

Seyy Vera Fotheringham  
Panguitch

# Southern Utah Oral History

## Project

The Southern Utah Oral History Project was started in July of 1998. It began with an interest in preserving the cultural history of small towns in southern Utah that border the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument. The project was managed by Kent Powell, from the Utah Division of State History, who oversaw the collection of oral histories conducted in Boulder, Escalante, Bryce Valley, Long Valley, Kanab, the Kaibab Paiute Reservation, and Big Water, by Jay Haymond, Suzi Montgomery, Marsha Holland and other volunteers. Also in cooperation with the state was the Bureau of Land Management and the people of Garfield and Kane counties, with support from the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument. The goals of the project were first to interview long-time local residents and collect information about the people and the land during the first half of the twentieth century. In addition, the interviews were to be transcribed and copies of the transcripts were to be made available to the public at the Utah State Historical Society and at local repositories. Lastly, to build a relationship with state agencies and the local communities and provide a medium for the local communities to express their interest in preserving their own history and culture in the areas that are now included in the GSENM.

Thank you to everyone who took the time to care and share their memories and stories.



1 Vera Sevy Fotheringham

INTERVIEW WITH:	Vera Sevy Fotheringham
INTERVIEWER:	Marsha Holland
INTERVIEW NUMBER:	One
DATE OF INTERVIEW:	June 26, 2004
PLACE OF INTERVIEW:	Panguitch, UT
SUBJECT OF INTERVIEW:	Life Memories, Panguitch area, Sevy as state legislator.
TRANSCRIBER:	Irene Schack von Brockdorff
DATE:	January 26, 2005

**Tape 1, Side A**

Conversation begins:

VF: That family, the Jolleys, all came down to Tropic and I knew most of them. In fact, I worked for Dr. Sevy, my brother, in the old Medical Arts Building on South Temple. He was an OB-GYN and Mrs. Jolley used to come in to him and she'd bring these three little boys with her every time she'd get pregnant the next time. First she had only two little boys and of course, I'd have to sit in the waiting room and tend these kids while she was in seeing the doctor. [Laughter]

MH: Oh, okay. Well, let's start from the beginning. It is June 26, 2004 and I'm in Salt Lake with Vera Fotheringham. How are you doing today, Vera?

VF: Well, I feel pretty good today but then I have good days and I have bad days because on the 10<sup>th</sup> of June, I turned 90.

MH: Really! It's coming right up....oh, you already turned 90!

VF: I turned 90 on the 10<sup>th</sup> of June.

MH: Congratulations!

VF: [Laughter]

MH: This is a fairly sensitive microphone so you can just sit back and relax.

VF: It's a real nice place to live and I've been very comfortable. They've been very nice to me.

MH: There's a man downstairs who was really helpful. He opened the door for me and let me in so I didn't ring the bell, and I came up here and knocked and knocked and knocked, so I went back downstairs to ring your bell so that you knew I was here. He said, "Sometimes you have to hit the door pretty hard." [Laughter] Vera, can you tell me where you were born?

VF: I was born in Panguitch, Utah on June 10, 1914.

MH: What were your first memories of Panguitch then?

VF: My first memory of Panguitch is the ending of the First World War and I remember very plainly crying because my mother wouldn't let me go up town. I was four years old and she wouldn't let me go up town and watch the parade and see Kaiser Bill that they had in a box on the back of a car up there. I wanted to see him. And that's my first memory of Panguitch.

MH: There was a parade.

VF: There was a parade at the end of the First World War. I was the youngest at that time in the family because my baby sister had died just about six months before : She was just a baby. Well, she was almost two years old. We were both sick and the doctor's two children, Dr. Bigelow's two children, Amy and... I can't remember.... well, anyway, we were all four sick, but out of the four...we were sick from eating green fruit that Mrs. Bigelow was bottling. And Amy, my sister

Amy died and we had her funeral. I remember it, I remember going to the cemetery and Dad holding her little casket on his knees in the back seat of the car. And that's a very plain memory for me. I have a very definite idea of smell. You know, they used to always cover their caskets with this plush stuff years ago, and it had an odor to it. Every time I smell that odor on *anything*, that's what I think of. I think of her funeral. It stayed with me all those years.

MH: That's sad, to lose a sister.

VF: Well, we played together. There were just two years difference in our ages and for a long time, she was the only playmate I had.

MH: Mary was older than you.....?

VF: Oh, yes, Mary's almost nine years older than I am.

MH: Who was the oldest in your family?

VF: Well, you see, my father had four children when my mother married him. Well, of my brothers and sisters, Wendell was the oldest. That's the picture of all of them, up there. That's the house we were all born and raised in.

MH: Is it still in Panguitch? Yes, it is.

VF: It's in Panguitch. And the snapshot on the bottom of the picture is a very recent one.

MH: That's wonderful that the house is still there.

VF: The other is an etching that a man up in Heber made for me, or for my niece that lives in Heber. That would be Wendell's daughter. Wendell was the oldest, and he was, well.....

MH: Do you want me to get something?

VF: On my desk right there, there's a little square book....let's see, hold it up....Yep.

MH: Okay.

VF: See what it says on there? That says, "Family Birthdays". I've got them all in here.

That's so I won't forget. Panguitch is a very friendly town. Everybody's friendly, well, they used to be. 'Course, I haven't lived there for a long time, but I always liked to go there and I went back there for my 61<sup>st</sup> high school reunion. My second husband, Mr. Fotheringham, and I went back down for it; they had it up at Panguitch Lake. They were all up there. There was about 60 of us graduated the year I graduated from high school, and I had come to Salt Lake one year, the year that my brother, "V", was in medical school at the university, and my sister, Artois, was going to the University of Utah. My other sister, Mary, was going to school up at Logan. After I get to talking, I forget! [Laughter]

MH: You went to Panguitch for a year.

VF: Oh, everybody was so friendly; I don't know how they are now. I don't think I would probably know half of the people. We went down there when that snapshot was taken for the 24<sup>th</sup> of July because they have high school reunions on the 24<sup>th</sup> and have family reunions. Everybody has their family reunions at that time. It just makes it kind of nice, you run into people you haven't seen for years and years. My second husband, Mr. Fotheringham, was originally from Panguitch. He was born and raised in Panguitch.

MH: Oh, he was?

VF: He was a very religious man, a very sweet-tempered man, really easy to get along with and he and I went on a mission. My first husband and I didn't, because my first husband wasn't religious. He wouldn't go to church, oh, he would, if I pressed him.

MH: What was his name?

VF: Byron Peterson. And he was from Richfield. I met him when they strung the telephone lines from Panguitch to Kanab. He was on the group that run the lines from Panguitch to Kanab. One of the telephone operators was my teacher in church, called the Beehive Girls in church. She was getting married, so she had asked all of these six little girls that were her students in church to serve at the reception for her wedding. So she made little aprons for all of us and it was really the thing of the year. Of course, knowing all these telephone men, she invited them to the reception and that's where I met him. And I had just turned 16. And I went home from that reception, it was only a block and a half from where I lived and he walked me home. The next afternoon, he came down and knocked on the door and wanted to know if I would go to a dance the next night with him. I said, "My father won't allow me to go to dances, I'm just 16. He won't let me go to dances unless one of my brothers takes me." "Well," he says, "let your brother take you then, and I'll be there." So that's the way we courted. [Laughter]

MH: With your brother!

VF: [Laughter] My dad didn't like him, he says, "You don't want that guy, you'll probably live on top of a telephone pole all your life." My father had the keenest

sense of humor of anybody down there. He had this keenest sense of deception, of detecting falsehoods and things, you know. I don't know where he got it because there wasn't anybody else in the family that was that way. But he could. I'll tell you one story about him. He and the boys had just killed a calf, a big calf, and he had them cut it half from top to bottom, and hang out in the barn where it was cool overnight. When they got up the next morning and went out, half of it was gone. Somebody had stolen it. Dad came back into the house, we were having breakfast and I'll never forget this, and I wasn't very big, then, either. He says, "Someone has been into the barn and stolen half of that beef that we put out there last night. I don't want any one of you to say one thing about it. Don't even mention it, don't tell anybody that we've lost it, that it's been stolen or anything." About the fourth day he walked up town to get his mail and on his way back, a man came down and took hold of his arm and he said to Dad, "Gee, Tom, that was too bad about you losing that half a beef." Dad says, "Yes, and you're the S.O.B. that stole it." Because he was the only one that knew it was gone.

MH: Interesting.

VF: Now, that's the way my father was. And he never accused anybody, he let them admit things their selves when they couldn't get out of it. And yet, he was a good man, he didn't belong to the church, he didn't believe in polygamy and he hated that. He didn't belong to the church but my mother did and so whatever the children wanted to do, they did. If that's what they wanted, and their mother said it was okay, that was okay with him.

MH: What was your father's name?

VF: Thomas Sevy. Originally spelled "S-e-a-v-e-y".

MH: Good to know!

VF: Two of his brothers dropped it to "S-e-v-e-y"; my Dad dropped it to just "S-e-v-y".

MH: That's how I've seen it.

VF: Simpler. Smaller and simpler. That's the way he liked things and the way he did things. Now, he didn't have any schooling, not very much schooling, but as far as mathematics was concerned, he could do anything. I've seen him count sheep by the hour, and he'd count so many with his fingers and drop a rock in a pocket, and count so many and drop another rock in his pocket. That's the way he would count sheep. Now, he had sheep and cattle, he had farms, he had a big ranch up by Panguitch Lake. He had a big sheep ranch up on the divide between Panguitch and Kanab. He ran his sheep up there in the summer time. In the winter time, they ran their sheep out on the desert out by Milford, out west of Milford. And most of my brothers got their education herding sheep, taking care of the cattle, and doing farmwork, and that's what they did. When Vee decided he wanted to go to school, he wanted to go up to AC [?] so he went up there and registered to the AC with Mary, he and Mary together. They went to the same house to board and after he'd been there almost a year, he wrote to Dad and he says, "I don't know what you'll think of me, but I've decided I don't want to be a farmer, because all you do is

pitch hay to make shit, and pitch shit to make hay” [Laughter] “and I don’t want to live like that.” And Dad said, “Then what do you want?” Well, my brother-in-law, my half-sister Pauline’s husband, they were married and had two little boys and they were moving to Salt Lake, and he was registering at the University to the medical school. That was Dr. Eldon Clark, and he was from the Clark Clinic bunch there in Provo. All of those Clark Clinic bunch was his brothers. So, Vee says, “I want to go with Eldon and become a doctor.” And Dad says, “If that’s what you want, that’s what you should have.” So he transferred from the AC to the University of Utah and entered the medical school the same year that Eldon did. Mary stayed on at the AC that year and Wendell came home from his mission. He’d been on a mission to Africa, and he came home from his mission and the church made him the leader of the Boy Scouts down there. They were given classes and training things for Boy Scouts leaders at the AC. So, he went up to the AC to take these classes, so there was he and Mary at the AC, and Mary was rooming with a girl from Heber. He met this girl from Heber and before he came home that year, he married her. They had a real cute marriage. He was a cute man. He was very talented, he could sing, he could play almost any musical instrument you wanted him to play...he was just a good guy. Just so tender-hearted that it was awful. I just loved him. He used to sing me to sleep when Mother couldn’t get me to sleep. Why, he’d put me on his lap and sing me to sleep. So, now, shall I tell you a story about him?

MH: Yes!

VF: A story about Wendell. I was working at the Salt Lake clinic and a lady came in and checked in at the desk. I asked her who she wanted to see, she said, "I want to see Dr. Tobler." I said, "I don't have you on my list." She said, "No, I don't have an appointment but he was in Africa on his mission and I am from Africa and I want to see him." And so I said to her, "Well, Dr. Tobler's busy right now, so if you'll have a seat here in the waiting room, as soon as he's through with his patient, I'll take you back to him." While we were waiting, why, I said, "You know, my brother filled a mission in South Africa." She says, "When?" And I says, "Well, he came home in 1922." She looked at me and says, "Wendell Sevy." I said, "How do you know?" She said, "You look just like him." Now, if that's not something! And she says, "I want to see him!" And I say, "Well, he lives down in Mesa, Arizona. His wife has arthritis so they moved down there where it's warm." And she says, "Have you got his address?" And I says, "Yes, but it's down in the basement in my purse in my locker." And she says, "While I'm in visiting, you get his address and write it down for me, because I'm going down there, I'm going to see him." So, you see, it really is a small world.

MH: It is. It's such a great story.

VF: And I have so many things like that happen to me. Another time, standing at that desk, checking people in and one of the girls that was at the desk says, "Vera, what's the matter with you? You're as white as a sheet." And I says, "There comes my grandfather, right through that door." She says, "Well, why would that upset you?" I says, "Well, he died 20 years ago!" He looked *exactly* like my

grandfather. My grandfather Clark. You see, my mother was a Clark. Now, that's a different family of Clarks than the Clarks, that were married into it at two different times. My mother's sister married Dr. J.C. Clark. My mother's sister, Laura, married J.C., and my half-sister, Pauline, married Dr. Eldon Dewey.

MH: And they're two different Clarks?

VF: Uh-huh. So they were all members of the Clark Clinic. But my mother's sister's name was Clark before she married, and she married a Clark. But they were different families. I've had a terrible time in genealogy getting 'em separated. The only thing I've concluded is that all of them were from Scotland and my mother's people were from England.

MH: The name ends with a 'k' or an 'e'?

VF: "C-l-a-r-k", both of them were spelled in that way. All of that family are short, heavy-set, red-headed people. My family were all tall, slim, dark-complexion people.

MH: The English?

VF: Yes. So that's one of the reasons I went into genealogy. For seven years, since I've lived here, I've been the consultant for the genealogy class. I've helped a lot of people fill out their genealogy.

MH: That's wonderful. What a great service.

VF: And I'm still doing it, a little bit. Every once in a while, somebody asks me if I'll help them. I had a gal ask me the other day, she lives up on the 15<sup>th</sup> floor, "Will you help me with my genealogy?" And I said, "Sure, I will." Well, she says, "I'd

like to get something about my husband.” And I says, “Is he dead?” and she says, “Yes.” I said, “What information have you got on him?” “Well, I’ve got his birth date and his father’s and mother’s names.” and I says, “That’s a good start. We can take it from there.” And she says, “But you’ll run into a problem because he’s a Basque.” Oh, I’ll tell you - that *is* a problem!

MH: Why is that?

VF: A Basque, boy, I’ll tell you. The reason I wrote these names on here are those people....this is my daughter down here, and these are her cousins. Look how near all the same age they all are.

MH: Which one is your daughter?

VF: Patricia. And that’s Mary Ann, Mary’s daughter, and Geraldine is Mary’s daughter. Geraldine lives up in Ogden. The first two boys, Tom and Bob, are my sister Artois’s children. Their father was a teacher at Granite High for years. He taught mathematics and was the football coach.

MH: His name was Alnazo LeGrande Dykman..

VF: And that’s Tom and Bob. The other two were my brother, “VM”, the doctor. But they’re all near the same age.

MH: So you were all pregnant at the same time.

VF: Well, the reason I put these down there is because I wouldn’t remember their birthdays, which one was the oldest and what we were doing. But my mother had come to Salt Lake to be with my grandmother for something and she’d called us on the phone when they were ready to come home, to tell us they were coming a

certain day, and all of these kids were there. They were all down to the house, we were all there. Dad had been sitting on the couch with the kids on the floor in a circle around him, all of these kids. And we'd been having a party and Dad had been telling us stories, and Dad could tell stories like nobody's business. He'd been telling us about Butch Cassidy and about knowing him and having him living at his jail, taking him with him to do his farmwork and then locking him up in jail at night and then going and getting him in the morning and taking him to the farm with him everyday.

MH: So, your dad was the one! I've read that story, but I didn't know it was your father.

VF: It was. He was the sheriff; he was made sheriff of Garfield County. That was before he married my mother, of course. He'd take Butch Cassidy to jail and then lock him up for the night and go and get him in the morning and take him home. They'd have breakfast, and Ev would cook breakfast for them. Then he'd take him to the farm and he'd help Dad do the work that had to be done, feed the cattle or whatever had to be done. Then he'd take him back and lock him back in jail. Then he'd go and get him for his next meal, and she'd cook for him. That's the way they did it in those days. She did the cooking...his wife did the cooking...now, that wasn't my mother; that would have been his first wife.

MH: He wasn't too much of a criminal, then?

VF: No, Dad thought he was a pretty nice guy. He was a very tender-hearted guy and a very good worker and he wrote to my father when he went to South America. My father had one letter from him, I remember, I don't know what ever happened to

it. I think Mother gave it to Wendell, she's like me, she saves everything.

[Laughter]

MH: That's good, though!

VF: Anyway, the night that Dad was telling them these stories, these kids were all sitting around on the floor listening, just having a ball with Dad telling all these stories. All of a sudden, we heard a car pull into the back gate, so they all jumped up and ran outside to meet the car; all these kids, and Dad walked to the top step of the back porch and threw the screen door open and he said, "Oh, Genevieve, my Genevieve, where have you been, my Genevieve?" Mother's name was Amy Genevieve. My mother was English, strictly. She pulled her chin in and says, "Don't be funny!" [Laughter] Well, those kids just rolled on that back lawn, laughing so hard they couldn't stand up. One of them was hanging onto a tree, just laughing and laughing, and Mother was so embarrassed, and I'll never forget that. Every time I see one of those kids, even to this day, "Do you remember when Grandma came home from Provo and got mad at Grandpa?" "Yeah, um-hmm, I remember!" [Laughter]

MH: That's a great story.

VF: That's another story. But, oh, he had the stories and he liked to tell stories.

MH: Was there a lot of trouble in Panguitch?

VF: What kind of trouble?

MH: Bad guys?

VF: Well, there were some...not really bad guys, no. One time while my Dad was sheriff he told [ a story] about one of Brigham Young's sons had come down there

for some reason and he was riding a white horse, and he rode his horse into a saloon and shot the light out of the ceiling, just shot it out. So Dad arrested him and put him in jail. It took two days for someone to get to Salt Lake to report it to Brigham Young. When it was reported, they sent a lawyer down there to get him out. [Laughter]

MH: Did they ever find out why he shot the light out?

VF: He was drunk! He was just drunk, it wasn't a serious thing. Another serious thing that happened, there were two boys from Panguitch. They were both young married men but they'd been drinking and they were up to Panguitch Lake. They had a saloon up there, and these two guys were saying, "You see that Indian sitting over there? He's got a top hat on, I'm gonna shoot his hat off." They shot it off but they were caught right in the middle of it. Well, Dad had to arrest them both, both of these men. The thing of it was, the one of them was my second husband's, Don Fotheringham's, father. He had moved over to Panguitch from Beaver, and he was a....he worked out in the forest...what do they call them.....

MH: A logger? A ranger?

VF: No, he worked for the government. He marked the trees and things that they could cut down and make lumber out of. He'd mark the ones that were old enough to be cut. Anyway, that was really a bad thing at that time. 'Course, that was before my time so I don't remember many of those. These are just the stories.

MH: Do you remember going to Panguitch Lake?

VF: Well, yes, Dad's ranch was just about....well, I used to ride from the ranch up to the Lake on horseback, so it wasn't very far, it was only a couple of miles. It was a

nice big ranch, it had two big houses on it and a well in between the houses. You could go out the back door of either house and the well was right there. We used that as a refrigerator. We'd keep the butter and the milk and that in cans on a rope and let 'em down. That was the only place that was cool. It was good water and when Dad died and they sold the ranch, the people that bought it decided to put another well in and fill that one up. They've never been able to find good water since they filled that one up. They've taken in people for campers and that, you know, and had parties and things there for them, and built in between the two houses to make that all one big house so they could feed 30 or 40 people at a time.

MH: Is it right on the road, now?

VF: Yeah, it's right on the road to the Lake.

MH: I think I know that place.

VF: It's called "Henrie's." My sister, Mary, her Henrie family...they bought it when Dad died. And that's what they did to it. They ruined it. Now they haven't got any good water, they have to haul water in, now, drinking water.

MH: I've been to that cabin a couple of times, the ranch, for parties.

VF: Oh, have you? [Laughter]

MH: Yeah. After horseback riding.

VF: Well, I spent a lot of time up there. When Byron Peterson and I got married, when we came back from Heber, we went up there to Panguitch Lake. We took a sheep wagon and went up to Panguitch Lake and parked the wagon down by the creek. Then we could go up to the house and get butter and cheese and anything we needed, because the people....Dad would hire people to live there and we could

get eggs, anything we needed. We stayed up there for five days that was my honeymoon. Five days living in a sheep wagon.

VF: [Laughter] And I loved camping out, I love it.

MH: You would ride a horse up there?

VF: I had a horse up there, the little horse that Dad had bought for Albert and we called him Old Blue. He practically raised me, I guess. In the early days, Dad had run a string of race horses and we had kept one of them. We had Big Doc and Little Doc, but when Big Doc got his foot cut off in barbed wire, they had to shoot him. Dad never said a word to anybody, to the family or anything, he just had that thing sent to Salt Lake and had a rug made out of his hide. They came back and here was this rug so Mother could use it in front of the fireplace, Old Doc's rug. The kids were all just tickled to death with it. Mother didn't appreciate it too much, I don't think, but everybody else was just crazy about it.

MH: What were some of the things your Dad did? Tell me about his ranching operation.

VF: Well, he had about 10,000 acres up on the Kanab thing.....

MH: Was that on Cedar Mountain, or more towards Kanab?

VF: His summer range for the sheep was up on this place by Kanab. We called it the Divide, on the Divide between Panguitch and Kanab. There was cabin up there, Dad had built a cabin and it had four beds built right against the wall, and a cook stove, and that's about all there was in it. And a big long table. The year that I was five, I got sick. We were living in Provo and I got sick. Uncle Cecil Clark stuck a big long needle in my lungs and I had empyema, pus on the lungs. So, he and Dr.

Taylor operated on me and by the time school was out...see, I went to kindergarten at the BYU training school. I went to the first grade in the old Parker School, and that's another story. When I moved up to Bingham, I met a lady that had taught me in that first grade school. I met her at a Daughters of the Pioneers meeting one day. She had taught me in that first grade at the Parker School. We moved back to Panguitch and I walked...my right shoulder was six inches lower than my left...I walked this way. And my father took the piano box, he had bought a piano for Pauline and he took the box the piano came in, it was shaped like the piano. And he fitted a screen door...took a screen door off the house and fixed it on there so it could be opened and closed. Then he put a spring cot in the bottom of this box and moved it up to the sheep ranch. At that time, he was doing work for the school up in Logan. He was doing tests on what kind of seeds and what kind of stuff would grow in that area, and he had all these little places fenced off, just little patches...well, this room would make about three of them, three patches...and he had each one fenced off and he'd plant certain things in there and he'd keep track of them. He always kept his records, always. They took me up there. The house they built up there was on a little hill and there was a spring down here about a half a block, but it was downhill. It was a real good spring, and he would put a broom handle on my back with my hands back of it, with a little bucket of water in each hand, fill them with water out of the spring, and then I'd have to carry them up this little hill for Mother to cook with. We lived up there that summer, and that was for me. Then he'd take me with him to check these little patches of stuff and we'd walk and walk and walk. And I can remember, I had to

reach up like this to hold his hand because he was 6'4". I'd cry and say, "Carry me, Daddy, carry me, Daddy!" and he'd say, "Honey, I can't carry you, you have to walk." I'd have died if I hadn't.

MH: It was to strengthen your lungs...?

VF: He was strengthening my lungs and everything else about me, and I'd have never lived if he hadn't done that.

MH: Do you remember how you became so ill? How did you become sick with that?

VF: We were living in Provo and I was going to school over to the school there in Provo. I guess I must have got a cold and had pneumonia to begin with. I must have had. But I can remember lying on Uncle Cecil's lap and he was raising my dress up like this and shoving this big needle in my lungs. When he pulled it out, it was full of pus. So the next morning, he and Dr. Taylor operated on me. I got over the operation but my mother was still...it was still draining and I still had to wear a tube in there, and my mother would lay me across her knees and take this tube out. She had a little bucket or something she'd put it in and set it on the stove and boil it, then she'd have to put it back in and pin it to my skin with a little gold safety pin so it wouldn't slip and go clear in. I wore that all the time we were up on the mountain. That's how I became so close to my Dad.

**Tape 1, Side B**

VF: I could tell him things that I couldn't tell my mother. And when I married Mr. Peterson...we ran away and got married. He was coming down to Richfield to his bank meeting because he was vice president to the Richfield Commercial Bank, and I knew he'd be down there, so I thought well, I'll go down to the bank at noon

and they'll have to stop their meeting to stop and have lunch, so I'll just meet him when he comes out of the bank for lunch and make him take me to lunch. When we got right out on the middle of the road, crossing from the bank over to a restaurant across Main Street in Richfield, the light was red, and we got in the middle of the road, and he says, "You know, honey, I ought to turn you over my knee and give you a damn good lickin'." And I says, "Well, Daddy, if it'll make you feel better, go ahead and do it." And he laughed, he laughed.

MH: Did he accept Byron, eventually, did he get to know him?

VF: Yes, that was when I married Byron Peterson. He was my daughter's father. She's the only one I had by him. The only child I had. She died when she was 68. Massive heart attack. She had had her heart operated on, and it just quit functioning. Oh, it lasted about ten years, better than ten years, after she had the valve replaced in her heart.

MH: When you were growing up, did you have chores to do?

VF: Oh, boy! It was my job to get the wooden chips in. My brother, Albert, just older than me, would carry the big heavy wood that went into the fireplace and the dining room stove, and I had to get the small wood and the chips that went in the cook stove, and the chips to start the fire. I always had a milk pan about...you know what a milk pan is? I had to fill that heaping up, because it would have to start three fires. One in the kitchen, one in the dining room, and one in Mother's bedroom. [Laughter]

VF: Well, when the bedroom opened...it had folding doors in that big house that opened right into the big room, the parlor, and it would heat both rooms.

MH: Vera, you remember when the boys came home from World War I. You were how old when the Depression hit?

VF: Well, I was married during the Depression. We were married in the Depression. I lived through that.

MH: That was a tough time.

VF: It was a tough time, when I was down there in Richfield. He worked in a garage, a service station, and he had worked for those people for several years. Then all of a sudden, they fired him, they turned off several other men that worked for them. By that time, I had a baby. We just couldn't make it. We had been renting a little place of our own, but we couldn't afford the rent or anything, so we moved back in with his mother and dad. Well, in the meantime, his sister had married a Tibbs boy from Panguitch and she'd moved to Panguitch. She's still alive, too, she's two years older than I am.

MH: Is she in Panguitch?

VF: She's in Panguitch.

MH: Who is that?

VF: Della Tibbs. She lives there with her son...what's his name?...Grant. No, Grant's her older son. She had four boys and one girl. Her daughter built a beautiful big house up in Panguitch Lake and they run the church up there in Panguitch Lake, she and her husband.

MH: Have you seen the new church up there?

VF: Yeah. His name's Vader. They built this beautiful big house up there. It's lovely, it is beautiful.

MH: Is it Ralph? Ralph Vader?

VF: No. Hell, I can't remember his name.

MH: You were telling me about the Depression.

VF: I'll tell you, it was really bad. I had never had a job, only when Dad was running the store there in Panguitch when Dewey decided to be a doctor. He was running a men's furnishing store and Dad had taken over the store. He put Frank, my oldest half-brother in the store, and Frank was not a business man. He didn't know business from beans. He was just good natured and would give credit to anybody. And so he put Mary in with him.

MH: Did she take care of business?

VF: She'd take care of the business, and they were running the store and, oh my hell, I didn't....when By lost his job, I didn't know what we were going to do. So I used to do...I had two neighbors that lived about half a block away, right straight through the block, so I'd have to go up the block and then around. I did their laundry and ironing for them. That damn near killed me. I couldn't stand it. I says, "I just can't do it, By, I just can't." He says, "But we haven't got any money." And I says, "Well, what should we do?" And he says, "Well, I'm going to take the money we've got and we'll....." So he bought a truck, he bought it second hand. It wasn't a very big truck and he started hauling...it's when they were condemning all those cattle and things. That was during the Depression. They were condemning and he was to go into Salt Lake, load it up with calves, take about five calves in the back of it, take them up to Cudahay's, bring it back into Salt Lake and have the truck washed out, and go to the thing and fill up with groceries.

He had a contract to supply groceries with a Day store owned by the Day people over in Fillmore, and one for the Safeway store there in Richfield. So he'd load up with groceries for them. He decided we'd better move over to Fillmore, so I lived over in Fillmore for that winter. We rented part of a house from a widow lady. I guess she needed the rent. It was a big old-fashioned house, but it was fixed so she could have two families in it. The first morning that I woke up and found my baby's diaper frozen on her, I told him I wouldn't live there anymore. [Laughter]

MH: Oh, my gosh! There wasn't any heat?

VF: He was with the truck on a trip and she and I were sleeping upstairs. We had two rooms downstairs and one room upstairs, and I woke up and her diaper was frozen on her. So we moved down in the living room where there was a couch and we made our bed down there, and that's where we stayed the rest of the winter. She and I. And boy, that was really something! Dad says, "What is it you don't like about Fillmore?" And I says, "It's the damn wind. If it ever quits blowing, everybody'll fall down." They get so used to walking against the wind that if it suddenly quits, they'd all fall. [Laughter]

MH: Well, you must have been used to a little bit of cold weather. Panguitch is cold.

VF: Yes, Panguitch was cold, but it was a different cold.

MH: Did you travel much when you were little? Did you ever go to Tropic? Do you remember going to Bryce Canyon?

VF: No, I didn't do much traveling. I had never been to Escalante until I went to Panguitch when my first husband, Byron, went to Arabia. The first trip he made to Arabia, I went to Panguitch to live. Dad says, "You better come down here and

keep your mother company, you and Pat.” The Second World War was on and they wouldn’t let me take Pat because they didn’t have any schools over there. So we went to Panguitch. I was working in the church with a bunch and I was in a drama group. We took our drama plays to all these little towns, to Tropic and we’d take them around Friday nights and we’d go over there, the whole bunch of us. There was...oh, golly, Mary could tell you more about that than I could, I guess. But I had one of the parts in the plays we did, a whole bunch of plays that run in sequence, one after another, you know. This young boy that was...his love life and his mother and father...and I played the part of the mother in all of them. All of these kids were so darn cute with me. [Laughter] We traveled. I had an experience. One of the guys in the group, he was in the bishopric, we were going home one night, he’d let everybody out of his car and was taking me home and he says, “Vera, let’s go on over to Cedar City.” And I says, “Tonight?” I says, “I don’t want to go to Cedar City.” Well, he says, “Just you and I, just you and I, let’s just go.” And I says, “You go jump in the lake! I’m not going anyplace with you.” And he was in the bishopric. Oh, hell, I was mad. And I didn’t know whether to tell the bishop about it or whether...and I didn’t dare tell Dad about it. He had a contract to take oil into Panguitch for people that was burning oil, and Dad had a big oil tank out back that he’d hooked the kitchen stove up to. He used to get his oil from him all the time. He says, “Oh, he’s a nice guy. He’d done business with him, you know, and everything. I just couldn’t stand him.

MH: Tell me about the first time you saw Bryce Canyon. Do you remember that?

VF: Yes, I can remember that. In fact, there's a story about that in that Garfield County book.

MH: Tell me about it.

VF: Well, they had just built the road out to Red Canyon. There'd been a road out there before but it had just followed that little creek, and that's all it was. It was just round and twisted so they decided to make tunnels through these overhangs, so they made those two tunnels that are out there. They were going to have a real to-do, so they had all the primary kids dress up in their best and we had to make ropes of roses to pull the Governor's car through the tunnel so he could get to Bryce Canyon. When the Governor's car got there, well, the Governor was Governor Dern, and of course, he knew me, I was just seven years old, still in primary. We pulled his car through, went down to unhook the roses off from the front of his car, and I went down to unhook them and he looked at me and he said, "You're Tom's daughter, aren't you?" And I says, "Yes." He went like this [gesture], and his wife got out of his car and they sat me in the seat between them, and she's sitting next to me, so I rode out to Bryce Canyon with the Governor and his wife. That was, I guess, my first trip to Bryce Canyon.

MH: What did you think about it when you saw it?

VF: Well, I'd heard Dad talk so much about it and how he'd reported about it when he was in the legislature, and how he had told them in the legislature that he often wondered why it hadn't been filled in so he could run his cattle or sheep in there.

[Laughter]

MH: Are you okay? We can finish up.

VF: It's okay, I've just got to get my leg up. I've had the hip operated on three times. He told them all right in there that he wished they'd figure out a way that they could fill that place in! They thought he was pretty ignorant. [Laughter]

MH: No, he knew what was going on, huh?

VF: I've got one of the books, it's a little memorial book that they published for the first state legislature. I've got one of those, and I've got one of him when he was in the legislature again in 1916.

MH: I didn't realize he was a legislator.

VF: He was in the first state legislature. Yes. And I'll have to show you. It won't take me but a minute to get it.

**Tape ends.**

VERA S. P. FOTHERINGHAM

VERA WAS BORN IN PANGUITCH, UTAH THE THIRTEENTH OF FOURTEEN CHILDREN, HAVING SEVEN BROTHERS AND SIX SISTERS. SHE ATTENDED SCHOOL IN PANGUITCH, PROVO, AND SALT LAKE CITY.

SHE MARRIED BYRON N. PETERSEN OF RICHFIELD, UTAH AND THEY LIVED IN RICHFIELD, BINGHAM CANYON, AND SALT LAKE CITY.

HER HUSBAND WORKED AS A SHAFTMAN IN THE U.S. MINE IN BINGHAM AND HE WENT TO ARABIA AND SANK A SHAFT IN THE KING SOLOMON GOLD MINE. HE ALSO HELPED PUT THE OIL LINE FROM THE PERSIAN GOLF TO THE READ SEA.

VERA WORKED FOR DR. V. M. SEVY, IN THE OLD MEDICAL ARTS BLDG. FOR THIRTEEN YEARS. SHE ALSO WORKED AT ZCMI, CHINA DEPT. FOR TWO YEARS AND SERVED AS A VOLUNTEER AT THE PRIMARY CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL FOR EIGHT OF THESE YEARS - FIVE OF THESE EIGHT YEARS AS PRESIDENT OF THE VOLUNTEERS. IN 1943 SHE WENT TO THE SALT LAKE CLINIC AS A RECEPTIONIST.

VERA AND HER HUSBAND HAD ONE DAUGHTER, PATRICIA, WHO MARRIED, AND VERA HAS NOW FOUR GRANDCHILDREN AND NINE GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

VERA'S HUSBAND DIED IN 1966 AND SHE CONTINUED TO WORK AT THE CLINIC UNTIL 1971.

WHEN SHE RETIRED, SHE MARRIED DONALD H. FOTHERINGHAM AND MOVED TO OREM, UTAH.

IN 1972 SHE AND HER HUSBAND FILLED A MISSION IN THE ARIZONA, TEMPE MISSION.

MR. FOTHERINGHAM DIED IN 1989 AND VERA MOVED BACK TO SALT LAKE CITY TO BE NEAR HER DAUGHTER AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.

HER HOBBIES ARE READING, CERAMIC WORK, AND FAMILY GENEALOGY.

SHE HAS HELD MANY POSITIONS IN THE CHURCH, SUCH AS TEACHER TRAINER, JR.-SUNDAY SCHOOL COORDINATOR, LITERARY LEADER IN THE RELIEF SOCIETY, AND RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT.

NOW SHE IS THE SECRETARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE TEMPLE VIEW BRANCH.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

INTERVIEW AGREEMENT AND DEED OF GIFT

I hereby give to the Utah State Historical Society the tapes and transcriptions of the interview/interviews recorded on June 26, 2004 and grant the Utah State Historical Society the right to make the tapes and transcriptions available to the public for such educational and research purposes that are in accordance with the policies and procedures of the Society's Utah History Information Center.

NARRATOR Vera Fotheringham  
*otheringham*

ADDRESS Salt Lake City

*\** SIGNATURE Vera S. Fotheringham  
DATE 4/21/05

INTERVIEWER Marsha Holland

ADDRESS Tropic UT

SIGNATURE Marsha Holland

DATE \_\_\_\_\_