise bees from time to time. Dee H. Wilcken has been fairly successful over the years to have a hive or two and sometimes get them through a cold winter.

In 1890 the offer came from the federal government to open a post office in the community. The only problem was that there needed to be a name agreed upon that could be submitted with the application for the post office. After great deliberation by families, neighbors, church leaders, it was decided that the new name for the community should be "Enoch." The people considered themselves "Zion" people (of one heart and one mind) and so unitedly backed the adoption of the new town name. Unfortunately the post office was closed in 1927 and services removed to Cedar City. Since that time attempts have been made by community leaders to have a post office in Enoch but postal authorities have maintained that the zip code program for organizing distribution of the mail has closed all avenues toward a post office becoming a reality. Last fall (1993) Enoch City officials were approached by postal leadership

interested in the possibility of the city providing post office services without receiving a new zip code. Leaders are still investigating options at this point.

It didn't take long for the early settlers to see that fences were going to make neighbor relations better. And so over time more and more fences were put up. Of course, with every fence you had to have a gate through which you could go without letting livestock get loose and roam at large throughout the valley. Gate closing became a big thing with the locals, especially if others came from outside the community and failed to close the gate after going through. In some places in the community there were so many gates between your place and the main road that it took a lot of time to get from here to there. Fences are coming down these days. Subdivision development and new farming techniques are making fences obsolete. Property owners are building new kinds of fences to surround their properties on which homes are located, and pastures and farm land still have fences running around the outside. And just as it was so in yesteryears, it is so today: sometimes we have to be reminded to "close the gate."

The telephone line had been brought into southern Utah in 1905. A line was built from Cedar to Enoch. William Henry Grimshaw decided he wanted the telephone in his house. He talked to John S. Woodbury, the manager of the phone company. The cost of having the telephone company build the line was more than he could afford, but looking at the wire fences gave him an idea. Wherever there was a road, gate or gap in the fence he fixed it. He put extensions on the posts on each side of a road, etc., put an insulator on and ran a wire up, across and down to the other post. The way he made the insulators was to have someone hold a beer bottle on the end of a willow in a hot fire. He would tie a wet string around the bottom of the bottle about one half inch from the end. The bottom would fall off and he had an insulator. When the wire ran continuously from his house to the central office in Enoch, he asked Mr. Woodbury to bring out a phone and install it. The telephone in those days was a box hung on the wall with a mouthpiece in the front, the receiver on a cord hung on the left side. With the handle on the right side you rang central, gave the number and then talked. Since you were on a party line the ring rang in all the houses on the line and many times other people listened in--they were really lonely, and wanted to know what was going on. Mr. Woodbury brought the phone and informed him that he would have to pay the monthly rate whether it did or didn't work when he installed it. He rang up central. Arabella Jones, a sister to Stanford Jones answered

saying, "Number, please? Who is this? He responded, "This is William H. Grimshaw on Linger Longer Lane talking on the barbed wire fence." "You are?" she said. "Oh, Mr. Grimshaw, it's coming in just as clear as if it was on smooth wire." The telephone has brought the outside world to Enoch. Many homes have three or more phones. Now it's just something you have.

A coke oven was constructed at the end of Enoch Road during the last part of the 1800's. It was used to prepare wood to be used in the firing of the blast furnace. It resembled those built in Old Iron Town and at the end of First East in Cedar City, next to the Coal Creek. You can find the remains of the oven off to the right of the road about 75 feet and a little north of the pond. A heart breaking story accompanies this review. When Myron S. Jones 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. They named her old "Panny." Her home was the old coke oven by the ravine. It was His job to see that she had plenty of wood and chipds 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. 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. Panny was buried the next day in a shallow grave by Myron and Brother George. The oven fell into disrepair and soon fell in upon itself. It, too, needs to be remembered in some fashion.

Richard Williams, an important chronicler of rural farm history, who lived in our midst, wrote of his family's struggles to dig outhouses. One, two, three, and four holers have become famous through the years. Some of the Enoch boys got very good at tipping them over on various occasions, even when someone was in there reading the catalog or just resting. The development of the septic system was a real change for some families and meant that they could have the toilet in the house. That meant no more cold treks in the dead of winter. It was known throughout the community that some families just ran the septic pipe away from the house and let it surface somewhere out in the back forty where it wouldn't be a problem for anyone. Now the community is being dug up left and right to bury

sewer pipes. There are those resisting the inevitable just like there were others many years ago who couldn't see any need for giving up the old one holer. The sewer system will bring us all into the age of technology and modern conveniences.

From the beginning water has been of primary importance. The early settlers built their homes close to the springs so that they could make wooden pipes and divert the water flow into their homes. Many of them had basement cisterns where cool water was piped into the house, was stored in concrete basins, and the run-off was removed from the basement by other pipes that carried the water from the home and out into gardens and fields. Homes farther from the springs needed wells. One man started digging his well in the morning and found the well full of cool, clear water when he returned from his lunch break. Recently farmers have purchased watering systems that have revolutionized farming. Large wells have been dug and huge volumes of water have been sucked out of the aquifer below us. The springs on the hillsides have long been dry. Well levels have risen or fallen depending upon the amount of rainfall and snowfall in the mountains. The city maintains a water system providing service throughout the community. Two large water storage tanks hold the precious liquid. City fathers are now talking about adding more large storage tanks to the system to guarantee water in future years.

More and more people are discovering Enoch. We are continuing to grow at an accelerated rate. At one time 28 homes were going up a month. It's likely that people will continue to move in by the hundreds. Our future will be impacted by those seeking those beauties and values we have all come to appreciate more and more. And we will probably be as reluctant to see them come as the first settlers were to see "outsiders" come in and "spoil things." But they will come, and our lifestyles will change again and again.

Special tribute needs to be extended to three special ladies who have labored for many years to capture the events and people of Enoch as they really were. They have become the treasure bearers for our city. To them we are indebted. We can never fully appreciate what they have done for all of us because it is so monumental. Mrs. Lillian Adams Grimshaw, Mrs. Barbara Adams Bryant, and Mrs. Rose Ina Grimshaw Richardson.