

GRIMSHAWVILLE

An Account Given by George D Grimshaw
Pictures Donated by Franklin Hunter Grimshaw
Typed by Linda G. Ayers
Edited by Beverly S. Grimshaw

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This is being taped on Sunday, the 8th of August, 1982. It concerns the growth and development of what is now known as Grimsshawville in the city of Enoch, Utah. Most of the land in this area was homesteaded by the earlier pioneers of this vicinity, not the original pioneers.

The area here includes the row of four 40-acre pieces which now constitute Norman Grimsshaw's farm, the Enoch Ward farm, and property owned by the Webster family running north and south. The 160 acres on which we reside consists of Dolph's 40 acres, George and Henry have two 40-acre pieces split and F. H. Grimsshaw (Hunter) owns the north 40 acres. The 160 acres west extends one 40-acre south of Midvalley Road and is owned by Henry at the present time. The one that the new church is built on is owned by Dolph, Arlen and DeAnn, and the 80 acres north of this is owned between Dolph, Henry, David and Clara May.

Originally, under the Homestead Act, land was acquired by applying to the State Land Office for what was called a Homestead Entry on which you could acquire 160 acres of land by doing certain improvements, one of which was to build a residence, cabin or home and live on this property for a certain length of time.

I think Dad and Mother applied for this piece of property in 1907, the year I was born. For living quarters they tore down a buggy shed at Beaver, moved it here on the homestead, and rebuilt it again and lived in it and a tent for a period of time.

Some of us think we have it pretty rough in this day and age, but if we could only realize the work and sacrifice that the folks put into this place, we would maybe appreciate it much more than we do at the present time. They have certainly left us a great piece of valuable property as far as raising a posterity in a peaceful area among good neighbors and friends.

After they rebuilt their buggy shed and set up the tent to live in, they had a cow or two to milk and they kept the cows up to Uncle David Hunter's homestead, which was south and east of here. The property recently owned by Norman Bulloch east of the Garden Park Subdivision.

Dad would take two buckets and go up and milk the cow and bring back the milk and a bucket of water. He did this twice a day.

Of course the prime objective was to get water here on the place. They dug the first well with a shovel and a bucket and a rope. Dad would dig and fill the bucket and Mother and Uncle Arnold, who was staying here during the school summer vacation, would pull each bucket up out of the well and dump the sand and put the bucket back down to be filled again. I don't know how long it took to dig the well, but one day they left to have lunch, and by the way they had roast duck that day, and when they went back after lunch to start digging, water had risen up in the well so they decided that was good enough.

This well was dug just about where the stair goes down into Henry's home at the present time. This well

was not very satisfactory because the water was very hard, but it was good for washing dishes and clothes and other things.

They proceeded to get a better well. Father bought some pipe, two inch (2") pipe, and he had to go to Lund to pick it up with a team and wagon. Johnny Lang had a small horse-powered drilling rig. This well drilling equipment was considerably different from the Grimshaw Drilling equipment that is here now. It consisted of an eccentric to raise what they called a "wash rod" up and down. This rod was a piece of one and one-fourth inch (1¼") pipe and as they would open up a hole for a distance deep enough, they could put down another length of two inch (2") casing. Then they would put another length of casing on and they had a hammer they raised up and down, a large heavy weight which drove the casing into the ground.

They drilled a hole to a depth of 208 feet and they cased it to 204 feet because they hit a gravel strata there and when they got it all finished it flowed a gallon and a half a minute. The pressure was sufficient to still flow at an elevation twelve feet (12') above the ground. The family used this well for our water by installing a pump in it and we used it until 1933 when we drilled the six inch (6") well north and west of Henry's home.

Going back to the development of the homestead, Uncle Arnold also helped Dad haul rock to build a foundation for the permanent home. They used black rock and a lime mortar. It's sad they didn't have the wherewith to put in a good foundation because the home they built at this time became part of the big Grimshaw home we lived in and all grew up in.

After the foundation was put in Dad built a framework of 2x4's the same as you would build the framework of an ordinary home, but he used boards on either side

of the 2x4's and filled the partition with mud. They would mix the mud and pour it in the height of those boards. Then they would pull the boards off after it set and raise them up and use them as the forms to put more in. They did this until they got up to the eaves of the house and then they put the roof on just like any other house.

This first home was a three-roomed home. It consisted of a kitchen, a living area, and back in those days what they called a parlor, which was a large room that was generally kept pretty free of children until you had company and then they were ushered into the room.

This room was on the east side of the home. It had a nice door with an oval glass pane and it also had a doorbell that you twisted to ring. This was a comfortable home, quite easy to heat in the wintertime and it was cool in the summertime.

The next objective was to clear some land and get some crops growing. The sagebrush here were about eight feet (8') tall all over the homestead, taller where the ground was a little more sandy.

The first clearing was done with one horse with a chain, long chain tugs and one single tree and a lever at the end of the chain. One end was fastened to the single tree and the other end was fastened to a pole about six or seven feet (6' or 7') long and the chain was attached about a foot or a foot and a half from one end. You took hold of the other end and as the horse walked past a big sagebrush you hooked the end of the lever around the brush. It would jerk it out and then you would let the lever go and it would drop the brush and you would grab the end and hook it around another brush. This was the way they cleared brush for quite a while.

After it was cleared, the ground was plowed with a hand plow until later Dad got a one-disk, disk plow. It

had three wheels and you hooked three horses on it. You had a set of double trees on one end and a single tree on the end of what they called a three-horse evener. This way each horse could pull its share of the load. With this plow if you hit a big sagebrush stump, it would jump right out of the ground. You really had to hang tight to stay on. Later on Dad bought a two-bottom, low-board plow. It had a tongue and you could use four horses on it. Most of the ground, the rest of the farm and part of Uncle Will's and some of Grandma's, was broken up with this plow--plowed for the first time.

However, on the ground where the new church is now located, Uncle Will had Indians come and chop all the big brush off the land with grubbing hoes and only left brush that were about a foot and a half tall. Those big brush were burned and I had the privilege of plowing that ground with the first tractor we owned.

After a few brush were cleared, the next step was to get some irrigation water. The only water we could acquire here was to catch the tail water off of the farms above. Dad had ditches running south and fanning to the east. One ditch went across the bottom of Bulloch's place, which would be one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) mile east and one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) mile south. It would run across another one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) mile east and tail water was brought to the fields across there and then down to the little piece of land he cleared on the east side of Dolph's 40 acres.

Another ditch was run across west of Garden Park Subdivision to catch water from Nelson's farms and by doing this he was able to put in a little rye and corn, enough that we could have feed for the animals and rye for our bread. Mostly in those early days we ate rye bread because that was about the only thing we could produce without any water.

Of course, all of us who know Father know that his first objective after clearing a few brush was to plant trees.

Up the Union Field Lane, which is now Highway 130, were a lot of cottonwoods growing. He tried to select the trees that didn't bear cotton and he would cut off the large limbs about four inches (4") in diameter and leave them the height he wanted to have them limb-out above the ground. Then he would take a post-hole auger and dig a hole and put the limb in the hole.

One limb was quite large, about eight inches (8") in diameter, so he used it for a chopping block for a while. Then he decided he'd plant it. It was the only tree out of the bunch that grew. He dug it up to see what the difference was and discovered that the notches cut in the limb as a chopping block permitted moisture to go in all the way up the part that was buried in the ground and that was the reason the tree lived. From then on he always cut notches in all the trees he planted and had great success. There were very few failures.

We have done this ever since when we planted trees. Down at my old place, a couple of miles north, all those trees were planted that way and they still survive.

The main brush were cleared by using a 12 feet piece of railroad track, a real heavy rail. He took one buggy axle and had it cut in two. He stuck the spindle of the axle in the hole of the rail so it would stay at a certain angle and be very effective in hooking the brush.

He had the blacksmith make some clamps to go around the rail so he could drag a pole on either side back of the team. He put seats taken from old implements over each pole so a boy could ride on each end of the rail on the pole trailing behind. A chain ran from the axle up to the team. This was very effective and was really a

good way to clear the land. The only problem was you had to keep the teams going at the same speed because if you let one get ahead of the other, then the rail would skid sideways around the sagebrush and if you weren't careful, it would flip you off. So each boy had to have a whip and had to be ready with his lines to hold his horses at the same speed so the rail would be at right angles with the direction they were going.

I remember the highest brush on the place were up where the well is now on Henry's upper 40 acres, south of the church. We have a picture of Dolph and Ina up in the top of these brush and they look like Cedar trees.

Anyway, this rail was very effective. We would go around in one direction and then we would turn and go around the other direction and by that time the brush would be fairly well piled.

Murie's had some heavy curtain rods--they were about the equivalent of three-fourths inch (3/4") steel tubing used for wiring, only they were curtain rods--and they let us take them. We would place a piece of blue denim, twist it, and work it in one end of the rod for a wick. Then we would fill the tube with coal oil or kerosene and put a cork in it. The coal oil, of course, would seep out through the wick and we would light that end. All you had to do was give it a little dab on any of the tops of the brush after they had dried a little in a pile and four or five people could burn 20 acres in a day easily.

Dad was very anxious to get alfalfa on the place. I have actually seen him take a shovel and dig up alfalfa plants that were growing in one place where they weren't wanted and transplant them to a place where he desired them to grow.

Putting the collected tail water from the farms above us to good use, Dad was able to acquire an 80-acre

Class B water right, which is a high water right. And through that he was able to start quite a lot of alfalfa and of course was very successful in later years raising alfalfa seed because the area here subirrigated so well that once you got the alfalfa started you could raise seed without watering it. We had some fields that did not have a drop of water for 20 years except what fell from the sky.

The first corrals and stables we had were located about where the northwest corner of Vern's new home is. We used those for a few years and then we moved them up to where the Ayers' new home is now. We had a root cellar there with a concrete top which we used for a garage to park the car in later.

We also had our corrals and mangers for the horses on the south end and in the center for our cows. Each cow had a leather collar around her neck with a ring in it. When she came up to eat, all we had to do was take a little chain that was attached to the manger and snap it into the ring. Then the cows couldn't run around and fight each other for the feed. That way they could each get their proper share.

A building was built north and east of Vern's house near where the big quansit hut is now. It was used for a granary and later on a chicken coop.

Grandma Hunter had a little one-room cabin over west of our home about 100 yards where she was living to prove up on Uncle Will's homestead. The wind whistled through this little building pretty badly. I was just a little kid and I mentioned those awful noises. Grandma was sure an optimist. She said, "That's the only music I have."

After Grandma's homestead over east of here was proved up on, they decided to tear that building down and move the roof of it over and put it on Grandma's house. Dad rigged up some poles. He had a big block

and tackle. They raised the roof up in the air, built the main structure of the home under it, and then set the roof back down on the house. The house consisted of one large room, about the size of my living room, with a fireplace at one end. It had a little lean-to kitchen on the west. This house was located in what is now the park and the front door to this house was about 30 feet northwest of where the elderberry bush is barely surviving now, so the location is easy to find. This home was later burned down by vandals.

Uncle Will built a nice little barn west of this, about where the east fence of the church is now. It was really a nice looking little barn with very warm lambing sheds on the north.

I might tell you a little incident that happened here. Sam Johnson was an orphan Uncle Will had taken to raise. He was a little older than I. We were out one spring morning digging in the sandy ground with a couple of shovels. We were just having a great time and Grandma came out and said, "Boys, if you will just dig this a little and square the corner up here and there and dig it about two or three feet deeper, then we'll put a roof on it and make a root cellar." It became work from then on. Anyway, we dug it and they put poles across it and willows up on top of that and Juniper bark up on top of that and dirt on top of that and it did make a real good root cellar.

When the folks got a little better off financially they decided to buy a car. Dad was very much in the mood to buy a Model-T Ford, but Mother just could never settle down to a Ford. She wanted something she thought was a little better. So in 1917 Doc Gibson, who later lived in Hurricane and was an agent for Buicks, sold Dad a little four-cylinder Buick. Dad had to go to Richfield to pick it up because there was no agency here in this area.

That was in the days before there were any service stations or any place to buy gasoline. The routine was that each person that had a vehicle that used gasoline would buy a 54-gallon, galvanized tank and have a bronze name tag placed on it. They would take turns going to Lund with a wagon, taking everybody's gas tank, filling it up and bringing it back.

Lund was the railroad station and there were gas wholesalers there. Later on when cars got more plentiful, there were garages set up which not only repaired cars, but sold gasoline, too. Then in a few years they started building service stations.

Dad discovered the running boards on the little Buick were strong enough to hold a gas tank on either side. He would load up, put a gas tank on either side and rope it on, tying it to the door handles. Then he would get those filled and when we got a tractor, of course, that was the way we hauled our gasoline for the tractor. But by that time, there were places in Cedar where you could purchase gas.

Father was very successful in raising alfalfa seed. The price then wasn't anywhere near like it is now. If you got 15¢ to 25¢ a pound, you were getting a great price. He really raised some bumper crops at times and other times it was practically a failure. After the bugs came in, like the weevil and locust bug, celsus fly and so on, it made it almost impossible to raise alfalfa seed unless you sprayed, and we weren't equipped to use such procedures.

In order to get a more dependable supply of water, Dad and Uncle Will decided to drill a well. They drilled up within a few feet of where the present well is up by Garden Park. This was drilled by a driller named Cliff Quinn. They drilled 338 feet. This original well, though it was drilled in hard times, made it possible for us to develop the farm.

After we found the success that could be had by pump wells, West Enoch Irrigation Company was formed and three wells were drilled over in that area. A good share of the water has come this direction. Finally after Henry and I had a failure down at the Bluebird, a mile north, which was probably a blessing, we transferred the rights from that well and drilled this well south and east of Steve's home, which has certainly been an asset to us and takes care of a good part of the homestead north of Midvalley Road.

The folks decided to enlarge the home and they made the mistake of building onto the old home. They would have been much better off if they had moved to a different location, even if it was a few feet and built a completely new home. The foundation under the old original home was just not adequate and it caused serious deterioration to the new part they built on, which was a big home.

It had six nice bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs they enlarged the old kitchen and made a really big addition to the living room. They added a porch on the southeast corner. Henry later enclosed the porch and used it for his Bishop's office. There were also two basement storage rooms under the new section.

If it had been on a good foundation, that home could have just as well stood for another 100 years. Daddy always said, "Poor people have poor ways." But at that time, they weren't really poor.

We used to do all our work with horses. One time we had 20 some odd head. They weren't large horses because Dad figured a smaller horse could do the work and still be used as a riding pony. We did all our work with horses until about 1920 when we bought our first Altman-Taylor 1530 horse-powered tractor. From then on the horses were out as far as I was concerned.

I have often said I could not understand why Father would leave a green area like Beaver, where there was plenty of water, to come down to this arid area where it's as dry almost as the Sahara Desert and homestead and struggle like he did to make a successful living off this place. Mother said she wanted to come out like this because she wanted to rear a large family.

When I consider more fully the benefits of living here, the great posterity he and Mother have, I think they were very successful. I hope we, as their posterity, will have the good sense to appreciate the sacrifices and actual suffering they went through, not only in body, but in mind and spirit, to rear us up here in an area like this.

The Lord has certainly blessed us with material things as well as spiritual things. We can be very proud of the place in which we live. Not only the way the homestead looks, but the parts of Grandma's homestead that we have acquired and the parts of Uncle Will's homestead that we have acquired are certainly an asset to the community in which we live.

I will close with the words of an anthem:

"Let the mountains shout for joy.

Let the valley sing and the hills rejoice.

Let them all break forth into song.

Let them shout and sing and be glad before

the Lord.

For the wilderness has blossomed, blossomed

as the rose.

And the barren desert is a fruitful field.

Joy and gladness now are found therein.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

Martin Skougaard was in Tijuana, Old Mexico talking to an old Spaniard and when he said he was from Parowan the old Spaniard told these storie .

Many years ago he and some friends took their pack train and left California, came through Mt. Meadows on the lake of rushes on through the gap and down along the side of the little Salt Lake and over a range of mountains (probably to Frisco) and mined gold all winter then loaded the gold onto their horses and got all most to Rush Lake when they saw the Indians coming after them so they hurried and hurried the gold in a wash and left.

They never returned to get the gold. *DICK BENSON*

The early explorers used to camp at the mouth of hieroglyphic canyon about 2 miles west of little Salt Lake now known as Parowan Gap. This used to be Indian country and there are many writings or hieroglyphics on the walls of the gap or canyon. It is about 6 miles north-east of Rush Lake.

Rush Lake was settled soon after the pioneers came to this area, it was very inviting because at the point of the big black hill was a spring that flowed from one to two second feet of water. This would water the large meadow.

The first persons we knew of that lived at Rush

Lake was Michelo Haggarty and John Richardson. Rush was the exchange station between Millford (Southern Utah) and Nevada. Haggarty took care of the stables and horses for the stage coach and mail, while Richardson took care of the mail station.

There was a lot of travel and freighting from Millford (the train stop) to Southern Utah and Nevada. Rush Lake was a rest area for the weary travelers and also had a tool shop so people could repair broken wagons.

In 1875, David Ward bought Rusk Lake and in 1879 the railroad changed its course from Marysvale to Millford. Thus, changing the mail route in southern Utah from Beaver to Cedar to Millford to Silver Reef.

David was born 13 January 1834, Leicester, Leicestershire, England, and was the youngest of nine children. He commenced school at two years of age. He was taken to and from school by his sister, Fanny. By the time he could talk well, he could say his A.B.C.'s; and by the time he was 9 years of age, he had read the Bible through.

He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on February 22, 1846 at Leicester, Leicestershire, England by Alexander Betty.

In 1847, he immigrated to America with his father, William Ward and his mother Susanna Webster Ward, settling near Council Bluff, Pottawattamie County, Iowa.

While living there, his father became seriously ill and died October 14, 1849, and was buried there.

David, his mother, and other members of the family came with emigrants to Salt Lake City, Utah, arriving there September 26, 1850.

David, along with his mother came to Parowan, Iron, County, Utah, May 8, 1851. He built their home on the south side of the meeting house square.

For many years he did his farm work and hauled wood with a yoke of oxen, but his grain with a cradle and bound it by hand.

He helped to guard against the Indians on the lookout point near Paragonah and also up Little Creek Canyon.

When people moved out of the fort, David made adobies and built one of the first houses built outside of the fort. The dirt for the adobies was taken from under the house. He also helped to build several other houses in Parowan.

David Ward married Sarah Parker October 1856 at Salt Lake City, Utah. They could not agree so they got a divorce. After having been divorced for a year or more,

he married Amanda Jane Rogers on October 10, 1864, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, Utah, by William H. Hickenlooper, (she was sealed to him as first wife).

Sarah Parker wanted to come back to David, so he remarried her on October 10, 1864, in the Endowment House, by William H. Hickenlooper, and she was sealed as a second wife.

They were accompanied to Salt Lake City, Utah, by David's mother, Susanna Webster Ward. When they were returning to Parowan, his mother took seriously ill and died at Fillmore, Utah, October 18, 1864. They brought her body to Parowan for burial.

The trip was made by wagon. Sarah Parker Ward lived in the house south of the meeting house square and Amanda Jane Rogers Ward took the one he built outside of the fort.

On August 21, 1867, David married Anna Catherine Adams, at Salt Lake City, she was sealed to him as third wife.

David received many appointments in various fields of labor. In 1853, he received a call from Salt Lake City, Utah to go to Sanpete County to help guard the settlements, arriving home the same year. He received a call in 1861 from Parowan to go with a company of men to Moincopy, Arizona, to help bring Little George A. Smith's

bones, arriving home the same year. (George A. had been shot and killed by the Indians).

On April 1864, he received a call from Parowan, Iron County, Utah, to go across the plains to assist the emigrants and arriving home October 1864. April 3, 1866 he was called to go to Sevier to help guard against the Indians. returning home 1866.

David owned some shares of stock in the Parowan Co-op and in Parowan pumie, where they made shoes for men and women. Also, in a grist mill, a co-op store, and a cabinet shop. He bought a flock of sheep and after sheering them, he hauled his wool in a wagon to Provo, Utah. He traded it to the factory for cloth, sugar, raisins, rice, and other things. Where there, he went on to Salt Lake City, Utah, to see his sister, Sarah Hickenlooper, who lived there. It took him eight days to make the trip. After returning home with the goods, he operated a small store in his home at Parowan, Utah.

Neils Mortenson was the big owner of Rush Lake, and he, David Ward, and Ross Mickleson ran the Co-op sheep there during the winter months. David could see the possibilities of a fine ranch home at Rush Lake so he persuaded the others to let him buy them

out. He traded his land in the north field to Ross Mickelson and David became the owner of Rush Lake.

In 1875, David went to live on the ranch. Here he built a one room house made of rough lumber with a slanted roof.

As he surveyed his new pastures, he possibly did not look at the volcanic rock as an asset. Large and heavy the rocks thickly covered a hill east of the pasture, and produced some very poor grazing land.

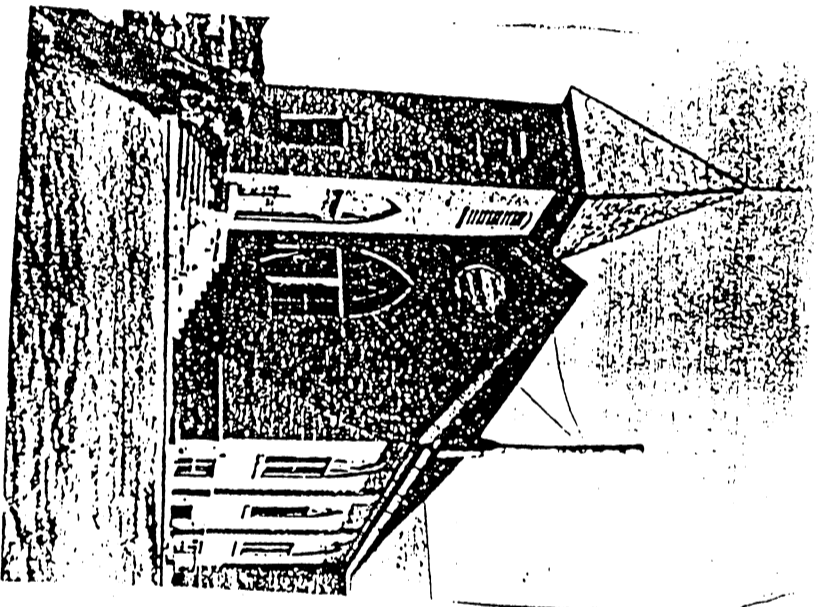
He moved his wife, Amanda Jane Rogers Ward, and family out there, later he made some adobies and burned them into brick and built a two roomed house and three barns, also a lumber hay shed to take care of his hay. One of these barns was the feed stable.

He hauled posts and built a fence called rider or ripe gut fence that went along the road from the spring to the yard gate a distance of a quarter of a mile, the freighters would chop down the fence for fire wood to keep warm and cook their meals.

David cut the wild grass hay on the meadow with a cradle or cycle because the meadow was too wet and swampy for the oxen to get out onto so the slip was pulled to the edge of the swamp and the hay carried by hand and put onto the slip and hauled to the barn.



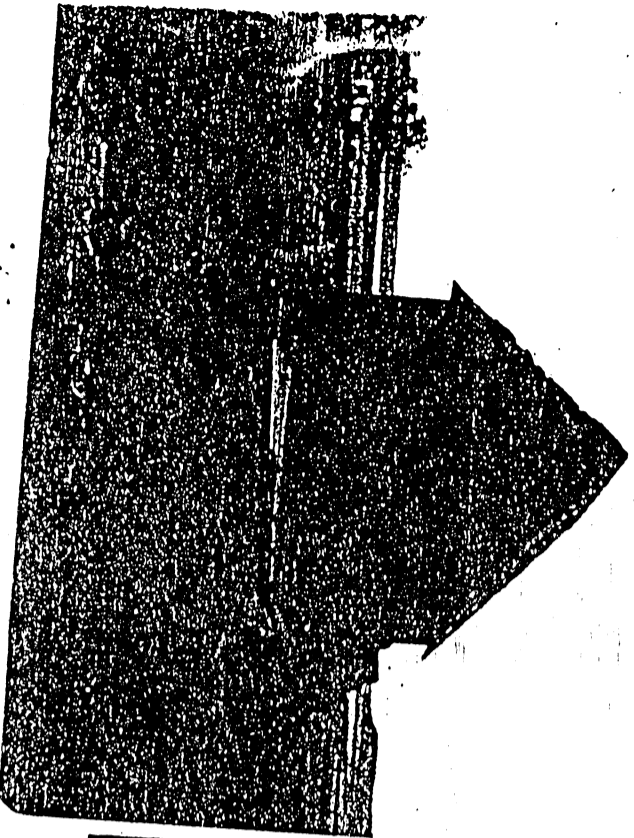
Tree over a century old



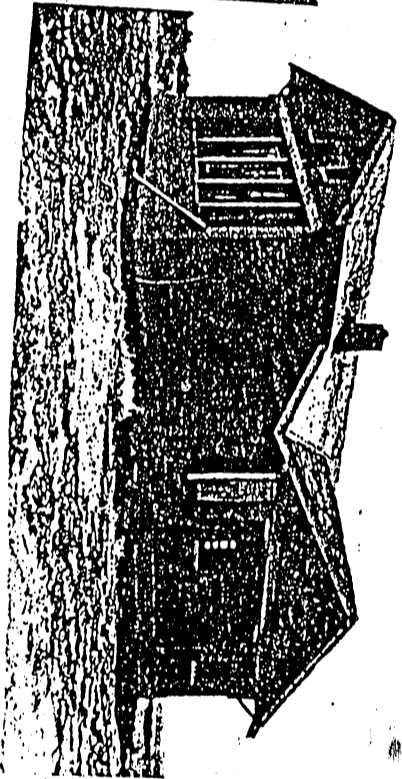
Church house



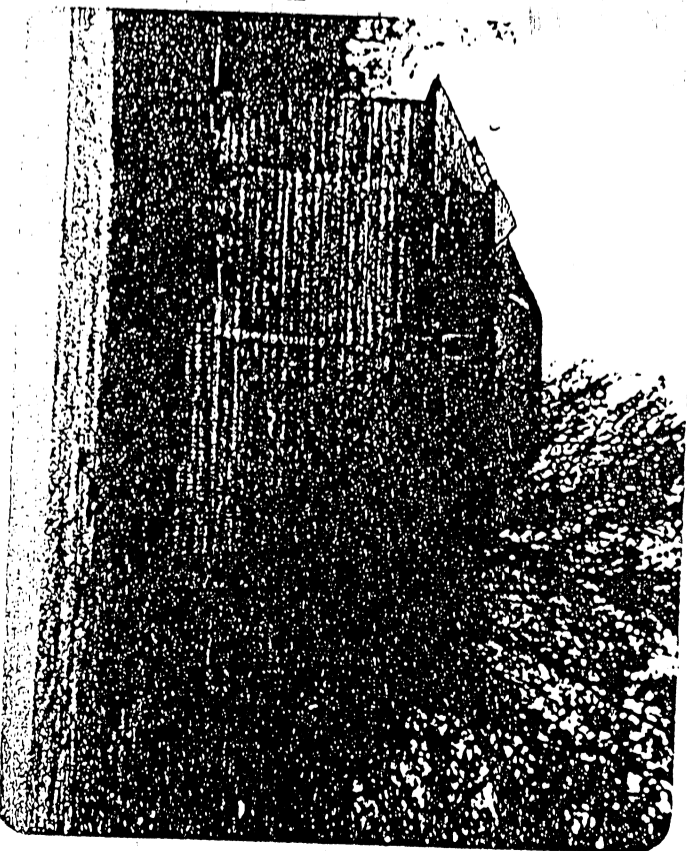
Enoch Mercantile

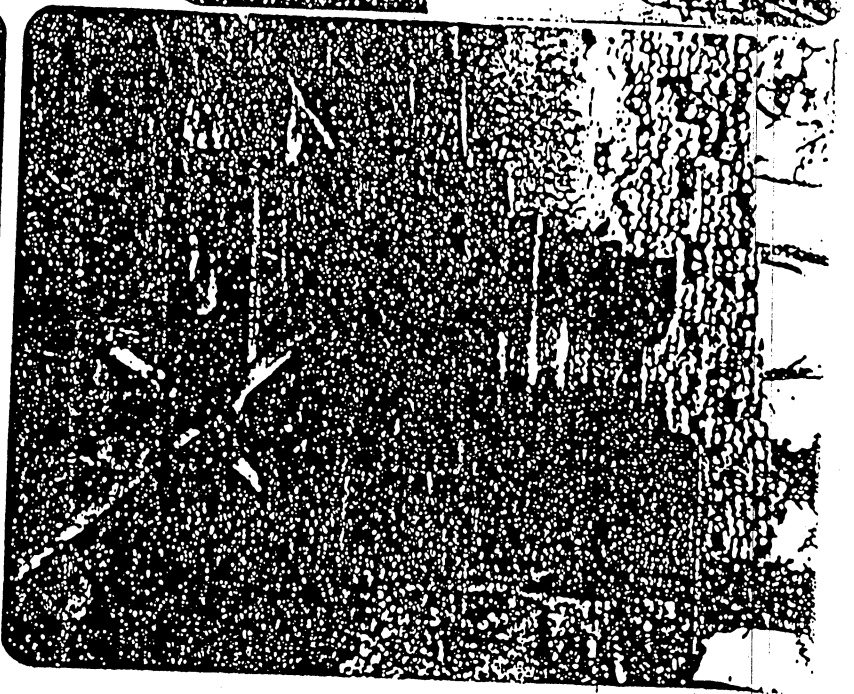
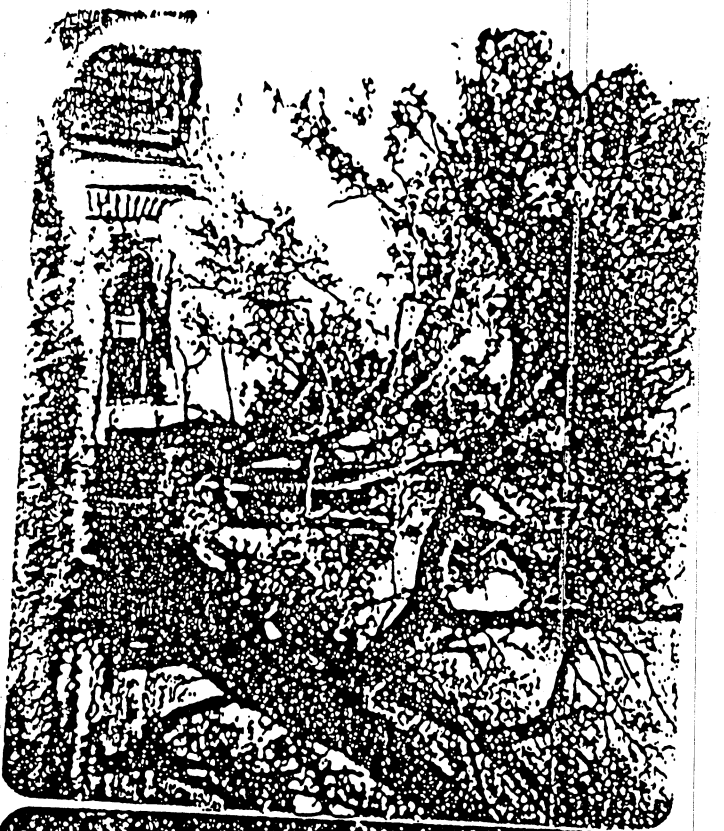


Fishing office

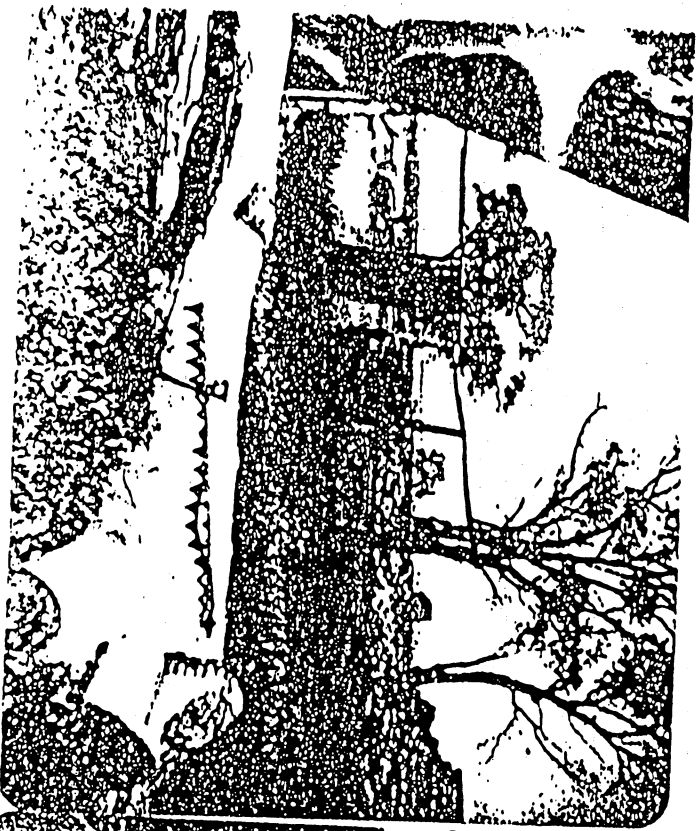


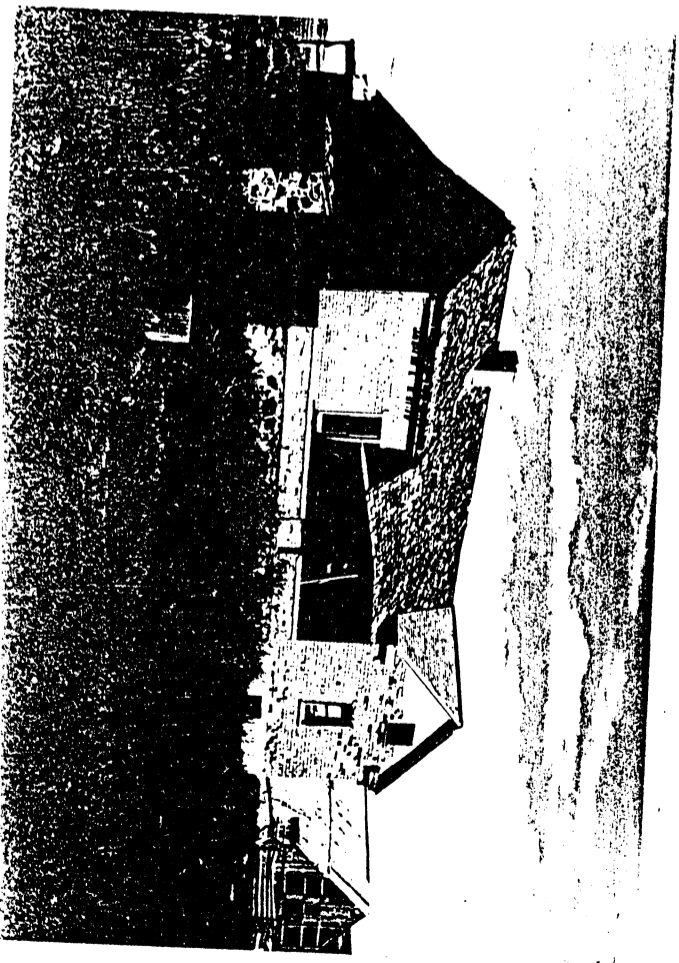
School house





Pictures from Johnson's fort







A Typical Rip gut Fence.

The way the water was stopped from going down the old channel onto the meadow was David had a two wheel dump cart it had a shaft on each side and was pulled by one horse. There were two leather cushions, one on each side of his back, a hard wood was fastened to each one of these pads with a groove for a short chain to fit in and hook on to the shaves to hold them up.

There were three hooks on each shaft, one to hold them up and one on the front to pull the cart. The horse had a collar and haymes with a short chain fastened to the haymes and hooked in the hooks on the front to pull it by. The ones on the back were to hook the brichen on to hold the cart back.

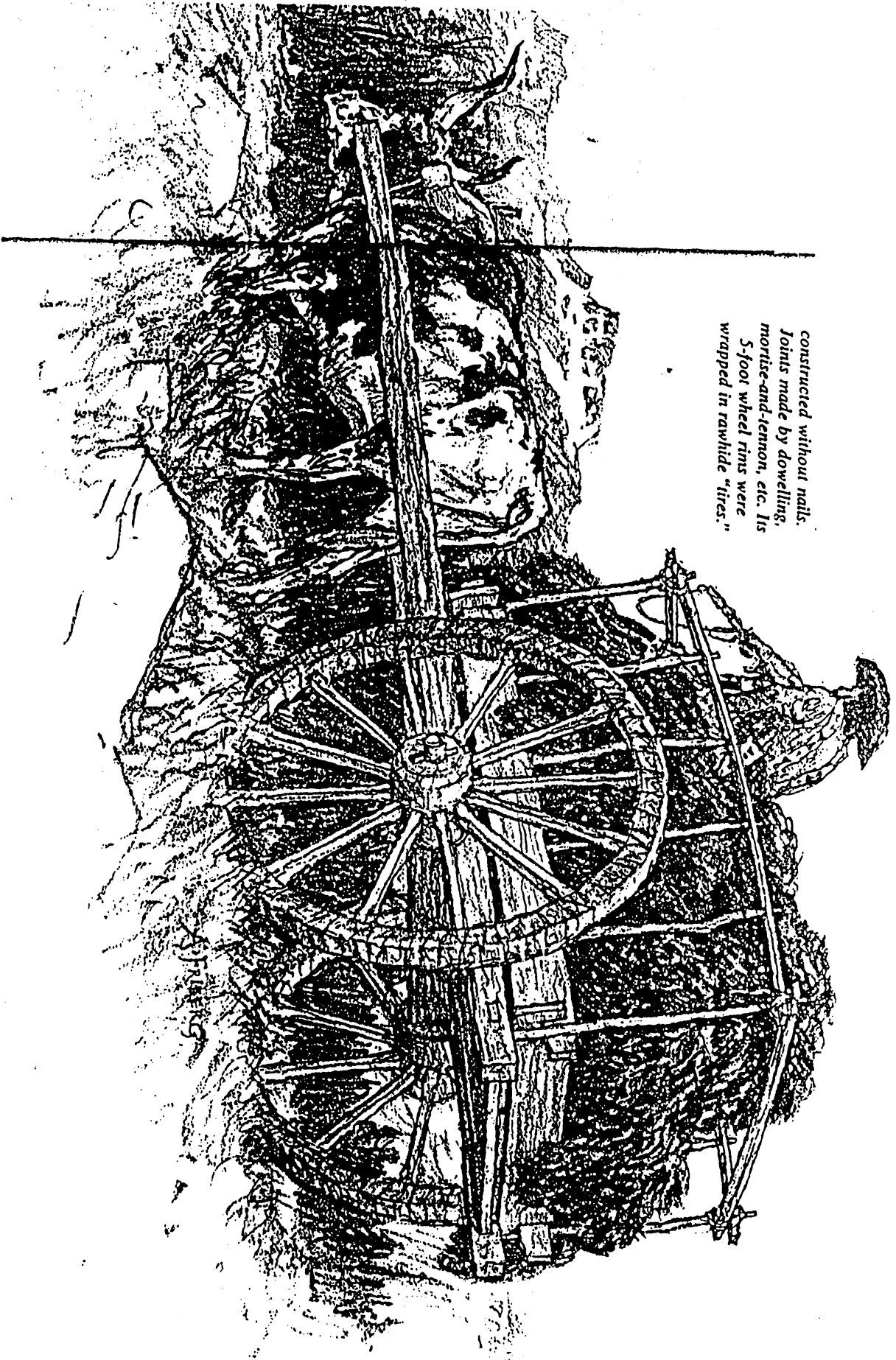
They would load the cart with dirt and haul it where they wanted the bank and then pull a stick out of two big staples--one on each side of the cart, then pry up on the front of the cart and dump the dirt out. When the bank was finished, it made a good sized lake, and it was not many weeks until they could get on the meadow with a mowing machine to cut the hay and haul it off with wagons.

At the east end and around the lake were cat tails and bull rushes. This was a real haven for the flocks of black birds and kill deer. It was too deep out in the middle for anything to grow but was good for boating.

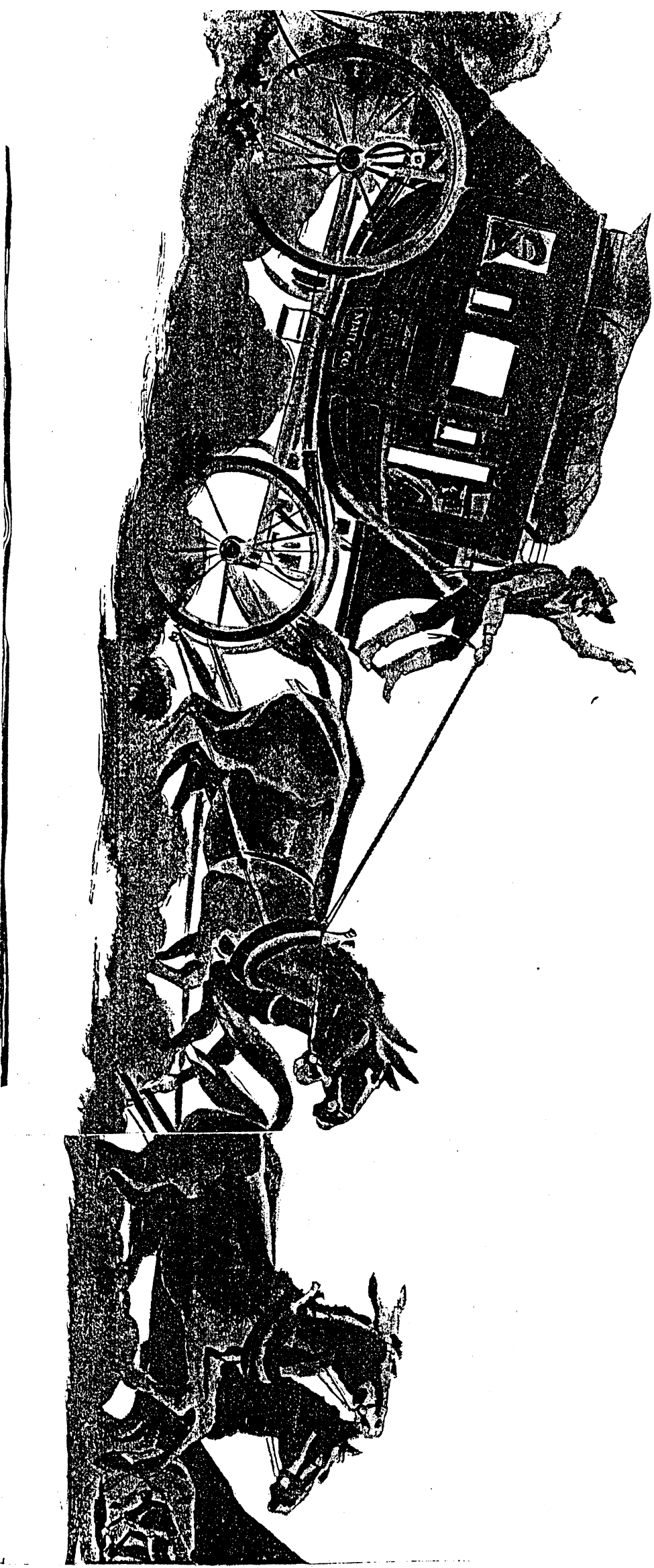
To keep the moss out of the lake, carp and big mouth bass were planted.

David received a call from the historians office at

Salt Lake City on October 15, 1889 to fill a two-year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was set apart by Abraham H. Cannon.



*constructed without nails.
Joints made by dowelling,
mortise-and-tenon, etc. Its
5-foot wheel rims were
wrapped in rawhide "tires."*



David departed October 16, 1889 for the Nottingham conference in England. He was released September 25, 1890 because of his poor health and he arrived home November 4, 1890.

David brought William Bettridge and Tom Beard, who were stone masons, home with him. He let them work for their transportation from England to Utah.

William Bettridge married David Ward's daughter, Matilda Jane, June 7 1893. William Bettridge worked and obtained enough money to send for his mother, Elizabeth Hope Bettridge, Amelia Bettridge, and George Bettridge. William and George Bettridge helped build the rock wall. This fence was about five feet high and long enough to separately surround three pastures, a house lot, a garden area, and an extra meadow of 80 acres.

David was assisted in making this rock wall by hiring the following men to help, namely, his son, David Webster Ward, Richard Lister, John Lister, Samuel Gould, Jake Gould, Orson Orton, Charlie Norris, William Hickenlooper, George Bettridge, Thomas Beard, and others hauled rocks from the hills just east of the ranch.

These rocks, of all sizes were loaded onto slips by hand (slips were boards nailed together to slide along the ground), and pulled by oxen. It is said to have taken about 15 years to complete this fence.

In addition to working on the fence, they made adobe brick and built a ranch house, barns, camphouses, and other out-buildings, including a special brick stable near the road where four find horses were kept for emergency trips to town.

The lower and middle barns were where David kept his work and saddle horses. The feed stable was where the mail horses were kept after their days work from Milford to Rush Lake and fresh horses were taken from there to Cedar City the same day. They stayed at Cedar City over night and then went back to Rush Lake the next day. Changed for fresh horses and then on to Milford to stay over night. The next day they would return back to Rush Lake. This went on for many years until the railroad went on down the line to California. There was a camp house built for the freighters to camp in when they cam from St. George and all of the little settlements along the way to Milford for freight.

David sold the sheep and bought a herd of cattle that pastured in the meadows around the 500 acre ranch. They milked about fifty head of cows and made butter and cheese. There was a good market for these items in this area because of all the mining towns here and in Nevada

They were always watching for rattle snakes. They seemed to be every where, coming from the big volcanic mountains on the east, falling out of the piles of hay when it was thrown onto the wagons. The pigs and hawks ate the snakes so that helped.

Jane taught the ladies how to make beautiful flowers to decorate their hats. She also taught them how to braide rag rugs, and to make beautiful quilts out of hundreds of small pieces of different colored material of all shaps and sizes sewed together and then embroidered around in different embroidery stiches. It was called the "Crazy Patch Quilt" and used as a bed-spread. The beautiful home made rugs were strips of worn-out cloth braided and sewed together.

Every lady wore a front apron, it was tied around the waist and was used for everything--if you were out in the field you brought back an apron load of wood, in the chicken coop it was eggs, in the garden it was vegetables, or you picked a few apples, or if you had the baby asleep over your shoulder you pulled it up for a blanket, or you used it to take a hot pan from the stove, and always it was used as a handkerchief.

People went to Rush Lake to eat, relax and have fun--such as boating, fishing, riding donkeys or horses,

and dancing. In the winter time there was skating on the ice, sleigh riding, riding in the two wheel cart, or tying a big cowhide on a rope and being pulled in back of a horse over the snow.----Material gathered from David Ward's personal history family, friends and neighbors.

* * * * *

Taken from the "Iron Mission" by Luejle Dalton
Many write in their histories of going out to Rush Lake for two or three days of fun and frolic.

One fall they had two big birthday surprise parties. It was the time Naomi Orton was living at Rush Lake to help Jane. The first party was for Dub, then the next week all went back to surprise Naomi.

Horace Mortenson and Brother Mitchell went down in the gap for a load of wood and ran on to Dub and Tiddy and Naomi out getting wood. A big crowd had gone out for the party, but they were staying at the Station House (the U.S. Mail Station) until they all arrived so as to surprise Naomi. Then we came along she smelled a "rat."

Everyone had a good time, riding burros, boating on the lake, playing games, running races, all day and at night singing dancing. Melvin Webb played the violin and Will Lunt, who happened to be there from Cedar, played the organ. Jake Gould called while we danced the six nations and other quadrilles.

Joe Matheson, from Parowan, stayed with Dub quite a bit so Dub gave him a little blue poney to ride. Sometimes Joe would decide he didn't want to go to school so he'd get on his poney and ride to Rush Lake. As soon as Dub would see hime, he'd make him get on his pony and get back to school.

Dub was quite a religious man, but didn't attend church (he lived a long way from Parowan, Utah and with only a horse to ride), but every Sunday morning for an hour or two he'd read the scriptures. If somebody would come by to see him they would sit quitely until he was finished, then he would ask them what they wanted.

Dub had the handle out of an old broken pitch fork that he always kept handy. He'd make Joe sit down on Sunday mornings while he read the scriptures out loud and if Joe interrupted, Dub, without looking up, would give him a tap with the pitch forkhandle. Friends refer to Dub as a "good old guy" and a friend

to everybody. Barbara - Bill Burf
After the turn of the century, there was a big land

boom in the Escalante desert (in the Lund and Modena area) where people could homestead. This turned out to be a big disappointment because it was impossible for people to make a living and most of them left. The only ones that stayed were those that had some other trade

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like Mr. Burrascano, who was a tailor, he made tailored suits for the cattlemen. He later moved into Cedar City and went into the tailoring business. When he was older he built the Indian House on North Main Street and ran it until he and his wife passed away.

Another family that came was the James Fisher family. Son, Tom and grandson, Eddie Williams (called Ted Fisher) live with them. James Fisher had worked on the Panama Canal and had saved a little money. They stayed out on the desert for several years. Their good friend, Hugh L. Adams, that ran cattle out in that area could see that their future was hopeless, so he persuaded them to move onto his farm and work for him (west of Rush Lake).

Tom Fisher, a fisherman by trade as well as by nature found out there were fish in Rush Lake so he spent time there fishing. He didn't use a hook and line, he used a four tine pitch fork that had been heated and the tines bent close together with spearhooks on the end so when he speared a fish it couldn't flap off.

Fishers eventually rented Rush Lake and moved there. They leased the farm and built up a nice herd of beef cattle. They also gave a good supply of milk. They raised plenty of grass hay to feed through the winter



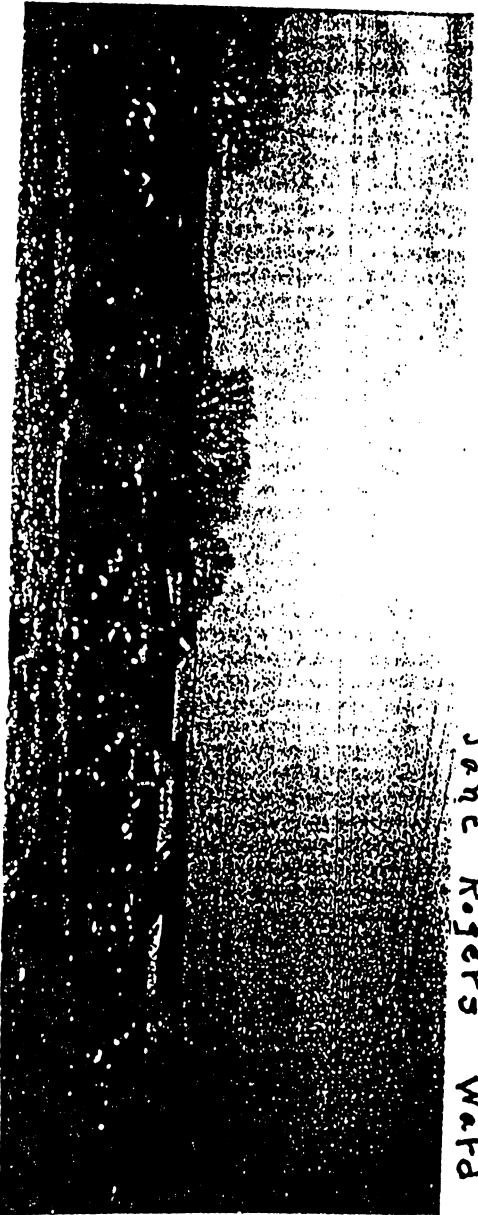
David W Ward



Janc Rogers Ward



David (DUB) Ward
Duff



Mahilda Ward

The Rubin Family Home as it is today



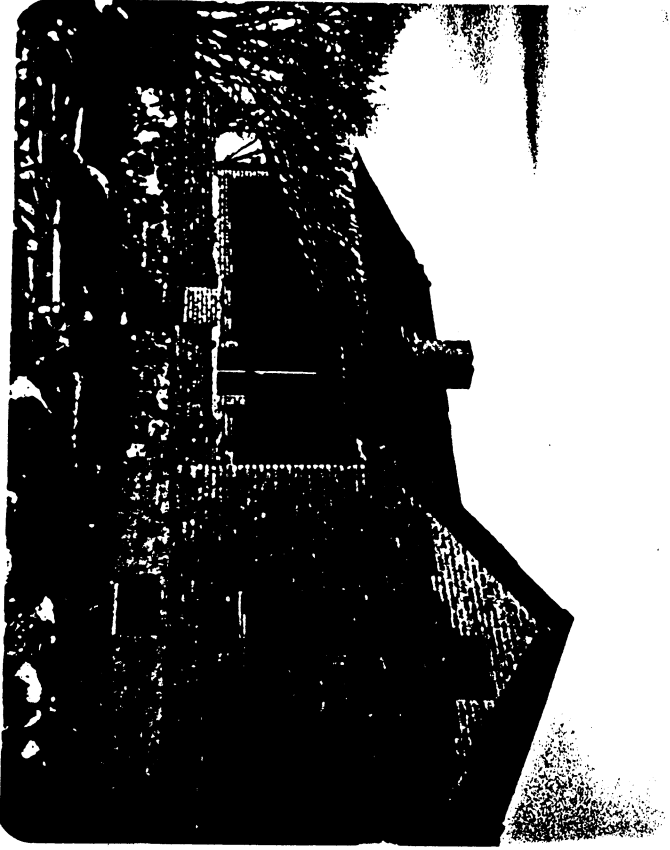
South East view



West view



North view



South view

for us. Several wagon loads would plan to go together and we girls would take our straw ticks along and refill them from Uncle David's big straw stack. Then we'd make our own beds all over the floor. The boys would sleep out in the barn on the hay." "The first time we went, they only had two rooms, so they were surely crowded with a little house and with as many as it could hold, but they fed us royally. The next time we went they had more rooms. This was just before Jon and I were married and I came over here, where we were going to live. I made six pies to take and John took a sack of apples."

"Once while I was out to Rush Lake, Aunt Jane let me make a big cake. I baked it in a big milk pan. When it was cool I cut off the top, scooped out the center and filled it with cream filling then put the top back on and put whipped cream all over it. It sure surprised them when they cut it."

"Once Ester Meeks went out to the spring to get some water and the ice broke with her. She began to scream, "Help! Help! I'm drowning!" Frank Orton went after her and the ice broke with him. We finally got them out, but they had to go to bed while their clothes dried by the fireplace."

"We sure had great fun riding the burro. Uncle David would say, 'Now girls you know, women don't ride the burro double, you know.'" At night we'd sing and dance and play games. Everything was nice at these parties, no roudyism, or anything out of the way."

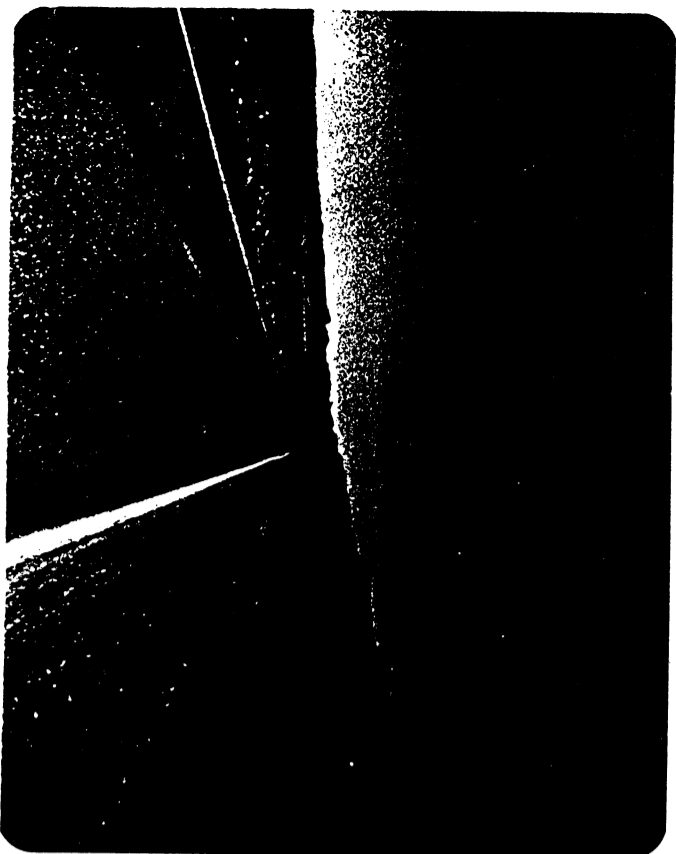
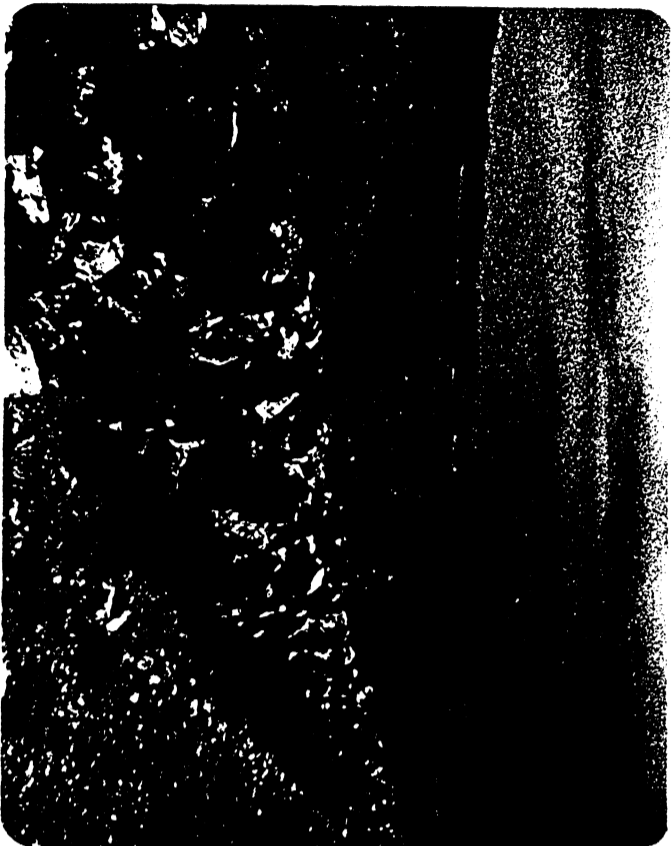
"We used to like to go around Little Salt Lake to the Will and Mary Eliza Lister ranch. I went before I was married and many times after. We usually went in the late fall when the weeds and bushes were white with frost. They had four rooms, a chees room, a vat room, and two rooms to live in."

The road was rather a stiff slope to the lake, and we'd all pile onto the wagon for a ride to the lake, and how the horses would go, then we'd all walk back to the house for another joy ride. Sometimes the wheels would catch on fire so we had to be careful as the wheels were made of wood."

"They had a big cowhide that they hitched one of the horses to and we'd go riding all over the meadow, even over the snow. We'd play outdoors all day then sing and dance and tell stories at night. We always stayed two or three nights."

Will Lister tolk us girls he'd fix a good bed for us. So, he went out and brought in a big log that reached clear across the room. He split this lengthwise and hollow our the middle, then he filled it in with hay and

The boys slept out in the barn on the hay." (From "Iron Mission.")



When weary travelers came to Rush Lake they were welcomed and fed. They stayed in the bunkhouse; there was plenty of grain and hay for the animals, also a tool shed to repair broken wagons.

David and Jane Ward raised Susannah and Ellen Lister.

David and his wife Amanda Jane Rogers Ward were called from Parowan, Iron County, Utah, May 10, 1896 to take a two-year mission to the St. George Temple as ordinance workers. They departed for this mission on May 20, 1896. They were set apart by David H. Cannon and were released March 25, 1898. They arrived home March 30, 1898. David also made several trips to Salt Lake City where he did work for the dead in the Salt Lake Temple.

David Ward died at Rush Lake August 26, 1906, and was buried at Parowan, Iron County, Utah.

After David died Jane and their son David W. (Dub) ran the ranch for many years. After Jane died, Dub ran it. He lived alone and spent his time taking care of the animals. He had a very beautiful saddle. The horn was made of wood and was about four inches in diameter. He also had a whip with a wooden handle about 1 1/2 feet

long with a narrow strip of leather about 8 feet long fastened to the end that he use in his cattle round-up.

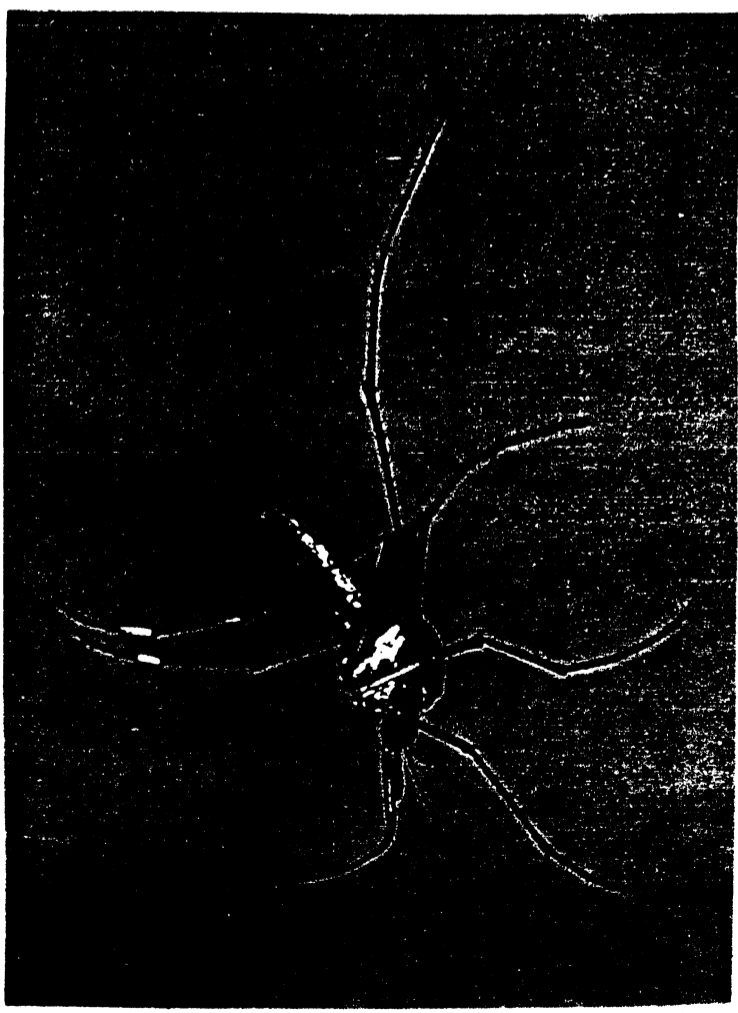
Dub always kept a blow snake in the dirt room under the kitchen to eat the mice.

Rush Lake was overrun with rabbits, so the coyote helped out in this respect. There were also badgers and other wild animals at Rush Lake



A Badger

The men grew beards to help protect their faces from the millions of mosquitoes that came from the meadow. A smudge pot was kept in the old privy as a protection against the misquitos. When Dud was asked why he didn't kill the misquitos on his face, he'd say, "That would make room for some more," he also said, "if you would wash in cold water they wouldn't itch so bad.



Dub-loved and enjoyed his nieces and nephews. *Bill Burt*

Rush Lake used to have some bad flash floods in from the mountains east of the home, but because of the slope of the ground the water would turn and go north of the home and sheds. It would be so deep a wagon couldn't go through it. *Hunter Grimsby*

At twelve o'clock Aunt Jane would say, "Hey there, boys, it's time to scoot." So we'd go the the barn to sleep on the hay.

Next morning Horace and Brother Mitchell had to take their load of wood home, but they came back the next night. Brother Wm. C. Mitchell in his history said, "Horace's father wouldn't let him go so I rode a little grey mare out and foolishly went without a coat and got pretty cold. Naomi and the crowd came out to meet me on burros. I was so cold that they all bunched around me to get me warm."

Brother Mitchell went on to say, "We used to borrow the Adams' sleigh to go riding and once we went clear out to Rush Lake in it. My but the sleighing was fine and we had a fine fat team of horses. When we got to Rush Lake we were about starved and Aunt Jane gave us one of her dinners. The crowd was never too big; her loving arms encompassed us all, and many happy times we had, the latch string was always out."

Johnny Richardson kept the mail station, which was about a half mile from David Ward's house. The mail came from Milford then on to Cedar.

"After we got through dancing Dub and Richardson proposed that we boys have a chicken supper. So we made a visit to Aunt Jane's chicken coop and got two of her Dominick

hens. Johnny made a pan of baking powder biscuits. It declare it was the best meal I ever ate." 26

The next morning after breakfast was over and the work cleared up, they all went riding in David Ward's and Ben Smith's big spring wagon over to Cedar and back. Vinnie Gurr, Tildy, Mew Webb, and I were boating on the lake so we got left, but we rode the donkeys out to meet them on their return.

"Yes, we all used to like to go to Rush Lake and many happy times we had at Uncle David and Aunt Jane Ward's home. They just couldn't do enough for you it seemed. There was Ben Smith and Carry, Mary Orton, Walter Mitchell, Mew Webb, Charlotte Ayer, Louise Orton, William Mitchell, Bell Ortoh, Rone Orton, Maria Lowder, Tet Ayer, Heleman Ayer, Ern Smith, Ada Orton, Ed Burton, Ally Benson, Lizzie Orton, and many others."

"We all used to like to go out to Rush Lake for two or three days for fun and frolic, said Sarah Ann Stevens. Uncle David Ward and Aunt Jane were sure nice to us. They'd invite big crowds of young folks and young married couples. Esther Weeks, Mary and Lucius Marsden, Susie and Simon Matheson, Joe and Lena Bentley, Will and Lena Morris, Lizzie and Alvin Benson, Mark and Zilpha Guymon, and many others."

"These parties were mostly in the winter or fall when the farm work was all done and we'd take our bedding and whatever we wanted to eat; they sure treated us fine and couldn't do enough

The home and corrals were all built on higher ground and so it was impossible to water a garden from the ditch that run from the spring. (The wall around the garden spot was about five or six feet high.) So to get water up on the garden, they rigged up a part of an old mowing machine and used one horse for horse power and a large diaphragm pump (about one foot in diameter). They rigged it up to the pitman then put a sweep onto one of the mower wheels and hooked the horse onto the sweep and as the horse walked around in a circle it pumped the water up onto the gardner. It was a very beautiful garden with currant bushes, flowers and etc.

The Grimshaws and Fishers were good friends so in the summer George would take the mowing machine down and cut their hay and in the fall they would come and help harvest Lucerne seed crop. The mosquitoes were so bad (thick) at Rush Lake that George would wear his mother's bee veil over his head, gloves on his hands, and a coat to cover his arms and shoulders. The animals would be so covered with them that they looked a different color.

Ted Fisher was a large boy and quite old when he started school and the other boys gave him a bad time because of his size. Fishers had some big grey hound dogs to help keep the rabbit population down and Ted would

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take hold of the dog's tail and it would help him run to school in Enoch (4 miles). Sometimes he rode a horse and he later got a bicycle. He thought it would be a good idea to tie the dogs to the bicycle and let them pull him to school, but too often the dogs would see a rabbit and take off after it--bicycle and all.

George Grimshaw
Ted like to intertain the kids and make them laugh so when they came out to Rush Lake he would get on his donkey then lock his feet under it's belly and turn upside down with his feet on top and his head under it's belly.

Bill Burt
Brother Fisher finally built a little home about a half-mile east of Enoch just across the road of the black hill (the ravine Tom and his wife Maggie Allan stayed at Rush Lake for several years then went back to Michigan.

Later the Fishers moved again into Cedar City, where Brother Fisher was the sexton at the Cedar City Cemetery. Ted went back to Michigan--married but didn't live long. Brother and Sister Fisher are burried in the Cedar City Cemetery. *James Fisher returned to Michigan and married his old girl friend died and was burried there* *George D Grimshaw* Webster Bettridge (grandson) moved to Rush Lake and run the

ranch. Sister Bettridge took her oldest daughter (about 2 or 3 years old) out to the collal while she milked the cow. The little girl kept begging to go back to the house. So she finally took her back as she opened the house door, the little

screamed. Sister Bettridge looked to see what was the matter and she saw that if the little girl had taken one more step, she would have stepped on a rattlesnake.



There were always lots of snakes around that area.

Sometimes the ladies would do on the round ups and help locate cattle that had strayed. There were also big corrals where sheepmen would come to separate their sheep and shear them. (Uvada Bettridge remembers cooking for

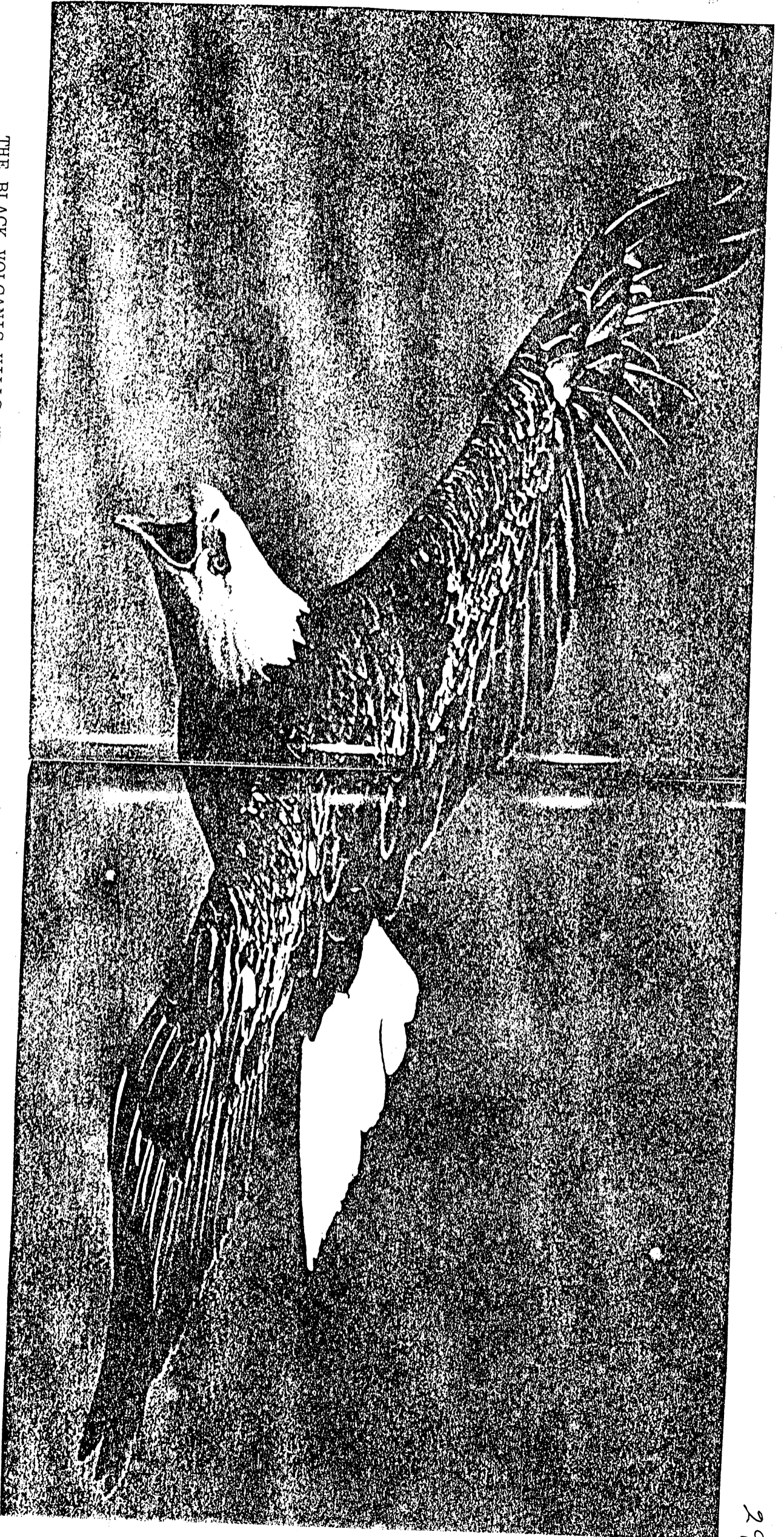
these men.)

After Dub died, Dr. Bergstrom bought the ranch. He drilled a big well on the west side so he could do more farming. That dried up the springs. Dr. Bergstrom hired his brother Wilford to live there and take care of it. The wages at that time were \$15 a week. His wife Leah and children also moved there and it was quite a struggle without electricity. They cooked on an Oil stove and had a fire place. In the winter they had a wood and coal heater. Coal Oil lamps. Water was piped into the house so they had an inside bathroom.

One day before Phebe Ray was old enough to go to school she and her mother were churning butter, and Phebe said, "I don't like that burdie." Her mother said, "What burdie?" She turned around just in time to see a big snake coming out of a hole from the basement. She set the churn down, grabbed Phebe and ran.

Another time one of the kids opened the door to go out and there was a big rattlesnake on the steps by the door. Leah was terrified of snakes so she never tried to kill them. There were also lots of Blow snakes. Rattlers were found mostly around the corrals, the garden spot, and the well. The kids like to play around the lake because there were lots of water snakes and they liked to play with them.

THE BLACK VOLCANIS HILLS AT RUSH LAKE WAS A REFUGE AND A NESTING PLACE FOR THE BALD EAGLE FOR MANY YEARS



Rush Lake was beautiful and green with wild hay and the barn was always full. The kids like to play in the barn and slide down the hay because it was so slick.

One day Garth and Gart Barton went down to the lake and decided to blow some fish out of the lake. Ray Benson was coming through the gap when he saw the blow. He thought it was the pressure tank in the basement so he hurried down there, but all was well. The fish were blown to pieces all over the ground so they couldn't be eaten. Sometimes they did eat the carp. Leah would dip them in batter then cook them.

One time they were burning trash and set the barn on fire, so everyone was running with water to put it out before ti got to the 50 gallon drum of gas.

One winter it was so cold and snowed so deep it froze all of the water pipes in the house, so the boys had to shovel a path to the old outside privy. The snow was so deep you couldn't even see their heads in the trench.

Sometimes the kids would ride the mules to Enoch to play. For recreation they played lots of

games in the house and listened to the battery radio. They had 30 pigs, cows, and horses so there were chores to be done.

The Bergstroms had to take their children to Midvalley Road four miles from home to catch the school bus. When they got there early Grimshaws asked them into the house where it was warm. Then somebody had to come and get them again at night. When the weather was warm enough, they rode their horses to the bus. Leah Bergstrom

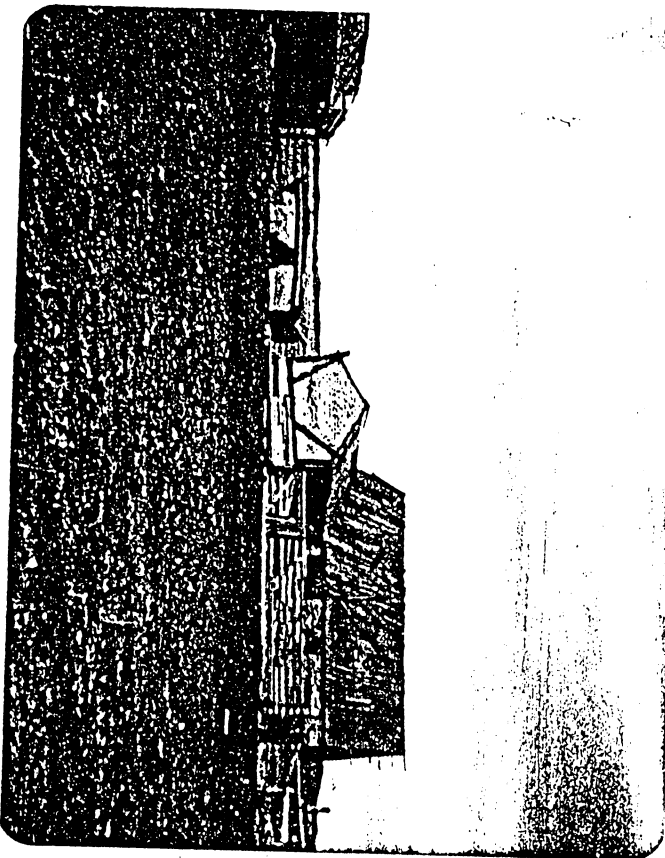
Dr. Bergstrom let people work out their doctor bills by repairing fences, corrals and things around the ranch.

Mr. Kunz later bought part of Rush Lake, but didn't ever live there.

Recently Mr. James Culbertson bought the Rush Lake Ranch. He built the ranch up and now they farm 820 acres with a total of 2,000 acres. He has a hired man and family living there. Cressel Sherratt ran the ranch during the season of 1979 and 1980. Now Mr. Culbertson's son Jim is living on the Ranch. In the year 1979 they raised 2300 tons of hay--in comparison to the wild hay harvested in early years.



The old chicken coop



East wall of the garden

Time has taken its toll at Rush Lake, the springs have dried up and the homes are falling down but the rock wall still stands, a sturdy reminder of the early Utah enterprise and the settlers who were thrifty and helpful to others