

**CLARENCE AMBROSE BUNDY and
DAVID “DAVE” AMMON BUNDY**

1982

**THE HELEN (BUNDY) RUSSELL
ARIZONA STRIP
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CLARENCE AMBROSE BUNDY and
DAVID “DAVE” AMMON BUNDY

Clarence Ambrose Bundy and his brother, David “Dave” Ammon Bundy, were asked by their sister, Helen (Bundy) Russell, to record their early personal histories in 1982 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. They related their life experiences living on the Arizona Strip.

[Clarence Ambrose Bundy was born on September 6, 1919 at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona. His parents were Roy and Doretta (Iverson) Bundy, who settled at Mt. Trumbull in 1917. He grew up ranching and farming on the Arizona Strip, served in the United States Army in World War II. He married Marvia Josephine Goodwin in 1950 and they were the parents of nine children. He and his family settled in Washington, Washington County Utah, where Clarence was the Washington City postmaster for thirty-eight years. After the death of Josephine, he married Doris C. Walker of Texas, in 1996. Clarence Ambrose held many callings as an active member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, including serving as a bishop, and in his later years, filled four missions. He died in January 2016 at the age of ninety-six. The following is a transcript of parts of Clarence Ambrose Bundy’s personal history, as he read it out loud to his sister, Helen (Bundy) Russell. It does not appear to be complete.

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

CB: “One time [William] “Bill” [Fay] [Bundy, my first cousin] and I [were] herding sheep up on the mountain and we let [the sheep] get into a place Josh Crosby was [planning] to get under a Desert Act.

[The Desert Land Act was passed by the United States Congress on March 3, 1877, to encourage and promote the economic development of the arid and semiarid public lands of the Western States.]

“I told “Bill” we better get the sheep out of there, but he didn’t think they were hurting anything. Wasn’t long until old Crosby came by and set his dogs onto the sheep. “Bill” grabbed his rifle and started shooting at his dog. Didn’t hit the dog, but my, that old man was mad. I heard from my dad about this also. Really, I was quite innocent in the whole deal.

“Sometimes we run our sheep alone. Sometimes we were mixed with Uncle [Peter] Martin Iverson, sometimes with Uncle [James] “Jim” Bundy’s, sometimes with the James Jones’, and sometimes with [Uncle Chester] “Chet” [Marion] Bundy. But when I wasn’t in school, I was usually herding sheep, sometimes with the cattle, and sometimes helping with both. I would be lucky if I [had] a week reprieve before school started in the fall. Then I would be expected to work at home. Someone once said, “all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” But

I think my folks thought: “all work and no play” [was] the way it should be every day.

“I took time out [from] school in March the year I was in the eighth grade to help [Vernon] “Vern” Iverson, [my first cousin], move our sheep down into the canyon. I just turned thirteen [years old] the September before and never made it back into school. My teacher gave my folks my diploma from the eighth grade when school was out. He said even though I didn’t complete the course I was doing good [work] while I was in school and he thought I was entitled to it. Thus my school days were over, and what education I received since has come pretty much through church experiences and hard knocks. That is all [about] that.

HR: It is alright.

CB: Now I have a few other little things. Guess I will read this if you are taping this. It kind of identifies me.

HR: Okay.

CB: “My name is Clarence [Ambrose] Bundy. I was born at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona [on] September 6, 1919. I am the sixth child in a family of twelve children born to Roy and Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy. My parents moved to Mt. Trumbull in the spring of 1917 and were among the first to homestead there —

HR: I thought it was 1916 [when] we moved there.

CB: “— and gave the town its name [Bundyville].” Well, maybe it was. I don’t know. I could stand corrected. I think they went out in 1916, but I believe it was 1917 when they moved there, wasn’t it?

HR: Well, this could be.

CB: “They became dry farmers [and] also ran cattle and sheep. At a very young age I was required to help at one or the other or all three of these tasks. I started to school when I turned six years old, but prior to this I was given the responsibility of herding a small band of sheep. Much of the time I was barefoot. I became quite tough-footed, but many a time I have turned back and stepped on cactus as I followed that small band of sheep. I carried a .22 rifle at [that] young age and learned to shoot it rather well, even if I say so myself. Later, while firing for [a] record during World War II, I qualified as expert with the 1903 rifle [Springfield Model 1903 bolt action infantry rifle] out-firing all in my squad thereby earning a small purse of about \$15.00. [I] was excelled by only one man in the battalion that fired for record that day.” Okay, that is what I [have] on my early beginnings.

“As I try to contemplate just what my earliest memories are, I find it a little bit difficult to know if I remember all, or if some are things that have been told to me and have merged into the things I have experienced. On the other hand I do remember some things that happened at a very early age of my life that are very clear and vivid in my mind.

“I recall traveling home to Mt. Trumbull in a wagon from St. George on several occasions. One instance that stands very clear in my mind [was] crossing a gully just before we came to the Fort Pearce Wash. On the bottom of the depression, just off to the side of the wheel tracks, lay a large watermelon that had evidently rolled off some farmer’s wagon as he crossed the gully. I don’t know who saw it first, but the cry went up, “Stop and get the melon.” Dad stopped the wagon and started to get off when he noticed a large rattlesnake coiled up on the shady side of it. Dad just settled back down in the seat and said, “Let him have it,” and drove on.

“On another occasion I remember a trip when Uncle Walter Iverson [a half-brother to Clarence Bundy’s mother] gave a buckskin colt to my brother Elmo [Aaron “Frosty” Bundy]. I suspect the horse was about a year old. Dad tied the colt to old “Bill’s” harness and he learned to lead alongside the team. “Bill” and “Doc” [were] the name of our team and I suppose they were older than I was. We also had a stallion we called “Mack” and some mares, but it was “Bill” and “Doc” [that] usually pulled the wagon. As we traveled along slowly in the wagon and, as I remember, it was near the Arizona State line that dad asked Elmo if he wanted to ride the colt. Of course, he was raring to do so! So dad stopped and put him on. We just got started when the blame colt ducked his head and bucked “Frosty” off and he landed on his head. He got up bawling, came back and crawled up on the wagon. We named that horse “Buck.” I don’t know if it was because he bucked his first rider off or because he was a buckskin color. Anyway, he never did turn out to be a horse [for a youngster to ride]. He never could be trusted. My older brother Iven [Leroy Bundy] rode him most. One day down on the lava beds up near Hunter’s Cave [on the Arizona Strip] old “Buck” met his fate. I don’t know just what happened to him. I was still just a [young] boy. I think he somehow got tangled in his hobbles and [went] down in the rocks. I guess you could say he lived fast, died young and no one mourned his loss too much.”

HB: [Laughter]

CB: You remember him, don’t you?

HB: Yes. He jumped me for [inaudible].

CB: ““Bill” and “Doc” lived on for several years. Then one cold wintery day “Frosty” and I came by the school section reservoir and old “Doc” lay kicking in the snow, too weak and stiff to get up. He couldn’t even raise his head up. As a matter of

fact, we figured he was the same as dead. We paused long enough to feel sorry for the old fellow, then went on and forgot about it, even failed to tell dad. A couple of days later Albert Snyder [rancher and homesteader on the Arizona Strip] came by and found old “Doc” down and so near gone that he had died away with him. A bullet I suppose. This reminded me that we had seen him a couple of days before and I had forgotten to tell dad. Dad was pretty upset [and] said he could have probably saved him if we had told him. He may have saved him from suffering for two days, but I don’t think he could have saved his life, for he was too near death when we saw him. Of course, I did feel bad that we paid him so little mind.

“Old “Doc” was never my favorite. I always thought old “Bill” was the better horse. He was always just more gentle and dependable. Seemed like he tried to do what was right. Dad didn’t have to holler at him like he did old “Doc.” Like when [Verl] “Doc” Iverson [my first cousin] was courting Mary Sue Gray, [the] new school teacher at Mt. Trumbull who was boarding at our place, dad had come home from St. George in the wagon, pulled by old “Bill” and “Doc” our horses, loaded with supplies and grain for planting. It was late on a dark night and dad just didn’t feel like unloading the wagon. He pulled it up into the yard near the door, turned the horses loose and gave them a start towards the pasture. A trip from town probably took four or five days with a loaded wagon. A lot of grade to pull, chuckholes, rocks and washes to cross. So “Pop” was tired and retired to bed. He soon fell asleep, only to be startled awake by a noise at the wagon. Immediately visions of old “Doc” having snuck back from the pasture to gorge himself on the grain caused dad to raise from his deep sleep. Without taking time to put on his shoes, socks or pants, rushed out the door with a shout, “Doc,” you S-O-B, get out of there.” I think that is what he said.” [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter] Yes.

CB: “Two startled young people stood by the wagon, but not for long, for the sound had not time to vibrate into an echo, when “Doc,” the young man, took leave of his sweetheart and darted around the house for home. Daddy now realized his horrible mistake, headed around the house the other way, with his nightclothes flapping in the breeze. They almost met head-on on the other side of the house, but not a word was spoken, nor a pause in flight. I never heard a report from the other side, but it was good for a lot of laughs around our house.

“It didn’t break up the romance, oh no. For those two young people ended up getting married, but not until after “Doc” had come courting a few times more. One time he came riding old “Nig,” a black horse that had the reputation of being one of the fastest horses in the valley. He never intended to stop this time, only to leave an impression as he passed. As he passed the house he called out, then whipping and spurring, he rode looking back over his shoulder as his horse bore him due south just as fast as he could run. About a quarter of a mile from our house he was still looking back when his horse met a group of our cows on the

trail around the hill. The lead cow saw danger coming and stepped out of the trail. [The others followed] but one failed to make it and horse, rider and cow all went down. Only a split second and the horse was up and resumed his race around the hill, soon followed by its rider in hot pursuit. And the cow got up and came on home.

“But as I started to say, I always felt old “Bill” was the better horse. He lived on several years after “Doc” [the horse] died. But even so, he lost quite a bit of face as far as I was concerned. After dad [was] crippled with arthritis and could no longer work, we [children] had to take over. When we tried to use old “Bill” to pull the cultivator to cultivate and weed out the beans, he would go awhile, then stop. When we applied the ends of the reins he would just back up over the cultivator. It seemed that about all we could do was report to dad that the old horse was balky. Dad said, “There ain’t a balky hair on that horse.” So we would have to get him in his wheelchair, or two-wheeled cart, and take him down to the field to prove to him that old “Bill” had turned out to be balky. When dad spoke old “Bill” laid into the harness just like he was trying to make liars out of us. But just let dad not be there and he would be in reverse more than he was in forward, except when “Frosty” got a pair of spurs and got on him. Then he backed up and kicked up awhile, but soon decided he would have to do some cultivating.

“As time went on old “Bill” began to get stoved up, thin and bony, even when he was on good pasture and not working. We knew that his days were not many. Dad worried about him getting down and not being able to get up, laying [there] and suffering. He said [we] should get him out of his misery before that happened. Mom said, “You haven’t got the heart to kill that horse.” Dad said, “Just let him get down and see if I don’t.” A few days later one of the Jones boys came by, either Eddie or Lavon, [sons of James and Esther Alice Jones], I don’t remember which, and dad asked him to take his rifle and go [put] old “Bill” out of his misery.

“We had other horses that played an important role in our family life, but I’m sure none affected so many of us as “Prince.” “Prince” was a mustang colt, raised from a baby and learned to drink milk from a bottle and bucket. In fact, he would still drink milk when he got to be an old horse. I’m sure that at least ten out of a family of twelve learned to ride on him, besides a lot of [the] neighbors [youngsters].

“Prince” was strictly a [child’s] horse. You could crawl under him, over him, or slide off his tail and I have never known him to offer to kick. As many [youngsters] could ride as could hold on. He has [been] ridden many a time without rope or bridle. If you fell off or went to get off, he would stop dead in his tracks. He had a habit of letting you know he didn’t like the way things were going by putting his lower lip out over the shank of the bridle. A [youngster] could usually walk up to him any place, but not so with a man. He would usually come to a grain bag and he has been caught a few times by that old ruse of

holding out your hat and walking up to him. But usually a man had to get him in a corral or pretty tight corner and then threaten to hit him with a rock to catch him.

“The first rides I remember taking were] on “Prince” if my memory serves me right. Dad and mom made a trip over to Grassy Mountain hunting for pine nuts and I went along. But there [are] only a few events that stand clear in my mind. I rode behind my mother. We rode “Prince,” I think. She carried a baby in her arms, I think. I remember we dropped [David] “Dave” [Ammon Bundy, my brother] off to stay with the Whartons. [It] is now known as the Griffiths’ place. If mom took a baby on the trip it would have been [my sister] Leah [Bundy], because Leah was born November 16, 1923. [This] must have been in the fall of 1924 [when] she was about a year old. This would have make me five years old, and if I was that old, seems I should be able to remember more about it. If it was the year before Leah was born, then “Dave” must have been the baby and I would have been only three years old. I just don’t know. I remember leaving “Dave” at the Whartons. I remember riding behind mom. Dad had a horse and we evidently had at least one packhorse.

“The next thing I remember was watering the horses in a rock pocket in the bottom of a canyon. It was almost dark or being in the canyon made it seem so. Dad seemed to be having trouble getting his horses into the pocket to drink. They were snorting and their feet were clanging on the rocks. Mom had gotten off and whether she had dropped the reins or whether they were tied and left on the horse’s neck, I don’t know. I suspect the latter. Anyway, I was still behind the saddle when the horse decided to go to water. He jumped up on a rock ledge and I remember the action [jerking] me forward as he came up with his hind feet. Mom cried out and I started to howl. Dad told me to shut up and hang on, which I was already doing with all my might [laughter] and I would be alright. And I was. But I was pretty scared when that horse ducked his head and sort of squatted down to drink, especially with the other dumb-headed horses acting like they were. I suspect we camped nearby, but I don’t remember the camp. This was on the north end of Grassy Mountain [on the Arizona Strip].

“The next thing I clearly remember is riding out of the trees on the west side of the mountain into a little clearing. There were two or three tents pitched there. No one was home, but from what was said I got the impression that this camp belonged to the Alldredges and Van Leuven. I remember how tidy one camp was and recall mom saying she, I think she said [Maria] Delilah [Van Leuven], must have made her a broom out of a pine bough and swept the ground. We didn’t dismount but rode on. The next thing I remember we [were] riding along a road at the south end of Grassy Mountain and dad saying [that] it was around here that either Archie or Harold McCain [sons of A. A. and Rhoda McCain], I don’t know which one, [was] bitten by a rattlesnake. I don’t think we got any pine nuts. I remember coming back by the tents again. No one was home. Other than that, I

remember nothing. But these events were impressed on my mind, so that it might have happened just yesterday.

“Another famous ride I took on “Prince” happened when I was about six or seven years old. We had moved up a bit in society then because dad had bought a Model T-Ford. It wasn’t a new one, but it was quite a step forward. Even the new ones had to be cranked or pushed to get them started. Aside from that, if it had been new it would have been straightaway scratched and scarred up because dad had to just run through a few gates hollering, “Whoa! Whoa!” before he could think how to stop it. If my memory serves me right he made at least two trips through Grandpa [Abraham] Bundy’s unopened gate, hollering, “Whoa! Whoa!” each time. [On the] first trip it was just a wire gate, but then the local schoolteacher, figuring to do a good turn, made granddad a new wooden gate and painted it all white and nice, not realizing that daddy would so soon come driving through again.

“I can’t lay all the gate-busing to dad’s account. Even so, it was part his fault on account he got up and announced [one] Sunday morning that he planned to go to town after church let out and anybody who rode down with him would just have to walk home. Now it was a mile down to church if you took the trail and a little further if you went by way of the road, the same as going to school, [because] they used the same building for church and school. We nearly always walked to church and school, especially in the summertime. So it was no startling announcement that we would have to walk home. But my mother told me more times than once when I was growing up, to use my head and save my heels. Since “Prince” was only about a quarter of a mile away it seemed like good head use to go catch him. That way I could save myself three quarters of a mile of heel wear on the way home. Besides that, it was uphill coming home, and by the time church let out you was getting pretty high on the flanks and starting to feel like a family of tapeworms had gone to work on your innards.

“I enjoyed church. I believed the Gospel was true then, the same as I do now. We had the block system then the same as we do now. The main difference being that we took a lunch break, but no lunch in between Sunday School and church, which sometimes lasted for a couple of hours while folks visited.

“So it was [with] thoughts like this in mind that I set out to catch a horse that Sunday morning while the other members of the family rode to church in the Model T. I wasn’t far behind since I had no trouble catching “Prince” and I didn’t bother to put a saddle on him, only a bridle, and the reins on it was one long strap with a snap on it at each end. I may have been admonished not to be late. This seems like something mom would be sure to say under the circumstances. Anyway, I unsnapped one end of the bridle rein from the bridle bit, leaving me with just one rein to guide and control the horse. But [a] very hefty and convenient persuader, just long enough to reach from one side to the other in an over and under operation to get all the speed possible. I’m sure I hurried all the

way, but I didn't really open him up until the last few hundred yards and then I thought I would show the folks I was really hurrying. So I started that over and under with that loose end of the line and old "Prince" was doing his level best when he reached the gate that was supposed to be open, but it wasn't, until we hit it, we really rolled, him right over the top of me. People at the church yelled and came running, but we both got up, not too bad off except I left quite a bit of the skin on one side of my face down there on the ground. When it came time to go home, Iven rode "Prince" with me on behind him. Lurie Alldredge [daughter of Verl Isaac and Delilah (Van Leuven) Alldredge and my cousin] walked up to our place with the family. People sort of made over me and kindly treated me on account of my face was quite badly peeled.

"Since I have been talking about "Prince" I guess I just as well tell a few other things that involved him. He was one of the horses "Frosty" and I rode down in the [Grand] Canyon [down on the Colorado River] the summer he and I stayed down there with the cattle. It pains me each time I think about how we rode those poor horses without shoes until they became so sore-footed they could hardly walk. We mostly always rode the same horse, "Frosty" in the saddle and me on behind. I doubt if we had a pair of shoes around the place for any one of the horses and I don't suppose we knew enough to put them on if we had. I was nine [years old] and he was thirteen [years old].

"I don't know whether it was before or after we stayed in the canyon that I went with my cousin Melvin "Meb" [Lee] Whipple down to their ranch to do some checking on things. I am sure it was on Saturday [as] we didn't have to be in school. [His parents, Clement Leroy and Annie Emma Rean (Iverson) Whipple] were living down near the schoolhouse at the time. He must have been riding "Roney" and I [was riding] "Prince." It was about six miles down to the ranch. We found a calf they were trying to wean had gotten out and was in the big pasture with the other cattle. "Meb" said, "We [have] to put him back." But cutting him out was not so easy to do. After we [had] tried awhile, "Meb" got mad and said, "I'll rope him and drag him." That is just what he did, until he just about had the hair drug off [of] one side [of the calf]. I said I didn't think he ought to drag that calf like that. He said, "I have seen dad do it."

"Anyway, we hassled that calf around so much that when we got to the reservoir it took to the water to get away from us. But "Meb" dropped right in behind him. After we got the calf attended to we had to let his saddle blankets dry. While that was happening he thought it would be a good thing if we swam our horses around the pond for awhile. I was reluctant at first, but it didn't take him long to persuade me. He seemed to know all about swimming horses and with a little coaching I learned to give my horse a slack rein at all times so he could hold his nose out of the water. We swam back and forth across the pond for quite awhile.

"Whether his blankets didn't get clear dry or whether he found it necessary to make another trip across the pond before we went home, I don't quite remember,

but it was the wet saddle blankets that gave us away. It was late and a pitch black night before we got home. His dad met us on top of the McCain Hill, [he was] coming to look for us. When asked why we were so late getting home, we gave him a minimum of information, as we decided it best not to talk about swimming our horses. Uncle Roy told us to [head] for home so the rest of the folks could stop worrying about us and he would soon be along, as he was walking. When we got to the schoolhouse, we parted. I hadn't gone far when that big black Husky dog some man had left with Grandpa [Abraham] Bundy came bounding out of the darkness and [was] growling at me. I had always been afraid of that dog and had been advised to be aware of him. Some stranger traveling through the country had left the dog with Grandpa, saying he could keep the dog, unless he, the stranger, should return and claim him, which he never did. The dog was big and surly and we [youngsters] had been advised not to bother him. So when he came growling out at me, out of nowhere on that pitch black night, it really spooked me. I turned my horse and headed back to the schoolhouse howling where I intercepted Uncle Roy as he was on his way home. He reassured me a bit and said, "The dog is probably gone now, but if he comes at you again, just hit him with this." He handed me a rock. So I started home once more, ever alert, and armed with a rock.

"[My] uncle was right. The dog was gone. At least I didn't encounter him again that night. I said nothing to my folks about having swam the horses around the pond because I knew they would be upset. When Uncle Roy dropped by the next day and started talking about finding "Meb's" saddle blankets all wet and learning from him that we had been swimming our horses, I decided it was a very good time to be someplace else. I went and laid down in an old wheat header. After awhile Helen [(Bundy) Russell] came by and saw me. She said, "You had better hide because they are talking about you." I was pretty worried, but I don't recall anything more being said about the incident."

HR: [Laughter]

CB: "Meb" and I was very nearly the same age and we were closest buddies when we were [young], but after we got out of school we sort of went different trails. I recall one time him bragging about what a good horse he had. I told him "Prince" could outrun his horse. So, after we both had bragged awhile we went to get Iven's opinion about it."

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

[Guitar playing]

UV: Sing us a song, "Dave." Get up here.

[Guitar playing]

UV: I want you to learn some of dad's favorite songs.

HR: Old *Strawberry Roan*! *When the work is done this fall.*

UV: [Inaudible]

UV: [Inaudible] [Guitar playing] [Inaudible]

UV: Dad will sing it and you strum along.

RB: Singing *Strawberry Roan* and other songs.

UV: God bless.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF.]

HR: [Read about] your school years.

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

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

DB: School years? Okay. "I started to school at Mt. Trumbull about the time I turned six years old. My first teacher was Dorothy [Lillian] Young. [She came to Mt. Trumbull as a school teacher in 1925 and later married Irvin Alldredge]. I believe this was her first school. Her home was in Minnesota. She taught me the first four years that I attended school in a small one-room unpainted frame building. [It] was one mile from home if you went by way of the trail, which was usually the case, [and] a little more if you went by way of the road. There [were] four grades [that] met in this building at the same time, taught by the same teacher.

"Dorothy was a good teacher, a bit shy, and I am sure we tried her patience from time to time, but the information was there if a person wanted to learn. As my eighth grade teacher told the class one day, "We can present the material to you, but you have to absorb it yourself. We can't twist off the top of your head and

pour the gray matter in.” I think I was a fair student. I didn’t have much difficulty getting my lessons, although I am sure I could have applied myself better. It seemed there was too much excitement and interest happening on the outside. Too many herds of cattle and sheep passing by, too much of the great outdoors to be seen, too much exploring to be done, too many places to go, thinking maybe I was the first person to ever be there. It seems my peers were those who were out of school. They seemed to be the ones [who were] having fun. I guess I wanted to grow up too fast, but when too much responsibility came, at too early of an age, it seemed almost overwhelming.

“One of my duties, even before I started school, was to herd a small band of sheep, thirty-five or forty head, over the hills about the place. This too steady of a chore of got tiresome, even though I enjoyed it part of the time. I looked forward to my first day in school, thinking this would relieve me of this task. But alas, the sheep were to be herded for awhile before I went to school, then locked up while I was in school. The first and second grades were let out of school a couple of hours earlier than the other classes, [so] I had to hurry home. While I was still on my way home, someone would turn them out. I would see sheep going over the hill and knew that I would be sent after them and must stay with them until night time. I tried poking along from school, but this didn’t work, for the slower I came home the farther I had to go to catch up with the sheep. We were never permitted to stay and play after school as some [youngsters] were, but were instructed to hurry home as soon as school was out. We answered to parental authority if we didn’t show up at about the right time.

“I remember my dad informing me that he had advised my teachers to spank me if they thought I needed [it] in school, then assured me that if I ever got it at school I could expect another one at home with no questions asked. Having already felt his chastening hand, I usually tried to walk a pretty straight line. However, there was a few times that I got caught up in a bit of mischief. I remember Dorothy making me stand in the corner with a dunce hat on once. But this was a mistake on her part, and I think she soon realized it. This was like throwing Brother Rabbit into the briar patch. I was in my natural element and the [youngsters] just couldn’t help but laugh. This made her very angry at me and she made me keep my face to the wall. But it was too late. The [youngsters] were all cracked up. Finally, recess saved the day. I guess she forgave me, at least, she told me in later life I was one of her very best students. Maybe she told all of her students this, I don’t know.

“I remember we had a sandbox in school which she used as a teaching aid. Just before Christmas one year we planted wheat in it and when we came back to school after holidays it had sprouted and was a mat of green. She read several books to us during reading time. One I remember was *Moni the Goat Boy*. I really liked this [book], so she gave me the book when school let out in the spring. I took it down in the canyon and put it in a crack in the rocks in the Cow Pocket

Cave [on the Arizona Strip]. It remained there for several years. I don't know what finally happened to it.

"I am sure it was my first year in school that I became very ill. I don't know what my problem was, but I had a lot of fever and became very weak. My mother kept me in bed and waited on me for about a month or six weeks. Then on the last day of school, before the Christmas holidays, she bundled me up in a coat and scarf and let me go to a school party. This period of time was the longest time, I think, I have been confined to bed. I have had some health problems throughout my life, especially when I was younger. I remember when I was a very [young] boy getting out of my bed at night and laying on the foot of mom and dad's bed or some other place to get away from what I later came to call the "fever bugs." I guess the reason I picked that name was because when my mother would find me moved from my bed she would ask what [my] problem was. I would try to explain about that [the bugs] were trying to carry me off. She would feel my forehead and announce that I had a fever. I couldn't seem to explain to her what I was experiencing. I don't know that I can do any better now.

"It seems that I would awake in a sort of a trance or a semi-conscience state. There would be some big, billowy, white objects floating through the air. One of them would drop down and take me with it. I would float away across the field, which seemed like such a long, long ways. Then it would all of a sudden burst and I would go zooming back to where I started, only to be picked up by another one. This went on and on, and it seemed that I got so tired. Sometimes it almost seemed that I was watching myself being carried off. I would get littler and littler until I almost went out of sight, and then the thing would burst and I would zoom back at tremendous speed, sometimes to be immediately picked up and taken again. Other times [I would] awake to reality. But as soon as I started to doze, away we would go again. So I would often get up and move to a new location. Sometimes this move broke the spell and I could get some sleep and rest. Sometimes it didn't.

"I don't know how long of a period in my life this kept happening. As I grew older I seemed to outgrow it. Even so, there have been times of illness in my later life when I have felt I was on the verge of this same experience. Not to the point of being carried away, but it seems the whole experience was sort of in another dimension. If this all doesn't make sense, [as] I said before I started, I doubt I could explain it.

"As I think back I can only remember three teachers having taught me. Dorothy taught me the first four years. Then Mrs. Brewer taught me one or two years. My last teacher was Alonzo [D.] Adams [in about 1935]. It was while Mrs. Brewer was teaching [that Ephraim] Albert [and Artie Francis (McCain)] Snyder had a baby [who] died. They said they were going to let school out so that we might attend the service. Then they said, no they wouldn't, but when the noon hour was up, there were no teachers around to take up school. Evidently, the teachers had

gone to pay their respects and were a bit late getting back. [The youngsters] started to filing off toward home. It looked like we were going to have the afternoon off. [My] cousin, [William] “Bill” [Fay] Bundy, and I decided to go and do a little hiking and exploring. We just got started up though Cactus Flat in Grandpa [Abraham] Bundy’s pasture, when “Bill’s” younger brother [Denver] LaVar [Bundy] caught up with us. A little further on we heard the school bell ringing, but we just kept on going. About a half a mile from our house was a cove which ran up to the foot of the mountain. This was always known to us as “The Cove” or “around the cove.”

“We had to go around some foothills to get to it. Through this cove [at] the base of the mountain for a half a mile length, erosion had cut a twisting channel known to us as the Corkscrew Wash. It ran pretty much from east to west [at the foot of the Uinkaret Plateau], [with] the many zig-zags I suppose someone thought it looked like a giant corkscrew. It had cut to a depth of as much as thirty or forty-feet, I would guess, in some places. It was so narrow that I could jump it in a couple of places, and did so numerous times while herding sheep along its sides.

“There was a crossing at the top and one at the bottom. School-age [youngsters] didn’t usually enter this chasm alone. I was as brave as any of them. Two [youngsters] might dare each other to go through it, but when there was a group it was great sport. Once you started through, there was only two ways to go, back or on through. The sides were too steep and high to scale, except at the ends. It usually happened like this: when you started through, the [older youngsters] would run and hide from the [younger] ones, then jump out and scare the daylights out of them. Or hide in some of the side washes and let the crowd get past, then make some strange noise and spook them on through.

“It was here and other points of interest along the base of the mountain that “Bill,” LaVar and I spent the afternoon. Dad soon learned about it and I got a tongue-lashing about it. He allowed if I was going to be out of school I better come home and work. That is about all dad said about it. But Mrs. Brewer, who was [also] the principal told “Bill” and I to meet her after school in the little schoolhouse. We had been let out of school early as they were building a stage in the big schoolhouse and practicing a play. “Bill” thought it would be a clever trick to hide under the stage rather than report. But we [were] caught and she marched us over to the little schoolhouse to give us a lecture. “Bill” was about four years older than I, so he dared sass her. She picked up a stick. It didn’t seem to scare “Bill” much, but me, I got in that schoolhouse nothing flat. I remembered I had two spankings coming, if she gave me one. [It] seemed like several times when I pretty near into trouble, I was following someone else’s lead. One time “Bill” and I was —.

[END OF RECORDING TWO. END OF RECORDING.]