LEEDS
HISTORICAL EVENTS
IN
BITS & PIECES

WILMA COX BEAL

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About the Author

Wilma Beal was born in Alton, Utah and attended high school in Kanab, Utah. She married Glenn Beal in 1934 and moved to Silver Reef, where she spent the first twelve years of her married life. They are the parents of five children. She was a partner in Tri-State Office & Music Supply in St. George, Utah for twenty-five years, while still residing in Leeds. In 1987 she wrote "My Story of Silver Reef." She is retired and living in Leeds, Utah.

PREFACE

I take sole responsibility for what has gone into these pages. I have searched histories and corrected a few things that I felt needed correcting. I have visited with people and after writing down the things they told me, I have taken them back for corrections. A few friends have written their own experiences and I have copied them as they were written. Other things I have written from memory. I am hoping the reader will enjoy some of these Bits and Pieces.

"Ever notice how much better
"Those tales from our youth depict us
"As the years leave fewer witnesses
"Who are able to contradict us?"
---George O. Ludcke, The Wall Street Journal

I will say of my writings like in the Book of Mormon, I Nephi 19: 6-7 . . .

6. "And now, if I do err, even did they err of old: not that I would excuse myself because of others, but because of the weakness which is in me, according to the flesh, I would excuse myself.

7. "For the things which some esteem to be of great worth--others set at naught and trample under their feet."

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Photo of Leeds, December 1915

Photo showing Leeds and Log Cabin Inn, built sometine after 1915

Last of the Cabins from the Log Cabin Inn
Taken July 7, 1995, two weeks before they were burned down by a controlled fire.

INTRODUCTION AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Bits and pieces are the spice of life, and this book is full of them. They are the memories you have in your twilight years. That is probably why they are called the Golden Years.

We have had some wonderful homecomings here in Leeds. Our last one was August 8, 1981. So many of those that came then are no longer with us, and many of those that lived here have passed on. The community has changed drastically. If old-timers came back, who would they know? I have lived here all my married life and I don't know half the people around here; not even half of the ones that come to church. Of all of the people I know that have moved in, Leeds has reaped the cream of the crop.

Most of the stories told here are written from my point of view, and as far as I know, they are correct. If anyone else saw them in a different light, I invite you to write your own version. I have had constant encouragement through all my searching.

I have written letters, made telephone calls, and written a little notice in our Leeds "Insighter" encouraging people to add their little bits. I do have many, many people to thank for help in different ways. Bill Schweer's little write-up of "Community Involvement for years 1976 to 1978", gave me much help. We haven't been able to locate the book for pictures, but I have a copy of the printed material so I had it for references. Then, there was Jerry Browning who searched back into the Leeds Domestic Waterusers Association records and gave me valuable information. Alice Forsha was the one that made the search into the town records to give me information on the Town Mayors. Lois Fay Worton, William Hall, Alene Cuff, Edy Stockham and Don Fawson have all given me first hand knowledge on the fires.

When I had problems with my computer and didn't know what to do, I turned to my dear friend Doug Burt. Another friend, Alan Howard, willingly took an aerial photograph of Leeds and had it blown up for my front cover.

I have made a thorough search for the Articles of Incorporation for the Town of Leeds, but all efforts have hit a blank wall. All I have been able to find is who wrote them and he is no longer among the living. Clair Stirling says he doesn't know whether we ever had a copy of them in the Leeds files. Are we incorporated???

To lend interest to the reader, I have included several personal stories of a number of the Leeds residents and their relatives. The facts in all of them are basically true. I am sure there are many others equally interesting, but the ones I have used are the ones people have been kind enough to give to me, some by word of mouth and others in written form. Some of them I have participated in and am familiar with.

It will probably be said that I have omitted material and events that should be included. I am quick to agree, but I have done the best I can.

I am indebted to many people who have assisted me in the preparation of this material. The first one to mention is my daughter, Wilma Mary (Billie) Blake, who has spent many hours typing on my computer, and has given constructive suggestions as we progressed. My daughter-in-law, Jean Beal and my granddaughter, Natalie Nesson did some typing at first, but their time was limited. My son, Ray Beal has read the entire manuscript and corrected me where he thought I was wrong.

Most of all, I am grateful to my husband, Glenn Beal, for his encouragement and constant praise saying I could do something that I never thought I was capable of. I have often used him as a sounding board.

In listing those I am indebted to, I hope I haven't left anyone out. If I have, it is unintentional and an oversight.

SOURCES FOR GLEANING MATERIAL

Personal Interviews:

Ray Beal	Veir and Evelyn McMullin
Jerry Browning	Ellen and Susan Savage
Pete Carr	Carl Seierup
Alene Cuff	Alex Smith
Glenn and Glenna Dodge	Karma Sorenson
Walter and Jessie Eagar	Carlyle Stirling
Alice Forsha	Clair Stirling
Don Fawson	Edy Stockham
June Foster	Craig Sullivan
Stanley Fuller	Merlin Sullivan
Ethyl George	Shane Sullivan
Bill Hall	Joanne Thornton
Brenda Hall	Joe VanSeters
Alan Howard	Lorraine Wilcken
Edna Howard	Judy McMullin Wilkinson
Jim Kemple	Francis Winsor
Bert Leany	Lois Fay Stirling Worton

Histories:

Clifford Clark
Clint Fuller
Henry Jolley*
Charlene Stirling Knell
B. Y. McMullin*
Robert Pixton
Bert Sullivan
*Given to me by Corey Jensen

Books and Articles:

Beckie - Virginia Angell Coxe
Goudy Hogan - Robert Hogan
I Was Called To Dixie - Karl Larson
Saga of Three Towns - Marietta Mariger
Washington County Newspaper Clippings and Pictures - Cleone Davenport
The Way It Was In Leeds - Newspaper clippings written by June Schweer
Community Improvements - Facts compiled by Bill Schweer

Thanks to all of those who helped with the pictures.

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CHAPTER I
BIRTH OF LEEDS

ORGANIZATION AND BEGINNINGS

Harrisburg is really the stepping stone to Leeds, because the first people to settle in Leeds came from Harrisburg, and the ones who stayed here were the Harrisburg people.

Before Leeds became a town, it was just a long route used by the slow freight wagons. It was the only road meandering down through the wild country of Utah from Salt Lake City to St. George. This road wound its way through a beautiful green valley located between Grapevine Springs and Harrisburg. This valley was made green from the many sparkling springs dotting the area. The springs always made the temperature cooler, too. Men driving slow freight wagons loaded with supplies coming from St. Louis, Missouri and other mid-western points to Utah and on to Southern Nevada and California, were always relieved and happy to reach this valley after laboring through the sand patch that led to Grapevine Springs. It was a pleasure when they hit this valley because it was neither a sand patch nor a bed of boulders. They called it **Road Valley**. The slow traveling freighters found way-stations along their route and Harrisburg was one of the way-stations. Many freighters had families living there.

Erastus Snow was the Mormon leader appointed over the Dixie Cotton Mission. When some of the Harrisburg men were able to convince him that the Quail Creek water could be diverted into Road Valley easier than Harrisburg, he counseled the people to move to Road Valley and build their homes. A new townsite was platted and 120 acres of ground were surveyed into lots, and that was the beginning of a new town. Any resident wishing to move was required to transfer his Harrisburg water rights to Road Valley and fence the new land allotted him. In turn, he had to relinquish his rights to the land he owned in Harrisburg. It was agreed that all surplus water flowing down the original Quail Creek channel would belong to the town of Harrisburg. Although some Harrisburg residents didn't agree with the proposition, many did.

After reading the histories given me, since I started writing these pages, I found there was lots of contention between people. Everyone wanted to be the big cheese. A good share of the contention was over water and still is today. It reminded me of something that happened here a few years ago.

People in Leeds tend to try to excel in whatever they are in charge of in our Stake. When one High Councilman from the Stake came up to visit the ward, he did a certain amount of bragging--as usual. He had spent quite a bit of time in Sacrament Meeting putting the Leeds Ward on a pedestal, saying he was sure they were about to be translated. Bill Stratton, commenting on that, said "That guy should come to one of our water meetings."

Organization of the town took place December 1, 1867. Richard Ashby and John Harris lived in tents in the new town that first winter. Mr. Ashby built a cabin the following spring and his daughter, Kate, was the first child to be born in the town.

In May 1867, Alma T. Angell, Solomon Angell, Silas Harris, William Stirling, Elijah Thomas, Charles Connelley and Elijah K. Fuller transferred from Harrisburg.

The town was organized in a systematic Mormon fashion under Erastus Snow's directions. Benjamin Stringham was made Presiding Elder. They called the town Bennington in his honor. Benjamin Stringham was not fond of having the town named after him. Henry Jolley said that Stringham thought it was like nicknaming a small boy. According to Stringham's granddaughter,

Louise B. Duncan, his name was **Benjamin** Joseph Stringham, not Bennington. In 1869, when Erastus Snow convened with the group, Elder Stringham requested that the town be renamed Leeds, after Leeds, England where he had served as a missionary. This was the real beginning of **Leeds**.

Shortly after Richard Ashby moved here, he built a big beautiful brick home at 180 North Main, with everything it took to make it the best. It was a beauty. I didn't live in his day, but I remember the long veranda extending the length of the front of the house with big beautiful trees shading the front yard. As you walked by, it looked so inviting.

As the Ashby children grew, their interests began to turn toward the city, so Richard Ashby sold his home to Thomas Stirling, who, in turn, raised his family there. My memories are of the time the Stirling family lived there. After the Stirling parents had passed on, their youngest son, Clair Stirling and wife, Helen, with their three children made it their home.

EARNING A LIVELIHOOD

Most of the original homes had wine cellars because wine selling was the main cash crop during the time of the Silver Reef mining. Everyone in town had a large grape vineyard.

A side line story: Thomas Stirling, who bought the house from Richard Ashby, had one of the largest wine cellars in town, probably because it was such a large house. He also had a wine cellar under the Newton house right next door to him. According to Veir McMullin, he sold wine for twenty-five cents per gallon in town, but when hauled up North he could get fifty cents per gallon. He also sold it by the drink for five cents per cup. Veir's story goes on to say Tom Stirling and George Angell had great big stomachs (called beer bellies) and they had to wear suspenders to hold their pants up. After prohibition, they both lost their big stomachs.

It was a struggle for the settlers of Leeds to eke out a living until Silver Reef came into existence.

Once started, Silver Reef grew fast into a thriving town. Before that happened, Silver Reef mines were well connected with Leeds, for little miner's shacks dotted the ground where the Town Hall now stands. The territory just across the main street (highway 91) and up the unopened Leeds street leading to the springs across the I 15 freeway, at the foot of the hill, was a place called Corney Town. It was called Corney Town because a group of Cornish miners built huts and dugouts there to live in.

Stores, butcher shops and saloons, that were started in Leeds, were soon moved to Silver Reef. At one time, William Barbee operated a little store, **Barbee Mercantile** at the same place Emil Graf later built the Leeds Mercantile.

The Wells Fargo Express had a stage stop and bank on the corner where the old Tithing Office now stands. The stage coach was drawn by two, and sometimes three, span of horses. It was a novelty for the children of Leeds to watch them thunder down the street when they arrived in town. When the Wells Fargo Bank was built, the stage stop moved to Silver Reef.

As all the different businesses moved to Silver Reef, Leeds reverted to a quiet little town, consisting mainly of the people that had moved here from Harrisburg. They were the stalwart ones that really built the town. Others moved in from time to time and stayed, but many have come and stayed for a short time then moved on.

With the decline of Silver Reef, Leeds lost it's sale for those delicious green vegetables and wine. They had to turn to other means to raise cash to meet their needs. Through the years the farmers have raised for cash crops; cantaloupes, strawberries, tomatoes, beet seed, cane, alfalfa,

onions, radishes, apricots, peaches, and cherries. Bert Sullivan had a cherry orchard, and he employed quite a few cherry pickers. He said he liked the cherry pickers who whistled while they worked because he knew they weren't eating cherries if they whistled. It wasn't hard for him to get all the pickers he needed for they always got rewarded at the end of the harvest. When the last cherries were shipped off, Bert would rent the St. George swimming pool, get a big cattle truck and load the crew on it and take them down to swim. After the swim was over, he took them up to Church's Ice Cream Parlor for a banana split or ice cream soda. It made for good relations.

Everyone in town was involved in these operations. Those that raised the crops hired those that didn't to help harvest them. Our Peach Pit Pavilion got its name from the old Stirling peach packing shed that used to stand there. As a shed, it had a roof and cement floor.

The peach buyers had begun to get fussy about the peaches they bought. They demanded that the growers start removing the fuzz, grading the peaches into size, and fancy facing each basket of peaches. A group of four or five growers purchased a peach sorter. It contained brushes for removing the fuzz and belts that conveyed the peaches along and sorted them into sizes as they moved. By the time the last peach reached the end of the line, lined baskets were filled with beautiful peaches and a lid was clamped down on each basket to hold the peaches firm. This had relieved a lot of back breaking labor for the women folks.

At first, this sorter was placed in the old tin Miller garage, now owned by Bill Hall. It had to be under shelter because every peach season brought at least one good rain storm. One day there were quite a few people grouped in this old garage. Some had just come in from the orchards and some were finishing the sorting. All at once it sounded like the world had come to an end with a big bang, as buckets of water hit the roof of the tin garage. What a cloudburst! Within minutes, rivers of water were running down main street and sidewalks. It looked like we were going to need Noah's Ark to get home in.

This was before they had such things as coolers in the homes. Glenn and I had our bed placed out under the trees where it was much cooler to sleep at night. As we stood watching the rain, we could visualize what our nice soaked bed would be like. It would take ages to dry out.

When the storm let up a little, everyone wanted to go home, but we were the only ones with a car. That was because we lived out of town. Glenn took everyone else home first. Then we headed home, wondering where we were going to find dry bedding for that night. As we turned the bend in the road by the hill, heading up the Silver Reef road, lo and behold, the ground was powdery dry. Not a drop had hit our place. Was that good or bad? No rain was lucky for us this time.

The Miller garage was used for the peach sorting for two or three years. Then the packing shed was built on the Stirling property and the sorter was moved to that place. The shed became a play place as well as being used by the work force. During the daytime, when the shed was not in use, the young people of Leeds donned their roller skates and had a real work out. On special occasions, the fruit baskets and all other packing equipment were shoved to the back of the shed and it would be turned into a dance floor. At that time, square dancing was all the rage. The old phonograph would be pulled out and everyone really went to town. Sometimes we had a caller for the square dancing and sometimes the record itself had the calls on. Young and old danced together.

Farmers who raised orchards of peaches were Clair Stirling, Joe Stirling, Dave Stirling, Leland Sullivan, Evan Sullivan, Reid Fuller, Stanley Fuller, Ammon Jolley, Max McMullin, Art Eastman, Frank McMullin, and Orson Reed. We had a Leeds Ward orchard at one time. Peach picking season was a busy time in Leeds and I worked in a good share of those orchards. Ah-h-h that peach fuzz. It was terrible. I don't think we ever really got it out of our clothes. We washed

them every night but it was still there. Wayne Hafen was our main melon and tomato farmer.

Clair Stirling said he was the first one in Leeds to try his luck at growing onions. It turned out a great success. The next year Veir and Evelyn McMullin tried planting onions and radishes. After that, Veir and Evelyn seemed to be the main onion and radish growers in Leeds, although others in town tried their luck at raising them. We raised a small patch of radishes one year.

Before shipping, the onions and radishes had to be pulled, bunched and washed. The main vegetable washing place was in the Leeds east irrigation ditch on Main Street and Cherry Lane by the Stockwell home. That swift stream of water washed the vegetables clean. Can you guess how the day always ended? Yes! A good water fight. One day when the young squirts were using buckets instead of cups for throwing the water, and were really soaking each other, Ammon Jolley came racing up the street to see what was happening to his irrigation water. It was a really low water year and what was happening at this corner was wrecking poor Ammon's water turn. The Scotch blessing he gave those youngsters killed their enthusiasm for any more water fighting for that day. They were told in no uncertain terms to never use his water turn again for their water fights. Later that day, some of the kids called into the radio station KSUB and asked them to dedicate the song "Cool Clear Water" to Ammon Jolley.

CATTLE AND SUCH

Most of the farmers had a few cattle they were able to sell for cash. Now, I could tell you some stories about how we fed those cattle like we are feeding the Fish and Game deer herds, but maybe those stories are better left untold. For years, those having the larger herds of cattle could buy permits entitling them, during the summer months, to put cattle up on the south side of Pine Valley Mountain on the Dixie National Forest. The cattle were put on the range in the spring and gathered and brought back to town in the fall, just before deer hunting season. No one wanted their cattle to be butchered for a deer.

Guess I'll tell one of my cow stories after all. Since the first day I came to Silver Reef to live, we had cow problems. I have chased more cattle than most people have seen. It didn't do any more good to try to get the owners to take care of their cattle than it does to have the Fish and Game officials take care of their deer.

After we moved down to our present location, Ross Savage gave us a white dog we named Rock, and said he would be a good cattle heeler. He was the best cattle dog we ever owned, and he was worth his weight in gold.

One certain cattleman that had exceptionally breachy cattle put forked sticks on the leaders' necks. This was supposed to keep them from going through the fences. All those sticks did was make it possible for the lead cow to take all four wires off the posts at once, laying the fence down flat.

At first, we had to sic Rock on the cattle, but it didn't take him long to learn what his job was. The cattle liked to feed along the grassy ditch banks. When Rock spotted one, he would slip out after them. He didn't do much barking, but would slip up behind them and nip their heels and grab hold of their tail. The next thing we saw was a white streak sailing through the air over all those big boulders and holding on to the tail of a bawling cow. It did my heart good to see that after all the tiring cattle chasing and fence fixing we were required to do. This particular cattleman ended up with several bob-tailed cows. Naturally, the cattle learned to steer clear of our place, but, alas, Rock paid dearly for his faithfulness. He was strychnined. Poor dog. Do you think it was hard for us to guess who the guilty party was?

FUN IN LEEDS

Most of the original home owners had large barns built on their lots, and after the summer growing season was over, these big barns were all filled with alfalfa which was used to feed the horses and cows through the winter months. There is little left of those barns to show that they ever existed. A row of them ran the length of town on the east side of Main Street and another on the west side at the foot of the hill.

The youngsters loved to play on the west hill back of those big barns. The "Devil's Hole" (a cave in the side of the hill) was located back of Ira McMullin's big barn. It was a spooky place for some of the younger children, who dared each other to creep up and take a peek, because when naughty their parents promised to take them to the Devil's Hole, if they didn't mind their peas and ques. The older boys used to go back in the cave and build a fire and play poker.

While Ira's barn was still standing, one of the huge rocks broke loose and rolled down the hill, spoiling part of the cave. It stopped just at the side of the barn. Had it gone a foot farther, it would have demolished the barn and probably killed his horses. The remains of the hole are still there back of the LDS Church House. For several years on the 24th of July, Walter Eagar used to concoct wires and send messages of fire from the Devil's Hole down to the back yard of the old church, where we always had our 24th of July Pioneer roast and program.

One day while visiting with Judy McMullin Wilkinson, we started talking about the Devil's Hole. She asked me if I had ever seen the butterfly that she and some of the other Leeds girls had chiseled in a rock up on the hill back of the Church House. She said the rock with the butterfly on was close by the big rock that had rolled down from the Devil's Hole. Besides chiseling the butterfly, they had also chiseled their names by their art piece. We went out their front door so she could point the butterfly rock out to me, but there were too many trees and the church supply shed blocking our view. I told her to jump in my car and we would ride up back of the church. When she pointed to the rock, there was a beautiful butterfly with its wings spread wide. I could see the letters J U D Y on the upper side of the picture. I didn't go up to see how many more names were on it, but Judy said she was going to hike up there before she went home. The butterfly was good sized and stood out so plain that I wondered why I hadn't noticed it before.

During the school year, the main entertainment during recess for the girls was playing jacks and for the boys, it was tops and marbles. Some of those sharp shooting boys ended up with big bags full of marbles they had won. I have heard about four boys who were champion marble players while they lived in Leeds. For quite a few years, I have heard about Jack Nichols and Elmo and Therrol Vincent. Now, Culbert Stirling comes up with McKay Fuller. I wonder how many bags of marbles each had cached away? How many glacies did they shatter with their steelies? Most of all, how many knees of pants did **mother** have to patch because of marble playing? No one had to be a champion player to get holes in the knees of their pants.

One thing about that generation of young people, they learned how to work. It was either work or go hungry. It wasn't handed to them on a silver platter. When they played, they made their entertainment.

One of the special things they did for Valentine's day was make valentine boxes. Each student had his own personal valentine box, so when Valentine's Day came, everyone had a box full of valentines. Then there were the snatch valentines. Some would spend hours making a beautiful elaborate valentine with a string tied to it. The kid with the valentine would slip up to someone's door, give a loud knock then hide. As someone came to the door and saw that lovely valentine on

the step, and reached down to pick it up, it would be snatched away from them. This worked fine in most cases. Sometimes a youngster would be smart enough to step on the valentine, then the prankster would rip the string out of his gorgeous valentine. Sometimes they even painted valentines on the doorstep. Now there's not much of anything done on Valentine's Day.

Lois Stirling Worton tells the story about the first painting of the Leeds "L." She said the summer she was fourteen years old, the Buckmiller family lived out at Grapevine Springs. They were always trying to find something to do to fill up their time. You couldn't jump in a car and race off to St. George or wherever. You had to make your own fun.

One day, someone got the bright idea of making an "L" up on the red hill. As soon as it was mentioned, they were all in favor of it. First, they painted the area green, then they put the white "L"on top of it. It was a long hard job, but they were proud of their accomplishments.

Periodically, the "L" has been whitewashed. It has been so long now that it is beginning to lose its identity. Who has that much ambition now?

SORGHUM MAKING

Early in the history of Leeds, Sugar Cane growing and sorghum making was an ongoing thing and became an art among the farmers of Leeds. Barrels that stored sorghum were found in every pioneer cellar. Each farmer had his own little patch of sugar cane and in the fall of the year had his own batch of sorghum cooked up. This gave him plenty for his family to furnish the necessary sweet for their diet, and usually a nice little amount to trade or to sell to bring in a few dollars to add to his yearly income.

At one time, one sorghum mill was used to make all the sorghum in town, so each man had to arrange to have his patch of cane made into sorghum. In later years four or five mills were scattered around town. At the last, the ward owned the only sorghum mill in the community.

The making of sorghum takes a whole season of hard work. It takes much care from the beginning to get a good quality of cane. The finished product depends on what kind of cane goes into it and if the cane is of poor quality, the sorghum will be of poor quality, also.

To start with, you need good rich soil. After planting the cane, about June 1st, it takes a summer of lots of back breaking weed hoeing and watering to make a beautiful cane patch. It grows from ten to twelve feet tall, then it has to be harvested before the frost hits it, usually sometime in October, about deer season time.

Less than fifty years ago all the cane had to be cut by hand, but the last ten years or so of raising cane, the corn binder, when it worked, was used to cut the cane. The corn binder was often out of order, so much of it still had to be cut by hand. After the cane was cut and topped it was slowly fed through a juicer, with the juice going into a tank. The remaining fiber ran out the other side of the juicer. Most of the seed and the stalk of the cane were used for feeding animals. By the time you had three or four tanks full of juice, it was hauled to the mill and siphoned off into a large holding tank. It has to be strained at this point to get all the foreign particles out of the juice. The straining process has always caused quite a problem and Jessie Eagar felt that there could be a better way of doing it. As she watched her husband struggle with the old way of screening it, she got a bright idea. She went home, and, taking a burlap grain sack, she lined it with nylon cloth. It did a fantastic job of straining out the foreign trash. All the juice taken from the cane stalks has to be boiled down the same day it is squeezed or it will ferment or sour.

In the early days, the boiler pan, itself, rested on two long low rock walls which formed a

furnace. There was a chimney affair at one end and an open front for pushing logs into the fire at the other end. In the last years of sorghum making a gas furnace was used to do the cooking.

The boiler is divided into several sections and the large holding tank drains the juice into the first section to start the long tedious process of cooking. As the juice cooks, it is dipped from one tray to the next with a dipper that is also used to skim the sorghum. Each tray has to be constantly skimmed, thus removing the green liquid that is boiled out of the juice and comes to the top. These skimmings are put in a container and used for animal feed. The skimmer has holes in it to let the sorghum drip back into the tray while it holds the scum on top.

Temperature is very important. Thermometers are used to monitor the boiling down, and practice is the art.

The juice is moved from one tray to the next until it cooks to the right consistency and color. It has to be boiled just enough - but not too much or it crystallizes and is ruined. The final pale amber skimmings, all bubbly and full of air, are almost as fine a quality as the sorghum, itself, and are often saved for making candy. Did you ever taste sorghum candy? It's yummy!

After the last tray of sorghum is cooked to the right consistency, they have the finished product that is strained again into the cooling tank. After the sorghum cools, it is drained into cans ready for sale or storing.

It takes about ten gallons of raw juice to make one gallon of cooked sorghum and this cooked sorghum has to cool in a tank, at least over night, before it can be canned. If it is canned while warm, it causes the cans to rust.

At first, all the cooking was done out in the open but in the later years the cooking vat was housed inside a screen building.

It has been since I came to Leeds that making sorghum became a ward project to raise funds, sometimes for the Ward and Stake budget and sometimes for a building fund.

As a ward project, usually the watering of the cane, was done by the elderly retired men, but when harvesting time came, the younger men were seen out in the field. Because the younger men worked at other projects through the week to make a living for their families, they had to take time off from their regular work to get the job done. It was quite a push to get the sorghum made before the men headed for the hills to hunt deer. Nearly everyone enjoyed the sport of deer hunting.

Again it was the older experienced men that cooked the sorghum. The men I have heard of that did the Sorghum cooking and those I actually saw do it were George Angell, Edward McMullin, Ammon Jolley, Riley Savage, Stanley Fuller, Ross Savage, Bill Stratton and Walter Eagar. Others may have done it some, but I am not aware of it. They did the cooking in shifts because it was a long and tiring job. This job started early in the morning and often went well into the night to get the last batch of the day cooked off.

In the past decade, sorghum making has become a lost art in Leeds. No one raises sugar cane, and there is no one left that knows how to cook it.

In October 1982, our ward harvested their last field of cane. They made 350 gallons of sorghum that sold for $15.00 per gallon. Last year I saw it advertised for $19.95 per gallon. Even at that price, I think, anyone is nuts to go to all that work to make it.

Leeds always had a name for good quality Dixie Sorghum but, at one time, one man's attitude came close to ruining it. This particular man had a beautiful patch of cane but he had not kept the wild Morning Glory weeded out of it. Beautiful purple Morning Glory blossoms were climbing throughout the stalks of cane. A friend suggested that it wouldn't make a good sorghum. The man's reply was that it wouldn't matter at all. No one could tell the difference in the taste and

he couldn't afford to lose that beautiful patch of cane. But people could tell the difference, for it had a bitter taste. His customers were not happy with the sorghum and it took several years to get the good Leeds name back for our special Dixie Sorghum.

GADIANTON ROBBERS

Have you ever heard of the Gadianton Robbers? If not, and you are interested, read about them in the Book of Mormon. They were an extremely wicked band of thieves in ancient days. They were called Gadianton Robbers because a man by the name of Gadianton was their leader. Even after he died, the band kept the same name.

On one occasion, President Brigham Young was in the St. George Tabernacle and was speaking of the spirit world. He stated that it was not far from us and if the veil could be taken from our eyes, there wouldn't be either man, woman, or child who would dare to leave the tabernacle, as the spirits of the Gadiantons were so thick outside. He said the Washington County Mountains were where they had lived. This was the first time the Gadianton Robbers had been mentioned in modern times. *Temples of the Most High God, by N.B. Lundwall, 8th Edition, page 89.* Since Brigham Young made that statement, Gadianton Robbers has almost become a byword. When anything went wrong, it was because of the Gadianton Robbers. These stories have been handed down by word of mouth.

I think more stories have been told connecting the Gadianton Robbers with Harrisburg than any other place. Because of all their troubles it was believed that the people had built their homes on a Gadianton grave site. Priddy Meeks, a doctor in the early days of the Dixie settlement, said he came to Harrisburg a rich man and left in poverty. Was that because of the Gadianton Robbers' environment? I read an article in the newspaper a few years ago that told about a man who tried to pick up a special rock in the Harrisburg area. The rock began to shake so violently that he dropped it down and left it alone. He wondered if it was a head stone to one of their graves.

Ray Beal says that John Lebaron tells of the years when his father had a farm out on Purgatory Flats. Floods were a common problem that had to be dealt with. When the high waters from the spring run off from the mountain areas of Quail Creek and Red Cliffs or when a big rain storm came, by the time the waters met at Harrisburg, they were a roaring torrent headed for the Virgin River.

After going through the cut between the two hills just down from Harrisburg, Mr. Lebaron had a ditch that led down to his farm ground. Every time there was a flood, his ditch was washed out and it had to be rebuilt before he could irrigate his farm again. John said that whenever he went with his father to help repair the ditch, as he came close to Harrisburg, the hair on the back of his neck would stand up. He was sure there were Gadianton Robber's spirits close around haunting the place. It was spooky.

Now for the next hair raiser.

Eric Brandt tells of an experience when he was a teenager still going to school and dating my granddaughter, Lori Beal.

It was a dark moonless night, and on one of their dates, after spending the evening roller skating and at a show, Eric brought Lori home and headed back to St. George. This was before the time of the new Harrisburg town and he loved to take the old dirt frontage road. He headed down the dirt road, much faster than he should have been driving. All at once, there appeared on each side of his truck men on horses, lots of them on both sides. They had long scraggly hair and were

wearing weird looking clothes. They were armed to their teeth and those closest by kept looking in, leering at him in an evil way. He said he had not been using drugs nor was he drunk. He did see them and they scared hell out of him. He floor boarded his truck and as he pulled up out of Harrisburg, all at once they were gone. He swears it was Gadianton Robbers.

Recently, when Harrisburg began to be developed, they were making such a beautiful place at the head of Quail Reservoir, then the floods came and their beautiful marina was washed out. The first thing I heard was, "The Gadianton Robbers must be at it again." Then the Quail Lake dam broke. Was that the Gadianton Robbers, too?

A friend gave me a paper written by LoyAnn McArthur on "Folklore of the Gadianton Robbers." She names Clair Terry and Karl Larson, both prominent men of St. George, who have told Gadianton Robber stories about other places in Washington County. Who Knows? Maybe there is more to this Gadianton Robber stuff than just folklore.

Clarence Prisbrey, Bob Cuff, Ray Beal, Lloyd Stirling

The Cane Field Gang

The screened covered building where the sorghum was cooked

Ross Savage cooking the sorghum

Vere McMullin cutting the cane

Juicing the cane
Pictured L to R Lloyd Stirling, Ray Beal, Bob Cuff,
Ensign Griffiths, Clarence Prisbrey

CHAPTER II
HISTORICAL HOMES
AND LIVES THEY HAVE TOUCHED

William Stirling Home

This beautiful home was built in 1876. In the Saga of Three Towns, Marietta Mariger tells us that " William Stirling and Charles Wilkinson lived one block apart on the east side of the street. They bought brick made in Kanarra, hired the same workmen, Worthen's of St.George, and had homes built alike. The houses are still standing, each occupied by members of the original owner's families, though they may show some remodeling." Mrs. Mariger wrote this book in 1951. Since then the Wilkinson house has been demolished. From pictures, and talking to Eldon Stirling, present owner of the Stirling home, I find that though the homes looked similar, there was quite a bit of difference in them, both inside and outside.

Mrs. Mariger tells us that the bricks came from Kanarra but the Stirling history tells us that the bricks were made from clay from the Connelley fields. They were fired over there. The home cost $4,000.00, and William got the money to build his home from being on the payroll of the Christy Mill at Silver Reef. How this came about is also told by Marietta Mariger in her book, Saga of Three Towns, and is as follows:

"One bleak winter morning, while Silver Reef was in its prime, William Stirling had an errand up there, and he started on horseback to discharge it. His way led past the Christy Mill, where all was frenzy and consternation.

"The boilers were under full fire with no supply of running water, for the mill stream was completely frozen up. Without a supply of water, an explosion was inevitable. Something must be done.

"William Stirling happened to be the chief executive of the Leeds Water Company. But knowing the man, I should say that would not matter much. What did matter was the danger the mill was in, and if he could act quickly enough to avert an explosion.

"With all the speed his horse had, he raced to the spot where the mill stream was diverted from our Leeds Canal. Hurriedly, he threw open the head gate to a large flow of water, and it reached the mill in time to stave off the disaster. As a gesture of gratitude, William Stirling's name was placed on the company payroll for one year."

This two-story home has three fireplaces in it. One in each of the front rooms. These rooms were used for people traveling through (paying guests) and needing a place to stay. A hall, with a stairway going up to the second floor, separates these two rooms. The third fireplace is in the main room of the house, reached by going straight back through the hallway. The ceilings are nine feet high, which makes it cooler in the summer, but, also, harder to heat in the winter.

The banister connected to the stairway was often used as a quick way to descend to the ground floor, when the children were upstairs. The deck out in front, upstairs, made a nice cool place to sleep in the summer.

William Stirling was one of the early wine makers. His cellar excelled in size and in quality beyond most others in the region. Wine making was a common practice, and, by some, a ten percent share of the product was paid to the church as tithing on a regular basis.

Like most older buildings, there have been additions and changes made to modernize the place. The home has now been designated as a Utah Historical Site. The Plaque reads: "Stirling

Home, Built 1876 of Red Brick by Samuel Worthen and Sons for William Stirling, one of the first settlers of Leeds. Fine example of "Dixie Dormers" unique to Southern Utah. Marker placed 1973 by Mrs. David Stirling and family."

Today's owners of this beautiful home are Eldon and Louise Stirling. He is the grandson of William Stirling. Eldon has spent many hours of hard work and continuous upkeep to restore the place to its former appearance.

Built 1876--William and Sarah Ann Stirling Home--Picture 1995

Cannery

About 1912 Brigham Jarvis, who owned a little cannery in St.George, came to Leeds and organized a cooperative cannery and put his business in to it. The name was "Southern Utah Packing Company." It soon became a thriving business, creating a market for the fruit, vegetables, and meat raised by the farmers in the vicinity. It also created a small payroll for the young people of Leeds.

In searching for material on this old cannery, Cleone Davenport gave me a news article telling of an accident that happened there. This article from the old Washington County News, is dated September 4, 1913. The girl in the accident was the sister of Carlyle Stirling's mother.

(Quote) **Girl Fatally Burned At Leeds Cannery**

Myrtle McMullin, the 18 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David McMullin of Leeds, was burned so terribly by gasoline at the Southern Utah Canning Company's plant at Leeds about 9 o'clock a.m. Monday that she succumbed to her injury at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Just how the gasoline exploded is not clearly explained but no one blames the management of the factory for the unfortunate affair. It is supposed to have been caused by a defect in the gasoline tank of the heater used for heating the soldering irons for sealing the lids on the cans. Manager B. Jarvis, Jr., had just started the soldering furnace and left the building when the explosion occurred. The small gasoline tank, holding less than one gallon, is charged with compressed air to force the gasoline out by a small air pump. The furnace is a short distance from

the tank, and it is supposed that a defect in the gasoline tank caused a leakage of gasoline that became ignited by the furnace. The cap of the tank nearest the furnace was blown about half way off, the escaping gasoline being thrown in the direction of Miss McMullin, who was about eight feet away, burning her terribly. There were nine girls and a child between two and three years old, a daughter of the manager, in the room at the time, but all escaped serious injury except Miss McMullin, two or three girls receiving slight injuries only. A sister of Myrtle stood beside her when she received the fatal burns, yet escaped almost without being touched. The heating furnace and tank were entirely new, having been put in straight from the manufacturer for the opening of the season's work at the cannery, and the manufacturers guaranteed it safe. (Unquote). It was a terrible tragedy.

These are some other articles from the Washington County News and the Provo Herald that were about the cannery.

Southern Utah Packing Company's Plant Makes First Run

On Saturday last, the cannery at Leeds opened its doors to receive the first consignment of Dixie's delicious fruits. The canned products consisted of apricots and currants.

The results were highly satisfactory, for the efforts were to test the efficiency of some of the apparatus and to make a beginning, preparatory to the great amount of work to be accomplished during the peach, fig, grape, and tomato seasons.

The canned product is of the excellent flavor and superb quality attributable to the sunny clime of Utah's Dixie. These unexcelled packed products will do much to bring Dixie into its own among packing concerns of the State. The significant beginning bids fair as such.

Leeds is fortunate, indeed, to have installed a real, live necessary commercial enterprise. They are to be congratulated on the material support and interest they have been thus far accorded.

The success cannot be accurately predicted at this time; it cannot be estimated at the first anniversary of the packing concern's installment. But when this substantial beginning has seasoned and aged as similar industries have, the success, judged financially and economically, will be enormous.

The cannery consists of the cannery proper and a large storage room. A cement floor has been put in the former division. As work has been temporarily suspended because of the oncoming apricot crop, the cement work in the storage room is not complete. As time and convenience will permit, the building will be pushed to completion.--1913.

Dixie Canning Company Makes Good Showing
January 20, 1916

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Southern Utah Packing Co. held at Leeds on the 10th inst., the following officers were elected: David Stirling, president; A.P. Spilsbury, vice president; B. Jarvis Jr., secretary and manager; Joseph Stirling, treasurer; Edward McMullin, director.

A ten percent dividend was declared and is being paid to the stockholders. Business was declared to be in very good shape, and the cannery from now on expects to operate ten months of each year.

The cannery is now packing beef and pork and beans, and expects to continue this for some time.

The company proposes to install an up-to-date preserving factory at Toquerville in the near future.

Dixie Cannery Has A Splendid Output

B. Jarvis Jr., was here from Washington County, Saturday, representing the Southern Utah Packing Company, located at Leeds. Mr. Jarvis had with him samples of the products of the company; peaches, figs, pork and beans, beef and vegetables, all of very superior quality. The company's market extends from Los Angeles to Salt Lake, and is only limited by the ability to supply the demand.--Provo Herald.

Some of the members of the Coop became jealous of Mr. Jarvis' success, thinking he owned too much of the company stock, so he pulled out and the company soon collapsed. They killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

Families lived in the building from time to time after it closed down as a cannery, but before long, it burned down and all that is left of it today is the old cement floor.

The only pictures I have are of the interior when it was in full operation. One picture shows bottled fruit and packing boxes, and the other picture shows the workers canning beef. I also have some advertisements from the Washington County News.

(L) Southern Utah Packing Company--1912--Canning Beef
Pictured L to R Ellen Bentley, Lizzy McQuaid, Brig Jarvis, Eleanor Scott
(R) Southern Utah Packing Company's warehouse and storeroom

The BEST FRUIT on EARTH

Grows in Utah, and Utah's best in Sunny "Dixie." We Can "Dixie's" Best Fruits and Vegetables right at the Orchards and Fields where they grow. Picked and Packed Same Day. Thats why they taste so fresh and good that we cannot half supply the demand. We are booking Large Orders this Season—Let us hear from you EARLY.

Southern Utah Packing Co.
Leed, Washington Co., Utah

DON'T COOK YOURSELF

Bottling Fruit over a hot stove when you can have it done in our Sanitary Kitchen at LESS COST. The following schedule rules this season for fruit in glass jars

Elberta Peaches	case	2-qt jars	$2.00;	1-qt jars	$1.10
White Heath Clings	"	"	$2.25;	"	$1.25
Bartlett Pears	"	"	$2.25;	"	$1.25
Malaga Grapes, no crystals,	"	"	$2.25;	"	$1.25
Tomatoes	"	"	$1,25;	"	$0.75
Stringless Beans	"	"	$1.50:	"	$0.85

Send in your fruit jars with the understanding that you will get the finest fruit grown put up in tip top shape fully sweetened. We guarantee satisfaction in every detail.

Southern Utah Packing Co.
Leed, Washington Co., Utah

WASHINGTON COUNTY, UTAH, OCTOBER 9, 1913.

Southern Utah Packing Co.

Manufacturers of wholesome food products. Home Grown, Home Packed in the best Home Style. Come and see our wholessale Kitchen in operation and before you send money away for canned goods get our prices.

Our Business is a Community Builder in the truest sense and divides its proceeds more liberally with the farmers and home people than any other institution.

Address all inquiries to

Leeds, Washington Co., Utah

John Wilkinson/M.E. Paris Home

John Wilkinson came from England in August 1884. He arrived in Leeds in the early part of 1885. He probably picked Leeds because his Uncle Charles Wilkinson lived here.

John Wilkinson worked in England as a stone mason. While in Leeds he made tombstones

that can still be found in the Leeds cemetery and other Southern Utah cemeteries. He probably made his Uncle Charles Wilkinson's tombstone found in the Leeds Cemetery.

Being a stone mason, he may have built his own home, but he didn't live in Leeds many years for he died September 21, 1895 at the age of 46. He was buried in the Cedar City Cemetery, ten years after he came to Leeds. Marion E. Paris purchased the home from John Wilkinson and he raised a large family while living there. Henry Alpheus Jolley, because of ill health, headed for sunny Dixie. He landed in Leeds in 1910 and soon acquired this Marion E. Paris home, so the Paris family must have lived there about fifteen years.

Mr. Jolley died June 24, 1935 so he lived there twenty-five years. Mrs. Jolley lived there till September 25, 1947, so it was her home for thirty-seven years. Since the Jolley's vacated this home, many different families have lived there so it must have been well built.

(Above) John Wilkinson/M.E. Paris Home--Built Early 1885
(Below) Same Home--Picture 1995

Benjamin Stringham/Robert Pixton/Joe Thomas Home

One of the Leeds Historical buildings that stands out as you journey through town is the tall, white, two story building at 58 West Mulberry Road. It stands on the hill on the left-hand side of the road at the bottom of town as you head north. It was built for Benjamin Stringham in 1870. Like other homes built at that time, it has the regular thick walls and high ceilings. Because this building has passed through so many hands, it has not had the upkeep needed and is beginning to crumble. Like all the others, it has had additions made and modern conveniences added.

In February of 1846, Robert Pixton, wife Elizabeth and daughter Charlotte, began to prepare for the trip west with the rest of the Saints. His second son was born at Winter Quarters, Iowa, but only lived a short time. Elizabeth and daughter, Charlotte, lived alone in their wagon for one year because Robert had joined the Mormon Battalion. He was discharged in July of 1847 in California, but it was another year before he made it to Salt Lake City. Elizabeth stayed in Council Bluff until 1848, then she yoked her own cattle and drove them 1,000 miles across the plains.

Robert Pixton acquired property on main street in Salt Lake City and in Taylorsville and was prospering when he was called to the Dixie Mission in 1868.

Robert Pixton and second wife, Martha, came to Leeds in 1869 and for the first year, they rented a dugout from Barry (Benjamin) Stringham. A comment from Henry Jolley's History again: Henry says there were more people that lived in dugouts than in houses when he came to Leeds. Benjamin didn't stay in Leeds long. He soon went back to Salt Lake City. When the tall white house became vacant, Robert obtained it for his family.

Robert's two pieces of property up north had to be checked out regularly, so to make the trip profitable, he hauled freight both ways. His first wife, Elizabeth, liked to come down to enjoy the Dixie sun, so she spent time here, too.

The Pixton family didn't spend too many years here because Robert died November 23, 1881. Martha sold her home in 1883 and returned to Riverton to be near her people.

Since the story of the bell is Leeds History, it needs to be retold here, but with one change. Robert Pixton was the freighter instead of Seth, as Etta Mariger said in her Saga of Three Towns, because Seth was born seven years after the bell came to Leeds.

This Bell story is from the Pixton History, but I am sure they got it from Saga of Three Towns, by Marietta Mariger. Pp 39-40.

"Our first meeting house was a rock structure, 23 ft. by 36 ft., built on the same site as our present chapel. In fact it is part of the chapel, that building being planned to make use of the old one. It was started in the spring of 1875. The mason work was completed, building roofed, and doors and windows put in, all in that year, and was used that way.

"It was completed in 1878. Willis D. Fuller was acting Bishop in Leeds, in 1875, and until November 1877, when Goudy Hogan was made Bishop. (Robert) Pixton was living here at this time.

"Pixton went to Salt Lake City in 1877 and brought back the bell, which was installed when the building was completed in 1878, from which perch it rang out to us throughout the years--in fact until it was replaced in 1930. Listen to its story.

"Brought to Utah, in 1858, by Johnston's Army, it served at Camp Floyd throughout the life

of the camp. It was erected, or attached, to a cannon carriage, and was used to summon the soldiers for the various assemblies, i.e., chuck, etc., etc.

"Johnston's Army was recalled, when the Civil War broke out in 1860, but the federal government suspected the loyalty of Utah, so Colonel Patrick Edward Conner was sent here from California with an army of three hundred volunteer recruits, from California and Nevada.

"Camp Floyd had been abandoned, and most of the material had been sold. Conner's Army took some equipment from there, however, the cannon and bell going with him to Salt Lake City, and on to the bench above the city, where he established Camp Douglas (later Fort Douglas), in October 1862. The cannon was placed within range of Brigham Young's residence by 1863. Colonel Conner, later General Conner, was a Mormon hater and there was a great deal of hostile rivalry between his soldiers and Mormon civilians. The soldiers twitted the Mormons as being stupid and incompetent. The Mormons retorted that they could ' steal their cannon and bell from under their noses.' When these items were not stolen, the soldiers taunted the boasters, who, one rainy night, did get into the fort and attached tow ropes to the cannon. They left one of their number concealed there. After the last visit of the sentry for the night had sounded the 'All is well, ' and all was quiet, the concealed man braced himself astride the cannon, securely holding the bell's clapper, and perked the two ropes, signaling the ones without to pull, and the cannon and bell left the fort.

"When the theft was discovered, rewards were posted for names of the offenders, who, only then, realized the gravity of their deed. They had to maintain absolute silence and hide the stolen articles. They were hidden in a barn and covered with hay.

"(Robert) Pixton, up from Leeds, found himself in the vicinity of the homes of the pranksters; this was in 1877. He was told by someone, "If you'll take that damn bell to Dixie, it is yours." No doubt he thought of the uncompleted church in Leeds. Anyway, he accepted the bell, hid it in a sack of grain and brought it here. In 1878, the church was completed, the bell installed in its belfry atop the church, and there it stayed, serving the town for many years. The old cannon was finally dumped in an abandoned well and buried."

The following part of this story is taken from Saga of Three Towns by Marietta M. Mariger, p. 40.

"In 1929 and '30, Leeds built a new chapel. Ira Edward McMullin was bishop at the time. The people wanted a new and better sounding bell. Hardware salesman, Mont Taylor, through whom all of the hardware for the new building had been bought, was contacted. He said to Bishop McMullin, who had told him the story of the bell, 'Last year, I sold a new bell to some people trying to establish a dude ranch at Cove Fort. They have gone busted, and Kesler, of whom they were buying, has taken the property back. This new bell is just sitting there. I'll bet Kesler would trade it for your old one." Taylor contacted Kesler, and related the story. Mails were too slow for Kesler, who rushed down and hunted up the bishop and made the trade.

Leeds has the new bell, and the old one of Camp Floyd reposes still in a museum at Cove Fort.

The story of the theft, and of Mr. Pixton's bringing the bell to Leeds, was told to Edward McMullin by his father, Ira S. McMullin, a resident of Leeds when the old church was completed. It was also told to Edward by Ira's brother, David.

I don't know what year Joseph (Joe) Thomas acquired the tall white house, but he lived there when I came to Leeds.

Joe Thomas was the son of Elijah and Ann Hayward Thomas. He was a strange man--one of those characters who made Leeds their home. In the book "Beckie," by Virginia Angell Coxe,

she voices that same opinion, and when I visited with Jessie Eagar, she brings out the same fact. The Eagars ran the Post Office and Jessie said when Joe came up for the mail, he would go around the hill back of his home and come through the cut between the hills by Carlyle Stirling's home (which wasn't there at that time), follow the foot of the hill back of the church house and come down the lane to the Post Office. The Post Office was in the home at 125 North Main, next to the chapel. (He really got his day's exercise.)

Jessie commented that he acted so lonesome and shy, she always tried to make friends with him. Eventually he got so he would walk up the middle of the road. When asked why he went up the road, his answer was 'so he wouldn't have to meet any women.'

Ethel Blake told me that when she lived here, all the kids were afraid of Joe Thomas. They thought he was some kind of an ogre. If the kids disobeyed their parents, snitched an apple, or did anything wrong, their parents told them they would give them to Joe Thomas.

I don't remember who told me this story, but I heard it many years ago. 'When Joe was a young man, his sweetheart jilted him and married Brigham Young's son. He never got over it. He withdrew into himself and didn't talk to anyone he didn't have to.' It doesn't seem so strange that this could have happened because, in Henry Jolley's history, he says that Harriet Young, wife of President Brigham Young, taught her first year of school here. She was the first teacher and her son, Oscar, was the first blacksmith in Leeds.

In Saga of three towns, page 25, Etta Mariger tells us that Brigham Young owned a three and one-half acre water right and maintained a home for his wife, Harriet, here. She was one of the first school teachers in the new town, and her son, Oscar, was its first blacksmith.

These two histories tell the same story so maybe Brigham Young's son did marry Joe Thomas's sweetheart. The home is now owned by Roger and Mary Krueger.

Built 1870-- Benjamin Stringham/Robert Pixton/Joe Thomas Home--Picture 1995

School House

A public school house was built in Silver Reef by public donation and was ready for use in January of 1880. While in Silver Reef, the School House was used for the better dances such as the Mason's Ball, Odd Fellow's Ball, and the Calico Ball.

Shortly after the school house was built, Silver Reef began to decline in population, so it wasn't long till they had no use for the building. In the early 1900's it was moved to Leeds to be used as the Leeds School House. In Saga of Three Towns, Etta Mariger says the move was sponsored and led by David McMullin, but in the book "Beckie" by Virginia Angell Coxe, she says, Quote: "It was under the suggestion and supervision of George Angell, and with the help of his boys, among others, that this frame building was moved down to Leeds and placed a good distance back from the ditch and the street on a large lot near the top of town. It was remodeled according to my father's plan, and became our little yellow schoolhouse. It served Leeds as a schoolhouse as long as Leeds had a school." Two histories-two points of view.

Now Culbert Stirling comes along with a little story that tells me there must have been another man or two involved. Culbert says, "Father, Dave Stirling, repeated this story to his kids several times."

As Ira McMullin and George Angell built the foundation for the school house to sit on, Joe Stirling was hauling cement to them in a wheelbarrow. Joe observed, "Look, George, that wall has a curve in it. George's reply, "That can't be so. Ira and I build straight walls, and Ira and I built that wall." Joe remarked, "Get down on your knee and sight along it and see what you think." He did, and as he stood up, he commented, "I can't see how Ira could have gotten that far off the line on that wall."

For many years our little old school house held eight grades. Big room and little room is the way the rooms were designated. The little room on the south side of the building and the big room on the north side, with a hallway between the two. The hallway led straight back into a supply room that was also called the library. A door on each side of the hall led into the classrooms. A man taught the four upper grades, and he was the principal of the school. A lady taught the four lower grades.

The principal always rang the little hand bell when it was time for school to begin (nine o' clock). The younger grades called "little school" would line up on one side of the door and the older grades called "big school" on the other side. The teacher would play a march on an old phonograph and the kids would all march left, right, left, right into the school.

When the county began bussing the seventh and eighth graders to St. George, we had one teacher who taught six grades. Of course, we didn't have many students. The last school that was held in Leeds in 1955-56 consisted of nine students in four grades. Blanche Eastman was the teacher.

No one seems to remember just when the indoor restrooms were installed but for years they had nothing but outdoor rest rooms.

This seems to be the appropriate place to tell a few things that happened in this old building through the school years.

In The Life History of Clinton Fuller, he tells the following incident, and I am going to tell it in his own words.

"In the seventh grade, Donald Schmutz was my teacher. We didn't like him. We thought he was too strict. One day, about five or six of us boys picked him up and threw him outside the building. He phoned W.O. Bentley, the school Superintendent in St. George. He came to Leeds and called we boys together and gave us a talking to. He then called in Donald Schmutz and we had to

apologize to him."

Now another little story--

When Glenn Beal was in the sixth grade, his Uncle, Milton Moody, came to Leeds to teach School. Right off the bat, all the kids in school knew Glenn was going to be teacher's pet, but I think Uncle Milton had other ideas. He'd show all of them where he stood. From the first, he seemed to pick on Glenn. Every time he turned around it was "half hour for you, tonight, Glenn." The kids got such a kick out of it that they did everything they could to egg things on, like putting a tack on his seat or poking him with a pin so he would yell out. Each time it brought the same result; "half hour for you, tonight, Glenn." To cap it off, he got it at both ends. He lived two miles away at Silver Reef, and his folks always had dinner prepared and ready to sit down to at the time Glenn should be getting home from school. Being kept in one-half hour after school made him one-half hour late for dinner, which caused problems at home, too. A no win situation.

I won't mention names in this next incident, but one of the eighth grade students gave his teacher enough flack that the teacher literally picked him up and put him out the window, probably not too gently. It wasn't five minutes until the student's mother was at the school door, seething with rage. The teacher hadn't had time to cool off, so he just took the mother by the arm and politely escorted her out into the hall. He probably gave her a piece of his mind, too. Just a little different than it is today. Today the teacher would have a law suit slapped on him.

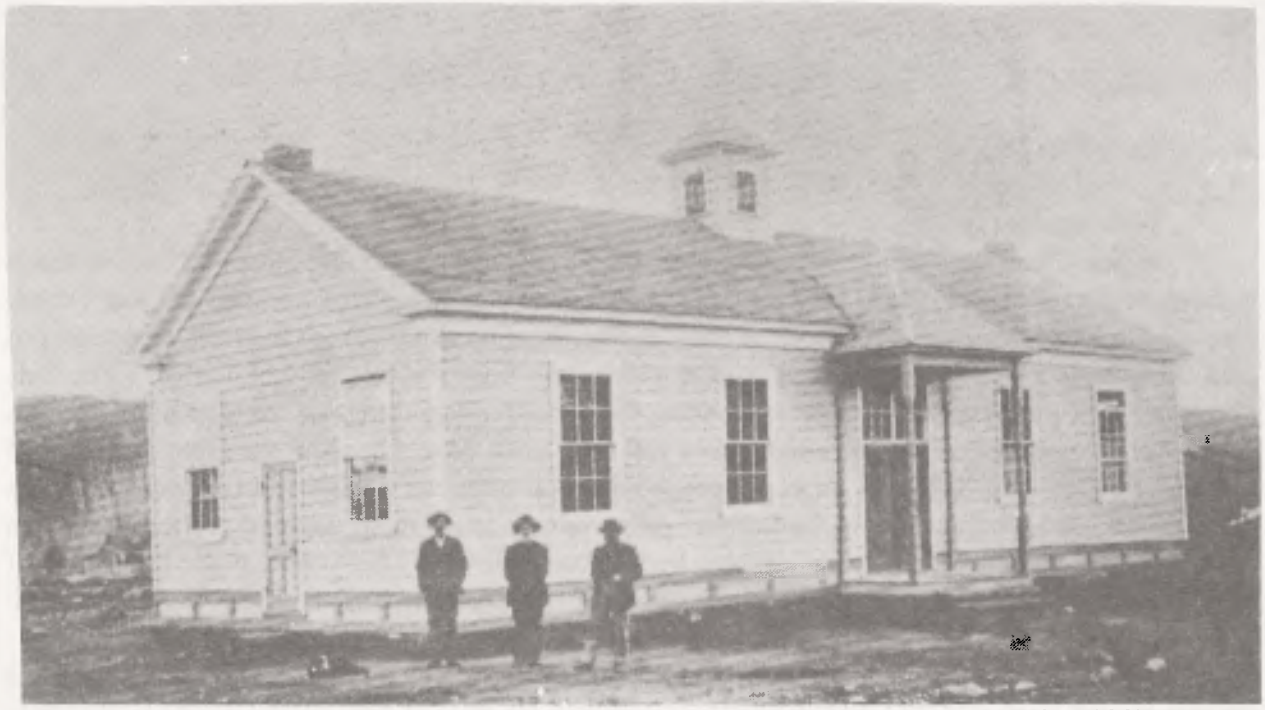
When the students began to be bussed to St.George to school, the school building stood vacant, so the Leeds Ward obtained permission from the Washington County School Board, for the price of $1.00 per year, to use the building for a Church Recreation Center. It had many changes made. The partitions running through the center of the building, separating the two class rooms and forming a hallway and closet, were taken out and a stage was built at one end. The Relief Society had cupboards, a stove, sink and refrigerator installed. This served for a recreation center until our new chapel was built.

After the new chapel was built, the old school house-- recreation center has just gradually evolved into a community center. It is owned by the city of Leeds and is now the Town Hall.

When the old schoolhouse was moved down from Silver Reef, it had a small porch out in front of the building. The Beautification Committee made plans to extend a porch the full length. This was an extensive and expensive project. The building also received a badly needed roof. Floor beams from another landmark, the one hundred year old George Angell home, which was being demolished, ended up in the frame work under the schoolhouse porch.

June Schweer and her Beautification Committee had swap meets, garage sales, and bake sales to raise the money needed. Ken Frandsen was in charge of the work crew and Bill Schweer organized the work time and rounded up the materials needed. With the community backing them, such projects do get done.

While the building was being renovated, June Schweer used quite a bit of her reporter's space in the Washington County News, asking for help in different ways. Sometimes she asked for pledges of labor and other times she asked for financial contributions. An answer to one of her pleas brought a response from a ninety-one year old former Leeds school teacher, Donald Schmutz who lived in Las Vegas. He sent a picture of the class of 1913-14 along with a $50.00 contribution toward building the schoolhouse porch.



Remodeled schoolhouse after being brought from Silver Reef in the early 1900's
_____, William Stirling Sr., George Angell

Top and bottom: Reroofing and building porch
All done by donated labor

Top: Laborers on new Town Hall
Bottom: Completed Town Hall

Combination Rock Church and School House First Built in Leeds--1875-78

School year about 1896-97

	L to R
1st row:	?, ?, Antone Olsen, Karl McMullin, Truman Angell, Lynn McMullin.
2nd row:	?, Mary Smith, Georgiana Angell (Millett), ?, ?, Myrtle McMullin, Leone McMullin, Ellen McMullin (Sullivan), Kate Angell (Stratton), Brenda Angell, Stella Sullivan (Angell).
3rd row:	George Olsen, Bob McMullin, Ethel Sullivan (Bastian), Margaret (Mag) Olsen, Ethyl McMullin (George), Iva Barlow, Jennie Angell, Ruth Paris, Verda Sullivan (Woodbury), Bell Stirling.
4th row:	? Nichols, Jennie Paris (Stewart), Lyle Olsen (Sullivan), Dallice Paris (Hartman).
5th row:	Mayme Olsen, ?, Vilate Fuller, ? Workman, The teachers--husband and wife--the Caruths.

Leeds School 1902 Held in old lumber building on meeting house lot.

School year: 1913-14

1st row: L to R: Charlie Wright, Dellas Sullivan, Phoebe Fuller, Vera Stirling, LaBerta Nichols, Merwin Hartman.

2nd row: Wayne Angell, Louis Hartley, Glen Stirling, Fay Stirling, Nina Nichols, Reah Sullivan, Wanda Nicholls, Alta Stirling, Ross Angell, Roy Hartley.

3rd row: Clyde McMullin, Ward Jolley, Rex Stirling, Nieta Hartley, Maggie Jolley, Donald Schmutz--Teacher, Hazel Olsen, Edna Angell, Vern McMullin, Reed Fuller.

4th row: Evan Sullivan, Leland Sullivan, Marguriete McMullin, Thomas Stirling, Rieta Hartley, Verna Fuller, Delbert Stirling, Stanley Fuller, Clinton Fuller.

School year 1949-50

1st row: L to R: Michael Eagar, Eddie Reid, Lee Eagar, Mace Stratton.

2nd row: Judy McMullin, Sandra Eastman, AmyLu Savage, MaryAnn Savage, Linda Stirling, Lois Fay Stirling, Tom Tisdale, Alex Beal, Keith McMullin.

3rd row: Marie Holden, Jim Tisdale, Eric Eastman. Teacher: Calpurna Fluckiger.

School year 1951-52

1st row: L to R: Maryann Savage, Neal Millett, Billie Beal, Wynn Stirling, Janice Sullivan, Mike Eagar, Anna Eastman.

2nd row: Judy McMullin, Sandra Eastman, Alex Beal, Amylu Savage, Teacher: Lois Wells, Mace Stratton, Lois Fay Stirling, Lee Eagar, Linda Stirling.

School year 1952-53

1st row: L to R: Wynn Stirling, Billie Beal, Susan Savage, Anna Eastman, Janice Sullivan, Diane McMullin.

2nd row: MaryAnn Savage, Mike Eagar, Linda Stirling.

3rd row: Eddie Reid, Steve Stratton, Neal Millett, Elwayne Hafen.

4th row: Alex Beal, Jim Tisdale, Mace Stratton, Lee Eagar, Lois Fay Stirling, Sandra Eastman, AmyLu Savage, Judy McMullin.

Teacher: Lois Wells.

School year 1953-54 May 21, 1954 Last day of school

1st row: L to R: Michael Eagar, Elwayne Hafen, Wynn Stirling, Neal Millett, Steve Stratton, Diane McMullin, Billie Beal, Linda Stirling, Esther Hafen, Susan Savage, MaryAnn Savage, Anna Eastman.

2nd row: Linda Larson (School District Supervisor), Louise Reid, Daisy Boulton, Iris Millett, Reg. Boulton, Wilma Beal. Teacher: Virginia Ott.

School year 1954-55

1st row: L to R: Annabelle Edwards, Billie Beal just behind her, Jolene Sorenson, Neidra Beal, Esther Hafen, _____ Edwards.

2nd row: Joyce Bradshaw, Erverine Edwards, Elwayne Hafen, Anna Eastman, Susan Savage.

3rd row: Wynn Stirling, Colleen Bradshaw, B G Vanlaningham. Teacher: Florence Leavitt.

School year 1955-56

1st row: L to R: Esther Hafen, Eddie Fisher, Neidra Beal, Jeannette Hafen, Janet Allen.

2nd row: Elwayne Hafen, Susan Savage, Steve Stratton.

Teacher: Blanche Eastman, Jolene Sorenson.

Julia Ford Home

This small lumber building was owned by Julia Ford, a spinster. Ethyl George says Julia had this house built so she could have her little store in the front room. It was small and very compact. The house has stayed as near like it was originally built on the outside as any house in Leeds. It has had a few modern features added to the inside. It has a small basement and very narrow steps leading down to it. Steve and Kelly Johnson are the present owners.

Built about 1868--Julia Ford Home--Picture 1995

Bert Harris Home

Bert Harris took Minnie Hansen to Salt Lake City where they were married in 1908. They had spent only two years there, when Alex Colbath contacted him and asked him to come back to Leeds and work for him. He came back and built this house in 1911. It was built on the corner of a lot owned by Peter and Andrea Hansen who owned a store sitting farther back in the lot.

Bert built the front room of their home opening out on to the sidewalk with steps leading up into the front door. This front room was called a confectionery, a place where they sold candy and gum. It seemed like about everybody in the town had a small store or boarding house.

After Bert died, Minnie sold the house to Ross Eagar, a polio victim, whose story is told elsewhere. It was remodeled with a ramp running in from the side and connecting the rooms for the conveniences of a polio victim.

It no longer borders the sidewalk and the front room has been removed. Modern conveniences have been added. And it looks like a playhouse. Present owners are Art and Kay Kent.

Built 1911--Bert Harris Home--Picture 1996

Mosiah L. Hancock Home

Mosiah L Hancock came to Leeds in 1886 and built this home, planted orchards and vineyards. He stayed for a few years then sold his place to David McMullin and moved to other parts. It, like all of the other homes, has been modernized to a great extent. It's outside appearance has been altered as well as the inside. Present owner is Ruth Wiley.

Built 1886--Mosiah L. Hancock Home--Picture 1995

Brigham Young McMullin Home

When Brigham Young McMullin and wife, Ada, moved to Leeds, they lived in a little rental cottage on the lower part of the lot owned by William Stirling. He soon bought B.C. Boren's lot which was located across the street and took possession of it that summer. There must have been a little shack of some kind already there because according to Henry Jolley's history, Joe McCleave lived there when Leeds was first settled.

Brigham's one room rock house was built during the summer of 1881 by Willard G. McMullin, father to Brig. While it was in the process of being built, Brigham made a business trip to Salt Lake City. While there, he saw some of the beautiful finished woodwork done in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. He asked the man that was responsible for it if he ever came to Dixie. The man answered no, but there was nothing to say he couldn't come sometime in the future. Arrangements were made, there and then for him to come and do the finish work on Brigham's Leeds home. He did a beautiful job.

After Brigham and Ada moved into their one room home, they added four more rock rooms to it. The rock walls are 18" thick and the ceilings are nine feet high. This house has been kept in good repair and has had still more rooms added for convenience and to modernize it. One of the four rock rooms has been made into a bathroom and a hallway. It is one of the two old-time houses where rock was used to make some additions. It has also had a dining room and kitchen made of lumber added to it. Stucco was put on the outside walls to cover the rock and make a more modern look.

Brig had a large family and he was a pillar of the community. Some of his children spent much of their life here but eventually moved to other parts. One of his daughters, Ethyl McMullin George, spent quite a bit of her earlier life working away from home. She ultimately returned to

Leeds to have her two daughters, Joanne and Geraldine, raised in a small town environment.

Ethyl has been an outstanding, vivacious resident of Leeds for over fifty years. Her main exercise was a jaunt around the cemetery and keeping her beautiful Rose Garden in tip top shape. Many friends and just passersby loved to stop and chat with her. She had many stories she loved to tell.

Ethyl died July 3, 1992 and would have been 103 years old on November 25th of that same year, the oldest resident to have lived in Leeds. She was honored often and for many things. Her grandson paid tribute to her in her funeral. He gave me a copy of his tribute and I think here is a very appropriate place to print it.

Poem for Ethyl George
By Matthew George Vought-- Grandson

A great tree stands in the forest,
with deep roots,
massive limbs, awesome strength,
unchallenged majesty.

Yet it will fall, in time,
and in its passing
will give strength and space
for new growth.

And does it truly die?
For its contribution to the new life
is surely its continuance;
its integration into the finely woven
fabric of life spells only
a change of form,
one more permutation in life's perpetually
changing parade.

And when a great soul passes from us in the form
that we have come to recognize,
although we sense a loss and lose a presence
in its physical demonstration,
does not that life that we have grown to love
continue to warm us with its
memory;
continue to charm us with her
simplicity?

Such a laugh of childlike
delight
instructed me that the hallmark of true dignity
lies in the ability to take delight,
the ability to reflect the light,
the heart's capacity

to take flight,
the opportunity to taste the world
with the open-hearted trust
of the child.

These treasures cannot be erased with time,
for like the dying tree
they fertilize me with aspiration.

Respecting the beauty
of this soul
leads me closer to my own
inner passion
for those qualities
I revered in her:

Simplicity, forthrightness, honesty
dignity, joy, and an
unabashed participation in the bounty
and humor of this life.

These treasures cannot be erased with time,
for like the dying tree
they fertilize those that follow with aspiration.

Ethyl George

The following are some stories told by Ethyl about different members of the McMullin family and about her ancestors. She used to tell me a story and I would go home and write it, then take it back and read it to her to see if I had it written correctly. I think she chuckled as hard when I read it back to her as she did when she told it to me.

Ethyl George's father, Brigham McMullin, taught school in Harrisburg when he was seventeen years old. One night after school, he and a very close friend, Will Harris, decided they wanted to make a trip to Salt Lake City by horseback. They each had a fine horse, and that was the only mode of transportation they had. They each had exactly seventy-five cents in their pocket, but Brig's father, Willard G. McMullin, had friends all the way up the line. He gave them a list of the friends and where they lived. He was sure they could find accommodations at any of the places by telling them who they were.

That was the procedure the boys followed. They had clear sailing along Buck Horn Flat. It took some time before they came in sight of Cove Fort. They were sure they could rest there for a while. They were in high spirits and began flinging their arms in wild gestures and singing at the top of their voices.

The guard at Cove Fort thought it was Indians coming to attack them. He grabbed his gun to fire at them, but it wouldn't go off. He tried again, but the gun still would not go off the second time. He was frustrated and upset, and by this time the boys were close enough they could tell they were not Indians. When they got in front of the light, the man at the fort ran out and grabbed Ethyl's

father off the horse. With tears running down his face, he said, "My friend's boy! My friend's boy! I thought you were Indians coming to attack us. I'm glad my gun wouldn't go off. It was a good gun, but it wouldn't go off. I'm so glad it wouldn't go off."

Ethyl George said that since her dad was bishop for so many years, and so many Church Leaders came to their home and spent the night, it was called the **Mormon Hotel.** The hotel across the street was for paying guests, but the Mormon Hotel was run for nonpaying guests. She said about all the Presidents of the Church had been there to stay--not Brigham Young or John Taylor. Wilford Woodruff married her parents, but she doesn't remember of him ever being in the home. Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant had all been there to stay. Ethyl told of Lucy Young Gates, who was an opera singer, coming to St. George to sing in the Opera House. She had become great friends with Ada McMullin (Ethyl's mother). She called her up and said, "I would like to give a concert, Sister McMullin, in your home, and I would like to spend the night with you." Her mother was delighted.

She remembered her coming, and they put her in the little north bedroom. As she was getting ready to give the concert, all at once they heard her cry out, "Sister McMullin, I forgot my skirt. I don't have a skirt to wear." Ada was good at improvising. She pulled out a green taffeta petticoat with a lot of fluff and ruffles, and said, "Wear this. You accompany yourself, so you'll be sitting at the piano, and no one will know the difference."

They moved the piano to the window, then raised it and she put on a wonderful performance. The McMullins served an appetizing vegetable platter and gallons of lemonade. As Lucy nibbled on a carrot, she whispered, "After everyone has gone home, I'll have some of those onions with some homemade bread and milk." And no one else ever knew she had left her skirt at home.

Bishop Brig had several neighbors who lived across the main street that goes through Leeds. They all raised extremely good vegetable gardens, and he felt he could have as good a garden as any one of them, if he could just get a small reservoir up on the corner of his lot at the foot of the hill. But between his bishop's calling and earning a living for his growing family, he couldn't find the time.

Now, Bishop Brig had a large chicken coop next to the spot where he wanted the pond. The boys of the town thought it was great sport to go visit that coop and help themselves to his nice fat hens. This didn't set very well with the bishop and he swore he would catch them in the act of helping themselves to part of his livelihood. Ada, his wife, tried to calm him down because two of her friends were mothers of some of the boys who were frequent visitors at the coop.

The boys were getting great sport out of the situation and LeRoy Harris made up a little ditty and they would harmonize as they sang these words:

The Bishop went to the coop,
Found a track that made him whoop.
He followed it down to Harris's gate
There he found he was too late.
Tar rar a boom de lay
Mattie's hen won't lay today.
Clarence's rooster ran away,
Tar rar a boom de lay.

This made the bishop furious but Ada would say, "Dad, one of those boys has a beautiful tenor voice."

One night as the bishop sat at the kitchen table eating his supper, he heard his chickens begin to squawk and carry on making a terribly big racket. He jumped to his feet, grabbed a light and headed for the coop saying, "Those fool boys are at it again. I'll get them this time." Alas he arrived at the coop too late.

The bishop had been fussing and fuming for an hour or so when he saw a big bonfire down in the lower fields. As a bright idea struck him, his spirits rose. He headed in the direction of the fire and picked up his friend, Joe Thomas. With Joe accompanying him, as a witness, they sneaked close enough to the group to identify every one of them. Two of his own boys were in the group.

The bishop returned home elated and with the list of names before him, Brig proceeded to write a note to each boy. In the note he told them to meet him at the upper corner of his lot Monday morning at 7:00 a.m. and admonished them to bring a shovel along.

The boys didn't know what was going on, but from the sound of the note, they figured they should follow instructions. They all showed up at the designated time, with their shovels, and the Bishop got his pond dug. It stands to this day as witness to what happened in payment for their last escapade of chicken stealing at Bishop Brig McMullin's chicken coop.

Ethel George's grandfather, Robert Parker, came from England and was a textile man by trade. So, after coming to Utah, he was first called to Beaver, Utah, to work in the Textile Mill. Usually the pioneers lived in a covered wagon until they got a home built to live in. He struggled hard to get his first home built. The day he completed it, they had a steady soaking rain. As he crawled into bed, tired but with a satisfied feeling, he sighed and said, "What a great blessing to have a good roof over your head." He had no more than got the words out of his mouth when the roof came down on top of them.

His first home was a dugout.

What picture comes to your mind when you hear someone lived in a dugout? Let me explain what a dugout is like.

Dugouts were built into river banks or hills. It didn't take long to build one, for neighbors came to help excavate a hollow about 10 x 16 feet. They then cut cottonwood poles from trees to extend the side walls a few more feet and erect a front wall with openings for windows and a door. The back wall and part of the side walls were of earth--either river banks or hill sides. Over the square of the walls were laid poles close together, side by side. Over these were laid tree branches and brush. Dirt was thrown on top of these and well tamped down so that water would run off rather than soak through into the dwelling underneath. Even so, during a long, drizzly rain or in a heavy downpour, muddy drops did spatter down onto the beds and furniture. Some people lived in this type of dwelling for as long as four years.

Robert Parker was a great musician and his family followed in his footsteps. During the boom years of Silver Reef, there was a traveling vaudeville that stopped in Silver Reef to put on plays and whenever they came through the country, they called on Robert Parker to provide the entertainment they needed between the acts.

Robert Parker did an excellent job teaching his daughter (Ethyl's mother) and her friend, Phebe Covington, old time ballads. Their harmonizing was the envy of many. The girls enjoyed it as much as Robert did. One night he took them to Silver Reef to do their bit of entertaining.

Between the acts of a play, he stood behind the scenes and was so used to their singing that he didn't even notice what they were saying. All at once, the big audience, mostly miners, rose to their feet, with a deafening hand clapping and a roaring cry, "We will! We will! We will!

Robert was rudely awakened from his calm composure and excitedly asked what had caused the ruckus. Things finally calmed down and he got the whole story. He found that his lovely entertainers whom he had trained so well, were singing, a little ditty with a catchy tune that had these words in it "Who'll have me? Who'll have me? For better or for worse. We'll do our part and take care of your purse." And of course all the miners were shouting back, "We will! We Will! We will!"

Robert Parker was very furious with his darling entertainers when he found out what they had been singing. He asked "Where did you learn that? I'm disappointed with you. That was terrible." Ethyl's mother answered; "They are still clapping and carrying on out there. They liked it."

Ada Parker, Ethyl's mother, was full of life and vitality. One 4th of July, her father took the whole family to St. George to spend the day. Along came Brig McMullin on a beautiful black spirited horse. The horse was prancing around, standing up on its hind legs with the rider sometimes having a struggle to stay seated. Ada laughed loud and long over the sight. Her mother turned to her and exclaimed, "Ada, don't laugh so loud. That could be the man you marry." He was!

This is a story I have heard Ethyl George tell often about her Parker ancestors.

Arthur Parker was one of the four children of Robert and Ann Hartley Parker, who crossed the plains with the Daniel D. McArthur Handcart Company. Because Robert was stricken with a fever, he had to ride in one of the wagons. This made it necessary for Martha, the oldest of the four children, to leave her little brother, Arthur, in the care of other children, while she helped to pull the heavy handcart.

One day while they were traveling through the timber in Nebraska, Arthur became ill and sat down by the side of the trail to rest. He soon went to sleep. During the afternoon, all at once, a storm came up and the company hurried to make camp. When they found that Arthur was not with the children, they organized a group and went back to search for him. They spent two days searching for him. When they found no trace of the boy, the captain ordered the company to move on. Ann pleaded hard with him, but the food was getting low and he told her that they couldn't spare another day.

Ann Parker took a bright red shawl and pinned it around the frail shoulders of her sick husband, and sent him back alone to search again for their lost child. If he found him dead he was to wrap the boy in the red shawl. If he were alive, he was to let the red shawl be a flag to signal her that everything was all right.

As Robert left, Ann and her other children struggled on with the company. Robert retraced the miles of forest trail, calling, searching, and praying for his little lost son. At last he reached a trading station. He found that a woodsman and his wife had located the little boy all alone and ill, so they took him in and cared for him. God had heard the prayers of his people.

As they traveled forward, Ann and her children kept watch on the back trail. On the third night, the rays of the setting sun caught the glimmer of the bright red shawl. The brave little mother sank in a pitiful heap in the sand, completely exhausted. Ann slept that night for the first time in six long days and nights.

That night the group sang "All is well! All is well!"

Another incident Ethyl told that happened in the Robert and Ann Parker family was about their daughter, Martha Alice Parker.

After Martha married John Stillman Woodbury, they were called to St. George. Walking beside her husband, Martha made a rough trip to Dixie. A good share of the way, she held a rock in her hand with which she tapped the tires back into place when the boulders and ruts displaced them. They let their wagons down over the black ridges with chains, and their first home was a tent and a wagon.

Martha was nineteen when she gave birth to her first child; she bore eleven children.

Martha was carrying one of her children when her husband was called to a third mission to the Sandwich Islands. She was almost blind. John was so concerned about leaving Martha with a partially finished house and nearly blind that he consulted with his Stake President over the situation. President Erastus Snow promised him that his wife's eyes would be healed, her sight restored, and all would be well with her if he would accept the call. The Lord needed him; he was fluent in the Hawaiian tongue. John was set apart for his mission at the dedication of the St. George Temple in January 1877.

Martha was totally blind when the baby arrived, but loving family and kind neighbors saw her through. She never lost faith in the promise of the priesthood. Her sight came back just before John returned in 1879.

Before the town of Leeds had running water in their homes, it was standard procedure for each family to fill wooden barrels with water from the irrigation ditch out in front of their homes. The barrels were wrapped with burlap sacks to keep the water cool. They always had a dipper hanging by the barrel to make it convenient for anyone to help themselves to a good cool drink of water. Each family would try to get their water dipped up before the animals were turned out to quench their thirst.

Ethyl George said she loved the early morning hours, as a youngster. She was always full of vim and vigor, so she would jump out of bed and race for the irrigation ditch to see if she couldn't wash her feet in it before the towns people got their drinking water dipped up. Can't you see neighbors livid with anger? And I can just hear Ethyl giggle to think she got away with something. Her official name around the neighborhood was 'ornery spoiled brat'.

After the death of his wife, Lawrence McMullin came back to Leeds, planning to make his home here. He owned some ground in the foothills above the cemetery and the road that goes to the Connelley Fields (?), so he proceeded to build a small cabin on his ground.

One day while Lawrence was visiting with his sister, Ethyl George, he asked her if she would like to ride over to the field and see his new home. Ethyl was delighted to have the ride and, as she stood gazing at Lawrence's handiwork, she twisted her head first one side then another, then at last she remarked with one of her little chuckles, "Well, Lawrence, at least we know one thing. It will never tumble down. It won't know which way to fall."

Lawrence thought Ethyl would like to get out and have a little social life again so he invited her to go with him to a Senior Citizen dance. Ethyl went and was her old popular self. A week or so later, when he asked her if she would like to go again, her reply was, "I don't think so, Lawrence. At those dances you wonder which partner is helping to hold the other one up."

When Ethyl George came back to Leeds to live in the old B. Y. McMullin home, Willard bought the old Log Cabin Inn, and he and his brother, Bob, moved there.

For years, Willard and Bob McMullin, two old bachelors and brothers to Ethyl George, lived in the "Log Cabin Inn" which stood where Carl Howard's Silver Reef Cafe (Catfish Charlie) now stands. It was located on old Highway 91. They sold gas, a few groceries and had a pool table. It was a hangout for the teenagers, and my boys spent time there along with the rest. On cold nights the boys would gather round the fireplace and tell stories.

Willard was a little hard of hearing and didn't always hear when someone came up and honked their horn to get him to go out to the gas pump to give them some gas.

One night a cold blizzardy north wind was blowing, when a car pulled up to the gas pump and honked. Willard didn't get up and go out, so they honked again. Willard still didn't go out, so Ray Beal said, "Willard, someone is honking. You have a customer out there."

Willard's answer was, "Be quiet kid. Maybe they'll go away."

Part of Willard's time of living at the Log Cabin Inn was during gas rationing days. You had to turn in stamps for every gallon of gas you bought. Willard was good at collecting the stamps, but people took advantage of Bob when he waited on them. Some of them would say they forgot to bring their stamps with them and Bob would say, "That's OK. Don't worry about them."

The time came when Willard couldn't get any more gas to sell because he didn't have any stamps to turn into the distributor.

Kids were always taking advantage of Willard too. He was good about letting anybody charge things and he had a big ledger lying on the counter that he wrote the charges in. When someone paid their bill, he would write paid out to the side of their name. Kids bragged about writing paid out to the side of their charges when Willard wasn't in the room. I wonder how he ever made any profit.

One teenager that had made a charge, came back to pay his bill, and Willard had written down "Big Foot Millett" because he couldn't remember his name. The kid refused to pay the bill because he said his name wasn't "Big Foot."

Willard had one of the two telephones in town. One day when Stewart Allen was in St. George, he called Willard and asked if Leeds was on Highway 91. Willard told him it was, and Stewart said, "Well, you had better move it off. A big truck is coming through."

Ethyl always called Chris Olsen, a blacksmith and neighbor across the street, Doctor Olsen. She could always take her doll over to him when its eyes would stop opening and closing. He would operate on it and soon its eye's would open and close again. Chris always had time to help anyone.

We were all thrilled when Jeffery R. Holland, who spent his early years in St. George and was loved by all, was called as a General Authority of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, first as a Seventy then as an Apostle. Now, think what a thrill it was when word came out that Keith B. McMullin, a resident of Leeds in his youth, a son of Lawrence McMullin and Grandson of our early Bishop B. Y. McMullin, was called as Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric.

This house has remained in the family and is now owned by Joanne Thorton, granddaughter to Brigham Young McMullin and daughter of Ethyl George.

B Y McMullin Home Built 1881

Picture taken 1995

(Above) Brig and Ada Sitting

Civilian Conservation Corps

A short time before Stanley Fuller, a former Leeds Bishop, passed away, Glenn and I had a nice visit with him. I learned things about him that I have never known before. As we reminisced, I found that although he is about fifteen years older than I am, we were married about the same time, he just one month before Glenn and me. He met his wife about the same way I met Glenn.

It was depression years and most babies were born at home instead of the hospital. His wife had come down from Idaho to help her sister, who lived in Hurricane and was expecting a new baby. I had come down from Alton, Utah, to help my sister, who was expecting a new baby. I never went back to Alton to live. Silver Reef became my home.

During my first years here, transportation from Silver Reef to Leeds was accomplished by walking. We walked almost every place we went and it wasn't for our health. There was no money for gas although gas was only nineteen cents a gallon. Jobs were obtained by going to the Court House in St.George and putting your name on a waiting list. When your name came up, you had better be on the job or you would lose your chance. There were hundreds of people waiting to take your place.

There was one season of the year when Glenn and I could get a job and that was peach picking season. Boy! Would you laugh at the wages. Glenn would walk to and from the orchard and get fifty cents per hour or so much per each basket picked, which amounted to about the same thing. I got ten cents per basket for sorting peaches.

Those were lean years, but everybody was in the same boat. We were all poor (destitute). How many remember the great depression?

The stock market crash that caused the Great Depression of 1929 was what brought about the bill in Congress that created the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). It became one of the most popular of all the New Deal programs. The same type of program had been tried successfully to rebuild France after the war. Later, youth camps were instituted in other European countries. Franklin D. Roosevelt got this program going within a month after he was sworn in as President.

The first enrollment period for the CCC's began the first of April 1933 and continued until 1942. To get in the CCC Camp the young men were supposed to be at least eighteen years old. Some got in at sixteen years of age because they lied about their age. There had to be a family need to be eligible. It was originally open to young men whose families were on Relief and some World War I Veterans. It was soon thrown open to any young volunteers.

The CCC program really had a dual purpose. One was to get some public projects completed and another to create a job program for unemployed youth during those lean years. The CCC's were paid five dollars a month plus board and room and clothes for themselves and twenty-five dollars was sent home to their families. That five dollars seemed like a fortune to the boys that hadn't even been able to earn one cent.

The boy's enlisted for a six month period and two years was the limit. My brother was in a camp for six months and I had a dear friend that contracted pneumonia and died while in one of the camps.

I think the CCC program was a good thing. It probably kept a lot of teenagers from becoming juvenile delinquents. Lots of people wouldn't let their girls go with the CCC boys. They called them "trash", but I knew some boys over in the Kanab and Grand Canyon area, and no nicer boys could be found anywhere than they were.

CCC Camp 585 was established down below Leeds where the old Forest Service Ranger Station was located. This camp consisted of about 250 boys plus the officers, mechanics, and

special men. Most of these boys came from back East. Army officers administered the camp with four or five reserve officers helping.

John Shipley was the commanding officer. I don't remember ever meeting him, but Glenn and I were quite well acquainted with some of his officers. These are some of their names: Al Dobruskey ran the big caterpillar for the Forest Service, Dill Pickles (a nickname) was a mechanic. Officers were Captain McBride, Fat Larson, (a slim man), Dorsey, Verle Newbold, and Ken Carnahan.

The boys needed passes to be out late at night or be gone over a weekend. They were controlled in camp by the military. The Soil Conservation or Forest Service or whatever department they worked for controlled them out on the various projects.

It was at this time that the Forest Service built the road that ends at the foot of Pine Valley Mountain, with the CCC boys help. The boys built the Oak Grove Recreation Park which consisted of a group of camp sites, containing stoves and tables. They piped spring water to different areas and built rest rooms. At one time they had swings and teeter-totters in several places, a tennis court and an amphitheater. Several of these things have been done away with now.

When the boys were first brought here, the Town had a problem with so many people all at once. The boys would join in with Community and Church entertainments, but it wasn't long till many of them found entertainment more to their liking in St.George and that relieved the strain. But a few still joined the Leeds activities.

Three of the Leeds CCC Camp boys married Leeds girls. Jack Coxe married Virginia Angell, Jack Long married Wilma Hartman, and Elbert Pack married Montana Caldwell. They have all moved away from Leeds.

We had one tragedy while the CCC's were here. One day, as one of the residents was going down Main Street, he found one of the boys lying dead in the gutter by the side of the road. An investigation was made but no facts were found. It made people in Leeds a little fearful of the CCC boys and they weren't quite as well accepted as they had been before the incident.

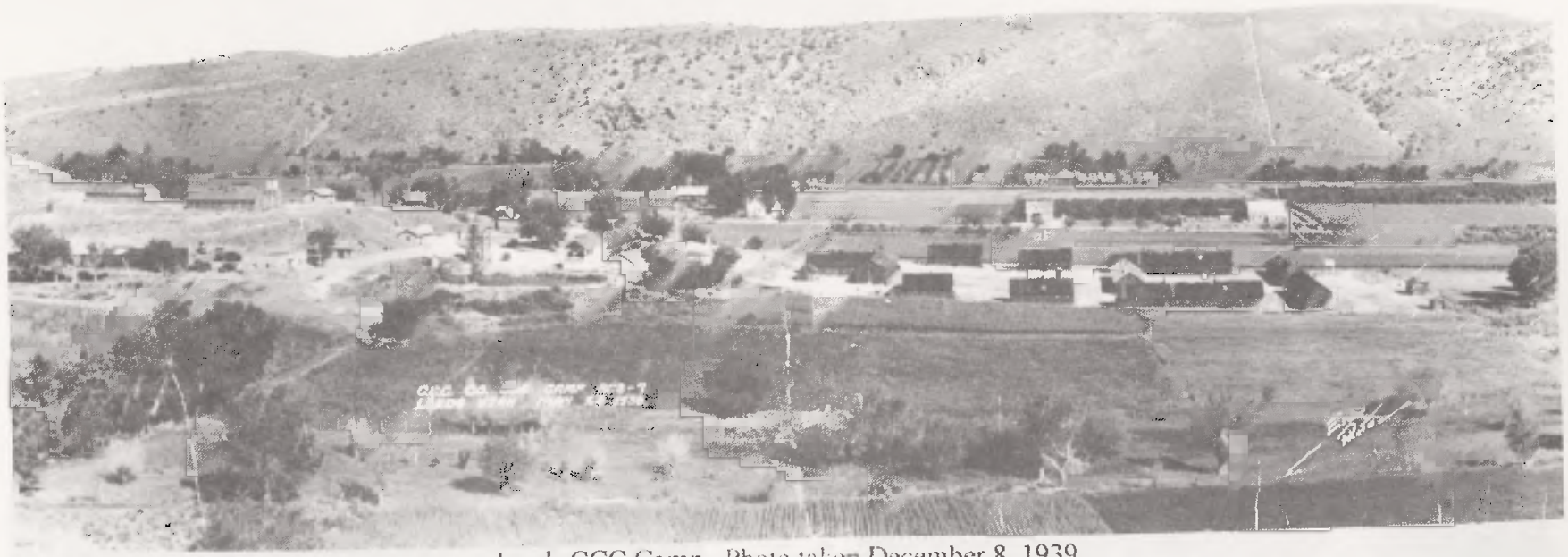
Sixteen years later, one of the CCC boys confessed to the murder. He said he and his friend had gone to LaVerkin to a dance. They bought a gallon of wine and had gotten into an argument about what to do with the rest of the wine. During the fight, one boy was killed. The guilty boy had kept quiet for sixteen years but it had preyed on his mind so much that he finally confessed. He was returned to St.George for trial. The judge felt that he had suffered enough over the sixteen years so he was turned loose.

The rocks used for the rock buildings on the CCC Camp site came from Silver Reef. I stood on the side lines and watched the boys tear down the rock walls out in front of the Wells Fargo building. I hated to see the buildings torn down, but I guess they went for a good purpose. They were used to build special buildings at the camp. They hauled load after load to the CCC Camp site.

The camp went full swing until Pearl Harbor Day. Then it wasn't long until the boys were either in the army or on the defense jobs. The depression was over.

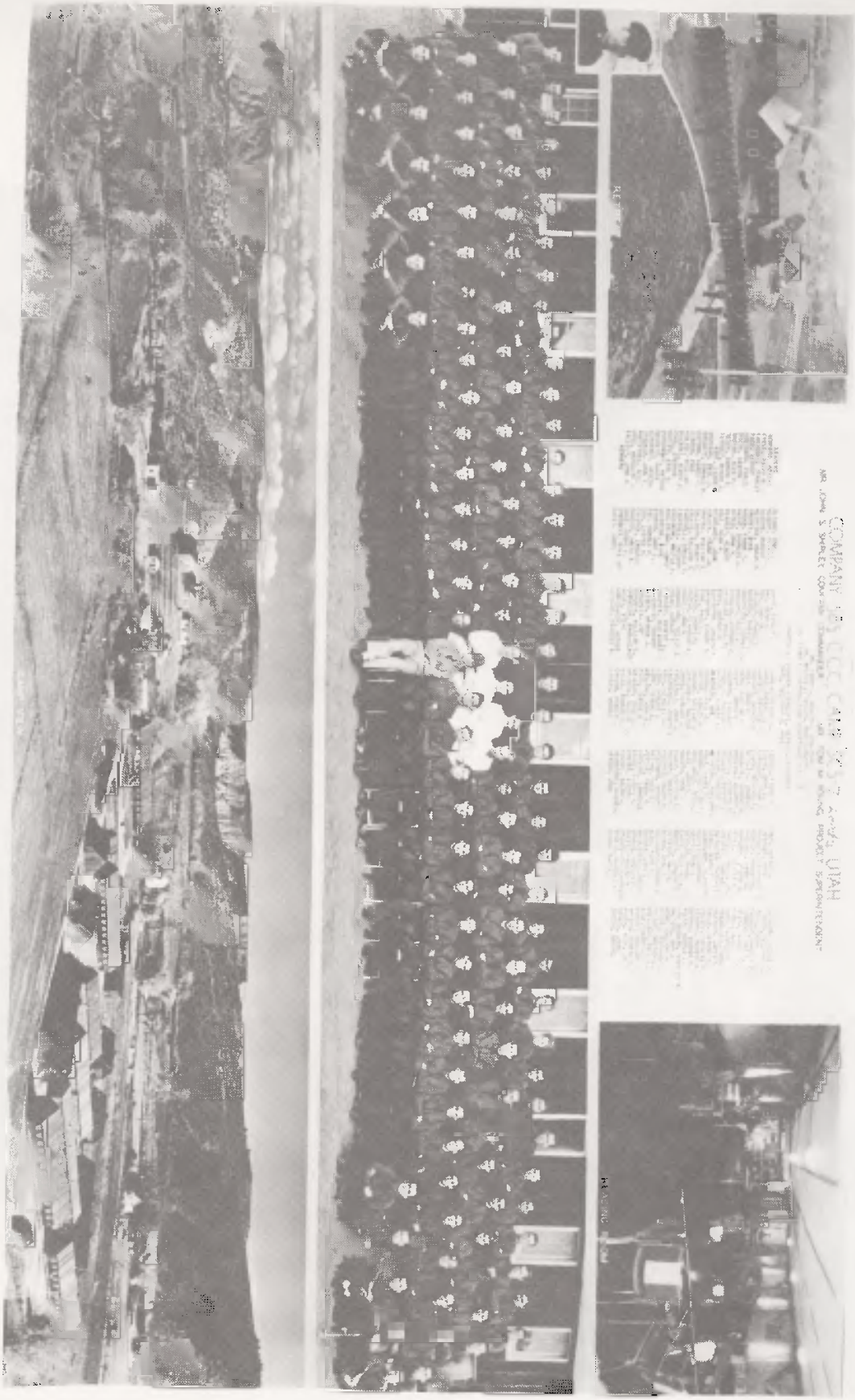
When the CCC Camp ceased to function, Abner Perry, from Cedar City, bought the barracks and hired Reed Cox, Klingensmith, and Glenn Beal to dismantle them. He hauled the material to Cedar City to build other buildings. It didn't take long to change the looks of the place.

Now, June Foster has come along with the dream to restore the CCC Camp (the rock buildings which were special buildings, such as: the doctor's quarters, dispensary, officers' quarters, blacksmith's shop and the pump house), and she is doing a pretty good job of it.



Leeds CCC Camp Photo taken December 8, 1939

Buildings at CCC Camp



Another view of CCC Camp 585

Above: June Foster
7-8-91--Back: Bill Foster, Adriene Roberts
Wilma Beal, Marilyn Burt, Evelyn McMullin, June Foster, Parry

Ranger Station

This forest service Ranger Station was built about 1912 but was stationed down across the street from the CCC camp, approximately where Clarence Prisbey's home was later built. About 1945 Roy Hartley purchased the Ranger Station and moved it to 110 South Main where it now stands. After Roy's death it passed on to his wife Rose. At her death it passed on to a niece. The niece died and her husband, Usher Wilcock, is now the owner.

About 1912--Ranger Station--Picture 1995

Charles Connelley Home

This information on Charles Connelley came to me from Jim Kemple from histories that he has accumulated. It is as follows.

John Larkin Foote was born in Northern Alabama. His parents owned a plantation, with slaves, in the vicinity of Tuscumbia. John received his primary education at a nearby country school, then went to college in Nashville, Tennessee. He studied medicine, but never completed the course for a physician degree.

As a young man John went to Kansas then proceeded west to California.

Like many other sons of the south, John's sympathies were with the Confederacy, and he probably wasn't very discrete in the way he expressed his sentiments. He was taken into custody by the Union authorities and was held as a prisoner of war until he gave an oath of parole to gain his freedom. However, his sympathies were still with the seceding states and the temptation was so great that he became involved with the Confederate authorities to use a merchant ship, the "Chapman," to deliver arms to the South. The U.S. Naval authorities got wind of the conspiracy. When they seized the vessel, it contained several cannons and sizable stores of smaller arms and ammunition.

Only a few of the crew were on board when the vessel was captured. When news of the incident became public, those not on the craft took to cover. John Larkin Foote was one of these men. During the night, he made his way to the country home of a friend by the name of Harris. He

had crossed the plains with him several years before in the same company of immigrants. His friend equipped him with the necessary equipment for a long overland journey.

Having violated his oath of parole, John Larkin Foote well knew what the penalty would be should he fall into the hands of the Federal Authorities. He set his course accordingly. He changed his name to Charles Albert Connelley, and avoiding the main traveled routes, headed for southern Utah.

Having an education well above the average of those times was to his advantage. While teaching school in Paragonah, he married Jane Rowley of Parowan. Next he taught school in Kanarra, New Harmony and Harrisburg.

When the town of Leeds was plotted out, Charles Connelley was among the first to establish a home here. He filed on 160 acres of homestead. Down through the years his homestead has carried the name of Connelley Fields. He and his wife were the first school teachers of Leeds. When a post office was established, he became the first postmaster.

Charles Connelley had a large family that lived in this old rock building. Its walls are about 18 inches thick, and has 12 foot high ceilings. The two front rooms were built of sandstone rock in about 1868. The rock has its original look on the outside. You can tell that at one time it has had a fireplace inside but it has been filled in and plastered over. Through the years a lean-to was added. It consisted of a kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom. Still, at a later date, another lean-to was added to make another bedroom, service room, and fruit room. This house definitely shows the two separate, added portions on the back. It takes constant care to keep it in repair and still does not have many of the modern conveniences of the new homes today. This home now belongs to Ray and Verlynn Beal.

Charles Connelley Home--Built 1868
Additions here

Remodeled--Ray Beal Home
Taken 1995

Tithing Office

The Tithing Office was built in 1891 by Willard G. McMullin. He was a noted brick mason and did the fine mason work on the Tithing Office building, which is surrounded by a high rock wall. It was built while B. Y. McMullin was bishop of the Leeds Ward.

The Tithing Office contained both office and storage space, since it was built in the day when produce was turned in for tithing. It had a pair of scales for weighing produce, and bins in the basement for storing grain that was turned in for tithing. Dried peaches, pears, apples, apricot, grapes and wine were all turned in for tithing.

The wine was stored in 200 and 300 gallon oak barrels. Since the barrels were too big to be carried down into the wine cellar, they had to be built there. At first, wine making was encouraged and they were told to export it rather than consume it. The wine was not all exported, by any means. It was used to pay assessments, and other bills. One tenth of a farmer's wine was turned in for tithing just the same as any other produce. The result was that there was as many different qualities of wine as there were people that made it. Wine was paid to the church on a regular basis until it began to lack uniformity and quality. When the church quit accepting wine for tithing, the old wine makers still kept on making it, selling it, and consuming it.

After the church quit taking produce for tithing, the ward had no need for this building. It was fixed up inside for living quarters and it has housed quite a few families at different times through the years.

During the 1950's, when Evelyn McMullin was Relief Society President, we were told we could fix the tithing office up for a Relief Society home.

We had earned $1650.00 toward our goal when we were told that the project was not feasible. It would be too expensive to heat, and everything had to be under one roof. What a disappointment. The building was sold later to Joe Beasley for $450.00.

Built 1891--Tithing Office--Picture 1995

Alma Angell/William Sullivan Home

Alma Angell built this home in about 1868. It is a two-story rock building with it's dirt cellar. It had a beautiful bannister leading upstairs, and the ground floor was used as a rental for quite a few years. It was always called the "Rock Room," the room originally built. The cellar is divided into two rooms and the room where the wine was stored had a padlock on it.

The people of Leeds were about as transient in those days as they are today. They couldn't make up their minds. Alma Angell sold his home and it has been occupied, in turn, by George

Crosby, William Latham, Oscar McMullin, Margaret Jane Meeks Hamilton, then it was purchased by William D. Sullivan, who lived there until he died in 1946.

At some time during the period between 1868 and 1946 a beautiful addition was built on the south and west side. A big sprawling porch, a parlor, two bedrooms and a kitchen were built of lumber. It was probably built in the late 1800's or early 1900's. Just how long it was there, no one seems to know for it has also been gone for years. Bud Stratton thinks it was torn down by his father when he was about twelve years old, because his father used materials from it to build chicken coops and corrals. That would put the time for demolishing it at about 1950. There is nothing left but pictures to show of it's beauty. The original rock part is all that stands today. There is strong talk today by the present owners of the Cotton Mill of tearing it down and rebuilding it as part of a Historical Village down by the Cotton Mill.

At present this building is owned by Bud and Penny Stratton.

Built 1868--Alma Angell/William Sullivan Home--Picture 1995

George Angell/Walter Eagar Home

"George Angell was no slouch with his head, his tools, and his two willing hands," said his daughter, Virginia Angell Coxe, in her book "Beckie." He designed and built this cottage in 1885. These buildings must have been called cottages because they were small and built of lumber. According to Virginia Angell, this cottage was considered a fairly good sized house for those days. It had two rooms and a dirt wine cellar under the house like most of the other houses in town. That was just standard procedure.

After the family moved across the street to the bigger Wilkinson home, the cottage stood vacant for some time. Walter and Jessie Eagar became the next owners.

Walter and Jessie Eagar came to Leeds in the fall of 1928 as managers of the E. J. Graff Leeds Mercantile. Everyone that knew E. J. Graff knew that he owned different businesses and a large amount of land between Hurricane and Cove Fort. I have heard many people brag about what

a wonderful man he was to work for and how he had helped them out of tight squeezes during hard times in their lives.

The Eagars lived in Bill Sullivan's "Rock Room" while they were getting settled and tried managing the store in Leeds. They worked at this for a few years, but couldn't make ends meet, because the great depression years had hit the country. Who could make anything during those years? We were lucky to make enough to exist on.

Mary Jane Olsen, who had been postmistress for 28 years, came down with pneumonia and passed away September 1, 1932. Walter heard the Post Office was up for bids, so he took the Civil Service examination and ended up with the contract. For the next 30 years, he was our postmaster.

To start with, the Eagars didn't have a home nor a place to put the Post Office. The small Angell house on the corner of 125 North Main had been vacant for some time, and they thought that place would be ideal because it was in the center of town.

Walter went to see Beckie Angell, and she quoted the price she would like to get for the house, then told him to go to the Court House and see about the taxes. He found that she hadn't paid the taxes for five years and had really lost the place to the County. Walter paid the delinquent taxes and they handed him a deed to the property. He handed it back and told them to put the property back in the name of Beckie Angell, who was a widow, and he would pay her the way they had agreed. After that, the deed transaction could be made. Beckie Angell never knew she had lost the place because of delinquent taxes.

The Eagars fixed the little cottage up and Walter built a room for the post office. At first, the wages were a percentage of cancellation of the stamps, so they got very little for their labor. They had borrowed money to pay the taxes and for the first payment to Aunt Beckie, so this left them very little to live on. He had to find work on the side. In 1935, the Eagars completely remodeled their home, adding two extra rooms plus building a small room in front to house the Leeds Post Office.

I don't think my story would be complete without telling the Ross Eagar Story. Ross was born June 18, 1933 and had lived a full and vigorous life for nineteen years. He was full of enthusiasm for his drum playing, and could he play them! I think he was in the Eagar front living room playing the drums every time I went into the post office to pick up my mail. He was a sophomore in Dixie College, the center of college activity, and engaged to be married. The future was full of promise.

Monday, October 17, 1952, Ross headed to St. George to the first classes of his Sophomore year of college. He didn't feel much like going for he was already exhausted from a weekend of activity. He had a nagging sore throat, but he drove the few miles into St. George with great anticipation for the future.

That is the way the day began, but by 11:00 o' clock he headed for home. Upon arrival he crawled into bed too sick to care about anything. By morning he couldn't stand on his feet, so he was flown to Salt Lake City. He was unconscious, off and on for more than three months, living in an iron lung. He had three kinds of infantile paralysis; namely, ***spinal polio, bulbar polio, and encephalitis.***

When Ross would regain consciousness, he would long for sleep again because of the intense pain. Sedatives could not be used because they were dangerous to bulbar patients.

Ross was completely dependent on others, for he couldn't move on his own. His facial

muscles were paralyzed. If his eyes were open, they stayed open until someone closed them. He couldn't swallow and for two months was fed through his veins and a tube in his nose.

Jessie Eagar, mother of Ross, was by his side constantly during these trying times. She came home for a short time, every two weeks, to do absolute necessities for her little family that was left at home.

After Ross had been in the iron lung for over a year, he began to spend short periods of time, each day, on the rocking bed which gave him a new feeling of independence. These feelings didn't last long though because lying immobile for so long made him easily susceptible to other problems that stopped his therapy.

Ross had two major and five minor kidney operations and each one put him back in the iron lung for a month or more. He had several bladder infections, twenty-eight blood transfusions, twice he had pneumonia, a severe ear infection, and several toe nails removed; all without anesthesia. Each week brought some painful complication, besides polio, to fight. His weight dropped from 160 pounds to 79 pounds.

In December 1953, fourteen months after Ross became ill, he was flown to Hondo, California, where the largest respiratory center in the world, Rancho Los Amigos, is located. Here he had uninterrupted and painful therapy three times a day and at 3:00 a.m. He learned *loasto phregno* (frog) breathing. It took eight months of daily practice to master the process of gulping air and forcing it down. This made it so he could eventually sit in a wheel chair for a short time.

In March 1955 Ross was flown home to Leeds, where a special room was built on the Eagar home and the equipment necessary to keep him alive was installed by the Polio Foundation. The Foundation said they would pay for help for a few hours each day, so the Eagars hired Evelyn McMullin, a neighbor across the street, to help them. She would spend a short time in the morning then come again in the afternoon.

This homecoming was an especially happy time for a mother who had spent the first nine months of Ross's illness at his bedside and a father who had spent the same time alone, caring for two youngsters at home. It was good for the parents, who had made twenty-seven round trips to California within fifteen months, to have him home again.

During all this time Walter was still Postmaster. Ross had been engaged, but when he was sick such a long time, his girlfriend broke the engagement.

The first family that came to see Ross, after he arrived home, was the Fish family from Anderson's Ranch, Jesse, Lucile and their daughter, Zelda. After that first visit, Zelda kept coming back to see Ross. She would bring him things to eat, books to read, and write letters for him. She would climb upon the rocking bed to comb his hair and rub his aching arms and legs. She did everything she could to make him more comfortable.

Walter and Jessie began to worry about the attention she was giving Ross. They didn't want him to be hurt again, so they asked Mrs. Fish what she was going to do about it. Lucile said she wasn't going to do anything about it.

Zelda kept coming, and the things she did for his comfort and pleasure reminded Ross of a dream he had while he was in the iron lung. He had the same dream three nights in a row. He dreamed that a dark haired girl came and brought him cool drinks and combed his hair and rubbed his aching body. As time went on, he forgot the dream because he couldn't believe that the girl he had been engaged to would come back after she had left him. At first, Ross thought Zelda was just being kind, but then as she continued to come, he remembered his dream, and she fit the picture.

One day, out of the clear blue sky, Zelda said, "Ross, I know you're going to get out of this bed and be all right, but even if you don't, I want to marry you." What an earth shaking statement

for an eighteen year old girl to make.

The family wanted her to know what she would be getting into if she married him, so for two months she did everything for him. With the help of Walter and Jessie, she learned to use the complicated equipment that was necessary to keep him alive. The main pieces of equipment included the rocking bed, exercise bar, a suction device for artificial coughing, a hydraulic jack for lifting him out of the bed into the wheel chair.

On Friday November 23, 1956, twenty-three year old Ross Eagar was married to eighteen year old Zelda Fish. Arrangements were made for a special session in the St. George LDS Temple. Ross' parents, Walter and Jessie Eagar and Zelda's parents, Jesse and Lucile Fish, along with Bishop Clair Stirling and his wife, Helen, (sister to Jessie Eagar) were there with just enough workers to take the session through. On Saturday November 24th a reception was held in the LDS Toquerville recreation hall. It was a lovely affair and Ross was able to sit in the wheel chair through it all.

Ross was provided with a small compact home with ramps giving access to the various rooms. There was a power plant built behind the house to take care of any emergency such as power shortage.

To help Ross become self supporting, Jim Lundberg, from St. George, taught him how to sell Farmer's Insurance. He did it by telephone, from the rocking bed, and Zelda learned the business too. Zelda also got paid for taking care of Ross, making it possible for them to live independently.

Later, they moved to Cedar City, thinking their business might be better. While living in Cedar, they had two beautiful daughters born to them. Ross lived five years after they were married. He taught Sunday School classes while living in Leeds and was Ward Teacher Supervisor in Cedar City Fourth Ward.

Jessie says that while Ross was so bad, she had two different men tell her that she was trying to hang on to Ross too hard and it was making him suffer. They wanted to give him a blessing and dedicate him to the Lord. Finally she gave her consent. One gave him a blessing one day and the other the next and neither one of them dedicated him to the Lord. When asked why they had failed to do it, their replies were " they couldn't." Ross lived six years after that experience.

One Patriarch went to visit Ross and asked him if he had previously received a patriarchal blessing and Ross told him he had. The Patriarch told him he would like to give him another one that wasn't for this life but for the life to come. In the blessing he said, "You will be chosen as one of the hundred and forty-four special ambassadors for Christ and the Lord is preparing you for that great calling."

In spite of all the trials Ross went through, when you went to visit him, he was so cheerful and pleasant that you went away the receiver rather than the giver.

Ross Eagar lost his nine-year fight against ***paralytic poliomyelitis*** February 3, 1962. He died at his home in Cedar City. As Etta Mariger has said, even in death the name of Ross Eagar is a monument to immortal courage.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a priceless jewel in its head;
And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongue in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare's ***"As You Like It.***

A few years ago, Walter passed out while working out in his garden and was rushed to the Dixie Medical Center. He was sick for quite a while and the bills piled high and fast, as only they can do in a hospital. When he was brought home to recuperate, he couldn't rest for worry. How was he going to be able to meet his obligations? Medicare would only pay a small part of it. In the past, his medical bills hadn't been so high but what he could eventually pay them off. This time they were so enormous that, had he been a young man instead of 85 years old, it would have taken him a life time to pay the bills.

Walter's daughter, Idonna Snow, from California, came up to help Jessie take care of him. While she was here, he told her of his dilemma and said he couldn't get better because he couldn't quit worrying.

Idonna asked, "Dad, don't you have any insurance?" Walter told her that he didn't because he hadn't been able to afford it, but that he had been able to pay his medical bills all the time in the past. Idonna was upset. "You mean to tell me that you have been a federal employee for thirty years and never had some kind of insurance through the post office? I can't believe it and I am going to find out." Idonna immediately phoned the head post office department in Washington D.C. They asked if Walter had an annuity card, with a certain letter on it, a card that had been issued to him when he became postmaster. Walter pulled a card out of his wallet that he had carried for well over thirty years. The department asked if it had an R number on it, and Idonna gave the number to them. They said 'that's it.' That proved that he had been a member of the Federal Employee Program. They instructed her to call the Head Office in Salt Lake City and told her they were sure all the bills would be taken care of. Now, Walter could quit worrying and get better. But think of all the years Walter had carried that magic card. He had paid all his own medical bills, when the postal insurance would have been such a great help.

When all the Eagar family was at home, they had a family dance band called the "Eagar Beavers." It was a good band and it was popular. In later years, after the children were gone, Walter and Jessie did lots of playing for dances. Evelyn McMullin played the drum, and they picked up other helpers now and again.

This little old cottage is now owned by Ray and Faye Pack from Midvale, Utah.

Built 1885--George Angell/Walter Eagar Home
Picture about 1935

Picture--1995

Donald Elijah Fuller Home

When Donald and Lavinnia Fuller got married, back in 1896, the only house they could find to live in was the old Dan Sill house. It was located back of the rock wall behind our Town Hall.

Here, we need to tell a little about Dan Sill. The following is taken from Saga of Three Towns, by Marietta Mariger.

"Mr. Sill was a member of the so-called Utah Army, the commonly used name for Johnston's Army. Crossing the western plains, he was detailed to guard the Pony Express stations. Like many others of that army, he elected to stay west when the army was recalled.

Dan Sill and a partner owned sheep some place near Pioche, Nevada. Once they befriended a sick Indian, who, in gratitude, led them to a ledge that contained a large deposit of silver ore, saying, "Here white mans rock, I find. You helped me, you have "

They located the ledge, then others heard of it, and tried to buy it, but Dan and his partner refused to sell. One morning they made and drank their coffee and became violently ill. The partner died an agonizing death. Dan was not so sick, and did not die, but he knew that poison had been put in their coffee. He knew he would not try to hold that mine against such lust for wealth, so he brought his few sheep and came to Utah. The mine became the famous Raymond and Ely Mine in the Pioche district, whose production history was known far and wide.

Dan came to Leeds, kept a few horses, cattle, and sheep, and was fairly prosperous. He developed cancer and spent much money and effort trying to get cured. Many trips were made to Salt Lake City for treatments; cured in one spot, it broke out some place else. His livestock went, but his old age was made secure by a pension granted on his army record. He had neither wife nor children, but he had three great loves--his church, his animals, and children.

He attended the dedication of the LDS Temple in Salt Lake City. On his return, he brought each man, woman, and child in Leeds, a fine, large Florida orange and delivered them in person. Dan Sill died in Leeds past the age of 70 and is buried here."

To make the Dan Sill home livable, Vinnie had covered the walls and ceiling with factory, (an inexpensive, coarse, cream-colored cloth), made at the Washington Factory Mill. It was not a choice place to live because it was located so close to Tom Stirling's corral. Tom Stirling's corral was a big corral where all the cattlemen brought their cattle in the spring and in the fall to brand and mark them. Sometimes there were cattle in the corral for weeks at a time, and the noise was terrible. They lived in that house for the first ten years of their married life.

When Donald Fuller acquired property to put a home on, he went to Silver Reef and bought an old lumber house and moved it to Leeds. To pay for this house, Don had to go to Nevada and haul ore and freight from Las Vegas to Beatty, Nevada. This made it impossible for him to get Vinnie moved in their new home immediately.

By now, they had four little youngsters. Can't you imagine how anxious Vinnie must have been to get out of that little one room shack and into her own home? She was so anxious that, according to Bert Sullivan, her son-in-law, while Don was out freighting to pay for the house, Vinnie started carrying the small things by hand to her new home. The distance was about two and one-half

blocks, one way. It took days and days and many, many trips to get the small things moved, with four little tikes trailing along with her each trip. She had to have them trail along with her, because every time her back was turned, little six-year-old Clint would head for the East Mountain. Vinnie would have to lock the other three children in the house while she trudged up the hill in her long dress to bring Clint back. She often tied him up, but he learned how to untie the knots, so that didn't work any more. By the time Don came home, there was nothing left to move but the large things. What a happy day for Lavinnia.

Don and Vinnie raised their nine children plus one nephew in this home. As the years have passed, there have been additions and conveniences added. In Clint Fuller's history, he tells of the time when Leeds first got electricity. He said a man came around selling stock in the Power Company. The boys thought the company would hang the lights right then, and Bango! They would have electric lights. They decided everyone in town must have bought stock in the company because they all got electric lights at the same time. Surprised? How else could it work?

Now, I want to insert a little bit that Ethyl George told. She told us of meetings the progressive town people called when they first wanted to get the electricity in town. They got so far with the planning, but it took $75.00 to get it into each home. One night, two men got up and walked out of the meeting carrying their lanterns and said, "We'll walk by the light of the moon, first." Ethyl said that her dad quoted "We'll get them yet."

The electric light poles were put in the middle of the street and, of course, all the lines were completed before the electricity was turned on. I have a picture showing the light poles in the middle of the street.

This picture is shown in the front of the book.

In a 1916 Washington County News clipping, it reads:

"Leeds, August 22-- A mass meeting was called last night by some of our citizens to decide what could be done about moving the telephone poles (I'm sure they meant light poles) out of the center of the street. It was decided to move them to the west side. This will enable them to get a better grade for our improved road north of town."

Because Leeds and Silver Reef are so closely connected in many ways, I am going to include in these writings the story of Henry C. Clark, "the gambler," and his family. This information is taken from the history written by Henry Clifford Clark, Jr., a great nephew of the gambler. It tells of the Clark's connection with the Elijah Knapp Fuller's family. Susannah Fuller, daughter of Elijah Knapp Fuller and sister to Donald Elijah Fuller, of Leeds, married Henry Clark's brother, James Edward Clark.

As a young man in Dublin, Ireland, John Richard Clark was a coachman for the wealthy and noble Clifford family. He fell in love with their daughter, Ester, but was rejected by her family, being only a coachman. Much to the displeasure of the Clifford family, John Richard and Ester eloped and were married. Ester was disowned by her family and left Ireland with only a set of fine silverware, which is still in possession of family descendants.

The young couple decided to emigrate to America and came to Brooklyn, New York, in the late 1840's. During the next five years, Ester gave birth to three children: Annie, 18 December 1848; James Edward, 25 September 1850; and Henry Clifford, 13 March 1853.

It was in the early 1850's that John Richard decided they should go to the west to seek their

fortune in the California Gold Rush. The plan was that he would go first, board a ship, sail around the tip of South America, and up to California. After making enough money, he would send for the family to join him. He left aboard the ship, but as the ship proceeded through the Straits of Magellan, off the tip of South America, it sank in heavy seas. Word was returned to Ester and family that there were no survivors. However, John Richard and one other person survived by clinging to the ship's mast and being rescued by the Indians. Later, they were able to catch another ship and make it to California.

In California, the gold rush was over when John Richard finally arrived. He wrote of his survival to Ester, but when the letter arrived, she had moved and never received it. After a considerable wait, he wrote to her family in Ireland to find out where she was located. Months later, an answer came from Ireland with her new address in New York. By the time all of the communications were complete to get them together in California, eight years had passed since he left Brooklyn.

The Clark family moved from California and settled in Silver Reef, Utah, a bustling silver mining town in the 1870's. John Richard and his son James Edward became miners, but not Henry Clifford. He was a handsome, and flamboyant young man who liked to gamble. He was very good at it and often won hundreds of dollars in one night. Ester often told stories to her grandchildren about Henry's gambling activities. She said that Henry C. would gamble all night and bring home large amounts of silver and gold coins. Each morning, she would put them in her apron and take them to the Wells Fargo Bank for deposit. Through Henry's gambling winnings, the Clark family became one of the most wealthy families in Silver Reef.

On the first day of December 1878, Henry was in the Saloon gambling. His father was there also. An argument ensued between Henry and the bar tender, who accused Henry of cheating. The bar tender drew a gun and shot Henry dead. Someone then shot and killed the bar tender. Henry's father was tried for the murder of the bar tender. He said, "What would you do if someone had just killed your son? They said, "kill him" and acquitted John Richard. Ester said that John Richard did not kill the bar tender. She said it was "Little Black Joe," the Saloon Keeper who shot him, but John Richard took the blame to protect "Little Black Joe."

Henry was buried in Silver Reef on the Bonanza Flats. A large stone monument, enclosed within an iron fence, was erected in his memory. This wrought iron fence is still standing, but vandals have surely used it for a target.

Good times for the Clark family soon disappeared. The silver mines closed and the banks went broke. The funds held in the bank for the Clarks were all lost. John Richard died and was buried next to Henry on the hillside in Silver Reef. Ester moved to Eureka, Utah where she later died and was buried there in April 1904. James Edward Clark went on to marry Susie Fuller, daughter of Elijah Knapp Fuller. He was buried in the Leeds Cemetery just down the hill a short distance from the Clark graves in Silver Reef.

Pioche Weekly Record
December 7, 1878

The Silver Reef Tragedy,--From Alex Veitch, who returned from the East last Tuesday, and who was in Silver Reef at the time of the occurrence, we learn some of the particulars of the killing of Henry Clark and Sykes Griffin. It appears that there has been a grudge betwixt the two for some time past, which culminated last Sunday morning by the shooting and killing of Henry Clark by Sykes. Clark was shot twice--once in the heart and abdomen--and fell dead almost immediately, Sykes falling on top of him, and Jimmy Clark on Sykes. While the parties were down, Sykes was

shot in the ankle and hip and his skull fractured by blows from some kind of weapon. He lived during Sunday and was to have been buried on Monday. He was not sensible from the time of the occurrence until his death. Several parties were present during the fracas, but they declined to say anything about it, claiming that there was so much powder-smoke in the room that they could not see who inflicted the injuries on Sykes, although the supposition is that, as both of the Clark boys were unarmed, Jimmy took away Syke's pistol and did the business. The affair occurred in the faro room of Cassidy's saloon. No arrests were made.

Later.--Jimmy Clark was arrested and held under $1,500 bail. Henry Clark was only shot once. The trouble was caused by the faro dealer refusing to receive "jawbone" bets from Clark.

After Don and Vinnie Fuller died, their daughter, Maida, became the owner of their home. This home is a far cry from its humble beginning, and is now owned by Lowell and Karen DeCamp.

Built 1905--Donald Elijah Fuller Home--Picture 1995

Elijah Thomas Home

Elijah Thomas was born 22 January 1815 and was baptized a member of the LDS Church in February 1844. When the call came for the Mormon Battalion, Elijah volunteered because he was still a single man. At one time while on their march to California, he became violently ill as the company prepared to leave camp. He was laid under a huge pear cactus and left to die. Hunger made Elijah eat some of the cactus and it made him vomit. He must have gotten rid of some poison because he got well and caught up with the Battalion. He claimed to be one of the six Mormons at Sutters Mill, in California, when gold was discovered.

Elijah filled a five-year mission to Brazil. While on the ship traveling to South America, a great storm came up and it looked like the ship and everyone aboard would be destroyed. The ship's captain heard of the Mormon Elders, who were on board, and he asked them to come up on deck and stop the storm. The Elders managed to get to the deck and Elijah was asked to be the mouthpiece and ask the Lord to save them and the ship. As soon as he finished the prayer, the storm

calmed. When Elijah had been set apart for his mission, he had been told that he would have the power to calm the seas and do many other miraculous things.

After he returned from the mission field, Elijah Thomas was called to the Dixie Cotton Mission to establish an oil manufacturing business. He had three wives, but he and his second wife, Ann Hayward, with two sons, came to Leeds in 1868. According to a history written by Henry Jolley, his wife and her two sons built the rock house. If they did, they had to be pretty good rock masons for their age. Of course most pioneer women were able to do almost anything they put their hands to. They also built their corral to extend over the sidewalk to include the irrigation ditch so they could have access to the running water for their animals to drink. No matter who the builders were, the home stands as one of the monuments to history. The front still has much of the original look, but it has had it's share of additions and remodeling incorporated to make it more modern and liveable. It has changed hands many times in the last 60 years. When I first came here, the William Nichols family lived there. Others who have lived there are Lyman (Dime) Fluckiger, Sarah Miller, Glenn Maxfield--how many others? For a house that has had so many different families live there, it has weathered the storms well.

While in Leeds, Elijah Thomas raised fruit and vegetables for cash crops by helping supply Silver Reef. He also raised Caster Oil beans that he took to St. George where he had set up machinery for a caster oil manufacturing mill. Elijah's third wife, Harriet, lived in St. George.

The manufacturing of caster oil is interesting enough to relate. I obtained this article written by Howard Carter, of St. George, Utah who is a great grandson of Elijah Thomas.

Making Oil In Early Dixie

One of the early pioneer industries was that of oil making. Elijah Thomas, my great grandfather, was the first oil maker in Utah's Dixie. He was called by Brigham Young to leave Salt Lake Valley and move to St. George in about 1868.

Upon arrival, he selected a site for his mill. On the advice of Erastus Snow, the mill was located in the extreme northwest part of St. George at the foot of the Red Hill. The spot selected was just east of the present ice plant. Here a long wooden building was built and the machinery set up.

The two most common sources of oil were the castor bean and the beania. The former was very much like the plant by the same name used as an ornamental bush now. Men would sow an acre or so of this plant and it would grow without irrigation, a great advantage in this arid country.

As the seeds ripened on the castor bean stalk, they were gathered and laid out on a canvas to dry. Not all the seeds on a stalk ripened at the same time. They were often gathered at intervals for about three weeks. When dry, the seeds were beaten with a large stick to thresh them and the husks were winnowed out by tossing them in the wind. The beans were then stored until needed.

At frequent intervals, Elijah Thomas would run off the oil. The cleaned beans were run through the rolls. A large hopper holding about two bushels fed the machine, which consisted of two large rolls requiring two people to run, one roll at one side and the other from the opposite side. As the beans were crushed between the rollers, they fell to a clean canvas under the rolls and were stored in a wagon box until all were crushed. Then they were sacked in burlap sacks about half the size of the burlap sacks used now, and the bags were sewed like flour sacks so they could lay flat.

The following morning, early, the bags of crushed beans were placed in the boiler. This boiler had a copper bottom and was about six feet square. About 12 to 15 inches up from the bottom, slats were placed across the boiler. The bags of beans were placed on the slats so they would not touch each other and also keep out of the water. The bottom of the boiler was filled with water and a lid placed over it so the beans could be steamed. A large fire was built under the boiler and they were cooked six or seven hours.

While still hot, the bags of steamed beans pulp were placed in the press one at a time. This was a large metal box about two feet square with two holes at the bottom. After the sack was placed in this, a large heavy top was placed on it; then a screw was placed on this and was tightened by turning a sweep. A horse could be used for this, but generally Mr. Thomas turned it by hand. As the screw tightened, water ran from it first and then the oil, which was caught in five gallon cans. Ten to fifteen gallons of oil was the usual day's run. When all the oil was extracted from one bag of beans, another was placed in the press and the process repeated until all the oil had been extracted. Afterward the pulp was emptied from the bags and dried in the sun. When dry, this was used as fuel for future boilings.

The cans of oil were allowed to settle. The top oil was poured off and recruited. It was then sold as Caster Oil, a common medicine. The next oil was poured off, mixed with perfume, thinned with alcohol, bottled in small bottles and sold for hair oil. The oil in the bottom of the can contained the water and any refuse. It was boiled down to remove the water. When about as thick as honey it was ready to use as lubricating oil. The cotton factory at Washington used a large amount of this oil.

Sweet oil, a substitute for olive oil, was made from beania. This plant grew about three feet tall and had creamy white blossoms similar to snapdragons. Each flower was about two inches long and the stalks were about eight inches long. This was cut when the seed was ripe. This seed which resembled flax seed grew in cups or capsules about two inches deep. When ripe, the seed would shake out when the cup was inverted.

The seed pods were dried on a wagon cover, threshed out, and stored until needed. They were ground into a meal, cooked, and their oil extracted the same as with castor oil. It did not become rancid. It was used as we now use olive oil. People used it as shortening in cooking, to fry food, or to oil baking tins. The oil in the bottom of the cans was added to the machine oil.

The meal left in the bags after the beania oil was extracted, was dried, placed in a bin, and used to feed chickens, pigs and cattle.

As the people here began to raise other crops instead of castor beans and beania, the business of extracting oil gradually lessened.

Elijah Thomas and John Ferris found the first rich silver in Place (meaning not detached from the original source) on the north west side of the White Reef. They located a claim calling it "The Leeds." Mining men from Pioche, more knowledgeable in mining ways than these two men, came in and jumped the rich claim, at gun point. The "Mining Review" reported that "Hoffman took forcible possession of the claim and forbid Thomas and Ferris coming on the ground on penalty of death." Thomas filed a suit against Hoffman in the District Court at Beaver and the judgement was finally awarded to the plaintiff, but an injunction was granted and he, not having the finances, was unable to continue his case. When his location notice expired, he lost title to the ground.

It was rumored that Thomas had been offered $100,000 for his claim while it was in

litigation, but he claimed his price was $300,000. At any rate, Elijah Thomas and John Ferris lost their rich Leeds claim. The claim jumpers sold it to a newly formed "Leeds Mining Company" for $30,000.00 and Charles Hoffman became the superintendent of the company. It wasn't long until the mine produced that much in one month.

Neither Elijah nor John Ferris received anything from their rich claim that made millions for others.

The Elijah Thomas home is now owned by the B and J Realty Co.

Built 1868--Elijah Thomas Home--Picture 1995

David Chidester Home

David Chidester lived here and raised a large family, none of whom are here now. Francis Hartley came next and the Hartley's have all passed away. This place now belongs to Erwin Davenport and is being rented.

Built about 1868--David Chidister Home--Picture 1995

William Stirling /Chris Olsen Home

William Stirling built this house in about 1868 and lived there until he brought his parents, Thomas and Elizabeth Stirling from Salt Lake City. They lived in the house during the boom time of Silver Reef. Thomas and Elizabeth kept boarders who slept in the barn. The Stirlings were from Scotland and when Mrs. Stirling called the men for their meals, she would say in her Scottish accent, " All ye that want mush come in the house and get it. Those that don't can go on the stack, for there will be no meat in the house tonight."

Thomas died in 1876 and Elizabeth went back to Salt Lake City to live with her daughter.

Chris Olsen, Glenn Beal's Grandfather, tells of a farming venture he undertook with his father-in-law, Henry Schlappi, and his brother-in-law, John Schmutz, before eventually settling in Leeds. They went to the Mesquite area, which was virgin territory at that time, and spent two years planting grape vines, fruit trees, and wheat. Never had things looked so good to them for they were expecting a bountiful harvest. They had just started to harvest the grain when a great cloud burst descended upon them. It washed their canal away, and it buried their orchard, vineyard and wheat. Their "Land of Promise" had turned into a "Land of Desolation." The trio came back to Dixie with nothing to show for their two years of hard labor. That was when Chris and Mary Jane Olsen ended up in Leeds. Chris began work at the Stormont Mill and they purchased the little two room lumber house that had belonged to Thomas and Elizabeth Stirling. They added three lovely rock rooms and a front porch.

In 1904 Mary Olsen became Postmistress and Chris added a small lumber room on the south side of the lumber portion of the house. This small lumber room housed the Leeds Post Office for twenty-eight years. Mary had been Postmistress for twenty-eight years when she died September 1, 1932 in Cedar City.

During the time that Mary Olsen was postmistress, the most prominent name in Leeds was McMullin. Imagine the dilemma when a letter came in the mail addressed to Mrs. McMullin. Now came the sixty-four-dollar question. Whose mail box was she to put it in?

Young people have always tried to manipulate their parents. Some get away with it and some don't. This is a story about one boy that knew how.

Glenn Beal's Grandmother, Mary Olsen, was Postmistress in Leeds and the Post Office was located in her home. One day as she and her daughter, Mayme, were working in the Post Office, they heard the youngest member of the family, Glen Olsen, talking to his friend, Lawrence McMullin.

Glen said, "Pa says I can't take Ole Prince today."

Lawrence's voice, "Gosh! I sure wish you could get him. We could have a lot of fun riding horses today."

There was a short pause, then here came Glen's voice again, "I'll go bawl to Pa and he'll let me take Prince." Glen was one of those kids that could make the old crocodile tears come rolling down his cheeks over nothing.

It was only a few minutes till the two women saw Glen Olsen come loping up the lane on

old Prince. The Crocodile tears had worked.

When the United States joined with England in World War I many of our boy's joined the army and went to Europe. Glenn Beal's father, Oral Beal, who was a medical doctor, was one of those volunteers. Glenn's Mother, Mayme Olsen Beal, a registered nurse, went to Salt Lake City to do school nursing because of the great need for medical help. This was during the 1918 flu epidemic. Glenn Beal turned into the little orphan boy and lived with his Grandfather and Grandmother Olsen here in Leeds. This put a bigger burden on them but Glenn made a pretty good little errand boy, since his Grandmother, Mary Olsen, was busy in the post office, and his Grandfather, Chris Olsen, was a cripple. He had become crippled from working in the quick silver vat at the Barbee mill.

A.G. Anderson owned a small grocery store, called The Log Cabin Inn, about three blocks up the street from where the Olsens lived That would have been quite a distance to walk for a cripple such as Grandpa Olsen was, really impossible.

One day Grandpa Olsen sent Glenn up to the Log Cabin Inn with a note to A.G. Anderson asking him to give Glenn a carton of Bull Durham tobacco. Bull Durham was sold in little cloth sacks with a draw string at one end. A carton held twenty-four sacks, two layers deep with twelve sacks in each layer and they stood on their edge in the carton. When bought by the sack, they cost five cents but they came a little cheaper by the carton.

Cartons were not plastic wrapped in those days so Glenn did what any seven year old kid would do. He took the lid off the carton and smelled of the tobacco. It smelled so fresh and good that his little mind started working over time. He thought he could slip a sack off the bottom layer and it would never be missed. Quickly he slid the sack of Bull Durham into the pocket of his bib overalls, and putting the lid back on the carton, he strolled on down the street. He gave Grandpa his change from the purchase and his carton of tobacco and nonchalantly walked down to the outhouse and taking the old Sears Roebuck catalog, hid behind the barn. It took half the old catalog and most of the sack of Bull Durham before he could get a smoke rolled that would stay together good enough to smoke. Successfully he began to draw the smoke clear down to his toes and it wasn't very long till he began to feel the effects. He got deathly sick. As he lay on the ground, suffering the agony of hell, he heard a loud angry voice calling. "Glenn, you get up here!"

Frightened and still sick, Glenn slowly walked up to Grandpa's blacksmith shop. Grandpa was sitting out in front of his shop with his hands crossed on one of his canes. He took one look at Glenn. Without saying a word, he dropped his head down on his cane, hiding his face with his big hands, and his broad shoulders began to shake with laughter. After a few minutes he raised his head, still laughing, and said, "I guess you've had enough punishment Glenn. You don't need any more." His sickness was enough.

Did you ever see a beautiful watermelon patch and have your mouth start to water for a big juicy taste of the delicious center of one of the biggest melons in sight? This is what went through the youthful heads of Glenn Beal and his two friends as they trudged up through the field of George Angell's melon patch. George raised the best melons in town.

The three boys couldn't see anyone around so they slipped carefully through the barbed wire

fence and didn't even tear their clothes. Glenn had a new knife that his parent's friend J.F. Boes, from Boes Jewelers, in Salt Lake City, had sent down to him. It even had his full name engraved across the handle. Boy, was he proud of that knife, and now he had a chance to use it.

The boy's sat down in the middle of the patch and had their fill of watermelon, then slipped back through the fence, again without tearing their pants, and continued on their merry way.

The next day when George Angell came down to Glenn's Grandmother Olsen's Post Office to pick up his mail, he stopped at the service window to show her a treasure he had found. Lo and behold, it turned out to be Glenn's prized pocket knife, with his full name, David Glenn Beal, printed along the handle. George Angell said he found it out in the middle of his watermelon patch sticking up in a melon. Of course the other boy's didn't get caught because they didn't have a special knife with their name printed on the handle.

Grandma Olsen felt that this was a good time to teach Glenn a lesson. He had been saving for months, penny by penny, to bye a dollar watch. This was back when a dollar watch cost a dollar. He had saved seventy-five cents of that dollar and Grandma told him he would have to give George all of that seventy-five cents to pay for what he had done to that melon patch.

Glenn was heart broken. He had saved pennies for so long and now it was all gone. It just wasn't worth trying to save again, but he was glad to have his precious pocket knife back.

As time passed, each time he went to Mrs.Hansen's store, he would gaze longingly at the coveted dollar watch. It was too much for him. He finally broke down and decided to start saving his pennies again. When he had saved up to twenty-five cents, Grandma Olsen brought out the seventy-five cents, which George Angell had returned to her, saying he couldn't stand to keep it when he knew other boys were implicated.

An excited little boy raced across the street to Mrs.Hansen's store and proudly handed her one dollar for that one dollar watch he had wanted for so long. The second day he had it, he wound it just a little too tight and WHING went the spring. His dollar watch had lasted all of forty-eight hours.

Brad and Kim Lewis are now the owners of this home that has seen so many changes that it doesn't have any resemblance of what it used to be.

Built 1868--William Stirling/Chris Olsen Home
Notice old Post Office on right hand side
Chris and Mary Olsen pictured

Same Home--1995
Remodeled three or four times

CHAPTER III
BISHOPS
(FATHERS OF THE WARD)

December 1, 1867, turned out to be a first for Leeds. That was the day it was officially organized. Benjamin Stringham was appointed Presiding Elder, for the short time he lived here, and the long green valley, that had been called Road Valley, was given the name of Bennington in his honor. Some called him Bishop and some called him Presiding Elder. At any rate, he was prominent enough to have the town named after him.

Benjamin Stringham didn't stay here long. He soon went back to Salt Lake City, but he was not alone in that. Quite a few of the people that were called to Dixie, soon went back to the greener and safer pastures of Northern Utah. Karl Larson tells us that, to some, a call to Dixie was like being sent into exile at hard labor. He added, that, a call to Dixie drove men to discover infirmities and illnesses they had never before suspected, and made many suddenly aware of how allergic they were to the hot weather. It took men and women of fortitude, strength, dedication and great faith to meet the test. The Southern Utah Cotton Mission can be compared with Christ's statement, "I never said it would be easy, but it is worth it."

When Benjamin Stringham moved, quoting Saga of Three Towns by Marietta Mariger, "Leeds and Harrisburg were made parts of the Toquerville Ward, with Orson Adams Presiding Elder of Harrisburg and Solomon Angell Presiding Elder of Leeds. On July 9, 1869, these men were released, as their work took them away from town a lot, and James Lewis was put in charge of the ward. These organizational matters are very confusing. Leeds was first part of Harrisburg, which was part of Washington Ward. Then they were part of Toquerville. Finally the two towns were reorganized as Harrisburg Ward , with Wyllys D. Fuller as Bishop." He resided in Harrisburg.

Wyllys D. Fuller was Bishop from 1874 to 1876, when he decided he wanted to try for greener pastures and moved to Arizona.

In 1875, during the time that Wyllys D. Fuller was Bishop, the residents of Leeds started to build a rock church and school house combined. It was only 23' by 36', but it wasn't completed until 1878, three years later. Buildings didn't go up over night then like they do today, and the public buildings were usually built by volunteer labor.

This church was constructed in the middle of town on the west side of the street. The ceiling was very high. It had a door and two tall windows in front and three large windows on each side. A speaker's rostrum was in the back and took up about half the room. A huge box-style, wood-burning stove was placed close to the center of the room and was it's only heating unit. A long stove pipe stood vertical for six or seven feet, then an elbow sent the pipe off to the rear wall. Wires attached to the ceiling of the building, in several places, kept the pipe from falling to the floor. This little rock church served them well for a lot of years.

Goudy Hogan became our Bishop in 1876, and he lived in Leeds. Harrisburg was made part of the Leeds Ward, and remained that way until Harrisburg ceased to exist.

This material on Goudy Hogan was submitted by Annette Hogan, great great granddaughter of Goudy Hogan, and Robert Hogan Weight, grandson of Goudy Hogan's younger brother, Eric Hogan, from an original history written in Goudy's own handwriting.

Goudy Hogan was born in Norway and emigrated to America in 1837. He joined the church in 1843, and came to Utah in 1848. Like Jacob of old (who married sisters Leah and Rachel) he had sisters Christina Nelson and Bergetta Nelson sealed to him. Only, he was not so long getting

acquainted with them, nor did he serve fourteen years like the old patriarch. Later, he married another sister, Ann Nelson.

Goudy Hogan had become well established financially in the northern part of the state, when he went to quarterly conference in Logan and received his call to go to Dixie. He figured there was no option. He had to come because those in authority had called him. He arrived in Leeds December 7, 1874.

The Hogans rested for a couple of days in Leeds. They liked it so well that Goudy hitched up and went to St. George to see George A. Smith and Erastus Snow to find where they wanted him to settle. They consented for him to live in Leeds.

In December, 1875, Goudy Hogan became acting bishop of Leeds and Harrisburg Wards, there being no bishop, only a presiding priest. He was set apart as bishop by John A. Smith, Jacob Gates and Charles Pulsifer. Our Leeds Relief Society was organized while Goudy Hogan was bishop.

Goudy Hogan heard the powerful speech that Brigham Young gave at the dedication of the St. George Temple when he smote the stand with his walking cane, making the mark that is talked so much about and is still there to witness to this day. While there, Brigham Young asked him if he had been ordained a bishop or just acting bishop. When the President received his answer, he said he would like to ordain him a bishop. He and Brigham Young Jr. laid their hands on his head and ordained him a bishop on April 6, 1877.

Shortly after being ordained bishop, Goudy Hogan received the following letter. Quote:

St. George, April 13, 1877

To Brothers - Goudy Hogan
Alma T. Angel
Solomon Angel
Joseph T. Wilkinson
Mosiah L. Hancock
William Stirling

Brethren, for the safety and well being of yourselves, your wives and children, we desire you to unite in your labor and interest, with Brother H. O. Spencer and the people of Orderville, to which place we wish you to move your families, then you can identify yourselves with the United Order, and it is desirable for you to subject yourselves and your substance to and labor under the direction of Bishop Spencer. Brother Alma T. Angel and Mosiah L Hancock who were called at our late Conference, to go East on missions, will hereby understand that they have the privilege of assisting to build up Zion at home and to join Brother Hogan and the other brethren in the United Order under Bishop Spencer. If they will perform this mission, it will be productive of good to themselves and their families and will push forward the work of building up the Kingdom of God as effectively under present circumstances, as though they were to go East. We wish Brother Spencer to do what he can to carry out these instructions. It is desirable that we have people of experience and judgement and above all, in possession of the Spirit of the Gospel, to cope with the pernicious influences which seem to pervade your neighborhood. Brother Spencer and Brother Hogan will arrange the details and harmonize interest as far as possible, that will enable the people at Leeds to work in the United Order in harmony with the people of Orderville. In all this, may blessings attend you.

(Signed) Brigham Young

On the 18th of April, all the men mentioned, except Solomon Angel, went on horseback to Orderville to see Bishop Spencer, and arrived there on Saturday night. They presented the letter from Brigham Young to the bishop, and it was read in church on Sunday. All five men were called on to speak. All expressed a willingness to move to Orderville, but Goudy Hogan, Alma T. Angell, and Mosiah L. Hancock were the only ones that went.

When Goudy Hogan moved to Orderville to join the United Order, George H. Crosby was made bishop of the Leeds Ward, with counselors Joseph T. Wilkinson and Alma T. Angell, (Alma's stay was short in Orderville) December 1877. Alma moved to Arizona, and Brigham Y. McMullin was chosen to take his place right after he moved to Leeds.

Arizona seemed to be a popular place for the Leeds people, for there were a lot of them who left Leeds and headed for that destination. When George H. Crosby decided to try his luck elsewhere, he headed for Arizona.

Brigham Young McMullin was set apart to be the new Bishop of the Leeds Ward in the spring of 1886. His counselors were William Latham and Richard Ashby. Ashby moved, and Hyrum Leany took his place. William Lathum moved and Alma T. Angell became his counselor January 17, 1894. Alma T. Angell was soon released because of health problems and August Kuhn was chosen to fill the vacancy. It was during his term as Bishop that the Tithing Office, a great Historical Landmark of Leeds, which still stands, was built by his father, Willard G. McMullin. This was built in 1891, during the time that produce, as well as money, was received for tithing, so they built within that building bins for storing grain and they had a big pair of scales for weighing things. They had large oak barrels with capacity of two and three hundred gallons, built down in the dirt cellars because they were too large to go through the doors. These were used as a storage for wine. B.Y. McMullin's term as bishop was a long one of twenty-seven years.

In 1913 David Stirling, father of Eldon Stirling, was chosen as Bishop with Henry Jolley and Edward McMullin as his counselors.

Now this was an unusual case. Dave was sustained as Bishop when he was twenty eight years old, but he was bishop for seven years while he was still a single man. So if anyone says a single man cannot be bishop of a ward, this was proof positive that it has happened. I was told that he was informed he had better go find himself a wife. He was married at the age of thirty five. Although I knew Bishop Dave as a man, he was bishop before I came here to live. The thing that stands out in my memory of him is a little skit he and his wife, Ethel, performed in at a ward social, soon after I came here. What makes this stand out so vividly in my memory is knowing the kind of people they were. I had them pictured as quite reserved, or shy, two timid people.

This is the skit:

They were sitting on a long bench, supposedly a park bench; Dave on one end and Ethel on the other.

Ethel, looking shyly at him, said, "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

Dave sits there looking straight ahead, not saying a word.

Ethel moves a little closer to him and repeats, "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

Still no response from the other end of the bench.

By the time this was repeated about five times, Ethel is sitting right by Dave's side, and for the last time she says,"Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

Dave turns to her and says rather primly, "God loves you and you can sit on your hands and get them warm."

Dave was Bishop for sixteen years.

I. Edward McMullin became Bishop in 1929 with Charles Hansen and Rex Stirling as his counselors. Edward was Bishop when I came to Leeds. He was Bishop during the depression years and those years were hard years wherever you were, and I'm sure it wasn't easy for Bishops. While Edward McMullin was bishop, another church house was constructed, but the old church house was incorporated in the new one. It didn't take so long to build.

On November 4, 1929, work began on the new chapel and was completed in April 1930, at a cost of $10,450.00. The ward came up with $5,600.00 and the church head quarters contributed the balance of $4,850.00.

I found a little news article in the Washington County News, September, 1930 which reads:

"The order has been placed recently for the entire seating equipment of the Leeds Chapel, this to include complete hardwood seating for the auditorium and rostrum, and complete steel chair seating for the three class rooms. This equipment is to be installed and other necessary items taken care of in order to have the building in readiness for dedication during the September Conference, of the St. George Stake."

It is rather interesting that the Washington County News carried a copy of the whole dedication service. It is interesting enough that I am putting it here. I wouldn't doubt that it was taken down in long hand.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1930

LEEDS CHAPEL DEDICATED BY PRES. GRANT

Church Presidency Takes Part in Impressive Ceremonies: $5,000 Contributed By The People of Leeds

The following program was given at Leeds Saturday morning ceremony dedicating the new ward chapel:

Opening song. "For the Strength of the Hills."

Prayer. David McMullin.

"Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses." congregation.

Bishop Ira McMullin of the Leeds Ward welcomed the visitors and gave a report of the work accomplished by the Leeds people in building this chapel. He told of the struggle they had to get money, how liberally they had donated both of their money and labor. The building had cost approximately $10,000. The Leeds Ward had contributed $5,004.50 of that amount, and the church authorities had sent approximately $4850 to them. He expressed the deep appreciation of the people of the ward and hoped that they would be able to show by their actions and their living that appreciation.

Vocal duet, "I Love the Lord," Mrs. Lillian Morrison and Miss Lucille Worthen, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Thurston.

President Jos. K. Nicholes also expressed appreciation to the people of the Leeds Ward for the whole-hearted way in which they had supported the bishopric in the erection of this building, which was a credit, not only to the people of Leeds, but to the stake and the entire church. He told of how all the work was done locally, the pulpit being made by a local boy, Clair Stirling.

W.O. Bentley spoke of his confidence in the Leeds people, of how this new building would affect their church work and so result in a better ward, a better stake and a better church.

Edward H. Snow told of how he had noted the progress of the work on the chapel and that it would always remain as a thing of beauty and joy.

Vocal duet, "The Lord's Prayer," by Mrs. Lillian Morrison and Miss Lucille Worthen, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Thurston.

President Anthony W. Ivins said: "This is a privilege and a pleasure I never expected I would enjoy again. Meeting these people is not a new thing for me, but it has been such a long time since then. I just wanted to come back. I was here 69 years ago. No one was here then. Water that supplies this town did not flow across this flat. We went to Harrisburg and camped. It was just between sundown and dark and a number of other people camped there also. There were many Indians, but we soon made them understand that our message was one of peace. The next day we went on to Washington and the next to St. George.

"We were more than a month making the trip from Salt Lake City to St. George. This is an example of

only one of the differences that has come about during the life time of one man. There were no flowers except wild ones--now look at the beautiful ones here. There is a piano here now, but none then. Orson Pratt brought the first piano into Dixie and gave lessons on it. That is another contrast for these young people to think about. Then there was not a building in Utah that had the conveniences that this little building has now. We were isolated from everything, we people out here in Utah. Why, the total tax collected in Washington County was $97.73.

"As I came here this morning I thought of Richard Ashby, the Stirlings and the McMullins. These were people with whom I came in contact in my early life. I sat down the other night and wrote down names of the people who first pitched their tents in the St. George Valley and I couldn't think of one of them that has not taught me good lessons. Everyone had in their lives something to admire.

"Then I recall this town as a mining camp in connection with Silver Reef. I remember when men were killed here and I recall lessons I have learned from living here then. I did some law work here then and I never lost a case. I learned that if I could come in contact with a man near enough to talk with him I could win him, and I always did, and he thanked me. When I compare the past with the present I conclude that we are living in a much better day than we did then. The early settlers were a God-fearing people who came here to satisfy an ideal, came to establish homes and here they remained,and it was among them that I have learned the lessons that have moulded my life. They were honest men and devoted women..

"I just came to be with you again as one of you, to live over again the past and to do honor to those who founded our Utah's Dixie, and then to go back to the complex things that dominate our lives and to properly administer the affairs of the church of which you are all members."

President Heber J. Grant said: "It certainly is a source of great pleasure to me to meet with you here and to congratulate you upon this delightful place and I certainly congratulate you upon this splendid building. I have been thinking myself of my first trip here. It took me eleven and one-half days and we could not go more that thirty miles until we would have to stop and rest the mules.

"For 48 years I have said that the harder the country the better the Latter-day Saint. One of the great surprises is the fact that the more a man gets in this world the less liable he is to do his duty in the church. It shows the utter lack of real good vision. Men's vision is becoming blinded for the natural appetite for the pretty things of life. As I look over the country and over the people I find that some of the leading men of the church have come from the hardest sections of the country and they are the admirable men. I am convinced that to every man in the church who is an honest observer of the laws of God there is real joy in life. I believe that the Latter-day Saints have more real joy in life than any other people. We are a happy and contented people. I rejoice in the changes of the world in many respects, but regret other changes of our people."

Dedicatory Prayer

"Our Heavenly Father, we approach you in gratitude for all the blessings we enjoy. We are grateful for life, for health, for strength, for every comfort of life; we are grateful for the church, of which we are part, and we pray that from the bottom of our hearts we may show by our actions and our living our love for you. We do most humbly pray that in our lives we may never stray from that which is truth, and as children of God and His Son, Jesus Christ. We thank thee for this building and we dedicate it unto you. We dedicate the ground upon which it stands, the building from the floor to the roof, all the chairs and fixtures, for honest purposes. May happiness be the portion of these people. Bless their fathers and mothers whose wisdom brought us here, and in every respect make their reward fourfold. We dedicate this chapel in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ."

A tribute from the Primary classes of the Leeds Ward was given. A saxophone solo was rendered by Walter Eagar, and the closing song was "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet."

The chapel was built Spanish Mission style, with a covered porch. There was a quaint narrow door opening into the bell tower, but the bell could be rung from a rope hanging down through the ceiling of the porch. This bell was rung for church meetings, Fourth of July meetings, fires or anything special.

There was no foyer. As you opened the door, you stepped right into the chapel which was our place of worship as well as a multipurpose room. Behind the podium seats was a stage with curtains closed for worship and opened when a performance was going on. To the sides of the stage were dressing rooms. These dressing rooms and stage were all used for class rooms.

When we had ward parties and dances, the auditorium was cleared of the long benches by lining the walls with some of them and sliding the rest into the side class rooms and Relief Society Room.

For years, our Leeds orchestra was Jessie Eagar at the Piano and Walter Eagar with his saxophone and violin. Sometimes they had a son step in to help them out, but these two were the

old stand-bys. At one period, there was quite a bit of square dancing and Virginia Reels. Charles Allen was usually the caller, but Ross Savage did his share, too. Young and old danced together, so it was really a community affair.

This new church was electrically lighted, and had a coal stoker furnace to heat all the rooms. Indoor rest rooms were installed which was an added luxury for those days. We didn't have air conditioning, so during the summer months we often sweltered. The door and windows were opened wide to let in what breeze there might be. This left it open for all the nice soft cotton from the lovely cotton wood grove to float all over the room. The summer heat in the class rooms often made one or two classes slip outside for their lesson. Memories! Memories!

For years Evelyn McMullin and Kate Allen led the singing in Sunday School and in Sacrament Meeting. After Kate passed away, Pearl Hafen stepped in and helped with the singing. Because our pulpit was on the level floor, it made it easy for a speaker that got carried away with his sermon to walk back and forth in front of his audience and sometimes a little way down the center isle.

In 1963, when the old school house was made into our cultural hall and our little old church house had some remodeling done, they closed the stage off with a solid wall to make class rooms. This provided a perfect resting place for backward-leaning heads of sleepy bishoprics during Sacrament Meeting.

We used to have a Stake President, Andy McArthur, who always kidded about sleeping in church. He had a pair of dark glasses that had **wide open eyes** painted on them so you couldn't see whether his eyes were closed or not. Had the bishopric thought of this, they would have had no problem.

Edward was bishop for ten years.

L. Stanley Fuller became Bishop in 1939 with Walter Eagar and Lawrence McMullin as his counselors. He was Bishop during World War II years and I don't recall anything special during those years. He served for seven years and was released when he and his family moved to Idaho.

Charles E. Allen was sustained in 1946 with Evan Sullivan and Bert Sullivan as his counselors. I'm not sure when they started the Budget System, but I remember that we had budget assessments at this time and because they didn't collect enough money to run the ward on, they raised patches of cane to make into sorghum. The sorghum was sold to supplement the budget. When Stanley Fuller moved to Idaho, he sold his peach orchard located over in the Connelley Fields (Hidden Valley, Silver Estates, Angell Springs) to the ward, so Bishop Allen's term started our Ward Farm. He was bishop for four years.

In 1950, Clair Stirling with counselors Ross Savage and Stanley Sorenson became our new Bishopric. I remember well these years. To supplement the budget, each family (that would) took turns doing the ward janitor work, turning the money back to run the ward. I got a double dose of that because I taught the Bee Hive girls and we did the janitor work for one month, too. Of course, we picked a month during the summer when we didn't have to build fires to warm the building. There was no cooling system, and we sweltered at 2 P.M. each Sunday at Sacrament Meeting.

Clair Stirling told this story. When he was bishop of the Leeds Ward and was in Salt Lake City, he met President David O. McKay. When the President learned his name was Stirling and was from Leeds, he asked if he was any relation to William Stirling. Clair told him that William Stirling was his grandfather. President McKay said he had walked the streets of Edinburgh with William Stirling when he was there on his first mission in 1900.

This was not during the years of Clair's service as bishop, but when the little old green

church was built, during Edward McMullin's years of service, all the work was done locally, even the pulpit, which was made by a local boy--Clair Stirling. It was made from black walnut, raised at his father's own home.

Clair is the oldest living bishop. Not the oldest man that has been bishop, but the oldest bishop. He lives in the State of Washington. He served six years.

This time it came closer to home. In 1956 Ross C. Savage became Bishop with Walter Eagar and Glenn Beal as his counselors. Sometime along in these years, the Church decided it was better to have Stake Farms instead of Ward Farms. Eventually our Ward Farm was sold and our ward members were privileged to take their turn at the work on the Stake Farm.

Now I am going to tell a little story on Glenn. One of his assignments, as counselor, was to line up men to go down to the St.George East Stake Farm. One morning in Priesthood Meeting, Glenn was trying to get some volunteer commitments to go down the following Saturday to do some ditch cleaning. He wasn't having much success because only two men had pledged to go. After quite a discussion, it was decided that Glenn should call all the men and boys personally. In the process of the discussion, Dime Fluckiger made the remark, "Remember, Glenn, that many are called but few are chosen," and Glenn retorted, "In this case it will be many are called, but few show up."

When Glenn moved to St.George for a year to take care of his mother, Merlin Sullivan replaced him as a counselor. Ross was Bishop for five years.

Walter C. Eagar became bishop in 1961, with Herbert Ludwig and Merlin Sullivan as his counselors. During Walter's years as bishop, they were able to obtain permission from the Washington County School Board to remodel the old School House and use it for a recreational hall. The remodeling was done by donated labor. In 1963, the ward began remodeling and furnishing the old green chapel. They put in new benches, carpeted the rostrum and isles of the chapel, put tile in the rest rooms, hallways, and class rooms. One room was fixed for the Relief Society, and that is where our money earned for remodeling the Tithing Office went. Walter served as bishop for five years.

L. Merlin Sullivan came next in line in 1966, with Glenn Beal and Carlyle Stirling as his counselors. Here again it came close to home, for we had moved back to Leeds and Glenn was a counselor and I was Relief Society President most of the time while Merlin was bishop. I couldn't have asked for a better bishop to work with and I have many pleasant memories of those years. It was during the fore part of these years that the ward membership dropped just below the one hundred mark and there was quite a bit of talk of making Leeds into a Branch. Thank goodness it didn't happen. Every willing worker had anywhere from three to five different positions but it was a happy time. JUST ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

Carlyle went back to school for a year, so Alan Howard replaced him as a counselor. Merlin served for six years.

Ray H. Gleave, a member of the ward for only one year, became our bishop March 26, 1972, with Ned Sullivan and Carlyle Stirling as his counselors. Along with his bishop's call was a charge to build a new chapel.

The Church Building Committee had plans for us to have a small building. No recreational hall? No kitchen? Now, we had just been going through some years with that kind of a chapel. We had improvised by remodeling the old School House into a recreation place. We had even talked of moving it down closer to the chapel for convenience sake. The youth would still have to travel to another ward for every activity they had. Ray wasn't satisfied and he was a fighter.

By now, our ward had started to grow, and from all indications, there would be future growth. We had grown to a membership of 179; almost one hundred percent over what it had been at the beginning of Bishop Sullivan's years of service.

When the bishop went to the Church Building Committee with his objections, he was told that to be eligible for a chapel which would seat 215 people, with a recreational hall and kitchen, the ward would have to maintain an average of 174 members for three consecutive months.

As the bishop read the letter in Sacrament Meeting, he announced, "That's our challenge." I think it raised everyone's ire. Of course the Church Building Committee didn't think the Leeds Ward could do it. That meant almost one hundred percent attendance, but they didn't count on our bishop's fighting spirit.

After the challenge was announced in the ward, that first Sunday in September, the Youth Council met and organized a drive for increased activity among the members.

Sam Webb and Rinda Lofthouse, with Neidra Beal, as Activity Counselor in the Young Women, headed the group, and the following Saturday night, November 18, 1972, the young people staged their "demonstration." They paraded up and down the street carrying signs with slogans, such as: "Help us build a chapel," "We need a new chapel," "Your attendance will help us," "Try it, you'll like it." They visited members and non-members, alike, to get a positive commitment of attendance before they left each home. If the commitment was made, a long red cloth was tied on their fence, tree, or newspaper box, whatever was handy. The next morning, the only street in Leeds was ablaze with red streamers. It looked great.

One hundred seventy-eight people attended church that Sunday--one less than one hundred percent. People were out to church that hadn't been there for twenty years or more. They just couldn't say 'no' to those enthusiastic paraders.

Voicing the spirit of the drive, one Prospective Elder said, "You could get the church attendance habit in three months."

I picked this up somewhere. I don't know who wrote it, but it is good.

S.O.S. FOR OUR TOWN

Something's happening in our town
Exciting as can be---
A brand new chapel! Sure we need it!!
Go prove this for yourself, just come and see.

A chapel large enough--our growing pains to meet
Where isles need not be filled so everyone can...find a seat.
A recreation hall where folks can SEE and HEAR,
And be in comfort any time of year.

Our church will bear the major burden of the load,
But first we have to "get it on the road,"
To qualify, we have to prove our needs--
And this will take the help of everyone in Leeds.

Proof of attendance is what we're working for.
The summer months are over, with visitors galore.
To reach the mark they're asking is impossible to do,
Unless this next three months, we can depend on YOU.

Though you're not LDS, or haven't been to church in years,
We"ll make you mighty welcome--and calm any fears.
Then you can say in years to come--with joyful heart--
"I helped to put that lovely chapel there. I did my part."

Can we count on seeing you
This Sunday afternoon at 2:00?

For the next three months, everyone we could think of was invited to attend our ward. Choruses were brought here to sing, groups of speakers, families (even members of my own family came from another ward, after attending their church services first), everybody! We met their challenge, and more. After the drive for attendance was completed, we averaged 182 attendance to Sacrament meeting for those three months.

While all this attendance drive was going on, the bishopric started with their challenge to raise the fifteen percent, our building fund quota. The ward had to collect its quota before they could start building.

The bishop and his two counselors immediately set out to visit each member in the ward and push for pledges.

Our chapel cost $230,000.00, and the cost was broken down in this way:

Leeds Ward paid	15%
St. George East Stake paid	15%
General Church paid	70%

I have never seen a man with so much drive as Ray Gleave. Along with the charge for a new chapel, the required meetings were held and Temple work was pushed. Nothing was neglected.

Ned Sullivan moved to St. George and Hal Goodrich became a counselor.

By June 30, 1974, the ward had met the starting building fund quota. Now to find the location.

Carlyle Stirling wrote the following on January 29, 1996: "During the time that the Leeds Ward Chapel was built in 1975 and 1976, I was serving as a counselor to Bishop Ray Gleave. Wilma Beal has asked me to write my memories concerning the acquisition of a portion of the property that the church is built on.

When authorization to build the chapel was given, more land was required to build the new chapel than was owned by the church at the site of the old building. Ward members were made aware of this situation and a search began for an appropriate site. Several sites were considered, but they were either not available or not suitable for the location of a new chapel.

At that time, Veanetta Laub owned a lot with a small home on it immediately south of the old church house. Through various property changes, that I do not recall, Ross Savage provided a lot in another area of town to Veanetta, and Veanetta's lot was turned over to the church and provided adequate acreage to build the chapel on when added to the original property.

I always felt that both Sister Laub and the Savage family went the second mile in this

property donation that made it possible for the chapel to be built at its present site. With Sister Laub's lot, there was a five-eighths share of Leeds irrigation water. A stock that was also donated to the church by Brother Savage.

When I was serving as Bishop, following Bishop Gleave, it became the policy that all church owned deeds were to be sent to Salt Lake City. At that time, I sent the above mentioned water certificate per instructions. That certificate has a hand written note on it from Ross Savage indicating that water should never be sold or moved from that particular property."

Now came the ground clearing job. Our beloved tennis court was the first thing to be demolished. We loved that tennis court. Who remembers how many fund raisers our little ward had, to raise enough money to build it? After it was built, we had lots of moving pictures shown out there, and the chairs had to be carried out of the church house to sit on then carried back inside afterwards. What won't some people do for entertainment?

On May 12, 1974, following a Mother's Day program, the group was asked to reassemble out in front of the old green chapel for a group picture. A photographer had been engaged to take this historical picture with the chapel and big trees in the background, as the trees were slated to come down soon. The cutting of the trees was part of the ground clearing for the building of the new chapel. We also had a Mother's Day group picture taken that same day.

Mother"s Day Picture taken May 12, 1974
Two Years before New Church was Dedicated

1st row:	L to R: Ethyl George, Geraldine Stirling, Irma Allen, Wilma Beal
2nd row:	Clara Garten, Lillian Stratton, Rose Hartley, Jeri Sullivan, Afton Stauffer, Carol Gleave, Linda Larson, Alberta Lee, Marguerite Robinson, _____
3rd row:	Rilla Davenport, Jessie Eagar, Tana Sullivan, Connie Peine, Calpurna Fluckiger, Louise Stirling Betty Brown, Verlynn Beal, Faye Richen, Glenna Rae Wallace, Bernie Wooten, Thelma Atkin, Evelyn Bartschi, Ethel Stirling, Karen Sullivan, Evelyn McMullin
4th row:	Joan Trude, Sandy Blair, Becky Fawson, Carolyn Montgomery, Lorraine Wilcken, Bonnie Goodrich, Maxine Owen, Veannetta Laub, Ellen Savage, Sandra Howard

Ward Sunday School Picture
Taken two years before Old Chapel was demolished

Photo taken May 12, 1974
Two years before Dedication
of New Chapel

Grove of Trees by side of
Old Chapel
Used for many ward Picnics

Next came the cutting of the grove of trees. The town turned out and they had a real Sawing Bee. After sawing the trees, down, they sawed them up into about two foot lengths and sold them to help raise money. The trees had been there for years, and we had many enjoyable picnics under their cooling shade. It was really sad to see those trees come down. Russell Limb of Hurricane Sand and Gravel donated equipment to help bring down the beautiful grove.

Groundbreaking Ceremonies

Taken four days before
Old Chapel was demolished
New and Old side by side

Groundbreaking ceremonies for the new chapel were held August 31, 1974. The services were conducted by Carlyle Stirling. The choir sang "Our Mountain Home So Dear." Prayer was offered by former Bishop Charles Allen. Remarks by Les Stoker, architect; Warren Hannig, Contractor; Bishop Ray Gleave, and Stake President T. LaVoy Esplin.

Those turning the first shovels full of dirt were President Esplin, Bishop Gleave, Carlyle Stirling, Hal Goodrich, Les Stoker, and Warren Hanig, after which many members took a turn.

It was a great day.

Our last Ward Conference to be held in the old chapel was February 4, 1975.

We had a wonderful homecoming on August 23, 1975. Many people responded to the invitations. A dinner was held at the Cultural Hall (now Leeds Town Hall) Saturday evening, followed by a program in the chapel, where Bert Sullivan was the speaker, reminiscing of former times and events.

Sunday, in Sacrament Meeting, there were six former bishops of the ward sitting on the stand, and each spoke briefly. These bishops were **Stanley Fuller, Charles Allen, Clair Stirling, Ross Savage, Walter Eagar, and Merlin Sullivan.** This represented an unbroken line back to 1939. Since that time, most of these bishops have passed away.

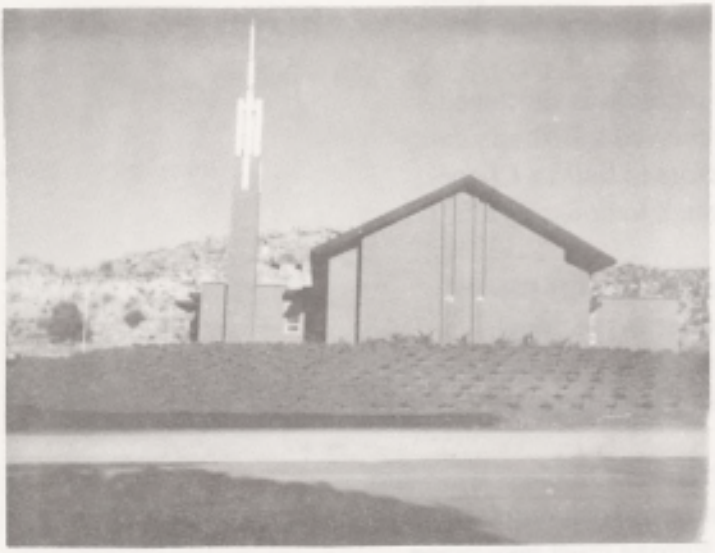
This incident was of particular interest, because the old church was soon to be torn down, and the new chapel was about ready to be occupied. The old church was really filled to

overflowing. During the month of October 1975, the chapel grounds and landscaping were completed. The ward members did the work.

The Baptist Church in St. George, purchased the benches, chairs, banquet tables and chalkboards from the old chapel. Alan Howard purchased the organ. The Marietta Mariger Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, the Leeds Camp, purchased the Relief Society chairs and cupboards. Eldon Stirling later purchased the cupboards and put them in his home.

On November 2, 1975, the day we had all been looking forward to, arrived. We had services in the new chapel that day. It was great to have all that new classroom space. What a treat.

Almost five months later, March 21, 1976, we witnessed the dedication of our new Ward Chapel. Elder Thomas S. Monson of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, presided and gave the dedicatory prayer. Even being a very small ward, at that time, and a big chapel, it was filled almost to capacity by members and visitors. It took one year and seven months from groundbreaking, August 31, 1974, to dedication, March 21, 1976.



First day church was held in New Chapel
November 2, 1975

Elder and Sister Thomas Monson
March 21, 1976

On June 20, 1976, Bishop Ray Gleave was released after four years of dedicated service. He will long be remembered for his untiring efforts in the erection of our new chapel.

This was the tribute I gave at Bishop Gleave's outgoing party.

Five years ago this summer
To all of our surprise
Down in the Webb sub-division
A beautiful home began to rise.

Among all of us old timers
There was much speculation
As to who this charming couple was
That would increase our population.

As the summer days wore on
Merely by chance we'd see
A lovely well dressed lady,
Busy as she could be.

Before we hardly realized
This couple was settled down,
And we found a GREAT addition
To our beautiful little town.

His first assignment in the Ward
Was in the M.I.A.
His contribution there was great
But he wasn't destined to stay.

His stay in this was shortened
When he received a Bishop's call,
With a charge to build a Chapel.
Big enough to house us all.

Plans began right off the reel
To gather in the dough.
The time was short-- They had to rush--
To make the Pledges grow.

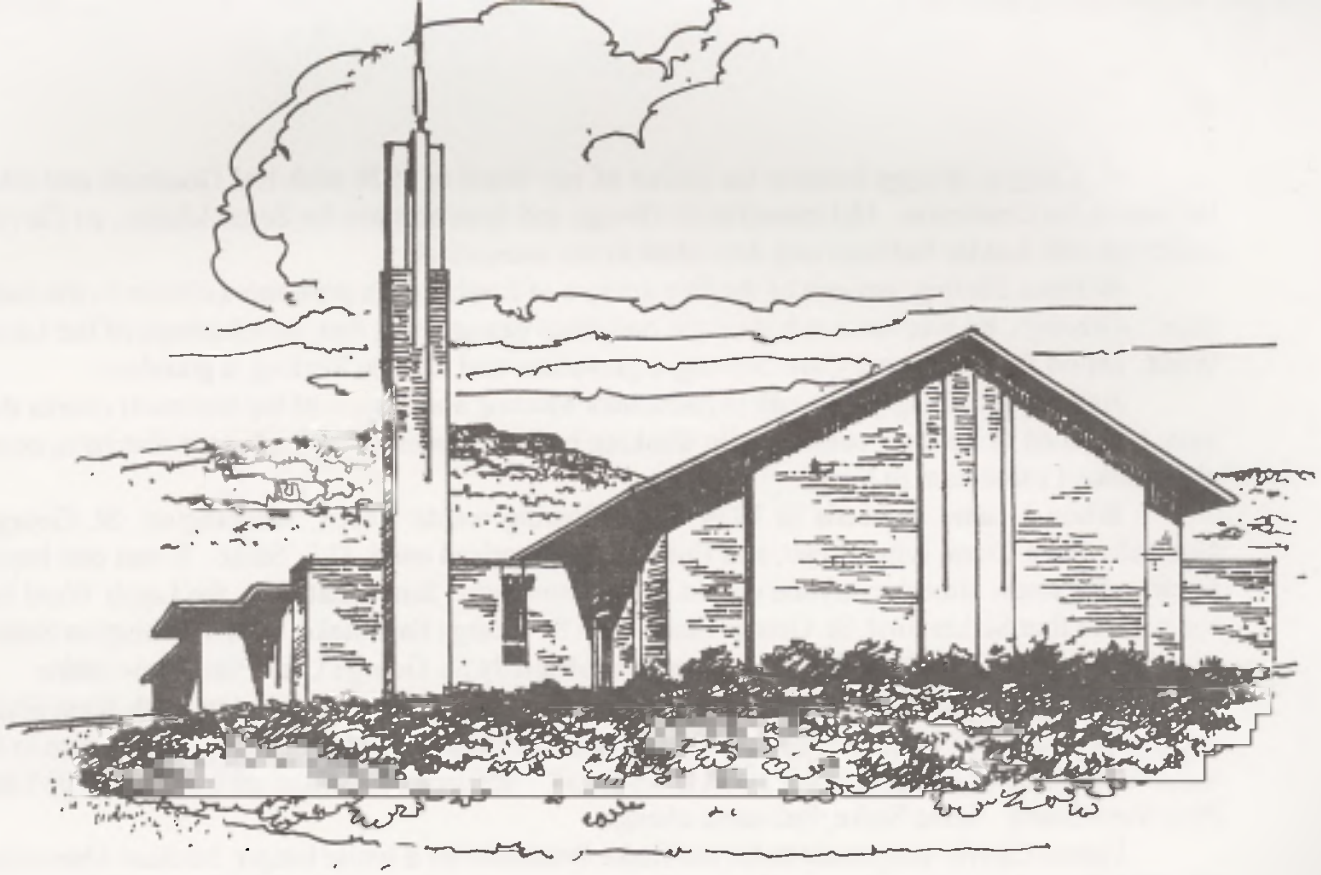
Our Bishop's PREVIOUS plans were laid.
No way could he renig.
His trip to Europe must take place
As stakes for this were BIG.

He knew his flock was in good hands
Although leaving caused him pain.
While traveling round, word got to him
That his flock was raising cane.

All through the years as our building grew
Not one thing did he neglect.
Required meetings were held-- Temple work pushed
All with less confusion than you'd suspect

He is every inch a leader
And no one can deny
That his years as Father of the Ward
Show the fruits of goals set high.

And we are all enjoying them.
Our new Chapel.



Leeds Ward Chapel Dedication, March 21, 1976

PROGRAM

Presiding	Elder Thomas S. Monson
Conducting	Bishop Ray H. Gleave
Opening Song - Choir	"This is a House of Prayer"
Opening Prayer	Charles Allen
Speakers	Hal Goodrich
	Carlyle Stirling
	Bishop Ray H. Gleave
	President Truman Bowler
Song - Congregation	"The Spirit of God"
Dedication	Elder Thomas S. Monson
Closing Song	"Thy Spirit Lord"
Closing Prayer	Ross Savage

H. Carlyle Stirling became the Father of our Ward in 1976 with Hal Goodrich and Alan Howard as his Counselors. Hal moved to St. George and Alan became the Scout Master, so Carlyle ended up with LaMar Sullivan and Alex Beal as his counselors.

William Stirling was one of the first settlers of Leeds, and a prominent citizen in the early days. Although, he was never a bishop, he had three descendants that were bishops of the Leeds Ward: David Stirling, a son; Clair Stirling, a grandson; and Carlyle Stirling, a grandson.

As Carlyle Stirling gave a talk in Sacrament Meeting about some of the historical events that have happened in Leeds, I couldn't help thinking back over some of the changes that have come about since I came here to live.

When I came to Leeds in 1934, the following wards: Leeds, Washington, St. George, Gunlock, Santa Clara, Ivins, Veyo, and Enterprise comprised one L.D.S. Stake. It was one happy family. We knew almost everyone within each community. Since that time, the Leeds Ward has belonged to four Stakes: first, St. George Stake; then St. George East Stake; next Washington Stake; then Washington Utah West Stake which is now officially St. George Utah Pine View Stake.

When the Washington Utah Stake was divided and the new Washington Utah West Stake was created, January 18, 1987, our own Leeds home town boy, Carlyle Stirling, was chosen to be the new President of that Stake. We were all so proud. He is now president of the St. George Utah Pine View Stake. Same Stake, but name change.

I guess Carlyle was meant to be our Stake President for a while longer, because December 29, 1994, he underwent a rare sextuple heart bypass surgery, and we are thankful he is still here with us.

As I visited with Carlyle about his operation and the great advancements medical science has reached in the heart field, he said, "We have three things represented right here in Leeds. I had the heart operation; Ray Beal had the Balloon Method; and Glenn Beal is being helped with medication." Isn't that great?

An article from an eastern newspaper, the Record Eagle, states this:

Son Helps Repair His Dad's Heart

Father of Munson's Original Heart Surgeon Comes To Hospital For Bypass Operation

Traverse City -- When Carlyle Stirling of Utah learned he needed heart surgery, there was only one place he wanted to go: Munson Medical Center, where his son Mack started the open-heart surgery program in 1990.

Stirling, a heart specialist, assisted last week on the rare sextuple-bypass surgery. It took four and one-half hours, about two hours longer than average, but there were no problems.

"Even being the assistant was harder on me than I thought it would be," the younger Stirling said. "It was more emotionally tense."

Likewise for the lead surgeon, Dan Drake.

"Anybody would have felt a little more pressure having the patient's son watch every stitch," Drake said.

The number of bypasses involved, combined with the knowledge that the patient was his colleague's father, made it memorable, he said.

The surgery to clear six blocked arteries was quite rare, the surgeons said. Clearing four arteries is typical.

At 66, Carlyle Stirling's voice is steady, his gaze clear and his handshake firm.

Because of health problems, Carlyle was released as Stake President June 4, 1995.

To give my personal feelings about Carlyle, I am going to print a few of the lines I wrote in tribute to him when he left the bishopric and went back to school for a year. I think he is still the same type of guy.

Carlyle's been a strong hand
Steady and serene.
Dependable--has self-control
And is never small or mean

Wise in all his thinking,
Thorough, too, I"d say.
Prompt and always well prepared
And has a very diplomatic way.

Carlyle served as bishop for seven years.

Donald J. Fawson became Bishop in 1983 with Russell Peine and Ralph Harper as his counselors. Ralph moved to St.George so he chose Gaylen Webb, a brother-in-law. Gaylen moved north and Jerry Browning took his place. I remember Don more when he was out fighting for our fire house and fire equipment than I do as a bishop. Maybe one overshadows the other. He can be a great fighter, though, when he wants something that he thinks is good. Most of you know Don Fawson, and his services speak for themselves,-- five years of them.

Now for our Bishop, Alan L. Howard. He began his years of service in 1988 with Jerry Browning and Ronald Fowlks as his counselors. Jerry was released and Ray Beal was chosen to take his place. Since Alan served as a counselor at the same time Glenn did under Merlin Sullivan, we have become good friends, and my observations of him are that he WENT BY THE BOOK. If he follows the Church guide-lines in all his ward dealings, he is doing the best he can. He is a great and good man. Now for a little story about Bishop Howard. **Dot Hansen** recited a couple of cute little stories that I am going to tell on her. Shortly after she and Gene moved to Leeds, the bishop called her into his office and asked her to be a primary teacher. Right off the bat, she said an emphatic " no." Now, knowing Dot and her frankness, I am not surprised, but I think it must have shocked our bishop. He asked her why not and her answer was, "I have taught primary kids for over forty years and I'm sick and tired of it. I'm too old now and I don't have enough patience with kids."

The Bishop argued, "But I see you with the kids. You know all of them and they like you." She retorted, "That's just because I give them candy and you told me to quit bringing candy to church to give to the kids."

Such frankness probably surprised our bishop, but he didn't give up so easily. He asked her to think about it and then give him an answer. She said her answer would still be no. Then the bishop said, " Why don't you go home and pray about it then call me up in a day or two and give me your answer." Dot said she would go home and pray about it and call him up the next day.

Dot is a late sleeper, so it was afternoon before she got around to making her call to the Bishop. By then he was off on his water delivery route and his wife said he wouldn't be home till late so she should call later. Dot said , "Well Sandra, I don't need to call back. Just tell him my answer is still no." With that answer, Sandra started to laugh and it was a hearty laugh. Dot asked her what was so funny about what she had said, and Sandra could hardly answer for laughing, but her reply was "Nobody says no to Alan, and I mean nobody." Dot retorted, "Well, he told me to go home and pray about it and I did but the answer is still no." And she hung up.

Sometime later, Lorraine Wilcken had sold her house, and she began to push for the bishopric to get someone called to help in the library, so she could train them before she moved. Adriene Roberts, one of Lorraine's assistants, was in Salt Lake with a sick husband and no one knew how long it would be before they would be able to return to Leeds .

I had been working in the library seven years, and Ray, a counselor in the bishopric, asked me if I wanted to be released at the same time as Lorraine. I told him I knew I was getting old and they could do whatever they wished, but I hated to be put on the shelf yet. Then he asked if I would be 'Head Librarian' when Lorraine left, and, if so, who would I like them to call to help me until Adriene was able to come back. They usually have two assistants in Leeds. We discussed the subject at some length and Dot Hansen's name kept coming up so she was one of the people we decided on. Now, back to Dot's story.

Dot said she and Gene were the only ones out in the south foyer of the church when Ray came walking down the hall. Ray greeted them then said, "Dot why don't you sit down. I want to ask you a question."

Dot retorted, " I can say 'no' just as easy standing up as I can sitting down." Wow! Dot said she was sure Ray was shocked, but then he went on to ask her if she would like to help in the Library. Her answer was a quick "Yes. Now that is something I would like to do." The bishopric isn't always greeted with that quick of an answer. In fact, her first one had been 'no.'

Dot has been a good and willing helper, and I was glad when Stan was well enough for Adriene to come back to the library. Adriene had been like my right hand since the day I started work in the library. Of course she has been there longer than I have and was well trained by Lorraine.

Bishop Howard served five and a half years.

Our next bishopric began their service on January 16, 1994, with Russell G. Peine as bishop, Ray Beal and Scott Hayes as counselor. Although we expect great things of them, we want them to know that we sustain and love them.

Since the present bishopric was installed, we have had extensive changes made in our new chapel. Six new class rooms and a third bishop's office have been added and remodeling done in the library. New carpet has been laid and the Relief Society chairs replaced with new ones. At the beginning of 1996, our ward has increased to the capacity that we expect it to be divided any day.

Since several things have transpired to delay getting this material to a printer, the dreaded day has arrived. Leeds Ward Conference was held on February 25, 1996, and, after 122 years, the Leeds Ward was divided for the first time. The dividing line went straight up Main Street to 1050 North Main, down River Road to Babylon. Everybody on the east side of Main Street from 1050 North Main down to and including Harrisburg and Gateway remain in the Leeds First Ward with Bishop Russell Peine still Bishop and Scott Hayes and Paul Densley his counselors. Once again Leeds and Harrisburg are linked together, but this time because of growth, not shrinking in numbers.

The Second Ward boundary lines begin on the south at State Route 9 Interstate 15 (SR9 and I 15) at the Harrisburg Interchange (commonly known as the Hurricane exit), and proceed north to include Angell Springs, Silver Reef, El Dorado Hills, Casa Del Oro and the Alan Howard residence above 1050 North Main, down River Road to Babylon. The first Bishop for the newly created Leeds, Utah Second Ward is G. Ray Beal with counselors Jerry Browning and Donald Goddard.

The Leeds First Ward is double the size of the Leeds Second Ward so we may have another division soon creating a Leeds Third Ward.

Bishops of the Leeds Ward

Wyllis D. Fuller
1874 - 1876

Goudy Hogan
1876 Dec. 1877

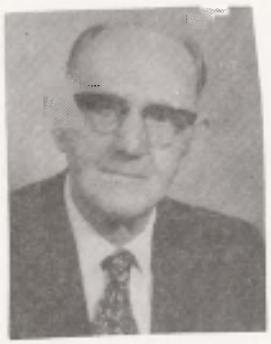
George H. Crosby
Dec. 1877 -1886

Brigham Young McMullin
Spring of 1886 - 1913

David Stirling
1913 -1929

I. Edward McMullin
1929 -1939

L. Stanley Fuller
1939 -1946



Charles E. Allen
1946 -1950

Clair Stirling
1950 - Nov. 25, 1956

Ross C. Savage
Nov. 25, 1956 - Aug. 14, 1961

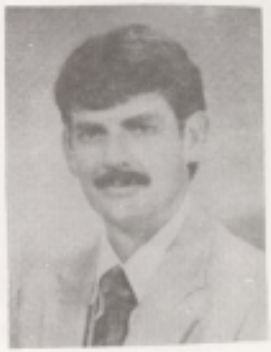
Walter C. Eagar
Aug. 14, 1961, - Jan 30, 1966

L. Merlin Sullivan
Jan. 30, 1966 - Mar 26, 1972

Bishops (Continued)

Ray H. Gleave
Mar. 26, 1972 - June 20, 1976

H. Carlyle Stirling
June 20, 1976 - Sep. 4, 1983



Donald J. Fawson
Sep. 4, 1983 - Aug. 21, 1988

Alan L. Howard
Aug. 21, 1988 - Jan. 16, 1994

Russell G. Peine
Jan. 16, 1994 -

G. Ray Beal
Feb. 25, 1996 -
(Leeds Second Ward)

Taken About 1923

1st
Floyd McMullin
Garn Vincient
Glenn Beal
Lavon Nichols
Vernon Jolley
Grant McMullin
Clyde McQuaid
Russell Hansen
Frenwell (Clair) Hansen
Eldon Fuller
Arthur Vincient
Oral Fuller

2nd
_____
Maurine Carlow
Ramona Dalton
Deslie Dalton
_____Angell
____head turned
Dick McMullin
Marion McMullin
Maxola McMullin
_____
Afton Olsen
Ione Olsen
Ruby Savage
Ruth Savage
Mona Angell
Arlene Olsen
Mary Vincent
Juanita Nichols
Bob Nichols
Bernice Nichols

3rd
Jessie Carlow
Nettie Carlow
Maxine Olsen
Grace Stirling
Thelma Hartley
Virginia Angell
Jessie Scott
Dixie Scott
Leone Stirling
Lula Sullivan
Clayton Sullivan (Baby)
Reah Sullivan
Lillian Sullivan
Vera Stirling
Wanda Nichols
Phoebe Fuller
Ethyl McMullin
Fay Stirling
Clara Hansen
Charlie Hans

4th
Ethel Stirling
Eldon Stirling (Baby)
Hazel McMullin
Ben McMullin (Baby
Jean Isom
Charlene Stirling (Baby)
Dave Stirling
LaVon McQuaid
Eugene Harris
Ira McMullin
Caroline McMullin

5th
Edward McMullin
Riley Savage
Addie Savage
Helen Jolley (Baby)
Mildred Jolley
Hazel Olsen
Margaret Savage
Marjorie Dalton
Ed Dalton

Seagull Graduation Day About 1953
Front Row: Judy McMullin, Sandra Eastman, AmyLu Savage, Lois Stirling
Back Row: Margueritte Smith, Wilma Beal, Helen Stirling

CHAPTER IV
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS
(CHARITY NEVER FAILETH)

I compiled this Leeds Ward Relief Society History and gave it at the Sesquicentennial Relief Society Birthday party held March 18, 1992. It contains history from May 4, 1876 to March 18, 1992.

I compiled it from written Relief Society histories and histories obtained from individuals, plus my memories of Relief Society of 60 years plus.

Since I did much research to get this material, I will write it here verbatim, as I gave it that night.

THE SESQUICENTENNIAL LEEDS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
HISTORY--FROM MAY 4, 1876 TO MARCH 18, 1992
COMPILED AND GIVEN BY WILMA C. BEAL

Just 116 years ago, this coming May 4, 1992, the Leeds Ward Relief Society was organized. It was one year before the Harrisburg Relief Society was organized.

Under Bishop Goudy Hogan, for the first number of years, one of the Bishopric attended each meeting held, and the meetings were held on the first Thursday of each month.

As we go along I will try to make these people live for you as much as I can. Studying about them has made me feel like I know these sisters personally.

May 4, 1976, Elizabeth Cooper Pixton, wife of Robert Pixton and an ancestor relative of Roy Brewer, became the first Relief Society President of Leeds. The first year here they lived in a dugout then later moved into the tall white Stringham house. Esther Ashby and Ann Hogan were her counselors, with Nancy Harris as treasurer and Robert Pixton's plural wife, Martha Silcock Pixton, was chosen as secretary, so there must have been a fair relationship between the two wives, Elizabeth and Martha. The Relief Society was organized with just five members but soon had four more added. Making a total of nine members.

The procedure for getting new members was as follows: A name was put up for membership and voted on, then that person had to pay fifty cents to become a member. From then on the yearly dues were fifty cents. Once a member always a member. If a member failed to pay the fifty cents, the Ward Relief Society had to foot the bill. As the dues were paid, each member was given a little card, with their name on it and signed by the treasurer, showing their dues were paid. Part of the fifty cents was sent to the Stake and part was kept in the ward.

Here is a sample of the first type of cards we received. The second is the type of the last.

This Certifies

Wilma Beal

IS A MEMBER OF

THE RELIEF SOCIETY

of

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

and annual membership dues of 50 cents (or its equivalent in foreign currency) have been paid for the 1968-69 membership year.

Mt. Hogan East — STAKE OR MISSION

Leeds — WARD OR BRANCH

NOV 4 1968 — DATE

Tana Sullivan — SECRETARY-TREASURER

This Certifies

W. C. Beal

IS A MEMBER OF

THE RELIEF SOCIETY

of

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

St. George East — STAKE OR MISSION

Leeds — WARD OR BRANCH

Sept. 1971 — DATE

Wilma C. Beal — PRESIDENT

For years the Relief Society maintained itself financially and had it's own bank account. In September 1971, we received the following instructions:

By direction of the First Presidency, all Latter-Day Saint women are enrolled as members of the Relief Society, effective September 1, 1971.

In 1971, we stopped collecting the fifty cent dues and we were instructed to turn all our money over to the ward.

At first all the meetings were work meetings and held once a month. The second year Elizabeth Pixton was gone out of town so Anna C. Angell and Anna M. Wilkinson, were appointed to take charge of the meetings. Doesn't it seem strange that Elizabeth's counselors weren't appointed to do that?

A year later Elizabeth Pixton returned and resumed her duties as president, and the sisters decided to hold meetings twice a month.

In May of 1880, the Stake Relief Society Presidency came up to Leeds and reorganized the Relief Society making Anna Marie Wilkinson, wife of Charles Wilkinson, our second Relief Society President, with counselors Esther Ashby and Sarah B. Crosby and Helen Leany McMullin, secretary.

Charles Wilkinson, in accordance with what seemed to be the custom among the Mormons at that time, married two immigrant convert women (Charles had already lost four wives, three by death, and one by divorce). These two women were called Grandma Anna and Aunt Maria. They were from Denmark and had no place to go, and he had a two year old motherless child. Grandma Anna was Anna Marie Wilkinson. The motherless child was Glade Dalton's grandmother, Rebecca (Beckie) Angell.

The Relief Society Presidency's first project was to purchase a small one-room board building. It stood near the old stone meeting house, the first meeting house built in Leeds.

From some old February 23, 1883 minutes, found in Rebecca Wilkinson Angell's home, after Anna Wilkinson had passed away, we read that the old quilting frame screws (clamps), that are on display in the glass case in the foyer of the Leeds chapel, were made by William Leatham, blacksmith for the Stormont Mining and Milling Co., and presented to the Relief Society by his wife, Margaret. They were valued at $2.00.

These clamps had been used for almost one hundred years when I was president of the Relief Society in 1973. They were the only ones we had during that time. The piece of wood they are clamped to came from the front door frame of Willard G. McMullin's home in Harrisburg. Willard G. McMullin was the grandfather of Ethyl George and Veir McMullin.

These same minutes also say, " Time was spent talking to each other and the sisters agreed to give Brother Chidester, who is in prison for polygamy, a pair of socks, valued at fifty cents.

Anna Wilkinson acted as president beginning May 20, 1879, but was not sustained as president until May 1880. She was president or acting president for seventeen years. When her advanced years made it impossible for her to go on, Sarah Ann Leany Stirling, grandmother of Eldon Stirling and Carlyle Stirling, and great aunt to Laurelle Dalton, was chosen to take her place June 15, 1896, making her the third president. Anna C. Angell and Ada McMullin were her counselors and they retained the same secretary and treasurer. Quilt making and rag carpets were their main activities. Part of the money obtained from the sale of these articles was used to purchase grain that was stored in the Church granaries. I remember when, as secretary of the Relief Society, I had to keep an account of how much grain was in our account as well as how much money. This was a project started by the Relief Society to help during World War I. Does it make you think of Ruth the Gleaner in Bible times?

Our wheat trust fund amounted to ten dollars. The wheat fund was kept in trust by the Presiding bishop's office. Wheat interest was sent to the ward Relief Society something like thirty-seven or forty cents at different years. Sixty cents in 1927.

Ill health made in necessary for Sarah Ann Stirling to be released. Here I am going to make a correction from the printed history already written by Etta M. Mariger. It is a quotation from the Stirling history written by Charlene Stirling Knell, a granddaughter of Sarah Ann Stirling. Quote: "In the book 'Relief Society Memories of St. George Stake' it says, Sarah Ann Stirling was president from 1897 to February 7, 1901 (It must have been 1900 because she died in October 1900 and the book says she was released because of illness)." End quote.

From the quote above, it would mean that Susanna Adams Harris took her place February 7, 1900 as the fourth president, keeping the same counselors, secretary and treasurer. She moved to Wyoming, so on May 2, 1904, Helen Leany McMullin, (Great aunt to Laurelle Dalton, Eldon Stirling and Carlyle Stirling) became our fifth president. Ada McMullin, Ethyl George's mother, and Mary Olsen, grandmother of Glenn Beal, were her counselors. Lavinnia Fuller became secretary and Maria Wilkinson was kept as treasurer but her health was failing, so she soon asked to be released. Lavinnia Fuller took over her job and this was the beginning of one person holding both positions of secretary and treasurer.

Helen McMullin was president during World War I and the Relief Society did lots of knitting for the Red Cross. Also, during her term, the General Board of The Relief Society started publishing the Relief Society Magazine. This magazine replaced the little bulletin that they had been sending out to each president, with guidelines for their Society. It started out small but grew into a wonderful magazine. We all loved it and hated to see it discontinued. Along with many wonderful articles, recipes, etc., it printed some of the most choice stories.

After the death of Helen McMullin in September 1917, Caroline Parker McMullin, grandmother of Carlyle Stirling, became our sixth President and served for eight years. Her counselors were Mary Woodbury Leany, Laurelle Dalton's grandmother, and Rebecca Angell, Glade Dalton's, grandmother. Glenn Beal's grandmother, Mary Olsen, replaced her as a counselor. During this time, Rebecca Angell presented an organ to the Relief Society.

In September 1924, Lavinnia Fuller, who had been secretary and treasurer for twenty years, resigned and Lizzie McQuaid was chosen to take her place.

1925 saw Ada Parker McMullin, mother of Ethyl George, as our seventh president with Lavinnia Fuller and Eva Savage, Evelyn McMullin's mother, as her counselors. It seems she was quite a live wire and her years as president were remembered by the many entertainments sponsored.

Ill health caused her to resign after two years and Lavinnia Angell Fuller, a great aunt of Glade Dalton, became our eighth President in December 1928, with Mary McMullin Sullivan, Lillian Stratton's mother, and Miranda McArthur McMullin, Veir McMullin's mother, as counselors and Lizzie McMullin McQuaid was kept as secretary and treasurer.

During the next five years the Relief Society put in a drinking fountain and a cement walk in front of the new Church house that had just been built. This new Church incorporated the old rock Church house they had been using and included a room for the Relief Society. The Relief Society covered the floor with linoleum and added a table and sewing machine.

Now we are coming down to the Presidents I knew as presidents. Although I knew some of the other past presidents, I didn't know them while they served as presidents.

Hazel Hopkins McMullin became our ninth President in 1933. Her counselors were Ethel Stirling, Eldon Stirling's mother, and Margie Dalton. She kept the same secretary-treasurer. When

Margie Dalton moved, Margaret McMullin, Evelyn McMullin's sister, was chosen. Margaret was soon called to be Primary President so Sadie Fuller took her place.

Church welfare started at this time and Relief Society activities centered around it. Work meeting was a full day and the time was spent sewing for the needy. What couldn't be finished at the meeting was taken home. Because work meeting took a full day, the Relief Society started the practice of serving a luncheon at noon. This made it inconvenient for the sisters to use the noon hour as an excuse to go home and stay. Needless to say, the attendance increased.

Those were depression years and anyone acquainted with the depression knows how tough they were. It seemed everyone was poor. Like the old saying *'We had everything but money.'*

Since the Church was the governing authority within the community, anything that was planned on the Civic side went through the Bishop of the ward. Sometime along in the depression years, the Federal Government gave everyone a chance to make a bed mattress for home use. Anyone wanting a mattress had to sign up for it ahead of time and when the materials came, the people were notified and they went to the Church house to make their own mattress, at no cost, but lots of hard work.

Large bales of cotton and bolts of ticking material were shipped in and mattress making began. The Relief Society supervised this project. After the cotton was sewed into the ticking with large needles, some straight and some curved, big clubs, and I mean big clubs, were used to beat on the mattress hard to fluff the cotton. When completed those mattresses were so soft and fluffy. It was heaven to lie down on them. Evelyn McMullin said she made two of them and Glenn and I made one. As did quite a few people in town.

During Hazel's leadership, they made drapes for the windows in the Relief Society room, and since they had started serving luncheon, they bought plates, knives, forks, and spoons and joined with the M.I.A. to buy a hot plate.

For a number of years the Relief Society rented a big truck and, fixing comfortable seats in the back of it, went on day-long excursions to points of interest.

Since the organ that Rebecca Angell had given to the Relief Society was worn out, Hazel gave them another one.

After eight years, Hazel resigned in 1941, and Ethel Isom Stirling, Eldon Stirling's mother, became our tenth President, with Sadie Fuller and Ada Sullivan as counselors. After seventeen years as secretary-treasurer, Lizzie McQuaid was replaced by Thelma Stirling. When Thelma moved to Hurricane, Mabel Caldwell replaced her.

Ethel Stirling felt that the highlights of her Presidency were the Church Welfare and the annual clean-up-day at the Church, where the Relief Society did a thorough cleaning of the Chapel and yards.

1945 saw Ethel's first counselor, Ada Workman Sullivan, sister-in-law to Lillian Stratton, as our eleventh President. Kathleen Boulton McMullin and Mabel Caldwell were her counselors with Rita McMullin as secretary-treasurer. Upon the resignation of Mabel Caldwell and Kathleen McMullin, Maida Sullivan and I, Wilma Beal, became Ada's counselors.

Ada Sullivan felt that her welfare work, which took many, many, hours, and the pre-Christmas activities, when the money for our entire 1948 Relief Society building fund was raised and sent to the Stake Officers before Christmas of 1947, were the highlights of her service. This building fund was the portion assessed the Leeds Ward Relief Society for the General Relief Society Office building in Salt Lake City.

1948 ushered in our twelfth Relief Society President. She needs no introduction. You all

know her; Evelyn Savage McMullin. She started out gung-ho but she must have gotten tired along the way. She lacked four years of serving as long as Anna Wilkinson. Anna served seventeen years and Evelyn only a measly thirteen. But she left her footprints.

Evelyn started out with Maida Sullivan and Ethel Stirling as counselors and Tana Sullivan was secretary-treasurer. Tana resigned and Kate Allen took her place. Maida Sullivan moved to St.George and Maggie Hartley was made counselor. Kate Allen was called to the M.I.A. and Tana became secretary-treasurer again. Maggie Hartley resigned and I, Wilma Beal, became counselor in 1953. Tana resigned again in 1954 and I took over the books and served as secretary-treasurer until 1960.

Each woman in the ward, whether they belonged to the Church or not, was honored by giving her a corsage on her birthday during the year of 1954-55.

During the six years from 1949 to 1955 the Relief Society had 100% visiting teaching done. A picture taken of twenty two sisters was published in the Relief Society magazine.

100% Visiting Teaching for years 1949 - 1955

1st row: Marietta Mariger, Margaret Hartley, Druie Bringhust, Ruth Porter, Dallice Hartman, Ethel Stirling, Hazel McMullin.

2nd row: Karma Sorenson, Blanche Eastman, Jessie Eagar, Ellen Savage, Lula Sullivan Geraldine Stirling, Ethyl George, Helen Stirling.

3rd row: Evelyn McMullin, Rose Hartley, Wilma Beal, Margueritte Smith, Pearl Hafen, Kate Allen, Maida Sullivan.

Bazaars have been one of the on-going things in the ward. You know, one of those events where you donate articles then buy them back. They are great money-making affairs. Just like the Ward Dinners. You donate the food then buy it back in the form of a dinner.

For years, in October, quite a group of deer hunters came from California each year about ten days or two weeks before the deer hunt started, many bringing their wives with them. All the men, including the town's people, gathered at the Log Cabin Inn for their confabs. Each hunter tried to out-do the last one with his tall tale. Some were quite hilarious.

I don't know what year Ellen Savage wrote this little piece, but it was printed in the Washington County News and I cut it out. Now I'm going to print it here.

Editor:

The deer hunt is on, bringing thoughts of days when Leeds was full of deer hunters from California. Ross always had a gang from California at the ranch (some returned for 30 years). At this time, after having been saturated with hunting tales, I summed it up this way:

You ask me what I'm doin', so early in the dawn,
I'm just a hunter stewin', anxious to be gone.
I've looked this country over, for the perfect shootin' range,
And every place I park seems wrong in the dark,
But I'm off to try again.

I'm goin' to hide once more, out beside the Utah Trail.
This time I'll make it sure, 'cause a man can't always fail.
Sneakin', I'll settle down on a rock where all is quiet,
And hope some guy, not as smart as I,
Will "push" a deer right into my sight.

But, if my luck goes wrong, there'll be one more thing to try...
I'll simply tag along, with some lucky, generous guy,
He'll tie a tag on a white and fluffy tail,
Then I can tell the rest how I out-shot the best,
Far out on the Utah Trail.

Now, these deer hunter's wives were fine sociable women and they came to Relief Society Meetings while they were here. We got well acquainted with them. They and their husbands loved our bazaars and Halloween dances, and boy, did they kick up their heels. As they were our best customers, we made the things in our work meetings that we thought they would like. They would buy our home made articles for presents and the home cooked food to eat. These ladies loved our quilts, and we always had a quilt on the frames at Relief Society. Etta Mariger was our official quilt binder. As soon as we took a quilt off the frames, she would fold it up, tuck it under her arm and head for home. Many times I have wished for such a quilt binder to bind my quilts. The money raised form the bazaars went into a Relief Society building fund. Did I say building fund? There has always been a building fund. They were as on-going as the bazaars. Evelyn and her cohorts planned to use this building fund to remodel the old tithing office for a permanent place for the Relief Society, where they could have ample room to meet and lots of storage space. This was the outstanding feature of Evelyn's presidency. The Relief Society had earned $1650.00 toward this

project when the Church decided it was too costly to have a separate building for Relief Society, so the ward took the money, remodeled the old Church House, making three rooms out of two and one of those became our Relief Society room. They built cupboards for storage and bought a small refrigerator and stove.

The Relief Society was required, at all times, to keep an emergency kit of Temple clothes on hand, a set of sheets and pillow cases, and a sterilized package of baby clothes.

Before embalming the dead became a common practice, people used to sit up with the dead, day and night, to keep ice packs on them, if ice could be obtained. If not they used cold cloths. They did it in three hour shifts and Evelyn said she had taken her turn. She has also helped dress the dead.

I asked Evelyn if she had ever delivered a baby and she said "Yes, one." Here is her story:

A lady was expecting a baby and Doctor Clark McIntire, from Hurricane, was her doctor. She started labor early, and Dr. McIntire couldn't be located. Her husband wasn't home, so she sent for Evelyn, who lived across the street. Since Evelyn hadn't delivered a baby before, she was nervous and sent for her sister, Margaret McMullin. Now there were two nervous people who hadn't gone through this experience before, so they sent for Mary Jolley. Mary had been a mid-wife all her life, but was now confined to a wheel chair with an amputated leg.

Mary Jolley sat in her wheel chair telling the two sisters everything to do. They delivered the baby but it was premature and died the next day.

We have always had a Relief Society Singing Mothers Chorus. They often sang in Stake Conference.

Back to Church Welfare. The ward owned a farm which was a peach orchard. So who canned the Welfare peaches? The Relief Society sisters.

When there was needy in the ward, the bishop gave the Relief Society President the privilege of going to the home and making out an order for things needed. The stake had lists of things available in the store house. The president would make out an order, go down to the store house, pick up the commodities and bring them back to the needy family. The **Bishop** and **Relief Society President** kept all of these transactions confidential.

When Ross Eagar was bedridden so long with polio, the Relief Society sisters used a work day to make him a "coat of many colors." Using a coat that belonged to Ross, each sister chose a favorite color of cloth and sewed a patch on the coat. Under each patch, the sister sewing on the patch, placed the amount of money she felt she could spare. When Ross and Zelda opened up the patches, the money received was $80.00. That $80.00 represented quite a bit of money for that time. They used part of the money to buy a picture of Christ in Gethsemene, which they presented to the Leeds Ward. It should still be in the new chapel some place today.

One Tuesday afternoon, as we were commencing our Relief Society opening exercises in the little old green church house, that had windows facing the main street, we looked up and saw a group of sisters heading up the walk toward the church. Stake President Verna Dewsnip, counselors Vera Christian and Katherine Larson headed the group. Someone said, "The whole Stake is coming." Evelyn rushed to the door to greet them. They were right there as she opened the front door and, can you hear Evelyn make this remark as she bowed to them at the door? "Welcome to our Relief Society. Come right in and join us. We're just as good as you are."

Ethyl McMullin George became our thirteenth President in October of 1961, and served for five years. Her counselors were Jessie Eagar and Evelyn McMullin and Ethel Stirling was secretary-treasurer.

On February 4, 1962, the ward began the project of remodeling the old school house that had been moved down from Silver Reef, making it into a Ward Recreation Hall. It had been vacant since the closing of school in 1956. They built a stage in one end so they could have entertainments. The remodeling was done by donated labor and the project was completed by May 22, 1962. The Relief Society sisters' job was to wash all the windows and clean the building, making it ready for use. No small task.

Previous to this time, all our dances and any other kind of entertainment had been held in our chapel. The benches lined the wall to leave room on the floor to dance. We had a stage at one end of the chapel that was also used for class rooms. At one time, we had as high as three Sunday School classes on the stage - one held behind the curtain on the south side, one held on the stage, proper, and one behind the curtain on the north side. Of course the classes had few in number.

January 21, 1963, the ward began remodeling and furnishing the chapel. They put new benches, carpeted the rostrum and isles of the Church, tiled the rest rooms, small hallways and two classrooms. The old Relief Society room had carpet and so did the new one. A closet was built for storage. The Relief Society furnished and hung new drapes on all the windows in the chapel.

Since the Relief Society had their own room and they didn't have any song books, Glenn and I purchased one dozen red hymn books, put " Leeds Relief Society," in gold, on the front and gave them to the Relief Society at the first Seventeenth of March anniversary after Ethyl went in as President. We couldn't have done that if we hadn't owned the store the books came from. Those were the only song books the Relief Society had until we came to the new chapel.

During this time the Stake furnished barbecued beef for our building fund dinners. These were Stake dinners, held in each ward because they were better attended than when held at the Stake Center.

Next came my turn. I, Wilma Cox Beal, became fourteenth Relief Society President June 19, 1966 and was there for seven years. Karma Sorenson and Irma Allen were my counselors and Tana Sullivan was my secretary. When Irma resigned, Geraldine Sullivan took her place. When Karma moved to St. George, Tana Sullivan replaced her. She still kept the secretary job for a year but when the Davenports came to town, we chose Rilla Davenport to be our secretary.

I have told you about our on-going bazaars. For one of them, besides all of the hand made articles, we made one hundred cookbooks with mimeographed pages and linoleum covers. They contained favorite recipes from our members. We sold all of the books and could have sold more. From this bazaar we took in $1247.00 and were able to turn $1183.00 over to the bishop. The other was used for materials purchased.

Shortly after I became president, we received a letter from the General Board instructing us to turn all our money over to the ward. Before we turned our money over to the ward, we did some spending, with Bishop Merlin Sullivan's permission, of course.

We had a little kitchenette built on the stage of the recreation hall in the old school house. We built cupboards and drawers for our dishes and utensils and bought a second hand sink, stove and a new refrigerator. Don Atkin built the cupboards, donating his labor. We also bought twenty soft cushioned chairs for the Relief Society room at the Church house.

After our spending spree, we had to turn our wheat fund and all other money over to the ward. We had $377.26 cash plus our $10.00 wheat fund. We had always been careful with our hard-earned money, but now things were different, we had to beg for our money. We had liked having our independence. After turning the money over to the ward, we no longer had need for a treasurer.

We have had our fun times along with all the hard work. We had all-day dutch oven cook-outs, and early morning breakfast cook-outs. We were excellent cooks, too. You would have enjoyed our meals, even if we did burn the biscuits, learning how to cook them in a dutch oven.

Our new Bishop, Ray Gleave, stressed the importance of every family having a two year supply of food and clothing, so we started a food storage program that we followed faithfully for one year. We bought one item each month and by the end of that year almost everyone had such things as wheat, rice, beans, honey, salt, sugar, etc. in storage.

Along with our on-going building fund dinner and bazaars, we have had many benefit dinners to help people who have dealt with a tragedy.

In March of 1973 we had a special Relief Society Birthday Party in which we honored all past presidents. We had six living and in an unbroken line. They were Hazel McMullin, Ethel Stirling, Ada Sullivan, Evelyn McMullin, Ethyl George, and Wilma Beal. Now three of those are gone but we have ten presidents living and in an unbroken line. They are Evelyn McMullin, Ethyl George, (passed away since I gave this in our program) Wilma Beal, Tana Sullivan, Bonnie Goodrich, Florence Pickering, Janice Jenkins, (passed away since I gave this) Joan VanSeters, and Laurelle Dalton.

Our Stake Relief Society had a special program honoring all members eighty years or over. Ethyl George was our ward member honored, the only one that old when I was President. At present we have quite a few sisters eighty years or over. It seems we are adding years to our lives. People are living longer. Who wants the alternative?

Compassionate Service has always been the Relief Society's first concern. Each President has had her special cases that needed help in some way. There has always been some home-bound or ill, someone the President had to look out for. In times of funerals the Relief Society sisters were the flower girls and we hauled the flowers to the cemetery. We used to feed the family and friends, who had to travel, sandwiches, cake and punch. Now it has turned into a full fledged meal. The Church has tried to discourage this practice, but most of the wards still do it.

The Relief Society singing mothers chorus of ten southern Stakes were privileged to furnish the music for the Relief Society October 1966 General Conference at the opening session. Evelyn McMullin was among the members of the singing chorus.

We started the baby sitting program, but our first year wasn't very successful.

At the beginning of my term as President, the General Board began pushing for programs to reach out and get the working mothers. The stake tried having Relief Society for the working mothers on a Stake basis. Each ward took one full month of presiding, furnishing the music, secretary, class leader and preparing a work meeting. We took our turn but the Stake didn't find this program too successful, so they started pushing the wards again. With the consent of Bishop Merlin Sullivan, we called a meeting and asked if the Relief Society sisters would consider trying night Relief Society instead of day Relief Society. We had a few older people, and we promised to pick them up if they wanted us to, but they lived close to the church. It was a unanimous vote to try the program, and I felt that it worked great while it lasted. We held our first meeting on January 5, 1972, and had good attendance. After Ray Gleave became bishop, he pushed to have it changed back to day time. With the Bishop against us, we had no choice.

August 5, 1973, Tana Seegmiller Sullivan followed me as fifteenth president. Her counselors were Rilla Davenport and Louise Stirling with Frances Winsor as secretary. Tana says she can't remember anything they did but she was a tireless and conscientious worker and I found records that shows she started, for the first time, the second session of Relief Society on November

After one year, Louise Fluckiger Stirling followed Tana Sullivan as our sixteenth president on August 18, 1974, and she served three years. She started with Alice Forsha and Linda Larson as her counselors and Frances Winsor as secretary. Linda moved and Rosalie Nielson took her place. Before long, Alberta Lee replaced Rosalie. When Frances Winsor went on her mission, Veannetta Laub replaced her as secretary.

Louise continued the Sunday morning Relief Society for working mothers, held at the same time as Priesthood Meeting, and it was held in her home. Where the same teacher had been giving the lesson on Sunday and again on Tuesday, she picked teachers from the working mothers to give the Sunday morning lesson.

Irma Allen taught a day time Red Cross class on Home Nursing, eight women to the class, trying to get every member certified for practical nursing. It was a volunteer class and all members did not take it.

Louise felt that one of her great responsibilities while president, was Rose Hartley. Rose was ill and at home alone, and had to have someone with her on a twenty four hour basis. She needed oxygen all the time and the ordinary person was not trained to know what to do in an emergency. It taxed people so much that she went to the bishop, who was Carlyle Stirling at that time, and presented the problem to him. He suggested that the answer might be a convalescent home or something of that kind. The St. George Care Center was just being built so Louise and Bishop Stirling went down to check it out. They came back and presented the program to Rose. She didn't want to go. In fact she fought going. The Bishop suggested that she go down and try it for three months, while she was so sick, and if she didn't like it they would try to work something else out. Finally, she agreed to do that.

They took Rose down to the St. George Care Center on March 15, 1977. She was their first patient. When she got to feeling better and on her feet, she was able to help with other patients and she enjoyed it. She never did ask to come home.

The Care Center celebrated its first birthday March 15, 1978 and all forty seven residents were treated to a special buffet luncheon and were entertained by Roene DiFiore and the Dixie College group. The Group sang and played instruments for the patients in an hour long program. To top off the anniversary program the Care Center presented Mrs. Rose Hartley with a corsage for being the first patient to live in the Center.

During Louise's three years they had a fund raising drive for the "Nauvoo Monument to Women." The Stake challenged each member to donate five dollars to the project. Most of the funds were raised through a five dollar per plate Ward dinner. They made $353.00.

Next came Bonnie Pierce Goodrich as seventeenth President, on August 7, 1977. Counselors were Alice Forsha and Tana Sullivan with Veannetta Laub as secretary. At some time Maxine Owen and Judy Petralia became her counselors. Bonnie says her two years as president was the most pleasurable calling she ever had. During Bonnie's term, they called two assistants to preside over the Sunday morning Relief Society and this relieved the regular presidency of a great responsibility. Through the three years, plus, that this program lasted the following sisters were involved as assistants: Hildegard Scheuber, Betty Ann Brown, Afton Stauffer, and Vernell Carr. These meetings were well attended by the working women. The regular Relief Society was still held on Tuesday of each week in the new chapel.

On December 16, 1979, we come up with Florence Kooyman Pickering as our eighteenth president. She served for two years and her counselors were Tana Sullivan and Cecilia Ludwig with Frances Winsor as secretary.

Florence says her major project was the ward survey to find how many families had their two year food storage.

During Florence's term, an era ended with the conclusion of our last regular Tuesday Relief Society meeting, held February 26, 1980. The first meeting held under the new consolidated church program started Sunday March 2, 1980.

Following Florence Pickering as our nineteenth president on November 1, 1981, was Janice Waugaman Jenkins. She started with Louise Stirling and Charma Confer as her counselors but later Alene Cuff replaced Charma. Virginia Ward was her secretary. Janice spent five years there.

Janice, and her helpers, compiled a cookbook of "Our Favorite Recipes" and between that and the good old "money-making" bazaar, they raised $2,000.00 and bought our first copy machine for the library.

In 1985 word came from the General Board of the Relief Society that we were to stop having bazaars, so there went one of our "money makers."

Joan Butler VanSeters began her term as president October 12, 1986. She was the twentieth president and stayed with us for three years. Sandra Browning and Alberta Lee were counselors and Nancy Green secretary. Joan says that was the good time of her life. Her little hair shop was open for friendship. She felt that she made more friends through the shop than she could do any other way. She could fellowship by being friendly and she hoped she set a good example to everyone. She felt that she did more Relief Society work in her shop than any other place. Chances for compassionate service came her way and she was able to deal with the problems.

Now came our twenty first Relief Society president, Laurelle Leany Dalton. Her service began October 8, 1989 with Carol Friese and Jane Christiansen as counselors and Wanda Hausman as secretary. Wanda resigned and Marjorie Butterfield took her place. Jane Christiansen moved and was replaced by Connie Peine and when Carol Friese moved, Alice Franks replaced her.

About one year ago the Relief Society sponsored a Quilt Festival inviting members and non-members alike, to bring their quilts, pillows, afghans, etc. for show. They had a huge display and there were may beautiful things shown.

We have had two fires among our ward members in the past two years and the Relief Society has made quilts, given showers, helped with benefit dinners, and done everything possible to help those families who lost their all.

Laurell makes fliers to send out with the visiting teachers each month, so the teachers will have something to give to the sisters as incentive to get their teaching done early before the third Wednesday of the month which is work meeting night.

At the Sesquicentennial Leeds Ward Relief Society party, President Laurelle presented each past president a plate with "RS" inscribed in the center, Leeds Ward and the beginning and ending date of their service above that and the president's name below it. Around the rim **Charity Never Faileth** and at the bottom the date General Relief Society was organized and the year it was presented, 1842-1992. It is one of my prized possessions.

Our enrollment fluctuates but at present we have 121 members.

We have had some dedicated and enthusiastic leaders through the years and, I for one, think the Relief Society is one of the greatest organizations on Earth.

So much of our Relief Society has dealt with building fund dinners that I have to give the following Building Fund Poem:

Building Fund

The roof is leaking,
The floors are squeaking,
We notice the Church House leans.
The cash we'll be spending
To do all this mending
Will have to come from our jeans.

We've thought of a winner;
A fund-raising dinner.
(You buy back the things you bring.)
Why, folks should be grateful
To pay for a plateful
Let's give everybody a ring.

With heart-rending ballads
We'll dun them for salads,
And butter, and pickles, and such.
While we have their attention
We'll casually mention
That a ten-dollar fee isn't much

We'll do our own catering
And also the waitering
And put on a fancy spread.
Then we'll work to collapse,
And maybe, perhaps,
If we're fortunate, come out ahead.

Since this history was written for March 18, 1992, somethings have changed a little but you can sort those things out. We had a Relief Society Presidency installed October 17, 1993. Arita Perrfield Evans president with Marilyn Burt and Peggy Allen as counselors. Marjorie Butterfield was still secretary. On May 5, 1996, Arita was released and Dorthea Cox Horrocks was installed as First Ward Relief Society President with Ida Jean Wiley and Sheryl Lee as counselors. Marjorie Butterfield is still secretary.

Along with the division of the ward, we received a new Relief Society President in the Second Ward. Marilyn West Young is president with Kerry Hepworth and Mary Krueger as her counselors. Nancy Larsen is secretary. They were sustained March 3, 1996.

This poem was written years ago during the year that we did much of the rug making. An 81 year old sister from Leeds wrote this and I thought it good enough to enclose.

A RUG RAG NIGHTMARE

I have worked all day till evening,
Not a nickel have I earned,
Or one thing I accomplished,
And no lesson have I learned.
You don't get any credit,
And I'll say it is no fun,
When you work so hard at tearing up
What some one else has done.

Of poverty and labor
The evidence is here.
If every one gave up their rags,
I wonder what they'd wear.

This rag-bag is so heavy,
But I don't want to shirk.
I only hope the credit goes
To the ones who do the work.

They seem so old and musty,
As if they had been worn.
I hope they have been washed real well
In order to be torn.

Well, here is one; a lady's dress.
Its years were not a few,
But by cutting very carefully
I can get a string or two.

This fashion I remember
Was about in ninety two.
It is mostly sleeves and collar,
And the length to hide the shoe.

Then here is some pajamas.
Whose I wouldn't dare say
They look just like a fat man
I know right down the way.

They are tight around the tummy,
And baggy at the knees.
I hope he has some more by now
To take the place of these.

And Grandma's old grey bonnet,
We have heard so much about,
Is right here in this rag bag,
Now she'll have to do without.

We have a hig collection,
Here, on this display,
Of overalls and underalls,
Of a past forgotten day.

There are seams, tucks, hems, and bindings,
Pins, buttons, hooks and that,
Cuffs, collars, belts and linings,
Till you don't know where you're at.

There's furbelows and folderalls,
Pinafores and pin' em backs,
Bussels, hoops, and pockets
And of patches, there's no lack.

There is no place you can start at,
And no place you can stop.
These fashions, fads and gimmicks,
Will make you blow your top.

I didn't get this finished
For the party about this junk.
I was so choked up on ravelings
That my thinker couldn't thunk.

So if you are faithful,
And hoping to be blessed,
Donate the rags right off your back,
And we will do the rest.
---Drucilla Bringhurst---

The Relief Society has often given people opportunities to perform in dramatizations and some of them bring strange experiences. On one of these occasions I was involved. This particular one was called "Oil In Our Lamps." It was the parable of the ten virgins and was given during the program at our Relief Society Birthday Party, and I was asked to be the fifth virgin who was one of the foolish virgins.

I am probably foolish, but this particular part did not fit me. I have never been pampered and things never came easy for me. My family never waited on me, and I have worked hard for anything I ever got. Now it was only a skit, but I couldn't remember my lines. I was told to put it in my own words but that didn't help. It didn't fit me. The night of our performance I stammered

and stumbled through my part. It was terrible and I was embarrassed, but the skit as a whole went over great, so they were asked to give it at a stake function. For some reason I couldn't go, and I wasn't sorry, because I didn't want to make a fool out of myself again.

Bonnie Goodrich took the part of that foolish virgin at the stake function and I heard her say later that she made a fizzle out of it.

This particular skit had a great moral to it, so the Relief Society was asked to present it in Sacrament Meeting. This time I think it was Alberta Lee that took the Foolish Virgin part and she stumbled through the part of the fifth virgin. What was wrong with that foolish virgin? She surely put a hex on all three of us performers.

Group of Relief Society Members June 4, 1973

Sandra Howard, Maxine Owen, Beth Lewis, Carolyn Montgomery, Alberta Lee, Bonnie Goodrich, Becky Fawson, Irma Allen, Eleanor Webb, Iola Frandsen, Linda Larson. Margueritte Robinson, Gena Larson, Jeri Sullivan, Rilla Davenport, Wilma Beal, Louise Stirling, Fay Richin, Sarah Miller, Rose Hartley, Ardith Stewart, Evelyn Bartschi, Ethel Stirling, Hulda Thomas, Ivean Sullivan, Purna Fluckiger, Evelyn McMullin, VerNell Carr.
Back Row: Glenna Wallace, Jessie Eagar, Ethyl George, Afton Stauffer.

Early Morning Cook-out Breakfast at Red Cliffs Recreation Area

Bazaar Items

Relief Society Presidents of the Leeds Ward

Elizabeth C. Pixton
May 4, 1876 - May 1880

Anna M. Wilkinson
May 1880 - June 15, - 1896

Sarah Ann L. Stirling
June 15, 1896 - Feb. 7, 1900

Susanne A. Harris
Feb. 7, 1900 - May 2, 1904

Helen L. McMullin
May 2, 1904 - Sep. 7, 1917

Caroline P. McMullin
Sep. 7, 1917 - Feb. 3, 1925

Ada P. McMullin
Feb. 3, 1925 - Dec. 2, 1928

Lavinnia A. Fuller
Dec. 2, 1928 - Sep. 16, 1934

Hazel H. McMullin
Sep. 16, 1934 - 1941

Ethel I. Stirling
1941 -1945

Ada W. Sullivan
1945 - 1948

Evelyn S. McMullin
1948 - Oct. 1961

Relief Society Presidents (Continued)

Ethyl M. George
Oct. 1961 - June 19, 1966

Wilma C. Beal
June 19, 1966 - Aug. 5, 1973

Tana S. Sullivan
Aug. 5, 1973 - 18, 1974

Louise F. Stirling
Aug. 18, 1974 - Aug. 7, 1977

Bonnie P. Goodrich
Aug. 7, 1977 - Dec. 16, 1979

Florence K. Pickering
Dec. 16, 1979 - Nov. 1, 1981

Janice W. Jenkins
Nov. 1, 1981 - Oct. 12, 1986

Joan B. VanSeters
Oct. 12, 1986 - Oct. 8, 1989

Laurelle L. Dalton
Oct. 8, 1989 - Oct. 17, 1993

Arita P. Evans
Oct. 17, 1993 - May 5, 1996

Marilyn W. Young
Mar. 3, 1996 -
(Leeds Second Ward)

Dorthea C. Horrocks
May 5, 1996 -
(Leeds First Ward)

CHAPTER V
MAYORS
(CIVIC LEADERS)

We have heard lots of stories about how Leeds was settled but have you ever wondered how it came about that it was incorporated? I'll tell you the story. It came from the horse's mouth himself, Clair Stirling.

On October 26, 1991, after attending a funeral in Hurricane for Delilah Dodge at 11:00 A.M. and one in LaVerkin for Addie Naegle at 1:00 P.M. we had just arrived home when Clair and Helen Stirling, former residents of Leeds, dropped in for a visit before going back home to Auborn, Washington.

I don't remember my exact words, but I said something about the town having to be incorporated to get the loan to have our culinary water put in a pipe from the spring up at the foot of Pine Valley Mountain. This had always been my idea and I know several people that thought the same thing.

Clair jumped quick at that and said, "The town was never incorporated for that reason. It never had anything to do with water. I'll tell you how it came about."

This is his story:

"In 1946 I was building my new home on 230 North Main. Evan Woodbury and all the rest of the County Commissioners stopped and walked over where I was working. They passed the time of day then asked if I were going to vote for them on election day.

I said, "No."

They looked a little shocked at my blunt answer and asked why not.

I said, "What have you ever done for us? Look at the chuck holes all over up and down Main Street. Go look at that mess of a road we have to travel to get to the cemetery. Look at all the roads around here. What has the county ever done for us? No, I'm not going to vote for you."

Within less than a week the county equipment was up here doing a great job on our roads. Our roads were the best they had ever been.

Clair said he began to think that we weren't getting any use out of our county tax money. He felt that the only way we could get anything accomplished was to become incorporated, so he went to visit Orval Haven, a lawyer, to see how to go about it. Orval sent him to Pershing Nelson, another lawyer, who drew up the Articles of Incorporation for the town and they were approved by the County Commissioners. Pershing Nelson started the ball rolling and in May 1953 Leeds was incorporated and Clair Stirling became it's first President of the Board.

In the Saga of Three Towns, page 42, it says, "Since becoming the city of Leeds, we have had two mayors elected, A. A. Eastman and W. G. McMullin." This has given people the idea that one of them was the first mayor.

Some years back, when I was gathering information about the Mayors of Leeds, Alice Forsha was the Town Clerk. I asked her if she could give me the names of the mayors and the years they served. I was surprised when she listed Clair Stirling as the first President with W.C. Eagar, Ross Savage, Stewart Allen, and Stanley Sorenson as the board members.

I imagine that getting the new culinary system so soon after the town was incorporated made it easy to link the two together.

The town was incorporated in 1953 and the culinary system was completed in January of 1956.

Since we are on the subject of Mayors, I am going to give their names and how many years each one served. There was so much turnover in the councilmen that I won't bother to list them. It probably wouldn't be possible anyway.

Clair Stirling	1953	1 year
A. A. Eastman	1954	6 years
Willard G. McMullin	1960	2 years
Frank Eagar	1962	4 years
Glenn Beal	1966	4 years
Ross Savage	1970	8 years
Clin Davenport	1978	4 years
Carl Seierup	1982	4 years
Stanley Roberts	1986	8 years
Brent DeMille	As of 1994 election is our new mayor.	

I don't have a record of all the things the different mayors did, but I am sure each one set goals he wished to accomplish, and they, too, aren't here to ask.

While Art Eastman was mayor, the water line was extended from town to the cemetery. It was finished May 7, 1957.

During the time that Willard McMullin was mayor, we had curb and gutter constructed on the west side of Main Street. It began March 6, 1960 and was completed June 30, 1960.

When the curb and gutter were put in, all the big beautiful mulberry trees that lined the sidewalk on the church block, were cut down. In a way, it was sad to see them go, but, oh, they were messy. They were the bearing kind, and the ground was covered with the berries every year.

While Frank Eagar was mayor, trees were planted in the cemetery as part of a landscaping project, and a new fence was built around it. U.S. Highway 91 has gone down the main street of Leeds since Leeds was first settled, but traffic was turned to the newly completed freeway, I 15, May 17, 1962. This happened during Frank Eagar's term as mayor.

While Glenn Beal was mayor, they started opening up some of the side streets. Everything was done by the individuals with pick and shovel and whatever kind of farm equipment they had because there was no money to hire heavy equipment to do the job. I remember one incident when someone used the blade on their farm tractor to grade the side street a little. A few rocks were left in a driveway and the owner couldn't get their car out. Lo and behold, here came a letter from Attorney Ellis Pickett to Mayor Glenn Beal, threatening to sue the town of Leeds if he didn't remove those rocks immediately. Mayor Glenn Beal took his shovel and pickup down and removed the rocks. How many mayors have found that the mayor's job is a thankless one?

During the eight years that Ross Savage was mayor, they seemed to have accomplished quite a few things, especially the last two years.

In 1976, Leeds entered a contest to see who could make the most improvements in their town. Bill Schweer made a scrapbook, Community Involvement, naming the goals and telling the goals completed for the years 1976-78. Brian Head won first place and Leeds won second place. Bill says we accomplished the most, but he thinks Brian Head won because they have a better tax base for the state. Some of the goals that were completed are told in the Culinary Water section. Others are as follows:

A worthwhile goal was Don Fawson's push for fire protection. The following is what happened there:

Money was raised as listed below:

Town of Leeds	$ 5,200.00	$17,000.00 for a
Individual Donation	6,000.00	gasoline drive
Washington County	5,000.00	pump.
Total	$16,000.00	

The fire station was built in 1976 of red brick cement block and a cement floor. Some of the construction workers were Don Fawson, Bill Robinson, John Seiler, and Ross Savage, but others spent time there when they could.

A used Army truck and a one thousand gallon tank was purchased from military surplus and converted into a fire truck. This was done by Don Fawson, Herb Janson, Bill Robinson, John Seiler, and Fred Friese. The Forest Service donated $3,700.00 worth of equipment.

Thirteen fire hydrants, the 175,000 gallon fire service tank, and seven stand pipes were installed into the new water system. The Fire Department has a radio actuated siren and is set up to hold training meetings once a week.

The original Volunteer Fire Department personnel were:

Don Fawson - Fire Chief	Micky McNutt
Marty McNutt - Secretary	Bill Robinson
Mike Mary - Training Officer	Fred Friese
Mrs. Mike Mary	Don Mulkey
John Seiler	June Forsha
Richard Pisarskey	Ray Beal
Herb Janson	

The fire engine equipment has been upgraded since this time.

I don't know when the eight-party telephone lines came to Leeds, but they weren't here for a number of years after our house was built. There was talk of getting phones so we had our house planned to accommodate them. At that time we had two telephones in town, one at the Leeds Mercantile and one at the Log Cabin Inn.

During this time of improvement, the telephone system was upgraded. It changed from the eight-party line to a single-party line, with a $120.00 one time payment. If you have ever been on an eight-party line, you know what an improvement that is. According to the telephone company, Leeds now has the latest technics available.

Leeds joined with thirteen cities and towns in the Washington County Garbage Disposal, and a truck picks up our garbage once a week. As of February 1, 1995, we have the new semi-automated service for solid waste pick up.

The town mayor was informed that the UPS would no longer try to deliver packages in Leeds if the streets did not have names and numbers, so the Town Council chose a Beautification Committee to comply with this need and to plan ways to beautify the town.

Members of the Beautification Committee, over the years it took to do the first assignment, were John Seiler, William Lackner, Evelyn McMullin, Raymond Richan, Van Lofthouse, Verlynn Beal and Sheila Hudson.

The posts for the signs came from the Ross Savage ground, and Van Lofthouse made the signs.

In September 1976, it was a great sight to see all the new street signs go up in Leeds and

numbers were assigned to all the homes. This was the work of the town Beautification Committee. They had numbers made for each home and had them delivered. We were asked to display them.

After going to all the effort of making and putting up the signs, on November 8, 1976, vandals went through the town and tore down and carried off most of the newly erected street signs. A reward was posted for any of the vandals that could be found. Months later, I was told that the signs had been found under some of the town boys' beds.

On March 21, 1976, our beautiful new chapel was dedicated. It was not the town that built or sponsored it, but it was most of the same people involved, and it is certainly a plus to the town.

Clin Davenport had been in the plumbing business, and while he was mayor, he, with others' help, installed the drip water system at the cemetery to keep the trees green. His involvement with the LDWA is told in the water section.

During the years that Carl Seierup was mayor, he applied for government grants and had concrete sidewalks installed part of the way down each side of Main Street.

I was on the town council at this time, and was liaison to the Beautification Committee. An **angel**, who wished to remain anonymous, but was interested in helping Leeds put on a new face, donated one thousand dollars to be given away in prize money for a "Beautify Leeds" contest. All Leeds residents were encouraged to spiff up their gardens, dig out the weeds, plant a few seeds and paint the out buildings. To be in the contest, they needed to take a before picture and submit it by December 1, 1982, and an after picture on June 1, 1983, a six month period. It was divided into two categories:

Number 1 - Most improvement to existing buildings and best new landscapes.

First Prize	$300.00
Second Prize	200.00
Third Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	75.00
Fifth Prize	50.00
Fifth Prize	50.00

Number 2 - Most beautiful and effective gardening display.

First Prize	$100.00
Second Prize	65.00
Third Prize	40.00
Fourth Prize	10.00
Fourth Prize	10.00

This was judged from before and after pictures. In case of a tie, the prize money was to be divided equally.

One prize in each category was tied so they were divided. Sixty-six ballots were sent out to the people of the town and they did the judging.

Ten people received cash prizes, but each one that worked in their home and garden was also a winner. Our town was a blaze of beauty that year.

Stanley Roberts became our mayor in 1986. He was retired and had time to spend overseeing the things that needed to be done. To name a few of the things that were accomplished: the town hall was reroofed and siding put on, the fire house was painted, and the parking lot black-topped. The concrete sidewalks were extended on both sides of the street. The Leeds Historical

Society was started, with June Foster as chairman. She sponsored dutch oven dinners and sold tickets for quilts to raise money to restore the old CCC Camp. She got it off to a really good start before moving to Colorado. The old Elementary school house and surrounding ground were purchased from the Washington County School Board for the price of $10,000.00, with a down payment of $2,000.00 to be paid at $1,000 per year and no interest. The remaining ground for the park was purchased from Horst Prison for the price of $13,000.

The park became an ongoing project and money was solicited for trees. Slave auctions were held to raise money for other things they planned to do. We now have a beautiful lawn with a retaining wall and sprinkling system, playground equipment and a large canopy covering the park pavilion and tables where socials can be held. The straw boss that spearheaded the building and beautifying of the park was Glenna Dodge, but her good husband Glenn, and many others did the manual labor.

The last man to fill the Leeds Mayor's seat is Brent DeMille. Of course, we will expect great things of him.

Each mayor likes to brag about what he has accomplished while being mayor, but the fact remains that each one has to build upon what the previous ones have done. As the town grows, there are more people to help and a better tax base to work with. For years after the town was first incorporated, there was nothing to work with.

I am going to quote an interesting Pioneer philosophy. I think this could apply to mayors, for we have come a long way since the time that Clair Stirling pushed for incorporation.

Quote:

"Where I lie down worn out, other men will stand young and fresh.
By the steps I cut they will climb.
By the stairs I have built they will mount.
They may never know the name of the man who made them.
At my clumsy work they will laugh . . .
But they will mount, and on my work.
They will climb, and by my stairs.
For no man liveth unto himself,
And no man dieth unto himself.
No man stands alone."

There is a lot of drudgery between the first enthusiasm and the final achievement.

Mayors of Leeds

Clair Stirling
1953-1954

Art Eastman
1954-1960

Willard McMullin
1960-1962

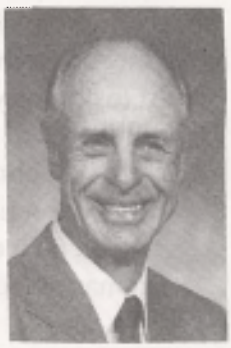
Frank Eagar
1962-1966

Glenn Beal
1966-1970

Ross Savage
1970-1978

Clin Davenport
1978-1982

Carl Seierup
1982-1986



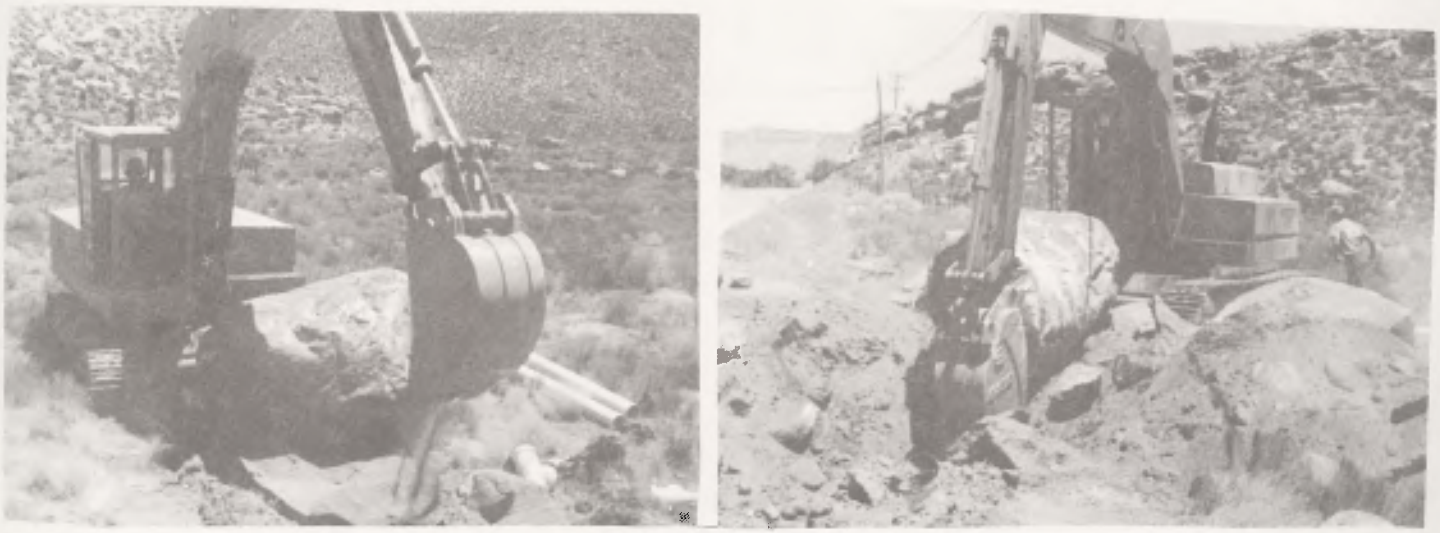
Stan Roberts
1986-1994

Brent DeMille
1994-

Built in 1976

Don Fawson and Mark Ludlow
inspecting the fire truck

Alex Beal Steam cleaning
the fire truck



Large rocks taken out of trench at time of pipeline
being laid down east side of Leeds

CHAPTER VI
CULINARY WATER
(A LIFE SAVER)

Purifying Our Water

Anyone who has lived in Leeds is aware of the cool, crystal clear, pure culinary water that flows down the canyon from Pine Valley Mountain. This is a great PLUS for Leeds. We have neighbors from surrounding communities who come to Leeds regularly to get their drinking water, and as long as we protect it, we will have it here for all of us to enjoy.

Back in the 1930's and 40's, when we lived at Silver Reef, every time we had a rain storm or when the snows started to melt in the spring, the water coming down Quail Creek was a big flowing stream of mud. *That was our drinking water.* We had a small settling tank at Silver Reef, and Leeds had one at the same place they have a tank today, north west of our home, with no cover on top. The settling tanks were better than nothing, but it took days for the water to clear up after a storm or the spring runoff from Pine Valley Mountain. Many of us went to Hogan Springs or Grapevine Springs to obtain drinking water.

In past years the cattlemen bought permits to graze their cattle on the Forest Service land. Each spring, they would take their cattle up the canyon. So, besides the muddy water coming down the creek periodically, quite often we had dead cattle or dead deer that had to be fished out of the stream. It really wasn't very appetizing.

People began to speculate on what it would cost to pipe the water from a spring located up the canyon. In 1946, Frank McMullin, as president of the LDWA, came to Silver Reef and sold a culinary tap to Alex Colbath, thus making him a shareholder in the Leeds Domestic Waterusers Association. The Association was trying to get people involved to create a larger income base so they could afford to borrow money for the project of piping culinary water down the canyon. At that time, they had a total of 31 stockholders. By 1954, they had increased to 46 stockholders.

Our country had just gone through a depression and a war. Money was scarce around Leeds, but there was still a great need for this improvement. As usual, we had those pushing for the project and those opposing it. *There is always opposition in all things.* I remember Frank McMullin and Charles Allen as two of the strong pushers for this project.

In 1954, a young live wire, Stanley Sorenson, became president of the LDWA, and with his drive things began to roll. He kept the road hot from Leeds to Richfield visiting with Joel Richards, administrator of Farm Home Administration (FHA). In July 1955, Stanley Sorenson, as president of the LDWA, signed a note from the FHA for $50,000.00 to be paid back over a thirty-five-year period at three percent interest. This note secured the spring designed to carry .11 cfs *cubic feet of water per second* to the town of Leeds. This was the amount of water decreed to the LDWA by the District Court March 2, 1923. It guaranteed cool, clear, pure drinking water for all of us.

Signing the note with the FHA didn't end Stan's involvement. For the next year, I think he ate, slept and drank the project. Big equipment had to do the digging of the trench, but to save money, the male population of the town did the backbreaking lifting, carrying, and laying of the metal pipeline in that *long 7 miles of trench down the canyon.* Approximately 36,900 feet of 4 inch pipe brought the clear water to a 60,000-gallon steel storage tank, then took it on to Leeds to connect with the old pipeline.

Not long after this high quality water was filling our pipelines, some tourists stopped at the Leeds Mercantile to gas their car and fill some jugs with water. One of our **strongest objectors** to the project was standing out in front of the Allen store. You should have heard the bragging he did on our wonderful water system. You would have thought he installed the whole system all by himself. Our thanks goes to Stanley Sorenson (deceased), with good strong backing, for pushing this project through to completion, so we can enjoy this crystal clear water.

I can't forget Ross Savage for he is another dedicated LDWA president and board member.

Stanley Sorenson

There has been a need to acquire more water for Leeds since the population began to increase. During the years that the LDWA was searching for additional water, they tried to file on Blue Springs, but were not allowed to do it because of a moratorium on filings west of the Virgin River from New Harmony to St. George. They bought two irrigation shares for $6,200.00. A committee was formed to try to make a transfer from irrigation water to culinary water (both irrigation and domestic water originated at the same area at the foot of Pine Valley Mountain). After one year of meetings, the project was abandoned because the Leeds Irrigation Company refused to permit the transfer.

A well right for one fourth cfs was purchased from Alan Howard for $500.00. It was originally understood that this well right would provide approximately 120 taps of water. After buying the well and the pipeline was installed, it turned out that the right was actually an irrigation right and was limited to 10 acres. This gave the company only 41 taps instead of 120.

The LDWA wanted to upgrade and modernize the town water system. They had a crude layout. Some sections were fifty-five years old and leaks were occurring at frequent intervals. They had different sized pipe, ranging from four inches down to one and one-fourth inch. And the pipe didn't have a large enough capacity for the growing town. Improvements needed to be made.

The association stockholders voted to borrow money to enlarge and upgrade the present water system; drill and equip a well to use the well right purchased from Alan Howard, install a 175,000-gallon fire service tank and new fire plugs so the residents would get lower priced fire insurance.

$145,000.00 was borrowed from the State Board of Water Rights, interest free.

Because there had already been two dry wells dug in the area, they arranged for Mr. Stringham, a water witch, and Bryce Montgomery, a state geologist, to locate possible underground water. They came at separate times, and these two men came within 20 feet of each other. They picked the spot for the well to be dug. Boyd Bradshaw from Hurricane drilled the well. Water was found at 200 feet, but the well was dug to about 400 feet.

To save $18,000.00, the men of Leeds worked for $3.00 per hour and installed the pump house and approximately three miles of pipe line. These men also installed all the valves, fittings, and fire hydrants plus thrust blocks, etc.

While visiting with Clin Davenport, he told me of the struggle they had at the time they built the well. They had to cross **Forest Service ground and BLM land**. They gained permission to cross these and built a road. They dug a trench along the side of the road in about one mile of the rockiest terrain imaginable. (In a one-fourth mile section, it required 96 separate charges of dynamite.) In Clin's words, "We had just finished digging the trench when that *young smart aleck*

whippersnapper from BLM came along and started to shoot off his mouth. He said, 'What are you doing with that trench along the side of the road? Cover it up and dig your trench down the middle of the road.'" Clin said he told that smart aleck that the first big truck to go down the road would bust the pipe to pieces. The BLM guy said, "I want you to cover that trench right now." Clin said, "We will as soon as we get the pipe laid." Wouldn't that be something to have to dig another trench after all the trouble they had gone to digging the first one?

The BLM guy came back again after the trench was covered and pointing at different boulders said, "Now put this rock here, and that rock there, and another one over there, etc., etc." Clin asked him why on earth he wanted those rocks moved and he was told to make the place look natural. Clin kept calling him that *smart aleck whippersnapper* just fresh out of college.

After the road was built, the pipe laid, the well dug, the pump installed, the pump house built, and everything ready to go, they still had one big problem. They had a pump but no power. That *whippersnapper* was still holding them up.

The power company had to make five holes to furnish the power poles to the pump, and that smart aleck said they had to sign an affidavit saying they wouldn't move any artifacts. If they did, they would be sued. The power company wouldn't sign the paper. In the end, Clin told them, as Mayor of Leeds, he would sign the affidavit.

Our next big project was accomplished in 1980. Big equipment was brought in, and Joe VanSeters, a member of the water board, said he was chosen to oversee the project to get it done like it should be. He spent every day on the job except the time it took to make two short trips to Salt Lake City. On the days he was gone, George Folds took over for him.

The LDWA laid an eight-inch pipeline down the side of the road from the tank above our home down to Vista Avenue. We now have a six-inch line on each side of Main Street down as far as the road to the over pass with cross-overs under the road to connect the two lines. From the south ramp down to the end of town, it is smaller pipe.

While laying the pipeline down through town, they encountered boulders all along the way, but the biggest ones were at the top of town. Isn't it great what big machinery can do today? It surely saves time and a man's back.

Joe said he used as many of the big boulders as he could to beautify his home, and other individuals did the same. When they came to the Town Hall location, because the youngsters had been driving their cars up on the lawn, they placed boulders around the edge of the park and between the Town Hall and Fire House. Joe said they tried to make it have a rugged southwestern look. This took care of a good share of the boulders and they had some gigantic ones to move. It took two months to complete this project.

In December of 1980, the LDWA purchased a well right .333 cfs and 16 acres of land from Veir McMullin for $85,777.00. This gave them more water to go in the existing well. Since this time the LDWA purchased a new storage tank in April 1982 for $89,465.00 and again in March 1990 at the price of $93,408.00.

In April of 1982, LDWA called a special stockholders meeting to get a vote on a special project. Because the majority vote of the stockholders went against what the majority of the members of the board wanted, three members resigned on the spot. At the time, Ray Beal and John Hudson, the only remaining members of the board, struggled to straighten things out. They called another stockholders meeting and three more board members were elected.

In February 1987, Stan Roberts, as president of LDWA made the final payment to FHA for the 1955 original loan. The 35-year loan was paid off in 32 years.

All of the board members of the LDWA have been **tireless** workers while serving on the board and many have had that privilege-free gratis. During the cold freezing winter of 1990-91, Gene Hansen and Don Goddard plus other unnamed individuals, spent umpteen hours of free labor replacing frozen taps, thawing frozen lines and replacing broken meters.

I have a copy of the Articles of Incorporation of the Leeds Domestic Waterusers Association, at the time of the organization, that were filed in the Court House January 5, 1932. I thought it might be interesting to some readers.

Articles of Incorporation of the Leeds Domestic Waterusers Association

State of Utah)
ss.
County of Washington)

I do solemnly swear that in pursuance of the provisions of the decree of the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District in and for Washington County, State of Utah, in the case of H.A. Jolley and Max McMullin vs. David McMullin, Thomas Stirling, David Stirling, George Olsen, Evan Sullivan, Leland Sullivan, Don Fuller, and Leeds Water Company, a corporation, rendered by the said court on the 27 day of November, 1931, and with the intent, desire and purpose to comply with the corporation laws of the State of Utah, and more particularly with the provisions of Sections 890 to 898, inclusive, Complied Laws of Utah, 1917, as amended, applying to corporations not for pecuniary profits, and with the provisions of Section 7(h) of the Corporation Franchise Tax Act of 1931, Session Laws of Utah, 1931, exempting mutual irrigation companies and like organizations from the provisions of the Act, at a meeting of the residents of the town of Leeds, Washington County, Utah held at Leeds, said County and State, upon notice to the incorporators and all of the residents of said town, personally served on each more than fifteen days prior to the date of said meeting, it was decided by a majority vote of the residents present at said meeting that the residents of the town of Leeds, Washington County, Utah, incorporate, and form a corporation with such rights and obligations as may be prescribed by law, to be known as the Leeds Domestic Waterusers Association, with the following provisions:

Article I
Name and Where Organized

The name of this association is Leeds Domestic Waterusers Association, and is organized in the town of Leeds Washington County, Utah, which said place shall also be the principal place of business of said association.

Article II
Name and Address of Incorporation.

Following are the names of the incorporators of this corporation, whose addresses are all at Leeds, Utah.

Oscar McMullin
Henry Jolley
Lee Williamson
F.M. Hartley
Max McMullin

Article III
Period of Existence

The period of existence and the duration of the life of this corporation shall be one hundred (100) years, unless sooner dissolved by law.

Article IV
Objects and Purposes.

The objects and purposes of this association, stated in general terms, are to hold title to and distribute, in trust for the residents of Leeds, Utah, the domestic water of said residents, now owned and in use, or which may be hereafter developed or acquired, deriving no pecuniary profit or revenue therefrom for any stockholder, as such, except for the provisions as to preferred stock, hereafter set out, and conducting its business with the object and purpose of supplying as a trustee, the domestic water to the residents of Leeds, Utah, in a proper, sanitary, modern and efficient manner.

This corporation shall have power:

(1)- To engage in any activity in connection with transportation, storing, distributing, purifying, increasing, regulating, protecting, producing, and utilizing of water for any domestic or culinary use of the residents of the town of Leeds, Utah, including the right to buy, install, and establish ditches, pipelines, headhouses, meters, and any machinery, equipment or supplies necessary, proper or convenient to carry out its purposes.

(2)- To borrow money, to issue notes and bonds therefore, and to give security for the payment thereof.

(3)- To buy, to hold and to exercise all privileges of ownership over, and to mortgage, pledge, lease, exchange, sell, convey, transfer and otherwise dispose of, such real and personal property as may be deemed necessary or convenient for conducting and operating the business of the corporation, subject only to its obligations as trustee to the residents of said town of Leeds, as provided by law or in these Articles of the By-laws of this company.

(4)- To establish reserve and to invest the funds thereof in securities or such other property as may be provided for.

(5)- To acquire and hold membership or stock in other similar associations, and to purchase or otherwise acquire and to hold, own and exercise all rights of ownership in, and to sell or pledge, shares of stock or bonds of any corporation or association engaged in any related activity.

(6)- To enter into all necessary and proper contracts and agreements with any one or more persons to carry out any or all of its objects and purposes.

(7)- To create a working fund or credit by the sale of preferred stock, or through the collection of fees, dues, assessments, or charges for its services to members and others.

(8)- To do each and every thing necessary, suitable or proper for the accomplishment of any one or more of the purposes, or the attainment of one or more of the objects herein enumerated, or conducive to or expedient for the interests or benefit of the association and the residents of Leeds, Utah, and to exercise all powers, rights and privileges necessary or incident thereto, including the exercise of any rights, powers and privileges granted by the laws of the State of Utah to corporations generally excepting such as are inconsistent with the express provisions of these Articles.

It is understood that the association shall possess and exercise broad powers and that these articles shall be liberally construed, to the end that the general objects and purposes of the association shall be carried out, and the failure to enumerate any specific power or powers, or the enumeration thereof, shall not be construed as a limitation upon the powers of the association in the carrying out of its said objects and purposes, except that at all time it shall stand in the relation of trustee for the residents of Leeds, Utah, for the said purposes and objects and that 85% or more of the income is used or held to pay losses and expenses.

Article V

Common and Preferred Stock - Voting Power

This association is organized with stock, which is divided into two classes, namely common and preferred. Shares of common stock shall be issued only to residents of the town of Leeds and shall be limited by the number of such residents who become members of this association. Common stock shall be voting stock. Upon satisfying the company that he is a bona fide resident of Leeds, Utah, and upon payment of the membership fee, which in the absence of specification in the bylaws or by the Board of Directors shall be Five ($5.00) Dollars per share, each member shall receive one (1) vote, and no vote shall be cast by proxy, provided that where the member is a corporation, its vote may be cast by an accredited representative.

In order to acquire membership in the association, or to become a holder of common stock, the applicant must subscribe to the articles of incorporation and the bylaws and must also comply with such rules and regulations and pay such fees for the services of the company, as may be fixed by the Board of Directors.

Preferred stock may be issued to members or to nonmembers for the purpose only of

financing the activities of the association. Preferred stock shall be limited to Ten Thousand (10,000) shares of the par value of One (1) Dollar each, and shall not give the right to vote.

Stock certificates may be issued to each holder of fully paid common or preferred stock, and may be transferred: provided , that in the case of common stock, such cannot be transferred to any person who is not a resident of Leeds, Utah, at the time of said transfer, or who has not complied with the Articles of Incorporation, the By-laws, and the rules and regulations of the Board of Directors.

Preferred stock may be issued at the discretion of the Board of Directors, for the purposes herein set out, but shall not bear interest in excess of eight per cent (8%) per annum, and shall be redeemable or retirable at any time within twenty (20) years from date of issuance, the date of retirement to be printed upon the face of the certificate. Preferred stock shall be secured by a first lien upon the assets of the association, but the common stock shall have no preference.

Article VI

Officers and Directors.

The number of directors of this corporation is five (5) and the term of office of director is one (1) year and until a successor is elected and qualified, provided that the number of directors may be altered from time to time as may be provided in the bylaws, and in accordance with law. In case of any increase in the number of directors, the additional directors may be elected by the directors or by the stockholders at an annual or special meeting, as shall be provided by the bylaws, provided that preferred stockholders shall not vote.

The officers of the corporation shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Manager. The President and Vice-President shall be elected by the directors from among themselves; the secretary, the treasurer and the manager may or may not be directors, but are to be elected by the directors. The Board of Directors may appoint such other officers from time to time as they deem advisable. Any two or more of the above-named offices may be held by the same person, except the offices of President and Vice-President.

The following named persons shall serve as directors and shall hold the respective offices of the association until the first annual meeting, of the association, which shall be held on February 1, 1932, at 8 o'clock P.M., at Leeds, Utah, and annually thereafter at said place on the first Monday of February of such year. At such first annual meeting, and thereafter at each regular annual meeting, the members of the Board of Directors shall be elected.

Name	Office
Oscar McMullin	Director and President
Lee Williamson	Director and Vice-President
Henry Jolley	Director
Frank M. Hartley	Director
Max McMullin	Director

Karl Caldwell shall serve as Secretary and Treasurer until the first annual meeting. Karl Caldwell shall serve as manager until the first annual meeting.

Every director shall be a holder of one share of the common stock of the company as shown by the books of the company. Whenever any director shall cease to be a common stockholder of record he shall cease to be a director, and the remaining directors may declare his office vacant, and proceed to appoint a successor in the manner prescribed in the bylaws.

All directors of the company, before entering upon the duties of their office, shall take and subscribe the oath of office, and file an acceptable bond with the secretary of the company in the sum of $300.00 conditioned on his faithful performances of the duties of his office.

Article VII
Property Not Liable.

The private property of the members and stockholders shall not be liable for the debts of the corporation, and the stock of the corporation shall be non-assessable.

Article VIII
Disposal of Property

The Stockholders holding common stock, by affirmative vote of a majority of the outstanding common stock, that is by affirmative vote of a majority of the members of this association, may at any regular meeting or special meeting held for the purpose, sell, assign, mortgage, convey, or otherwise dispose of all of the property and assets of the corporation on such terms and conditions as they shall prescribe, either in whole or in part, for cash or property, or for either stock or bonds, or both, in any corporation or company, subject, however to any liens holders of preferred stock may have on the property of the corporation, and subject, always, to the obligations of the corporation as trustee of the residents of Leeds, Utah.

Article IX
Amendments

The Board of Directors shall have the power to make, mend, alter, or repeal the bylaws of the company, by vote of a majority of the directors at any regular or special meeting of the board.

The Articles of Incorporation may be amended in any particular and at any time in the manner and from prescribed by statute and after notice of such intention as prescribed by statute.

In witness whereof, Karl Caldwell, as secretary of the meeting described in the first paragraph hereof, and to comply with the provisions of Section 891, Complied Laws of Utah, 1917, as amended, and the other signers hereto, as the incorporators, of this corporation, have hereto set their hands this 31st day of December, A.D., 1931.

Karl Caldwell
Secretary of Organization Meeting.

Oscar McMullin
Incorporator.

Lee Williamson
Incorporator.

Henry Jolley
Incorporator.

F. M. Hartley
Incorporator.

Max McMullin
Incorporator.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December 1931.

Orval Hafen
Notary Public, residing
St. George, Utah

My commission expires
February 18, 1934.

While Ross Savage was Mayor of Leeds and also president of the LDWA, they were having big water problems. The people of Leeds thought it advisable to vote the same people into the two organizations. In 1970 it came this close:

Town Members:	LDWA Members:
Ross Savage	Ross Savage
Arthur A. Eastman	Arthur A. Eastman
Bert Sullivan	Bert Sullivan
Charles Allen	Stan Sorenson
Carlyle Stirling	Veir McMullin

CHAPTER VII
PROGRESS

Leeds Mercantile

Charles and Kate Allen lived in Hurricane. It was during the depression years, but they were able to obtain a small home. The lot had a barn, an orchard, and a place for a small garden. They also had a cow. The only job Charles could get was a winter job herding sheep for $100.00 a month. He took it and was glad to get it. Kate worked in the Graff store for E. J. Graff. After a few years of milking a cow, tending kids, and working in Graff's Store, Kate became tired of being a sheepherder's widow.

When E. J. Graff gave Kate and Charles the chance to trade their home for the Leeds store, they considered it seriously. Three people had already ventured, but failed. In 1932, they decided to take the plunge. When they came to Leeds to take over the store, they could put everything left on the shelves in two cardboard boxes.

Living quarters were in the back part of the store. There, Kate made a cozy little home for her husband and two children, Alene and Stewart. Stewart passed away several years ago, but Alene Cuff is a stalwart of the community, just like her parents were.

Charles was one of our bishops for a few years and could always be depended on to help out when needed, but Kate was the merchant. She really made a little compact department store. She had her grocery section, hardware section, textile section, drug section, and the housewares section. It was really neat. You could get almost anything you needed. Kate's experience in E. J. Graff's store served her well. She had learned how to merchandise by buying the things that would sell and things people needed to **exist** on.

Everybody had a charge account at the store. I believe Bert Sullivan was the only man who had a steady pay check, and that was because he taught school. We had a bill for $9.00 once, and I thought we would never get it paid.

Charles picked up odd jobs here and there when he could find something, but Kate was content to work in the store. Sickness was about the only thing that took her out of it.

When Charles was district President of the American Legion, he had a chance to go back to a convention in St. Louis, Missouri with all expenses paid for him and his wife. Kate didn't want to go. She said she couldn't afford to go. It took some strong persuasion to change her mind, but she really enjoyed it when she finally went.

When Charles was Vice Commander, he had a chance for an expense paid trip for himself, only, to go to California. Kate had enjoyed the other trip, so it wasn't so hard to persuade her to go on this one. In spite of these extra things, she did love her store.

Charles and Stewart tried a side line of raising turkeys, but that didn't turn out too well. The store was the thing that kept them going. They spent many years running the **Leeds Mercantile.**

When Kate had a heart attack in 1960, and her health began to fail, Alma Weeks ran the store for her. Kate passed away in September 1961.

Alma kept on with the store until William and Ethel Lackner purchased it from Charles Allen in April 1964. The Leeds Mercantile changed hands again March 8, 1971, when Roger and Marsha Ruesch purchased it from the Lackners. Bob and Pat Williams took over November 1, 1973. I can't find a date for the time Rex Marx bought the store from the Williams. Pat said they only had the store about one year.

When Veannetta Laub took possession of the store, she rented if from Rex Marx. She couldn't make ends meet, so when the post office came up for bids, she became our new post mistress. The two together turned out too much for her. She let the post office go. Veannetta moved her little store to the new Carl Howard Shopping Center, but it wasn't long until she went entirely out of business.

Leeds Post Office

The first postmaster in Leeds was Charles Connelley. The next, as far as records I can locate, was postmistress Helen McMullin. I don't know how long she held the position, but in 1904, Mary Jane Olsen became postmistress. Since her death in 1932, we have had Walter Eagar, Tana Sullivan, Veannetta Laub, Lynn Vargus, and Alene Cuff. Alene Cuff has had four helpers--Pat Watkins, Connie Peine, Betty Brown and Darla Sullivan.

Alene Cuff retired from the Post Office on November 18, 1995. A retirement party was held for her the evening of Noverber 27, 1995. Alene's replacements at the office are Mike and Tracy Rollins from St. George. This is a switch. They have to commute from St. George to Leeds.

When Walter Eagar took over the postal service, the income was very small, but after the CCC Camp came to town, the mail service picked up.

The mail boxes in the post office had a piece of glass covering the front of them. The boxes were numbered, and you could look in your box to see if you had any mail, but it always had to be handed to you through the window. When the Eagars remodeled their home and built a new room for the office, Walter obtained some mail boxes with combination locks. That relieved them of many steps.

When Lynn Vargus became postmistress, the boxes had keys. We still have keys for our boxes, but in 1992, the postal service lengthened our box numbers. We now have to use the last two numbers of our zip code and add them, plus a zero, to our regular box numbers. Every time I give someone my new box number, they laugh and say, "Why do you have a box number that long in a small place like Leeds?"

One day as I sat visiting with Walter, he told me several very interesting things. He said he had the experience of swearing both the Rockville and Toquerville postmasters into office. He also carried the mail from Pintura to Leeds for years. He had to go out to Pintura before daylight and pick up the Leeds mail because the rest of the mail went around by Hurricane.

For the first years as postmaster, the only money he earned from that service was from the cancellation of stamps. Do you remember when we had penny post cards? I have unused post cards of the following denominations: one, two, three, four, eight, nine, fourteen and fifteen cents. There should be a nineteen-cent card now. It used to cost just two cents to send a letter.

Walter had to keep records of the stamps bought and the stamps sold. The postal Inspector came around once a year to check on each postmaster to see that things were going as they should. On one occasion, as the Inspector checked through Walter's records, everything was all right except he was minus fifteen cents. They went through every drawer trying to locate the missing money, but to no avail. This prompted the Inspector to tell the following story:

When the Inspector went down to Beaver Dam to swear in a new postmaster, he cautioned him to keep the postal money in the safest place he could find. One year later, he went back to check the records. The postmaster was out in the field plowing, but his wife let the Inspector go

in and do his job anyway. When he got through, he told the wife that the records were all correct, but there was no money to be found. She told him he would have to go to the field and speak to her husband about that, for she had no answer.

The Inspector, rather irate, stalked off to confront the postmaster. When he found him, he bluntly asked where he kept the post office money. The postmaster sweetly replied, "When you made me postmaster of Beaver Dam a year ago, you warned me to put the post office money in the safest place I knew and to protect it with my life. I know of no safer place than right here," and he patted his wallet which was in his hind pocket.

Needless to say, after the Inspector left and everything was calm again, Walter went back to the office to look for the missing fifteen cents. He found it in the drawer, where it should have been. They had gone through it several times before. It had just slipped under a piece of paper, and in the confusion, they had failed to move that paper. Isn't that the way it usually happens when you are Desperate to find something.

Shopping Center

There are a very few of us really old-timers left in Leeds, but we have been accused many times of not wanting Leeds to grow. That really isn't true with most of us. We realize if there is no growth, you're a dead issue. I don't think we are any different from some of the late comers.

As I sat visiting with a friend who had lived here for five or six years, I asked what prompted her and her husband to move to Leeds. She gave me the same answer most everyone else does--the sunshine. While we were talking, she made the comment that two more families were going to build close to them. And added, "I hope they don't spoil my beautiful view." I laughed and asked "Do you wish they weren't coming?" Her response was, "As soon as we got here, I wished they had closed the gate."

Leeds has been unique as a small community and it does look desirable to other people, but as soon as they get here, there is always someone that wants to make it grow and grow fast. Growth is fine, but we need to keep it slow enough to keep up with the problems, instead of having them kill us.

The volume of Saga of Three Towns, 1952, covers, in detail and pictures, the stories of Harrisburg, Leeds and Silver Reef. Once thriving, though small communities of Washington County, these three towns, two merely ghost towns for years, have all started to revive.

Harrisburg has become a flourishing RV Resort. Maybe it has exceeded Leeds, since we now have to drive there to gas our vehicles. Silver Reef has many attractive homes dotting the area, but Leeds has not stood still, either. For we have our own little shopping center. At the time Carl Howard built it, he said he was going to make Leeds a little Beverly Hills.

Ludlow Automotive, with Mark Ludlow as operator, opened August 15, 1980. This was the first to open in the shopping center. Some time later, the **Post Office** moved in with Lynn Vargas as clerk. **Veannetta's Store** was moved in next door. The store didn't stay long, but the Post Office has continued. Alene Cuff started as clerk January 31, 1986. On September 2, 1986, she moved into larger quarters in the same building. In June 1986, Joan Vanseters started her little **Hair Headquarters**. When she moved to St. George, Laurel Losser took over in September 1989, and ran the salon until February 1991. Laurel decided to give up the salon and sold out to Carolyn __, who stayed with it for only three months. It wasn't long till Lisa Franks, later to become Lisa Larson, took over the corner shop. It is now called **Lisa's Corner Salon**-- same place, different name.

On August 24, 1987, Ronald and Pauline Fowlks opened the little store called **Farmer's Market**. They kept it going for a number of years, but ultimately had to give it up. The place stood vacant for a while, then on June 15, 1993, Mark Hopkins made a try at working the store. He held out for a year. On July 6, 1994, the young and enthusiastic Brant and Tiffany Jones took the store over and had a Grand opening on July 24. It was an exciting time for the kids with all the prizes and free-bees. They named it **Cassidy's Country Store**. We're all hoping they can keep afloat.

The **Silver Reef Cafe** opened on September 4, 1993. Once again, it didn't stay long. On March 15, 1994, Charlie Scott opened **Catfish Charlie**, the same cafe with a change of name. He has celebrated his first year anniversary, and it was on his birthday. Happy Birthday, Charlie. We hope you're able to keep adrift.

Mark Ludlow finally abandoned his Ludlow Automotive, and it stood vacant for a while. On September 1, 1994, it became **Pease's Automotive.** Before he came to town, Fred Friese was our main auto mechanic. He worked at his home. Ben and Linda Lott ran a little **Library** and **UPS** pickup. It has been closed for some time. But with all these going concerns, we have a thriving little shopping center.

Next to this shopping center, in the old Miller Garage, William (Bill) Hall has a **Printing Shop**. I wasn't aware of this for some time, because he doesn't advertise. When I asked him why he didn't, he said he had about all he could handle without advertising. That is a good reason.

There are several people who have small businesses in their homes. I am sure that I am not aware of all of them.

Business

In 1937, Riley and Ross Savage, Edward McMullin, Stanley Fuller and Carl Caldwell organized the Leeds Broom Cooperative Association. It was a success from the first, but when World War II broke out, it suffered the same as many other businesses. It was no longer able to obtain the supplies necessary to keep functioning. Edward and Stanley sold their interests in the coop to Carl Caldwell. Although Carl was still making and selling brooms at the close of the war, the Savages decided to sell their interest to Carl. The business continued until the Caldwell family moved to Montana.

Back in the 1960's we could boast about the Homespun Restaurant. It was a peach of a place to go and eat family style. Cecelia Ludwig served the most delicious German food. She could boast of having patrons from all over the country, including many dignitaries. Cecelia was the cook, but she couldn't have had the success she did without Herbert's (her husband) quiet dignity. It changed hands several times before it ceased to exist.

Alan Howard started out as a dental technician in partnership with his father who lives in LaVerkin. This was a hassle for him, but Grapevine Springs was a natural and he soon started turning out Crystal Springs Water for sale from his cool clear Grapevine Springs.

Then, there is the Kimball Trailer Park that is no longer owned by Shirl Kimball. It has changed hands several times, but is still a going concern.

Jerry Anderson's sculptures have received National Notoriety. He has a wonderful selection of his work in the Art Gallery in the Wells Fargo building at Silver Reef.

Leeds even rated a pipe organ at one time. While Florence Pickering lived here, she had a pipe organ installed in her home.

I can't leave out Russell Peine Construction and Thayne Hansen with their back hoe business.

Who could move all those big boulders that we are so noted for, if it wasn't for them?

One of the most recent businesses to be located in Leeds was done by Kevin Lee, the Violin Maker. If the Spectrum is telling it like it is, we can expect to have another Antonio Stradivari in our midst. Kevin is good on the violin and I love to hear him play it.

Leeds is really on the up and growing fast, but all of those I have mentioned couldn't flourish if it weren't for all of us common folks sitting on the side line supporting them.

Talent

The small community of Leeds has had its share of special recognition for accomplishments. I had thought it would be great to publish names, but as I put them down on paper and thought I probably had all them listed, another name would pop up. I had forgotten him or her. After this happened several times, I began to deem it unwise to use names.

To mention some categories of achievements:

We have had basketball players, football players, tennis teams, track winners, horse riders, queens, musicians, valedictorians, West Point cadets, doctors, nurses, teachers and secretaries. Throughout the years, as you read lists of honor students in the newspaper, we have had our share from Leeds. Dear old Leeds has been well represented in activity, royalty and education.

Now, for the late comers. They are falling right in line: Track, shot-put, championship horse riders, R N's, foot racing, marathon runners and business competition. Leeds is still being well represented.

Why should I print names? Like the following poem, some talents do not stand out to be seen like others. The achievers couldn't shine if it weren't for talents such as mine.

No Talent

I have no voice for singing,
I cannot make a speech.
I have no gift for music,
I know I cannot teach.
I am no good at leading,
I cannot "organize."
And everything I write,
Would never win a prize.

But at roll call at a meeting,
I always answer "here."
When others are performing,
I lend a listening ear.
After the program's over,
I praise its every part.
My words are not to flatter,
I mean them from the heart.

It seems my only talent,
Is neither big nor rare.
Just to listen and encourage,
And to fill a vacant chair.
But all the gifted people,
Could not so brightly shine,
Were it not for those who use
A talent such as mine!
---Author Unknown

Traditions

There are a few traditions in Leeds that are worthy of mention. The Community Christmas Card is a tradition started by Ellen Savage working with the Primary children. The money raised always goes to some worthy community cause.

The energetic Janet Ludlow instigated the Leeds Easter Egg Hunt that goes on each year at Easter Time. This event is held on the Saturday before Easter, and all the children look forward to it. Janet was also our town's most conscientious street beautifier.

The Fourth of July was always a special day. There has always been a program and sports. In the early years, there was a program in the morning with a Goddess of Liberty reigning over all. The Master of Ceremonies was Uncle Sam dressed in stars and stripes bunting. Uncle Dave McMullin made a good pulpit-pounding Master of Ceremonies.

Children enjoyed the afternoon sports. The end of the day brought horse racing for the men. No betting--just fun competition, racing from the bottom of town to the top.

In later years, many hours were spent out in the cool shade of the beautiful grove of trees by the side of the church house, sitting on the long white benches that the Relief painted every year. Everyone in town was out to celebrate. People were there that we never saw any other time. Children enjoyed running sack races, bobbing for apples or pennies, or anything in the big galvanized tubs. In the background you could hear the continuous sound of watermelon splitting under a sharp knife. Other large galvanized tubs filled with ice, held bottles of pop for sale. In still later years, dry ice root beer was sold.

Another tradition is the 6:00 a.m. ride the primary children take on the Fourth of July each year. While the group was still small, they sat on a flat bed trailer pulled by Alan Howard's big red tractor, going up and down Main Street, with the children waving US flags and singing patriotic songs. Silver Reef was included on the tour. We looked forward to their coming. I always stood out in front of our house on the lawn, watching, so I could wave to them as they rode by.

It is now headed by the fire truck blowing its siren, and it takes more than one flat bed trailer to carry the group. The fire truck usually carries some children. As of 1995, this has been discontinued because they say it is illegal.

One year, Ray Beal and Lamar Sullivan were wondering where they were going to get the stick of giant powder they needed to rouse the community on the Fourth of July. Willard MuMullin said he would give them all they wanted if they would blast a shot off close enough that he could hear it. They promised to accommodate him.

Willard was living in the Log Cabin Inn at that time. He had a beautiful little umbrella tree just a few yards from the corner of the Inn. Really early in the morning of the Fourth of July, Ray

and Lamar placed two sticks of dynamite in that tree, then lighted the fuse. That tree was blown to Kingdom Come. Nothing was left. Later in the day, Willard asked the boys why they didn't use the dynamite he had given them. He was so hard of hearing that he hadn't heard a thing. They had to show him the empty spot where the tree had been to prove they set the blast off. It was right next to his bedroom window, and he hadn't even heard it.

One year while Ray was in the process of blasting off powder, he came up across the road from our house and set off a shot while Glenn was at the corral milking the cows. When the bang sounded, the cow leaped in the air and came down with her foot in the bucket of milk. I always said he did it on purpose to scare the cows, although Ray denies it. In later years, it was Russell Peine and Ray Beal who set off the powder blasts.

Maybe I'm losing my hearing, but I don't hear the booms on the Fourth of July as often as I used to. Maybe no one has the ambition to climb the hills anymore.

4th of July Morning Serenaders 1973

Flag Raising Ceremony

Walter and Jessie Eagar
Two members of the Leeds Eagar Beaver Band
Our Dance Orchestra for years

Veir McMullin, one of our
early town barbers, cutting
Glen Olsen's Hair

Janet Ludlow, our town's most
conscientious beautifier

CHAPTER VIII
FIRES
(DESTROYER)

Cannery

From old newspaper articles I have read, the old cannery is the first home in Leeds to burn to the ground. I call it a home because families lived in it all the time after it ceased to be a cannery.

I don't know if someone lost all they had when it burned down, but there were no fire departments to come to the rescue like we have today. It burned down in the late 1920's.

Clair and Helen Stirling Fire

Clair and Helen Stirling and three children were living in the big Thomas Stirling home at the time it burned down. It was probably about 1945 because Wynn was the baby, about three weeks old. While visiting with Lois Faye (Stirling) Worton, she filled me in with a few details about the fire.

The family was sitting at the table eating breakfast, and Lois' mother asked her to go to the refrigerator and get something. She was afraid to go because she could hear chipmunks making a terrible noise in the attic. They had been having this problem for quite a while and Lois was only about five years old. While they were talking about her being so afraid of the chipmunks, the doorbell rang. Clair went to the door but no one was there. He said it was probably someone trying to play some prank on them. The family settled back down to breakfast and the chipmunks still sounded like they were having a real circus in the attic. Clair said he would have to get to work and do something about those rascals.

All at once someone banged on the front door and flung it open. Max and McMullin rushed in yelling "Clair, your house is on fire." Flames were shooting high through the roof. Those rascal chipmunks had been the crackling of fire in the attic, and they figured some short in the wiring had caused the doorbell to ring.

There was no fire truck to help fight fires in those days, but everyone in town did all they could to save everything possible. The Stirlings even remembered that Frank McMullin came rushing out with large tins of unbaked home made bread that was ready to go in the oven. They made trip after trip to carry out anything they could, until it got too dangerous to go back inside the house. Alene Cuff says the main thing she remembered about the fire was that as they stood and watched the flames devour the rest of the house, after it was too late to make any trips back into the house, Clair suddenly dropped his face in his hands and sighed "There goes my livelihood. All my carpenter tools are sitting on that closed-in back porch. I have passed by them every time I went through that door and never once thought to carry them out."

They came to the conclusion that the cause of the fire was the built up soot in the chimney that had caught on fire.

The community had a benefit party for them. The ticket to the affair was bring something... At that time, Leland Sullivan owned the old, tall, white Joe Thomas house. He told the Clair Stirling family to move in, rent free, till they got a place to live in.

Being a builder, Clair proceeded at once to build a small home on the upper corner of the

Stirling property at 180 North Main Street. He used the bricks from the house that had burned. The rocks he used to build the back porch and to line the irrigation ditch out in front of his place came from his Grandfather McMullin's home in Harrisburg. Lois, a daughter, said the kids all loved to don their swimming suits, run up the ditch and let the swift stream push them down to the bridge. Then they would jump out, run back up the ditch and do it over again.

Some of the Stirling family lived in that small home that Clair built until Glen Stirling died, then they started renting the place. But that small house doesn't begin to compare with the grandeur of the old one.

Carter/Isom Fire

The next house that burned down was built at 415 N. Main where Maiben Jacobson lives. Leonard Carter had built a home there, and when he decided to move to other parts, he sold it to John and Doris Isom from Hurricane. As we got acquainted with the young couple, we found them to be lovely people.

One Sunday afternoon, Glenn and I headed home from Sacrament Meeting. As we rounded the bend at the top of town, we could see fire shooting high in the sky. The Leonard Carter/John Isom home was engulfed in flames. The fire was out of control by the time we arrived on the scene.

It wasn't long till a whole crowd was there. All anyone could do was stand by and watch that home burn to the ground. Some of the men connected tap hoses and began to spray the close houses, to keep sparks from igniting on their roofs. It was over in a hurry, because the lumber in that house didn't last long.

What a scene for the young couple to come home to. They had lost **everything** and were sick at heart. They went to Hurricane to stay because they had family there.

I can't pinpoint the time of this fire, but it was during the time that Merlin Sullivan was Bishop and I was Relief Society President. He took Glenn Beal, his First Counselor, me and Tana Sullivan, who was my counselor, to Hurricane to visit the couple. Bishop Sullivan asked what we could do to help them out and suggested a benefit dinner. They told us that the Hurricane people were already planning something, so we backed off and let them go ahead. Many of the Leeds Ward people went over to add their support.

Mr. Carter had told the Isoms that the place was insured, but when it came right down to the nitty-gritty part, the building was insured but not the contents. Besides losing their **everything**, they also lost their down payment. Theirs was a complete <u>new beginning.</u> Carter did rebuild the house and sold it.

Bill and Carlynn Hall Fire

Saturday morning at 2:30 a.m., December 27, 1980, fire completely destroyed the William (Bill) Hall home. Early Saturday morning, Carlynn heard a noise in the house, and she woke her husband, Bill, who slipped out of bed to investigate. He discovered flames engulfing the kitchen ceiling. The two immediately awakened their five children, and each, grabbing a few clothes, rushed outside. Carlynn had enough presence of mind to snatch up the wedding dress for Julie, who

was to be married January 18, but left Bill's new suit, that was hanging on the same hook, to burn. Bill says they can laugh about that now, but it wasn't funny at the time.

After they were all assembled in the back yard, Bill checked to see that everyone was there. Julie was missing. They were sure she had come out with the rest, but calling brought no answer from her. Bill rushed for the house. He met Julie coming out the door with her arms laden with chest drawers. She wasn't going to lose all her clothes.

Led by Leeds Fire Chief, Don Fawson, volunteer firemen and many Leeds residents, they were still unable to save anything. All they could do was keep the fire from spreading to the neighboring houses. At that, they weren't entirely successful. The windows in the upper story of the Ray Richen home were broken from the heat and water, and the cherry trees on the Ray Armstrong place never did come out of it.

The ward and town rallied, and by night the family's immediate needs had been supplied; a place to live, (their own little house that contained storage), furniture, clothing and food. People kept bringing them clothing till they had to tell them to stop, for they had more than they needed.

A special benefit dinner and donation box was held for the family that was attended by well over two hundred people. Bill said it was a surprise to him the way people rallied around to help. People he hardly knew helped.

While I was visiting with Bill, he commented on several things, then my memory began to roll back. When Van Lofthouse owned the Hall home, Van built a small house next to them for George Atkinson, his wife's father, to live in. After Bill bought the house, he began to remodel, joining the two houses together and making an upstairs. He said he had the place about seventy-five percent remodeled when they experienced the burnout.

The night before the fire, they had made a fire in the fireplace. When the inspector came down from Salt Lake City to check the place over, he found a place in the chimney where some of the mortar had fallen out from between the bricks, and he figured some of the sparks from the fire had jumped into the attic, setting the house on fire.

While poking around in the rubbish, Bill said they found their old family album in the corner where a table had protected it when the roof caved in. It was scorched a little around the edges but not ruined. Underneath some papers that had not completely burned, they found the Temple Certificate of their sealing performed in the St. George Temple. It was a little smoked up, but not bad. Bill will always remember the day of the fire because it happened on his birthday.

Bill said he had another experience of people helping him. While he was remodeling the place where he lives now, he came to the stage where he had to get the roof on. It was on a Saturday, and the wind was blowing, which made the work difficult. He was up on the roof struggling to do what he could, when he saw Don Fawson drive by. It wasn't more than a half hour later when six or eight men came to help him. With that crowd, it wasn't long till the roof was completed. People are really good at heart.

Rice Bank

Don Fawson, Fire Chief, told me that two weeks after the William Hall fire, before 7 a.m., the volunteer fire people received a call saying the Helyn Lyon's home, the old Rice Bank Building at Silver Reef, was on fire. Men, on their way to work saw the fire. They kicked open the front door and were relieved to find that Helyn was not there.

The fire was raging in the kitchen area, and the house was beyond saving by the time help arrived. A house trailer and pickup truck were hauled away, and the firemen were able to save the trees surrounding the house.

Helyn had gone to Oregon for Thanksgiving to visit her friend, and was still there at the time of the fire.

After Alex Colbath purchased Silver Reef in 1916, the old Bank Building was remodeled and used as living quarters for numerous people. I have been asked several times who had lived in the house. As near as Glenn Beal and I can remember, the following are their names:

Rice Bank Residents since 1916

Monk Miller's Parents and Family
William Carlow Family
Claude Calvin Cushwa--Added screen porch
Fat Larson Family
Dorsey Family
Veir McMullin Family
Cliff McMullin Family
Harry Horner and Son
Bob Lawton
Mack McDonald
Paul and ArJean Lamoreaux
Dog Woman
George Rhodes Family
Glenn Beal Family--Alex was born here
Grant Beal
Forest and Olive Majors
Frank and Ann Willis
Ross Savage Family
Bill and Helyn Lyons
Oscar (Slim) Erickson
George DeMille
Mike and Linda Eagar

During the winter of 1936 and 1937, while Glenn and I were living in the Wells Fargo Building, the Rice Bank roof caved in doing considerable damage. Alex Colbath had the roof rebuilt by George Matthews of Cedar City and a Mr. Bergstrom of Toquerville. At that time, the ceiling was lowered six feet.

In the fall of 1991, the Rice Bank was restored fairly close to its original status by Robert Carpenter. In the spring of 1992, it was opened as a gift shop.

Jesse J Ranch Fire

Edy Stockham tells the story of the great fire at the Jesse J Ranch that took place March 27, 1990.

After spending all day at a clinic in Las Vegas, happy, hungry, and tired, she phoned her daughter, Diane, at her office saying, "Hey, how about you and I having some dinner before I drive back to the ranch?"

"Mom, are you sitting down?" came from the other end of the line.

"No, I'm standing in a parking lot at a pay phone" was Edy's answer.

"Mom, the house is on fire." This was Diane. They owned a house in Las Vegas that was rented out.

"It is? Well, it's insured. Were the tenants out of it and unhurt?" Edy wasn't too concerned about that house.

"Not the house in Las Vegas, Mother. It is the ranch."

Edy's heart stopped. "No, no," not the ranch.

"Go home, mother, go quick." That was Diane again.

"No! No! No!" Leaving the phone dangling, Edy jumped in her car and drove like a maniac for the next 150 miles. With the wind blowing hard like it often does in March, she envisioned people hurt and burned. She was crying till she could hardly see.

As she drove down the long driveway into the ranch, she could see flames and smoke, fire trucks, sheriffs' cars, people running around screaming----mass confusion everywhere. A strange face looked in her car window and told her "Lady, there is nothing left."

Edy managed to ask, "Where are all the residents?"

She was informed that nobody was home when the fire started so no one was hurt.

Edy heard her own voice say, "Thank the Lord no one was hurt." Still half paralyzed, she walked all the way around the house seeing the awful destruction.

A neighbor, Susan Savage, asked her to go home with her for the night. Edy told her she had to make arrangements for her clients, but Susan assured her that Frank, Edy's husband, had already done that, and that the case managers were on the way with vans to evacuate everybody that night. (The Jesse J Ranch was a training center for the mentally handicapped. They received therapy that taught them to live independently; to become self-reliant. The clients would receive this therapy for sixty to ninety days before they were released.) Someone in the background said, "Don't worry, your insurance will take care of all this." As Edy left the scene, her thoughts were----not the family records, or the photos; not forty years of little things that make a family home. Money can't replace any of that . . .

The Leeds town people came to their rescue giving them a place to stay, clothes, etc. The Relief Society made quilts for them. The Ward had a benefit dinner with a donation box. Stores and businesses from St. George donated items (I remember one was a four-drawer file cabinet) that were auctioned to the people attending the dinner.

After the evening affair was over, the Bishopric took all the proceeds, cash, greenbacks, and checks and boxed them up without counting them, and presented them to the Stockhams. The Bishop said he was sure there was quite a bit donated, but only the Stockhams knew how much. He didn't think it was anybody else's business, and I concur with him.

The Stockhams were buying the house that burned down from the LDS Church, and the Church granted them one year grace period on house payments. While the Stockhams were getting things settled with the insurance company, they were able to spend time in the Savage trailer, the Eagar cottage, and the Ashdown's home.

In Edy's mind, this fire was a temporary, uncomfortable setback. They'd get the insurance people out there, sit down and talk, make some quick settlements and bingo, the ranch would go up again, then business as usual.

Right?

Wrong.

It was almost a week before the insurance adjuster finally arrived. Edy did not have a very good impression of him. It was more months before they discovered that the insurance agent had sold them a "Dwelling Coverage Only." This made it impossible to rebuild the ranch as it was. Six months passed before anything really happened.

Their advice to everyone; Read your insurance policy very carefully.

Bob and Alene Cuff Fire
As Remembered by Alene

July 20, 1990 was one of those really hot evenings. The wind was blowing about forty miles an hour, so we closed the doors and windows and went to bed. About eleven-thirty, Bob heard something popping. He was half asleep, but got out of bed to check on the noise. Then the smoke alarm went off.

When I heard the smoke alarm, I came out half asleep to see what all the noise was about. I saw smoke and fire coming out of the utility room. Bob had gone outside to get the water hose. I grabbed the fifteen years' old fire extinguisher, but I couldn't get it to work. Now the need is over, I can see how it works.

In a panic, I ran to the bedroom to call the fire department. We didn't have 911 then, so I looked up the number and tried to be very careful in dialing it. When no one answered, I panicked again and thought I must have dialed the wrong number. I tried again, but still no answer. All the time I was phoning, I was working with the fire extinguisher. After the third dial, I accidentally flipped the handle over and I realized the thing would work.

I rushed back into the living room. There must have been an explosion because where little sparks had hit the carpet, it looked like candles on a cake. There were dozens of them, but my fire extinguisher put an end to them. I headed for the other room, but the heat and the smoke were so bad that I couldn't get near it. Starting outside, I could see Bob was still trying to get the hose connected. Of course, the wind was still blowing.

Our neighbors weren't home. Carlyle and Geraldine Stirling were in Michigan and Pete and VerNell Carr were in Hawaii. I ran out on the porch and screamed, "Help, fire" as loud as I could, but the words were blown right back at me. It never occurred to me to phone someone in town, I just thought I had to get the fire department.

Barefooted and with only my garments and a night top on, I jumped in the car and drove down to Eldon Stirling's place. I banged on the door screaming "fire, fire." I asked them to please get some help because I couldn't get the fire department. As I drove back up the hill, I could see Bob standing in the doorway with the hose. He wasn't making any progress, and it was so helpless looking.

I parked the car down off the hill. Rushing up to Bob, I said, "Bob, that's not even helping. You can't stop it. Just get the pickup out of the way." We had just bought the pickup. It was used, but new to us. It took a little while to find where the key went, but finally he got it started, and we drove down the hill. We got out and just stood there watching. No one else was around. All at one, Bob said "I've got to find some clothes."

Bob always kept some old clothes down in the shed, so he ran down to get some. He was gone long enough that I started calling him. Then, I saw someone coming up the hill. It was Ray Beal. Verlynn had seen the fire through their window, and Ray had come running. At first, he couldn't see any sign of life and he thought we were still inside. I was relieved and happy to see him, and he was relieved to see that we were still alive.

Bob hadn't answered my calls, and I was worried about him because of his bad heart. I asked Ray to go down and check on him. The next I remember was, suddenly, there were an awful lot of people. Ray Brown took off his shoes and put them on me because I was having such a hard time walking around in the gravel. Brad Lewis took his jacket off and told me to put it on.

I remember the awful feeling of watching the flames shoot high in the air as our home

burned. I worried for fear the fire would go on to other homes. It probably would have spread, but the wind was blowing toward the hill. There was nothing to burn on that bare hill. It burned about half of the big pistachio tree by the side of the house.

Several people came and offered us a bed for the night. When Ruth Wiley came, at Louise Stirling's request, she brought a pair of shoes that you just slip your toe through and one of her mother's moo moo's. At last I had some clothes on.

My memory is dim on what happened for the next short time, except that lots of people were around. Suddenly the fire trucks were there with miles and miles of fire hoses. I remember thinking "I never dreamed that Leeds had so many hoses. One truck stayed by the Carr home in case the fire should start to spread.

While we were still watching the fire, Connie Peine handed me a little bag and said "you'll need this tomorrow." I didn't open it until morning, but when I did, I was so thankful. It contained a pair of magnifying glasses, some money and several other things that I can't remember. But I do remember how thankful I was for that thoughtful gesture.

When the fire began to die down, Ruth Wiley took us up to her place to spend the rest of the night. Lots of people had brought things for us. I was so tickled when I found a pair of garments, a bra and a dress.

I had just got me a new upper set of false teeth. They were found later. The three things I missed most were my teeth, glasses, and Bob's and my special medications that we had to take every day.

A wonderful friend, Janet Ludlow, scrounged through all those black hot ashes and found quite a few things, among them was Bob's wallet. It was burned, but the core of it was still there. The great miracle was when she found my wedding ring.

All of my books were burned except my dad's bible that was found by my niece. It had Charles Allen printed on the front, and was barely scorched around the edges.

They say that losing your home is like having a death in your family. It really is.

The above is Alene's story, and I choked back tears as I listened to her tape. I want to add a couple of things. July 28, 1990, the ward gave a benefit dinner, and people from all over the county responded. On August 2, 1990, the Relief Society gave a kitchen shower for Alene, and made a quilt that same night.

Karl and Brenda Hall Fire

Saturday, June 24, 1995, I received a phone call from a lady who asked if I were Mrs. Beal. I told her I was. She asked, "Are you Brenda's Mother-in-law--I mean Mother?" I answered, "You have the wrong number, but I can give you the right one. It is 2238." She thanked me and hung up.

Piecing things together, this lady, who turned out to be Belva Anglesey, from the RV Trailer Park, called Ray Beal's home, and Nikki Beal answered the phone. She said "Brenda's trailer is on fire." Nikki screeched, "EEeeeeek," and leaving the phone hanging, streaked out the door. She was sure Brenda and the kids were in the trailer. She raced down the lane, as fast as she could.

When Nikki arrived at the trailer, Kenneth Anglesey, a neighbor of the Hall's was running water from a garden hose in a hole that the fire had made through the metal beside the door. The door was locked, but Brenda's car was there, so he was sure Brenda and the kids were inside the

trailer. Someone called the fire department.

Previous to this, our Leeds Fire Department had been called out to Anderson's Junction to help fight a brush fire that was raging between Anderson's Junction and Toquerville.

Verlynn Beal had gone out the Freeway to see where the fire was located. When the Leeds fire truck headed back toward town, Verlynn followed it right down to the Hall's trailer. You can imagine her shock when she saw their destination. The Leeds fire truck was followed by the Hurricane Fire Department. Scott Hall, a brother to Karl, was with the Hurricane Fire Department. He had never been to Karl's trailer, so he didn't know until later that they were at his brother's trailer.

The fire fighters broke through the door and, although smoke galore poured through the open entrance, the fire had already been extinguished by the garden hose Mr. Anglesey had used through the hole in the trailer. The fire fighters didn't even have to unroll their fire hoses. But thank goodness no one was inside.

From little tidbits I have pieced together, there was probably a good reason the trailer didn't go up in flames when the fire started. Before Karl and Brenda left the trailer, their son, Anthony, was running around screaming and wouldn't quiet down. Karl was outside with the water hose in his hands, and he squirted Anthony through the open door. That spraying wet the carpet. A little crocheted afghan I had made for Nikki as a baby, was lying on the wet carpet, and although it was scorched, it was not burned.

Verlynn immediately tried to locate Karl and Brenda. She called up here and, thinking that they might have gone to Oak Grove Park, asked if my granddaughter and her husband, Natalie and Lenny Nessen, would ride up there to check, which they did. The Hall's were not there.

Verlynn stood sentinel on her front lawn, hoping to catch the kids before they reached home and got the shock of their life. When Karl and Brenda finally came riding down Main Street, she hailed them down and told them the sad news.

Where had they been? They had been out to Anderson's Junction watching the brush fire, while their own trailer was burning.

Right after their fire, Catfish Charlie spearheaded a car wash and a bake sale in the shopping center. On August 18, 1995, the ward had a benefit pot luck dinner and auction, spearheaded by James and Gloria Sorrenson. There wasn't a very large crowd of adults present, but people donated who weren't able to come to the dinner. I am sure Karl and Brenda appreciated all the help they received.

Bert Leany Fire

If I don't get these pages printed soon, we'll have a whole book of fires or else I may be losing my home along with all this stuff I've been writing. Fires are happening too often for comfort.

Saturday afternoon, August 19, 1995, Bert Leany's back yard workshop, full of paint, oil, and bullets went up in flames. For a while it was dangerous around the shop because the paint cans and bullets were exploding. Bullets? He only had a half dozen in there. They were some he had not removed from his belt after going hunting and had hung the belt on the wall.

Besides his shop and it's contents, he lost a six foot high stack of plywood, several power tools, antiques, and a cherished set of hand tools passed down by his father.

The fire spread quickly, bringing down overhead power lines to Bert's house and igniting his

1978 Oldsmobile sedan and a broken down van used as a storage shed. The field caught fire and the flames nearly reached two trailers before neighbors, with shovels, got it put out.

Bert Leany's fire got started by sparks from his own hand grinder. He said he usually watched it close, but must not have been careful enough this time, because he didn't know anything was wrong until some guys pulled up and said he had a fire. His garden hose was not long enough to extinguish the blaze.

Our Leeds Fire Department was called to work on the fire, but they had help from the LaVerkin unit, too.

Pine Valley Mountain Fire

As I reflect over the many hours that Glenn Beal and Veir McMullin spent keeping the trails open for fire fighting up on Pine Valley Mountain, I think of how things have changed. There used to be a fire fighters box sitting out in front of our house, full of shovels for fighting fires. That box was kept padlocked, and when a fire was spotted on the mountain, the box was opened and the shovels were handy to pass out to the fire fighters. Those fire fighters could go up those trails to most any spot they needed to go to fight the fires. They did control the fires and they did put the fires out. That is a lot different than they did when we had the big fire on the mountain during June of 1986.

During the time of the above fire, all of this side of Pine Valley Mountain was ablaze with fire. At night, as we looked up at the mountain, Glenn would say, "It looks like a big city with all its electric lights turned on."

People were concerned enough about the closeness of the fire that some of those in the Silver Reef area sprinkled the roofs of their houses because they were afraid of flying sparks. Our bishop asked us all to join in a fast and prayer for help in containing the big fire on Pine Valley Mountain.

Large crews of fire fighters were sitting in camps doing nothing but being catered delicious meals and watching the fire burn. The thing to do now days is to let them burn themselves out. That Pine Valley Mountain fire covered a lot of territory. It ruined our watershed and, for weeks, we had mud and ashes coming down Quail Creek. I'm sure that old mountain lost trees that will never come back. It still looks bare to me.

CHAPTER IX
LOVED ONES
(RESTING PLACE)

After the 4" pipe line was completed, bringing our cool clear culinary water down the canyon from Pine Valley Mountain to Leeds, a committee, headed by Etta Mariger, struggled hard to get the water piped to our Leeds cemetery. It was a dream of the residents of Leeds to see the day when there would be a supply of water to make it possible to plant shrubs, flowers, trees, and some day, lawns. Etta, plus others, must have written hundreds of letters to descendants of those buried there, asking for donations to complete the project.

In the year of 1957 that dream was made a reality. Next on the agenda was to obtain a caretaker. Periodically someone has been hired to do jobs, and for years it was a town project to spend a day cleaning and weeding the cemetery before Memorial Day. Now the other part of that dream has been realized. We do have a caretaker - Carl Seierup.

People often look to a cemetery for history. We have it in our little old Leeds cemetery. There you will find tragedy, love, and humor. The following is a newspaper clipping from the old Washington County News. The only dates we have are from their head stones. This happened in 1921.

Quote:

Victims Of Drowning Buried In Leeds Cemetery

Hyrum Leany of Harrisburg, at present residing here, gave the News further particulars of the drowning of Miss Hulda Lichtner and Miss Dean Talbot, near Harrisburg. The place where the girls were drowned is about a mile and a-half above Harrisburg in Dick's Canyon---named for an old Indian who died there about 60 years ago. [It is now known as the Red Cliffs Recreation Area.] One of Leany's sons had gone to look for the girls when their long absence had caused anxiety, and saw their clothes on the bank--they had partly undressed to take their bath. He thought the girls had seen him coming and had hid from him, so he returned. Later, Mr. Leany and his two sons went to the pool. The water was roily and they could not see them in the water, which was about eight feet deep. The clothes were still on the bank and Mr. Leany said, "I believe they are in the pool." The oldest boy, Hyrum, then dived in and brought one of the girls out, the other being brought just after. From their appearanee they had become panic stricken and had clutched at each other, they being found in each other's arms.

Just before leaving Mrs. Talbot had told the girls not to go to Dick's Canyon, says Mr. Leany.

Funeral services were held in Leeds and the remains were interred in the Leeds cemetery.

The people of the community were much shocked and grieved at the untimely ending of two bright young lives.

-Unquote-

Other stories I have heard about the drowning girls:

Evelyn McMullin said the Talbot girl was one of her very dear friends and was an excellent swimmer. Just a while before the drowning, there had been a cloudburst rain storm in the Pine Valley Mountain area and when this happened "Dick's Canyon" always had terrible floods. Everyone figured that the floods had washed a lot of sand into the pool and the girls had gotten stuck in the sand. They were found clasped in each others arms. What a tragedy!

Evelyn was only 15 years old at the time of this incident, but, because they were such good

friends, she was asked to comb the Talbot girls hair so it would look nice for the viewing.

Ethyl George told this story. At the time of the drowning Ethyl was the Junior leader in the Leeds Ward MIA. The Talbots were new comers to Harrisburg and, so far, hadn't joined in many of the activities.

Probably the girls didn't have much to do so they decided to hike up "Dick's Canyon."

The girls must have been tired and hot from their hike, so when they reached this deep pool of water, it would have been a very inviting way to cool off. At least their clothes were found on the bushes by the side of the pool where they were found.

Now, Ethyl's group of Junior girls had been planning a trip to California to see Disneyland. They had been putting on plays and charging tickets to raise the money to pay their way. They had raised about $70.00. That doesn't sound like very much money but it was quite a bit for those days.

Ethyl said she didn't know the Talbot family personally but the girls in the Junior class felt so bad about the drowning that she said to them, "Can we do without the trip to Disneyland right now? Why don't we give the money to those people for the girls? We can all go down to Harrisburg together." All the girls were happy about that.

The trip to Harrisburg was made on horseback because that was the mode of travel in those days. They were happy to present the money to the family and it certainly came in handy for the Talbot's.

This act of kindness so pleased the bishop and all the Leeds people that they immediately began to plan a trip for Ethyl and the girls to Pine Valley Mountain. Would you believe it? They were going on horseback. Ethyl said she thought that would even be more wonderful than Disneyland. You would understand why if you knew how much Ethyl loved to ride horses.

Dean Talbot's headstone is shared with her Father's. It reads:

Thomas H. Talbot 1860 -1925

Dean Talbot

Born 1905 Died 1921

The mother is buried there but she died much later and has a stone of her own.

The other headstone is diamond shaped and has been blackened, maybe by fire. It reads:

Hulda Lichtner

Born 1904 Died 1921

Dallice Hartman's son, Clive Hartman, lived in Cedar City. Dallice planned to visit him over the week of the 4th of July 1956. She canceled her milk delivery from her neighbor and was all set to spend a week with her son.

The morning of July 1st, before sunrise, I took my son, Ray, down to Stan Sorenson's to help with some farm work. On my way back up the street, Ellen Savage came out the door at Wayne Hafen's house and hailed me down. She had spent the night with Pearl Hafen, who was pregnant. Pearl was having labor pains and hated to be alone, with no car at home. Her husband was on a fruit peddling trip.

As Ellen and I sat talking, Dallice Hartman, who lived next door to the Hafen's, walked down where we were and told us of her plans. She planned to leave on the first bus going through Leeds that day. She said the bus was picking her up at 9:00 A.M. at the Log Cabin Inn.

The day of July 4, 1956, after the main activities of the day were over and everyone had gone

home to rest, Pearl Hafen's children headed for the Log Cabin to purchase some goodies. When they arrived home, they told their mother that they could hear Dallice's radio playing full blast. The window and door were open, and there was a terrible odor coming from the house. Blowflies were terribly thick on the screens of the door and windows.

Immediately, Pearl sent her children across the street to tell Bishop Clair Stirling. He, in turn, went to the Log Cabin Inn and picked up Willard McMullin, who was Justice of the Peace. They found poor Dallice lying dead on the floor where she had fallen. It had probably happened shortly after her conversation with Ellen and me. No one had missed her because they thought she was visiting with Clive in Cedar City.

This was a sad day for the people of Leeds. The conclusion was that she had died July 1st because she hadn't left on the bus as planned.

Another sad day was when little four year old Jeffery Scott Sullivan, son of Merlin and Tana Sullivan, drowned in the concrete irrigation ditch May 20, 1960. They thought he had tried to jump the ditch and fell back, hitting his head on the cement.

Little two and a half year old Rebecca (Becky) Sue Peine, daughter of Russell and Connie Peine, was also drowned in the concrete irrigation ditch August 4, 1977. She had been washed by the swift stream out into the fields at the lower end of Leeds. Shane Sullivan located her for Connie.

Our little Grandson, Brent Ray Beal, age eleven and a half years, son of Ray and Verlynn Beal, suffered a heart attack, while playing at school in St. George, and died December 27, 1977. He had been born with a defective heart. This was only four and one-half months after Becky Peine had died. Brent's closest friends were the Peine boys, so he spent much time at the Peine home. After he died, Connie (Becky Sue's mother) remarked that Brent had been so good to look after Becky while playing with the boys, that she hoped he would still look after her now. It seems such a tragedy to have the children go at such a tender age.

Another tragedy concerning the death of a young child was the accident that took the life of Travis Hamilton. He was killed Tuesday evening, August 11, 1992, while riding his bike down Center Street. He rode into the intersection and collided with a van that was traveling down Main Street. I was headed home from a day in the St. George Temple and came upon the scene within seconds after it happened.

Gloria Corsi heard the impact and screeching of brakes and headed down the street to the scene. She rushed back to the house and called 911, telling them there had been accident, that someone had been hit, and we needed an ambulance immediately. The 911 voice asked, "Are they still breathing?" Mrs. Corsi said, "I haven't been out to see." The 911 voice said, "Go see if they are breathing, and if they are, call me back." What a crock. What good is 911?

By the time Mrs. Corsi got down to the scene of the accident, the place was swarming with neighbors. A nurse was there momentarily and someone had brought the child's mother.

Everything was done that could be done until the ambulance got there, and it seemed like forever. There didn't seem to be anything most of us could do, and as I stood there looking on, I relived a similar scene that happened on March 29, 1954. It was thirty-eight years ago when my

little eight year old daughter, Billie, got off the north bound school bus on old highway 91, close to where the overpass goes now. She went around the back of the bus and as she headed across the road to come home, she was hit by a south bound truck. She flew through the air and landed in the middle of the road, with sacks of grain flying all over her, caused from the truck driver slamming on the brakes.

The students were not all being bussed to St. George at this time, but the third graders had been taken down for skin tests for TB and fungus, and were sent home on the school bus.

Ray and Alex Beal rode the bus every day, so they were on the bus when the accident happened. Ray stayed with Billie while Alex ran all the way home to tell us about her, only his report was that Billie had been killed. In those days, no one moved the victim until the ambulance arrived, so she was still lying in the road when we got there. Someone had placed their coat over her to keep her warm.

We went through a nightmare because she was unconscious for eighteen hours, and wasn't expected to live--but she did live. You might say it wasn't her time to go, yet, because she lived to marry, and is the mother of nine lovely children.

Zola Jolley, wife of Ammon Jolley, was another sad situation. She was living alone with just a dog to keep her company. A relative went to visit her and was greeted by the loud barking of her dog from inside the house. When she didn't answer his knock at the door and the house was locked, he notified other people. Someone broke through the window and found another tragedy. She was lying dead.

Carl Seierup, caretaker, tells us that before he became boss of the Leeds cemetery, the records were a mess. He said the first deaths that appeared to be recorded were two Indian girls who died in the 1800's-- Maggie and Mariah-- but no last names are listed, and no other information.

Carl reports a case where mother and son were listed as buried in a certain plot in 1886 but he found she didn't die until 1986--100 years later-- and her son is still living. In November of 1986, Carl received a call from Snowflake, Arizona, asking him to have a grave ready. Grant McMullin was bringing his mother, Hazel McMullin, home to be buried in a plot that had been purchased years before.

When Carl checked the records, it was the plot that appeared to already be occupied and by this same lady. Since he couldn't get a back hoe to do the work at that particular time, he started digging himself with a hand shovel. He said that if he ran into someone, there was sure going to be an early resurrection. He was lucky. There was no one in all eight feet of the plot.

Two other tragedies were young men. James P. Miller, born September 19, 1958, died July 8, 1985, and Michael Dean Pankratz, born July 18, 1959, died July 9, 1979. Both killed in motorcycle accidents.

Another bad motorcycle accident that didn't prove fatal included Ben Lee and Steve Lewis. This happened in the Spring of 1976. Steve came through the accident without any problems but Ben was in critical condition for some time. We had a ward fast and prayer day, praying for his recovery, many people are sure that was what pulled him through.

Bishop Gleave announced in Sacrament meeting that a twenty four hour fast commencing at 6:00 p.m. this evening would be held for Ben Lee. It would end with a prayer circle Monday evening at 6:00 p.m., and he asked all the ward members to participate in this. Ben had been in the hospitals in St.George and Salt Lake since his accident three weeks before. The doctors saw little hope for recovery without extensive surgery, but he was not in a condition to have the surgery performed. About seventy-five of the ward members gathered at 6:00 p.m. in the cultural hall for a prayer circle for Ben Lee. Bishop Gleave led us in prayer and at the same time in Salt Lake, where Ben was confined to the hospital, Ben's father, Lorin, also offered a special prayer.

Ben did survive, lived to go on an LDS mission in 1977, married July 24, 1982 in the Washington DC Temple and fathered one child. Now for the rest of the story. He and Bill Lettick were Scout Masters of the Leeds Boy Scouts, and as all good Scout Masters do, they took their boys on an overnight camp out. This camp out was held at Baker's Reservoir. They were going to do some scuba diving, as Bill had been trained in such stuff. Ben had never tried it before and it proved fatal for him. He drowned in the Baker's Reservoir April 28, 1984, and although he lived in Leeds, he was buried in the St.George cemetery.

Early one Sunday morning, someone from Spilsbury Desert Rose Memorial Mortuary called Carl Seierup and wanted to buy a burial plot and wished to have the grave dug immediately. They wanted the burial to be on Sunday, if possible, but no later than four o'clock on Monday.

Carl called the grave digger who said he was going to be busy Monday but could dig the grave that day. Carl said he had to get the donkey out of the ditch, or the ox out of the mire, or whatever, so the grave was dug on Sunday.

Carl was at the cemetery when the hearse arrived with the body to be buried. He commented, "You can imagine my shock when I saw it was in a cardboard box."The body was strapped with steel straps, in a cardboard box about 2' deep, 2' wide and 7' long. The man had been shipped from somewhere back East and cancer had put his body in such bad condition that they were unable to embalm it. That was the reason for the rush.

Carl let them bury the man that way only because they had a cement vault to put him in. The man had given definite instructions not to bury him in St.George. Five people attended the burial. The dead man's name was:

James Lord Hulihan
US Navy World War II
1920 1987

As you wander through the cemetery, you will come upon two large monuments, some of the tallest ones there, and the inscription on both of them is the same. Elizabeth Emily Wells Beloved wife of Joseph T. Wilkinson Born December 13th 1853 Died July 15th 1880. One is

placed at the head of the grave and one at the foot. The one placed at the foot of the grave is made of red sandstone and is partially broken but still standing tall.

This is the way I remember hearing this story. (Greater love hath no man.)

How many of us have been tested to see how far we would go to help a friend? And that friend an ex-husband.

Oscar A. (Slim) and Helyn Erickson had been husband and wife, but for some reason decided to go their separate ways. Later Helyn married L.N. (Bill) Lyons and they moved to Silver Reef. They lived in the old white Rice Bank building, which burned down but has been restored by Robert and Marlene Carpenter.

One day Helyn's son, Bob, called from Texas and told her that his father, Slim, was really sick and he wondered if she would like to come down to see him. Slim was staying with his sister in Texas, but she and her husband were leaving for Hawaii and they were in a quandary wondering what they should do with him while they were gone. His health was such that he needed someone to take care of him at all times.

When Helyn received this word, her husband, Bill Lyons, suggested that she go down and visit with Slim, her ex-husband, which she did. While there, Slim made the remark that he would surely like to go west.

When Helyn returned to Silver Reef, she told Bill what Slim had said. Bill, very quick like, said, "Bring him out here. He can live with us."

Slim Erickson only lived a few months after they brought him to live at Silver Reef. He was laid to rest in the Leeds cemetery. Eight years later Bill Lyons was killed in a car accident, coming from Las Vegas. His request had been to be cremated and have his ashes scattered over the country. Helyn didn't feel good about doing that so she had the Urn, with the ashes, buried at the foot of Slim Erickson's grave in the Leeds cemetery. That is why we have two burials in one grave plot.

There are still 34 graves marked occupied but unknown.

CHAPTER X
SCHOOL BUS

Leeds grade school used to consist of grades one to eight. If you went to school above the eighth grade, before bus riding days, you had to move to some larger town where they had a high school. It seems that our first bus driver in Leeds was Ross Savage. He drove the bus one year while going to school in St. George, so his bus driving year must have been 1936-1937. Alene Cuff said her dad, Charles Allen started driving the bus when she started high school and drove it until her brother, Stewart, graduated from high school. That made his bus driving years 1937-1945. At first they just bussed high school students.

Art Eastman drove the bus from 1945-1953. I can't pinpoint the time when the county started to bus the seventh and eighth grades to St. George, but the fifth and sixth grades started to ride the bus in 1955. Since the last year of any school in Leeds was 1955-1956, that means the bus started taking both high school and elementary students on the same bus in the fall of 1956.

Jerry George drove the bus from 1953-1957, so he was driving the first year the combined high school and elementary rode the bus. This didn't work too well because the older boys pestered and teased the younger students.

Glenn Beal drove the bus from 1957-1961. When Glenn retired from bus driving, some friends got together and concocted some verses of his bus driving days and each one of his student riders. After they read the poem to him, they gave him a little yellow bus to remind him of those bus driving days. Following is the poem:

THE LITTLE YELLOW SCHOOL BUS

So you will remember your bus driving days
Here is a verse or two
So you won't forget Leeds and the kids
We have written this poem for you.

There was always Lois so friendly
Linda and Wynn, different you know.
Then they were called to the Islands
Oh my! How they did grow.

The Savages and Sandra Eastman
Never gave you much consideration.
They'd meander toward the bus
As if they ran the town and nation.

Judy could never get to the bus on time.
She had to paint her face so pale,
While you sat honking and twiddling your thumbs
And sometimes even bit your nail.

Across the street lived the Stratton boys
The three older boys were no trouble
Then Lyman started riding the bus
And, oh brother, what a bubble.

You didn't know the Hafens were around
Until you left Esther one day.
Her tears and the other Hafen's yelling
Made you turn back and retrace your way.

Only two of the Eagars rode with you
Michael and Lee so neat.
You wondered if all they ate was sugar
Because they were just so nice and sweet.

Mack and Lloyd Stirling so sly
Would never think of pinching or hitting.
If this was seen in the rear view mirror
Nothing was said about their quitting.

One day Clayton was left at the East
When you were in a great big hurry;
So at Middleton you turned around
And flew back to get him in a flurry.

You didn't much consider the farmer
When you cussed and had to wait
For Clayton and Kelly to finish their chores
Which made them a little late.

Your little run in with Mrs. Carter
After leaving "Brucie" twice
Made you keep close tabs on him
So she'd think you were "Oh so nice."

Vickie was always a little slow
But this day you were a trifle early.
You left Vickie at the old Savage gate
Which left Janie with no car and in a Whirly.

1960 finally rolled around
And found you still driving the bus.
Little Joe Holden started this year
His St. Vitus Dance always kept you in a fuss.

Then there were that Karma and Janice
Always yelling out their back door
If a minute early you would come
To pick up their precious four.

Little Craig Sullivan was never late
Because Jolene lived across the street.
She would have her mother phoning
When the bus started down the street.

The time you were really, really early
Put Mrs. Furrow in a whirl
Because a special trip she had to make
To get to school Donald and the girls.

We never saw you feel so sad
As when the older girls deserted you
To ride with tall, dark, and handsome Otto.
We wonder, are you still blue?

You never could control your temper
No matter how you'd try
When the people ignored the flashing light
And went on speeding by.

Some people reported your speeding.
We really agreed with their cries,
But then we followed the new bus driver.
Why, *he just pulls up his wheels and flies.*

Just so you won't forget us
And the good old times you knew,
Here is a little yellow bus
To bring back memories anew.

Culbert Stirling was the bus driver who pulled up his wheels and flew. Culbert drove for one year, 1961-1962.

Now, there was another Beal bus driver during many years. How many students rode that bus? Let me see if I can tell you. There were the Sorensons, Sullivans, McMullins, Strattons, Hafens, Carters, Eastmans, Savages, and Lees, and, of course, two regulars, my Beal daughters. Are any names forgotten? Because of our business in St. George, and the time I spent there, for twenty-five years, Yours Truly ran a **back up** bus from St. George to Leeds. Whenever the regular bus left them, or if they were kicked off a bus (unknown to me), they could always fall back on mine.

Our next bus driver was Merlin Sullivan. He started driving in 1962 and drove till 1978. Somewhere along the years, they split the groups, and while Merlin drove the high school students, Richard Pisarsky drove the elementary school bus. It appears that he drove less than one year, because Eldon Stirling drove the last two months for Pisarsky in the spring of 1978.

In the fall of 1978, Alberta Lee took over the driving of the elementary school bus. Eldon Stirling started in the fall of 1978 to drive the high school bus. Eldon retired on May 29, 1992. I have no idea who drove that bus after Eldon. He doesn't live in Leeds.

Mark Ludlow took the elementary bus after Alberta quit. He started in 1982. Although he has moved to St. George, he still drives the Leeds elementary bus.

While Mark was living in Leeds, June Schweer put a little article in the Washington County News called "The Way It Was In Leeds." This article told of Mark's experiment in trying to get those elementary kids to respect the bus. In September 1982, he had twenty-four students riding the bus, and fourteen of those students were from Leeds. He started a biweekly clean up of the bus inside and out. The students ranged from six to eleven years of age, and they all turned out to participate. After the cleanup job passed inspection, Mark let the kids have a water fight, then he passed out treats to everyone.

CHAPTER XI
MISDEEDS IN LEEDS

Drugs

Did you ever hear of the following? John Williams, Wayne Beard, Gilam, and Dehahn? I hadn't either until January 4, 1992, when the Daily Spectrum told about them and said they were from Leeds. These people did a stabbing in Hurricane. Everyone in Leeds that I talked to about them said they hadn't heard the names until they came out in the paper.

We had our own fields of marijuana being grown over in Hidden Valley that we didn't know about until the story hit the newspaper. Two different houses have been pointed out as homes of drug dealers. There could be many more that doesn't come to my attention. Are we naive? The newspapers and TV tell us that there will be more and more dope peddlers come to the small towns to live, because we have less police protection. So many new people are moving in that you don't even know your next door neighbor anymore. And just a few years ago we knew everyone.

Times are changing so fast that you never know what or whom you are going to run into even in the small town of Leeds. The following happened to be during the time that Ron Fowlks had his store in the Carl Howard complex.

My visiting teaching companion, Becky Webb, and I had an appointment to visit with Pauline Fowlks, who was living in a trailer behind the store. We were to meet at the store and I arrived a little early. I had just stepped out of my car and was leisurely walking up to the corner of the building to wait for Becky. Immediately a car was in front of me, blocking my way. I stepped back startled! The fellow in the car leaned out and asked, "Is that gold colored Olds yours?" I told him it was, but I imagined he was already aware of that since he probably saw me get out of it.

After that first question, he just settled back in the seat of his car, like he was settling for the day and began telling me his life story. He said that he lived in Leeds, and lived down at the bottom of town in a tall white two story house. He was sick and went to a doctor in Kanab every week. I thought," Why Kanab and why are you telling me all of this? As he talked, he lifted a long bladed knife (about eight or nine inches long and curved) up off the seat of his car and began to rub it back and forth across the palm of his hand, first one side then the other like he was sharpening it on a razor strap; probably trying to intimidate me. My spine did tingle and it wasn't the most pleasant feeling I've experienced. Becky wasn't long coming, thank goodness, but as she arrived, he flipped the car around, stepped on the gas and took off in a big hurry, heading down the street.

What was this all about? What point was he trying to put across? I don't know and I haven't been very anxious to find out.

Drive By Shooting

On December 17, 1993, I had a really dramatic experience. I haven't gotten over the feeling yet.

On February 17, 1994 our local marshall, Gene Roberts, came up to question me about a story I told in Relief Society as I gave my lesson. It fell right in with part of my lesson where I was telling about drive-by shootings. I had such an experience.

I was out in the back yard hanging clothes on the clothesline when I heard a shot that

sounded like it might be down by the point just before reaching our house. My first thought was that it was rabbit hunters.

Our dog, Sam, was in the backyard with me, and he came slinking over by me and laid down at my feet. He hates the sound of a gun shot. Right after the shot, I heard the loud roar of an engine. In spite of the loud roar, the car was going really slow as it passed by our home.

The car was an old dilapidated black pickup with three people sitting in the seat. The person sitting on the right-hand side had a rifle in his hands with the barrel shoved out the open window. I was standing at the clothes line and was wearing a bright red blouse. I am sure they were looking at me and I am also sure they couldn't have missed seeing me with that bright red blouse on.

As they started to turn the bend in the road, just beyond the bridge, another shot rang out. I heard it hit our tin shed and, almost simultaneously with the shot, I heard a little ping, like it hit something and ricocheted. Otherwise I think it would have come straight through to me.

I just stood there petrified. I hadn't moved when Glenn poked his head out the back door and said, "Was that a gun shot I just heard?"

I stammered, "It probably was. I just got shot at."

I watched that pickup go up the road toward Silver Reef. As it turned the bend by the pond, another shot rang out, probably shooting at the Schweer house. Still standing there in a trance, I heard another shot coming from further up the road. It was terrifying to know that you had just been shot at.

My son, Ray, came in to see us the day after this happened. When we told him about it, I thought he acted a little skeptical when he said he was going out to see if he could find a hole in the shed.

I said, "Whether you find one or not, it happened."

Ray wasn't gone long. When he came back he said, "I found the hole."

I didn't think about reporting this incident. Had I thought about it, I would have figured I didn't have enough information to do any good. Another time, which I hope there never is, I would report it at once. I guess we have to learn from experience.

Handcuffed

How would you feel if you were suddenly awakened with bright lights shining in your eyes and a gun pointed at you?

This is a true story of our friends, Lane and Lorraine Wilcken. I have written it in first person, as near to the way Lorraine told it as I can. She has proofread it and agrees with what I have written.

"My husband and I live in a lovely secluded residential area. Neighbors are close and we are friends with all of them. The day was Friday, February 1, 1991 and my husband and I were expecting some of our family to visit us the following Monday. I was preparing food ahead of schedule so we could have free time to visit with them while they were here.

I guess you might say I am a perpetual nighthawk because I can work more effectively as the night goes on. My preparations took me well into the night and I was dead tired when I finally fell into bed at 3:36 a.m. Saturday morning.

At 6:00 a.m. Saturday, February 2, my husband and I were rudely awakened with bright lights shining in our eyes and an automatic pistol pointed at us, and ready to fire. I saw a masked

man standing by the side of the bed, as I reared up and cried, "How did you get in here?" He did not answer my question but said in a cool, controlled voice, "I don't want to hurt you. Just do as I say. All I want is your money."

I screamed, "How did you get in here?" Calmly he answered, "I broke in." Immediately I could see one of my lovely rugs covered with shattered glass, but the burglar's words broke in on my thoughts, "Look! I don't want to hurt you. All I want is your money. Now sit still so I can put these handcuffs on you." He proceeded to fasten them on Lane's wrists.

My husband said, "I can tell you are talking but I'm deaf and can't hear you. I'll have to put my hearing aid in my ear." With the handcuffs on, he reached to the head of the bed and picking up his hearing aid, put it in his ear.

With the handcuff job completed, the thief said, "Come on. We're going upstairs." As we started to leave the room my husband said, "Wait, I'll get my billfold," but we were prodded on with the words, "Never mind. I'll find it myself. Get going." It was a long hallway but only five steps up to the guest room.

As I entered the upstairs room, I noticed that my usually immaculate bed was really mussed up. I could see the depression in my decorated pillow, like it had been laid on. I whirled on him and pointed at the bed saying, "Have you been in that bed?" With a smirk, he answered, "Yes. I was sleeping." I was flabbergasted. How long had he been laying here while I was in the kitchen doing my cooking?

Next we were told to lie down on the bed on our backs and put our hands up over our heads. Our FRIEND proceeded to handcuff us to the beautiful brass bed posts, the best place in the house for him to fasten handcuffs to. Since he had been laying on the bed before, he knew all about it.

He left the room for a short time then came back to ask me where my purse was. Because neither my husband nor I ever carry much money, the total amount he found from both of our purses was less that $250.00. This seemed to upset him. I am sure he thought he would get much more from the occupants of such an expensive looking house.

My frightened and upset condition brought on a good dose of diarrhea so, as he entered the room again, I said, "Will you please let me go to the bathroom? I have diarrhea coming on and it could be an awful mess." He said "OK" and unlocked my handcuffs. I rushed to the bathroom and, with his gun, he stood right outside the toilet area, which does not have a door on it. A very embarrassing situation.

With the handcuffs replaced securely, the unwelcome intruder was free to go downstairs again. He was gone for some time than returned to tell us he was taking our credit cards. I said, "That is OK but please leave our hospital and health cards." He did.

Once again he gave me the privilege of going to the bathroom. When I was shackled again he asked, "What is you pin number?" I didn't know what he was talking about but my husband did, and answered, " I don't have one. I don't believe in them."

This angered the robber and he shouted, " I don't believe you. Everyone has them these days. Either give me your number or I will tear your house apart. Where do you keep your credit card statements?" I told him they were in the black file downstairs. He left and found the file and did a thorough job of carpeting the floor with the papers, but of course he didn't find the number.

The next time he came to the room I asked him to please change my husbands position because his bursitis was torturing him with his arm raised over his head. He complied and my husband said "Thank you."

At last giving up the search, he came back where we were handcuffed and, going to the far

side of the bed, he slipped into his shoes. Wasn't it nice and thoughtful of him to take his shoes off when he parked himself on my beautiful bed cover?

As he gathered his things to depart, I asked, "How are we ever going to get loose after you leave?" His answer was, " That will be the least of your worries. What is your address?" We gave it to him and he left. We heard a car start up then all was quiet. I could just see us laying here for days, helpless as two babes in the woods.

My husband and I spent the next short time, one minute thanking our Father in Heaven for saving our lives and for saving us from serious harm, and the next minute upset because our unwelcome guest had left us in such a helpless situation.

It was just 9:00 a.m. when suddenly we heard quiet, stealthy noises. My husband began yelling, "Help! Help!" and I joined him. As men entered the room, with guns drawn, I thought, "Oh, no. Not again today." But we soon discovered it was officers and when they saw our plight, they were quick to unlock the handcuffs and we were free. What a relief.

You wonder how the officers came to be there? So did we. Well, our very thoughtful and considerate (visitor) had called the dispatcher and, giving our address, told him that the Sheriff would find two people handcuffed to a bed in the upstairs bedroom.

The walls of the house were made with so much glass that the officers were leery about approaching since it was daylight and anyone inside the house could surely see any movement outside. Then, as if someone was standing off and watching the whole procedure, the officers received another dispatch saying they would find the kitchen door open. This was weird, but finally they entered cautiously to find us handcuffed to the bed just as they had been told.

Immediately the officers began checking for finger prints. I told them they wouldn't find any because the thief was wearing gloves. I took them down to the room where my file cabinet stood. I opened the door leading into the garage and screamed, "Oh! My gosh! My car is gone." That was the first we knew about the car. After a while things began to settle down.

The next morning, being Sunday, I went to church. I had a Church calling that required that I be at the Library every Sunday morning. My husband was ill so he stayed home. Because we had an appointment with our Bishop that afternoon, it was evening by the time we were through and pulled up at our house. The County Sheriff was right behind us in my car. I turned excitedly to him and said, " I didn't think I'd see that car again. Where did you get it?"

His first words were, "You'd better put some gas in your car. It has been saying it was out of gas all the way home."

Wasn't that a streak of luck? My husband and my mother have continually told me that I should drive my car on the top half of the gas in the tank instead of the lower half. The Sheriff found my car about five miles north by I-15 parked on the frontage road.

We still have no clues about whom the thief was, but because of the empty gas tank, I do still have my car."

Con Man

How many of you have had experience with Con Artists? The newspaper has articles about them often. We read that Con Artists believe that elderly adults are more susceptible to their scams than younger people. I'm not sure I believe mature adults are any more susceptible, but I do believe they are targeted more often than any other age group.

Here is an experience of Frances Winsor, a Leeds resident.

On January 4, 1991, two men contacted Frances Winsor, an elderly lady, and asked if she would like to have her septic tank cleaned. She asked them what the cost price would be, and they said $1.00 a foot or a total of $2,565.00. She considered it, and because they said she wouldn't need to have it cleaned again for another thirty years, she told them to go ahead. She didn't have that amount, so she made out a "deposit" check for $1,665.00.

While the men were supposedly using their pickup to make several trips to clean out the tank, a female took the check to the bank and cashed it. When she returned, the men placed a plastic cover over the hole and all three took off, without saying anything.

A few days later, Frances called a local septic tank service and was told they would charge her $180.00 to clean out her tank. She immediately called the Sheriff's department then called the bank to stop payment on the check. She was informed that it had been cashed the same day she wrote it out.

The two men drove a small white pickup truck with a tool box in the back. They gave Frances a telephone number and address in Cedar City, both of which turned out fictitious. They had no pumping equipment, and after a follow-up examination of the tank, no work had been done to pump out any sewage.

Not long after we read about this incident in the Spectrum, Glenn and I had an insurance salesman come to see us. He sat and visited for a while then brought up the subject of selling us an annuity. Not too loud, Glenn mumbled, "You're probably one of those con men."

That guy was out of his chair in a flash and yanked his wallet out of his pocket to flip his ID at Glenn. It happened so fast that I hardly knew what was happening. The salesman said he had been on the road for years, and that was the first time he had been called a con man. We see his picture in the magazine that represents the company he works with now. This little incident probably instigated that.

Convicts

Back in the early part of this century much of the road work on the State Highway was done by convict labor. Camps would be set up in different sections of the state then the prisoners would spend a certain length of time in that vicinity making and repairing roads.

In January 1912 one such convict camp was set up at Echo Farm (Anderson's Junction), about 3 miles North East of Leeds.

Convict Camp at Anderson's Junction

An article from the Washington County News reads as follows:

January 11, 1912

At Work On The Road

The men from the state prison, who have been sent to this county to work on the state wagon road, commenced work Saturday just east of the city limits. Seventeen men are working on the road, while two cook and look after the camp, and one attends to the horses, of which there are twenty-five. The party has six Fresno scrapers and four dump wagons. The work is being done under the supervision of Mr. Evans, representing the state good roads commission, who confers with the county road supervisor, T. C. Macfarlane, regarding the work. Two prison guards, C. H. Davis, and A. L. Allen, have charge of the men. One of the guards who came down with the men, W.D. Davis, returned to Salt Lake City Tuesday morning. The first work will be done on the road between St. George, and Washington. The men will be kept in the county until April, working up the road as the weather turns warmer.

Our next Washington County News article reads:

Leeds, February 20, 1912–The grain for the convict's horses has arrived and we are anxiously waiting for the men to commence work on the road here.

Another article reads as follows: March 14, 1912.

Pleased With Road Work

"A party consisting of J.E. Frick, chief justice of the supreme court, D.N. Straup, associate justice of the supreme court, Arthur Pratt, warden of the state penitentiary, and Erastus J. Milne, who is president of a Salt Lake insurance company, arrived here Monday, Warden Pratt to look over the work being done by the state prisoners on the road, the others to look over the Dixie country.

Warden Pratt went out Tuesday and examined the work being done on the road. He expressed himself as well pleased with the conduct of the prisoners, who have given no trouble whatever while here. Mr. Pratt said the road made was a fine piece of work, but that it should be kept sprinkled during the summer to keep it in good condition. He said he expected to have to withdraw the road gang from Washington County about the 10th of next month to put them to work in another part of the state.

The party went out south to look over the country Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday left for return to Salt Lake City, going by way of the eastern settlements in order to get some idea of the country's general makeup. The gentlemen, excepting Mr. Pratt, were reticent concerning the object of their visit, saying it was merely to see the Dixie country, of which they had heard much from Governor Spry and Mr. Milne. It is the first visit of the chief justices to this part of the state."

During the three months the convicts' camp was at Echo Farm, they only had one prisoner try to escape and he didn't get very far. He was caught at Pipe Springs. Once they had a Convict camp in Harrisburg with between 300 and 400 prisoners.

How would it be to have all of our state highway roads worked by convict labor now? How many do you think would try to escape today?

According to the article about the convicts, a group of the State Dignitaries came down and toured the southern part of the state, but in 1993 we can boast of having a group come down again. Aren't we glad to have Bill Hickman of St. George and Met Johnson of New Harmony introduce Southern Utah to the Legislature? One hundred out of one hundred and four members visiting Southern Utah is a pretty good representation. Even in the small world of today, the newspaper said the area was unfamiliar to most of them. It is hot, but we love our sunny Dixie

UDOT

After reading my story on "Drive By Shooting," Ray Beal brought me the following letter and story. I thought it worth while to print, so I am going to start with the letter that came to Ray from the Utah Department of Transportation (Human Resource Management Section O.)

Quote:

February 24, 1982

Dear Ray,

Enclosed please find a copy of the press release we sent out today about your recent experience. We had to wait for the Washington County Attorney's office to release the names of the suspects and they couldn't do that until they had been arraigned in court.

We sent this release to every newspaper and radio station in Utah and I only hope you don't mind the notoriety. From our vantage point, this story proves that not all state employees are just waiting for the next paycheck with their feet on the desk.

Thanks for your kind assistance in putting this information together.

Sincerely,

Tim St. Clair
Public Information Officer

Report:

Transportation News

February 24, 1982

Bullets Fired "Over the Bow"
Stir Two UDOT Employees into Action

Two employees of the Utah Department of Transportation chased and caught four men after an incident in which a rifle was fired from a speeding car near Anderson's Junction on Interstate 15.

Ray Beal and LaMar Sullivan were returning to their homes in Leeds after a day's work in Hurricane February 1. They were driving south along the Interstate 15 frontage road just south of Anderson's Junction.

"There was a car coming from the opposite direction on the frontage road and I noticed something was hanging out of the car," said Beal, an engineer assistant based in UDOT's Parowan office. "As we got closer, I saw someone sitting in the window sill on the passenger side aiming a rifle across all the lanes of traffic."

Just before the approaching car whizzed past Beal and Sullivan in their state-owned pickup truck, the man fired the rifle across both lanes of the frontage road as well as all lanes of Interstate 15.

"He fired just before we passed them," Beal said. "One second made all the difference because it was just a matter of feet and he would have been firing right into the cab of our truck."

Sullivan braked to a stop and began a U-turn while Beal radioed UDOT's District Headquarters in Cedar City. The men chased the car to Anderson's Junction, where it turned off the frontage road and headed toward Toquerville.

Just outside Toquerville, the car turned up the dirt road to Ash Creek and LaVerkin Creek. Beal and Sullivan, knowing the fork the car had gone up was a dead end, parked their UDOT pickup perpendicular to the dirt road. By this time, they were talking directly to the Utah Highway Patrol by radio, and Trooper Ken Bryant was on his way to the scene.

When the car came back down out of the dead end road, it stopped about one hundred feet from the UDOT truck parked in the roadway. Three men emerged while an older man remained in the car. According to Beal, one of the men had a pistol in a holster strapped to his side.

As the three headed toward the UDOT men, they asked them if they had a gun. Beal said, "No, but you had better give us yours." The man unbuckled the gun and handed it over.

After discussing the rifle firing with Beal and Sullivan, one of the men asked if it was alright if he got himself a smoke. He was told there was no objection, so he went back to his car and leaned over like he was getting something. All at once, he jumped in the car and raced off with the older man, leaving the two younger guys there. The Highway Patrolman drove up just as the car was racing away. Beal tried to tell them that was the car, but by the time they got the message, the car was gone so far they didn't catch it.

Beal and Sullivan took the other two to LaVerkin where they were turned over to the Utah Highway Patrol.

Calvin Shields, 19, of LaVerkin, was charged with discharging a firearm near a highway and illegal possession of alcohol according to the Washington County Attorney's office. No charge was filed against the other man turned over to the Highway Patrol.

The next day, Keith Wayne Bundy, 38, of LaVerkin, was picked up through his license plate number, and was charge with driving on a revoked license, the County Attorney's office said.

"We decided to act because of the close call we had and the whole incident made both of us out of sorts," Beal said.

CHAPTER XII
BITS AND PIECES

Ann Willis

A friend of mine, Dorothy Spendlove, from Hurricane, Utah, asked me if I knew where Ann Willis was buried. She said she had looked throughout the Leeds cemetery and couldn't find her grave. I told her I knew she had died while living in Leeds, but I was sure she was cremated.

Now this was quite a coincidence. It wasn't too long after the above visit when a couple, by the name of Dick and Sara Sawyer dropped in to see me. They asked if I knew "Queen Ann" from Brown's Hole. I asked if they were talking about Ann Willis and they said they were.

We visited a little about Ann, then Mr. Sawyer asked me if I would like a book telling about her life. I told him I had heard lots of stories first hand but it would be interesting to read more. I didn't expect to hear from him again, but I did. He brought me the book.

Ann's own stories, with Frank chipping in every so often, when the stories concerned him, tell you a little of her spicy escapades.

I'll start this story with how Ann came to be here.

Alex Colbath was negotiating the sale of Silver Reef to a company located back in New York City. The company wanted to do some diamond drilling on the place to check the different kinds of ore, where it was located, and how much they could count on. Forest Major and Frank Willis were the diamond drillers contracted to do the job. These men brought their wives with them. Ann Bassett was the wife of Frank Willis. Frank and Ann lived in the Rice Bank building, at Silver Reef, for several years, even after the drilling stopped. They came here from Brown's Hole, the outlaw country, and Ann used to tell some very colorful stories.

Ann always bragged that she was boss in her family, and I think Frank was willing to let her be boss. At least things went more peacefully when he didn't oppose her, and he didn't have to worry about making decisions. He was easy going, never worried about making a lot of money, and occasionally liked to drink a little too much.

At one time Frank came home just a little tipsy and Ann went after him with a broom yelling to the top of her voice, "Frank, you old worthless, no good creep. Why can't you leave that stuff alone?" Another time, as he went to step over the threshold, in the same condition, Ann conked him over the head with a frying pan. It knocked him out cold and she let him lay there all day.

You never knew whether the stories she told were fact or fancy. One day when a particular juicy article appeared in the newspaper about the Bassett girl's, Ann's sister went after her saying, "Ann, why do you tell such lies?" Ann's offhand reply was, " The paper always wants a good story. They never want the truth, so I gave them that story. It was more juicy, anyway."

In her younger years, Ann lived in Brown's Hole, later named Brown's Park by the Bassett family because of its beauty. The mother said it was much nicer to live in a Park than a Hole.

Ann used to brag about her midnight excursions, swimming across Green River to take food to Butch Cassidy. She said he was one of her best friends. Ann was well educated, but often used rough, crude language even when she was dressed in her best finery.

While living on a ranch near Brown's Hole, Ann fought the big Cattle Barons, apparently using their own tactics.

The Story:

The big Cattle Barons made it miserable for the little ranchers, so they usually sold out to them or just moved on. But not Ann Bassett and her sister Josie. They would not give up.

The Cattle Barons controlled the grassland because of their huge herds of cattle, but the grass was getting scarce and they coveted Brown's Park. Ann felt that these men had hired two of her friends killed so she retaliated by killing Two-Bar cattle and encouraged her neighbors to do the same. Her foreman even took small herds of cattle (not owned by Ann Bassett) down to a butcher in Vernal. To cap-it-all-off, Ann closed off her water hole up on Douglas Mountain, which she had a legal right to do. Within days, she was arrested for cattle thievery. Ann said she was really guilty but the way her attorney got her off was classic.

The attorney had the Two-Bar Cattle Baron on the stand. He casually asked his name, occupation, residence and position, then how many cattle he had in the county.

Haley thought for a minute, scratching his head as he thought, then said, "Over ten thousand head."

The defense attorney whirled around and shouted, " You have more that ten thousand head? Then tell me Mr. Haley, why did you file a statement about four months ago with the county, saying that you only have five thousand head of cattle? Is that a lie?"

This case had gone to court three times but this time the jury acquitted Ann of all charges.

Cowboy friends paraded her around the street, carrying her on their shoulders, shouting, and shooting and calling her "Queen Ann." She said she felt like a queen. They danced in Main Street with her all night by the light of bonfires. A Denver Newspaper reporter dubbed her "Queen Ann of the Cattle Rustlers" and the name stuck.

After the trial, it was rumored that Ann had taken to rustling cattle. No one seemed to really care. She had singlehandedly taken on the cattle barons and won.

Ellen Savage's story of Ann Willis bears out my opinion that she was a character who liked to throw her authority around.

Ann, always the cowgirl, was usually dressed in her denim jeans, shirt and cowboy hat. One day, Ann heard pounding like hammer on iron down in the vicinity of the Henry Clark grave. "Some fool antique swiping idiot," she thought, so she strapped on her gun and high tailed it down the trail as fast as her bow legs could make it.

Sure enough! The man was so completely absorbed in his effort to dismantle the wrought iron fence that he was not aware anyone was around until she began spitting venom at him. He looked up to see a breathless but fearless, little old lady pointing a gun at him. He was sure she meant business. He quickly gathered his tools and slunk away.

By the time Ann returned to Silver Reef her fury had barely subsided enough to see a little humor in the man's hasty departure. Ellen had arrived there just in time to hear a good story.

Does she sound like a colorful character to you? Now for the rest of the story.

While living in Leeds, Ann suffered a heart attack and never recovered. She died in Leeds on May 10, 1957, at the age of 78. It turned out she had a way of causing trouble even after death. In her obituary it said she wanted to be cremated. She wanted her ashes to be placed in the Bassett cemetery on the old Bassett Ranch in Brown's Park and to be allowed to blow to the far winds.

As soon as her ashes were returned from the Salt Lake crematorium, the family gathered at the ranch to give moral support to Frank. He never said anything about the ashes so they went home

with nothing accomplished.

When one of the town's people asked a niece if she had helped bury Aunt Ann's ashes, she shrugged her shoulders and replied, "We didn't bury her. Uncle Frank is still carrying Aunt Ann around in the trunk of his car."

The back of Frank's car continued to be the burial place for Ann's ashes for a long time. The family thought it was Franks business and he didn't mention it, so they didn't. One night after he had gone to bed, someone mentioned Ann's beautiful diamond ring and wondered what had happened to it. They thought about her cremation and decided to check and see if it had been cremated with her. Instead of ashes there were big yellow clumps. There was no way Frank could throw them to the far winds.

Frank was still carrying Ann's ashes in his car to the day he died. After Frank's funeral, the family buried the ashes of "Queen Ann of the Cattle Rustlers" in an unmarked grave in the Bassett cemetery.

Butch Cassidy

History tells us that Butch Cassidy was a bank and train robber. Because his Grandparents lived in Washington part of the time, some people would like to be able to find where they could connect him with a visit to his Grandparent's and some robberies at Silver Reef. Only three stories, that I have been able to locate, have brought him into this part of the country at any time of his life.

The first story comes from Bart Anderson who says he got it from Bessie Snow, a resident of St.George and Pine Valley. I got the same story from my Granddaughter, Kaye Nelson. She heard it from a Mr. Hunter who lived in Enoch, so there must be some truth in it. Bart's story is in more detail so, with his permission I am using his version.

Bart Anderson Story

During the early history of Southern Utah, the mines of Pioche, Nevada were booming. During that period many freighters from Dixie took loads of produce to these mines. The men from St.George and surrounding settlements took fruit and vegetables there. Men from Pine Valley and Grass Valley and ranches up the Santa Clara Creek took loads of lumber, grain, potatoes, butter, and cheese. At this time there were no banks in this section of the country so the men were always paid in gold for their produce. Because of this, a band of robbers used to hide among the cedar and pine trees along the road side between Pioche and Ruby Valley. They held the men up, as they were returning home, and robbed them of their gold. The banks refused to cash checks unless the person could prove he was the one the checks had been made out to.

The following is the story of one of these holdups:

Athe Meeks, one of the early settlers of Pine Valley and later of Parowan, had taken a load of lumber to Pioche to the mines. He was driving four mules. His eight year old daughter, Sadie, had gone along with him to visit relatives in Nevada. Athe had sold his lumber and was returning home with only the running gear of his wagon. He had fixed his bed roll on the hind bounds of the wagon for Sadie to sit on. He rode on the bolster with his feet on the tongue bounds. Turning a sharp curve in the cedar trees, about eight or nine miles east of Panaca, Athe came face to face with three armed men on horses. He knew all three of them. One was known as "Little Frank," another

was Sereco, these two were Spaniards. The third man was Al Miller of Washington.

Sereco stopped in the road, ahead of the team, with a drawn gun and called out, "Stick' em up." At the same time Miller rode down the left side of the mules, and "Little Frank" down the right side, both with drawn guns pointed at Athe. Instead of obeying, as they thought he would, Athe hurriedly slipped down between the two mules and came up under the mule on "Little Frank's" side. He had drawn his gun, and as he came up he seized the rains of Frank's horse and gave a jerk. The horse threw up his head, which diverted Frank's aim, and his shot went wild. Athe shot both Frank and his horse.

Meanwhile the mules had been between him and the other two outlaws, who had lowered their guns thinking "Little Frank" would get him. Athe got a good shot at Miller and killed him instantly. "Little Frank" had already turned his horse and fled into the trees. Sereco decided not to hang around any longer and fled into the trees on the opposite side of the road than Frank had.

In the skirmish the frightened mules turned around and ran down the road into Panaca with little Sadie still hanging on to the hind gears. People, seeing the runaway team and frightened child, ran out and caught the team. Sadie told them what had happened and a posse went armed at once to the scene. They met Athe calmly walking down the road and found Miller's body where he had dropped from his horse.

The Spaniards had fled in different directions, but "Little Frank's" trail was easy to follow by the trickle of blood that was flowing from both him and his horse. Three miles out in the trees they found where Frank had fallen from his horse and struggled back on. A half mile farther they found him laying dead and not far beyond they found his horse dead also. Sereco never showed up in this area again.

Athe had killed two of the outlaws and had not received a single scratch himself. He freighted over the road for years after, but always carried a rifle across his knees ready for action. He was the kind of man that robbers didn't care to mix with.

Because of this incident, Athe's name became known far and wide. Several years later Athe was traveling down a rough narrow road out in Rabbit Valley. He came to a very narrow place in the road and met one of the notorious gangsters of Robber's Roost. Athe was heavily loaded with freight while the gangsters had a light load. The gangster stopped his team and ordered Athe to turn out for him. Athe refused claiming that he had a heavy load and it was the other's place to turn out. Finally the gangster shouted out,

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," replied Athe.

"Well, I'm Butch Cassidy."

Athe looked him straight in the eye and said, "Do you know who I am?"

"No", retorted Butch.

"Well, I'm Athe Meeks from Pine Valley," he replied.

Butch caught up his lines and turned his team out of the road while Athe went on his way.

After I read the story of Butch Cassidy's life by Charles Kelly, I'm sure there was a twinkle in Butch's eye as he turned out.

The second story is just a brief sketch telling of Robert LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, coming to Leeds with his father, Maximillen Parker. Some of the family remembered seeing him sitting on the corral fence, watching the men breaking horses. This incident would likely have been forgotten were it not for the notoriety that later came to Butch.

In the December 9, 1991 Daily Spectrum Prime Time, Henry Crosby says that Butch Cassidy was on his way to Mexico and needed a fresh horse, so he stopped at the livery stable operated by Billy Al Young, Nephew of Brigham Young. Butch said he would like to see his parents before he left the country but he didn't want them to see him. He asked Billy Al to stand guard while he peeked through the window. When Cassidy came back a while later, Billy Al said he was wiping tears from his eyes.

Henry Crosby doesn't think Butch Cassidy was capable of killing anyone. He was too tender hearted.

All the stories told of Butch Cassidy paint him as anything but a killer. What were the circumstances at home that turned him into an outlaw? It seems that he wasn't afraid of work. Was it poverty or what? Cases have been cited where he has helped the poor at the expense of those better off. He has been called a modern day Robin Hood. This bears out a story that Calpurna Fluckiger told me.

During Mrs. Fluckiger's teenage years, she was a clerk in her Grandfather Burton's store in Star Valley, Wyoming. When you own a business, you learn there are some people you can charge goods to and they pay their bills. Others are dead beats who never pay their bills. Back in the early 1900's there was very little transportation during the winter months, because of the deep snow. Some of the people who wanted to charge goods, Grandfather Burton didn't feel like he could afford to give credit to. He knew from past experience that they didn't pay their bills. He didn't feel that he could support them along with two wives and twenty-five children. When he wouldn't extend credit to some of the people, they became very angry with him.

Butch Cassidy and his gang spent some of their winters in Star Valley, when the snow was so deep that the officers couldn't come in there after them. When the snows began to melt, they would disappear.

Once Butch and his gang were in the store when some of those people were shooting off their mouths. Butch pulled his gun out of its holster and pointed it at Grandfather Burton, calling him an old skin flint. He emptied the shelves, giving it to the people gathered there.

Modern day Robin Hood? Or was this a way of securing protection from the law? Just another way of buying protection.

Speaking of Butch Cassidy, he never lived in Leeds but from TV broadcasts and Newspaper reporters, one of his gang lived here. In fact he must have lived in Southern Utah quite a few years.

If Hyrum Bebee really was the Sundance Kid, he and his wife (common-law or whatever) lived in Alton, Utah in about 1915 when my oldest sister was a teenager. They moved away then came back again about 1925 when I was a young kid living in Alton. Recently I was reading in the History of Kane County in the section on Alton, and I am going to quote here what is said on page 475: The old "Hundred-and-eight-er" and his wife, came about the same time (as Dr. Glendon). He claimed to be 108 years old. He later served a rap for murder, as Hyrum Bebee, and died in prison." This little bit of first hand knowledge seems to coincide with the article by Bart Anderson in the Daily Spectrum. I don't know what year Amelda Wilcox saw him in Rockville but he lived in Leeds during 1944-45. They were here over one year, living at 211 North Main, straight across the street from the Town Hall, which used to be the school house. The old house they lived in was torn down and rebuilt in 1990.

My son Ray Beal, tells this story. Ray and a couple of friends were chasing each other during school recess. They ran across the road and Ray grabbed on to he picket fence in front of the

house where Hyrum Bebee lived. Bebee rushed out of the house with his pistol drawn and told the kids to get away and stay away. He said if they ever came back he would shoot them. They were frightened enough to clear out.

This would have been the end of this story if it hadn't been that years later Ray saw a certain TV Broadcast. On Channel Two, Take Two Rod Decker was interviewing an author who was researching material on the Wild Bunch. It was probably Author Edward Kirby. On this broadcast, he told about Hyrum Bebee having an argument with the town marshall, Alonzo T. Larsen, in a tavern in Spring City, Utah. The marshall grabbed Bebee by the collar and escorted him outside. He spotted Bebee's old pickup truck so he stuffed the old man inside. Bebee reached in the glove compartment, and drawing a 38 caliber pistol, he shot and killed that town marshall.

Now, it turned out that Hyrum Bebee claimed to be Harry Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid and said he was seventy-seven years old instead of the one hundred and eight-er that he claimed to be when living in Alton.

When Ray related the TV show he had seen by Rod Decker to Bill Stratton, Bill said that Hyrum Bebee had shown that pistol to him when he was living here. Bebee called his attention to the many notches on the pistol and said each notch represented a man he had killed. He bragged about and was proud of those notches.

I remember Mrs. Bebee as quite a crotchety old woman. She wanted to run everyone else's life. They moved to Fountain Green from here. The residents of Leeds weren't sorry to see them go.

Stirlings

As Silver Reef declined and people began purchasing the vacated buildings, William Stirling purchased the old Catholic Church and moved it to Leeds. He remodeled it making a dance hall and theater. The dances attracted the young people from all around. Since Leeds was on the main road from Salt Lake City to St. George, and had such a convenient place to present entertainments, the Stock Companies often presented plays for one, two, and sometimes three nights to packed houses, both going to and returning from St. George.

Carlyle Stirling told me that when his parents got married, they collected every team of horses in town and pulled the old Stirling Store out to the point of the mountain on Babylon Road. That was Joe and Marguerite's home until they built their new home on Main Street in Leeds. Carlyle said his brother, Harold, said there used to be an eagle or some kind of bird painted over the door, but I can see no signs of it now. No one seems to know whether it came from Silver Reef or not, but the old Stirling Store now stands vacant.

This is one of Clair Stirling's little remembrances. He was Don Fuller's Ward Teaching companion at twelve years of age. (This was before Home Teaching). One of the homes they were assigned to was an older inactive bachelor member of the ward.

Before leaving the fellow's place, Don said, "Brother -------, why don't you come to Church next Sunday?"

The man's answer was, "I can't do that."

Don said, "Why not?"

The man stood silent for a minute, then answered, "It'd cause talk."

Merrill Stirling, a former resident of Leeds, owns his deceased Father's old farm located down Babylon road and around the hill. This year he had beautiful peaches to sell. To advertise the sale of them he had a sign on Main street in front of the Town Hall. To make things convenient, he lived in a trailer down on the farm.

Karma Sorenson, a friend of mine, who lives in St. George, came up to buy some peaches. She found Merrill Stirling down on his farm, sitting out by his trailer peeling peaches to fill some bottles he had brought from home with him. He thought it best to fill the bottles here, in his spare time rather than haul the peaches clear back to Fruit Heights, Kaysville, Utah to can them. He told her to come back Monday and he would have some picked for her.

Monday evening, when Karma dropped back for her peaches, she found Merrill in a frenzy. He was so angry he could hardly talk. When asked the reason he was in such a foul mood, he said he had just returned from New Castle where he had gone to deliver peaches and found that his three cases (36 quarts) of peaches he had bottled had been stolen. The thief had left $30.00 to ease his conscience.

When I questioned Merrill about this little episode, he said it was true. He felt sure he knew who had stolen the fruit but he was still angry every time he thought about it. He bought three cases of bottles, which cost him $25.00 and that, plus the sugar, used the $30.00. He still had the work of peeling and cooking the peaches. While picking peaches, he had wrenched his shoulder and with every peach he peeled a stab of pain went through his shoulder. This kept him seething as he bottled his three cases of peaches for the second time. Who would stoop to do such a thing? Is it any wonder he was in a foul mood? He said he would have felt better if they hadn't left any money because they probably thought they had left enough to cover everything.

We had a similar experience years ago. It was just after we moved down from Silver Reef to the place we now live, but we were living in an old house. It was before people had such things as swamp coolers, so we spent much of our time out under the trees filling our bottles with fruit or doing whatever we could where it was the coolest. This particular day I spent a good share of the day doing my work out under the trees.

Glenn had a mining job on top of the hill in front of our house. It was open pit mining so he was working on the surface of the ground. As he worked, he noticed a group of people picking cherries from our cherry tree. We had a small apple orchard between the house and the cherry tree.

When Glenn came home from work he asked, "Did you get some nice cherries for your folks?" I turned a shocked look at him and said, "Did I what? My folks haven't been here today. I haven't even been up to the cherry tree." Now he was shocked. We rushed up in the field to look at the tree. Yes, you have guessed right. Our tree was completely stripped of cherries.

We were dumbfounded. Glenn had stood on top of the hill and watched someone steal every cherry we had in **broad day light**

Carlyle Stirling told of the time that his older brother, Stanford, was baptized as a member of the Mormon Church. He said Uncle Dave, (David Stirling) came along on a wagon with some other boys, headed for the pond around the hill. Stanford was out in the yard and Uncle Dave stopped and said, "Stanford, hop on the wagon and we'll go down to the pond and get baptized," so Stanford hopped on and went with them. This would have been in about 1935 because he said Stanford was nine years old.

Carlyle says he was baptized in the Ed Dalton pond located on the right side of the freeway close to Harrisburg. Glenn says he remembers when they used the Edward McMullin pond, below town, which now belongs to Harold Furrow. All they needed was water deep enough to do the job.

In 1945 they had started baptizing eight year olds in the St. George Temple. That is where my three older children, Ray, Alex, and Billie were baptized. By 1956 the policy had changed because my youngest, Neidra, was baptized in the Stake House located on Flood Street in St. George.

While talking to Eldon Stirling, I asked him if he could remember how his father, Dave Stirling, always walked so fast, and he said he did. He said he used to walk to the field with his father, and it seemed like his father was almost on a run all the time. Eldon said he would walk two or three steps then he would have to run to catch up, walk another step or so, then run again to catch up. Dave reminded me a lot of a pacing horse. He kept up the same pace all the time, and he could surely cover the ground.

Culbert Stirling, former resident of Leeds, told me of an incident that stands out in his memory. Some years back, it was quite common for the President of the L D S Church to come to St. George when they held their Stake Conference.

One time President David O. McKay had come down for our St. George Stake Conference. It was at the time that Ross Eagar, a polio victim, was living here. His father, Walter Eagar, had called President McKay in St. George and asked him to stop in Leeds on his way back to Salt Lake and give Ross a blessing. It would be on his way home, since Highway 91 was the main thoroughfare, and the Eagars lived by the side of the road.

President McKay had said he would stop by the Eagar's home. Culbert remembered that, as young boys, he, LaMar Sullivan and Ray Beal had sat out in front of the house on the Eagar lawn to catch a glimpse of President McKay when he came. They had to wait quite a while, but it was worth it. They were able to see a live Prophet of God close up. This is something that has always stood out in Culbert's memory.

Sullivans

Dances were enjoyed by everyone in Leeds. But dancing can be an art for some. As soon as the orchestra struck up the tune of the Berlin Polka, Dave Stirling, not giving anyone else a chance to steal his partner, was across the floor in a flash. With a deep bow to Lula Sullivan, he

gave her his hand and led her out on to the dance floor. So, Lula, with her hand on her hip, and Dave, skillfully leading her, had the floor all to themselves. No one else could dance that fast. It was a great exhibition! Professionals could do no better. Dave and Lula stole the show. This was a hi-light of some of our dances.

How many of you ever worked in a peach orchard? Do you know what a sweaty, sticky, fuzzy job it is? Peach picking season comes during the hottest time of the year. It was the one cash crop that most every one depended on to help see them through the rest of the year. The people that didn't own orchards, worked for those who did, so it was still a hot, sweaty, sticky, fuzzy job for all of us.

The peach picking crop is a big job that doesn't last long, but when the peaches are ready there is no putting it off. It takes precedence over everything else, usually even family.

Leland and Lula Sullivan were in the middle of their peach harvest and their daughter, Karma, had cried all night with a toothache. It was just a baby tooth sitting in the back of her mouth, but baby teeth can hurt terribly, too. Sixty years ago, plus or minus, you didn't run to St.George every day, or every week, or even every month, if you could arrange things so you didn't have to. Leland didn't have the time now. He bundled Karma into the truck and took her down to Harrisburg, and old Bill Emmitt pulled that aching tooth for her.

You ask, was he a dentist? No, he was not a dentist, but he was a character and he did unearth a pair of dental forceps from some place. Where he got them, I don't know, but Karma said her tooth didn't ache anymore.

When Gary Sullivan's courting days began, girls were scarce in Leeds, so he had to go south to St. George to find his gal. One beautiful moonlight night, he got in the car and headed for St. George. He had company on the way down, which was pleasant. His evening there stretched into the morning hours, and it was more like three o'clock in the morning when he headed for Leeds.

He was thankful afterwards that he was alone on his trip home. Just outside of Washington, (we all thought he was dozing, but he wouldn't admit it) he collided with a big black horse. Before he knew it, that horse's head had come through the windshield and was sitting on the seat beside him, looking Gary straight in the eye. He had presence of mind enough to stop the car, dispose of the head and hurry on home.

He rushed to his dad's bedside to tell him what had happened. They immediately called Sheriff Antone Prince. When the sheriff got there, Gary didn't feel half bad since he had his dad by his side.

Gary Sullivan married young and left for a Spanish American Mission soon afterward. When he returned home, he came back to a family; his wife Janice and daughter, Laurie; but no occupation. After trying several things, he decided that farming was what he wanted to do after all. Now, it didn't take him long to find out that farming wasn't that much fun; especially when he had

hay fever so bad that Janice couldn't keep his handkerchiefs washed fast enough for him.

His water turns always seemed to interfere with other pleasant duties, so, what happened? Janice became the water boy!!! A neighbor made the remark that Janice was the best farm hand the Sullivans had.

Things didn't end with just the watering for Janice. At that time, it was hard to get man power help in the M.I.A. Gary was elected Superintendent. He had the name but not the game. (I had first hand knowledge, for I was Young Women's President.) Janice was always there to help in Gary's place, while Gary found more interesting things to do.

Now, coming back to Gary's farming. Gary didn't stick with the farm very long because of a freakish accident. It was in October and the cane was ripe and ready for sorghum making, so Gary was greasing the belt of the cane grinder. He got too close to the power take off. It grabbed his shirt sleeve and stripped him of every stitch of clothing he had on, that is except his shoes. That did it! He couldn't stand the farm any longer. He was through, really through. What to do now was the question.

At last, he had a break. Insurance!!! He'd try that, and his first move was to Panguitch. He thought it best to try the field before moving his family. After being gone for a short time, he got rather lonesome. So one Tuesday night, he came back home to Leeds to visit his family.

Not finding Janice at the home front, he found his way up to the Church house where they were having a Halloween Dance. Gary wanted to see if she were there. The place was crowded and everyone was having a hilarious time. But, no Janice. When there was a lull in the noise, he asked loud enough for everyone to hear, "Does anyone know where my wife is?" A little Southern Belle sidled over to him and said, "You all can take me for to be your little wife."

Just then the music started and Gary grabbed the little Southern Belle and began to dance with her. He made several circles around the dance floor before he discovered that this darling little Southern Belle was his Janice. She really stole the show that night.

During the days when we did everything we could think of to raise money for our building fund, we used to rent movies each week through the summer, to show, to raise money. We usually sold hot dogs, sloppy joes, and pop. In bad weather the shows were shown in the big tin "Bill Hall" garage. In good weather they were shown on the volley ball court, which was a large cement slab back of the old church house. That volley ball court was really where the new Church house now stands.

While they were young boys, Doug Sorenson and Craig Sullivan each had a donkey. They had small saddles, bridles, and all the trimmings. They were dressed like real cowboys, as they rode up and down the main street in Leeds. The donkeys were ornery cusses so they often put on quite a show.

One night while most of the town people were enjoying a movie out on the cement slab, here came Doug and Craig on their donkeys. It was almost intermission time by the time they got there because their donkeys had given them trouble coming up the street. They didn't wait for intermission but headed straight for the refreshment booth and each bought a bottle of Pepsi. At that time Pepsi was always sold in a glass bottle at five cents a bottle.

They stood and fed the bottles of Pepsi to their donkeys. Soon all eyes were on them. I think Dave Stirling enjoyed that part of the show more than anyone else. He couldn't quit laughing at the donkeys. They stole the show.

Who among the young people of today, knows what it is like to come home from school each night and have a raft of chores to do before they can even think about fun activities? It hasn't been too many years since that was the way it was in Leeds.

Craig and Keith Sullivan are brothers and they loved to play ball. Nothing, but nothing, could keep them home when a ball practice was scheduled. Dad said their chores had to be done first. As soon as they jumped off the bus, they raced each other to see who could accomplish their tasks first.

Some of us know how ornery animals can be, especially when you are in a hurry. This particular night was no exception where Craig and Keith were concerned. Putting forth all their efforts, they couldn't get those stupid calves to go into their pen. As they chased them round and round, Keith spotted a short piece of pipe, which he grabbed and took after them. As one of the calves tried to dodge around him, he hauled off and hit it on the head. He was just a kid but he must have given it a very good wallop for the calf dropped dead in its tracks. Keith was flabbergasted and turning to Craig asked, "Craig, what are we going to tell Dad and Grandpa?"

Craig answered rather soberly, " I don't know what you are going to tell them but I don't have to worry. I didn't do it."

Keith was rather white around the gills, but they finished their chores and, without saying anything to anyone, headed up town to practice ball.

I'll bet Keith didn't enjoy ball practice as much as usual. I'll bet he was dreading having to face Dad and Grandpa.

As Craig and Keith walked in the house later that evening, Ned asked, "Did you boys get your chores done before going to play ball?"

Keith's head was hanging low as he answered, "Yes, but I hit one of the calves and killed it while we were doing them."

All excited, Ned yelled, "You what?" as he and Leland ran out the door, heading for the corral.

It was a pleasant surprise to see the little old calf running around frisky as ever. Keith hadn't killed it after all. He had just knocked it out cold.

Evan Sullivan was a good bronco buster. Men from all around the country brought their horses for him to break. For this purpose, he had built a big corral with a high fence around it. The corral was close to the house.

Evan's wife, Ada, was not at all pleased about the situation and kept pleading with him to stay off those wild mustangs, but Evan loved the thrill of it and all her begging didn't do much good.

One day a rather vicious acting mustang was brought up for him to break. Ada did her usual begging, and it looked like she had won out. After she went to the house, Evan caught and saddled the horse. It took some strategy and maneuvering to get upon the mustang's back. It had a wicked buck, but he had no sooner got on it when one of the kids went running to the house crying, "Mom, Dad is on that horse."

Ada raced out of the house, screeching, "Evan, you get off that horse right now."

Evan's answer was, "I will," as he sailed over the mustang's head.

Do you like the sound of yipping coyotes in the wee hours of the morning? I have always kind of enjoyed that sound when I have been tucked in a warm bed in a safe place, but I have noticed that when our dog has been barking at night and the coyotes started yipping, the dog quiets right down. Are dogs afraid of the coyotes? They certainly have reason to be when they come in packs.

The following story was started by Shane Sullivan, but because he couldn't remember enough details, I went to his Dad, Merlin Sullivan, to get the rest of the story.

Merlin Sullivan's Dad, Leland Sullivan and Leland's brother, Evan, were partners on a farm at the lower end of Leeds. Leland had an old board home on the corner of 1st east and Mulberry. Evan lived in a little old shack below it at the place where Francis Winsor now lives.

This story took place in the days before the Leeds Irrigation Company constructed the water storage pond above Leeds. In those days, all water turns extended through the night. If a man's water turn went through the night, he irrigated through the night. If his water turn started in the middle of the night, he got out of bed in the middle of the night and took his water turn.

This particular night was Leland's turn to do the night irrigating. With rubber boots on his feet, a shovel over his shoulder and a kerosene lantern in his hand, he headed into the field to turn the water. He had no more than got his lantern set on the ditch bank and proceeded to take out the dam when he found himself surrounded by a pack of snapping coyotes. He brandished his shovel to ward off the attack and began running as fast as he could toward Evan's abode, yelling at the top of his voice for Evan to come and help. Evan woke out of a sound sleep, hearing the cries for help. He slipped his shoes on, but still in his underwear, he headed for the haystack to grab a pitchfork. He was soon at Leland's side. With one brandishing the shovel and the other the pitchfork, back to back, they worked their way to Evan's barn. These two young men were not only lucky but very happy to be able to shut the barn door between them and the snapping coyotes. It was some time before the coyotes gave up and vanished into the night.

These two men broke up their partnership soon after this experience, but Merlin said his dad never did go down in the fields alone again to irrigate. He took his older kids to the field with him on a flat bed truck with a bed made up on it, and they all spent the night there.

During the early existence of Leeds, we have had some terrible drought years. Merlin Sullivan said his Dad told him, and Glenn said Leland also told him, that there was quite a bit of the time that the water in the ditch was such a small trickle that it didn't give the town enough water to water the cattle. They had to drive them above Silver Reef to get water to quench their thirst.

Another of Merlin's stories about the drought happened back in the 1930's.

The water was such a trickle in the ditch that they combined both the west and east ditches to make enough water to do any irrigating. During the day time, when there was evaporation, it was only possible to water one row of peaches at a time. When they irrigated through the night, it was possible to water two rows of peaches at a time. Merlin Sullivan's Dad, Leland, would take his oldest son, Clayton, to the field with him. Each one would lie down and go to sleep at the foot of a peach row. When the water reached the bottom and hit them, it would wake them up and they would change the water to two more rows. This could be long, hard night.

Savages

Back in the 1960's, Ross Savage, along with a number of other local men, was working on the freeway. He was backing up a truck load of gravel where one of the Cedar City overpasses was being constructed. Forms were being made to pour cement, and there were pieces of lumber scattered here and there. He saw a large piece of plywood and didn't want to back over and ruin it, so, being efficient and wanting to get the job done quickly, he stepped out of the truck and picked up the sheet of plywood. He stepped forward unable to see what was right under his feet. Of course he knew immediately what had happened and that these were the last few seconds of his life. He put out his hands to try and break his fall, scraping his palms and back all the way down. When he struck bottom, he was jammed into the tightest little bundle he could ever imagine. His destination was the bottom of a piling hole.

Now, piling holes were drilled with a huge auger in preparation for the pouring of concrete bases upon which the pillars would rest. These pillars supported the overhead traffic lanes. The holes were about thirty-five feet deep, and from twenty-four inches to thirty inches in diameter. The holes were regularly safety-marked in a particular way to alert men working in the area, but this time someone had covered the hole with a big piece of plywood.

Working men nearby suddenly missed him, and, upon investigation, found his lodging place. A crane was immediately brought, and the hook lowered into the hole for Ross to hang on to so he could be lifted out. This was an experience he never liked to talk about. He was taken to the doctor in Cedar City, and as he had no broken bones or really bad cuts, he rode home that night as usual with his car pool. The men delivered him at the door, where he came in and quietly took off his shoes and socks. His feet and legs were bruised coal black. It was the end of the week, so he had a Saturday and Sunday off, and went back to work on Monday.

The Riley and Eva Savage home was a good block off the old Highway 91. Grandpa Savage grew marvelous melons, and for several years he planted a big patch of them just inside the fence between his property and the roadway.

When the melons started ripening, cars on the highway began stopping long enough for some agile person to jump from the car, run and leap over the fence and grab one or two melons and make his get away. For the fun of it, someone might step out on the front porch and yell at the intruder just to see him get hung up on the barbed wire--or maybe fall--or maybe just wave and yell "Thanks." Not only did they take melons, but in their haste vines were trampled, often melons were plugged (a small chunk cut out to test its ripeness) and if not quite ripe, it was ruined anyway.

One year, Grandpa decided to make it a year to remember for the family. Instead of melons, he planted citron melon, a kind of melon smaller and hard as a rock. It almost takes an ax to cut it, and then it is not really edible. Cattle like them, but most is candied to be used in fruit cake or citron preserves.

When the time came for melons to be ripening, cars stopped as usual. People grabbed quickly, not really noticing any difference until they tried to cut them. Soon the highway was dotted, coming and going, with evidence of a prank in reverse. For the next few years both sides of the highway were green with growing citron melons. In the Savage home, they had enough bottled and preserved laughter to last for many years.

This is My Day
By Ellen Savage

You worry about me so much more than need be
Afraid I over do myself one day.
You say the load I carry is too heavy.
Oh, no!! For in my heart I feel this way.
That just as long as I have eyes these hills to see.
And ears to hear that mocking bird in yonder tree,
As long as I can smell the sage and new mown hay
Then I can say, "This is My Day."
And just as long as I have strength to "carry on"
Can feel the thrill of lovely sunset and new dawn,
As long as I have friends who care--
And know that God can hear my prayer
Then I can say, "This is My Day."
As long as I can cry soft tears for tardy rain,
And love the lashing storms that cleanse like grief or pain
As long as you are near to me
With love, in spite of faults you see--
Then I can say,--"This is My Day."

Susan Savage has a way with her cows. I think, with a little coaxing, that if she wanted to, she could have them eating out of her hand. One day a few head of her cattle had gotten into our fields and when she came over, four of us tried to drive them out, without any success. Finally she told us to let her try to do it herself and see if things might work better. It worked. She soon had them out on the road, headed for home.

I asked Susan if all of her cows were down from the ranch now and she told me the following story:

Susan had gone to the Ranch on her four-wheeler, because she was afraid she might get stuck in the truck. Usually she hauled four or five bales of hay on the back of the four-wheeler, but this particular day she hadn't taken any with her. She wanted the cows to come home.

It had already started to snow by the time she was ready to come home. As she headed for the gate, the cows followed her. They stood bunched together while she opened the gate. She climbed back on the four-wheeler and, as she sat watching them for a few minutes, with big flakes of snow falling all around her, she began talking to the cows. She said, "Now you know it is time for you to come home. I could take much better care of you down there. You just talk it over among yourselves and make up your own minds, but do it in a hurry before the snow gets too deep. The gate is open so why not come on down now?"

With these kind words of advice, she left. When she got to the top of the dugway, about three or four miles away, she called down through the valley, hoping the echo would drift back to them, "Come on home."

Early the next morning Bill Schweer called Susan on the phone, to tell her she had some cows up there. By the time Susan got up to the back gate, all the cows were bunched there, waiting to get in.

These are some stories that Susan Savage has contributed:

In the days when Highway 91 ran through Leeds, wherever a family raised fruit, people had a fruit stand by the side of the road. The stand might be a table, but usually it had a top or a large umbrella to provide shade. The children would spend the long hours of the day tending the stand. (The Eastman family had a fancy stand their dad built for them.) We would take a favorite book, a drawing pad, or something to embroidery to kill time as we waited for a car to come down the road (which wasn't too frequent), see the signs our mom had made or helped us make, and stop to buy fresh peaches, apricots, cherries, or melons. Jerry and Ethyl George were a little more enterprising than the rest of us. Along with fruit, they had a soft- ice cream machine.

Not only did the fruit stands bring in a little extra money for the families, but it gave the kids a summer job, and experience meeting the public, which included many interesting people--sometimes even from foreign countries. It brought the world to us, and furnished interesting supper-table conversations.

Newell R. Frei, Principal of Woodward Jr. High, asked Ellen Savage to join an advisory committee for the school. This was at the time when small schools were being consolidated, and students bussed into St. George. Mr. Frei said, in a meeting, that it was very puzzling to him that the students coming from small towns with one-teacher schools seemed to excel in every way. The idea of consolidation was to give the outlying students greater opportunities, but--and he pointed out the Leeds kids as an example--most of the leaders in student government, etc. were from Leeds. He turned to Ellen and asked whether it was because of parents with above-average schooling. She responded, "No, Leeds parents are regular parents, but in a one-teacher school, the kids learn to help each other. Each child is part of everything that happens--not just the ones who may have a special talent and are skimmed off the top for performances, etc., as they do in the larger schools. We have lots of community parties and activities which involves everyone."

During the Great Depression, it was not unusual to see hobos traveling the roads. They would stop at someone's residence and offer to chop wood or do some other needed job in exchange for a meal. One such was Jack Park. He stopped at Riley and Eva Savage's home, worked for a meal, and ended up making this his home for many years. At first he lived in the small building behind the big Savage home, but later, Riley Savage built him a cabin at the Danish Ranch. He worked through the years for Riley. The little frame cabin is still there and affectionately known as "Jack's House."

Floyd "Smitty" Smith and his wife, Marguerite, built the original house near the well where the Homespun Restaurant was. One day, Smitty took his rifle and big dog, Lad, and went west across the highway. Here he poached a deer. As he hiked home, carrying his gun and the heart and liver from the deer on a forked stick, he climbed over a barbed wire fence, and stood by the side of

the road waiting for a **line** of vehicles (an unusual sight) to pass so he could cross the highway.

One vehicle stopped, and when the occupants stepped out, Smitty learned that the line of cars was a group of game wardens on their way home from a convention in Cedar City. Guess what happened to Smitty.

Leeds was a beautiful orchard town. Everyone had an orchard. Sorting sheds were built and processing the season's harvest became an all-out community workout. It was a thriving business, but along with the harvesting, it had to be marketed. When a man, working for a trucking firm, came through, offering to truck the fruit out and market it for the famers, it looked ideal. Peaches were trucked as far as Oklahoma and the midwest. One year the peaches left town all right, but all the farmers received were bills for shipping. This same thing happened in neighboring towns too. As a result, most farmers pulled up their trees and reverted to other crops. That event marked a major change in the face of the community.

Evelyn Savage McMullin remembers going with her father, Riley, and older sister, Margaret, to a field he had rented north of the cemetery. They camped there in a tent from start to finish of the harvest, the girls missing several weeks of school. They would cut, top (remove the seed tops), and feed the stalks into the grinder all day and go to bed in the tent by starlight, leaving their dad still cooking. Very early the next morning, they were up again, cutting, topping, and grinding juice.

Riley used wood to heat the boiling pans in the beginning. His son, Ross, remembers that some time later he took the team and wagon to Virgin, carrying a barrel to haul a load of oil for his father to use for the cooking in place of the wood. As Ross drove home, leaning against the barrel of oil, with the team slowly making its way north through the valley just northwest of Toquerville, with the north wind howling around him, he thought that was the coldest night of his life.

Etta

No one could write the history of Leeds without mentioning Marietta (Etta) McMullin Mariger. Her formal education started in the fall of 1890 in the old Leeds Church house and School house combined.

Etta attended school in Leeds for ten years. Each year consisted of five months. She spent twenty-five years teaching school in Utah and Nevada. She taught mostly in South east Nevada, where she held a **life diploma** to teach in the elementary school, and received teachers' retirement benefits. During her teaching years, she wrote many short stories. This is probably why she was so well liked as our Literary Leader in Relief Society for many years. She was also our official quilt binder.

In October 1940, she and her husband, Vivian, came back to Leeds to retire. They made their home in Etta's parents old home, which has been torn down to make way for our new chapel. Etta, with her green thumb, made the surrounding yards blossom as a rose. She had fruit trees, grape vines and beautiful lilac and rose bushes. Everyone wanted starts of her gorgeous Iris.

Etta started the project of putting up new fences and landscaping our cemetery, and this included getting the water piped there. Her many persistent letters to former Leeds residents bore fruit, and she lived to see the project completed.

A native of Leeds, Etta was born August 25, 1884. This took her back to the days where she had personal acquaintance with many pioneer families that settled Harrisburg and the mining people of Silver Reef. In fact, she is inseparably connected with the three towns. Her grandfather, Willard G. McMullin, lived in Harrisburg. Her father, Ira McMullin, lived in Leeds, and the two of them did the rock work on the Wells Fargo Building in Silver Reef.

Because Etta wrote the section on the Leeds Relief Society in the book **Relief Society Memories of St. George Stake** she was assigned to write the stories of the three towns for the publication of **Under Dixie Sun**, published by the Washington County daughters of Utah Pioneers. Etta devoted much time and effort to research, personal contacts and collections of photographs. Disappointed, when her material was so drastically cut in that publication, she put her own life savings into the publishing of Saga of Three Towns. She published two editions.

During the time of all these accomplishments, Etta was often in severe pain. In spite of this, she carried on.

Etta Mariger's book has made a valuable contribution to the recorded history of Washington County and its part in Utah's mining lore. She has left a great legacy, and Leeds has been greatly enriched by her life.

Orson Reid

Back sometime in the early 1950's, a lady with more money than she knew what to do with, bought Evan Sullivan's farm and home. The home was located down at the bottom of town at 255 South Main where Frances Winsor now lives. The farm was between it and the hill back of it. This lady never came here to live but Orson and Louise Reid came to live in that house and run the farm for her.

Orson and Louise were not Mormons but joined us in all our Church activities. They loved to square dance and Louise even directed a three act play. We had to make our own recreation, but because our ward was so small at that time, a three act play was very unusual.

Orson was a farmer and a good one. He raised lots of alfalfa and he always had a barn filled to the brim with hay when the growing season was over. Those were the days when you hauled the hay in big fluffy loads from the field; no tightly packed bales like they make today.

Orson had a nephew, Eddie Reid, who lived with him. Eddie tromped the hay as Orson loaded it on the big truck out in the hay field, but when he brought it in to be stored, he always called Louise to drive the tractor to pull the hay into the barn. This was accomplished with the use of pulleys, a cable, and a huge four pronged hay fork that transported the hay along a track fastened in the ceiling of the barn. At the opposite end of the barn the cable was fastened to a tractor. With good team work, Orson could clamp this big fork down in the load of hay and as the fork full of hay, advancing along the top of the barn, reached the place where he wanted it dumped, Orson would call out for Louise to stop the tractor. A quick pull of a rope would open up the fork, leaving the hay in that section of the barn. As Louise backed the tractor back to the barn, by the use of another rope Orson was able to pull the fork back to the truck. It took four or five big forks to dump a giant load of hay. That was much easier and faster that pitching each small fork full into the barn by hand.

One hot sweaty day as the sun was really bearing down on them, their team work was working out top notch until the last fork full of hay traveled along the top of the barn. Whether Orson forgot to give the stop call or whether Louise didn't hear it, no one knows, but Louise pulled that big fork full of hay right out the end of the barn, breaking everything in it's path. What a climax to a beautiful days work. Orson was furious. You could hear him all over town. It took him a full day to get things back in working order so he could finish hauling his hay.

Needless to say, Orson and Louise didn't speak to each other for a week and he had to get someone else to drive the tractor for the rest of that hay cutting.

Veir

Veir tells me that Pappy Stirling (William Stirling) used to load big wooden barrels on his wagon and take them out to his grape vineyard around the point of the east hill. He would press the grapes and make the wine right out in the fields.

Indians used to pitch their tents and camp up in the Mesa View and Silver Meadows area.

The Stirling fields being just down the way and around the bend of the hill, made it really convenient for the Indians to go down and visit Pappy Stirling's wine barrel, that was left out in the field sitting on the wagon.

He left his wine out in the field one night too long, for the Indians had one wild and hilarious party. The next morning Pappy went to the field to work and it wasn't long till he hotfooted it back to town to visit with Constable Oscar McMullin, Veir's dad.

The Constable arrested three of the Indians; one by the name of "Baracat, with a big bushy mustache.

You couldn't jump in a car and whisk them off to St.George like you can today, so Oscar had to keep them at his place over night and take them down the next day.

Veir says he was petrified with fear having those big old brute Indians hanging around their place. He was glad when his dad left with them the next day.

Veir was noted for giving talks in Sacrament Meeting. Each time they asked him, he would jump with joy, and could hardly wait until his turn came (ha, ha).

There was a time when Veir's daughter, Judy, had been trying to get him to go home with her to McDermitt, Nevada for a visit. Veir had a phobia about leaving home. It didn't matter to him how often Evelyn went, just so he didn't have to go. Judy was unable to convince him to go.

Now, this was while our ward was the smallest ward in the stake, and speakers were hard to find. A member of the bishopric thought it was time for Veir and Evelyn to have a turn. As they approached Veir about the subject of speaking, very quick like, he said, "Oh, I won't be here. I'm going out to McDermitt for a week."

Veir McMullin had quite a sense of humor. One day while he and Glenn were working on the fire fighting trails, there was a beautiful, clear stream of water running close to the trail. As Veir laid down on his stomach by the stream to quench his thirst, he called out "Here is a chance to have a good, cool drink of water before we start up that trail. Glenn, why don't you come hold my hair

out of my eyes while I get a drink?" Veir didn't have any hair to hold out of his eyes. He was bald.

Do any of you remember the snows of 1937? Glenn and I have vivid memories of that time, for we had to shovel three and one-half feet of snow off the roof of the Wells Fargo Building to keep it from caving in. The Rice Bank, a cow shed and a tin garage had already caved in. When the Wells Fargo roof began to creak, we knew we should get on the ball and relieve the beams of their weight. It took us two full days to shovel the snow off.

The snow storm started the day after Christmas and those big flakes just kept coming and coming and coming. Sometimes it let up for a little while, but it soon started again.

During this heavy snow storm, Joe Thomas died. He died January 7 and was buried on January 12. I can't even imagine what it was like trying to dig a grave in all that snow. That was during the time that they were dug by pick and shovel.

Veir had worked for Joe Thomas, so when the funeral was over the casket was loaded in Veir's pickup and they headed for the cemetery. They didn't get very far. The snow began to pile up in front of the bumper and the pickup couldn't move. The casket had to be carried by hand most of the way to the cemetery.

Evelyn

Evelyn McMullin---everyone knows her. She has been one of those necessary fixtures who has spent all of her adult life in Leeds. Would you say she was a fixture? If so, she is one that a small town needs. She is that and much more. Before doctors and automobiles became so prevalent, she was there. If your child was sick or you were sick, and you didn't know what to do, it was always "Ask Evelyn. She'll know." Her own words were that she had "shot nearly everyone in town." Not with one of those deadly weapons, but with one of those little old sharp-pointed wicked needles. I didn't happen to be one of the recipients of those terrifying shots that made all the kids scream when she entered the room, for I had a mother-in-law who was a registered nurse. She did her share of nursing around town, even to delivering babies, before Evelyn's time. Still, I don't know what the Town of Leeds would have done through the years if it hadn't been for standby Evelyn, because using that sharp needle on people wasn't where her help ended. She was a natural where sickness was concerned.

Evelyn enjoyed her life in the medical profession. Although she didn't get her degree, experience is often a better teacher. Evelyn started nursing at the old McGregor Clinic in 1948 and trained as an OB nurse at the old medical center. There were two doctors at the Clinic; Dr. A.W. McGregor and Dr. L.W. McGregor. Besides working at the McGregor Clinic, she has worked at the Dixie Pioneer Memorial Hospital, the Dixie Medical Center and the Dixie Regional Medical Center.

Evelyn started her nursing career at forty-five cents an hour and worked herself up to nothing. When she retired, after sixteen years at the Dixie Medical Center, she went back for eight more years to work as a Pink Lady, which is donated help.

If there was a duet or quartet sung, Evelyn was one of those chosen. She has worked in the Primary, Sunday School, YWMIA, and was Relief Society President for thirteen years. Usually anyone that would do it had two or three callings besides their main one and she was no exception. On the side, she raised three girls.

When Evelyn and Veir had their 70th wedding anniversary open house, Evelyn made the remark, "We've been in the fighting ring for 70 years, but the referee must not have been very good because neither of us has won yet."

For years, Veir McMullin, Bob McMullin and Walter Eagar were our Leeds barbers. If the customer had a quarter in their pocket, the barber got paid, if he didn't the barber gave a free hair cut. I remember most of them were free.

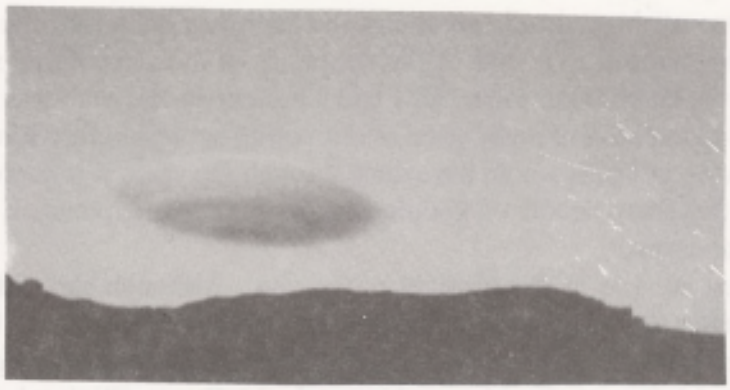
Vernon Joos

Leeds wouldn't be Leeds if it hadn't been for some characters and colorful people that have lived in Leeds. Vernon Joos, who was always called Joos, was one of those characters. He was a World War II Veteran, and claimed to be disabled.

Joos came primarily to homestead a piece of land down by the Virgin River. It was close to the place where the Stonnont or Babylon Mill had been located. Two of his brothers came down to help him build a little one room cabin on his homestead. It was built close to the place where John Vaught was building his mansion.

Joos was proud of his cabin. The only mode of transportation he had to get down to it was his two feet, so he spent quite a bit of time walking. He either saw or imagined he saw lots of different things. One day he arrived in town really excited. This was back in 1947, when there was lots of talk about flying saucers. Joos had seen a UFO. He said he had seen little men peering down at him out of a window. The young boys of Leeds really razzed him about his flying saucer, but he didn't enjoy his trips down to his cabin anymore.

I wonder what Joos would have thought had he seen the beautiful colored cloud that so many people observed on December 11, 1988. Would he have thought it was a flying saucer? It was certainly the shape of one.



Seen in the heavens Dec. 11, 1988

When Joos first came to town, from Draper, Utah, he lived in a little shack just below the Telephone substation. It was a one room shack that Elijah Knapp Fuller had moved down from Silver Reef after the mines had closed down. Because Joos had come to Leeds planning to go into the chicken business, his brothers helped him build a good-sized chicken coop, just back of the shack. When the house began to leak, he moved into the chicken coop and tore the house down. Although the coop was wired with electricity, it was not prepared for human habitation. The lower

side was open, covered only with wire screen. When winter came, Joos came down with a bad case of the flu.

At that time, I was President of the Relief Society and Tana Sullivan was one of my counselors. With Bishop Merlin Sullivan's permission, we gave him a couple of Relief Society quilts, which we had on hand, and bought an electric blanket for him. At least he could keep warm when in bed. He did get well.

One of Joos' favorite hobbies was hitchhiking. He was one of the greatest at thumbing rides. Periodically he would make trips back to visit his folks, always hitchhiking.

One day he heard that Willard McMullin was driving to Salt Lake City, so he asked for a ride to Draper. Willard said he would be glad for his company, but he took a long time getting things ready to go. Joos got tired of waiting and stepped out on the Highway 91, which went through Leeds, and raised his thumb. He obtained a ride within minutes. Today people can spend hours standing by the road and not get a ride, but Jose always got his. Hours later, as Willard drove through Draper, he observed Joos already walking down State Street.

Another time Joos was out in front of the Log Cabin Inn when a car came up the street and stopped for gas. As the man filled his car with gas, Joos asked for a ride. The occupants of the car, thinking that Joos thought they were headed north because they were headed up the street, said, "We're headed for California" and Jose replied, "It doesn't really matter which way I go." He got in the car and went with them.

Glenn Beal and Veir McMullin used to keep the trails going up Pine Valley Mountain hacked clean of brush. That was the only access up the mountain to fight forest fires, so the trail had to be kept open. One day as they got in the car to head for Diamond Valley, Joos asked to go with them. They went as far as they could in the truck, parked it, and headed up the mountain trail. The trail was so steep that it wasn't long till Joos had his fill of climbing and said he was going back home. They warned him it would be a long walk but he turned back, anyway. This was back in the days when it could be hours before a car would come along that road. Glenn and Veir felt sure they would pick him up on their way back to Leeds. When they arrived home that night, Veir's wife, Evelyn, said she had been surprised to see Joos headed up Leeds main street before 10 o'clock that morning. She thought he had decided not to go with them.

Joos must have had some magic touch. Almost every day, he would start either up or down the street at about 11:00 o'clock, and by 1:00 o'clock he would have had a meal at four or five different places in town. Any time a meal was offered, he accepted.

Kate Allen, Alene Cuff's mother, who ran the Leeds Mercantile, tells a cute story about Joos. She used to say " I wish I were a man, and I'd never have to ask anyone to lift anything for me." One day when she had a big hundred-pound sack of beans to move. Joos came in the store and she asked him if he would move them to a designated spot. Joos walked around it a time or two, eyeing it up. All at once, he said, "Kate, if you will take hold of one end, I'll take hold of the other and I'm sure we can move them."

Character Molding

One of our ex-bishops told a really cute story--He said Ethyl George used to brag to him about what a great guy he was and how he had grown in the Church. The bishop said, "I give credit to my wife for all that I am. She has done so much to help me along." Ethyl sidled up to him and commented, "That's right. She has done a lot to help you, but she had something to work with."

Coyotes and Bobcats

Walter Eagar loved to trap coyotes. It was not only great sport but he could sell their fur and, in hard times, the few dollars he got came in really handy.

Coyotes are very cunning and there is nothing they love to do more than sneak around and get into someone's chicken coop that is full of nice fat hens. Walter had one of these friends visit his chicken coop regularly and, although he would trip the trap, he never got caught. At last he left his calling card. He got away but the toes of his right foot were left behind in the trap.

This was really exasperating but Walter said that if he ever did catch him, he would know him by his right front leg. It would be minus his toes.

The time came when the crafty old guy was caught. When Walter made the rounds of his traps and found the culprit, he was terribly skinny and his fur was so dry that it wasn't worth anything. His claws he had used for catching his supper were gone and he was nothing but a skinny starved animal. Walter was so sorry for him that he took him out of the trap and turned him loose.

This story reminds me of visits we had from a bobcat. We started with twelve hens. When we lost the first hen, we started working on our coop to keep the culprit out. We kept losing one about every other night. Before we got the crafty guy stopped, we were down to four chickens.

When a week had gone by without losing any more chickens, we were sure we had succeeded in blocking him out. But one night Glenn was awakened out of a sound sleep, hearing the terrible cries of one of our cats. All was quiet by the time he got outside.

Within one week we lost four cats. We really had more cats than we wanted but we didn't want to feed them to the bobcats. We had only two left, so Glenn started leaving a light on out in the garage where the cats slept to keep the bobcat frightened away. So far it seems to have worked.

This is a rather interesting article that was written by June Schweer. It came out in the Washington County News January 28, 1982, when she was writing the little special feature "The Way It Was in Leeds."

"John and Lynn Russon left their house in a hurry one week ago Saturday, and failed to close the back door. Lynn returned briefly three days later, found the door open and animal droppings on the living room floor. Not finding the animal and assuming it had left the way it had come in - through the open door - she locked up and left. She and John returned this Saturday and found that their visitor was still very much in the house. Magazine racks, floor screens and towel racks were knocked down, and something had been sleeping on the pillows in the guest bedroom bed. Two glowing eyes peered back at John through the dim light under the bed. As calmly as possible, under the circumstances, John let the bedspread slip down into place. "It's a huge bobcat," he announced. John has a problem. Wild bobcats don't belong under the bed in one's guest bedroom. He opened a window and left, closing the bedroom door gently but firmly behind him. The happy ending is that the visiting bobcat jumped out the window and ran back to the hills. John and Lynn put their house in order and have a wondrous tale to tell their grandchildren."

Snakes
As told by Alex Smith

This story is about six guys: Veir McMullin, hoist man, Glenn Beal, top car man, Carlyle Stirling, Lee Hunt, Richard Lee and myself, Alex Smith. We were finishing off the station at the bottom of a Western Gold shaft, in preparation to start drifting.

Richard and I went up on top to send some timber down to Carlyle and Lee, at which time we uncovered and killed a pretty good sized rattlesnake. Richard and I were at the age that we were always sort of on the lookout for something to have some fun with. Lee Hunt (God bless him) was the kind of guy that had a habit of over exaggerating the true facts. (Such as a six-inch fish had a habit of growing tremendously once it was in his creel.)

As you know, the mine sat on the sunny side of the hill, so the only noon time shade was from the hoist shack, which sat on ten to twelve inch logs. Well, we would sit down to eat lunch in the shade. Lee Hunt's place just happened to be right next to me. Anyway, Richard and I decided to tie a string around this snake's head and slip it back under the hoist shack along one of the logs and at noon we would have some fun with Lee Hunt, who, by the way, we knew, was deathly afraid of snakes.

Come noon time, we were all settled back enjoying our lunches, when I brought up the subject of rattlesnakes. Well, I paused long enough for Lee to take the bait and he started in on this long diatribe about a snake, at which time I kept inching our dead rattler with the string, until it was laying right between Lee and me. With Lee so involved in his story, he hadn't been paying any attention to what I was doing. He just happened to pause for a moment and I said to him, "Well, Lee, did this snake you're talking about happen to look anything like this?" and pointed to the dead rattler between us.

Now, Lee was a big man--maybe six and one half feet and possibly two hundred fifty pounds. If anyone had bet me how far and how fast that man could jump from a flat relaxed sit, I am sure I would have lost. Needless to say, I stayed out of Lee's way for a day or two after that.

When Jack Howell, Western Gold's engineer, decided to subdivide Silver Reef and offered Veir and me five acre plots for $100.00 an acre, my comment was "Why in hell would I want five acres of this rattlesnake infested rock pile?" There really is something to hindsight -huh!

Skull Dugery

When the parents of Tyrus Emerson revealed their plans to come to Leeds for Easter weekend he said, "What do you want to go to Leeds for? There's nothing to do down there." Despite what the young people thought, Allan Groves from West Jordan and Tyrus Emerson from south Ogden ended up in Leeds on Good Friday, March 29, 1991, with time on their hands. They joined up with Luke Losser, a boy that lived next door to the two boys' grandparents, Glen and Glenna Dodge and John and Millie Bowen.

Since the boys were looking for adventure and the red, rocky, steep Lorin Lee hill was in their door yard, that is where their adventure started. They spent the afternoon scouting the country and when they came down the hill, they told Tyrus Emerson's parents about seeing some old bones in a cave on the hill. The Emerson's said it was probably bones from some old animal and ignored

anything else that was said.

Saturday morning the three boys headed up the hill again, with a plastic bag, planning to bring their find back with them. They were gone for hours. As the adults began to carry things out to the patio, in preparation for their Easter lunch, Glenna called to the boy several times, telling them that lunch was ready. Finally they came trudging up the driveway and placing their find on the patio table said, "Here is your Easter centerpiece." Glenna was speechless. She rushed into the kitchen and grabbing hold of Glen told him to come see their new centerpiece that Allan had brought to them.

Their gorgeous centerpiece was a human skull displayed in the center of their picnic table.

Immediately, Glen said they should call the Sheriff, which they did. After a reasonable length of time, the Dodges received a telephone call from Silver Reef asking how to find them. Glen said, "Come on down. We don't live in Silver Reef. We live in Silver Meadows." Deputy Sheriff Pam Humphries said she would be right down. Upon arrival, she didn't have any idea what to do with the bones the boys had found, so she called Sheriff Glen Humphries.

When the Sheriff put in his appearance, they all, young and old, began scrambling up the hill. It was one of those steep, steep hills with loose dirt and rocks where, as you took one step up you slid back two, so it took a while to make it to the cave.

Arriving at the cave, Sheriff Humphries crawled down into the hole and started to scratch around for more bones. He was able to find the jaw bone to complete the skull. The skull, femur, sacrum and one piece of the vertebrae seemed to be all the bones found, so the Sheriff sacked them up to send to the University of Utah to have them checked out. Some of the bones were wrapped several times in some kind of cloth material that indicated it could have been the burial place of some Indian. The femur was short so it must have been a small person.

Now, Elizabeth Renshaw and her cameraman, from KSL-TV, just happened to be in St.George for the Easter weekend and were at Sheriff Humphrie's office at the time he received his call. They couldn't leave St.George right then but they arrived in Silver Meadows just before sundown. They took pictures of the boys, the bones, and the Sheriff, which were shown on KSL-TV later.

When the boy's were questioned on how they felt about their experience, Allan said it was a strange and exciting adventure, but he was very disappointed that he couldn't take the skull to school for "show and tell."

The University of Utah figured the bones were between 150 to 200 years old.

The hill they named "Skull Mountain" and the skeleton "Napoleon" because there was nothing left but "Bony-parts."

Highway 91

Highway Patrol men have told us that if we knew the kind of rif-raf and criminals that ran up and down I-15 and through the streets of Leeds, we wouldn't be able to sleep at night.

Old Highway 91, the main thoroughfare that, in past years, ran from one end of the state of Utah to the other, used to have Tramps, Bums, or Hitch-hikers, or whatever you want to call them, travel through Leeds on a regular basis. They would go north in the summer and south in the winter. It was believed that they marked the gate in front of homes where they received hand-outs because they all seemed to know where to go.

Highway 91 had other kinds of strange travel, too. Can you imagine a big herd of hundreds of sheep traveling up I-15 Freeway? This is what happened on Highway 91. You had better not be wanting to go any place in a hurry, when they were passing through town, because it took hours for them to get through. As they headed north in the spring, after lambing season, often some of the little lambs would loose their mothers and they would be left behind, then someone would end up with little doggies to raise on a bottle. One time we ended up with a couple to raise. When they were about half grown, one of the little beasts picked up the bad habit of running after the boys and butting them down. We had a little three year old son that loved to play out in the yard and every time this lamb saw him out there alone, it would run after him and butt him down. As long he stayed sitting on the ground he was safe, but as soon as he stood up, the lamb would drop his head and run after him again. Finally our son got smart. He would keep his eye on the lamb and every time he ducked his head and started for him, our son would sit down on the ground. That really took the fun out of the game for the young buck.

Another thing that happened on old 91 on a regular basis was "Yellowstone Pete" traveling through town twice a year in his covered wagon drawn by a pair of mules. He was an older man with a long white beard. I don't know where he went to spend the winter, but his destination when he went North, was Yellowstone Park. He had pots and pans hanging all over the outside of the wagon. Two more mules were tied to the rear. They were probably a relief team. The children in Leeds loved to tag along behind him and were envious of his home on wheels. Sometimes they would follow for miles, calling up to him as they ran. Does it sound like the Pied Piper of Hamelyn?

Cars

The following was told in Thelma Atkin's funeral.

After Thelma Atkin's husband, Donald, passed away, Thelma felt that she needed to get away from home for a few days, so she called her daughter, Dawna who lived in Roseville, California, and told her she was coming down to see her.

Dawna said, "Don't attempt to come in that old dilapidated car alone."

So Thelma bought herself a new Chevrolet car and went to California. She had nothing but trouble with it all the way down and could hardly get back home. Upon arrival, she went to the dealer and complained. The dealer stalled her off saying it just needed a little breaking in. Thelma saw red. She came home so angry that, really quick like, she called General Motors in Detroit, and really read the riot act to them, as only she could.

Surprise! Surprise! The next morning a new Chevrolet car was delivered at her front door.

Primary

One Sunday morning President Thomas S. Monson, Second Counselor in the First Presidency of the L D S Church, surprised everyone at our Sacrament Meeting. On this particular morning, the members of our Primary Presidency were our speakers. They were unaware of his

presence till they arrived. They gave excellent talks, but then, all of our speakers do.

Within a few days after our Sacrament Meeting, the report came down to our Stake President, through our Regional Representative, that all President Monson could talk about when he got back to Salt Lake City, was what a wonderful Primary President the Leeds Ward had. Alex Beal got the word and passed it on to me. The following Sunday, as Jean Beal passed me, I said "Hi!" then asked, "dare I touch you today?" Her two counselors had just come upon the scene as I asked the question, and, with great concern in their voices, asked, "What's the matter, Jean? Are you sick? Do you have something contagious?" Under the circumstances their concern was quite hilarious, but we do have good dedicated ward workers. Jean was the Primary President that President Monson had been talking about.

MIA and Clubs

Before the time of a car in every garage, (and if you had one, you were lucky to have one that would run), we had to plan our own entertainment. Part of the entertainment chosen for the girls was the 4H program. I taught it several years, and most of my girls won blue ribbons in sewing and cooking. It was fun to go to the County Fair and observe their things on display.

Part of our fun times was going to 4H Camp. Every year I taught the girls, I went to camp with them, and Ellen Savage went with me. We borrowed a large tent and Ross Savage staked it up for us. Did you ever make your bed on the ground where you could feel every pebble and stick under you? It is different. Try it sometime. In spite of the discomfort, it was fun. The County 4H Camp was always on Pine Valley Mountain. Every year it rained while we were there, and "joy of joys"--we were always awakened with a drip-drip-drip on our faces. Our tent always leaked; not in one place but a dozen, so we all got our share of drips. Why didn't we just sleep outside in the rain? It might have been more comfortable.

The County had many competitive sports and hikes for the girls, and often the leaders were drawn into them. Using a two-man wood cutting saw, Ellen and I competed in a log sawing contest and won. You really have to be coordinated with those saws.

While I was president of the YWMIA (Young Women), Karma Sorenson and I took our girls up to Girls' Camp. Karma was always fun on these Stake affairs. I remember one time in particular when Glenn Beal and Stan Sorenson had spent the day setting up our tent. We were the last to get on the mountain and all of the choice camp spots in the valley were taken. We chose a place on a little hill on the outskirts of the camp. That night, there was a terrible cloud burst, causing lots of flooding. For once we were lucky. We were sitting on top of the hill, dry as a pin and all of those down in the choice spots were flooded out. The Stake Leaders sent everyone home but us. We spent one more night on Pine Valley Mountain because we had to wait for Glenn and Stan to come after us--as prearranged.

For twenty-five years, or more, Karma Sorenson and I took turns being president of the YWMIA. She would be president for two or three years and I would be her counselor. When she got tired of the load, I would be president and she would be my counselor. (And we were called by the bishop.) Why the shifting back and forth? I really don't know. Probably because other members

would be president of something else, but refused MIA.

When I became president of the Relief Society, Karma was my first counselor until she moved to St. George. We did work well together. I had other excellent counselors, too.

I remember while I was Primary President, one bishop asked me if I would consider changing from Primary to MIA because one sister said she would be president of the Primary, if asked, but she wouldn't be the MIA President. I changed. I liked working in the MIA. I was awarded a 25-year pin in 1975.

Susan Savage's memory of an MIA activity:

For one MIA day outing that we took instead of going camping, Esther Hafen, Billie Beal and I were hiking to Angel's Landing with our two leaders, Wilma Beal and Karma Sorenson. Billie and I went skipping along ahead and got to the top of the main trail before they arrived. This was partially because Wilma and Karma were almost dragging Esther along--one on each side--because she was afraid to come up the trail.

There, in all true wisdom, we decided to just go right ahead. We were a little surprised at the wiggly pipe railing across the hogsback, and the chains you held onto as you scaled the steep rocks further on. It was just a little beyond what we had ever experienced, but we knew Wilma and Karma were right behind us, and the new adventure was kind of fun. We went all the way to the end, waited around a little bit, then went back. Of course our leaders had been smart enough not to venture past the hogsback and had some extra signs of aging when we got back.

The next time I got to that point again, it was on Senior Sneak Day in high school. At that moment in life, I viewed the hogsback, felt its wiggly pipe handrail, and along with a big, tough football player in the group, said, "Not in a million years!" I've never been back, and don't plan to go.

Sometimes extra special things happen to you. Recently, as I leafed through my mail (mostly catalogs and other junk mail) I picked up a letter with a beautiful decorated back flap from Tucson, Arizona. This letter was from Anna Eastman Hartvigsen, a gal who was the same age as my oldest daughter. I taught her in Primary when she lived in Leeds many years ago. But Primary wasn't what she talked about in her letter. She talked about the "Huck Towel Club" I started in my home for a group of the following four girls, Anna Eastman, Susan Savage, and my two daughters Billie and Neidra Beal. She said she still had the pieces she made that summer. She said it was so wonderful sitting and sewing and listening to me read "Little Goody Two Shoes" to them. She also reminded me that I made it possible for her to take dancing lessons by bringing her home from St. George after her dancing class.

What an ego builder after forty years or more.

This is how Susan Savage remembers the Huck Towel Club:

One day after Primary or Church (I remember just where we were standing out in front of the church, because it was one of my most thrilling experiences.) Billie Beal got Anna Eastman and me together and said her mom had suggested we could have a Huck Towel Club. I barely knew what huck-toweling was. I knew it was pretty, and I was excited to learn to do it. But the best thing was "the club" feeling.

Anna and I would hike the huge sagebrush wilderness from our houses to Beals, and work

on huck-toweling under Wilma's tutelage, while Wilma read to us. I don't remember what she read to us--maybe Brighty of the Grand Canyon--but I remember the very nice feeling of being there together and feeling that someone else's mom might sort of like me, too.

4H Outing
L to R Neidra Beal, Susan Savage
Billie Beal, Anna Eastman

M.I.A. Outing
1st row: L to R Neidra Beal, Jolene Sorenson
2nd row: Anna Eastman, Billie Beal, Susan Savage
3rd row: Lois Stirling, Karma Sorenson, Judy McMullin, AmyLu Savage, Sandra Eastman, MaryAnn Savage, Linda Stirling

Mother's Day Potted Plants

This is 1992, and I have lived in Leeds for fifty-eight years. During those years, it seems to have been the tradition that when Mother's Day came 'round, the Sunday School organization would turn up with potted plants for each mother in the ward.

Now, I have nothing against potted plants. They are beautiful, but I don't have a green thumb. I do love books, and I often said, "Why don't they give a little booklet? My Mother's Day potted plants always die." I would watch as they were passed out and wish for one of the most beautiful ones but usually got handed a little old scrawny one. No big deal. It always died anyway.

About a week after one such Mother's Day presentation, I came home from work, and there, sitting between the screen and the back door, was a little old sickly potted plant with a note tied to it saying, "I brought my Mother's Day potted plant to die with yours so they could have company." Love Karma

Well, they died.

Now, there is a sequel to the story. This year I got another potted plant, a coleus, for Mother's Day, but my dear friend, Karma, brought me a book this time. And what do you think was the name of it? "Why Do My Mother's Day Potted Plants Always Die?"

We really had a laugh out of that gift, but there is still another sequel to this story. It is now the first of November, 1992, and my potted plant has not died. It has grown fifty-six inches and it has blossoms on top and it is beautiful. That means it has its height. Has my luck changed?

Within a month after it blossomed, it died.

Full grown live plant

Parties

In Leeds (in the olden days) each time an auxiliary organization had an officers and teachers party, the Bishopric and their wives were invited to it.

One Christmas, while Glenn was a counselor in the Bishopric, and Tana Sullivan was President of the Primary, the Primary officers and teachers had a party. It was held at Tana's home about three weeks before Christmas. We were asked to bring white elephants. Santa was going to come and pick them up and deliver them to us. On the Q T, the women were told to bring something that belonged to their husbands that they would recognize as something belonging to them, when they opened the package. We were cautioned to be sure and put our husband's name on the gift we had brought for him.

Well, we had been having a little problem at home. Glenn was constantly laying his eye glasses on top of the newspaper on the couch. I had told him, repeatedly, that some one would either sit on them and break them or they would end up wadded up in the newspaper and thrown out in the garbage barrel. He didn't change his ways--do they ever?--so, one night, about a week before the Christmas party, I got a bright idea. I took his glasses and wrapped them up for one of the white elephants--the one with his name on.

For the next week, Glenn hunted all over the place for his glasses. He kept asking everyone

if they had seen them. I kept reminding him that I had warned him many times that this very thing could happen, and added that they were probably out in the garbage barrel. I told him it served him right.

Glenn said he was sure they weren't out in the barrel because he hadn't put any papers in the garbage since he last wore his glasses. He also said I didn't act very concerned about them being lost. Usually when he lost something I would start hunting and keep on till we found it.

For the next week Glenn struggled to read the newspaper, which was almost impossible without his glasses. My two girls knew I had his glasses and they threatened to tell him if I didn't. I, in turn, threatened them if they did tell.

During the evening of the day of the party, Karma Sorenson came up to borrow something. I hadn't come home from work yet, but Glenn was out in the back yard. She went through the house to the back door to speak to him. She found him, with his head deep in the garbage barrel pulling out newspapers, hunting for his glasses. He told her it was the last resort. He had looked everywhere else.

He didn't find his glasses and he told her it looked like it meant buying another pair. Before Karma left, the girls told her what I had done. This tickled Karma, so she stopped at Tana's on her way home. She told her all about the glasses, including finding Glenn standing on his head in the trash barrel.

At the party they served dinner first than played games. We were all having a hilarious time when in came Santa Claus jingling his bells. He came clear across the room to our table and gave Glenn his present first and told him to open it. Glenn said he would wait till the others got theirs, but Santa insisted. It took Glenn quite a while because it was wrapped, and wrapped and rewrapped in tissue paper. It had been a big package. Glenn kept saying, "There isn't anything in it." When he finally got down to the last wrapping, there on the bottom layer of tissue sat his glasses. He slammed them down on the table saying "I'll be damned. All that hunting I've done and you knew all the time where they were. I wondered why you didn't care enough to help me hunt."

That was the hi-light of that party but things didn't end there. Since we were moving to St. George at this time, I had planned to have a party down there and invite my Leeds friends. My plans had been made for some time and I had special things I wanted to do. On my way out the door at Tana's place, I picked up a snowman ornament and took it with me. During the next three weeks I picked up something at each home of the people that I planned to invite to the party. Some things were hard to get without being seen, and some were easy, but before we were completely moved to St. George, I had something from each place. My plans were to give each of them a Christmas present. I had planned this some time before Tana's party, and I thought it was going to be such fun, but, alas, the best laid plans of mice and men go oft astray."

Neidra, my daughter, came down with the mumps. She had just gotten over them when I came down with mumps and there I sat--holding all those things. It was really embarrassing. I needed to give them back.

I had to stay home from work while I had the mumps so I had a lot of time to think. As I sat there, I planned my next move. I made invitations inviting my friends down to my place for my birthday party which was in February. I told them that their ticket to the party was a picture of themselves. You all know how I love pictures.

As they arrived at the party, I gave each of them a sheet of biology paper and some crayons, and told them to fix up a sheet for my scrap book using their pictures. Most of them brought pictures. Some of them were crazy ones. One couple brought some showing their back sides.

Evelyn and Veir brought a picture of a monkey and on old crow. I still have all of these pictures.

When it came time for the gifts, I told them that I was reversing the procedure of doing things. This time I would give them a present on my birthday for them to remember me by, instead of them giving me one.

As I passed the gifts out, I told them to all open them at once. Some of the group hadn't missed their gift. I didn't expect all of them would.

When Geraldine Stirling opened her gift, she was shocked. She said the tumbler I had taken from her place was from a special set she had received as a wedding present. She had accused every one of her kids of breaking it. Of course they all denied it.

Tana Sullivan's gift? You've guessed it. It was the snowman. Well, you should have seen her face. She was flabbergasted. She said she had told Karma and Lula about losing it the night of the party, and they had named people up and down the street many times, naming each person that had been at the party, and couldn't believe any one of them would take the snowman. Nevertheless, it was missing. Her mystery was solved.

Another fun party was held at Jeri Sullivan's home. When we had parties, it was no handpicked group; no generation gap. There was a group of fifteen women, all ages, who got together each month. We celebrated the birthdays of all those born in that particular month.

Once, we missed the October month so we combined October and November and honored those born in both those months at the same time. We didn't buy expensive gifts. They were really little nothings, just fun things, and we gave each person born in that particular month the same gift. That made it so the birthday person had about fourteen gifts to take home.

The night we combined the two months, there were six people to be honored that night. After all the rest of us had given our gifts, here came Tana Sullivan in from the kitchen dragging her gifts behind her. She had six bushel baskets, with clothes liners in them, making them into clothes baskets. Of course, it was hilarious, just seeing her drag those six baskets in from the kitchen, but by the time each one had about thirteen presents in them, six people went home with a basket full of presents. What a fun time

Then there was the night when we had a wiener roast over at the Silver Reef Cob Mine. We had a big bonfire going and the sticks to roast the wieners on, but we had forgotten to bring the wieners. We went back to the Wells Fargo building and boiled our wieners.

At another outdoor party at Silver Reef, Glenn and I had a couple from Salt Lake City visiting with us and invited them to come along. As someone yanked the pickup door open, a big cooker full of fried chicken landed up side down on the ground. And would you believe it? We just lost one piece of chicken. The cooker full of chicken landed on the upside down lid.

Our friend from Salt Lake still reminds me of this hilarious party every time we talk on the phone.

Then we would have our Pepsi days. Once a week a group of us would go to one of the

homes and visit and drink soda pop. Most of the time it wasn't Pepsi but we still called them our Pepsi days. One day my daughter hid a tape recorder to tape our conversation. Lucky for us something happened to the recorder and it didn't record.

Isn't it fun to reminisce?

Pounding Pipes

Sunday
February 17, 1991

This has been a long old day. It began at 2:00 a.m. when Glenn came into the bedroom and called to me to get up and come call Blake Electric because he was hard of hearing and couldn't hear over the phone. The furnace was making too much noise. I groggily staggered from the bedroom into the kitchen, rubbing my eyes and asking what it was all about. The furnace was making so much noise it was hard to hear each other, even when we shouted. Glenn finally got it across to me that he wanted me to call Blake Electric and ask them to come out because the furnace was acting up and he had pulled every switch on the place and it still wouldn't shut off.

I called Blake Electric, and he said to turn the thermostat to Auto and it would kick off. Glenn said he had turned it every way possible but without success, but he did it again. Blake told of switches that should turn it off. He said he was trying to walk us through what to do because it would probably be burned out before he could get here. I said I would go and try what he said and he told me to hang up and call him back. I went through all the switches with Glenn and it still sounded, and felt, like it would tear the house down. I called him back and asked him if he would please come up. He didn't sound too happy but said he would. The next half hour was the longest half hour I've spent in all my life.

When Pete Blake arrived, he went straight to the meter, then the breaker. Next he went to the basement and tried all of the switches, with the same result. Finally, he took the panel off the furnace. He looked down at it and said, "Glenn, this furnace isn't even running. Your problem is somewhere else." But the terrible pounding was still there. Pete said "I'll bet it is your water pipes." He touched them and they were really jumping. Glenn turned the valve at the entrance of the house and the noise almost stopped. What a relief **for the time being**, but we still had problems with the pipes. We had pounding pipes for months and no one seemed to know what to do.

Gene Hansen told me to keep agitating him as long as they kept pounding. I did. One day as I talked to Susan Savage on the phone, she heard the terrible pounding. The turning of the valve didn't help a good share of the time. We give Gene Hansen and Don Goddard and whoever helped them, credit for finally solving the problem. I don't understand what it was but they fixed it. We don't have the loud pounding anymore. We feel it a little sometimes.

Post script: Three months passed and we didn't receive a bill from Blake Electric so I called up and got hold of Pete and said we would like to get the bill paid. He said, "I am an electrician, not a plumber. An electrician can't lawfully charge for a plumber's job." I reminded him that he made a night trip and he could charge for that. He said " You folks have done enough business with us that there is no charge for that." Some people remember.

Earthquake

September 2, 1992---This was a first for me. I always wondered if I would know if there was an earthquake. There was no doubt about it. I knew.

I was rudely awakened out of a sound sleep with someone trying to get me out of my bed, and to do it they were lifting that heavy bed from first one side then the other, trying to throw me out of it. I would say that lasted for about one minute, then it quieted down. Glenn and I both said simultaneously, "earthquake." And I added 4:29 as I was facing the clock and could see the time very clearly. Our clock is always a little fast, so when the news came out with 4:26 that sounded about right. It was 5.9 on the rector scale. I wouldn't like to go through many experiences like that.

When Geraldine Stirling told about her experience, she said she was alone because Carlyle had gotten up early and gone out to bail hay. When things settled down, Geraldine jumped in the car and rushed out to the field to see if Carlyle was all right. Carlyle didn't even know we'd had an earthquake.

Everyone seems to have had a different interpretation of the happenings. My son, Ray, said he thought there was an intruder in the house after him. It would be interesting to hear all the first earthquake experiences.

Tractor Doctor

Some odd things happen in life. Glenn felt that Dr. Neal Capel had done a super job when he gave him a new artificial knee, so one day while he was in the Doctor's office he said, "Doctor, while I am here why don't you see what you can do with this bone sticking out of the top of my shoulder. It looks terrible and gives me lots of pain."

The doctor told him to take his shirt off and sent him for an X-ray. When he put the X-ray picture over the light, he exclaimed, "Glenn, look at those shoulders. That is the worst set of worn out bones I ever saw. They aren't operable. It is something you will just have to live with." Glenn came home very depressed. Nothing unusual. He is always depressed.

A few weeks later Glenn was plowing the garden on his big old Farmall Super C tractor, which has big wheels on the back. He loves to sink the disc as deep as it will go and watch it turn the rich black soil up. As he inched along the bottom of the garden, he sat, looking, turned to the back, holding to the back of the tractor seat, with one hand and steering with the other, watching the loamy soil turn over unaware that the left back tractor wheel was headed straight for a good sized granite boulder. He was surprised when all at once all hell seemed to break loose. His foot had slipped from its position on the brake, down through the side of the tractor where he couldn't pull it back. He was hanging on to the steering wheel for dear life, thinking he was doomed to be pulled down under that wicked disc when, all at once he noticed the key hanging in the ignition, he risked taking his hand off the steering wheel to reach for the key. He was barely able to reach it, but reach it he did, and the tractor stopped immediately. That saved him from a serious accident and probably saved his life.

Glenn couldn't get his foot back up through the hole in the tractor and he began calling for me. I was in the house doing some cleaning and didn't hear him. He sat out there for over a half hour before I ventured outside for something. When he heard the screen door slam shut, he called again and this time I heard him.

I was not able to get him untangled from the tractor so I ran to the house and called for Verlynn Beal, our daughter-in-law. She was not at home and Ray was at work. I couldn't think who in town to call so I called Jean Beal, another daughter-in-law, who was at work in St.George and asked her to get a hold of Alex and have him come to help me. It took them about twenty minutes to get here.

We soon got him unsnarled from the tractor and rushed him to the emergency room at the hospital and called Dr. Capel.

Glenn's back and arm were really battered up and he had a long crack in his leg, but it was several days before we noticed that he no longer had the bone sticking up on top of his shoulder. That old tractor wheel was unaware that his shoulder was inoperable and it did the job for him that the doctor couldn't do. It was like the bumblebee that isn't aware that it's size and shape makes it unable to fly but just goes ahead and flies anyway.

Married Twice in Two Hours
Written by Edna Howard

Everything was perfect. Nothing could go wrong--so it seemed. My almost husband and I made our way into the East Sealing Room in the St. George Temple. We sat by our mothers and looked around the room at all of the beautiful faces that had come to see us married. People were already crying and it caused our own eyes to water. Still, we were so excited to be each others in just a few minutes, that the tears didn't last long.

My Grandpa had agreed to marry us and seal our lives together. This made the occasion extra special. Grandpa is never a man to talk long, but this message was so profound. He rushed right through it as he always did, until we were able to kneel across the altar.

We looked deep into each others eyes and saw true love there. With huge smiles we said "Yes" to our covenants of marriage. We were able to kiss across that beautiful altar and be each others for eternity. Rings were exchanged and soon veils were getting knocked off with all the hugging that was going on.

Our photographer was waiting right outside to capture this wonderful day on film. Pictures seemed like such a chore but they were soon over. As Roger and I headed back toward the temple to change into our street clothes, we met a man that told us that we needed to talk to the man at the front desk.

The Brother at the front desk told us that we had not been married properly and that we needed to do it again. What a shock! My Grandpa had been so frightened and had hurried so fast that he forgot to say by which authority we were married.

Our witnesses were needed at once, but ours had already left to go to the luncheon. A quick call was made pleading for them to hurry and return so the ceremony could be performed one more time.

The East Room was occupied so we went downstairs to the Gold Room. Here we were married for time and all eternity under the proper authority. It is not every day you get married twice to the same person in just two hours.

Polygamy

Which of these polygamist stories is about one of your ancestors?

You know, many of our ancestors were polygamists, and there were often some funny things that happened. Any names used, except the story from the Saga of Three Towns, are fictitious. The following may create a few chuckles:

This is about Clifford and Keith Jackson, whose father, John, was a polygamist. The school teacher always asked each child a few questions, hoping it would help her get better acquainted with the kids. She asked Clifford and Keith this set of questions.

"What is your name?"

"Clifford Jackson."

"Who is your father?"

"John Jackson."

"How old are you."

"Six."

When she came to Keith, she asked the same questions and received the same answers. Finally the teacher became curious.

"Are you two boys twins?"

Keith promptly answered, "Only on our father's side."

Although Lawrence Mariger did not live here, Marietta McMullin Mariger is his daughter-in-law, and this is taken from her Saga of Three Towns.

Lawrence Mariger was the telegraph agent in Kanab, Utah. He was also a bishop at Kanab and one of the hunted "polygs." He had installed telephones connecting Kanab and Orderville, Utah and Pipe Springs, Arizona to make the warnings easier.

Officers had pursued him unsuccessfully many miles and on different occasions. Once when they came to Kanab, the weather was disagreeably cold and stormy, the date being February 11, 1880. The officers were most unpopular, and could find no place to stay.

Lawrence Mariger was human, and he was also tired of living in hiding, so he stepped out on the front porch, gave himself up, and invited the marshals to make his home their headquarters while in Kanab. To be sure, he was arrested, but was allowed to go about his business, after they secured a promise to appear in court in Silver Reef on February 15th.

He was at court on time with a group of witnesses who had been subpoenaed. One was his 11-year old daughter, Dagmar. On the witness stand she was repeatedly asked if she had a half sister. A half sister was a term unknown to her, and she steadfastly maintained that her sister was whole, and the titters that followed filled her with alarm, lest she had condemned her father. Her father acted as his own attorney, and the case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

During polygamy times, you never heard much about the courtship of any of the plural wives. It was probably short and to the point, if at all. Sometimes we heard concerning the husband getting permission of previous wives, but more often, not. Often those presiding told the men who to marry. Sometimes the new wife was taken to a new home, but often they were taken to live with the first wife until another home could be provided. Maybe this was for convenience or to show that the situation was acceptable.

Elijah had been telling Martha, first wife, what a wonderful help-meet young Sarah, third wife, was proving to be. He was simply delighted . . . Early one Sunday Morning, as Martha stood pondering upon this matter, the pigs began to squeal. Without bothering to get up from Sarah's bed next door, Elijah shouted in a loud voice, "Martha Johnson, go slop the hogs!" Obediently, Martha filled the slop bucket at the barrel and started for the pig pen, but overcome with disgust, repulsion, and contempt, she changed her course of direction, and the surprised couple found themselves showered with the squealing pigs breakfast. Needless to say, Martha had given birth to her last child.

In the early days when the government was feuding with the church over the practice of polygamy, one of the old-timers was summoned to court to answer for supporting ten wives. On his way to court he left nine of his wives at the cemetery to sit in the shade until he returned.

He and one of his wives continued on to court. After answering the usual questions, he was asked by the judge where his other wives were. The defendant answered solemnly that they were resting peacefully in the cemetery. The judge conveyed his sympathies and dismissed the case.

John was the fourth son and eighth child of his mother. Her oldest son, Jim, was about twelve years older than John, and was his idol. His mother was one of six wives of a polygamist, and John was one of his fifty-six children.

When John was about four years old, a certain gray-haired man would occasionally come to their home to eat supper and spend the evening with the family.

It bothered John that this man always insisted on all of the family kneeling in family prayer. The bare board floor was extremely hard and this man's prayers would last for fifteen to twenty minutes. He prayed for everything and everybody, and in case he missed something or someone, he went over the list a second time.

The first three steps of the stairway leading to the upstairs bedrooms were open. A door closed off the rest of the stairs.

One evening the floor seemed extra hard and the prayer extra long, so John entertained himself by jumping off the third step. After several jumps, he accidentally fell over on the visitor's outstretched legs. The prayer continued to the end, then the man abruptly stood up and, in a very stern voice, commanded, "John, get up to bed. You get no supper tonight."

As John had no doubt that the man meant what he said, he headed up the stairs on the run, hurriedly closing the door. He opened it a crack to peek out, then shouted, "When my big brother,

Jim, gets home, he'll beat the H--- out of you." Feeling better, he slammed the door and dashed to bed.

Several years passed before John found out that the gray-haired man was his father.

One polygamist with six wives and fifty-six children, had homes in two or three different towns and on two ranches. At one ranch house he had a secret hiding place to avoid the federal officers who were harassing the polygamists.

The stairway to the upstairs bedrooms ran along one end of the kitchen wall. There was a closed-in closet under the stairway with about four feet of headroom at the highest point. From the end of the closet to the foot of the stairs was his secret hiding place. To enter it, they had to remove two boards, which gave him room to crawl into the limited space where he had to stay crouched down. Someone would replace the boards and push a table against them to hide the opening.

One evening, Dad and two of his teenage sons were preparing their evening meal when a knock was heard at the kitchen door. Always suspicious, the dad rushed into his hiding place. The boys hurriedly slipped the boards back over the hole and shoved the table against the wall.

The visitor turned out to be a teenage boy who lived on a neighboring ranch. Because his parents had left him alone for a few days, he had come to visit his friends. Following the trend of the times, they invited him to have supper with them and he stayed to visit. When he finally left, the boys opened their father's temporary prison.

Now, Dad had instructed all of his family that under no circumstances were they to let anyone know about the hiding place. When he was told that the visitor was only a neighbor boy, he was fit to be tied. He had missed his supper and spent two hours crouched down in a very uncomfortable position in his secret hiding place. All that time, he hadn't dared to make a sound for fear of being caught, while his obedient boys had followed his instructions right to the letter.

How far are we supposed to go to help our neighbor? Would you give the shirt off your back?

Whispers around the town told of a hidden corral in the hills where stolen cattle were penned then sold and also butchered for meat which was sold in shops and restaurants, and someone was foolish enough not to get rid of the hides with the owner's brand on them. There were midnight raids as well as daylight abductions in remote areas. In the context of those days this behavior was accepted on a small scale-a sort of "pot calling the kettle black"- or "who did what first."

The problem that caused this man's downfall was probably the constant and ever increasing ambition fueled by abundant monetary rewards. We have all heard about large ranchers, who, with hired help, enlarged their own herds the same way. Their social strength prevented their apprehension.

It was during one of these "raids" that the man was caught pushing the cattle to Modena, where some cattle cars were waiting to be loaded. When the rancher discovered the theft, he was

furious. He called the sheriff. The thief was apprehended, taken to court and found guilty.

The man's father was dead and his poor mother was heart broken. What could she do? Who could she turn to for help and advice? The only man she could think of that she felt had the clout and goodness of heart to do anything was a son of the other polygamist family where there had been bad feelings for years. Did she dare go to him? Time was running out and she had to do something quick to save her son and the family name. She could not let her son go to prison. In those days it was a stigma for life. Once a jail bird-always a jail bird.

This distraught mother did go to her husband's son by another wife, and he went to the rancher. After some discussions and bargaining, they came to an agreement, part of which was to replace the stolen cattle. Where were these cattle coming from? The Good Samaritan's wife told him that if he did this thing, his half brother would "turn on him like a viper." When he went to his brothers to solicit their help, they flatly refused to participate and predicted the same thing his wife had cautioned him of. This very thing happened and there was more than one to say "I told you so," and they never let him forget it.

It was not just a few head, when they rounded up the cattle. The herd that was forfeited was every piece of stock the half brother owned. He was cleaning house to be a Good Samaritan. Although he was a fairly well-to-do man, he never did recover financially. His children felt the pinch, also, and remembered.

This good hearted brother did not reckon with his dear wife. She did not approve of what he was doing, especially when she saw her two jersey milk cows in the herd. Who gave him permission to include them? She saw red. Although eight months pregnant, she grabbed some ropes and strode determinedly out into the lane full of bawling cattle, tied the ropes into the halter ring of each of her beloved jersey cows and, with her head held high in the air, marched back to the barn with them in tow.

Needless to say, her darling husband found his sleeping quarters in the shack with the boys of the family for a good long time.

Tom

When the St. George Pineview Stake decided it was getting close to the time to divide our Leeds Ward, they knew our chapel needed to be enlarged. Plans were made to add six new class rooms, a new bishop's office (we already had a second bishop's office, so this was in preparation for a third ward down the road) and remodel the library. We were told that the library needed a walk-through trail so there wouldn't be such a bottleneck out in the hallway.

To start with the library, they bricked up and closed off the window. They said it was for security. Next, they added a tall white counter that ran lengthwise of the room, cutting our working space almost in half. They put electric wiring in the back of the counter, which I felt was the most unhandy place possible. We needed extra electric outlets in the library, but these were hard to reach and work with. To cap it all off, our counter that we had always had to work on had drawers holding most of our pictures. It was left against the wall and the walkway would be in front of them. What a handy way to get pictures, as they were needed, with a crowd of people standing in front of them. The builders had sawed off the two end drawers of the original counter and put in the second door leading into the library before we knew anything was happening. We had been told previously that we, the librarians, would be called to a meeting before anything happened. Imagine our surprise

when one Sunday morning we went to the library and found this mess. All three of us librarians saw red.

After discussing the situation with our Bishopric, I am sure they would see our point of how unhandy they were making things for us. Bishop Peine told us that the inspector was coming up to Leeds the next Thursday at 9:00 A.M., and it might be a good thing if we came down and talked with him. The three of us pledged to be there at 9:00 A.M.

Early the next morning, Monday, I received a phone call from High Councilor, Ron Lee, asking if I planned on being at the church Thursday morning. I said "You bet your life I plan to be there." Ron's remark was, "The Inspector doesn't want you there. He doesn't have time for you that day. He will meet you on Tuesday or Wednesday and you can take all the time you need, but don't come Thursday." Ron and I set up a time for the next morning.

I thought it best to let Bishop Peine know what was going to take place so he wouldn't think we had lost interest or were shirking. I also thought he might like to be there with us on Tuesday. The Bishop said he had a job that would not allow him to come Tuesday, but that he would back us one hundred percent on whatever we wanted done.

During our conversation, the Bishop said he would like to share a little story with me. This is the story:

Not too long after Bishop Peine was sustained as Bishop of the Leeds Ward, June Forsha, from Silver Reef, called him on the phone and said, "Thought you'd like to know that I just saw Tom walking around here."

Bishop Peine: "Tom who?"

June Forsha: "Why, Tom Monson."

Then the Bishop suggested that if we couldn't get what we wanted, maybe we should say "Guess I'd better tell Tom." We had a good laugh over that. Then we hung up the phone.

Tuesday morning, Adriene, Dot, and I, plus Gene Hansen, were all at the church before 9:00 A.M. When the Inspector came in, he was pleasantly surprised to see us there in full force. He thought I was the only one that he would have to contend with. We spent over two hours trying to put our point over, but without success. I guess the Inspector thought he had worn us down when he slammed the palm of his hand down on the tall white counter saying, "This stays."

Now, I don't know what made me do it, for it was not premeditated. I hadn't even been thinking of it since the Bishop said it, but the words just slipped out very quietly. "Then I guess I'll have to tell Tom."

Really quick like the Inspector asked, "Tom who?"

My answer was "Tom Monson. He plans on being here next month. He stays in the house on the Reef and usually comes to our ward."

The Inspector said he had heard the Church owned a home on the Reef and began to ask questions about it. He got filled in with all the details--like only the Presidency of the Church can stay there when they come down, and how President Monson had dedicated our chapel, and he always comes to Sacrament Meeting in Leeds when it is possible.

Finally, the talk came back to the library and our problems. The Inspector told us that if the ward members would get the tall white counter out of the library and move the other one over where we wanted it, we could keep it. He said if we could get someone to finish the job like we wanted it done, they would pay for it.

Well, the first part of the project was done that first week, but in spite of all our pushing, it has been held up for almost a year. As this goes to press, it appears no moves are being made to complete the job. Maybe I still need to tell Tom.

MY HOMETOWN

It doesn't matter much to me
Whether buildings are great or small,
This old hometown I cherish
Is the best hometown of all.

I wouldn't trade my charming town
For a dozen Empire states,
Or for hundreds of other landmarks
With stories piled high like crates.

My little town is just big enough
To feel that I'm a part;
And still find it small enough
To hold close to my heart.

Big cities are made of millions
And have the sun and moon above.
But they lack the friendly faces
Of those I've learned to love.

Though there are places I'd love to visit,
Many countries in gaudy dress,
But here I find things special
Which no other towns possess.

I love every inch of its verdant soil,
Every drink of its water clear,
The birds that sing and soar above,
And every rock is a souvenir.

Greeting old friends stirs up memories
Brings laughter along with tears,
And Bits and Pieces I've long cherished
Grows dearer with the years.

The treasured landmarks of other years
Have all but been erased.
And memories of them I have today
Appear as dreams misplaced.

The mulberry trees have disappeared.
The downtown leisure gone.
I miss a million other things
As I travel on.

My charming town will grow on you,
Just give it a fighting chance.
As you look around you see the pride
Which shows with one brief glance.

My hometown is an enchanting town,
Just hear that clarion call.
The people are friendly and full of cheer
Leeds is the best town after all.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

The following sheets should have been inserted in Chapter V. under Mayors. Trying to find the Articles of Incorporation of the Town of Leeds, I, with the help of others, searched through the Leeds, County and State files and tried to hunt down attorney Pershing Nelson's files, with no success. After my book went to press, Connie Peine found a copy in the Leeds Planning Commission files. The petition was approved June 9, 1952, but the first minutes I located were recorded in 1953. That was the closest I could come to the date of Incorporation. Thanks to Connie Peine for locating these. I think they are important enough to include even at the end of my book.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF WASHINGTON COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

ST. GEORGE, WASHINGTON COUNTY, STATE OF UTAH

The petition of the undersigned electors of Leeds, an unincorporated town, of Washington County, State of Utah, respectfully shows:

1. That the undersigned electors constitute a majority of the electors of the unincorporated area hereinafter described.

2. That the population of said area consists of not less than one hundred, but less than seven thousand persons and that a majority of the qualified electors therein desire that said area be and become an incorporated town of the State of Utah and to assume, exercise, and discharge all the rights, powers, obligations and responsibilities inherent in such corporate status.

3. That the name of said proposed town shall be "Town of Leeds" and shall embrace the following described territory situate in Washington County, State of Utah, to-wit:

> The East Half of the Southeast quarter ($E\frac{1}{2}SE\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Twelve (12) and the Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter ($NE\frac{1}{4}NE\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Thirteen (13), Township Forty-one (41) South, Range Fourteen (14) West, Salt Lake Meridian; the West half of the Southwest quarter ($W\frac{1}{2}SW\frac{1}{4}$); the Northeast quarter of the Southwest quarter ($NE\frac{1}{4}SW\frac{1}{4}$); the Southeast quarter of the Northwest quarter ($SE\frac{1}{4}NW\frac{1}{4}$); and the West half of the Northeast quarter ($W\frac{1}{2}NE\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Seven (7);
>
> The South half of the Southeast quarter ($S\frac{1}{2}SE\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Six (6); and the West half of the Southwest quarter ($W\frac{1}{2}SW\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Five (5), all in Township Forty-one (41) South, Range Thirteen (13) West, Salt Lake Meridian.

That this petition is submitted pursuant to the provisions of Title 15-2-6, Utah Code Annotated, 1943, and in conformity therewith.

Your petitioners respectfully request the consideration by your honorable body of their petition for incorporation.

Dated this 31 day of May, A.D., 1952.

Clair Allen

M. Eastman

Blanche Eastman

Bert Allen

Thos. E. Snow

Dallie Hartman

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Approved by County Commissioners

June 9, 1952.

Merrill Stucki
Co Clerk.

LEEDS, UTAH 84746