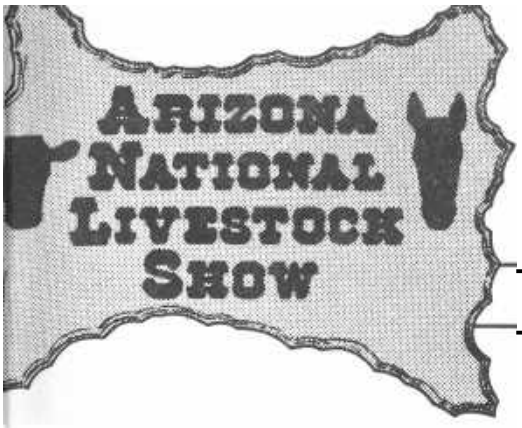

ARIZONA
NATIONAL
RANCH
HISTORIES
VOLUME 11

Arizona National Ranch Histories of ltiving Pioneer Stockman Volume 11

COMPILED AND EDITED
Bv
BETTY ACCOMAZZO



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A Foreword

Arizona Ranch Histories, Vol. II

In 1976 Nellie Stevenson, General Manager of our Livestock Show, realized the fruition of an idea when he founded the Living Arizona Pioneer Stockmen of Arizona as an extension of the Arizona National in its desire to furnish a forum and recognize early generations of the industry. Subsequently, it was only a matter of a short time until Cecil Miller activated the effort toward a collective publication of *Arizona Ranch Histories.* Cecil served as Honorary President of the association until Ernest Browning became first President-elect in 1977.

With the publication of this second volume of these fascinating recordings, I offer the sincere thanks and pride of the Arizona National. The two volumes manifest countless hours expended in probing interviewing, collating, and condensing a century of raw, sometimes tender, at times even humorous, unsubsidized private enterprise in its finest hour.

If there were not more episodes to be recorded, Betty Accomazzo and her volunteers could rest on well-deserved laurels, but the day is fast approaching--if not already past--when first generation, firsthand experiences and testimonies will, regrettably, be irretrievable.

And here may I acknowledge our perpetual memory and affection for all the members of the Arizona Pioneer Stockmen, whether producers or industry supporters, and herewith exercise my limited prerogative as President of the Arizona National.

I can *finaUy* welcome Mr. & Mrs. S. B. "Bob" Sasser to official membership at the 1980 Pioneer Stockmen's Day. Bob and Sarah ran the old 51 outfit, just south of Bloody Basin, during some years before "amenities." Sarah's Uncle Tom Cavness had operated the place from 1906, and it was among its rimrocks and canyons from West Cedar Mountain to Blackjack Mesa that Bob brought home to a young greenhorn the real and lasting value of long hours of exhausting work, honesty in the face of temptation, perserverance over disappointment, and exhilaration in a job well done--and *laughter!* To Bob and Sarah I shall be forever grateful.

And now *this* is the legacy that I corrrnend to all who would thoughtfully relive these recollections from our Arizona Pioneer Stockmen.

Dan L. Finch
President, ANLS
January 1980

PREFACE

The Arizona Livestock Industry and the Arizona National Livestock Show have grown together. It's a source of pardonable pride to us that many of those early day cattlemen have shared their ranch histories and memories with us. Additionally, we wish to make known our appreciation for the support of our officers for the Living Pioneers' undertaking: Ernest Browning, first President-elect, Freddie Fritz, 1st Vice President, and D. E. "P-Nut" Overfield, 2nd Vice President.

Volume I of the Arizona National's Living Pioneers was sold out early in its first printing. It has been so well received that we therefore are happy to present Volume II of the fascinating stories of pioneer ranchers. Like Volume I, Volume II was derived from many sources. Stories written by the pioneers themselves, old recorded documents, and newspaper articles were compiled and edited by your Pioneer Chairman. Also here, a vote of thanks to our typist/editor, Shirley Leneweaver, who greatly assisted in the preparation for typing, and typing, of the Volume II stories.

Ranching has a very colorful history in the building and settling of the West. The pioneer livestock growers bore the brunt of the hardships encountered when the West was young and untamed. Ranching was very important in the past; land was acquired and developed, water was made available, and homes were built. It is still important today, and it does add to the economic value of our state as well as our nation.

In many of our Pioneer stories, second and third generations are

often found carrying on the business of ranching. The rough, hard work and countless problems caused by drouth, disease, and unreliable prices didn't seem to daunt the courage or pioneer spirit of our cattlemen. The Pioneers love to reminisce and talk of the "good ale days," the cattle drives, chuck wagons, and branding. They hated to see the time come when modern trucks would be loaded with cattle for shipment from the ranches.

As Chairman of the Arizona National Living Pioneer Stockmen, I hope Volume II gives as much pleasure to the readers as Volume I, and that more people will become acquainted with the important role played by the cattle industry in the development of Arizona.

Betty Accomazzo, Chairman
Arizona Pioneer Stockmen

CATTLE GROWTH IN THE SOUTHWEST

The cattle business like any other business has undergone many changes, especially in the last century. There were many phases through which the industry passed, the cattle kingdom, the cattle drives, open range, fenced range, the first railroads, water rights to the few streams, wells and windmills, and finally the modern truck. All this combined with the elements of nature, the heat, drouth, diseases, wind and extreme cold to say nothing of cattle rustling and thieves, has given the cattleman his share of excitement and challenge. The cattleman's life has indeed painted a colorful chapter of American history. And it's as rugged today as it ever was, in comparison to other modes of life.

Richard H. Chislom recorded his brand in Gonzales County, Texas in 1832. It was the first brand recorded in Texas. Cattle in the East were managed in an unspectacular manner. With ten or so cows and calves per farm, the stock was cared for in an agricultural manner. A thousand eastern fanns would account for ten thousand head; a *single* Western Ranch would run that same number of cattle. There were roundups, rodeos, branding days with the air filled with the smell of seared hair and hide, boots and broad-brimmed hats, jingling spurs and horses, camr cooks and wranglers. I was a culture all its own; it was part of the Code of the West. Easterners walked and carried the law in books, Westerners rode on horseback and carried the law in their holsters.

By 1876 the Cattle Kingdom had spread over most of the plains and

all the grasslands not in cultivation, which meant practically all of the Southwest including Arizona. Ranches were larger than ever, but more changes affecting this distinct culture were on the way.

The enactment of the Homestead Act of 1862 caused more problems for the Cattle Kingdom. Under the provisions of this Act, settlers on a public domain could acquire a homestead for a small fee. They had only to live on the property for five years and make a small amount of improvements. As yet the rancher owned no grassland, just the cattle and the camps. The rights of "nesters" or "sodbusters" and the rights of the ranchers, presumed or otherwise, were often in conflict.

Then came barbed wire. It converted the open, free range into the big pasture country; bloodshed and the fence-cutter wars in the Southwest followed. This stopped cattle drives and forced the ranchers to use railroads. Some of the states had to enact laws making it a felony to cut fences, but requiring fencers to leave necessary gates, and prohibiting the enclosure of small, privately owned or public lands. Some could always find a way to circumvent the law, which called for still other regulations and, many times, bloodshed.

Along with the advent of barbed wire came the windmill, enabling ranchers to partition or cross fence and separate stock. Irrigation From wells or rivers and streams brought still more changes which :aused the rancher, or at least gave him more time, to improve the uality of his breed and update his management. Ranching is still a istinctive way of life.

Success calls for intelligent managerial abilities.

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DORA FULLER BARTMUS

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

Dora F. Bartmus was born October 20, 1894 on a farm between Saratoga Springs and Glenn Falls, New York. She was the sixth girl in a family of no boys. Her grammer school years were spent in both these towns, one an agricultural and the other an industrial center. Dora's family then moved west to San Diego.

In 1915 Dora graduated from San Diego Normal School. Arizona at that time was calling to California for school teachers, so her first teaching position was at the Whitney School on the Big Sandy in Mohave County, Arizona, where she lived with the Bill Stephen family. She taught Ray, Dick, Lee, and Nancy Stephens.

To Dora this was a memorable winter--real life in the far West on an old-time cattle ranch--in the years of 1915 and 1916, never dreaming at that time she would one day move back to Kingman, Arizona, *buy*, and spend the rest of her life on an old cattle ranch. The years 1917 and 1918 found Dora in Niland, California in a two-teacher school. There she met Peter Bartmus and they were married in Glendale, California in 1918.

Peter, "Pete," Bartmus was born in Hermanstadt, Austria in 1883. Pete was the son of Michael and Marea Wolfe Bartmus who were wool merchants and weavers in Austria, where their son attended school and then had military training in the cavalry. Robust and gregarious, his long and productive life in this country was to become a full one.

When Pete arrived in the United States in 1909 he got a job in a safe manufacturing firm at Youngstown, Ohio. But this did not satisfy

him, so he moved to the Imperial Valley in California and settled near Calipatria where he homesteaded some land. Large-scale development was just getting underway, and thereafter the peripatetic Colorado was finally controlled in 1907. There was a great demand for land clearing and leveling, canal building, and the construction of reservoirs. Pete Bartmus became a big factor in fulfilling this demand. He started out buying one mule and borrowing enough to get another. Subsequently he was to run as many as 250 mules, using them in pairs with fresnoes, and hitching up from 20 to 40 to early-day harvesting machines.

Then the Big Depression hit and World War I years broke the Bartmus business in the Imperial Valley. So they moved to North Hollywood, then to Lankersheim, just as it boomed after the War. Dora said Peter was a wizard at leveling and moving dirt after his years of canal and reservoir work in Imperial. The family business built many streets around Los Angeles between 1925 and 1930 where there was much subdividing underway. But that ended. So where next? Well, Arizona and a cattle ranch.

How come Arizona? The Bartmus family had been living in North Hollywood some time when Ivan Neal came over to visit. He had known Mrs. Bartmus when she was Dora Fuller, school teacher at Whitney School on the Big Sandy. It was later, while she was teaching school in Imperial Valley, that she met and married Peter. The Bartmuses returned the Neal visit, and the two men became good friends and hunting partners. Peter Bartmus was an ardent hunter. Over the years, Dora said, he collected a number of record big game trophies--bears, moose, deer, etc.--in this country and in Canada.

Dora recalled that development in North Hollywood tapered off and the use of machinery became almost complete, obviating the need for fresnoes and mules (some of Pete's mules weighed 1,900 lbs.). So, in 1932 the Bartmuses bought the ranch and cattle of George Palmer in the Aquarius Mountains some sixty miles southeast of Kingman. Pete Bartmus was familiar with the ruggedly beautiful and isolated range, having hunted there. He also acquired the Wagon Bow (quarter circles stacked three high, ___) and the Rafter One-Eleven irons ( ) from Palmer. Both are old-time brands, with the Wagon Bow showing up in the records as belonging to Ella H. Nelson, Seligman, 1908. The Rafter One-Eleven, belonging to Carl Ress in 1898 at Strom, had five or six subsequent owners over the years.

Characteristically, Dora and Peter began improving their ranch and cattle. Over forty water holes were developed using windmills, tanks, and springs. They bought Albert Mitchell's Hereford bulls for eighteen years, also, GOS bulls from New Mexico, and others from such old-time breeders as Hub Russell and Ray Cowden.

The Bartmuses also, from time to time, bought Santa Fe and state lands, making a goodly portion of the range patented today. Skunk Creek courses through the Wagon Bow; it's not certain who named it, but at intervals a proliferating colony of the little creatures will show up, effectively reestablishing the nomenclature. Lt. Whipple named the Aquarius Mountains on his trip through in 1854. His party encountered many streams there. Mt. Simmons, the highest point on the Wagon Bow, 5,750 feet, was named after an early settler who came to the Territory in 1864.

Peter and Dora Bartmus were both very active members of the cattle industry. Peter attended many of the Arizona Cattle Growers conventions and served on special committees. Dora was elected President of the Arizona Cowbelles in 1958. At that time she received a wallet with a penny in it. At the time of this writing she still had the wallet and the penny was still in it. Dora had said many memories always stay with a president. When Bud Webb as President of the Arizona Cattle Growers turned over the gavel to the new President, Earl Platt, who was due at the hospital the following day to have a boil lanced, Dora said to Earl, "Even a grown man can have something wrong with him once in awhile." And Earl replied, "Of course, even horses have distemper." Another time, at a meeting in Bisbee, Ernest Browning began one of his talks by saying, "The wives tell us what to do and we tell them where to go."

Dora had fun that year working with her committees. She had asked Helen Voigt and Polly Browning to help with Beef Promotion. Betty Lane was her Publicity Chairman, Sophie Wilson agreed to take charge of the yearbook, and Francis Mahan was Membership Chairman. Dora had asked her neighbor Grace Neal to be her Secretary-Treasurer.

The highlight of Dora's year was when she attended a fashion show covering one hundred years which was put on by the Douglas Cowbelles in Douglas, Arizona. She said, "You never saw such enthusiasm, although we do not realize what a wealth of beautiful things lay within our reach.

"June Kimble modeled the formal wedding gown and Peggy Boss the traveling suit for an English bride from South Africa of one hundred

years ago. Cordy Cowan modeled her grandmother's wedding dress of eighty years ago, while Mrs. Bill Davis (Edith) wore her own wedding dress, as did Mrs. James Gentry. What a radical change in style from Mrs. Davis's 1905 dress to Mrs. Gentry's of 1925! Of course, Margaret Gleen was real cute about showing some of the unmentionables of fifty years ago. Each garment was a treasure in itself."

The summer of 1958 passed, and Dora called a director's meeting in September at Kingman to make plans for the State Convention and State Fair. At the State Fair that year, the public was to identify various cuts of beef. Over five thousand cards were submitted, and more than two hundred cards had to be pulled before a correct card was drawn, one which correctly identified the cuts of beef.

Dora also remembered that Abbie Keith, at that time Secretary of the Arizona Cattle Growers, was given a thirty-fifth-year surprise party. Abbie had worked for the Association starting in 1923. In Abbie's comments she said, "Thirty-five years working with the cattle people of Arizona have been so enjoyable that I never thought of being given a party. In fact, each day of those thirty-five years has been a party, so my surprise shown in this picture in the Arizona Cattlelog is mild,indeed, compared to what I felt as our President Bud Webb led me into the Thun'derbird Room of Hotel Westward Ho in Phoenix, the evening of December fourth where six hundred of our members had gathered 'in my honor' (whom you had been honoring in thousands of delightful ways for all these past thirty-five years)."

Dora closed her year at the annual convention in Yuma, Her Membership Chairman Irene King announced that cattlemen had come to realize

that a Cowbelle on a ranch was *almost* as important as a cow! Dora and Pete Bartmus never missed a convention of the Arizona Cattle Growers for many years.

In 1968 Peter Bartmus passed away. He was a member of the Elks and Kiwanis as well as the Galloping Tuna Golf Club of San Pedro, golf being a sport he participated in every week for many years. The Bartmuses had nine children, all of whom got to know what ranch work was. In 1971 the Wagon Bow was incorporated and all of them became officers and directors.

After Peter's death Dora continued in the ranch business. She conmuted from Kingman to the coast of California, visiting her many children and grandchildren. She looked forward to the Cowbelle meeting held in her local area and the state meetings, also. She especially enjoyed the Past President Breakfast held each year at the convention.

Dora passed away December 26, 1978 at the Mohave General Hospital. Besides being a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers, Arizona Cowbelles, she was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and worked years in politics for the Republican Womens Club. She was also a member of the National and her local Mohave Cowbelles.

Dora Bartmus' devotion to the Cowbelles prompted her to let her family know that she wanted her gold Past President's Pin to be passed on to the 1979 Arizona Cowbelles Past President, which was Mrs. Stuart (Carol) Anderson. In honor of Dora, the Arizona State Cowbelles established a one-year scholarship in her memory.

Dora passed away two months after her ranch history was completed. Survivors include four sons, Klein S. Bartmus, North Hollywood, California, Peter Bartmus, Jr., Las Vegas, Nevada, and Victor Bartmus, Gray Mountain; five daughters, Betty Brock, Kingman, Dorothy Fellows, Kingman, Bernice Cline, Kingman, Mary Boice, Hermosa Beach, California, and Elizabeth Farkas, Calistoga, California; twenty-five grandchildren; and three great grandchildren.

ROSS ROBERTS

BUCKEYE, ARIZONA

I, Ross Roberts, was born in Phoenix, Arizona, September 23, 1898, the third of five children born to John G. Roberts and Effie J. (Harer) Roberts. As soon as Mother was able to travel, we went home to Palo Verde, Arizona, where Dad had homesteaded a few years before.

In the fall of 1904 I started to school at Palo Verde. Some of my classmates in the one-room schoolhouse were Gus and Claud Evens and my brothers, Roach and Lester. A typical school day began with getting up and milking the cows. We either walked or ran the mile to school. Sometimes at noon the five of us would take off from school and wouldn't hear Miss Dawson ring the hand bell calling us back to class. Then the day ended with milking again.

In the spring of 1913 Palo Verde graduated its largest class to that date--and I was the smallest of the four.

In the fall of 1915 I attended Tempe Normal School. (A few of us were normal; a few of us weren't.) I came home for Christmas in 1916 with all my clothes and never went back.

I was about twelve years old when Dad gave me my start in the cattle business--two heifers. In 1918 I bought forty acres from my brother, Lester. Those acres were part of Dad's homestead. Between the years of 1935 and 1949 I acquired seventy acres from the Wood's family.

Our family grazed cattle on open range. To qualify for a permit from the grazing service, you had to run cattle between the years of 1929 and 1934. When it started there was a community allotment south

of Palo Verde on the Gila River with eight people involved. Later I acquired half interest and my son, Richard (Bud), obtained the other half of the Powers Butte allotment. When rain is sufficient for grazing, we still run our cattle there. They drink at the Gila River. If the feed is good, we can run four to five hundred head in the winter.

When Dad was sixteen (1890), he had the pitchfork brand (LfJ) recorded in Maricopa County. It was later transferred to the territory, then to the state. Before he died, it was transferred to my son, Bud, and me. It is now in Bud's and his son's, Tom, names.

Dad bought the brand f f'\. (Jl on the ribs and '\ on the hip on the left side from Charlie Hazelton in 1901. I used the brand for several years, and it was officially transferred to me in 1916. This brand will again be transferred to Dale Ross Roberts, my great grandson.

My son's brand is the f < I got it for him when he was a boy.

One Sunday morning in 1914 while I was sitting in Palo Verde Baptist Church, I offered a young girl half of my hymnal, but she wanted it all. From that a romance blossomed, and on March 4, 1918, Edith Higgins became my wife in Walla Walla, Washington. Five children were born; four of them are still living. At last count, we are blessed with nine grandchildren and thirteen great grandchildren, many of whom still live in the Palo Verde area.

Edith came to Palo Verde August 13, 1914 from McPherson, Kansas. She was born in Roxbury, Kansas, March 7, 1899. She attended eight years of school in Kansas and then the ninth grade in Palo Verde. Her family moved to Arizona because of her father's health.

I was brand inspector in the Buckeye area for the Livestock Sanitary Board for twenty-seven years starting December 16, 1938. My dad and brother, Roach, were also inspectors. Dad was deputy sheriff in the Buckeye area for several years and constable for two years. To supplement the family income, I worked in stores in Palo Verde and Buckeye before I became cattle inspector.

Working on the open range, we had to rope the cattle to brand or doctor them. We also roped for entertainment. We always had calf ropings in Palo Verde over the Fourth of July. Later, we also team roped.

I lived on my dad's homestead seventy-two years, fifty-two of the years with Edith. Our house was flooded twice, so we moved to Buckeye in 1970. We still own seventy acres of land in Palo Verde which are farmed by Bud.

Ross Roberts
Aug. 10, 1979

Ross Roberts Family Recorded Brands

Brand	Area Branded	Name	Relationship
	Left Hip	Tom Roberts	Grandson
	Left Hip	Randy Roberts	Great Grandson
	Left Hip	Steven Roberts	Great Grandson
	Left Ribs	John Roberts	Son
	Left Shoulder	Gene Parker	Son-in law
		Bi11 McLaughl in	Grandson

ALMA JOHN "JACK" BRYCE

PIMA, ARIZONA

The life of the West and Southwest is an open book to Alma John Bryce, his given name. Most of his friends and family call him Jack. Jack was born September 17, 1898 in Bryce, Arizona. He was the sixth child of George Alvin, "Dick," Bryce and Sarah Catherine Carter Bryce. George Alvin Bryce was one of twelve children born to Ebenezer Bryce, a very colorful figure of over a hundred years ago. Ebenezer Bryce was born in Scotland in 1830, and his subsequent pioneer life in western America reflected his rich genealogical heritance. He was Jack's grandfather, and he passed away in 1913 at the age of seventy-three. The Bryce clan of Scotland traces back to the medieval crusaders who took back the Holy Land from the Moslems in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Bryce Canyon in Utah is named after Ebenezer Bryce and, somehow, it seems proper that this incomparable scenic wonder of nature-made steeples, castles, battlements, and spires carries this ancient Scotish name.

Ebenezer Bryce stowed away on a ship bound for America when he was fourteen years old. The eastcoast seaboard was in the midst of the Industrial Revolution but young Bryce did not linger. He made his way to St. Louis where he worked as a carpenter, a trade in which he had served an apprenticeship back in a Scotish shipyard. In 1850 he joined a Mormon emigrant train making the trek to Salt Lake City. He worked on a farm for awhile, and in 1854 was married to Mary Ann Park.

For the next twenty-six years the Bryces, with their ever increasing family, moved throughout central and southern Utah. Mr. Bryce put

in several years at the call of the Mormon Church authorities in building up St. George, and he sawed lumber at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona for the St. George temple. Later he commenced fanning and got into sheep and cattle at what is now Bryce Canyon National Park.

Because of his wife's health and because many Mormons were moving to Arizona at that time, Ebenezer Bryce decided to make the trek across the Colorado in 1880. Besides his family, he also had about one hundred head of cattle, three wagons, and some sheep. Getting this menage across the river at Lee's Ferry was a job.

The Bryces stopped briefly at Snowflake, and in 1881 moved to Bush Valley and then on to nearby Nutrioso. A year later, with his sheep and cattle Bryce moved again, first to the Frisco River in New Mexico and then started out for the Gila Valley by the way of Mule Creek and Ash Peak. They drove about one hundred head of cattle down the Gila River to Smithville (now Pima), arriving in November 1882. Jack's father, George Alvin Bryce, was born sixteen years later.

Ebenezer Bryce, though fifty-three years old and having a family of twelve children, began at once with characteristic energy to get into farming, ranching, lumber, and freighting. He cleared land north of Smithville on the opposite side of the river in 1883, and with the establishment of a post office there the settlement was named Bryce. Today large acreages of farmland there are worked by his numerous descendents.

With his sons, Ebenezer got into cattle in a big way. The Bryce stock, branded lazy EB connected ( ),eventually ranged up over the Gila Mountains, across the Arsenic Tubs Valley, and to the crest

of the Nantac. The last ranges were a San Carlos Indian lease deal, and the Bryce cattle were some of the last to leave the reservation in about 1940. Three of his grandsons, Jack, Bill, and Andy, still use the same range today, south of the San Carlos line.

Another of Ebenezer Bryce's earliest activities after he got settled down on the Gila was the building of a flour mill on the river bank not far from where he built a sturdy brick house. The mill was washed out in a 1906 flood, but not until after it had faithfully served its purpose for many of the Gila Valley settlers for many years. Although empty, the house still stands; straight, rather stark and uncompromising, it, too, is a monument to a Scotish pioneer.

Ebenezer Bryce died in 1913 and is buried in a plot of land he opened up back in the days of Indian troubles and range mayhem.

Alma John Bryce, "Jack," carries on with the Bryce heritage. His father George owned a farm and cattle ranch where he lived a carefree and happy life as a child. As he grew older he was given chores to do: bringing in wood for the fireplace and cook stove, milking cows, feeding them and the horses, cutting and hauling hay, plowing, planting, and harvesting the crops. He also learned to break horses and help with the work on the cattle ranch such s rounding up the cattle, branding, and building fences.

The branding of cattle on the Bryce ranch was necessary,as it was on all ranches. If your cattle crossed into the other ranchers' land you had to prove they were your cattle. The purpose of the brand is not only to mark the animal for ownership but to mark it so the brand cannot be changed by rustlers.

The origin of brands dates back to antiquity, and there never has been anything like it for a permanent mark of ownership. The old cowboys said, "Itwon't come off in the wash." Brands were used long before Christ, and we are told that the tombs in Egypt show ancient brands. Romans, Greeks, and Chinese all practiced branding, and illustrations of the actual branding process have been found in ancient ruins. Branded animals can be found in the art of Spain in the last centuries before Christ. Then it was only natural that the first cattle brought to Mexico in 1522 were branded cattle. It followed that registration of brands became mandatory in Mexico in 1529. It is believed that the first cattle driven northward by cattlemen with the Coronado Expedition in 1540 were branded cattle. They bore the flowery Spanish brands recorded in Mexico City and, no doubt, were the first such beasts to set foot on what is now Arizona.

It was not until the mid-1806s, however, that local American governments and ranchers themselves showed much concern for brand registration. Yavapai and Yuma counties were the first to require registration. The first Territorial Brand Book was published in 1898. Alma John Bryce bought his ranch from his father in 1930, and he branded the AX and H/+.

Many of the ranchers soon learned how to read a brand. Brands are read from top to bottom and from left to right. A letter of the alphabet, when lying in a horizontal position, is called "lazy." The letter in an oblique position is called "tumbling," and a letter with little wings is called "flying." A letter with a half circle (also called rocker) on the bottom is called "rocking." A long horizontal line is called a "rail," and two parallel horizontal lines (:=.) are called

"two rails." The diagonal line, as in Jack Bryce's brand, is called a "slash" ⟨/⟩.

In the early days they made long rides on horseback. They had to pack everything on pack mules and horses. They had no trucks to haul things in like they do now. They camped out in all kinds of weather. The only shelter they had were tents; and much of the time a bed on the ground with a tarp over them to keep out the rain, wind, and cold was all that was available.

Alma remarked times have changed, things have changed, and work is much easier now. They have fairly good roads to all the campgrounds, trucks to haul all the equipment, trailers to haul the horses and cattle, and campers to sleep in out of the weather. The work is still hard and much the same. The roundup was and still is the same joyous occasion.

Meals are eaten and stories are told around the campfire. There is satisfaction in gathering and branding the calves and taking them to market, especially when there are good roads on the range and the market is good. There still are bad years with not enough rain, when prices sometimes go down, and times when many cattle die from droughts. But there are good times and trying times.

Jack had good training through the years as a farmer and cattleman on his father's ranch and farm. He attended elementary school at Bryce, Arizona until he was in the seventh grade, then attended the Safford elementary school where he graduated from the eighth grade. He then attended the Gila Academy where he took a business course in which he excelled. His father especially wanted him to take bookkeeping

so that he could keep the books for the Cattle Company, which he still does today.

When Jack was a young man he liked to go to the dances in Bryce and the surrounding communities. He courted several girls but his choice was Roxey Felshaw, whom he married November 1, 1920. She was the daughter of Jacob Felshaw and Margaret Ann Goff Felshaw.

He spent a good many years on the Indian reservation where his father owned cattle and ran them along with others. He was on the reservation for about fifty years.

Jack still owns his ranch. He now has some leased land and some patented land. His brands are still the AX and H/+. His father, a few years before he passed away, sold his cattle ranch to his three sons, Jack, Bill, and Andy. The ranch is known as the Bryce Brothers Cattle Ranch and they are still in business.

Jack had worked for the Arizona Trust and Savings Bank for about a year and decided he liked ranching better, so he and his wife Roxey moved to Solomonville and his father's farm. They then moved back to Bryce where he owned thirty acres, adding more to them as it became available. This is where his six children were born.

Jack has also held a number of positions in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, among them being a bishop for five years in the Bryce Ward, Stake of Saint Joseph.

He was president of Graham Cochise Cattle Growers Association for one year. He served on the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley for a number of years. In this capacity he and his wife had the opportunity to make a number of trips to meetings in California. He and his wife made a

trip to Washington, D.C. where he attended a meeting of the Bureau of Land Management. While he attended the meetings, his wife Roxey made a tour through the Capitol building, attending sessions in the House of Representatives. Together they visited all of the old historical places of interest: Mt. Vernon, the Smithsonian Institute, the Lincoln Memorial, and other interesting sites.

Jack received a service award and certificate in recognition of outstanding public service from the Bureau of Land Management and the Department of the Interior. He received this award when he was chairman of the Safford District Advisory Board. It was signed by Burt Berklund, Director, Bureau of Land Management, and Joe Fallini, State Director, and was dated December 31, 1974.

He and his wife have made the trip to Salt Lake City to attend the General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and have visited many places of interest in Utah. They have made trips to Oregon and across the state of Washington. In the summer of 1974 they visited Victoria, Canada and places of interest there.

Presently, at the age of eighty-one, Jack is still active on his farm and ranch, enjoying his family and sons, Hugh, Dan, Ross, and John. He has many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Note: The source for much of the above, with the author's permission, was Dick G. Schaus, "Ebenezer Bryce," Arizona Cattle Growers Cattleloq (February 1967).

E. RAY and RUTH COWDEN

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

E. Ray Cowden, a long-time farmer and rancher, was born August 28, 1891 in Springfield, Missouri. His family, having been engaged in farming and cattle back there, settled on a farm west of Phoenix when they moved to the "Valley" in 1912. The next year his brother Claude fed cattle for Babbitt Brothers who shipped cattle from their large ranches near Flagstaff. From that beginning their business association developed into a joint feeding arrangement, and brother Claude fed some cattle of his own.

At that time Ray was just a youngster, helping his brother all he could until about 1915 when Claude's health became so poor that he could not give constant attention to the cattle; then it was Ray's responsibility to take care of the cattle. Claude was able to help supervise their operation but, as time went on, Ray had to more and more take over the active management of the business. Late in October 1917, Ray's brother passed away and he continued with the business.

In 1917 Ray and his brother Claude had leased the Cashion Ranch, fifteen miles west of Phoenix, and acquired outright the north half of Section 8 and the northwest quarter of Section 4 near Tolleson to expand their farming and cattle activities. This land is still the hub of the Cowden farming and feeding operations. Feeding cattle in the Salt River Valley was much the same; most of the Cowden's feeding operations were pasturing cattle on alfalfa and barley, and feeding hay from stacks in the alfalfa fields. In the winter of 1914-1915 they fed a few cattle in the feed lots, but did not start finishing many of them

in that way until 1917. At that time they constructed some silos and started feeding a ration of ensilage, cottonseed meal, grain, and chopped hay.

For several years around 1926, they would purchase two- and three-year-old steers, pasture them for some months on alfalfa and barley, and then sell some of them fat off the green feed and bring into the feed lots any that needed additional feeding. But about 1928, Ray started buying weaner calves which they grew out on barley and alfalfa pasture for twelve to eighteen months and then finished them in the feed lot. They continued this practice until the war demand made it necessary to finish beef with as little feed and as quickly as possible, then they changed back to the older cattle.

In the beginning of their feedlot operation they used vertical silos and chopped most of their hay with an ensilage chopper. In 1946 they used pit silos and ground the hay into meal, adding grains and extra protein in the form of cottonseed meal.

During the thirty-odd years up to 1947 that Ray had been in the cattle feeding business, the farming methods in the Salt River Valley had undergone a great many changes. Until 1916 when long-staple cotton was introduced into the Valley, practically all of the land in cultivation was planted to alfalfa and small-grain wheat, barley, and milo maize. However, when they began to grow cotton, large acreages of alfalfa were plowed under and planted to cotton. This change in farming methods was one of the major influences in changing the cattle feeding methods.

Following the crash in cotton prices after World War I, there

was a great reduction of cotton acreage and the growing of winter vegetables began. This used large acreages of irrigated land and paid higher returns than did the production of feed crops, thereby influencing and changing the methods of cattle feeding just as cotton had changed them at an earlier date.

In 1946, with each change in farming methods there had been a lesser supply of pasture, and it had been necessary to turn more and more to feedlot feeding. Ray heard the statement made that there were more beef cattle fed and finished within a radius of thirty-five miles of the city of Phoenix than in any similar area in the world.

As the methods had changed that year, so had the markets changed. Up to that time and during the first World War, there were quite a few beef cattle shipped to eastern markets. Since then, the west coast markets have used all the cattle available in the area as well as from further east. Population increases in recent years throughout the West, especially in California, have brought an increased demand for beef.

The Babbitt-Cowden combination continued to operate until 1936 when Ray Cowden bought out the Babbitt interests.

Ray married Ruth Reed Cowden on September 3, 1942. Ruth was born in Alliance, Nebraska in 1895. The Cowden Ranch name is Yavapai Ranch and is well known for its Cowden Herefords. They are branded  on the jaw.

During those early years the firm got into the registered Hereford business, oddly enough, because the land at Tolleson, though fertile, was alkali in character due to the high water table. Bermuda was about the only crop that would flourish. To pasture it off, Cowden bought

some purebred Hereford cows from the Bartlett Heard operations. A year later he got hold of two fine bulls, one of which was Bonnie Donald. This bull had made a champion junior sweep of the midwest show circuit, including the Royal at Kansas City and the International at Chicago.

With bulls like that and a herd of good cows, inevitably Ray Cowden would shortly be in the market for a range outfit to handle the calf crop. He found what he wanted in the old Gilman outfit, six miles north of Willcox. Riding high at that time as the shipping point for over seventy-five thousand head of cattle a year, Willcox provided a ready market for good range bulls. Since then, in the year of 1957 Ray had sold a conservative estimated eight thousand head of registered Hereford bulls to cattlemen in the Southwest and Mexico. At that time, several of his customers had bought their replacements from him for thirty years.

In 1944 Cowden bought the first of his present holdings in northern Arizona at Seligman. It was a part of the Double 0 Ranch. Two years later he traded the Willcox ranch for another part of the Double 0, known as the Cienega. This combined outfit, now called the Yavapai, contains around 110,000 acres with a grazing capacity of around eleven head to the section. The Yavapai handles the expanded purebred herd as well as some steers.

In 1950 Mr. Cowden bought the Fort Rock Ranch from Larry Mellon. This 100,000 acres nearly adjacent to the other ranch was used as a commercial outfit. Extensive improvements had been installed on both places, including twenty-six wells and fifty tanks. The lands are Santa Fe checkerboard, national forest, state, and patented.

Up to 1957 the Yavapai Ranch produced about two hundred registered bull calves a year, some of which were sold to old customers by telephone or postcard. Other ranchers would go up in the summer to look over the calf crop, and then have a bunch sent down in the fall. Some people used to go out to the Tolleson lots to look at the Yavapai-bred steers on feed. This method of buying herd bull replacements at that time gave ranchers confidence in Cowden cattle.

Selling bulls to commercial operators and then buying back the calf each year gave Ray Cowden an unequaled opportunity to keep track of his registered herd sires. A very accurate record was kept on the rate of gain for the feedlot cattle, and they invariably shipped as choice and some prime, with packer's yield from 60% plus to 64%.

The weaners went to the ranches at Seligman or various farm pastures for their growth gain, and as yearlings were shipped to the Tolleson lots. Much of their feed was homegrown but Cowden was constantly buying feed crops, renting pasture, and making deals to handle the calves. Along with the shipment of fat cattle every month of the year, there was a ceaseless movement of trucks in and out of the Tolleson lot.

Many organizations have tapped the services of Ray Cowden throughout the years. He had been a mainstay in both the Cattle Growers and Cattle Feeders associations and, naturally, in the Arizona Hereford Association. He has been a director of the Valley National Bank for twenty-two years, a state committeeman for the A.S.C., the old A.A.A. since 1936, a director of Arizona Public Service, and for many years was on the board of the Salt River Valley Water Users Association. He

was chairman of the John C. Lincoln Hospital and Desert Mission in Sunnyslope.

Ray spent the years of 1964 and 1965 as president of the Cattle Growers Association. In those two years he urged the officers to support the enactment of legislation for the best interests of the industry. In January 1964 Ray attended the National Convention in Memphis. One of the more serious problems was the heavy importation of foreign beef. At that time, the National was working with all departments of the national government in an effort to reduce the heavy imports of beef. Today we still have a heavy importation of foreign beef.

In 1964, Ray and the Cattle Growers had a new executive secretary, William "Bill" Davis. Abbie Keith had retired after being secretary, it seemed, forever. The Nebraska Cattle Growers Association held its 75th Diamond Jubilee Convention in Alliance. Since Ruth was born in Alliance and her father was the first president of the Nebraska Cattle Growers Association, the Cowdens were invited to attend. At that time they saw some wonderful ranches and plenty of feed in Nebraska.

Later that year the House and the Senate passed an amended import bill. In August 1964, the President of the United States signed it. Another important campaign was going on during Ray's presidency; this was the eradication of the screwworm. A committee was appointed by Ray to meet with other organizations for resolving this problem.

In January 1965, Ray's letter in the Arizona Cattle Growers Cattlelog was written to thank the organization for having confidence in him and electing him for another year. He later attended the American

National Cattlemen's Organization as the state representative of Arizona. He was happy to hear, in the spring of 1965, the Arizona House of Representatives passed the Screwworm Eradication Bill. It then had to go to the governor's desk. They later met with representatives from Old Mexico and other federal officials.

In June 1965, Ray and Ruth took a thirteen-day cruise to Italy, Spain, and Portugal. They were hoping to do a lot of sightseeing in Italy and Spain. Ray was back by July of that year to attend the American National's President and Secretary's meetings. Since the summer meeting in Springerville, the screwworm eradication was still of prime importance to the Cattle Growers. Ray urged all the cattlemen to attend the 1965 annual convention and be prepared to give the big push to that campaign.

Ray, in his retiring president's report, wrote these words:

> Again it is my pleasure to extend greetings to all the loyal members and friends of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. The long history of this organization makes interesting reading for everyone in the livestock industry or with an interest in the history of Arizona, for the livestock industry has always been an important part of the economic, political, and social life of our state.

Ray can be proud of his two years as president of the Cattle Growers by the accomplishments that were completed in those years: the billing of the new dues system in November; in 1964, the board had approved a retirement program for their paid personnel; a new accounting system had been put into operation to provide for the setting up of depreciation reserves for furniture, equipment, and cars; a liability insurance for the Association had been set up; and the research programs were set up.

In his retirement speech, he thanked John Hays and his corrmittee for their two years work on the screwworm eradication program. He asked for the support for this program which is of tremendous benefit to the livestock industry in most of Arizona and a large part of the United States. One of Ray's last official duties as retiring president of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association was to receive a $500 check for the screwworm eradication fund from Bill Frerichs, newly elected president of the Arizona Junior Cattle Growers Association. Ray was happy to hear, in June of 1966, Arizona Cattlemen had reached their quota for the eradication of the screwworm.

Since Ray came to Arizona at an early age, his life and activities have been closely associated with the livestock industry. Through his business contacts, he learned to know many of the best people in the world: CATTLEMEN. In looking over the past, Ray prized most highly the opportunity to work with the good people of the cattle industry.

ARIZONA HERITAGE

1979 ANLS Hereford Show dedicated to Ray Cowden*

It is quite fitting that the Hereford Division of the Arizona National Livestock Show for 1979 is being dedicated to Ray Cowden. The American Hereford Association has designated this 31st annual event at Phoenix as the Ray Cowden Register of Merit Show for Hereford Exhibitors. Cowden has been in the Hereford business since the mid-1920s, and still is, having one of the country's few whole-route operations. He raises registered Herefords, a commercial range operation and a feedlot-farm setup where many of the steers in the pens come from cattle ranches that use Cowden-raised Hereford bulls, some of which have done so for decades. But cattle aren't Cowden's sole interest. Over the past five or six decades he has been active in many civic and social activities.

Back in 1948, Ray Cowden was in on the earliest decision making and planning when a group of interested people decided to stage a livestock show in Phoenix. When the show incorporated that year, he became vice president; Frank Snell, Phoenix attorney was made president; John Jacobs-was another vice president; and Frank Armer, an official of the Valley National Bank, was made secretary-treasurer. All four men were on the "Executive Committee," along with Delbert Pierce, Alan Feeney, Hugh Gruwell, John Evans, Ben Projan, E. L. Scott, and Charles Mickle. "We expect to make the Phoenix Stock Show one of the leading beef cattle shows in the nation," Frank Snell wrote. That they did in a few

*This article by Richard Schaus was published in Outlook, January 1979, and is reproduced with the author's permission.

years. Altogether there were 11 col1llittees for that first show, each one was responsible for one area of the show's operations. Launching a successful "leading beef cattle show" is no small or haphazard undertaking. It takes planning and hard work. Nor is it cheap. Such things as feed supplies, paper work, entertainment, trophies, sale arrangements, publicity and many other details have to be arranged before the show starts.

Old timers among any readers will recall that the officers, board of directors and executive committee included some of the most successful business and professional men, bankers and cattlemen in post World War II Arizona. The first show was an immediate success, both in attracting some of the top registered herds and in having several top livestock sales, and in being run off smoothly, all of a thousand and one details having been taken care of by a battery of "volunteers."

The late Frank Armer, who was with the Valley National Bank at the time, was a "regular work horse." Others who we recall were active in what today we would call the nitty-gritty of the show's operations. These included Charles Cochran who had charge of the Junior Division; his wife Hester who did yoeman work with the office details and voluminous records; Jack Dew, Delbert Pierce, Alan Feeney and Lyle Young who arranged the order of events and grounds arrangements; and Sterling Hebbard, who among other things, selected the trophies (and donors). Hebbard broke the national show circuit custom of awarding rather prosaic, and ornate silverware. He introduced heavy silver trophies that had style and class. Phoenix trophies were to become the most prized of any on the "show circuit." Hebbard also had a lot to do with arranging the

hospitality events for the exhibitors which also became famous.

After 31 years the details of their exact participation are rather hazy but we recall other people such as Bart Cardon, Ernie Douglas, E. B. Stanley, Ted Gilbert, Cecil Hellbusch, John Evans and E. L. Scott who were active in the field work, in keeping the show on schedule and running smoothly from dawn to late evening. Space doesn't allow a listing of the original "sponsors" (read financial backers) but there were over 70 firms, individuals, associations and banks who covered the expenses. A number of them still do.

The Cowden Livestock Co. had the champion pen of Hereford heifers at that first show and in the sale they went to Merrill Peaslee, Lincoln, Calif. for $600 a head. In this sale 83 bulls averaged $438; 41 individual heifers $393; and 59 animals sold in pens averaged $428. In the sale Cowden also sold three heifers to Sam Marting, Washington Court House, Ohio; three to Fathauer & Shattuck, Bisbee; and three to K4 Ranch, Prescott. Raymond Husted, Los Angeles, was the Hereford Halter Class judge. A committee placed the pens of three registered cattle; Husted, Albert Mitchell and Tom Rigden.

When Ray Cowden came to the Salt River with his family in 1912, he was 21 years old. The population of Phoenix according to the U.S. Census of 1910 was 11,134 (now, with environs, over a million).

A biographical sketch on Ray Cowden appeared in the VNB's ad on the back of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association's magazine, the *A:r>izona Cattlelog*, for September 1957. Also an extended article on his Hereford operations appeared in the *Hereford Journal* in the July 1957 issue. So we will forego here the details of his early operations

as a grower, feeder and registered Hereford breeder on account of space limitations. He still has the Yavapai Ranch south of Seligman, 110,000 acres of checkerboard land, much of which is highly improved; where he range raises yearly around 200 purebred range bull calves and runs some commercial cows and grows out young steers.

Cowden still farms on the family's original place (since 1912) west of Tolleson and still feeds steers there to USDA Choice, many of them coming from ranches to which he has sold bulls, in some cases for many years. In an advertisement "Cowden Herefords" in 1966, a listing was included that contained the names of the ranch's bull buyers for that year, and the list was a sort of partial roster of old line Arizona cattle ranches. We'll insert here some of the buyers to illustrate: Jack Wilson; Orme Ranch; Claude Neal; Frank Ogden; Bar D Ranch; Kenneth Wingfield; Bob Blake; Lawrence Anderson; Lloyd Glover; John Jordan; C & B Venture; Andres Cordoba; Ralph C. Cowan; Tom Hughes; Bernard Hughes; Marie Hughes; Edna Hinton; Tom Rigden; Lynn Anderson; and Jim Coughlin.

The gain records on steers from many of the above ranches, as well as those from other outfits not mentioned, are recorded and these records afford an excellent gauge on what kind of sons his herdsires are producing. Ray Cowden has sold bulls and bought calves from the Orme Ranch for 40 years and has bought Tom Rigden's cattle for almost as long. He still goes up in the Yavapai country at shipping time and overseas the loading, weighing and shipping. "Those," as one of his men says who handles some of the deals, "are his baby." At first one suspects he continues these personal forays through sentiment, or tradition, or something.

But then, when one reflects that he also still goes to his office nearly every day and by 7:30 or 8:00 o'clock has received telephone reports on markets in the midwest and receipts and prices on other markets, just as he had done for years, and has a caller arrive at his home to look over old ranch pictures at 7:30 on a Sunday morning (with hot coffee on tap to greet the sunrise), and makes his customary reservations for the January show in Denver, especially for the carlot bull sales, a couple months ahead of time, and continues a relentless schedule of board and commission meetings, one forgets any suppositions he might have about Ray Cowden retiring. Up until the energy crisis came along, he and his wife, Ruth, would swim every day, taking seven or eight turns around the pool. But they figure it would be a waste of gas to heat the pool in the cold weather. Incidentally, Ruth Cowden, the former Ruth Reed, is the daughter of A. S. Reed, the first president of the Nebraska Cattle Growers' Association.

No mention of Cowden's livestock interest would be complete without mentioning his Quarter Horses. Some years ago he acquired a stallion, Peppy's Apache, from the OW Ranch up under the Mogollon Rim. Peppy•s- Apache sired some good ones, mostly sorrels. They and their offspring sell well to the same kind of ranches Cowden Bulls go to.

In 1964 and 1965, Ray Cowden served as president of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association. He previously had served actively on many of the ACGA's committees. The same was true of the Arizona Cattle Feeders' Association for which he was elected Chairman in 1942-1943. He still serves on the board of directors for both groups.

The other "interests" mentioned earlier on which Cowden has served

include president of John C. Lincoln Hospital's board of directors for 30 years. He resigned as president only recently. He has been on the board of directors of the Valley National Bank since 1935 and has the latest VNB stock quarterly dividend figures at the tip of his fingers ($2.69 so far in 1978 as of Sept. 30). (VNB's same report showed over $241,000,000 in agricultural and livestock loans). Mr. Cowden has also served on the boards for the Salt River Water Users' Association, Arizona Public Service, the Federal Land Bank and many others. He has received an honorary degree from the University of Arizona and Arizona State University awarded him its Diamond Jubilee Award of Distinction in 1963. He also has been on ASU's President's Advisory Council, was a founding member of the ASU Foundation and was one of ASU's Library Associates.

In his "President's Report" as outgoing president of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association in 1965, Cowden said, "… the long history of this organization makes interesting reading for anyone in the livestock industry or with interest in the history of Arizona, for the industry has always been an important part of the economic, political and social life of our state.•.." His long and rich life has been a part of that economic, political and social history of Arizona--for the past 66 years.

KATHARINE CROCKER DUMONT

KIRKLAND, ARIZONA

Katharine was born November 4, 1902 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She attended the Miss Mays School in Boston, Massachusetts. Katherine married Mr. Warner in 1931, and to them were born Ruth Warner Huking and Warner S. Warner. In 1936 she married Mr. Dumont and had two children, William E. Dumont and Katharine D. Lord.

The family then moved west from Massachusetts in 1946, settled at Solvang, California, and purchased a ranch where they started to raise registered Shorthorn cattle as well as registered Yorkshire hogs. Their Shorthorn herd numbered 150 breeding cows, while their hog herd varied from 200 to as high as 700 head. When Katharine left Boston with her four children, from teenagers on down to six-year-old Kathie, she never then imagined she would end up on a ranch in Arizona.

Leaving their home town and heading west, having no agricultural background of any kind, buying a seven-hundred acre partly irrigated ranch in Solvang, and getting into raising cattle and hogs represented as radical a departure from precedent as one can imagine. She had been brought up in a protocol tradition prevalent only in Yankee Boston, i.e., the Cabots speak only to the Lowells and the Lowells only to God; when conversational reference is made to the "president," it is the head of Harvard they mean and not the Conmander-in-Chief in Washington.

"Her family was shocked. She was the black sheep." At that time Katharine laughingly recalled the event. Though she would vehemently deny it, she obviously had uncommon managerial ability and acquired an "ye for the ine," as the Scot phrase goes.

When she moved out of Solvang in 1959, mostly because of the influx of new neighbors spilling out from Santa Barbara fifty miles away, she "ran" eight hundred registered brood sows and over one hundred registered Shorthorn cows. She sold bulls at the Red Bluff sale for eleven years, and one year had the champion. Her entries were always placed in the top grade at this famed annual sale. For three years she had the grand champion bull at the Cow Palace, Great Western and Pomona, California Stock Show.

Originally Katharine settled in Solvang because when the children were younger they visited Santa Barbara and she liked the climate and the country. But now, all the new people and the jet planes forever flying overhead made her decide to move to a range outift, and what Katharine really wanted was to show what Shorthorn cattle could do on the range. Katharine left Solvang to come to Arizona and look around. She told the agent what she had in mind: a good range with no snow, no separated pastures where you have to make seasonal drives, a decent house, and some irrigated land. At that time the agent told her to return in a month, meanwhile he'd look around. Katharine replied, "I want it now, not in a month." He called her late that same afternoon, and the next day they traveled west to Floyd Sasser's ranch in Kirkland Valley, Arizona. The Sassers were shipping that day and, "when Katharine saw the calves, she was sold." The Sassers were having their roundup, so Mrs. Dumont arranged to ride over the ranch thirteen days later.

Rancho Santa Ynez, which for many years was part of the Matt Lee Ranch, consisted of twenty sections, was fourteen miles long, and was up to six thousand feet in altitude in the Forest Service areas. In

1959 there were 250 Hereford cows that "came with the piace" and ranged on a winter permit. In the summer they came down to pasture on the medium country, a part of which was patented. Among the first plans Katharine made when she purchased the Rancho Santa Ynez was to put Shorthorn bulls in with the cows from the middle of April to the last of August. Previously, Hereford bulls had been in with the cows all year. She said then, "I'lllose a certain percentage the first year, but I'll have a uniform crop of crossbreds to show what weight gains are possible."

The Hereford cows were replaced by registered Shorthorn heifers over a period of ten years. In 1946 after Katharine bought the Solvang Ranch, she had answered an Ohio contractor's ad offering thirteen head of registered Shorthorns he wanted to sell. After an exhausting eleven-day trip, her new Shorthorns arrived in California shrunken, shaggy, run-down, and a huge disappointment. But the cows quickly recovered on good feed, and Mrs. Dumont's herd of nearly two hundred which she had shipped to Arizona in 1959 stemmed from those thirteen head. At that time her son Bill was discharged from the navy at the age of twenty-two. Bill was as ardent a cowman as his mother. He bought 182 head of Shorthorns, including the calves, and the two of them went into a partnership.

They recalled the first year on the Santa Ynez as a rugged one. First it was the weather. The Solvang ranch cattle had been shipped in June; a June which was followed by an exceptional and extended hot summer, especially for coastal acclimated cattle. Then the hot weather was followed by one of the most severe winters in several decades.

Meanwhile, a broad-scale ranch improvement program was launched--not piecemeal or on any five- or ten-year plan, but on a wide front, all at once. At the time Katharine knew it would cost her a little more at first but, in the long run, she would be ahead because the improvements would start to pay off sooner.

Katharine never believed in long drives to shipping corrals, so three up-country corrals were planned. All were stout affairs with plenty of space to feed, water, and hold overnight or even longer. When these projects were completed, the Dumonts were able to move from three points to headquarters, to ship or weigh the cattle without driving them over two miles.

Because the Shorthorns were registered purebreds, a number of the breeding pastures were refenced with four-inch mesh wire and Texas gates were installed. The gates were equipped with a chain cinch that was a model of safe, nonscratching efficiency. Accumulated material in an old equipment and supply storage area at headquarters was bulldozed, and the fence on the adjacent irrigated pasture was moved back to add more farm acreage. The Rancho Santa Ynez had 180 acres of irrigated land with water pumped from 150 to 300 feet. There alsowasacreage near headquarters that was susceptible to irrigation.

Many improvements were made on the ranch. Bill replaced some of the buildings that had been burned with a welding shop and saddle room, flanked by a machinery storage lean-to shed on one end and feed storage on the other. The Dumont home crested the top of a hill that rose from the level valley floor. From all sides of the house, the view o'f the valley surrounded by the upended mountains could only be called majestic.

The Dumont home overlooked headquarter corrals and breeding pastures.

Like all ranches, the Dumont's was no exception; the cattle needed daily inspection and the other ranch work went on, not to mention keeping up with the registration of the calves. Mrs. Dumont taught Bill many of the jobs; she could take them all in stride as being nothing compared to the California deal when she also worked the papers on her eight hundred registered brood sows.

On the Hereford cow range, every whiteface seemed to have a calf at its foot. No matter what the color, Katharine was overjoyed as she spotted the newborn calves, uttering to herself how good each calf looked. It was hard to believe that she had moved West from staid old Boston thirty four years ago.

The American Shorthorn Association was pleased that Mrs. Dumont brought her fine herd to Arizona, and feel that she has made a definite contribution to the cattle industry because of "her practical approach in her purebred operation. A breed is built by those who plan the mating, mix the feed, and carry the pitchforks. No amount of ballyhoo and promotion, no secretary sitting in an office, no publication, no amount of money can build a breed."

It hasn't been all work and no play for the Dumonts. In 1969 they joined 109 other cattle people to tour Hawaii. The group left Los Angeles in January of 1969. Their first stop was the big island of Hawaii where they toured the orchid nurseries. Then on to the Kihaua Crater followed by the Giant Tree Fern Forest which reminded the group of the Redwood Forests in California.

After breakfast the third day of their visit, they again climbed

on buses and toured the Parker Cattle Ranch. Katharine and Bill especially enjoyed this tour. The ranch, the largest on the island, had 252,000 acres spread over steep mountain slopes and deep gorges. It was rich grassland even though some cactus dotted the plains. They visited a Hereford ranch where a Kamuela rancher joined them. He showed them some very fine breeding bulls, mother cows, and beautiful baby calves.

From the Island of Hawaii it took twenty-three minutes to fly to Maui. Leaving that airport, they went directly to the Kasanpali area where they were met by Maui Farm Bureau members. After a tour of their farms, all went to the beach where they found the Maui farmers cooking a delicious meal for them. The following day they joined the other 109 travelers, loaded onto three buses for the Kahulki Airport and returned to Honolulu.

Oahu Island, which is known as the gathering place, was a twenty-minute flight. Buses took them on an orientation tour of the city, on through the University of Hawaii, and through the lovely Manoa Valley's residential area. They stopped at the grave of Ernie Pyle which was at the bottom of the Punch Bowl; they saw the Buddhist temple for a glimpse of the Far East. The following day they registered for the four-day American National Cattlemens Convention. Everyone agreed they had a grand time in Hawaii, but all were anxious to return to their ranches in Arizona.

The Dumonts carry two brands on their ranch; the Sj brand was brought with them from their ranch in Solvang in the Santa Ynez Valley. The $\mathrm{T})$ brand was purchased with the Kirkland ranch in 1959. They run from 150 to 300 head of cattle on the ranch, depending on range

conditions. The permit capacity is for 120 head on forest land and 30 head on SLM land; 64 head are on state land.

After looking all over Northern California, Nevada, and Idaho, both Katharine and Bill agreed they were glad they had settled in Kirkland, Arizona on the Rancho Santa Ynez in Yavapai County. Katharine said they had found that the history of the ranch goes back to the fairly early days of the range cattle industry in Yavapai County, having first been owned by Fred Gains back in the early nineties. In 1893 he sold the ract where the present headquarters now stands to John Lawler. In 1903 it came into the possession of Charles L. Rigden who went into partnership on the deal, first with John Lawler and later with Lawler's brother, William. The latter partnership lasted until 1926 when they decided to split up the ranch, Rigden taking the south half and Lawler the north half. Later Lawler sold out to a man by the name of Condon who ran the Connected 2V (2V) for some time and, in turn, sold out to Matt Lee and Dick Whitehead. Floyd Sasser bought Lee's part of the ranch in 1949 and then, in 1959, sold to the Dumonts.

The ranch embodies some 12,800 acres of mixed type range lands: part grassland with mesquite, part mixed grass browsing range, and 120 acres of farm land. At the present time the herd is made up of Hereford cows, Shorthorn cows, and crossbred cows. Their crossbreeding program involves the use of Hereford cows; their calves come between January 15 and May 15 and average around 425 pounds when sold each fall.

In addition to their regular operation, the Dumonts make a special effort to cooperate in furnishing calves to 4H boys and girls for their

project work, and some of these cattle have done remarkably well. Both Kat arine and Bill are members of the American and Arizona Cattle Grower's Association and Bill is on one of the committees of the Arizona National, serving as Trophies and Awards Chairman. Katharine is a member of the Arizona National Living Pioneers; both are members of the Yavapai County Cattle Growers.

W. F. (BILL) NORTON

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

W. F. Norton, known to all his friends as Bill, has seen Arizona grow from lush farm and cattle ranches to metropolitan cities with asphalt jungles. Bill was born in Platte City, Missouri January 9, 1894 to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Norton. He received his early education in schools in Missouri and Colorado. His father was a farmer and dairymen and, along with Bill's Uncle John W. Norton, was a banker and storekeeper. Bill remembers when the Jesse James gang robbed their mercantile store in Missouri. Bill's family moved from Missouri to Colorado Springs, then to Long Beach, California before they finally settled in Tucson, Arizona and went into ranching.

Bill's grandfather was Judge E. H. Norton, a supreme court judge who in later years became a United States Senator from Missouri. His grandmother's sister was married to Governor George W. P. Hunt of Arizona.

Bill first arrived in Arizona in 1909; he had just turned fifteen. His first stop was at Jerome Junction. He had taken the narrow gauge railroad train from Jerome and was met at the station by Jack Stanley. Jack helped him load his belongings on a buckboard pulled by two horses. He remarked one of the horses weighed 1,200 pounds and the other 900 pounds.

Bill's first job was with his Uncle John W. Norton on a ranch in Coyote Springs in Prescott, Arizona, starting out at thirty dollars a month. He worked there a year and gained a lot of ranching experience.

When he left Coyote Springs he worked for his uncle, H. C. Tufts, in a mine at Twin Buttes. He stayed there two years.

Leaving Twin Buttes, he went to work for his father, C. W. Norton, who then owned the Norton Auto Company. They sold Fords, Franklins, and Oldsmobiles. Bill drove all of the cars around the town. A very interesting article was written about the Norton Auto Comapny and published in the *Oldsmobile Pacemaker,* February 1921:

> The Cowboy is not gone far from it. Arizona hills still maintain the herds of yore. Possibly a bit of the picturesque element is gone in that the range rider no longer needs to gird himself with weapons. The cattle are grade Herefords, not Texas Longhorns, and the cattle ranches will not show modern features unexpected in ... [the wild] West.

In the same publication was the story written about Bill himself after he left the car company and went into ranching with his father and Uncle John:

> W. F. Norton is an Arizona Cattle King. No, not the type of frontier ranch boss who ruled his domain by the divine right of a quick eye, a quicker hand and a pair of "six guns." That picture belongs to an age in the development of Arizona that has long since become history. The present day cattle king is no way different from any other efficient chief of big business.
>
> As superintendent of the Border Zone Land and Cattle Company Mr. Norton directs all the affairs of a vast range that feeds over 40,000 head of cattle. Hence, his choice of Oldsmobiles exclusively for the strenuous work of ranching is a real tribute.

Bill then answered by letter: "It may interest you if I refresh your memory as to the fact that you have sold me five Oldsmobile Eights for myself and the ranch, and that I am prompted to address you a letter out of my appreciation for the very excellent service the Oldsmobiles have performed for me." The picture accompanying the article is of Bill standing by an Oldsmobile Eight dressed in western clothes, chaps and all. On the hood of the car is Bill's saddle.

The month after this article came out, W. F. "Bill" Norton was married to Margaret Elizabeth Richards who was born in Slayington, Pennsylvania. They had one son who was named W. F. Norton, Jr.

Bill remembers that in Arizona, in the early twenties, cattle by the tens and hundred thousands roamed the hills and fed in the grassy valleys, and punching cows was just as much of a man's trade as it had been "in the good old days." Cowboys no longer resembled a traveling arsenal. Some idea of the magnitude of the cattle industry in Arizona may be gained from the fact that in 1923 the valuation of livestock was placed at $81,895. Copper, cattle, and cotton, to name them in order of their relative importance, these were the big three in Arizona in the early twenties. Today, 1979, the five Cs are copper, cattle, cotton, citrus, and climate.

In the thirties Bill, along with his father and Uncle John, bought a large ranch from Tom Wills. They called the ranch the Norton Land and Cattle Company. This ranch ran fifty miles both ways on each side of the San Pedro River, bordering the town of Florence to Copper Creek. At one time the Norton Ranch had twenty-eight different brands. Cattle and small homesteads were purchased from ranchers along the river, and the brands were included in the purchase of the cattle. Some of the brands used on the ranch wereM-X, V:, , "13 , , ΛB , and the 44. The main brands used on most of the cattle were and the 44.

One of the ranches they purchased was the Copper Creek Ranch. It had many fine houses and was formerly owned by a Mr. Conley. They ran a lot of cattle on this and the other ranches, branding twenty-five

hundred calves in one year. At one time, the bank counted the cattle and estimated there were ten head of grown cattle for every calf that was branded. The cattle were as wild as deer.

There were many rattlesnakes on the Norton Ranch that didn't help matters any. At one time Bill was riding, and the horse fell back onto a snake and the snake started crawling onto the horse. Bill jumped off and ran, and if the snake was going to ride the horse Bill wanted no part of it.

The ranch sold fifteen hundred head of steers to the Egan Bros. out of Denver, Colorado and the cattle were driven along the river into Tucson. Right through the town, past the University of Tucson next to the Old Main, which was the only building on the University at the time. The cattle were then loaded into boxcars at the Southern Pacific. The drive was successful with no problems.

As many as three hundred Indians would camp on the ranch and along the river to pick peoti nuts. They were never any trouble and never took a thing.

Bill was hired to rebuild a fence on his neighbor's place in those same years. This ranch, called the Baca Float, was owned by Jim Boldin. A friend, Jim T. Garrett, was helping with the fence and they stayed in his mother's house. When Boldin had fenced the ranch, it stopped the neighbor's cattle from reaching the San Pedro River for water. This made the nearby ranchers very unhappy, so they went along the ranch boundary and cut the wire leading to the river between each post for miles. They made threats that they were going to bomb the house the men were staying in, s9 Bill and Jim moved out of the main house and

went into hiding in a small house near the ranch.

All the squabbling about fences on range allotments forced the U.S. Department of Agriculture to make and administer rules for grazing livestock on the public domain. Arizona cattle numbered well over a million head in the twenties. Ranchers were informed of the new rules, and the federal government declared that each stockman had to have a permit for every animal run on public land. The ranchers finally agreed overgrazing was an unnecessary evil, and they soon submitted to the mutually beneficial arrangement of paying for the use of public lands. Once the forest service succeeded in convincing ranchers of the value of fencing, and more by force of logic than by law, the Arizona range soon became a nightmare of line fences, drift fences, cross fences, and pasture fences. In the last twenty-eight years they have sliced much of Arizona into a thousand small land units, each set apart for a specific purpose of good land management. Todays cattlemen can regulate the exact number of animal days a parcel of range is grazed in accordance with weather and other conditions, such as water rights for cattle which Jim Boldin's Baca Float Ranch had gone through.

The Norton Land and Cattle Company was tucked away in part of the Galiuro Mountains. At one time there was a hidden monument to the glories of the early mining boom. But now, only the sturdy rock wall remains of what once was Sibley Mansion, built on the side of a steep canyon overlooking the rocky bed of Copper Creek and at one time owned by the Norton Cattle Company.

The mining began with the opening of the Yellow Bird claim in the year 1863, according to *Arizona Place Names.* R. Ray Sibley, manager of

the Copper Creek Mine in the Galiuro Mountains, constructed a road from Mammoth to the mine. Ranchers in that area remember Sibley as a go-getter who roared about the countryside in a Stutz Bear Cat. Sibley had built the mansion there for entertaining and showing the people how prosperous the mine was; however, that mine never really ever became a successful venture.

Bill himself remembers removing the beautiful oak paneling from the mansion, when they owned the ranch, to rebuild a house on the Norton Ranch. Later, vandals took everything out of the mansion that could be removed. It had originally contained at least twenty rooms with polished oak floors, and featured full-length mirrors on the bedroom wall. Now the only thing that remains of the famous Sibley mansion is the rugged rock walls.

The San Pedro River was never known to run free with water all of the time. During the drouth that plagued cattle all over the state of Arizona, the Norton Land and Cattle Company's were no exception. The San Pedro River dried up and cattle on both sides of the river bogged down into the river mud. The Norton Company was sued by banks wanting to regain their money. The judge disregarded the suit and let them keep what cattle they had left; the remaining cattle wouldn't even pay their freight to Kansas City.

There were miles of dead cattle along the San Pedro and all of the ranchers were in the same situation. The Norton Company purchased eleven hundred more head of cattle for the ranch on the assumption that things would now improve. However the drouth continued, and during this same time Bill lost both his father and his uncle. The bank took over

most of the holdings, and Bill and his wife and son moved to Phoenix.

Building a home in the country at 315 West Virginia Avenue in 1938, Bill continued to buy and sell cattle. He shipped cattle all over the states of Arizona and California. He fed cattle with Olin Dryer for many years. At one time, he shipped eighteen hundred steers with the 76 brand from the Webb Ranch in Willcox, Arizona.

Bill is now retired and still living in the same home on Virginia Avenue, which is now in the middle of downtown Phoenix and surrounded by shopping centers. Bill, Jr. now lives in California, and Bill is the proud grandfather of two.

He is a past member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, a member of the Arizona National Living Pioneer Association, and enjoys visiting with the other ranchers on Pioneer Day during the National Livestock Show. His present brand is . Bill also was a member of the Arizona Club and the Cattlemens Club headquartered at the **Tovere Building.**

RALPH and MATTIE COWAN

DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

Ralph Cowan was born in Tombstone April 3, 1899. He was the son of William Cowan and Florence Stevenson Cowan. He spent his school years at Tombstone, Arizona.

Mattie Geers was born in Paola, Kansas, and was educated in Kansas. Mattie then came to Gleason, Arizona in 1918 to visit her brother, Frank. She liked it in Arizona so much she decided to stay. After meeting Ralph Cowan, her reason for wanting to.stay was multiplied.

Mattie and Ralph were married on Christmas Day, 1921. Mattie soon found out that she had not only taken a husband for better or worse, but she had, in a manner of speaking, also wedded the whole cattle business. To the Cowans, the cattle ranching business was their way of life.

Let's go back nearly a hundred years of ranching the Cowan family has been involved in. Ralph's father, William Cowan, was born at Covey Hill in the province of Quebec, Canada in 1857. His youth was spent in the rural and serene countryside of Covey Hill. After the American Civil War, the "90 west" fever struck him. In 1879 he went to Virginia City, Nevada where he worked as a miner and timberman at the Sutrow Tunnel Mine. He later moved further south to Tombstone, Arizona and worked in the Contention Mine for two years. At that time he got into the cattle business, but William Cowan never lost interest in mines and mining claims. He "dabbled" in them all of his life.

Ralph's father's first venture into cattle was characteristic of his subsequent business life. About 1883 he and a partner, Thomas

Welsh, bought a herd of cattle from John Slaughter who had the San Bernardino Range straddling the International Line at the New Mexico boundary. Slaughter subsequently became famed as the Tombstone sheriff who cleaned up Cochise County.

Welsh and Cowan probably bought over three hundred head (Will Stevenson, now in his late 90s and still having vivid recollections of the early qays in Cochise, said it may have been over five hundred head). The Welsh and Cowan cattle, under the WT brand, ran on the open range at Turquoise, west of Tombstone. This town is now called Gleason.

Welsh was shot after the WT got started and Ralph's father bought out the estate. The William Cowan ranch operations took place during the expansion era of the cattle industry in Cochise County. Indians were still making periodic forays throughout the foothills and canyons of the mountain ranges enclosing the southern end of the Great Sulphur Springs Valley. It was in the area in 1872 that Cochise crossed the Valley Springs toward the west and was very much at home in the Dragoon Mountains with his warriors. The Sulphur Springs also contained the hideaway headquarters and ranches of many of the outlaws and renegades who made Tombstone's reputation as a den of thieves nationwide even without radio and TV.

The two milk cows that Ralph's father first brought to Tombstone were branded with the NI. He liked this brand and used it on his subsequent operations all the rest of his life.

Ralph's father later became a partner of Jim Lowery and for about fifteen years the N Bar Y operations were very successful. He also had

business partnerships with Gus Soberly. History shows that due to the squabbling, the Forest Service (a branch of the U.S. Department of Agriculture) sent rangers to make and administer rules for grazing of livestock on federal domain. In 1887 the federal government declared that each stockman must have a permit covering every animal run on public land. Ralph's father saw this law coming and, knowing open ranges were numbered, he began buying out various neighboring ranches and homesteads.

Once the Forest Service, more by force of logic than law, succeeded in convincing ranchers the value of fencing, the Arizona Range soon became a nightmare of line fences, drift fences, cross fences, and pasture fences. This enabled the cattlemen to regulate the exact number of animal days a parcel of range was grazed in accordance with weather and other conditions. The barbed-wire fences further enabled them to control the breeding of stock by segregating bulls, cows, and heifers.

During Ralph's father's early and still open-range operations, he arranged community drives to the new railroad at Willcox. Cowans' neighbors included outfits that have become part and parcel of Cochise County's "Romantic Era"--the Ryan Cattle Company, Jacob Scheerer, the Duvall Outfit, the 7Ds, to the north was the great Chiricahua Outfit, and to the east the Jim Hunsaker Ranch in Leslie Canyon. From these ranches Ralph's father bought many Hereford bulls.

In those years he was in partnership with Jim Lowery and Gus Soberly. Through droughts and depressions Cowan had an unbending faith in the cattle business. He urged many to whom he loaned money to stick

with cattle when they became discouraged.

Bill's cattle ranged from the Mule Mountains across the valley to the Swisshelms, and over the years acquired a reputation for quality. J. G. Hall, Denver, bought NI cattle for a number of years, and later many were sold to Johnson and Cook Caulenburgers out of Willcox. The senior Cowan served as president of the First National Bank of Tombstone for many years. At the time of his death he was one of the largest stockholders in the Arizona Southwestern Bank Corporation.

Ralph's father's first wife, Margaret Mahoney Kennedy Cowan, died in 1891 leaving him with three daughters: Mrs. Bill Davis, Tombstone; Mrs. J. H. Trester, Oklahoma; and Mrs. Edna Dobbins, New Hampshire. In 1896 he married Florence Stevenson and they had five children: Mrs. Florence Snure, Ralph, Mrs. Evelyn Waller, Quebec, Canada; and twin boys, one died at birth and William, who died at three years.

Ralph's father started the NI outfit in 1884 as an open-range operation. He left a splendid entity to his son, and Ralph has added greatly to the original holdings. As a youngster, Ralph rode as "rep" man for the NI when the famed Fs, CCCs, Wagonrods (Boquillas), and other neighbors held their roundups. He had run the chuck wagon for NI since he was nineteen years old. Around that same time a severe drought hit Cochise County. The Cowans, their neighbors the Davises and the Stevensons, along with several others, drove herds to the Molina Ranch in Sonora. They moved them back after a plentiful rain had produced an abundance of feed.

Shortly after Ralph and Mattie were married the drought forced another move. At that time the Cowans, Davises, and Stevensons shipped

several thousand cattle to the Figure 2 Ranch, then owned by James Daugherty at Van Horn, Texas. After a couple of years they droughted out in Texas and shipped the cattle back to Douglas, and then moved the cattle to Chuchuta Ranch owned by the well-known Pesquiera family of Sonora, Mexico. Ralph and all his campaneros later moved the cattle to the Sierra Colorado and Mavarve ranches leased from an English outfit. In 1925 the cattle were all in fine shape and then were driven back to the NI Ranch.

The Sulphur Springs Valley received an influx of homesteading settlers who hoped to dry farm, and inevitably failed at it. Ralph and Mattie bought out a number of these homesteads and he also bought the old Reeves Ranch, the JO at Tombstone, in 1932.

The NI had used its own registered Hereford bulls since 1932, starting out with Tom Ivey and J. P. Osborn herd sires. In 1959 the outside bulls came from the Las Vegas Ranch at Prescott and previously they had done well with Cowden and Lee Scott bulls

The NI raised their own horses and have done so since the days when it took 150 head to keep the outfit mounted.

In the 1960s they were using around fifteen head including some show ring Quarter Horses. Ralph's father was well known for his thrift and his capacity for hard work. He instilled these qualities in his son, and in turn Ralph has instilled the same qualities in his three boys, Bill, Jim, and Bob.

In 1959 Bill and his family lived near the Old Home Ranch at McNeal, and besides farming and a cattle feeding business they took care of the eastern end of the NI. Bob headquartered in Tombstone and he

ran the western end. At the same time Jim was stationed at Fort Huachuca with the Army.

For many years Mattie and Ralph worked shoulder to shoulder for the cattle industry. In 1939 Mattie and many other ranch wives got together and formed the first Cowbelle group in the United States.

From the time the Cowbelles were organized, membership grew rapidly and cattle women in other parts of the country became interested.

There are over 950 local members that belong to 14 locals in the state of Arizona. Mattie helped organize the Arizona State Cowbelles in 1947, and became their first president. Later in January of 1952, Mattie helped organize the American National Cowbelles, and the following year she became the American National Cowbelles second president. The following years Mattie spent many hours and much effort in promotint the sale of beef.

Ralph served as president of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association for two years, 1952 and 1953. He is a Mason, Shriner, and a Past Grand Patron of the Eastern Star. He served fourteen years in the State Legislature, two as a Representative and twelve as Senator.

Of Ralph and Mattie Cowan's three sons, currently Bob Cowan is still living at the JO Ranch near Tombstone; Bill has moved to Cloverdale, New Mexico; and Jim is associated with Arizona Feeds and lives in Tucson.

LYTER and MILLIE ELLIS

CAMPSTOOL RANCH

WILLCOX, ARIZONA

Henry Lyter Ellis was born near San Angelo, Texas on February 5, 1894, the second son of Dr. Richard H. and Susan F. (Huffman) Ellis. The Ellis family, including a grandmother, Martha Ellis, came to Willcox in 1911 from Del Rio, Texas. The move was made because the eldest son, Joseph William (Joe Willie), suffered from chronic bronchitis and they were hunting for a dry climate. They found it! Lyter had one sister, Anne Gray, the youngest of the three children. The family furniture and belongings were loaded in a railroad freight car along with two horses, a cat, and a parrot. The two boys, aged sixteen and seventeen, made the trip to Arizona in the freight car to take care of the horses.

Grandmother Martha Ellis established a homestead adjoining Severin Springs on the east slope of the Winchester Mountains during the open range era. The family helped prove up on this homestead, then other members of the family made homestead applications in the same area along the east slope of the mountains. Joe Willie did not exercise his right to homestead until land became available next to his grandmother's claim. By this time two uncles had moved to Arizona, so he and his Uncle Will Ellis applied for adjoining claims and built a one-room cabin which straddled the line joining the two places. With a bed on each side of the cabin, they used one house but each complied with the law by sleeping on their own claim. Also to comply with the homestead law, a lot of good grassland was plowed under on all the claims to plant crops that didn't receive enough rainfall to live or mature.

When the Homestead Grazing Act came in, each one could add a half section of grazing land to their homestead. The family also bought up other homesteads, forming a family enterprise called the Circle A Cattle Company (®). This was owned by the father, Richard H., and the two sons, Joe Willie and Lyter. Dr. Ellis never applied for a license to practice medicine in Arizona, choosing instead to try ranching and farming.

Millie Jane Upchurch was born near Ft. Thomas, Arizona, November 24, 1897, the second child of David Allen and Margaret E. (Weaver) Upchurch. Millie's parents came to Arizona in a covered wagon, arriving in the fall of 1896. They came from Mason County, Texas, and first settled in the Ft. Thomas area where her father had a contract to cut mesquite wood for the railroad. He also served as a deputy sheriff while living there. Their home consisted of two tents, one for cooking and eating, the other for sleeping. The family moved to the Aravapi Valley, homesteaded near Klondyke, and Al Upchruch worked in the mines. There, the children were reared and educated through the eighth grade. The family moved to Willcox in 1916 so the children could attend high school. Millie had an older sister Mattie, two brothers, James and William, and two younger sisters, Ada Belle and Edna.

Lyter and Millie were married in Safford, Arizona on July 27, 1917, and lived at the family ranch northwest of Willcox. In October of 1917, Lyter went into the armed forces and was stationed in California. After marriage, Lyter and Millie established their homestead and grazing privileges next to the other family land holdings. They could never dig nor drill to water on their homestead, and so for the next twelve years they

hauled water from a well about six miles lower down the slope of the mountain.

Lyter applied for and recorded the Campstool brand (rT\) in 1921. Millie later had the H slash E ( )which was used for awhile on part of the cattle.

By 1928 the Circle A Cattle Company consisted of forty-eight sections. Besides the homesteads and homestead grazing lands, a state lease law had come into effect whereby each homestead owner could lease one section of land for grazing purposes. The family had bought the Y Cross (y+) brand and cattle from Redus over on the San Pedro River, also a piece of patented land from Jap Keith. This land was later sold and the Y Cross cattle, which were good mountain cattle, were moved to the Circle A outfit. In 1928 Lyter and Millie and J. P. Cummings bought out Dr. Ellis and Joe Willie. The land was divided, with Currmings taking sixteen sections along the south side of the ranch to add to his other holdings. Lyter arid Millie had thirty-two sections, ranging from the top of the Winchester Mountains east to the edge of the farming area in the Stewart Valley. Four more sections were added to this when they bought the Dickerson place which had almost cut their ranch in two on the north side.

Lyter and Millie raised two children, Margaret F. (Peach) and Richard H. (Dick). Like everyone else, the going was rough during the depression. There were no funds to hiri help, so ranch work was a family affair. The kids weren't big enough to be much help but were too little to be left at home, so the whole family rode when necessary. Lyter devoted all the time he could spare from cattle work trying to

get more water on the ranch. Dirt tanks were built, but during dry years some of the cattle had to walk miles to the lower part of the ranch for water. He tried digging wells; then, in the early twenties, bought a well rig which wasn't enough machine to drill through the rock formations along the mountains. In 1931 they moved from the original homestead to a spring that ran the year around up higher in the mountains. The little spring went dry only once, but would be low every summer.

The family home wasn't large, but it was necessary to move it in two sections to get it through and over the canyons. This was the family home until they had a rock house built in 1937 at the same site. At about the same time, a large well rig was bought and a driller hired to continue the search for water. Actually the rig was traded to the driller for drilling wells. At last the ranch had some permanent water along the mountains. The wells ranged in depth from 130 feet to 600 feet at the house. Lyter worked all the years he was on the ranch to improve the cattle herd, to improve on corrals, fences, windmills, storage tanks for water, and roads.

Lyter died January 21, 1951. The ranch was managed by Millie and son Dick until January 1966. The ranch was sold to Wright, Wootan, and Wise from Demmitt, Texas and is now known as the Tri-W. Dick retained the Campstool brand and now lives in the Stewart district with his wife Leeta.

The daughter, Peach, married A. J. (Jack) Busenbark, another pioneer ranching family, and resides at Pearce, Arizona.

Millie retired to Willcox and is still interested in the cattle business. She is a charter member and past president of the Willcox Cowbelles. She is also active in the Eastern Star and is a past worthy matron. She is a past president of the American Legion and VFW auxiliaries; past president of Stewart Homemakers, Willcox Garden Club, and Lamda Chi Omega Sorority; and is a charter member of the Auxiliary to Northern Cochise Community Hospital. She has been a member of the Willcox Chamber of Commerce for twenty-five years and is a member of the First Baptist Church in Willcox. Millie has four grandchildren and six great grandchildren at this time (May 1979}.

EARL EDWIN HORRELL

GLOBE, ARIZONA

Earl Horrell was a third generation rancher in the Globe, Arizona area. He was born in Globe to Edwin and Alice Horrell. Earl spent most of his childhood on the JH6 Ranch in the Castle Dome Area. He graduated from Globe High School in 1921, and attended the University of Arizona and the University of Southern California.

Earl married Blanche Carter of Miami, Arizona on June 23, 1928. They set up housekeeping on upper Campaign Creek where they lived except for four years during which Earl worked as secretary for the State Livestock and Sanitary Board. In 1939 they purchased the Half-Diamond Cross Ranch ( ), and moved their home there.

Earl was active in the cattle business, serving as president of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association in 1960-1961. He was the first president of the Gila County Cattle Growers Association and chairman of the Arizona section of the American Society of Range Management. His other interests were as a Mason, a member of the Shrine and the Scottish Rite, a Rotarian, chairman of the Arizona Junior College Board, director of the University of Arizona Alumni Association, member of the Roosevelt School District Board for fifteen years, and he was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Globe. He also was a member of the Arizona National Livestock Shows Living Pioneers.

Earl's father came to the Arizona Territory in 1875. Earl ranched in the Globe area from 1916 to 1978, and the greatest sight in the world to Earl was the birth of a new spotted fawn. They usually arrived in June, seven months after hunting season. Like newborn

calves they are able to stand and nurse within an hour after birth. Although Earl owned several fine guns, he never hunted the major game animals inhabiting the range he used.

Earl E. Horrell
by
Richard G. Schaus

Earl's grandfather was John Horrell, a true pioneer cattleman of Arizona, having driven a herd of cattle from California to Globe country in 1876. Consequently, Earl was raised in accord with all the cattleman's traditions such a background would imply: an instinct for cattle and their relationship and welfare with nature, rainfall, growing trees, and the geographical variations in mountain country.

In 1924 he subleased a part of the Baca Float in Santa Cruz County as his first venture with his own cattle. He ran a cow-and-calf outfit, acquiring Horrell-bred cows from Pinal country.

After buying the Half-Diamond Cross in 1928, he and his bride Blanche moved into the old headquarters located on the only level spot on the ranch and surrounded by a fruit orchard. It was a small outfit, so Earl supplemented the family income by selling the orchard crops in town.

In 1939 Horrell was able to buy the neighboring old Spring Creek Ranch which had been homesteaded around 1907 by George Henderson. It was not quite as rugged as the Campaign country. The Spring Creek ranges added good browse and grass area for better range management. Long before range management became known and taught as such, Horrell operated his ranch on a good range-management basis, having been thoroughly observant all of his life of the effects and relationships

of varying range conditions in country where rainfall is often erratic and deficient. For many years he kept meticulous records of rainfall, calf weights, and calf-crop percentages. These figures, which have been charted with scholarly thoroughness, have frequently been used in later years for academic projections and study.*

Earl Horrell
Arizona Cattle Growers Association
President, 1960-1961

When Earl Horrell was elected president of the Cattle Growers in December of 1959, Abbie Keith, secretary and *CattZeZog* editor, commented on what he said in his acceptance speech. Earl said he was probably the smallest operator ever to be elected pre ident. How many cattle or how large the ranch has never been a consideration in electing men to guide the A.C.G.A. "It's the man and not the outfit."

Ernest Browning was elected first vice president and Ray Cowden the second vice president. Lee Esplin was elected treasurer. Earl knew he had a good slate of officers to help with his year as president.

Earl's first duty as president was to attend the American National Cattle Growers Association's convention in Dallas, Texas. If you really like fun, go with a bunch of Arizona Cattle folks to a convention anywhere, anytime, and you won't stay home the next time. President Earl and his wife Blanche loaded onto two special cars on the Southern Pacific at Phoenix, January 25, 1960, and with fifty-three delegates loaded the train. All of them went to help solve the cattlemen's

*Based on an article published in the *Arizona CattZeZog* and used with permission of the author.

problems and have fun.

They were all surprised to learn they were traveling with a celebrity, Greer Garson of Mrs. Miniver fame of World War II. They didn't do much sleeping on the train the first night, yet everyone arrived in Dallas at 7:30 a.m. looking chipper.

The highlight of their entire program was to hear Barry Goldwater's speech. Abbie Keith called him "our own," but as a U.S. Senator, Barry belonged to all fifty states. This convention of over two thousand delegates and visitors, according to Earl, was certainly different than Abbie Keith's first National Convention in 1912 when only one hundred to one hundred and fifty attended.

Senator Goldwater began his speech stating he felt he was priviledged to appear before a group of Americans. (In 1960, problems were no different than problems of 1979.) Barry said even though the subsidy and support programs have been a monumental failure, it was obvious we can't end the problems overnight. He said that his Arizona friends in the cattle business "tellme that when you suddenly take a calf away from its mother, both the cow and the calf do a lot of bawling. I suspect the mother cow, in this case the big government interventionists who administer the subsidy programs, would bawl out the receipients." After hearing Goldwater's speech, Earl Horrell and the delegation from Arizona thought they might solve many of their problems when they returned home.

Following the convention Blanche Horrell, on behalf of the Arizona Cattle Growers, presented the trophy to Milton Corday, manager of PK Ranch in Sheridan, Wyoming, for the best heavyweight feeder steer (over

525 pounds) at the Arizona National Livestock Show.

The two years following his presidency, Earl and Blanche traveled many miles and put in many hours as representatives of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

Earl Harrell's Half-Diamond Cross Ranch

The Pinal Mountains top out at 6,200 feet some fifteen miles south of Roosevelt Lake not too far from where Maricopa, Pinal, and Gila counties corner up. The jumbled heights of these Pinal Mountains form a wildly majestic country--a geological, ecological, and hydrological wonderland, difficult to reach even on horseback.

Several streams head up at the very top of some of the Pinal peaks, and orie of them, Campaign Creek, courses through the length of Earl Harrell's "upper" ranch. At irregular intervals in the streambed of Campaign Creek and in the courses of lesser canyons that debouch into it are a number of small springs, some of which have trickled water the year around, in even the driest periods, ever since Earl bought the place in 1927.

The gradual improvement of these waters and the development of new ones where necessary and feasible have occupied a great deal of Earl's time and efforts over the years, not to mention the considerable outlay involved. Collectively, these developments have been a continuous program, never completely finished, and he often spoke of his "next job," with still others planned for sometime in the future. Each water development was designed and located to make his cattle operation more efficient from a weight-gain standpoint as well as from a range manage-

ment and improvement standpoint. Earl, as well as nearly all the other ranchers in the Globe district, was on a yearling basis and while he did market as many as some of the others, having barely more mother cows than what the lending agencies termed "an economic unit," his cattle always landed among the top, weightwise, up in Gila County.

The Harrell's Campaign Ranch headquartered on a 12 acre homestead which was reached by following, for the most part, the boulder-strewn bed of Campaign Creek up from where it crosses the Apache Trail, where the Trail rims Roosevelt Lake, to about halfway up the Pinals. This canyon route up is all but impossible to traverse without a four-wheel, power-driven vehicle. Even then, it is a strap-hanging experience, one that tends to limberize any well-intrenched corpulence and eliminate a part of any recently acquired spread.

The underground supply of water in the canyon was plentiful because the stream course was bordered by numerous clumps of enormous cottonwood and sycamore trees, with additional varieties like hardwood showing up as the canyon narrowed towards its crest. The ample feed, the magnificent trees, and the dense browse surprise the occasional Campaign Creek visitor because, from the desert highway, the Pinals appear stark and barren in the pellucid sunshine and menacingly grim when it is cloudy or overcast.

In the stillness of the ranch, the little noises that poets make rhymes about sound out surprisingly clear. The leaves rustle; the green ones still on the trees in a low-keyed murmur, the dry ones on the ground like crackling cornflakes. You can hear the wind, even the gentle breezes that go unnoticed in other places. And if some wood-

pecker is busy boring out a noonday snack from the trunk of a sycamore, it sounds like a drill hammer.

Plenty of evidence abounds in Campaign Creek that four-footed animals also like the place. Earl told of how the somewhat obscene javelinas push back the outer shell of various cactus plants to get at the succulent pith inside. Deer, rabbits, squirrels, and various other species of wildlife clearly are at home there.

Campaign headquarters, the small homestead half way up the mountain, comprises about the only level area in the country. W. W. "Bill" Cline of Glove, whose recollections of early Pinal settlers are about as complete as anyone's, says, "My recollection of the Campaign Ranch begins about 1897 when John Narron lived there. A daughter of John Narron, Mrs. Chilson, lives in Payson. She, perhaps, could give a more detailed account of those early years."

The HN brand was started by Harvey Narron, brother of John. Narron sold this place to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Hocker, grandparents of Mrs. John Armer of Globe. The Hackers lived there from about 1905 to around 1912. Sandy Narrett had the final homestead rights to the place, and sold to Harry Shute who still used the HN brand. Shute sold to Ed Horrell about 1915 or '16. Other brands the Harrells owned are the RW' NE, X+, and the -r p

One of the earliest owners had planted a fruit orchard alongside of the house he had built. In the fall he would load up a wagon and start out about midnight to make the hazardous trip down the mountain and along the Apache Trail to Globe, the lusty mining and cowtown county seat.

When Earl got married in 1927, he bought the ranch from his dad. The old orchard was still producing and Earl, too, went into the produce business, wagoning down exactly as had his predecessor. Some picturesque remains of the original log house still stand, and it is of some interest to note that the logs were laid on end, stockade fashion, instead of lengthwise. The nearby house where Earl and Blanche started up housekeeping is used now only as a roundup camp, and the orchard has disappeared. But it is still a peaceful little park amid some rocky, cut-up country, with peaks of the Pinals towering off in the distance.

The "Lower Ranch"

The Spring Creek Ranch, where the present Horrell home is, was homesteaded by George Henderson around 1907 or 08. Henderson's brand was the X slash V (,C/ 'I). He sold to Chester Cooper about 1929. Shortly after, it was transferred to the Harrells and today it is the "lower" end of the Half-Diamond Cross. The country is different at the lower ranch. Roosevelt Lake shimmers in the distance and, when the water recedes, the Half-Diamond Cross cattle fatten up on the rich green feed that comes up along the shore. Otherwise the lower end is desert cacti, mesquite, etc.; it's land that not just anybody can manage but good cattle country when you can flex with droughts. The dry years in the ranch's lower country are as implacable as the granite outcrops higher up.

In 1968 Earl had a severe stroke and was unable to carry on, so his daughter Earline and her husband J mes Tidwell took over the operation at that time. The move to Globe was a sad one for Earl, as he hated being incapacited and not able to ride. The home in Globe always had

the welcome mat out for his old ranching friends to visit until his death on May 21, 1978.

Part of the ranch was sold in 1978, but Earline and Jim retained the Campaign patent and the main ranch headquarters on Spring Creek. They still make their home there. Blanche now lives in Globe. The Horrells have three grandchildren, Cindy, Debbie, and James, Jr. Their daughter Earline is now in the fourth generation on the ranch.

ROY and HAZEL HAYS

PEEPLES VALLEY, ARIZONA

Hazel Kester Hays was born in Portfield, Monterey County, California to Frank and Ella Kester who were ranchers in central California. Hazel's mother was a native Californian whose father, P. T. Waggener, had come from Kentucky in 1852. Frank Kester was brought to California by wagon train when his family left Iowa in 1863.

Roy D. Hays was born on his father's ranch in Tulare County, California on March 30, 1886. His father was a Civil War soldier who went to the Golden State after the war ended.

In 1909 Roy became a stockholder in the Hays Cattle Company which, in 1912, bought out the Akards, Carters, and others in the beautiful irrigated Peeples Valley in Yavapai County, Arizona. The company retained the Bar Muleshoe Bar brand (). This brand had been established by the Akards in 1876. It was a range-count deal, with approximately five thousand cattle involved.

On January 5, 1915 Hazel Kester and Roy Hays were married. Roy brought her to Peeples Valley where they resided for the rest of their lives.

During World War I the Hays assigned much of their ranch's beef land to the raising of dry-farming wheat, and one year produced a crop of 47,000 bushels of wheat.

In 1941 Jake Zwang (another stockholder) and Roy bought out the rest of the partners. Then, in 1949, Hays and Zwang sold all their holdings east of Highway 89 to Jim Coughlin, retaining about fifty sections on the west side which included the home place. In 1950 Roy

and Hazel bought out Zwang and were then the sole owners. Son John and son-in-law Tom Rigden were associates.

About 1934 the Yavapai Cattle Association originated an Annual Calf Sale. Since then, these sales have been held at the Hay's ranch and have attracted buyers and spectators from all over this state as well as the surrounding states.

Why was the Annual Calf Sale begun? When Clarence Jackson of Kirkland was president of the Yavapai County Cattle Growers, he suggested that since everyone had more calves than they needed, each member could donate one calf to the American National Cattle Growers. Abbie Keith was at the meeting in Camp Verde when Jackson made the suggestion. Abbie agreed to find a buyer for the calves when they all arrived in Phoenix. Ray Cowden, a cattleman in the Tolleson area, was the buyer Abbie had found. Ray purchased the calves at $11 each, which came to over $850. This amount was not the $1,000 which had been the goal. Later, contributions were made to make up the difference. The president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers attended the January meeting of the American National and presented the $1,000 check. This, then, saved the troubled American National from bankruptcy. The following year the calves were shipped to California by private treaty, and again the American National received a $1,000 check.

In 1935, however, Roy and Hazel Hays invited the ranchers to bring their calves to the Bar Muleshoe Bar Ranch in Peeples Valley for the First Arizona *Auction* Sale. The Hays ranch was located on U.S. Highway 89, thirty miles south of Prescott. Abbie Keith said the Hays would butcher a cow, have a barbecue, and sell the calves at auction.

That first auction was a success; 110 calves had been donated, and again $1,000 was sent to the American National. From then on, the Yavapai calf sale was held at the Hays ranch in Peeples Valley.

Later, permanent scales were acquired and the Yavapai Cattle Growers built a brick barbecue pit for cooking the beef. Attendance at the event has grown from the original two hundred people to over three thousand. The Yavapai County Cowbelles have always brought the many cakes, pies, cookies, and salads to add to the barbecue. They have always served on the serving lines that the men set up.

Roy was the fifth president of the Yavapai Cattle Growers, and he felt the calf sale had done a lot to hold the members together and had helped keep the organization active. It became a local old-timers and neighbors annual reunion at which Roy and Hazel made everyone feel like home folks.

For many years Roy and Hazel were active in cattlemen affairs. Roy had been active on committees in the Arizona Association and a long-time member of the National Association. When Roy retired from the Livestock Sanitary Board, he was surprised the members of the board gave him a surprise luncheon. He was equally surprised when they gave him a new Stetson hat. He said he never expected anything like that; he had only tried to do his duty as a board member in helping to enforce the livestock laws protecting the livestock industry.

Hazel lost Roy in 1973, and in 1978 Hazel passed away. The Hay's three children are still engaged in Arizona ranching. John Hays, a member of the Arizona House of Representatives from District 1, operates

the home ranch. Elladean Bittner of Anchorage, Alaska and Congress, Arizona, and Margaret Rigden of Kirkland are also ranchers.

LOY TURBEVILLE

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

Loy was born in Archer City, Texas on December 31, 1890. He spent a lot of his younger days in Plano, Texas, Cheyenne, Oklahoma, and Clayton, New Mexico. He attended schools in Archer City and Clayton, New Mexico. In 1905 Loy's father gave him five dollars and told him to go to Clayton where he spent the night in the railroad waiting room. The next day he journeyed to Roswell, New Mexico to attend the New Mexico Military Institute. (Loy always maintained "school interfered with education.")

Loy's father, John H. Turbeville, was a pioneer cowman in Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. He was a great influence on young Loy, giving him a code of life and, as was the custom in those days, insisting that young Loy learn responsibility at an early age. He once told Loy, "It's not what you stand for, it's what you fall for." When Loy was about fifteen his father told him to work hard, to keep his mouth shut and his eyes open, and he would get along; then Loy was sent out to work with the cowhands--a tough bunch. Loy's mother was Mattie Davidson, a great granddaughter of Colonel W. B. Travis, the hero and cormnanding officer at the Alamo.

Young Loy grew up on a cattle spread and was destined to be a cowman from the beginning. In the spring of 1906 he worked on the famous XIT Ranch, then the largest ranch in the world. The ranch consisted of some three million acres. He stayed there until the spring of 1909. Then he returned to Archer City where his dad insisted he return to college, and for a time he attended the Austin College in Sherman, Texas.

By this time his father had a ranch in Mannford, Oklahoma. The ranch dried out in 1910. His dad sent him to Crowder, Oklahoma as the shipper of some two thousand head of steers. When he got there he found the pens would not hold the cattle, so he went on to Blocker. In Blocker he found the same situation, and in an attempt to put them in the pens, the steers broke them down. The herd had to be held, but they scattered and had to be rounded up. Loy was to set up chuck wagon and buy horses but his dad had sent no money, so he had to buy everything on credit.

At that time it was pretty hard for a young fellow with very little experience along those lines. To make matters more complicated, the Indians in the area resented having the cattle there and threatened to go to war with the visitors. Loy went to an Indian half-breed and asked his advice on what to do. Young Loy was advised to get on the good side of the Indians, so Loy went to Ft. Smith. There he got some liquor, including one sixteen gallon keg of beer. The Indians got well soused but from then on everything was fine. At the same time, many of the outlaws were holding forth in this country including the Belle Starr gang, and this complicated matters further. But young Loy kept at it, held his herd and only lost one steer. He shipped two thousand more dogies at Raner, and the infamous outlaw Buck Scarborough was the hand but Loy got along with him alright.

He had done such a good job his dad brought Loy back to Archer City and sent him out to work the herd; he "batched" in a chuck wagon out on the range. A terrible drought hit Texas and Loy decided to "find

his fortune" somewhere else.

Before he was to make this trip west, however, his dad sent him to ship cattle out of San Angelo, Texas back up to Mannford, 0klahoma--some five thousand head. During this time he met "Black Jack" Ketchum, another outlaw, and his brother Barry. In 1910 Loy worked the chuck wagon and cooked for the hands with one Sam Cook--again working for his dad.

Loy finally saved enough money to take a train and he arrived in Winslow, Arizona in 1913, all of twenty-two years of age. He got off the train with $2.50 in this pocket and an old carpet bag with a dirty shirt in it. Right across from the station was the Dick Barback Saloon. He decided to go in there and ask for directions and line up a job. Dick Barback, a very distinguished looking fellow, asked where Loy was from. Loy replied that he was from Texas. To this Dick replied, "Well, sonny, there must be a lot of good people in Texas, but we sure as Hell don't get 'em out here.[11] This was Loy's introduction to Arizona.

Loy found a job out on the Seth Stiles ranch, working with an old Irish hobo, digging a well. Loy operated the windlass. The old Irishman would sing, "When you're up, you're up; when you're down, you're down. But when you're in the middle you're neither up nor down.[11]

In the fall of 1913, Loy shipped cattle and worked cattle for Hud Howell on the 3H (f,f-H) Ranch; then he worked for Burr Porter after Porter bought the remnants of the 3H herd. In 1914 he worked for Al Henning, still on the 3H, gathering cows and working the chuck wagon. Loy then filed on the ranch and homesteaded it. This first ranch was the T cross (T). He bought his cattle on credit and the transac-

tion was written on a piece of scratch paper. A man's word was good in those days. He built a solid rock house on his ranch. There's no telling how large the ranch was because it was all open range in those days. He acquired five hundred cows on a share basis and added another one thousand head later.

During this time Loy met and courted Alberta H. Henning. Her father, A. E. Henning, was a trader at Wide Ruins on the reservation. When Alberta was a young girl of thirteen, she would drive the freight wagon from Wide Ruins to Pinto Station and back for her father. She and Loy were married by a judge in Holbrook on December 31, 1915. It was around this time that Governor Hunt appointed Loy to the State Sanitary Board.

The country that Loy and his new wife settled had good water in those days and Loy built additional reservoirs. In 1921 he sold out to the Brundage Cattle Company. But, in the winter of 1918-19, tragedy struck in the form of a terrible winter. At the time, Loy was in partnership with his father-in-law, A. E. Henning. They lost their cattle to the cold, and even the bank they owed went broke.

A good friend of Loy's was the well-known Navajo chief, Chee Dodge. Loy went to Chee to buy some lambs. Chee had a great rock house in the Lukachukai Valley. The family did not live in the big house but in a regular hogan in back. Chee took Loy in the house, which was well furnished, and showed him his collection of turquoise and jewelry in a large safe there. That night Chee bedded down Loy in the house and locked him in, taking no chances on the loss of that jewelry. The next morning he let Loy out for breakfast. Loy ate with

the family and had mutton, fried bread, and eggs fried in the mutton tallow which almost cured Loy of eating eggs again.

In 1926 Loy acquired the V Stripe (V,) Ranch from James E. Porter. This spread consisted of 3,000,000 acres. Headquarters were on the Milky River about eighteen miles south of Navajo Station. During this time, from about 1916, Loy served as Cattlegrowers' director from Apache County--about fifteen years.

Loy recounts that in one transaction he bought some 1,750 head right off the range; but the seller had not been out counting cows and Loy, buying the whole herd, actually ended up with over 3,000 head. Also, during this time, he and some partners bought some 25,000 head of feeder lambs and ran them on the range on the Navajo reservation. In 1924 he acquired another 6,000 head of war-financed cows (the government had financed these). Loy got a good deal on them and bought a11 of them with overdrafts. That was the way it was done in those days. He turned around and sold them to feeders and made a good profit.

In 1931 Loy organized the Z Bar (Z) Ranch and ran about five thousand head of cattle. In the winter of 1935-36, it got down to around -24°. Loy lost around fifteen hundred head in forty-five days. They froze to death. At the same time, Loy represented Arizona on an investigative team set up by Swift and Company. They were investigating the marketing of beef in the large cities of the East. Eighteen states sent representatives.

In 1934 M. 0. Best, Chairman of the Board of APS, wanted Loy to run for governor. He had the organization and the money ready to go for Loy. Loy refused, telling Best that his services would not be sold, he

felt he would be obligated to those people who put up the money.

For many years after that, Loy continued to ranch and to be a very vita part of the state's cattle industry. For many years Loy lobbied for the cattle interests of the state with the legislature. He was on the first Advisory Board of the Taylor Grazing Act. He was a judge at the old horse track here in Phoenix, and he judged many a horse show held at the Fairgrounds. Tucson had wanted a Livestock Show of their own, so Loy was one of the men who helped get them started.

Loy has many memoirs in his home today. Many reflect his early days when at the age of eight he ran with outlaws and, a few years later, mingled with the famous Geronimo. He has more true tales to tell than most people live in a lifetime. He claims there are more cars in the parking lots than there are cattle in Arizona. He is also troubled with the fact that the existence of the Western Cowboy is threatened. When Turbeville was questioned about the cowboy's place in society today he replied, "We ain't got no cowboys. A real cowpuncher can do anything, but anything can't be a cowboy." He went on, "They're a vanishing race. I'M A VANISHING RACE!"

When Loy was on the Advisory Board of the Taylor Grazing Act, he had a personal chat with Theodore Roosevelt. Loy recalls Roosevelt saying he bought a ranch in North Dakota before he became President. During that time Roosevelt worked with cowpunchers, ate at the chuck wagon, and got to know what he termed the grassroots. Roosevelt revealed to Turbeville that he wouldn't have made it to the Presidential office if he hadn't learned about common sense and practicality from cowfol k.

In 1943 Loy and Phil Tovrea organized the Saddle & Sirloin Club for Stockmen and Farmers in the Adams Hotel. The venture was a great success.

Many people, including cowmen, felt the desert country of Arizona just couldn't support cattle; but in the early '30s Loy helped an old friend run some cattle on the desert. This friend was in debt to the bank and those sixteen hundred steers, fattened up, gained some three hundred pounds a steer. They were sold and the friend got out of debt, and even saved his home which had been about to go. Just shows what good desert can do when the weather is right.

In 1940 Loy bought the Queen Creek Farms and operated them for many years--farming mostly cotton. For many years he engaged in real estate and mining ventures. He was also a pioneer oil driller here in the state, sinking wells in the Yuma and Willcox areas. They showed some sign but were not capable of production.

Loy remembers when he called square dances in the cow country even when he was only fifteen years old. They would dance for two and three days and nights at a time.

Loy and Alberta Turbeville had three children. One daughter, Martha Merkle, is with the Music Department of Arizona State University. Her husband is retired editor of the Arizona Republic. John H. Turbeville, a son, resides in Rolling Hills, California, and has been with the Johns Manville Company for some twenty-two years. Another daughter, Jane Vaughan, lives in Kingman where she and her husband operate businesses in that city and engage in some farming and cattle feeding. The son-in-laws are all native Arizonans, as are the children, eight grand-

children, and one great granddaughter.

Alberta Turbevill passed away in 1970. She and Loy had had fifty-five years of wonderful married life.

Loy spent a number of years recently in the Paradise Valley area but now resides in Scottsdale, spending time with his children and remembering how it was. Loy is a member of the Arizona Living Pioneers and really enjoys visiting with the Pioneers at the Arizona National Stock Show each year.

EDNA OLIVE PHILLIPS PHILPOTT

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

I was born January 31, 1891 in Llano, Texas. When I was six years old, I started for Arizona in two covered wagons with my parents, Thomas Oliver Phillips and Lucy Bedford Phillips, two brothers, Ernest and Ralph, an uncle, father's brother Ruffes Phillips, and Sidney Howard, a man from England. This was on May 31, 1897. We were on the road two months, as we didn't have much money. If the men could get work when we came to a town, we would put up our tents and stay maybe two or three weeks till we could make enough money to move on.

We knew some real good friends here in Duncan which we had known in Texas, the George Nicks family. So, we got here July 30, 1897. We lived in tents in the Nicks' back yard for several months. Their house was on the lot where Mack Clark's store is now. Where the town is now was a big alfalfa field. There wasn't much of a town at that time, only two stores. One was Mr. Frank Billingsley and the other one was Jim Tong. There were two saloons, one was Bart Tipton. And guess I don't remember the name of the other man.

After we were here for awhile my father bought the farm across the river which George Billingsley owns now. We lived there for seven years and my father farmed the place. He was a prospecter and heard there was rich gold ore in Old Mexico, so we sold the farm to a Mister Spoon and we moved to Douglas and bought a home there. My mother and I stayed there and Father and some more men went to Mexico to prospect.

There was lots of gold there, but it was on other people's property so they didn't gain much by going. And by that time my father heard of

good prospects in Jacksonville, Oregon so we sold our home in Douglas and moved to Oregon, out from Jacksonville at a saw mill on August 4, 1904. My mother and I cooked for the men that worked there. It was so dry when we got there that there were forest fires all around us. But it wasn't long till the rain started and, like the old-timer said, it rained thirteen months in a year. And he was right.

We stayed there seven months then decided Arizona was the place for us, so we left Jacksonville, February 22, 1905, for Bisbee, Arizona arriving there February 25th. We lived in a small place called Bakerfield between Lowell and Warren, which was a new addition just started up. We rented a house and we kept boarders for several years.

Then we met a real good friend, Mr. Joe Quante. He had a farm out in the Sulfur Spring Valley, and he and my father went prospecting together several times. He raised all kinds of vegetables, and every time he came to town he would bring us some of everything he raised. He had a house there, so he let us live in it reni free. He was the best friend we ever had. Years later he went to Alaska, and guess the altitude was too high for him and he died with a heart attack.

We lived in Bakerfield for seven years. Father came back around Duncan and located some mining claims at the Apache Box, close to Twin Peaks in New Mexico. So we lived in tents for several years. They worked the mine and hauled the ore to Sheldon, Arizona, and took it to Morenci to be milled. Don't remember the date we moved back to Duncan from the mine. I have been around Duncan most of the time.

I met Walter Philpott while we lived around Bisbee. Then he left there and went to Flagstaff, Arizona to work in a saw mill. We were

married on May 4, 1912. We were married in Clifton, Arizona then went to Brownell, Kansas on our honeymoon. Was gone two months. Jhen we came back, we moved to Clifton and he worked at the old Shannon smelter. We lived up Ward Canyon. We had two daughters and one son, Edna, Earl, and Ruby.

After he worked there for several years, we moved back to Duncan where we started our home which is the rock house we built. We lived there over fifty-five years. We had a dairy for sixteen years. By that time the children were able to help us work. We sold out to George Lunt in 1939. Then Walter and Earl started a wholesale business selling bread, cakes, cookies, milk, and ice cream. Walter worked at it until his health failed him, then Earl took over. We started this business in 1927. Walter passed away in Silver City, New Mexico on August 3, 1961.

I didn't tell you about our children. Edna married George Cheatham in Deming, New Mexico, March 30, 1936. He and three of his brothers run one of the largest holstein dairies in Arizona. They had three children, Georgana, Walter, and Nancy. Earl married Emalee Ewing in Suffolk, Virginia, April 8, 1950. They never had any children. Ruby married Martin Hughes in Lordsburg, New Mexico, December 31, 1942. He has been foreman at the Phelps Dodge Mill at Morenci, Arizona for thirty-three years. They had three children, Cecil, Irene, and Noel.

Well, looks like that is about my life. I was eighty-four last January 31, 1974. To think about my life seems like I have been here for over one hundred years. Thanks for listening to this story of my life.

Written April 22, 1976
Edna Olive Philpott

MARIE LOUISE "MILA" WARREN

WILLCOX, ARIZONA

Marie Louise Allaire, affectionately known to her many friends as "Mila," a truly pioneer woman, was born in Warrington Junction, Virginia on September 11, 1880. Due to the ill health of her father and following the advice of his doctor, her parents Maggie H. and Thomas Allaire moved with their three children to Willcox, Arizona. Mila at this time was four years of age.

A home was established in Sulphur Springs Valley. This area later became known as the Kansas Settlement. The home, in time, became a sizeable cattle ranch.

The Indians were quite prevalent in those days, so the home was built with the thought in mind that they should be able to watch for any Indian marauders. Consequently, a two-story, adobe home with double-thick walls was built. Any Indians could be seen from the upper story windows as they came from the Cochise Stronghold. They were fortunate never to have any serious trouble with Indians other than being frightened by their coming and camping around the house, where they could be heard prowling all during the night. They never suffered any harm from them.

Mila's schooling was very limited. Her first and only school teacher was the late J. A. Rockfellow who taught a small four-grade school for as many years. He came by the ranch in what was then known as a buckboard, picked up the children from the few homes in the area, took them to the school, and returned them in the evening. Mr. Rockfellow is said to have been one of the best-known pioneers of Arizona.

Mila Allaire was married to Robert E. Warren on April 10, 1900. To this union eight children were born, four of whom preceded her in death. Alice,

the fourth child, died at the early age of eighteen months; Tom, Henry, and Julia lived to adulthood. At the time of her death she was survived by four daughters: Mrs. Jean Seney, Mrs. Peggy Wear, and Mrs. Polly Browning, all lifetime residents of the Willcox, Arizona area and by Mrs. Doris Forbush who is a widow and lives in Payson, Arizona. Also, there were thirteen grandchildren, thirty-two great grandchildren, and nine great great grandchildren.

The Warren family moved to Silver City, New Mexico during the summer of 1916, but Mila Warren and her children returned to the ranch near Willcox in the spring of 1917. There she assumed the responsibility of mother, father, and provider for her seven children. To most women this would have been an impossibility, but not to this lady!

Mila's credit was good, so she borrowed the money to stock the ranch with cattle which she managed with the help of her two small sons. She later moved to Willcox so that her children might have the advantage of the high school there; however, she still maintained the ranch and she also managed the Willcox Hotel for some time. By sheer determination, good judgement, and hard work she kept the family together, gave them the advantages available, and paid off the debt.

This is a lasting tribute to a truly pioneer woman who, in her unselfish way, did the things that had to be done, a friendly lady with a humorous personality that won her many friends in her quiet unassuming way.

Her father was in a car accident, which brought on his former heart condition, so she cared for him until his death. When her son Henry was taken in death, she assumed the responsibility of helping to raise his

four children. Her mother became blind, so she cared for her until she passed away at the age of eighty-four. When we think of the many problems and hardships she faced, we realize what a courageous woman she was, as many pioneer women had to be and we know there are few of them left.

The life she lived as a girl, she loved--the ranch, the livestock, and the great wide spaces. She rode with a side saddle and was said to be one of the best riders in the country. Her horse Firefly was her loyal and faithful companion. Among her keepsakes was found a lock of his mane tied with a white bow and the tip of a horn from one of her favorite cows. She loved to dance all night to the fiddle and guitar. She milked the cows, and in those days it had to be cows or there wouldn't be enough for the family, she did the chores, carried in the water, and did the washing on a rub board, she planted and tended the garden. She worked hard and taught her children to work.

The evidence of love and esteem in which she was held has been the loving and intensive care given her the last eight years of her life by the five daughters and their families. When it became evident that she n eded professional nursing care, she went to live in the Willcox Nursing Home where she was cared for during the last two years and seven months of her life, every day one of her daughters by her side doing the little things they could for her. Mila lived to be ninety-three years of age. She was a loving mother and a great lady who is sorely missed by her family and a host of friends both old and young.

EARL R. WEST

VERNON, ARIZONA

I started my ranch life as a married man in 1924, but I grew up with cattle, horses, and sheep, and farmed every year. My first ranch was on the Apache Indian Reservation. I started by building a log cabin and making sixteen miles of fence. I bought, for a small amount, an old drift fence which was strung over rough canyons. I tore it down, rolled it up, and carried it out on burros, placing it on the new fence line, chopping posts, digging holes, and using all the trees I could. I built the new fence, doing most all the work myself.

As a boy I would break wild horses for a heifer or cow or horse. When I was married in 1922, I had thirty cows and twenty-eight mares. The first two years we had sickness which took all my cattle except one cow and four heifer calves. I started building back with these. I kept breaking my young horses and selling them for not more than thirty-five dollars each, buying a heifer for twenty dollars, and keeping fifteen dollars to buy groceries. I cut posts which I sold for ten cents each, and received thirty dollars a month for being on duty for the Forest Service as a smoke chaser for lightning fires. They paid me full time on the fires.

I sold my first one-, two-, and three-year-old steers to George Hennesay in 1929 for five cents a pound. We thought at that time if we could get thirty dollars for a steer, we did well. Levis, then, were a dollar and a quarter a pair. A real good Setzler or Hiser or Frazier saddle was fifty to seventy-five dollars. Diamond M flour was four dollars per hundred pounds. Those days were work, which we all need

more of now. I mean muscle work, and let up on a little brain work.

I left the reservation in 1954 and bought three sections between Show Low and Springerville. The land has been good to me. I bought it from W. P. Brady, an army officer. I came to Oklahoma in 1964 and bought 425 acres for one hundred dollars an acre. Now it is six hundred dollars an acre, so, it also has been good. We have this paid for and still own our home and two hundred acres in Arizona.

I have had a lot of fun in my life, have a good family, and all are doing well. I have rodeoed a lot for extra money. I rode broncs and bulls for eight years. I never was bucked off in a rodeo, but was disqualified twice. I worked at that like I worked on the ranch. We learn line by line, and sometimes an opportunity only comes once. The first order for success is to be honest and truthful, then one can be trusted and helped.

I worked for several ranchers. At one time we moved eighteen hundred head of cattle from near McNary to Holbrook for shipping. These were Les Heart's cattle. I worked for the OG Rail (2.j/), Cibicue, and the Broken Arrow( ), Grasshopper; also the Flying H (J-( ) at Flying V Canyon just before dropping off the Salt River Canyon north rim on Highway 60. I worked for Markham, Double O and VVV at Seligman. I rode rough string at most of these outfits.

The bear and lion killed our cattle and colts, so I wore out three packs of hounds. I killed 122 bear and 64 mountain lion. Those days we had no traps. We roped and led out the big old steers. I have led out five at a time on a good lead horse.

I was born in Woodland, Arizona, 1-1/2 miles south of Lakeside.

However, Oklahoma is good country for cattle. With my cattle, I have twenty-four thoroughbred mares. We have 600 acres leased to go with our 425 deeded acres. It takes about four acres for each cow.

I was a boy when Arizona was a territory, being born in 1901, and there were no cars, just wagons and buggies or horseback. When I was nine years old, I drove a team with a wagon sixty miles for provisions, and slept out four nights. All one could hear at night was the buzz from the telegraph line on steel poles. I left the collars on the horses as I was too little to put them on. All I could manage were the hames and back bands. The men at ACM in Holbrook loaded the wagon for me, Mother fixed food for me, and Dad put in the feed for the horses. He was a good provider. He had sheep, goats, and cattle. He had a hundred acre farm. He had to be away from home a lot of the time. I had five sisters and three brothers. There was no doctor nearer than eighty miles away, so we all lived on good homegrown food and all nine children lived to be over seventy.

I have run the Lazy YZ ()...Z:..), left or right ribs, since in the twenties, and , under half crop both ears, recorded in Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Our ranch is named the Lazy YZ Ranch. Our ranch at Vernon is part of the old 7-T Ranch, at one time the largest outfit in Apache County.

I thank you good people for giving me the Arizona Livestock Honor. I think I know your president. The first name is not plain on the certificate, but I feel he is the one who worked for P.C.A. with John Anderson.

I know many good men in Arizona, still living, and many good ones

who have gone on, even some young ones. I feel like calling some of them back, as they seem too young to go on, but when the Lord needs a good cowboy or cowman, he goes home.

I am seventy-eight this January 27th. I still ride and break my own horses, rope a lot, and enjoy Mother Nature and good people. I have always tried to be honest and help my fellow man. I have had several head of stock taken from me--twenty thousand dollars worth in the last two years. I still prefer being the loser instead of the thief. I can sleep nights, and his mind cannot ever rest. I only hope you good boys left can help keep Arizona clean, friendly, and happy.

May your horses feet bring sounds to your ears, that the good earth is more beautiful than automobiles.

I have ridden from south of Lakeside to Prescott on horseback with other boys, leading rope horses and our bedding and camping gear on other horses. Had fun going and coming, and double that at the Rodeo on the Fourth of July.

Best Wishes Always
Earl R. West

Note: Letter written in Bowlegs, Oklahoma on November 30, 1978.

TAPPIE RAY

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

The old-timers of the area will remember "Tap" Duncan, Mohave County's best known pioneer cattleman. He came to Mohave County in 1898 and purchased a ranch south of Hackberry. Twelve years later he moved to the half-million acre Diamond Bar Ranch (2.) ninety miles northeast of Kingman. At one time Duncan's cattle ranged over an estimated 1,450,000 acres of northwestern Arizona rangeland.

Tap and his wife, Ollie Ann Duncan, had four children. This story is about one of the two daughters.

Mrs. J. M. Ray was born on November 24, 1894 in Bruno Valley, Idaho. At the age of four she crossed the Colorado River near Hackberry when her father moved the family to the area. Tappie Ray was too young to remember the events of the move, but she still remembers tales told her by her father before his death in 1944.

The move was by wagon train from Idaho, and the family was one of the first to cross the Colorado River at Boneli's Ferry. The family went through the White Hills and up the Hualapai Valley to Hackberry where they settled on the Knight Creek Ranch. Her dad had selected this route due to possible danger from the Indians in the area at that time.

The Knight Creek Ranch was sold a few years later and the family moved to the Diamond Bar where Tap headquartered until his death. The ranch was stocked with over ten thousand head of wild cattle at one time.

Tappie married Leo Hall and the couple had one son, Claude Hall, before the marriage ended in divorce. She married Jimmy Ray in 1919

and that marriage produced four more sons: Jinnny, Gene, Glenn, and Bobby.

Tappie spent many days working and helping her father on the Diamond Bar Ranch. She would dress in her chaps and ride along with her father.

Tappie recalled how she met Jimmy Ray in 1917. It was during World War I and Tappie had accompanied her sister to the train depot to see a friend off. Jimmy was on the same train. Two years later Jimmy returned and married Tappie. The marriage lasted until Jimmy's death in 1962.

Tappie is a chartered member of the Mohave County Cowbelles, which was organized in 1947. Tappie Ray tries to attend each monthly meeting. The trip is often tiring for the eighty-four year old lady but she hates to miss a single meeting.

The Mohave County Livestock Growers and the Mohave Cowbelles honored Tappie Ray at the annual picnic held in the Hualapai Mountains in July of 1978. Mrs. Leonard Neal presented Tappie a plaque for her many years of active membership with the local Cowbelles. Tappie's four sons were there to see her receive the plaque. The day was dedicated to the former resident and named "Tappie Ray Day."

Now that her four sons live in Las Vegas Tappie has moved to Vegas to be with them. She is also a member of the Arizona Livestock Show's Living Pioneers.

ROSCOE G. WILLSON

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

"I think I'll live to be a hundred," Roscoe G. Willson said a few years ago. Willson's "Arizona Days" stories have appeared in every issue of the *Arizona Magazine* since it began in 1953. Readers throughout the state associated the magazine with his name, or the other way around. In an era devoted to the youth cult, a writer in his nineties always led the readership polls.

When Roscoe wrote his one and only book, Ben Avery of the *Arizona Republic* told the story of Roscoe Willson, author of *No Place for Angels*, written in 1958 and published by the *Arizona Republic*.

About the Author
by
Ben Avery

Much of Arizona's colorful history still lives in the minds and hearts of her pioneers. Much of her beauty still hides in desert canyons and mesas unbroken by road building machines.

To portray this personal side of history and to bring to readers a better understanding of their state and a broader knowledge of its people and geography, the *Arizona Republic* added to its staff a new reporter in 1947. He was Roscoe G. Willson, 68, newly retired businessman. Roscoe was peculiarly qualified for this job. To begin with, it was his idea. Roscoe himself had been a part of that early history. He came to the territory at the turn of the century when travel was by wagon, saddle horse, or shoe leather, unless one could reach his destination by train. He knew many of the state's early pioneers, first as a railroad

construction worker, mine worker, prospector, cowboy, and forest ranger, then as forest supervisor. He had played a leading role in the operation of several of the state's national forests. He knew the state. He knew its out-of-the-way places and backroads and trails as few others did.

Roscoe was born with wanderlust. A lifetime of wandering had not satisfied it. Possibly Roscoe was a product of his time. As he was reaching young manhood in the Red River country of Dakota, homesteaders were swarming out across the plains and the Rocky Mountain states. The newly completed railroads had opened for development nearly half of the continent that previously had been raw frontier.

The Indians had been subdued. The last of the buffalo were being slaughtered. Gold had been discovered in the Yukon. Reports of great riches and adventure were coming from countries to the south.

The son of a frontier newspaper publisher, Roscoe had learned to set type, to meet deadlines, and to record the events of the day. He went to the city and cut his journalistic teeth on the *Minneapolis Tribune's* police beat, then returned home and for a year edited his father's newspaper.

Roscoe was born in the east in 1889. He first came to Arizona in June 1902 at the age of 13. He worked one day on the railroad which was building switchbacks into Crown King, south of Prescott, then quit and went to work in the mill at the King. For the next four years he alternately mined and prospected. In 1906 he joined the newly organized U.S. Forest Service. He spent some time cruising the timber in Horsethief Basin, and then became acting supervisor of Prescott Forest

before assignment to Nogales.

Roscoe helped organize the forest districts known as the Coronado National Forest in southern Arizona, served as Supervisor of the Tonto in Arizona, the Clearwater in Idaho, and the Madison in Montana. He even put in a stretch at the top echelon in Washington, helping to organize the Forest Service's regional offices, and then was sent back West to assist in opening the present Albuquerque office.

But Roscoe just wasn't cut out for government service. His venturesome spirit could not be tied down long in one place or at one task. It finally brought him back to Arizona and he opened an advertising specialties business in Phoenix, joined the Rotary Club, and settled down for some 10 years.

When his feet became itchy again, he found that he could take one week a month off from his business and do enough rambling around, mountain climbing, and prospecting to satisfy his wanderlust the other three weeks.

He used this system to add to his already vast knowledge of the state until such time as he could sell his business and retire. It was then that Roscoe really found his niche in life. He began writing "Arizona Days" for the Sunday *Republic,* interpreting to a new generation and thousands of new Arizonans the history, the beauty, and the lore of this great state. His book, *No Place for Angels,* is a collection of some of Roscoe's best stories*.

Roscoe's stories in *No Place for Angels* are based on facts. Many

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*The preceding has been used with permission of the author.

never saw print until they appeared in the Sunday *Arizona Republic* in a column entitled "Arizona Days." Almost every phase of early Arizona life is covered in the stories he wrote. The author made special efforts to bring out true coloration, atmosphere, and the type of speech and ways of life in those days.

There has been a distinct change in the outlook of Arizona's population and in the way of living since the advent of automobiles, airplanes, televisions, and automatic kitchens. Wood-lrurning stoves, "desert refrigerators," and similar standbys of the early days have largely gone the way of the burro-man prospector and the breech-clout Indian. The book was made possible by the *Arizona Republic.*

Roscoe also wrote the biographies of Arizona cattlemen which appeared each month in the *Arizona Cattlelog.* The biographies were obtained whenever and wherever he contacted the stockmen themselves or members of the family who were able to furnish a photo and give sufficient information to make a complete brief biography. He attempted to secure these biographies from every section of the state and to include those who have been in the cattle business for thirty years or more, or have been especially active in cattlemen's interests, and preferably the so-called pioneer cattlemen. The Valley National Bank published two volumes of the biographys. The biographys first appeared on the back cover of the Cattle Growers *CattZeZog.*

Roscoe was a great friend of Abbie Keith, who first published the *Cattlelog* when she was secretary of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. Abbie knew Roscoe when he worked for the Forest Service, and he spent many days in Washington with her first husband, Jack Crabb.

In the May 1960 issue of the Cattle Growers *Cattieiog,* Roscoe wrote the column "Neighborly Gossip" for Abbie Keith. Titled "I 'Toodle-oohed' Brown's Canyon over 50 Years Ago," the column was an answer to Mrs. Clyde Perkins's story in the September 1959 *Cattieiog* which dealt with the Perkins's twenty-five years of ranching in Brown's Canyon in the Baboquivaris. Roscoe was intrigued for the reason that, in 1907 twenty-seven years before the Perkins went there, he visited Browns Canyon several times. Roscoe wrote:

"! was supervisor of the newly created Forest 'Reserves' along the Border at that time, fifty-three years ago, and several times rode over to Brown's Canyon and stayed over night in the old adobe rock cabin there, close to a corral and well.

"At that time there was a number of wild horses, mostly broomies, running up the canyon, and the principal reason I remember the place so well is that four of us ran a bunch of the wild ones into the corral, picked out fresh mounts--and did we have fun? Anyhow we got by with the wild ones, or I wouldn't be here. At that time Col. Sturgis who ran for Senator in 1912 when we became a state owned the La 0sa. Pedro Aguirre was still alive at the Represo Ranch that was owned by Gill, and the King's ranch was farther north and Sabino 0tero had cattle along the Baboquivaris. Now those persons are all gone and in the meantime the Perkins homesteaded Brown's Canyon, built a home, dug wells, put up fences, and made a fine ranch of it.

"I always wished I owned Brown's Canyon but could not. It is a fine location for a small spread. I would like to see it again. But now at eighty, I probably never shall. I can join the Perkins in saying

'Toodle-ooh, Brown's Canyon.'

"P.S. I am glad to see that Dick Schaus is continuing the Cowmen biographies that I wrote for the Valley National Bank, in the *CattZeZog* for over ten years. I enjoyed writing them, as so many of the subjects were friends of mine in the long ago. Toodle-ooh to all the good cow fol ks."

Roscoe G. Willson

The Magazine's Irreplaceable Writer
From an Article by
Bud Dewald

A magazine can not replace a writer who knew what happened on a roundup in the San Rafael Valley in 1907 because he was there. Or who could write about the switchback railroad up to Crown King in 1902 because he worked on it. Or could tell about entertaining President Theodore Roosevelt on the Tonto Forest in 1912.

"I think I'lllive to be a hundred," Roscoe G. Willson had said a few years ago. He died in August of 1976, the year the Arizona National Livestock Show first started their Pioneer Livestock Living Hall of Fame. At a memorial service the Rev. Dennis Ramsey referred to Willson as an adventurer in the fullest sense of the word. He was 97 years old when he died.

Willson's "Arizona Days" stories have appeared in every issue of the Arizona magazine since it began in 1953. Readers throughout the state associated the magazine with his name, or the other way around.

Willson personally lived many of the stories he told. If he hadn't lived the story, he had talked to the man or woman who had. He

arrived in Arizona in 1902. People who had come to the Territory before the Civil War still were around. As the title of Willson's only book stated, it was *No Place for Angels.*

Although he researched carefully, Willson's appeal was not as a historian. "Roscoe was a storyteller," Mrs. Willson would say. His writing was fresh. Don Dedera, former *Arizona Republic* columnist, wrote, "He would avoid recombing the frayed festoons of the OK Corral fight, or the Admission Day stroll to the capitol, or the Pleasant Valley War."

Instead, Willson told of going sleepless two days and a night to take part in a Christmas Eve dance in a mining camp. He wrote about the duel of two men on the Blue River, each shot to death and each with a picture of the same woman on his body.

Willson wrote, "When this woman, in her Clifton crib, heard of Markham's and Hildebrand's deaths, she spent the morning crying and screaming. That evening she stood at a bar with an arm around the neck of a mule skinner, waving a glass of whiskey and singing at the top of her voice."

Although Willson was born the son of a country editor in Yellow Medicine country, Minnesota, he didn't get into writing seriously until he was 68. He retired f om his Phoenix advertising specialty business and submitted a series of stories about early-day Arizona to the *Arizona Republic* in 1947.

Willson remembered when his family moved into Dakota Territory and he was five years old. He wrote, "When settlers were pouring into Dakota, I saw the last Dakota Sioux Red River ox carts loaded with fur and

hides, mostly buffalo, pass our Tongue River ranch on the way to the old Hudson Bay Post at Pembina, originally Fort Selkirk. Almost everybody in those early Dakota days had buffalo overcoats, caps, mittens and robes. When I left Bathgate in the fall of eighteen ninety-nine an old mildewed buffalo overcoat still hung in my grandfather's closet."

It was a toss-up as to whether Willson was going to the Klondike or South America. He headed south on a bicycle in 1899, getting rid of it at Monterrey.

He bought a Colt's Frontier model six-shooter in a Monterrey pawnshop. He wrote, "It went with me all over Mexico and into Guatemala, my farthest south. I never pulled it but once, when a drunken Mexican threatened me with a machete. The mere sight of the cannon was enough for him."

Willson knocked around Mexico for almost three years, working on railroad construction, coffee and rubber plantations and surveying. He wound up in Tampico in the middle of a yellow-fever epidemic that killed more than 3,000. He escaped quarantine and did some prospecting in the mountains around Monterrey before returning to the States. He arrived in Prescott aboard a train and immediately headed for the mining boom camp of Crown King.

Willson began writing three years after the age at which most people retire. He wrote at home and most communications were by telephone. This became increasingly difficult as his hearing deteriorated. Mrs. Willson, who died two years earlier than Roscoe, usually was the intermediary. Bud said, "A trip with Roscoe to Quartzsite, Bouse, Parker and Kingman took twice as long as planned. Stops had to be made

at almost every saguaro and boulder. There was a crony behind us and Willson had to talk to him."

Willson outlived those cronies. And Willson's writings have outlived him. There is a stockpile of his stories still to be published. At his death August 25, 1976 at the age of ninety-six, readership surveys by the *Arizona Republic* showed Wilson's "Arizona Days" had the highest readership in the Sunday newspaper package.

Roscoe Willson was a friend to all the ranchers, so it is no more than fitting that his history be written for the second volume of the Arizona Livestock Show's *Pioneer Histories.*

VERN L. and PEARL H. WILLIS

WILLIS RANCH

SNOWFLAKE, ARIZONA

A log house on Stinson Street was the home of Ira Reeves and Ellen Oakley Willis when their son, Vern L., the third of six children, was born on July 14, 1896 in Snowflake, Arizona.

Vern's life was to be a busy one. His father's family were thrifty, hard workers, and lovers of good livestock. His grandparents, John Henry, Sr. and Frances Reeves Willis, left Utah in 1878 and, soon after they arrived in Arizona, homesteaded on Show Low Creek east of Linden, Arizona. Indian problems later forced them to move to Snowflake. The Willis brothers were soon running a shingle mill, mercantile business, and freight and mail contracts. They also had the first grain thrasher and did custom work for miles around. Freighting days were perilous and dangerous--the road rough and narrow; the Indians stole horses and provisions; and the snow and mud in winter made travel very difficult, some trips taking three weeks. Vern went with his father and the Willis brothers on the freight run from Holbrook to Fort Apache. At a very early age he drove freight teams for his father, and he had to have pegs fixed to hold him on the wagon. There were many sheep in the area at this time, so they would often haul wool to the railroad on the return trip.

Vern's father passed away when he was sixteen and he was left with the responsibilities of caring for his mother and family. By trading work with Ray Tanner, helping make bricks and working hard, he moved the family into a new home when he was seventeen years old. He spent

many hours with his good friend, Lucien Owens, in the Owens home listening to the player piano. Others in the crowd included John Webb, Burn Gibson, Ike Rogers, and Lee Wilhelm.

His first job was graining the teams for the mail run, bringing them to town in time for a change, and then taking the other team back to the field. His paycheck was five dollars a month. His next job was delivering the mail from Holbrook to Show Low with team and buckboard. If the mud got too deep or the weather too rough, he would tie the sacks of mail on one horse and ride another. The mail run from Holbrook to Show Low took two days. When Stanley Steamers took over the run, Vern was the last man to deliver the mail with a team. He brought the horses back to Snowflake and turned them loose. He loved a good horse and always took pride in his excellent teams.

Pearl Hunt was born on November 27, 1897 in Pine, Arizona, the tenth of eleven children born to Alma Moroni and Rosetta Schmitz Hunt. In 1881, Alma and his brother William settled in the mountain settlement of Pine, under the Mogollon Rim. Only three families were in the area: the Houghs, the Price Nelsons, and three Allen brothers. Alma and Rosetta raised their eleven children, developed a farm, and got into the range cattle business.

The records show that Alma Hunt recorded three brands: the H Bar L, the Bar A, and the V8. It was open range country at that time, so the Hunt cattle ranged over a wide area, from the headwaters of the East Verde on down to the OK Ranch of Pete Latourette on the main Verde. The community roundup in the spring took six weeks, and reps from outfits as far away as the Hashknife would ride along. Each owner would sort out

the steers he was going to sell, and this ever-growing bunch would be day-herded and then corraled at night. If the cattle were going to Flagstaff, they would be driven out over Hardscrabble Mesa; if to Clarkdale, then down the sheer, hair-raising trail along Fossil Creek. On several occasions, the Hunt's cattle were driven to Phoenix.

When the Hunts first arrived at Pine, Indian troubles were still prevalent and the early settlers built a small stockade at what is now the center of Pine. The settlers sought refuge there on several occasions when trouble was reported at Gisela and Tonto.

The Hunts also developed a farm along Pine Creek. They were one of thirteen homesteaders who filed on the water, and each held a twelve hour per week allotment. Their garden and orchard produced a surplus of such things as apples and potatoes, and frequently the excess would be hauled to Globe and sold. About twice a year the family would load the wagon and drive to Mesa. Trading and buying needed supplies and visiting family and friends were the purposes of the trip which took three to four weeks.

In 1912, Pearl moved to Snowflake to live with her sister, Philena Miller, and to attend the Snowflake Academy. She met Vern in Snowflake, and on August 9, 1916 they were married. Bide Willis got his dad's Model T and, along with Dan and Ann Morgan, took Vern and Pearl to Holbrook where they were married by Judge Boyer in the Brunswick Hotel.

Les Hart offered them a job in Flagstaff, so Vern borrowed $250 from the bank for a team and wagon. They loaded their belongings in the wagon and, camping along the way, arrived in Flagstaff five days later.

Vern worked harvesting crops, plowing, and shoeing horses. They moved to Main, near Bellmont, and worked for the State Highway Department until winter set in. They then moved to Prescott where Vern hauled bricks for the homes being built there. At this time, Jerome and Clarkdale were in their heyday, and Vern hired on with the Bradley Transfer Company and moved to Jerome. He put the first plow in the ground to build the road to the smelter and the railroad back to town. Vern also used his team and wagon to deliver bakery goods around town. Sometimes his wagon was used as a hearse. Their home consisted of a tent with a wooden floor that could be moved from job to job. Their first child, Verna Pearl, was born in Clarksdale.

When the construction was completed, Vern hitched up a six-horse team, tied the two wagons together and headed back to Flagstaff. He went to work for the McGonigle Lumber Company hauling logs to the sawmill; he was logging foreman for eight years. At this time, Flagstaff had need of a better water system, so Vern contracted and helped build another reservoir at the foot of the San Francisco Peaks. Next a system was needed to get the water from the top of the Peaks to the reservoirs. Eight railroad carloads of lumber and pipe were brought in to build a tunnel down the mountain. After several had tried and failed, Vern was asked to do the job. The road was narrow and very crooked going up the backside of the mountain. Although it was summer, it was cold enough to freeze the road every night. It took many days using his big logging horses to get the job done. He had to stop often to straighten the load and pour water on the lumber so it wouldn't slip. In spite of the hardships, Flagstaff finally got its water system improved.

Pearl ran the cook shack, feeding fifteen men. Their second daughter, Ruby Ann, was born in Snowflake. The two little Willis girls were very popular in the logging camp.

In 1920, Vern and his brother, Reeves, loaded the horses and went by train to work in the oil fields near Houston, Texas. This did not work out and they went to work hauling hardwood. After six months of rain and chiggers, they sold out and moved back to Snowflake.

Vern purchased a fine black team from Franklin and Virgil Denham and went into road construction, getting a contract to gravel a stretch between Snowflake and Holbrook. The gravel was shoveled into the wagon by hand and unloaded the same way for thirty cents a yard. It took a good man, his team and wagon, and a long hard day to make four dollars. Pearl ran the cook shack and fed all the men. They moved to Houck and were building road there when the elections stopped all state funds and they were left without a job.

Flagstaff always had been an attraction for them so they moved to Riorden and the logging woods, working for the Arizona Timber Company. Their third daughter, Ruthie, was born there. Vern logged the Mormon Lake country, across the top of the mountain to Bellmont, where he used the teams to take the logs to the railroad to be hauled to the big lumber mill in Williams.

On April 12, 1926, Vern and Pearl returned to Snowflake and purchased a farm from Heber Willis. This land was homesteaded by Amasa M. Willis in 1897 and has been in the Willis family since. The deed was signed by President Grover Cleveland. The two-story home was built with bricks made by the Willis family. The second story was known as

the Willis Hall, and many dances and parties were held there. Vern's father managed and called for many of these dances.

The original fruit trees that were brought from Utah by Vern's grandfather, John Henry, Sr., and transplanted on the Linden homestead were later transplanted on the homestead in Snowflake by Amasa. These trees were blooming when Vern and Pearl moved in. Their two sons, Ira and Lloyd, were born here.

Vern always took pride in keeping everything neat and in good repair. He loved good stock and fine horses, and kept them all well-fed and cared for. Every year a crop was sown and an excellent crop harvested. His great love for the land led to straight furrows and evenly spread irrigation water on his well-tended fields. Children and grandchildren learned at an early age to shut the gates and not to play in the hay or corn fields. He loved to work with a shovel and was expert in its use. Teams of horses were used on the farm and ranch until the early 1950s. He kept one team for sentimental reasons. The team was also used to clean irrigation ditches and to plow the garden at the ranch.

His family and friends started calling Vern "Pa" when he was forty years old and his first grandchild was born. He had a nickname for nearly everyone he met, and his sense of humor and love for joking was well known.

Pearl helped through the hard times by selling milk, cream, and butter, and by raising turkeys and geese to sell. A favorite family story is about the plucked gobbler that jumped off the kitchen table and ran around the room when they were butchering turkeys one day. Pearl

has always been an excellent cook and does beautiful handwork of all kinds. Her garden produces food for the table and canning. Her yard is always full of beautiful flowers. She also helped Vern on the farm, and later on the ranch, doing any job that was necessary. Her children say she could tie stays in a fence faster than any of them.

Pearl has had years of service as a Primary and Relief Society teacher in the L.D.S. Church. She is a charter member of the Northern Arizona Cowbelles, the Arizona State Cowbelles, and the American National Cowbelles.

In 1930 Vern began feeding out cattle for market. Many of these were sold to Babbitt Brothers in Flagstaff for three and one-half cents a pound. Hogs were fattened and sold to Babbitt Brothers Packing House, or butchered and taken to McNary and sold at the General Store for nine cents a pound. This led Vern into the cattle business.

Around 1935, Vern purchased the T Bar (I) brand from George Bailey who ranched in the Aripine area. In 1938, Vern purchased seventeen sections of land from J. W. Holt. This land is located east of Taylor, Arizona, and has always been called the T Bar Ranch by the Willis family.

Vern had a few head of cattle on some range near Dry Lake, and these cattle were driven by Ira and Lloyd to the new ranch. At that time the boys were eleven and nine years old. During the drive they stopped for the night at Don Nesbitt's ranch, which was west of Snowflake. By purchasing a few good heifers and registered Hereford bulls, the ranch was soon stocked and producing good yearlings. By combining them with the feed grown on the farm, choice cattle were produced for

market.

In the spring of 1947, Vern and his sons purchased the Concho Flat Ranch from Al and Louise Levine. This ranch is located east of Snowflake and is connected to the T Bar Ranch. Approximately two hundred head of choice quality Hereford cows went with the sale. Al Levine recorded the C Dart (C.) brand in 1940 and it is still in use by the Willis family. Vern's oldest son, Ira, moved to Concho Flat at that time. Ira, his wife Swanee, and their six children have lived there since. Vern's youngest son, Lloyd, later left to go in business for himself.

An extensive program was started to clear scrub cedar, develop wells and water tanks, and to use other conservation methods to improve the range. Cattle are fed ensilage through the winter months and calving season and into the summer until the green grass starts. Calves are weaned in the fall, fed out in the feed lot at the farm in Snowflake, and then sold in April or May. Vern was very proud of Ira's three youngest children who showed nine Grand-Champion 4-H steers at the Navajo County Fair in recent years.

Vern also played an important role in the growth of Navajo County. He was a charter member of the Northern Arizona Cattle Growers and worked with other members to get the Association started. He served seven years on the Triple-A Board and six years as a committeeman for Farmers Home Administration. He served on Snowflake's first Town Council and on the Silver Creek Irrigation District Board. He served for eight years as County Supervisor and was active in the Elder's Presidency of the L.D.S. Church for fifteen years. He served with two other

men in selecting and starting the church ranch. In the summer of 1976, Vern and Pearl were one of three couples honored with a plaque presented by the Town of Snowflake during the Centennial Celebration.

As a heritage, Vern and Pearl are leaving to their descendants one of the greatest gifts of all--a true love of the land and a sense of pride and accomplishment in good honest labor.

Vern passed away at his home in Snowflake on May 5, 1979, leaving many fond memories with his wife Pearl, five children, twenty-one grandchildren, thirty-three great-grandchildren, and one great great-grandchild.

FRED and WILMA TURLEY

SUNDOWN RANCH

ARIPINE, ARIZONA

Today, August 4th, 1979, is my husband's 84th Birthday and we have spent 59 of those years together. Fred A. Turley is the man, and he was born at Snowflake, Navajo County, Arizona to a fine old Pioneer Family, Theodore W. Turley and Mary Flake Turley who was the oldest daughter of William J. Flake who selected and settled the town of Snowflake, July 1878. There were many hardships of course, but they weathered the storms and set their roots deep. Grandsons of W. J. Flake still run cattle where he once ranged when the country was new and wide open.

Fred attended school at Snowflake, graduating from the 8th grade at age thirteen with twelve fine girls. All the other boys of his age dropped out of school. He had three years of High School. At age seventeen he started working for the Sitgreaves National Forest Service at the Chevelon District, and for the next three years did surveying, peeling pine poles to build Look Out Towers, Promontory Butte and Gentry, Ranger Stations (Houses) for each. Fred did all the high work on the 115.foot pole Lookout Tower at Promontory Butte, the highest in the Forest Service. No one else of the crew would put on the climbers to do the work in "the sky" atop a swaying spruce! He always felt this was one of his great triumphs. They put him on as the first Lookout Man on that tower, which is still famous for height.

A Mission call came to Fred from the President of his Church; the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormons). He responded willingly and gladly served in the Easters States Mission from October

1915 to November 1917. He spent most of that time at Rochester, New York. After his release from the Mission he went into the army as we were at war, World War 1, (remember, you old-timers?) and served nine months in service of our Country.

Fred made a good soldier, and was proud to wear the uniform that set him apart with thousands of other loyal boys and men to fight for their country. He was given the opportunity of going to the United States Infantry Officers Training School at Camp Lee, Virginia. The Armistice was signed November 11, 1918. Fred received his Co1TD11ission as a Lieutenant in the Infantry Officers' Reserve, also his honorable discharge from the Service the same day, Nov. 30th, 1918. He always said this was one of his greatest achievements; he worked so hard for that Commission, and what a loyal citizen he has been thru' all the years.

Wilma Fillerup Turley, (the oldest of thirteen children) was born at Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico March 8, 1900 to Charles R. Fillerup and Moneta Johnson Fillerup. We were contented and doing well in Mexico among loved ones and friends with comfortable homes, until Pancho Villa got on the rampage and chased all the Greengos out of Mexico. We camped at Dog Springs and Hachita, New Mexico for about three weeks. My father obtained work at Tucson, Arizona where we lived until late December of 1913 when he was given the responsibility of starting the Agricultural Experimental Station, Dry Farm for the University of Arizona at Cochise in the Sulphur Springs Valley, Cochise County. Here is where I learned to love the open range country and cattle people; The Shillings, Burnetts, Finleys, Adams of Texas Canyon, and many others. Ed Echols

at that time, 1913, was Champion Cowboy of the Radio Circuit.

My Uncles, Otho and Roy Johnson gave me a little Mexican dun horse I called Dunny, and I rode him all over that big valley. How I loved that little horse, and the free life, and vowed the man I married would have to give me a horse. Seven years later I married a man the Navajos called "Many Horses," he owned so many.

December of 1915 my father was given the position of the first Agricultural County Agent for Navajo and Apache Counties and so he transferred his big family to Northern Arizona where he selected Snowflake to make his home for the next twenty years. I graduated from the Snowflake Stake Academy April of 1919 along with twenty other nice friends I had made.

Snowflake, Arizona is where I met and fell in love with Fred A. Turley and his horse "Flag," and married him June 1, 1920. I could write a book about our romance. I was seventeen when we met, but Fred was a busy man helping to win the war and working on a big Ranch for Laron Bates at Prescott. That gave me time to grow up to be ready for a life with a rugged man. After a short Honeymoon to Salt Lake City, Utah he took me to Sundown Ranch to make our home in the cedar-pine covered hills of Northern Arizona, between Heber and Show Low. The elevation 6,500 ft., the air so sweet and clean you "taste" it; the stars at night so bright and close you can almost reach out and touch them! No wonder I loved the place the moment I set foot on it and said, "Fred, I love you, and want to be here with you for forty years!"

Fred started ranching, March 1920 with his father and four brothers, Ormus, Barr, Harvey and Harry. They each had a few cattle, horses

the three homesteads to turn into the Company; Fred had only a saddle and some darn good ideas for building silos, raising corn dry farm, feeding out old dry cows and get rich. The market had been sky high during the War and 1919.

Well, we built two big silos that first summer and put into them the fall of 1920 a bumper crop of corn. We fed out several head of cows and a few big steers that winter and the next spring the CRASH came. The bottom fell out of the market and we couldn't sell a hoof! There we were, left heavily in debt and no way to pay out. The Banks went broke 1921-22, took over our cows at $20 per head with calves thrown in. Father Turley, Ormus, Harvey and Harry said, "We have had enuf," so they pulled out leaving Fred and Barr to carry on, if they wished, and pay out.

I wasn't about to leave the Ranch. Fred and I knew that was where we wanted to raise our family. We already had a dear little son Stan, and I said I was willing and happy to eat beans and sour dough bisquits until we could build up another herd. Barr and his wife Grace, said they would stay too, so stay we did!

We bought Father Turley's outfit, which he started when he Homesteaded there on Decker Wash in the spring of 1908. It was first called Joppa, then Aripine. The hills were covered with blue grama grass, no erosion, and it looked good to Theodore and Mary Turley. The first thing they did was to dig a well and get water. They struck a rich flow at fifteen feet, which gave them plenty for their cattle, garden and house use. This was a real blessing, for it wasn't everywhere water could be found. It is still the best well of water on Decker

Wash after sixty-one years of use. Father Turley said he wouldn't have the best place on the mountain without water. His motive to homestead on the forest was to get range for his stock that was building up to a nice herd. He was the Village Blacksmith and most of the time had to take a calf or horse to pay for his work (mostly milk pen calves). In those days people traded around and made out alright.

Back to the 1920's. It took us sixteen years to pay for "dead horses," as the saying goes, but while building up our outfit we had a wonderful life. July 1, 1922 Fred took over the mail route starting from Heber, one delivery a week with Ranch neighbors along the line into Holbrook, where the mail was picked up and distributed the next day. He also hauled freight for Thomas Shelly's Store at Heber for 75¢ per one hundred pounds from Holbrook to Heber over a road not much better than a cow trail, and at a distance of fifty miles. Oh yes, we had a lot of fun and good experience over those roads, summer, winter, and muddy springs, but it gave us a little cash and toe hold to build for better things. I must mention, that our pay for freight from Thomas Shelly was "store pay," and we were thankful for that. Later we got the mail contract for twice a week delivery and to start from the Ranch. Aripine now was a real Post-Office with Grace as Post Mistress which she did well for many years. For the next eight years we had this mail contract and it was a great blessing to us. Fred also hauled passengers if they didn't mind riding on the truck, sometimes loaded to "the gills." We met many interesting people that came along for a ride; most every one was very appreciative.

Our desire was not to build up a big outfit, nor purebreds, but

one we could enjoy doing the work ourselves. It was slow to build a herd that could pay out and we knew we had to put our Ranch into better use, so to supplement we started a Boy's Camp. Our idea was to get boys, twelve to fifteen years old from the East to come out for a good summer on a real Western Ranch. Thru verious ways we finally got five boys from Chicago and New Jersey the summer of 1925. Larry Foster from Ridgewood, New Jersey, an outstanding young man of nineteen years of age, was among them, and what a marvelous time he had. He loved the wide open spaces, the friendly people. He broke a bronco he named Spunk. He rode with us and the Ranch Neighbors for cattle, chased wild horses, dipped cattle for ticks. A few days before he was to return home he was dragged to death by the best rope horse on the Ranch. His tracks told us the sad story.

Larry had taken the bridle off the horse (we found it as he had dropped it) to let him graze while he meditated in the glowing sunset. The rope was tied to the horn of the saddle (something we had told him never to do). He had the coils in his hands, thinking he could hold him if need be. Something frightened the horse and made him jump; with no bridle on, he was free. Larry was always throwing his arms out and yelling for sheer joy of living. We know this must have been what frightened Old Stockings, and he ran, dragging Larry to his death.

That fatal evening of August 12th, 1925, after supper Larry saddled up Old Stockings to ride out on the Hill to see one of the most gorgeous sunsets we ever saw. We called him back to take a silhouette picture and he said, "We'll call this the Cow Man's last stand," and rode away. "This is the happiest day of my life!" he had said at

supper. "Everything is finished I wished to do."

We found his lifeless body the next morning. I think that was the darkest moment of my whole life! I said sobbing in Fred's arms, "This is the end of the Camp. If we can be the cause of such an accident, we can never take the responsibility of taking care of anyone else that may get hurt." It was a sad time for Fred to take his body back to his parents, and the clickty-clack of the train wheels burned into his tired brain a11 the way my words, "The end of the Camp, the end of the Camp!"

When Fred met Larry's parents they didn't blame him in any way. Though heartbroken and crushed, they were wonderfully understanding. Uncle Tom, as we called Larry's father said, "What effect is this going to have on your Camp?" Fred answered my last words to him, "This is the end of the Camp. If we can be the cause of death to such as Larry, we cannot go on." Uncle Tom replied, "You must go on and give many boys what you gave Larry while at your Ranch. It was the finest summer of his life and we have always tried to give him the best. You must have something special out there and you must go on." What a marvelous attitude, and what dear, sweet friends they became.

With the blessings of the Fosters, hard work and *prayers*, we contacted Bill and Vi Jurtz thru mutual friends that were having Christmas dinner with them in New York City, Dec. 25 1926. Bill was Athletic Director of Fieldston School at New York City and was planning a summer canoe trip with a few boys up in Canada. Mr. Mitchner (our friend) said, "Why don't you take them West to spend the summer on a real Ranch. I know the very people who are looking for a partner back here." It sounded good to the Kurtzs, and by correspondence with them in the

spring of 1927, with hope and faith in our unseen partners we prepared for a real group. It was exciting, that surraner of 1927 with seventeen New York boys, all young, twelve to sixteen years old, all "rarin" to go. And we did, all surraner long, never a dull moment and no one hurt. We were truly on our way.

The next twenty years we built up a good business, working our cattle with the Boys, branding, riding etc. Each boy was given a yearling horse to brake as his own. How thrilled they were! It brought many boys back five and six summers. We still hear from several, now men of affairs, and they say the summers were the best of their lives spent at Sundown Ranch. Sam Steiger is one of our Boys who later adopted Arizona. Al Levine, of Snowflake at present, is a fine example of our boys "grown up," and also his cousin, Harry Ogden of Provo, Utah who came West to make his home. They are all good citizens and say life at the Ranch had a great influence for good in their lives. We are proud of Sam's record as Arizona's Representative back in Washington.

Many of the boys had sisters who wanted to come out, so we made a Camp for Girls. Barr and Grace took good care of twenty-eight girls each surraner for many years. We kept the boys number to thirty-five so we could give personal attention and ran the Camp until 1944 with never a serious accident. The Camps made it possible to build up a good cattle spread, and in the fall of 1936, when we were out of debt for the first time in sixteen years, Fred and Barr divided our outfit. It was the right time to do so. Each of us had a township of good winter-spring pastures with Forest permits for 90 head, six months for surraner

use. We each had comfortable homes, and a good schoolhouse where our children attended grade school with neighboring Ranchers' children. It made it so we could stay at Home Ranch the year-round, and was such an advantage.

Fred and I wanted to take better care of our ranges. You must have good pastures if you want good cattle. We fenced smaller pastures, drilled three deep wells, the first one at Home Ranch, 430 feet, the other two out on the range, over 500 feet. They were powered by 14 foot Aermotor windmills on 40 foot steel towers, and we never lacked for plenty of good water. We also had eight other "surface water" wells, dug by hand and rocked up with 8 foot windmills on 20 foot timber towers which furnished all our household needs and garden, flowers and lawn as well as for stock. The upkeep on these wind ills was so little and we never lacked for wind to run them in our country. Of course, we had good storage tanks, to make sure there would be plenty.

We made deepe , larger stock tanks and fenced them with a little holding pasture for convenience, , and spent a lot 9f money and time planting grasses, mostly Crested Wheat and Michael's Wheat grass which proved valuable at Aripine, the Home Ranch. We started to know more about good cattle and met Arizona Breeders by attending the Arizona Livestock Shows at Tucson.

Excerpts From My ,Jourria1

I am quoting Fred from my Journal, December 1939. (At Christmas time each one of the family wrote in my Journal what they liked about the year just ending.) It is such fun to go back to it now and see many things down in black and white that we have forgotten. This is what

Fred wrote: "The first trip of the year with Wilma and Grant (our son) to the Tucson Livestock Show held Feb. 28th, 1939 where we saw many of the best Herefords in the world. I was thrilled to touch HT Tone, the outstanding bull of 1939. Our summer Camp of thirty boys was the best season we have had, but the weather conditions *fury* bad. Northeastern Arizona suffered its worst drought since being settled. Our bunch of cattle had to be sold as there was no feed for winter. The price was good and we kept our pastures, so we will be able to build up another herd here with the twenty-six cows and five good registered bulls. Feed was so scarce we took thirty-six head of our saddle horses to Phoenix for the winter to Bill Roher who used them for *dudes*. Never again did we do that, it was such a bad experience.

"I became a charter member and Vice President of the Holbrook Livestock Trading Company, Inc. with $2000 stock. We also purchased $1000 stock in the A.Z. Meat Co. of Phoenix and had $6000 cash to invest back into range and cattle, drawing interest. This gives me a very fine feeling. Our Christmas has been a homey, wonderful visit with the family. Stan and Grant home from College and Wanda, Monita and Marilyn growing up so fast. A good snow fell, and we feel like the coming year of 1940 will bring back water and grass, the only things we really need.

"It is pleasing to us to have the material rewards for the years of sensible struggle to build a good life. The thing I am most sure of is: Youth is the time for preparation. Early manhood is the time for laying good foundations. Maturity is the time for building the structure, and late maturity will be crowned with peace, joy, plenty and

satisfaction."

"I was thrilled as Fred to see all those beautiful Herefords from Rancho Sacatal, Wyoming Hereford Ranch, Dr. Scott of Phoenix, Dan Thornton of Springerville, Thurber, Cowden and others. Cowden of Willcox got 1st place in pen of five bull calves which sold for $250 each. The fat Champion steer went at 25¢ per pound. The highest price paid for a bull was $500." The above is taken from my Journal, so I know the figures are correct. I was never the same after that show. We went over to Dan Throntons and bought three wonderful yearling bulls and paid $200 each for them. They put into our herd what we needed and wanted. We went out for quality, not quantity; from 600 pound yearling steers to 800 pounders; weight of the last steers we sold in the fall of 1950.

Fred's note at Christmas time 1940 in MY Journal: "The rains came late in the summer but were very good and made feed for us. Our range is in excellent shape and the moisture is the best for the last ten years. Please, may all the '40s be repeaters of 1940." Christmas 1941 from Fred's pen: "We harvested 2,800 pounds of Michael's grass seed and 115 (about 4,500 pounds) of Crested Wheat seed from a field that grazed cattle all summer. It was a pleasure to harvest this seed and plant it on new land. We had 20.58 inches of rain in 1941 which was the most we ever remembered." Crested Wheat grass proved to be the best grass and gave us more grazing than anything we ever planted.

With all the rain and grass, and steers selling at 10¢ per pound that fall of 1940, I wailed, "Here we sit with steers going at 10¢ a pound and we haven't a hoof to sell!" I just knew they would never be that high again! We traded the few good fat steers we did have to Tom

Reed for good heifers, which really paid off in our herd. What are steers (yearlings) going for now, 1979? 60¢ to 70¢. It is hard to believe what has happened since 1942.

Excerpts from my Journal, 1942: All the seeds over the whole country, good and bad that had lain dormant for forty years sprouted and grew, and seeded again. Our summer was very dry and all the good plants, such as winter fat and Chemise seedlings we were so thrilled to see all died, and the bad weeds, turpentine, loco and groundsell flurished where we hadn't had any before. It makes ya' scratch your head and wonder!

We continued to make spreader dams, and contour furrow all over our ranges and eradicate cedars. We raised 90% calf crops, kept out good heifer calves; bred our yearling heifers to calf as two-year olds. We needed no supplemental feeding, kept out plenty of good salt and pastures well watered. We bred our bulls (all registered now) one to about 30 head of good cows so our calves would come in early March and April, none later than the middle of May. Our yearlings and old cows we sold in the fall and had little death loss. Accidents always happen to a few critters, or one just disappears into thin air. Perhaps in the back of someone's pick-up! We owned 7,000 acres of deeded land, and leased several Sections from the State and T. W. Cabeen, who transferred business for the railroad land owned by the Aztec Land and Cattle Co. of Albuquerque, New Mexico, thirty Sections in all, and with the Forest Permit for 90 head we felt well supplied for our needs.

The Arizona Cattle Growers' News Letter, written up and edited by Mrs. Abby Keith, we all loved so much (and still do) was a must in our

home. We were members of that august Association of Arizona Cattle Growers and enjoyed attending the Annual Conventions held all over the State, and grew to feel such a fine fellowship with the Cattle Men and Women of our State, from every County. They were among the most rewarding and enjoyable activities of our whole lives, the Conventions with our Cattle People.

Fred was elected President of the Northern Arizona Cattle Growers 1948-49 which was a good experience for him, and me too. At the State Cattle Growers Convention at Globe, Feb. 25th, 1950 Fred was elected 2nd Vice President to John Babbit of Flagstaff, President, and Ralph Cowan of Douglas 1st Vice President of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association. This was a great honor to come to Fred, and we appreciated the confidence of our people.

We, the wives of the Cattle men of the Northern Arizona group organized our Cowbelle Ladies in 1947. Mattie Cowan of Douglas officiating, Lena Randall of Holbrook was our first President of Northern Arizona, Coconino, Apache and Navajo Counties. I was elected to that position Feb. 4, 1950, with Georgana Spurlock of Holbrook as 1st Vice President, Margorie Stiles of Winslow as 2nd Vice President and Pearl Willis of Snowflake as my Secretary. We had a good time together and helped to get Printed the good Cowbelle "Round-up Recipes" written by Ed and Bonnie Peplow, which we still think is the best western cook book printed. It is gratifying to see the progress our Cowbelles have made in the State and Nation, with such a humble beginning with Mattie Cowan and her "Gang" down in Douglas in 1939. We are proud of our Cattle people of Arizona, and the Nation, and take our hats off to the Good Old

Group that still hold firm to their convictions of staying off Government Controls. We stand with you, and always will for good citizenship.

Our Boy's and Girl's Camps not only helped us to get back into the cattle ranching business again, but was stimulating to our countryside. It helped the merchants in Holbrook, and other business men at Snowflake and the Hopi and Navajo Reservations. The "New Yorkers" brought to us an Eastern culture that helped us as much as our Western culture helped them. It was good for our children to grow up rubbing shoulders with the wealth of Park Ave, New York City in the 1930's-40's, as it taught them to know wealth doesn't buy happiness, nor is it the greatest thing to be desired in life. Our children were the envy of many of their peers. "Oh Boy, to spend a summer at the Ranch with New Yorkers!" There were plenty of applications to work with us.

We sold our Ranch, September, 1951 to various parties. Our cattle went to Happy Stewart of Okloma at $300 per cow and calf; our Forest permit and Home Ranch to Clark Flake (neighbor); the spring pasture to our nephew Jay Turley; the good winter pasture to Alice and Marion Despain, adjoining neighbors in the Dry Lake Country. Sounds mixed up, but this was the way we could help our neighbors best. It was hard to give up the Ranch and all we had worked for in our thirty-one years of marriage, but our Church needed older missionaries, as our young men were called into the Service of our country. The Korean War was on.

Our call was to the Texas-Louisiana Mission for two years. We were not forced to sell, of course, but Fred didn't want to worry about leaving the Ranch in other hands. He said, "I can only do one thing at a time," so we sold out, pulled out, "lock, stock and barrel." It was

one of the hardest things we ever had to do. LEAVE THE RANCH! My heart felt numb. No roof over my head, no horse, no cows! Our children felt sad to see it happen, but understood the situation and supported us in our decision.

It was hard to say goodbye to the children, especially Marilyn who was not yet married (but planned a March wedding in just a few months, 1952). It was almost as hard to say goodbye to my faithful old saddle horse, Jim. We knew each other so well. I gave him to my best friend Alice Despain and he had a good home on his well known range. Stan kept the F-T brand. We couldn't stand to see it on any one else's critters. I was willing and happy to fill a Mission with my husband, but not to sell the Ranch. I wanted to come back to it.

We learned so much the next fourteen years of full Service to our Church. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, working in various sections of Texas, Louisiana, Florida; among the Indian Nations of New Mexico and Arizona and at Mesa in our beautiful Temple. We have made a host of new and wonderful friends, and learned how other people live. It has been very rewarding for us and for our whole family, and now we are happily busy here in our comfortable Mesa home among loved ones and friends. But we are still Ranchers at heart and watch for the rains, and prices of cattle, and grass. (Fred never mows our lawn but what he wishes a cow or horse could eat it!) Always will I guess.

Our Children

Stan Turley, now in the Senate (Arizona) married Cleo Olson of Fairview Utah, Oct. 17, 1944. They have 1 son and 6 daughters; 11 grandchildren, "2 comin' up."

Grant M. Turley, married Kathleen Ballard of Snowflake, Arizona August 4, 1942. No children. Grant was Arizona's first Ace in World War II. He was a P-47 Fighter Pilot and went down with his plane that first daylight Raid over Berlin, Germany, Mar. 6, 1944 (7 German planes downed to his credit). His wife Kathleen married again; Scotty Benson, Head Post Master at Holbrook, Arizona (now retired). They have 1 son and 4 daughters and 3 grandchildren.

Wanda Turley married March 18, 1945 Dr. A. Marion Smith of Snowflake, Arizona, now a prominent Veterinarian at Phoenix. They have 4 sons and 3 daughters; 10 grandchildren, and 1 "comin' up."

Monita Turley married, March 31, 1950 Clarence Robinson of Filmore, Utah. He is now Head Track Coach at Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. They have 6 sons and 3 daughters; 6 grandchildren and 2 "comin' up."

Marilyn Turley married, March 8, 1952 Mark R. Larson of Snowflake, Arizona, now Vice President of Tanners Construction Company of Phoenix. They have 2 sons, 2 daughters and 4 grandchildren.

A lot of Old Sundown Ranch life has rubbed on them thru their parents and our rugged individualism which we hope will help them to stand on their own two feet and meet the challenges of this day and age with courage and integrity. They, our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are our greatest contribution to our earth life, and life hereafter. God bless them and everyone else too!

Note: This autobiography/biography was written as a short story, "'Sundown Ranch' by Wilma F. Turley."

RAYMOND HOLT

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

Raymond Holt was born in Fisher County, Texas on November 13, 1899. One of six children, he grew up in the panhandle region of Texas and his education perhaps equaled that of an eighth-grade student. Since there wasn't a regimented grading system in those days, just going "up a grade every year" was the promotion method followed. At the age of seventeen Holt decided his formal education had taken enough time so, without telling anyone, one night he stole a horse and rode south two hundred miles to Post, Texas. Perhaps stealing isn't quite accurate, the horse belonged to his father, "he paid for it." And, after all, "There was one less mouth to feed when the folks got up the next morning."

Because Holt had been a cowboy earning his own money since the age of twelve, survival was no problem. At that time there was a need for his skills. Leaving Texas in the drought of the early 1900s, Holt traveled west. In 1918 he reached Flagstaff and worked on the Babbitt ranch for awhile. After about a year of breaking horses, building fences, and doing whatever was needed at the time, he went to work in Pleasant Valley for Pecos McFadden.

In 1937 Raymond Holt was "in the news." To be more exact, the "incident" was reported from St. George, Utah on November 11, 1937. There had been a shooting on the 27th of October when a certain Roy Wood was shot, supposedly after Wood and Holt had an argument. Holt was held in the Kingman county jail following an arraignment before E. E. Wilson of Kingman. His preliminary hearing was held in Mt. Trumbull. The verdict at that hearing was "justifiable self defense." Seems that evi-

dence at the hearing indicated it was Wood who had threatened Holt, and both men had armed themselves as a precaution. Wood did recover from the shotgun wound. Oh yes, who shot first was never established.

A cowpuncher's life can be hazardous. Some occupational hazards encountered by Holt were: in 1938, one broken pelvic bone; in 1940 it was an arm that was broken; and in 1941, one horse throwing one man equaled one broken neck--suffered by the man, not the horse! To keep his jaw from stiffening, Holt began to talk to himself and even read the newspaper aloud to exercise the muscles. But that's all part of the job when breaking horses. On the plus side, however, one year in Taylor, Arizona he broke sixty wild horses to sell to the Apache Indians, who were ready to buy all they could.

A bachelor all his life, Holt felt he "never had a home good enough for a woman to share," and he also "never had enough money."With a "house" slightly like an "A-frame" of decaying boards, Holt was able to file a homestead claim in 1920. The homesteading requirements were satisfied enabling him to claim 640 acres. He sold them in 1935.

Holt always keeps beef jerky handy. To prepare 1. Find one smooth (clean) rock--Holt keeps his rock in the cupboard in a small white sack. 2. Place a piece of dried beef on the rock. 3. Pound the beef with a hammer. Best when added to milk gravey and served with sour dough biscuits. Cowboys always carried beef jerky on the range. There is no cooking oil in Holt's kitchen; Holt keeps his bacon drippings for milk gravey (and other goodies) in a coffee can. He says that lard or bacon drippings have more taste than that newfangled oil stuff.

Of his sixty-two cowboy-ing years, Holt best remembers the years

in a line camp about fifty miles northeast of Flagstaff. Summers were pleasant enough when the cattle were out to summer pasture, but the winters in a two-room cement house certainly were not luxurious. There was no running water or electricity in the little house, and the reservation Navajos fifteen miles away, on the other side of the Little Colorado River, were his nearest neighbors. "I went into Flagstaff two or three times a month," Holt said, "for supplies and the mail." He would also get wood for his stove by taking the "limbs left by the large lumber companies."

Holt was fifty-four years old when he acquired his first car. He said he "never needed one before that." But now there were "too many roads" and "too many automobiles."

The years have taken their toll of the American cowboy. "There's no mavericks left," Holt said. "There are too many fences" and too many pickup trucks. He feels the song "Rhinestone Cowboy," by Glen Campbell, is more truth than fiction. "The cowboy's life is plumb silly these days. The young ranch hands never stole beef. They don't even know how." Times have changed; a modern cowpuncher may repair a pump or he may throw hay from the back of a pickup truck, neither chore requires the use of a horse. Roping and branding are no longer practiced as they once were. Instead, a branding chute is used to hold the calf in one position while it is branded. It wasn't long ago that a cowboy worked long hard hours, needing a horse not only as a "tool" but he was proud of his horse, which was often a friend, too That was a time of hard times, loneliness, freezing weather, bustin' wild horses (and being thrown irr the process), and even stealing e ough beef to keep f om

going hungry. But cowboys were self-sufficient and proud individuals.

In 1975 Raymond Hold moved from Flagstaff to Kingman to leave the cold winters behind. He lives alone there. On the wall is a plaque which reminds him of the spirit that typified the Old West Cowboy. The plaque contains the words:

Oh, put my spurs upon my breast
My rope and saddle tree
And while the boys lay me to rest
Go turn my horses free.

NEL SWEETEN COOPER

WAGONER, ARIZONA

Compared to most pioneer ranches ours is a "newcomer," being only fifty-six years old. For it was in February of 1923 that I filed on a grazing homestead. I had gone into Prescott from Skull Valley where I was visiting my aunt and her family, the Gists, in company with Roy Cooper, my intended husband, to obtain our marriage license as we planned to be married three days later.

We got the marriage license and the official said to me jokingly as he handed the paper to Roy, "In three days you will be a married woman and all business transactions will be in your husband's name."

We thanked him and left. But I was thinking about the homestead I had been contemplating filing on. I had become interested in "homesteading" since the summer of 1921 when I had first visited the Gists.

My cousin Delia was "living out" her claim on 640 acres of grazing homestead at that time and I had spent several days with her. I had talked about filing on land adjacent to hers, but on investigation I found it had already been filed on. I had gone on to Ohio with another aunt, but from time to time I thought about homesteads and homesteaders. It all seemed "romantic" to me. Romantic! It turned out to be far from the interpretation I had of that word then.

As we left the court house, I mentioned this to Roy, asking, "I can't have a homestead now, can It'

He laughed, "Not unless you file in three days."

"Then I am going to do it," I said. "But, I don't have the least idea what to do, do?"

"Yes, I filed last year. It was the last open land within our range at the headquarters in Williamson Valley. There is open land on the desert near our kidding and lambing headquarters. You went with me last week, remember? It will be a good thing for Cooper and Sons to have patented land there." Cooper and Sons consisted of John Thomas Cooper and his sons Will and Roy. At that time they had ten bands of goats and five bands of sheep. They moved about over the country much as did one of the nomads of Eastern Europe.

I was born and raised in the Hill Country of West Texas, Angora goat country. My father had owned Angora goats--all my people did. I loved them.

Roy explained, "I'll call my lawyer in Phoenix and see what can be worked out." He did call the lawyer and after a lengthy telephone call, he turned to me pleased. "He'11 have everything ready and the proper papers for you to sign first thing in the morning."

On Sunday February 18, 1923, we were married and boarded the train for Congress Junction, Arizona. The reason we went by train was that his "playful" buddies had drained the gasoline from the tank of his old Model T Ford. They had also done various things to spark plugs and distributors. By this time it was dark, a Sunday, and there was no mechanic available. It was imperative that he be in Congress Junction Monday morning.

The wedding ceremony had been scheduled for twelve o'clock noon, but the bridegroom was two hours late as he and his family who had left Prescott in plenty of time experienced great difficulty coming down the Copper Basin Road. There had been a big snowstorm that week and Roy

had spent most of the two hours digging the family Buick out of first one snowdrift after another. Consequently we were married at two o'clock instead of high noon.

I remember that Gail Gardner who ranched near Skull Valley at that time and was a wedding guest kept looking at his watch and worrying about the late bridegroom. "If he doesn't arrive soon," Gail said, "the hands of the clock will point *down* and it will be bad luck."

When Roy finally did arrive, his boots and the bottoms of his trousers were caked in mud, but Gail was so concerned with the hands of the clock he didn't allow Roy time to clean away the mud, so we were married at two o'clock. Then, the wedding dinner my aunt had prepared for noon was finally eaten at three! By the time the feast was over and wedding pictures taken it was almost dark.

Roy, with too much help, loaded our suitcases into the car--a stript-down souped-up Model T with a truck body, comparing closely to our modern day jeeps. As I said, his buddies had been at work and no amount of cranking would start it. The station agent at the train depot, Ed O'Connel, took pity on us. He got a private word with Roy and told him that the passenger train that was due to arrive at 4:30 a.m. had not made it through the snow all day, and the latest word was that it was due not later than 6:30 p.m. The agent helped us evade the "helpful ones," and sold Roy our tickets. The train did arrive just as most of the buddies did, but with Ed's help we boarded the train and were on our way. At Congress Junction more of Roy's buddies awaited us, but I'll not go into that!

We stayed at the Henderson Hotel for two weeks--until the shearing

was completed, the mohair and wool sold and shipped.

All this time, in the midst of the hectic shearing, a place for me to live was being prepared. It was a lovely camp, which was to be temporary. It was two tents, eight-feet-by-ten-feet, walled up with lumber two feet high. Our bedroom tent was floored--with one-by-twelves. The kitchen tent faced the bedroom tent with a space between, shaded by a large palo verde. There I began my cooking 11career.11I knew how to cook, but I didn't know how to cook in great quantities, for after my father's death in January of 1910 when I was eleven, we had lived in town and there had been only my mother, my two sisters and me. Now there was the kidding and lambing crew, and the herders--twenty to twenty-five men. I made many mistakes, but I finally learned to put enough chili tepines in the beans to burn the bottom out of any herder's cast-iron stomach.

At first I enjoyed the desert. The wild flowers were budding, a faint green haze shimmered over it all, and I was learning an entirely new way of life. Then, the wind started to blow, and soon I felt tension in everyone.

When we went into the little town to Bullard's Store for supplies and mail, they seemed--not unfriendly but *tense.* "How's your 1filaree?111 they never failed to ask. And then they'd shake their heads and add, "Who'd have thought that *this* would happen? After all those good snowstorms and rains!"

At first I couldn't understand. 11Alfilarea" was a new word for me. I'd never heard it until my cousin Delia Gist (now Delia Gist Gardner, for she married Gail the next year after my marriage) said to

Roy when discussing our wedding, "Roy, it is up to you to arrange for the flowers. And don't turn up here at the last minute with a bunch of that darned 'filaree!'"

Roy had grinned and said, happily, "Allright! But *this* year it will be big enough for a bouquet."

That had been February. Now in late March something was wrong with this all-important weed. When I pressed my harried husband for an explanation, he said, "The wind is blowing! And if it keeps up just one more day as it is now, nothing can save the 'filagre!' It is already turning red! It will dry up and blow away!"

It did! The wind blew next day! In fact it seemed to me that it had been blowing forever, day and night, at gale force! Momentarily, I expected the tents to break loose from their moorings and fly across the desert. I don't like wind. Although I grew up in the "deep well" country of Texas where wind is essential to turn the windmills, which pump the water--the life-giver for man and beast--! don't like wind.

As soon as it was light next morning, Roy and his brother vJill went outside. Turning their eyes toward the northwest, they were watching the great "cyanide dump" of the old Congress gold mine. Why it was called the "cyanide dump" I don't know. It was a long, pure white, beach-sand-looking thing about fifteen miles across the desert from our camp. It was clearly visible as if it was only a mile or so away. It could be seen for miles, almost from the time a person left Wickenburg. Now we were all watching it. Soon it began to stir as if a giant hand, a ghostly hand, was idly playing there. Small white ripples--! know no other way to describe it--rose from the "beach" a few inches, stood

immobile then settled back for a few seconds, rose again a little higher each time. I glanced at the grim-faced men. Apparently all the crew had joined us and was gazing across the desert at those ghostly fingers stirring the sand on that ominous white beach. No one spoke for a few seconds then with one accord they turned their backs on the ghostly sight, and then they were galvanized into action.

Everyone seemed to know what to do. Beds were rolled, horses saddled, mules readied for packing--our camp was an ant hill of activity. I had never seen anything to compare with this feverish activity. No one spoke until Roy said to Will, "TellDad to put Whiz Bang (this was the name everyone called a young fellow who worked at headquarters all year, driving the car for my mother-in-law, doing errands, odd jobs) to mending fences, gates--you know."

Will nodded and then called after his hurrying brother, "Don't forget to stop at Congress Junction and tell Dick what our plans are." ("Dick" was Mr. Richard Bullard, one of two brothers who owned Bullard's Store, a general mercantile business.) Then, as Will threw his saddle on his horse, he continued, "How many days will it take you to see to things at the Spring Creek? Three?"

"Yes," Roy said and added, "Nel will stay here to--"

"Nel will *not* stay here! If you are going somewhere, I am going, too. I am not staying one minute longer in this wind than I have to!" I was not prepared for the utter consternation my statement caused. All activity came to a halt except Will. He mounted his horse, took his pack mules' lead rope from Jose and, at a fast trot, rode away. He looked back once and grinned at Roy's blank face.

I continued, "I don't know what this is about. All I know is that the wind has something to do with it, and I hate wind!"

Roy was apologetic. "I guess this is new to you. I'll try to explain." And he did. "When the wind blows high, cold and dry *three* days, the 'filaree' turns red then dries up and blows away. The stockmen depend on it. If it blows away, they have no choice. They must 'hit the trail,' or their livestock will starve." There is a "law of the trail" that all good stockmen try to follow. It is to their advantage that they do not have mix-ups, which cause delays and always results in some loss. Therefore each band of sheep or goats must stay three miles from each band that precedes or follows his. Each outfit has sufficient "camperos," m n who stay on the trail with the sheep or goats. It is their duty to pack and unpack the supplies--his and the herder's bed and tent, have firewood and water ready. (There is usually one mule that carries two five gallon "kegs" of water.) The campero cooks the meals for himself and the herders. Each outfit has a "caporal," "straw boss," "segundo," who is in charge when the owner, or boss, is not present.

The "trail" was amazingly well organized as I was to learn in years to come, for there was not time that morning for Roy to explain it all. In time I met the wives of the sheep men who followed their husbands. They drove their cars with their children and possessions to Congress Junction where they would spend the winter, then return to their homes in the mountains when the "bands" were trailed there the next spring.

In 1919 the Federal Government set aside several "driveways" in

different parts of the state. In the early years of statehood settlers were coming in, establishing permanent homes. They began to object, as well they might, to the use of their lands by a y who chose to drive their livestock to and from summer and winter pastures. Disputes, arguments, hard feelings ensued. Because there were many acres of "public domain," the Federal Government was petitioned to set aside land for "stock driveways." Several were decided upon and eventually in 1919 they were established.

The one "Stock Driveway" that figures in my story was, I think, called the Salt River Valley Trail or Desert Trail. It started at Williams, Arizona, and ended near Phoenix. I am writing all this about the "driveway" because the subject comes up again and agin. At first the "driveway" through our range was three miles wide. Roy asked to have it narrowed to one mile. We pay lease on "driveway" that comes through our range, but anyone is entitled to drive sheep, goats, cattle, horses, whatever livestock over these "driveways," providing the rules are observed. One important rule is that each band must stay three miles away from any other band using the "driveway." The livestock must progress at least three miles toward the destination each day. There are springs and watering places at intervals along the way.

That spring morning of 1923 I insisted, "I am going with you!"

Reluctantly Roy said, "All right. Get ready. I'11have your horse and pack ready in five minutes."

I was ready and gave him back one of his minutes. We rode east, a little to the north, and in two miles we were in the hills and began to climb. At first desert shrubs covered the hills. Along with the palo

verde and the greasewood there was cactus--always cactus--giant saguaros and barrel! Cholla! That darned stuff was everywhere. There was mesquite and catclaw. Roy was interested in the juajilla. Sheep and goats do well on it, and it was about ready to bloom. There was jojoba, and soon, scrub oak began to appear. And the wind? It was blowing, but not in the constant whipping fury of the desert.

I began to like these hills that grew higher and greener the further we went. When at last we climbed out of Fools Canyon and looked down on tiny Spring Creek Valley, I could scarcely believe my eyes! I stopped my horse and just *looked.*

"What is it?11Roy called. "Come on. We are almost there.11

11! am *feasting* my eyes,11I said. I followed him down to the creek, marveling all the way. Such a contrast! And in only a few miles, about fifteen, to that desert where the wind howled and covered everything with sand.

Cooper and Sons had patented water here, also some State Leases in the area. There was also a long shed made of galvanized tin. Roy called it the "supply shack.11"Some years," he said, "some of the 'dry bands' are left in this area, and this shed was built to house supplies for the herders' feed for horses and mules. There's a meadow, sub-irrigated,11 he told me, 11and a fenced--a small horse pasture.11

There were large ash trees, wild cherry in full bloom, oak trees, and beautiful, beautiful Spring Creek flowing through the midst of it. On the desert, water had to be hauled to the camps for cooking and whatever washing was done. Here, this lovely little creek sang all the time.

While I was gazing at my surroundings with awe, Roy was taking the bed and a few other things off the pack mule he had brought. In time, I learned that Roy almost *never* went anywhere without a pack mule. He built a fire, got water and put coffee on to boil. "Like this place?" he asked.

"I love it! Right here I am going to stay! Isn't there some way I chan change my homestead?"

Roy replied, "This is unsurveyed, we would have to pack in. It's a long way from a town of any kind--eight miles to Wagoner, the nearest." Then Roy added, "You are entitled to 320 mores acres."

"I am staying here! By the way, where are we going to live this summer? You have to go with the goats and sheep. Do I live on the desert on my homestead? How often wi11 you come down there?"

Roy was startled. "No. Of course you wi11 go North with us." He was disturbed, embarrassed, too. "Mama has a big house. I never thought but what we would go there until time to come back."

"It is your mother's house. And, I am just not going to move in on her."

Roy was plainly flabbergasted.

"Didn't you say I am entitled to 320 acres more?"

Roy nodded.

"All right! I am staying here."

"It's not *triat* simple. we have to discuss it with Dad and Will!"

We did discuss it, and at first there was opposition, but in the end they all decided that in the long run, it would be a good thing for me to take the 320 acres more, and Roy and I would live there. It was

just as well they came to that decision as I had no intentions of living in tents on the desert where each morning we watched the "cyanide dump" to see if the ghost-fingers of the wind was stirring its sands.

So, in the summer of 1923 we got enough household goods packed in to Spring Creek to make a home of sorts. At first we lived in the tiny supply shack. It must have been about sixteen feet wide with a partition down the middle. The north side was the store room. It boasted a door--a solid one with chain and p'adlock. No windows. No floor. A good half of it had boards placed on the ground. Horse feed was stored there, leaving room enough for my cook stove. The caj6ns (pack boxes) stacked on top of each other was my cupboard. I found this unsatisfactory, for when a mule was to be packed, my dishes, flour and sugar cannister and supplies were dumped on the ground. This caused hard feelings between the packer and me, so Roy finally fixed me some shelves near the stove.

The south side was open. It had a good roof and faced the creek. I decided to use that side for our dining area. Three one-by-twelves--! don't know where they came from--made the table top. The one-by-twelves were supported on each end. The diners at first sat on upturned pack boxes. The whole thing was rickety to say the least. If anyone jostled it the least bit, the boards separated an inch or more and the silverware might fall on the dirt floor.

Yes, I used my wedding gifts of silverware and china. It was all I had. I heard later that some of the guests, for we had many men besides our own workers who rode back and forth on the trail checking water and feed, thought I was "stuck-up," saying, "She sets her table

with *reaZ* silver knives and forks and china dishes." I finally acquired an oil cloth cover for the table and camp dishes--not because I was criticized, but because it was rough on my possessions.

When, eventually enough tin and lumber was packed in--it came by rail from Prescott to Congress Junction, by Roy's Model T "strip-down" to the Bee Hive Gold Mine, then eight miles east by pack train--a house was constructed. There were only two rooms and a porch. An oak tree about ten inches in diameter grew up through the porch. My father-in-law had demanded that the tree be left, for he liked to ride up, dismount on the step, a large flat rock, tie his horse to the tree and be practically in the house.

One room was twelve-by-eighteen. We used it as kitchen, dining and living room. The bedroom was t.en-by-twelve. Both rooms were unceiled. Neither was painted or papered--just the bare one-by-twelve boards. One day while I waited for the crew to come to midday dinner, I sat down and looked at my house. There was not *one* board in it that did not have mule blood some place on it. But it was well constructed, kept warm in winter from the large wood range.

When my father-in-law, John Thomas Cooper, had brought his family to Arizona, having sold his ranch in the Dry Devil's River area of West Texas, he sold all livestock except their riding horses (all Steeldust of course) and mules. Mules! A whole freight car load of them! As he said when questioned "Why the mules?" he replied, "They will come in handy!" They did! Will and Roy soon learned to pack them. I never did! At least I never learned to pack them well enough to take a load of salt or supplies any distance before the whole thing turned under

the mule's belly.

I could not "throw" a Diamond Hitch although an expert showed me how to make it, Frank Shields. Roy favored the Squaw Hitch. Will Cooper, I think, spoke for the Half Diamond. I never mastered any of these. My pack either ended up scattered along the trail or under the mule's belly and my "hitch" was a "spool wrap." I received plenty of ridicule when I got in.

I never could learn to like those darned mules--neither did I trust them. Also, according to my husband and his men, I never learned to buy *anything* that was easy to pack on a mule. My cookstove was too heavy. The mule was exhausted when finally he got in with it. I answered this complaint by saying, "It was *cold!* I heard you bragging that you could pack a stove and cook a pot of beans on the way."

When John Thomas Cooper brought his family from Texas, no cattle were brought with them, but their Texas cattle brands were. As soon as possible the Coopers bought cattle and registered their brands with the Arizona Sanitary Board. Roy's brand, that an uncle had given him, was AHR connected, A--R, on the left ribs. It is still our ranch brand. As far as I know it doesn't *stand* for anything. It could be, Arizona Hereford Ranch, but it isn't--we call our place simply Cooper Ranch--nothing fancy.

Our first child, Roy Jr., was born June 1, 1924. He was the fourth grandchild and first grandson of Martha Brannan and John Thomas Cooper. When, less than two years later, our second son, Robert Dee, was born February 5, 1926, my father-in-law told his friend Barney Smith that we had hurried to have a second son so that we could balance the pack on

the mule.

Soon after our first son was born, Roy went to the Sanitary Board to register a cow brand in Roy Jr.'s name. He had it all prepared, JR Bar, JR. We called it Junior Bar. It was recorded. Roy branded a heifer calf of one of his cows JR. Roy Jr. used this brand for several years until an elderly man named John Ravello protested that *he* had been using that brand on his cattle for years. He just hadn't gotten around to recording it. According to the brand law, he was not entitled to it, but Roy Sr., after talking with the old man, decided to vent the JR and record another brand for our son.

Roy Jr. wept bitterly and for a time could not understand. He thought Mr. Ravello would take his cows, too. He was finally consoled when his father branded a calf of a JR cow, ffi, explaining that since he was called "Roy Boy" to distinguish the two Roys, henceforth this was to be his brand and stand for "Roy Boy." The "B" was inverted and the brand placed on the right rib.

Sometime before Roy Jr. was born his father had surprised me by giving me a heifer calf that he had branded NEL on the left rib. I was immensely pleased and have it engraved on my Cowbelle Pin.

Roy Sr. was an excellent goat and sheep man, none better, but always his first love was catt1e and as each of his sons was born, they received a heifer calf and had their own brand recorded. Bob, whose name is Robert Dee, has RD on the right ribs.

Our third son, John William, was born September 25, 1927, and in due course he received his heifer with 09 on the right ribs. When he was old enough to learn about initials and that his brothers' brands

and mine stood for our name, he was hurt, feeling he had been 11discrim-inated11 against. 11Why couldn't mine have been JC or JW?11His father explained that 11J11in a brand seemed to be very popular in this country,. how brands conflicting with others were illegal and that the 09 was a better brand than one with angles. It so happened that a calf of each of his brothers had screwworms in the brand wound and had been brought in for doctoring. John's calf with the simple 09 brand did not have any worms. When he saw that his brand really was a better brand, he was appeased and since then has taken pride in his own brand.

Roy and I hadn't been established on our Spring Creek Place many years until other homesteaders were attracted to the area by the abundance of living water and good brouse. One homesteader in particular was a marvel in taking up his 640 acres, or so said a government man that came out to check the homesteads to see whether we were living on them. Using them properly? He sat with a map of the area before him and his eyes popped when he saw how John Moore had 11arranged11his homestead. It looks like a ladder of 40 acre 11steps11climbing up Spring Creek. The man shook his head and wondered aloud who in the Land Office had approved *that/11*

Since the other homesteaders all had only cattle, and we had goats as well as cattle, we were due for conflict. Although their livestock ranged everywhere, they objected to our bands of goats that were all under herd and each herder instructed to keep them off the homesteaders. One year Roy was arrested twelve times for trespassing and although he stood trial and was acquitted each time, it was expensive! Roy began buying out the homesteaders.

Gail Taylor who had the Cameron Place and John Moore of the Spring Creek "ladder" were the first two he bought. He bought six before he died.

In 1942 I bought a ten-year-lease with option to buy the section of "Dam Land." (Two brothers, Ham and Martin Blevins, had the lease, but after two years wanted to sell.)

In 1880, or thereabout,a man named Van Buren, relative of a former president, had come to the Wagoner Area and with his own funds bought out four 160 acre homesteads, and built the Walnut Grove Dam. Ten years later in 1890 the dam washed away. In 1944 it became possible for me to take up the option and I bought it from Joseph Van Buren Wittman, the heir of the builder. Through the years we have bought or traded for several more parcels of land. With State Leases, BLM Leases and the patented land we have something over a township in our ranch holdings.

Cooper Ranch is one of the best watered ranges, that is, natural water. The Hassayampa River is our eastern boundary. There are numerous creeks, Spring Creek, Cottonwood, Blackwater, Arrastra, Mocha, some others as well as many permanent springs.

By the time our third son was born in 1927 we had a road built into Spring Creek. At first it took two hours to drive the eight miles from Spring Creek Place to Wagoner. But, I was glad to be rid of those pack mules! We still had them, but they were used to pack supplies to the goat camps and salt to the cattle.

It was about this time that Will Cooper took over managing the sheep while Roy and I kept the goats. They didn't need to use the

"stock driveway" anymore. Will had enough pasture for the sheep after he no longer had the goats. I think everyone liked this arrangement. We built shipping pens on one of the homesteads Roy bought, and we moved there during "shearing."

Our boys were growing up. They would soon be of school age. There was still a school at Wagoner and although it was three miles from the "shearing" corrals, we decided to stay there at the "shearing" place and send the boys to school. The boys rode horseback, each boy had his own horse. They rode with another boy from the west side of the Ha sayampa. They tied their horses to mesquite trees near the school house. Horse racing was forbidden, but several times someone had to back-track the school boys to recover lost articles--saddle blankets, school books, lasso ropes! Once Bob's was missing and he was heart-broken. It was found, but for punishment for disobedien e, his father kept it hanging in the dining room a whole week.

Mr. Roosevelt and his Drouth Relief Shipments set us back considerably. They were awful! Heartrending to people who loved their cattle as Roy and his boys did. There were four "shipments" in all and what they really accomplished, I have never understood. There was nothing we could do to prevent them. A rain might have, but it would not rain, watch the skies and pray as we did--no rain.

From the beginning, Roy looked terribl . He had no appetfte, lost weight. After the fourth shipment, I told his father that if we had to make another shipment, I'd push Roy in after the last cow and shut the freight car door. Roy must have lost twenty-five pounds.

We were ordered to ship a band of goats. These must be she-sto'ck,

two to six years old--the prime producers--mothers. They must be driven to the nearest railhead--Congress Junction in our case. The goats were in good condition and were no trouble to drive.

The goats were corraled in the Santa Fe shipping pens and counted onto freight cars and sent to Tovrea Packing Plant in Phoenix where the goats were slaughtered, the meat processed and given to the people on Relief. Cooper and Sons were paid one dollar and fifty cents per head. We were lucky to receive this generous amount for animals worth many times this sum. We heard that mohair growers who owned goats in Mojave County were to receive one dollar per head, all she-stock. They were *advanced* thirty cents a head, the animals shipped to California for processing. Thirty cents was all they were ever paid.

My father-in-law had a great desire to *taste* the canned goat meat and although he and all of us searched the shelves in the grocery stores, it could not be found. Finally we learned it had been sent to Relief Centers, but when we located one of these places, we were told we could not buy even one can! We *had to be on ReZief!* My father-in-law said he'd be danged if he'd go on Relief just to get a can of his *own* meat. Still, being a determined man, he *wanted to taste that meat!* One day a sly look came into his eyes, "I'll go out to Tovreas and get me a can of that meat!"

Roy explained, "I've already been to the plant. They say: only if you are on Relief!"

My father-in-law answered, "I'm not going to the plant. I've known Ed Tovrea a long time. We've always been friends."

"Ed Tovrea can't get it either. Can't you understand, Dad? The

meat belongs to the government!"

"We'll see," said John Thomas in a mild tone.

I don't know *how* it was accomplished. I didn't ask, but one day, soon after, I came in to find my father-in-law and my sons eating meat from a knife-opened can. When John Thomas saw me, he smiled triumphantly and held out his pocket knife with a morsel of meat on the point. "Have a bite. It's good. Not as good, perhaps, as fried goat chops or roasted ribs, but not bad. In fact *good.* What do you say, boys?"

Enthusiastically they agreed with Granddad.

The cattle shipments were another matter. A heart-breaking thing! Early in life our sons had shown that they "took after" their father. They *know* cattle. Almost from infancy Roy Jr. was a near genius in distinguishing at a glance one cow from another, knowing which calf belonged to which cow. In fact, he was so good that his father and our men "paid their bets" on Roy's word. For instance one man or the other would point out an animal and remark that that heifer or bull or steer was the calf of such and such a cow. Someone would disagree! "Bet you five dollars," the other would say. "You're on! We'll ask Roy Boy." And if Roy Boy wasn't with them, the animal was described to him and on his "say so," the loser "paid up."

Bob is almost as good. In fact, in general, he is the best cow man of the three. Not only is he better than his brothers, he has no peer. He can ride up to a herd of cattle, and at a glance, tell if there are any strays, if so, to whom they belong. And he is an excellent roper. Also, he knows his horses.

John is a good all-around cowman, too, but not spectacular like his brothers. Being the youngest, he did not have the teaching of his father as many years, f r Roy Sr. was killed when John was eleven.

I am not bragging about my sons and their cow-sense. It came naturally from their father and his teaching and from our foreman Ingersol Heckle.

As I said, those Drouth Relief Shipments were awful! The first was in the summer of 1932, when we were ordered by the government to have *all* our cattle gathered by a certain date. We were to hold them in an accessible place for the man they would send to inspect them and tell us "what would be done." The young man who came at last--he was to have arrived in the morning, and it was well into the afternoon by the time he drove in--all "Importance and Authority," and he hadn't been there ten minutes until even *I* knew he didn't know much about range cattle. "Not dry behind the ears," our foreman, Ingersol Heckle, told me in a low voice as he came by me.

We were *not* to corral the cattle, but to "Hold them in a loose herd," and it had taken "all hands and the cook," me, "to hold the hungry, hot cows."

In a curt voice, the young man explained that he would determine the condition of each animal and tell us which one would be able to be driven to the shipping point, Kirkland, Arizona, thirty miles to the rails. We would be paid $12.00 per head, but only for those that walked all the way. If an animal fell by the way, the brand was to be skinned out and taken along. We would receive $8.00 for it. The cattle in the worst condition were to be cut out from the herd, driven a

short distance and *shot.* Yes, we would receive $8.00 per head for these. Some of the cows had small calves. "What about them?"

"They can be hauled," the condescending young man conceded.

"Typical shave-tail lieutenant!" my husband who was a World War I veteran, said to me as he turned a cow back near me. He looked sick as the young man began "cutting the herd,1' and he looked sicker and sicker as the work went on.

Roy Hays, a ranchman from Peeples Valley, was with the government man. He had been asked to accompany the--I don't know what title the young man had. Ever after we referred to him as the "shave tail." Mr. Hays had seemed ill-at-ease when we greeted him. We felt reassured to have a good cowman there. Our hopes were dashed when he stayed on the sidelines, saying nothing. We had thought he was the person who would select the cattle. He told me years later that he had expected when he agreed to take the job, that he could be of help to the ranchers. Instead, all that was required of him was to guide the government man to the different ranches. The whole thing proved so frustrating that he quit.

The government man took advice from no one. As he hurried through our herd designating just one animal then another, I think he daubed different colors of paint on them. Soon he had finished and demanded that certain cows be cut out. He went to his car, took but a high-powered rifle, and proceeded to drive the doomed cattle over a hill.

Our children, who of course, had helped in gathering and in holding the herd were bewildered, and their father, and indeed all of us, were so numbed by shock we hadn't properly explained to the children what was

happening.

When the man left with his gun, driving the condemned cattle, no one noticed Roy Jr. had follow d. There were cows of his in that group, and soon after the first rifle shots were heard, he came at full gallop back to us, crying--to his father: "Daddy, *do* something! the man is shooting our cattle!" We tried to console him, explain to him, but it is hard to explain to an eight-year-old boy *why* the government had decreed such a thing, especially if you don't really understand yourself.

That first slaughter, about thirty head were destroyed. For days on end, buzzards circled the dead cattle, and for many years the bones bleached. Another thirty cattle were driven to the rails. This depleted our herd, but when *three* more such shipments were ordered and made, we were almost wiped out. I hadn't thought it possible, but after each shipment, Roy Sr. looked worse. He must have lost twenty-five pounds. But, Mr. Roosevelt found something else to occupy himself--a war was brewing. He left us alone. We were beginning to recover when Roy Sr. was killed in an accident at the ranch. This was August 17, 1939.

I never had any intention of selling the ranch although many people were surprised and advised me to sell, saying that I would surely go broke. A woman and three young boys just couldn't make it. We have, though. At times it hasn't been easy. And, always, it is a gamble.

From the first, cattle buyers had me bluffed. Not at all like selling the mohair. One reason, I think, I knew more about angora

goats and the selling of the mohair, having been raised in the angora goat country of Texas, and, too, most of the mohair in Arizona was taken to a central place where the buyers and ranchers met and the mohair sold at auction bid.

Cattle buyers come to each individual ranch, look at your cattle and the deal is made if each agree. That first year after Roy Sr.'s death, the man that Roy had dealt with the year before, sent word that he was interested in our cattle, and that if I would have them *in*, he'd be there on a certain day. We had most of them gathered and in a holding pasture. Then, I studied the Arizona New Letter (The Cattlemen's Bible, one buyer termed it.) for prices.

Early in the morning we corraled the cattle. The instant the man went into our corral, he pulled a "long face," and began to whine about the condition and quality of the cattle. When I told him the price I wanted, he sounded as if he would weep.

"Didn't you buy from Roy last year?" I asked.

He admitted that he had. "But, these are--uh--they don't conform, and the price ... ," he whined on.

I didn't know what "conform" meant, and anyway, *whining* just isn't in my book. I can't stand a whiner. "Then you don't want our cattle,, I said. I called to Roy Jr. to open the gate into the holding pasture and to Bob and John to drive the cattle out. "Thank you for coming, **Mr.** -----." I left him standing in the middle of the corral with a strange look on his face.

Then a man named King sent word that he would like to buy the cattle. He, too, had bought from Roy. He, too, asked would I have them

"in?"

"Yes, early in the day."

He set a date and I notified him we'd have the cattle ready. Once again we gathered the holding pasture and corralled the cattle. We waited and waited--all day. And the buyer didn't come--nor did he notify us why. Later I asked Tom Richards why Mr. King hadn't come. Tom was embarrassed, then he mumbled that Mr. King, when he heard he'd have to deal with a woman, turned around in the middle of the road when nearly at the ranch and went back to Wickenburg.

When my sister-in-law, Learah Morgan, heard about my failure with cattle buyers, she was scandalized. "Nel!" she said, "They want to *dicker!* It is a sort of game!"

"I don't know *how* to dicker," I told her, "and, besides, I have no time for games. I have the cattle ready for them to see and tell them what price I want."

"You'll never make it," she said sadly.

And I almost didn't a few times. Once I took a ten percent cut on the herd, then ended up with a ten percent cut *on* the *aut* !On top of that there was always a three percent *shrink.* I have never been able to figure that deal out, but I almost lost my shirt on that one.

I had been told 6ver and over how men hate to deal With women and after Mr. King, I believe it. I was *scdred,* but I let no one know.

In the last forty years there have been many changes. Now high trucks come to our corrals, and we weigh, load and send them on their way. (The cattle belong to the buyer when they walk off the scales. I learned *that* the hard, expensive way, too.) My son, John, installed

our own shipping pens a number of years ago. Before that we drove the cattle about five miles to a neighbor's scales where we met the trucks. We paid ten cents a head for the privilege of using the scales, and we were grateful that we could. I learned that first year *not* to corral the cattle for the buyer. If he couldn't ride a horse or was afraid of my jeep driving, he was out of luck. But, no dickering--! never learned *that.*

Today my son John manages the ranch--he meets with buyers, but I am afraid he is like me. He doesn't *dicker* either. I heard him say once that he has never sold cattle when the "price was right." Oh well, we all know there is no gambling game as chancy that can compare with cattle raising. If the price is up, we are in a drouth and the cattle are thin, may have to feed--always *something,* but interesting, always challenging. Never a dull moment! And, although there have been days on end when I saw no one except my family and our workers, no phone rang (There wasn't a phone.), and no mail came, have never been lonely. Always a crisis to meet, some problem to solve. Even though jeeps and four-wheel drives have supplanted the pack mules, we *never* "get the *slack* taken in."

I remember once during orld War II, we had gathered some "strays" that belonged to a neighbor. We loaded them in our pick-up, and John took them home. When he got there, it was around five o'clock in the afternoon, ad it was not much later when he got back. He came to me at once where I was trying to nail a board to the side of our loading chute --the strays hadn't been easy to load. In an awe-struck tone he asked, "Mama! what do you think they were doing?"

"I don't know, what?"

Roy Jr. had ridden up. "Working cattle like all of us this time of year," he answered for me.

"No! They were all three (Their son had not yet gone to a training camp.) sitting on their front porch in rocking chairs--rocking/"

"This time of day?" Roy was incredulous.

"Yes! and they asked me to stay to supper which would be ready at six o'clock. Imagine eating before dark!" He rubbed absently at his poor aching back.

"I bet there are plenty of things over there that need *doing*," his brother said, unsympathetically.

"Their corral gate "

"Would you like to try it?" I asked. "We can go to the house now. The roast and beans will be ready by six-thirty. Come on." I felt guilty, for I had heard rumors that Nel Cooper was a "*stave* driver."

Roy was reluctant, but finally he, too, unsaddled his horse and came with us. There were no rocking chairs on our front porch, only a bench and a low stool. We sat down, though. We didn't look at each other. The porch faced west and the late afternoon sun slanted straight into our faces. We all fidgeted, and I guess we were thinking of many things that should be done. I know I was.

"Let's move to the back porch," John suggested. "I'm hotter here than I'd be in the corral."

We moved to the shady back porch. There were no rocking chairs there either, only a long quilt box and a bed as this was really a sleeping porch. I sat on the bed. The two boys sat on the quilt box

facing me. We fidgeted again.

After a minute or two, John said, "I feel *silly.* I wonder what those people *think* about when they sit there rocking in their chairs and looking into space.;,

"I know what I'm thinking," I said. "I'm thinking someone should check that gate into the holding pasture. I intended to as soon as . "

"Roy•s horse! I must put a shoe on him before we ride tomorrow. The heck with this rocking chair business."

"We'11never get the slack taken in after *this/*" Roy said as he fo11owed us.

I had never branded cattle until one day when World War II was going full blast, and I found only Roy Jr. and me to do it. For several years now Bob and John had done the branding, but Bob had joined the Navy in late 1944, and he was somewhere in the South Pacific. John was in high school at Glendale, trying to finish before he would go. He came home weekends. Trying to find competent help was wasting time.

I haven't explained that Roy is handicapped. He is a victim of spastic paralysis caused by a birth injury. He is far from helpless although it affects much of his body. His right foot is the worst, being drawn almost into a "club foot." Both hands are affected, not bad, but to a degree that prevents him from roping, branding, ear marking, etcetera. His coordination is poor and he does not drive a car. I am told that most all spastics are geniuses in one field or another. Roy's genius must be in his knowing cattle. That year of the war when only the two of us were doing the roundup, his knowledge? gift? whatever?

proved invaluable. It saved many long tedious rides. For instance, I would spot cattle (Usually, he had seen them long before I had.) across a deep canyon or up a steep rough hillside, and I'd start for them.

"Mama!" he'd shout, "we have already had *those* cows in! We branded their calves day before yesterday!" or "last week" or whenever it was.

One thing that infuriates me more than anything else when I ride with the crew is to have one of them say to me, "You wait on *that* point," or maybe it will be, "in *that* canyon." They will invariably yell back over their shoulder as they take off at a high lope, "Hold up there. We won't be gone long."

I look for the "point" or "hill" and wonder which one they vaguely *jerked* their head toward. Sometimes there are five or six such places. Which *one* am I to wait at? I decide that *this* is *it* and ride there. I wait and I wait. They "bawl me out" and I am mad! "I'llgo home!" I threaten. "You could take *time* to tell me where *exactly* you want me to wait!"

In the late summer of 1945 I sold the goats. It looked to me like I would surely go broke if I continued in the goat business. We had to have herders and by that time, they were almost non-existent. Our range is not fenced goat-proof, and predators were taking a great toll. Worst of all, the Federal Government was sending troops and supplies to Australia and bringing those same ships back loaded with Australian wool, paying them sixty cents a pound--duty free! The government was doing the same thing for Turkey--giving them ninety cents a pound also

duty free! I was barely breaking even at fifty cents a pound, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to interest mohair buyers in domestic mohair. I had an opportunity to sell our goats. I did, and I bought one hundred head of good young cows.

In 1946 John had decided to join the Army. In June of 1945 he had graduated from high school, having finished in three years. Bob was to be discharged soon, so John felt he could be spared from the ranch. So far, Peace was undeclared--only an armistice. John had been in training camp when rumors of something brewing in Korea began to circulate. Where exactly is Korea? I asked. I gave the subject thought. From what little I knew or could find out it smelled of *politics.* I had a son in the U.S. Army that was being trained to fight in a *cold* war! I didn't like it!

John phoned me one night when he knew I would be in Phoenix. I asked him if he wanted to go to Korea. He assured me that he did not. I told him I felt I needed him at home. After the war so much was changed, but competent help was still about as hard to find as it had been during the war. I told John I'd see his draft board and find out what they had to say. John came home in January and has been here ever since. He and Velma Spillers, who was raised in the Gila Valley, were married July 18, 1948, and established their home on the ranch.

Bob and his wife, Ruth, leased a place in Camp Verde and moved Bob's cattle over there. The next year their son Denis was born--the first great grandson of the Coopers.

Bob and Ruth's move to Camp Verde hadn't proved satisfactory. They sold out and moved to the Salt River Valley where Ruth's family lived.

The twins, Roy III and Rex, were born there in 1950. About this time Bob sold his interest in the ranch to Roy, John and me. Roy, Sr. had died intestate. By Arizona law I owned half of the property, and the other half was distributed to the boys.

Roy, John and I are partners. John is manager. He and Velma have two children, John William II born in 1953 and Mary Catherine, my first granddaughter, came four years later, August 11, 1957.

In May of 1969 Roy was badly injured. He was riding alone, only his two dogs, Jake and Boomer, with him. He "jumped" an orejana heifer that had gotten away from him and John at fall roundup. The heifer didn't act "snuffy," he said, so he started her to the nearest corral. In coming down a hill (At top speed I have no doubt, but he says not.) his horse caught its foot between two rocks and fell. It took his dogs sixteen hours to "howl" us to him. His right leg, yes, the one most affected by the paralysis, was badly broken just above the ankle. When we finally got him to a bone specialist in Phoenix next day, the specialist said he could not pin the bones together because they were too badly shattered. His leg had to be put into a tighter cast than for ordinary breaks. Roy was in the hospital several weeks and wore casts for nearly a year. His knee became stiff and no amount of therapy helped the condition. He walks with a bad limp. He can still ride, but he must have a horse that will stand absolutely still while he mounts--a hard animal to come by.

Like most families, we have had our tragedies and disasters. Roy, Sr.'s tragic death in August of 1939 was the first and worst. He was in an accident at the ranch involving a bucking horse. He was

tangled in his rope and dragged. He lived four hours after reaching the Prescott hospital.

In September of 1970, the headquarters ranch house was swept away in a flash flood. Only Roy, Jr. and I were there. He had not yet recovered from the broken leg and was using an orthopedic walker. We escaped with only the clothes we had on and were lucky at that. It seems ironical that water should destroy our home and all our possessions after the many times we have searched the skies, hoping for rain for the parched earth.

In late 1976 we decided to sell the cattle and lease the range. We kept some land and a few head of cattle. The people who leased the range run steers and seem to be doing well.

After spending fifty-six of my eighty years on a cattle ranch, it is hard to get used to "Not having anything to worry about," my sons and I say.

We still keep up with cattle prices--and aren't they something! In years gone by, we sold by the head--not receiving a great deal--some bringing about $10.00. It was at this time that E. S. Turville (Yavapai County Agent), Roy Hays, Cort Carter, Clarence Jackson and others hit upon the plan of having a Calf Sale. The American National Cattlegrower Organization was in trouble. If they could have just $1,000, it would tide it over. The question was whether we could get a hundred cowmen to donate a calf. These men decided to give it a try. That first year Grace GeNung Chapman and I registered the guests--one hundred fifty-nine! Imagine! One hundred fifty-nine people! And *now?* Two thousand? Anyway, we raised the thousand dollars, and we immensely

enjoyed ourselves doing it. In fact, we had so much fun we decided to do it all over again the next year. From those $10.00 a head steer calves has grown Yavapai County's famous Calf Sale.

Like all of you, I have experienced many changes. Progress! Sometimes I feel defeated by progress. We are fast becoming an *over* populated nation. Our way of ranching is becoming a thing of the past. The urban dwellers must have *space* in which to relax to get away from "smog,11 and the tensions caused by daily "rubbing elbows" with their neighbors. Where will they go to get to these wide open spaces? The government has millions of acres of land. True, we ranchers have it under lease, for which we pay for the privilege of running our livestock thereon. It is not true that we have misused the land. It is to our advantage to take care of it and we all do. The ranchers who use the forest lands are careful to move their livestock off during part of the year, and we who lease BLM, Bureau of Land Management, land have it appraised by the government, and we are told how many cows to the section we can run.

One morning in the spring of 1946 I was ready to mount my horse to go with the roundup crew when a car drove up. A man got out and asked for Mrs. Cooper, Nel S. Cooper. He emphasized the name. I rode back to him. He told me he was from the Federal Land Office and he wanted to know what I intended to do about the *fine* I had not paid the Federal Government for trespassing on their land!

I was flabbergasted. I told him it was the *first* I'd heard of it. When I convinced him I had not received a bill, he presented me with one. It was a staggering amount. When my head cleared a little, I saw

that its location was the Stock Driveway, and I had been "in trespass" since 1919. When I informed the man that I had not lived in Arizona until February of 1923, he said that made no difference, Cooper and Sons had been there then and, "What arrangements do you intend to make to pay your fine?"

I tried to explain that the Coopers were not the only users of that land. At that time the land was all unfenced and cattle as far away as Peeples Valley were gathered there each year.

"That does not concern me," the man replied. "I want an answer at once. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," I told him. "Not until I know more about it." I didn't have the money to pay even a fourth of the fine. I don't remember now, but it was something like $1.50 an acre! And since 1919 to 1946? And we paid the leases, too!

Howard Smith took care of my land leases at that time, so I took my trespass fine problem to him for advice. He was startled. It was the first he'd heard of it. He advised me to wait until he made further investigation.

There was nothing I could do. I didn't have the money, and I doubted that the Bank of Arizona to whom I was mortgaged would lend me the money. Three times more the man came to see me, asking when I would pay my fine.

Each time I told him, "I don't intend to pay it if I can get out of it. I consider it unfair, and I don't have that much money."

In the meantime Howard Smith was doing all he could. First he telephoned the district office in Albuquerque. He found that some

people had paid their fines at once rather than fight it and have something like that hanging over their heads. I didn't pay for more than a year. Then, one day I was notified that all my Federal Leases were cancelled! Just like that--cancelled! Howard was an excellent mathematician. He figured, prorated, taking into consideration all the users of the Stock Driveway through all the years, and he came up with the sum of $73.29! "Make out your check for this amount," he told me, "and be sure you write on it: Paid Under Protest!" I did, and I mailed the check. My Federal Leases were restored. Incident closed.

Last September (1978} I reached my 80th year, and since I am the richest woman in the world when it comes to friends, my birthday was made into an occasion. In fact, I had such a grand time all the month of September receiving cards, messages and gifts, I decided *each* birthday hereafter would be my eightieth. However the fact remains that I was born September 24, 1898. My father was Robert Dee Sweeten, the second son of Noah D. and Sarah Ann Johnson Sweeten. They had six daughters and four sons that reached adulthood. Their home, when my father was born, was near San Antonio, Texas, in Atascosa County. My grandmother died when my father was eleven and is buried in the old Benton City Cemetery a few miles from Lytle, Texas. Noah was a Confederate Veteran. After his wife•s death, Noah,-who had always had an "itching heel," traveled over West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona Territories to California and back, eventually settling at Barksdale in Edwards County.

My father was a Trail Driver. He made his first drive to Dodge City when he was sixteen. He rode for John Chism. When about

eighteen, he went to Willcox, Arizona to work for his cousin "Tiny" Johnson. Most of his family now lived in Edwards County, and he frequently visited them. It was on one of these visits that he met my mother. They were married two years later and although he was in love with Arizona, always wanted to ranch here, she refused to come so far from her people. They established a ranch near Barksdale on Dry Creek and were living there when I was born.

My mother, Birdie Harris, was born near Tilden, Texas. She was the second daughter of the thirteen children of William Thomas and Amanda Young Harris. William Thomas and four of his brothers were veterans of the War Between the States. William Thomas was an infantryman in Hoads Brigade. After the war, William Thomas and a partner established a ranch on one of the islands off the South Texas Coast. It was near enough to the mainland to drive the cattle across at low tide. I believe this island is a state park now--Mustang.

My grandfather had, during the war, received an injury to his eyes, an infection set in, and for a time he was blind. He was forced to leave all operations of the island ranch to the partner while he sought medical aid. The partner proved to be a poor manager or downright dishonest. Whichever, when my grandfather recovered his eyesight and returned, he found his cattle were all gone.

My maternal grandmother was Amanda Young. She was from a ranch-farm in Bexar County near San Antonio, Texas. She had two brothers, Will and Clay (Clabe) Young. They both fought in The War Between the States.

I have four grandsons and two granddaughters. Denis is married to

Rene Ellington. He is a teacher in a public school in Phoenix, and he is a farrier in his "spare time." He has a little girl three years old. There are twins, Roy III and Rex. Roy manages a ranch on the Santa Maria River. He has an infant daughter. These are sons of Bob Cooper. Bob also has an eight-year-old daughter, Nel Sweeten, by his second wife.

John has a son John William II and a daughter, Mary Catherine.

Like all you pioneers I have seen and experienced many changes. My daughter-in-law, Velma, suggests that the title of my autobiography be: FROM PACK MULES TO AIRPLANES, for now John and his son have planes and can fly from Deer Valley Airport to the ranch in twenty-five minutes. By truck it takes three hours to bring in a load of supplies from Phoenix.

No doubt the first airplane to fly over the ranch was in the fall of either 1927 or 1928. I had read about the Yankee Doodle that was preparing a flight from east to west. They intended to break a record. No one was at the ranch that afternoon but my small boys and me. John was an infant, but I determined that he, too, should see this historic plane if it came our way. It did, and when I heard the roar of its engine, I took the baby up from his nap and hurried the other two outside. We saw the small plane. It wasn't very high, and it wasn't moving as fast as planes do now.

The Yankee Doodle reached Los Angeles that evening, and it had broken the speed record. On its return trip we did not see it, but we did hear it just about dark. A week later when I went to Wagoner to pick up the mail, I learned that the Yankee Doodle had flown into a

mountainside on a neighboring ranch that belonged to Frank Shields.

Frank had the sad task of guiding the searchers to the crash site, and he and his young sons packed the bodies of the pilot and owner on their mules several miles to a road where an ambulance waited to take the bodies to the mortuary. In this modern age no pack mules would have been called for. Now a helicopter would have settled at the site.

There are many more things that involved the building of the Cooper Ranch--one during World War II--the Beaver Planting Program, but I'll leave that story a.nd others for my autobiography.

JOHN and LORETTA BELOAT

BUCKEYE, ARIZONA

William R. "Bob" Beloat came to the Liberty area in 1882. He and his wife Mary were married in 1889 and settled in Liberty. They had fourteen children born to them, and twelve of these children lived to maturity. Most of his life was spent in farming the 320 acres he homesteaded when Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States. He raised cattle with the W connected P brand (V-P) on the range he developed on open domain, as far south as the Southern Pacific railroad tracks. In 1923 .Bob turned his farming over to his two sons, John and Arthur, and retired to a.small farm in Escondido, California.

John Beloat was born in the year of 1892 in Mesa, Arizona, where his mother was visiting friends, but he lived most of his life in Liberty, Arizona. He attended the old Liberty Grarrrner School and later attended Lamson Business Colleg·e while living with an uncle in Phoenix, Arizona.

Loretta Parker B loat was born in Palo Verde, Arizona to Charles and Jan Wainscott Parker on October 24, 1893. She lived in many parts of the Buckeye Valley and attended the Tempe Normai School.

On April 23, 1913 John and Loretta Parker were.married in.Buckeye, Arizona. Their four children are Alberta Bales, Johnnie Ma McKibben, Kenneth, and Jim Beloat. The John Beloats had been in the cattle and farming business most of their lives. The ranch nam was Beloat nd Sons. The two cattle brands used were the W connected P (V\P.) and the Lazy S connected to the L '('(\ ).

John and Arthur farmed the ranch toget,her for many years and then

decided to end the partnership. Arthur took the Vanliere Ranch which the partnership had acquired, and John still farmed the rest of the ranch with his two sons, Kenneth "Budge" and Jim. In 1952 John retired and moved to Buckeye, turning the ranch over to his sons.

John was an active civic leader in the Buckeye district for many years. He served with the Underground Water Commission and was a director of the Buckeye Irrigation Company. He was a member of the Buckeye School Board for twenty years, served on the Livestock Sanitary Board when Sydney Osborne was governor of Arizona, and served on the Arizona Cattle Feeders Board from 1934-39 and again from 1941-45. He was Chairman of the Board from 1940 to 1946. He has been a member of the Odd Fellows for over fifty years. He was also trustee of the Methodist Church that he and Loretta attended for many years.

In December of 1973 John sold the ranch to his son-in-law, Wallace Bales, who is carrying on the tradition of farming and cattle feeding. John passed away in 1977 and Loretta in 1978.

John and Loretta Beloat were both members of the Arizona National Livestock Show's Pioneer Organization.

IRENE CORNWALL COFER

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

Irene Cornwall Cofer wrote this story about her family, the Cornwalls, a few years ago.

Rose Imus (Aunt Rosie, as we called her) came to Arizona T rritory as a bride in 1877. Her husband, Ed Imus, had driven cattle to Arizona the year before (1876) and located them at Camp Willow, now known as "The Wi11ows."

Mr. Imus brought his cattle over the established trail from California that most pioneer cattlemen used. The trail entered Nevada in the southwestern part, came through Carson Valley to Rock Springs, California, to Searchlight, Nevada, crossed the river above El Dorado Canyon, and crossed the mountains at Union Pass to Fort Beale (Beal Springs). There was no ferry at El Dorado Canyon at that time, and the Imus brothers lost cattle swimming them across the Colorado River. The main crossing across the Colorado River at that time was at Fort Mohave.

In the year 1884 Aunt Rosie and her three children, May, Nettie, and Charlie, went back to California to visit her family in Chalama Valley, and on her return brought her oldest brother, John Hunt, and her sister, Jennie Hunt, wh later became my mother.

Teachers were scarce in Arizona in the early days, and Jennie Hunt was asked to teach the Sandy school. That would mean a trip by wagon to Mineral Park, the county seat, to take the te acher's examination. The trip would take two days each way: one day from the Willows to Hackberry and one day from Hackberry, via Canyon Statians, to Mineral Park. Mineral Park was just over the mounta'in from Canyon Station, an

old stage and freight stop, and was on what is now the Clyde Cofer ranch, located on the east side of the Cerbat Mountains. There was no town of Kingman at that time.

It took Jennie days to complete her examination, and the time was thoroughly enjoyed by all the young ladies. They were cared for by Mrs. Hyde, who ran a hotel in Mineral Park and was the grandmother of Carol (Shortyl Davis and Raymond Carr.

In 1875 a young bachelor by the name of Ad Cornwall drove cattle from California to Arizona and located his cattle at what is now known as Cornwall Basin. It is located on the Chet Cofer Ranch and is not too far from the Willows. John Fackley, Bill Uhrey, and others were with Mr. Cornwall on this drive. John Fackley had a small herd of cattle and located first at Fackley Spring; where he went after that I do not know.

Ad Cornwall bought a farm on the Sandy from John Slavin where he always made his home, but moved his cattle from Cornwall Basin to Burro Creek. Mr. Cornwall and his brother William, who joined his brother Ad on the Sandy in 1876, ran cattle on Burro Creek for many years. They were partners in the Slavin ranch for a few years, but each had his own cattle.

After Uncle Billy grew too old to take care of his cattle he moved back to Oregon to live with his sister, and the following is copied from a letter he wrote to my sister, Amy Neal, in 1919. (Amy and John Neal were making their home on Burro Creek at this time.)

"I well remember the first bunch of cattle I drove to Burro Creek, Lon Goodman (Ike Goodman's nephew) and I. We drove them over there I

think the same year that John was born, 1881. It was the first bunch of cattle driven to Burro Creek, by white men, at least.

"I well remember how grand old 'Niger Ed' Mountain looked that day as we drove down Cornwall Canyon to Burro Creek.

"'Niger Ed Mountain' then had no name and 'Cornwall Canyon' had no name. I love old Burro Creek, I run cattle there so long and feel that I made what little I have, mostly at Burro Creek. Old Jeff Bland and I were the first two white men to go to the top of 'Niger Ed Mountain.'"

Ad Cornwall not only ran a few cattle and did some farming, but he also had been a schoolteacher. He had taught school in California before moving to Arizona, and he had taught the Sandy's first school. The school was a dugout in the side of a hill, walled up, inside and on one end with rock. The roonf was 12 X 12 feet square, had a dirt floor, and was heated with a fireplace. There were no desks, the pupils sat on benches. Some of the pupils were quite large--one first grader was in his late teens.

This first little place of learning was located on what is now the Dick Banegas place. The ruins are still there but are overgrown with mesquite trees. Mr. Cornwall had walked from his own ranch on the Sandy, a distance of perhaps five miles, to and from the school.

Before teaching school on the Sandy, Ad Cornwall had served a term in the Territorial Legislature in the year 1880. While there he served as Chairman of the Conmittee on Education and on other important committees.

In 1884 Robert Kayser and Gideon Cornell, two old Sandy pioneers, with Ad Cornwall's assistance built an adobe schoolhouse on Chacon

Flat. The room had a pine floor and a shake roof, and had real desks and a blackboard. The children all drank out of the same dipper hanging on a nail above the water bucket that was sitting on a bench in the corner of the room. When one took a cold, they seemed to expect it to go the rounds. No one seemed to think of the dipper having anything to do with the colds.

Anyway, when Miss Jennie came to teach the Sandy school in the fall of 1884, everything was new and shiny.

Bachelor Cornwall soon found that he and the new teacher had many common interests, and he was a frequent visitor at the Frank Cofer ranch six miles below his place, where Miss Jennie was staying.

Many years later I attended the school on Chacon Flat, and I shall never forget the ditch of clear water that ran through a grove of cottonwood and willow trees about two or three hundred feet below the schoolhouse where we would all gather at noon to eat our lunches. After the lunches were eaten, usually out of a lard pail, and the horses where watered at the ditch, we would go to the baseball field for a game of baseball or play hopscotch, marbles, or blindman's buff before the bell rang at one o'clock.

I am getting ahead of my story, so I had better go back to Ad Cornwall and Jennie Hunt before they became my mom and dad.

When Jennie's school on the Sandy was out in the year of 1885, she went up to the Carrow ranch to help Mr. Carrow care for his large family while his wife was ill in a hospital in California. The Carrow ranch was a few miles north of the Cornwall ranch, and Ad Cornwall's horse was often tied at the Carrow's front gate.

The Indians at that time had no schooling and knew little of white people's ways, so when Jennie went to work at the Carrow home they thought she was Mr. Carrow's "New Squaw." When Ad came to call they would go to the field and find Mr. Carrow and tell him that he had better go to the house, that Ad Cornwall was talking to his squaw.

When Mrs. Carrow returned home and was able to take over the care of her family, Jennie went to teach the school at Hackberry. Hackberry was a small mining town with many eligible young men, but Jennie Hunt and Lucy Britton (the late Mrs. Billy Carr) were the only young ladies in the community. Mrs. Carr often told of the many wonderful times they had that winter that Mother taught the Hackberry School.

In the fall of 1886, Ad Cornwall was elected to the position of Joint Councilman of the Northern District of Arizona, and later was President of the {14th) Joint Territorial Council.

Ad planned to go to Prescott (then the capitol of Arizona) early in January 1887 and wanted Jennie Hunt to go with him as his wife. They decided to be married at Jennie's sister's home at the Willows on Christmas Eve, and would go to Prescott after the holidays to spend their honeymoon where Ad would also discharge the duties of his office.

The Hunt family arrived from California to attend the wedding, other relatives and friends had gathered at the Willows, the pantry was full of good things to eat, and everything was in readiness for the ceremony. Mr. Farley, Justice of the Peace at Peach Springs, was the only one available to perform the ceremony and had been engaged by Mr. Cornwall to be on hand. They waited until the wee hours but Mr. Farley did not come.

Christmas morning Jennie, her sister Carrie, Ad, and his brother William drove to Hackberry and found that Mr. Farley and a companion had been lost in a snowstorm the night before, had to be out all night without shelter, and had almost frozen to death. They were able to find their way back to Peach Springs and would come to Hackberry as soon as Mr. Farley had recovered from his ordeal. Jennie Lee Hunt and Adamson Cornwall were married December 28, 1886 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Greele.

Father and Mother took the train to Prescott early in January 1887. They stayed at the Fisher house, and made many lifelong friends while there. Father had served with the eleventh territorial body and so was not a complete stranger at the Capitol. Fort Whipple was active at that time and the social life of Prescott was at an all-time high.

I can remember my father saying that he was more afraid of the ladies' long trains (on their gowns) than he was of a shotgun. He often danced in a cotillion where the ladies wore the long trains, and when they would swing, the trains would wrap around the men's legs. If you tried to go on to swing the next lady, it was easy to see what would happen. Father watched an Army officer from the Fort, an excellent dancer, swing his partner then take a few turns in the opposite direction. In that way the train was unwound and the gentleman was free to go on to the next lady. Knowing how proper my father was, I know he must have suffered until his problem was solved.

After the legislature adjourned, Mother and Father went back to the ranch house built of adobe. The man who built the house, Bill Jennings, was especially good on fireplaces, and I remember that ours didn't smoke.

It was the popular way to heat a house in those days. Folks were lucky when they had a good fireplace and a cook stove. I don't remember anyone having screens on their doors and windows. When one fly can be such a nuisance today, it makes me wonder how people put up with so many flies then.

My memory of our home ranch on the Sandy is a very pleasant one. A barn, saddle horses, corrals, stands of bees, and a wonderful orchard and vineyard; none too large, but adequate for our needs and some for our neighbors. We had three good milk cows, and saddle horses and a good work team. Trucks and tractors were only a dream in those days, and all farm work was done with a team of horses. A good work team, then, was a rancher's pride just as a good rope horse is today.

In later years when I was a young lady old enough to go to dances, the wagon bed would be full of young folks with Daddy on the seat, all singing at the top of our voices. We were all sorry when he stopped going with us. I don't believe that we ever felt we were being chaperoned.

Father bought his brother William's interest in the Slavin ranch; Billy bought the Briggs and Owens ranch directly across the Sandy River from the Cornwall place and moved his family there. This was several years after Father and Mother were married, and Uncle Billy had married a widow with two teenage daughters and one small boy. This ranch was purchased from Dave Nelson who had acquired it from Briggs and Owens.

Father and Mother had six children in the twelve years following their marriage in 1886: Amy, Lane, Irene (me), Mary, Clay, and Clarence (Seb). We first three were born in three years and three months,

almost triplets. The last three were spaced a little farther apart. Mary, the little girl just younger than I, passed away when she was only eleven months old.

We three oldest were a handful and there was nothing in the way of mischief or plain meanness that we didn't think of. We had a wonderful teacher who lived just a mile away. He was a few years older than Amy and a born leader--in the wrong direction. We called him "Doc," and were willing and eager to follow wherever he led. If it was stripping off our clothes in the dead of winter and going swimming in the dam or going wading in the ditch, we never hesitated. All Doc had to do was start and we weren't far behind. He helped us scare our poor Mother and get in bad with our Dad many times in the following few years. I was pretty small, but I remember a couple of these incidents very well.

One day we went out to visit the old Negro who lived in a tent in the field and helped on the ranch. (I was laughed at when I visited in Iowa a few years ago and called their farms "ranches." But I told them that anything over twenty acres was a ranch to me. And it still is.) When we came back to the house my brother, Lane, was reeling and pale, and was a very sick little boy. Our terrified Mother had visions of snake bite or some other terrible thing, so we thought we would ease her mind a bit and told her that the dog had "gone mad" and bitten Lane. A scratch on his leg had given us the idea. Mother thought the dog looked alright, and soon got the truth that Lane had been smoking "Niger Ben's" pipe.

Another time Doc and Lane, with Amy's help, piled boxes just as high as they could reach. Then Amy climbed up and stood on top of the

pile of boxes and let them try to knock her off with a wagon tire. They hit her center, knocking the breath out of her and scattering the boxes over the yard. Daddy came out and spanked Lane and sent Doc home, while Mother had Amy in the house looking for broken bones. I was too little to do anything but trail along and tattle on the others so I usually went free.

An old gentleman by the name of Shadrick Cordey lived with us when I was just learning to talk. "Uncle Shade" had been an Indian scout and could just about outswear anyone of his day. My sister Amy says that was the language I first learned to speak. My dad was a minister's son and I only heard him swear once in my life; that was when the old milk cow got in the garden, and then he didn't know that I was around. Neither he nor my mother believed in swearing. I guess that was the real reason that Uncle Shade found a home elsewhere. That and the fact that when he spit tobacco into the fireplace he often hit the whitewashed wall above, and when my mother tried to wash it off, the wall turned brown. My sister says that when Mother spanked me for swearing I kept tight on. I knew no other language.

After Amy, Lane, and I were out of the diaper stage, babies came to our house about every two years. We always had a lot of questions to ask about how he or she arrived. My father had a wonderful story about the "baby man," and after a baby arrived at our house or at some of the neighbor's, I looked for his wagon wherever I went. He was a real person to me, and I don't remember feeling any worse when the myth was cleared up than I did when I found out about Santa Claus. I believe that in this enlightened age unless they talk, it frustrates or

injures them in some way. I don't know just what it did do to me, believing in the "baby man,"but I know it did something. All the magazines and books couldn't be wrong.

About the year 1889 the Indians in this part of the country started acting strange, and there was rumor and fear of an uprising among the Wallapais. There were a few killings around the country, undoubtedly done by the Indians. I believe the overland stage was attacked at Cottonwood near the Willows and someone was killed. Anyway, the people of the Sandy felt they should take their families to a place where they would be safe in case of an attack. My mother's family were all going to Fort Rock. So Father took Mother and my sister up there and got them settled with the Hunts, the !muses, the Starkeys, the Millers, and others. Lud Bacon owned Fort Rock and was also there to help in case of trouble.

Father, feeling that his family was safe, started back to the Sandy to care for his ranch and cattle. The first night he stayed at Round Valley Ranch, now owned by our son, Chet Cofer.

Lee McGee, grandfather of Sylvester McGee, owned Round Valley at that time, and after a pleasant evening they had all gone to bed. They heard a running horse and when it reached the house a man yelled, "Get up! The Indians are coming!" He was on his way to Sandy to warn the settlers. The man's name was Mark Josephi.

Father was a sensible person, he could hardly believe that the Indians were coming; but he did feel that if there was to be trouble, he should go back to Fort Rock to help protect his family. At daylight he started back via Cottonwood, the old stage route, with only a muzzle-

loading shotgun for protection--not much help for one man against an army of Indians on the "war path." He reached Fort Rock without incident and after two or three weeks they all felt it safe to return to their homes. Later some of our family farted for a few days at Casa Grande near the Willows. This was also a false alarm.

As we grew older our parents wanted more advantages for us than the Sandy offered at that time. So, in the autumn of 1897, Father ran for the office of County Treasurer and was elected. He bought a house in Kingman where the school terms were longer and where we could have religious ad vantages. We looked forward to the change from the country living to living in town, and Mother was as excited as we were. We moved in January 1898 but Mother wasn't with us. She had never been too strong and, after the packing was all done and we had gone down to the Imus ranch to wait for Daddy to come after us, Mother contracted pnuemonia and only lived a few days.

We sent a rider after Daddy and he hired a livery team from Mr. Jim Twiggs, who pwned the livery stable that was located where part of the Central Commercial Store now stands, and brought Dr. Cowie to the Sandy in one day. It was a hard day's drive with a team, and was only attempted when someone was seriously ill. The doctor stayed several days, or until my mother passed away, and treated several others who were seriously ill at that time. Among them was Fred Carrow, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Carrow and a brother of Marie Carrow of Kingman. Fred passed away the day after my mother.

Mother left five small children for Daddy to raise: Amy, age ten; Lane, age nine; Irene (me), age seven; Clay, age two; and Seb, three

months. She was laid to rest in the little cemetery on the Sandy, and it was a sad little family that went to occupy the new house in town. We left the baby Seb with an aunt on the Sandy until he was a year old and Daddy, Amy, and I went down to the Sandy and brought him home.

Father tried many housekeepers with little success until he found Ellen, a little Swedish woman just five feet tall. She had very little education but was a wonderful cook and could sew like a dream. She took over our two babies, and we were a family once more.

In the meantime, Father heard rumors that his cattle were being stolen. State laws on livestock those days were very lax. Cattle and horses could be moved at will, without inspection. If one had time and money the cattle rustlers could sometimes be put behind bars, but Father had neither. He just had to pick up the pieces and start again, not an easy thing to do when you are fifty years of age and have five motherless children to care for. We moved back to the ranch on the Sandy when Father's term of office expired in 1900. He hired Indians to gather what cattle we had left on Burrow Creek at five dollars a head. They gathered sixty-five head in all.

Ellen was with us two and a half years, then she married a man that we heartily disliked so we saw very little of her after her marriage. We let Dad know we felt that he had let us down. We wanted him to marry Ellen. He explained that when we grew older we would not care to have Ellen for our mother and I know now that he was right.

We had the post office, and lots of people came to our house. It was the custom, those days, that anyone that came near mealtime be asked to eat, but cooking was something we didn't know much about, so we would

hide and pray they wouldn't stay. The bean pot was the standby and we just didn't like to pick beans. So we would put it off just as long as we could and douse them good with baking soda. Someone had told us that soda would make them cook quicker (and we had never heard of vitamins). When they were served they sometimes looked pretty black but Daddy ate them and never said a word. Poor Daddy. He deserved his crown.

We didn't like to wash dishes any better than we liked to pick beans. The breakfast dishes were often still on the table when we would look out and see Daddy coming in for lunch. How we would fly around. If we didn't get the dishes all washed, we would stick the rest out of sight until after lunch and he had gone back to the field.

Oh, we had our good days. We would clean the house from end to end. Our closets weren't very big, but we were experts at getting things that didn't look right out of sight. We would put a clean sheet on our dining table, drape another over the mantel, cook the beans the required time, and leave out the baking soda. When Daddy came in his eyes would shine, and he never failed to tell us that we were the best housekeepers in the whole country. This reform would sometimes last several days, or until some of the neighbor kids came over and then we would backslide. We had to play.

Cash was scarce those days, and especially so at our house. Our little eight-dollars-a-month post office and our old sow, Susie, were our greatest sources of supply. Susie usually came through with a big litter of pigs (a bumper crop that never failed). We always had a nice garden, a lot of milk and eggs and usually a sack of jerkey, and our

fruit, so we were really a lucky and healthy bunch of kids. If Susie's pigs weren't sold, they were eaten or traded for something we needed.

After Mother had been gone for several years, we decided to find out what Daddy said when he asked her to marry him. When we really wanted to know anything we were very persistent and not easily discouraged, so at least we gathered this much. He had proposed to Mother on the Old Hackberry Road in Wallapai Valley. He pointed to two small buttes in the valley and told us that was about the spot. When she accepted he sang "Sweet Belle Mahone," a popular song of that day. "Corny," I can hear the kids say, but we thought it very romantic. Some summer evenings when we were sitting on the front porch on the old ranch on the Sandy, we would ask Daddy to sing us Mother's song.

Father was fifteen years older than Mother, but I am sure that they were well suited and happy in spite of the difference in age. He never remarried and if he was ever interested in another woman, his children never heard of it. Father never mentioned the hard time that he had after the death of my mother. He remembered only the good things, and felt that except for her death his life had been quite perfect. He took a trip back to his old home in Oregon just a few months before his death, visited his brother in Berkeley, California, and attended the Democratic Convention at his old college town of Sanoma, California.

He felt that his life had been very full and rich. He passed away in Los Angeles at the home of Lud Bacon in 1923. After he suffered a heart attack at Kingman, Arizona, his daughter Amy Neal took him to Los Angeles for medical treatment. He lived just a month. He is buried on the Sandy. A life well spent.

Irene continued to live on a ranch when she married Clyde Cofer on December 21, 1910. They made their home at the Hot Springs on the Sandy.

Clyde Cofer grew up in the cattle business in Mohave County, Arizona. He was born in Stratford, Iowa, July 11, 1881, the son of Frank Cofer. In 1882 the ofer family started for Arizona. They came as far as Canyon Diablo, New Mexico by train, which was as far as the Santa Fe Railroad had been completed at that time. There they bought wagons and teams and finished the trip to Arizona in three weeks.

On their arrival, Frank Cofer took a contract freighting for the Cedar Mining Company. The following year, 1883, he bought a ranch from Happy Jack Bowman on the lower Sandy, six miles above Signal. This is where Clyde had his first experience with the few cattle his father had accumulated. Later they traded five tons of hay to Levy-Koushlin Brothers for their range rights on Frances Creek.

In 1900 young Clyde moved seventy head of cattle and two saddle horses onto the Frances Creek range. Clyde and his father were co-owners and used the F C brand. Clyde took care of the cattle and worked for forty dollars a month (top wages at the time) for an adjoining cow outfit to keep up with his expenses. By buying up the remnants of small cow outfits and a few head of cattle here and there, he soon accumulated a large spread. The Cofers had four living children, two boys and two girls: Jennie Lee, Sally, Chester, and Dale.

Irene Cornwall Cofer was an author of the book *The Lunch TPee.* She was a descendant of the ill-fated Donner party. Being the third of six children born to pioneers Ad and Jennie Lee Cornwall, she knew the

hardship of a typical pioneer family who went through rough country living cooking for cowboys, washing with a scrub board, cooking over an open fire, and bearing five children--the first baby sucumbing to pneumonia in an era without miracle drugs.

Irene became a member of the Arizona National Livestock Show Living Pioneers in 1976, the year they organized. She appreciated the Jaun Bautista de Anza Medallion they presented her, and was going to have it made into a necklace to wear.

Before she completed her history, she passed away. Her daughter, Jennielee Cofer Bishop, helped finish her story.

"Daddy sold his last ranch (the brand) when he was seventy-nine. He decided it was time to retire. He tried retirement when he sold his Frances Creek Ranch which branded the F C to Bogel Cattle Company in 1946. He was sixty-five at the time and had been on the same ranch for forty-six years. He retired for six months and couldn't stand it, so he bought a ranch twelve miles from Kingman. He and mother built a nice two-story home and enjoyed fourteen years on this ranch. When Dad had to have surgery the folks decided it was time to move back to Kingman, to the home they bought in 1927 when my brother Chet was ready for high school.

"After Daddy passed away when he was eighty-five, Mother remained in their home in town. She spent time with her kids, but not long at a time. She always wanted to go home. Mother was quite well until she was eighty. After that she spent time in Guest Homes, and when she was eighty-five she needed more care than we could give her, so she moved to a nursing home. She passed away in 1978.

"Mother left a great gift to her children when she wrote and had published a book *The Lunch TPee.* We were very proud of her. She was quite a lady.

"My oldest brother Chester, or Chet as everyone calls him, lives at Round Valley Ranch, twenty-five miles from Kingman, with his wife Ada Bishop Cofer. They bought this ranch in 1946. They are hoping to retire in town soon.

"My sister Sarah Ann Edwards, Sally we ca11 her, 1ives in Spokane, Washington. Her husband, "Chuck," is ret· ed from Lockheed as the head of Accounting. My younger brother, W. Dale Cofer, and his wife Louise live in Los Gatos, California. Dale works at Lockheed in Government Security. They are looking forward to retirement in a few years.

"Between the four Cofer children there are nine children, a bunch of grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

"! live in Kingman and thoroughly enjoy town life after thirty-two years on a ranch. My home is like Grand Central. Just the way I like it. I'm not involved in many "clubs," but am trying to put together a book Mother left not quite finished. It is written on all kinds of papers; it will be quite interesting if I ever get it completed. This book will be about Mother and Daddy's first fifty years of their life together. They were married fifty-six years when Daddy left us."

--Jennielee Cofer Bishop

ABBIE (WARE CRABB) KEITH

CHINO VALLEY, ARIZONA

My father, Jaffa G. Ware,,was a farmer from Kentucky. My mother, Mary Olive Starbuck, was a gentile lady from Ohio. I was born in 1888, May 23rd, in Olatha, Kansas.

In 1894 my father made the Oklahoma land rush while Mother and I stayed home awaiting the arrival of my brother, William Hartley Ware, on May 22nd of 1894.

I attended grade school in Perry, Oklahoma and high school in Guthrie. A friend of mine had a brother who worked in Magdalena, New Mexico and said there was an opening in the Forest Service there. In 1909 I moved to Magdalena and took the job. In Magdalena I met Jack (Elbert Harvey) Crabb when he returned from a trip to Washington, D.C.

We were married December 1, 1910 and moved to Gallop, New Mexico. From Gallop we moved to the Windmill Ranch on the Verde River out of Cottonwood. This was the headquarters for the Coconino Cattle Company. Our ranch was the D.K. Outfit and we later bought a small spread and added a slash on the hip to the CK brand. We branded the horses 7-K.

Jack Crabb was born on a Kansas farm July 12, 1881, and when he was 6 years old moved to the Salt River Valley with his parents. His father settled on a farm west of Phoenix and young Jack grew up there, attending school in the winter while working on the farm during his spare time.

Jack was still a young man when his brother, Del Crabb, became interested in cattle ranching in Navajo County, and for a number of years Jack was associated with him in raising range livestock.

Those were the early days of the Forest Service Administration, and the officials were on the lookout for promising young men. Jack attended a number of meetings with other range men, and his intelligence, popularity, and fair-minded attitude, together with his knowledge of range requirements, attracted their attention. He was induced to join the Forest Service in its grazing division.

Entering the Forest Service in early 1908, Jack was assigned to the Washington office in November of the same year to learn the head office operation from Gifford Pinchot and others.

He r.eturned to Arizona as a Range Examiner and, in 1911, was offered the position of supervisor of the Sitgreaves Forest. Jack turned this offer down to go into the Coconino Cattle Company with Pat Hurley and Walter Miller, their range running from the Verde Valley to Rogers Lake south of Flagstaff. While in'the Forest Service in those years is when I met Roscoe Willson, who wrote many stories in the "Arizona Days and Ways."

Elbert Hartley, Jr., our son, was born in 1911 and we lost him in 1913. A daughter, Sylvia Olive, was born in 1913 and passed away in 1915. In 1915 we adopted Saralee, one day old, and Verna May, five and one-half years old, who were Jack's brother's children. Their mother died of childbirth during the flu epidemic.

We spent our winters on a ranch in the Verde Range, nearest points were Jerome and Clarkdale. Our summers were enjoyed 3,000 feet higher at our ranch home near Flagstaff.

We had no radio, no newspaper, no phonograph, and no telephone at the lower ranch. No public library. Magazines included the *SatUl'day*

Evening Post and *La.dies Home Journal,* when we had the time to pick up the mail. Since then I've often thought what a radio would have meant to us.

As far as transportation, for pleasure I took the buggy; for supplies we sent the wagon into town, 20 miles round trip. It was not a time just to be traveling around; when we stocked up on groceries (twice a month), it was in bulk quantities--100 pounds of potatoes, for instance.

In 1914 we bought a Hupmobile car--the ranchers liked the Hupmobile because it was built high and could clear the uneven ground better. Of course when we had a car and were called from Flagstaff to Phoenix on business, it would take two days and a night traveling at 20 to 25 miles an hour. There was no pavement and we didn't dare go any faster.

Once in 1915 my husband and I took two of our cowboys to San Francisco. It really was an experience. We drove to Jerome. Then to Los Angeles we rode the Santa Fe, a narrow-gauge train which wound and wound and barely crept along. The Los Angeles train to San Francisco went a little faster.

On the ranch we killed our own beef. We'd hang a quarter of beef in a tree overnight, then in the morning cover it with canvas and take it to the cool, rock storeroom for keeping. Beef was the staple of our diet, usually served besides dinner, at breakfast. I cooked in a wood range which had no temperature control, you just had to know either by putting your head in the oven or learning how much wood (Juniper and Oak) to put in. No broiling, of course, was possible; frying was done in suet and bacon grease. We always had hot biscuits. I baked all our

bread, including sourdough bread.

Milk products came from several milk cows on the ranch; the butter I churned myself. We could buy canned vegetables at the store, and fruit included a lot of dried fruit.

No electricity necessitated everyone having a refrigerator standing on their porch. It was a big box and worked on the principle of water dripping onto burlap which covered the box, and when the breeze hit the wet cloth, it produced a cool box interior. There we kept milk, butter and the like. I cooked only for my family; the bunkhouse which housed the cowboys ha its own cook.

Our clothing was ready-made, and sometimes we bought patterns and made our dresses. Some people bought from catalogs but that didn't appeal to me. In general I think we tried to support, back then, our home-town merchants more than people do nowadays.

On fashions, I have to smile when I ee women in shorts and short skirts now. I can remember riding to Cottonwood once in riding pants--before the divided skirt. People looked at me so funny. Of course, there's a little difference in time. I washed on washboards and ironed with three sad irons I kept hot on top of the range; when one was in use, two were heating. With these modern appliances I performed such miracles as ironing 12 starched petticoats.

It never seemed as if we worked all the time. There always was free time for knitting during the war, reading, making jellies and jams. In the winter when we moved down to lower ground, I remember leaving beef kidneys in the trees for the birds to eat while we were gone; they loved the fat. We got up early in the morning and went to bed early at

night. You know, you don't mind anything if you don't know any better. Have times changed? Yes, some. Many ranchers that had no electricity now have their own electric plants at the ranch. Electric freezers replaced my old rock storehouse.

It was in 1920 just after we had gone to the Verde Valley that our house burned to the ground. The fall before, it snowed so, that we drove a wagon and mules to Flagstaff to vote.

In July 1921, Jack died of a ruptured appendix while riding horseback. My parent, who had lived at the Windmill Ranch, and I moved to Phoenix and purchased a 5-acre peach orchard on 7th Street and Glendale Avenue in 1922.

I went to work for the Cattle Growers in 1923 when they were in the Berry Hill Building at $75.00 a month, and also worked across the hall for the Industrial Commission for $75.00 a month to make ends meet. Later the Cattle Growers moved to Madison and Central Avenue.

In 1930 I married John Murray Keith, a Benson rancher, and gained two more daughters, Murray Louise and Lillian Agnes. Lillian married Frances Estan Imler in 1934 and had two sons, Estan, Jr. and George. Louise married Charles Day and had two sons, Charles (Penny), James (Jimmy), and a daughter, Sherry Ann.

Saralee married Ross Hart Perner II, and Verna May married Richard Henry Slagle in a double wedding June 27th 1937. Sharalee has two daughters, Sharen Patricia and Bonnie Karen, and a son, Ross Hart III, that we all call Butch. Verna May's two children are Kenny and Bonnie.

When I went to work for the Arizona Cattle Growers, all of the cattle ranches and people became part of me. I helped publish a small,

letter-size market report once a week. Soon we started a Weekly Market Report and newsletter that filled four legal-size pages. The report was widely read and was the ranchers' bible. It helped bring the ranchers together. It listed sales around the state and newly reported brands. We listed want ads, kept the ranchers informed of the legislative actions, and informed them of meetings and convention sites. I would visit with the ranchers when they came into the office and they would tell me things that happened to them and their ra ch operation. They would always say "don't put that in the newsletter." But they watched for the letter to see if anything was in about their visit to the office.

We soon had such an influx of material coming that we needed another way to keep the ranchers informed. This is when the *Cattlelog* was born.

It has no axe to grind,
It's too young to have a policy,
It's just a baby feeling its way.

It belongs to the members of the
Arizona Cattle Grower's Association,
And will grow in the way
They wish it to go.

After a half year had passed since the *Arizona Cattlelog* came off the press and its history made, we took out time to express our appreciation to all who have contributed to whatever success it merits.

Most of the articles have come spontaneously from the hearts of our members and friends, a few have come by invitation, and no one yet has turned us down. Norman Fain was president of the Arizona Cattle Growers when the first issue came off the press. Miss Catherine Cundiff was my assistant secretary.

You might want to know who was the first president of the Arizona Cattle Growers. Judge Edward R. Monk was elected president in 1903. He was born in Stark County, Ohio in 1852. After he graduated from the University of Michigan Law School, he practiced in both Des Moines, Iowa and St. Louis, Missouri. Poor health forced him to come to Arizona. When moving to Arizona the Judge founded the Monk Ranch. He stocked it with cattle bought from his neighbors at the famous San Bernadina Ranch, and successfully fought a struggle against both nature and hostile men to increase his herds and build up his holdings. His health soon improved. Upon his retirement from the office of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association, a resolution of thanks was given him for his outstanding service during the forming of the Association and for his efficient work in furthering the interests of the organization in its first year. Death in 1924 at the age of 73 ended the long and distinguished career for this Pioneer, whose efforts, along with those of many others, helped develop Arizona's thriving livestock industry.

In September of 1948 the directors of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association met at Jacobs Lake. The view of the Grand Canyon from the North at that time was magnificent; more beautiful, we thought, than from the South Rim, which may partly be because too many buildings and commercial enterprises have sprung up along the South Rim. We liked the Grand Canyon best as nature left it, rim and all. There was the largest attendance of Officers, Directors, and Committee Chairman that have ever attended a board meeting; all officers and all but two directors were there.

However, the account of the meeting will not be complete without

mention of the classy, down-to-the-minute, beautiful, new, two-tone gray Chevrolet automobile which changed hands up there. It came as a gift from all of the members of the Association to my hand, a complete surprise.

At the banquet President Carlos Ronstadt called me up on the carpet and I thought maybe I was getting fired (goodness knows its time), but instead he handed over a set of shiny new keys with a certificate of title and said, "There is a Fleetline four-door sedan outside, a gift from the members of this Association to you." It was made special and came from the factory with my name on it. It has everything that could be found to add to your comfort and convenience in driving. It had a heater so you can go to the tops of the mountains in winter, and a cooler so you can go to Yuma (or stay in Phoenix) in summer; it had a visor to keep out the sun, side mirrors, and a glare-control rear mirror; it had a steering-wheel controlled radio so you could keep up with the news, air-cushion Lifeguard tires, and nylon seat covers; it had a whistling emergency brake; a windshield washer; a rear light for backing in the night and a spotlight for dark places. It also had full coverage insurance and a credit card for 100,000 miles of driving. Of course when I got behind the wheel of this beautiful new car I had to give up my 1935 Tortuga parked behind. Tortuga had 81,000 miles and I wouldn't want her to feel that I was transferring my affections to another. Anyway, Tortuga was happy at the time. She had had some slight operations on her innards, a few adhesions loosened up here and there, and a stitch or two to save nine. She had a facial, she acts and looks like she was new, and she has a lovely new owner who knows

her well and will 'cherish her, too.

Of my many years with the Arizona Cattlegrowers as their Secretary I would like to tell a little of some of the ranchers I visited. The Long Meadow Ranch was owned by Sue Wilson and the year of 1958 Jack and Ann Dew were managers. At that time Long Meadow Ranch lyed in Williamson Valley 22 miles northwest of Prescott. As we topped over the hill we could see many cars with trailers hitched on behind, indicating that they came with the anticipated pleasure and satisfaction of taking home some fine new Herefords to introduce into their herd. On the end of the big sale building which we should not be calling a barn at all, was partitioned off to make a kitchen and dining area. We were soon conscious of following our noses in that direction and found a huge stove with 25 to 50 beef burgers sizzling away. Positively, these were the best burgers we ever ate, so thick and such good seasoning. Several roasters held fresh baked beans; the cook admitted he just threw in some onions, catchup, some tomato sauce, and a this and that. Emily Oswald, who always done all the work around the Cattle Growers office, says she thought all we did at the sales is eat. Anyway, that's what we always talked most about.

All the houses at Long Meadow are on hills so you can see 'way into the distance, and a11 the homes had picture windows on every side. We've often wondered why people build gorgeous homes with solid walls and then cover the wall with man-painted pictures when a hole in the wall and a pane of glass brings in beautiful, ever-changing landscaping no hand can paint. Some of the cattle that were purchased that day went to E. B. Clark of Elgin; the Bar T Bar, Winslow; O'Haco and Chilson,

Winslow; Yardley Bros. of Beaver, Utah; Steve Bixby, Globe; Harry Brown, Payson; J. R. Carter, Snowflake; A. D. Clark, Fairmont Farms, Riverside, California; and J. N. Cockran, Camp Verde.

After I had worked with the Cattle Growers for thirty-five years and raised all of their sons and daughters, and some of their grandchildren, they surprised me with a thirty-fifth year party. And don't let anyone tell you that Cattle folks can't keep a secret. They planned a beautiful dinner and banquet for 600 cattle people under my nose. I was either very unsharp at the time or un-observant. (Henry Boice was President in 1923 and his son is now President in 1979, Fred Boice.)

I understood that Peggy Smith, secretary for Hebbard and Webb, did most of the foot (and hand) work, getting ready for the party, which entailed endless letter writing, Peggy Drumm, Secretary of the Arizona Cattle Feeders, and Emilie Oswald of the Cattle Growers office, and Sam McElhany's Flower Shop furnished all the beautiful flowers for the tables. Bud Brown brought his famous orchestra as a courtesy to the party and later in the evening we all danced. Bud and Dot Webb escorted me to the party.

Several of the past presidents made speeches, and as I sat there listening in amazement to all those fine things they were saying I thought of something I heard years ago. A no-account old fellow died after too many years of over-exposing himself to alcoholic beverages. He had never provided for his poor neglected wife and his seven hungry children and, as they sat on the front row of the funeral parlor, the poor widow could hardly believe her ears as she listened to the

preacher expounding his virtues, telling what a kind and loving husband and father, he would be missed by everyone in the town. Finally not being able to stand the suspense any longer, she whispered to her oldest son, "Jimmie, go up there and peek in the coffin and see if that's really your paw."

Hearing all those past President's fine speeches, I thought I should have taken a peek at myself to see if it was really me. At that time I treasured the memory of each president and each member in my heart. I thought then it will take another 35 years of hard work to pay back all of them.

The following day it was hard for me to get back to working the Cattle Growers business that I was hired in the first place to do.

Dick Schaus went to work shortly after World War II, and every time I left to go to a meeting or convention I would sometimes go by and pick up Dick and his camera, and off we went. At that perticuler time we were on our way to the Greenlee County Cattle Growers for a Summer meeting. We drove as far as Clifton that evening and spent the night at the Coronado Inn. We visited with Kathleen and Fred Fritz before we went to bed that evening. The next morning after breakfast we started up the Coronado Trail. I should have known every turn in the trail by now, traveling it so many times, but each sharp turn got a little sharper and I find myself paying closer to the driving detail. I don't wish to dump my passengers into the great blue yonder, which is about all we can see as I hug the mountain side of the road.

Coming back at night on the jump off edge, only the law of self-preservation keeps us from missing a turn somewhere along the way.

We arrived at Grey's Peak, almost the first, but cars kept coming until there were more than at any other summer meeting. More than 250 Cattlemen, Cowbelles, and Juniors came to Greenlee County and some from adjoining counties, too. Ernest Browning was president at the time of the 1962 summer meeting and he was the main speaker. The First National Bank sent a band down from Phoenix for dancing. Everybody big and the very little had a wonderful time dancing. We wondered what kept some of the small frys from being tromped, but they managed--better than we did. During one intermission we saw a first-class fight and thought they'd kill each other off, as they rolled and tumbled over the big boulders. No one had any idea what the fight was about but after awhile the two of them got up, brushed off, and shook hands. So whatever the disagreement, it was satisfactorily settled.

We slid off the mountain and into bed in the wee hours, so didn't start too early the next Sunday morning for Phoenix. Those were good times back when everyone wasn't rushing here and there to get things done they could have waited and done tomorrow.

I officially resigned from the Arizona Cattle Growers in October of 1963, after forty years as Secretary. I was pleased with my replacement.

The following are comments from Bill Davis, the new secretary, written for the *CattZeZog* with the heading "New Assignment with a Challenge."

"As my first offering to the pages of the *Arizona CattieZog* I'd like to just ramble around a little bit and express a few thoughts.

"No doubt Arizona cattle people will look critically at someone'

who attempts to take Mrs. Keith's place. And for good reason. What a tremendous job she has done down through the years--and now she will be missed! It would be oth foolish and egotistic for me or anyone to feel we could take her 'place.' Nor is my intention to attempt to do so. There will always be a very special place for Mrs. Keith in the hearts of everyone who knows her. I know I will be counting on her sound advice and wise counsel in the days and years ahead."

Another comment came from a very disturbed Junior Cattle Grower, David Kennedy, son of Mr. and Mrs.. Jack Kennedy. "I received word that Mrs. Keith has resigned. I have enclosed a note to her. I would appreciate it if someone in the office would address it for me. I believe that everyone will miss her for she is a fine person. I have also heard that Mr. Davis is now with the Association. Best wishes to him, Mr. Schaus and Mrs. Oswald. I wish you all good luck in keeping the *members from going broke.*"

Editor's Note: At the Yuma convention, December 1963, President Ernest Browning presented Abbie with a framed honorary life membership certificate in the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association. This made her very happy, and when she is far away from home she will be proud to show her membership card as a mark of identification. Members have often said it is the most highly respected card they carry in their wallets.

At the same time the State Cowbelles presented Abbie with a beautiful inscribed gift, a silver tray. The Arizona Junior Cattle Growers presented her with a plaque made of mahogany wood carved in the shape of a bull; on the front is a gold plate engraved with a special message of a preciation from the Juniors.

After Abbie gathered up all of her things from the office and returned to her home on East Hoover, she wondered what she would do with her time. Well it did not take long; in fact, four months later she wrote a story for the *CattZeZog.*

Tripping
by
Abbie Keith
1964

"It has been almost four months since I retired from the Cattle Growers office, and I think maybe I should report to my family who have meant, and will always mean so much to me. For several months before leaving the office I worried a good bit about what would happen to me if I couldn't come down to the office every morning, the office was 'a way of life' instead of a job.

"WHAT WILL I DO WITH MY TIME? I asked myself. Finally, I decided I would walk two miles each day. That would give me good exercise and use up some of my time. Well, I haven't walked around the block yet. I had a lot more time when I was working every day, and if I didn't like the folks in the office so well, I'd probably go down there and try to get my old job back!

"I do miss the personal contacts each day as members dropped in the office, and I miss the many letters the mailman brought every morning telling of your problems, your hopes and plans, but I haven't been unhappy for a single day. More things keep coming up and now I'm starting to worry for fear I won't live long enough to get everything done that I want to do.

"I decided that with my Car No. 4 I would ride the Chuck line.

Bill Davis and Dick Schaus had delivered it the day before Christmas. It was a white Chevey II."

Abbie Keith then spent many years visiting her friends in nursing homes and working at the Maricopa County Hospital. She spent a lot of time visiting her daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

In 1972 Abbie again wrote for the April issue of the *Cattlelog*, for the Board of Directors voted to have the Association office receive contributions for a new car for Mrs. Keith. The car was delivered and Mrs. Keith's comments followed.

"I wish I knew how to say THANK YOU in a thousand different dialects because it would take that many and more to express my thanks for my new beautiful Chevy Nova, Car No. 5. Stuart Krenz (ACGA treasurer) called me on the phone and said he wanted my car. I said, 'Of course, Stuart, you may have it,' but I wondered to myself if the First National Bank, of which Stuart is a VIP, had run out of cars. Stuart then said

onto his pack the prettiest automobile in the world; but there were so many more people in 1971 to distribute presents to that his pack was over-loaded and flew open, and my new car fell off into outer space.

"Then Santa Claus had to call on his deputies, Louis and John Sands Chevrolet Company in Glendale, to help him find my new car.

"On Friday, March 10th, 1972 Henry Boice telephoned and said if I would pick him up at the Adams Hotel we would pick up my new car.

"When we got to the Sands Motor Company in Glendale, there it was, the loveliest blue car you ever saw--a 4 door, 8 cylinder Chevy Nova. Full of fancy gagets. If you don't put on the seat belts it still screams; if you don't take out the key it screams.

"As Henry and I were recalling old times, I reminded him that it was 49 years ago that he asked me to come to work in the Arizona Cattle Grower's office. Very few who were members 49 years ago are living today.

"This is a different world and the cattle business is very different than it was in 1923. I lived on a cattle ranch in Northern Arizona from 1911 to 1921 so I can compare conditions then to now. There were no fences, everybody's cattle ran together. A cow could go for miles if she smelled a blade of grass. There were far too many cows, but no one would try to cut his herd down for that would only benefit his neighbors.

"The girl who had been working in the Cattle Growers office in 1923 made such a serious mistake that they fired her. She quoted a sale of cows @1½¢ per lb. when the price was only 1¢ per lb. A lot of members wrote in to find out who would pay 1½¢ because up to then the

1¢ was as much as anyone would pay.

"That was about the time Henry asked me to come to work in the Cattle Grower's office. I made plenty of mistakes in the next 40 years but they let me stay anyway.

"I remember every spring seemed to be a drought. There wasn't any supplemental feed to buy. If there had been, everybody's cattle for miles around would have to come to help eat it.

"In about 1920, cotton gins started grinding seed and making nut cake, big hard nuggets that we scattered in the bull pasture in the spring so the bulls would get in better shape. Cottonseed came at a later date.

"Dan Fain was ranching in the Camp Verde Country when an old cowboy told him that down in Texas they mixed the meal with salt and fed it to some poor cows and the cows lived. Dan came to our office to tell us. He said, 'My cows were dying of starvation anyway so I decided I'd just as well help them die quicker. I put some cottonseed meal and salt in a trough in a small pasture where I had some awful poor cows. They started to gain right away.' Salt was added to the meal as a limiting factor so the cows would not eat too much because cottonseed was s pposed to make cows go blind.

"It was in 1919 that some ranchers, with the help of the Forest Service, built a 60 mile drift fence across the northcentral part of Arizona. Some ranchers in the area opposed the drift fence idea; they wanted the country left wide open so their cattle could run everywhere. Any rancher who could was fencing larger pastures to better control his cattle, but it was slow, hard work, cutting posts with an axe, digging

post holes with a shovel, and stretching barb wire by hand or with the help of a saddle horse.

"Of course, there were no trucks. If you wanted to move cattle, you drove them. The only classes of cattle sold were steers, 2s and up, and cows. Any sales contract specified 'delivered at the railroad' and night herding.

"Sometimes a rancher would ship his cattle to Kansas City or Denver, and go along with them on the freight train. Too often, on his return, he would report that his cattle hit a very poor day and didn't bring enuf money to pay the freight.

"A cow was a rancher's capital. She had to pay for everything on the ranch. In a drought cows would grow poorer and poorer, weaker and weaker. They would wade into a tank for a drink and bog down, and some timesthey would die there, unless you happened to see them and had a good saddle horse and a stout rope to pull them out. Then hey'd often try to fight you with their last breath.

"Sometimes a cowboy would come riding in after a hard day's work with a baby calf in front of his saddle. He'd say the calf was trying to suck its dead mother and he couldn't bear to leave it for the coyotes to eat.

"In the spring of 1921 Jack Crabb, who was then President of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association, made a trip to Montana and Wyoming trying to find a market or an exchange of cattle for grass. The range feed in those states was excellent but they had very few cattle. Arizona, on the other hand, was in the middle of a disastrous drought, with far too many cattle. Later that year some of those northern

cattlemen came down and offered $25.00 a head for yearling steers. That sounded fantastic, for up to then there had been no demand at all for anything younger than a 2-year-old steer. If anyone had suggested that some day weaner calves would be Arizona's stock in trade, his head would have been examined.

"Until about 1930 hamburgers had not been invented. A plaque should be hung in the Hall of Fame for the man who started grinding beef and making hamburgers. Bulls had beeh made into bologna, and hogs were ground into sausage, but no one ever heard of or tried grinding beef. Think of the cows that could have been ground into hamburgers that were left to die on the range! Give the kids an award., too, for they always order a hamburger.

"Anybody want to trade today's problems for the GOOD OLD DAYS?

"I started to say Thank You for my new car before I got carried away about the ancient and medieval history, and haven't yet found the right words., so please keep the coffee pot on--I'll come by and say Thank You."

Abbie did visit many of the cattle people and their coffee pot was always on. She is still driving her little blue Chevy Nova and, in May of 1978 at the age of 90, she received her driver's license for three more years.

I had the pri ilege of traveling, with Abbie to 11 of the state conventions and summer meetings at Spri,ngervine for fifteen years, as I started riding with her in 1963. She has traveled with me forthe last five years to the Cattlemen's doings. I think I am correct fo saying Abbie is the.oldest living person that is still at ending the

Cattle Grower's Meetings. She missed the SulTITier Convention in Springerville as she said she had a "catch in my get-along." This was the first time she missed the suIT1Tier meeting.

Abbie moved to Chino Valley to live in a beautiful double-wide trailer beside her daughter, Mrs. Sally Perner, in 1974. She started working immediately in the Veteran's Administration Hospital, Fort Whipple, at Prescott. There she runs errands for the patients, reads to them, delivers their mail, and any other things the hospital calls upon her to do. She received a 1,000 hour certificate for her efforts.

Her daughter Verna May has retired and lives nearly in shouting distance, also in Chino Valley. Her other daughter, Lillian, still lives in Phoenix. Mary and Lucia Bonvicini are her constant visitors and companions.

Abbie has truly lived up to her image. She is the mother of the cattle industry in the State of Arizona.

Betty Accomazzo

C H A R T E R M E M B E R S

0 F T H E

L I V I N G A R I Z O N A P I O N E E R S

ACCOMAZZO, DELLA, Cashion, AZ
ADAMS, LLOYD, Dragoon, AZ
ADAMS, MARK, Globe, AZ
AMALONG, WALTER, Willcox, AZ
ANDERSON, ALBERT, st. Johns, AZ
ANGULO, GABRIEL, Nogales, AZ

BANTA, NADIA, Patagonia, AZ
BARNEY, ELSIE MAY, Tucson, AZ
BARROW, SAM
MABLE, St. David, AZ
BARTH, JACOB, st. Johns, AZ
BECKER, E. C., Springerville, AZ
BELOAT, ARTHUR, Scottsdale, AZ
BERCICH, GEORGE
BESS, Patagonia, AZ
BEHGIER, LAURA, Patagonia, AZ
BETTS, FLOYD, Mesa, AZ
BINGHAM, FLOYD
MRS., Tucson., AZ
BIRDWELL, BOB
GRACE, Safford, AZ
BLAIR, OSCAR, Safford, AZ
BOJORGUES, ALBERT, Bullhead City, AZ
BOURNE, EULALIA, Mammoth, AZ
BOZARTH, ASA, Prescott, AZ
BRIMHALL, JOSEPH T.
FLORENCE MAY, Taylor, AZ
BROCKETT, FREDERICA B.,Glendale, AZ
BROOKS, JACK
LULA MAE, Cave Creek, AZ
BROPHY, MRS. FRANK, Sr., PHX, AZ

BROWNING, ERNEST
POLLY, Willcox, AZ
BRYANT, CHARLES RAND
ISABELL., Pinedale, AZ
BRYCE, ANDY, Pima, AZ
BRYCE, "Jack" ALMA JOHN, Pima AZ
BRYCE, WILLIAM E., Pima, AZ
BURKE, JESS, Alpine, AZ
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BACON, JOHN A., Apache Jct., AZ
BANGS, MRS. ANN, Nogales, AZ
BARTMUS, DORA, Kingman, AZ
BELOAT, JOHN
LORETTA, Buckeye, AZ
BENEGAS, DICK, Kingman, AZ
BOZARTH, ORVILLE, Prescott, AZ
BROPHY, FRANK, Sr., PHX, AZ

CAMPBELL, FRANCIS, Sr., Wendell, IA
CARRINGTON, JANE, Sonoita, AZ
CARSON, LOREN, Kingman, AZ
CARTER, CORT
MRS., Kirkland, AZ
CARTER, EARL
MRS., Kirkland, AZ
CARTER, JAMES RANDAL
THELMA, Meas, AZ
CHAPMAN, IDA, PHX, AZ
CHAMPIE, LAWTON, Morristown, AZ
CHAPPELL, RALPH, PHX, AZ
CHARLES, PERL, PHX, AZ
CHAVEZ, JAMES, PHX, AZ
CHEATHAM, ARETA, Laveen, AZ
CHILSON, EMMA, Winslow, AZ
CLARIDGE, GEORGE B., Thatcher, AZ
CLARIDGE, ORSON, Duncan, AZ
CLARK, ELVIS L.
MARY, Globe, AZ
CLARK, JOSEPH HOWARD, Willcox, AZ
CLARK, NEWELL C,
NEPPIE, Tucson, AZ
CLINE, ROXIE ANN, Tonto Basin, AZ
COLLIE, STONE
FERN B,, Elgin, AZ
COLTER, BERT, Springerville, AZ
CONLEY, ELLIS D., Buckeye, AZ
CONLEY, MRS. R, H., Buckeye, AZ
CONWAY, LULA JANE, Tonto Basin, AZ
COOK, JEAN, Pima, AZ
COOK, MARK A., Willcox, AZ
COOK, THOMAS E.
FLORENCE E., Pima, AZ
COOK, W. L. "Tay", Willcox, AZ
COOPER, NELS., Kirkland, AZ
CORDES, CLAIRE CHAMPIE, Glendale, AZ
CORDES, HENRY, Mayer, AZ
CORNELUIS, PAUL
MRS., PHX, AZ
COSPER, EDNA, Duncan, AZ
COSPER, JAMES A., Clifton, AZ
COSPER, JOHN, Clifton, AZ
COSPER, MARY, El Paso, TX
COSPER, WAYNE, Clifton, AZ
COSTELLO, MADELINE, Tombstone, AZ
COWAN, MATTIE, Douglas, AZ
COWDEN, E. RAY
RUTH REED, Scottsdale, AZ
CRAWFORD, VERNA M., Joseph City, AZ

CRAWLEIGH, PEARL, Prescott, AZ
CROSBY, GEORGE, E., Mesa, AZ
CUMMINGS, INEZ, Nogales, AZ
CURRENS, JACK
MRS., Buckeye, AZ
CURTIS, MILTON
ALICE, St. David, AZ
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CHILDERS, HOWARD, Payson, AZ
CHOATE, MILES, Chochise, AZ
CLINE, GEORGE, Tonto Basin, AZ
COFER, IRENE CORNWELL, Kingman, AZ
COOPER, CHESTER, Globe, AZ
CORDES, FRED JAMES, Glendale, AZ
COUCH, PEARL, Buckeye, AZ
COWAN, RALPH C., Douglas, AZ
CRAWFORD, WALLACE, Joseph, City, AZ

D'ALBINI, CLARA, Hereford, AZ
DAY, HARRY A., Duncan, AZ
DeBORDE, FAY EDNA, Willcox, AZ
DeLaOSSA, ROSAMEL, Patagonia, AZ
DENHAM, VIRGIL
FLORENCE ISSACSON, Snowflake, AZ
DEW, MRS. JACK, Mesa, AZ
DuBOIS, JESSIE, Willcox, AZ
DUKE, CARRIE, Buckeye, AZ
*
DANDREA, CHARLIE, Mayer, AZ
DENNY, W. CLARENCE, Prescott, AZ
DOUGLAS, BILL, Sonoita, AZ
DOUGLAS, ERNIE, PHX, AZ

EDWARDS, CORALEA, Duncan, AZ
ELLISON, BUSTER, "Travis", Globe, AZ
ELLISON, SLIM, Globe, AZ
ELRAGE, BONNIE, Clifton, AZ
ENZENBERG, ORION J.
OSCEA, Sonoita, AZ
ERICKSON, BEN, Willcox, AZ
ESCPULE, ERNEST, Tombstone, AZ
EVANS, A.A. GUS
ETHLE, Tempe, AZ
EVANS, MYRPYLE, Payson, AZ
EVERHART, CORA, Sonoita, AZ
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EVANS, CLAUD, Payson, AZ

FLEMING, PETE, Willcox, AZ
FOOTE, GERALD, Safford, AZ
FOREMASTER, LINDAU, st. George, Utah
FOREMASTER, PHILLIP, st. George, Utah
FRERICHS, W. F.
HAZEL C., PHX, AZ
FRITZ, FRED
KATHLEEN, Clifton, AZ
FULCHER, MAGGIE, Duncan, AZ
FULLER, LESTER Sr., PHX, AZ
FULLMER, BESSIE, Willcox, AZ

GARDNER, H. A.
MRS., Willcox, AZ
GARDNER, EUDORA L., Kingman, AZ
GARDNER, GAIL
DELIA GIST, Prescott, AZ
GARDNER, IVY B., Chandler, AZ
GATLIN, LEOTA, patagonia, AZ
GIBSON, FRANK
MRS., Snowflake, AZ
GIBSON, IRVING, Heber, AZ
GILLIT, STERLING VERN
CARRIE Globe, AZ
GILPIN, RUSH
FLORENCE E., Safford, AZ
GOSWICK, MERL ALLEN, Mayer, AZ
GRANTHAM, GEORGIA BELLE BAKER, Young,AZ
GRANTHAM, R. M., Globe, AZ
GYBERG, R. LOUISE, Cornville, AZ
*
GILES, JACK, Pearce, AZ
GOSWICK, GILS WESLEY, Mayer, AZ

KEITH, ABBIE, Chino Valley, AZ
KEITH, MARION, Benson, AZ
KELLIS, MAMIE, Bagdad, AZ
KENDALL, GLADYS, Tombstone, AZ
KENNEDY, VERNON H.
FRANCIS, Duncan, AZ
KLEEK, J. H. "Jess", PHX, AZ
KOONTZ, CLIFFORS, Mayer, AZ
*
KANE, ROBERT E., Patagonia, AZ
KUNDE, GERTURDE, Patagonia, AZ

LANE, ELVIE J., Willcox, AZ
LARSON, MORONI, Safford, AZ
LAWRENCE, MRS., Douglas, AZ
LAZAR, JOE, Florence, AZ
LAZAR, WELLBANKS, Payson, AZ
LeSUEUR, BRUCE
ILA, Eagar, AZ
LEVERTON, JOHN, Scottsdale, AZ
LINDSEY, EUNICE PARKER, Tombstone, AZ
LOCKWOOD, SARA BABE, Payson, AZ
LOGSDON, BILL, ingman, AZ
LONG, MRS. MARSHALL, Buckeye, AZ
LUND, ELLIS, Eagar, AZ

LANG, WALTER, PHX, AZ
LEE, C. F., Holbrook, AZ
LEONARD, VIRGIL, Pima AZ
LONG, MARSHALL, Buckeye, AZ

MANESS, DELBERT, Duncan, AZ
MARTIN, IDA B. "Sis", Payson, AZ
MATLEY, ALBERT, Prescott, AZ
MATLEY, JOHNNIE, Prescott, AZ
MATTICE, WARNER B.
JANET T., Pima, AZ

McGEE, CHARLIE, Chino, Valley, AZ
McINTYRE, JOHN R., Patagonia, AZ
McKEE, MRS., Buckeye, AZ
McKELVEY, WILMER, Duncan, AZ
McLAIN, LLOYD, Globe, AZ
McMILLIAN, E. E., Elgin, AZ
Mc PEETERS, CLAUDE, Willcox, AZ
McQUERRY, HAZEL Barney, Benson, AZ
MEDO, EDA, Yarnell, AZ
MEISTERHANS, EMEL, st. David, AZ
MENDIVAL, PETE, Benson, AZ
MENDIVIL, CLAUDE, Benson, AZ
MILLER, ALLEN K.
PHILENA H., Snowflake, AZ
MILLER, CECIL H., Sr., Tolleson, AZ
MILLER, CLARA, Prescott, AZ
MILLS, MRS. ANDY, Willcox, AZ
MILLS' ELTON K. "Whistle"' Prescott' AZ.
MILLS, MRS. MARION, Willcox, AZ
MITCHELL, GRACE, Prescott, AZ
MOTLEY, INEZ, Cottonwood, AZ
MULLENO, HARVEY, Kingman, AZ
MURDOCK, MR., Camp Verde, AZ
MURPHY, LEEP.
MRS., Prescott
*
MAJENTY, ADAM, VALENTINE, AZ
McCOY, COL. TIM, Nogales, AZ
McGEE, EVA Chino Valley, AZ
METZGER, HARRY, PHX, AZ
MORROW, RALPH, Portal, AZ
MULLICAN, CHARLIE, Prescott, AZ

NARRAMORE, S. L., Palo Verde, AZ
NEAL, JACOB, St. Johns, AZ
NEIL, REILEY, Prescott, AZ
NELSON, MATTIE COOPER, PHX, AZ
NORTON, JOHN R., Sr., Scottsdale, AZ
NORTON, W. F. "Bill", PHX, AZ
NUNN, ANNIE, Chino Valley, AZ

ORR, FLOYD L., Cornville, AZ
OWENS, ALMON, Show Low, AZ
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ORME, CHICK, Mayer, AZ.
OVERFIELD, D.E."P-nut", PHX, AZ

PAGE, BRAINARD C., Tombstone, AZ
PARKER, FAY J., Patagonia, AZ
PASCO, FRANK, Springerville, AZ
PATTON, MRS. FRED, Prescott, AZ
PEHL, LUKE, Prescott, AZ
PEMBERTON, HENRY
PEARL, Prescott, AZ
PENDLETON, JAMES B., Nogales, AZ
PIEPER, ELMER, Winslow, AZ
PIEPER, LAURA, Globe, AZ
PORTER, LESLIE "Dobie"
MRS., Heber, AZ
*
PATTON, FRED, Prescott, AZ
PIEPER, ERNEST, Globe, AZ
PIKE, ELZY, Yarnell, AZ
POST, CLARENCE, Benson, AZ

RABON, MAURICE, st. Johns, AZ
RANDALL, LENA STRATTON, Mesa, AZ
RAY, TAPPIE, Las Vegas, Nevada
REED, TOME., Snowflake, AZ
RIX, MARCELLUS, Willcox, AZ
ROBERTS, ROACH
ETHEL E., Wickenburag, AZ
ROBERTS, ROSS
EDITH, Buckeye, AZ
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RIGGS, LILLIAN E., Willcox, AZ

SAINZ, JESUS, Solomon, AZ
SANDERS, ARMON
MYRTLE, Safford, AZ
SASSER, FLOYD, PRESCOTT, AZ
SHIVERS, VINNIE, Cottonwood, AZ
SENNOTT, J. A., Glendale, AZ
SHARP, CLAIRE L., Show Low, AZ
SHARP, DORA DAVIS, Prescott, AZ
SHARP, REGINALD L. "Weg",
Springerville, AZ
SHEPPARD, MILDRED H., Buckeye, AZ
SHERWOOD, L. P., St. Johns, AZ
SLY, MRS. L.A., Buckeye, AZ
SMITH, BERT J.
MRS., Chino Valley, AZ
SOWELL, BEN L., Safford, AZ
SPRUNG, DOROTHY, TUCSON, AZ
SPURLOCK, AUSTIN
JOSIE MAE, Payson, AZ
STEVENS, EARL, Tonto Basin, AZ
STEVENS, LUCY REAGAN, Patagonia, AZ
STOCKTON, ANGUS "Hap", Clifton, AZ
STOCKTON, GILBERT, Clifton, AZ
STRATTON, RAYMOND
MRS., Snowflake, AZ
STRINGFIELD, GARNET, Prescott, AZ
STUART, IKE, Kirkland, AZ
STUART, W.R., PHX, AZ
SWAPP, IONA MARKS, Blue, AZ
SWEIKART, MRS., Buckeye, AZ
*
SALAZAR, LUPE, Willcox, AZ
SCHELL, BERTHA, Prescott, AZ
SHEETER, MARIE, Patagonia, AZ
SIMON, BILL, Prescott, AZ
STACY, MARY, Clifton, AZ
STEVENS, ELMER, Duncan, AZ
STEVENS, GEORGE, H., San Carlos, AZ

STEVENSON, W- R., BISBEE, AZ
STEWART, ALICE E., PHX, AZ
STOCKTON, HENDERSON, PHX, AZ
STUART, MRS. MIKE, Kirkland, AZ

THOMAS, J. H. "Jimmie"
ESTELLE WEBB, Pinedale, AZ
THOMPSON, JOHN
GRACE L., Valentine, AZ
THURBER, H. B.
CARRIE FISHER, Sonoita, AZ
TIBBITS, CLAUDE, Franklin, AZ
TURBEVILLE, LOY, Scottsdale, AZ
TURLEY, CHARLES
MRS., Woodruff, AZ
TURLEY, FRED
WILMA, Mesa, AZ
TURNER, DELIA, Patagonia, AZ
TYSON, LELA, PHX, AZ
*
TARAWEEK, CHASE, Springerville, AZ
TUCKER, GEORGIA ANN, Globe, AZ
TYREE, NOEL B., PHX, AZ

UDALL, PRATTE.
ORMA PHELPS, Springerville, AZ

VanDEREN, EARL, Sedona, AZ
VANELL, LOY, Show Low, AZ
VOIGT, HELEN WALLS, Eagar, AZ
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VOIGT, A. W., Eagar, AZ

WADDELL, PEARL, Duncan, AZ
WALK, JAMES, H., Prescott, AZ
WALKER, ALLEN T., Cottonwood, AZ
WALKER, BESSIE S., Camp Verde, AZ
WARREN, MARIE LOUISE "Mila", Willcox, AZ
WEAR, BESSIE, Willcox, AZ
WEBB, VIRGINIA FINNIE, Rim Rock, AZ
WEEKS, CHARLES F., Prescott, AZ
WEEMS, Euell B., Snowflake, AZ
WELBORN, H. M., Litchfield, AZ
WHELAN, WILLFORD P., Patagonia, AZ
WHITEHEAD, RICHARD "Dick", Kirkland, AZ
WHITING, ERNEST, Holbrook, AZ
WILLIAMS, EFFIE, Benson, AZ
WILLIS, PEARL, Snowflake, AZ
WILTBANK, HYRUM, Eagar, A
WOOD, MYRTLE, Elgin, AZ
*
WARD, D. P., Snowflake, AZ
WEST, IRVING, Dewey, AZ
WILLIS, VERN L., Snowflake, AZ

YARBOROUGH, MYRTLE FANCHER, Kingman, AZ

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* Denotes deceased as reported to ANLS