

Interview with
JANE SMITH

May 22, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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JANE SMITH

Jane Smith [pseudonym] was interviewed on May 22, 1968 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. She related her personal history of living in various parts of Utah, Arizona and Mexico.

FH: Would you please give your full name?

JS: [My name is] [REDACTED].

FH: [What is] your birth date?

JS: [I was born] December 1, 1887.

FH: [Where were you born]?

JS: [I was born at] Washington [City], Washington County, Utah.

FH: [What was] your father's name?

JS: My father's name was Hans Peter Iverson.

FH: [What was] your mother's [full] name?

JS: [Her name was] Juliana Johanna Dorothea (Christensen) Iverson.

FH: Can you tell some [events] of your early childhood? [Maybe] you would like to talk about your parents first.

JS: My parents were wonderful people. My father had three wives. [familysearch lists four wives: Anna Dorothy Dorotea Nissen – Ann Marie Christensen – Juliana Johnanne Dorteia Christensen – Dorothea Carolina Johanna Evers]

When he first heard the gospel [of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] in Denmark, he joined the church and stayed over there on a [LDS] mission for four years. He brought a girl [Anna T. Nissen] with him to America. I think they were married in Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. I am sure they were and they moved to Mt. Pleasant [Sanpete County, Utah]. Brigham Young called for volunteers to come to Dixie [St. George] to [grow] cotton, so my father moved down and settled in Washington [City]. He helped build the [Cotton] Factory in Washington [City] and [grew] cotton. He had six children.

He said he was prompted night and day to go back on another [LDS] mission. It seemed as though he [couldn't] get any rest so he spoke to President Brigham Young and told him he would like to go on another mission. As soon as the mail came down, he received a call to go on a mission. He immediately tried to arrange to go within a short time. He stayed there on [that] mission for three years. My aunt "Dora" [Dorothea Caroline Johanna Evers] was a German. She lived on a little plot of land that the Danish [people] had taken from the Germans. He [found] Aunt "Dora" there.

My mother was from Denmark. When he was giving his last talk in church [he] sat down [and] a voice spoke to him and pointed out my mother to him. [The voice] said: take her home with you. He tried to shun it, but [the voice] came to him three times. So he wrote a note and, as he went out [of church], he handed it to my mother. [He] told her to read it and give him an answer. He said she had no time to hesitate [laughter] and she said she would [go with him]. When she [went] home, she said to her parents, "I am going to America." Her mother asked who she was going with and she said, "Brother Iverson." Do you want all this?

FH: Yes.

JS: The next day her father took her to where the immigrants were leaving. On the way [over] on the ship my father got seasick. He was seasick most of the way across. Mother [spoke] Danish and Aunt "Dora" [spoke] English and neither one knew his plans or their plans. Father didn't see much of them on the way across because he was sick most of the time. I don't remember how they got from New York to Salt Lake [City]. When they [arrived in] Washington [City], he hadn't written or told Aunt "Annie" [Anna T. Nissen] a thing about bringing these girls home. While he was gone [on his mission], she gave birth to his seventh child. This was Aunt Anna. They had diphtheria and different children's diseases [in those days] and she lost the three youngest of her children.

FH: She was living here in Washington [City] and waiting for him.

JS: She received my mother as [a plural wife] because she was from the same country, but Aunt "Dora" was from Germany and there was a little [animosity] between the Germans and the Danish at that time. They were both married and sealed to him, [but] not at the same date.

FH: [So] he had three wives?

JS: Yes, three wives and twenty-one children. Each [wife] had seven children.

FH: [Did] this home life have a strong effect on your life?

JS: Well, no.

FH: You don't [think] it did? Then tell about it. Why [didn't it]?

JS: Aunt Anna had daughters there in Washington [City] and she said to my father [that] the young children needed a father with them all the time. Several years after they were married [she said], "I will live with my daughter and you take care of your young families."

My father bought a small farm out a mile east of Washington [City] and it was known as Duck Pond. I don't know whether my father gave it that name or not. He had a reservoir on the place and a little spring. He stored water there and farmed. [He] had an orchard, a garden and [grew] wheat. He owned a very small house. My mother and Aunt "Dora" [Dorothea Evers] lived together. I guess that was kind of hard [laughter] two young families growing up together, but they did and they loved each other very much. [They] got along fine until [the children] got up [in years] and quarreled.

The [federal] marshals [were] keeping him busy. The men had to hide whenever a black top buggy came from the north. They knew it was the [federal] marshals. One man would let the others know [by] sending word [that] the [federal] marshals [were] coming so they would hide. My father was hiding [most] of the time. When [the situation was] so bad, he went to Colorado and worked for two or three years.

He was thinking [the situation would have] died down when he [returned], but they were still after him as quick as he got back. They would come around early in the morning [and] late in the evenings [as] he would surely be home doing the chores. The [federal] marshal asked my brother, "Where is your daddy?" He said, "I don't know! Hiding around in the [bushes] some place." He would talk part Danish and part German. [Laughter]

One day my father was at my grandfather's [Jeppe Iverson] place for dinner. The [federal] marshals came in and said, "Is this where Mr. Iverson lives?" My grandpa said, "Yes, this is my home." My father spoke up and said, "I am the man you are looking for." They served papers on him and father said, "When must I be there?" He had to go up to Sanpete County someplace. Grandfather said he would [go] up there [with him] on a certain date. Father said, "No need of that. You don't need to make an extra trip. I will be there".

While he was there he couldn't be sitting in jail [so] he [asked] for some work to do. They [had] him herding the cows and doing the chores outdoors. There were times the train would go by and [the riders on the train] would see him out there in his striped [clothing]. [The engineer] would slow down and motion for him to come [over to the train]. [The riders said], "He [didn't] want to come. He is crazy, we will leave him there."

FH: [Did] he serve his time?

JS: Yes, he served his time. When he came home the [federal] marshals wanted them to leave their wives. One time father had a dream. He saw his place and he dreamed that he moved my mother there. Months later, he was over in St. George at a [church] conference [meeting] and he heard the news. The bishop from Bunkerville [Nevada], Bishop [Steven] Bunker, gave his report from Littlefield [Arizona]. That struck father that must be the place, the town we were going to. He got his outfit ready, loaded it up, and without going down to look at [the place], took mother. I remember my brother [Willard Iverson], just older than me, we coaxed [our father to let us] sleep in the wagon the night before we left [because] we were anxious to go for a ride, like all [children]. I was only three years old at that time.

When we got down to Beaver Dam [Arizona], there were a bunch of sheep they were gathering there to build a campfire for supper. It was after sundown and they told my father which way to go to get to Littlefield. There was a sand hill and he had to go up around a slant to go up the hill. He told us we could walk up the foot trail straight up. Father told my mother to walk up there and take us, my brother and me. He left my oldest brother [Martin Iverson] in Washington [City] to do the chores there. We climbed up the sand hill [to the] top and it was dusk, [very] dark by that time. We couldn't hear a sound because there weren't any rocks there, nothing but sand, so we just headed across the hills. It was getting darker all the time. My brother said, "Let's rake some brush down. I am sleepy." Mother didn't know what to do or which way to go [as] we could still see the sheep camp down off the hill so she said we would go back down there. The sheep men got their horses and took us [children] on the horses. Of course, mother had to walk. When we got halfway over that sand hill, we met Henry Frehner and Sammy Reber on horses. [They] came to meet us. They took us on their horses. I set up [a] big squall because they were strangers taking me. Mother said, "I will walk right beside you." [Inaudible] when daddy gets home." When we got there, we went to Sammy Reber's home. They had two children about the same age as my brother and [me]. They were standing [at] one side of the fireplace. I can still see them. Am I making this too long?

FH: No, go ahead.

JS: We got acquainted there. There was a small house up on the hill, right above town. I don't remember the people [who] owned the house, [but] we moved into that [house]. We had to carry the water up the steep sand hill and rocks. The ditch ran to the foot of the hill. We had to go down and get the water and carry it up. It was quite a job [to do this] for all of our household water. Sometimes we would get kind of dry because it would be quite a job. That was in March and my younger brother [Victor Iverson] was born June 4, [1891] after we got back. My father dug a dugout into the side of the hill and we lived in that for a couple of years. It wasn't so hot and was closer to [the] water. We had land right across the ditch where the garden was [planted]. My brother Levi [Iverson] was born in this

dugout. Three years later father built a rock house across the ditch and my baby sister [Annie Iverson] was born there.

My father farmed and he was [a] rock mason. There are houses in Bunkerville and Littlefield still standing that he built. One time he was on the scaffold and stepped off and sprained his ankle. He was laid up for months. We only had the one room dugout so father had to be on the bed most of the time.

FH: He built homes for other people, but you still didn't have one.

JS: No, [we didn't].

FH: Do you regret that kind of experience?

JS: No, I wouldn't take the world for it!

FH: How do you feel about your parents? Was your father good to you?

JS: I will tell you what I thought about my father. I would go to Sunday school and hear stories about Jesus. Bishop Bunker, I thought the world of him. I thought Jesus came first, my father came next and [then] Bishop [Bunker]. [Emotional]

FH: You really had a lot of respect for him. How did you feel about your mother? Did she have a hard life?

JS: She had a hard life, but she was as good as gold.

FH: She didn't complain, did she? How did you get [your education]?

JS: There was a little one-room rock schoolhouse where I [received] my [education].

FH: About how much [education] did you get at that time?

JS: We only had one teacher in the school. I didn't go through the eighth grade.

FH: You got most of it up to that level though. That was about normal for the circumstances.

JS: Yes.

FH: Tell what happened to you in the next few years. How old were you when you [were] through with that much [education]?

JS: I don't remember.

FH: How long was it after that [when] you met the man who was to become your husband? [Was it] quite awhile [later]?

JS: It was about fourteen or fifteen years [later]. Abraham Bundy joined the church in Nebraska. They moved [here] and lived on the Beaver Dam about a mile above Littlefield. They had children our age and that made [some] lively times. We had nice dances, [went] to school [together] and in the evenings we would play games.

FH: What kind of games did you play?

JS: We didn't have any room in the house to play so we would get out and play Steal Sticks or Run-Sheep-Run, games like that. For our recreation and school holidays we would go up to the Beaver Dam cottonwood groves and [make] swings. There was a creek [Beaver Dam Creek] of water running down there and [it] always had delicious watercress.

FH: Would you eat that [with] your lunch?

JS: [Yes], with our lunch. On the Fourth of July the whole town would go up there [to] celebrate and have dinner. We had good times as well as hard times.

FH: Did you ever dance?

JS: Yes, we would dance in the schoolhouse.

FH: What [kind of] music did you have?

JS: Our music wasn't the type we have [now], but there was a man [who] lived down [on] the Virgin River from Littlefield, his name was John Hancock. He had a family of small children. He would leave in the afternoon to drive up in a wagon and bring his family and he would play until midnight for \$.50.

FH: What instrument did he play?

JS: [He [played] the accordion.

FH: Were you able to dance [to] the accordion music?

JS: Yes. On New Year's night, the young folks wanted to have more dances than they generally had, they would dance until morning. He would play all night long for \$1.00. Money was scarce [in] those days.

FH: Of course, money bought more then than it buys now. It sounds like you had a lot of fun, though.

JS: We did.

FH: With all that fun, did you have a lot of hard work too?

JS: I forgot about that!

FH: You forgot about that? [Laughter]

JS: After they cut the grain, my two sisters near my age, one a little younger [Amanda Iverson] and another a little older [Stella Iverson], we would go out and glean. We would glean, bring the grain home at night, thrash it out, fan it out and get it nice and clean. As long as gleaning [time] lasted, we would work there. My father gave us \$.015 a pound for the grain. He wanted it clean because he wanted it for seeding grain. I remember the next year after he planted the grain, we had clean grain. The men from Bunkerville would come up and buy their seed grain from him. We had quite a few people buy [seed grain].

FH: That was a good service as well as a way to make extra [money].

JS: [Laughter] I remember the first dress I ever had that [was made from] material bought out of a store. [It] was a dress that I bought with [the] money I sold my grain for, a Fourth of July dress.

FH: About how much would a dress like that cost?

JS: [It would cost] a couple of dollars. [The] lace to trim it was about two yards for \$.05. I thought [it] was nice. [Inaudible]

FH: Who made the dress?

JS: My mother and I [made it].

FH: [Did you do it] all [by] hand?

JS: No.

FH: Did you have a treadle [sewing] machine?

JS: [Yes], [a] treadle machine.

FH: [Did] you attend church activities, Primary, religion class and Sunday school?

JS: Yes.

FH: What else did you do in the way of church activities?

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

JS: The superintendent asked me if I would teach a Sunday school class. I didn't think I could, but he said he was sure I could. I taught [a] Sunday school class from then until I [was] married.

FH: Will you tell a little bit about your courtship and marriage?

JS: I started to tell you about the Bundys moving in [to the area]. They lived on the Beaver Dam for several years and then they moved to Mexico. The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] bought land down there and built colonies in Mexico. My oldest brother, Martin, went with the oldest Bundy girl [Lillie Belle]. A couple of years after the Bundys moved to Mexico, Martin went to Mexico to get this girl. [They] married and moved back up to St. George. [They were] married in the [St. George] Temple. After they had been there for some time [the] oldest boy, Roy Bundy, came up to see his sister [and to] see the old place he had left. Of course, we —.

FH: Is that when it happened? [Laughter]

JS: That is when it happened. [Laughter] My brother [Martin] and his wife [Lillie Belle (Bundy)] lived up [in] Moapa [Valley, Nevada], the Upper Muddy Valley we use call it. He had [been] working there, so [when] Roy came up to see his sister we got acquainted. [This was] after they had been married in St. George a couple of years. [We] had lots of fun!

FH: How long was your courtship before you got married?

JS: I was eighteen [years old] when he came up [on that trip]. He went back and my brother [Martin] went back with him to Mexico. In two years he came back and we were married in the St. George Temple.

FH: Were you writing letters during that time?

JS: Yes.

FH: Where did you go to live when you [were] married?

JS: We went down to Mexico.

FH: Tell about that.

JS: We didn't have much to start [out] on. When we got down as far as Bisbee, Arizona, my brother [Martin] and my husband stopped there and worked in the [copper] mines in Bisbee. We stayed there a couple months and then went on to [Colonia] Morelos [Sonora] Mexico. We didn't have much to start [with]. When I

[was] married, my younger sister [Annie], we didn't have showers in those days like they have now, but she gave me a set of pretty glasses. My husband said, "How are we going to keep these glasses separated so we know which is yours and which is mine." He had an idea — he said, "When one breaks, that will be yours." [Laughter] He had a phonograph that he bought before we [were] married. When we got into Mexico, we needed a milk cow so he traded his phonograph for a milk cow.

FH: [What was] the date of your marriage?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

JS: We were married September 5, 1907 in the St. George Temple.

FH: Did you go immediately to Old Mexico [right] after you were married?

JS: Yes, we did.

FH: Where in Old Mexico? [What] was the name of the place?

JS: [It was Colonia] Morelos, Sonora, Mexico.

FH: What did you find after you got into Mexico? What were your living conditions?

JS: My husband's brother [James Bundy] had bought a lot or a block [of land]. It had a small two-room rock house [on it]. One room had adobes put down or brick for a floor, the other [room] didn't have [anything] but loose dirt. I made a hard floor out of [it] with a little water. It had poles across the top [of the roof] and [the] reed canes and dirt on [top of] that. [There were] not any windows.

FH: What about a door?

JS: It had a door.

FH: How did you keep warm when the weather was cold?

JS: It had a fireplace in it and I tacked cloth up for the windows.

FH: How did he make a living? Was it kind of tough at first?

JS: It was kind of tough, but my husband got work to buy household furniture; we didn't have much of that. [Laughter] My dishes were kind of laughable. My mother-in-law, [Ella (Anderson) Bundy] was a very nice lady. She went with me to the store to get utensils to use. I remember I bought two or three granite iron plates, white plates and old metal knives and forks. I bought a couple of them and spoons. I had a frying pan, so you see I didn't have very [many] dishes. I

remember my mother-in-law felt kind of embarrassed. She was well-acquainted with the storekeepers; but she said I was a very saving girl and I didn't have any more money to spend. She gave me a dozen chickens and we traded the phonograph for a cow! [Laughter]

FH: You had a cow with milk and chickens with eggs! Soon things started to [change].

JS: My father-in-law [Abraham Bundy] was quite a gardener and he [grew an] early garden [of] peas, onions and radishes. I would help the girls pick the peas in the morning. People would come there and buy [peas] for dinner.

FH: Did you irrigate?

JS: Yes, [we would] irrigate.

FH: Was irrigation a common thing there or was it something that the Mormons [brought] with them?

JS: I think it was the Mormons [who brought] it with them because —.

FH: The rest of the native people didn't do the irrigating then.

JS: No. We had plenty of peas while springtime [came]. I remember we didn't have any refrigerators down there. Nothing [was] very convenient, but there was a piece of brick out of the wall that left a little cupboard. I had a curtain hung up [over] that. I remember one day I had a bowl of peas left after dinner so I put it in the cupboard. About this time in the afternoon, I decided I would have a dish of peas. I took a dish full of peas and started eating them. I remembered I didn't have any pepper. After I had eaten a bit, I noticed some little black specks in [it] and I looked closer and [there] were little fly worms. They hatch in a hurry! I guess [for] twenty years I couldn't eat or stand to look at peas. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] That was too bad because that was something you could grow there. [Laughter]

JS: Are you tired?

FH: That is alright. You go ahead and tell more about what happened after this. Tell about your husband making a living and what happened to you in Mexico.

JS: Mexico was a wonderful country.

FH: You liked it there. How long did you stay?

JS: [We stayed] about four or five years.

FH: Why did you leave there?

JS: [We left] because of the trouble with the Revolution in Mexico.

FH: How [did] this affect you? What happened [to] start this?

JS: We had plenty of meat because my husband would go in the hills anytime and get a deer. [Or he] would go up the river and come back with a sack full of fish. He used to love to do that. He would get his horse, take a couple of gunny sacks, go up the river and come home with [fish]. He would scatter fish all along [the way] coming home.

FH: He gave some to everybody?

JS: [To] everybody! So we all fared well. [Inaudible] There was a mine, the El Tigre [Gold] Mine [in Sonora, Mexico], that was up in the mountains. [It was] twenty five or thirty miles [from our home]. He got a job up there.

FH: Who owned [and] operated the mine? [The] Mexicans?

JS: No, they hired mostly Mexicans.

FH: Was [it] owned by the Mormon settlers?

JS: No, not the Mormons, the whites. My husband and his brother. [James] "Jim" [Bundy] got jobs up there. One day my sister-in-law [Chloe Geneva (Van Leuven) Bundy] said, "Let's go visit them up at the mine." Her brother, Lafayette Van Leuven , got horses and took us up there. It was a hard ride [up a] steep mountain dugway. My oldest daughter [Bessie], [our] second child, [was] seven or eight months old. [She was] at the age [where it] was hard to hang on to them, but I carried her. My sister-in-law had [a child who] she carried too, but we got up there okay [and] we had a nice time there.

FH: Were these two children that you carried [fairly] good-size?

JS: Yes, they were six or eight months old. When we were ready to [come] back, my husband said he didn't have any idea that we could make it up there. "How about coming back up and staying this winter?" Of course, I had to come home and get clothes and my little boy that I had left with my mother. I came back up.

FH: What [kind of] living facilities did you have?

JS: I lived in a big, long apartment house. There [were] Mexicans [who] lived in those rooms. I had two rooms by myself and I made friends with the Mexican ladies. They were very nice and treated me fine. They would bring me in some of their Christmas cookies and I would give them some of mine.

FH: Did Roy make [fairly] good money working at the mine?

JS: Oh, [fairly] good for those days.

FH: Actually, [did] you have things [fairly] good while he was working there?

JS: Yes. He didn't work in the mine. He worked in what they call the toot mills. They had great big tanks and [would] crush rocks through and run it into the toot mills, make mud out of it, put cyanide in it and it would separate the gold from the mud.

FH: [That] was a preliminary process of getting the gold out of the ore.

JS: Then the Revolution broke out down there. I don't remember what year that was. [The Mexican Revolution started in 1910.] When they started fighting, we could see the main part of town a mile up the canyon. We could see the rebels on one side and the others on the other side and we could hear their shooting, firing back and forth.

FH: Were you frightened?

JS: No. My husband had a spy glass and [went] out [to] the woodpile and laid there and watched it. They came to get what they could out of the mine. They built bricks after they separated the gold out. They made 100 pound bricks. When the fighting started, they took these bricks and threw [them] into a big tank of water to hide from the rebels. The rebels came down and got all the provisions they wanted out of the store. A local Mexican told them where they put the brick. They ran the cyanide water all out on the ground down the canyon and got the brick, but they had no way to haul it out, only by burro. Two bricks were almost too heavy for a little burro and one [brick] wouldn't stay on [the burro]. In the rush to get out of the steep canyon they [were rushing] the burros and months later they found where [the burros had] wandered off in [the canyon] and died with the bricks on their back.

FH: Did you keep living there?

JS: No, I was there for a couple of weeks [afterwards]. I was the only white woman there. The bishop in [Colonia] Morelos (that was the town we lived in) sent horses up there [and said] I better come home. Brother McCall was a man [who] came up there. [He] brought supplies of eggs, chickens and garden [items] and sold [them] at the mine. I went home with him. When I came up there I had the two children, one in my arms and one on the back of the horse on the saddle. When he [Ivan] would get sleepy, Brother McCall would take him on his horse. The people in [Colonia] Morelos were looking for the rebels to come into town. They wanted my husband to stay up there and work, and bring word down when it looked like they were coming our way.

FH: Was he to be a sentinel or someone to warn them?

JS: Yes. He stayed there, but the rebels came in from a [different] direction. They came into town and made our church and schoolhouse their headquarters. They would kill a cow right on the street [in the] churchyard.

FH: They wanted food and that was how they [secured] it.

JS: That was all. They were a decent bunch of soldiers. They would go around town buying eggs, butter, meat and bread. I remember one day a soldier came to my place. He had a brand new rifle that had [been] smuggled across the line. He was quite proud of it. [He] had a belt [that went] up here and round there. [It was] full of cartridges. He showed me his gun and how fast he could throw the shells out and then he passed [the gun] to me. He thought I would be scared and run, but I took his gun and I threw [cartridges] out as fast as he [did]! He praised me. We tried to be congenial with them and tried to not be afraid because you didn't want to be afraid.

FH: If they knew you were afraid, then they were more apt to bother you.

JS: [Inaudible].

FH: Sure. How long did you stay there in these conditions?

JS: I don't know how long it was.

FH: You [said] you were the only white woman there?

JS: [That was] at the mine.

FH: I see.

JS: It was about a couple of weeks after the rest of the whites had moved out.

FH: [Did] you go down to the village with the rest of them? How far away was that?

JS: [It was] about twenty-five or thirty miles, but [the] mountains were steep.

FH: What were the conditions in the village? Were the [people] safe there?

JS: No, they [weren't], because the rebels came in from the other direction. President [O. P.] Brown was in Douglas, Arizona and was to send us word when it was advisable to move out. There were people with their horses hitched up, ready to leave. [Brother Brown] told my husband that if he stayed up there he would see that his family [was] moved to town. We [received] word [that] we were to leave [and] everybody was ready. We [went] just a little ways out the first night when we [received] word from Brother Brown. He said [there] was no hurry, [but] if

anyone wanted to go out now, it would be alright. Some left and went to the town of Douglas.

FH: About how far was it from there to Douglas? If you can't tell in miles, how much time did it take you to get to Douglas?

JS: It took three or four days. My brother [Martin] lived about ten or fifteen miles above [Colonia] Morelos. He had his home up there [in] another town. He had [grown] a good crop of grain that year and was hauling it to Douglas as fast as he could. He asked me [if] Brown [had] told us there was no immediate hurry to move. He wanted me to stay with his wife while he took a load of grain to Douglas. I was glad to do that because my husband was up at the mine and I was alone there.

We stayed there at [Colonia] San Jose [Sonora, Mexico]; that was where he had his farm [in] a little town up there. There was a Van Leuven family [who] we were well-acquainted with and they had moved their women folks to town. The boys, Lafayette and Cornelius Van Leuven, were gathering their crops as fast as they could, so Martin went to [see] them. They kept an eye on us and we would go over to their place and sleep at night. When Martin [came] back with that load, he moved us back to [Colonia] Morelos where there were more white people. We stayed there [until] the word [came] we had better move out.

I can't think of his name. Huber? When everybody was piling in getting ready, most had their wagons packed for weeks ready to leave, well; he [Huber] brought a one-horse cart. There would have been plenty of room for me if I hadn't had my sister-in-law [Lillie Belle] with me.

FH: How many children did she have?

JS: She had four [children] and I had two [children]. Brother McCall, one of my neighbors, took [our] brother's two oldest boys in his wagon and our bedroll. Another neighbor took a trunk for us. Brother Huber brought his cart over for me and a big, fat, lazy buckskin mare

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

JS: Everybody started before we got in [the wagons]. It was the rainy season of the year and it really rained. My sister-in-law had a baby in her lap. I had one [baby] and two little boys [with me]. Ivan [Leroy], my oldest, and her boy sat down in front by our feet. Big black clouds [were] rolling up from the south and the wind started blowing. We could hear the thunder roaring and not a wagon [was] in sight.

FH: Had everybody gone on ahead of you?

JS: Yes. We held an umbrella up for awhile until the wind started blowing. [Then] there was no need [for it]. She had the whip and I pushed on the lines and we ran home as fast as we could over that rough road. Down by the sacaton grass we held the horse back. There would be chuck holes. Soon it started to rain [again] and the little boys crawled under the seat. [Laughter] We didn't have very much wrapping [blankets] because we didn't need [them] while the sun was shining. We didn't have the room [anyway], so we got a good bath. We got up about ten miles or so [to] the Lillywhite boy's big farm. [They grew] a lot of grain and [had] just [finished] threshing. They had a big shed there [where] they threw the straw. It made a shelter or a good roof and shelter on two sides anyway, with straw. The first people [who arrived] got under there and were nice and dry. When we [arrived], we drove our outfit right along side Brother McCall's [wagon]. He got a canvas and stretched [it] across from one wagon to the other. The new wheat and grass was up knee high. We [took] dry straw and made our beds. We slept alright that night. It rained all night on the people who slept under the shed all night.

FH: [Was that] because the [rain] went right through the straw? [Laughter] You had a better bed than they did.

JS: Oh yes, we didn't suffer at all. We were wet when we crawled in, but we dried out. [Laughter]

FH: [Was] the temperature cold?

JS: No, it was summertime. You are tired of this.

FH: No, this is fine. We are doing fine.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

JS: They set up a tent town.

FH: [This] was at Douglas.

DB There was only two places in town where they had piped water so there was quite a bit of carrying water. I had two of those little [United States] Army tents [and used] one for the bedroom and one for the kitchen. My sister-in-law had the same [arrangement], but I think she had three [tents]. We had a big tent where we [held] church [meetings].

FH Did you stay here for quite awhile?

JS: I was there a month or so.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: [During this] month in Douglas [was] your husband still back there at the mine?

JS: Yes. A lot of Mexicans were working there and my husband worked with them. He was the overseer of a bunch of the men. It was the first of September when the fighting commenced. He was a mile or two down the canyon from town and [didn't] have his bedroll and food. He was going to build a fire. They said they couldn't go back to town because the rebels [were] there, but they wouldn't let him build a fire. It [was very] cold [and] he probably was suffering. He [had] a bullet [shot] through his hat.

FH: Wow!

JS: [Inaudible] shooting all around. I don't know how long he stayed there, but he slipped away [one] night and came down to [Colonia] Morelos. Of course, he didn't know the people had left [Colonia] Morelos.

FH: He had to travel at night time to avoid them.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

JS: He got out to his father's home. Before we left, we took some of our [possessions that] we treasured the most and put them under the floor. But before he got to the house, there [were] clothes strung outside. He picked up pictures of his father and mother out in the street. [The rebels] ransacked the place and made him feel [very] bad, but he overcame that. I don't think he went to our home; he got out of there. He hid in the cornfields in the daytime and traveled at night.

FH: If they had caught him, [would] they have probably killed him?

JS: I don't know. They wouldn't have if they had been Americans.

FH: [Did] he know where you had gone?

JS: He [came] to camp and found us. Life wasn't very easy there because people from Douglas, I don't know if they were [from the American] Red Cross or [not], but they came in the name of the [American] Red Cross. [They] would go around Douglas and take up collections for us poor people out there. [They] put stories in the newspapers. If they took up any collections, they didn't bring [any of] it to us. [Laughter] They would come and want to take pictures and that didn't sit very [well]. We weren't fixed for pictures.

My husband came in the evening when he got there. "I have lice," he said. "I had to sleep wherever I could." So we had to doctor him. He went to town and found a home where he could move us. I don't remember how long we lived there. His father and mother left Mexico two years [earlier] and went to La Grande, Oregon. He had it in his mind that he was going to go where they were. The [United

States] Government gave all the refugees a pass to go any place in the United States they wanted to go.

FH: Would they pay your way or help you to get there?

JS: They gave us a pass [and] they paid our way.

FH: They paid your way to wherever you wanted to go.

JS: We went to La Grande, Oregon. Grandpa [Bundy] had a house rented there. It was in the fall and there were lots of apples and potatoes. He had a big basement and we worked and filled the basement full of apples, potatoes and cabbage. We [were] ready for the winter. The boys were used to going into the mountains and rivers [to] fish and hunt for recreation. [There were] big [inaudible] and No Trespassing [signs]. There wasn't any land for sale up there. No country. We [received] word that out in the Muddy Valley [Nevada] The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] had bought a tract of land for people to settle on it. We decided to come back —.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

JS: So we moved down there. I stopped off in Delta [Millard County] as we came through Utah. I had a couple of sisters [Emma and Alvina Iverson] living there so I wanted to visit with them. My husband came on down to Muddy Valley. I stayed with my sisters for a couple of weeks [and] then went down to Muddy [Valley].

FH: What did you find at Muddy [Valley] when you got there?

JS: My mother was living there. The church had built little two-room houses and sold [them] to people [who] wanted to buy there. My mother was there, so I was right at home. We bought part of a block in town. It had a three-room house on it. My husband took a piece of land a couple of miles from town, along the railroad, and we tried to make a living there. We planted cantaloupes; [that] was the main crop then. We worked [growing] cantaloupes and sold them through organizations —.

FH: [A] co-operative sale.

JS: When we got our returns [money for the sale of cantaloupes], we didn't get much more than what [we had] paid for freight and seed. The next summer we planted onions. They grew good. Everything grew good down there. We [grew] a [railroad] car load of onions. We didn't do [well] on those [either]. We made five or six dollars.

FH: My goodness!

JS: It was [very] hot down there in the summertime. My husband, his father and [his] brother [”Jim”] decided [we all would] go up in the mountains for a couple [of] weeks. His brother and father had been freighting ore out of the mountains. It was on the freight road.

FH: How many children did you have at this time?

JS: I had four [children].

FH: What were their names?

JS: Ivan [Leroy Bundy] was my oldest [child].

FH: When was he born?

JS: He was born in Mexico on June 18, 1908. Bessie [Bundy] was born in Mexico [on] August 20, 1910. Helen [Bundy] was born in Kaolin, Nevada [on] November 12, 1913. Elmo [Bundy] was born [on] September 2, 1915 in Kaolin, Nevada.

FH: Where is Kaolin, Nevada?

JS: It is off the map now. [It was] deserted it when Lake Mead [Nevada] was built. We went out in the mountains [where] it was nice and cool. We stayed with the Sturzenegggers. He had a ranch out there [on the Arizona Strip] and sawmill and we camped there. [Clair] Sturzenegger told the boys, “I have a pet deer here and I am guarding [him] besides, the law will get you if you kill a deer.” He kept warning [them] about that. There were a lot of deer out there and we were meat hungry. They spotted the deer. One day they were restless and climbed to the highest peak. [They] looked east and could see the valley and Mt. Trumbull. It was beautiful and green. They wanted to go [there]. They came back to camp that night and told us about it. We had been out there about a week. “Jim” had to get back on his freight road wagon, so he took the outfit back to Kaolin. They came in around St. George and [this] was in March.

The boys went to St. George and saw what the place looked like. Grandpa [Bundy] and my brother, Martin, and “Jim,” [had been] out to see the place before. They said there were places where their feet dug [in] the grass when they were on the horse. They staked out a place they thought they wanted. Grandpa stayed there until the boys came back. When we [went] out, [it took us] five or six days [to make] the trip. The roads coming up the mountain [by] The Grand Gulch [Mine], [were] rough. I walked most of the way up the mountain carrying my baby [Elmo]. He was a year and a half old.

[It was] sundown by the time we got to the valley where [we would] take up our homestead. Grandpa was glad to see us because he had been there two or three weeks and hadn’t seen a person. I said, “Grandpa, where can I find some water?”

Look at the [children]; they haven't had a bath in a week." He pointed to a five gallon tank half full of water. "There is your water supply. Use it as you see fit. Drink it all up tonight or save part for tomorrow." That was my introduction to the dry farm.

I noticed, as we were coming in, that the north sides of the hills had a little skiff of snow. I didn't say anything, [but] the next morning I got my washtub out of the wagon [along with a] broom and shovel. I went out and swept up snow and I had plenty of water as long as the snow lasted. [Laughter]

FH: You used this to wash, bathe and everything.

JS: Everything!

FH: Was [this the only] way to get water?

JS: [There was water] up in the mountains where there were springs. We had four head of horses, a couple of cows and a calf. They needed to have water so we melted snow for them. When the snow would get [fairly] low, the Lord would send us another little snow skiff. It saved our lives. When I could melt snow, [it] came in handy. When "Jim" and his family came, we had a snow storm, a [fairly] bad one, but they were lucky because they had a stove in the wagon. They cut a hole in the [wagon] cover and had a fire. Roy had built a stockade fence corral. When ["Jim"] came, they stretched canvas over it and tacked blankets where the canvas wouldn't reach. They had a comfortable house.

Up above and just north of our place there was a wash coming down. It was a [very] deep wash and it [was] full of drifted snow. My sister-in-law, Chloe [Geneva (Van Leuven) Bundy], and I [were responsible for] melting the snow. The men took barrels up there and we melted the snow. The children [brought] in wood and kept the fire [going while] we melted the snow. That was our water supply. It wouldn't have been bad if we [didn't] have to water the horses and cows.

It [was] kind of discouraging when we would just get the barrels full of water and the horses would come running. The boys would plow in the forenoon and turn the horses loose because they could only work them half a day [as] they didn't have hay or grain for them. The boys would build fences in the afternoon. The horses would want water and would come running and drink it [all] up.

FH: That would be discouraging.

JS: It [was] discouraging. We would save a bucket full [of water] to take to the house for our use. [Laughter] We [have] laughed lots of time, Chloe and I, to keep from shedding tears.

FH: I can imagine.

JS: After the snow bank ran out, there was a wet weather spring was up above our home. They moved us up there and we camped while the men folks worked. My husband —

FH: [Do] you mean [the spring] would run out in the dry season?

JS: Yes. My husband would bring [wooden] slabs down from the saw mill. There was a sawmill up on top of [Mt. Trumbull] at Nixon [Springs]. He built me a house. He and the boys were so anxious to move there. He told me if I would move there that he would build me any kind of house I wanted. I got a slab house, but it had a good roof and walls. When I [arrived] here, they had built me a dugout. Part of it, about the width of a bed, was only dug halfway down. We made our bed up on that. He had a fireplace and a place for a stove and a table. It was comfortable, almost like one of these modern homes now.

FH: What did they make the outside walls with?

JS: [The outside walls were] pole timber.

FH: Did they chink-fill the cracks?

JS: Yes.

FH: What did you put over the top on that part?

JS: They [had] wooden slabs to put on.

FH: [They used] planks, in other words.

JS: It was [the material] sawed off the timber.

FH: [It was] the outside edge of the timber. How long did you live in there?

JS: That summer I lived up on [Mt Trumbull so] they wouldn't have to haul water for use [in] the house and [for] the cows, because they had to haul [water] for the horses. They worked the horses. The children took care of the cows up there and herded them. Sometimes [the cows] would get away and go to the foot of the hills. They had [very] tender footing and it was hard for [the cows] to get around. My husband hauled the [wooden] slabs down and built me a house. He and my oldest son, Ivan [Leroy], built a four-room house and made a reservoir.

I told you that [at] the head of this wash was the snow bank. There was a narrow place where he thought he could just drag the dirt in there and make a dam in a hurry. There was a sheep herder, [named] Josh Crosby. He said, "You will never make a damn dam that will stay in. I have seen it rain here every day for thirty

days.” [Laughter] Of course, he was stretching it a bit, I guess! [Laughter] Anyhow, he [Roy] thought he had a good dam and when the rains came we had our beds outside in the summertime. He fixed canvas over the top of them so [we] kept dry. One night there was a terrible storm coming so he got his lantern —

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

JS: — and he had to go up and watch where the water was coming into his reservoir. I tried my best to coax him into not going, but he must go. It was a terrible storm and it just poured. He would walk back and forth on that dam. He just got back [on the home side] when [the dam] was just like a powder, like flour, and [the water] went through way down there.

FH: [The water] seeped under it.

JS: Puffed out. He came home and went back to bed a sick man to see all his summer’s work go out like that! [Laughter] He didn’t get [too] discouraged and went to work and did it [all] over again. I don’t know how many times [the dam] went out that summer and fall.

FH: That was [very discouraging].

JS: Yes, it was, but water was [very] necessary. You can’t live long without it. The rain first started in [the] spring. In July I moved down here to the place. We [had] that house built. I don’t know how we got it [built] in such a short time. We moved in there and was [I] glad. [On] September 2, [1917] my fifth child was born

FH: What is the name of this [child]?

JS: [Her name is] Barbara [Bundy]. [She] was born September 29, 1917. [She] was the first child born there.

FH: How many [of your children] were born there?

JS: I had twelve [children] and she was my fifth [child].

FH: The rest were all born there?

JS: Yes

FH: Was your husband able to conquer [the water] and make it work out?

JS: Yes and the reservoir is still there in use.

FH: Perseverance paid off eventually! [Laughter]

JS: Yes, he [had] lots of experiences, but he treasured them [all].

FH: Did his health hold up?

JS: No. I don't remember when it was, but he took up some land [on the Arizona Strip] down toward the Colorado River. We took up, what do you call it?

FH: A homestead?

JS: No. It wasn't called a homestead, it was grazing land.

FH: [Was it a] land grant?

JS: [The land was in] school sections. Then he took a whole school section, but we had to have more [land] than that. He took some down [at] Whitmore Wash [on the Arizona Strip], close to the Colorado [River]. He would go down there about Christmas time. It was nice down there. He and the children would take their [school] vacation and go down there. I don't remember, and I don't know why I don't remember the year, but during Christmas time he came down with rheumatism. [The year was 1928.] He was taking "Ed" [Edward I.] Cox down there. We [had] known him a long time in Bunkerville and St. George. My two or three children went down there [also]. [Roy] went in a Ford pickup. The children drove the cattle; they took them down there in the winter time. He came down with rheumatism and had that for thirty-five years.

FH: He never got over it?

JS: He never got over it.

FH: [Did] this [put] a lot of the work on the children?

JS: Yes.

FH: Name the rest of your children and their dates of birth, starting with [the] sixth [child].

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

JS: Clarence Ambrose Bundy [was born] on September 6, 1919, David Amon Bundy [was born] on the second of March 2, 1922, Leah Bundy [was born] November 16, 1923, Newell Alma Bundy [was born] November 24, 1925, Juanita Bundy [was born] August 14, 1927, Madge Doretta Bundy [was born] July 24, 1929, [and] Orvel Allen Bundy [was born] November 1, 1933.

FH: Were [they] all born at the same place?

JS: Yes, at Mt. Trumbull [on the Arizona Strip.

FH: Was there a doctor or a midwife or what was your situation at this place?

JS: I had a doctor with Helen. That was down in Kaolin, Nevada. My mother-in-law was —.

FH: Is Helen is the [daughter who] lives close to you here?

JS: Yes. My mother-in-law was our doctor [and] very good.

FH: [She was a] good midwife.

JS: She didn't have any [education] either.

FH: During this time, [did] you have one boy drown?

JS: [He] was my first [child], my oldest boy, [Ivan Leroy]. He was ready to go on a [LDS] mission. He was ordained an elder and went through the temple when his father came down with rheumatic fever or rheumatism. The president of the stake told my husband when he came down sick, nobody knew he was going to have it the rest of his life, and he advised him to keep Ivan [Leroy] home to help with the work until he was on his feet again. [Our] boy had worked for the sheep men after he was fourteen or fifteen years old. He would always send his money, his check, home. [He] would say, "Dad, you take half of it and pay [the] tithing for me on the other half and put it in the bank." He had talked about a mission since he was knee-high to a grasshopper.

[Ivan Leroy] and his cousin were nearer than brothers could be. They were together all the time. They had the sheep down next to the [Colorado] River and were herding down there. One Sunday they took the sheep down to the river to water. His cousin, Floyd Iverson, was a good swimmer. He lived where there was water and he had learned to swim. They talked about swimming the [Colorado] River. Floyd said, "I will go first and see if it is easy. If I can make it easy, I will call." He did. He swam across and made it just fine. [The Colorado] River is treacherous and can come up into a whirlpool when you least expect it, [but] Floyd made it okay. He called to Ivan [Leroy] and said, "Come on, it is easy." Ivan went in and hadn't gotten more than halfway when he was caught in a whirlpool. He hollered, "I can't make it." Floyd ran up and down that bank and said, "Sure you can! Come on, you are halfway across!" [The whirlpool] just sucked him under. Floyd ran along the bank, but he never saw him again.

FH: That is a treacherous river.

JS: It is. That was the hardest blow we ever had.

FH: I bet [it] was a tough job for that boy to come back and tell you about it.

JS: It was and it just wrecked his life.

FH: Where does he live now?

JS: He lives in California. He came over to Grandpa's; he walked up and told Grandpa [Bundy]. Roy was in town [at the] time. Ensign [Griffiths], my sister-in-law's [Edna] husband, came over the next morning and told me. They went to town and told his dad, but he couldn't believe it. "Jim", three of Roy's brothers and Floyd went back down there. They bought a boat so they went down the river in hopes they would find him, [but it was] hopeless. A month or two later, we [received] word from down along the [Colorado] River they had found a body. They surmised it was him. They buried him down there because it was in the summertime. When they started to [build] the Boulder Dam down [in Nevada] all the graves along the [Colorado] River and [at] St. Thomas and Kaolin [were moved]. The [United States] Government moved them and so they brought his body out here. They wanted us to come and identify it. My daughter Barbara went. I didn't go. So they buried him in the [Mt Trumbull] graveyard.

FH: Were they able to identify [the body]?

JS: Only by his teeth. My daughter felt certain that it was him.

FH: At least that was a comfort. In this community where you raised and lived with your family, you have a lot of wonderful memories. Were your church activities strong there?

JS: Yes.

FH: Is this where you were active in the organizations of the church? Were you active in the Relief Society?

JS: Yes.

FH: What did you do?

JS: Grandpa Bundy was the presiding elder for some years. I should have the date when they organized the ward out there. My husband was bishop. [The ward was organized November 11, 1928.]

FH: Was he the branch president or the bishop?

JS: He was the bishop.

FH: It was made a ward then.

JS: Yes.

FH: Approximately how many years did he serve as bishop?

JS: I think [it was] seven years. He did [it] until he wasn't able to get around.

FH: Were you in the presidency of the Relief Society?

JS: They wouldn't put me in as president because —

FH: You were [a] counselor in the Primary, Sunday school teacher and Primary president. How many years were you Primary president?

JS: I don't know. I worked in [the] Primary in Mexico and Kaolin, Nevada.

FH: You carried your Primary children right along with you! [Laughter]

JS: Yes. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] That was nice!

JS: We had a new church built. We used the schoolhouse for our church. The schoolhouse was a mile from my home. [The] children had to walk that mile. It wasn't bad in the summertime, spring or fall, but when the snow [was] deep it was bad. We didn't have much convenience to get to church. I would have to go out in the pasture to get a horse to hitch to my rig if I wanted to go anywhere or walk. If I walked I was always carrying a baby along and dragging two or three behind me! [Laughter]

FH: In other words, it was a big job to go to church.

JS: Yes it was, but we were thankful we had a church to go to.

FH: [Did] your children all learn the gospel this way?

JS: Yes, they did. We had Primary, Sunday school and places for them to go, but we didn't have the conveniences they have now-a-days. I wouldn't take the world for the experience I had out there in the rough country. In 1935 and 1936 we had a terrible snow storm and it was a month before we [received] any mail out there. People probably thought we had all starved to death. [Laughter] My husband always had a ton of flour on hand. We always had plenty of flour and raised our own meat. We came in here and got fruit to put up [can]. We got along just fine.

FH: You probably had it a lot better than a lot of others did, as far as food was concerned.

JS: We had plenty of food. We weren't short of food. If health had been more lenient with us, we would have gotten along fine.

FH: Your husband's health was not good, so your children had to take over and do the work.

JS: Yes. We had a few cows and a few sheep and the boys took care of them. The girls did the farm work. Helen was as good as any man. She could hitch up four head of horses and put them to the plow or the harrow.

FH: That is an accomplishment few girls can [do].

JS: I know she did because it came natural to her. Barbara, the next girl, was [afraid] of horses. We had a big stallion she worked. If anything went wrong with the harness, [Helen] would mend it and call Barbara to hold on to the horses. Barbara was just scared to death. [Laughter] They all got real experience anyway.

FH: Do you think it hurt any of them?

JS: No, I don't think so. It hurt their feelings, maybe. It didn't [hurt] because they were like me; if there wasn't anyone watching, they could do any kind of work. I could do anything. One year we had grain and we had a bunch of pigs. They cleaned that up. There were lots of [inaudible] corn and so we got into the pig business. One time we had 150 pigs. We had a tin granary about 100 or 150 yards from the house. The pigs were over at the corral. I would get up and take two big buckets full of grain and go down [to] feed the pigs. Every time I shut that door or opened it it would make a noise. Those pigs had good ears and they would start running toward me. [Laughter] One morning I was going down from the house and here came an old pig. He started sticking his snoot in the bucket. I kicked him like that and another [pig] ran by and tripped me. I fell down and then there were 150 pigs fighting for the grain!

I wouldn't have minded so much, but I looked out to see if anybody was watching and my husband was bedfast and looking out the window. He said, "Why didn't you kick him?" I kicked as hard as I could! [Laughter] Of course, that fired me up. [Laughter] I got used to all that kind of work.

FH: Where did you [move to] from there?

JS: From Kaolin?

FH: Yes. Why did you decide it was necessary [to move]?

JS: I don't know. We had at one time 200 church members out there and [then the United States Government] passed the law [the Taylor Grazing Act that ranchers] couldn't pick up anymore homesteads. So many people [who] were there couldn't

get by with 640 acres, so [they] moved out. I came to town and my husband bought this piece of land out here so we had a place to build. I came in and stayed with my daughter. Oh, I know why we came here.

[Our] youngest boy, Orvel, [came down] with rheumatic fever when he was between three and four years old. He was such a lively little wire, healthy, strong and full of life. He started ailing and his joints hurt him. I came in here and the doctor said he had typhoid fever. I had to keep him on his back for six weeks. That was a job I could do and be right with him. I built him a bed and had a window cut out between him and my husband who was bedfast. He would holler for me to come and stay with him. I would sit and read to him and tell stories, but that wouldn't [help]. The rest of the children were in school, so I couldn't do anything else, so we moved in here where we could get doctors' care. My husband came in here, but he would be going back and forth all the time because he never did give up.

FH: He just wouldn't quit.

JS: [He didn't quit] until the day he died. Whenever he wanted to come to town, the boys would carry him to the car. My daughter, if there weren't any boys [around], she would help him. They would put on a load of wood and would sell it in here to pay the gas bills. He always went to Salt Lake [City] to [church] conference. They would come in here to conference and would carry him up the tabernacle steps and set him down and then [carry him] back to the car. After he [had been] carried around so long, it was a hard job for the children to do, so he made himself some boots. He took an old car tire, cut it, padded it, put straps on and wore them on his knees for years.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR.]

FH: He just would not give up!

JS: No, he wouldn't give up. After I moved here, we decided to build a home, so we had this place built.

FH: Have you have been comfortable here?

JS: Well, I haven't had any luxuries, but I wasn't used to them. I had plenty of water and plenty to eat.

FH: It is close to the [St. George] Temple where you can go and do your temple work and enjoy that.

JS: I am thankful for that because [if it] would have been any other place, where I could not have walked, it would not have done me much good because I never would learn to drive a car. They all tried to get me to drive a car. I told them I

knew how to do enough things; I didn't want to be bothered with a car. When they first got cars, I had my hands full of little children. I was a nervous sort of person and didn't want to be bothered with that.

FH: How old is your youngest child now?

JS: He is about thirty-two years old.

FH: They have all been married and have families. Would you be able to say anything special about them?

JS: I think they are the best [children] in the world.

FH: I bet you do and I bet that is right.

JS: If there is anything I wanted that was in their power they would get [it] for me. They don't like me to stay here alone and have asked me to sell the place and live with them. If I got tired of one, I could go to another. I tell them: if I stay here, they all can come and see me.

FH: You have your independence here.

JS: Yes, I have my independence [and] I [am] well provided for. My youngest son bought the ranch out there. He gives me a yearly payment. I have these lots here and I am selling them now. I don't suffer for anything. I have all I need and am one of a kind that I don't want to waste anything. My father always told me, "Waste not, want not." "Willful waste makes willful wants" and I believe that.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: You have a large family and a rich posterity. There are seventy-two grandchildren still living and nineteen great-grandchildren still living. With your children, their mates, your grandchildren and their mates, all together, there have been 127 of which 122 are still living. Is that right?

JS: That is right.

FH: That is a [very] remarkable feat. Not many people can say that.

JS: On our reunion and Thanksgiving we gather [together]. On my eightieth birthday, my children, all except one, put on a big feast. I was in Las Vegas [Nevada] at the time so my daughter and her husband brought me up and they surprised me. There were three or four big tables all spread over at my son [place]. [He is] the bishop in Washington [City]. We had a wonderful feast.

FH: That sounds like a lot of fun.

JS: We get together once or twice a year.

FH: I would like you to think about this and leave for your posterity your counsel and advice to them. Then perhaps follow that by bearing your testimony to them.

JS: Yes. I would counsel my children to always get together as often as they can. Try to be one [family]. Love each other and help each other out whenever any are in need. Always put their trust in our Heavenly Father because all blessings come from Him. If we will be faithful and walk to the teachings we have had all our lives, He will continue to bless us. What more can we ask for? I know God lives and Jesus is His Son, our Redeemer. He has had prophets and revelators here on this earth. Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and Brigham Young from there on down. David O. McKay is our living Prophet and if we will heed their counsel and teachings [that] we have had during our lives, we won't need to worry. I hope and pray my children will do that. [That is] all I ask. I am grateful for the experiences I have had of teaching my children and raising them. If they will just continue on, I will be grateful. I pray that the Lord will help them that they may be able to do this.

[END OF RECORDING FIVE. END OF INTERVIEW.]