

**DAVID “DAVE” AMMON BUNDY and
CLIVEN “CLIVE” DAVID BUNDY**

Prior to November 20, 2015

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DAVID “DAVE” AMMON BUNDY
CLIVEN “CLIVE” DAVID BUNDY

David “Dave” Ammon Bundy and his son Cliven “Clive” David Bundy were interviewed prior to November 20, 2015 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by David’s sister and Cliven’s aunt, Helen (Bundy) Russell. They related their experiences living on the Arizona Strip.

[DAVID AMMON BUNDY was born on March 2, 1922 at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, a son of Roy and Doretta Iverson Bundy. He was raised along with his eleven brothers and sisters on a ranch on the Arizona Strip, sixty-five miles south of St. George, Utah. He completed the eighth grade in the public school system at the one-room multi-grade Mt. Trumbull School. He was a veteran of World War II. He married Margaret Bodil Jensen, whose family was among the earliest settlers in Nevada’s Virgin Valley, in the St. George LDS Temple in 1943. He and Bodil raised their seven children on their ranch at Riverside, Nevada, along the Virgin River south of Mesquite. David Ammon was a rancher and stockman all his life and he passed that heritage along to a number of his sons and grandsons. He was a lifelong faithful member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, serving in many callings. He died in 1996.

CLIVEN “CLIVE” DAVID BUNDY was born April 29, 1946 in Las Vegas, Nevada, a son of David Ammon and Margaret Bodil (Jensen) Bundy. He married Jane Marie Brown and they were the parents of six children. That marriage was dissolved and he later married Carol Turner. They are the parents of eight children. He has ranched and raised livestock in the Virgin River Valley and the Gold Butte region of southern Nevada for nearly his entire adult life, maintaining the land holdings and water interests he inherited from his parents. He has been an active member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints since his youth.

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

HR: Okay, get to talking!

DB: Talk a little, “Clive.”

CB: You are the one who is good at telling the stories. I don’t have [any] practice.

DB: [What]?

HR: Get a little practice.

CB: What do you want me to talk about?

HR: Grandpa [Abraham Bundy's] life.

CB: I don't know [anything] about grandpa's life. [Laughter] I can't remember. [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter] I remember one time when we [were] going out to home and grandpa was along. I had Uncle Levi [Iverson] and dad [Roy Bundy] was in the front [seat]. Uncle Levi had a [very] bad sick spell and he bumped him and hollered. So grandpa had to ride in the back [seat]. I don't remember [whether Elmo Aaron] "Frosty" [Bundy] or who else was back in the back with him. [We were] going up Main Street [Valley, Arizona] just before you pull over to Little Tank [and] it was muddy. [The car was] slipping around and went kind of sideways. Grandpa said, "Oh, oh, oh." He was back there with barrels of gas. [Laughter]

DB: You had dad hollering, "Oh oh oh," a lot of times! [Laughter]

HR: Lots and lots of times, yes. [Laughter]

DB: Boy, your poor mother [Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy], you made her walk lots of times, on account of your wild driving. [Laughter]

HR: No, my poor mother wanted to walk and I wouldn't let her. That's what gets me.

DB: Are you going to say anything, "Clive?" See what you sound like on [the tape].

CB: I'm listening. [Laughter]

DB: [What]?

CB: I know what I sound like.

HR: You don't.

CB: I sound different than what I think I sound, I know that.

HR: Oh, yes.

DB: I can't even tell my own voice.

HR: If your voice doesn't sound so different.

DB: Let's see what we [have] here.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CB: Well, [start] talking, Helen.

HR: “Dave,” [start] talking.

CB: I want somebody to tell the story, make sure the story is told out there, about when grandpa left grandma [Ella (Anderson) Bundy] here [in St. George], and went to Mt. Trumbull to die. They sung *God Be With You ‘til We Meet Again*. I always thought I knew that story and the song has always impressed me every time I have heard it. But I would like to hear the story the way it really was supposed to be.

DB: I wasn’t here, but the way I got the story [was] that he left here and went out there. [He] stayed overnight at each one of his [children’s] house. Then they went to church. They went down to Uncle [Peter] Martin [Iverson’s] to have dinner after church. They all ate dinner and when they [were] through eating dinner they were sitting around the table talking. Grandpa said, “Well, I feel a little tired. [I] think I will get up and go in the other room.” He went into the front room and the rest of them sat there. When they got up and left the table he was sitting in there dead.

CB: The first of that story is when he left grandma here in St. George and grandma was too sick to go where —.

DB: She been bedfast for —

CB: So grandpa knew.

DB: — for a couple years at least a year.

CB: The way I heard it, grandpa knew he was going to die.

DB: Yes, I am sure of that.

CB: Grandpa wasn’t sick; grandma was the sick one. Before he left, grandpa went in and knelt down by her bed and they sang *God Be With You ‘til We Meet Again* before he went out on the Arizona Strip. After he [was on] on the Arizona Strip he called all his family together and [inaudible].

HR: Alright. Now this is what Bessie [Bundy) Faught] wrote to me: “I don’t know what to tell you about grandpa and grandma Bundy. I don’t remember ever hearing them call each other anything but “Pa” and “Ma.” I know they loved and understood each other, that the Gospel was very dear to their hearts, especially temple work. I stayed with them [for] awhile in St. George. They were always very good to me. All their neighbors loved and respected them. I believe grandma told me that [this] was the fifth home grandpa had built for her. It wasn’t fancy, but very homey. Since I have been in Virginia I saw a little plaque on the door of a very special home which said, “Houses are made of brick and stone, but homes

are made of love alone.” I have thought of my grandfather’s home in this way. Their life was a humble one. I don’t ever remember them pining because they didn’t have the things or conveniences that other people had. [It] seems to me as I remember, they did their best and let it go at that. They worked hard all their lives and were happy to be able to work. I remember grandpa as being a very kind [man]. He always had a hug for his friends. [As] long as “Ma” cooked him a potato each day, he was quite contented. It didn’t matter if he ate them cold or hot. Grandma was a little fussbudget and always busy. I think the one thing that stands out in my mind most is how they parted. She was sick and in a lot of pain and grandpa knew he didn’t have much time left. He did not want to be embalmed. So they sang the hymn *God Be With You ‘til We Meet Again*. He went back out to Mt. Trumbull to die, which he did in a very short time. Grandma followed soon after. They knew the Gospel was true. They had given up family and friends for it. As far as I know, none of their family ever joined The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]. It was a great life if you don’t weaken. I don’t think their testimony ever weakened. I loved them very dearly. Bessie.”

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

HB: *Some Of the Things I Remember About Grandpa Abraham Bundy and Grandma Ella (Anderson) Bundy* [by] grandson Owen L. Bundy. “Some of the things I remember of grandpa and grandma Bundy were [the] short visits to their little white home in St. George, west of the temple. [I went there] as a boy with dad and mom, Chester [Marion] and Genevieve (Pressley Bundy. One of my first visits was eating breakfast with them. Grandma rushing about fixing Cream of Wheat cereal and serving toast. I guess dad was almost ashamed of me because I couldn’t seem to get enough to eat. [I remember] seeing them walk from the [St. George] Temple arm in arm, Grandpa with his cane in one hand walking in the dirt trail which was later to be a sidewalk. I didn’t know much about the temple, only it was where they went to do baptisms, be married and do work for the dead. I remember arriving in St. George early one morning and saw grandpa tending some small chickens he was raising in the pen south of his home. I can see a tall —

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

HB: “— white bearded man, a large man, not fat, with a cane in one hand and shutting the chicken-wire gate with a board frame, taking what I thought was about five minutes to close the gate. Another time grandpa was watering them, hot chickens, mid-day, with wings spread [and] mouths open. I felt almost as hot, coming in from Mt. Trumbull, then going in the little living room where Grandma Ella was bedfast. [She] seemed to be so happy as we visited. I don’t remember what the occasion was, only for a visit, but I do remember coming in early one morning in dad’s 1941 Ford pickup. Grandpa asked us in for breakfast. Dad said, “We haven’t got time, as we are going to Hurricane [Washington County, Utah] to pick

peaches.' I will never forget turning down breakfast. I guess as a growing boy, I was ready to eat.

"Then I remember when dad and I went to get grandpa to take him to [Mt.] Trumbull with us. He embraced grandma and they sang *Come, Come Ye Saints*. He told grandma he was going home to die. I couldn't believe my ears, but he stayed with us at home for about a week or so. Then he went to Uncle [Peter] Martin and Aunt Lillie [Belle (Bundy) Iverson's and [was] taken sick. I remember him sleeping unconsciously, sitting in the big chair, coughing and yawning as though he was exhausted. He would wake up off and on and recognize various ones. Then one morning dad said, "Take the pickup, I [had] just barely learned to drive, and go to town. Tell them grandpa would be dead by morning." The next morning he sent me back to tell them he was still alive. The third morning he passed away [and] I went again. They had his funeral in the Mt. Trumbull schoolhouse the next day and [he] was buried in the Mt. Trumbull Cemetery.

"Grandma was bedfast, had been for several years, and wasn't able to attend the funeral service. They were a great example of love and companionship, one to the other. Kind and considerate to each other and [to] all those around them."

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DB: You know I can't remember too much about Grandpa, but I remember he had the store out there on the Arizona Strip. I remember one time mom was going to give me and Leah, [my younger sister] some Senna tea. That was the most horrible [drink] you ever took. We decided we would rather have Epsom salts than Senna tea. Mom said, "You will have to go over to grandpa's and get some Epsom salts [at] the store, if you would rather have Epsom salts than Senna tea." So we got on old "Prince" and went over there. Grandpa had that big old Alaskan Husky dog tied up to a tree with an old chain that he could break loose about any time he wanted to get after somebody. He come roaring out there and hit the end of the chain, broke that chain and come a jumping at old "Prince's" throat. [We] children were about scared to death. It seemed like grandpa was a little slow coming out there [to] pull the dog off. [Laughter] But that is about all I remember about out there. I remember going over to his pond watering the horses. He had an old [inaudible] stallion that really used to worry us because we was scared he was going to get after the horses we were on.

Then I remember when they moved to town. I guess they went down to Beaver Dam [Arizona] and lived for awhile. But I remember coming into St. George when they lived there close to the temple and staying [with them]. We would come in with a load of wood, stay overnight, eat with them and dad would go to the temple with them. I remember how hot it used to be when we would come in [the] summertime. We would just about melt and think when the sun goes down it will cool off a little bit. Those old black hills seemed to just suck that heat in all day and poured it out all night.

I remember when I was growing up, I used to try grandpa for strength once in a while. He would get his back up against the building where I couldn't push him around, raise that cane in the air, we would both get a good grip on it and bring that cane down. I just kept looking for the cane to slip in grandpa's hands, but it always slipped in mine first. I would try him two or three times and my hands was so sore I couldn't stand it anymore. [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

DB: The next time I would come in [and] I would try him again. I don't remember for sure if I ever tried him after I was married or not, but I did [a] few days before I was married. I never did make the cane slip in his hand. To me, he was the stoutest man I ever ran into and he was in his eighties then. I don't know just how old he was when he died, but it was not too long before he died when I tried him [the] last [time].

I remember him and grandma going to the temple. They loved to go to the temple. I know she was bedfast for a long time, but I remember her fixing breakfast for me, dad and grandpa [earlier]. I wasn't too fond [of] taters, but dad and grandpa thought they was pretty good dessert.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

HR: The chicken pox or measles or whatever it was, [caused him to] have terrible nose bleeds. So did my [children]. Brother Riddle [a close neighbor] lived between grandpa and the temple. He had some post-holes, or something, there [that] he needed to be dug. He told [Newell] "Newt" [Alma] Bundy, [my younger brother], that he would give him \$.50 a post-hole. "Newt" dug the post-holes and I guess one of them he didn't get down quite as far as he [thought] it should be dug. Brother Riddle paid him \$.25 [for that hole]. When he came back over, grandpa said, "Did you get your money?" "Newt" said, "Yes, I guess I got it." He said, "How much you get?" He said, "Twenty-five cents." He said, "You were to get \$.50." He said, "Well, he said that I didn't —." He said, "He is going pay you that \$.50." He went over there [laughter] and got after Brother Riddle for not paying him what he told him [he would]. Brother Riddle called him over and give him the rest of the money. But grandpa wasn't going to have Brother Riddle cheating him. [Laughter]

[END OF TAPE RECORDING]