

Interviews with
BESSIE (BUNDY) FAUGHT and LORAN BUNDY

March 1972

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INDEX

Alcorn, George	30
baptized	6, 7, 8
birthday [Bessie Bundy Faught's]	6, 11
Bonalli, Isabel [teacher]	5
Bridges, Mr. [teacher]	5
Brink, Edna [teacher]	5
Bundy, Chester "Chet"	9, 10, 29, 30, 32
Bundy, George	11
Crosby, Lena	7
dances	20, 24, 28
Dawdy, Letha May Iverson	6, 7
dugway	14, 15
Faught, Henry Albert	4, 10
Faught, Roy B.	8
fight	30, 31, 33
Fourth of July	28, 29, 30
Gray, James Terry	5, 31, 32
Hardy, Lavell Bundy	33
Iverson, Peter Martin	13
Jones, Lawrence	35
lost (getting)	8, 11, 22, 34
McEwan, Mr. [teacher]	5
milk	19
Muddy River	5, 22
poisoned	10
potatoes	18, 19, 34
Rose, Velma [teacher]	5
Schultz, Lester	29
Skinner, Miss [teacher]	5

St. John, Francis [teacher]	35
Toroweap [a.k.a. Tuweep]	15, 16
tractor	13
truck line	13, 14
tub [bathtub incident]	10, 20, 21
Turnbeau, Mac	14
Turnbeau, Tommy	14
White, James "Old Man"	13, 24, 25
Wilson, Ben	20
wrasslin'[wrestling, fighting]	29, 30

BESSIE BUNDY FAUGHT and LORAN BUNDY

Bessie Bundy Faught and Loran “Bud” Bundy were interviewed by Helen Bundy Russell in March 1972 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. They shared memories of their lives in Mt. Trumbull, Arizona in the 1920s and 1930s. Barbara Bundy Carroll, Doretta Iverson Bundy, Oneta Faught Peterson, and Maureen Nelson Bundy also participated.

BESSIE BUNDY FAUGHT was born on August 20, 1910 in Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico, the eldest daughter and second child of Roy and Doretta Marie Iverson Bundy. She spent her early years in Colonia Morelos and Kaolin, Nevada. With the rest of her family and many other relatives and friends, she moved to Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, where her parents homesteaded and raised cattle and sheep. In 1940, she married Henry Albert Faught. They were the parents of eight children, many of whom were born and raised on the Arizona Strip. In later years, the family moved further south in Arizona. After her husband’s death in 1961, Bessie lived in St. George, Utah and in the Virgin Valley, Nevada, near Mesquite. She was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; in her later years she served as a full-time missionary and as a worker in the St. George Temple for fourteen years. She died in October 1996 at the age of 86.

DORETTA MARIE IVERSON BUNDY, a daughter of Hans Peter Iverson and his second wife, Hannah Johanna Dorotea Christensen Iverson, was born December 1, 1887 in Washington County, Utah. As a young child, her family moved to Beaver Dam, Arizona, where she was raised. She married Roy Bundy in September 1907 and they became the parents of twelve children. After living in northern Mexico and southern Nevada, they homesteaded on the Arizona Strip at Mt. Trumbull in 1917. They ranched and farmed successfully there for many years while their family grew up. In their later years they moved to St. George, Utah, where Doretta’s husband Roy passed away in 1959.

Roy and Doretta were always active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Doretta continued her service in the Church as a worker in the St. George LDS Temple for many years after her husband’s death, while she loved and served her children and grandchildren. She passed away at the age of 89 on January 21, 1977.

LORAN SYLVESTER “BUD” BUNDY, the oldest son of James and Chloe Van Leuven Bundy, was born on January 9, 1910 in Cochise County, Arizona. He grew up and attended school at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, where his parents homesteaded in 1917 and raised a family of fourteen children.

MAUREEN NELSON BUNDY was born on June 13, 1910 in Flagstaff, Arizona. After college she found herself teaching school at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, where she met LORAN “BUD” BUNDY. They were married in the St. George Temple in November 1933, and became the parents of six children.

Maureen taught school at Mt. Trumbull from 1931-1934, and after a year’s break, taught again in the late 1930s, before the family moved to St. George, Utah where they raised their family.

Loran was a successful over the road truck driver for many years. Their family were active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Loran passed away on February 1, 1977. Maureen passed away in St. George on December 24, 1991 at the age of 81.

[— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

HR: [Voices in background] Ten, ten— uh, how long did they hold school up to our place? Do you remember?

BC: One year.

HR: Just one year?

BC: Miss Rose was the teacher.

DB: Who?

BC: Miss Rose.

BF: Miss Bonalli. Miss Bonalli. [Isabel Bonalli, whose family was from the Muddy River settlements, taught at Mt. Trumbull in 1917-1918.]

HR: Miss Bonalli was the teacher.

BC: Wasn't Miss Rose the teacher? [Velma Rose taught at Mt. Trumbull in 1918-1919.]

HR: I thought it was taught school up there a year and a half. Can you remember all the teachers that you had out there, that you went to school with?

BF: I don't know. Miss Bonalli was the first one. Then Miss Rose.

BC: Miss Goulding [she may have taught at Mt. Trumbull after about 1922], then Miss Skinner, then Mrs. Brink, I guess. [Miss Skinner taught at Mt Trumbull in 1921-22. Mrs. Edna Brink taught at Mt. Trumbull in 1918, 1919, and 1920, until her husband, William "Billy" Brink drowned in the Colorado River in 1921.]

HR: How about the men teachers?

BF: Trying to think of the men teachers. Mr. Bridges, Mr. McEwan and James Terry. [James Terry Gray taught at Mt. Trumbull in the mid and late 1920s.]

HR: How 'bout— Adams [Alonzo Adams] wasn't there yet. He come after [inaudible].

BF: I don't think— I never went to school with Adams. How do you think I can remember who these teachers were?

HR: I don't know! You don't seem to be [inaudible] if anybody can.

Alright, can you tell any instances, any early instances or later instances that happened?

BF: You mean at school?

HR: Yeah, at school. Who was teaching the year that we got named 'hussies'? [Laughter.] 'Hellcats'?

BF: [Chuckling.] We were out of school then, weren't we?

HR: I don't know if we were or not.

BF: Yeah, we were out of school.

HR: You might have been, but I doubt if I was.

BF: I'm sure we were out of school [laughs].

HR: What?

BF: [Laughing.] That was in the summertime anyway.

HR: Well criminy, yeah, I know it was in the summertime. It was a dance.

BF: Yeah, it was a dance, but then it was in the summertime.

HR: It had to have been warm or we wouldn't have— [laughing].

BF: Well, I don't know who was teaching school, but it was in, I'm sure it was in the summertime.

HR: Was you baptized at home?

BF: I sure was. I was the first one that was baptized at Mt. Trumbull. [Bessie Bundy Faught had her 8th birthday in 1918.]

HR: Up to the pond?

BF: Bud [Loran Bundy], and Letha [Letha May Iverson Dawdy], and I. The wind was a-blowing and it was cold that morning. It was a pretty morning but it was the 4th of March.

HR: Well then, what do you think it was in November when I was baptized?

BF: Well, it was probably cold, too.

HR: [Laughter.] I don't know. But that's what they got on my records, that I was baptized on the 12th of November but I can't—

BF: Can't you remember?

HR: It must have been a mild winter to be able to be baptized at that time.

DB: I remember you bawled anyhow.

HR: Well, I don't doubt that I did. I didn't want to be first and Lena didn't either. Lena Crosby. [Josh and Sarah Jones Crosby family homesteaded at Mt. Trumbull in 1920.]

BF: Well, I didn't mind being first. But Letha didn't want to be first, but it didn't bother me. She kind of hunkered back and they said, "Well, who's going to be first?" and I said I'd be first. I remember, I can't remember—I know there was quite a few there, and they held a quilt or wagon tarp up or something, and we changed into our clothes right by the pond. And then I think we went directly from there down to the church.

HR: [Noise of door shutting in background.] Seems to me like we run from the pond down to the house. But I—

BF: Oh no, surely not in November! Not with your wet clothes on, you'd have been froze up.

HR: That's why it questions me to know that we got baptized in November. It's a question to me, but of course I don't know—

BF: Well, don't you have your—

HR: On the records, no. On the birth – the uh—

BF: Baptismal. Are you sure you don't have it?

HR: Yeah, I'm sure.

BF: Well, I'm quite sure that Lauretta [Faught] found it anyway, up there to Salt Lake.

HR: Yeah, it's on the records up there, yes. I've got that, but you ought to have the certificate they gave you at that time. I don't have that. Yes, it's on the records in the—

BC: Don't Mama have it?

HR: No.

BF: [To Doretta] Mother, you can be on in here.

I can't remember. That was— I can't remember when you was baptized. You was baptized up around the hill.

HR: Yeah. ... Up to the pond there.

BF: I was baptized in the pond down [in the] middle of—

HR: Oh, was you?

BF: Up there, I can see they might have let you run back from up there because that wouldn't be very far [of] a run. Even then, you might be pretty cold, but I guess if you run you ought to be kept pretty warm. They probably figured you'd be better off than trying to change clothes up there in November [inaudible].

Who baptized you? Dad?

HR: Dad.

BF: You know Bud, he called me, oh, it's been a couple or three years ago down to Mesquite [Nevada]. He said, "When was you baptized?" I said, "Same time you were."

HR: [Laughing.] He was just trying to find out when he was baptized.

BF: He says, "I just can't think we was baptized in March." I said, "Well, we were." He said, "Golly, 'cause it was cold out there at that time in those years." I said, "Well, I can distinctly remember the day. There was quite a stiff little breeze, but the sun was shining and it was a real pretty day." We was on the way to Church, I guess. I don't know, I can't remember. I've wondered about it several times, what did Dad [Roy Bundy] do? I remember we changed clothes there.

HR: He must have changed clothes, too.

BF: I guess he must have done. Because I can't remember our going back to the house.

HR: [Long pause.] Can you tell a story about when Roy B. [Faught] got lost?

BF: [Long pause.] I don't know where she wants me to start.

HR: Anywhere.

BF: Well I said, you know, I wished a lot of times that I had written down some dates, but I didn't. But he had turned— three, I guess, three on the 15th of March. And it was just a few days into April. That was another one of those false days. It was sun-shining yet there was a cold wind blowing. Their dad was down fixing fence down between, down along the lane there. It was about two o'clock and I'd been washing. And I told— I started out to tell Charlie to tell his dad to come to dinner. And Roy wanted to go too,

“Can I go too?” and at that Lauretta, she begun to holler, “Can I go too?” And Charles, he was headed out, he wasn’t about to have no girl to go with him. Roy says, “Can I go, can I go?” and I says, “I don’t care,” and he headed out on the run behind him.

They went down the wash, and they got down the wash, why, their dad wasn’t down the wash. He was back up the hill towards the graveyard. So, Charles knew enough to follow up towards the graveyard, follow up along the fence, maybe his dad, maybe he could see his dad, I don’t know. Anyway he went towards where his dad was. [And] instead of him coming home to eat dinner, why he just kept putting it off, he had little more to do and a little more to do.

So Roy, he went down the wash and he couldn’t find nobody. So he went under the fence and over into the Snyders’ place looking for his dad, and finally I guess he decided that he was following the wrong track. So then he turned around and tried to head back, but he couldn’t find the wash. So he was looking for the wash. He went back up through the flat and clear over by where Frosty’s [Elmo Aaron Bundy] house is now, clear out onto the ledges there somewhere.

Well, it was about two o’clock when I came after their dad, and of course it was about two hours later before he come, before we knew he was gone, and I said, “Where’s Roy?” “I don’t know. I haven’t seen him.” So we started to look. I went over to Chet’s and Jennie’s [Chester and Genevieve Iverson Bundy] to get some help. There was nobody in town to help. I don’t know who went from there up home. Anyway, that was kind of a hectic time. They hunted all night, and found him just about sunup the next morning. He was kind of cold then. There was a storm come up, the wind blew, and it was cold. All he had was a pair of overalls and a little shirt. I don’t think he even had his socks on. I don’t know, he had pretty good shoes on. He kept going all night long. They couldn’t find no place that he ever stopped. They figured he’d gone about eight miles.

HR: That’s what kept him from freezing: going.

BF: And then he always said, he don’t remember of course now, but, “Who was that who kept calling to me? Who’s that kept calling to me?”

When they was looking for him, why I guess, they kept hearing a hoot owl hooting and hooting and they figured that was what he was—

HR: Hearing.

BF: —hearing. And he was trying to call to whoever was calling to him. [Long pause.] I don’t remember anymore from when Chet come from the canyon after a while, and he come. I know Aunt Chloe [Chloe Van Leuven Bundy] came over there and stayed with me for a time. I just don’t know who hunted for him.

HR: Well I guess Bud, he said something about, he come out of the canyon and he was hunting along with a bunch that was hunting, too.

BF: Maybe it was Bud that come a-hunting him and not Chet, but I think Chet come out of the canyon and helped.

HR: Well Chet, he hunted, too.

BF: But I know Orvel [Orvel Allen Bundy] had taken sick and Mom and Dad had gone to St. George with him. There wasn't too many in town to help, I know that.

Well, that was an exciting night, I'll tell you that was an exciting time when they all got into that poison grain, too.

HR: Oh, I didn't remember this.

BF: The next, oh I don't know, I was going to say the next spring after that, I guess. Maybe it was longer than that. Henry [Henry Albert Faught] poisoned the wheat plants. He had a planter full of poisoned wheat and started over to the fields to plant wheat. Somethin' broke on the planter and he had to come back to the house to get something, and the kids were following him as usual. So they all had poisoned wheat to eat while he was gone. Lauretta and Charles got what they wanted to eat. Or else they saw their dad coming and figured they better get out of the wheat. Roy was still eating wheat when he got there. You don't think I was upset! That was another time there wasn't very many in town either, I don't think. Anyway, we give those kids everything we had ever heard of. I think the Lord was on our side [laughing].

HR: I'm sure he was. I'm sure of that.

BF: We give them everything we'd ever hear of to make somebody vomit. And we got a tin tub. Things got so bad [chuckling] we just took the washtub and set it in the middle of the floor. And we'd give one kid a dose of somethin' and turn and give the other one somethin' and they were spitting it up in that tub. Anytime they'd balk and didn't want to take anything else, we'd tell them they better because they eat that poisoned wheat and if we didn't get rid of it it would kill them. I think we had half a tub full and we finally give up on those kids. Roy just passed out. He just, I don't know whether it was because, probably from the fright of it and from working so hard to vomit, he just passed out. He was like a little old boy dishrag. I was scared for a long [time].

I guess we got most of it out of them because after he finally laid there for a while, I sit there and held him, directly he come to. And there was no bad effects other than he was pretty pale for a day, but— Somebody said, "Well, I'd have never done that. I'd have headed for town." I said, "Boy, you would have headed to town, sixty-one miles to town and no way to go." I said, "They'd have all been dead." [Laughs.] Good thing we wasn't close enough to even try.

HR: [Long pause.] Alright, tell another experience, sad or fun, or different.

BF: Well, I don't know. I might tell you about the only birthday party I ever had.

HR: Alright.

BF: Do you remember that, Mother?

DB: I don't remember [inaudible, child's voice in background].

BF: A whole bunch of us kids went up on the mountain, and we went horseback, and of course, me, I was always the one that never had a saddle, a decent saddle or bridle or—and I couldn't ride without. So, here we go up there. Everybody else when they went to catch their horse, they could run out in Grandpa [Abraham Bundy] you know, and chase off. I couldn't either get on it or—

HR: I had them same kind of difficulties [laughs]. I couldn't jump on a horse.

BF: Anyway, we just had a ball. I think we stayed overnight, if I remember. Whole bunch of us camped up there overnight. Anyway, when we got back home it must have been about four o'clock in the afternoon and everybody was tired. It was my birthday. So Mama decided that we should have a birthday party. They was gonna surprise me, you know. I don't know, some of them must have went home. Anyway, about dark, here they come back. Mama'd made a cake. I had laid down and gone to sleep, and I thought, "Oh, just go away and let me alone." I was so tired. I'd just had it. And everybody else had, really. [Child's voice in background.] We tried to play games for a little while and everybody's too tired to play games. They just kind of sat around and looked sad. Finally they had their cake. I can't remember what we had with the cake, but it was kind of a sad party. [Laughter.] Everybody was too tired to enjoy it. I think that was my only birthday party and I sure didn't appreciate it.

HR: I don't remember ever having one.

BF: You know, we were all together, all of us kids. Mama just thought it would be a good time to—

HR: Have one.

BF: Yes.

HR: Was you out there when George Bundy [George Morris Bundy] got lost?

BF: I sure was. I went and helped hunt for him.

HR: Okay, then tell about that.

BF: Well, he was gone all night, too. Only he went about sundown. They come for us, Uncle Lee [possible reference to Levi Aaron Iverson] come down for help next morning, just

about sunup as I remember. I can't remember who went, now, but I think Madge was there and she went. Yeah, I remember.

HR: I, of course, was there, but I didn't have to go hunting. I don't know how—

BF: They'd hunted all night and we weren't there very long when they found him. We just got there when they told us that they found him. I can remember when they brought him in.

DB: You went in the afternoon sometime.

HR: It was in the morning when Uncle Levi come. I know he had a nervous chill when he was there.

DB: I know that, uh, Dad [Roy Bundy] and all of them went out there, and that was just a little while before Madge [Madge Doretta Bundy Langford Lee] was born. When they come and said about it he [Levi Aaron Iverson] had a nervous chill and they wouldn't all leave him, so [inaudible].

BF: Well, maybe they came down that evening and got help, I don't know, but it was in the morning when Uncle Lee come back down. I'm quite sure it was in the morning because we'd just got up there when they heard the shots saying that they'd found him. Wasn't very long after till they come fetching him in. I remember Aunt Edna [Edna Wilson Bundy] just, when she seen him, she just started to cry and reaching for him and he wouldn't—

HR: Come near her.

BF: [It] kind of scared him and he wouldn't come to her. I can remember that, how upset she was. She was a-crying and he wouldn't come to her. Kind of scared him or something and he wouldn't come to her [inaudible].

HR: Do you not remember anything about the time when Afton [Afton N. Snyder] got kicked with a horse and they were down?

[Long pause.] That's the oldest one. That's the one that died.

BF: Oh, yeah, I can remember them coming and saying that he got kicked and they took him to town. I can remember that much about it, other than just, you know, I mean I heard them saying that he had the footprint of a colt on his chest. Other than that, I don't remember anything about it.

HR: Well, can you tell any experience when you moved up to your little house and lived up there?

DB: When Dad got the tractor he was, he and [inaudible] was at the reservoir. And Fred [Schultz] come over there and brought Bill, his little brother, and he says, “We’re gonna go up and see Uncle Roy work that tractor.” I remember they wanted to see him work and they came back and he says, “Boy, that thing sure does work.” He says, “But they need mucher more dirt there.”

BF: [Laughing] Mucher more dirt.

DB: And he says, “When I get to be a man,” he says, “I’m going to buy a tractor like Uncle Roy’s got. And then I’m going to move the temple out here and leave it.” [Laughter.] So that was his dream— [Laughter.] “Needing mucher more dirt.”

BF: I think the funniest part of my house up there was when Uncle Martin [Peter Martin Iverson] and I were building it.

HR: Well, tell about it then.

BF: That might not do.

HR: Why not?

BF: [Child’s voice in background.] Every time I’d say, “Well, don’t you think we ought to do this or couldn’t we do that, or don’t— it looks like it’s going to be awful small,” or something, he’d say, “That’s big enough for you and Old Man White.” [James White]

HR: Oh, [laughs].

DB: That’s when you was building?

BF: When we built my house up there on the homestead. “That’s big enough for you and Old Man White.” I was ready to conk him. [Child’s voice in background.]

HR: ‘Course now Nita [Oneta Faught Peterson] has never seen Old Man White, so I’ll show her a picture of him so she’ll understand this part of it.

BF: Now Uncle Lee had to have her stay up there this morning while he hunted the picture of me and Uncle Martin on the truck line, so she could see what her mother used to— [laughing].

HR: Great. Tell about that story when you and Uncle Martin was on the truck line.

BF: We’ll have to have Uncle Lee tell that one. [Laughing.] We had a rack on the back. [Inaudible, children’s voices in background.] We had trouble all the way and I guess it took all night to get that thing in. He said it was about 8 o’clock before we got in, but I don’t remember it.

I had so many times on that truck line. I can remember them much plainer than I can that one.

HR: Okay, tell some of them.

BF: How about the time when Mac and Tommy [Tommy and Mac Turnbeau] and I left St. George here with a load of gas to go out home. Tommy and I were supposed to go, and Mac decided he'd go with us. And it snowed. And it was raining. And the ground was slippery, and we got up on top and headed up Main Street. We'd go a little ways and then we'd get stuck. Then it was starting to thaw and I saw it was mud-puddling, you know. We left here [St. George] one day about noon. We got up there and we sat in Main Street all night long. And we was from there until just about dark the next night getting up there by Uncle Martin's. And I'm not sure anymore whether we stayed all night at Uncle Martin's or whether he come and pulled us out and we went on. But that was a dilly of a night, I'll tell you. We spent that time sittin' in that truck, and I can't remember that we had anything to eat or anything to drink. And we had one quilt that we tried to wrap around us in the truck. And they both smoked and they run out of matches. So they'd get out and start fire, or start the—

HR: Car.

BF: — car and try to get a spark to get their cigarettes to go. They'd run the car a little bit every once in a while, trying to warm it a little bit. It didn't have no heater or anything. And there we sat.

And along in the middle of the night, why Honor Cook and his wife, I guess [Honor and Ruth Cook], I don't know, they was—

DB: Honor never had no wife.

HR: Oh, he did too.

BF: Well anyway, they come along. The first thing Mac said was, "You got any matches?" [laughter]. So he handed them a box of matches, or a handful of matches so they figured they could live, but I can't remember that we had any groceries. We had, I know, two barrels of gas. What else we had I don't know. But I can't remember us having anything to eat. We surely must have done.

DB: Do you remember that time when we walked from the dugway [the long climb up Quail Canyon] over to Parkers?'

BF: Yes, I think I remember that, too. You see mother, all the things you would have saved me if you'd just let me sit down there and stayed when I wanted to. Just think of all the heartaches you'd have saved yourself and me, too.

DB: Yes, and you wouldn't have had these kids you got. Don't you think they may have—

BF: Oh, I don't know. They may [inaudible].

DB: And Parker was pretty nice to us [D. M. Parker operated a store and camp at Wolf Hole].

BF: Yeah, once we got him up. He was nice enough. I never go over that road though, that I don't think about it. It don't look like it should have been that hard to walk that— what is it— ten, twelve miles.

DB: Well, there was a foot and a half of snow. When cars ran over it we couldn't walk in the car tracks. We couldn't walk on the outside of it very good. Coming out from, to the top we hadn't gotten very far till you wanted to stay there, wanted me to go on and leave you. [Inaudible] and Levi, they said they'd walk on ahead and get a fire built [inaudible].

BF: They never did though.

DB: Well, they couldn't get nothin'. It was raining and snowing and they didn't have— I don't know; they didn't have a pocket knife.

BF: We had that one little fire right up right after you get up off the dugway there, where we got froze to death trying to get warm by, and then after we decided to walk on into Wolf Hole, and we never had nothing to warm with.

DB: We had a bright moonlight, starlight night.

BF: It wasn't too warm, though.

DB: It was just as clear as a person.

BF: Yeah, I know. Them old overshoes of Uncle Lee's got awful heavy. If you'd have left me there, I'd just have been out of my misery in a little while, I think, because I don't think I'd have ever got up.

HR: There's the time when you and I went down to the lava beds and then we rode over the lava beds at the lower end of Toroweap [Toroweap/Tuweep Valley]. Can you remember any about that?

BF: I got awful tired. [Laughing.] I remember that. Did we— we must have stayed somewhere.

HR: We stayed at Bud and Kit's one night. [Possible reference to Edward "Bud" and Winnifred Franklin].

BF: I know we did, but did we stay some—

HR: Well, I think we stayed down in the lava beds there and then we rode over the mountain. I don't know who was down at Pa's Pockets, or if there were sheep down there, or what.

BF: We stayed down there with somebody. I'm sure we did.

HR: Well yeah, I can't remember whether they had the sheep down there or just what the deal was. But I know then we went from there, and went up over the lava beds into the lower end of Toroweap and they was building ponds. Uncle Martin and who else?

BF: Uncle Lafe [Lafayette "Lafe" Van Leuven]. I don't know whether Uncle Martin was there. Levi was.

HR: Uncle Martin was there.

BF: Ensign [Ensign Griffiths] was there.

HR: Yeah, Ensign was there, and who else? There was quite a bunch of them there.

BF: I know we sent word to them there, but I can't remember what it was—

HR: I can't remember what it was we went to take the word or get, tell something, neither.

And then from there we went up to Bud and Kit's, and we stayed there overnight.

BF: I was stiff and sore when it come time to get on that old horse the next morning. Another time when the saddle and stirrups just didn't quite fit.

HR: [Laughing.] You wasn't the only one. And then we got along there, where, by Crosby's [place] when old Banja [reference to a horse] walked on his head?

BF: I don't remember.

HR: Well, I remember it.

BF: He fell, I remember.

HR: Yeah, he went down on his knees and went on his head and I was pulling as hard as I could and he went— Well, if I hadn't'a been he would have went clear over.

BF: We thought we was quite the explorers.

HR: Yeah, yeah [laughing].

BF: You know, I've been down to there, well a couple of times, I've been down through Tuweep down to the point and looked in the river, and I've never been able to figure out

where that pond was. It must have been— it must be from over to the west, around there somewhere.

HR: Well, it is. It's over to the west part [of the valley], alright.

BF: But you never see it when you go down and look off into the river.

HR: Well no, I don't know exactly where it was. It was kind of in the lake bottom, where it was. I don't know, myself, where it is. In fact, I think I just been down there once since then.

BF: Oh, I went down that summer when we was out to the reunion, and I went down the time we went out there when they had that homecoming or somethin'. I think I went down that time. And then I been down there one other time, I'm quite sure. But every time, sometime on the way I wondered where that, you know, pond was. It must have been over in some other little valley there.

HR: I remember there— was you there the time we took Uncle Vic and Aunt Jenny [Vic and Jenny Peterson] down there to look in the river?

BF: No, that was after I left.

HR: That was a rainy, muddy time but I can't remember too much about it other than getting stuck, you know, and trying to keep dry in the back of that truck. I don't know how many was there, but there was a slew of them.

DB: I know I don't remember much but riding along with [inaudible] and trying to make beds for all of us. He made beds with car seats at night.

HR: Where did we make the bed? Up to Nixon?

DB: It was on top of the hill, but we didn't get the car up on the last pull.

HR: Going back toward Nixon.

DB: Yeah. And then they unrolled a big place there on top. And so Martin, he had a big canvas, and spread that out and then we couldn't get in and Martin made their bed on it. And Jenny, she lay on the outside and the canvas was turned out and it rained all night [laughter] all around her.

BF: [Laughing] She had a pond there.

DB: [Laughing] Had a pond there. And then we made our bed. I don't remember what we had, maybe canvas. Iven Lee and—

HR: Iven Lee. I didn't have Iven Lee. That's before I was married.

DB: And didn't you have your two kids there?

HR: [Laughing] I don't think so.

DB: I know you did.

HR: Okay [laughing], I don't know.

DB: Had Iven there, and Orvel [Orvel Allen Bundy], and uh—

BF: Mother, you couldn't have had Iven, and Iven Lee and Orvel. You couldn't have— Iven wasn't there.

DB: No. And I don't know who else was there besides you and me. I know we brought out our two by four bed-size beds and [we] all were in together, tried to keep from drowning.

BF: Uncle Vic and Aunt Jenny was probably ready to go back to Salt Lake where they were civilized. [Laughs.]

DB: [Inaudible] and Aunt Lillie [Lillie Belle Bundy Iverson], we tried to get her to come. She said, "No, I'll just stay to home."

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

DB: — and then they took, peeled the cedar trees there and put the peelings along the road there. So maybe that would help [inaudible] people out there, but it made it slick. The peelings turned brown and sink in. And I looked at that and said, "I'll stay right here in the car."

HR: Well, do you remember any time of being up on the mountain and digging taters, and picking up taters, or anything like this?

BF: Yes, I was up there and picked up—

HR: Bill Rogers.

BF: — picked up potatoes. I don't know—

HR: Bill—

BF: — where we picked them up at.

HR: Bill, what was his other name? From over here to Fredonia [Arizona] or something. Bill, what was his name? Well, it was Bennyholter or some damn thing.

BF: Is that what it was? Well, it was Bill Shanley you're trying to think of.

HR: No, it wasn't Bill Shanley.

BF: Well, I don't know where it was we picked potatoes, but I can remember picking potatoes. That's about all I can remember is we picked potatoes. They had a potato picker there part of the time—

HR: Digger.

BF: Potato digger there. That was Bill Rogers running that thing, wasn't it?

HR: That was Bill Rogers, yeah, he was there. And the other guy, I can't think who his name was.

DB: I don't know but he had a carload of potatoes, and then in the cellar, in the middle of the cellar. And then, later on then, oh, Bill Atkin and his [inaudible], and snowed in up on the mountain, and he come down there and [inaudible] potatoes in there and you can spread them out and —. And so that's what they did.

That winter we didn't have any milk. One cow we stripped a little bit, got enough for the kids and [we'd] set it on the table and then in the morning early them fellers would get up and get their own breakfast. They'd always lick up every drop of milk and I didn't have none for the kids. I know that. So, after that I didn't leave the milk in the kitchen.

BF: [Laughing.] I wouldn't either. I'd have took the milk to bed with us.

HR: It was the lady that married one of the Hugheses down here, her husband that was over from Fredonia. Her first husband's name was Bill, first name, but I can't think of the last name. Then she married one of these Hugheses that's down here. She's got quite a long kind of nose that's quite long and it crowded her face and her teeth kind of—

DB: Had prominent teeth.

BF: Are you talking about Nora Hughes?

HR: Well maybe. She was a second wife, anyway. Well, it was her husband. I don't think she was married to him— well, yeah, she was, too. I can't remember the last—

BF: I don't know what her married name was.

HR: Who was the guy, what was the guy's name that came over with "Bish" [Six Lamb] Parker that used to play the accordion.

BF: [James] Pointer?

HR: Pointer? Was it Pointer that played the dances a time or two?

DB: That was—

HR: Seems like she was kinda sweet on him or he was sweet on me, one.

BF: Oh mercy. You'd think I could remember him then, wouldn't you? [Laughter.] I think that's one of those fantastic boyfriends you guys all figured out for me.

OP: Tell the one about the bathtub water, Mom.

HR: Yeah, let's hear it. [Laughing.] That there was the one that— that was Prisby [Unsure of the name or spelling], huh?

BF: No.

HR: Who was it? Young?

BF: Who was it, Mom? What's his name?

HR: Was you in the tub?

BF: Well, I wasn't in the tub, but I just went out to dump it. He was the guy that—

DB: He was, uh—

BF: What's his name?

DB: Ben Wilson.

BF: Yeah, Wilson. That was Wilson. Do you remember you went with him or something, and then he wanted you to write to him and he wrote you the nicest letter, and no you wouldn't write to him.

HR: So you wrote.

BF: I said well, I'd write to him. So I wrote to him. I had no idea what he looked like or anything else. I just wrote him a letter. So then he decided to come see me.

HR: And then when he did you see why I didn't write, huh? [Laughing]. But he was a nice guy as far as I know.

DB: He raised a nice big family.

BF: Well, he probably had. He was a nice guy, but—

DB: But his uh, [grand]mother—

BF: Did he ever say, “Well, thank your horrible daughter that treated my grandson so terrible?”

DB: She knew it.

BF: She knew it? Well, no wonder she don’t like me. [Laughing] Oh dear. I just thought he was plain out some liar. Well, I think he was!

DB: He come there that night, Saturday night, and he wanted to see Bessie. Well, Bessie was a-discouraging him, telling him you better sleep here where you’ve got a bed. I don’t know. I slept at the foot of the kids’ bed. We’d let every Tom, Dick, and Harry take my bed [inaudible]. And so—

BF: I’m glad you did because I’d have been scared to death.

DB: He wanted you to come up there in the middle of the night. So, I said, “You better stay here.” So, I finally talked him into it. I said you’ll never be able to find the place up there in town.

And so, next morning there, he got up bright and early and he was in the kitchen and shaving. And I got up and I heard him knocking around in there. Well, he wanted to go and I said, “I’ll fix you a bite to eat first.” “Oh, I can go without.” I said, “No sir, you sit down and have a bite to eat first.” So, I got him to start eating. Then I started to tell him where to go, and a blind man, he should have found it. [Laughing.] Well, I guess he had [inaudible, laughing].

BF: He got mad alright.

DB: What?

HR: He got mad?

BF: I said he got mad alright.

DB: [Laughing.] Anyhow, he had went clear to the ledge [Hurricane Ledge]. And then he went down the ledge to Martin’s place and back up there when you was emptying your bath water.

BF: I thought there wasn’t nobody anywheres around and I just opened that door with the pan of water or the tub of water. I don’t remember anymore. I think I had a little tub. And I just went right [laughing] —

HR: [Laughing] Didn’t you have any clothes on?

BF: I was in my petticoat. He stepped to the side or he would have got it. I don't think much got on him. He said, "Could you tell me where Bessie Faught's place is?"

HR: Bessie Faught? You wasn't 'Faught' then.

BF: Bessie Bundy. "Is this Bessie Bundy's place? I guess I've lost my way," he says. "I come down off the mountain." I don't know what a rigamarole he had to tell me.

DB: I guess it was a rigamarole trying to ride a bike up over the hills.

BF: I went back in quick and got my dress on and he just stood out there. After he got through, he give me this, he was with the CCs [CCC, the Civilian Construction Corps] up on the mountain and I don't know what all. Finally he said, "Well, I'm Wilson."
[Laughter.]

DB: Well, I don't know.

BF: Oh dear, I could have just died!

DB: Do you think any of them ever got over him? [Inaudible].

[Doretta recounts events in her life that probably occurred before 1907, when she married Roy Bundy. Members of the Hans Peter Iverson family lived in Littlefield, Arizona and had friends and acquaintances in the Muddy Valley between about 1900 and 1910.]

You know about the time we went down to Muddy, [Muddy River Valley, Nevada] Helen and— no, not Helen, Stella [Elmora Iverson, Doretta's half-sister]. And so, we went there to Mills' place [possible reference to Homer and Alice Mills]. They went to Salt Lake when Catherine [???correct???] was born. And Stella, she was [inaudible] and I stayed with Brother and Sister Mills' place while they went to Salt Lake. And so this here Mills, he was just a [inaudible] like that.

I don't know what the main part of my story was about— [laughs].

HR: [Laughing] I don't either.

BF: Must have been telling something that you had a hard time living with. [Laughter.]

DB: Oh, now I know. They had some kids from down to Overton [Nevada]. They found out we was up then and so they came out and wanted us to go down to Bann's [???correct???]. I don't remember who the other fellow went was, but Jesse— [Jesse Cooper, whose family were early Washington County, Utah pioneers]

HR: Cooper.

DB: I rode with him. And so, then after we went home, then he kept, Cooper come out to see me. I wasn't interested in any guys. And he come out to see me several times. Then I took him over to Mandy's [Amanda Amelia Iverson] place and introduced him there. Mandy was always wanting to see a new guy and so she was sweet to him. And he took it for granted that he had her. So he went to work and built him a home down in Overton, a house, and then after he got it finished, he went to St. George to get him some furniture. So when he come to our place, he always stopped there. So Willard [Iverson], he was always extra nice to him. He was a nice boy, though I didn't want him. I introduced him to Madge [Margaret Wilhelmina Misfeld Iverson, Doretta's half-sister] and she was crazy about him, and I didn't want nothing to do with him. So, we was going down to Frehner's place that night, [possible reference to the Albert Frehner family from Moapa Valley, Nevada] they had some kind of a party, so we went down there and Willard and him come down, and we'd keep out of their way, just on the back row. [Laughs.] Oh, did he like to dance.

BF: Did he say, "It'll be a cold day in June before I ask you to dance again?"

DB: Anyhow, when we decided to go home, I went partway home with Madge and ...she changed her mind, she didn't want him now that she found out he was all ready for marriage. We went a-giggling around and I went home with her partway. And then I was just coming home and there in front of our place, a deep ditch and a bridge across, and great big tall mu[lberry]— or poplar trees all along the road there in front of our place. And so, I was a-coming home from over there and just got to the bridge when here he come from the other way [laughter]. I wished I could have flew then, but I couldn't, so I tried to hurry and walk fast and get across the bridge first, but I couldn't, and he managed to, and so when I got right by the bridge he [laughing] grabbed hold of my shoulders and he says, "What have I done to you that you'd treat me like this?"

BF: [Inaudible; laughing.]

DB: I got away and in the house. You know, just about four or five years ago he was here working in the temple and I'd avoid him every way! [All laughing.]

BF: [Laughter.] After a lifetime you're still running from him.

DB: And his first wife had died, he'd raised a family, and he had got married again.

BF: [Laughter.] How about a guilty—

DB: I had a guilty complex, I'll say I did.

HR: [Child's voice in background.] Do you remember the time we made a, I can't remember, on the mountain, when we went dancing in the Nixon barn and I took some pictures up there? And Art McEwen and his dad, and old— what is it— Dee [Alldredge and Marie and old [inaudible]].

BF: I remember dancing in the barn, but I can't remember what we went, how we went. In fact, I think I was two dances, I was to two dances in the barn.

HR: I went to two or three dances to the barn, myself.

BF: I remember when—

HR: But I got a picture of us looking out of the barn. And then I got a picture of a bunch of you's sitting on a log, one of them big timber logs.

BF: I don't remember anything about it. I remember we had to go up and down that ladder to get into the dance.

DB: You were here when we had this here, and the whole Reunion crew went up there to where they got the lumber and we had the dinner up there at Nixon. And Smutz [John Smutz, sawmill operator and cattleman on Mt. Trumbull] he was giving the background. And then Chloe, she told about coming up here to the dances in the barn. So I expect he could tell a whole lot about it.

HR: Well, I expect she can't 'cause I asked her and she didn't tell very much about it.

BF: [Child's voice in background.] How come we went up to Nixon in the first place to dance, is what I can't figure.

DB: You was just like a bunch of kids to want to go. You didn't have no car to go in either.

BF: Well, I know we went by wagon or horseback or some darn way. But I guess we didn't walk clear from home up there, did we?

DB: Well uh, Mr. White, he walked from his place down to our place more than once—

BF: Well, I walked—

DB: — to bring his vegetables down there to give us.

BF: I know —

DB: They said he wasn't a good man but he had a heart as big as—.

BC: He was a good man, but he sure had a case on Bessie and she didn't have one on— [laughter]. He sure didn't want Clint to beat his time.

DB: Clint who?

HR: Dale.

BC: Uncle Roy's nephew Dale [Lawrence "Dale" Iverson].

BF: Yeah.

DB: Who?

BF: Uncle Roy's nephew, anyway.

HR: Oh. He don't want you to [inaudible, voices in background].

DB: [Inaudible.]

BF: [Referring to child] She's got that kind of a point on both of her feet.

[Child's voice, inaudible.]

BF: I already told Irvin Woods [laughing] he wanted to keep— knowing that he was walking on his territory. He wanted Clint to know he was walking on his territory.

OP: [To child] Those look like good pants.

BF: Them kinda don't look too good.

DB: No he had a—

BF: [Referring to James White] He usually had two or three pairs of pants on in order to hide anything.

DB: He had two or three dogs. His dogs would kill a rabbit on his way down to our place, or wherever he was, and what his dogs couldn't eat, well he stuck it in his coat pocket.

BF: Well, Helen must have been his flame. She had a picture of him. That's more than I ever had.

HR: That belongs to Sister— Findley [possible reference to Muriel Findley, wife of Jack Findley].

DB: Well, but when he was cleaned up—

BF: [Referring to photograph] Who is this on the fence—

HR: That's Bobby Kenworthy. [Kenworthys were farmers and ranchers on Mt. Trumbull]

DB: And he cleaned up, he was a—

HR: That was up on the mountain, too.

BF: Them pictures was all up on the—

HR: Them pictures is all up on the mountain there.

[Long pause. Several voices speaking at once.]

DB: ‘Nita. [reference to Oneta Peterson]

OP: You tell me now Aunt Helen, she’s singing ‘di de.’

BC: No, that was ‘Godiva.’

BF: Remember when you used to sing ‘de-di-de-di-de’? Mother said, “Well, I could find nicer things than ‘di-de’ to sing.” [Laughing.]

DB: That old man, he was a good old man.

HR: Yes, he was, he was very good to us, and he was always bringing us something. I think he got every girl in, little girl in Mt. Trumbull a birthstone ring. I know I got one.

BF: I was too big. I didn’t get one [laughing].

HR: Didn’t you get one?

BF: But he brought me flowers.

DB: And when he was going to have a— oh, what was it— Anyhow he sent off and got some special chickens and he was going to give the kids all some eggs. Then they could raise the nicest chickens, got the prize. And the same way with flowers and things. He was trying to get the kids interested.

BC: Did you go up to help clean out his house before he got married? When he went to get married, Mother?

BF: He was quite a boaster. He got on to one of these ‘heart in hand’ ladies and wrote to her. She was from New York, wasn’t she? George was always getting them from New York. Maybe she wasn’t.

HR: I don’t remember where she was.

BF: She wasn’t a very old lady, was she? I never did—

HR: She had a boy, about a fourteen-year-old boy.

DB: He was more than that. ‘Cause he come clear from Minnesota or back there on a motorcycle.

HR: [Looking at picture] That’s Sister Kenworthy picking their peas, the first peas. [Child’s voice in background.]

BF: [To child] You’re going to get wet.

DB: It’s getting mighty late. [Inaudible.]

HR: Well yeah, but you was doubly anxious to take them up to Frosty’s or somewhere else and not come over here.

DB: Well, when I said that I didn’t know you was home.

HR: I was talking to Bess on the phone.

DB: When you was talking to us?

HR: I was talking to Bess when you was trying to take them somewhere. I been trying to get her to talk here for a month, six weeks! [Child’s voice, inaudible.]

DB: [To child] Yes, you telling them a story ain’t you?

HR: I was going to let you hear—

[TAPE STOPS.]

HR: I taped this March the 16th about Bessie.

[TAPE STOPS.]

[The tape picks up partway into an interview with Loran “Bud” Bundy, possibly at a later date.]

LB: —A dozen times during the night, I would imagine. What kept that boy from freezing to death, I’ll never know.

HR: Well, you do too know.

LB: Well, alright –

HR: Okay [laughing].

UV: [Inaudible.]

LB: It was just cracking light when we trailed that boy all night long.

HR: You know we had quite a lot of experience out there,— some sad along with the glad.

You never told about any of the dances or Fourth of July.

LB: Well, they were always a big to-do every Fourth of July. And we had dances any time there was any— I don't know— they must not have had a dance much more than once a month or so, maybe so, but I don't remember.

MB: [In background] I doubt it, not too often.

LB: But we'd even go, when I was just a little bitty fella we'd go from Trumbull down to Little Tank to dance. We'd go down there in a buggy, go down one afternoon, dance all night and come back the next day, with a team. Did that lots of times. I started dancing when I was about like Russ here [referring to child]. I could just reach up to the women's belts and that's about as far, but I was just as big as the rest of them and I really got in there and went to town.

HR: Well, it's still the most fun and relaxing thing to do, [laughing] that I know of.

MB: I never hear good music but what I'd like to dance. Never.

BF: Or hopping around by yourself for exercise sometimes if something comes over the radio or TV.

LB: On the Fourth of July, the community got to where it was pretty good sized, and shoot, on the Fourth of July they'd have quite a doings. Foot racing and—

HR: Oh, it's all day and into the night.

LB: They'd play games and things like this all during the day and then dance that night.

UV: [In background] Let's get you some tissues for your nose.

LB: But we, oh, we'd have tug-of-wars—

HR: Steal the sticks and—

LB: Everything.

HR: Ball games, races—

LB: Wrassles.

HR: Wrasselin'.

LB: Let's see, Fred Schultz had a brother, I guess.

HR: Ed Schultz?

LB: No, there was still another one. [Ed, Fred, and Lawrence Schultz, sheep men at Mt. Trumbull] Young fellow.

HR: Well, that there was his nephew. That was— oh, what is his name— Leslie Schultz.

LB: Leslie what?

HR: Leslie. Lester.

LB: Lester Schultz?

HR: Yeah.

LB: Well, anyway he was wrasslin' with somebody, now I don't know who. And they had dress pants on and he split his pants. Do you remember this?

HR: Kind of.

LB: And he had to leave. Seems like maybe Mom [Chloe Van Leuven Bundy] or somebody gathered him up something that he could put on. But I'll never forget that because he was so embarrassed and of course here it was, the whole, this was all the trousers he had, other than work trousers. And here it was early in the middle of the celebration and him without no pants. [Laughter.]

Then another time, I don't know, think I would be talking when I should be listenin'.

HR: No, if it's something that we think shouldn't be listened, shouldn't be repeated, why we won't put it—

LB: You mean you could scratch it off?

HR: Yeah.

LB: Well, there's nothing, nothing but maybe this might interfere with people's thoughts or minds. But Chet, [Chester Marion Bundy] at another one of these celebrations, Fourth of July celebrations, Chet— passed out. And he was, shoot, they congregated over him until he couldn't even breathe.

MB: He got bumped or something?

LB: No! I don't remember just what caused him to pass out. Have you had him talk?

HR: Yeah, but I'm going to go back and have him to talk some more.

LB: Well, alright then ask him why he passed out. And it seemed like that this— I could be wrong here— but it seemed like that maybe this was something that happened to him.

UV: Something that he did sometimes.

LB: Yeah. I mean at various times. I don't think this was his first and only time. I think it was something that happened, and of course Mom, she said, "Well, clear the crowd back. He'd smother to death, if he didn't die of any other way."

This happened at one of the Fourth of July celebrations. I'll never forget that. It might have been Chet that, I don't think it was Chet that Schultz was wrasslin'. I think it might have been Alvie Shelley. I can't remember for sure about that. 'Course later years, that was happening when I was a kid, then later years we still wrasseled. I did some wrasslin', did some boxing out there. Ben [Bundy] did some wrasslin' with Ray Shelley there one time. I think they was doing that wrasslin' on a mat in the house. 'Course these other fellas the first time, they were wrasslin' just out on the ground.

HR: Yeah, I can remember when they was wrasslin' in the schoolhouse and had a mat of some kind in there. I can remember Floyd [Iverson] and—

LB: George Alcorn.

HR: No, he was wrasslin' with one of the Shelley boys, but I don't know which one.

LB: Ray.

HR: It wouldn't have been Ray. Ray would have been too young.

LB: Ernest.

HR: Yeah, this is more like it.

LB: Well, I think at that same time I wrasseled with Walter Shelley. Not too sure about that, but I believe I did.

But they had one night there after a dance, got into some fistfights. Alvin, maybe his last name was Alvin or Alvey or something. And he had a broken wrist. I'll never forget that. He had a bad wrist. And to strengthen his wrist in this fight, he could grip somethin' and it would help him, and he reached in his pocket and had his pocket knife. And of course they really roared about that. They said he was figuring on opening the knife, see.

I don't know. There used to be some real bloody ones out there.

HR: Yes, they did. [Laughter.]

LB: We went down to Little Tank to a dance one night when uh, let's see, this was Mary Sue Gray's brother.

HR: James Terry?

LB: James Terry was going to beat the socks off old man [Charlie] Alcorn. You can remember this.

HR: Yeah. I can remember, but I can't remember all of it. So, go ahead, I'll try to fill in [laughter].

LB: And maybe this is another tale we shouldn't be talking about, I don't know. But anyway, Terry had it in for him and, but Terry said he was afraid of him, he'd shoot him. Alcorn would shoot him. Alcorn, you know, had come from just as rough a country as this Strip was and he let 'em know that he wasn't going to be run over. He'd use a gun if he had to. Anyway, they went to this dance and Alcorn was being framed. Some people went and got him and took him to the dance, but he outsmarted them. They went there to take him to the dance, and he gets ready for the dance and dresses and all this, and they starts to the dance, and then he said, "I forgot to get my tobacco." Well, they waited and he run in to get his tobacco but while he was getting his tobacco, he also pocketed a gun, because Alcorn wasn't any fool and he smelled a rat. And he pocketed a .32 while he was in there, in his coat pocket.

And when they got to the dance then, of course the dance went on for quite a while and finally the trouble started arising. And Terry started to trodding on Alcorn's toes, which was planned, cut and dried, this was to be the proceeds. And they assured Mr. Terry that Mr. Alcorn was there without a gun. But Mr. Alcorn kept telling Terry, he says, "I'm no match for you in a fistfight." He said, "I'm an old man and you're a young man," and he said, "I'm not about to fight with you." And Terry kept forcing him. He said, "You are going to fight with me or I'm just going to tromp you without." And Alcorn said, "Oh, no you're not." He said, "Before you lay a hand on me, I'll kill you." And he [Terry] said, "Well, how you going to do that?" And he said, "I got ways and means. Don't let that bother you." And he said, "You keep pursuing me and you'll find out."

So, Terry had been assured that Alcorn didn't have a gun so he wasn't afraid. He kept pursuing and Alcorn presented a gun and shot. Well, luckily for Terry, he missed him. He shot between his arm and his coat. He cut his suit through there all right. And of course Terry, it didn't take more to convince him. He left. [Laughter.] He knew he had it coming [laughing]. He [Alcorn] had missed him, but the next time he wasn't going to stand and [be shot at]. He was going to shoot him on the run.

MB: Gray, wasn't he? Terry Gray?

HR: Yeah. James Terry Gray.

LB: Anyway, they come to Alcorn then and said, “You’d better make yourself scarce ‘cause Gray’s got a 30-30 in his outfit out there and he’s gone to get it.” Well, [laughter] Alcorn wasn’t no fool, he didn’t wait to see if he went to get his .30-30. He left without any hesitation.

Well, I wasn’t there to see this; this was second hand or third or fourth to you. But anyway, Chet and I was down to Mule Canyon with sheep when this happened, and the next day, why, here come Mr. Alcorn down Mule Canyon with a pack outfit. He was leaving.

BF: Moving out of the country for a while.

LB: Out of the country for a while, yes.

HR: I was down there that night. But I can’t remember the, I know they was, you know, a-feuding there, but I can’t remember them pressing. Anyway, I remember that Alcorn shot and James Terry went around the table, around the schoolhouse and Alcorn took out through the country. They both run, left, you know.

LB: He [Terry] didn’t have no gun, he was just running for his life. And Alcorn wasn’t taking any chances; he was running for his life, too.

HR: And then I remember being down there one other time when that Kennedy [Joe Kennedy] and Jess Welch fought. Oh my, that was terrific.

MB: Fistfight, huh?

HR: Oh man, they got them down and they’d take their head and hammer it on the—

LB: Ground—

HR: — floor. They was inside.

MB: I’ve never seen one fistfight.

HR: That was terrible.

MB: I’ve only seen fistfights on TV and I know they[inaudible].

HR: You guys are going to be late for Church!

MB: No, it’s four [o’clock].

HR: Oh yours. Well, good! Mine’s not till five, but I was thinking yours was at three.

MB: No, ours is at four.

LB: Well, anyway, they used to be when they had a feud, well they had it at the dance. This is where they met to fight. [Laughter.] If they went on up there up home to fight, every time they had trouble, [doorbell rings] why, they'd gather together—

Hello, come in. [Voices in background.] Come on in.

UV: Oh, well I better go. Mother's out in the car waiting for me, so—

LB: Bring her in.

UV: Well, she's probably in a hurry to go back home.

LB: How are you?

UV: Oh, pretty good.

MB: Are you going to help me with this?

UV: Yes. Now is she going to the hospital?

MB: She's going Monday night.

UV: Monday night. Now this next week will be the best week for me because the [inaudible] from Salt Lake.

MB: Well, I'll just call. I'm sure, well I know I won't on Thursday.

UV: On Thursday, all right.

HR: Maybe Tuesday, too. [More conversation. TAPE STOPS.]

LB: —About the car. I'll go out and forget.

MB: [Inaudible.]

LB: Well—

HR: You didn't have any of your children that was borned out there? You always came into town, didn't you?

MB: Lavell [Bundy Hardy] was born out there.

HR: Lavell was borned out there, huh?

MB: I came to town when she was just a few hours old, but they said I still had ten days. She came a little early. I had hemorrhage problems, they couldn't get me [inaudible] so they brought me in. [Inaudible.] She was about five hours old when they put me on a mattress in a pickup.

LB: Near killed me.

MB: Yeah, near killed me.

HR: [Laughter.]

MB: But I survived.

LB: I don't know how she did. We had her in the pickup with a—

MB: Canvas over it.

LB: Canvas over the top.

HR: That damn wind whipping around.

LB: Well, and the gas [fumes] come up under there and made me deathly sick.

MB: You were all nervous. [Inaudible] I started out early in the morning— hemorrhage before I had a pain. Had potatoes and eggs boiling for a salad. [We were] going over where they were shearing sheep. Anyway, I'd been awake all day. Kept giving me hot toddies; seemed like if I ever lost consciousness that would be it.

LB: [Referring to the cassette recorder] Is that a Cassio?

HR: Mm-hmm.

MB: But she was the only one.

What brand? Sony?

HR: I don't know.

MB: Mine's General Electric. Made in Japan.

HR: [Reading] Cassette, and it's H-I-T-A-C-H-I.

MB: Hitachi. Not a Sony. It's a Hitachi.

HR: That's where?

MB: A Hitachi. It's another brand of recorder player, same as a Sony or General Electric.

LB: Where's it made then?

MB: In Japan, everything is. My General Electric is made in Japan. General Electric has plants there. Most industries do because of the cheaper labor.

HR: Maureen, how many teachers can you remember that was out there?

MB: Well, I was there in '31. Taught three years. Took off a year, and taught again. Lawrence Jones taught then.

LB: Did you teach with Lawrence Jones?

MB: No, I did not. He taught that winter, and—

LB: Alone?

MB: Dottie Davis.

LB: [Inaudible.]

HR: Dottie Davis. I'd forgotten both of them.

LB: Well, Dorothy— [Dorothy Young Alldredge]

MB: Must have been the winter before.

LB: I would have went to school under Dorothy, I guess. But I don't remember. Not one lesson. Not one class with her. Did I go to her?

MB: I don't know.

LB: I must have not done. Did you?

HR: Yeah.

MB: I taught with Francis St. John for a year I taught there.

LB: I bet by the time Dorothy'd come, I'd quit 'cause I sure don't remember ever goin' to her.

HR: Did you go to school with Donald Flake?

LB: I don't know. Yeah, I believe. No, I don't know.

MB: Well, of course you did. If you were seven when you went out there— Well, they had two teachers. Because if you were seven when you went out there— Oh, you could have been out of school before Donald was there. I don't remember when Donald was there, but I—

LB: Not too many years before—

MB: Before I was there.

LB: I don't think. You did, you went to him.

HR: Who, Donald Flake? Yeah.

[END OF RECORDING TWO. END OF INTERVIEW.]