

RANCH HISTORIES



A. MOORE
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VOLUME I

ARIZONA NATIONAL
RANCH HISTORIES
OF
LIVING PIONEER STOCKMAN
VOLUME I

COMPILED AND EDITED

By

BETTY ACCOMAZZO

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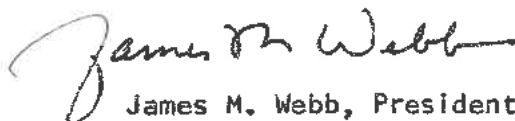
P.O. Box 13548, Phoenix, Arizona 85002 (602) 258-8568

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Pioneer Stockmen of Arizona have been a valued part of the Arizona National for many years. Their contribution to Arizona and the Livestock Industry is amazing to those of us who are attempting to follow in their footsteps.

The Arizona National is indebted to our many friends throughout the state who have helped to complete these ranch histories from information supplied by Pioneers and relatives. Some of these histories were written by the Pioneers, others have been reproduced from the Arizona Cattle Growers "Cattle Log," originally written by Roscoe Wilson and Dick Schauss. Their permission to reproduce part of these histories is greatly appreciated.

Long hours have been spent by Betty Accomazzo, Chairman of the Pioneer Stockmen Committee, to spearhead the activities of the Pioneers during the Arizona National. Her time in collecting and publishing their histories has always been cheerfully given. Our sincere thanks for your efforts, Betty.


James M. Webb, President

PREFACE

The ranch stories of the Arizona's Living Pioneer Cattlemen and Horsemen are based on facts of their lives on ranches in the State of Arizona.

They were derived from many sources, documents, old records, newspapers, old pioneers, and the experiences of many of the Pioneer writers themselves. Many of the Pioneer stories are written from experiences gained twenty years before Arizona Statehood. The author has made a special effort to bring out the true type of speech and ways of life of the Pioneers in their days.

"Cattle and Arizona" have been practically synonymous for many generations. The colorful and romantic history of the Cattlemen and Cattlewomen have made countless significant contributions to the state's growth and economic development. Life in the frontier days of America when thousands of pioneers pushed westward was quite different from our life today. There were few comforts, waterless plains, renegade Indians, little or no shelter from the heat and cold, yet the adventurous and the discontented pushed westward and found courage to meet hardships, and in so doing they founded the west of America.

Many members of the Pioneer Association wanted to preserve their ranch histories. As Chairman of the Arizona Livestock Living Pioneer Cattlemen and Horsemen, I hope these stories give pleasure to the readers, and a better knowledge of the cattle industry in this state and of its founders. They are men and women of character who will never be forgotten.

Betty Accomazzo, Chairman
Arizona Pioneer Cattlemen
and Horsemen Committee

HISTORY OF CATTLE RANCHING IN ARIZONA

The first time any cattle set foot on what is now Arizona soil was in 1540. Coronado entered Arizona and marched northeastward to Zuni in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Chebola. These cattle were brought in by him from Mexico to be used for supplying meat for his expedition. It is recorded that in the year 1700 seven hundred head more were brought in a cavalcade from Mexico City, all under Father Kino's personal direction, over the rugged and dangerous Camino Del Diablo to what is now Arizona land.

Arizona's importance as a cattle and horse state dates from the development begun by this man, who is often referred to as Arizona's first cowboy. His cohorts herded cattle of Spain on Arizona's valleys and deserts when the English colonies on the Atlantic coast were in their infancy.

Soon after Mexico gained her independence from Spain in 1822 and set up a government of her own, military protection and civilian rule were largely withdrawn from what is now Arizona. As a result, there followed a period of fifty years during which the Apache depredations were at their height and ranching operations were at a standstill. In 1863 when Arizona was set aside as a territory by an Act of Congress there were almost no livestock and farming activities because of Indian barbarities, and evidences of civilization had almost disappeared.

In the early 1870's General Crook had driven the Apaches to cover; many of the hostile bands had by that time been moved to reservations set aside for them by the federal government. As a result, cattle for breeding purposes were driven in from Mexico and the surrounding states and territories by professional drovers.

One of the first permanent cattle ranches of note established in

Arizona following the Apache reign of terror was that of Col. Henry C. Hooker, founded in 1872, the Sierra Bonita near Willcox (still in the Hooker family). The establishment of this ranch is said to mark the beginning of the second phase of cattle ranching in Arizona, that of the Americans, which dates from 1872 to the present time.

By the late 1870's the movements of cattle into Arizona were well under way. Farming, cattle ranching and most of the early enterprises were clustered around the army posts and along the emigrant routes. Following the completion of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways across the territory, and the discovery of precious metals at Tombstone and elsewhere along its borders in the early 1880's, Arizona forged ahead rapidly. It soon became stocked with cattle, and the brand books of that time list many names that were the foundation of our present day cattle industry. Some of these pioneer cattlemen are still living and the Arizona National Show has put together many of their ranch histories. Many of these Pioneer Cattle Rancher's brands are still in use.

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GEORGE ALTON BERCICH

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

George was born on his father's ranch on February 12, 1890. George's father and mother, Nickolas and Katherine Bercich, came to Tombstone from Virginia City, Nevada in 1881. They had two small girls and soon found out that Tombstone was not a good place in which to raise them. So in 1885 they loaded their wagon and started in search of a place they could homestead and improve upon. They traveled for days and finally got a view of the San Rafael Valley and knew that was what they were looking for. They drove until they came to a place with running water, sycamore and cottonwood trees. This spot was just half a mile from the Mexican border. The flats up the canyon were covered with willow trees which the Mexicans called Jarrolitas. This is how the Jarrolita Ranch got its name. They worked it and filed homestead rights on it. George, his brother Nick, and two sisters were born on the Jarrolita Ranch, making six children in the family.

There were Indians coming and going through the ranch. This made the family very uneasy. The Indians never seemed to bother them, and they lived through those years. With Mexican help the Berciches built an adobe house with 18 inch walls and an 11 foot ceiling.

George's father passed away when he was only ten months old. George's mother had to carry on and finish proving up on the ranch, which she did with the help of her children and some Mexicans. As George and Nick grew older they learned to do a lot of work, such as, how to ride, rope and look after the cattle. The older children rode 12 miles on horseback to attend school at Lochiel 12. When a school was started in Parker the younger children attended school there.

In those years it was all open country. Many of the ranchers ran as many cattle as they could altogether. The family borrowed money from the

bank and finally lost all their cattle, brand and all. Their brand was the K B, "W" for Nick, "B" for Bercich, and they added the bar. When the bank took over they changed to M B quarter circle.

George's mother never gave up, and when George and his brother Nick were old enough they took over the ranch. They have ridden all over the Houchuca Mountains and know them from A to Z. They helped move John Chapman's cattle out when he sold the Lone Mountain Ranch to Henry D. Lee, and helped Lee move his cattle in, and rode for him whenever he needed help.

In 1924 George traded a Ford sedan for six head of cattle and went in the cattle business with Nick. Then George changed the E brand for his own and branded on the left rear.

On September 3, 1925 George married Nick's wife's sister in Ontario, California. They had two children, Evelyn and Dale.

In 1926 the Forest Service went to cutting up the country into allotments of 200 head permit. They also had some leased ground from the forest. Nick joined the Border Patrol and his job kept him away all the time. George's mother passed away in September 1939. George and Nick bought their four sisters' part of the ranch.

Nick later died of cancer. He had one daughter, Margaret. When Margaret grew up and married, George and his wife knew that there was not enough income from the ranch to keep two families so they bought Margaret's share. Margaret then bought a Guest Ranch in Dragon, the 7- Ranch, and took her cattle with her.

When World War II came along Henry D. Lee joined up. He turned over the ranch to George to run. George ran it for 30 years, until he retired on December 31, 1972. The following August Henry Lee went to the hospital for an operation and died. The ranch was then sold.

George kept plenty busy on his ranch at home. His son Dale has come home to help and make work lighter on George, who at 78 thinks it is time he let up a bit and let the younger generation of the Bercich family carry on.

George lives on Star Route, Box 170, Patagonia, Arizona 85624.

FREDERICA D. BROCKETT

SHIROCK, ARIZONA

Frederica D. Brockett was born in Prophetstown, Illinois. She was raised and educated in Sheridan, Wyoming. Her college days were spent at the University of Nebraska. In 1928 Frederica moved to Arizona and on June 26, 1928 she married Bruce D. Brockett in Phoenix. Frederica is known by all her Cattlemen friends as Fritzl.

In 1933 Bruce Brockett and Marcus J. Lawrence purchased the V Bar V Ranch from Jas. and Ida May Minotto. In the late thirties, Mr. Lawrence died and the Brocketts acquired his part of the ranch. The V Bar V Ranch has an interesting history behind it. The headquarters ranch on Beaver Creek was originally homesteaded around 1890 by E. F. Taylor. Later, E. F. Taylor sold it to Van Deren, and later it was known as T Bar Headquarters, whose partners were Nels Hollingshead and Biscuit Bill Dickison.

In 1925 the Minottos formed the V Bar V Cattle Company from ten to twelve smaller outfits who had permits on the Coconino Forest. Whitey Montgomery and Omer Maxwell were the managers. In 1934 and in later years as many as 1200 head of cattle were run on the ranch. The permit recently has been cut to 402 head.

In 1960 the V Bar V Cattle Company was incorporated with Bruce Brockett, President; Frederica Brockett, Secretary-Treasurer; William M. Sullivan, Vice-President. Bruce Brockett died in February of 1971, and the present officials are William M. Sullivan, President; Frederica Brockett, Vice-President; Shirley K. Sullivan, Secretary-Treasurer.

Frederica now divides her time between the ranch and her apartment in The Desatitudes in Phoenix.

JACK and LULA MAE BROOKS

BLUE RIVER, ARIZONA

Jack said he was born on one side or the other of the Kentucky and Tennessee border in 1898. He had a few years of schooling before he claimed he was a dropout and ran away from home at an early age. His first job was punching cows on the old Figure Four outfit near Steamboat Springs, Colorado. His wagon boss was the World Champion Cowboy Clayton Danks. Jack left Colorado and headed for West Texas and Eastern New Mexico before he settled down to breaking horses.

In those days the basic equipment the cowhand used in working cattle was a plains mongrel called the cow pony. Most of the cow ponies came from open rangeland and were an odd collection of wild mustangs (a term derived from the Spanish word *mesteño*, meaning stray).

Jack said he couldn't pass the army test for World War I, but broke a lot of horses that did. He broke over a hundred head on the old HIP O Ranch near Dalhart, Texas, and later worked for numerous outfits in Texas and New Mexico.

Jack came to Arizona in 1918 and was hired on to ride the rough string on Babbitt's CO Bar Ranch. Old man Corbitt ran their wagon. Like all wagon bosses they had the same thing in common, they were twice as demanding as they were at home on the ranch. Wagon bosses were the first up in the morning and usually the busiest during the day. He packed and drove the wagon, prepared three hot meals a day, doctored cuts (one favored coagulant was kerosene oil). The cook wielded subtle but enormous power and trail hands were at pains to stay in his favor or suffer the consequences.

Jack met Lula Mae Brown near Logan, New Mexico, and they were married on June 16, 1922 in Dalhart, Texas. Lula Mae remembers him riding horseback

from Texas to Arizona. He rode there to get married and then rode back again.

Lula Mae was born May 1, 1903 in Camden, Arkansas, the sixth child in a family of seven children. Her father passed away when she was 11 and the following year her mother took the family to Logan, New Mexico, where they lived until she and Jack married. In 1924 they moved with their baby son James to Blue River, near Alphine, Arizona.

Jack and Lula Mae have lived on or near the Blue River continuously ever since, until 1972. They ran the N→ old Decker Ranch from 1939 until it broke up and they bought part of it in 1945. They paid for the ranch by catching and breaking wild horses and selling them.

Jack and Lula Mae also ran a Boy's Ranch and Hunting Lodge on the Blue. They have had a second generation of family return to the ranch over the years.

While Lula Mae was president of Arizona State Cowbelles in 1966, she and Jack attended the American National Cattlemen Association in Kansas City. At that time she reported that she learned we share the same problems with many other cattle states. She came home with a vast store of new knowledge, determined to try to help solve some of the problems at home. Lula Mae was an officer in the Cowbelles when her group, the Blue River Cowbelles, won the National Award for their Century Improvement Projects.

Their son James served in the Army Air Force in World War II and part of that time he was on active duty, stationed in Italy. After the war was over James returned home and finished his college education. James married Helen Holmes after his college graduation. James then went into partnership with his father and they bought the Nutrios Ranch. Together with James' sons Jacky and Jim, they ran steers for a number of years on leased

grassland from Northern to Southern Arizona. In 1972 they sold most of their holding in Greenlee and Apache counties and bought the old Caveness 51 Ranch near Bloody Basin, where they are now living. They branded the ED Connected and 17 brands over a period of years.

Lula Mae has served on the school board through the years. She helped organize and was president of the Blue River Cowbelles, and also was the president of the Arizona State Cowbelles in 1966.

Jack has been on the Hospital and Forest Service Advisory Boards, Deputy Sheriff and Cattle Inspector for many years in Greenlee County. He will be 80 next year, and feels it is possible that he has ridden more horses more hours and more miles than any man today. He doesn't want an argument, and this is an opinion, not necessarily a fact.

The Brooks family is loved by many for their ranch hospitality, good neighbors, and their devotion to cattle people and their industry. They attended the Arizona National Living Pioneer Bar-B-Que in 1977 and enjoyed visiting with the Pioneers.


ERNEST E. and ERMAN "POLLY" BROWNING

MULE SHOE RANCH

WILCOX, ARIZONA

Ernest was born into a ranching family near the Elk, New Mexico, Post Office. His father's ranch, the Rio Hondo, was adjacent to the Mescalero Apache Reservation in New Mexico.

Ernest attended school in Roswell, New Mexico until the age of nine. In 1914 the family packed their possessions in a wagon and after a tedious overland journey arrived in Wilcox, Arizona three weeks later. Ernest's father started his ranching experiences in Arizona on the Hooker Sierrita Bonita Ranch.

After Ernest graduated from the Wilcox Elementary School in 1914, he started his own ranching experiences. He got a cowboy's job on the McKittrick ranch that branded the  brand. From there to the Monk Brothers ranch that branded the MOK brand. As for his cooking talents, he only cooked for the greasy sack outfits. When on the Monk Brothers ranch there were no cooks. If the cowboys wanted to eat they fixed their own vittles.

Ernest took time out to serve World War I as a sailor. His port was Gulfport, Mississippi.

Ernest worked in the mercantile business from 1918 to 1939. While with the Horton Morgan store, for fourteen years he continued his ranching. In 1932 he bought the P. W. Southwestern Store and operated it in conjunction with the ranch holdings until he sold the store in 1938.

Erman "Polly" Warren became the bride of Ernest at Tombstone, Arizona, May 2, 1922. Polly was born on a cattle ranch 16 miles outside of Wilcox. She was educated in the Wilcox schools. The Brownings have two children, Alaire, born in 1924, and Alvin, born in 1927.


Ernest and Polly started buying land in the late twenties. They homesteaded in the Galluro Mountains and established a ranch known as the "High Lonesome." They bought Ernest's brother's homestead in the same area. They then bought five sections of what is presently the Larson Ranch from A. W. Wilson, who had run sheep on that ranch. In the late twenties they started buying land in the Sulphur Springs Valley and by 1939 had purchased about 2220 acres of what is now known as the Stewart District, which is northwest of Willcox.

In 1943 they bought the old Shilling Brothers Ranch from Lee Fisher, who had come from Marfa, Texas. Money was borrowed from Ralph Cowan to stock this ranch with cattle. Many of the ranches the Brownings have purchased and many of the other ranches in the southwestern part of Arizona have a lot of history. None but the owners know the hardships and sorrows along with a lot of happiness gained by their experiences of ranch life.

In 1953 the Brownings sold a large part of the land off their Valley Ranch and bought the Mule Shoe Ranch, which was also known as the Hooker Hot Springs Ranch. In 1960 they leased the San Pedro from the City of Tucson. This ranch consisted of 30 sections. Later in the 60's they leased the Old Pride Ranch from Mr. Miller, who originally came from Colorado. The Old Pride Ranch was purchased by their son Alvin.

In the 50 years the Brownings have been part of the Cattle Industry, they have carried as many as 2,000 head of cattle. Their permit capacity was around 150 head on forest allotments and 2,000 head on leased and patented land.

The two brands the Brownings carry have some interesting history behind them. The **R** was one of the early brands recorded in New Mexico. This brand was owned by Ernest's grandfather. Ernest registered the brand under

his own name in Arizona. The  brand at one time was branded on the ribs on both sides. By 1970 the Brownings owned or leased about 140 sections of ranch land in the foothills and mountains, the Galluros and Winchester Mountains. The family over a period of years developed a fine herd of purebred Herefords along with their string of quarter horses.

Ernest and Polly have donated much of their time and talents to the Cattle and Horse Industry. Ernest is past president of the Cochise Graham Cattle Growers, member of the Board of Directors of the Cochise Graham Cattle Growers, past president of the Arizona Cattle Owners Association, past director of the American National Cattlemen's Association, past chairman of the Beef Grading Committee ANCA, serving on the Labor and Beef Grading Committee now, charter member and past chairman of the Arizona Beef Council, director of the National Livestock and Meat Board, director of the Beef Industry Council, national charter member and past president of the American Quarter Horse Association, charter member and past president of the Arizona Quarter Horse Association. He received the Arizona Horseman Hall of Fame Award.

He is a charter member of the Arizona Living Stockman Hall of Fame and president in 1978, a trustee of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, past president of the Willcox Rotary Club, past president of the Willcox Union School Board of Trustees, to which he gave 20 years' service, past commander of Tenley Lopez Post, American Legion, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Coronado National Forest, member of the State Land Use Planning Board World War II, member of the Selective Service Board (draft) World War II, chairman of the Cochise County National Board 1933-37. He received the Distinguished Citizen Award from the University of Arizona and from the Willcox Chamber of Commerce.

Ernest has also been one of the finest judges of the American Quarter

Horse Association. He has judged all over the United States as well as in Brazil.

Polly is a charter member of the local, state and national Cowbelles. She served on the committee that wrote the Articles of Incorporation of the American National Cowbelles, chairman of the Nominating Committee, and was Lourinda Wines Parliamentarian the year she was president. Polly has served as president of the Wilcox Cowbelles and president of the Arizona State Cowbelles in 1957. She was also chairman of the American National Cowbelles Convention held in Phoenix in 1957. Polly has served as chairman of many committees in the State Cowbelles, and helped gather funds for the first Arizona State Cowbelles Scholarship, which is now known as the Mattie Cowan Educational Grant.

Most of their farm holdings were sold in 1940. The Mule Shoe and the Bar HL were sold in 1972 and 1974 to their son Alvin and his family. Their daughter, Alaire Tenney, lives on a ranch in Australia.

The Brownings are semi-retired presently and have a few horses and head of cattle on farmland where they now live in Wilcox.

JESS L. BURKE

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

In the year of 1895, Jess L. Burke was born in Springerville, Arizona, 17 years before Arizona became a state. His family moved to Winslow, Arizona when he was seven. In 1906 he moved back to the Blue River to live with his sister, Cecelia Perry. Three of his school years were spent at the one-roomer on the Blue.

In 1917 Jess joined the Walking Westerners, from which in later years the Walking W brand got its name. He was discharged in 1919.

His lust for ranching inspired him to file for a homestead in 1920 on Castle Creek. Later this ranch was turned over to the Round Valley Bank for a debt Jess owed. Jess enjoyed working on the C.V. Perry Ranch on the Blue River winter range. The summers were spent at the head of the Blue River on the mountain. In 1924 Jess married Flora Brown. They purchased their second ranch from De Witt Coper in 1924. They used the Cross V Brand and later this brand was changed for the F.L.O. brand, named for Flora. This ranch was named Beaver-head because it was at the headwaters of Beaver Creek. The XV brand was recorded by Victor Muzzy, a horse rancher. Jess ran 110 head of range horses on this ranch. Later Jess turned it into a cattle ranch and acquired a forest permit. The Muzzy place in Beaver Creek was bought in 1942. It was a homestead. Jess bought the Shoop place from Perry and Becker. Flora was the first president of the Blue River Cow-bellies.

Flora died in 1959. In 1963 Jess married Elaine V. Bragg.

The Muzzy place was sold to R. L. Fletcher, and the Shoop place to Walter Wiltbank in 1965. Jess bought his third ranch from Dr. Paul Holbrook on the Blue River. It came with 15 head of cattle and all the winter range.

He sold this ranch to Bill Quinsler in 1966 and bought the Walking W from Gus Becker. The permit capacity was 500 head but had a short season. Jess bought out his partner, Mel McNeivitt, in 1963, and sold to Buck Fletcher in 1966. The Beaverhead ranch was sold to Jim and Betty Grammer. Betty is Jess's niece. Jess also sold the Beaver Head Lodge to Jim and Betty Grammer. Then he retired to go fishing in Mexico for 10 years.

Jess and Elaine now live in Santa Barbara, California, on the bank of the Santa Ynez River, where they hear coyotes in the evening and bull frogs in the river. There are deer in the meadow below their home. They spend their time taking care of their fruit trees, vegetable garden and flowers. They can be reached at 84 La Mesa Lake, Star Route, Santa Barbara, California 93105.

STORY TOLD BY MRS. ELAINE BRAGG BURKE

Jess L. Burke cut and peeled the logs for his Beaverhead Lodge with loving care. Then, in 1931, with his World War I bonus and some carefully hoarded savings, he built the lodge at the head of Beaver Creek on eastern Arizona's Coronado Trail.

From that day to this, Burke has guided two generations of hunters in some of the most beautiful and unspoiled mountain wilderness in America. He has tracked, treed and killed more bear than any other man living in Arizona. A leather-skinned, bushy-browed outdoorsman, he is a character right out of Old West romantic lore. At 72, he takes life a bit easier now, operating the D-Bar-K Cottages overlooking the Shaw Low Lake and leaving the more strenuous mountaineering to younger men.

Jess L. Burke (the L is only an initial) was one of ten children born to Spencer and Anna Collett Burke. He drew his first breath on March

11, 1895 at Springerville. His rancher father died when Jess was five, and the family moved to Winslow. At eleven he went to live with his sister Cecelia, and her husband, Clair Perry, on a Blue River ranch near Alpine. He went to school sporadically, but in his words, "When I started to shave in the third grade, they kicked me out."

The life of a cowboy was Burke's happy lot until September 1917, when Uncle Sam reached into the Blue River back country and made him a soldier. He trained for more than six months with the light-artillery, horse-drawn, at Camp Funston, Kansas, and in June, 1918 his outfit went to France. As a corporal and an experienced horseman, Burke thought that he might spend more time on a horse than walking. But it was not to be. In two solid months of combat in the Saint Mihiel sector, the regiment became known as the "Walking Westerners," and they proudly took this as their symbol, the Walking W brand. Years later, when he bought a ranch on the Campbell Blue, the cattle brand was, by a remarkable coincidence, the Walking W.

Burke and his outfit were dug in outside Metz, France on the morning of November 11, 1918, when word of the impending armistice was received. In the last 50 seconds of the war his battery set a record by unleashing a barrage of 29 shells, after which the silence was broken only by the cheers of jubilant men.

Back home in June 1919, after Occupation duty in Germany, Jess bought 100 brood mares and entered the horse business. Then in the early 1920's he went to work for the Bureau of Public Roads, building gravel roads between Strawberry and Clint's Well in Gila County, and along the Coronado Trail. The latter route passed by the head of Beaver Creek, and Burke saw the possibilities of a hunting lodge at the site.

Next came a brief period of carrying mail by horseback from Alpine to

Beaver Creek. It was at this time that he tossed a coin with a buddy to see which would take a saddle horse to pick up a pretty young visitor from New Mexico and guide her into Beaver Creek. Jess drew the assignment, and two weeks later, on June 11, 1924, he and Flora Brown were married.

With Flora, he went to New Mexico to try farming, but the closer he came to his destination, the less eager he became. The Burkes turned around almost as soon as they arrived at Tucumcari, and the jubilant Jess returned to the ranch country he loved.

An inveterate hunter, Burke combined ranching with service as a hunting guide in the next few years until he could make the necessary arrangements for the opening of his hunting lodge. He did almost all of the work himself, bringing in a carpenter only to hang doors and do some of the more exacting work.

From the beginning Beaverhead Lodge was a popular haven for hunters from Arizona, New Mexico and the western part of Texas. Some of those first patrons have been coming back year after year, drawn both by the facilities of the lodge and the friendship of the proprietor.

He started assembling some of the west's finest hunting dogs. One of them a great old black and tan tracking dog named Lead, treed more than 200 bear in his day, and one of his pups, Lonesome, did almost as well.

Burke has received many citations and awards during his distinguished career as an outdoorsman. In 1957 the Arizona Game Protective Association honored him for outstanding service to his fellow sportsmen, and in 1963 the Arizona Wildlife Sportsman magazine presented him with its first Arizona Big Game Award.

He got a permit to run 115 head of cattle in 1952, and he and Flora operated a small ranch along with the Lodge. When his wife died in 1959,

he continued ranching and operating Beaverhead. He left Beaverhead in 1962 and turned over the management to his wife's niece, Mrs. Betty Granmer, and her husband, Jim. That same year he bought the Holbrook Ranch on the Blue River, the outfit which used the Walking W brand.

On August 20, 1963, in Silver City, New Mexico, he married Mrs. Elaine Dragg of Phoenix. Together they have been enjoying their sunset years completely.

Jess has since sold the Holbrook Ranch, taking as partial payment the B-Bar-K Cottages perched high above Show Low Lake just southeast of Show Low. He and Elaine do a thriving summer business there, maintaining a comfortable home across the street from the rental cottages.

In recent winters they have been spending increasing periods in Guadalajara, Mexico. They travel extensively and do a lot of fishing. On one fishing expedition Jess landed a 10-foot sailfish in a 12-foot boat.

Despite his lonely life in the forest, Jess Burke has been able to participate actively in civic life. He was for 17 years Apache County Vice President of the Arizona Game Protective Association. He served as president of the Springerville Chamber of Commerce in 1960, and he has been an active member of the White Mountain Community Hospital Board.

Burke recently made news when he presented his prized Merriam elk antlers--one of only two known sets in the world--to the University of Arizona Museum. He discovered the bleached antlers in a canyon near Alpine when he was a youth, and for years they hung over the front door of Beaverhead Lodge. Jess L. Burke has been a part of life and progress in the White Mountain country for so long that few people can remember life there without him. Blessed with a ready smile and a gentle nature, he numbers his friends in the thousands among sportsmen and White Mountain residents.

HOMER LESLIE BYRD

WILLCOX, ARIZONA

Homer was born July 29, 1900 in Byrds, Texas. In 1917 his family moved to Arizona. He started school in Byrds, Texas and finished after moving to Arizona. Homer was married on November 2, 1926. He and his wife have two boys, Homer Jr. and Berl. As a young man Homer worked on the Hooker ranch.

The Byrds bought several ranches from the time they married in 1926 through 1965. M. S. Byrd, Roy Byrd, Eucl Collins, Joe Walderson, and some from the Hooker Ranch. When they bought the (T ³ L R H) Eucl Collins Ranch. Collins branded T on left rib and 3 on hip. Homer kept these brands because they were simple and not large. They began ranching when they bought from Homer's father, M. S. Byrd, in 1926.

In normal years they run 300 head of cattle on the ranch. The last few years there was little rain so the herd was cut by a third. The permit called for 101 head. They leased three and a half sections to supplement feed for the cattle. Most of the water at first was furnished by wet weather wells or by hauling and pumping into storage tanks.

They put down their first well in 1942, drilling down to 475 feet. In those years stock water was scarce. Tanks (surface) always dry just when they were needed the worst. They kept digging deeper and putting more till they had not been dry from 1939 till 1978 every tank on the place dried up. They had 19 surface tanks plus several cement dorns. Water is very important to ranches. If the ranches survive they have to have water. However, the Byrds never gave up; through the years they piped water everywhere they could.

When they acquired the Bosley place the ranch had a well, but the Byrd Ranch had to drill another one. This place also had two water rights which

they used during the rainy season to fill the tanks. The Forest Department gave them permission to run a pipeline from a spring in High Creek. Several watering places were put in from the pipeline which have been a life saver for the last dry years of ranching. The Byrds sold the holdings in December of 1976 to Mary K. Baumgartner.

Homer lives at 810 W. Main, Wilcox, Arizona 85843.

JAMES R. CARTER SR.

MESA, ARIZONA

James Carter was born February 2, 1891 in Missouri. Before James was born his father had gone out west to establish a home there for his family. His father settled in a little town 12 miles west of Los Angeles, which was called Tuleca, California. His mother and three of his sisters remained in Missouri until James was born and old enough to travel. While in California his father planted a fruit orchard and also took care of a widow woman's orchard.

The Carter children all came down with the measles and James' father got them from the children. He was never able to overcome the effects of the measles and the doctor advised him to move to a dryer climate.

There was a family who James' father had farmed with in Nebraska living in Glendale, Arizona, so in 1898 he moved the family to Arizona and bought a farm one mile east of the underpass on Grand Avenue. This spot is now the Gateway to the Sun City area.

There was very little farming in that area in the early 1900's. The Carters stayed there until 1907. The Salt River almost went dry so James' father built a dirt tank on the farm and put in a head gate so they could irrigate a garden and get water for their stock. They were only able to get water once a week for about an hour.

When the Carters lived in Glendale, Arizona was still a territory. Construction on the Roosevelt Dam had been started and plans were made to complete it in 1911 so that the Salt River valley would have water. As early as 1891 the Territory began seeking admission to the Union as a state. Finally on February 14, 1912, Arizona statehood was signed. James was 21 years old at the time.

In 1907 when James' father sold the farm in Glendale he received \$20 an acre. He had learned the Gila River had plenty of water so they moved to Buckeye and bought land there. This land had to be cleared of brush and trees grubbed out to put in cultivation. James then received his elementary and High School education in Buckeye. He helped his father on the farm for several years.


In 1913 James married Ida Hazelton. He then rented his father's farm and dairy for two years on halves. At the end of two years James had enough money and increase from cattle to buy fifteen cows. The next year James and Ida went into partners with his brother-in-law. He then borrowed money from the bank to buy sixty three-year-old dairy heifers and leased a farm in Buckeye.

In 1916 James rented the old Frank Wilkerson place. They then moved their herd to Tolleson. He was on the Wilkerson place one year until he decided to buy a place of his own in Buckeye. By that time he had increased his herd to 52 milk cows and 80 head of stock cattle.


In those days the milking was done in open corrals. You carried your milk stool to each cow. Some milkers had one leg of the stool strapped around their waist. Ida, James' wife, milked right along beside him through many wet winters. Their milk was sold to the cheese plant.

The Carters continued to buy adjoining land from farmers until they had 400 acres. They then bought the Winters Well near Winterburg in 1930, and acquired the grazing permit west of Buckeye on the desert. They have said that they did quite well during the wet years.

The Carters have two children, Edna and Jim Jr. Edna and her husband were both teachers. Jim Jr. stayed home and became a partner with Jim Sr. in the cattle business.

In 1946 they bought the old 7up  ranch at Camp Wood near Prescott. They would bring the calves down from the ranch and feed them out on the farm in Buckeye.

In 1956 they sold the Seven Up to Tobe Foster, and acquired the ranch near Snowflake in the trade. The ranch consisted of two townships of deeded land and six sections of State lease along with 800 head of Hereford cows.

They branded the cows with one of the old brands they got with the Seven Up. The brand was the Double Lazy Seven . They used this brand which was easy to run. In 1970 the Carters sold the ranch in Snowflake to subdividers Ratliff and Miller.

In 1976 James Carter Sr. sold his farm in Buckeye to his son Jim Jr. Jim Jr.'s wife Connie was Arizona State Cowbelle President in 1974.

ARETA A. CHEATHAM

LAVEEN, ARIZONA

Areta A. Waldrip was born February 18, 1900 in Norman, Oklahoma. She was 16 years old when she and her family crossed the Colorado River on a ferry at Parker, Arizona, in June of 1916. They had left Blythe, California in a covered wagon and were headed for Prescott, followed by a smaller wagon filled with supplies and driven by a hired hand.

It took them three days to reach the river because they traveled mostly at night because of the heat, and covered about 20 miles a day. After leaving Parker, they spent two days at the next stop, soaking their wagon wheels in water. The desert was so dry and the heat so intense that the wooden wheels would become dry. Water was needed to absorb and to expand them and replace the wheels on the iron rims.

Areta was one of five girls and three boys born to Marcus El and Ella Waldrip. Her family originally moved to California in 1911 where her father bought a homestead and farmed cotton near El Centro. The family moved to Arizona in 1916 because of Mr. Waldrip's health.

In the fall of 1916 Marcus Waldrip began hauling supplies from Winslow for the work crews who were building the road to Long Valley. Areta's family camped out to be near her father. She and her mother cooked the meals for the road crews. Later they moved to Camp Verde and her father died there in 1917 at the age of 49. In 1918 Areta moved to Laveen, Arizona where her older brother, who was only 24, started farming cotton to provide for the family. They lived in a small adobe homestead house on the southeast corner of 51st Avenue and Estrella.

In 1919, at a dance in the Mormon Church across from the Tyson Farm, Areta met Shelton Cheatham. The couple was later married in Phoenix, on

February 21, 1920. It had been a stormy rainy day, and that evening the Salt River was flooding and Central Avenue was washed out. The only bridge across the river at that time was at Central Avenue. It was late Monday before the newlyweds could return to Laveen.



Shelton Cheatham was born in Abilene, Texas in 1887. He was born to William C. and Mary Cheatham. His father was a farmer and a carpenter and brought the family to Arizona in 1911. Shelton worked as a cowboy in his youth and was in the Army Medical Corps during World War I. With a friend he took a contract to clear 40 acres in Buckeye and made it into farmland.

It was in 1920 that Shelton and Areta Cheatham bought their first ranch with Shelton's father. This is when they started raising beef cattle, farming cotton, and working the Laveen store. Areta said many times on winter evenings after work, Shel would slaughter a steer, dress it out and hang it to cool. The next day it would be kept in the store's ice room, and cut up and sold as the store's supply of fresh meat.

There was a telephone in the store when Areta first moved to Laveen, but it was 1927 before the first power poles were installed and electricity was used. The main building at Laveen School was built in 1918. Sunday church services were often held in those classrooms.

The Cheathams were in the cattle business for many years. They built up their cattle feeding operation to 1500 head. The family hauled feed to the cattle in wagons, and in 1932 they purchased their first tractor. Areta said Shel was a very conscientious cattleman. He always worked the cattle with patience and ease. He was a great lover of horses and spent a lot of time riding. Before he passed away he was involved in horse racing.

The first brand the Cheathams supplied for was the C/B brand chosen for the two Cheatham brothers, Shelton and Armon D. Cheatham, Sr. This brand

is now owned by the two grandsons of Armon D. Cheatham Sr., Foster and Lee Cheatham. They had three other brands, the Bar H Bar brand - H -, the Lazy HL , and the Diamond L . The brand that was most frequently used was the Bar H Bar because it was easy to run and required less care as it was healing.

Shelton and Areta spent a lot of time traveling and buying cattle. He bought most of his cattle from the Apache Indian Reservation; other ranchers he bought from were the Riggs brothers in Wilcox, and Dan and Norman Fain near Prescott.

Most of the Laveen area was originally homesteaded by the Laveen family, Walter, Roger and Frank. Shelton and Areta lived half a mile from the Laveen Store that A. D. Cheatham built. They also kept the Post Office at Laveen for several years.

Shel Cheatham owned land east and south of the Laveen School. They later traded a 40 acre parcel to Radius Hudson Sr. for a 40 acre piece adjoining their land. Besides their cattle operation the family raised cotton. Prior to 1923, each farmer hauled his cotton by horse and wagon to the nearest gin at 13th Street and Jackson in Phoenix. It was also in 1923 that Shel that Shel and Areta bought their first new Model T Ford.

In 1924 the Cheathams joined the community and helped the Laveen Womens Club purchase land and build a clubhouse. This same clubhouse was moved to the Laveen School and is now used as the present Laveen Auditorium.

Areta and Shel had six children, Roy, Verda, Raymond, Mary, Wayne and Lorene. Shelton Cheatham passed away in 1954 and Areta later went back to work at the Laveen Store and Post Office. Areta worked on many of the election boards held at the school and later became a Laveen Cowbelle. She has sold acreage to the Laveen School on three different occasions,

subdivided and sold 40 acres of land south of the school, and is now in the process of subdividing 80 acres with her oldest son Roy, east of the school. Areta is enjoying her retirement years in traveling and enjoying her many grandchildren. She is a lover of antiques and is a member of the Laveen Depression Glass Club. She is also a member of the Arizona National Livestock Living Pioneer Association. She was nominated in 1978.

MILES R. CHOATES SR.

COCHISE, ARIZONA

Miles was born in San Saba, Texas in 1897. He came to Arizona when he was two years old in the year 1899. His father worked on the Bill Keals & Bar Ranch. In 1900 his father homesteaded in Turkey Creek near the Chiricahua Mountain. The family lived there until 1920. Miles as a young fellow cowboyed for different ranches up and down the Sulphur Spring Valley. He then branched out and went as far as Coconino County. He worked there for Jack Crab, Abbie Keith's first husband, who was manager of the Coconino Cattle Company. He said there was no finer man that ever lived than Jack Crab. In 1931 Miles married his wife and they had two sons, Miles and Rufus.

Other ranches Miles worked on were the Double Rods, and Frank Geers. His wife taught at Nogales, Ash Creek, Tucker Canyon, and 24 years on St. David.

In 1944 Miles bought a small ranch and farm north of Benson, Arizona. The ranch was called The Tres Alamo, and now is known as the Willow Lakes. After seven years of hard work the Choates sold their ranch to Betty Wagner and Dave McMurtrey. In 1952 they bought a ranch north of the Fort Huachuca and leased a farm to supplement cattle feed. This place was known as Campstone or Huachuca Siding (to the old timers). In its early days it was the railroad and depot for all freight and personnel on the Fort. They kept this ranch and bought another down the Babacomara River, about ten miles east of Campstone. Brookline is the name of this very old place. It was named after an old railroad station located on the ranch. The landscaping is very pretty up and down the Babacomara River. This river is never completely dry.

Land speculators pushed the Choates out of the ranching area and they moved close to Dragoon and Cochise. They have two registered brands: the Zz and tc. They also have a sizable ranch seven miles north of Pie Town, New Mexico.

Miles can be reached at General Delivery, Cochise, Arizona 85606.

MILES CHOATES ADDS:



My legal name is Miles but not many of my friends know me as such. When I was a little chap Frank Ramsey, who was working on the 4 Bar ranch with my father, gave me the name of Poco Malo. I am not sure why. In later years all the cowboys nicknamed me "Poke" (Poc). This is the name I am known by.

For more than 24 years I was not dressed until I put on my chaps. I still have them, just to remind me of days gone by when I had a great deal more energy.

BERT J. COLTER
SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Bert was born in Newton, Kansas on January 25, 1887. In 1901 at the age of four, his family moved west across the plains, eventually settling in Springerville. Bad weather, poor range management, disastrous cattle market prices forced many families to move out west in the 1890's. Bert's schooling, like many young men, was only eight years of elementary. He then worked and lived with his brother-in-law, Tom Phelps, until the age of 18. For his first year of labor he received three heifer calves. This was in 1916. He married Elsie Wear the same year in Meeker, Colorado. Elsie was born and raised in Meeker. Bert and Elsie raised three children, Larry W., Dan B. and Kathleen. Kathleen is presently married to the Governor of Wyoming.

The Colter's ranch was originally put together from several ranches in 1901. Like many other ranches, the critical moment for the Colter ranch occurred twice a year, during the spring and fall round-ups. That was when the men rode out into the rangeland to gather the cattle. He found out just how much he was worth in terms of beef on the hoof. Much work was spent on branding, along with some time on returning strays that had wandered from their home ranches.

Bert recorded his first brand in 1902. The (4 was branded on the right shoulder and rib. Other brands Colter had registered at one time were the  and the . The (4 is presently registered in the name of his daughter, Kathleen Herschler. This brand is on display at the Historical Society, University of Arizona (Tucson). Many of the brands at the Society are burned in on a piece of leather for display.

Over 1200 cows and bulls were run on the Colter ranch at one time. It

was difficult at times for the cowboys to find many of the cattle. They would be grazing in ravines, along steep mountains and in the thickets of mesquite trees. Water holes and fences were sometimes checked daily.

Bert also leased land from the Apache Indian Reservation to supplement feed for the cattle. Altogether they had at one time 44 sections of land, some patented land and some state lease land.

In 1964 Bert retired and his ranch holdings were sold to thirteen different people. You can reach Bert at P.O. Box 102, Springerville, Arizona.

FRED J. CORDES

Fred was born in Cordes, Arizona in October 1891, when Arizona was still a territory. He was one of six children. Both of his parents, John Henry and Elizabeth, were born in Germany.

Fred's father had originally homesteaded at what was called Antelope. He established a Post Office, hotel, restaurant, and relay station when he became Postmaster. This was when the town of Cordes was formed and received its name.

Fred, at the age of twelve, was driving a team of horses, hauling freight over the old Black Canyon Road for his father. He attended public schools with his sisters and brothers. They rode horseback to school each morning four miles from their home. His parents sent him to Los Angeles at the age of 17 to attend a business college. After Fred returned home he worked for Jim Bark, who in 1906 was president of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association. Mr. Bark owned a meat market along with Perry Sears. Fred also helped his father at the relay station, shearing sheep. Thousands of sheep were sheared and dipped at the station. The sheep were herded from Flagstaff to Phoenix, and Cordes was the stopping place in between.

Fred took time out to serve in World War I. He was in the Quartermaster Corps.

Fred bought his first ranch in 1914 from Jim Young. This is when he became a rancher. In 1920 at Prescott, Arizona, Fred said "I do," and took Claire Champie as his wife. Claire also was an Arizona native, born in Hot Springs, where her family lived for many years. The Champies were also a pioneer Arizona family, mining and ranching. Her father was a well educated man and a school teacher. He built the first school house on French Creek. He later served many years on the school board.

The Cordes had three children, two girls and a boy. Their son was killed at 21 when he was dragged by a horse on the Warren Cordes Ranch in Chino Valley. One of their daughters, Claireanne Allen, has been with the telephone company for 24 years, and their other daughter, Martha Peterson, now lives in Tempe. They have four grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

In 1914 Fred, along with his brother, purchased the F F Ranch on Turkey Creek near the town of Cleater. This brand was started by Frank Fenton. This ranch consisted of 20 sections of rough country. The headquarters was also located in Bumble Bee, around the Bradshaw Mountains. They ran about 500 head of cattle on the ranches. Their forest allotment was around 200 head. They had a lot of state lease land along with their patented land.

Fred and Claire can both well remember around the middle 30's when the drouth was so bad. The government came in and shot all the cows, giving them only \$11 a head. They were able to keep their heifers. They also remember when cattle brought 3 cents a pound. A cow with a calf at her side brought \$18.

A lot of time and money was spent on the ranches. They built up water springs, rock tanks, and set down wells and windmills. Many, many hours were spent "praying for rain."

During the depression Fred bought out his brother Bill. He bought several other homesteads, and his holding went as far west as Bumble Bee.

The Cordes ranch was called the Double F. The ranch was named after the Double F brand - F F. The brand was acquired when they bought all of Frank Fenton's cattle. The F F branded whiteface became of a very good quality, and Fred sold many of his cattle to Cecil Miller and John and Arthur Delect of Salt River Valley.

The last of their main ranch was sold in 1946 to a man by the name of Williamson from Chicago. Jack Pope later bought out Williamson.

The Cordes as pioneers had a very interesting life ranching, even though they went through a lot of hardships and trying times. They have been retired for many years and now live at 8201 W. Orangewood Avenue in Glendale, Arizona, where they have a 40 acre farm.

EDNA H. COSPER

DUNCAN, ARIZONA

Edna H. Black was born October 14, 1894 in Grayson County, Texas. In 1900, at the age of 6, her family came to this country in a covered wagon. Edna rode horseback and drove the extra horses. Many were the hardships. Edna can recall camping in the Oregon Pass Mountains and having to sleep in the wagon while listening to the rattlesnakes rattle nearby. The family settled in Richmond, New Mexico, now called Virden, and Edna went to the same school her future husband had attended. In those days all the children walked to school and usually carried their lunches in a lard bucket along with their books.

Mussett (Muss) Cosper was born in Taylor County, Texas, in April of 1879. He came with his family in a covered wagon to settle in Arizona. The Cosper family had to dismantle their wagon to cross the Rio Grande River that was a half mile wide at the time. After crossing they continued on to Magdalena, New Mexico, driving their cattle and horses with them. When they reached Luna, New Mexico, Muss's grandfather James Glenn Cosper got sick, died, and was buried in the cemetery there. The family entered Arizona from there and arrived at Duncan, Arizona in 1886. Muss was seven years old at the time. They later settled in Virden and it was there he and Edna met.

A romance developed, and when Edna was 14, Muss bribed his niece (who was Edna's mother's favorite) to steal her away on the pretext that she was staying with her for a few days. They were married June 23, 1909 in Franklin, Arizona, just a few miles away from Virden. After they were married they flagged down the train and traveled to Morenci to spend their honeymoon in the new hotel there. By this time Edna's mother found out she was not with

Muss's niece and sent the sheriff to arrest him. When she was told they were married she forgave them; although she liked Muss, she felt Edna was just too young to get married.

Edna and Mussatt started a ranch together after their exciting marriage. They built up quite a herd of cattle near Virden in the Horseshoe Mountains at Willow Springs, now a part of the Lazy B Ranch. They also had a farm there and spent the next few years between Duncan and Virden operating the farm and ranch, and Muss had a butcher shop in Duncan. Muss took a contract to build three miles of road from Virden to the Arizona State Line for the sum of eighty dollars. The work was done with horses, mules and slip scrapers. The present road follows the same route.

Their first recorded brand was M J Bar (M J), then Slash V Bar (/V—), and in 1910 they drove their cattle to Blue River and let John Cosper tend them on the shares. Soon after the cattle arrived there was a lawsuit filed and their cattle were tied up.

A couple of years went by and in 1912 they decided they would go up there to spend the summer and see about their cattle. Muss was driving some cattle and horses and Edna was following in a wagon with her 2-1/2 year old son and month old daughter. As they rounded a turn on the trail one of those new four wheeled motor cars with a side mounted horn forced her out of the wagon rut. The horses bolted and sent the wagon flying with her and the children. Edna elbowed the children down on the wagon bed and finally stopped the horses after they had nearly climbed one of the nearby mountains. Edna said, "I never want to see another one of those blankety blank damn new autos again."

They went as far as Blue River in the wagon and packed in to Hannigan's Meadow and on to Fish Creek where they spent the summer. Edna rode a white

mule from Blue River to Fish Creek with her month old daughter on a pillow in front of her and her 2-1/2 year old son in back. They camped in a tent, cooked over a camp fire and slept on pine bough beds all summer, including the small daughter. They spent several months up there that summer trying to get their cattle released from the lawsuit, but to no avail.

The Cospers (John, Toles, Huss and Pink) versus the Y-Y lawsuit was one of the first in the area and is an established famous case. It was a legal hassle over payment for a shipment of cattle and helped to establish a precedent in regard to cattle and range transactions. Many years and many lawyers were involved and the final settlement favored the Cospers. As usual the lawyers received one half of the \$60,000 settlement.

Edna can recall the days when Arizona was a Territory and Apache Indians were roaming around. Many times they stole horses from the ranches and the sheriff's posses were seen many times traveling through the open range land on the ranches. A family named Merrell spent the night with Edna and Huss and next morning went on their way in a wagon to Solomonville, with Huss and Edna promising to follow the next day. When they arrived at the pre-arranged camp the next day they found the Indians had been there and killed all the people, taken the horses and the small child's clothes. Later a posse surprised a band of Indians they suspected to stealing horses. The small child they left behind was wearing the clothes taken from the Merrell child. The sheriff raised the Indian boy as his own.

In 1917 Edna and Huss moved north of Duncan and established the R C Ranch, later known as the X Bar W ($\frac{X}{W}$), and finally the Buzzard X ($\frac{X}{X}$). They bought part of it from H. B. Harris and some from Ed McKeivey. They acquired some farm land from Ole Sexton, homesteaded some and acquired some open range grazing rights. Edna said her husband was a firm believer that

to build a good herd of cattle you had to have good bulls. He bought bulls from the Double Circle (©) Ranch on Eagle Creek, Florancia Hurtado at Dos Cabezos, Bill Elsworth at Safford, and Fauther and Shattuck at Elisbes. Edna was left alone on the ranch many times when Nuss and other ranchers would drive their cattle to Lordsburg, New Mexico to ship. There would be as many as 50 cowboys and each had his own horses in the remuda. In the early days Edna said they range branded their cattle but never dehorned or vaccinated them. In later years they used more modern ways. Before the B. L. M. took over the Cospers were in a constant battle over encroachment by outsiders on their range.

Edna remembers spending much of her time cooking for her four children and many ranch hands. Tables in those days were set and all food was put in serving dishes within reach of the family and the cowboys. It was the cook's responsibility to see that the dishes were kept filled. Everyone was welcome at Edna's table and welcome meant to have a second or even a third helping. No one ever left her table hungry and her table was always filled for Edna was known as the best cook in the country.

Edna and Nuss raised their family on that ranch and, as many did in those times, they had a four room house without modern conveniences. Edna and the girls canned food for the winter and Nuss always raised almost everything they ate. No matter how hard everyone worked there was always time for fun and nearly every Saturday night all the family piled in the car and went to the dance, most usually at the Apache Grove open air dance hall.

In 1930 the Cospers versus the Y Bar Y lawsuit was settled and Nuss and Pink got payment for the cattle they had taken to the Blue in 1910. Pink and Mary had the adjacent farm and ranch and with the money they received they built rock ranch houses with all the modern conveniences. They

hauled large rocks from the nearby hills and had the walls laid up about one foot thick. It was fun to try to imagine things with the rocks and Edna and Muss had a large butterfly laid into the wall beside the front door. The carpenters, rock layers, plumbers, and all who worked on the houses stayed there until the houses were finished. It was a proud day when Edna and Muss moved into their fine new house, and Edna's work let up some with the more modern conveniences. It was not too long after that they were left alone in the new house, for all the children married and left them. In 1935 Edna was in a car accident and broke a vertebra in her neck. She was in a cast for eight and one-half months but recovered very nicely.

In 1955 Edna and Muss sold their ranch to W. D. McKeon from Illinois and Muss felt he had to help the "Newcomers" learn the way of the west and rode every day. He didn't slow down until he was bucked off a horse when he was 78 years old. He injured his shoulder and had to quit riding every day. Edna and Muss spent a lot of time in the White Mountains fishing near where they spent so much time trying to get their cattle back. They had the first fibreglass camper on the back of a pickup truck in the whole valley. When Muss was 91 years old he suffered a slight stroke and lost some of the use of his right arm. He and Edna spent the last 14 months of his life together in the home they purchased when they sold the ranch. He was taken to the hospital about one o'clock on April 15, 1972 and at six o'clock that day he passed from this world, lacking ten days of being 91 years old. He and Edna would have been married 63 years that June.

Since that time Edna has lived alone where they moved when they sold the ranch. She lives near her son Harvel Cooper, daughter Ruby Sanders, and most of her grandchildren. Edna is very active in the community. She is a charter member of the Arizona Cowbelles and Greenlee County Cowbelles.

She recently received her 50-year pin from the University of Arizona as a Homemaker. She has served as president of both the Greenlee County Cowbells and the York Homemakers Club, as well as many other offices.

Edna's four children are Harvel Cospier, who owns a ranch near her, Lorine Roberts, a real estate agent in Tucson, Ruby (Mrs. James Sanders) who also owns a ranch near her and is Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Greenlee County, and Willis Cospier, who works at Reynolds Aluminum in Phoenix. Edna has 8 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren, all of whom are still living fairly close to her.

CHARLIE "SAM" EATON

SAFFORD, ARIZONA

Sam was born on September 4, 1893 in Brisco, Texas. He was raised in Odessa and Jai, New Mexico. His school days were spent in those towns.

Although Sam says he never owned a ranch, he spent most of his life working in many of them. At the age of 15 he started on the Diamond and 1/2 in Jai, New Mexico, in 1915. In 1915 and 1916 he was in New Mexico (Three Rivers, Magdalena and Heart, Bar-Crosses). In 1917 he moved to Arizona (Old Hat Ranch, Tuck Prina). After 1918 through the years he worked for Double Circle (Abner Wilson), Four Drags (Tom Wilson), Kingman (Jack Wilson), 76 Dude Ranch (W. T. Webb and Company), P. S. Ranch, 777 Ranch (Will Ellsworth), and L - Drag Ranch (Leslie Ellsworth).

During those years Sam was breaking horses, riding rough string, training work horses and working cattle. No doubt he went through the recession, and depression, fenced rangelands and grazing restrictions, the advent of barbed wire and windmill pumps, drought and floods, on many of these ranches.

Sam has worked as an electrician for Salt River Project Power District, Foreman of Phelps Dodge Electric Shop in Morenci, Arizona, and for R.E.A. in Pima, Arizona.

He retired from I.B.E.W. Local Union #266 after 20 years of service, in 1975. During these years, he also broke horses and worked cattle for everyone who needed his assistance. He was owner of a dairy in Scottsdale, Arizona for a few years and sold milk to Shamrock Dairy.

The three Eaton brothers, Bill, Shorty and Sam, have worked on cattle ranches all over Arizona since 1917. They are all very well known. Bill Eaton now lives in Artesia, New Mexico and continues to raise cattle (H.L.) and Shorty Eaton resides in Reno, Nevada.

All the old Pioneers and Cowboys were important to the history of the cattle business.

Sam is retired now, due to surgery and pacemaker problems. Sam is 78 and deserves his retirement. He was sorry he was unable to make the 1977 National Livestock Show. Marty Robins and Tammy Wynette are his favorite entertainers.

Sam can be reached at P.O. Box 242, in Safford, Arizona.

AUGUSTUS ADOLPHUS EVANS

TEMPE, ARIZONA

I, Augustus Adolphus Evans, better known as Gus Evans, was born on March 7, 1896, at my grandfather's farm two miles west of the Palo Verde Post Office in lower Buckeye Valley, to William Adolphus and Annie Gibson Evans. My grandparents were Dr. James Poole Evans and Therza Jane Chaddock Evans. Grandfather came to Phoenix in 1885 to take care of a fourth of a section of Section 17, north of Phoenix, where Brophy School is presently standing, which belonged to his brother Dr. John Evans. Later he sent for his family, who were in Cisney, Illinois. My father, William Adolphus Evans, arrived in Phoenix with his mother, Thurza Jane, brother John Miller Evans, and sister Laura Belle, on September 27, 1887. They chartered an immigrant car for their household furniture. In October of 1889 they moved to Section 12, five miles west of Buckeye. My grandfather was killed in a horse and cart accident on February 11, 1896, just before I was born. He was a doctor, but a farmer at heart.

My mother's father and mother were William Washington and Sara Ann Haynes Gibson, who lived at that time at Congress, Arizona, now a ghost town north of Wickenburg. Mother had seven sisters and six brothers. I was the first of six children. I have two brothers, Claud, and Earl, who is deceased, and three sisters, Sylvia O'Connell, Laura Norris, and May Monette.

In 1889 father homesteaded west of the Buckeye Valley on the bank of the Hassayampa River. They had to haul water in barrels for house use. In the yard they had a little pond, and an irrigation ditch for wash water. At this same time, we had two dogs named after a general and an admiral of the Spanish War, Dewey and Samson. We had a stock tank about 200 to 300 yards from the house to water the horses and cattle. My brother Claud and

I were playing out by the tank and my brother fell in. I went running and called to my mother to come; when she arrived one of the dogs had pulled my brother part way up the bank.

My father was Livestock Inspector for the Buckeye Valley, Gila Bend and Harrisburg, a mining town southeast of Salom, now a ghost town. One winter he received a call from the office in Phoenix to go to Gila Bend. It was raining, so he took me along. We crossed the Gila River at the old Roberts Crossing by spring wagon to a Mexican wood cutting camp below the river and stayed all night. The next morning it was still raining. Dad said, "We're going home and telephone the office to send someone from Phoenix on the train to inspect the cattle." When we arrived back to the river it was from bank to bank with water. My father told me to get off the seat and sit down in the bottom of the wagon and he knelt down beside me. We almost made it across when the horses started to swim and the wagon shifted downstream a little, but the horses hit bottom and pulled on out. I can still see it.

My father's brand the inverted T on top of a T ($\frac{1}{T}$) on the left hip was recorded in the Maricopa County Records Office in 1892.

We had lots of good times on grandmother's farm. There was a grove of cottonwood trees and the people in the valley would hold 4th of July celebrations and steer ropings, etc. Lots of times on Sunday afternoons there would be baseball games between the towns in the valley, Liberty, Buckeye, Arlington and Palo Verde.

We moved from Buckeye in about 1905 to North 10th Avenue in Phoenix. In this period of time my father still operated the farm in Palo Verde and ran cattle at a well about 12 miles up the Hassayampa River, north of the farm.

I started school at seven years of age. I had to wait until my brother Claud was six, to start school. We rode to the one-room schoolhouse in Palo Verde with the teacher. There were about nineteen students in the school, which included all eight grades. I went to the Five Point School, west end to the Central Street School, where the San Carlos Hotel is now. I graduated from the Adams Street School in the eighth grade. I went three and a half years to Phoenix Union High School.

In the summertime we would go down to the farm after school was out, and stay all summer. My father and mother sold the farm and ranch to the Flower Pot Cattle Company of Arlington. They also sold the Tenth Avenue home and moved to 314 North Second Avenue. I started high school from there. That summer we moved again onto 30 acres on the corner of Osborn Road and 19th Avenue. It was on the southeast corner, then called the new Black Canyon Road. In all this time Grandmother Evans lived with us. Grandmother passed away in 1916 while we lived here. We milked cows and drove a horse and buggy to high school. Later our father bought a 1910 Buick, which sometimes we drove to school. Also around this time my father was in the butcher business with Charley Tovrea. Mr. Tovrea ran the meat shop in Phoenix and in Congress in Yavapai County above Wickenburg (a mining town). They branded the E-T right hip L. S. about 1905 or 1906. The next brand was registered to my brother and me (J. C. Evans and A. A. Evans) X — L. H.

My father was a cattle buyer for three packing houses in Los Angeles and an order buyer for local cattle feeders for about 20 years. My brother Claud and I helped to get these cattle together for dad. We also worked for Norton and McDormick rounding up their stray cattle and putting them back in their pastures. John Norton caught us chewing sorgum cane and nicknamed my brother Claud "Sorgum." I remember my brother and I drove our

father to the train; he was going up to the northern part of the state to receive a carload of cattle, thirty head, more or less. He told us he had borrowed \$1000 to pay for the cattle.

We moved next to what would be the southeast corner of 15th Avenue and Osborn Road. I was still going to high school. We lived in three small houses on 10 acres. Dad and mother sold this and bought a large house on the southwest corner of Central Avenue and Osborn Road with three acres of land. We still had some cows to milk and horses to feed.

In 1909 or 1910 my father bought a cow ranch in the Weaver Mountains where Yarnell is now, from a man by the name of Sinclair. There was a Post Office there. We would go up and work them in the summertime.

My brother and I moved our X - cattle to this ranch, and also freighted supplies for two summers from Phoenix to Yarnell with horses and wagons. One summer there was an automobile tour to the Grand Canyon and Governor Hunt's car stalled on the road from Stanton. Claud and I took a team and pulled the car up Yarnell hill. We had dinner with the Governor and after that he ordered the building of the new road in its present location.

My father sold this ranch to John Pike about 1913. The next ranch we had was the 2 ~~N~~ ranch on the east end of the Big Marquahala Mountains from Reid and Christain south of Aguila. My brother Claud tailed the cattle. The ranch was sold to Joe Portillo, better known as Portigee Joe. I ran the farm dad owned at 19th Avenue and Osborn Road in 1915.

In the spring of 1916 my father went into the cattle business with J. A. Reid of Harrisburg in the Marquahala Valley, forming the Marquahala Land and Livestock Company. The Reid's brand was the 4 2 L. H. We drilled three deep wells in the valley. We also pumped water from the Palo Verde mine on the east end of the valley and also at Harrisburg ranch, and a well south of Salom. I took care of the pumping and hauling and my brother took

care of the cattle.

On August 5, 1916, I went into the army in World War I, and was discharged on March 27, 1919. When I came home I met a wonderful girl, Mildred Ethel Hayden of Scottsdale, Arizona. We were married August 3, 1920 and went to Marquahala Ranch. We moved into a 20 x 20 one room house, with four walls, two doors and two windows; we curtained off one corner for a bedroom. We sold the ranch in the fall of 1920 to Mr. Reid and his nephew.

We moved our equipment to our father's place at Central and Osborn. My brother and I rented my wife's uncle's two farms. One piece was at 16th Street and McDowell and the other was across the road from the Tovrea Packing Plant. We put up a lot of hay and fed out some steers. I milked cows on the 16th Street farm. I also ran a hay bailing crew besides, with a lot of hard work. We lost money at it.

In the winter of 1922 Elmer Clanton and my father bought some old cows and they hired me to take them down on the Gila River at the mouth of Fourth of July Wash, where Elmer Clanton had a house and piece of land. This place was east of Agua Caliente Hot Springs. It was one of the coldest winters I've known. I received the cattle south of Tempe, Baseline Road and the railroad tracks, and we drove them all the way through the Salt River valley, to Buckeye and Arlington and on to the ranch on the Gila River. The Gila River had running water in it in those days. We had to ride the river every day to pull the cattle out of the quicksand. Some of the cattle got back to the Arlington Valley. I went up on roundup and put them in a pasture on Drace Anderson's place. I asked him if he had anyone that could help me start the cattle from the ranch. He had a young man from Denmark who was riding a frisky little mare. There was a lot of cholla along the sides of the road and I tried to tell him not to touch

them. He didn't know much English, so what did he do but reach down and get a whole handful of cholla. He gave his hand a shake and one cholla ball hit the mare on the hip and she took off running. He grabbed the reins with both hands and finally stopped the mare. I had some pliers and I pulled the thorns out of his hands and the mare's hip, and sent them back to the ranch. I gathered the cattle and delivered them back to their right places, and gathered the strays later.

The next ranch was the Lazy S H connected Bar Ranch. It was on Beaver Creek east of Camp Verde. My brother Claud was running this and I went up and stayed through the fall roundup, when he went to get married. When I came back to Phoenix I started to buy a farm and put in a crop of barley and came out about even. This farm was covered with Johnson grass and was very hard to farm. The depression was on at this time.

Mr. C. B. Laird, a lawyer who owned the Inverted T Over T Ranch on the New River, came to my father and wanted us to take over the ranch. My brothers Claud, Earl and I moved onto the T ranch in 1924. I was the freighter, packer, and roundup cook. Also I took care of the windmills and gas engines, and rustled wood for the four houses. Later we had butane. We had four camps on the T Ranch. One was Mud Springs, up north, and Middle Corral, which was east, the Head of the River northeast, and Robbers Roosts, east of Middle Corral. To get to these camps every person or thing or piece of equipment, including a mowing machine, was carried on a horse or the back of a mule. One time I packed nine mules from the Head of the River camp, 15 miles. One mule was a bronk and I blindfolded him to get my bed roll on him. He started bucking and he tore the bed tarp and ripped the featherbed.

One time at Robbers Roosts camp all the crew except for two men had

left to round up the sale cattle to take them to headquarters. One of the men decided to ride a horse that an Indian cowboy had in his string. This horse had bucked one or two men off and nobody would ride it except the Indian. So this man said, "I can ride him if the Indian can." I told him he'd better ride one of his own horses. He was stubborn, and the horse threw him off into a pile of boulders and he broke his arm. I had to leave the camp and equipment and bed rolls and take him to headquarters, and my wife took him to Phoenix to a doctor. In those days we drove the cattle to Glendale for sale and shipment which was about 28 to 30 miles from headquarters, a two or three day trip. I freighted hay and supplies of grain from Glendale with a team of four. It was a two and a half day trip. One trip I made it to Bisquit Flat at the end of Black Mountain and camped for the night and one of the mules got away in the middle of the night and went on home and so I hitched the other one to the end of the wagon tongue and went on to the ranch.

We sold some of the unbroken horses and bought a one ton Model T truck to freight with. I even hauled salt from the salt mine at Camp Verde, a two day trip. One summer I packed the Fresno Scraper with some horses and mules and an Iron beam plow and took to Robbers Roosts Mesa, to repair a dam on stock tank.

I moved my family, my wife and two sons, and in order to have space for the house and corrals someone piled up the rocks and made a rock wall for a fence. There was a pipe that ran from a spring to the side of the hill to the water trough. This camp was in the bottom of a deep canyon and it was beautiful there, but the rattlesnakes were so bad. We killed two in one night. I worked about two weeks there to repair the dam. The next ranch we bought was the Flying Y ranch from Jese Cline.

On the T Ranch we had a combination school of the first three grades for our children. We started a Bible study at Black Canyon City. We did have Saturday night dances at Rock Springs store, and the whole community would come to dance, even people from Wickenburg and Coches. We had a lot of family get togethers on the holidays and reunions on the T Ranch, even had a rodeo at one time. We were one big happy family, even with the hard times. A drought was on and we had to gather the cattle off the desert south of New River and we could not sell them. We had them in a pasture where Santa Monica Hospital is and we were not able to sell them. So we shipped them to a pasture in California and my brother Claud went over and took care of them. The Forest Service cut the permit on the T Ranch and ordered us to remove the cattle. We could not sell the surplus cattle, only to the Government at \$12 per cow, \$6 per yearling, \$4 a calf, and had them killed. So I moved and rented a farm in the Salt River Valley. It had some alfalfa on it and I put in some wheat and barley and some volunteer oats. I sold the oats for 60 cents, cotton 4 cents per pound, the barley 45 cents and the wheat for 90 cents a hundred. The sacks cost 20 cents each to put it in. I sold hay for \$4.50 a ton, baled, it cost 85 cents a ton to haul to the market. Milk was 10 cents per gallon.

We moved off the ranch to a house near Osborn School. We moved over to my father-in-law's to help out there; that was over by Scottsdale. I worked part time for the Maricopa County Highway Department, for two weeks a month.

In 1930 I took the farm census in Scottsdale. It included the citrus groves north of the Arizona canal and cattle ranches clear above Cave Creek, east to the Verde River, and east to Cave Creek.

I did Highway Department work for nine years for Maricopa County, from

bridge gang to pull grader, to motor grader, then assistant foreman for road maintenance in Supervisor District #2.

In 1937 I moved my family to North Marinette, which is now Sun City, which is 10 miles north of the railroad on Carl Pleasant Dam Road, which was the extreme south end of the Y ranch. I lived there until 1942 when we sold the ranch and took my interest and bought a 50 acre farm adjacent to the Yaqui Village of Guadalupe south of Tempe on Guadalupe Road.

In 1955 or 1956 I was president of Kyrene Local Farm Bureau. Later I worked five years for the Arizona Highway Department in Phoenix and Mesa. I retired in 1968 at 72 years of age.

My wife and I have three sons, Arthur, Richard and Raymond, and one daughter, Mrs. Ruth Cordes. Our three boys graduated from Peoria High School and our daughter from Tempe Union High School. The boys were all in the Navy in World War II. We have fourteen grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. We are presently living on our son Richard's farm just south of Tempe. We also have a cabin at Mormon Lake to go to in the summertime.

JAMES CLAUD EVANS

PAYSON, ARIZONA

I, James Claud Evans, was born at Palo Verde, Arizona, west of Buckeye, on August 30, 1897. My mother was Annie (Gibson) Evans, and my father was W. A. (Dolph) Evans. I had three sisters and two brothers. My sisters in order were Sylvia, Laura and May. My brothers were Augustus, called Gus, and Earl.

Gus and I attended the first school in Palo Verde, a small one room school, taught by a lady by the name of Miss White. There were about 19 students in all eight grades, from the different farms and ranches in the area. Just recently, April 29, 1978, my brother Gus and I attended an old settlers reunion in Palo Verde. At this reunion were the two Roberts boys, Roach and Ross, who were in that small school in 1903 and 1904. Roach Roberts was born in 1895. Gus, my brother, was born in 1896. I was born in 1897 and Ross Roberts in 1898. We had pictures made as it seemed quite an event for four men of that age to be together.


The family moved to Phoenix to put the children in school, about 1905. In the summer of 1906, when I was nine years old, I helped drive a herd of beef steers to Congress, Arizona, which at that time was quite a mining town, and my father and Charles Tovrea, a brother of Ed Tovrea of the Tovrea Packing Company, had a slaughter house and meat market there; took about three and a half days to make the drive from Palo Verde Ranch to Congress. While in Congress, I went down in the mine and saw mules pulling ore cars on the lower levels, that had been there so many years that they had become blind. Impressed me quite a lot.



During the years in Palo Verde and several years after, my father owned a farm of approximately five hundred twenty acres of land west of Palo Verde on the Hassayampa River. Also had drilled wells up the Hassayampa to range

cattle on the outside.

About the time the railway company built the line to Buckeye, my father sold his farm and range. He received \$45 an acre for the farm. At the present this same land is selling for several thousands of dollars more per acre.

My brothers and sisters and I finished our schooling in Phoenix. Gus, Earl and I finished high school, and two of the girls finished the old Tempe Normal School. Laura, my second sister finished a business course. When we were in the Phoenix schools there were only three or four grade schools, and one high school at Fourth Street and Van Buren.

During most of our growing up we were in the ranching business. Following is a summary of the ranches and brands which my father and my brothers and I were interested in. The first brand my father owned was the  on the left ribs and left hip of cattle. My brother Gus and I recorded the X- on the left hip of cattle and left thigh of horses; this brand is recorded in the 1908 brand book.

When my father sold the Palo Verde ranch, he sold to the Flower Pot Cattle Company the range on the Hassayampa River, and the  brand on the left side, but recorded this same brand  on the right hip of cattle.

My father then bought a ranch at what is now Yarnell, Arizona from a man by the name of Sinclair, in 1910. The brand was IL on the left ribs of cattle. My brother and I ran our X- brand of cattle with his, so when he sold this ranch to John Pike in 1915, our X- brand was transferred to John Pike.

While at this ranch an amusing incident occurred. On my sixteenth birthday we were having a party when a man arrived on foot to tell us that Governor W. P. Hunt was stuck with his Franklin car on the old Yarnell Hill.

between Stanton and Yarnell. So my brother Gus and I took a team of horses and rescued the Governor, pulling his car to the top. After drinking a fill of cold water, the Governor said, "I'm going to build a good road to Prescott if I never do anything else while I'm Governor," and he did.

After we sold the Yarnell Ranch, my father bought the 2 N left hip cattle ranch at Aquila, Arizona in 1915 from Reid and Christen, and I was to take a working interest. So in the summer of 1915, George Violetta and I gathered and tallied these cattle, but my father found a buyer for this ranch, Joe Porteiro, better known as Portege Joe. Joe only kept it a short time and sold it to Del Crabb.

While gathering these cattle, George Violetta and I camped at the Charlie Duchet place. This camp was high in a canyon on the east end of the Marqua Hala Mountains. While here, George picked up a rifle of the old man from a corner of the shack and called me over to look at it. He pointed to five notches on the metal barrel put on with a file; they were rusty and rather old. We knew Charlie had been one of the main characters in the Pleasant Valley War, so these notches seemed quite significant. Charlie had a man working there helping water his burros and tend to them as Charlie's business was raising burros and selling them to sheep men. George and I took what cattle we had gathered to the 2 N ranch, then returned to Charlie's camp. Charlie was badly upset; the man who was working there had departed with a couple of Charlie's gentle burros. We sympathized with him, and he said he would go get them back. He saddled up a horse and left. Our next trip to Charlie's we asked if he had recovered his burros, and he said he had. George and I sneaked a look at his rifle and found a new notch on it. We did not ask any questions of Charlie.

When I was out of high school, in the spring of 1916, my father formed

a company with J. A. Reid, George Violetta, Mrs. Reid, my brother Gus and myself, to improve the Harqua Hala Valley as to wells and pastures, and to stock it with cattle. This we did, drilling three deep wells in the Valley, and using the old Palo Verde mine for water on the east end of the Valley. We also had a small feed ranch at Harrisburg, six miles east of Salome, where we watered cattle and raised horse feed, also a well, one mile south-east of Salome where we watered cattle. This was a dug well 110 feet deep. We bought and stocked this ranch with about seven hundred cows. We recorded the 4Z brand on the left hip of cattle. Then George Violetta decided to pull out, and the war came along and took Gus into the Army.

So I found myself, at eighteen years of age, in charge of a large and difficult range spread. We operated this ranch from the spring of 1916 until the fall of 1920. The year 1920 was a real wet year, and all the cattle were fat. In light of this good year, we shipped to the coast market cows, calves and yearlings, all fat enough to go to slaughter. So, after running this for four years, starting with all borrowed money to buy the cattle, to drill wells, to pay leases and running expenses, we sold enough beef in 1920 to pay everything off and have seven hundred cows left on the range. Gus had returned meantime and was there for this shipping.

We then sold out to our partner, J. A. Reid, who took a nephew as partner, a man from the east, who knew nothing about the cattle business, so wasn't long going broke at it. While on this ranch I learned to dance, and as in those days this was our only recreation, used to ride horseback thirty to forty miles to these dances, then ride back next day to be on the job.


Another amusing thing happened about this time. We were shipping from Agulla, Arizona, and all ranchers sold to the same buyer, so we were thick around the pens at Agulla waiting our turn to load. I had a boy working





who didn't like to get up in the morning, so George Violette and I rolled him up in his bed and tied it with just his head sticking out, then we forgot about him when we got busy, so when we turned him out he was pretty well cooked, but after that he was one of the first up in the morning. We shipped these cattle to Kansas City, and Gus and I went with them, had a train load. This was as far east as I've ever been and it was June and humid. I've never cared to go back.

After selling the 42 outfit, I tried my hand at farming, in the year 1921. I leased sixty acres of land across the road north of the then Tovrea Packing Company, now the Cudahy Packing Company. I bought some dairy cows, ran a custom baler, fed about a hundred hogs, fed some steers, in pens, and took hay for pay on my baler operation, and stacked up about fifteen hundred tons of hay. Hay had been selling for about fourteen dollars a ton up until I was ready to sell mine, and the best I received was seven dollars. So after I finished the year's lease, sold cows, machinery, hay, hogs, and steers and worked harder than at any time in my life, I wound up about thirteen hundred dollars in the red, so I quit farming.

The next outfit I tackled was the ~~42~~ left hip ranch which my father bought from Harry Stephens on Beaver Creek, north of Camp Verde, in the spring of 1922. This ranch was about a half mile north of Montezuma's Well, near Soda Springs. While operating this ranch I worked for the Forest Service to pay expenses. I helped build a telephone line from Beaver Creek Ranger Station to Clear Creek Ranger Station. One of the more amusing things that happened at this time was a bout with a wild horse I caught on the Mogollon Mountain. He was a beautiful horse but a real outlaw. I used all my know-how and I still couldn't tame him. He would kick you, bite you, or just plain buck you off. But I had enough after he pitched into a four wire fence and fell down, doing considerable damage to my anatomy.

Bill Logston, a compadre of mine, came along, saw the horse, and wanted to trade for him. I asked what he had to trade and he said a three-year old colt. I took him up quick without bickering, surprised him. But didn't when he tried to ride him, as he just couldn't stay put. So he hired one of the Allen boys, a bronco rider, to break him. He gave up, so Bill traded him to the Indians at Camp Verde for a dozen hens. But the Indians tied him between two low haystacks and he hung himself. End of a good outlaw.

In the summer of 1922 I went to a rodeo in Payson, Arizona, where I met a beautiful little girl, a real mountaineer, born and raised under the Mogollon Rim on Bonita Creek. Her name was Myrl Pyle and she was one of a pair of twin girls. After writing all winter and seeing her four or five times, I persuaded her to come help me run the  ranch. We were married on October 3, 1923 in Payson, Arizona. Her father was a rancher with one of the prettiest places under the rim north of Payson. He raised cattle and had orchards and gardens in one of the most beautiful settings imaginable. We have a son, Elwood C. Evans, and a daughter, June (Evans) Bond.

While at the Beaver Creek ranch, I went to Flagstaff to take the examination for the job of Forest Ranger, passed, and worked at it a few months, then left to start ranching. We sold the Beaver Creek Ranch and moved to the  L.H. Ranch on New River in northern Maricopa and southern Yavapai counties. Mr. C. B. Laird owned the  L.H. at this time. My father, my two brothers and myself agreed to assume the management of this ranch, which was rather badly in debt, with an agreement with Mr. Laird to attain a half interest when all debts were eliminated. There were approximately three to four thousand head of cattle on this ranch. The brands at the time we took it over were the  and the  with the 96 on horses. We went on this ranch in 1924 and operated it continuously until the fall

of 1946. During the time we operated the $\frac{1}{4}$ ranch we expanded it considerably, by buying Hosea Cline's ~~A~~ outfit which joined the $\frac{1}{4}$ outfit on the south and west. We also bought the Charlie Jones outfit north of us, branding the XS. We then purchased seventy-five leased sections from the Bonine Brothers on the west of the Agua Fria River. We put wells over this area and ran a fence around it and back to Lake Pleasant. When we were at our peak of production we had six and a half townships under fence and were branding from eight hundred to thirteen hundred calves a year.

In the year 1941 we built a fence from Cave Creek Road on the east to the west of the Agua Fria River, then north and back to Lake Pleasant, altogether about forty-one miles. When you tell people now that our lower drift fence was on Bell Road they think you are windying. When we first took this ranch we drove all cattle to Glendale to ship. Imagine today trying to drive eight to nine hundred yearlings into the old Glendale stockyards to ship.

My brothers Gus and Earl withdrew from the company in 1942 or 1943, and I remained. Our good partner Mr. C. B. Laird, passed away on March 5, 1946. As I now had not only the responsibility of the cattle work, but also the heavy bookkeeping end of the business, we sold the ranch in the spring of 1946 to Ray Cowden, Frank Armer and Levi Reed. On this ranch, which was a very rough piece of country, we had to maintain a crew year round of six or seven cowboys, and consequently quite a large remuda. When we shod horses for a roundup there were about seventy head, and it was quite a chore. But before we sold this, the Forest Service had cut the permit almost in half, and the Bureau of Land Management also were cutting, so from a permitted number of 1850 head on the forest we were cut to eight hundred.

To go back a little from the story of the $\frac{1}{4}$ ranch, there was another large ranch which we bought to send our yearlings to, for aging. This ranch

was the ~~DK~~ or Coconino Cattle Company ranch near Cottonwood, and Flagstaff, Arizona. We bought this in 1930 just in time to meet all the ills of the depression. This Coconino Cattle Company ranch was purchased from Pat Hurley of the Hurley Meat Company in Phoenix, and Walter Miller, a relative of Senator Clark, owner of the Clarkdale smelter and Jerome mines. This ~~DK~~ ranch extended from just across the Verde River at Clarkdale to Belmont, Arizona, west of Flagstaff, and was between Sycamore Creek on the west to Oak Creek on the east, about fifty five miles long and sixteen miles wide. At the time we took this ranch, I moved up to operate it and my brothers remained at the $\frac{1}{7}$ ranch. I operated this ranch for four years, through the worst of the depression. We would buy yearlings to stock this at a price per pound and then come sale time, sell for a cent or a cent and a half less. Couldn't do this indefinitely, so in 1934, our company sold to Ray Cowden, Cecil Miller and George Mickle. George Taylor had been with us on this venture, and he stayed in. I continued to operate this until 1936, when I returned to the $\frac{1}{7}$ ranch. When we first took this ~~DK~~ ranch it had a permit for 2200 steers. Now I understand it has been cut drastically.

While on the $\frac{1}{7}$ ranch we had many wild cattle, as the same herd had been run there for over sixty years. Many of these cattle were hard to gather and so in winter time we had to establish what we called wild cow camps and catch and tie up these cattle and lead them to holding pastures so they could be driven out with the next sales cattle. To lead these cattle they first must be roped, then the horns shortened with small saws we carried on our saddles. Next, a small tree must be trimmed to tie to, then a tie up rope was tied around the base of the horns, leaving some slack so the area around the horns would become tender. The animal was then tied close to the tree with not too much slack. The tree must be in the clear enough so the animal can circle it freely. They were left then for a day

or in tough cases as much as two days. When you returned for the animal you placed your catch rope around the horns and took a dally around the tree. Then your horse could hold the animal while you removed the tie up rope. Then you gave the animal slack and picked up the rope as he took the loose rope and you then dallied the animal as close on your horse as possible for the first go round to keep them from getting under your horse. For the first few minutes you have a ball, because he's mad and will give you a bad time, but after a few minutes, due to the training on the tree of giving to the rope, the animal will start to lead, and many times before you turn them loose you can almost lead them with your hand. They also lead much better after you have them away from their accustomed surroundings.

Along this line I had two of the best lead hands in the business, Denver Tomerlin and Pete Tisnado. These men could tie up and lead as many as four animals at a time. They would take one loose and break it to lead, then tie it with a bow knot to a tree limb until they broke the next one to lead, then they would do the same thing for each one up to four head. I have lead four but it worked me harder.

Speaking of leading cattle and cowboys propensity for jobbing each other, my brother Gus hadn't led any cattle, and Denver Tomerlin and I tied some and told Gus it wasn't any big deal to lead, so he came along to help. We rode down into a steep brushy basin we called Cavness Hole. We rode up to two big steers and a wild cow tied up and asked Gus which one he would like to take up to the Parada. Well, Gus looked at those big old steers and the much smaller cow, and he said, "I'll take the cow," so we turned her to him and he was all over the hillside and all but upside down, for you see we hadn't told him that a wild cow on the flight was the hardest animal to break to lead. Denver and I had a big laugh and took our steers on out. But Gus and the cow learned together and he put her in the hard.

After I sold out the ~~+~~ ranch, I took a temporary job as livestock inspector at Glendale. Lloyd Cavness was Secretary of the Livestock Sanitary Board at that time in 1946. Glendale was the biggest district in the state at that time as to numbers of cattle. I drove a Dodge automobile 220,000 miles in two years, when we had to maintain our own car and buy our own gasoline. At 15¢ per head, I was turning in checks of from \$1200 to \$1500 per month. So you see how many cattle I had to look for. I had about eight or nine big feed lots, besides all of the dairy cattle, horses, and two meat outlets to inspect. At that time you had to stamp all meat with state stamps. I was on this inspection job for two years, fall of 1946 to spring of 1949, when the Board made me Chief Livestock Inspector of Arizona. Then in 1951, due to the tragic automobile death of Lloyd Cavness, I was made Executive Secretary of the Livestock Sanitary Board. As Executive Secretary I was in charge of the entire operation, brand inspection, meat inspection and state veterinary office. This position I held until January 1, 1965, then I retired.

I and my wife of fifty-four years are now living in Payson, Arizona, but as an old cow poke will, I am living on the ranch of my wife's nephew, Lee A. Jones, but don't do much but go for the mail and read the papers. Turned eighty last August, so the trails seem steeper.

MILDRED ETHEL EVANS

TENPE, ARIZONA

I, Mildred Ethel Evans, was born July 7, 1895, to Wilford and Mistle Ware Hayden at their home on what is now Hayden Road (named after my parents), where they had purchased a half section of undeveloped land in 1891. This was a school section on Lateral One. Members of our family lived there until it was sold for development in the 1950's. There were six children in the family. I had two brothers and three sisters. My brothers were Hugh and Wilford, and my sisters were Augusta, Ruth and Helen. Helen is living in California, and the others are deceased. We all grew up on the farm except a sister who passed away at an early age. We attended school in Scottsdale until in the upper grades. We were privileged to have some wonderful teachers; my first was Rattle (Green) Locket, Jennie Hedgpeth, Bertha Blount (her father was principal of Phoenix Union High School), Grace George from Pennsylvania, and others.

I attended Tempe Normal School three years with others of the family; others went to Tempe Union High School. We drove to school with a horse and buggy, and of course had to cross the Salt River. There was no bridge across the river at that time, so when the river was in flood we would leave the horse and buggy on the north side and walk the railroad bridge, and continue on to school.

My father had dairy cows most of the years we children were growing up. In the early years he separated the milk and churned the cream to make butter. He and mama would mold the butter in one pound cakes and mama delivered on an average of 40 pounds a trip, also eggs and sometimes chickens once and sometimes twice a week to customers in Phoenix. Of course there were no automobiles at that time, so mama would hitch two horses to a

spring wagon and drive them to town. To keep the cream and butter we would buy a 100 pound block of ice, on our way home. Yes, there was an ice house in Phoenix at that time owned by a Mr. Lount, which he had for many years, and it was the third ice house in the United States. There were no graded roads at that time, so we more or less just took off across the desert. I think it must have been at least twelve miles from our house into Phoenix.

Our home was just west of the Salt River Indian Reservation, so we knew the Indians quite well; they worked for my father on the ranch, and an Indian woman did our laundry for many years. They were a quiet peaceable people.

My father came from Missouri. He lived in San Francisco for a short while with relatives, the Bishops, and operated a horse drawn street car. The Bishops owned the transportation system in San Francisco and San Jose. They also owned the race tracks.

Then my father returned to Missouri. About 1887 he came to Arizona and stayed about a year, then returned to Missouri and was married to Mittie J. Ware in 1889. She had come to Missouri from Virginia. They came immediately to Phoenix where they purchased a small acreage on Henshaw Road south of the State Asylum. They built a house and put in a garden. The first child was born there. Then the flood in 1891 wiped it all away. They then moved to Scottsdale. My father helped plant the beautiful ash trees that formerly lined North Central Avenue.

Scottsdale was just a small settlement, maybe a dozen families at that time. My mother was a trustee on the School Board for several years. We had many nice school programs and parties, also met in the school house for Sunday School and church. In later years my mother was instrumental in organizing the Methodist Church in Scottsdale. My father and mother had many nice community gatherings at our home. People always seemed to enjoy coming

to the Hayden farm.

I was married to Augustus Adolphus Evans on August 3, 1920 at home. We left immediately for the cattle ranch in the Marquahala Valley. We were there only a short while when we sold our interests in the ranch and came back to the Salt River Valley.


I am presently active in the Maricopa Farm Bureau and I was Maricopa County Farm Bureau Women's Chairwoman in 1953, 1954 and 1955.

PHILLIP FOREMASTER
ARIZONA STRIP, ARIZONA

Phillip was born December 27, 1898 at St. George, Utah. He was raised in St. George and on the Arizona Strip. He attended grade school and high school in St. George, while his college years were spent at the University in Salt Lake City, Utah.

There is very little water found on the Arizona Strip and none is available for a city of much size, therefore people lived along the Virgin River. Phillip spent most of his younger life out on the range with his father, who had been ranching since the 1870's. His family has ranched on the Strip since that time.

Phillip was married at St. George in 1933. He and his wife had two sons and three daughters. Their present ranch is made up of several ranches that they have purchased over the years. The Foremasters purchased their ranches from William McShanley, Spilsbury Land and Livestock, Henry A. Pace, Dr. John Beal, Glade Berry, and others. These ranches were purchased between 1920 and 1966.

Phillip has three brands recorded in Arizona but usually used the Slash Lazy E  brand. Phillip used the Slash Lazy E brand because it was easy to brand and he could get it recorded in Arizona, Nevada and Utah, where they have ranches. One of his ranches is the Temple Pond. In the early days Mormon pioneers had to haul lumber for a temple by the ranch, so the reservoir was called Temple Pond. Other ranches are Flat Top, Foremaster Rim, Point of Rock and Cane Bed.

Earlier history of this area told by Phillip is like the passage of time changed only by modern ranching practices. The San Franciscan fathers were trying to find a closer route from Santa Fe, New Mexico to California.

They traveled up through Colorado, then crossed into what is now Utah and then came south. They then decided to turn back to Santa Fe. They came down through Utah, crossed the Virgin River, and came out on what is now called the Arizona Strip. They climbed up Hurricane Fault on the Temple Pond. It was verdant with feed so they rested for a few days. The San Franciscans called this place San Angel, then turned east to the Crossing of the Fathers.

The Arizona Strip is part of Mohave and Coconino Counties and the ranchers were pretty well isolated from the remainder of the county. The great big Colorado River presented a barrier in their travels to the county seat in Kingman. The pioneers moved south through Utah and settled on the Virgin River where there was a supply of water for their sustenance. Gradually herds of cattle moved out of the Arizona Strip. Phillip was sure the people of Arizona knew little about the Strip because of the Colorado River barrier. As a result, families lived along the Virgin River and ranch operators spent their time out on the ranches. In recent years the communications have been much better between the Strip and the Kingman area. Phillip has seen many changes on the Arizona Strip since his ancestors settled there 107 years ago.

In December of 1976 Foremaster sold part of the ranches. Two sons and a son-in-law will inherit the ranches. At the age of 79 Phillip wants to hold on to his ranch to have something to do.

He has agreed to serve on the Board of the Arizona National Stockman Pioneers representing the Arizona Strip. He can be reached at 100 South Street, St. George, Utah.

FRED J. FRITZ, JR.

CLIFTON, ARIZONA

My father, Fred Fritz Sr., was born in Fredericksburg, Texas, March 19, 1857. He had a twin brother, Frank, who died of a heart attack at 20 years of age. Besides Fred and Frank, there was Peter, William, John, Mary, Christian (known as Dick) and Anthon. Their parents, John and Catherine Fritz, were German immigrants who came from the upper Rhine country and after a long and hazardous sea voyage, landed at Indianola, Texas, and encountered many hardships before arriving at Fredericksburg.

Grandfather Fritz built his home on what is now Milan Street, and he was the blacksmith of the town. He was killed in his late 30th year by a young colt kicking him in the temple. The two oldest brothers, Peter and William, were born in Germany, and after their father was killed the older boys, including my father, who was only 16, left the German colony to find employment.

To illustrate how those early immigrants lived to themselves, my father (though born in the United States) said he had never heard an English word until he found work on a ranch in one of the other counties, probably Llano. Fredericksburg is the county seat of Gillespie County, Texas.

Father wandered out to Fort Davis and became a stagecoach driver. This was Comanche Indian country, but they did not make raids or kill after sundown. The 30-mile run he had through the Fort Davis mountains was at night.

Father then went to Old Mexico and worked on the Mexican Central Railroad when it was being built out of El Paso, and I heard him say there were just a few adobe houses where the El Paso Plaza is now. He seemed to

have been on the rugged edge of the frontier in his early years as he was in Tombstone, Arizona during the days of the Earps, Clantons, and other notorious characters of those times. I've heard him mention Pierce and Fort Bowie; he was in Shakespear, the ghost town close to Lordsburg, New Mexico, and at Silver City, New Mexico during its early heydays.

While in Silver City, he made the acquaintance of Ira Townsend, who was a prospector and trapper. They got a few burros, about three, I think father told me, and moved into the San Francisco River country near Big Dry Canyon and spent the winter of 1884-1885 trapping beaver. They did very well that winter, and when spring came they decided to take their furs to Clifton, Arizona for shipment. With some difficulty they worked their way down the Frisco to where the Blue River comes in and camped there several days as they were impressed by the clear water of the Blue River. Too, there were lots of beaver and other animal signs. They also found ample quantities of trout in the stream and decided this would be their trapping site the following winter.

They went down the Frisco to Clifton (a trip of 20 miles) and shipped their pelts, the season's catch. They worked in the mines and on the Harrow Gauge Railroad that was being built to Lordsburg, New Mexico. In the fall they returned and came up the Blue River about 9 miles where the road crossed the river to the old LUE Ranch (now owned by the Stacy Brothers) and built a small cabin for winter shelter. They had a successful trapping season but Mr. Townsend found nothing of interest to him in the mineral line and decided not to return. Apparently they went back to Silver City for father bought a few cows (about 60 head) and with the help of Nat Wittum, an old Army scout, moved those few cattle into the lower Blue River. (These were the first cattle brought into that area.) They spent the winter at the cabin and did some trapping. In the spring of 1886


they decided to move up the river and stopped where the old Baseline Ranger site was located and built another cabin.

In the late spring father went to Clifton after supplies and to ship the furs. While he was gone, a band of Apache Indians broke out of the reservation and made a raid through the lower Blue River country. At that time, father said Bob Bell had taken up a place at the mouth of Squaw Creek. Up the river two miles there was an old man by the name of Benton (a canyon was named after him) and two Luther brothers, located at the forks of Augur and Dutch Blue in the Little Blue country. A Mr. Rasberry lived where the Smith place is now. Father said he was French and thought he spelled his name Rasperrie (Rasberry Canyon was named after him). Also, Hugh McKeen had moved cattle into the Little Blue which comes into the main Blue just above Baseline.

When father returned, he found Wittum dead in the cabin. Bob Bell and Hugh McKeen were the only two who survived. Bell had gone to Silver City and the Indians did not find the McKeen camp. Soldiers were following the Indians. They helped father bury Wittum and they also buried Benton, Rasberry and the Luther brothers. Somewhere in the Alma, New Mexico country the soldiers, after a fight, captured the Indians and returned them to the reservation.

Father sent for his brother John, who came, and they built a cabin in Horse Canyon (where I had my camp cabin and pasture in later years) and they spent the winter there. In the spring of 1888 they moved back to Blue River and again built a cabin out of alder logs, named the canyon Alder, and it was here that I was to spend my life to the age of 80 years. Father said he located here for two reasons--the fine spring up the canyon was a major attraction and too, as a hide-out for this close to the Blue River the cabin could not be seen from the river.

John didn't like herding cattle or trapping, and went to Clifton and worked in the mines. He was killed and buried in the old Morenci Cemetery, now one of the unmarked graves.

Father then sent for his brother Christian (Dick) and they became partners and started the XXX brand in June 1888. Prior to this time the brand used was F1 but by this time there were many people and cattle, some with no brand. The F1 brand was turned into B+ - R+ and other designs. Nothing could be made out of the XXX which was from the left shoulder, ribs and hip. I found the XXX brand recorded in the books of Graham County, and the ranch through the years has been the XXX Ranch. I have used the brand all my life. I sold the ranch to Sewell Goodwin in June 1975 but I kept the brand. I have used it in my signature for years  The XXX was my life and heritage; however, when I cross the Great Divide I want the brand to revert back to the XXX Ranch if it is still operating.

Through the years, father and Uncle Dick increased their cow herd and in the summer of 1894 they returned to Fredericksburg, their birthplace. They married sisters. Catherine Knopp was my mother and Theresa Knopp married Christian. Their parents were also German immigrants. They had a double Catholic wedding and the brides were brought to Clifton. Mother said they most certainly were not impressed with Clifton. Dick kept his family in Clifton until about 1898 when he built a house across and up Blue River one crossing, where he had a blacksmith shop and did the farming.

A most severe drought of about 5 years hit at the turn of the century. During the 1890's many cattle were brought into the country and many died during the drought period, which was followed by three extremely wet seasons. The years 1905-06 and 07 brought high floods, and the flood of 1906 washed the barns away and came up to the door of Uncle Dick and Aunt Theresa's house. They became disgusted and father bought their interest in

the ranch and they moved back to Fredericksburg with their five children, three boys and two girls. The youngest son, Ben, was born at the ranch home during the flood period. My mother helped her sister to bring Ben into the world. This is another example of the frontier life and fortitude of the women who helped.

In those early years, many women did not go to a hospital when their children were born. My dear mother had only a midwife. She was Mrs. George Wells, who lived across the Frisco River. Her husband was a caretaker or official of the mining company. They had a nice fruit orchard, but like the Chinese they moved away after the floods and went to San Diego California. Mrs. Wells, mother said, always called me "her boy." While I was in training at Camp Kearney, California in the first World War, I went to San Diego (about 18 miles) and had a nice visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Wells. They were still in fair physical condition and quite alert. It made me most happy when after all those years she still called me "her boy." They had no children. Both passed away years ago.

In the year 1896 father bought a few lots in North Clifton and built a small house. My sister Katherine was born there December 22, 1896, and this time mother had a doctor, L.A.W. Burch. It was early spring or late spring in 1897 that father moved my mother and sister and me to the XXX Ranch at the mouth of Alder Creek on Blue River. This was mother's home until Kathleen (my wife) and I bought her interest in the old ranch in March 1928.

The only house at the ranch was a one-room deal with a fireplace and a dirt floor. Mother said she lived in a tent that first summer until logs were cut and another cabin was built with a breezer-way between. Those were rough and trying frontier days. There were no conveniences. Water came in a bucket from Alder Creek. Clothes were washed on a scrub board

(or an "Irish piano" as it was sometimes called). Mother made her own soap from beef cracklings and other fats and lye. There was no refrigeration in those days and a square upright box with a pan of water on top was used to keep food cool. Cloths were dropped in the water pan and the ends hung on the outside and the moisture therefrom kept the burlap sacks wet that enclosed the box. It was remarkable how well it kept the milk and cheese which mother made, as well as other perishable foods. Yes, those early pioneers had many hardships and obstacles to overcome. They were masters of many trades; they possessed both fortitude and determination and my parents were among those who carved out homes in the wilderness and left us today a priceless heritage that we must endeavor to protect.

I'd like to quote Abe Lincoln: "Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

I was born at Oro, Arizona on July 8, 1895. Even in those early days, the Copper King Mining Company that operated had closed, yet the old slag dumps can still be seen. The large adobe house in which I was born (the manager's house of the Old Copper King Mining Company) is gone. It was three miles up the San Francisco River, commonly called the Frisco, from Clifton.

The Clifton Water Company's pumping plant is near there. The Chinese gardens that existed when father moved my mother to her home about September 1894 are gone. The big floods of 1905-1906 and 1907 washed most of the land away that the Chinese used to supply the mining town of Clifton (settled in 1872) with vegetables, and they abandoned their garden operations.

My brother Edward John was born in Clifton March 23, 1902. Father's birthday being March 15th, he said mother failed by a few days to give him

a birthday present.

After the high floods of 1905-06 and 07, many people left Blue River. Many of the small farms were washed away. The Blue River Road, north and south in Eastern Arizona between Safford and Duncan Valleys to Alpine and Springerville, was gone. The post office at Benton (now the HU Ranch eight miles above the XXX) closed. Mr. Balke was postmaster, justice of the peace, yes, the law and order of Blue River. He married people, had court, etc., and also had a small farm. He was a naturalized German and he and father were good "amigos." I can still hear them talking German, in fact, my mother and father did so except when we had company. Mr. Balke was the father of ten children and his oldest daughter, May, married Hugh McKeen who patented the HU Ranch which the Fritz family acquired in later years. After the big floods, the Balke and McKeen families moved to Alma, New Mexico and the school at Benton ceased to exist. Also in those early days there was a post office, store, saloon and school at the mouth of the Blue. The post office was called Boyles. Today, no one lives there.

I would at this time be remiss if I did not give some of the history that surrounded the early days of the Boyles settlement.

By the turn of the century, a number of people had located in and around the junction of Blue River with the Frisco. Tom Stockton at the Dix Creek Ranch (now owned by Abe Martinez) was located two miles up the Frisco, also Jim Erwin (grandfather of "Cowboy" Erwin of Safford). Today there are members of the Stockton clan around Clifton and Silver City. The Madlins and Trailors were also large families who lived there prior to the big floods of 1905-06. I know of none of their descendants around here now. The children of these families and those listed below all attended the Boyles School.

The Sutherlins, Traynors and Wilkersons had large families, over 40

pupils at the school, and many of these three families have numerous descendants in this vicinity who have contributed much to its development. Three of the Sutherland boys, Pat, Bob and George, and two Traynors, Jim and Hugh, worked at our ranch in years past. Ashby, Mosby and Bee (now deceased) were at the XXX ranch. Forest Wilkerson (a 3-term sheriff of Greenlee County and now supervisor from Duncan District) is the son of Bee who was working at the ranch when father died January 12, 1916.


The fellow who had the first store, saloon and post office was named Carpenter and the post office was also called Carpenter. Besides hard times for those early settlers, there were rough times. The old man Trailor was killed on the porch of the saloon by a cowboy named Gurley. Carpenter's wife Rhoda was post mistress, but they had difficulties--nothing was ever proven. She was killed and Carpenter left about 1904.

Abe and Dick Boyles took over the store; I think the saloon was closed. Laura, Abe's wife, took charge of the post office, which was changed to Boyles.

The Boyles brothers became quite large cattle and horse raisers. Their cattle brands were LB; L-B; H I H, and horse brand (B). They also acquired the LUE Ranch from Eugene Johnston (he had an impediment in his speech and was known as "Stuttering Charlie") and the ranch now owned by the Stacy brothers.

The Boyles brothers sold all their ranch holdings to a Mr. McBest of Colorado, who gathered most of the cattle and shipped them to Colorado. The post office and store were closed. The remaining cattle were sold to George Balke, eldest son of Mr. Balke of Benton, who used the BOK brand. He in turn sold to H.K. Gatlin and the Stevenson brothers. The Gatlin family lived there until their operation was closed out about 1939. The Gatlin home burned down. The small field today is a mesquite thicket.

The Gatlins also had a large family and during their occupancy there was again a school. However, today nothing remains of Boyles, Arizona, except memories.

Father and his brother needed help and about 1878 they had two young nephews, Joe and Willie Fritz, and two sons of William (the second oldest Fritz brother) come from Fredericksburg, Texas. Money was scarce, cattle cheap and plentiful. They paid the nephews in cattle and started the AUA brand on the left shoulder, ribs and hip. Mother's brother Fred (two years older) also came out and they likewise paid him in cattle which were branded  on the left ribs. After four or five years he sold his cattle to Jim James, who branded them with the 6K6 brand and moved them to Pine Flat. Today the old 6K6 Ranch is owned by Sewell Goodwin. Through the years it was owned by "Taripan Jack" (think his name was Barkhurst), Dudley Brothers, George Montgomery, John Patty (an early sheriff), then the Valley Bank, Pyaett, Tremaine and Samuels had it when it was sold to John Gray (who married Laura Balke, now deceased, the youngest daughter of the Benton post master). Next Bob Birdwell owned the ranch and then sold it to a young fellow from New Jersey. Sewell Goodwin bought the ranch from him. On June 15, 1976, Goodwin bought our old ranch, so after all these years the XXX, AD and 6K6 ranches have passed into the hands of one individual.

I've worked and ridden those ranges all my life and during those years I've seen many changes, some good and some bad, but that was my life. I've lived it and enjoyed it. I have no regrets. I've accomplished and done what I thought was right; yes, I have memories of when I rode the range.

In his lifetime, father did lots of hunting. I remember when I was a boy some of his friends came from town and wanted to go hunting. He went with them. He was quick and an excellent shot with a pistol, although he had lost the sight of his right eye early in his twentieth year, and he was

also a good shot with a rifle, and had one of the early 1894 Winchesters.

The story of my family would not be complete (about the country I've lived in and loved) unless I included the narrow and almost fatal encounter father had with a grizzly bear.

It was in September 1899. He and his nephew Willie were riding the Maple Canyon country on the east side of Blue River. They had separated and agreed to meet at Maple Springs. With him father had five shepherd dogs, and when he arrived at the designated meeting place the dogs gave chase to a large male grizzly bear that had just killed a grown cow. There was a lot of timber (wild maple, from which the canyon received its name). After a short distance, the grizzly went around a steep hillside covered with mahogany and oak brush and father said he made the mistake of getting below the bear and dogs. In the thickness of the brush, the bear charged downhill and jumped up on the rear end of his big brown horse "Jug" and the right paw ripped the square-skirted saddle just as father turned and shot the bear in the mouth with his 45 revolver, and old Jug left. Father said it was some distance before he got him stopped. The shot had broken the old grizzly's jaw, which probably saved father's life in the hand encounter that followed. By the time he got his horse stopped, the dogs had taken the bear over a ridge and were going up the east fork of Maple Canyon when he overtook them.

Jug didn't like that bear and father could never get too close, but at every opportunity, when he felt confident he would not hit one of the dogs, he fired. As I've previously stated, he was a good shot with a pistol as evidenced after the bear was killed and skinned several days later. Eight bullet holes were found.


This running fight continued up the canyon for some distance until they reached the forks of the canyon where it boxes up near what was later

called Bear Springs. Here, due to the density of the brush and rugged terrain, father tied his horse and started up through the canyon on foot. There were two falls in the canyon. He got over the first, but before he could make the second, the dogs brought Mr. Grizzly back. Father was trapped. The bear was close, so he fell face down. It was then proved that the broken jaw from the first shot was so all-important as the bear got father by the back of the neck, leaving a mark on each side of his neck that he wore to his grave. Just as the bear bit down, he shot him in the mouth again and he released his grasp and the five dogs took up the fight. Father related that the bear would jump and take a slap at the dogs, then come back and sit on him. These scars he always retained. If the dogs had ever ceased fighting, father would have been finished. Father was losing blood but he said the grizzly was real bloody too from the numerous times he had been hit. He finally concentrated on fighting the dogs and this gave father a break. He slid back on his stomach, all the time "hissing" his dogs until he got to the base of a small pine. Though badly scratched up, he was able to climb up a short distance. He always joked about this incident, saying it kept him from having rheumatism in his later years. Meanwhile, when his nephew came to Maple Springs and father was not there, he soon discovered what had occurred and took the trail and found Jug tied. He heard the dogs up the canyon and found father in the tree. By this time the bear was becoming real sick but still after the shepherd dogs. Willie had a rifle and he killed the bear. He succeeded in getting father on his horse and to the ranch where mother took care of the wounds and bear bites. It was months before father could do much, in fact he never fully recovered from the encounter. He went to a specialist in San Francisco for nervous disorders, maybe all his condition wasn't attributable to the bear fight but the last years he lived (he died January 12, 1916), he slept on a pillow filled with

hops and saturated with alcohol. This helped the severe headaches.

His nephew took help and they went back and skinned the bear, one of the largest grizzlies that was ever killed in the Blue River country. Father sent the hide to mother's folks, the John Kropp family in Fredericksburg, Texas. In my young years I remember seeing the hide on some of the visits with mother. It was an extra large hide, but not pretty. It was shaggy, with many bare places. After my grandparents passed away I don't know what became of the hide. There are lots of stories of those frontier years, but few people survived such a hand-to-hand struggle to tell the tale.

It was 12 miles to the Boyles School and 8 to Benton. When my sister and I became of school age, my parents hired a private teacher for six months of each year and we stayed home at the ranch until we passed the exams for the eighth grade. Being a private teacher, she was not qualified or authorized to officially give the exams and by that time the two above-mentioned schools did not exist. However, the Blue School thirty miles up the river did, and still continues to operate. The teacher at the Blue School that year resigned about six weeks prior to closing, and Professor E. C. Bunch, who was Principal of the North Clifton School, moved up to Blue and finished the school term. (He wanted to get his wife and family out of town for the summer.)

My dear mother took my sister Katie and me and we stayed at the old Charlie Thomas ranch (his brand was the Flying Diamond on the right side and made thus - ). The ranch was across the river from the school house. I went to that public school for two weeks, passed a fair examination and received my eighth grade diploma, my only "sheepskin," which was signed by J. W. Aker who was then County Superintendent of Schools. His daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Tea, has been recorder of Greenlee County for a number of years. My sister Katie and Myrtle Jones also passed the examination.

I am grateful to those private teachers for what they taught me. Much of it was at night as father's health wasn't too good and he needed me on numerous occasions, for on a ranch there is always something that needs attention. I've always contended when I heard a rancher say he had nothing to do that something was being neglected, for I was on our old ranch a lifetime and there was always something to do.

Now I want to introduce you to my private teachers. The first was father's niece, Dora Malden, the third daughter of his only sister Mary. She came from Georgetown, Texas, and while here, met mother's brother Fred and they were married a few years later. She taught Katie and me our ABC's etc.

For the next two years Elizabeth (Lizzie) Damron from the Gila Valley, think her hometown was Thatcher, was our teacher. She was a small person about 90 pounds. She was a kind-hearted person whom mother liked very much. She later married a fellow by the name of Young.

Next came Miss Rowena Hord from Ozona, Texas, and I don't know through what channel my parents contacted her. Frankly, I never felt I gained much from her teaching. After the school term, I can't remember ever hearing from her.

Miss Grace Raines, another Texas girl, was our fifth grade teacher. She was the youngest sister of Mrs. Alan (Ella) Chitty. In those early days they lived on Turkey Creek and their brand was 999 on the right side of the cattle. Prior to that time Milan Batandorf had lived there and used the 4-4 brand. In later years W. C. (Bill) Edward and his wife, Coralea Felleman lived there and he improved and received the patent. Today the place is owned by Bob Fletcher and Jim and Betty Grammer (two exceptionally fine people and my good neighbors for the past years) manage the ~~TO~~ Ranch. Grace Raines had some misunderstanding with my parents and she left after

about four months and this school year, so far as I can remember, was somewhat of a blank.

Our sixth and seventh grade teacher was Kate Fonda, also from the Gila Valley. She took considerable interest in my sister and me, and my knowledge was greatly improved, especially in the field of geography and history, my favorite subjects. Where she went or what she did after leaving the ranch I have no idea.

My last and best teacher was Ivy Sowell. She was raised in the Safford area. She was a wonderful person and I shall always feel indebted to her. As I remember, she was excellent in grammar and arithmetic, two of my weakest subjects. The former teachers had never impressed upon me their importance, or at least I didn't retain too much from the others. Not only did Miss Sowell help me with my studies, she was patient and understanding and helped me so much with the impediment I had in my speech. She had me recite poetry aloud which gave me confidence in the use of words and helped to overcome the inferiority complex I had when appearing among strangers. In fact, all my life, especially when riding the range alone, I have so often reverted back to those early recitations like Longfellow's Barefoot Boy, Whittier's School Days, Gray's Elegy, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and many others. Through this practice I gained confidence in myself in trying to solve the problems and challenges I faced. Miss Sowell married a Mr. Vernon and lived in Reno, Nevada a number of years. He died and she came back to Safford and married Martin Layton. They have both passed away.

As a boy, I always wanted a college education. I wanted to be a civil and mining engineer, but father's health and many other obstacles and circumstances beyond my control prevented me from attaining that goal. I have always considered that education was to the human soul what sculpture was to a block of marble--but the lack of it has been a challenge to me to go

forward to do the best I could whatever the problem. I've found the "school of hard knocks" slow and tedious but those words and thoughts always came to me when the pull was hardest and the grade the steepest.

"If you think you are beaten ... you are.
If you want to win, but think you can't ...
It is almost a cinch you won't.
But life's battles don't always go to
the strongest man ...
But sooner or later, the one who wins
is the one who thinks he can."

Faith and determination are important factors but the greatest is faith in our Creator. The other building stones will fall into their respective places for a finer and more beautiful world to live in. Yes, life has been good to me!

With no further chance of going to school for an engineering course, I reconciled myself to that on which I've spent my life's efforts, as a cattle rancher. Through reading and observation, I gathered a fair knowledge about the business. The best teacher, however, was the responsibility I had to assume in my teenage years and the errors I made sometimes were costly. Experience proved a good teacher and I stayed with the ranch.

In the early years and until about 1910, father delivered his steers to Magdalena, New Mexico, about a three weeks drive. Twice to my knowledge he drove to Silver City with Eugene (Stuttering Charlie) Johnson and the Boyles brothers, J.H.T. "Uncle Tales" Cosper, who branded Y-Y (a brand he brought from Texas) and whose headquarters ranch was 18 miles up Blue River from the XXX Ranch, and Baylor Shannon, who had the Ninety-Four Drag Ranch (4\) on Upper Eagle Creek. It was started by Albert Warren in the early days and about 1913 Mr. Shannon sold to Tom Wilson of Kansas City. These two outfits, and father for a period of about three years, sold and delivered their steers to a Mr. Mayberry who had a ranch on the San Augustine Plains this side of Magdalena and I was with those drives in the years of 1913-1914.

Wiley Bishop, who worked for the Four Drags, was always the trail boss. He was not only a good cowboy, but also a cowman, and understood the nature of both man and beast. I recall that on the first trip when the Gosper-Shannon-Fritz steer herd was thrown together (about 1500 head at Luna, New Mexico for the drive to the plains), Wiley came to me and asked if I had ever driven the "Drags," the tail end of the herd, and I said, "No, Mr. Bishop." He immediately responded, "My name is Wiley," which I accepted. For a teenager and a man of about 50 years, we became close friends from that day on. He informed me that he was trying me out as "drag driver of the herd" and with these specific instructions: "Don't trot your horse; don't crowd the steers. I don't intend to let this herd get 'balled up', but should it happen, if you can't help your flankers (those who worked the sides by riding at some distance as the herd moved forward) then when in reverse, close to the herd (this method pushed the stragglers in and moving forward), STOP, don't crowd." To the best of my ability I followed his orders, and though it sounds egotistical, always felt I succeeded, for in the following years he always selected me as his "drag Driver."

In later years I met Wiley in Clifton. It was late in the fall and the round-ups were over, and like many cowboys, they would come to town and celebrate, which he was doing, and he was quite well "organized." We were on the east side of Clifton near the old Harry Wright Saloon and he asked me to have a drink with him, which I did. There were quite a few at the bar and Wiley insisted that all have a drink with us. He was a large man. I was at his side when the glasses were filled. He put his arm around me, and though it has been over 60 years, I can still hear his clear and loud voice as he raised his glass and said, "Fellows, here is to this dear little friend of mine, and whether I go to heaven or hell, I'll still be driving cattle up that long trail. I'll need a drag driver and I'm sending for him."

I knew he meant it--a real compliment to me. I went back to our isolated ranch and was deeply saddened when after about two weeks I heard that Wiley had taken quick pneumonia and had been buried. He had gone down that long trail to the last roundup. I feel confident that when my Haker calls me, Wiley will still need a drag driver. I could ramble on indefinitely about the many experiences of my teenage years. They were rewarding ones and through my own trials and errors, helped me gain confidence in what I said. My stammering and speech impediment became a part of me and proved beneficial on occasions when a little hesitancy on my part was essential to provide a correct answer, and I'll admit, at times I have used it for that purpose.

As I've previously stated, father's health after the bear fight was never very good. He had many physical problems and in the last few years of his life he would have "indigestion pains" as he called them, but I am positive they were heart spasms. It was about 4:30 P.M. January 12, 1916 when mother called me. I was repairing the garden fence. Father was having one of his spells. I rushed to the house. He was on the bed and mother applied hot flannels to his chest, which she had done on previous occasions. In about 10 or 15 minutes, he said the pains were gone and he sat up on the edge of the bed. He remarked that he was cold and wanted to go in by the fireplace. I tried to help him but he said, "I'm all right," and walked from the bedroom to his large arm chair before the fireplace and sat down. Just as he did, he gave a deep breath and fell forward. I was at his side and grabbed his left hand and it was cold as ice. Bee Wilkerson, who was working at the ranch, went to the Baseline Ranger Station four miles up the river, and Ranger Bill Varner and his wife Sarah came down to be with mother, and he got word to Clifton via the telegraph. A number of our close friends, including the Reverend Curry Love, came out. Bee went

on to the Cospers (Y-Y) Ranch as sister Katie and brother Edward were staying there going to school. It was father's wish to be buried on the homestead where he had spent the best part of his life. He rests there today.

Father had a brand recorded in my name about 1909. It was UR on the left ribs, and he branded me a few heifer calves and did so in the succeeding years. Also my sister Katie had the KL brand and brother Edward the E-X. Due to father's health, he turned the range work over to me in my sixteenth year, and after his death in 1916 I operated the outfit for my mother until March 1927, when I bought her interest in the ranch and XXX cattle and continued to use both the E-X and XXX brands.

Sister Katie married James A. Cospers (Little Jim) the second son of J.H.T. Cospers on February 26, 1917 at our home ranch and our good friend Rev. Cutty Love performed the ceremony. On February 2, 1914 Jim bought the VT cattle and ranch on Thomas Creek from his cousin J. E. (Big Jim) Cospers and the KL cattle were moved there. World War I began on August 14, 1914 and our country became involved in August 1917. The Draft Law was enacted and the first call was September 14. I was in the first bunch but got a two-week extension from the local draft board (A.H. Slaughter, sheriff, L.R. Collicott recorder and L.A.W. Burch doctor) to arrange help for mother and send someone to take care of the cattle. Charlie Raymer was put in charge but his services were not too satisfactory so mother let him go after a few months. (He was known as Mexico Charlie.) With the help of our good neighbor Fred Stacy and his brother George, they held the outfit together until my return.

I left in the second call October 3, 1917. There were 47 of us and the majority were cowboys. We were sent to Camp Funston, Kansas. This was the 89th Division, which was in some of the fierce fighting on the Western Front. Johnny Slaughter (brother of Arthur M. Slaughter, sheriff of Greenlee

County at that time) and Harold Wilson (only son of Uncle Tom Wilson of the Four Drag Ranch of Eagle Creek) were among some of our cowboy casualties of the 89th.

The first Arizona National Guards were sent to Camp Kearney, California and reorganized as the 158th Infantry of the 40th Division, which was a National Guard unit. Those of us who left Clifton October 3 were sent to Camp Kearney about the middle of December. This Division did get to France and were on their way to the Western Front when the Armistice was signed.

The "flu" hit Camp Kearney and many of the boys died. The hospitals were overcrowded. There were few doctors and nurses. I came down with the flu and bronchial pneumonia. I had a relapse and a second round of pneumonia and was in and out of the hospital for 62 days. I did not go with the boys when they embarked for France. Guess I was tough or I would not have survived the sick ordeal. Rush Gilpin and Angus "Happy" Stockton and myself, to my knowledge, are the only ones left here of the 47th who left October 3, 1917.

I was glad to get back to the ranch and the wide open spaces and it took me several years to fully recuperate from that flu spell. Too, while I was in the service, several outfits were given permits in our country and in the spring of 1919 I borrowed money from the First National of Clifton, mortgaged my UR cattle for security and bought Fred Johnson's filling rights on the Clear Creek Ranch, which I improved and got a patent for. I also bought a half interest in the 2H cattle, and Bill Edwards, who had located on Turkey Creek, became my partner. J. E. "Big Jim" Cosper had bought the Bell Place and sold part of the 168 acres to Werner Zimmerman. I borrowed more money from the First National and added the Bell Place and the cattle to the XXX Ranch and did considerable pasture fence building. In 1920, one

of the worst droughts I had ever witnessed occurred and lasted until 1924. Many cattle died in those days. We sold our cattle by the head. Yearling steers that brought \$45 per head in the spring of 1920 were down to \$17 in the fall. Four of the six banks in Greeley by mid-year 1922 had closed their doors. Only the branch of the Valley National Bank and the State Bank of Morenci continued to operate. The State Bank of Morenci was later taken over by the Valley Bank. The First National Bank which my father had been with for years had most of the livestock paper, but much of their good collateral they had discounted to other banks. Grazing fees and taxes became delinquent. The Becker-Franz Mercantile extended credit. Many of the ranchers went broke. The bills went unpaid, which was the cause of the Becker-Franz closing down, and for us ranchers it was a case of survival.

In order to try to get some expense money, I gathered over 100 cows which were in good flesh considering the severe drought and consigned them to the Lilly White Commission Company of Los Angeles. After freight and fees were deducted, they netted \$6.17 per head. The First National Bank had our notes, etc. They also had notes of our good neighbor Fred Stacy and many, many more of my good rancher friends. A large portion of them had been discounted through the Federal Reserve Bank which in turn brought foreclosure proceedings against all of us ranchers. This was late in 1923 and we had a meeting. Fred Stacy and I were delegated to meet with the El Paso Bank and try to work out a solution if possible. The agreement we worked out was as follows (and was acceptable to most of the ranchers, but due to the heavy livestock losses of the drought, some did not have enough cattle left to pay the indebtedness). The banks agreed to withhold the foreclosure proceedings until December 1924 and we had to gather the cattle and deliver them to the Clifton stock pens at \$21 for cows, \$18 for steers, \$16 for heifers and \$27 for cows and calves with their mothers and \$21 for

bulls. The gross amount was applied towards payment on the notes. The banks paid us individuals \$2.50 per head on all cattle delivered as expense money.

The sale price agreed to, plus the gathering fees, was above the market price at that time. Those of us who had sufficient cattle paid out, quite a few didn't. I recall Pete Riley of Clifton (one of the directors of the defunct First National) told me after our first delivery, "You have raised hell, Freddie, now you brought down more cattle than we thought you had on the range."

I had paid off the mortgages on the XXX Ranch by the end of June 1924. Those were long hard years, but I was able to save the patented land and still had a nice bunch of XXX cattle left, but I didn't have enough UR cattle to pay the bank note. They closed out the UR brand and I borrowed money from Mrs. Pitt, who had the old Central Hotel in Clifton (less than \$1000) and paid the bank. I was about three years repaying Mrs. Pitt. She had my Clear Creek place as security.

The old ranch had operated for years without a serious accident, but it seems when hard times hit troubles come in bunches. Late in October of 1922, Rich Groves, Elmer Gatlin and I were camped at the old Bell place and trying to gather some cattle in the Squaw Creek country. A VT helper belonging to the Jim Cosper ranch went through the hold-up and down the creek. Rich took after her. His horse "Red-Rock" jumped over a large rock, hit a mud hole, and fell. Rich's right leg was badly broken. I heard him holier and knew he was in trouble. Elmer and I pulled him out of the water and mud, got his boot off and saw the damage. The leg had just been twisted off and broken. We straightened it the best we could, splintered it, and got him on his horse and he rode to camp six miles. We put him in a wagon and hauled him to the XXX Ranch. We sent Elmer to Clifton to have

a car meet us at Juan Miller. The Coronado Trail was completed to there. Jim Cosper was at the ranch, also Alex Howland, who put the broken leg between two boards as a brace, then a rope as a sling tied to the saddle horn, and Rich rode the 14 miles to Juan Miller. He sang cowboy songs all the way. He was one of the toughest individuals I ever knew. Dr. De Moss at Lordsburg took care of him and he returned to the ranch and was there almost 20 years. A first World War veteran, he died in the Veteran's Hospital in Tucson.

Now I must go back to the spring of 1912 so I can bring the girl, Kathleen Anderson, who was born in Pulaski, Tennessee April 19, 1896, into my life's history. Her brother-in-law, Ernest Patterson, who was married to her oldest sister Bertha (they were two wonderful people and are buried in Springerville, Arizona) was a forest ranger and was transferred to Baseline Ranger Station four miles up the river. I did not know that Harry Rich, the former ranger, had left. He was my barber. Several of us were camped at the Hobo cabin that my cousin Willie Fritz had built years before. We got into camp in mid-afternoon and I told the other fellows I was going to Baseline to get my hair cut. Upon arriving, I found my barber gone.

There was a pretty red headed 15 year old girl there--I was 16. She had come to spend the summer with the Pattersons. I went to the ranch a few days later and told my mother I had found me a red headed girl. Yes, my Kathleen had beautiful curly red hair. She had an opportunity to attend one of the famous Blue River dances at the "Uncle Tales" Cosper Ranch (when they danced all night). Kathleen and my sister became very close friends and quite naturally I was around sometimes. Kathleen then went to Flagstaff where her second sister Lois lived. Lois was married to Dr. Felix Kannings. They too have passed away and are buried in Flagstaff. Kathleen finished her teacher's course at the old Normal School in Flagstaff, now Northern

Arizona University. She taught school four years there, then two in Springerville, and in 1923-24 at Santa Monica, California, where her youngest brother Max and his wife Ella lived. During all those years we corresponded and I saw Kathleen quite a few times when she was teaching in Springerville as the Pattersons were stationed at Alpine Ranger Station and she spent part of the summers there. My pet horse Darkie liked to go to Alpine those summers and I went with him. Part of one summer, she and her schoolmate, Gladys Dickerson, were fireguards on Old Baldy in the White Mountains, the highest peak in Arizona.

When Kathleen attended Flagstaff Normal School there were about ten girls who were very close. They called themselves the "Goody-Goody Gadsabouts." Through the years and on different occasions I met most of them. They were wonderful girls. However, I've often thought how much "goody" and how much "gaddy" there was in that crowd. For some unknown reason, I would occasionally send Kathleen a box of candy and a thank you note would come back signed by all the gang--fond memories. During all those years of corresponding, we both had our dates and fun. However, after I had gone through all the rough years of the drought, bad livestock markets, debts, etc., towards the end of June 1924 when I got the mortgage paid off on the XXX Ranch, I wondered about that red headed girl I had met in my teens who at that time had no "R" in her alphabet. Through the years, ours was a very close platonic friendship and we had never gotten serious. She was always dear to me. I decided I had better go to Santa Monica before some California prune picker laid a claim on her. I stayed in Santa Monica about ten days. We went to Catalina Island, dined, saw some good shows. I felt certain she would be a good partner. Though she was hesitant with the important "yes," she finally consented. By this time Bertha and Ernest Patterson had quit the Forest Service and started the Spruce Dale Guest

Ranch on Beaver Creek and we laid our plans to get married there in late August, or rather at K. P. Cinega. The Coronado Trail or Highway 666 was just completed that far.

We wanted our important event to take place among the spruce and pine trees of the Blue Range, the country we have always loved. We wanted Rev. Curry W. Love, the Clifton Presbyterian minister who was at father's funeral at the ranch and who performed the marriage ceremony of my sister Katie and Jim Cospers February 26, 1917 (also at the XXX Ranch) as our minister. We had gone through years of extremely dry weather, but in August it rained constantly. The Coronado Trail, all dirt road then, became almost impassable. Rev. Love decided he could not make it so I rode Darkie and led a horse for my bride-to-be and a pack mule and we made the long ride to Spruce Dale Lodge. Bertha and Ernest took us to St. Johns, county seat of Apache County, to get our marriage license. There was no minister there so Judge Levi Udall performed our marriage ceremony. He later became Chief Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court, and whose friendship we valued.

The J.H.T. Cospers Y-Y Ranch was taken over by many creditors. The court appointed me receiver in early August 1924. I already had a bunch of cowboys (about 10) gathering the cattle so we returned to Spruce Dale, and the next day we started through the hills to the VT Ranch, Katie and Jim's place. Jim was with the cowboys. It was a hard two-day horseback ride and I felt real sorry for Kathleen. I had to be gone a lot of the time and Kathleen either stayed with sister Katie, or most of the time with mother at the old ranch. My brother never liked the ranch too well. He didn't stay there much and had a job with the Highway Department. In March of 1927 we bought his E-X cattle and the old McKee place at the mouth of Benton Creek. The next two years we raised corn on the small farm. In March of

1928 we made a trade with mother on the XXX cattle and the old homestead. She bought a home in Clifton, and that became our ranch home until we sold all the cattle and our patented land within the Sandrock Allotment on June 15, 1976 to Sewell and Lois Goodwin.

Kathleen had become pregnant and in the early part of 1928 we rented a small house almost opposite our present home in Clifton and our only child, Marjorie Jean, was born on Easter Sunday, April 5, 1928. She was our joy, my girl, and such a happy baby. In the late summer of 1930 she developed a lump under her left ear. The Clifton doctor sent off a smear and it came back "malignant." We took her to a specialist in El Paso and it was treated with radium but to no avail. She passed away on New Year's Night 1930 in Safford. We were there with Kathleen's mother, Gertrude Anderson.

Just seeing her pass away--but apparently she never seemed in too much pain--was a long vigil and heartbreaking to us. It was God's will, and we have accepted it as such. However the first of a New Year always brings sorrow and memories of what might have been. We are thankful for the short time that Marjorie Jean was ours. She is buried in the Elk's plot of the Clifton Cemetery.

From 1928 through most of 1935 we stayed close to the ranch. We had bought mother's and brother Ed's outfits, both on time. All they wanted was the interest. We were so grateful we were not tied up with the banks. The depression of 1929 hit hard. Money was tight. The price of cattle went to the bottom. We sold heifer yearlings for \$13 per head, and \$16 to \$18 for yearling steers. The buyers took what they wanted. The years of 1931-32 and 33 were extremely dry. We sold our first steers by weight in 1933 and they brought from 3 to 3-1/2 cents per pound. Nineteen thirty four was worse. The government purchase program was on the calves condemned and killed

averaged only \$5, heifer yearlings \$14, steers (including two year olds) \$15. Under the government kill program we received \$12. Those I shipped brought \$17. The average price received for all cattle sold, shipped, etc. was only \$16.43 per head in 1934.

Cattle prices and weather have always run in cycles and we had fair conditions in both through 1950 when the average price for our steers was \$172.43. During this period we paid off our indebtedness and added to our ranch holdings the VT Ranch and some of the Little Blue country, which we purchased from High McKeen. We got the entire allotment fenced, camp cabins built at Horse Canyon and White Rocks and other ranch improvements, besides rebuilding the old XXX ranch house. Then, 1951 and 1952 were dry years. I had kept a weather record since 1936. The average precipitation had been about 14 inches per year. In 1952 we only received 7.61 inches. This hurt the range and the calf crop. Steer prices in 1953 averaged \$69.88. Since then, and until we sold the ranch, steer prices never averaged less but ranch expenditures doubled in many instances several times.

Kathleen had two brothers, Homer, who had two girls, Jennie and Rachael Maxwell, and Max, who had three girls, Betty Jane, Mary Lou and Helen. The first four named spent their summers with us for a number of years. They were my "Cowboys," Bill, Dumpy, Jack and Huck. They kept us young. Also my two nephews, Phil and Edward Cosper, stayed with us at different times and Kathleen Bray (whom I called Pat) was with us one summer. She was Kathleen's sister Bernice's oldest girl. So there was never a dull moment during those memorable summers. It would take pages to relate all the antics they did among themselves, besides keeping us on our toes and entertained.

While I'm reminiscing, must return to the old Baseline Ranger Station which in many ways concerns my life. I think it was in the summer of 1914

when the Pattersons were transferred to Alpine and William Riddle Warner, our new Forest Ranger came to Baseline with his bride of only a week or so (Sarah White, who was raised in Philadelphia and had never been west). Their long horseback ride from Springerville was certainly an ordeal for her. Billy Warner was quite a guy. He and I became good friends and he rode with us. Sarah spent lots of time at our ranch. She was a wonderful person whom I kidded a lot. She was always a tenderfoot to our western way of life. By this time there was no mail service and Warner had to make the 36 miles to Clifton about every ten days to get his mail. On one of these trips he met Ray Potter, the youngest son of Dell Potter, a very prominent citizen of our county in those days. Ray was experimenting with wireless telegraphy. He had mastered the Morse Code and had installed equipment. Billy became real interested and had Ray order the necessary equipment. It was installed at Baseline. I went up and helped them put up the aerial which was tied to the high bluff on the east side of Blue River (this was the point where the Indians killed Nat Wittum in 1887), across the river to the high cliff on the west side. The distance was greater than they had expected and they did not have sufficient smooth wire to hang the aerial, so we tore down a wire fence to complete the job. Warner too had mastered the Morse Code. He and Ray communicated daily, and many trips to Clifton to report, etc., were avoided. The Forest Service, seeing its importance, took it over and it became the first, yes, among the few Forest Service wireless telegraphy stations in the United States. It was maintained until Baseline was abandoned about 1921. Warner received much publicity on his achievement and Hal Sizer, who was then Supervisor of Apache National Forest in Springerville, wrote a lengthy poem about the Baseline Wireless Ranger Station. I had a copy but have been unable to find it. However, I do remember these lines:

"The aerial hung, by the barbed wire swung ... from the crags of the mountain wall ... and the transmitter set on the table to let Sir William send out his first call."

Ranger Warner sent the message of father's death January 12, 1916 to Clifton, also the details of the services were transmitted over this wireless station.

As I've previously stated, I wanted to be a mining-civil engineer but father's health prevented it, and at an early age I reconciled myself to being a cattle rancher. Consequently I became interested in the various phases of the livestock industry through their organization. I joined the Greenlee County Cattle Growers in 1916, the Arizona Cattle Growers in 1917, and years later, the American National Cattlemen's Association. After returning from the First World War I was secretary of our local Association for several terms. I then became president for three or four years. I became the Greenlee County Director of the Arizona Cattle Growers in 1924 and was in that position for years, and as president I served two terms (1945-1946). At the American National Cattlemen's Association in Phoenix in January 1950, that organization elected me for two years as one of the area Vice Presidents. I was on the first brucellosis committee of the ANCA, also sanitary and brand and theft committees, and was chairman of the latter for a number of years. I've been on our Forest Advisory Board up to the time we sold the ranch. In this I held a unique position as I stayed at the same ranch all my life. First the Apache Forest, then the Clifton Ranger District was transferred to the Crook National Forest headquarters in Safford, then to the Gila Forest at Silver City, New Mexico, and in the later years back to the Apache. During that time I worked with and for many fine men, both Forest officials and outstanding ranchers, too numerous for me to try and name.

From my early childhood years to the present time life has been a challenge to me, and to the best of my ability I've endeavored to meet those challenges or take advantage of the opportunities which were made available to me. From the early twenties the years have been most rewarding. I've lived in the most interesting and progressive period in history and all that has transpired in my lifetime, especially in the fields of communication and transportation, is unbelievable. We now sit at home, watch TV, and see what is happening in foreign lands. It took my father and me in my early years about three weeks to deliver our cattle to Magdalena, New Mexico. Today the cattle are inspected, weighed at the ranch scales, received and paid for by the buyer, loaded on semi-trucks and we are through, in just a few hours, until the next shipping season. The slow travel of the wagon and buggy days is gone and high-powered automobiles and jet-propelled planes cover the miles in the space of a short time. We have traveled in outer space and even to the moon! Projecting into the future--where do we go next? With modern science and technology it is impossible to visualize what the future years will bring to this old earth.

During my years at the XXX Ranch I was proud of what I accomplished in the way of range improvements and the quality of livestock that we raised on that rough mountain terrain. When I was a boy I asked my father why he passed through some of the best range in western New Mexico and eastern Arizona with those long horned cattle in 1886 and then located in the roughest part of Arizona, the Blue River country. His answer was "water." During my lifetime on the ranch I discovered how right he was. There have been many drought years at the XXX Ranch when range feed was extremely scarce, but water was never much of a problem. There were no wells or windmills, only natural water; springs and creeks and the old ranch straddled the Blue River for 15 miles and it always had sufficient water. Yes, my

father's decision to locate the ranch on the Blue River has been good for the Fritz family.

Along with my ranch activities, I've tried to be a part of my community and state. In addition to my livestock association affiliations which I've already mentioned, I became interested in the Society of Range Management. I've always considered it an excellent coordinating agency between the users and administrators of our public lands. I served one year as president of the Arizona Section. Too, I became concerned with water and soil matters. After the Legislature passed the Conservation Act, I became a supervisor on the Duncan Soil Conservation District. After some years we consolidated with the Gila Valley (Safford) Conservation District and I continued on as a supervisor, and even now in 1977 I'm still there. However, the Legislature changed our name to the Gila Valley Natural Resources Conservation District. I have served for years and still serve on the Executive Committee of the Arizona Conservation Districts. I have been the Greenlee County Director of the Arizona Tax Research Association since it was organized in the early forties. I have also been a director for many years of the Arizona Historical Society of Tucson and the Greenlee County Historical Society. I had the honor of representing Arizona at the ground breaking ceremony of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City and along with Ernest Browning of Wilcox, as one of the Arizona Trustees.

In 1945, when I was president of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, I was selected to represent my state for the Swift Packing Company as one of their "Trippers"--a public and educational program which they have sponsored for years. There were 21 of us ranchers on the two week trip. We traveled by rail in a special car and visited meat markets, packing plants, etc., in Boston, New York City, Washington, Baltimore. It would take pages

for me to mention all the interesting things that occurred on that two-week trip. All expenses were paid from the time we left our homes and returned. We all met in Chicago and observed the operation of the Swift Packing Company there. Selection for the Kosher trade (Jewish) in New York, then witnessed the slaughter operation in New York City. F. C. (Fanny) Simpson was our host along with two other Swift officials who handled the baggage and reservations. Our only chore was to have our bags packed and left in our hotel rooms. Fanny was an outstanding host. I developed a close friendship with him and corresponded with him for years. After retiring from Swift and Company he went to Clemson College of South Carolina as a consultant on their research staff. Bill McMillan, Executive Vice President of the National Cattlemen's Association, started his career in the Research Division of Swift Packing Company. He was in charge of the "Tripper" luncheon held each year at the annual National Cattlemen's Convention.

On January 12, 1955 Governor Ernest McFarland appointed me, along with Roy Hays of Peoples Valley and "Big" Brown of Scottsdale, to the Livestock Sanitary Board. They are both now deceased. I was selected as chairman and remained in that capacity while we were a three-man board. Claud Evans was secretary and is one of the most dedicated men I've ever served with. In 1958, the Legislature increased it to a five-man board, and a representative of the dairy industry, Bob Fram, and R.C. Jones of the Livestock Packing business came on as members. Governor McFarland gave Big Brownie the five year appointment, me four years, Hays three, Jones two and Fram one, then all succeeding appointments have been for five years. The Legislature again expanded the board. The swine industry representative and the sheep and goat people came on the board. I have been reappointed by both Democratic and Republican governors throughout the years. My present appointment expires January 1978 and I do not want another term. I've seen lots of

people, office help and field inspectors, come and go. Only a few of the older ones are still with the department, which now consists of four divisions with an enlarged office staff, which is also true in our local, state and Federal government. I have enjoyed being a part of our Livestock Sanitary Board all these years and I have fond memories of the many fine men and women (Mrs. Mary Rugg of Casa Grande now represents the Dairy Industry) who have been on the Board with me as well as the loyal office help. It has been a privilege and a pleasure to have been associated with so many fine people throughout my L.S.S.B. years.

Also through the years I have been the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board representative at the International Livestock Brand Conference. My first annual meeting was in Portland, Oregon in June 1955. I served as president in 1961. This is another organization I've enjoyed working with, the brand officials of the Canadian Provinces and the Brand States, again a fine group of people. Newell Weatherby, Jr. of our Brand Division and immediate past president, is now Arizona's representative. Mrs. Wilma Russell of Salem Oregon, head of their Brand Division for years, was elected president at the annual convention in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1977. Thus, I repeat, from childhood to the present time life has been a challenge and it has been good for me and to me. As long as I'm mentally and physically able I shall continue to stay active in those organizations. At Medora, North Dakota in July 1976, I was appointed Historian of the Brand Conference, and I'm slowly gathering material and hope to complete the project by 1978.

MY LEGISLATIVE YEARS

History and the concerns of government, and its functions as it affected our daily lives, together with the problems it presented, were always of much interest to me. However, in my younger years at the ranch I had no intention of becoming involved in the political life of our community and state.

I joined the American Legion, Harold E. Wilson Post No. 21, shortly after it was organized. It was named after Tom Wilson who owned the Four Drag Ranch on Eagle Creek, and whose only son was killed in action on the Western Front in World War I. At one of the Legion meetings in the spring of 1936, the question of a State Representative was mentioned. John Williams, who had represented Greenlee County several terms, announced that he was not seeking re-election. Someone mentioned that the Post should put up a Legionnaire. I was asked if I was interested. My first answer was "No." At the next meeting I was mentioned again and I told the gang I would think it over and give them a definite answer when I returned in about two weeks. To my surprise, I learned that Ira Spoon (who was a past commander of the Post, and we were both in Company G, 158th Infantry) and others were circulating my nomination petitions. Consequently I told them I would accept it for a term. I had no opposition in the Democratic primary. For years, in Greenlee County, there were no Republican candidates. Little did I realize then, however, that my acceptance would start me on a fourteen year career in the legislative field, and I'll concede it was a most liberal and interesting education for a Blue River cowboy.

I was elected for the Thirteenth Legislature and served through the Nineteenth, which I always said made me a "teenager." Rawleigh C. Stanford was elected Governor, but only served one term; yet did go to the Supreme Court of Arizona. Vernon Davis of Wilcox was elected Speaker over Mel Goodsen. I was given the chairmanship of the Livestock Committee, and this was a position I held through the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Legislatures. Governor Stanford had three special sessions on Sales Tax and Social Security. The regular session ended March 13, 1937. In those days, we were paid the big sum of \$8.00 per day for a 60-day session. Beyond that time we were on our own.

In the first special session a vacancy occurred on the Appropriations Committee and I was appointed and served on it through the 16th Legislature. Leonard Klein of Yavapai, Ed Jamison of Mohave County, Frank Sharpe of Cochise and I became known as the Four Horsemen. On the Appropriations Committee of eleven members, we four were in the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Legislatures together. The Four Horsemen, so the story goes, were "Destruction, Famine, Pestilence and Death." Vernon Davis resigned as Speaker after the first special session. Governor Stanford appointed him as head of the Vehicle Division of the Highway Department, and Frank Sharpe, the banker from Cochise, was Speaker in the 3rd and 4th special sessions.

After the regular and 3rd special sessions I had received a lot of good government education and met many people. With that qualification, I ran for re-election. Wiley Aker, Jr. of Duncan (son of Judge Aker who was Greenlee County's first School Superintendent and who signed my 8th grade diploma) became my opponent. Shortly after Young Wiley announced his candidacy I was in Duncan and met him with other people on the street. He was a football star at Tempe College (now University) and I shook his hand along with the others, and said, "For my part, it is going to be a clean race," which, to me, it was. I told Wiley, "You are a football star, I'm only a cowboy, all I'm going to do is try and make the first touchdown." I felt I did as I was nominated by over 1000 votes. In later elections Judge Aker and his family became among my strongest supporters.

Mel J. Goodsen was elected Speaker of the 14th regular session but resigned for another position. The short session of one week for corrective legislation was headed by Bill Spoid, a lawyer from Tucson, as Speaker.

The 15th Legislature met January 13, 1941 and Jim Heron of Globe was elected Speaker over Nellie Bush of Yuma. I supported Heron. The vote was close - 28 to 23 - and Nellie was quite bitter about the defeat. The 16th

Legislature convened and C. L. McDaniels of Glendale was elected Speaker and he appointed me Speaker Pro-Tem. The session adjourned at midnight the 13th of March, our second day and no pay.

The 17th Legislature was my year. I was elected Speaker at the Democratic caucus Monday, January 5, 1945, no Republicans; 52 total membership and I received 40 votes. "Duffy" Lewis of Douglas got 12. W. G. Rosenbaum of Hayden was my Parliamentarian and Floor Leader. Leonard Klein was Chairman of Appropriations, Ed Jamison headed the Judiciary Committee and I had Jerry Packum as my secretary. (She was also McDaniels' secretary.) I felt I had a strong organization during my year, as my 40 votes were always there when I needed them. The regular session adjourned at 11.29 P.M. on March 10.

On February 27, 1945, "Duke" Richardson and I were trimming cottonwood trees at the Ranch. While up in the tree, a large limb I had just cut rebounded and caught my leg and cracked the knee. Duke took me in the pickup to Clifton, a rough trip, to Drs. Gomez and Burgess. X-rays showed a bad break and the doctors said it was a job for a specialist and recommended Dr. Lytton-Smith. My brother Eddie brought me to Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix. I was there 17 days and then went to Kathleen's sister's place on West Grand in Phoenix. While I recuperated and received therapy on the knee, there was a special session called by Governor Osborn on September 9 to 28.

I had no aspirations to be Speaker again and felt reluctant to come back to the House. Senator A.C. (Ike) Stanton, who was elected and served with me during the 10 years I was in the House, decided not to seek re-election but try for the Clifton Supervisor job, and he was defeated. (He was a wonderful fellow to work for and with.) I ran for the Senate, no opposition, for the 18th Legislature.

The 15th Legislature convened January 13, 1947. Senator Hubert d'Autremont and Senator Bill Kimball of Pima were out for the presidency. McDaniel, Cowan of Cochise, Townsend of Graham, Jim Heron of Gila, Lloyd, Kenning of Navajo, Hugo, Farmer of Yuma and I supported Kimball. We lost 8 to 11 so I found myself in the minority camp in the House. I'd been with the majority crowd. President d'Autremont died. Barney Heade was appointed to fill the vacancy. Governor Sidney Osborn called a special session June 9, 1947. The 7th special was September 13, 1947. I again became a minority member of the Senate as I supported Kimball over John Babbitt of Flagstaff, but by being open minded I felt I gained the respect of President Babbitt, and today I value his confidence and friendship.

In 1948 I ran for re-election. Morris Orme was my opponent in the primary but I was nominated by over 700 votes and felt gratified that after so many years in politics the Greenlee County people had confidence in me and I decided to run for the Presidency of the Senate. At the Democratic caucus held in the Adams Hotel January 9, 1949 I was unanimously elected President of the 19th Legislature. Sue Grounds Caveness was my secretary and I will always be grateful to her for her loyalty and ability. The regular session was a long one--January 10 to March 19. Many controversial issues came up. Ray Langham of Globe was Speaker and Dan Garvey was my Governor. Solutions were worked out--not always to everyone's satisfaction. I had opposition in the Senate but it was a challenge to me. I had many contacts and appreciated the friends and acquaintances of my legislative years. I had no future political aspirations and did not seek re-election. I received much support and encouragement to do so. Again I repeat--to me, it was a most liberal education and I feel positive if everyone would serve in some public capacity we would have better government.

I'll have to admit I have been a joiner in various organizations, but

always felt I could gain nothing by being on the outside and guessing about what was occurring inside the walls. The various functions I've been affiliated with have broadened my viewpoint and understanding of the problems of others. There are some bad points in the best of us, but some good in the worst of us. Never be too hasty to condemn. As I have gone through life, I've always found more satisfaction in extending a helping hand to someone who has fallen, helping him or her to arise, than to condemn their shortcomings and mistakes. For one who has never made an error has never accomplished much. We progress through trial and error.

I have been a member of the Clifton Elk Lodge No. 1174 for 58 years but never took too much part in their activities. I joined in April 1919 but in those early days I was too busy at the ranch to take an office in the Elks.

I joined the Coronado Lodge No. 8, Free and Accepted Masons of Clifton, June 29, 1936 and was Master of my lodge in 1944. Since practically all of the Blue Lodge work is oral or memory work, during those years of learning and memorizing the degree work, much of this I did while riding the range and when alone, recited aloud. Many of the horses I rode in those days (if they could have spoken) would have revealed all the secrets of Free Masonry. I went the Scottish Rite in Tucson, to the 32nd Degree, and became a Shriner of the El-Zaribah Temple of Phoenix.

Kathleen was an Eastern Star when we married, and after I joined the Masons I was accepted into Century Chapter No. 10, Order of Eastern Star, and became Worthy Patron and in 1949-1950, Worthy Grand Patron of the Grand Chapter of Arizona. Lorene Clements of Casa Grande was my Worthy Grand Matron. The Eastern Star Home project received much attention during our year. It was the golden anniversary of the Arizona Grand Chapter and the Eastern Star Home became a reality in 1951. I was appointed Chairman of the




General Policy Committee, and with the valuable assistance of Blanche Weinstein of Prescott Post, Worthy Grand Matron (a very brilliant woman) and others, we set up rules and regulations for the management of the Home and some of these prevail today. It is a beautiful home for the elderly and under the management of Mory Marker and her staff it is a credit to the Order of the Eastern Star.

At the age of 82, I am still trying to be a part of my community and state. I realize I will wear out, but I don't want to rust out! Many individuals and numerous incidents, both serious and humorous, have taken place during my years, and at a later date I intend to include them in these "Memories and Recollections."

So ... adios for now.

LESTER KIRAM FULLER

STAR VALLEY AND PAYSON, ARIZONA

I was born July 18, 1894, at Pine, Arizona. My father was John Hyrum Fuller and my mother was Annie Elizabeth Randall. From the time I can remember we had a home in Pine, but lived on Chase Ranch under the Mogollon Rim. The ranch belonged to Harry L. Chase  and  brand cattle, which father ran for the Chase estate in conjunction with his own outfit  (U Bar). Later he gathered out the Chase cattle and bought the remnant.

We moved to Star Valley, east of Payson, Arizona, in 1898. I was four years old then. This was our prize ranch at that time, no Forest reserves, only three other ranches in the Valley, Ezells, Barney Lewis and Franklins. Franklins were the only ones that had children we could play with. My brother Lincoln (Lin), who was older than I, and I rode our horses to Payson to attend school the winter of 1901 and 1902. It was only a small school in Payson, one teacher and about 20 pupils. This was very fine living now. We were out of the brush. In the spring of 1902 father bought the Cold Spring Ranch up under the Rim from H. W. Lawson (707 brand); there were about 1000 head of cattle in this brand.

It was while we were living at Star Valley that I bought my first livestock--two goats--for \$5.00. It was money I had saved. Father was forced to buy a herd of Angora goats that came to the country from New Mexico, settled near us, and he kept the herd for four years. then sold to his brother at Pine, who had a goat ranch southwest of Pine at a place called Oak Springs. I kept mine as there were a few goats at Cold Spring Ranch that just ran loose in the hills, then built up to a herd of 25 to 30 head. Father and I ran in partners on the goats. I had to sell after the Forest was created.

There were lots of goats in Tonto country before the Forest was created.

Father bought another ranch on East Verde below Cold Springs, from Will Holder. He moved goats over to Kirkland country. I sold my goats, put them in with a herd with my uncle W. J. Randall's, and my mother's sister. Didn't know where they would end up, but they got north of Flagstaff, I think, and were sold to Harry Hibben, a sheep man north of Williams.

From Cold Spring Ranch my brothers and I rode about five miles to school. The mail trail passed by from Pine to Myrtle Post Office under the Mogollon Rim. We had about five months of school in summer, only 8 to 14 pupils. Most of the time there were only 8 to 10. We got our mail two times a week. Later the mail route was abandoned, so we got our mail in Payson.

In 1906 father bought Little Green Valley Ranch east of Star Valley from Hubert and Arthur Allen. This was a good outfit, fine ranch, ~~HA~~ brand cattle, and about 3000 head; this joined our other holdings. In this deal there was a small bunch, 35 to 40 head, branded L/P, which dad gave to us boys. That was my first interest in cattle. I paid my share out of what I got from the sale of my goats. The cattle range reached from the head of Tonto Creek (Tonto was our boundary) clear on around to where Star Valley Creek enters Tonto, and west under the Tonto Rim to Weber Creek, which is a tributary of East Verde.

The country was all open, no fences; freighted most all provisions from Flagstaff. We took a lot of salt for cattle. Rock salt in those days was shipped by rail from Kansas to Flagstaff. It was great to go with the freight wagon from the ranch to Flagstaff. It took 9 or 10 days for the trip. To see the trains was a great thrill. It was sure pretty country from the top of the mountain above Strawberry to Flagstaff; not so many little pine trees as there are now, lots of grass, lots of cattle along the road, especially from Long Valley. Little did I realize then that I would one day work all this country on roundup.

I only went to school about a month in the spring of 1909. I went to work steady with cattle. Robert Holder, my brother Lin and I rode line on a herd of dry cows and looked after saddle horses on mountain during the summer of 1909. In late summer and fall we fenced a section of pasture at Jumbo place on East Clear Creek in the mouth of Miller Canyon. That was the first section of pasture in that part of the country. In later years it was used as a kind of center for drift fences to start. It extended clear northwest to railroad tracks west of Flagstaff at Riordan, which was known as Stockman's fence, which divided drift of cattle and owners who wintered in Verde slopes, and stock drifted north and east toward Little Colorado, and we built another from southwest, south to the Mogollon Rim. The Rim made the east and west line almost to the head of Black Canyon south of Heber.

From 1911 to 1922 I saw all this country fenced and cross fenced. I went with my first cattle drive from the ranch under the Rim to Flagstaff in 1910. We had 700 steers. Babbitt Brothers got the yearlings, and we shipped two and three year olds to Phoenix to George Taylor and Jepsen. George Taylor was a big cattle grower and feeder man in the Valley for many years.

After returning from the drive to Flagstaff, father contracted 500 cows and calves or stock cattle to John Pierce at Snowflake. Started another roundup and delivered this herd the 3rd of July at Snowflake. We spent the 4th in Snowflake, and some of our cowboys entered the rodeo doings, Al Belluzzi and John Lazear in the relay races and flag picking. There was no calf or team tying. Father and uncle Walter Randall took the chuck wagon and went back by Joe City and Winslow. On the way they went to the Aztec Land Office, located on the south side of the Little Colorado River, and father leased several thousand acres of land east of Cheylon Canyon

and south along the Little Colorado River. Al Belluzzi and I were at the horse camp on East Clear Creek, called Jumbo place, when father told us to gather some fresh horses and come to the ranch under the Rim and start gathering another 500 head of stock cattle.


This was in August 1910. We got them gathered, headed across the mountain by way of Sunset Pass on the crossing on Clear Creek. We turned the cattle loose at a spring called Obed. We went back to camp in pasture on East Clear Creek. By moving out those cattle we lightened up the range under the Rim, much to the delight of the Forest Service. This ended the cattle drives for that year.

Early in the spring of 1911 father sold half interest in his outfit to Mr. Pollock, a banker in Flagstaff who also owned the Arizona Central Bank. They bought N. S. Big, a big sheep outfit south of Winslow, winter range around Jack's Canyon and camp west of Sunset Mountain. They sold the sheep and turned the permit to cattle. Father bought almost all steers on Tonto Creek to be delivered at Cold Spring Ranch. We would receive, brand, and move them on to Mogollon Mountain. Put about 5000 steers and some stock cattle on ranges and kept stock cattle on range under the Rim. So that was my last roundup on old range under the Rim. The family moved to Moqui, 40 miles south of Winslow. The cattle wintered from East Clear Creek north. Summer range was from East Leonard Canyon on the west to Miller Canyon. In November 1913, after roundup was over and steers shipped, four of us bought father's interest in cattle, John Lazear and his brother Walter, my brother Lin and I. Lincoln and Walter ran the outfit under the Rim and John and I ran the north part.

After roundup was over in the spring of 1914, I thought we had too many partners. I wanted an outfit of my own. I sold to John and later Lin sold out to John and Walt - had about 9000 cattle on the range then. Father

kept sheep and Moqui Ranch as he had bought two more sheep outfits in 1913, Harry Melburn on Canyon Diablo and Dick Hart sheep on range south of East Clear Creek and winter range north of Forest boundary next to East Sunset Mountain and East Clear Creek. I didn't do much the summer of 1914, just looked around. In the fall I worked for John during roundup and on our old U Bar Fuller outfit.

I got married also in the spring of 1915 to Ora Jones, native born, in Springerville, Arizona. Her father, Thomas Washington Jones, was an early day cattlemen in Springerville and New Mexico, near Salt Lake, and later at Fort Apache and White River. Ora was living with her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, whose husband was our Forest Ranger for several years. I met Ora for the first time at a Payson rodeo.

I bought a little brand cattle from Charlie Quayle, rancher. I traded my car, a Ford Model T, and 80 acres, balance cash. The land I got from J. H. Fuller Company, cattle brand . Next spring, 1915, I worked for U Bar or for John through spring roundup as my few cattle were on U Bar range. In June I went to work for Hart Cattle Company, a big outfit then. Fain was wagon boss. I worked for Hart Cattle Company until September. Then I bought some Indian cattle with father. I had pasture at Jack's Canyon, just off the Forest; furnished butcher shop in Winslow with beef for the next two months. It took me two days drive to take a small bunch of cattle to Winslow, stop at night and sleep on saddle blanket, take a sandwich and had some coffee stashed in a tree at water holes and Sunset Pass. My folks, father and mother and brothers, left for their winter home in San Diego, so my wife and I lived at Moqui ranch.

The first of January of 1916 snow was four feet on the level at Moqui Ranch. We had plenty of hay and provisions. We couldn't get out to see about stock, but found out in the spring that we were short a lot of cattle.

I rode out horseback the last of January and went to Winslow for mail. It took four days for the trip. First part of March, father sent a wagon and team from winter ranch to get us out. He met us with a car at Sunset Pass, then we went on to Winslow, and then to San Diego by train and boat, as the railroad was all washed out. We took a boat at Long Branch. We stayed at San Diego with the folks about a month. We rode the first train out of San Diego after the railroad was repaired. I was anxious to get back to the ranch and see how much stock we had left. I worked for John Lazear on the U Bar through spring roundup, and about the first of July father sold the ranch, sheep and all, to Mr. Pollock, so my cattle brand went too.

Ora and I moved to Flagstaff. I was looking at two different outfits by this time. A-Y belonged to John Fain and Babbitts, and OO (Double Circle) brand which belonged to Julius Wetzler and Bill Hart, and joined our old U Bar cattle outfit on west; on same range, a big sheep outfit, Perkins and Sutton. Mr. Sutton came to me and wanted to go partners with me so we made a deal. I paid \$76,000, which was supposed to be 1500 head of cattle, about 500 big steers, 3500 acres patented land. Mr. Pollock at Arizona Central Bank, Flagstaff, loaned us the money. So I took charge at once. Ora and I moved to the summer place, Moqui Springs. We wintered down in the lower parts. In the spring of 1918 I bought Pat Duke's homestead and permit for 300 head. This was Fuller and Perkins until 1922.

After World War I, cattle prices went to pieces--almost every cowman went broke--so I lost all my money and about six years of work. By this time my family had grown also, with four little ones. I gathered all the cattle I could sell in 1921, had a hard time getting 3-1/2 cents a pound for steers. The price of sheep was good. My good friend Lute Hart had a good sized sheep outfit on part of the same range, May Lake. He asked me to

come work for him. I went to work in March of 1922 as a caporal or foreman. I stayed with him (Lute Hart) until July 1925. I then went to work for Verkamp. He ran 4000 head of sheep on a summer permit south of Clear Creek on Dane Ranch. This was getting back to my old place where I ran cattle, Tonto Rim, south boundary, Leonard Canyon east, and McClintock Canyon west. We sure enjoyed this summer place, family and all.

We came south to Salt River Valley for the winter. I brought the sheep over the Mud Tank Driveway. I worked for Verkamp until July 1, 1928, then Gene Campbell offered me a job with them, Colin Campbell Livestock Company. They ran about 35,000 sheep at Ash Fork and Seligman area, and permit for winter on Verde River on Forest and holding for spring lambing; for Seligman side, in Kingman area. I was with Campbell until February 1930, then came the big depression and the Campbells divided the company with the bank. They had to cut down. Frank Campbell took my place, and I was looking for a job, the first time I had ever had to look for work. Every stock business was in bad shape at this time. I worked at everything that came along--helped other sheepmen around the Valley. I was recommended to the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank who were making loans, got some extra work counting sheep and cattle.

In 1920 I was appointed state sheep inspector to finish Marion Haws' term. He was from St. Johns and ran for sheriff and was elected. In the spring of 1931 I was appointed again for six months, until the appointment ran out on the first of July. For the next year I just held jobs helping anyone who could use me, but I got quite a bit of work for the Loan Company counting sheep, and worked through several roundups inspecting cattle and ranges. I was at Oracle, counting cattle and sheep at a ranch that belonged to John Jamison, who was our neighbor in the Mogollon Mountain several years, when I received a telegram from the head sheep inspector, Doc

Agee, wanting me to come back to the Sheep Sanitary Commission. I finished my work at Oracle, then came to Phoenix. It was getting shipping time in the northern part of the state. Doc Agee sent me to Holbrook. That was a big shipping point in those days; lots of sheep and cattle. I stayed up in the Holbrook country until shipping was over, then back to the Valley for the winter. The family was living in Chandler at this time.

The first of January 1933, we got a new governor, Dr. B. B. Houser. He appointed a new Sheep Sanitary Board, three good friends of mine--Gene Campbell, Leonard Sawyer, and Will Ryan. I spent the spring in the Valley and went north for the summer. I went back to the Holbrook area; returned to Chandler in the late fall of 1933. Come first of March 1934, John Simpson, general manager of the Grand Canyon Sheep Company, asked me if I would like to go with him. I thought this might be a good chance to get started in business again. This was the biggest sheep company in the state, and the biggest in the United States at that time.

So, I told my boss, Doc Agee, I was leaving March first. I went by train to Seligman on March 4th. The next day, March 5th, John Simpson gave me a Dodge truck. The company had 6,000 (three bands) of sheep on the trail from Valle Ranch north of Williams to old Colter ranch at Springerville. Winter range in the White Mountains.

I found the sheep going cross country south of Winslow. They were in trouble; short 300 sheep and the foreman did not even know it. I found the sheep in another ranch, way back. The bands had to keep moving. I had to take the cut (the 300 head of sheep) to Winslow, a three day drive. I ordered a car and shipped them to Holbrook by train. I got some extra burros for camp and two men, started them to catch the other sheep. The main herd by this time was near St. Johns. I stayed along with the outfit until I got to the north of Springerville about April 1st. I stayed around there

until the sheep were settled. John Simpson came and turned over the sheep to another man that was working on the ranch, and I took Bill Spence and showed him the range. He bought the ranch, but the company wouldn't turn it over to him until fall. John said, "I want you back at Seligman to take over the sheep." There were 18,000 ewes ready to lamb on the 1st of May at the Double O Ranch. I got back to Seligman on the 15th of April. The family was still in Chandler. I never got to see them for three months. When school was out we moved to the ranch south of Seligman. We lived there until the fall of 1936. It would take a whole book to tell about this big spread. It belonged to the Securities First National Bank, Los Angeles. They bought all assets of Arizona Central Bank at Flagstaff when it closed in 1932.

Will Anderson was made general manager in 1935. In February 1935 they consolidated the Grand Canyon Sheep Company and VVW (3V) Livestock Company all under Arizona Livestock Company. There were 25,000 head of sheep on ALS range southwest of Seligman and holdings to south of Kingman. The cattle were on VVW range, north of the railroad from Hualapai Indian Reservation on the west to Cataract and Grand Canyon on the north. They ran two round-up wagons then; branded from 8,000 to 10,000 calves.


By 1936 prices were looking up a little, so Mr. Waggoner (who was in charge of these holdings) commenced selling outside outfits pretty fast, both ranges and stock. We moved all stock from the Double O as it changed hands. We sent 26,000 sheep to Flagstaff on the Forest south for the summer, and moved the balance to Valle Ranch north of Williams. So I had to go to Phoenix to winter sheep (winter of 1937). We had sheep from Congress to San Luis on the Mexican border. I started lambing at Litchfield in November, finished up the first of June 1937 at Valle Ranch. We sold all ewes and spring lambs and feeder lambs that wintered in the Valley except 10,000 ewes.

They went to the Forest permit at Bellemont and in the fall of 1937 I sold them; shipped from Bellemont to Santa Barbara. The party that bought them loaded them on a boat at Santa Barbara and turned them loose on an island out from there. The family spent the winter in Phoenix (1936-37), came to Williams and Valle for the summer. I had charge of the Valle Ranch until 1947,

I am ahead here a little. When the company consolidated, Will Anderson was put in general manager of sheep--he was an owner in Arizona Livestock Company and he died at Valle Ranch the fall of 1938. He was working sheep in the corral and had a heart attack. I was at Prescott that day in court over a land deal pertaining to the Double O Ranch. I came back that night and had lambs ready to load the next morning. Culp Brothers from Salt Lake had bought them.

In 1940 most holdings southwest of Seligman and Kingman area had been sold to local cowmen. Greene Cattle got 135,000 acres joining the Baca Grant; John Neal got Hualapai Valley. In 1941 the Valle Ranch sold to John Osborn all east of Grand Canyon railroad. So I moved all our equipment, some to Black Tanks and other places on the range. In the spring of 1942 we sold the west part of Valle to Mr. Smith, who had ranches near Williams and Drake area. So I made headquarters at Red Hill and Blank Tanks for the next two years. We had cut to about 12,000 ewes. In 1943 and 1944 I took most of the ranch for sheep. I used most ranges where cattle had been. In 1940 was war time, you couldn't get help; they were sure trying times. In 1940 I sold lambs to Oscar Rudnick, shipped at Seligman, then he bought the whole sheep outfit and leased the 7 Ranch where Mr. Waggoner had sold to a Mr. Gaylord from Pasadena. Rudnicks owned Kern Valley Packing Company, Bakersfield, and many other holdings. He gave me a check book and I never saw any owners until lambing and shipping time next October, 1945.

Just after getting sheep shipping over, Oscar Rudnick came to Seligman and bought the whole VVW Ranch. Marcus Rudnick had bought some cattle in the fall of 1944 and wintered them on SP Ranch, which Mr. Waggoner had sold to Mars Candy Company.

The next few years until 1948 were busy ones. I was put in charge of the whole outfit then. Marcus Rudnick went out buying cattle to restock the ranges. As 1945 was a pretty good year and no stock on the range, there was good feed and water. Spring of 1946, March, shipped in 3,500 Mexican steers from Nogales to Seligman, and shipped in 1,000 head of yearling steers to Ashfork from the ZX Ranch in Oregon. Summered north of Ashfork. Also 4,000 cows and 400 bulls were shipped from the  Bell Ranch in New Mexico, Mitchell, owner. By summer 1947 we had 20,000 cattle and 16,000 sheep on range. We moved a lot of sheep out in 1946; 7,000 ewes to lamb. In 1947 we shipped about 17,000 cattle; in spring of 1948 we shipped all sheep to Mohave, California. This outfit I had been with for 14 years. In summer and fall 1948 Rudnick gathered all cattle, shipped to Nevada, California, and Idaho. We sold the ranch to Kern Valley Land Company, Bakersfield. They shipped cattle in from the Diamond A in New Mexico to stock the VVW range.

After I turned the sheep over to Rudnicks' Basque in Lancaster, California, I returned to Seligman and was lost. Paul Tissaw was Yavapai Deputy Sheriff at Seligman and was leaving. He and my friends wanted me to take his place, which I did. I never liked the job, but it was something to do.

The long-time cattle brand inspector, Bob Jones, got run over by a steer in the stock yards at Seligman, and I did his work for the next year, or after shipping in the fall of 1949. I stayed on as Deputy until spring 1950. In August Charles Sanford, secretary of the Sheep Sanitary Commission and Inspector, wanted to retire. The three men on the Sheep Sanitary

Commission were good friends of mine--Robert Lockett, chairman, Tony Mantero, and Kenneth Pickrell. Therefore, I was back with the state again. I came to Phoenix and took charge. I stayed there by myself for a year as the family was still in Seligman, only one boy left at home, Jerry, the youngest. He finished high school in 1951, in Phoenix.

The Commission appointed Mrs. Fuller (Mom) as secretary, and I was chief inspector. Mom and Jerry moved down to Phoenix. We had the office in our home and we were on duty around the clock. I liked the work as it put me all over the state and among lots of old friends, and I made new ones also. I had former sheep men working with me. Mom stayed on as secretary until she retired--14 years. I stayed 16 years until I had to retire. This was the longest time one inspector had ever held this position. I retired in August 1966.

Our home all these years was located in northwest Phoenix, 3360 West State Avenue, a very nice house. I bought the place in 1952 and moved in on January 1. Only Jerry left at home now, but grandchildren love to come so we had someone around for years. We kept a few sheep in the back yard, from two to eight all the time. After retiring I was trying to kill time. I had some friends I could help with stock and in winter time go watch the horses run, and we would go visit the family, those scattered around the northern part of the state. Mother's health started failing. She fell and broke her arm at the beauty shop, and in November 1973 she fell and broke her hip, and that was it. It was finally necessary to put Mom in a rest home. She passed away September 9, 1974.

I got rid of most of my riding gear during the past few years. My old leather chaps, which attest to a lot of rough riding through the brush and thickets, have been given to the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society in Tucson. My saddle, the last one owned, an N. Porter, went to a grandson,

Jack Michael Fuller of Williams. My spurs, which I bought from Babbitts in Flagstaff in 1915, were given to a daughter, Helen Pearson of Williams.

At this writing I have passed my 83rd birthday anniversary. My wife and I raised eight children, seven of whom are still living.

EUDORA L. GARDNER

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

Eudora came to Arizona in 1913, from Salt Lake City, Utah, but she was born in Kentucky in 1899. Her parents, Thomas and Cuna Summers, filed on a homestead four miles from McNeal, where her father had built his blacksmith shop before the arrival of his large family. Eudora attended McNeal School in the 8th and 9th grades.

Eudora Summers and Charles J. Gardner were married April 1915 at Douglas. He already had his own cattle and horses branded **727**. He sold some big steers for \$6.00 a head and they filed a homestead on a section of land toward the Swissheim Mountains in 1915 and leased some adjoining sections. This ranch had grass, browse, mesquite, catclaw and yucca. They drilled a 150 foot well, which produced lots of water, and installed a windmill, built an adobe house, tank, and corrals.

After establishing this ranch, known as the Charlie Gardner Ranch, Charlie and Eudora got about 20 head of good horses, which were called steeldust, and some of them really pitched. They also had cattle on shares from Fletcher Gas.

Their first child, Kenneth, was born in Douglas in 1916. That year the Gardners started fencing one section of ground at a time. Eudora would hitch their Spanish mules to a wagon which had the rolls of barbed wire on an iron on the back, then she would stop and they would stretch that section of wire. Kenneth was left in a box in the shade of a mesquite tended by Old Ray, their dog.

While Kenneth was still a baby they bought a Model T Ford. They heard there were some cows and calves and a horse for sale above Turkey Creek and there were car tracks but no road. They bought the cattle and horse and

branded them ⁷²² Eudora put two baby calves between the seats of the car and put Kenneth on the seat and started for home the next morning. Charlie had started with the cattle the day before. Eudora had hardly driven a car before, and she worried all the way about a sandy curve down in the valley, or if the car stopped she wouldn't get it cranked again. When she got out to open the gate about a mile from the house, the car stalled, so she put the calves in the pasture and packed the baby home.

Their daughter Malba was born at the ranch in 1920. The Gardners kept improving the ranch and buying cattle from neighbors (a lot from the Finns). Charlie's sister Josie had a ranch in Sulphur Springs Valley and they bought her cattle and then would butcher three or four head at a time and take them to Lowell open market at Bisbee. A cowhide brought \$20. Prices were high during the war years. Charlie and Joe Krentz started buying cattle and shipping them to Kansas wheatfields.

In 1929 they sold this ranch to Gertrude and Bufford Slover, who had an adjoining ranch. Gertrude still owns the ranch and Eudora and Charlie kept their horses and cattle and started looking for a larger ranch.

A place was leased for a year in Sulphur Springs Valley to keep the horses and cattle, and allow the children to go to school. During this time the hunt was on for another ranch which they found in Cochise County, in the Whetstone Mountains. They bought this ranch, known as the Sam Gibson Ranch, along with the remnant of cattle which were quite wild and almost had to be caught and dragged out. Sam Gibson moved his cattle to the San Pedro near Casabell.

The original ⁷²² cattle were shipped on the railroad to a station near Benson and driven in. Most of the range was good and they traded some of the lower country toward Pantana to Frank Boice for some of his upper country. More cattle were bought, a road built, and almost a new beautiful

home as the house wasn't much.

School for the children was the big worry as the roads were so terrible and it was so far to Benson for them to go to school. They bought a Model T with a rear end Rexal so they could go back up this one bad mountain. The kids caught the bus at the Williams Ranch to go on into Benson. The Gardners decided to get a place more convenient to school so they sold the ranch to Col. Thompson for his son in 1931.

Before leaving the ranch, Charlie and Eudora bought the San Simon Ranch from Edith and Walter McKenzie. This was still in Cochise County and ran north of San Simon and Bowie. The cattle and the brand **J** went with the ranch. There was a hot water artesian well with it piped into a lovely ranch home. There was patented land, school and state lease land, and included were about 15 windmills.

Charlie took cattle on shares from J. M. Wilson. W. M. Ellsworth joined the ranch on the north and west. The ranch ran about 600 head of cattle and had mostly sage and grasses, so the drought really hit them. Cattle got poor and they had to feed meal. The rains came late and the cattle were so weak that three or four would be bogged down in the San Simon River. Tripods and pulleys were used to lift them up and down and saved most of them.


Eudora had a lot of cooking to do at this place as there were several bedrooms and a large bunkhouse, and lunches had to be taken out on the range to the men.



The depression was on and during all this period a horse fell on Charlie and broke his back, Kenneth had pneumonia a couple of times, Eudora had major surgery in El Paso, and Nelba broke her back and was paralyzed for nine months, but when one was down the other three would carry the rest of the load. The CCC's had a drive and killed thousands of rabbits

on the ranch.

In 1933 Murchison Brothers bought the ranch. The cattle, along with the brands, were sold to Ed Poor from Imperial Valley. They drove the cattle to Willcox for delivery but the last night out the cattle drank and would fall over in a fit. They cut off their tails to get them bleeding and finally got a vet out. He thought they had eaten a poison weed.

Charlie and Eudora stayed around Las Cruces, New Mexico for about a year while Charlie and Joe Krentz were still buying cattle and the Gardners were looking for another ranch in both states. They read in the Newsletter about the Chicken Springs Ranch for sale. The story told to them was that somebody turned a bunch of chickens loose at the Springs.

The Gardners bought the ranch from Tony and Vera Walters in 1934 and named it the Bar S Ranch. It consisted of 5-1/2 townships, patented land, school sections, and railroad land. There was a nice home and another old house at Crozier Wells. The brand  and cattle had many former owners, Johnny Mullen and Ivan Neal among them. The elevation ran from 5,000 feet to low desert. The ranch was 65 miles from Kingman in Mohave County and had a number of springs and wells. They developed many of these and drilled several more wells.

Carl Bacon held leases on land around Signal and this was bought for Kenneth and his cattle branded . They later bought cattle and brand  from Aubrey Gist for Melba. After driving cattle a few years to ship they purchased a semi-truck to haul feed and ship cattle.

Charlie and John Neal started buying cattle from local ranchers and Eudora and Amy weighed the cattle out as they shipped them. All the family worked to improve the ranch and build fences. They ran 1,000 head of cattle. The Gardners were famous for and had lots of good quarter horses. One stud, Old Paddy, sold to the Las Vegas Club for \$5,000.

In 1940 Charlie Gardner was shot and killed on the ranch near Groom Springs. The rest of the family continued to operate the ranch. During World War II the government wanted the lower end of the range for a gunnery range so some land was leased from Charlie Nickle 20 miles east of Hackberry Road and the cattle from the lower range moved to the Nickle place till they were shipped from Hackberry.

Eudora and her children sold the ranch and cattle to J. K. Wilson from Safford in 1944, for his son Jack. The Bar S brand was sold with the place. Jack and his family still own the ranch.

Mrs. Gardner moved to Phoenix to take a bookkeeping course and about a year later married Raleigh Freitag. They built a beautiful home and several apartments on Van Buren, and she kept busy in the Cattle Growers' and Cowbellies.

Eudora was a charter member of the state and national Cowbellies and helped to organize the Laveen Cowbellies, the third group to be organized in the state. While she was president they had many first projects. The group took first trophy in the Phoenix Rodeo, first booth at the State Fair, which they built and manned. In 1950 they manned the Information Booth at the Arizona National Livestock Show for 10 days. Eudora was very active in helping to start the Boys Ranch.

Charlie's family, Charles A. Gardner and Louise, came from a line of cattle ranchers in Texas. His father was born in 1865 west of the Pecos. He came to Arizona when just a boy and worked on several ranches, such as the Riggs and the Chiracahua. He and Louise Barfoot were married in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, in 1889. After living at Gleason, Fort Thomas and Rustlers Park in the Chiracahua Mountains, they went to New Mexico in the Deming area and lived on the Nimburs River. About 1903 they came by wagon, driving cattle and horses to the Douglas area, and homesteaded the

Mud Springs Ranch, branding U 20 . In 1916 they sold out to Bill Neal and bought the Shepherd place, then sold it to Bill Cowan, Ralph's father. They kept their cattle and very good horses and drove them to the Titus place, the next ranch they bought, near Elgin. In 1920 they sold it to Heward Clark, which he calls Elgin Hereford Ranch. The C. A. Gardners then bought the Old English Place north of Sonoita. In later years they sold and bought the Old Lowry Place between Rain Valley and Fairbanks. They kept the U 20 brand and had good horses and cattle when he was honored at the Tucson Rodeo Parade at 90 years of age as the oldest cowman to own and continually operate his own ranch.

Kenneth and his wife Katie Stephens Gardner sold their ranch to Bill Fredericks at Hackberry several years ago and live near Tolleson where he works for the Lakin Cattle Company. Melba and her husband Don P. Smith sold their ranch a few years ago to Senator Boyd Tenny and moved from the Chloride area into Kingman. Both of the kids still run some cattle.

Eudora divorced her husband in 1973 and regained the Gardner name. She has been in very poor health and lives next to her daughter in Kingman.

GAIL I. GARDNER
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Gail was born Christmas Day, December 25, 1892, and still lives today in the same house.

He was raised in Prescott. He received his elementary and high school education there. As a young man he attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College.

His father, James I. Gardner, came to Arizona by a burro pack train in 1879 from the end of the railroad at Trinidad, Colorado. He became one of the leading and devoted merchants in Prescott. He closed his store in 1918 and retired from business.

Gail started his ranching career in 1916, bought a bunch of cattle from A. B. Peach. He had the ON cattle that had been purchased from Mrs. Pete at Government Springs and the W/A cattle were acquired from Bill Dearing.

Gail and Van Dickson branded all their cattle with the ON Iron. Gail batched seven years on his ranch, before he married on September 22, 1924 in Skull Valley, Arizona. The Gardners had two children, James G. Gardner and Cynthia Gardner Schrieber.

Gail bought out Van Dickson's part of the partnership. He ran the outfit on his own till he gathered and sold most of the cattle in 1928. He sold the Hule Canyon watering place and the ON remnant to a sheep outfit. Gail kept the W/A Iron for a few cattle he kept on the ranch. It is still recorded in his name. His ranch was always known as the Gardner Ranch since his father started an orchard on it in 1892.

The permit capacity was 240 "off and on." The Prescott National Forest was used for this ranch. Gail also had a small pasture leased in Copper

Basin. He has taken time out in later years to write three short stories in the Yavapai Combelles' "Echoes of the Past." He is also a recognized writer of poems and songs of the cattle range. His writing is true to the character of the cowboys and cowmen he knew.

Gail can be reached at 101 N. Mt. Vernon Avenue, Prescott, Arizona, 86301.

RICHARD M. HARRISON

NOGALES, ARIZONA

Richard was born December 1, 1900 in Lochiel, Arizona, which originally was a border settlement called La Noria. His father was James A. (Jim) Harrison and his mother was the former Katherine Hill.




Richard was raised on the Yerba Buena Ranch which branded the 7X. He attended school at the local country school in Nogales, along with his two sisters. He later attended Military School in New Mexico, and then spent a year in the Army in 1918.

Richard, much better known as Bill, spent many hours on the Yerba Buena Ranch helping his father build up his range holdings. They traded and worked many Mexican cattle.

His father, James H. Harrison, was one of Santa Cruz county's oldest ranchers. In 1886, when the Indians killed the mail carrier from Fort Crittenden, his father took over the route and operated it for a year before he was replaced. In 1912 his father became the first Senator from Santa Cruz county under Arizona's new statehood.

Richard was 15 years of age when his father sold the Yerba Buena Ranch to the Sorrell Brothers, in 1918.

Richard was married on September 19, 1923, in Roswell, New Mexico. They had three children. In 1926 Richard and his father bought the Harry J. Sayon Ranch west of Nogales. In that same year much of the Nogales area was being developed. Some of the state's early pioneers were coming in by wagons, some on horse, and some on shoe leather. Homesteaders were swarming across the plains and the Rocky Mountain states to settle in other parts of Arizona.

The  was branded on the left shoulder and  right shoulder. The other brand the Harrisons used was the Seven Bar . This brand was

Issued to Richard. The Harrisons then acquired three more homesteads in the area along with five sections of state leased land. This ranch was named the Mariposa. Richard's son, James Harrison, was named after his grandfather, and helped on the ranch as a third generation rancher.

Approximately 450 head of cattle were run on the ranch. So many hours were spent on the ranch tending the herd. The cattle traveled many miles picking out their favorite grazing spots. Water holes were checked constantly and cattle had to be checked for worms. The work was hard, the hours were long, but when the roundup and shipping was completed the cattie-man was able to relax and think about what type of yearlings or heifers he would again stock on the ranch.

The permit capacity on the Mariposa Ranch was 288 head, so the Harrisons leased bottom land to supplement feed for the cattle.

Richard, in the early 1940's, took time out to serve in World War II. After the war, when he returned, in later years, ranching was showing a great change, with new modern ways being used. In 1963 the Harrisons sold their ranch holdings to Theodore Wilson, formerly of Chicago.

Besides James, their son, they have two daughters, Mary Warren, who lives in Snowflake, Arizona and is married to an engineer with the Southwest Forest Service. The other daughter, Virginia Harrison, just recently passed away.

Richard may be reached at P.O. Box 1176, Nogales, Arizona, 85621.

MRS. HARRY (VIOLET) IRVING

SKULL VALLEY, ARIZONA

Violet was born January 7, 1901 at Walker, Arizona. Violet's family originally came to Arizona in 1870, settling in the Camp Verde area. In 1875 they moved to Walker where they made their permanent home.

Violet's grandfather and father raised a few cattle for their families and for the men that worked for them. All the surplus beef was sold to the other families at the mine. Her family were mining people.

Violet has been associated with ranchers and ranching through the general grocery store which the family ran for 40 years at Skull Valley. The ranchers were their customers and good friends, such as the Van Dicksons, Clarence Jackson, Charlie Mullen, and Tot Young, the Contrerous brothers, and many more. Their good times and bad times were shared by the families in that area.

Violet married Harry Irving in 1940. The livestock industry has been Harry's way of life and of course Violet absorbed much knowledge from his experiences that added to her 38 years of association with livestock people in the store business.

Harry Peyton Irving was born in Cleburne, Texas, the third son of Tom and Nellie Parks Irving. At an early age his family moved to Oklahoma, where his father built and operated three electric power plants and a cattle ranch near Chickasha. Harry was educated in Oklahoma. After college he played professional baseball for two years before coming to Arizona. He worked as a cowboy in the Seligman area and for the Geological Survey before he settled down to ranching in the Williamson Valley-Walnut Creek areas of Yavapai County.

Like his father, Harry raised good cattle and good good quarter horses

long before they were registered. In 1936 a horse fell with Harry and injured his back, forcing him to give up riding and to sell the Walnut Creek Ranch. It was at this time that Harry moved to Skull Valley where he continued to raise quarter horses on a smaller scale, and a few purebred Charolais. Harry liked any breed of animal, asking only that they be the best of their kind. He believed that blood would tell. This no doubt motivated his interest in the livestock industry. The Irving brand at that time was the 4-D Cattle L.R. horse L.S. called the Four Bar D.

Harry was a member of the Yavapai County Cattle Growers, Arizona Quarter Horse Breeders Association, and was active in the horse division of the Arizona National Livestock Show. Harry passed away in 1964.

CLIFFORD E. KOONTZ

MAYER, ARIZONA

In the spring of 1877, Johnny Koontz, his wife, Harriet Wilson Koontz, and infant daughter Mary moved from Centerville, California to Arizona Territory. By 1878 Mr. Koontz had settled in Williamson Valley, 25 miles northwest of Prescott. For a while he worked for other ranches in the area, but soon homesteaded a place near Simmons, in the lower end of the Valley, where he raised cattle and horses.




Although the oldest daughter was born in California, there were eleven more children in the family, all born in Williamson Valley. It was here on the Koontzes Seven V Ranch (V) that Clifford Eugene Koontz was born, August 13, 1892.

Clifford and his brothers took part in the ranch work at an early age, and most of them became cowboys. The Koontz children attended school in Williamson Valley, that is whenever there were enough children in the Valley to have a school--eight or more. Sometimes they would have no school for a year or two.

At Simmons, or Simmons Crossing, as it was sometimes called, Bill Simmons had a store, hotel, saloon and post office, all in one building. Later the Post Office Department made him put the post office in a separate building. Some supplies could be bought at Simmons' Store, but for most things it was a 50 mile round trip to Prescott with a wagon and team. Mr. and Mrs. Koontz made a trip to Prescott in the spring and fall to buy supplies for their family and the ranch.

When Clifford was 13 years old his mother passed away. Not long after that, when he was 14, Clifford left home to make his own living as a cowboy.

He and his brother Charley, who was three years older, spent the winter together in an old cabin made of railroad ties. They had saved enough money from their wages to buy food for themselves and their horses for the winter. Clifford worked for various ranchers in the area, and while he was working for Oscar Connell, who had a ranch on Walnut Creek, Walter Cline asked Clifford to come to work for him at the Yolo Ranch. So on April 2, 1907, when Clifford was 15, he went to work at the Yolo.

The Yolo Ranch, in the Camp Wood area west of Prescott, was owned by Lon Harmon at that time. Harmon had bought the Yolo Ranch from Tip Wilder who had started the ranch and used the brand . Harmon also bought the Connell's Pitchfork  Ranch and Bozerth's Lazy H  Ranch that were in the same area. There were hundreds of big wild steers on the range at that time, some dying of old age, because they were so wild and the range was so rugged that they could not be rounded up.


Walter Cline and his father John Cline were the first cowmen to discover the way to gather wild cattle by roping, tying them up and leading them in. So Lon Harmon had hired Walter as his foreman to run the ranch and gather the wild steers.

The wild steers were gathered in the winter time, as they had to be gathered when the weather was cool. The cowboys stayed out in cow camps all winter, two men to a camp, gathering steers and branding calves missed at roundup time. They roped the wild steers, sawed the tips of their horns off and tied them up to trees. Later the men would come back and lead the steers into a pasture. When a large herd had been gathered into a pasture, the steers were driven around inside the pasture to break them to drive. When they could be handled, the steers were driven to the Del Rio stockyards in Chino Valley to be shipped on the railroad to the Salt River Valley.

All supplies had to be hauled with wagons and horses from Prescott to the ranch. The cowboys had to do this work too, so Clifford learned to handle the four horse hitch used to pull the freight wagons. It was a round trip of one hundred miles and took several days. When going up the mountain to Camp Wood they had to use six horses to pull the loaded wagons up the steep grade.

When he was 16, Clifford started breaking horses for the Yolos and had his wages raised from \$25 a month to \$30 a month. Also Lon Harmon gave him a new saddle every year.


Sometimes Walter Cline and Clifford would take part in the team roping at the Frontier Days in Prescott, or rodeos at Camp Verde, Payson or Phoenix. At that time, they traveled to these places by horseback with their beds on a spare horse. Walter nearly always had a race horse or two and Clifford would be his jockey as he only weighed 117 pounds when he was 17 years old. Clifford also rode in the relay races during Prescott's Frontier Days.

In 1911, when Clifford was 19, he left the Yolo Ranch to work for Bill Stewart on his Cross Triangle Ranch () in Williamson Valley. Since Bill's son Clarence was on the police force in Prescott, Clifford was made foreman of this large ranch. His pay was \$50 per month.

During the time Clifford was working for Stewart, the author, Harold Bell Wright, spent a summer at the ranch. In Wright's book "When a Man's a Man," a novel about the Williamson Valley area, the character of Phil Actor was patterned after Clifford.

When Clifford left the Yolo Ranch, Walter Cline left also. In 1919 Walter Cline went back to run the Yolo Ranch again and he asked Clifford to come and work for him. So Clifford returned to the Yolo where he stayed until 1922 when he bought the Bar U Bar (-U-) Ranch near Skull Valley, in

partners with Bud Stephens.

On July 26, 1922, Clifford married Rachel Redden of Prescott, who was also a member of a Pioneer Arizona Family. After living on the Bar U Bar Ranch for a while, Clifford sold his interest in the Ranch and moved near Mayer, Arizona, where he ran the Quarter Circle V Bar () Ranch for Charley Hooker. After he had worked there for about three years, Mr. Hooker helped Clifford buy the Z Ranch in that area. Not long after that, Mr. Hooker passed away, and Clifford left the Quarter Circle V Bar to run his own ranch.

In 1924, the Prescott State Bank went broke and the receiver had all of the cattle the bank held mortgages on rounded up and sold. Some were missed in this gathering, and in 1928 Clifford bought the remnant of those cattle that were on the range around his ranch. These cattle were branded TM, Box T, Q and J5. At that time Clifford went in partners with Con Fredericks, who had been foreman for the receiver when gathering the bank cattle. At that time, the area was all open range but was on the Prescott National Forest. The partners had permits for 4,400 head, which the Forest Service promptly cut to 770 head.

In 1928 Clifford bought the L E Ranch that joined the Z Ranch to the south, from Jim Meaders. That same year, Clifford, Rachel and their son Carl moved to the L E Ranch from the Z Ranch.

In 1920 Clifford and Con Fredericks dissolved the partnership and divided the cattle. Con took the Z Ranch and Clifford kept the L E Ranch. At that time he fenced his forest allotment, one of the first to do so in that area.

During the years on the L E Ranch, Clifford was active in the Yavapai Cattle Growers Association and the Arizona Cattle Growers Association. He served as president of the Yavapai Association as well as being a member of

the Board of Directors and the Forest Advisory Board. He also helped collect calves from the members for the Yavapai Cattle Growers annual calf sale and barbeque.

In the early 1940's Clifford began doing some ranch appraising for the Bank of Arizona. This led to working as an advisor for ranch owners in the area who were new to the ranching business. At one time he was looking after seven different ranches, putting in foremen and checking on ranch operations, over a wide area of Yavapai County.

After selling the L E Ranch to Del Claridge in 1945, Clifford worked only with the K Four Ranch, as advisor for John and Bob Kieckhefer. This ranch not only had a large herd of cattle, it also had a farm in Big Chino Valley, which Clifford helped develop into 1200 acres under irrigation. Here he also built a feed mill and feed lot to fatten the K Four cattle for market.

In 1949 Clifford bought a ranch near Redding, California, where he, Rachel and Carl lived for a few years, before selling it and buying a ranch near Montague, California. However, once a year Clifford had to return to the K Four Ranch in Arizona to check on things there and assist the Kieckhefers with ranch operations. In 1953 the Montague ranch was sold and Clifford and family moved back to the K Four Ranch.

Clifford managed the total operation of the ranch then, until 1960, when at the age of 66 he left the K Four to get a place of his own. After looking around at ranches in Arizona and California, he made a trip to Arkansas. Near Fayetteville, in Northwest Arkansas, a small ranch was located and purchased. By August 1960 Clifford, Rachel and Carl were settled on this new place, far from their native state of Arizona.

In 1972 Rachel passed away, but Clifford and Carl stayed on the ranch until January 1975, when they sold out and returned to Arizona.

At the present time (1978) Clifford lives in Mayer, Arizona. While he does not own a ranch at this time, he still takes an active interest in the cattle business. He attends meetings of the Yavapai Cattle Growers Association, of which he is an Honorary Life Member, as well as meetings of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

WARNER BRYCE MATTICE
JANE TAYLOR MATTICE

PIMA, ARIZONA

Walter was born July 3, 1900 at Bryce, Arizona. He was the eighth child of John Warner Mattice and Jane Louise Bryce. He went to school in Pima, then attend the Gila Academy at Thatcher. This was the only high school in the valley for a long time.

Warner's grandfather, Ebenezer Bryce, came to Pima in 1882. At that time Pima was called Smithville and was founded in 1879. Bryce Canyon in Utah was named for him. Grandfather Bryce sold most of his sheep and cattle before he left Utah, but drove some as they came. He was paid in silver dollars for the sheep. The problem was where to hide that many silver dollars. Someone suggested putting the money in the bottom of the flour barrel and put the flour on top, so they arrived with the money safely hidden. Soon after they arrived, they moved across the Gila River to a place they called Bryce. Bryce is still there. They ran their cattle on the Apache Indian Reservation.

The Mattice family came to Arizona about the same time as the Bryces. John W. Mattice, Warner's father, was born in Porterville, Utah in 1866. He was the son of Nelson Bates Mattice and Nancy Arreta Porter. They moved to Arizona with six children when John, Warner's father, was eighteen years old. The Mattice party crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry with two wagons, a team of oxen, a team of mules, and several saddle horses and two milk cows. They had lost nearly all of their livestock during the severe winter before they left Utah. They were looking for a warmer climate, which was the main reason for moving south.

The first stop the Nelson Mattice family made in Arizona was Holbrook.

Here the father and his sons secured work on the railroad which was then under construction, while the mother and her daughters cooked for the railroad crew. This gave them time and money to replenish their supplies, save some money to buy cattle, and continue their journey to the Gila Valley. The Gila area had been recommended by the Mormon Church scouts as a suitable place for settlement.

The family left Holbrook in 1884 and drove their cattle and wagons across on the New Mexico side of the Blue Range and to the present site of Pima. Here they built a white rock house, homesteaded land, and started in a small way in farming and cattle raising.

In 1888 John Mattice and Jane L. Bryce were married. Lumber was very scarce, so their first home was made of willows plastered with mud. Here they lived until he could get lumber to make a better home. The next year he built a three-room lumber home. In 1901 Warner's father purchased a farm in Pima. Here he built a good red brick home for his family.

John went into the cattle business with G. A. "Dick" Bryce, his wife's brother. They branded company cattle **JUL**. Eventually their cattle ranged over the Gila Range and north over the Nantack Range on the San Carlos Reservation. The cattle ranch was known as The Bryce-Mattice Cattle Company. Each member had his own brand. Mattice branded **J**. The **J** was on the left ribs and the **** was on the hip. Bryce used **H/+**. The **H** was on the left shoulder, **/** was on the ribs and **+** on hip. With characteristic Mormon Industry John Mattice and his neighbors looked for other work. This they found in freighting from Pima to Globe and back to the railroad at Bowie. They would haul hay and grain and charcoal to Globe and return with a load of copper ore to be shipped from the station at Bowie.

About this time John and Dick decided to open a meat market in Pima. Everything but the meat was brought from Safford nine miles away in a

backboard. They would bring canned goods, groceries of all kinds, ice, and bakery goods. Warner remembers taking orders from the farmers and ranchers on the way up to Safford and delivering them on the next trip.

In the spring of 1921 Warner returned from a two-year mission for his church in the northern states. On October 5, 1921, he married Jane Taylor in the Latter Day Saints Temple in Salt Lake City, Utah. Jane was a descendant of an early pioneer family.

During the two years he was away, Jane had passed the state teacher's examination and taught school at Cottonwood Wash. It was a one-room school with twelve pupils and six grades. She was paid \$75 per month. There was no plumbing, and a fireplace furnished heat. Water came from a flowing well just down the hill. She would ride her horse Trix from home the seven miles to school and back. When it was cold she would stay with the Jim Reed family, then she would turn her mare loose and the mare would go home. Her brother Bill would come for her on Friday, and they would ride double back home. The next year Jane taught 3rd grade in Pima. The Reed family had moved to town, so the Cottonwood District didn't have enough students to hold school. The other children came to Pima for school.

After her marriage to Warner, Jane spent her time caring for her husband, her home, and her family of four boys and one daughter; Len, Rue, Seth, Bruce and Evelyn Jane.

In 1928 the Mattices, father John and sons Warner and George, sold their interest in the cattle company to the Bryces. They bought the Braz Wooton Ranch at Klondyke. Here they branded **Ku**. This ranch was known as the old Dan Roton Place. They purchased 100 head of cows from Clarence Marshall to partially stock the ranch. Later they bought cows from the Keith Ranch at Benson and from Tom Flowers at Sunset. To improve their herd they bought registered bulls from old line outfits, from Eimer Brookerson


at Bonita, W. T. Webb Ranch, the Z at Bonita, and from Ralph Cowan at McKeel.



In 1935 John W. Mattice passed away. The sons, Warner and George, worked the ranch until 1960, when they sold it to Roy and Eleanor Claridge. With the ranch they sold the A brand. They then purchased the D - Ranch 70 miles north of Silver City, New Mexico. This ranch was located between the east fork and the middle fork of the Gila River. It was one of the older ranches in New Mexico.

Besides ranching Warner had extensive farming interests in and around Pima. For 40 years he helped to care for the irrigation problems of the farmers in the Gila Valley. Since the town was first named Smithville, the canal to irrigate the surrounding area was called the Smithville Canal. To build the first canal the pioneers hitched their teams to a plow made of a forked cottonwood limb. They surveyed the canal line with a "bench and plumb bob." The ditch was perfect, the water ran freely, even with such primitive instruments. The ditch was planned to irrigate just the town and immediate surrounding area. Today this same canal irrigates 2400 acres of choice farming land.

Warner says he has seen many changes in the irrigation system. When there was a flood, of course the dam was washed out. Then the farmers would take teams and wagons and slip scrapers, and camp for days, sometimes a week, at the dam site, while they rebuilt the dam with earth, rocks and brush. All water for the farms came from the river at that time. He recalls they almost lost a lot of horses in the river while rebuilding the dam. Many times they had to cut the horses loose from the harness and let the wagon go down the river. The horses could usually swim to safety when loose. All clearing of brush from the canal banks was done by hand in those days. Today all repair work, brush clearing, and other maintenance is done

by modern machinery. The ditch boss used to ride around on horseback to issue the water. Today he uses a pickup truck. Under Warner's leadership when he was President of the Board for forty years, he convinced the stockholders that irrigation wells should be drilled along the canal so the hay, grain, cotton, etc. could be irrigated during the dry season. Today the Smithville Canal has 12 wells, and they can irrigate during the entire growing season without river water, but all agree that river water is best.

Warner and his brother George stayed with the D-Ranch as partners until 1971. Then they dissolved their partnership and sold the ranch. Soon after, Warner, Jane and their sons bought the old Cosper Ranch from Alfred Haught in 1971. This ranch is located between Duncan and Clifton on the Gila River. The ranch has dirt tanks, steel tanks, windmills and pumps to provide water for the stock. The permit is for 250 head of cattle. The ranch is called the Walking X and the brand is . The Cosper place has about 150 acres of farmland, irrigated by wells. Here they raise hay for the cattle when needed. They also have some fine irrigated pastures.

In 1972 they bought the Bitter Creek Ranch from Ray Cluff. It is just across the river east from the Walking X. The grazing permit here is for 450 head and the brand is , called 4-L drag. At this time they decided to form a family corporation called Mattice Livestock Company. Stockholders included their sons and wives and their daughter and her husband, Joe Alder. The Mattice family also has a feed lot in Pima where they feed between 8000 and 10,000 head of cattle. All calves from the ranches go through the feed lot. The hay and pastures at the ranch help to condition the calves for feeding. The feed lot brand is /rail, diamond, slash.

Both Warner and Jane have donated a lot of their time and talents doing civic and church work. Jane has always worked in the church auxiliaries that involved her and her children. Perhaps her greatest interest has

been the Relief Society. She was president for five years in the Pima Ward and counselor in the St. Joseph Stake for six years.

Besides the family's many years of happiness they have had their share of sorrow. In 1941 their youngest son Bruce was killed in a fall from a grain truck. He was nine years old. In 1945 the second son, First Lt. Rue J. Mattice, gave his life for his country when his C-47 crashed in the Philippine Islands. He left a young wife, Elaine. In 1973, in an electrical accident at the Duncan Ranch, their third son, Seth G. Mattice, aged 46, died. He left his wife Lila and four children.

Warner entered politics and was deputy assessor for four years. He served as County Supervisor for District #2 for two years and later he was elected to represent Graham County in the State Legislature, where he served six years. Then he served as Senator for ten years. He has served on the Graham County R.E.A. Board since its beginning and is President at this time.

At present the family is busy with farms, cattle ranching and the feed yard. They have 13 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

Jane is a member of the Arizona Cowbellies and Warner is a member of A.C.G.A. During the last eight years Warner and Jane have spent a lot of time attending auctions in Arizona, Texas and New Mexico, buying cattle for the feed yard.

CECIL N. MILLER
TOLLESON, ARIZONA

Cecil was born September 18, 1900 in Grainsville, Texas. He came to Arizona with his parents, Benjamin L. and Eva Miller, in 1909. Cecil's grandfather had come to Texas after the Civil War because of the "Free Land," and his was one of Grainsville's founding families. They had earlier left Moberly, Missouri with a covered wagon with 50 cows, 3 bulls, 40 mares and a Claybank stallion, and settled in Texas.

In 1905 Cecil's father moved the family to Elida, New Mexico, on account of Mrs. Miller's health. Elida County at that time was beautiful, lush and green when his father settled there. For three years it didn't rain and the beautiful lush valley turned to barren earth. One of Cecil's earliest ranch recollections is helping the family and nearby neighbors skin out 150 dead cows at a dry water hole.

After a year in Roswell, in the year of 1909 the Millers moved, along with a few cattle, to the Buckeye, Arizona area. In Buckeye Cecil received his elementary and high school education. In the meantime his father, in 1912, started a farming and cattle operation around the Glendale area. At that time Cecil worked on the farm and fed cattle.

Cecil Miller attended Oregon State and graduated at 21 with a B.S. degree in agriculture. He pitched for the Oregon State baseball team and held the game strikeout record for a number of years. Later he received word from his brother to return home and manage the sheep operation the family had in Coconino County.

In 1926 Cecil married Phyllis Mickey, the daughter of a mining family. They had two sons, Duane and Cecil Jr.

The Miller family had formed the Glendale Stock Farm with the Babbitts. It was a diversified farming, sheep and cattle operation until 1936.

Cecil Miller bought his first ranch from Walter Miller and Pat Hurley in 1934, called the **DK**. The original Coconino Cattle Company was incorporated in 1906 and their registered brand was the **DK**. The ranch was put together by buying small outfits in the area. The brand was used as far back as the 1890's. There was no record of why this brand was used. The allotments were finally fenced in 1928. The **DK** ran three branding crews years, long before fencing. The permit capacity on this ranch in the year 1905 was 5,050 head, 1910-12, 5,556 head, 1937-46, 2,000 head, and 1964-75, 475 cows, 885 yearlings. The range consisted of 18 sections of state leased land, 70 sections of forest land.

About 1905, P. T. Hurley and Walter Miller had put together the **DK** outfit in Coconino County. There was a forest permit for 13,500 and the cattle ran over a vast area south of Flagstaff to the Verde Valley, keeping eight wagons with gear on the go.

In 1929 the **DK** outfit was sold to a group which included George Taylor, W. A. "Dolph" Evans and his son, Bill Thompson, and a Dr. Connor. In 1934 Pat Hurley sold his reclaimed stock in the company to Ray Cowden and Cecil Miller, and the latter two operated the ranch. They later made many improvements on the ranch. They drilled three wells and put in over thirty water tanks. The ranch was damaged severely by the smelter smoke. It has not completely overcome the damage yet today.

In 1937 Cecil Miller sold 2500 two year old steers to Phil Tovrea at 1,060 pounds; they had been grass fed. In that same year Cowden and Miller began separating their mutual interests which, along with the Babbitts, included a profitable steer pasturing outfit at Calexico, and the Coconino Cattle Company became wholly Miller owned. In later years Duane and Cecil Jr.

both bought into the present operation, which included extensive land in Coconino County and feed lots in Tolleson. They have now sold all of the ranch except the Rogers Lake Area.

Over the years Cecil Miller has been very active as a member of the Board of the Federal Land Bank, Federal Bank of Cooperatives, and the Intermediate Credit Bank of Berkeley, 11th District. He served a number of years on the Livestock Sanitary Board and five years as President of the the Farm Bureau.

With Marlon Welborn, Ray Cowden and others he organized the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association. Mrs. Miller passed away in 1963, and Cecil still lives on the old place at Tolleson. He has really enjoyed his last five years of retirement. Duane lives in Sedona, and Cecil Jr. lives in Tolleson.

MATTIE COOPER NELSON
CIRCLE BAR RANCH
BAGDAD, ARIZONA

Mattie Cooper was born December 11, 1901 at Sonora, Texas. In 1909 her father, John Thomas Cooper, decided he would go further west so he loaded his family, Mattie's mother, Martha Brannan Cooper, seven children and belongings on a train, along with four mules. After the train ride across the plains the family arrived in Tempe, Arizona in December of 1909. After getting his family settled and the younger ones in school, John Cooper purchased a hack, harnessed two mules, and hooked them to the hack. The other two mules went along as spares. He and his son Dave started out to find a family ranch or farm to homestead. They traveled mostly through Yavapai County and through Peoples Valley. In 1910 he settled in the Prescott area, on Williamson Valley Ranch, moved the family from Tempe and started building the J. T. Cooper Ranch. Mattie's sister Learsah Cooper Morgan and her husband Jack still live on this ranch.

While Mattie helped her father on the ranch she attended elementary and high school in Prescott. After high school she went back to Tempe and spent two years at Tempe Normal Teachers College. After graduation Mattie taught her first class in Holbrook, Arizona, where Jack Nelson courted her. At that time Jack worked as a Forest Ranger in Heber, Arizona. Jack and Mattie were married at the Congregational Church in Prescott. Mattie continued teaching two more years in Heber.

In 1929 Mattie and Jack homesteaded a ranch three miles out of Bagdad, Arizona. They stocked the ranch with cattle they purchased from Mattie's father. They branded their cattle with the Q brand. They named their ranch the Circle Bar Ranch. The Q brand was the brand Mattie's father used

on his herd from Texas.

Jack ran 700 cattle on the Nelson's Circle Bar Ranch near Bagdad when feed was plentiful. During the time the Nelsons ranched they bought up other homesteads in the area, along with leasing state land. Mattie remembers riding over rough rocky country with Jack checking the cattle. "This ranch country," Mattie said, "was like people, it had its own personalities, each unique, each different." The west boundary was mountains; cattle guards and creeks were other boundaries. The state permit called for 1000 head of cattle.




In 1948 Jack had a severe heart attack and passed away. Mattie could no longer manage the ranch so in 1949 she sold the ranch to L. K. Lindhall. Mattie then returned to the Arizona State University, where she spent two more years and received her B.A. degree. She taught school in the Scottsdale area until she retired in 1967, and now lives in Phoenix.

Mattie is an Arizona Cowbelle and is truly a Living Pioneer.

FAY T. PARKER
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Fay Tullous Parker was born in Midland, Texas, April 6, 1900. Her mother was Annie Van Dyke Tullous, her father Barnes Tullous.

Barnes Tullous was wagon boss for the vast Quen Saba Ranch, which extended from Midland to the Pecos River, owner the Half Company of New York. Barnes was well known in Texas for his skillful handling of men, horses and cattle.

In about 1906 the owner of the Quen Saba died so Barnes quit the outfit and moved his family and livestock to New Mexico, where he established the Seven K  and the Spur  ranches near Hachita. He was also part owner of the  ranch on the Nimbres River.

The family lived in El Paso, Texas where Annie died in 1912. Fay attended Loretto Academy, the only boarding school for girls at that time.

In 1910 another Texas family, the Parkers, moved to the Hachita area. David and Ann Parker, father and mother, had ranched near Ozona, Texas where their brood had been born and David held the office of sheriff for many years. The family consisted of Claude (Bud), Maude, Ople Reid, William (Bill), Wirt David (Dink), Jo Anne and Bjorkman (Bert).

With the Parkers went their herd of Morgan and quarter horse brood mares, stallions and work horses numbering some 500 head, which they drove overland from Ozona to Hachita without losing a single horse.

The Tullous and Parkers were neighbors and friendly. When World War I came along 'Dink' enlisted in the remount and was stationed in El Paso where he served as Sergeant until the war ended. Fay and Dink were married shortly thereafter, June 18, 1919.

ELZY JOHN PIKE
YARNELL, ARIZONA

Elzy was born November 9, 1895 on the Cartwright homestead in Phoenix. He received his early schooling at Central School and Monroe School. In 1916, at the age of 21, Elzy homesteaded the entire townsite of Yarnell. At that time he worked with the road crew which constructed the highway with only one piece of equipment up Yarnell hill.

Like many other pioneer ranchers in our state, the Pike family ranching history goes back nearly a hundred years in Arizona. Elzy's father, John H. Pike, was born in Polk County, Missouri, November 5, 1861. He left home at the age of 14 and worked at odd jobs in Texas. He then worked as a cook's helper and swamper for a freight outfit on his way to Globe Arizona.

While in Globe he cut and sold wood by the cord to earn money to move on to the Salt River Valley, and got into farming. He farmed several farms in the Valley. He later had various partners in the several farming ventures with such early Valley pioneers as Ty Jones. They cleared land at what is now 59th Avenue and Thomas Road in West Phoenix. At one time John Pike farmed the "Old Murphy Place" near the sugar plant in Glendale. The sugar plant is still standing in Glendale and is an old landmark.

In 1889 John H. Pike married Anne Cartwright. Annie was born September 21, 1869 in Dayton, California. She was the daughter of Redlick Jasper Cartwright. Her family, one of the Valley's pioneers, came to Arizona 102 years ago. They farmed in the Valley and owned a cattle ranch in Cave Creek.

Elzy's uncle, J. Hanford Cartwright, became the 16th president of the

Arizona Cattle Growers Association in 1933. Annie Pike, Elzy's mother, has told the children the story many times of how her family came to Arizona in a covered wagon. They arrived in Prescott in 1874, ending a three month journey that started in Goose Lake, California. She remembered how her father, R. J. Cartwright, carried baby calves into the house and put them on sacks behind the cookstove to keep them from freezing. "The cold is what sent us to Arizona," she told the children.

The Cartwrights, including Annie and her five brothers and sisters, were bundled into the covered wagon and headed for Arizona.

Mother Pike said the Indians didn't harm them but they did steal; when a boy watching their Morgan horses went to sleep, an Indian lifted the reins from his hand and made off with the horse. It was a spare horse used with a two horse drawn wagon. Another time Elzy's grandmother looked up in time to see an Indian lifting a slab of bacon from the back of the wagon. Once on the trip the family ran out of water. Annie remembered how thirsty she was.

Vernon Pike, Elzy's brother, remembers his mother telling them about where she went to school. She went to a one room adobe school at Central and Monroe, when the family lived in a farmer's grain storage building.

The Cartwrights took up a homestead at 51st Avenue and Thomas soon after arriving in Arizona. Elzy's grandfather helped dig the Grand Canal that brought water and better times to the family and the west side area. Today the Cartwright School is named for the pioneer cattle family. Annie Cartwright Pike lived to be just over 104 years old. Elzy and his brothers Jess, Vernon and Albert, were at her 104th birthday celebration.

Around the time Elzy was born in 1895 his father, John Pike, bought the southwest forty of the original Cartwright ranch for \$500. Later he bought another adjoining forty from Reeves Cartwright, and in 1901 he

traded these 80 acres for the Fugua stables located at 4th Avenue and Adams in Phoenix, just about where A. L. Moore and Sons Mortuary stands today. He bought and sold several other famous stables including the Cowboy Corrals at Five Points and the Commercial Corrals at Jefferson and Central, where the Luhrs Towers is now.

The Commercial Corral was near Davidson Smoke House, later known as Strinker's, an historical establishment where cattlemen gathered for news and for buying and selling cattle.

Ranches that the elder Pike owned were the E. J. Bennett Estate and the Cienega Ranch, which was a horse ranch. He would sell 50 horses at a time at the Commercial Corrals he owned in Phoenix.



In 1903 Elzy's father bought the 6 Bar Ranch on Squaw Creek, which was northwest of the 51; almost impenetrable country and still is. He would take a wagon with supplies as far as Cartwrights and then pack in with mules for 20 miles.

The cattle were driven down through Paradise Valley, which was barren and waterless. Pike would arrange to have barrels of water for the horses set out ahead of time when he drove cattle to the market. In 1914 John Pike bought the 26 Bar Ranch at the top of Yarnell Hill from Dolph Evans. The cattle on this ranch would drift as far down as Agulla and Wickenburg and north to Peoples Valley.

This part of Elzy Pike's ranch life is told by his brother Vernon C. Pike, who is retired and lives in Prescott.

The location of the Pike family ranch was Township 10 north, Range 5 west. Our home was located at the top of Yarnell Hill just to the left of the present Highway 89 and about half a mile from the mine and mill. The only access to the ranch at that time was a stage road from Stanton, which was traveled mostly by wagon and later on in some of the early automobiles

such as the Model T Ford, but always with difficulty. Access from the north of Prescott was by way of Copper Basin Road through Skull Valley, Kirkland, Peoples Valley, past the site of the present town of Yarnell. At that time Yarnell was called Harper Flat and was later homesteaded by my brother Elzy J. Pike. Father bought the ranch from W. A. (Dolph) Evans. Included in the sale were 500 head of cattle. The main dwelling, bunk house, barn and rock storage room were said to have been built by the U. S. Army at an earlier date. There were other buildings there at the time which my father bought from Leopold Walath, who at that time had a store at Octane. These buildings were all included in the land which father homesteaded. The post office, saloon and store were located in one building. The post office was established on October 18, 1892 with Frank J. McKean as postmaster. Mr. Walath had operated the store and saloon while the mine was in operation.

The recorded brands were X- left hip,  crop and under bit in both ears, T L  under half crop right swallow fork and under bit left ear. The T L brand was originally owned by a man named Dave Sinclair who earlier ran cattle and goats there. We also had some cattle branded DB which came from a ranch in Skull Valley. The D for DeArmand and B for Bishop, two families that lived there.

There were no fences at that time, so the range was open. Most of the gentle cattle watered at the home place where we had a windmill and storage tank, supplemented by a trough. There was a spring on the last slope of the Weaver Mountain which we developed and piped into a trough inside a trap. The stock in this area became very wild and were a real problem during roundup time. Some had to be roped and tied overnight and led into the holding pasture. The Kays Cattle Company had some open or large steers which they used to lead cattle out of this part of the country. To the south they ranged down towards Stanton. We had a trough and a trap about half way down

the hill at a place we called Coxie's Spring.

There was water in Antelope Creek all the way down through Stanton. To the west they drifted down through Fools Gulch and on to the desert around Alvarado and Congress Junction. Some strayed as far as Eagle Eye and Almo Crossing. The ranchers in those days knew the brands of others and would notify the owners and hold the strays until they were picked up.

Peeples Valley was fairly well fenced then. Much of the land was being farmed or there were meadows fenced so the cattle did not drift too far in that direction. Once in a while one would get around the fences and end up somewhere around Kirkland.

The steers were sold as yearlings two or three years old, sold by the head and not by weight as they are sold now. The buyer came on a pre-arranged date, cut out as many of the steers as did not meet his approval, then offered so much for each age. When the price was agreed on the deal was concluded with a handshake, and a delivery date was set. The steers were driven to the stockyards in Congress Junction and shipped from there.

There was a trail built down the Canyon, below the present highways and up Yarnell Hill. The cattle could be driven down to the desert, then bunched together and herded to the yard. Then came the long ride up the trail home again.

A cattle drive told by Elzy Pike's oldest son, Leo, who now lives in Camp Verde.

In 1919 I was five years old when my father Elzy Pike moved some cattle from my Uncle Manford Cartwright's place. The cattle were moved from Uncle Manford's spread in Seven Springs, the C. C. Ranch, to Yarnell Hill.

My dad, mom, Luther Reed and I rode horses and took two pack horses. We stayed in the depot at Hot Springs Junction the first night and at Uncle Manford's the second night.

Uncle Manford decided to pay for two railroad cars and agreed to load the cattle down there. Dad, Mom and I rode the train back to Congress and Dick Bullard took us to Yarnell in an Oldsmobile car. Luther Read brought the horses back and made it to Wickenburg the first night and on up to Yarnell. The next day he cut off from Wickenburg and went up the river and out by Round Mountain. A few days later we rode down to Congress and unloaded the cattle late that evening and started out for the old white house at the Bill Akard's place on the desert. The cattle stampeded at the big wash that comes down from the old Rincon Mine and that is where Nut, the horse I was riding, went off the bank about five or six feet high.

We arrived at the old white house about midnight or later and stayed there until morning, and left for Yarnell. We didn't get there until dark as the cattle were all pooped out going up the hill.

I remember this ride, and I remember we got the cattle before I started to school that year.

* * * * *

Besides homesteading the townsite of Yarnell Hill, Elzy worked for several ranches and mines in the county, including the Yarnell Mine, from 1930 to 1938. In 1940 he purchased the P- Ranch on Slate Creek. In 1944 he bought the ranch on the Hassayampa River in Walnut Grove and established the Walnut Grove Hereford Ranch which he sold in 1960 when he returned to Yarnell.

Elzy J. Pike passed away February 17, 1977. He was a Charter Member of the Arizona National Livestock Show Living Pioneers. He attended the 1976 reunion and his son wrote the National letting them know how much his father enjoyed the barbeque and his day at the Show.

Before passing away he had assisted the Sharlot Hall Museum and the Arizona Historical Society in their oral history program. His knowledge of early Arizona history was remarkable for its clarity and details. Survivors

include his widow Lydia of Yarnell, four sons: Leo of Camp Verde, James of Prescott, Richard of Wikeup and Robert of Phoenix, and three brothers: Vernon and Albert of Prescott and Jess of Phoenix.

Story Told by Elzy's Wife, Lydia

Elzy homesteaded here in Yarnell in 1916. Where the village of Yarnell now stands he built a service station and a dance hall and cabins. The dance hall is one of the leading grocery stores here now (Ron's Ranch Market), and our post office is where the service station was then. The cabins he rented in the summer were where the Oak Hotel and the Lazy B Trailer Court stand today. Water was from dug wells.

Many a Model T was boiling over and had engine trouble by the time they had climbed up the Yarnell grade, thirteen miles up from Congress, the last watering place. They were quite glad to find Elzy's place and get a cool drink and a sandwich and sit in the cool shade of the big old Jack Oak trees there.

He sold a few groceries to these people also. It was quite a struggle. He later sold most of his property. From here he landed in Camp Verde where he had a garage and did very well, but after a bit of heartache there, he left, and came back to these ranches of his boyhood, working here and there, until he decided to ranch again, landing back here in Yarnell.

He rode and farmed and had cattle, and worked in the mine, anything to keep his family fed. He rode for and helped most every cow rancher in these hills. He helped build the original schoolhouse here, sending a son (who was too young at the time) to school here so they could have a school district and schoolhouse here. Today we have a lovely schoolhouse, standing in the same place.

As the years move along so does everything else. Elzy bought the F-Ranch from Otto Lange Sr., located in the Bradshaw Mountains, paying for it

with many hardships and struggles during the second World War. He later sold this ranch to the Tyson family. He then purchased the old Steve Andrew Jackson farm from a man named Shackelford, using the Jackson brand S A. But Elzy remained running the P- for the Tyson family for about two years, as they were people from back east and did not know the ways of the cattle country.

This job completed, Elzy started farming and cattle raising again, raising purebred cattle. They brought him great pride and happiness. After a number of years of success and fulfillment he had an unusual accident, unusual but quite cruel. While feeding the cattle in the barn, he slipped and fell from the hayloft and hurt his arms and back quite badly. He tried to keep going, complaining to no one, but found he could not keep up the daily grind. As help was not to be had and his family was scattered to the four winds, Elzy had to sell his lifelong dream, his herd of registered cattle, and the nice home he and his brother had built of Hasayampa River rock.

But he was determined to get the very richest days from all the years he had left, so retire he did not. He bought this place here, near where he had grown up, 116 Manzanita Drive, and he ran a few purebred cattle, later selling them to Cynthia Rigden. He also worked a few years for the Mule Shoe Ranch at Hillside, also filling in as cattle inspector.

During his lifetime here he collected a wonderful collection of Indian artifacts. The stone wall that he built here around our home will be standing long after I'm gone.

He bought a thoroughbred stallion (Sandy) and a few good mares, and tried his hand at horse raising, and did raise some lovely horses, as the place where Elzy had the mares was infected with mountain lions, and I don't need to tell you that they love baby horse flesh (especially his colts). So this wasn't a paying proposition; one by one they disappeared or died.

I believe there are a few of the horses that Elzy raised still being ridden in Yavapai County. He loved good horses.

Elzy told me many things that had happened in his lifetime. He could remember when they cut the big Juniper Cedar trees and hauled them in by wagon to the Yarnell mine. Mr. Yarnell had the mine. That's where the town got the name of Yarnell.

Mr. Pike had the -JP and the SA brands at the time he left, and I shall keep them active. I am now trying to run down their original first ownership.

Elzy's first pair of cowboy boots he bought when he was a boy, from Dick Bullard, who owned the Congress store. They were so tight he didn't think he would ever get them off that night, wishing he had saved more money and been able to buy a larger pair. He had earned the money trapping and selling the furs from coyotes for these boots, which were a real luxury, so he would look like a real cowboy if it killed him. A real cowboy didn't wear Boy Scout or boughten shoes and get called a cowboy. You were judged by your footwear too.

Elzy did much for the little school in Walnut Grove, and was a lifetime member of Boys Town.

Elzy passed (went) away the 17th of February 1977, and was laid to rest in the Genung Memorial Cemetery, a few miles from here. I would like you to see him as I do. He was a wonderful father and a good loving husband, and I miss him very much. I'm not good at story telling, but I would like to fill in the gaps that were left out of Elzy's life history, as we all knew him and loved him.

As the dust closes over us, so do our stories end. Unless someone cares about us and wants to remember and tell about us, our life histories return to forgotten dust. Please don't forget any of us, we all helped a little bit to make this wonderful Arizona.

CLARENCE EVANS POST

BENSON, ARIZONA

Clarence Post was born on February 14, 1898 in Mt. Hope, Kansas. Clarence was the first son of Howard and Tressie Post. He was just three years old when his family packed all their belongings and left the state of Kansas to move to Arizona. They arrived in Benson in 1902 and bought a ranch at Land Station. This area was all open range at that time. Clarence's father decided the ranch was too far for the children to go to school, so he sold out and bought a ranch north of St. David.



When Clarence's father sold all his cattle he went back to Kansas and brought back a load of draft horses. His cattle brand was **H P** and he subsequently had it recorded in Arizona.

As a youngster, Clarence helped with the vegetable route his family established in Benson. Later, at 14 years of age, he was driving the draft horses, hauling freight, mostly ore, from Johnson Camp in the Dragons, the 49 mine in the Total Wreck Mountains, and from Patagonia, Blaxton and 3R mines to the railroad.


Clarence remembered his family moved quite often. They lived in Bisbee, Tombstone, Cochise and St. David. Clarence said he didn't stay much at home after 14 years of age. He worked first for Jack Frazer on the old Reaves Ranch that branded the J.F. This ranch was located in the Superstition Mountains. The ranch has a lot of early history back to 1887 when James Addison Reaves called himself "Peralta Reaves" and became the Baron of Arizona. He was later proven to be a phony, and was sent to prison. With his forged documents he at one time claimed the town of Phoenix, Arizona.

Clarence later worked for Oscar Ashburn at Patagonia and the Boquillos Cattle Company under Fred Bennett. Later he worked for Fred again on his ranch in Tombstone. As busy as Clarence was working on the different ranches, he took out time courting the girls. The gal he finally married claimed they were both married when Clarence was nine and she was seven. As youngsters they played house and a very young pastor married them at a double ceremony. They later played cowboys and Indians. They didn't see much of each other again until 1918. Clarence was called on a mission and he wrote to Maude Bellingly. After his mission he returned home and was called into World War I. After the war he went back to Davenport Iowa and finished his mission. On September 20, 1920 Clarence and Maude were married at the Temple in Salt Lake City.

Maude was born in St. David at her grandparent's home on October 11, 1900. Maude's grandparents had arrived in Show Low long before the turn of the century and stayed long enough to see the state of Arizona born. Later they moved to the San Pedro Valley. After the settlers found the Valley had an artesian well they started boring into the ground to a certain depth. The pressure of the underground water was so great that the water was forced to the surface. The land was very productive and timber in the Huachuca Mountains was abundant. Many lumber mills were built so many houses went in. Settlers had to gather at night at the Fort as they feared the Indians. Later much of the land became swampy and malaria and typhoid caused many to die. Many of the settlers moved away but some stayed. In 1907 there was an earthquake which changed the topography of the land and the water all drained into what is now the San Pedro River, one of the very few rivers in the United States that runs north.

Clarence and Maude purchased their first ranch in 1929 and recorded the . In later years the  on the left rib.

After his marriage Clarence also worked for the Apache Powder Company for three years and was given the carpenter foreman's job. Later he resigned after they wanted him to vote against his will. He worked then in a butcher shop partnership and later sold out to his partner. He then went back into the carpenter business, helping to build schools in Tucson, St. David and Benson. By the time the 1930 depression came along the Posts had five children. At that time he was able to get a job with the Forest Service counting cattle of such outfits as the Chiricahuas in Bear Valley, Wickersham at Arivaca, and others. While a deputy sheriff for 20 years he continued to work his Rail A Ranch.

In 1932 Post bought the adjacent Percy Devreau Ranch on the S.P.R.R. four miles south of Benson. Later in 1943 he bought out Leonard Naegle's DN Bar Ranch in Whitstones. 1952 was the year he bought the Joe Saben Ranch that was adjacent to the Naegle ranch. Saben had what Clarence Post calls the Half Circle Slash Half Circle , the Quien Sabe for short, which he still uses. Saben called it the horsetrack up and down the river. Clarence also had Forest Service and B.L.M. railroad leases and a lease from Dow Chemical Company.

Clarence has always been active in the Cochise County Cattle Growers Association. He was a long time secretary of the Southwestern Pioneer Cowboys Association. The Pioneer Cowboys Association was organized on April 2, 1938 at a mass meeting of old timers who rode the ranges forty or more years in the southwest. The meeting was held in the Gadsen Hotel in Douglas.

The group plans a day of enjoyment once a year for the old timers. Clarence has been widely known as a team roper. In May of 1972 he and his brother won the Viejo de Lassos team roping at the Yavapai Sheriff Posse Rodeo. There were 48 teams. The Post time was four head in 77 seconds.

Clarence lost his wife, Maude, in 1974. Besides their five children, they had 23 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. Clarence recently married Louise Post, who was Arizona State Cowbelle's Secretary in 1976. The Posts now spend their time running their ranch north and east slopes of Whitestone Mountains. They can be reached at Box 637, Benson, Arizona, 85602.

ROACH ROBERTS
L7 RANCH
WICKENBURG, ARIZONA

Roach Roberts was born on March 1, 1895 on West Van Buren in Phoenix. When Roach was just two weeks old his father moved him to a homestead in Palo Verde. Roach was then raised on the homestead in Palo Verde and attended eight years of elementary school in a one room school house near Palo Verde. The one room schoolhouses were like a family gathering each day, of children from the first to eighth grade. This type of schooling is never forgotten by the many that attended them in those early days. He later spent a year at Buckeye Union High School.


Roach was one of five children of Effie and John Gideon Roberts. Roach's mother, Effie Harer, was raised in Green Valley up in Gila County and spent her school teaching days at Payson, Arizona.

John G. Roberts and Effie Harer were married at the old Commercial Hotel in Phoenix, which was the most elegant hotel in the Territory of Arizona at the time. Roach's father was born in 1874 on the ranch of his father, Garrett Alfred Roberts, which was located on the Purgatoire River northeast of Trinidad, Colorado.

In 1885 the Roberts and their children started out for Arizona, driving some 500 cattle and a band of horses. When they got as far as Albuquerque, they sold the cattle. The horses were loaded on a train to be sent to Ashfork. The Roberts had planned on going on to Maricopa, but when they got to the Gila River it was in flood, so they camped there and that is where they stayed. Roach's grandfather, Garrett Roberts, then traded two horses for a lease on 160 acres from a Mr. Broadway, and in 1886 he filed on a homestead of his own on the east bank of the Hassayampa, right where it

joins the Gila River.


In 1890, when the Walnut Grove dam broke, the Roberts were flooded out and in 1891 during the great flood on the outskirts of West Phoenix, the family had to be rescued by boat.


The oldest Roberts family brand was the Square Pitchfork , branded on the cattle left hip and horses left thigh. Roach's father later registered this brand in his name. John Eldeon Roberts worked with his father on open ranges up the Hassayampa River where feed was plentiful for cattle, but later the sheep that grazed there ruined the range.

Roach's father then homesteaded his own place in 1895, one mile north of the Palo Verde school. During his early manhood John Roberts worked for a number of the Salt River Valley's earliest pioneers and cattlemen such as John "Pat" Hurley, John Mullin, John Hughes and others. At one time he bought Durham bulls from Roy Butler, who ranched at the end of Indian School Road. He was appointed as a deputy by Maricopa Sheriff Carl Hayden and was reappointed each year through Cal Boise's reign. He also served as a cattle inspector from 1905 to 1929. Like his father he raised horses, but he bred them for height and size. These horses were used in cleaning the canals out in the Palo Verde district, canals that he helped to construct. He and other ranchers worked out their assessments by helping with the canal construction.

Roach says sheep and a series of dry years cut down the Roberts cattle operation and when the Taylor Grazing Act became a law in 1934, he didn't bother to file for rights. His father died in 1954.

Roach has said, "I started riding horses as soon as I was high enough to sit on one by myself and have been riding ever since. In those years everything was open range. They had some cattle on the Gila River and the desert north of the Buckeye Canal when there wasn't enough rain to make feed.

I was the first grandchild and noticed I got a lot of attention and a lot of responsibility along with it. I worked on the ranch and also done a good bit of taking care of the cattle with my father. And I want to say my dad was one damn good cowboy. Angus Douglas, father of Ernie Douglas also ran cattle with us on the Gila River. My father branded his cattle with the  Square Pitchfork brand and Angus Douglas had the $\frac{9}{2}$ brand."

In the spring of 1912 Roach went to Bloody Basin to work through a roundup with Al Kellogg and Ralph Estabrook, who was Al's nephew and partner. Roach returned home after that roundup was over and stayed on the ranch until the fall of 1913, when his father suggested he enroll in Tempe Normal School, and he went through one term. He returned home and spent some time working for the Flower Pot Cattle Company on the desert west of Arlington on the lower part of the Gila River. This company was made up of John Montgomery, George Cacke and Dan Millet, and this is the brand they used . It was branded on the cattle left ribs and horse left thigh. In 1918, during a dry year, they had to ship all of their cattle to the stockyards in Kansas City. The next fall he went to Walnut Grove to work through roundup for Harry Knight, whose foreman was Hi Calkins, brother of the late Mary Campbell, the widow of Mike Campbell. Roach didn't remember the date of this roundup.

He went to New River one year for a spring roundup on the $\frac{1}{7}$, branded on the left hip, owned by W. W. Cook and C. B. Laird, whose foreman was Emmett Hansen. After finishing that roundup, Roach went with a cowboy to Seligman, where he worked through a roundup on the Double O, whose foreman was Frank Gyberg. Roach later served with him in World War I.

In the early spring of 1917 Roach's uncle, Oscar Roberts, went down to Agua Caliente and brought out six Mexican families, each of whom had some cattle. He took Roach down there in May of that year to help in getting the

cattle counted, branded, and turned over to him. Roach stayed until September of 1917, when he received his greeting from Uncle Sam. He was drafted and sent to Camp Funston, Kansas, to be in the 304th Field Artillery. He was then shipped to France in May of 1918 and said he helped put the Germans to flight, and went on into Germany to serve in the Army Occupation Unit for five months.

After 21 months of service he was shipped home and returned to Agua Caliente and stayed with his Uncle Oscar Roberts until he sold out to Al Stroud and his son Ernie in about 1921. He then moved back to Palo Verde to work for his dad in his farming and ranching operation, and looked after the cattle. During this time Roach said he met a very nice looking school teacher, and after about a year and a half of courting her, he finally talked her into marrying him. They were married August 20, 1925. The Roberts raised quite a family, five boys and three girls, who presented them in return with 22 grandchildren.

In the spring of 1927 Roach and his wife went into partners with his wife's father, C. W. Messick of Glendale. They bought cattle from E. H. Winters at Winters Well, 25 miles west of the Hassayampa, and range with an option to buy. This ranch branded the $\frac{3}{2}$ on the cattle, left hip and horse, left thigh. They later took up the option, but in 1929 the depression hit and they had to sell out their cattle like most everyone did at that time. They let their ranch go back to the E. H. Winters family.

That same year Roach and his family went to Prescott to help Ramon Contreras gather the remnants for the Old Burnt Ranch owned at one time by Hilton Reed, who also had a desert ranch southeast of Salome. While in Prescott that summer their second son was born.








Between the years of 1927 and 1935 Roach worked any place he could to support his growing family. The depression years affected many lives. To

the nation it meant economic paralysis, to the general public it meant bad times, many lost their savings, while others rode the bread line. Roach chose to work and got along just fine.

In April of 1935 Roach reported to work for George Peters and Lloyd Lakin, which was the D.B.A. Lakin Peter Cattle Company, who farmed a section of land three miles north of Litchfield. Roach was their ranch foreman, and took care of the cattle. They had a feeder set up and branded the ~~X~~2 brand. Roach was with this ranch for five years.

In 1940 Roach went to work for Andy Pettit who had a ranch on the road to Lake Pleasant. In the spring of 1941, when the desert was the wettest Roach had ever seen it, he went to work again for the ~~+~~ Ranch which was owned by the Evans Brothers, Gus, Claud and Earl, and Mrs. C. B. Laird. After roundup they sent a bunch of steers to Show Low on the John Leverton Ranch and Roach went with them to care for the cattle. Roach stayed at the ranch and worked the cattle until they were gathered in November.

Roach then returned to Glendale and rented a farm. Bought some milk cows and was in the dairy business until 1948 when the family sold and made their move to Oregon, where he again worked at anything he could find to do. They were in Oregon four years when they decided to return to Arizona. On May 1, 1952 he became the cattle inspector at Wickenburg and in the meantime they acquired a few cattle which they were permitted to run on some of a neighbor's land in Wickenburg. In May of 1958 they subleased on 22 sections of land northeast of Wickenburg from the Sky Arrow Cattle Company which consisted of Pete Fletcher and Sky Thurber and their first and last real cow ranch. He kept halfer calves and bought remnants from other ranches who were selling cattle until he finally got his herd up to a 100 head permit. He took care of these cattle himself except at roundup time. Roach said he sure had some good neighbors and they exchanged work and helped each other.

These outfits were the , owned by John Hutchings (Roach says he was a dude from Illinois), Ed Brackney branding the  at one time, and Irene Evans who brands the , also Dwight Pemberton, whose brand was  and Jim Coughlin, whose brand was . Roach's brand is the . He recorded the  in 1908 and has owned it ever since. Arizona was a territory then. The brand was recorded in Brand Book No. 3, page 1346, on the 10th day of February 1908 at 9 A.M. The range on which said animals would run is described as follows: South of Buckeye, south-side of Gila River, western Maricopa County. In 1908 George Fusch was chairman of the Livestock Sanitary Board and J. D. Carter was their secretary.

Roach was retired as a Livestock Inspector April 1, 1965 because he had become 70 years old, which they said was the state law.

Roach and his wife celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary August 20, 1975. On June 11, 1975 the Roberts sold their cattle and lease to Robert K. Park, a lawyer from Phoenix, whose father has a dude ranch in Wickenburg. Roach kept two saddle horses which he rides all winter, until it gets too hot in the spring.

Roach has helped the Arizona National Livestock Show round up Pioneer members as a representative on the Board of the Show. He is a long time member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

Roach Roberts, now 83, sums it up best for all our pioneer cattle and horse men and women when he says, "I'm proud of the fact that I have been a cowboy all my life. I would not have wished it any other way." Roach is ready for the next roundup.

Territory of Arizona.

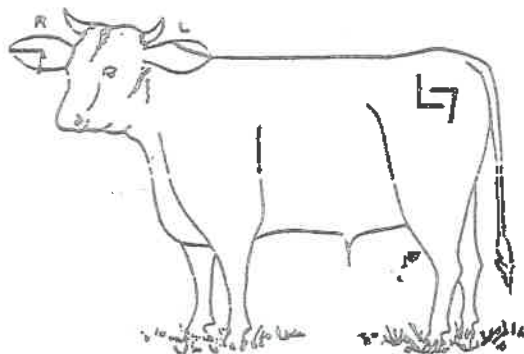
OFFICE OF THE

Live Stock Sanitary Board,

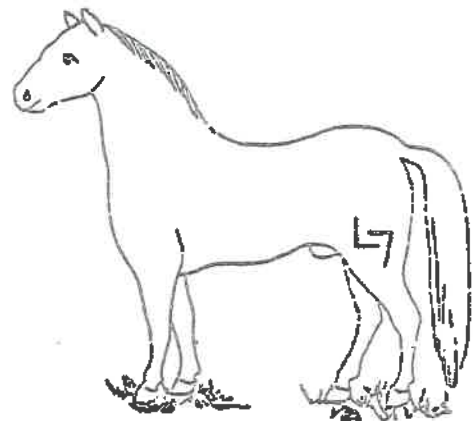
Phoenix, Arizona.

Know all Men by these Presents, That Roach Roberts
 whose postoffice address is Buckeye in the County of Maricopa
 Territory of Arizona, has filed in the office of the Live Stock Sanitary Board,
 the following brands and marks, which have been duly recorded in Territorial
 Brand Book No. 3, page 1346, on the 10 day of February
 1908, at the hour of 9 a M.

This certificate is not a receipt for brand tax. The brand indicated hereon
 cannot be lawfully used for branding range animals unless the brand tax has
 been paid.



BRAND FOR CATTLE
AND HORSES



The range on which said animals will run is described as follows.

South of Buckeye, south side of Gila River, Western Maricopa Co.
Ariz.

Given under my hand and seal this 10 day of
February, 1908.

Live Stock Sanitary Board,

By George Pusch
 Chairman.

Attest:

[Signature]
 Secretary Live Stock Sanitary Board.



Here are Famous Arizona Brands... cattle brands of early Arizona days. You'll find the brands identified by name at your nearest participating appliance dealer — stop by and enter the "Famous Arizona Brands" Contest — and fill in the names of these pioneer Arizona brands.

		Used by the <u>Aztec Cattle Company</u> , better known as the " <u>Hashknife Outfit</u> ," whose operations extended from <u>Flagstaff</u> to <u>Holbrook</u> and from the <u>Tonto Rim</u> to the <u>Navajo Reservation</u> .	Because of the difficulty of describing this brand, it was nicknamed " <u>quien sabe</u> " (who knows). This brand was a familiar sight around <u>Hillside, Arizona</u> .
		Used by <u>Abner Wilson</u> who once ran from 30,000 to 40,000 head of cattle. His headquarters were on <u>Eagle Creek</u> north of <u>Clifton, Arizona</u> .	Not to be confused with America's favorite pastime, this brand was owned by <u>M. C. Webb</u> , a Civil War dispatch rider from <u>Kansas</u> who settled in <u>Arizona's Tonto Basin</u> .
		This brand identified the <u>Four-F Ranch</u> , owned by <u>William Four</u> , one of <u>Arizona's</u> pioneer cattlemen, gold miner, and one-time rider on southern <u>Arizona's</u> mail route.	Owned by <u>Coles Bashford</u> , whose ranch was located southwest of <u>Prescott</u> . <u>Bashford</u> was also connected with the old <u>Prescott Mercantile Co.</u>
		A brand well known around the <u>Tonto Rim</u> . It was used by <u>George Felton</u> , world famous bronc rider.	<u>J. Nona Bernard</u> used his initials for his brand. He was active in the area northwest of <u>Tucson</u> .
		The brand of <u>James E. Bark</u> , a <u>New York</u> printer who came to <u>Arizona</u> in 1881 and settled in the <u>Superstition Mountain</u> country.	Owned by <u>Sam F. Crozier</u> , whose ranch, in the 1860's, was a stage stop on the old <u>Santa Fe</u> trail east of <u>Kingman</u> .
		The brand of <u>William Flake</u> who, with <u>Erasmus Snow</u> , created the town of <u>Snowflake, Arizona</u> .	The brand of <u>M. B. MacBeath</u> , whose ranch was located in the area between <u>Tucson</u> and <u>Noogates</u> .
		Used by <u>Burdette A. Packard</u> who helped organize the first <u>Arizona State Fair</u> and owned part of the land on which the city of <u>Douglas, Arizona</u> , was built.	Issued to <u>Ygnacio Antonio Pacheco</u> of <u>Tubac</u> by the king of <u>Spain</u> in 1812. The brand is still registered and is owned by <u>Marcus F. Pacheco</u> of <u>Benson</u> .
		The Yolo "iron" belonged to <u>Lois Harmon</u> , a <u>West Virginian</u> who came to <u>Arizona</u> for his health in 1884. <u>Harmon's</u> ranch was located in the area northwest of <u>Prescott</u> .	The initials honor <u>Cincinnati, Ohio</u> , birthplace of the five <u>Babbitt</u> brothers who settled in <u>Flagstaff</u> and originated the brand over 65 years ago.
		Represents <u>Jack Diamond</u> , early foreman of the <u>A-1 Cattle Company</u> . <u>Diamond's</u> own ranch was located south of <u>Prescott</u> .	Owned by the <u>Boquillas</u> outfit, a large cattle operation located near <u>Benson</u> .

BERT J. SMITH
BAGDAD, ARIZONA

Bert was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, January 31, 1900. When he was a very young man his family moved to the plains of Nebraska and then to Wyoming. He attended public schools in Nebraska and Wyoming, and most of them were one room schoolhouses. Many of the children of those days huddled around a pot bellied stove to warm their hands before the classes started.

In July of 1920 Bert moved to Arizona where he started his cowboy and ranch career. Cowboys in those days were expected to round up cattle, cut cattle on the range and in a corral, break a colt, slaughter a beef and drive a wagon. In the evening around the campfire they would stow away food, roll up in a blanket and sleep like babies. Other times they would be awakened by bawling cattle breaking away, rainstorms and coyotes.

Bert worked for the Johnson Cattle Company south of Williams, Arizona as a rough string rider from 1920 till 1932. Dr. R. N. Looney, John Goodwin and Dan Shea were owners of Johnson Cattle Company.

In July of 1932 Bert was married in Mesa, Arizona. He and his wife acquired a homestead in the same year. The ranch was in the Wild Horse Basin seven miles northeast of Bagdad in southwest Yavapai County. The two brands that Bert Smith used were 4-N and 9. The 4-N was a new brand and was burned in on the left shoulder. The 9 was not renewed by Mr. Hazard who had owned Quien Sabe Ranch on Burro Creek in Yavapai County. Hazard called the 9 tadpole, and they called it the frying pan. Their ranch was named for them, the Smith Ranch. For many years they raised polled Herefords. To better their herd they purchased bulls from Steve Bixby in Gila County.

The permit capacity for part of the ranch was 200 cattle. They had a section deeded and the remainder of the ranch was state leased land.




The Smith ranch, like many others, was a little family spread. They were the backbone of the cattle industry. Their cattle had to be watched and worried over to keep them healthy and sometimes alive. Water holes had to be cared for and the cattle checked for screw worms, and doctored. Much of the medicine was carried in saddle bags along with food for the ranchers and cowboys.

The Smiths worked their ranch for 38 years, then sold it to W. W. Kemp in 1970. The Smiths now have a home in Chino Valley.

AUSTIN SPURLOCK

PAYSON, ARIZONA

Austin was born November 20, 1896 in Moore County, Texas. He left with his family in 1910 and moved to Pleasant Valley. Austin spent his elementary school days in a small one room schoolhouse in Pleasant Valley, which is in Young, Arizona.



As a very young man, Austin cowboyed on the ranches of Bill Young, Louie Neaglin and Andy Wilbank of Pleasant Valley. In 1914 Austin bought his first cattle from J. C. Chilson on Rye Creek and moved them to Pleasant Valley. After he bought his cattle he worked off and on for Andy Wilbanks. That same year he bought his first ranch from John Haskell, who had the original old M O Ranch brand . Austin worked this ranch for three years until he sold it to Sam A. Haught and his son Jim Sam in 1917. This ranch has been in the Haught family for 58 years. That same year he bought the Bar S Ranch —  and A Cross Ranch  from Walter Pyeatt, one and a quarter miles west of Payson.

In 1918 Austin married Josie Mae Lovelady in Payson, on the 10th of May. Her father, Jim Lovelady, brought two herds of cattle from Texas to Tom Hazelwood in Pleasant Valley in 1886-87. Josie was born May 10, 1902 at Blue, Arizona. In 1919 Austin and Josie sold their Bar S and A Cross brands and ranches to N. W. Chilson and Elmer and Ernest Pieper.

Their other homestead was acquired from Jack Howard and later was sold to Henry Baker. His wife, Georgie Belle Hazelwood Baker Granthum, yet today owns the ranch and lives in the ranch house.


Austin usually ran 175 head of cattle on the ranges in Pleasant Valley and approximately 800 head near Payson.

The Spurlocks left Arizona to try ranching in the states of Sonora, Coahuila and Durango in the Republic of Mexico. They ran approximately 3000 head each on the three ranches in Mexico. After returning from Mexico they went abroad and spent four years ranching in the northern territory of Australia. In four years they gave up ranching and returned to Payson where they retired in 1975.

Their only son, Hiram Dick, is ranching in Durango, Mexico. Austin had five brothers also in the ranching business, Theo, W. C. (Bill), R. C., John and George. All are deceased. They were all active after 1908. His brother Fulton worked a long time for Cone Webb on his  ranch. Austin well remembers his first recorded brand  recorded in 1910. Austin and Josie also had two daughters, Bessie Juanita and Virginia Arizona (Zona).

WILLIAM R. STEVENSON

BISBEE, ARIZONA

Will was born near Franklin Center, Quebec, Canada on June 12, 1879. He came from a family that was in the dairy business. He left Quebec in 1896 at the age of 16, and came to Tombstone, Arizona. He immediately began cowboying for his brother-in-law, Pioneer Cochise cowman, Bill Cowan. Besides working for Bill on his ranch, he worked for the Chiricahua Cattle Company (CCC) and Bill Neal's 4 Bar Ranch . His first big roundup came while he was working for Cowan. More than 50 men worked the roundup on the old Brophy Ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains.

In 1897 when Will's brother Al came to Arizona the two bought their first cattle. They were lean Durham Mexican crossbreeds bought for \$6.30 a head. They branded their cattle with the / S (Slash S) brand. Later the brothers bought the remnants of Gus Sobrey's 50 outfit east of Tombstone. Bill and Al also opened up butcher shops in Gleason, Pearce and Courtland which they owned for several years.

On April 17, 1907 Will married Texas (Texie) Gatlin in Patagonia. Will had met Texie a year earlier while he was delivering cattle to the ranch where she was living. In 1906 they purchased the Ed Howard farm and cattle at Double Adobas. In 1909 the Stevensons sold their range country east of Tombstone to Bill Cowan. Will and Texie bought the George Jerrill homestead in Dixie Canyon, in the rugged Mule Mountains, which included a year round spring which they piped 2-1/2 miles down the canyon in 1910-11. In 1960 the original pipeline was still in use.

In 1914 the Stevensons went into partnership with Harvey Gatlin, buying out several Blue River outfits which were parts of the Stanton and Stacey holdings. Headquarters for the LUE outfit was located at the mouth of the

Blue River. They sold this ranch in 1928.

Like many ranches in 1917 and again in 1922, the droughts forced the Stevensons to ship their cowherd to Matino, Sonora, and later to Van Horn, Texas. When the drought hit Texas they moved the cattle to Chuchute Sonora, where the grass was stirrup high. This was a joint venture with the neighboring Davis and Cowan outfit, and Will and Texie spent several years in Mexico running this operation. They moved the cattle back into Arizona in 1927.

In 1932 they bought the Frank Hillman ranch at Hereford, and after 55 years of partnership the Stevenson Brothers had built up a fine quality of Hereford cattle. They upgraded their cattle by breeding to Hereford bulls purchased from such early well known breeders as Heady and Asburn, H. S. Thurbur, Herschede Ranch Green, and the Clark Hereford Ranch.

Al Stevenson's death necessitated a division of the outfit. Will took the Hereford Ranch and Al's family the Dixie Canyon holdings. The remaining time of Will and Texie's ranch life was spent on the Hereford Ranch. They sold the ranch in 1972 and retired to Bisbee. Texie passed away in 1973, at the age of 84. Will Stevenson, now 98, like many other pioneer cattlemen, helped build the Arizona livestock industry.

At the age of 80, Will was still riding herd on 150 mother cows on his ranch at Hereford, Arizona. He is a charter member of the Arizona Stockmen's Hall of Fame, and is the only living man known to have punched cows in the San Pedro and Sulphur Springs Valley when both were still open range.

Will's son Nelson is manager of the Arizona National Livestock Show. Bessie Zaleski, Will and Texie's oldest daughter, lives in Bisbee. Joe Clinton and Will's daughter Mabel Clinton have ranched in the Hereford area since 1938. Mabel was president of the Arizona State Cowbelle in 1955. In 1956 Mabel was named "Mrs. American National Cowbelle" for winning the

American National Cowbelle's Beef Promotion Contest. Their oldest son James was killed in the Philippines in World War II while defending our country.

Will Stevenson was a Scottish-rite Mason, a long time member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, and the Cochise Graham Cattle Growers, as well as past president of the Southwestern Pioneer Cowboys Association.

HENDERSON STOCKTON

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Henderson Stockton was born September 21, 1892 in Ben Stockton, Fentress County, Tennessee. Henderson was raised in Ben Stockton. He went to school in the back country provided by his father.

After his formal education, Henderson taught one term at Hood Grade School in Fentress County, Tennessee in the year of 1907-08. Then he taught one term at Rugby Grade School, Morgan County, Tennessee in 1907.



As a boy he worked with his father in his extensive farm in Ben Stockton and Fentress County, Tennessee. Henderson came to Arizona in December of 1916. He and his wife were married on May 15, 1917 in Los Angeles, California. They have an adopted daughter.

Early in 1930, Henderson acquired his ranch through payments of attorney's fees owed him for defending L. L. Steward, charged with criminal offenses in the operation of the old Citizen's State Bank at Five Points. He also acquired liens for unpaid water assessments from the state of Arizona and various mortgage and lien holders, including county and state towns and Salt River Water Users Associations.

His ranch is at 4000 South 51st Avenue. It faces one quarter mile on 51st Avenue and extends west to and fronts one quarter mile on 59th Avenue. A part of the south portion of the ranch is in the Salt River bed in the south half, southeast quarter of sections 28 and 29, township 1 north, range 2 east of the Gila and Salt River and Meridian in Maricopa County, Arizona.

Henderson's ranch name is Arizona Farms Guernsey. He chose the name to identify the state in which the ranch is located and the uses to which the name applied.

Water available for the ranch is 80 acres of old Salt River Valley Water

Users Association water rights, also some from the city of Phoenix sewage water crossing 51st Avenue from the east to the west, and surplus water from water reaching his property through large underground pipes coming from north to south along the west side of 51st Avenue. Water for stock and other general purposes was acquired from the domestic wells on the farm. Henderson branded  on cattle, right ribs. The horses, mules and asses were branded on the right shoulder. He chose the brand  to represent the name of the owner.

All of Henderson's land was used for either pasture or feed. It had no state permit, and he leased no state land. On this ranch were bred and owned several hundred purebred registered Guernsey cows, some of the best Guernsey cows of the breed.

GARNET STRINGFIELD

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Garnet was born August 31, 1897 on the Del Rio Ranch, Yavapai County, Arizona. She was raised in Jerome Junction, also in Yavapai County. She attended school in Jerome Junction, which is a mile east of Chino Valley, Arizona.

Garnet's father, William R. Rhodes, was a cattleman. Garnet married L. F. Stringfield on October 11, 1915. He too was a cattleman, so she says, "I have been in the cattle business all my life. My father was a cattleman, my husband was a cattleman and my son Ralph and I are still in the cattle business." When she was nominated as an Arizona National Livestock Show Living Pioneer, she said, "I would say I am a Pioneer."

In early 1920 Garnet and her husband purchased their ranch from Pat Sullivan and a Mr. Johnson, both Easterners. Johnson and Sullivan earlier had purchased the same ranch from Frank Weston, who also sold part of the original ranch to Ramsey Patterson. **36** was the Weston brand, and the Stringfields purchased that brand. Their other brand was **LF**, chosen from the initials of L. F. Stringfield. They have had the **LF** many years and still have the same one that was used on the Stringfield Ranch Incorporated.

Garnet has a son, Ralph, who was born July 7, 1923. They have lived on the same ranch for 50 years. He married Genevieve Sipes on August 27, 1946. They have a daughter, Irene Stringfield, who is a school teacher in Prescott High School but spends all the time she can on the ranch.

Yavapai Cowbell activities have kept Garnet busy for many years. She was their treasurer and also keeps busy with the Yavapai Calf Sale each year. The first and second editions of "Echoes of the Past" and the Rose Memorial

at the Sharlot Hall Museum have also filled her time.

Ralph and his family live on the same ranch as Garnet.

J. H. THOMAS

ZN RANCH

PINEDALE AND CLAY SPRINGS, ARIZONA

My father, E. M. Thomas, came as a young man with his wife, Emily Hampton Thomas, and two young sons, Elija Jr. and Albert, from Leeds, Utah in 1881, and he was one of the first settlers of Taylor, Arizona. Their first home was a dugout. Later he moved to a ranch two miles northwest of Pinedale and went into the sheep business in 1890. I was born there in 1893. E. M. Thomas was in the sheep business until 1901 when he sold out and in 1902 went into the cattle business.

I started to help my dad punch cows at the age of nine, riding a work horse with a sheep skin for a saddle. I attended school at Pinedale. In 1892 my father had purchased the George Bryan home in the village of Pinedale; before that we had a log cabin with a lean-to kitchen where we lived when we children were in school. The school was held in the old rock school-house midway between Pinedale and Mortensenville. My father's house, which we purchased from the other heirs and where we now live, has a front 75 feet wide and a T-shaped back of 60 feet.

Dad gave me a cow when I was ten years old and from then until 1965 I was in the cattle business. At the age of twelve, I began going on general roundups; we had no pasture, so had to day herd the cattle until we sold them. At night the horses were corraled, hobbled and turned out to graze. I was really afraid of those wild horses' hooves, but when Josh Allen roared out, "Jimmy, if you're scared of these horses, git out of here!" I wouldn't have shown my fear for any amount of money. I never took a dare in my life. So I forced myself to crawl among that bunch of wild broncos and got to be so

good I became the official hobbler of the roundup.

After several dry years, 1904-05 were real droughty. We had to walk a mile to school since the old rock schoolhouse was half way between Pinedale and Mortensen. Our main playground games in winter were snowballing and Fox and Geese. But during both winters of 1904 and 1905 we had about two inches of snow, not enough for playing. Water became so scarce that many of the springs, wells and tanks went dry. Cattle had to be moved from one place to another, as there was never enough water for a herd. Lon Springs, at Jim Petersen's ranch, had the most water, and cattle were driven up there. Women in Pinedale had to take turns doing the family laundry.

In August 1905 the drought broke. One big cloudburst followed another every day. There were floods in all the washes and that was the time Clay Springs washed out. I remember riding with my father to his sheep camp when I was four or five years old, sitting up on the spring seat beside him. As we crossed the flat where the spring was later uncovered, I noticed a white patch on the ground and asked him what it was. He said, "That's alkali." But no one suspected a spring there until the floods of 1905. In 1900, I believe, the Forest Service was established. We were living on my father's ranch, later to be the Scott Ranch. The north boundary line went right through our ranch. I also remember that ranchers were allowed ten animals free for dairy purposes and paid 50 cents a head grazing fees on the rest of their cattle. 1905 was the first game season. I was twelve and killed six turkeys and one deer. We were allowed all the turkey we could get and three buck deer. Game season lasted for two and a half months, which was good as game was a large part of people's living at that time.

I was 14 when I helped deliver my first bunch of cattle at Holbrook, fifty miles north of Pinedale. There were 585 head of steers from yearlings to five year olds. This was a community herd. It took four days in June

to deliver them over that burning desert. We didn't carry canteens and went without water from early morning until noon, when we could drink warm water from the barrel on the side of the chuck wagon, and again at night. I remember seeing a Mexican sheep herder with a canteen and rode over to ask him for a drink. My tongue was so swollen from thirst and dust I could not speak, but he understood and handed me his canteen.

About this time, Charlie Bryant and I were kids together on the roundup. We were camped eleven miles west of Pinedale at the Bailey Ranch. George Bailey was in charge of the roundup. We had just cut the herd and some of the yearlings were still sucking; these were trying to get back to their mothers. Everyone went to dinner and left Charley and me to watch the herd. Bailey said jokingly as he left, "If you kids can't hold 'em, rope 'em and break their necks!" One big yearling broke out, we couldn't head him, so Charley roped him and sure enough, broke his neck. We were pretty scared, especially Charley, but I remembered that the cook was about out of beef, so I said, "You cut his throat and I'll go tell them about it." I rode into camp and announced, "We played hell! We really did break a calf's neck!" I was bluffing it out, as I thought we might be in trouble, but Bailey roared out, "That's the way to handle the SOB's, kid! If you can't hold 'em, as I said, break their necks!" We had a supply of good fresh beef for a while.

On my first trip to Holbrook with the cattle drive, I remember it took four days, and the cattle had to be night-guarded every night as well. We delivered to Les Hart, foreman of Babbitt Company. We turned them over to Hart four miles south of Holbrook, and he took them on to Flagstaff. On the last day, when we turned the cattle over to Hart and came in for our noon meal, I thought it surely must be hotter than hell. I filled my plate with food and crawled under the chuck wagon where there was a little shade. Les

Hart called out, "Jimmy, you should have stayed home. It's too damn hot here for kids!" That stung my pride, and I answered quickly, "Well, I'm not hot." "Then get outa that shade and let somebody have it who is hot!" he retorted. I DIDN'T MOVE.

After the delivery, we rode into Holbrook. I was used to drinking from mud holes and cow tracks, and when I saw the beautiful clear stream running in the Little Colorado I rode into it and while my horse drank, I jumped off and buried my face in the water. I had to spit it out faster than I took it in. It was pure alkali. That night we camped in the yard of the ACME store. After supper all the cowboys headed for the saloon, as was the custom. The cowboys set up the drinks, but when it came to me the bartender said, "We don't sell whiskey to kids," and to my disappointment he served me gingerale. The next day we rode the fifty miles home, alternately trotting and loping.

I started carrying a six-shooter and a rifle when I was fifteen, and that was my age when I got my first job with the Forest Service. It was posting sheep allotment land and fire patrol. I continued working at odd jobs for the Forest Service until 1934. I was about sixteen when I manned the fire-lookout at Juniper Ridge. One morning when I climbed the look-out tree, I saw a fire on Bagnol Wash, a few miles from Show Low. There was no telephone or means of communicating with the Ranger, so I rode over and put out the fire alone, using a tree branch to beat it out, as we had no equipment. Then I had to stay awake and watch it all night, for fear it would blaze up again. After 24 hours, the Ranger rode over to see why I had not come home, and I was able to leave.

In 1918 I started homesteading my ranch, four miles west of Pinedale, Arizona, situated between Pinedale and Clay Springs. I still own this first ranch. I bought my brand and 50 head of cattle from my brother-in-law,

D. E. Slosser, leased 101 sections from the Forest Reserve, and ran about 100 head of cattle on the range and forest.

I was married to Estelle Webb on April 30, 1917. We lived for a year in three rooms of my father's house, and then moved to our homestead, the ZN Ranch (as we named it) four miles west of Pinedale, within two miles of the ranch where I was born. Here we farmed, milked cows, ran my cattle, and did occasional jobs for the Forest Service, and dipped sheep for \$2.00 a day. One year I got up at 4 A.M., milked ten cows and did other chores, then rode seven miles to Standard Lumber Mills, where I worked for ten hours, rode home, milked the ten cows again, fed pigs, etc., before going to bed. In 1932, during the depression, I sold my cows to the Government for \$12 a head, and they shot them down. One year, I sold steers for 3 cents a pound, and couldn't sell other farm products at all, as no one had any money. I was in the beef selling business for five years, selling to Standard at 18 cents a pound, and at the CCC Camp at Los Burros I got ten cents a pound. We ate pretty well; we had our own milk, butter, eggs, pork, beef, chickens and game, as well as corn and garden produce, potatoes, squash, melons, etc.

In 1935, all jobs were Relief jobs, and since I had a farm and cattle, I was not eligible for those, So I could not get money to pay grazing fees, taxes and groceries. Our older son Wayne, who was born in my father's house in the room that is now our bedroom, was a few weeks old when we moved to the ZN Ranch. Our son Ted and a daughter, Kathleen, were born on this ranch. I remember I was kidded a lot about my actions when Wayne was born. I sat on the porch watching for people I could lure in to see that wonderful baby. My former girl friend disappointed me by scarcely looking at my wife and the baby, but making a big fuss over me.

A word about our means of transportation in those early days. We did

lots of horseback riding. We often rode the four miles to Pinedale to dances, with our baby Wayne on a pillow in front of me. Often, on the spur of the moment, we saddled our riding horses, Scotty and Majesty, packed Moonbird, and with the baby on my horse with me, had a campout in the mountains. We continued our campouts after we had two more children, traveling in our little, iron-wheeled wagon, the milk wagon or the spring-wagon we got when Ted was a baby. When our daughter Kathleen was a few months old, we acquired a Model T Ford, which was quite a luxury after our other vehicles. We've had many cars since then, ending up with T-birds, but there was no thrill like our first car. We always went to the Saturday ball games in this little car loaded down with people. There were five of us, including my wife's mother and all the kids in the neighborhood were piled in the back, on the hood and fenders, but we never had a wreck. About 1930, I got a Chevy; I was buying and selling beef, chickens, eggs, melons, etc., to Standard and the CCC Camp at Los Burros.

On April 6, 1935 I left home to accept a position on the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico, as a fence foreman for Soil Erosion. The depression had made it impossible to live on the ranch without a job. My oldest son left high school to run the cattle, and my twelve year old plowed during the spring months, with a pair of wild horses that he had to run into the corral, lug the heavy harness onto them, tie the lines around his waist and follow on a dead run all day, as that was the only way they knew how to travel. I spent the first year on the Reservation without my family. I traveled from Holbrook to Gallup, New Mexico on the train and was met at Gallup by my nephew, Herman Thomas. He was working for Soil Erosion and had got me this job. I was surprised to see a group of policemen also meeting the train, and wondered what was up. I wished I had my six-shooter, which was packed in my bedroll with the rest of my gear. That bedroll was all the luggage

I had. It turned out the Sheriff of McKinley County had been shot and killed the day before and it was thought an accomplice might be coming in on that train. Herman took me to his room for the night. Next morning I went to Soil Erosion headquarters and was filled out with a brand new truck and fence equipment. The Indians were in the same position we were, could not sell their stock and had to have jobs. My job was fence foreman, to fence reservation projects, and I had a Navajo crew of ten men. Among my men was one fellow, Clarence, who did only what he was forced to do to earn his pay. I told him I was going to show him how to work. I took him with me to cut stays and tried to have him keep up with me. I remember one day we found some good timber and cut 1200 stays that day.

I worked at Ganado, near Gallup, until July, when I was laid off until the new appropriation of funds arrived. This gave me a chance to catch up on my work at home. I went back to the reservation in August, where I was to be put in charge of all fence construction in New Mexico. My headquarters were to be in Albuquerque. But I didn't want to go so far from home, so I was made Project Manager at Lieupp, Arizona. I worked there for six months and then they sent me to college. This was at Mexican Springs, New Mexico. There were 24 of us being trained by college professors in land management, range management, forestry, etc. They gave us an intensive course of the highlights of these courses, and we got our college education in 21 days.

Then we were sent out with papers to make a range survey as to the palatability of grasses, brush, etc., with the name of each. This was not too hard for me, as the range had been my life, but I was surprised when the professor in charge turned our papers in, called out, "Jim Thomas, stand up!" I stood up, wondering what I had done. He said, "Jim Thomas, you got as good as I did." Everybody applauded. We had our graduation exercises at Mexican Springs and all the Big Wheels came from Window Rock, Fort Defiance and

Gallup. We were given sheep skins with the wool still on. The class prophecy for me when I was handed my diploma was, "We see Jim in the future making his rounds with the Medicine Man, to all the hogans, making medicine." I laughed at this, since I only planned to stay a couple of years, until times were better. I couldn't foresee that we'd be on the reservation for 25 years.

When they made me a Supervisor, I said to Mr. Fryor, Superintendent at Window Rock, "I can't be a supervisor, I haven't enough education." He answered, "Jim, you have just the kind of education we need here--experience. We want somebody who knows what he's doing and isn't afraid to get out and sleep alone." I was made Assistant Supervisor at Shiprock, with William McClellan as Supervisor. There was a situation on the reservation near Aneth, Utah that I had to look into. The Government was buying Aneth Extension, 30 miles northwest from Shiprock, in the southeast corner of Utah, for the Indians. The Taylor Grazing Act was driving them off the public domain and they had nowhere to go except back into the reservation; so the Government was buying this tract of land for them. This was owned by a big sheep outfit, and a number of cattlemen from Colorado wintered their cattle there. I went down and interviewed the trader and Indians and found out these white men were hard-boiled characters. Luckily, I had been raised around old hashknife cowboys and knew you had to handle them tactfully. I had a meeting with Mac and explained the situation to him. I wanted to go up to Colorado (it was summer) and make a deal with these cowmen, who hadn't yet been paid for the land, and to suggest to them that they bring only what cattle they had to winter there and leave them at Aneth for as short a time as possible, giving the Indians a chance to use the grazing land. McClellan didn't approve of my plan. He said, angrily, "Just tell them to get out and stay out!" I decided to phone Mr. Fryor, General Superintendent at Window Rock, for advice. He said, "Jim, get in your car and come right over here."

When I was ushered into his office, he said, "Uhm, I want you to bring your family over here. I'll arrange quarters for you. About the Aneth situation, you do just as you planned. I'll tell Mac he is in charge of the Agency and you are in charge of the rest of the district. You'll have over a million acres and 6500 Navajos in your district and you'll make all the decisions for it." I contacted the cattlemen in Colorado and they were very reasonable and cooperative and agreed to all my terms. This was a lot better than to have to buckle on my six-shooter, as Mac would have liked me to do.

When I got back to Shiprock, the Superintendent had moved the School Superintendent out of the best house in Shiprock and turned it over to me. I went home and got my family. It was quite a drastic change for us from our old log cabin on the ranch to this fine, three-story building with five bedrooms, a big, beautifully furnished living room, dining room, kitchen, etc., lush lawns and rose arbors with an Indian to keep them in perfect order and attend to the basement furnace, since the house was steam-heated, and another to come each month with wax and an electric waxer to do all the hardwood floors. The school laundry also took care of laundering all the drapes and big jobs. The children were thrilled with electric lights and indoor plumbing.

The first thing I did was to go over the whole project to see exactly what I had to do. I kept my bedroll, food and water in my pickup and camped where night overtook me. I found the range badly over-grazed, the wagon roads impossible and a scarcity of water. This was in 1936. I immediately began planning and building reservoirs, wells, etc., and distributing the water so that more range was utilized. I built most of the corrals and dipping vats for 72,000 sheep and goats. I personally helped dip all these and made records for Stock Reduction to find ownership and collect dipping fees. I had five crews working for me, building corrals and vats, some of

them 80 miles apart. We ran roundups over this million acres and paint branded 12,000 cattle and horses.

One time we were camped on Captain Tom, a small sub-irrigated project; I had 25 Indian cowboys, five range riders and an Extension man with me. When I came into camp they were all laughing their heads off. It seemed the Extension man, Bill McNatt, had had an encounter with an old Navajo woman that day, but they knew I'd see her the next day and wouldn't tell me the joke. We had a bunch of horses and cattle to brand and tally on her property. She came over and lit into me as soon as I drove up. I could see she was giving me hell, but of course I couldn't understand her. When she ran down she said, calmly, in perfect English, "Well, there they are, go ahead and brand them." Everyone was laughing again and I asked the interpreter what she had said. He grinned and quoted, "The next thing the Bellisimos will do is to count cocks!"

Before long I was transferred to the Irrigation Department and had to make crop reports on several thousand acres of Indian farms on the San Juan River and Hogback Project. These covered 20 miles up and down the river.

After eighteen months I was transferred to Tohatchi, 25 miles north of Gallup, as Farm Supervisor. This district was just a little under a million acres. I was there for six years; during this time I had a big dam made at Tohatchi and another at Naschitti. The dam at Tohatchi held 1000 acre feet of water. This was the only Rehabilitation Project on the reservation. I had ditches made, land leveled and allotted to poor people who had no stock. I remember a very poor family on the mountain, about five miles from the project. I suggested they move down to one of the farms where we furnished seed and equipment. The woman protested, "Oh no, Mr. Thomas. I was born and raised here, I couldn't move away!" I laughed at that, but recalled it later when I retired and beat it back to finish my life in the place where I was born and raised.

I found the Navajos in the Twin Lake area near Gallup very hostile toward the government and government employees because of the stock reduction program, when I first went there. They didn't understand the program, which was intended to save the over-stocked ranges. This was during John Collier's administration as Secretary of the Interior. The Navajos hated him and called all government men "John Collier's men." I rode up to a group of Navajos one day and was greeted with the angry threat, "John Collier's man, get out! If you don't get out and stay out, we'll kill you and hang your hide on the fence!" The Chapter President was especially unfriendly. Three times, while I was making crop reports, he followed me and ordered me out. My interpreter, Barry Cinniginnie, was really frightened, but of course I could not understand all the tirade. But as the man turned away I yelled, "Choi Hoco!" He was startled, thinking I had understood all his threats. While he stood there I explained, through Barry, that the Stock Reduction Program was meant to help the Navajos by saving the range for their stock. The next year he was so friendly he even invited me into his hogan to eat.

In the fall of 1938 it was decided to start an annual Fair at Window Rock. Mr. John Wood, head of all farm operations, and Mrs. Wood and I were sent to Albuquerque to the annual State Fair to learn how to run a fair. We took note of everything, and a little later put on the first annual Window Rock Fair, which is still held in August of each year. Don Hansen, now of Lakeside, who was the Supervisor of another district, was one of those who helped with the first Fair. I took exhibits from all over my District and we won fourteen blue ribbons. The Indians became very enthusiastic and were encouraged to improve their farm products, animals, etc. I continued to help put on the Window Rock Fair during my six years at Tohatchi. When I returned to Shiprock, I helped with the annual Shiprock Fair which had been an annual event during all our years on the Reservation.

and still is. Part of the time I was over farm products and part of the time I ran the rodeo and stock exhibits.

During our years at Tohatchi, World War II began. I was appointed Deputy Sheriff of McKinley County, a position I held for three and a half years, with headquarters at Gallup. This was connected with my government job. Our eldest son Wayne went to the Philippines with the National Guard, where he died in 1941. Our second son Ted was flying over Europe at age twenty. He flew his own plane to Europe and was overseas for the next two years. We both lost our mothers while at Tohatchi, and my father died after we had returned to Shiprock. I was transferred back to Shiprock in 1944, as Supervisor over Hogback Project. My first job was cleaning canals and ditches. I had 250 men, 100 teams and scrapers working at this. I had to keep time on all this, as they were paying \$3.00 an acre water assessment with their work. We repaired the Diversion Dam on Hogback Project, put in a new pumping project, etc. The Project was 20 miles long. On the old project, we put in drain ditches, as the land was waterlogged. We put a pipeline under the river from the north to the south side, bringing many acres of land under cultivation, and making farms for many more Navajos. Each of my last three years at Shiprock, I spent \$150,000 on Operation and Maintenance and \$1,000,000 on construction each year. By this time, everything was done with machinery instead of horses.

During these years we enjoyed a lively social life in the Agency and did a lot of missionary and church work. I was in the Branch Presidency at Shiprock for nine years. This last period at Shiprock lasted sixteen years, making our time on the Reservation twenty-five years. We hated to leave and they apparently hated to lose us. BIA gave us a big farewell party at the Tribal Lodge, Nez Nataani, which was attended by everyone, including my workmen, who had never been to such a party, and many Big Wheels from

Window Rock and Gallup. They presented me with a six-shooter and my wife with some Indian jewelry. Our church group also gave us a lovely party and a beautiful lamp.

Sometime before this, there was a plan on foot to widen the highway, which would necessitate going through some of the farms. Mr. Young phoned from Window Rock and had me get the Indians together for a meeting. He had to get their consent before the job could start. The Navajos came, but they just sat silent through all this talk, not one of them would say a word. He held three meetings with the same result, he failed to get any response at all. Then he gave up and told me it was up to me. The next morning I called another meeting and carefully explained, just as Young had done, that the Government would pay for the land, etc. The Chapter President jumped up and said, "Well, Mr. Thomas, if YOU say so, it's perfectly OK by us." I also might mention that every rating I received in my 25 years in Indian Service was Excellent.

The next morning after the BIA party we were all packed up and ready to leave about six A.M. But before we finished our breakfast the Indians began coming, whole families at a time, to say good-bye and bring us gifts. One group would not be gone before another arrived, and at 4 P.M. we were still there, holding court. This was the first time in 25 years that I had ever seen a Government man treated this way. I told my wife she had better unpack, it looked as if we weren't going at all.

Since I was retiring, they decided to turn my job over to the tribe. But the Superintendent came out to Shiprock and urged me to reconsider, to stay and either work for the tribe, at a \$1,000 raise, or to stay on at my present position for two more years. But I was 68 years old and wanted to get home and live my own life and run my cattle, which I had kept all these years, running them on weekends, annual leave and holidays. I bought my

father's old home from the other heirs. My parents were both dead and the old house was in bad shape.

We came home on October 1, 1960 to the same conditions that had existed when we left, no electricity, no gas, no water in the house. We burned wood and drew water from the well on the back porch. The first thing I did was to wire the house for electricity, put in gas and water, and eventually a telephone, meanwhile trying to repair some of the years of neglect. My cattle, only half cared for all these years, were wild and scattered. I began riding from daylight till after dark. I found four four-year-old steers that had never been in a corral. I had to handle those wild steers as I used to do as a young cowboy.

One time Gerald Brewer and I found a big wild steer that must have weighed about 1100 pounds. He was so wild he got away from the herd and we eventually caught him in a draw. Gerald roped him and then I roped his hind feet and we threw him down. We had to lead him out of the draw to where we could get to him with a horse trailer, about a mile. So I dallied him as close as possible to my side, and he and my horse ran together for a mile, he was strong and weighed more than my horse. Then we had to throw him again and tie his hind feet together. He could lie down, get up and hobble about a little, but could not go far. We had ten miles to ride home to get the trailer. We telephoned Rog Pearce to see when he could take the steer to Phoenix. He said it would be the day after tomorrow. So we hauled the animal to Linden and put him in Rog's barn with some more cattle; we were afraid he would jump over the corral. At 10 A.M. next day he was standing up, but that night, through fright, or having a roof over his head for the first time, he just lay down and died.

I spent the next few years gathering these wild cattle out of the thick brush and tall timber. One fall I had a truckload of cattle rounded up in

my corral and Rog Pearce and his daughter came to get them and haul them to market. I was running cows through the big corral into the small one leading to the chute. They all went in but one wild cow; she turned back. I waved my arms, trying to scare her back, but instead she came for me, hitting me square in the chest with her head and knocking me about ten feet. Then she really went for me. She stepped right on the side of my face, skinning it and knocking my glasses off and filling my eyes with manure. As she went over me, her hoof caught in the collar of my shirt and ripped my clothes all the way down, pants and all. I didn't have a button or a zipper left, and her sharp hooves had brought blood to mingle with the manure she liberally splattered me with. It was embarrassing to lose all my clothes before Rog's daughter, and a shock to my wife when I went home, holding my pants on and dripping blood and manure. Rog never forgot that experience and had me tell it at one of our Golden Age parties.

My permit was on the Sitgreaves Forest; I had 12 sections to myself. There was a gate instead of a cattle guard on the top of the mountain between my range and my nephew's. People were always leaving this gate open, especially hunters, and our rattle kept going through it. I made a grave beside the gate, and put up a headstone with this inscription:

NOTICE
THE LAW FOR LEAVING THIS GATE OPEN
IS A \$300.00 FINE OR A YEAR IN JAIL
HERE LIES THE LAST JACKASS THAT LEFT THIS GATE OPEN
MAY HE REST IN PIECES
1962

In 1965 I really retired. I sold my cattle to Marlin Maxwell, 130 acres of land to Jack Balzner, and my Twin Pines Ranch in Water Canyon to Eugene Taylor. We kept the old home ranch, but live in the village of Pinedale. We have done a lot of traveling since leaving the Reservation, flying to our son Ted's in Alabama and Houston, Texas (he was in NASA) and to our

daughter's in Los Angeles. Her husband is a flyer in one of the Howard Hughes projects. But now, we really began to travel. In the first three years we flew 36,000 miles. We had been too busy to see our own state, so went everywhere. Our son took us to Nauvoo, once the largest city in Illinois, which meant passing through 13 states. He also took us to Mexico a number of times. We visited Villa's wife and had our picture taken with her. Both he and our son-in-law took us on trips to the High Sierras in California and to all the places of interest in their respective states many times. We made a practice of going back to the Reservation for years to visit our Anglo and Indian friends, and were always greeted warmly.

In April 1967 we flew to the Philippines to see our son's grave. This was with a tour of the Veterans of Bataan and Corregidor. There were three big plane loads of us, filled with veterans, relatives, and Gold Star parents. One plane held a group from the East, one from the Mid-West and the third was filled with people from the West and Pacific area. We spent three weeks on this tour and as Gold Star parents were treated like royalty. Our son had a marble cross with his name and date on it in the most beautiful and well-kept military cemetery in the world. There were 150 acres of graves and a chapel filled with plaques with the names of the boys who died and were buried in unknown graves. We met many of our son's companions and were told many comforting things about him.

In 1972 our son Ted and his family went to Portugal where he was General Manager of the Lisbon office of UNIVAC. In November 1974 my wife flew over there for a month's visit. He took her all over Portugal, to Spain, etc. She had a taste of luxury in their 17-room house, with three servants and a chauffeur, and was entertained by friends of her son's and our daughter-in-law from NASA, the United States Embassy, etc.

I had a hip operation in 1975 and since then have not done much

traveling. Our children come to see us as often as possible and plan a celebration for our 60th wedding anniversary soon. We have our graves dug and headstones up, all ready and waiting for our last great journey.

HAROLD B. THURBER

SONOITA, ARIZONA

I planned to homestead property in or near Elephant Head Butte in the Santa Rita Mountains near Amado. A rancher by the name of Bill Nicholson advised me not to homestead but to purchase a ranch that was established and the homestead already proved up. I asked where such a ranch could be found and he said that the Widow Sorrels' place across the mountain above Nogales and near Patagonia was for sale. I made a trip to talk to Mrs. Sorrels and we made a deal, and I moved in with my family from Tucson on October 16, 1924.

I neighbored with Will Hathaway and Jim Finley, and I must say got quite an education on becoming a cowboy and rancher. All my life and the lives of my forefathers had been spent on the sea. I was directed here after World War I, having lived at Saranac, upper New York State, neighboring with Christy Mathewson, the great ball player. A friend of mine, Allen Pinkerton, suggested I move to California, where climate conditions were much more moderate than they were at Saranac, so I wound up in Tucson, and from there started my ranching career.

Having sold the Rail Ranch, I purchased what we called the Thurber Hereford Ranch, near Greaterville, in 1931 and operated on a high-grade commercial basis until Dink Parker, Roy Gill and a few others suggested I go into the registered Hereford business, producing good quality Hereford bulis. This I gradually did. At one time I called it the Singing Valley, but finally dropped the Singing Valley name and preferred to call it the Thurber Hereford Ranch, which I thought was more appropriate. We raised and showed topside, good quality, registered Hereford cattle, and made most

of the good shows this side of the Mississippi River. We sold bulls at Red Bluff, San Francisco, Tucson, Los Angeles, El Paso, Fort Worth, Denver and Kansas City. We also had our own production sales at the ranch and our bulls went to very good registered herds, along with some of our top heifers. In 1956, I went to England and looked at numerous good herds of registered Hereford cattle. I felt that I got well acquainted with breeders at some of the shows and sales. One of the top sales was at Northampton. I went back from that purchase feeling we produced some outstanding registered Hereford cattle. Our herd bulls in the early days of registered breeding were purchased from Harrisdale Farms, Fort Worth; Jack Turner, Fort Worth; Bridwell Hereford Ranch, Windthorts, Texas; Walnut Springs Ranch, Mr. Charles Pettit, Walnut Springs, Texas, along with some good Anziety 4th cattle from Pat Jowell, Hereford Texas. Females came from the Bradley Estate and Jack Frost, Blackwell, Texas. This will give some idea of our breeding program for the Thurber Hereford Ranch.

Our first brand was **A-** and **CFT**. I finally procured the brand of **L✓** as my holding brand, and sale brand **TIK**.

I sold the Thurber Hereford Ranch in 1969, retaining property on the east side of the ranch to build a home where Mrs. Thurber and I and our niece, Dorothy Fisher, now reside.

As to our family, our son Harold E. is Vice President of the Tejon Ranch Company in California and manager of the Tejon Ranch cattle operation and feedlot. Walter R. "Bud" is part owner and manager of the Pre-Feeders Cattle Company in Hereford, Texas. Our youngest son, Seymour Sam, at Cottonwood, California, manages the Red Bluff Bull Sale.

Through the influence of Henry Bolce, Will Hathaway and Ray Cowden, on a trip to Tucson, meeting in an empty store where the Fox Theater in Tucson now stands, in March of 1926, I joined the Arizona Cattle Growers Association,

along with Will Hathaway. I have been president of the Arizona Hereford Association for four years, and one of its Directors; interested in the Tucson Livestock Show in the early 30's; also in the Pima-Santa Cruz Cattlemen's Association, a charter member, which I believe now is called the San Pima Pinal Cattlemen's Protective Association, and have been President of Southern Arizona International Livestock Association, Inc., known as SAILA, for several years.

I owe my experiences, knowledge and education in the cow business primarily to Will Hathaway, my neighbor at that time, who branded *HS* ; Roy Sorrels, my good neighbor who was killed by lightning while riding my old range; Jim Finley, who branded *WAN*, and Uncle Jim Harrison. They were all past masters of the business.

At the present time I am trying to manage the SAILA organization and their livestock show, horse show, cutting horse show, and all the other things that go with such a show operation, which is held every year at the Pima County Fairgrounds on Houghton Road in Tucson, most generally the second or third week of March.

EARL VAN DEREN

SEDONA, ARIZONA

Earl was born in 1906 near Cottonwood, Verde Valley, Arizona. He grew up in Sedona, Verde Valley, Clay Park and Newman Park. He attended school in Sedona and Camp Verde. His father was one of the first trustees in the Sedona School District. In 1930 Earl acquired his ranch from his father, Robert Van Deren. His father had purchased this ranch in 1915.

Earl married his wife in Flagstaff in 1933. They had one son, Walter John Van Deren.

The brand used by Earl was the ONB and FO, bought with the cattle purchased from Frank Owenby, Sr. in 1915 by his father. The ranch name was the Van Deren Ranch. The cattle ranged on the Dry Creek in the Verde Valley in the winter and at Newman Park in the summer; 175 to 225 head of cattle were run on the Van Deren Ranch. The permit capacity was about 235 head. All of the grazing land was on Forest Reserve.

Arizona owes a debt to its pioneer cattlemen that can never be paid in full, men like Earl Van Deren and his father, Robert Lee Van Deren, along with his son, Walter John Van Deren, who cut the trails, subdued the Indians, wiped out the preying outlaws and laid the foundation of community life that gave Arizona the stature it required to become our 48th state.

The Van Derens sold their Arizona Ranch in 1958 to Sally Kallermann. They purchased a ranch near Dillon, Montana. Earl and his son operated this ranch for 19 years. In January of 1977 he sold his interest to his son and is now retired and lives in Sedona, Arizona. He can be reached at Box 1224, Sedona, Arizona.

A. W. AND HELEN W. VOIGT

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

A. W. Voigt was born October 21, 1890 in Camden, New Jersey, where he attended elementary school and high school. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1914 with a Master's Degree in Silviculture.

His first position with the Forest Service was on the Tonto National Forest at Roosevelt, and from there he was transferred to Flagstaff. On July 17, 1917 he enlisted in the Forestry Engineers and served two and a half years in France.

After the end of World War I, Al was stationed on the Apache National Forest, Springerville, Arizona, as a Deputy Supervisor. It was in Springerville that he met Helen Walls, who was working as a secretary in the Forest Service office, and on September 5, 1921 they were married and moved to the Water Canyon Ranger Station.

He remained with the Forest Service until January 1, 1924, then he resigned in order to take over the ownership of his newly purchased U-Fork ranch. The U-Fork was the brand the ranch carried. This ranch was made up of two separate ranches, one north of Springerville 25 miles. The summer ranch is 25 miles south of Springerville, in Apache National Forest. It consisted of 800 acres of patented land, and permit capacity was 300 head. Around 300 head of cattle have been run on the ranch. Some state lease land was also included.

Al immediately began improving the quality of his herd by buying registered bulls, culling out the old cows, and saving replacement heifers. As a result of his sound management practices, his herd became known as one of the outstanding Hereford cow herds in the White Mountain area.

On January 1, 1954, thirty years from the day he purchased it, he sold

his ranches to Harold and Amelia LeSueur. Amelia is the Voigt's only living daughter. The LeSueurs still own and operate the ranch under the U-Fork name and brand.

The Voigts retained their farm in Springerville where Al fed the replacement heifers and young bulls for his son-in-law. He took an active interest in the continuing improvement of his original herd. His farm became his pride and joy and he made it into an ultimate show place in the Springerville area.


On November 25, 1960 the Voigts were forced to leave the Springerville area due to Al's health. They moved to Mesa and built a home there and resided in the Mesa area for seventeen years. During that time Helen remained very active in the Camelback and State Cowbelles. In 1960 she served as president of the Arizona Cowbelles. She is a native Arizonian, born in Prescott, May 13, 1899. She was always an active church member and active community leader. Al was a member of the Arizona Cattlegrowers for 35 years.

Al Voigt died on February 4, 1977 after a long illness. He left his wife Helen, daughter Amelia LeSueur, two grandchildren and one great granddaughter. Two of their children preceded Al in death.



Helen Voigt sold their home in Mesa and has moved back to the Springerville area and is residing at present with her daughter until her new home is finished.

BESSIE C. WALKER
CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA

Bessie Hopkins Walker was born in Mantey, Kansas, in 1894. She was brought to Arizona at the age of three by her parents, who settled in Strawberry, Gila County. Her family ranched in what is now part of the Wingfield Ranch. Bessie was raised in Strawberry and attended school in Strawberry Pine and Northern Arizona Normal School at Flagstaff. She met a young rancher and horse trader, Irvin Henry Walker.

Irvin was born in Barber County, Kansas, in 1884. Irvin's family had farms and livestock operations. In 1906 Irvin came to Arizona to buy a bunch of horses to ship home. In 1908 he returned to Arizona and bought a horse outfit and homesteaded the M Diamond . The M Diamond Ranch ran from Long Valley to Hance Springs, near Camp Verde.

Bessie and Irvin were married on July 19, 1921. Bessie had a small daughter at the time when they were married, named Mary. Irvin had earlier set up permanent headquarters on his homestead at Maxwell Park, near Long Valley. Prior to that time he horse ranched, from a camp under the Arizona Pines. Irvin took Bessie as a bride to the homestead ranch, which they made their home for many years. The Walkers fenced their country in 1926 and it became part of Beaver Creek Range district. Bessie recalls Irvin ran about 400 head of adult animals on the ranch.

They had three registered brands: the Bow Ribbon , S Bar T S-T, and the M Diamond connected brand .

Bessie said at one time they also had a permit for 80 head of horses at a fee of 40 cents a head per year. When they wanted to switch over to cattle under the M Diamond connected brand Irvin would arrange to have many

wild horses rounded up. They rounded up mares, geldings, colts of all ages, just everything, and shipped them all. Later the Forest Service Rangers would shoot the rest when they would come across strays.

Like all ranchers the Walkers believed in improving their herd, so they purchased good purebred bulls for their Hereford cattle. Bessie would travel with Irvin over the years buying bulls from Dan Fain, John Jacobs, Roy Cowden and the Lang Meadows and Los Vegas Ranch in Prescott. A lot of time and money was spent improving their ranch. When Irvin homesteaded the ranch had no tank on it. Later when he sold his ranch it had 40 tanks. Their winter camp was at the west end of Clear Creek and their summer headquarters at the north end.

Besides their own cattle the Walkers, over the years before fences and allotments went in, ran various nearby outfits for the owners. In 1919 he ran the Apache Maid for Babbitt and Dickenson, the Pull Wagon for an outfit named Raiston and Babbitt, and the Apache Maid earlier when Larry Mellon owned it. Bessie spent many hours on the ranch cooking for Irvin and the cowboys. In those days hot biscuits were a "must" for breakfast.

The Walkers ranched over 50 years before they sold to Guirico Rezzonico in 1961. The Walkers then made their home in Camp Verde. Bessie remembers at one time the only animal was a 22 year old mule. Bessie lost Irvin December 3, 1964. He had been president of the Yavapai County Cattle Growers Association, and a member of Beaver Creek School Board.

Bessie still lives in Camp Verde by herself. She keeps busy taking care of a large yard. She is a Charter Member of the Yavapai County Cowbellies and also a member of the American National and State Cowbellies. Mary Lyons, her only child, is retired and lives across the street from Bessie. You can reach Bessie at P.O. Box 266, Camp Verde, Arizona 85321, or come to see her on Head Street.

Charter Members of the Arizona Pioneers

Accomazzo, Della, Cashion, AZ	Collie, Stone & Fern, Elgin, AZ
Adams, Lloyd, Dragoon, AZ	Colter, Bert, Springerville, AZ
Adams, Mark, Globe, AZ	Conley, Mr. & Mrs. Ellis, Buckeye, AZ
Amalong, Walter, Willcox, AZ	Conley, Mrs. R. H., Buckeye, AZ
Anderson, Albert, St. Johns, AZ	Conway, Lula Jane, Tonto Basin, AZ
Banta, Nadia, Patagonia, AZ	Cook, Jean, Pima, AZ
Barney, Elsie May, Tucson, AZ	Cook, Mark A., Willcox, AZ
Barrow, Sam & Mable, St. David, AZ	Cook, Thomas & Florence, Pima, AZ
Barth, Jacob, St. Johns, AZ	Cook, W. L., Willcox, AZ
Becker, Eddie, Springerville, AZ	Cooper, Mattie Nelson, Phoenix, AZ
Beloat, Arthur, Scottsdale, AZ	Cooper, Nel S., Kirkland, AZ
Beloat, John & Loretta, Buckeye, AZ	Cordes, Claire Champie, Glendale, AZ
Bergier, Laura, Patagonia, AZ	Cordes, Henry, Mayer, AZ
Bercich, George & Bess, Patagonia, AZ	Corneluis, Mr. & Mrs. Paul, Phoenix, AZ
Betts, Floyd, Mesa, AZ	Cosper, Edna, Duncan, AZ
Bingham, Mr. & Mrs. Floyd, Tucson, AZ	Cosper, James A., Clifton, AZ
Birdwell, Bob & Grace, Safford, AZ	Cosper, John, Clifton, AZ
Blair, Oscar, Safford, AZ	Cosper, Mary, El Paso, TX
Bojorgues, Albert, Bullhead City, AZ	Cosper, Wayne, Clifton, AZ
Bourne, Eulalia, Mammoth, AZ	Costello, Madeline, Tombstone, AZ
Bozarth, Asa, Prescott, AZ	Cowan, Mattie, Douglas, AZ
Brimhall, Joseph T. & Florence May, Taylor, AZ	Cowden, E. Ray & Ruth Reed, Scottsdale, AZ
Brockett, Frederica B., Rimrock, AZ	Crawford, Verna M., Joseph City, AZ
Brooks, Jack & Lula Mae, Cave Creek, AZ	Crawleigh, Pearl, Prescott, AZ
Brophy, Mrs. Frank, Phoenix, AZ	Crosby, George, Mesa, AZ
Browning, Ernest & Polly, Willcox, AZ	Cummings, Inez, Nogales, AZ
Bryant, Charles & Isabel, Pinedale, AZ	Currens, Mr. & Mrs. Jack, Buckeye, AZ
Bryce, Andy, Pima, AZ	Curtis, Milton & Alice, St. David, AZ
Bryce, Jack, Pima, AZ	D'Albini, Clara, Hereford, AZ
Bryce, William E., Pima, AZ	Day, Harry, Duncan, AZ
Burke, Jess, Alpine, AZ	DeBorde, Fay Edna, Willcox, AZ
	DeLaossa, Rosamel, Patagonia, AZ
	Denham, Virgil & Florence, Snowflake, AZ
Campbell, Francis, Sr., Wendell, IA	Dew, Mrs. Jack, Mesa, AZ
Carrington, Jane, Sonoita, AZ	DuBois, Jessie, Willcox, AZ
Carson, Loren, Kingman, AZ	Duke, Carrie, Buckeye, AZ
Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Cort, Kirkland, AZ	
Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Earl, Kirkland, AZ	Eakin, Lora, Safford, AZ
Carter, James & Thelma, Mesa, AZ	Eaton, Charlie, Safford, AZ
Chapman, Ida, Phoenix, AZ	Edwards, Coralea, Duncan, AZ
Chappell, Ralph, Phoenix, AZ	Ellison, Buster, Globe, AZ
Champie, Lawton, Morristown, AZ	Ellison, Slim, Globe, AZ
Charles, Perl, Phoenix, AZ	Elrage, Bonnie, Clifton, AZ
Chavez, James, Phoenix, AZ	Enzenberg, Orion & Oscea, Sonoita, AZ
Cheatham, Areta, Laveen, AZ	Erickson, Ben, Willcox, AZ
Chilson, Emma, Winslow, AZ	Escpule, Ernest, Tombstone, AZ
Choate, Miles, Cochise, AZ	Evans, A. A. & Ethel, Tempe, AZ
Claridge, George, Thatcher, AZ	Evans, Irene Armer, Morristown, AZ
Claridge, Orson, Duncan, AZ	Evans, Myrl Pyle, Payson, AZ
Clark, Elvis & Mary, Globe, AZ	Everhart, Cora, Sonoita, AZ
Clark, Joseph Howard, Willcox, AZ	Fleming, Pete, Willcox, AZ
Clark, Newell & Neppie, Tucson, AZ	Foote, Gerald, Safford, AZ
Cline, Roxie Ann, Tonto Basin, AZ	

Foremaster, Lindau, St. George, UT
Foremaster, Phillip, St. George, UT
Frerichs, W. F. & Hazel C., Phoenix, AZ
Fritz, Fred & Kathleen, Clifton, AZ
Fulcher, Maggie, Duncan, AZ
Fuller, Lester Sr., Phoenix, AZ
Fulmer, Bessie, Willcox, AZ

Gardner, Mr. & Mrs. B. A., Willcox, AZ
Gardner, Eudora L., Kingman, AZ
Gardner, Gail & Delia Gist, Prescott, AZ
Gardner, Ivy B., Chandler, AZ
Gatlin, Leota, Patagonia, AZ
Gibson, Frank, Snowflake, AZ
Gibson, Irving, Heber, AZ
Giles, Jack, Pearce, AZ
Gillet, Sterling Vern & Carrie
Globe, AZ
Gilpin, Rush & Florence, Safford, AZ
Goswick, Merl Allen, Mayer, AZ
Grantham, Georgia Belle Baker,
Young, AZ

Grantham, R. M., Globe, AZ
Gyberg, R. Louise, Cornville, AZ

Haby, Merle, Willcox, AZ
Hale, Dolly, Payson, AZ
Hamblin, Roland S., Eagar, AZ
Hampton, Lena Chilson, Payson, AZ
Hancock, Art, Taylor, AZ
Hancock, Avey Earl, Cornville, AZ
Hansen, Delbert, Joseph City, AZ
Harrison, Frank, Tucson, AZ
Haught, Columbus, Payson, AZ
Haught, Walter, Payson, AZ
Haynes, Ethel, Apache Junction, AZ
Hays, Hazel, Yarnell, AZ
Healey, Ila Harrison, Hereford, AZ
Heap, Bryon, Phoenix, AZ
Hittson, Virginia, Globe, AZ
Hogan, Elizabeth, Harshaw, AZ
Holder, Babe Haught, Payson, AZ
Houston, Edna, Tucson, AZ
Hoverrocker, James & Linnie,
Duncan, AZ
Howard, John, Lakeside, AZ
Hudson, Harry, St. Johns, AZ
Hudson, Leara, Laveen, AZ
Humphrey, Mr. & Mrs. Jack,
Copper Basin, AZ
Hunt, John Ivan, Pine, AZ

Irving, Anna, Prescott, AZ
Irving, Violet, Skull Valley, AZ

Jarvis, George, St. Johns, AZ
Jeffers, J. C., Holbrook, AZ
Jeffers, W. B., Holbrook, AZ

Johnson, Belle, Tombstone, AZ
Johnson, Ethel L., Vail, AZ
Johnson, Wellington L., Willcox, AZ
Jones, C. A., Payson, AZ
Jones, David, Benson, AZ
Jones, Ella M., Kingman, AZ
Jones, Mildred Carolyn Cosper,
Phoenix, AZ

Jones, Roland, Globe, AZ
Jones, Tom, St. Johns, AZ
Josh, Norman, Alpine, AZ
Joy, J. E., Blue, AZ
Joy, Mary Grace, Kingman, AZ

Keith, Abbie, Chino Valley, AZ
Keith, Marion, Benson, AZ
Kellis, Mamie, Bagdad, AZ
Kendall, Gladys, Tombstone, AZ
Kennedy, Vernon & Francis, Duncan, AZ
Kleek, J. H., Phoenix, AZ
Koontz, Clifford, Mayer, AZ

Lane, Elvie J., Willcox, AZ
Larson, Moroni, Safford, AZ
Lawrence, Mr., Douglas, AZ
Lazar, Joe, Florence, AZ
Lazar, Wellbanks, Payson, AZ
LeSueur, Bruce & Ila, Eagar, AZ
Levertson, John, Scottsdale, AZ
Lindsey, Eunice Parker, Tombstone, AZ
Lockwood, Sara Babe, Payson, AZ
Logsdon, Bill, Kingman, AZ
Long, Mr. & Mrs. Marshall, Buckeye, AZ
Lund, Ellis, Eagar, AZ

McGee, Charlie, Chino Valley, AZ
McIntyre, John R., Patagonia, AZ
McKee, Mrs., Buckeye, AZ
McKelvey, Wilmer, Duncan, AZ
McLain, Lloyd, Globe, AZ
McMillan, E. E., Elgin, AZ
McPeeters, Claude, Willcox, AZ
McQuerry, Hazel Barney, Benson, AZ
Maness, Delbert, Duncan, AZ
Matle, Inez, Cottonwood, AZ
Martin, Ida B., Payson, AZ
Matley, Albert, Prescott, AZ
Matley, Johnnie, Prescott, AZ
Mattice, Warner & Janet, Pima, AZ
Medd, Mrs. Jack, Yarnell, AZ
Meisterhans, Emel, St. David, AZ
Mendivil, Claude, Benson, AZ
Mendival, Pete, Benson, AZ
Miller, Allen & Philena H.,
Snowflake, AZ
Miller, Cecil H. Sr., Phoenix, AZ
Miller, Clara, Prescott, AZ
Mills, Mrs. Andy, Willcox, AZ

Mills, Elton K., Prescott, AZ
Mills, Mrs. Marion, Willcox, AZ
Mitchell, Grace, Prescott, AZ
Mulleno, Harvey, Kingman, AZ
Mulligan, Charlie, Prescott, AZ
Murdock, Mr., Camp Verde, AZ
Murph, Mr. & Mrs. Lee P., Prescott, AZ

Narramore, S. L., Palo Verde, AZ
Neal, Jacob, St. Johns, AZ
Neil, Reiley, Prescott, AZ
Nelson, Mattie Cooper, Phoenix, AZ
Norton, John, Scottsdale, AZ
Norton, W. F., Phoenix, AZ
Nunn, Annie, Chino Valley, AZ

Orr, Floyd L., Cornville, AZ
Overfield, D. E., Phoenix, AZ
Owens, Almon, Show Low, AZ

Page, Brainard, 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, Mr. & Mrs. Leslie, Heber, AZ

Rabon, Maurice, St. Johns, AZ
Randall, Lena Stratton, Mesa, AZ
Ray, Tappie, Las Vegas, NV
Reed, Tom, Snowflake, AZ
Riggs, Lillian E., Willcox, AZ
Rix, Marcellus, Willcox, AZ
Roberts, Roach & Ethel, Wickenburg, AZ
Roberts, Ross & Edith, Buckeye, AZ
Sainz, Jesus, Solomon, AZ
Sanders, Armon & Myrtle, Safford, AZ
Sasser, Floyd, Prescott, AZ
Schivers, Vinnie, Cotton Wood, AZ
Sennott, J. A., Glendale, AZ
Sharp, Claire, Show Low, AZ
Sharp, Dora Davis, Prescott, AZ
Sharp, Reginald, Springerville, AZ
Sheppard, Mildred, Buckeye, AZ
Sherwood, L. P., St. Johns, AZ
Sly, Mrs. L. A., Buckeye, AZ
Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Bert J., Chino Valley
Sowell, Ben L., Safford, AZ
Sprung, Dorothy, Tucson, AZ
Spurlock, Austin, Payson, AZ
Stevens, Earl, Tonto Basin, AZ
Stevens, George, San Carlos, AZ
Stevens, Lucy Reagan, Patagonia, AZ
Stockton, Angus, Clifton, AZ

Stockton, Gilbert, Clifton, AZ
Stratton, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond, Snowflake, AZ
Stringfield, Garnet, Prescott, AZ
Stuart, Mike, Kirkland, AZ
Stuart, W. R., Phoenix, AZ
Swapp, Iona Marks, Blue, AZ
Sweikart, Mrs., Buckeye, AZ

Thomas, J. H. & Estelle, Pinedale, AZ
Thompson, John & Grace, Valentine, AZ
Thurber, H. B. & Carrie, Sonoita, AZ
Tibbits, Claude, Franklin, AZ
Tucker, Georgia Ann, Globe, AZ
Turbeville, Loy, Scottsdale, AZ
Turley, Mr. & Mrs. Charles, Woodruff, AZ
Turley, Fred & Wilma, Mesa, AZ
Turner, Delia, Patagonia, AZ
Tyree, Noel B., Phoenix, AZ
Tyson, Lela, Phoenix, AZ

Udall, Pratt E. & Orma, Springerville, AZ

VanDeren, Earl, Sedona, AZ
Vaneil, Loy, Show Low, AZ
Voight, Helen Walls, Eagar, AZ

Waddell, Pearl, Duncan, AZ
Walk, James. H., Prescott, AZ
Walker, Allen, Cottonwood, AZ
Walker, Bessie C., Camp Verde, 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 Park, AZ

Whelan, Willford P., Patagonia, AZ
Whitehead, Richard H., Kirkland, AZ
Whiting, Ernest, Holbrook, AZ
Williams, Effie, Benson, AZ
Willis, Vern & Pearl H., Snowflake, AZ
Wiltbank, Hyrum, Eagar, AZ
Wood, Myrtle, Elgin, AZ

Deceased Pioneers

Bacon, John A., Apache Junction, AZ
Bangs, Mrs. Ann, Nogales, AZ
Bartmus, Dora, Kingman, AZ
Benegas, Dick, Kingman, AZ
Bozarth, Orville, Prescott, AZ
Brophy, Frank Sr., Phoenix, AZ
Childers, Howard, Payson, 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
Dandrea, Charlie, Mayer, AZ
Denny, W. Clarence, Prescott, AZ
Douglas, Bill, Sonoita, AZ
Douglas, Ernie, Phoenix, AZ
Evans, Claud, Payson, AZ
Goswick, Gils Wesley, Mayer, AZ
Harrison, Richard M., Nogales, AZ
Hill, Charles, Duncan, AZ
Hittson, Roy, Prescott, AZ

Kane, Robert E., Patagonia, AZ
Kunde, Gerturde, Patagonia, AZ
Lee, C. F., Holbrook, AZ
Leonard, Virgil, Pima, AZ
Lang, Walter, Phoenix, AZ
McCoy, Col. Tim, Nogales, AZ
McGee, Eva, Chino Valley, AZ
Majenty, Adam, Valentine, AZ
Metzger, Harry, Phoenix, AZ
Morrow, Ralph, Portal, AZ
Orme, Chick, Mayer, AZ
Patton, Fred, Prescott, AZ
Pieper, Ernest, Globe, AZ
Pike, Elzy, Yarnell, AZ
Post, Clarence, Benson, 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
Stevenson, W. R., Bisbee, AZ
Stewart, Alice E., Phoenix, AZ
Stockton, Henderson, Phoenix, AZ
Stuart, Mrs. Mike, Kirkland, AZ
Tarawee, Chase, Springerville, AZ
Voigt, A. W. Eagar, AZ
Ward, D. P., Snowflake, AZ
West, Irving, Dewey, AZ

