

The 2nd child of Enoch Hunsaker, Pollie May Hunsaker Barnes, wrote this article, February, 1953. Her copy has taken a beating, so it is being typed.

My father, ENOCH HUNSAKER, was born in Brigham City, Utah on September 8, 1860. He was the seventh child born to HARRIET BECKSTEAD HUNSAKER and ABRAHAM HUNSAKER. At the age of two years the family moved to HONEYVILLE, UTAH where they made their home. He grew up and attended school until he was probably in the fourth or fifth grade. He worked on the farm and when he was 17 years old, he went to DIXIE where he worked in the mining country of Silver Reef. (Some where it was written that he helped dig a long ditch from the Virgin River to a land, leveled off..about 100 acres, where cotten was planted and grown, thus the area was called Dixie. EAH) He remained in Southern Utah for some months, and then returned to Honeyville. He worked as a freighter, driving four head horse team, hauling goods to Montana from Corrine, Utah. He had many close calls to death during this period. In the spring of 1885 he went to ROCKLAND, IDAHO where he worked all summer. He now owned his own team and wagen. One horse was a bay with a white face which he called "Old Bally." He was a splendid dependable horse. I remember him very well, as this horse at one time had- seperated shoulder and before this was well some one put a 25¢ piece in under the skin. He must have been twenty-five years old when he died. I remember Father went out to the South Field one day in the winter where some of our horses were wintering and found Old Bally dead, so he cut out the quarter (25¢ piece) and when he came home and showed us the money and told us Old Bally was dead, we all wept as though one of the family had been taken from us. I think my brother Elden has this money even now. While I am talking about Old Bally--- there was a time when he saved Mother's and Father 's lives. This must have been in the spring of 1884. Grandma Hunsaker wanted to go visit Uncle ALEX and family up in WASHAKIE, where Uncle Alex was the Bishop of that Indian ward. They had to ford the Malad river, or else it was high water or flood time. They made the trip going all right, but the water was rising rapidly and running quite swift and a was a good sized stream. They got into the middle of the stream and one horse refused to swim and the water was pulling them down-stream. The wagon box had started to swing off the wagen, but Old Bally pulled them all out onto the bank to safety. Grand- ma had remained at Washakie, but the folks always said had it not been for good Old Bally, they would have been washed down stream to their deaths.

Mother (she was MARTHA ELLEN MAY THEN) and Father spent the spring and summer of 1883 at Rockland or ROCK CREEK, IDAHO as it was called at that time. Mother taught school there that summer. I think Father and Mother did some of their courting there, as after they return to Utah that fall, they had decided on getting married.

So in the latter part of October, they with Grandma Hunsaker journeyed to Salt Lake City, Utah, making the trip by team. They were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House on October 25th, by Brother Franklin Richards. After they were married, they drove out to West Jordan where Grandma's folks lived. They did not have enough room for them all, so Father and Mother spent their first night sleeping in the wagen box. They stayed with Grandma Hunsaker for a short time, but Father had acquired about ten acres of land and a one-room rock house. They soon moved into their own home and they lived the rest of their lives on this land. Soon after they were married, Mother said one day, Grandfather Hunsaker came to the door and called her to come out. There he was with an old sow and her family. He had driven them up there and made Mother and Father a present of them. Meetime Grandpa MAY gave Mother a cow, so they felt very rich. Mother has often told us of her wedding dress which was gold colored brocated material. It was trimmed with gold buttons. That is all I ever saw of the dress. She had left the dress at her Mothers home where they had more room. Well, one day Aunt Maggie May Barnard, Mother's sister, who used to wear it once in a while without Mother's knowledge, had soiled it, so she decided to dye it black. Mother felt terrible about it, as I have so often heard her tell about what happened to her wedding dress.

Father worked where ever he could find work until he got more farming land, and then he farmed altogether. We always had plenty to eat and clothes to wear. Some times not as fancy as some, but always enough to keep us warm and we always had a Sunday outfit, including our dress, petticoat, chemise waist and panties with crocheted lace or embroidery on them. We probably had just one pair of shoes, but on saturday night our shoes were all polished and set in a row so they were ready for us on Sunday morning to wear to Sunday School which we children never missed.

Father was a very stern, strict parent, and we children never dared ask a favor from him or ask if we could go any where, but we would ask our Mother and she would ask Father and then tell us his answer. But I think his bark was really worse than his bite. He was also a great prakster. He delighted in playing jokes on us children. I remember one night my younger brother and myself was supposed to get the kindling in for morning and we played late and had forgotten our evening chores. So we were out at the woodpile getting our kindling and it was really dark. All at once we noticed a large white object coming towards us. I tried to tell my brother is was our old white "Blouchy" cow, although I was terribly frightened, and as the object came closer we gathered up our kindling and ran for the house with the white object closely pursuing us. We entered the house only to find it Father with a sheet over him.

One time my sister ELLA and I had to go to Grandma Hunsaker's on an errand. It was real dark, and we started home walking right down the middle of the road so we could see all around us. There so many tramps around and Grandma lived right by the railroad tracks. We were just passing Uncle HYRUM'S place and we noticed a man standing by the gate, looking as if he had his hat pulled down over his face. Then he turned and began walking in the same direction as we were going and he walked just as fast as we did and he kept right on until were were almost home. Then we discovered it was Father who had come to see that we got home safely, but we were almost frightened to death.

In July, 1884, Mother's and Father's first child was born, a little girl and they named her SARAH ELLEN, a name she always hated and we always called her ELLIE, but in her school days she signed her name ELLA and that to us has become her name. If I was mad at her I would call her SARAH ELLEN and that, I assure you, just added fat to the fire and would probably end in a scrap.

From 1884 on, every two years, we would estimate that within a week or so, a new baby would come to our house. The first five children were born in July. ELLA on the tenth; My birthday on the 28th; our brother HARTMAN on the 2nd; then MARTHA on the 16th; and COLMAN born July 22nd. That is in the order of which we "JULIERS" came along. Our sister, VELDA, came next born on October 17, 1894. JAMES LELAND on February 21, 1897. This time Mother had a longer rest between VELDA and JAMES and broke the two year record.

JOSEPH ROSS was born March 18, 1899; then came RICHARD REED. born February 15, 1901, but he died of blood-poisoning, April 22, 1901. Then on June 1, 1902 RAY LUCE was born and on April 1, 1904, MILTON LAVON came along. On October 1, 1905 RUTH was born. The last one in the family was WILLIAM ELDEN, born August 6, 1909.

Father was an honest upright citizen. His word was as good as his bond. He was always on hand to help people in distress and share with those who had less than he. Grandma Hunsaker gave Father 12 acres of land up what we called the North field. Then he received 25 acres down in what we called the South field on the banks of the Bear river. Then for years we had 160 acres out near Ferry bend, a little north and west of Honeyville. This was railroad land but Father thought he owned it when a man named J. P. TARPEY, contested. How we children hated that man Tarpey.

After years of litigation, Father, with several brothers and nephews who also had railroad land, lost out and this was a sad time for all of us.

Father was Constable for Honeyville precinct for years. He never knew the word FEAR. One time the local Honeyville store was burларized and Father went after the culprits. He found them...seven tramps. He captured them single handed and here he come home with them in a wagon and kept them until the Sheriff from Brigham City came and got them. He was deputized by the Sheriff so he worked on other cases outside his district.

After Father and Mother had been married a few years, they built a lean-to-room onto the rock house. The first six children were born in that house. Well, ELLE might have been born down at Grandma May's house. In the fall, just before Christmas in 1898 we moved into the new house up the hill, a short distance from our old house and now we had four bedrooms and a large kitchen and living room combined. What a wonderful even that was to us all. Later a large kitchen and pantry were added.

One outstanding or well remembered event in our lives was in the year 1904 when most all the family had the dreaded disease, typhoid fever. Our sister ELLA had it in August, but Father and Mother took such good care of her that we didn't have a doctor. They would take her to the local hot springs and keep her in that hot water just as long as she could stand it. These hot baths caused her to sweat and they broke up the fever. ELLA got well and went to Plymouth, Utah to teach school in September. I went to Garland to work for a family where that Mother also had tyhoid, but I wasn't there very long before the folks sent for me to come home as Mother was down with the fever. Then it seemed like a nightmare as one after another came down until we had Mother, Ross and little Ray sick at home. My cousin JENNIE came down with it and when VELDA took sick, Aunt EVE said she could take care of her along with Jennie. Then Dad's brother JOSEPH (Uncle Jede we called him) and his good wife, Aunt EMILY, took brother HARTMAN and JAMES to their place when they contracted the disease. We kept

baby MILTON at home but when MARTHA took it I was left alone. Uncle WILL and Aunt ALPHA took the baby and Father and I held the fort. He was so good when MARTHA was so bad. Doctor PEARSE (who had been on the job since Mother came down) said she would never recover, but she had notions she wanted a drink of water from different places and Father would get it from where she wanted. Finally she wanted a drink from Sink Springs up near the mountains and Dad would go every day on a horse and come back with a small keg of water from these springs. Well, they all eventually got well and were a happy family when we were all together again. Father, my brother COLMAN and the baby MILTON and I didn't have it, but almost every morning Father made COLMAN and I take a doze of Epsen Salts. Our friends and relatives helped us out a lot and Doctor PEARSE was wonderful. He made 41 trips to Honeyville from Brigham City..a 20 mile round trip with team and buggy. He also took care of our cousin JENNIE on these trips and her Father's bill was one hundred and fifty dollars, but our bill was only seventy five dollars. But Uncle ZADE could much better afford to pay it than our Father and that's the way Doctor PEARSE did business. We all but idolized him ever after.

Father always cut and hauled all our wood every fall, some from local canyons and some times he hauled cedar from out to Promontory. This trip usually took three days and Mother always fixed him plenty of food but some times he took his dutch oven and cooked some of his own. He had a wooden grub box and when he came home we kids always ran to see what he had left in the box. One thing we looked for was cookies as Mother always baked a lot of sour cream cookies for him and they were so good, never got hard but kept nice and moist so none ever went to waste.

We used to go out to the Little mountain west of Corrinne to the hot springs for a bath. They were supposed to be very good for one. These trips were our vacation, but just for one day. Father always took us to the cave where his Mother lived at one time. Grand Father (Abraham) used to take his sheep and cattle out

on and around the Little mountain for pasture during spring and summer and Grand-Mother lived in this cave where she cooked and took care of some of her sons and others who watched and herded the cattle. There was also the painted rock out there where the Indians had painted pictures. They were queer looking caricatures. Some represented horses, sheep and cattle all painted in red paint or what ever the Indians used for their war paint and Father always took us up to see that rock.

Father was at one time President of the YMIA and was a ward teacher for years. In his later years he went into the cattle business and did very well. In 1914 he had our home modernized. One part of the old house was pulled down and a modern kitchen, dining room, and bathroom were added downstairs and a large bedroom added upstairs.

Our brother COLMAN went on a mission to the Eastern States. Left home in January, 1916; but we never saw him alive again as he passed away in the mission field in Brooklyn, New York on September 27, 1917 after having contracted typhoid fever and then pneumonia set in and he could not fight it and was taken from us.

Our brother ROSS filled a mission in Australia during 1919 through until 1921. Father was very proud of his missionary boys. In 1924 our brother RAY received his call for a mission. He was supposed to leave in the fall, but he took down with pneumonia in June and then he had abscesses on his lungs and was sick all summer, but his health improved and the winter was a bad one and he tried to help Father feed the stock, and tramping a road through the snow so the team could get through to haul the fcc, RAY over did his strength and he came down with meningitis, then pneumonia set in and he passed away on December 29, 1924. My Father took the deaths on his sons very hard.

I think we children had almost every childhood disease known. Any way we had mumps, whooping cough, measles, and chicken pox. When I had chicken pox I was certainly sick--just about like small pox, MILTON had pneumonia, I had crsipelas and TED had rheumatic fever. We all had diphtheria one spring and when we had

any of these diseases our cousins JENNIE, LAVON, and LEGRANDE always had them too. We were about like one family.

The time we had diphtheria, our brother HARTMAN was out to ROCKLAND, IDAHO for a visit, but he came home before the house was fumigated and of course he got a germ and came down with the worst case of all. Mother isolated herself with him and nursed him but he grew worse. We called the doctor and he gave HARTMAN anti-toxin but the disease had developed too far and it didn't do any good. The doctor told some of the neighbors "that boy would never live." Finally we sent for a lady doctor, sort of a quack I guess you would call her, MRS. BUCHANAN, who had a reputation of being very good in diphtheria cases. She and her husband (he helped her nurse her patients) came. HARTMAN was almost choking to death, she looked at him, washed her hands and quickly dug the stuff out of his throat with her fingers. They never left the house for 2½ days but they certainly saved his life. It was months before we could understand a word he said, the back of his throat was so eaten by the cankerous sores of this horrid disease that for a long time, when he tried to drink, the water or milk would come back through his nose.

It seems like during winter time, Mother was always dopping some of us kids for sore throat, ear ache, tooth ache or lagrippe. My those old remedies; pat bacon strips with pepper and turpentine and put on a rag around our throats and then our home knit woolen stockings (Mother knit all our stockings) wrapped around our and put to bed and we all had to gargle a mixture of vinegar, water, salt and pepper and have our throats swabbed with a clean white strip of cloth dipped in turpentine or carbolic acid. If we had a cold coming on, our feet were soaked in hot water and we had onion syrup, we liked that, and then we always had to drink tea made from garden sage. When we had canker or a sore mouth we always had to take a home made canker medicine made from honey, burnt alum and a liquid made from boiling peach tree leaves. Then for sore throat sometimes Mother made a funnel of paper and put powdered sulphur inside the funnel and blow that

down our throats. About choked us to death and to disinfect the room sulphur was burned on top of the stove until we all but choked on the fumes, but the flames were pretty and sometimes we sneaked a bit of sulphur and put it on the stove. Then we caught the dickens. If we had a cold on our lungs, mustard plasters were put on our chests. Almost blistered us, sometimes it did. Those were made of four parts flour and one part dry mustard mixed into a paste with water and spread between two pieces of thin cloth and then put on our chests and we hollered that they were burning, but we had to keep them on a while longer until we knew we would be blistered and then consecrated olive oil was rubbed on and a piece of flannel put on for a day or two. And how we bawled and bawled with tooth ache and ear ache. Laudumn was put in our ears and stuffed with wool or cotton. And cloves or carbolic acid on a piece of cotton for our tooth aches. If a contagious disease was about, little sacks were made and filled with asafedita and tied around our necks on a string so we wouldn't catch the disease.

Father always put us through some new medical fad. One time he bought a huge bottle of Native Herbs. A terrible physic or laxative and we all had to take it. Then he went and told our teacher, who was a bachelor, to be sure and let ELLA and I leave the room as soon as we raised our hands for permission to go. That was so embarrassing to us, especially to ELLA, as she was quite a young lady by that time. But trust Father for doing things up in great style. In the spring time, Father saw to it that the family all took a tonic. At first it was sagebrush tea, and later we had to take a tablespoon of a concoction made of Epsen salts, cream of tartar, lemons and hot water and believe me we took the stuff every morning either before breakfast or before family prayer. We hated it too. Well anyway, Father and Mother relied on home cures for most of our illnesses and we got along fine.

Our youngest brother, ELDON, was, I believe, the only one to break a bone and when he was ten years old he fell off a horse and it stepped on his leg and broke it, a bad break between the hip and knee. After eight long weeks he got

up and tryed to walk and fell and broke his leg again right in the same place. So it was eight weeks again before he walked and he got so sick while lying with his leg hung up with a weight on it. Oh yes, RAY broke his arm out here in Rockland. A mule kicked him and Dr. Logan fixed it, but done a very poor job and his arm grew crooked and the next spring, Dr. Pearse had to break it over and saw off the ends of both bones and put in a silver plate where the bones didn't meet, but it finally was as strong as ever before. Oh my, those old time remedidy, but they must have been good, because we all lived.

Father was a great reader, and in spite of his not getting far in school, he could hold his own in any conversation, on most any subject and he could do most any mathematical problem in his head faster than most any one could do on paper.

Ours was just an ordinary family, nothing spectacular or particularly outstanding about us. We lived a simple country life, but with Father at the head and Mother at his side we never got far out of line and grew up to be among the best families in the community.

Father was a great advocate of education. Even in the grades we were always in school, no dillidallying and no playing hooky, nor ever any tales about our teachers doing this or that. Father wouldn't allow any of these things. The entire dozen of us, except one, had the equivalent of a high school education. Some of us went to college. Two of the boys, MILTON and ELDEN, had two years of college and would have perhaps have continued if Father hadn't been stricken with that fatal illness. Four of we sisters were school teachers.

Father was like an older brother to Mother's younger brothers and sisters. Always looking after them and helping Grandma May when ever she needed help or advice. About the time he and Mother were married, Grand Father May with his plural wife and family went to Canada to make their home as the law was after all polygamists in Utah. Grandma's health was poor, so Mother and Dad did all they could to help her.

Our home at the time though small, was always open to everyone and it seemed to me Father was always taking his lantern and escorting friends or relatives down to take the midnight train, as there wasn't any railroad station in Honeyville in those days.

In his later years, after acquiring cattle, Father did a lot of riding on horseback, and being a heavy man he might have bruised himself. Then in May 1929 he was stricken with cancer of the bladder. He didn't know just what was wrong, and his mental suffering was harder on him than the physical suffering. He passed away on July 24, 1930, after a year of illness.

We were so happy to see him released of this suffering, but it did seem such a shame to see Father cut down in what seemed to me to be the prime of life as he wasn't old and could, it seems have spent many more years with us. Anyway, he was spared the passing of our yougest sister, RUTH, who died July 28, 1930. Mother had to go through those two sad ordeals so close together alone. It was very hard on her, but all her family were at her side and helped her through this very trying time.

These are some of the events I remember about my Father. Besides what I have already written, he was always interested in civic affairs having served as school trustee, President of the town board, also as coucilman and for years as town Constable.

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As this copy that I have re-typed, is over 40 years old, it was very difficult to read. There may be a few words, phrases, sentences that might differ a little from the orginal script. But, I tried! ELVIS ANDREW HUNSAKER, Grand-son of ENOCH and MARTHA. I lived with them for 2 years, 1928 to 1930. I'm the son of HARTMAN.