

Interview with
CHESTER “CHET” MARION BUNDY

Prior to November 23, 2015

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CHESTER “CHET” MARION BUNDY

Chester “Chet” Marion Bundy was interviewed about 1972 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Helen (Bundy) Russell. He related his life experiences of living on the Arizona Strip.

[Chester “Chet” Marion Bundy was born on April 1, 1901 in Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico, the youngest son and second to the last child of Abraham and Ella (Anderson) Bundy. He was sixteen years old when his parents, some of his older siblings and their families homesteaded the Arizona Strip in 1917. After working as a sheepherder and as a laborer in a number of locations around the west, he married Genevieve “Jennie” Pressley in December 1924 in Las Vegas, Nevada. Later they were sealed in the St. George LDS Temple.

Children of Chester “Chet” Marion and Genevieve “Jennie” (Pressley) Bundy: Laveive Bundy, Chester LaMar Bundy, Owen Lavoyd Bundy, Arlene Bundy, Wayne J. Bundy, Ila May (Bundy) Hughes Blake, Argwen Kay Bundy, Tine C. Bundy, Nina Vee Bundy, Lynna Rue (Bundy) Anderson, Ramona Bundy, Weeta Bundy, Bonnie Bee (Bundy) McAlister, CloElla Bundy, JoEtta Bundy, Mark Bundy and Eddie M. Bundy.

“Chet” and Genevieve homesteaded in the Mt. Trumbull settlement and raised a family of seventeen children, eleven of whom survived to adulthood. “Chet” prospered as a rancher and businessman. They remained on the Arizona Strip long after most of the other early homesteaders had moved away. “Chet” became known for his knowledge of and experience in the Grand Canyon, especially as a boatman on the Colorado River. He was acquainted with many of the early pioneers of river running in the Grand Canyon, including Otis “Dock” Marston and Georgia “Georgie” White. For many years he worked with her, meeting her rafting expeditions at Whitmore Wash with gasoline and supplies packed down to the river from the rim above. He made dozens of trips through the Canyon with White and other river runners over a thirty year period.

Chester Bundy died in April 1980 at the age of seventy-eight and was buried in the Mt. Trumbull Cemetery on the Arizona Strip.

[— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

CB: I don’t recollect very much. Dad and I went out by the way of the Grand Gulch Mine. I remember staying in [inaudible] and building [an] old picket fence. [Inaudible] and the house. He just put [up] some poles and he later on [got] some slabs and made a slab house.

It was in the year 1916, [the first settlers arrived at Mt. Trumbull in the spring of 1917] pretty well towards the spring. I remember pa telling me that [James] “Jim” [Dennis Bundy] was moving his family out. He said, “When they get out

somewhere near here, I will have to send you over to meet them because they won't know the way after they get out in the valley." I guess at the time "Jim" was, I don't know whether he was living there at the Grand Gulch or not, but anyhow he was freighting ore out of the Grand Gulch [Mine].

I remember it was in March [and] they were due there on a certain day. They didn't get there on that day. Pa said, "Well, you better get on the old work horse and go see if you can locate them." It was a cold day and there was snow on the ground. Pa said, "You go over as far as the turn of the wash anyhow, and if you don't meet them there, you might ought to turn and come back." So I got the old horse, saddled her up and away I went. I got over to the turn of the wash and they weren't there. There was quite a lot of daylight left, so I thought: I will go on up the wash a ways and meet them. It was in March and the snow was melting out there on the Parashant. It was coming down into the wash and had frozen the wash over, just plumb froze [it] over. "Jim" and they were driving right across the ice. You could see the water running underneath the ice.

HR: Oh my!

CB: Anyhow, I went up the wash, I guess a couple or three miles before I met them. When I met them, [Mildred] Iona [(Pressley) Bundy Shelley] was ahead driving a milk cow or two. I remember she had some horses, but not many. When I met them, I tried to tell them which way they was supposed to come. I was supposed to go back home that night. I [only had] a pair of tennis shoes on. It got [very] foggy before I got back home and before I got around part of Poverty Mountain. It [was] so foggy that I couldn't see which way I was going. I could see the road, the trail went over there and there was one place where I could cut off, leave the road, and gain quite a lot, so I thought: I will cut off there. When I cut off, why I cut on.

HR: Cut on! [Laughter]

CB: I [was] down in a draw there and [it was] so foggy I couldn't see which way I was going, right down in the durn draw. I don't know what possessed me to go down the draw because I knew when I went over there that I [shouldn't] go down [any] draw. I went down across a draw or two, but when I got in that draw, it got so foggy I couldn't see nothing. I went clear down in the Parashant Wash —

HR: Oh my.

CB: — before I discovered where I was going. Then I turned around and went back up the wash and hit the road. [I didn't get] home, I guess, until it was around nine or ten o'clock at night [and] my feet were frozen. Pa said, "You will have to get off your shoes, get in here and I will see if I can thaw them out for you." I got off the horse and he come in with a pan of snow. I thought: of all the gol' darned things [laughter] to do, put my feet in snow! But I learned afterwards he knew what he was doing alright. [Laughter]

HR: You bet! [Laughter]

CB: They didn't get in until the next day. They got part way around Poverty Mountain and "Jim" didn't get them in until the next day. That is about all I remember about that event. Along about the latter part of March Charley McCormick come up out of Whitmore [Wash] with a herd of sheep.

HR: How old were you at that time, Uncle "Chet"?

CB: I was fourteen years old. [Chester Bundy was born in 1901, so in 1917 he was turning sixteen.] McCormick come out of there and the snow was pretty well gone, but I remember well how the snow water used to run down off the mountain there in those days. Every day it ran pretty near down to the schoolhouse.

I was curious about sheep. I went up over the side there and ran into McCormick's hired hand. The first thing he wanted to know [was] didn't I want a job. I told him, "I never herded sheep before, but I would like the job." So he said, "You come up tomorrow and I will put you to work." The next day I went up on the side of the mountain, right up in there above the road, at the sandstone turn there. The snow was fairly well gone, although [snow was] around for quite awhile. We started to move [the sheep] because they had to go down to Gould's [Ranch, near Hurricane, Washington County, Utah] to the shearing pen. We got right up on top of the rim where the road tops on top of the rim and it was noon. I was watching one side of the sheep and [they] had a couple of other fellas over on the other end.

I had taken a lunch [with me] that morning. I thought I would crawl up in a tree and see where the sheep [were] going. I got up there, started eating my lunch and along come old Charley McCormick, who was the boss. He was expecting to camp under [inaudible] and was expecting [inaudible] out that day. He saw me up that tree and said, "You got up in the tree where you were watching good." I was only supposed to help them for a few days. Old Charley said, "How about helping us down [at] Gould's [in] the shearing corrals?" I said, "I guess I could do that, but I have to notify dad that I won't be back for some time." Charley said, "I will go down and tell your dad that you are going to work for us and you will be gone for a couple of weeks, anyhow."

So down he went. We went right down Lang's Run [east of the Hurricane Ledge] with the sheep. The snow water come down every day. [There were] these streams of snow water. We got [the sheep] clear down to Clayhole Wash, down to the Flat Top. We didn't go clear to Flat Top this time, we went down to the [Bill] Shanley homestead and we cut across over towards the Seven Knolls. We got over around the Seven Knolls, stayed there about a week and started out for the shearing pens. [We] had a herd of ewes and lambs and a herd of dries. And there was lots of slippery elm [trees] down there in the Clayhole Wash at that time.

Every night why we would lose a few old sheep. They would bloat on that slippery elm.

HR: Oh.

CB: We had to night-herd pretty near every night. There was three of us with the herds. We would take turns with the two herds. I would take [the] drys one night and the next night I would stay with the ewes and lambs. The next night back with the drys.

HR: Was there moonlight?

CB: Yes, there was moonlight. We would change off night-herding [as] we went on down to Goulds. Before we got to Goulds, a terrible storm set in. Snowstorm, [a] regular blizzard. That year there were 250,000 head of sheep sheared at the [Gould's] shearing pens.

HR: You and your tennis shoes, too. [Laughter]

CB: Yes, I still had my tennis shoes. By the time we got down there, the storm had quit, but all of us fellows that had sheared within a week of that time, practically all of them lost their sheep. Some of them lost their whole herds.

HR: Oh my.

CB: On my way down, or on our way back, I found 500 head, the last of one dry herd, and we thought they were all dead, too.

HR: All gone.

CB: I [was] out along the Hurricane Rim, right on the point, and I found 500 head.

HR: I bet he was happy.

CB: [Inaudible] It had quit [snowing] by the time we got down. We sheared. Charley had those Persian sheep and the Persians could out-walk a man. Anyhow, we sheared and got out of there. As soon as we went out, why another storm set in. It didn't last but a few hours and our sheep scattered on us quite badly. We were able to gather them all up and went back to the Seven Knolls. One of the fellas who was helping us was going on a [LDS] mission. He had been studying to go on a mission. He told the boss when he had to go and they never made [any] effort to get anybody to take his place. They just figured when we got back to Seven Knolls, [that] I would stay. And I did. I remember this fella. Every little knoll he would come to, with sheep spread out over the flats feeding, he would preach to them. He really got to where he could give a sermon to those old sheep. [Laughter]

HR: Well, that would be the ideal way to do it.

CB: He got to where he was good. When it came time for him to go, old Charley said [to me], “Why don’t you stay on and take his place?” By this time I was pretty well weaned from home. They were feeding me good and treating me pretty good. The only thing, I would snore at night and they couldn’t stand my snoring. [Laughter] But they broke me of snoring.

HR: [Laughter] How did they do that?

CB: Every time I would start to snoring, they would wake me up.

HR: Oh my.

CB: I mean wake me up!

HR: For cruel! [Laughter]

CB: I was gone two and a half months before pa and ma knew what become of me.

HR: No kidding? They didn’t even get in touch with them?

CB: Finally, Charley told me he wanted me to go over on the Kaibab [Plateau]. [He was] bringing 500 head of yearlings [sheep] over across the Kanab Gulch. He had been running these yearlings with somebody else over there and they had been put in a corral. He [was] told he could go out and get them. Charley took me in a buckboard over to Fredonia [Arizona]. We stayed in a hotel that time. In fact, he owned the hotel. We stayed in the hotel that night and the next day he took me in an old Model-T car over on the Kaibab, along the foothills there. We got the sheep out of the corral. Those darn sheep had been in that corral for two days without anything to eat. When we turned them loose out of that corral, they went like lightening. They was just starved and they went in every direction.

Charley told me which way to go. He said, “I [have] to go back to Fredonia. You go on down across the trail, across the Kanab [Utah] Gulch and over to [the] Bullrushes.” [The Bullrush Wash [is] between the Kaibab and the Utah border.] “There was a corral there at Bullrushes.” So I started out across there with [the sheep]. I got over to Bullrushes just about sundown, in time to put the sheep in the corral. Charley told me, “You put the sheep in the corral and I will come out as soon as I can.” So I put them in the corral. It got dark and was cloudy. It was pitch dark and pretty soon it started to rain. It just rained and rained and rained. The wash came up and started to running. Charley never showed up. I stayed under a ledge there until one o’clock in the morning. That corral was right out in the open and all I could hear was those old sheep trying to shake that rain off their backs. It was really pouring down.

About one o'clock in the morning, here came Charley in the buckboard. We camped out there. Next morning [when] we got up, the wash was still running and it was still a-raining. It rained there for three days. With the water running down the wash we couldn't cross the wash. He brought one old horse that he hadn't hooked to the buckboard. He had two of them, but one of them we would ride. We would take turns on this horse. We would let the sheep out each day, let them chase them around as long as we could with this horse balking all the time. When this horse would get to where he [would] start to be giving out, we would go back to the corral with the sheep and put them in the corral. Of course, one of us would ride the horse and the other one of us would [inaudible].

We stayed there for three days before we could head back out to Seven Knolls. When we got back over there, the camp was there of course, and Charley said, "Fred Schultz has some of my sheep down in the valley [near Mt. Trumbull], the strays that we lost during the winter time. I better take you and we will go over them and get them." Before that he said, "We gotta go back to Fredonia. I [have] eleven head of bucks." They cost him a \$100.00 apiece.

HR: Whooo, at that time.

CB: At that time.

HR: My!

CB: They [were] Persian bucks. So we got the eleven head of bucks and brought them out to camp.

HR: Did you drive them?

CB: Yes, we drove them. They didn't know what it was to haul sheep at that time. We got them over with the herd. Charley said we would go down to the valley and get the strays out of Fred's herd. So we went down [and got them]. Fred was over around Poverty Knoll and we went over there. Fred and Charley made an agreement [inaudible]. When we got down home, before we went over to Poverty Knoll, I went over to the house. Pa said, "Good thing you came, I was just getting ready to take off tomorrow to hunt [for] you."

HR: Oh my land!

CB: I never wrote a letter or nothing all this time.

HR: You would [have] thought Charley [would have been] in touch.

CB: He might have, but he never did tell me anything about it. [Laughter] He gave me \$.50 a day when I first started out. I was only with him about a week when he

said, "I will give you \$1.00 a day." So he gave me \$1.00 a day. When we [were] over to see about getting the strays out of Fred's [corral], Fred said, "If you will come back and work for me, I will give you \$2.00 a day." I told him, "Okay." I would be back. [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

CB: I went back home and didn't go back with Charley because he didn't pay [inaudible]. I stayed home about a week and then I started working for Fred. I worked for him for quite awhile. I don't remember just how long I worked for him, but off and on for three [or] four years.

I started looking around [to] see if I couldn't find something else to do. I worked off and on, here and there, odd jobs around. [I] got a job working for the Clay Springs Cattle Company down at the Big Tank, we called it then, Big Tank and Little Tank. Jeff Nord [who worked for George W. "Jockey" Hail and the Clay Springs Company], he was the overseer. They had Billy Brink, he was supposed to be a half-blood Indian. I worked with them. I used to go out and herd the horses. They had 350 head of pure bred Steel Dust horses there. They would send me out [to] herd those horses. Every morning I would have to get up and go out in the pasture. They had a pasture there, I don't think there was a section of land fenced in, but close to it. I would go out in that pasture and get them, round the saddle horses up, bring them in and turn them [other] horses out. I would herd them around during the daytime. That was the only fence that they had in the valley. There was no other fence around nowhere [inaudible]. There was one other old wire fence over around the [Bob] Sullivan Reservoir. [Bob Sullivan was a rancher on Mt. Trumbull and in the Tuweap valley.] Anyhow, I worked for old Billy for a long time.

HR: This is Billy Brink?

CB: Yes. He used to have me go out and herd the [horses] until long towards evening, then bring them in, cull them [and] put them in the corral. I didn't have them all, but I had a bunch of mares that had colts. The colts was almost yearlings and it was time to break those colts. You would gentle them down [inaudible]. I remember they had a pretty big corral there at Big Tank at that time. It had a partition in it and through the partition there was a gate that went through there and it had a railing over the top.

HR: A stile.

CB: Yes. Well, no it wasn't a stile, it was just a, just a brace —

HR: Oh,

- CB: — over the top, between the two corrals. I [have] seen Billy Brink, a lot of times, get on a horse and he would get to bucking. Billy would grab that top [as the horse] would go through the gate. He used to tell me, “Now, whenever you get one of those colts and you can’t stay on, reach up there and grab that thing.” [Laughter] That was the way we used to break them. [Laughter] Then for years they — you know [that] Billy drowned?
- HR: [Laughter] Yes.
- CB: [Inaudible] they decided to move those horses out of there. [Omer] “Dick” [Bundy, my brother] and Bill Colmes, [a cowboy on the Parashant] took them over west of Las Vegas to Indian Springs and turned the horses loose. On our way over we traded horses wherever we could trade or sell. “Jockey” Hail said, “Dispose of all you can, if you can get [anything] near their worth out [of them].” I remember that at the Pacoon Ranch [at Pacoon Spring, west of the Grand Gulch Mine in Arizona], a man, woman and a [youngster] lived there. We camped there one night on the way over. The [youngster] wasn’t there, he was in [Las] Vegas. He had spoken to “Jockey” Hail about getting one of the horses. He had one he wanted to trade. When we first landed there at the spring, we went in and asked about the boy. They said, “He isn’t here.” The old man said, “I’m Papa Coon and this is Mama Coon and Baby Coon is over [at] Las Vegas.” [Laughter]
- HR: [Laughter]
- CB: We knew [the spring] as Pacoon Ranch, so that was Papa Coon, Mama Coon and Baby Coon. When we [arrived in] Las Vegas, we drove those horses right up Freemont Street, stopped them there and let that [youngster] come and pick out the [horse] he wanted. Lot of difference between then and now!
- HR: Yes, yes, I imagine. [Laughter]
- CB: We took those horses out to Indian Springs and turned them loose. Then “Jockey” wanted me to go out and ride a pipeline on this mountain [that was] about at the timberline, seventy miles north of Indian Springs. We went out there and I rode that pipeline every day. The pipe was made out of redwood and it was about a three-inch pipe. They hadn’t laid it properly [and it would] get air locked into some of them swales, and it would bust the pipe. Every day I went out there and rode that pipeline. I stayed there almost three months and my pay was two of those Steel Dust mares. I don’t know how long you want me to go on.
- HR: Oh, I do, just keep right on.
- CB: Finally, they sent another fellow out there to stay with me. It got [to be] winter [and] it was [very] cold. It was cold as thunder out there. When that pipeline would bust it would just spray [water] for thirty feet, just really spray [all] around. All the vegetation around would be nothing but a solid block of ice. We had a

little old shack we stayed in there. Every morning, pretty near, you could look up at the ceiling and see the frost on the nails.

HR: On the nails?

CB: Yes, where they had driven nails and the frost would come through, too. We got showered and something to eat. We would kill a beef, and that old beef would stay frozen just like it was in the deep freezer. They brought 600 head over from Clay Springs [Arizona] across the [Colorado] River. Those were the cattle that Billy Brink was supposed to bring over when he drowned. They didn't bring the cattle out across [and] take them back when he drowned. I don't know whether they trucked them to Las Vegas, but they got them into Las Vegas and this [fellow] I had staying with me, went into [Las] Vegas to show them the way.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

CB: There was a lake about five miles this side of where we camped [at] this pipeline. It was called Groom Lake [normally a dry lake in Nevada]. I was supposed to go out there, meet those fellas and tell them whether the water in their pipeline was alright. Groom Lake was frozen over, so that the cattle couldn't get any water. We had to go to the pipeline in order to water the cattle. I went over to Groom Lake and was supposed to stay with [the cattle] all night. I did that. In the night, that lake was freezing all the time, it would crack. Along towards morning it started to thunder and lightning. When [that] started the cattle stampeded and they all got away from us. [We were] three or four days gathering the cattle up and getting them back to that pipeline. After we [had] the cattle [gathered] in and got them settled down, "Jockey" Hail come out and I came home. I [received] two horses for all that work. The durn hip on one of them went lame [inaudible]. Between Dick and I, and broke its leg [inaudible]. [Laughter].

HR: [It didn't seem] like you had them very long. [Laughter]

CB: That is about all of that story.

HR: Did dad or mother get out there [to Mt. Trumbull] before Uncle "Jim" and Aunt Chloe [Geneva (Van Leuven) Bundy] did?

CB: Yes.

HR: They did.

CB: Yes, I remember seeing you out there before they came out, didn't I?

HR: Before mom and dad?

CB: No, before "Jim."

HR: You might have, but I can't remember when we went out. I must have been close to four years old, anyway, when we went out because, I am two years older than Elmo [Aaron "Frosty" Bundy], and Barbara [Jean (Bundy) Carroll] was the first baby that was born out there. I don't know just how long we were there before she was born, but she was the first baby born out there.

CB: How old were you when you [had] your fingers blown off?

HR: [I was] seven years old.

CB: I remember that.

HR: Do you remember that? I do, too. [Laughter] It scared me. I can remember it scaring me a lot worse than it hurt me though. I don't even remember it hurting me to amount to anything until after we got back out there — after we had been in here [St. George] to the doctor and mom used to change the bandage on it. But, oh my, I was really scared! Somebody had to hold onto me all the time. [Laughter]

CB: After this [pipeline job] I went [to] work for [a] survey gang.

HR: Out there?

CB: I went down to Wolf Hole [on the Arizona Strip]. [August Vivian] "Pat" [Bundy] had worked for them the year before. I went down to Wolf Hole and met [the] outfit. They had a wagon and four mules on it.

HR: Do you know what year that was?

CB: No, I can't remember.

HR: Go ahead then.

CB: We went to Wolf Hole with this outfit. They had a load of supplies and the survey gang. [The] survey gang was already out there and they wanted another man. They sent word up to tell pa that I was going to work for them when I [was] down there. I got there and we went up over Poverty Mountain and the Parashant Wash was up. We had to stay there seven days before we could move on.

HR: My land a-livin', the Parashant Wash?

CB: Yes, the Parashant Wash.

HR: My lands! [Laughter]

CB: We stayed there and I tell you that crew like to [have gone] crazy. Then we got to surveying. It started down on the Snap Mountains, on down to the Grand Gulch level, [near the Grand Wash Cliffs, west of Mt. Trumbull]. From there we went clear on to the Grand Canyon where we could look off into the Colorado River. I remember we had a cook from St. George. He used to tell me it was a rough [area]. When we went out in the morning we would each take as many survey pegs as we could carry. Which would be mile posts. If you had a couple of them, you had a pretty good load. We would survey all day. At night we would have to walk back into camp. This cook [had] seen that I was a pretty good walker. I would always beat the rest of them in [to camp]. He said, "Well, Bundy, if you will come in ahead of the rest of them every night, I will have a piece of pie waiting for you." [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

CB: When I got there, I would [be] so far ahead of the rest them that he knew when to start setting [the] table. [Inaudible] so he [would] give me that piece of pie. I stayed [and] surveyed on that outfit for about thirty-five [or] forty days. Then we moved back up toward Mt. Dellenbaugh. [A prominent elevation on the southwest side of the Parashant].

HR: Where is that?

CB: That is right above Horse Valley [east of Mt. Dellenbaugh], somewhere up on the Parashant. [There] is a lake bottom there called Horse Valley Lake. We camped right up close to that and surveyed south of Dellenbaugh, on towards [inaudible]. I remember very once in awhile somebody would quit. The boss was kind of cranky and they kept quitting. I started out as a bushwhacker and they finally got down to where I had to drag chain. There were only three left [on] the crew.

HR: Oh?

CB: By then we weren't getting nowhere. When we went out this morning, it was cold and started to snow. I built a fire. There were a lot of trees there and one of them had just died. All I had to [do] was just strike a match to it. I [could] pile the tree with pine needles [as] they were thick there. The snow hadn't penetrated much and [I started] that fire. Man, it just blazed up there! The rest of the trees around there were all green [so] there was no danger of [the fire] spreading, but the boss come back and he saw that I had a fire [going]. Man, he give me a bawling out! [Laughter] So I told him, "Well, the best thing I can do is turn it over to you." So then there was just two [on the crew]. They didn't bother about taking me home. We didn't go into camp. We were in camp that night [inaudible] —

HR: Didn't even eat your breakfast? [Laughter]

CB: — went home. That is about all the excitement I had until 1931. Well no, in 1918, after Thanksgiving — [do] you remember on [that] Thanksgiving Day it snowed eighteen inches? About a week after that Levi [“Lee” Aaron Iverson] and I had decided we would go to Las Vegas and get us a job. When we got to [Las] Vegas, we couldn’t get [any] work, so we decided we would go down to the oil fields in Texas. We [went] up to the railroad depot and a freight train come by, we grabbed it and got on. Man, it was cold that night!

HR: [Laughter] I bet it was!

CB: We had to stand up. [Inaudible] He told us, “You will have to get off with the rest of them, but [inaudible] next car back of the engine.” So that’s what we did. We got back there and the smoke from the engine come over and kept us quite warm. [It] wasn’t nearly so bad. We got down to Yermo [California] and it [was] daylight. That was 180 miles from Las Vegas. We were quite sleepy so we went on down the railroad track, got under a bridge and slept all hours and waited for night. Night came and another freight train out of Yermo came and [wasn’t] up to speed yet, [so] we got on headed for Phoenix. We got down to a little place they called Rice, California. That was in World War I and we [were] on a lumber car. When daylight come, the brakeman came along. [The train] stopped on the side track there and switched this car with lumber on.

HR: [Laughter] And you were on it?

CB: [Laughter] We were! We were still quite cold, because we had been freezing all the way. We thought: we will go over to the depot and get warm. We [went] over to the depot and hadn’t more than got inside, [when] the old agent came around. He said, “You [fellows] are deserters from the Army, I can tell by the looks of you. You are deserters. I will have the cops pick you up.” He was just trying to scare us out of there. We didn’t scare. We stayed right there. We stayed there and got warm. Along about noon that day, a passenger train came along and we bought tickets down to Phoenix. We got to Phoenix and went in the employment office to get us a job in the cotton gin over at Mesa [Arizona]. We went over to Mesa and worked in the cotton gin and got enough money [that] we figured we could go on to the oil fields in Texas.

About that time the oil fields were booming down there. We heard about high wages they were paying so [we] bought us a ticket from there to Douglas [Arizona]. When we got to Douglas, we decided we [inaudible] from there on into Texas. We grabbed another freight train and rode that freight train, heck, we rode it pretty near into El Paso [Texas]. We bought us another ticket to a little place they called Moran, a booming town in Texas at the time. When we got there we just had \$.50 left — between the two of us!

HR: [Laughter]

CB: We got in one morning and Levi got a job right off the [inaudible], but they didn't have an opening for me. So he give me that \$.50. I took the [money] and bought me something to eat, went out in the [area] there slept out all night. The next day I got a job. We both got jobs on the same [inaudible].

HR: Oh, my!

CB: One of the [fellows] had quit. Levi told them about me and I got the job there too. We worked there, I don't remember just how long, but it was quite awhile, around a month, I guess. They were having a drought there in Texas and they had moved all the cattle out because of the drought. Then the rains set in just about time we got there. The job they put us on was freighting oil casings out to the oil wells. They would haul these casings out there in trucks during the dry spell. They just chucked the roads out and [they had] great big holes all along. Those holes filled up with water. The outfits we had were mule teams and when they would hit that water, a lot of them would just go crazy. We drowned one in one of the holes.

HR: My! [Laughter]

CB: We just couldn't get him out of the harness fast enough. We went out from town [inaudible] and we would go out for a week. It took us five days to make a round trip. Then we would come back to [this] place and lay over Saturday and Sunday. Monday we would take off again. We did that for quite awhile. Levi got the flu there for [inaudible]. In the meantime, they transferred me and told me to go over to a little town called Breckenridge [Texas]. It was right out from Fort Worth [Texas]. I went over there [and] the company paid my way over, but the darn passenger trains, there was such a boom going there [inaudible]. You would get on one of those trains and you very seldom would get a chance to sit down. You would have to stand up, people [were] standing up all over. The first thing the conductor [would do] when the train started pulling out, he would tell everybody keep their hand on their money pocket [because there were] so many pickpockets.

I got to Fort Worth and they took me out [from] Fort Worth a-ways, put me on a team, give me an address and told me to take this load of casings to certain wells. I will never forget it. They called it Breckenridge Well Number One. [They] said [to] take that over there. I started out and had to go out there about five or six miles, I guess, out of town. I couldn't find that blasted well nowhere. [I was] out in there where wells were as thick as houses are in the city. [It was] blocked off from the roadway and there was just one well right after the other. I hunted and hunted. I inquired and inquired and nobody seemed to know where that well was. Finally, I stopped at one well that was still drilling and asked the oil driller. He said, "It is two wells right over here." [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

CB: Man, I was sure glad to hear that I had found [the right well]. I unloaded and headed back. The durn place was so crowded with people that they had little lunch stands everywhere. About the only thing you could get to drink was iced tea. I couldn't go that iced tea. I never got so sick of iced tea in my life. Once in awhile you could get a bottle of soda pop, something like that, but water was just out of the question. Land was selling right in Fort Worth for \$500.00 a square foot.

HR: Oh my!

CB: They had oil right under the city. I only worked there about ten days and I quit. [I] went back to where I had left Levi and he had [gone]. I didn't know where he went and, I guess, he didn't know where I went. I went out on a trip or two there. One trip, I know, we had [been] gone five days [inaudible]. This one well [inaudible] had to move a bunch of well rigs there to set up a new well. Anyhow, Levi came up there and couldn't find me. I didn't get in touch with him, but after I quit I went back to the rooming house where I had left him. The woman that was running the house said, "Well, he was headed towards Denver [Colorado]." So I got me a ticket to Denver. When I got to Denver, the first [place] I ran onto was the employment agency. They wanted a bunch of men to go out on the railroad. So I shipped out of Denver and went [just] this side of Kansas City, Missouri. [I] worked on the railroad back there for two months and then I came back to Denver. I figured the cheapest way was to look around some employment offices [to] see if I [could] ship out west somewhere. When I went through Denver in the first place, I pawned my watch to get money to buy clothes for that railroad job. I needed new clothes and didn't have any money to buy clothes. [When] I went back, I thought: I will regain my watch. So I went back to the pawn shop and got my watch. [I] went to this employment office and they had a railroad job near Rawlins, Wyoming. I told them I would take the job.

There were a bunch of us there and we shipped out on this job. They gave us a free pass on the back of the train. We got out to a little old jerk-water town just outside of Rawlins and the conductor came around and said we had fifteen minutes for lunch. There was two other [fellows] setting right close to where I was and they said, "Guess we will get off here and have lunch." So I said, "Believe I will go with you." [I] went with them over to the little café there in the yard and had a piece of strawberry shortcake with some ice cream. We sat around there and sat around there. I kept waiting for those [fellows] to get through and figured they were going to ship out. Finally, one of them said, "Hey, if you are going on that job, you better be getting out there. The train is going to be pulling out right away." I said, "Ain't you [fellows] going?" "No, we are not going on that job, we just shipped out and this is as far we are going."

HR: [Laughter]

CB: So I just got out of there [as] the last car was going by the depot. I went over to the depot agent and told him, "I am being shipped out on this railroad job here, and got left. I was on the passenger train that just pulled out of here. I got off to get lunch and I got left." He said, "Well, the only thing I know [that] you can do is, there is a freight train coming right here. They have to take on water back there a-ways. When they get up here to the depot they won't be going so fast, but what you can grab on." [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

CB: So that was what I did. I grabbed on and as I grabbed on, it was quite dusk, it was quite dark, and the [fellow] in the caboose turned his lights on. He had his lantern on and was waving for the freight train to get ready to leave the water tank. I crawled on that thing [into] a gondola and it was loaded with lumber.

I got in this gondola. I knew the old brakeman had seen me get on just as sure as sure. I got on the end of it and after we [were] out of town a ways, here he come back, on top of the car, walking along. I saw his light flash on the car where I was and every time I would see that light, I would get down in this corner. Finally, I figured, he was going to find me, so the next place they stopped, I got out of there and [went] around where I could get down between the cars. The lumber was stacked up on both sides of me. There was a hole there and I got down in that hole. That brakeman came back there half a dozen times that night, trying to find me, but he never did find me.

I was afraid he was going to get me when we got over into Rawlins. When I was in Denver I bought a brand new suit of clothes. I had worn those clothes while I was on that passenger train. When we got up in the yard in Rawlins, there was just one track right after another. When we got into the yard, [it] was sort of an island, like and it was pitch dark. I thought: I am not going to let that brakeman catch me, so I will just slip off of here before the train stops. So I did. I slid down a bank right into a big old slough with [my] brand new suit of clothes on. [Laughter]

HR: Oh, dear. [Laughter]

CB: I was quite a sight. [When] I walked up to the depot, I didn't know just how I looked. When I got in where it was light — [laughter]

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

CB: [Inaudible] The truck would pick us up in the morning. We sat around the fire at the depot. The truck came and took us out across the [area]. There was a railroad gang there that had a bunch of cars. We rode up to the cook's shack to find the boss. The cook said, "The boss has gone into Ogden [Weber County, Utah]. He won't be back until night, but you fellas can have breakfast and wait around here tonight and tomorrow morning we will put you to work." In those days it was

against the law to skip out on a job unless you went to work. You could go to work [for] just an hour, or any length of time at all, and you were alright. You could go to work, then quit the job and you were alright. Well, this was a good excuse for us to keep right on a-going. We went to that little jerk-water town. We got on a passenger train [when] it come on through and went to Ogden. We got into Ogden and two [fellows who were] in the gang [had] shipped out. One was going to California. His brother [had] come up missing down in California. He [had gone] east [from] California and he had never heard from him. He had been gone for two years and he was going down to California to see if he could find his brother. The other fellow, he was just going to California to find work.

One of the [fellows] said, "I have got to stop in Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah] to find me a job because I am short of money. I can't make it to California with what money I have." The other [fellow] said, "Oh, you can't get a job in Salt Lake City unless you are a Mormon."

HR: [Laughter]

CB: "You can't?" He said, "No, they are Mormons down there and they won't hire nobody. You can't beg, buy or borrow a job in Salt Lake City unless you are a Mormon." This old boy said, "I have to do something." He asked me, "How far are you going?" I said, "I am only going as far as Salt Lake City. Then I am going to take a branch line out of Salt Lake [City] and go down into Sevier Valley [Sevier County, Utah]." He said, "What about the both of us throwing together and buying a room tonight. It won't cost us [so much]." [Inaudible] [I told him] I have a \$200.00 check coming in from the Union Pacific Railroad.

Anyhow, we stayed there that night. The next morning this old boy got up and went to the employment agency and got a job. He was a window washer by trade and that is what he got a job doing. [Laughter] The funny part about it was he got a job right across the street from the hotel where we stayed. I stayed there all that day and I could see that old boy over there in that there [inaudible] about four or five stories. He would wash the inside and then he would get out and wash the outside. I thought: boy, what a way to make a living! [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter] Yes!

BC: [I] got in there, the first day, before closing time. I went up to the depot and figured I would cash that check, and they wouldn't cash that check for nothing.

HR: They wouldn't?

CB: No. So I went back through town to a hardware store and talked to that old boy and I told him my troubles. He said, "I will tell you [what to do]. You go up to the state capitol." He gave me a certain room number. "You go in this room and tell that [fellow] that so-and-so sent you up there and he will cash that check." So I

stayed with this old boy that night. The next morning [I] went up to the capitol building to this room and told them I had [a] \$200.00 [check]. [I] got my check cashed. I [bought] a ticket down to Mt. Pleasant [Sevier County, Utah] that afternoon and went to work herding sheep the very next day. [I] worked there a solid year and only had four days off.

HR: Oh my! [Laughter]

CB: [I had] those four days off and went over to Delta [Millard County, Utah] because [my sister] Ina [(Bundy) Gifford and her husband and Cyrus ["Cy" Gifford] were living over there. [Inaudible] I met Levi [Iverson] and Mert Alldredge over there. They were working in the sugar factory. They tried to get me to quit herding sheep and go [to] work in the sugar factory. I wasn't very enthused about working in a sugar factory so I went back and went on with the job and worked about ten days and then quit. [I] didn't tell the boss and didn't tell the foreman that I was going to quit. I just went to the foreman, said I was quitting and could I have my pay. [Inaudible] I had been putting my money in a bank up there and I had a \$1,000.00. I had cashed the \$200.00 check so I had [some cash]. I [did go] to Delta and [worked] in the sugar factory with Mert and [Levi]. I stayed there a day or two and [then] decided I would get out of there.

In those days there weren't too many passenger trains running that way. I went over to the depot and asked them when was the next passenger train going through? He said, "There won't be a passenger train going through until late this afternoon." I walked out of the depot and here came a freight train. There were flat cars on [the train] and [fellows] on that flat car just like flies.

HR: [Laughter]

CB: I thought to myself: dad burn, I will just get on that train and ride it. I got on it and after it got out of Delta a little ways, the brakeman came back. He said, "The fireman has taken ill and we are wondering if one of you [fellows] would volunteer to come and shovel coal." [Inaudible] Nobody volunteered. I thought: maybe I ought to. So I went back to the [next] car and told them the same story. Nobody volunteered. So I [went] back to the [brakeman] and said, "I might try it. I have never shoveled before but I would like to try it." He said, "Good. Come with me." I [went] up there and the engineer had the firebox open, shoveling coal himself. He handed me the scoop shovel. "Here you are. Scoop her in here." I said, "How much should I put in?" "Oh, shovel her in. I will tell you when to quit." I commenced to shoveling coal. I shoveled coal from there clear to Milford [Beaver County Utah].

HR: [Laughter] And he never did tell you!

CB: He never did tell me to quit and never closed the firebox. [Laughter] We had a long string of cars, heavily loaded, and [I] just kept a-shoveling. I don't think I

hardly straightened up, just kept on shoveling coal! We [were] right close to Milford and he [the engineer] said, "Here [fellow], here is \$.50. Go on over and get you something to eat. We will stay here about thirty minutes, maybe an hour. When you get ready to go, if you want to go on, come down and crawl on."

Before I started shoveling coal, I heard these [fellows] talking, these other tramps, and one of them said, "I am going to get something to eat in Milford. I haven't any money, but I'm going to get something to eat." There was a slump after the war [World War I] and there were thousands all over in these towns, here and there, looking for jobs. When we got there, I went up town with a bunch of them. [Inaudible] There was a big plate glass window there and they had been laying some brick there. There was a big pile of brick there. This [fellow] said, "I am going to get me something to eat." He reached down, picked up one of those bricks and broke that plate glass window.

HR: Oh!

CB: The cops grabbed him right now. So that was how he got him something to eat. I had lunch, went back and crawled on the flat car up. We were out of the mud. I thought: I will count the buggers [on the car] and I counted forty-one of them.

HR: [Inaudible]

CB: I rode a stage coach from Milford to Cedar City [Iron County, Utah].

HR: How old were you then?

CB: I was about eighteen years old. [Inaudible] Let's see, it was 1918 when we left and it was 1919 when I went down to [inaudible].

HR: You are twelve years older than I am.

CB: I am seventy-one [years old].

HR: I was born in 1913.

UV: [Inaudible]

CB: The very next year I decided to go back to Mt. Pleasant and work for the same outfit. I saw the boss that time. He told his straw boss the year and the date that I quit. The straw boss told him that I quit and left. I didn't tell him where I was going, but he knew I lived in Arizona somewhere. He told his straw boss they would give me \$90.00 a month and board. He said, "If I had known that [youngster] was going to quit, I would have given him a \$150.00 to keep him here."

HR: [Laughter] To keep him right on.

CB: A year later when I went up there and they put me on right now. [There] was really, really in a slump then. Money was tight everywhere. The year I quit, that outfit was offered a \$1.15 a pound for their wool. When I went back up there to go to work that spring, a year later, they sold their wool for \$.15 a pound.

HR: Oh my.

CB: That was just how deflated things were. Those old-timers had been working there for that outfit. It was a big sheep outfit and those old-timers had been working there and said no [young person] from Arizona was going to come up there and take their job, but I got the job.

HR: I bet it was —.

CB: [I] herded out there two winters. I stayed there one summer [and] then went out on the winter range and along that spring I quit.

HR: What year did you and Aunt “Jennie” get married? How old were you when you married?

CB: I was twenty-three years old.

HR: You were twenty-three years old?

CB: I don’t remember the year, but I think it was 1924 —.

HR: Did you live out there [on the Arizona Strip] all the time? Or after you [were] married did you go places to work or —.

CB: I went to herd sheep before I [was] married.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CB: They trailed clear back, that is what they did [inaudible]. I [was] pretty tired of it, but before this, I had run onto Clarence Lamoreaux [an early Mt. Trumbull sheep man]. He said, “I will give you \$90.00 a month to come and work for me.” Fred [Schultz] was only giving me \$80.00 at that time. So I promised Clarence I would go to work for him. When the time came, I told Fred when I went to work for him, “[I] promised another fellow I would go to work for him at a certain time. And that time is [now].” [Inaudible] with Clarence. I worked for him and bought me a Ford car. Levi and I got together and went over one Fourth of July to Hurricane [Washington County Utah]. We met Charles [“Charley”] Petty and Willard [James “WJ” Iverson]. [Willard] wanted Levi to go up to Salt Lake [City] and get him a pickup. So I told Levi, “I guess I will go up and buy me one.”

[Inaudible] This Fourth of July, we were up there with Petty [inaudible] with the car. We were writing out the contracts. They had a park there. Down in a corral [was a] horse that nobody could ride. Levi said, "Why don't you go down and try to ride him, "Chet"?" [I said], "I guess I can go down and try it." Charles Petty said, "Wait until we get this contract fixed up here. Don't go now. Wait until we get the contract fixed up here. You might change your mind."

HR: [Laughter]

CB: I said, "No, we won't change our mind." Levi told him, "My brother [inaudible]." I call him [an] old work horse, my bucking buddy. I got up on him and hardly [had my] foot in the stirrup when he threw me off.

HR: [Laughter]

CB: I turned right around and got back up on him and [rode him]. We and Petty signed the contracts. [Inaudible] Levi got a pickup for Willard and I bought a touring car, a 1924 model. I didn't know how to drive one. One of Levi's relatives in Salt Lake [City] said he would show me how. We decided to go out to Bingham [Salt Lake County, Utah] to see the moon. [Inaudible] He showed me how to drive it.

HR: [Laughter] Were you along when they were fixing that fence over [at] the school section when I took my first driving lesson? [Laughter]

CB: No, I don't remember it, Helen.

HR: I remember it was [with] dad when he got that Model-T from Uncle Martin. The one that he had and the clutch were the gears.

CB: Yes.

HR: I had watched him quite a lot. They were building the fence over there and we was up on this ridge. I thought: I think I can drive down to the bottom of the hill and back. "Frosty" was in [the car] with me. They were building fence there. We took off down that hill, got back up on it and parked. That night I drove it home. That was my first [laughter] [lesson].

CB: I took my driving lessons right there in Salt Lake [City].

HR: Did you?

CB: [I] don't know how I did it to this day, but I did. They weren't too strict on the written test, we kind of slipped on one another's paper [laughter] and they didn't say anything. On the driving test, I did alright. They said, "Good enough. Turn around and go back." So I turned around and went back. We didn't have to show

that driver license once [inaudible]. [That was when] I started to working over there in Page [Arizona]. Utah [fellows] came in there driving Utah cars and working in Page [inaudible]. [Inaudible]

UV: How long did it take you to drive home from Salt Lake [City]?

CB: No, I don't remember. I think we came down through Mt. Pleasant and stayed down there. Levi had relatives down there.

UV: [Inaudible]

CB: [Inaudible]

HR: Yes, go ahead.

UV: Tell about all your [inaudible] in Mexico.

CB: We had quite a lot of experience down in Mexico when I was a [youngster]. I was born there and came out when I was about nine years old. I didn't have a pair of shoes on until I was nine years old. I remember "Pat" used to lay on one end of the bed every night. I would lay on the other end and we would take a needle [to remove] thorns out of our feet. Being the rascals we were, we played hooky from school, go down on the river bank and catch frogs. [I would] skin their legs, roast and eat them. It was there I learned to swim. [I] went down to the river to be baptized. They had a spring board out over a pool and it was [very] deep in there. "Pat" tried to teach me to swim for a long time [and] it seemed like he couldn't hardly. [One] day I was standing on this diving board and [he] pushed me in. When I came up I was swimming. Didn't have [any] trouble swimming after that.

We used to take our cows down across the river in the mornings, go back and get them at night. We had a field over there where we would run them across and let them go. In the summertime, the river would get high, [be] pretty dangerous to swim [in and] we would push the cows out into the river and grab onto their tails and hang on until we got to the other side.

HR: [Laughter]

CB: I remember one trip going down the river [when] "Pat" and I decided we would go down the river and gather wild grapes. There was lots of wild grapes in the cottonwood trees along the riverbeds. Sometimes we would go down there and the grapes would be pretty good. We happened to get down quite a-ways one day. On the way back, we were barefoot of course, and it would get hot, [very] hot! We would have to run from one bush to the other. I remember how it would get so hot that I would run and would bawl, my feet were so burned. I remember one time, in particular, we went up the river and we had a little old sego-like, 'tater like [plant] that grew along the ditch banks there.

HR: Sego lilies?

CB: No they weren't a sego lily. [I] forget what we called them, but they were [on] the banks. They grew down in the ground quite a-ways. You could go up the river, and a lots of times they would be right on the surface. All you had to do was pull them off. We went up there and did that for quite awhile. We went out in the mesquites, were going along and the first thing we know, there was a skunk in the patch of mesquites. We stopped and were debating about whether to get rocks and kill him. [Inaudible] "Pat" said, "Stand still! Just stand still!" I stood still and the skunk came right over to me, got to my feet, and he grabbed hold of my pants leg.

HR: [Laughter]

CB: When he grabbed hold of my pants leg I took the other foot and put it right on his head and [got] him off me. He really saturated us!

HR: [Laughter]

CB: [Of] course we played hooky that day from school. We hung out, stayed out just as long as we could, thinking that smell would leave us. [At] home our kitchen was just a tent-like affair attached onto the house. In back of the stove there was a big hole.

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

CB: It got dark. If we could hang around long enough we could slip up to the house, get into bed and nobody would know that we hadn't been to school that day. But we got in behind through this hole in the tent, right behind the cook stove. Nobody noticed, but [we] hadn't hardly got in there and settled down, but ma said to pa, "I can smell a skunk, pa." Pa said, "Oh, there wouldn't be any skunks around here this time of night." Ma said, "I can smell a skunk, anyhow." So she [went] sniffing around until she come over [where] we were behind the stove.

HR: [Laughter]

CB: We was two dirty little skunks alight!

HR: [Laughter]

CB: We got a tanning for that. That is about all the experiences I had in Mexico. Other than we used to go hunting coons up and down the river, skunks. There were lots of wild tomatoes grew there.

HR: Wild tomatoes?

CB: They were little fellas.

HR: You are kidding!

CB: [Inaudible]

HR: Yes.

CB: There were lots of those around [and] we would gather them. We ate most anything. We [were] pretty hungry sometimes. I remember for breakfast ma would set one of those little cubes of sugar by each one's plate. [Inaudible] I remember getting in the sugar bowl quite often. [Inaudible]

HR: [Inaudible]

CB: Life was pretty hard. I remember crawling out on the roof of the house a lot of times, early morning [inaudible]. The mice were so thick. This Mexican was cleaning off the shed one day. He had us [youngsters] out there one day and the mice [inaudible]. He had a barrel [that had] an open top and we would hit the mice [and put them] in the barrel.

HR: [Laughter]

CB: We had the barrel piled with mice. [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

CB: [He] was a pretty good Mexican during the [Mexican Madero] Revolution [about 1914] there [inaudible]. He was a faithful Mexican. [Inaudible] I remember falling off of the shed there [inaudible] a chicken coop. It was quite high. We used some ocotillos [cactus] to put over the top of it, with dirt on top of the ocotillos. I got out too close to the edge one time [inaudible]. Those ocotillos were growing out on the edge, I fell and hit my head in a bucket.

HR: My!

CB: [It] cut a big gash in my head. [Inaudible] They took me to her and she sewed it up. I had a sore head [inaudible]. I better start [to] tell you about when Iven [Leroy Bundy] drowned.

HR: Yes.

CB: As near as I recollect the year [was] 1931. I was herding sheep down in Mule Canyon [on the Arizona Strip], down by Mule Springs. I used to walk out and look off there [inaudible]. I was herding sheep down there and one day one of James' [youngsters], I believe it was [Denver] LaVar [Bundy], I am not sure.

Anyhow, somebody came down there and said that Iven had drowned in the Colorado River. They wanted me to go down [and] see if I could help find him. I guess the rim there by [Mule] Springs is close to 2,000 feet. I crawled out of there in ten minutes and went home. Ensign [Griffiths] took "Pat," me and Floyd [James Iverson] down to Whitmore Point and dropped off down in there to the [Colorado] River. It clouded up that night. We got there before it [was] dark. It clouded up that night, started to rain in the night. We got over in a cave and built us a fire. [We] hadn't [hardly had] the fire started and here came these big tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions came crawling in like they were going to take us. We stayed in that darn cave all night and I tell you there wasn't any of us slept. The next morning we put in a bunch of dynamite shots in a whirlpool, but his body was [inaudible]. We went on down the river, beyond the Red Turn, got down there and there was a little pool out to one side. [Albert] Snyder [who homesteaded at Mt. Trumbull in 1921] and "Dick" [Omer "Dick" Bundy], I guess it was, I know it was Snyder. Snyder was down there stripped naked and he was diving down in this mud hole trying to get fish. He stirred it up and it was just as black as black. When Snyder came up he looked just like a nigger! [Laughter]

When we couldn't find anything we all came home. When we got home, Roy [Bundy] wanted us to go down, get the boat and go down the river. We had a little boat down there. It weighed 880 pounds [and] had an air chamber in each end of it. Floyd, "Pat" and I went down to get that boat [to] go down the river to see if we couldn't find his body. Doretta [Marie (Iverson) Bundy] fixed us up a lot of grub [inaudible], jerky and cookies, pretty well supplied [us].

We went down there, got this boat and went down the river. When we got down to the mouth of the Parashant [Wash], there was a bad rapid and we upset it. We lost a lot of our groceries. We didn't have [our supplies] tied in properly. We had a bunch of dynamite we used to blow fish up to eat and we lost that. Even though we got the boat all straightened up, and headed down the river we [had] made an agreement with Snyder that if we didn't find anything, we would build a fire so he would know we were on down the river. Snyder went on down to Frog [Spring] and out on the island. We gave him a smoke signal and he give us a smoke signal. We camped on down the river a couple of miles that night. We found a rocking chair and a lifebelt that was in good shape.

We went on down to this side of Diamond Creek. [Diamond Creek flows into the Colorado [River] from the South Rim 225 miles downstream from Lee's Ferry.] It seemed like each night, we were on the river for five days. Each time we went to have a meal, it was our luck to have to eat right in bad rapids. We would get so [inaudible] that our food didn't digest when we [went] over those rapids. I know that we prayed a lot. I don't think I ever prayed more in my life than I did that we might find him, for the simple reason that Roy was crippled and unable to come help us hunt.

I remember one rapid we came to — we were trying to steer out around it and we knew this boat wasn't capable of taking these larger rapids. Where we possibly could, we would steer out around them, along the side, a lot of them, we carried [the boat] around them when we could. This one rapid in particular, we were trying to go around it and broke an oar. With a broken oar there was nothing we could do, but ride the rapids. [Inaudible] couple of upsets; a pretty rough ride. We went on down the river and came to a rapid where the river was going through a gorge and [there was] no way to go out around the edge. So we decided we would have to tote [the] boat up over this ledge. It was quite a high ledge and we had to leg one another up over there. We had to leg first one man up and when he got up there he would take the rope and pull. We would push the boat and get it up the ledge. This particular place, "Pat" was the first one to go up over the ledge and [we] were doing all we could to push him up over there. He got his nose up over this ledge and about a foot from his nose there was a big rattlesnake. He had two six-shooters. [Inaudible] He held on with one hand, reached down in his scabbard, pulled out [a six-shooter] and shot that rattlesnake right in the head.

We went on down to Diamond Creek. It was a Sunday and we decided we were not going on the water on Sunday. We laid over there Sunday. Sunday morning we laid around quite awhile and [had] heard that there was trout up in Diamond Creek. We decided to go up there and see if we could get some trout [to add to] our food supply. We walked up Diamond Creek for a heck of a ways and never did see any fish. When we first landed at Diamond Creek there was a great big wooden boat. It had Bright Angel Lodge written on the side of it. Two men had come down that far from Phantom Ranch [in the Grand Canyon, Arizona] six months prior looking for the Hydes well over a year. [They were] looking for [Glen and Bessie Hyde, who disappeared in the Grand Canyon in 1929], a couple who went down through there and were missing. [Inaudible] It was right below this particular spot where the bride and groom's boat was found. It was out in the stream a-ways, had an anchor on it and that anchor [held it there].

We laid down there all day. Prior to that, they had had a government camp there. They were surveying for dam sites out there and had a blacksmith shop there. This blacksmith shop had a big plank [inaudible] two feet wide over a bench for tools. There was an old frame bed under this bench. I laid down under there, looked up on this old slab and written there were the bride and groom's names, the Hydes'. They had decided prior to this [that] the Hydes [had not] drowned below Diamond Creek. They figured that they had drowned up above Diamond Creek, the boat had come down and gone over the Diamond Creek rapids and lodged in this whirlpool. That was their decision, but after we saw this, later on I [told Otis] "Dock" Marston. He was the first man to run a power boat through the Grand Canyon. I told him about being down the river to look for Iven and what we had found. So we [inaudible] straightened out about the Hydes [inaudible]. When the Hydes came up missing, Hyde's dad and some men tried to come up. [They] got a party and went clear around the rim down there looking for [them]. [They] thought maybe they might have got out, started up one of the canyons and

choked to death. [Inaudible]. They were eighteen days down in that Parashant [area]. They were in every canyon they could climb down off the rim.

On a Monday morning we left Diamond Creek and started [inaudible]. It was a long rapid, over a quarter of a mile. A pretty rough ride. We went along pretty well, and got on down a couple days' travel below there. We camped there and we come to a rapid which was known as Separation Rapid, but we didn't know that at that time. We had been in there five days floating down the river and didn't know where we were. We made several attempts to see where we might be. [Inaudible] When we come to Separation Rapids, it was so bad we couldn't see how we could take a boat down through it. It had big boulders, one here and one over there, just situated this way and that-a-way. It looked like it was impossible to go down through there with a boat without hitting something. We decided we would tie logs to the end of the tow rope. Two of us would go down the river, one of us would stay up there and cut the boat loose. When the boat was cut loose he was supposed to fire a shot with the six-shooter. We would be down below the rapids and keep watch. When it came down, we would swim out and get it. "Pat" stayed up, shoved her [the boat] out and fired the shot. We heard it alright and here she [the boat] comes. [It] hits the very first boulder [that it] came to, busted a hole in the air chamber and started to sink, taking on water, gradually sank. If she sank she would come over to the edge [inaudible]. Floyd and I decided to come back up. "Pat" would come along side and we would get down in there. One of us would swim [out], get the log and [use] the log to pull the boat over. But we could no more pull that boat than we could fly. It was already filled up, that air chamber was full of sand. When we pulled the nose it would just go into the sand. There was nothing to do then, only one man was to swim out there, dive down and lift up on that boat, and the other two would pull. That is the way we did it. A man would dive down, get her up and we would pull. We could only go a foot or so, and he would have to come up for air. We kept doing that and we finally got [the boat] out.

The day [the boat] sank we were getting low on grub. We had flour for one more meal. We had straight rice for one more meal, but that was all we had left. When it sank [inaudible] a way we would have to quit the river. We commenced looking for high water, where the water had been high before, and we took ropes and carried it up. We got what we figured [was] fifty feet higher than high water. All we had left [for water] was one quart canteen. Separation Canyon had a little stream coming out of it at that time. Today it doesn't run into the river, it sinks before it gets to the river, clear out of sight, a half a mile anyhow, from the river.

We put that boat up above high water, [left] the river at five o'clock and walked until ten o'clock that night. We came to the end of the water and decided we had to sleep out there. We stayed there all night. The next morning we got up, filled the quart canteen and went up the stream about a mile or better. There was three canyons. One went east, one went west and one went right up the middle. [Inaudible] We decided we would have to take turns going up these three canyons

because if we couldn't get out those canyons, we felt like we would never get out of there. Because mind you, we had walked from five o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock that night and didn't have anything to eat. [We] hadn't had anything to eat since that morning when we left the river. Things was getting mighty serious. "Pat" said, "I will take my turn first. I will go up this west canyon first. You fellas stay right here until I come back." We stayed there, he was gone about an hour and he came back. He said, "Nothing but a bird [can] get out of that canyon." The next canyon, [the] one up the middle, Floyd said, "I will take this one." So up it he went. He was gone an hour, or so, and when he came back he said, "A bird would have quite a straight up flight to ever get out of that one." I thought a few minutes and said, "You fellas just as well go up this canyon with me here, this last canyon, because if we don't get out this canyon, we will never get out of here."

They thought a little while and said, "We might be able to go back down there [to the river], but we don't know." I said, "I am sure we are doomed if we can't get out [of] this canyon here. Leastways, I am." We started to go and there was a bird's nest in a bush there [with] a bunch of eggs in it. We got those eggs out and was sucking those eggs right now. [Laughter] But we got up this canyon and lo and behold, it took us out. We were all day, well, practically all day, getting up to where we could see out. We came out on top and found a road. There was an old road that had all grown up in trees. We could go out on the point to what they called the Snyder Mine. This old Snyder Mine was down on the sandstone level. That sandstone level was halfway down into the bottom of a canyon. But we made it out on top. We came out by this road on to what they called Kelly Seeps [on Kelly Point, Parashant]. We were able to get a drink of water because we were mighty dry. That little quart canteen of water among the three of us —.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR.]

CB: [Inaudible] A jack rabbit jumped up and [inaudible] managed to shoot this jack rabbit with his six-shooter. We thought we were sitting pretty now. We can have pancakes, meat and rice. [Inaudible] we built us a fire and put the rice on to cook, the jack rabbit on the coals and made what flour we had into pancakes. We had a pancake feast out of the flour. I will tell you, we sure enjoyed the meal. That was the last meal we had. While we were eating this meal, a couple of cowpunchers came out through the trees riding horses. They wanted to know where we had come from and what we were doing. We told them. It was Luther Swanner and [Tine] Heckathorne [cowboys on the Parashant who worked for the Walking X Cattle Company]. They said, "You [fellows] follow right on up this road. [When] you get up there a-ways, you will run on to a little cabin. On the north side of the cabin there is lots of jerky. Just go in and help yourself [to] what you find." We went up that road, but never did find that little shack.

HR: Oh, my!

CB: We walked and walked and walked. The next place we came to [inaudible] in Horse Valley. When we got up there, there wasn't anybody in Horse Valley at all. We went in and helped ourselves to something to eat. We hit out from there and went over to [the Reed Miles] Mathis [Pine Springs] Ranch. By the time we got to Mathis Ranch, we were ready for another meal. There was an old man staying there at the ranch. He asked us where we had been and what we were doing. We told him. He said, "Anybody ought to starve that didn't have any better sense than to go down looking for a drowned man on the Colorado River." He insulted us so that we just walked off and left him. We didn't get anything. He never invited us to have anything.

HR: Who was he? You didn't know?

CB: I don't know who he was, just an old man that Mathis had there. I never did find out who he was. We went from there to Penns Valley. When we got to Penns Valley, there was George Weston and his wife [Mildred (Cragun) Weston]. It was quite late in the evening. Mrs. Weston said, "You fellas just stay right here tonight. We will put you up in a bed." She gave us a nice supper. The next morning she got up and gave us a nice breakfast. She fixed us a nice lunch and we were on our way. That night we made it over to [Oliver] Belnap's [place]. "Jim" was there [with] a bunch of them, shearing sheep. We stayed there that night and the next morning we went on home.

Our prayers were constantly asking that we might find Iven. I was so sure that we would find him, that I was somewhat bitter when we didn't. It just seemed like I couldn't get it off my mind. I felt when we prayed, that we were sure going to find him, but we didn't find him. My brother, "Dick," was down on the jury in Kingman [Arizona] about a year later. Prior to this, we had read a description of a man who had drowned in the [Colorado] River and they had found his body on the sandbar. A couple of prospectors had found his body down at Gregg's Ferry [Arizona, a ferry crossing on the Colorado River downstream from Pearce's Ferry.] These prospectors buried him on the sandbar and went into Kingman and reported it to the sheriff. No one ever went out after his body.

A year later, my brother "Dick" was down on the jury in Kingman. On the jury was one of these men who had found the body and had helped his companion bury him on the sandbar. He told "Dick" that the newspapers didn't give the right description at all in regards to the body, the age of the man or nothing. When we read the newspaper, [there] wasn't [any] description at all, like what we were hunting for [inaudible]. So nothing was done any more, but a year later when "Dick" was down on this jury, he ran on to one of these prospectors. He told him the true facts about the [situation]. We figured that it was Iven's body, but [we] weren't sure.

When they were excavating for the building of the Boulder Dam [inaudible]. It is still called the Boulder Dam, but they changed the lake. The [United States]

Government offered to dig up any graves that the water might cover when the dam was built and deliver them to whoever might claim them. Brother Roy, claimed the body. I don't remember just how long afterward it was, do you, Helen?

HR: No, I don't remember just how long it was, but I know Barbara looked at the body. His teeth were worn off, and [on] this body the teeth were worn off. So they figured that is was Iven's body.

CB: I had the understanding that he had some dental work.

HR: His teeth were just like they had worn down. His teeth did look that way. I don't remember whether he had any dental work or not, but I know his teeth were worn smooth.

CB: After they brought the body out there and when we heard what Barbara had said, it came back to me so strong. [Emotional] I knew it was him.

HR: Yes.

CB: That was a lesson to me, to never doubt your prayers.

HR: [Emotional] And you know that was the turning point with Floyd.

CB: Yes, it was.

HR: He blamed himself for it and he thought we blamed him, but we didn't. [Emotional] I used to get so lonesome and homesick to see that [youngster] because he and Iven were inseparable. After Iven drowned, Floyd just couldn't get over it. I don't think he still has.

CB: No, I don't think he has either. He has never changed.

HR: It did something to him. He just —.

CB: When I rode that log down the river and about drowned, he really gave me a Scotch blessing!

HR: I remember. It nearly scared him to death.

CB: Years afterward, [inaudible] said she had a time getting him out of there.

HR: He was just as pale as a sheet. But how lonesome and homesick I used to get for that [fellow] after that.

CB: Iven and I herded sheep together for Fred Schultz. We worked for the Greek [Milt George Pappas Sheep Company] one time. [Inaudible]

HR: Yes, I know.

CB: He used to go out herding those sheep, study the scripture, learning it all by heart. [Inaudible] and recite the scripture to see if he had it right. He sure had things well prepared for the mission field.

HR: He was on a mission. There is no doubt in my mind anymore. [Emotional] He was going on a mission.

CB: Yes.

HR: It just wasn't the mission we were looking for him to go on, that is all.

CB: I guess that is the one thing that made Floyd so disappointed. He knew that Iven was preparing to go on a mission, knew that he was prepared to go, and I guess he couldn't take it when the Lord saw fit to take him and sent him on that mission over there.

HR: Floyd kind of blamed himself for Iven's drowning, but it wasn't Floyd's fault. My goodness! They were both big boys swimming in [the river]. True, Floyd knew how to swim better, but it still wasn't Floyd's fault. It was just one of those things. As you know, and I know, how that old [Colorado] River changes continually. Floyd [was] swimming and hit the rapids and he went easy. He told Iven, "Come on! It is easy!" I am sure that Iven probably tried to swim too hard, the whirlpool got him and sucked him under.

CB: He easily could have had a cramp. It was that time of the year and the water was cold.

HR: Yes. That river is really cold all the time, isn't it?

CB: Yes, it is.

HR: But it would be colder —.

CB: It is much colder now than it used to be.

HR: Is it?

CB: That water is coming out of there clear from underneath that dam.

HR: Oh, yes.

CB: It just come down out of there ice cold.

HR: Yes.

CB: It is right in the canyon and it stays in the canyon. [Reference to Colorado River water in the Grand Canyon after the completion of the Glen Canyon Dam in 1966.] [Inaudible] It is way colder now than it used to be.

HR: I know we were —.

CB: We would go down there in the summertime [inaudible]. We will make punch and that would be just like you take it out of the refrigerator. You just set [the punch] down in the water where it's open between the boats, put it right in the water and keep it in the water. It is cold, just like taking it out of the refrigerator.

HR: I never do see Floyd, but I just want to throw my arms around him and hug him. It was hard on everybody, but I still think it was hardest on him. [Emotional]

CB: Yes, I know. On that trip down there, he just simply wasn't himself. [He] had his mind somewhere else. I have had some [inaudible] on the river.

HR: I guess you did as many times as you [have] ridden [down] since then.

UV: [Inaudible]

CB: I rode it down and they give me a ride back to Whitmore [Wash].

HR: In my younger days I would be ready to go, but now I would be too scared. [Laughter] [I] don't take chances any more. Makes me think a lot more. [Laughter]

CB: You haven't got the nerve when you get older as you have —.

HR: — when you are younger.

CB: I [have] seen Iven set on there at Frog, set on that cliff there dangling his legs over the side and talking to me on the other side. We would set there and jabber back and forth. I could no more do that [now] than I could fly. Seems like when you get old, [inaudible]. She hollers every time I go down, "Now be careful. Be careful." I am much [more] careful now than I used to be.

HR: That is for sure. I went down and talked to [Lawrence] "Dale" [Iverson] one evening. I [had] him telling his experiences. He told about when they were down there by the cinder knoll [near Whitmore Point] with the sheep, him and "Frosty." George [Iverson] or [Lincoln] "Linc" [Delmar Bundy] would go right out there where it drops right down on this side of the cinder knoll as you go down to Blake [Spring]. He said, "We used to get up there and see how far we dared stick our

toes so they would be over the thing and look right straight down over that thing.” I know, I used to go up [very] close so I could look over, but boy, now I have to crawl to look. And then I don’t want to get too close! [Laughter]

CB: That is just the way I am. [Inaudible]

HR: Did you go out to school when you were out at Mt. Trumbull?

CB: Yes.

HR: Who were your teachers?

CB: What was her name that stayed —.

HR: Miss Skinner [taught at Mt Trumbull about 1920] or Mrs. Goulding [who taught at Mt. Trumbull in the early 1920s]?

CB: Seems like it was Miss Skinner. No, it wasn’t Miss Skinner. Maybe it was Mrs. Goulding. Anyhow she stayed there —.

HR: Miss Rose? [Velma Rose taught at Mt. Trumbull in 1919.]

CB: No, I didn’t go under Miss Rose. I only went under the first one [teacher] we had.

HR: First one? I can’t remember who that was, it wasn’t them, I don’t think. [The first teacher at the Mt. Trumbull School was Isabel Bonelli in 1917.]

CB: We were going to school there in [inaudible].

HR: Did they have school there two years? Just a year and a half or what? Do you know?

CB: I am not sure, Helen, how many years they had it there. I know they had it there that one year. [What] stopped me from going to school [was this incident]. Somebody threw some rocks on the house, she blamed me for it and expelled me from school.

HR: Oh?

CB: And I didn’t go back.

HR: Yes.

CB: I don’t remember who threw the rocks on the house, but I didn’t do it. She blamed me for it.

HR: She got —. [Laughter]

CB: After Levi and I went to Texas, I was off and on out [on the Arizona Strip] quite a bit. I never stayed there very long at a time. I would come back every once in awhile and stay awhile.

HR: Can you remember any more instances [that] you can tell about Iven?

CB: No, I really can't, Helen, not right off the top —.

HR: Can you tell me anything about Grandpa and Grandma [Abraham and Ella (Anderson) Bundy] then?

CB: What do you want to know? I only had to [inaudible].

HR: Yes.

CB: [Inaudible] it wasn't too awful long there [before] pa started up a store. I remember when pa had to haul water from Big Tank. [A possible reference to Little Tank, near Diamond Butte.] I saw him come in time after time, he would get in sometimes [at] nine [or] ten o'clock and icicles would be on his whiskers. He would water what animals he could and have to turn around that night, go right back and get another load. He would be the wee hours of the morning getting in. It was a hard life. We don't know what hard knocks are. I had a few hard knocks in my life, but I have had nothing like that to combat.

I remember pa used to try to convert Billy Brink. He went down there, and I went down there with him a number of times, [we] generally always talk religion with Billy. [Billy] would tell him he didn't believe there was a God at all. But I was told that when he drowned on the Colorado River down there [at] Tassi [Spring, Nevada] or down to Mann Wash, below Grand Wash there, he was riding "June." That was the horse he always took. He had been down there before. Across the river there on "June" and I was told that the last words that he uttered were, "Have mercy on me, God."

[Billy Brink homesteaded at Mt. Trumbull, was a cowboy and cattle inspector. His wife, Edna, taught school at Mt. Trumbull. He drowned in the Colorado River in 1921.

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

HR: He must have taken some of it in.

CB: Right. He took some of it in. "June" was a wonderful horse. I rode her a lot of times. Pa had quite a struggle, I'll tell you, but he was like I was, he liked the [area]. It wasn't much like back in Nebraska where they [had been], Kansas [and] Illinois, it just seemed like it was home.

HR: It is still home and always will be. [Laughter] Even my [children still] call it home.

CB: Mine all do, too.

HR: But yours lived out there a lot more than mine have. Mine were quite little when I moved in here [to St. George]. I can remember so plainly grandpa would go out to cut wood. He would always make that whoosh [sound]. [Inaudible] [Laughter]

CB: Every lick he did! Whoosh! [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter] Yes. I remember driving the truck one time. Seems to me [it was] when Uncle Levi was [very] sick with rheumatism or something. He couldn't hardly budge around and then, of course, dad [Roy Bundy] was crippled up. I don't remember [if] that was when grandpa and grandma had been living down in Beaver Dam [Arizona] or not. Anyway, he was going out, and of course, Uncle Levi was all crippled up. Dad was all crippled up. So grandpa said, "I can stand in the back." We had barrels of gas and what have you on there. It had rained and [the road] was quite slick. I remember before we [were] quite to Little Tank, going up that slope there, before you got to that knoll, where you go over to see Little Tank, oh it was slippery, tires going two or three miles for one mile. [Laughter] The truck slipped around quite a bit and it kind of like it was going to tip over. He was hollering, "Ahhh! Ahhh!" at me. [Laughter] It was spooky to him. I could see where it would be, but I couldn't tell anything about it. [Laughter]

CB: I remember how "Pat" and I used to go over to Poverty Knoll. [We would] take a dog over there and chase cottontails. We [caught] as high as fifty cottontails in one day. [Inaudible]

HR: [That] is when we ate them, too.

CB: Yes.

HR: I remember just as you are going up Mociac [Spring] in that canyon there, just where you first go over that, I don't know, where you come over that wash before you come over that steep and come down and turn around there. I have counted ninety-five cottontails a lot of times down in there. They used to be so many when I was driving along in the truck coming in or going out. There used to be lots of cottontails there.

CB: Yes, I remember, too. They were just thick running along there. I remember [going] out with Fred Schultz in that little Model-T he used to run around. [Inaudible] old Fred, he would get [the car] wound up and get up on those places and I would get a rock behind and he would wind [it] up again.

HR: Oh my! [Laughter] I remember jumping that truck of dad's a time or two, too.
[Laughter] I don't believe there's a darned place on that road —.

[END OF RECORDING FIVE.]

HR: [I don't] remember who is was along with me. Dad was there, but I can't remember who else was there. I had been driving and finally, [we were] getting to that [area] by Jump [Spring on the Arizona Strip]. I got out to block and got my finger in between the wheel and the door. [Laughter]

CB: Wonder why we didn't take a few pictures of those old [inaudible].

HB: We didn't have cameras then, I guess. That [was] the main thing.

CB: People today wouldn't believe it, would they?

HR: No. I remember the time, I must have been nineteen or twenty [years old] — it was the first time I had been in town [St. George] for a long time. It was after I had started driving the truck all the time. I had been in here. I had worked in here for awhile for Joe Turnbull. It was lambing time, I mean time to ship the lambs to Richfield [Sevier County, Utah].

CB: Yes.

HR: I remember that time I made three trips. [I had] been chasing around out here [on the Arizona Strip] and in town. [We] didn't get much sleep [before we left to] take the lambs up to Richfield. I remember that last trip, Uncle "Dick" was along, with dad and me, and [I] tried to get him to drive. I drove until my old limbs had just gone [to] water. I couldn't hardly hold onto the steering wheel, but he wouldn't [laughter], but he sat there and tried to tell me bear stories. [Laughter]

CB: [For you] to stay awake.

HR: I could stay awake, but I was so tired I just couldn't cling onto the wheel. One trip when we went to Richfield, [we had] a blown-out tire or some damn thing.

CB: Yes, I remember blowing out that tire. What did we do?

HR: Was it you and —?

CB: Me and somebody else.

HR: [Loren Sylvester Bundy] "Bud"?

CB: [Inaudible]

HR: You and “Bud” were in a truck behind, weren’t you? You and somebody else, anyway, I can’t remember who it was. You came by with a load of lambs. You came past us and went on into Richfield and were coming back with a tire. It had snowed or rained on us. We had tire trouble down here in St. George and spent most of the day trying to get things fixed so we could go on. Then we had this same trouble up there and those lambs had been in [the truck] so darn long. I pulled the darn things out of there and herded them up. I ran onto a net wire and I got them in this corral and corralled them there. Then went back and, I guess, we were in the truck when you [fellows] come back. But I will tell you that was the coldest I ever was in my life!

CB: The coldest I ever was when we went up to Delta. [I] don’t know whether you were on that trip or not. We went to Delta with a load. [We] got up there, dumped the lambs off, went over there and got us a hotel room. They didn’t have [any] vacancy in the bottom [floor] and we had to go upstairs. I had to carry Roy up the stairs.

HR: I wasn’t along that time.

CB: Man, I carried him up there and we fought bedbugs all night long.

HR: All night long? [Laughter] We had spent pretty near all day in Richfield trying to get that truck fixed. We came home and I remember all day long I was cold. I just couldn’t get warm.

CB: The heaters didn’t work very well then, did they? [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter] No, they didn’t! Not like they do now-a-days. [Laughter]

CB: [We] thought we had the world by the tail, downhill pulling on it, if we had had heaters in those days like we [have] now.

HR: After all the hard old times, I look back at it now, and there were a lot of enjoyment out of it, too. I mean there [were] a lot of things I had to do in my younger days. I resented, awful, having to do [them] at that time. But I can look back at it now and think I am glad that I learned how to do all the things I did. I hope I never have to do them again, but if the time comes I will know how, or tell somebody else how to do it. There are a lot of people, or the younger generation, that just wouldn’t know how to do it.

CB: Well, that is right.

HR: I think of the times when I drove those four-head of horses, broke those horses and plowed day after day. After dad got the truck, I started hauling wood in here [St. George] and took supplies out to the store. I guess I still resent it some. I know that dad was a wonderful [man]. I still believe this, but I still don’t think he

did it quite right, or he didn't treat me quite right because [there were] many and many a times when I have seen him set in that car and talk to whoever we had to visit. Instead of paying that man \$.50 he had me throw that wood out [while] they sat there and talked. [Laughter] He did that a long, long time. I guess I have resented that because I have that feeling come over me.

CB: I know you had a hard old row there. Under the circumstances it seems like it was pretty near unpreventable in a lot of ways. And in a lot of ways it wasn't. But I tell you, you would [have gone] a long ways to find a man who did what you did out there.

HR: Well, I had to do man's work. [Laughter] That is all there was to it. The good Lord blessed me. Yes, I will tell you I wouldn't be here yet. I couldn't [have] done the work I did, if He hadn't been. I just don't believe I could [have] done it. [Inaudible] Because a lot of times I don't know how I did it. Lots and lots of times, getting up those big old black cedars, that kind that you didn't have to trim very much, they were all wood.

CB: All wood and no limbs.

HR: How I ever got a lot of those logs in, I don't know, but I know a lots of times I would get them so far up [and] I couldn't get them down. I didn't feel like I could get them on up. But, I am still blessed with good health.

CB: Yes, that is why I claim that work doesn't hurt anyone. I believe that [if] a man wants to die the worst thing he can do is to quit working. He won't last long.

HR: A person [who] is used to working just couldn't quit altogether. I think a person, after he gets a certain age, or getting older, why he should slow down some. Not thinking he can still do as much as he could when he was young.

CB: That is right.

HR: But have something that you can keep doing, something, as long as you can.

CB: No greater blessing that I have had than work. If I couldn't work today I don't believe I would last a year's time.

HR: I am sure glad that I am able to work.

CB: [Inaudible]

HR: I am awful thankful for the health and strength that I enjoy, I will tell you. The Lord has been [very] good to me. Were all of your children born at Mt. Trumbull?

CB: All but one.

HR: All but one.

CB: Yes. They were all born there but one.

HR: How many did you have die out there?

CB: I don't think we had a one die out there. They all died in here [St. George].
[Children who died as infants: Laveive, Arlene, Wayne J., Tine C., Ramona and Weeta Bundy.]

HR: No, there was one [who] died out there, I know. Because I happened to be holding it just before it died.

CB: Let me see how good my memory is. There is where your blessings [are] coming from. We are told they will be our jewels in the hereafter and I tell you they are our jewels right now.

HR: Yes, I am sure of that too.

CB: No greater joy. I just wish we could have more.

HR: They are a great joy to you, I will tell you. Can you tell about any Fourth of July parties or Thanksgiving parties or dances?

CB: Nothing that would be too interesting. I know we had a lot of them. The thing I remember vividly was how [Verl] "Doc" [Iverson] used to go to those dances. [He would] take a book, sit down in a corner and while they was dancing he would be reading that book. [Laughter]

HR: [Laughter]

CB: Time after time we would go to the dances and "Doc" [would be] sitting in a corner reading a book. Everybody would be dancing, having a great time and he would be reading that book.

HR: I remember they used to have lots of races, more footraces we did than ball games, seems to me like.

CB: We didn't get into the ball-playing so much until later in life, after we moved down in Snyder Flat [west of the schoolhouse, where] we had a diamond [and] played ball quite a lot.

HR: It is ten o'clock so I better shut [this down].

[END OF RECORDING SIX. END OF INTERVIEW.]

UV: Unidentified Voice