

**ARIZONA
NATIONAL
PIONEER
RANCH HISTORIES**

Volume X





Dedicated To
Betty Accomazzo
1989

Arizona National

**Ranch Histories
of
Living
Pioneer Stockman**

Volume X

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

BETTY ACCOMAZZO

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Arizona Pioneer Ranch Histories, Volume X

Time brings change and we grow with the changing times. One of our livestock shows great assets is an organization that began not too long ago, and this year we celebrate thirteen years of the Arizona National Living Pioneer Stockman Hall of Fame, and are privileged to publish their 10th Volume. It goes without saying, through the tireless efforts of Betty Accomazzo and all of her dedicated volunteers, this volume as well as the previous nine, would not have been. We give a special "Thank you", to Patricia Parrish Harris for typing Volumes IX and X.

The Arizona National is most pleased to publish these histories of our Arizona Living Pioneer Stockmen. This organization relies on volunteers, and through their contributions this Stock Show and the Hall of Fame will continue for many years to come.

Thanks to all for your continued involvement and dedication.

Jim Lewis

Jim Lewis
President

Arizona National Livestock Show, Inc.
January, 1989

P R E F A C E

- A DEDICATION -

In 1978, a dream became a reality. The "dream" in print went to press and was suitably titled, Arizona National Ranch Histories of Living Pioneer Stockman - Volume I. This collection of Arizona pioneer memoirs began a tradition, which with Volume X a decade later, boasts countless pages of numerous pioneer family histories.

Ten years ago, Jim Webb was President of the Arizona National Livestock Show and wrote the Acknowledgement for Volume I. Anne Marie Moore, then Secretary of the Arizona State Cowbells, designed the cover envisioning pioneers coming west to settle what is now Arizona rangeland. Arizona Cattle Growers' past presidents Earnest Browning and Freddie Fritz rallied to lead the organization of 350 charter members of Living Arizona Pioneers.

A decade later, Jim and Anne Marie are the respective Presidents of the Arizona Cattle Growers' and Arizona State Cowbells, and Earnest and Freddie have passed on leaving the pioneer spirit alive. The Arizona State Cowbells have each year served as the hostesses for the Pioneer Stockman Luncheon held at the ANLS, and the Growers' have joined with the other agriculture organizations in the state to help in locating eligible members.

Ten volumes, absorbing Arizona ranching history into printed pages reflecting the joys and sorrows of the pioneer families, is the culmination of the endless hours of devotion of one Arizona woman, BETTY ACCOMAZZO. In 1976, Nellie Stevenson, then General Manager of the ANLS founded the idea of the Pioneer Stockman organization. Cecil H. Miller, Sr. helped to start collecting histories from the charter membership and there entered the one person who they knew could handle the task of compiling the information into a

book ...BETTY! Upon being named Chairman of the ANLS Pioneer Stockmen, Betty began her quest of editorship.

There is no formal journalistic training behind this woman. She was born in Phoenix along with her twin brother, Rudy Kruse, the 10th and 11th children of German immigrants Fred and Dorothy Kruse, who owned a vegetable farm and dairy west of town. Despite the perils of being raised in a big family, Betty received her high school degree and shortly afterward married Mark Accomazzo, a son of Italian immigrants who also came to Arizona to farm and ranch.

Settling into rural Laveen, young wife Betty set out to raise three children and nourish their lives through her dedicated work in the P.T.A., Community Council, and 4-H Clubs serving all in leadership roles. In 1953, she joined Laveen Cowbells and "now you know the rest of the story" ...as through this organization she found love, and the spirit and determination founded in the people who settled the western frontier, whose legacies were being carried on by generations of livestock ranchers. In 1965, Betty served the state Cowbells as their President and compiled her first collection of histories of each president published as the Arizona Cowbells "This Is Your Life" book in 1974.

In 1983, when the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame inducted Betty Accomazzo, the third inductee from Arizona sharing "fame" with the two Greenough sisters, they recognized her as a "gracious and gifted writer and humanitarian." Betty has been collecting fragments of Arizona history in print and memorabilia for years, so it was not surprising that the Hall of Fame's publication SideSaddle, wrote of her ... "Betty is a collector of nostalgia and people", honoring the Western Heritage Honoree.

Besides collecting ranching histories for Volume VI in 1984, Betty edited a tribute to her own heritage, the Kieselhorst and Kruse Family History. Mark and Betty now enjoy watching their five grandchildren in the Valley of the Sun compete in 4-H and FFA endeavors, and their two grand-

children in Rucker Canyon carrying on the next generation of ranching there.

In Volume IV of the Pioneer Ranch Histories, Betty captured her dedication as she wrote:

"I believe the oldest and most colorful of all Arizona industries, cattle raising, will continue as it has in the past, and it will continue to play an important role in the future of our state. Arizona owes a debt to its Pioneer cattlemen and women, a debt that can never be paid in full."

The Arizona livestock industry is indebted to Betty. But there's no debt to be paid to this lady. With each volume she donates her editorial time in lieu of proceeds being used for future publications and only asks in return that the pioneers, their families, and the owners of each volume share in her pleasure that the Arizona stockmen's "pursuit of happiness" is forever documented.

So, to BETTY ACCOMAZZO, the Arizona State Cowbells, the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association, and her children join with the ANLS Pioneer Stockmen, in dedicating Arizona National Pioneer Ranch Histories - Volume X with great appreciation to the Pioneer behind the Pioneers - - -

BETTY ACCOMAZZO

The above was lovingly written and compiled at the request of the ANLS in tribute and dedication by the children of Betty and Mark Accomazzo: Jim Accomazzo, Peggy Allen, and Anne Marie Moore, in celebration of this the Tenth volume of Pioneer Ranch Histories.

SUPER WOMAN
by
TOOTSIE ELLINGTON

Betty Accomazzo, lives in the town of Laveen.
And she's the most organized person, that I have ever seen.

Horseless Carriage meetings, and the Arizona Fair,
4-H and the FFA, then with a moment to spare.

Community Council meetings, and the local Barbeque.
Then Cotton Wives and Cowbelles, and Depression Glass too.

Arizona Pioneers history; and how we Cowbelles cook,
And lives of Cowbelles Presidents, she's written in books.

250 Miles an Hour, 14 hours a day-
She always leaves me out of breath, somewhere along the way.

What an astronomical explosion, I was simply amazed
To see dozens and dozens of Bettys, Run out of the smoke and haze.

I've known her secret all along, It was great as secrets go.
You thought she was Super Woman, now you see thats just not so.

I'm not an envious person - well heck why should I be -
I could accomplish as much as Betty if there were dozens of me.

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L. V. "SLIM" AND RUTH AHLQUIST
Higley, Arizona

There are those that believe that on that August 4th, 1912, when Slim first saw the light of day there near the banks of the Mississippi near Mounds, Illinois, that his first thought then was that someday he would be a real American Cowboy. Not just the ordinary cowpoke, no sir, the kind that added flavor to the West, and cast from a tougher mold than that of John Wayne. Slim Ahlquist, as this story portrays, went on to become one of the best all-around cowboys that this part of the country sees little of today. Though a dying profession, the dignity earned here only comes with proven accomplishments on hot, dusty trails, tracking cattle that were about as wild as they come - and Slim became well noted for his work and loved every minute of it.

When Slim was six years old, his folks moved to Chicago from the southern Illinois town where he was born. Slim hated it there, and every day he vowed to go West someday.

While waiting for his dream to come true, he would hang around the fire stations which used horses in those days to pull the wagons. He would "help" with the horses and in return the men would let him ride the horses from the station back to their stables. From the time that he was nine years old, he would spend his summers on farms and herd the cows out of certain pastures.

Then when he was fourteen, his big chance came - Slim learned that some friends of his were going to visit on a ranch in Colorado, and he talked his folks into letting him go along - and that was "Adios" to Chicago. He never went back except to visit the folks once in a while. For some time Slim worked on ranches since this was the start of the Depression and the ranches could give the cowboys their room, board, a pair of Levis, and their tobacco.

One day Slim saddled up and rode about 35 miles in to the town of Hayden, Colorado. He met a horse-trader there

who offered him five dollars to drive 18 horses to Craig to be loaded on a train. While in Craig, he met a sheepman who said he needed a "camp jockey" for his herd. This was in the "bad lands" near Maybelle, Colorado.

Later, Slim went to work on the Johnson Ranch with headquarters at Vernal, Utah. Their summer range was on the Blue Mountain, Colorado. Slim was in camp all by himself, with about 800 head of cattle in his care, and he had to learn to be a cowboy in a hurry.

That winter he went back up to the high country of Colorado and fed cattle in weather that was 40 degrees to 52 degrees below zero for weeks at a time. When Spring came, he had had enough of cold weather, so he pitched the pitchfork into the hay - loaded up his saddle and extra pair of Levis - and said he wasn't going to leave anything there 'cause he was never going back there again.

From there he went to Denver, where he met a man who needed somebody to ride the cattle train for him to Chicago. Slim took the job and while unloading the cattle, met a man that had a riding stable in a state park located in Indiana. The man hired Slim to guide the "dudes", and Slim wasn't even sure what a "dude" was, having never heard the term before.

By now he had the "Western Itch" again, so with \$21.00 in his pocket and an old Chevy roadster, he headed for Arizona. This was in 1933. He only stopped for gas and to eat, with an occasional nap by the side of the road. He stopped at a gas station at the Sonoita turn off, asked about jobs, and was told that the wagon at the Rail X headquarters (the Chericowa "Cherries" outfit - of which were actually 4 ranches: the Empire, Arivapa, Bonita, and Rail X) was going to pull out soon. Slim went to the Rail X, headquarters for the entire outfit, then located about half-way between Sonoita and Patagonia, and met the wagon boss, Sol Ray, and he gave Slim the job.

When the roundup was over, Slim went to New Mexico. He went to work for a ranch near Demming. There was no feed on

the range, so they were gathering the cattle and shipping them to graze on land in California.

While in Tipton, California, Slim met J. W. Espy, who with his partner, Mr. Jones, owned the Double Circle in Arizona. Espy said he needed a man as they were gathering the cattle off the Apache reservation. Slim went from Calva with the train load of young cattle to a ranch below Marfa, Texas. The rest of the older cattle were sent to pasture in California, while the younger animals were placed on the range in Texas. After getting the cattle settled in Texas, Slim was sent back to California.

For the next few years, Slim worked on numerous ranches throughout the country. He said that every time he heard a train whistle, he knew it was time to move on to a new country.

He finally wound up back in New Mexico in Demming area. Slim was running a ranch for Ludrew Hyatt when he met a "country school marm" named Ruth Pride, who was the daughter of a rancher of that area, Ed Pride, and granddaughter of the New Mexico ranching family, the Barksdales. Ruth was soon to become Slim's "pride" and still is today.

Ruth and Slim decided to honeymoon in the East at which time they joined up with a Wild West Show and traveled extensively. Tiring of this, they came back West to Arizona in 1938. They bought some horses from the Pride ranch in New Mexico and ran a riding and boarding stable for the Valley Field Riding and Polo Club in Scottsdale. It was quite a notable club with many celebrities and prominent figures in attendance. It was here that Slim met with noted author, Clarence Buddington Kelland. Slim went to work for Kelland managing his stable and grounds.

After Pearl Harbor, Slim and Ruth went back to New Mexico where Slim worked as a copper floor foreman for Kennecott, and worked for his father-in-law on his ranch during his off hours.

After about four years, Slim and Ruth returned to

Arizona and Slim went to work for Western Farms, running several different ranches for them.

It was in 1954 when Arden McFadden was Chief of the Livestock Sanitary Board when Slim was hired to work for the Chandler District, where he remained working in that district until his retirement in 1977. The Chandler district was one of the largest in the area, and it was when the Inspectors had no radios. Slim was very fortunate, in that Ruth became an invaluable assistant, what with answering phone calls, taking messages, and sometimes scheduling inspections for him when he was unable to return calls. Technology may change many things, but it shall never take the place of the working team that these two became while Slim was part of the Livestock Sanitary Board.

During the years Slim was and Inspector, he traded horses and cattle too, commissioned cattle, and broke horses on his place located in Higley. He still resides there today with his wife, Ruth, while sons, Eddie and Rex, and four grandchildren living nearby.

Slim also served at one time as President, and later as Secretary and was also one of the Charter and founding member of the Arizona Livestock Inspectors Association in 1957. For his faithful and loyal service to this organization, as a token of their gratitude, Slim received a beautiful, solid silver, hand-made, one-of-a-kind original belt buckle. This is one of Slim's prize possessions today along with the fond memories of a wonderful organization he had the privilege of serving.

To the union of Ruth and Slim was added 2 fine boys, first came Eddie and then Rex. Both have been in and around the livestock industry all their lives and turned out to be quite fine cowboys in their own right. The two formed a bulldogging team and traveled the professional rodeo circuit, establishing a good name for themselves both in Arizona and across the country. Eddie settled down, became a fine school teacher working with Indian children in Parker for 2 years

and Sacaton for 13 years, and is married to Sue Thomason. Rex is currently employed driving a cement truck and is married to Barbara Bowling. Ruth and Slim have a total of 4 grandchildren between the two boys, 3 by Eddie and 1 by Rex. They all are very happy, loving each other, caring for each other, and living the way the good Lord intended for folks to live and survive as a unit called "family."

Slim has been a cowboy all his life. He loves the outdoors, loves riding -- though not able to do much anymore, and loves and is thankful to God for the wonderful life, dear friends, and family he has had surrounding him. Today he leads a retired life the way the Lord meant for it to be, embraced with his memories of the tough, rugged work that he developed from a childhood dream into a reality - the work Slim deeply loved and enjoyed - the kind of work that is seldom heard of anymore - that of a true cowboy.

Oh yes he's the wrangler, a big lanky kid,
That started to work 'bout the same as you did.
He ain't got chaps and boots like the rest of the hands.
He wears tattered old pants and a pair of brogans.

He rides an old saddle that's got a long tree,
With some gunny sack blankets in under, maybe.
He has only one spur that he ties to his shoe,
And a limber old rope that he has to make do.

He sometimes gits lonesome while watchin' his herd.
But he keeps a tight mouth and he don't say a word.
He takes out the remuda, and brings 'em back in
When it's time fer the boys to change hosses ag'in.

Now you and me, pardner, has done had our day,
We cain't make a real hand, but I'm willin' to say,
If they give us a chance we would really enjoy,
Jest to wrangle the bunch, like we did when a boy

-The Wrangler, by Bruce Kiskaddon

History written by Ruth (Pride) Ahlquist and Patricia (Parrish) Harris.

**ROY BOSS
BOSS RANCH
Cochise County, Arizona**

The place was El Paso, Texas, and the date was January 14, 1911. Mrs. Boss had given birth to her second child, Roy, and the first son of the family.

Roy is a Texan by birth, but has been an Arizonian and called it home for 76 years.

Grandmother Jones lived in El Paso, so Roy's father drove his mother and sister, Lou Ella, in the buckboard to Chircicahua station to catch the east-bound train to El Paso. Some days later, Roy was born.

It was not until I was three weeks old that we returned to Arizona, on what was called the "Drummer Special." Dad met us in the buckboard and Roy was brought to this same house that he had lived in ever since, except for a few interruptions of going to school, and when he was in the Army during World War II.

In the Fall of 1917, Roy's father bought a house on 18th Street in Douglas. He, his mother, Lou Ella, little brother, Ray, and Roy moved to town, where Lou and Roy started to school.

"We had a car by then and Dad would come to town on Friday and take us to the ranch for the weekend. Summers and school vacations were spent at the ranch", Roy recalls.

"When it was time for summer vacation, we would buy sugar, flour, and beans in 100 pound sacks and lard in 110 pound cans. We never went to Douglas again until the Sunday after Labor Day. School always started the Monday after Labor Day", states Roy.

Roy's mother planted seeds from fruit that she liked and nursed the young trees along. There is an apricot tree still growing in the yard where she planted it as a seed. The tree is now about 25 feet tall. At that time, water was scarce,

and we only had a hand-dug, wet-weather well there at the house. Some years later they had a well drilled up on the hill behind the house and have had plenty of water ever since.

"Our pattern of life didn't change much over the next few years. A brother, Howard, was born and a sister, Gwen. That made us five children", Roy recalls.

"Dad sold the house on 18th Street and bought one on 10th Street. The highway between Apache and Douglas, Arizona, was built using mule teams in the early 1920's", states Roy.

Roy's mother learned to drive a car, and a truck replaced the wagon. "We had really made progress," Roy says.

Some years the rains came, some years they didn't. Cochise County had had a dry spell of several years when in 1918 the Cowan and Davis boys from around Elfrida decided to get a bunch of cattle together and drive them to Mexico. Roy's dad threw in with them as did several other ranchers. By the time they headed for Mexico, there were about three-thousand head all together.

They were in Mexico for about two years before it rained enough in Arizona to support the cattle. While in Mexico, the herds didn't increase much, as the Mexicans stole a lot of calves. They had had a drought a few years before too and were trying to build up their herds as well. "Because their herds were down is the reason why we were able to graze our cattle down there", says Roy.

In 1931, Roy graduated from Douglas High School and went to the Ranch to help his father.

In 1939, Roy married and left the ranch owned by his father. Howard and Gwen graduated from High School and returned to the ranch as Roy had done. By this time Roy's father was almost a cripple, as he had become injured when a horse fell on his hip and arthritis had set in.

When World War II started, Roy joined the Army, and was sent to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to motor pool school. Roy spent

most of the War in North Africa and France. After Germany was defeated, we hauled supplies into Germany to the Army of occupation.

With the War behind him, Roy returned to the ranch. Afterwards it became almost impossible to buy a good horse. It was then that Roy went to raising Registered Quarter Horses and has been doing so ever since.

In 1956, Roy married Peggy Noland. She is also from Pioneer ranching stock. Her father, Tom Noland, used to bring his mules and do some tank work for Roy's father. "We have three children: Sandra, our only daughter, is married and lives in the house on 10th Street that Dad bought. She is the mother of our only grandchildren, Roy and Allen Smith. Rusty, our son, and his wife are at present living in Silver City, New Mexico, where she is going to school; and Bob our other son is here on the ranch with us", Roy states.

"I have used the 7 brand for as long as I can remember. I think that it was mother's brand. She had cattle and horses that her step-father had given her when she married Dad", Roy recalls.

Roy's mother and father came to the Boss ranch from around Lordsbury, New Mexico in 1910, along with Robert Olin Boss. Roy's mother was Mary Leona Yates Boss. Roy's father used the 7-L brand. Peggy and Roy bought the ranch from them in 1957 and has been known as the BOSS RANCH for as long as he can remember.

MARION BRUCE BROOKS, JR.
GLADYS O. HARRIS BROOKS
Phoenix, Arizona

Marion Bruce Brooks, Jr. was born in Phoenix, Arizona May 29, 1913. He was the youngest of 10 children. His father insisted he be called "Junior", consequently, he was called this throughout his life.

His parents, Marion Bruce Brooks, Sr. and Margaret Kent Connell Brooks, moved to the Phoenix area from Midway Kentucky on September 4, 1898. Mr. Brooks had visited his sister and brother-in-law in Phoenix that same year and loved the area. He immediately made plans to move his wife and family of 4 small children out West. One of the children, Mrs. Nan Moody, says she can remember to this day the hot, dirty, cinder-filled Santa Fe train ride from Kentucky to Arizona. Mrs. Brooks dressed her children mostly in white clothing, as was the custom of that era, and by the time Phoenix showed on the horizon, they were all grey and soot-blackened from head-to-toe. Nan said her poor mother never quite succeeded in getting the soot out of those garments.

Mr. Brooks worked for Colonel Glassford for about a year, until he located a 60 acre farm he could buy for his growing family. He later traded this 60 acres for an uncleared, mesquite covered 160 acres. He cleared the 160 acres by hand and horse and had it in production within a year. This was quite remarkable for a man with a handicap of just one leg. He had lost a leg in a hunting accident during his Kentucky childhood.

Six children were welcomed to the family during these years and the youngest and last, Junior, was one of them. Childhood diseases had caused the deaths of two of the children during those early Arizona days.

The Brooks family remained on the cleared land until 1916 when they sold and moved to the farm that is presently known as the Brooks Farm on 75th Avenue and west Van Buren.

Being a practical man, Mr. Brooks had the barn built first with one end being finished inside so the family could live there while the house was being built. This would allow them to be available at all times to oversee the building of the home - also being a very practical man, the finished end of the barn would convert nicely from temporary housing quarters into a wonderful grainary for the dairy and livestock feed. It was a glorious day when the large family could move from the barn quarters into the lovely two-story red-brick Kentucky style house in 1918. The family members were Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Nan, Jennie Lee, Gertrude, Henrietta, Bertina, Edgar, Nettie, and Junior.

All of the family worked on the self-sufficient farm, growing crops, in the garden, about the poultry pens, and all of them helped in the dairy. Milking, of course, was done by hand and the milk hauled by wagon in cans to the creamery.

Mr. Brooks used the brand FIG on his herd and the livestock at that time. Some of the family thinks that that brand was registered in 1918. The brand is still with the family. His grandson, Bruce B. Brooks, uses the brand on special lots of cattle of the Brooks Cattle Company. This is to keep them separate from the regular stock, but also the brand is used because of family nostalgia and family memories.

Gladys O. Harris Brooks was born in Paris, Arkansas, on August 24, 1912. She was the youngest of five children born to John Bryant Harris and Alice Janet Walker Harris. The other children being Nell, Walker, Bonnie, and Dick. John Harris was a successful farmer in the Paris community but when his wife, Alice, became ill and wanted to move to Arizona to be close to her only sister and brother-in-law, he agreed to the move. They liquidated the farming operation and loaded onto the Arizona-bound Santa Fe Railway arriving in Arizona in November in 1913. They settled in the Chandler area about ten miles from the beloved sister. Mr. Harris did

not take long in deciding on Warner Road, south of Chandler, for his farming endeavors. He grew peanuts, potatoes, and cotton on approximately 800 acres. Gladys has fond memories of her Father planting watermelons on the borders of the cotton field for the family to have as treats. At this time cotton was planted between borders and flood irrigated, a furrow was not needed as the picking was all done by hand labor. When the melons were ripe, they were allowed to break them open and feast on the heart right in the field. There is nothing as good as the red, juicy heart of a fresh picked melon --- no matter what the age.

Life was good to the Harris family for a number of years. Gladys was enrolled in the first grade at Chandler Elementary School and enjoyed all that school had to offer. She attended the same school through the sixth grade when financial reverses caused the family to move to the Creighton District in Phoenix in 1925. Mr. Harris worked for the Salt River Water Users Association, out of the 16th Street office. Gladys enrolled in Creighton Elementary School from which she graduated in 1926. Her Freshman year of High School was spent at Phoenix Union High School and then the family moved to the west-side of the Valley of the Sun to the Fowler area. They lived in a house just west of Fowler School and this was to have advantages that no one could foresee. The Harris yard and the Fowler School playground were side-to-side. A young man, Junior Brooks, did not take long to make the acquaintance of the new girl in the neighborhood, Gladys Harris, over the boundary of the adjoining properties. After Junior's graduation from Fowler Grammar School in 1927, Gladys and Junior would have the opportunity to spend more time together as they both would enroll in the not-quite completed Tolleson Union High School. They were members of the first classes to attend the new school but not all the classes were at the school, some were held in the Christian Church parsonage about 3 blocks east of the school. They would have no lockers for another year and would have to

carry their lunches as the cafeteria would not be completed for a while. These inconveniences were hardly noticed by Gladys and Junior. Gladys was busy being a cheerleader with another local girl, Jean Williams, and Junior was playing baseball for the school team along with his school studies and the work required of him on the family farm and dairy. This busy schedule did not interfere with their courtship, he would pick her up in his 1927 Chevy Coupe, with the removable side curtains, each morning for the ride to school and take her home each afternoon after classes. A really big treat for a special date was to drive into Phoenix to the "Twin Barrells" on 19th Avenue and Madison for burgers. This "in" spot featured live music from their balcony every weekend. One of the best memories of either Gladys or Junior of these special courtship years was the many times that Gladys would ride with Junior on the "Whey" wagon to and from the Fowler Creamery on 67th Avenue and west Van Buren Street. Gladys' father worked at the creamery to provide extras for his family and Juniors' father had hogs on the farm that needed the 'whey' for feed, whey being the leftovers of the milk after it is separated and made into all edible products such as cream, butter, or cottage cheese. Mixed barley and whey made very nice feed. The young couple found all of this very opportune. Junior would haul the filled milk cans from the dairy to Gladys' house, pick her up and they would go on to the creamery, unload the cans of milk and reload the wagon with the whey cans and ride back to Gladys' house. A slow horse-drawn wagon and pretty farm countryside made these trips a life-long memory for both of them.

Gladys' mother, Alice Harris, passed away very suddenly in October of 1929. Gladys lived with her father and took on the duties of a homemaker at a very young age. The courtship of Gladys and Junior continued during these tough times and the culmination of all this was a wedding in the living room of the Brooks' home on Lateral 20, October 1, 1931. Junior's mother was ill at the time so the Bishop of the Methodist

Chruch, Bishop Kennedy performed the service at home rather than at the family church, Margaret Brooks Memorial Methodist Church at Thomas Road and 59th Avenue. Gladys and Junior lived with Junior's parents after the wedding. Gladys nursed her new mother-in-law until her death in March of 1932. Junior worked with his father on the family farm and dairy. Junior started acquiring some dairy stock at this time and raised some baby calves for beef and dairy, therefore, he required a brand of his own. He registered the B1 brand in either 1931 or 1932. The B, of course, was for Brooks and we assume the 1 was for the number 1 quality. In 1933, Gladys and Junior moved to another house on the family farm where they lived until 1937.

By 1937, Junior and Gladys had acquired enough capital and livestock to venture out on their own. They bought a forty-acre farm across the road from the family farm from the John Mann family. It had an adobe house on it that John Mann had built, even to the molding of the adobe bricks. It stayed cool in the summers and warm in the winters due to the marvelous insulating properties of adobe. It also had a few scorpions as these little creatures like the same properties that people do. They had a baby boy at this time, Bruce, but that did not mean any less of the dairy work for Gladys. She helped Junior with their 24 cow herd every day and Junior farmed and still helped his father on the homeplace. It was hard times and hard work, but with the help of a lot of muscle and Berkeley Bank they made it. They continued on the forty-acres until 1942 when Junior's father sold them the family farm and they in turn sold the forty acres to John H. Evans, a brother-in-law.

The family of five, they now had three sons, moved into the old family home across the road. Junior's father lived with them until his death in 1945. The old house was full again, three little boys, Bruce, Kent and John, Gladys and Junior, and Papa Brooks. These were the tough post-depression years and all of them had to carry their share of

the work, even the little boys. Gladys had her hands full with the everyday chores of a farm wife, plus cooking for harvest crews and helping in the dairy. She remembers firing up the wood cook stove to make biscuits three times a day, also dried fruit pies, mostly apple and peach. She raised chickens, turkeys and ducks, and maintained a large garden. They had numerous fruit trees and that meant lots of canning of jams and jellies. Junior raised pigs and steers for the family table and did the family butchering. They were a self-contained outfit. The boys had their chores, gathering eggs, feeding the poultry, weeding the garden, etc., but today they remember best the rejoicing they did when the wood cook stove was retired and they no longer had to carry wood in twice-a-day.

Junior had been in the dairy business all of his life, but during the late '40's and early '50's he had become more interested in the beef cattle business. He started buying feeder calves and young stock to feed out along with the dairy cows. Also his brother-in-law, John H. Evans, got Junior interested in helping him with the organization and promotion of an Arizona National Livestock Show. Gladys remembers there were lots of meetings and then when the Show was a reality, then Junior was kept busy setting up corrals and booths, etc. Their oldest son, Bruce, had married and presented them with a granddaughter and perhaps that influenced their decision, but for whatever reasons they decided to get out of the dairy business and go into the beef cattle business exclusively. In March of 1955, Glen Kohl conducted an auction at the dairy barn and the herd was sold out. There was some sadness and some happiness all mixed up on that day.

Junior was never a man to waste time and he and his son, Bruce, started immediately redoing the dairy pens to turn them into a cattle producing feedlot. They are located on the northwest corner of the family farm. The feedlot has a capability of holding 800 head of cattle. When the corrals

were ready, Junior started filling them with stock, sometimes buying from a broker and sometimes buying small lots from local sale yards. He always loved going to the cattle sales, some of this was to buy and sell, but most of it was to visit with other cattlemen. He liked to buy calves at about 160 to 200 pounds and raise them to 650 or 700 pounds and then sell to someone else to take them to a finishing feedlot. Such was the beginning of the Brooks Cattle Company.

It was 1967 that saw the Brooks Cattle Company spread its wings a bit. They joined with several other cattlemen and formed the Fort Rock Grazing Association Inc. In this endeavor, the group leased a large spread near Seligman, called Fork Rock Ranch. It was quite an adventure for everybody. It was a beautiful ranch with lots of feed and beautiful lodging. Unfortunately, this was also a time of very poor market conditions, and so after a few years, this venture was disbanded and from that time until now, the Brooks Cattle Company has remained on the homeplace.

Junior and Gladys always took their responsibilities to the community seriously, and they taught their three sons in the same manner. All three boys were active in the FFA, all holding offices on both the local and state level. As adult men, they still practice what they were taught, they all serve their communities in varied and selfless manners.

The old adage "Do as I say, and not as I do" does not hold true for Gladys and Junior. They have served their community well over the past 55 years. Junior served on the school board for Fowler Grammar School for 30 years. He also served as a Council member of the Salt River Project for 28 years. Both Gladys and Junior have been active in their church, Margaret Brooks Memorial Methodist Church. Gladys was very involved with the grammar school PTA when their children were enrolled there. She also has been an active member and past President of the Fowler Woman's Club.

Junior Brooks passed away on January 4, 1984, after a long illness, but his name and his family are still active in

the community and in the Arizona cattle business. The Brooks Cattle Company is still in operation and Gladys takes a very active role in its operation with her son, Bruce. She has formed a partnership with all three of her sons called Brooks Properties Limited. She lives on the original family farm and enjoys all nine of her grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She enjoys all her memories of the past and looks forward to each new memory happening each new day.



ALFRED ANGUS BUSBY
Valley Farms, Arizona

Alfred Angus Busby was born May 11, 1913, in Graham County, in Eden, Arizona. He is the oldest son of John David Busby and Lettie O'Neil Hunt Busby. He has seven brothers (three deceased) and three sisters, all born at Eden except for two born at Thatcher. His mother, age 94, resides in Thatcher in the original home where her two children were born. His father, a cattleman, passed away in 1977, in Safford, Arizona. Angus attended school at Eden and Thatcher. Angus was raised in the Gila Valley and became acquainted with the surrounding mountain areas - north, west, and south - at an early age when he spent the summers working on cow ranches located in the mountains.

His father's ranch, located west of Black Rock, reminded him of the drought of 1921 in the Gila Valley and the dead cattle lying everywhere and his father's brand, U->, showing on the right side.

The rains came in 1925. At age 12, Angus went to work for Marion McEuen on the Diamond Bar ranch located north of Geronimo. He wrangled and broke horses, flanked calves, gathered cattle, branded and roped them for \$15 per month, his board, and room for a heifer calf. His bed was the ground. At this time, McEuen had 750 mother cows on Gila mountain range lands.

In 1929, he dropped school and went to Florence to work for Clemans Cattle Company.

From 1939-36, Imperial Valley, California, became his winter home and Gila Valley his summer home, at Black Rock ranch. Jobs were scarce during the depression years, but he always had work with different cattlemen. His work hours were long, seven days a week, with a wage of \$2 (later to \$4) per day. Always feeding and pasturing cattle for others and himself. The years 1933-34 was brought another drought.

During the summer of 1933, while riding the range, he

met his future wife, Florence V. Echols, who was herding goats for her father, Fred Echols. They both remember the special horses they rode.

Florence Vilate Echols Busby was born May 3, 1919, in Graham County, Thatcher, Arizona. she is the oldest daughter of Fred Echols and Lillie V. Moody Echols. Both her parents are deceased. She attended school at Thatcher. She graduated from Junior High on May 17, 1936, and on May 21, 1936, Angus and Florence were married at Mesa, Arizona. They lived in Imperial Valley the first year, then moved back to Eden, Arizona. Eden then was a community with a store, a post office, schoolhouse, and church, with some 50 families residing there. Today, very few families reside there. All the community edifices are transferred to Pima, and the land is taken by big land owners.


At Eden, for two years, Angus tried farming, calf raising, lamb and hog raising. Water was scarce; fat lambs sold for \$8 per head, and butcher hogs for \$3.50 per head. In 1942, Angus bargained for a herd of ewes and lambs located in Duncan, which after lambing paid him out of debt. He also tried farming on land located on Gila River, Arizona, near the New Mexico border. This didn't work out.

In 1942, he moved his family to Chandler, Arizona, to work for Clemans Cattle Company. His work was to over see cattle feeding and pasturing. There were beautiful farm lands in the Chandler area - growing grains, alfalfa, melons, and vegetables of various kinds. Today, the lands are covered with buildings.

In 1944, Angus was transferred to Florence, Arizona, to over see 2,000 acres of farm land growing cattle feed. He worked as foreman for Clemans Cattle Company for 12 years and most of the time had a few cattle of his own.

In 1954, he purchased on credit 143 acres of land and a Dairy at Valley Farms, Arizona. By 1956, his family had increased. He had six daughters and three sons, but the dairy business had not increased. Times were rough, so he

started buying and selling cattle at the auctions. He met Mrs. Ruth Parrish at Cornelius Livestock Auction, located then on East Washington Street in Phoenix. He remembers Boyd Parrish, her son, taking bids from his handicapped boy - when bids were lagging - and they got a big laugh.

From 1958-66, Angus worked with cattle - always a few of his own with a brand of (P-open A)  . From 1966-68, Angus learned about the trucking business, even though mistakes were made, his experiences qualified him for a good truck drivers job with Arizona Tank Lines, where he worked for eight years. During that time, all the land was sold except for 1 1/2 acres with his home and enough land kept for an average herd of 25-30 head of cattle to feed, sell, or trade at the auction sales. He retired from Arizona Tank Lines in 1978 and since that time he has been happy doing other things, buying and selling cattle, and working for himself. He's had his ups and downs, but his family never went without the necessities of life. He owns his home and is out of debt.

Angus and Florence, today, have six married daughters and two married sons, with 43 grandchildren, and 37 great-grandchildren. All of Angus Busby's family live in Arizona except for one sister, and all of Florence and Angus' children, and their children's children live in the state of Arizona. Their family has attributed, and still are attributing, to the growth of Arizona - there are home owners, business owners, school teachers, fully active in community and church affairs. One son is still living at home.

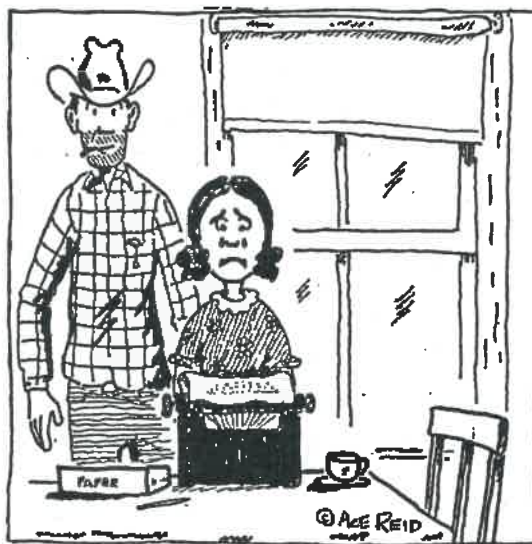
None of Angus' brothers nor his sons love working with cattle like Angus. The only regret he has is he never succeeded to teach his wife to think like an old cow, but he has succeeded to live with her for 52 years and celebrate their Golden Anniversary in 1986, with all of their children, and most of the grandchildren being in attendance. This wonderful celebration was a great event, held in Coolidge,

Arizona.

Story compiled by spouse, Florence V. Busby.

COW POKES

BY ACE REID



"Paw, I don't think I'll ever finish this novel about my life as a ranch wife. My tears keep rustin' up the typewriter!"

VINSON T. BUTLER
Springerville, Arizona

Vince Butler is as rugged as the White Mountain country of his birth, and the personification of the western cowboy ideal. Honest, strong, and resourceful, he combines all the best qualities of a man born to the saddle.

A native of Greer, Arizona, he has seldom strayed far from his Apache County homeland. He lives today with his wife on a ranch near Springerville, where he has a 600-head cow and yearling operation.

Butler is past president of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, and has been active in ACGA affairs for more than 32 years. He had served previously as second vice president and then as first vice president of the association.

Some of the earliest settlers of the White Mountain area were among Butler's ancestors. Spencer Watson Wiltbank of Delaware came west with Mormon pioneers and brought his family to the Round Valley area in 1873. Wiltbank's son, Ellis Whitney Wiltbank, was Vince Bulter's maternal grandfather.

Vinson T. Butler was born October 15, 1913, at Greer, the son of John T. and Mary Ann (Mollie) Crosby Butler. He grew up in Greer, and attended grade school there.

A cousin, Jack Wiltbank, tells of being carried on Vince's shoulders to school through waist-deep snow, and of riding a horse while Vince did the cultivation on the family farm. Like all boys of the area, Vince learned to ride a horse almost as soon as he learned to walk. He became knowledgeable with livestock, too, and soon had his own cattle to care for.

Butler was a leader, even as a boy. Those who grew up with him recall that it was Vince they usually came to when a problem arose.

After completing grade school, Butler attended Phoenix

Union High School for a year, but returned to the White Mountains to complete his high school studies at Round Valley High School in Eagar.

Despite a busy work schedule on the family ranch, he was a member of the Round Valley High School football team, played leading roles in dramatic productions, sang in the school choir, and was business manager of the student body and of the yearbook staff.

He was graduated from Round Valley High School in 1930, after which he went into ranching with his father.

In the mid-1930's, Butler left ranching for a time to join the police force in Jerome, Arizona. He took extensive law enforcement training while living in Prescott, including Federal Bureau of Investigation training, and remained in police work for four years.

The death of his father in 1940 brought an end to that phase of Butler's career, however. He returned to the Greer area to take over his father's ranching interests, and he has lived there ever since.

When Butler returned to the mountains of his birth, he met a pretty Springerville school teacher named Helen Wingfield. Vince soon fell in love, and when Miss Wingfield left to take a teaching job in Superior, he found that he could not be happy without her.

On May 24, 1941, they were married in Phoenix. The Butlers have three daughters: Sarah Marge, Mary Helen, and Sylvia.

Sarah Marge is now Mrs. Oscar Crigler and has followed her mother's footsteps into the teaching profession. Mary Helen is Mrs. Bobby Peters, also a teacher. Sylvia is a recent graduate of Round Valley High School.

One of Butler's principal interests is the White Mountain Range Riders, and organization he helped to establish in 1952. Butler and Ted Hearne are now the only two original members who are still active in the group.

Made up of businessmen from Utah, California, Arizona,

Texas and several other states, the White Mountain Range Riders hold annual rides that are memorable experiences for each participant. Butler has been Trail Boss of the group and is one of its staunchest supporters.

Vince Butler's civic labors are well known throughout northeastern Arizona. He was one of the founders of the White Mountain Communities Hospital, and he still serves on its board of directors. He is a former vice president of the White Mountain Chamber of Commerce and has played a major role in developing the economy of his area. He also served as chairman of the local Forest Advisory Board.

In 1965 the Rotary Club honored Butler as "Rancher of the Year" in the White Mountain area.

One of the highlights of the 1972 Arizona Cattle Growers Association meeting in Springerville was a "This is Your Life" slide show about Bulter's career.

A poem by Milo Wiltbank, entitled "Born To The Saddle," also honored Butler. Its closing lines sum up the feeling that White Mountain people have for Vince Butler:

"His courage hard as rock, unbending as stainless steel,
Willing to serve others, for love, for pleasure, for joy;
This his code of ethics--this the Vince Butler way."

Vince has lived in the Springerville area since he came home in 1940. He has been a member of the White Mountain Community Hospital board and the White Mountain Range Riders.

Helen Wingfield came to the Springerville area in the early '40's to teach school. At that time she was staying at the Apache Hotel. Vince courted Helen and later she left to teach in Superior. Vince decided bachelorhood was not for him so he went to Superior after Helen. He took her to Phoenix and they were married May 24, 1941.

James (Jim) Wingfield, Helen's father located his ranch south and west of Camp Verde known as --1-- (Bar-One-Bar). Helen's mother was Ida M. Casmey from Crookston Minnesota. She taught school a year before she married Jim Wingfield in 1910.

Their first daughter, Sara Marge, was born in 1942. Sara Marge married Oscar Crigler and followed in her mothers footsteps and became a teacher.

Mary Helen joined the family. She has two little girls, Kim and Kerry Johnson. Sylvia was born on September 2, 1945, and graduated from Round Valley in 1972.

This poem was written on July 13, 1972 and sums up the feelings of those of us who have known him:

Born in the saddle to a rangeman's pride.
With a cowman's instinct, to rope, to brand,
to ride.

A true man of the west, upright, born foursquare.
Able to carry his own load, and then some to space.
Born with spurs on his heels and a rope in his hand.
With a knowledge of cattle, also a love of the land.
With body, heart and hands, that can both love and
feel.

His courage hard as rock unbending as stainless steel.
Willing to serve others, for love, for pleasure, for
joy.

This, his code of ethics, this is Vince Butler's way.

Milo Wiltbank wrote a little dedication to this poem that said: To Vince a real son of the west, born of goodly parents, husband of a lovely wife, Helen, father to three charming girls, a man who has never let his own business interfere with his public service or stand in the way when he was needed as a neighbor or a friend.

Vince served as President of the Navajo County Cattle Growers. He has been active in this area for many years as Committee Chairman both locally and for the Arizona Cattle Growers (state-wide). When Vince took over the Presidency for the Arizona Cattle Growers in 1972, he knew he would serve two years. Vince Butler was honored to be elected President of the Arizona Cattle Growers of which he has been a member of for 32 years. He commended the staff of the

Growers for keeping the newsletter current and newsworthy. He especially appreciated the help of Bill Davis who was Secretary at that time. Bill gave Vince a lot of confidence when he was around and was quoted as saying, "Have no fear, William is here." It was a pleasure for Vince to be with Bill at the meetings.

The weather in Arizona was especially good in 1972, and it will probably go down in history as being the year cattle prices reached a level comparable to other prices consumers were paying.

It was in that year that the president of the United States removed the restraints on meat coming in the U.S. under the Meat Import Act of 1964. This let all the other countries ship in all the meat they wanted to.

The environmental group was at it again in 1972. This year's convention (1987) was honored with picketers from the same group. One of the highlights of Vince's year was to attend the Wyoming Stock Grower's 100th anniversary. Twenty-six officers from their states carried their state flags. Vince rode a paint horse and carried the Arizona flag. They also celebrated with a rodeo. The Wyoming Stock Growers during their rodeo were presented the twenty-six state flags. They no doubt have the largest collection of flags along with being the oldest stock grower's association. At that time Vince was able to get acquainted with many other state presidents.

Along with bills each month, Dick Schaus requested a letter from the president. Vince was never really on time mostly he just didn't like to write letters. Vince's letters kept the members aware of the conditions of the cattle industry.

In June and July of 1972 Vince was planning the summer meeting to be held in Springerville. As usual on August 3 and 4 in Springerville, the Arizona Cattle Growers had an overflow crowd. Many things were accomplished, but the predator problems may never be solved. The main item was the

land use planning which is still a problem today. Cattle at that time was selling for 47 and 57 cents.

It was beginning to feel like fall. Vince knew everyone was starting to gather cattle for shipping. The scales needed to be checked and corrals repaired to the best advantage of both the seller and the buyer. Most important was getting your money knowing the check or draft was to be honored.

In December of 1972, Vince Butler led the 69th Annual Convention. It was held in the one time famous Westward Hotel in Phoenix Arizona. This is the time the cattle people renew old acquaintances and make new ones. It is at this time that the Organization of Cattlemen take a look at the issues confronting the industry and guidelines are set through resolutions that are adopted by the directors and officers to follow. Vince Butler started in January of 1973 as his second year serving the cattle industry. It didn't start out all that good, first the meat import law was thrown open for another year, then the grazing fee was raised, along with a New York congressman introducing a bill to repeal the Meat Import Act. This rolled prices back to November of 1972 level. The bureaucratic planners in Washington always submit plans that would please consumers but it's hard to sell the plan to A.C.G.A. members. Especially a lot of stuff that used to be called B.S. and like today listed an environmental pollutant has been hitting the fan since the beginning of time.

Things weren't all troublesome for Vince. He did enjoy the Arizona National 25th Anniversary at the state fair grounds in Phoenix.

Congratulations were extended to Lee and Pearl TePeal, the Board of Directors and all others involved whose efforts go to make it an outstanding show.

At the ANCA Convention in San Antonio, Texas, cattlemen's main conversation was the bad weather we were having all over the nation. It restricted feedlot gains and

added 15-30 feeding time before they were ready to slaughter.

The San Antonio convention was well attended by Arizona cattlemen. It was interesting and educational. After all the cattlemen returned home their ranch had received much snow and rain so they should have a good spring grazing season.

In March of 1973, the main topic was the moisture. Most ranchers had received more rain than any other time since 1941. Along with favorable price prospects for the on-coming season, this should be a morale builder for the people on the livestock industry. Spring is nearly gone and the A.C.G.A. may be in a new building when they send out their next newsletter. Adams Hotel has been their home for so many years.

Vince commented in his April newsletter, "Imagine you folks, like me are getting tired of turning on your TV only to look the consumer right in the eye. I feel especially sorry for the lady who had to shorten her stay in the Bahamas so she could get home to check the two television sets to make sure they were working, get the new \$10,000 pickup and camper in shape to go out and roam on the public sands, mail a statement to the BLM protesting high beef prices. Anyway it makes you wonder if as Bill McMullan said, 'If the urban housewife would stop organizing food boycotts and shovel a little cow manure maybe she would learn where her milk and beef come from, and how much work is involved in producing it.'"

Vince encouraged cattlemen who were not ANCA and ACGA members to boost the membership by not only money but votes.

June and July again was the time to organize the summer meeting. The summer meeting was attended by many cattlemen. They had two congressmen who were with the group the entire season; Steiger and Conlon. They were thanked for their support and efforts put forth on problems effecting our

industry.

Cattle prices was the most interesting topic of conversation. The governing body in Washington after all these years still cannot understand why regulation of prices leaves no profit left for the producers who keep our supply lines moving, from the raw product to the dinner table. It would seem to be leaving us in a hell of a mess, as usual.

In the older days, as we called it, the stealing of cattle was called cattle rustling. Today it is called cattle theft. The problem has always been there. Didn't think it would happen to Vince, but in October when he shipped he even had to replace his scale with a new one. You could call this a vandalism problem. The last day he gathered, stock had been shot and many cattle were missing across the fence. They didn't find eighteen yearling steers in time and he figured he lost \$65.00 a head. They found them later and couldn't get rid of them at the original contract price. He advised other ranchers that had not shipped at that time to check their outside gates.

The 1973 annual meeting was held in Tucson. Vince told the members that he realized they had a year full of surprises. That they were in a business where a lot of money could be made and a lot could be lost. It had been a year of federal interferences and beef prices were effected.

We were attacked by environmentalists who insist on managing our private land. We had Arizona cattlemen living on the mineral strip who have been asked to relinquish right to property they thought was their own. It had been in private holdings for 75 years.

We had a year of record breaking amounts of moisture for the first six months and severe drought for the remainder of the year.

Vince covered all the meetings that were necessary as president of the A.C.G.A. He attended the A.N.C.A. meeting in Colorado.

In August Vince, along with other agricultural leaders,

met with Secretary of Agriculture Butz.

Vince closed his two years of presidency with these words, "It's been a pleasure to have worked with Bill Davis, and the entire office staff. It has been two years of unforeseen things happening to our beef business and it is still having adverse effects on the cattle producers. It has never been more important for people in the cattle business to get together, exchange views, and formulate plans for the future.

These things can only be accomplished by all of us working together through our local, state, and national cattlemen's associations."

During the time Vince Butler was president in 1972, this story was written:

Some of the earliest settlers of the White Mountain area were among his ancestors. Spencer Watson Wiltbank of Delaware came west with Mormon settlers and met Annie Sanders. They were married on Christmas day in 1848. In 1873 he came to Arizona and settled in the Round Valley area. He arranged for John Eager to build the first house in Amity for them. One of their sons was Ellis Whitney Wiltbank.

Ellis Whitney Wiltbank married Hannah Mary Hall in 1875 in St. George Utah. They had eleven children who married and stayed in the Round Valley area. Mary Ann, better known as Aunt "Mollie" was born in St. George, Utah August 21, 1878. She married Lorenzo Crosby on December 9, 1896, and to their union was added 3 children.

After the death of Lorenzo on 1904, Mollie married John Thomas Butler in Greer on December 23, 1908. He was the son of Jacob Noah and Sarah Ann Prince Butler. He was born in Escalante, Utah on May 26 1885. Two more sons were Mieford Willis Butler, who died November 30, 1948, at the age of 38, and Vinson Thomas Butler.

Some people are born with an extraordinary zest for living, and regardless of what tiny corner of the universe in which they are destined to spend their lives, these exuberant

ones manage to live with a flair, that spills over to include their families, friends and neighbors. Such a person is Mollie Butler, who has lived most of her busy lifetime high up in the White Mountains, at Greer.

Born in St. George, Utah, in 1878, Mrs. Butler came to Arizona when she was 6 years old. Her father, Ellis Wiltbank, had been sent here by the Mormon church. The Wiltbanks first settled in Nutrioso, later homesteaded near the head of Black River where Big Lake is now. About seven years later the senior Wiltbank started farming at Amity, above Eagar, and then built a home at Greer, on the banks of the trout-filled Little Colorado.

When she was 12 years old, Mrs. Butler's father gave her a Jersey cow. Later she traded 4 steers for 4 heifers and before long had parlayed these cattle into a 12-head cowherd. One season these 12 cows had 12 heifer calves.

In 1908, Molly Crosby married John T. Butler. Mr. Butler died in 1940. Their son, Vinson, was President of the Northern Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

A paved road makes Greer readily accessible now, but when Molly Butler's family moved there, horse drawn transportation was slow and strenuous. Fort Apache had a complement of troops there and for a number of years, Molly Butler made twice-yearly trips down there with immense loads of cheese and butter. The round trip took 7 days and her children would go along too. A great expedition for all of them. Their first overnight stop would be at the famed old Cooley ranch.

In the early days, the Little Colorado had native trout in it of exceptionally fine flavor, and Col. Thompson, the copper mine developer from Superior would come up to fish, staying at the Butlers' home. He was followed by other well-known people and, before they knew it, the Butlers were in the resort business, as well as cattle. The country abounded in lions, bear, and turkeys which attracted outdoorsmen. The Butler's would run pack trips into the mountains for them.

These guests enjoyed flopping in at "Uncle John Hall's" ranch up in the Baldy country. Mrs. Butler would get him the word ahead of time and an enormous cowboy dinner would be ready when they got there. Similarly, the Mexican sheep camps would put on a lamb barbecue for the Butlers' pack trips, with the hosts having as much fun as the guests.

Other notables who came to Butlers' lodge at one time or another included James Willard Schultz. He was a writer for the old Youths' Companion magazine, and a number of his stories that thrilled youngsters of another generation were take-offs from stories he heard while camping out in the White Mountains. Schultz would arrive in Greer in a Stanley Steamer. He often patterned his characters after Mrs. Butler's children. Another writer who liked the congeniality at Butlers, and the fine hunting and fishing, was Stewart Edward White, another writer "oldster's" will remember with nostalgia. And Mary Roberts Rhinehart. She wrote great mystery novels and contributed often to the best women's magazines. Zane Grey also stayed at the Butlers, before he ever saw the Mogollon country. So did Ex-governor Tom Campbell who later became ambassador to Spain.

With both guests and cattle, the Butlers needed lots of horses. Molly Butler was not only an expert horsewoman, but she could deftly handle a 6-horse team pulling a heavy load over mountain trails. She once rode cross-country to St. Johns in the morning, had a tooth pulled, and rode back to the ranch the same day. About 1916, she ran for the legislature on the Republican ticket and did her campaigning on horseback.

Mrs. Butler has always had an acute business sense and drive. One time in the early days the Butlers work horses were contracted to haul some equipment to a timber site in the mountains. Money was scarce so she took payment in lumber which she hauled to Concho, then somewhat more thriving than it is today, and sold it there.

About 5 years ago, Mrs. Butler sold the last of her

interests in the MLY cattle to her son, Vinson, but she keeps busy with a sort of serene energy - enjoying a full and useful life. For many years before her death, she was on the local school board and all her life she had been active in church activities. Greer is one of the most delightful spots in Arizona - in the summer. In the winter, it can be something else again. Mrs. Butler lived there the year around, just as she did as a child. Petite, with a lovely sense of humor and a sparkle in her eyes, with a busy schedule every day, she was truly a grand lady of the mountain.

The Hawaiian Story

This seems a good place to insert a short account of the delightful experience our Arizona cattlemen and Cowbells enjoyed as we accompanied cattlemen and Cowbells from over the nation to the convention of the American National in Hawaii in January, 1969.

For a whole year plans and arrangements had been made by our Arizona Cattle Growers and Arizona Cowbells to go to Hawaii, so 109 members of the cattle industry boarded planes in Phoenix and Tucson, in flight to Los Angeles and the Pan American checking area for Flight 807, ready to leave Los Angeles at 10:30 a.m. for Hilo, Hawaii.

Kelly Hanos, a native of the Islands, was our tour escort, along with tour managers, Joe Knapp and Frank Hunter, so we had no worries. They were fine and gave expert help. Kelly told our men not to blush if a little brown Hula girl hangs a lei around their neck, and anchors it with a kiss. The little brown boys were for us gals!

After landing, our group loaded onto three buses and toured the big island of Hawaii. We saw all sorts of growing things. At one nursery we visited they had nearly 22,000 different kinds of orchids. There were beautiful parks and schools. We sped through many fields and many suburban areas. Kelly, our guide, was quite witty. He said the reason for building houses so high off the ground was because

of almost 100 inches of rainfall per year, and if termites ever stopped long enough to hold hands with each other the house would fall down. He said Hawaiians plant African Daisies to practice segregation. Many homes had goats tied in their yards which he called lawn mowers.

We viewed the Kihaua Crater, the most recent active volcano. Parts of the area showed dire devastation, wrought by volcanic reaction.

We drove through the Giant Tree Fern Forest and this reminded us a lot of the Redwood Forests in California. As we drove through the Ka'u Desert we saw many cactus which looked like those on our own deserts, so we felt very much at home. Leaving the desert areas, we drove along the black sand beach of volcanic lava.

After breakfast on the third day of our visit we again climbed on our buses and toured the Parker Cattle Ranch. This ranch, the largest on the Islands, has 252,000 acres, spread over steep mountain slopes and deep gorges. It is rich grass land even though some cactus dotted the plains. We visited a Hereford ranch where a Kamuela rancher joined us. He showed us some very fine breeding bulls, mother cows and beautiful baby calves. Several in our group were picture-taking enthusiasts, so many pictures were taken of the cattle and most everything else. We stopped at Kawaihae Bay for lunch at the Mauna Kea Hotel, where a good many of our girls broke down and bought Mu Mus, which they had said all along they were not going to buy! Some of our men bought flowered shirts; they were real sports. Among them were Carl Stevenson, Bill Davis, Walter Armer, Fred and Poncho Boice, Carl Hintz, Fred Stone, Frank Ogden, Houston Davis, and Bud Gunterman. Julia and Polly could not talk Paul or Ernest into buying one, although everyone thought they'd look real sharp in flowered shirts.

From the big island of Hawaii it took 23 minutes to fly to Maui, and from the airport there we went directly to the Kasnapali area where we were met by Maui Farm Bureau members.

After touring their farm land we went to the beach where we found Maui farmers cooking a delicious meal for us. We listened to Hawaiian music and those who wanted had cocktails while we waited for the steaks.

Paul Riggs toasted Lil' Dudette to "Stony" (Floyd Stone), who had just been elected our new Mr. Arizona Cowbelle. Julia and I walked along the beach and found many lovely pieces of coral, which we said we would take home since we had found them ourselves.

As we left Maui we saw a thousand head of white face cattle on dry ranch land, and then on through cane fields where we picked up County Agent Miller T. Hunter, who hailed from Missouri. Many pick-up loads of Maui farmers joined our group, to show us a vineyard of Passion Fruit and fields of lush ripe pineapples.

After lunch all 109 of us were together again, and we boarded our three buses for Kahulki Airport for our flight to Honolulu. It took 20 minutes to the Island of Oahu, which is known as the "gathering place." There we boarded buses and a car and had an orientation tour of the city, through the University of Hawaii, through lovely Monoa Valley's residential area, and stopped at the grave of Erni Pyle. This was in the bottom of the "The Punch Bowl," the Memorial cemetery of the Pacific. We climbed to the top of Naunu Poli lookout, to view Diamond Head from the National Memorial Cemetery. On our way back from "The Punch Bowl" we saw the Buddhist Temple and got a glimpse of the Far East.

Then, on to our hotels. During all those pre-convention days of sightseeing we enjoyed so much visiting and learning from our guides, Kelly, Jo and Frank, so when we checked into our hotels and were told we would be on our own from there on, we were shocked and reluctant to lose our "sitters." The convention hotels were the Hilton and Waikikian. Immediately on being assigned to our rooms, many of the men had committee meetings to attend, while Cowbelles were getting acquainted and making plans for meetings.

Groups who had idle time joined for shows and entertainment of various kinds, and there were many parties. Irene Sproul, my roommate and I went with the Paul Riggs and Ernest Brownings to a party. It was in the oldest resort hotel in Hawaii, The Royal Hawaiian, nestled among the many skyscrapers in the large city of Honolulu, and very delightful. But, we never realized how expensively we had been enjoying ourselves until we spent an evening at the Topper Room in the Hawaiian Village. For a show and dinner for six of us, the check was a few cents short of \$72.00.

On Monday, January 20th, more than sixty of our group from Arizona signed up for the Pearl Harbor Cruise. Many of us missed the Cowbelle workshops but we felt a real urge to pay our respects to our Battleship Arizona and our fine young soldiers who gave their lives there. Buses picked us up at our hotels and Kelly Hanoa again joined us. He was a welcome sight.

That tour is one that none of us will ever forget. The many officers and hundreds of our finest young soldiers who went down with the USS Arizona, and also the USS West Virginia, the USS Tennessee and the USS Oklahoma; their hulls could be seen above the water. We sat in silence as we heard the story of the Arizona Memorial - the flag on top and the plaque on the base. Many Arizona Cowbells will remember when we joined in the campaign to raise money to build the memorial. Sitting there, listening and thinking, made us grateful that we had a small part in building this in memory of Arizona's father and brothers and sons who went down with their ship in Pearl Harbor.

From the USS Arizona we were taken alongside the Enterprise, the largest aircraft carrier in the Pacific. There, we could see her blown-out hull, which we read about just two weeks before our flight to Hawaii. Twenty-nine soldiers were killed when an unknown bomb hit.

Nestled in those waters are many other defense ships. These Islands are truly the cross-roads of the Pacific, as

they host ocean liners from all over the world that come into their ports. We should appreciate how important and proud we are to have Hawaii one of our 50 states.

One of the Cowbelle's delightful activities was a luncheon and fashion show held on Tuesday for all ladies at the convention.

Cowbelle membership brunch was held the following day and many of the different State Cowbelle groups brought favors which were clever, artistic and much appreciated. Hawaii Cowbelle gave us all bags filled with Island lore. They proved to be marvelous hosts.

Pat Stevenson of Red Rock, Arizona, was elected President elect so we can look forward with much pleasure to having our own Arizona Pat as American National Cowbelle President in 1970.

Julia Riggs gave her 1968 report, and Lucille Stone was introduced as our 1969 Arizona State President.

Thursday evening, which was to be our last night on the Islands, we enjoyed the American National convention banquet and dance. All entertainment was, of course, Hawaiian, with hula dancers, Tahitian dancers, and Hilo Hattie.

On Friday, Tucson and Phoenix groups joined together for our flight home. It is a mistake to call all our Arizona delegates to the convention as being from Tucson or Phoenix. Actually, most of the Arizonans were from somewhere else, from all over the State to either Phoenix or Tucson to catch a plane, and likewise back to Phoenix or Tucson, from where they would go back to their ranches in all counties of the State.

We were loaded with extra shopping bags and bundles, carrying some articles that were told might not go through customs. Again, my coral rocks were bogging me down, so Vince Butler (bless him) carried that bag for me. Ted Lee was allowed to bring home his coconut. Many had shopping bags full of gifts for loved ones; and many had sent pineapples home by air express.

We bid Kelly and Frank farewell in Honolulu, but Jo Knapp traveled with us as she was going to her home in Berkeley, California.

Leaving Los Angeles for our flight home were Bob and Marian Boice of Globe, Helen and Vince Butler of Springerville, Bill and Barb Erdwurn and C.B. and Pat Erdwurn of Phoenix, Carl and Alice Hintz of Phoenix, Winnie and Louie Horrell of Globe, Shirley and Wade Lacy of Phoenix, Ted and Doris Lee of Central, Jerrie and Jack Rooks of Buckeye, Floyd and Lucille Stone of Mesa and I, Betty Accomazzo of Laveen. Many hoped they might some day return to see more of the Islands. I shall always be grateful that I could go and I hope to see other parts of this big continent some day.

Cowbells all over the nation were saddened to learn

of the death of the first President of the American National Cowbells, Mary Louise Lynam of Kansas. She passed away February 21, 1969, after a brief illness. Mrs. Lynam helped to organize both the American National and the Kansas Cowbells. Before her death, National Cowbells established a scholarship in her honor.

Now, let us turn back to history of Arizona State Cowbells, although each of us who spent that week in Hawaii will remember it as a delightful part of our own life history.

Let us pick up when Lucille Stone was elected Arizona State Cowbelle President at our convention in December, 1968. Before leaving that convention Lucille officially opened her year by naming Betty Accomazzo as her Secretary.

Vince and Helen will always remember their trip to Hawaii.

The 1987 Arizona National Livestock Show is Dedicated To

OSCAR RAY CRIGLER (1941-1985)

Oscar Ray Crigler was known both by the horsemen, as well as the cattlemen of Arizona, for his ability and devotion to hard work. "If you're waitin' on me, you're late," was an adage often used by Oscar, and an under-statement where he was concerned. Yet he always found time to lend a helping hand and to listen with an understanding ear. Those who called him "Friend," knew the meaning of the word.

He was a member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Assoc., the Arizona Quarter Horse Breeders Assoc., the Arizona Paint Horse Assoc., as well as the American Quarter Horse Assoc., American Paint Horse Assoc., and the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Assoc. His name crossed the ledgers of such cattle outfits as Hughes & Ganz, T & C Cattle Co., and 26 Bar, where he worked not only out on the range and in the stockyards, but helped to fit and show cattle as well.

Oscar carried this ability and knowledge over into the horse industry. After marrying his wife, Sarahmarge (Wink) Butler, they operated a breeding program of quarter horse and paint horses, along with cattle ranching in Springerville, Arizona. Combining his talents with those of the horses he rode, numerous national and world championship titles were won in the show ring.

The Arizona National was a favorite show for Oscar. This is where his horse show career began in 1965, and he returned every year thereafter to capture his share of awards. His presence in the show ring was greatly admired and respected by the competition and his peers. His absence will long be felt.

He was one of us.



Oscar Ray Crigler

IN MEMORY OF
OSCAR CRIGLER
LATE HUSBAND OF
SARAHMARGE "BUTLER" CRIGLER

Please see page 21
for the history of
Vinson Butler, father of Sarahmarge

LEONARD CHEATHAM

Laveen, Arizona

Leonard's family story started in the early part of the century, when Leonard's grandfather, W. C. Cheatham, moved his family from the vicinity of Abilene, Texas, to Duncan, Arizona, by way of Capstead, New Mexico. With the help of Leonard's father, A. D. (Dee) Cheatham, a farm and dairy were established near the Arizona community.

In about 1912, around the time Arizona was a state, the elder Cheatham moved to the Salt River Valley, settling in the vicinity of 16th Street and the Salt River. Three or four years later, W. C. moved again to Laveen, where he was joined in 1919 by Leonard's father and family. Leonard's father and an uncle bought and operated the Laveen Store at Dobbins Road and 51st Avenue. The pair also started an extensive farming enterprise nearby. Subsequently, Leonard's father, A. D. Cheatham, became postmaster of Laveen; a position he held for more than 30 years.

In 1931, the brothers finally discovered their partnership and Leonard's father branched out with a dairy of his own. In 1940 this dairy was moved to its present location on 51st Avenue, one-half mile south of Baseline Road.

Leonard was born in February of 1914 in Duncan Arizona. He started to Laveen School, went for eight years and graduated in 1927. His teacher for those years was Beryl Hoffman and at that time E. D. Ring was Principal. Class officers that year were Lloyd Hunt, President; Rafael Florez, Vice President; Mernice Johnson, Secretary; and Russel Neil, Treasurer.

Class roll was Mernice Johnson, Lloyd Hunt, Ernest Morris, Norman Fain, Lois Mitchell, Roy Duggan, Carroll Baird, Rafael Florez, Bernard Johnson, Leonard Cheatham, Lewis Maulden, Walter Johns, Adel Vines, Tray Bosely, William Maulden.

Commencement Exercises

Song: Commencement

Salutatorian - Walter Johns

Class History - Carroll Baird

Class Will - Russel Neil

Valedictorian - Leonard Cheatham

Address - Rev. Hardy Ingram

Presentation of Diplomas - E. D. Ring

Leonard then spent four years at Phoenix Union High School and took an agriculture course and graduated in May of 1931.

Leonard's wife, Rita (Medina) Cheatham, was born in Gilbert, Arizona. Rita is the daughter of Jesus and Maria Medina. She and Leonard met when her father was milking at the Cheatham Dairy. She found that she was "needed more and more as an interpreter," she related with a shy smile. After four years they finally married. As Leonard put it, "At a time when mixed marriages were a lot less acceptable than they are today, we moved to California and worked for several months for Adhor Farms until the family got used to the idea. If I have any regrets, it's only that we didn't get married sooner."

Rita and other members of her family attended Laveen School. Rita graduated on May 17, 1935. Class officers that year were: Ray Hudson, President; Hollis Schoenberger, Vice President; Tilla Jean Rich, Secretary and Treasurer. Class members were : Hollis W. Schoenberger, Vint Nixon, Charles Pitrat, Ray Hudson, Rita E. Medina, Mary Bush, Helen Selvey, Pearl Watson, Nadine Clow, Ruby Lee Kirk, Charles Willard Fulks, Tilla Jean Rich, Warren Tucker, Helen Marie Farris, Doris Tyson, Rheta (Chinkie) Richerson, Mary Margaret Bingham, Edith Virginia Holland, and Johnnie Bingham. The School Board members were: A. D. Cheatham as the president; Charles O. Pitrat as clerk; and R. L. Tyson was a member.

Leonard and Rita, after their marriage, became very active in the dairy business. They were involved with the

Cheatham Dairy, Inc., with Leonard's father as Chairman of the Board, boasting of the largest herd of registered Holstein cattle in the nation. Ormsby bloodlines from Jess Elliott's breeding and the old Central Avenue Dairy formed the foundation of the Cheathams in those days. As far back as 1960, the Cheatham crop farming operation kept pace with the expanding 4,000 acres of owned and leased land. Draft horses supplied the farm power in the early days and have remained a Cheatham trademark. If Leonard had a hobby, it was breeding Belgian horses. The beautifully powerful animals still supply some of the power on the Cheatham farm and dairy.

In the middle 1960's, the Cheathams maintained the draft champion, Pine Grange Inez and others such as Kel-Bar-Re, Aurora and Dee Ann Piche Paragon. In the early 40's through 70's and yet today, if you were driving in the vicinity of 51st Avenue from Southern to Elliot Road south, you would pass matched Belgian horses.

In 1942, Cheatham and his four sons; Ernest, Leonard, George, and Armon II had grown into a family partnership. They purchased a Suffolk Station and mares from Dan Casement of Kansas. Pleased with the big purebreds, they purchased in 1946, a Belgian stallion with six mares from C. G. Good and Son of Ogden, Iowa. This breeding program is still continued today.

When a Cheatham finds a good thing he stands by it whether it is a horse, cow or man. Boys born on the ranch, side by side with their fathers, drive succeeding generations of horses. Teams are chosen by or assigned to a driver and from that day forward, no other man can touch his team without an argument. Boyd "Jug" Gaines has worked for the Cheathams for many years with his devotion of the drivers to their teams. When Roany, of Jug's team died, Jug went to the Cheathams and asked for the day off to bury him. It takes a large size hole to bury a 2,000 pound horse, but Jug refused help. On payday, he requested that he not be paid for the

day that he buried Roany, saying, "Many's the day I wouldn't have gotten a day's work done if that old team hadn't taken care of me. Least I could do was take care of him myself." A man could hardly become fond of a tractor.

At seven years of age, the Cheatham boys began to drive teams. This built character and a sense of responsibility but also made for a few tense moments. One summer day, Armon II hitched his team to the mower while he went over to visit his cousin Leonard's son, Linsey, who was also eight years old. The unaccustomed feeling of "no hands on the lines" frightened the horses and they bolted. They made a diagonal swath across the field until they straddled a mesquite tree. The mower and harness were damaged and so was Armon's prestige.

While there are figures to prove the economy and the efficiency of the horse operation, every member of the family and every man on the place loves the horsepower that is a living monument to Dee Cheatham, Leonard's father who "always set great store by his horses." For many years the Big Teams of horses were a welcomed sight at many of the school carnivals and still are a big attraction at our annual barbecues, held each year on the last Sunday of January.

On the Cheatham farm, Leonard and his three brothers all assumed some responsibility, a specialized position assumed by virtue of natural talent and interest. Leonard became the dairyman, Ernie evolved into the business manager and public spokesman, George supervised the crops and farming, and Armon handled buildings, repair and maintenance.

The dairy operation continues on today with Leonard's sons; Foster, Lee and Linsey expressing the greatest interest in the dairy phase of the Cheatham farming operation. They all have the natural eye and the touch of a stockman which has been displayed publicly at many years of Holstein shows and sales.

In writing a story of farmers and dairymen, one seems to be always leaving out an awfully important part of the

stories. The Cheatham women are a big part of the dairy and farms they operate. Leonard says that you don't have much of a dairy without cows and there is certainly no family without a woman. Of course he is referring to his wife, Rita, a tall, quiet, dark-haired, handsome woman, waiting; waiting in a pickup, in the hotel lobby, at the airport, in the back of a meeting room or in the bleachers at the Holstein show or sale.

However, with little reflection, they know that Rita Cheatham is not just waiting. Like all wives, she is transferring her strength, support and approval to her husband. In effect, she is saying, "Go ahead and exhaust yourself if necessary to do what you have to do. I'll see that you get home safely and are rested and ready for the next round."

Rita has also provided a home environment based on a quiet religious faith where education and service to others is a paramount. Her church and community service record would fill a book -- a large one. Rita was president for the P.T.A., many offices in both P.T.A. and Laveen Cowbells. She has been a member of the Laveen Community Council since it organized in 1964. Rita has been a member of the Laveen Depression Glass Club.

For many years, Leonard served faithfully on the Laveen School Board and brought the community through many problems during his years.

THE CHILDREN OF LEONARD AND RITA CHEATHAM

Linda Jean (Cheatham) Lee, first child of Leonard and Rita Cheatham, was born on February 19, 1941. She attended Laveen School, South Maintain High School and was very active in all school activities. She was president of the Girls League, and was a Pom Pom girl. She was later in 4-H and became a leader. She won the Kiwanis Award, went to 4-H Roundup twice and was sent to the National 4-H Congress in Chicago after winning the Santa Fe Achievement award. While in Chicago, she was a speaker at the 4-H banquet. Linda was

very active in her church programs, especially in the Ward that she was in and as a Stake leader. She was Dairy Princess in 1961 and has been very active in farm organizations. At the National Dairy Princess Contest she was runner-up. While attending Arizona State University in Tempe she received the Associated Women's Scholarship. She later was offered a scholarship to the University of Arizona in Tucson where she attended for two years. She transferred from the University of Arizona when she received a scholarship to Brigham Young University in Utah. At Brigham Young she received her degree in education and taught school for two years to help her husband, Robert Thomas Lee, who she had married in September of 1963. She met Robert at Brigham Young University.

Robert's education was interrupted by a mission that he took for the Latter Day Saints Church. He finished his education at Brigham Young University and later was transferred to Stanford University for his graduate work. His first job took them to New York City where he worked at the Rokerfeller Center. They made their home in Yonkers, New York. They later moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut. Finally, they decided to come back home to Laveen. At that particular time, School Elections and teacher's problems were being discussed, and knowing everyone in Laveen, they thought it best to settle elsewhere. After looking around and considering many places, including Tempe and Litchfield communities, they decided to build their home at Litchfield Park. The Lees have four children; Erin Karrine Lee, Ryan Foster Lee, Robert Thomas Lee, Jr., and Brittnee Sherrie Lee.

Robert Thomas Lee, Jr. is a Brigham Young University student. He is now on leave to serve his church mission on the East Coast. On his return he will return to Brigham Young University. He is active in sports and church activities and was a Future Farmers of America member when he attended Agua Fria High School.

Erin Karrine Lee attended Litchfield Park Elementary

School, Agua Fria High School, and is now attending Brigham Young University. She is a very active girl like her mother. She loves children and is active in all of her church activities and camp programs.

Ryan Foster Lee attended Litchfield Park School and is now at Agua Fria High School. He is a real worker, always on the move. With him, there's never a dull moment. He is very active in community affairs and enjoys Boy Scouts' activities. His father is a Scoutmaster and he takes different troops to the Grand Canyon and on overnight trips. Ryan has had many good and bad experiences on his scouting ventures.

Brittnee Sherrie Lee is also active in school as well as in church activities. You seldom see her without a baby in her arms. There are no strangers for her. In the family, town, or church activities, she always asks mothers if she can hold and care for their babies. She is a great help with her nieces and nephews. She is also on a Stretch and Sew spree in her homemaking class in school.

Linda and Bob have kept active in church activities and in the community. Linda substitute teaches in the Litchfield and Avondale areas to keep abreast of school community interest as well as help with the family finances. Not any time is wasted in that family. They still have time for family dinners.

Leonard Foster Cheatham, Jr. was born June 24, 1944. He is the second child and first son of Leonard and Rita Cheatham. He attended Laveen Elementary School and graduated from South Mountain High School. While in high school, he received the Tow Letterman Award in football and basketball and was Homecoming King. He was active in the Laveen 4-H Club and was a Junior Leader. He received many awards in the Dairy and Horse Clubs. He also received the Kiwanis Award and went to 4-H roundup twice. Leonard Foster graduated from the University of Arizona with a Masters Degree. He served in the Army Medical Corps at Lettermans

Hospital and spent his time checking eyes for the new enlistments. After being discharged from the Army, he enrolled at the University of Arizona for a semester to get his Doctorate Degree. He later married Leigh Ann Lawrence on September 18, 1971. Foster is busy on the Cheatham Dairy farm. He works with the breeding program of purebred cattle. Leonard Foster is active in the Holstein Friesian Association and was president for two years. He is a member of the Sheriff's Posse, team ropes as part of the rodeo program and is a member of the Laveen P.T.A.

Leigh Ann works in the Internal Revenue Office. She also is active, along with Leonard, in his activities. She is a past Rodeo Attendance Queen and has won many awards in barrel racing. She belongs to the Professional Womens Club.

The couple has one daughter, Rita Camille, who was born on April 28, 1977. Camille attended one year of pre-school with Deona Langston, one year of advanced pre-school with Virginia Mundall and is now attending first grade at Laveen School.

Lee Floyd Cheatham was born August 15, 1947, in Phoenix, Arizona. He is the third child and second son of Leonard and Rita Cheatham. Lee attended Laveen School, South Mountain High School, and graduated from the University of Arizona. He has won many awards during his 4-H activities, attended Roundup twice, received the Four Leaf Clover Award and won the trip to National 4-H Congress in Chicago. Through all of his school years, sports have been a great part of his life. He was a three letterman in high school in football, basketball, and baseball. After playing baseball for Laveen in the County League, Lee continued as a coach in the Laveen summer program for eight years. He also played football for Phoenix College and was on the Shrine Bowling Team. He now works on the Cheatham Dairy Farm very closely with his brother, Leonard Foster, as a team roping partner. They have won many awards, including belt buckles and a beautiful saddle for All Around Cowboy.

Lee married Kathleen Lewis (Kathy) on May 9, 1975. Her family roots and heritage come from Boston, Massachusetts. Kathy is a member of the Mayflower Society. She has worked for many years for the Revlon Phoenix plant. Lee and Kathy have two children. Micaela Rene Cheatham (Cayla) was born November 11, 1980, and is now attending preschool class with Mrs. Deona Langston. Brett Lee Cheatham was born February 15, 1983, and is now into pencil and crayola writing. He keeps both Leonard and Rita busy cleaning walls, counters, books and whatever he can reach to write on. The grandparents hope that his energy continues to adult life and fulfills a great mission on earth.

Evelyn Corrine Cheatham was born on March 28, 1951. She is the second daughter and fourth child of Leonard and Rita Cheatham. She was named after her mother and grandmother, Corrine has had many interesting experiences in her life which are too numerous to attempt to write here. They are in her Genealogy Family History Story. She attended Laveen School, South Mountain High School and graduated from Brigham Young University and graduate work at Arizona State University. Corrine has been active in school, community and church activities. Corrine was active as a member in 4-H Foods, Sewing, Home Furnishing and Decorating, Child Care, and Dairy. She received the Laveen Community Council trophy for the most Outstanding Girl of the sixty members in the Laveen 4-H Club. Corrine was also active in Girls League, a leader in the church camping program, and a teacher in the Primary and Young Adult Church programs. The Three Musketeers of Laveen were Corrine Cheatham, Anne (Accomazzo) Moore, and Karen (Spotts). Corrine now teaches at Fowler Elementary School where she started after her graduation year. She is happy; loves children, her family, and especially her nieces and nephews, always caring and doing extra things for them.

Linsey Foy Cheatham was born July 26, 1956. He is the fifth child and third son of Leonard and Rita Cheatham.

Linsey attended Laveen Elementary School, Treavor Browne High School, and Glendale College. He was active in 4-H and in sports. However, a knee injury in sports limits his sports activities to some extent. He injured his knee while playing football in high school and while playing baseball on the Laveen County Team. He has had two or three operations and has to take treatments and therapy.

Linsey is very active in dairy activities. He is a member of the Holstein Fresian Association and is representative of Canadian Holstein Semen to the Arizona Dairy Breeders. He also works at the Cheatham Dairy Farm. His main activities are with farm equipment. He is now picking cotton on the farm. He takes time off to deliver the semen for artificial insemination and to attend out-of-state Holstein Dairy Shows. After he took some of the cattle and attended the Fresno California Western International Exposition in which Arizona Holstein Breeders took a state herd. Two of the Cheatham cattle competed in the show. The Cheatham family has been showing cattle in competition for 38 years.

Leonard Cheatham is overseer of all Dairy, and the Feeds, Hay and Grain.

Foster, the oldest son, takes care of the breeding and doctoring of the animals.

Lee Cheatham takes care of the Feeding Operation and Linsey cares for the Operation of keeping all of the equipment in good shape.

The three boys, LFC Enterprises, takes care of the selling of the semen in Arizona and out of state.

The brand used by the Cheathams are the C/B, chosen for the two Cheatham brothers. Leonard's uncle Shel and his father, A. D. Cheatham.

Leonard's sons, Foster and Lee, now own the C/B. They have three other brands. The Bar H Bar, -H-, the Lazy HL,

and the Diamond L  L . The brand that was most frequently used was the Bar H Bar because it was easy to burn

and required less care and healed better.

Leonard Foster Cheatham, in 1975 was serving the ninth year as President of the United Dairymen of Arizona and had become a leader in the industry, not only in Arizona but throughout the United States. He has served on the National Dairy Advisory Board, has been Director of the American Dairy Council, President of Arizona Milk, President of the American Dairy Association, President of Mountain Milk and President of the Arizona Holstein Breeders. In these many positions, Leonard Cheatham has continuously supported the University of Arizona through generous UDA grants. This assistance has led to research in dairy cattle nutrition, pesticide control and other projects to improve the dairy profession. As well as being a leader in his profession, he is also active within his community as a member of the School Board for the past 18 years. He also serves as a Boy Scout sponsor and 4-H leader. Because of his active involvement in both the dairy industry and his community, the University of Arizona Alumni Association was proud to present to Leonard F. Cheatham its distinguished Citizen Award in 1975.

GEORGE TURNBULL CLINE and ROXIE CLINE

Tonto Basin, Arizona

George Turnbull Cline was born April 30, 1886, at the Bouquet Ranch on Tonto. He was the eldest son of John L. and Martha Cline. He passed away at the TV Ranch June 19, 1976. He owned the land on which he was born in the valley between the Sierra Ancha and the Mazatzal Mountains.

Well known in Payson, George for many years was a champion rodeo winner at the World's Oldest Continuous Rodeo. When "The August Doin's" were held in the middle of the dusty main street with the arena fenced by cars lining the sides of the road, George was always there. His special skill was in roping.

He was an annual winner at the Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo. A contestant in other shows, one of his early trophies was a gold medal which attests: "World's Championship Bull Tying -- Arizona State Fair -- 1919-- George Cline and John Armer." The event is now called team tying.

In 1923, he journeyed to New York where he won first money in calf roping in Yankee Stadium (before Madison Square Garden was constructed). He also was the first man to rope an animal in the newly built Madison Square Garden. He went on to win prizes in Denver and in Cheyenne where he placed first in calf roping, team tying, and wild cow milking. The following morning, stumbling in his boots, he recalls he had stuffed his prize money in the toe of his boot.

He said, "The first rodeo I ever did see was in Pleasant Valley. I was just a young feller then, tryin' to get a ranching start. When the other boys went a rodeoin', I stayed home and gathered mavericks and made more money than they did."

George bred and raised horses, racing several quarterhorses to championships. Among them was Buster, classified Triple A, and raised by Chester Cooper. Prissy

and Prissy Mae were also winners on Arizona and New Mexico race tracks. But George's favorite riding animal for ranch work was Maude, a strong, intelligent mule which "knewed savvy as a cutting horse" and had more stamina and cow sense, and operated better in a corral than some cowboys.

Although he was a champion rodeo contestant and horse raiser, George's main interest was in ranching and raising Hereford cattle. He operated several outfits in Gila County and gave credit to many persons for helping him. His first brand was the IK which he bought from Frank Holder of Payson for \$300. Later, he owned one of Arizona's oldest recorded brands, the C/A. He also purchased the Tin Cup and Butcher Hook. He said he bought the T Turkey Track from Guy Solomon and Old Man Bill Wootan, with money borrowed from John Latimer. He acquired the Bar K from Ed Fuel, the Bar 11 from the Valley Bank of Globe, and the VIV from Joe Bassett which he later traded to T. L. Meredith. At the time of his death, he owned the TV Ranch, the Bouquet, and the J/X outfits.

A partner in his life was his wife of 65 years, Roxie, whom he called "Blossom." They were married in 1911. At the time his bride-to-be, Roxie Ann Libby Solomon lived on Webber Creek at the Herron Ranch (now the Boy Scout Camp Geronimo). The couple rode horseback to Payson where their marriage was performed by Justice of the Peace George A. Randall and duly witnessed by Clerk J. W. Wentworth and William H. Hilligass.

They traveled on horses 60 miles to lower Tonto Basin to the ranch of George's father, John. George related, "Next morning we moved by wagon to the head of Roosevelt Lake where the plum trees were. I had built a two-room frame house with \$200 that I borrowed from T. T. Frazier, Roosevelt store owner. There was a well, but no pulley."

The couple had two children: A son "Doc" (Benjamin Baker) and a daughter June (now Mrs. Raymond Winters). Doc received his nickname from the doctor who delivered him, Dr. B.B. Moore, who later became Governor of the state of Arizona.

Doc married Dorothy Herman, and they had one son, John

Stephen Cline, who ranches in Tonto Basin. John Stephen married Arlene Starks of Mesa on March 25, 1954. Steve and Arlene have two sons, John Cristen and Stephen Mark. The oldest, John Christen was married to Jeannie Marie Morris of Payson, on January 31, 1976.

Doc was killed during spring roundup on April 14, 1958. He was dragged to his death by a runaway horse.

June was married to Leonard Mitchell and had one daughter, Roxie Lynn. Roxie Lynn Mitchell married Raymond Hold on December 10, 1960. They have three children; daughters Joy Lynn and Robin Gay and son Cutter Turnbull Holt. The Holts are living in Payson.

June later married Russell Wayne Ewing of Coleman, Texas. They had two sons, George Allen and Bill Jack Ewing. George Allen married Linda Gail Murphy of Inspiration, Arizona, on June 9, 1963. They have three daughters, Tammy Lynn, Julie Ann (who has one little girl, Stormy, by a previous marriage), and Cathy Jo. George Allen also has a son, Brett Allen, by a previous marriage, who is now married to Bonnie Anderson of Mesa, Arizona, and have 2 children-both girls. Bill Jack Ewing married Janice Jackson of Phoenix, Arizona, on January 12, 1973, and today is happily remarried to Cindy Brunson of Payson, Arizona, and has 2 children - a boy, John William, and 1 girl, Jamie. Both George Allen and Bill Jack work on their grandparent's ranch in Tonto Basin.

June and husband, Raymond Winters, reside with Roxie on their ranch in Tonto Basin.

George was known for his integrity. During "the bad years when the banks went under," a Globe banker stated that George Cline was the only man in Gila County to pay the bank his debt in full, one hundred cents on the dollar. George said he gathered wild cattle to settle his debt.

Quick to turn a phrase or use a colorful word, his witicisms were often repeated. Going out on the range he said he was going to "interview my cows." Talking about his

wife, he said, "First time I met Roxie she was a-packin' water from Tonto Creek in a five-pound lard bucket. I got down off my old pony and toted it for her. It wasn't love-at-first-sight, it just sorta developed into self defense."

Physically strong from roping "ore janas" and flanking yearlings, George had muscles as tough as a mesquite tree root, but he was of gentle nature. Growing up in an earlier era when men settled disputes with violence, he said he was never in a fight. He always explained, "Oh, I had to back up a time or two--sometimes as far as the Four Peaks."

George Cline had a name for being generous. Many persons were recipients of his helping hand. These people relate how they ate his beef and beans and slept in his housing; how he loaned them money, went their note at the bank, let them use his equipment, and shared with them his knowledge and experience.

His own personal life was controlled a great deal by Tonto Creek, that unpredictable stream that dictated the economy, the social aspect, the physical danger of the community. A trickle of water which could become "plumb bone dry" in midsummer and with a flood runoff could swell to a raging, trecherous torrent isolating "the Cline outfit" on the other side of the creek.

He knew the river ninety years ago in his mother's arms, later bringing his bride home across it by horse, and many times fording it horseback when it was a mile wide and arising. Now he has crossed Tonto Creek for the last time. With his passing goes a part of the Old West and his way of living. But George Cline leaves a legacy with his life and his deeds, a heritage to remember and to honor.

Roxie Cline, as a woman of early Tonto Basin, has earned a special place of honor in the development of the Tonto area and for her contribution to the betterment of life -- whether it be her roundup jerky gravy, her singing "The Gol Darned Wheel" that reached the Four Peaks, her sharing of your anguish, her laughter that lightened your heart, or her

inestimable generosity that flowed wider than the waters of Tonto Creek in a springtime flood. She is the epitome of all the womenfolk in the land of Punkin Center who gave more than was asked to advance, maintain, and improve life in this country.

Roxie Ann Libby Solomon Cline was born in Edwards County, Texas, May 25, 1893. She was the sixth and last child of David and Dee Solomon. the older siblings were Minds (Parker/Skinner), Lila (Weathersby/Wooten), Margaret (Journigan/Miller), Lee Solomon, and Guy Solomon.

In Texas her father, like the others of the time and period, had "itchy" feet who saw the pasture down the road as greener. With his family, he "scratched" his itchy feet by pointing them west. The family landed in New Mexico where they resided until David Solomon's feet itched westward again, and they settled in Arizona sometime before 1900.

In Tonto Basin, Roxie attended the Cline School and was graduated from the eighth grade. She says she walked or rode a burro from their home at the Latimer Place (where years later Preston Dooley developed Lake Roosevelt Acres). About a weedy, rocky depression on the property, she says, "This is where Pa dug a well." The Solomon frame house was under the merciful shade of the biggest cottonwood tree.

Roxie relates, "It was just one thing after another. We moved to Payson, where Ma ran a boarding house. I waited tables. Then we went to Webber Creek on the Herron Ranch which is now the Boy Scout Camp Geronimo. George rode up there to get me when we got married. He borrowed Guy's horse for me to ride to Payson."

In Payson, she was wedded to George Turnbull Cline in August, 1911. She wedded in a divided skirt and hardly took it off as she became her husband's partner-rancher, making her way for a working cowpuncher. She says, "For the first six years, until Doc was born, I rode the range every day with George. Women wore dresses then, but I wore men's britches and rode astride. We'd rope mavericks and tie them

up all night. Next day those wild cattle would be docile-like and led easy, and we'd bring 'em in. We only had three horses: Old Blue, Indian, and Brownie. When we came in from riding, there'd be supper to get. I didn't do much housekeeping -- wasn't much house -- only two rooms." George and Roxie Cline had two children: son - Doc, born in 1916; and a daughter - June, born in 1922.

Roxie minimizes her past establishing the Cline cattle holdings. But it is minimal only in her own self-effacing evaluation. In reality she was as great a force in building and maintaining the Cline ranches as was her man. About her man, she says, "I have no complaint. George gave me the best he had. In my day the men on Tonto were good to their women, but Ora Martin told me that some of the old men were awful mean to their womenfolk."

It is said that an army travels on its stomach. It certainly is true that a cow outfit couldn't move one hoofbeat on gaunt stomach, even though the filler might be only routinized beef jerky and frijole beans. Roxie has spent 75+ years on Tonto and she asserts, "Most of it over a cookstove."

She explains, "At first, it was Edith Cline and I who did the cooking for the men when they were working, up and gone long before daybreak. We had no four-wheeled vehicle to get to the roundup corral or the rough country, so we had the grub ready when the boys came in. Many times it was long past dark, and we kept the food warm and waiting. The young folks today really don't know what long, hard days of work are in comparison with some of the old times. It was up to us women to get the water -- and the wood and chop it."

She utilized much of her time over the washboard. She recalls her first washing machine. "George went to town and he saw it, a washer with a suction thing. He brought it home to me. As I said, George always gave me the best he could."

"One of the hardest parts was getting groceries. Most of ours came by stage to the Packard Store which was across

the Creek. We had always to figure about getting across the creek. Often the water was too high. We had to lay in food for a long spell sometimes. Many and many times I've swum Tonto Creek horseback."

"One time I ran out of sugar. I saddled up my little mare, PB, and rode quite a far piece to my mother's and borrowed a bucketful. Coming home I stopped to open a gate. The mare reared up and spilled all my sugar. Now, that was tragedy."

"In time of accident or sickness, we had to depend on ourselves. When Kenneth Anderson was just a boy, he found some caps he thought were lipsticks. Doc was just a little fellow and he hit one with a hammer. The "lipstick" was a dynamite cap. Whew! I was panic stricken. No doctor. No medicine. No transportation. No knowledge. Jane Conway and I picked hundreds of Levi threads out of Doc's skin. Nothing else. He healed."

"One time George went to Spring Creek to help Will Cline. Will had the smallpox. George took it. I was pregnant. One morning I got up and I was sick -- so sick. Didn't know what was wrong. Mother came over. We didn't know much then. Mother sent for Grandma Martin. Grandma Martin said, "This woman's lost her baby." George hitched up the wagon and we started for Payson. I got sicker all the time. We got to Rye, and it was almost dark. A rancher there was afraid and wouldn't let us stay all night. We drove on to Marshall Brown's place and it was very dark. George told Marshall, "Roxie's got the smallpox." Marshall said, "I don't give a damn, bring that little girl in here, in this house."

"Next day we got to Payson to Doctor Risser. I lost the baby. We stayed at Missus Hilligrass' house. She was the best woman ever lived. She never charged nobody for staying there. Her house was always full. It wasn't a hotel. She had generosity and kindness; we were neighbor to neighbor."

"We had our good times. Folks got together for picnics,

often under the big cottonwood trees by the creek. There were schoolhouse dances. And matched horse races. Once I rode H. Cooper's mare, Lady C, in a race against Eva Schell in Payson. She beat me, but we believed something was wrong because H. Cooper had the fastest, and the best horse in the country. In Roosevelt, his racers couldn't be beat. And Lady C was a runner! We rematched and I beat her.

"Years later when I was a grandmother, we had a race and I was winning on one of George's horses. When I reached the finish line, I waved my hand to George to show victory. When I raised my hand, that pony stopped as if by signal, and my opponent jumped ahead of me to win. George really had a good laugh at me. He said, 'If you hadn't been playing to the grandstand, you wouldn't have lost.' For years we had that joke."

Roxie did a great deal of riding, on the range, in matched races, and from direst necessity. When she was a great-grandmother, she went on a shopping trip to Globe. While she was gone, it rained and Tonto Creek came up and up. When she returned to Punkin Center, there was no crossing the river. She waited and waited. Days went by, and the creek couldn't be forded. She was extremely worried about George as he was alone at the ranch on the other side of the creek. Finally she went down to the raging creek, looked at it and said, "Bring me a horse." She plunged into the last flowing waters of Tonto Creek and reached the opposite bank and rode home to the TV Ranch. That night she cooked biscuits for George.

The time came when the age of horses saw a usurper, and so George Cline purchased the first automobile in 1922. Roxie tells, "We went to Safford to a rodeo. Dick Wootan there said he had this Hupmobile he wanted to sell. We bought it. On Tonto the car provided passenger transportation and freight service -- when it worked -- which wasn't always. Most times it snorted and kicked and sputtered and smoked -- and died -- and we'd start all over

again to get it to running. If it did get going, we'd load up the empty milk cans and head for the creek for water, never stopped to strain out the minnows, or tadpoles, or moss, just cussed that old Hup and hoped it wouldn't give out on us before we got home."

"We hauled every drop of water we drank, or cooked with, or washed with at the little green house -- and so we really conserved water. Our first house at the plum thicket at the head of Roosevelt had a well but it had no pulley. Drawing every bucket by hand made us save on water there too."

Lack of water must have been one of the most traumatic experiences that Roxie Cline endured as she is known as "the 'cleaningest' women west, south, east, and north of Tonto Creek." Daughter June says, "I've given up trying to please Mama with housecleaning. I clean the house and do a good job, and Mama comes along and cleans after me. She wears out everything washing it. She'll clean from the corrals to the stock tank and on up to the porch. She washes the tile till the enamel comes off and scrubbed the copper-bottomed cook pans until they're nearly scrubbed through with a hole. First thing we do is clean house each morning, and next morning, she wants to get up and start all over again."

With her "spotless" reputation, Roxie has other characteristics that brand her. When anyone comes to her house, she greets the guest's "Hello" with "Have you eaten?" When the guest leaves, Roxie gives "something" -- a jar of homemade apricot preserves, or wild grape jelly, or chow-chow pickles -- the guest won't leave empty-handed.

A niece from Phoenix came to visit and brought her own lunch, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich because she "didn't want to put Aunt Roxie out." The niece nearly got herself put out. She learned quickly the Tonto Basin - Roxie Cline style of welcome. The niece also brought her own sheets "because Aunt Roxie didn't have the laundry facilities." The niece stayed all night but took her own sheets back to Phoenix still clean and unfolded."

Another niece and a friend went to a Wickenburg rodeo where George was competing. They dragged into the Clines' motel room to bed down with their own thin little blankets. Roxie was appalled at their bedroll. She shared covers, and in addition, fed the girls at the cafe, and paid their way into the rodeo. Roxie knows more about giving than she does about receiving.

Roxie is noted for her superiority in making jerky gravy -- and this in a country of supreme jerky gravy makers. Her recipe instructs: "---brown, brown the flour in the grease 'till it damn near burns, and then stir like hell---". She has spirit and spark and is admirably "gutsy", but there is no malice in her makeup. She is not jealous nor envious nor a gossip carrier. She is the first to be tolerant and push a person up instead of down.

Weighing far less than a hundred pounds and not even five feet tall, her littleness is only in stature and not in outlook or achievement. Never underestimate the power of this woman. Her work and play, tears and laughter, hopes and dreams, body and mind went side-by-side with her man into contributing to Tonto Basin.

Story courtesy of Marguerite Noble.

JOHN H. CLINE
Payson, Arizona

John H. Cline was born in Payson on April 23, 1913. His parents were Joe and Edith Cline. John attended school in the old Cline School in Tonto Basin until 11 years old. He continued in school in Payson after 11; and since school wasn't his favorite thing to do, it was hard for him to stay alert to studies when his mind was on cattle. John's father finally said, "Either go to school or go to work." The best choice to John was of course to work.

John went to work on his uncle, George and Roxie Cline's Ranch in Tonto Basin when he was about 16 years old. They were starting to gentle cattle in those days. "We caught 2 Bar cattle in the Four Peaks area, and it wasn't an easy job, but rewarding. Camped out a lot, and enjoyed this life for 17 years.

John moved to Phoenix and worked for Bill Taylor for a while, and then got the opportunity to work for another ranch and begin his life on a place of his own.

Levi Reed and Frank Armer bought the T Cattle Ranch in New River in 1946. It was a wild cow outfit, with nothing tame. John went to work for them and they offered to let him buy into the ranch. John worked through the next summer and decided it was a good deal to stay and buy part of the ranch. "In three years we gathered three times as many cattle as had been on the original count. Had good cowboys to help, and we used up a lot of daylight and dark. Tied cattle to trees, and on our way back to camp we'd bring them on with us", John recalls. "During the summer", stated John, "we'd only work cattle until it got too hot. Then we'd work on springs and fences, and put in three pastures. Pack mules were used to transport anything as there were no roads on the ranch", John recalls. It was 18 miles from the main ranch, so very time consuming. "We took grain and all our food and let the horses graze as we couldn't pack hay", John remembers. There

were 110 sections on the Forest and 60 sections on the State, so there was plenty of space.

"Rode an old gentle colt on one occasion, and had stopped and took off his breast strap so he could drink water. To my surprise, there was an old cow that we had caught and led out of Wild Springs standing in the trail. We saw each other at the same time and she rung her tail, then she walked on down beside me and drank too. I eased my rope off the saddle and dropped it around her neck and let her drink about 1/2 of what she wanted. I replaced the breast strap on the horse, dallied the rope around my saddle horn, and we led her to the camp to put her in the pasture. First time I'd ever seen a wild cow do that and it was a big surprise", John shared.

Ranching was a good life for John, camped out a lot, cooked in dutch ovens, and packed many miles by mule. "I'd do it all over again", says John Cline.

The ranch was sold in 1981. "Had partners, and had obtained 45% by that time. Still miss it," John says.

JAMES WESLEY CORYELL

Douglas, Arizona

James Coryell was born in Cochise County on the Coryell homestead near the little mining village of Paradise, Arizona on October 20, 1910. The only son of George C. and Susan Wilson Coryell. They were married in Deming, New Mexico on May 17, 1909. George C. was born in Catharage, Mo., on January 5, 1868 and died September 15, 1939. Susan was born in Brownsville, Texas and died January 12, 1916. She had three daughters and one son from a previous marriage. They were Lizzie, Emma, Bill and Myrtle Sanders. Lizzie and Emma are both gone, Bill and Myrtle are both past ninety and in rest homes. Myrtle is the youngest and she is thirteen years older than I. No wonder my mother had such a difficult delivery (breach). Dr. E. W. Adamson went fifty miles from Douglas to Rodeo, New Mexico by train and twenty miles by stage coach to Paradise to take care of the emergency. After his job was finished, my dad took him duck hunting. The Dr. stayed a couple of days before returning to Douglas, just to make sure my mother and I were alright. It was one of his favorite experiences to relate when he addressed a group of people.

Arizona was still a territory, Richard Elihus Sloan was Governor, and Tombstone was the County Seat.

My mother died when I was six years old and I was shifted from one relative to another, but nobody wanted me for long. Only a mother loves a mean little boy.

My father was in the goat business, and my first job I guess, was herding those goats. At least it is the first one I can remember. Kids never got paid for working at home then like they do now. Living was considered as a part of their job too. I hated the job and the goats too, and promised myself that if I ever had a ranch of my own there would never be a goat on it. I still think the only good ones are Bar-B-Qued.

At the time I was born, my father was a co-owner in the Rocking Stage line that run from Paradise, Arizona to Rodeo, New Mexico, but after my mother died he was involved in numerous projects. At one time, he owned and operated a service station in Rodeo (the old building still stands) and I helped him there, fixing flats, running errands, etc.

I worked for Ross Solan for about a year on what is now the Ben Snure ranch for \$35.00 a month and my room and board. They branded the flying V bar.

I grew up on the ranch, mostly alone and had many scary experiences: for instance, one of the local ranchers tied my hands behind me and then tied me to a log with a new saddle rope and left me there to get loose as best I could. I had taken my quirt which my dad had made for me off his saddle, after he had taken it off of mine. When I finally got loose, I chopped the saddle rope into tiny pieces. When my dad got home and heard about the incident and the circumstances I thought there was going to be a killing. Anyway it never happened again.

I attended grade school in Paradise, in a little red school house with one teacher, Miss Mary Church. She later married Greg Reay who was an engineer at the Hilltop mine. Went to High School in Douglas, where I played on the football team and won the shot-put medal once. The couple I boarded with, Josh and Annie Benson, played such an important part in my life - I give them some credit for my graduation in 1930. They treated me as good as they did their son and always made me feel welcome. I paid them \$30.00 a month for a room and board and ate like a King. She was such a good cook, everything tasted good. He worked as a cranesman at the smelter, they are both gone now. I never started to school until I was eight years old, so I was older than most kids when I graduated, perhaps that was why I appreciated them so much. I even borrowed their car, a new blue Chevrolet four door sedan when Sally and I went to get married. At different times we lived with them for a short

while when things were rough for us.

I never had many dates when I was in school, I had no car and no money. I worked during fire season on the mountain, for the Forest Service for \$90.00 a month and board for fourteen years. Outside of that, I worked on whatever kind of jobs that come along, never asking how much it paid, you just took whatever it was, sometimes as little as \$.50 a day and believe me, I could do a lot of work in a day.

There were no government support programs at that time, you either made it or you didn't. The W.P.A. came later, but nothing was handed to you, you worked for what you got. Three dollars a day, three days a month was my allotment.

My father was never married again. I sold his homestead to Ralph and Juanita Morrow back in the 1950's, their son, Wayne, and his wife live on it now. Sally owns the little farm in Texas that she grew up on and we go there once a year, when we are able. I enjoy the good fishing, while she does a lot of visiting. Four of her brothers have died (Jim, Buck, Jack, and Travis). Jim and Buck were both in the Army during World War II. Buck was with General Patton at the Battle of the Bulge and Jim was in the Medical Corps. Because of his training there, we were able to keep Papa Sims out of the hospital when he was dying with cancer.

Special Insert:

Two people I must pay a Special Tribute to are Mrs. Nona Daniel, who, herself was a rancher's wife and widow, loaned us money to make the first payment on our original ranch mortgage. Carl Jacobson, who was Superintendent of Tanner Construction Company, gave me a job when I was not really able to work. They have both since died, but their memory will always hold a special place in our hearts.

Sally (Sims) Coryell was born in the east Texas piney woods, near a little village called Shelbyville in Shelby county, January 6, 1911. Number three in a family of twelve children, seven boys and five girls. My parents were Jesse James (J.J.) and Ada Hughes Sims. J.J., a farmer, was born

July 12, 1883, died November 28, 1953. Ada was born August 8, 1889.

I grew up on my father's farm, doing all the things that go on with farm families. It is much the same as ranching, work is always there and Papa insisted that we should all know how to work, saying it was the easiest thing in the world to forget if you didn't have to do it. I was his right hand helper. My older sister helped Mama in the house and my older brother was not too healthy.

We built fence, cleared new ground for more crops, butchered hogs, worked in the fields, fished and hunted. YES, fishing and hunting were also jobs, it was meat on our table. The only cows we owned were milk cows and if we butchered one, the meat was either canned or divided among the neighbors. Without refrigeration it would spoil overnight in the humid climate. After one canning, it all spoiled and my brother, Buck, and I had to dispose of the stinking stuff and it was a long time before either of us could enjoy a piece of meat. Pork was our main meat. Papa cured it with salt and smoked it with green hickory wood in a log smokehouse. I can still taste the good bacon and ham. We made sausage and stuffed them in cheese cloth bags that Mama made and smoked them too. Also, we made head cheese (we called it souse). When we rendered lard, we had cracklins (cooked skins). Mama used these for cracklin bread (corn bread). Sometimes we made chittlings from the small intestines, but nobody liked to clean them.

Most everybody owned hogs that run on the open range, known to the farmers as the BOTTOM or the BIG WOODS. Ear marks served as brands. Papa's was a crop, a split, and an underbite in each ear.

He had a hog dog named Dash that was as important to his work as a rope horse is to a cowboy.

Farm families were almost self-sustaining in those days. We grew our own vegetables and fruits, milked our cows and made butter and cottage cheese. The major things we had to

buy were flour, sugar, and coffee. Cotton and sugar cane were our money crops. My dad owned a cane or syrup mill and made both ribbon cane and sorghum syrup. People in the community who grew ribbon cane or sorghum brought it to the mill to get it made into syrup. For that service we kept every fifth gallon. Sometimes he used syrup to pay our bills at the grocery store.

Operating that syrup mill was the hardest work on the farm. It would take all of us that were big enough to work to keep it running and everybody was glad when the last stalk of cane was gone. It was the Show Place of the community during syrup making time. People came to bring their cane, pick up their syrup, drink juice or just visit. There was never a dull or an idle minute. The evaporator, (the pan the syrup was cooked in) was 14-feet long and 3-feet wide and was fired with wood. A stream of juice run into one end and a stream of syrup out of the other. My dad knew just how to adjust the flow of juice and how much wood to put on the fire to keep it cooking so that it would be syrup by the time it made its way from one end of the evaporator to the other. It was much like making jelly.

There was also a grist mill for making corn meal, but that was a one-man operation. It was used for making our own corn meal and for all the neighbors who brought in their corn. The toll or charge for that service was a small amount of meal and the hominy grits, which we ate as a breakfast cereal.

All my brothers and sisters, namely: Fannie, Jim, Sally, Ada, Jessie, Buck, Bill, Mildred, Jeff, Jack, Travis, Dock, and I had our own chores to do in and around the house and worked in the fields. We did not know about coffee breaks, but mid-afternoon Mama would send or bring us a big bucket of milk and a pan of cornbread. That would hold us until supper time.

One day in the field, Jim got a lizard up his britches leg. He started running toward Mama for help saying, run

Mama, run. Well, Mama thought he was scared and she was afraid of anything that crawled so she started running from him. Disgusted, he finally stopped and come right out of his clothes, embarrassed to pieces.

I can remember picking cotton in a bucket, but I can't remember milking the first cow. Seems I was born in the corral. Little did I know then that one would play such an important part in my future life. I never even dreamed of marrying a rancher, but I was not totally unprepared. I encountered many episodes in that corral (we called it a Lot). Once while milking a big brown cow we called Lilly (I swear she had three hind feet), she set her foot down on mine and tore off my big toe nail. I sat down on the ground and piled dirt on top of it so I couldn't see the blood and started crying. I was told that I was too big to cry, but I sure was not too big for it to hurt.

I was such a tom-boy. I always played with my brothers instead of my sisters. As a little girl, I never liked ribbons in my hair or lace on my dresses. Pockets were fine and sometimes Mama would sew them up to keep me from filling them with rocks, marbles, nails, or whatever and tearing a hole in my dress.

My sister, Fannie, was four years older than I and didn't like me tagging along after her. One time when our grandparents were visiting us she and our Aunt, Tressie Byrd, took me out in the woods, taken all my clothes off and threw them up into a tree, then left me there. Another Aunt, Todd Byrd, came to my rescue.

One Christmas my grandparents gave me a doll, but I never had time to play with it so one day I threw it over the yard fence into the garden. My Mama was so ashamed of me.

There were no modern facilities, no rural electricity or telephones, no washers or dryers, no refrigeration, no microwaves or TV, and no electrical appliances, but what you never had you never missed.

Consequently, nothing could be made easy, but we all

shared the work. Us kids never had much time to get into trouble. Girls were considered harder to raise than boys, pregnancy was a total disgrace. None of my brothers ever got mixed up with the law. Papa killed a deer out of season and had to pay a fine but he never drank and never allowed the boys to. What is lacking with our young people today is discipline.

My parents were Christians (called Camelites back then) and thought those who were not were lost. Papa was better read on the Bible than most ministers, but he didn't always practice what he preached. He told us children if we worked on Sunday our picture would be in the moon, then one Sunday he burned the brush off of a patch of new ground that had been cleared and to this day I can still see his black hat when I look at the full moon.

I walked two miles to school when I was five years old. Attended grade and high school in our local community and Stephen F. Austin State University (known then as S. F. A. State Teachers College at Nacordoches, Texas. I taught school two years before coming to Arizona in 1933 to visit my father's sister, Jennie Burns.

I met Jim in the Chiricahua mountains, where my Aunt and I had gone to visit his sister, Emma Sanders Maloney. Five months later, we were married.

My youngest sister, Mildred, came from Texas one summer to visit us and work as my relief at the telephone office. While here, she met Herbert Estes, who comes from a pioneer Cochise County family and they were married in Texas in 1939. They had three daughters, namely: Betty, Bonnie and Ellen. Herbert was in the Navy for three years when they were real young, so they learned to call my husband (Jim) daddy before they actually knew their own daddy. Jim and I only had one son and he died at an early age, so those girls have filled a tremendous void in both our lives. We are their number two parents and I always introduce my sister, Mildred (their mother), as the mother of the girls. She was always my

shadow when we were kids, growing up. I almost killed her once when she walked up behind me while I was chopping wood. The scar is still on her face. I am ten years the oldest, which automatically made me the family babysitter. I never could keep her clean, so our brother Bill nicknamed her Blackie, which is not appropriate today.

The girls are all married and have children and grandchildren. Betty (Estes) Nelson lives in Tucson with her husband, Wayne, and daughter, Wynell. She works for the Sunnyside School District. Another daughter, Cheryl, is an R.N. and married to Wesley McDaniel. They are expecting their first child in March, 1989, which will be the fifth generation. Cheryl works at Tucson General Hospital. Bonnie (Estes) Barlow lives in St. David with her daughter, Devra, and works at the St. David school. Another daughter, Michelle, is married to Johnnie Grice. He is in the Air Force, stationed in Germany. They have a one year old son, Alan. Ellen (Estes) Billingsley lives in Duncan with her husband, Leslie, and their two sons, Kevin and Kody, and daughter, Melissa. She is a full time mother.

Mother Nature surely goofed when I was born, because I was always happier working in the pasture than I was in the kitchen. Jim used to tell me the cows wouldn't run over me. DON'T believe it gals, you can get killed in the corral. I got slapped on the head with a loose slat in the calf table. Three days later I walked in to my doctor's office and he asked me what the hell I had been doing.

I am a member as past president of the Cowbelles. We are the Number 1 group, and will celebrate our 50th anniversary in 1989. I miss all the animals and the serenity of the wide open spaces. Ranching is a good life, but it's a hard life as well and looking back over the years I'm sure I wouldn't change a thing.

Sally and I were married January 1, 1934 in Lordsburg, New Mexico. I was working on the Mountain for the Forest Service at the time so she went back to Texas for a couple of

months until the job was over.

Our first home was a one-room cabin in Cave Creek, Portal, Arizona, that we rented for \$3.00 a month from Jerome and Katie Clark. That was the beginning of a friendship that lasted as long as they lived.

Jerome was the son of Harry A. Clark, Superintendent of the Phelps Dodge smelter. He was killed by a bolt of lightning in 1944 near Rodeo, New Mexico. Katie was the daughter of John Coretto who at one time was Postmaster at Bisbee. She died in 1977.

When summer came, I switched jobs from running the pack train to a LOOKOUT tower so that Sally could go on the job with me. We were there four months and looking back I guess that is the only honeymoon we ever had.

In the Fall of 1934, we moved to Douglas and I went to work for the Phelps Dodge smelter. The pay was \$4.40 for an eight hour shift. Sounds awful, but we lived as good then as we do now. We rented a two-bedroom house for \$9.00 a month, eggs were \$.10 a dozen, bread \$.12 a loaf and hamburger was two lbs. for \$.25.

I leased a service station at Nineteenth Street and A Avenue (where the Travel Lodge stands now) for some extra income. When I went to work on the 3 p.m. shift, Sally would keep it open until closing time, with the help of some teenagers who liked to hang around our house, namely: Fred and Harold Johnson and J. E. Phillips. I got laid off of that job and we moved to Portal.

The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) had been established there and I put in a hitch as a local enlisted man at the Turkey Creek camp and remained there as a watchman when the camp was vacated. In the meantime, Sally went to work for the Forest Service as telephone operator. Fred Winn was the Forest Supervisor at that time. The switchboard was in our kitchen. It served the Forest Service, Park Service, four CC camps, the Sierra Linda and Faraway guest ranches, and residents of the Portal, Paradise, and Hilltop areas.

All long distance calls came from Douglas and were handled through the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. It was a twenty-four hour job, an education within itself. People's voices are just as familiar as their faces. Sally held that job for almost six years.

I worked for the Soil Conservation Service for a while and put in some time on the signal department for the S. P. Railroad. That was the most miserable job I ever had and I quit it a few days before the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor.

World War II was under way by this time and defense jobs were available. I went to work for the Army, helping build the Bisbee-Douglas Air Base (which is now used as a state prison), where Army pilots were to be trained. When the base was finished, I got a job as carpenter shop foreman and worked there all during the war. After that, I was in the building contracting business in Douglas for several years.

In 1952, we bought our little ranch, 12 sections, 5 patented and 7 state, located 17 miles north of Douglas, in the mouth of Leslie Canyon at the foot of the Swisshelm mountains, 7 miles east of McNeal. It was very well watered, four wells with windmills and one dirt tank. We run two brands, 3W, which is my herd brand and $\frac{3}{3}$, which is my selling brand. We purchased the property from George Dath, he was an easterner. Dath bought it from Clyde and Viola Shields and bought it from Shirley Sampson. Earlier owners and possibly homesteaders were Hoy Hedge and a Mr. Griffin.

Shortly after we moved to the ranch, I slipped a disk in my back and was unable to work for almost a year. In the meantime, bills piled up and we had three mortgages to make payments on. With Nelson Stevenson's help, we got the ranch refinanced, converting our three mortgages to one. When I was able to work again, we sold our entire herd, leased the pasture, hired a caretaker for our house, bought a small mobile home and went on construction for El Paso Natural Gas, building compressor stations.

We worked all across New Mexico, from Tatum to

Bloomfield, made a lot of friends and had a little money left each year after making our mortgage payment. We came home at intervals, between jobs, and kept in touch (by mail) with our caretaker, John Smith. He was a nice old gentleman, went on a binge occasionally, but he was dependable and honest. He moved away from the ranch after we got home and died shortly afterwards.

In January, 1960, we made the final payment on our ranch mortgage, hitched on to our little 8x35 ft. trailer that had been our home, away from home for five years and headed for Douglas from Gallup, New Mexico. What fools we were, left in a snow storm and the farther we came the worse it got. Taken us two days to get home. Sally did a lot of praying and promised the Good Lord if he would get us safely off that mountain it would never happen again. We have not traveled that road since.

Our gypsy tour behind us, we now had to pick up the pieces we had left behind us five years ago. The best news was we were soon going to have electricity. Margaret Glenn and I had camped on the door steps of the R. E. A. office for years and it had finally paid off. The first thing we bought was a freezer and its still running.

We started building another herd and since we nearly lost our shirt with herefords, we decided to go the brangus route. There were very few black cattle in the area at that time, but the idea soon caught on and now most all the ranchers run cross-breeds of some kind.

I had not as yet finished the remodeling job on the ranch house, it was an old building that had been moved in and some of our friends had told us earlier that they would not lower their standards of living to move in to it, that was first on my work list.

Ours was a pair operation but the ranch was not big enough to support itself and us too (it was really over stocked with 100 head) so I was always working on an outside job. I helped build the ore mill in Bisbee and the Army

hospital at Fort Huachuca. This left a lot of ranch work for Sally to do. She would ride the pasture and locate problems for me to solve when I got home and sometimes I would be working or riding long after dark. She also put out feed and salt and checked the windmills, helped a heifer to calf if she needed it, but that did not happen to often with brangus heifers.

Sally really sold more cattle than I did. She took the heifers to the sale in Willcox in a half-ton pickup, two pairs at a time. If she got home with \$300.00 that was extra good. She bought most of our bulls, I told her she could not put a price on a bull just bring us home some good ones. We always had registered ones and young ones with the heifers.

In 1966, I went to work for the County Road Department as a blade operator and retired from that job in 1975. In 1978, we sold all the ranch except for about one section and moved to the Sunnyside area on the outskirts of Douglas. Here again, I remodeled the house and am now in the process of building a new barn and storage shed. At 78, I have really slowed down, especially since knee surgery two years ago, but I am still able to do a little hunting and fishing and a pretty good day's work. To me, RETIRED is just a dirty word. Ranching is mostly a hobby now, but we still eat our own meats and its still My life.

Sally has always told me that I'm torn between two LOVES, a horse and a saddle and a hammer and a saw, but I want to keep them both, they have served me WELL.

A plaque which was given to us some years ago by James Kody Billingsley, my great nephew and Jim's name-sake hangs on our dining room wall. Maybe you have used it before, but if not, we think it deserves a place on any wall where a cowboy hangs out. I don't know who the author is.

CODE OF THE COW COUNTRY

It don't take such a lot o' laws to keep the range land straight

Nor books to write 'em in, 'cause there are only six or eight

hearts

My camp is yours and yours is mine in all cow country parts
Care for neighbor's strays you find, and don't call cowboys'
Mister'

Shut the pasture gates when passing through an' taking all in
all

Be just as rough as pleases you, but never mean nor small
Talk straight, shoot straight; never break your word to man
nor boss

Plum always kill a rattlesnake; don't ride a sore-back hoss
It don't take law nor pedigree to live the best you can
These few is all it takes to be a cowboy an' -a man.

OLEN and SNOW DRYER
Glendale, Arizona

Olen Dryer seems to have been known by almost everyone in the Arizona cattle industry as a very unique man who was more than a diligent cattle feeder and trader, but a friendly, generous compadre. He was a "people person" all his life. It's been eight years since his death, but people remember him as a "tough character." Yet, as his pastor, Donald Poole recently wrote, "he tried to impart in others his own strength and positive attitude."

Born in Arkansas in 1915, Olen Dryer made the trip to Arizona when he was a babe of six months. The train ride was long and tiring for the family, but Olen traveled in the comfort of his mother's arms.

Dryer grew up in his grandparents grocery store, A.B. Foster's, in Glendale, Arizona. After the death of his own father, when Olen was in fourth grade, the young lad tried to work and go to school, but it was difficult. He was forced to quit school in the sixth grade to raise money for the family. Olen delivered groceries until he married Snow Fay Gillum in 1933 and then he ventured into other business activities.

Snow recalls, "We lived very poorly. We had to scrape for everything until he went into the cattle business and there he became one of Glendale's outstanding citizens."

She remembers, "He was always interested in cattle and that's why he got himself a little trailer and went up and down the street selling one calf at a time until the business grew very big."

In the early 1940's, Olen Dryer and Tommy Walker went to look at a load of cattle. Dryer was trying to get more involved in the cattle industry and he thought this would be a good opportunity. The pair agreed to buy the cattle. Walker said, "Olen, you write the check," and Dryer said, "Tommy, why don't you write the check." There was silence as

the two looked at each other and the seller looked on. Each thought the other had enough money to buy the cattle when in fact neither had the funds! Word was bond at that time, so Olen and Tommy headed to Valley National Bank where apparently there was a loan officer who kept a drawer full of cash just for them. The two returned to pay for the cattle and later made money on the venture.

Olen Dryer was always interested in the cattle business. He gained important business experience working for Harry Bonsall, Sr., at Southwest Flour and Feed company for 10 years before going into partnership with him and Harry Bonsall, Jr. They established Northside Hay Mill and Trading Company, on five acres of land at 4480 W. Bethany Home Road in Glendale, in 1948.

"In those days, a lot of farmers fed a few cattle, so they would take their hay to someone to custom grind it for them. That's what the hay mill was about," said Earl Petznick, current president of Northside Hay Mill and Trading Company and Olen Dryer's son-in-law. "they traded some cattle and fed some cattle too," he said.

Due to widespread development, the city of Glendale was quickly encroaching on the original property, so the partners sold the Bethany Home Road property. At this time Dryer traded his Hayden Flour Mill Stock to Bonsall, Sr., for his interest in Northside. Dryer then moved Northside to a 120 acre site at Olive Avenue and 107th Avenue and started a feedlot in addition to the hay brokering.

A year later, in 1960, Olen Dryer sold the business to Spur Feeding company and bought the land in Goodyear, where Northside currently is, with J. A. Sinnott, a dairyman. In 1973, they sold the feedlot to American Cattle Company and then Dryer bought it back two years later as Northside Hay Mill.

During Dryer's years of hard work, he shared an agricultural tradition with his friends - breakfast at the coffee house - which allowed time for winded exchanges. He

frequented Smitty's and on occasion Guggy's. Friends remember one special breakfast when Olen treated his buddies to a steak breakfast at Guggy's. Of course, he arranged beforehand with the management to serve his own steaks!

Dryer's favorite hobby was working, but he did manage an occasional gin game. It was known to happen that the game sometimes took place at his desk, with a business associate, while balancing the phone between his shoulder and ear arranging a business transaction, with one eye on the cards! Apparently Dryer considered golf, but he couldn't do it near a telephone at the time, and besides, the shoes hurt his sensitive feet so he gave them away and never tried the game again.

Like any business executive today, Dryer enjoyed a light workout, massage and steamroom. He would do this at the YMCA in Phoenix. While he worked out he secretly had the satisfaction of knowing that his donations bought the exercise equipment that he and others so enjoyed.

But Olen Dryer did more than share his hard-earned wealth with others. He shared his time, himself and his knowledge with the Arizona Cattle Feeders' Association, Glendale Elks Lodge, Glendale Mosonics, El Zaribah Shrine Mounted Patrol, and Scottish Rite Consistory of Phoenix.

Dryer had a positive attitude that was infectious. He worked hard and respected education. He was a prime example of someone who succeeded with only a sixth-grade formal education. "He was one of a very talented group of people that came out of the Depression. There's a whole generation of them; they lived hard, they worked hard, and they played hard," Petznick said.

He encouraged his children and grandchildren to stay in school, and even provided other young people with financing to cover tuition, fees, and books. Despite his tough exterior, Dryer enjoyed giving advice, encouragement, and jobs to many young people starting in business. He never forgot those who helped him get started and he tried to do

the same for others.

Although Dryer seemed to make a habit of working close to a 100-hour week, he was a genuine family man who was protective of his wife and two daughters, Beverly and Pat.

Olen was so afraid his girls would get hurt that Jim Armor had to teach both youths how to ride a horse and drive a car. As those who knew him can imagine, Mr. Dryer was an imposing figure at the door when it came time to take Beverly or Pat on a date.

Petznick joined Dryer in the business in 1960 and worked for him until Olen's death in 1979. "He was a lot like a father to me really. This was the first job I had when I got out of school." said the tall graying president whose two sons, Earl Jr. and Olen, now work for Northside Hay Mill and Sacate Pellet Mill. Marty Shepard, Dryer's other son-in-law is secretary-treasurer for Northside.

Olen Dryer loved his grandchildren. He often went on cruises with the family including a special cruise to Alaska just one month before he died. His namesake, Olen, is now manager of Sacate Pellet Mill. Family and friends notice that Earl, Jr., who is currently a director for the Arizona Cattle Feeders' Association, looks walks, and gestures like his grandfather. Although the Petznick offspring were never directed to join the family business, neither thought of anything else.

Today Northside Hay Mill and Trading company is more than the original hay mill and trading company. Northside brokers hay, manufacturers horse pellets, owns two feed yards, and is a stockholder in Sun Land Beef.

Olen Dryer died September 7, 1979, but his memory lives on in the lives and hearts of his family, friends, and the Arizona cattle industry. Words written by his pastor who knew him personally sum up Olen Dryer well... "Honest and forthright; positive in approach; sharp in business; disciplined worker; concerned for his church family and its pastor; generous to widows, his own family and to those less

fortunate than himself."

The above story complimentary of Arizona Cattle Grower's Cattellog.

FAMILY HISTORY

(as told by Snow Dryer).

Olen was born in Pyatt, Arkansas, on December 26, 1915. Snow Dryer was born in Ashland, Kentucky, on March 31, 1913. Both were raised in Glendale, Arizona and both came to Arizona from their birth state at the age of 6 months. Olen came to Arizona in 1915, and Snow came in 1913.

They dated and were married on February 24, 1936. They married in Phoenix at a wedding chapel there. They would have been married 52 years this year.

Olen and Snow had two children, both daughters. Beverly Jo (Dryer) Shepard was the first born. She was born on September 3, 1938. Bev married Martin Gene Shepard. Marty works in the family business.

Their second daughter, Patricia Ann (Dryer) Petznick was born on June 30, 1941. She married Earl Petznick. They have two children, Earl Petznick, Jr. - unmarried, and Olen Petznick - who married a woman named Belle and they are expecting their first child in November. All of the men in the Petznick family work in the family business in one phase or another.

The property for the first Northside Hay Mill was purchased from Opal and Johnny Swift, it was 5 acres. Olen worked for Southwest Flour and Feed Company working with Harry Bonsall, Sr. They went into partnership on the first Northside Hay Mill and Trading Company. They put up the mill, pens, office buildings, etc., and started the cattle feeding business.

Snow worked with Olen on all of his ventures which were many. She was use to action as she grew up in Glendale, on a fairly large farm, which is now 43rd Avenue. Her parents,

Marion and Hope Gillum, did some farming, and had a dairy herd. Snow's mother, Marion, was a former school teacher at Alhambra High School, as well as a School Board Member. There were eight children in the family, 5 girls and 3 boys. Snow was a middle child. The two remaining Gillum children are Snow, and her brother, Frank. Both still reside in Glendale, Arizona.

Snow was very active in the Alhambra Woman's Club, PTA, Glendale Methodist Church, and is currently a member of the Berean Bible Church. She enjoys her good friends, family, and is anxious for her very first great-grand baby.

Snow sold her interest in the family business in 1980. Two years ago she moved from her home of 33 years to a smaller home in Glendale, and a little closer to her two daughters. She is very happy about the move and as her grandson's family, Olen and Belle, moved into Snow's home, which makes her very proud that it is still in the family.

The Livestock Brands registered to Olen Dryer or Northside Hay Mill were as follows:

1941  #1768 - NHM Brand


12-23-41 - First brand Olen had was owned by M. F. Gillum, Snow's father. He had three sons, but gave it to Olen because he had the interest in cattle, and Marion Gillum no longer had a need to brand his milk cows.

1956  #1767 - NHM Brand


12-21-56 - Obtained from Margaret Miller. Luther Miller Estate, first owner.

1965  #13510 - DRYER Brand


11-16-65 - Olen owner only. Transferred to Northside Cattle Company.

1966  #11610 - NHM Brand


7-15-66 - Matt Davis previous owner.

1966  #12523 - DRYER Brand


8-29-66 - Olen Dryer only owner. Now Petznick/Shepard brand.

1968  #13525 - NHM Brand


12-2-68 - Olen Dryer only owner.

1968  #13571 - NHM Brand


1-13-68 - Olen Dryer first owner.

1971  #6601 - NHM Brand


5-15-71 - Marshall Kubelsky Estate.

1971  #6600 - NHM Brand

6-13-71 - Estate of Marshall Kubelsky to Olen Dryer to Norman Hinz.

1973  #5269 - DRYER Brand

2-10-73 - From Houston O'Hair.

1973  #5270 - DRYER Brand

2-10-73 - From Houston O'Hair to Northside Cattle Company.

A. B. Foster, Star Route 3, Box 130, Camp Verde, Arizona:

"Uncle Buster", 86 years old, is Olen's uncle. He and his family owned the original A. B. Foster Grocery Store in downtown Glendale. The building is still being used downtown, of course, with a lot of remodeling.

He lives in Camp Verde and Sun City. He and his wife, Winifred, drive back and forth each week.

He transferred his brand to Earl Junior, Olen's oldest

grandson, so he could keep it in the family, he was very proud of his brand and so is Earl Petznick, Jr. The brand is #1010, and is pictured below:



OLD FRIEND

Let me have your hand old friend,
Let me share your sorrow.
The smiles we shared through yesterdays,
Has strengthened our tomorrows.

The look of sadness on your face,
I wish I could erase it,
But all I have to offer is,
My friendship to replace it.

I'll be here if you need me,
To help you through the day,
Till time and love and friendship,
Have soothed the pain away.

TE

JO FLIEGER
Oracle, Arizona

THE FIRST STEP

My education as a cowboy began when I was 17 in the province of British Columbia after moving clear across Canada from Chatham, New Brunswick, where I was born in October of 1901. For 10 years I worked on ranches and in construction and performed in rodeos before leaving the province to join a Wild West Show. After my last tour, I came to see what Arizona was like, and at the Tucson rodeo in February of 1930, I ran into a fellow I broke some horses for a while back, and he offered me a job rounding up wild horses in the country east of Winkelman. When that finished, I worked for a rancher in the area for two winter seasons, but went north in the summers on the rodeo circuit.

In the spring of 1932, I decided that I had to change my routine and get a paying job where I could save my money because I was getting nowhere toward my goal of becoming a rancher. I set out with \$15 cash, a blue gelding to ride and a pack horse to carry my bed and supplies. Most of the time I camped out at night, but sometimes found hospitality at ranches along my route north. The Great Depression was hurting the ranchers, and cowboys were working for just their keep; I couldn't find a job that paid money. At a ranch near Williams, I got a tip about an outfit at Seligman that might hire me for pay. I arrived there with two tired horses and \$1.35 in my pocket. The manager hired me at \$60 a month to ride their rough string horses, and I stayed for five months, saving every penny of my pay.

In the fall, I sold my two horses for \$50 a piece and caught the train back to Winkelman. There I looked up the owner of McPeters Tank, a watering place on the north rim of Aravaipa Canyon, and bought the tank for \$150. Then I made a deal for ten head of young cows and a yearling bull for \$25 a piece. I got my own Bar 3J brand registered with the

Sanitary Board and drove my new herd up to the tank. They weren't the best-looking bunch of cattle you ever saw, but they were all mine and I was mighty proud of them. I wasn't a penniless cowboy anymore. Now I was a penniless rancher!

HOME SWEET HOME

For a place to live, I took over a cave near the tank after running off a bunch of javalina hogs and cleaning it out. The cave provided shelter from the elements, but frequently I had to kill snakes that wanted to share it with me. I hung my food supplies in boxes attached to a wire that I had strung across the cave; I was not willing to share my grub with any visiting wild animals. My furnishings consisted of a cot, a tin stove from Sears, and a couple of wooden boxes.

The first order of business was to erect fences for a pasture, then corrals where I could break horses, so that meant I had to buy a few tools - particularly a shovel and an axe. I also got myself a good blue mare for \$25 and a half-broke paint stallion for \$10. The range was public domain at that time, so there was no problem with my cattle, but I had to keep my horses hobbled until I got the pasture closed in. There were some materials on hand from the goat pens and old barbed wire that McPeters had left behind. Something stouter was needed for the corrals, and I cut poles from cedar trees under the rim. The terrain was too rough for a pack animal, so I had to pack the poles out one at a time on my shoulders. Twenty years later when I was having the corrals moved to a new location, I found that I couldn't even lift one of those dried-out poles myself.

The intense effort required to construct the basic needs without any help took my full time and strength every day, and I didn't see another human being for three months. However, I was content; I had made my start in the cattle business and I was working on my own place.

GROWING PAINS

In order to increase the size of my meager herd, I would

do jobs for people in return for a heifer or a cow. The jobs included breaking broncs, plowing a field, branding calves, shoeing horses -- whatever came along. When I was breaking broncs for one ranch, they would give me four at a time, and after I had ridden them for thirty days I would get to pick one for myself, so that way I always had a horse to sell or trade.

Trading was a common thing. A farmer on the Aravaipa was looking for a work horse and I knew a man in Klondyke who had a big saddle horse that he wanted to sell for \$25. I bought the horse and led it to the farm. A good-looking yearling heifer among the milk cows caught my eye as I came to the farm. When the farmer asked what I wanted for the horse, I said I would trade for that particular heifer. He said he would agree to that if I would demonstrate that the horse I brought could do the work he needed done. I hitched that horse up with one of his horses and plowed a couple of furrows. That old saddle horse did just fine, and the deal was made. I took the heifer up to McPeters Tank to join my herd. She produced a heifer calf every year for eleven straight years, and not one bull calf. It was quite remarkable.

Ed Bowman lived in Hawk Canyon below Coolidge Dam, and he liked mules - the meaner the better. Whenever I came across somebody who had mules they wanted to get rid of, I would buy them as cheap as I could and then trade them to Ed for a heifer or a cow. Once I got three cows for one big, cantankerous mule.

I had an old insurance policy that I cashed in for \$1,000 which I used to buy more head. It took me about five years to get my herd built up to a hundred head, and then I was able to borrow enough money from the Arizona Livestock Production Credit Association to buy 120 cows and 20 calves. They were paid back out of cattle sales over a period of five years. When I got my herd up to a total of 200 head, I didn't have to do any more trading.

THE CAVE CREEK

The cave creek was a small property on a mesa about a thousand feet above the Aravaipa Creek, and it was a desirable place because it had a good spring to provide water. There was also a good-sized cave at the foot of some bluffs, and this cave had been used for centuries as a way-station by Indians as they passed through the area. The roof was blackened for the smoke of their fires, and they had made a lot of crude drawings on the walls. I called it the Painted Cave.

The owner of a neighboring ranch wanted very badly to get his hands on the Cave Ranch because of the water, and he tried to aggravate the owner of the Cave, Mr. Driscoll, into selling out to him cheaply. I had stopped by one day, and as Driscoll and I were chatting, a herd of goats appeared on the scene, and they were being urged along by a man from the other ranch. The made their way right up to the corrals, and Driscoll became absolutely furious. He cursed the man and threatened to blow a hole in him if he didn't get those goats out of there immediately. The man did just that, but it took Driscoll a while to cool off. He said he knew what those fellows were up to with all their little tricks, and he was fed up with the whole business. He would like to get out, but he hated like fury to sell to those people. I told him he could like to get out, but he hated like fury to sell to those people. I told him he could solve his problem by selling to me. The idea appealed to him, and after a little discussion about the arrangements for something down and regular payments, we had a deal. The year was 1934 when this occurred.

Along with the land, I got ten head of cattle: two heifer calves and eight young cows. I felt pretty good! Things were shaping up very nicely. Of course, I knew I was buying his troubles, too, but I believed that I could handle them. Looking into the face of trouble had never stopped me before.

I did a lot of work on this property to improve it. Nature provided the equivalent of fences on three sides: bluffs rising from the mesa at one end; Cave Canyon and Javelina Canyon, about a mile apart, ran down to the Aravapia on the sides. All I had to do was run a fence from the rim to rim at the lower end. Every post hole was drilled out of rock. I rented a compressor and drill, and used dynamite and a crowbar, and sunk steel posts into the holes, then ran the wire. I put in a mile of fence the hard way.

Another improvement I made was to build a concrete dam to create a reservoir near the spring. Piping from the dam led to two water troughs which were kept filled to the right level by float controls. In addition, I built a corral near the Painted Cave, and put up a small barn. Last, but not least, I a built home out of the Painted Cave with a wall at the front edge of the cave, and an extra room at one end jutting out from the cave so that room could catch the evening breezes. The cave house was completed in 1935.

I brought water to the house from the spring in two five-gallon cans, usually making two trips a day. There was also a barrel at the house to collect rain water. It was a 20-mile trip to Winkelman, and my wife and I go once a month on horseback to get supplies and collect our mail. After a couple of years we got a vehicle to make the trip in.

THE ROMANTIC RESCUE

Rains in the past few days had swollen the usually gentle waters of Aravaipa creek into a rolling torrent, and I was riding comfortably along the road next to the creek at about 3:30 in the afternoon, when I observed a horse with a load of passengers approaching the creek from the other side. It was time for school to be out and they were coming from the direction of the one-room rock-built schoolhouse, so I knew it had to be the schoolteacher on the horse with three of her pupils, one in front of her and two perched behind. They would be making their regular crossing of the creek as she took the children to their homes. I had an uneasy

feeling as I looked at the condition of the water, and I pulled up opposite them as their horse stepped into the creek. He was making unsteady progress when suddenly he appeared to stumble and lost footing and struggled. I spurred my horse instantly into the water and pressed through the flood to their side. One kid was slipping off and I grabbed him, then got the horse steadied and led them on across to safety.

Sometimes people don't like to admit that they had to be rescued., but the teacher was very good about it; after all, she had the children in her care and it could have become a very serious matter if they had been swept away. Anyhow, it was a great way to get introduced. Her name was Gussie Burris, and she had been raised on a ranch in Texas and knew all about ranch chores. Besides being beautiful and smart, she could handle a gun and ride with the best. And after all that, she was a good cook too. We managed to meet frequently, and found plenty to talk about. I took her to the monthly dances that were held in the rock schoolhouse, which is still there to this day. We were married in Tucson on the day before Christmas of 1934.

Our home was the Painted Cave, and Gussie did her share of the work that it turned the cave into a house, even though she continued teaching for the first two years after we were married. She also handled our business and financial affairs, leaving me free to do the kind of work I could do best. We lived in our Painted Cave home for seven years.

ACCUSED OF MURDER

When I bought the Cave ranch, I knew I was buying trouble because I knew the unsavory reputation of the man who most coveted the property, but I could never have dreamed of the nightmare he was to bring into my life in the year of 1935.

A lot of hard events had been taking place around the Winkelman-Aravaipa area: the beating of an old rancher, the stealing of cattle, big fist-fights. Somebody was always

looking for revenge on somebody else. Somebody performed an unspeakable act of revenge by cutting someone else's finest stallion in a dreadful way. There was a young fellow called Curly who had worked some for me and for others around. He was a rough little fighter and afraid of nothing, but he really loved horses. He was outraged by what had been done to the stallion, and he came by my place one night and told me he knew who had done it and that he was going to kill him. I tried to talk some sense into him, but I couldn't tell if I succeeded when he left. The next afternoon, I was chopping some wood when Curly rode up to the spring, got a drink of water, then came over to me and said, "Well, I got him. I blew his guts all over the corral."

Trouble was coming; I knew it. I had to sit down on the woodpile. Curly related how he had gone to the neighboring ranch and hung around the corrals all morning, smoking cigarettes and waiting for the rancher to show up. About midday he heard cattle approaching, and the rancher's brother showed up first. They had a tense confrontation and Curly killed him. Curly took off as the rancher and others rode up. Now Curly was telling me to promise not to squeal on him, and I readily agreed not to tell. Who knows what a man like that might do if he were crossed?

My problem was that I had once uttered an angry threat that if the now-slain man ever butchered any more of my beef I would shoot him. Not expectedly; then a Sheriff's Posse showed up at my place and took me to jail. There were witnesses against me, they said. Things looked black, and the jail was a wretched place. Gussie and a friend or two stood by me and believed in my innocence, but even when they raised more than the \$25,000 that my bail was set at, I was not allowed out. At my pre-trial hearing, the covetous rancher swore he saw me leaving the scene of the crime; his brother's widow swore her dying husband told her I had shot him; then Curly had the gall to get up and swear that I had told HIM that I shot the man. That got my goat, because I

had never said a word about Curly. I told my lawyer, "He is the one who did it. He told me all about it." My lawyer was quite upset that I had never mentioned this before.

All the time I was in jail, I was being plagued with people urging me to sell my ranch, and Gussie was being badgered to get me to sell before it was too late. I refused to listen to any of these proposals because I knew I had not committed any crime and believed I would be freed. I was determined not to let those liars get my land. After the hearing, the idea came to me that if I could be alone in a room with Curly and talk to him, I could get him to spill the beans on himself. My lawyer got busy and a meeting was set up. What Curly didn't know was that the transom on the door would be left open, and listening on the other side would be a group consisting of two lawmen, four reputable citizens, and one newsman. When I asked Curly why he said those false things about me, he said the lawyers and Sheriff had lied to him and told him, "Flieger said you did it." Curly thought I had broken my promise and that made him mad, so he called me a liar and accused me of the deed, but when he heard all the testimony in the courtroom, he realized that I had not squealed and that he had been played for a sucker and he was sorry for what happened. I drew him out some more and he repeated the true story of what occurred. At the end, the listening lawman and citizens came into the room and Curly was taken into custody. I was released and told to go home, but it was hard to get through the crowd of politicians who were busily announcing to the press how they had been certain all along that I was really innocent.

MOVING ON

At the time I got married, I had 45 cows and was still building corrals. When I built my corrals, I made them real solid - every post was sunk in concrete. That meant that in many places I had to use a steel to cut the hole in the rock in order to set the posts. All the gates on my corrals were made of lumber and had iron hinges. I had no use for those

draggy, wire gates that a lot of ranches used. I did not intend to have any cattle or horses busting their way out of my corrals.

It was fortunate for me that I had 18 months of apprenticeship in a blacksmith shop when I was 15 and 16 years of age back in New Brunswick, because now I was able to build myself a little forge and make any of the iron items I needed, like hinges and bolts and horseshoes.

The years were passing and there was always plenty to do towards increasing the size of my herd and making improvements around the place. I kept alert for chances to extend my holdings. When I came to the Aravaipa, the range land was public domain and open to all. Then the State took over and divided everything into sections and put the grazing rights for the different sections up for bids. From time-to-time, some sections would become available for new bids, and I would put in my bid. In this way I picked up five sections because when the inspectors came to check things over, they would find where I had done some work and made some improvements: dams, fences, corrals -- something. I beat out the other bidders who were just looking for some cheap grazing land.

One day late in 1940, my wife and I were driving past Cook's Lake and we saw a "For Sale" sign on the farm there. It is located on the San Pedro River just at the mouth of Aravaipa Creek. The "lake" actually looks more like a little swamp, but it got its whimsical name from George Cook who came from Philadelphia to Arizona for his health and bought the place from two Camp Grand soldiers who first claimed the land because of the cold water springs. Eventually, Cook sold the farm to Luke Reay, Reay had 100 acres of farmland and 5-1/2 sections of rangeland. We stopped in to see Reay and learned that he had health problems and the farm was too much for him to handle. He wanted to sell out and move to Phoenix. After some discussion, we came to terms for so much down and the balance over five years. Along with the

property, we got 37 head of cows, a bull, a saddle horse, and a team of mules. In a little while we were able to get moved from the Painted Cave down to the house on the farm. It felt like a real luxury to be handy to Winkelman and to have our mail delivered every day.

I was not satisfied with the corrals and set to work rebuilding them, and then there was an irrigation ditch which brought water from the river to the fields, and this ditch always seemed to be in need of attention. I got fed up with it and drilled a well which provided plenty of water for the fields with no problem. In October, I sowed the whole works in Texas Red oats. I wasn't interested in being a farmer; I just wanted a place to pasture cattle. We lived there on the San Pedro for 20 years.

RANCH LIFE

When I got my first cattle, I registered my brand as Bar 3 J: -3J, but after a while I became dissatisfied with it, and then I saw a brand that really took my fancy. It was the OK brand with an elongated O like this: O<. I bought 20 head from the fellow who owned it, and he sold me the rights to the brand along with the cattle. That was about 1936, and I've used that brand ever since on all my stock.

Black Mountain was part of the Cave range, and there were still some wild horses up there. I wanted to get rid of them so there would be more feed for my cattle. The method used was to drive my 20 head of gentle mares up on the mountain, and when some of the wild horses took up with them, my wife and I would go up there and round them all up together and drive them back to the Cave. We repeated this procedure over a period of three months before we got all the wild ones into our pasture.

I hired a couple of cowboys to help us drive them to Winkelman. With the more fractious horses, I tied a length of rope to the horse's front foot and tied the other end to his tail. That kept him from running off. Others I roped in pairs, neck to neck, so that they had to cooperate. With

these precautions, we had very little trouble getting them to the pens in Winkelman. From there I shipped them to the "Dr. Ross" processing plant in California. I got an average of \$3.75 a head for those broomtails.

Most of the time I rode alone, but always had two dogs to help me drive cattle. I tried all kinds of dogs, but the best I ever had were Australian cattle dogs. I never had to catch dogs because if a cow got to running off, I sold her at auction. That way, my cattle were never hard to handle.

In the Fall, I would leave the bigger calves at the Cave pasture where they would remain for about another 45 days until they were weaned. The smaller calves and their mothers we would drive down to the Whitaker, which was a piece of desert between the Cave and the Cook's Lake farm, and from there truck the calves on down to the farm pasture. The mother cows would be turned loose and they would find their way back up to their old range. I put those smaller calves on oats, and after I saw that they were doing fine, I would let them out on the range around the farm. In the latter part of May, I would bring down my yearlings from the Cave range, then put all the yearlings on the oats until they had the five fields cleaned up, then run them over the scales with a three percent shrink, and trucks from Winkelman would pick them up. The value of this system was that calves off the mountain got a rest on the farm and were not driven directly to market, so when they did go, it was at a much better weight. Over the 20 years that I had the farm, my steers averaged 602 pounds.

To make life more interesting, I put a quarter-mile race track and rodeo grounds at the farm, and I called it "Fairplay Park." We had four rodeos a year and races any time somebody wanted to use the track for a match race. After four years, I gave up having races because people were always squabbling and it took up too much of my time.

Gussie and I did not have any children of our own, so we adopted an eight-year-old boy we called Vern. He was crazy

about horses and wanted to become a cowboy. He went to school in Winkelman, but on the weekends he rode with me. As he grew up he became very handy with the pumps and machinery and ran the farm for me. Periodically, I would give him a heifer calf, and when he had accumulated 30 head, he borrowed from the A.L.P.C.A., as I had done, and bought 30 more. However, the army called him when he was 18 and he served two years, but when he got out, he had lost interest in ranching, sold his stock and went his own way. It was the biggest disappointment of my life.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

The Whitaker place was just fair range, but it was the connecting link between the Cave range and the Cook's Lake range. One day in 1954, the owner of the Whitaker came to see me and asked if I would be interested in buying it. I told him I was interested but couldn't handle the price right then. We talked around and finally came to a deal with something down and the balance over five years. Now I could drive my yearlings down from the Cave to the corrals at the Whitaker, and the next day have just a short trip to the farm.

The corrals at the Whitaker were mostly just old goat pens, and on our first drive we left our cattle there and headed home for the night. Early the next morning, we rode up to the Whitaker, and there wasn't a single animal in sight! They had busted out of there with no difficulty at all, but I knew they could not get back on their old range because the Cave had too good a fence. I sent a couple of men back to the farm to get posts and page wire while the rest of us dug post holes. By late in the afternoon we had enough of a corral built that would hold our escapees. The next day we went after them, and there they were - all lined up along the Cave fence. We got the yearlings all moved down to the oat fields at the farm, but right away I set a crew to work building proper corrals at the Whitaker.

About six months later, I acquired the Brandedburg

Mountain section, which adjoined Black Mountain, and now I had an extensive range that was all connected and I didn't have to be concerned about somebody else's property when I moved my cattle.

A few years previously, I had been having a lot of trouble among my cows with pinkeye and cancer eye, so I decided in 1948 to try putting some Brahma blood in my stock. I bought 98 Santa Gertrudis heifers that came from the Richard King Ranch of Corpus Christi, Texas, and 5 bulls from Tobin Armstrong. I liked those cattle so well that I kept adding more of them to my herd, and had them registered. My top bull was a King Ranch bull. I began a program of crossbreeding the bulls with my Hereford cows, and I sold the first crop of calves to Tol Pendleton of the Baca Float Ranch near Nogales for \$.35 a pound, and they averaged 618 pounds right off the range. Pendleton really got into the Santa Gertrudis business, and was running a thousand registered cows when he finally sold out. I started doing real well with these cattle myself. They were extremely hardy and there was no eye trouble and no bad feet, and they went anywhere to eat. The Black Mountain range, where I kept them, was covered with alfilaria and other vegetation that enabled them to grow fat and sleek, and their cherry-red color added beauty to the landscape. I took care of them by myself, and in 20 years I didn't have to doctor a cow; all I had to do was put out salt licks, and check the water and fences.

Getting to and from the top of Black Mountain was rough going, so I decided to build my own road. That way, I could bring down a load of calves in a vehicle whenever I needed to, and save a lot of time and trouble. It took a lot of blasting and hard work to clear a route, and in one spot there wasn't room to make a curve, so I installed a Y switchback in order to change direction. Some people thought that calling it a "road" was being too kind, but a 4-wheel-drive vehicle could make it all right, even though it was a

scary ride. One time, we took up some people who were making a television series and wanted to shoot background scenery, and some of them talked seriously about walking back down because they were frightened of the ride, but we got them down safely. They gave up on the project because they said it would be too hard on their equipment.

WATER ON THE MOUNTAIN

The only water on top of Black Mountain was at a dirt tank that got filled by the rains, but it was empty during the dry season. The mountain had been a good range for wild horses because they had the ability to travel a long distance to water sources. The grasses grew well up there, but in order to keep a cattle range a better all-season resource for water was necessary. On a visit to Sanderson County in Texas, which was very dry, I asked a local rancher how he provided water for his cattle, and he told me it was pumped from the Rio Grande River. That gave me the idea of pumping water from the Aravaipa up to Black Mountain. I consulted a number of engineers and other supposed experts, but they all gave discouraging opinions, saying it was too difficult or too expensive for my limited capabilities. I decided to make my own plans and try to do the job myself.

I put down a 50-foot well on the Aravaipa creek and installed a 7-1/2 h.p. John Bean piston pump to put the water into a 4,000 gallon pressure storage tank. The elevation at this point is about 2,800 feet. I put 4-1/2 miles of pipe in place to get to the top of the mountain. The first mile was 1-1/2 inch pipe to a 30,000 gallon open cement storage tank at the 3,400-foot level. For the rest of the run, I used 1-1/4 inch pipe. I put in check valves and drains every third of a mile along the whole pipeline. From the cement tank, I ran a mile of takeoff line to a dirt tank that also had a corral. The last stretch of pipeline ran 2-1/2 miles to the top at 4,400 foot level. Here, I built a set of corrals with a loading chute. I trucked the 20-ft. lengths of pipe as close as I could get to the pipeline right-of-way, then used

a horse to drag each length to its required location where I had two men putting the line together. Everything was uphill or downhill along a fairly straight line. The pump installation and the cement tank construction were done by contract, but the rest I had to take care of myself with hired help.

When everything was finished, all I had to do was turn on the switch at the pump to get water into the cement tank, and if the water had to go all the way to the top, I would go up to the cement tank and open a valve. Now the cattle wouldn't have to be driven off the mountain as they used to be when the tanks went empty in the dry spells, and this was a big savings for both me and the cattle. In a typical year, the top tank had to be replenished twice, and it took five days of pumping each time. It was 1965, as I recall, when this watering system became operational. Since then, other people have copied my idea and are now pumping water to high ranges.

Story by Jo Flieger with J.G.H. Huckle, 6-25-88

JOHN DANIEL FREEMAN
Prescott, Arizona

I was born October 7, 1911, on a cattle and wheat ranch near Tulia, about 50 miles south of Amarillo, in Texas Panhandle. Our brand was the Bar One, — / , on the left side. When I was growing up, we moved around a lot because my father did not own the land. I graduated from Tulia High School in 1930, and stayed out a year to earn money before enrolling at New Mexico State University at Las Cruces in the fall of 1931.

Times were hard in the 1930's during the Great Depression, but I was fortunate enough to get a job on the College Poultry Farm at 25 cents an hour! This paid for my college expenses as I had a free room on the Farm, batched, did my own laundry, and ate lots of cracked eggs.

In 1935, during my senior year, jobs were still scarce, but I was lucky again and was offered a job as Range Examiner for the Soil Conservation Service at Safford, Arizona. My professors excused me from classes the last four weeks of school. I reported for duty on May 1, 1935, and received my B. S. degree in Agriculture in absentia on May 28th.

For the next six years I worked as a range examiner in southern Arizona and western New Mexico making range surveys and figuring carrying capacities for ranches that were cooperating with the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) or Works Progress Administration (WPA) in range management and soil erosion control work. At that time, Safford was headquarters for 25 CCC camps under the jurisdiction of the Soil Conservation Service as well as for several projects handled by WPA and SCS.

With my first paycheck in June, 1935, I journeyed to the N. Porter Saddle Company store in Phoenix and purchased a brand new saddle with a Port Parker tree, a pair of ladies leg spurs, bridle, saddle blanket, chaps and the whole works. Imagine my surprise and delight when ten years later I met

Port Parker on the Bell Ranch at Camp Verde. Until then, I didn't know the man was still around. I sold the saddle and chaps during World War II to John Thompson, owner of the Las Vegas Ranch in Williamson Valley, northwest of Prescott. I parted with my last memento of Safford in September, 1988, when I traded my 53-year old spurs to Cowboy Artist, Bill Nebeker of Prescott, for one of his small bronzes captioned, "Cowcamp Delight." He likes my old spurs and I adore the beautiful bronze.

That first year at Safford, 1935, was a glorious one. I became acquainted with several range examiners who also were working for the SCS there. We were all broke when we started at Safford which put us all together in the same boat. We had fun and enjoyed our work. Those were pleasant days and now are treasured memories. Those early friends are still my good friends today.

From January to May in 1937 several of us, usually four in a party, surveyed the entire San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation. The survey parties varied in size from two to eight, depending upon other duties and assignments some had at the time. We did the work on horseback using aerial photographs. We mapped all day, then after cooking and eating supper, we inked our lines and checked the write-ups until bedtime as we had nothing else to do. Also, that was the time party members compared vegetation write-ups and matched boundary lines of the various vegetation types mapped that day.

I want to mention these range men I became acquainted with at Safford in 1935. Although some have gone on to greener ranges, the remaining are still my friends. Morris Trogstad and I were classmates at New Mexico Aggies and came together to work on May 1st, 1935. He later worked for the Bureau of Land Management at Phoenix and Santa Fe, New Mexico. Tom Davis and Myron, "Boo" Allen were a year ahead of me in school, so I knew them, as well. Tom is now a rancher in eastern New Mexico and Boo later worked for the

BLM at St. George, Utah, and in Phoenix. Others I met in Safford back in 1935 were Jack Wilson, now ranching in Mohave County; Bill Thompson, who later ranched at Ash Fork and Dewey and is now living in Prescott; Wayne Kessler, who for many years was the Conservationist for the Arizona State Land Department; Lynn Anderson, who later ranched at Clifton now owns a ranch in Mohave County; Frank Armer was ranching in Yavapai County when he died several years ago; Darwin Anderson, later with the SCS Nursery at Tucson; Charlie Michaels, later ranched at Silver City, NM, and then came back with the SCS at Holbrook and Phoenix; Ted Meoller, later a banker in Yuma; Fred Howard, later with the BLM at Kanab, Utah; Earl Rhinehardt, later with SCS in Utah, Coolidge, and Phoenix; Al Swanson, later with SCS in Phoenix, Douglas, Tucson, and Utah; Gail Monson, later with U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service at Yuma.

Early in 1937, several of us were camped at Bylas on the Indian Reservation. On this particular day, Jack Wilson and I had been assigned to work north of the Gila River, which was near our camp. The river was flowing a good stream and as Jack and I approached the river's edge, I became leery about crossing because a few months previous while crossing the Gila at the mouth of the Frisco River my horse hit quicksand and we both nearly drowned. I didn't want to go through that experience again.

Jack looked the situation over and said, "Let's cross here." He started across first and soon his horse went under, but came up swimming. That scared me. I looked around for a better crossing spot; couldn't find one. I noted a railroad bridge nearby, examined it and decided my horse, who had extra large feet, could cross because the ties were rather close together, about 3 or 4 inches apart. I thought it worth a try and started across, leading my horse.

Jack saw what I was doing and yelled out, "Freeman, don't do that, you are crazy for trying to cross that way!" By that time we had gone about ten feet and my horse wasn't

bothered at all, so, we went on. Still, I surely was thankful when I got across and so was Jack. Coming back to camp that evening we crossed the river at another location where it was wider and not so deep.

While stationed in southern Arizona, from 1935 to 1941, I was more or less mobile. Thus, I found myself working in Graham, Greenlee, Gila, Cochise, Pima, Pinal, and Santa Cruz counties in Arizona as well as on ranches in nearby New Mexico. Ranches I remember working on as a young man in New Mexico were: Charlie Martin's at Virden; Harry Day's Lazy B Ranch near Lordsburg; Cureton's Prebred Hereford Ranch at Tyrone; the Harrington and Gilcrease ranches in Mimbres Valley; and the Diamond A Ranch south of the Animas Valley next to the Mexican border as well as others whose names and owners I no longer recall.

I remember a couple of ranches in Greenlee County that I surveyed; the Cosper and Gillespie near Clifton.

Ranchers I remember in Graham County over 50 years ago are: Bill Ellsworth, Gene Seeley, Dr. Monk, Hugh Bennett, the Bowmans, the McEuens, and Mr. Holiday near Ft. Thomas; the Boice Brothers, Henry and Frank near Klondyke; and a couple near Safford -- Woody Wilson and Marion Lee.

I worked on several ranches in Cochise County; to name a few: Harry Saxon's Three Links, north of Benson and east of the San Pedro River; Keith Brothers north of Benson and west of the San Pedro; Jim Finley's ranch in the Dragoon Mountains (later, Jim ranched at Holbrook); Charlie McKinney's at Courtland and his neighbor's, Walter Hatley; Sam Moseley's and Frank Noland's in the upper San Simon Valley; Jack Spieden's Jay Six west of Benson; Gus Kimble's at Apache; Mike Foudy's west of Bisbee; Frank Moson's Y Lightning Ranch west of the San Pedro River near present day Sierra Vista; Vince Ogurek's at Hereford; Bill Stevenson's at Naco; John Sands' northeast of Elgin; the Boquillas Ranch on the San Pedro north of Hereford; and Frank Brophy's beautiful Babacomari Grant Ranch near Elgin in Cochise and Santa Cruz

counties.

In Santa Cruz there were the Boice Brothers' Empire Ranch at Sonoita and Harold Thurber's ranch nearby; also, Jeffcott's historical Rail X Ranch at Patagonia with the big Monkey Springs.

In Pima County there were Charlie Day south of Vail and Rukin Jelk's ranch on Rillito Creek east of Tucson. Just outside the Superstition Mountains near Apache Junction in Pinal County I worked on the Clifford Dobson Ranch, which today I understand is pretty well covered with houses and civilization.

I was stationed at Safford from May, 1935, to August, 1938, and then was transferred to Warren. It was during my stay in Safford that my name was "changed" for the second time.

I was named for my two grandfathers and as a boy and through high school I was called "J.D." In college everyone went by his or her last name. For a couple of years after moving to Safford in 1935, I was still called "Freeman." Gradually, by the time I moved to Warren, my friends began calling me "Danny", and that's been my name ever since. I wouldn't know how to act now with any other name.

It was while in Warren that an interesting and historical event took place on the Charlie McKinney ranch at Courtland where we had a CCC side camp. This was a good ranch, but there were several areas void of vegetation because of being previously plowed up by dry farmers trying to prove up on their homesteads. Charlie wanted to get something to grow on those bare spots, something like grass.

The range management plan worked out with McKinney included a new practice at that time, contour furrowing, on several hundred acres. On one area of 100 acres we decided to reseed when the furrows were fresh. We mixed up a batch of seed which included blue grama, sideoats grama, Seteria wolftail, sand dropseed and a few other species. We were new at reseeding rangelands. Prior to mixing the seed, I had

heard from Louis Hamilton, manager of the SCS nursery at Tucson. He encouraged me to include 10 pounds of Lehmann lovegrass seed in the mixture to try on the agreed upon 100 acres to be seeded. I couldn't see that it would hurt anything.

Lehmann lovegrass is a native of South Africa and the SCS had been trying it out in the nursery where it had showed promise. Now it was time to give it a trial in the field away from the nursery. A pound of Lehmann lovegrass seed will go a long way because the seeds are so small -- about 6 million to the pound! "It did well in the nursery and was worth a test in the field", said Hamilton. Remember, this was in 1939. As the furrows were being made with machinery, a couple of CCC boys followed and spread the seed by hand in the newly plowed furrows. We figured the first shower would cover the seed sufficiently. This was the first time that this grass had ever been planted anywhere in the United States outside a nursery.

Since I was working out of Warren, I could check the seeding every week or two after the summer rains started. Nothing seemed to be happening until one day I noticed quite a few young grass seedlings. I thought they were six weeks grama grass as there was a lot of that in that area. To make a long story short, the "six-weeks" soon headed out and lo and behold it was not what I had thought. I knew my botany well enough to know that the grass I was observing was an *Eragrostis*. Then it hit me. That grass was Lehmann lovegrass, *Eragrostis lehmanniana*, and there was a good stand. I called Louis Hamilton to come and see it and he confirmed my identification. He was thrilled; so was Charlie McKinney and I.

From that meager beginning of ten pounds of seed on 100 acres in 1939, resulted several hundred thousand acres and possibly millions of acres of this exotic grass in southern Arizona, southern New Mexico and northern Mexico. I guess if I were looking for fame and glory, I could say that I was the

first to plant Lehmann lovegrass outside a nursery in the United States and this happened in Cochise County, Arizona in 1939.

How about Lehmann lovegrass today - 49 years later in 1988? Is it a miracle grass or a nuisance? From time to time I have asked various ranchers in Cochise County who have it on their ranches what they think of it -- men like Charlie McKinney, would brag on it as feed but each said in essence, "Well, it's better than what I had before, which was nothing." I guess the jury is still out on this controversial grass after nearly 50 years.

In Warren, I met and married Norita Voelker, who was born in nearby Bisbee and was teaching school there when we married on July 21, 1940. The next month, in August, I was transferred to Patagonia and moved there with my new bride and stayed there until May, 1941, when we moved to Prescott, where we have lived ever since.

Our three children were all born in Prescott and each graduated from Prescott High School. Of course, by now, they are grown and gone. Barrie, the oldest, is with the U. S. Forest Service at Lee Vining, California. Wendell, second born, has a car striping business in Ft. Worth, Texas. And Judy, Mrs. Brian Power, is in northern California, near Yreka where her husband is a forester with the Forest Service. Brian and Barrie majored in forestry at Northern Arizona University at Flagstaff and that's where Judy met Brian.

After moving to Prescott in 1941, I surveyed a few ranches in Yavapai County: Phil Tovrea's Double O Ranch south of Seligman; several in Williamson Valley where we had a CCC Camp - Las Vegas, owned by John Thompson, Long Meadow owned by Charles Wilson and managed by Jack Dew, Seven V owned by Marie York and managed by Kemper Chafin; not far away were the Cross U Ranch owned by Chuck Lakin; Bar U Bar managed by Cecil White and the Diamond and a Half owned by Jerome Eddy. Another, but later, was the Bard Ranch at Kirkland.

In Prescott, I became active in a number of agricultural and civic organizations such as the Society for Range Management for which I served as president of the Arizona Section in 1954 and president of the parent Society in 1956. I was chairman of the Yavapai County Fair for six years, 1954 and 1955 and 1976 through 1979. Next, I was Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo Parade chairman for two years in 1963 and 1964; then, in 1964 and 1965 I was president of the Yavapai County Fair Association - the organization that put on the County Fair and Frontier Days Rodeo each year.

In 1941, I became a member of the Yavapai Cattle Growers and joined the Arizona Cattle Growers in 1954. I have remained active in these two cattle organizations through the years and am still a member in good standing in each.

Little by little, after I moved to Prescott, my SCS responsibilities and work area were enlarged until eventually in 1952, I was named Area Conservationist. My work area included the five northern Arizona counties with six field offices. Even though my duties as Area Conservationist were administrative, I made it a point to become acquainted with as many of the ranchers as I could who were working with the SCS on range management and soil and water conservation. These included John Hall, Harbon Heap, Bud Greer, Harvey Platt, and Earl Thode in Apache County; Mike O'Haco, Jack Carlyle and Harv Randall in Navajo County; Ernest Chilson, John Babbitt and Milt Sechrist in Yavapai; others in Yavapai County were Frank Gyberg, Duane Miller, Delbert Pierce, Norman Fain, Bud Webb, Mort Orme, and Floyd Orr. Pete Bartmus and Claude Neal in Mohave; besides several on the Arizona Strip including Clayton Atkin, Slim Waring and Slats Jacobs. Of course, there were many others throughout Arizona whom I knew and enjoyed visiting with and still do.

I was in Vietnam for five years, 1967-1972, as an Agricultural Advisor for the U. S. State Department. My job there was to work with the farmers in swine, poultry, and rice production to increase food supplies for the population.

I enjoyed my work there because the farmers were so easy and accommodating to work with. They enthusiastically and immediately put suggestions into practice - unlike some American farmers and ranchers with whom one had to argue for a long time to get a point across. We did, indeed, increase food production in Vietnam while I was there, especially rice. Even though I was there during the war, the Viet Cong left me pretty much alone because they knew if I helped the farmers produce more food it made more for them to steal or confiscate. I hated to leave and turn the land over to the communists. But I have this satisfaction that the rice we introduced were true varieties, not hybrid, and can reproduce true to form from seed saved.

I retired in April, 1973, after 38 years of government service. I figured that was long enough to work for any outfit. Since retirement, I have kept busy in a number of organizations and have written historical pieces about some of the organizations I'm interested in. I'm not a professional writer, but I have written a few books which were published. They are:

- June, 1963 - Twenty-One Years of Progress of Arizona Soil Conservation Districts;
- January, 1976- A 55-year History of the Smoki Snake Dance;
- March, 1982 - A 50-year History of the Yavapai Cattle Growers;
- May, 1982 - A 20-year History of the Prescott Corral of the Westerners;
- August, 1982 - A 35-year Leadership History of the Society for Range Management;
- October, 1982- A 50-year History of the Yavapai Calf Sale and Barbecue;
- May, 1984 - A 60th Anniversary Special Program and Brochure for the Prescott Kiwanis Club;
- August, 1984- A 72-year History of Yavapai County Fairgrounds (72 pages written by a 72 year old man);

April, 1988- A 100-year History of Prescott Frontier Days
Rodeo, World's Oldest Rodeo . (My last,
and best in my opinion -- I'm really proud of
it!)

I have thoroughly enjoyed my more than 50 years in Arizona. My most satisfying work has been with ranchers throughout the state. By working with ranchers cooperating with the SCS and as members of the Society for Range Management and by attending cattlemen's and Range Society meetings all over the state, I have become acquainted with ranchers in every county in Arizona - I'm proud of that. To me they are the best people on earth. The happiest and proudest moment in my professional life was the day, in 1986, when I was chosen by The Arizona National Livestock Show to be "A Pioneer Stockman and Member of the Arizona Living Stockman Hall of Fame."

That says it all for me. I was especially pleased when I saw who had signed the Certificate. They were sons of two of my friends of the 1930's - Frank C. Armer, Jr. signed as president; and Nelson Stevenson signed as show manager. Frank Armer's father and I were good friends starting back in 1935. I first met Frank, Jr. (Toby) as a toddler in Safford. The first time I remember seeing Nellie, he was a young boy in grade school. I met him then on his father's, Bill Stevenson, ranch at Naco back in the 1930's. I shall cherish my Certificate the rest of my life.

I have had an enjoyable and successful working career. One reason for that I attribute to my father. As I was leaving for college in August, 1931, he came to the truck to tell me goodbye and wish me luck. It was an awkward moment for both of us because I was leaving before the wheat harvest was over. He sensed, I guess I did too, that I would not be coming back ever to work with him again. He gripped my hand and with emotion in his voice said, "J.D., I don't know where you will be working nor what you'll be doing but see how much you can do for yor paycheck - not how little!" That was good

advice in 1931 and is still good advice 57 years later in 1988.

Submitted by:

Danny Freeman
316 Whitney
Prescott, AZ 86301

September 8, 1988

THE COWBOY

Lonesome is the cowboy in a stampede in the rain,
Hopes he'll never see his boss or another cow again.
Sad is the cowboy who stands hat in hand,
Looking Down at a partner who'll never ride again.

As he drives his herd along the dusty trail,
He's looking forward to a final auction sale,
Cause on that payday he's changing his way.

Restless is the cowboy, who rides into town,
And hugs a dance hall lady, and swings her round and round.
Deadly is the cowboy, drawing as he stands,
His eyes hard as diamonds, on the crooked gamblers hand.

And as he grows to learn his ways will never change,
He starts to think somehow his life he'll rearrange.
No more will he roam he wants his own home.

Happy is the cowboy on a cool summer night,
His sweetheart beside him eyes shining bright.
Peaceful is the cowboy, who sits neath the tree,
And tallys up his cattle, with his young wife by his knee.

And he gazes at his ranch house down below,
A special feeling in his heart begins to grow,
He wouldn't change it or rearrange it.

TE

MARVIN AND MARGARET GLENN

J BAR A RANCH

Douglas, Arizona

Marvin Deen Glenn
P.O. Box 1195
Douglas, Arizona 85608
Born: June 19, 1912
Born in Douglas, AZ
Cochise County
J Bar A (J-A) Ranch

Eva Margaret Young Glenn
P.O. Box 1195
Douglas, Arizona 85608
Born: November 16, 1912
Born in Jerome, AZ
Yavapai County
J Bar A (J-A) Ranch

Marvin Deen Glenn was born in Douglas, Arizona, June 19, 1912, the oldest son of Ira and Marie Cristy Lightner Glenn.

Eva Margaret Young was born in Jerome, Arizona, November 16, 1912, the first of five children born to Lawrence and Maude Wilson Young.

Both Marvin and I, Margaret, are THIRD GENERATION RANCHERS IN ARIZONA - and this is the way it came about:

In 1898, Marvin's grandparents, Josiah Jefferson Glenn and Josephine Gardner Glenn came in a wagon train with their children, from Tom Green County, Texas, to southern Arizona, settling near Douglas and homesteading land in the Chiricahua Mountains. Their son, Ira Deen, married Marie Christy Lightener in Globe, April 13, 1911. Marie was born near Tronjam, Norway, and came to this country at age 15 to be with an older sister who had immigrated earlier. Ira and Marie homesteaded in Hunt Canyon, establishing the J Bar A Ranch where Marvin and I still live.

Margaret's grandparents, Francis Asbury and Eva Naomi Lawrence Young came to Arizona in 1886 from Marion, Ohio, and homesteaded 16 miles west of the town of Phoenix on the Agua Fria River. Their eldest son, Lawrence, my father, was two years old.

Margaret's mother, Maude Wilson Young was born in southern Missouri in 1884 and moved with her family to

Phoenix in 1896. She and Lawrence met in the First Methodist Church and were married there June 3, 1911, in a double wedding with his brother, Herbert and Zelia Seaman. Incidentally, Herbert celebrated his 100th birthday on October 23, 1987, in Clarkdale, where he is still living and writing books.

Lawrence and Maude's ranch property was on the corner of Thomas Road and 40th Street in Phoenix. The north 1/2-mile border now has the KTAR Towers and Tower Plaza, a large shopping center.

Marvin's parents brought him to the J Bar A Ranch by team and wagon when he was six years old, along with an older sister, Harriet. The family grew with the birth of William Edward in 1913 and Roberta Josephine in 1914. Roberta died at the age of 9 of leukemia. William and his wife, Harriet Willoughby Glenn, live in Douglas as does their daughter, Mareva James and her family.

In 1916, Ira and Marie built a new home. All the building materials were hauled to the ranch by wagon. The family lived in this home until 1926 when it burned. Marie and the children were in town, and dad was alone. He was at the barn and saw smoke. Running to the house, he went in, grabbed a skillet, and mounted deer head and ran to the middle of the orchard. He said he didn't want to break any windows by trying to throw things out.

The Glenn children grew up here on the J Bar A. The first school they attended was a small one-room school house about two miles west of the homeplace on the Bar Boot Ranch. The teacher lived with the Glenns. Later, when they "outgrew" the little school, they moved to Douglas during the week and attended school there.

After High School, Marvin, William, and another rancher friend, Charles Bloomquist, went to Phoenix to Lamson's Business College. During this time, Marvin met me and we were married on June 21, 1933, in the yard of my parents home.

At that time I was attending Phoenix Junior College and running the milk route for my folks, often picking Marvin up where he was staying and giving him an early ride before dropping him off at school.

I was born in Jerome, and at that time, my parents were living on a dairy and fruit ranch east of Clarkdale on the Verde River. I attended school in Clarkdale, Arizona, until the family moved to Phoenix in 1920. I then attended Creighton School through the eighth grade, on to Phoenix Union High School, and them to Phoenix Junior College.

After our marriage, we came to the J Bar A to live. The ranch house was rebuilt that year, and has been our home all of our married life.

Marvin's mother, Marie, passed away in 1940. About two years later, Marvin and William bought the J Bar A from their father. Later Marvin and I bought out William's part.

Ira died in 1958.

Our daughter, Janet Margaret, was born May 22, 1934, followed by our son, Warner Deen, on January 10, 1936. As is usual with most ranch children, they grew up doing chores and working with us in all the cattle work, etc. Each one first began riding in front of me in the saddle when they were very young.

Janet is married to Armando Varela, Jr., a member of a well-known Sonora, Mexico, ranching family. They have four children and seven grandchildren.

Warner married Wendy Paul, also of a well-known southern Arizona family. They have a daughter and son and live on the Malpai Ranch east of Douglas. The Malpai is a part of the old John Slaughter Ranch.

For many years, we took children during the summers to help out the ranch income. We thoroughly enjoyed the children and hope it gave them an insight into ranch life.

In 1939, Marvin got his first hound, a Redbone, named Jack. He caught the first lion, which was the beginning of a long guiding service. Warner has been in hunting and guiding

with us as a partner all along, and since his marriage, his family have all taken an active part in the business.

The first started with Marvin's interest in hunting and the need to control predators. The first lion had killed a calf of ours. Now ranchers call us when they find a kill and off the men go.

The guiding service includes deer and javalina in seasons and some of our "faithfuls" have been coming for twelve to fourteen years, returning every year.

On one of the lion hunts in Mexico, I went along to cook. Our hunters were Clyde Davies from Missouri and Dr. Harry Smith of Douglas. Warner, "Fu Pau" Varela, our son-in-law, Marvin and I made up the party.

We were hunting on the Rancho Nuevo in Sonora, which Fu Pau's father, Armando Varela owned. Armando, Mary, Fu Pau's mother, Chapo, Fu Pau's brother and his wife, Norma, were at the big house and we were camped about a mile and a half from there.

I was at the camp getting ready to cook supper. After lighting the Coleman stove, I heard a big "whoosh" -- the stove had exploded and was burning into the tent. It looked as a "pillar of fire" was going to the top of the tent. Grabbing a chair, I stood on it and tried to remove the Butane lantern from the center pole. About this time a hole burned through the top and the tent began to collapse. I took the pole, circled it and guided the tent to the ground. I ran out and grabbed two cans of gasoline and took them to the creek, then got one cot and bedroll out, Clyde's gun case and Dr. Smith's medical bag.

There were several boxes of shotgun shells in a corner and they began exploding and the "wads" flew in all directions. I picked up a shovel and swatted the grass where they fell and prayed it wouldn't burn up Armando's ranch.

Marvin, Warner, and the hunters were coming to camp and saw the smoke. Warner said, "Mama must be cooking dutch oven biscuits!" What a surprise when they got there!

The Varelas took us in and we stayed with them for the rest of the hunt. Bless them!

Norma and I went to the camp the next day and there in a stack were 11 dozen eggs. The sides of the boxes had burned away. We ate eggs scrambled, fried, in salad, boiled, any old way.

Our hunters have come from all over -- Justice William O. Douglas came three or four times from Washington. Some come from all areas of the United States, from Mexico, Thailand, Austria, South America, etc. This has been a help in keeping things going on the ranch.

Marvin has had many and varied experiences in his hunting, and keeps a record of each hunt, complete with pictures. He celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday in June and I will be seventy-five also in November.

It has been a wonderful experience!

HOWARD GROUNDS
Kingman, Arizona

"Billy" Grounds was born in the little mining town of Mineral Park in 1880. His father discovered and operated one of the first mines there, and named it after his home state; The Lone Star.

At the age of 11, Billy's judgement of livestock became obvious to his associates.

Silver was discovered at White Hills, and the town grew to one of America's largest tent cities.

Billy lost a winter's schooling while tending hundreds of burros for the prospectors there. His knowledge of where the burros grazed and who owned them was uncanny. His keen sense and judgment of livestock soon outgrew everything else in his life. His limited schooling was at Hackberry, Arizona. When Billy was hardly out of grade school, his parents found it impossible to contain him any longer. Cows were his life, and once on his own, he hit their trails. The smell of cattle in the dust and around water holes, inspired him no end, and he drove himself relentlessly to the top of the industry. In a few years he acquired a large dry area, the Hualapu Indian reservation and fenced it. He remembered the construction tactics of the Santa Fe railway, with their numerous teams and number 2 slip scrappers. He employed this method to build reservoirs, and soon built a cattle empire, branding thousands of calves.

He laid plans for years ahead, leaving himself little time to eat and sleep. He usually slept 3 hours and spent part of that striking matches to look at his watch. When on cattle drives, he stood 2 guards out of the usual 3 on night herds. He started his days early. By daylight his herd and drivers were off the bedground and the circle riders, far out on circle.

The horse herd was put in the ropes when the cook started breakfast. Billy was first at the corral with the

rawhide rope. He used a small loop with a little coil of rope, held with it and stooping to get a horse's profile on the skyline, would throw among a hundred heads. His unerring loop was pretty sure to fit the right horse.

Billy and his wife, Vernie Crizier Grounds, built a beautiful ranch and home in the Clay Springs Canyon. John was born in Milkweed Springs and Howard, Sue (McDaniels), and Bonnie (Britt) were born at Clay Springs, Billy's range was getting overstocked, so he crossed the Colorado river and purchased the Meadows at Las Vegas and started a registered heard of Herefords. He took over the Charleston mountain range and bought the large Charleston Springs. Then he purchased most of the stock water as far as Goldfield, Nevada, and stocked the country with cattle. He built a ranch in Hurricane Valley, Utah, and a huge reservoir. He offered Mr. Preston Nutter \$950,000 for his holdings, but was turned down. He moved on to Colorado and bought the vast Two Bar holdings of Ora Haley, and the 7S from Pierce and Reef, the Douglas Mountain Land and Livestock from Hiram Bernard, and HOY from the Hoy brothers of Brown's Park.

Billy purchased the old Harry Post home in Denver, and moved his family there. He must have foreseen that he would have a few minutes to spare, here, so he rounded up the country between Palmer Lake and Denver and added 5 thousand more cattle. At this point, Billy reached the summit, and became one of America's largest cattlemen. During one shipment over the Union Pacific railway, Billy loaded out 186 cars of 3 and 4 year-old Two Bar steers and flooded the Denver yards.

Billy and MRs. Grounds live near Kingman. Billy says he is retired, although he built a feedyard for 600 head of cattle and operates a lively real estate office.

When a dry range year grinds on toward its melancholy climax - such as in 1967 - Howard Grounds may forsake family and city life for days on end, and spend all of his time at W. F. Ranch making sure that his beleaguered Angus cattle are

cared for in the best way known.

The ranch, 18 miles east of Kingman, is a 60,000-acre layout isolated from the cares of every-day 20th Century living. But Grounds loves that isolation and the rugged beauty of the parched ranchland stretching to the mountains.

He was born to be a cattleman. His father, William F. (Billy) Grounds, has been one of Mohave County's best-known cowmen for half a century. And his father's father, William F Grounds, Sr., founded the family ranching empire near Kingman not long after his arrival from Texas in 1872.

Howard Grounds is one of the new breed of cattlemen - as much at home in a pickup truck as in a saddle - owner of fine cars and a sleek boat. Unlike his father, who coaxed thousands of wild cattle out of Mohave County canyons in his day, Howard has a ranch fenced into 13 easily supervised pastures.

Life has not always been so mechanized for Howard Grounds, Not so free from want. In the early Depression years he was a cowboy on ranches in Arizona Strip country and in Cochise county, earning a cowboy's meager wage. He learned the cattle business from the ground up, fought drought and uncertain beef prices and reared his family under conditions that would seem spartan today.

Howard William Grounds was born on the ranch at Clay Springs, Arizona. Sixty miles north of Kingman, on June 12, 1911. It was still Arizona Territory. He was one of four children born to William F. and Vernie (Crozier) Grounds. Howard's father was expanding his ranch holdings during the years leading up to World War I, and by 1922 he was running cattle on far-flung spreads all the way from Goldfield, Nevada, to Moffat County, Colorado.

The Grounds family moved to Denver when Howard was a young boy. There he attended the first and second grades, after which he spent five years on the Green River Ranch in Colorado. The youngster took to riding and roping as a thirsty steer takes to cool spring water, and he became

expert at both.

He attended high school at Hayden, Colorado, and then became a ranch hand. The elder Grounds, forced from ranch management by the Depression for a time, left Colorado and became associated with the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board. Howard followed his father to Arizona in June, 1933, and worked as a cowboy for Preston Nutter on a ranch headquartered out of St. George, Utah, and on the Boquillas Cattle Company ranch near Hereford in southern Arizona.

In June, 1935, he joined his father in buying 70,000 acres northeast of Kingman from Ira George and Ed Carrow. It was unfenced land, only partially developed for ranching. With his father, he worked night and day to improve the ranch and the herd, which started with 300 head of Herefords. They strung 140 miles of barbed wire fence, developed watering facilities and erected buildings.

A year after he arrived in Kingman, young Grounds met his future wife, Betty Clack, at a dance in town. The Clack and Grounds families had been friends for many years, and Howard soon found numerous excuses for being with the young high school girl. In 1938, however, she left Kingman to attend the University of Arizona. She finished her university work, too, but almost immediately thereafter - on June 12, 1942 - Howard and Betty were married. It was his birthday, and her parents' wedding anniversary; so they have little trouble remembering their wedding date.

The Grounds have two children, Harry Robert (Hubby), and Tommie Lyndel. Harry married Karalee Bentley of Kanab, Utah, in 1964 and now is associated with his father on the ranch. Tommie is a 1967 graduate of Mohave County Union High School in Kingman. An older son, Norris Richard, died of leukemia at age 19 while attending Brigham Young University.

Howard and Betty Grounds lived on the ranch for 13 years before moving to town. Theirs has been a happy partnership, both in ranching and in the rearing of a family.

In the early years of developing their ranch, the

Grounds stayed primarily with Herefords. But in 1948, Howard - along with his father and brother John - became interested in the possibilities of Angus cattle as range stock. They bought a string of young Angus heifers from a Clovis, New Mexico ranch and discovered to their satisfaction that they thrived under Mohave County range conditions. Today their herd is virtually all Angus.

In the winter of 1966-67, they bought 14 black Angus bulls at the stock show in Phoenix, following a practice that has helped upgrade the Grounds herd for many years. The fine new blood which is constantly pumped into the herd helps keep quality up, and so does the practice of waiting to breed his heifers until they are two years old. He finds he loses fewer heifers that way, and the system gives the calves a much better chance of achieving healthy adulthood, too.

Grounds uses experience and scientific methods to good advantage in operating an efficient ranch. To help solve the ever-present water shortage problem, he has built earth tanks and metal tanks, sunk wells and built pipelines. But in the dry years, he has to move some of the cattle off the brown range to feeding areas along the Colorado River.

Long a respected cattleman in the country, Grounds was elected in 1954-55 and in 1964-65 to the presidency of the Mohave County Cattle Growers Association. He is a member of the board of directors of the association and belongs to the state and national associations as well.

Grounds raises fine quarter horses, and he is especially proud of a stallion named Cattle King, a grandson of the famed Peppy of King's Ranch, Texas. The Grounds belong to the Kingman Country Club, but Howard never gets on the golf course.

"No time for that, with all the work to do on the ranch," he says.

He does find time, however, for an occasional fishing jaunt on Lake Mead in his 17-foot boat. And an infrequent hunting trip calls him away from his work. But there is

little of the frivolous in the life in a business-like Howard Grounds.

He and Betty like to travel, and in 1963 they went to South America, visiting Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. They inspected cattle ranches and cattle-raising techniques wherever they went, but only in Argentina did they find a ranch with the modern methods employed in the United States.

Grounds has taken an active part in the 4-H livestock programs in Mohave County for the past eight years; and Betty is as active as her husband. She has been chairman of the Mohave County Fair Commission and chairman of the board of Elementary School District No. 4, and has participated in many other civic activities.

The family attends the Methodist Church. Despite their busy schedule of ranching and community activities, they spend as much time as possible enjoying their comfortable home at 2650 Ricca Drive.

Howard Grounds is proud of the part played in Mohave County history by his father and grandfather. He is particularly proud of their contributions to the science of animal husbandry, and he is determined to advance the quality of the Grounds herd as much in his lifetime as they did in theirs.

FLORA HAUGHT
Payson, Arizona

A multitude of family photographs hanging on the walls and perched on every shelf of Flora Haught's home are constant reminders of her large family which are pioneers to the Payson area.

Now 84 years young, Flora's eyes sparkle as she recalls her childhood and the "good old days". Even though her family lived through some "bad times", they stood by each other and were close as a family. They worked together and played together, as most pioneer families did. They didn't have the modern conveniences we have today-- or the modern problems. Life dealt them a few hard blows, but their close family ties gave them strength to help each other.

Flora was born in Dallas County, Texas, just outside of Dallas on a farm on September 26, 1903. She is the daughter of Effie Anderton and Archie Augusta "Gus" Hunt.

"My father and my Uncle Jase Anderton used to go in together and lease big farms. They raised a lot of cotton. They also raised feed for the horses that pulled the plows and feed for our milk cows," said Flora.

Flora's parents lived in Alabama before moving to Texas. Her mother spun thread and her father worked on ranches and farms.

"My parents first child, John Ellis, was born in Alabama. He died at age two of whooping cough. It was very heart breaking for them. Their second child, Buford, was also born in Alabama."

Then Flora's Uncle Jase Anderton moved to Texas, near Dallas. He liked the country and soon Flora's parents followed. While living on the farm near Dallas, a third child, Flora, was born to the Hunts.

"My sister, Maggie Powers, who lives here in Payson was the next child born into our family," Flora said. "Then my brother, Bedford "Ted" Hunt who now lives in Camp Verde,

arrived.

"Then my folks moved to West Texas to a ranch that was leased by my Uncle Jess Watkins. My brother, Ray Hunt, who now lives in Snowflake, was born while we lived there."

Flora said her folks didn't like West Texas, that it was a "miserable place." Her Uncle Jess moved into Dallas and got a job driving a street car. He kept the driving job until he died.

"My folks moved to Post Oaks, Texas, and leased a farm there. Several of us children were school age, so we had to move near a school. Post Oaks was about five miles outside of Dallas. My father hauled groceries with his wagon and team from Dallas to Post Oaks. While we were living there, my sister, Elizabeth Steele, now of Florence, was born."

By 1913, the Hunt family had moved to Cyene, Texas, located near Dallas. Another daughter, Ruth Lynette, was born there. Then tragedy struck the family again. Flora's father died on Dec. 27, 1913, of typhoid fever.

"Uncle Jase Anderton had already made the move to Arizona. He had a place at Gordon Canyon under the Mogollon Rim. After hearing of the death of my father, he wrote to my mother and sent her money to bring the children and come to Arizona. My mother didn't know what else to do, she had seven children to raise, so she decided we would move to his ranch at Gordon Canyon."

The family came to Arizona by train. They arrived in Winslow on Nov. 2, 1914, with all of the belongings they could manage to bring with them.

"My youngest sister, Ruth, was just two years old when we got to Arizona. She was sick when we left Texas, but my mother didn't know what else to do but come on. We had only been here for one month when baby Ruth died of tonsillitis. She died Dec. 2, 1914, and is buried at Gordon Canyon."

Flora said they lived in her Uncle Jase's small house. He was a bachelor and had never needed a big house. So her Uncle Jase and her brother, Buford, slept in a smokehouse,

while her mother and the rest of the children slept in the house. The following spring, Uncle Jase and the boys built a loft in the house, then there was plenty of room for sleeping.

Flora said it snowed a lot more back then than it does now. They went to a little school at Gordon Canyon from April through November. During the winter there was just too much snow.

"We lived with Uncle Jase for a few years, then my mother and my brother, Buford, bought the old Fields Place in Gordon Canyon. They got it real reasonable. Buford had been working for Chilsons in Payson and had saved some money. The place had only a small house, but my brothers built a new house, a new barn and fenced the whole 160 acres!" said Flora. "They tell me that now the place is a subdivision and it looks like a little town. I'd like to see it."

While living at Gordon Canyon, the Hunt family came into Payson for the annual rodeos and for dances. Their means of travel was by horseback, of course. There were also dances at Gordon Canyon and Kohl's Ranch.

"All of the young people went to these dances," said Flora. "I remember Myrth and Myrl Pyle came over to Gordon Canyon on horseback with their brother for some of the dances. A lot of the Haught boys came to the dances, and I remember Ollie Haught and Million Haught came a few times."

It was at one of these dances that Flora met Columbus "Boy" Haught, the son of Henry "Pappy" and Sarah Bell "Mammy" Haught. Boy and Flora were married December 25, 1922 in Green Valley.

"Boy's father had a sawmill at Green Valley at the time and all of his family lived there. Boy had bought a ranch just above Green Valley from Ed Harris before he went into the Army. Boy served in World War I. It was a little house, but it was fine for us. Our first child, Columbus "Junior" Haught (of Payson), was born there.

"Then Boy and his brother, Sam, built a new house for

us. Our three other children were born in the new house at Green Valley: Jonnie Cline of Texas, Norma Jean Peace of Payson, and June Weigand of Payson. We lived there for several years, then we had to move into Payson for the kids to go to school."

(Flora's brothers sold their place at Gordon Canyon and their mother stayed around with her children. She died at a hospital in Phoenix and is buried at the Payson Pioneer Cemetery.)

Boy and Flora bought some property in Payson, the same property Flora lives on today. There was a little house on it when they bought it, but Boy built on to it and it was quite comfortable. Then they hooked up to electricity and somehow the house caught on fire and burned down.

"Boy got a job with Arizona Game and Fish and we moved to the Tonto Fish Hatchery. The children were mostly grown by then. Boy did the manual labor at the hatchery and I did the book work. We enjoyed our life there. We lived there until Boy turned 65 years old and could retire. Then we moved back to our property in Payson. While we lived at the Fish Hatchery, we had a new home built in Payson, in place of the one that burned."

Boy passed away on March 22, 1979 and is buried at the Payson Pioneer Cemetery.

Flora is surrounded by her family. Her sister-in-law, "Sis" Haught Martin, lives just across the street from her. They visit often and can recall many a happy memory. Flora's children, Norma Jean Peace, June Weigand and Junior Haught, live in the area so she has her family nearby. Even daughter, Jonnie Cline, who lives in Texas, comes out to visit as often as possible.

Flora also has nine grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren that make her life a little brighter. And she never forgets a one of them because their pictures are all over her home.

----- Story written by Jayne Peace

MACK HUGHES
Clifton, Arizona

Mack Hughes was born in Copper Hill, Arizona Territory, on September 6th, 1909. Copper Hill at that time, was a thriving mining community of several thousand, nestled in the hills six miles north of Globe. Today, only black traces of slag and a few crumbling walls mark the site.

Mack's mother - pretty, blonde Oneita Susan Martin - was twenty years old when she married William Patten "Pat" Hughes, a tall, handsome, black-moustached cowboy, in December of 1903 in Magdalena, New Mexico. Pat had served one year with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba, and was now back riding the rough string for the V Cross T outfit, owned by Tom Pollock and Cole Railston.

Starting married life in Magdalena, the couple moved a dozen time within three years. Fortunately for the young bride, ranch life was no stranger to her, since she had come to New Mexico from Mountain Home, Texas, where her family-including five cowboy brothers - had been in the cattle business all their lives.

Pat and "Neet", as he called his wife, raised eight children: Mack, their third child, remembers attending his first school in 1916 at Adamana, Arizona, while Pat worked for Wallace and Bly breaking horses. They moved again in 1918, after losing a daughter, Hazel, in a terrible flu epidemic. The family's nomadic life continued until Pat moved them to a lonely homestead at Bear Flat under the wild Tonto Rim in central, Arizona. Mack says they stayed there "three whole years" while Pat worked mostly for the Bar X's owned by Fred Armer.

Since Pat Was often away from home for months at a time, the three oldest children - Jim, Viola, and Mack - took on many responsibilities at a young age. When Mack could barely straddle a horse, he was riding daily and helping with ranch chores. When he was only nine, he shod his first horse, a

three year old grey, Pat had said Mack could keep if he was able to shoe him. Mack says it took him most of the day but the shoes stayed on. In later years, Pat Hughes remembered that Mack had learned to rope, ride bad horses, and do a man's job long before most ranch kids had quit riding their stick-horses.

The Hughes children attended Tonto School, five miles from Bear Flat, and when they didn't have burros to ride, they simply walked. Mack says he was in love with the teacher, pretty Margaret Brooks, who after teaching one year, married Ham Ubanks, who'd purchased the X Bar L Ranch from Tom Hubbard.

In April of 1922, when Mack was twelve years old, Pat sold the Bear Flat homestead to Zane Grey and moved once more - this time to Winslow, in northern Arizona. Here, in order to help out at home, Mack became a member of the Hashknife Ranch roundup crew, while Pat was the rough string rider, drawing down top wages of sixty-five dollars a month. Mack started out at regular cowboy wages of thirty dollars a month, - possibly the youngest cowboy ever on the ranch's regular payroll.

Mack's years with this once famous old ranch, are the basis for a book, authored by his wife, Stella, titled Hashknife Cowboy, published by The University of Arizona Press. This book received the coveted Spur award for Best Western Nonfiction Book of 1984 as given by the prestigious Western Writers of America.

In 1922, the Hashknife was owned by the Babbitt brothers of Flagstaff and had been since 1901, and during the time Mack worked for them, Charles E. Wyrick was their partner and general manager, with his son, Bill Jim Wyrick the Hashknife foreman.

Mack, along with all the family, left Winslow for one year during 1926 and 1927, and worked for the Geiser Ranch near Ely, Nevada. Mack mostly broke horses and formed a close friendship with the manager, big Joe Dial, formally

from Safford, Arizona. Mack hated to leave the Geiser Ranch, but the family soon left to return to Winslow, where Mack again worked for the Hashknife during the rest of the so-called Roaring Twenties - the days of Prohibition and Moonshine - then the Great Depression, and ended in 1934 when he left the employ of the Hashknife Ranch for good.

Mack then worked a year for the U. S. Forest Service when Bill Baldwin was the District Ranger. Mack mostly helped Baldwin count cattle and this association resulted in a life-long friendship with the Baldwin family, and many years later, Mack bought Bill Baldwin's old saddle after Bill could no longer ride. Mack has this saddle today and keeps it in good condition by constant use.

Mack's uncle, Bill Martin, was managing the J F Ranch out of Superior, for Clemons Cattle Company, and Mack along with his brother, Bill, worked several seasons gathering wild cattle in the rugged Superstition Mountains. But, Mack was soon lured back to Winslow for a steady job of managing an eight hundred head cow/calf outfit for ailing old Bob Benton, who leased his range on a yearly basis from the New Mexico Land and Cattle Company, thirty miles north of Winslow on what is now the Navajo Reservation.

In 1938, Mack married Stella Cox, a twenty-two year old horsewoman from Los Angeles, California. Their first year of marriage was spent on the wind-swept mesa's on the edge of the Navajo Reservation, but within the first year, Bob Benton died, and Mack assisted the executors of the estate move the cattle to a new range and the next fall all the cattle were sold to Ham Ubanks of Holbrook.

During this time, the couple had a rented house in Winslow and it was here in November, 1939, their son William Lee "Skeeter" Hughes was born. Almost three years later, their daughter, Joyce Ann, was born in the same clinic. These were War years and for the first time in his life, Mack got a "town" job. He spent over a year as an apprentice in a tin shop and learned plumbing skills that came to good use

for the years to come.

In January of 1943, Mack was hired by the Department of the Interior, Indian Affairs, to serve as Range Rider on the Hopi Reservation, and the family moved to the ancient village of Oraibi, over eighty rough miles north of Winslow. Mack took part in the drastic stock reduction program, initiated by the government, due to years of drought and over-grazing. This was a most unhappy period for the Hopi and after the program was completed, all range personnel that had taken any part in the work, were transferred, Mack going as Stockman to the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation where he remained for the next thirty years.

Mack and his young family were stationed, the first year with the Apaches, at a remote Stockman's house at Point of Pines, seventy-five miles from the village of San Carlos and over one hundred miles from Globe, the nearest town. During the long winter months, the family was mostly snowbound and Stella began teaching Skeeter his "readin" and "ritein", and she did so until he was seven years old and she moved to Globe where Skeeter entered regular classes. Stella and the children continued moving to town during the school months for the next fifteen years, a way of life Stella detested, for her heart was ever in the country and the ranch life she so dearly loved.

After several years as Stockman for the Point of Pines association, Mack was transferred as Stockman for the Ash Creek Cattle Association. This was, and still is, a vast and rugged ranch of almost a half-million acres, and at the time running over eight thousand head of Hereford cattle. The headquarters ranch was only thirty miles up the mountain from San Carlos and Stella and the children were able to drive from Globe on weekends and holidays and returning early Monday mornings, often leaving the ranch as early as 4 a.m. in order to drive the fifty-four miles in time for school. During these years, Stella admits she played "hookey" for a time, and placed both children in boarding schools, Joyce

spending three years at St. Joseph's Academy in Prescott, and Skeeter boarding in San Carlos and riding the school bus to Globe High School.

Then in the spring of 1955, Mack was promoted as manager of the San Carlos Tribal Ranch, and it's headquarters were on Eagle Creek, eighty (mostly wide-cow trail miles from San Carlos and situated on the boundary of the reservation and Greenlee County), directly across the creek from the old Double Circle Ranch. Here, Mack and Stella lived for the next nineteen years and during this time, Mack established a Quarter Horse breeding program for the Tribe.

First, Mack journeyed to California and purchased a young stallion, Lucky Note, he by Palleo's Note, and out of the famous running mare Gold Note, both owned at that time by Johnny Longden of Riverside. Next, Mack and Stella journeyed to Tucson and found a band of fine registered brood mares for sale and purchased twenty of the best and brought them back to Eagle Creek. In the next seven years, some of the finest horses in Arizona were raised and eventually the mare band was increased over forty head with many of them King breeding, most of them having been raised by J. O. Hankins of Rocksprings, Texas, a breeder of the finest Quarter Horse stock.

Because Mack had to maintain a remuda of over one hundred well-broken saddle horses, he soon established another band of good cold-blood mares who were bred to Mack's privately owned Appaloosa stallion, Arapaho Scamp. This fine, large-boned Appy put a lot of size to the tribe's many colts raised in the next ten years, and for the first time the tribal ranch did not have to travel off the reservation to purchase good saddle horses. Over the years, Mack had to hire Mexican horsebreakers, many from Sonora Mexico, and all the colts were trained on the ranch.

The tribal ranch, branding I D T on both horses and cattle, consisted of 225,000 acres, all standing on end, and is strictly a no-roads area and roundups are carried on for

weeks at a time via pack mules. During the nineteen years Mack shipped an average of 1400 head of cattle each fall, trailing them on a four or five day drive to Calva, the shipping pens on the railroad between Globe and Safford. In 1960, the cattle sale totaled over \$225,000.00 and this was when top yearling steers brought twenty-six cents per pound. During the years, from 1955 until the end of 1973, Mack sold for the tribe 25,396 head of cattle and total sales came to \$3,205,261.71. At no time during these years did the ranch fail to make the tribe money even though, at times, cattle prices were as low as sixteen cents per pound for light yearlings.

When Mack resigned early in 1974, he had been the last white stockman for fifteen years, as early on, the Apaches had installed their own qualified members as stockmen for their associations, after the Bureau of Indian Affairs had turned the cattle raising over to the Apaches.

Preparing for Mack's retirement years, back in 1965, Mack and Stella bought a homestead just off the reservation in Greenlee County. Here they raise a few good horses, as Mack says he can never remember a time he didn't own a horse - usually too many - as he claims he grew up in a family that was always "horse poor."

Mack had no longer then gotten settled in their new home when he was pressured by neighboring ranchers to "lend them a hand." Mack did - to the extent he wound up managing the Seven Cross A Ranch for the last nine years, mostly for absentee owners. At seventy-eight, Mack still rides every day, almost always alone, overseeing the forty sections of rough, almost roadless range, that contains 363 head Forest permit. He still rides his own horses and swears he has no intention of ever being "a-foot."

Mack and Stella continue living in their own home, as the 7 Cross A headquarters are less than a quarter of a mile from their door. It is 46 miles down the Coronado Trail, Highway 666, to Clifton. They do receive their mail once a

week, but there are no telephones or REA for electricity. All ranches in the area maintain their own generator plants. Out of ten ranches in the district, eight of them have satellite dishes and can turn the world on and off at will with the flick of the wrist. There are no traffic jams, air pollution, noise, vandalism, or street gangs. On occasions, Eagle Creek rises and everybody stays home a few days and catch up on solitude. It's a good life - and Mack and Stella want to hang on to it as long as they can. The couple plan to celebrate their 50th Wedding Anniversary in December of 1988, along with Skeeter, Joyce, their foster-Indian daughter, Iris Casillas, thirteen grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Story by Stella Hughes

A. A. "DEE" JERNIGAN

Safford, Arizona

Arrel A "Dee" Jernigan was born to Ethel M. Watts and Curtis Lee Jernigan on July 8, 1907 in Weed, Otero County, New Mexico, the second of two children born to them. His parents were from old cattle ranching families who came to the Black River area in 1885 from Llano County, Texas. As the family lived fifty miles from the nearest school and town, a teacher was hired to live at the ranch and to tutor the children. Later Dee attended schools in Pinon and Hope while living with relatives. He laughingly said he was born in a saddle. In those days a saddle horse or a horse and buggy were the modes of transportation. As soon as he was big enough to hold on, he was riding a horse alone.

The 1920's started off with severe drought conditions causing a high death rate among the cattle, and with unstable market conditions many ranchers went broke. His parents pooled their cattle with other ranchers in that part of New Mexico and began a three-month drive to better grasslands in Chihuahua, Mexico. This long drive began in October 1922. Although only thirteen years old, Dee rode with the herd the entire trip taking his turn standing night guard just as the adults. There were many hardships.

Living conditions were very primitive and crude. The few roads in existence were actually nothing more than wagon trails. They were grateful when there was a roof over their heads for they spent months camped out in the open, always miles from any settlement. He said there was always beef and beans in their diet but not much more and that he starved for sweets.

He attended school in the Mormon Colony of Colonia Juarez, boarding at a home where several other boys were also boarding. His schooling was interrupted intermittently when his father would send for him to come home to help with the cattle. He came out to New Mexico to attend the ninth grade,

living with his paternal grandparents. He enrolled in the New Mexico Military Institute his sophomore year, only to be called back to Mexico to help with the cattle. Losing so much school time he finally gave up trying to go to school and from then on he made his own way.

Times were hard and money was scarce. As a kid of fifteen, he got a job cowpunching with the War Finance, a United States lending agency that had taken thousands of cattle of bankrupt ranchers during the long drought into Mexico to grass. He stayed with the War Finance eighteen months. He was paid a little more in wages because he rode the rough string; instead of the standard thirty dollars a month, he drew forty dollars. Dee's parents returned to the United States with their cattle in 1927. He helped them come out, then returned to Mexico where he lived until 1931. Returning to the United States, he gained employment with an insurance company in El Paso. Being bilingual, he was an interpreter working among their Mexican clients.

Yearning to see his mother whom he had not seen in years, he made a trip to Los Angeles. After a few days in the city he became restless and got a job as a caddie at a golf course. Later he drove a laundry truck. Three months of city life was enough for him, so he returned to the family ranch in Akela.

During the summer of 1934 he made a trip into Arizona looking for a suitable ranch to buy. In Willcox he spoke with a banker who told him that the Boscoe Ranch in Stockton Pass was for sale. After a range inspection, he liked what he saw. A deal was made and he took possession in October 1934. Five local cowboys were hired to drive his cattle overland from New Mexico, a drive that took thirty days. He was married to Miss Evangeline McEuen on December 11, 1939. They added to their holdings when they purchased the CN Ranch from the 76's.

Dee read about a longhorn herd of cattle on the government refuge in Oklahoma. After much negotiating he was

permitted to purchase one bull and three heifer, taking delivery in March 1945. This was the beginning of a new hobby, the raising of Texas Longhorn cattle. He broke a team of oxen to work, which led to his participation in numerous exhibitions and parades around the country. Many courtesies were extended to him during the festivities over the years. He enlisted his son, Lee who was just ten years old to help him break and train the steers. Lee was a constant partner all through their parading years.

He was instrumental in organizing the Graham County Sheriff's Posse in 1955 and served as it's second Captain.

As his cattle became better known, he was contacted by television photographers and writers. A filming by KNBC, Los Angeles, was done for the City of Los Angeles. A filming for NBC was released for national television viewing from New York City. Feature stories appeared in newspapers and magazines. One of the most famous Longhorns that Dee raised was "Gus", purchased by the Baird Sunbeam Baking Company. It was "Gus" that inspired the company to market a loaf they called "Longhorn".

In January 1966, at the invitation of the Arizona National Livestock Show fifteen head of Longhorn steers were exhibited at the Coliseum in Phoenix. Nightly the big beautiful steers were driven into the arena and herded by cowboys under colorful beaming lights while movie star Rex Allen sang songs of the Old West accompanied by his Men of the West band. It was a spectacular sight that drew many compliments. Longhorns from his herd have found homes in many states over the West.

Dee had many hobbies, but his first love was cattle and horses. He was a trick roper of credit. He had also trained and shown reining horses. But when the movie industry contacted him to furnish cattle for their filming, he had hit the big time! Some of the better known movies that his Longhorns appeared in are "Montie Walsh" with Lee Marvin; "How the West Was Won" with James Arness; "The Sacketts"

with Glen Ford; "The Outlaw Josey Wales" and "Centennial".
Commercials were made for Anneheuser Bush, Wells Fargo and
Marlboro.

The Furrow
The Longhorn Lives
by Kim Allen

Longhorn cattle once roamed the Great Plains and Southwest by the millions. Descendants of cattle brought to America by early Spanish explorers, they had adapted extremely well to conditions in the West.

However, they eventually gave way to meatier, faster-gaining cattle, and the Texas Longhorn, as the breed came to be known, was nearly extinct by the 1920's. It took Congressional establishment of special refuges to save the few remaining head.

Today the Longhorn is making a comeback, mainly because of people like Dee Jernigan, an eastern Arizona rancher who raises Longhorns as a profitable hobby and sideline to his regular commercial ranching operation.

Jernigan is one of relatively few Longhorn breeders. Approximately 500 persons belong to the Texas Longhorn Breeders Association of America, the official registry organization for the breed, but most members maintain the animals for show or hobby purposes and don't breed them.

Jernigan began raising Longhorns in 1942, when he bought five head from a government refuge in Cahe, Oklahoma. His herd now numbers 75 to 80 head. "Because of its specialized nature, we keep our Longhorn operation separate from our regular ranching business and allot a portion of our range to the Longhorns," Jernigan says.

According to Jernigan, today's Longhorns are easy to raise, and they still possess the versatility and adaptability of their ancestors.

Jernigan uses his Longhorns commercially by selling or renting them.

He sells a cut of the herd each year to a variety of

buyers, ranging from ranchers to movie stars. "There's always a demand for them", he says. "I sell all the cattle I offer every year."

Most of Jernigan's buyers are people interested in one or two animals as novelties, although some of his sales are to ranchers who use them in special cross-breeding programs.

Jernigan's most famous Longhorn was a steer he sold to a bread company to use for promotional purposes. A drawing of this steer, which the company named Gus, appears on every loaf of "Longhorn" brand bread.

Jernigan rents some of his cattle for commercial uses. He says these animals are especially docile and adapt well to a variety of situations. He keeps a trained team and wagon for parades and other western celebrations. Jernigan's Longhorns have appeared in several movies, including "Monte Walsh" and "The Outlaws."

Although the cattle handle and adapt well, Jernigan does have one major problem. "It's hard to find loading chutes wide enough for the massive horn spans of our cattle," he says, "so loading and handling them is often difficult."

Arizona Land and People

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Some say the Texas longhorn is part billy goat ... an animal able to eat just about anything and live anywhere. They go, longhorn fanciers say, where other cattle don't want to go. And it's rumored a longhorn can even smell water ten miles away. The classic survivor, that's this historic breed.

The Texas longhorn is no stranger to Arizona, nor its stamina. "Following the Civil War," UA Extension Livestock Specialist Al Lane explains, "A man by the name of Hooker, Colonel Hooker, brought in two drafts (1,600 head) of longhorn cattle out of Texas. He established a ranch in the Sulfur Springs Valley, a ranch that still exists in the

Hooker family." That venture . . . or rather "Adventure" attests to the endurance of the longhorn. Colonel Hooker brought his herd of 1,600 over Apache Pass at the north end of the Chiricahua mountains. The Butterfield Stage Company also had to cross the rugged pass on its route between St. Joseph, Missouri and San Francisco, California. "On six miles of Apache Pass the Butterfield lost more horses, men and stages than all the rest of the 2,600 miles put together. But Hooker never lost one longhorn." It is just one testimonial to the colorful, lanky survivor of the less than ideal pastures of the American Southwest.

By the 1870's their toughness . . . allowed the sturdy longhorn to follow in the wake of the vanishing buffalo. (ironically, the longhorns eventually would also face extinction.) As UA Specialist Al Lane explains, "The longhorn had moved in a tough environment . . . taking the place of the American bison or buffalo. They made 'a living' where other cattle could not."

The ability to "make a living" has proved attractive to ranchers from the days of the Spanish conquistadors through the golden years of the cattle business, the decade and a half following the Civil War when droves trailed longhorns by the missions across Texas to the railheads of Abilene and Dodge City. Although it is a fact that has been largely ignored in this century, it has not been forgotten. At least not by the Jernigan family of Safford, Arizona.

Dee Jernigan spent 40 years in the longhorn cattle business. "If it hadn't been for these longhorned cattle, me and the bank would have been in partnership. They've paid their way."

The late Dee Jernigan never saw the Texas longhorn as just a relic of the wild and wooly west. The longhorn, Jernigan believed, offered not only a colorful past but a promising future. It was belief that started back in 1945, the year the longhorns came to the Jernigan spread by way of Oklahoma.

In 1927, the federal government set up a refuge to protect the dwindling herds of longhorns. It was from this preserve that Dee Jernigan started his forty year romance with the sturdy cattle. "I heard about a refuge in Oklahoma," the rancher said. "I wanted something different, so I wrote 'em and after a year or so they decided to sell me three or four head."

When the cattle arrived at his Graham county headquarters, the Oklahoma transplants with their generous rack of horns became an instant curiosity, a novelty to the neighboring ranchers, and the brunt of jokes. "People thought I'd gone slap, dab crazy." Jernigan recalled, "but I knew someday the cattle were going to be worth money."

That was forty years ago. Today, Dee's hobby has turned into a full-fledged business, with Dee's son Lee overseeing the family ranch. But instead of three or four longhorns, you'll find several hundred, pure-bred and cross-bred longhorns grazing "billy goat style" amid the rocky, scrubby hillsides of the Jernigan ranch.

Like father . . . like son. The romance with the West's most recognizable symbol, the Texas longhorn, continues with Lee, a former UA Agriculture student and second generation longhorn fancier and the current president of the Arizona-Texas Longhorn Association.

Although the cattle have long been associated with Texas, Lee argues that longhorn history actually started far west of the Pecos . . . in Arizona rather than Texas. "They've been here for more than 400 years." The Spanish explorer, Coronado, brought a herd through the Southern Arizona in 1540. Some accounts say he left 500 head behind to run wild in the southern Arizona deserts. For that reason, Jernigan explains, "they are more or less native to Arizona."

Wild longhorns not only survived in Arizona, but were commercially bred until the 1860's. By the end of the Civil War, Arizona longhorns apparently all but disappeared, gone

to feed not only the California miners but the Confederate and Union armies. But the longhorns were not gone long. Arizona cattlemen could not afford to ignore the longhorns renown sturdiness, its vigor, its ability to survive on less than ideal range. Colonel Hooker, of the Sulphur Spring valley recognized that fact, when he brought his herd from Texas. Hooker's move was just part of what would become the heyday of the longhorn. The 15 years between 1865 and 1880 saw 15 million head of wild longhorns roaming the desert southwest. It was a time when longhorns fed America. Ten million were trailed north and shipped to eastern markets.

But as America approached a new century, other larger domesticated breeds gained popularity. Interest in the longhorn, with it's hard earned reputation, began to fade. Like another symbol of the wide open west, the buffalo, the long horn faced extinction. Saved by a federal refuge organized in 1927 (as previously mentioned), the longhorns existed as a novelty, a relic of our western history. But then almost 100 years after its heyday, some ranchers looked "back" and rediscovered the traits that can be as important today as they were a century ago.

When Dee Jernigan bought his first longhorns back in the 1940's, it was more or less to satisfy a curiosity. He was a rancher looking for something different. It was king of a serious hobby. The exotic, sometimes, speckled cattle with their wide expanse of horn, first gained local notoriety in the movies. The family provided cattle for television shows, commercials and western movies. But after twenty years, Lee remembers, the cattle became more than just props for the entertainment business. "We noticed they were doing well on the range. They were survivors. They use the whole range. Longhorns go places where other cattle don't want to go. Like billy goats, they'd go where the rocks are and where the trees and thick. That's where they like to range."

Veteran ranchers agree longhorns are "easy keeping" animals, but their features go beyond efficient grazing and

range use. During the last 20 to 25 years the emphasis has been on producing bigger cattle - resulting in bigger calves. Bigger calves can create problems particularly for first time heifers. It's a concern that attracts ranchers to the longhorn.

More and more ranchers are using longhorn bulls in an effort to avoid calving problems. This situation, according to Livestock Specialist Lane, has a lot to do with the longhorn's apparent comeback. "These cows produce a small calf, but a vigorous calf." An average calf weight will run between 75 and 100 pounds at birth, whereas the longhorn calf weighs only 45 to 50 pounds. But despite the light weight, Land says the calf is vigorous. "It bounces up and he's ready to go." This fact makes the longhorn bull an attractive breeder for first time heifers.

"Typically 30-40 percent of first time heifers would have some problems and lose 10-12 percent of the calves, but with longhorns," Land says, "calf loss can be cut 3 or 4 percent practically no loss to the heifers themselves."

And Lee Jernigan has found at least three other reasons for bringing back the longhorn. "They're a low cholesterol beef and that's attractive to the consumer." The longhorn cross performs well in the feedlot and on the range. And last but not least, Jernigan says, longhorns are more intelligent than other cattle. "They make better cowboys out of our help."

Dee was an excellent horseman, a superior judge of cattle and he possessed a wonderful sense of humor and a great love for people. He loved to travel, seeing much of the United States, Mexico and Hawaii and two tours in Europe.

He died at his ranch home on December 18, 1985 and is buried in the Safford City Cemetery. Survivors are his wife Evangeline "Tine", son Lee and daughter Frances Bishop, four grandchildren and one great grandson.

JERNIGAN HISTORY CONTINUED

THE McEUENS

by Tine McEuen Jernigan

Graham County, Arizona

Amos Felix McEuen was born in Madisonville, Kentucky on September 8, 1848, where he worked on his father's tobacco plantation until he was 22 years old. Tiring of this work, he started the long journey West.

Leaving his home was a great disappointment to Felix' father, who never reconciled himself to his son's going West. Felix first stopped in Missouri where he wrote of the beauty of the country, assuring his family it was such a healthy place to live that an old man and woman had to be killed to start the first cemetery.

To our great disappointment and regret, this letter was entered in an "Old Letter Contest", sponsored by the Madisonville Library, and subsequently lost.

From Missouri Felix went to Camp San Saba, McCulloch county, Texas, where he met up with the Perry Sanders family, who had come to Texas from Mississippi in 1858. Perry and Margaret Lemons Sanders had a young and beautiful daughter, Sarah Ann, whom Felix fell in love with and married in 1874, when he was 26 and she was 17 years of age.

Perry Sanders was born in Mississippi, while Margaret Lemons was born in North Carolina. Sarah wrote in her memoirs that she went to school in a log school house, and that she got a very common education. After her marriage, they were very poor and moved around Texas quite a lot. Felix fell in with buffalo hunters in Tom Green County, selling the hides and drying much of the meat for home use. In Bell County he worked on the Santa Fe Railroad. They finally purchased a place with a house of sorts on it, cleared the land and put in a crop, only to be droughted out, never raising a thing. Sarah wrote that if they could not raise anything else, they could raise children, for by this time they had four little boys. The oldest, Jody Edgar,

who died at an age of five years old. Others were Eddie, Marion, and Virgil. In 1887, with their growing family, household goods and cattle, they moved by covered wagon to the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico, where a little girl, Pearl, was born to them. They homesteaded a place there but sold out and moved back to Texas where another daughter, Lottie was born. They learned of the death of Felix' father in Kentucky and of his inheritance of quite a sum of money from the estate, with which Felix bought another bunch of cattle and hit the trail again for New Mexico. Due to the severe cold and snow of that winter, so many of the cattle died that he moved on into Arizona in the fall of 1888, stopping first in the Bisbee area where he hauled lumber from the Chiricaua Mountains to the mine in Bisbee.

On January 1, 1889, the family was camped at Fort Bowie. From there they went to the Gila Valley, settling permanently on a ranch one mile below the Indian Hot Springs. Felix purchased this ranch from Wiley Holiday; the only house on the place was made of logs. He wanted the best for his family, and was a good provider; the home he built was a two-story affair all lined with redwood, a very fine structure in its day. Sarah had the first washing machine in the community, one turned by hand. Their oldest daughter, Pearl, had the first side-saddle, which her brothers often borrowed to take their girls courting.

Born in Arizona were Amos, Aron (who lived 6 months), Hazel, Archie, and J. N. Porter, making eleven in all.

Felix' ranching operations consisted of 316 sections of land north of Fort Thomas and the Gila River. As his sons married, each homesteaded near their father's place, and each was given a 1/7 interest in the ranch land. Felix served for 17 years as Deputy Sheriff of Graham County, and was a highly respected and successful cattleman. He was a very reserved man, a man of few words who went about his business in his quiet way, always doing something for others - paying doctor bills; going on notes - later having to pay many of them off.

The children remember their father paying off a three thousand dollar note he had gone on for a merchant in Thatcher.

Felix helped build the first schoolhouse in Shilog, a little country settlement across the Gila River from his ranch. Until that school was built, his children went 5 miles in a two-horse buggy to school in Fort Thomas when the river was low enough to cross. On Sunday morning, they loaded their children in the wagon and off they went to Shiloh and Sunday School. Felix passed away in Fort Thomas on September 20, 1933, at the age of 85. His death was due to a stroke.

Sarah Ann, born October 10, 1857, was truly a Christian, living for her church and her children. A methodist, as was Felix, Sarah was deeply religious, living her religion every day of her life. She never turned a soul from her door. The ranch was her home, and during all those years she sheltered many "strays." Her children tell of the pranks they pulled to discourage these "sweaters", always on the later that Grandma was not wise to their ways. Her home was headquarters for itinerant preachers, who were the butt of many a joke or prank, the combined efforts of six sons and three fun-loving daughters. In addition to her own family, Elias Jones, a boy they knew in the Sacramentos, came at the age of 16 to make his home and stayed on until his marriage. She also reared a grandson, Willis, son of Arch, who is now practicing dentistry in Flagstaff.

Felix took Sarah back to visit his old home when the four oldest children were small, but she never would go again, for she felt his people had insulted her when they asked if she was a Mexican, coming from New Mexico. The rigors of life in the Southwest had taken it's toll too, for her complexion was not the peaches and cream her Southern in-laws were accustomed to seeing. Sarah was deeply grieved when on August 25, 1933, death took her son, Amos at the age of 44. In messages to her children, she wrote of her

loneliness and heartache at his passing, and beseeched her children to lead Christian lives, always affirming her strong faith in God.

Sarah Ann, each morning until her death, called at the homes of each of her children, who lived in Fort Thomas, to see how they were, and was deeply interested in their welfare and proud of their accomplishments. On the morning of May 23, 1942, she told Ed's wife, Effie, she did not believe she could make it to Virgil's, and feeling a little tired, lay on her bed to rest, passing away very peacefully at the age of 84.

Felix and Sarah's son had gained a reputation in this part of the country for their roping abilities. In 1922, they decided to go to Douglas to the County Fair, so Amos and Port went horseback, taking their rope and relay horses a distance of 150 miles. It took five days to make the trip. Virgil and Arch motored over in Arch's Model T Ford. Their horses were corralled at Pirtleville, and the brothers put up in a Douglas hotel. Out of the \$1,200 purse in the calf roping, the McEuen brothers won \$800.

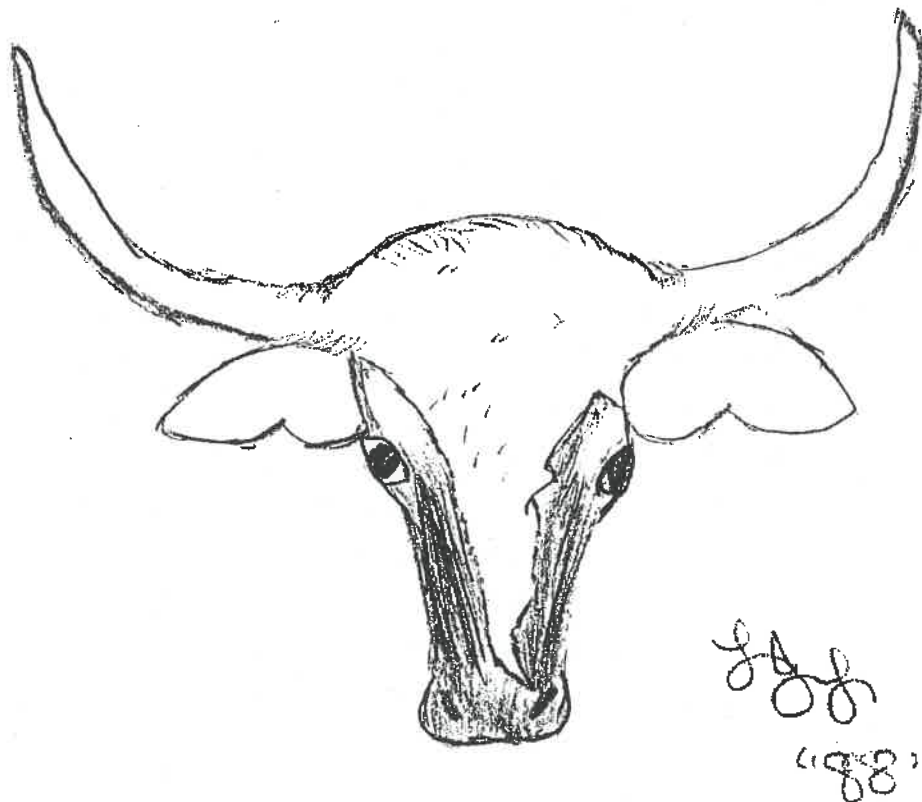
I came to know so much about this pioneer family because I happen to be the granddaughter of Felix and Sarah, the daughter of Zona Evelyn Hinton and Virgil Ray McEuen. The Hintons were also from Texas and were early-day settlers in the Geronimo area. Dad moved his family across the river to Fort Thomas in 1925, as he had gone broke in the five-year drought. He thought his children would have a better opportunity for an education, too.

In 1927, Universal Pictures Corporation gave Dad the contract to furnish 1,000 head of wild horses for a motion picture, filmed at the Red Knoll, above Fort Thomas. This picture, "Wild Beauty", premiered in Safford, running 7 nights to accommodate the crowds who came to see it. From this Dad made a comeback financially. In 1929, my mother passed away leaving him six children to rear. That year he also purchased his parents old homestead. Later he sold Ed

his ranching interests, and for several years he bought and sold cattle and butchered for the past few years, made his home in Safford with Laura, whom he married after Mother's death. They own and operate the Safford Motel.

Neither my father at 73, nor any of his brothers have retired, nor do they have any intention of doing so. Most of them are still eating beef with their own teeth.

My grandparents, their sons and daughters, and all down the line have encouraged their children to take advantage of the opportunity of an education, and I do believe the family as a whole has an outstanding record for college graduates. Although I did not finish my schooling, I did attend the local Junior College, which is small, but where the students are personally acquainted with their teachers. One of my teachers delighted in teasing me about marrying a cowpuncher, but I was so certain I was destined for a great career that I never dreamed of a cattleman, Arrel A. Jernigan (known as Dee to one and all), the mother of a son and daughter, and living in a more remote place than did either my Grandmother or my mother, AND LOVING IT.



CLAUDE AUSTIN JONES and MYRTH PYLE JONES
Payson, Arizona

Claude Austin Jones is known as "Bud" Jones to the local people in Payson, Arizona. Most of his life has been spent in the cattle business in Arizona and New Mexico. His genealogy traces back for centuries and includes royal bloodlines (per Jones genealogy records).

When his family came to the United States of America they settled in Virginia and North Carolina, and even as far south as Georgia. Then, from there they began moving westward and southward. Bud recalls he has many "kinfolk" in the southeastern part of the United States of America, particularly in Georgia.

Bud made his living by cattle ranching but he isn't the first in his family to pursue that role. His grandfather drove his cattle over the famous Dodge trail to the railroad for shipping. His grandfather's name is William M. Littleton and he ranched in Texas.

Bud Jones was born on November 18, 1901, to Robert Lee Jones and Maggie May Littleton Jones in Cado, Texas. His mother was also born in Texas, which is where his father had settled also. Bud's father was brought to Texas by his father (Bud's grandfather Littleton), from Georgia. They were looking for new places to settle. His dad and his mother were married in Hunt County, Texas, in 1897 and that is where his father settled and started back to farming.

When Bud was about five years old, his family decided to move, and after a few months they ended up in Elida, New Mexico. There they began cattle ranching and farming. Bud recalls that the area had opened up to homesteading and many people tried their hand at farming. Bud said that the land was more suited for ranching than farming and many families who tried farming starved out. Bud's family homesteaded on 160 acres of land in Elida. Since Bud was the only son, he had to help his father in farming and ranching. As a result,

Bud has had very little schooling. He said he went to several "sessions" of one month, two months, and one nine month session, but never was able to attend school full time. They had a real professor in Elida who was in New Mexico for his health. Bud remembers one year everybody thought school would be out at the regular time, but the professor stayed on to teach another month for free. Bud said, "We needed it real bad!" That teacher walked seven miles every day. Bud had to walk three miles to school himself. His favorite subject in school was history. His worst subject was grammar, and his wife says it still is. He said he wore a grammar book out, even though it had only five or six pages in it.

Bud had two sisters, Juanita and Attalee, and a little brother, who only lived ten days after birth. His family owned the ranch near Elida, New Mexico, from 1906 to 1941. After both of Bud's parents died, he moved on and started his own life. He left Elida and came to Arizona. He first worked as a cow puncher for a Mr. Brophy on a ranch in Sulphur Springs Valley. Then he joined the United States Army in El Paso, Texas, and was stationed in southern Arizona. His cavalry unit marched from Presidio, Texas, to Douglas, Arizona, and he was there for one year. Then he went to New Mexico and then back to Arizona. Bud recalls a boy he considers his hero, but he can't recall his name. He said the boy was in World War One and there was a machine gun nest which was bombing his unit and killed off half of the men. The boy was running towards the nest and the machine gun shot off his feet, just above the ankles. The boy got up and ran on his bloody stubs and lobbed a hand grenade into the nest and saved what was left of his unit. The boy died.

Bud then went to work on the A Cross Ranch, down below the present Payson Golf Course, then owned by Elmer Pieper. Later on he bought the place and still lives there today. While he was working for the A Cross Ranch, he rode the first truckload of cattle that went out of Payson. He rode in back

with the cattle. The Chilson and the Piepers were all shipping their cattle out on the same day. The trucks, which were owned by Grady Harrison, didn't have tail pipes to vent the exhaust and the carbon monoxide fumes almost killed some of the cattle. Every time he saw a calf or a cow go down in the truck, he would get to it and turn its nose up to get fresh air. One of the drivers went through Globe instead of stopping at the stockyards.

Bud Jones is very honest. So was his father. Back in his father's time, you had to live on a piece of land for three years in order to homestead it and claim the rights of ownership. Some fellow approached Bud's father and asked him to testify that he had been living on a particular piece of land for three years in order to claim it. Bud's father knew this fellow and also knew that he had built a house alright, but it only contained four walls and no roof, and the fellow had not been living there. Bud said his father told him he couldn't lie for him, he'd have to find somebody else to do that, and the fellow did. Bud thinks that honesty is still the best policy.

When I asked Bud what his favorite toy was as a child, he replied, "My six shooter!" He said they didn't have battery operated toys and if they (the toys) moved they would have to be wound up. He said, "in that case, it would usually be broken the next day."

Bud didn't really have any goals in life except to live an honest life with his family. He told me that he didn't want to be President because he simply didn't have the time. Bud also told me that he was a PHd - a post hole digger!

Bud thinks that good management will keep you out of trouble. That's why he doesn't have any problems. He says problems and adventures are from bad management. Once his father tried to give him a little advice. His father told him to quit all of the wine, women, and song. He said he decided to get rid of the singing because he doesn't like singing anyway!

Bud remembered his favorite birthday. Peggy, his daughter, was a little girl around 13 or 14. Someone had given her a collie dog and Bud recalls, "I just had to tell her that I couldn't keep a dog like that around and she would have to take it back." Peggy said, "Daddy, I don't know what to give you for your birthday." Bud told her not to worry about what kind of gift she got because anything she gave him would make him happy. Bud got a dog for his birthday, a collie dog! "I thought she looked a little impish when she asked me about my birthday, and I just had to take it (the dog) since I had gone on about giving a gift."

Bud met his wife , Myrth Pyle, at one of the August celebrations (rodeos) in Payson. Her brother, Lewis Pyle, introduced them. On October 3, 1928, they were married in Payson. Myrth's twin sister, Myrl, and her husband, Claude Evans, stood up with them at their wedding. Bud and Myrth lived in Payson for a while and then moved on to a place near Flagstaff, Arizona. Later on, they came back to live in Payson. Bud thinks that Payson is the nicest place he has ever been and that's why he is still here today.

Myrth was born under the Mogollon rim and has been nearby all of her life. She comes from a local ranching family herself.

They had three children. Lee was born at the Windmill Ranch and was named after Bud's father. Stuart was born at Rogers Lake and was named after General Stuart. Peggy was their only daughter and was born at Rogers Lake along with Stuart.

In about 1941, the family moved back to Payson from Flagstaff. Then Bud was the Livestock Inspector for Payson for a few years. In 1945, he bought the place where he still lives from Frank Colcord and Harold Porter. Bud and Myrth still live there today and across the rode live his son Lee and his wife Dixie. They are in the ranching business also. Bud enjoys his grandchildren and his great grandchildren as much as anything. He still enjoys the spring and fall

roundups. He said his greatest accomplishment was to marry his wife and have a family. He says that this is what people do, and that's about all they can do.

"When I finished my interview with Bud, he asked me if I was going to put all that talk down on paper", states Butch Kaiser. "I said I was going to try and Bud replied - 'Have Mercy, Have Mercy'!"

Claude Austin (Bud) Jones has spent most of his life in the cattle business.

But this Texas-born cowman has genealogy roots that go back to Dermott MacMorrough, the last King of Leinster, Ireland; King Lewis IV, King of France from 936-54; Henry I, Emperor of Germany, First of the Saxon Dynasty; William, Count of Holland of Hainnautt; Joan of Arce, daughter of King Edward I and Eleanor of Castillo; Old King Cole, King Charles III, King of France 893-929; King Louis II, King of France 877, Emperor 878-79, Edward the Elder, King of England 901-925; King Charles I, First King of France as a separate Kingdom; Charlemagne, King 768-800, Emperor of the West 800-84, Mark Antony III, Mark Antony II, Saxtus Julius Ceasar I, and Humerius Julius Ceasar, First of Ceasars, 250 B.C. There are many more Kings, Queens, Counts, Bishops, Lords, and Sirs in his genealogy. "As you can see, Bud Jones is of Royal Bloodline", writes Jayne Peace.

THE PYLE TWINS - as told by Myrth Pyle Jones

We were born July 17, 1901, on Bonita Creek, 20 miles from Payson, under the Mogollon Rim.

We moved to a ranch in the East Verde, where we walked a mile and a half to school. It was summer school and started about the first of April and went to September. We went there for one term. We moved to Payson and went there.

We say Halley's Comet. Some feared the tail would wipe people from Earth and some committed suicide. One neighbor said he wouldn't do that because it might not happen and he would always be sorry.

After another year in Payson, we moved to Star Valley

and attended school until we were ready for High School. Since Payson did not have a High School, we took a few subjects and then took a business course at Lamson College.

While we were at Lamson College, we spent the weekend with Governor Hunt's daughter at their home. We were very impressed to see pictures of the Governor in every room in the house. In the hall there was one picture hanging over another one of his. He had just returned from Siam, where he was Ambassador.

In 1921, Zane Grey had a bear he kept for several years. We kept it for him for a while when he had to be gone. We went to dances at his lodge. The lodge is now the Zane Grey Museum.

Our Father, Elwood Pyle, had the first wagon freight train from Phoenix to Payson in the winter and from Payson to Flagstaff in the summer. Our older brother, Louis, took it over for several years.

In 1918, our brother, Floyd, could not get cowboys to help him drive the cattle to Winslow as all the men were in the Army. We helped him along with his wife and sister in-law.

While galloping to catch up with the herd, Myrl's horse slipped and fell in a prairie dog hole. Her arm was hurt and we put it in a sling.

We saw our first electric lights, indoor plumbing, and automobile while in Winslow.

Myrl married Claud Evans on October 3, 1923. They moved to the ranch at New River. His story is in Volume I.

They lived on several different ranches until 1946. Claud went to work for the Arizona Sanitary Livestock Board. When he retired from there, they moved to Payson in 1971. They have two children, Elwood Evans and June Wall.

I married Claude (Bud) Jones on October 3, 1928. Right after we married, Bud had a horse fall on him. He was bed-ridden for four months. I took in boarders to help pay expenses and buy groceries. We lived with my parents until

Bud was able to get out of bed, but still wear a brace.

He wasn't able to do hard work, so we moved to a camp and trapped. We came out with \$200 a head. Most people were just getting by or in debt.

We went to work for the D\, where I cooked for the cowboys. Myrl and Claud were there also, and Bud worked for Claud.

When Claud left, Bud took his job.

When we left there, we bought a place on the East Verde, northeast of Payson. We sold it and moved to Payson, where Bud was a livestock inspector for a few years.

We bought the SA Ranch, two miles west of Payson, in 1947. We also bought a summer place on the Rim.

We sold the ranch to Lee and Dixie in 1967 and retired on the ranch.

Myrl and I still live together on the ranch. Bud and I had 3 children, Lee Jones, Stuart Jones, and Peggy Randall.

Myrth writes, "My husband, Claude Austin Jones, passed away July 26, 1987."

Portions of this story were written by: Butch Kaiser, Jayne Peace, and Myrth Pyle Jones.

STUART KRENTZ
Phoenix, Arizona

Stuart Krentz's father, Frank Krentz, was born in St. Louis in the year, 1875. He was the son of Julius I. Krentz, who had come to this country in 1872 to avoid military service in the German Army. The Krentz family lived at Wasselonne in Alsace. Loraine and Julius, being a loyal Frenchman, left for this country. He got into the meat business, one his family had been in for generations in St. Louis. In 1875, he married Emma Walff, a native of St. Louis. She was one of 8 children in her family and at least 2 of her brothers subsequently came to Arizona. George A. Wolff came to Winslow, who served on the Council (Senate) of the 20th Territorial Legislature in 1899, and Edward, who got into sheep raising near Winslow.

In 1884, Julius Krentz came out to Arizona and went to Globe to settle an estate. He liked the country and sent for his family. Mrs. Krentz and the 4 children came out on the train and traveled from the nearest train stop at Maricopa to Phoenix and then on to Globe on Buckboard. Frank Krentz was 10 years old at the time.

The Krentz family stayed in Globe about 2 years, during which time they accumulated a fair sized herd of cattle. In 1886, they moved to Winslow, driving the cattle with them. They settled at what is now Mike O'Haco's ranch, and started up the irrigation system still in use today. They also built a slaughter house that is still standing in 1970, with meat hooks still in place.

Records show that Krentz and Wolff recorded 100+11 - bar there, March 12, 1889.

Frank Krentz went to school in Globe and Winslow and then his father sent him to a business school in St. Louis.

In 1907, the Krentz family sold out the Winslow ranch to the Babbitt interests and moved to Douglas. They bought the slaughter house and meat business of Ed Tovrea, which was

located west of town. The Senior Krentz formed the Arizona Meat Company, with his son in-law, and a brother in-law as partners. The biographical Volume III of Mc Clintock's history of Arizona, says the firm was organized with a capital stock of \$200,000.

Shortly afterwards, Krentz bought the Spear E. Ranch, east of Douglas in the Chiricahua foothills, from Benton and Wolfe. There was a spring which is said to have been homesteaded by Scott (Tex) Whaley, who accompanied Lt. Gatewood into Geronimo's camp in 1886, which led to subsequent surrender of the Apache Chief. Tex Canyon was named after Whaley.

Julius Krentz, Stuart's grandfather, died in 1910 and his sons, Frank, Joseph, and Louis carried on with the ranch.

The meat business and slaughter house were sold back to Ed Tovrea in 1916. In 1938, Frank bought out his brother's interest and continued the development of waters started by his father. Today, in 1978, there are 30 miles of pipeline in front of the present headquarters flowing into a tributary of the Yaqui in Sonora and the water behind the headquarters drains into the Gila.

In the early 1920's, the Krentz Ranch went into the registered Hereford business. The brand was the Bar Lazy VV. There was a ready local market for bulls and they also sold a number to Mexican ranchers.

Today the Krentz ranch is using a variation on that old brand, the Lazy VV Bar on the commercial cattle. They went out of the registered business in the early 1930's.

In 1904, Frank Krentz married Sara A. Dugan, who was born on the Ocean Steamer, "Arizona" , on July 4th, 1881. So for her middle name her parents decided on, Arizona, little dreaming that would be where she would live most of her lifetime. She lived in New Mexico for 14 years, where her parents settled and then moved to Prescott. She attended St. Joseph Academy and also served as an enrolling clerk in

two sessions of the Territorial Legislature at the turn of the century.

Frank Krentz liked the subject of history and geography, and he took an interest in running the ranch, right up until he died.

After his children grew up, he and his wife made a number of extended trips to Europe, South America, and Mexico.

He also liked to fish and made a number of trips to Alaska for salmon and trout. After Stuart's father died in 1957, his widow continued to travel extensively. Later, Sara Krentz injured her hip in the 70's and decided her travel days were over.

Sara and Frank have 9 children - 3 boys and 6 girls. Sara lived in the house where she raised all of the children for 60 years.

When Stuart's father died in 1957, the ranch was sold to the 3 boys. Bob, who manages the ranch, Stuart resides in Phoenix, and Julius lives in San Bruno, California.

The 6 daughters are Bertha, Dorothy, Marion, Eleanor, Ann, and Carol.

Stuart F. Krentz was born November 11, 1908 in Douglas, Arizona. Vivian L. Krentz, Stuart's wife, was born October 9, 1920 in Salamanca, New York.

Stuart was reared in Douglas, Arizona, and Vivian was reared in Hornell, New York.

Stuart and Vivian attended High School in respective home towns. Stuart graduated from the University of Arizona in 1931 (with a B.S. in Chemistry). Vivian received her Nursing degree from Buffalo, New York City Hospital.




Stuart is a native of Arizona. Vivian came to Bisbee, Arizona in 1944 to work in Phelps Dodge Hospital as a Registered Nurse.

Stuart and Vivian were married in Tucson, on July 23, 1948.

Their son, Michael J. Krentz, is a Medical Doctor.

Stuart's father, along with his sons purchased the family ranch in 1907 from Jessie James Benton. Then in 1957, Frank, Joe, Louis, and Stuart purchased 1/3 interest in the ranch from their father. Later, they sold the ownership to nephews, Robert N. Krentz Jr., and Phil M. Krentz. The sale was completed in 1977. The ranch is still known as the Krentz Ranch.

The Krentz Ranch is watered by springs, wells and 40 miles of pipeline with ample storage facilities as well as numerous dirt tanks.

The Krentz Ranch brands are:  , V V Bar,  , Bar V V, and  Spear E.

The Krentz Ranch has a carrying capacity of 900 to 1,000 head of cattle. The Permit from the Forest Service is for 350 head, and State permit for 250 head. The ranch has 1/3 Patented Land, 1/3 State Land, and 1/3 Forest Land.

SAM and VENNIE McELHANEY

Phoenix, Arizona

Sam was born in Arizona, which qualifies him as a native. He was born into a pioneer ranching and farming family, and was raised by older siblings after the early death of his parents.

Vennie was the new girl in town, having come from Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1928. Vennie recalled, "We had about a 1928 or 1930 automobile and we were driving along Camelback Road." Sam asked his wife recalling his proposal, "Remember the orange blossoms."

When they celebrated their 50th Anniversary, Vennie also recalled with a big smile, "It's the small things that have made such a difference through the years - the little flowers he brings, the notes she used to add to the bottom of his phone messages to say how much she appreciates him. Those little tiny things have meant so much to my world. If you don't recognize them, it brings out some of the bad, ... and I would rather do it the other way."

The little things as well as concentrated effort have made their life together last. On Valentine's Day, February 14, 1983, Sam and Vennie celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. The romance is still there all right. They laughed a lot in each other's company while talking about meeting in Phoenix, which was a small town 55 years ago.

Vennie recalls, "I had a girlfriend who brought him over to my house. He was Mrs. Keen's brother and everybody loved Mrs. Keen." Vennie said, "She wore her best dress, a black one, cut on the bias, for the occasion."

Here he comes in a white Palm Beach shirt, and wavy hair, and with flowers behind his back. Just beautiful. Of course, his sister had a florist shop.

In their many drives in Phoenix during the early years, Vennie remembered the orange blossoms, and she remembers putting her head out the window to sniff them and exclaim

over their beauty.

He'd say, "I'll park. I'll park." And Vennie would say, "No, no." Vennie said laughing, "He drove out to an old place on North Seventh Street, where they had an old corral, horses, and he parked. There was not an orange blossom in sight."

After an engagement of more than a year Vennie Robbins wed Samual McElhaney in 1933 at Trinity Cathedral on Roosevelt Street. The church was packed. Everybody loves to go to a wedding. One of the memories that stands out in Vennie's mind was her bouquet, supplied by Sam's family. It was huge, full of orchids, lilies of the valley, tiny bows and ribbons, trailing to the floor. It took almost two days to construct, and her maid of honor had to carry it back down the aisle after the ceremony. When the newlyweds took off without it, all the way down the aisle Vennie was saying, "Wait, wait. I've got to get my bouquet."

After a honeymoon spent motoring along the West Coast, the couple settled into their first home at 15th Avenue and Willetta. The payments were \$25 per month.

"That was the bottom of the Depression. We had a Bridge Club and the big topic was who could live on \$1 per day or less", Sam said.

Quoting Vennie, "Nowadays, people use that much in paper products alone."

By June of 1934, the couple had opened a flower shop on Central. They didn't deliver past Mc Dowell Road, and if customers came in and Sam wasn't there to make up the bouquet, Vennie figured what she didn't know in talent and artistry she would make up in size.

Soon, Sam had a few head of cattle, and by 1938 he was in the feedlot business in Tempe. In the late 50's, when the city had grown up around the original lot, Sam found another in the Wellton - Mohawk Valley area near Yuma. In 1983, the McElhaney Cattle Company had the capacity to feed 80,000 head.

Back in 1948, the McElhaney's bought the Triangle H C, said to be the first Dude Ranch in Arizona. They gradually acquired adjoining ranches, until they spread north of Prescott, assumed its current size, about 42,000 acres. Another holding is the Cow Springs Ranch in New Mexico, once part of the Diamond A Cattle Company, largest ranch in the world. In 1983, Sam was married to his work and went at it very hard.

Vennie has just done a lot of things in her life. She has been a florist, painter, model, cosmetologist, and gardener. Back when they built their home, she drew the plans for the house on Camelback Mountain with lots of windows so Sam could have a view from every room, and her landscapes still brighten the walls.

In 1983, Sam was up by 5 in the morning to take a walk, then was out to the airport into his Beachcraft Baron and in Yuma by 8.

Vennie used to accompany Sam on his trips around the State and to New Mexico, and the cowboys on the ranches often greeted her with bouquets of flowers.

Sam still has time to drive in Yuma's Silver Spurs Parades. At one time, they have had seven horse driven entries.

Their son in-law has driven a 1912 Ford Torpedo, the Sports Model, in the Parades and later their daughter and grandchildren have a party before the Mc Elhaney's return to Phoenix.

Both Sam and Vennie stay very active and are not ready for rocking chairs. Their grandson had said, "Grammie, they don't make rocking chairs to fit you."

They call him the "Flying Cowboy." Nearly every morning, he sets out for the airport, climbs into his Beechcraft D55 Baron and flies to Wellton to check on his feedlot there. After spending a few hours insuring all is well, he flies on to Prescott, and sometimes to New Mexico, to look things over at the ranch. By evening he is back at

his home in Phoenix, on the south slope of Camelback Mountain, to end his working day with a few business calls.

This was not the sort of life Sam McElhaney was born into. His father, an Alabama native, came to Arizona in the 1880's from Texas in a covered wagon, driving his cattle and horses with him. He met and married Georgia-born Sarah E. Hill in 1889 at the home of her father, Reuben Hill, a blacksmith and owner of a large woodyard on Grand Avenue in Phoenix.

The McElhaney's settled in Holbrook after their marriage, operating a ranch in partnership with Mr. Hopin, the McElhaney-Hopin Cattle Company. The elder McElhaney later established a farm in the old Fowler district, south of Glendale in the Salt River Valley.

They raised five children: R.H., the eldest, a dairy farmer in Phoenix and farmer in Wellton; Mrs. Nina Keen, of Keen's Flower Shop, Phoenix; Mrs. Pearl Slawson, an employee of Arizona Corporation Commission; Coyt, who lived in California; and Samual, Jr. A sixth grade child did not survive. Sam's father died in 1906 of lockjaw, contracted as a result of an injury on the farm. Samuel was born six months later, on June 14, 1906.

The family moved to a house at 7th Street and Oak in Phoenix; Sarah McElhaney died shortly afterward in 1910. R.H. held the family together; he and his wife, Jeanette, raised Samuel until he was old enough to go to high school.

He attended Phoenix Union High School while living with his sister, Nina, and worked part time in her plant nursery. From her, he learned a great deal about the floral business. Sam attended the University of Arizona for a while, intending to become a dentist, but returned to Phoenix in 1925 to work in the flower shop.

On Valentine's Day, 1933, Sam married Vennie Robbins, who had come to Phoenix from her native Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1928. Together, they opened a flower shop in a renovated house on Central Avenue in June of that same year,

continuing to operate it even after becoming involved in the cattle business. Although the business was later sold, it is still in existence, located on Camelback Road in Phoenix. During this period, the McElhaney's sold fertilizer from the cattle to help pay for the feedyard.

Sam acquired his first cattle in a strange sort of way. He was a member of a roping club, each member owning a calf or two. One by one, as the other ropers needed money, Sam bought their calves. When they outgrew the farm, he was forced to lease a pasture on which to keep the 50-odd head.

In 1938, Sam went into the feeding business on a 40-acre lot in Tempe, in partnership with Emmett Reed. They fed about 2,000 cattle until Reed sold his interest in the company to Sam in 1948, who increased capacity to 10,000 head.

By the 1950's, the city had grown up around the feedlot, and it was necessary to look for another location. R. H., Sam's brother, had moved to the Wellton-Mohawk Valley near Yuma some years before to farm, and had mentioned a parcel of land for sale, which, although it was not suitable for farming, might be ideal for a feedlot. Sam went to see the 1,800-acre parcel, and found it well suited to his needs; feed was grown in abundance in the Valley, the canal was nearby to provide water, and railroads and highways adjoined the property.

The Tempe feedlot was gradually phased out and closed in 1958, although McElhaney retained ownership of the land until 1979. Cattle are brought in to the Wellton feedlot primarily from the south and southwest, some trucked in from as far away as Florida and Georgia, because, as Sam says, they "just feed better in this climate." The feedlot now has a capacity of 70,000 head, currently feeding more than 60,000.

Some of the Wellton acreage is devoted to alfalfa, bermuda grass, oats and rye grass. The idea of farming some of the land serves another purpose in addition to that of providing feed for the lot - it helps to keep the city from

growing too close to it, as happened in Tempe.

The McElhaney's daughter, Carol Ella, was born in 1936. An artist like her mother, Carol has been married to Gary Oden, president of McElhaney Cattle Company and its chief executive officer, since 1956. Carol and Gary live in Yuma with their daughter, Christy, and son, Mike. Christy is presently attending college, but enjoys spending summers and vacations out on round-up. Mike, 21, is a general foreman for the feedlots and ranches. Like his grandfather, Mike has rodeo in his blood. He won the Arizona High School Rodeo Championship in 1978, and turned professional in 1979.

The Triangle HC, a working ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knight, was said to be the first "dude" ranch in Arizona, opened in 1930. The ranch was purchased by the McElhaney's in 1948. In 1964, they bought the adjoining 7-Up Ranch, and later, the bordering John Lovelace Burro Creek Ranch and Bertha Shell Conger Ranch, combining them all under the 7L brand. Crossbred cattle now graze the 42,000 acres of timber country and rolling mesas. The spread is located 50 miles northwest of Prescott, ranging in elevation from 3,000 to 6,000 feet.

By the mid-'60's, Sam's far-flung holdings were becoming a problem. It was at the suggestion of a friend, Dean Copeland, that he learned to fly, at the age of 58. Skeptical at first, he passed the required instruction and FAA testing, and now holds a multi-engine license, with more than 7,000 hours in the air.

The Beechcraft Baron has been a boon to McElhaney. It allowed him to move his operation far away from cities, yet allowed him to maintain strict supervision that he insists upon. He is able to accomplish in one day what would have taken his rancher father weeks to do.

The plane is needed now more than ever, since Sam added a New Mexico ranch to his holdings in 1979. The Cow Springs Ranch was, at one time, part of the vast Diamond A Cattle Company, the largest ranch in the world, owned by George

Hearst. It was the north headquarters of the Diamond A, and the old Butterfield Stage stop. When the huge ranch was dispersed about 1933, Cow Springs was sold to Walter Hightower; Sam and Vennie are its third owners.

In addition to running the feedlot and ranches, Sam has other interests. He raises Quarter Horses, not for show, but for ranch work and rodeo.

In 1967, he was elected president of the American-International Charolais Association, and Sam and Vennie traveled the globe in the group's interest. Their home boasts objects brought from such distant and exotic places as Tahiti and Africa.

Sam is a member of the Arizona Cattle Grower's Association and a director and past president of the Arizona Cattle Feeders Association.

He has a museum of antique carriages east of Wellton; it is open to the public and houses wagons, hearses and other horse-drawn equipment. But the favorite piece is an old calliope. Sam and Vennie often travel with it to ride in parades, the wagon pulled by six Palomino ponies.

The Flying Cowboy and his lady - truly a remarkable couple. They met, married, and began a business during the dark years after the Depression, and have not only survived, but prospered. As for retirement, the prospect is unlikely. As Sam says, "If you aren't going forward, you're going backward - you can't just sit still." And Vennie adds with a chuckle, "Sam would never go backward."

As one approaches the McElhaney feedlot near Wellton, Arizona, the first glimpse of the operation will show an experienced observer that everything at this lot is done to perfection. The large, square hay stacks are neatly piled leaving a good distance between each stack as a protection against fires.

First class hospitality is a part of the program. If one has the time, there is a museum well worth visiting that contains fine relics of Arizona's past with emphasis on horse

related items. And in Sam's office there is a generous display of awards Sam has accumulated, but after all in good taste.

Sam is a native son, the youngest boy of a large family. He lost his father when he was very young, but an ambitious mother and hard working oldest brother held this early Arizona farm family together. As Sam grew into young manhood, he opened a floral shop at 4 Central Avenue, Main Street in Phoenix. This active young man became interested in team roping which in turn led to feeding out retired roping steers.

A real estate opportunity was presented to Sam, a good buy that could be sold in a short time for a handsome profit. It was a small livestock auction yard and more feeding pens. The florist was now in the cattle business, way out east of Phoenix near Tempe and the Tovrea operations. Urban sprawl forced Sam to move out to Wellton in the '60's to some land his oldest brother had available.

The leading feeders in the early days were Phil and Harry Tovrea with their yard near Tempe and the Arizona Packing Company which they owned. Sam grew up out there and saw the yard expand every year. Marion Wilburn and George Taylor, big ranchers in Arizona, were also involved with the Tovreas.

For CALF, it was exciting to visit with Sam in his office about his long career in the cattle feeding business, about the trials presented by governmental actions. With over 50 years of experience, Sam was able to clearly recall the rationing problems that were created in World War II. You would have cattle ready to do, but no one could buy them until the rationing terms were correct. He told of being on the Swift Trip in 1943 and visiting a packing house in New York City and seeing the empty coolers caused by this problem. The pricing systems created in the Korean War were a lesser problem than World War II rationing. The price controls that the Nixon Administration imposed in response to

consumer pressure certainly pulled the plug on a lot of cattle feeders in Sam's words. He spoke of the Central Arizona Feeders and their office in the Adams Hotel right at the entrance from Central Avenue. He noted that their secretary was Ottis Sims, a very intelligent lady. They had a rule which required that they report any cattle sale to Ottis within 30 minutes after the sale, not three days later. Feeders learned to call Ottis before making a deal to find out what was going on. And the dues were ten cents per head and well worth it!

When asked about the current discussions about uncoupling the yield grading from the quality grading, Sam said he favored separating the two grades. In talking about early day feeding, Sam described it as "Mickey Mouse" and said there were a lot of small farmer-type yards where cattle were back-grounded on hay before going to the yards. At one time he was able to buy 350-lb. Herefords from ranchers. He said these cattle were finished at 800 lbs. and were too small for the markets. This led him to stay away from reputation breeds of English cattle.

Sam told us the story of Warren Monfort and his wife and how they would come to Arizona every winter and visit the feedlots. Sam said they loved visits by the Monforts or by William D. Farr as they considered them to be top-of-the-line cattle feeders.

On one visit when the Monforts were visiting Sam's lot, Warren Monfort noticed that Sam had only crossbreds of a wide variety - Okies of "several different numerical classifications".

Warren asked Sam, "Sam, why do you feed these kinds of cattle?" Sam told him that he fed them because they made money.

At this point, Mrs. Monfort said, "Warren, this is the kind of cattle you should be feeding!" Sam certainly enjoys telling this story!

In the early days, everyone fed from wagons. There were

no feed mixing trucks. Tovrea's had the first mill and others bought rolled grain from feed mills. Sam said the wagon would make a first run with the help of pushing hay into the bunks. The next trip around, the wagon would be loaded with sacks of grain. On a post at each pen, there would be a number to indicate the number of sacks for each pen. Sam said they tried to get a gain of two lbs. per day.

They did not close out, but simply counted their money at the end of the year. In time, custom feeding came into practice and this changed the world of the cattle feeder. One of the great changes that came to the McElhaney operation came when Sam's daughter married Gary Oden, a business graduate from Southern Methodist University. Sam said he told Gary to just work on the books and be his personal pilot until he decided what he wanted to do. Before long, Gary Oden was so involved in the business that Sam had to look elsewhere for a pilot. He is proud of the addition of Gary Oden to the family. And well he should be, for there is a third generation active in the operation, grandson Mike Oden!

With its 25th Anniversary issue, CALF took pride in saluting Sam McElhaney, an honored cattle feeder who has seen it all, a man with the wisdom to change and grow with the times. This is the attribute of all great cattle feeders. Sam McElhaney's yard at Wellton is a far cry from the early day "Mickey Mouse" operations Sam described. The first sharp impression created by the neat hay stacks carries all the way through the feedlot and to Sam!

One can not talk about Arizona feeding without mentioning Bart Cardon. Sam told of being a stockholder in Bart's Erly Fat Feed Company. He also served on the board of directors of Erly Fat. A smile came across Sam's face as he recalled the good times he had with Bart, a definite influence on Arizona feeding and feeders alike.

In the course of the conversation many other names came from Sam's memory, names such as Ray Cowden and Charlie Wetzler. Ray entered the feeding picture and later got

Charlie started. The Wetzlers came from a large cattle ranch in the Holbrook area and they also pastured many cattle that they purchased. Sam remembers Charlie as a great gentleman and he recalled how much he appreciated Charlie on the day of his Golden Wedding Anniversary, when Charlie took the time to visit the McElhaney home less than a month after his own dear wife had passed away. Sam has known them all!

Sam and Vennie McElhaney have left quite a legacy to their daughter and son in-law and grandchildren.

Portions of this story are attributed to: Valley National Bank Cattellog, and CALF News Writer, Tom Hovenden.

ARDEN McFADDEN
Roosevelt, Arizona

Arden B. McFadden was born January 10, 1910, at Roosevelt, Arizona during construction of the Roosevelt Dam. He is the son of the late W. C. "Pecos" and Marion McFadden.

In 1911, while my dad was still working on the dam, he bought the Flying H Ranch on Cherry Creek, and we moved there. In 1913, he sold the Flying H to brothers George and John Armer. Two years later, my dad bought the Col. Jess Ellison Ranch, known as the Q Ranch south of Young, Arizona.

When I was 18 years old, I went to work as a cowboy for the Flying V Ranch, southwest of the Q Ranch in Young. George Spurlock was foreman there. When I left the Flying V Ranch, I went to work for John Armer at the A+ Ranch, each of Roosevelt Lake. Joe Taylor was ranch foreman.

Later I worked for Babbitt Brothers OG-Rail near Cibecue on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation. Earl Swan was the foreman for the Babbitts.

I went back home and went to work for my dad at the Flying V Ranch which he had bought as well as the Flying H.

We shipped four hundred cows to Hillside, Arizona, and put them on the SH Ranch, which my dad had bought from Dan Fain. I went there to run the ranch. A year later, we sold out to John Hamilton.

I went to work for Les Jenkins on the Spider Ranch out of Prescott, Arizona. In 1930, I left Prescott and went back to Globe and went to work as a Deputy Sheriff for Charley Byrne, Sheriff of Gila County.

I quit the Sheriff's office and accepted an appointment from the Department of Interior as a special officer on the San Carlos Indian Reservation, south of Globe. When I left San Carlos, I moved back to the HZ Ranch on Salt River and rodeoed for about a year.

When Bob Jones was elected Govenor of Arizona, I was appointed Liquor Control Agent for the State Liquor

Department.

I worked there until I was drafted into the Army in March, 1941. While in the Army at Camp Roberts, California, I married Lela "Peaches" Longteig in 1944. We had a daughter, Nancy Lee, born after I was discharged from the service in May, 1945.

I returned to Phoenix and went to work as a Deputy Sheriff for Earnest Roach, who was Sheriff at that time.

On June 15, 1951, I was appointed Chief Livestock Inspector for the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board. I resigned October, 1954, and went to work for the U. S. Department of Agriculture Animal Disease Eradication as a Livestock Inspector, testing cattle for bangs.

In 1961 I came to New Mexico as Supervisor of the screw worm eradication program, and I retired June 30, 1976, as Livestock Inspector on the Mexican Border.



OTTO AND EDNA NEELY

Gilbert, Arizona

Otto was one of 15 children. he was one of the middle ones, born to Leotau and William Neely on August 21, 1900. Otto's name was chosen by his brothers.

Edna is the daughter born to Milton and Irma Trout on March 20, 1901. Edna came from a family of nine children- six girls and three boys. The oldest, a sister, passed away at 90 years of age, another sister passed away recently at 88 years of age. There are currently 4 girls remaining living including the oldest, Edna, and all are in their 80's.

For most people Christmas holds warm and special memories. For Otto and Edna Neely, Christmas held a similar meaning as the holiday represents - a beginning.

Otto Neely arrived in Gilbert, Arizona, on Christmas Day, 1922. On Christmas Day in 1928, Otto Neely married Edna Trout.

Otto has been a very successful farmer, dairyman, civic leader, and philanthropist throughout most of his life. The entire Town of Gilbert knew Otto Neely as "Uncle Otto." He attained this reputation for his kindness and love for children.

Edna was a teacher in years past, employed with the Baltz Public School in Phoenix. She stayed employed a short while after their marriage, and then helped and turned her efforts toward getting Otto and she established.

Otto's and Edna's lives are truly built on service. The couple have been very generous in their aid to deserving students, several churches and hospitals, and untold numbers of other projects. They donated a complete cottage to the Boy's Ranch and supported Sunshine Acres in various ways for many years. A picture of Otto and Edna hang over the fireplace at Sunshine Acres, and a new dormitory soon to be completed is courtesy of their unending kindness and generocity to others less fortunate. They have given and

dedicated to the betterment of so many organizations they are too lengthy to list, but their empathy and love for their fellow man can surely be seen by plaques which decorate more than one wall in their home on E. Elliot Road in Gilbert.

Otto has served on the Water User's Association Council as a Councilman for about 22 years, and on Gilbert Public School Board for 8 years.

In 1950, the Neelys built a new brick home and have always maintained a beautiful setting for it with many lovely trees, flowers, and shrubry located on their vast acreage holding in Gilbert. Their first home is still standing on their property, nearby the brick home, and is occupied today.

The Neelys have no children, but have some of the greatest nieces and nephews anyone could ever want. Most of them live nearby in and around Gilbert and Otto and Edna are very proud of each of them. Yet to the "town-folk" they are known as Uncle Otto and Aunt Edna.

Otto says the hardest decision he ever had to make was retirement. However, he still kept very busy with his community responsibilities and his needlework for which he is still well known. Edna also keeps busy with homemaking, church activities, and social work.

Otto and Edna lived in Mesa when they were first married and rented the property they currently own today. The piece became available so he and Edna agreed they would fix up the existing home on the place. They bought 1 Jersey cow that gave more milk than the two of them could use, so the neighbors were invited to come over and get some. Otto soon realized he needed more cows in order to keep up with the demand, so he bought 10 head from Joe Locarnini to get started. Otto and Edna had the dairy about 10 to 12 years and started out selling their milk for \$.05 per quart. Their headcount grew to as much as 35-40, they built a barn for the cattle, and milking machines.

Later, Otto bought 3 sections (3 miles long and 1 mile wide) next to the Indian Reservation, 9-1/2 miles south of

Gilbert and he soon became so busy with the farming aspect of his business that there was little time for the dairy end, so Otto and Edna sold the Dairy.

While at a Bridge Club meeting one day, Edna learned of some children at Sunshine Acres who were sleeping on the floor. She went home, and together she and Otto supplied the funds for those girls to have beds and not bedrolls on the floor. This is the type of unselfishness and love that the Neelys' lives have stood for and probably why God enabled them to have funds for their generosity to this and many other organizations and churches.

Otto passed away January 1, 1987. He is sadly missed by the entire Town of Gilbert as well as his wife, Edna. He stood tall in the minds and hearts of us all!

History courtesy of Patricia (Parrish) Harris with permission of Mrs. Otto (Edna) Neely.

MARGUERITE PARKER NOBLE

Payson, Arizona

When Betty Accomazzo, Pioneer Stockman Chairman, asked me to contribute my story to "Pioneer Histories," I was taken back by this honor.

Although coming from ranch people on both sides of my family and growing up in that ambience, I was never a vital participant in the roping, riding, corral dust of vital combat as was my brother, Port Parker. For survival, I was forced to work in other areas. But my interest, heart and soul, remained with my upbringing.

I am honored to be included in the ranch histories because there is no more important segment in America than pioneer families with their achievements and contributions to our country. I pay them homage. History has failed to give them deserved credit.

I am retired from a lifetime of teaching school. In that vocation, I found that our textbooks (published in the East and written by Easterners) passed lightly over that heritage. In my teaching, I strove to correct that omission. To our prescribed curriculum, I inserted study of the ranching industry and its importance, past and present. I found the children of an impressionable age, but understanding. I wanted them to know about those who broke the trail, cleared the brush, and made the pathway easier for those who followed.

Another angle in which I believed strongly: John Wayne did not win the West. The women were there, side-by-side with the men. The men should be given credit for their part, but women need accolades as unsung heroines. We need to recognize those hundreds of ranch women whose priority was dedicating themselves to settling the country, to preserving the family, and improving life.

Since retiring, I have spoken to many school, business, and social organizations. Although I was not out there

doctoring the screwworms, oiling the windmill squeaks, or battling the broken barbed-wire fence, I took the opportunity to praise those worthy ranch people who were.

I have written articles for local and national publications, and I always chose some area of the ranching industry as subject matter for acclaim. Enough of that! I'll get along with the brandin' and earmarkin'.

My father was Daniel Webster Parker of Texas (and he never let you forget that he was a Texan). He was born in 1859 in Weatherford, Texas, in Parker County, which was named after his Uncle Isaac and where my grandfather was a first commissioner of the new county. My father was a cousin of Quanah Parker, the Comanche chief, whom Texas incorporates in its history.

When my father was ten years old, his father died, leaving his mother with two other minor children on the ranch. Being the eldest, my father had to assume a man's responsibilities. Comanche Indians rode by and stole the horses. This was devastating and immobilized the family--no transportation and no animals for working. My father, age 10, trailed the Indians for three days and retrieved the horses. Why did the Comanches permit this? Perhaps they admired the courage of this boy, or perhaps, fearing the soldiers stationed in the area, they thought that the better part of valor was to release the animals.

My mother was Armina Jane Solomon, born in Llano County, Texas, in 1875. Her mother was a Wootan of that area. My mother and father met when he was a member of a cow camp in Barksdale, Texas. They were married in 1891 when she was 16 and he was 32.

They settled in Rocksprings, Texas (the "mohair capital of the world"), on a cattle ranch amid the live oak expanse. Five children were born there.

My father had been introduced to Arizona when he was a youth. As a young cowboy, he had ridden with a trail drive westward in the late 1880's. Now in 1900, there was urging

from relatives and friends who had moved to Arizona for the Parker family to join them. My mother's parents had immigrated to Gila County. Her sister, Lila Weathersby, had come in 1897 with her husband to the Klondike region in Graham County to raise Angora goats. My father had heard of the building of the Roosevelt Dam and the demand for horses and mules, of which he had many.

And so, in 1903, Dan Parker made an exploratory trip to Gila County to lower Tonto Basin, some miles northwest of Roosevelt damsite. At this time he bought the Bouquet Ranch from John L. Cline. The ranch was situated on the western foothills of the Sierra Ancha Mountains, not far from Tonto Creek, and facing the Mazatzal range. He branded DWP connected.

The ranch had a spring with an abundance of water. It had been settled by a Frenchman, "Ol' Man Bouquet," who had developed the land with grain fields, an orchard, and a vineyard. In a dispute over the property, Ol' Man Bouquet was killed by his partner who was sent to Yuma Prison.

After purchasing the Bouquet Ranch, my father returned to Texas and sold his Rocksprings ranch. In 1904, the family headed westward with three wagons and some stock. The wagons were covered with bois d'arc (which my folks called bodark wood), curved staves, and over these canvas was fastened. This covering offered little protection from the sun, rain, wind, dust.

I have heard my family many, many times relate the tale of "when we come out from Texas", and all the hardships and experiences involved. "It taken us three months to git to Arizona. Had to buy water. Five cents to water each horse, the baby got the croup. No way to wash clothes. Had to air the bedding."

My father had brought a huge mule, called Jumbo, that "walked every step of the way from Texas." (I often wondered how else Jumbo would have arrived, but my folks wouldn't let me interrupt the oft-told tale with any digression. No fact

was allowed to interrupt the truth.) Years later, when I became an adult, I was telling "when we come out from Texas," relating the gruesome details and embellishing parts. My older sister challenged me. She said, "You weren't even born then!" Reality struck me. I was born in Arizona. My father said the only thing he was ashamed of about me was that I wasn't born in Texas. I was an outcast. Sharing this ignominy with me was my brother, Port, who suffered the disgrace of being born in Arizona -- and not Texas!

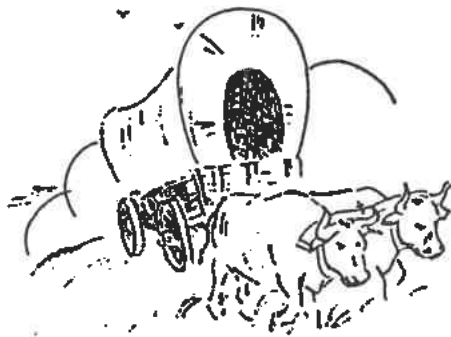
On the Bouquet Ranch, my father, having suffered through a drought, always watched the sky for rain clouds. Rain brought up the filaree, the livestock plant so important to survival of his cattle. The plant became an integral part of our family's life. When my father fussed and fumed and cussed about "no damn rain," neighbor/rancher George Cline answered with this philosophy: "It'll rain. It always does -- one day too late."

My father found employment for Jumbo, the wondrous mule, at the dam. With his mammoth size and strength and good temper, he pulled a fresno, moved boulders, shoved earth, and performed calmly and safely. One day a levee above the dam broke, releasing a torrential flood of water. In high speed the workers raced to higher grounds and saved themselves. No time to release Jumbo. He was left to drown. The following day my father arrived and found Jumbo quietly holding his nose above the water. He said, "A dam fool horse would've drowned himself."

I was born January 29, 1910, in Arizona Territory. My mother had come from the Bouquet Ranch to the damsite for the birthing with a midwife. It occurred in a tent in "tent city," a settlement of temporary and board edifices which now lie under the waters of Roosevelt Lake.

Roots are more than geographic location. They are emotions and feelings and memories. Regardless of my tenacles of Texas, my roots are in the land of my birth, Tonto Basin country -- roots imbedded with pride and respect

for the land of cattle, horses, men and women of ranching work, pioneer builders. It is with gratitude that I am a Cowbelle, with deep interest in retaining, promoting the industry. Thank you, Betty Accomazzo, for this privilege of being included with these honorable people in "Ranch Histories."



LENA STRATTON RANDALL

Holbrook, Arizona

Lena Stratton was born September 18, 1894 at Snowflake, Arizona, the fifth child of William Ellis Stratton and Minnie Kartchner Stratton. She was born in a nice large two story brick home which her father built in 1889. Many others who attended the Snowflake Academy well remember this home as their home away from home. She had many happy memories of her childhood, Harvest time, riding horseback, and going with her father on the freight wagon to Whiteriver and back. She was left the youngest for several years due to the deaths of four of her sisters and brothers. Those of her early acquaintance will especially remember her dark curly hair that her mother kept in ringlets. She received her education in the Snowflake schools and graduated from the eighth grade with seven other students. Silas L. Fish was her eighth grade teacher. In November of her freshman year in high school, the Snowflake Academy burned down and they held school in several buildings all over town until a new high school could be built.

She was married October 8, 1914, to Alfred Harvey Randall, traveling by train to Salt Lake City, to be married in the Temple. They made their home in Joseph City Arizona for twenty-eight years with the exception of two years that they spent in Pine, Arizona working for the Randall Brothers.

Being the mother of nine girls she spent many hours sewing for them making all of their clothes.

In July 1942 they moved to Holbrook, Arizona to be closer to her husband's work.

She worked in the Primary all the years she had children attending Primary, working mostly in the music department either playing piano or leading the singing. She was on the Primary Stake Board with Sariah Bushman the summer before she was married and they visited all the Primarys' in the Stake

that summer by team and buggy. She was second counsellor to Edith Bushman in the Mutual from 1915 to 1917. After moving to Holbrook she worked in the Primary with Armina Whiting and then later served as Relief Society Holbrook Ward President for two years. She has been a visiting Relief Society teacher most of her married life and in 1960 was chosen as first counselor to Amy Gibbons in the second ward Relief Society.

She was the first President of the Northern Arizona Cowbells which was organized in 1947. She was State Cowbells Secretary for a year and served as State Historian the year of 1960. She has always been active in National, State, and Local Cowbells. She was Captain of the Painted Desert Camp, Daughters of the Utah Pioneer's for one year.

She and her husband had twelve children, eleven of which they raised to maturity. They have 37 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

Aid in Primary, Feb. 4, 1915 to January 26, 1916

Organist and Aid June 4, 1916 and thru 1918, Tempe Randall Pres. - Also Etan Bushman, President 1918.

Chorister July 5, 1921 to December 22, 1921.

Chorister February 10, 1922 to November 13, 1922.

2nd Group Leader 1925 (Ann Tanner, President).

Counselor to Edith S. Bushman, September 15, 1940 to sometime in 1942; probably July when you moved to Holbrook.

EARLY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

The happy life is not ushered in at any age. It grows upon us year by year, little by little, until at last we realize we have it. One does not find the happy life; you make it. We are continually being reminded these days that material things do not bring happiness, and yet if we look about us at the struggle being made to accumulate worldly possessions we know that few of us will admit that the simple life may bring the greatest peace of mind and real happiness.

There are advantages in having one's life span from the horse and buggy days to the jet age. It is only by contrast that we can fully appreciate. I find delight reliving my childhood days. They were such happy days, when the family was self sufficient and the small community was one big family.

As I enjoy the modern conveniences which make housekeeping comparatively easy, I recall the wood burning stove in our kitchen. Hot water was provided from a "reservoir" on the back of the kitchen stove or from the tea kettle which always had a way of being low or empty when hot water was most needed. My job each night was to fill the wood boxes and gather the chips. And I never forget the evening after Grandma Stratton, my Father's mother, Martha Jane Lane Stratton, was buried. I took wood all the way around to the north bedroom door before I thought, "matter of habit, I guess." Mother came to comfort me when the tears were streaming down my face.

On Saturday afternoon and evening we all took baths so we would be clean for Sunday. The kitchen was the bathroom. Each member of the family took their turn for a scrubbing, sitting in a number three tub. Monday was wash day; the clothes were put to soak the night before. The clothes were scrubbed on a wash board and then put in the boiler on the stove or in the black tub in the yard to boil.

Then came the rinsing of the clothes, at least two waters and blueing and hanging on the line to dry in the sun. What a fresh clean smell those clothes did have. Ironing day followed on Tuesday. The flatirons were heated on the kitchen stove. Mother had some real heavy ones she used to stand up in front of the fire place too.

A daily chore was cleaning and filling the coal oil lamps. The wick had to be carefully trimmed so the flame would be straight across. Washing and polishing lamp chimneys was a real job, sometimes I tried to get by with wiping them out with a paper, but that didn't often pass Mother's inspection.

Fall house cleaning meant turning the house inside out. The home made carpets in the parlor, dining room and bedrooms were untacked from the floor, hung on the clothes line and beaten vigorously to get out all the dust. The straw padding was gathered up in tubs, the floor carefully washed, and when dry a fresh padding of clean straw was spread, and the carpets replaced, stretched and tacked. How we loved to walk over the freshly laid carpet and feel and hear the new straw crunch under foot.

Mother spent many many hours preparing food; gathering from the garden, potatoes, string beans, lettuce, carrots, beets, corn, etc. Everything had to be washed, peeled, cut up and then cooked. Now we buy it in a can. I used to take a cup of sugar or flour down to Sister Adair's and exchange it for yeast she made out of hop's. I think she supplied most of the town. I used to sip a little along as I went---pretty good tasting. And then Mother made rising bread real often. For a change everyone in the neighborhood would get a start and make bread. I remember taking rising to Aunt Fanny Jane Willis or Aunt Lula Smith, or Minnie Willis, or maybe they would send some to Mother. Whoever set rising passed it around.

We had a big orchard so during the summer there was a lot of bottling fruits, vegetables and meat and drying corn, peaches etc., which took many hours of hard work. Mother and us kids always went to the corral with Father in the evening to milk the cows. Father fixed a place for Mother to sit and hold the baby and us kids would help with the calves. I learned to milk at an early age. Father was away from home a lot so Mother had to milk until us kids got big enough.

Mother strained the milk in big pans and put it on the pantry shelves, and skimmed the cream for butter. Churning seemed an endless task if the cream was a little too cold. Washing the butter, putting it in to pound molds completed the task which took real skill. Fresh churned butter milk was a valued product of the churning. The pans of clabbered

milk were made into cottage cheese seasoned with salt, pepper and cream. It was delicious.

Making soap was another one of mother's accomplishments done in a tub on the fire outside. Left over grease suet from the beef was placed with water and lye boiled together to the right consistency determined by testing. When cooled it was hardened and cut in squares and put on a board to cure. Soap purchased from the store was a special luxury; used only as a toilet article.

Ready made clothes from the store were unknown. Underwear, petticoats, dresses, coats and shirts were all homemade. Carefully washed floursacks were made into petticoats and panties. Sometimes the company label won't come out and would be found across the back of the panties. Father's worn out suits were carefully washed and turned to make trousers for the boys. Baskets of socks and mending were always on hand. No one was ever allowed to wear stockings or clothes that needed mending.

Piecing and making quilts were other jobs that were never finished. All worn out clothing was carefully washed, then torn or cut into short or long strips, 1 1/2 inches wide. These strips were sewn together in hit and miss color combinations, and then wound into big balls. The balls were stored in the closet under the stairway until enough accumulated to have a new rag carpet woven on the hand loom at Grandma Kartchner's. Many times I sat behind the machine and clipped the threads and wound the rag balls.

I'll never forget the theatrical performances in Flake Hall. John Hunt was Old Black Joe and Asmar Flake was the villian. Between acts were songs, recitations etc. Many times I went to the Willis Hall to dance. They had regular weekly dances; schottische, virginia reel, waltz, two-step, and mazerka.

There were no hospitals, doctor, or registered nurses. Seemed like every few years we were quarantined for something. I hated that old yellow or red flag, wherever it

happened to be. Then there was the fumigating and cleaning up. When we got well everything had to be scrubbed and scalded to be sure no germs were left. In those days Father would take a day off, harness up the team to our black topped buggy, and take us to Taylor to spend the day. Mother had three sisters living there; Aunt Eula McCleve, Aunt Zina Perkins and Aunt Elsie Gale. We'd all get together and have a nice meal at one place or the other.

I used to love to ride horse back when I got big enough to saddle my own horse.

I really felt dressed up in a long divided skirt which came to my ankles.

Aunt Sarah Driggs was a favorite of mine. She kept the postoffice on the corner just across the street and ran a boarding house--"restaurant" we would say today. She always sympathized with me. She said I ran all the errands for everyone. I didn't have a bike either. Each fall we had the threshers and it took everyone in the family that day. Many times I've worked in the bin to keep the grain back while the men carried sack after sack in and dumped it in the big bins. Then I'd help Mother wash all the dishes after feeding that crew of men.

Seemed like Mother was always cleaning; digging out all the corners. The pantry was the worse dread for me. Everything had to be moved off the shelves and scrubbed and put back. And those big floors upstairs had to be scrubbed on our hands and knees;--I mean scrubbed until they were white when done. The stairs had to be done one at a time. The kitchen floor wasn't big but we really had to scrub hard and use lye water on spots that were greasy.

I used to wish I could dress up every afternoon like some of the girls did and go up town just strolling around, hoping to meet the boys and have a gab session.

Playing on the lawn under those two big apple trees was real fun, and the big lilac bush by the gate, and the two big yellow rose bushes in front of the dining room window.

Mother had pink rose bushes in front and beautiful purple iris. We called them "flags" in those days. We all played in the orchard and in the fall had to gather apples and put them away in the cellar. Father and Raymond would get way up high and throw apples to me. I loved to catch them just like I'd catch a baseball.

Baseball was my favorite game. Guess I was kind of a tom boy. Many a load of hay I tromped and Raymond delighted to throw each fork full right on top of me.

Many a time I went to help Raymond milk Aunt Adelaide Fish's cow, or took care of the calf while he milked. Raymond and Father were always teasing me about a new dress I was wanting or a pair of shoes. Father took me to the A.C.M. once and let me pick my own shoes. When I decided on one pair I said, "these are the swellest." Father really laughed and let me have them--black patent leather.

Seemed like Mother went to Primary as long as I did. She was a counselor to the president. We had to go early to ring the bell. I always went to Relief Society to help clean for the meeting, and then cut rags and wound them in balls while the women sewed them on treddle machines. At times Mother wasn't able to tread the machine at home when she was expecting (she had to make things for the new baby as one couldn't buy them). So she would have one of us tread the machine for her. Imagine what patience that took to tell us when to start and when to stop. Half the time we'd be playing in between times. How she ever stood it I'll never know.

I was always having earaches or toothaches. For hours and hours Mother sat up and doctored me. No hot water bottle, no aspirin, oh me!

I was the world's worst to run away when I was real small. Many a time Mother tied me to the table leg. We had a big dog that saved me many spankings. He would lie down under the gate; when I moved, he would move.

I'd like to have a nickle for every bucket of water I

drew out of the well. It took a lot on wash day and Saturdays--not to mention how many more Mother and Father drew. Father bought dried fruit by the cases, and sugar in 100 pound sacks. We had our beef, pork, chicken, eggs etc. Canned goods were too expensive. While Mother was president of the Relief Society a girl friend and I had to gather the eggs from everyone that was a member of the Relief Society. She took the eggs to the Bishop and exchanged them for other food for the poor and needy. Everyone paid their tithing by taking one tenth of anything they raised.

One thing Father was real strict about was getting up in time for family prayers. We always had family prayer before breakfast.

My parents lost a boy, Leo Wayne, just older than I. He died November 10, 1894. I was born September 18, 1895. The twin girls were born May 27, 1898. Minnie lacked twenty five days of being a year old when she died. Father had only been in the mission field a month when she died. Vinnie died when she was five years old of Diphtheria. We all had that awful disease. Mary was the baby one year old and Vinnie and Mary both died the same day, April 23, 1903. Mary died at 4 o'clock in the morning and Vinnie at 8 o'clock in the evening. Then Elsie was born April 11, 1904 and died August 12, 1910 of diabetes.

My folks had lots of sorrow along with lots of hard work, but we had lots of good times also. They taught us to do right, to pray and work in the Church, pay tithing and we would be blessed.

Father freighted from Holbrook to Fort Apache. Different ones would bid on a contract. I remember one contract that came was on the desk. I picked it up and wrote on the back "Please bid." When Father asked me if I did it I said "No." He knew I did and I knew he knew. I even spelled "please" wrong. I never forgot it, but he didn't scold me.

Mother had to do lots of cooking to fix up a grub box. She wasn't supposed to leave out a thing they would need such

as matches, salt, pepper, B.P., flour, raisins, rice, a pot of beans, a big cake, preserves and jelly, a loaf or two of bread, and bacon and eggs. They would make biscuits and cook in dutch ovens.

That rice and raisin cooked on the camp fire with sugar and canned milk on it was really delicious--to me anyway. Us kids made a trip to Holbrook once with the freight outfit to see a circus. We camped in back of the A.C.M.I.

Each summer we got to make one trip to Fort Apache. That Ellsworth dig-way was some climb with a load. Of course, we kids would walk in places like that and play around in the pines close to the road.

I thought the Cooley Ranch the most beautiful place on earth, and they were always real nice to us.

I got to go up to Pinedale once in awhile and stay over night with Uncle Dame and family. We took a large box of food and slept on the floor while there. We played down in the wash also and made a trip to the mine Uncle Dame dug in for years. We could imagine all kinds of spooks or bears away back in there where it was dark. I never did know what Uncle Dame thought he might find.

Grandma Kartchner lived alone so one of us kids were sent to sleep with her each night. We had a path inside the fence to Grandma's just on the other corner of the block, but I had to go by a row of currant bushes, and I always imagined something might jump out at me, so I would sing as loud as I could so I wouldn't hear a noise or run just as fast as possible.

Grandma was a wonderful old lady--always working at her place and real ambitious. At Grandma's place is where Mother wove her carpet. Big long strips were sewed together., which wasn't easy, and made wall to wall carpet. The old loom had to be fixed just so. The warp (that heavy string) and a shuttle was used full of rags that had been sewn. You'd push the shuttle through going right, then change the peddles with your feet and push the shuttle back left and beat with a

heavy bar three or four times each time you changed your foot peddles. That made the warp over the rags one way and under the rags the other way.

The parties we had the winter Ida Gillis stayed at Grandma's were wonderful. We'd make a big freezer of ice cream and go to one of the other places, or they came to ours and we'd play shurrades; chose up sides and with the aid of a dictionary pick out a difficult word and act out the word while the others guessed. I remember them bringing in a big Plymouth rock hen once for Plymouth. Of course some one would put on an act to throw the other side off if possible.

One sad time was when Aunt Sarah Ann Gale was at Grandma Kartchner and Doctor Bazelle came to amputate her leg. Her daughter, Annie Gale, was the same age as I was so I was with her all the time, and we thought that an awful ordeal. We buried her leg in the cemetary and later buried her. It seems like they dug her leg up and buried it with her.

When Aunt Melva died with diptheria I remember standing on Campbell's porch across the street and seeing them bring the coffin out, put it in the back of the buggy and go to wards the graveyard. No one of the family or friends could get near; just the few it took to bury the casket and they had to be funmigated before coming back home.

LOLA GATLIN REX
Safford, Arizona

My life as I remember it, from February 11, 1912 to 1986 is as follows. I was the seventh child of twelve children born to Harvey and Minnie Earl Gatlin.

I was born at Alto, Arizona, a little mining town near Patagonia. My folks had a ranch there.

When I was a baby, my folks moved to Clifton on the old Sweeting Place on the Frisco River. Then we went to the Chilly Place. We went by wagon to the mouth of Pigeon and from there horseback.

We moved to the Upper Blue on the old Charlie Thomas Ranch. Our brands there were MIN and TT. Later they bought the LUE Ranch from Colby. After that my dad went in partners with his brother-in-law, Will Stevenson, and Will's brother, Al Stevenson and Bill Cowen. We moved to the mouth of the Blue River.

My mother and dad separated so the brothers let my mother buy the ranch if Lee could run it. Elmer and Claude wanted out, but would come and help us on round-up. We all helped too.

Dad sold the WJ Ranch to Mid. Mid's brand was Y<>\ and Clara, his wife's was Yl-/. Their son, Charlie had VT.

Claude and Elmer had K and H. Lee had LYE, Lawrence and Floyd "Cotton" had ->U.

Florence and Rush Gilpin the U Diamond Ranch. They also had KW and Florence had FEG.

Florence and Rush Gilpin had three children: Ethel Lee Gilpin Willis, Florence Erma Gilpin Malogue, and Gordon.

I was lucky, as the other children had to ride to Dixie Creek, 2-1/2 miles to school. When I was old enough to go to school, we had a teacher live with us. The Ellrage children, Ada Lee and Buddy came there to school. When I was in the 7th grade, we moved to Clifton as Velma had to go to High School. That was quite an experience for a country girl

to be in a class of 35 when we had had all grades on the one room.

Velma got married, so next year I stayed with Florence and went to school. When it was time for me to go to town, Mother wouldn't let me ride the twenty miles alone as all the men were gone. But Freddie Fritz and Ellie Holand came by in a wagon and I went to town with them.

Mid and Clara separated. Mid married Geneva Wyatt. Then he had meningitis and died April 16, 1929. Geneva was pregnant so I quit school and went to the ranch with her and I never went back to school as I met Lou Rex at Eagle Creek on the 4th of July. They had a rodeo and we danced every night and sometimes in the day some. I had blisters on my feet but I could still dance. Geneva had a baby boy, named Clifford.

One night at a box supper, Ike Boyd would keep out bidding Lou on my box just to tease Lou. Lou finally got it for \$13.00, and he later told me he only had \$15.00. We asked Ike to eat with us.

Claude married Ella Irene Ellis on May 26, 1929. They had one son, Wayne and a daughter, Claudian Gatlin Evett. Claude passed away in 1983.

Elmer married Vernon Lewis, September 18, 1939. They had two daughters, Rosalea Gatlin Latter, and Nancy Gatlin Wyllie. Elmer died September 18, 1939 with cancer.

Lee married Evelyn McDonald in 1933. They had two sons, Mearl and Richard. Lee and Evelyn were divorced. Later he married Ora Evans, They had one daughter, Ora Lee Gatlin Seebock, and one son, Cole.

Lee and Ora were moving to Tucson. Lee, Ora Lee, and R. Richards went to return something. When they got to the gate, Lee got out to open the gate and Lee Bloodgood shot Lee Gatlin. Evidently the rifle just stunned Lee. Lee Bloodgood asked Mr. Richards to go get the law, but Ora Lee was only two years old and was so upset that Mr. Richards was taking her home first. After they left, Lee B. Shot Lee G. with a

pistol and stomped him in the face. That was in 1933.

This was the result of an earlier event. There had been a roundup, they were driving cattle, and as they came to the Bloodgood Place, Lee B. wouldn't let them cross. They had to drive 13 miles around and I guess Lee G. was the one that had an argument with Lee B.

Velma married J. B. "Slick" Rutherford on July 24, 1926. They had one daughter, Norma Rutherford Davis and two sons, Melvin "Blocky", and Jack. Slick passed away September, 1965. Velma then married Bryce Willis. Bryce passed away in March, 1986.

I married Louis "Lou" Rex December 24, 1930. We have one daughter, Betty Lou Rex McNair, two sons, Lawrence Alvin, and James Earl. Lawrence passed away January 1934 with diphtheria. He never married.

Floyd "Cotton" married Ardith Hamlyn in 1937. They were divorced and he later married Maudie Dunagan. They had one son, Dale and an adopted, son, Clayton. Clayton was killed in a car wreck.

Evelyn married Wilman "Bill" Meador on May 9, 1932. They had one son, Travis Lee and two daughters, Karon Meador Phipps and Beth Meador Cawdell.

Orean married La Wayne Hussey. They had one son, La Wayne and one daughter Lavell Hussey Bingham.

Dan married Erma Jean Walker in 1946. They had one daughter, Louis Gatlin Repear and an adopted son, Danny. Dan and Jean divorced and he later married Zeona Bowman, then they divorced and he is now married to Jerry Corell.

Lou and I live in Safford. He had a heart attack three years ago, but is doing fine. He has a garden and takes care of his yard. Lou passed away October 8, 1986.

GATLIN FAMILY HISTORY

HARVEY KIDD GATLIN Born: June 23, 1874
 Place: San Saba, Texas
 Married: Amanda Earl
 Date: 7/27/1898
 Where: Reserve, NM
 Died: February 14, 1949
 Where: Silver City, NM
 Buried: Patagonia, AZ

AMANDA OREAN EARL Born: January 6, 1874
 Place: Harrisburgh, Utah
 Died: February 2, 1956
 Place: Safford, AZ
 Buried: Thatcher, AZ

GATLIN CHILDREN:

Mid Charles Born: March 6, 1900
 Place: Reserve, NM
 Died: April 26, 1929

Florence Ella Born: August 21, 1901
 Status: Still living

Claude Kidd Born: January 19, 1903
 Where: Rincon, NM
 Died: 1983

Elmer Bradley Born: June 23, 1904
 Where: Reserve, NM
 Died: April 17, 1976

GATLIN CHILDREN continued:

Lee Glen	Born:	January 8, 1907
	Where:	Reserve, NM
	Died:	February 26, 1950
Velma Nora	Born:	November 22, 1909
	Where:	Reserve, NM
	Status:	Still living
Lola Alvie	Born:	February 11, 1912
	Where:	Alto, AZ
	Status:	Still living
Lawrence Ibrey	Born:	April 10, 1914
	Where:	Clifton, AZ
	Died:	January 16, 1934
Doris Evelyn	Born:	January 29, 1916
	Where:	Clifton, AZ
	Status:	Still living
Floyd A.	Born:	December 23, 1917
	Where:	Clifton, AZ
	Status:	Still living
Orean	Born:	September 23, 1919
	Where:	Clifton, AZ
	Status:	Still living
Dan Gibson	Born:	April 6, 1922
	Where:	Clifton, AZ
	Status:	Still living

AN EVEN DOZEN !!!!!!!

AMANDA (MINNIE) ORLAN EARL GATLIN

Safford, Arizona

Amanda was born January 6, 1874 to Martha Emmiline Daley and John Earl. She was the third child in a family of eight children, four boys and four girls. She did not like her name, so became Minnie to everyone for years.

When she was four years old, her family came to Arizona, Settling in Bush Valley, Springerville, Arizona, and Luna, New Mexico. They came with a group of Latter Day Saints, traveling in a caravan of wagons.

One of the things she could remember best was crossing the Colorado River on a ferry boat (Lee's Ferry). How frightened she was and how she hid her head under the bed covers.

The eight children in her family were Sarah Harriet, Gladys Minerva, Amanda Olean, John Coy, Wilbur George, Sidney Oliver, Richard Carl, and Edna Elnora.

The family lived at Bush Valley or Springerville, where one night at a dance she met Harvey Kid Gatlin. Soon after that at another dance, they eloped, going by horseback to Reserve, New Mexico, where they were married, August 27, 1898.

They were quite worried as Harvey did not belong to the Mormon Church and he never did.

John Earl, her father, was upset and did follow them for a ways, but gave up and went home. He later forgave them.

Harvey and Minnie moved to Datil, New Mexico, where he worked for the S O Ranch. Later he went partners with his father at Reserve, New Mexico. So it wasn't long until he was in the cattle business.

While there, Mid Charles was born, March 6, 1900, who married Clara Shelby. They had one son, Charles Lee. His second wife was Geneva Wyatt with one son born to them, Clifford. Mid passed away in Clifton, April 16, 1929, with spinal meningitis.

Florence Ella was born August 21, 1901, in Reserve. She

married Rush Gilpin. Her children are Ethel Lee Willis, Gordon Gilpin, and Florence Emma Malloque.

Claude Kid was born January 19, 1903, in Rincon, New Mexico. He married Vernon Lewis. They had two girls, Rosalea Lerter, and Nancy Wyllie. He died on April 17, 1976.

Lee Glen was born January 8, 1907, in Reserve, New Mexico. He married Evelyn Mc Donald and had two sons, Merle Gatlin and Richard Gatlin. His second wife was Ora Evans. They had two children, Leora Seebeck, and Cole Gatlin. He died February 27, 1957.

Velma Nora was born November 22, 1909 in Reserve. She married Jentry (Slick) Rutherford and had three children, Melvin Glen, Norma Louise Davis, and Jack Bryen.

In 1909, Minnie and Harvey moved to Alta and Patagonia, Arizona where Lola Alvie Rex was born, February 12, 1912. She married Lewis G. Rex and her three children are Betty Lou McNair, Lawrence Alvin, and James Earl Rex.

Minnie and Harvey then moved to Clifton and to WJ Ranch for a while. Then Harvey went into partnership with Will Stevenson and brothers. So they moved to the North of the Blue Ranch. Here Lawrence Ibrey was born on April 10, 1914. Fred Stacey delivered him as he was kind of a midwife and they had no doctor. He never married and died on January 16, 1938.

Doris Evelyn Meador was born January 29, 1916, at the ranch. She had a midwife, having no doctor. She married William Meador. Her children are Travis Lee Meador, Karen Phipps, and Beth Caudell.

Floyd A. (Cotton) was born December 23, 1917, in Clifton at the home of Dave Lancy. He married Ardith Hamblin, they had no children. Later married Maudie Dunagan, and they adopted Clayton Gatlin, and had Dale Gatlin.

Orean Hussey was born September 23, 1919, in the Clifton hospital. She married LaWayne Hussey and her children are DeWayne Hussey and LaVelle Bingham.

Dan Gibson was born April 6, 1922, at the Mouth of the

Blue. Elmer went for the doctor, but Dan was born before they could get back. He married Emma Jean Walker and they had one child, Janie Louise Rapier, and later adopted a son, Danny Gene Gatlin.

They raised all the children to be grown. They went to the country school. When Velma was a freshman, they moved to Clifton to go to school. They did this for two years, then went back to the school at the ranch. Mrs. Taylor taught them. The two Elrage children and Berta Stockton came to go to school there.

Now as Minnie and Harvey had separated, Minnie and the children moved to Baele Creek to send them to school.

They divorced in 1931, so Minnie still had the ranch and part of the cattle. The partnership was split up, with Lee running his mother's part of the ranch with the bigger boy's help. Later, Lee sold the ranch and bought the old Solomonville Pass ranch, which belonged to Charlie Persley.

Minnie bought a home in Thatcher, where she raised the younger children and sent them to school. Lawrence passed away here, January 16, 1938.

Later, Minnie sold her Thatcher home and moved to the little home in Safford. There she lived until she passed away, February 2, 1956. She is buried in Thatcher, Arizona, near Lawrence and several of her grandchildren.

Harvey passed away February 14, 1949, in Silver City, New Mexico. He was taken to Patagonia, Arizona and buried in the Gatlin's private cemetery there.

H. K. GATLIN
Safford, Arizona

Crossing the Colorado River on a ferry boat was a frightening experience for a young four-year-old girl, moving her home of Harrisburg, Utah, by wagon train to settle the Bush Valley, now in Alpine, Arizona, and Luna, N.M. Many families of Latter Day Saints came to this area with the Earls, some of them were the Loneys, Lees, Curtis's, Reynolds, Adairs, and Daley's.

Amanda Orean (Earl) Gatlin was one of eight children born to Martha Emaline Daley) Earl and John Earl. Minnie, as Amanda Orean was later called, began life on January 6th, 1874. John Sidney, Will, Carl, Hattie (Earl) Copland, Gladys (Earl) Brown, Edna (Earl) Gillispie were the brothers and sisters of Minnie.

Minnie met Harvey Kid Gatlin at a dance in 1898. Harvey borrowed a friends horse and the couple eloped to Reserve, New Mexico. Harvey was working on the SO Ranch near Datil, New Mexico. He then went into partnership with his father, James Gatlin, and brothers on a ranch near Reserve. After selling out the Reserve ranch, they moved to Alto, Arizona, and on to Patagonia, where they lived and ranched until 1912. Moving to Clifton, they bought the mouth of the Blue River Ranch, 20 miles up the Frisco River. Their only transportation was by wagon or horseback. They raised their meat, fruit, vegetables. Twice a year the family would order from the Sears or Wards catalogue and make do with things brought in from Clifton. The older children (there were to be 12) attended a country school.

In 1930, Amanda and Harvey were divorced, selling the ranch, and Amanda moved to Thatcher, Arizona, where she bought the Charley Pursley Ranch at Solmonville Pass. She raised the younger children there, later moving to Safford, where she passed away on February 2, 1956.

LOUIS (LOU) GRAHAM REX
Safford, Arizona

Louis Graham Rex was born on the Aravaipa Canyon at Klondyke, January 14, 1909. His father was Thomas Jay Rex and mother, Mary Corena Wootan Tex. He was one of eleven children, five girls and six boys. One of his brothers died when only a baby. The rest of them lived pretty long lives. His mother died when I was twelve years of age. They had pretty hard times for a while. Lou was the fifth in the family of 11 children. It was pretty rough as there were six children younger than Lou. The two youngest sisters went to California to a school and the youngest went with a sister, Francis. The following is the story as told by Louis (Lou) Graham Rex:

My two oldest sisters lived in Safford where they worked in the Post Office. The next summer my sister, Francis, quit her job and came home to stay with us as my oldest sister, Elsie, was married then. They didn't have any of these government programs like today - they had to make do themselves. About this time, my dad traded his ranch at Blackrock for a farm at Fort Thomas so he could be there with us and keep us in school.

My dad had a ranch at Klondyke, where I learned to ride and started to learn to be a cowboy. I went to my first year of school in an old school about two miles below where we lived. We rode horseback or drove a small buggy. It was really cold in the winter riding behind one of my older sisters. I went to school there for two years and dad sold out and bought a ranch at Casa Grande from my granddad, Bill Wootan. We only stayed there about two years when we moved again to Fort Thomas and my dad bought a ranch at Blackrock. I started working when I was about twelve years old. I punched wires on an old stationary hay baler for old man Bob Ferrin one summer for three dollars and fifty cents a day and my dinner. I think I made more money that summer than I did

for a long time. I tried cutting wood for two dollars and fifty cents a cord. I didn't do too good at this as cutting "cords" of mesquite wood with an axe takes a good while. I picked up a few jobs on ranches in the summertime. When I was thirteen, I worked one summer for Marion McEuen at Coonville and at the VJ Ranch on Telegraph Wash. Marion was one of the good old time cattlemen. He used to talk to me a lot and told me a lot of things that I still remember. He told me "I have been watching the weather in this country for a long time and the seasons are getting later," and he says, "if you live a long time, you notice and see if I am not right." Well, I have noticed and that is right. At that time it started to get pretty cold in September and October and now at Christmas-time most of the time it's not cold.

The summer after my mother died, I went over on the Aravaipa Canyon at Klondyke and stayed with my Uncle, Frank Wootan, part of the time and with my Uncle, Dick Wooten, and my Grandad, Bill Wooten, as they all had ranches over there. Uncle Frank's ranch was above Klondyke, and Uncle Dick and Grandpa's at Table Mountain. I rode horseback on the ranches that summer and went back to Fort Thomas to school that Fall.

I finished my school at Fort Thomas. I quit school in my Sophomore year in High School. I was fifteen year old. I started working anywhere I could get a job, pitched hay, cut wood, shoveled ditch. That is the way they used to clean the canals in Gila Valley. All of this paid about \$2.50 a day and they was hard days.

When I was sixteen years old, I had worked in the Spring roundup for Ed McEwen. Tee Hinton was working there, also Everett Bowman. They was Ed's son-in-laws. Tee was good to me and showed me how to do things and how to act. I remember a horse trader came by there and Tee traded him out of an old ball-faced ladder horse that he named Fruitcake Anne. Old Fruitcake was pretty bad to buck. One day Tee saddled him up at the saddle shed which set up on a little hill and old Fruitcake bucked off of the hill and straight into the bottom

of a mesquite tree and knocked himself down so Tee stepped off of him and put one foot on the saddle horn so he couldn't get up and took his saddle rope and give a whipping with it.

Tee told me I ought to go to the Chiricauhua Cattle Company and go to work. So, me and my older brother, Bud, put on a horse and saddled two more of our horses and left for the CCC Ranch. The headquarters was at Ash Creek on Ash Flat. There was two houses, a commissary, a bunk house, and a small barn. Except for 2 camps that was the only buildings on the ranch. The Chiricauhua paid the Indian service to run 20,000 head of cattle on the reservation at that time. This sounds like a lot of Bull at this time of one hundred to four or five hundred head ranches. The double circle paid the Indian service on 16,000 head of cattle and there was smaller outfits on the reservation at that time; John Osborne's, Zee Hayes, Tom Wansless at the old Black River bridge. When you think of the prices of cattle at this time and the grazing fees that are charged, you can't believe that these outfits only paid a dollar a head a year to graze cattle. I worked at the CCC about two years then quit and went to Globe and worked in the mine until they closed down the Old Dominion mine where I was working. I went back to the CCC Ranch and worked a while, then quit and went to work at the ranch for Jess Tucker who was running the outfit at that time. This was about the Fourth of July. They was having a big Fourth of July celebration. People was there from all the neighboring ranches and from Clifton, Morenci, Globe, Silver City. That was when I met the girl I married about three years later. Her name was Lola Gatlin from up on the Blue River above Clifton. I worked at the Double Circle ranch for a while and then went back to the Chiricauhua. We was married December 24, 1930, at Clifton, Arizona.

After we were married, I worked on ranches and farms, whatever I could get as that was in the depression of the thirties and work was scarce. We had a few head of cattle at the mouth of the Blue and when Lola's folks sold the Mouth of

the Blue Ranch and moved to Solomonville Pass, I helped gather their cattle and move them to Solomonville. We stayed at Safford until about 1936 and then I went to Arivaca, south of Tucson, between Tucson and Nogales. I worked at different ranches at Aravaca for the Chiricauhuas at the old ranch. This is the ranch the book where The Son of His Father was written. By this time we had our daughter, Betty Lou, so I went to work in town in the copper mines at Bisbee. I worked there about six months and then came back to Safford. I traded work to an old carpenter, Dad Dunham to help me start a two-room house and traded Charley Roach work for the materials to build this house, the first we ever owned. Later we built on two more rooms and a bathroom so we was up town with a four room with a bathroom. I worked for charley Roach until they started all the government work. Before the second World War started, I quit and went to work as a carpenter helper. I helped the carpenter for a while and as they started more work and I seen the kind of carpenters they was hiring, I joined the Union and hired out as a carpenter. I worked as a carpenter for a good many years. I moved to Duncan in 1946 and in 1948 I went to work for the Phelps Dodge Mining Company, where I worked for ten years as a shovel operator. I left there in 1958 and went to Yuma to farm. This didn't work out so we came back to Safford, where I done carpenter work for a while then went to Fort Grant as a carpenter where I worked for five years when I quit and went to work for Cowden Feed Lot as a cowboy, which I would always rather do and which I think I could do better than anything I have ever done. When I talked to Joe Enze about the job I asked him what the job paid and he told me and I said, "That is not much money," and Joe said, "Well I'll tell you, if you like us and we like you it won't take you long to work up." So I said, "Well if that is the way it is, I will take your job." Well I worked three months and got a raise and then three months more and another raise so I guess I suited them. Right after this, one of the boys running one

side of the feedlot quit and I took his place taking care of about six-thousand head of cattle. I worked there for some time, but then I was starting to get a little old and that heat in Tolleson in the summer got me down so I quit and took a job at Magdalena, New Mexico running a ranch for Arch Wilson. This didn't last long as the job didn't turn out as it was supposed to. So, I went to Fort Grant and worked a while. Then to Eastern Arizona Junior College until I retired. Since then, I have worked a little and fished and hunted. We moved out to Deer Creek and stayed for about two and a half years on the VAV Ranch, where I helped with cattle and trapped and raised some good gardens. Then bought a home and moved back to Safford.

I was kind of a jack-of-all- trades and a master of none. I think I was a better cowboy than anything else. We lived in Arizona, Nevada, and New Mexico. I retired at sixty-three and since then I have worked on some rentals we have and odd jobs. I have been healthy all of my life and am still pretty good, I hope. We also have two sons, Lawrence Alvin and James Earl. We have some real good in-laws: one son-in-law, one daughter, Betty Lou Rex McNair, and 2 daughter in-laws, six grandchildren, (two grandsons and four granddaughters, reminesing), and two great-granddaughters.

I have always had pretty good health, but had had a few things wrong with me. When I was about nine years old, we were driving some cattle and a little yearling bull broke out of the bunch. I had seen the cowboys bring them back, so I knew how to do it. I was riding a little brown horse branded backwards 7. The bull went between two big mesquite trees with the limbs growing together. When I got there, old Brownie stopped and turned back, and I fell off. I hit on a rock with my left hip. About a year later, my hip started bothering me pretty bad. I finally got so I couldn't hardly walk. We had moved on a ranch between Florence and Casa Grande and had to walk about two miles to school and back. I got so I couldn't hardly make it. My dad had an uncle living

in Phoenix. Lou Graham was his name. That is where I got my first and middle name. My dad sent me to Phoenix to him to take me to a doctor. This doctor took some pictures of my hip and found I had TB of the bone in the ball and socket of my hip. The doctor thought if I didn't use my leg the germs might die, so he put a cast on me from my waist to my toes. I wore out about three of them as I wore a cast for almost three years, the first year in bed, and the other time on crutches. This treatment worked as I got over it. I was lucky as I have known a few people with TB of the bone whose leg was six inches shorter.

While on the roundup at Arivaca, I run through a tree on a horse and broke two ribs. I didn't know what was wrong, but I really hurt for a while as I didn't quit work. I was sleeping on the ground in a camp bed and riding and flanking calves. Later I went to Bisbee and went to work in the mine when the doctor examined me he said, "You got a broken rib", and I said, "No, I never had a rib broken", so he showed me where it was - then I remembered running through the tree.

I was kind of bashful when I was a kid. One time they had a masquerade dance at Fort Thomas. A boy named Lee Burton dressed up like a girl and got after me. He wanted to dance with me and love me up. He just about run me off. My mother died when I was about twelve years old, so when school was out that Spring, I went over to Klondyke and stayed with two of my uncles, Frank and Dick Wooten, and my grandad, Bill Wooten. They had ranches and cattle and horses I could ride, so I had a good time that summer. Not much of anything happened. We didn't have a theatre at Fort Thomas, so during good weather the kids would get together and play games at night like "run-sheep-run", "hide-and-seek", and "kick-the-can." Someone would be it and all the rest would hide, then the one who was it would try to beat the others to the can. If someone beat home to the can and kicked it, they started over and this went on until he caught all of them. Another game we played was "drop the handkerchief." A boy and girl

would start the game by dropping a handkerchief behind another couple and they would run in opposite directions and try to beat the other couple to the vacant place. Us boys learned to play poker.

There was a tramp kid came to the ranch and went to work. He wasn't smart so we called him Sunshine. This was in the late twenties when prohibition law was still in effect and it was a big thing. When we went to the railroad to ship the cattle, we would buy some moonshine whiskey. This time four of us bought a gallon and started back to the ranch. Old Sunshine would tip the jug up and try to drink it all at one time. This made Chiz McDougal mad and he hit Sunshine across the nose with a branding iron and he stayed branded as he had a scar on his nose.

After Lola and I were married, we were living on Eagle Creek. One fourth of July her sister, Velma, and her husband, Slick Rutherford, put us up a dance platform and a lunch stand. One night about the time the dance was over, Sunshine and Bill Sloan came and wanted something to eat. We had run out of everything but some crackers. We were using some gas lanterns for light and there was lots of bugs and millers around then, so Bill caught a bunch of millers and put them between some crackers and gave them to Sunshine to eat and he ate them.

Chiz was pretty much of a sucker. One time, Ike Boyd went into the ranch after the mail and some chuck. John Osborne was the foreman. When Ike got back, Chiz wanted to know what John said. Ike told him John wanted him to come to the ranch. Chiz got all excited and wanted to know what for. A while before this, Chiz and Clee Crumble had a fight. Clee was a big man and Chiz a little runt of a fellow, so Clee just picked him up and threw him and Chiz sat down in a Kiack Box and he couldn't get out. A Kiack box was boxes we packed on mules with our groceries in them. Anyway, Ike told Chiz that John wanted to build some new Kiack boxes and he wanted to measure his ass to see how wide to make them.

To get back to Sunshine, he was staying with John Parks one winter and he said he was going back to Washington and go to work with his brother and John wanted to know what his brother did and Sunshine said he is a burglar.

We were shoeing horses at the Double circle one time and our manager was Asa Jones. Asa was awful close with money and Ike was shoeing a horse and drawing nails on a rasp. This would dull the rasp pretty fast and Asa told Ike, "I fired a man in Texas for drawing nails on a rasp." And Ike says, "Yes and I'll bet this is the same damn rasp."

Old Dutch Charlie was an old German that use to cook at the Circles and like most of those old Germans, he was pretty cranky. Hampton was the owner at that time. A wheel came off of Charile's wagon and as it was loaded, he couldn't get it back on. After a while, Hampton and some of the cowboys came along and was going to help him put it back on. Hampton was just standing while the others were trying to put the wheel back on and Charlie said to him, "Get your G-- D--- ass up under you. You can't lift nothing spraddled out like a G-- D----- duck."

Jake Filliman was another old Dutchman and was pretty cranky. Jake was staying at the new purebred herd ranch and there was a Mormon boy from Pima trucked salt and grain up to him. One day the truck driver stacked the salt up in the yard and went in the cabin and ate some cookies Hake had cooked and left Jake a note and said, "Mr. Filliman, I stacked up your salt and ate a few of the cookies." Before Jake got back, Ike and Breeze and Otho Cox came by and seen the note, so they ate all the cookies and took the salt and threw it in all directions and as the cabin set up on a knoll, the salt went quite a ways. Well, when the truck driver came back, Jake gave him a good cussing and he didn't know why.

Old Blizzard was an old Texas cowboy. He got the name of Blizzard telling about a storm he was in at Amarillo, Texas. Blizzard said they was moving a heard of cattle when

the storm came up and it snowed so deep that a crust froze over the top of the snow and they drove the cattle under the snow from Amarillo to Fort Worth.

One of Blizzard's partners was little George Graham. They had been in Globe, drunk for several days, and decided to go back to the ranch. They were horseback and had Blizzard's bed on a horse. They went to San Carlos the first day and decided to stay all night. The Indian agency had some horse stalls with the half doors. Now this white mule whiskey, if you drank enough of it, would give you a bad case of dysentery and George had it. Well, they went to bed and closed the upper part of the door. In the night, George felt a pain and he jumped up and run to get outside and as he stooped to go under the door he lost control and let loose all over Blizzards's bed.

George was a great hand to tease and pull jokes on people, but like a lot of those guys, he couldn't take it very good. One Spring they were working at the Hook and Line outfit and Cal Parker was working there and George was after him all the time. Now George was a good cowboy, but like lots of the oldtimers, he didn't like to work on the ground. One morning, Uncle George left and George didn't see him so when George came in that evening, Cal told him Uncle George said to tell him to go throw rocks out of the trail. When Uncle George came in, there was George throwing rocks out of the trail. And Uncle George said, "What in the hell are you doing?" George said, "Cal said you said for me to clean the trail." Well George was so mad he wanted to whip Cal.

Jake was cooking at the Circle ranch and old Chief was there too. Chief was sick and one day Jake told him, "By God Lee, you got any folks you better be telling us about them 'cause you are going to kick the bucket."

My uncle, Dick Wootan, was another one of the jokers. He was boss at the 76 ranch one time. This was a combination dude ranch and cattle ranch. Ott Wootan was working there and they had some dudes riding with them. One morning Ott

had taken a big dose of physic and Dick knew about it. As they started to leave the ranch Dick slipped around and told one of the women to go with Ott and not to let him get out of her sight as he had run off and left a woman up on the mountain and got her lost.

Henry Rowden was an old bachelor who worked at the Chiricauhua ranch for years. I don't know how true it is, but the boys said he got stuck on an old lady named Carlisle who was cooking at a restaurant at Hilltop and this is the story they told. They said Rowden was telling Mrs. Carlisle and Fred's wife about when he was a kid in Texas and he said an old preacher used to come by their place. He said he had a little wagon and a little team of mules and all he had in the wagon was some old testicles. Well, this story had Rowden pretty shook up and about this time I brought a bunch of horses up from Eureka ranch where I had been working in this bunch of horses was a big blue horse. When they got a new bunch of horses, all of the boys would take one for their mounts. Well Rowden picked the blue and one of the boys slipped around and told me the story about Mrs. Carlisle, so the next morning when we were catching horses, Rowden called for the blue and they wouldn't catch him and one of the boys asked me what the horse's name was and I said Carlisle Blue. Rowden finally gave and called him the Carlisle Blue.

Rowden bought a Model T Ford and one time he started from Globe to the ranch in it. There was some pretty steep places on the road. Well Rowden started up one of them and the Ford stalled. Rowden walked on into the ranch and told the story. He said when the Ford stalled he reached for the emergency brake and it wouldn't go to the bottom. The last time I was by there it was still there.

Harry Montana was another one of the old cowboys who worked at the Chiricauhua. He told about when him and his wife separated. He said she said, "Harry you ain't leaving are you?" and he said, "If you don't think I am leaving just count the days I am gone."

Old Bull Moore had a little ranch on Eagle Creek. He was an old bachelor and was bad to get drunk. One winter one of the old Dutchmen was staying with him and Bull got drunk and Max Arhilder told him, "if you get drunk again I am going to leave," and Bull said, "Well go ahead old son of a B----. We ain't married." Bull was drunk at a dance at Eagle Creek school one time and him and Tom Greenwade had a fight and Tom hit him on the head with an axe. Later Bull was telling about it and he said he didn't mind Tom hitting him with the axe, but he was mad at the school board as they wanted him to buy a new handle for the axe.

FAT CHAPMAN

Fat was another of the bad drinkers. Once Fat got married and a day or two later somebody asked him where his wife was and he said she had went on a honeymoon and they said why didn't you go and he said we didn't have enough money for both of us to go. Chiz came to the outfit one time at Warm Springs and brought some whiskey and Fat and Tom got drunk and had a fight. Tom got Fat down and bit him on the lip and as Fat had big thick lips it did look pretty bad and Fat had a looking glass hanging in a tree and he went and looked and said, "the G-- D--- SOB ruined by looks."

HENRY WEST

I was working with a gang of carpenters in Safford building houses and we were working right in town and we would put up a light outside the toilet. Well, the guys got to tying something to the toilet over them. One time Steve Dunagan went in and Earnest Ryner had a wire tied onto the toilet and he tipped it over and it fell so Steve couldn't get out and he was hollering, "I am going to throw some shit at you", and kept hollering, "Here comes the shit." Another time Earnest and I tied a wire on it and put a light string in the middle so it would break and then I went to the toilet and Ernest told Henry West I was in there and to tip me over. Well, Hank grabbed the wire and run and gave a big jerk and the string broke and he really took a fall.

AMOS MCEUEN

Amos was one of them who could always think of something to say or do for a joke. One time Fat Chapman and I and a fellow named Winnie House left Globe to go to Hilltop to gather horses to go to work out the roundup for John Osborne. Well, we had some whiskey and we decided to go to Geronimo and get some more. Well, we got another gallon of whisky and went on up to Fort Thomas to Amos' house and old Winnie got to bragging about how he could ride, so we saddled up on an old horse Amos had and turned him out the gate. Well, he bucked Willie off in the middle of the road and he lit sitting down as that was before the road was paved. It had coarse gravel on it and it tore the seat out of his pants. Well, Winnie was a big, tall, skinny kid. He was crying about his pants and Amos said, "Oh hell. I will bet you another pair of pants." So he went up to old man Tuttles store and brought back a pair of the shortest in the legs and the biggest around the belly he could find. Amos kept an old guy (Dick Burton) around to tease. One time he run him for constable at Fort Thomas. He had some cards with Dick's picture all dressed up in his chaps, spurs, and six-shooter on and the card said, "I stand for law and order." Well, Amos fixed up Dick with a speech to make and sent him to make the speech to his first house and she just laughed. Then he went to another house to make his speech. The woman hit him with her broom and run him off. What caused the trouble was part of the speech was that he was going to stop and urinate around the school houses.

IKE BOYD

The Chiricauhua ranch had a commissary at the headquarters ranch where they kept the groceries and a few clothes and gloves and candy and tobacco. They kept the saddle ropes there too. Well, one evening Ike went up to the commissary to get a rope and old man Kyle, the fellow who took care of the commissary wouldn't give him one and Ike said, "I will give you a whipping", and the old man Kyle

said, Why Ike, you wouldn't hit me. I am an old man", and Ike said, "You Old SOB. The older they are the easier they are to whip."

Most of the cowboys gloves to protect their hands and wrists from the brush. Well, Tee said one time a horse bucked with one of the boys, and he grabbed for the saddle horn as he went off and the gauntlet of his glove hung on the saddle horn so he was hanging on the side of the horse and Tee run up and said, "Turn a-loose you SOB. You are throwed off."

TOM RENEER

Tom was foreman at the Arivaca ranch and George Adams was the jigger boss and George was jealous of Tom. Well, this caused hard feelings. One night they were in the saloon at Arivaca and George, who was a little guy, got up close to Tom and looked up and said, "You are the ignorant SOB I ever saw." Well Tom got tired of it and slapped George down. The next morning, Tom and I were riding together and I asked Tom how come him to slap George and he said, "I got tired of him. I know I am ignorant, but I ain't any worse than he is."

JIM HINTON

Jim had a ranch out on Goodman Wash. He was another joker. He always had some boy that wasn't too bright out there to tease. One time he had a guy out there they called Kaig. They made Kaig a pair of chaps out of a green cow hide. Well, Kaig would have to throw them in water at night and soften them up so he could get them on in the morning. Well by nightfall, they would be dry and he couldn't walk as they would be stiff.

Kaig rode an old red mule called Monkey. Well Monkey would run away. Jim always had a bunch of dogs. They would get up on the side of the mountain and they would set the dogs on Monkey and he would run away with Kaig. Most of the time he would run back to the ranch. It's a wonder they didn't get Kaig killed as old Monkey run over brush and rocks or anything in front of him.

Jimmy Hinton's oldest daughter was named Ellen, and Tom McMurran was stuck on her. Old Tom wasn't too smart, so they dressed Charlie Coleman like a girl and put a veil on him and got Tom to ask Jimmy for Ellen. Well Jimmy said all right, so they got a Sears Roebuck catalog and started to marry Tom and Charlie. About that time Jimmy's wife, Addie, came out of the house with her shotgun and was going to shoot Tom for marrying Ellen. When this happened, Tom broke to run. Jim's old ranch-house was built up on posts about three feet off the ground, so Tom went under the house and on to Fort Thomas which was about eighteen miles away and they didn't see him again until they went to Fort Thomas.

Dick and Cleve and the time the white mule kicked Cleve.

They was having a dance on Eagle Creek when along in the middle of the night old man Cook came up to tell Cleve's wife Cleve was dead as Dick had called on the Forest Service phone to tell her. Well Carrie Dodd went to screaming and taking on and left for Pine Flat. Well this broke up the dance and when Carrie Dodd got home, there was Cleve drunk and passed out. When Carrie asked what happened, Dick said Cleve got kicked by a white mule.

Chiz and George in the Lodge.

Chiz was always sparring around at the cowboys. One time a bunch of the Chiricauhua cowboys was in Globe for Christmas. They was in the Lodge pool hall, standing around a big wood stove, and there was some other fellows there. Well Chiz had been boxing with George and some of the other boys and a big miner was standing with his back to them so George reached over and slapped this guy and then went walking away real concerned, not looking back or anything. Well the big miner turned around and there stood Chiz so the guy hit him and knocked him down.

While Dick Barton was staying with Amos McEuen he rode an old grey mare. Of course Dick didn't know what a taxidermist was so Amos would say he was a taxidermist, a guy

who mounted animals.

Robert Robinson

Robert Robinson was a boy from California who came to the ranch and went to work one Spring. We was shoeing horses at Blue River and as we was getting short of chuck, Shorty told Shorty Johnson to take some pack mules and go to the ranch for groceries and told Robert to go with him. Robert wasn't much of a cowboy. But he had a brand new outfit. Saddle chaps, spurs, and all. These chaps were shotgun with a heavy leather string in the front. Robert was riding a little bay bronc called Bourbon. Well as they got about halfway up the hill, Bourbon went to bucking and threwed Robert off and his chaps hung on the saddle horn by this heavy strap. Robert was hanging head-down and Bourbon still bucking. Shorty turned his mules a-loose and caught him, and Robert took out the big strap and put in a little one that would break.

Old Bald Hornet and Phil Meadows

Phil Meadows came out and went to work at the ranch as a chore boy. He really liked to brag about riding bucking horses. This was about all he talked about, so we got kind of tired of it. We had a little brown bald faced horse we called Bald Hornet. Before we moved into the ranch we picked up Bald Hornet and shod him and put him in the remuda and took him to the ranch for Phil to ride. He didn't much want to ride him, but we finally got Phil on him. Old Bald Hornet bucked him off about the third jump, and Phil didn't talk so much about bronc riding after that.

Phil Meadows and the Sack of Horse Shit

I was working for John Osborne at the Cross S ranch one fall and Phil Meadows was working there. None of us liked him much as he talked and bragged all of the time. A road came by through Tanks Canyon. One evening as we came along the road, we seen a paper sack with some wrappers like they use to put around oranges in it. Well we left it there and the next morning John told me and Phil to take a little bunch

of cattle by there. So Fat and Dory and Earl told me to watch for the sack and be sure to get Phil over so he would see it. He wasn't with us when we had seen it before. So when I seen it, I got him on that side. Well, he saw the sack sitting by the side of the road and jumped off and picked it up and said, "Oh Lou, I have found some little oranges." Well he unwrapped one and it was a fresh horse turd!

The Indians and the Poker Game

We used to play poker almost every night when the outfit was 11 all together at the Chiricahua ranch. One time we had two Indian cowboys working and they got to playing with us. They would talk Indian, which none of us could talk, and they would play the best hand and the other would lay his hand down so they was beating us pretty bad. So we decided to put a stop to this. Me and Catclaw took an extra deck and fixed it. We gave old Woodrow four aces, one Indian four kings and the four queens there in his hand. We had give Woodrow all of our money and he bet it all. The Indians pooled their money and called him. Well we broke the Indians and we broke them playing poker with us and talking across the table!

Jess and Buck Fighting

Jess Livingston was jigger boss one time. He was a little older than most of us and kind of cranky. One time we made a drive on Black River and some big steers missed the holdup. When we went to camp at noon, Jess said Buck Eppinger had run them off. Buck called him a liar. Jess jumped up and run at Buck. Jess had on a pair of California wool pants. Old Rufus, the cook, had on some Kaick boxes. Well as Jess jumped over the Kiack box, Buck hit at him and he sat down in a pan of this pudding. It was kind of thin and it run down Jess' pants to his boot heels. Everybody fell over laughing. This made Jess madder than Buck hitting him did.

Phillip Tidwell

Phillip Tidwell is a good friend of mine who is a little younger than I. when he came back from World War II, he had a small trailer which he moved on my place. He liked to drink and gamble a little and as he had some money from the Army when they turned him out, he would stay at the pool hall 'till late almost every night. Well, his wife, Reba, got tired of this so one night she locked the door and wouldn't let him in. This is what Reba said happened. He came in and she wouldn't open the door. So he said, "Well, by God, I will just leave then." This was in the winter and pretty cold. So he got in his car and drove around a while and came back and banged on the door and said, "Reba, open the door and I will leave in the morning. It is too damn cold tonight." Reba got a big kick out of telling this on him.

Old Barney

This is a poem made up by Pecos Higgins and some of the other boys.

He was just a Spanish pony that roamed the Rocky peaks,
He grazed upon the mesas and he watered from the creeks,
He was known to all the cowboys as the kind they liked
to ride,

and he could catch a wild cow on any mountain side.

With his little ears a-working, you could almost hear
him say,

"Just pitch me a slack old cowboy and he will never get
away!"

When he bowed his neck so proudly, and his eyes began to
shine,

He just seemed to be in glory when you pulled down your
twine.

He was never known to fall, but once when he bogged down
in a spring,

trying to catch a wild one whose legs had turned to wings.

I got him up one summer, when the grass was green and tall,

he looked like a painted picture on a priceless mansion wall.

His hair was soft and glossy, with a crease right down his back,

just like a Spanish race horse, on the Tijuana track.

He came to camp one morning, about the hour of three, a-rolling and a-groaning, as sick as he could be.

I took him to the ranch house down by riverside, to give him care and treatment, but that very night he died.

Now as I wrangle ponies in the great western land, there's a little bay horse a-missing that wore a Spanish brand.

I can hardly do without him,
though I know he is dead and gone

When I leave this world forever and cross the great divide,

I will call for Old Barney when I want to take a ride.

IKE AND THE BULL

When was moving a herd, a lot of us, if we was driving the drags the back of the herd, we would get our ropes down and practice heeling the cattle. One time we was at Calva with a herd and Ike had his rope down heeling. We had some old bulls off of Ash Flat that had a lot of cockleburrs in their tails. This made a big ball on the end of their tails. Ike heeled at one and his rope drawed up on this ball of burrs. Old Ike had his rope tied to the saddlehorn. An animal is really stout pulling by their tails. This old bull pulled Ike's horse up into some mesquite trees and of course everybody had a big laugh and pretended they didn't see him for a while, but finally helped him get a-loose from the bull.

FRANKIE TURNEY

Frankie Turney was the section boss at Calva at one time, and had his family there. Frankie, one of his boys, used to come down and meet us when we would come down riding a burro bare back. He had a little short rope. I got him to tie the rope around the burro's neck and rope a calf. He finally caught a big fat calf. He was hollering and cussing. I finally helped him turn the calf a-loose. Years later I saw Frankie and asked if he remembered it and he said, "Yes, it is a wonder you don't get us all killed."

JOHN BROWN AND THE HIGH TEMPERED MAN

I had an old friend named John Brown who used to tell me about a high tempered man he knew. He said this man would go out to shit and if it didn't stack up just right, he would kick it down and shit again. John was kind of high tempered himself. He got drunk one time at Arivaca and woke up in bed with a drunk Mexican boy. At that time, Mexicans and whites liked each other less than they do now. When John saw the Mexican in the same bed with him, he took off his boots and beat the hell out of him with it.

PAT CASSIDY AND HIS TEAM

Pat Cassidy was an Irishman from New York. He was pretty rough on horses and cattle. Beat his teams and jerked them around. The farmers along the Gila River years ago before they had the walls and pumps like have now, used to build brush and rock dams to turn the water into the canals. One time we was putting in a dam for the Sunnyside ditch. Pat had a team and wagon working and me and Guy Hinton helping on it. We had a load of brush and the river was about belly-deep on the team. As we got in the river, Pat's team balked. Bill Ballinger was the ditch boss, he hollered at Pat and told him to hold one old horse's head under the water and he would get up as he had laid down. So Pat jumped out and held his head under a little too long and he drowned him. Me and old Guy pretty near fell off of the wagon, it tickled us so bad. You should of seen Pat's face when the old horse didn't come up.

BLIZ AND THE MAVERICK COW

Me and Otho Cox and Blizzard was going to the pole corral to change horses and at Deer Creek we jumped a bunch of cattle and caught and branded a little three -year-old cow. When we got through branding her, Blizzard put my rope on her hind feet so I could hold her until he took off the pigging string and got on his horse as she was on the fight. Just as he got the pigging string off, I turned her up. Blizzard climbed up a little juniper tree about seven or eight feet high. The cow was below him and not paying attention to Otho and I. So I roped the top of the tree and I would pull the tree down where she could almost hook him in the seat of the pants. Old Bliz had a loud voice, and I bet you could of heard him holler for a mile. We kept him up the tree for a while and finally run her off and let him down. Things like this was really fun to us. Me and Otho had a lot of laughs about this years later.

EARL MCEUEN

I was working for Ed McEuen one Spring and Earl was working there. He had a little sorrel bronc that tried to buck with him. So when Earl rode him one time, Everett Bowman got him a dogger stalk and would run Earl and try to put the dogger under his tail to make him buck. Earl called this pony Flag. Earl would cuss Everett and try to get away. Sometimes Everett would run him a good ways.

GRANDFATHER TO LOU

THOMAS J. REX

Thomas J. Rex was born in Dexter, Colley County, Kansas, on June 5, 1872. His parents, Newton and Catherine Rex, migrated.

In 1886, he started with two uncles and his Grandmother in a wagon for Arizona. They stopped along the way at Colley County, Texas, for a while. Fort Cummings, Deming, and on to Silver City, New Mexico, and finally on to Phoenix, arriving in December of 1886.

They stayed there only a few days, going on up the Agua

Caliente on the Gila River, where he went to school the remainder of that term in the Old Stage Station House of the Butterfield Trail.

He left Agua Caliente the following year and came back to Phoenix, where he worked two seasons for Oscar Thomas as a roust-about and then on the old Arizona Cross-Cut Canal until it was built.

In 1891, Thomas left Phoenix and went up to Fort Thomas, where he was hired out to Albert Warren, the foreman of the Double Circle Cattle Company. He was employed there for ten years as a cowboy. The Double Circle was considered one of the largest ranches in the country at the time.

While with the Double Circle outfit, Thomas worked with all of the Black Jack gang, except Black Jack himself, a notorious outlaw of that time. Some people claimed that Frank Barret, who was killed near Clifton, Arizona, at that time, was old Black Jack. Bronco Bill's gang also worked for the Double Circle Ranch.

Many exciting things happened in those days when it was considered best policy to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. For instance, one evening when his pardner and he came in from work, we found our camp empty as they had left it that morning, but someone had been there and cooked our dinner for them. There was coffee, camp biscuits, and steaks waiting over the smoldering fire. They washed up and sat down to eat. In a few minutes, after satisfying himself, Thomas, he supposed, that there was only two of them, then the Apache Kid walked into the camp, sat down and ate dinner with them. After finishing the kid walked out of camp. No words were spoken and Thomas didn't even look up to see which direction he had gone. He knew better. He talked many times with Billy the Kid. He knew most of the desperadoes of that time by sight.

Thomas left the Double Circle Ranch at Eagle Creek in 1901, bought a ranch of his own at Klondyke, Arizona, in the Aravaipa Canyon, and married Mary Corina Wootan. They had

ten children. Elsie (Mr. Albert) Johnson, Vallejo, California; Dick Rex, Oroville, California; Corina (Mrs. Vernon) married Ernie Cherry, Reno Nevada; Frances (Mr. Pete Saunders and Mrs. Walter), Safford, Arizona; Bert Rex, married Lucille Golladay, Mesa, Arizona; Fern (Mrs. Robert) Courtney, Phoenix; Lew Rex, married to Lola Gatlin of Clifton, Arizona, now in Thatcher; Eunice (Mrs. Frank) Minucci, Globe, Arizona; Harry Rex and wife Tommie of Avondale, Arizona; Bud Rex, married Ruby Golding of Clifton, Arizona, now in Dayton, Nevada; Thomas' wife died in 1921, buried in Safford, Arizona.

Thomas bought a ranch at Blackrock from Hebe Dalton. After the death of Mary Corina, he bought a farm at Ft. Thomas, Arizona and married Artie Foster in 1924. Artie was a widow with nine children, with his ten, that made a total of nineteen children. Some were married at that time. They lived on the farm at Ft. Thomas and raised their family. In 1945, they moved to Mesa, Arizona, Thomas Jay Rex passed away on July 18, 1949. Artie, known as "Little Mama" to all the grandkid's, passed away in 1961, both are buried in Mesa, Arizona.

DICK ROBINSON
Sun City, Arizona

I came to Arizona in 1917. I was 17 years old then. The first two years of my cow-punching was odd jobs and packing supplies from Tonto Creek to Greenback Valley for the V- outfit, owned by the Webb family, Cone and Jay.

Then for the next 10 or 12 years, I worked for the JF outfit near Superior. Bill Martin ran the outfit. Then the l-l outfit north of Roosevelt, then the Q- X - -V- near Young.

In 1933, I was a brand inspector for the Livestock Sanitary Board in the Payson District. I was there until 1942 when I was drafted into the Army.

I served until 1945. From that time on I have not been active with the cattle business in Arizona.

I moved to Sun City in 1967, and have been retired since then.

ME AND BRANDIN' IRON

Yhu don't have ta be a tenderfoot ta try this but it helps.

It's titled "The hide ya love ta touch."

The Cayuse ya jest bought has ta be branded. So why fool around about all the fuss of bein cautious. It wastes too much time, so jest heat th' ole brandin iron, walk right up behind his heels n' slap it on 'im. He won't bother ta say knock it off pardner. He'll jest kick it off.

Yhu'll be so far out in the country by then that the coyotes n' buzzards will move in and yhur worries are over.

Duette Iye

LILLIE BELLE WILKERSON STACY
Clifton, Arizona

"Our Lil" as she is called by all who know her well, was born in Solomonville on April 21, 1908 - now called Solomon. Her parents were Bertha and Charles Wood. Her father was later elected Sheriff of Greenlee County, and was killed in Miami by a man who resisted arrest.

Her father, Charlie Woods, in the early 1900's owned the Slash W and OA connected ranches on Sardine Creek, north of Clifton. Later he was foreman for the Turtle Cattle Company and the CA Bar ranches.

Her mother was the daughter of Frank and Catherine Neese, Arizona Pioneers, who moved from South Dakota to Fort Thomas in 1881. Later, they ran the CA connected brand. This ranch is now owned by Tine Jernigan of Safford.

Lillie Belle received her education in Gila Valley schools. She is a member of the Methodist Church in Solomon, past President of the Greenlee County Cowbells, past Secretary of the State Cowbells, and served as President of the State Cowbells in 1961.

Lillie Bell spent most of her "teen years" in Solomonville with the Epplys. Mrs. Epplly was her mother's sister. Lillie Belle's sister was Catherine Jones, who everyone called Casey. Casey's husband, Perry Jones, had cattle running on the Old Rush Gilpins place, which was called the Diamond Ranch.

Mrs. Rush Gilpin, Casey, and Lillie Belle joined Perry Jones one Fall to help round-up the Gilpin cattle. The 3 girls rode with the men every day.

Lillie Belle was a tall, slender girl with long, auburn hair, and everyone liked her; she was able to take a joke and her fine sense of humor has never lessened. She had many beaus among the cowboys, but she surprised everyone in the area when she and Mosby Wilkerson rode into Clifton one day and were quietly Wed on March 18, 1926.

Their first housekeeping outfit consisted only of things they could tie onto pack mules and take from cow camp to cow camp. They were trying to get a start in the cow business, and it wasn't exactly easy in those days. When was it ever easy!

Lil always thought she knew more than the Dude who rode into the Gilpin ranch. One time she asked if they had seen anything of any two-year old yearlings, but like many another girl, she had a lot to learn and some of it came the hard way. Many places she did not have tubs to wash clothes in; maybe there'd be only a small wash basin and sometimes she washed in the creek and used an old mine bucket to boil the clothes in.

The country they rode and worked in was isolated; cattle were wild and there were many wild animals too. Outlaws had hidden in caves not too many years before and some of the stories told by old timers didn't make a girl away out alone in a camp feel any too safe. She rode so much she had little time to be afraid.

They ironically slept on the ground and when it rained, they'd stretch a tent. "Rustler's Ranch", their first headquarters, had a 2-room cabin, built of range lumber. Everything had to be packed in on burros or mules. That little house was in a beautiful location; it was covered with wild grape vines and must have seemed wonderful after camping so long.

Lillie Belle had a trunk under the porch where she kept her prize possessions. Among them, her long auburn braids, which she'd saved when her hair was bobbed.

Cattle were so wild, that many of them had to be roped and tied to a tree for a day or two; then led out by a rope tied to the saddle horn. Usually cattle captured like that were put in a pasture and sold to the first buyer who came along.

The Wilkerson's added to their property as they could. They bought "Walnut" from Perry Jones; "Murder Camp" from Ben

Phillips, and the Headquarters ranch from Clarence Martin. Then, in 1952, they bought the McDowell place. Their range reached into New Mexico at that time.

Lil sister, Dodie, lived with them most of the time while she was growing up, and they cared for many boys during the Depression years. Boys without a job and no place to go, knew they'd be welcome at the Wilkersons. And there'd be good food and a place to sleep.

Later on, they adopted their baby Nephew, Gordon Wilkerson. His mother was Lillie Belle's sister and his father was Mosby's brother. When Gordon was school-age, they built a home near Clifton, and Lillie Belle drove the school bus until he graduated from High School. Mosby was never well and Lillie Belle slowed down in the early '60's and quit riding. Gordon is there right-hand man. The ranch brand (NZL).

Prosperity never changed Lil a bit. She is the same old Lil, but she insists that she knows more about cows now then she did when she and Mosby were married. As a typical cattle woman who started the hard way and made a huge success, Lillie Belle Wilkerson fills the bill from every angle.

In 1961 - Lil took on the job of State Cowbelle President. After her installation at the State Convention in Tucson, December 8th, Lillie Belle attended the National Cattle Growers meeting in Salt Lake City to see Lois Claridge, 1st Vice-President installed. Lois lives in Safford, Arizona, which meant Lois would be President in 1963. Arizona was greatly honored. At this convention, Lil got 1st-hand information on how the Cowbelles promoted beef.

Lillie Belle started her Arizona years after receiving a letter from Tony Mellor, who was awarded the State Cowbelle Scholarship. He had enrolled in U of A and had a 2.6 average. He was initiated into the Alpha Gamma Rho fraternity and was elected Secretary.

In the Spring of that year, she was contacted by Arizona Public Service to see if Arizona Cowbelles would assist them

in the summer months to promote the 5 C's of Arizona-Cattle, Copper, Cotton, Citrus, and Climate. She met with Jack McDonald of APS and the 1st promotion was Cattle!

It was held at Encanto Park in June of 1961 - The State winner of the Father's Day contest was Ray Hudson of Laveen, Arizona Public Service. Rugh Kruger, head of Home Service Department, supervised the cooking of 50 lbs. of beef - This again was the 1st attempt of Cowbelles to join another industry to promote beef. A bus tour was being planned in the meantime. Cattle Growers and Cowbelles were going to visit Page, Arizona. Forty-seven Cow Pokes climbed on the 41 passenger bus at 11:30 a.m. that day, arrived at Glen Canyon Dam. All eyes - and the sight we saw would be hard to tell. It was so much larger than anyone expected. The men in charge were most courteous and showed the group everything they could about what had been done and the great dam still to be built!

"We saw this Dam when it was just an infant, just barely started and now look at Lake Powell backing up more than 100 miles", recalled Lil. On the bus back the Jr. Cattlemen on the bus sang songs.

A Fall meeting was called and Lil was to be at the meeting - However, on the October 25, 1961, it started to snow and rain, and by the 31st the Wilkersons were completely snowed-in on their ranch. A week later, 15 more inches of snow fell and nobody could get out until the County Highway Department sent a crew to clear a road. Lil was not complaining, she was bragging that the storm was worth thousands of dollars to the cattle people.

December of 1961, Lil was well into planning the 1961 Annual Convention. Many of her plans was being worked around the weather that particular winter - which was a stormy one. That year, Camelback and Laveen Cowbelles made arrangements in the Phoenix area.

Lil closed her year by saying, "I have enjoyed every minute of my year - It is a tremendous honor to be selected

from among so many highly qualified women, and I do appreciate your cooperation and hard work on various projects." At that time Helen Voight reported adding 39 new members, bringing our membership then to 307. "Thank you Helen", Lil said, "thanks to all the membership of our State Cowbelles." "Now I want to introduce to you our newly elected State Cowbelle President, Zerna Shattuck", Lil said.

An editorial note at this point is appropriate - Lil for many years was the backbone of the Greenlee Cowbelles - after her year as President, she spend many hours in Cowbelles and Greenlee Cattle Growers, where her husband and son, Gordon Wilkerson, were active members. Lillie Belle and her sister, Casey, attended many summer convention meetings in behalf of Cowbelles. Lillie Belle lost her husband and son. She later married Herbert Stacy.

Lillie Belle is now confined to a convalescent home in Clifton.

The current ,1988 State Cowbelle President, Mary Ann Strong, and the Greenlee Cowbelles are making plans for a very progressive year - Promoting their product - BEEF!

Story courtesy of Betty Accomazzo.

ANNE SCHLEY STRADLING
Patagonia, Arizona

The museum of the Horse has brought new life to the town of Patagonia, Arizona, and the citizens of this small community give credit for the bustle of activity to Anne Stradling, the museum's founder and patron.

Anne Schley Stradling became a lover of horses at an early age as she learned the basic equestrian skills under the tutelage of her parents, Kenneth and Anne Schley, who were both skilled horsemen. This involvement with horses included fox hunting, polo, horse shows, and driving fine horses in competition. Her life in suburban New York also included acquiring a pilot's license and flying wherever her heart and head led her.

At age 15, while visiting an uncle on his Trinchara Ranch at Ford Garland, Colorado, Anne knew that her destiny was with things western, and she never turned from this resolve.

Anne went to Oklahoma while still a teenager where she rode with the famous 101 Ranch Show, performing as a rodeo trick rider, calf roper, and wrangler. Later, Anne married the ranch's manager and continued with championship roping and riding. The couple, in fact, bought a portion of the 101 Ranch to preserve remnants of the Wild West Show. These significant artifacts later became important to the Museum of the Horse in Patagonia. With acquisition of the 101 property, Anne became an active working ranch girl, a role she has continued to the present day.

After the death of her husband, Anne turned the Oklahoma ranch over to their daughter and moved to New Mexico where she met and married Floyd Stradling. The Stradlings operated ranches in both New Mexico and Arizona, and more recently, have raised fine quarter horses. Patagonia, Arizona became their home and the center of their operations.

Her life-long interest in horses led Anne to the

realization that the valuable and varied history of the animal should be remembered. Thus, the Museum of the Horse came into being and is probably the only museum in the world devoted solely to this great animal. From a one-room display in 1960, the museum has grown into an immense structure today.

The initial displays included Hampstead Cart surreys from family collections as well as Indian relics and all types of harness, tack, and saddles. Local people brought in wagons, carts, and other relics that Anne Bought if they represented the past. She used her personal fortune to buy collections and accepted donations of other significant artifacts so that the museum now has six big rooms with more than 30 important vehicles and other memorabilia of the west ... and in particular, of the horse.

Of special interest is the saddle collection, which includes every type of saddle available: Western, Eastern, ancient Chinese, and modern roping saddles, including tack and trappings. Male visitors are known to linger over the remarkable gun collection, including guns used in competition by Anne as well as her mother and father.

Anne's private collection of Indian jewelry, both antique and modern, fascinate women visitors to the museum. One room is devoted to Indian artifacts, some of which were found in the immediate Patagonia area.

In addition, Anne shares some of her family treasures, most of which have some connection with horses, going back for several generations of Americans. Many of the articles, displayed colorfully and interestingly, are priceless.

Some of the books preserved in the museum include Curtis' History of the American Indian, a privately printed set done by the pioneer photographer, Edward Curtis, whose project was financed by a grant from J. P. Morgan. A similar set has been valued at \$52,000.

Art displays of the museum feature original Western Art by Frederick Remington, Russell bronzes, and rare Kachina

chess sets from the Indians of the Southwest.

Anne Stradling's admirers state that she has spent her money and time on the museum since she quit actual ranch work and riding. "It's a money losing proposition," Anne says. "It costs me at least \$10,000 a year out of my pocket to keep it going," she adds. The museum and its objective of honoring the horse as one of man's most important gifts from the animal world continue to take her time, her work, and her money.

C. R. Weaver of Albuquerque states, "It took a lot of hard work, money, and perseverance to get the Museum of the Horse started, then the whole thing over and over to keep it operating in the small town of Patagonia. The museum has improved and general atmosphere of the town; since the Stradlings moved there, you can stay in a good motel, eat in a fine restaurant, and visit the museum, as well as the art gallery."

Anne Stradling also heads an organization called the Ride and Drive Club, which attracts people from all around the Southwest every year. The club sponsors group caravans for people either riding a horse or in a wagon, camping out at night, and traveling many miles in southern Arizona. The caravan outings have been warmly received by many persons, year after year.

Anne is interested in the Vision Quest program of Arizona which she believes to be a marvelous way for youngsters to gain a moral sense of values. She thinks the old saying, "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a person," is quite true.

When she was forced by arthritis to curtail some of her riding and ranch activities, the heroic woman took up driving a team to a peddler's wagon, delivering Christmas gifts to many families. Her driving also includes appearances in parades, particularly in Tucson, with a vehicle from the extensive museum collection drawn by a match team of beautiful horses.

Indeed, Patagonia is fortunate in having Anne Stradling as one of its citizens. The Stradling Ranch, Museum, Gift Shop, and Art Gallery are the nucleus of most of the doings in Patagonia. The businesses furnish employment for clerks, jobs for wagon and harness refurbishes, and positions for carpenters besides work for other skilled and unskilled workers.

Horsemen, both buyers and sellers, visit the ranch. Sculptors, artists, writers, opera stars, photographers, mining personages, politicians, and old friends from all over the country visit in the Stradling home. Everyone is made welcome. Her friend, Ruth Fitch, says, "This is a small town with no great industries since the mines closed down. There is no attractions to tourists except the museum which brings visitors to town for days at a time. Many want to buy property here and retire in a pleasant place which they would not have heard about except for the museum. There is a bird sanctuary, which is seasonal, but the one-of-a-kind museum built during 25 years of effort and expense by Anne Stradling is the real interest of the locality."

A summation of Anne Stradling comes from another friend, Doris Seibold, who says, "Anne is a horse lover in every sense of the word. She raises them, uses them, hates to sell them. While Anne is a preserver of all things Western, it's the horse that her life has been dedicated to. Anne is a true Western spirit.

Some of the Hall of Fame's Western Heritage Honorees paint pictures of the West, some write and record the history in various ways, some sing songs of the big West, some appropriate money for just causes in the untamed land, and then we do have a few who build museums about the West. Anne Schley Stradling is one of those few of the latter. Her singleness of thought is praise-worthy ... developing her idea of preserving the history of an animal that has been important over the world as civilizations have ebbed and flowed. Especially in the West, the horse has been

paramount. The National Cowgirl Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center is honored to induct Anne Schley Stradling as a 1987 Western Heritage Honoree.

In a portrait painted approximately 65 years ago, Anne Schley's blonde hair is cut in a Dutch-boy bob. Brint blue eyes look straight ahead, white teeth show in a slight smile, and there is a determined set to her squarish chin.

Today, the white hair of Anne Schley Stradling is haphazardly cut in a similar fashion, although the bangs have a tendency to stand straight up because she frequently brushes them back off her forehead. Her friendly smile is disarming because of the absence of one front tooth.

The ruffled dress of that portrait gave way to jeans and boots, but the blue eyes have not changed. They flash with merriment, mischief and occasional irritation, or melt with compassion and warmth. Especially when she is looking at her horses.

Stradling says she was nearly born on a horse. They almost did not get her mother off the horses's back in time for the birth, she explains.

To honor the animal who has held first place in her affections for 70 years, Stradling opened The Museum of the Horse in 1960. The museum has received worldwide attention with its saddles, harnesses, bits and spurs from around the globe; fine paintings (including some by Frederick Remington); Indian arts, crafts and relics; and family memorabilia that provide an intimate glimpse into history. Her portrait hangs on the front wall of the main room.

Stradling says the first time she was on a horse she was in a long frilly gown (her face twists in disgust as she describes it). "They tell me I screamed and cried when they took me off, and both my hands were full of the mane," she adds.

If Stradling was not born on a horse, she certainly was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Her father and grandfather were with the Moore and Schley banking and

brokerage firm in New York, which the 1902 edition of Who's Who described as one of the largest in the United States. Their moneymaking extended into railroads, iron and steel.

Stradling grew up in the family's elegant mansions in Far Hills, N.J., and Hyde Park, N.Y. She rode to hounds, as did her parents (silver trophies in the museum attest to their skill at fox hunting) and became an avid polo player, choosing her finishing school because it was the only one she could find that had a girl's polo team.

In 1931, when Stradling was 18, she decided she would rather be a pilot than a debutante and she received her license. She denies this was an unusual step for a young woman of that era, saying, "There were two or three more."

If her parents were dismayed at this departure from conformity, they concealed it and imposed only one limitation on her flying.

"Mother wouldn't let me take up Kenny (her brother)", Stradling recalls. "She said she didn't want to put all her eggs in one basket."

Stradling's next step away from the gilt-edged world of the upper crust was not met with the same equanimity. She went to Oklahoma and bought a ranch. What is more, she became a trick rider and professional roper in rodeos.

When asked how her parents reacted to that, she replies, "They didn't like it very much." However, the determination captured by the portrait painter stayed with her, and she stayed with the cowboy world.

She married Floyd Stradling, a rancher and driller. The Stradlings moved to Tucson in 1945 and to Patagonia in 1957. She opened her museum in 1960, mingling the antique Dutch marquetry furniture, sterling silver and satins of East with an awesome collection of relics representative of life on the Southwest frontier.

Stradling spends most of her time at the museum and is in the process of cataloging everything so, "I'll know how much I have." The collection continues to grow every day and

her new acquisitions crowd each corner and cabinet.

A dollar value cannot be estimated because many of the pieces are beyond compare, she says. What price tag would you put on a saddle given to Franklin Roosevelt at the Yalta conference? How would you appraise a Zuni medicine man's home altar, which was obtained from an Indian by a trader using means more foul than fair? How much would you pay for a chess set made of Kachina dolls?

Away from the museum, Stradling says she "fiddles around" with her 25 quarter horses. A protective stallion hovers around the mares and six colts while stradling coos to them in baby talk.

That soft murmuring quickly changes to angry bluster when she speaks of man's inhumanity to animals. She has strong opinions on that, and other topics, expressing them in peppery language spiced with adjectives that most certainly were not learned on Fifth Avenue.

Stradling leaves no doubt on the placement of her priorities. When a visitor exclaims over the extensive silver collection in the museum, she dismisses it by saying, "Stuff, just stuff. We played with it when we were kids."

However, she adamantly refuses to sell one of her horses to certain types, who "don't treat their animals right, just work them to death, she says.

Going over to the barn, Stradling switches tone again, calling endearments to two big, white horses that look like twins but are "just brothers." They pull the restored trader's wagon Stradling rides and sleeps in when she leads groups on her three-day "ride and drive" trips into the San Rafael Valley (The motto, she says, is "Hitch, don't bitch.")

Traveling dirt roads and crossing cattle guards of area's ranches, riders wind through canyons lined with sycamores, elms, mesquite, cottonwood and sage. She shows off a centuries-old elm tree with a conquistador's cross carved into the trunk. In the years she has climbed over and around the mountains, she has found circles of white rocks

indicating Indians' sentry posts and points to their locations.

Her favorite spot never fails to render first-time (and somewhat seasoned) riders speechless with its beauty, she says. Cresting the top of a hill the eye is met with a panorama of rolling acres of green grass ringed with distant mountains, cattle drinking in a pond and some cowboys on horseback keeping watch. Wildflowers splash the green with color and the only sound is the wind singing through the grass.

Stradling smiles as she watches the reaction to the scenery of the state she adopted as her own.

"This is the best-kept secret in Arizona," she says.

Portions of this story credited to and courtesy of Side Saddle - Hereford, Texas, and Gail Tabor, Arizona Republic Staff Reporter.

LOIS THOMAS

Bowie, Arizona

Lois Thomas was born in Radertown, Mo., on February 1, 1912. Just 2 years before Arizona became a State, to Thomas R. And Isabel Burrell. They moved to Idaho when she was only one-and-a-half years old. They could not stay there because her mother's health could not stand the freezing cold of winters -- she was blind and badly crippled by arthritis.

The Burrell family came to Arizona in 1921 and settled in Dagoon. There were seven children in the family: Lannie, Leon, Letha, Lucille, Lois, Marie, and Raymond. One of the girls had married, so with her husband, two children and the rest of the Burrell family, 12 people came to Arizona in two Model T touring cars.

The men of the family worked at odd jobs. The father was a carpenter and handyman. The sons worked at ranches as ranch-hands and cowboys. Brothers Lannie and Leon and sister Lucille worked on the 4F Ranch for William and Lucinda Four, who were the first white couple to be married in Arizona.

The family then moved to the Republic Mine and the children went to school at Johnson, a boomtown five miles from Dagoon. It is a ghost town now. Their father homesteaded and built a house one mile from Dagoon while the homestead law was still in effect. To homestead, he received 160 acres, which had to dig a well and plant crops. One of his sons also took up a homestead. He and his father combined to use the brand: Lazy Y.

As time went by, Lois married a young cowboy named Ross Glenn, who worked at the 4F Ranch. They homesteaded a place in the Dagoon mountains with a spring on it. They used the Cross V brand.

When Ross was a very young man, he and his sisters would ride a buggy to school from Noonan Ranch, just outside of Pearce, Arizona. Pearce at one time was a bustling mining town. The old Pearce store is still standing but the mines have sense all became ghost mines.

At one time, Ross's father, Calvin, was ranch foreman for the Chiricahua Land and Cattle Company. He also bought the Noon Ranch, that at the time belonged to a Mr. Noonan. Mr. Noonan was buried out on the open range, and Ross's father enclosed the grave site with a sturdy fence to keep the cattle out.

During the Depression, Lois' father's homestead had plentiful bear grass, sometimes called Sacaton grass. When the broom corn crop failed in Texas, bear grass was used to make household brooms.

Her father was a good carpenter and blacksmith, so he built a table with a big hinged knife to cut the roots from the grass. It was then baled and taken to a store, where a man named Burroughway bought it and shipped it to Texas.

"The family did not have much money", Lois said, "but they ate well which was more than a lot of folks did in those days."

Lois and Ross had three children: Janice Glenn Welker, Kay Thomas Mahan, and George Ann Thomas. Eventually Lois and Ross separated and later Ross died.

Years after she married George M. "Skeets" Thomas, who still owns Skeets Tavern in Bowie (Skeets is now 95 years old), was honored in Volume V of Arizona Ranch Histories.

In earlier years, Lois reported news items from the Arizona Star and the Arizona Range News. She is so well versed in old time Western music that Jim Griffith, Director of Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona, made tape recordings of her songs for the U of A Folklore Archives. In addition, these recordings are in the Archives at Columbus University.

We're willing to bet our silver spurs that some folks may still recall "Strawberry Roan". "When the work's all done this Fall, Little Joe the Wrangle."

Lois Thomas history was written by Vicky Musnicki who is a feature writer for the Eastern Arizona Courier.

WILLIAM M. THOMPSON

Prescott, Arizona

Ranching west of Benson

About the middle of January, 1926, a skinny kid got off the Santa Fe in Phoenix. This did not seem, at the time, an auspicious start in a ranching career, except for one factor. Phoenix and Tucson were towns too large for me. I, therefore, spent the first year and three-quarters in ranching country, as that was what Arizona was made up of at that time. Though during this period I never worked on a ranch, I did become acquainted with the horse and even learned the diamond hitch. During this time I managed to ride, and much of the time was a pack horse, from the Tucson area to the Utah line. Those were the days when fences did not bother one.

The summer of 1928 was a new world for me. I spent the summer on the Manistee Ranch, which covered the south half of the Whetstones (on the Pima-Cochise County lines), and much of the surrounding country. This began the education of Bill Thompson as a cow hand, and was the most intensive period of studying of my life. It was Sid Simpson and Pink Murray, manager and top hand, respectively, who were my instructors. I thank and remember them for their friendship and efforts to teach me what they did in a very short piece of time. If I ever made a cowboy and cowman in later life, it was because of them. No boy could have been more fortunate.

Sid Simpson had learned through me that my father was wanting a small ranch in southern Arizona. This was due to failing health. He wanted, for financial reasons, to find one soon enough so that he would have several more working years before retiring. Sid recommended an area on the north side of the Whetstones, which consisted of several small properties. He and Pink Murray took me horseback one day and we looked over the type of country it was and what we could

do with it. When my family came out late in the summer, he introduced my father to some of the people in the area. This was more than being helpful. It saved much time and travel and turned out to be an area in the finest cattle country in southern Arizona. The key piece of land in the area chosen belonged to Edgar M. Colglazier, who was an oil man, not a cowman. People who had left Mexico during the revolution and when Villa was raiding in northern Chihuahua, homesteaded all available land between the Whetstones and the Rincons ... that is the better lands. They dry farmed much of it, raising beans. They were there long enough to have a small country school and even a cemetery. These were in good rainfall years. When poorer weather came on, they were not able to survive. Meanwhile, Colglazier, who was a "wildcatter" if there ever was one, wanted land here as he believed he could get oil from it. He also wanted enough land area so he could start drilling where he wished to have plenty around to protect himself, if he struck oil. So Colglazier bought seven and a half sections, set up his wooden drilling tower and went to work. He also stocked the place with cattle to pay the taxes and have something left over. But he did not have steady help and often left the ranch for several days and nights. Some one was watching all this, and one night some men rode in, gathered as many cattle as they could, drove them five miles to Miramonte, a shipping point on the El Paso and Southwestern, loaded them on already ordered cattle cars, and shipped them to the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards. How these men forged inspection papers and loaded the animals on stock cars in the middle of the night to be hauled away that night without questions being asked, or someone seeing or hearing cattle bawl, I cannot guess.

It looked like the perfect crime, but two things went wrong. The Empire Ranch to the west (Heart Cattle Company owned by the Vail family) had a man in the Los Angeles Stock Yards checking the brands on all incoming cattle and several

Heart cows were in the bunch. You can imagine that the telegraph lines were busy. Then, a neighbor on the east, Bert Smith, went looking for his milk cow the next morning. There was no milk cow nor any cattle in the neighboring Colglazier pasture. Bert made a run for Benson and the Cattle Inspector, and between them, they covered all the surrounding area. The Inspector learned that cattle had been picked by the railroad the night before, and the fat was in the fire. But the fire burned very low because no one for 40 miles around knew anything; the railroad said that the cars were ordered by phone. The Livestock Sanitary people could not find out where or how the inspection papers were taken. People were suspected, but not brought to trial. On the state legal records there was a case labeled "The State of Arizona vs. 150 head of Cattle." The Union Stock yards sold the cattle in Los Angeles and sent the money to the proper cattle owner and the case closed. Bert Smith was out a milk cow and Colglazier out the income from his herd. But he did not loose all, as there were about 30 cows and a couple of bulls not included in the cattle drive. These had increased to 76 head by January, 1929, when we took over the place.

My father made the deal with Colglazier the fall of 1928, but due to Mr. Colglazier's wishes we did not complete the transaction until after the first of 1929. We found ourselves among the best of neighbors. We all had a common shipping point at Miramonte, which was central to the area. We had corrals there and we participated in buying scales and putting them up there. Of our better known neighbors were Ed Echols, A. C. Cary, and Pete Haverty, who was a top cowboy and only one leg. Under Blas Lopez, the Heart people were gathering cattle and were about finished when we took over in early 1929. The Chiricahau Cattle were coming off the San Carlos Reservation and had bought the Empire Ranch, as well as the Rail X and the Aravaca Ranch. Frank Boice and Henry Boice headed this movement and Frank would run the Empire.

In 1929, we also bought several sections from Jess

Williams. He was then buying grain in Mexico below Douglas-Agua Prieta and later bought a ranch on the San Simon in Peloncillos, northeast of San Simon station. When the Chiricahuas were gathering the old Arivaca herd to replace them with CCC cattle, we bought three car loads of cows, receiving them at Amado. In late 1931, my father made the biggest step so far buying out Charley Martin, who had previously bought the Sam Gibson allotments on the northwest side of the Whetstones. This was a good ranch from a feed standpoint, but was often short of water during summer months. Using this area for winter grazing made this a good addition for us. Following this purchase, we bought the herd of Mrs. Johnson at Elgin. She was the mother of Jim Finley who had had ranches in southern Arizona and then moved to Mayer in Yavapai County.

This all put together a real good ranch. When my family sold out to Jack Speiden in the summer of 1935, they did not loose any money. It was then known as the J6 Ranch.

AA Ranch

Ashfork, Arizona

While, from the summer of 1935 through the summer of 1940, though I was not in the cow business, my job was working with cattle people. During this time I covered a lot of the country between Silver City, New Mexico, and Casa Grande, Arizona, including a portion of the San Carlos Reservation ... much of it horseback. I met and became acquainted with some very fine people. If I appeared at some ranch late in the evening with a horse trailer, horse, bed roll, etc., I was as welcome as if I had known them all my life. To record all their names would take a page, if I could remember all their names. Among the Arizona boys I worked with were Jack Wilson, Rancher on the Big Sandy, and Frank Armer, of the Globe family who had the Spider Ranch, west of Camp Wood.

In 1938, a "Jack" relative of mine wanted to get in the ranching business. We had long conversations together, wrote

back and forth. The upshot was that I agreed to hunt a ranch suitable for us both and our families; see to stocking it, if it was not stocked or in steers, develop it and eventually turn it over to him. For me it meant building up enough capital to eventually get a small spread of our own. Believe it or not, I took every opportunity from my job to look at ranches and it was not until the summer of 1940 that I found what turned out to be the right one.

What we bought was the AA Ranch northeast of Ashfork. The owner was A. T. Spence, formerly of the Tucson area and later on the Arizona strip. It had formerly been owned by Al Smith and the Three V's (Arizona Livestock Company) and others in earlier times. It was two townships in size. The north half sloped to the north and its vegetation was much like that south of the Grand Canyon, while the south had deep canyons and was good winter range. A little story should be told here. Al Smith, a well known cowman in these parts and the store keeper and the postmaster of Ashfork, by the name of George Washington, went to Phoenix on a little party. It got pretty late and they decided they had better get a room for what was left of the night. They registered themselves as George Washington and Al Smith. The hotel clerk would not give them a room because he said they were drunk and were not giving their right names. These were the "good old days."

The summer of 1940 had been dry and A. T. Spence asked us if he could have two weeks extra, to get a little more weight on his steers. As we did not intend to put cattle on the ranch until late in the winter or early spring and we would have new feed by then, we said okay. Well, it started raining and with lots of water out and the weather turning cold, the steers were hard to gather. It took him twice as long to ship and because he had to run many and even rope and lead some out; he gained nothing by waiting the added two weeks. I either rode with the crew or was at least around, and being a southern Arizona boy, I learned a lot that fall.

The cattle market was tightening up that fall and

stocker cows were scarce. We did not want to stock this ranch during the winter, but wanted to get some money down on some cows on a contract for the coming spring. On a rising market and with the steady rains that covered all of Arizona that winter, a person would have paid through the nose to contract in cows - 1940 or 1941, in Arizona and the southwest. I had quoted cow prices to my owner-partner in the late summer of 1940. He lived far away and had no idea of conditions out here and could not see why the price I quoted in late August would be different in January, 1941. So I went to scratching my head.

Archie Conner and Gerald Jones, the lawyers, who represented me in the purchase of the AA came to my rescue. They gave me an introduction to a man by the name of Barbee of the First National Bank of Nogales, Arizona. Barbee was the bank's number one man for crossing cattle from Mexico. He introduced me to Pancho Elias of Nogales, Sonora, and Hermosilla. The Elias family not only had many ranches in Sonora, but crossed many cattle, cows as well as steers into the U. S. Before we get away from Barbee, I should add that he played a key part in the freeing of Sid Simpson who had been held for ransom by people in Sonora. This was in the last of the Mexican Revolution when things supposedly had quieted down.

We contracted 400 cows through the Elias family. These were to come from the Ures country, 50 miles east of Hermosilla. It rained in Sonora about as much as it did in Arizona that winter. Also, the tick quarantine line was moved north to about Carbo, above the Hermosilla-Ures line while the cattle were being gathered. This meant a two month delay in crossing them. But this was not all bad. We had talked with people who had desert pasture to hold the cows. By doing so they would have arrived at Askfork in better shape than they did. But this way we did not have to pay for two months or more pasture. Two car loads that we got from above the new quarantine line near Llano, came through the

middle of March. Feed was already coming, so this worked out okay. The rest were crossed at Naco. They were held up at the International fence and counted through in little bunches of five or six; but until the Mexican authorities cut back about 20 head of the very best. This left us a little short on our count and we felt that the herd had been topped. They arrived at Ashfork the 20th of April in the snow storm.

We gambled that we could get four or five calves out of this bunch, which we did and as the price of cattle continued to advance up to early 1942, and then held even, these cows cost us very little. Crossing these with a good grade of Hereford bulls brought us much improved calves, and in 1943, 1944, we held back all the heifer calves we could. The Forest Service was very good to us during this period and we carried extra cattle for these years. Also we bought small bunches during the summers of 1942, 1943, 1944, selling the older cows as we could. By 1945 we were getting an 80% plus calf branding. These Mexican cattle were a funny bunch. Half were so gentle that you could milk them (which we did). Some we got out by tying an eight or ten foot chain to a front leg (after leaving them tied to a big Juniper overnight) and then turning them into a gentle bunch. This really made believers out of these cows in a hurry, after they had wrapped the chain around themselves a couple of times.

Mulberry Ranch

1948-1982

The Mulberry Ranch, which derives its name from the Forest allotment of which it consists is located between the Orme Ranch to the south, the old Bill West Ranches to the west and north and the Bottle Ranch to the east. The Forest allotment consists of more than ten sections, while the private land numbered approximately 80 acres when we purchased it. In about ten years another 40 acres was added through the purchase of a homestead. The ranch was purchased from Fred Genung and as far as we could determine, a member

of the Genung family proved up on the homestead, and the ranch was in no other ownership name until we acquired it in 1948. From a feed standpoint it was excellent, though considerable water development was needed to use all the grass and browse on the range.

The private land included about 25 acres of formerly irrigated land. There was a ditch from a fair source of water on Ash Creek called Mulberry Spring a little over a mile above the fields. This was fed by melted snow water from Mingus Mountain. We needed good winters to provide sufficient water for irrigation and this would give out by August at best. At first all was makeshift with low production for the man hours and back-work involved. By the early sixties we were able to get our fields leveled to uniform grades, put in cement ditches and have our long Mulberry ditch widened using heavy equipment. From this point we got good production from permanent pasture and increased our number of year-long cattle. I should add that a new well nearly doubled our water supply.

As to our Forest lands, our boundaries were fenced except for the eastern boundary between us and the Flower Pot Ranch, which twice was in the Reeves family and also owned for a time by Hank Wingfield. We always had excellent neighbors to the east, and except for the type of management asked us by the Forest people, an east boundary fence would not have been necessary.

The second winter we were on this ranch, Jim Head, a neighbor built a mile and three quarters of fence using old materials. I followed building nearly a mile to a big bluff making about half the east boundary fenced and closing enough of the land to pretty well control the major drift of cattle. Several years later, Hank Wingfield fenced the remainder. Our water development also began in the early 1960's. Before we were through we had built 6 small to medium sized dirt tanks and had four wells drilled for livestock use.

In the beginning, the cattle were what went with the

ranch. These were not top quality cattle but were located and ranged well and were fine to build a herd on. Also, at this time I spent more time riding than later, and kept moving the herd to new grass (thus resting the old). Within a year, after moving cattle to better feed several times, they got so you only had to start drifting them to a new area and they beat you to the fresh feed. Then one morning I decided it was time to move cattle and rode out to where they had been and found they had already moved themselves.

Then two things happened, not at once but gradually. We used good bulls and saved our heifers and found that in ten years or so we had graded up the herd so they looked beautiful. But in the process they began to loose their rustling abilities. Then we entered into a management agreement with the Forest Service. This meant internal fencing, six pastures on a small ranch. A number of things happened: Except for the north pasture which was entirely brush, the rest was pretty well mixed up; mostly grass, with some brush; some summer growing grasses and some spring weeds.

Beginning in 1962, we began internal fencing in cooperation with the Forest Service, ending up with six pastures. With the mixture of feeding all but the most northern pasture, we found we were unable to graze each pasture efficiently either for the cattle or for the forage itself. There was always some forage over grazed while the rest was untouched. This meant that to get proper use of each pasture, we had to graze fewer cattle than we would if we had year-long use of the area and worked the herd so that the cattle were always on palatable feed, but none over used.

The first fall we sold cattle, Perry Henderson let us put out little bunch in with his. They went to a Phoenix buyer and by rail. Perry's ranch included land on both sides of the Agua Fria at Dewey. We trucked out cattle to Dewey where they were weighed, reloaded on the truck then transferred directly on to a Santa Fe stock car -- no corrals

or loading chute. Incidentally, this was the last year for cattle to be shipped by rail from Dewey. This worked out so well for both of us that we shipped with Perry as long as he lived. Then Hank Wingfield asked us to ship with him, which we did as long as he had the Flower Pot.

About this time owners of a number of small to medium size ranches in Yavapai County became dissatisfied with their sales, me among the others. We had several meetings, the result was the forming of the Yavapai Marketing Association, a non-profit association. Charley Weekes of Hillside, Delbert Pierce of Long Meadow, Chapmans on the upper Verde were among the directors. Ed Kellis of Bagdad was secretary-treasurer and I was president for a couple of years. In 1970, we got an offer from Jack Nelson, who had sales yards in Wilcox, to buy the corrals we had built east of the Prescott Airport. The membership had devoted their time and talents to construct these sale corrals. They also gave of their time and energies of cattle sale times. Sale numbers were increasing. The total job was getting too much for the membership. The alternative was to hire help, which we did not want to do as it would cut into our profits. After much thought and discussion it was decided to take Jack up on his offer. This turned out to be the right move because Nelson Livestock Auctions, Inc. have done a good job for Yavapai County cattlemen ever since.

The years 1980 and 1981 were not easy ones and my 70 plus years were telling me that I had better get out of the cow business. We sold to Brad Smith and turned the ranch and cattle over to him in early July, 1981.

Our neighbors in the Rincon Mountains would tell me in the late 1920's and 1930's that coming in to the cow business under fence, as we did, we would never understand old time cowmen ... because we could not imagine the freedom that had when cattle could graze large areas unhindered by fences. I hope they cannot look down on us and see how cattlemen and women are hindered and restricted by those who want their

grazing lands, the environmentalists, game people, and those who do not want legitimate ranchers, rights or privileges on lands they now claim to be their own. Unfortunately, this is an accurate way to end this short story of my association with cattle people and rangelands.

"COWHAND'S SOUVENIR"

Sittin' by the Campfire
Lookin' at the stars,
After supper's over
With Cows behind the bars
Horses loose n' restin'
From a hard day's run,
Branded a bunch o' mavericks
N' didn't lose a one.

Tho Maverick days are over
Memories linger there,
Locked in the heart of the Cowboy
As a Cowhand's Souvenir.

Yes, there was somethin' satisfyin'
About burnin' that old brand
On a Maverick that you shouldn't o' had
Out in Cowboy Land.

Duette Iye

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN THOMAS COOPER
Wagner and Kirkland, AZ

In the fall of 1909, John Cooper set out for Arizona. He had sold his ranch, sheep, and cattle in the Fry Devil's River area of West Texas. He gave as his reason for leaving: "Tired of fighting drought and fixing broken-down windmills."

In late summer, he loaded his wife (Martha), six children (one child McKinley, "Little Mack", was born and died in 1896. Mary Etta was not born yet. Her birthday was January, 1913. And John David, born in 1890, was left behind to finish college. The rest of the children that did go on the adventure were: William Stephen, (July 25, 1893), named for his two grandfathers (Stephen Brannan and William Cooper); Roy Francis, (September 5, 1894) named for Martha's youngest and oldest brothers; Gladys Serena, born in 1898; Mattie Ellen, born December 11, 1900; Nancy Catherine, born February 9, 1903; Learah Eila, born October 26, 1908; Mary Etta, born January, 1913. Household goods and one carload of saddle-bred, unbroken mules. His wife and children were a simple matter; her coach awaited them. The mules didn't want to go to Arizona. At the Southern Pacific railroad corrals in Comstock, Texas, yells and curses echoed through the night as the reluctant mules bucked and squealed, kicking one on-looker off the ten foot high corral.

Time was passing. They must be ready to roll when the midnight train came. Long since, John had called out his young sons, Will and Roy. The station agent left his duties in his office. He was an old hand with mules. He roped a mule and with the help of the others, bodily dragged the mule up the chute. The midnight train came whistling in. The mules stomped. The train waited its limit. Then with another whistle, pulled out. On and on the mule loading struggled. At last, as dawn was breaking, the last mule was

dragged into the car. At last, John Thomas was off to Arizona. Nothing has been told of the "off-loading" of the mules for food and water!

He had written a friend "Tap" Dunnegan asking him to have a house rented near a school.

At that time, "Tap's" family lived in Tempe and had found a place on Normal Street.

After settling his family, John Thomas was free to set out to look for the ranch of his dream. He bought a Studebaker (Wagon) then hitched four of the mules to it. Not without difficulty, you can be sure. Will and Roy begged to go, so he took them.

For miles the mules bucked then ran and bucked again. John Thomas knew which way he wanted to go - out across the desert to Congress Junction where the Congress Mine was producing gold "around the clock."

John Thomas was not interested in gold. He pushed on to Peoples Valley where a ranch could be bought. It was a beautiful place - water in plenty, acres of cienega, sub-irrigated land.

Why didn't he buy the Bar Mule Shoe Bar? There was no school within thirty miles.

He went on to Skull Valley and spent a night at the Russell Hotel and Wagon "yard." The mules by now could be harnessed in less than an hour.

In the early evening, John Thomas and the proprietor, Preston Russell, sat on the front porch and "visited." It was late in the year and getting cold, but they sat on. "Were you surprised, " John asked, "when that fellow actually left the ground and flew?" referring to a recent event at the State Fair in Phoenix.

"Naow." "See that train coming there?", pointing to the Santa Fe's "Peavine" passenger approaching from the south (Prescott and Phoenix in one day).

"Certainly I see it." The track ran only 50 feet from where they sat.

"Well, I said when that thing first chugged by my door that if a road could be built through them mountains, that'd bring it with people on it. They could do anything! Now, I wasn't surprised when that thing flew." Thus became one of John T's favorite stories.

When asked next morning if he was headed to Prescott, he answered, "No. Think I'll go to Mojave County." On another occasion, John Thomas had tasted the delight of Prescott's famed Whiskey Row, but he had no intentions of discussing it. He got on the seat of his Studebaker and signaled to Will and Roy to turn the mules loose and climb aboard. With jangling trace chains and snorts from the mules, they were off toward Williams Valley.

Roy complained bitterly of the cold water set out for him to wash his face in. "Like ice!" "I broke ice to get it for you." his father told him and added, "It looks like it may snow soon." It did snow! Huge flakes came down, landing on the mules' backs. At first they melted, but soon their backs looked like they had on white blankets.

They came to Simmons, Arizona, a small general store and post office. John pulled the mules in. "Here we stop for the night", he announced. They were there for three weeks, for the snow kept falling, piling up deeper and deeper. Everyday Mr. Simmons assured John that it would surely stop that night.

John tried not to show his impatience. Unknown to anyone but him, the year before he had come to Arizona. He loved to gamble. He saw "no sin in it." A horse race was his "meat and drink", so to speak. He had raced many horses. The most famous bring a horse named Traveler. The one he loved best was Judge Thomas, a son of Traveler.

While the snow fell, his thoughts went back to a hot night over a year ago. He hadn't won a pot all night. He had only a few chips left. He decided to cash in and go. He won! While he was deciding to stay or go, "Ante up!", called the dealer and the man next to John, being impatient to get

on with the game, pushed one red chip and one blue on from John's stack. He won again! Maybe the Lady was smiling on him. He'd stay on a little longer. She smiled and smiled. At sunrise, John had all the chips in from of him. When he cashed in, a little over \$2,000 was handed him. Tired and half asleep, he wondered should he pay debts? No, \$2,000 wouldn't help much. Arizona! He found himself wandering about in Arizona. A friend had recently moved out wandering about in Arizona. A friend had recently moved out there. He wrote glowing tales. John would go see for himself.

He could never remember buying a ticket, but found himself on a train headed West. The \$2,000 carelessly stuffed in his pocket.

In Phoenix, he found that his friend was in Mojave County. (Author's note: In territorial Arizona, "Mohave" was spelled with a "J". Too bad we changed the spelling for the Easterners who came later.) He didn't like Phoenix. For one thing, it was "under" a huge irrigation dam. John, all his life, expected the dam to break, bringing disaster to Phoenix and the Salt River Valley. He remembered the terrible stories of the Johnstown flood. No. He was not interested in The Salt River Valley.

He went on (by stagecoach?) to Prescott. He stopped in that roistering mining town for a time. On Whiskey Row, at The Palace's gaming tables, he added a few hundred dollars to his \$2,000.

From there he went to Mojave County and visited a while with his friend, Tap Dunnegan. He liked Mojave County-better than any place he'd yet seen.

It was on his return trip to Phoenix, and eventually Texas, that he found the place he liked most. It was for sale and after "dickering" he paid down \$1,000 forfeit for one year.

The snow continued to Fall. Only a few days remained. The forfeit would lapse. The day came and went. Snow continued to fall. John took the loss of the forfeit money

philosophically. What's done is done. What is lost, is gone. No use looking back.

Mr. Simmons had land to sell. John Thomas reflected that most everyone in Arizona that he'd met had land to sell. "I don't want a store", he told Simmons, "I want range land." Not the store, he had land to the east. Had Angora goats on it. John had had sheep in Texas. Although Angoras were familiar to him, he had never "cottoned" to goats.

While they waited out the storm, Simmons continued to try to sell John his range. Finally, John agreed to look at the Simmons' land. The weather had cleared and everything looked different and better. It was surprisingly like the Sonora country in Texas that he knew so well.

"Mama would like this", one of the boys said, "It's just like the junipers and oak back home."

But John did not want the goats. A few cows went with the land, which was fine. Goats? No!

After more investigation of the region, he discovered another place for sale. However, it was being held by "Squatter's Right" which meant the people did not have title to it. It was cheap and adjoined the Simmons' property. And they too had goats and would not relinquish the land unless the goats went with the deal.

One of the boys pointed out that they had a herder that could be put to herding the goats. A sheep herder, but he could learn to head goats, couldn't he?

Manual Silva, the young Mexican who had lived with the Coopers all his life had elected to come with then to Arizona. Dang it all! John decided to take both places. And the goats!

There was a small house on the Simmons' property. He and his boys moved into it and he went to Prescott and arranged for lumber and a carpenter to build more room. Manuel was sent for and put in charge of the goats.

Now that John Cooper was a bona fide land holder, he looked about him for more land nearby. There was State land

"school sections" were designated and he arranged to lease as much as possible. Eventually, he would buy and when Will and Roy became of age, they would "homestead" grazing land.

Spring advanced, it would soon be time to move his family to the ranch. When he arrived in Tempe, he found his wife and oldest daughter, Gladys, seriously ill of a fever. Turned out later to be typhoid that they had gotten from a contaminated well in the renthouse.

When his wife begged to be taken away from Tempe, he put her and the children on a train for Prescott. She and the daughter got worse enroute and were taken from the train to the small hospital. Shortly after, his youngest son, Roy, contacted the disease and had to be sent to the hospital.

Greatly handicapped with four small daughters, household goods arriving, and a "going" ranch, John did not waver in his decision to build permanent ranch for his family in Arizona.

Before moving his family, he had investigated school facilities and located the Stringfield family. There was a school there. The Stringfield ranch was ten miles away. He bought a "hack", a "double rig" vehicle, called an ambulance in the U.S. Army. Roy could drive the children to school and go himself. It would be a good way to gentle some of the mules (Author's Note: Roy's gentling of the mules was still being talked of with awe later when I came to the country. It is said the "rig" could be heard coming when miles away and anyone unfortunate enough to be traveling that day gave the Cooper children a wide birth.)

At last John's family recovered from the typhoid and he took them to their new home. Once more he could devote his time to building a ranch. It would be the hardest time in his life to start a new beginning. The first item was not really his.

In 1872, when he was one, his parents had left their plantation in Toonis Station in Tennessee taking their household goods and a small herd of cows - all that they had

been able to salvage from the Carpet Baggers and Scalawags in the aftermath of the War between the States. John and his brother had walked the entire journey, driving the livestock. His mother and the smaller children in the covered wagons. His father, not trusting anyone to bring him, had ridden a fine blood horse. John and his brothers met with disaster along the way. So far, in their lives, they had not encountered any rough land - no rocks on the flat plantations of Tennessee. He told me: We kicked every rock in sight. At first we was, weighing down our pockets, you see, one flat rock was all a fellow had. His treasure along with his pocket knife. We called them "skippers" - for we used them to "skip" across the ponds. If one didn't make it across, we took off our clothes and dived until we found it. Before our Mother discovered the condition of our shoes, we had worn them out! The toes especially. The reason it was a disaster - where would we be able to get more? No stores along the way, even if Pa could spare the money. He told our mother he couldn't spare an ox from which the hide could be used for moccasins.

John asked and was given permission to hunt a deer. Already being a "crack" shot, he soon brought in a large, fat buck. Fresh meat was a welcome addition to the cook pots. He carefully skinned the animal. Each night he stretched the hide near the camp fire. Days he put it on the back of one of the oxen. Soon it was dry enough to "work." The trick is to make it pliable enough for moccasins. He said he was sure no Indian enjoyed his footwear more than he and his brother. Their toes had been stubbed many times, their feet bruised by the time the moccasins were made. Every bit of the hide was kept for future use. He didn't know how many more were made before they finally reached their destination. He killed more deer, as they were plentiful. He and his brother decided long before they reached Texas that the trip was not as glamorous as it had first seemed.

When at last his father settled in Coleman County, he

worked as hard as any man to help build his home.

John's early boyhood in Texas was of the stuff John Wayne pictures were made of. When scarcely 15, he signed on to go up the Trail with none other than the famous, Trail Boss - Mr. John Chisholm.

Not long before the herd was to start, John had acquired a horse that he was training. Not only was he red, he was a pinto. A rich, dark color splashed with white. John was very proud of his horse and was having good luck training him. He asked Mr. Chisholm for permission to take him, so that his training would not be interrupted.

At first Chisholm fussed, but said later the youngster was so downcast he felt sorry for him and against his better judgement said, "Yes." A fortunate decision as it turned out. For just as they were entering The Nations, a large body of Indians barred their way. All sullen and ready to fight. Mr. Chisholm tried to reason with them. He would give them many beaver for safe conduct. "No", said the chief, "Go back!" John rode up out of curiosity. He was on his red pinto. The chief's glare turned crafty. "I take that horse", he said, "You go through my land." "No", said Mr. Chisholm, "It is not my horse. I will give you beef --". "No, I will take the horse for son, my little boy. You will go through my land or we fight!"

Mr. Chisholm looked at John. "How about it John? I know you like that horse, but if you give him up, I'll make it up to you. If we don't give him that pinto, we will have to go a long way around. It will make us late getting into Dodge. The buyers may all be gone." John gave up his red pinto, and ,thereafter Mr. Chisholm and his herds had safe conduct through. On one occasion, one of the Indian guides was a young boy on a red paint horse.

This and other stores of John's early days were told to his grandson, Bob Cooper (my son) on their hunting trips.

John, at an early age, learned to gamble. On his first trip to Dodge when Mr. Chisholm paid him off, he got into a

card game and won \$100. He bargained with Mr. Chisholm for his horse herd. Seldom were the horses taken back to Texas. It slowed him up being in a hurry to reach Texas and start gathering for the next drive. Also horses were more plentiful there. John took his horses back to home and sold them at a profit and was able to help his family in their struggle to build a home.

No more farm for John. He began to buy cattle to take up the trade. Young as he was, 16, was a shrewd trader. The next Spring, when Mr. Chisholm came by, John persuaded him to give him a job and to take his cattle also. They were not branded with Chisholm's Trail brand. No, John had his own brand by then /0 (slash O bar), the brand he later brought to Arizona.

By Bob Cooper

Grandad told me how he met his future wife, Martha Serena Brannan. Her father was a Texas Ranger, Captain Stephen F. Brannan and he arrested by grandfather, who was driving a herd of horses through Paint Rock, Texas, with John Chisholm's Trail Brand plain on them. John Cooper had a bill of sale all right, but it was dated two years before and made out in Kansas. Instead of putting him in jail, he took him with him to the Brannan Ranch to talk further over the situation.

Unknown to John Cooper, John Chisholm was in the vicinity buying cattle for his next drive. The Captain knew this and was fairly sure Chisholm would turn up at his dinner table that day.

John was introduced to the Brannan family - seven sons and two daughters. John met the youngest Brannan daughter, who many years later was to be my grandmother.

It is doubtful that John paid much attention to her that first time. He was in the "hand of the law", so to speak, and this Captain was a Texas Ranger. His appetite revived when supper was well under way. Mr. Chisholm was ushered in. He was glad to see John and greeted him cordially. "I see

you made it through the Nations with your horses." The Captain had brought, not only John, but the questionable horses as well and Chisholm, of course, had seen them in the corral.

A faint recollection of Martha must have persisted for John called a few months later and continued to, when back in Texas a few years later he asked the Captain for Martha's hand in marriage.

They were married in 1889 and John took his bride to a ranch southwest of San Angelo, Texas. By this time he had a small herd of sheep and two excellent horses that he raced from time to time, Traveler and Traveler's son Judge Thomas.

One memorable race that he won put him in the cow business. The stake was 800 mother cows. When challenged, John had no jockey. George Cox offered to ride for him, but he was too heavy. "Get those clodhopper shoes off", Grandfather told him. He was still a few pounds too heavy. It looked as if the race was over before it began. George removed his shirt, overalls, and hat and sat in the "sling" under the cotton scales. In his long johns only, he rode Judge Thomas "Lap and Tap to victory" putting John Cooper and himself in the cow business. For, of course, John was generous giving George a fair share.

BACK TO ARIZONA

John was fast getting a start in Angora goats. As he told Martha, he let Charlotte Hall, who later became the Territory's Historian, talk him into buying her goats, several hundred head. Now, Manuel had a real "band" as a "herd" was called in Arizona.

Manuel, used to sheep, did not like the goats. "Too smart", he told Roy. "Move quick, think fast." No, Manuel never liked goats, but in time he learned their ways and Cooper and Sons never had a better "chevero."

In 1911, John's oldest son, John David, joined the family. He brought his bride with him. This son seems to have been John's pride and joy. He put him in charge of the

ranch. Built a new house for him and his bride. And Will and Roy, who had worked very hard to get the ranch on a paying basis, resented this and they did not like his wife that they considered "uppity" and a "fashion plate." She spent too much money on clothes. Furthermore, she refused to allow anyone but Dave to eat at her table.

Then she burned down the new house. It was an accident, of course, but Will and Roy did not forgive her. A new fangled iron, probably one powered by gasoline, was left burning on the ironing board while she went off to town. She wept long and loud, but there was no money to rebuild. She demanded Dave take her home to her mother.

He had never liked the place nor the goats. For some reason, he felt belittled when called on to work with them. He took his wife, checked out all the money in the bank, and returned to Texas.

It must have been a blow to John. He had looked forward to having his oldest son with him. He never mentioned it. Never raised his voice against him. He didn't need to. Will and Roy, who now had to work harder than ever. The only time they were off, was when they harnessed six wild mules to the "hack" and took their mother and sisters to Prescott to shop.

About this time, 1915-16, John took over from the bank (The Bank of Arizona) a band of sheep, along with the mortgage. John had acquired all the adjoining land available. But what he had was not enough to properly feed his bands of sheep and goats. Like other sheepmen, he began to "trail" to the "public land", the unsurveyed government land. Then started the long drives to the desert lands where the sheepmen wintered their livestock. Not returning until May and June after they had "sheared", lambled, kidded, and shipped the wool.

Since John now had several bands of goats and sheep that had to be moved frequently, someone must go with them. He had the answer: Will and Roy.

Roy was taken out of school, ending his attendance.

Also, his sisters, since none of them could handle the team that took them to school, but Roy built a schoolroom that he fully equipped, hired a governess for the girls. The next year travelers were spared the hazard of meeting the Cooper children, being driven in a wildly careening vehicle, Roy driving "Four Up", for he did not attend school again. His education was over at the sixth grade. He and his brother assumed full responsibility for the bands of sheep and goats! Seldom home, only coming by in early summer, long enough to map the various areas for the bands of goats and sheep. They came home for one other reason, the main one, for their Roundup. Both boys -men- almost loved their cattle. Roy had brought his Texas brand, AHR, with him and had a herd started. Will would soon register his W S brand. The ranch brand, also from Texas, the /O, slash O Bar, was for the main herd. Both were excellent ropers and competed in Prescott Frontier Days each year on the Fourth of July, only vacation they ever had.

John Cooper prospered those years before the War. In April of 1917, although Woodrow Wilson had promised the Nation there would be no war - there was! War was declared, and not too long afterward, Will was called up. He enlisted in the Remount and was sent to Camp Funstain in Kansas. There he spent the entire war, breaking horses for the U.S. Cavalry. He was with that notable group, who rebelled and then were granted permission to wear own broad-brim hats and to use their own guns.

Early in 1918, Roy was drafted and soon afterward went to France. When the Armistice was declared, he was sent with the Army of Occupation to Germany.

In the meantime, John was finding it hard going without his two "right-hands." He hired a nephew of Marthas, Robert Williams as Coporos. Robert did very well considering he was 17 years old. He had worked with Will and had learned about some of the country.

One Spring, John brought Martha and the girls to the

desert to help. He rented a house in Congress Junction for them. Although it belonged to the Bullard Brothers, it became known as the Cooper House. He also bought a mine down at Stanton with a fair sized house on it where the family could stay when they needed it. These places were used to store supplies.

In 1918, John made on one the few "bad debts." He said years later if he had known that the powers that be had decided to end the war when they did, he would have known not to buy more steers. For he bought 1,000 head of 3-year-old steers and paid one-hundred dollars a head.

Bob remembers that Ingersoll Heckle (Heck), who later worked for us, telling him about it. He worked for Burl Wright, a rancher in the Mayer area. Heck helped to gather and deliver the steers. They were taken to the headquarters and turned out. John had gotten a mortgage from the Bank of Arizona to pay for them.

The War ended. Prices fell. Not until 1920, when Roy had returned from Germany, they found a buyer for the steers. Fifteen dollars a head! They had to take it. There was a drought. The feed was gone. The bank wanted money. They gathered the cattle, drove them to Del Rio to the Santa Fe shipping pens, corralled them in the stout pens. There were no cars waiting as had been promised. They would have to wait. About midnight, a train came whistling long and loud. The steers stampeded far and near. Only a few hundred were gathered at once. For years to come, someone would notify John that a steer with the Slash O Bar had been gathered.

In 1930, Martha became seriously ill with cancer. John had previously divided the company, giving each son a portion. He now sold his part to them and returned to Texas where he bought a hotel in the small town of Metzon. John always liked people, was hospitable to a fault. His main reason, however, in settling there was it's nearness to San Angelo and excellent doctors.

Martha refused to have the operation that would save her

life. In 1932, John brought her back to Arizona so that she could be near her children. She died in April of that year and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery at Prescott.

John went back to Texas. His youngest daughter lived there. He was with her for a while. He made frequent visits to the children in Arizona, but was never really happy. He missed his wife and was not content for long anywhere. He died December 27th in San Angelo, Texas, and was buried in Prescott, January 1, 1941.

And the ranch that he built and improved, are any of his descendants enjoying it now? -YES- Learah Cooper Morgan owns it and raises the red and white face Herefords. But the brand, the Slash O Bar? -The brand he so proudly drove up the Trail after persuading Mr. Chisholm to let him drive his 30 head with Chisholm's? - No one of Cooper blood owns it. For a time, Mattie Cooper Nelson and her husband, Jack, owned it having bought cows with that brand from her father. Why or when it became Circle Bar is more than I know. It is too bad that this brand, listed in Arizona's 1920 Brand Book is lost to the Coopers.

Author's Note: My sons have excellent memories -- far better than mine. They have helped me with articles, recalling incidents and remembering things their Grandfather and Father told them. Bob, who hunted deer with his Grandfather, has a wealth of interesting stories.

Story by Nel S. Cooper and her 3 Cooper boys - Roy Jr., Robert D., and John W.

IN MEMORY OF
HARRY EDWIN HOOKER
Willcox, Arizona

Harry Edwin Hooker (1888-1952), one of the Southwest's most progressive and successful cattlemen, devoted the last 25 of his 64 years to furthering the development of Arizona's agricultural economy as well as preserving a rich heritiage for future generations of Hookers.

Despite hard work and heavy responsibility they were years of happiness in partnership with a devoted wife as they sustained through the depression days, and prospered in good times, the historic Sierra Bonita Ranch near Wilcox.

Harry Hooker is buried at Sierra Bonita, not far from the thick-walled adobe hacienda built by his famous grandfather, Col. Henry Clay Hooker (U.S.A.-Ret.), who founded the ranch in 1872.

New Hampshire-bred Colonel Hooker, who fought for the North in the Civil War, first came to Arizona in 1869 when he and a partner drove several thousand head of longhorn cattle from Texas and Mexico into the upper Sulphur Springs Valley to sell beef to Army posts and Indian agencies.

Geronimo was still very much a renegade-on-the-war-path, and the colonel took pains to fortify his ranch house against Indian attack. Placating the Apaches with occasional beeves also helped to keep would-be marauders at bay.

Sierra Bonit's Crooked H brand, established by Colonel Hooker in 1869, is believed to be the oldest continuously used cattle brand in Arizona. The ranch house itself is among the oldest in the Southwest in terms of continuous occupancy.

It was there, prior to his death in 1907, that the aristocratic colonel often entertained officers from Fort Grant and their ladies in most elegant fashion. Kindly, but stern in best military tradition, he insisted on strict

decorum. He himself set the example for guests to follow by appearing before them always in proper attire - never typical cowboy garb. Hence all guests had to wear coats at his table. Among them were such celebrities of the day as Gen. Cook, Gen. Miles, Owen Wister (author of "The Virginian"), Whitlaw Reid, artist Frederic Remington and the playwright, Augustus Thomas, who used the ranch as the setting for his play, "Arizona."

Colonel Hooker's grandson Harry spent his early years at Sierra Bonita. It was there he learned the Three Rs under the tutelage of his authoress-mother, former Forrestine Cooper, before he left at the age of 12 to attend Harvard Military Academy at Los Angeles and, later, Stanford University. It was there, too, that he learned to love horses as he rode the range with Grandfather Hooker.

Harry lived in California until called back to the family ranch as manager after the death of his father, Edwin Hooker, in 1931. While in Los Angeles Harry's interests turned, at least temporarily, from horses to horseless carriages. He always had loved to tinker with machinery, a factor that proved most useful later in the mechanization of ranch operations.

For years he made his living repairing automobiles. He took a special interest in auto racing and once built a champion racing car that won many dirt track derby's when the century was still in its teens.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Harry's father, Edwin Hooker, was keeping the operation prosperous and progressive in partnership with his brother, Joseph Hooker. Eventually Edwin bought out his brother's interest, so that when he (Edwin) died in 1931 the ranch was left virtually without a male Hooker at its head. Thus it was that Harry left the bustling West Coast metropolis to return to the pastoral life amid the beautiful cottonwood and blackwillow groves of Sierra Bonita.

Like most businesses in those days, cattle ranching was

suffering from the effects of the 1929 stock market crash. Harry realized early in the game that the way to prosperity was through diversification. He had seen the profits of the ranch go to promote mines, oil wells and other business, and he felt that his forebears had been unfair to the ranch - that there was just as good an opportunity on the ranch itself as in some far off place.

He once said, "I'd rather make a dollar on this place than \$10 in any ohter way."

So he branched out into farming, after deciding to raise his own feed so that breeding cows needn't be sold off during the dry years. He started the first feed mill to be erected in Arizona so that he could provide feed for fattening cattle to choice grade, not only for his own herd but for those of neighboring ranches as well. He also equipped the ranch with such machines as the one-man hay baler, thresher and ensilage cutter - and an elevator for stacking baled hay. At one time he was running 2,500 head of cattle on 50,000 acres, and the ranch was sending out from its feed pens about 6,000 head a year. There were in those days about 1,100 acres of irrigated farm land under cultivation at the ranch.

Harry joined the Willcox Rotary Club shortly after he took over the ranch and he was its president in 1943-'44. He also served a term as president of the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers Association. He was active, too, in the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, the Feeders Association of Phoenix and the National Cattle Growers Association.

Now operated by Harry's son-in-law, Bill Hughes, a former Los Angeles aircraft company executive, Sierra Bonita has some 1,200 breeding cows today, mostly Herefords. Land not used for grazing is given over to farming, most of the crops being raised by tenant farmers on a lease basis.

Presiding over Sierra Bonita as hostesses today are Harry's widow, the former Jessie Peck of Los Angeles, and their daughter, Mrs. Jacqueline (Rinky) Hughes, wife of Bill Hughes. They represent the third and fourth generations,

respectively, of Hookers at Sierra Bonita.

The fifth generation is represented by Harry's and Jessie's grandson, Charles Hooker Davis, 23, Mrs. Hughes' son by a previous marriage. A recent graduate of the University of Arizona, he is now an engineer with the Hughes Aircraft Co. in Los Angeles.

Young Davis and his mother have inherited a rich legacy of tradition not only from Colonel Hooker but also from Brig. Gen. Charles L. Cooper, who commanded the old 10th Cavalry when it was based at nearby Fort Grant and at other Army outposts of the Southwest and who provided Charles' grandmother, the late Mrs. Forrestine Cooper, with inspiration and first-hand material for one of her books, "When Geronimo Rode."

PIONEER MEMBERSHIP

Accomazzo, Della Avondale AZ	Childers, Rose Phoenix AZ
Adams, Lloyd Dragoon AZ	Choate, Betty Cochise AZ
Aguire, Enrique Red Rock, AZ	Christiansen, Ada Douglas AZ
Ahlquist, L.V. Higley AZ	Claridge, George Thatcher AZ
Allert, Ted Camp Verde AZ	Claridge, Orson Duncan AZ
Anderson, Lynn Peoria AZ	Clark, Elvis Globe AZ
Anderson, Ocie Phoenix AZ	Clark, Joseph Willcox AZ
Babbitt, Josephine Flagstaff AZ	Clements, Margaret Phoenix AZ
Balke, Alameda Safford AZ	Cline, John Phoenix AZ
Barnett, Joseph Sun City AZ	Cline, Roxie Tonto Basin AZ
Barney, Elsie	Clinton, Joe Hereford AZ
Barrow, Mable St. David AZ	Cole, Gwendlyn Safford AZ
Beebe, Charlotte Willcox AZ	Conley, Ethel Buckeye AZ
Bennett, Mike Cochise AZ	Conley, Grace Patagonia AZ
Benton, Edward Sonoita AZ	Conway, Lula Jane Tonto Basin AZ
Bergier, Laura Patagonia AZ	Cook, Mark Willcox AZ
Betts, Floyd	Cook, Thomas
Billingsley, Kester Sun City AZ	Cook, W. L.
Bingham, Floyd	Cooper, Nel Kirkland AZ
Birdwell, Robert Safford AZ	Cordes, Claire Glendale AZ
Blair, Oscar Safford AZ	Cordes, Henry Mayer AZ
Bojorgues, Albert Bullhaed City AZ	Cornelius, Paul Phoenix AZ
Boss, Roy Douglas AZ	Coryell, Jim Douglas AZ
Bouldin, Annis Glendale AZ	Crosby, George Mesa AZ
Bowman, Jewell Safford AZ	Cull, Georgia Douglas AZ
Bozarth, Asa Prescott AZ	Curry, Eldora Casa Grande AZ
Braden, Ella Tucson, AZ	Darnell, Kate St David AZ
Bradshaw, Eva Hereford AZ	Davies, Bernie Tempe AZ
Brimhall, Joseph Taylor AZ	Day, Charles Tucson AZ
Brooks, Gladys's Phoenix AZ	Day, Harry Duncan AZ
Brooks, Lula Mae Cave Creek AZ	DeConcini, Ora Tucson AZ
Brown, Bud Mayer AZ	DeLa Ossa, Rosamel Patagonia AZ
Brown, Salena Payson AZ	Downard, Al Glendale AZ
Browning, Polly Willcox AZ	Downard, Al (Col.) Glendale AZ
Bryant, Charles Pinedale AZ	Dryer, Snow Glendale AZ
Bryce, A. J. Pima AZ	DuBoise, Jessie Willcox AZ
Burden, Sophia Wickenburg, AZ	Dumont, Katharine Kirkland AZ
Busby, Alfred Valley Farms AZ	Duncan, Carl Kingman AZ
Butler, Vinson Springerville AZ	Eads, Clara Barfoot Douglas AZ
Byrd, Zelpha Willcox AZ	Edwards, Marie Cochise AZ
Caldwell, Lois Douglas AZ	Eicks, Beulah McNeal AZ
Carpenter, John Chandler AZ	Eicks, Gertie Douglas AZ
Carson, Loren Kingman AZ	Eicks, John McNeal AZ
Carter, Earl Kirkland AZ	Elkins, Mark Blue Water NM
Carter, James Mesa AZ	Ellison, Buster Globe AZ
Carter, Stella Kirkland AZ	Enzenberg, Oscea Sonoita AZ
Chapman, Ida Phoenix AZ	Erickson, Maxine Bisbee AZ
Chappell, Ralph Shattuck OK	Escalada, Joseph Nogales AZ
Charles, Mattie Phoenix AZ	Escapule, Joe Tombstone AZ
Chatfield, Cora Willcox AZ	Eslick, Rhaeta San Diego CA
Chavez, James Phoenix AZ	Evans, A.A. Gilbert AZ
Cheatham, Areta Laveen AZ	Evans, Myrl Pyle Payson AZ
Cheatham, Edna Laveen AZ	Fairchild, Florence McNeal AZ
Cheatham, Leonard Laveen AZ	Fitzpatrick, William Higley AZ

Flake, Gerda Mesa AZ
 Fletcher, Pete Wickenburg AZ
 Flieger, Jo Oracle AZ
 Foote, Gerald
 Foremaster, Lindau
 Foremaster, Phillip St. George UT
 Freeman, Danny Prescott AZ
 Frerichs, W. F. Phoenix AZ
 Fritz, Kathleen Phoenix AZ
 Gardner, B.A. Willcox AZ
 Gardner, Eudora Kingman AZ
 Gardner, Gail Prescott AZ
 Garrett, James Tubac AZ
 Gatlin, Ella Silver City NM
 Gayler, Manerd Nogales AZ
 Gibson, Frank Snowflake, AZ
 Gillet, Carrie Globe AZ
 Gilpin, Florence Safford AZ
 Glenn, L. Phoenix AZ
 Glenn, Marvin Douglas AZ
 Glenn, Mary Phoenix AZ
 Godard, Frank Camp Verde AZ
 Gomez, Floyd Casa Grande AZ
 Good, Joe Douglas AZ
 Goswick, Merl Mayer AZ
 Green, Laura Sedona AZ
 Greve, James Phoenix AZ
 Grounds, Howard Kingman AZ
 Haby, Margaret Willcox AZ
 Hammond, Jr., Olander Sonoita AZ
 Hamrick, LaVon Phoenix AZ
 Hancock, Avy Cornville AZ
 Hardy, Mrs.
 Harris, Helen Patagonia AZ
 Harrison, Frank Tucson AZ
 Hatley, Virginia Willcox AZ
 Haught, Flora Payson AZ
 Haught, Mae Payson AZ
 Haynes, Ethel
 Hellbusch, Cecil Aurora CO
 Henness, Kelvin Casa Grande AZ
 Herridge, Mittie Kingman AZ
 Hinton, Bert Ft. Thomas AZ
 Hittson, Virginia Globe AZ
 Hodges, Lou-Ella Rimrock AZ
 Holder, Babe Payson AZ
 Holt, Raymond Kingman AZ
 Honnas, Lottie Tucson, AZ
 Hopper, Dale Scottsdale AZ
 Houser, David Willcox AZ
 Houston Davies, Benny Tempe AZ
 Hughes, J. M. Clifton AZ
 Humphrey, Jack
 Hunt, John Pine AZ

Hurtado, Trini Willcox AZ
 Irving, Anna Prescott AZ
 Irving, Violet Mesa AZ
 Jeffers, J. C. Holbrook AZ
 Jeffers, W. B. Holbrook AZ
 Jelks, Jefferson Tucson AZ
 Johnson, Ethel Vail AZ
 Johnson, Sophia
 Jones, C. A. Payson AZ
 Jones, Curry Kingman AZ
 Jones, Mildred Phoenix AZ
 Josh, Norman Tucson AZ
 Joy, J. Blue AZ
 Kambitch, William Rodeo NM
 Kambitsch, Edith Pearce AZ
 Kambitsch, Rudolph Pearce AZ
 Kaufman, Fred
 Kellam, Emmett Haulapai Branch AZ
 Kelley, Josie Globe AZ
 Kendall, Gladys Tombstone AZ
 Kennedy, Ruth Phoenix, AZ
 Kennedy, Vernon Duncan AZ
 Kimball, Irene Douglas AZ
 Kimble, F. C. Douglas AZ
 Kite, Luther Chino Valley AZ
 Kleck, Jess Phoenix AZ
 Kolbe, Walter Tempe AZ
 Krentz, Stuart Phoenix AZ
 Kuykendall, Kate Elfrida AZ
 Lamb, Edwin Gilbert, AZ
 Lamoreaux, Ruth Chandler AZ
 Lann, Sr., Burrell Chandler AZ
 Larman, Lula Douglas AZ
 Larson, Moroni Safford AZ
 Lawhon, Josephine Bowie AZ
 Lazar, Willbanks Payson AZ
 Lazear, Joe Florence AZ
 Lee, Katharine Blue AZ
 Leverton, John Scottsdale AZ
 Lewis, Blaine Patagonia AZ
 Lindsey, Eunice Tombstone AZ
 Lockwood, Sara Globe AZ
 Logsdon, Bill Kingman AZ
 Long, Marshall Buckeye AZ
 Lovelady, A.L. Dewey AZ
 Luger, Douglas Tumacacori AZ
 Lund, Miles Mesa AZ
 Lund, W. Guy Mesa AZ
 Lyons, Frank M. Blue AZ
 MacDonald, Marguerite Green Valley AZ
 Mahan, Francis Kingman AZ
 Marley, Kemper Phoenix AZ
 Martin, Ida Payson AZ
 Masse, Pete Prescott AZ

Matley, Albert Prescott AZ
 Matley, Johnnie Prescott AZ
 Mattice, Warner Pima AZ
 McComb, Esther Willcox AZ
 McCombs, Jack Willcox AZ
 McDonald, Gertrude Douglas AZ
 McDonald, Roy Douglas AZ
 McDougal, K. Yuma AZ
 McElhaney, Sam Phoenix AZ
 McGee, Charlie Chino Valley AZ
 McKee, Mrs. Buckeye AZ
 McKeen, Hugh
 McKelvey, Wilmer
 McLain, Lloyd Globe AZ
 McMillan, E. E. Elgin AZ
 Medd, Jack Yarnell AZ
 Meisterhans, Emel St. David AZ
 Mendival, Pete Benson AZ
 Mendivil, Claudis Benson AZ
 Mercer, Joyce Mammoth AZ
 Michelbach, Albert Flagstaff AZ
 Miller, Allen Snowflake AZ
 Miller, Archie Tolleson AZ
 Miller, Clara Prescott AZ
 Miller, Leroy Youngtown AZ
 Mills, Andy Willcox AZ
 Mills, Clarence Yarnell AZ
 Mills, Elton Prescott AZ
 Mills, Marion
 Mitchell, Grace Prescott AZ
 Moody, Edwin
 Moore, Ellis Clifton AZ
 Moseley, Sam Bowie AZ
 Motley, Inez
 Muldner, Clara Glendale AZ
 Mulleno, Harvey Kingman AZ
 Murdock, Mr. Camp Verde AZ
 Murphy, Lee Prescott AZ
 Myers, Claire Goodyear AZ
 Neal, Leonard Kingman AZ
 Neal, William Pine AZ
 Neily, Otto Gilbert AZ
 Nelson, Mattie Phoenix AZ
 Nix, Norma Mesa AZ
 Noble, Marguerite Payson AZ
 Norton, Bill Phoenix AZ
 Norton, Sr., John Phoenix AZ
 Nowlin, Florence Cimmaron NM
 Nuttall, Jean
 O'Connell, E. Sylvia Phoenix AZ
 Orr, Floyd Mayer AZ
 Owens, Almon Show Low AZ
 Page, Brainard Tombstone AZ
 Parker, Fay Patagonia AZ

Parker, Fort Sedona AZ
 Parnell, James Phoenix AZ
 Patton, Minnie Skull Valley AZ
 Pavey, Jaunita Kingman AZ
 Pehl, Luke Chino Valley AZ
 Pemberton, Henry Prescott AZ
 Pendelton, James Nogales AZ
 Percy, Raymond Peoria AZ
 Pfluger, Peter Buckeye AZ
 Phillips, Eula Duncan AZ
 Pieper, Josephine Winslow AZ
 Potter, Kittie Clifton AZ
 Prochnow, Raymond Sun City AZ
 Pyeatt, Roland Elgin AZ
 Quimby, Mabel Douglas AZ
 Reed, Levi Phoenix AZ
 Reidhead, Margaret Phoenix AZ
 Rigden, John Kirkland AZ
 Rix, Marcellus Pearce AZ
 Robb, May Deming NM
 Robbins, Jr., Lawrence Patagonia AZ
 Roberds, Birt Sierra Vista AZ
 Roberts, Edith Buckeye AZ
 Roberts, Roach Wickenburg AZ
 Robinson, Dick Sun City AZ
 Russey, Bill Chandler AZ
 Sanders, Armon Safford AZ
 Sands, John Glendale AZ
 Sasser, Bob
 Sasser, Floyd Prescott AZ
 Saunders, John Globe AZ
 Schivers, Vinnie Cottonwood AZ
 Schorr, Wagner "Weg" Sonoita AZ
 Serven, Frances Tucson, AZ
 Sexton, Anna Skull Valley AZ
 Sharp, Dora Prescott AZ
 Sharp, Reginald Springerville AZ
 Sheppard, Mildred Buckeye AZ
 Shilling, Irene Pearce AZ
 Skousen, K.K. Chandler AZ
 Sly, L. A. Buckeye AZ
 Smith, Lois Phoenix AZ
 Smith, Rocky Cochise AZ
 Smith, Ted Hereford AZ
 Sproul, Irene Douglas AZ
 Stacey, Lillie Clifton AZ
 Stevens, Earl Tonto Basin AZ
 Stevens, George San Carlos AZ
 Stevens, Mildred Safford, AZ
 Stone, Helen Laveen, AZ
 Stradeling, Anne Patagonia AZ
 Stratton, Raymond Snowflake AZ
 Stringfield, Garnet Prescott AZ
 Sweikart, Mrs. Buckeye AZ

Swyers, Gladys Patagonia AZ
 Talley, William Kingman AZ
 Tatum, S. Patagonia AZ
 Taylor, Leona McNeal AZ
 Taylor, Richard Payson AZ
 Thomas, George Bowie AZ
 Thomas, Herman Pinedale AZ
 Thompson, John Valentine AZ
 Thompson, William Prescott AZ
 Thurber, H. B. Sonoita AZ
 Townsend, Emma Mae Arivaca AZ
 Traynor, Annie Silver City NM
 Traynor, Annie M. Tucson AZ
 Traynor, Bertha Tempe AZ
 Tulley, Ellis Clifton AZ
 Turbeville, Loy Phoenix AZ
 Turley, Mrs. Charles Woodruff AZ
 Turner, Delia Patagonia AZ
 Tyson, Lela Phoenix AZ
 Udall, Orma Springerville AZ
 VanDeren, Earl, Jennie West Sedona AZ
 Varnell, Loy
 Voigt, Helen Eagar AZ
 Waddell, Pearl
 Walk, James
 Walker, Allen
 Walker, Dixie Tucson AZ
 Walker, Frances Bisbee AZ
 Waring, J. D. Flagstaff AZ
 Wear, Bessie Willcox AZ
 Webb, Virginia Rim Rock AZ
 Weekes, Charles Bagdad AZ
 Weiler, Edward Laveen AZ
 West, Lavern Show Low AZ
 Wetten, Walton Patagonia, AZ
 Whelan, Rosalia Patagonia AZ
 White, L. C. Wickenburg AZ
 Whitehead, Charles Elfrida AZ
 Whitehead, Elizabeth Elfrida AZ
 Whitehead, Richard Kirkland AZ
 Whiting, Ernest Holbrook AZ
 Wilbanks, Dallas Payson AZ
 Wilky, Marie Prescott AZ
 Williams, Effie Benson AZ
 Willis, Velma Thatcher AZ
 Wilson, Jack Wickiup AZ
 Wood, Bill Phoenix AZ
 Wright, Arthur Duncan AZ
 Yarbrough, Myrtle Kingman AZ
 Yourgules, Juan Patagonia AZ
 Zaleski, Bessie Bisbee AZ
 Zorrilla, Jesus Clifton AZ

C O V E R

FRONT - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

A. A. "Dee" JERNIGAN, Safford, AZ *Longhorn Steer
DICK ROBINSON - Sun City, AZ
JO FLIEGER - Oracle, AZ
LOIS THOMAS - Phoenix, AZ
MARGUERITE PARKER NOBLE - Payson, AZ
MACK & STELLA HUGHES - Clifton, AZ
L. V. "Slim" & RUTH AHLQUIST - Higley, AZ
JOHN H. CLINE - Phoenix, AZ
JIM & SALLY CORYELL - Douglas, AZ
ROY BOSS - Douglas, AZ

INSIDE BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

ANNE SCHLEY STRADLING - Patagonia, AZ
SAM McELHANEY - Phoenix, AZ
ARDEN McFADDEN - El Paso, TX
GEORGE TRUNBULL & ROXIE CLINE - Tonto Basin, AZ
OTTO & EDNA NEELY - Gilbert, AZ
FLORA HUNT HAUGHT - Payson, AZ
MARVIN & MARGARET GLENN - Douglas, AZ
LENA STRATTON RANDALL - Snowflake, AZ
HOWARD GROUNDS - Kingman, AZ

BACK - Top to Bottom - Left to Right

LILLIE BELLE WILKERSON STACY - Clifton, AZ
 (left - sister Casey * middle - Betty Accomazzo * right - Lillie Belle)
WILLIAM THOMPSON - Prescott, AZ
CLAUDE AUSTIN & MYRTH PYLE JONES - Payson, AZ
JOHN DANIEL "Danny" FREEMAN - Prescott, AZ
LOUIS "Lou" REX - Safford, AZ
LOLA GATLIN REX - Safford, AZ
MARION BRUCE & GLADYS O. HARRIS BROOKS, Jr. - Phoenix, AZ
ALFRED ANGUS BUSBY - Valley Farms, AZ
VINSON T. BUTLER - Springerville, AZ
STUART KRENTZ - Phoenix, AZ
LEONARD FOSTER CHEATHAM - Laveen, AZ
OLAN & SNOW DRYER - Glendale, AZ



