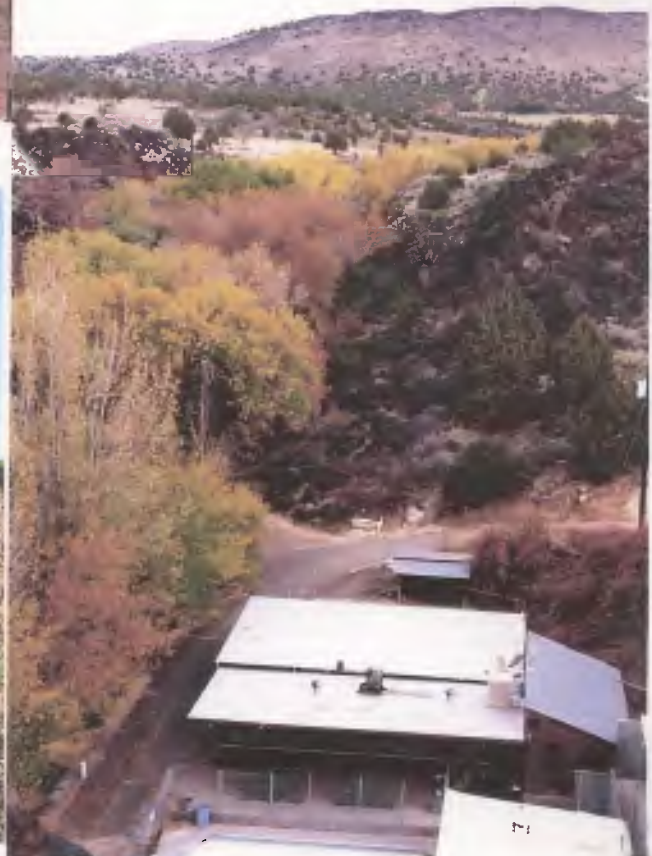




# VEYO

Let's Talk About

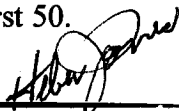
# IT



This booklet is the result of four lectures that I have given on the subject of Veyo. The lectures were given over a period of four years. They were not and are not intended to be academic, formal, or even correct, as they relate to folklore or retold stories. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the material related in secondhand stories. I can only say that the stories presented were a part of the folklore that permeated the atmosphere in which I grew up. They are presented here only to enhance or embellish the personality and color of the characters referred to in the lectures. I have added a few stories and pictures not used in the lectures. I have also added a list of reference materials for those who would like to delve deeper into the subjects discussed.

The main thrust of these lectures was to acquaint the audience with the history of the town and with the people who settled and lived in Veyo for the first 50 years. My recollections and interpretations of people and events might not be accurate or reliable. If I have erred, my intention was not to harm anyone and any errors are mine alone.

The year 2011 will mark 100 years of Veyo's existence. I hope that these few pages will serve as a reminder and a reflection on the first 50.



## **Gunlock Gleanings**

**Gunlock, June 13 —Engineer Leo Snow of St George was here last week surveying a ditch over near Chadburn's The Gunlock people expects to make their homes up there some time**

**The men are going to begin gathering steers for the sale on the 20th.**

**June apples are beginning to ripen.**

**Born, a son to Mr. and Mrs James Tullis, June 3, 1911.**

*Washington  
County  
News*

## GUNLOCK

Gunlock, June 12.—Registration day, at day break the hosting of "Old Glory" was seen in many parts of town. The playing of the band was the first feature of the morning. At 10 o'clock a nice program was rendered in the ward hall and the big dance at night was a success.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bunker and family and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Chadburn, Mr. and Mrs. Lee and Odell, Bill and Violet Leavitt and Frank Cole all of Glen Cove were visiting here Tuesday.

George Huntsman has returned home from Arden, Nev., bringing with him a cur, he expects to spend much time this summer shipping fruit.

Charles Polupher and two sons, Francis and John, Francis Bowler and Wilford Holt have gone to Enterprise to the cattle sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Barney and Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Barney and families have moved here for the summer from the Big Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hunt have returned home from the Bronzelli mine where they have been for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Leavitt were down from Central Tuesday night to the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Leavitt and Mrs. Wilford Holt have gone to St. George on business.

Bora, a daughter to Mrs. Hattie Pop, Friday, June 8, all concerned doing nicely.

## GLEN COVE

Glen Cove, June 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chadburn of Central arrived here some time ago. They expect to make their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Herwood and family have gone to St. George where they expect to stay for some time.

Leavitt Leavitt and Frank Burgess have gone to Modena after freight for the Dixie Power company.

The men are all busy putting up the next crop of hay. Albert Bunker has gone to St. George on business.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CENTRAL

Central June 11.—Registration day was celebrated here with a patriotic program and those of eligible age all came forward and registered early. The day was ushered in by raising of the flag and a salute of cannon. At 10 a. m. they had a float containing the boys of registering age. At 2 p. m. a meeting was held where a patriotic program was well carried out, which refreshments were served.

A. L. Woodhouse, the president of the Dixie Power Co., has had a crew of men out working on the road through this part so as to get the machinery through to the power plant. It makes the road in better condition than for some years. Several loads of the big machinery for the power plant have passed here.

The Misses Janet, Beth and May Bracken entertained at a birthday surprise party in honor of their father, M. E. Bracken. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Elders Nelson and Bowler of Gunlock were here Sunday, June 6, to preach to say their remarks were much enjoyed by all.

David Gossley, the county field agent, was here last week inspecting crops and giving instructions on the same.

The boys from Littlefield, Ariz., moved through here today on their way to Modena with cattle.

Ed. Harper and family have returned from St. George where they have been for some time.

A. L. Woodhouse passed through here today on his way to the power plant at Glen Cove.

J. B. Bracken of St. George has been here several days visiting relatives and friends.

Henry Holt and Arthur Bracken have gone to Lund with loads of hauled hay.

The ladies here have organized a Mothers' and Daughters' club. The crops here all look fine.

### HURRICANE

Hurricane, June 11.—Registration day was fittingly celebrated. The cannons were fired at daybreak and the flag raised at sunrise. At 4 o'clock the men who registered paraded through the streets then marched into the hall where a badge was pinned on them and delicious cake and ice cream were served to them. In the evening a patriotic meeting was rendered after which followed a fire dance.

The body of George McConnell was brought in Sunday night from the sheep camp at Antelope. He was lost for a day or two and when found he was dead. He was said to be poisoned.

O. A. Workman and the Misses Delar and Flora Workman, Clerk H. West and Miss Selma Station of Salt Lake who have been here some time visiting, went to Salt Lake Tuesday.

Mrs. Marion Bradshaw left the latter part of last week on a visit to Ogden and other northern settlements.

Alan Humphries, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Humphries, was kicked by a horse, injuring his jaw and eye.

Funeral services were held Wednesday for Jacobus Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Campbell.

A Relief Society meeting was held Wednesday afternoon. Some of the sick officers were present.

Andrew J. Cook, Bert Bradshaw and Alfred Hall have bought suits within the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stout are the proud parents of a 12 pound baby boy, born June 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wood left Monday for the ranch at Kolob to spend the summer.

George Lee of Arden is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Ada Humphries.

Mrs. Annie Iron has gone on an extended visit to St. Thomas, Nev.

Mrs. Mary Hewes left Friday morning for Idaho to visit relatives.

Mrs. Jane Wright is around again after a long illness.

Henry Pickett left Sunday for St. George.

The evaporator is completed.

## GLEN COVE

Glen Cove, Feb. 5.—James Tullis and daughters, the Misses Cassie and Myrtle, have just returned from Newcastle where they went to attend the farewell party of D. O. Tullis who has been called in the draft.

J. L. Bunker and Lemuel Leavitt went to Pine Valley yesterday on business.

Fred Chadburn's new frame house and barn are nearing completion.

Albert Bunker of St. George is here for a few days, working on his farm.

Benjamin Chadburn has the rock hauled for a new rock house.

Quite a number of children here are on the sick list. Heavy colds in the form of coughs, sore throat and ear ache.

Glen Cove, Feb. 9.—The Y. L. M. I. A. has been organized here but on account of such a few members the young men have been asked to join.

S. A. Bunker has returned from St. George where he has been for some time.

Frank Burgess has returned from Mesquite, Nevada, where he has been spending part of the winter.

J. L. Bunker and Lemuel S. Leavitt have returned from St. George where they have been on business.

Robert Bagshaw is here from \_\_\_\_\_, to commence work on his homestead.

Will Jones has commenced work on his new house. His father, John Jones, is here helping him.

## NOTICE TO WATER USERS.

State Engineer's Office  
Salt Lake City, Utah, September 9, 1911  
Notice is hereby given that James L. Bunker, whose post office address is Gunlock, Utah, has made application in accordance with the requirements of the Compiled Laws of Utah 1907, as amended by the Session Laws of Utah 1908 and 1911 to appropriate ten (10) cubic feet of water per second from Santa Clara Creek, Washington County, Utah. Said water will be diverted at a point which bears south 86 degrees 31 minutes west 2310 feet distant from the northeast corner of Section 31 Township 40 south Range 16 west, Salt Lake base and meridian from where it will be conveyed by means of a canal for a distance of approximately 10500 feet and there used during the period from January 1 to December 31 inclusive of each year to irrigate 500 acres of land embraced in Section 31 Township 40 south Range 16 west Section 6 Township 40 south Range 16 west and Section 1 Township 40 south Range 17 west Salt Lake base and meridian. This application is designated in the State Engineer's office as No. 3314.

All protests against the granting of said application stating the reasons therefor, must be made by affidavit in duplicate and filed in this office within thirty (30) days after the completion of the publication of this notice.

GALPH TANNER

State Engineer

Date of first publication September 21, 1911  
date of completion of publication October 21, 1911

Archie Chadburn  
Milt Fowler

CCC Camp

John Fowler  
John Fowler

Richard Seiler

Archie Chadburn  
Archie Chadburn

Lee Leavitt  
Dean Hensley

Cliff Leavitt  
Angela Vance

Marilda Seitz

George Chadburn  
Ray Fowler  
George Hensley  
Alvin Jacobs  
Ray Fowler

Albert Runkel  
Leo Seiler  
Country Store

James L. Bunker  
Claude Brumwell

Bill Jones  
Jim Hunt

Lee Leavitt  
Samuel Smith

Lee Leavitt

Old School - Church

Anthony - Seitz

John Hunt  
Leo Seiler  
New LDS Church

Steve Bunker  
Joe Nielsen  
Ben Chadburn  
Ashby Chadburn  
Bert Cheever  
John Hensley  
John Chadburn

Steve Bunker  
Joe Nielsen  
Ben Chadburn  
Ashby Chadburn  
Bert Cheever  
John Hensley  
John Chadburn

Pool  
Dance  
Cottages  
Melbourne Cottages  
Dance  
Chadburn

Veyo Map

T-39

T-40

6	5	4	3	2	1	6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12	7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16	15	14	13	18	17	16	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24	19	20	21	22	23	24
30	29	28	27	26	25	30	29	28	27	26	25
31	32	33	34	35	36	31	32	33	34	35	36
6	5	4	3	2	1	6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12	7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16	15	14	13	18	17	16	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24	19	20	21	22	23	24
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31	32	33	34	35	36	31	32	33	34	35	36

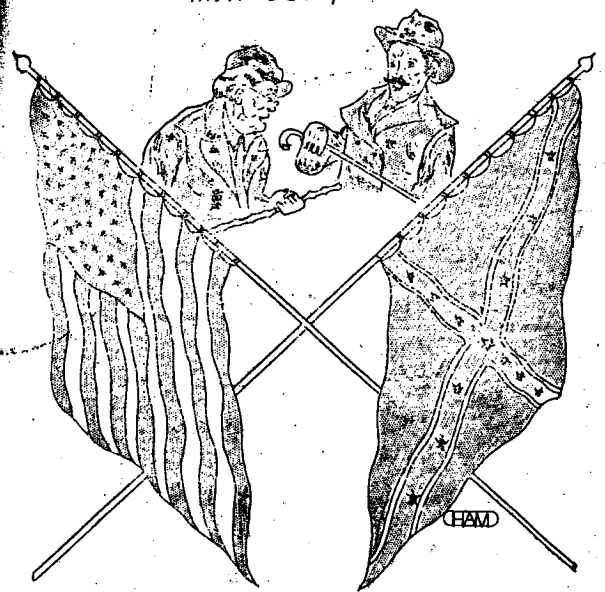
R-17

R-16

VOICE of VEYO

COMPANY 4777, CCC, ST. GEORGE, UTAH

MAY 30TH, 1937



MEMORIAL DAY

OFFICE PHONE 226

September 7, 1946

D. A. MCGREGOR HOSPITAL  
ST. GEORGE, UTAH

Mrs. Eva Jones  
Veyo, Utah

Ray, Glasses	10.00	
I. V. Dextrose	20.00	
Nutrition	6.25	
13 days hospitalization @ 6.00	78.00	
		114.25
Doctor Bill		25.00
Lab Fee		5.00
		144.25



A Selective Sketch of the History of Veyo  
By Heber C. Jones

Most of the land in Veyo was claimed between 1910 and 1925. Some of the ranches on the Santa Clara and the Magotsu were claimed as early as 1900. People, other than the Native Americans, began making claims on some of the land in the 1850s. These claims started with grazing rights issued by the established towns and the county. It is noted that one cabin was built on what became the Chadburn ranch as early as 1858. There could have been two. The Pulsipher brothers mention building a cabin there in January 1862 and Unstead Rencher mentioned building one in 1858. Both the Pulsipher brothers and Rencher were acting as agents for the communities of Washington and St. George to take care of the grazing for the common herds.

David Canfield and Edson Barney established a home and farm on the east side of the Santa Clara river about 22-1/2 miles north of St. George. They built two cabins about where the Baker Dam is today. This was in 1863.

The first permanent settler at what became the Chadburn ranch was Thomas Alfred Jeffery and one of his wives. Jeffery had come from England and migrated to Utah where he settled in American Fork. He was called to Dixie to raise cotton but his health condition could not stand the heat. Erastus Snow advised him to find a higher climate. He didn't want to go but Erastus was adamant so Jeffery went up the Santa Clara to where the "Old Chadburn Ranch" was located. I assume one of the cabins was still there. The place was inhabited off and on by a band of Indians led by a fellow they called Waterman. Jeffery made arrangements with the Indians and the County to occupy the land. He left one wife in St. George and the children moved back and forth. The wife in St. George didn't have any children but one of the other wife's offspring was given to her to raise.

Henry Chadburn came to work for Jeffery in about 1878 and later bought him out. Henry filed on the upper part and found that the lower part was a school section which he arranged to buy and had transferred from the U.S. Government. He received official title to the land in about 1902. Henry's son, Robert, also filed on a homestead just north of Henry's property which he sold to James L. Bunker.

Uncle Jim Bunker, as he was referred to, began to promote a town on the bench that became Veyo. He persuaded John R. Hunt and his wife, Esther Truman Hunt, to take out a homestead on the northeast corner of the South West corner of Section 6, Township 40, Range 16, SLM&B. Uncle Jim and his wife, Catherine, took out a homestead on the northeast corner of Section 6 and the southeast quarter of the northwest corner of Section 6. The center of Section 6 is in the intersection where Center Street and Spanish Trail Drive meet.

Uncle Jim built the first home on the town site; it is a part of Claude Braswell's home today. John R. Hunt built a home where the LDS church now stands and Uncle Jim Bunker's half-brother, Stephen Albert Bunker Sr., built a small frame home on the south side of the lane from

Uncle Jim's home. Uncle Steve, as he was known, did not take out a homestead there. His daughter and son-in-law, James and Caroline Cottam, filed on that corner. Uncle Steve took out a homestead and a desert entry on the east-half of Section 1, Township 39, Range 17 West. Uncle Steve's son, Stephen Albert Bunker Jr. took out a homestead east and north of James and Caddie and east of Uncle Jim. Ellis W. Jones took out a homestead on the southwest fourth and lots 3 & 4 of the northwest fourth of Section 1, Township 40, Range 17. John L. Heywood and wife took out a homestead in Section 12, Township 40, Range 17 West. Clifton R. Leavitt took out an entry in Section 12 also. Catherine Bunker filed on a part of Section 1, T. 40, R. 17. Archie Chadburn took out a homestead in part of Section 6 and part of Section 31, T. 39, Range 16 West. Benjamin and Fred Chadburn filed on what became known as Peek-a-boo, east of Veyo. George Chadburn took out a homestead on the northwest part of Section 28, T. 39, R. 16. Matilda Seitz filed on a part of Section 31, T. 39, R. 16 West. This homestead was not completed and went back to the government. It is the area now occupied by the Veyo Park. The Carters, William and Samuel, filed on what is known today as Dameron Valley. It was known as Carter's Lane until Brooks Pace began to develop it. The name of Dameron was originally applied to the area known today as Diamond Valley. It was named after William Dameron who herded cattle there in the 1850s. Nearly all of what is known as Veyo came from these land claims.

William R. Palmer, the expert on Southern Utah Indians, claimed that the area on the Santa Clara stream near the warm springs at Veyo was the headquarters for the MATOOSHATS band of Paiutes who occupied the area between the Mountain Meadows and Santa Clara. He also claimed that the Magotsu Creek got its name from a corruption of MATOOSHATS.

The ranches on the Magotsu were occupied from time to time by various families centered in Gunlock. There was at one time as many as nine families living at the Bigelow ranch, known today as Bowler's ranch and was originally known as the Magotsu ranch.

Between 1902 and 1906 Albert (Bert) Truman Sr. and a family headed by John Y. Bigelow filed on the Magotsu stream from where the Moody runs into the Magotsu to a point north which became known as the Truman ranch. It has had several owners and names since. The Trumans took the north part and the Bigelows took the south part. There were others living there at the time on ground that was a School Section obtained from the State.

Joseph Henry Hunt filed on a homestead between Truman and Bigelow. This area had been occupied by Am Truman. It became known as Hunt's ranch, not to be confused with the Royal Hunt ranch near Central.

### THE PEOPLE

Most towns established in Utah prior to the emergence of Veyo were planned or directed by church leaders or were split off from some other established community.

Most of the first generation settlers in Dixie arrived here with some kind of skill.

Brigham Young was pushing a self-sufficient empire and emphasized communal projects while at the same time allowing individual ownership and some private enterprise in business. However, the entire economy was based on subsistence-agriculture in which everyone produced enough to sustain themselves and a little extra, if possible, to aid those who might be having difficulty or were engaged in some kind of industry or public service which prevented them from procuring the necessities for survival.

In the late 1870s, Brigham Young pushed the idea of the "United Order" and tried to do away with private enterprise. Brigham Young died in 1877 and the "United Order" idea collapsed in most areas outside of Orderville and Bunkerville. In addition, the second generation was reaching maturity and had not been trained in crafts or skills and were in need of some means of making a living. Most of the good land was taken and young people were faced with few options. The 1880s saw the first major migration away from Dixie to areas like Garfield, Wayne, Carbon, and Millard counties. After another 20 years, near the turn of the century, another migration occurred due to the same reasons plus, by this time, a few families had gained control of the good land, water and grazing rights. The "have-nots" found themselves in economic trouble and at the mercy of those in control. Some new towns were established, some on marginal land which proved unable to support all of the new settlers.

Central is a good example of this problem. Some of the "have-nots" of Pine Valley became the settlers of Central. After a few years, part of them found it desirable to go elsewhere. Some of them ended up in Veyo.

While James L. Bunker was the promoter and one of the first to homestead in Veyo, there were others who moved to Veyo permanently prior to his taking up permanent residence there. Uncle Jim, as he was known, lived in Gunlock and held church positions for several years after others had become permanent residents in Veyo.

When Uncle Jim and others filed on the high water in the Santa Clara stream in 1911 the place was known as Glen Cove. It stayed that way until 1917 when the people applied for a post office. There was no primary water in Veyo at that time and the new settlers filed on both the Santa Clara and the Moody. After expending considerable time, money and effort on the Moody, it was abandoned.

The Veyo (Glen Cove) Irrigation Company was organized and a project was begun to bring the water from the Santa Clara river at Henry Chadburn's lower field to the Veyo town site. It was paid for by people buying shares in the Company. They had water running through "town" by 1914. Until that time, water had to be brought in from the river or stock had to be driven to the stream for a drink.

Most of the people who worked on the ditch and settled Veyo came from about 10 families from Gunlock, Central and surrounding ranches. As many as nine families had lived at the Magotsu (Bigelow or Bowler) ranch. There was a school there for a short time. After the Indian

missionaries went to Santa Clara in the 1850s, there was continuous use of the area along the various streams for grazing and some farming. Dudley Leavitt cut some trees for a house in an area just below where the road to Gunlock reaches the bottom of the hill west of Veyo and turns south. This area became known as Dudley's Grove and was used as a recreation site for people from Gunlock, the ranches and Veyo until it was destroyed by people digging gravel for construction projects in the last part of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

Amos Pratt Hunt moved to the Magotsu ranch in 1888 and Will Bunker, Uncle Jim's brother, sold his farm in Annabelle, Utah and bought part of the Magotsu ranch in 1891. The Burgesses were related to the Bunkers through marriage and Isaac Burgess came to the Magotsu ranch to work for them. He acquired 40 acres and brought his family to live on the ranch. Will Bunker sold to John H. Bowler in 1906. James Bunker acquired 40 acres which he sold to George A. Truman who in turn sold to John H. Bowler. The Bowlers continued to tie up the lands surrounding the Magotsu and the Moody until the family controlled most of it and it remains in Bowler hands today.

About 1912 John R. Hunt and his wife, Esther, along with Esther's niece, Beatrice, moved to Veyo and lived in a home where the LDS chapel is now. John died in May 1914. Esther moved back to Gunlock. In 1916 she married John I. Pace and sold her holdings in Veyo. Three acres, just east of the telephone exchange building on the road to Gunlock, went to the Washington County School District for a school. Jim and Ella Tullis bought 40 acres which included the Veyo Mercantile area, Fenton Bowler's rodeo grounds and the fields north to Lloyd Leavitt's property. William H. Jones bought 12 acres on the corner south from Tullis and built a house there. It was a pretty nice home for that time compared to others around. Lemuel Leavitt bought the remaining 105 acres of the Hunt homestead. That area included where the LDS church stands and west to the boundary of Section 6.

Uncle Jim Bunker had made a deal with Robert Chadburn to buy his homestead of 160 acres in Section 28 and he also received a patent on 160 acres in Section 6 which included all of the area from Claud Braswell's corner to the north boundary of Section 6. It also took in the southeast corner of the northwest 1/4 of Section 6. In 1917 he sold the 40 acres in lot 1 on the east side to Ben Chadburn. He sold the 40 acres in the northwest part of Section 6 to Fred Chadburn. This included all of the area from the corner occupied by Keith Jones, west, to Judd's new building and north to Marvin Chadburn's and east again to Spanish Trail Drive.

James and Caddie (Caroline) Cottam moved to Veyo January 2, 1914. They lived in the little cabin built by Uncle Steve Bunker. It was located on the northwest corner of their homestead across the street, east, from the LDS church. James had been one of the nine graduates of the first graduating class of the new Woodward school in 1903. His sister-in-law, Bertie Crosby Bunker, had been another of the nine who graduated from the 10<sup>th</sup> grade in 1903. They both were pioneers in the new town of Veyo. James had graduated from the University of Utah with a teaching certificate. He had also served a mission for the LDS Church in Australia. He and



Caddie had a home in St. George and Caddie's father, Uncle Steve, had holdings in Grass Valley. They moved back and forth between these places for several years until they were settled permanently across the creek and they got rid of the Grass Valley property in the 1920s. They were still living in the little lumber home across from the church when the "big wind" of 1916 blew down the new Central school, along with many trees and other buildings. That same year, 1916, James and his brother-in-law, Albert Bunker built a flume to carry irrigation water across the gorge to their new homesteads. The flume was 90 feet high and 400 feet long. It was located just south and west of the Feller properties. Until this time James had farmed on Uncle Jim Bunker's ground in the Cove. Uncle Jim hired a number of people to work his farm including my father, Ellis W. Jones, and his brother, Clarence.

James and Caddie raised seven children on their farm. Garth was killed in WWII and all of the others moved from Veyo. However, Melbourne married Marie and returned to Veyo in the 1940s to assist his folks in their various operations. He eventually bought out the old folks and improved their holdings as he raised his family here. Marie was a registered nurse and soon became the town's Angel of Mercy.

James started the first school in Veyo in 1916. He was hired by the county to teach 25 students in grades 1-8 in a tent located on the flat north and west of where Lloyd Leavitt now lives. The school was moved to a new building located on the road to Gunlock in 1917. About 10 years later the building was moved a block west of the LDS church. In 1935 a new room was added and two teachers taught for a number of years. In 1945 the grades above 6<sup>th</sup> were bused to St. George. The school was closed and all of the students were bused to St. George in 1949.

James and Caddie sold their holdings in Grass Valley in 1927 and built the swimming pool that same year. They added a dance floor and roller rink in 1929. The roof collapsed under the heavy snow of 1949. Melbourne and Marie took over the pool in the 1950s and put in new dressing rooms and oiled the road down the hill to the pool and put in a new recreation area across the stream. They also added a fast food operation and experimented with a large plastic cover to permit operating throughout the year. The swimming pool became a recreation center for people as far away as Cedar City in Utah and Panaca in Nevada. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July each year the Cottams sponsored a dance at the pool. People came from all around and the dance often lasted until early hours of the next day. People danced to a live orchestra maned by local musicians. Mildred Bowler, Hope Truman, Gertrude Lund, Grace Emmett and others played the piano while Roy Renouf managed the drums. There was a mixture of other instruments from time to time but these were regulars during the '40s. In the early years they sold hot dogs, candy and soft drinks. Many people brought their own drinks, which were not so soft.

In 1975, Cottams sold the pool and surrounding area to A.G. Meaker and family. In 1977 the pool went back to Cottams. In 1994 it was sold to Jim Bosse. He died in 1998. The pool is still in the hands of his wife.

The years 1917 and 1918 were very eventful years in the history of Veyo. The new school

building was completed. The Veyo ward was organized with James L. Bunker as bishop. Veyo received a post office with John Heywood as postmaster. The post office was in a tent across from the LDS church, east. James Cottam and Albert Bunker completed their flume across the creek. Albert Bunker brought his wife and family to live on his homestead in the summertime. He also had a home in St. George and an interest in Grass Valley. His wife, Bertie Crosby Bunker was the driving force behind getting the Veyo Ward organized. Bertie died in 1918, a victim of the world-wide flu epidemic. James and Caddie Cottam moved to their new home across the creek and sold their eight acres on the north west corner of the southeast quarter of Section 6 to Joe Nielson. Joe sold it to Ben Chadburn who also bought 40 acres from James L. Bunker and brought his family to Veyo. Fred Chadburn bought out his brother, June, who was in the process of buying 40 acres from James L. Bunker in the southeast of the northwest quarter of Section 6. The No. 1 power plant was completed and began supplying power to the area. Henry Chadburn's wife died and their son, George, was inducted into the Army and sent to France. Henry died soon after George left and the old ranch was split up among the children. Most of it ended up in Veyo. The Chadburns raised 10 children on the ranch—eight boys and two girls. John, Archie, June, Ben, Fred and George all were pioneers and lived in Veyo. John bought out John Heywood and lived there until he died. Heywood came to Veyo in 1917 from Panguitch. He took out a homestead in Section 12 T. 40, Range 17. He worked for the locals and the power company for about 10 years. He then moved to the Hurricane area. He sold part of his ground to the power company and John H. Bowler ended up with most of it. Heywood's home burned down and he bought two acres from Ben Chadburn and moved the house that Sherman Chadburn has to that spot. He also purchased 24.7 acres from Albert Bunker. Fred Chadburn bought that land from Heywood. That is the area now occupied by Fellers and Jackson etc.

Archie Chadburn took out a homestead that included the property that Lloyd Leavitt and Marvin Chadburn occupy and ran across, east, to include the old part of the cemetery. Archie moved a small house from Gunlock and added a rock portion, along with the materials from the old Chadburn place. While he was building the rock part, he hired Chris Ammon to do the rock work. Chris also did the foundation for the Cottam-Bunker flume, several rock granaries and the Enterprise dam. Archie had his father-in-law, Frank Holt, helping with the work when Frank decided to do a little masonry. Chris became excited and yelled, "Step down, Step down, I am the mason, you are the hod carrier."

In 1928, Archie sold out to Milton and Blanch Bowler on the west side and to his brother, Fred, on the east side. Milt and Blanch sold to John Bracken but took it back and sold the cattle and the Truman Ranch to Roy Renouf and the remainder to a woman named Petersen, who sold it to Lloyd Leavitt.

Ben Chadburn and his wife, Martha, bought out Joe Nielson and 40 acres from James L. Bunker. Ben later sold .35 of an acre lot to Bert Cheeney. And Ben's son, Ashby, built a home across from the LDS church, east, which went through several hands before the Nielsons bought it and built the nice home that is there today. Ben later bought more property from Bunkers and a part of the school section his father had owned. Ben's brother, Fred, acquired the remainder of

the school section and his son, Sherman, has it today.

June Chadburn and his wife, Esther, made a deal for land from James L. Bunker and built a small home on it and started a farm. June traded his interest in the property to his brother, Fred. June later came back to Veyo and bought part of Albert Bunker's holdings on the south side of the stream, which was later sold to Joe and Alta Prims.

Fred and his second wife, Harriet, added to the home, built a barn and related farm buildings and planted trees and berries all over the property. They raised 10 children on the place and supplied the entire area with fruit and berries. Fred sold the two lots across the street, north, from the church to Lem Leavitt's brothers—Clifton and Lee. The two lots north of those were sold to A.R. Bledsoe and Ellis W. Jones. He later sold the properties held by Jay McAllister in a deal with Lee Hirschi. Fred gave the corner that Larry Daniels developed to his son, Arnold, who was the only child from his first wife. The remaining property in that area went to his 10 children by his second wife—Harriet Beacham.

George Chadburn came back from the Great War and took out a homestead and a desert entry on the property that is now Pine Valley Farms and some of Brookside. The area became known as New Jerusalem. He made some kind of a lease agreement open to veterans to graze the black hill east of Brookside. George bought a lot in Veyo where the Cooper house is now. Albert Bunker built a two-room home for George on that lot. The house was moved to a lot south of the road going to Gunlock. George sold his holdings on the ranch to Dr. L. Howard Smith and his holdings in Veyo to Roy Renouf. Renouf also bought the two acres where Kyle Pace built his home. Roy built a nice home there in the early '40s. He also built a nice barn in the northeast corner of the property. This property went through several hands and was split into three pieces. The Cooper house, Gordon's home and Kyle Pace's place were all part of the Renouf property. The little stucco house that is boarded up in front of the Pace home was the original building on the property. It was brought in from across the creek back of Cottam's. Uncle Jim Bunker's sister, "Aunt Dee Crosby" as she was known, had the house built. George Huntsman bought the building and the lot and had the house moved there. Bunkers bought it back and Jimmy and Adele lived there when they were first married. Jimmy was Uncle Jim's adopted son. Bunkers sold the place to Alvin Jones who at that time was working for the power company. Alvin sold out and left the area in 1938. The property has gone through several owners since.

The bridge across the gorge was completed in 1921 and the road was moved from east of Veyo to what is today, Spanish Trail Drive. The road that went by the "Old Chadburn Ranch" was abandoned and the Chadburn boys transferred the water rights from the old ranch to Veyo. Most of the buildings and usable materials found their way to Veyo also. Water was also transferred from Pine Valley, Gunlock and other ranches on the river.

Bertie Crosby Bunker died as a result of the flu epidemic that killed thousands in 1918. She left three children. Albert married Matilda Seitz who was a sister to Uncle Jim's wife, Catherine. They were from Annabella, Utah. Aunt Tillie, as Matilda was known, had married a fellow named Seitz

who was a foreman at the Bingham copper mine. One of the employees shot and killed him. Aunt Tillie brought her young son, Andrew, to Veyo and took out a homestead where the Veyo park is now. She didn't prove up on the homestead and it went back to the government. She moved to about where Alma Jones lives today. While in this location, she married Albert Bunker and Albert moved from across the creek to the lot where John Leavitt's place is today. Albert moved the Seitz house to that location and added to it. In 1924 he opened a small country store at that location. Albert later operated a saw mill in Pine Valley in the 1930s. It was the last mill to operate in Pine Valley. He employed a number of local men there and furnished lumber for the town. George Huntsman and others operated a small saw mill on Uncle Jim Bunker's property in the 1920s. The trees were brought from lower Sand Cove and sawed just north of Claud Braswell's barn. My father, Ellis Jones, and his father, Hyrum Jones, helped move much of the timber to the Veyo mill.

Aunt Tillie's son, Andrew, lived with Uncle Jim and Aunt Kate. The Bunkers had lost a couple of children and had adopted Jimmy or James Raphael Bunker. Jimmy's mother had died and his father abandoned him at the rail station in Bingham Canyon. Uncle Jim's brother, Alf, ran a saloon there and saw what had happened to Jimmy and took him home. Alf got in touch with Uncle Jim and Aunt Kate; they were delighted to adopt him and he and Andrew grew up together.

Andrew married Delilah (Lila) Leavitt. They moved to Nevada for a short time before coming back to Veyo. They purchased part of Diamond Valley and he worked for the power company. He was selected as bishop of the Veyo ward and was in the process of completing the Relief Society building when he was electrocuted while trimming trees at Pinto. Lila traded Diamond Valley to her father for the orchard and area where the LDS church is now. She later sold this property to Vaughn and Bell Jones, who in turn sold to Lee and LaVerne Hirschi who gave it to the Church for a new chapel.

Jimmy inherited James L. Bunker's holdings and managed to squander most of it by 1949 when he sold out to Ashby Chadburn who joined the Bunker properties with those acquired from his father and sold out to Claud Braswell in 1955.

John H. Bowler was the son of James Samuel Page Bowler who came to Utah from England with his family about 1880. "J.S.P." was a shoemaker and a musician who was encouraged to come to Hebron by the Terry family.

John was born in England and was about 11 years old when they came to America. He married Lasina Truman and began to accumulate property on the Magotsu stream. He bought out Will Bunker in 1906 and raised his family on the ranch. He bought the Jim Tullis place in Veyo in 1923 and moved here. He was able to increase his holdings during the '30s when others were losing theirs. He re-distributed his holdings among his children. His son, Henry, stayed on the ranch and in Gunlock and pretty much ran the ranching operation. The other boys, Milton, Richard (Dick), and Lewis came to Veyo. As mentioned earlier, Milt bought out Archie Chadburn and also acquired the Truman ranch. He later sold to Roy Renouf who sold to Leo Leavitt and the seven others who financed the purchase. Dick married Ella Hunt from Hunt's ranch and had two daughters by her. She



died and Dick married Helen Chadburn; they lived in a small house just north of the Veyo Mercantile. Dick acquired the old Bowler home at the ranch and after the CCC camp closed in the 1940s he and Helen moved into the captain's quarters. The CCC camp was built on John Bowler's property in 1934 and he acted as caretaker. Lewis married Mildred Bunker and got the west side of the Bigelow ranch. Mildred's father, Albert Bunker, built a home for Lew and Mildred on property he acquired from Lem Leavitt where the Spanish Trail Supply now stands. Lew and Mildred sold that property to Agnes and John Hunt and moved into Albert Bunker's home on Spanish Trail Drive where they took over the store. They sold the store to Lew's sister, Lottie, and her husband, Albert Ulrich.

When the road was moved in 1949, from Spanish Trail Drive to where it is now, the store was moved to its present location on Highway 18. The Ulrichs sold to Dell Potter but had to take it back and sold it to Marvin and Metta Chadburn. Marvin remodeled the store and they sold to Doran Fox. It then went through Edgar, Cannon, Daniels and Jensen. Most of the rest of the John H. Bowler property is still in Bowler hands although some has gone out and been bought back.

### THE POWER STORY

In 1909, St. George City granted B. E. Slusser of Salt Lake City a franchise for 25 years to build and maintain an electric light system within the City of St. George. Slusser built a small hydro-electric generating plant on the city water ditch or what was called the Cottonwood canal. This plant produced enough electricity to supply the City of St. George at that time.

Seven months later, the city bought out Slusser and went municipal. By 1916 it became apparent that St. George would need more generating capacity and at the same time maintenance on the system was becoming a problem. The city decided to sell the system and put it up for bids.

Albert Miller was married to James Cottam's sister and Albert had been working on various projects in Veyo and had discussed the possibility of generating electricity on the Santa Clara river with James L. Bunker and others. Miller was acquainted with Bert Pike who was the brother-in-law of A. L. Woodhouse who ran a power system in northern Utah. Woodhouse was brought to the Veyo area to look over the situation and concluded that it was feasible for him to bid on the St. George system with the idea of generating the extra energy needed by harnessing the Santa Clara stream. Woodhouse was successful with his bid and bought the system from St. George with a 25-year franchise. He organized the Dixie Power Company with the idea of developing more generation on the Santa Clara. Dixie Power made an agreement with the Veyo Irrigation Company to enlarge the ditch and run water to a new power plant at the mouth of the gorge where the Santa Clara meets the Moody and the Magotsu. Many local citizens were hired to do the work and the plant was operating by 1917. The enlarged canal was also serving most of the new homesteads taken out by that time.

The company area expanded and there was a need for more generating capacity so the Dixie Power people organized The Red Mountain Water Company to buy up land, water and rights to build more power plants. Reid H. Gardner of Cedar City became the company manager and

reorganized The Dixie Power Company into the Southern Utah Power Company with headquarters in Cedar City.

The Veyo canal was enlarged and the water was taken out of the stream above Baker Dam and dropped into the new No. 2 power plant at the head of Chadburn's field. Over the next few years, a siphon pipe was put across the creek and a ditch completed around Cottam's fields to Sand Cove where a reservoir was constructed and a pipeline was built to carry the water to the new No. 3 plant built at lower Sand Cove. At lower Sand Cove the water was again corralled into a pipe which carried it to the No. 1 plant that had been moved from the mouth of the gorge to Gunlock.

The people of Veyo and Gunlock worked on these projects from the beginning and by 1927 the plants were all in operation. My father, Ellis W. Jones and his brother Clarence, had worked for James L. Bunker from the start and worked on the power projects as well. Ellis took out a homestead in 1916 and worked off and on for the power company up until the 1950s. Ellis was drafted into the Army in 1918. When he got out he went back to his homestead and lived there until he married Eva Cottam in 1926. He lost his homestead to the county at the beginning of the Great Depression of the '30s. He bought a lot from Fred Chadburn in 1934 and lived the remainder of his life there. Clarence bought land in Veyo and helped put the plants together. He was hired as an operator but was drafted into the Army while working there. He went back to work for the company in 1920 and was made manager of operations. He was moved to Hurricane to run the new plant over there. He worked for the company installing, maintaining and operating for 25 years. He then quit and left the area in 1940. Clarence's brother, Alvin, went to work for the power company in 1920. He was an operator in several of the plants. He married Thelma Burgess and they bought a home in Veyo from Jimmy Bunker, the Kyle Pace place. He was Veyo's basketball star. He quit the company in 1937 and moved to Enterprise. Alvin's brother, Vaughn, went to work for the company in 1922 as an operator. He quickly became the superintendent of operations over the four plants south of Cedar City and held that position until he retired in 1965. Vaughn married Isabelle Leavitt; they lived at the power plants for a number of years and moved into their home in Veyo in 1933. They bought the lot across the street, north, of the LDS church from Clifton Leavitt, Isabelle's uncle. Clifton had bought the lot from Fred Chadburn. The Leavitts had a small home on the lot about where Ferral Jones now lives. The Leavitts lost a child there due to a fire in 1923. They then moved to Delta. Vaughn served as bishop from 1943-1952 and again in 1962-1970. John Heywood and Joe Nielson worked for the power company and lived in Veyo. Heywood moved to Hurricane and Nielson went to Gunlock. There were quite a number of operators who lived in Veyo or at the plants including Fred Brooks, Bill Riding, Fred Lang, Johnny Hunt, Ashby Chadburn, Lorin and Keith Jones, Blaine Jones, Emerald and Andrew Seitz. Andrew was killed as a result of his employment. There was another casualty when Gleave Holt was electrocuted as a result of his horse throwing him onto a downed power line in 1935.

The City of St. George went municipal again in 1942 and pulled out of the Southern Utah Power system. In the 1950s the company was taken over by California Pacific Utilities which

served the area until it was bought out by Utah Power and Light which is at the present time owned by a company headquartered in Scotland known as Pacificorp.

Edward Leavitt was married to Uncle Jim Bunker's sister and his sons, Lemuel and Lee, contracted to build the Sand Cove reservoirs. Lem also did maintenance work on the state highway from Diamond Valley to Central for about 25 years. Lem and Susan Burgess Leavitt brought their family to Veyo in 1915. From their headquarters in Veyo they farmed in Veyo, Diamond Valley, Ox Valley, Pine Valley and the Mountain Meadows. Isabelle married Vaughn Jones and they raised their family at the power plants and in Veyo. Glen married Florence McArthur and moved in and out of Veyo for the remainder of his life. Jim never married and is buried in the Veyo cemetery. Delilah married Andrew Seitz and lived in Veyo until her children were raised and gone. She sold out to her nephew, Dean Cottam. Lila became postmaster in 1938 and kept the position until she retired in 1968. Leo married Rena Gubler and raised his family in Veyo; most of them are still here. Ken married Afton Chadburn. They owned property and started their family in Veyo but sold their holdings and moved out of the area. Emily married Anthony Lytle and moved in and out of Veyo several times before she died. Some of her children are still there. Verna married Ronald Cottam and moved to St. George but she and Ron and their children purchased the old Hunt ranch in 1961 and some of them have lived there since. Henry Hunt had sold to a fellow named Clyde Knapp and he had sold to Merle and Vernessa Custer. Cottams bought from Custers.

Lem's brother, Lee, married Beatrice Hunt, who had been raised by John and Esther Hunt. Lee and Beatrice bought the lot next to Vaughn and Isabelle from Fred Chadburn. They had Chris Ammon build a rock house on the lot. They had previously purchased land from Lee's brother Clifton and took out a homestead at the Meadows. They lived in a tent on the west side of town one summer and Lee had moved a lumber house there. The Heywood family moved into that house and while they were there, it burned to the ground. Leavitts also lost a son to whooping cough. This child was the first person to be buried in the Veyo cemetery. Lee traded his place in Veyo to his father for holdings in Gunlock. They moved to Gunlock but kept the property west of town that he had purchased from his brother, Clifton. When Lee's folks died, the house and lot went to Lee's brother, Lem. Lem sold the property to Hortense Johnson who sold it to her folks, John and Melvina Horsley. When John died, the property was sold to Lee Hirschi who sold it to Jay McAllister.

When Highway 18 was moved from Spanish Trail Drive in 1948-49 the house that Albert Bunker had built for Lew and Mildred Bowler had to be moved. LaRue (Smoke) and Grace Emmett acquired the property and lived out their lives there. The house burned down, and in about 1980 Ron Nelson built the Spanish Trail Supply building and a home next to it on the property.

The community of Veyo remained pretty stable between 1917 and 1960. The ward had about 125 members with a few coming and going from time to time and the local families and culture pretty much prevailed. There had been interruptions and changes but stability was the rule.

During the early years from 1911 through part of the '20s, rainfall had been quite plentiful and people raised good crops, most years. In the 1930s Veyo seemed to dry up and the power company plants had been completed and the company no longer had work for as many people. The Great Depression of the '30s brought hardships and some people lost their property and others had to move elsewhere. The CCC camp was established in 1934 and some young women were taken away by the boys in the camp and a few of the boys married and stayed here. One of the Heywood boys brought in a movie projector and showed films to the CCC boys and the locals. The show was set up in the school house and the ticket was about anything one could scrounge that Heywood could use. At that time, you could buy things at Albert's country store for tax tokens that were worth less than a penny and you could work for Cottams for a swim or pay 10 cents.

World War II took about 16 young men and two of them did not return. As the war ended prices and wages rose and the world in Veyo began to change. The G. I. Bill sent young men to school and others went into business or away to work.

After the power company put the canal across the creek, Veyo piped the water back across for culinary purposes. This arrangement didn't work well so they piped the water from the area where the Veyo irrigation ditch left the power company canal to a head house located about where Alma Jones lives today. The water was piped directly from the ditch in a wooden pipe and distributed from there in metal pipes. This all changed in 1952 when a new system was built to a spring above Brookside which brought clean water from the spring to a new tank located north and east of Jay McAllister's home and distributed from there to the town. In 1972 this system was improved and enlarged with fire hydrants and plastic pipe. New tanks and distribution lines have been added since. A new well was drilled in 2004 and produces good warm water.

Veyo experienced several major fires over the years in which John Haywood and Lee Leavitt lost a home and Clifton Leavitt lost a child. Stephen Albert Bunker's home across the creek burned to the ground. James Cottam lost a brooder house and a crop of turkeys. The barn built by Roy Renouf had been used as a saddle shop and the entire complex burned to the ground. Lew Bowler's barn survived a fire set by young people branding the fence with hot irons and Bob Bowler received rather serious burns when he managed to get too close to a soap making operation in his mother's yard. The Emett home was also consumed by fire and more recently, the old dairy building was gutted by fire.

In the 1960s, Veyo began to grow. Lee Hirschi and others began to promote projects that brought new people and businesses to the area. Volcano Industries Inc. was a corporation organized in Nevada that recruited local citizens and others to invest time, money and property in local projects. They started a quail farm which was located out on the flat north and west of Lloyd Leavitt. Some quail were raised, processed and sold to restaurants but it didn't last long. The quail farm became a pheasant farm known as The Oak Ridge Pheasant Farm and Manufacturing Company which bought land in Veyo and Diamond Valley to raise pheasants and start a hunting refuge. It didn't prove to be a success. Spanish Trail Homesteads was organized



to develop the property along the Gunlock road and south to the gorge. These people also drilled wells at Bony Hollow and the big sand wash near Brookside and tried to bring the water at Goat Spring to develop the Carter property at what is known as Dammeron Valley. Glen Leavitt's Lava Ridge subdivision and the Lion's Paw Hunting Lodge redistributed property and brought new people to the community. The cinder pit, now owned by Fellers, was used for making block on the west side of town and many cinders were hauled out of the area.

In 1981, Lorin Jones led a movement to obtain land from the Federal Government for use as a community park. Forty acres of what had been the Matilda Seitz homestead was eventually awarded to the county for recreational purposes. It has been developed into a community park by the local citizens and generous donors. Part of the land has been added to the cemetery that was originally donated to the town by the Fred Chadburn family.

Since the 1970s, there has been a steady growth in people and business operations and indications are that the trend will continue.

Some changes in and around the community that have had a major effect on the lives of people living in the area that we will not deal with at this time: (2005-March)

Recreation and social conditions—deer hunt,

The building of the Baker Dam-1950

The oiling of the roads in the 1940s

The new bridge on Highway 18 1958

The Fire and Water building 1975+

The new chapel 1978-1984

People not part of "The Family"

A. R. Bledsoe

Leroy Wilson - General Steam

Harvey Ackley

S. E. (Bud) Brannaman

Eric Ericsson

George H. Howarth

Bert Cheeny and brothers

Television—Veyo was first community in county to receive television

Lee Hirschi and Curtis McKay Larson (1953)

Murders and other tragedies

**A Short Sketch of the Families and the People Who Settled Veyo  
by Heber Jones**

Last year we talked about the land and those who acquired and developed it. Today, I would like to concentrate on the 10 families that came to Dixie and produced the people who settled Veyo and, if you add several more families, one can expand the story to include the west side of the county and the country from Bunkerville, Nevada to Enterprise, Utah; Santa Clara and Pine Valley excluded. They have their separate stories.

Among these families were embedded the memories of Kirtland, Ohio, the counties of Missouri, the City of Nauvoo, the Mississippi River, frozen with ice, Sugar Creek, Mount Pisgah, Winter Quarters, the triple treks of those in the Mormon Battalion, the Mississippi Saints and the Mormon trail to the Great Basin. And then, there was the experience of being up-rooted and re-directed to Utah's Dixie.

How odd, how strange, how ironic that we, here today, in this small village should be trying to tie together the reality of our historical past and our present common existence. These 10 families represent, and indeed are, the basis of the legend of Mormonism. Let us examine these briefly one by one:

Edward Bunker was born in Maine in 1822. He was the youngest of nine children. At age 19, he went to Kirtland, Ohio with his brother-in-law, John Berry. They met Martin Harris there, and Bunker was baptized in 1845. He went to Nauvoo, joined the Nauvoo Legion and worked on the temple. In 1846, he married Emily Abbott and headed west. He left his new wife in Winter Quarters and joined the Mormon Battalion. He made the trip to Sutter's Fort and arrived in Salt Lake City in October 1847. He went back to Winter Quarters, picked up his wife and child, and came back to Ogden in 1850.

In 1852, he married Sarah Ann Browning Lang as a second wife and departed for England and Scotland on a mission. He returned to the United States in 1856 and brought a hand cart company to the Salt Lake Valley.

In 1861, he married Mary M. McQuarrie as his third wife and moved to Toquerville. The following year he was called to be bishop of Santa Clara and given the task of settling a dispute between the original settlers and the German Swiss.

In 1864, Bunker went with a group to establish Clover Valley. A short time later he went back to Santa Clara to institute the United Order. In 1877 he took a group to the Virgin Valley and started Bunkerville as a part of the United Order. After a long battle with the successors to Brigham Young, he moved to Mexico, where he died in November 1901.

Edward's two sons, James L. and Stephen Albert Sr., along with their sister, Elethier, were instrumental in the settlement of Veyo. James was the promoter and first settler of Veyo. His

home still stands as a part of the Claud Braswell home. Stephen and Elethier's descendants, the grandchildren of Albert Bunker and Lemuel Leavitt, still occupy much of their original holdings.

Amos Hunt was born in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky in February 1819. He married Nancy Garret Welborn in 1840 and Rebecca Wiggins sometime later. He came to Utah with the Benjamin Gardner Company in 1852. They lost a child on the way. This child was buried on the trail and became the basis of the story about the marker found several days later floating down the river.

Amos took part in the Echo Canyon campaign designed to keep Johnston's Army from entering the Salt Lake Valley in 1857.

Amos, along with his parents and some of his siblings, settled in Ogden and lived there until he was called to settle Dixie in 1861. He settled in the area of Tonaquint, near the present Ford dealership, until the big flood of 1862 washed him out. He moved to the base of the Pine Valley Mountain where he started a ranch with a cabin, fences and corrals. His wife, Rebecca, gave birth to a baby girl there. This area is now known as the Blake and Gubler ranch.

In 1864, Amos was called to Clover Valley where he plowed the first furrow and associated with Edward Bunker, Dudley Leavitt and William E. Jones. His wife, Rebecca, died there and Indian troubles led him to move to Shoal Creek. The town was named Hebron and Amos ranched there for many years. His wife Nancy died there in 1895. He moved to the area of Teasdale, Utah where he died at age 85. His grandchildren settled in Veyo under the names of Jones, Hunt, and Chadburn. Many of his descendants are still here.

Sara Studevant Leavitt was born in New Hampshire in September 1798 and married Jeremiah Leavitt Sr. in 1817, at which time they moved to Canada. Her husband's sister told her about Joseph Smith and Mormonism. She read the standard works and was converted. Upon her urging, the entire Leavitt family headed for Kirtland, Ohio in July of 1835, where she was baptized. They lived 12 miles from town and suffered considerable abuse because of their being Mormons. They moved to Illinois, where they joined the remainder of the Leavitt family in Nauvoo. Sara became an avid follower of the Smiths and demonstrated an unusual amount of spiritualism, even to the extent of administering to the sick and interpreting dreams. In 1846, the family joined the exiles to Iowa where Jeremiah died while on a trip to Bonaparte for provisions.

Lemuel Leavitt Sr. was the oldest of Sara's sons and assumed the role of provider and protector, but quickly left for the Salt Lake Valley where he built a cabin for the family. He sent for the remainder of the family to come to Utah in 1849; they arrived in 1850. After moving to Tooele and exploring Cache Valley, Lemuel was called to Dixie as one of the original Indian missionaries. Sara and her other sons, Jeremiah Jr., Thomas and Dudley, followed. Wier, another son, had died in 1847, one daughter had married Jacob Hamblin, and Louisa had married William E. Jones. Louisa died before the trip to Utah. Lemuel's grandchildren, Lemuel, Cliff and Lee were pioneers in settling Veyo. Many of their descendants are still here. There are also some of Jeremiah's and Dudley's people here.

Sara had picked up the habit of smoking as a young woman. She quit upon joining the Church, but she was plagued with severe headaches. She became convinced that the headaches could only be relieved by tobacco smoke. She smoked a pipe for the remainder of her life.

Henry Chadburn Jr. was born in England and lived in the same area as did J.S.P. Bowler. They knew each other in England and were from families that had been converted to Mormonism.

Henry learned to be an iron molder in England. His folks encouraged him to come to America. He already had a sister living in Parowan. They were trying to produce iron at Old Iron Town at the time.

In 1869, at age 21, Henry came to America. He found a job in White Pine County, Nevada, near Ely, hauling logs to a sawmill. He decided to go to Pioche and arrived there by stage. He had just left the coach and was standing on the street when a fellow on the other side shot a man. Henry immediately decided that this was no place for him and he began walking toward Panaca—called Bullionville at the time. He was afraid that he might be robbed, so he placed a \$20 gold piece in his shoe. When he reached Panaca, he could hardly walk. He cut wood for the bishop for his meals and rested until his foot improved and decided to visit his sister in Parowan. He got lost en route and became so thirsty that his tongue wouldn't stay in his mouth. He finally found water and rested until his tongue became manageable and, with the help of a stranger, made his way to Parowan.

Henry got a job as a molder at Old Iron Town. He was good at his job and molded some of the first iron produced in the western United States. He had the reputation of being a rather stout fellow and is reputed to have lifted about 800 pounds of iron in a contest at Iron Town.

While at Iron Town, he met his wife- to- be. She was the daughter of Robert Lloyd and Iliza Adeline Goheen. Her name was Mary Dorinda Lloyd. She had married a fellow named Kirby—the marriage didn't work out and they separated quickly. Mary Dorinda left home to take a job at the boarding house in Iron Town. She met Henry and they were married in 1874.

Two children were born to the Chadburns while working at Iron Town. When the operation shut down, Henry moved his family to the Jeffrey ranch on the Santa Clara. He rented the lower part and worked for Jeffrey on the upper part. He built a small cabin near a spring close to the road that connected St. George to Pine Valley. More children were born there.

The Jeffreys decided to move to Pine Valley and sold their farm to Henry. The Jeffreys later moved to Wayne County and then to Delta. One of the Jeffrey girls married Henry Jacobson and lived in this area the rest of her life.

Henry Chadburn said that he was so poor when he lived on the Jeffrey place that he told his wife to tell people he was not there so he would not be embarrassed if people saw him in his buckskin pants.

Henry moved his family to the Jeffrey house and improved it. They set up a hotel and way



station for travelers and eventually built a new rock house to accommodate them. He planted an orchard and vineyard. They raised some horses, cattle and sheep. The operation became quite successful. They housed travelers and peddled fruit to the towns in Nevada and Silver Reef. They raised 10 children—eight boys and two girls. Henry and his wife both died the year their youngest son, George, left to go into the army during World War I. The road changed, the old house was torn down, and the water was transferred to Veyo.

The Chadburn boys were all great storytellers and entertained a crowd wherever they gathered. I knew Fred rather well and listened to his tales over a life-time. He would get laughing so hard in the middle of the story, it took me 30 years to find out the ending to some of them.

When Fred was a small boy, he and Ben were watching their father slack lime in a lime pit Henry had constructed for the purpose of plastering his new house. Henry left them unattended for a short time and Fred fell into the hot lime. Ben raced to the house for his mother, who came running and removed Fred from the pit. She stripped his clothes off and breathed air into his lungs as she cleaned his mouth, eyes and ears. Fred didn't speak or see for about two years. His mouth was so badly burned that it left him with a permanent speech impediment.

Fred told me that Henry, his father, carried a sack of grain to Pine Valley on his back and it was the first grain ground in the grist mill set up by Asa Calkins. A fellow named Heath was the miller. While Henry was waiting for his grain to be ground, Bill Bracken came in with some grain to go through the mill. Bill watched as the flour slowly trickled out of the mill. He didn't say anything for a long time, then blurted out "Hell, Henry, I can eat that flour faster than the mill can grind it." Henry replied "Yea, for how long, Bill?" Bill said, "Till I starve to death."

Fred had many stories to tell about Bill and others that I won't try to relate here, but we must move on. The Chadburn children and others who grew up on the streams in western Washington County lived on subsistence agriculture, supplemented with peddling fruit, dairying, mining, etc. Most had limited schooling and were very isolated. As a result, there developed a rather closed society with a rather limited gene pool. People were not only separated by physical barriers but cultural and genetic isolation as well. There developed a cultural separation that limited the gene pool to some extent for the second, third and fourth generations. This system functioned until the great depression of the 1930s and World War II began to break it up.

This situation caused specific language and speech patterns, marriage choices, social class identifications based on family name, wealth or schooling or lack of it. All of Henry's sons married descendants of the 10 families and six of them lived in Veyo. Some of Fred's and John's families are still here.

Jacob Mica Truman was born August 30, 1825 in New York. He moved to Canada, then to Michigan, where he was introduced to Mormonism. He moved to Nauvoo and joined the Church in 1845. He was on his way to Utah in 1846 when he was recruited into Company C of the Mormon Battalion. One of his duties was to take care of the company's animals and to "break" the rebellious critters. He went on to Sutter's Fort, where he was employed. He was in the area when gold was discovered. He spent the winter there panning for gold and working for Sutter.

He joined a group headed for Utah the following spring. He married Elizabeth Boyce in 1849 and settled in South Cottonwood in the Salt Lake Valley.

In 1853, he brought his mother and sister to Utah. He married Catherine Maxwell and Julia Hale in 1856, but the Hale marriage didn't last. Brigham Young sent him to Summit County in 1860, but directed him to go to Dixie in 1861. His wives didn't like it in St. George and they spent the summers in Diamond Valley.

In 1868, Erastus Snow sent him to the Mountain Meadows. He moved his wives there, but he later moved Elizabeth to Gunlock. He and his boys witnessed the execution of John D. Lee at the Mountain Meadows in 1877. He died at the Meadows in 1881.

Two of his children married Bowlers, one married Frank Holt, two married Hunts, and one of those, later, married Hyrum E. Jones. John Bowler's wife, Lasina, lived at the Bigelow ranch and at Veyo, and all of their children lived at the ranch and/or in Veyo. Five of those children married into the original 10 families. Esther Truman married Jonathan Hunt and was one of the original settlers in Veyo. Mary Lois Truman married James Alfred Hunt and they had three children who married and moved to Veyo. Albert Truman married one of J.S.P. Bowler's girls and homesteaded the Truman ranch. Some of these children went to school in Veyo. Some of Jacob's descendants are still here.

James Samuel Page Bowler was born September 4, 1845 in Leicester, England. He was named after his two uncles. His aunt and uncle Page wanted to adopt him and he lived with them at times when he was growing up. They were quite wealthy and Protestant. J.S.P.'s parents were Mormon converts and the two religions weren't very compatible. J.S.P. was baptized into the LDS Church by a shoemaker who took him in as an apprentice. This arrangement didn't work well and J.S.P. was apprenticed to another shoemaker. He took quite a lot of harassment for being a Mormon and a "City Boy." He was bunted by a ram as a result of a trick played on him by a friend, and his introduction to horses was a painful experience.

J.S.P.'s mother died and he was farmed out to relatives until his father remarried. He enjoyed and studied music and shorthand, and he became proficient at both.

His brother, John, joined the army and quickly deserted, and came to America. His sister divorced her husband and came to America to be a polygamist wife of Benjamin Blake in St. George.

J.S.P. married Matilda Hill, her father was a Methodist minister, and she was shocked when J.S.P. was re-baptized and became an active Mormon again. She threatened to leave him, but she stayed and came to America with him at the request of Ezra P. Terry, who wanted him to settle in Hebron and make shoes. They had eight children when they arrived in the United States in 1880. They took the train from New York to Salt Lake City and on to Milford. They were met there by Aaron Huntsman and moved by wagon to Hebron. This was quite a shock to city folks who were not used to the call of coyotes, desert nights and outdoor cooking. It took three days to get to Hebron. They got there at night, and when they got up in the morning, they were

surrounded by an Indian camp.

J.S.P. moved around from Hebron to Salt Lake City, Parowan, St. George and Panaca. He finally settled in Gunlock. He was employed as a census taker, shoemaker, school teacher, Justice of the Peace, postmaster and musician. His wife never really adapted to her life in the U.S. and after giving birth to another child and finally settling down in Gunlock, she died. He married a local widow who had two children. The girl married William H. Jones, and together they built a home in Veyo. David, the son, married into the Burgess family.

J.S.P.'s family was the last of the 10 to come to America and, one of the few to be born into the Church. Some of his children married into local families and his son, John, moved to Veyo. Five of John's children married into the 10 families, and some of their descendants are still here.

Thomas Cottam was born October 20, 1820 in Meadow Head, England. He learned from his father to be a wood turner and chair maker. He married Ann Haworth in 1841. Her father was a clerk at the local church. Thomas and Ann were baptized into the Mormon church in 1841, and in February, 1842, they sailed for America on the ship, Hope, from the dock at Liverpool. There were 270 passengers, and among them was my great-grandfather, William Ellis Jones. The ship arrived at New Orleans in April 1842.

Ann gave birth to a son in Nauvoo and died shortly thereafter. Thomas put his son in care of George and Caroline Smith Charman. George died, and Thomas married his widow, Caroline. They worked in and around Nauvoo until the Smiths were killed.

You have all heard the statement: "He realized he was going like a lamb to the slaughter." Well, that statement came from Thomas' journal.

They left Nauvoo with the exodus and worked their way to Salt Lake City. Thomas worked on the public buildings there and was building a home of his own when his boy fell from his wagon and broke his neck.

Thomas and Caroline had several children while in Salt Lake City. He was at Echo canyon when Johnston's Army came in 1857. He was called to Dixie in 1862, where he worked on public buildings and made chairs and furniture for people and the temple.

Thomas hid Wilford Woodruff in his home during the polygamy raids and helped make the pillars for the tabernacle. His son George married Rachael Holt and their son, James, was one of the first settlers in Veyo. Thomas had a son named Thomas P., who's daughter married Ellis W. Jones and moved to Veyo. Ronald Cottam, a great-grandson, married Verna Leavitt and moved to Veyo. Thomas' descendants are still here.

William (Granddad) Burgess was born in New York in 1794. The story is told that his father and uncle were Hessian soldiers hired by the British to fight in the American Revolution. They decided that the Americans were right and they deserted the army and changed their name to Burgess.

William married Vilate Stockwell in 1813. They had 11 children. Several of those children became interested in Western history. They went to Kirtland, Ohio in 1834 and were converted to Mormonism by their oldest son, Harrison. They worked on the temple at Kirtland and went with the Saints to Missouri. They lived through the troubles there and went on to Illinois where they worked on the temple being built at Nauvoo. In 1846, they left Nauvoo for the West. They entered the Salt Lake Valley in September 1848. They were called to Dixie in 1861. From St. George they went to Pine Valley where William and his three sons ran saw mills.

William's grandson, Hyrum, was sent to Dixie as one of the original Indian missionaries. Hyrum's daughter, Susan, married Lemuel Leavitt and moved to Veyo. They had 11 children and five of them married into the 10 families. Some of Harrison's descendants also found their way to Veyo. William's descendants are here today.

James Holt was born in North Carolina in 1804. He moved with his parents to Tennessee where he married Parthenia Overton. They moved to Illinois in 1833. He was converted to Mormonism in 1839 and we find him in Nauvoo in 1841. In 1844 he went back to Tennessee as a missionary and to promote Joseph Smith as a candidate for President of the United States. After the death of the Smiths he went back to Nauvoo and joined the Emmett Company, and later the Miller Company, in exploring the West for a possible site for the Mormons to settle. The expedition reached into the Dakotas and after much hardship and suffering, it terminated back in Missouri in 1847.

In 1852 James came to Utah and settled in Weber County. In 1862, he volunteered for the Cotton Mission. He lived in Washington for two years, then he moved to Long Valley. He was forced out by Indian troubles and moved to Virgin.

In 1867 he moved to the Mountain Meadows. He moved to the mouth of the canyon that now bears his name, and established Holt's ranch. He died there in 1894.

His three sons married into the 10 families. Frank's family settled in Gunlock, George went to Enterprise, and Henry went to Central. Many of their children married into the 10 families and some married people who came to Veyo.

William Ellis Jones was born in Wales on April 6, 1817. He grew up there and worked in the coal mines, made bricks, and preached the Methodist religion. He joined the Mormon Church in 1841 and sailed to America in 1842 on the same ship that carried Thomas Cottam. In February 1843, he married Louisa Leavitt. He was in Nauvoo working on the temple when the Smiths were killed. He left Nauvoo in May of 1846. He started working his way toward Utah. Louisa died in 1855 and he married Dinah Davies Vaughan in 1856. She had three daughters and he had one adopted daughter. They spent the year of 1856 making bricks for the Nebraska State Capitol building.

In 1858 or 1859, he married his step-daughter, Martha Vaughan. They all came to Salt Lake

City in 1861. He volunteered as a substitute for a Mr. Bennion, who had been called to Dixie. He was sent to Clover Valley in 1864. He built a cabin and spent the winter there. In 1865 he went to St. George where Erastus Snow sent him on to Beaver Dam, Arizona. He went back to Santa Clara and took care of Jacob Hamblin's place. In 1866 he went back to Beaver Dam where his son, Hyrum, was born and his farm was washed away by a flood. In 1868, he went back to Santa Clara and on to Leeds where he made bricks and taught school. In 1869, he moved to Hebron. In 1877, his wife, Martha, died and left him with five children. He moved his family to Gunlock where he died in 1898. Four of his grandchildren and nine of his wife's grandchildren lived in Veyo and some of their descendants are still here.

I have just given you a quick summary of the 10 families responsible for settling Veyo. As you can see from the charts, the families became a rather limited gene pool. However, there were others who did not stay, or who did not get involved in the family relationships. Also, there were others who were not from the 10 families who came and married into the 10 families.

As I mentioned to you last year, John Heywood came to Veyo from Panguitch. He had been a merchant there and it was rumored that he came to Veyo to homestead land, work for the power company, and try to come to terms with an alcohol problem. He stayed here about 10 years and built the house that Sherman Chadburn has today. One of his sons was killed in a gun accident while here. He moved to Hurricane. One of his daughters married a Knight, who was a relative of Stephen Albert Bunker's family.

Another interesting character associated with Veyo, who was not a part of the 10 families, was LeRoy Wilson of the General Steam Corporation.

I would like to start my article on General Steam with several quotes from Sam and Raymond Taylor's book, Uranium Fever. "We drove north from St. George some twenty miles to the tiny hamlet of Veyo, where the road took off straight up the mountain. In a little hollow among the peaks we suddenly came onto what looked like the biggest junkyard in the world. There were old cars, buses, trailers, gigantic gears, rollers, castings, wheels, machinery—scattered about and piled in great heaps. Almost hidden in the mass of junk was an unpainted frame house, while in the middle of the jumble was a large building of corrugated metal, with a sign, WILSON ENGINEERING RESEARCH AND EXPLORATION COMPANY...LeRoy told us—that we were sitting atop the greatest iron deposit in the world. Nearby were huge coal beds on which he had claims. LeRoy had perfected a system for milling base metals at the mine, which did away with the hauling of ore to the mill, With coal and iron, they could manufacture the steam engine right here at Bull Valley, and run Detroit out of business.... As we ate a vegetarian lunch prepared by Veola, LeRoy explained that the altitude, climate, and geographical location at Bull Valley combined to infuse vegetables with vitamins, minerals, and nutriments so that no dead flesh need be eaten to maintain perfect health."

LeRoy Albert Wilson was born March 16, 1892 in Midvale, Utah. His mother was Martha Jane Smith Wilson. His father was Joshua Rufus Nichols. Nichols was associated with the Park City mining people. He was also married but not to LeRoy's mother. LeRoy's mother was a house keeper for Nichols. She was married to Charles Milo Wilson who was away from home. LeRoy

was given Wilson's name and his mother divorced Wilson and married a man named Thornton.

LeRoy was a smart boy and attended college at Logan, Utah. Time magazine said: "He was a college graduate with a good knowledge of mining laws.... He was an inventor, claim jumper, shrewd, belligerent, a salesman of insurance, stocks and bonds, a manufacturer of water heaters and the holder of hundreds of patents. He bluffed some prospectors out of their claims, simply jumped the claims of others who refused to deal with him."

Wilson became a religious fanatic. He is reported to have preached a system of perfect health which included a vegetarian diet, no alcohol or red meat and his rule to gain and keep perfect health was to "keep the feet well, everything else will follow."

He preached a perfect social system which was in effect the United Order.

His perfect system of marriage was polygamy. He was a polygamist, He married 5 wives, and so far as I have been able to gather, he fathered eight children. One wife divorced him and one wife had no children. One of his alleged wives married another man under civil authority while still in a polygamist relationship with Wilson. This woman had one child who was given the name of the civil-law husband.

Wilson had one wife in Salt Lake City with a family there. He had one wife that lived part-time in St. George and part-time in Las Vegas. He had one wife that lived at "camp" or General Steam, and also acted as secretary for the corporation.

They called their place in Bull Valley—"camp." The general public referred to the business and location as General Steam, which was the company name. Wilson was also involved with other organizations which he referred to as "Wilson Engineering, Research and Exploration Company," "Utah Steel," and "Great Basin Power Co."

Wilson is alleged to have corresponded with the leaders of the LDS Church in an attempt to interest them in developing his "area" into a place of refuge in case of harm or disaster.

He was excommunicated from the LDS Church. I was told that he tried to join the group at Colorado City, but was rejected because of his reputation as a trouble-maker and promoter.

Wilson was actively promoting mining and steam engines in Washington and Iron counties from the mid 1920s until his death in May 1954.

Some people referred to him as "The Bull of the Mountains." He was well over six feet tall, with a full girth.

He was hauled into court on several occasions and convicted by local courts, but in each case the higher courts overturned the verdict. He was accused of threatening a man with a gun, and there were attempts at foreclosure on his properties.

One of the people involved with LeRoy is quoted as having said, "Yes and it always cost a person something to know LeRoy. He was that kind of a man."

Wilson became involved in the uranium boom of the early 1950s. He spent a lot of time around Kanab. He was shot in the back five times with a 45 caliber weapon while prospecting near there.

Tom Holland of Beryl, Utah was tried for the murder and was acquitted. Many theories circulated as to who might have killed him. They ranged from the Jewish Mafia to his partner, Lee Rasmussen. His death was reported in Time magazine; he was allotted a full page. His partner, Lee Rasmussen, was killed in a farm accident sometime later.

After Wilson's death, the others involved in General Steam moved out of Bull Valley to the forks of the Moody and the Mogotsu. So far as I can tell, the place has gone back to the government.

Wilson was never a part of the larger community. He apparently made his living from selling stock to prospective investors. He has several grandchildren who have been absorbed into the local society.

George H. Haworth was brought to Veyo by LeRoy Wilson. Wilson took George to "camp" at General Steam headquarters and left him there alone, without adequate food. When Wilson returned, they got into an argument over the food situation and Wilson kicked George out of "camp." George didn't know where he was or where to go. He started walking off from the mountain. He was picked up by John H. Bowler and taken to Veyo. He stayed with John for the rest of his life. He did carpentry work and took care of the garden.

In those days, Veyo used to play ball in contests with the surrounding towns. George usually acted as referee, and he really got into his job. He wore one of those little flat caps with the button on top, and by swinging his arms, with his thumb up or down, would shout in his distinct English accent—"You are out" or "Safe" or what ever the call would be.

While we are dealing with ball games, we should mention Charlie Bledsoe. Charlie's father, A. R. Bledsoe, was brought into this country by Ernie Cornell. Cornell purchased the area in Diamond Valley about where the Staheli grass operation is now. His home was near the north end on the old highway. He used to come to Veyo on holidays dressed in his Spanish American War uniform. Anyway, he and Bledsoe had a falling out and Bledsoe came to Veyo and built the little house that was torn down to make way for the manufactured home owned by Russel Jones. Bledsoe was a carpenter and worked on several homes in the area and for the power company. He had two sons, Clarence and Charlie. Charlie was the pitcher for the Veyo team. He was very good, and I don't think that Veyo ever lost while Charlie was pitching. He married Dorothy Leavitt and moved out of the area. He is buried in the Veyo cemetery.

LaRue (Smoke) and Grace Emett came to Veyo in the 40s. Smoke had ties to Enterprise and Grace was tied in to the families in the Virgin Valley. Their daughter, Margie, married one of the Bowlers.



Smoke was a lion hunter and he kept a pack of dogs. He brought a number of interesting people to Veyo, among them was S. E. (Bud) Brannaman and his wife, Delores. Brannaman was a saddle maker. He set up a shop on Smoke's property, but soon moved to the Roy Renouf property where he set up a leather shop inside the barn. It has been said that there wasn't anything he hadn't done, been or seen. The shop and barn mysteriously burned to the ground. It was quite a fire, and Brannaman left the area about the same time. His wife was one of three registered nurses that lived in Veyo and worked in the St. George hospital at that time.

Smoke was also involved in the Lion's Paw Hunting Lodge. These people bought the Stephen Albert Bunker property, the east-half of Section 1, Township 39, Range 17 West. The financier of the project got into trouble with the IRS and the property was split up. Fenton Bowler bought the north part and the south part ended up in the hands of Emmets and Lee Hirschi. It was part of this property that was developed as Volcano Industries and/or Spanish Trail Estates.

Another of the three nurses was the wife of Eric Ericsson. Ericsson was the blood technician at the McGregor hospital, and later the administrator. He left Veyo about the time the county built the new Memorial Hospital. He had no ties to the families here.

Bert Cheeney bought a small lot from Ben Chadburn and built a small home on it. Bert was in the plastering business and worked on a number of public and private projects in the area. His two brothers, Jim and Ted, built a small shack about where the Morris home is today. They had some trouble with the law and left the area. Bert played the banjo and guitar. Bert and his wife divorced and they and their children left the area, but not before their son, Dale, fell out of Bert's truck and broke his neck. Dale, Bert and young Bert are all buried in the Veyo cemetery.

Claud and Elva Braswell bought out Ashby Chadburn in 1955. This transferred most of Jim Bunker's property and Benjamin Chadburn's property to the Braswells. Their daughter, Claudia, married into the Bowler clan, and Carla married into the Welch family, which had ties to the Bowlers and Chadburns through marriage.

Roy and Helen Renouf came to Veyo in the early 1940s. They bought out part of Milt Bowler's holdings, George Chadburn's home in Veyo, and the area later purchased by Kyle Pace. Roy built a nice home, barn etc. and attempted ranching for a while, but soon hired others to run his operation. He eventually sold out and moved to St. George. He played the drums for local dances and tried his hand at the cattle business, but his interests and talents were elsewhere. He was a machinist by trade and set up an automobile business before becoming County Sheriff. He and Helen are buried in the Veyo cemetery.

Harvey Ackley came to Veyo in the 1940s and purchased part of John Bowler's holdings, and his cattle. Ackley built a barn and a small lumber house just north and west of Mildred Bowler's home. Harvey tried his hand at ranching and the cattle business, but he soon found out that he wasn't suited for what ranching with cattle required, and he sold out to Lewis and Mildred Bowler.

Fred Norman would have come and gone without notice, had it not been for the murder of

Royal Hunt. Norman will forever be known as the man who captured Hunt's murderer. Norman was a trapper for the government and was living where Dean Cottam now lives when he captured the culprit and tied him to a ladder before turning him over to the Sheriff.

There were numerous people who came to Veyo to work for the power company or to teach school. We will not try to deal with all of them here. We might mention that John Hunt came to run the power plant at Number 2 during World War II, and his wife, Agnes, came to teach school. They lived at the plant and in the home that Smoke and Grace Emett later bought.

Grant Hafen brought his family to Veyo and taught here for a number of years. He fit in to the community very well, but he never bought property here.

While there were others who came and went, and the social, economic and religious interaction among those who stayed must be set aside for another time, we will close for now and take your questions, if you have any.

Veyo and the Old Spanish Trail  
by Heber Jones

The geologists tell us that Utah's Dixie was once a barren desert of blowing sand that was engulfed with oceans, seas and lakes which solidified the sand into the wonders of the Colorado Plateau. As the snow and ice melted, the water and wind washed away the softer materials, and volcanic upheavals coated the area with harder more enduring surfaces that challenge the elements to transfigure them into the beautiful wonders that myriads of tourists travel the continents and oceans to see.

The dinosaurs roamed and died, and yet again, the area was covered with water which petrified the wood, dinosaur bones and tracks, which still exist today. Then, the earth began to bulge and the Pine Valley Mountain was pushed up from the earth's crust into what the geologists call the largest laccolith in the world. This giant volcano was covered with layers of sediment. As time passed, the top layers were washed away, leaving what is known today as the Pine Valley Mountain.

It is believed that, at least, two early groups of people occupied this area prior to its settlement by people of European descent. Evidence of these early people still abound in the form of petroglyphs, pictographs and artifacts found in the surrounding areas.

The Escalante party passed through this area on the east side of the mountain in 1776 and is believed to be the first people of European descent to enter the area. This expedition kept a detailed journal and made fairly accurate maps as they passed through. As a result of this expedition, others came and some looked for minerals, but others established trade between the natives and New Mexico. This trade was eventually extended to California by way of the "Old Spanish Trail," and included Indian slaves, livestock and other goods.

We know that fur traders, trappers and government explorers came through this area prior to the coming of the Mormons. Jedediah Smith went down the Virgin narrows in 1826 and passed through again in 1827. Peter Skene Ogden, of the British Hudson's Bay Company, sent John Turner down the Virgin River to California. Thomas "Pegleg" Smith trapped the Santa Clara and Virgin rivers and took the pelts to Los Angeles in 1829. That same year, Antonio Armijo led a group from Santa Fe to the area of Lake Powell and crossed the river to make his way through the St. George area to California and brought back a herd of mules. Also, in 1829, Ewing Young and Kit Carson traveled the Old Spanish Trail to California.

In 1830 William Wolfskill led a group down the Magotsu, Santa Clara and Virgin rivers to California and traded for mules, then took them back to Santa Fe, New Mexico by way of the Old Spanish Trail.

From 1831 through 1848 regular trading caravans traveled through this area by way of the Old Spanish Trail. Thousands of horses, cattle and mules were traileed to and from California and New

Mexico. This activity created a thriving business in rustling and theft along with considerable problems with and among the local Indians.

Spanish law prohibited slavery in 1812, but trade in Indian slavery thrived in Utah until the Mormons put a stop to it in the 1850s.

The first official visit by an American explorer on the Old Spanish Trail was John C. Fremont's trip from California to the East in 1844. It was the second of five expeditions to the West and I believe that he came right through Veyo. I quote from his narrative: "May 12, 1844—A little above our encampment the river forked and we continued up the right-hand branch, gradually ascending toward the summit of the mountain. As we rose toward the head of the creek the snowy mountains on our right showed out handsomely—high and rugged with precipices, and covered with snow for about two thousand feet from their summits down.

Our animals were somewhat repaid for their hard marches by an excellent camping ground on the summit of the ridge, which forms here the dividing chain between the waters of the Rio Virgen, which goes south to the Colorado, and those of Sevier River, flowing northwardly, and belonging to the Great Basin. We considered ourselves as crossing the rim of the basin; and, entering it at this point, we found here an extensive mountain meadow, rich in bunch grass, and fresh with numerous springs of clear water, all refreshing delightful to look upon. It was in fact, those Las Vegas de Santa Clara, which had been so long presented to us as the terminating point of the desert, and where the annual caravans from California to New Mexico halted and recruited for some weeks. It was a very suitable place to recover from the fatigue and exhaustion of a month's suffering in the hot and sterile desert. The meadow was about a mile wide and some ten miles long bordered by grassy hills and mountains—some of the latter rising two thousand feet, and white with snow down to the level of the Vegas. Its elevation above the sea was five thousand two hundred and eighty feet: latitude, by observation,  $37^{\circ}28'28''$ ; and its distance from where we first struck the Spanish Trail about four hundred miles."

The Mormon leadership read Fremont's reports and initiated a migration that put permanent settlements in the area. Ironically, Fremont's life was probably saved as a result. He and his starving party were rescued by the people of Parowan in February 1854. He later was to run for president of the United States on the Republican Party ticket—advocating the abolition of polygamy and slavery.

I believe there is considerable evidence to suggest that many of the parties traveling the Spanish Trail went through Veyo. Prior to Fremont's visit, whether it was up the Santa Clara or up the Magotsu, as most writers believe, others surely came through Veyo while passing through with their livestock. Edward Leo Lyman, in his book The Overland Journey, quotes Vincent Hoover and other diarists: "Beyond Mountain Meadows the trail headed south, descending the plateaus and mountains well over a thousand feet in a distance of thirty miles. This because regarded as the first difficult segment of roadway most pioneers encountered, being alternately rocky and sandy with up to a dozen steep-banked crossings demanded, first of Magotsu Creek, then of the Santa Clara River. Vincent Hoover complained that his first large group with wagons in 1849 encountered an undergrowth of trees and shrubs "so thick [they had] to cut the road," slowing progress considerably. The same diarist documented another drawback: lack of nourishing grass available in the canyon bottoms, compelling cattle to "browse on the leaves of the trees." Later companies, often assisted by the numerous Native Americans in the vicinity, drove their livestock up to four miles into side canyons or onto the top of the plateau to graze better grasslands there. Sometimes this grass lay in close proximity to volcanic craters, lava flows, and cinder cones of great interest to some passing travelers, as were the Indian dwellings and fields interspersed throughout the area. Fortunately most wagoners forded the Santa Clara during seasons of low water, but Carvalho encountered the stream when it was "much swollen" and thus "got a wetting as the price of [his]

ferriage.” He described accomplishing the crossings by attaching each wagon to all the horses with long ropes and pulling over quickly with the current “so strong as nearly to overturn them.” Despite the difficulty, this journey chronicler described the “abrupt rocks” as picturesque, comparing the canyon formations to some he had recently observed in Colorado.” Solomon Carvalho was an artist who had been with Fremont, kept a diary and later wrote about his experiences.

Another quote from Lyman:

“Now it crossed out of the Great Basin at Mountain Meadows and afterward moved along difficult streambed, over mountains and mesas, and across some of the most unforgiving of deserts. Despite improvement, the party members’ lack of willingness to assist each other at every opportunity contrasted dramatically with some of the more successful companies that traveled the route.<sup>13</sup>

The first major crisis came on 22 October, at the junction of Magotsu Creek and the Santa Clara River, when several guards assigned to watch the company cattle left their posts to eat breakfast. Observant Southern Paiutes seized the moment to steal four oxen. When the teamsters finally noticed the animals missing, they sounded the alarm, and a small squad immediately gave chase—neglecting, however, to take much ammunition. After following the tracks several miles, they noticed blood on the trail, and presumed it to be from one of the animals having been wounded by arrows. Soon afterward the pursuers discovered an Indian lying on his back, and the lead man, John Hall, shot at him and missed, then struck the presumed sentry with a rifle butt. Peter Derr, next behind, then shot and killed the Indian. Hoover recorded that his associates stripped the dead man of everything he had, presumably as trophies. As the pursuit group reached the top of the hill, they saw a fire set for the purpose of cooking one of the oxen. The Paiutes fled the scene, but no one shot at them, because the Native Americans appeared to be out of rifle range. The other animals were retrieved, although one had some twenty arrow wounds. Before leaving the area, one party member inscribed on a tree what had transpired, as a warning to companies traveling behind to be on the alert because retaliatory attacks could be expected in the vicinity.

By then late in the day the pioneer company moved only a mile and a half before camping again. Because they stopped at a just-abandoned Paiute village, they probably intended further retaliation for the lost ox. The party pastured their livestock amid the Indian corn, squash, and pumpkins, and Hoover admitted that the animals were “feasting.” He noted the dwellings were fashioned primarily from corn stalks. Thereafter, the company tended more carefully to guard duty and they had no other encounters with Native Americans. They knew, however, that their movements were carefully watched and that each animal left behind would be promptly slaughtered.<sup>14</sup> Thomas S. Wylly, following in the rear contingent of the Independent Pioneer Company, stated, “Let an animal fall by the wayside and you could return and when he had rested bring him in, and you might return and you would find his bones” where he had been butchered and eaten by awaiting Native Americans.<sup>15</sup>

Other difficulties were inherent in being the first wagon train to travel down the Santa Clara River canyon. The company chronicler reported they had to cut undergrowth that hindered their progress, mentioning also that in the

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<sup>13</sup>Footnote in quote

<sup>14</sup>Footnote in quote

<sup>15</sup>Footnote in quote

absence of much grass, the cattle were compelled to eat leaves off the trees.<sup>16</sup> Hoover reported that in this segment the cattle enjoyed good feed only once in five days. This lack of pasture proved particularly unfortunate for the company, because it so sapped the strength of the draft animals. The expedition severely depleted this livestock resource even though bunch-grass and other forage species notable for their high nutritional value were not far away, mainly in the side canyons and mesas above the river bottoms. Later emigrants located and used this feed more effectively.”

I do not know where Will Bagley got his information, but in his book Blood of the Prophets on page 122 he says “Lee led his men to the hills overlooking the wagons scattered on the plain at the Mountain Meadows. Lee’s profound belief in signs and portents led him to conclude that God had delivered the emigrants into his hands. The original battle plan called for the attack to take place a day’s drive farther on as the party made the steep descent into Santa Clara Canyon, but there was no way to predict how long the emigrants intended to camp at the meadows.” This statement implied that the wagon train would be traveling on top of the mesa for another day and then drop down into the canyon. If this was the case, about the only place possible for this to occur in 1857 would have been about where the old Number 1 power plant was at the mouth of the gorge before the Santa Clara river meets the Magotsu. In a statement made in 1910, Nephi Johnson admitted suggesting to Major Haight that the emigrants should be attacked farther south at a point on the Santa Clara Canyon instead of the Mountain Meadows, but he said that he made the suggestion as a stalling tactic to put off the destruction of the wagon train until word as to what should be done with it was received from Brigham Young.

The Mormon migration reached Utah in 1847. As the Mormon leaders explored and planned for settlements, they realized a need for seeds, plants and trade routes. They immediately sent a group to Southern California to secure their needs and establish a reliable trail. These men returned to Salt Lake City by way of the Old Spanish Trail in May 1848. They were followed a few weeks later by a portion of the Mormon Battalion. The Battalion members, led by Jefferson Hunt, brought a wagon, a herd of cattle and over 100 mules through Dixie on their way to Salt Lake City. They abandoned the wagon before reaching the city, but Porter Rockwell led another party with a wagon and 35 men, one woman and a 16-year-old boy through to Salt Lake City a few months later that same year.

The following year, in 1849, Jefferson Hunt was contracted to lead the group, for which Death Valley is named, to Southern California. He brought them to the mouth of Holt Canyon, just north of the Mountain Meadows. At this point, all but seven wagons left him for a short cut west to Death Valley. Some returned to his leadership, others followed behind, some perished.

So it seems the Catholics, Escalante and party, were the first white men to enter Utah’s Dixie, and, the Methodist trapper, Jedediah S. Smith was first to cross over Dixie and leave through the Virgin narrows; but it was to be the Mormons who realized its potential as they explored and settled it.

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<sup>16</sup>Footnote in quote

In the fall of 1849, Brigham Young sent a group of 50 men, under the leadership of Parley P. Pratt, to explore the South and seek out the potential sites for settlement. They reached present day Parowan and split into two parties. It was late fall and the evidences of winter were all around them. Twenty of the men rode their horses over the south rim of the Great Basin and, for the first time, witnessed the wonders and grandeur of Dixie. As they moved farther south, we can imagine that the climate steadily grew warmer and the trappings of fall were still in evidence. The sky was clear and blue. The warm breeze from the south stirred the remaining colored leaves as they slowly fluttered into the running streams below.

As the party made its way down the Black Ridge through Toquerville and on southwest across the red sands at Grapevine spring, they must have marveled at the rugged, twisted surface of the Hurricane fault on the east and endless disarrangement of the earth's surface to the south. Shadowed by Pine Valley Mountain on the north, they made their way to the Virgin river and followed it through Washington to its juncture with the Santa Clara. Here they made camp. Little did they know what their visit would eventually bring.

Their immediate interest centered around several pieces of high grade iron ore that had been washed down the Santa Clara stream. They speculated about its origin and possible use. After noting the possibility of a city in the area, they proceeded up the Santa Clara in search of the source of the iron. Jefferson Hunt had earlier noted the presence of a large iron deposit west of Cedar City. The party continued up the Santa Clara and Magotsu to the Mountain Meadows. On their return to Parowan, they again noted the presence of large iron deposits west of Cedar City.

While the climate in Dixie was mild and the growing season long, it was iron that induced Brigham Young to send people south. In December 1850 the legislature created Iron County and Brigham Young called 120 men, 30 women and 18 children to journey south and establish an "Iron Mission." George A. Smith was in charge and led the group to establish Parowan in January 1851. Parowan was to be an agricultural community to supply the iron workers who would be living in Cedar City which would be designed as an industrial town. These communities would also serve as rest and supply stations for the traffic headed to and from California.

San Bernardino, California was also established in 1851, and after that date, much of the travel along the Southern Route of the Old Spanish Trail was of Mormons going to and from California.

Brigham Young also suggested that John D. Lee establish a community at the junction of the Santa Clara and the Virgin rivers. In the meantime he alerted Erastus Snow and Franklin D. Richards, who were on missions in England, to gather capital and organize an iron company with a view to establishing an iron operation in Cedar City.

The group, under George A. Smith, was able to produce a small quantity of iron in September 1852. A sample was sent to Brigham Young and the remainder was used to make andirons and horseshoe nails. The amount was not sufficient to replace the iron tires from their wagons used to carry out the experiment.



Erastus Snow arrived in Cedar City in November 1852. He had arranged to ship from England several kinds of machinery for making iron. He was president of the Deseret Iron Company which had been organized in England. Erastus was able to buy out the group under George A. Smith for \$2865.64. The new company invested another \$40,000 in improvements and equipment. It was plagued with the same problems that had been experienced by the first company. The territorial legislature kicked in \$5,000, and the company pushed along with about 70 employees. It had produced about 2,500 pounds of iron when it was shut down due to Indian troubles.

Brigham Young sent Isaac C. Haight to rebuild and run the operation. The legislature contributed another \$4,840 which the LDS church matched. In 1855 another 150 settlers were sent to the iron operation near Cedar City. The furnace was enlarged and the facilities were producing about 1,000 pounds of iron per day. By 1856 the iron operation was plagued by drought in the summer, frost in the winter, and equipment failure year round. Flooding and Indian troubles were severely stressing the people's will to continue when Brigham Young ordered the iron works shut down in 1857 in order to prepare to fight the U. S. Army, which was on its way to Utah.

#### The John Tobin Story

The years 1856 and 1857 were noticeably out of the ordinary in Utah and especially in southwestern Utah. The Mormons had been in Utah for 10 years and the Old Spanish Trail had become the established southern route to California and it came right through Veyo and the surrounding ranches.

In September 1856 the leaders of the Mormon church started a movement that became known as the "Reformation" in which the leaders gave dramatic and stirring speeches calculated to inspire the members to take their religion more seriously and observe the rules of cleanliness. They sent "home missionaries" throughout the settlements to preach repentance, loyalty, faithfulness and the consequences of not adhering to their council and not repenting of their sins.

During the months of December 1856 and January 1857, Brigham Young threatened to withdraw the priesthood from people who did not repent and forbade the administration of the sacrament from November through January. All of this castigating was accompanied by the promise of forgiveness for those who repented and discipline for those who did not.

Into this heated atmosphere came two outsiders who possessed only a horse and a mule. They pretended to be prosperous miners and drew upon considerable credit from Salt Lake City merchants until they were discovered as frauds. They were arrested and taken to court, where they were sentenced to the penitentiary for 30 days.

John Tobin was born in Ireland. He immigrated to the United States when he was 14 years old. In 1851 Tobin was 15 years old and enlisted in the U.S. Army for five years. He was sent to Utah

as part of an escort to Captain John W. Gunnison, who came to Utah to survey for the U. S. Government. Tobin survived the massacre in which Gunnison was killed and later converted to Mormonism. He became acquainted with Brigham Young's 15-year-old daughter, Alice, and started courtship with her. His army duties took him to Oregon in 1854 where he continued his courtship through the mail, by way of Brigham Young. In 1856 he was discharged and returned to Salt Lake City. It was generally assumed that Tobin and Alice Young would get married, but Tobin turned his attention to Sarah Jane Rich, the 17-year-old daughter of Charles C. Rich. Alice Young broke her engagement to Tobin and became the third wife of Hiram B. Clawson.

Charles C. Rich had been sent to San Bernardino and Sarah Jane's mother was in favor of Sarah and Tobin getting married, but was worried about Tobin's reputation and activities relative to her daughter. Tobin was heavy on the courtship, but less enthusiastic about marriage. They were married October 26, 1856 but didn't live together. Brigham Young told Tobin to either move in with Sarah and her mother or establish a home for Sarah elsewhere. He also told Sarah's mother not to allow Tobin access to Sarah unless he made a home for her. Although Sarah and Tobin were living apart, they managed to have a daughter born in September 1857.

In February 1857, Tobin decided to go to California and rejoin the Army. He came in contact with John C. Peltro, who was referred to as "Colonel" or "General." He was neither. Peltro and a man traveling with him, joined Tobin and started for California. About the same time, Ambrose and Betts, the two men sentenced to serve 30 days in jail for larceny, were released and decided that it was in their best interest to leave Salt Lake City.

In early February, Tobin, Peltro, Ambrose and Betts met at the Indian farm at Spanish Fork and prepared to travel to California with several others who were present. When Brigham Young learned of their plans, he sent a letter south warning the Indian farm and counties south to watch out for stock thieves and keep track of some "suspicious characters" headed south. The letter indicated, if necessary, "Pursue, Retake and Punish" the offenders and "if any such thing as we have suggested should occur we shall regret to hear a favorable report; we do not expect there would be any prosecutions for false imprisonment or tale bearers left for witnesses." The letter closed by saying-- "have a few men that can be trusted on hand and make no noise about it and keep this letter safe. We write for your eye alone and to men that can be trusted."

Tobin later claimed that he met with Brigham Young jr. at the Indian farm and Young counseled him to choose better company with which to travel. Tobin and the others proceeded south where they were watched closely and their animals were examined for proper brands, but were allowed to proceed. Some place south of Parowan the group split and only Tobin, Peltro, John Williams and one other person, not the two who had been jailed, went on toward California. They reached the mouth of Tobin Wash on February 17. They decided to camp there for the night. Since it was rather cold, they built a substantial fire that they hoped would last the night. About four o'clock in the morning the men were attacked by small arms fire from behind the brush along the river bank. Tobin was shot under his right eye. The bullet passed through his nose and lodged in his left cheekbone. He suffered several lesser wounds and could not move. The others ran for

safety in the darkness but one lost two fingers and another was grazed on the back of the neck. Peltro was not injured.

After daylight came, they discovered that their horses were gone and they counted 56 holes in their bedding. They found lead slugs from Navy Colt revolvers and tracks of eight shod horses. They concluded that they had been attacked by white men and Tobin would probably die. They decided to wait for the mail carrier, who would be by in a few days.

John Hunt, the mail carrier, along with Ambrose, Betts and the others who had separated from the Tobin group, arrived at Tobin Wash on February 19, 1857. They took Tobin and the others on to Las Vegas and then to San Bernardino. Tobin was given medical attention. Rumors began to circulate that Tobin had left the church and that was the reason he was attacked. In any event, he was taken by four armed men to Los Angeles where he began to recover.

Many rumors spread around the country about the attack and reasons for it. Questions were raised as to who ordered it and/or who carried it out. In spite of this, Tobin returned to Salt Lake City in early 1858 and opened a saloon on Main Street. He also joined the Nauvoo Legion where he was given the rank of Lieutenant and was put in charge of training the cavalry in the use of the saber. He seemed to have fit into Mormon society. He was called on a mission to Scotland in 1860. He got into trouble immediately. He got drunk and missed his departure date. He pleaded repentance and Brigham Young let him go. He arrived in Britain complaining of the climate and by the time he had gotten to Scotland, his repentance had been replaced with his old habits of drinking to excess and committing adultery. He also admitted soliciting a prostitute and other infractions of mission rules. His father-in-law, Charles C. Rich, was in charge there and had him cut off from the church and notified his daughter to seek a divorce, which she did. Tobin appealed to Brigham Young, but Brigham had heard and seen enough and ordered his name stricken from the record.

Tobin didn't return to Utah. He entered a common law marriage with a woman who bore him six children. He abandoned her, married again and fathered two more children. He tried to get a pension from the Army, while he was working for the military as a civilian. He applied on the basis of his eye injury. He had told so many stories about his being a victim of Mormon mistreatment that the government wouldn't approve his claim. He also tried to get the LDS Church to restore his property in Salt Lake City, to no avail. The U.S. Government finally approved a disability pension for him in March 1889. He died a few months later on September 12, 1889.

It is probable that the John Tobin affair would have died out and would have circulated only among the anti-Mormon crowd as an example of Mormon lawlessness had it not been for several other similar occurrences throughout the territory that same year. And as it turned out, the social explosion caused by the Mountain Meadow Massacre, which occurred a few miles north of Tobin Wash, under similar circumstances in September 1857, over-shadowed the Tobin incident. In addition, some of the leaders of the massacre were also accused of participating in the Tobin

attack and the issue circulated nationwide.

The pertinent questions were raised and debated—Who did it? Who directed it to be done? Why did they do it? The questions, even today, have not been adequately answered. The massacre shifted the discussion to the Meadows but no one was ever charged or tried for the attack on Tobin.

It was generally concluded that the attack was carried out by Mormons but if so, who did it, and why did they do it? Harmony had been settled in 1852. The Indian missionaries came to Harmony in 1854, some went on to Santa Clara. Pine Valley had been occupied intermittently since 1855 and some people were living in Tonaquint. Bill Hamblin was camping at Gunlock. None of these people seem to have been implicated in the Tobin affair.

There are those who believe that the Tobin attack was a case of mistaken identity. The people who carried out the deed did not know that Betts and Ambrose had separated from Tobin earlier and intended to kill them. The question still remains—Why did the attackers want to kill either or any of the real or perceived victims? All of them were on their way out of Mormon country and, so far as is known, they were not bothering anyone.

Isaac Haight and William Dame both received letters from Brigham Young's office concerning what to do with people who caused trouble and Dame had replied to Brigham that he need only "crook his finger" as a signal for them to take action. Haight admitted being in the area about the time of the Tobin attack but blamed it on the local Indians. Sometime later, Brigham Young ordered Haight to return some horses to the victims of the Tobin attack. It was not explained where Haight got the horses. In any event, no one was ever charged or punished and the Mountain Meadows affair shifted the public's attention to the much larger tragedy.

There are those who believe that had the perpetrators of the Tobin affair been brought to justice, there would not have been a massacre at the Mountain Meadows. The issues raised in both cases fed the fires of anti-Mormonism around the nation and to some extent, world wide.

In trying to make sense out of the attacks, historians, and others, have generally placed the blame or explanation for the attacks on several major factors: (A) The "Utah War," or the sending of an army to Utah by the U. S. Government, caused the Mormon leadership to say and do unwise things that stirred up the people to fear for their lives, and aroused an atmosphere of fanaticism and hate that allowed the expression of pent up feelings of revenge, hate and greed.

(B) The "Reformation" that stressed compliance with ecclesiastical authority and unquestioned obedience to priesthood council with the implied threat of punishment for those who resisted.

(C) The Council of 50 or as it was commonly called—The Kingdom of God on Earth, or The Kingdom. It is not known just how much influence the Council had after the move to Utah, but it was accused of preaching and practicing the doctrine of Blood Atonement in which certain crimes

could only be atoned for by having one's blood spilled upon the ground and the steam thereof ascending into the heavens. Along with Blood Atonement, a group of Avenging Angels or Danites were supposed to have been assigned to get rid of trouble makers and/or undesirables. The number of speeches given on this subject by those in authority, and the references in diaries about it, requires that the charges concerning it be taken seriously. To illustrate examples of these references I will quote from Sarah Studevant Leavitt's history—"The first person I spoke to after I entered Salt Lake was Dr. Vaun. He came running out of a house and appeared much pleased to see me. He said, 'Well, Mrs. Leavitt, I have joined the church.' Of Course, I was glad and was in hopes he had repented of his sins and would forsake them. But in this I was disappointed, for he sought the women's company and with the help of love powders succeeded in gratifying his hellish desires. He was called up before the authorities more than once and confessed his sins and asked forgiveness. He was forgiven and he said if he was ever found guilty again his life should be the penalty. He knew the law of God required it. He was guilty again and was shot and killed."

I will now quote from the diary of John D. Lee as published in A Mormon Chronicle by Brooks and Cleland—"the first buiseness before House was the case of Ira E. West. The council al[l] agreed that he had forfeited his Head, but the difficulty was ho[w] he should be disposed of. Some were of the oppinion that to execut[e] him Publickly, under the traditions of the People, would not be safe; but to dispose of him privately would be the most practib[le], & would result in the greatest good."

There was so much controversy over this subject and the speeches made by Jedadiah M. Grant and Brigham Young concerning transgressors that Elder Charles W. Penrose gave an address that was published by The Deseret News in 1884 in which he explained that the rhetoric of Grant and Young was a part of the "Reformation" of 1856 and no one was ever put to death as a result of their preaching what was interpreted to be Blood Atonement. In regards to statements made by Grant he said—"Brother Grant expressed in this strong language his feelings in regard to these transgressors. He felt that they were worthy of death; and that the only chance for them was to have their blood shed. You must remember that this was at the time of the reformation, when all the people in these valleys were required to repent of their sins and renew their covenants; when the power of God rested upon the people and caused them to rise in their meetings and confess their sins, and then it was found that some men who had received the Priesthood had committed adultery and other great transgressions, as members had done in the early Christian church. This was why Brother Grant expressed himself so strongly."

(D) The Indian factor in which the Mormons were faced was with a serious dilemma. They were preaching to the Indians that they, the Indians, were a special people in the eyes of God and their conversion to Mormonism was supposed to help them gain their lost glory; and at the same time try to console them while replacing them in the most desirable living habitations. The Mormons tried to influence the Indians to do their bidding in dealing with enemies or potential enemies; but at the same time restrain them from bothering people passing through or being a danger to the local inhabitants. The Indians were also used as a convenient scapegoat for undesirable actions

taken by some of the whites.

(E) The fact that the typical traveler took the attitude that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian" didn't help relationships between the races or efforts on the part of the Mormon settlers to let others travel through in peace. Also, the fact that various groups of Indians had developed a lucrative business of thievery involving travelers along with demands for tribute as compensation for crossing "their" lands and consuming "their" resources caused much trouble between the natives, the settlers, and the travelers.

The questions pertaining to authority are troubling in the sense that local leaders seem to have acted on their own authority in some instances and on behalf of the Church leadership on other occasions.

It will probably never be known who attacked Tobin or why. However, the various atrocities committed along the Old Spanish Trail in 1857 surely illustrate the proverbial saying that "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

I have come to believe that there was no organized plan or effort to do away with the Fancher train prior to its arrival in Iron County. I believe that they came into an inflamed atmosphere and realized that this was their last chance to trade for needed items before going on toward California. Some of their animals were jaded, and some food stocks were running low. They attempted to trade with the locals, who had been warned not to sell to anyone outside the group. The local people were advised to prepare to face the U.S. Army or exist by hiding in the hills. They refused to trade with the immigrants. These attempts at trading turned into threats, boasts and rude language that turned an already hostile atmosphere into a fanatic attempt to punish and/or seek revenge for past grievances.

Statements were made that caused the locals to believe that the immigrants were in league with the invading army or were on their way to California to raise troops and return to wipe them out, drive them out or take possession of their homes. They had no confidence in the Federal Government or the civil system of justice.

Meetings were held to discuss what to do with the immigrants. It was finally decided to get the Indians to do the dirty work. The Indians bungled the job and some of the white leaders who were assisting the Indians were exposed to the immigrants. At this point, the immigrants were doomed. Those who were exposed had to either face up to their being a part of the attack or get rid of those who could identify them as having been involved.

It would seem that the isolation of the frontier and the heavy hand of those in authority, teamed up with the forces of fear and fanaticism to create a situation in which all who were involved came out losers. All of this, within a few miles of where we are now.

Most areas in the West have their tales of lost treasure and our area of the Old Spanish Trail is no exception. It was Pegleg Smith (Thomas) who first reported the discovery of lead and/or silver on the Santa Clara stream. He claimed to have joined a party of trappers in 1828 or 1829 to trap the Santa Clara and related streams. They were successful in accumulating enough pelts to justify a trip to Southern California to dispose of them. Pegleg was put in charge and he started down the Santa Clara. He located a place to camp near a shallow cave in the area at the junction of the Santa Clara and the Magotsu. He claimed that he found a vein of dark quartz at the foot of a red sandstone ledge near their camp. He broke off some samples and proceeded on to California where he had the samples checked for silver. The samples proved positive for silver, but Pegleg didn't get back to look for the mine until 1854. The stream bed had changed and he was unable to locate his find.

Jim Houdon (or Hounton) was traveling down the Santa Clara in 1852 with a party headed for California, when his wagon wheel dropped off from a small ledge into some broken pieces of what appeared to be lead or silver ore. He gathered some of the pieces and took them on to California. He had the samples assayed and they proved to be about 60 percent silver.

Ten years later he returned to the Santa Clara and found his mine in a red sandstone ledge near where the Magotsu and the Santa Clara meet. He diverted the river and started a shaft. According to the story, Houdon hid from the locals, but managed to fill his wagon with ore. He disguised his mine and headed for California. He never returned to the Santa Clara. However, years later, about 1880, W. K. Weems claimed that Houdon had told him about the discovery and where to find it.

Robert Lloyd came to Washington in 1857. He had come from Texas with his wife's in-laws. His mother-in-law was the sister of John M. Moody who ran his cattle and ranched on the Moody Wash. Lloyd was the grandfather of the Chadburn boys who helped pioneer Veyo. These boys were all great story tellers and several of them told a version of Lloyd's discovery of lead and/or silver on the Santa Clara or the Magotsu. While the details of these stories differed, the essence of the story was the same. As I remember it, Robert Lloyd was on his way to Pine Valley from Washington to get a load of lumber. He saw a stranger near the junction of the Santa Clara and the Magotsu. The stranger appeared to be digging into the river bank. As Lloyd approached, the stranger fled the site. Lloyd went to where the stranger was digging and discovered a diversion dam and a small hole with pieces of ore, that he judged to be lead. He took the samples to St. George, where he was told that the ore was lead.

Other versions of the story indicated that Lloyd's wagon wheel came off and the axle hit the ledge and broke off pieces of lead ore. Another version had Lloyd going by Houdon's works after the site had been abandoned. He saw the diversion dam and located pieces of ore nearby.

The question arises as to why Lloyd didn't try to work the mine. Some explanations given are:

1. Brigham Young was opposed to the people mining and Lloyd was afraid to mine.



2. Lloyd was told that the ore was lead and there was no market for it at that time.
3. He was busy doing other things and when he finally caught up enough to deal with the mine, he couldn't find the ore. The stream bed flooded and changed course.

Lloyd apparently contacted W. B. Pace and discussed some type of mining venture, but no agreement was reached. According to the story, Pace did some digging and staked a claim, but did not find the vein. He later found lead in the West Mountains and worked a mine he called the "Black Warrior."

Many stories circulated about the discovery of gold, silver or lead at the junction of the Magotsu and the Santa Clara. The illusive deposit became known as the "Lost Lead."

Apparently, W. K. Weems came to this area to look for the lost mine in the 1880s. He is quoted as having said that he was approached by four armed men who ordered him out of the area.

Johnny Lowe, a prospector camped on the Arizona Strip, heard about the stories of the lost mine on the Santa Clara. He made several trips to the area looking for the mine. He found small samples of ore, but he was never able to locate the source. He left the area in the 1920s.

Most of the area believed to be the source of the stories about the mine is now private property. This has discouraged people from pursuing the legend.

The trail to California continued to be used primarily by the Mormons until the coming of the railroad in 1869. After that time, people from Southern Utah still used the main arteries for transportation and trade shifted to the railroad, but the trail south remained a part of the Southern Utah culture even as it evolved into the Arrowhead Trail and Old Highway 91.

Veyo—The Economy  
By Heber C. Jones

When Veyo was first established, most of the people who settled there came to farm. As the second generation came along, it was obvious that the farms would not support the large families that had been produced to run them. There were not a lot of options for young people who wished to stay. Times were changing and the idea of subsistence agriculture was becoming obsolete, along with the draft animal. Farms were starting to mechanize, reducing the need for much of the human labor.

The Great Depression of the 1930s hit with a severity that held the old system in place, but also changed the community psychology toward looking for a job elsewhere. The mines in Nevada, along with small operations in southern Utah, had in the past provided an outlet for farm goods and, to a lesser extent, an opportunity for employment.

World War II solved the employment problem and altered the idea that the only viable options for young people were to farm or find a job. The men came home with expanded ideas concerning opportunities and the G. I. Bill offered them a chance to take advantage of them. It was now possible for them to go into business for themselves, train for a craft or learn a profession and get paid for doing it.

While you don't see herds of cattle or sheep driven through town anymore, there are those who still make their living from agriculture. They are in the minority and most agricultural operations are hobbies or supplements. By the 1960s the original holdings in Veyo were split up, sold, or reduced to one or two of the family members. Today, I can think of only one or possibly two who rely entirely on agriculture as a major source of income.

Most agricultural endeavors were dependent on an ample water supply and the water could only be used effectively for part of the year. Small ponds had been utilized and big ideas presented to salvage the water that was allowed to flow down stream. However, it was not until the Baker Dam was built in the early 1950s that a substantial improvement in irrigation water for use in Veyo was accomplished.

The original idea of building a dam on the Santa Clara river was a part of a larger project in which investors from St. George and the various communities along the stream were hoping to get federal and state assistance to build dams to store water and provide power for the Dixie area. The St. George, Santa Clara and Ivins people pulled out of the project. Lee Leavitt of Gunlock and others from Veyo and Central decided to modify the plans and go ahead with the project on their own. They were able to get state funding and support so they awarded a contract to Wayne Simms to build the dam. Simms was unable to complete the project and George M. P. Dougal was selected to finish it. The rock work on the interior surface of the dam was done by the Leavitt brothers—Leo, Ken, Glen and Jim. Most of the pioneer farms in Veyo had large piles of

rocks gathered from the farm land. These rocks were hauled to the dam and used to protect the interior surface. The dam was finished in the summer of 1951 and the loan was fully paid by 1976. It has been very useful in improving the Veyo water supply and is a valuable and enjoyable recreation facility.

Trapping for furs was another activity used to supplement the family income in Veyo. At various times bounties were offered for coyotes, bobcats and mountain lions. In addition to the bounties, the pelts could be shipped to St. Louis or other fur centers for cash.

Several people made a living by keeping dogs and acting as guides for hunting parties. "Smoke" Emmett kept a yard full of dogs for that purpose for many years.

The deer season also presented an opportunity for people to act as hunting guides and also provide housing, horses and meals for profit. This activity was not only profitable, but it was also a favorite recreational pursuit. Schools would close for a day and often a dance was held to provide more recreation and also bring in a little extra cash. It was not uncommon for people to sell apples, pine nuts and other products from the side of the road. The traffic from California was intense, and many lasting friendships were made around the deer camp.

During the 1940s and the 1950s there was a surge in the turkey market and several families went into the business of raising them. Some did pretty well until the supply exceeded the demand and forced most of them out of business.

With the exception of Sundays, the country store started by Albert Bunker, along with the post office, became the center of town activities. Norman Rockwell could have painted his famous picture there. The men gathered around an old potbelly stove swapping stories, drinking beverages or punching out the punch board while solving the world's problems. There were many arguments, occasional fights, and even some courtships, as the residents did their shopping and mailing activities. These daily rituals were often interrupted by active children or political zealots pleading their cause. The town news by way of continual gossip made the rounds with each new batch of patrons. Business was often transacted while waiting for the mail truck or the weekly cream check. The area was often crowded with cream cans, some full—some empty. The post office was also the bus station because the mail truck was the only reliable means of transportation for those who didn't or couldn't drive. Whatever the cause for being there, the store or post office became a forum for evaluating horses, cars, pets and people—even to the extent of testing the viability of each claim or charge.

Not all activities took place at the post office or the store. Each fall most families killed a pig. This was a big event. The water had to be boiled, usually in a fifty gallon drum. While the men and boys gathered to help in the processing, whether it be work or play, the pig was shot, his throat cut and with a rope tied to a stick placed to separate his hind legs, the body was raised above the boiling water and plunged in head first. The animal was then pulled out and laid on a wooden pallet where the men quickly scraped the hair from the hide and raised the carcass to a

vertical position. At this point, a sharp knife was thrust into the crotch and, as the air rushed into the body, the knife slide down the front of the animal letting the entrails slide out on to the ground. Here, the boys found the bladder and, after emptying it, quickly thrust a straw into the opening and filled it with air. Soon they were off to play football with their new toy.

Before the day of freezers, the animal was cut up into the desired pieces and placed into a wooden barrel between layers of a mixture of salt, sugar and other spices or a prepared mixture such as Morton's Sugar Cure.

The slaughter of other animals for winter storage was much the same, but most of the other animals were skinned rather than being scraped.

Hunting for wild game was much different and not only supplemented the winter food supply, but also provided recreational activity. The first day of fishing season was a big event and people got up early in order to establish a claim to their favorite fishing hole. After the season was changed to year round, the excitement subsided.

The fall season was a busy time for the people living in Veyo. In addition to the harvesting of crops, the produce had to be prepared for winter. Some products were dried and placed in a dry, cool place for storage. Apricots, apples, peaches, pears and plums were often handled in this manner. Items such as grapes, cabbage and cucumbers were more likely to be pickled in some form of syrup. Root crops were usually kept in some type of underground cellar. Most grains were kept in dry containers and often ground in home grinders. As people became more prosperous, canning or bottling of fruits, meats and vegetables became common. Ball and Kerr mason jars became standard items in most homes. Most people had access to a cow for milk and other dairy products. Chickens were kept for meat and eggs, and sometimes for feathers. Feathers and straw were common materials for stuffing pillows and mattresses.

In addition to home grown products, people went to the hills for wood, pine nuts, berries and wild game. It would be difficult to tell which was more important to the people involved in the activities—the recreational value or the economic value.

As it was for millions of others across the country, the Great Depression of the 1930s was a heavy burden for the people of Veyo. In retrospect, I don't think one could say that many people living in Veyo lost money or investments because of the economic crash. However, a good case can be made for the idea that it shattered or set back the hopes and dreams of many of them for ever getting out of their already depressed condition. In order to lift their spirits and ease the burdens of economic survival, these people created and participated in many recreational activities.

### Recreation

When Veyo first started, most recreational activities were centered around or at someone's home. Otherwise, they went to Gunlock, Central, Pine Valley, Enterprise or St. George. The first few

years people met at the home of James L. Bunker. They ate, sang, listened to music and played games.

The new school building was put to use in 1917 and thereafter, most church and social activities shifted to that place. It also increased their activities to such things as dancing and dramatics. In the 1930s a foundation and a second room were added to the school house which had been moved from its original location to the center of town. It served as a school, church and community center. During World War II it was used extensively for dances and programs for men going into the service and for men home on leave. People came from nearby communities and filled the building to capacity. These activities were emotional and heady affairs and will only perish with the memories of those who were there.

Holidays always presented excuses for a good time and each was celebrated in a distinct manner depending on the age, sex and personality of the individual. Many of these activities were fortified by the availability of locally produced alcoholic beverages. Joy and laughter sometimes turned to cursing and fighting as a result.

Horse racing and rodeoing were favorite sports and at times produced a "good" fight which didn't necessarily rank second in the favored events. There were those who loved a "good" dog fight and a little off handed bragging usually produced one. The younger set often braided the May Pole on May Day and paraded "down town" as cowboys and Indians on the 24<sup>th</sup> of July. Fireworks, rodeos, races and prizes were common on the Fourth of July for those who survived the big dance held at the swimming pool the night of the third.

Thanksgiving was usually a family affair with relatives and a big meal. The afternoon was subject to friendly games and leisure laced with the local gossip.

Christmas was big for the little people. Santa came to the church on Christmas eve and brought a bag of candy and a present for each child. Christmas morning all of the children ran around town to see what the others had received.

Valentine's Day might have been set apart for lovers, but in Veyo it was getting and giving valentines with one attached to a hidden string so that it could be "jerked" away as the recipient attempted to pick it up from the door step.

Easter brought out the hot water and natural plants or a pack from the store for coloring eggs. Various contests usually followed the coloring in order to decide who had the prettiest or hardest egg. Eggs were rolled down hill, carried in spoons etc. and hidden with prizes or numbered for prizes. There were the baby chick events, or if you didn't go for chicks, you could get a rabbit. Sometimes there were those baskets and bonnets to go with picnics and/or parades.

Mother's Day was a big event in Veyo because it was the one Sunday of the year that brought the usually inactive dads to church. Of course, the mothers got the flowers and what ever else was

appropriate for the event.

Armistice Day, Memorial Day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays or President's Day, Labor Day, Arbor Day etc. all received some attention. Ball games with surrounding towns were common prior to World War II. Some games were played after that time, but the school was closed and the young people became a part of the St. George school system and the games went with them.

Summer nights often found the younger crowd making their own recreation outside of sponsored activities. The usual games common to early Mormon communities were played—Kick the can, Run sheep run, Hide and Seek, Red Rover etc. In addition, various card games were played—Rook, Rummy, Old Maid and some Poker. Chicken suppers and corn or potato roasts were not unusual. Albert Bunker indicated that as a youth he participated in candy pulls, dancing, hayrack riding and "bees" of all sorts. Vaughn Jones said that he spent much of his recreational time on a horse.

In the 1920s the automobile and the radio began to change the way people lived. They listened to the radio for the news and their favorite programs. And they spent more of their time in a rumble seat or the back of their or their neighbor's pickup truck. The automobile enabled people to expand their recreational activities. Parties expanded to the surrounding parks and, for a time, to the local power plants.

In 1953 television came to Veyo. Lee Hirschi and McKay Larson tested various areas on the west mountain for TV signals from the Las Vegas area. They found one that came through to Veyo. Later, the county hired Larson to put a booster signal on the west mountain so that other residents of the county could receive the signal.

### Church

The school building was also used for church services and activities. Before it was remodeled, the entrance was on the south end and the small addition on the north was used as a storage and supply room. Two large heaters—one on each end--were used to heat the building. The only air conditioning was the practice of opening and closing windows. The one exception to this procedure was the time two of the local boys created a draft when they knocked out most of the windows with flying rocks. Originally, there was an outhouse south of the building, along with a wood pile. There were swings and a teeter-totter on the gravel play ground, along with millions of bone tacks or puncture weeds.

James L. Bunker was the first bishop; Benjamin Chadburn and James Cottam were his counselors. He was addressed as Bishop or Uncle Jim. He was also the initiating force for the establishment of Veyo and the power plants nearby. He was bishop for seven years—1918-25. His enthusiasm for the power company waned when they decided to build other power plants and get an agreement with the Veyo Irrigation Company to allow a minimum stream of water to pass over

the water wheels. The irrigation company made the deal with the power company and Uncle Jim never got over it. He left his holdings in Veyo and moved to St. George. He died there in 1936. Aunt Kate and their adopted son, Jimmy, and his family lived on in Veyo until 1949. Jimmy sold all of their holdings in 1949 and left the community. About the only things left to remind the town of their presence in Veyo is part of their original house and a grave for Jimmy and Adele's daughter in the Veyo cemetery.

Benjamin Chadburn was sustained as bishop in 1925. His counselors were James F. Cottam and John H. Bowler. Ben was raised on the Santa Clara stream and knew the area and its people very well. He had tried to gain an education by attending local schools and on to Cedar City. He married Martha Hunt, which tied him to most of the population in the west side of the county.

Ben was a jovial fellow and a popular story teller. He played his fiddle for all occasions, built coffins, attended to the sick and watched over his flock. He had the only telephone in town that was tied to the public system. His telephone service put him in touch with almost everyone in the area. There were two other telephone systems that served part of the town and/or several ranches. The power company had a system connecting the plants and those who operated them. There was also The People's Progressive Telephone Company, 1912-17, connecting the towns and ranches from Enterprise to Moapa Valley.

Ben and Martha raised their family in Veyo and he lived most of his life within a few miles of their home. Their son, Ashby, held on to the farm until the 1950s. He sold to Claude Braswell. All of their children left Veyo to live elsewhere. Their son, Lloyd, died during WWII. They are buried in the Veyo cemetery.

Andrew N. Seitz was appointed bishop of the Veyo ward in February 1936. George Chadburn and Milton Bowler were his counselors. Andrew's mother was a sister to James L. Bunker's wife, Kate. His mother was a nurse and was away from home much of the time and she left Andrew with his aunt. He lived with James L. and Kate from the time he was about 12 years old until he was married. He married Delilah Leavitt in 1926. In 1930 he went to work for the Southern Utah Power Co. and stayed with the company until he was electrocuted while trimming trees in Pinto in June 1937. He and Delilah had three living children with one on the way. Bishop Seitz had spent much time and effort to get a building constructed for the local Relief Society. The building was nearly completed at the time of his death.

George A. Chadburn replaced Andrew as bishop in 1937. He was the youngest brother of Veyo's second bishop. Like Ben, George grew up on the "Old Chad Ranch" north of Veyo. He attended school in Pine Valley, Central, Gunlock and graduated from the St. George Stake Academy. He also played the fiddle in the school orchestra and for local events.

Both of George's parents died while he was in the service. After being released from various medical facilities and the U.S. Army, he returned to Veyo. He took out a homestead north of Veyo where he worked his holdings and supplemented his income working for others. He met his future wife while working in Moapa Valley. He married Alta Sprague and brought her back to



the ranch. He also bought a lot in Veyo where they lived as they added three daughters to the family.

During WWII, George moved his family to the Salt Lake area where he worked in the defense industries. After living there for 30 years, he and Alta moved back to Veyo.

William Vaughn Jones replaced George Chadburn as bishop of the Veyo ward in 1943. He was born at the "Old Holt Ranch" north of the Mountain Meadows. The family moved around the west side of Washington county for a number of years and Vaughn attended school at Pine Valley and Gunlock. He married Isabelle Leavitt in 1922.

Vaughn went to work for the Southern Utah Power Company in 1922. He worked at the four hydro plants south of Cedar City and lived at the plants until he moved his family to Veyo in 1933. He became superintendent over the four plants and continued in that capacity until he retired in 1965.

Vaughn was also active in community affairs. He served on the water boards, was active in scouting, worked on the welfare board and was largely responsible for getting the roads paved through town in the late 1940s.

After serving as bishop for nine years, Vaughn was released in 1952. He was called a second time in 1962. He served another eight years until he died of cancer in 1970. He and Isabelle had five children.

Edward Leo Leavitt was born in St. George in 1921. He grew up in Veyo and worked with his family on farms in Veyo, Diamond Valley, Ox Valley and the Mountain Meadows. He went to school in Veyo and St. George. He served in the U.S. Army during WWII in the South Pacific.

He married Rena Gubler in 1946. They were the parents of five children. He worked as a truck driver while operating a farm and cattle ranch. He was involved in various business ventures over the years. He served as bishop of the Veyo ward from 1952 through 1956. He and Rena also served a mission in the eastern states.

The seventh bishop of the Veyo ward was Willard Lewis Bowler. Lew served from 1956 through 1962. He was born in Gunlock in 1911 and went to school there. He spent the summers at the Bigelow Ranch. The family moved to Veyo in the 1920s.

Lew married Mildred Bunker in 1930. They had six children. They moved to Mesquite for a short time but they spent most of their lives in Veyo and on the Bigelow Ranch.

Lew loved horses and spent most of his life working cattle. In 1938 he and Mildred bought the Veyo country store from Mildred's father, Albert Bunker. They operated the store until 1946 when they bought property and cattle that had belonged to Lew's father. In addition to his

ranching activities, Lew was active in civic projects. He was always involved in local and surrounding rodeos. He served on the local water boards and while he was bishop, the ward chapel was remodeled. In 1962 Lew was released as bishop and died of cancer in 1967. He and Mildred are buried in the Veyo cemetery.

W. Vaughn Jones was appointed bishop for the second time in 1962. He died of cancer in 1970. He was the last of the original pioneers to become bishop. Bishops since then were people who moved into the area from outside. Dean Cottam was from the original families, but he was from the next generation and was born and grew up in St. George.

I don't think church meetings in Veyo are as exciting nowadays as they used to be. I haven't heard of anyone having a vision or a visitation from the devil in years. The Three Nephites seem to have gone into hiding and the Gadianton robbers must have found a new home. Miracles are happening less all of the time and the animals seem to be getting along just fine without their weekly prayers.

I used to think that "We Thank Thee Oh God For a Prophet" couldn't be sung properly if James Cottam didn't lead the singing and Aunt Caddie didn't drown him out with her energetic gusto. He would wave his stick up and down and around as she belted out the strong shrill words of the song.

Dan Leavitt could stir up a miracle out of a sack of flour every testimony meeting and Aunt Sina could bring Jacob Hamblin back to life as she read from her little book, trembling with the infirmities of old age.

Uncle John Bowler got the town's attention one Sunday as he announced that he was disappointed with a couple of our local boys at the Enterprise rodeo on the 24<sup>th</sup> of July. He said that he would not mention any names, but they were driving a small gray Ford coupe. Since there was only one little gray Ford coupe in town, his message came across loud and clear. However, almost all of the community had been to the rodeo, and it was rather difficult not to have seen the mentioned automobile and the boys riding in it.

I haven't seen a kid swatted to the side of the head with a book in years. I guess things are not as they used to be. Considering the fact that you have to be in church to see and hear these things, it is not surprising that I haven't encountered them.

### Tragedies

Life in most early communities had its ups and downs and Veyo was no exception. The early death of John R. Hunt in 1914 was the first major setback in Veyo. His early death created a situation which changed the entire history of the town. His widow, Esther, left Veyo and sold her holdings. She was eventually committed to the mental hospital in Provo. After treatment there, she returned to Veyo and spent some time with her sister, Lasina Truman Bowler, but she lived in

Enterprise with relatives until her death.

Esther's niece, Beatrice Hunt, lived with her until she married Lee Leavitt. They moved to Veyo and their son, Reed, died of whooping cough and was the first person buried in the Veyo cemetery.

Lee's brother, Cliff, also settled in Veyo until his son, Paul, was burned to death in a house fire. Cliff then sold his holdings and moved to Delta. Another fire destroyed Lee Leavitt's house which left the Heywood family homeless. Prior to this, one of the Heywood boys was accidentally shot and killed in 1922.

Several other fires occurred which caused considerable damage and distress. S. E. Brannaman's saddle shop and barn burned to the ground and Fred Chadburn lost a row of Himalaya berries to fire, which also gave the town a thorough scare. The abandoned local dairy was gutted by fire and James Cottam lost a brooder and a turkey crop. "Smoke" Emmett's house burned after it had been moved to make way for the highway. A wildfire came from the south, jumped the creek and made its way to Center Street in the summer of 2006. It gave the town a good scare and provided a spectacular show of aircraft and fire fighters trying to control the blaze.

Stephen Albert Bunker Sr. lost his mind over a lawsuit between him and the Newcastle Reclamation Co. He also lost his wife through a divorce and later his house burned down. His son, Stephen Albert Bunker Jr. lost his first wife to the influenza epidemic of 1918. He lost his second wife to a mental breakdown. After all of this, his son Clive was burned to death in a bottled gas accident.

George Chadburn was drafted into the army in 1918. He lost both of his parents the same year and nearly lost both of his legs in France. He survived, returned to Veyo, sired three daughters, moved north, returned to Veyo and died there.

Horses were a necessity in the early days of Veyo. They were pets, draft animals, transportation and sometimes tragedies. Billy Hunt came to Albert's country store with his team and wagon. As he went to leave, he stood up and started the horses with a quick snap on the behind and as they rounded the corner, the wagon wheel hit a rock and the jolt threw Billy from the wagon. He hit his head on a rock and was killed. Another disaster occurred when Ted Jones was traveling with the mail from Veyo to Gunlock and his team ran away. He was killed in the accident.

My father, Ellis Jones, borrowed a team from Johnny Bracken to haul wood. He brought the wood home and unloaded the wagon and started for the house. Something startled the team and the horses bolted down the hill. The CCC boys had placed a large pine pole at the corner of what is now Center Street and Spanish Trail Drive. As the horses approached the pole, one horse went on each side of it, resulting in rolling horses and flying pieces of harnesses. No injuries in this one. However, in 1971 my father was hit and killed by a car while crossing Highway 18 in front of the Veyo Merc.

In 1935 during the deer hunt someone shot an insulator off from a power line which resulted in a high voltage wire falling to the ground. It so happened that Gleave Holt was riding his horse from the ranch toward Veyo. Gleave's horse came upon the live wire and stopped suddenly; as a result, Gleave flew off the horse onto the wire. Gleave's father, Roy, rushed to pull Gleave off the line but Milt Bowler, his brother-in-law, was able to restrain him. Gleave was dead before they could remove him from the wire. Another electrocution occurred in 1937 when Andrew Seitz was killed while trimming trees around a power line in Pinto.

Automobile accidents were not uncommon. Some were more serious than the loss of an automobile. Dale Cheeney fell out of the back of his father's truck and died of a broken neck. He is buried in the Veyo cemetery. Ben Chadburn made his coffin from pine lumber and it was transported to the cemetery in the back of a truck. Years later, June Chadburn was killed in an automobile accident and Harriet Chadburn lost her life as a result of being thrown out of her vehicle, which rolled over on her. Vaughn Jones was traveling home from a vacation when mechanical trouble caused him to lose control of the car. Matilda Bunker's back was broken as a result of the accident.

In the 1950s a man died in the Veyo pool. It was not immediately determined whether he drowned or died of something else. Some years later, Bertrum Cheeney Jr. drowned in the Sand Cove reservoir.

There have been at least two men shot accidentally while hunting deer in this area. In more recent times a woman was shot and killed in the Veyo café.

World War II took the lives of two young men from Veyo. Garth Cottam was lost while flying in the South Pacific during the battle for New Guinea. Lloyd Chadburn died of a mastoid infection while training in the navy.

The murder of Royal Hunt in November 1941 affected the entire west side of the county. The assailant was apprehended at the old Hunt ranch on the Magotsu. Before he was captured, the entire town was out hunting with rifle in hand. A fire was built in the road and all vehicles were stopped in a search for the villain.

Tragedies of different sorts were very severe on those most affected by them. Some people succumbed to alcohol and others had moral problems that stressed their families and friends as their activities stretched beyond the standards of acceptable behavior.

My mother suffered a stroke in 1946. Much of the left side of her body was paralyzed. While trying to do her washing, she ran her arm through the ringier. Jim Leavitt was hit with a stroke while hauling lumber on the west side of Zion Park. He never fully recovered.

Eugene Chadburn had his Achilles cord to his heel severed while serving in the navy. He hobbled around town for a long time after his release from the service.

Tony Chadburn had his calf severed to the bone. He was riding in the back of a truck with his legs hanging out when he was bumped by another car. He used a forked stick for a crutch to get around for weeks after the accident.

As was mentioned earlier, Bertie Bunker died of influenza in 1918 and there were a number of young couples who lost children at birth or shortly thereafter. Some families have also been affected by suicides and/or attempted suicides.

Society usually gets what it values. So it was in Veyo. Some of the people lived in poverty or near poverty and most would have chosen a paying job over a good education or advanced training in a craft or a skill. If one was fortunate enough to gain a formal education or other training, he or she would have to apply the skills elsewhere.

There was also the cultural bias often associated with the poor and the ignorant which makes fun of the "educated fool" and the "Little Lord Font LeRoy" who appears to be a little too big for his britches as they were supposed to fit in Veyo. These negative attitudes were not universal, but were common enough to pressure young people into the traditions of their forebears as opposed to encouraging them to pursue careers in the arts or sciences.

There was no Michelangelo, de Vinci, Rubens or Rodin in Veyo; it was all Rockwell. That is not to say that there was no art or appreciation for it. The physical landscape of sandstone, lava and natural sunsets along with the unsurpassed beauty of autumn leaves would rival any scenery viewed by the eyes of men. It would be difficult to find a better place to view the heavens than one would find in Veyo on a dark summer night.

Natural ability was often squandered because of attitude rather than a lack of resources. It has been said that poor people have poor ways. Some people would like to leave it that way. They need someone to poke fun at or use for entertainment by worsening their condition in life—keep others down as a stepping stone to raise themselves up the social and /or economic ladder. Even in times of stress and struggle these negative attitudes appeared as a tool to pressure people into conformity. Statements such as—"draft dodger," "My son didn't get a deferment," "Are you too good to serve?" "He is a lazy skit-ass," were not uncommon around World War II time.

One must balance these attitudes with those of the same crowd who took in the stranger or the tramp and gave him food and/or shelter when he had no other place to go. These people were good people and they tried in their own way to live the expected and established way of life. There were times when arrogance and/or greed overruled their Christian up-bringing, but they were, for the most part, good people who were not without human weakness.

### Folklore

Most of the tales in this collection are stories I have heard repeated in one form or another over the years by different individuals. Some of the original tellers are dead. I started to interview

some of the people a number of years ago and was able to tape some of them. I went back to the tapes and interviews for some of the stories. If the person from whom I first heard the story was still living and available, I went to him for an update on the story. In some cases the person telling the story is as colorful and/or legendary as the subject of the tale.

I have tried to select a sample of people and stories that are representative of the folklore I have grown up with in and around Veyo. The stories often point out the peculiarities of people and places around the area. The stories also reflect the distance between various social cultures within and between communities. Even the names of the characters telling the story or the names of those who are subjects of a story would have a tendency to alter the response evoked in and from the various communities. I can't vouch for the truthfulness of the tales.

Some of the older men who lived in Veyo in the early years made their own beverages, some of which contained limited quantities of alcohol. As years went by and people became more prosperous, commercial drinks made their way into Veyo. This story was told about Ben as he grew older and his eyesight dimmed. It seems that a group of men and boys were discussing the effects of various drinks when Ben is supposed to have announced "Lordy, that 32% Lager sure does taste good after a hard days work."

When Lem Leavitt was a young boy, Si Leavitt took him hunting deer. Si had Lem sit on a large rock to watch the upper part of a canyon while Si went down in the bottom to flush out any deer that might be in there. After Si had been gone for a long period of time, Lem got bored and rolled a large boulder into the canyon. The rolling rock made considerable noise as it tore through the brush and timber. Shortly thereafter, Si came running, about out of breath, and burst out, "I just saw the biggest damn cougar I ever saw in my life." Lem just sat there with a knowing smirk on his face and Si perceived what had happened and said, "You little bucket-ass, if you ever tell anyone about this, I will kill you."

Whitey Carrol was a young man who came to Veyo to trap animals. He was dating a girl from Hurricane and they decided to get married. Whitey's social graces were not quite what most people expected. When the day came for the wedding, Whitey showed up in a ragged pair of pants which exposed various parts of his anatomy. When Grace Emmett saw him, she suggested a change of clothes. Whitey responded with, "I don't see why-they're clean." Grace insisted on the change.

Shortly after they were married, Whitey came home and his wife had prepared a nice meal for her new husband. Whitey sat down and devoured the most of it before his wife asked if he wasn't going to save some for her. His reply was, "I didn't know that you were hungry."

Sometime after Fred Chadburn had turned 65, the Social Security law was amended to include the self-employed. The law was changed so that people like Fred who had not paid into the system could pay in a certain sum and draw a pension for life. The agent showed up at Fred's house and began to interview him as to his eligibility and ask him how he was going to survive as he was of

an advanced age. Fred lifted his large bruised, calloused and bony hands up in front of the agent and said, "See these -- hands, as long as I can use them, I won't have to worry about your -- pension."

One of the local girls married a young man who came to Veyo with the CCC. After serving time in the service during World War II, the young man and his wife settled in St. George where the fellow found employment. One evening he discovered that a local man of their acquaintance was watching his wife undress through a partly covered window. The gentlemen grabbed his shotgun and, after carefully estimating the distance from the gun to the Peeping Tom's hind end, fired. Apparently the Peeping Tom got the message because he left town shortly thereafter and some say that he was removing tiny pellets from his rear end from that day after.

Years ago when church authorities came to St. George for conference it was their custom to stay with the local leaders. One such conference found them staying with Thomas Judd, who ran a business which sold tobacco. On this particular occasion the theme of the conference was on the Word of Wisdom and the brethren waxed long and loud on sticking to it. During the evening meal Mrs. Judd said to Thomas, "Don't you think it is a good time to stop selling tobacco?" He replied, "Yes, and when ZCMI quits selling it to me, I will quit selling it to the public."

Muriel was married to Bert Cheeney. She had red hair and a fiery temper and is the only person, who I know of, in Veyo who lived to be 100 years old.

One morning on the first day of fishing season, a group of young people were fishing at the end of a siphon referred to as the "U- Pipe." The fish started biting and several children caught fish, but Muriel didn't catch any. She threw her line in next to those who were catching fish, but she still didn't get a bite. She became so exasperated that she began picking up large rocks and throwing them into the stream where the others were fishing and shouted, "If I can't catch any, you can't catch any."

Young Bert Cheeney, "Bertie," and a group of the town boys were out getting a load of wood in Bert Sr.'s old Ford truck. They had a 22 caliber rifle with them and one of the boys used it to kill a deer. They put the deer under the wood and brought it home. They didn't have any place to hang it out of sight, so they put it in the neighbor's back room.

The boys talked and laughed about the event on the school bus. The driver was married to the daughter of the game warden. The word soon reached the law officers and the boys were interrogated one by one until the full story was out and they all wound up in court. They pleaded guilty and the judge gave sentence to Bert and each of the boys and ended the case.

At this point, Bert's wife, Muriel, began to fidget and the judge ask her if she had something to say. She replied, "Yes, my husband is a G D liar." The judge immediately re-opened the case, listened to her story and fined Bert and his neighbor \$50 each.

Bert and several of his friends were visiting at Bert's place when Muriel jumped up and said, "I guess I should be thinking about what to fix for dinner." Bert replied, "Good hell, Muriel, why worry, it is only 11:30."

One of the local brothers, who I shall not name, was notorious for his exploits with a woman who was not his wife. One day this local brother's wife was telling one of the men in town how sad it was that one of the young fellows in town was wasting so much money on booze. The gentleman replied, "Some men spend their money on booze and some men spend their money on other women."

### The Pool Caper

In 1927 James F. Cottam built a swimming pool in Veyo. The pool was built over a natural warm spring. It had a wooden roof with a small room attached to hold supplies and serve as an orchestra pit for dances that were held on a cement slab, also used for a roller rink.

James was one of the early settlers of Veyo. He had taken out a homestead there about 1914 and had developed it into a producing farm and ranch. He was trained as a teacher and was better educated in the academic world than most of his neighbors. He was a man who took responsibility and was rather successful in most endeavors. He often led the singing in church. His booming voice blended with that of his wife "Caddie" in arousing the congregation into a gusto of reverberation which almost made the little wooden chapel dance.

James' sense of responsibility sometimes expanded into other people's lives to the point of some resentment and even some friction. It was one of these adventures that prompted the following tale.

Sometime in the late 1930s, James had hired young Wesley Chadburn to help him at the swimming pool. Wesley was built rather close to the ground and was carrying enough extra weight to be nick-named "Chub." Wesley got into the habit of pilfering a few candy bars and a soda or two and decided to let his friends in on the party. He managed to leave a small door unlocked in the building so that he could enter at night. He was able to remove several boxes of candy and a case or so of "pop." He invited Elmer Chadburn and Bert Cheeney Jr. to the creek for the party. He designated the proper spot where they were to meet. Young Bert and Elmer showed up at the meeting place just in time to see "Chub" pulling a case of pop loaded with boxes of candy down the creek bed. They had a terrific feast and returned to their respective homes with full stomachs and intense satisfaction for having pulled off such a magnificent caper.

The next day James discovered what had happened and immediately rounded up the culprits and announced that he was holding court to try them for their crimes. Bert and Wesley were accompanied by their fathers to James' house where the trial was being held, but Elmer was sent alone. His father refused to attend court. As the accused sat in James' home, he grabbed a wooden gavel, hammered it on the table several times and uttered—"Hear ye, Hear ye, this court is



now in session.” He opened a large book he had on the table and proceeded to lecture the boys on the names of other, older boys in town who had attended his court and how their crimes were duly recorded in the large book. He then declared that it was time to question the defendants about their participation in the alleged burglary. At this point, “Chub” jumped to his feet, bolted for the door and ran through the adjacent orchard with all parties in hot pursuit. As the older folks were exhausted rather quickly, “Chub’s” older brother, Rodney, was sent to bring the culprit in. The court was suspended while the chase was on. Rodney caught up with “Chub” a considerable distance up the creek near a landmark known in those parts as The Pump.

The Pump was a small pump house erected by the local power company to pump the water of a warm spring up out of the gulch and into the canal to keep it from freezing in the winter and to increase the volume of the stream. Near the pump house the power company had built a diversion dam which had failed and the remains, consisting of large pieces of metal and concrete, were scattered about and often held large deposits of silt and sand in the creek bottom.

Rodney was able to wrestle his brother to the ground on one of these piles of sand. He took off Wesley’s shoes and tied his feet together with the laces and headed home for help. Wesley was able to wiggle his way to a jagged piece of metal where he was able to pull the laces over the metal and cut them apart. He found some old gunny sacks near by and tied them to his feet and proceeded on his get-away. The “posse” looked for him for several days. He would slip near home at night and extract food from the fruit cellar and move out early and hide during the day. He finally made his way to Peek-a-boo, a small ranch at the base of Pine Valley Mountain just south and east of the Baker Dam. He raided the few supplies there and, after several days of evasion, he was captured. His father, trying to throw a scare into him, looked around and said, “Where is the biggest tree? We will hang him right here.”

James, acting again as judge, sentenced the boys to work on his property pulling weeds and milking his cows. After several episodes of spilt milk and kicked milk buckets, the boys were put to pulling and hoeing weeds. The consensus of the public seemed to be that James judged it to be too costly to keep the boys working and the case was dropped.

### Cows, Coffee, Coke and The “Big I”

If we are able to paraphrase Shakespeare, the evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones. So let it be with the “Big I.”

The “Big I” was given this moniker by his nephew, who participated in a life long sparring match with his uncle while at the same time spuing out stories of that everlasting evil.

It seems that a certain gentleman, who lived in Veyo, learned that the “Big I” had acquired a bull that possessed the qualities that the local gentleman was interested in infusing into his cattle herd. He contacted the “Big I” and made a deal to purchase the animal. As the appointed time had arrived to pick up the bull, the rancher pulled up to the “Big I’s” corral with his truck ready to

take away his prize. He was met by the "Big I," who ask why he was there. The rancher's reply, of course, was to pick up the bull. The "Big I" responded with a wile grin and announced that he had been offered a higher price for the animal and it had been sold. Without saying a word, the rancher left for home pondering the moral and ethical qualities of the gentleman to whom the bull had belonged. The fact that the owner had and did hold positions of trust and responsibility in his church and government weighed heavily on the rancher's mind.

As time went on, the community found itself in need of financial help for a project to update some badly needed utilities. A representative was sent to the appropriate government agency to inquire about possible financial aid. The representative was met by the "Big I" who, upon hearing the pleas, announced that there were more important places to put taxpayer money than on projects in Veyo. Projects such as oiling the road to his farm.

The "Big I" continued to serve in church and government with the usual support of his party in Veyo and elsewhere and, indeed, did become associated with some improvements in the county and distinguished in his ecclesiastical positions. As time passed, he was either appointed or took upon himself the task of activating one of the local brothers who had married into one of the families in his ward. He went to the home as a home teacher and never failed to suggest that the local brother should be an example to his children and walk in the path of righteousness as suggested or outlined by the "Big I." On one occasion, he was particularly concerned about The Word of Wisdom and the secular view of the origin of man through the process of evolution. When it was suggested that his prize winning animals were the result of selective breeding, he responded that his animals could not survive in a natural state. Sometime later, after being ask to speak in a family funeral, he fortified his authority on the Word of Wisdom by declaring that "Coke" had never crossed his lips.

Sometime earlier, it happened that a city work crew was doing some hot, dirty work in front of the "Big I's" yard and, sorely in need of water, opened the spigot on the "Big I's" lawn for a drink. The story goes-- that the "Big I" and his wife chased them away with a sound scolding on the evils of stealing. Their dire thirst was satisfied by an observant neighbor who brought them a large container of lemonade.

Jimmy Jones was my grandfather's brother. He was a small, wiry fellow whose first and only love was horses. He never married and was generally considered to be a bit slow. He did have a reputation for swearing and for being able to make a pretty good race horse out of any kind of pony. The town of Gunlock always had a horse race on Christmas and usually several other times during the year. Jimmy often bragged about the speed of his horse and his skills as a jockey. At a Christmas celebration in Gunlock, Jimmy tested his horse against the local champion and lost the race. Some of the men loved to tease him a little about his horsemanship and the ability of his horse. Jimmy got a bit upset and shouted, "Laugh G D you--there is another Christmas coming."

Jimmy was working for Henry Bowler at the Bigelow ranch on the Moody and came in for lunch. Lula, Henry's wife, was pregnant and didn't feel well and wasn't eating. Henry said, "Aren't you

going to eat?" She replied "No, I don't feel like it." Jimmy said, "I know just how you feel!"

Jimmy was in Pine Valley one summer and he was walking down the main street just in front of Frank Jacobson. He passed a group of the Pine Valley boys and one of them said, "What do you know, Jimmy?" Jimmy replied, "Any G D thing you want to know!" Frank was just behind and as he came by, he was met with the same greeting, "What do you know Frank?" Frank's reply was "Oh, nothing."

Henry Bowler left Jimmy to take care of the ranch for a few days and told Jimmy to help himself to the food. Since someone else had prepared the meals there before, Jimmy began trying to round up a meal. He located Lula's utensils and tried to cut some meat with the silverware. He judged the knives to be dull and promptly sharpened them as a gesture of appreciation toward Mrs. Bowler.

Jess Roberts was another character with similar traits as were associated with Jimmy. Jess was working for Henry Bowler at his ranch when he was stung by a bee. Jess came to the house complaining of the bee sting. Henry's wife and some other women were there and asked Jess, "Where did the bee sting you?" Jess didn't talk plain and replied, "If the bee sting you where the bee sting me, the bee miss you."

I was interviewing Albert Bunker one day and ask him what his interests were as a young boy. He replied, "I was quite a hand at athletics, ball playing, I was a pretty good pitcher, I wasn't a bad jumper, on a short race at 50 yards, I was pretty good."

In the 1940s a family by the name of Custer came to live in Veyo. They soon moved to a ranch about a mile from town. Mrs. Custer was a large, heavy woman and couldn't walk. She didn't feel well one day and her husband was out of town so she sent one of her children to town to get help. The county sheriff was called and he came up and took her to St. George to the hospital where she was delivered of a baby. When asked why she didn't do anything to prepare for the child and make arrangements to get to the doctor, she said, "I didn't know that I was pregnant; he must have got me while I was asleep."

When Jim Leavitt was a young boy his father sent him to the Mountain Meadows to take care of some stock on the Leavitt holdings. He was a big kid there alone. Some of the boys down the valley at Lytle's ranch decided to have some fun and try to frighten him. They went to his shack while he was out and gathered up all of his bullets and hid them. Later at night they went back with sheets over their heads and began to moan and groan as if they were ghosts. Jim yelled out, "I don't know whether you are ghosts or not, but if you aint, you damn sure soon will be." He then began firing his rifle through the door.

"Pa They Shot Me" as paraphrased from Fred Chadburn

Henry Maudsley lived on a ranch about where the Baker Dam now stands on the Santa Clara

Creek. It is between Veyo and Pine Valley. His house was built of cedar poles and dirt. Later his son built a larger rock house that still stands. Henry had a dog. Every time you went by there a-horse-back the dog would come out, bark and nip at your horse. These three young men from Pine Valley--Abe Burgess, Sell Bracken and Rube Gardner, all about 16, they thought they would have some fun. They had 22 pistols; they shot at the dog two or three times. The girl went running in. The old man says he thought she says--"Pa they shot me." He grabbed his old 44 (the old 44 had just come out then). First shot he cut the bridle reigns right by Sell Bracken's hand, next shot he shot, (Rube) had a long tail coat on, he shot through Rube's coat. The next shot--he took the top of Abe Burgesses hat out. He was shooting so fast he got a shell caught, that's what saved the young men. He couldn't shoot no more. They didn't come back to shoot his dog no more. They took Maudsley to court and fined him \$10.00 and let him work it off at \$2.00 per day on road work.

#### "I Want Both Loaves" as paraphrased from Fred Chadburn

My grandfather on my mother's side (Robert Lloyd) was the first people down (who) settled in Washington, I believe Washington was settled six years before St. George. He was down to a little old field they had, as he come back there was an old Indian in there and my grandmother had two loaves of bread and he wanted both loaves. She says "No, you can have one loaf, but I have got to keep one for my man and two pompooses," and he said, "No--I want both of them." Just then he pulled out a big , long knife and said, "Me cut your head off" Just then my grandfather came in. He was a tall man. He come from Texas. He had a pair of boots on. He kicked the old Indian right through the door headfirst and said, "That's all the bread you get." He (the Indian) got up and said, "Me kill you, me kill you," and away he went. Well, in about a week they were going to Pine Valley, right over here from Veyo. The old road went up by the Bigelow ranch then. (It) comes out by Central. (Grandma) says she happened to look back, she seen this old Indian running from one cedar to another all humped over with a gun and said her heart come right in her mouth. She said to her man, "that Indian is right behind us, he is going to kill both of us." My granddad said, "don't look back, don't let him know we know he is following us." Just then the road made a sharp turn. My grandfather had a shotgun loaded with buckshot and he just handed the lines to his wife, he went right over the side of the wagon and lit behind this cedar. He says, "Keep a going." She got up the road a few yards, she heard a gun go off. She didn't know which one was shot. In a few minutes he (Grandpa Lloyd) came running out behind the wagon, threw the gun in the wagon and took the lines, never said a word. She said I guess Mr. Indian got that load of buckshot right through him.

#### The Pregnant Cow

Jack Seitz and I were watching his grandfather and uncles kill and butcher a pig in his back yard at his barn. As the process was being carried out, we overheard one of the men say that the milk cow was pregnant. We sized up the cow carefully and couldn't determine what her problem was. We knew that she was going to have a calf, but we couldn't find anything else that might be serious. We continued to loiter around until the pig excitement was over and then headed for his

house. Upon arrival, we went into the house where we were met by his mother and an aunt with her teenage daughter. Jack's mother ask us how things were going and Jack told her everything seemed to be going all right, but the old cow was pregnant. The aunt gasped with disbelief as she blurted out something to the effect of, "Did you hear what that child said!" The daughter's face blazed into a beautiful pink. As Jack's mother attempted to calm down his aunt, we made a quick escape out the back door wondering what we had done to trigger such an outburst. Anyway, we found out what pregnant meant and the aunt and daughter survived with minimal damage.

#### Shoes—9 years old

John Horsley was in the post office when Fred Chadburn entered. Fred had been irrigating his lot and his shoes were worn and wet. John said to Fred, "How long have you had those shoes?" Fred replied, "Oh, I don't know, not very long." John pointed to his shoes and said, "See these shoes, they are 9 years old." Fred replied, "You know John, carpets aren't very hard on shoes."

Before machines were used to harvest potatoes, the farmers used to gather the local young people to pick up the potatoes in the fall. The farmer would plow the potatoes out of the ground and each picker would strap a bundle of sacks on his back and clip an opened one in front to throw potatoes in as he dragged it between his legs down the row. Fred told me that one of the local potato farmers stopped at Bill Bracken's place to get his children to pick up potatoes and Bill told him that only the boys could go. The farmer ask why the girls couldn't go, and Bill replied, "Because them potatoes have eyes."

#### Old Rock

It was late summer 1946 and I was home alone in Veyo. My parents had spent the summer in Milford, Utah working on my uncle's farm. My brother and I had tired of the farm and had arrived home in time to irrigate the trees, grapes etc. and prepare to harvest the bits of fruits and vegetables we grew on the ½ acre lot.

Jimmy Bunker had a prize race horse he called Rock. The horse was a rather intelligent animal and Jimmy didn't bother to keep him properly corralled or pastured. Rock roamed the neighborhood and had discovered how to lift the rope off from the gate that secured our bit of property from the rest of the world. He would race through the grape patch and the row of peach trees with great speed; kicking up his heels and releasing great quantities of gas with each jump. I, barely having reached the ripe old age of 12 years, decided it was my duty and responsibility to inform Jimmy that he must do something about his horse. His response resembled the annoyance expressed by a grazing animal being attacked by a horse fly. Rock's adventures into our little plot continued.

One day, soon thereafter, Freddie Chadburn and I were kicking around the neighborhood and spotted Rock going through his favorite exercises in our lot. Peaches were flying from the trees and the grape stakes were rolling up in the wires I had stretched through them as Rock got

himself tangled in the rolling mess. We, Freddie and I, decided to teach him and Jimmy a lesson. We were able to catch the horse, calm him down and untangle him from the wire. We then gathered up two old deer hides and a number of old, tin cans and tied them all on a long wire which we attached to Rock's tail. I held the wire until Freddie led the animal out into the road, at which time I threw the hides, cans and wire up over the back of the horse. Like a streak of lightning, he dashed down the street to the corner, falling as he tried to round it at great speed, but again regained his footing as he entered Jimmy's yard stomping, quivering and shaking with fright.

Freddie and I were in a state of hilarious laughter, tears rolling down our cheeks as we reiterated the horse's antics as he went down the road. About this time, Jimmy's son, Darrel, came flying up the road on the back of the horse. He jumped off the horse, kicked me a time or two with his boot and cuffed me with his hand several times, then he and Freddie rode away on the back of the horse.

Shortly after the horse incident, my mother came home with my younger brother and sister to get us ready for school. She had been home only a short time and she suffered a serious stroke which left her partially paralyzed on one side. While my mother was in the hospital, I put together an old bicycle my older brothers had gotten from some of the neighbors and was giving it a test run down the street when I came to a group of men and boys gossiping around a couple of old cars parked at Jimmy's corner. I had forgotten about the horse incident and drove into the crowd to get in on the gossip. I immediately realized my mistake when Jimmy grabbed me by the shoulder and said, "Are you the boy who tin-canned my horse?" My response was yes and after a short discussion as to my asking him to take care of his horse and his heated exhortation on how I had ruined the best race horse in the county, he, in a shaking rage, exclaimed, "If it weren't for the circumstances, I would jerk your God Damn head right off from your shoulders!" I suppose the fact that my mother was in the hospital saved my life. The crowd soon broke up to enliven every evening dinner table conversation with the story, as a dozen different versions made their way through the community.

It might be interesting to note that neither Darrel nor Jimmy placed any responsibility for the "sin" on to my accomplice. Sociologists like to make a big thing about family status, income levels, sibling rivalry etc. In rural Utah a generation ago and back into the pioneer period, communities were divided into pseudo social classes based on such things as income, occupation, church responsibility, family name etc. I was on the bottom on all counts. In the chapel on Sunday Brother Jones could be equal, but on Monday, if he would not allow himself to be exploited, he could become "a lazy shit-ass." There was a fine line between being helped and being exploited. Minorities of all shapes and molds, regardless of sex, color, national origin, are sometimes defenseless, they are exploitable, they are vulnerable because they have nothing. They carry the "sins" and often the burdens of the world until they get "something."

Freddie at the Pool

The night of the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July seemed to have been reserved for the Veyo pool. Cottams sponsored a dance at their resort and people came from near and far to celebrate. One such celebration which took place in the late 1940s found the area crowded and festive when a sudden blast shattered the festivities and the toilet in the men's dressing room. It seems that Freddie had lit a cherry bomb with the intent of throwing it over the wall into the women's section, but he was interrupted and suddenly realized that he had to get rid of it. He threw it into the toilet and stepped on the lid. The explosion dropped Freddie to the floor and scattered pieces of the toilet throughout the dressing room. No injuries resulted.

Karl Larson used to enact the following story about William Weaver, of Washington onion fame, and Richard A. Morris. It seems that Richard A. Morris wanted to trade some honey for onions. Brother Weaver-- "trade honions for 'oney? Why, man, 'oney's a luxury; if I trade honions for 'oney, my folks would heat hit!"

### Julia Foster Stories

Frank Foster started a ranch where the Baker Dam is now. He became a successful rancher and moved his operations to the Arizona Strip. He purchased a house for each of his children with the exception of Julia, who was single. He bought the old St. George Hall or The "Hub" for Julia to operate a store. The building had previously been equipped for such a purpose and it had shelves and drawers from floor to ceiling. One of Frank's cowboys, who was working on The Strip, told him that he needed some new underwear. Frank brought him into town and asked him how much he was prepared to spend. The man replied \$.50. Frank showed him around town and took him to Julia's store. After looking around a few minutes Frank said, "Julia, pull down your drawers and show this man what you have for \$.50." Julia replied, "Come in the back room and I will show you everything I have for \$.50."

The story is told that someone proposed to Julia and she asked the prospect, "Do you have an education?" He replied, "No." Julia responded, "I wouldn't marry Jesus Christ if he didn't have an education."

Julia lived in an area where the school kids passed by her place frequently and she had trouble keeping them from throwing trash into her yard. One Fast Sunday, she got up and rambled along on the virtues of being a good Christian and ended by saying, "If those boys don't quit throwing trash on my lawn, I will call the sheriff. And that is my testimony."

A young woman came into Julia's store and asked to see her assortment of earrings. Julia was very patient and showed her a number of earrings of different price levels. The woman narrowed her choice down to a \$1. earring or a \$3. earring. She ask Julia which one she should buy. Julia replied, "Do you want your money in the bank or on your ears?"

### The Dutchman

One wouldn't expect to find a desert community with a Spanish name occupied principally by people of German-Swiss origin, but that is the situation in Utah's Dixie. The locals refer to the people there as Dutchmen.

When I was a youngster, my mother would say, "Speak up, you sound like a Dutchman." The linguistic differentiation of the early Dixieite was not particularly accurate. Who is to say that it should be Dutch or Deutsche? It appears to be all Greek anyway. Words ending in "ing" can easily be shortened to en or in and W's do not sound too badly as V's etc. Of course, there is much more to being a "Dutchman" than linguistic identification. One must be able to identify a "Dutchman Pack," a "Dutchman Story" or "The Dutchman."

Many of the early "Dutchmen" made their living by growing and peddling fruit. They were particularly adapt at both procedures and did rather well at it. When one of them would come into any little town the cry of "Here comes the Dutchman" would be on all lips and resounding in all ears. It didn't matter which gentleman appeared, he was always announced as "The Dutchman." The old timers liked to sit around the potbelly stove, pool table etc. and tell "Dutchman Stories." They were too numerous to be retold here, but a sample is in order. There was always a story or two about a "Dutchman Pack." It seems that an "Old Dutchman" came to town, he was always an "Old Dutchman"—never young, they must have been born old in Santa Clara; I don't remember of any young "Dutchmen" coming to town. Anyway, the "Old Dutchman" opened up his wagon, truck or buggy, as the case might be, and displayed his goods. The customer picked out a beautiful box of fruit and took it into his waiting wife who immediately dumped the produce into a more convenient container, only to discover that all of the good, big, beautiful fruit was on the top and the poor quality was on the bottom. That, my friends, is a "Dutchman Pack." I suppose this might have happened on occasion, However, it was my experience that the "Old Dutchman" usually threw in a few extra to remind the customer of just which "Old Dutchman" he was dealing.

I don't think it would be too far out of line to suggest that the Santa Clara Swiss were our first ethnic minority in Utah's Dixie—except for their neighbors, the local Paiute Indians.

### Would You Like Some Corn?

Most of the people who settled in Veyo knew each other before they came. Sometimes, stories of their past preceded their arrival. One such story involved a gentleman we shall call John. It seems that John had a reputation of not being too ambitious and his wife seemed to bear the burden of supplying much of the means to support their children. As it happened, one of their neighbors had a good crop of corn and decided to share some with John's family. He drove up to the home with his wagon loaded with corn and found John looking out the window. He called to him and said, "Would you like some corn?" John replied, "Is it shelled?" The gentleman replied, "No." "Drive on then," was John's reply.



### Good Morning!

Most of the homes in Veyo were wired with just one light in the middle of the ceiling. The radio was often plugged into the light socket and when the light was turned on the radio came on also. The radio's used to be made with vacuum tubes and when they were turned on, it would take a while for them to warm up and function.

Most of the homes had wood stoves and a woodbox nearby. When people got up in the morning, the usual procedure was to take kindling from the woodbox to the stove and start a fire before getting dressed.

It seems that one morning, June Chadburn climbed out of bed, turned on the light and stooped over to build a fire when someone said "Good morning!" Since June was in his long handles, he jumped with great surprise until he discovered that the radio had warmed up and he was startled by the announcer.

### Bert and The Breaker

In the mid 1940s, Charlie Hansen was hired to teach school in Veyo. He had a sister by the name of Mrs. Harris who helped him with the younger grades. They grouped all of the students together for music and drama. Mrs. Harris had trained the students for a program that was to be presented to the parents. As the program got underway, young Bert Chenney slipped out of the building and tripped the electric breaker. The lights went out and Mrs. Harris put them on again. This procedure went on several times until Mrs. Harris slipped out to catch the culprit. Just as Bert was about to pull the switch, Mrs. Harris appeared and ordered him to leave it alone. He responded with an impudent remark and reached for the breaker. About this time, the hand of Mrs. Harris landed firmly on the side of Bert's face. He responded with pain and a loud oath, but the lights stayed on and the program proceeded as scheduled.

### Grandpa and the Mowing Machine

My grandfather, Hyrum E. Jones, owned an old, horse-drawn mowing machine that he used to cut the hay and grass in the neighborhood orchards. As he grew older, he used the machine less often and it usually sat idle. A junkman came by looking for scrap metal and offered grandfather \$15. For the machine. Grandfather turned him down on the basis that he might need it someday.

Sometime later, Mr. Dobins, who was living on one of the ranches on the Magotsu creek, heard about the machine and went to Gunlock to buy it. He offered grandpa \$25. for it. Grandpa replied that he couldn't sell it to him for \$25. because the junkman had determined its worth to be \$15. He sold the machine to Dobins for \$15. Dobins told my uncle, Jake, that Hyrum Jones was the only man that he ever knew who was totally without guile.

Grandfather was a staunch Democrat in the area of politics. Truman Bowler, who came from a

staunch Republican family, decided to run for County Commissioner. The people in Gunlock decided to get behind Truman and get 100 per cent of the town vote for him. They knew that grandpa would be a hard sell, so they sent a delegation of citizens to him with the message that Truman was a really good man for the job and grandfather should vote for him. Grandfather listened intently as each citizen expounded of Truman's merits and how good a man he was. Grandpa replied, "If he was a really good man, he would be running on the other ticket."

### The Peek-A-Boo Outhouse

Bert, Ted and Jim Cheeney were working at Peek-A-Boo. Bert's wife Muriel was giving Ted and Jim a hassle over something, so they built an outhouse with a door so narrow that Bert, Ted and Jim could slip through but Muriel couldn't get in.

### The Lost Scouts

In the mid 1940s, Vaughn Jones was Scout Master in Veyo. He decided to take the boys on a hike through Snow Canyon to Sand Cove.

It was a warm summer day with a slight overcast. He picked up the boys in his vehicle and we headed for Snow Canyon. The road was new then and it was quite narrow. We parked along the edge west of what is today, Winchester Hills. I do not remember just who was there, but I can recall-- Freddie Chadburn, Jack Seitz, Jack Bowler, Keith Jones. Vaughn led us down through the main canyon and about half of the way up the west side. Keith stepped into an agave plant and got a thorn in his ankle. Vaughn removed the thorn and gave us instructions as to our path to Sand Cove. He pointed to the tall white peak to the west and said go to it and down the other side and I will meet you there. He headed back to the car and we trudged onward and upward over high cliffs and deep ravines totally consumed by the beauty and grandeur of the moment. We felt sprinkles of rain as we became aware that we were totally engulfed by mist and fog. The white peak in the distance had disappeared and we concluded that we were totally lost. We hiked on arguing about which way we were going and which way we were suppose to go. We could hear an occasional car in the distance, but the sound seemed to change locations from time to time. Darkness was settling on us when a slight opening in the clouds showed us the stand pipe for the number three power plant. There was a large canyon headed in that direction and about half of us decided to follow it. The others went their chosen paths.

It; was raining hard and the air was cold when we reached the number three power plant. The operator there called off the search and told us that Vaughn was parked up the road from the plant. We trudged onward toward his car. We waited there until we were all united. Then, we headed for Veyo. At that time the road crossed the upper Sand Cove dike and the water was splashing and running over the dike. We forged ahead until we finally got to town. We were all cold, tired and wet.

### The Pump Staircase

In the early 1960s Vaughn Jones was making frequent trips to the pump station located in Veyo. Its purpose was to pump warm water from a warm spring into the power company canal that powered the little hydro plants down stream. The motor would often kick off and it had to be manually started. The trail to the pump was rough and rocky and, at times, one would encounter a rattle snake.

Vaughn decided to build a flight of stairs from the top of the canyon down to the pump house and avoid the trail. He built the stairs out of old pipe staves that had been used to carry the water from upper Sand Cove to lower Sand Cove. The stairs worked well for a while, but soon began to deteriorate. One day in 1963, Vaughn hurried down the stairs to check on the pump. As he neared the bottom, the steps gave way sending him tumbling to the next step which also gave way along with part of the side rail. He hit the last step which also gave away and flipped him on to a large rock. He landed on his back. He recovered from his narrow escape, but it wasn't long until he was taken down with colon cancer.

### The Old Bridge

In 1921 the Utah State Road Commission built a bridge across the gorge in Veyo and moved the main highway from east of town to the center of Section 6. The bridge was narrow and consisted of two steel spans joined together by cross beams. The top was lined with wooden beams running from one span to the other. The spans were narrow and the young boys in town would dare each other to cross the gorge on these beams. Some of them did it.

The bridge was replaced a short distance to the southwest in 1958-59.

During the depression years, prior to and during World War II, it was not uncommon to have tramps (what homeless people were called) living in the gorge under and around the bridge.

There were also people who stayed in town who passed themselves off as artists or writers who were generally considered to be draft dodgers.

### Dynamite

During the 1920s, 30s, and 40s miners, construction workers and government agencies, along with private citizens, used a lot of dynamite to aid in their various activities. Often unused dynamite was left at or near construction sites. As time went by, the explosives and their primers were forgotten and abandoned.

As the young people wandered around in their growing up, they quite often stumbled on to these dangerous materials and experimented with putting them to use. Dynamite was used on a holiday just for the big bang, which sometimes resulted in lost windows. It was used for fishing and Halloween pranks in the form of destroyed gates etc. Piles of empty tin cans were blown into the

air for entertainment and, in one instance, a boy threw a live primer into the fire and harvested a body full of copper filings.

### Dood Dod, Son, What Has You Done?

If you have had the experience of picking berries, you can appreciate the time, effort and patience that goes into it. Add that to the importance of a few cash dollars in a depressed economy, and you can appreciate the situation presented in the following tale.

In the mid 1940s the Chadburn boys and I were picking berries for Fred to peddle in Enterprise, Central and Pine Valley. We had picked diligently all morning and were loading the truck with the fruit and berries picked and the accumulated pickings from the previous day. In order to keep the berries stable in the truck, the crates, loaded with small baskets, were stacked on top of one another and a cleat was attached to each crate. Fred was stacking and cleating the crates in the back of the truck. Tony came to the truck with a crate loaded with raspberries and sat it on the rail of the bed of the truck. Fred reached down to pick up the crate and Tony, thinking he had hold of it, let go. The crate tipped up-side-down and the baskets of berries emptied out into the truck bed. Fred, realizing what had happened, went into an uncontrollable rage. His speech impediment wouldn't allow him to express his feelings in a clear and concise way, but his forceful attempts to do it put the rest of us in a state of uncontrollable laughter. While it was disrespectful toward the old gentlemen, we and he had many good laughs over it thereafter.

### The Runaway Mustang

Prior to the 1960s it was common practice for the local cowboys to chase and capture wild horses along the Utah-Nevada border. These horses were sometimes tamed and became part of the local animal population as domestic pets and work animals.

The Chadburn boys had been out chasing horses one spring and had brought a horse home to tame. About the same time, Fred Chadburn had ordered and received a new plow and his wife, Harriet, had purchased a new garden hose. The plow and garden hose were left sitting by a small pond of water used for watering the family animals. The boys gave the mustang a drink and tied him to the new plow. Elmer decided to try to ride the animal and proceeded to climb aboard. The horse jumped with tremendous freight and force, catching Elmer off guard and his foot in the rope. The horse jerked the new plow through the new hose and made a mad dash around the barn bouncing Elmer off from the rocks and rubble along the way. The scene was one of horror, dismay and uncontrollable laughter. Fred, having a speech impediment, was lecturing the boys on the folly of bringing a -- mustang home, tying it to a new plow and risking their lives while trying to tame the worthless animal. At the same time, Harriet made the air blue with remonstrations of the evils of not having the good sense needed to protect her new hose and her son's safety. The audience of young people present, while conscious of the seriousness of the situation, was unable to set aside the humorous aspects of the scene. While the hose was a total loss, the plow was repairable and Elmer's cuts and bruise healed, his pride suffered quite a set-back.

### Where Are Your Wives?

Among his many tales, Fred used to tell the following story about the "Old Man Anderson" from Anderson's Junction: It seems that Mr. Anderson had three wives and was captured by the U.S. Marshals. He was scheduled to appear before the judge in Beaver. He arrived in Beaver with his three wives and dropped two of them off in the cemetery. He then went before the judge with the other one. The judge ask him how many wives he had and Anderson replied that he had three. The judge ask where they were and Anderson replied that two of them were in the cemetery and the other was with him in the court. The judge concluded that there was no case against Anderson and released him. He went to the cemetery, picked up his two wives and went home.

### A Good Bath Ought To Do It!

In the early days of Veyo almost every one had cottonwood, willow or box elder trees in their yard. In the fall the leaves fell and they were gathered, piled and burned. The crisp fall air was dotted with plumes of smoke from the smoldering leaves. The Saturday night bath in a number 3 tub might take some of the grease and grime from the body, but it took the Monday wash to rid the clothes of the saturated smoke. Even then problems arose with personal hygiene. People used to get boils or carbuncles and on one such occasion, one of the local boys complained to his mother of a particularly severe boil on his neck. The mother called the doctor, who came and lanced the boil. The mother ask what they might do to prevent this from happening again and the doctor replied, "A good bath ought to do it!"

### The Climbing Tractor

It was common practice for men and boys to challenge each other to compete with their teams, horses, cars etc. Who had the animal or equipment that could out-pull or push the other was the big question and there was competition to prove it. Jimmy Bunker once bragged that his truck could climb a light pole.

In the early 1940s Jimmy purchased a small farm tractor. It was one of the first in town. He decided to demonstrate the tractor's power on an apple tree stump that he was trying to remove. He tied a chain around the stump and attached the other end to his new tractor. Jimmy was prone to throw in a little showmanship with his demonstrations and left a little slack in the chain in order to get a bit of a run on the pull. He hit the gas and the tractor lunged forward and hit the end of the chain with an abrupt bang; the body of the tractor flipped into the air on a 90 degree angle with Jimmy hanging on to the steering wheel. Fortunately the tractor didn't flip beyond the 90 degrees and it settled back to earth with a sobered Jimmy deciding that the roots needed a bit more cutting.

### Rabbit or Cat

Hunting and the use of guns were a part of the growing up process in Veyo. During the 1940s

and 1950s there was an abundance of rabbits in the area. Young and old alike would shoot them for their various purposes. Some just wanted to get rid of them because of the damage they did to crops, others ate them as a regular part of their diet and some fed them to their pigs and/or pets. Warm summer nights were ideal for shooting rabbits. The men and/or boys would crowd into a truck with a spot light and drive around the back roads and fields from Veyo to Diamond Valley or Central. Usually, there were two boys sitting on the headlights and several standing in the back of the truck. As a rabbit appeared in the light, he was subject to a barrage of gunfire—22 caliber; and/or shotguns of all sizes. The rabbit seldom escaped and it was not uncommon to bag up to 20 or 30 in an evening. On one such occasion a rabbit ran into a bush followed by a shotgun barrage and a cat sprang about three feet into the air above the bush and collapsed into a heap at the bottom.

### Mit Moody And The Bear

Anyone who grew up in the Veyo area prior to the 1950s would have been subjected to the bear stories. I say stories because the story seemed to change with the telling. Many of the older folks remembered seeing the bear and getting a first-hand account of how it all happened. There are several written accounts and some have been published. The U.S. Forest Service office in St. George has an account attributed to Mit. There is a version of the story in O' Ye Mountains High by Elizabeth Beckstrom and Bessie Snow. There are several others.

In summary, the grizzly bear lived on Pine Valley Mountain, did a lot of damage to the local livestock and, for a long time, eluded capture. Mit Moody was hired as a forest ranger and assigned to get the bear. After much hunting and tracking, he finally found the animal and wounded him; Moody went to Pine Valley, gathered up a group of men and went back looking for the bear. Moody was surprised by the wounded beast, but managed to shoot it several times before it fell at his feet. The animal was taken to Pine Valley and put on display as Moody collected a reward.

### The Lost Steer

In the early days of Veyo a widowed grandmother assigned some of her grandsons to move a small herd of cattle that she had farmed out on the Magotsu and Santa Clara streams. The cattle were to be gathered and driven to Gunlock. The boys gathered the cattle to a central location and, since it was getting late, decided to leave them there over night. The next day they returned to finish the drive to Gunlock. They could not find a large steer that had been left the previous night. They drove the small herd to Gunlock and went back up stream looking for the lost animal. They couldn't pickup any tracks leaving the gathering place or around the area. They decided to check with the ranches along the stream to see if anyone had seen the steer. At one ranch, they were invited in for a refreshment and a friendly visit. As they were leaving to pursue the lost animal, they passed by an open shed which had a large, dressed steer hanging from the rafters. They concluded that they had found their animal and went on their way home to tell their parents and grandmother the story, as it has been handed down to us.

### Wasty Beacham

My mother and other members of her family used to use the term, "Wasty Beacham," when we children didn't clean up our plate or when we threw good food in the garbage. I asked many of the older generation where the story originated and was unable to find out until I read about it in "The New Era" for July 1982 on page 18. Dr. Leonard J. Arrington put the story this way:

"There was a family in southern Utah who were at supper. The little brother called out, "Ma, Jake's wasty! He picked a fly out of the 'lasses and never licked its legs off." "Wasty Jake Beacham" was a by-word around town for years."

### Squaw! Squaw!

I first heard the following story from Fred Chadburn in the 1940s. Since then, I have read several versions of the same or similar tale from different people in different places. Fred's version took place near Pine Valley. A. M. Woodbury puts it near Pipe Springs and Rufus David Johnson puts it near the spot where Franklin Wooley was killed by Indians on his way home from California to St. George. The following is Fred's version as paraphrased by me:

The Indians had been stealing livestock in and around the small towns of southern Utah in the 1860s. This particular group had stolen some animals from Pine Valley and were gathering them to take across the Colorado river to Arizona. Cy Handcock went from Pine Valley looking for one of his animals when he encountered two of the thieving Indians with stolen livestock. They attack him with arrows, one of which hit him in the arm as he slipped off his horse and ran on foot through the underbrush with the Indians in hot pursuit. He made his way to Pine Valley and alerted the people to the attack. The Indians withdrew to what they thought was a safe distance and mounted a small knoll with their seats directed at their pursuers. They slapped their behinds and yelled "squaw! squaw!" A man, named Warren, had a gun with an extra long range. He took a dead rest and fired; one of the Indians toppled from the knoll and the other fled. See A. M. Woodbury in Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. 12. Also see J.E.J. Trail To Sundown page 387.

### The Miracle of The Flour

In the late 1920s Will Jones was bringing a load of flour to Veyo from the north. He came to the Santa Clara stream at the lower end of Chadburn's field. He found the water to be high and getting higher but decided to ford the river. His horses plunged into the roaring water and the wagon dropped into a hole and turned over in mid stream. He cut the tugs and the water took the horses down stream and lodged him into a tree full of debris.

Ellis and Vaughn Jones were working on the canal above the stream and saw the accident. Ellis ran to town for help. The men of the community responded with horses and ropes. Roy Tullis tried to force his horse into the stream but was unsuccessful in retrieving Will. The men tied a rope around James R. Bunker who forced his horse into the water close enough to throw a rope

to Will. He was taken to town and warmed up, inside and out, until he was able to function on his own.

For years thereafter, testimonies in church gave the Lord credit for saving the flour which had developed a layer of dough around the contents. Most of the flour was saved.

#### The Use of Gloves

Vernon told me that Ben Chadburn ask him to come and help him haul hay. Vernon showed up at the appointed time wearing a pair of gloves. Ben looked at the gloves for a moment and said, "There are only two things that gloves are good for. They will help you piss your pants or fall off from the wagon. Lay them aside and lets haul hay."

#### Vernon and the Cow

One day, while my father was tending "the screen" above the No. 2 power plant, Vernon and I were playing and trying to fish in the box that contained the large grate that stopped the moss from going down the pipe into the power plant. There was a large plank that crossed the box so that a man could stand on it and lift the moss from the grate. Vernon was out on the plank when one of Ben's cows raised its head and bunted him into the box. We were able to rescue him, but his pride was severely damaged, and I don't think that he ever forgave the cow.

#### The Motorcycle

The following tale was told by various people about different people with similar results. It seems that a group of men were talking in Central when they noticed a cloud of dust in the distance. The cloud of dust came closer and closer until a motorcycle burst out of it and passed the men at a high rate of speed.

Bill Bracken observed the vehicle as it approached, passed and disappeared into a distant cloud of dust. As he turned his attention from the motorcycle to the men, he blurted out, "Lord, Lord, Streaked Lord, look at that SOB go." It was the first motorcycle that the men had seen.





"AUNT KATE" BUNKER "UNCLE JIM" BUNKER

*Sainsbury & Newarth*

CATHERINE N. BUNKER JAMES L. BUNKER



JAMES L. BUNKER HOME



JOHN R. HUNT

ESTHER T. HUNT

*James Booth* Photographer.  
St. George, Utah

THE OLD HOME



Lem Leavitt home - Purchased from Esther Hunt

FOUNDERS of Ueyo



*James Cottam - 1905*  
JAMES COTTAM



*Caroline (Buddie) Bunker Cottam*



1905  
James



1905  
Caroline



*Garth Cottam*



*Christmas 1916*



Thomas COTTAM



Caroline SMITH



Flume - 90 ft High and 400 ft long  
Built 1916, Cost \$1,400.00



Vegas Pool - Built 1927  
Snack Bar added 1934



The children of James Cottam & Caroline Bunker. L to R: Phyllis Peers, Carol Mosley, Ruth Milne, Evan, Melbourne, and Von Cottam.



James HOLT



Parthenia OVERTON



Rachel Overton HOLT



George Thomas Cottam





Edward Bunker  
Born: Aug 1, 1822  
Died: Nov. 17, 1901



ALBERT BUNKER JR.



MATILDA NORDFORS BRITT BUNKER



Elsie Bunker Leavitt



Edward Washington Leavitt



Sarah Ann Browning Lang Bunker  
B: Oct. 10, 1833  
D: May 16, 1916

Caddie Cottam



CADDIE COTTAM



Bertie Albert BUNKER



James Lang Bunker



Catherine Wilhelmina  
Nordfors Bunker



James E. Bunker



Mildred B. Bunker



Stephen Albert Bunker Sr.



Josephine Knight Bunker,  
Wife of Stephen  
Albert Bunker



MILDRED BUNKER



M.B. COTTAM



MARIE COTTAM



ALBERT BUNKER JR.

BEN CHADBOURN

ALICE TILLEY

MARTHA CHADBOURN



JAMES COTTAM HOME



CADDIE



James E. Bunker  
Superintendent of  
Buildings and Grounds



Mary-Del Cottam 1976



Nov 1924





Veyo Pool 1940s



First home built in veyo



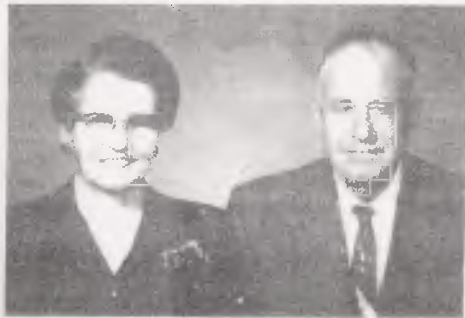
Jim Bunker Sr.



SUSAN BURGESS LEAVITT AND LEMUEL STURDEVANT LEAVITT



Jim Bunker's daughter



Mary Ann Barlow and Clifton Rowell Leavitt



Bentrice Hunt Leavitt and Lee Virian Leavitt  
Taken in Gunlock, in front of their home.



Lee Virian Leavitt and Bentrice Hunt  
their wedding picture Dec 3, 1916.



Veyo Pool



Fillie the Nurse



HYRUM BURGESS

AGNES SMITH BURGESS



Catherine  
Bunker







Andrew Seitz - Kenneth Leavitt, 1931



Vilate Leavitt  
1931

When beautiful school days are o'er  
And grown men and women are we,  
Tho' gone, we will think of them ever—  
O, bring back my school days to me!

We long for our playmates of childhood  
Who played with us day after day,  
And little we dreamt how we loved them  
Until they had gone far away.

O, beautiful, beautiful school days—  
O, could your sweet mem'ry remain,  
Thru' all of our pleasures and sorrows,  
And bring back our school days again!



Glen and Florence Leavitt



Jim Leavitt, 1931



Leavitt and Leavitt



Leavitt, Leavitt and Leavitt



James Cotton Barn



Edward W. Leavitt  
1857-1931



Leavitt



Four Generations  
Left to right: Isabelle Leavitt Jones, Edward Washington Leavitt, Fletcher Banker Leavitt,  
Lemuel S. Leavitt, LeVene Jones (on Ed's lap)

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1931



Glen Susan Leavitt



Belle Vilate Emily Hazel Lila Dorothy Verna  
Ken Glen Susan Leo Jim Leavitt

Family of Lemuel Sturdevant Leavitt and Susan Isabelle Burgess  
1st Row sitting: Kenneth, Glen, Susan, Leo and James.  
2nd Row standing: Belle, Vilate, Emily, Hazel, Lila, Dorothy, and Verna



Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt  
Seitz Seitz Seitz Seitz



Family of Edward Washington Leavitt and Fletcher Banker Leavitt  
Taken about 1931  
Back row: Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt  
Front: Verna and Lila  
© 2010 and Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt Leavitt





ARCHIE CHADBURN & Wife



GEORGE and ALTA CHADBURN



THORSTON GARDNER and Family



JOHN CHADBURN



DINAH HUNT ROBERT CHADBURN



JOHN CHADBURN



HENRY CHADBURN MARY DORINDA L. CHADBURN



HENRY AND MARY DORINDA CHADBURN



GEORGE ISSIE JUNE ARCHIE BEN JIM BOB  
At John's funeral



VERDA CHADBURN GARDNER,  
Husband and Girls



JOHN & MARY CHADBURN



MARY CHAD



DINAH HUNT ROBERT CHADBURN



MARY MARVIN CHADBURN and  
WIFE VERA



JOHN CHADBURN



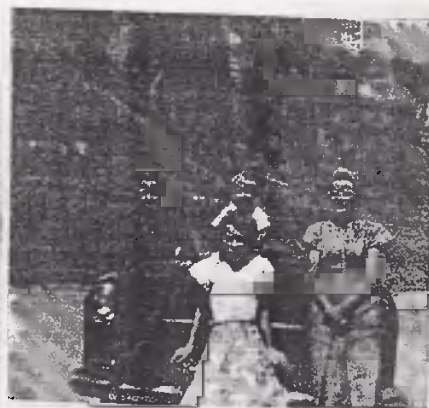
JUNE ESTHER CHADBURN



BELORES SMITH and  
RUSSELL DAVIS & Children



JOE PRIMS



ALTA CHADBURN PRIMS  
and Family





ELMER CHADBURN and Family



FRED CHADBURN



HARRY CHADBURN FRED CHADBURN



12 TINA MILD CHADBURN  
Wife of FREDRICK S. CHADBURN



FRED V. CHADBURN and Family



FRED CHADBURN Family



ELMER CHADBURN and Wife



AFION CHADBURN LLOYD



HELEN CHADBURN BOWLER  
and Husband



ELIZA ADRIANE GOREN



ROBERT L. LLOYD & ELIZA ADRIANE GOREN LLOYD



CHADBURN, FRED  
and Baby BOWLER



Chadburn--Ashby House



MARVIN & Sherman Chadburn



ARCHIE CHADBURN & Wife



WANDA, MARY LOU, GENE, ALTA & GEORGE CHADBURN



ARNOLD CHADBURN AND WIFE



VENNA Huchchadburn



ROBERT LLOYD LLOYD



RODNEY CHADBURN Family



FRED CHADBURN YARD



Gene Bowler  
Chadburn Chadburn  
Norman Chadburn  
Eugene Chadburn  
Helen Chadburn  
Lloyd Chadburn  
Robert Chadburn  
Veneta Chadburn





William Ellis Jones Frank D. Jones



AMOS HUNT



NANCY GARRETT WELBORN Hunt



ELIZABETH VAUGHAN HUNT



Clarence



Hyrum, Velma, & Mary Lois Jones



Hyrum & Mary Lois Jones



WILLIAM ELLIS JONES BORN 1864 - 1943



Alvin



Vaughn



Jake



Velma



Evelyn, Jake, Mary Lois, Velma, & Keith



MARY LOIS JONES BORN 1894 - 1974

Big Kids

Their Kids

Her Kids



Eve Cottam Jones



Ellis Wilson Jones



VAUGHN JONES



Isabelle & Vaughn Jones



ISABELLE JONES



LORIN  
LAVERNE  
ALICE  
MAURINE  
KEITH





EVA ELLIS



Alvin & Christine Jones



Jimmy Jones



Jake & Clarissa Jones



Clara & Jake Jones



MARTHA CHADBURN - BRYN JONES BEN CHADBURN



BEN & Martha Chadburn



ARCHIE & BEN CHADBURN



BRYN JONES

REMOLA SMITH SHIRLEY TALBOT R. Smith



Ben Chadburn John Tordley  
Melvina Martha Chadburn Evelyn Chadburn Janice Chadburn

Ben Chadburn family Back: Fern, Lois & Sherkon



Melba Ashlin Remola



BEN CHADBURN



LOYD'S FUNERAL



LOYD CHADBURN







Johnny (Pop) - Martha & Ben



MARTHA CHADBURN

HYRUM & MARY LOIS JONES



JOHN & MELVINA HORSLEY

Donald Horsley Betty Horsley Melvina Horsley Donald Horsley



JOHN HORSLEY HOME - WEST



Evelyn Chadburn Melvina Jones Melvina Horsley Melvina Horsley Chadburn



Martha & Ben Chadburn



LEE LEAVITT JOHN HORSLEY HOME



John Horsley Family

Evelyn  
Melvina  
John  
Betty  
Irvin Ence  
Barbara

Janice Chadburn

Lynn Chadburn Abby Chadburn Barbara Chadburn Lee Ence



JOHN HORSLEY & 2 Horse Plant



JOHN HORSLEY



MARVINE JONES  
Betty Horsley



MELVINA & JOHN HORSLEY



Betty, Barbara & Donald HORSLEY



John Leamon Howard



John Leamon Howard



FAMILY PICTURE (From left to right: Melvina, John, Melvina, Rod, John, Ruth, Carlene, John "Jack", Melvina & Edna Knight)





John H. Bowler



Lucina Bowler



HELEN, DICK Bowler



HELEN, DICK, BOWLER



Mildred Fenton Robert Nola Lew



BEVERLY & RAY  
The Bowlers



Brothers & Sisters of Francis J. Bowler

L. to R.: George, Francis, Walter, Florence, John, Elizabeth, and Harry Bowler  
Taken before 1950



BACK: ELLIEN "NELL", RICHARD, LOTTIE & HENRY  
FRONT: LUCINA, NETTA, JOHN, LEWIS BOWLER



Shirley & Orin Bowler



James Samuel Page Bowler



LUCINA HILL BOWLER



Henry D. Bowler



James Samuel Page Bowler



ELWOOD & LOTTIE BOWLER



JOHN, MILTON, ORAN BOWLER



First Photo of Bowler Family



ELWOOD BOWLER



Roma Bowler



Lavin Vaughn and Fernal Lewis wedding



Lottie Bowler





Waite Jones



Heber Jones



Heber Jones Ranch



Vexo - From Pool - North



Heber Jones Ranch



Heber Jones Ranch



Heber Jones Ranch



Heber Jones Ranch



Heber Jones Ranch



TOM, HEBER, WAITE JONES  
TOP OF PINE VALLEY - LOOKING  
TOWARD VEXO



Heber Jones Ranch



HEBER & MARVIN CHADBURN



Heber Jones - Vexo Property





ROY PENOUF



1924  
Ranch 1000 ft  
Ranch 1000 ft  
Tom Hall  
Ellis Jones  
Cathy Jones  
Address 501 Z  
May 2



A group photo with Roy Jones (son of J.P. Jones)



Arthur Jones



Castro, Jones, Penouf, Jones



Vexo Bridge 1931



Vexo Bridge 1931



Fruit Cellar - Ellis Jones



Rescue of Car from Personal



J.S.P. Bowler



Mountain View



SHIRLEY ANNIE PRINCE,  
Vas Monique Prince,  
Dennis Ann Mitchell.  
Following the arrest of Penouf  
murder of rancher Royal Hunt  
Cruising of Special Collections  
Library, Southern Utah University



ROYAL S. HUNT'S missionary picture



George Chadburn 1934



6 May 1934, Richard O'Neil, Vernon



Shirley Chadburn - Kept, 1934





JAY McALLISTER Home ↑



BARN - Bigelow Ranch



FRED Chadburn House - Back yard

FRED Chadburn - Left  
George Chadburn - Right ↓

W. VAUGHN JONES - House ↓

Roy Renouf - House ↓



"Old Chad Ranch" 1902 ↑



ELLIS W. JONES - House ↑



John Bowler - BARN ↑



FRED Chadburn BARN ↑

Relief Society →

James Barker ↓

John Bowler ↓



LDS church



Jim Tullis ↓



Albert Barker ↓



VSO School



Roy Renouf  
Andrew Seitz  
Center



Jim Barker  
Claude Briswell



FRED Chadburn - House ↑



Post office ↑



George Huntsman ↑

Alvin Jones ↓



Ben Chadburn





Seward, Calif.



VERO - 1920



VERO - 1920



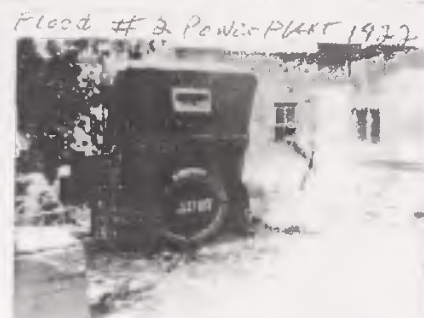
VERO - 1920



VERO - 1920



Flood at Vero Plant



Flood #2 Power Plant 1922

Lila & Andrew Seitz



Lila & Susan Lezvit



Seitz School  
Emmett and Jack Seitz



VERO - 1920



VERO - 1920



VERO - 1920



GENINT Patter  
NO. 2 POWER PLANT



VERO - 1920



#2 Power Plant



Ellis and Lila Seitz



VERO - 1920



VERO - 1920



NO. 1 POWER PLANT



MARGIE EMMETT



ELLIS JONES HOUSE



VERO - 1920

NO. 2 POWER PLANT



HOUSE AT NO. 2 POWER PLANT





General Steam ↑



← General Steam ↓ →



LEROY WILSON

Moody Wash - Stream - Far back - West  
Mayotyu Stream - Front

Streams  
Meet ↓



Streams  
Meet  
North  
Left  
Corner



Veyo Pool



Veyo 100K East - Pine Valley Mtn.



Veyo - Looking Northeast



Sherman Chadburn Ranch



Veyo Bridge



Hunt, Custod. Cottam Ranch



Deer Hunt - Don Jones



Veyo - Look North



Ellie M. Jones - House ↑



Ellie M. Jones



JACK Seitz



January 1950



Fred Chadburn & Jack Seitz No. 3 Power Plant

JANUARY 1950

Jim Brunkers Lawn



Heber Jones



1950



Jan. 1950 LONG Seitz



Fred & Perry Chadburn



JACK Seitz

Fred & Perry Chadburn



1951



June 1948 Hewitt



1951 Heber Jones



GUARD HOUSE

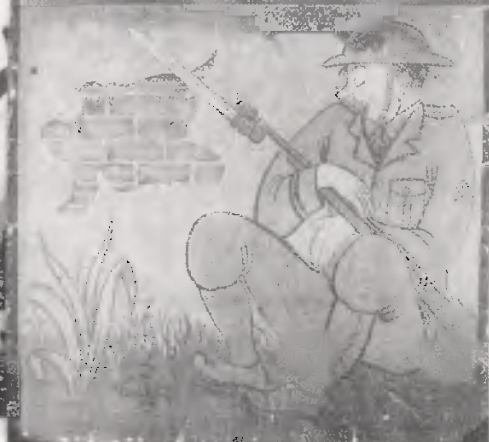


Walter Bowler

MARCELO EMMET



Heber Chadburn Jones - Vargo





KIDS' SOCIETY PRESIDENTS OF KENNA WARD



Charles Adkins B. Gresham Catherine W. H. Bunker Carolyn B. Gresham Emma H. Gresham



Dorothy L. Sims Mildred B. Bunker Lucille L. Jones President Emma H. Gresham



Donald L. Jones Vice-President Emma H. Gresham

BEVERLY BUNKER  
KATHERINE BUNKER  
EMMA LON CHADBURN

IVINS JONES  
APTON CHADBURN

DALE CHEENEY  
JACK SEITZ  
TONY CHADBURN

WANDA CHADBURN  
NOLA BOWLER  
SHERMON CHADBURN

FENTON BOWLER  
QUENTON BOWLER  
KEITH JONES

SHERMAN CHADBURN



WANDY-HIG ROCK AT THE POOL

CLARISA

John

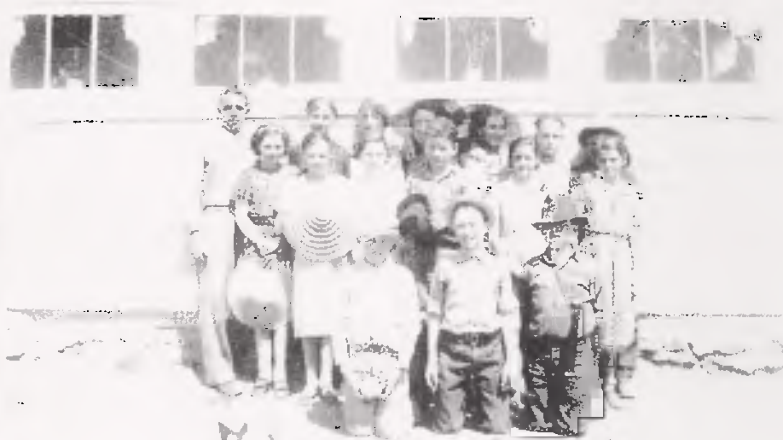
Billy

Ellen



MAYBEL HUNT

JOSEPH HENRY HUNT FAMILY



Back Row: #1 Lloyd Chadburn #2 Wanda Chadburn #3 Jack Seitz #4 Tony Chadburn #5 Wanda Chadburn #6 Nola Bowler #7 Shermon Chadburn #8 Fenton Bowler #9 Quenton Bowler #10 Keith Jones #11 Emma Lon Chadburn #12 Beverly Bunker #13 Katherine Bunker #14 Emma H. Chadburn #15 Mildred B. Bunker #16 Carolyn B. Gresham #17 Charles Adkins B. Gresham #18 Donald L. Jones #19 Emma H. Gresham #20 Emma H. Gresham #21 Emma H. Gresham #22 Emma H. Gresham

BACK  
Idel Custer  
Lona Seitz  
Vera Jones  
Janice Chadburn  
Vernon Jones



Back Row: #1 Lloyd Chadburn #2 Wanda Chadburn #3 Jack Seitz #4 Tony Chadburn #5 Wanda Chadburn #6 Nola Bowler #7 Shermon Chadburn #8 Fenton Bowler #9 Quenton Bowler #10 Keith Jones #11 Emma Lon Chadburn #12 Beverly Bunker #13 Katherine Bunker #14 Emma H. Chadburn #15 Mildred B. Bunker #16 Carolyn B. Gresham #17 Charles Adkins B. Gresham #18 Donald L. Jones #19 Emma H. Gresham #20 Emma H. Gresham #21 Emma H. Gresham #22 Emma H. Gresham





CLARISSA & ELLA HUNT



ALAN & HENRY HUNT



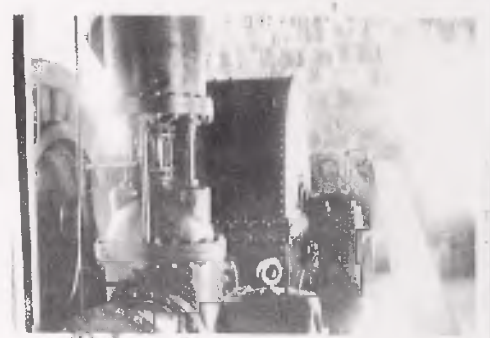
ALAN & HENRY HUNT



Vero School



VERO DAM



H.P. POWER PLANT



Andrew Seitz - House

J. R. Bunker  
Andrew Seitz



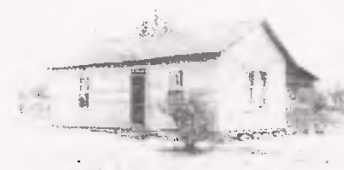
EVA JONES HILLIARD



ANNUAL PIC NORTH OF VERO



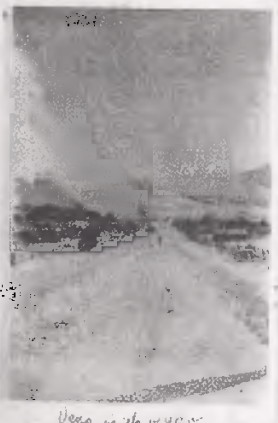
Mrs. Seitz's house - built 1900



Mrs. Seitz's house - built 1900



"SHORE" EMMETT & his dogs



Vero on the 1940s



Vero on the 1940s



Mrs. Seitz, Margie Emmett, Tony Chubb, Heber Jones



Speer Chubb on the 1940s



Shore Emmett & Tony Chubb on the 1940s





Veyo School 1924-25



Back Row: Viola Seitz, Freddie Chadburn, Margie Emmet  
Middle Row: Iona Seitz, Janice Chadburn, Corine Chadburn, Judy Judd, Kay Bowler  
Front Row: Larry Lytle, Bob Bowler, Dorothy Lytle, Vera Jones

Veyo School 1923-24 Gertrude McGregor (Teacher)

Veyo School 1924-25

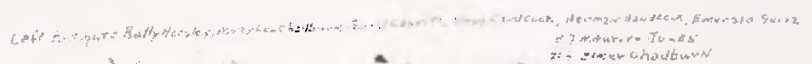


Vevo School 1923-24 Gertrude McGregor (Teacher)

Front Row: Ruth, Melbourne and Von Constant, Ned Hammond, Addy Chubburn, Chae Hunka.

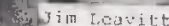
Second Row: Rowell Leavitt, Leah Barker, LaPrle Chadburn, Remond  
Chadburn, Maria Bouchet, Dorothy Leavitt, Hazel, Emma & The Dean

Back Row: Jim Leavitt, Esate Cottam, Mildred Benson, Phyllis Cozart  
 Louise Bowler, Gertrude McGinnis, Vern Cottam, Leona Bowler,  
 Reed Heywood.



Lundy School class









Margaret Chadburn



MILDRED BUNKER  
Junior Piano Contest  
"Chopin Valse in E Minor"



ALBERT & LOTTIE ULRICH



Historical caption: Honorary members and various members of the X-Club. Only those who have been active in the club are shown.



Roma Bowler



Agnes J. Hunt



FLORENCE M. ARTHUR



PHYLLIS COTTAM



Emily Abbott Bunker



Beatrice H. Leavitt



Lula W. Bowler



Fern Lavin



Lorin Jones Veyo



HELEN BOWLER



CAROL COTTAM



GARTH COTTAM



Thelma Chadburn



Rena Gubler



Elwood Bowler



EVAN COTTAM



Elizabeth Truman



Katherine Bunker



Mary F. Jones



MILDRED BUNKER



Carol Cottam



VON B. COTTAM



LEAH BUNKER



REMOLA CHADBURN



EVAN COTTAM



Thomas P. Cottam



Emmaline J. Cottam



Carol Cottam



Norman Chadburn



LONNY HAFEN



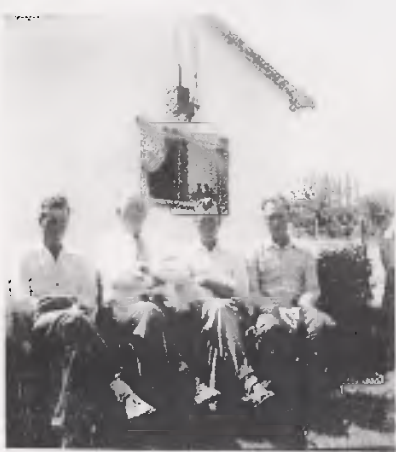
ISA CHADBURN







Lee Hirschi



Ken, Glen, Leo & Jim  
Leavitt  
at Old Bledsoe house



Jones



Waye Post Office



Lila Seitz



From Left: Bertha Huntsman Mildred Bowler,  
Laprale Chadburn, Blanch Holt Bowler, Unidentified:  
Dorothy L. Bledsoe, Helga B. Chadburn,  
Reola Chadburn, Lea Bunker



Kirt, Gail, Sherman, Jeanette & Jeff Chadburn



Baker Dam



LaRee & Heber Jones



LaRee & Heber Jones



Baker Dam



Tom, Heber, LaRee, Walter, & Don Jones



George Chadburn



Prior to Marriage Oct-Nov 1930  
L. Glen Leavitt - Florence McArthur



Vera, LaRee, Brenda, Vernon and  
Alma Jones

# BISHOPS OF THE VEYO WARD



**BISHOP JAMES L. BUNKER**  
1918-1925  
Counselors: James F. Cottam, Benjamin Chadburn; Clerks: S. Albert Bunker, James F. Cottam



**BISHOP BENJAMIN CHADBURN**  
1925-1936  
Counselors: James F. Cottam, John H. Bowler; Clerks: S. Albert Bunker



**BISHOP ANDREW N. SEITZ**  
1936-1937  
Counselors: George A. Chadburn, Milton Bowler; Clerk: W. Vaughn Jones



**BISHOP GEORGE A. CHADBURN**  
1937-1943  
Counselors: Milton Bowler, L. Glen Leavitt; Clerks: W. Vaughn Jones, James R. Bunker



**BISHOP W. VAUGHN JONES**  
1943-1952  
Counselors: Richard Bowler, John A. Hunt, Benjamin Chadburn, Millard Barnum, E. Leo Leavitt, Clyde Gray; Clerks: John H. Bowler, Clyde Gray



**BISHOP E. LEO LEAVITT**  
1952-1956  
Counselors: Lorin V. Jones, Lewis Bowler, Ashby Chadburn, Austin Bracken, Blaine Jones; Clerks: Jack A. Seitz, Clyde Gray



**BISHOP W. LEWIS BOWLER**  
1956-1962  
Counselors: Austin Bracken, Marvin J. Chadburn; Clerks: Vernon Jones, Cleo Sullivan, Ivan Hunt, W. Vaughn Jones



**BISHOP W. VAUGHN JONES**  
1962-1970  
Counselors: Clayton Bracken, David Welch, Gerald Strong; Clerk: Lloyd M. Leavitt

## Bishops of the Veyo Ward since 1970

Kyle T. Pace	1976-1983
Donald Kenworthy	1983-1988
Roland L. Lee	1988-1990
Preston L. Hafen	1990-1991
Dean Cottam	1991-1996
F. Larry Andrews	1996-2001
Gary R. Nelson	2001-2002
Kent Thurgood	2002-2007
Bill Lundin	2007-Present

## Veyo Postmasters

John Heywood  
Edna Jones  
Matilda Seitz Bunker  
Beatrice Leavitt  
Susan Leavitt  
Florence Leavitt  
Albert Bunker  
Delilah Seitz



**BISHOP WILLIAM A. GIVEN**  
1970-1976  
Counselors: Kyle T. Pace, Russell R. Walter; Clerks: Lloyd M. Leavitt, Rollo Barrett, James Slade





WWI  
1917-18



CHEENEY S



FRANK BURGESS



GEORGE A. CHADBURN



Clarence Amos Jones  
Army Company A47 M G BTN.  
Camp Kearny, California  
World War I



Elmer Wilcox Jones  
Army U.S. Prestco  
San Francisco, California  
World War I



ALBERT ULRIKH

WWI

←1940-1946→



DEAN BOWLER



Darrell Bunker



JIMMY D. CHADBURN



ELMER CHADBURN



EUGENE CHADBURN



LLOYD CHADBURN



MARVIN CHADBURN



NORMAN B. CHADBURN



RODNEY CHADBURN



WESLEY CHADBURN





BERT CHENEY JR.



KEITH COTTAN



Donald Hornsby



ALMA C. JONES



ELWOOD BOWLER



KENNETH LEAVITT



E. LEO LEAVITT



EMERALD L. SEITZ



PENTON BOWLER



JACK BOWLER



RICHARD RAY BOWLER

← 1940-46

1946-1961 →



HALIM ANTONE CHADBURN "TONY"



SHERMAN CHADBURN



HUBERT C. JONES



Hyrum Keith Jones



IVINS E. JONES



Vernon Wilson Jones

There are people associated with Veyo who lived in Veyo and served in the armed forces who are not pictured in the previous pages. I have listed those I have been able to identify and posted on this page the pictures that I have been able to obtain: Bruce Addis, Clive Bunker, Glendel Bunker, Roger Bunker, Sheldon Bunker, Lonnie Cottam, James Custer, Doyle Hancock, Lee Hirschi, the Heywood family, the Hunt families, the Shelly-Welch family, Bruce Leavitt, Lloyd Leavitt, Ronald Leavitt, Larry Lytle, Milton Lytle, Tim Lytle, Joe Prims, Kenny Prims & Spencer Prims.



Clive Bunker WWII



Glendel Bunker



Roger Bunker



Sheldon Bunker



Lloyd Leavitt



LARRY A. LYTLE



MILTON K. LYTLE



TIM LYTLE



JOE PRIMS - WWII



KENNETH J. PRIMS



SPENCER L. PRIMS



Jimmy Welch



# They made a difference



MILDRED BOWLER

A Tribute to Mildred Bowler  
by  
Heber Jones

I suppose future generations will never know, understand or appreciate the special people who came our way and affect our lives from day to day.  
In an age dominated by television, satellite, scanners and scoops, it is hard to believe that just a generation ago society in rural Utah was motivated, maintained and sustained by individuals. Life was slower, closer, and more compact.

From the cradle to the grave the community laughed and cried  
with special people on every side  
In Veyo it was Mildred Bowler who was always there,  
usually sitting aside a piano chair.  
The wedding march had a special ring, and after the baby was blessed,  
Mildred played so we all could sing.  
Pray and preach we all did do, but Mildred played when  
we were through.  
She's heard the sinners all chastised, She's watched the  
children be baptized.  
She's turned her head as lovers kissed, but never a note  
on the piano she missed.  
When tragedy struck, or someone died, Mildred played  
while others cried.  
Fent and Bob couldn't go away without bringing home a  
steak to sizz.  
Mildred, Mother, friend, counselor and cook, served them  
all with a pleasant look.  
From the dark Depression of '32 through the trying years of  
World War II, She raised her family, ran the store, and  
entertained guests from near and far.  
Those times of joy and gladness came and flickered out  
like a dying flame.  
As her children grew, times got tough and her family life  
got a little rough.  
To her credit, God bless her soul, she turned the devil  
and made her husband whole.  
A second family she now raised and from all the world  
she will be missed.  
It seemed that times could be better now, her family in  
fact, they would get by somehow.  
As the bishop's wife more duties came! She carried them all  
and did not complain.  
As Lew got sick and his life slipped away, Mildred prepared  
for a better day.  
Her sterling qualities shined with humility as she gave  
valuable service to her community.  
Eighty years have come and gone since God did raise his  
magic wand, and send to us this special one, first an muse  
first in fun, and first in the hearts of everyone.  
And, as we gather on this special day, we thank thee  
Lord, for sending Mildred our way.



MARIE COTTAM

We had our midwives and doctors came through,  
but Marie came to Veyo with skills that were new.

She set up camp up the hill from the pool  
and worked her magic on people like you.

She raised her children, worked on the farm  
and tended to the animals housed in the barn.

She drove to town to work during the day  
and hurried home to care for the children at play.

She was busy at the pool, busy at home,  
but not too busy to answer the phone.

People called from far and near,  
with urgent complaints from toe to ear.

She answered them all and hurried to help,  
or sent them to others with whom she had dealt.

For 60 years she worked her way,  
helping people from day to day.

Like the tired body, whose muscles get jaded,  
her kind and caring mind has slowly faded.

The many kindnesses for which she is known,  
will surely entitle her to a heavenly throne.







## INTERVIEWS

Vivian Leavitt Andrus  
"Dick" Richard Bowler  
Guy Bowler  
Stephen Albert Bunker Jr.  
Ashby & Evelyn Chadburn  
Fred Chadburn  
George Chadburn  
James and Caddie Cottam  
Matthew Gray  
Alvin & Thelma Jones  
Clarence A. Jones  
Ellis W. Jones  
Isabelle L. Jones  
Jacob M. Jones  
Edna Heywood Knight  
L. Glen Leavitt  
Grant Keyes  
Martha Hunt Chadburn Thomas  
Delila L. Seitz

## VEYO

### Metta Chadburn, Reporter

Mrs. Gilbert Heaton and Mrs. Burton Milne and son of St. George visited Thursday evening at the Toney Lytle home.

Mrs. James Cottam spent a few days in St. George visiting with her two daughters, Carol Moseley and Ruth Milne, and their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Leavitt of St. George visited their mother, Mrs. Susie Leavitt, on Sunday.

Mrs. Ken Schiefer and boys of St. George spent several days with her mother, Lila Seitz.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bowler and girls and Mrs. Grace Emmett spent Saturday afternoon in Enterprise visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Chadburn and son Perry and Neto Tarveno spent Sunday afternoon in Enterprise visiting at the Bert Staheli home.

Vaughn Jones spent one day last week in Cedar City on business.

A very enjoyable time was had Wednesday evening when the Republicans of this precinct met at the home of Bishop and Mrs. Lewis Bowler for a mass meeting. After the business meeting a freezer of ice cream was made and served with cake. Mr. Percy Hidden was voted precinct chairman.

Snow, rain and mud aren't news anymore, but one of the bishop's cows really made the head lines here Monday. The cow disappeared from their dairy barn on Wednesday night, and everyone had looked high and low for her. They even called the county sheriff to see if he could help solve the mystery. It was solved Monday at about 8 o'clock when Larry Lytle heard something making a weird noise behind the church house. There was the cow, down about twenty feet in the cesspool, with nothing but her head showing.

In a short time every man, woman, and child was there. They rigged up a pulley and with a tractor pulled the cow out. Believe it or not, she walked away on her own power. She was weak and wobbly, and looked thin, but is still alive this evening. Everyone ribbed the bishop about getting his cows to church, but he just grinned and told them he hoped there was that big a crowd to church next Sunday.

The cow was in the cesspool almost five days. Some said it was a good thing it belonged to the bishop or it could have never lived that long.



A list of teachers who taught in Veyo

Kleda Barlocker

Ardyce Bunker

Mrs. -----Burgess

Marie Carter

LaRue Christian

Lewis Christian

James F. Cottam

Ruth Cottam

La Vonne Davis

Anna Gubler

Edna Dennet

Grant Hafen

Charles Hansen

Verna Harmon

Mrs-----Harris

Agnes Hunt

Merlin Huntsman

Mary Kleinman

Culbert Leany

Charity Leavitt

Vilate Leavitt

Jeanelle Larson

Emmaline Lemmon

Marie Mangum

Gertured McGregor

Vera Perkins

Virginia Prince

Barbara Ray

Mrs.-----Robinson

Gerald Seegmiller

Soprenia Smith

Iva Tanner

Merril Stucki

Cecilla Tobler

Anna Wilkinson

## Yesterday and Today

by Heber Jones

If you were born before World War II,  
This little ditty will be familiar to you.

If you have come along since then,  
We might have to go over some things again.

When I was a youngster too young for school  
Rural areas in Utah offered many things to do.

There was no television, tapes or CD's,  
But there were wide-open spaces and plenty of trees.

In Pine Valley near the mountains and groves,  
There were swings, teeter-totters, coolers and stoves.

The CCC boys were here in force  
And the government helped people as a matter of course.

The Great Depression of the 1930's  
Brought unemployment, headaches and lots of worries.

The government hired young men for a dollar a day  
To keep them employed and provide a place for them to stay.

They made trails and improved the land  
And to near by communities gave a helping hand.

Government seemed different then,  
You could pick up arrowheads without fear of going to the pen.

You could ride 10 or 12 in a pickup truck  
And not get a ticket or have the cop run amok.

You could fish the streams and hunt for deer  
And shoot birds and rabbits without worry or fear.

You could chase wild horses and not go to jail  
And you could go the city on the truck with the mail.

You could trap wild animals for their pelts  
And not worry about turtles, eagles or much of anything else.

Every little town, large or small,  
Had some unfortunate person who was the clown for all.

A Jew was a Jew, a kike or a Heb,  
As for being proper, there seemed to be no need.

All of the other snide names were here too,  
Some applied to others, some to me and some to you.

A loaf of bread could be bought for a dime  
And if you didn't make your own, fifty cents got you wine.

Money was measured in dollars and cents  
And mills could be used for taxes and rents.

Aluminum tokens worth less than a cent  
Would buy you licorice, chewing gum or peppermint.

Cracker Jack, with a Japanese toy  
Could be bought for a nickel for one to enjoy.

At home, bottled vegetables were on the shelf  
And if you had pickles or dried fruit, you could help your self.

A pig was butchered once a year  
Too make the soap and supplement the deer.

Barrels were packed with pork and ham  
And stored in the cellar next to the jam.

As the men scalded the pig and scrapped the hair,  
The boys found the bladder and played ball without care.

On washday the clothes were pounded and scrubbed.  
The rugs were beaten and the furniture rubbed.

The smells of horses and wagons were all around,  
The animals were used for plowing the ground.

The Saturday night bath, complete with a scrub,  
Was always a chore in a number 3 tub.

You could run to the outhouse as the wind blew  
And pick from the catalog what was coming to you.

You could go to the "picture show" and see Zorro duel.  
But you would have to see it in a church or a school.



You could call the operator and she would call you back,  
But you would have to call her on a telephone that was black.

Most roads were made of gravel or common dirt  
And ditches were not concrete but their banks were usually burnt.

You could hear a dove in the morning or an owl at night,  
But to read in your room, you had but one little light.

Your could buy fruit from the peddler in summer or in fall,  
But most folks had gardens where the corn grew tall.

Whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and the like,  
Were always present and kept someone out of sight.

The quarantine was for 21 days,  
There was no light in the eyes from which to gaze.

A flag on the gate let everyone know  
That your house was not a good place to go.

Polio popped up from time to time,  
The big question was, was it your turn or mine?

Jobs were scarce and often far away.  
Men packed their grub box and went without delay.

Tramps came by looking for food,  
Offering to chop wood and tried not to intrude.

The winter of 1937 and 1938  
Brought the biggest snow recorded to date.

The snow piled up and the wind blew.  
Towns were snowed in and the mail did not get through.

Soot and smoke filled up the valleys  
From the wood and coal brought in from the alleys.

For a time things seemed to be getting better,  
But the Great Depression persisted as the trendsetter.

Most everyone thought in 1941  
That the year would end as it had begun.

December came with a big, new order,

Because the Japanese bombed at Pearl Harbor.

The world changed on that fateful day  
And many a young man was taken away.

The nation unified as one  
And it stayed that way until the war was won.

Goods were rationed and in short supply,  
It took stamps and money for one to buy.

The speed limit was set at 35  
For those who could get enough gas to drive.

The tires were poor and recapped many times  
And you could get a patching kit for nickels and dimes.

The boys went away and uniforms were common  
And the girls went to work sewing emblems on them.

The boys came back with quite a different view  
Of what life had to offer in a world that was new.

The colleges were crowded and to capacity did fill,  
As the boys went to school on the G. I. Bill.

Goods were scarce and hard to find,  
But it was not long before new helpful laws were signed.

New businesses sprang from depression and fear  
And, despite high prices, prosperity was near.

Houses and cars soon came on line  
And restaurants sprang up where families could dine.

Folks left the farm for cities to dwell  
And the population in the suburbs and cities did swell.

People thought times were good and the future was secure  
Until war in Korea our delusions did cure.

The Cold War had come in force  
And filled our hearts with mistrust and remorse.

The military draft became a way of life  
And many lives were filled with struggle and strife.

Hippies and yuppies and flower children too  
Became commonplace and in some places the rule.

Symmetry, order and organized strife  
Gave way to the legends of the free style life.

Loud music, tattoos, rattles and bangs  
Became the symbols of the new street gangs.

Free love and communes, along with the drugs  
Went to Vietnam and stayed home with the thugs.

Long hair, protests and the Aids virus too,  
Made life more difficult for people like you.

In spite of our problems, our system is still here  
And young people today still hold it dear.



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