

MEMORIES OF CREEK ROAD

THOUGHTS PRESENTED
BY
BEVERLY STRINGHAM LUND
KATHRYN PAY BARNEY
JANE WHITEHEAD LUND
DAVID JESSUP
&
THE FORBUSH FAMILY
ALSO
EARLY MAPS OF CREEK ROAD

NOVEMBER 2012

CREEK ROAD

Creek Road is the southern boundary of Cottonwood Heights. (Cottonwood Heights was incorporated in 2005 as a City in Utah) Before Cottonwood Heights was a city, we were at one time known as Union, Utah and then Sandy, Utah

It should be clarified that the residences on the south side of Creek Road are Sandy, Utah population while the north side of Creek Road is Cottonwood Heights population. Annexation to Cottonwood Heights on the south side of Creek Road has been tried, but the effort failed for the time being. Schools and Churches on the south side of Creek Road are attended by Cottonwood Heights residences...

My name is Beverly Lund and I have lived in this area for fifty five years. My home is on Royal Lane which is just off Creek Road at 2400 East.. My late husband Orin Lund and his father, Royal Lund purchased acreage on the north side of Creek Road in the early 1950's. We built our home in 1958 having to build a bridge across Little Cottonwood Creek to reach our home. In the beginning we had a barn, where we had horses, a cow, chicken and pigs. We also farmed several acres with wheat and alfalfa. My mother-in-law, Alice Lund had a raspberry patch where she raised wonderful raspberries and sold them at a few of the local markets.

I remember Creek Road when it was a dirt gravel road located from 1300 east to approximately 2600 east, then at that point in crossing the bridge where Little Cottonwood Creek flowed, Pepper's Hill was in effect to Danish Road, but of course now Creek Road runs between 1300 east and 3500 east and Pepper's Hill is part of Creek Road.

The cock fights were still in process until the 1956 just east of our home. There were mink ranches on the south side of Creek Road ranched by neighbors at about 2200 east, and flowers, especially pansies were raised by a Japanese family at approximately 2300 east. There are now about thirty streets located on the north side of Creek Road from 1300 east to 3500 east.

KATHRYN PAY
BARNEY

My name is Kathryn Pay Barney. My family moved to what was then known as Union in 1957. My parents were Douglas and Edna Koelliker Pay and I had two brothers named Jerry Pay and Steven Pay.

The land that we built on was a corner lot at the crossroad of Highland Dr and Creek Rd. That was the end of Highland Dr and there was just open land where the road continues now and all the houses and buildings have been built. The only road by our house was a dirt road that went up the hill around the back of our place so farmers could get to their fields and livestock.

My mother's father, Conrad Koelliker, owned a farm further East on Creek Road and he also owned the corner lot where we built. He had offered that lot to any of his children who wanted to build there and everyone thought it was just too far out away from Salt Lake where they all lived. So my Mother said if you are going to give it to us I'll take it and move out there.

When we moved into the house the only other people around us lived far apart. There were some families that had been there quite awhile including Fred and Flora Ericson, Dave and Noleen Jessop and Orin and Bev Lund, to name a few. We could sit out on our porch especially on Sunday and never see a car on the road. We could ride our bikes all over, play football and baseball in the middle of the road. We attended church at the red brick building up on 10th East called the Union 4th ward. The road that goes up over the hill from Creek Rd up to 13th East was called Forbush Hill. It was a dirt road barely big enough for two cars to pass. We rode horses and that was the open land for cattle and milk cows. Smart's dairy was up there and also their cattle and many times the cattle would get out and wander all over where Macy's and the theatres and those buildings are now.

Of course it has changed. Time marches on. We are now known as Cottonwood Heights. There is no way to play in the middle street now. It is a miracle if we don't see a car on Creek Rd. My parents lived in their house for 43 years and then they decided to put Highland Dr through to 94th South and that would take more than half of the house so we decided that wouldn't work. That is when Heritage Gardens approached my parents and offered to buy the land. It is a beautiful reception center now but we knew it when it was cow pasture.

JANE LUND

**Jane Lund's Talk for Willow Creek 9th Ward
Sunday, June 13, 1999**

Dear friends, as I look at you today, I see my life in your faces. . .a wonderful array of happy memories; and, many opportunities for service and growth.

Val and I have lived here for 40 years. . . that's the same amount of time it took the pioneers to build the Salt Lake Temple, and the children of Israel to come out of the wilderness, and inherit the promised land!

We came here as new college graduates, full of hope and great confidence. Forty years ago Creek Road was a meandering two-lane roadway that had once been a wagon trail up Little Cottonwood canyon. We lived in our little "honeymoon cottage"--a three room adobe house in the middle of Paul Symkoviak's backyard. Behind the house was a corral and a pig-pen. There was a barn on Thomson's property, that listed so badly to one side, that Orin arranged to "accidentally" burn it down before it collapsed and killed someone.

Orin and Bev, and Val and I, built our homes and "pioneered" the north-side of Little Cottonwood Creek.

Before the property was improved, Val's father, Royal, would load the family into his rock-picking wagon, and pull it with his tractor across the creek. It was a bumpy ride, and our children often had a handful, if not a "behind" full, of slivers from hanging on to the rough side-boards of that old wagon.

Now--my special gift is story-telling, and my special love is children. So today, I want to share with you some true experiences that happened to me here on Creek Road.

How many of you watch "Touched by an Angel"? How many of you really believe that there are Guardian Angels watching over us?"

I have had experiences in my life that have witnessed to me, that there are spiritual forces that impact our lives.

I will never forget one day in the spring of 1957; when Ellis Bringhurst and Susie came to pay a call. Ellis was the oldest son of Vern and Ocea Bringhurst. He was 13, and bright and friendly. He loved Val and would often pay us extended visits just to sit in the shade and chat.

"Susie" was Vern's quarter horse. She was very large. If I stood tall, and she bent low, we could make eye ball to eye ball contact.

Well, it happened on that day, that Val was not home. Ellis and I chatted, and the conversation drifted to "horse-talk". Now, bear in mind that I am a city girl. I know nothing about horses, but I had read a lot of horse stories as I grew up; and therefore I had

command of vocabulary--I could talk "horse". I pulled off an interesting deception that poor Ellis fell for.

Soon, he offered to let me ride Susie, and I accepted! Susie glanced at me out of the corner of her eye as if to say, "You're sure about this, Lady?"

Ellis gave me a leg up, and there I sat astride this huge animal without my feet in the stirrups nor the reins in my hands. Assuming that I was seated, and an experienced horse-woman, Ellis gave Susie a swat on the rump, and away we went at a full gallop up our rutted dirt road. I grabbed Susie's mane and hung on for dear life! When I looked down I saw the loose reins dragging underneath Susie's feet. I knew that she could trip; and that somehow I had to get her stopped before we killed each other. I tried "Whoa, girl"! It didn't work; but then, an amazing idea impressed itself on my mind. "DON'T PANIC! Talk to her--gently, softly." So, as I watch the reins flap underneath us, I held on, and had a pleasant little conversation right in Susie's ear.

Did you know that horses ears are on a swivel? Most of the time they point forward, but when they really want to listen, their ears will pivot so that they can hear you better. I spoke softer and softer. Susie's ears turned around and as she listened she went slower and slower. By the time we were 100 yards or so down Creek Road she was at a complete standstill!

Ellis was about 30 seconds behind us. His face was beet red, and he gasped apologies for his error in judgement.

When I told my 7 year old grandson, Sam, this story he thoughtfully replied, "Nana, God saved you and Susie because you were both His creatures--and He loved you! But Nana", he added, "don't get on a horse again until you learn to ride".

On another day, Val's father was boarding a horse behind the old "Honeymoon cottage". We were by then living in our present home; and Pam and Murry Johnson, Sr. were living with their family in the cottage. A Mexican family, by the name of McDonald, lived where the Stake Center now stands.

Maggie McDonald was Pam's dearest friend, and had dropped by for an early morning doughnut and coffee.

I was busy picking cucumbers that were growing in President Adam's front yard. There was a stand of alfalfa where Ed Price and Paul Snell now live. Scott and Rob, then about 10 years of age, were sent to the corral to lead the horse to the pasture. The animal was rarely exercised and hard to control. As Rob reached up to grab his halter, the horse reared up on his hind legs, and clipped him across the forehead with his front hoof knocking him unconscious beneath his feet.

At that moment, Maggie McDonald finished her coffee and took the cup and saucer to the sink. She saw the danger and ran, yelling and waving her arms, to spook the horse away from Rob. With no thought of her personal safety, she entered the corral, picked Rob up and carried him to the house.

To me, yes, the timing makes miracles--but more important by far was that the spirit touched the heart of a good woman, gave her courage, and quickened her so that she was inspired and able to be a ministering angel.

Dave and Nolene Jessup tell of their son, Tom, who one day at a grocery store saw a lady struggling with a heavy load of groceries. He offered to help her, and while he was putting the groceries into her car, she confided to him that her only son had recently died, and that she was heartbroken at the thought of never seeing him again.

Tom took a few minutes to explain about the Plan of Salvation. "How is it," she asked, "that you knew that I was the one among all of these people that needed to hear this message?" Tom grinned and answered, "I'm an angel!"

Shortly after our son's near fatal rollover I wrote a poem entitled:

Ministering Angels

I thought when I saw angels,
They would be
Personages of spirit,
Clothed in white,
And surrounded by glory.

I did not know
They would be mere boys
With long hair
And ragged jeans. . .

But, not long ago
Two such angels
Lifted a car
From my son's broken body,
And revived and comforted him
Until help came.

(Call up Amy)

Today, I am looking at angels--those who have listened, and hugged me and believed in me. Those who have comforted and prayed for me.

Angels who have helped me to achieve much by encouraging me in good works. In my heart I will carry choice memories of all of you.

DAVE JESSUP

David Jessup
(My earlier days on Creek Road)

I consider myself the Patriarch of Creek Road....

I am the oldest living man still living that was here when I moved here over fifty years ago, even older than all the women.

Although there is one man who cheated, he was born in Draper at his aunt's house. then moved to Creek Road. He has lived here all his life, his name is Jay Forbush. He has lived here a little longer than I have, but I am older than he is so I am still the Patriarch of Creek Road (an unofficial calling).

When we moved here there was no Willow Creek Country Club. Our home was the first home built in Willow Creek. There was lots of sage bushes, oak bushes & choke cherry trees. And way too many rocks. There was also rattlesnakes, badgers, skunks and deer. It took a while to adjust, but it was the best move we ever made. The Lund's moved in a while later, Beverly & Orin (great people), but Beverly is nuts and fun to be around.

We were on a nine person telephone party line and had to make an appointment to make a phone call.

Creek Road ended at the Creek, but was later extended to Wasatch Boulevard. Life has been great, great people. My wife, Noleen passed away six and a half year ago. And Orin Lund is one of her closest neighbors at the cemetery.

My brother-in-law John Farnsworth, owned all of Willow Creek at one time, that is why we ended up here. John was a great brother-in-law.

FORBUSH FAMILY

Memories of Living on Creek Road, Union, Utah

Presented to Cottonwood Heights Historical Society

Submitted by the Children of

Dellis Reuben & Mary Esther Thomas Forbush

Submission Date: 5/6/2012

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. [He also earned two patents on the Swing-Line, one from the United States and one from Canada.]

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 propelling the Swing-Line. 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. Soon Dad made an enclosure for the back of the rock 'n' roll. It provided safety for those on the back of the trailer and also a step for the riders to exit the trailer. 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.

Grandma 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 with little piglets.

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 rust scales.

Rover

We had a dog named Rover. He was frightened by fire works and/or thunder. 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. They were fun to watch.

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 TV "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."

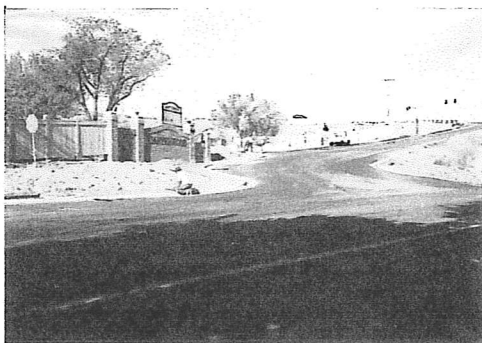


The hill across from our home was owned by Dad and Mom. It was a dirt hill when I was young. It made the best sleigh-riding hill. One of our favorite pass times was to watch cars try to make it up the hill when it was snow packed. Some of the drivers were very creative in their attempts to negotiate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

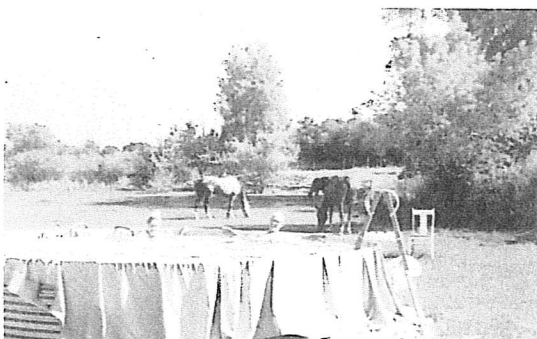
On 21 July 1957 Dad made the headlines in the paper when he rescued a 17-year old boy that was pinned in a six-foot ditch by a large tractor that he was riding down Creek Road. There were about four inches of water in the ditch. Dad heard his cry for help. He ran out of the house without shoes and lifted 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 several 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. Even the horses enjoyed their new drinking pond.



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. It shows up as a dimple, 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. Dad would have won First Prize for the flying Santa; however, as it was not on our house, it did not qualify. Dad said that he put it on the barn so that he could enjoy it, too.

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.

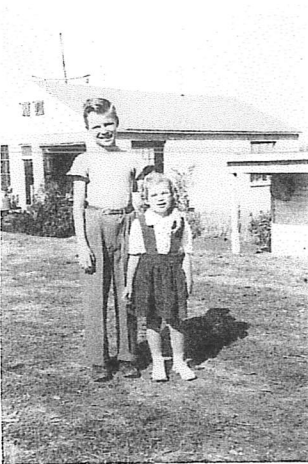
---I remember the hundreds of cars that would stop and watch Dad's flying Santa Claus up on top of the barn --- that was a real eye catcher!!

---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!!

Jerry & Karen

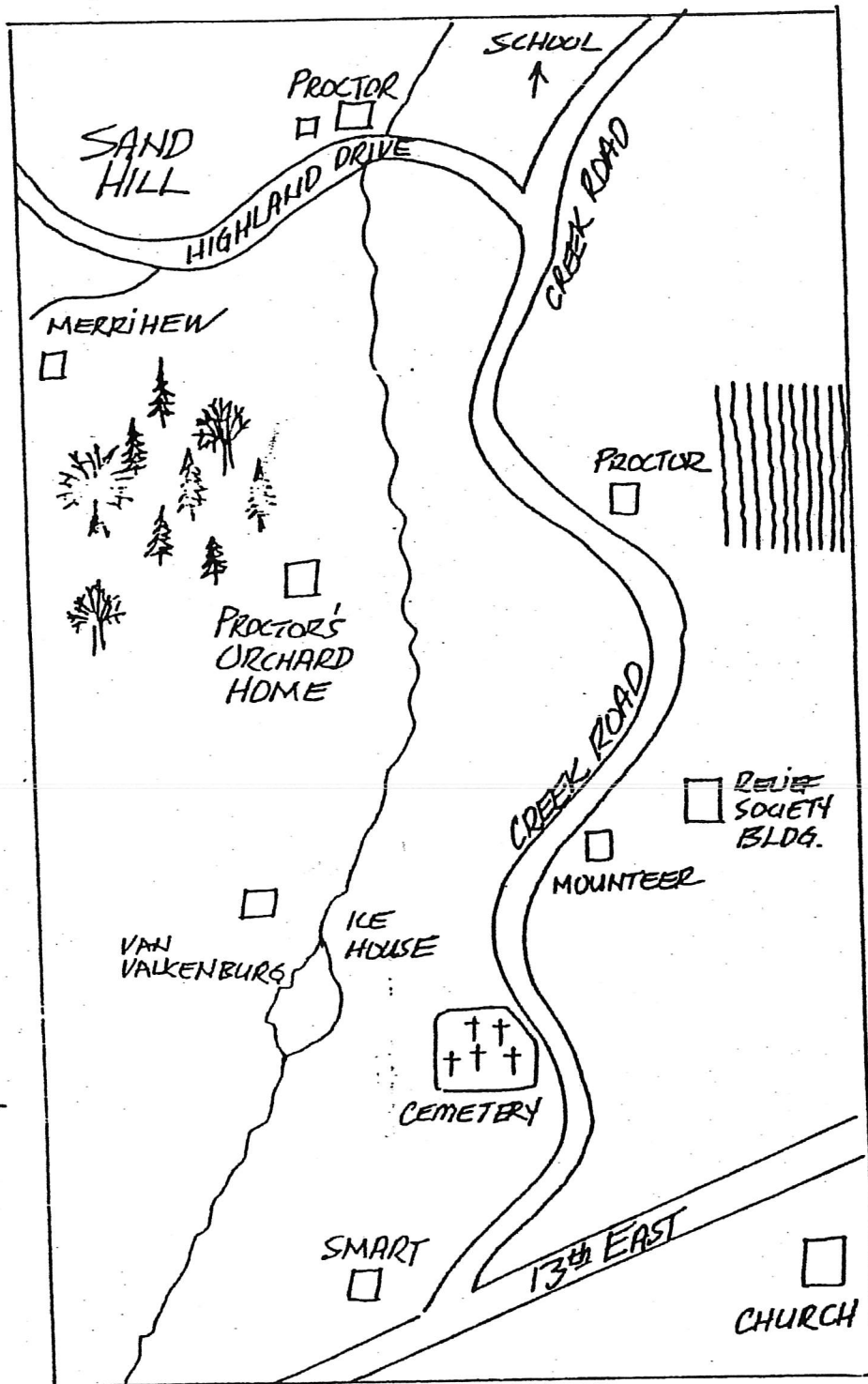


Grandpa Reuben and Karen

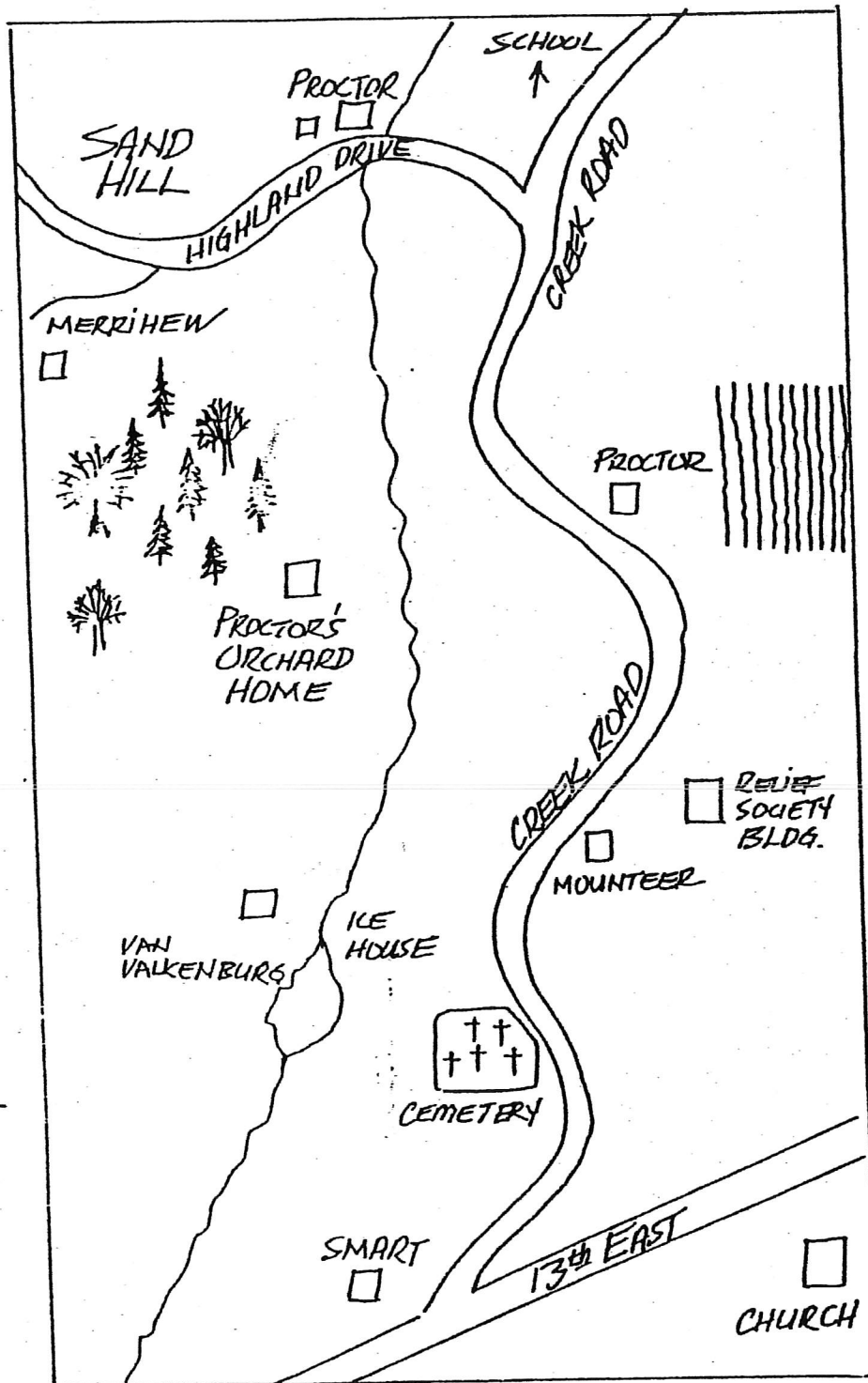


Connie & Dellis





UP THE CREEK 1880-1940



UP THE CREEK 1880-1940