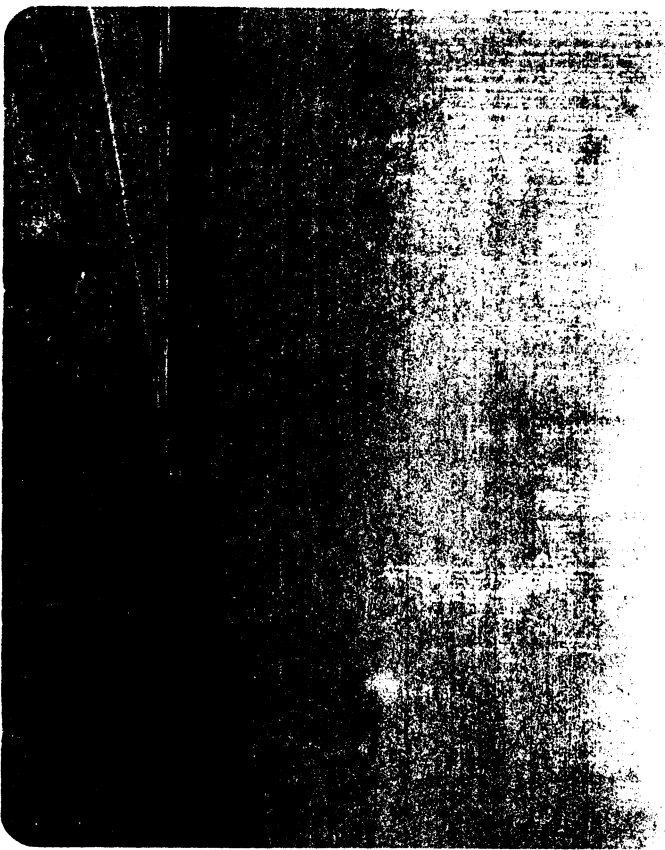
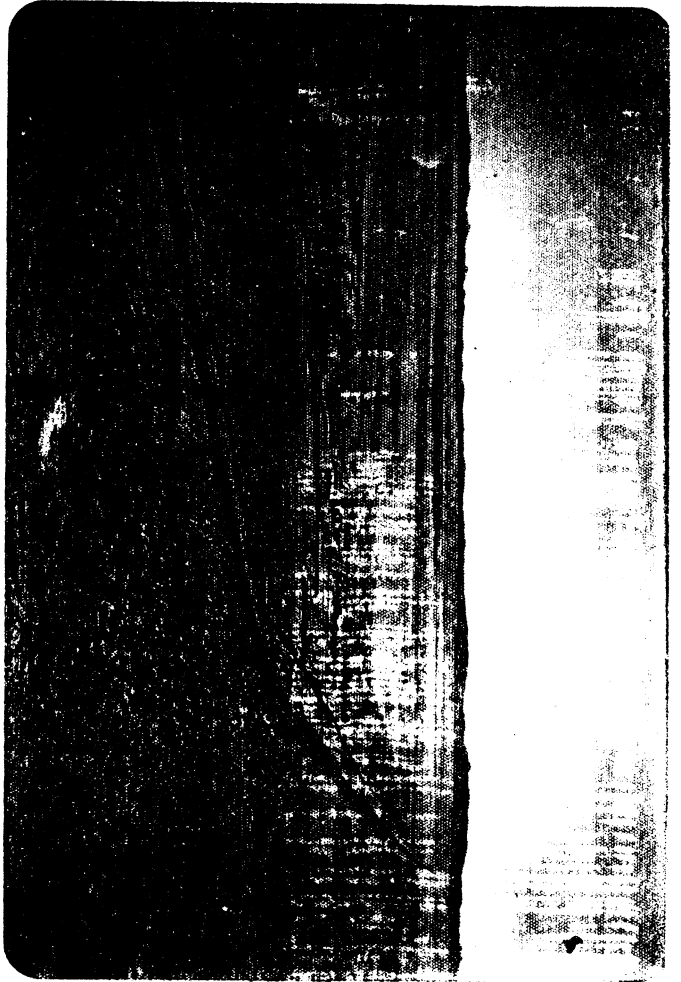


**RUSH LAKE
IRON CO
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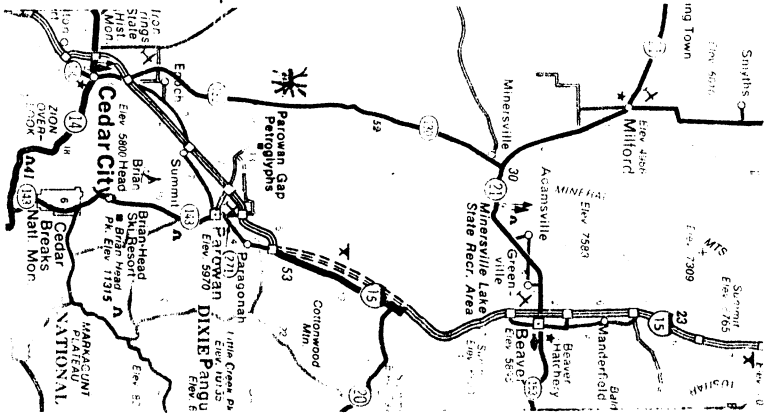
Compiled by Rose Ina Richardson

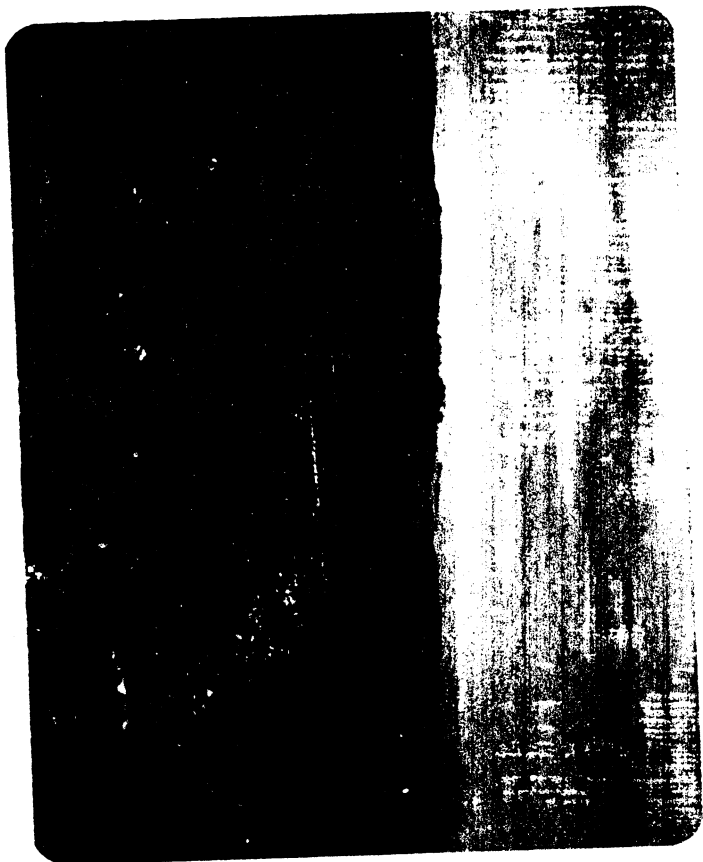
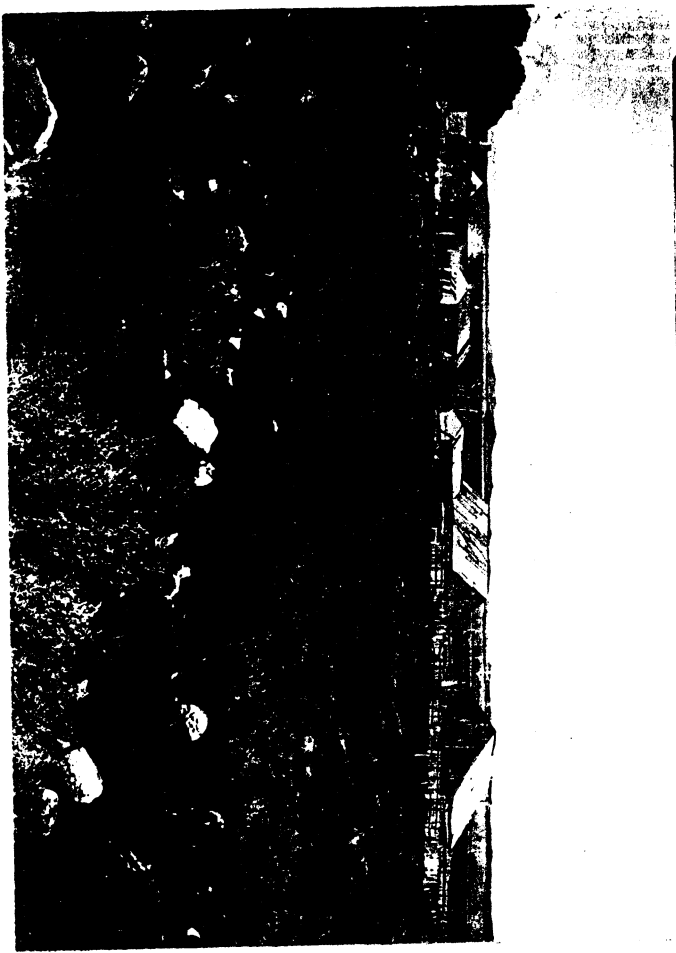


RUSH LAKE RANCH AS
IT IS TODAY



A MAP SHOWING THE
LOCATION OF THE
RUSH LAKE RANCH.





FORGOTTEN CHAPTERS OF HISTORY

By William R. Palmer

Rush Lake Story

My account of Indian storied places here is one that Indian tradition says happened at Rush Lake, ten miles north of Cedar City. This place was once better known than it is today for it was a camp ground on the old freight road that ran from the railroad at Millford to all the Southern Utah Settlements.

This little lake is fed by a big spring that bubbles out at the foot of a high steep sided lava hill. The old Indians had told me strange things that happened there before the grandfathers of their grandfathers was born, which meant a long time ago. They promised that when the right time came they would take me out and show me some things that white men know nothing about. There is a right time for Indian story telling and one cannot induce them to tell their sacred stories at any other time.

Two or three years after this first introduction to the subject, on a spring morning, three Indian friends came to me and said the right time had come and they would take me to Rush Lake. We spent the whole day climbing around over the lava ridge and all around its sides

where we found many interesting heiroglyphics. As we went from one place to another, I was told of certain things that happened there all in the long, long ago.

Some of this was in the nature of sacred ritual that I must never tell. I have kept faith with them. Rush Lake was the scene of many ingenious and remarkable stories. I never go there since that day without a feeling of reverential awe.

We drove to the spring and leaving our car we climbed directly up the face of the black volcanic hill. On top I was taken to the ruins of an ancient rock wall which my guides told me had been built in the long ago by Tobats, the Elder Brother God. From it he could creep out a little way to the edge of the hill where he could see everyone that came to the spring to drink. Tobats was exceedingly angry for That One had killed the younger brother God, Shinob, and brought a long time of dense darkness upon the world. Tobats was out to hunt for That One and kill him. For many days he had traveled around but That One knew he was being hunted and kept out of sight.

Tobats said, "I must try some other way. I must lay down and think." He sat down for a long time on the edge of that lava hill and watched the living things come in to water. Then he said, I will dry up all the other streams

nd springs and make everything come here for water. When That One comes, as he will have to do, I will see him and kill him."

As the other watering places dried up Tobats sat in his lookout and watched more and more of the living things coming in from afar for a drink. Many died that never reached the lake. That One was very suspicious that it was Tobats who was doing all this and he was afraid to come in. But at last he had to come or die of thirst. He crept up very stealthily with his bow and arrow ready to shoot if Tobats came in sight.

At last he reached the spring and lay down to drink. He drank and drank for he was very thirsty. Then Tobats' arrow came down from the mountain top and pinned That One to the ground and he died right on the spot where he had killed Shinob.

There had been great crying and mourning all over the land when Shinob was killed for a dense blackness crept over the world. There was no more day and night, but only night, and the night had no moon or stars. It grew very cold for there was no sun to warm the world and the Indians could not make a fire. Tobats called them to come to him on top of the black lava hill. He told them to take hold of hands and follow their leader

to the top then none of them would get lost. When they had come, they continued to cry and kept hold of hands for it was so dark they could not see each other. They cried louder and louder for the darkness had been as long as four or five days.

Tobats said he would try to find the light. His quiver of arrows were feathered with feathers from all the birds--big birds and little birds and he had big arrows and little arrows. He kept shooting these arrows up into the blackness to see if he could make one go through to the light. At last he shot one that had feathers from un-kuk-won-unk, the flicker, and Tobats thought he saw a little flash of red like the rose of early morning. He caught that arrow and sure enough the shafts of the feathers had turned red.

Then Tobats shot an arrow from que-ab, the magpie. He was a black bird then, but his black feathers sent down a flash of light when the arrow broke through the darkness. That arrow had made a hole clear through and the light began pouring down through it like a stream of water through a hole in a rock. As the light flowed downward, it dissolved the blackness that it touched and the stream grew larger and larger until all the darkness was melted away and the world was bathed in glorious light.

The crying stopped and all the living things were happy again.

Tobats called un-kuk-wan-upm, the flicker to him and said, "The shafts of your feathers will always be red so everyone who see you will know that your feathers were first to reach the rosy light of morning. That will be your mark of honor."

Then he called que-ab, the magpie and said, "You will forever be the symbol of the darkness and of the light. Part of your feathers will be as black as the long night that covered the world, and part of your feathers will be pure white like the light that came down through the hole your feathers made. Every living thing that sees you will know the difference between darkness and light for you are to keep these colors always before them."

It was a beautiful story told me in mixed Indian and broken English and I marvelled at it as I sat listening on that ancient rock wall on the hill above the spring at Rush Lake. I wondered if it was not really a legend that had come down much twisted in the telling from generation to generation, of the three days of darkness that befell the world when God was killed on Mount Calvary in the ancient city of Jerusalem.





Parowan
Gap

Martin Skougard was in Tijuana, Old Mexico talking to an old Spaniard and when he said he was from Parowan the old Spaniard told this 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 Milford (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 Milford (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 Milford. Thus, changing the mail route in southern Utah from Beaver to Cedar to Milford 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.

Stories of Dixie include tragic death

Some stories of Dixie are full of courage and some are full of sadness. The next story told to its fullness is recorded in Jacob Hamblin, Mormon Apostle to the Indians by Juanita Brooks.

In 1860 Apostle George A. Smith had entrusted his 15 year old son, George A. Smith, Jr., or better known as "Young George A.," to Jacob Hamblin for western teaching. Life for the children at "Fort Clara" seemed to revolve around Native American Indian tales.

When Jacob Hamblin was to make a third expedition across the Colorado River to make friends with the southern Indians, Young George A. pleaded to go. For him, this would be the last and final teaching of the western frontier.

The group left the valley of Santa Clara not realizing that the unfriendly Navajos would not let the party complete their mission. Approaching the banks of the Colorado River they found the river to be too high for a crossing.

It was during this period, waiting for the river to recede, that a hostile band of Navajos were en-

countered. The warlike party insisted upon a tribute to be paid for crossing the land. The Navajos offered to let Hamblin's faction precede in peace if they would leave two squaws who were travel-

Bart's Ballads



Bart Anderson

ing with the Mormons, for within Hamblin's group were several friendly Santa Clara Indians who helped as guides. This agreement was not acceptable to Jacob, but a "parley" was to be held.

The Santa Clara company was strategically camped on Table Rock Mesa where there was only a tapering passageway off. This provided excellent protection, but no water. It was a cloudy Nov. 2, 1860, as the "talks" between the two

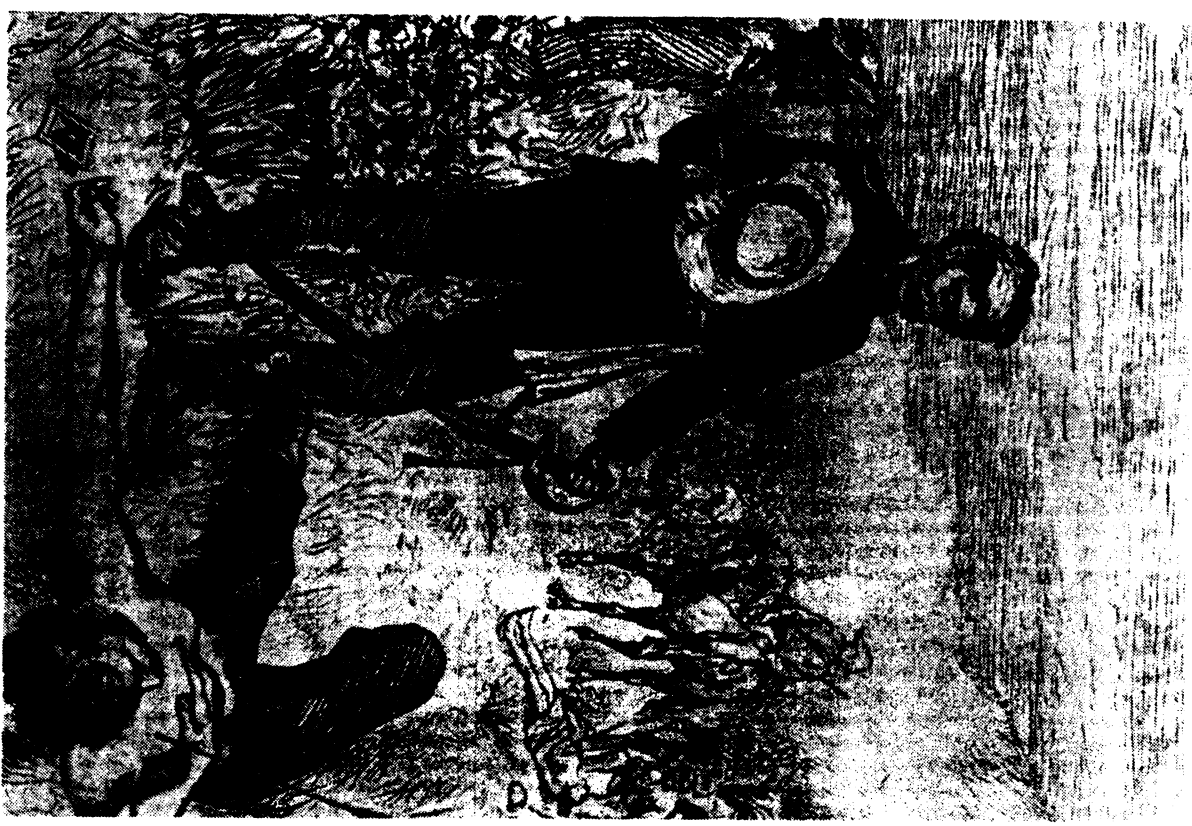
parties were to begin. Young George A. took the horses between the rocks down to be watered. As he was returning, his saddle horse called Vittick, strayed off the trail disappearing between the rocks. To Young George A., this mount was his pride and joy. Turning the corner he was dismayed seeing two Indians leading the horse away. Fear disappeared, being replaced by the want of his steed, was his one and only thought. He confronted the Navajos. They unwillingly returned the pony at the same time asking to see Smith's revolver. His horse in hand and not suspecting hostility, George handed the gun over to the renegades. The astonished silence was broken as the gray smoke from the barrel showed that a ball had struck the young lad. Two more rounds were pumped along with a flurry of arrows into the teenager.

Jacob Hamblin at once realized the seriousness of the situation as the wounded young boy was placed upon the horse and a retreat was begun. The pain from the wounds brought unconsciousness to the lad

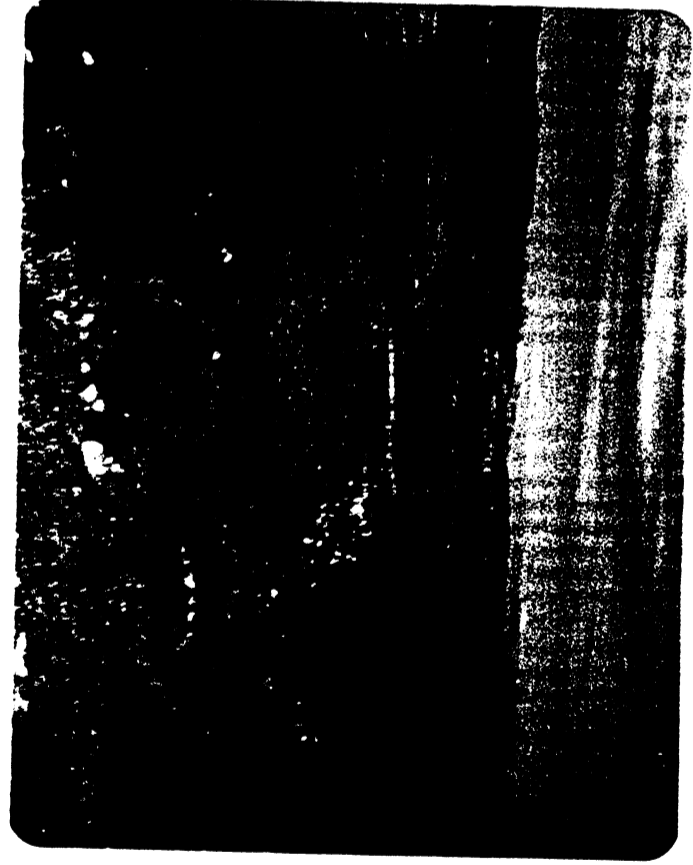
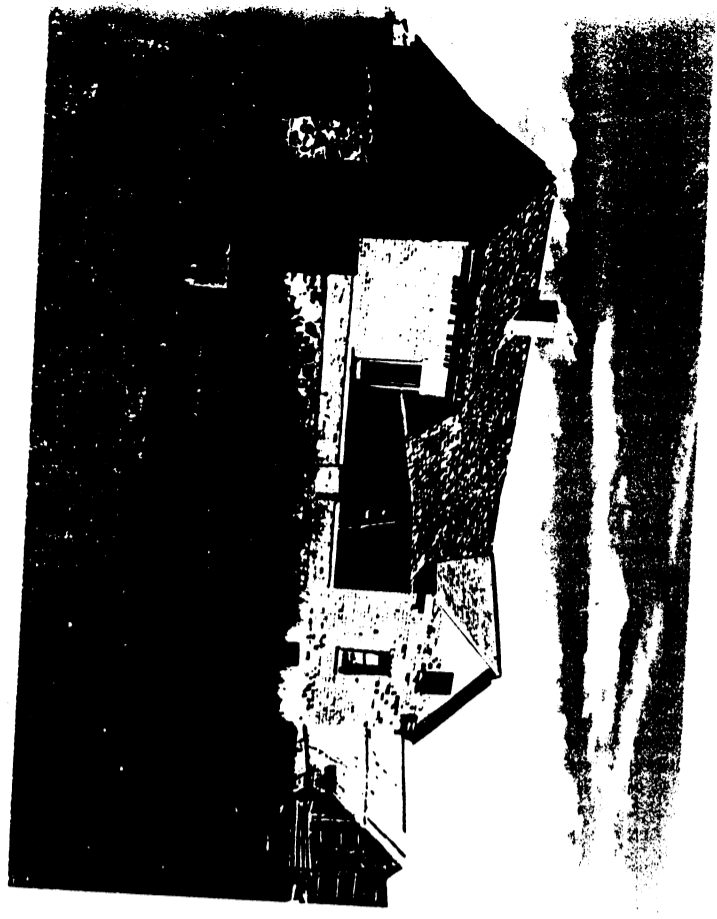
and it was just dark as Smith died. With the Navajos in hot pursuit, the body had to be abandoned. No time for even burying, the body was placed within a narrow slit between the rocks. The Mormon explorer returned to Santa Clara deeply sorrowed.

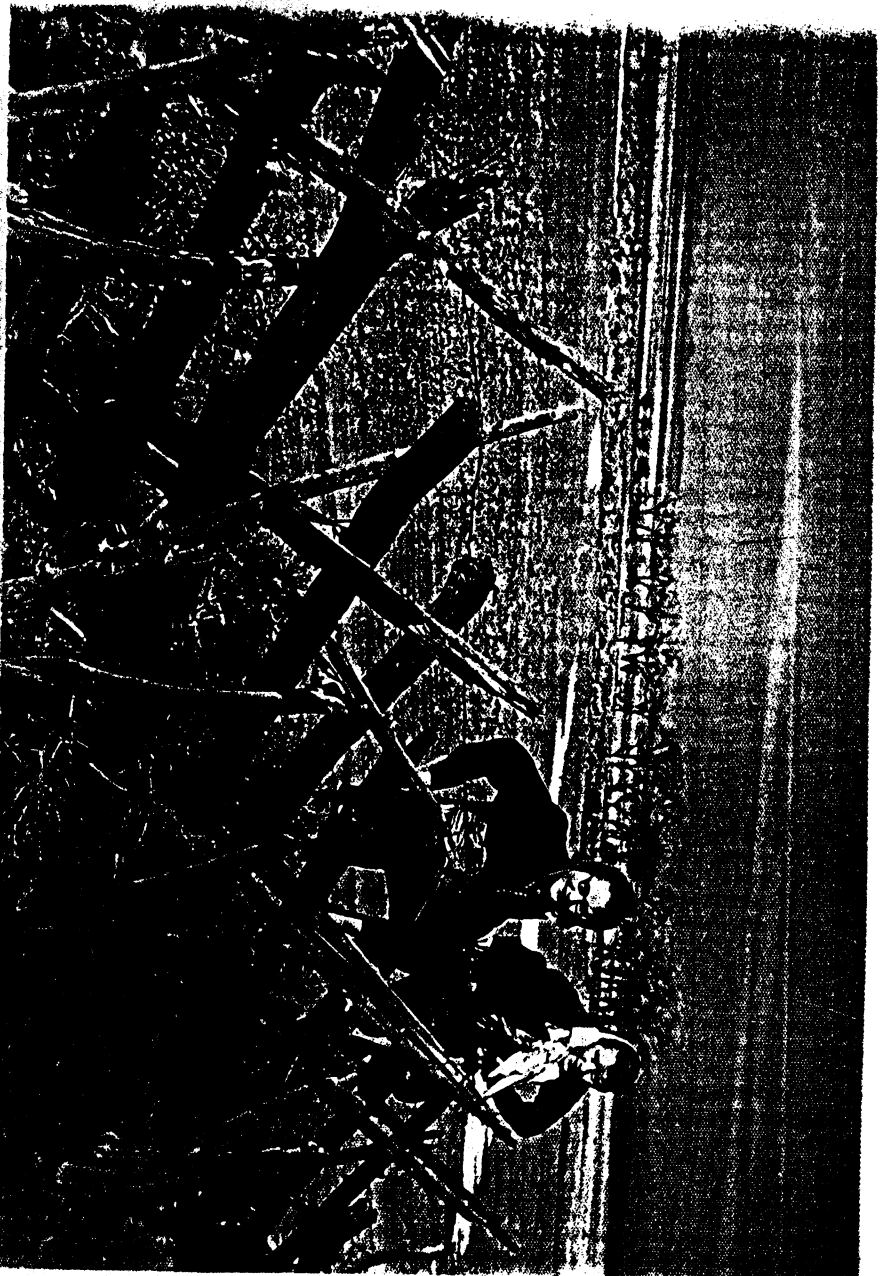
Reporting the loss of George A. Smith, Jr., to his father was the duty of Jacob Hamblin. In Salt Lake at the time, Apostle George Smith wept. Brigham Young instructed Jacob Hamblin to mount a company of 20 men to retrieve the body for a proper burial. Now the cold of the winter forced the Navajos back across the Colorado river. The militia gathered up the now scattered bones and placing them within a tin box, Jacob again returned to Salt Lake to the grieving father.

As one reads this story it gives another view, or an explanation to a complicated subject, the naming of St. George City. Did the death of "Young George A." have anything to do with the naming of St. George City?



Jacob Hamblin examines the dying "Young George A.," at-





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.

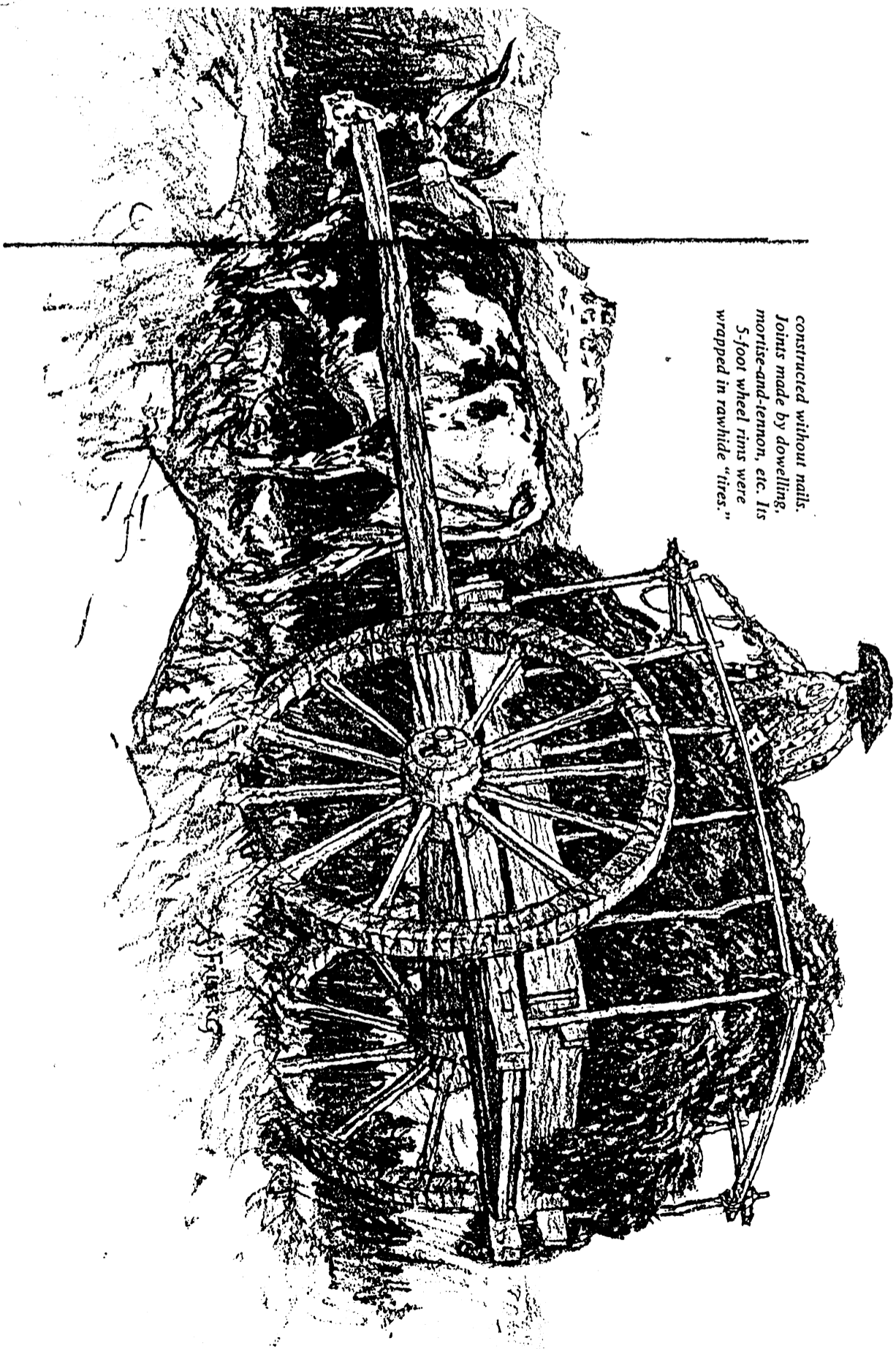
They would load the cart with dirt and haul it where they wanted the bank and then pull a stick out of two big staples--one on each side of the cart, then pry up on the front of the cart and dump the dirt out. When the bank was finished, it made a good sized lake, and it was not many weeks until they 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 Noris, 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 ~~five~~^{five} 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.

It was against the law for a man to have more than one wife. Under the kitchen floor of the main house was a dirt room to keep fruit and vegetables, so when anyone saw the law officers coming, David and many other men that had more than one wife would go down in the dirt room and Jane would put a rug over the lid and pull the table over the rug. The men would stay there until the officers were gone and all was safe then they would come back out. Also, whenever Jane saw somebody coming that didn't look desirable she and the children would go down into this room.

David was a very honest man and expected others to be the same. When speaking he was very frank. He has been referred to as a "Giant of a man," and the salt of the earth. He introduced the hornless cattle to this area. He raised quite a lot of grass hay. ^{Barbara M Adams} They didn't just feed it to the animals they slept on it--several times a year their ticks or mattresses were emptied out and new straw

or grass hay put in, they also put it under their home-made carpets. Their wooden beds were laced back and forth across with rope to hold the ticks or mattresses up.

David had a hand rake made of wood about 18 inches wide with wooden pegs for teeth and a long handle. This is what he used to clean the weeds and grass out of his irrigation ditches so the water could get through. They raised

enough grass and grain to take care of their chickens and other animals.

Jane Ward was ambitious and hard-working. She carried water from the ditch about a block away. She made her own soap, scrubbed her clothes on the board, boiled them on the stove, dried them on the line, and then ironed them with irons heated on the stove.

Every year sage brush leaves were gathered and dried to be used as tea to drink each morning as a blood purifier, it was bitter and nasty.

Wool was gathered from the brush and fences after the sheep scrubbed by and pulled out a little, or if a sheep would die the wool was pulled off and washed good in lye soap then dried and teased (pulled apart and weeds or burrs pulled out), then it was carded into 4 x 8 inch batts by hand and used as batting in their quilts. It was also spun into cloth. Sometimes they would get some cotton from

St. George and spun this into thread. Jane made all of David's suits. Jane was a wonderful cook. She was especially noted for her pancakes. She had a beautiful currant patch and people would come as far as Parowan to pick currants. Jane also had many dances and parties at Rush Lake. In fact, friends would come and stay several days at a time, wall to wall sleeping. Ladies slept in the house and the men in the

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 braid rag rugs, and to make beautiful quilts out of hundreds of small pieces of different colored material of all shapes and sizes sewed together and then embroidered around in different embroidery stitches. 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 Luejla 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 Tidy 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 and 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.

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 ~~wrote a~~ *wrote to Aunt Jane's kitchen and got to turn of neck*

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

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, Nev 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, Nev Webb, Charlotte Ayer, Louise Orton, William Mitchell, Bell Orton, 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 Meeks, 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 ~~form was with~~ *form was with* ~~we'd take our bedding and whatever we wanted to eat; they were treated in fine and could not do work for us -~~



David W Ward



Jane Rogers Ward

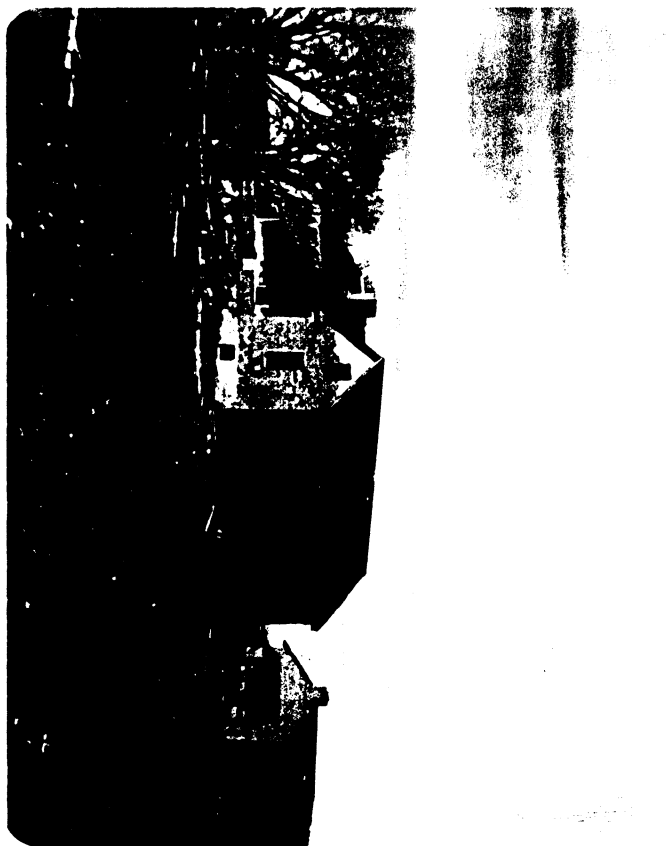


Davis (DUB) Ward

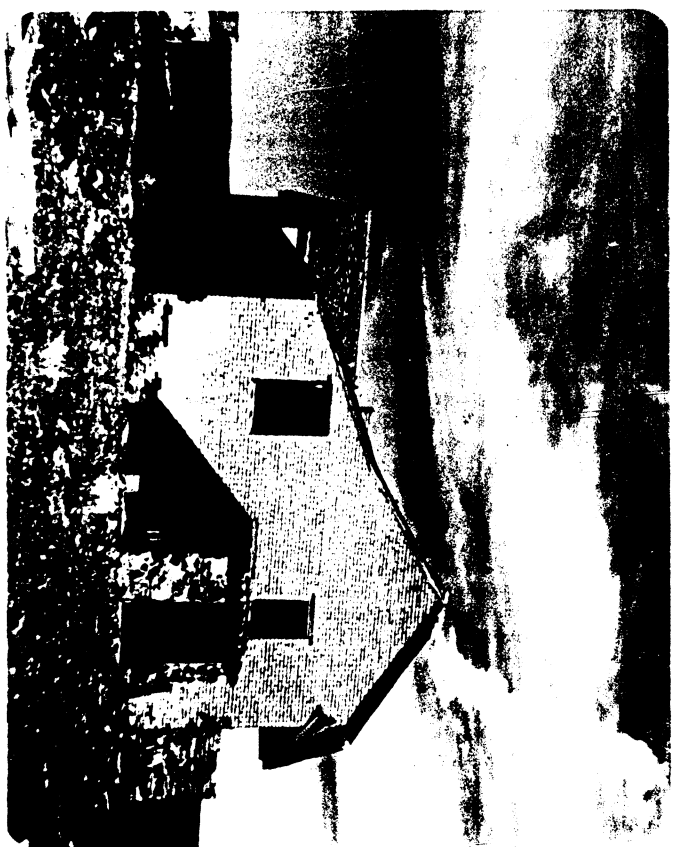


Mahida Ward

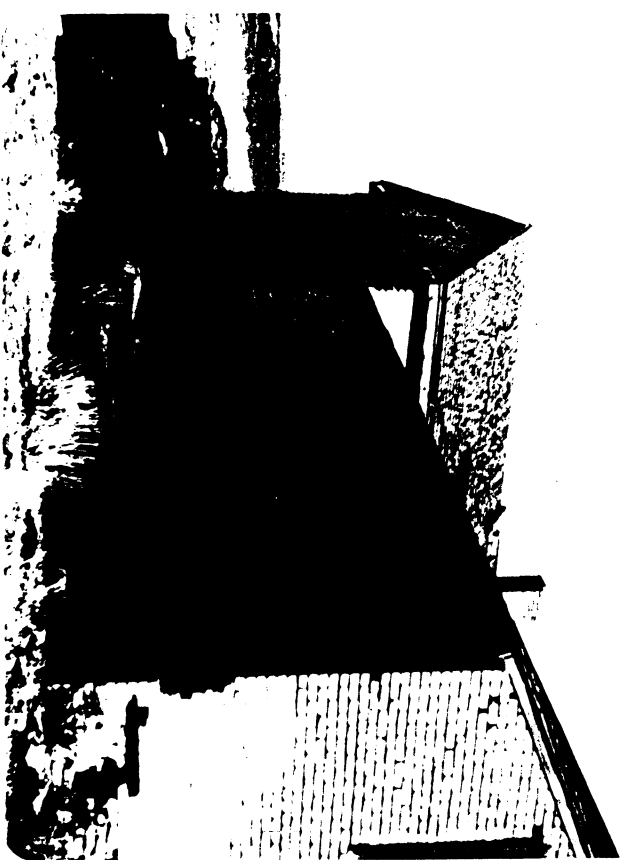
The Rush Lane Home as it is today



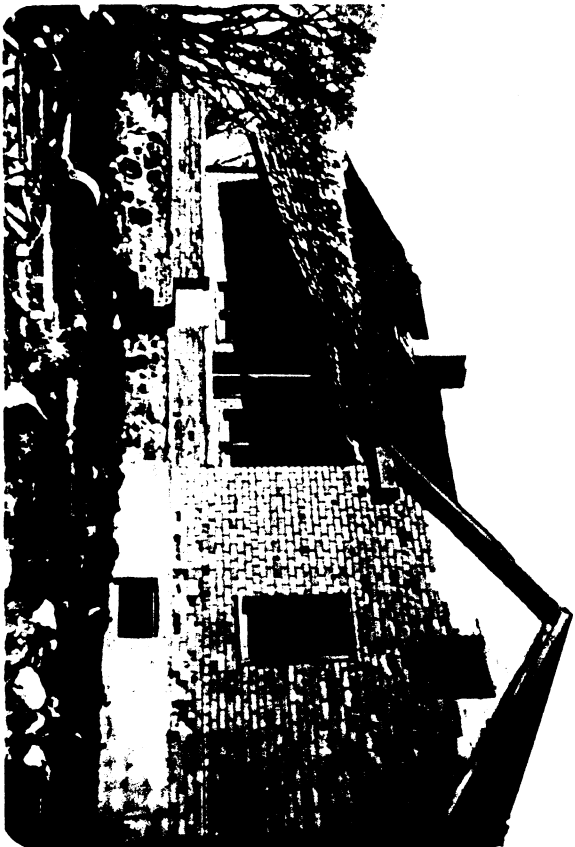
South East view



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 roundyism, or anything out of the way."

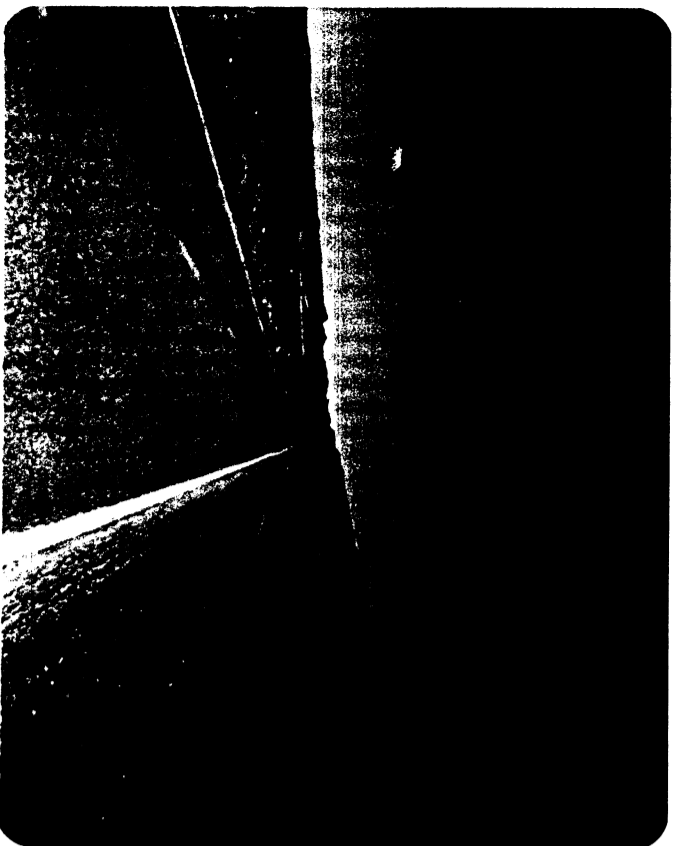
"We used to like to go around Little Salt Lake to the Will and Mary Eliza Lister ranch. I went before I was married and many times after. We usually went in the late fall when the weeds and bushes were white with frost. They had four rooms, a chees room, a vat room, and two rooms to live in."

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 we made our beds on it.

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 used in his cattle round-up.

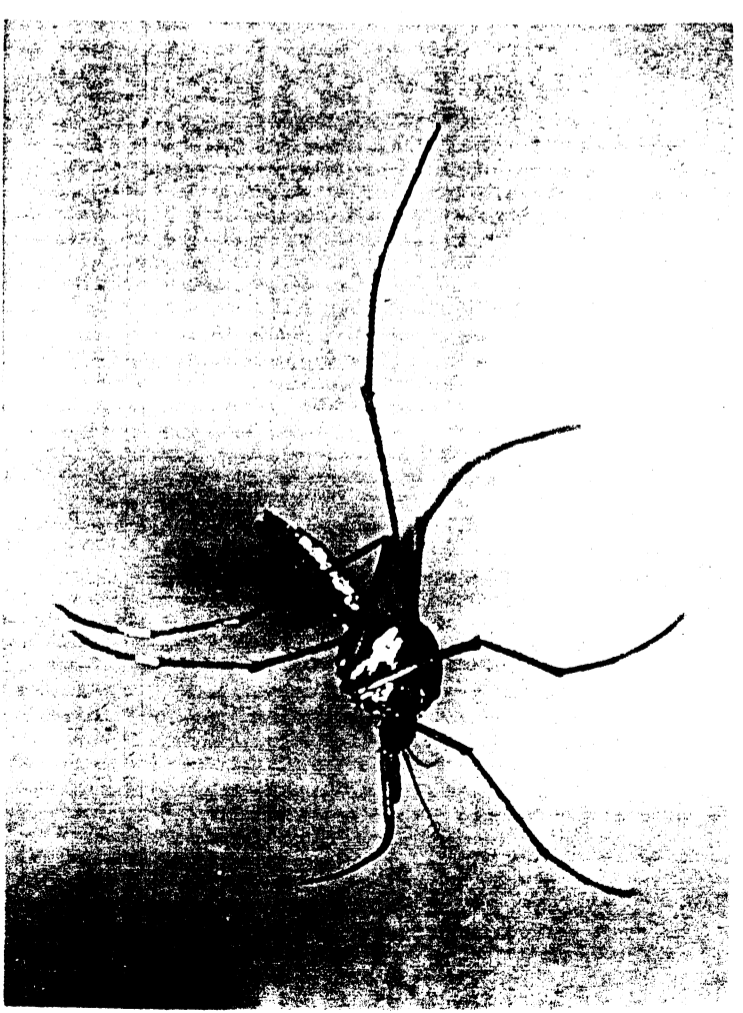
Dub always kept a blow snake in the dirt room under the kitchen to eat the mice.

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 mosquitoes. When Dud was asked why he didn't kill the mosquitoes 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 Grymshair*

26
Joe Matheson, from Parowan, stayed with Dub quite a bit so Dub gave him a little blue pony to ride. Sometimes Joe would decide he didn't want to go to school so he'd get on his pony and ride to Rush Lake. As soon as Dub would see him, 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 ~~quietly~~ 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 Burt
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

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

Marilyn

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 shawls draped to help keep the roof of the barn down. Ted would and Ted would*

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--bicyc] 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 or 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 ravin Tom and his wife Maggie Allan stayed at Rush Lake for several years then went back to Michigan.

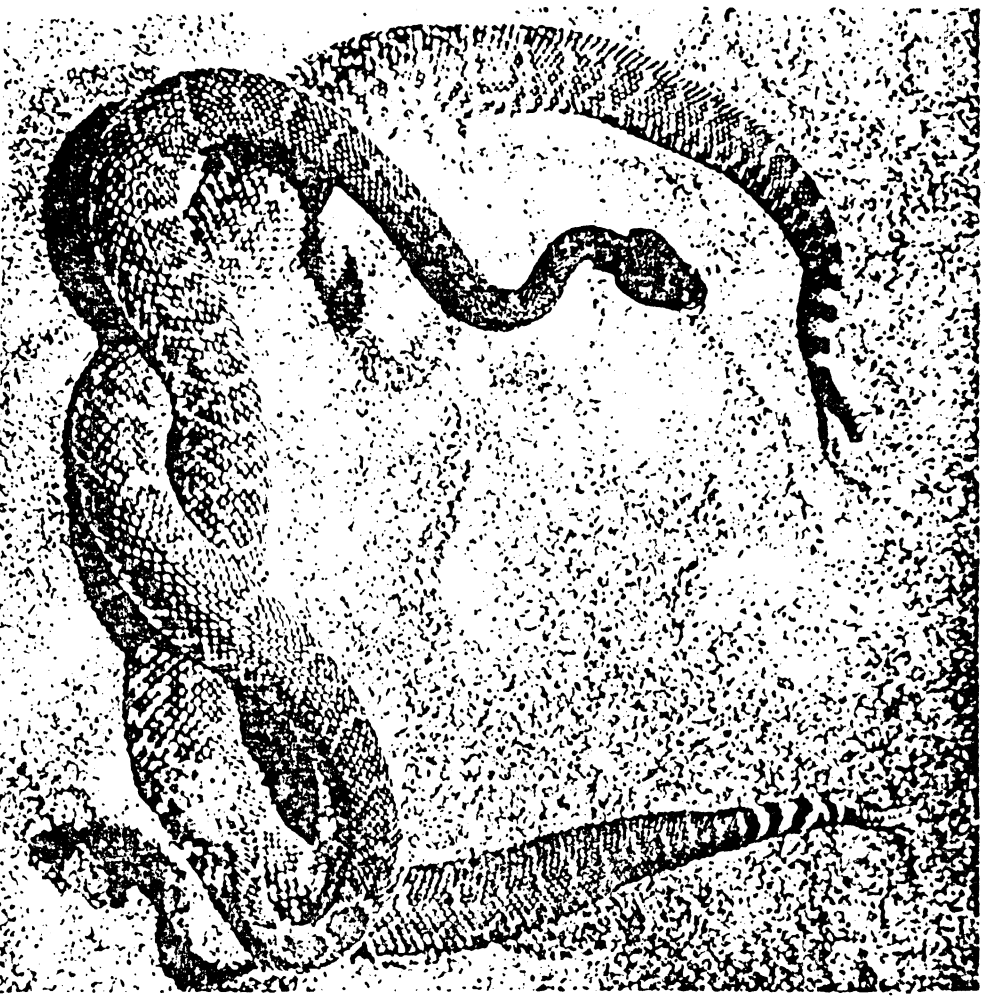
Later the Fishers moved again into Cedar City, where Brother Fisher was the sexton at the Cedar City Cemetery. Ted went back to Michigan--married but didn't live long. Brother and Sister Fisher are burried in the Cedar City Cemetery. *James Fisher returned to Michigan and married his old girl friend. He died and was buried 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 colled 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 frame door, the little girl screamed. Sister Bettridge looked to see what was the

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 rattle snake.



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, Nevada Bettridge remembers cooking for them.

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 with out 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 rattle snake 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 liked to play around the lake because there were lots of water snakes and they liked to play with them.

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 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.

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

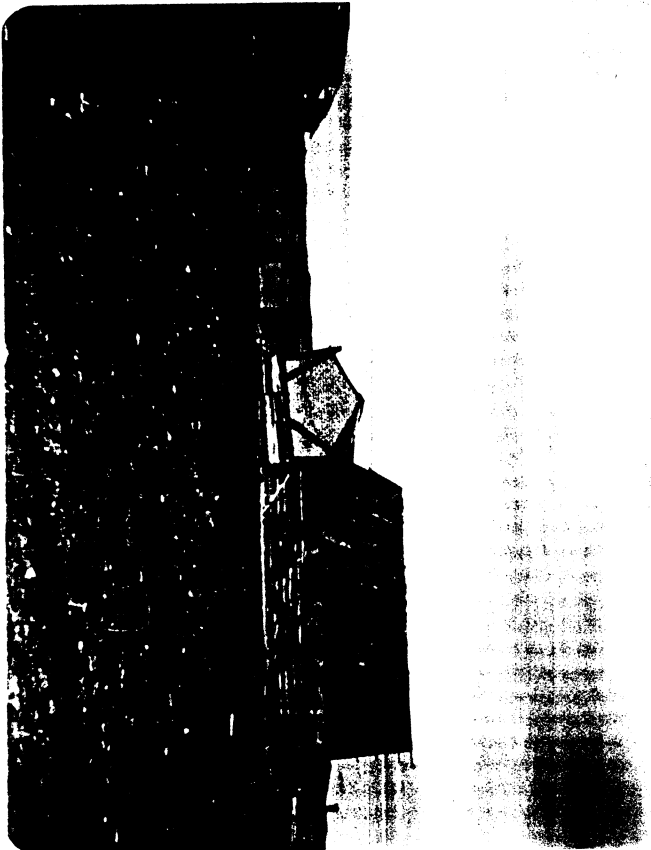
Mr. Kunz later bought part of Rush Lake, but didn't ever live there.

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.

Leah Bergstrom



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 fish cannery and the settlers who were thrifty and helpful to others.

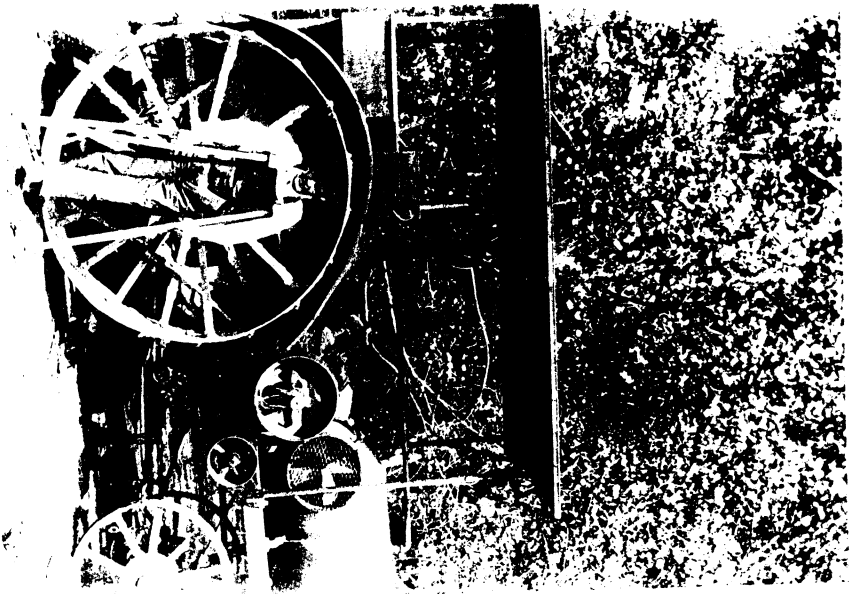
Transaction Involves Sale of Rush Lake Property

In a cattle and real estate deal which took place recently Roy Benson and his son Sheldon purchased one-half of the Bergstrom holdings at Rush lake, for an undisclosed amount.

In the transaction, Roy purchased 50 head of cattle kept there, most of which are pure-bred Herefords, and Sheldon purchased 560 acres of land which includes the meadow and all the ranch buildings. This purchase was made from Jack Bergstrom, son of Dr. J. W. Bergstrom, formerly of Cedar City, but now living in southern California.

The other half of Dr. Bergstrom's former ranch holdings at Rush lake, were sold by his son Louis Bergstrom, to Huyrum Kunz of Cedar City, we are given to understand.

The Benson's already owned a large acreage of pasture land at that place.



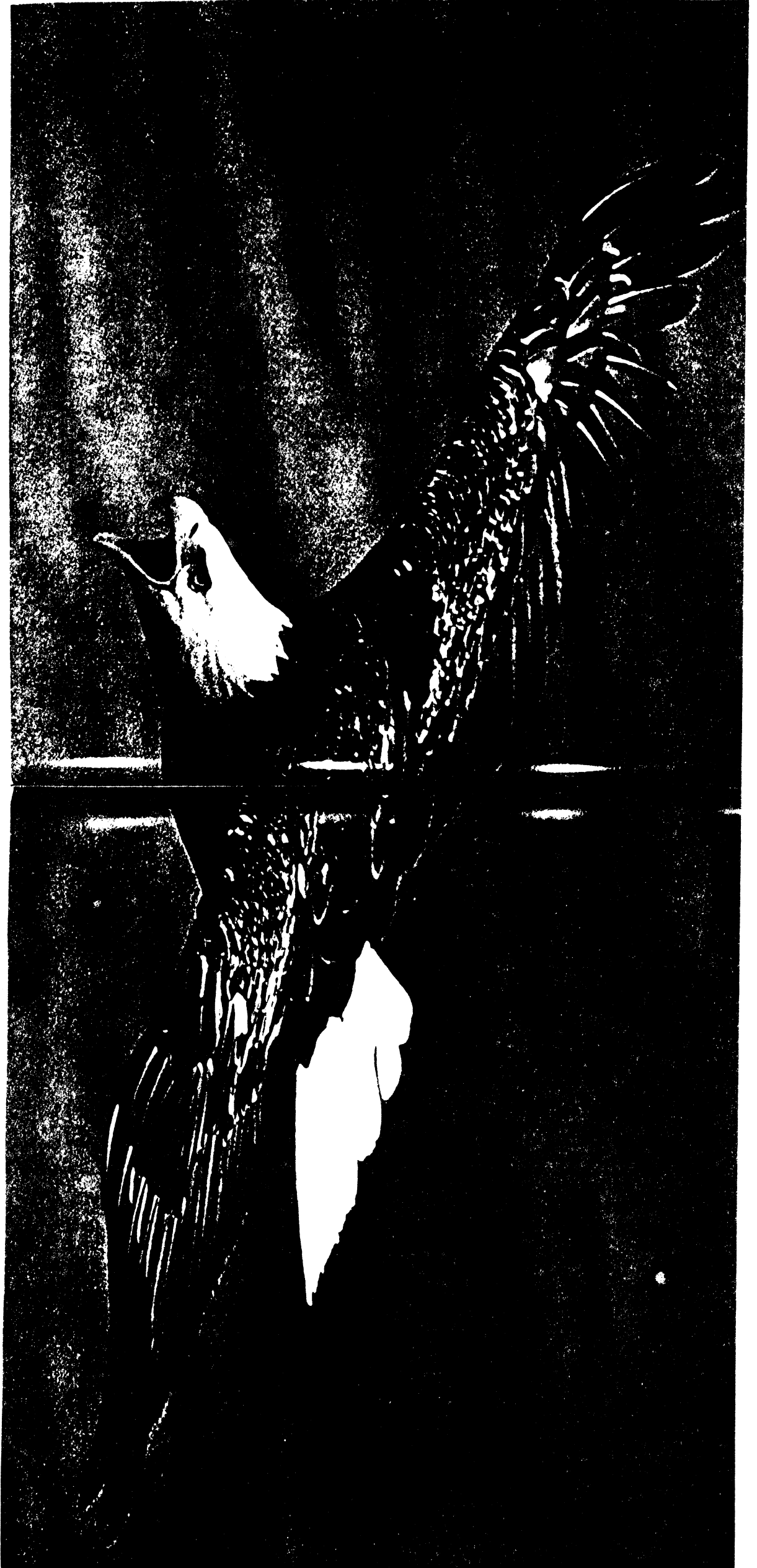
Ted Fisher



MR. AND MRS. L. A. BURASCANO



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



FILMING STARTS ON "PROUD REBEL" CEDAR CITY LOCATION

Shooting of scenes for the motion picture "Proud Rebel," a Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. production co-starring Alad Ladd and Olivia de Havilland, got under way at Rush Lake Tuesday morning ... on schedule — according to production manager, Clem Beauchamp.

Miss de Havilland arrived in Cedar City Saturday and has been at the site rehearsing over the week end, learning to harness and unharness a team. Remaining principals of the western cast arrived Monday and immediately began preparations and rehearsals for Tuesday's shooting.

Company of Ninety

The company, which includes

nearly 90 people in all, will be shooting in the area for approximately a three week period, Mr. Beauchamp stated. The company will move into the mountains right away for some scenes, he indicated, and will return to Rush Lake for the final eight days to complete local scenes.

Already the movie "Proud Rebel" has received national publicity with such nationally prominent newspapers as the New York Times, New York Herald Tribune, and other syndicated papers carrying stories of the movie, its location in Cedar City and pictures of the stars.

According to Grandy Johnson, publicity director for Mr. Goldwyn, it is indicated that national magazine writers and photographers will undoubtedly

be in Cedar City in the near future to cover the events of filming here. Bill Averett, photographer for the Black Star agency will definitely be here, Johnson indicated. There is a strong possibility that Post Magazine will send a writer to feature the stars of the picture — Miss de Havilland and Ladd.

Meanwhile director Michael Curtiz is working his cast extremely hard to take advantage of the good weather and to facilitate an original delay when he was hospitalized for appendicitis, delaying the shooting for about a week.

Ladd's Son Stars

David Ladd, 11-year-old son of Alan Ladd, also has an important part in the picture and

is here for the shootings. Another important figure in the "emotional, dramatic western," production, is King, a talented dog which has won several international far western sheep dog championships.

Such men as Ted McCord, cinematographer for the production is also here to do the filming. McCord has been associated with such films as "Johnny Belinda," "Treasure of Seirra Madra," and many others.

Other stars who are here include Henry Hull, Cecil Kellaway, John Carradine, Dean Stanton, Tom Pittman, James Westfield and Eli Mintz.

Story Outlined

"Proud Rebel," is a story of a proud rebel, Alan Ladd, who wanders north and west after the Civil War, determined to find a doctor to cure his son, David, played by Ladd's own son, whose name is David. Arriving at a small town in Illinois the rebel is befriended by this woman (Miss de Havilland), who pays a fine incurred by Ladd in town by a hostile judge. Miss de Havilland is in need of help on her ranch (located at Rush Lake) and is also attracted by the pathetic boy.

It develops that Miss de Havilland is being threatened by shepherds of the area who want her ranch and land, which is extremely run down. As a result of working for her, Ladd becomes involved in the dispute between this lady and the shepherds.

The show leads to violence, and romance and de Havilland becomes involved with helping the young boy with his problem. The conclusion, not revealed here, nevertheless, is a happy one.

The company has requested that people do not come out to the locations. Citizens will not be permitted on the set because of the interference with technicians and other personnel involved in the shooting.

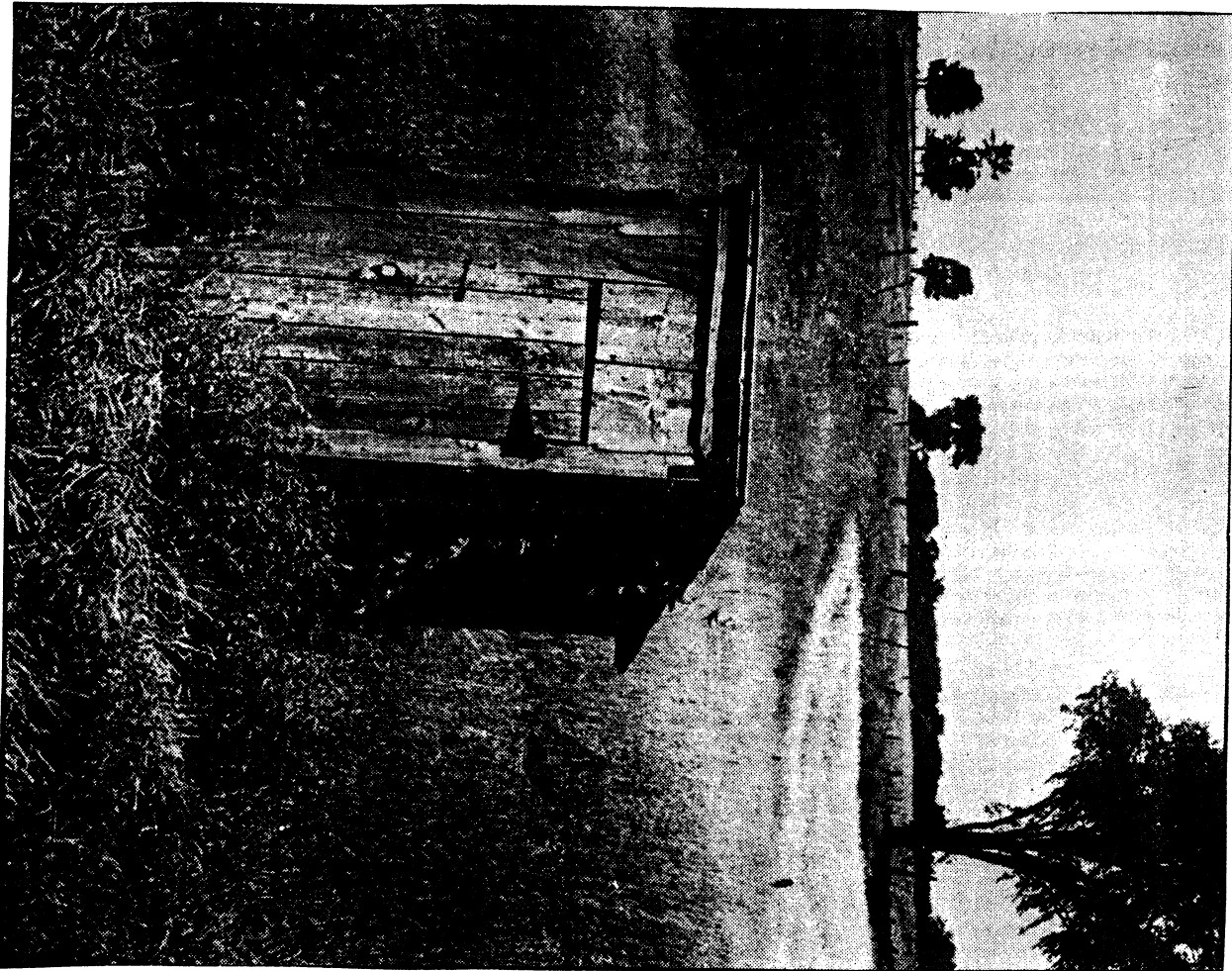


MR. AND MRS. WEBSTER BETTRIDGE



FIRST DAY'S SHOOTING. Three principals of the motion picture "Proud Rebel," are shown here in a scene on the opening day of shooting at Rush Lake. It shows

Olivia de Havilland, left, bringing Alan Ladd and his motherless son to her run-down farm to work as a hired hand.



Parowan petroglyphs most interesting around

Color Country

The petroglyphs in Parowan Gap near the town of that name in Iron County are among the most interesting and best preserved of those in Southern Utah.

Several centuries ago Indians passing through this gap stopped long enough to make a few markings on some of the smooth-surfaced boulders. Over the years many others did the same thing until most of the suitable surfaces were covered with figures and designs.

Archeologists call this form of expression petroglyphs. This means "rock" or "rock" writings. They were usually made by pecking away the surface of the boulder with another stone.

What was the purpose of the petroglyphs? They probably were intended by their makers to represent concepts or ideas. However,

the designs do not signify exact words of any language and, thus, are not hieroglyphs.

The petroglyphs you see here probably represent the work of different individuals over a long period of time.

Prehistoric Indians of the corn-growing Sevier-Fremont culture lived in this area a thousand years ago. Present consensus is that semi-nomadic hunting and gathering ancestors of the present-day southern Paiute probably carved the designs.

Because most of the petroglyphs in the Intermountain Area are found along or near game trails, some Great Basin archeologists believe petroglyph designs were part of religious hunting ritual. It was intended to insure good hunting for a people dependent upon animals as a major source of food.

Parowan Gap is a natural route through these low mountains between two valleys. Indians used it for a foot trail as we now use it for a road. The site is on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Preservation of American Antiquities Act of June 8, 1906, provides for protection of Indian ruins, artifacts, and "any object of antiquity" which you may find on national residue lands (formerly called public lands).

The act states that a person may not, without permission, "appropriate, excavate, injure, or destroy any historic or prehistoric ruin or monument, or any object of antiquity," such as rock writings, on lands under federal government control. Protected are hieroglyphs, pottery and human remains, as well as ruins of dwellings.

Monument To Pioneer

Parowan Stone Wall

Stands After Century

As told by Susie Armstrong
By GWEN SANDBERG

Deseret News Correspondent

PAROWAN—Nearly 100 years ago David Ward, a Parowan pioneer, built a rock fence. Not just an ordinary rock fence, but one five feet high and long enough to separately surround three pastures, a house lot, a garden area and an entire meadow of 80 acres.

Today, four miles of the fence along the road and several more miles out through the fields still stands, a sturdy reminder of early Utah enterprise, and a settler who was thrifty and wanted to help others.

It all began when Mr. Ward bought out a cooperative sheep herd and grazing land west of Parowan in 1870. As he surveyed his new purchase, he possibly didn't look at the volcanic rocks near Rush Lake as an asset. Large and heavy, the rocks thickly covered a hill east of the pasture, and produced some not very good grazing land.

Provided Firewood

Besides that, the mail route to southern Utah went along the edge of property, and wood fence pickets kept turning up as ashes in travelers' campfires. Also, Mr. Ward was "well fixed," and the Church urged him to financially help immigrants come to the United States and Utah.

The three reasons worked together and this idea formed: finance passage for some Church members desiring to come to Utah, then let them repay the loan by hauling rocks down from the hill, thereby improving the grazing land, and building a rock fence around the property, thereby eliminat-

During the early 1870's, Mr. Ward financed passage from England for two Mormon stone masons, Will Bettridge and Tommy Beard. They ultimately arrived at the Rush Lake Ranch, and spent over a year working for Mr. Ward. In addition to working on the fence, they made adobe brick and built a ranch house, barns, camphouses and other outbuildings, including a special brick stable near the road where four fine horses were always kept for emergency trips to town.

Mr. Beard eventually left the Ward ranch, but Will Bettridge married Almida, only daughter of David and Jane Ward. During this time also, passage from England was arranged for Mr. Bettridge's mother, brother and sister.

15 Years To Complete

According to Mrs. Susie Armstrong, a grandniece of David Ward who is living in Cedar City, it took approximately 15 years to complete the fence. Mrs. Armstrong was reared by the Wards at the Rush Lake Ranch, and can remember seeing men working on the fence when she went there to live in 1884. Many hired men worked on the fence, including a nephew of Mr. Ward's from Salt Lake.

The Rush Lake Ranch was only one of Mr. Ward's enterprises. He owned stock in a grist mill, a co-op store and a cabinet shop in Parowan.

Following Mr. Ward's death, the ranch was managed for a time by his son, but eventually was divided and sold.

STURDY REMINDER—This rock fence built nearly 100 years ago by a Parowan pioneer still stands, a monument to early Utah enterprise and to a settler who was thrifty and wanted to help others. His name was David Ward.



Rush Lake is a small lake located some miles west of Enoch on the edge of the Escalante Desert and a few miles south of the west side of the Parowan Gap. It is situated in the center of a tract of land consisting of 253 sections. It was here that David Ward and his wife, Jane, moved in the year 1875 to start ranching, sheep and cattle raising. Mr. Ward accomplished much in building up his Rush Lake Ranch—starting with a one-room lumber house and a small lean-to to an adobe house with two rooms; then later back of this adobe house a four room brick house which still stands. The ranch was so situated as to make it a convenient stopping place for stages going to and from Cedar and Milford. So the Wards allowed the stage line to build barns and stables for their horses and built a bunk house to take care of the drivers.

Mr. Ward helped many people to come across the plains to Utah and when they were unable to pay back the means he had provided them with, except by working for him, he hired many of them to help run the place. David and Jane Ward were wonderful people—their home was always open to people traveling on the road.

On one occasion Rasmus Jensen told one of Mr. Ward's daughters, Eleanor, that he, with his parents, came to Parowan when he was about eight years of age. It was in the fall of the year and it fell to his lot to assist with the harvesting of the carrots. He remembers his father telling him to hurry and get the crops in before the frost and winter came, for David Ward didn't bring them way out to Utah to starve.

David Ward always made a trip to Salt Lake in the spring, after his sheep were sheared, taking the wool to exchange for supplies. He would bring back his wagon loaded with sugar, spices, cloth, yarn and other things they needed.

The house had a full basement and it was in the north room of this basement that Mrs. Ward kept the milk, stored in nice, clean pans on shelves that were scrubbed white. When the cream rose it was made into butter, and boxes with 10 or 20 lbs. were sent to Salt Lake and Milford with the mail driver. Some was sent to Silver Reef, Parowan and Cedar City. Two more of the basement rooms were used for other food storage, such as mutton, beef, pork, dressed chicken, jams, jellies, etc., as well as cakes, pies and cookies. There was also a root cellar where vegetables were stored. They would always buy their vegetables from the Parowan tithing office in large quantities.

The Wards entertained many visitors at their ranch. Brother and Sister Erastus Snow stopped at their place on two different occasions on their way from Salt Lake City to St. George. They were given one of the lumber lean-to bed rooms. Brother Snow was not very well at the time and all he could eat was milk toast for supper. They were obliged at one time to take in a man who staggered up to their door and who told them

he was from Milford and had not eaten for three days. It was late when he arrived and they were short of bread, having eaten almost all of it for supper that night. Aunt Mary Jane Twitchell who was living with them at the time made a big pan of baking powder biscuits and the man ate 13 of them buttered, also some fruit and milk.

Once or twice a year the Wards would have a big birthday party for their children and invite all the young people their age from Parowan and surrounding towns. At these times, Aunt Jane, as they all lovingly called her, would bake and cook for days. She would always bake a surprise cake; this was done by baking a cake in a large milk pan, then turning it out and when it was cool the top was cut off, the center removed and filled with blanc-mange. The top would then be put on and iced the same as any other cake. When they were ready to serve it, she would have one of the guests cut the cake. Aunt Lizzie Benson said she was once chosen to cut the cake which she did, and exclaimed "Why Aunt Jane, your cake isn't done." Then was when Aunt Jane would have her fun—but it sure was good eating.

David and Jane Ward had three children, Matilda, David and Amanda. The daughter died when a baby; but the Wards took two little girls, Sussey and Ellen Lister, when their mother died and left a large family. These children were two months and six years respectively. They always called the Wards "Ma" and "Pa" and loved them as such. Ellen is Mrs. Ellen Bettridge of Parowan and Sussey is Mrs. Sussey Armstrong of Cedar. After Mr. Ward returned from Salt Lake in the Spring, Jane and the girls would spend the summer sewing and knitting, making their clothing for the coming winter. Sometimes the girls would take their knitting and go out to sit on the new mown hay in the barn. Some of the men who herded sheep for Mr. Ward were Orson and Frank Orton, brothers of Aunt Mary Mitchell, Bert Warren and Allie Norris and Jake Gould. They also kept shearing corrals and a dipping vat to kill the vermin on the sheep. At shearing time of year the men ate at Jane Ward's boarding house.

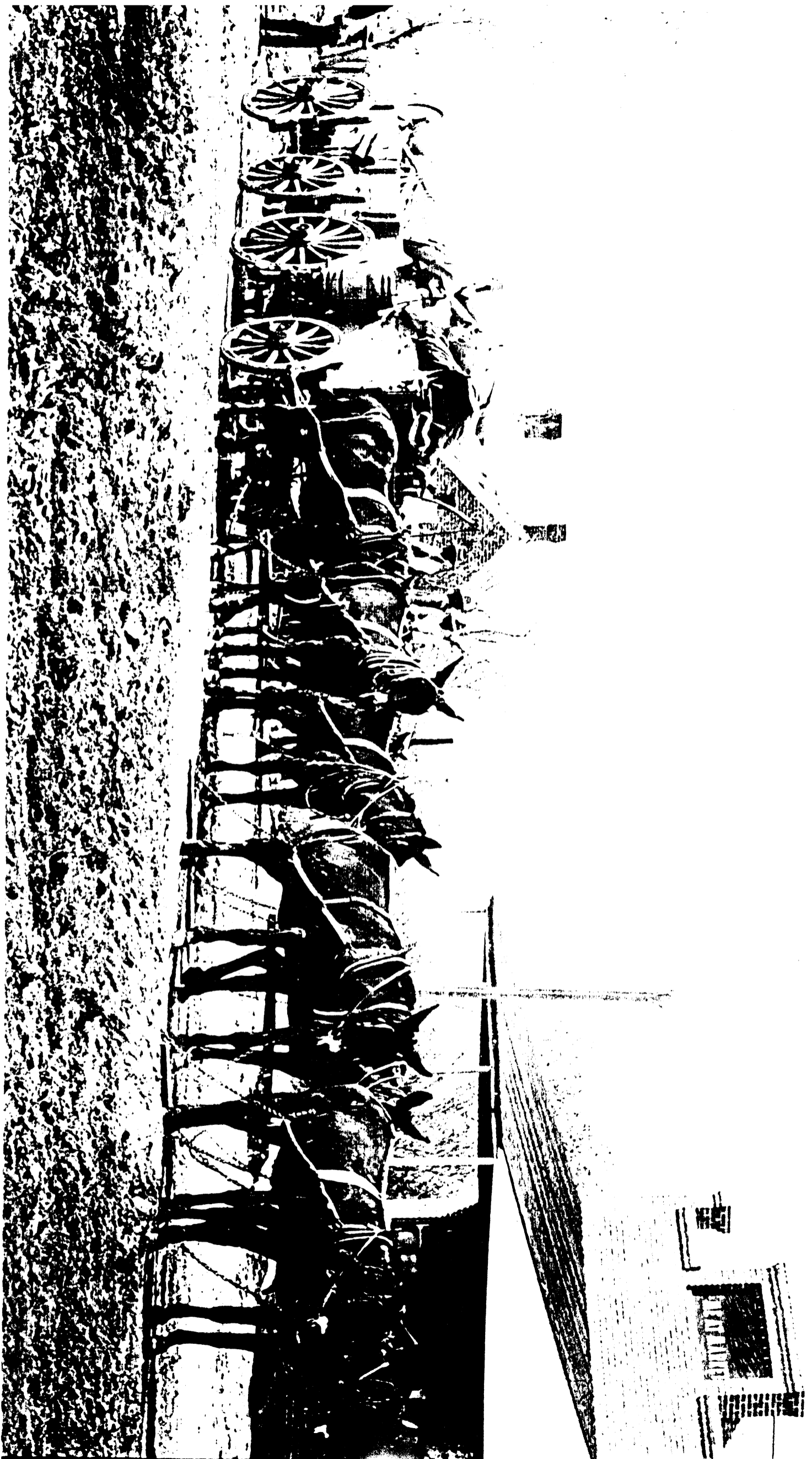
Mr. Ward always wore his hair long—just cropped off at the shoulders. His hair was cut when he went on a mission to England, in keeping with the fashion of the day.

One of the men who took care of the horses was called Mike O'Hagley. He lived in a small house just south of the big lumber barn where the horses were kept. This house was built for him by Mr. Ward, who later built him a house next to the spring. Mike would take in any old tramps who came along and there were plenty of them going and coming from Silver Reef. Many times he found he had become infested with vermin from these bedraggled guests.

This place of Rush Lake, like the wonderful people who built it, is a romantic place of the past and is more or less now a ghost ranch. Although many miles of rock fence as well as brick buildings still stand as a monument to these great pioneers of the West, only memories of their achievements and hospitality will live on in the hearts of the people who as children enjoyed and still remember them.—Robert Rowley

Film M.V.O. 2-1-1948





Beaver County

Years before the railroad reached southern Utah, great freighting outfits moved slowly across the uninhabited wasteland of southern Beaver County to the mills of the rich mining section of eastern Nevada. Indians had inhabited this region and as they roamed about seeking food and safety, they had taken advantage of the easy grades and accessible passes, thus making trails. No doubt many of these Indian trails were followed by the freighters and were gradually widened into roads.

But such roads! In dry weather the men choked with dust; after a storm there were mud, ruts and puddles. John W. Myers, an early-day freighter, told of one spot in the road which was like quicksand. A storm would render it almost impassable. The driver would have to pop his whip repeatedly to frighten the team into leaping through quickly to avoid sinking. Roads were also rocky. In many places there were large boulders with a pass between barely wide enough for the wagon to get through. Freighters traveled in all kinds of weather. Mr. Myers told of a time when a heavy snowstorm overtook them on their route and they stopped and dried off places with fires so they could camp for the night. There was one place on their route, he said, that was so steep that after a storm they would have to double their teams to make it to the top with their loads.

Freighters always stopped where there was water, if possible, but they always hauled water along with them in case night overtook them where there was no water. The first stop was on the desert west of Minersville, the Hot Springs, where for many years an old man by the name of Craws sold water by the barrel. Eighteen miles southwest was Sulphur Springs, tended and guarded by old Pete Guio. At Desert Springs a tough old character by the name of Ben Tasker was stationed. He kept a gang with him, and it was said that after he sold water to the freighters, the gang followed and robbed them.

For a long time before and after the railroad came in 1880, Milford was a focal point of all freighting by team and wagon. Some of the old roads are still visible and in places are a hundred yards wide. From a few men who traveled these winding roads across the desert were gleaned the interesting stories of the opening of an empire which produced millions in gold, silver, lead, copper, as well as livestock and agricultural products.

At the foot of Tushar Mountain, in the beautiful little city of Beaver, lived one of these old freighters, Larkin Waters. He has related the following incidents:

"A Scandinavian freighter from Richfield, Sevier County, had sold a very valuable cargo and a team at Pioche, Nevada. Having received his payment in gold, he feared he might be

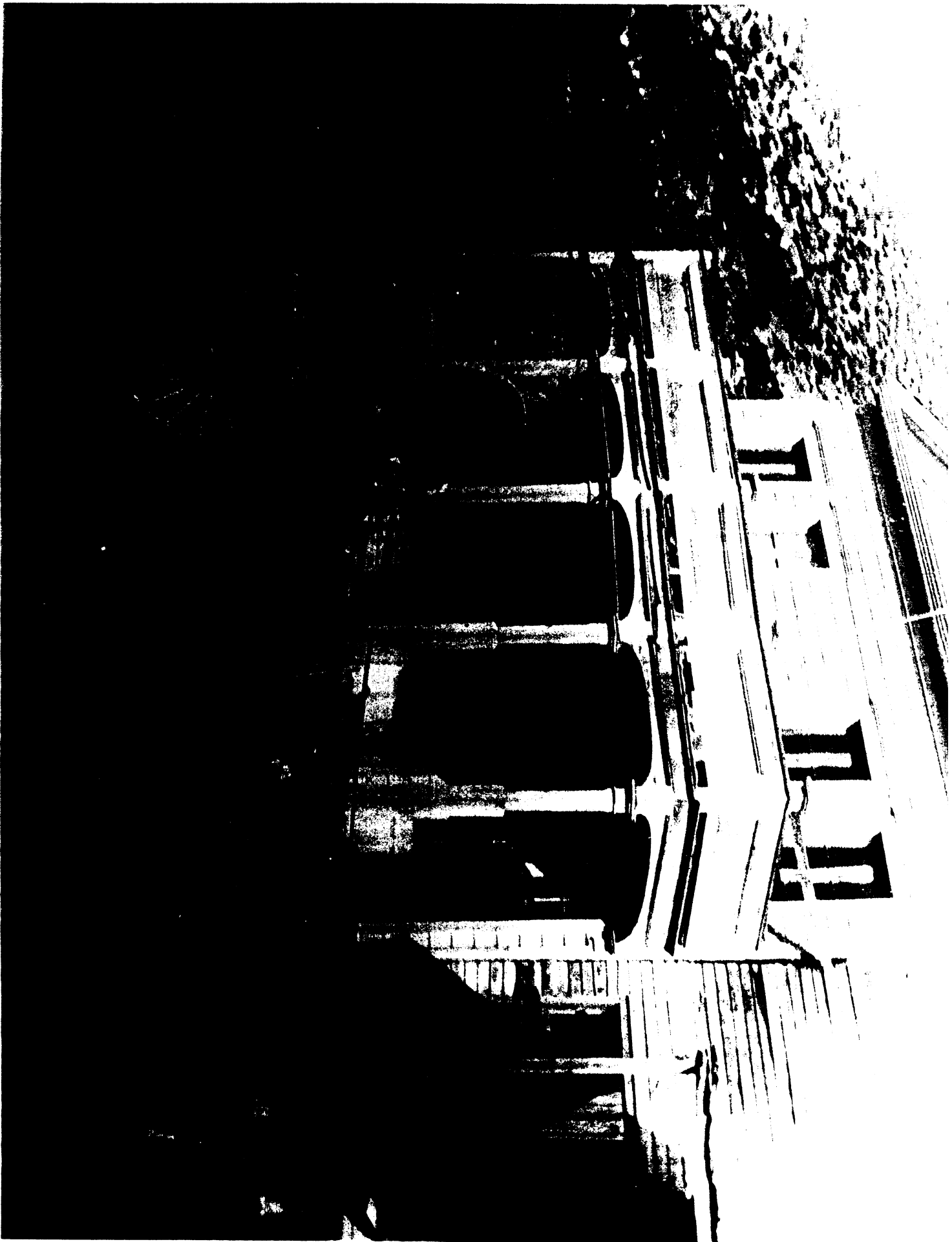
robbed on his return trip. He ingeniously hid his gold in the holster of the wagon. He had not traveled far when a lone rider came over the brow of the hill. The rider soon caught up with him and demanded the gold that he had received for his cargo and team. The teamster produced all he had in his purse, some thirty dollars, and truthfully said that was all he had on his person. The rider, unable to find more, was sorely disappointed and ordered the Scandinavian to get off the wagon and dance. He danced until he was almost exhausted and finally told the bandit he might as well kill him outright, he could dance no more. He was then ordered to get back on the wagon and as he did so, he managed to get hold of his sawed-off shotgun. Quickly he turned the gun on the robber and ordered him to dance. After the robber was too tired to attempt to follow, the freighter took his horse, tied it to the wagon and drove away. Later, after teaming up with another freighter, he turned the horse loose."

When the weather was extremely cold, the freighters had to dress warmly. They wore blue or red flannel shirts with long sleeves and drawers with long legs, heavy knit hose, ear muffs, heavy caps and carried extra fur robes and heavy bedding. On one of these very cold nights spent on the desert, Mr. Waters had this experience: The snow was drifting and he knew it was foolish to try to go further, so he prepared to settle down for the night. He made his bed in the wagon. His feet were so cold that he had to take off his boots and wrap his feet in old pieces of bedding and clothing to keep them warm. Even then he couldn't sleep, so he got up, built a fire, made some hot cakes and had something warm to drink. While doing this, he heard shots. Looking up, he saw a stranger carrying the body of a man, and saw the body thrown into a nearby gulch. Mr. Waters said it would have been quite unwise for anyone to be curious enough to investigate such an incident.

One evening a number of men, including Mr. Waters, were visiting in the hotel bar in a Nevada town. A stranger entered the room and threw a knife at the bartender. Fortunately, the knife lodged in the edge of the bar. Someone then shot out the lights, leaving the place in total darkness. The next morning very early, Mr. Waters said that he crawled out on his hands and knees so as not to be seen. Outside, five men were lying dead. He hurried on his way.

Iron County

Freighting in the "good old days" is one trade that the survivors of that period are striving to forget. The older men who are still with us speak of those days on the freight road as "a dog's life." If I were to try to name these men for you, I would name almost every man I know, as there were a lot of them



There were a few white-collared men who made it a habit to hire their goods hauled to and from the railroad station's work projects. But if a man owned a team, which was a necessity, that team had to pay for its keep, so it was used to haul all sorts of commodities.

Among the noted teams that freighted in and out of Cedar City were Will Corry's Dick and Prince, Neil Bladen's Hank and Rumm, Sam Bauer's Dan and Buck, Jim Hunter's Nance, Jake, Dick and Pat, Renze Adams's Dan, Jack and Sorrel, George Woods's Dick, Deck and Doll. There were other freighters, but I don't remember the names of their teams—Dan Perkins, Sim Simkins, Kie Simkins, Sam Heyborn, Naze Harris, Ted Higbee, Ike Nelson, Alfred Fryd. They all had wonderful teams, matched if possible, and what is outstanding, man and team seemed to belong together. Other less spectacular or less well-known teams were just as fine and valuable to their owners as those I have mentioned. (Certain it is that if there had been no teams, there would have been no freighting, and men who owned well-trained and willing horses had no desire to lend them out for other men to abuse by overdriving, underfeeding, whipping, etc.

After the Nevada mining camps began to operate, everything of food, clothing and other commodities that could be converted into cash was hauled out over the old Pioche road by these freighters mentioned. Men had to have good outfits to withstand the rough roads of that time. It also became imperative that men travel in groups for their own protection. Outlaws and thieves were always on the lookout for likely looking prospects to rob. They would take anything usable or saleable, especially money.

The men of our area chopped out and hauled timber for the mines, also railroad ties. Robert Gardner told of seeing huge ricks of cedar wood piled as long as a city block. This timber brought good money, but hay, grain, beef, cheese, quilts, clothing (especially socks and mittens), butter, eggs, dried fruit, honey, hams, bacon, chickens, flour, medicine, rugs, carpets, furniture, and almost anything else the people could use could be sold if it was in good condition. Many of the Cedar men hauled coal, which was in demand any time of the year. Camping on cold, wet ground, hugging through mud and heavy snow, and doubling out of washes often took such a heavy toll on the health of both man and animals that the lifespan was shortened. After the freighters reached their destination, they would often get work for themselves and their teams, staying to work for needed cash. Then, as they left for home, they had to take extra precautions or suffer robbery from vicious men who were always on the prowl.

I heard many stories about such men from my father, Alex Matheson, who handled passenger trains from 1890 to 1900.

while living in Parowan. He and several of the grown men and boys of surrounding communities freighted from York when that was the southernmost railroad terminal. A few years later, when the Horn Silver Mine was going strong, the railroad was pushed south to Milford; then about 1899 or 1900 to Lund, then to Modena. It was a wonderful thing when only thirty-five miles of travel got us to the railroad, and by the time it reached Modena, team work to the Nevada camps ceased.

I will now relate some experiences suffered by the freighters. A Mr. Miller from Washington, Washington County, had taken a load of merchandise to Pioche, for which he had been paid six hundred dollars in cash. He wondered where to hide the money during the journey home, for he knew that if he were attacked by robbers, his outfit would literally be torn apart to find his money. So he carefully cut the stitching in the blinds on the bridles, stowed the money between the heavy leather and carefully sewed the layers back together.

What he was afraid of happened. He was stopped, stripped of his clothing, and every part of his wagon, grub-box, grain sacks, hay, shoes and harness were searched. When they could find no money, the outlaws began to torture him and threaten him with death.

Angered and frustrated by not being able to make him tell where he had hidden his cash, they took his four-horse leash, half-hitched it on both thumbs and hung him to a tree by his thumbs to make him tell. He did not tell, but by the time he got loose after the men had left, every bit of flesh was pulled from his thumbs, with nerves, blood and bone exposed. This man suffered a lifetime of pain from this cruel treatment. My father visited with Mr. Miller several times.

A Parowan man was loaded and ready to go to Pioche when his little daughter cried to go with him. He thought: "Well, why not? The weather is good, she seldom is away from home, and I will enjoy her chatter." She would keep him company and help keep him awake through the long trip on the dusty road as well.

The journey of five days took them through Summit, Johnson's Fort, Rush Lake, Mud Springs, across the desert to Sulphur Springs, on out across the benchland along the old Pioche road to Woolley Water, and up through Nigger Liz Canyon, across Hamblin Valley by way of Stateline, then about forty miles farther before they reached Pioche.

Disposing of his load for a good price, and finding no other teams for companionship on the way home, he decided to make it to the first campsite for the night, and with extra precautions try to prevent them from being molested. When a few miles out,

his team started him to the fact

that they were being followed, a



Uncle Ray's Wagon

couple of horsemen were coming at a fast clip. Quickly he unrolled his bedroll and rolled his little girl tightly in it, telling her not to make a sound. Then, unhitching the outside tugs, he dropped down back of the wheel team, laid his rifle across the bedroll, and as the fellows rode nearer, shouted for them to stop and stay where they were. As they spurred forward, he shot one horse down, the driver rolling away in the dust, and as the other still came on, he was shot from his horse and lay in the road where he went down. No posse or officers came out to see what the fracas was, so he hitched up, unrolled the little girl from the bedroll, then hurried to get as far as possible from the scene. Though he was never molested or questioned about the incident, he worried about it.

Another group of men took the precaution of burying their valuables in tin cans under their campfire, and were calmly eating the prepared meal when half a dozen outlaws rode into camp. Sizing up the outlaw group as being too tough to tackle, they were invited to eat, which they did, then rode away, leaving the freighters to go their way.

Pioche was a wild town at that time. D. S. Pendleton said that when he was there human life had no dignity. He had seen an officer throw a lasso on a dead man in the street and drag the body into a place or hollow away from town as if it were an animal. In the hills east of Hamblin Valley, in out-of-the-way places are still found old butchering stations where the cattle that roamed the area were killed and hauled out to be sold as beef. Or they were corralled, then driven to the mining camps. Branded animals did not stop the outlaws; anything was legitimate prey for men of that caliber. Ben Tasker boasted that he dealt only in hindquarters.

—Rhoda M. Wood

Sanpete County

Very little money was in circulation in pioneer days. Bills were paid in produce, or labor was exchanged. The stores used due-bills instead of change; if a sack of grain or pail of eggs came to more than the customer wanted to trade out, he received a due-bill.

John Dorius, whose home was in Ephraim, tells the following: "There was a whole summer in which I did not see a dollar in money, consequently every man with a good team and wagon tried to do a little freighting to the mines." The trail from Sanpete County to Silver Reef, Utah, and Pioche, Nevada, went through Sevier County to Joseph City, then on to Cove Fort and thence to the mines. Though they could get a little better price for their loads than in Salt Lake City, and the pay was in gold, the

The miners got some of their sustenance from settlements nearby, but oats were not raised much in that part of the country, so oats were always a good product to market, also flour, butter and eggs.

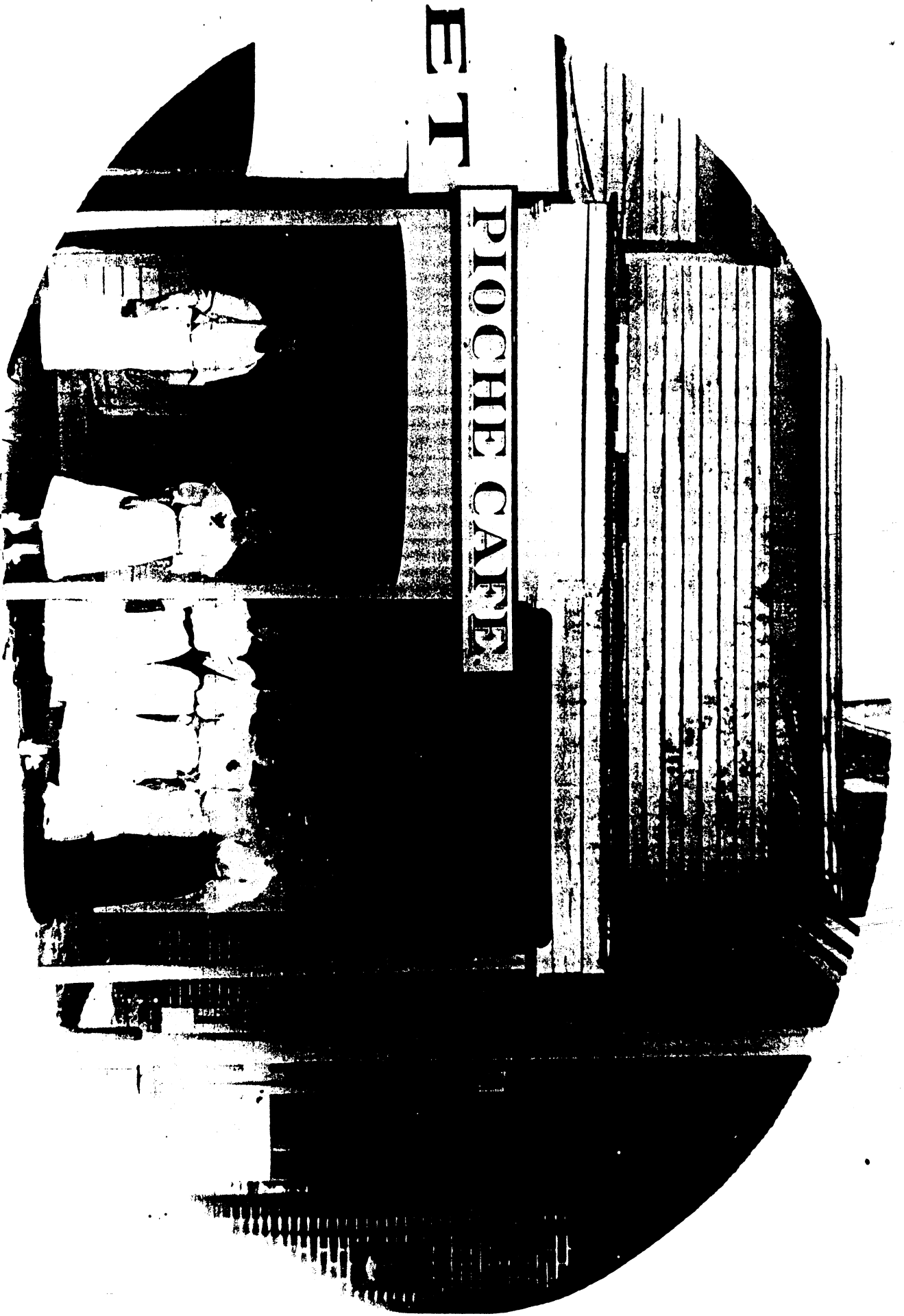
Freighters seldom went alone, usually preferring to go in pairs or bands. Mr. Dorius remembers going to the mines once in company with a man who had a mattress made by sewing sheep skins together. The man placed it on the ground with the wool side up and they made their bed together. Mr. Dorius was delighted with the soft, warm effect of the wool and thought to himself, "If I could only own a mattress like that."

They also never camped in towns, for there they would be obligated to buy hay for the horses. Instead, they found a stream of good water where feed was available. After making camp, they would hobble their horses with a leather device that fastened on the front legs near the feet, with a short strap connecting them. This allowed the animals to take only short steps, so they could be turned loose to graze.

Wagons were always well loaded, with eggs, butter and flour a usual part of every load. To keep the eggs from breaking, they were packed in a box of oats. Butter, too, was packed in woolen boxes and these were placed on the bottom of the wagon box, then sacks of flour were stacked around them, for, Dorius said, "Flour always keeps cool." In this way perishables carried perfectly, especially since the nights on the road were always cool.

Mr. Dorius said that eggs and butter taken in by the stores had to be marketed regularly, so he and three other young men of Ephraim contracted with the Ephraim Co-op Store to take their products weekly. The people in Ephraim were mostly Scandinavians and excellent dairy men, but in spite of that, butter came into the store in many different shapes and colors, and it also varied in butter-milk content.

Most of the butter was brought to Salt Lake City and sold on market row on First South, where dealers were anxious to get their produce. On one trip to Salt Lake City, Mr. Dorius had five hundred pounds of butter on his load. When he arrived at the market, he found that the price of butter had dropped below what he had paid for it at home. He disposed of the balance of his load, then by retaining his butter to private parties, he came out with a good profit. He said the route traveled to Salt Lake City was through Nephi Canyon, then north through the settlements.



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PIOCHE CARRÉ