

**MEMORIES OF LIVING ON CREEK ROAD, UNION,
UTAH**

Presented to Cottonwood Heights Historical Society (5/6/2012)

**Submitted by the Children of Dellis Reuben and Mary Esther
Thomas Forbush.**

(Courtesy of Karen Forbush Larrabee)

(Era 1930 - 1960)

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JERRY DELLIS FORBUSH:

School Bus

I remember riding the school bus No.10 to school. Our bus driver was Verl Smart. Mother always took our picture on the first day of school as we were waiting for the school bus to pick us up.

Rocks and Sparks

My cousin, Bill Alder, and I had fun in the sandpit playing what we called "*SPARK TIME IN THE ROCKIES*". Big boulders were stored in an area by the hill that went up to 1300 East. We would stand on the hill and throw rocks down on the boulders to see the sparks fly.

Pollywogs

Bill and I also enjoyed going in the pasture just north of our home. There was a big pond there with pollywogs in it. It was fun trying to get them out of the water.

Our neighbors, the "Winger's"

East of the sand pit were two homes. Our neighbors, Joseph and Grace Winger, and their son, Gary Alma Winger, and his wife. They had twin sons, Gary Frederick and Grant Joseph Winger. They owned a mink farm. There were many, many cages of mink on their property.

The Wingers' homes were situated on a hill directly across from our home. Little Cottonwood Creek ran down in front of our house. One day a car rolled off the Winger's driveway, came across the street and went into the ditch. Little Cottonwood Creek kept our home safe from the run-away-car.

A tractor falls in our ditch

A boy was riding a tractor up Creek Road, and for some reason, the tractor fell into a ditch, which was between our home and my grandparents' home, Reuben and Millie Forbush. The boy screamed. Dad was able to lift the tractor off the boy.

The invention of the Swing-Line

Dad and I worked in the shop. Mom wanted a clothesline to dry our clothes after they had been washed. Eventually, the "Swing-Line" was invented. Dad thought that a large fan could be put at the end of one of the four arms. I suggested that the fan just needs to move a lot of air. A regular fan was mounted. The power cord went through the arm and down the center pole. The Swing-line was in our yard with the fan attached. It dried the clothes and we could ride in the swings.

One day my sister, Connie, and our cousin, Susan, were told not to get in the swings until Mom and Dad returned from some errands. However, they got on the swings anyway with the fan in motion. When Mom and Dad returned, Dad unplugged the fan and let them get off. The "Swing-Line" was made to be portable so that they could be rented as rides for ward carnivals, PTA functions, etc.

Rock'n' Roll wagon/trailers

The "Rock" 'n' "Roll" wagon and trailers helped carry the Swing-Lines and provided rides for the kids. The wagon had chain link fence in the front and down the two sides. There was a gate for the

kids to enter the wagon. Two chains were on the back. One was to put your feet on; the other chain was to hold on to. The wheels were set off-center. Tickets were collected and counted, and the money was split 50/50 between the organization and Dad.

Springs were put on the tongue so that it would not shake the person who was driving the tractor. Mattresses were put on the "Rock 'n' Roll" wagon and then covered with carpeting.

Then trailers were developed. The wheels were offset to ride in. The wheels could also be returned to center to travel on the road. These rides traveled all over. Rose Park was a favorite place for us to take the trailers on the 24th of July.

Basketball standards

Dad and I made basketball standards. He put a "For Sale" sign on one of them. People thought that we were selling the property rather than just the basketball standard. The "For Sale" sign soon came down.

Grandpa's ram

Grandpa Reuben Forbush had a ram that he was raising. He cemented some fence posts in. The next morning they were all down.

Grandpa made soap

Grandma Millie Forbush used to make soap out in the pasture. There was a half a barrel in the pasture; they put a fire under it to boil the meat fat.

The Hog

I remember a trailer that Grandpa Reuben Forbush made so that he could hire out his hog. The Hog helped to populate the neighborhood.

Wired fence

Grandpa Forbush had a horse in the pasture. The horse loved to crawl over the fence. Dad said, "I can fix that." Dad and I put wire on the fence that was nose high to the horse. The horse would stand in water by the fence. When he would touch the wire, all four feet of the horse would jump up, and the tail shot out straight back. It took three or four times for the horse to learn. After that, they had no problem with him.

Used pipe

We would buy pipe that was rusted. The pipe was used for drilling water or wells. There was a huge scale of rust on each pipe. The pipe cutter was out in front of the shop. We would run it through the pipe cutter. The pipe cutter did not cut the pipe; it was set so that it would pull the pipe through and remove the scales.

Rover

We had a dog named Rover. He was frightened by fire works. He went through our front screen door many times over the years when fireworks were lit on the 4th of July.

Sprinklers

Sprinklers were put in the middle of the pasture to water the grass.

Canterwood Subdivision

The sandpit was eventually transformed into a subdivision by the name of Canterwood. Many families now enjoy living in that area.

Red Wagon

One Christmas I got up, and there was a red wagon by the tree. I asked Dad if the paint had dried yet.

The shop

Dad put everybody to work that came to his shop. If they came to have something welded, he had them do something for him while he did work for them.

School bus

Dad drove the school bus, and the bus was parked in our yard. He went back east to bring some of the new school buses to the Jordan School District.

String Beans

Mom cooked a lot of string beans and bacon. We would enjoy them. If there were any leftovers, she was just add more beans and bacon, and we would enjoy them again and again..

Remote Control

Dad invented his own "remote control". When he was watching General Hospital and/or the Edge of Night, (actually he slept through the shows), the commercials would wake him up because they were so loud. He complained to the TV stations, and he was told that they had no control over the volume of the commercials. Dad decided to do something about that. He took a baby bottle and put mercury in it with a wire that was connected to the TV. When the bottle was up right, the mercury was on the wire, and you could hear the TV. When the baby bottle was turned upside down, and the mercury was off the wire, the sound quit. Dad was able to sleep through the shows without a problem.

KAREN FORBUSH LARRABEE

Creek Road has many memories for me. I can remember when we would count ten cars going up the road, that it was a "high traffic" day.

Our home was situated just north of the Little Cottonwood Creek ditch. When we drove into our property off Creek Road, we crossed over a bridge. It was fun to throw rocks from the bridge into the creek.

During the summer, when the creek was really full, it made wonderful ripple noises, and it also cooled the air. Air conditioning was never needed. I remember the water was very cold, as it came out of the Little Cottonwood Canyon.

Most of the neighbors up and down the creek had water shares. When it was our turn for the water, I remember mom putting on her boots, going out to the front yard by the creek, and lifting the board that allowed the water to come on to our property to water our lawns and flower beds.

Dad and my grandpa, Reuben Henry Forbush, who lived just east of us, started the sand pit business that was just across the street from our homes. They had no money to buy any equipment for the sand pit, so Dad had to make everything.

Dad made his own bins, and they used teams of horses to pull the sand in. He had a speaker near the bins. The speaker was wired to our home and our shop. When he saw someone pull into the pit, he would give them enough time to back under the bins, and then he would talk to them through the

speaker. It scared many of them because they could not figure out from where the voice was coming.

An article appeared in the newspaper, September 13, 1937 highlighting one of the horses that helped. [The horse was owned by my grandpa, Reuben H. Forbush, father of Dellis Reuben Forbush.]

"Old Horse Needs No Boss on Reins"

Sandpit Operator Says Cart -puller Best Worker He Has

UNION – Dan, a 12-year-old plow horse, owned by Reuben H. Forbush, Union, likes to do his daily work without a boss.

In fact, according to Mr. Forbush, presence of human in the sand pit, where Dan pulls a rubber-tired cart over a "beaten mile" between the dump and loader, bothers the faithful horse.

Each day for three years, in freezing and torrid weather alike, Dan plugs along with his work without a driver.

"He makes an average of 10 trips a day between the loader and dump," Mr. Forbush said.

Each cartload contains a cubic yard of sand and gravel. The cart loads and unloads automatically.

The horse pulls the cart under the loader, waits for the bin to fill, then starts for the dump. There he carefully backs the cart up to the proper position to allow the load to spill.

"Dan is more good to me than a dozen workmen," Mr. Forbush said. "He goes about his work minding his own business and does it without a cussword. When it's time to eat, he is prompt to quit, but seems to know when work is to start again and is anxious to get back to it."



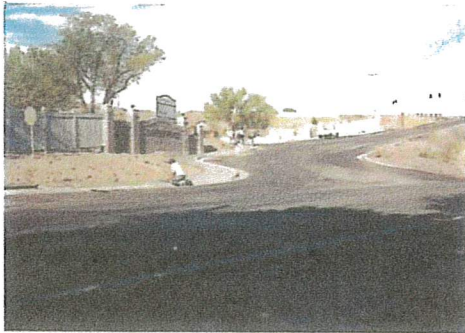
The hill across from our home was owned by Dad and Mom. It was a dirt hill when I was young. It made the best sleigh-riding hill. One of our favorite pass times was to watch cars try to make it up the hill when it was snow packed. Some of the drivers were very creative in their attempts to negotiate the hill. Others merely gave up.

Dad ran the sand pit for about 23 years until he ran out of material to sell, and the equipment he needed was too expensive to buy.

On 21 July 1957 Dad made the headlines in the paper when he rescued a 17-year old boy that was pinned in a six-foot ditch by a large tractor that he was riding down Creek Road. There were about four inches of water in the ditch. Dad heard his cry for help. He ran out of the house without shoes and lifted the tractor up so the boy's cousin could pull him out. The boy suffered two cracked ribs,

multiple scratches and abrasions. After the excitement had died down, Dad tried to lift the tractor again, but found it an impossible task without the aid of an emergency. He admitted he was shaking all over when the injured youth was rescued. The boy was Thomas B. Neff, son of Mr. and Mrs. David B. Neff.

As new subdivisions were created, and more and more people came to live on Creek Road, neighbors were beginning to call the state and ask that the hill be blacktopped. They approached Dad and Mom about that. Dad said that they would donate the property to the State. The State was delighted, and Dad and Mom named the road "Forbush Lane". Instead of a sand and gravel pit now, Canterwood Subdivision adds a new dimension to the hill.



Dad built a shop to make many of the tools he needed. In that shop many wonders were created to help people all over the valley. Dad earned four U.S. patents on his inventions. He always kept a notebook by the bed. When he was sleeping, an idea would come into his mind. He would wake up, grab the notebook and pencil and write down his idea before he forgot it.

One of our favorite things that he did was to build a "swimming pool". As far as we can tell, it was the only outdoor swimming pool in a pasture that was surrounded by horses. We all loved swimming in the pool, and many of his grandchildren also enjoyed it.



Dad was always dreaming up something. He made swings, gliders, basketball standards, flag poles, fence stretchers (which earned him one of his patents), and many more things. Once, a dog ran in front of the glider when kids were on it, and the dog was picked up and flew quite a few feet. Gliders were discontinued. Dad did not want to see a child get hit by one of the gliders.

It was our good fortune to have grandparents live so close to us. Grandpa Reuben and Grandma Millie Forbush were our next-door neighbors to the west of us. Down the lane lived Dad's sister, Lorna, and her husband, Reed Alder. He was a dentist.

Grandpa and Grandma had a pig pen. I loved watching the little piglets. One day when I was about three or four years old, I leaned over the pen too far and fell in. My cheek hit a rock, and now I have a permanent dent in my cheekbone. The dimple shows up especially when I smile.

In the late 1950's Dad built an airplane out of chicken wire, etc. We stuffed a Santa Claus suit and put a face on him. He was hoisted up about twenty feet above the barn that stood next to the shop. A fan and motor gave it power to go around in a circle with his arm waving and his eye winking at you. People traveled from all over the valley to see Santa Claus. The wind was hard on the airplane, and one windy day, it took a nose dive.

In 1961 Dad was called by the Jordan School District to see if he wanted to drive a school bus. Dad said that he would. He worked there for fourteen years. He and several other school bus drivers were able to go back east to bring new buses home for the district. Through his employment, both he and mom had good health insurance coverage. Besides that, he loved being with the students and he enjoyed his friendships with the other bus drivers.

CONNIE FORBUSH SIMPER

I REMEMBER CREEK ROAD:

---was a "serpentine" and very narrow long country road growing up because they paved the road to follow the "creek".

----Creek Road started at 1300 East, and you could drive clear up to Danish Road (not sure what the East was for Danish Road.

----I remember when they started building Willow Creek County Golf Course, which became over the years a private golf course; and the area was popular among the more wealthy of that era --- and many prestigious people built huge homes that surrounded the golf course area

---when first entering Creek Road from 13th East going East, there was a hill with a long dirt road which led to Mom and Dad's Japanese friends, I think the Hashimotos. He would come to visit Dad in his shop to have farming equipment repaired, etc.

----In early childhood, Creek Road, had long-time residents, like my parents, where large areas of pasture-land that surrounded many of the homes all along Creek Road

----It was a beautiful Creek Road where you could view all of the horses and cattle and sheep and vast orchards and pasture-lands

----I remember when Crestwood Swimming Pool was built; and it was an exciting time for the community. I remember swimming with many of my school friends through the years

-----I remember Dad driving the School Bus for Jordan School District. I would watch for Dad to pull in the large paved driveway in front of our home. I also remember having to help Dad at the end of every school year to wash and wax down the School Bus before Dad could take it back to the Jordan School District to store for the summer --- that was a lot of washing and waxing and leaning a lot of windows!!!

----I remember a lot of the wonderful residents along Creek Road that so dearly loved my parents and often visited our home such as: Dave & Nolene Jessop, who were some of the original residents just outside of the Willow Creek Country Golf Course area. I went to school with their oldest daughter, Marilou Jessop.

---Rass and Pearl Greer not too far up the road from where my parents lived --- their beautiful little white house always had the greenest and most tidy lawn and yard.

---Right across the road from the Greer's was the Van Valkenburg Estate --I went to school with their son Peter -- they were a great bunch.

-----I remember the Winger's that lived on a hill just across the street to the south of our home. The Winger's had a set of twin boys and another son Mike. The mother of Mr. Winger, who was Grace Winger, lived just next door on the same hill. Mike and I were similar in age and were good buddies as we grew up together.

However, I must mention two frightening memories of the Winger's while I was growing up:

----- The Winger's owned a Mink farm. All of the minks were in cages behind their home. Mike had the daily chore of feeding and watering the mink on a daily basis. Since we were childhood buddies, I would assist with the feeding and watering. Each of the wire cages had a Campbell's Soup-Like Can wired to each cage for drinking water. They had a long hose to fill each can on each cage. One day, I was helping Mike fill the watering cans for the mink; approximate age would have been around 9 years old. With my love for furry animals, I opened one of the cages to hold the mink ----like I was accustomed to holding my kittens and cats ----- well, much to my surprise --- mink are not domestic animals and the mink started chewing on my left wrist which eventually looked like hamburger and I ran screaming back to my home to MOTHER !! I still have some of the scars from that incident.

-----Another frightening incident took place when I was about 5 yrs old. This particular incident has caused a life-long phobia that is still very real even now.

Years and years ago, most of the homes had coal-burning furnaces, which required really huge vacuums from companies that came and cleaned the ashes and soot from hearing their homes during the winter. Both of the Winger Homes --- had very long, very steep driveways. One day the companies came to clean Grace Winger's home - the vacuum or the blown-up suction bag was as large as an 18-wheeler diesel truck ---which, once it was blown up was gigantic to my eyes. I stood right next to the HUGE blown-up suction bag --- since I was only 5 yrs old - as I looked up, it was incredibly large, and I thought it was going to suck me right into it --- a fear that continues to haunt me. Now, when you see giant Godzilla Balloons and or any other Large Blow-Up Advertisement balloons for businesses - I cannot look at them because it brings that memory of fear back to me.

---I remember the hundreds of cars that would stop and watch Dad's flying Santa Claus up on top of the barn --- that was a real eye catcher!!

---I remember the dynamite that Dad would set up every 4th of July around 4:00am in the morning and wake up all of the horses all households around.

---I remember helping my Father save a man's life when the tractor he was driving fell over on top of him in the Creek Road just down from the root cellar and across my Grandma Millie Forbush's bridge to her home ---- I can remember helping my Father lift the tractor off the man which saved his life!!