

**BESSIE (BUNDY) FAUGHT
JUANITA (BUNDY) HYMER
BARBARA JEAN (BUNDY) CARROLL**

October 23, 1981

**THE HELEN (BUNDY) RUSSELL
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BESSIE (BUNDY) FAUGHT, JUANITA (BUNDY) HYMER, and
BARBARA JEAN (BUNDY) CARROLL

Bessie (Bundy) Faught, Juanita (Bundy) Hymer, Barbara Jean (Bundy) Carroll were interviewed on October 23, 1981 in Las Vegas, Nevada by Helen (Bundy) Russell. Also participating was Courtney Hymer, youngest son of Jesse Clay and Juanita (Bundy) Hymer.

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

Juanita (Bundy) Hymer was born August 14, 1927, a daughter of Roy and Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy. She was raised on the family ranch at Mt. Trumbull on the Arizona Strip, with her eleven brothers and sisters. She married Jesse Clay Hymer and they were the parents of six children. They raised their children in Las Vegas, Nevada, where Juanita's husband Clay was the Director of the Las Vegas Building Department for many years. After his passing in 2006, she moved to St. George, Utah, where she died on March 25, 2010.

Barbara Jean (Bundy) Carroll was born September 29, 1917, the third daughter and fifth child of Roy and Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy. She was the first child born in the new Arizona Strip settlement of Mt. Trumbull. She was raised on the family ranch at Mt. Trumbull and grew up learning to farm and care for livestock her father raised. She married Gene Carroll in 1937. They were later sealed in the St. George LDS Temple. She and her husband raised their four children in St. George, Utah, where she was a homemaker and active in various church responsibilities. Her husband died in 1990. In her later years she served as a worker in the St. George Temple. She died in 2011.

— Added by Dean Bundy during editing.]

[Helen (Bundy) Russell makes entries into an audio journal she recorded on cassette tapes.]

HR: Got Aunt Blanche [identity unknown] called, but I didn't. It is 9:20 p.m. and I am tired. Say goodnight.

October 21: 1981. It has been a beautiful day. I vacuumed out my car and tried to get it cleaned out a bit. I did get the outside washed. I [had] to do too many

different other things, but I did get that done. Then my Relief Society teachers came. I visited with them. [I] went to the temple this afternoon. [My] sister Barbara [Jean (Bundy) Carroll] stopped over this morning a little while before she went up to Letha [(Iverson) Dawdy's] to [work on a [quilt] for Eva [Marie (Iverson) Force]. I never did get back up to do any [work on the quilt].

Tonight I spent a beautiful time. We had some [very] good [temple] sessions. We had eighty sisters [in] that first session. They had me go as a third follower. Then [in] my fifth session there was a good big session. I don't know how many was there, but there were three followers. Then I worked in the locker room. It has been a lovely evening and I am so grateful for this privilege and opportunity to work there.

I [was able] to see Beulah [Constance (Griffin) Bundy], and give her a tape because they are going to report [on] their mission this Sunday. If Barbara and I go to Juanita [(Bundy) Hymer's] tomorrow, we probably won't be back until Monday. I wanted her to be sure and tape it. It is 11:00 p.m. now and I will say good night.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF.]

[The recording now becomes a conversation between sisters: Bessie, Barbara, Juanita and Helen.]

BF: I never went fast. I went slowly. I don't remember doing much sliding and [he] [Roy Bundy] started yelling at me. [Laughter]

BC: He wanted you to speed up.

BF: He wanted me to go faster, yes. So I wasn't cross. I just stopped it and said, "Here it is. I will never drive it again." [Laughter]

BC: And you didn't?

BF: He said, "Well, you can [inaudible]." I said, "No." I wouldn't drive it. I climbed up in the back. He said, "I can't drive it." I said, "Well, I am not going to drive it. I have driven enough. I am tired." He knew I was through, too. [Laughter]

I remember one time he asked me — we [were at] a gate. [He said,] "If you weren't so darn stubborn, you could drive that car right through." I don't know who unlocked the gate. "You could drive that car right through there." I said, "I might could, but I am not going to." I don't remember any more [times] that he ever asked me to drive. I think about that sometimes, when you get old and [inaudible] I guess.

JH: I remember being down in the field plowing with him [and] he [was] tired. [Inaudible] The truck was down at the gate. He said, "You go get the truck." I never driven an inch in my life. He told me what to do. He dumped me out and took the tractor and went for home. The next night he said, "You drive the tractor home." I didn't know how to stop the tractor and I went around and around the

woodpile. [Laughter] Clarence [Ambrose Bundy] come a-running, jumped on it and showed me how to stop it. That was my driving lesson.

BF: [Laughing] [Inaudible] he was always smart enough.

JH: He had a lot of confidence in [us]. More than I ever had in my own [children]. I [will] never forget one night [when] we were down in the field plowing until late. He would drive the tractor for home and “Newt” [Newell Alma Bundy] would drive the truck. “Newt” backed up and got it going, [but] he backed over a five-gallon bucket of grease that we had been greasing the tractor with. He [Roy Bundy] told us both, “You are not my [children]! You must have been adopted!” [Laughter] “My [children] wouldn’t pull such silly stunts.” [Laughter]

BF: I guess we tried his patience. [Laughter].

JH: Can you imagine? Can you put yourself in his spot? The thing that sticks out most in my mind is crying for “Newt” constantly. Dad would get so dang mad at him. He would make him lay over the top of his knees and would get to going on “Newt’s” behind with his fist. I would sit there and bawl and bawl and “Newt” wouldn’t bat an eye. He wouldn’t bawl if it killed him. As he went by, he would poke me with his elbow and say, “Bawl baby!” [Laughter]

I remember one time we were down in the field a-plowing and a bunch of the [youngsters] — “Newt” thought he was old enough to chase the girls. Anyway, a bunch of the [youngsters] were going up the mountain. I don’t know who it was [that] had friends, some girls, out from town. They was going up the mountain horseback riding. “Newt” was driving the tractor and he told dad he was going. Dad told him he wasn’t going and he said, “I am going.” The [youngsters] were down the lane there. He hopped off the tractor and away he went. Dad said, “Get behind this wheel and you [Juanita] drive the tractor.” When “Newt” [came] home that night he put him across his lap and was just beating his butt. [Laughter]

BF: He could probably have [laughter] pretty hit hard.

JH: No, he didn’t. I guess he couldn’t hit that hard, but if it had been hard, “Newt” still wouldn’t have bawled. One time he let the pigs get out down in the lane, into the field. He was going to get a licking. He was out playing.

[TAPE REORDER TURNED OFF]

JH: The pigs were all scattered down around the schoolhouse. Dad [put] “Newt” across his knee and pounded the tar out of him. [He] told him, “Now you get just as dang fast as you can, on the run, and don’t you stop until every pig is back in that field. You stay right down there and watch them.” [Inaudible] Remember the time when we drove the pigs over to [Art and Cora] Brown’s pond for water? Wasn’t Henry [Brown] going to keep the pigs over there? Or something?

BF: You weren’t out there then, were you?

BC: When we had all the pigs? I don’t remember if were just taking them over to Browns’ or —.

UV: [Inaudible]

HR: Speak up a little louder when you are talking, will you?

BF: I am through talking. [Laughter]

UV: [Inaudible]

JH: The funniest thing, I think, that I remember was when dad was bishop [of the Mt. Trumbull Ward from 1928 to 1940]. Or maybe [he was] JP [Justice of the Peace], I don't know. How long was he bishop? I don't know. Anyway, [Vangie] Lurie [Alldredge] wanted him to marry her and Art [McQuiston]. And of course they had the invitations made out very proper, and it sounded to mom [Doretta Marie (Iverson) Bundy] that dad was the only one [who] was invited. He wouldn't go if none of us couldn't go. He had to go over to Alldredges to do the marrying.

BC: Yes, but where did mom go that night? Where did everybody [go] besides me and Clarence and some of the little [children]?

BF: I don't know. I can't remember anything except dad going and [he] being so reckless.

BC: Didn't it really rain that night? Or have I it mixed up with something else.

JH: Anyway, he tipped the jalopy over and fell out.

BC: I didn't think he was when he tipped it [the jalopy] over.

BF: Yes, I think he did, only it was down closer to the schoolhouse. I think he was going to crawl from there all the way to the Alldredge [homestead]. [Laughter] He was a bit late for the wedding, but I don't know how he got there.

JH: Who was late for the wedding?

BF: Dad was. [They had to] wait awhile for the ceremony.

JH: Who performed it then?

BF: They had to wait.

BC: I was just going to say, they just waited.

BF: He started out so [inaudible] and got down there somewhere. It stalled and nobody could go with him. [Laughter] I can't remember — but he went around that corner so fast and tipped over.

HR: Yes. There was the time when I was driving that Model-T Ford home the first time. No, it wasn't the first time, it was [another] time. I drove it home a few times. He wanted to feed the gas all the time and I kept telling him I will hit that corner [and he would say], "No, you won't either." He would feed the gas and we were going too fast. I hit the corner and he bounced out! [Laughter]

BF: [Laughter] I know he bounced out.

HR: Mom came down from the house with a stick.

BC: She was going to whip you?

HR: No, she was going to whip dad because she knew it was his fault. [Laughter]

JH: You are kidding me!

HR: I am not kidding.

BC: I have never seen mom threaten to whip dad.

HR: Seemed like “Old Man White” [James White] was there [and] he came down, too.

BF: All I can remember is him sailing around that corner.

BC: I remember the time he honked, and honked the horn, for mom to come and get in so we could go up to church and he went bouncing through the store. [Laughter] And what a jar it were! [Laughter]

JH: You know with all dad’s pain and problems, I think, mom still suffered the most.

HR: I know she did. I mean dad had a lot of responsibilities, but I will tell you he didn’t do half as much as my mother did. He could get us all working, alright, and, I guess, I told him off more than any other [child] he had, but I [could] get away with it. The rest of them didn’t dare, and when they did, he would tell them to get out.

BF: He knew he had to keep on [inaudible].

JH: That is one thing I will never forget in my whole life — how my mother sobbed when he kicked [David] “Dave” [Ammon Bundy] and Clarence [Ambrose Bundy] out. She sobbed and sobbed.

BC: Where in the world was I?

JH: Two or three hours without stopping —

BC: Was I already gone?

JH: — and then she got up and with a purpose on her face, she put on her sweater and marched out. She went down to Uncle Martin’s and brought her boys home.

BF: I don’t know where you were, Barbara.

BC: I don’t know either. You were usually the head goat around [inaudible] [laughter] when it comes to work.

BF: [Laughter] It was you [who had] to empty the cans the oftenest.

BC: No, I didn’t. It was Leah [(Bundy) Jensen who] emptied the pots.

JH: You just think she emptied [them] the oftenest. Because I had my share of it.

BC: She said, "I have had it. I am not going to do another one." He said, "You will or I will take my cane to you." She said, "No, you won't because I can out-run you." [Laughter]

BF: I used to tip-toe around the hall and go in the [front] room as quiet as —.

JH: [He would] come and dump [his] can into my can. [Laughter]

BF: I think pretty much everyone had their turn in emptying them.

BC: You would think, by dang, when I had to do it I would have done it before dark so I could have packed it a little further away from the porch.

BF: [Laughter] You just poured it off the porch.

BC: Mom would shout and holler when she would catch me the next morning, but I sure hated to dump that old pan after dark.

UV: [Inaudible]

UV: [Inaudible]

HR: There were a lot of funny things and some things that weren't so damn funny at the time.

BF: Not so funny at the time.

HR: My problem is I resent my dad yet, sometimes, for the things he did. I really do, and I don't like that feeling. I wish I could get rid of it.

JH: I don't know that I resented him so bad, but there were a few times [when] I wished I hadn't done different things.

HR: I don't wish that I hadn't said what I said to him so much as the part that I resent him. I think he had it coming to him. [Laughter]

BC: I know, but you just stop and put yourself in his place.

HR: Yes. But, you know, he could have been a little kinder about it, and [we would] have done it willingly.

BF: I am sure. He hadn't always been the one to demand [inaudible]. [Laughter]

BC: I was a little bit for quite a few years over having to fix the gate [laughter] [at the Afton and Artie (McCain)] Snyder [family homestead by myself. Pearl May [Prisbrey] was out there and dad had been working for weeks there on the Brown pond. We were bringing the tractor home one night to grease it, and what-have-you, over at the house. Pearl kept saying on the way home, "Let me drive, Uncle Roy. Let me drive the tractor." I felt, by dang, I had worked like I did, the least I could do was drive it when somebody from town was around, but dad told me to get over so she could drive it. It was just before we got to the Snyder gate coming up from the [Albert] McCain [homestead]. Without stopping the tractor, she just ran right over that gate.

UV: There is a light. I can't see

UV: What do you want me to do about it?

UV: Draw the line?

UV: Draw the line. There is a pencil right there and the ruler.

BC: Dad told me to get that shovel and get that gate fixed. He and Pearl went on home, I fixed the gate and walked home.

BF: The least he could have done was [to] leave Pearl there to help. [Laughter] Or stayed there and bossed you until you got it [fixed]. [Laughter]

BC: But, you know, he would work so dang long [that] he would get so tired that he felt like he couldn't last out until he got home.

HR: Lots of times, lots of times, many times that I worked right damn hard and I packed him in on my back and packed him out. When we would get to town [with] that load of wood to be unloaded, he would sit there and talk to some man and tell him all that he had done. Dammit! He didn't do it, I did it! [Laughter] And I unloaded the wood while they stood there and talked. That is what makes me resentful.

BF: They didn't know who did it.

HR: I don't know whether they did or not.

BF: Just think how tough you are because of all these experiences. [Laughter]

HR: I guess. The Lord has really blessed me, I will tell you — really has. Because I can look back now and wonder how in the Sam Hill did I [do] it.

JH: I can look back now and wonder how I did it, too. Because I unloaded those fifty barrel [gallon] drums of gas and diesel fuel off from the truck onto that platform.

BF: Helen did —.

HR: I did many, many times —.

JH: I know she did, I know she did, but I think I was younger than she was. [Laughter] And to take a hundred pounds of wheat and throw it over.

HR: Was nothing to it.

BC: I know. I remember over there at Browns' pond dad got so mad at me, [he] kind of swung at me a time or two because Uncle "Chet" [Chester Marion Bundy] and I don't know who else, had put a great big boulder on that plow to hold it down, for weight on that plow, and dad wanted to lift it off. I was struggling to get that [off] — and he said, "Oh, when I was your age, in my youth, why I could have picked that up and thrown it clear to the ocean." [Laughter]

JH: Why didn't you say, "Well, pick it up now and throw it." [Laughter] Hey, "Court," [Courtney Hymer] that stew is done.

CH: [Inaudible]

JH: I wondered when you were going to get that done.

BC: Do you want Aunt “Bess” and me to feel jealous and left out?

CH: I don’t think you would, would you?

BC: Sure would.

CH: Well, you better [inaudible]. I am getting ready to leave.

BC: Get her out here.

UV: [Inaudible]

CH: Did anybody call for me last night?

JH: No.

CH: I mean while I was gone?

JH: Yes, what was his name, Dave? Dave?

CH: David.

JH: He’s the only person I know of. Why don’t you stop at Petersons, let the dogs out and turn their lights on? Did you let that dog out this morning?

CH: Yes. Where are your keys?

JH: Does it [the dog] run from you?

CH: No, it sleeps with me.

JH: I am not going to chase him all over the house to let him out to pee.

CH: Well, don’t. He just doesn’t know you. What is making me itch? I wake up itching all day. Stupid dog hairs.

BC: Dog hairs and fleas.

JH: I would close the door and let him sleep in the other bedroom. [Laughter]

BF: I would even give him the bathroom.

CH: Where are your keys, mom?

JH: What do you want my keys for?

CH: The gas key.

JH: Hand me my purse. Did you get your pickup fixed?

CH: I am about ready to drive it off the cliff.

HR: It [the truck] is probably better than walking.

JH: Just drive my car with care.
CH: You mean like a white boy?
JH: Please, like a white boy. Or we will both be a-foot.
CH: There are your keys, up on the counter top.
JH: You are taking the key off the ring?
CH: No use carrying two rings.
JH: Boy, it is getting hard to see, isn't?
CH: Bye.
JH: When are you going to eat?
CH: When am I going to what?
JH: Eat.
CH: I don't know, probably tomorrow.
JH: See why I quit cooking? Goodbye.
BF: Somebody must have given him some snacks on the way home.
JH: He is snacking somewhere all the time.
[END OF RECORDING.]
UV: [Unidentified Voice]