

## Sylvanus Collett

Sylvanus Collett was born on the 15<sup>th</sup> of December, 1866, at Smithfield, Cash County, Utah, he was a son of Ruben Collett and Elthura Roseltha Merrill Collett. He was the fourth child, being born one and one-half hours sooner than his twin brother Sylvester Daniel.

A month after the twins were born, their father lost his right arm just below the elbow. This made him depend on his boys for help while they were young. This misfortune didn't keep him from pioneering the West. In 1873 they moved to Idaho where Grandfather built the first house in what is known as Bennington, Idaho, today. There his son Charles was born on June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1875, In the fall of the same year, they moved in company with Grandfather's brother Sylvanus and two other families to Cokeville, Wyoming, being the first white people to settle there. Ruben was a great friend of the Indians and learned four Indian languages. At Cokeville he had an Indian trading post. Because he got along with the Indians so well and because he always liked to see the other side of the mountains, he was called to help settle many new towns in the West.

In the fall of 1877, they left Cokeville for the Escalante, in Southern Utah. At this place another member of the family was born on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of January, 1878. This was a daughter whose name was Princetta.

In the month of April 1881, they answered the call to move to a new place. This time it was Arizona. At this time my father was fourteen years old and his brother Ruben sixteen. They left Escalante with 200 head of cattle, 100 head of horses and three wagons and one thousand dollars in cash. Father and his brother Ruben and Sylvester had to drive the loose cattle and horses. The country was rough and there were no roads for the wagons. It was slow and hard work. Many times the wagons had to be lowered down over the steep banks and sandstone ledges with ropes and saddle horses. They crossed the Colorado River at Lees Ferry. The wagons were crossed over on a flat boat, but the cattle and horses had to swim across, which was very dangerous job. Many times these young boys worked all day and most of the night getting their stock feed and water, as it was often necessary to dip water from deep holes in the sandrock, with buckets and ropes. It was then poured into shallow holes for the cattle to drink. This work had to be done after the stock had been driven hard all day to reach the water hole. It often required most of the night to accomplish this task. Most of the country was covered with cedar and pinon pine and there was little feed. This made it difficult to keep the stock together and going in the direction they wished them to go. Water was scarce and the cattle would go crazy from thirst, which made it very dangerous for the boys and their horses.

They arrived in Lehi, Arizona, in October 1881, having been six months on the trail, a distance which is easily covered in a few hours by car today. This was home until 1882 when they moved to Mesa, Arizona. There Grandfather built a three room house. He and the boys made the adobe from clay and straw. Two rooms of this house were still standing when I was there in 1949.

Father and his older brother Ruben used to tell me many stories of things that happened when they were young, on these long hard trips. Uncle Ruben told this one: Father and his brother Sylvester were out looking after the cattle one day. They had a pack house with their bed and food. That night they camped and had their supper and were getting ready for bed, which they made on the ground under the stars. The twins started to quarrel about who was going to sleep in the middle. Each declared that he was the older, and therefore he should sleep on the outside of the bed. While they were arguing, Uncle Ruben kicked the fire against a big cactus tree, and the fire started to burn the thorns and ran up the tree. This started the cyotes to howl, and the boys then had a bigger argument over who was the younger and should sleep in the middle.

Father was a great hand to go to bed early in the evening and get up early in the morning, while Uncle Sylvester was the other way. He hated to go to bed and likewise hated to get up early. This led to many arguments as there were many chores to be done before breakfast such as feeding pigs and chickens and milking cows. One morning in the winter Father was dressed and ready to do chores and "Uncle Vest", as he was called, was behind the big heating stove in the living room with nothing on but a short under shirt.

On the stove there was a hot flat-iron, and Father told Uncle Vest if he didn't hurry and get dressed he would brand him with the flat-iron. Uncle Vest stuck out his hip and said: "Brand", and father caught up the iron and dabbed it onto Uncle's hip, leaving a brown brand, which Uncle wore to his grave ten years later.

Another time they were cutting willows for wood for the kitchen stove. Father had a sharp hatchet and was cutting the willow while Uncle Vest was feeding them over the block. Uncle kept putting his fingers where Father wanted to chop, thus making the lengths too short. At last Father told him that he would chop off his finger if he did again. Uncle pushed his finger father next time, and Father cut it off at the second joint. Father never tried to bluff anyone, and when he said he would do something he always kept his word.

My Grandfather took an active part in the church wherever his travels took him. At Lehi he was an counselor to Bishop Thomas Jones, and on moving to Mesa he served in the high councils of Maricopa Stake of Arizona. His children were raised in the church and taught the gospel.

In 1883, Uncle Ruben left for a mission to England, returning in 1886. On his arrival in Salt Lake City he was called to Vernal, Uintah Country, to serve as first counselor to Samuel Ruben Bennion in the first stake organization of the Uintah Stake. The following was taken from the Deseret News of April, 1887: "The saints in Ashley Valley were organized as the Uintah Stake by Apostle Henry Smith and John W. Taylor, with Samuel R. Bennion and Ruben S. Collett and James Hacking as Counselors."

Uncle Ruben wrote to Grandfather about what a wonderful cattle and horse country the Uintah Basin was, and Grandfather decided to move once more. They left in October, 1886 for Utah.

Father had married Sarah Elizabeth Simkins, a daughter of Hezekiah Simkins and Ann Darling Wiley of Lehi, Arizona, on June 2, 1886, and they decided to go to Utah with

Grandfather. They moved this time with four wagons and with four horses to each wagon, and with about 150 head of loose horses. They followed most of the old trail they had graveled going to Arizona, but it had been traveled much now and the trip was made in less time and with much less hardship than the first. trip. They arrived in Escalante, Utah, in December, 1886, where they rented houses and remained until Spring. Mother taught school the remainder of the winter, while Father and Grandfather gathered cattle from the range that belonged to Grandfather, as he had traded his home in Mesa for them. These pioneer's word was as good as any bond, and Grandfather took the mans word that he had so many cattle at that place without ever having seen them.

On March 30, 1887, the Father's twin brother Sylvester Daniel left Escalante to fill a mission in Old Mexico. He served twenty-five months and six days. On April 28, 1889, the elders had conference at Old Mexico City, and after the afternoon meeting all of the elders went to the city, cemetery, which is said to be themost beautiful in the world. After looking around the grounds they went to one corner and sat under a little orange tree. When they were leaving, Uncle Vest said; "Boys bury me under this tree." One of the boys said, "You will be leaving for home in three day." Uncle Vest answered, "I am not going home." One week from that day on May 5, they buried him under the tree, and his folks never knew just what happened to him.

In the Spring of 1887 they moved to Vernal, in the Uintah Basin, arriving on August 20<sup>th</sup>. Father leased a farm in Mill Ward (Maeser), which is known today as the Andrew Vernon home. Their first child was born there on May 8<sup>th</sup>, 1888, and his name was Wiley Sylvanus. While living there, Father was chosen president of the YMMIA, and Mother was chosen president of the YLMIA, in the fall of 1887. They served in these positions for two years.

The following amusing incident occurred while living there. It was in the late fall, and Father had butchered a large pig one afternoon. Taht night he left it hanging in a tree. Early next morning before it was light Mother awoke and called Father. She had dreamed that a certain man who lived a mile from them had stolen the pig. When Father went out to do his chores the pig was gone. Father put down his milk pail, got a horse and rode to this man's place. Father said, "If you don't bring that pig back to my place before ten o'clock, I'll have the sheriff come and bring both you and the pig." In about an hour, while Father was eating breakfast, the man came to the door and asked where he should put the pig. Father helped him put it into the meat house, and thanked him for bringing it back. He told the man that if he needed some meat that he would be glad to give him part of the meat, but the man thanked father and refused to accept any of it. This man and Father were the best of friend from that time on.

Early in the spring of 1891, Father, Mother and Wiley left Vernal traveling by team on a light buckboard, and taking with them their camping outfit, they made the trip to Lehi, Arizona, to visit with Mother's family. A short time after they arrived, on June 5, 1891, their daughter Annie Elthurah was born. They remained in Lehi until spring when they returned to Vernal. On their return, tfather purchased a fourty acre farm in Naples Ward, two miles from Grandfather's farm. This one, two and one half miles South of Vernal.

Father worked his farm and maintained a freight team of six horses, hauling freight for the merchants of Vernal from Price, Utah, which was located on the D. & R. G. Railroad. Price is a hundred and twenty miles South West from Vernal. It required from twelve to fourteen days for Father to make a round trip to Price and back to Vernal. With the six horses and two wagons

he could haul about five or six tons of freight, for which he received a dollar per hundred pounds. Of this he took sixty percent in trade from the stores.

In 1892 Father was made Sunday School superintendent of the Naples Ward, where he served for two years. He was later appointed second counselor to Bishop Hames Shaffer. On the 11<sup>th</sup> of October, 1897 my sister Alice was born.

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During the four years from 1892 until 1896 Father was deputy sheriff under William Priest, having many experiences with the outlaws for the Brown's Park Hide-out. One time he and the Bishop Shaffer followed the tracks of a band of horses that had been stolen from them and their neighbors. On reaching Green River, they found it had rained and they couldn't tell whether the outlaws had crossed the river or had followed up that side. As the river was high and dangerous to cross with a horse, Father took off his cloths and swam across, so he was a very good swimmer. On the opposite side of the river a tree had fallen over and the top part of it lay in the water. Father swam to the tree and climbed out onto it. After spending sometimes looking around, he came back to the tree and swam back to where Bishop Shaffer was waiting. They gave up the chase and returned to their homes. Some days later the leader of the outlaws was arrested and brought to the Uintah County Jail, Father {unreadable} him a visit, and when he saw Father he said: "Vene, never do the trick {unreadable} did the other day at Green River." Father asked him to explain and Tracy {unreadable} him that when he swam across the river that he (Tracy) was under the {unreadable with a rifle guarding the back trail, and that if he had look down and {unreadable} {unreadable}him, that he would have shot Father.

{unreadable} the summer of 1896 and 1897, Father rented his farm to his brothers and went to the Douglas Mountains in North Eastern Colorado to be {unreadable} of the Bromide Mining Company, which was owned and operated {unreadable} Colton, R.S. Collett and others. (R.S. Collett was my uncle Ruben). {unreadable} produced rich copper ore, which was hauled by team one hundred miles {unreadable} Springs, Wyoming, where it was loaded onto the U.P. Railroad and {unreadable} to smelters in Utah. The snow was so deep in winter months that the {unreadable} had to be shut down, so we would return to Vernal until Spring. After ranger station note ranger trails, and only two short roads leading to the saw mills owned by George Bartlett and William Griffi.

I spent most of the summers with my Father on trips through the mountains, where we had to find our way home through timber and over high mountain passes, which often took us above timber line to an elevation of from ten to twelve thousand feet above sea level, without aid of maps or trails, Father taught me to watch for high peaks as land marks, and to get their location in my mind before I started to go anywhere in the mountains. The training became very useful to me in my later life, as I spent many years working in the mountains of Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado.

January 20, 1904 Father married Ethelwynne Stringham in the Salt Lake Temple. On the first February of the same year we moved to our home in Naples Ward, where we children became acquainted with our new mother. We always called her "Aunt Winnie." September 27, 1905, Father was transferred to St. George, Utah, to become the first forest supervisor of the Dixie National Forest. He took his new job October 17. On November 29 the family joined him in St. George, Utah, where we made our home for the next two years. While there we became

interested in doing temple work for the dead, we children doing the baptisms and Father and Aunt Winnie doing the endowments. His job paid only eight-five dollars per month, and there was house rent to pay, and feed to buy for his horses, so he resigned from the forest service.

In the fall of 1908, Father ran for sheriff of Uintah County on the Republican ticket, but was defeated by a few votes by Richard Pope of Vernal.

Father took an active part in Naples Ward. He was a teacher in Sunday School, and also in MIA and Priesthood meetings. June 11, 1901 he was made a stake Missionary. He also managed the church dance hall.

In the spring of 1910, we sold our home in the Naples Ward and bought the Iverson place on the LaPoint road. We now lived in the Maeser Ward, in the Northwest part of the valley, where the soil and the water were better. We lived there one year, when Father bought the Moore Place two miles northeast the Iverson place. The house was better and we were closer to school. At this place on the 29th of October 1911, Aunt Winnie's first child, Claud Stringham Collett, was born. He died on the 7th of February, 1912.

The following spring Father was appointed supervisor of State Highway 40 throughout Uintah County. This job he held for six years building the present right-of-way of Highway 40 from Roosevelt to the Colorado State Line.

Father and Aunt Winnie had three children after the death of their first son. Howard Samuel was born on the 11th July, 1914; Edna was born on the 2nd of April, 1916; and Edith was born on the first of July 1918. They were all born at the Moore place.

In 1919 Father sold his two places and bought the William Vernon place, and so we took another move. At this place on the 11th of June 1922 Carl Stringham was born. This is the present home of Aunt Winnie. (1952).

Father served as first counselor to Thomas Bingham in the Maeser Sunday School in 1916. On the 2nd of July 1922, he was made Bishop of Maeser Ward with Thomas Bingham as his first counselor. He was ordained Bishop by President George Albert Smith. In 1927 his health was such that he was released as bishop, and in 1931 he served as head of the building committee for the new Maeser chapel. They built this \$110,000 chapel in ten months and it was paid for in thirty days after it was completed.

All his life he was ready and willing to help those that needed a lift. Here I would like to tell a story to show how he was ever willing to help people. He was coming from Price with a load of freight one time and camped at the Duchesene River where Myton now is. A man pulled in late that night with his family on their way to Vernal. They had a sick horse, and so father got out of bed and helped them to make camp and to doctor the sick horse. Next morning the horse was dead, and here was a man with a wife and two small children, and fifty miles from the next town and only one horse to take them there. Father let them take the best horse he had, telling the man he was going to Fort Duchesene to unload his freight and would see him later.

When Father arrived home, Mother asked him where his horse was. Father said that he had let a man take it. She then asked who the man was and Father replied, "I never saw the man before and I didn't ask his name." Mother was pretty much upset, as we didn't have any money to buy another horse if the man failed to return the horse. Father said, "Oh, he looked like an honest man, and he will bring it back someday." Two days later the man came into town leading the horse and asked some of the men on the corner if they could tell him who owned the horse, and where he could find him. One of the men said "That's Vene Collett's horse. Where did you get it?" Then the man told of the incident that happened at Myton, and one of the men said, "That's just like Vene, to give a stranger the shirt off his back." Several years after I went to this man to borrow some money. I told him who I was and what I wanted, and he asked me if I knew why he and my father were such good friends, and I said that I didn't know. Then he told the story. He wrote me a check and said that if I needed more to come back. This man was Heber Langston.

Father was honest in all of his dealings, and had friends wherever he lived or worked. This story will illustrate what I mean. One night when I was out in the mountains without a bed. I came to a camp. I woke the man up who was there sleeping in a tent, and asked them if I could come into the tent until morning. One of the men asked me my name and when I told him who I was he asked me if I was related to Vene Collett. When he learned that I was Vene's son, he got out of bed and put out his hand and said: "Welcome to my camp or anything I have." He told me this story: "Twenty years ago he was going through the country in the middle of the winter on horse back, when in the night his horse stepped into a hole and broke his leg. He took off the saddle and started to walk through the snow. On coming to the top of the hill he could see a camp fire. When he came to the camp fire he found that a freighter and camped for the night. He said that the man got out of bed and prepared something for him to eat while he listened to his story, and then invited him to stay until morning. In the morning the freighter waited while this man took one of his horses and went back to get his saddle. He then rode on the wagon to Price. At Price the freighter gave him five dollars to help him buy another horse. The man said, "I never saw your father again, but I never forgot his name, and so you are welcome to anything that I have."

Father was always gentle and kind. He never lost his temper, never got excited in an emergency, and always seemed to know just what to do when things went wrong. He was a friend to the young people, and they liked to be around him. Many people came from far and near to ask his advice. After he left us many folks have said to me, "I would give anything if I could keep cool and think of things to do when an emergency arises, and have people follow me as they followed your Father."

Written by his son  
Orin Collett  
Box 110, Shell Beach, California  
June 20, 1952

## Sylvinus Collett

Was born a twin. December 15, 1866, in Smithfield, Utah to Elthura Roseltha Merrill and Reuben Collett. The family remained there for some years as his father Daniel Collett owned 400 hundred of good land and 16 city lots. The bishop was appointed in those early days to issue a deed to land. But as the bishop wanted to marry Elthura and she refused to give Reuben a deed

to his land. So he became angry, some years later sold for what he could get, and moved his family to Noerman Valley in Bear Lake county. As his older brother Sylvanus lived there. It was a beautiful valley thirty times three miles mostly meadow land. Timber came down to the edge of the valley. Plenty of game, thou a very cold place, snow often four feet on the level, much saw logging was done in the winter. The snow often in the mountains often ten to twelve feet deep. Sil had taken up a beautiful ranch of three hundred and twenty acres. The country was a wonderful cattle country. I think it was the year of 1873 that the family arrived there. But in 1875, Sil like most pioneers was anxious to move, so he and John Boren moved to Wyoming no better climate but more land and game. They both stayed there and raised large families and died there.

Reuben left Noerman too, but only went twenty miles to a village named Bennington, Elthura's uncle Phylmon C. Merrill, and cousins George, and Dudley Owen Merrill lived there. The place was simular to Noerman and Wyoming.

Another boy was added to the family, 6 June 1875, he was named Charles. The moving fever hit again, this time Wyoming to live by Sil. Wyoming was also a cold climate and lots of snow. The valley was about forty miles long by five miles wide. Lots of Indians lots of game, and six white people. So the whited gave a big pow-wow for the Indians Sil killing many deer. There was plenty of campground and pasture for the horses. So a week of good time, Indians were invited from all around, of course the twins were in the swim. Vean was always pleasant, was a favorite. Indians are in for sports, especially horse racing, dogs galore. Sil and Rueben went south, forty miles and ten miles East. Called Sage Creek because of many sage hens.

They took a coal mine, and finding it with coke, they built some coke ovens, so when they came home they called the place Cokeville which name it still has.

Father became restless again, so he moved to Southeastern, Utah the town of Escalanta in the fall of 1877. He brought home fixed up the front room for a store and postoffice, he also bought sheep and cattle.

There was a good summer range, and the wind whistle and they wintered on the desert southeast of town. Father was chosen as the Bishops first counsilar.

One night as four of the boys slept in the same room, Vean was out skylarkinning, after we had all been to sleep, Vest jumped straddle of the trunk and started to yelling to help hold him. Of course the twins had lots of fun and went to school. Father spent much time with the stock He was deputy sherriff so he had to go after Mr Phipps.

There was a lot of recreation for Vean and Vest the twins, beside house chores. A bunch of boys climbing cliffs and visiting caves and other sports.

Father was preparing, but in spite of that he had to move again, some of his sisters and friends had gone to Arizona, under the leadership of Dan Jones, whom married mothers cousin Emily Colton (Sterling Coltons sister, also mothers sister).

Father sold his sheep and bought cattle, so he had 300 head. So RS and Vest became the cowboys. They drove all those cattle for six months thru desert infested Indian land. The water was so scarce, they had to keep a sharp lookout for water signs made by the Indians. The water holes often had a scum on it filled with wigglers, so it had to be strained thru a cloth then boiled. I don't know how much about the trip from Esclante to Lee's ferry, but we reached the ferry down the rough sand rocks the wagons had to be roughlocked by putting a log chain around the dolly and to the axle, and only one team left hitched to the wagon for it was real steep. It was found the distance from the mouth of one to the other was too short for the cattle to swim, so father and the boys, drove them down a side canyon, and crowded into the river they had to swim a mile down to the ferry, as all the wagons and horses were across, the cattle landed okay. We laid over several days in a basin of good feed. It was very difficult getting out of the canyon. The wagons were rowed over on a flat boat, the horses swam, the family crosses in a skiff. A forty gallon barrel was lashed on each side, of each wagon to haul water for cooking and drinking. After getting out of the canyon the Navaoo Indian reservation desert started.

One day the water sign was missed, so we had to travel two days and one night to find water, the cattle became crazy, one cow chased Vean and on the edge of a steep gully he managed to dodge her, she went down the hill to her death, he barely escaped. One night we made fires around the herd, then made our beds between the fires to hold the cattle, but seventeen head got away, so R.S. was sent to hunt them he did not return that night, so father went the next day neither returned that night, but an Indian who had who had been shot through the arm came running into camp. And ask mother to do up his arm, then ask to sleep between the beds, he was gone in the morning. Just imagine two boys just fourteen years old mother and several little ones alone, the Indian had been shot in battle and was very scared, Next day he met father and told him that his squaw had tended his arm, and he had sleep there. Father and R.S. returned the third day with the lost cattle.

We camped at a beautiful ranch, with meadows and trees, it was beautiful after crossing so much desert. The ranch had just been raided, R.S. Vean Vet, hired out to hunt and gather his cows and horses, we were there about two weeks, Father sold seventeen head of steers, among them was a yearling, it was determined not to leave. The dog would catch him by the nose and throw him, but he keep coming back to camp. Vean was grinding a axe, Charles was turning the grinding stone, the steer made for us, Vean got away but Charles lay on his back kicking yelling and using the bucket on his head, when R. S. arrived and rescued him. The Whole wagon shook after Charles crawled up in it. After gathering alot of the stock the camp moved on. Finding some rain water in a draw, in a sort of well in the rocks, so the night was spent by all three boys to draw water and pour in a flat basin rock, so the stock could drink. Charles who was always trailing around, trailed up the hill and dared not go in the dark revine, was eventually lost thinking the camp was Indians, began to howl until rescued. After a few more weary weeks we landed at St John, Arizonia, but on the way we crossed the little Colorado River way above where it began to form a canyon, it was wide low banks and shallow, but bad quick sand. If crossed rapidly it was safe. But a mule stopped so Vean put a rope on his neck and a team on the rope, mule came out badly stretched. After arriving at St John we stayed with the Marsh Hunt family, he had a wooden leg and he married grandmother Merrill's sister. She and grandmother were the only runions to join the LDS Church. One of the Runion Grandsons is doing a lot of geneolagial work on the Runion line, and has written some books on it thou he

isn't a Mormon. Marsella has corresponded with him. (Back to My topic) The government refused to let the family go by the way of Snow-flake, on account of the Indians, so they had to go back somewhat west to Flagstaff, a soldiers post then. A sawmill center now, then thence by the way of Wickenburg, a mining town, in the low hills, it was named after the first miner who struck it rich. Prescott was then the capitol of Arizona.

It is now off the new highway, There was a very rich mine on top of the mountain, in unaccessible then by a wagon, called Globe, some years later Willey Jones a nephew to Sterling Colton and a partner, formed a company and bought one-hundred pack mules, they loaded three-hundred pounds on each pack mule, the ore coke saoks were two feet long ny and twelve inches thru, two sacks were loadedon each side of the mule. Four inches long, each pouch one on each side and the one crosswise arcross the pack saddle. They would not move at night. One man stood on either side of the mule, Then each unpacked, the one taking the crosssack, the other taking the packsaddle all was dropped on the ground. The mule turned loose and so took each mule as they stood in line for loading and unloading.

A fine highway was made but it really scares one to see the houses built on those steep hillsides, not safe to walk in ones sleep, Well again I am off the journey, the family arrived allokay.

At Jonesville now Lehi, Arizonia November 1, 1881, six months and four days from Esclante, passing Indians all in war paint how the boys must of shook when seeing them, but strange to say, not a hoof of cattle or a single horse was stolen. That was the effects of President Young teachings feed the Indians don't kill them.

Almost the first word any chief spoke, Mormans, Mormans good. Mosaicats? no good, that was why that little familywas so safe, and left alone with so many loose animals.

Jonesville was small, as Phylemon C. Merrilland Rhoda Collett Merrill William Wamsley, Mary Ann Collett Wamsley, Dudley Merrill, Princety Merrill Christencen had gone on. Dan Jones was presiding elder. later Dan Jones Junior was made Bishop with Edwin E. Jones cousilor , Ed Jones 2nd counsilor. The Maricopia , stake was organized in Mesa with A.F. McDonald, President, I. C. Robinson 1st counsilor , Henry Rogers, 2nd counsilor. Rueben Collett Senior one of the high counsilor.

Father having \$3,000.00 in cash and David P. Kimball (son of Heber C. Kimball) had a 160 acres of farm wit north a mile from the church, with a nice five room house on it he wanted to sell so father bought it. Turning all the cattle in the alfalfa field, soon 16 were bloated. So R.S. Veau got busy sticking a hole in each near the hip to let the gas out, all were saved.

Well now the fun started, they are lot on maskett bushes and a lot of those pretty quail. They are strange if a female gets in a trap the male digg her out, but he gets caught he doesn't dig out.

Veau and Vest built a quail trap, it was like the roof of a house of willows, so they could see in are out, the trap was raided at one and on a short six inche stick. Then a stick running from a trip by the stick and wheat put near the trip. Sometimes seven quails caught at once, This let's

the trap fall so they are in it. It was a lot of sport and quail was excellent eating. So like all boys all had sport. Grandfather Collett with his four wives he never had two at once, but they kept dieing. Father built them a house some distance from ours. One night the kids put a tie tack on their window, they came up to the house nearly scared out of their wits. Father said one day to grandfather why did you marry her, well she had good teeth. In 1883 R. S. was called on a mission to England, he was in his nineteenth year, he was kind of wild. He and Wiley Jones his cousin was keeping company with Purnoy sisters. R. S. taking Gertrude. R. S. said I will go as far as Salt Lake City, after getting there he wrote back, I am going on my mission, he spent three long years with S. R. Bennion, as companion, I shall only tell of two experiences; Once they were to hold a meeting on a vacant corner of from a church, after singing a hymn the church dismissed, the minister lead his congregation over to where the elders were, not to listen but to try to tramp them, by going around and around to knock the elders over. R. S. said I was just ready to grab the minister when I was carried away in a vision, where he saw the ministers punishment. and when I came to the crowd was gone. He said I couldn't have done him harm, after I saw what he would suffer. Then another: President Daniel H. Wells, was preaching in a building, when a man came up the aisle and tried to catch President Wells foot, when R. S. reached over caught him by the collar and seat of the pants and pitched him out on the congregation, telling the others he would hold them and he did. After returning a powerful speaker he was called by the first presidency to be the first counselor to {unreadable} Bennion in the Presidency of the new stake to be organized in the new county of Uintah. Necessitated a move from the new country of Arizonia, he persuaded his parents to move back to Utah, a sad mistake, for his father was getting rich and had to dispose of his cattle, and take horses for his home and land. The horses were a failure and his father never recovered. One of the twins Sylvester was called at that time to take a mission to Mexico, he died as his mission was only about two weeks to his release. The other twin Sylvanus took a different mission that of matrimony, for he married the oldest daughter of Sy Simkins, Sarah, the twins were only nineteen years old. What a wandering life they had, but that would be last journey that either twin would make together. Veon and his wife Sarah decided to still go along with Reuben his father, over the same lonely prairie, Veon had so recently traveled, but this time in a wagon, beside life new lovely wife and four head of horses. The younger boys and cousins driving a band of horses for their were four families now instead of one.

Reuben Collett, Rhoda Collett Merrill, Sylvanus Collett, Wamsley family. After traveling for days, a snow of October hit as they were near Canyonville, so the Bishop gave them the use of the church house., with a large stove in it which they could cook on and keep warm. The beds were everywhere for sixteen to sleep. The storm lasted four days, after which they went up Porsly. Canyon, twenty nine miles long and very narrow with cliffs 300 feet straight up. And the snow blew off those cliffs constantly. We would select a large bushy pinetree then tie three wagon covers end to end and stretch them around them.

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The tree and tie is up as high as they would go, this made a room large enough for all. (SECOND PART) After six weeks of hospital and {unreadable} at the home a daughter Marcella, in Salt Lake City. I shall try to finish this sketch of Sylvanus. After arriving in Esclante, valley we found to {unreadable} ranch houses, three miles from town and also three miles apart. Those were secured for winter use. Each had a large fire place and as {unreadable} {unreadable} {unreadable} of pitch, dry pinion pine it was a mint, {unreadable} Wamsleys

family {unreadable} R.S. {unreadable} Rhoda, Dan and Tom went on to Vernal. Vean and {unreadable} town, Sarah got a job teaching school, so Dale boarded {unreadable} attended school. While we other {unreadable} scouted the hills and explored caves. One large cave about 80 feet from side to side and {unreadable} feet from the ground, and 150 feet from the top of the cliff, was {unreadable} from side to side with double cedar, four pine poles high and four posts {unreadable}. Willows were used to hold the poles, eighteen inches apart. {unreadable} {unreadable} second very large, possibly a hundred head of cattle could be in it, {unreadable} estimated with field glasses {unreadable} a canyon, a half mile {unreadable} down the canyon the same height from the ground, as these cliffs are and feet high is a corn {unreadable} on the face of the cliffs. It would possibly hold {unreadable} bushel, a side canyon after following it a long way, in a {unreadable} were many beautiful painted {unreadable} ware {unreadable} super {unreadable} plates and others. In another was a burying ground all {unreadable} {unreadable} over.

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The horses winter {unreadable}, spring finally arrived in 1887, {unreadable} was out so the Colletts {unreadable} Sylvanus and Sarah, with their four horses and wagon and the {unreadable} started over the {unreadable} mountains for Vernal. In {unreadable} Rabbitt valley they stopped at the {unreadable} ranch, to get twenty five cows. Father had paid horses for {unreadable} avoid the long drive. One day a large cloud {unreadable} and {unreadable} noise arose in the north {unreadable}, Father ordered all wagons to get on the highest ground. All riders prepared to drive the stock in a circle, all teams were tied to the wagon {unreadable} the storm hit it was a hard job to hold the stock. When it was 93 over six inches of hail was on the ground. In a half an hour two feet of water was on the flat and eight feet in the washes. When it settled all wagons pulled out. About ten miles on they camp to a large forest. A full half mile swath was swept clean. So one can imagine what the family would have suffered if they had reached that spot. A beautiful night and several large fires brought cheer. In a few days we reached the little town of Price, Utah., the nearest railroad to Vernal. Sylvanus and Sarah built a two room cabin in Merrill Ward. They afterward moved to Maeser, Vean was away working a lot. He also freighted from Price, with six horses and two wagons. Sarah had chores and cows to milk. A son Wiley came, so she got a large black dog, so she had him lay across Wiley feet while she chored. One night a Indian came but the dog wouldn't let him in. Sarah was a great leader.

In 1893 a man by the name of Wallie came to Vernal, and took up claims of phosphate south of the valley. He hired Vean as foreman and hire man to work assessment on the claim each fall. I worked each fall and gave father the money I earned. I also stayed and helped work on the farm instead of working away, to save father from doing it. In 1895-6 R.S. Collett, Sterling Colton, and a man by the name of Garvis, bought what was known as the Dire Strip on Taylor mountain, it was copper. Working as working the top of the ground it was high grade. They made about thirty thousand dollars. They hired Vean as foreman and Sadie hired Princetta to help and they boarded the men. I also worked there in 1896. After the claim was all worked the same three men bought a prospect in Colorado, named the Promide also copper. It was a true vein. Vean again was foreman. I came nearly losing my life there. I had worked day shaft., Vean asked me to work night shift, in the bottom of a 250 foot shaft, and had to climb straight up I put in 3-3 foot holes and 2-2 foot holes I made the mistake of cutting the fuse too short, so I was almost running up the ladder, when one foot missed 94 the round and I fell the full length of my

arms, but fortunably my hands hold, I just got the fifty foot doors down when the blast went off. One day Vean, Bob Green and I went hunting deer on Taylor mountain. Vean killed a deer, then he and Bob Green went to Island Park. I was to take the team to them but I took the wrong rode and they laid out all night.

WRITTEN FROM MEMORY BY BROTHER CHARLES M. COLLETT OCTOBER 8,1965  
in my nintyenth year Salt Lake City, Utah

## Biography Of Sylvanus Collett

At Smithfield, Cache County, Utah, in the winter of 1866, an exciting event toke place on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of December-twins were born to Reuben and Elthura Merrill Collett. Sylvanus arrived one and one half hours after his brother, Sylvester Daniel, making him their fourth child. The first child, Phoebe Teressa, born 24 July 1862, had died at six months (16 January 1863), but Reuben Samuel (26 May 1864) was there to welcome his brothers. Almost immediately the two were nicknamed and were called "Vean" and "Vest" for the rest of their lives, while Reuben Samuel answered to "R.S."

Shortly after the birth of the twins, Reuben Collett their father suffered a personal tragedy in the loss of his right arm just below the elbow, in a threshing accident. This made him depend on his boys for help while they were young.

Julia Ann was born 22 February 1869. Sorrow filled the family to discover she was deaf. This affliction seemed to make them love her even more. Then came Adelbert Teancum on 3 November 1872.

In 1873 the Collett family moved to Nounan, Idaho, where Reuben built their first home. The winter there was very severe, with snow five feet deep on the level. Food got so low that several men made sleds with long handles and traveled with these, on snow shoes, to Cache Valley where they picked up food and hauled it back over the crusted snow.

Reuben and family moved, in 1874, to Bennington, about twenty miles from Nounan and five miles north of Montpelier, Idaho. There on 6 June 1875, Charles Merrill was born, also Vean was baptized on 4 August 1875, by A.P. Scrow and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints, by Thomas Heaps.

Reuben got the urge to move again-this time it was to Cokeville, Wyoming. The family found a coal mine and built a coke oven to process the coal-therefore the name, Cokeville. Reuben's brother Sylvanus and John Boren had gone there earlier so were the first white settlers. The weather in the valley of Cokeville, about forty miles long and five miles wide, was very cold and there was a lot of snow, but plenty of wild game and Indians.

Reuben was a good friend to the Indians and learned four of their languages. At Cokeville he had an Indian Trading Post, always being fair in his dealing with them. In fact he got along so well with the Indians that he was called to help settle many new towns in the West. The few white people gave a "pow-wow" for the Indians. Many deer were killed for a real feast. The

twins, Vest and Vean, really enjoyed themselves. They liked the Indians and the Indians liked them, especially Vean. The Indians were fond of sports, especially horse racing and sports to do with dogs.

Vean was a great hand to go to bed early in the evening and get up early in the morning, while Vest was just the opposite. This led to many arguments in the morning because there were a lot of chores to be done early in the morning, such as feeding the pigs, chickens and milking the cows. One morning, in the winter, Vean was dressed ready to do the chores and Vest was behind the big heating stove with nothing on but a short undershirt. A flat iron was heating the stove. Vean told Vest to hurry and get dressed to help or he would brand him with the flat iron. Vest stuck out his hip and said, "Brand!" so Vean touched it with the iron, leaving a brown mark which stayed there all his lifetime.

Another time the twins were cutting willows for the kitchen stove. Vean was using a sharp ax, while Vest fed the willows over the block. Vest kept putting his fingers where Vean wanted to cut, therefore causing the length to be too short. At last Vean told him that he would cut off his fingers if he did it again. Vest pushed his fingers up farther the next time so Vean cut it off to the second joint. Vean never tried to bluff anyone. He was always a man of his word.

From Cokeville, the Collett family moved to Circleville and then to Escalante, Carfield County, Utah. Reuben bought a home there and fixed up the front room for a store and Post Office. He also bought sheep and cattle, as there was a good summer range and they could winter on the desert southeast of town.

Reuben was chosen first counselor to Bishop Andrew P. Schow. He and the bishop scouted eighty miles along the Colorado River for a possible crossing and for making a wagon road, at the time of the "Hole-in-the-rock" expedition which was making its way to bluff, San Juan County, Utah. Reuben was also Deputy Sheriff of Escalante.

On the 11<sup>th</sup> day of January, 1878, a daughter Princetta was born. The house was small, so four of the boys slept in the same room. One night Vean went "skylarking" after the rest were asleep. When he came home, Vest jumped straddle of the trunk and started yelling, "Hold him!" and had to be awakened. The twins enjoyed school and had a lot of fun. There were many new cliffs and caves for them to explore. They both like to participate in all kind of sports.

When the twins were fourteen years old, in the month of April, 1881, the family left Escalante for Maricopa County, Arizona. Father Reuben took two hundred head of cattle, one hundred horses, three wagons and \$1000 in cash. R.S., Vean and Vest were the cowboys who drove the cattle for six months through the desert, Indian-infested land.

The water was so scarce that they had to keep a sharp lookout for water signs made by the Indians. The water holes were often scum-covered and filled with wigglers. It had to be strained through cloth and then boiled before it could be used. Many times the young boys worked all day and most of the night to get their stock watered. It was often necessary to dip the water out of the sand rock pockets with a bucket and rope, then pour it into shallower holes for them to drink. The county was covered with juniper and pinon so there was very little feed. This

made it difficult to keep the cattle together and going in the right direction. They would go crazy from thirst, making it very dangerous for the boys, but, so far, not one animal had been lost.

The county was rough and there were no roads. Many times they had to lower the wagons down over the steep sandstone slopes with ropes and saddle horses. The cattle and horses swam the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. The river was wide with a swift current in the middle and quicksand near the banks. If crossed rapidly, it was safe, but a slow mule stopped. Vean put a rope around the mule's neck and hitch it to a team horse. The mule was saved but came out badly stretched. The family crossed in a skiff and the wagons were ferried, being roughblocked by putting a log chain around the ferry and then around the axle of the wagon. They landed in a valley of good feed so they stayed there for several days.

When they were ready to leave the verdant valley, they latched forty-gallon water barrels on each side of the wagons, for cooking and drinking. Their route took them through both the Navajo and Apache Reservations. The latter tribe was on the warpath so they were advised to go around. This changed the route they had to planned to take.

One day the water sign was missed so the family traveled two days and one night without water. The cattle went crazy. One cow butted Vean to the edge of a cliff, but he managed to dodge her and she plunged down the hill to her death. One night seventeen head got away, so R.S. was sent after them. He did not return that night. The next day father Reuben went to look for him- neither returned that night. About sundown an Indian came running into camp. He had been shot through the arm. Elthura dressed it for him and asked him to stay for the night. She gave him the bed between the fourteen year-old twins. The Indian stayed the night but was gone before daybreak. The next day the Indian met Reuben and told him that his squaw had dressed his arm and that he had spelt there. Reuben and R.S. returned the third day with all of the lost cattle.

Another time the twins and R.S. were sent out after stray cattle, taking a pack horse to carry their bedding and food. R.S. built a fire so the boys could always tell where the camp was. One night they had their supper and then started arguing about who was going to sleep on the outside of the bed. Each claimed he was the oldest and should sleep in that position. While they were arguing, R.S. kicked the fire against a big cactus tree and it flared up. The coyotes began to howl and this scared the twins. Now a bigger argument started as to who was the younger and should sleep in the middle.

The family camped in Mancos Valley for three weeks. It was a beautiful place, especially after spending so much time in the desert. There was plenty of feed and water for the stock. The ranch where they stayed had just been raided by Indians, so R.S., Vean and Vest spent the three weeks hunting for the horses that had been stolen.

Before breaking camp Reuben sold seventeen head of steers one of them being a yearling. This young steer didn't like being separated from the rest of the herd and kept coming back to camp. Vean was grinding an ax while Charles turned the grinding stone. The steer started chasing the boys. Vean got away but the steer bunted Charles. He laid on his back with a bucket over his head kicking and yelling. R.S. rescued him. The whole wagon shook when he got in-he was that scared.

The family moved on. One evening they found water in a deep ravine, so the boys spent the night drawing up water and pouring it into shallow rock basins for the cattle to drink. Charles, who was always trailing away, walked up into the hills and eventually got lost. He thought the family camp was a camp of Indians, so he didn't dare to move. He howled until he was rescued.

After a few more weary weeks, the family arrived at Lehi (Mesa), Arizona. They stayed for a while with the Marsh Hunt family. While living at Lehi, there were three more children born to Reuben and Elthura, Orrin was born 16 July 1882 and died 22 December 1883; Roseltha May, 27 April 1884, and Clarence James, 5 May 1886. Lehi was their home for five years.

In 1883 R.S. left for a mission to England. One experience he had while there was when he and his companion, S.R. Bennion were having a meeting on a vacant corner near a church. After singing a hymn, the church dismissed and the minister led his congregation to the elders. The people did not come to listen- they came to trample the elders by going around and around and around them, trying to knock them over. R.S. was ready to grab the minister when he (R.S.) was suddenly carried away in a vision. In this vision he saw the punishment the minister was going to receive. When he came to the crowd was gone. He said he couldn't bear to harm the minister because he knew how he would have to suffer.

R.S. returned to Salt Lake City in 1886. Almost immediately, he was called to Vernal, Uintah County, Utah to serve as first counselor to Samuel Reuben Bennion, in the first organization of the Uintah Stake. The following was taken from the Desert News of April 1887:

The saints in Ashley Valley were organized as the Uintah Stake by Apostle Henry Smith and John W. Taylor, with Samuel R. Bennion and Reuben S. Collett and James Hacking as counselors.

R.S. wrote to his father, Reuben, about what a wonderful cattle-horse country Uintah Basin was, so he decided to move once again. The family left in October 1886. This was a sad mistake because Reuben had begun to get rich and when he moved he never did as well again.

Veane had married Sarah Elizabeth Simkins, a daughter of Hezekiah and Ann Darling Wiley Simkins of Lehi, on 2 June 1886. When they heard about Ashley Valley, they decided to go along. Before they started, the families of two of Reuben's sisters joined them for the trip back to Escalante and Vernal. They were Mary Ann Collett Wamsley and Rhonda Collett Eldridge. They moved this time with four wagons, four horses to each wagon, plus about one hundred and fifty head of loose horse, following most of the old trail they had traveled going to Arizona. It has been well traveled by now so they were able to go much faster and with less hardship.

By the time they reached Cannonville, Utah, a terrible blizzard set in and lasted several days. The bishop of Cannonville let the travelers stay in the church house. There was a large stove which kept the building warm and on which they could do their cooking. When the storm cleared, they started up Posly Canyon to Escalante. The canyon was narrow with cliffs three hundred feet straight up on each side. During the journey through the canyon the river had to be

crossed twenty-nine times. The snow blew off the cliffs constantly. The family would select a large busy pine tree, tie three wagon covers end to end and stretch them around the tree. This made a sheltered room large enough for all of them.

After they arrived in Escalante, December 1886, the family found two vacant ranch houses three miles apart, which were secured for winter use. Each had a large fireplace and abundance of pitch-dry pine for fuel.

The Wamsley family occupied one house, Vean and Sarah lived in a tent nearby. One night a severe wind blew the tent down and really frightened them- so they moved into town. Sarah got a job teaching school. Brother Adelbert boarded with them and attended school. The other boys scouted the hills and explored the caves. One cave they found was large enough to hold one hundred head of cattle, another five hundred bushels of corn. In a side canyon between the caves were many beautifully painted crockeryware dishes, cups and saucers. On 30 March 1887, Vest left Escalante to fill a mission in Old Mexico. He served twenty-five months and six days. The Elders had a conference in Mexico. City, on 28 April 1889, and later met at a cemetery to look at it. It is considered to be one of the most beautiful in the world. After looking around the grounds, they went to one corner and sat down under a little orange tree. Vest said, "Boys, burry me under this tree." One of the elders said, "You'll be leaving for home in three days." Vest answered, "I'm not going home." One week from that days, on the 5th of May, they buried him under that tree. His folks never did find out what caused his death.

After school was out in the spring of 1887, the family, including Vean and Sarah, and the Wamsleys, started for Vernal. The others had left before this time. In Rabbit Valley they stopped at Blackburn's Ranch to get a herd of cows, which had been bargained for ahead of time.

One day a cloudburst came from the northwest. Reuben ordered all of the wagons to get on the highest ground and the stock to be driven into the circle. The teams of horses were tied to the wagons. It was a hard job to hold the stock in the circle. When the storm was over there was six inches of hail on the ground. In only one half hour there was two feet of water on the flats and eight feet in the washes. When the water settled into the ground, the wagons moved on. Ten miles farther on they saw a large forest where the storm had swept clean about a one half mile swath. All vegetation had been washed away. That night the weather was beautiful, so with a few large fires the family was cheered.

They moved on to Vernal, Uintah Basin, arriving 20 August 1887. On 17 September 1888, another boy, George, was added to the family of the Reuben and Elthura. Vean and Sarah leased a farm in Mill Ward (Maeser) known today as the Andrew Vernon home. On 8 May 1888, their first child, a son, Wiley was born. Sarah had to do the chores and leave Willey in the house so she got a large black dog to guard him. One night an Indian came to the house and the dog protected by the baby by not letting the Indian come in. While living Maeser, in the fall of 1887, Vean was chosen president of the YMMIA and Sarah president of the YLMIA. They served in those positions for two years. On 11 January 1888, Vean was ordained an Elder by Charles Glines. They traveled to Cache Valley by horse and buggy in September of 1889 to receive their endowments in the Logan Temple.

In the late fall, Vean butchered a large pig and left it hanging in a tree overnight. Early the next morning, Sarah woke Vean to tell him she had dreamed that a certain man, who lived a

mile from them, had stolen the pig. Vean got up to do his chores and saw the pig was gone, so he mounted his horse and rode to the man's place. Vean told him to bring the pig back by 10 A.M. or he'd have the sheriff come and get him. An hour later the man came with pig. Vean helped put it back near the house and offered to give him part of the meat. The man refused the meat, but from that time on Vean and he became best of friends.

Early in the spring of 1891, Vean, Sarah and Wiley traveled to Lehi (Mesa), Arizona to visit Sarah's family. This was the last time she saw her parents. A short time after they arrived, 5 June 1891, their daughter Annie Elthura was born. They later traveled back to Vernal where Vean purchased a forty acre farm in Naples Ward, two miles from his father's home.

A traveling photographer was coming to town so the Colletts decided to have a family picture taken. Vean looked so sad in this picture and he told the reason why. On that day Vean had no work, no money and no food. As they walked to have their picture taken, Vean found a purse containing \$2.50. He bought \$2.00 worth of groceries, leaving the purse and the rest of the money with the storekeeper. If the owner was found he promised to replace the money he had taken, but no ever claimed it.

Vean worked and maintained three teams of horses, hauling freight from Price for the merchants of Vernal. Price is located on the D. and R. G. Railroad, one hundred and twenty miles south-west of Vernal. It took twelve to fourteen days to make the round trip with five to six tons of freight. He received \$1.00 per one hundred pounds. Of this, he took sixty percent in trade from the stores.

Vean served as Sunday School Superintendent of Naples Ward for two years, 1892-94, and was later appointed second counselor to Bishop James Shaffer.

Vean and Charles attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple by President Wilford Woodruff, 5 April 1893. At this dedication President Woodruff said, "There are present on the stand with us Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, the Pratt brothers and many others—" After they left the meeting and were walking down South Temple, they heard a noise above them. Charles jumped out of the way but Vean was cut on the head by a falling brick.

On 27 June 1893, diphtheria struck, taking the life of their young daughter, Annie, age two years. Vean was gone when this happened, but Charles was staying at the home to help Sarah with chores. The child was buried quickly because of the contagiousness of the disease, so her father was not able to be there.

Sarah had learned tailoring from her grandfather. She made men's suits as well as women's dresses. One neighbor, James Gardner, had several daughters. One at a time they would stay at the Collett home, when Vean was gone, to help Sarah in exchange for sewing lessons. One daughter, Laura Gardner Evans, told this story in 1950.

A son, Orin, was born 3 October 1893. In the same year a man named Willie came to Vernal and took up claims of phosphate in the valley. He hired Vean as his foreman and other men to work on the assessment each fall. Charles worked there too and also ran the farm for his father.

In 1895-96, R.S, Sterling Colton and a man named Garvis bought the Dyer Strip on Taylor Mountain. It was copper chloride of a high grade. The three men made \$30,000 on this place. They hired Vean as foreman Princetta to help feed and board the men.

One day Vean, Charles and Bob Green went hunting on Taylor Mountain. Vean killed a deer, then he and Bob went to Island Park. Charles was supposed to drive the team to meet them, but he took the wrong road so Vean and Bob stayed there waiting all night rather cold and hungry.

After the Taylor Mountain claim was worked out, the same three men bought a prospect in Colorado. This time it was a true vein of copper and Vean was made foreman again. A crude smelter was built at Douglas, where much of the rock was removed. The mine shaft and melting pots, as they were called, are still there Charles nearly lost his life in this mine by cutting a fuse too short and hardly making it out of the hole in time.

Many stories were told of these summers spent at Douglas Mountain. Here are two of them, about meeting the "wild bunch." As they were farmers by nature, they planted a garden and grain field. One day, while Vean was at work, Sarah (who was five feet four, weighing under a hundred pounds) saw three horses in the grain. Taking her broom, she ran them out of the field. Three men appeared and one said, "I am Tracy and those are our horses." Sarah replied. "This is our grain field. Put your horses some place else. If you are hungry, my husband will be home at six o'clock and you can come and eat." This they did. One day some time later, the men appeared at the Collett home and brought Sarah a beautiful set of dishes-service for twelve (some pieces are still used today). They explained that it was the first time they had been made to "toe the mark" and it was by a tiny woman with a broom.

One fall the snow came early and it was snowing hard when a man knocked at the door asking for shelter. The next morning it was still storming, he told Vean, "I can't stay here any longer, they are after me. When the snow is gone in the spring, you go to a certain place and there is a fallen tree with notches on it. Each notch means a step in the direction the tree points. There you will find two graves, a large one and a small one. In the large one is a man and in the small one is the sleeve of his buckskin jacket full of money." He left and Vean thought it was a good time to go, as the snow was still coming down. He never returned, but Often wondered if he had gone looking if he could have found the spot.

Vean was acquainted with the outlaw Butch Cassidy. Butch's name was really George Parker. One day, while at the Bromide Mine at Brown's Park, he was talking to the man called Butch Cassidy. He asked Vean, "Where have I seen you before?" Vean answered, "I don't know, but we have met." In reminiscing they found out that that they had played together in Circle Valley as boys.

During the summer, 1896-1899, Vean rented his farm to his brother Dell (Adelbert) and went to northwest Colorado, Brown's Park, to be superintendent of the Bromide Mining Company, which was owned by R.S. Sterling Collett and others. The mine produced rich copper ore, with some sliver and zinc, which was hauled by team one hundred miles to Rock Springs, Wyoming. At Rock Springs it was loaded on the U.P. Railroad and shipped to smelters in Utah.

The snow was so deep in the winter months that the mine had to shut down, so Veau would return to Vernal until the next spring. After three years of operation, the vein faded and was never found again, so the mine was abandoned. The mine shaft and the melting pots they used are still there.

Mr. Jarvie ran the store and ferry at Rock Port on Green River, in the lower end of Brown's Park. Two men robbed, beat and shot him. Then put his body in a boat and turned it loose down the river. Two of his sons chased the murderers for three months, but finally gave up in San Francisco. Mr. Jarvie was a very good friend of Veau. He was a kind man who helped people and hurt no one. There they also became good friends of the Thompson family. "Auntie" Thompson was a mid wife, in Vernal, for many years. Later she cared for Veau's second wife, Winnie, when her babies were born.

Veau received his Patriarchal Blessing, 26 June 1892, from Jeremiah Hatch. The same year and for four more years, 1892-1896, Veau was deputy sheriff under William Priest. One day Veau and Bishop Shaffer followed the tracks of a band of horses that had been stolen from them and their neighbors. Because of the rain, when they got to Green River they couldn't tell if the outlaws had crossed or not. The river was too high and dangerous to cross with a horse, so Veau stripped off his cloths and swam over in his excellent style. On the opposite side of the river, a large tree had fallen and the top of it was in the water. Veau swam to the tree and climbed on it. After looking around, he returned to where Bishop Shaffer was waiting. They gave up the chase and went back to their home. Several days later, the leader of the outlaws, Tracy, was caught and brought to the Vernal jail. Veau visited him and Tracy said, "Veau, never do that trick again you did the other day at Green River. I was hiding under that tree with a rifle and if you had discovered me, I would have had to kill you."

Veau was once in a school house built on the border of two states, while the law was trying to get a man. The man stood on the other side of the room, so the sheriff couldn't arrest him because he was in another state.

Veau returned to his farm and began freighting again. He was coming home from Price with a load of freight and camped on the Duchesene River near Myton, for the night. A man and his family came to the camp late that night, saying they were on their way to Vernal. They had a sick horse so Veau got out of bed, made them comfortable and doctored the horse. Next morning it was dead, so Veau gave them his best horse. When he got home and told Sarah the story, she was naturally a little upset because they did not have enough money to buy another one.

Two days later the man came into Vernal leading the horse. He inquired around town and found out it belonged to Veau Collett. Several years later, Orin went to this man, Heber Langston, to borrow money. Because Orin was the son of Veau, the man wrote him a large check and told him if he ever needed more to come back.

One day Veau and Sarah were driving over Diamond Mountain with a sick child. It was late so they camped. Soon Jessie Knight rode in and when he heard about the sick child, he insisted on driving Sarah and the child to the doctor in Vernal, which saved its life. Veau never did see Mr. Knight again to thank him. Jessie Knight told him that the Lord had given him his wealth to use for his fellowmen.

A son, Byron, was born on 28 January 1902. Due to poor health medical care, Sarah never recovered, passing away 27 February 1902. The Vernal Express printed the following concerning her death:

Mrs. Sylvanus Collett of Naples, died at her home Wednesday morning after a severe illness of a month's duration. On the 28th day of January, she gave birth to a baby boy and apparently was recovering. A little medical attention was needed but could not be secured soon enough and the demise of one of the most useful and prominent women of Naples Ward was the result. Mrs. Collett was formerly Miss Sarah Simkins, and was born in Beaver City, Utah, 37 years ago. The family came to the valley in 1887. They lived in Naples Ward for several years and during that time Mrs. Collett's attention and energy were largely devoted to public work, for which she was ably suited. Five of the Ward institutions have received her attention, being at the head of most of them. Mrs. Collett was a model woman both at home and abroad. She was in every sense a help to her husband and a wise mother. The cause of her death might have been prevented, but after the trouble was discovered, nothing was left undone, but in spite of it all, death claimed her. The baby is strong and healthy. The funeral will be held in the ward house on Sunday at one o'clock.

Alice, born on 11 October 1897, was just a young girl, but she recalls the incident of her father carrying her across the field to Uncle Dell's. He stopped at the middle ditch, sat down, held Alice close and then wept. She thinks this must have been at the time of her mother's death.

After Sarah's death a man told Vean he had a gift for her. Vean explained that she had died. The man said Sarah had once saved his life, so he gave the gift to Vean providing he would always keep it. The gift was a piece of gold, which Vean had made into a tie pin. His grandson Vene Collett now has this pin.

Vean sold his freight teams and wagons to pay for the doctor and funeral expenses, then he went to live with his parents, Reuben and Elthura.

In May 1902, Vean was appointed head ranger of the Ashley District of Wasatch National Forest, with Bert Ray and Jack Turnbow as rangers working under him. Six rangers, one supervisor, and three office workers took care of the whole forest, then extending from Heber to the Colorado state line. The children would be frightened of him, when he came home, because he would have a week's growth of whiskers and a black face from fighting fires.

On 28 November 1903, Vean became engaged to Ethelwynne (Winnie) Stringham and 20 January 1904, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple by John R. Winder. They soon moved into the home in Naples and the children became acquainted with their new mother whom they called "Aunt Winnie"

Aunt Winnie told the story of how Vean came courting to her house and she wondered whether he came to see her sisters Grace and Mae or herself. He did choose Winnie and he told her that before Sarah died she told him to choose a good girl like Grace, Winnie or Mary Merrill.

Vean was a very good husband and father. He was especially kind to women, children and elderly people. He was a large man six feet tall, weighing one hundred eighty pounds, with a forty inch chest. His eyes were brown but seemed to change color with what he wore. His hair was a dark brown. He had very white skin which did not tan.

In August 1904, they bought their first washing machine. The crops were good that year so they were also able to buy an organ, a horse named Fan and a cow named Brin. Their tithing that year was twenty-one pounds of butter, three chickens, eleven dozen eggs, one-half bushel tomatoes and three bushels of potatoes. The value came to \$30.00.

Vean's sister Julia took care of Byron from the time he was one month old. Even though she was deaf, she knew when he cried. When Vean and Winnie were married he stayed on with her until she became engaged to be married to William Postma. He was three years old when he came to live with his new mother.

On 27 September 1905, Vean was transferred to St. George, Utah become the first supervisor of the Dixie National Forest. The family traveled to Watson by stage, then by train to Modena and on to St. George in a white-topped buggy where Vean met them. Byron said his first memory of his father was seeing him standing on the bank of a swollen stream guiding the stage across. They made their home in St. George for two years and were able to do a lot of temple work. The children were baptized for the dead and the parents performed endowments. During this time Wiley went to Provo to attend the BYU. One of his classes was studying to be a blacksmith. Vean and Winnie attended weekly lectures on "The Life of Christ." The home in St. George had no electricity, no refrigeration and no ice, so they had to get ice sixty miles away at Pine Valley for a treat of ice cream.

The forest service job only paid \$85.00 per month which was not enough to pay rent, buy food for the family and feed for his horses, so Vean resigned and returned to Vernal.

Here Vean was ordained a Home Missionary, 17 November 1907, by Rudger Clawson. In the fall of 1908, Vean ran for sheriff of Uintah County on the Republican ticket, but lost to Richard Pope of Vernal by a few votes. He was ordained a high Priest by Anthon W. Evans, 22 August 1908.

The family moved to Naples. Once they all went to a Christmas Eve Party at the ward and when they came home, their father had surprised them by bringing a tree from the mountain on his horse. That was their first Christmas tree. He was very active in the Naples Ward as a Sunday School, MIA and Priesthood teacher, Also he was a Stake Missionary and managed the church dance hall. He worked for the county roads but always took time to raise a big garden with plenty of vegetables.

People loved and trusted him. Orin was in the mountains when he came to a tent and woke the man to see if he could stay until morning. The man asked Orin his name and when Orin said he was a Collett, the man told how once Vean saved his life. He told Orin that he was welcome to stay and use anything he had.

In the spring of 1909, Vean sold his Naples home and bought the Iverson place on the lapoint road. This home was in Maeser in the northwest part of the valley. The soil and water

were much better there. In 1910 electricity was brought into the home and in 1911 a telephone was installed. After one year he bought the Moore place located about two miles east. The house was better and it was closer for the children to go to school. They had a happy home as the children always cooperated about doing chores.

It was in this home that four of their children were born. Claude Stringham, 29 October 1911, Died 7 February 1912; Howard Samuel, 11 July 1914, (married Fern Walkup, 17 August 1935); Edna, 2 April 1916 (married Adrian Archie Raines, 13 June 1943); Edith, 1 July 1918 (married Clarence Joseph Hatch, 3 April 1946).

In the spring of 1912, Vean was appointed supervisor of State Highway 40, in Uintah County. He helped build the road from Roosevelt to the Colorado state line. The bridge abutments at Ashley Creek and Powder Wash are still standing.

Wiley went on a mission to England 2 April 1912. After his return on 3 June 1914, he was married to Erma America Billings in the Salt Lake Temple, by Adair Madison.

Vean was good to animals. One day he and Francis Caldwell needed hay and went to Lapoint to get it. As the day got warmer, the roads began to thaw, making deep mud, and it was hard to pull the loads. Vean suggested to hook all of the horses to one load and to leave the other there and come later to get it. Francis had one old horse and a large young mare, but made them pull the whole load all of the way which was awfully hard on the horses. Vean said he would never be guilty of treating animals like that. He often commented how sorry he felt for that old horse. He often hired men and their teams but he would never allow them to abuse their animals.

Vean loved nature. He taught his children the names of different stars. He had them often watch the sun set and the moon rise. Making objects out of clouds made the trips by horse and buggy seem much shorter. One morning after camping near Big Brush Creek, their father had Alice and Byron climb up a big rock to look over it. There they saw a mother bear and two cubs playing together.

Orin went with his father to the mountain for the summer, and learned to find his way without the aid of a map. This came in handy later in Orin's life because he spent many years working in the mountains of Utah, Wyoming and Colorado. Carl remembers an incident when he and his father went to the cow pasture nearly one mile away from home. Vean told Carl to stop his horse and look. There was a mother skunk with her babies walking single file across the pasture. Alice and Orin kept loitering after school, so their father threatened to whip them. Finally he did but every so gently. When he came back to the house he promised never to do that again and he never did.

Byron and Vean went camping together on a Boy Scout trip. Vean was made supervisor of it and he would always circle back to make sure everyone was coming all right. He was the first leader to take scouts to the high Uintahs for Uintah stake.

The boys did the farming because Vean worked away from home. Usually there was no work done on Sundays. One Sunday, however, there was so much sickness that church was not held. Vean told Byron it wouldn't hurt to rake Alley Anderson's field because he was sick,

which they did. Later Alley became active in the church, was President of the Elder's Quorum, ordained Byron and was always a good friend to Vean. Vean served as first counselor to Thomas Bingham in the Maeser Sunday School during 1916. At this time everything started getting higher priced because of the World War 1.

On 30 September 1914, Orin married Essie Pearl Reynolds in the Salt Lake Temple and Alice married Newell LeVell Snow, 29 May 1918 in the same temple.

During 1918 Spanish flu was epidemic all over the U.S. Public building were closed and people wore masks even when they were in town. On 11 November 1918 peace was declared and on the 30th Vean went to work near Price to help build two bridges. He was gone three months.

In 1919, Vean sold his two homes and bought the William Vernon place east of the Moore place. That same year in November the city water was piped in. From this new home Byron went on a mission to Australia. Nine months later, 10 June 1922, Carl Stringham was born. When he was only four days old, Vean went back to Hill Creek where he and fifty-six men were working on the oil shale filings.

Carl was blessed 2 July 1922 by Don B. Colton. Also, Vean was made Bishop of Maeser Ward, which was a shock to the family because they hadn't even let Winnie know. He was ordained by George Albert Smith. Immediately, Edna was teased by the boys because she was the "Bishop's daughter." While he was in this position, tithing was paid with wheat, oats, pigs, eggs. Etc., so there was a lot of book work for him to do.

He had about twelve milk cows to take care of night and morning. The cream was separated and sent to Calder's creamery, for which a check was received twice a month.

Vean had a set of dental tools. On Sunday afternoons, parents would bring their children to the house and he would pull their teeth, ever so gently. He always gave them their tooth to take home to put under their pillows.

In 1927, Vean was released as Bishop because of his poor health. Bryant Stringham, his wife Katie, Vean and Winnie all went to St. George, 10 Feb 1928. Vean remained there to improve his health. Even in September his health was poor and he was not able to do much work because of allergy and asthma.

In 1929, Vean served as head of the building committee for the new Maeser chapel. The ward built this \$110,000 church in ten months. On December 29th it was dedicated, with 954 people present. The chapel was all paid for thirty days after its completion.

This same year, Alice had to have an operation. She wished so much for her father to be with her, but she decided not to tell him so he wouldn't worry. When she arrived at the hospital, there he was, very pale, but ready to give her a blessing.

During the summer 1931, Vean took five trips. Once to Wiley's, twice to sister Princetta's in Meeker, Colorado, and twice to Salt Lake and Provo. While he was so ill, Jim Fisher took care of their one hundred head of sheep. The cold winter was hard on the sheep and

cattle and money was very scarce. Vean was such an honest man, that once when Bryon and another man needed a tire fixed before they could go to work, the store owner, Ben Kelly, told Byron just to sign the bill because he knew his father and trusted him.

In the spring of 1932, Byron and his wife Clela (Young) spent a week with Vean and Winnie. Byron did the plowing. This was the first time in years his father hadn't been able to work. The garden was all planted by April 15th.

Vean did not live to see the harvest for he passed away 29 April 1932 of asthma and hear weakness.

After their father's death, the son wanted to settle the \$100 debt Vean owed to Andrew Vernon for hay. Andrew claimed that Vean owed him nothing and that the deal was just between Vean and himself. Many people said they would give anything if they could have been so cool and able to think of things to do when an emergency arose. They wanted to also have people follow them like they followed Vean.

Vean often commented that he had wanted to be a doctor. He enjoyed visiting and cheering the sick. No matter who was ill in the ward, they always called him, sometimes even before the doctor. Byron went to settle with Dr. Rich for two house calls and also to Mrs. Dillman Swain with payment for use of the hearse. Dr. Rich refused to charge for calls or for writing the death certificate. He said too many times to count he had found Vean was at the homes of the sick when he arrived. Mrs. Swain told Byron that his father had ridden so many times in the front hearse, that she would be ashamed to charge him for riding in the back and then she cried. Mame Hacking said she wanted to drive Vean to the cemetery but since she couldn't she wanted the honor of taking the men who were carrying him. Byron had borrowed his mother-in-law's car, but he left it and let Mrs. Hacking drive the pallbearers to the cemetery.

Man came to Winnie's home, harrowed and drilled the wheat, oats and barley. They also brought loads of cottonwood for fuel. The family was very sad but they believed in the hand of God.

The Vernal Express had the following article concerning Vean's passing:

PIONEER BISHOP OF MAESER SUCCUMBS FOLLOWING GOLD  
AND ATTACK OF ASTHMA

BISHOP COLLETT SUCCUMBS FRIDAY AFTER  
USEFUL CAREER

Entire Valley honor splendid life of former bishop and organizer at impressive services held in Maeser Chapel Monday afternoon.

MAESER (special) The whole community was surprised to hear the death of Bishop Sylvanus Collett at 11 p.m. {29 April 1932} Friday. For several years he had been afflicted with asthma but had felt better lately then for some time. Having been exposed to a severe wind storm recently, he took a severe cold which resulted in his death.

The commodious chapel would not hold the huge crowd of admiring and sympathetic friends who assembled on Monday to pay respect to him and it was necessary to open the folding doors of the amusement hall to accommodate them.

The services, held {1 May 1932} at 1 o'clock p.m., were under the direction of Bishop Lester Bingham. A chorus from the Maeser Choir, directed by Warren S. Jones, and assisted by Mrs. Thomas E. Cladwell, as accompanist, and other singers from Vernal, feelingly rendered: "Providence Is over All." The opening prayer was offered by President Ernest Eaton of the high Priest Quorum, to which Mr. Collett belonged. Mrs. May Jorgensen and Mrs. May caldar rendered the duet, "Hope on Dear Heat."

Thomas Bingham, who served as first counselor to Bishop Collett, was the first speaker. He told of his loyal devotion to duties as ward leader and his ability to unite its members. As an illustration of his interest in folks, Edgar A. Guest's poem "People Liked Him." was read. Albert G. Goodrich was the second speaker. He referred to the high esteem in which the deceased was held in Naples where he had lived many years.

Charles H. Colton, supervisor of the priesthood activities in Maeser Ward, related incidents in proof of how true religion was exemplified in the life of Bishop Collett by his unselfish service to his family and people in need everywhere. Mrs. Lucile Calder sang touchingly, "There is no Night."

R.S. Collett of Salt Lake was the concluding speaker. With great difficulty he bore witness of the kindly disposition and loving nature of his brother. He referred to his splendid wives and honorable family which he had raised. The speaker gave eloquent utterance to the reward of a well spent life. The chorus sang, "When the Mists have Cleared Away." Benediction was pronounced by President Hugh W. Colton.

A large number of High Priests stood with bowed heads in columns on either side of the entrance walk, in token of their high esteem of the departed. Three sons, Wiley, Orin, and Byron, and three brothers, Adelbert, Clarence, and George acted as pallbearers. The floral tributes in the form of wreathes and house plants were profuse. A large cortege followed the remains to Vernal Cemetery where the grave was dedicated by Phil Stringham, Senior.

Mr. Collett is survived by his wife and the following children: Wiley S. Collett of Lyman, Wyo.; Orin and Byron of Vernal; Mrs. Alice Snow of Jensen; Howard S., Edna, Edith and Carol who are still at home with their mother. The following brother and sister are still living, all of whom, except Charles, were present at the funeral: R.S. and A.T. Collett of Salt Lake; Charles of Bennington, Idaho; Mrs. Julia Postma of Smithfield; Mrs. Princetta Bills of Meeker, Colo.; Clarence of Murray; George of Salt Lake and Mrs. Roseltha Neilson of Sandy.

Mr. Collett's first wife {Sarah Simkins} having died previously, he was married to Miss Ethelwynne Stringham {20 January 1904}. From this very happy union two boys, Howard and Carl, and two girls, Edna and Edith, survive and live with their mother. Mrs. Collett is a very

useful member of the Maeser Ward and has, with her family, numerous friends who mourn her untimely loss.

### People Liked Him

People like him, not because  
He was rich, or known to fame;  
He had never won applause  
As a star of any game.  
His was not a brilliant style,  
His was not a forceful way,  
But he had a gentle smile  
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,  
On he went with manner mild;  
Never quarrelsome or loud,  
Just as simple as a child;  
Honest, patient, brave and true;  
Thus he lived from day to day,  
Doing what he found to do  
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold  
Or belittle it with sneers,  
Didn't change from hot to cold,  
Kept his friends through the years,  
Sort of man you like to meet  
Any time or any place.  
There was always something sweet  
And refreshing in his face