

HISTORY OF MEADOW - MY HOME TOWN  
BY JOHN BROCKBANK BUSHNELL  
Written by Amy B. Adams

It was in the spring of 1857 when James Duncan rode a horse over the grassy meadows of this pleasantly located little town sight. A small stream of water came gurgling down past the June hill winding its way through the cedar trees, grass and sage brush, then diffusing it self over the meadow lands below the ridge.

James paused a moment, cast his eyes over the surroundings, as he thought, "A beautiful setting for a little village."

When reaching his home at Fillmore that evening, he broached the subject to his wife. I have found a fine location for a new home, about 8 miles South of Fillmore.

Very soon his wife Janet (Jennett) and two children, James and Mary, were making preparations to leave. The neighbors, mindful of the Indians located on the foothills, tried to discourage the Duncan family. But these Scottish people would not listen to discouragement.

They came at once. Shortly, they were located on the side of the ridge one mile West of the present town sight. This place was selected (no doubt) because the pony express passed just below the ridge and also, it was easy to make a dugout on the side of the ridge. Two months they lived alone, grubbing brush and plowing a small piece of ground, where they might plant a few potatoes and a small patch of corn.

During the summer four other families came from Fillmore to join them. Five dugout homes were ridge habitations now. Farming land was in common. One thought in mind was to raise some food for winter use. The Indians were troublesome and for safety they moved back to Fillmore for the winter.

The following spring, they returned, bringing with them, other families. A group of ten families now worked together on the ridge.

Late in the summer, the water source became a problem and the company decided to move East to the present town sight, where water was available for culinary purposes. Clearing brush, plowing, planting was their daily pursuit.

During the late summer they united to cut, with scythes, wild hay for winter use. Also an effort was made to build log houses or adobe ones. James Duncan had charge of the Saints on the Meadow Creek.

More immigrants came and the town grew. Church organizations were effected, school organized. Now in Meadow Town, the log schoolhouse was built on 1st West Center Street, the then tithing yard, accommodating church and school.

The land produced abundantly. Men in the fields with scythe, cycle and bound bundle of grain by hand. They threshed by flailing and blowing.

The **Stott Brothers** came from Fillmore in 1864. **William Stott** was the first Presiding Elder over the Meadow Branch. Others came to this pleasant little valley. The Bennetts, Fishers, Bushnells, Beckstrands, Stewarts, Adams, and several other families arrived a little later.

How busy they were, Making adobe houses or log houses, with a fire place in one end, with an iron rod across, that would hold a big pot of soup, or corn mush, or a kettle of water to bath four or six children.

It was time to divide the land and water. Each man received an equal share. Elias A. Beckstrand was the first Sunday School Superintendent. He requested that 40 acres of field land with 6 shares of water be given to the Sunday School and known as the Sunday School Farm.

The water was high and ditches were made to accommodate the people and bring water to their lots.

Sheep raising was a big industry. The **Bushnell Brothers** [**John**, Dan, Edward; the Bushnell Brother's Sheep Herd] were owners of big herds. Cattle grazed over these grassy pasturelands, also many wild horses roamed on the prairies.

What fun the boys had on Easter, chasing those wild Cayuses, trying to corral them, while girls were rolling eggs down the steep White Mountain.

During the summer, fathers raised big patches of corn and cane.

Jimmy Howeth had a molasses mill. He made molasses for every family. Young people went to his mill for skimming's. What fun they had making candy and playing run sheep run, until some unlucky boy fell in the skimming's hole.

In 1877, Church organization was affected. **Hiram Bell Bennett** was chosen Bishop, with James Duncan and James Fisher as counselors. Many of the people went to Fillmore to Conference in their wagons, drawn with ox teams. All the women wore a black veil over their face and held a big black umbrella over their head.

John Nield was the schoolteacher. He had a few switches to make the boys settle down, when they climbed over the tops of the benches.

Everybody liked to dance, because the log house was so well lighted with tallow candles. The girls dressed just like the girls today, with big full skirts over three or four petticoats.

One night a lion came to town and killed every dog.

It was time to celebrate the 24th of July. What a big time it was. Men went to the mountains and brought the biggest pine tree, cleaned it smooth and planted it East of the log house. They fastened red, white and blue strips to the top, so the young boys and girls could dance the May Pole.

James Fisher cut out a rooster of bright tin and put it on a swivel on top of the pole, so it would turn to tell the direction the wind was blowing.

John Beckstrand and James Fisher had a sawmill up Meadow Creek Canyon. They found a ledge of snow and sent word to town to the committee to send a team with sacks and get this snow.

They worked all day, then came and placed the snow in cellars for the 24th. All the mothers were notified to bring milk, sugar, or eggs, and bring spoons and dish for each member of the family, "We are going to have ice cream for everybody in town."

Well, they started to freeze the milk, eggs and sugar as soon as the parade started, all forenoon. They kept turning the buckets in tubs of snow, but it didn't freeze. They wouldn't give up, all afternoon they kept turning, but it didn't freeze. All during the night dance, they turned and at midnight, the dance master said, "Send your little girls with a bucket in the morning and get some ice cream mixture for custard pudding for dinner." The children cried. They were so disappointed. Too bad some one didn't know they should have used salt to make it freeze.