

# An Oral History

with

David B. (Burr) Udall (part 2)

Tucson, Arizona

*conducted by*  
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JF: Okay, we're on Side B and you were just saying how your sister Eloise was attacking you with an axe.

DBU: Right. So everybody thought that was not too good. Then it was about that period of time that I saved and saved and saved and sent off to somebody, probably Sears Roebuck, and got a wrist watch. It came in the mail, I think it cost me \$1.80 or \$2.10, or something--but it was a lot of money to me back then. And I never got to wear it. The mail came and she said, "We're all going swimming. Can I borrow the watch, because I have to be back at four o'clock," or whatever in the hell it was. "Sure." Well, she went swimming with it on, and it wasn't waterproof. (laughter) She forgot she had it on, I'll give her credit for that.

And then the other thing I remember about Eloise--and like I say, we fought--up there, we had supper probably 5:30, six o'clock, it seems like, and everybody sat down and read. There wasn't any television. We had a radio that could get Albuquerque, I think it was KOI in Phoenix, and Salt Lake. There was no local radio station. Very seldom did anybody ever turn it on. So we always sat in the front room and read. I was mad at her for something, I don't remember what, and I remember looking at her, thinking--I had a blue indelible pencil, and I must have been doing homework--I remember looking at her, thinking, "Morris can live with one eye, and so can you," so I tried to put it out.

JF: How old were you?

DBU: I was probably about eight. And she saw it coming and ducked. So she's got a little blue mark right here in her eyelid. (laughter) But I didn't get her eye, despite all my [efforts].

JF: And what did your parents say about that?

DBU: They thought that was all my fault. (laughs) They weren't too strong for me doing all that stuff.

JF: What kind of punishment was dished out in your family for things like that?

DBU: Usually, it was more chores, which was kind of hard to do, because you had plenty of chores to keep you busy. Corporal punishment, you really had to get like that. I don't remember Dad beating on me, or Mom beating on me. If you got out of line up there, the nearest adult whacks you. And when you got home, then you got it, because the word was out. It didn't take long. They didn't have a very good phone system or a lot of things, but it didn't take long (chuckles) to get the word back to what's going on. I guess I was sixteen, and three of us found an Indian, gave him some money, bought him a bottle of whiskey, bought us a bottle of whiskey, and we went out in the dunes outside of town and got drunker than hell and sicker than hell, and all those things. About 5:30, Mom came in. I remember that just as distinct as anything, and shook me and said, "It's time to get up and milk the cow. How's your hangover?" (laughs) And I thought, "How in the hell does this woman know what I'm doing?!" Eventually she said, "We were out trying to find you."

JF: How old were you then?

DBU: I think I was sixteen.

JF: So you had a fairly normal childhood. (laughs)

DBU: Oh, yes. Yes, it was pretty normal.

JF: Now, if you and Eloise fought because your age was close, does that mean that Morris and Elma fought? And Stewart and Inez fought?

DBU: Morris and Stewart would fight. Probably Inez and Elma fought--I can't answer that, Julie. I can remember when I was six, seven, whatever, it was very clear that Morris was going to be bigger than Stewart, and at least twice a week Stewart would take him down to the woodpile and just beat the hell out of him, because he was not going to.... And I'll bet you to this day, Morris would be scared of him physically, because he got his bluff in early. (laughter) I don't think that Morris or Stewart, for instance, ever fought with Eloise. And I'm sure that Inez and Elma fought. I don't have any doubt in my mind about that. But Eloise and I fought all the time. We were just at the right thing. It offended me at the time, and I still don't know why. But when I graduated from high school, she graduated from the U. of A.--same day. So Mom and Dad had to make a choice: would they stay in St. Johns or come here?

JF: And they came here?

DBU: They came here. And I remember thinking, "She's not as important as I am!" (laughter) But they were right, they made the right choice.

JF: That's a tough one, though, that's a tough one. Especially when you're the youngest, I think.

DBU: Maybe so.

JF: Let me ask you about one other person in your life as a child, I believe, Rex Lee.

DBU: The younger or the older?

JF: I was thinking of Rex who eventually became solicitor general of the United States.

DBU: Okay, that Rex.

JF: Now, is that junior?

DBU: Well, yes. His dad was Rex Lee. I'm sure they're not a junior. His father, I hardly remember at all. His father was murdered before he was born. His father was mom's youngest brother. But anyway, he lived about three-quarters of a block from where we lived. He came here probably....

JF: "Here" being St. Johns?

DBU: No, the University of Arizona. The law school did something to honor him. I think he was at that time the president of BYU. He was through being the solicitor general.

JF: This wasn't too many years ago?

DBU: No. They had a reception over at the old.... Why am I drawing a blank? Across the street. The Old Pueblo Club. I was invited, and I went to the thing they did for Rex. He said--and it's accurate--"If somebody would ask me even today who my oldest brother was, I'd tell 'em Burr," because that was my job. My mom made sure wherever I went, by the time he was four, I took him. Like Morris would have to take me, if there were something involved.

JF: So he didn't live with you?

DBU: No. No, he lived with his mom, and she eventually got remarried. But Rex, by the time I.... Let's see, Rex was probably born in 1934 or 1935. So I was about six years older than he was. By the time I got out of high school in 1946, he would have been about ten or eleven. And from then on, we talked every now and again, but we had very little contact.

JF: And his father, who would have been your Uncle Rex, do you recall approximately how old you were when he died?

DBU: I think five or four.

JF: Elma, in her oral history, mentioned that she thought that Rex Lee--and so it must have been the father--used to take Morris and Stewart hunting and fishing some.

DBU: He did, yes. Rex, my uncle, was a great outdoorsman. He loved to hunt, he loved to fish, he made his own bullets. I'm sure he took them a lot. He was--you've heard all that story about when he got murdered, so I won't bore you with that.

JF: No, I haven't! I haven't heard it at all, and I don't believe it's on any of these tapes. So, shoot!

DBU: Okay. Well, I was five, so mine is all hearsay. But a bunch of people from St. Johns went up in the Kaibab deer hunting. There were three important families in St. Johns: the Whitings, the Pattersons, the Platts. And they were the people that had money. The Whitings owned the Ford agency, and the Pattersons owned the Chevrolet agency, so they were competitors, but all good Mormons. There was a guy named John Quijano [phonetic spelling] who had married one of the Pattersons. And he and Rex--and Rex married into the Whitings--his wife was a Whiting. And this part of the story I don't know, so I'm not even going to repeat it, but anyway, there was bad blood between them. They went hunting, and everybody went out, and they came back to camp and he wasn't there. Quijano, who was the last one seen with him, said, "Well, the last I saw, he was over here," and took them on a wild goose chase, and a day later they found his body. He'd been shot. And John Quijano was charged with murder and killing him. They tried the case in Flagstaff, because it was in Coconino County. Elma was there going to school, she sat through the trial--a lot

of it. They subpoenaed Dad to be a witness, so he couldn't listen, and Mom couldn't listen, because they subpoenaed her. So they couldn't listen. And eventually they convicted him of manslaughter and gave him probation. He never spent any time in jail. But it tore that town apart. My dad, with his position in the Church--probably more so than his position as the Superior Court judge, was not going to let that happen. And he made them heal the wounds and go on their way, but Mom never forgave anybody for that.

JF: Yeah, in a small town....

DBU: Yeah, it was tough, it was tough. Quijano used to--I don't remember when, maybe eighteen, twenty years later—he committed suicide, used the same gun he shot Rex with. But he used to.... My mother loved to ride horses. She was born and raised on a horse. He'd bring a saddle horse in two or three times a week and tie him up in the front for Mom to use. Mom wouldn't ride the damned horse. Eventually, I think she did.

JF: That's hard.

DBU: Yeah, it was hard.

JF: You've already answered a lot of the questions that I had about growing up in St. Johns, but let me ask a few more, beginning with school. Did you attend both public school and Mormon school? Or was it a Mormon school?

DBU: No. Public school. St. Johns--and I wasn't smart enough to know this 'til I got out of there--but St. Johns was segregated. They had a grade school for the Anglos and a grade school for the Mexicans. We all went to the same high school.

JF: Now, were these Mexicans, or were they Spanish?

DBU: Mexicans to me.

JF: The reason I ask is I grew up in Northern New Mexico, and there, they were Spanish. They were descendants of the conquistadors, and they let you know that.

DBU: The people up there didn't let you know that. Maybe they were. But the public schools--and I don't know what it's like up there now. I ought to find out. But like the Catholics had their church school, the Mormons had their church school, and one day a week you had to go to what they call seminary. And I'm no good on the Catholic religion, but like they would do, to go to learn what the Catholics are supposed to learn as a little kid. But the schools were strictly divorced from the churches. And it was eight grades and four grades.

JF: So one through eight, and then through twelve, basically?

DBU: Yes.

JF: Was the high school segregated?

DBU: No.

JF: So you went to school together with....

DBU: Anybody that wanted to go to high school, whichever one of those two grade schools they came out of, we all went to the same high school.

JF: Was there any intermingling between the Mexicans and the Anglos?

DBU: To some extent, but not a lot as I remember when I was a kid going to grade school.

JF: Could you have dated a Mexican woman?

DBU: Oh, sure, yes.

JF: And that would have been all right?

DBU: That would have been all right. I think from either culture, you couldn't marry them. They weren't going to turn you into a Catholic, and we weren't going to turn the Catholics into Mormons.

JF: Were there many students who were neither Catholic nor Mormon?

DBU: Very few. Very few. I never thought about that. Honest to God, it just never crossed my mind when I was up there. I mean, to me, when I think about it, I'm sure there were, but you were either Mormon or you were Catholic. They didn't have any other churches in that town. They didn't have Lutherans or anything. But I'm sure we did. There's a little town up by McNary-Lakeside, called Vernon, and it's in Apache County. And those kids had to ride the bus to St. Johns to go to school. It was probably closer to go to Springerville, but they sent them to St. Johns. Some of those kids, I know, were not Mormons. Most of them were, but not all of them.

JF: I'm assuming this was sort of before the days of gangs. I mean, there are certainly gangs now, but there were gangs back in the fifties, sixties, too. But you had no problem with that sort of thing?

DBU: We had no problem with that. I mean, you got into fights with people, or arguments or whatever, and.... I know one of the stories I always tell is, going to grade school--I don't remember them doing it in high school--but going to grade school, when school started, they brought from Phoenix a dentist and an eye doctor, and everybody had to go and get their teeth checked and their eyes checked. And the dentist would move into somebody's house and fill teeth and do all of that stuff. And the eye guy would write prescriptions or do whatever in the hell they did to get people glasses. I remember I think I was in the fourth grade, and this girl--I can't remember her name--from Vernon, came--this is probably a month into school--I don't know why I remembered it, but she said, "Teacher, glasses are wonderful. When you're riding the bus from Vernon, those big brown blobs you see, they're cows!" (laughter) And I don't know why that always stuck in my mind, but it did.

JF: Going back to you being the youngest of six children, I know for me, going to school, it was hard following my sister, who was very popular and a good student. It was a little easier following my brother, who was not such a good student. But I did always feel a little like I was in their shadow. Did that happen to you?

DBU: Pretty much--particularly in high school. I mean, I got it thrown at me all the time. Eloise was a good student, Morris was. Most of those teachers had been there forever. Like when Inez came in the war, she was, thank God, from St. Johns. But most of them, they knew everybody, they knew all the families, they knew the whole thing. And yes, you didn't do the work right, or whatever, they threw it at you. But Mom never threw it, or Dad never threw it at me.

JF: And you had the double whammy of having a sister teaching there at the same time.

DBU: Oh, yes. Oh, yes, and I got straight fours from her.

JF: Did you?

DBU: I made straight honors. (sarcastically)

JF: Okay, fours in the days when....

DBU: Five was the worst grade you could get. And I made 99's and 100's on all of her tests. I used to babysit her damned daughter so she could go do things. And I used to grouse at her, and she always said, "You can do better."

JF: So she gave you a four, which was essentially a "D"?

DBU: Right.

JF: So you haven't -- Spanish hasn't been your favorite subjects since?

DBU: No. No, I wasn't very good at it. I'll tell you one more story about me in high school. The guy's name was L.P. Sherwood, and he was what they called the science teacher, and he taught math and chemistry and all that sort of stuff. He was kind of like Ichabod Crane. He was about six-foot-two and 165, 170 [pounds]--strong as a damned ox. If a boy got out of line in school, at noon they had to wrestle Brother Sherwood. He never lost a wrestling match (chuckles) in his life. I mean, he just beat on them. And then they went home and really got it from their parents. But I tell two stories about me and him. In late September, early October, all the ranchers ship their cattle. And during the war, they didn't have any help. Every able-bodied man was in the service up there. So they pulled their kids out of school. They didn't care how old they were--if they could get on a horse and help round them up and get them there, they pulled them out. And Sherwood just raised hell. He raised hell with the kids, he raised hell with the parents. Going to school was more important than shipping the cattle, and by God, they shouldn't be out of school for a week or ten days, whatever it took. I was in charge of the hay baling. St. Johns, during the war--because of what I said, there weren't enough people--went to communism. It's the only way they could make

that farming town work. You were a designated irrigator, or you were a designated.... My job was I ran the hay baler, and they couldn't bale hay without me.

JF: And that was your job for whom?

DBU: For everybody up there.

JF: Really?

DBU: Yes. And L.B. Sherwood was the only farmer there--I mean, everybody had a farm--who didn't bale his hay when [he] cut it. Most times.... Well, when I started baling hay when I was five or six and I was poking wires, it was all with a stationary baler. But by now, they had balers that would go down the row and pick up the hay, and it comes through and you bale it, and the bale comes out and falls on the ground like you see now. He wouldn't do that. He stacked his hay in his barn. It rained and it got moldy, and all this stuff. Towards the end of November, he would pull me out of school for two days to bale his hay.

JF: (laughs) Isn't that interesting!

DBU: And I used to say to him, "Brother Sherwood, what's the difference between this and shipping cattle?"

JF: And he said?

DBU: He said, "It's my hay." (laughs) That was his answer to that. And the other story I tell about he and I, during the war--probably all over--but up there, mathematics and science was a big thing. Sherwood had gone to Flagstaff, got a degree. But we took a bunch of courses that he'd never had, that he'd never taken in college, so he was doing it along with us. He'd stay about two or three assignments ahead of [us]. And we got to this problem and nobody could do it. He couldn't do it. There were five of us in the class. And we spent all day. And the answer was in the back of the book. But nobody could come up with the right formula. And he said, "We gotta go on. One of these days, you'll either be milking a cow or chopping the wood, and the answer will come to you. Be sure and write it down, bring it to class." And about three weeks later, I was chopping wood--honestly--and I can remember running up to the house, which wasn't that far, and writing down the formula. And I took it the next day to class, and he looked at it and he said, "Well, it's the right answer, but I don't like your formula." And he gave me a four! And I was not happy.

JF: I don't blame you!

DBU: I had done well. I think--although Mom never told me--she went and talked to him. Maybe Dad did, but I think Mom did. And then probably seven years later, I was at a football game--I was a student--I was at the football game, coming down the ramp at the U. of A., and I ran into him. "Hi, Burr." "Hi, Brother Sherwood." I said, "You know, I've been thinking about that course." He said, "I shouldn't have given you the four," (laughter) "but it's too late, it's not gonna help any."

JF: This was many years later?

DBU: This was many years later, yes.

JF: Funny how those things happen.

DBU: Yes, it is.

JF: Did the girls do any work on the farm at all?

DBU: No.

JF: None at all? Okay. And you did have some tractors and mechanization?

DBU: Yes, by the time you get to the late thirties, early forties, then they started getting tractors. By the time 1942, 1943, when I'm starting to run the hay baler, they had a tractor that pulled all that. But you still had lots of horses. I can remember when I was about eight, we were bringing hay in from the farm to the barn to feed the cows, and Stewart.... I'm on the top of the--I mean, it's stacked hay, it's not baled hay--and I'm on the top of the damned thing, and Stewart's doing what Stewart always did, and they ran away. And we're coming down a little hill out there, and he hollers at me, "Jump!" He just dug in the hay, and I jumped. There was only one paved road, and I hit that thing and I got scrapes and scars. The tongue of the wagon broke, and the horses went this way, and the wagon went into this guy's fence. I'm getting up, shaking my head, and he hollers at me, "Why did you jump?!" (laughs) And I'm thinking, "I'm gonna kill you!" (laughter)

JF: How about play? Besides mowing and baling hay (laughter), what did you do for fun?

DBU: Well, we played poker, I played poker. We played--that town basically, off and on, had decent football teams. But basically, everybody played basketball. We played some baseball, but it was mostly work. By the time you got up and did all the chores and went to work on the farm or went to school and came back and did them all over again, there wasn't a lot of time to do.... We all read. I still read a lot, I enjoy reading. But there wasn't a lot of.... I mean, the Church, you know, had the activities on Tuesday that you could go to. The high school, when school was out, it was closed. On the weekend, they had some dances and stuff, but as far as, you know, like kids today go bowling or do this or do that--we didn't do that.

I know one other story I'll tell you. My girlfriend, who was also a cousin, wanted--this was back in gas rationing days--she wanted to bowl. The nearest bowling alley was Flagstaff. She and I went to Flagstaff so she could bowl.

JF: (chuckles) I'll bet that was a hardship for you in those days.

DBU: Well, not really. Dad was mad, with good reason, because he didn't have any gas, he had to walk. I'd used all his gas up going to Flagstaff.

JF: Did you swim at all?

DBU: Some, yes. You know, we bathed every Saturday whether we needed to or not. And baling hay was dirty--still is dirty. So there were three places in town that you could swim. You could swim at the city reservoir, which was where the drinking water and the irrigating water came from. South of St. Johns, a little town called Salado, on the way to Springerville, its on the Little Colorado River. And it had kind of a spring with a deep well. You could swim there. And then kind of north and west of the town was a place called The Meadows, that you could swim at. But, I mean I dog paddle, I don't swim. And I swim with my eyes closed, because up there, all you saw was dirt--there was no reason to open your eyes.

JF: You know, backing up a little, you mentioned the hay baling, that that was your thing to do for the community. What were Mo's and Stewart's things to do for the community?

DBU: They were gone.

JF: Oh, they were gone then. Okay.

DBU: They were gone. My wife always says, when she sees Stewart, "Tell Burr to quit telling these stories! They're not true!" And Stewart says, "I don't know any more than you do. He's the only one that was there." (laughter) And it's true, I was the only one that was there.

JF: Now, we were talking earlier, too--speaking of bathing--you showed me that article. I gather you did as many big families do, and shared the bath water.

DBU: Right, exactly. I was up there with some people two years ago, that play golf, and we played at Concho, and I said, "You're stuck. You're going to have to go to St. Johns and I'll show you the town." We had running water, but not hot water. We didn't have a hot water heater. Monday was wash day. Monday, Mom washed. Every Saturday--we had a bath tub. It's not like the story says, but there was a bathtub. We had indoor plumbing after I was six. But you'd take a big tub, fill it up with water, put it on the kitchen stove 'til it got hotter than hell. Then you put it in the bathtub, and all the women bathed first. 'Til I was eight, I bathed with all the women--I learned a lot. (laughter) And then when they got through, you let the water out. And then by that time, hopefully, the next tub of water was ready, and all the men bathed. That's what George was saying in that story, and it's true. I mean, what's wrong with the story is, one, it was Thanksgiving time, it wasn't Christmas time. And Morris was a freshman at the university--that's why I asked you--so I'm sure it was 1939. And George Genung and a guy named Tim Ballentine came up. Dad was here holding court, and so they were going to come up and spend Thanksgiving with us. They got to St. Johns about eleven at night, and they turned the power off. And you come from Concho and there's a big hill, and you come down over the hill, and Morris said, "There's St. Johns." And they said, "Where is it?!" There's no light, there ain't nuthin', it's just dark out there. There's nothing that tells you there's a town there. So that Saturday, Mom was going to be nice to the visitors and let them bathe first. George did what they said, then let the water out. So we just waited another week, and then we bathed. (laughter)

JF: This was an article in the paper. Was it today's paper?

DBU: No, Sunday the twelfth, or whenever it was. [The Sunday previous to this interview would have been October 11, 1998 (Tr.)]

JF: I'll try to cut it out and add it to the tape for the transcript. Now, camping, hiking, and fishing. We've talked about some of that before. Do you recall doing much of that? Or Stewart or Mo doing much of it?

DBU: Stewart always talks about.... I never heard Morris talk much about it. Stewart always talked about going with Rex Lee, and camping and fishing and hunting. I don't ever remember.... The only thing I remember, Julie--I remember two things, actually. Probably about 1937, 1938, all eight of us went up to Sheep's Crossing, which is up on the Little Colorado.

JF: Across Greer?

DBU: Yes, right near there. We were there two nights and three days, and we fished and camped and did all that stuff. I know Stewart and I were fishing. I hate fishing, I don't have the patience. I'm not a good fisherman. But Stewart liked it, and we started going towards Mt. Baldy, and the stream's getting littler, and finally he said, "Let's just walk up it." And so we did. We walked to the top and came back.

JF: How old were you then?

DBU: I think I was eight.

JF: You went to the top of Mt. Baldy at age eight?! (DBU: Yes.) Good for you!

DBU: But other than that, I don't remember.... I mean, we didn't.... It was the nature of what was up there, and what the economics were, we didn't vacation a lot. I know one year we went to Carlsbad Cavern, New Mexico. I remember doing that. One year we went to the Rose Bowl. I think that was New Year's Day 1940. And I tell this story, and everybody says I'm wrong, so I probably am. When we went to Carlsbad--I'm almost sure it was--Morris didn't want to go. He was not going to go. And Dad would have none of that. So he took all the suitcases out of the trunk and put him in the trunk. And we drove about ten miles, and then he let him out. (laughter) He still wasn't going to go. He went. (laughter)

JF: That's interesting.

DBU: But it wasn't a bunch.... You know, like I was telling somebody the other day--I was showing them that story. I think when I was nine or ten, maybe eleven, Dad went to Clifton to hold court, and took me with him. And we got there late. Dad always said, "We're leaving at two, no later than four." I mean, he never left on time. So it was dark when we got there, and we stayed in some funny old hotel. We got up the next morning, and I don't know why I remember this, but I go to the bathroom and here's a tub and this thing up above the tub. And I said to my father, "What is that?" He said, "It's a shower." That's the first time I ever saw a shower. (laughter) But I must have taken ten showers that day.

JF: That was the neatest thing you'd seen....

DBU: Best thing since sliced bread! (laughter)

JF: One of the reasons I asked about the hunting and fishing--I mean, I know you lived close to the White Mountains and Greer, which is some incredible country and all. Both Stewart and Morris, of course, became known over the years as avid environmentalists and conservationists. And I'm kind of wondering what the basis of that was. It sounds like they didn't spend a great deal of time outdoors as kids, other than on the farm.

DBU: I'm that way, and Dad was that way, and that whole town was that way. Stewart, going backwards, Dad had, in the early thirties, late twenties, was involved, kind of, in a ranch he had an investment in. And Stewart spent a lot of time one summer being a cowboy. I know that, because he talked about it. I'm sure that was before I was born. But it was the conservation of the land, that is fierce land up there. It is not good growing land. And so to conserve it was more a town commitment than a personal commitment. And I think that's where it all came from, was just the.... When the Mormons went there, Grandpa came in 1880, if I'm right. And the Mormon Battalion went through, the people, the scouts, and it was the one year, ever, that there was water and grass up there. And they said, "This would be a great place for a town." It never happened again.

JF: Never happened again! (laughter)

DBU: I mean, I was digging around all this. Stewart wrote this story I was going to show you.

JF: This is a story in American West Magazine, May-June 1982. An article on St. Johns, Arizona.

DBU: Right. And what he's talking about in the article is basically conservation--and I did it this morning--recycling. We never, ever threw anything away up there. The glass got reused, cans got reused, bottles got reused.

JF: You washed your aluminum foil and....

DBU: They didn't have aluminum foil! (laughter) And Stewart sent me that.

JF: Boy, I'd love to get a copy of that, if I could sometime.

DBU: I'll let you take it with you. But I was talking about.... See, that's me milking the cow.

JF: A picture of you milking. And who is that with you?

DBU: Well, Stewart's wrong. I was talking about Inez's oldest daughter, named Louise. She's the little girl standing, that you can see.

JF: Oh, okay.

DBU: And what you would do is, you took little people, you'd milk into a bucket, and then you'd just open their mouth and squirt the milk into their mouth. You did that all your life. Stewart says in the article that the person kneeling down--you can kind of see a farm--is Inez. It's actually Mom.

JF: Oh, really?!

DBU: Yes, if you ever see the real thing.

JF: It's hard to tell from this.

DBU: Yes. And then this is Morris cutting Stewart's hair. Morris was a pretty good barber.

JF: Now, he did that in college, as I recall.

DBU: Yes, he did. But he did it up there. But I know that hair-cutting day, I was home. I'd finished basic training with the Army, and I was home, on my way to the Philippines. It's the day that Eloise got married, when that picture was taken.

JF: Thus the haircuts, for the wedding.

DBU: Yes.

JF: I would love a copy of this.

DBU: Why don't you take it with you, and you can send it back to me.

JF: Sounds good, I'll do that. Speaking of play, I have to ask about pranks and mischief. I mean, what I know of the Udall boys, I doubt that they were above such things. (laughs)

DBU: They weren't.

JF: And I wondered if you remembered any such incidents. If not, I have a couple I might....

DBU: Not really. You know, certainly not me and my brothers doing it. Morris and Stewart.... I mean, you know, it doesn't offend me, but I'll tell you. I think I was fifty years old before Morris ever cared what I thought. He never asked me. Stewart always did. But Morris never did. And they did a lot of things together, but I never did with them. My friends and me, we did a bunch of stuff you shouldn't do, but.... Rotten egged people and things like that--steal chickens. You've probably heard this, Julie, but Dad was the judge, which made him everybody's judge, including the juvenile judge. And the way he handled juvenile problems is slavery. You did something wrong--I did something wrong--two o'clock, Sunday afternoon, he held juvenile court at our house. And anybody who felt that some kid had done something they shouldn't have done, came down and told Dad about it. And Dad would send the word out, "Get Bill down here, get Sam down here." And you never got a trial, and you never got a hearing. I mean, whatever the adult said, was true, and you could say, "I didn't do it, I was out of town," whatever. That had nothing to do with it, you were guilty.

JF: By virtue of being a child.

DBU: Exactly. So depending on what you did, your sentence was to work for that person for a period of time. We went swimming once, and up there, during the war, you never went--I don't remember going anyplace without a hay hook and wire cutters. I mean, they were essential to do what we did. And we went up to Salado to go swimming, which was part of the Platt Ranch, and somebody had left the gate open before us, and a couple of his cows got out, and he was mad. So he put a bunch of tacks and nails about fifty feet down the road, and we [drove over them] and we got four flat tires. We get out and cut about 200 feet of fence. Our sentence was to build him five-and-a-half miles of fence.

JF: Ooo, that's hard work!

DBU: Yes. And it worked! You did all those things, you worked all day, and then you had to go report to him. If it took you two months to get it done, that was fine. If it took three months, that was fine. If it took a week, that was fine, but you were going to do it! And Morris and the sheriff's kid, when they got charged with kidnapping, whatever....

JF: Oh, yes, tell me that story! That's one of the ones I've heard about. How are we on tape here? We may have enough for that story.

DBU: Okay. Well, I can't tell you what year it was, even. What I know is what I've been told. But they tore down the Mormon Church and rebuilt it in its present location, which was the same as before. And the old church and the high school, right next door. Probably can't do that in this day and age, but they did. And this guy had an old Model "T" and it didn't have a starter. There's a little hill, so they parked it on the hill so when he got in it, he'd just.... And they're out doing things, and everybody knew this, so they decided they'd take a ride. So they were driving along, and it's about time to get the car back, because church is about over, and they don't want anybody to know he's taken it. And coming through the middle of town was the city ditch. And there was a bunch of bridges, and Morris missed the bridge, and put the car in the ditch. And a two-and-a-half-year-old baby woke up and started crying in the back seat. That's the first time they knew they had anybody. So Morris ran over to the nearest house, where somebody was there, and reported there was a car in the ditch and a baby crying, and left.

JF: (laughs) Obviously he didn't get away with it, though.

DBU: Oh, no! So the next morning, which would have been Monday, which wasn't Dad's juvenile court day, he [the owner of the car] was down and he wanted them charged with kidnapping. And Dad didn't think it was that serious. But their sentence, as I remember, was fourteen months each. So they had to give him an hour a day, minimum, every day but Sunday. And his house and yard and corrals and fences went from the worst in town to the best.

JF: Now, did this come out of their chore time at home? (DBU: Oh, no.) Or they had to squeeze this in?

DBU: That was extra, that was extra.

JF: Well, before I tell you about the other I heard about, I think I will switch tapes here.

DBU: Okay.