

cherries and Mother would boil the apple peelings to get pectin

to thicken the chokecherry jelly. Eventually, Dad built a reservoir on top of the hill above the spring. The reservoir was about 10 to 12 feet square and lined with concrete with a wooden roof and a hatch through which to reach the mechanism that brought in the water. He built a box around the spring and attached the Ram Pump in the spring. This ram operated by air and water pressure to pump the water up the hill - which I thought was quite a climb.

I suppose that Dad ordered the pump from the Montgomery Ward catalog, but he could have known about it while he lived in Amherst, Virginia\*\*. Whenever the water would stop flowing in the kitchen it was time for someone to go down to and fix the ram. It was a very noisy device while it was pumping, but it saved Henry and me from carrying water home every day.

Once we had running water to the house Dad built a plain sink in the kitchen between the small built-in cabinet and the stove. He also put a small basin in the corner with a shelf up above, which held Vaseline and such, and on the side a medicine cabinet with a mirror on it. Dad

## Our Family's Rucker Air Forcer Pump

By Doris Leprieve Rucker

Wadsen

Edited by Michael P. Rucker

We lived in Beaver Dam, Utah

at the time of this narrative. Our

grandfather [Henry Wingfield

Rucker] had relocated from

Virginia to Utah in 1915 and

our father [William Richard

Rucker] followed in 1917. In

this history I tell how my

brother Henry and I carried

drinking water from the spring

in the hollow several blocks

from our home until Dad

installed a pump he called "The

Ram Pump\*."

Until I was 10 or 12 years old

my brother Henry [William

Henry Rucker] and I had to go

every day with buckets to bring

water home. We worried about

skunks, porcupines and coyotes.

There were also rats, rabbits,

squirrels, birds, ducks and

pheasants. Dad would get angry

at the men coming over from

Logan and killing the pheasants

he felt he had raised on our

farm. There were also many

wild flowers along the banks of

the hollow, including wild iris

which we called "flags." We

picked them for Decoration Day

to decorate the graves at the

Beaver Dam Cemetery. Later

toward fall we picked choke-

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