

Recollections of
LILLIE BELLE (BUNDY) IVERSON
and ROY BUNDY

July 4, 1982

THE HELEN (BUNDY) RUSSELL
ARIZONA STRIP
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LILLIE BELLE (BUNDY) IVERSON and ROY BUNDY

[A special reminiscent meeting is held annually at the Bundy Family Reunion on Sunday morning before the general church services. Each year, the family of one of the nine children of Abraham and Ella (Anderson) Bundy is spotlighted. On July 4, 1982, the descendants of Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson and Roy Bundy were asked to share memories of their parents or grandparents. Children of Abraham and Ella (Anderson) Bundy were: Lillie Belle, Roy, James, Omer, Ina, Mamie, Vivian August, Chester Marion and Edna.

Information about Lillie Belle (Iverson) Bundy was shared from her journal and other sources. Her life experiences, as she recorded them in a personal history began when she was age seventy-three, were read by members of her family. The program was introduced by Daniel Atwood Bundy, a nephew of both Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson and Roy Bundy. On the same date, excerpts from the personal history of Roy Bundy, Lillie's younger brother, and family memories about him were also shared.

LILLIE BELLE (BUNDY) IVERSON was born near Willow Island, Nebraska on July 22, 1883. When she was ten years old, her mother, Ella (Anderson) Bundy, asked to be baptized in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Soon the family moved to the west. They settled in Beaver Dam, Arizona in 1895. Lillie was married to Peter Martin Iverson in 1902 in Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico. They later were sealed in the St. George Temple [Washington County, Utah]. Lillie Belle and her husband moved about the west, from Arizona and Nevada to Mexico and back again while their family grew to seven children. In 1917, along with many other Bundy and Iverson family members, they homesteaded on the Arizona Strip, where they lived for thirty years. Two more children were born. Children of Peter Martin and Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson were: Letha May, Floyd James, Eva Marie, George Clifton, Lawrence, Bethel Ramona, Vernon Martin, Rosaliea and Verl. Peter Martin died in 1944. Three years later she moved to St. George, Utah. Lillie Belle died at the age eighty-six in St. George on June 29, 1970 and was buried next to her husband in the Mt. Trumbull Cemetery on the Arizona Strip.

ROY BUNDY was born near Willow Island, Nebraska on April 7, 1885, the oldest son of Abraham and Ella (Anderson) Bundy. When he was nine years old his family migrated to Bunkerville, Nevada and later to Beaver Dam, Arizona. When he was fifteen years old the family moved again to Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico. He married Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy on September 5, 1907 in the St. George Temple. They were the parents of twelve children born between 1908 and 1933. Children of Roy and Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy were: Iven Leroy, Bessie, Helen, Elmo Aaron, Barbara, Clarence Ambrose, David Ammon, Leah, Newell Alma, Juanita, Madge Doretta and Orvel Allen. In 1917, Roy and Doretta were the first of Abraham and Ella Bundy's children to homestead with their family at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, where they lived for more than thirty years. Roy Bundy was called to be the first bishop of the Mt. Trumbull Ward in 1928. In 1928 he was stricken with rheumatoid arthritis, which plagued him the rest of

his life. He died in St. George, Utah in July 1959 at the age of seventy-four and was buried in the Mt. Trumbull Cemetery on the Arizona Strip.

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

DAB: Give us some background on these two people. As we mentioned in the program we [are] going to try to take a couple of the people each year [to] give us some background [of] their lives and hopefully increase [for] each of us knowledge of them. Maybe [this will] persuade each of us to try to keep a journal ourselves. So we would like to turn [the program] over to the Lillie [Belle (Bundy)] Iverson family. Then we will [hear from the] Roy Bundy [family].

UV: This is from a history written by Lillie Iverson [that] she started when she was seventy-three [years old] and ended it when she was seventy-seven [years old]. I hope none of you wait that long to write your history because she said several times that her memory was really failing her. I wanted to read it from her words so that you could [hear] her feelings. I hope that you [can] picture in your mind her as I read it. It helped me to love her more.

“By request of my daughters-in-law, Nora [(Alldredge) Iverson] and Ruby [Claudine (Meecham)] Iverson, I will try and write a brief history of my life from a poor memory at the age of seventy-three. I may have been able to have done a fairly good job had I started it ten or fifteen years ago, but I always kept putting it off until today Ruby handed me this paper and requested that I get to writing it.

“I was born in the state of Nebraska in the year 1883, on the 22nd of July. I don’t know how old I was when I first began to remember the important events. I recall one Christmas when my parents got me a toy piano, maybe a foot long and six or seven inches high. My father taught me how to play a little short song that I can still recall. The words were [singing]:

*“Go tell Aunt Nancy, go tell Aunt Nancy, go tell Aunt Nancy
Her old gray goose is dead.
One she’s been saving, one she’s been saving, one she’s been saving
To make a feather bed.”*

“This may sound silly, but [it] did appeal to me very much as a young child while learning to play it on the piano.

“One other Christmas a year or so later my parents gave me a large book of the story of the [Holy] Bible. It appealed to me very much, being religiously inclined. It was a turning point in my life. I was by nature a good reader, having inherited that ability from my father, who was always reading every book he could lay his hands on. Mother used to get so provoked at me for always having a book in my

hands, and never inclined to help her as I should have done. I would get so absorbed in my reading that I never heard anyone talking around me.

“Around this age, eight or nine years, I must have gone to a revival meeting the sectarian sects of that day were holding in our neighborhood to get converts. They had a way of touching peoples’ feelings and causing a person to come to the front and kneel at a mourners’ bench, where you were to pray to have your sins forgiven. One such meeting my cousin Anna Melius and I attended with my parents. Anna and I were touched in our feelings, so we both went and knelt at the mourners’ bench.

“It was around this time of my life that my parents would let me drive a one-horse buggy to the town of Cozad, Nebraska to take mother’s butter and eggs to the store and trade for sugar and other household items needed in the home. The old black mare I drove to town was named “Kate.” I think back with pride the trust my parents had in me as I grew up.

“Around this time, 1893, the Latter-day Saint elders came into our neighborhood. My father’s youngest brother, Will Bundy, met them first. He was afraid they would convince him of the truth of their message, and knowing what a reader of the *[Holy] Bible* this older brother Abraham was, he directed them to my father’s homestead, where they received a friendly welcome. Mother accepted the truth at once. She had a very poor education and never read much, yet she believed what they had to tell of the restored gospel and requested baptism about six months before my sister Ina [(Bundy) Gifford] was born. One day while the elders were at our home a circus came to the town of Cozad. Father and Uncle Will Bundy attended it. Uncle Will noticed how people, friends, relatives, were staring at them because these Mormon Elders were staying at our house. Uncle Will told my father that he was drawing more attention and talk than the animals in the circus. This gave my parents the spirit of wanting to gather with the Latter-day Saints in Utah.

“At a great loss, my parents sold all they had toiled for in the eleven or twelve years as homesteaders, and with a team of young colts and a covered wagon, the Abraham Bundy family started traveling west with five children and only \$40.00. But they had the faith that they could make the long trip to Utah. Ina was a frail, sickly baby and Aunt Mary (Bundy) Melius, father’s sister, who had been our neighbor those eleven years, assured my parents that we would never reach the mountains with her alive. We traveled a hundred miles or so to the homestead of my uncle Charles Bundy and spent the winter there, where we went to school with my cousins.

“The next spring we made another start. Ina was still delicate, and many times during the trip my parents had good reason to fear Aunt Mary’s prediction might be right, as she did not improve in health as they traveled along. We were better than three months making that trip. There were several times when father had to

lay over, rest the team and find a job for money to continue on. When we got to Morgan City [Morgan County, Utah] we laid over for nearly four weeks. “Pa” worked in fields for people and got some flour and things so we could go on. From there we went to Richfield [Sevier County, Utah] to see George Beall, one of the missionaries. We stayed there a week or so, and then went on to St. George.

“We got in St. George the latter part of July 1895, and stopped at the home of Charles Seegmiller, worked another while, and then travelled on to Bunkerville, Nevada. I attended school at Bunkerville that winter. I was twelve years of age. After a while Roy and I were baptized in a canal full of muddy river water from the Virgin River.

“It was then that I noticed that my hearing wasn’t so good for some time after my baptism. My hearing kept getting a little worse, little by little, until my sixth child was born. I then had to hold him close to my ear to hear him cry. I know at the age of seventy-three that it was the decree of the adversary to destroy my usefulness in my later years. It was a real trial to bear a family of nine children and be deaf, but at least the Lord was merciful to spare me my sight, that I could see them and take care of them and my husband.

“We stayed there in Bunkerville until the next spring, then moved to Beaver Dam Wash in Arizona. We lived there five years. While living in Beaver Dam I met a young man who lived just over the hill [in] Littlefield, Arizona, by the name of Peter Martin Iverson. I used to go to Littlefield to church and dances. Martin used to take me home on the back of his horse. We used to ride side-saddle in those days. In April, before I was seventeen [years old] in July, we went by team and covered wagon to Old Mexico where the Mormons were colonizing the new settlement of Morelos. There I went to school again for awhile. Martin stayed in Arizona and worked on a ranch and then later came to Mexico. I lived in Mexico two years until I was nineteen [years old]. Then Martin came to see me and we decided to get married. We were married December 2, 1902 by Bishop Orson P. Brown. I have been asked why I married Martin. I don’t know, except that I felt so at ease in his presence and felt that he would never take advantage of me. He was such a loveable lover, too.” [Laughter] I can’t image her saying that, but it sounds so cute.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: “And like all the girls around nineteen years [old], I wanted to get married, and he was the easiest to catch.

“We [were] married in Mexico so we could travel back to St. George cheaper on the train. We were sealed in the St. George Temple on December 23, 1902 by George Q. Cannon. [We] lived in Littlefield, Arizona until spring and then moved to Gunlock [Washington County] Utah, near my husband’s brother in law, Will Bunker, who married my husband’s half-sister Emma Iverson, daughter of

[Dorotea]“Dora” [Caroline (Evers)] Iverson. My husband’s father [Hans Peter Iverson] had three wives. Martin was the oldest [child] of the second wife, after the first baby died.

“We stayed in Gunlock a year or so and then we moved to [the] Upper Muddy [River] Valley in Nevada. I stayed in Bunkerville [Nevada] with his sister Allie [Iverson] Bunker, a full sister to Emma, until May. While with Allie our first child, Vernon Martin, was born April 25, 1904. In May we traveled by team and buckboard to the Muddy Valley where Martin worked on a big ranch. In the late spring or early summer we moved back to Littlefield, where I lived in a tent in his father’s orchard. There on September 17, 1905 our second boy, Verl, was born. When he was four or five weeks old we went by team and covered wagon back to Old Mexico in 1905. We stayed in Morelos awhile, then we went to the copper mines in Bisbee, Arizona, and he worked in the mines. There was no wood there and I had to go on the hillsides and pick up tiny sticks for the fire. While in Bisbee our third son, Floyd James, was born in 1908. I was obliged to wean him at five months as my milk was not enough for him. I started to carry my fourth child, but miscarried [at about] six weeks. That left me very weak and so poorly that the doctor advised me to take a vacation for awhile. So I went back to Old Mexico and stayed with my parents where I nearly lost Floyd with some complaint. He got so very thin and weak. He was seventeen months old before he could walk alone. He never had any shoes to aid him in the least, either. I had to make booties [out] of old overalls for him. While he was so poorly there came a large lump on his jaw. He also got one later on in his life on his head. We never saw a doctor about it, just let it ride. He had a way of sucking two fingers on one hand and this lump that came on his jaw caused him to give up sucking his two fingers.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: “After the weather cooled off a little I went back to Bisbee with my three boys. In no time I conceived my girl Letha May. I stayed in Bisbee until nearly the time of her birth on the first of May 1910, went back to Morelos and lived in the Neuman Van Leuven home there. Sister Curtis came at the time of her birth, along with my parents. She was born on a Sunday as people were gathering for Sunday school. I can’t recall where we stayed, but I must have lived in the Van Leuven home until Martin quit working at the mines in Bisbee. Then we went by train back to Delta [Millard County] Utah, landing there for the Fourth of July celebration. We lived in a small one-room house on the outskirts of Delta, it being newly settled. Martin wanted to settle there, but we only stayed there through the winter and sometime during the summer we went back to Old Mexico again. He bought some land in a place several miles from Morelos called San Jose. The Neuman Van Leuven family lived up there, and were our neighbors in this place.

“I lived in a mud house with dirt floors. The walls were mud plastered to straight sticks and the roof was covered with dirt. In this place I carried my fifth child,

Eva. We lacked for the right kind of food. I was so very hungry for eggs. I craved clay dirt and ate a lot of it while I carried her. I would pick the mud off the walls and eat it. I ate a lot of it and as a result Eva's bones were not too strong and [she] broke [them] easily. She broke her arm twice. One time she fell over Mrs. Isaac Cox's steps and broke her arm.

"Everything grew well in Mexico, especially when the rains came. We raised a good crop of wheat, vegetables and lots of sweet potatoes. We would soon have [been] on our feet and made a good living, but Old Mexico was at war and the American people had to get out. Old Pancho Villa was on the warpath. The Government of the United States gave aid to those who were fleeing Pancho Villa. A refugee camp was set up at Douglas, Arizona where [United States] Army tents and cots were for the refugees, and even money to pay their way to wherever they wanted to go. In August, before Eva was born on September 11, 1912, we and the people of Morelos trekked to Douglas, Arizona. Martin was in San Jose harvesting his wheat when we all left. I didn't want to go and leave him there, I wanted him with me when Eva was born. Someone had to almost pack me away. Anyway, they had to put me in the buggy. We stayed in Douglas a few weeks. They gave us a little food. Eva was born in a small soldiers' tent on an army cot. Sister Curtis was my doctor, but failed to get there so Sister Lillywhite helped me through the birth ordeal at the break of day.

[Mary Ellen Elizabeth (Wilden) Lillywhite, wife of Bishop Joseph Lillywhite, was a well-known midwife in the colonies who delivered more than 300 babies.

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

"When Eva was about two weeks old the Government paid my way to LaGrande, Oregon, where my parents were. We went by train, me and my five [children] to take care of. Omer, my brother, went along. He was seventeen [years old] and was kind of ashamed of my big family, but helped me a little.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: "He helped me wrangle the [children] when we would stop to change trains, as they would take off to see the sights. Omer got pretty mad at them one time in Portland, Oregon when he found them down by the pier, looking over the ocean. Letha wasn't well and cried most of the way. People would look at us and it made me feel embarrassed.

"In due time we landed at my parents' small home. I felt such an intruder there, with five small children onto them. I managed to stay the winter out and in the spring I boarded a train for the [LDS] church farm in Kaolin, Nevada, with the [children] again. Martin was there with intentions to buy a farm. He had nailed up a small room of rough lumber and we lived in that during the winter. I don't know how we kept warm, as it was more like a chicken house than a dwelling for

humans. However, we weathered through somehow until spring, then moved to [the] George Baldwin ranch in Upper Muddy [River] Valley. We lived in an old shack of a house there for most of a year and then moved into a tent a mile or two from the old ranch house. There my sixth child, a boy, was born on July 2, 1914. I had three children without Martin near me through the ordeal. I vowed I'd die before I'd go through it alone again. Believe me, he was there, as doctor, midwife and nurse, but I paid dear for my vow, as the child's head pushed [the] bladder ahead at birth, and as a result caused [me] to have a cystocele [anterior prolapse] that gave me trouble for over thirty years. This boy was George Clifton Iverson. When the baby was two months old he had bronchial pneumonia and I was obliged to go to Overton, Nevada to a doctor for him. He all but died, he was so sick. I stayed at the home of Martin's mother at Kaolin. He [Martin] decided to buy land or lease it [from] George Baldwin, so built a two-room house that was the best I'd ever lived in during my married life. It was far from finished when I gave birth to my seventh child, Lawrence, on May 7, 1917. Martin was the doctor, midwife and nurse again.

“When Lawrence was a little better than three months old we moved by team and wagon to the Arizona Strip to settle on a homestead. This was at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, about sixty miles south of St. George, Utah. Here is where I had many trials as we lived there for thirty-two years, the longest I ever lived in any one place in my life. I lived in a shack made up with flaps stood on end with a canvas top for most of a year with a family of seven children. The three boys were big fellows and were sick a lot with colds that winter, in that make-believe home with only a dirt floor. As you can see from reading this story, we moved a lot of times. All of my children were born in different places except Lawrence and George. They were both born on the Muddy [River] Valley ranch.

“Of all the trials of moving and living in just any kind of a shack, I think that was the worst of all, in Mt. Trumbull. We had to haul water from muddy ponds, the same ponds the cows used and dropped their manure in, and also drank from. My white clothes were always dirty-looking as I had no way to settle the water, had I even understood how, never having come in contact with muddy water to wash clothes with. I always took so much pride in my clothes looking clean and white. The drinking and cooking water was muddy. Talk about a trial. It seemed to me the devil and his imps were turned loose on that homestead. Everything was against me. When it didn't rain and fill the ponds, then we lacked for water and we had to haul it in barrels a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles from a spring, with horses to pull the wagon.

“As time went on, my husband Martin built me a fairly nice house of rough unplanned lumber, the best I had up to that time. We had no electricity so our home was lighted by coal-oil lamps and the washing was done on [a] washboard by hand labor for seven children, my husband and myself. He never bothered to buy me any labor-saving machines as he did for himself. At this time our eighth child, our Bethel, was born on March 28, 1919. My husband was doctor, midwife

and nurse. There was no living person within three miles of us. Years later, while riding a bicycle on a downhill grade, she was unable to stop it and run into a barbed-wire fence around the lot and got pretty badly cut up. She carries those scars to this day on her arms. On December 31, 1924, our ninth child was born in the old home of Sarah J. Crosby on the hill in St. George, Utah, with Dr. Claire Woodbury attending at her birth. When she was two years and twenty-five days old she got pneumonia and died January 25, 1926.

“In 1936 we packed up and moved to the Tatum Ranch [in] Arizona on the Colorado River not too far from Kingman, Arizona. We stayed there for a year and went back to Mt. Trumbull, Arizona and lived there for the rest of the time. On August 1, [1944] Martin died from what the doctors said was a sunstroke. He died in the St. George hospital. I couldn’t stay on the Arizona ranch alone after my husband’s death. I moved to St. George, Utah where I had a cement block house built in 1947, moving in Christmas Eve. It lacks a lot of being all it should be, but it is a mansion to me. Here I hope to live until I am called to that better home above. My sincerest wish is to be buried by my husband and our baby on the Arizona Strip in the Mt. Trumbull Cemetery where my parents and brother, Roy, are buried.”

— *Personal History of Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson.*

UV: Lillie died June 29, 1970 in St. George and was buried at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, July 2, 1970. Just reading this history brought closer to home my love for Grandma Iverson. [Emotional] Even though I am not [a] blood relative, I always felt very close to her and enjoyed being around her. She was always very frank with me, even though she once in awhile would say something very blunt and tactless, [like] telling me I had put on weight, after giving me a little pat and a squeeze. [Laughter] When she did compliment me I knew that it was a compliment. I knew that everything she said she really meant. [Emotional] She told me many times she loved me. [I] felt that I truly was her granddaughter, and really appreciated that, because of my love for her. [Emotional] I loved doing things for her, going over and combing her hair because she couldn’t reach the end of her long hair. She would sit backwards on a chair and hold her head down. I would comb it so it would come from the back up so she would be able to braid it and wrap it around her head. Those memories are very dear to me. I have many, many letters from her because we kept such a close correspondence because we both wrote the same kind of gabby letters, full of just everyday nothings. It made me feel so close to her. I loved her very dearly and this [history] really helped me to learn more about her because I had never read her history. I am grateful for being a part of the Bundy Family through her. Thank you.

UV: These are some of the memories of Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson [of] her daughters and for myself. I had the privilege of living right next to her for most of my teenage years.

Memories of Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson

by

Letha [May (Iverson)] Dawdy.

“I will start with the morning we left for Mt. Trumbull. Mother was sick. I was only seven years old, so that made the year 1917. I don’t know what was [the] matter with her or why she was sick, but I do remember dad making her take a big swallow of whiskey. We were living just outside of George Baldwin’s ranch in a little two-room house that dad had built.

“This was the first time I remember seeing Grandfather [Hans Peter] Iverson. He had come to tell us goodbye. One of [the things] I remember about the trip was of Lawrence, who was a baby two or three months old. Mother was so sick that she didn’t feel like holding him, so she laid him on a pillow on top of all the [items] that was loaded in the wagon, which was somewhat above the side of the sideboards. She told me to watch him. I remember I was only seven years old and all excited about moving and I didn’t watch him very closely. The wagon hit a bump or rut. Lawrence bounced out of the wagon, down between the back wheels and the wagon bed. The back wheel just missed running over him. I surely got a good scolding and mother had to hold him from then on, sick or not.

“When we got to Mt. Trumbull we [had] to live in the wagon bed. Dad had put up staves on it and stretched a canvas over it. We lived there two weeks while dad hauled lumber off Mt. Trumbull to build a house. It would consist of a dirt floor, boarded sides and a canvas stretched over it for a roof. In one end, he made a rock fireplace. We spent the rest of the summer there, and the winter, while dad hauled lumber off the mountain to build a permanent house.

“Mother was hard of hearing, as you all know. We had the first post office. Dad was gone quite a bit and mother had to be in the post office [while] he was gone. Sometimes she had a hard time understanding the names of the people who came for their mail. So they would write down their names for her. Mother was a good reader, and that is what she liked to do most.

“Mother was a good sport, full of fun. She would cut up, romp and scuffle with the [youngsters] when dad wasn’t home. I remember one time when dad was gone overnight someplace and we [youngsters] were all sitting around the table eating pine nuts. Then we got into a free-for-all over something. We were throwing pine nut shells at each other. Then we got to scuffling and pretty soon mother was in the [middle of] the mix-up and we were all wrestling on the floor. We had mother down there, too. We were all in it except Vern and Verl. They had left home by then, or were married, I don’t remember which.

“One time [when] there was snow on the ground, there was a full moon and a dance was being held at the schoolhouse. We [youngsters] wanted to go. Dad was gone, so we talked mother into walking up there with us. The sky was cloudy over to the west and we were trudging along in the snow. We could hear thunder and

see lightening. That is the only time I can remember seeing lightening in the wintertime.

“I can remember dad wanting mother to cut his hair. She wouldn’t do it because she said she didn’t know how. So he pulled her down on his lap and held her there until she finally gave in and cut his hair.”

UV: [Laughter]

UV: “One time mother was making me a dress [for] some occasion. I didn’t much like way she was making it and was complaining about it. So she got up from the sewing machine, threw it at me and said, “Do it yourself.”

UV: [Laughter]

UV: “That is how I learned to use a sewing machine and how to sew. I remember the afternoon my brother, Lawrence “Dale,” was born. We were living in a two-room house dad had built on the Upper Muddy River. The older boys were in school. Dad told me to keep Eva and George in the kitchen, which I tried to do. Isaiah and Annie Cox came by in their wagon and asked if there was anything they could do. I gave dad the message through the closed door. He told me to tell them that everything was fine, he didn’t need any help, so they went on their way. Mother got along fine having the baby with dad’s help. The older boys came home from school and we all gathered around the bed to pick out a name. We almost named him Richard, but finally settled on Lawrence. That poor little cuss got called everything but Lawrence, as you all know.”

UV: [Laughter]

UV: “I got ahead of my story because I remember the night George was born. We were living on the northeast side of the big warm springs in a tent at that time. [This was near the Baldwin Ranch in Upper Muddy Valley, where the Warm Springs resort was established years later.]

“Aunt Annie [Emma Rean (Iverson) Whipple, Peter Martin Iverson’s younger sister] came from Las Vegas to stay with us to help mother. She was a young lady at that time. She and I slept together out in the yard. I guess all the boys were sleeping on the ground. Eva was most likely sleeping with Aunt Annie and me. In the night I woke up and heard a baby crying, and said, “Oh, “mama” has a new baby.” I started to get out of bed to go in the tent to see about it, but Aunt Annie wouldn’t let me go in. When the baby was a week or two old, mother was sitting outside in the warm sunshine holding [him] in her arms. I came up to her and kept asking her to let me hold the baby. Mother kept telling me I was too little to hold him, but I kept pleading with her. Finally, she put him in my arms and said to stand right beside her. As soon as I had got the baby in my arms I started to back

away from her and stumbled over a big rock that was behind me. Boy, did I ever catch it. I don't remember ever getting to hold him again."

UV: [Laughter]

Memories of Lillie Belle (Bundy) Iverson
by
Eva Marie (Iverson) Hill], daughter

UV: "Lillie Belle was a very religious woman. She had a sincere belief in prayer. I'm sure prayer helped her through many hard and trying times. Lillie loved her children and especially loved babies. She was kind and very patient. She was very willing to help everyone and to share whatever she had, as every one of her relatives know. We lived some three miles from the meeting house and as we grew up into young adulthood, we girls wanted to go to all the dances. After asking my father's permission we were allowed to go, but mother had to go with us. We usually had to walk. So after spending a hard day at daily duties, mother had to walk those three miles with us.

"Since mother was real hard of hearing we children would take advantage of her, namely grumbling some remark when we did not want to do some chore she may have asked us to do. Since she didn't hear us we got off with things that were not always as respectful as [we] should have been.

"As a pioneer in many places they lived, she did not always have too many of the necessary things of life, but she taught us children how to make rugs and quilts from worn clothing. Mother loved to sew quilt blocks together. She was a fairly good singer. As a child I can remember seeing her at the sewing machine sewing quilt blocks together and singing at the top of her voice.

"Everyone [who] knew Lillie loved her. After "pa" died, mother lived at the ranch at Mt. Trumbull, never seeming to be afraid of anything, even though she could not hear. I remember her telling of her experiences when there alone, of two young men coming to her door and telling her through her hearing aid that they had just landed their small airplane down in the pasture where dad used to farm. They felt they may be able to fix the problem, but since it was near sundown, could she put them up for the night? If I remember right, I think she said she did feel somewhat uneasy, but nonetheless, she made them welcome. The next morning they were able to fix their airplane and took off into the wild blue yonder. How many of us would have been that brave? There was nothing else she couldn't do."

Memories of Lillie Belle [(Bundy) Iverson]
by
Ruby [Claudine (Meecham)] Iverson, sister-in-law

UV: “She made quilts by the score for all of her nieces, nephews, grandchildren, even great-grandchildren and friends. She was always ready to feed anyone who came to her door. After she moved to St. George, she had many relatives come to her home and stay when they came to St. George. She spent many hours doing temple work, which she loved to do. She could write the longest, newsiest letters of anyone I ever knew. She was a beautiful writer. Whenever any of the children got a new book, they always went to grandma to have her write their name in [it] for them. She did it so well. She made her own lye soap. She was a neat, clean housekeeper. She always was so particular about herself and her dress and her beautiful long hair. Her motto was “Waste not, want not” and believe me, she never did waste.

“She was so appreciative of anything anyone ever did for her. The Iverson grandchildren living next door to her could always count on a slice of good whole wheat bread with cream and sugar on it, whenever they went to her house. She was an honest tithe payer. She kept the *Word of Wisdom*, and made many donations, both to the Bundy and Iverson family organizations for genealogy research.”

Some of the things I can remember about grandma when I was growing up and going to school: lots of times dad was working, wasn’t home and I wanted to go to a show or out on a date or something like that. I didn’t have any money, so I would go down to grandma’s and chop wood or grind wheat. She had a hand-grinder to grind wheat. I would grind that for her and she would pay me. I think lots of the fun I had as a teenager I could thank grandma for, because she was the source of my income for a lot of my dates.

[END OF TAPE – SIDE ONE]

UV: Singing: *I Need Thee Every Hour*. I will get you started, but up here I lose my voice.

*I need thee every hour most precious Lord
No tender voice like thine can peace afford.*

*I need thee, oh I need thee, ev’ry hour I need thee!
O bless me now my Savior; I come to thee!*

UV: Before I start this let me say this to you. This past year or year and a half I took some time, did some research and wrote a history on some of the various ancestors I have. If you want to get to know and love your ancestors, take some time and write your own version.

“Roy Bundy was born April 7, 1885 on a homestead in Dawson County, Nebraska, the second child and first son of Abraham and Ella [(Anderson)] Bundy. He was eight [years old] when his mother was baptized in the Mormon

Church. [He] experienced the isolation and persecution resulting from their association with the church in that part of the country. The family moved from Nebraska to Bunkerville, Nevada, arriving in August, 1895. Here he was baptized the following month on September 3, [1895] in the Bunkerville canal containing muddy water.

“Shortly thereafter the family moved to Beaver Dam, Arizona, where he spent his early teen years. Life was difficult and times were hard in Beaver Dam. It was there he first met Doretta Marie Iverson, his wife of the future.

“[Roy] and his family relocated in the beautiful mountains of Mexico in the spring of 1901. The trip covered approximately 740 miles and took a period of six months. About seventy miles from their destination the family came down with typhoid fever.

“While the family was living in Mexico, Roy returned to Arizona to visit his older sister living in Littlefield [Arizona]. At Littlefield he recognized the younger sister to his brother-in-law had developed into an attractive young lady. She captured his heart. On September 5, 1907, following a period of correspondence, Roy made another trip from Mexico and married Doretta Marie Iverson in the St. George Temple. Doretta was the fourth child of [the] second wife, Julianna Johannah Dorotea Christensen, [of] Hans Peter Iverson. Her parents both joined The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] in Denmark and migrated to America. In seeking relief from the pressures of the law as a polygamist, Hans Peter was directed to the banks of the Virgin River at Littlefield, Arizona.

“Though free from the law, life on the river was difficult and discouraging, as the river rose and fell, taking crops and buildings. Hans Peter questioned on many occasions, why he was led to Littlefield, and each time he concluded that it must have been [so] his children could meet their mates.

“With his new bride, Roy returned to Mexico, where he worked in the mines, and where his first two children were born. They experienced the harshness of Mexico, especially as they [were] driven out at the time of the Mexican Revolution in 1912. They were forced to leave everything behind. As a refugee, Roy heard the whizzing bullets and even looked down the barrels of loaded guns. He was working in a gold mine in a narrow canyon when Pancho Villa’s men opened shooting from the rims.

“When the second order for immediate departure came, Doretta was in San Jose [Colonia San Jose, Sonora, Mexico, a few miles from Colonia Morelos] assisting her sister-in-law Lillie [Belle (Bundy) Iverson], who was expecting her fifth child. She left Mexico on a hot and stormy August day with her two small children, in company with an exiting body of Saints. Roy did not make it out for two or three weeks. He had to walk the distance, hiding during the day and traveling at night. He was united with his wife and two children at a refugee camp at Douglas,

Arizona. From there, they went to LaGrande, Oregon for a short period. It was apple time, and harvesters were needed.

“Following the harvest, Bishop Tom Jones invited Abraham, Roy and their families, to move from Oregon to [Kaolin] Nevada. He indicated they were having success growing melons and vegetables. They lived at Kaolin, now under Lake Mead, for four years. Their third and fourth children were born there. They suffered the hardships of heat, drought and scanty produce. The third year the returns from the crops did not pay the costs. [The] fourth year the profits totaled \$6.00.

“Homesteading had just opened up in a part of the Dixie National Forest [Utah]. After a trip to the area there was considerable excitement to once again relocate in the cooler mountains. Roy and his father [Abraham Bundy] took up their [homestead] claims on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1916, near Mt. Trumbull, Arizona. They made a dugout in the side of a hill and Roy returned [to Kaolin] for his family. He returned with his wife, four children, two cows, a calf, four horses — all they owned.

“On arriving, Doretta asked, “Is there some water we can wash up [in]?” In answer, Abraham, her father-in-law, pointed to a partially filled five-gallon can, saying, “Use it all up now, or save some of it for tomorrow.” That was her initiation to life’s greatest hardship at Mt. Trumbull — the scarcity of water. The following morning the practice of snow melting began, a practice which became a must for survival for both human and animals. They treated water as a precious item. Frequently they melted the snow. Several members of the family bathed in it, followed by mopping and cleaning. Hauling water also became a way of life.

“Roy’s family was the first to move to the valley. His was the first dugout. As others came, his residence became a shelter providing protection and a gathering point. As time passed and the population grew, the first school was built there. Later, Doretta and Roy operated a small store. Wood was cut, hauled to St. George [and] sold. Merchandise was purchased for resale at the small store.

“The country was rugged and filled with many hazards. To survive, the Bundys and their children learned to rely on the Lord. Many a decision was made on promptings of the spirit rather than on logic. Though life was difficult, it seemed to be going relatively smooth.

“The first child born at Mt. Trumbull, Barbara [(Bundy) Carroll] was born September 29, 1917 to Roy and Doretta Bundy. The [Mt. Trumbull] Ward, [St. George, Utah Stake] was organized on November 11, 1928, with Roy being called as the first bishop, a position he held for about twelve years. Six months after being called bishop, on Christmas Day [1928] he had his first attack of rheumatoid arthritis. He suffered greatly with the crippling disease for the remaining thirty years of his life. At first, he hobbled about. As [the disease]

worsened he obtained a wheelchair and used it until it broke down. His children made him a handcart on which he was pulled and pushed about by his children and any others he could enlist. He was carried to and from his cart and later [used] other modes of transportation. Though slowed considerably, his spirit was not daunted. He made knee guards out of old tires and crawled everywhere. During that period of time he attended every [LDS] General Conference in Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County, Utah] for a period of ten years.

“Three years after being crippled his oldest son Iven [Leroy Bundy], age twenty-two, was drowned April 19, 1931 in the Colorado River. Roy had relied heavily on his son, who was his pride and joy. Iven had prepared himself well for a [LDS] mission and was anxious to go. His mission had been delayed as he was needed to help on the homestead. A month before he drowned, on March 15, 1931, he received a mission call and was ordained a [member of the] Seventy. The loss [of Iven] was sore and the adjustment most difficult for Roy. The other children at the time were Bessie, age twenty, Helen, age seventeen, Elmo, fifteen, Barbara thirteen, Clarence, eleven, David, nine, Leah, seven, Newell, five, Juanita, three, and Madge, one. One additional child, Orvel was born November 1, 1933.

“Following the loss of his son, the next two children were girls. The girls were forced to carry heavy responsibilities. As a matter of fact, all his girls learned to work hard. The boys were good help, but as they got older they were taken into [military] service. Roy was always confident in his children. If other adults said a task could not be done, or were not willing to accept it, Roy persisted with his children, until most of the time the tasks were completed.

“An article in the *Utah Farmer* by John [Andreas Widtsoe, an apostle, stated [that] where white sage grew and matured, wheat could also grow. Roy read the article and decided wheat could be grown at Bundyville. Adequate equipment was required. With the assistance of William Rogers, the husband of a schoolteacher, Roy contacted the [United States] Government for a loan and was turned down because he was crippled. Though disappointed, he would not quit. They approached the presiding bishopric [of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] and after considerable red tape, negotiated a loan to the ward and purchased a Case tractor, a plough, grain drill and a small planter. The wheat was planted and the bounties appeared to be great. When time appeared for harvesting a combine was unavailable, and once again, negotiations began for the purchase of a combine. They obtained a \$200.00 loan from the church and purchased a Case combine on time payments. The harvest was saved and the returns were sufficient to pay off the loans from the church. The combine was also paid off in time. Many years the yields were far less than in 1936, but from that time forward, wheat has been a crop grown at Mt. Trumbull. Corn was also grown with varying success. Doretta talked about the twenty-one miles of corn she planted near their house.

“Roy also loved the out-of-doors, to hunt and to fish, a love he acquired as a young man in Mexico. Roy’s latter years were mostly spent in St. George near the [St. George] Temple, but every chance he could get, he returned to Mt. Trumbull, the land he loved so much, where he had struggled for so many years to eke out an existence for his family. Roy passed away July 3, 1959. [He was] a man of strong determination and commitment, a man with a strong testimony and a willingness to serve the Lord. It seemed appropriate to all who knew him that his life was parallel to that of Job during the funeral services.

“Roy was survived by a little old lady called “Rettie” – our aunt or grandmother, loved by all who knew her. [She was] as strong and stable as the rocks upon which she lived and toiled for the most of her life. As warm and refreshing as a warm spring breeze following a long hard winter. The untiring support and undaunted words of wisdom [and] encouragement freely doled out to all who made her acquaintance, changed many a life for the better. None ever left her home hungry. Her life was prolonged for about nine years by the use of a pacemaker which kept her heart beating. She passed away January 21, 1977 and was buried at [the] Mt. Trumbull [cemetery] beside her beloved husband and eternal mate.”

I have asked some of her children to come up and tell an experience if we have time. We [have] time? I asked my mother to come up. I want to read you a description Aunt Barbara wrote about her father. Would you come up? Winona, [Faught, granddaughter of Roy Bundy] do you think you could help her?

“I remember my dad as a tall man with blue eyes, brown hair and very handsome. He must have been every bit six feet or more. Just guessing at his weight would be from 190 to 200 pounds, stout, strong and all muscle. I remember him breaking horses, plowing and planting. On the Fourth of July and the Twenty Fourth of July he liked to pitch horseshoes and see how far he could jump. And he liked to dance.” He probably would have had a good time last night, wouldn’t he?

UV: If you hadn’t got me to start shedding tears, I would have been alright. I’m not going to tell you much about my dad, but he [did] have his funny times, or he thought they were funny, and we did, too. He was a very hard worker. He was a handsome man. He was very religious. Now-a-days, parents are always cautioning their children, drive careful, be careful, but my dad thought his [children] could do anything that he could or anybody else. He thought he could do anything that needed doing, as long as he could do.

The time came that he decided that he needed better transportation than the horses. Uncle Martin had an old car he decided to sell him. Dad went down, I don’t know how he went, but as I remember it, he came back a-driving that Ford and he was pretty cocky.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: We said, “Well dad, how did you learn how to drive a car?” He said, “Oh that is nothing. Anybody can drive a car. They just told me where to push and what to do and I drove it.” He figured his children could do the same thing. He decided that he should teach Helen [(Bundy) Russell] how to drive. [Of] course she had a sneak drive first!

UV: [Laughter]

UV: They were over to the school section and while he was down by the pond or somewhere, she got into the [car]. She said, “I can drive that thing.” So she got in and ran down the hill on it and wobbled along. She got it turned around and back up where it was. Dad come back and she said, “I can drive that thing.” He said, “Alright, you drive it home.” Well, she didn’t want to, but he said, “You can drive it. Now you drive it.” It was one of the first ones. It had three pedals on the [floor]. It was one of the first [cars] with a gas feed. The spark was up by the steering wheel, a brake down below and a clutch. There was a reverse —.

UV: Gears. Those were the gears.

UV: As they were driving up the road, dad didn’t trust her to feed the gas. She could drive. He would feed the gas. She said, “Dad, quit feeding so much gas or I’m going to hit the corner.” He said, “No, you won’t. You just keep on there. You are just doing fine.” She kept saying, “Dad, please don’t feed so much gas.” But he didn’t listen. He knew she could do it. Well, she did — she hit the corner.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: When she hit it, he had her going so fast that he bounced right up over the side and out onto the ground.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: He said, “Whoa! Whoa! Oh! Oh!” They didn’t know whether they had killed him or what, but mama was watching from the house. “Old man White” [James White lived on Mt. Trumbull]. Mama came running. She had the broom in her hand. She was sweeping and Mr. White came down. I don’t know, I guess I was riding behind, how many were there? They helped dad up and he got back in [the car]. [Helen] said, “Dad, I told you not to feed so much gas.”

UV: [Laughter]

UV: He didn’t learn anything [from] that.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: He was always having her drive fast or he did the same thing. One time he was supposed to go somewhere. I don't know how come Helen wasn't ahold of the steering wheel, but he decided he could do it. He went down around the corner and bounced himself out.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: Tipped the car over, I think. Another time they run to his rescue. He was called to go down to [the] [Afton] Snyder place to administer to one of the children who was sick. He got in the car and down the lane he went, as fast as he could go. [He] ran off the road into the wash, so he had to crawl back out. He had no other way to go, so went just a-kneeing it down to Snyders' on his knees. Somebody come to his rescue. He did that a lot of times, but I got a little ahead of my story.

When he came home with the car, we thought: boy that is going to be great. We can have dad take us for a ride. He said, "This is not a fun chariot. This is to use." I think he had to gain a little more confidence. But the road used to go over by grandpa's place [Abraham Bundy] and we had the big cattle over in the school section. He said, "Alright." As I remember it, it was a Sunday afternoon. He said, "Get in the car. Get mama in there. We are going over to the school section." [Of] course he hadn't showed off too much to grandpa and grandma and he wanted them to see how well he was doing. They had a wooden gate just past the house. We [were] almost to the gate and he hollered, "Whoa! Whoa!" As he was a-hollering he was a-pushing on the gas.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: We went through the gate. Smashed that gate! We went on over to the school section. I don't think that was the time he ran into Uncle Ensign [Griffiths' gate, but for a long time, every time he come to a gate, he would holler "Whoa" and step on the gas.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: Another real fun [situation] that we all used to think about and laugh about [was] the school teacher [who] lived at our house. Her name was Mary Sue Gray. We loved her. Aunt Lillie's boy, Verl [Iverson], we always called him "Doc." That is what he went by all the time. I still call him "Doc" if I don't catch myself. Dad had a horse named "Doc." "Doc" Iverson would come up every chance he got to visit Mary Sue. She lived there in the house. This day dad had a big wagon load of grain. He had got it as close to the house as he could get it because he hadn't unloaded it. He was afraid the horses would get into it. He went to bed worrying about it. In the night he heard this noise. All he could think was, the horses [were] in the grain. He jumped out of bed in his long-handles [underwear] and ran around there yelling, "'Doc,' get out of here!"

UV: [Laughter]

UV: “Doc” was just bidding Mary Sue goodnight and bumped against the door. The washbasin stood behind that, so it made quite a clatter.

UV: [Laughter]

UV: I will tell you, “Doc” left!

UV: [Laughter]

[END OF TAPE – SIDE TWO]

UV: Unidentified voice